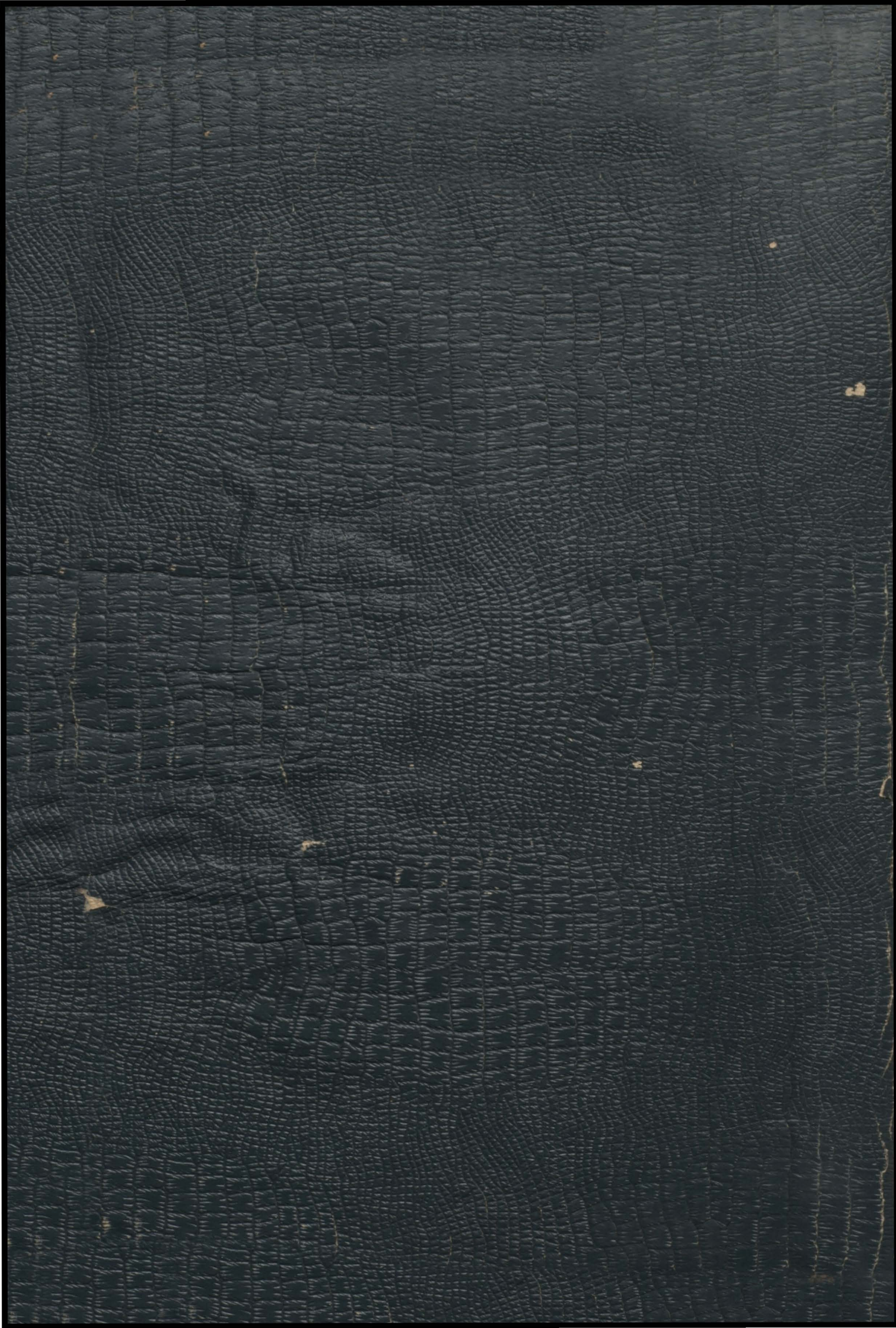
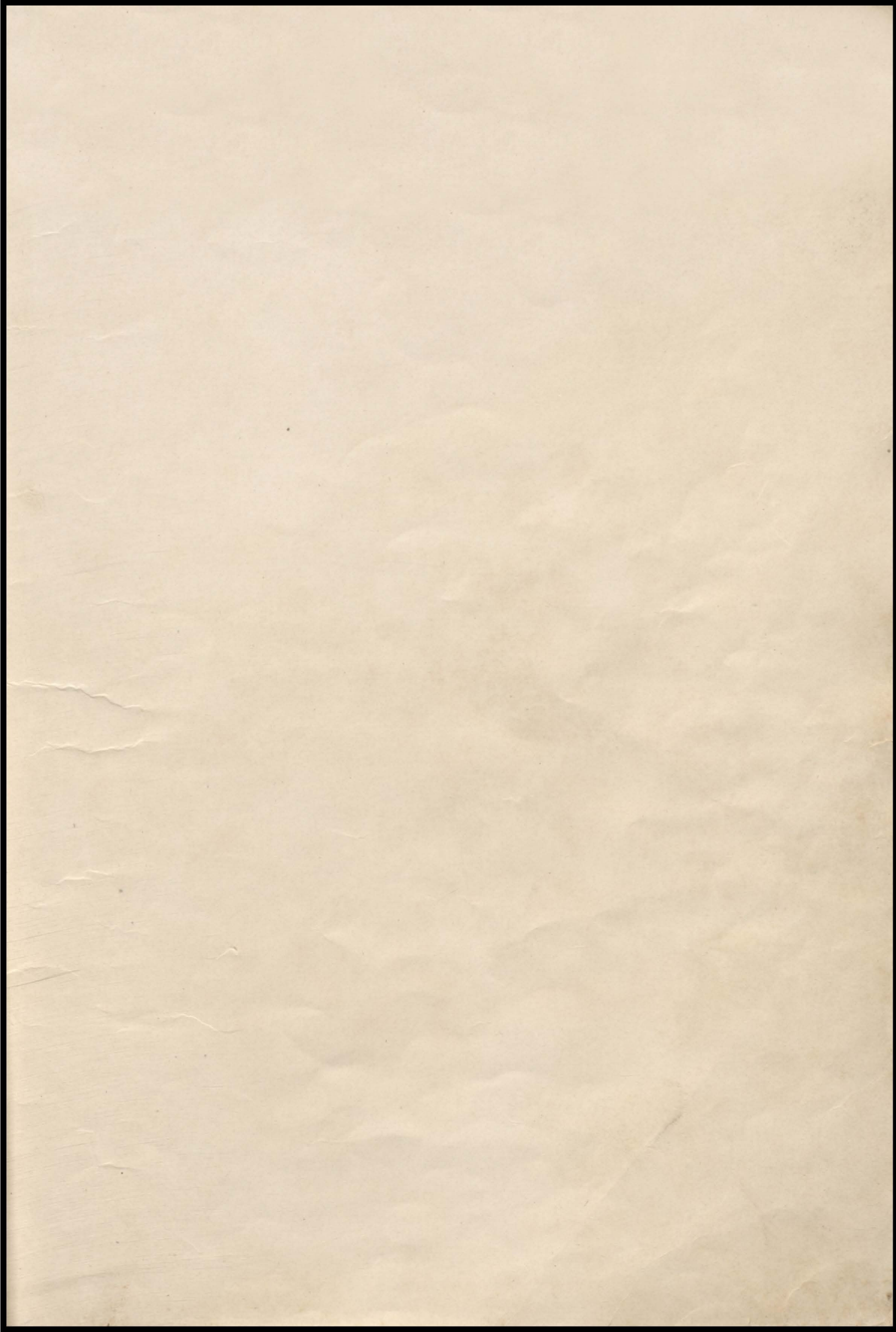
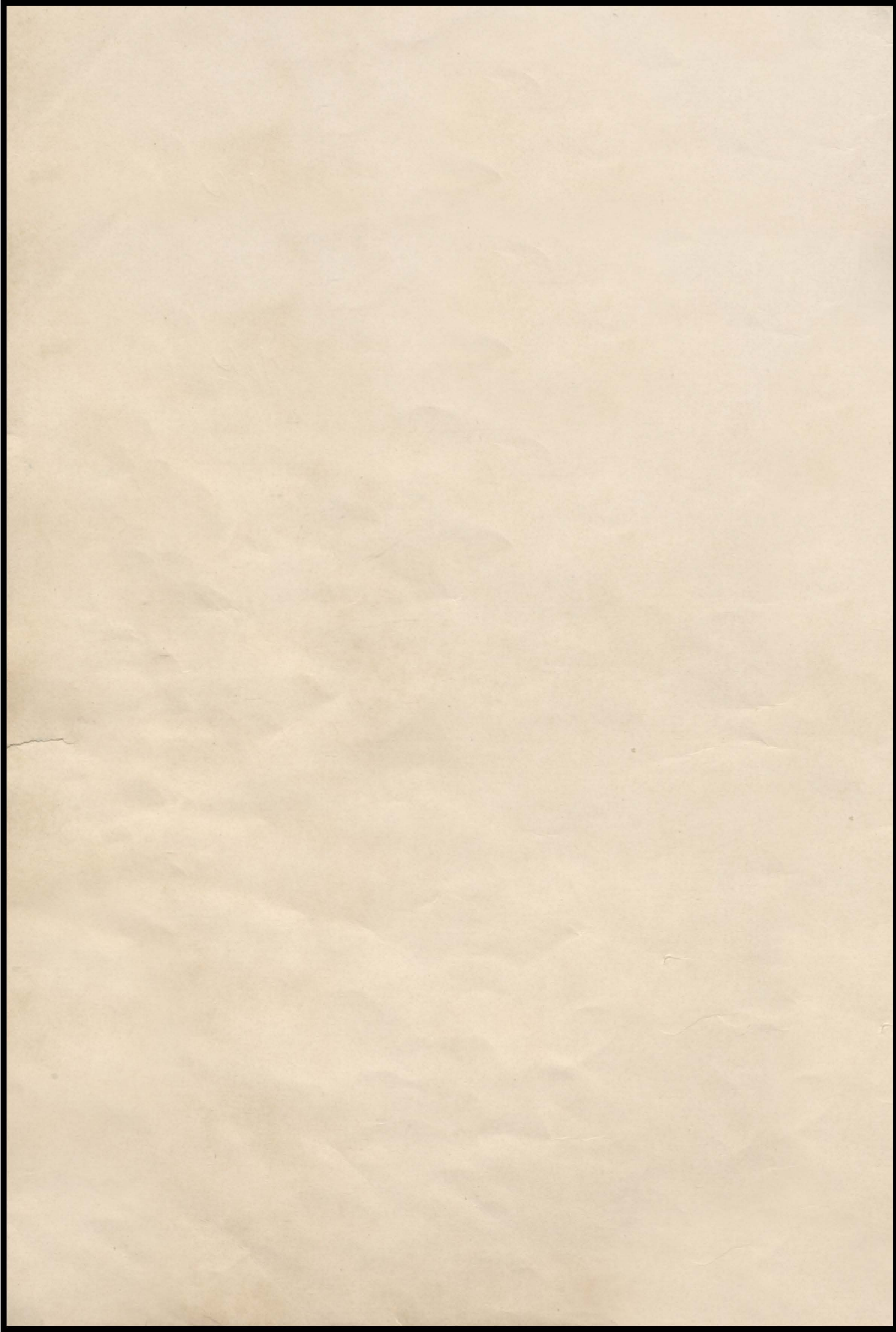


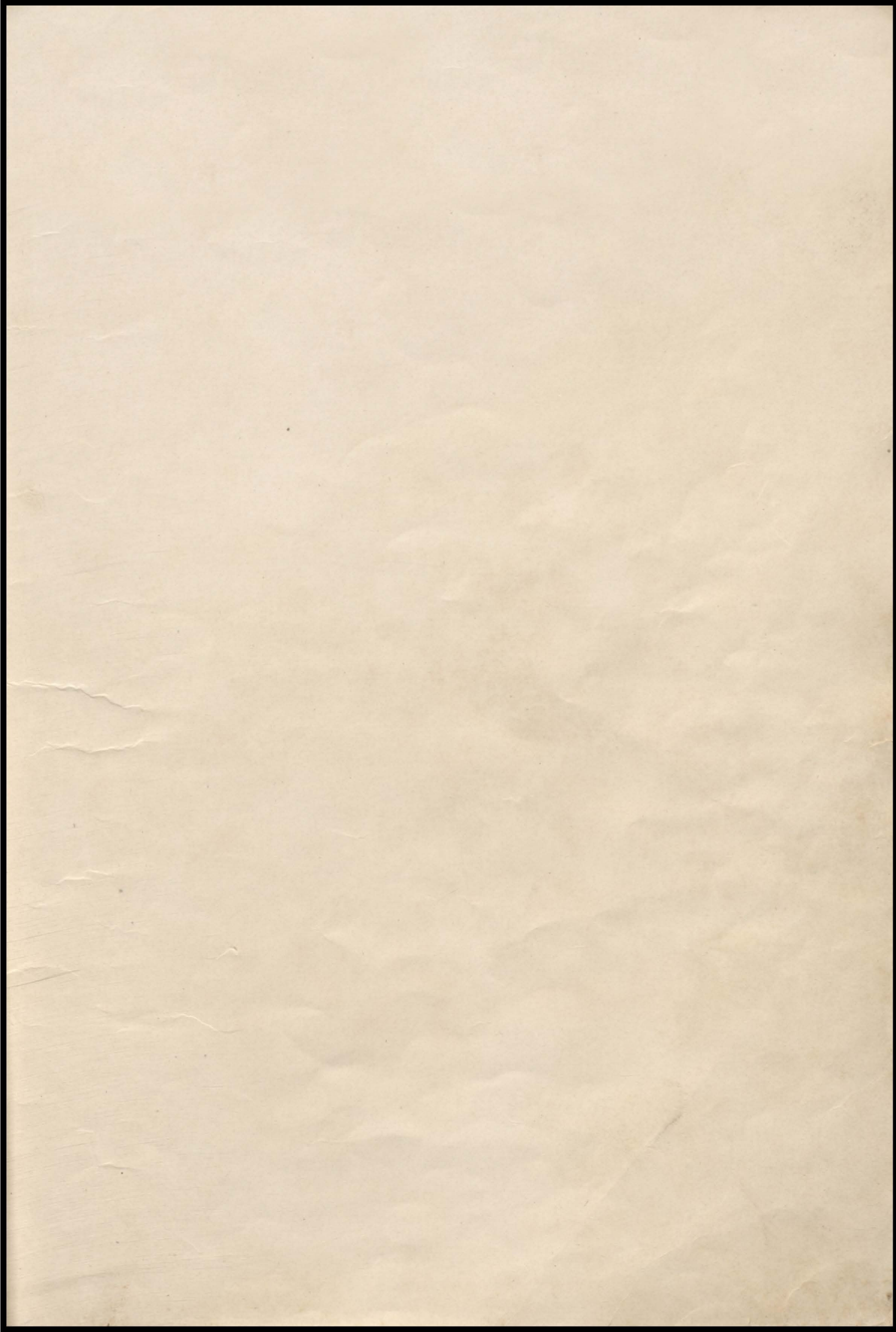
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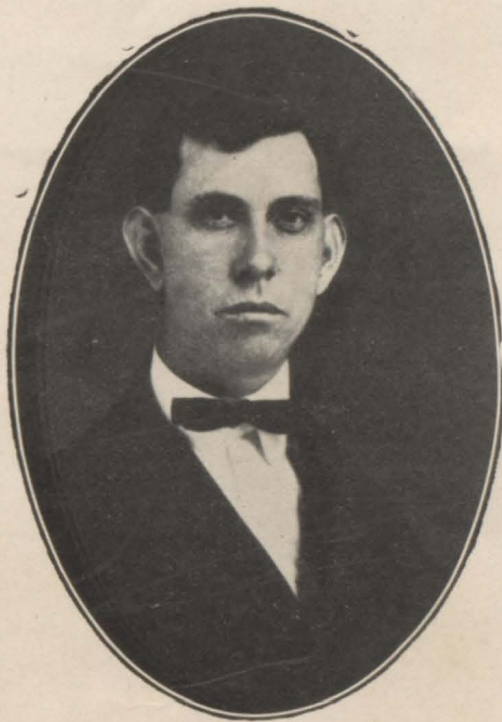


To our beloved and honored
friend and teacher

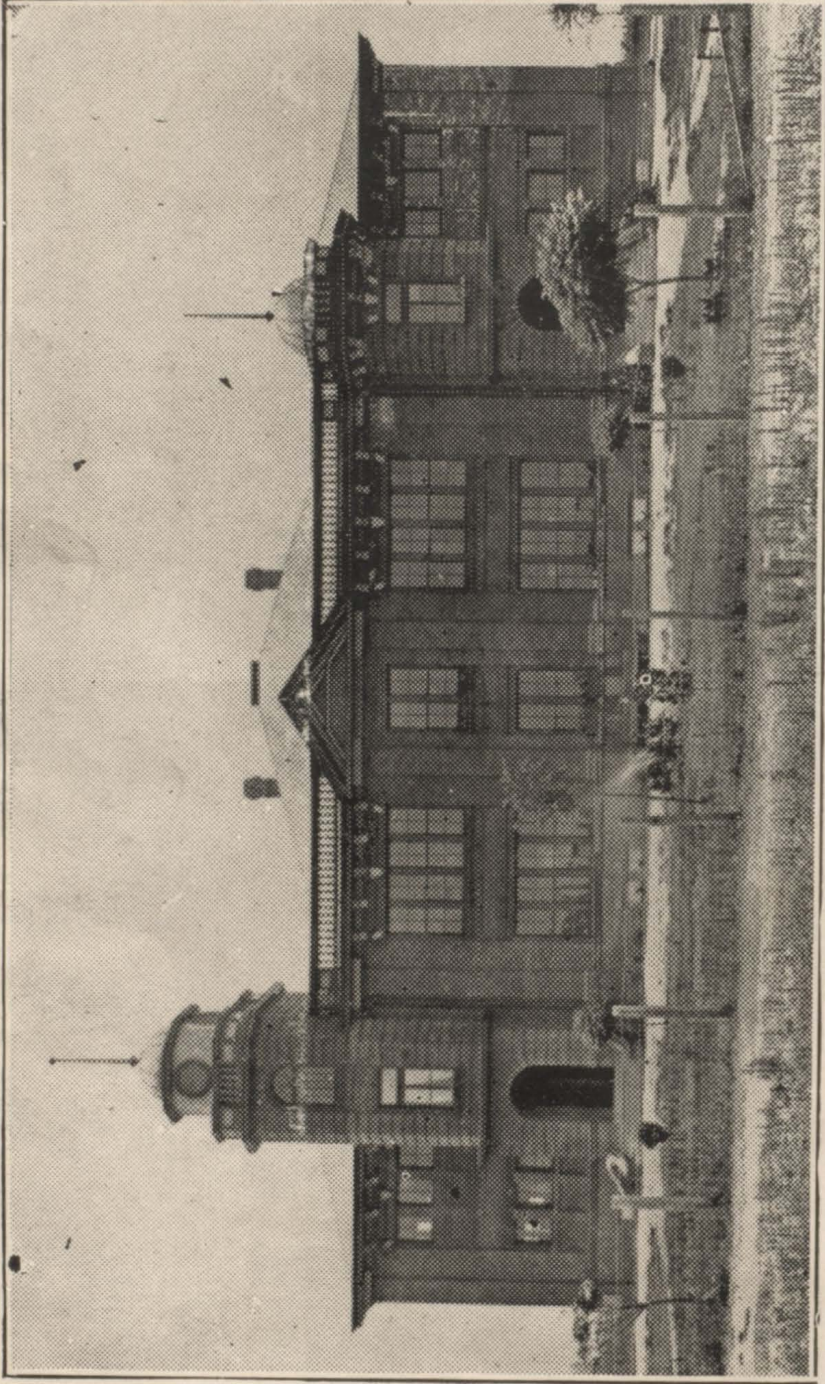
R. E. Scott

who has aided us in greater
achievements, given us
nobler, higher ideals, and helped to
brighten our lives,
this humble little book,
as a sample of our year's work, is
affectionately and gratefully
dedicated

Members of Class 1912



PROF. R. E. SCOTT.



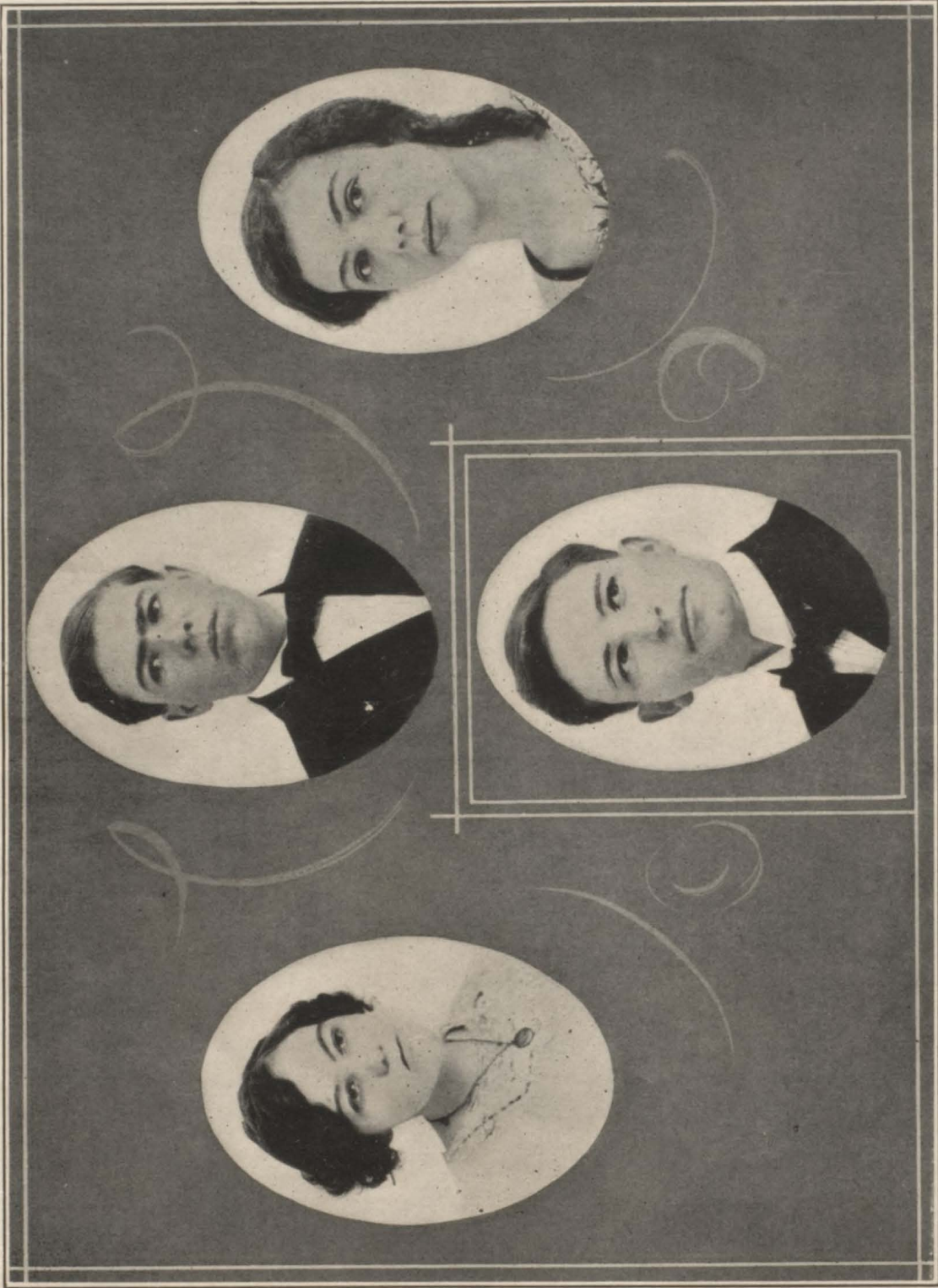
BAY CITY PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING
TAKEN BEFORE COMPLETION OF \$20,000 ANNEX



HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY.

Addie Lee Woolsey
R. S. Kingham

Maymie Schaedel
R. E. Scott



ANNUAL STAFF.

ANNUAL STAFF.

Perry Moore, Editor-Manager.

George Q. Sutherland, Assistant Editor.

Nellie Brown, Assistant Editress.

Norma Linn, Assistant Editress.

FROG STAFF.

"The Frog," a Monthly Magazine
Published by the Senior Class
J. D. H. S.

George Q. Sutherland, Editor.

Gladys Moore, Editress.

Victor LeTulle, Manager

Louella Baker, Secretary.

Camden Sanborne, President.

Edward McKelvy, Athletic Editor.

Perry Moore, Cartoonist.

Walter Winston, Circulating Manager.

Nellie Brown, Society Editor.

Norma Linn, Exchange Editor.



FROG STAFF.

Class of 1912



Class Colors—Black and Cherry.

Class Flower—American Beauty Rose.

Class Motto—EXCELSIOR.



OFFICERS.

James Foster Milner.....	President
Louella McConnell Baker.....	Secretary
Camden Sanborn.....	Treasurer
Minnie Jeannette Harper.....	Poetess
Norma Pinckney Linn.....	Historian
Gladys Evelyn Moore.....	Prophetess
Josephine Elsie Moore.....	Will Administrator



Hells

Hokity, Pokity, likety, split,
Seniors, Seniors,

We are it!

First in work and first in fun,
Best Class under the sun!

Boom-a-laka! Boom-a-laka!

Bow! Wow! Wow!

Chick-a-laka! Chick-a-laka!

Chow! Chow! Chow!

Who are we?

Seniors! Seniors! Rah! Rah! Ree!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Seniors!

SENIORS

11-12

JOSEPHINE ELSIE MOORE

Literary Society; Basket Ball '11 and 12.

"Little and lively and wholly care-free."



EDWARD ALBERT McKELVY.

Sporting Editor "Frog"; Glee Club; Teachers' Students' Council; Football '11; Baseball '12; Senior Play; Literary Society.

"The light that lies in Edward's eyes, lies and lies and lies."



NORMA PINCKNEY LINN.

Glee Club; Senior Play; Secretary Literary Society; Exchange Editor "Frog;" Annual Staff Teachers' Students' Council; Class Historian; Basket Ball '11 and '12; Senior

*"E'en the slight hairbell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread."*



FRANK DUNCAN SCOTT.

Literary Society; Glee Club; Foot Ball '11; Base Ball '12; Senior Play.

"A Hercules is known by the size of his foot."



LOUELLA McCONNELL BAKER.

Secretary "Frog"; Teachers' Students' Council; Senior Play; Literary Society; Class Secretary.

*"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as Texas air could make her."*





ELIZABETH KIMBALL WILLIAMS.

Literary Society; Teachers' Students' Council; Basket Ball '11 and '12.

"Little things are sweetest—infinite riches in a little room."



GEORGE WILLIAM SUTHERLAND.

Literary Society; Glee Club; Senior Play; Base Ball '12.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."



BESSIE GERTRUDE SCHAEDEL.

Glee Club; Literary Society; Basket Ball '11-'12.

*"A daughter of the gods,
Divinely tall and stately."*



HARRY BIRD BRADY.

Literary Society; Senior Play.

"He never says a foolish thing, and never does a wise one."



KATIE LEE HARRISON.

Glee Club; Literary Society; Basket Ball '11-'12.

"No one knows how much she knows; knowledge isn't everything."

MARY KATHRYN POOLE.

Glee Club; Senior Play; Teachers' Students' Council; Literary Society; Basket Ball '11 and '12; Senior Debating Team.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."

MYRTLE LOIS MOORE.

Literary Society; Basket Ball '12.

*"Such eyes—soft brown eyes in whose orb a shadow lies;
Like the dusk in evening skies."*

AVIS DAWN MORROW.

Literary Society; Glee Club.

*"Her brow is like the snowdrift
Her neck is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on."*

JAMES FOSTER MILNER.

Class President; Teachers' Students' Council; Glee Club; Senior Play; Literary Society; Senior Debating Team.

"A mind rejoicing in the intellectual light that beameth from his countenance."

JESSYE ALICE ANSELIN.

Glee Club; Senior Play; Literary Society; Basket Ball '11-'12.

*"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone."*





MABEL LOUISE KENNEDY.

Literary Society; Teachers' Students' Council; Basket Ball '11 and '12.

"Ye Gods! How I detest men."



VICTOR SAM LE TULLE.

Literary Society; Senior Play; Baseball '12; Football '11.

*"Wherever the cool, meandering "poole" winds its way—
that path will be also followed."*



KATHERINE HOLMAN.

Literary Society; Captain Basket Ball '11 and '12; Glee Club; Senior Play.

"To know her was to love her."



JAMES PERRY MOORE.

Glee Club; Literary Society; Senior Play; Manager Annual; Staff Artist and Business Manager "Frog"; Football '11; Baseball '12; Senior Debating Team; Teachers' Students' Council.

"Nothing he does or seems but smacks of something greater than himself."



ELIZABETH LOLA McKELVY

Literary Society; Glee Club; Basket Ball '11 and '12; Humorous Editor "Frog."

"A kindly heart; a steady mind; a wholesome wit."

MINNIE JEANNETTE HARPER.

Secretary Glee Club; Literary Society; Basket Ball '11-'12;
Class Poetess.

*"There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me of my Jean."*

COOPER HILL GUSMAN.

Literary Society.

"I arose one morning and found myself FAMOUS."

BONNIE EARL YEAGER.

Glee Club; Literary Society.

*"Such elements in her are so exquisitely glent; she can but be
kind."*

CARROLL CHARLES COOKENBOO.

Literary Society; Glee Club; Senior Play.

*"Such eyes—soft brown eyes, in whose orb a shadow lies
like the dusk in evening skies."*

NELLIE MARIE BROWN.

Society Editor "Frog"; Society Editor Annual; Teachers'
Students' Council; Glee Club; Literary Society;
Basket Ball '11 and '12.

"Cheerful of spirit and guiltless of affectation—a merry elf."





MARY RAMELLE STONER.

Glee Club; Literary Society; Basket Ball '11 and '12.

*"Not that fair hair with which the wanton winds
Delight to play and love to make it curl,
But to thee—the sweetest of womankind."*



GEORGE QUINN SUTHERLAND.

Editor in Chief "Frog"; Assistant Editor Annual; Literary Society, Senior Play; Teachers' Students' Council; Football '11; Baseball '12.

"My wife shall not rule me."



EMMA KATHRYN SCHAEFFEL.

Glee Club; Literary Society; Basket Ball '11-'12.

*"And true she is as she hath proved herself, telling the truth
in spite of you."*



CAMDEN SANBORN

Class Treasurer; Will Administrator; Advertising Manager "Frog"; Senior Play; Teachers' Students' Council; Glee Club.

*"Seemed his tone and gesture bland
Less used to sue than to command."*



LENORA ELSIE CONGER.

Literary Society; Glee Club; Basket Ball '11-'12.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

ELFINE FAY RICHARDSON.

Literary Society.

*"Verily a keeper of a school,
Whose business is to sit through summer months,
And dole out children leave to go and play."*

WALTER CLINTON WINSTON.

Circulation Manager "Frog"; Literary Society.

*"Would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise
in me."*

NENA MAY BAILEY.

Literary Society; Basket Ball '11-'12.

"Speech is silver; silence is golden."

GLADYS EVELYN MOORE.

Assistant Editor "Frog"; Senior Play; Glee Club; Literary
Society; Class Prophetess.

*"No fountain from its rocky cave,
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea."*



Prophecy

It was in a field where all was green, that there bloomed a lovely sunflower, so tall and beautiful, with thirty-four bright and sunny petals. But it happened that a terrible wind came along and scattered the petals all over the land.

And thus it came about that I being one of the petals, after being blown about for several months was caught up in what proved to be a magicaeroplane. After some conversation with the aviator, who seemed, to my natural mind, to be different from any other human being I had ever seen, he asked me if I would like to have the power of a God on Mt. Olympus for a short time. Of course I didn't know what he meant, and so he went on to tell me that he had been given, by the Gods, the power of a thousand eyed Argus of viewing the entire earth in one day; and that, as a special reward for a personal favor done, he should have the privilege of giving this power for one day to some mortal. Much to my surprise and pleasure, he then told me that he had recognized in me the one person to whom he wanted to give the privilege.

One who has not had the pleasure, can hardly imagine the delight it afforded to be at one time hanging high in the cool, clear atmosphere, "As idle as a painted ship upon the actious of men as a whole or as individuals; or at another, to be dashing thru thin air on the way to a place of interest.

Before the sunflower was torn up, the petals had agreed to keep up with the where abouts of each other; and so I decided that this was my chance to see exactly where each one was, and what he was doing. At my request, we first rose high above the United States. Then this weird being waved a wand in front of my eyes, chanted a sort incantation, and lo! whom did I see in the Metropolitan Theatre in New York but our own Mabel Kennedy! She was making her first appearance in America since her great success in Paris. I remembered how many times we had enjoyed the clear melodiousness of Mabel's voice in the Glee Club, but little did we think then that she would be the world's most famous prima donna.

As I looked down upon the city of Washington, I saw a very dignified petal which was our famous "orator" Perry Moore, now a senator; (and in the same city there was a heart broken petal, all faded and withered. This was "Lover" Carroll Cookenboo who was a waiter in one of the large hotels; he had been disappointed in love and had not quite recovered from the awful shock. After Norma became "My Lady", Carroll had never been able to raise his ambitions to the height of matrimony.

Not seeing anyone else in Washington whom I knew, I turned my attention to Chicago, there I saw a real yellow petal. Recognizing the familiar color, I looked closer and saw it was George Wm. Sutherland, a great banker in that city. He was on his way home, and so I followed him with my eyes to see where he lived. He entered the gate of a beautiful brown stone front mansion; and imagine my great surprise when I saw Bonnie Yeager as governess to his three young hopefuls!

As I next looked upon St. Louis, I saw a petal fast and bright fairly flying across a baseball diamond. This proved to be Edward McKelvy, who, I learned later, had won fame as an athlete. He was then playing baseball in the National League.

A faded yellow spot dimly seen in the "Blue Grass" of Kentucky then attracted my attention. I found a petal almost worn out; this was "our funny" Jessye Anselin who had become a "Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,

The mistress of the district school."

The children 'laughed with counterfeited glee.

At all her jokes, for many a joke had she;

And and she talked, 'they gazed and gazed,

And still their wonder grew,

That one small head could carry all she knew.'

Skipping the broad valley of the Mississippi, I found the wide mountain ranges of Montana were beautiful to look upon. I was wondering why none of our band had been attracted there when a golden petal, which was Luella Baker, caught my eye. She looked quite "Western-y" as she sat astride her little cow-pony; and from the deference shown her by the assembled cowboys, and the questions asked and answered, I judged that she owned a large ranch and was quite a stock woman.

I could but be attracted by the beauty of Yellowstone Park with all its geysers and fountains, and the animals, too, claimed part of my attention. It seemed wonderful to me how one of the tamers, a slim, lithe man, managed those wild animals. I was watching him casually when a certain little way he "warp'd his mouth" started me into closer attention. He approached a low, black-haired young woman dressed in the conventional attire of an animal trainer, and excitedly called out, "Joe my dear, put that lemon down and watch the sneaky movements of that tiger!" Imagine my surprise when I heard the lady thus addressed calmly turn and reply, "Walter Winston, because I'm no longer Joe Moore, but your wife, don't presume to think that you can order me around in that manner. I'm entirely capable of taking care of this lemon, myself, and that cat without any interference from you." I then remembered having seen in the paper that Walter Winston and his wife, Joe Moore, had become artists in animal training, and were making quite a show with their animals.

As I looked down into the hills of California, I saw a tiny petal, very bright and happy, which was Elizabeth Williams, the wife of a farmer. Contentment reigned supreme there.

(And in San Francisco there was a faded spot of yellow flitting in and out of the back of a ten cent show house; this was Cooper Gusman; who was a clown in a vaudeville show. His sparkling wit and loud tongue had made him a favorite among the fun-loving people of the "Golden Gate City").

The aviator then launched out over the broad breast of the rolling Pacific. At first I was scared to be "hanging between two skies," but the majesty of the ocean soon overcame that feeling. As we approached the Hawaiian Islands, I saw a fleet of ships flying our own "Old Glory." To look down upon that fleet from above was such a wonderful sight to me, that I asked to hover a few minutes over the huge ships. Of course, my attention was attracted to the admiral, who happened to be our "in-love" Victor LeTulle. His superb height, broad shoulders, red hair and navy costume made him very handsome; all the girls on the islands were "inlove" with him, and he was just as bad as when he was in school.

As I looked down upon the beautiful land of Japan, I saw a very

bright and sparkling little petal, this was Ramelle Stoner, "Our Victoria Girl," who was a missionary. She and her husband, Camden Sanborn, had been separated for about two years, and Camden was in Africa. Our 'Melle had always been a lovable little creature, and as I saw her passing among the Japanese boys, teaching and instructing them, where "Every youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his Bible, fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion," I remembered that one of her best loved quotations was, "Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted." That was being proved for her.

As we passed over Greece and the Adriatic Sea there was no one visible whom I knew, but when we were over Venice, the "Island City," I saw a beautiful gondola leisurely darting about. In it were Norma Linn; who had married a Lord and was enjoying her ladyship to the limit; and Katie Lee Harrison, who showed her vocation in life by having with her a plette and brushes. She had become quite an artist, and was making herself famous by her pictures.

And as I looked upon Paris, I saw a very brilliant petal who was Emma Schaedel, she had become an actress, and was making a great success at it.

Who could keep out of the beautiful lakes nestled among the hills of Switzerland! Well two of our petals, so gay and happy couldn't for there was Katherine Holman and her husband, Harry Brady, (who was a noted diver and swimmer) making the drops of water sparkle like jewels as they splashed and played in the translucent water.

And as I gazed down upon the great city of London there was a real bright yellow petal who proved to be Nellie Brown, a great leader of the Suffragette Band. She was in one of the largest parks where a large platform was built and she was delivering her lecture from that.

I also saw Nena Bailey and Fay Richardson there as Nellie's followers;—they said, "they were tired of being run over by men," and then Nellie was heard quoting from her much loved "Princess: "The men have done it; how I hate them all! Ah, were I something great! I wish I were some mighty poetess, I would shame them then that love to keep us children!" And all of a sudden I saw our bright little Minnie Harper rush up to Nellie and exclaim, "Nellie Brown! Nellie Brown! Let me be your Aaron! I have the very poem here that you're wishing for!" But just as she started to read her fiery lines, my eyes were attracted to a faded and wrinkled spot of yellow in Ireland. It was Kathryn Poole, the leader of one of the largest choirs in Ireland. She had never married, as she had been disappointed in love in early life. Kathryn had always been "a rosebud set with little wilful thorns" and she preferred "to braid St. Catherine's tresses" rather than to give her hand where her heart was not.

In striking contrast to "life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished" as I had just seen it in Ireland, as I looked down upon the city of Quito in South America, I saw "a two cell'd heart, beating with one full stroke" in Bessie Schaedel and Foster Milner who were on their honeymoon.

And down upon the Panama Canal I saw a very broad yellow petal which was George Quin Sutherland; he had charge of the Canal, and was an old bachelor. He still seemed to be fond of "Frogs," for I saw him minutely examining one as I passed over him.

Down in Mexico were two very serious faded spots of yellow which attracted my attention. Closer inspection showed them to be Lenora

Conger and Frank Scott. They seemed to be down there in the interest of the United States mail, for Frank was wearily plodding along under the weight of a huge mail bag, and Lenora was almost behind him with one hand under the bag as though she were trying to help him.

We next sailed over dear old Texas, and as I looked upon the Alamo City in all its glory, I saw two very bright petals. They were Lois Moore who had established a hair-dressing department; and Lola McKelvy, a bookkeeper in one of the department stores.

As I looked down upon Austin I saw a very sunny petal who proved to be Avis Morrow, a history teacher in the State University, and she was making a great success at it.

As we flew over Austin, I had only thirty minutes left of my wonderful day. When the mysterious aviator asked me where I wanted to light, I requested to be put out in dear old Bay City. After seeing each member of our Senior Class of 1912, it seemed to me the day would be incomplete without a view of the field in which all these flowers were nurtured.

Just as he set me down in front of our Jeff Davis High School Building a loud clap of thunder startled me, and lo! here I am still in my chair holding this beautiful sunflower about whose exquisite yellow petals I was day dreaming when I fell asleep.

GLADYS MOORE.



There's Avis, our little homesick girl,
And Lois, the society maid;
While Lola McKelvy, the humorist,
Acts the baby of our grade.

And Emma Schaedel, our basket-ball girl,
Never fails to catch the ball.
And Lenora Conger, our absent one,
Is remembered still, by all.

There's Katie Lee, our music girl,
With Kathryn, Mabel, Joe
And Bonnie Yeager, our English girl,
Who makes her pages glow.

And then, Elizabeth, that great big girl,
Whose weight is the surmise of all;
For her we can wish no better wish,
Than that she werè not so tall!

And Jessye, the fine debating lass,
And George Ulm, the boy so gay,
And Uena, our learned history maid,
Bring up the rear with Fay.

Now, of myself, I won't say much,
For I'm just with them classed,
But Bessie Schaedel—shall I say this?—
The best's left for the last.

Would not these very names inspire
The poet's loudest praise,
And can we not predict for these
Great fame in future days?

I looked into the future years,
And saw them, one by one,
Pass up and o'er the meridian of life,
Until the journey was done.

The ranks grew thinner every year;
But some we loved in youth,
Grew gray with study, work and care,
While seeking here for truth.

Class Poem

The poet's task is an easy one,
When the subject of his lay
Is one inspiring, full of life,
And of deeds both brave and gay.

The doings of the Senior Class,
Are chronicled, you know,
By our historian, grave and young,
Who makes her pages glow.

She tells of excellent class work,
Done—ell, throughout the year,
And of the hard times, and bad rules
Which we would never fear.

And tributes to our boys and girls,
She has for each and all,
But Gladys Moore, our class prophet,
Is the greatest one of all.

With her Lou Ella Baker runs,
And how those two can sing!
But Katherine Holman's right there, too—
You should hear her alto ring!

Now, Norma Linn's our studios girl;
She works the whole day through.
And among the boys, our Foster grave,
Is a worker "from away back," too.

There's Harry with his little feet,
And Walter, sure but slow,
With Cooper near, and there comes Paul,
All studious boys, you know.

"Big George" and Perry, funny both,
And Camden, wise as a judge,
With Victor, Carroll, Edward, Frank,
These all just live on fudge.

And here's to grand Victoria,
Who gave to us our "Melle,"
And also to old Clemmeville,
From whom we snatched our Nell.

And some grew weary of the fray,
And longed to reach the end;
While others idly whiled their time,
Nor lacked for wealth or friend.

But these were discontented, too,
Dissatisfied, they seemed,
And though they loved the life of ease,
Their brows right soon grew seamed.

Howe'er, by far the most of these,
Led busy, useful lives,
They grew contented in their work,
As husbands or as wives.

And when each sat, in after years,
Around his own fireside,
He told the story o'er again
With pardonable pride—

Of how the dear old Senior Class,
Was always "good and quiet,"
How well they studied, how they learned,
And always did the right.

But children of that distant time,
Smiled in a funny way,
And said "they'd bet the Old Senior Class
Was no better than one of their day."

Yes, "distance lends enchantment," sure,
And in the years ahead,
Will all look back with longing hearts,
Again that track to tread.

We'll just remember pleasant things,
And joyous happy days,
And for the dear old Senior Class,
Our lips speak only praise.

Oh, may our names be written high,
As those who did their best,
Nor counted cost, but fought for right,
And left to God the rest!

—Minnie Harper, '12.

Salutatory

By James Perry Moore.

Comrades, friends and members of the Junior Class:

I am pleased to greet you in this our anniversary commencement. The time is one of hope, love and joy. It is a time when the lives of all are made to rejoice, for happy indeed, is that soul who plans a noble deed but nobler is he who never fags ere he succeeds.

Standing as I do tonight at the close of the year's work, yea, at the close of high school life, it has become my duty to welcome into the high station of Senior,—the Junior class of '11-12.

While the place we now occupy is yours by inheritance, I feel that it is my duty, having been a Senior, to impress upon you the dignity and responsibility of your inheritance.

The finished product of every institution of learning is its Senior class, and its standing is governed by those who are honored as its graduates.

The discipline of the entire school depends largely upon the attitude which you, as Seniors, shall bear toward its constituted authority,—while each name placed upon the rolls of the school has its part to perform, yet the Seniors are the great fountain-head, the power, the light.

“What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,

Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head,

To serve mere engines to the ruling mind.

Just as absurd to mourn the lashes or pains,

The great directing mind of All ordains.”

If you cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, at least resist your temptations, you must enter into this state of war, and make Thor & Woden, courage and constancy, in your saxon breasts.

To do this you must speak the truth, never deceive, never live beneath your sphere in life, but say to the world as for us, henceforth we are the truth.

The greaest pleasure that will come to you as Seniors, will be the bonds of friendship which will be formed in this period of life, and in the beginning let me beseech you to learn to forgive the short comings in your fellow class mate, look upon him with that degree of compassion and love as was taught us in the commandment of the All Wise Creator, when He said “Love thy neighbor as thyself.” I want to

“Know all the good that individuals find,

Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,

Life in three words, Health, Peace and Competence.

But Health consists of Temperance alone,

And Peace, Oh Virtue! Peace is all thine own.

The Senior class of which I am pleased to be a member, is beyond the ordinary. It is the largest class that has been graduated from this the Jeff Davis High School, in fact, is one of the largest graduating classes from the public schools of the State of Texas. It contains more students than all past graduating classes combined. The feminine part of the class

is composed of the prettiest girls in our town, each one graced with those heavenly virtues which go to make the ideal, noble woman planned by the Great Architect of the universe.

The young men of this class, are knightly and true, and will develop into citizens, warriors or statesmen into whose hands the affairs of our government may be safely entrusted.

The Senior class enrollment and graduation is a record breaker, a fact of which the Jeff Davis High School, its patrons, its trustees, its faculty and especially its superintendent may well be proud. I would call your attention to the number of young men who are graduating, and wish to remind you that this is unusual in the public school of today, and while too great praise cannot be given them for sticking to their post of duty to the end, this could not have been accomplished, without the guiding hand of a resourceful and tactful superintendent.

The accomplishments of this class have been in proportion to the number enrolled. When we become in possession of the Senior honors, we found that the Bay City Senior classes were not known outside of our own little city limits, but not so tonight, for through the instrumentality of our highly appreciated school journal, "The Frog," our names and accomplishments are not only known by the citizens of our own home; but they are carried to some of the largest cities in Texas. "The Frog" has not been satisfied with leaping into almost every home in Bay City, and into a large number of schools of Texas, but it has made long leaps up the Pacific coast into the State of Idaho, and croaked to its editorial staff, the praise and commendations of the silver state of the Union,—he next leaped over into the Mississippi basin and was welcomed by honored Seniors of several large schools,—he then hopped across into the aristocratic old state of South Carolina and from blue blooded Seniors came an echo of praise, so at the close of the year we are proud of the fact that Jeff Davis High School is known and appreciated as a school of intellectual and literary attainments.

As a Senior Class we have been better organized than the former classes and by this means we have been able to accomplish more in a short time,—we have stood for the discipline of the school at all times, we have stood by our superintendent in both word and deed, and we are told by him that the Seniors have been one of the greatest forces in aiding him to make this one of the most successful years in the history of the Jeff Davis High School.

While we have done much toward forwarding the interests of our school, many things have been begun that are yet to be finished, and other minds must devise means, other hands must perform unfinished tasks,—then to you my Junior friends I would say, you are not inheriting a place of honor and dignity but one of responsibility, one that will require hours of mental worry, and weeks and months of heroic courage and labor.

The citizens of this town, the patrons of this school, and the members of this class will judge you by the manner in which you honor your station, and accomplish the great work which we are about to intrust to your care and keeping.

The dignity of a Senior class can be gained only when it is consecrated to duty, and your greatest duty is to be an example of dignified thought and study, the product of which will be knowledge, before which monarchs as well as humanity in common, are pleased to bow and pay just homage.

You will be given many hard tasks to perform, many hours of mental worry, but remember its the raw material out of which the intellect molds its splendid products. A strange process too, this, by which experience is converted into thought, as a mulberry leaf is converted into satin. But remember the world is not stirred by thought alone, it is your actions that are keys that unlock your thoughts and by which the world is made acquainted with you.

The mind thinks, then acts. When the artist has exhausted his material, when the fancy no longer paints, when thoughts and books are a weariness you always have the resource to live,—character is higher than intellect.

Thinking is the function. Living the functionary. The stream entertains to its source. A great soul will be strong to live as well as strong to think. Power ceases at the moment of repose. I beseech you to let the grandure of these virtues shine in your affairs,—stamp them eternally upon the records of the Senior class of Jeff Davis High School.

In conclusion, I would say that the Romans did not judge the bravery of her soldiers by the number alive after the battle, but by the dead.

They wanted to know that each had died in the front line of battle, that each lay upon the battlefield with his face heavenward, and his breast and not the back had been pierced by the enemy's sabre. If thus found a soldier's burial awaited him, and he was placed among the honored dead.

So let it be with you, in your efforts to raise the standard of our school, to immortalize the virtue of thought and character, true and noble womanhood and manhood.

May the sentiment of your class be that expressed in our motto, "Excelsior."

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As though an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay, the maiden said," and rest,
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

Valedictory

*"Backward turn backward, O Time in your flight.
Make me a child again just for tonight."*

Standing tonight in the vestibule of the ages—clasping hands with the illimitable past and the eternal future—piloting among unknown shoals and quicksands, the grandest craft that was ever set afloat upon the infinite seas of circumstances and endeavor—a human life freighted with the seeds of hope and happiness, of weal and woe, we halt in abject depths the goblins and demon shapes of fear, born of the knowledge of our weakness and unpreparedness for the immense duties and responsibilities we must inevitably assume.

If we are to do our part, to country, friends and home, in the wonderful scheme of things spun in the brain and wisdom of the infinite Creator, woven into the warp and woof of life by the ceaseless loom of the years, we must first take into account the elements of success, the conditions and limitations that surround us and our needs and short comings. Having done this and having put on this knowledge as our shield and buckler let us gird ourselves for the fray, having for our motto "God and the Right," and whether the outcome be for weal or woe we know that we may bask in the sunshine of a conscience void of offense toward all world.

Appalled, but ready for the battle—for the scars as well as the crown and the paeans of praise and victory; we ask only the hand of Destiny will seize Father Time and halt him for a moment in his endless journey; and in that golden moment fold back from the far off horizon the curtain of the past ten years.

Only a child again! Our first school day!

What a reality that scene is! Our memories quicken and we feel as if it were but a yesterday, and what lies between almost a waking dream,—the day when those thirty-three children with hearts beating fiercely with fear and wonder, are knocking at the door of knowledge, seeking for an entrance into that vast domain where so many of life's lessons are learned. Curious, inquisitive, imitative, receptive and ignorant; but yet so buoyant and strong in the faith and trust that hope and happiness brings.

That glimpse of the past gradually fades away and the realization that our school days are ended, the sweet relations of school mates forever severed is sorely pressed upon us and makes us wish we were only a happy care-free child again.

The entire course has been traversed, the race for knowledge has been run, the battles of child life and school life have been fought and won; and oh! we pray that in the aftertime there be no scars nor wounds that ever can be felt to mark the fields and contests of these ten happy and splendid years, filled as they are with achievement and the broadening grasp of the puzzles, and philosophies of life.

Tonight forgetting all the evils and worries that doth so easily beset us; all the burdens and the unhappy memories that serve to press us down to earth and clip the wings of hope and joy and inspiration for better things; we stand a firmly united band, ready to sail away from the little harbor where we are safely anchored; out into life's vast and unknown sea. Whatever may be its perils and trials; whatever may be our individual experience in sounding these unknown depths and shoal. We know that through the ages his ceaseless purpose runs, "and with faith and trust in his infinite mercy and care we commit ourselves, our lives and our

work into his keeping, resting content that all is well.

As we bid farewell tonight with reluctance and sorrow to the school days which have been such tender pleasant realities; we know that in memory's field these days of happy youth, of loved companionship and friendly competition will form in the deepest recesses of our hearts the background for a never-to-be-forgotten picture; and future hours of solitude and reminiscence will be made brighter and better for the loving thoughts it brings as free will offerings from the loved ones and the happy days of yore.

In coming to this parting of the ways, so many things crowd upon us; so many ties, habits, and associations are wrenched from their accustomed place, we feel almost helpless and impotent to meet the new conditions; or gather strength for a new and unknown struggle. In this medley of emotions gather the familiar faces of those who have stood close to us in all these busy, vanished years. They are none other than our dear teachers and instructors, whose earnest love and care will be one of our chiefest blessings in the years that are to come. Their tireless energy and patience we now recall, not only with unspeakable gratitude; but with shame for the myriad occasions where in our perversity we have made a hard and thankless duty, harder, and brought a heartache where it was our bounden duty to wreath a smile of content and peace.

The timely aid they have bestowed upon us as we followed the stony paths of student life; their unthanked daily task of clearing away the debris of misdirected effort; their infinite patience with ignorance, wilfulness and obstinacy, will linger in our hearts the greenest spot on memory's waste; and through all the clouds that lower, through days of sunshine and nights of promise, we shall never forget that what we are, what we do, and what we accomplish in working out the tangled warp of our lives is largely the result of the patient love and care of these, our teachers.

And no wit befalls me, dear classmates, to bid farewell to you—you with whom I have been so lovingly associated during these full and happy years. It is hard that we should part—never to meet again upon the same plane, animated with the same aspirations, and in pursuit of the same objects and aims as heretofore.

Life, with its duties and burdens, its joys and its sorrows, beckons to us and we must obey the call. Our hearts are overburdened with the memories of our association, of the stony paths we have climbed together, of the happy days, when duty done, has freed us of every care, and joy has led us hand in hand, through golden hours of pure delight, while we, looking through the eyes of friendship, trust and confidence did truly believe that the pathway to the future was but a rose-strewn way.

No longer will we be mere, simple school boys and girls asking and receiving aid and sympathy as pupils; but now we must turn our faces from the past; from the loving, helpful hearts and hands that have so often made smooth the way; from our dear old J. D. H. S. and looking to the future we must enlist in that vast army that is striving to reach the goal, higher than the stars in the firmament, and more blessed than aught else. The sadder memories crowd upon us; but happier, nobler thoughts push them aside and we realize, even in this sad hour of parting, that a battle has been won and we stand conquerors in the fight. These childish griefs and woes fitted and qualified us for the greater part in life we shall have to play in the new struggle which begins tomorrow—the end of which—God knows and cares.

The aims and ideals of the human heart are the potent forces that shape the destinies of each and every one of us.

Then I would beg of every member of this band, before our last farewell to each other as schoolmates, to pledge yourself to set the mark of your high calling, in that which is true, noble and good; and to do those things only which best become the noble man or woman; keeping in view at all times, everywhere, your sacred duty to God, your country and your self. Strive for that noble manhood and womanhood for which you were created. When temptations come, and come they will, recall that mother's love, those arms that have held you in her keeping in every hour of your weakness and failure; those loving eyes that kept watch and ward while she rocked you smiling into sleep; those kindly gentle hands that have made the crooked path straight for you; whose breast has been your sanctuary and your altar during all these struggling, trying years.

Remember that fatherly protection and pride in you that has ever been your shield and buckler against every assault of care and want.

And above all else remember until life's sun has sunk beneath the horizon of time, that;

"We scatter seeds with careless hands,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more.
The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past.
But they shall last;
In the dread judgment they and we shall meet."

On life's journey labor to keep alive within your breast that little spark of divine fire, called conscience. Above all things be honest.

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow than as night the day thou canst not then be false to any man."

Be cheerful and endeavor to brighten the lives of others, those about you, your friends and neighbors. Be merciful for by it we obtain mercy. Be kind and gentle to all. Preserve in all that is right and just.—Don't forget—

"That it is easy to be gentle
When death's silence shames our clamor;
That better far for you and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
We do our kindly, gentle deeds
And do them while they're living."

Let Duty, the sublimest word in the English language, be your guide-star, ever pointing to the goal for which mankind strives. Seek after the advice of the one above in whose hands lays the silver chord which will some day inexitably break.

about him,

Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth and so live—

"That when thy summons comes
To join that innumerable caravan
That moves to the pale realm of shades;
Thou go not like a quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon;
But as one who wrapping the drapery of his couch
Lies down to pleasant dreams.

And as for me—

"Tho, from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far;
I hope to see my Pilo, face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

—NORMA LINN

Class History of 1912

In the year of 1908, deep, very deep in the heart of Mother Earth was sown a little seed wherein lay a plant that was destined to spread broadcast its fruit. The sun of hopes and ambitions called; the rain of tearful endeavor bathed the sturdy coat of the seed; the winds of long drawn sighs whispered loving calls for its existence, and finally, with the beckonings of aspirations, desires and aims, resistance gave way, and the little cloak of confinement burst.

Out crept a tiny plant, weak, and frail, but persistently pushing through the soft, moist earth into God's pure air. Scarcely supported by its slender stem, it waved with every whim of the winds, but it grew stronger and stronger, at last bursting forth into new growth and vigor.

Then, the second period of growth began, that marvelous, astonishing change of the entire form of the plant. A sudden shooting upward as if it could not climb high enough; then it drooped, and the stem bowed its head as if it were weighed down with a heavy burden. Surprising though it may be, in the stem there appeared an unexpected break, which widened to let a leaf burst forth—a little heart-shaped leaf which waved weakly from the stem. A short time passed, and lo! another appeared; then another and another, until this once tall, frail plant sustained an entire change of form. The heart of the plant developed during this stage, slowly but surely, (for did we not discover that we had charts during that period and that many sympathetic vibrations were evident)? The leaves, despite their treacherous shape, matured, and many little dew-drops on those leaves though, at that time, unnoticeable, have since brought joy and happiness that none can tell.

On and on grew the flowers, ever facing sunward for its guide. The roots spread wider across Mother Earth's great expanse, gaining ground for enlargement and development; the slender stem broadened; those sensitive, heart-shaped leaves increased and grew wonderfully.

Up! up! shot the whole plant! Unceasingly tireless this sunflower plant seemed to be in its efforts to reach the object of worship. The bright, golden sun kept drawing it onward and upward to reach the supreme heights attainable by a sunflower. But a change came. Reaction set in. The sun of peace disappeared and the sun of war and rage took his place. Darkness and despair pervaded the air that was hitherto so pure and fresh. Dame Nature had deserted that once so phenomenally promising plant. Brown, parched and dry became the stem. The leaves drooped and lost their shape for days and days. Every drop of the sap of life seemed to have ebbed away. But wait! In the east a large, rolling, black object came into view, carried along by the wind that is first kissed

by the rising sun. It came nearer and nearer; darker and more threatening grew the sky; the earth shook and rumblings were audible. A flash; a crash, and then, O, timely gift from above! a drop of pure, fresh water gently fell. Then another, and another and another until there was a perfect torrent of that merciful vitalizer with which our Maker refreshes the earth. The parched stem, the burned leaves of the despairing sunflower were bathed by the cool and refreshing rain; slowly the leaves lifted their poor, tired heads, and drank in the thirst-quenching drops. What a change, on the morrow! The plant had straightened; the rain-kissed leaves waved gently, as in days of yore. Such an extravagance of life was exhibited that in a short time the sunflower reached its last and most beautiful stage of maturity.

Behold it! A most beautiful creation of God. It swayed to and fro with every breeze, and calmly awaited the fate which Dame Nature would award it. Upward still, through God's pure air it rose ever, ever sunward. But the new firmly-rooted and almost full-grown plant seemed to be undergoing a serious internal struggle in its endeavor to attain such perfection of form and beauty that the eyes of the world could but be attracted and benefitted by it. As a result of this struggle, a change in the uppermost part of the bud was seen. Broader it swelled, and finally, out burst those thirty-three confined petals, clinging and centering around that firm support---the disk. With its bright, happy face shedding golden rays everywhere, smiling upward to its idol of worship. All who looked upon that flower must of necessity have received a blessing of contentment and happiness.

The disk and petals increased in size and brilliancy, until now, in the spring of 1912, if you will come with me into the flower garden of Jeff Davis High School, you will see that fully-matured and gloriously developed sunflower in all its exuberance of life. Its thirty-three petals, a collection of little ones and big ones, broad ones and slender ones, reflect as great a variety of character.

It is only a few weeks now till the Master Hand will visit our wonderful garden (wherein so much is stored), and seeing this stately flower, tall and pre-eminent among its companions, awaiting its opportunity to accomplish the good it can, will pluck it from that firm stem. As he severs the lovely, golden face from the place where it has thrived so long, a quiver is felt throughout the entire flower. A quick little breeze, laden with weary sighs shakes the sunflower, and look! the petals break away from the faithful foundation and are carried off, with every whim of the winds.

Of the broadcast influences of these petals (who, as you are aware, represent the thirty-three members of our Senior Class), I shall not tell but will allow our prophetess to designate, name, and give you the future of our band of thirty-three, who, so soon will be parted.

Class Will

*Class of 1912.
City of Bay City,
State of Texas.*

We, the Graduating Class of May, 1912, having finished the four long, seemingly never-ending years of High School, with the trials, tribulations, and good times, leave this, our last will and testament, to those who are brave enough to follow in our foot-steps, or who are able to keep their teachers in the dark.

I. To those who follow us we leave the honor of having their names on the Senior Class Roll. Those names will be kept in the "office" by Mr. Scott to use as reference.

II. We bequeath to the approaching Senior Class our good behavior, also our good times, our stews, parties, picnics and banquets. We hope they will have as many good times as we did in practising plays.

III. To Miss Mayme Schaedel we leave every copy of Shakespeare's Macbeth—so much loved by us all.

IV. To the Juniors we do gladly will our dictionary, knowing as we do how they attempt to maintain an immense vocabulary—with the same results always—big words in the wrong place and badly misused.

V. And to Mr. Reid, who has been so faithful to us, we leave all the notes that he may find to keep as memoirs of the Senior Class of 1912.

VI. To the Senior Class of 1913 we leave the "Frog" we hope that they will have as much fun and not as much trouble as we did in getting it out.

VII. To the future classes of Miss Woolsey we will her good nature, her bad nature having been exhausted on us during our "Civil War."

VIII. We leave to the Sophomores our powder rags, mirrors, combs, brushes and other toilet articles, as they are just beginning to realize the importance of such things. They have been of great use to us and we feel sure that they will aid them in covering up the freckles, smoothing the curly locks, and hiding the wrinkles that come too soon to suit them.

IX. To Mr. Kingham we leave all our Geometry and Physics note books, with our best wishes. We call his attention especially to Frank's and Camden's, and hope that he may be able to read between the lines and see the messages written there to Katie Lee and Ramelle. We would mention Victor's, but we feel sure that he has caught on to that long ago.

X. To the approaching Senior Class we leave the "office." It was the cause of much anxiety during our reign as Seniors, but we hope that the future Seniors will not hold it in such awe as they have heretofore. "May they have the pleasure of visiting there often."

XI. To the following Graduating Classes we leave our school colors, Purple and Gold. They mean a great deal to us and we wish them to mean something of importance to them.

XII. We must willingly bequeath to our "Dear" teacher, Mr. Kingham, the little red book that contains all our demerits, that he may be able to remember the good behavior of the Senior Class, by the number of them.

XIII. Also to the future Seniors we leave the pleasure of entertaining the pupils at Chapel exercises, and the pleasure of occupying our seats of honor on the rostrum.

XIV. We appoint our friend, Mr. Amos Lee, as sole executor of this, our last will and testament, which we have drawn up and signed on this 20th day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twelve, in the presence of these witnesses.

Witnesses:

J. W. Gaines.
J. E. Linn.
G. A. Moore.

JOE MOORE.

Class Song

We're a crowd of jolly Seniors
And the tide of life is high,
Then let us all be merry
For tomorrow we may die.
For tomorrow we may die
But still the pulse of life goes by,
And we will sing our songs
Until the echoes make reply.
Let the echoes all make answer
To the merry songs we sing,
Since Father Time is flying
And the hours are on the wing.
The hours are on their wing
And there is nothing that can bring
Them back again to build anew
The once departed spring
For we are—

CHORUS.

Jolly Seniors of J. D. H. S.,
J. D. H. S.!
We are a merry, merry crew,
And almost everyone that see us
Say we are—Rah! Rah! Rah!
The best they ever knew.

And every day you'll find us
In the class-room or the hall
You'll find us on the campus
And we'll hear you when you call;
We'll hear you when you call;
But when the night begins to fall,
You'll seek in vain, because
We aren't anywhere at all.
Then here's to dear old High School
Where our hearts are light and gay,
And here's to those of other years
Remembered still today.
Remembered still today although
With us you could not stay
And here's to those who follow us
When we have gone away
For we are—

CHORUS.

—Adopted from Varsity.

"NICHT WAHR?"

Was there ever such a class with girls as bright
And boys as big and strong
As are found in our Senior Class this year?
If you think so, you're quite wrong.
For search where you will, this wide world o'er,
You'll not find a crowd, I am sure,
Of thirty-six boys and girls
Any nobler or any truer.
To prove to you that I know what I say
Let's take them down the line;
Then when you have heard, I'm sure it'll be you
Who'll say they are superfine.
We'll start with "Glad," who couldn't look mad
For more than a minute or two
Because of the smile that none can beguile
To leave her lips in a screw.
And then there's Lenora—can you blame her adorer
For taking her books at the gate?
He would be a crank,—our great tall Frank,
If he made her a minute to wait.
Our Georges two, I'll set before you,
The one long and tall like Jack Spratt;
The other—well never should Sutherlands ever
Wish for a boy with more fat
Unless with his meat he could grow more sweet;
And how it could me, work out that.
There's little Joe Moore, (and, now, she's not poor)
Her tongue isn't tied at both ends,
And when she and Perry do start to make merry,
Look out, for it's like mighty winds
And then there's Ramelle, can anyone tell
If she e're tires of talking at all
She's either bewailing a pencil that' failing,
Threatening her tormentors tall,
Or telling some tale of a brave handsome male.
Who plays like a king in foot ball.
But not all our folks laugh and live for good jokes
For there's Cooper and Harry and Fay
Who speak when they will, and then you be still,
For they've surely got something to say.
Now the boy in the class who vies with a lass
In dressing the "sporties" of all
To hold their stray tendrils in stock.
Yourself in his polished shoes small.
It doesn't seem fair when the Lord portioned hair.
That he gave some such nice curly locks,
And left all the others to have use covers
To hold their strp tendrils instock.
Now Avis and Mabel, you never are able
To say have a hair out (?) of place

Luella and Emma (they couldn't look trimmer)
But never a curl around their face.
We've blonds and brunettes, timid and coquettes
All mixed up in our Senior Class;
Alberta and Nell, Katie Lee and Ramelle
Are types of the first we can't pass
While Minnie and Jess, Bonnie, Bertha and Bess,
All with them do sharply contrast.
Two names of a kind, now search through your mind
And guess "which is which" of the last:
One, brown-eyed and shy, the other with blue eye,
(An olive-complexioned beauty).
So calm, clear, and cool, like a translucent "Poole"
To love her is almost a duty.
Little curly-haired Norma, were it possible I'd storm
her,
Still I think they're without any such things.
And Eddie, this year, has already I fear,
Lost claim to his nickname, so stop
And find him another, he's worked like a brother
For our Frog—call him "Hop."
The most fortunate lass in the whole Senior class
Is Lola, sweet and bright-eyed in looks.
"Why so?" Do hear? Let me drop in your ear—
Her brother takes charge of her books.
He's a big handsome "joy," square-chinned Edward A.,
And certainly that's just what he should do;
But Chesterfieldian brothers are rarer others,
And to find one does make you feel good, too.
We've left just one Moore, (in the class there are four,
And none of them sister and brother)
"Non Gladio et pilo" at all
But with my true heart I'd sure make a start
To have her in love with me fall.
We've often been told, since the days of old,
That most valuable things are oft small
So Elizabeth dear should be of good cheer—
She's the tinnest one of them all.
It's always a joy to find a big boy
Who's willing to do what he can;
We've just such a treasure who loves to give pleasure
In Camden, our speech-making man,
Our president lad, Foster, oh, he's not bad,
But I know he's not yet sprouted wings;
Now Carrol and Walter, 'bout them I might falter;
Now just guess her name—in the Bible the same
Had Timothy's good grandmother
Now you've seen them each one, I'll say one word more,
To excell them I'll dare you try;
Till you prove that you can, I'll not budge an inch,
Until then, I'll tell you good bye.

Senior Play

The Senior Class of J. D. H. S. presented the "Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date," at the opera house Friday evening, March the twenty-ninth, nineteen hundred and twelve.

The original form and plot of the regular Shakespearian "Merchant of Venice" remained the same, except that the modern idea was foremost.

The scenery was laid in ancient Venice, and the characters appeared in beautiful Roman costumes. The scenery and costumes combined added more grace and charm than could possibly have been obtained had the stage-setting been modern. Every character assigned seemed to be particularly suited to each actor and actress, and Mr. Scott is the one to whom the credit of selecting should be given.

Throughout the entire performance, perfect ease, calmness and grace was maintained by every character and all who took part in this play indeed deserved praise and commendation. It was a grand success for the Seniors, and was a sample of what they can do, when they try. The proceeds were given to the School Library Fund.

DRAMATIC PERSONAGE

Duke of Venice	George William Sutherland
Bassanio	George Quinn Sutherland
Gratiano	Victor Samuel LeTulle
Antonio	James Perry Moore
Launcelot Gobbo	Carroll Charles Cookenboo
Tubal	Frank Duncan Scott
Shylock	Edward Albert McKelvy
Policeman	Harry Bird Brady
Prof. Thredice	Camden Sanborn
Prof. Swergenhausenblumenhermer, Ph. D., LL. D., A. S., S. P.,* , D. Q.	James Foster Milner
Football Players	High School Boys
Portia	Mary Kathryn Poole
Nerissa	Norma Pinckney Linn
Jessica	Louella Baker
Polly	Dagmer Katherine Poole
Antonio's Mother	Gladys Evelyn Moore
Mrs. Gobbo	Jessye Alice Anselin

MUSICAL PROGRAM

Miss Alice Holman.	
Bay City Orchestra.	
Incidental Music.	
Selection	Orchestra
II. "The Cunning Fox"—R. E. De Reef	Senior Glee Club
III. "My Own United States"	School Chorus
IV. Instrumental Duet—"Melody in F"	Norma Linn and Bettie McLendon

ACT I.

I. Selection	Orchestra
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ACT II.

II. Vocal Solo—"Far Off I Hear the Lover's Flue"....	Gladys Moore
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ACT III.

III. Instrumental Duet—"Humoresque"—Dovak, Misses Hill and Holman	
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ACT IV.

"Blue Bonnets"—Jessie Andrews.....	Seventh Grade Girls' Choir
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Instrumental Duet—"Madri Gras"—Schubert,	Lucile Magill and Jane Ninde
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Selection	Orchestra
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ACT V.

Selection—"Anvil Chorus"—Verdi.....	School Chorus
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Glee Club

A Glee Club was organized during the first weeks of school, for the special benefit of the Senior Class. At first many supernatural noises were to be heard on Wednesday afternoons, from Miss Holman's studio. By unanimous vote Miss Holman was chosen directress, and Miss Woolsey, disciplinarian. The plans made were numerous, many of which we have entirely fulfilled. Dues were decided to be payable at the end of each month, to defray all sheet music expenses. Our vocal training was given with much graciousness by Miss E. Alice Holman, the official J. D. H. S. music teacher. Minnie Harper was elected secretary and treasurer and has been exceedingly faithful throughout the entire year.

Several notable successes of the Glee Club may be mentioned. The music rendered at each Literary Society has been part of the Glee Club's work. At the Senior play—"The Merchant of Venice," the Glee Club creditably gave several numbers.

The most memorable achievement of the Glee Club, with the aid of the Euterpian Music Club and several vocalists not directly connected with the school, was the presentation of the "Nautical Knot," an operetta. It was the first attempt of the kind in Bay City and was much appreciated by our numerous friends.

MEMBERS.

Sopranos—Bessie Gertrude Schaedel, Emma Kate Schaedel, Lenora Elsie Conger, Bonnie Earl Yeager.

Altos—Katherine Holman, Mary Ramelle Stoner, Nellie Marie Brown, Gladys Evelyn Moore, Lauella McConnell Baker.

Contraltos—Minnie Jeanette Harper, Norma Pinckney Linn.

Bassos—Edward Albert McKelvy, Carroll Charles Cookenboo, George William Sutherland, Harry Bird Brady, Frank Duncan Scott.

Tenors—James Perry Moore, James Foster Milner.

SCHOOL PATRIOTISM.

There are many definitions of that marvelous, thrilling world, patriotism. When we consider it a virtue, it is a combination of the noble attributes of character, truth, courage, love, loyalty, honesty and unselfishness. One of the best conceptions of its meanings is that of the Lacedaemonians: that every man was born not for himself, but for his country.

Now, that we have a clean conception of what patriotism generally means, we may apply it to our school rather than our native land. Then, it means the love and loyalty of our institutin of learning, the school.

We may be patriotic in school, in many ways. We can do honestly and sincerely the required work, thereby exhibiting our ambition for our school. It depends upon the work of the pupils as to whether the standing is raised or lowered.

By determining to conduct ourselves in the most genteel manner, we may patriotically elevate the reputation of our school. To courageously stand for the right, we can also accomplish our purpose.

In a sanitary way, we can be patriotic by striving to improve the general appearance of the buildings and grounds.

One of the greatest essentials of patriotism is loyalty. To publish every little unfortunate occurrence of our school life would be neither loyal or patriotic, for that would place the school and faculty in a position for criticism and censure. Therefore, another form of school patriotism is silence about the happenings of school life.

Combining all the essentials of school patriotism we have it all "in a nutshell." Be loyal to the care, and just know that Jeff Davis High School is the best in the land.

NORMA LINN.

A Toast to Our Boys

Here's to Edward, who is always in it,
Who never loses his head a minute;
Frank plays the game and knows the limit;
Eddie still gets all the fun there is in it.

Here's to Harry, who knows it all,
Our love for George will never fall;
Neither for him, nor Camden tall,
Nor for Perry Moore significant' (small).

Here's to one and only one,
And Cooper is that one
Now fill your cup and raise it up
To Foster we will sup.

Here's to George, George number two,
To him we'll be loyal and true,
And Henry Lee! All drop your chin,
For he's a "man" among common men.

Walter, Walter here's our chance
We all know him at a glance.
Carroll—from him deep thought arise;
Often at him teachers are surprised.

Let's fill our cup to one "made up of
Gentleness alone,"
To Mr. Scott without a blot
Who makes school like home.

—*Alberta Harper.*

Seniors

We study for those who grade us,
Whose pencils are leaded blue,
For the diploma that coming to aid us,
And to pay our working true;
For all Latin words that fret us,
For the task Miss Woolsey sets us,
For the history dates that have quit us,
And the good that we can do.

We study for those who grade us,
Whose faces are kind and true;
And long for our passing too;
For ourselves who need assistance,
For the diploma in the distance,
And the good that we can do.

Here's a health to the
Next class of Seniors
May you happy be,
And never let your
Courage wane,
When you win a Capital D.



Society

By Nellie Brown.

The year is now drawing to a close, and the Seniors look back with both smiles and sighs. Smiles over the happy, merry times had by the never to be forgotten class of '12; sighs because we must bid farewell to the memory of every boy and girl among us. Only once do we enjoy the hearty, wholesome school days. This is a year indelibly printed upon distinction of being Seniors and with that dignity, the privilege of leading in the social events of the school. That we have done our duty in this way, only needs to be told.

Having organized our class from a purely class point of view at the close of the Junior year, our next step was to organize a social institution—in the form of the "Senior Literary Society," with Mr. Frank Scott, as president and Miss Norma Linn, as secretary. We held regular monthly meetings at which excellent programs were rendered; social meetings were also frequently held. Besides these, friends and members of the class have entertained us.

October gave a party, and so did Mr. Henry Lee! and not a whit less gay than the autumn leaves, were the Seniors who gathered 'round the forty-two tables and enjoyed the six games of progressive. Several drew for the prizes, Miss Luella Baker succeeding in capturing first, a lovely box of bonbons, while Mr. George Sutherland, took the consolation—a most fragrant onion daintily disguised in tissue paper and baby ribbon. Delicious ice cream and cake were served, and at a late hour the merry crowd departed, having had one of the gayest times imaginable.

Hallowien next "crobe" in when ghosts and goblins, witches and spectres, and stalked gravely into the beautiful home of Miss Kathryn Poole, resplendent in Hallowien decorations. After a while, the awesome silence was broken by "masks off," and miracle of miracles, each apparition was at once transformed into a stately Senior. The remainder of the evening was spent in games and fortune telling—each one trying to surpass the other in having the best time. Unique refreshments were served by the hostess and her assistants. With the greatest reluctance, the crowd bade its charming hostess good-night, and wended its way homeward.

A few weeks later, early one fair Saturday morning, a very merry crowd with Miss Woolsey and Miss Schaedel leading, boarded a wagon and started for Caney. Arriving there, the overflowing baskets were opened and lunch was soon eaten by the hungry young folks. Pecans were gathered until about three o'clock, when it being both cooler and cloudier, we embarked for home. But alas! We had not proceeded far, when a cold wind sprang up and rain fell in torrents; clad in summer frocks, the girls were very uncomfortable, but the young men gave up their coats like gallant knights and true heroes. At last, however, we reached town as full of fun and mischief, as our clothes were of water.

The next event of interest came in the form of the "Literary's regular meeting." Our general subject was concerning women. Miss Katherine Holman read a very interesting theme on Turkish and American women; and the subject of debate was "Resolved, That the Women of Texas should have Equal Suffrage with the Men." This spirited subject was handled by Misses Nellie Brown and Jessye Anseline, fighting for their rights and privileges; and Messrs. Henry Lee and George Sutherland, upholding the defensive. Much pleasure and merriment, as well as, educational advantage, was gotten from it by all, while the victorious young ladies won for suffragists of the strongest type.

After this meeting adjourned, the entire crowd made its way to the

home of Mrs. Fred S. Robbins, who delightfully entertained us the remainder of the evening.

December 21st was designated by the Society as open session meeting. A most excellent Christmas program was rendered. The entire society sang with great spirit, their class song, "Jolly Seniors," Miss Bonnie Yeager read "A History of St. Nicolas;" Misses Holman and Hill performed at the piano; and the senior Glee made their first appearance with "Merry Christmas Bells." A debate: "Resolved, That the Greed of Gain has Influenced the Actions of Man More than Woman Has;" was the main feature of the evening. Misses Kathryn Poole and Nellie Brown held the affirmative, while Mr. Anselin handled the negative. It was a hard fought fight, but the affirmative carried off the palm. A double quartette completed the excellent program.

One Friday evening, tired and weary from a hard week's work, we decided to forget our troubles, and take recreation on an oystaer stew. We invited the faculty to do the same, so about five o'clock the laughing, chattering crowd, armed with dishes, spoons, milk and oysters, could be seen skipping toward their camping ground. Arriving there, Mr. Scott took charge of the kettle while we romped and raced with true, whole-hearted American enthusiasm. About seven, the call to supper was heard and we scampered toward the camp fire like so many hungry wolves. Never before had we tasted such good stew, so deliciously scorched and salted; and never before had we caused such a prodigious quantity to disappear. About eight we started the homeward walk, singing and yelling—proclaiming ourselves to be the jolly, hard-working Seniors of B. C. H. School.

January 27th, marked one of the most brilliant affairs of the Senior Literary Society—the open meeting in which the Bay City debaters crossed arms with the El Campo debaters. The auditorium was filled to its capacity, when Mr. Frank Scott called the house to order. Mr. Eddie Anderson made the opening "welcome" address, after which Miss Norma Linn read an excellent patriotic paper—"Why I am Proud of Being a Texas!" Miss Anita Hill then performed for us at the piano. The debate, "Resolved, That Sam Houston, rather than Stephen F. Austin, should be called the Father of Texas," was opened by Mr. Leo Richardson, of El Campo, for the affirmative. He presented in a masterly manner his reasons for believing that Houston was the rightful Father of Texas. Our representative, Mr. Foster Milner, then took up the negative side of the subject and in a worthy manner handled the public life of Austin. Mr. Walter Glick, of El Campo, carried his colleague's thought and made a most forceful speech. Following him, Mr. Perry Moore, of Bay City, in a very talented talk, told of Austin's tree life as a man. Mr. Richardson followed with the rebuttal, making a short, crispy speech. The judges made their decision in favor of the affirmative. Although defeated, we are glad to say that we lost by only a few points, which the affirmative gained in their final rebuttal.

After the adjournment, the class invited the trustees, the judges, and the El Campo visitors, to go with us to the Alcove, where a banquet had been prepared in their honor. But few of the El Campo people would remain with us, on account of the sudden rain, and though we regretted their absence very much, we proceeded to enjoy ourselves. Mr. Camden Sanborn, who had been elected toastmaster, rose to the occasion with true Senior dignity and in a skillful manner introduced the various speakers. A number of toasts were made by both visitors and students. At a late hour the banqueters dispersed, having had the first of this kind of entertainment in the history of B. C. H. S.

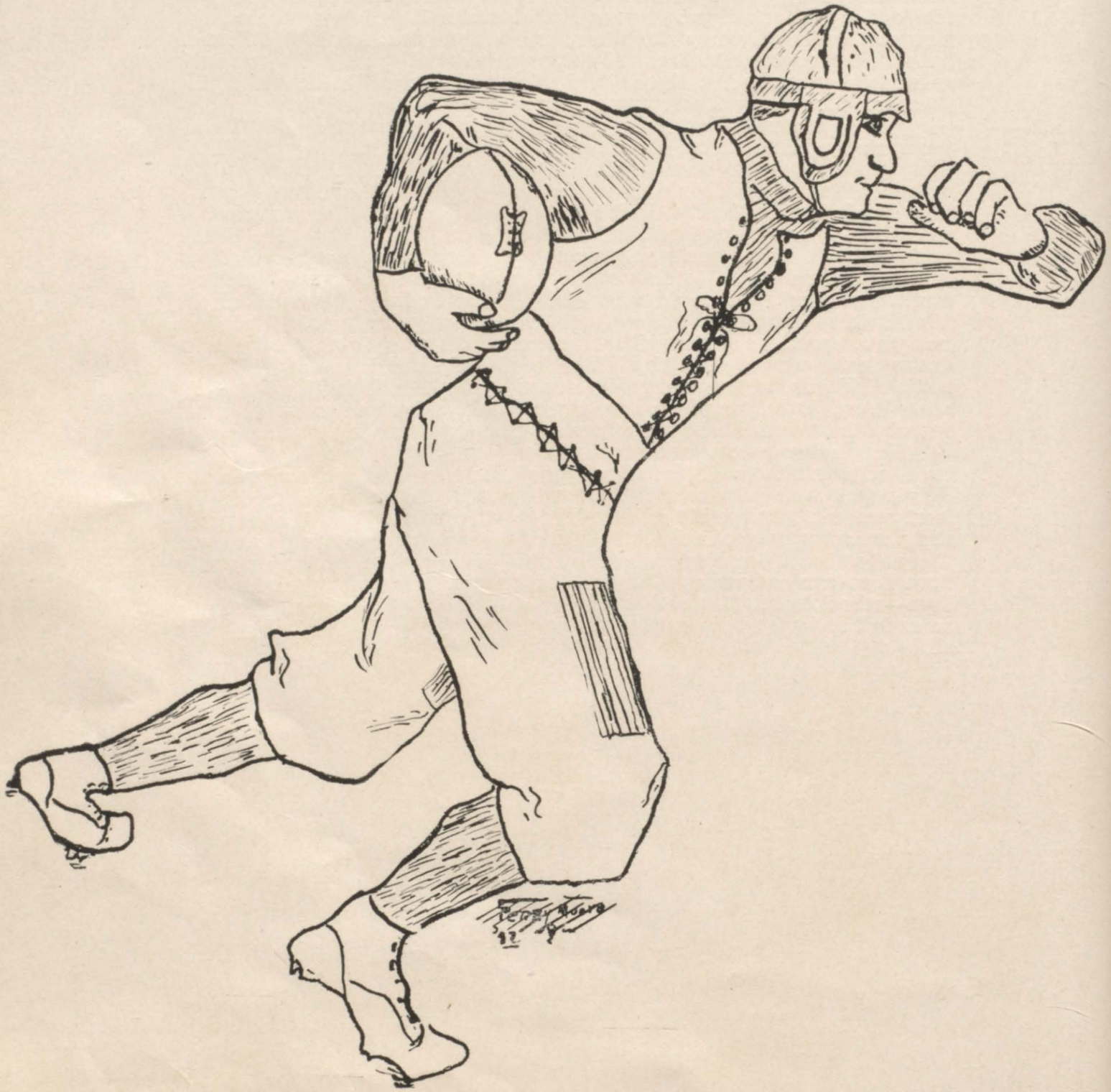
A short time later, having visited the hen roosts the night before, we took our booty and went to our camping ground. There Mr. Scott as-

sisted by Mrs. Scott and the loyal Mr. Lee, made the stew, while we youngsters enjoyed ourselves with numerous games. After we had caused the last drop of stew to disappear—yes, and with remarkable rapidity—and while everybody was in such fine spirits, Miss Alice Holman took advantage of Leap Year and proposed to Mr. Frank Scott. Being accepted, she gathered the bridal party about her; and to the sweet music of a French harp, met her groom in front of the preacher. All proceeded well until asked to obey him, when she emitted a forceful 'no;' in the confusion, the preacher, Mr. Perry Moore, proposed; was accepted; and lead the giggling bride away. About nine o'clock, the merry crowd started homeward, singing and yelling. Each one had the time of his life; and Victor proved beyond the slightest doubt, that he's "no piker."

Soon Valentine's Day was to be celebrated in Miss Lilly Holman's "Old Maid Auction." The Senior girls and ladies of the faculty, masked as old maids, were auctioned off to the highest bidder by Mr. Frank Bruno. Each young man present was able to secure one or more of the spinsters at from one to ten cents. Much merriment and the greatest excitement was experienced when the girls unmasked; for some of the fattest old maids turned out to be the slenderest girls, and the ugliest masks, the prettiest Senior. The first prize, a bread ticket, to the prettiest spinster was captured by Miss Alice Holman, and the consolation, a bottle of Hoyt's, to the most ridiculous maid, by Miss Lola McKelvy. At a late hour, the happy guests bade their delightful hostess good-night, and departed homeward, having had one of the best times imaginable.

Many other parties and picnics have been planned to take place during the home stretch of the school year. Both faculty and students are striving with united power to make the last weeks of our school life the most pleasant. As we bid adieu to the gayeties of the High School world and pass out upon the limitless realms of the universe, we can do no more than pledge our friendship, fellowship, and comradeship, to the ones who have been our companions through the happiest, sweetest period of our lives—school days. That the future life of each one of the class of '12 may be as full of joy and pleasure as the past year, is most earnestly hoped by all.





ATHLETICS

FOOT BALL.

B. E. Scott, Manager.
Henry Lee, Captain.
Full Back, Herbert Parker.
Left Half Back, Eddie Anderson.
Right Half Back, Edward McKelvy.
Quarter Back, Henry Lee.
Right End, Collie Bruno.
Left End, Frank Bruno.
Right Tackle, Perry Moore.
Left Tackle, Foster Milner.
Right Guard, Esker McDonald.
Left Guard, Frank Scott.
Center, George Q. Sutherland.
Substitutes, Graham and Carrington.

BASE BALL

Perry Moore, Manager.
George Q. Sutherland, Captain.
Catcher, G. W. Sutherland.
Pitchers, Esker McDonald and G. Q. Sutherland
1st Base, Leo Piles.
2nd Base, Collie Bruno.
Short-Stop, Adolph White.
Left Field, Edward McKelvy.
Center Field, Perry Moore.
Right Field, Frank Scott.
Substitute, Bishop Clements.

BASKET BALL.

Senior.
Junior.
Sophomore.
Freshman.



J. D. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM.

Team Characteristics

Early in the days of last October, Captain Lee led his men from the shade trees to the gridiron, for some light work in the afternoon. With the assistance of Messrs. Lackie and Graham, Lee was getting down to real business. Lee was depending very much on the old players of '10. He himself was an old player, and McKelvy, Bruno and Milner were '10 men also. Bruno, a fast man, was left in charge of the left end throughout the season. McKelvy was first a full back, but on the account of his speed was shifted to right end. Milner was a dandy guard. There was one man who was certainly made for his place; no one could beat his time. He was sound, and almost round; and when he was down over the ball, his opponents would say, "That brick wall, the center, has it." The foremost place of all belongs to big George Sutherland, the man better known as "Pratts." How he became entitled to this name is not known. Moore and Milner were the two guards whose steady work was somewhat excellent. There were big Scott and McDonald, the renowned tacklers of the day. Scott as never known to fail, in the Palacios game at home it was up to him to run down Beckman, the famous quarter on the Palacios team. He was away on his way to the sacred land, and there was no one to interfere save Scott in the rear. When time had come, Scott made for his man without failure, and both men were forced to go down in the mud. He was covered with mud and glory while Beckman was only covered with mud and sorrow.

We shall never forget how Anderson and Bruno played the half. Anderson's first chance was against Wharton, though he won his name by making a thirty-five-yard run around west end, accompanied by Bruno. Bruno knew the game and had the nerve. His playing was not equaled by any other player on the team. When Jaff Davis High lost Bruno, they lost a "hum dinger." Al Carrington must not be forgotten, though his first year's work could be beaten; but like a man, he stepped aside for the next best.

The first game was played at home with Wharton; and although this was the first for most all the players, there were a few who appeared to be nervous, and Wharton had no cinch. The ball swayed up and down until finally, when it was down, it was carried across by the enemy in the third quarter. The goal was kicked also. Bay City was making her way to the goal when the whistle was blown that ended the game with a score 6 to 0. On December 29th, Bay City High was called over to El Campo. The team left Bay City in automobiles, and on account of rains were delayed. When they reached El Campo it was too late for a game so arrangements were made for a game the following day.

At 2 o'clock, every body was ready, and a big crowd was out to witness the game. This was the fastest game of the season. Bay City High ran up against some old time players. Scott was the man that did the tackling work. He never failed. Moore was too much for his opponent; he won honors as guard. Bruno and McKelvy, two fast ends, were in the game, and saved it several times by doing some good work that caused the ball to be carried back instead of forward. During the unlucky quarter, after three successful forward passes had been made, El Campo scored a touch back. The fourth and last chance was the fastest of all; both teams were working hard. Lee kicked off to the ten yard line, McKelvy made an excellent tackle on the twenty yard line. Bay City was near the four yard line when the whistle blew that ended the game with a score of 3 to 0 in favor of El Campo.

The following Friday El Campo and Bay City worked the pig skin to

a scoreless tie. Both teams showed up well. Parker was with his old team mates once more, and proved a worthy man in full back. Scott was at his same old trick, tackling low, throwing hard. Moore never failed to hold his mas as guard. Bruno and McKelvy showed up well on the end breaking up that famous shift they had worked before.

The last game of the season was played at Palacios. Graham scored a touch down; Lee kicked for goal and missed; McKelvy made a forward pass but was called back, as the referee did not clearly understand the rules. Anderson revenged himself by an end run, he was downed near the goal when the time was up for the close of the game. Score 5 to 0 for Bay City.

The beginning of a new year has begun with a bright out-look for sports of other sorts, there was one man who failed to report, that being Henry Lee, the sturdy quarter, who had played his position throughout the season. His loss will be a severe blow to the athletic division of the Bay City High, though there will be a number of the players of the '11 season who will fail to report another year. This will leave a big space to be filled. There were many tried out but failed to make good, but eyes are still on them for the next season.

NEW FOOT BALL RULES.

Should the ball be kicked into the grandstand and a fan pocket it and walk off, the game must be decided a draw.

Should a young lady start to cross the field to see her friend, just at the moment of a rush, all the players must stop dead still and look their prettiest.

There must be no intention of hitting a rival player with the fist, he must have his eyes blackened or his nose broken by accident.

Should the ball be kicked over in Smith's yard and should Smith's bull dog object to its recovery, the players must rest until Smith comes home.

If a collision between two players takes place, which sends them both in the grass, the first to recover may chew the others ear.

The right tackle must hereafter keep his eyes on the game, instead of looking about to see if his best girl is present.

At least two ambulances must be stationed at the gate, if no one is hurt in the game, they can be used to carry off the umpire.

No contract for tombstones to be made in advance.

Those having sons or brothers in the game are asked to refrain from tears. Friends and relatives of the deceased are requested not to crowd forward and interrupt the game.

The Team

There is Captain Lee
The smallest one on the team,
Who always makes a good tackle,
Even if he is somewhat lean.
Next comes McKelvy, the kicker of the
season
The way he kicked that ball seems out of
reason,
And, too, there was old Slue-foot Moore—
A parasite all the time;
His tackling was important, and
He always broke the line.
We must not slight big Scott,
Who was generally on the spot;
Trying to block a pass or kick,
And often it made him sick.
Remember Eddie Anderson,
Who never shirked a play
Though he did not like the game,
He would never answer nay
And there was Milner, the steadiest of
them all;
He was sure to hold the line
When Grimmey kicked the ball.
Now they kinder laughed at Collie Bruno,
When he was on the cad
As his leg was so lengthy, yet he was
Always ready to go in.
And there was Frank Bruno, too,
A veteran of the game;
He was so very vicious
El Campo kinder made him lame
Next the Fat Sutherland,
Beloved by every dame;
His stunts were so attractive
It kinder gave him fame
We all yelled from Grammey,
Who was a crack halfback;
He always tried for a touchdown;
His, play, 'tis true, was not slack.
We must consider McDonald,
Who was called the bear;
He was so very grifty,
That he sometimes tackled by the hair.
Oh! there is Carrington,
So noted for his grit;
Here comes Manager Scott,
Deserving much esteem,
His write-ups in the paper
Praised highly all the team.
We the boys of 1911,
Have labored hard with Fate,
And have tried hard to make
Our H. S. Team
The best High School in the State.



Perry Moore, who appears to be some what large, (in size,) was chosen manager of the bunch for '12. He is an excellent manager, and a player most excellent, playing center to perfection. His batting average is among the best, topping the list in every game. He has fielded perfectly.



Geo. Sutherland, captain, has a tendency toward being a big man. He has taken an interesting part in the team, and has proven, in all respects, a worthy man for his place. He plays the game with this object—to place his team at the top of the list. He also holds a high hand in the pitchers percentage.



Leo Pyle, who has tried for the past two years to join the team, has now made good with a record hard to beat. Pyle has played first sack with much skill, and has used the stick with force. He will take an interesting part in the games of '13.



Adolph White is small in weight and size. He is responsible for all the mischief done around short stop. White has been a regular player the past two seasons, and much is expected of him next year. He is of the '13 Class.

Esker McDonald is better known as "Little Mc," and has displayed much skill in many brilliant games. He makes his daring opponent feel shaky by his excellent pitching, and has held his place at the bat with a good per cent.

George W. Sutherland has taken his stand as an all around ball player, his batting average being among the best. He has easily proven himself well competent to hold his position behind the bat.

Collie Bruno holds down the third corner. Bruno is a hard player, and is always in the game. He throws the wad across the diamond and never misses, he uses "smoke" that makes Piles quiver; he calls it speed. He swings with a terrific force that nets many a foul tip, though he never fails to meet the sphere. He tops the list as run getter.

Victor LeTulle, a former B. C. S. player, has joined the bunch once more, and is now playing second base. He handles his new stick nicely, and by such work has won his position back to him, though he is a worthy man.





Bishop Clements, a sturdy little Junior, has proven himself a good ball player. He has the head but not the weight and size. He plays field, short stop, second base and third base. Clements is an excellent ball player, and he expects to hang up a good record.

Frank Scott has featured in the right garden, and with his rattling disposition manages with some talent to hold his position; but, being an inexperienced ball player, has his future yet to come. Big Scott hails from Franklin, Texas. With his name and his grin, he needs no card of recommendation.

Edward McKelvey when running bases is quite speedy, and when not playing in left field, he handles the stick with some force; his greatest delight is "stealing."

Base Ball

By E. A. McKelvey.

Early in the spring days, Captain Anderson called his man out to decide what could be done in the way of shaping a baseball team. Out of the '11 bunch, about one-half of the players reported for try out. Some were regulars, and some were men who had tried to make good, but had failed. However, they did not give up hopes, tried again and won out with some ease.

Catchers and pitchers had always been scarce articles among the bunch; but as the season was opening last year there came forth a lazy looking boy who said that he could play ball. Well, he could. He pitched several good games; Anderson was well pleased with this young man. When he asked for the mit, it was entrusted to his care, and he has proven an all round ball player. He hails from Ft. Worth, Texas.

Nearly all of the players could pitch, but the question was, "Who can keep the ball in the park?" McDonald said that he could, though he might hit the grand stand occasionally. Big Sutherland played his hand without the joker.

The next question was, "How about the new men?" When all were given a try-out, Anderson felt sure that there were some real good ball players among the bunch. About three weeks later, real work began, and in spite of some few days that were real chilly, the boys worked regular, and were soon in fairly good condition. After two weeks of real good work, Manager Moore made arrangements to go in the field of the enemy and try to bring home a victory. The day was rather cool. Anderson's men met defeat. From the first game of the season, not much is expected as it is more of a try-out than a real game.

When the defeated captain brought the bunch home, he accompanied the boys out to the diamond once more. When all were to leave the ground Anderson called his around him, and after giving them an encouraging talk, he bade farewell to all his fellow students and players. Anderson was a renowned second baseman; he knew the game, and much could be expected of him in a tight. Every man on the team loved him. In school, his standing was among the highest. His absence from the class room was felt by all the Seniors, for the loss of Anderson was a great blow in class, as well as on the diamond. LeTulle succeeded Anderson as second baseman, and Big Sutherland as captain. The following week every man seemed to have a funny feeling; the loss of the first game and our beloved Captain Eddie Anderson, at the same time, was too much for the exuberant spirits of the Senior Class.

Sutherland made some changes that proved to be effective in the following week's practice for a game with Wharton High on home ground. Still remembering their defeat in the first game, every man was at his post. McDonald and G. W. Sutherland were batteries; Sutherland, first chance behind the bat; Scott was shifted to right field. Bruno was the "Running King," every trip to bat netting a score. Moore with a willow stick of his own, was "swat" king of the day,—four trips up, three hits, three runs. McKelvy made three out of four also, one a homer with bases full. Wharton met defeat. McDonald had them at his mercy throughout the game. Three times a week the B. C. H. bunch was seen out at the park doing hard work, instructed by Sutherland, ready to participate in a game at any time. After several games had been played, Bishop Clements, a very small Junior, was asked by Sutherland to come out in his "monkey" suit. His first try out was on the third station in a matched game. Clements proved to be a worthy man; out of three times up, he

made two hits, and two runs. Sutherland was so pleased with the lad that he was assured a space in the list. He plays field, second base, short stop, and third base. Pyle, the man on station one, says Clements is short in comparison to himself that he throws the ball over the Junior's head. He has taken chances on putting the man out by rolling the ball across the diamond instead of throwing it. Since this statemen was made, they have won the titles of "Jeff" and "Mutt," respectively.

OUR SCHOOL.

We are as brave a set of youth
As greets old Texas soil
And banded for the right
And truth
We'll surely win by toil
Our teachers dear, try us to cheer
And help us on our way;
So let us all courageous be,
To battle with each day.

In years to come, when each
May roam
A different road in life,
We'll not forget J. D. H. S.
Its pleasures and strife.
And may the lessons here we've learned,
Grow brighter day by day
And each be made a stepping stone
To aid us in life's way.



SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.



JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.



SOPHMORE BASKET BALL TEAM.

Sophomores 13-14

Man seldom mounts at a single bound,
To the ladder's very top;
They must slowly climb it round by round,
With many a start and stop;
The winner is sure to be the man
Who labors day by day,
For the world has found that the safest plan
Is to keep on pegging away.
You have heard, of course—of the hare
And tortoise—the tale is old,
The tortoise won, 'tis told:
The hare was sure he had time to pause
To browse about and play:
The tortoise won the race because,
He just kept pegging away.

—Earl Braughton.

SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL.

The Sophomore Basket Ball Team was organized the first of the school year of 1911-12. With Miss Schaedel as coach, we practiced faithfully, all seemig very enthusiastic. In one game with the Junior we were successful; at first it seemed as if neither team would win, but at last we made a score by one of Lucille Magill's sure "hits." Our centers made good in this game, winning points in holding the ball. Our guards, though rather small, gave the Juniors a hard fight.

In the few other games we played, we were beaten. We did very well for our first year, but hope to do better next year.



FRESHMAN BASKET BALL TEAM



FRESHMAN CLASS



SOPHMORE CLASS



JUNIOR CLASS

Juniors 12-13

OUR CLASS.

The pupils in our class, I'd have you know,
Are just the best that any class can show.
We boast of ten courageous, many boys
And seventeen girls, who take the cake for noise.

The president of the class is smiling Collie,
'Tis seldom that you find a boy more jolly.
You surely know the singer of our class—
Who says that Stella's singing will not pass?

And just ask Bishop, if you don't know history,
For clearly he'll expound each hidden mystery.
J. Lane is always saying something witty,
The way he gets these sayings off is pretty.

Now, Jack and Laurilee are "Frog" reporters,
But also staunch, unfailing class supporters;
If anything is doing, they are in it,
Quick and alert, and on time to the minute.

Cute little Orville next claims our attention,
And merry Corinne, too, deserves our mention.
"Sister" is an excellent and manly lad;
And Donal Rimmer—we know he's not bad.

You wish to see two girls of the same mind?
Then Laura and Arzilla you must find;
Though there are two more who, perhaps, would do,
Sweet, quiet Josephine and Maud so true.

But now of John, or "Bunk," it's time to speak,
We're all familiar with his ways, so meek (?)
And Hamilton, the curly-headed creature,
In history, I'm sure, delights his teacher.

Of history, Ruth also, has no fear,
(I mean Ruth Bannister, we've two Ruths here),
Our other Ruth has not been with us long,
But we can see in algebra she's strong.

To Lillian, the class prophet, you may turn,
If of our future you would care to learn.
You want a debater? Call Effie, then,
Or Ola, for each has a gifted pen.

The artist among us is Ola Lee,
Her sketches are certainly fine to see.
A mathematician is Adolph White,
In longest problems he seems to delight.

In deportment, Alberta is always best,
She easily "beats hollow" all the rest.
Valeria works from morning 'till night
On algebra; in Latin, too, she's bright.

Each one of my classmates you now have met,
Except one new pupil, he's left out yet.
His name is Creel Brockman, as you may know,
He's last, but not least for a minute, oh, no!

Now all of the Junior Class I have shown,
Twenty-seven in number, the best you've known,
Of that I am positive. Aren't they? Say!
If you know of better, just send them this way.

We'd soon scalp them, you'd pretty quickly see,
And I'm a Junior, too, just count on me.
Of our enthusiasm you may tell
When once you hear us give our Junior yell.

"Comanche, Ranche, Ree, Rah, Rah!
Apache, Rache, Big Choctaw!
Big Chief Papoose, Indian Squaw!
Juniors, Juniors, Rah, Rah, Rah!!"

JUNIOR BASKET BALL.

Have you ever heard about the Junior girls, with their smiling faces and their saucy curls? Well! If you havn't, here's a chance to get wise, because I'm a Junior, and I tell no lies.

Talk about your Seniors,—watch them smile. Why! the Junior girls have them "skint" a mile; in looks, in books, in everything worth while. They also have them beat when it comes to style.

In basket ball, I ask if they can play. Can they? Say! you just watch how we Junior play.

First comes Ola. She's the captain of the team, and when she gets in action. all the freshies scream.

Next comes her assistant, our Edith tall. It's really a wonder how she catches the ball, and with a toss, (no trouble) in the goal it goes. What's the matter with her? Nobody knows!

In center, big, fat Lizzie figures almost sublime, never a ball was known to pass herline.

Mabel in center and Orville too, without them, we could never manage to get through.

Next comes Stella, laughing, fat and small. She always manages somehow to get hold the ball.

Last but not least is Laurilie, hardly much bigger than a great big flea. If there's anything in it, she's on the spot, ready to take what the others have got, and when we are sure she's in for a fall—she very politely sits down on the ball.

Taken all together, we're a winning team! Never was known to ever lose a game.

—Stella Sutherland.

A Parody on Enoch Arden

In a little English seaport,
Many, many years ago,
There three children were won't to sport,
Where the ocean breezes blow.

Annie Lee, a lovely maiden,
Enoch Arden, Philip Ray,
In rock caves, by water graven,
These three children used to play.

Enoch, child of a rough sailor,
Orphan did a shipwreck make;
Philip, smaller, gentler, frailer,
His own part could not well take.

Then, their fleeting childhood flew,
Both fair youths loved this one maid,
Philip's love in silence grew;
Enoch his pure love had said.

Soon, his wages having hoarded,
Enoch's ship sailed oer the wave;
This staunch vessel having boarded,
To buy a cottage he did save.

So the joyous pair were then wed,
Gaily rang full many a bell,
Enoch's noble heart to h'im said:
"You must strive to prosper well.

"That your children you may bring up
Better than yourself have been;
Strive to feed them on the sweet cake
Of pure learning, and not sin."

Enoch's love was true and faithful,
And he soon had earned the name
Of a brave and careful sailor,
And a fisherman of fame.

After seven years of labor
For his wife and babies three,
He thought he could make more for them
Sailing on a foreign sea.

So he boarded the Good Fortune
Which for China was to sail;
He was going as a boatswain,
And his staunch heart did not fail.

Annie's heart all ill-foreboded,
And she begged him not to go,
But he knew he would do better
And although he loved her so,

Would not listen to her pleading,
But endeavored her to cheer,
Running on about the good times
He would have with those so dear.

When, returning from his voyage,
Rich in stores and rich in fame,
He'd put all his children in school,
And some time they'd make a name.

After many years of waiting
Enoch still had not returned;
Annie's youngest babe had perished;
Philip's kind heart often yearned.

And he thought, "To comfort Annie,
I would give my very life,
And I've loved her for a long time,
Annie then shall be my wife."

Annie would not give an answer,
For she loved her Enoch so,
That she still hoped he would come back,
And would not to Philip go.

Philip put her children in school,
Saying, "Enoch, if you will,
When he comes again, may pay me
And I love his children still."

Annie said that she'd consider
Whether she would be his wife.
Philip said he'd wait with patience,
As he'd wanted all his life.

After many months of waiting
She at last became his wife,
And, ere long, a child was born them,
Their hearts bound by the tiny life.

During these years, Enoch, shipwrecked,
Stranded on a desert isle,
Lived, 'mid wondrous, tropic beauty
A memory-haunted, lonely life.

Sometimes he would dream of Annie
And his children, sweet and gay,
Then would almost die of longing
As the vision passed away.

And, through long, long years of waiting
(There were more than half a score),
Never seeing e'en one human
On the silent lonely shore.

He had almost given up all hope
Of e'er seeing his own again,
When a driven ship, wanting water,
Landed there with all her men.

Upon hearing Enoch's story
They gave him free passage home,
And made up a purse to give him;
He had naught to call his own.

When he reached the port he came from,
Down the dear familiar street,
Unrecognized by all who'd known him,
Slow he dragged his feeble feet.

In an inn he knew afortime,
But now ruinously old,
He abode, unknown by any,
For his name he had not told.

He a spare, but honest, living,
Earned, by many a humble task;
And from his most garrulous hostess
Heard gossip that he dared not ask.

Heard of his own Annie's marriage
To the friend of other years,
And he wondered, "Is she happy?
Were they vain, by loving fears?"

And, ere long, on one dark evening,
He stole 'round to Philip's door,
To look on Annie, for he wished much,
Her sweet face to see once more.

Stealing up with footsteps stealthy,
At the casement in peeped he;
Saw his own, now grown, children,
And Philip's babe upon his knee.

Then he knew that she was happy,
And, falling on the ground, he prayed
For the strength to bear the burden,
While upon this earth he stayed.

After, to the inn returning,
Asked its keeper if she thought
That the miller's wife she mentioned,
That her first husband lived, feared aught

Not long after this, a sickness
A slow, gradual wasting away,
Fell upon him, and his hostess
He called to him, and did say:

"Woman, I've a secret for you,
But the oath, not to be broken,
That in my life you'll not reveal it,
By the Book must first be spoken."

When she'd given it: "Dost remember,
Near a score of years ago,
Enoch Arden? Through the village
Oft and oft he used to go."

She remembered, and admired him,
"Fine was Enoch to behold,
Tall he was, straight, strong and supple,
Feared no man, yet kind as bold."

"I am he," then answered Enoch,
And his story to her gave;
"See that you do not reveal it
'Till I'm ready for the grave."

Tell my children to look on me,
When I've ceased my earthly strife,
But my Annie must not see me,
Lest my face vex her after-life.

Three days after this confession,
Passed his pure, strong soul away,
And the place a costlier funeral
Ne'er has witnessed to this day.

—By Edith Armstrong, Ninth Grade.



Bay City--Past, Present and Future.

By Louella Baker

The finest town today in the Coast Country of Texas is the subject of this sketch. Not a boom town, not a real estate speculator's town; but a town that is growing and developing at a rapid rate. She is nestled right down in the center of the Lower Colorado Valley. The greatest and most rapidly developing new territory in the world.

An election was held in Matagorda county on September 18, 1894, to remove the county seat from Matagorda to a point twenty-three miles northeast of Matagorda, to be called Bay City.

The postoffice was first located near Elliot's Ferry, on the banks of the Colorado river, with J. D. Moore as postmaster.

The first court was held in a frame building where Badouh Bros.' store now stands. In 1895, a beautiful modern brick courthouse was erected at a cost of \$31,000; also a \$10,000 brick jail.

The first school was taught by Mr. Stephenson. The first school house was built in 1895, in the west part of town. Today we have a school system equal to any in the State. The new \$25,000 school building which was built in 1906, is a model of its kind, affording abundant room for all the school children.

The first church was the union church. The following churches have since been built: Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Christian and Catholic, all having a large membership.

The residences erected then were attractive and good to have been built thirty miles off of a railroad, which is an evidence that the people always had faith in the town. The completion of the Cane Belt Railroad into Bay City, on June 30, 1901, was the fulcrum that lifted Bay City from the mire of isolation, put her in touch with the world, and invited all to come and partake of her prosperity. In less than a year the Southern Pacific came through, and in 1905 the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico came to our city.

This little city has improved rapidly, many beautiful home have been erected, many miles of cement walks have been laid. We also have a beautiful opera house, getting the best shows that visit the large cities of the State.

Bay City is the center for traveling men west of Houston, having many excellent clubs, social and literary and all well known fraternal organizations have a splendid membership.

Trees have been planted along the streets, and in every yard you can see many varieties of beautiful flowers. From the first, the citizens put forth special efforts to secure good churches, schools and all that go to make good society and a pleasant, desirable community in which to live.

Several years ago Matagorda county decided to do away with one great evil—the saloon—thus adding another virtue to Bay City.

In 1900, there was 500 acres of rice planted as an experimental crop, which was very successful and rice growing soon became a very important industry.

Heretofore we did not know what to do with the lower grade of rice, but it was fully demonstrated last year, that as a fattener for stock, it's equal is not to be found.

In almost every case where broom corn has been planted, properly cultivated and harvested, it has proven a very profitable crop. The demand is now in excess of the supply and the "price is a good one."

In 1907, W. T. Goode planted ten acres of figs, oranges and pecans, planting about 560 oranges, 850 figs and 175 paper shell pecans. After one year, Wm. Cash, J. W. Gaines and J. M. Corbett purchased it, and have given thorough cultivation since that time. Three trees in Wm. Cash's yard are now twelve years old, have never been frozen down, and have never missed a crop since they began bearing.

Bay City has four banks, with a total deposit of \$1,000,000.

Three railroads: Santa Fe, Southern Pacific and St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico.

Two rice mills with a daily capacity of 32,000 barrels.

Four warehouses with a storage capacity of 200,000 sacks of rice.

Four ware houses with a storage capacity of 200,000 sacks of rice.

A climate, equal to the best, with a temperature seldom falling below 20 degrees in the winter, or rising above 90 degrees in summer. The summers are cooler and more pleasant than those of the North, and tempered by the cool breeze of the gulf.

A growing season that lasts the year around. Our winter gardens, with the exception of the very tender vegetables, are better than the summer gardens. Strawberries are often ripe at Christmas time, and have been gathered in February and March, weighing as high as 18 to 25 pounds. Lettuce, beets, onions and vegetables of similar hardiness can be grown and eaten fresh from the gardens the entire winter with the exception of an occasional cold spell, that we look for every five to ten years, which kills such vegetables.

Annual rainfall of about 45 inches, making our seasons good. In this respect we have great advantages over the country west of us, as the rainfall begins to decrease rapidly within 75 to 100 miles west, and added to this we have the great Colorado River with the Panhandle as a water shed, flowing through the center of the county, pouring its great volume of water into the network of canals furnishing the water needed for the culture of rice, and ready to water other crops, if the rains fail to give us sufficient water. Many rice farms are irrigated from artesian stratas underlying the country from 400 to 600 feet deep, enabling a small farmer to have his own well and be independent of the canals.

Besides rice, sugar cane, corn, oats, alfalfa, clover, field peas and other forage, its lands profitably produce both Irish and sweet potatoes, truck, melons, berries, pears, figs, oranges, pecans, tobacco, hemp, flax, peanuts and all kinds of live stock.

Fine streets, being graded, graveled and well lighted. In the business portion of town the streets are one hundred feet wide, and eighty feet in the residential section.

A system of water works that would be a credit to any town of 20,000 inhabitants. Its water supply coming from artesian wells and is pure and cold.

A fire department which is fully organized, and has proven itself worthy of our pride, as they have taken first prize in several contests with other departments.

A modern ice and power plant any town should be proud of.

The trucking business is fast becoming one of the great industries of the coast country and there is room for many more truck farmers in this locality.

The fig industry is just beginning to grow and when this and the orange industry opens up in full blast, which will be within the next two or

three years, all of these things in addition to our great rice, cotton, corn and hay crops will make this the Eldorado of America.

Whether a family desires a village or city home, a small garden plot or a large tract; South Texas is the ideal place. There seems to be many ways here in which either a large or small land owner can make a good income and with rapidly increasing land values, he makes a double profit from crops, and another from valuation increase.

Bay City of today is only the beginning of Bay City of the future. She is a child of destiny, builded on a solid rock of prosperity, supported by the greatest soil production in America. She is going forward by leaps and bounds. The near future is sure to produce the greatest development here. He who invests can count on rising values with absolute certainty. It is the most promising field for investment, and the most delightful place to live in all this big and favored State.



Humorous

There is a meter of accent
And a meter of tone
But the best one of all
Is to met-er alone.

L. M.

"What is a boy like between the ages of twelve and nineteen?" was asked by a learned teacher. After a number of the students had refused to answer, a bright Senior boy jumped up from the rear of the room and abruptly said, "I think I can tell you."

"What then?" asked the teacher.

"A boy is like a kerosene lamp;
He isn't especially bright,
He is always turned down,
Generally smokes, and often goes out at night."

Teacher: "Which of you can tell me what a mosquito is before he is grown?"

Bright pupil: "A tadpole."

Mr. Kingham: "How many of you didn't solve this problem in the Physics lesson?"

Walter: (Slowly) "I solved it but didn't get it."

The Freshmen think not, and know not that they think not; they are block-heads; show them.

The Sophomores study not, and know that they gain not; they are simple; teach them.

The Juniors know, and think not they know; they are lazy; give them energy.

The Seniors know it, and know that they know it; they are wise; imitate them.

Louella: "Glad, I'm embroidering some initials; have you an old English 'C'?"

Glad: "No but I have an old English 'D'."

Louella: "Where did you get it?"

Glad: "From Miss Holman."

Miss Schaedel (to big George): "Get in your desk, George."

Senior (from the rear): "I hardly see how he can."

Miss Wool ey (at the Latin class): "Carroll, how do you form the Present Indicative Passive of the verb 'Laudo'?"

Carroll: "Why you drop the stem and add the passing endings."

"How many of you have seen any of Shakespeare's plays acted?" Mr. Scott asked the Seniors.

"Oh, I have!" said Ramelle.

"Which one, Ramelle?" "He asked."

"Tempest and Sunshine," answered our 'Melle."

"What building is that?" "asked a stranger in Bay City pointing to the school house.

"That?" replied Carr, "Why, that's the tannery," and he feelingly rubbed his back as he passed on.

Bright Senior: "Miss Holman, who wrote 'Milton's Paradise Lost'?"

Miss W: "Bessie who was Cicero?"

Bessie: "She was queen of Rome."

Mr. S. (Physics class): "Lola, in how many states may matter exist?"

Lola: "Why, it may exist in all the States of the Union."

While two of the Senior were out riding they passed the hamburger stand. "Oh, how good those hamburgers smell!" observed she.

"Well, wait a minute, and I will drive up closer so you can smell them better," he replied.

Miss Holman (in class of Comp. and Rhet.): "Perry, what is a nathional word?"

Perry: "A nathional word is one used by the government."

Miss W. (in Physiology class): "What is the most important sense of the body?"

A boy who had recently visited the office: "Touch."

Teacher (at Physics class): "What is velocity?"

Senior: "Velocity is what a chap lets go of a wasp with."

OF THE SENIORS IS IT NOT SO?

- That Edward is the most dramatic?
- That Jessye is the most industrious?
- That Mabel is the confirmed old maid?
- That Frank needs bigger feet?
- That Elizabeth needs a flesh reducer?
- That Foster is the most undignified Senior?
- That Avis is the prettiest?
- That Walter is the most boisterous?
- That Glad is the most Serious?
- That Minnie is the giggler?
- That Carrol is the wittest?
- That George is the most useful?
- That Lois is the daintest?
- That Kathryn is the most in love?
- That Nena is the best singer?
- That Harry is the goody—goody?
- That Victor is the laziest?
- That Emma is the biggest flirt?
- That Cooper has the most geometrical original proof?
- That Fay is the "school-cut-up"?
- That Katie Lee is the most dignified Senior?
- That Camden is the most stylish?
- That Joe eats the most candy?
- That Bonnie is the most romatic?
- That Geo. W. is the most attractive?
- That Ramelle is the cutest?
- That Perry has the best deportment grade?
- That Lou Ella is the most intellectual?
- That Norma has the most hair?
- That Katherine is the the youngest?
- That Nellie is the most patriotic?
- That Bessie is the society star?
- That Leonora desires to be slim?
- That Lola is the joke of jokers?

There's Many a Slip



Between "Cheap" Lumber and a Bargain.

Some people we know have read the glaring announcements in the agricultural papers, of lumber, sash and door bargains to be had by sending away for material. And right here they slipped—or had one slipped over them—for no matter how low the price, such junk as the would-be bargain-hunter gets is never a bargain at all. They say a sucker is born every minute amongst we fellows in the country; that we're easy, and all of that sort of rot.

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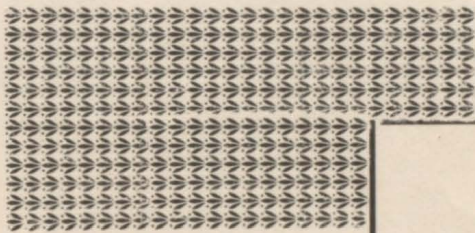
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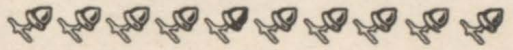
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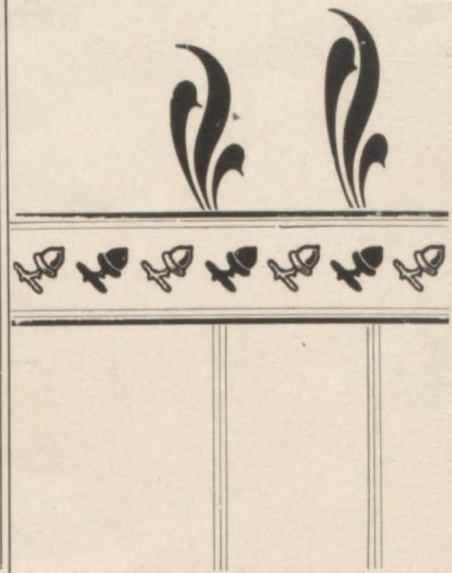
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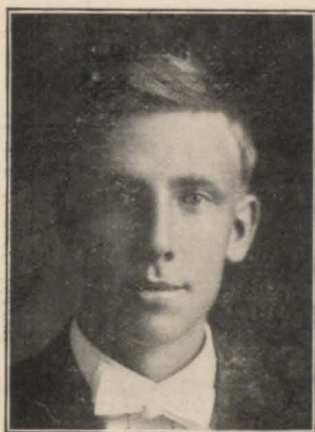
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