—and SUDDEN DEATH

WHY GAMBLE WITH DEATH?

This Article, Written Especially for The Readers' Digest, Is Reprinted In The Headlight By Permission of the Publishers.

BY J. C. FURNAS

Like the grusome spectacle of a bad automobile accident itself, the realistic details of this article will nauseate some readers. Those who find themselves thus affected at the outset are cautioned against reading the article in its entirety, since there is no letdown in the author's outspoken treatment of sickening facts.

J. C. Furnas, author of "—and Sudden Death," was inspired to write the article by an editor who was jolted by the bloody sight of an automobile wreck being pulled into a garage. He secured additional color from the terror he experienced at the dizzy speeds of others who bore down past him on the highway, by contacts with gangsters, policemen, ambulance drivers and others who saw automobile victims with heads severed, with slivers driven into their brains, with broken bones and gaping wounds. He figured that one death might not be much worse than any other death, this modern weapon of destruction. His article has been reprinted many times as a caution to the reckless, and in several instances judges have read it with telling effect before traffic violators.

Publicizing the total of motoring injuries—almost a million last year, with 36,000 deaths—never gets to first base in jarring the motorists into realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figure, exclude the pulp and hoots of savage mutilation — which means they leave out the points that need to be brought closer home. A passing look at a bad smash-up shows that the fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will make any driver but a born fool slow down at least temporarily. But what is needed is a vivid and sustained realization that every time you step on the throttle death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance. That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens every hour of the day, everywhere in the United States. If you really felt that, perhaps the sickfull of type of Monday's paper recording that a total of 29 local citizens were killed in week-end crashes would rate something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising judge now and then sentences reckless drivers to tour the accident end of a city morgue. But even a mangled body on a slab, vaguely portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgement, isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.

That picture would have to include motion picture and sound effects, too—the flopping, pointless efforts of the injured to stand up, the moan, grunting, sobbes, the driver's panting groaning of a human being with pain coming up on him as the shock wears off. It should portray the slack expressions on the face of a man, drugged with shock, staring at the 2-twist in his broken leg, the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inward, a realistic portrait of a hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a hole in the bloody drip that fill her eyes and runs off her chin. Minor details would include raw ends of bones protruding through flesh in the commonest fractures, and the dark red, oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off at once.

Those are all standard, everyday sequels to the modern passion for going places in a hurry and taking a chance or two by the way. If ghosts could be put to useful purpose, every bad stretch of road in the United States would greet the becoming motorist with ground and screams and the substantial shape of tackle of ten or a dozen corpses, all sizes, sexes and ages, lying horribly still on the bloody grass.

Last year a state trooper of my acquaintance stopped a hog wild motorist for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant week-end with his family—so the officer cut into papa's well-bred expostulation: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep off this way, you won't last long. Get going—but take it easier." Later a passing motorist hailed the trooper and asked if the red Hispano had got a ticket. "No," said the trooper. "I hated to spoil their party." "Too bad you didn't," said the motorist. "I saw you stop them—and then I passed that car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me feel sick at my stomach. The car was all folded up like an accordion—and the color was about all there was left. They were all dead but one of the kids—and he wasn't going to live to the hospital."

Maybe it will make you sick at your stomach, too. But unless you're a heavy-footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare paint, a first-hand acquaintance with the results of mixing gasoline with speed and bad judgement ought to be well worth your while. I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride an ambulance or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

The automobile is treacherous just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. Al enthusiasts tell you, it makes 60 feel like nothing at all. But 60 an hour is 100 feet a second; a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or sideswipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction—and, since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile aimed squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you—and one of the rarer things—is to be thrown out as the doors swing open, so you have only the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the Twentieth Century at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

Anything can happen in that split second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have dived through windshields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to battered junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterward. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic. This spring a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of her son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. No blood—no twisted bones—just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap as she has clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

On that same curve a month later, a light touring car crashed a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a 9-month-old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet unhurt. A fine practical joke on death—but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers—it's difficult to identify a body with its whole face mashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern highway is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic—like the notorious Aster Flats on the Albany Post Road where there have been as many as 27 fatalities in one summer month. This sudden scaring pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collarbones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of the 36,000.

And egery time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow a man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against this kind of blood and agony . . . and sudden death.

Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then take it easy.

Looking Backward

Items of more or less interest from the Headlight file of Twenty-Four Years ago.

FEBRUARY 13, 1912

Mr. and Mrs. Max Landa arrived in the city the first of the week from Marshall and will make Eagle Lake their future home. He has purchased the three residence houses of J. Landa here. The former Landa home will be remodeled, with spacious porches and other improvements, in which the family will make their home. Mr. Landa will put in a first class stock of groceries in the Masonic building, as soon as the store building is completed.—The Headlight's folding machine arrived from the factory Monday. It was installed in the office today and is making its first run on this afternoon's issue of the paper.—W. P. Causey and H. E. Carey are both contemplating building new homes in Eagle Lake, on which building work is shortly to begin.—Miss Mary Middleton and two little brothers of Las Vegas, New Mexico, arrived here the first of the week and will make their home with the family of E. Middleton.—Gus Seaholm and his motorcycle had a wreck on Main Street, near the home of Sam Alkek, Sunday. Gus overcoat caught in the sprocket wheels, and kerThunk—he hit the ground a jolt, breaking his goggles and cutting him about the right eye. When Gus' overcoat was gotten out of the sprocket, it looked like a bunch of bulldogs might have had hold of it.—Eagle Lake will gain three valuable families in the removal of three Matthews families from the country here. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Matthews will rent a house here. John Matthews and family will in a few days move into the White house, which he recently purchased. Haynie Matthews has purchased the Boulden place, near the J. U. Pratcher home, on which site we learn he will erect a large and modern home.—A petition is being circulated and already has 103 signatures, calling for an election to determine whether or not the city shall have the right to build sidewalks, streets, etc., and assess the amount for so doing against the citizens where the streets and sidewalks thus improved touch their property. — Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Nathan, who have been making their home in Marshall, arrived in the city yesterday from Waco, where they have been visiting for a few days. He has recently disposed of his business in Marshall and they will again make Eagle Lake their home.—Miss Carlina Drymalla, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sebastian Drymalla, of Mentz, and Mrs. Thos. Leonole, also of the same community, were married in the Catholic Church at Mentz at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning. Rev. Father Kline officiating.—Chet Rignus and Webb Darby, both of Nottawa have new automobiles, the correspondent from that grace reports.—The same correspondent says: "A forest fire destroyed the only tree policemen and doctors picked at random. The surprising thing is that there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collarbones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of the 36,000.

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Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and

BREAKFAST ROOM SETS

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PENSIONED YOUTH

McKinney Examiner: Recently the Examiner's attention was directed to a new pension movement in which Canada had "gone one better" on us by pensioning youth as well as old folk, and we said so as follows:

Up in Alberta, Canada, they, the voters, have just put into operation a new law to give every young man over 21 years of age $25 a month to keep him going until he can become firmly established or do better. Of course there are rules and regulations that must be followed. It was on the order of Dr. Townsend's old age pension plan. The Premier of the province was elected on that platform and has eighteen months in which to make good on his new young man's plan (pension idea). Those who work and save or who have already done so, have nothing to do now but "stick 'em up."

Joe Taylor who presides over the State Press column in the Dallas News took notice and threw some light on the new move as follows:

The Albertian Premier, the Hon. Aberhart, is a good man, if not a great one. He was an evangelist before he went into politics. While travelling about the country he conceived the idea that poor people were a good deal of trouble to themselves and a reflection on the statesmanship of the country. He figured that if every young man who became 21 years old was given a Government pension of $25 a month there would be no more poor folks. So he went into politics on the pension platform and got elected to the best office in the province. All the young men voted for him, and most of the old ones. There were a few of the latter who doubted if the project were practical. Besides, they favored pensions for old folks rather than youngsters. At any rate Premier Aberhart has been in office three or four months now, but the pensions have n't started. The young men are getting restless. If the pension doesn't begin by plowing time they may have to put in another crop. They hoped to escape the necessity of forming the responsibility of self-maintainance. The Premier has looked into every nook and cranny of the Government House but haven't been able to find the pension cash. He is a good deal hacked. He made the promise, now he can't deliver. This may reflect on his sincerity, a dreadful outlook for an evangelist.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Stephens, Miss Addie Johnson and Mrs. Frank Stephens motored to Houston Monday night where they enjoyed the illustrated lecture of Admiral Richard E. Bird, of South Pole fame.

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ALL DAIRY CATTLE ARE TESTED FOR TUBERCULOIS

The testing of dairy cattle for eradication of tubercular cattle has recently been completed in this and neighboring counties. All dairy cattle have been tested. Any cattle found to be reactors to the test have been slaughtered, so that herds are now free from this disease.

The work was done through the co-operation of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry and the Texas Livestock Sanitary Commission, and was carried out free of any cost to the cattle owners.

BABY GIRL BORN TO MR. AND MRS. KEELING, SUNDAY

A seven and a half pound baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Keeling of Pittsburg, on last Sunday night. Mrs. Keeling was formerly Miss Margaret Little of this city. Her mother, Mrs. W. W. Little, of this city, is with her daughter and granddaughter, at their home in Pittsburg. So, it's "Grandpa" Walter Little now, if you please.

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Mr. and Mrs. victor Engelhard spent the week-end visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shell, at Port Lavaca.

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Garwood Hi Spotlight
VOLUME V NUMBER 18
Garwood, Feb. 14, 1936

Alsace Lorraine Kallina, Editor-in-Chief; Vivian Williams, General Reporter; Gertrude Ollis, Sports Reporter; Evelyn Krenek, Society Reporter; Freddie Kallina, Joke Editor; Samuel Martin, Agriculture Class Reporter.

Here and There

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, that they may see twice as much as they say.—Cotton.

Talking to a true friend is like thinking out loud.

Self command is the main elegance.—Emerson.

Marry three times. It has to in order to keep up with modern civilization.

A quitter does the world as much good as the hole does the doughnut.

The most dangerous flattery is that which we bestow upon ourselves.

It requires constant diligence to keep us from condemning a man simply because he is different from us.

The way to be happy and make life tolerable for yourself is to make others happy.

Senior English Club Meets

The Senior English Club had its first meeting last Friday from 3:15 to the regular English period. An interesting program was given. There were discussion on current news and where the days of the week and the months of the year got their names. One of the students told the story to the club. The story showed the disadvantages of a person's being too sensitive. The club officers are Alsace Lorraine Kallina, president; Ellen Martin, secretary; and Lillian Lundquist reporter.

Personals

Miss Carey spent the week-end at her home in Weimar.

Miss Ruth Smith went to Houston Saturday.

Charlene Franks attended the show in El Campo Monday night.

Miss Hughes took the sixth grade to Houston last Monday to attend Admiral Byrd's lecture.

Miss Phillips spent the week-end at her home in Austin.

Lorraine Kallina was in El Campo Saturday.

Some of the High School students went to Ellinger last Friday night on one of the school busses. The boys played ball there and the Ellinger Elks won. The students who went seemed to enjoy the game and even the ride there and back over the muddy roads.

Mr. Denson spent the week-end in Austin.

Evelyn Krenek was in El Campo Sunday night.

Nicknames in the Hall of Fame

Bob, Robert Hildebrand; Monk, Alfonse; Gene, Charlene; Pep, Lorraine; Kallina, Ruby; Evelyn; Shorty, Vivian; Pritz, Freddie; Boots, Alfred; Ellie, Jim Ella; Sallie, Sylvia; Bucksie, Emma Labay; Sambo, Samuel; Pete, G. P.; Giggles, Cleo Venghaus.

Information, Please

Why is the song "Mom over Miami" so popular?—Why does Charlene wear her hair in a knot? —Why doesn't Jim Ella make up her mind between Sada and El Campo?—What is all this about J. Ola's new romance?—Why didn't Evelyn and Vivian go down a different road Friday?—Why wouldn't Lorraine go to the show Friday? Who helped her take care of her little brother?—Why, is Freddie so full of mischief? It must run in the family?—Why does Frederick like H. E. so much?—Why have Boots and G. P. started coming to school so dressed up? Spring is near. Romance must be in the air, and Sylvia looks guilty.—Why does Emma always look toward the filling station?—Why didn't Lucille eat Friday? Was she afraid of our cooking?—Why does Frank laugh all the time?—Why does Samuel like to argue with every one? —When is there to be another party? Will we be invited? Why do we have to write themes?—Why do girl's hats become Robert and Clayburn?—Why does Charles make so much noise walking across the floor? Or can't he help it—Why can't Victor take Vivian? He always rides alone—Why is Adell so quiet? —Why isn't Lucille so good this year in algebra? She has outside interests, it is rumored.

Campus Rumors

A certain person was led to the wrong place Friday night.—J. Ola got the blame Friday night for something she didn't do.—Emma's glasses came in handy Friday. — Adell shouldn't be so forgetful. — Sylvia really looks cute when she is tickled and trying not to laugh, especially in H. E.—Jim Ella likes Friday nights. She goes to the show. Charlene looked rather blue Monday but you can't blame her. She was absent from school two days last week.—Edric has gained a lot of pep this year.—Evelyn, you know you can't get your foot into the F. F. stocking.—G. P. is really a basket ball hero.—For information on cooking brown Betty, ask Lorraine.—Freddie will some day be a sculptor.—There are some looks that Frederick just can't take.—Emma, it isn't safe to let your people's heads together.—Alfonse thinks that instead of basket ball people play football.—Lorraine played 42 up town 'til eleven Saturday night. Was the game so interesting or was it the player? We wonder.—That future girl's basket ball team is going to be a row. You ought to see the girls out practicing in the cold. —There ought to be a law against smoking comic valentines, but only time can tell.—Quite a few of us have been victims.—The Senior's are stuck up about their new club. The only thing they will say about it is, "We meet every Friday and serve refreshments, too." — The Seniors are having a wonderful time securing Texas history reference books. The history of all the seniors of Garwood High since 1932 can be found in one of them. — Mutt has finally decided we are good enough amusement. She has come back to school.—We are waiting to see who'll be next to take the mumps.—If the Spanish II class ever gets to give a play, Herman will just have to be the hero.—We will have to give our society reporter a vacation. No puede tomarlo, Evelyn?

LEAP YEAR DANCE HERE SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22

The local dance committee is advertising a leap year dance to be given in Austin's Hall on Saturday night, February 22nd. Music will be furnished by the Bender orchestra of Sealy. The admission price will be 35c for ladies, with the men admitted free. The committee announces that this will be the last dance in the local hall until after Easter.

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J. F. Ulery
Optometrist
Eagle Lake, Texas

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PATHFINDER

'Eaglet'
VOLUME VI NUMBER 21
Eagle Lake, Texas, Feb. 14, 1936.

Editor-in-chief, Daphene McElhinney; Society Editor, Jane Reed; Sports Editor, Lawson Swearingen; Feature Editor, Madeleine McCarty.

Valentine's Day

Valentine's Day did not originate from, or have any connection with, any of the various old Roman martyrs, by the name of St. Valentine, of whom at least one is known to have been put to death on February 14 in the year 270 during the persecution of Claudius II.

This belief was probably brought about because of the fact that a spring-time festival held by the ancient Romans happened to fall on the same day. Although the origin of the custom of sending gifts were named valentines for this day.

Until the close of the nineteenth century, it was a fairly general custom to send anonymous love tokens on February 14, but gradually the significance has dwindled until today it is either ignored or at least passed over lightly.

Typing

Last Wednesday afternoon the Schulenburg typing team defeated the Eagle Lake team in a contest held here.

Both teams consisted of seven typists. Those on the Eagle Lake team were Lois Wiese, Lena Gies Stein, Lucile Sandmann, Doris Seaholm, Daphene McElhinney, Juanita Brown and Lloyd Criswell.

They typed two speed tests. The first was for fifteen minutes, in which test Schulenburg had an average of 40 words per minute, Eagle Lake had an average of 35 words per minute. The second test was for five minutes, and Schulenburg's average was 40 words per minute and Eagle Lake's average was thirty-four.

Miss Florence Berry, Schulenburg's typing instructor, was one of Mr. Reed's pupils when he taught in Rosebud.

This was the first contest the Eagle Lake typing team has participated in, and their nervousness was largely the cause of their low average.

Leading the Band

"All right, Bobby," said Mister Lundgren, our band director, "come up here—we'll put you on the hot-spot first!"

In the band we have lots of fun learning the meaning of expressions such as "gob-stick," "noodle soup," "wolf," "tough baby," and so on. And being on the "hot-spot" of which Mr. Lundgren was speaking, was being right up in front of the band. He was calling Bobby Colby to come up and take the baton to lead the band for the last piece of that practice and had decided to call a different one up each day.

Up Bobby came and took the baton gingerly, and Mr. Lundgren sat down in the cornet section and became merely a player with the rest of us.

Down came the "stick" and the band played. Afterward Bobby confessed that she was scared, and no wonder, especially since she was the pioneer of this new venture.

And then during the next week, or so came others to take their turn at being director. When Jane Reed finished and was handed her baton, she was hurriedly putting away her mite-sized saxophone, she laughingly told us that she was scared 'til she got started, but then had more fun!

And Eula, who otherwise plays a clarinet, said her main fear was that she wouldn't be able to "get 'em going fast enough!"

But Mary Ethel, from the alto section said that she felt quite natural and had lots of fun. "I'd like to do it again," said she. Well, perhaps she'll get a second Ina Ray Hutton some day.

Madeleine, who plays a saxophone said, "I was scared silly. I couldn't read his music, and I was afraid when they stopped, I'd keep going." The band had quite a laugh at Daphene, also of the saxophones, when as she brought down the baton, not a sound was heard!

Corinne had a little difficulty keeping correct time, but every one made allowances, and nobody got lost. Maurine Townley, when asked if she were frightened, said, "Gosh, yes, I was scared! And when I got through, my right ear was as dead as anything because they played so loud in it!"

And there you have the reactions of our band players to their first time at directorship.

"Ex-Student" is Honor Student

Miss Ruth Johnson, a student at the University of Texas, made one of the two highest grades in a practice Teaching Course at the University.

Ruthie was one of the two students in her class to make an A in practice teaching in the Austin High School. She is a student in the school of Business Administration, and receives her BBA degree this June.

She graduated with the class of '32 from Eagle Lake High School.

Festival Music

The music that is to be played at the Texas Centennial Celebration in Dallas next fall arrived the first of the week, and the school band will start working on it right away.

The selections that were received are: Roll Along Prairie Moon, Eyes of Texas On the Mall, The Cadets' Way City March, The Star Spangled Banner, America, Dixie Land, Texas Our Texas, The Stars and Stripes Forever, La Cucaracha, Arcadia Overture, The Gypsy Festival, Our School Forever, American Patrol, Home on the Range, Rio Verde, Princess of India and Serenade.

Freshmen Elect Officers

The freshmen had a class meeting last Thursday afternoon and the following officers were elected for the second term: president, Jack Ney; vice president, Betty Pule Terrell; secretary and treasurer, Robert Adams; sergant at arms, Paul Balas; reporter, Bobby Colby.

"Diary of an Eaglite"

Tuesday.—Clatter, clatter, Clatter—that's my teeth, in case you didn't know, I wish the weather would make up it's mind. I get all set for warm weather and I wake up nearly frozen. Didn't wear but four sweaters and a coat to school today. I'm tempted to get me some long undies—they are all the rage now, and seem to keep the wearer snug and warm.

Wednesday.—The weather has made up it's mind—to stay cold. We had a typing contest with Schulenburg this afternoon. My teacher asked who was the most scared in the room, and Lois immediately raised her hand—but she couldn't have been more scared than I. Was going to study tonight, but decided the show was more necessary.

Thursday.—I don't mind a little rain 'cause my Daddy thinks it's too bad for me to walk to school, and takes me. It was so dark in school this morning you would have thought it was night—but that made me no difference—all I had to do was work on my history notebook. The rain stopped after dinner, and it looks as if we might have a little clear weather.

Friday.—I waked up this morning and lo and behold the ground was covered with snow—well, anyway, that's what I first thought. But you know, frost sure is pretty covering everything. I partook of the biggest treat of the season this afternoon. The whole school got out of school to see "The Crusaders." I got out of two whole classes and we got to see it for a dime—and that was swell.

Monday.—Our clock was wrong and I got up at "ten to seven"—I've been sleepy all day. It would have been a very pleasant day with all the sunshine and slightly warmer weather if it hadn't been for an unexpected test Today is the first day in weeks that we could play tennis, and I had so much to do that I couldn't get to it. Tomorrow it will probably rain.

Twenty-Sixth Anniversary

Sunday, February 9, the Boy Scouts went to Houston to celebrate the 26th anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America.

The Scouts left Eagle Lake at 12:15 Sunday under the supervision of assistant scout master Marion Carter. Those who attended the an interest in the new freshman celebration in Houston were James Cash, Frank Davidson, James Ray Thomas, William Glaiser, Duane Sheridan, W. E. Beane, Freddie Franks and Frank Reese.

The Scouts wore their uniforms to school all this week to celebrate the anniversary.

The Crusades

Last Friday the whole school got out at 2:30 to see the show "The Crusades." Mr. Cole made it possible for every school child to see this historical picture by charging only five cents admission.

Two hundred and fifty eight students attended the show. There were 112 from the high school and 146 from the grades which was a very good attendance considering the large number of absences due to illness.

The feature picture lasted two hours, and they showed a "Popular Science" and a Grantland Sportlight" which made the whole bill last three hours.

This and That

Have you noticed those smiles being passed around between Maudie Hass and Jerome S.? Here's something for you "case-watchers" to keep an eye on.—I wonder why the Eleanor-Doyle case has grown so cold?—Have you noticed how Jimmy Thomas exerts himself to catch Page Crim's eye? Surely it can't be my imagination.—All our "uniform-crazy" girls got quite a treat this week looking at the scouts' uniforms each day.—Jane R. is having a time straightening out her dates for the banquet.—The Dramatic Club play ought to be good.—The smarter history I are determined to stay at the foot of the line when Mrs. M. Cheatham treats them to a "turn-down."—Why is it that Marvin Lange waits for at noon every day? — Eula's not the only one who has pupil.—A number of Freshmen girls were absent during the last part of last week, but whether it was merely the after-effects of their first trial at cooking, is a matter of question.—Elmer is all mad at Betty Jule because she wouldn't change seats with him in the show Sunday.—Billy Martin' fire from Doris Donald O.'s time with Lona Lee.—And if you didn't already know, Gerry is desperately that-way about Freddie H. Cute couple, don't you think?

Charlie S. has been making the most chattering remarks about Georgie J.—Bert tells me that all that running around the school grounds that he's been doing lately is merely reducing exercises. Wonder why all the sudden fever?—Ruby W. is still down hearted because of Cannon-ball's leaving school.—Buch has turned from a Rubinoff to a second Jimmy Dorsay.—Why the so innocent look on Margaret Mile's and Ruth Elkins' faces?—It's still smooth sailing in the Reese-Waddle affair—"Sailor" is quite a promising artist don't you think.—Why James L. with Luetta? I thought-ith thoughts all centered on Lillian.—The Fish just "couldn't take" having one mate left right after the other.—If Paul doesn't quit talking in history so much, he will soon be bald headed.

Those in The Ray of the Spotlight last week were Margaret Miles and Jimmie Thomas.

Society

Miss Lorease Carey, a student at Nixon Clay Business College in Austin, was a visitor here from Saturday until Tuesday.—George Allen, who attends Rice Institute, was here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Allen, over the week-end.—Mr. Reed and several members of the school band went to Austin Monday to a school meeting. —Mrs. Parker went to Houston Friday night.

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