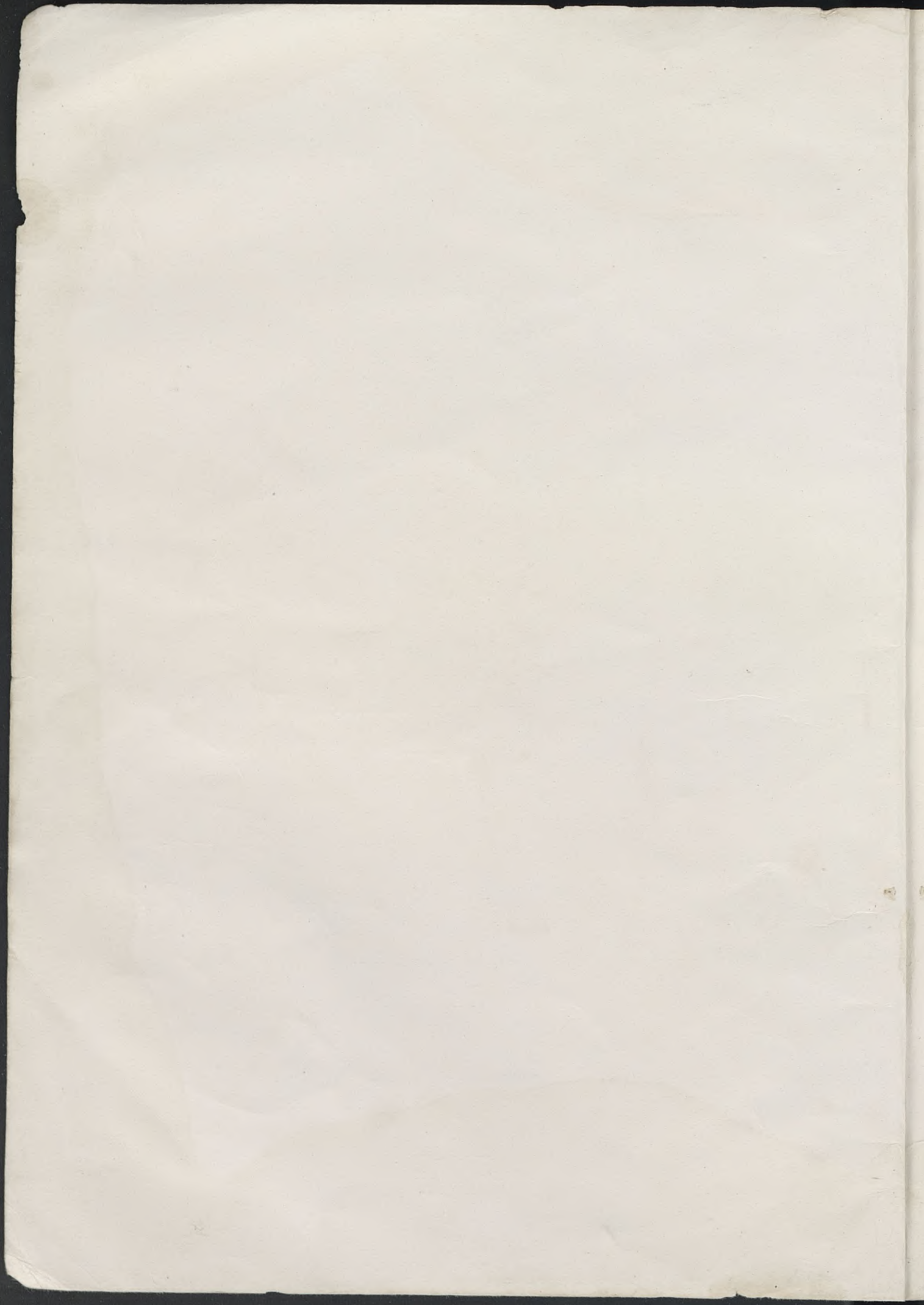
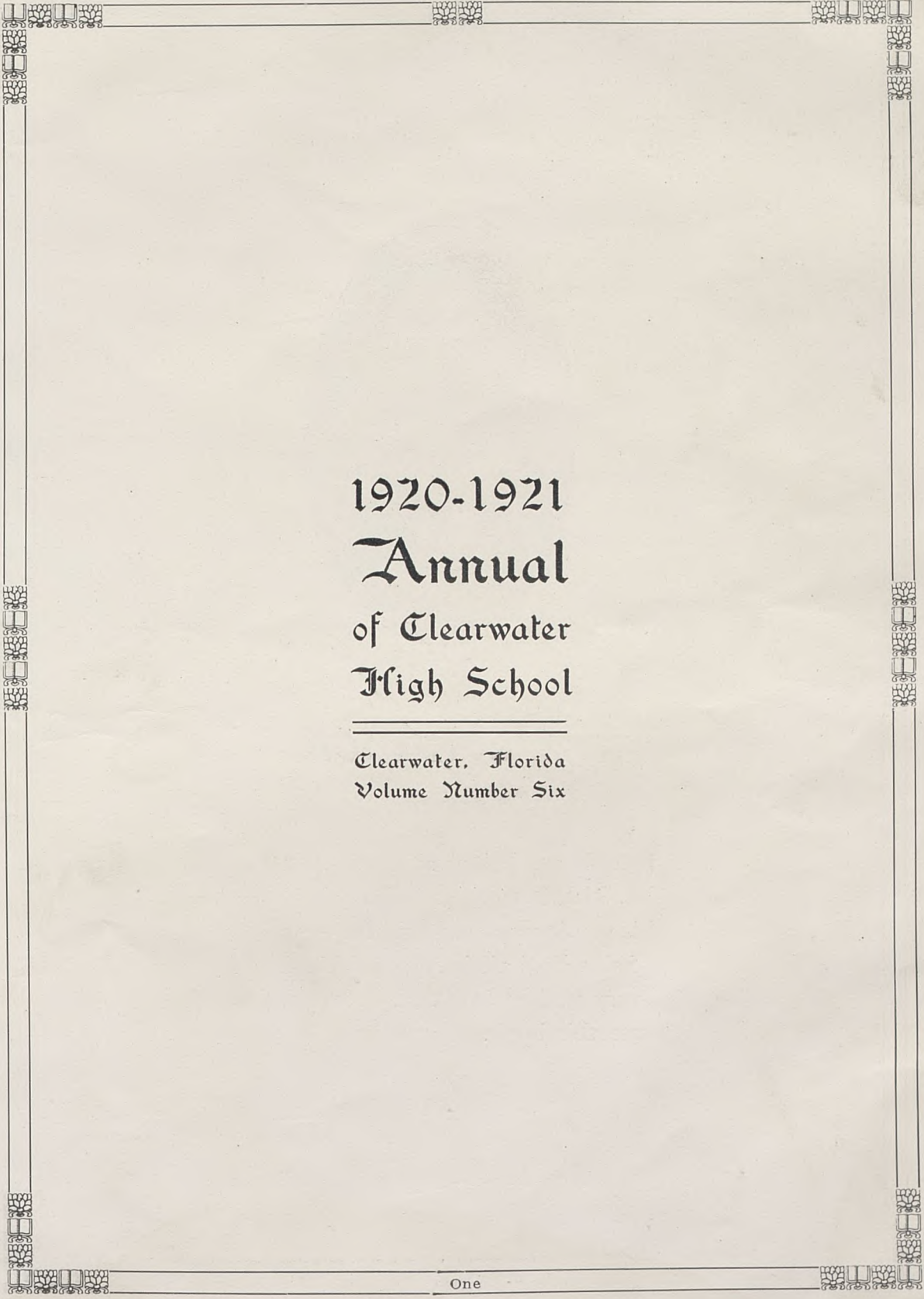


035  
CLEARWATER H.S. 1920-21





1920-1921  
Annual  
of Clearwater  
High School

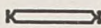
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Clearwater, Florida  
Volume Number Six

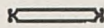


## Dedication



To our Principal, PROFESSOR E. W. McMULLEN, who has, through his gentle ways and faithful support of all school affairs, made a friend of every student in C. H. S., we dedicate this book.

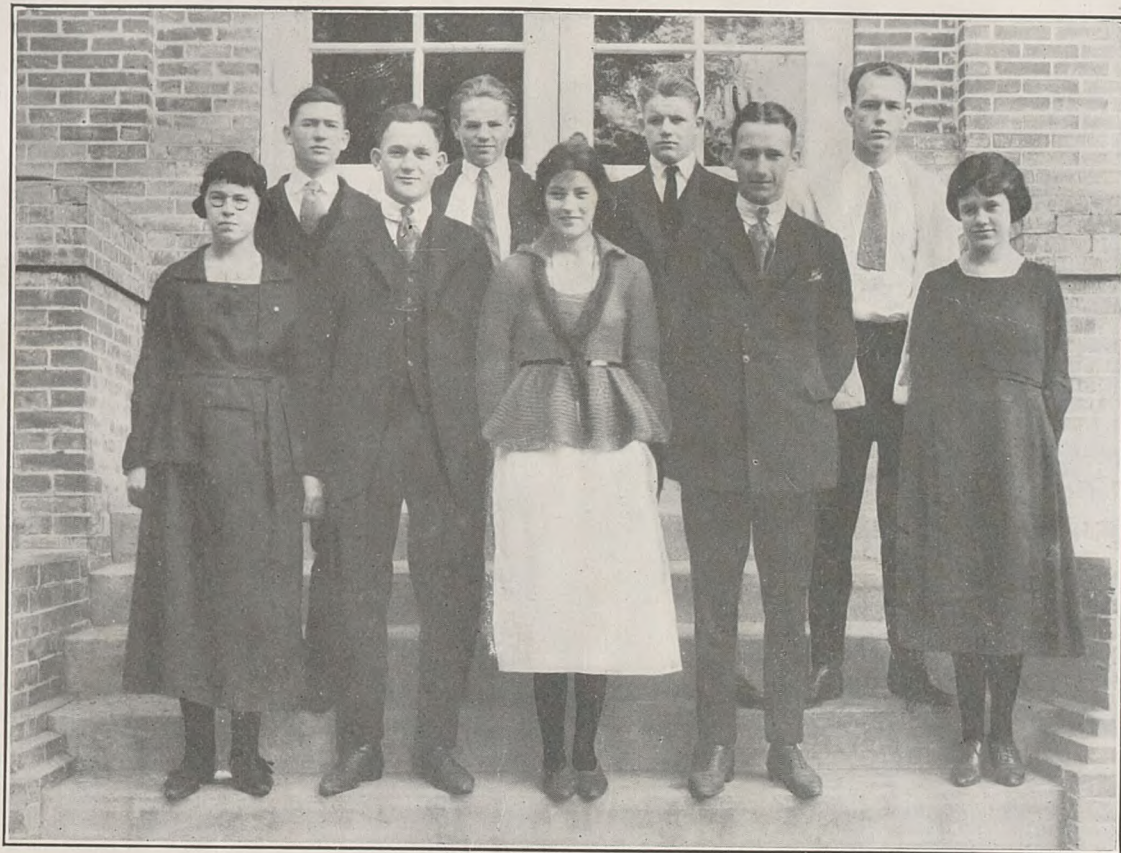
## Foreword



TO our Readers: Considering the difficulties encountered, both financial and otherwise, in the printing of this our 1920-1921 Year Book, we, The Staff, hope that you will overlook all mistakes and will thoroughly enjoy the results of our first attempt at editing and publishing a High School Annual.

Herein you will find an account of our work and play during the past year, with a look into the future. With not a little anxiety as to your approval, and with great pride in our school, we submit this, our best effort, to you, our readers, with the hope that this "Annual," and those to follow in later years, will be a credit to the Clearwater High School, its Faculty, and the community.

THE STAFF.



ANNUAL STAFF

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ASSISTANT EDITOR

Geneva Sheridan—'21

LITERARY EDITOR

Dorothy Bishop

ATHLETIC EDITOR

Goette Fussell—'21

BUSINESS MANAGER

Newton McClung—'21

CHRONOLOGY EDITOR

Mary Plumb—'21

ASS'T LITERARY EDITOR

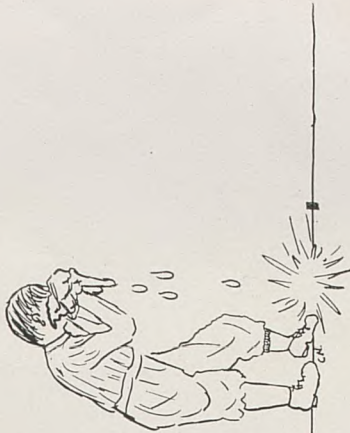
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JOKE EDITOR

Tom Branning—'21

ASS'T BUSINESS MANAGER

Edwin Pemberton—'22



CHALKLINE





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University of Nashville  
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AND FRENCH



**Edith Christie, B. S.**

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Post Graduate Study, University of  
Chicago  
LATIN AND ENGLISH



**Louise Hall**

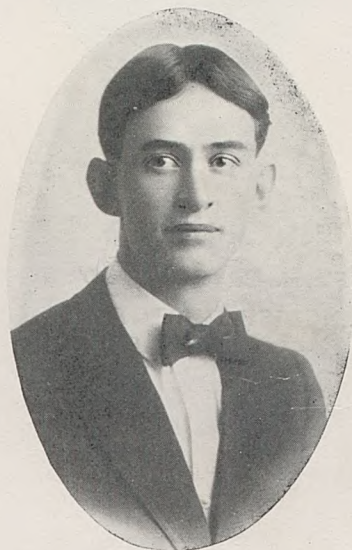
Western State Normal  
Diploma, Post Graduate Study, Stout  
Institute

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*Mrs. J. A. Hubbard*  
Ohio State University  
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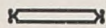


*Rev. Cornwell*  
ENGLISH AND SCIENCE



# SENIOR CLASS

# The Senior Class



## COLORS

Old Rose and Silver

## FLOWER

Pink Carnation



MOTTO: *"The elevator to success is not running—take the stairs."*



## Officers

PRESIDENT .....Newton McClung  
VICE-PRESIDENT .....Eugene Thomas  
SECRETARY .....Jessie Grant  
TREASURER .....Jessie Grant

## All of Us



MOST FRIENDLY BOY

Sidney Barger

BRIGHTEST GIRL

Mamie Ella Osborn

SHORTEST GIRL

Mildred Sumner

KINDEST BOY

Wayne Smith

MOST FRIENDLY GIRL

Jessie Grant

BIGGEST TEASE

Dorothy Bishop

QUIETEST GIRL

Louise Sweat

CLASS NUISANCE

Goette Fussell

LAZIEST BOY

Tom Branning

CLASS JOLLIER

Eleanor Gage

WORST FLIRT

Gladys Kirk

MOST EARNEST GIRL

Margaret Jacobs

BEST NATURED GIRL

Lou Ella Easterlin

CLASS BLUFFER

Annie Davis

BRIGHTEST BOY

Eugene Thomas

MOST POPULAR BOY

Newton McClung

MOST LIVELY GIRL

Stanley Cornwell

MOST POLITE GIRL

Ruth Jett

TALLEST GIRL

Mildred Hayes

MOST INDEPENDENT GIRL

Ruth Easterlin

SWEETEST GIRL

Dorothy Lee

MOST SERIOUS BOY

Rudolph Morton

MOST STUDIOUS GIRL

Mervyn Crowe

KINDEST GIRL

Cecile Warren

QUIETEST BOY

Homer Rigsby

MOST LOYAL MEMBER

Geneva Sheridan

MOST CAPABLE GIRL

Marjorie Cordier

MOST UP-TO-DATE BOY

Ezra Young

### Dorothy Bishop

Though "Dot" never hurries she is always right on hand when her help is needed. She is noted for her artistic ability and her ease in getting out of scrapes with the teachers.



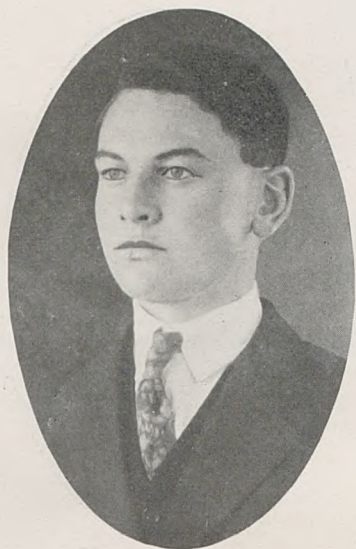
### Eleanor Gage

Eleanor is one of those people whose studiousness does not interfere with having a big time, for she is taking the High School course in three years, and still laughs quite as often as some of the old timers.

### Marjorie Cordier

Marjorie is one of those live wires of the Class of '21, being in almost every movement of the school or class. We are very proud of her vocal talents and it is hard to tell what C. H. S. would do without her.





### Sydney Barger

Sydney is in a way remarkable. He can be funny or dignified, ignorant or wise, romantic or stolid, it is merely a matter of choice.

### Stanley Cornwell

Stanley is another live wire in all class doings. Her energy seems to be inexhaustible. She is quite musical, and being a good dancer and of a friendly disposition, she is quite popular.



### Newton McClung

Popular, noisy, cheerful and energetic is Newton. He holds two offices in the class, and though he is quite rapacious in quest of practical knowledge, what's within the covers of a text-book is not likely to worry him.



### Louise Sweat

"Men may come and men may go," but Louise will stay on forever. Studying, smiling and enjoying life in her own way, she is loved by all who know her.



### Wayne Smith

Wayne is a quiet, reserved and dignified fellow who spends most of his time looking in books, whether he studies them or not. With his best friends he is a generous, good-hearted boy.



### Dorothy Lee

This "Dot" is a serious, studious sort of girl whom everyone admires for her sweet disposition. She also is finishing in three years. Though very studious, it is a known fact that she can smile and even laugh on occasions.





**Lou Ella Easterlin**

Lou Ella is a good-natured and uncommonly reserved sort of girl who is a good student and an interesting conversationalist.

**Mildred Hayes**

A long, tall girl whom everyone likes for her ways is Mildred. She hasn't usually much to say except to those whom she likes—and she doesn't as a rule like teachers. We are very proud of her musical talents and believe she will make friends wherever she goes.



**Mildred Sumner**

"My love is like a red, red rose."

Though few appreciate being small, Mildred doesn't seem to mind it. She also possesses that rare quality to be able to enjoy life and still make creditable marks.





### Mervyn Crowe

"Drink deep or taste not at the Pierian spring."

Mervyn is so busy with her studies that she has no time to waste on boys or any other such frivolous subjects.

### Goette Fussell

"A man's a man for a' that."

Goette is indeed a man's man, and a good athlete. He is not as a rule serious, but if he says he'll do a thing he never fails. He is very popular, especially with the fair sex.



### Ruth Easterlin

"Tears never yet wound up a clock or worked a steam engine."

Ruth is decidedly optimistic in most matters and readily perceives the funny side of life. She could laugh at the devil himself, but she can also show serious mental effort as shown by her recitations in physics.



### Mary Plumb

"Simplicity and plainness are the soul of elegance."

Mary is a good-natured, joyous, kindly, studious and quietly-talkative girl. Mary is quite a poet and violinist, so, instead of the old adage, we will say, "Mary had a little violin."



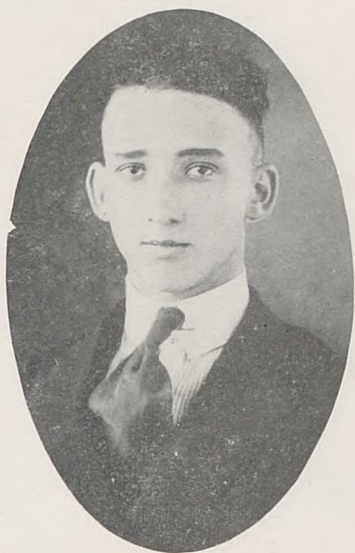
### Eugene Thomas

Eugene is one of those irresistibly good-natured boys who always has time for fun, although he is one of our brightest scholars.

### Cecile Warren

Cecile is another student who has only been with us one year, but her lively disposition and splendid school spirit have endeared her to all.





**Tom Branning**

Tom is a happy-go-lucky, friendly, humorous fellow whom everyone likes. He thinks life's too short to worry or overwork himself in.

**Jessie Grant**

"In the cause of friendship, brave all dangers."

Beauty, brains, common-sense and romance are so admirably blended in Jessie that she is a great favorite wherever she goes.



**Mamie Ella Osborne**

"There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness."

Mamie Ella is a happy, earnest, studious, entertaining and fun-loving girl, one that is always an addition to any gathering. She can be very serious if need be.



### Rudolph Morton

"There is a great end to gain, and that I keep before me."

Rudolph is a friendly, quiet and reserved sort of boy who makes friends and keeps them. Besides being a very good scholar, he is well up on modern affairs and very ambitious.



### Gladys Kirk

"If I do my duty I do what I ought and do no more than all the rest."

Gladys is a very independent but friendly sort of girl, who is well liked by those who know her best but rather puzzling to those who know her not so well. She is, however, always ready to do her part.

### Ruth Jett

Ruth is a dark-eyed and dark-haired bundle of independence who has a smile and a cheery greeting for all who come her way.





### Margaret Jacobs

"Energy and undertaking have done wonders many a time."

Margaret is a small, energetic and serious-minded student. She doesn't care a "Hurrah" for the boys, but has a smile for every one of God's creatures.

### Geneva Sheridan

"Perfect coolness and self-possession are indispensable accomplishments of a great mind."

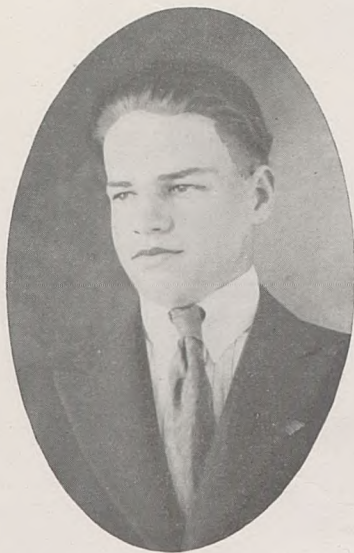
A calm, determined and serious miss in whose eye reposes a twinkle ready to bloom into a smile or a laugh any time the occasion may require.



### Ezra Young

"A man never knows what he can do until he tries."

Ezra is a steady, practical-minded sort of boy who possesses the quality to stick to a thing to the finish if it is worthy of the effort. He will undoubtedly attain whatever success he sets his mind on.



**Annie Davis**

Annie is a charming, easily-pleased and obliging young lady. Her zealous work in behalf of the class and the school has assured her of a place in the memories of the members of the Class of '21.



**Virginia Cox**

Though Virginia has only been with us one year she has been ever loyal to the class, and won the respect of every member in it. She is always able and willing to do her part.

**Homer Rigsby**

Homer is without doubt the quietest boy in the class. He is well liked by everyone who knows him and is ever loyal to the class.





## Senior Class History

WE, the Seniors of the Clearwater High School, think we had the most eventful as well as the most interesting history of any class in previous years.

Entering the high school in the fall of 1917, we have toiled and labored through four long years. It seemed to us as we entered the study hall on that never to be forgotten first day of our high school career that we were at last to realize our dreams.

The faculty were very kind to us at first, and gave us a small portion of Latin and Algebra until we were able to feed ourselves. We felt very proud of our first report cards, but not so our parents, since they advised us gently but firmly to burn the midnight oil. However, we all slipped through the Freshman year very creditably and looked forward with not a little anxiety but with great expectations to our second spasm. During our Freshman year the Sophomores very kindly condescended to give us a party, and though they were rather superior to us, showed us a very good time. Our class was well represented in athletics as well as other high school doings that first term.

The second time we climbed the stairs to the study hall we felt none of our old shyness as in the previous year, but had the feeling that we had come up in the world, and could now look down on anything in the shape of a freshman, or freshwoman, either one. But we found that we would have to come down from our lofty height since the Seniors were not in sympathy with our attitude. We lost very few members of the old class during the freshman year and so felt very proud of our '21 assembly. In our Soph. year we settled down to work at once, organized a class, elected Jim Brumby president and began to do things. We had for our motto, "Impossible is Un-American," and believe me we lived up to it too. We helped in all the high school affairs and were represented in athletics by several of the members of our class. During our Soph. term we gave the Freshies a party and also had a party of our own. Again we looked forward with pleasure to the time when we should enter the portals of C. H. S. as Juniors.

On our return to the happy hunting grounds at the beginning of the year we found some few new recruits, but missed Jim, our president; Annette Griffin, Norman Allen and Paul Moore. Although our class was crippled without the presence of these loyal members, we managed to do big things in our Junior year. Edwin Posser made a very capable

president, always doing his part of the work and boosting the class. We were again represented in athletics and orchestra. We gave the Seniors a memorable reception and when called upon to decorate the court room for Commencement complied by getting the very best decorations possible and within reach of our pocketbooks. We all passed from our Junior year and hoped for big things in our last and best year in C. H. S.

When we returned for our last and best year in C. H. S. we were sorry to hear of the loss of one of our loyalest members, Elizabeth Hoyt, but we found several new recruits who proved to be very good classmates and loyal members of the class of '21. They were Stanley Cornwell, Zelwyn Graham, Homer Rigsby, Ruth Jett and Virginia Cox. At the beginning of the year our class had an enrollment of thirty-five, which gradually dwindled down until we graduated twenty-eight strong, the biggest Senior class that ever left Clearwater High. We began to work and plan for the future as soon as we were used to the daily routine. We elected Newton president, with Gene as vice-president, and started things humming. Our president ordered class rings, invitations for graduation, and in November the annual staff were elected, seven of whom came from the Senior class. We gave several parties during the year, the Class Play, the Carnival and were well represented in athletics as usual. After the dust from the play had cleared we started preparations for a Class Day and Commencement program.

With pleasant thoughts of the past four years' work and play and with a hope for as pleasant a future, we, the Seniors of dear old C. H. S., on the eve of our commencement, do present this history to you, hoping that it will meet with your approval.

EZRA YOUNG '21.



## Senior Class Prophecy

ONE hot day in July as I was traversing a dusty road thinking of my classmates in dear old C. H. S., and wondering what had become of all of them, I heard the quiet ripple of what I believed to be a small brook near the road. Feeling very hot and tired I climbed the rickety rail fence which separated me from the fringe of trees bordering the brook. To my surprise, after passing through the fringe of trees, I found a rather wide cool water stream, bordered by a ledge of rock, which twisted in and out through the woods away into the distance. I then recalled a conversation I had overheard the day before concerning this very same place. It seemed that directly out from and also under this ledge of rock there was a very deep hole, in fact, no swimmer had ever yet found the bottom of it. The general as well as prevailing idea was that a subterranean river ran into the stream at right angles. Being very hot and tired, as well as consumed with curiosity, I decided to take a plunge into the cooling water. Discarding my garments and hanging them on a nearby tree, I took a position on the ledge of rock preparatory to taking my plunge. With a final drawing in of my breath I dove as near as possible into the middle of the inviting pool. When down perhaps fifteen feet I felt a terrible undertow at my feet, I became suddenly dazed, my body became, it seemed, paralyzed, and my eyes suddenly popped open and I saw an immense gate in front of me, toward which some unknown power seemed to be drawing me. On coming closer, the heavy portal opened, giving me a view of one of the most beautiful forests I had ever seen. On a knoll well into the background and higher than the rest of the landscape stood a magnificent throne. On it sat a much-berobed and sparkling personage, who made a motion for me to come toward him.

"I am the Prince of the Future," he spoke in a loud and ringing voice. "What would you know?" At first I was dazzled by this great prince and his finely dressed attendants, but finding my voice at last I said: "Good Prince of the Future, I would know what the Seniors of Clearwater High school of nineteen twenty-one will be doing twenty years hence." "Come," said the great Prince, "we will go." It seemed as if a great mist hindered my vision. I heard hoarse commands being given, the mist suddenly cleared and we were on the deck of a great battleship. Men were scurrying here and there in response to orders given from the bridge, but who was that pacing the deck toward us? I should know that familiar long stride and swing of the arms. Why, it was my old friend and classmate, Eugene Thomas, of course, and to think that his dream had actually come true. He was captain of this immense battleship.

However, before I could get a chance to speak to my old schoolmate and chum, some unknown power seemed to whisk us off the deck of the ship. I closed my eyes in fear of what might happen this time and wondered whom I would see next. We seemed to sail through the air for quite awhile, when I heard the most beautiful low music

coming nearer and nearer to us all the time. I heard a chuckle at my side and a command to open my eyes. We were seated in an immense opera house. Thousands of people on all sides of us were held spell-bound by the wonderful strains of a famous violinist. When the artist had finished her recital the thousands of hearers who had a moment before been silent suddenly showered the artist with flowers and encored her. Not until she bowed and smiled did I recognize Mildred Hayes. I knew she would become a great violinist some time, because when in high school she played well in the orchestra and was faithful in practice.

Again the scene shifted and the Prince and I found ourselves seated in an immense assemblage. It seemed a great political rally was being held and that the governor of Florida was to be the next speaker on the program. The man now speaking on the stage was evidently the chairman of the meeting, and he finished his talk by announcing the next speaker as the governor. The hearers broke into cheer after cheer for the latter personage, and in the midst of their demonstration a tall, handsome and dignified-looking personage whom I had not noticed before rose and with a smile started his speech. I thought I was familiar with that stately bearing, but when he smiled I was sure of it; it was Newton, of course, and to think that he was the head of the entire state of Florida. I heard someone next to me remark: "Isn't he a handsome man, but how could he help but be with such a fine wife." I felt like agreeing with her on the handsome part, but it was the first I had heard of his being married. When I again shifted my gaze to the stage what was my surprise to see Dorothy Lee seated next to the chairman as the guest of honor. She indeed looked the part of a governor's wife, and showed the pride she felt for her famous husband.

The next scene was laid in Iowa, where nestled a very pretty cottage and farm. My guide and I admired the well-kept fence rows, the pretty fields and the home surrounded by immense oaks. On entering the front gate what was my surprise to see Sydney and Mildred sitting on the front steps chatting as they had done in the high school days, but probably about plans for their farm and the education of their children, who were at that moment playing hide-and-go-seek, rather than of old school days.

We next found ourselves in an immense ball park. It was the deciding game of the World's series, played between New York and Cleveland. Looking at the score board I discovered it to be the last of the ninth inning with the score a tie, two outs on the New Yorkers, who were then to bat, and with one strike on the batter. From the distance at which we were sitting from home plate I could not get a good look at the batter until he turned to flash his smile at the fans, and then, of all things, it was Goette Fussell, a big-leaguer, and it was up to him—Goette Fussell, the one-time catcher of Clearwater's High School—to hit that ball and run. His grin of determination assured the fans of the fact. He fouled the second ball that came over, and then the pitcher, with one ball to throw to keep the score, threw a curve right across the plate. Somewhere a band is playing and somewhere hearts are gay, but

there was no joy in Cleveland, for Fussell, the star right fielder of New York, had knocked the cover off the ball.

We next visited a famous art studio, where row after row of drawings and paintings were disclosed to our view. I wondered what a gallery of this kind would have to do with any of my C. H. S. classmates, and then the mystery was solved. I heard someone next to me say: "See, there is the drawing that won the first prize, done by the most famous artist in America. Her name was Bishop before she was married." It was indeed a wonderful piece of art, and I was very proud to think that "Dot," as she was known by her classmates, had won first prize.

I next heard a feminine voice setting forth her idea of a certain bill which was before the Senate. On looking up I was forced to suppress a yell of delight when I saw standing before me addressing that great assemblage of men and women, none other than Eleanor Gage, and doing it just as if she was talking to the Senior class back in the old days. Eleanor always was interested in politics, and so I knew that bill would become a law.

Why was everything so still in this building? I soon discovered the reason for it. We were entering a hospital ward. Walking down between the rows of beds on which lay those who were suffering from some disease or waiting to undergo an operation, or perhaps getting over the effects of one, who should I see but Margaret Jacobs, whom I later discovered was the head nurse, and why, there were Louise Sweat and Mary Plumb, her very efficient assistants.

Passing on through the ward, we entered the spacious operating room, where everything seemed very still and death-like. We heard an assistant to the head surgeon, who was bending over the patient on the operating table, say that there was one chance in a thousand for the man to live. "If it is possible," he said, "Doctor Morton will save his life; he has done some wonderful things, you know." We tip-toed out, not wanting to disturb them, but I heard later that Doc. Morton did pull him through, and I was proud of my old chum and classmate.

It seemed next as if we were in a great department store where one could hear the rustle of skirts and the constant chatter of clerks and customers. Over in one corner a short, rather heavy-set man was talking to several of the clerks as if he was manager of the establishment, probably giving them orders for the day's work. He suddenly turned away from the counter and walked toward us, and I was indeed glad to see Homer Rigsby. In another part of the store I found Mervyn Crowe and Gladys Kirk in charge of the millinery department of this great establishment. I was indeed glad to know that they held such fine positions, knowing that they were very capable back in High School days.

The next scene before us was a famous tea-room, not far from one of our biggest cities, and outside, painted artistically, were these words: "The S Curve Tea-Room." On entering I was very glad to see Cecile Warren and Mamie Ella in charge. It seemed Cecile had married a certain Junior boy she used to like pretty well, and they had

made their money and settled down on this place. They had gotten tired of the monotonous farm life and had started the tea-room. They had taken Mamie Ella into partnership with them, and I was glad to know they were making good.

We were again in a famous opera house. 'Mid hand-clapping and much applause the curtain rose for the encore of a well known pianist. The great house was suddenly hushed by the entrance of the artist, whom I at once recognized as Marjorie Cordier, our pianist of High School days. She played to the hearts of her audience; starting like a gentle brook the music swelled into a stream and finally a torrent of the most beautiful and awe-inspiring notes I believe I have ever heard. When she had finished her recital she received the applause of every hearer, and a call of "Encore!" rang throughout the house. However, the next number on the program was placed before us and as the curtain rose it disclosed the dazzling brilliance of the season's most brilliant prima donna. That wonderful voice rose full and strong until it filled the whole room with its clearness, then slowly it grew softer and softer until it reminded me of a quiet breeze. When the last note had died away the great opera house broke into cheer after cheer for the great singer, and not until she stepped gracefully up to the front of the stage to receive the floral tributes and make her bow could I seem to realize fully that this great prima donna was Stanley.

We were watching the construction of a great subway in the downtown section of New York. It had been in the papers for weeks, I heard a man next to us say, and the work was under the very competent control of Consulting Engineer W. A. Smith. I knew at once this must be my old chum and classmate, Wayne Smith, and was glad his dream of becoming a great engineer some day had come true.

I heard the strains of a near-by orchestra, and being curious to know what was happening, I entered the room, a dancing studio, and there in all his dignity and tallness was Tom Branning, instructing his class in the latest steps, and teaching some would-be waltzers how to get the right swing. I had no trouble recognizing him, as he looked the same as in High School days.

The next one of the class to come before me was Ruth Jett, who held a position as head stenographer in a law office not far from the central part of a large American metropolis. On entering the office we could tell it was her by her quick way and bearing, also that ever-present smile.

We were away up on the Blue Ridge mountains, far from the noise of the city, and had been noticing signs reading toward a famous sanitarium. On arriving here to stay and look over the place, I read this over the entrance: "Mountain Breeze Sanitarium, Davis & Graham, Managers." Of course I knew at once it must be Annie and Zelwyn, and knew that they would become famous.

We had traveled many miles and were now down out of the mountains speeding across the desert to the more fertile ranges beyond, where we found an immense ranch consisting of rolling acres of fertile

timbered land dotted with cattle. Sitting on the front porch of the ranch house were my old classmate, Jessie, and her husband, who was manager of the ranch. With them lived Lou Ella Easterlin and her husband also, who was a partner of Jessie's husband. Of course, we can guess who they married.

The Prince and I were by this time very tired and since we were near the end of our journey we decided to have something to eat and rest a few moments. Going into a community cafeteria conducted by the women of the town I was indeed glad to find Ruth and Geneva in charge, and knew I would get a good meal.

Our journey was now ended and we were back again with the rest of the Prince's court. Although I was very weary I knew I must listen to what the Prince had to say. "I have decided," he said, "to make you Prince of the Future, since I am going away on a long journey, perhaps never to return." He advanced toward me, removed his crown sparkling with jewels, and made as if to place it on my head. I became suddenly dazed, blinked my eyes three times and came to with a start, to find Rudolph bending over me with a worried look on his otherwise sunny visage. "Why," I said, "Doctor Morton; thought you were in the hospital performing a serious operation," and then I realized that it had all been a dream and discovered that the dive had not been carried out as I had expected, but that I had taken my plunge in shallow water, had been knocked senseless when I hit the bottom, and brought around by Rudolph. However, the dream had been a pleasant one, and the Seniors of C. H. S. seemed fresh in my memory once more.

EZRA YOUNG '21.



## Senior Class Poem

The golden light of our high school days,  
Is slowly fading from us,  
But through the mists of coming years  
There brightly gleams a promise.  
We are to sail on an untried sea,  
And know not what luck will bring us,  
But things we've learned we'll not forget  
Wherever fate may fling us.

From this dear old place to other halls,  
Our various duties call us;  
But we've a memory to cherish dear  
Whatever may befall us.  
The rainbows of the future,  
And the splendors of that day,  
Cannot erase a picture, painted  
In the crimson and the gray.

And thoughts of all the joys you gave us  
Will then our journey light us,  
We'll gather strength from these past years,  
And let no fortune slight us.  
But cast upon life's billows deep,  
Where all the waters foaming,  
Dreams of you will guide us safely,  
And we'll anchor in the gloaming.

DOROTHY BISHOP '21



## Last Will and Testament of Class of '21

Whereas the Senior Class of '21 will cease to exist June 2, 1921, and as a single body said class will never hold property in common, we, the members of said class, make our last will and testament, and of our own free will bequeath the below mentioned effects:

Item: Marjorie Cordier bequeaths her class importance to any one who thinks himself worthy of same.

Item: Newton McClung bequeaths all the troubles of being president of the Senior class to the Junior president, Louise Schenck.

Item: Rudolph Morton bequeaths his "Popularity with the girls" to Arlos Ogg and his curly hair to Hugh Jones.

Item: Wayne Smith bequeaths his knowledge in history and physics to the entire Junior Class.

Item: Jessie Grant bequeaths the right of eating lunch with Hugh McMullen to any of the Junior girls, provided they promise not to make eyes at him.

Item: Annie Davis bequeaths her daintiness and neat figure to Alberta Van Voorhis. Her knowledge of physics she bequeaths to any of the Juniors who will have it.

Item: Eugene Thomas bequeaths his reputation of being the brightest scholar in high school to Olivia McKenzie.

Item: Goette Fussell bequeaths his good looks and his ability to get by with the teachers to Candler Coachman.

Item: Tom Branning bequeaths his studiousness (?) and quiet manner to Edwin Pemberton.

Item: Ruth Jett bequeaths her perfect behavior in school and shyness of the boys (?) to Lois Wynkoop.

Item: Stanley Cornwell bequeaths her right to go to the dances, to curl her hair, also her sweet disposition, to Maurice Blanton.

Item: Dorothy Bishop bequeaths her "good memory" and talent for drawing to "Peg" Tucker.

Item: Eleanor Gage bequeaths her dignity and preciseness to Hugh McMullen.

Item: Mildred Hayes bequeaths her good looks and future occupation (soda jerker), to Elna McMullen.

Item: Dorothy Lee bequeaths her dimples to Margaret Chapman.

Item: Emma Cornwall bequeaths to Alma Smith the right to go with Jamie Nall.

Item: Virginia Cox bequeaths to Vida Hudson the right to "shimmie" or "camel-walk" during the lunch hour.

Item: Ruth Easterlin bequeaths her frankness and sense of humor to Bertha Springer.

Item: Alsace Graham bequeaths her love for Dwight Barnes to her sister, Elaine.

Item: Mamie Ella Osborn bequeaths her ability for debating to Madeline Lentz.

Item: Sydney Barger and Mildred Sumner bequeath their ability for love making to Ralph Trott.

Item: Mary Plumb bequeaths her vocal talent to Laura Thomas.

Item: Homer Rigsby bequeaths his gum to anyone that can find it. It is probably in Typewriting unless Miss Huddleson purloined it.

Item: Lou Ella Easterlin bequeaths her quiet disposition to Metta Rousseau.

Item: Margaret Jacobs bequeaths her musical giggle to Sadie Rauls.

Item: Geneva Sheridan bequeaths all her beaux to Mildred Spotts.

Item: Cecile Warren bequeaths her heart to Lawrence Ray with the hope that he does not bend or break it.

Item: Zelwyn Graham bequeaths her interest in athletics to Winnie Kilgore.

Item: Gladys Kirk bequeaths her superiority to Irene Fisher and Mildred Gould.

Item: Louise Sweat bequeaths her sweet smile to Annie Mae Ferguson.

Item: Marie Crowe bequeaths her good grades to Willie Lou McGaughey.

Item: Ezra Young bequeaths his up-to-dateness to Ethlbert Morton.

Item: We, the entire class, bequeath all the tablets and pencils that may be found, to the whole school.

Our good standing with the teachers and our ability to skip school, we leave to the entire Junior Class.

Lastly: We bequeath all the money that can be collected after all our expenses are paid, to the school for a memorial to our love and respect.

Signed and acknowledged by the class of 1921, of Clearwater High School, as their last will and testament, this, the 12th day of April, in the year of Our Lord Nineteen-Twenty-One. RUTH JETT '21.

## Senior-Junior Party

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ONE of the greatest events that we Seniors of '21 "pulled off" this year was the party we gave the Junior Class at the home of one of our prominent members, Annie Davis. Her home is down on the bay, where there is always a wonderful breeze off the gulf. Because of this, and the fact that there is a nice, big, grassy lawn, it was an ideal place for our party. The chaps. were the members of the Faculty and Mr. McMullen.

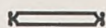
When the guests arrived they found the lawn and large porch beautifully decorated with Japanese lanterns. They were first served delicious fruit punch and then several games were played. And last, but by no means least, the refreshments were served. These consisted of cake and pineapple sherbet.

After a very enjoyable evening the guests departed just as the "wee small hours" of morning were beginning. JESSIE GRANT, '21.



# THE JUNIORS

## Junior Class



Colors: Blue and Gold.

Flower: Yellow Chrysanthemum.

Motto: "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

### OFFICERS:

President .....	Louise Schenck
Vice-President .....	Lawrence Ray
Secretary .....	Edwin Pemberton
Treasurer .....	Edwin Pemberton

### CLASS ROLL

Winnie Kilgore	Frances Compton
Hugh Jones	Irene Fisher
John Gunn	Hugh McMullen
Candler Coachman	Lois Wynnkop
Olivia McKenzie	Jamie B. Nall
Alberta Van Voorhis	Maurice Blanton
Elna Madison	Arlus Ogg
Amelia Tucker	Edwin Pemberton
Louise Schenck	Lawrence Ray
Annie Mae Ferguson	Alma Smith
Bertha Springer	Metta Rousseau
Vida Hudson	Margaret Chapman
Laura Thomas	Madeline Lentz
Ethelbert Morton	Sadie Rawls
Ralph Trott	Mildred Gould
Harold Wallace	Elaine Graham
Arthur Tyler	Mildred Spotts

Willie Lou McGaughey



JUNIOR CLASS

## The Junior Class History

**N**EVER a greener bunch of Freshmen slipped into C. H. S. than the Class of '22. Not only green in ways, but also in dress, though we did not think anyone would judge us to be so green, so we were well labeled. Nevertheless, we soon became used to our "superiors" (?) and found they were human also. Many things we accomplished, and "folks just had to sit up and take notice." For we try always to succeed in whatever we undertake.

A great many parties were given but pleasures were not the only goal we sturdy Freshmen sought. The masterpiece, "The Coming of the White Man," we left in memory of our freshie year, after competing with the rest of the high schools and winning in a contest.

When September rolled around again very dignified (?) full fledged Sophomores began another year of toil (?), many old familiar faces having vanished and new ones there instead.

Teasing the Freshies became one of the main sports. But we kind-hearted Sophs remembered we were once greenies and relented, entertaining them with a never-to-be-forgotten (?) party. Parties of all descriptions reigned—even to a "pie feast" the girls gave in honor of the Soph boys. They so appreciated it, a raid was made at about 8:30 o'clock, which caused quite a "ruff house." However, the pies were well paid for and the proceeds given toward the High School picnic.

The girls and Miss Hall founded for C. H. S. its first cafeteria, which proved to be a great success and a benefit to every one, entertaining at the close of the year in honor of the Faculty with a very formal dinner.

Another star in the girls' crown was the success of a delightful little comedy they gave, entitled "Sophronia's Wedding."

Our boys won great fame for our class in athletics and deserve a great deal of credit.

Once again we enter the doors of old C. H. S., beginning a new year and determined to do our best in the two remaining years. Again many old familiar faces are absent and new ones in their places. Among the absent was one who had been with us a great many years. Illness causing her absence and Monna's death was a great sorrow to us all. The empty space in our class and hearts can never be re-filled.

## Junior-Senior Reception

The Juniors entertained the Seniors 'mid garlands of old rose and silver at the Seora Lodge on May 20th, with a formal reception. The evening was spent in dancing and games, after which a course luncheon was served, during which toasts were given and gaiety reigned. This was followed by more dancing and moon- or rather sunlight-strolls home.

## Y. W. C. A. Banquet

One of the most enjoyable events of the year was the banquet given by Miss Stewart and the "Y" women in honor of the Senior Class. The "Y" rooms and the banquet table were very attractively decorated in the class colors.

As the members of the Class of '21 entered the rooms they were greeted by the hostess and were told to find their places at the banquet table. A very original card made of little shells was found at each place with the name of a Senior penned on it. The shells were fastened to the cards in such a way that they made figures of butterflies, violets and so on. When the guests had been seated the hostesses served them with delicious refreshments, chicken salad, olives, sandwiches, ice cream and cake. After a very appropriate talk by Mr. McMullen, who praised the Y W. C. A. for the work they were doing and spoke in behalf of the class, thanking the hostesses for their honor of inviting the class to such a good feast and good time, the guests were taxied to the next room, where they played games and sang songs, led by Miss Stewart, with occasional visits to the cooling contents of a nearby punch bowl. At a late hour the Seniors gave a parting cheer for their hostesses, which was answered by fifteen hearty ones for the Class of '21. Words cannot express the good time we had, thanks to these hostesses.



## Junior-Senior Hallow'en Frolic

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On Hallow'en the Tucker home was a scene of unsurpassed gaiety, as ghostly, fantastic figures flitted in and out amongst Jack-o'-Lantern and fern. The Juniors, you see, gave those dignified Seniors a genuine Hallow'en frolic.

Apple bobbing and chewing string proved to be great sport, while the punch bowl, half hid in a nest of fern, was indeed a popular place. Two fancy dances were rendered, one by a prim Colonial lassie, the other by a mysterious lady in red. The last event of the evening was the costume contest, the prize being awarded to Geneva Sheridan. This was followed by refreshments appropriate to Hallow'en, and more dancing, after which the guests were "sent" to their respective homes.

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The Junior-Senior Hallow'en party and the Senior-Junior party were enjoyed by everyone immensely. And then the Junior-Senior reception, which was given at the home of Miss Sadie Rawls. Need I speak of it? You can imagine the splendid success it proved.

We are anticipating a wonderful Senior year and intend to accomplish many things.

The Senior issue, which I know you will look forward to with great interest, continued until '22.

AMELIA TUCKER.



SOPHOMORE

## The Sophomore Class

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Colors: Black and Gold.

Flower: Black-Eyed Susan.

Motto: "Launched, Not Anchored!"

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### Officers

President .....	Richard Shoemaker
Vice-President .....	Margaret Mighell
Secretary .....	Marion Martin
Treasurer .....	Marion Martin

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### Class Roll

Paul Ficht	Cyril Barger
Gladys Brennan	Lester Plumb
Madre Horn	Paul Campbell
Freda Grant	Marion Campbell
Dorothy Grant	Lucile Trott
Richard Beauchamp	Margaret Mighell
Marion Martin	Leslie Green
Minnie Oliver	Herbert Fields
Margaret Moore	Elizabeth Cornwell
Christil Clayton	Marjorie Lawrence
Charles Nelson	Verna Crumpton
Richard Shoemaker	Frances Eubanks
Eldon McMullen	Bertha Dunn
Harold Trapnell	Rosamond Cox
Louise Aunspaugh	Ronald Douglas
Amy Allen	Harold Weaver
Mary Belle Walker	Rachel Cox
Mary Eva McGaughey	Weyman Becker



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class History

WE, as Freshmen, enrolled in C. H. S. on the first morning of the 1919-20 school term. Of course, there was a rather badly assembled crowd, for were they not gathered from all places, and included the eighth grade pupils of the year before?

Of course, we were worried (?) as to what we must learn to arrive at our goal, "graduation," until Mr. Chew, our principal, came to our aid, simply telling us that we must learn Algebra and English and any two of the others we wished. (We really didn't know whether Algebra was a river or a city). We all groaned when we opened our Algebra book next morning, but now that we know "all about" such things we laugh about that fatal morning. We were, of course, called Freshies and Greenies, and on account of someone's ignorance, we were also called the Refreshment Class.

We gave our class party on Hallow'en and just before serving refreshments, the lights went out, and we would have lost most of our "eats" if it had not been for the quick work of Miss Huddleson, who quickly drove the enemy away.

The Sophomores entertained us on April 30th, and gave us a good time indeed.

Our exhibit in sewing was said to be very good, but we must take off our hats to those who took sewing this year, for the articles put in the exhibit this year was the best ever. Our behavior was always perfect in sewing class, but it seemed as though it was not intended for us to sew. (Ask Miss Hall about our behavior and see if she doesn't say it is just (!!!) perfect).

About June 1, there were many expectant Freshmen, standing around the teachers' desks, awaiting the fatal news, that is, whether we had made "enough" (?) credits to become Sophomores.

Here we are, full-fledged Sophomores, with four credits to back us. Oh! How curious we were to see if the Freshmen this year were as—"bold"—as we had been. Of course we forgot that we had been Freshies just last year, and instead of giving them the hearty welcome they expected, we at once called them Freshies, etc.

The cafeteria is again running, managed by Miss Hall, the best domestic science teacher who has ever been in the C. H. S. Faculty.

Of course, there are many mistakes, but Miss Hall "considers the source and goes ahead," for the cooking class is the girls of the Sophomore Class.

We have only had four Algebra teachers (we haven't found out yet whether it was us or the Algebra which affected them), but we now have the best ever, Miss Frances McMullen, who came to our school several weeks ago, and we are trying to please her so she will be back with us next year in our "Junior" year.

Our parties and picnics have all been a success, for the boys always furnish plenty of the necessary material (?) (money), and cars are always around when needed.

From the above you will know that our class has been a wonderful success.

We shall return next year as "Juniors," with smiling countenances, for we shall be one more year nearer the fatal day, when the Faculty will decide whether we know enough to leave C. H. S. or whether we really need to stay with them for awhile longer.

MARION CAMPBELL, '23.



## Sophomore Class Party

The Sophomores have had a party,  
And, oh! what a party it was.  
A Costume Frolic was what it was called,  
A very good time they had.

ON a certain afternoon in November several Sophomores could be seen making the Domestic Science Rooms beautiful with Spanish moss, bamboo, Florida palmettos and wild flowers. Festoons of black and gold crepe paper hanging from each chandelier to all the corners of the room, with long streamers at each end, gave a completed appearance to the decorations for the Sophomore party.

At the arrival of the guests, among whom there were clowns, flower girls, gypsies, and also Mr. Washington, there were many exclamations of delight over the wonderful scene before them.

Games of all kinds were played, for of these there were plenty, and in the contests, there resulted much dispute when the judges tried to decide who should get the prizes.

Delicious fruit punch was served during the evening, for the boys had generously opened their pocketbooks, and about midnight a party of young people turned their faces homeward, after many calls for the doctor, for they had been "forced" to eat all the ice cream and cake before they were allowed to go home.

MARION CAMPBELL, '23.

## Sophomore-Freshman Weenie Roast

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ON the night of March 25th, 1920, a party of young people were gathered on a certain corner in Clearwater. Now, if a stranger had asked who they were and what they were doing, he would have been told that it was the Sophomore Class giving the Freshman Class a Weenie Roast at Clearwater Beach.

About a dozen cars were soon crowded with this merry band, going towards the beach.

Arrived at the beach, a bon-fire was at once built, and various games were played, making the party a happy affair, indeed.

As soon as the fire was suitable for roasting weenies, palmetto sticks were passed around, and oh! those weenies, how good they were, eaten with the bread, butter and pickles so generously supplied by the Sophomores.

After roasting wienies a walk to the pavilion made all ready for bowling or dancing, whichever they chose to do.

About 11 o'clock cars were seen leaving the pavillion, and, if a stranger had asked who they were, he would have been told that they were Sophomores and Freshies from C. H. S., who had enjoyed a weenie roast, given by the Sophomores to the Freshmen.

MARION CAMPBELL, '23.





## Freshman Class

PRESIDENT  
Palma Hamilton

VICE-PRESIDENT  
Thelma Blanton

SECRETARY  
Dorothy Brown

TREASURER  
Dorothy Brown

COLORS  
Red and White

FLOWER  
Red and White Carnation

MOTTO  
Ready, Steady, All  
Together

Margaret Albritton  
Dwight Barnes  
Julia Brock  
George Bolton  
Thelma Blanton  
John Blackwell  
Cyril Bayly  
Dorothy Brown  
William Center  
Nettie Compton  
Claude Cleghon  
Clarence Center  
Gladys Duncan  
Evelyn Daugherty  
Gertrude Daugherty  
Lawrence Douglas  
Madeline Dunseith  
William Davis  
Margaret Drynan  
Daisy Ford  
Ella Mae Gillette  
Edith Grant  
E. W. Grinnelle  
Elizabeth Gunn  
Pauline Gillespie  
Palma Hamilton  
Vera Harn  
Lester Harn  
Margaret Hatch  
Mary Heal  
Oscar Hagin

Elizabeth Kimbrough  
Earl Lippincott  
Agatha Lentz  
Julius Meares Jr.  
Conrad Marshall  
Lambuth McMullen  
Mary Bess Moore  
Mack Martin  
Mary Nelson  
Sidney Nelson  
Margaret Paine  
Eleanor Pooser  
Robert Padgett  
Alvin Peller  
Spencer Ruff  
Albert Rogers  
Frances Runyan  
Nellda Schwabel  
Hadley Shaw  
Albert Springer  
William Stoune  
John Sweat  
Glenn Spotts  
Agnes Thompson  
Alice Tooke  
Doris Thomas  
Marsie Whitehurst  
Russell Wolfe  
Raymond Wilkinson  
Virginia Walling  
Elizabeth Wilson



FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman Class History

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OUR class entered the High School distinguished as winners of the County Meet, this being the first time Clearwater has held this honor. We are also the largest class that ever entered the Clearwater High School, numbering sixty-two in all.

The first few weeks we had a very embarrassing time getting used to the ways of the High School. We finally settled down and began studying (?)

The upper classmates were very considerate to us as green freshies.

Our old habit of fear and trembling at the mention of "Exams" still clings to us, but nevertheless we came through the Mid-Term "Exams" but little the better for it

We have struggled and labored through the year, bearing our share of the burdens, responsibilities and misfortunes of the High School life, and now as our first year of High School life draws near a close we look back upon a very successful year of the Freshman Class of '24.

ALBERT ROGERS '24.

## Little Things We Know But Won't Tell

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Why the baseball team couldn't catch the flies at Bradentown.  
Where George Bolton's notebook went to.  
The force that hauled the piano upstairs after the Lawn Carnival.  
Why the play wasn't as good in Dunedin.  
The reason for all the bobbed-headed girls.  
Why a couple of the girls don't know the first verse of "The Tavern."  
What Mildred S. said to Sydney after the Senior Play.  
Who are the members of the "Black Ankled Syncopated Seven."  
Why we call Goette W. L.  
Why Stanley and Eleanor ceased arguing for Senior rights.  
Why a monument should be erected to the church steps.  
What makes the lemon extract in the Cafeteria so weak.  
Why more people didn't write themes on Prohibition.  
Where the only original copy of the "White Way Blues" went to.  
Who stole the skull and bones from the club room of the Sigma  
Phi Sigma.  
Why Marjorie gets such good grades in Physics.  
How one little black suit case caused so much commotion.  
Who wrote this page.



SNAPSHOTS

82



SNAPSHOTS



MUSIC





C. H. S. ORCHESTRA

## Senior Carnival

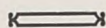


WHEN it was found that sufficient funds were not on hand to put the Annual through, the Seniors had a meeting a la masse and decided to have something some way to make some money. Now, when thirty bright and brainy Seniors get together you might know some of them would think up some novel method to make aforesaid funds. After much thinking and repeated suggestions someone suggested that we have a carnival. The different committees were appointed and Stanley Cornwell was elected chairman. With good team work and staunch cooperation from all the Seniors and help from some of those in other classes the carnival

was put over. There was a fish pond in charge of Tom Branning and Eleanor Gage; the "I Scream" booth in charge of Jessie Grant and Goette Fussell; cake and candy booth in charge of Dorothy Lee and Newton McClung. Sidney Barger and Mildred Sumner were dressed as "Japs." Besides the booths already mentioned there was a very novel tent show and a sandwich and punch booth very ably looked after by Dorothy Bishop, Olivia McKenzie and Ruth Jett. Entertainment was furnished by the Clearwater band, and that famous organization known to all music lovers as the "Krazy Katz." Hugh McMullen applied some charcoal to his person and gave us one of his "Jiggs," at which he is so adept. A very much enjoyed part of the program was given by the men's quartette. Tickets were sold before and at the carnival for twenty-five cents each. Special thanks are due Mr. Marshall, who gave us permission to use his beautiful bay-front lawn, where the very successful and enjoyable event took place. Light was furnished by a series of globes reaching from the candy and cake booth to the fish pond, and one can imagine what a pretty sight it made with all the booths decorated and lights lit. Although there was a great deal of work and worry in the planning of this event, none of the participants begrudge what they did to help since it netted almost \$150. Special mention should be made of the fine work done by the Chairman, Stanley Cornwell, and Newton McClung, both of whom did much to make it the success it was.



## Orchestra and Music



### VIOLINS—

Emma Cornwell  
Mildred Hayes  
Jessie Grant  
Mary Plumb  
David Bunn  
John Gunn  
Spencer Ruff

### SAXAPHONE—

Zelwyn Graham

### CORNET—

Paul Ficht

### ALTO—

Lambuth McMullen

### CLARINET—

Al. Rogers

### TROMBONES—

Edwin Pemberton  
Charles Cox  
Henry Clayton Whitesell

### DRUMS—

Richard Shoemaker

### PIANISTS—

Marjorie Cordier  
Eldon McMullen

ALTHOUGH many members of the regular orchestra of last year have left us, through the skillful leadership of Mrs. Hubbard, who has developed new talent, it has become quite a success again, being in demand at all the school affairs and many community meetings. While last year's very accomplished pianist is not with us this year, Marjorie Cordier and Eldon McMullen have filled that place very well.

A new and altogether pleasing addition to the orchestra this year was furnished by Miss Zelwyn Graham and her saxophone. Zelwyn was always ready and willing to do her part, and since she leaves us this year we hope someone will turn up to take her place. Another very good violinist was added to the number this year, Emma Cornwell, also a newcomer, who will graduate this spring and be greatly missed next term. Lambuth McMullen, alto, and Charles Cox, trombone, also new recruits, proved very capable, ready whenever called upon.

During this term the orchestra played for literary programs, the community meeting at Pinehurst, the Senior class play, the grade entertainment, Commencement and class day, and was in demand by entertainers and functions in other towns.

Mrs. Hubbard, with her ever ready smile and encouraging help, has won the hearts of every member of the orchestra and has made it the most popular as well as entertaining organization of its kind in the county. She, as director, is especially to be complimented this year, because of the difficulty in finding new talent to take the places of several members who graduated last term. Being in sympathy with all other school functions as well as the musical department she has made a friend of everyone in Clearwater High.

The chapel singing has been led as usual by Mrs. Hubbard three mornings a week, accompanied by Eldon McMullen, while Marjorie Cordier has shown her musical and vocal ability by leading the two days that Mrs. Hubbard can not be present. For some reason only known to the Director herself and a few of those dignified (?) Faculty, the boys have been placed in a group by themselves. However, it makes no difference in the quality of the music, since the boys can still see the girls from afar. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," as some wise man has stated. Several new songs have been tried and have evidently made a hit with the songsters, especially the "Freshies," since you will hear such tunes as "The Tavern," and "Hark, I Hear a Voice," either being sung or whistled from the time you leave chapel in the morning until the last bell rings in the afternoon.



ZETHOLETHIANS

## The Zetholethian Club

The Zetholethians may be small  
But great things they produce;  
So, to give you a better impression,  
The characters I'll introduce.

Small, but not least, comes Alberta,  
Little she cares to be drone;  
Work and the bunch works with you,  
Play and you play alone.

Amelia, best known to us all as "Peg,"  
Wins her way to the hearts of us all;  
We are always greeted with welcomes  
When on her we're summoned to "call."

Alma, the last of the "A" trio,  
No less, as gay as the rest;  
With laughter she joins the rest of the bunch  
And is always doing her best.

If it makes no "dif." as to order  
We'll put Zelwyn next in line,  
To keep the society "peppy"  
She's doing her part mighty fine.

Louise has a hand in the cooking,  
No one else can be put "bv her;"  
To keep her eye on the "eatin's"  
Seems to be her main desire.

Irene, a true member, ne'er misses a chance  
To be on hand at all times;  
If all were as regular as she  
There would be no need of "fines."

Madeline, too, is new in the club,  
But her interest will always last;  
A member as true to the colors as she  
Can never be surpassed.

Vida, too, has won her fame  
By her works with the dish and spoon,  
We have heard her out in the kitchen  
Beating candy to a lively tune.

Winnie has proved herself faithful  
In attending each Friday affair;  
We know when we camp at her place  
We'll have no end of fun there.

Another new member we have with us now,  
Mildred, so jolly and keen.  
Since she has joined our merry bunch  
Our roll reaches up to fifteen.

Olivia has shown greatest interest  
In making our club a success,  
For many of our good times and frolics  
We owe to her, nevertheless.

Many a good time we've had at Sadie's  
By her ability to entertain;  
No one can forget the Christmas tree  
And the **things** it did contain.

Metta deserves full credit,  
Even tho' her name comes last on roll;  
We've had some fun, "you tell 'em,"  
With Metta, the "good old soul."

Now, as for the one who's talking,  
To describe them, it's sure taken nerve,  
So you can give me what credit  
You think that I deserve.

Amelia takes the chair as President,  
With Vice-President Louise by her side,  
Olivia answers as Secretary,  
While Alberta as Treasurer does abide.

If we do not attend every meeting,  
A fine of ten cents, so 'twas told;  
So let's all be true Zetholethians,  
And true to the Nile Green and Gold.

—Laura Thomas.



Doncha hate to think what would happen if—  
The Dunedin jitney arrived at school in time for the first period classes.

Olivia got lockjaw.

William Stoune came to school in long trousers.

Jamie ate all the candy he made on his home runs.

Everybody sang in chapel.

The Zetholethian sunburn was permanent.

Tom got all his Bookkeeping up-to-date.

“Dot” Bishop did everything she said she was going to do.

All the Seniors were satisfied with their Class Play.

The bobbed-hair girls lost their hair-curlers.

Mr. Cornwell required a written excuse for every tardiness or absence.

The Girls' Basketball team had gone to Palmetto.

Mr. Mac believed everything everybody told him.

The baseball nine traded places with the Faculty, and Tom was principal, with Goette teaching typewriting.

Mr. Faulds lost his comb.

Elna and Eldon were separated.

The Freshman started a sixty-two piece band with Palma as leader.

Remember?

When?

\* \* \*

Yer could buy?

\* \* \*

Candy hearts?

\* \* \*

A whole bunch for a?

\* \* \*

Nickel?

\* \* \*

With endearing messages?

\* \* \*

Printed on 'em?

\* \* \*

In red letters?

\* \* \*

Like this?

\* \* \*

“You're my girl?”

\* \* \*

'N' “I love you”?

\* \* \*

'N' “Love me always”?

\* \* \*

“Ever thine”?

\* \* \*

“Sweetheart”?

'N' a lot of?

\* \* \*

Other mushy?

\* \* \*

'N' yer used to?

\* \* \*

Buy 'em?

\* \* \*

'N' slip 'em to the girls?

\* \* \*

In school?

\* \* \*

'N' see 'em blush?

\* \* \*

'N' eat 'em?

\* \* \*

'N' whoever said?

\* \* \*

That yer could win?

\* \* \*

A man?

\* \* \*

Through his stomach?

\* \* \*

Was crazy?

\* \* \*

Because years ago?

\* \* \*

That's how yer won?

\* \* \*

The Girls?

\* \* \*

God bless 'em?

\* \* \*

R-E-M-E-M-B-E-R?

Do I?



## Literary Societies

THIS year the Literary society was divided into two groups. They were organized during the first part of the term. Names were voted on and it was finally decided to call one "The Utopian" and the other "The Delphian." An equal number of the student body were made members of each society and any students entering after organization were selected by either society, dividing the entire High School into two equal bodies as nearly as possible.

Many programs were rendered during the season. The best of these were "The District School," "The Negro Wedding," "Women Must Talk—(How the Story Grew)," given by the Freshman boys dressed as women; "The Krazy Katz," and the debate between the two societies on the question of women serving on juries, in which Mamie Ella starred on the Utopian side. The Utopians won the debate by a close score, Mamie Ella making a good play in the last half with two debaters down and one to go.

Meetings were held every other Friday with a chairman and committee to select and arrange for the next program. The orchestra was always ready when called upon to play at any of these literary programs and visitors were invited to come and enjoy the entertainments.

## Cafeteria

IF anyone unfamiliar with the ways of C. H. S. would just happen to drop in around about 12:15 and see the general rush of the boys down the fire escape and the girls shoving each other down the stairs, they would be looking for the fire-engine next. However, if they would follow the crowd they would find themselves in Miss Hall's Cafeteria.

During this year she has made it quite an attractive and business-like looking place. She has arranged the Domestic Science tables in a horseshoe-shaped curve. Beginning with a tray at the door the student passes around the outer circle of the horseshoe and finds such tempting eats—meat soup, tomato soup, sandwiches, meat loaf, salads, hot hamburger sandwiches, "Chilie beanie," fruit desserts, pie and cake. The only painful part of the proceeding is paying the cashier and because of the fact that charge accounts can be permitted. Some of those folks who ate the most on the days they said "charge it" are suffering from indigestion and a much abbreviated bank account.

However, Miss Hall and her cooking class deserve much credit for their faithful and untiring work throughout this year and most of last. Beside doing all the cooking they also serve these tempting foods. Isn't it much nicer for a student to come here and get a glass of milk, four sandwiches, or a hot hamburger, whichever he or she chooses, some hot soup, meat and dessert, then bring a cold lunch to school? And the prices are very reasonable, too. A meal like the above-mentioned one, which is a rather large one, can be had for about forty or fifty cents. We hope that the Cafeteria will keep its good work up next year and with as much success. Fifteen rahs for Miss Hall and the cooking girls!

## “Nugget Nell” Goes to High School

MISS Nugget Nell, of sixteen summers, owned an eating house in a mid-western mining camp. She was not the kind of a lady who looked around for a manly breast to sob on, or manly arms to faint in. So, when Limping Jimmy Small told her that bright spring morning of the sudden death of her father in the mining shaft, and of his dying request that she should enter high school and “git som’ larning,” she calmly continued her homely task of paring potatoes, and to Jimmy’s questioning gaze, answered: “I’ll go through hell and tarnation if dad said so, but I don’t want no larning ner fine manners.”

Perhaps the big miner did not see the tears in the startled, pitying eyes as he hurried across to the saloon to tell the boys; perhaps he did. At any rate, Nugget Nell, Queen of Sunset Valley, left for a boarding school in a distant city.

One year later, under a spreading maple in a shady corner of the campus of a select school for young ladies, three girls reclined, lazily dreaming and discussing important events of the future.

“One thing that puzzles me,” declared a prim little miss with a high collar and long skirt, “is how that girl, Nell, gets on with the crowd; she’s awkward, ugly, and always in disgrace with her fearful actions, yet they are all in sympathy with her. I can’t see—”

“Yes,” and since she’s made the team she’s worse ’n ever with her wild frolicing. The boys are all daffy about her, and everyone says, ‘Wait ’till Nell hits the court for the big game!’” flung back Mary Jones with lowered voice as Nell joined the group.

“They say the President’s son, who’s been away to college, is coming up for the game,” whispered Felice Ballard, the belle of the school, as she leaned half fondly, half lazily upon her dream of a pink ruffled parasol, and plucked at the forget-me-nots at her waist. “Steve Rollins must be wonderful now, after all his traveling abroad; **some** athlete I hear.” She stopped with a long-drawn sigh and glanced at Nell, who, with a don’t-care look, was kicking the turf with the toe of her slipper.

However, such was not the case; Nell **did** care, but being brought up in a mining camp with rough adventurers and being reared in the society of polished gentlemen, is very different. This she realized; that these boys whom the girls so frivolously chattered about were not her

kind. She knew that Steve Rollins was expected; in fact, his picture had been an object of interest on her occasional visits to the office, and remote as her expectations were, she looked forward to his coming as that of some great hero.

\* \* \*

"Rah! Rah! for Sunset Valley; Rah! Rah! for Nugget Nell," sang the crowd as the object of their excitement, a rather wild-looking little figure with short tousled hair and a grin of determination mingled on her face, dashed from center court to make a straight goal.

Nell had hit the court at the big game and was hitting it hard. Someone shouted as, tripped by her guard, she stumbled and fell into the arms of a much surprised young man.

Yes, Steve Rollins was a roaming woman-hater, but with less than a glance at the small girl athlete in his arms, he resolved to give up globe-trotting and settle down.

Afer the game, as the last shouts of victory were dying out and the last rays of sun fading away, at a back table in the little corner drug store, Nugget Nell, Queen of Sunset Valley, laughed into the eyes of Big Steve Rollins. The soda-jerker whistled "Slow and Easy," and the group of girls gathered around the fountain exchanged glances of understanding.



## Dorothy's Judgment

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us."

**I** THINK Peggy Lee is perfectly horrid," said dainty Dorothy DeLaine, as she sat down beside her grandmother, with a pout on her lips and a frown on her face. "Grandmother, she promised to come over today and make candy, and just before time for her to come she called over the phone and said she couldn't, but I don't believe she wanted to, anyway."

"And what did you say when she disappointed you so, Dorothy?" Grandmother asked gently.

"Why, Grandmother, I did what anyone else would have done. I told her that I thought it was perfectly horrid for her to do that way. Wouldn't you have done that, too?"

"No, dear; why didn't you first try to find her reason, and then try to forgive her? You don't know how other people feel, dear, and you must never judge them too hastily. Remember, before the world you are constantly judged, and if you are too hard in your judgment of others, in return you, too, will be severely judged. Now, goodbye, Dorothy; think all of this over and see if we do not agree." And Grandmother DeLaine went home.

For a while Dorothy sat gazing at the tall sycamore trees, the dull stillness and summer noises lulling her to repose. The flit of a butterfly, the chirp of a bird, the occasional stir of a leaf in the gentlest of breezes, were the only things to attract her attention, so, naturally, she fell to musing. Slowly, slowly, everything slipped away, and there became a dead silence all around and all was still, still, still, when, hark! What was that. Someone coming down the walk! Oh! dear! it was those two college boys, with Alvin Cleaveland; and look at that awful dress she was wearing? Quickly and silently she slipped from her chair and hid behind a vine so they would not see her. What was it that they were saying? Wh-why, they were talking about Dorothy herself! But what were they saying? At first she thought it was complimentary—that was what she usually heard—but no, it could never be pleasant in such tones. They spoke in a low, indistinct murmur at first, then the words became more audible.

"Yes," Burton Wyatt, the older of the two visiting boys, was saying, "she is right attractive, but I notice she has a deep frown on her face, and she's always expecting compliments. I'll tell you, Alvin, you may like her, but deliver me from any such girl."

Lucian, the younger, added, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Ditto, Burton, ditto!"

Oh, how her pride fell. She, Dorothy, the prettiest girl in town, to be talked of in such a way, and to have Alvin, her best friend, not speak a word in her defence! She quickly fled into the house and flinging herself upon the davenport, she began to cry. In reaching for her handkerchief she touched the newspaper lying beside her and she picked it up to read it. The first thing she glanced at was her name in big headlines:

**Dorothy DeLaine, Only Daughter of J. H. DeLaine, Prominent Broker Here, Has Been, By Town Authorities, Declared the Most Disagreeable and Thoughtless Girl in Town.**

"Well, of all things," she cried. "I'll not stand for that; I'm going right now and tell it all to mother."

Mother, however, was of the same opinion as the newspaper. "Why, Dorothy," she said, "of course it's true. You are quite the most thoughtless girl I know of. Think how you talked to poor Peggy today when she couldn't come here, and thus put you to a slight inconvenience."

Oh, how miserable was Dorothy. "I guess I'll just die. Nobody loves me, anyway." So, suiting the action to the word, she started gently floating upward on her flight to heaven.

Gracious! What a crowd there was before the pearly gates. How glad she was to get at last at the head of the line. "Well, St. Peter," she said as she sighed wearily, "You might have been in a little greater hurry! Please let me in the gates now! Oh, dear, be quick!"

"You," said St. Peter, "**YOU!**" and his eyes very plainly expressed amazement. He lifted his hand and pointed toward the beautiful gates: "Young lady," he said, "if in the thousands of years that I have kept this gate I have managed to keep out such disagreeable creatures as **you**, I think I can plainly and easily show you another path that you should take. **NEVER!**" this was emphatic, "no, never! shall a person like you enter **here.**"

Oh, what should she do? Even turned away from heaven. She began to cry softly. "Oh, how I wish I had been more thoughtful. How I wish"—Bang! She had slipped from her chair and was on the floor!

"Why, I've been asleep," she murmured. "It was only a dream."

But though it was a dream and she was once more happy in her popularity, she resolved, and with all sincerity, too, to try and keep from having people think such things about her.

She has succeeded. Now, Dorothy DeLaine is Mrs. Burton Wyatt, mother of three girls and grandmother of one baby boy. I think they all will tell you Dorothy's resolution stuck.

—Sara Margarett Chapman.

## Boys' Athletics

Manager  
Edwin Pemberton

Captain  
Goette Fussell

Wearers of the "C"—1920-21

### Boys' Basketball

Fussell  
Pemberton  
Ficht

Trott  
Blanton  
Padgett

### Baseball

Fussell  
Branning  
Trott  
Nall

Ficht  
Blanton  
Padgett  
Wallace

### Young

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## Girls' Athletics

Manager  
Lois Wynkop

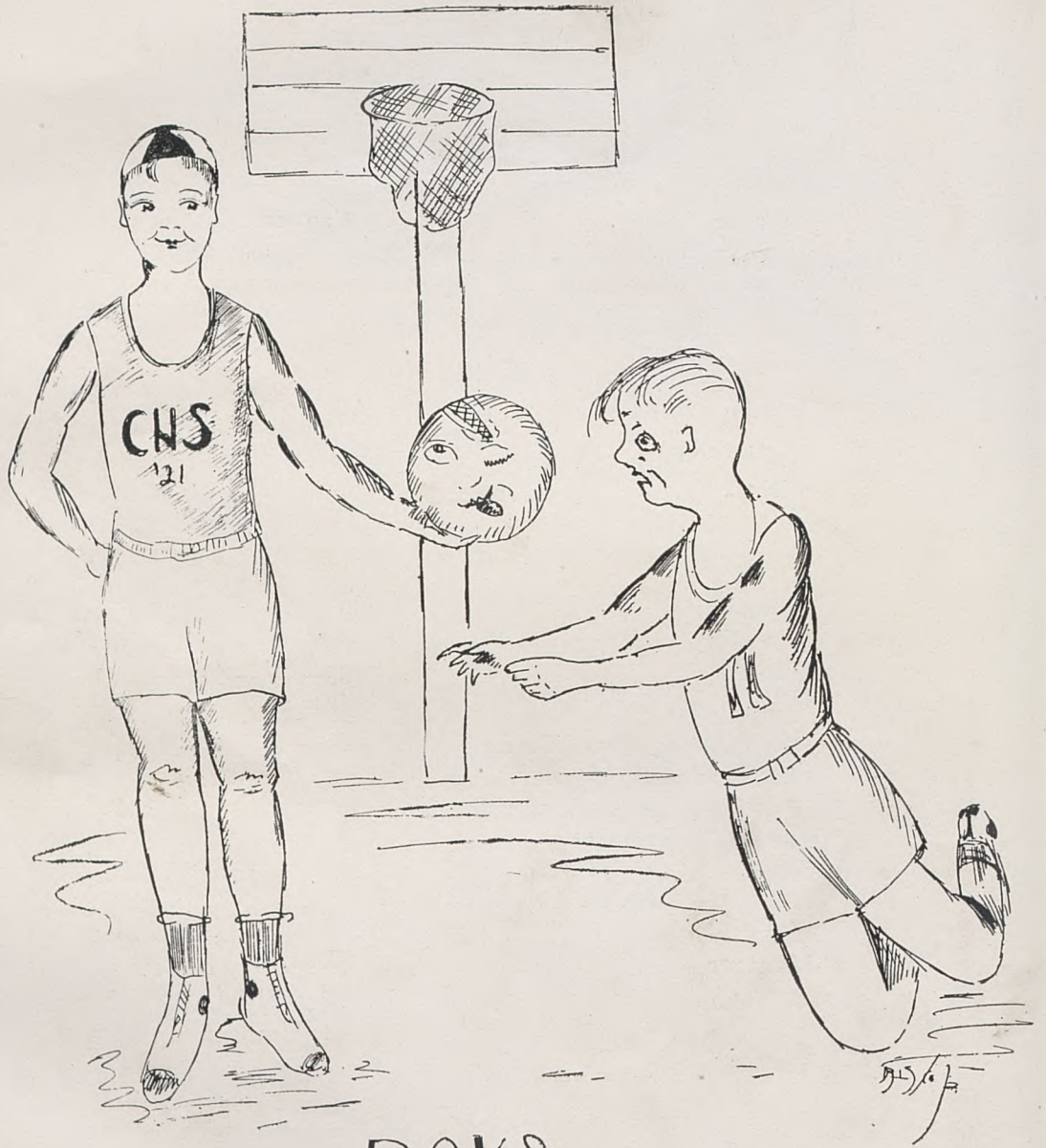
Captain  
Dorothy Bishop

### Basketball

Wearers of the "C"—1920-21

Bishop  
Jett  
Graham

Rousseau  
Gage  
Cornwell



BOYS

BASKET BALL





BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

## 1920-1921 Basketball Season

THE Clearwater High Basketball Team made history for our school this year by winning twelve out of thirteen games. The first game of the season was played with the Largo sextette at Largo, and though our boys played a very good game and did some excellent passing the Crimson and Gray came home defeated, but determined to go in and not only play a good game the rest of the season, but to win every one they played.

Day after day they went through the most stringent practice, both on the home court and at Southern College gymnasium floor. They played games with teams both at home and abroad, defeating the not-yet-beaten Largo team by one point. On Feb. 26, the last game of the season, they played and defeated the highly-famed Tampa Terriers on a neutral court by a decisive score. As the season closed Clearwater was a runner-up for the state championship, the two contending teams being Jacksonville and Clearwater. However, the finals were not played off.

The two mainstays of the team were Capt. Fussell and M. Blanton. Capt. Fussell, playing forward, was always after the ball and was a very hard man to guard. Toward the end of the very successful season he developed into an accurate basket shooter and in the Tampa game scored the majority of the points.

M. Blanton, playing guard, was one of the most valuable assets to the team, being a hard fighter, a dangerous guard, and in the game from start to finish. His guarding game was one of the biggest reasons why Clearwater always had the big end of the score. Blanton also did very well in the basket shooting part of the game, usually making a long goal from the center of the court.

Paul Ficht, at center, did remarkably well, since this position was entirely new to him. Paul was in every game of the season and played steadily, getting his share of the goals in each contest. Paul will be back again next year and big things are expected of him.

The surprise of the season was Edwin Pemberton, this being his first year at basketball, and especially at forward. Ed. had a good eye for the basket, and toward the latter part of the season used it to the advantage of the home team. He will be back next year and we know we will hear more of his good work.

Ralph Trott, although light, made a good man at the guard station and was always a willing worker and a good clean player, fighting till the last whistle blew. Ralph's best game was against the Terriers. He will also be back to do his bit next year.

Credit is also given the subs and second string men who helped make the team the success that it was. We, the team, also wish to thank Leroy Frank for his help and support.

Great things are expected of next year's aggregation, since everybody on this year's team will be back except Capt. Fussell, and with the recruits from this year C. H. S. is looking forward to a strong team for '22.

GOETTE FUSSELL, Athletic Editor.

#### Clearwater High's Championship Basketball Schedule.

	Clearwater	Opponents
Oct. 29—Clearwater at Largo .....	20	28
Nov. 24—Clearwater at Zephyrhills .....	15	12
Dec. 3—Brooksville at Clearwater .....	12	3
Dec. 10—Largo at Clearwater .....	31	30
Dec. 17—Clearwater at Brooksville .....	26	12
Jan. 5—Clearwater at Sutherland (Reserves)....	30	16
Jan. 11—Clearwater at Sutherland .....	22	10
Jan. 14—At Sutherland with Zephyrhills .....	28	25
Jan. 28—Dade City at Clearwater .....	18	13
Feb. 11—Clearwater at Bradentown .....	28	17
Feb. 14—Bradentown at Clearwater .....	37	17
Feb. 26—At Sutherland with Tampa Terreirs....	37	17
	304	217

**CLEARWATER DEFEATED LARGO IN HARD-FOUGHT GAME HERE YESTERDAY**

SCORE WAS 31 TO 30—LARGO NEVER BEATEN BEFORE YESTERDAY

The basketball game played between the powerful LARGO team and the Clearwater High school boys taken by one point for Clearwater was the first time LARGO has been defeated. The score was Clearwater 31; LARGO 30.

Clearwater shot the first four baskets. At the end of the first half the score was 16 to 12 in favor of Clearwater. The second half started something that was hard to finish. It was a fight and pull for the ball all the way through. LARGO tied the score and then there was some real hard playing done. One side would shoot and then the other. The crowd in the grand-stand became so excited purely getting their money's worth in the game and many fell in the side.

**CLEARWATER HIGH ADDS ANOTHER VICTORY TO SCORE**

DEFEATED BROOKSVILLE BY A SCORE OF 26 TO 12 IN HARD FOUGHT GAME

The Clearwater boys and girls high school teams motored to Brooksville yesterday and engaged the corresponding teams in a spirited game. While the Clearwater boys won by a score of 26 to 12 the girls lost to the Brooksville girls. This is the second time the Clearwater boys defeated the Brooksville boys and the second time the Brooksville girls defeated the Clearwater girls.

Upon reaching Brooksville the teams were well fed and tendere da friendly reception. The girls started playing at 3 p.m. Clearwater's girls have not practised as have the Brooksville girls, so it is not a great surprise to hear of their defeat.

The boys game was really enthusiastic. Brooksville had every advantage being on their home grounds where they are familiar with every thing. The first half was very close; Brooksville being two points ahead. Clearwater held them to one more and in the meantime shot the score 26 to 12.

**CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL WON FROM ZEPHYRHILLS**

SCORE WAS 12 TO 15 IN A HOTLY CONTESTED GAME—PLAY HERE NEXT

Clearwater High school team went to Zephyrhills yesterday and won a hotly contested game by a score of 12 to 15. The Clearwater boys held the lead all through the game, by a slender margin.

The next game will be played in Clearwater a week from tomorrow between Brooksville and Clearwater.

Two cars from Clearwater carrying eleven people attended the game yesterday. Those playing were Goette, Fussell and Jamie Nall, forwards; Paul Ficht, center; Morris Blanton and Ralph Trott, guards. Trott played in the place of Edwin Pemberton, who had the misfortune to sprain his wrist during practice last Wednesday.

**CLEARWATER HIGH BOYS WIN ANOTHER VICTORY; GIRLS ARE DEFEATED**

YESTERDAY'S GAME WAS FAST AND FURIOUS; GOOD ATTENDANCE AND JOLLY TIME

The Clearwater High school boys' basketball team won from the Brooksville team here yesterday afternoon by a score of 11 to 3. The Clearwater girls lost to the Brooksville girls.

The Brooksville teams arrived at 1:00 p.m. and were given a good dinner at the high school building. This was the first game of the season for the Clearwater girls and they put up a hard but losing fight.

The boys then started playing. Their pep being aroused over the defeat of their girls, they went at it in a way that the Brooksville boys couldn't get wise to. Though Brooksville made the first goal, and it was the only field goal thrown, the first half of the game showed a score of 4 to 3 in favor of Clearwater. In the second half Clearwater held Brooksville to the same score and threw four more goals. The Brooksville boys are good players but Clearwater was after them and they got it. The final score being 11 to 3 in favor of Clearwater.

Leroy Frank, one of Clearwater's leading merchants, acted as referee.

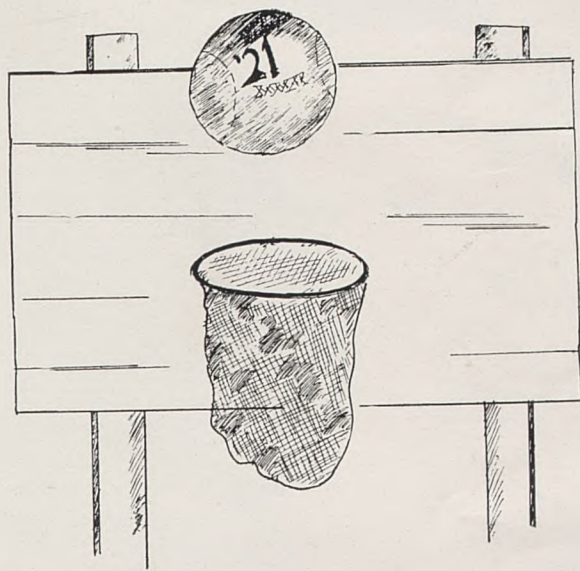
**CLEARWATER HIGH BEAT BRADENTOWN YESTERDAY, 28-17**

HIRED YACHT TO MAKE TRIP FROM ST. PETERSBURG—SEA-SICK COMING HOME

The Clearwater High school boys went to Bradentown yesterday for a game of basketball which they won by a score of 28 to 17. Bradentown boys and girls gave them a warm reception, serving refreshments and showing that friendly feeling that is so pleasant between rival teams—when it exists.

Leaving Clearwater in cars yesterday morning, the boys boarded a 55-foot yacht at St. Petersburg for the trip to Bradentown.

The game was called at 4:00 p.m. Clearwater started right off with their usual method of scoring and had the game from the start. At the end of the first half Clearwater had scored 22, Bradentown 5. In the second half Bradentown came up some but was unable to overtake Clearwater.



# GIRLS BASKETBALL



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

## Girls' Basketball

### Clearwater vs. Brooksville

THE Clearwater girls played the first game of the season of 1921 on Dec. 3, with Brooksville. Considering the fact that they had only been in practice four weeks, they played a very good game. The whistle blew promptly at 3:30, and both teams went into the game with a determination to win. However, the Brooksvillers had a very strong as well as rough team, and by the end of the first half it looked quite discouraging to the locals. In the second half the Brooksville forwards were more closely guarded and Clearwater made a couple of baskets. The final score was 17-3 in Brooksville's favor.

Lineup—	R. C.—Alberta VanVorhis
F.—Metta Rousseau	G.—Eleanor Gage
F.—Louise Aunspaugh	G.—Zelwyn Graham
C.—Ruth Jett	Referee—Claire Kilgore.

Zelwyn acted as captain in the absence of Dorothy Bishop. At six-thirty the same evening the visitors were entertained in the Domestic Science room and had all kinds of good things served to eat. Also a social time was enjoyed.

### Brooksville vs. Clearwater

On Dec. 17 the Clearwater team journeyed to Brooksville to take part in the return game. On their arrival they were taxied to the hotel where they enjoyed a good meal which had been prepared for them. After dressing for the game they gazed upon the court, which resembled nothing so much as a pile of rocks. So it isn't any wonder that when the whistle blew Clearwater feared the outcome of the game. Throughout the game, the girls were at a disadvantage, being used to a clay court. The Brooksville girls, being used to the "pile of rocks" and the crooked baskets, easily ran up a score of fourteen points.

Lineup same as first game, except Lois Winkop playing R. C. in place of Alberta Van Vorhis, and "Dot" Bishop played at C. instead of Ruth Jett.

Later in the evening the Clearwater teams and rooters were given a good feed by the Brooksville teams.

### Zephyrhills vs Clearwater

On Jan. 14 the girls resumed their games after the holidays by scheduling a game with the Hills' girls on the local court. However, on account of rain, the game was played at the gymnasium, Southern College. The Clearwater girls displayed fine team work, even though

they were a little timid on the big gym. floor. The Clearwater girls did good passing and showed their ability to shoot baskets. "Dot" tipped the ball to Ruth, she passed it to Metta, who threw the baskets. The game ended with a score of 16 to 10 in favor of the Crimson and Gray. The Clearwater girls came home jubilant with their first victory. Lineup same as in former game, except Jett in place of Wynnok at R. C.

#### St. Petersburg vs. Clearwater

On the following Thursday, Jan. 20, the girls played the "Saints" on their floor. The Clearwater girls played a very good defensive against the "Saints," but were no match for their much bigger opponents used to their own court. The game ended with the one-sided score of 22 to 0.

Lineup same as in former game, except Wynnok in place of Jett at R. C. Jett substitute for Wynnok, McKenzie for Aunspaugh.

#### Clearwater vs. Plant City.

On Feb. 4, Plant City autoed to Clearwater to play the Beach girls, who had been going through a lot of practice and were feeling like a million dollars and ready to go into the game and fight. For a few minutes after the first whistle blew both teams tried to score but failed, the ball going back and forth from one end of the court to the other. Then in the next minute an exciting thing happened. Metta threw one of her long baskets, giving Clearwater two points lead!! This was followed by a good score by a Plant City girl, which tied the score. The game was then indeed very exciting and the half would have ended 2 to 2 had not the local team by good passing gotten the ball to Metta, who threw another basket. Thus the half ended with a score of 4 to 2 in favor of Clearwater. The teams came back on the court at the sound of the whistle and during the second half Stanley shot two field goals while Plant City only made one, leaving the score 8 to 4 in favor of Clearwater.

Lineup—F., Rousseau; F., Cornwell; C., Bishop; R. C., Jett; G. Gage; G., Graham.

#### Clearwater vs. St. Petersburg

On Jan. 27 the "Saints" returned the Clearwater game. St. Pete had a swelled head because they had won the first game so easily, but they found out it wasn't such a snap to beat C. H. S. after all. The Clearwater girls had a team that had improved wonderfully under Miss Kilgore's coaching, and even though they were beaten by one point they should feel proud that they held their opponent to such a close score and played such a good game. Final score was 13 to 12.

Lineup same as in Plant City game.

#### Tampa vs. Clearwater

On Feb. 11 the Clearwater girls played the Tampa sextette. From the time the first whistle blew until the last of the game, the score



see-sawed back and forth first in favor of the Tampa girls and then the locals, until the last half, when Clearwater gained a slight advantage and kept it up until the last whistle, making the score 11 to 10. Tampa put in quite a few subs during the game but our girls only tightened up a little and won by a one point margin.

Lineup same as in last game with the "Saints."

- 
- 1—Clearwater vs. Brooksville, at Clearwater.  
Brooksville, 17; Clearwater, 3.
  - 2—Brooksville vs. Clearwater, at Brooksville.  
Brooksville, 14; Clearwater, 0.
  - 3—Zephyrhills vs. Clearwater, at Sutherland.  
Clearwater, 16; Zephyrhills, 10.
  - 4—St. Petersburg vs. Clearwater, at St. Petersburg.  
St. Petersburg, 22; Clearwater, 0.
  - 5—Clearwater vs. Plant City, at Clearwater.  
Clearwater, 8; Plant City, 4.
  - 6—Clearwater vs. St. Petersburg, at Clearwater.  
St. Petersburg, 13; Clearwater, 12.
  - 7—Clearwater vs. Tampa, at Clearwater.  
Clearwater, 11; Tampa, 10.

Games Won .....	3
Games Lost .....	4
	—
Total number of games played .....	7

Captain .....Dorothy Bishop  
 Coach .....Elsie Kilgore  
 Manager .....Lois Wynkop





## 1920-1921 Baseball Season

ALTHOUGH Clearwater did not have some of her men back again this year, including Frank Williamson, Fred Hubbard, Merle McKisson, Leland Booth and Niles Ray, Goette, our captain, has made this year's lineup an efficient squad. The surprise of the season was Tom, who has shown his pitching as well as his batting ability. Tom has been out at all the practices faithfully and has kept Clearwater's opponents guessing, fanning many a would-be hitter. Tom also possesses that necessary fight to pull out of a hole with three men on bases, having demonstrated that ability in several of this season's games. Nothing needs to be said of the good work of Fussell on the receiving end of the battery, since he has already proven his ability to play A No. 1 ball. With the backing and support of the team there is no reason why Clearwater cannot be in the race for second, or even first, place. Owing to the extended basketball season, the baseball season has been crowded for time, which showed up in their first three games of the season. However, this handicap was soon overcome, as will be seen by the following list of games:

The first game of C. H. S. baseball was played at Plant Field, Tampa, April 13. Since it was the first time the team had worked together except in practice, and some of the regular players were not out yet, it is not surprising that Tampa won. Clearwater, however, showed the stuff that was in them, and if our pitcher had had the backing of the team that he should have had there is no doubt that C. H. S. would have won. As it was, Tampa were victors, the score being 7 to 0.

The second game of the season was played on the home diamond against Bradentown. Although Clearwater knuckled down and played a very good game of ball, the visitors won the game by two scores, the final count being 2 to 0.

On April 20 the Clearwater nine won from Palmetto, playing an A No. 1 game of ball. The game was played at Palmetto. Clearwater had started to play real ball, and it was hoped she would keep winning. Every man on the team played his position well and Branning twirled a winning game from start to finish. The final score was 5 to 2 in favor of C. H. S.

On April 21 the Clearwater nine played Bradentown at Bradentown. In this return game with Bradentown the Clearwater squad seemed to have lost their ability of the day before to field the ball to advantage and the opponents won the encounter 14 to 4.

On April 26 C. H. S. motored over to Plant City and met the Strawberry City team on their own diamond in a hotly contested game. It

looked in the latter part of the game as if Plant City had the advantage over the Beach boys when they had a score of 5 to Clearwater's 4, but with commendable pitching on Branning's part and the splendid backing of the team, Clearwater pulled out of the hole and tied the score in the ninth inning. In the thirteenth inning after both teams had tried to score and failed the game was called on account of darkness with the score standing at 5 to 5.

On the 29th of April Clearwater High defeated St. Petersburg at Clearwater to the tune of 7 to 6, Branning pitching one of the best games of the season. Tom struck out a good number of the St. Pete nine, while Clearwater was able to get some pretty good hits. Although the Saints put up a good fight the Clearwater nine bettered them by one score.

In the return game with the Plant City aggregation Clearwater showed up better than in the first game, since they won 6 to 4 in an eleven-inning contest. The Clearwater boys found the ball along toward the last of the game, and scored in the last half of the 11th. Clearwater was now playing baseball, and not only playing, but winning.

In the next and last game played before this year book goes to press, Clearwater defeated Palmetto in their return game 9 to 2. Tom pitched the best game of the season, only allowing one hit. The next game of the season is one scheduled with St. Pete for May 19.

#### Clearwater Baseball Schedule—1921

- At Tampa, April 13, C. H. S., 0; Tampa, 7.
- At Clearwater, April 15—C. H. S., 0; Bradentown, 2.
- At Palmetto, April 20—C. H. S., 5; Palmetto, 2.
- At Bradentown, April 21—C. H. S., 4; Bradentown, 14.
- At Plant City, April 26—C. H. S., 5; Plant City, 5. Tied.
- At Clearwater, April 29—C. H. S., 7; St. Petersburg, 6.
- At Clearwater, May 5—C. H. S., 6; Plant City, 4.
- At Clearwater, May 12—C. H. S., 9; Palmetto, 2.

Goette Fussel '21, Athletic Editor.



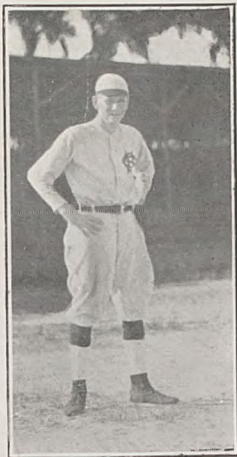
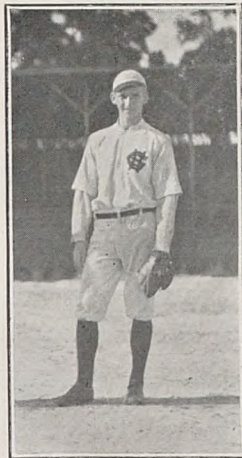


### Fussell (Captain) Catcher

Goette was never known to miss a foul ball that came within his reach. It takes a very fast man indeed to steal second on him, and many a man has tried only to find that Goette had whipped it in ahead of him. The team will be at a great loss without him next season. Goette makes a fine captain, and is always right there in a pinch. He was the unanimous selection for captain and has won the respect of every player on the team.

### Branning (Pitcher)

Tom can stick 'em over so fast that half the batters can't see 'em, so it's needless to say they don't hit them. Tom is a master of a certain curve that he does not desire to make public. It is no wonder that Tom was selected by Captain Fussell as twirler, since he is right there in a pinch and one of the best batters on the team. We are wondering who will step into the box for Clearwater next year, since Tom graduates in June.

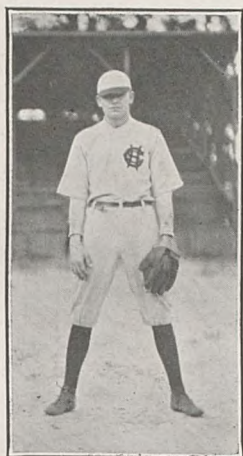
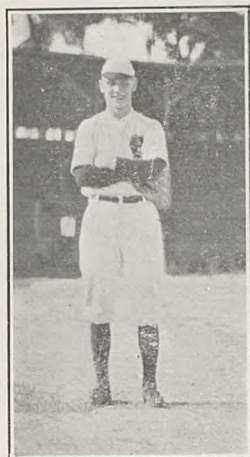


### Blanton (Third Base)

Blanton plays the third sack like a big-leaguer, always ready when it comes to stopping the pill; he also has a sure, quick peg to first. He will be back next year and we know we will hear more of his good work. Maurice is always capable of getting a hit at a time when it's needed most.

### Ficht (Shortstop)

It takes a cool head and a steady hand to play shortstop. Paul, having both of these necessary faculties as well as a good whip to first, is hard to beat. Paul will be back again next year and great things are expected of him.

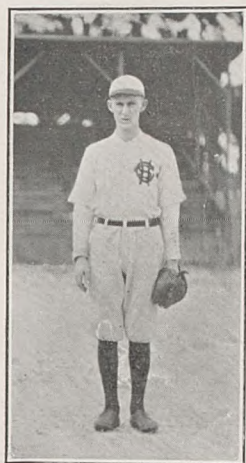


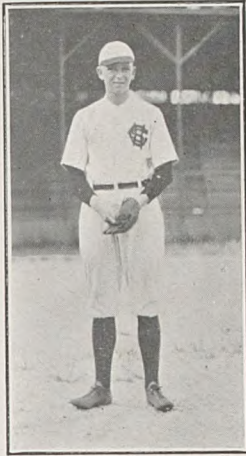
### Mall (Second Base)

This is Jamie's second year at the second bag, and he is a dandy for getting grounders, or flies either, for that matter. This position is a very hard one to cover, with much territory depending on the man filling it. Jamie is just the man for the position, being also good at receiving pegs and stopping 'em at second. Jamie will also be back again next year.

### Trott (First Base)

Although this is Ralph's first year on first base, as well as his first year in baseball, he soon proved his ability to stop anything within reach. He is very good at picking them up and always gets back to the bag. He has also made some good hits at critical times. He will also be back next year.





### Padgett (Left Field)

Although this is Padgett's first year in baseball, he is always on the job in his portion of the outer garden and has that very necessary whip, which he uses to advantage. He is also a good bunter and can generally beat the ball to first base if it's possible for anybody to do it. Padgett will have three more years in C. H. S. and will probably be out for catcher next season. We believe and hope he will make the position.

### Wallace (Center Field)

While this is Harold's first year in High School baseball, he soon proved his ability to stop anything within reach in center field. Harold will be back again next year, and we believe he will make an infield position.



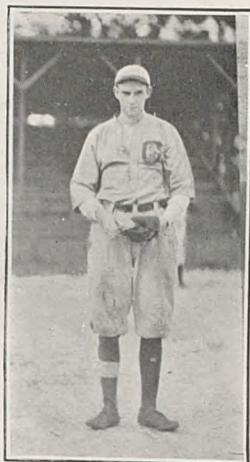
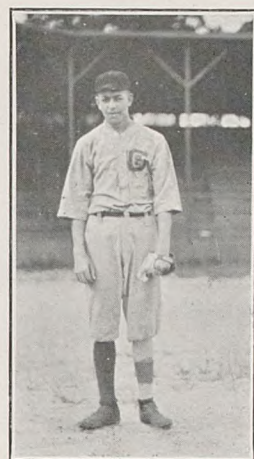
### Young (Right Field)

We are very sorry to say, but this is Ezra's last year at C. H. S. He has proved himself capable to cover his territory and is always under the ball when it comes down, ready to nab it.



### Springer (Substitute)

Although Albert did not make the first team, he was a willing worker and a booster for everything in connection with the nine. He will be back again next season and we wish him better luck then.



### Clegorn (Substitute)

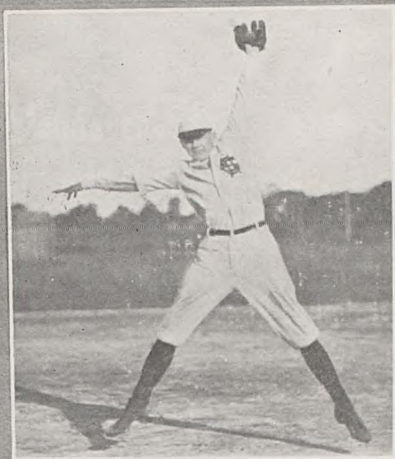
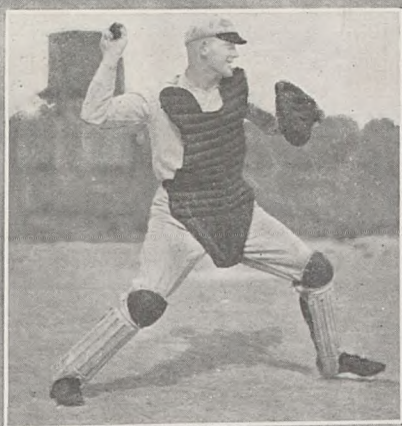
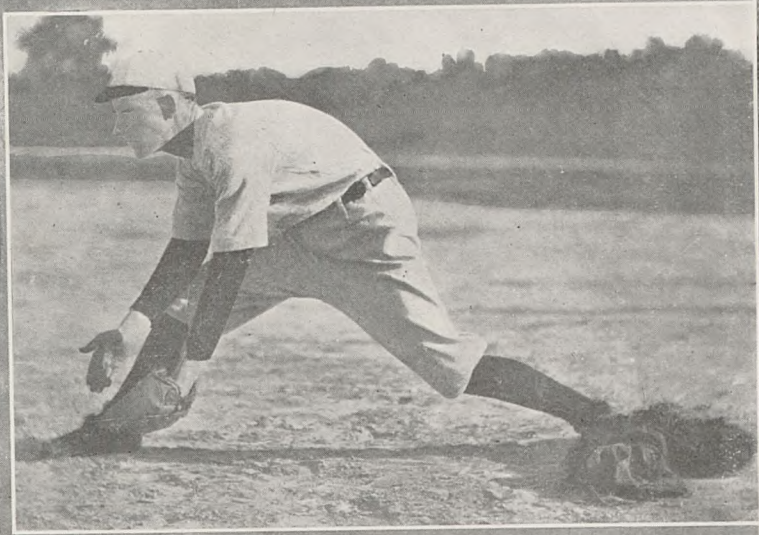
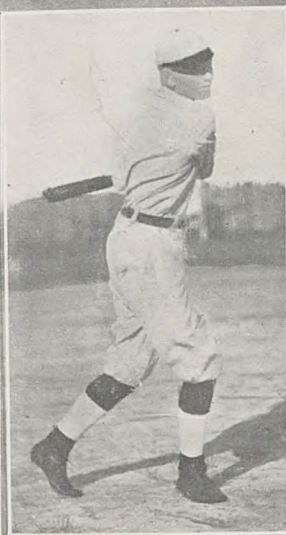
Claude, like Albert, was always ready to do his part and boost the team. This is the spirit that makes a good ball player and like Springer, we wish him better luck next season.

### Pemberton (Manager)

Ed. made a very good manager, and we are proud of his work both in basketball and baseball. Any game that Ed. schedules is always well arranged for beforehand, relieving the captain or team of any worry as to time, place or accommodations on trips or the sale of tickets, etc., when games are played at home. He has scheduled games with some of the best teams in South Florida this season, and has always been a booster for the Clearwater nine. Come on, fellows; fifteen RaHS! for the best manager in Florida.







The following confidential letters are hereby put before the public due to insufficient space in the waste basket.

Dear Editor:—I am president of the Utopian Literary Society. I wish people to know how great I am. Could you not make some striking mention of it in the Annual? I am,

Yours modestly,

RUDOLPH MORTON.

Dear Editor:—I enclose one of my pictures. Everybody admires it. Assuring you great success with this contribution on my part, I am,

Generously,

VIRGINIA COX.

Dear Editor:—I am enclosing my recently completed book, "Literary Criticisms." I am giving you the honor of putting my work before the public.

Condescendingly,

EUGENE THOMAS.

Dear Editor:—I am enclosing my suggestions on how to run Clearwater High School. Surely you will need them. Sincerely,

MARJORIE CORDIER.

Dear Editor:—Talmadge says "Flirtation is damnation." Do you agree with him? Sincerely,

"DOT" BISHOP.

P. S.—Don't say "yes," and be sure and don't tell Mr. Mac.

Dear Editor:—If sufficiently urged we might pose for a special picture for the Annual. Take it or leave it!!

TOM AND GOETTE, ALIAS "PT" and "WL"

Dear Editor:—We are exceptionally pretty girls. Please do not omit any of our hair, even if it does extend out on the margin. Space could not be any better used.

MILDRED AND STANLEY.

Dear Editor:—Be sure and mention in your Annual that I have a lover who is now in Arcadia.

ELEANOR GAGE.

Dear Editor:—Please settle an argument; which shall it be, June or November? I do love the orange blossoms of June, but Hugh says "there's a cold winter ahead."

JESSIE GRANT.

Dear Editor:—I am very much interested in Maurice Blanton. I want your advice about means whereby I may "cut out" my rival, Ruth Jett.

Confidentially,

OLIVIA MCKENZIE.

P. S.—Don't you think my curly hair is a feature?

Dear Editor:—Please suggest some punishment severe enough for Sydnev. I distinctly told him not to kiss Morjorie Cordier in the Senior play, and oblige,

MILDRED SUMNER.



Senior Class Play L. Schenk

## The Senior Class Play

THE Senior Class Play, very ably coached by Miss Kilgore, was given at H. Pitman's Royal theatre on Friday, April 29. The name, "Patty Makes Things Hum," at once suggests something exciting, and it was indeed very much so. Patty, a very typical college girl, certainly did make things hum. Mrs. Green, who gave an announcement party for her brother, Captain Little, entertained under difficulties, since her cook failed her. The meat market failed to send the needed lobsters, the florist sent a funeral wreath instead of the flowers she ordered, and Patty, expelled from boarding school, breezed in just at the critical moment, making more trouble for the tired hostess. However, Doris gives her dinner party, with the help of her neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Captain Little, who had a little misunderstanding with his bride-to-be, Helen Braithwaite, is helped out of his difficulty by his sister, Doris, and Tom Braithwaite, a dignified English officer. Mr. Greene, a typical business man, played the host, while Miss Dunbar tried to win the attentions of Captain Braitwhaite. At the announcement party Patty dressed up like a waitress and flirted with Tom, whom she had not met. He, not knowing that she is Doris' sister, is somewhat taken back when Doris tells him she is going to discharge her. He finds out, however, that Patty dressed as a waitress to get even with Doris for not letting her come down to dinner. Hyacinth, the colored maid, played her part to perfection and her humor went rippling throughout the play. Tom finally meets Patty after much scheming and Helen and Fred are reunited, leaving only Miss Dunbar in the cold.

Miss Kilgore certainly deserves much credit for her patient coaching and untiring labor to make the play the success it was. On Monday, the second of May, the play was repeated in Dunedin, in the Dixie theatre.

Thanks are due Mr. Pitman, who gave us the use of his theatre free of charge; also Mr. Walker and Mr. Young, who gave us the use of the Dixie at operating expenses. The Royal in Clearwater was filled to capacity, and the Dixie was crowded, and though both the coach and actors had lots of work and worry they were rewarded by the feeling that it was a grand success.

### Cast of Characters

Captain Braithwaite, who wasn't so slow after all....Newton McClung  
Captain Little, who had a little misunderstanding.....Ezra Young  
Mr. Greene, who played the host.....Sydney Barger  
Mr. Smith, a neighbor worth-while.....Eugene Thomas  
Mrs. Smith, who proved herself a true friend .....Dorothy Lee  
Mrs. Greene, Captain Little's sister, who entertained under diffi-  
culties .....Marjorie Cordier  
Patience Little, who managed to make things hum ....Dorothy Bishop  
Helen Braithwaite, engaged to Captain Little .....Jessie Grant  
Hope Dunbar, who is still hoping.....Mildred Hayes  
Hyacinth, a loquacious colored maid .....Mamie Ella Osborne

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Mrs. Green's living room, late afternoon.

ACT II—Same as Act I, next morning.

ACT III—Garden near the house, same evening .

Time—the present.

Place—a suburban town.





Mother—extracting thread from her slice of bread: "Now, just how do you suppose that happened to get in there?"

Newton (quickly): "Why, when they sewed the wheat, of course."

"Well, Eugene," said the visitor, "I understand you have a new baby here."

"Yes," said Eugene.

"Who does he look like, your father or your mother?" asked the visitor.

"We don't know, he seems kind of undecided yet," answered Gene.

"They tell me he has your father's nose."

"Yes," said Gene. "He has pa's nose and ma's mouth, an' Aunt Sarah's ears, and just between you and me I'm for givin' him grandpa's teeth. He ain't got any of his own and grandpa's got two sets."

Lucile: "Are you fishing?"

Cyril: "No, just giving this worm some swimmin' lessons!"

Alice Tooke—in the White Way: "I would like some powder, please."

Clerk: "Yes, Miss—Face, Gun or Bug?"

Vida: "I hear Ed. Pemberton has had a very serious operation. Did you know about it?"

Page: "No, what happened to him?"

Vida: "Why, he had his Trom-bone removed."

Marjorie Lawrence: "Did he say anything dove-like about me?"

Rudolph: "Yes, he said you were pigeon-toed."

Little Boy: "Mother, what is rain?"

Fond Ma (romantically): "The angels' tears, my son."

Little Boy (pensively): "Well, mother—"

Fond Ma: "Yes, dear, go on."

Little Boy: "Is the snow the angels' dandruff?"

Mr. Barger: "My boy, what do you expect to be when you get out of school?"

Cyril: "An old man, father."

Dot Lee: "Newton has the sweetest mouth in the univers."

Marjorie L.: "Oh, I don't know; I'd put mine up against it."

Ed: "Do you know that your hair resembles the Cut Price Store?"

Herbert: "In what respect?"

Ed.: "It covers a block."

Alsace: "Let's go out and look at the moon."

Dwight: "But there isn't any moon."

Alsace: "Sh—that's why I want to go out."

Mr. Faulds: "Who made the first Nitride?"

Ezra: "Paul Revere."

"Most things go to the buyer, but some things do not. There's coal for one thing. It goes to the cellar."

Mrs. Smith: "Wayne, will you rock the baby?"

Wayne: "I would if I had a rock."

Miss Kilgore: "Candler, are you chewing gum?"

Candler (innocently): "No, ma'am; Juicy Fruit."

Tom: "I thought you went with a blonde last year."

Goette: "I did, but she dyed."

Traffic Cop: "Come on, what's the matter with you?"

John Gunn: "I'm well, thanks, but the engine's dead."

Elma Madison: "Are you fond of autos?"

Eldon McMullen: "Am I, you just ought to see the truck I ate for dinner."

Miss Smith (in English): "Eleanor, give me the most important characteristic of Lanier's personality."

"Dot" Bishop (whispering across the aisle): "Perseverance."

Eleanor: "Personal appearance."

She sang and she sang, "I will hang my harp on a willow tree-ee, I will hang my harp on a willow tre-ee," each time breaking on the high note.

Finally the patient Mr. Cordier ventured from the next room—"Better hang it on a lower branch, Marjorie."

Emma: "Jamie, do you really love me?"

Jamie: "Do you think I'd be laughing my head off at your father's stale jokes if I didn't?"

Patient Mother (who was teaching her little girl the alphabet): "Now, dearie, what comes after 'g'?"

The Child: "Whizz."

Mother: "Well, William, how did you get along at school?" inquired Mrs. Stoune of her offspring after his first day in the Freshman Class.

William: "Well, I like school pretty well, but I don't like my teacher."

Mother: "Why, you hardly know her yet. What could she have done to you?"

William: "Well, when I went in she said, 'You sit here for the present,' and I sat there all day and she never brought it."

Marjorie Cordier: "I always sleep with my gloves on. That's what makes my hands so soft."

Maurice: "Mm! Do you sleep with your hat on also?"

Lois: "I think sheep are the most stupid of all beasts."

Sydney: "Yes, my lamb."

John Sweat: "Are you fond of nuts?"

Mildred H.: "Is this a proposal?"

Mr. Faulds (explaining the movements of heavenly bodies): "Perhaps it would be clearer if I'd let my head represent the moon. Is there any question?"

Eugene: "Is the moon inhabited?"

"Ssh—this is a gossipy place."

"Ssh—why?"

"Ssh—Even the walls communicate with one another."



Edith: "Do you know why I won't marry you?"

Wayne: "I can't think."

Edith: "You guessed it."

Some of the Zetholethians preparing for the candy sale went to Shaw's.

Olivia: "Have you any nuts?"

Clerk: "Yes, ma'am, some fresh ones just came in."

Sydney: "Do you believe in Preparedness?"

Mildred: "No, but I like to be in ARMS."

An Alabama ducky who prided himself on being able to play any tune on the banjo after he had heard it once, perched himself on the side of a hill one fine Sunday morning and began to pick the strings in a very workmanlike manner.

It chanced that the minister happened along. Going up to the old ducky, he demanded, harshly, "Moses, do you know the Ten Commandments?"

Moses scratched his head for a moment, and then in an equally harsh voice, demanded: "Parson, yo don't think yo can beat me, does you? Jest yo' whistle the first three or four bars and I'll have a try at it."

Gladys: "Aren't you just in love with nature?"

Ralph Trott: "That is, er—I was before I met you."

Metta Rousseau: "I'm sugar, ain't I?"

Candler: "Yeh, powdered sugar."

John Blackwell: "Say, barber, how long will I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber: "Oh, I should say not more than about two years."

Ed.: "Just as I was kissing her good night it dawned upon me—"

Paul: "What? Morning?"

Stanley: "Every time I sing tears come to my eyes."

Eleanor: "Well, stuff cotton in your ears, then."

Miss Smith: "You are always behind in your studies."

Ralph T.: "That gives me a chance to pursue them."

Conrad: "I'll have you know I'm not the fool you think I am."

Miss McMullen: "Then which fool are you?"

Dick Shoemaker (stricken): "You are the breath of my life, Madeline."

Madeline (blushing): "Well, if that's the case, see how long you can hold your breath."

Miss Huddleston: "Goette, you should keep your dates better."

Goette: "I do; I was out every night this week."

Laura: "Zelwyn, what makes Madeline Lentz's hair so thick?"

Zelwyn: "Because she thinks so much, I guess."

"Did Romeo pay for what Juli 'et or did he owe Zona for it after they had Duneaten?"

SYNCOPATED BREVITIES

(With apologies to the Krazy Katz)

"Whispering"—in study hall.

"Grieving for you"—the week-end.

"Love Nest"—Dot Lee and Newton.

"Japanese Sandman"—the Physics Class.

"Wondering"—about exams.

"Fair One"—which one?

"Margie"—both.

"The Morn"—Monday morning.

"Cuban Moon"—shine.

"Idle Dreams"—of a prolonged vacation.

"Chili Beanie"—Ed. and the Hula Maid.

"Hold Me"—I passed all my exams.

"Bright Eyes"—Miss Huddleston and notes.

"Just Like a Gypsy"—the Cox brigade.

"After you get what you want you don't want it"—Cafeteria hash.

"Just wait'll you see"—C. H. S. in 1922.

Spencer Rough: "May I print a kiss upon your lips?"

Julia Brock: "Yes, provided you promise not to publish it."

"The evolution theory is that we all came from monkeys," explained Mr. Faulds—

"That's wrong," said the flea biting his head. "I came from a dog."

"Jamie: "Oh, dear, please give me just one."

Emma: "I can't."

Jamie: "Why?"

Emma: "It's Lent."

Jamie: "Well, will you when you get it back?"

Miss Kilgore (in Zoology): "What makes the human race?"

Marion Martin: "Men and women chasing each other."

Maurice: "I dreamed last night I proposed to a girl, the most beautiful I had ever seen."

Lois: "And what did I say?"

Mr. Faulds: "Does the moon affect the tide?"

Tom: "No, merely the untied."

John Sweat: "Girls are prettier than men."

Stanley: "Naturally John?"

John: "No, artificially."

Paul: "Want to go to the Senior Class Play?"

Elna: "Oh-h-h, I'd just love to."

Paul: "Well, I'm selling tickets—how many do you want?"

"Hardware merchants claim to be honest men, yet they sell iron and steel for a living."

Mr. Faulds (seeing pretty girl at the Bellview): "Good morning, little one, haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

Biscuit Shooter: "It's quite likely; I used to be a nurse in an insane asylum."

Miss Kilgore: "Yes, the women did all the work and the men were savage."

Ezra Young: "Huh! It's just the opposite now."

Russell Wolfe: "I just hit my crazy bone."

Pauline: "Oh—your poor head."

Ethelbert: "Do you know the latest song?"

Margaret D.: "No, what is it?"

Ethelbert: "Kiss me and I'll tell you."

Charles: "Did Mr. Graham ask you to come again last night?"

Dwight: "No, he dared me to."

Miss Smith: "And the father of the prodigal son fell on his neck and wept. What did he weep for?"

Lawrence Ray: "You'd weep, too, if you fell on your neck."

Stanley: "Mildred, you remind me of an angel; you are always harping on something, and you never have anything to wear."

Extract from a letter from a Brooksville girl to Lois: "And when I come I'm dying to meet that good-looking fellow on the basketball team with the hard name. I always think of him in the Geology class when they talk of fossils."

Paul: "If you don't marry me, I'll get a rope and hang myself to a tree in front of your home."

"Dot": "Oh, please don't; you know daddy just hates to have you hanging around the place."

#### Lines to Study Hall

Oh hall wherein so many hours are spent!

I never study there,

But then, I read a lot of books in you.

Oh hall wherein so many notes are sent,

I never study there, but then I eat a lot of lunch in you.

Oh hall wherein I daily meditate,

I never study there, but then I get a lot of sleep in you.

Oh hall wherein some other shall have my seat,

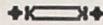
I've never studied there, but gosh! I've had lots of fun in you!

TOM BRANNING '21.

ELEANOR GAGE '21.

Joke Editors.

# Chronology



- Sept. 13—Here starts nine months of real jolly weather. One hundred and twenty-five we are, and all working together.
- Sept. 14—Chapel comes at 10:30 now; we all like it fine.
- Sept. 15—Oh, Boy! A new teacher has joined our band—Mr. Cornell. We wonder what he'll play?
- Sept. 17—What ails those Senior girls?
- Sept. 20—Mother Hubbard and her music stick bring a grin even from the greenest.
- Sept. 22—Come across with that quarter for your music book.
- Sept. 24—Why do the Seniors love physics? A Junior says it's because they **FAULD** for it the first of the year.
- Sept. 27—Grammar school opens today. We hope they learn more grammar than some of those Seniors that speak of the Freshman as children.
- Sept. 28—Marjorie Cordier makes a very good leader for music when Mother Hubbard can't be present. Marjorie led this A. M.
- Sept. 29—Chapel and rules, that's all.
- Sept. 30—Then blow ye winds hi! ho! for a schooling we will go.
- Oct. 1—The sixth period slept today. Too much dance last night.
- Oct. 4—We welcome Miss Kilgore, the new teacher, into our midst.
- Oct. 6—My! but these cafeteria lunches are ex-cell-ant!!
- Oct. 8—One month of school is over and one set of exams is over. An exam in time saves nine more, so say we all of us.
- Oct. 11—The Junior girls organized the Zetholethian club last Friday. They are a good peppy bunch; good luck and good times to them.
- Oct. 13—The Annual staff was elected this A. M.
- Oct. 14—The Seniors ordered their rings and pins today.
- Oct. 15—Orchestra started now; practice, 8:15.
- Oct. 18—Same old thing!!
- Oct. 19—Lost, a shirt!!!! Return to Goette Fussell. Liberal reward.
- Oct. 22—Madam Tate gives a recital here tonight.
- Oct. 25—The Juniors are going to entertain the Seniors Friday night at the home of Amelia Tucker.
- Oct. 26—Two literary societies were organized today.

- Oct. 27—The health officer is after us. Watch some of those Freshies get out last year's tooth brush
- Oct. 29—Largo held the score at the basketball game yesterday. Watch old Clearwater climb to the top.
- Nov. 1—Everybody is on the bum—what's the use of studying?
- Nov. 3—I wonder why Mr. Cornwell's classes are so popular?
- Nov. 5—The new song books have arrove. Hold your's tight.
- Nov. 8—The girls' basketball team had their first practice today.
- Nov. 9—Cram! Cram!! For that dawgoned exam.
- Nov. 11—Give me liberty or give me death!!!
- Nov. 13—First literary society program today.
- Nov. 17—Rain! Rain!! Rain!!!
- Nov. 18—We is all going to the circus.
- Nov. 19—The Utopian society is entertaining us today.
- Nov. 25—Clearwater defeated Zephyrhills today by a big score.
- Dec. 1—The Senior rings have come, but where's the money?
- Dec. 3—Clearwater and Brooksville each carried off honors in the game today. The country school made quite a hit. The Delphian society gave it today.
- Dec. 6—The office seems to be popular with the boys.
- Dec. 8—Have you attended Mr. Cornwell's **Matinee**?
- Dec. 10—Our C. H. S. quintette defeated Largo today to the tune of 31 to 30, in a well played game.
- Dec. 15—I wonder why the girls don't take the hint. Mr. McMullen stood under the mistletoe for an hour this A. M.
- Dec. 16—Vacation starts just after tomorrow; of course this is much to our sorrow????
- Dec. 17—Nearly all of the C. H. S. has gone to Brooksville to the game. The Clearwater boys climbed another step on their ladder of victory. The girls played a good game but were beaten.
- Jan. 3—Everybody is happy; we is all back to school again.
- Jan. 5—Miss Jeffries gave up her labors here and left for a calmer atmosphere.
- Jan. 10—Mr. Cornwell is in Orlando this week and his classes are enjoying the vacation.
- Jan. 14—We had a negro wedding up here today. Some class to our negro brethren. The marriage kiss was quite realistic. The basketball girls won their first victory today over Zephyrhills.
- Jan. 17—Five more months and we'll be free from this school of misery.
- Jan. 20—No school tomorrow; everybody is going to the fair.
- Jan. 25—Our team put Largo in the breeze today when they defeated and dehanded them in a fast game of basketball.

- Jan. 28—**Wha's the matter with Clearwater? She's alright!** Dade city went home today after the game with a long face.
- Jan. 31—Please bisect the physics book. It is too shallow for the bold Freshies and too deep for the timid Seniors.
- Feb. 1—Miss Smith in American literature class: "Tom, how many people lived in Boston in 1867?" Tom replied: "I don't know; I wasn't there to count them."
- Feb. 5—The Senior boys and their negro kewpies go real well together.
- Feb. 8—The St. Pete girls came up for a game today and had the nerve to speed home with the score.
- Feb. 10—MID-YEAR EXAMS!!!!
- Feb. 18—Three hearty cheers for our boys and girls today. The boys defeated Bradentown and the girls won from Tampa by one mighty point.
- Feb. 22—Birthington's Washday.
- Feb. 23—Miss O'Neal has departed. Weep, Freshies, weep.
- Feb. 24—Broken the photographer's camera. Come on, Freshies, own up you're guilty.
- Feb. 25—The C. H. S. girls are rather lively after a short joy-ride to the beach.
- Feb. 28—Poor Tampa! Her basketball team might know they'd be defeated when they tilted against professionals like our boys.
- March 2—Yawn, and we yawn with you; smile, and you smile alone.
- March 4—Miss Osborne showed her ability to become a lawyer today when she debated on the literary program. She is a staunch Utopian.
- March 7—Why do Barnes like Graham's so?
- March 9—Marjorie Cordier is the new American Lit. poet.
- March 10—Every little Senior is cramming for the physics exam.
- March 11—The Delphian society is giving us a classy program today.
- March 14—Bring on the electric fan. It's gettin' hot!
- March 16—Reading Macbeth is liable to have a bad influence on our wild boys, so Miss Annie Davis says.
- March 18—Mona Schwabel, one of our Junior girls, who had many friends in High school, passed away this morning. We express our deepest sympathy for her loved ones  
 "This fair lily bloomed but for a day;  
 Christ sent an angel to take her away."
- March 23—A representative of the Redpath Chautauqua visited us in chapel period today.
- March 25—The Krazy Katz gave us a peppy entertainment today and were applauded very much for their music.
- March 28—Aw, gee, Mr. Mac; come, be a sport; let us go to the air meet.
- April 1—Who's the FOOL?

- April 5—Lost, an arm, while explaining a physics problem.
- April 8—Why do we always get so fond of the teachers at exam time?
- April 12—Lost! A stick of gum! Finder please return to Stanley Cornwell or Dorothy Brown.
- April 15—Marjorie is rejoicing; another letter from some fellow in Atlanta.
- April 18—Wanted. Five minutes sleep, by Goette Fussell.
- April 20—He that sitteth on the floor shall rise again. See Eldon McMullen for particulars.
- April 22—Thank goodness, today is Friday.
- April 25—The sixth period study hall needs an alarm clock. They are all dozing.
- April 27—I cannot search my brain today; it is all puffed up. Well, no wonder; I'm a Senior. You will have to excuse me.
- April 28—Nuf ced, that this is the hottest day of all the days!!!
- April 29—If those Seniors ever learn their play it will sure shock their advisors.
- May 1—The Misses Graham are leaving. Weep, ye Freshies, weep.
- May 4—Why does Miss Huddleson always look at the wrong time, especially in study hall?
- May 6—LOOK!!!! WILLIAM STONE, THE BIG PRIZE FIGHTER!
- May 9—Mrs. Hubbard's violin sextette livens up the chapel exercise.
- May 13—Why does Eldon McMullen prefer the west side of the study hall?
- May 16—Miss Huddleson's new name for us is "Little Children." Isn't that humiliating?
- May 18—Why does the tea party in the typewriting room have to be interrupted?
- May 20—Miss Smith has forbidden the afternoon luncheon in her American literature class. When can we poor "Little Children" eat?
- May 23—The Freshman class has a professional musician. Free concerts are given during the noon hour.
- May 25—The Senior cuckoo clock is not running today. (Margaret Jacobs forgot to sneeze.)
- May 27—Rain—Dear Rain—Dearest Rain.
- May 30—Sydney, Sydney, I've been thinking, what a queer old world this would be, if a little Senior was transported, far beyond the Northern sea.
- June 1—Mrs. Hubbard came to chapel for the last time this year. Boo! Hoo!
- June 2—The Juniors of today are the Seniors of tomorrow. MAYBE!
- June 3—Good-bye, school days. Good luck to everybody.

All of my work is over;  
 Everything is said;  
 I'm awfully tired of writing—  
 Now, may I go to bed?

MARY PLUMB '21.

# Index

Dedication .....	2
Foreword .....	3
Staff .....	5
Faculty .....	7-9
Seniors .....	11-22
Senior Class History .....	23
Senior Class Prophecy.....	25
Senior Class Poem .....	30
Last Will and Testament .....	31
Senior Class Party .....	33
Juniors .....	34
Junior History .....	37
Junior Parties .....	38-39
Sophomores .....	40
Sophomore History .....	43-44
Sophomore Party .....	45-46
Freshmen .....	47
Freshmen History .....	50
Little Things .....	51
Snap-Shots .....	52-53
Music and Orchestra .....	54-58
Senior Carnival .....	56
Zetholethians .....	59-61
Literary Societies .....	63
Cafeteria .....	64
"Nugget Nell" (story) .....	65
"Dorothy's Judgment" (story) .....	67
Boys' and Girls' Athletics .....	69
Boys' Basketball .....	70
Newspaper Clippings .....	74
Girls' Basketball .....	75
Baseball .....	80-87
Confidential Letters .....	88
Senior Class Play .....	89
Jokes .....	92
Chronology .....	98-101
Advertisements .....	103-120





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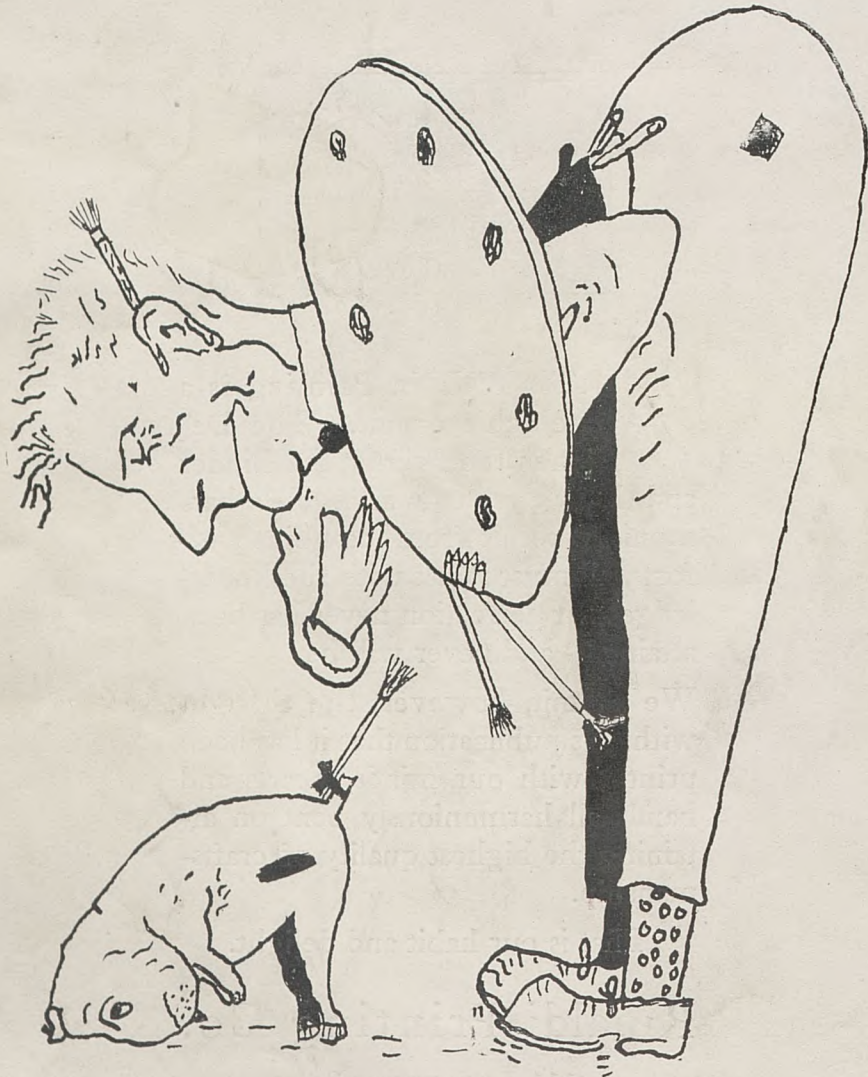
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