

FIFE-MCKEE MEETINGS

Open Sunday, 11 a. m., Tabernacle. Help Make Choir 250, Male Choir 60.
Fife Preaches, McKee Sings. Mrs. McKee at Piano. Come Early

HISTORY OF SENIOR

CLASS, S. H. S., '21

Most of the seniors of '21 have been in S. H. S. all four years. We started in that September morn just four years ago, thinking we were the most important part of S. H. S. and Co. Mr. B. G. Appleton seemed to be of the same opinion also, for he encouraged the idea the entire year. Miss Anna May Klapporath tho't all we lacked was Latin (and that is saying a whole lot). She sympathized strictly with the seniors in their contempt for us. At that time we tho't the seniors were very old and wise and dignified excepting, of course, Roy, George, Dick and a few others.

We were instructed in the ways of Ancient History and led, or rather dragged, thru the deep channels of algebra, that year, by Olive Hollingsworth, a sweet, mild little creature, and very harmless. Mr. Brodgen, Mr. Rives and Supt. Clark completed our masters. However, Mr. Watson and Mr. Garrett were always on hand when we were in need of discipline.

We managed to lose a little of our greenness and giggles before the year drew to a close. Perhaps none of us will ever forget the note John Sturdivant wrote Dorothy Chambless, which was read before chapel.

When that year closed, we had lost one dear classmate, among others that I can't recall, who was Eleanor Fullilove. She went to Shreveport, where she has happily spent these three years.

Perhaps we will never spend another such year as that Freshman year, unless it be the college Freshman year.

Colors—Red, white and blue.
Motto—"Pro patria."
Flowers—Violet.

The faculty changed somewhat the next year. Miss Craddock was our history teacher, and a jollier, better teacher has yet to be found. Dear little(?) Anna King taught us the figures of speech to outline(?) and make book reports(?) etc. She was one of the sweetest teachers in the faculty. We had the honor this year, of being taught by Anne Moore Amo-Amas-Amat, or rather "All Gaul is divided into three parts." She was not what you would call beautiful but she made this up in many other ways. Her greatest lacking was in sense of humor. Her ready advice and being a good sport(?) won the respect(?) of every pupil.

Several events bring back the Sophomore year as the mysterious sneezing spell that had a rage in our room. Mr. Bryon Haris and his receipt, also his discharge, the moonlight picnic, chaperoned by Miss Moore, Mr. Faber and numerous others.

Colors—Black and maroon.

Flower—Red rose.

That year we lost several beloved classmates. Willela Brice, who has her name upon the honor roll at Weatherford, Dorothy Chambless, who now lives at Waxahachie, Lee Cornelius, who now resides in Mineral Wells, John Sturdivant, who lives in Austin, and Exia Harvey, who is now Mrs. Underwood.

But 'tis better to have loved and lost, than to have never loved at all.

The year of 1919-20 arrived with our old crowd and a few additions. By this time we were over our fun and had settled down to work. Teachers were hard to find but Miss Moore and Mr. Lindsey managed to stick it out here. Miss McCorley also had the "pleasure" of teaching one brief year before she settled down to matrimony. In history we were taught by Robbie Stratton, Mr. Rives, Mrs. Meade, Mrs. Kelley, Mrs. Strayhorn and Dr. Hicks. Mr. Weatherby was our only hope in either math or holidays(?). On November 11 we gallantly took a holiday to commemorate the close of the great war. For this we were sternly reproved and our patriotism condemned. But we were granted three days to regain control of ourselves, and also our grades were cut as court martial.

This year we were pleased to add to our class Bertie Norcross, Anne Lee Myers, Grace Periman, Floy Worley and Bertha Curry, whom we all thought very quiet and strange until we knew her, also Ollie Richardson, whom we firmly believed to be bashful until we were made aware of our mistake.

Most of us can faintly(?) recall a picnic at Justiceburg and other tho'ts will at once arise in connection!! Also a Junior-Senior party at the Yeoman hall, a Senior-Junior picnic at Wolfe Park. The awful day of work we put in decorating the Senior room while they were away. The chloroform and asofetida, etc., and last but not least, the Junior-Senior farewell party.

Colors—Pink and green.
Motto—"Not on top but climbing."
Flower—Pink carnation.

On the 13th of September, 1920, we gathered in the old red brick building for our last year. Then we met several new pupils who were our class mates all year, as Babe or Odyne Beavers, Fred Boon, Wayne Boon, Sarah Wright, better known as "Bob," who entertained us many times, and Altha Fellmy, our secretary, and Corley Jenkins joined our ranks from the Juniors. Hollis Russell, D'Vern Wade, from Dunn, Clara Pierce, who eloped, Floyd Blakeley, and Hattie Ditto, all of whom left us before the first term ended.

Many happy hours were spent in the old laboratory room downstairs,

and we plunged in many scrapes as: The drawing of the "Masoot" on the back wall; the ridiculous smell of asafetida, etc., peanut hulls all over the back of the room; where were certain seniors at the period just after morning recess on certain days; the famous battle of the White and Gold vs. the Gold and Black, and the results. We can never forget this last year of our high school life, nor can it be lived over again except in memories.

Will the Virgil class ever forget the hours spent the first period in the Senior room under the dearest teacher? and the awful fire in which prose-composition books were burned?

Many trying and vexing problems we have cussed and discussed in sociology. Many disputes and disagreements have arisen but "let" all be forgotten save our dear old friendship and may that grow older and wearier. If we fail in our duties as citizens it won't be because Miss Smith did not do her best to implant the high ideals of citizenship in our minds!

In English we should not be lacking or in making out-lines. You tell 'em in college you've read "Vanity Fair" and "Ben Hur!" If we do not understand evolution or "Lycidas" it is because we are "shallow."

Perhaps no one will ever forget the interesting history class discussions. Claud V. Hall has directed and the pleasant tale of his travels as the "very chair in which Jefferson signed the Declaration of Independence." We should at least remember who Basset and West were!

The noisy trig class has now ceased its rattling, never to revive again. It to has served its purpose and now must go.

When I think of Phisic class, words fail me. Pure English cannot describe the awful, ridiculous, funny, terrible, sad, peculiar and wildly different events that have taken place within the four walls of the "lab." Each one must recall the affairs, one by one to fully appreciate 4th year science.

We are proud of our class of '21. We are proud of our president, of our Vice-President and of our secretary. We will always believe that our class was the only 100 per cent loyal, true and full of pep the Apus 1 class that has ever had the pleasure of graduating here. Let not the 30th of May end all our happy school days, but may there be re-unions, let this parting be not a "farewell" but "au revoir."

Class colors, White and gold.
Motto, "From evil good may come."
Flower, Shasta Daisie.
By Katherine Clark.

Subscribe for the Signal.

WANT TO KNOW WHEN HE LOVES YOU?

Helpful hints to girls or boys anxious to ascertain whether one certain member of the opposite sex is responsive to their respective emotions are given in "The Love Expert," starring Constance Talmadge and which will be shown at the Cozy Theatre Tuesday and Wednesday.

This production is the workmanship of John Emerson and Anita Loos whose former stories and adaptations for Constance Talmadge since her affiliation with First National Exhibitors' Circuit have been greeted by the theatregoing public at large as classic gems of comedy production.

Canning the Square Root.

As Babs, a romantic boarding-school girl, Connie, is probably in her most delightful characterization. Eschewing the cut-and-dried educational subjects she devotes herself to self-instruction in the science of Practical Love-Making, with the result that the Board of Regents stimulates another sale for the railroad companies—thus giving Babs a chance to try out her many formulas. The management maintains nothing like it has ever been shown or written before. The picture is from an original scenario by Emerson and Loos.

Facts of Interest.

32nd Annual convention Christian Endeavor has grown in Texas from a small band of young people to number something like 18,000 to 20,000 with about 600 societies.

Waco is convention city.

Speakers of statewide and national reputation will be present among them Dr. J. H. Burma of Waxahachie, Dr. Wm. States Jacobs, Houston, Texas; Dr. Young, City Temple, Dallas, Dr. Colby D. Hall, Ft. Worth, A. J. Shurtle, Boston, Mass., Dan A. Pooling, Associate President United Society of Christian Endeavors, Paul Brown of California and others.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Willig of San Antonio and Mr. Robt. Jolly of Houston will direct singing. Miss Ester McRuer, whistling soloist, Oklahoma City has been secured for the convention.

Registrations asked for 2000, so far 1500 are in and eight days more to go.

This will be the largest young peoples gathering in any state in the United States. These young people are from all denominations.

J. E. Wilsford of Fort Worth is here this week visiting his brother Billie Wilsford.

Uncle Geo. Johnson was in town Wednesday from the ranch at Camp Springs. He is very optimistic and thinks we will make a good crop yet.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Want Ads Bring Results—10c a line each issue—40c minimum price. No Classified Ads Charged. It's Cash

FOR SALE—My home place, with part down, balance on payments. Address E. E. Brumley, Cisco, Texas. 2c

WANTED—A woman to help with general housework one or two days a week. Phone 177. Or address Box 351, Snyder, Texas. 51t

FOR SALE—50000 Mountain Cedar post direct to consumer, 6 1/2 to 20 feet long, 2 to 12 inches tops. Price F. O. B. San Saba, Texas, can load at once and dry post. Aylor Cedar Co. 51p.

LOST—Who has lost a red heifer yearling, about 18 months old? For information apply to Signal office. 51-pd.

FOR SALE—My home place in east Snyder, E. E. Brumley, phone 120. 48 ft.

NOTICE—This is to give notice that anyone getting wood out of my pasture without permission from me will make themselves liable. J. V. Riley. 51

STRAYED—One small brown Jersey cow, with short horns, had halter and chain on when strayed. Finder phone 265 or 30. A. C. Alexander 50tt.

TAKE NOTICE—No hunting or fishing allowed by anyone in my pasture. It is posted. Mrs. Sallie Binnion. 51

VEGETABLE PLANTS—Nancy Hall (home grown) sweet potato slips, \$5.00 per thousand; cabbage and tomato plants, 50c per hundred; sweet and hot peppers, 20c per dozen. Orders for potato slips will be filled in rotation as received. We pay postage. Cash with order. No C. O. D. Lubbock Floral, Lubbock, Tex. 45tt

Prevent Spring Bug Trouble. Feed Matin's Blue Bug Remedy to chickens for blue bug and other insects. Satisfaction guaranteed, for sale by Grayum Drug Co. 51s

Sheriff W. J. Chesney of Colorado was in Snyder Thursday.

DR. L. E. TRIGG
Office in Perkins Bldg.
Phone 122 Res. Phone 243

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