T. H. S.

YEAR BOOK

1916

GREETING

The first men wrote on blocks of stone
Their records for all ages;
A later race, on leaves of brass,
Preserved the words of sages.
To-day an equal zeal for fame
Within our bosoms rages;
And so to you, with hope and fear,
We now submit these pages.

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The T. H. S. Year Book



VOLUME 1

1916

PUBLISHED BY THE

Taylor High School

Miss Arlee Thames ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
Alvin L. Becker ..... *Business Manager*
Miss Rosalie Jones ..... *Assistant Business Manager*
G. Raymund Wright ..... *Assistant Business Manager*

DEDICATION



O YOU, MRS. DOAK, we dedicate this first volume of The Annual. It was to you we brought all our troubles, and now we bring our first small gift. You never failed to encourage and help us on to our goal. Through all the golden hours and wonderful days of our High School you have made us see the nobler, higher life that we shall soon encounter. You have given us ideals and aspirations that time can not destroy. It is our dearest wish that you will always remember the Class of '16 with a heart brimful of happy memories, and as a token of devotion we offer to you our initial effort—The Annual.



MRS. DOAK


ANNUAL STAFF
THAMES – Editor in Chief
Briggs – Jr. Ed.
McKay – Society Ed.
Becker – Manager
Doak – Fresh. Ed.
Bledsoe – Soph. Ed.
INK
INK
Veale – Senior Ed.
Barnett – Domestic S. Ed.
Hope – Artist
Bergstrom – Athletic Ed.



TAYLOR HIGH SCHOOL

SCHOOL BOARD

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MRS. N. E. RIVIERE ..... *Instructor in Music*
MISS C. WILSON ..... *Instructor in Domestic Science*


F-A-C-U-L-T-Y
O'Shea
Riviere
Wilson
Doak
Whitely
Draper
Hutto
Muse
Ruebsahm

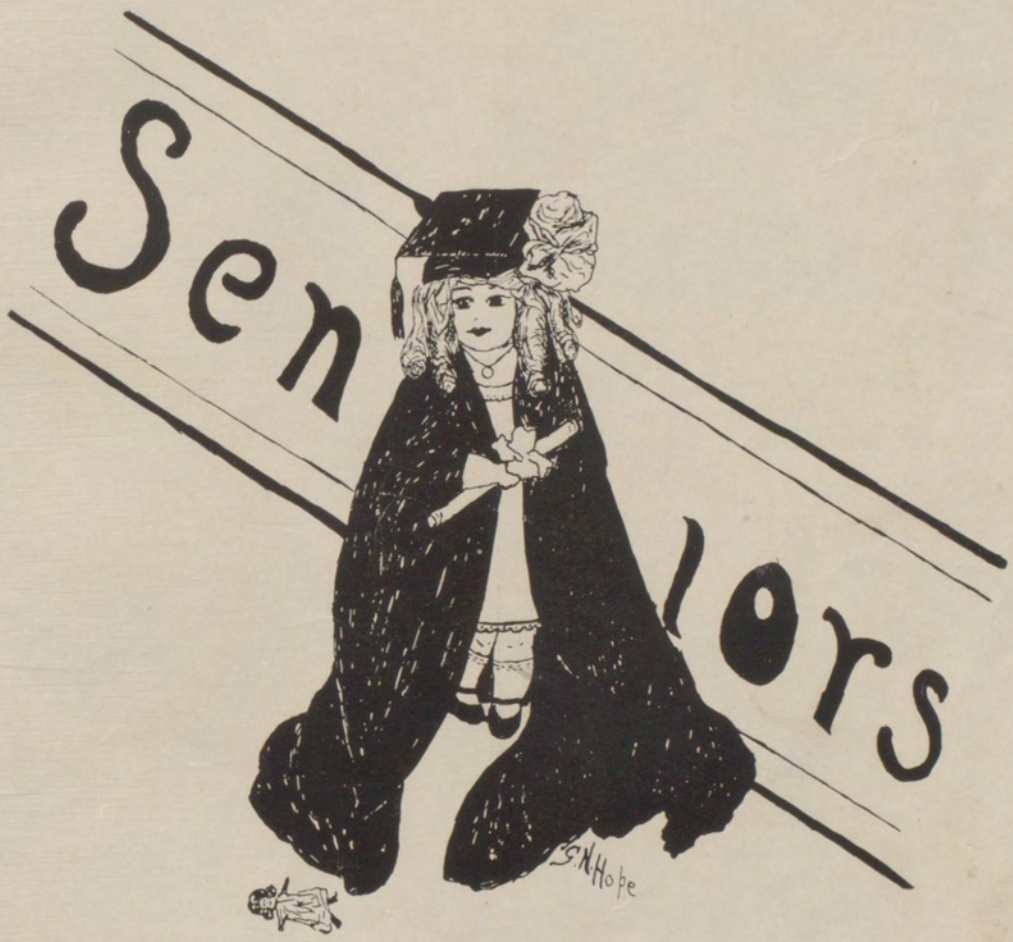
HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

Old times have passed, and part we must;
Reluctantly, our farewells say.
The days to come will bind, we trust,
Our lives in just the dear old way.

To High School days we give high place
In hearts filled full of memories dear;
To them our deepest joys we trace,
Our hopes most high, our visions clear.

From them have come our friendships fast,
With comrades, who've been firm and strong—
Those friendships that will ever last,
That to our highest selves belong.

And now to each we bid God-speed
Who made those days one long delight.
May Fortune favor every deed,
And Honor grant a crown most bright.


Sen
lors
S.N.Hope



ESSIE ADERHOLT

(*Jimmie*)

Jimmie's favorite occupation is studying. She works on her Math. with a patience that is beyond most of us. Such a pleasant, sweet girl naturally has a host of friends and well wishers.

HATTIE BARLOW

(*Blue Eyes*)

Yes Blue Eyes is what they call her, and truly she deserves her name. She is noted for blowing up everything in Chemistry Lab, once going so far as to make desperate designs on the life of Mr. Ruebsahm. Her innocency on such occasion pleads in her behalf, and we forgive her.

IMA BARLOW

(*Polly*)

A regular Caesaress is Polly when it comes to translating Latin. She excels in many things, and she is possessed of many sterling qualities worthy of praise from us all.

MARGARET BARNETT

(*Muddy*)

How this tall, fair girl got this peculiar name is a mystery which the best detectives have failed to solve. She is a genius in Domestic Science. Her knowledge combined with her good common sense will make someone a good housekeeper.

ALVIN BECKER

(Herr Professor Von Becker)

A genius in all things is Herr Professor Von Becker, and a remarkable genius in oratory. His mind is so shaped for Chemistry that his senses follow the innumerable gases all through the air.

TRAVIS BENNETT

(Dynamite)

This is the man with the standard foot of twelve inches. His chief occupation, when not pestering other people, is wiggling his ears. In spite of his curly hair and stage fright, a great future lies before him.

LEON BERGSTROM

(Governor)

A young man with such handsome features as Governor is sure to be a society lion. He is very popular with the co-eds. It is feared that the centrifugal force of his social life, in spite of his athletic ability, will soon fling him off in a happy state of matrimony.

NEWELL COOKE

(Newell Crook)

Crook is a man whose greatest desire is to drive a "Chandler," but—"it is not good for small boys to run around in big cars." He is noted for his generosity, and the class thinks so much of him that they trust him with the class money.





BILLIE HAYS

(*Fatty*)

Fatty is a descendant of Jonah, but the whale tale is out of the question. He has acquired several things in Taylor besides an education; namely, a motorcycle and a pair of nose glasses.

GEORGE HELMS

(*Toothpick*)

It is not size that gave George that old name Toothpick. It is his daily (and perhaps nightly) habit of chewing matches. George now has worlds of time to peruse "Pathfinder" jokes, but some day he may be busy with the problems of success.

GEORGIA HOPE

(*Red*)

Georgia's red hair is a crown of fire for those endless ambitions that flock through her brain. We prophesy that her artistic ability will win a high place for her in this old world some day.

MINNIE HUMPHRIES

(*Blondie*)

Blondie is a fair, blue-eyed girl from Oakwood, but Taylor has accepted her as her lawful daughter. She considers Chemistry a well of unknown gases into which she, unwarned, has stepped; but at the bottom of that well lies a diploma which she must have.

ROSALIE JONES

(*Cynthia Ann*)

Cynthia Ann is loved by our class for her humor, wit, and explosive expressions. Though fond of fussing, her fussing is like water running off a duck's back, for she is never angry for more than two minutes at a time.

MARY McCARTY

(*Johnnie*)

Johnnie has all the other Seniors beat when it comes to walking. Her one desire is to live in town. In spite of her being left-handed, she is a gifted pianist, and is famed for her duets with Rosalie.

JUSTINE McKAY

(*Tubby*)

A society belle is Tubby. She is a regular fashion plate, knows all of the latest songs and dances, and will probably be a great social leader.

OLGA MENN

(*Tiny*)

Olga is tiny indeed. It is she who is "least but not last." She is a born mathematician, and it is thought that she will soon give the world some scientific theories of her own.





LOTTIE PHYTHIAN

(Partner)

Lottie is such a friendly human that she is everybody's partner. She is so studious that she has already received a teacher's certificate, and most likely she will be teaching in some big school before many years roll by.

HATTIE SAVAGE

(Cytherea)

"Tend to your own business; I've got to study my Latin," is all the woeful intruder gets who visits this oracle of learning. But, all jokes aside, we find her a calm, persistent worker who has gained the love and confidence of her classmates.

LILIAN SLACK

(Brown Eyes)

You have only to see Lilian to realize how pretty those brown eyes are. She is just the sort of a girl to whom you can take all your troubles, and be sure they will be heard. The longer you know her the better you like her.

ARLEE THAMES

(Arabella)

Arabella is like a breath of fresh air through your soul. Her vim and enthusiasm are her chief characteristics. Nothing stops her in performing the duties assigned to her. Her lovable disposition and her beauty have made for her a host of friends of whom anyone would be proud.

MARY VEALE

(Squeal)

"What's the use of trying to make a hundred on examination when sixty will pass you." Squeal always accepts things as they are, and never worries about the future.

RAYMUND WRIGHT

(Whitie)

Whitie makes one think of an aged man of intellect, but we are sure he is not. He is in for everything, from playing tennis to studying English; and although he occasionally forgets to work, we are sure he will surprise us some day by a great flight to success.

ROY DAVIS

(Punch)

Punch is a good old boy, always ready to dare and do anything that the class wants done. His one desire is to be a married man, but as yet he has found no one who will promise to love, obey and support him. With his car to aid him, the day is not far distant when he shall find the one person.

EDWARD SNIVELY

(Snivelton)

Snivelton, a tall, handsome Don Quixote, is a great advocate of education. In fact, he is so interested that he stays in school at least one whole day every week. His middle name is Funny, duly given him by his classmates, for his humor is his chief characteristic.



HIGH SCHOOL WONDER

"H" is for the highest place for that is where we are,
"I" is for the interest of the class without a par.
"G" is for the greatness we will all achieve,
"H" is for life's history, we will attempt to weave.

"S" is for the School, we love the best of all,
"C" is for the "cramming" we did both Spring and Fall.
"H" is for the happy hours when we knew no care,
"O" is for the only class with the motto "do and dare."
"O" is for the only sorrow—this is our last year,
"L" is for this last term, which gradually draws near.

"W" is for the work we have gladly done,
"O" is for onward, until our race is run.
"N" is for the new life we are about to meet,
"D" is for our duty we will haste to greet.
"E" is for Every Member; be your happiness sublime,
"R" is for the reward that will come to you in time.

ARLEE THAMES.

All *Chemistry* and no *Physics* makes science a dull art.



To

HERBERT N. PATTERSON

We, the members of the Senior class of the Taylor High School,
most affectionately dedicate this page in appreciation of
his noble, sincere character—a character, honest,
generous and fair, which has proved him a
good student, a vigorous athlete,
a faithful friend and a
true gentleman.

WATCH US PASS

The early history of the Class of '16 is very similar to the history of other classes, but to us it means a great deal, for it marked the first steps of a career. We were the same bashful little girls and boys that you see entering first grades to-day. We were ready for tears at the least provocation, but we have since learned that smiles have helped us through from the very first. Just picture for yourself a group of tiny girls, wearing fresh gingham dresses, straw hats, and squeaking new shoes, and you will have the girls of '05. Also picture a straggling bunch of clean-faced, freshly starched little men, and you have our boys of the first grade. You must bring back your memories of early school days in order to understand the significance of our sand-piles, games of cat and rat, and doll-houses. As we recall those care-free days when there was only play, we realize the vast difference between our entrance in '05 and our graduation in '16.

As we grew on through the grades of Grammar School, tiny plaits began to take the place of bobbed hair, and curls were tied up out of the way. In an old book-strap you might now see a very dignified-looking Geography or History, for studying was at last a required part of our school routine. Our bare-foot boys were forced to be the wearers of merciless shoes, and poor little necks chafed under "iron-clad" collars. Can't you see those crowded rows of small desks, filled with restless little people? Those doughnuts and apples that were slipped down the aisles were the very best things that we have ever tasted. Stiff little white balls adorn the ceilings of those other rooms, for our boys have ever been excellent gunners. It all seems only a dream to us now, for our lives passed on in such a smooth course that we can recall the years only as the most pleasant memories.

At last we reached our High School, and it seemed indeed to be a step into a new world. All the old childish ideas were left behind, carved and scratched on the desks of Grammar School. Some future generation may labor to translate those strange hieroglyphics, but all their work would only come to one word "childhood."

Mr. Ruebsahm: "Don't you even know what 'se double e' spells in English?"

Typical Freshmen were we, a crowd in which you might see tall boys, tiny boys, fat girls, and thin girls. It is the process of four years of study in High School that brings us all to a level, mentally and physically. Of course we were interested in every new organization or plan that was brought before us—what Freshmen wouldn't be? Again, we have found that the dignity of years is necessary to unite a body of students in any bond or organization.

With our second and third years of High School life we lost some of that terrible fear of teachers and Seniors, and with one accord we began to prove our importance by appearing in auditorium windows, office, and library. However, every minute strengthened the respect in our hearts for our dear old High School.

The fourth and last year of our life in High School has been a year just full of happy days. We have been so very, very busy, as all Seniors are, but the year has been a period in each of our lives that will stand out as one of the dearest memories that we can ever keep with us. This has been the crowning year of our course in school. We greatly appreciate the untiring efforts of the faculty, for in us they have seen greater things, and have helped us on over the harder places. We wish to see our High School ever stand in the front, with the same strong bonds uniting it.

ARLEE THAMES.



Mrs. Doak: "Margaret, name eleven of Shakespeare's plays."
Margaret: "Ten Nights in a Bar Room, and Hamlet."

He sprang to the platform where the dead man lay and shouted.—Cf. Woolley.

Mrs. Doak: "Please keep the seats from squeaking, you don't have to move."

□ □ □

Mrs. Doak: "Alvin, name a great philosopher?"
Alvin: "Cleopatra."

□ □ □

Having eaten our lunch, the steamboat departed.—Cf. Woolley.



Miss Draper: "There's four hours difference in the rising of the sun in New York and San Francisco; therefore it is always four hours earlier in San Francisco than in New York."

Mary Veale: "Oh! I'm going out there so I can sleep longer."

CLASS PROPHECY

I am not a prophet nor yet kin to a prophet, but as I wonder to myself—trying to gaze into the great misty beyond, called the Future, and trying to read "What is Coming"—my mind inevitably returns to those surroundings which have meant so much to me—especially at picnic times.

Late this wintry evening, as I sit before the fireplace pondering on the future, my classmates seem to appear to me in the flames. First I see written "President forever" and then appears Herbert N. Patterson, his name written with a flowing script heralded as the heart-melter. Yes—he is a singer—he has changed greatly and can hold his audience spell-bound for hours with great melodramatic productions such as, "Casey Jones," or "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." Every now and then I hear an encore which startles the future President, for he seems to hesitate as he hears, "Milk-Mil-l-lk."

Then the scene shifts and I seem to be looking on a great movie show. I recognize as the heroine, Arlee Thames, who is snatched from the clutches of villainy by the hero, a handsome young fellow. Looking closer I see the hero to be Leon Bergstrom, the Senior hero of 1916.

Next I see, standing before an attentive company of our government's leaders, Rosalie Jones, vigorously discussing the proper nourishment of our land and urging upon them the return to the farm. She was from the country with her heart ever for the country; I see her now a staunch advocate of Pure Food and Milk.

This scene dies away, and in its place I see a young man with coal-black hair and an amusing and ridiculous mustache and goatee, solemnly rise and address that austere audience. He is called Von Becker and speaks as one with authority, as well he might, for he is chief justice of the Court of Appeals with matrimony as a side line.

While I gaze, the attention of the speaker seems to be attracted toward a procession in the street. In this procession I see Ima and Hattie Barlow, Hattie Savage, Lilian Slack, Olga Menn, Georgia Hope, Raymund Wright, Travis Bennett, and Billie Hays triumphantly marching along, their banners saluting the winds, and as they near the White House—even the President's car is stopped—he uncovers his head and all bow in humble respect to the Socialist Party, those who are working for the down-trodden poor. Among their signs I read "Votes" but a column of men obstructs the view, so I decide

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Mrs. Doak: "Leon read—'on one knee kneeling.' "—*Princess*, Part IV, line 448.

it must read "Votes for Old Maids and Bachelors." But wait—a commotion seems to have arisen in the throng; a car has skidded; the driver is thrown out; the mob is terrified; but soon—high aloft on the arms of the people—I see Roy Davis, calmly reaching for a freshly-rolled cigarette. As he bows, there is a mighty cry for he has lowered the world's record for speed in his two-seated Buick.

And as I look, I perceive among the injured ones, the ghastly face of Leonard Johnson, who, with his mighty strides, had won for our class the honor of having been the fastest man alive both in athletics and in love. In fact, so fast that at the early age of seventeen, he was credited with having lost his heart.

Again the scene changes, the ever beautiful face of Justine McKay, the belle of our class, the belle of her county, appears before me. If she keeps her beauty the American public may yet behold her image upon the silver dollar.

The pictures disappear for a long time, and I begin to think the fate of my other classmates is not to be revealed; but suddenly growing out of the flames, I see a clean white operating room with nurses and doctors bending over some sufferer. I look still closer and recognize Essie Aderholt, Newel Cooke, and Edward Snively, as the doctors, and Lottie Phythian, Margaret Barnett and Minnie Humphries, as the nurses.

Next, the flames produce a picture widely differing in type from the preceding one. The main floor of Goggan Brothers' Music Store in Dallas is shown me, and there seated amid a throng of tense listeners are Mary McCarty and George Helms. George stands singing a popular rag of the day accompanied by Mary McCarty, our favorite musician of schooldays.

At last my own future is revealed to me. I see myself at the State University holding the responsible position of lexicographer. This position was given me in recognition of my having held a similar position in a Kangaroo court in former High School days.

By now the flames have died out, and I, although eager to see further into the future, am forced to be satisfied.

MARY GRACE VEALE.



Pride goes before a red letter.

"THE HIGH SCHOOL WONDER"

"A debate." "Resolved that Domestic Science should be taught in the High School."

One by one we saw them rise—Ione, Arlee, Raymund, and Mary Barker—tremble, stammer through the few brief facts which they were able to retain from the speech carefully prepared before hand, and then faintly sit down. There was a hushed pause, a murmured excitement, and then a storm of loud applause. The "negatives" were victors. This was the beginning of our "Society." I said the beginning; in reality it was, in name it was not. We were organized only as a debating team then, but the efforts of that team determined our subsequent career. We were then in the eighth grade, Freshmen. It was in the ninth grade that we were first organized as "The High School Wonder." It was then that we selected our class colors, purple and white, and our class flower, the daisy. The most impressive events of that year were, as I remember them, the arrival of our arm bands, the open session of "The Wonder," and the entertainment of the Seniors. Never was there a class as proud, enthusiastic, and important, as was ours on the occasion of the first event; and never was, or will "'16" be displayed, as it was at that time, by the "Sophs": the original background of royal purple, reinforced by various fields of pink, navy blue, old rose, and then one combination of all. This event was the most impressive of them all, for on the occasions of the second and third events, though our enthusiasm had not waned, yet we were more settled and reserved in avowing our ability, and strove rather to make it manifest by our deeds. It was as Juniors though that we reached one of the highest points of our career. The only events of that year, which varied from the ordinary happenings of the school room, were the entertainment of the "Mothers' Club," the entertainment of the "Seniors," and the celebration of "Junior Day." The last of these events was an experiment, and naturally the most appreciated. It would be almost impossible to forget that beautiful day on the San Gabriel; but more impossible would it be to write of it and do it justice; so rather than try and fail, I will pass on to the end of my story.

The end! Yet it must come soon. We are now "Seniors," and it is a matter of only a few months until we shall be thrown out into the school of life; yet we are not wholly unprepared for this. Aided by the never ceasing devotion and attention of our teachers through the four years of High School, we cannot feel that we have failed in the minor lessons of life. With the completion of the Annual, our greatest undertaking, we shall feel rather, that we have reached a goal few before us have reached, that we are prepared to bid farewell to the past, and with our wagons still hitched to a star, ride over the cobblestones of life, rough or smooth whichever they may be, until we shall have reached the goal of our ambitions.

So here's to the Wonder.

HATTIE SAVAGE.

FOOLISH DICTIONARY

A

Arlee—A book of information.
Ambition — Something all Seniors have.
Absorb—What the "Wonders" do with knowledge.

B

Book—An obsolete term.
Becker—The father of the class.
Bergstrom—One in need of a book of information.
Beau—Something Minnie Humphries has.
Beat—Something Taylor always does.

C

Chair—Something the members of the eleventh destroy.
Chat—What we do at "Junto" parties.
Curl—A thing Billy has.
Cooking—Miss Wilson's hobby.
Cute—A term applied to Senior girls.

D

Daisy—Our class flower.
Drawing—Hattie Savage's favorite pastime.
Diamond—What Essie wants.
Dope—What Mr. Muse gives the Seniors.
Dished—The way chemistry is handed out.

E

Expression—A thing used in Algebra.
Edward—Something that runs away.
Exaggerate — Something Raymond does.
English—What Seniors are compelled to know.

F

Fame—What we all hope for.
Firm—Mrs. Doak's attitude toward the Seniors.
Fun—A thing every one should have in their last high school year.
Fish—The way Mrs. Doak gets knowledge out of the Seniors.

G

Gum—A necessity to Mary McCarty's welfare.
Girls—Curiosity shops.
George—A descendant of Jonah.

H

Hard-hearted—The state of heart acquired by the teachers while grading papers.
Herbert—A lost but not forgotten member of the Senior Class.
Head—A vacuum never filled.
Hurt—The way George is treated in ball games.

I

Ione—One who out-grew the Seniors.
i—What Alvin says with a capital letter.
Ink—A thing used in loud colors on our report cards.

J

Juniors—Those to whom we bequeath our desks.
Justine—A good dancer.
Jump—Something Mary Veale does.

Billie Hays: "You can tell the age of a slave by counting his teeth."

K

Kick—What Mr. Muse does when we leave our seats.
Keep—To retain—What Mrs. Whiteley desires us to do with history.

L

Latin—A dead language.
Laugh—A contagious disease.
Lottie—A school teacher.
Light—Something given off by the Seniors.
Little—About the size of Olga.

M

Margaret—One who rides in automobiles.
Match—George's tooth-pick.
Money—Something the Annual requires.
May—When the Seniors go a-Maying.

N

Newell—One who runs a free jitney.
Notes—Things Miss Jackson fought.
Nothing—What we worry about.

O

Onions—Travis' favorite vegetable.
"*Orful*"—What Mr. Hutto used to say about our Physics grade.

P

Pencil—Something to gnaw on.
Poor—The feeling Dad had when he paid for our rings.
Primary—Where Lilian desires to teach.
Pet—A person disliked by all other students.
Pretty—A term applied to Hattie Barlow.

Q

Quiz—Mr. Ruebsahm's favorite pastime.
"*Quit*"—Newell's frequent exclamation.
Quiet—What Mr. Muse desires, but never gets.

R

Ray and Rosalie—Writers of the dictionary.
Rag—What Mary McCarty plays.
Running—That in which Leonard excels.

S

Snivelton—(Mrs. Sarah Eliza)—Mary Veale's court name.
Squeak—An incessant noise made by our chairs.
Singer—What Georgia is going to be.
Smart—A term applied to Ima Barlow.

T

Taylor—The home of the "Wonders."
Time—Always plentiful.
Ties—A word in our class song.
Try—What we all do.

U

Unity—A thing necessary to compositions.
Utilize—What we do with electricity in domestic science.

V

Veale—Some kind of meat.
Vim—A word used by Stevenson but not accepted by Woolley.
Verbiage—What Mr. Ruebsahm calls our chemistry papers.

W

Whiteley—A true southerner.
Water—A colorless fluid that turns black when Leon washes his hands in it.
Whiskey—Punch's sneeze.

X Y Z

X Y Z—Geometry or its equal Miss Draper. Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

Rosalie Jones: "Mr. Muse, did you know that one gas was the affinity of another?"

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1916

STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF WILLIAMSON
CITY OF TAYLOR
} *KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:—*

That we, the Class of 1916, being sound of memory and of disposing mind, do hereby make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all wills by us heretofore made, and do hereby bequeath,—

First: To Thomas Hutto, a boundless supply of energy, slightly used by us.

Second: To Mrs. Doak, the right to impart to future classes the startling information and knowledge we have given her on written tests.

Third: To Miss P. F. Draper, thanks for her kind interest in our welfare for the past four years.

Fourth: To Mrs. Whiteley, numerous historical references found in the library on the second shelf in the right hand corner in a remarkable state of preservation due to our careful use.

Fifth: To Mr. J. R. Muse, the satisfaction of knowing that he tried to teach us to be still and quiet.

Sixth: To Mr. Ruebsahm, our pneumatic troughs (bread pans) which we hope will (unless they rust) be a lasting memorial of our good will.

Seventh: To Mrs. Reviere, the fact that we are usually harmonious and that discords seldom arise.

Eighth: To Miss Wilson, our rolled and whipped ruffles, also our knowledge of how to clean aluminum ware.

Ninth: To the entire faculty, our sincerest gratitude for their instrumentality in making our four years of high school life, years of great pleasure to each of us.

Tenth: To the Juniors, our lawful successors, we give and bequeath, our title and the vast store of dignity which goes with it, together with the right to play in the laboratory, and talk without permission in class.

Eleventh: To the Sophomores, the following suggestions: Don't think that because you can read "Caesar" you deserve a higher place in the Hall of Fame than that illustrious leader himself, and that you'll set the world on fire with your quadratics. Profit by our example and advice. A whole army of Virgils and Ciceros, plane and solid geometries, United States Histories and American Literatures, commanded by General Physics are waiting to show you how Napoleon fell at Waterloo.

Twelfth: To the Freshmen, our sincerest hope that fate will not allow the instructors to deal as hard with them as they have with us.

All these do we solemnly bequeath and dispose of to the above named in this our last will and testament, and having implicit confidence in the integrity and wisdom of the Honorable John F. O'Shea, we do hereby name and appoint him executor of this, our last will and testament, and direct that no bond be required of him and no further action be taken in the probate court, other than to probate the same.

Given under our hand and seal this sixth day of April, Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen.

Witnesses: CYNTHIA ANN JONES.
MARY GRACE VEALE.
LEON ALBERT BERGSTROM.

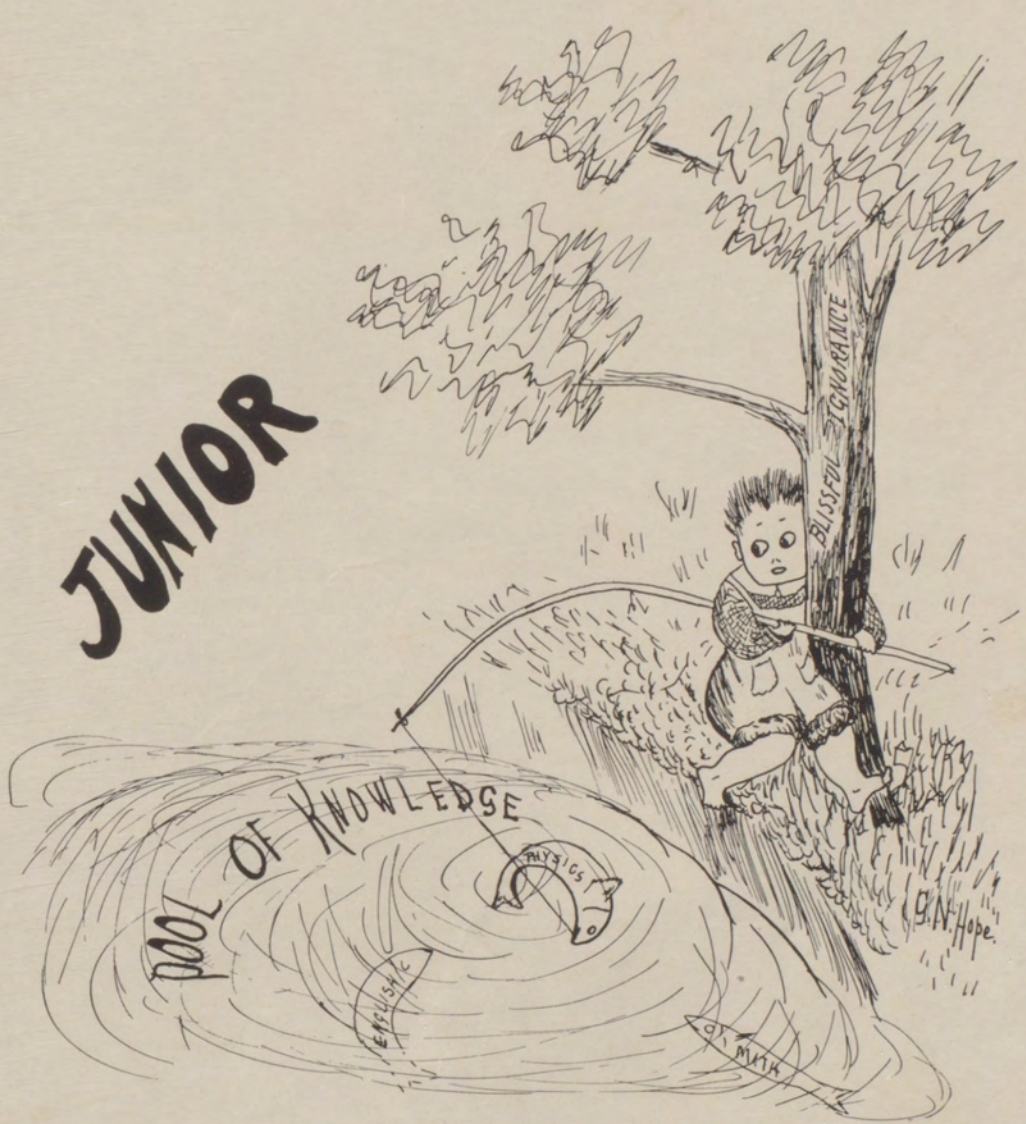
(*Signed*) SENIORS.


THE FACULTY
GUESS WHO
FRAMING UP?
A LITTLE FISH
A BUNCH OF SOPHS
NOT POSING
BAD UNS
LOOK WHO IS HERE
THE CAMERA STAFF
WHERE TROUBLE BEGINS

A MESSAGE TO THE JUNIORS ASSEMBLED FOR THE YEARLY FEAST

Though I cannot be with you, I wish to extend to you my best wishes for the Christmas now at hand. If there were anything to drink it in, I would propose the health of the freshest class that ever left the protecting arms of the grammar school; of the class which, like Demosthenes of old, talked its way through the Sophomore year; of the class which today puts all that June suggests in Junior—the class without a peer—the Demosthenean!

MRS. DOAK.


JUNIOR
POOL OF KNOWLEDGE
BLISSFUL IGNORANCE
PHYSICS
ENGLISH
MATH
G.N. Hope.

JUNIORS, '17

Class Flower: Sweet Peas

CLASS ROLL

(Names run from left to right.)

Row 1—Hamblen, Briggs, McLane, Adams, Glendenning, Mantor.
Row 2—Shoaf, Ploeger, Abbott, Everett, Stansell, Luhn.
Row 3—Johnson, Smith, Eberle, Ripley, Anderson.
Row 4—Speegle, Atchison, Wood, Scruggs, Atchison.
Row 5—Lockwood, Aderholt, Boyd, Stevenson, Stahl.
Row 6—Gossett, Slack, Moody, Goff.


Jrs. — — '17.

"THE OLD CLASSMATES OF MINE"

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of Fancy till in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of those old classmates of mine.

There was Ed, and there was Vernon, the jokes of all the class,
Who didn't know the difference between velocity and mass.
"Jinks" Goff, who played the "Memphis Blues," was a likable young lad,
And Stephen was good looking, but just the least bit bad.
Bob Briggs and Edwin Scruggs were debaters; and you'd find
That to the charms of all the girls our "Fatty" was quite blind.
I'm sure you'd think Claude Everett was a perfect angel child,
But appearances deceive us once in a great while.
And next there came a boy whom everyone called "Ford,"
He was always rather nice, you know, but very often bored.
I don't remember anything 'bout Clarence, tall and thin,
Excepting that we used to like his calm and peaceful grin.
James Boyd was always very slow—we all remember him
Whene'er I see a peaceful child, I always think of Jim.
Joy Lockwood was a sweet, good child, and likewise Teddy Stahl.
But the teachers all liked Adolph best—he wasn't bad at all.
And so this list of famous men, I'll end—alas! alack!
With handsome Leonard Johnson, and Tommie W. Slack.
And then the girls? Why, Altah Wood, a maiden very fair,
And Jessie Stevenson, a girl so gay and debonair.
Dorothy Shoaf, who always knew all that there was to know
Of Julius Caesar, likewise Bain, and then plus Cicero.
Velma Hamblen was rather tall, and as smart as she could be,
If it hadn't been for "Hamblen," oh! tell me where I'd be?
Nellie was next on the program with her pretty, long, black curls,
She was only one out of many good-looking Junior girls.
"Jeff" looked like a little boy, and was cute as she could be,
But still she didn't like for you to tell her that, you see.
Irene was a sweet brunette—of her we were all fond,
Etha, then, was very tall, quite slender, and a blonde.
Hattie was another blonde, and to my mind comes next
Another yet, named Myrtle, who always wore her specs.
Alma next, who always wore a big hair-bow of green,
And I remember Nina, too, when she was sweet sixteen.
Ethel was the beauty of our '16 Junior year,
Adolph (also several more) thought her a perfect dear.
Katherine used to be a flirt—I guess she'll always be,
Then last—but by no means the least—of all the girls came me.
What everybody thought of me, why, 'course I just can't say,
But even if I *was* so small, I was quite nice, anyway.

But, ah! my dream is broken by a sound upon the air,
The teacher cries—"Now hurry, boys, and don't keep standing there!"
So with eagerness and rapture, I abandon all I've seen,
To bid goodbye to dear old High—our good old White and Green.

MARJORIE STANSELL.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1917

When Anthony spoke at the bier of Caesar, he said that he came to bury Caesar and not to praise him. This little sketch has neither of these purposes. It is simply a brief recital of the incidents attending our passage as a class through the Taylor High School. As such, we began our existence in September, of the year nineteen hundred and thirteen; but the real class existed long before, and it would be interesting, if we had the time, space and facilities, to trace the individuals from the cradle until they became "Freshy Freshmen."

It was, indeed, a motley crew that entered the High School under the name of the Class of '17. Most of us could probably have passed a rigid examination in the alphabet, in the art of weaving, and in elementary algebra; but it is doubtful. How different it was from what we had anticipated. It was a merry-go-round from morning till night with new teachers, new studies, and to top it all, the great problem of choosing Latin and German confronting us, each promising dire calamities and obstacles.

But we overpowered Fate and rose above the debris of our fallen anticipations with characteristic perseverance. A number even tempted the anger of the gods; and exploring the unknown, joined the Junto. No evil resulting, we, as a class, wished to taste the beverage of literary attainments, and the "Eighth Grade Literary Society" blossomed forth. We now eyed the world as conquerors.

We then settled down to various and sundry difficulties as Latin, German, and History. The silver tongued speeches of Mantor, the flowery orations of Scruggs, and the Herculean feats of the Physical Geography Class will never be forgotten. But the one bright star in the horizon was June 1st. This arrived in due time and left us exhausted from a struggle with "Education."

After three months of delicious loafing, interrupted only by that childish custom of "Required Readings," the Class of 1917 returned to take up the burden of "Soph" year. Everything fell into the usual smooth routine, and we were spared the initial excitements of the previous year. The first instance of our rising self-esteem showed itself in the naming of our literary society.

A pupil does not look behind a door (during examination) unless he knows what's there.

Leonard: Marjorie, Mrs. Doak got your name.
Marjorie: I don't care, I intend to get another when I get big.

The committee provided that suggestive and sonorous name, "Demosthenean," which has remained with us since. Football season was with us in no time and the Class of '17 responded with four regulars for the team, Johnson being captain. The girls' basket ball team had three members, and the track team gathered six men from the class. The High School debating team of Mantor and Briggs, both of the Class of '17, showed up well in the county contest. In every way the Class of '17 was well represented in every branch of athletics in our Sophomore year.

In midyear, we finished Algebra only to be confronted with Geometry, worse evil. The Latin class was introduced to Caesar and it was only a short while until that division, individually and collectively, heaped maledictions on that worthy general's head. So the year passed on in peace and prosperity until the "finals." These were immediately preceded by the usual "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth" at the publication of the exemption list. Thus endeth the second chapter.

Vacation passed, we again assembled for our Junior year. We had hopes of great things. The pleasure caused by this was, however, more than offset by the agony caused from the study of a work written by certain Carhart and Chute, which book was commenced on September the twentieth. It is said that Mr. Carhart went crazy after writing this book, so from September twentieth we have been studying the idiotic gibberish of a man who was at least half a lunatic.

This year the Class of '17 again came to the front in athletics, furnishing nine men for the football squad, four of whom were regulars. In basket ball, three of our girls were regulars. The boys' basket ball team was entirely composed of Juniors. In this year's track work the Class of '17 has high hopes of having the majority of men on the team.

We have encountered unforeseen difficulties this year; we have overcome some; and hope to overcome the remainder. But whatever the future holds for us, be it fame or obscurity, our most cherished thoughts will always be of the Taylor High School, its traditions, and the good old Class of '17. Thus falls the curtain upon a partial chapter in the history of the High School.

VERNON ADAMS, *Historian.*

Mrs. Doak: "Tommie, how do you determine how many feet there are in a line of poetry?"

Tommie (in a soft voice): "Take a rule."

Olga: "Mr. Ruebsahm, which of these bottles contains potassium permanganate?"

Mr. Ruebsahm (savagely): "Read your Manual."

Hattie S.: "Miss Draper, please don't stand in the window."

CLASS PROPHECY | 1917

One day as I was sitting in my seat in the Tenth Grade, thinking of many things and particularly of the long time till dismissal, when without my knowledge I fell into a nodding doze, passing almost immediately into a heavier sleep.

I was awakened by a touch on my arm, and looking up, I was surprised to find standing beside me an old man with white flowing hair and beard. He looked at me sharply and uttered one word, "Come!" He turned to leave the room and impelled by some strange power, I followed him. He took me to the ladder in the hall that leads to the roof. Up this we went, and on reaching the roof, the little old man produced a telescope as old and worn as himself. Turning, he gave me the telescope, saying, "Take this glass and look to the west." As I obeyed him, everything from Taylor to the Pacific came under my eyes.

The little old man's voice came to me, "Direct your glass to the left of the Great Salt Lake, what do you see?" I obeyed and saw a large colonial mansion, in the grounds surrounding which were many women in various states of repose. Here I recognized Irene Aderholt, Hattie Glendenning, Katherine McLane, and Velma Hamblen. My attention, however, was caught by a movement at the window of the second story. A head was thrust out and I saw a face which I recognized as that of my old friend Goff of my school days. I heard him say, "What did Monk go off to the woods for and leave me with all these Sisters?" So Goff and Briggs were in the Salvation Army. I should never have expected it.

"To the right," the old man ordered, and the whole country passed in review before me. The first thing that caught my eye was Edwin Scruggs, the second Billy Sunday, exhorting the sinners of Chicago to repent. When he finished, as if by magic, the strains of a pipe organ came to my ears. The player was Dorothy Shoaf and there also I saw in the choir, Etha Abbott and James Boyd.

Turning to the city of Washington, I saw before me the outlines of an immense theater building, bearing the name of Ploeger. Upon the bill boards I saw the names of Ripley and Slack, international comedians. "Look at the Capitol," said the old man. I looked and saw in the ante-room of the president's office, people of importance from many countries awaiting audience. There I recognized Mildred Smith, the militant suffragette, attended by

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Mrs. Doak: "What's that bump on your head, Leonard?"
Leonard: "That's where an idea struck me."

Marjorie Stansell and Jessie Stevenson; I also recognized that silver-tongued diplomat, Lawrence Mantor, now the President's adviser. In the President's inner office I saw that official working away at matters too vast for my understanding. As I looked, he raised his head and I saw Johnson, the old standby of the Tenth.

"Look away to the south." I heard the old man's voice as in a dream. I looked, and saw, and was held by the scene. There was red war in Mexico. The United States Army was there in force. I saw the field strewn with dead. I saw the commander-in-chief in whom I recognized Steve Atchison. On the firing line I saw many of my former classmates, Stahl, talking excitedly; Luhn, also talking; Lockwood was creeping along the line encouraging his men, and Claude Everett was saluting the air and practicing the "about face." Further back, at the base hospital, I saw Altah Wood, Nellie Speegle and Nena Moody, wearing the Red Cross.

At this point my companion ordered me to turn my instrument on Harvard University. There among the professors I saw Eberle in the Department of Mathematics, Ethel Atchison in the Department of Music, and Gossett, of Law.

And so the old man showed me all the class, none altogether failures, nearly all successes; choosing callings sometimes unusual but all devoting honorable, dignified and useful lives to the greatest nation in the world—the United States. And some, the old man told me, have passed on to their reward, where—

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

The old man points me to the Land of Nod and as I sleep, he takes me to my seat and awaking, a moment later, I hear the harsh notes of the gong crash through the silent hall.

J. V. ADAMS, *Historian.*

Mrs. Doak: "We will all be some kind of tree in the next life. Raymund will make a splendid cotton-wood."

SOPHS



Merrily they roll along.

SOPHOMORES

Class Flower: Carnation

CLASS ROLL

(Names run from left to right.)

Row 1—Howard, Lawrence, Aderholt, Chevalier, Thomson, McConnell.

Row 2—Prewitt, Lebus, Lawrence, Steadman, Clifton.

Row 3—Rosenberg, Doak, John, Sitman, Chesser, Kuehn.

Row 4—Barlow, Klockman, Loveless, Yakey, Camblin, Carradine, McLane.

Row 5—Baty, Bledsoe, Everett, DeBerry, Kuykendall, Steirly.

Row 6—Vance, Ramseur, Hope, Brunner, Fullerton, Foster, Simmons.

Row 7—Davidson, Harris, Murphy, Lindsey, Hamblen.

Row 8—Talley, Adams.


Soph.
'18

AN IDYLL

(*With Apologies to Tennyson*)

Sophomores the fair, Sophomores the lovable,
Sophomores, the brightest class in all our school.
High in their room up a wing to the east
Studied the sacred book of English;
Which first they studied when morn's earliest ray
Struck them and awoke them to their duty;
Then fearing decay, or soilure, fashioned for it
A case of silk, and braided there upon
All devices blazoned on the book
In their script, and added, of their wit
A border fantasy of *green* and *white*.
Nor rested thus content, but day after day,
Leaving their other books, and good teacher, departed
To the northern room of the Taylor High School,
Opened wide the sides and read the sacred lines.
Now guessed we a hidden meaning in their work,
For now a pretty history was being made:
Of every letter written on their minds,
The Class of 1918 mused at length
Conjecturing when and where: this ink was fresh
That one year back, this helped them while freshmen,
This knowledge was in their Sophomore year.
And Oh! Mrs. Doak's mercy! what mischief might have been.
And here a memory that might have killed, but she
Stopped the rowdiness, and forgetful noise
And saved their conscience, so they stayed in class.
How came these fair "Sophs" by that good book
Of Tennyson's, they that knew not even his name.
Thames Book Company sold it to them, when they started school.
For an education in the literary world
Which Taylor had ordained, and so to gain
The knowledge of that book, and pass the tests
The Class of "1918," toiled and strove.

STUART FOSTER.


EQUILIBRIUM
DEFIANCE OF THE LAW OF GRAVITY
DEFIANCE OF THE LAW OF GRAVITY
SNAP
SHOTS
A Strenuous LIFE
ROUGH AND ROCKY ROAD
SOMETHING UNUSUAL
LONG AND SHORT OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS
A DOZEN SOLES WITHOUT A THOUGHT
DISAPPEARING FEAT (FEET)
TWO LUSTY SOPHS.
TWO OF A KIND

Name.	Ambition.	What Each Will Likely Be.	Appearance.	Remarks.
Kate Yakey	To live on a farm	A giggler	Like a lead pencil	Popular among her friends.
Jessie Everett	To have a good time	Fancy dancer	Circular	Interested in Eighth Grade.
Alta Aderholt	To some day gain a knowledge of Latin.	An old maid	Plain	Caesar's rival.
Lois Steirly	To become slender	Fat forever	Same as Jessie's	Also interested in Eighth Grade.
Winnette Baty	Sit up and look pretty	Opera singer (for someone)	Flirty	Boy catcher.
Ruby Carridine	A vocal teacher	A housekeeper	Peaches	Curly haired beauty of Sophs.
Billie Brunner	To be a ladies' man	A flirt	Simple	Mrs. Whiteley's terror during history class.
Porter Prewitt	To be a banker	Concrete presser	Fashioned after "Fatty Arbuckle.	Completely surrounded by ladies.
Ruby Dan Murphy	To be a tango dancer	Social butterfly	"Six-footer"	Real bright.
Lucille Thompson	Oil queen	A city girl	Little but loud	Bashful until you know her.
Mattie Chesser	To be able to be heard	Classy	Calm	Tends to her own business.
Vernon McConnell	Expert football player	Circleville street car conductor	Most gorgeous blue eyes	Loves to read the dictionary.
Louann Davidson	Pirouette dancer	Old maid teacher	Rather tall	Studious.
Annie Clifton	A movie actress	Stenographer	Pretty enough	Not a bit bashful.
W. B. Howard	To wake up	Die from over sleep	Sleepy	If he will settle down he will do very well.
Engelbert John	To speak the English language	American naval officer	Teutonic	Pronounces Dutch words well.
Mary Chevalier	To be an artist	Deutschelehrerin	Bean pole	She likes Domestic Science.
Eleanor Lindsay	A farmer's wife	A movie star	Moon-faced	Almost a Junior.
Robert Bledsoe	To live in Georgetown	Musician	Half-wit	Rather flirty.
Stuart Foster	To be like Otto	Jitney driver	Funny and jolly	Thinks he knows Latin?
Royal Camblin	To be classy	Comedian	Cute	Charlie Chaplin's rival.
Deile Lawrence	To live in North Carolina	An old maid	Like Pearl	A good cook.
Arthur Steadman	Jitney driver	Concrete presser	Perpendicular	Studious.
Milton Vance	Not to look like a donkey	Ladies' man	Rather short	Good natured.
Ed Loveless	To be president of U. S.	Electrical engineer	Bean pole	Put the love in loveless.
Nathan Simmons	Stenographer	Dairy man	Sporty	Should sit near the teacher's desk.
Delphine Klockman	To be an excellent musician	A married lady	Favors Jessie and Lois	Just loves Deutsch.
Georgia Lawrence	To make a balloon ascension	A day dreamer	Rather pretty	Likes basket ball.
Clara Hamblen	To be the brightest in the class.	A mathematician	Different	Not very athletic.
Bessie De Berry	Movie star	An old man's darling	From far Japan	Stylish.
Frank Lebus	To climb an oil derrick	Air man	Looks like a fashion plate	Never goes to school when he can help it.
Clarence Sitman	To shorten the road to Tipperary.	A prize fighter	Athletic	A flirt?
Mortie Rosenburg	To be a soldier	A merchant	Studious	A good looking chap?
Grice Kuykendall	To own an automobile	Run a traction engine	Dignified	Right smart in English.
Gordon Talley	To get through high school	Jitney driver	Athletic	Likes to laugh.
Templeton McLane	Opera singer	Travelling man	Like a lead pencil	A ladies' man?
Otto Kuehn	To be five feet tall	Tall forever	Sky-scraper	"He stoops to conquer" (a door).
Will Ramsauer	To quit the farm	Farmer for life	Lazy?	An ideal soph?
Leroy Barlow	Ruler of the world	Steeple jack	Exquisite	Speaks so loud he can't hear himself think.
Afton Harris	To play basket ball forever	An old maid	Studious	Likes to run a Saxon.
Pearl Hope	To outshine the moon	A housewife	Like Delle	Does well in her studies.
Annie Fullerton Mary Doak	To be authors	NOT Latin teachers	We don't know	?

SOPHOMORES

Biff! bing! bang! A shrill so keen.
Bosh, it is only the "Sophs" of '16.
First comes Kate with enchanting smile,
Then Ruby Dan in the latest style.
Winnette's our beauty, as you know,
Milton's our Caesar, and a beau.
Annie with her big brown eyes
Sits up in school and looks too wise.
Demosthenes so full of care
You find in Leroy Barlow so bold and fair.
Lois and Jessie are round and fat,
But they amount to more than that.
Billey and Stuart are very small
When compared to Otto who is very tall.
Porter and Gordon furnish the fun
Of Nathan's kind there is just one.
Eddie studies from morn till night,
But Vernon thinks that's not right.
Robert is our editor so fair,
He has never a moment to spare
Mary in English is a star,
In German, Engelbert goes as far.
Royal and Harry have combined
To make cartoons of every kind.
Math. is a snap for Mary C.
And Clara is just as good as she.
All the rest are smart and wise
But the page won't hold any more than its size.

ALTA ADERHOLT.

A roaming Soph is subject to the "Prof."

Every morning I take a run followed by a shower bath.—Cf. Woolley.

"I walked out into the night as the moon rose and wandered through the grounds."—Cf. Woolley.

MR. MUSE

He far outstrips Themistocles,
Cicero, Caesar, and all;
But why did he not pester these,
Which seems to be his call.

What he thinks we can possibly know,
False, true, or mixed, I can not tell,
For every opinion we venture to throw
Is worse than our death knell.

But how are we to know, to say
A thing's a certain thing,
When every time we state a way,
A different meaning forth he'll bring.

And when we go forth to seek
And longed for knowledge win,
No matter how we plead so meek
He'll meet it with a grin.

And then the enlightenment we receive—
The answer may well appall—
"The book, I'm sure, will ne'er deceive,
The grammar'll tell you all."

Mr. Muse: "When you ask for permission to speak, be sure to talk so low that no one can hear you."

FRESHIES



FRESHMEN

Class Flower: Rose

CLASS ROLL

(Names run from left to right.)

Row 1—Doak, Rhodes, Reavis, Le Bleu, Williams, Tarkington.
Row 2—Tyler, Ploeger, Kutzschbach, Marsh, Briggs.
Row 3—Norton, Lebus, Sloan, Dabney, Kirby, Dahlberg.
Row 4—Savage, Speegle, McConnell, Anderson, Quinn.
Row 5—Lay, Kaiser, Kuykendall, Rosenberg, Noble, Atchison.
Row 6—Anderson, Way, Mantor, Taylor, Root.
Row 7—Cooke, Robertson, Forwood, Crozier, Marek, Klockman.
Row 8—Moody, Everett, Harris, Lawhon, Stevenson, Moody, Kollmann.


FRESHIES
1919

MERELY A COMPOSITION

In searching for material for an original theme, I happened to uncover the *Taylor Daily Democrat*, and a very important headline caught my eye: "Today is Child's Welfare Day." The Mothers' Club is to have a very interesting program in honor of the event. I wonder if one of the subjects under discussion will not be:

(a) "The harmful effects upon the physical and mental nature of a high school student of writing compositions."

(b) "The attendant strain upon the morals of the remaining members of the family."

What will make "Child's Welfare Day" a memorable occasion in Taylor, is the fact that a merchant of our town is giving a special discount on children's clothing. Now, if some other enterprising merchant would offer a tasty brand of "Brain Food" at an attractive price, perhaps there would not be such a dearth of originality in my theme.

We also learn from this same *Democrat* that Preparedness is the most talked of subject of the day, and that the majority of people are in favor of being prepared for their various callings in life. We regret that the author stopped just in time to keep from explaining how a high school pupil might be prepared to be original.

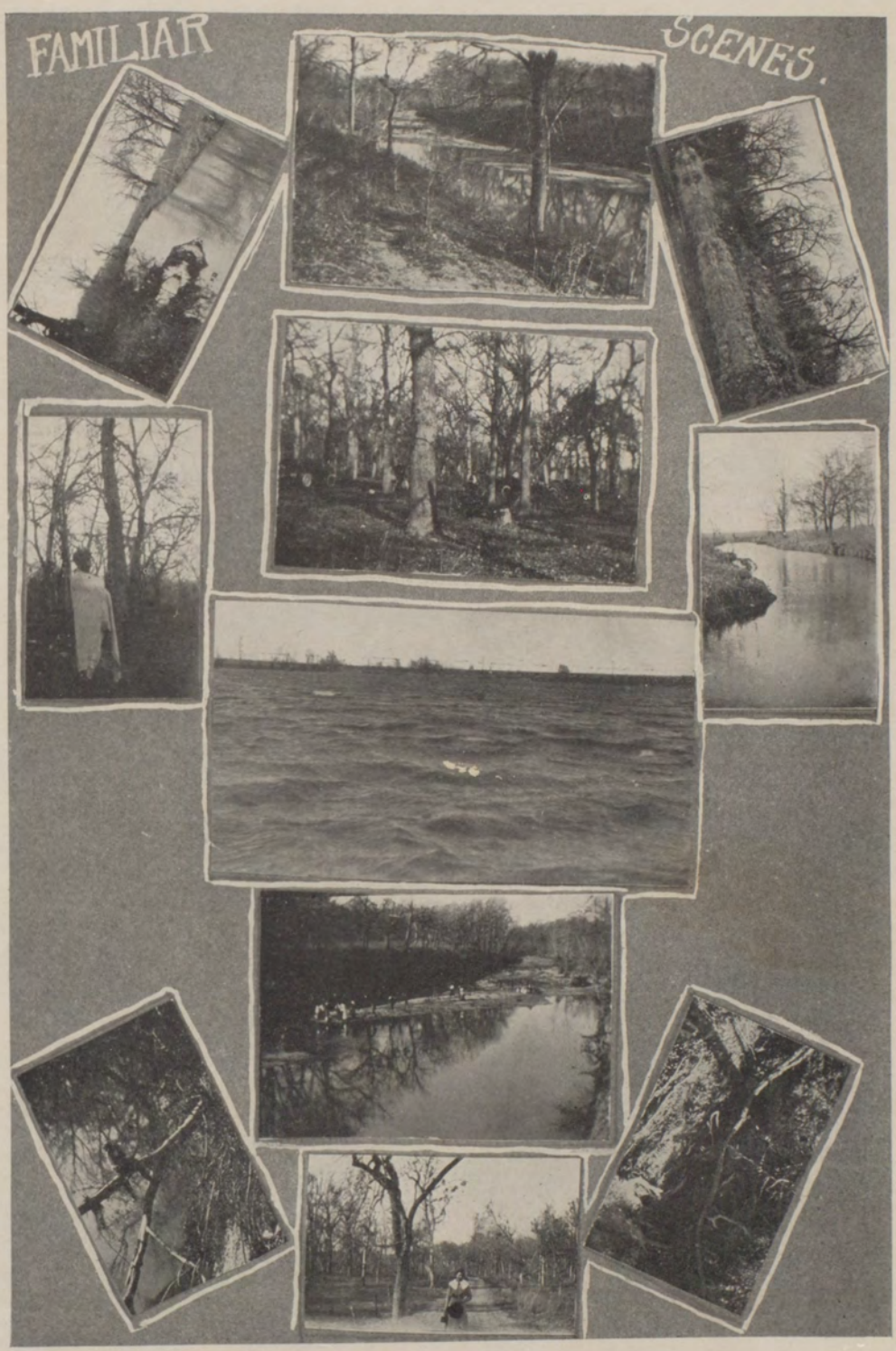
One druggist even goes so far as to say, that although a customer may have an occasional want which his firm cannot supply, he will gladly make a special order for that particular want, with no extra charge, and free delivery besides. Now, I wonder if a high school pupil should desire a half dozen original thoughts all nicely punctuated, with capital letters and quotation marks wherever necessary, would the obliging merchant make haste to send a special order, or would he offer something just as good in the shape of "The Dove With a Broken Pinion," by the "Ford Peace Party."

But no such advertisement meets my eye. I must be original in spite of myself.

RUTH C. CROZIER.

A Freshman must creep until he can walk.

"Whistling for Rover, my cousin put a pail in his mouth, and we started."—Cf. Woolley.

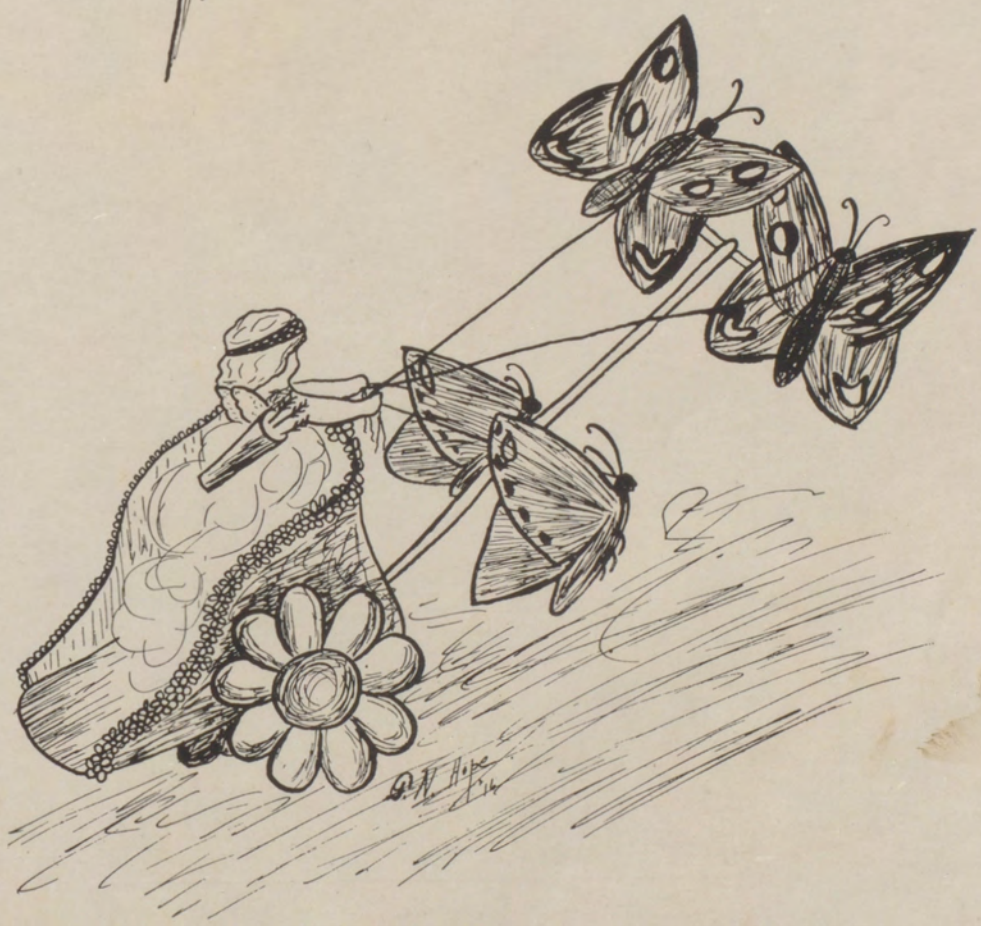

FAMILIAR
SCENES.

FRESHMEN



1919

Beauties





Miss Arlee Thames



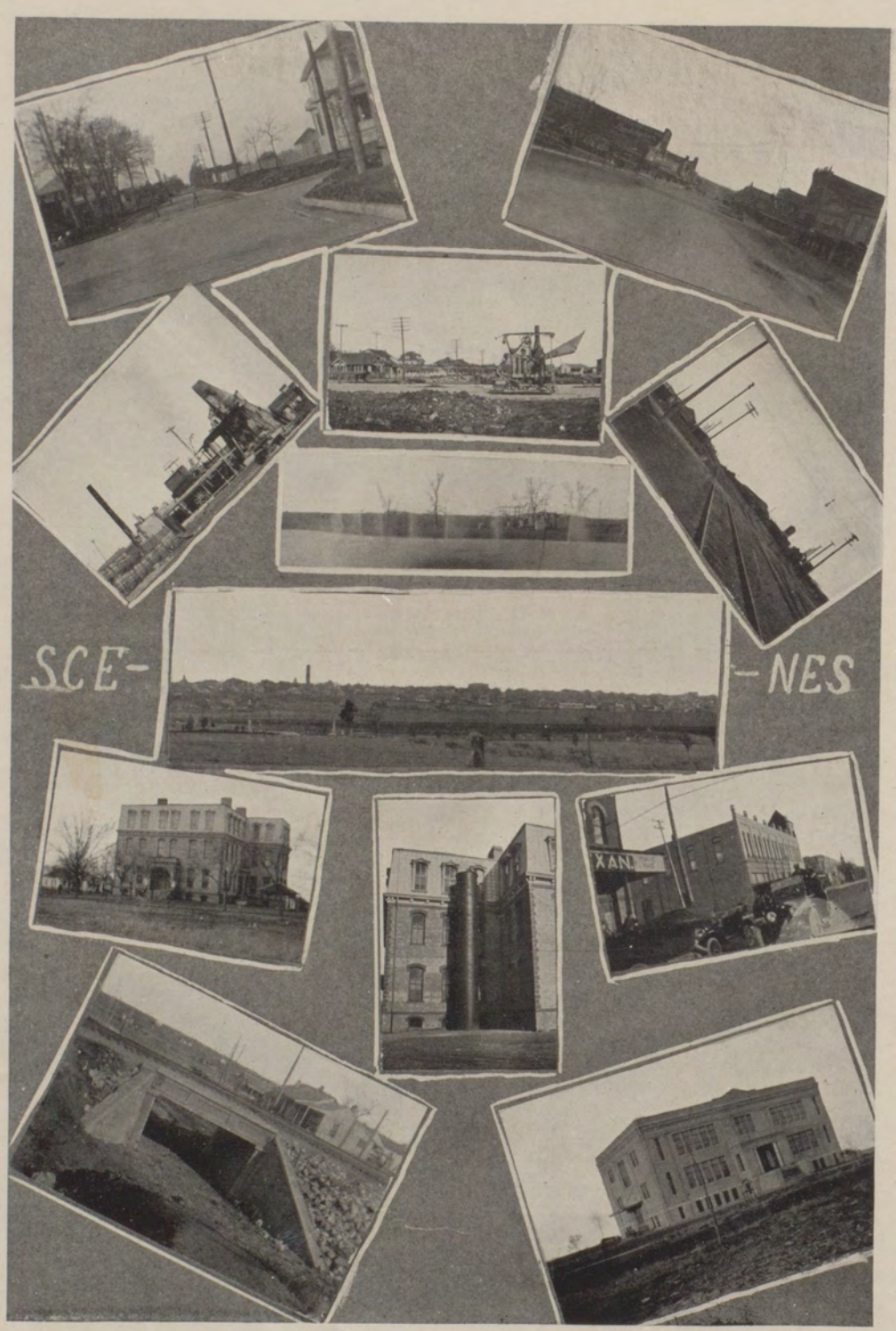
Miss Ethel Atchison



Miss Winnette Baty



Miss Helen Tarkington


SCE-
-NES

ATHLETICS

REVIEW OF FOOTBALL SEASON

When training season opened for football, there were twenty men who came out for positions on the team. Ten of these were men from last year's squad. Among those men who reported were Johnson, quarter and captain of last year's team; Atchison and McConnell, ends; L. Bergstrom, center; Mantor and Goff, guards; Slack, Talley, and Adams, back-field. With these men as a nucleus, and with such new men as Helms, E. Bergstrom, Luhn, Sitman, Ploeger, Adams, and Briggs, it looked as though this would be the best team Taylor High had ever had. Although the first part of the season was a disappointment to those in charge, the team soon developed into a winning squad.

Slack developed into a powerful line plunger, and when necessary, could make the passes. Johnson was good at circling the ends. Talley developed into one of the best punters in this part of the State, and he could always be depended upon to carry the ball through the line. Goff, also a good line plunger, proved to be his uncle's equal when it came to whirling the ball for accuracy. With Atchison and McConnell at ends, the extremities of the line were well taken care of. Atchison, one of the lightest men on the team, was the star when it came to defensive playing. McConnell, because of his splendid ability as an open field runner, was often shifted to the back field where he played the game in such a way as to carry the side-lines with him in his daring runs and plunges. Mantor was a tower of strength in the line, and whether he played guard or tackle, "Fatty" could always be depended upon. Helms, although handicapped by bruises received in the first part of the season, was a wonderful tackle. E. Bergstrom, tackle; Ploeger and Briggs, guards; and L. Bergstrom, center, made up a central line of unusual strength. Luhn and Sitman, although failing to get regular places on the team, played good ball whenever given a chance. Next year's

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The ball is thrown home by a player, stationed in the middle of the square called the pitcher—Cf. Woolley.

□ □ □

When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to study.



FOOTBALL TEAM

team will lose E. and L. Bergstrom and Helms on account of their graduation—the rest we hope to have with us, and should they all return the Taylor High will certainly have a winner next year.

Our season opened when we played Georgetown, Friday, October 15th. Here we suffered our worst defeat, being humbled to the tune of 24 to 0. Our opponents out-classed us in every part of the game, and proved to us that football must be played by the team and not by stars.

This did not discourage us. We began to work, and when we met the "Dummies" on the following Tuesday, we sent them back to the capital city defeated by a score of 14 to 7.

The football warriors of the Badger State will play the Windy City's squad of pigskin chasers this afternoon.—Cf. Woolley.

□ □ □

Monk B.: "It's all off!"
Jay L.: "What's all off?"
Monk B.: "The hair on Mr. Muse's head."

Our next game was with Rockdale. This was one of the hardest games a Taylor team ever played. Our boys were handicapped by being out-weighed. This, with a few bad decisions, caused our defeat, 7 to 0. This was the hardest blow of the season, as Rockdale refused to play us a return game. We concluded they had had enough and did not want their champion team defeated.

Bartlett was the next town with whom we had a game. Here we made the largest score of the season, 33 to 0 in our favor.

Our next game was again with Georgetown. This was our last chance at the county championship. The game was one of the fastest, cleanest, hardest fought ones of the season, but we were again defeated by the score of 13 to 7. We take off our hats to the Georgetown boys as being the cleanest bunch of boys we ever met and we are glad that they won the championship which we were working for.

Following this game we played the "Hard-Nine" from Southwestern and easily defeated them by the score 14 to 0. Our season of '15 closed with a second victory over Bartlett, November 24th, by a score of 22 to 0.



Mrs. Doak: "Give me an example of the double negative."
Jessie: "I don't know none."


Taylor
Representatives
Track Team
County
Meet
'16
Becker & Scruggs
Debate
Manley — Luhn
Cook — Senior Declamation
Barlow — Senior Declamation
Brunner — Junior Declamation
Beck — Junior Declamation



GIRLS' BASKET BALL

When Taylor played her first game of the season with Granger and was defeated, she took consolation in the fact that this was the first game ever lost to Granger, and that Taylor would come again next year.

The second official game showed what the team could do. In playing Georgetown the winning team had to work for their victory. The end of the first half showed Taylor 3 points while Georgetown held 14, but how they worked the last half showed in the score 17 to 16 in favor of Taylor.

TEAM

JESSIE STEVENSON, *Captain*

Goals	*Guards*	*Centres*
STEVENSON	HARRIS	HOPE
ADERHOLT	SPEEGLE	MCCONNELL

Subs

EVERETT LAWRENCE GOSSETT





Mr. Hutto: "Claude, what is electricity?"

Claude: "Ah-h-h-h, I did know, but I've forgot."

Mr. Hutto: "Too bad, too bad, the only person who ever knew what electricity is, and he has forgot."

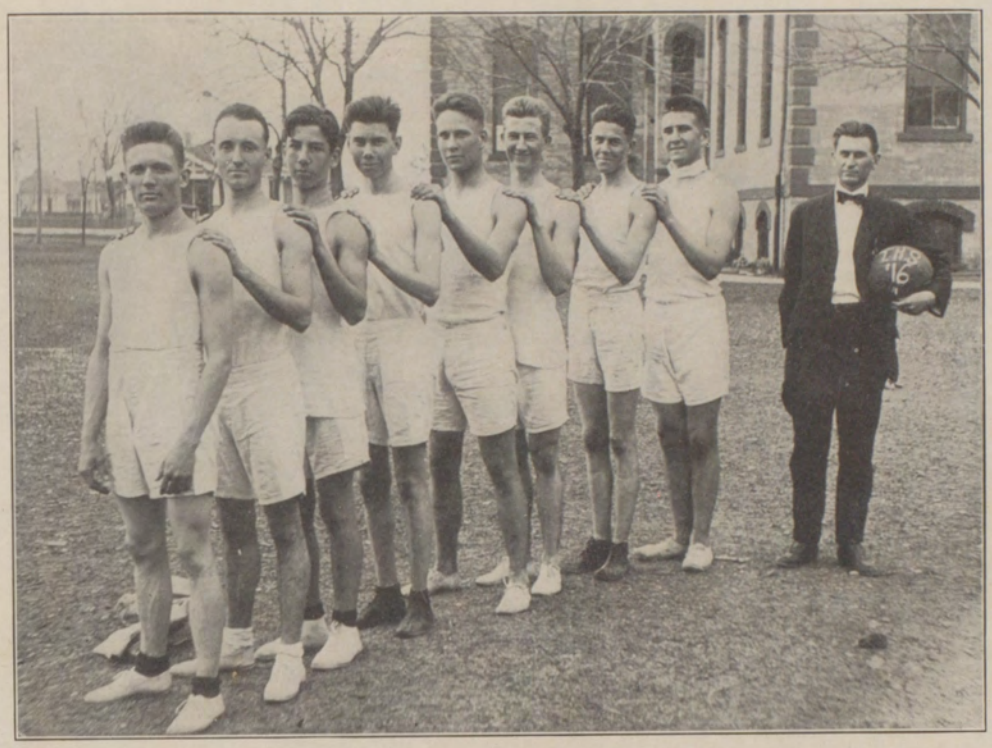


BOYS' BASKET BALL

This is the first time in a number of years that we had an organized boys' basketball team. Our team being in the nascent state, unlike nascent oxygen, it was not so reactive; and as a result the opponents are wearing our scalps on their belts. We attribute our defeat principally to the insufficient training due to lack of time. After all, during the few weeks of practice, our team had developed much skill, good team work and speed.

It should be remembered that we took our defeat with much grace. If the same spirit, interest and enthusiasm manifests itself; and if the same or similar material presents itself next year, Taylor will have an invincible team. It takes more than one year to develop a winning basketball team. A team of one year's practice need not expect to defeat one of two or three years' practice.

Root for the 1917 boys' basketball team!



THE TEAM

RUEBSAHM ..... *Coach*
VERNON ADAMS ..... *Captain*
PLOEGER ..... *Right Goal*
JOHNSON ..... *Left Goal*
MANTOR ..... *Right Guard*
GOFF ..... *Left Guard*
ADAMS ..... *Center*
ATCHISON, RIPLEY, LUHN ..... *Substitutes*

Miss Kitty: "Margaret, is your water boiling?"
Margaret: "Well, not all of it."


The Dietitian in her Home
Further Steps
Domestic Science in its Infancy

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The Domestic Science Department of the Taylor High School first came into existence in 1907-08, under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Doak, who was also instructor of the Music Department. The following year Miss Doak was succeeded by Mrs. N. E. Reviere, as head of the department. The classes were conducted in the basement of the High School Building; and the equipment at this time was so inadequate that the work of the department was limited to sewing. The class periods, which consisted of only twenty-five minutes each day, were really too short to accomplish the work required. So for this reason the Domestic Science Department went into eclipse for a number of years.

However, in 1915 the faculty aroused to the fact that in this day of "Preparedness" they were not equipping their girls for the battles which they would be expected to wage, regardless of the training they had previously received. Miss Christiana Wilson was elected Commander-in-Chief, and the ammunition was manufactured in the Manual Training Department.

In my mind's eye I see the future of the department rise and crown the instructor with fame. The department is a paragon of cleanliness, economy, and thrift; the students are perfection itself. On a definite income the pupils manage a definite household, providing for all the necessary expenses. Each member of the family is given the precise amount of food which will produce the adequate number of calories of heat and exact percentage of nourishment required. The loss and gain of this establishment is filed only on the credit side, for there is no loss. The family thermometer never leaps or rushes, but it always registers normal.

On visiting the homes of these students, you will find them doing the household duties a la Domestic Science while the mother enjoys her flower garden and crochet. And the graduates, what are they? Dietitians to be sure. You'll find some of these in every sanitarium. And if you read the doorplate in the largest office building, you will find "Arlee Thames, Dietitian"; if you walk in, you will find both phones and six stenographers; for the public have learned of what inestimable value the Dietitian is to them. And so I leave the Domestic Science Department in its eternal prime.

Miss Kitty: "Rosalie, what kind of goods is commonly used for table covers?"
Rosalie: "Oilcloth."

□ □ □

Flunk and the class flunks with you. Pass and you pass alone.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE ROOM



CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT



MANUAL TRAINING ROOM



MACHINE ROOM

TO MR. RUEBSAHM

No wonder we think he's a puzzle—
One that we surely can't work—
For just as we think we have solved it,
We're brought up short with a jerk.

When we ask about various gases,
Or such acids as $H_2 SO_4$,
We are told in a voice most emphatic,
"Your text-book you'd better read o'er."

We depart in a manner dejected,
From our dash of cold $H_2 O$;
But help comes when it really is needed,
And we get what we wanted to know.

TO MISS DRAPER

To Miss Draper we can give high praise;
She has ever been our friend most true;
Our ambition she has sought to raise,
And to her our gratitude is due.

Time and patience does she freely give;
Our troubles will she gladly share;
So no matter how long we may live,
We'll remember her kindness and care.

TO MR. HUTTO

"MEADOWTATION"

"Do horses reason? I should say
When Dobbin peers through bars and gates
On fields of clover and of hay,
At once we say he 'meadowtates.'"

TO MRS. WHITELEY

Oh, well do we recall that day in early fall
When the latest of our troubles to us came,
With a history in hand, and a very stern command
That we soon digest the whole war game.
No wonder we grew cold; we were never over-bold;
Our hearts were lead within our breasts,
But soon we learned to know that her zeal for us would glow
If we'd only heed her sensible requests.
So here's to her, our friend! Our greetings warm we send
With this humble little tribute to her name.

Society



THE TENTH GRADE PICNIC

On the afternoon of March 16th, all the Tenth Grade, with the exception of three, went to "Nigger Springs" on a picnic. An attempt to find wild violets took up the first hour of the afternoon. After that some of the boys took a cold swim while James found frogs for Mrs. Doak's fishing pole. Four frogs were sacrificed for the sake of one fish the size of a minnow. "Three Deep" was played for a while, and then the crowd went to the bridge where they took many good pictures.

Ruby Dan Murphy and Kate Yakey came out for supper. This consisted of twenty-four loaves of bread, broiled bacon, coffee, jam, and apples. After supper a bread fight took place and those who had over-eaten were forced to eat more. "Fatty" led the crowd in eating; then asked for dessert.

After going to the Spring once more the party started for home. Leonard tried to keep up with Mildred, and as a result, his car caught on fire. Claude Everett didn't take time to get out of the car, but fell over the back, and Adolph forgot he had ever had a walking cane. The fire was soon extinguished by throwing dirt on it. The car was left until next day, and the crowd came on home.



A PICTURE SHOW PARTY

The "Movie" benefit for the High School was scheduled for Wednesday night, January 19th. The Seniors met at the home of Rosalie Jones, and all went in a bunch. The dark, rainy night might have kept some crowds at home; but the Seniors are all good sports, so only a few failed to attend. Mr. Paul Fisher, on this occasion, was considered an honorary member. Everyone enjoyed the picture, and nothing happened to keep them from doing so. It was feared that the manager might put Punch Davis out for he was never known to keep quiet, but even this did not occur. The handsome senior, Billie Hays, was Mrs. Doak's escort. It was quite late when the party broke up, but every one came to school the next morning with unusually good lessons.

Rosalie (anxiously scanning the dial): "Mr. Ruebsahm, where's zero?"
Mr. Ruebsahm (very wise): "Right next to one."

A PARTY

The High School girls entertained with a George Washington party on the night of February 22nd. The girls who were dressed in colonial costume looked unusually pretty. Beauty patches and powdered hair are nearly always becoming. Mr. Sproul took flashlight pictures of the girls.

All kinds of old-fashioned games were the diversion for the evening, with music and songs between them.

The refreshments of cherry tarts and tea were very appropriate and suggestive. All decided that the George Washington party had been a great success.

A PICNIC

Mr. O'Shea, with his usual kindness, gave the High School Wonder permission to have a half holiday on Wednesday, February 16th. They went on this picnic to take pictures for the Annual. The place selected to go was "Nigger Springs."

The members who had cars provided transportation for the class. When Mrs. Doak chaperones, a good time is sure to be had. She is a jolly girl in the crowd, and a good fellow with the boys. The afternoon was an ideal one, and the crowd enjoyed themselves immensely.

The first thing they did was to cross the river. The boys very bravely and gallantly waded and carried the girls across. All was fair while they were taking feather-weights like Arlee Thames and Mary Veale, but when Minnie Humphries and Justine McKay came, it was a serious proposition. Leon Bergstrom and Robert Briggs made a "Lady's Chair" and with their united strength landed them safely on the other side.

The crowd walked miles and got many pretty pictures. Those taken on the old picturesque bridge were the ones that were liked best.

When supper time came, no one was absent, and supper was a happy climax to the jolly outing. Bacon broiled over the fire on a long stick was the most important "eat" on the menu, and with all the good things that went with it, made a supper all enjoyed.

A lovely ride home in the moonlight ended an event that will stay in the memory as the most pleasant of High School days.

When Mr. Henderson, State Inspector, visited the Junior Class during History, the pupils were very quiet; even when Mrs. Whiteley asked a question.


PIC —
— NICERS
CLASS OF '76
SENIOR
PRESIDENT
TWO LOAFERS
INTERESTED
WADING
UP A TREE
ON THE BRIDGE
A BUNCH OF SENIOR SUFFRAGETTES
CHUMS
"SO CUTE"

Funny Book



A barking orator does not bite.

Mr. Ruebsahm: "In a packing house the meat is preserved for food; the blood is used to prepare a fertilizer; the bones are used to make animal charcoal; in fact there is nothing lost, everything is used."

Billy: "Mr. Ruebsahm, what do they do with the squeal?"

Mr. Ruebsahm: "Why they put that on a phonograph record."

Mrs. Doak: "Vernon, what have you ever heard in connection with Bacon?"

Vernon: "Eggs."

Mr. Hutto (in Physics class): "What is a vacuum?"

Ed: "Mr. Hutto, I've got it right in my head, but I just can't think of it."

Miss Draper (pointing to the board): "Here the horse grazes with fifty feet; but when he comes to this corner he can only turn up ten feet."

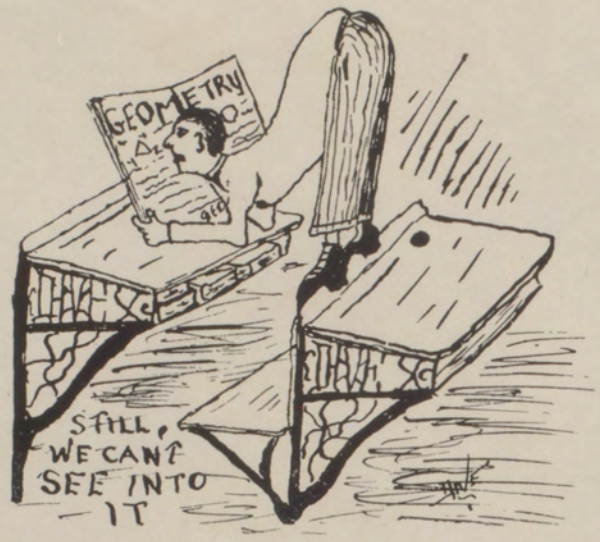
A remarkable horse though; usually they have only four feet.

Miss Draper: "Stop talking, Marjorie."

Marjorie: "I didn't say anything."

Miss Draper: "I know, but stop talking anyway."





To prove: The conduct of the pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from the pupil to the instructor.

EXCERPT FROM FRESH PAPER

Sir Roger called out in the midst of the services to one of his attendants telling him to mind his business and quit disturbing the congregation who was at that time kicking his heels.

Mrs. Whiteley: "How much does it cost the government to take a census?"
A long pause, and then from Leon: "$13,000,000."
Essie (whispering): "It certainly did take him a long time to find that."

Mrs. Whiteley: "Mary Veale, what is this dirty little string of knots."
Mary Veale: "That's Alvin's graduating present. Didn't you know I could tattle (tat)."

Junior Boy (over telephone): "May I call on you this evening?"
Soph. Girl: "Sure you can. Who is this please?"

Our historian tells us how twenty years ago our superintendant, together with another Irishman, came through Taylor, and having given out of money and wishing to go to St. Louis were wandering about the railroad tracks. Soon they spied a side-door pullman with the initials on it: I. & G. N., and Mr. O'Shea called out to his friend: "Come on, Mike, that car is for us, it says: 'Irishmen Going North.'" And they got a free ride to their destination.—*Anonymous.*

Georgia (translating first line in *Virgil*): "'I sing of arms and the man'—Oh goody, I'm sure I'll like *Virgil*."

Studying in time saves red ink.

Literary Department

Mr. Ruebsahm: "In writing up an experiment, be sure and tell everything you did; but don't tell all you know, I don't care to read mere verbiage."

A Freshman between two Seniors is like a thorn between two roses.

"THE HISTORY OF TAYLOR"

Before the year 1870 there were no houses or roads to mark the present location of Taylor; the land surrounding our now prosperous city was a vast prairie broken only by a few cow trails. It has been said that the old cow trail ran along through the Dellinger pasture, and the cowboys would meet at the spring there for their roundups. In July, 1876, the I. & G. N. railroad was brought through Taylor; and in that same year the town was laid off. The first plan was to lay the town off around Flag Springs; but as Mr. Taylor donated some land to be used for city building grounds, the town was built on its present site. The settlement was first called Taylorsville, but in 1878 the village was destroyed by fire; and when it was rebuilt, the name was changed to Taylor. The first mayor of Taylor (1876) was Mr. Napier, the first justice of the peace was Squire Wright. After the town was re-incorporated, Mr. D. Moody was the first mayor. In 1876 there were only five shacks in the village besides the post office, general merchandise store, and a hotel known as the "Hancock House," which was located just below the First National Bank of today. The first grocery store in Taylor was moved here from Circleville and was owned by Simons and Vance. Among the merchants and business men who came to Taylor later were Dr. Threadgill, Dr. Doak, Talley & Meade, Charles Orr, E. C. Dickson, J. B. Shepson, Jack Melasky and Kelly Brothers. As the population of the village began to grow, hotels were established, two of which were the Camp Hotel, which still remains just below the Speegle Grocery Company of today, and the Napier Hotel, which was located where Prewitt's hardware store is at the present time.

In 1882 the M. K. & T. railroad was brought through Taylor; the first engine brought to Taylor on this road was brought in by C. M. Still. The First National Bank was established in 1883, this was the first bank in Williamson county and the first brick building in Taylor. Among the necessaries of a city is a cemetery, so the City Cemetery was established. It has been said that you have to kill a man to start a cemetery, and this was true of our cemetery; for Mr. McDonald, who was shot and killed, was the first man buried in the city cemetery.

The Presbyterians were the first of all denominations to hold worship in our city; they held their services in the old McMurray school house. Professor McMurray was a minister and a school teacher; so he conducted the church

Every path hath a puddle,
All math is a muddle.

and school combined. The first church built in Taylor was the Christian, followed by the Baptist and Presbyterian. The Methodists worshiped in the Odd Fellows' Hall, which was located on the corner of Fifth and Main, and did not build a church until later.

Before the public school was established in Taylor, there were two private schools, one of which was the McMurray school, and the other was Mrs. Hutchinson's school for girls located where the home of Father Drees stands today. Later the Taylor public school was built. This was a very poor building and had only three rooms for the three departments, each of which was presided over by one teacher. In 1890 the wooden building was moved off of the lot and made into two residences. These houses are located on Porter street and are owned by Mr. W. F. Umbach. After the lot was cleared of the old building, work was begun on the present Taylor High School. Some people think Chemistry is a new study in our High School course but this is a mistake; Chemistry was taught in the High School before the brick building was erected. To prove this fact, you may look on one of the window panes of the old building and there you will find, written with chemicals, the names of the students in the chemistry class at that time. Among the names are those of Miss Eva Loyd, Miss Nellie McCartney and Mr. Frank Welch.

The Williamson County Fair was probably the first established amusement in this county. The fair grounds were first located on Washington Heights southeast of the John Burns residence. The fair was held there for several years; then moved to its present location. The next thing of amusement to come to Taylor was the small show or minstrel; this necessitated the building of an opera house. The first opera house here was built by Womack and Sturgis, and is now used as a store-room by Sturgis-Goldstein and Company. Later the Grau opera house was built by adding a second story to the present Grau drug store. Twenty years ago the children of Taylor instead of going to the picture show on Saturday enjoyed a street car ride. The greatest and last amusement brought to the general public of Taylor is the picture show. The first picture show ever shown here was in the Grau opera house, and is within the memory of all of the members of the 1916 T. H. S. Senior Class.

We have now seen the early growth of Taylor and must see Taylor at the height of success before we stop. As early as 1890 the water was piped over the town, and a few years later electricity was brought here. In June, 1908, Main street and what is known to Taylor people as the "Loop" were macadamized. Since then macadamizing on the country roads leading into town has been going on continuously, until now people can ride out on country roads without being in so much danger of bogging up. Along with the improvements

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Mrs. Whiteley: "We have two representatives at large."
Minnie: "Why don't they cage 'em?"

on the roads came the improvements on sidewalks. Ten years ago there were very few sidewalks in Taylor except wooden and cinder walks; now there are cement sidewalks almost everywhere. In the early days of Taylor people were often forced, during muddy weather, to walk to the I. & G. N. railroad tracks and cross on the rails in order to get across Main street; up until now it has been possible, but not probable, for this to occur again. Now it is impossible, for Main street and many others have been paved. Can it be true, that Taylor is a city with eight thousand inhabitants and with paved streets everywhere, when only thirty-five years ago all this land was a vast prairie?

ROSALIE JONES.



THE FOREST RANGER

Walter Sandry and his two aides galloped up to the camp of the Siletz Lumber Company. Two hours before they had noticed a dense smoke hovering over the valley, and knowing how easily forest fires are started in August, they set out to find the cause of the smoke.

The rangers found Hampden, the foreman, and his men trying to smother the ground fire which was slowly gaining headway in the dead leaves and cones. Sandry knew that it was almost impossible to smother out a ground fire in such dry weather, so he took charge of the men, sent Hampden with one force to clear a trail in front of the fire, and placed the two rangers in charge of the remainder of the force, instructing them to cut all saplings and bushes for a short distance in the forest.

After Sandry had the men stationed to his satisfaction, he went to the top of the ridge so as to tell how much headway the fire had made. He knew that Hampden had phoned to Cushing for volunteers, and he wanted to know the best place to station them when they arrived. For almost an hour he stayed on the ridge watching the smoke rolling over the tops of the tall trees with a tongue of flame flaring up now and then. An eye witness would have sworn that he, like Nero, fiddled while Rome burned. This was not so; for Sandry was fighting as hard as any man in the valley; he was studying the air currents: in this way he could find places where the felling of a single tree might save the whole forest. Finally hearing the shrill whistle of the engine on the tram road, he made his way back to the valley. About half

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"While we were eating a child the son of one of the natives approached."—Cf. Woolley.

way back to the station he met the volunteers, about fifty in number. These he divided in two groups and set each to cutting a trail. He then made his way back to the camp and ordered the cook to keep hot coffee for the entire night. Just as he started back to the woods he saw a lone horseman coming up the log trail. Thinking that it was some one who had come to help fight the fire he waited until the stranger stopped his horse in front of him.

"Can you tell me where the foreman is?" the stranger asked. "I am Grigsby, the owner of the Siletz; I made an unexpected trip to the West, and when I arrived at Cushing, I heard that the timber was on fire, so I rushed on out."

"Mr. Grigsby, Hampden is somewhere in the woods fighting the fire. If there is any message you want me to carry him, I will take it. I took charge of the work as soon as I arrived and left Hampden with his force at work while I waited for the men from Cushing."

The Easterner stood pondering for a moment; then he spoke angrily: "I would like to know what business you have coming here and placing yourself in charge of my men. I left Hampden in charge of this camp and I don't think that he should take orders from any one but me."

"I am sorry to have offended you, Mr. Grigsby; but I am working under government orders. Hampden may be the best lumberman in the country, but he has not been trained to fight fires." With these words Sandry left the lumber magnate standing in front of the cook-shack and strode into the forest.

"Hampden, I guess you are in for it. The big boss from the East is here, and he doesn't like the idea of my being in charge here. Take your men and let them get something to eat; I will hold the fire with the rest of the force. While you are at camp try to smooth things over with your employer, because I don't want to have any trouble with him. The National forest is on the other side of the ridge; and if the fire gets in there it can't be stopped; consequently I will have to fight it out right here, and the less friction between all parties the better."

Sandry kept the men working all night. He made the rounds regularly, giving a word of encouragement here, or help with the cross-cut saw or the ax there. Just before dawn he saw that the fire was under control, so he walked to the camp to get a bite to eat. Mr. Grigsby met him at the door of the cook-shack, but his manner was different from what it had been the previous afternoon.

"Young man, I want to apologize for the hasty words I used last evening. Hampden explained things to me; and when he said your name was Sandry, I could not help but think of a friend by that name. He had a son that ran away from college about two years ago. Here, drink this cup of coffee, you're going to faint."

All pupils are not bright that shine.

"No, I am all right, Mr. Grigsby; but you took me by surprise. I am the son that ran away from college."

"I guessed as much the moment I heard your name. Why did you leave?"

"Well, while in my second year at school, I went with the fastest set in college. I started wagering on the football games, and this led to card playing. Before many months I was several hundred dollars in debt. About this time the faculty gave me notice that if I did not do better in my studies, they would have to write to my father. My creditors were also threatening to expose me, so I decided to leave and join the forestry service. I wrote my father that he would not hear from me until I had made good in some trade or profession. In the time that I have been out here, I have been saving my money in order to get a start. I hope to have enough for that start in another year."

"Well now, Mr. Forest Ranger, I think you are going to get a start sooner than you expect to. I have been on the lookout for some young man that I can trust, as my General Manager, and I think I know who that young man is. You are going to work for me as soon as Uncle Sam can find some way to do without you; and your very first job is one month's vacation in which you are to convince your father that you have made good."

EDDIE LOVELESS.

DEUTSCHER UNTERRICHT

So viel wie wir aus der authentischen Geschichte und aus den zuverlaessigen schriftlichen Berichten der Taylor Hochschule erfahren koennen, wurde der deutsche Unterricht im Jahre 1904 in den Taylor Schulen begonnen, mit Herrn Theis als Lehrer. Jendenfalls hatte der deutsche Unterricht, im Anfange, weiter kein bestimmtes Ziel, und wurde nur von wenigen Schuelern, hauptsaechlich von Kindern deutscher Abkunft, beigewohnt. Aber in den Jahren als Herr Theis und seine Nachfolger, die Herren Bachus und Fertsch, als Lehrer wirkten, entwickelte sich der deutsche Unterricht mehr und mehr bis er dann im Jahre 1908 als regulaerer Kursus in der Hochschule anerkannt wurde.

In 1909 wurde der selige Herr Karl Zettner, Prediger und Lehrer, welcher auch ein begabter Musiker und tuechtiger Chormeister, ausgezeichneter Redner und talentierter Maler war, als deutscher Lehrer angestellt. Unter seiner

wirksamen und tuechtigen Leitung wurde unsere Hochschule im Deutschen der Staats-Universitaet angegliedert. Wir haben jetzt drei "Credits" im Deutschen mit der Universitaet; zwei davon bekamen wir im Jahre 1910, das dritte in 1911. Herr Zettner wirkte als Lehrer bis 1912. Dann wurde Frau Ginther an seiner Stelle erwaehlt. Frau Ginther verbesserte diesen Kursus dadurch, dasz sie einen deutschen literarischen Verein gruendete. Solch ein Verein erweckt viel Interesse und gibt Gelegenheit zur Uebung die deutsche Sprache flieszend sprechen zu lernen. Auszerdem erregt er Lust und Liebe die deutsche Sprache mehr zu gebrauchen. Der jetzige Lehrer, Herr Ruebsahm, ist Nachfolger der Frau Ginther und hat die Stellung als deutscher Lehrer der Taylor Hochschule seit 1914 verwaltet.

Schon vor mehr als zehn Jahren bieten die Hermanns-Soehne im Staate, Preise aus um die deutsche Sprache zu befoerdern und weiteres Interesse darin zu erwecken. In einem von den Staats-Wettkaempfen bekam Fraeulein Anna Slivenske, eine Schuelerin des deutschen Abteils, den zweiten Preis. Dieses ist Beweis, dasz die deutsche Abteilung der Taylor Hochschule mit im ersten Range steht.

Seit 1914 veranstalten die hiesigen Hermanns-Soehne Logen ebenfalls Preisvertheilungen an Schueler des deutschen Unterrichts der Taylor Hochschule. Die erste Preisvertheilung der Taylor Logen wurde den folgenden Schuelern zu Teil: Vivian Barlow, Anna Slivenske, Elmer Dahlberg, Alvin Becker, und Olga Menn.

Die zweite Preisvertheilung fand im Mai, 1915, in dem Taylor Opernhaus statt. Viele Freunde der Schule und Angehoerigen fuellten das Opernhaus. Pastor Arthur Hartmann hielt die Eroeffnungsansprache, worauf F. Tockus sein Hochschul-Orchester den Anfang machen liesz. Der Taylor Maennerchor sang verschiedene Lieder und dann kamen die Schueler der Hochschule an die Reihe. Nachdem Superintendent John F. O'Shea die Preise verteilt hatte, hielt Herr A. F. Ruebsahm, Lehrer des deutschen Unterrichts, eine ermunternde Ansprache an Schueler und Publikum. Die ganze Feier gab Zeugnis davon, dasz der Unterricht im Deutschen an unserer Hochschule in Taylor nicht allein eifrig betrieben wird, sondern auf wohlgelegter Grundlage aufgebaut ist. Die folgenden erhielten Preise fuer schriftliche Arbeiten und fuer muendliche Vortraege: Alvin Becker, Olga Menn, Raymund Wright, Billie Brunner, Dorothy Shoaf.

Lernt deutsch sprechen, lesen, und singen!





LOOKING ONWARD

A thousand thoughts came flying through the air to me as I listened to the joyous peals of bells and the merry noise of whistles that welcomed the New Year into existence. Naturally, while we are young, the passing of another mile-stone does not include the sad memories of past years as it does to older persons; but we do experience some depression of spirit as we realize we are one step nearer the great unknown future; and that the sweet life of our little past is becoming only a memory. Chief in the past are the dear memories of school days when life to us was one grand rush of joy. Nothing has held us back, our skies have been a perfect maze of golden chances, softened by the guiding hands of those who have so kindly undertaken the shaping of our ambitions into sources of real gain. We can never pay the debt we owe to those who have, with utmost care, directed our destinies by close association day after day impressing and imprinting ideals within us that all the buffets of time and tide cannot efface. Each one of the classmates who has given things to me for which I can only be more and more grateful, will live in my heart; and come again and again with the golden memories of my swiftly passing childhood. Each happy year will be used to over-balance bits of sorrow or tears while I still look into the great ever-changing future.

The scope of our ambitions is unlimited, for were ambitions bound in youth, they would become iron fettered in the passing of years. The wonderful chances in entering every new phase of life, the untried depths of high aspirations, the broad field in which to struggle with our desires; all these offer to us a vivid, glorious, ever useful future. Within our grasp we almost feel those wonderful "star-hopes" of childhood, ever changing in splendor, but full of the strength of a high idea. The doors of a New Heaven are opened to all youth with its fire of exuberance. It is my dearest wish to be able to watch the fame-crowned path of my classmates.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

TOASTS

Here's to the Freshmen of today,
Here's to the class that's always gay,
Here's to those who'll be Sophs in May.

Here's to the Sophs over great in estimation,
Here's to the Sophs, let them gain determination,
Here's to the Sophs, may they reach their destination.

Here's to the Juniors, who always learn,
Here's to the Juniors, who the E's earn,
Here's to the Juniors, who midnight oil burn.

Here's to the Seniors so full of joy,
Here's to the Seniors, each girl and boy,
Here's to the grads, whom no grief may annoy.

C. D. J.

THE END

In after life when far away,
Seated by the fire-place,
Should you upon this volume stray,
Thoughtful may grow your face.

Sweet memories of school-days past,
(High dreams to be fulfilled)
These pages may again recast,
With all we hoped and willed.

The wintry dusk steals in; the leaves,
Unturned before us lie,
For Fancy now bright visions weaves
Of those who once were nigh.

ALVIN BECKER.





Please read and respond to the Ads which made this book possible.

The

First State Bank and Trust Co.

of Taylor, Texas

GUARANTY FUND BANK

Capital Stock - - $150,000.00

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Taylor, Texas

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RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - - - -	$452,836.86
OVERDRAFTS - - - - -	**NONE**
U. S. Bonds (to secure circulation) - -	37,500.00
Bonds, Securities, etc. - - - -	2,250.00
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank - - -	6,000.00
Banking House - - - - - -	28,050.00
Building Fund - - - - - -	590.00
Redemption Fund - - - - -	1,875.00
Revenue Stamps - - - - -	165.52
Available Cash - - - - - -	**166,824.12**
TOTAL - - - - - -	**$696,091.50**

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock - - - - -	$150,000.00
Surplus and Profits - - - - -	115,641.86
Circulation - - - - - -	37,500.00
Dividends Unpaid - - - - -	320.00
Deposits - - - - - - -	**392,629.64**
TOTAL - - - - - - -	**$696,091.50**

The above Statement is correct.

D. F. SMITH, Vice-President and Cashier

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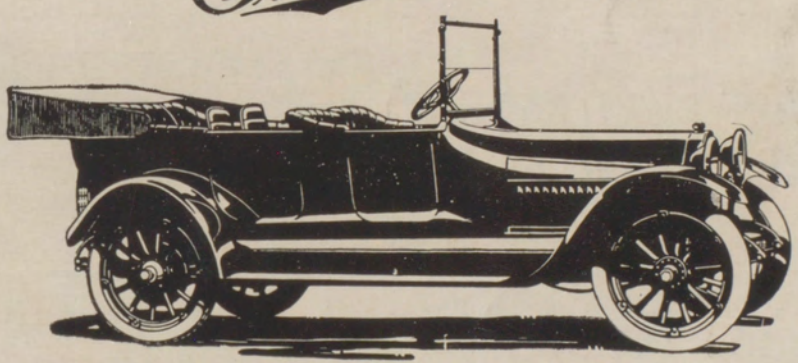
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People know you for what you seem, and it's what you wear that is largely responsible for what you seem.

To dress well, it is not necessary to be attired in expensive materials, but in paying attention to details, to the little things which set off or finish your entire garb.

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Come in and see how well we are prepared to prepare you with standard wearing apparel that will reflect economy, grace, dignity and self-esteem.

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