Centennial Edition

San Jacinto
April 21, 1836

Marion & Ed Hughes
Public Library
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Nederland, Texas 77627
DEDICATION

Because we believe that no other writer has so graphically portrayed the vastness, naturalness, tolerance, and friendliness of the great Southwest; and because we have reveled in his genial good humor, vivid picturesqueness, and charming folklore, we take great pleasure in dedicating the Centennial Number of the Announcer to

J. FRANK DOBIE

Who made the Nation Texas-minded

J. FRANK DOBIE

No greater tribute can be paid Mr. Dobie than to say that he is a general favorite of young people of all ages. Our librarian says that the Dobie books are the most popular ones in the library, and that it keeps her and her helpers busy repairing them. A teacher of the lower grades finds that the best way to keep her noisy youngsters quiet the last period of the day is to read to them from ON THE OPEN RANGE.

One may use superlatives with safety when speaking of Mr. Dobie’s interpretation of life in the Southwest, for he is uniquely the embodiment of the spirit and cultural values of this section.

He had made us prouder of our heritage and has inspired us to cherish and revere the ideals, homely virtues, and traditions of the vigorous, courageous, and daring of our pioneer forefathers.

When informed that the Centennial Edition of the Announcer would be dedicated to him, Mr. Dobie wrote the following letter to Mildred Shannon, Editor-in-chief:

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
Austin

Miss Mildred Shannon
Noderland, Texas

Dear Miss Shannon:

You don’t know how much you have pleased me by telling me that the Centennial Number of your school paper is to be dedicated to me. I would rather have (Continued on Page 15)
As we approach the one hundredth anniversary of Texas freedom, our hearts swell with pride and patriotism. Our heritage is indeed a highly favored one. It is unique in the annals of American history. What other section of the United States can boast of such a glamorous new country, rich with interest and romance—a land of color and beauty? Centennial visitors will see up-to-the-minute metropolitan cities, bustling industry, pine woods, vast plantations, rolling prairies, the home of the world's greatest oil field, land distances, vast grain and cattle ranches, and the last frontier of the Old West. All of these things are dear to the hearts of the six million Texans who inhabit this state.

But as the physical frontiers of our state pass, we, Texans of today, have to face quite a different frontier—one of thought. It is our problem to interpret more vitally the meaning of the word (Continued on Page 3)
"Friend". We need the "strength to be tolerant and the courage to be great". Unlike our ancestors, who met their challenge with a ringing battle-cry, we are called upon to solve our problems by silent thought. We can not have the same goal, but we must be actuated by the same high principles, and perhaps we may exhibit the same courage and devotion to the common welfare.

Our pionooring forofathers met their problems courageously and solved them gloriously, but Time has brought us another set of problems. We must have the wisdom to readjust production as conditions demand; we must find a way to make agriculture profitable to those who engage in it; we must have the wisdom and energy to build industries and adjust questions of capital and labor, war, economic questions, public health, and education. Those tasks are not easy, neither were the undertakings of our forefathers at Washington-on-the-Brazos easy. These men did not foresee the Texas of today. It was beyond their ken. They laid the foundation; those who came after them reared the structure. It is our privilege and obligation to build an even greater government. "We can envision a statesmanship that will make us admired of all the states. We have their interest; let us command their further respect. We will be a great people if we can imagine great, unselfish things to do and then proceed to do them. Let us be proud of the name 'Texan', and then always strive to do what others can be proud of us for doing."

LITTLE JOHNNY ARNOLD
KIDNAPPED BY INDIANS

(As Reported by Scout-Reporter Roland Dumesnil)

Great excitement was in the air! Kidnapping! Murdering! And other shocking things were happening. The Alabama Indians were on the warpath and were sweeping the entire state with the worst crime wave ever heard of.

One morning during this dreadful time little Johnny Arnold left home all dressed up in his homespun coat and red-topped boots, his lunch basket and "blueback speller", walking toward the Longham School. Johnny had been warned time after time always to walk home from school with his big brother Fred, but he was just at that venturesome age when he thought he could do as he saw fit. So one afternoon...
he ran away from Fred, who walked home, the distance of five miles, alone only to find that little Johnny had not yet arrived. Grief-stricken, as they thought of what might have happened to the idol of their heart, the parents aroused all the neighbors, whose sympathy for the sorrowful parents caused them to abandon their work and join in the search for the lost tot.

"So many things could have happened to him", wailed the unhappy mother. "The creeks are all swollen; the woods are full of ferocious animals; and, worst of all, the Indians may have kidnapped him!"

But the father, with Fred's help, spread the news that little Johnny was lost. Men and boys far and wide joined in the search. Some of Johnny's little schoolmates—Fred Roach, O. S. Johnson, George Trotter, O. D. Bailey and others wanted to join the searching party but were refused permission to go, because they were too young.

The party made up in front of Roach's Drug Store. Mr. C. O. Wilson headed the group, and at his suggestion the men split up into small groups and went in different directions, after deciding upon signals to be used in case a clue was discovered.

After three days on the trail of the Alabama Indians, Mr. Wilson finally ran upon them in the Trinity River bottoms. Chief Rain-in-the-Face was just about to kill little Johnny for a sacrifice to his god when Mr. Wilson ran through the Indians and picked Johnny up in one arm while at top speed on his gallant steed. Chief Rain-in-the-Face jumped on his horse and started like a flash after the daring rescuer and the little boy. The Chief caught Mr. Wilson after a while, because his horse could not run fast carrying two people. Rain-in-the-Face was just about to scalp both of them when a well known old Texas Ranger (Gramp Sanford) came riding up just in time to kill the old chief. Little Johnny was then returned safe and sound to his home in the little town of Nederland, where he proudly boasts of his "life among the Indians".

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**Teachers on Parade**

(Continued on page 5)
LITTLE JOHNNY ARNOLD

KIDNAPPED

(Continuing from page 6)

be any more than just the ordinary man
the situation of that winter, much to
the surprise of our readers, but quite
reassuring at this distance, we have
not forgotten the story of Little
Johnny Arnold, the boy who
was kidnapped.

He was just a little boy, only
about ten years old, when the
ordeal began. He had been
out playing with his friends in
the park when he was suddenly
snatched away by a group of men
who had been watching him for
some time.

The police were notified at once
and a search was immediately
begun. The boys' parents were
devastated and the community
united in their support.

The kidnappers demanded a
large ransom, but the family,
reluctantly, turned to the
authorities for help. The
police worked tirelessly to find
the boy, but it seemed that
his captors were always one
step ahead.

Finally, after several days of
intense investigation, the police
received a tip that led them to
a secluded cabin in the
mountains. They arrived just
in time to see the kidnappers
release Little Johnny, who had
managed to escape.

The family was overjoyed to
have their son back, and the
community celebrated the
happy outcome of the case.

The police were congratulated
on their work, and the
community was grateful for their
swift and effective response.

Little Johnny Arnold will
always be remembered as a
hero, not just for his bravery in
standing up to his captors, but
also for his courage in facing
the fear and uncertainty of
being kidnapped. His story
reminds us of the importance
of never giving up hope, even
in the darkest of times.
TEACHERS ON PARADE
(Continued from Page 4)

MISS WOOD in a wasp waist and bil-
lowy skirt as worn by Jinny Lind, the
great opera singer?

Miss PICKETT as Pocahontas?

MR. FLOYD taking time to put on a
wig and long white stockings, as worn in
the days of 1675?

MISS PRESS coaching the senior play,
dressed as Queen Mary of England, with a
hat sitting on the top of her pomodore,
carrying a small lace umbrella?

MR. KONECNY after a combat in basket
ball going to the showers and being very
careful of his highly perfumed curly
locks, as worn in the Cavalier days?

MRS. LINSON as Joan of Arc, dressed
in an armor riding a white horse, carry-
ing a torch of learning to her classes?

MR. SANFORD as Sir Walter Raleigh
rushing madly out to meet the bus so
that he could put his coat down for the
children to walk over on a rainy day?

MISS FIELDS and MR. SIKES riding to
school on a bicycle built for two; Miss
Fields with long black bloomers, sailor
cap, shirt waist, high-topped shoes, with
white stockings; Mr. Sikes in a checked
suit, red tie, brown buttoned shoes, a
red carnation on his suit; carefully
preserving his yellow gloves by putting
them in the binding of his hat?

MRS. TRIBBLE as Marie Antoinette?

MR. MATHEWS in a Napoleonic costume
(wearing tight fitting pants, short waist
cost, and a cockade) teaching the seventh
grade boys to make bird houses?

MISS BERNHARD as Mary Queen of Scots,
conducting a Camp Fire group at a weiner
roast, wearing a velvet mask, thumbed hat,
a muffler, gloves, fan, boots, and a gown
made of gold with small pearl down the
side?

MISS PINKERTON as Queen Victoria
wearing a bustle, hip pads, tight fitted
bodice, sleeveless dress with billowing
petticoats over hoop skirts that looked
like a looped curtain, reforesing a ball
game? Indeed the players had great diffi-
culty in passing the ball and getting
around Miss Pinkerton to make a goal?

MISS NEWSOM as Carrie Nation dressed
in a mannish suit and hat?

Last but not least, our own MISS
JOHNSON as Greta Garbo?

Tips on Texas

1. Who was the first governor of Texas
to be removed from office?
2. How many constitutions has Texas
had?
3. What famous Texan spent two years
in a Mexican prison?
4. What president of Texas wrote poetry?
5. What woman survived the fall of the
Alamo?
6. What former governor used the
policy, "Pay as You Go"?
7. How old was Travis when he died?
8. Who originated the "bowie knife"?
9. Who was our first native governor?
10. What famous general from Texas was
killed in the Battle of Shiloh?
11. Who was the founder of Nacogdoches?
12. What flags have flown over Texas?
13. Who was elected U. S. Senator
from Texas died before he could take his
seat?
14. When was Texas re-admitted to the
Union?
15. What Populist Party candidate
for governor received 240,000 votes in
1896?

---VICTOR HAMNER

If you do not know the answers to the
above questions, then turn to page thirteen
under the heading, HERE ARE THE ANSWERS.
(By Marie Sandefur)

No money! No cattle! And within a week it would be no ranch for Keith Wade unless he could raise $1,000, cold cash, by Monday morning at 11:00 o'clock. That was the situation; and there was only one hope left—that of winning the Bucking Broncho Contest or the steer-roping event at the rodeo in Cactus Center. Unless Keith could win one or both of these, he would soon be a homeless cowpuncher.

Keith had borrowed $1,000 from Ted Taggart to defray the medical expenses of his sick father, and to do this had mortgaged his ranch. But his father had soon died and joined his dead wife whom he had adored, and Keith was left bereaved and well-nigh homeless.

Saturday morning found Keith in Cactus Center ready for the rodeo. He was desperate. Something MUST be done. But in spite of his frantic effort to capture the $500 offered for the first prize in the bucking contest, he had to content himself with the $250, the second prize. Still $750 shy! But the rest of the rodeo was ahead; and since Keith's need was so urgent, he would make one more daring attempt to win.

At 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon the steer-roping contest started and Keith won one contest and was sitting in the corral on his horse waiting for the finals, when a big lad of about sixteen came out on a big red horse, chasing the largest steer in the corral. Suddenly his horse threw him. He lay as if he were dead. An excited girl of about twenty ran out in the corral to her brother's aid, heedless of the crowd. The steer, which had stopped for a moment, charged viciously toward her.

Keith shouted, but the noise of the crowd drowned his voice. Like a flash, he was riding toward the steer. When he was about two yards from it, he leaped down and throw the steer to the ground in a grip that many rodeo experts would have been proud.
A COWPUNCHER'S REWARD

(Continued from Page 6)

They tried to evade the boy's request, But finally said, "Oh, what's the use? But the looks of those legs of yours, You must have had plenty of experience with a cayuse".

So onto the horse this boy did climb, And in the saddle he stuck For ten minutos or more. And, my! How that horse did buck!

Eyen oldtimors felt sure That this time the bronco was busted. But alas and alack! As we all know Lady Luck is not to be trusted.

They called him the Unlucky Number, Because no one had stood the test Of breaking in this wild cayuse- The meanest broncho in the West.

---HELEN DELAHOUSSAYE

EXCHANGES

A CHILD- a stomach entirely surrounded by curiosity. 

-----THE MAROON AND WHITE
Now Albany, Miss.

Did you know that Summer can't jump into Winter without a Fall? 

-----COMMERCIAL STATIC
Louann, Arkansas

Billy: "I want tho'Life of Julius Caesar".

Mr. Black: "Sorry, sir, but Brutus was ahead of you".

-----THE DESERT JOURNAL
Gila Bend, Arizona

DANGEROUS DAN McCRAE

A bunch of germs were hitting it up In the bronchial saloon; Two bugs in the edge of the larynx Wore jazzing a ragtime tune. Back in the teeth, in a solo game, Sat dangerous Ack- Kerchoo; And watching his pulse was his light of love, Tho Lady who's known as FLU.

-----THE PILOT
Pt. Arthur Sr. High School

The Meanest Cayuse

They called him the Unlucky Number, Because no one had stood the test Of breaking in this wild cayuse- The meanest broncho in the West.

Thon one day a daring cowboy Rode into the town of Stakes, And asked to see this fierce horse, That gave even oldtimors the shakes.

So the horse was brought before him, "Oh, let me ride him", our hero begs. The mon wore sort of doubtful Till they looked at his bowed legs.

Keith was relieved of the task of holding down the steer by a group of willing cowboys who led him away. He joined the group around Jack, and Mr. Soward, Jack's father, offered Keith his hand.

"My name is Soward", said he; "I'm Keith Wade, cowpuncher", replied Keith.

"I want you to repay you, Mr. Wade, for what you did for us".

"Oh! No, Mr. Soward, anyone in my place would have done the same thing", objected Keith.

"Now, Mr. Wade, I own this rodeo, and I have plenty of money; I'm GOING to pay you". With this he took out his checkbook, and while writing resumed, "Why, Ann and Jack, both, might have been killed; and, anyway, I happen to know that you need money".

Keith flushed and accepted the extended check for $1,000. His first thought was, "My ranch is saved!" Just at this moment, Ann, enamoly and alluring, approached her rescuer with profuse thanks.

Charmed with Ann's graciousness and loveliness, Keith felt that a much greater reward than could be measured in dollars and cents awaited him.

The Meanest Cayuse

They called him the Unlucky Number, Because no one had stood the test Of breaking in this wild cayuse- The meanest broncho in the West.
A COMPELLING EAGLE TO

ROOMS TO HOUSE THE PAPER. NO
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BY RUDY VALEE

(Clayton Harvill and Zannet Matte)

Rudy: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us this evening a very distinguished character. He has fought in many great battles winning some and losing some. He is well known in the southern part of North America, that great country of Mexico, and especially in our great state of Texas.

Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you General Antonio López de Santa Ana, better known as the 'Napoleon of the West'."

Santa Ana: "Gracias, Rudy, and good evening ladies and gentlemen".

Rudy: "We are very glad to have you with us, General. But tell me, Santa Ana, how do you like this country and its new modern age?"

Santa Ana: "Those automobiles and flying machines are very dangerous I theenk. I prefer those horse like the old days".

Rudy: "General, I hear you are a pretty good fighter. Is that so?"

Santa Ana: "Si, senor, I seck theem on tho oyo like that George White seck you, no?"

Rudy: "But, Santa Ana, suposo wo don't go into that just now. Tell us about your battle of San Jacinto."

Santa Ana: "Rudeo, it was like thoos, tho Gringos, they attack whoon I oosloop and no look for them. When I look, Boom! and oot cos all over".

Rudy: "Santa Ana, won't you scared the Texans would kill you because of your injustice to them?"

Santa Ana: "I don't have the scare, but whoen I see so many Gringos I walk off for to get my coat. But I couldn't find hoom, so I yost koop walking."

Rudy: "Why did you kill so many Texans in the Alamo?"

(Continued on Pago 12)
Moses Austin

In November, 1820, Moses Austin, about fifty-nine years of age, rode out of Little Rock, Arkansas, on a gray horse. He had fifty dollars in cash, which he had borrowed from his son, Stephen, and he owed the same son eight hundred dollars more for the negro servant and the mule which accompanied him. He was now on his way to San Antonio where he hoped to secure permission from the Spanish authorities to bring a colony to Texas. Wisdom, courage, ambition and hope rode with him; but when he made his request, Governor Martinez instantly ordered him to leave San Antonio and the province. But luckily he met, at this time, Baron de Bastrop, an old acquaintance, who secured for him a new interview with the Governor. As a result of this conference, Austin's application was approved. Cheered by his success, he hurried home to Missouri, but exposure brought on pneumonia from which he died soon after reaching home.

Stephen F. Austin

Stephen F. Austin founded the first colony of people from the United States on lands between the Colorado and Brazen Rivers and near the coast. He had much trouble with the Mexican government and times were hard at first for his colonies, but improvement came in a few years. He located his capital at San Felipe and governed the colonies himself for several years until Texas was joined with Coahuila. Life was hard; necessities were scarce; but in spite of privations and hardships, the people had some amusements and wore often quite comfortable. There were no schools or churches.

James Bowie

A brave leader and great lover of game was James Bowie, who would risk his life to carry out what he thought was right, and (Continued on Page 10)
When Whose Early Texas
JAMES BOWIE

(Continued from Page 9)

as was said by his friends, could not be frightened by anything in the world. Because of great grief caused by the loss of his wife and two children, as victims of cholera, he became a sad, forlorn man, who spent most of his time with the people. His bravery was especially shown at the fall of the Alamo. Although he was sick on a cot, he raised on his elbow and fired his pistols and raised the great knife that he invented and skilfully operated, but was shot by the Mexicans who failed to advance.

DAVID CROCKETT

One of the most colorful heroes of the Texas Revolution is David Crockett, the Indian and boar hunter. He was full of fun, honest, kind-hearted, and pleasant to everyone he met. His motto was, “Be sure you are right, then go ahead”. The people of Tennessee wanted this kind of man to help make their laws. They sent him first to the legislaturio of the State and then to Congress. When he had served his time out, he came to Texas to help fight her fight for freedom with Travis, Bowie, and others, and he sacrificed his life at the Alamo. Crockett and five Texans were taken prisoners and carried before Santa Ana, who ordered them to be put to death. When he heard this order he sprang like a tiger at Santa Ana, but before he could reach him, a dozen swords pierced his heart and he fell dead without a groan.

JAMES W. FANNIN

James W. Fannin was a brave, true, and generous man who, because of the manner in which he died, was declared a great patriot. He was a great leader at Refugio. After arriving at Goliad in Feb., 1836, he was elected colonel, but doubted his authority. This was a sore trial to him. On Palm Sunday, after having to surrender under promise of being set free, Fannin and his men were marched out and shot down like rabbits. Fannin had been promised freedom if he’d kneel, but he wished to die like his men did for their state. His last wish was to have his watch sent to his family, not to be shot in the head, and to have a decent burial; but the Mexicans did the very thing he had asked not to be done.

JAMES S. HOGG

Governor Hogg was a self-made man—the first native-born Texan to be elected Governor of Texas. His father, a Confederate general, was killed at the Battle of Shiloh and the future governor was thereby left at the age of twelve to educate and take care of himself. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at twenty-four years of age. In 1866 he was elected attorney-general of Texas, and in 1892, in one of the most heated and spectacular campaigns ever witnessed in the state, he defeated George Clark of Waco, in a second race for Governor. His slogan was "Regulation of Railroads and the Creation of a Railroad Commission". He was a natural leader of great ability and was able to overcome much opposition to his policies in the state.

SAM HOUSTON

To Sam Houston more than any other man, the United States owes the possession of Texas, and Texas owes her independence from Mexico. He commanded the Texans at the battle of San Jacinto April 21, 1836, in which the Mexicans were defeated and the independence of Texas won. He had been trained for politics under the tutelage of Andrew Jackson. Of the 6,640 votes cast in the first presidential election, Houston received 5,119.

When Texas was annexed to the United States, she honored Houston by electing him senator, and in 1859 he became governor. He opposed the secession of Texas from the Union, and when he placed his allegiance to the Union above his loyalty to the state he was deposed from office. He did not live to see the state restored to the Union.

MIRABEAU B. LAMAR

Mirabeau B. Lamar was a dashing and brilliant man. He led the cavalry and fought gallantly at San Jacinto. He had a long political career, having been attorney-general, secretary of war, vice-president, and president of Texas. Lamar is credited with having originated the educational system of Texas. Besides being a politician and soldier, he was a poet. To appreciate the consummate skill of Lamar one must read his lovely lyric—THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA.

(Continued on Page 16)
Tojo's, the friendly Indiannya, long ago
agery roamed the prairies of Texas, wide dimensions, little thinking
as they moved, openly or by stealth, that a time would come when they would be extinct, blotted out of existence, no longer living or active.
Today, where they hunted the door and the bison aglo-oyed and wary, theirs amosakos, proud of their inheritance, have cow-fashioned this spacious domain and are inviting, you, urging earnestly all people everywhere to come to Texas and witness the limitless attractions and achievements of the LONE STAR STATE.

---Anonymous

Texas is a grand state, earnest in many things.
Texas is a part of our scenery and beautifying our many streams,
so come along, mess mates.

Can see our state that's true, everyone!
Over have you seen so beautiful trees, fields, and buildings, too.
When the people are healthy and happy.
Now, come with us
Over to forget the beauty you have seen.
I will tell you of the lane that you should see; so let all of us remember and come to the CENTENNIAL!

---Lillian Ware

Rockwall is the county seat of the smallest county in the largest state, and got its name from an underground well believed by some to have been built by prehistoric man.
SANTA ANA INTERVIEWED
(Continued from Page 8)

Santa Ana: "They no geeve up, so I yoost keel em all. Pretty good idea, no?"
Rudy: "Were you president of Mexico during the war with Texas?"
Santa Ana: "Si, I was president, general, secretary of war, and all those thing. I was one 'beeg shot', as the Gringos say".
Rudy: "Did you like the president job?"
Santa Ana: "Si, senor, but the Mexicans, they act funny sometimes. They hard to please. They want thees and they want that, but they don't know what they want."
Rudy: "Santa Ana, I hear you slaughtered many Texans in Gonzales as they were returning home from the fighting field."
Santa Ana: "Si, you know, I think it a good it a good idea to keel a few, because they are dangerous. They can fight, so I yoost keel 'em to be safe."
Rudy: "Santa Ana, we consider it a great pleasure to have you with us this evening, and we are sure our audience enjoyed the visit also."
Santa Ana: "I am sure the people like hearing wan beeg hero like me. I tank you, and I tank I comma a gain."
Rudy: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have just heard Santa Ana, the one big hero of Mexico. And now I shall croon one of my favorites, 'Goody! Goody! Play boys!"

These sure shooting Texans
Were not shooting for a show;
But only for revenge of
Golliwog and the Glorious Alamo.

Santa Ana, the Mexican general,
Was also a victim of capture;
He also signed the long wanted treaty,
Which filled the Texans' hearts with rapture.

---CHARLES L. TANSIL

BOILER ROOM CLUB
HOLDS SESSION

The Boiler Room Club was called to order March 26 by the Judge-Pro Tom. To prevent further disorder in the room, and to further the interests of the organization, it was decided to adopt a constitution. Officers elected were:

Judge-------------------------- Alvin Waro
Prosecuting Attorney---------- Charles Melling
Executor----------------------- Ivy Proctor
Janitors-----Willard Shumway, Doyle Prible

Only one case came before the honorable court at this time—Citizen Joe Almendro was sentenced to ten lashes with the belt for disorderly conduct, by the storm magistrate, Judge Waro. Court was then adjourned until next meeting, which was scheduled for March 29.

---CLUB REPORTER

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

At this great battle,
On the San Jacinto River,
The way those Texans fought
You would in fright shiver.

In a vory few minutes
The Mexicans turned in flight,
Being half asleep from a recent siesta
They could not fight.

They ran to the river,
And in it they did jump;
But when they came to the surface,
They were sure to slump.

---CHARLES L. TANSIL

---CLUB REPORTER
7A REGULAR: Ruth Bridges, Theron Fortenberry, Horace Frazier, Nelson Sapp, Pete Terwey
7B REGULAR: Clifford Broussard
6A REGULAR: Gloria Mae Caldwell, Evelyn Chester (Straight "A"), Muriel Chester, Gloria Mae Gish, June Rose Gish, Eula Mae Jennings, Jane Lumpkin, Elizabeth Monks, Beatrice Poss, Marjorie Stehle, Dorothy Streetman, Kathleen Tansil, Maude Evelyn Winn
6A SPECIAL: Arleigh Duff, Peggy Jean Rowland
6B REGULAR: Ernest Webb
6B SPECIAL: Renee Matte, Ova Arline Moses, Yvonne Parish, Milton Sticker
5A REGULAR: Marion Creswell, Allen Frejean, J. T. Tansil (Straight "A"), David Willis (Straight "A"), Evelyn Rhea Wilson
5A SPECIAL: Dora Hooks, Dorothy Marlow
5B REGULAR: Frances Ann Allen, J. C. Monts
5B SPECIAL: Leslie Linscomb
4A REGULAR: Hazel Greer, Gloria Langham, Betty Gene Sanderson (Straight "A"), Marjorie Sapp
4A SPECIAL: E. A. Gillispie, Elbert Hall Walters, Felix Walters
4B REGULAR: Lexie Jean Banks, Wynonna Hebert, Dorothy Savoy, Irene Webb, Robert D. Woods
3A REGULAR: Rose Arthur Davis, J. P. Derrick, Joe Allen Dickinson, Martha Ann Goodwin, Jane Harvill, Joyce Harvey (Straight "A"), Mary Ann Holcombe, Carol Wayne Lester, Dorothy Thoriot, Dorothy Virgilio, Mary Beth Willis, Carolyn Wilson (Straight "A")
3B SPECIAL: Joe Allen Dickinson
3B REGULAR: Charles Davidson, Aline DuBose, Betty Rae Rice, Marjorie Ann Simoneaux
3B SPECIAL: Charles Davidson

TIPS ON TEXAS

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS
TO TIPS ON TEXAS, page 5

WHAT IRVIN S. COBB THINKS ABOUT A TEXAS FRONT YARD

Because the Texas Rangers merged with a prosaic highway patrol, thereby losing their entity as perhaps the finest fighting force for law enforcement that America ever knew, they're saying romance has suffered a death blow.

But I wouldn't go so far as to say that-not about Texas. There's romance in her scope; raw drama in her business. Superlatives grow on trees out here and distance lives up to its name. We may not always fall in love with the fat lady in the sideshow, but her size commands respect. And sometimes, as in this case, there's beauty along with bulk. Take the famous King ranch- the mightiest domain in the hands of a single family in all the world.

There is a saying- and a true one- that it's ninety miles from the front gate to the front yard. Think of trying to shoo the chickens out of that front yard!
"I'll get you if I have to dig to China!"

High School Honor Roll
1st Term of 2d Semester

STRAIGHT "A"

Shirley Arnold, Lois Bodemuller, Helen Delahoussaye, Thomas Harbour, Clayton Harvill, Mary Louise Jordan, Juanita Lumpkin, Zannet Matte, Emma Terwey, Agnes Thorp, George Trotter

AT LEAST ONE "A"


PERFECT ATTENDANCE

tree and stretch himself out on a limb overhanging the trail. Within a short
timetime the cattle came stringing under
neath on their way to water. The lion
leaped upon a fat heifer, dug his claws
into her loins, and with his powerful jaws
fixed his fangs into her neck just back of
the head. She bellowed and pitched and
tried to throw him off, but the harder
she struggled, the deeper the lion dug in
his teeth and claws. He broke her neck.
Then he feasted on the fattest parts of
her carcass. At last, belly full and soul
contented, he licked his thankful chops
and told the coyote to help himself.
All this time the coyote had been
cowling to one side in a hang-dog manner.
Now he bolted for the carcass, and began
gorging as he had not gorged in months
and years. That very day he began to
fatten.
Within a very short time, thanks to
the skill of the lion who had adopted him,
the coyote was fat and slick and strong.
The fleas left him, and fresh, clean fur
covered spots that had been mangy.
Then the lion said: "Brother Coyote,
I am going to take a trip into a far
country. You are now strong. You have
learned how to kill. I am going to leave
you. Remember to let goats and chickens
and such property of poor people alone
and to prey only on stock belonging to the
rich ranchers. Adios."
"Goodbye, Brother Lion," the coyote
howled. "You have taught me the ways of
noble hunters and I shall follow your
eexample."
So the lion went away. The coyote
remained full of confidence. Before long
he began to get hungry. He saw some
cattle coming to water. He noted that
they would pass under a tree that had a
low limb overhanging the train. With a
great deal of trouble he scrambled out on
the limb, for the trunk of the tree was
leaning so that he could climb it. He was
eager to try his skill.
The first animal that came under-
neath him was a fat bull. The coyote
jumped on it. But his claws would not
hold and dig into the bull's back. He
could not fasten his jaws on the thick
neck. The bull pitched and bellowed and
threw him off. Then the bull gored him

and bellowed louder. The other cattle
came at the smell of blood and gored him
more. He was killed deader than Hock's
pup and mutilated into jelly.
"This is to teach that every man had
better stick to what he can do, and not
make a dead monkey out of himself by pre-
suming to do what is foreign to his nature".

Mr. Dobie's Letter

(Continued from Page 1)

this from the school children of Texas
than have a modal from Franklin D. Roose-
volt.
I don't know whether there are any
coyotes in your country now or not, but
there used to be plenty of them. I learned
a good while ago that there were more coyote
stories in America than there are fox stories
in Europe. First and last I have heard a
lot of them, principally from Mexicans. In
the tales, as in life, the coyote is always
mighty smart, but sometimes he is too smart.
I am sending you one of those coyote
stories that a Mexican with whom I was
riding in the Sierra Madre Mountains told
me. I hope you will like the moral at the
end of it.

Your friend,
J. Frank Dobie

Don't Be Too Sure
ROBERT LA SALLE
(Continued from Page 10)

Robert La Salle, one of the greatest French explorers in America, worked not for personal gain but for the enlargement of French possessions in the New World. He explored the Mississippi to its mouth and then took possession of the entire Mississippi Valley for France, naming the region Louisiana in honor of King Louis XIV. He built the first sailing vessel placed upon the great lakes.

La Salle was treacherously shot from ambush by one of his followers. He was a man of great vision and untiring energy, but he lacked the tact necessary to enable him to hold his followers loyal to his cause.

America owes him an enduring memory; for, in his masculine figure she sees the pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage.

BEN MILAM

Ben Milam was a tall, well-built man who hailed from Kentucky. He was a born leader, and at the age of twenty-two he fought in the War of 1812. Milam came to Texas, because he loved freedom and wanted other people to enjoy it. He volunteered his services to Texas. Fighting had been going on for some time, but it reached its crisis as the Texans prepared to storm San Antonio. The Texans, facing certain defeat, were about to withdraw when Milam uttered his famous words, "Old Ben Milam is going to San Antonio and he wants volunteers." Not one man failed to answer his call. The town was taken after his death, but this was accomplished because his fighting spirit stayed in the hearts of his men.

DEAF SMITH

Although Deaf Smith was very hard of hearing and had poor eyesight, he rendered valiant service to the Texas Revolution. In the first place, in spite of his Mexican wife, he chose to fight with his own people. His work as a scout was very valuable. It was through him, who secured the information from Mrs. Dickinson and Travis' negro, that the Texans heard of the slaughter at the Alamo. Again on Apr. 19, Deaf Smith brought in some Mexicans caught with dispatched for Santa Ana, and Houston learned that the Mexican commander was just below Harrisburg with six hundred men.

Tho chance to trap him had come. Deaf Smith was again called into service when he and five others were sent to destroy Vince's bridge, which the Mexicans had crossed as they came down from Harrisburg. A brave man Deaf Smith was, who served Texas valiantly.

WILLIAM B. TRAVIS

Travis, a young lawyer, is first heard of in Texas when he arrived at Anahuac from Alabama in 1832. Like many people who had lately come from the United States, he favored independence and was not always careful to speak well of Mexican officials. For these reasons General Cos planned to arrest him. But others were also criticizing the Mexican Government and talking of independence. So we next find Travis in command of a little garrison at the Alamo. Of his bravery how the whole world knows. He and his men deliberately remained in the Alamo to defend it to the last.

"One by one the bravest fell: Travis, Crockett, Bowie, Bonham, and all the rest. Not a man offered to surrender. They died like heroes. Long may they live in memory!"

A Village School
IN 1836

By Lois Bodomuller

RING AROUND THE ROSES,
POCKET FULL OF POSES;
ONE, TWO, THREE,
AND WE ALL TUMBLE DOWN;

"Who's your fellow? Who's your fellow?"
goos up a cry of shrill voices.

Maryon Ruth, slowly turning red, says,
"I don't have a fellow."

"You do, too, you do, too!" the group answers.

Maryon Ruth glances over the group of enthusiastic players and her eyes come to rest on Henry. He shakes his head significantly. "I said I don't have a fellow," Maryon Ruth repeats.

Who is this I see? It is George shily dropping a handkerchief behind Mildred and trying to get around the circle before

(Continued on Page 17)
A VILLAGE SCHOOL IN 1836

(Continued from Page 16)

she catches him. But George's feet seem tied to the ground— he's so overcome with joy because of Mildred's chasing him— so Mildred tags him, and he is "it" again.

Who are those children joining their raised hands to form a "bridge" under which others are passing? It looks like— Oh, my, they aren't children at all. They're Miss Wood and Miss Earle only singing for the children while they march under the "bridge". What! The music has stopped? Oh, it is only that Miss Wood and Miss Earle have completed their song and have caught some wriggling prisoner. Why it looks like Wiltz Metroyoon from heron! "Goodness, Wiltz, I never imagined I would find you playing— 'London Bridge'.

Now, it seems as if Ola Mae is trying to imitate a frog! What is this all about anyway? Oh, I catch on now. One person is chosen to be a frog and must sit with crossed foot in the center of a group of players. The others must stand about him and repeat, "Frog in the middle can't catch me!" What an odd game to play!

Perhaps you are wondering what is going on. I was only giving you a glimpse of a school yard in Texas a hundred years ago, at recess time. The children seemed to be enjoying themselves quite well, did they not?

Week-End Frolics

(By O. S. Johnson)

Today is Saturday. I got up and slipped on my short brooches and checkered shirt and looked out the window at the sunshine that marked the beginning of a wonderful day. I had sat in school the week before, day-dreaming of the coming week-end. Ma told me that she was going to a SEWING BEE and for me to stay home and keep the chickens out of the garden. She about half-way know that I wouldn't stay at home, and I know it, too, because I had told George and Fred the day before to come by on their ponies and we would go swimmin'. It wasn't long after Ma left that George and Fred rode into sight, and we rode off ready to get into any mischief. About half-way down to the old mill-pond we met Dub Hise and his gang. They challenged us to run foot races and any other kind of contests offering competition. We ran several races in which we came out about even, and I tried to think of some way to decide the champions. We finally decided to have a PERSIMMON EATING CONTEST. We rode down to old man Clark's orchard and began to knock green and ripe persimmons off the trees. The persimmons having been divided equally, we began the race. Johnny and Dub started off by getting hold of two of the greenest persimmons in the pile. Now! you should have seen the expressions on their faces when they bit into them. Johnny started crying for Mama, but his orris gradually lessened in intensity as his mouth began to draw up. So was heard to murmur, "Mama, you had better come and get me, because I am closin' up". Dub caught his stomach and rolled over on the ground, while the rest of the gang tried to revive him. Accidently he rolled into a yellow jacket nest. Did he stir them up! We all had yellow jackets in our hair, our shirts, and our pants. We made for the mill-pond in a none too ceremonious manner.

I did not regret the incident so much, because my feet, hands, and face were so swollen that I couldn't get my Sunday clothes on, and I didn't have to go down to the ol' camp meetin' for church.

The PANHANDLE is the northern tip of Texas, and is so-called because it appears on the map to be the handle of a giant pan.

The State of Texas is larger by 23,000 miles than Franco, and larger by 83,000 miles than Germany. The total area of Texas is 265,896 square miles.
There was an air of joy over the school, because tomorrow would be a holiday. Yes, tomorrow the Port Neches Indians were coming to engage the Nederland Bulldogs in their annual battle. There are many noted athletes on both teams and many records are expected to be broken or tied. The strongest competition is expected to between Jack Henry Singleton and Harry Prejean, the Port Neches heavyweight wrestler. Jack is the best wrestler in these here parts, and he says that he is in the pink condition, tipping the scales at 112 pounds. Prejean only weighs 210. Jack is favored because of his enormous strength.

Other entries are: 100 yard dash, Alvin Puny Ware (his usual time is 9 seconds flat), and Bennie Sedivy, Nederland's main hope in tossing the 12 pound log.

The main attraction of the evening will be the foot races. There are always many spectators at these races. As I have said before, Alvin will run the 100 yard dash.

Henry Short, the redheaded demon, will run the mile. Red lives in the Beauregard Gardens, about three miles from town. Red has set a record in the fact that he has never missed a day at school. Many a morning Red has come panting into the school house calmly saying that he has just run through a bunch of Indians, who were after his "purty" rod hair. That is all the training he ever gets: three miles in the morning and three in the evening, outrunning the Indians to and from school. The only protection he has are his nimble feet, his powerful left hand, and a big rabbit's foot.

The team is much strengthened by the return of George Pennington Trotter, who has been confined to his bed with a bad attack of LOVE-CITIS. He was stricken while riding his horse through Port Neches. She was sitting on a stump washing her great feet. Yes, gentlemen, you have guessed it; she was "Abea". O. D. Bailey will attempt to toss the corn stalk for a now distance of 196 feet.

Now just a word about the young manager with a man's board, and his able assistant. They are none other than Roland Lionel Dumasnil and Norwood Joseph. Dolahoussayo. These two boys really support their team. Norwood would have made the team easily except for his eyes. He is a second Abe Lincoln, sitting up late at night studying by the light from the foreplace. He expects some day to be president of the United States. Roland will make some school like Fannott a good coach, in a few more years, say about 1866. Our present athletic director, "Gramp Sanford", has to teach so many different subjects that he needs an able assistant, and maybe Roland Lionel will get that job when, if ever, he gets through Nederland High. He is in the eleventh grade, and he should finish in seven more years, unless he is dumber than Johnny Arnold. Good luck, Roland.

Don't forget, folks, tomorrow afternoon, May 3, 1851. The Bulldogs have added extra seating room at the field by cutting down some more trees. You may sit on those stumps. The field is in excellent condition except for a few stumps, cow trails, and gopher holes. The price of admission will be a bushel of corn or a sack of sweet potatoes. This will go to the people who need charity. Among those needing it are: Mr. H. D. Keeling, Mr. C. A. Mathews, Miss Estello Wood, and Miss Frances Earl. So, folks, please help the cause by attending the game.


**Tug O' War**

(By George Pomington Trotter)

Mr. P. R. Sikos, the roforree, draws a line about ten foot long. Captain BONEBREAKER Locklor and MAN MOUNTAIN Singleton choose their sides. Locklor has HONEY BOY Johnson, COWPUNCHER Arnold, and last but not least SIXTY Morvant. Singleton has STRONG ARM Bailey, SCORCH Molling, RED Short, SONNY BOY Reach, and DECOY Cletiaux. Locklor's side has just been given a terrific boost by the addition of SWEETHEART Hiso, the Romeo of the campus.

The mon (?) take their positions. Down comes Sikos' hand and with a terrific pull the battle is on. Johnson pulls hard but his puny muscles fail to respond. Singleton puts all ninety pounds of dynamite behind his pull, and suddenly, without warning, Locklor's team begins to give. At first they move slowly, then faster and faster toward the fatal line. Finally, Locklor's team is pulled across the line and bows humbly in defeat. Sikos holds up the victor's hand and presents the team with the "Championship of the Little Rod School House".

The BLUEBONNET, sometimes called "buffalo clover" was selected as the flower of the State of Texas in 1901 at the regular session of the Twenty-seventh Legislature.

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**BEAN BAGS**

(By Agnos Thorp)

When time came for recess, which was usually about ten o'clock, the children became very much excited over the games they would play for the brief thirty minutes.

I should think one of the most favored games of the time was THE BEAN BAGS.

This is how I saw the game played. Sylvia Brooknor, Lois Bodomuller, Mabel Paessler, Norma Joan Lawrconc, Lillian Waro, Scowillow Morgan, Zoe Schion, Gladys Alphin, Helen Delahousse, and Peto Adams were gathered in a small group. They had already chosen Scowillow to be the teacher. Such was the same of the person who was chosen to stay in the center of the circle. The bag used in this game was usually made of some bright material and was about half full of beans. Lillian Waro had made the bag on this special day. Scowillow took the ball and threw it to Sylvia, Sylvia seeing that Mabel was entirely interested in some other subject, threw the ball to her. Mabel locked up just as the ball was thrown. Oh! my goodness! the ball hit her right in the eye. Mabel at once started crying and stopped playing the game. So Sylvia took Mabel's place and got into the center of the circle. The game continued on in such manner, only no one also was hurt.

While we leave this group playing on one side of the building, we shall see how the other group of girls are going about their game.

In this group were: Betty Williamson, Juanita Lumpy, Boulah Mae Campbell, Mario Sandofur, Lois Alvaroz, Shirley Arnold, Marie Luckett, Maxine Handley, Hazel England, and Lillian Ledet. Those girls divided into two groups of five to each group. Then they lined up in a straight line. One of the girls at the head of the line would throw to the second one on the other row. Then continued this until the bag reached the end of the line. They then started at the end of the line and threw it to the ones who had missed it the first time. One time when the ball was thrown to Shirley, and she wasn't expecting it, it hit her and caused her to fall. Her dress was torn and she was indeed embarrassed.

About this time Mr. Keeling came and gathered the pupils and marched them into their rooms, thus ending the game.
BEAN BAGS

The O' War (to picture your fancy)

Maurice was a carpenter
He worked for a living, and was
Satisfied with his position.
He lived in a house, and had
A wife and two children.

But one day, as he was working,
A letter came to his door,
Signed by the mayor.

"Maurice," the mayor said,
"I hear that you are good
A carpenter, and that you
Are hard working and honest.

I want you to go to war,
And fight for your country.
I know you will be brave.

I will give you a gun,
And a uniform to wear.
I know you will do your best,
And fight for our land.

Will you go to war, Maurice?"
Maurice thought for a moment,
Then answered, "Yes, sir, I will go.
I am ready to fight for my country."

Maurice packed his things,
And went to the meeting place.
He heard the bugle blow,
And saw the colors fly.

He marched to the battlefield,
And fought with all his might.
He fought for his country,
And never gave up.

He returned home, a hero,
And his children were proud.
They knew that their father,
Fought for their land.

And so, Maurice became a hero,
And his children were proud.
They knew that their father,
Fought for their land.
It was on Saturday night. The weather was warm, and all the cowhands were doing their chores. Lester, the cook's helper, was carrying in wood for the morning fire. O. S. was in the bunk house humming a tune as he was shaving-preparing for the dance at the small Texas town's only barn. Sam was at the corral brushing down his beautiful pinto's sleek hide. Sam was very happy tonight, for he was taking the boss's beautiful daughter, Emma, to the dance. Fred was hurrying supper so they would not be late for the dance.

After supper, Lester went out to the buckboard and climbed into the driver's seat. Mr. Wilson, the boss, was in the back seat discussing the weather with O. S. When all were aboard Lester started the horses jogging slowly along toward town. Sam and Emma tagged along behind on their wiry little horses. The party rode into town with a burst of gunshots. Everyone was happy tonight.

All the men checked their guns at the door and went inside to dance. Just as everyone was settled down to dancing, they were interrupted by the entrance of two men. One of them was tall and lanky.

---PAUL D. BILLINGSLEY
(better known by all his friends as Sonny Tabor, himself)

The Spellin' Bee

(By Helen Delahoussaye)

The dreaded Friday afternoon had arrived. The little one room school house was full of excitement. The little boys were uncomfortably dressed up, that is to say-each had on his best short trousers, bow tie, and linen-woolsey shirt. The girls were also well aware of the fact that they were beautifully dressed and were afraid to touch themselves. Some of the parents were present, too-those that could afford to waste their time "galavantin' around the country".

The schoolmaster rapped loudly on the desk.

"All right, all right", be said (not imitating Major Bowes). "Ahem- as we all know, we are gathered here this afternoon (Continued on Page 21)
The Spellin' Bee

(Continued from Page 20)
to hear our dear pupils recite. Without further loss of time, we shall begin the exorcise, and I know the children are very anxious to recite."

"We shall start with out graduates, the sixth grade. 'Rosie' Short will give us our first speech."

Up the aisle crept Rosie. The farther he crept, the rosier he got. When he finally reached the front of the room, he throw his head, squared his shoulders, and drew a deep breath.

"A boy stood on a burning dock
"And- uh- and-
"The boy stood on the burning dock
"And- aw, shucks!
"He stood and stood and stood!"

With this Rosie scurried to his desk. After many such speeches as Rosie's, there was the spelling bee. The Captains of the two sides were Mickey Thorpe and Junior Trotter. On Mickey's side were Johnny Arnold, Lois Bodemullor, Herbert Foster, Elizabeth Hanshaw, and Alvin Porcival (Puny) Ware. There were such heroic figures as BONEBREAKER Lockler, MAN MOUNTAIN Singleton, Bonnie Sedivy, and Peter Adams on Junior's side.

The contest started with, "Johnny, please spell 'hearse'."

The shrinking, bashful little Johnny answered, "H-o-s-e-o-o-o".

"Wrong. Next."

Of course, Bennie spelled it right, as usual.

"MAN MOUNTAIN, spell 'locomotive'." 
"Sorry, Master. That is one of the very few things I can't do".

"Now, I am sure that our dear boy, Alvin Porcival can spell 'locomotive'."

"Oh, yes, Master. I am a very close relative of the man who invented that apparatus. I am very well acquainted with the mechanism of the locomotive.

"Yes, Alvin. But can you spell it?

"Oh, indeed, Sir. L-o-o-o-o-

m-o-o-t-i-v-o (tive)."

Arbor Day

It was and it wasn't Arbor Day for Mrs. Tribble's 7A Civics class Wednesday, March 18. It was Arbor Day in the sense that the class planted some trees, but it wasn't the real date of Arbor Day.

The Civics class bought two beautiful red bud trees (at least they hoped they would be beautiful), but they were a little in doubt as to whether the trees would be very large and pretty. However, their joy soared high when the trees arrived and they found that they could not have been prettier.

Since the planting of these trees was to commemorate the "Centennial" and was to be used as a Civics project, Mrs. Tribble and her class planned a "regular ceremony" for the planting. At the second period, the class gathered around the front entrance outside and watched with eagerness Mr. Raboy as he dug the holes in which to put them.

Ruth Bridgco recited "TREES" - an appropriate poem for such an occasion. Then Mrs. Tribble read "WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT A TREE?", after which she read verses about famous old trees such as the Charter Oak, The Liberty Elm, the Washington Elm, and the Wooping Willow near Napoleon's grave.

Then Johnny Appleseed held the interest of the class for the rest of the time while Mr. Raboy completed the planting.

When the bell rang, Mrs. Tribble and her class went back to their room feeling that a noble deed had been consummated.

Senior's Hear College Head

Seniors of nineteen high schools wore guests last Friday evening, April 3, of the Baptist Churches in this vicinity. The meeting place was First Church, Beaumont, where the ladies of the Nederland Baptist Church joined the ladies of other churches in serving delicious three-course dinner to 619 seniors. Following the dinner, President Noff of Baylor University entertained and inspired the group with an address on the value of a college education.
Announcing the Birth of
A Daughter
On March 14, 1936
Weight: 8 lbs.
Name: Barbara Joan
Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Konecny

On March 14, a wee 8 lb. bundle of happiness came to live in the J. F. Konecny home. This wee bundle has been given the name of Barbara Joan.

Results of County Meet

LITERARY EVENTS: NEDERLAND WARD
Arithmetic(Pete Terwey and William Shannon)- Second Place.
Choral Singing- Third Place.
Jr. Girls Declamation(Jane Lumpkin)- first place.
Music Memory- Second place.
Ready Writers(Jane Lumpkin)- third place.
Story Telling(Carolyn Wilson)- third place.

LITERARY EVENTS: NEDERLAND HIGH
Ready Writers(Beulah Mae Campbell)- third place.

GOODWIN-HARTWIG

A wedding of unusual interest will be solemnized Sunday evening, April 12, at the Methodist Church. The contracting parties are Miss Frances Goodwin, a popular alumna of the Class of '34 and Mr. O. Lewis Hartwig of Edwards, Mississippi, employed now at Weslaco, Texas.

The bride will be attended by her sister, Mrs. John Poague, as matron of honor; and the groom will be escorted to the altar by Mr. Poague, as best man. Little Betty Janelle Cooke and Jack Poague will serve as flower-girl and ring-bearer. John Goodwin, brother of the bride, will sing the wedding song, with Mrs. L. Koellemay as accompanist.

Friends and acquaintances are invited to be present. The ceremony will take place at 8:30 o'clock, immediately following an Easter concert.

COUNTY MEET CONT.--
Spelling(Hildred Shannon and Lillian Ledet) second place.

HIGH SCHOOL TRACK & FIELD: SENIORS
120 yards High Hurdles(Bailey)- second place.
100 Yards Dash(Johnson)- First place.
220 Yards Dash(Johnson)-First place.
220 Yards Low Hurdles(Bailey)-fourth place.
440 Yards Dash(Johnson)-First place.
Pole Vault(Trotter)-Second place.
Running Broad Jump(Bailey)-Second place.
High Jump(Bailey)-First place.
Javelin Throw(Bailey)-First place.

HIGH SCHOOL TRACK & FIELD: JUNIORS
50 Yards Dash(Champagne)-Third place.
100 Yards Dash(Champagne)-fourth place.
440 Yards Relay-Second place.
Running High Jump(Champagne)-fourth place.
Chinning the Bar(Broussard)-third place.

Chief clerk(to typist): "Miss Smith, I would suggest that you do not write letters to your fiancé during office hours. Loo, Jonas Company wrote mo that they havn received notice of a shipment of love and kisses instead of tho tar and axl greaso thoy ordered".

Hubby: "I havo already admitted that I was wrong. What more do you want me to do?"

Wifey: "Just own up that I was right."