FOUL TACKLE! FOUL TACKLE! (Once upon a time when one of our teachers was only a mere Freshman like us, he was coaxed into getting into a football suit and taking part in the scrimmage. Whether he lasted thru the first half—there were no "quarters" in those days, you know—legend does not say; but that he "gathered" the terminology of the game—yes; that's a big word, we know, but we have "gathered" it all right, all right—no one can doubt who reads the following, which has come into the editor's hands indirectly but autoritatively, and which has both historical, personal and poetic interest.)

We were seated on the sofa, Where the gas burned dim and low; It was midnight—by the town clock, But she wouldn't let me go. So we sat and talked in whispers How to rush the pigskin thru; For we feared to raise our voices 'Lest we'd raise the old man too."

"Agate, rumor says," she whispered. "That of all the 'tacklers,' you Are the surest in the 'even.' Show me how you tackle—do!"

Then I showed her with great-relief Tackled her waist around, Fearing greatly every minute 'Till the runner would cry "down!"

And thus I held her "tackled," Caring naught for earthly cares. Strange I did not hear the run-bite Of the old man on the stairs. Whew! He broke our "interference" With accuracy sublime. "Thrilled" me his "windmill tandems" Scored a place kick every time. Next he "drop kicked," then he "bounced."

Last he tried a "goal from field." Ah! How soon to show a maiden How I "tackled" will I yeild. A big line of shoes at Harrison & Deazle.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS OF 1916

STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF HAYS—KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that we, the Freshman class of the Southwest Texas State Normal School, being of sound mind, of good memory, and of the age of twenty-one years, do make and declare this Instrument to be our last will and testament.

To the dearly beloved Freshmen who will follow, we desire, grant, will, and bequeath: the sole right of being called "second grades" and "fish," all quadratic equations occurring in our province and not solved by us, our grades against the Seniors for their monumental amassing; and all Carpenter's Grammars got too worn and out-thumbed for further use.

To the Sophomores, we devise, grant, will, and bequeath: one cent of last love and affection; and the sole right of joining the "Employment Bureau" of the Southwest Texas State Normal School.

To the Juniors, who have so often sought to cheer us with their soothing poetry, we hereby devise, grant, will, and bequeath: a copy of rules for verse making (as we observe it is much needed), all the lost hopes; "Py"; joint ambitions and unsuccessful efforts that now form the bulk of our own estate.

Thus I bequeath to this Instrument all my soul, my body, my life, my youth, my strength, my health, my skill and my youth—my all—myself, and anything I may own or have or do. I give, devise, grant, and will, and bequeath the same to the freshets of 1916, or any of them whom they desire to make such bequests.

In witness whereof, we hereby affix our signatures, this seventh day of April, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred sixty-five. WITNESS: Autograph.

Eugene Chestham, Best Boot Black in the United States.

BASEBALL NINE PERMITS "FISH" TO PUBLISH VICTORY. DEFEAT BAPTIST ACADEMY BY SCORE 4-2

Captain Shelton Tries Out New Line-up With Success. Team Worked Hard and Gave Deviney Good Support.

The various societies were well represented Monday night in the auditorium when a good crowd gathered to see the freshmen debate. There were two debaters teams who are to go against Denton and Huntsville Normal this coming Saturday night. This practice debate not only did the debaters good, but it put into those present a new determination to give them every ounce of support that is possible. It made every one know, as has all along been believed that these four men who have been putting in many hours of hard work, it made them feel, as they sat listening at the debaters deliver their speeches, that there are four men who are working hard for their school and that these men justly deserve that for which they have worked so hard.

By the time this reaches the public "Dye is cast." The thing that all Normal students are now wishing is that the waters of both Denton and Huntsville will be so stirred and dyed by the speeches of these debaters that the judges will see no clear solution from which to get decision as to the contents of their speeches. Debaters remember the whole student body is backing you all the time.

NORMAL NINE WITNESS RACE ON ACADEMY FIELD; SCORE 10-1

With Normal Team as Judges, Academy Makes Race Track of Diamond

You ought to have been there to see them go "around and around." (CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN)

New Collars at the Toggery.

San Marcos City League Standing

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Tow... . 8 4 2 .295
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Exchange ............... Alfreda Tipp...

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Junior ............... Carrie Bell Capt
Sophomore ............... Winzie Donald
Freshman ............... Marvin Hall

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All matter for publication must be signed and mailed in the Star Box in the Library Building not later than 9:00 o'clock Tuesday morning.

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Freshman Edition

EDITORIAL STAFF
Editor .......... Marvin Hall
Assistant .......... H. Von Roeder
Assistant .......... C. Desmar
Assistant .......... O. Breaman

Who said a Fish couldn't write?

Has the Senior Edition come out yet? Well, it's strange we don't remember its appearance.

Well, anyway the "Fish" had more sense than to ruin a perfectly good issue of the Star with a lot of PUNK poetry.

Speaking of who's important, the Faculty had to have a Freshman to make their baseball nine complete.

In a recent edition of this paper the question was asked as to whether a larger, healthier, more beautiful class could be found than the Juniors of '16. Ha!—if they're running on their legs, it seems to us that the journey did not get started in the school year of 1915-'16.

The scholastic year is fast drawing to a close, and with it ends a year of varied experiences of toil and sorrow, but yet mingled with pleasant recollections; which are hidden away in the little secret nooks of our memories, never to be forgotten.

In athletics, we have been very successful. We have met defeat, 'tis true, but fairly and squarely, and on the whole we have accomplished much.

In school work we have made marked progress. Notwithstanding the many mistakes a Freshman would naturally make we have risen up again, and again, each time resolving that the previous mistakes should not be repeated.

The present Freshman class is composed of about one hundred and twenty of the most energetic and boys to be found in this great Lone Star State.

We realize that we are only Freshmen, but it must be constantly borne in mind, to appreciate our efforts, that where we now stand our most successful Seniors once stood.

The PRICE is the THING. The Toggery.

SO AS IT IS

The gong, it rang, the knell for chapel time.

The happy Freshies wind slowly up the stairs.

The Junior's "plunkly" gave their fifteen rahs,

While Seniors were dignified with put on airs.

Now rises the section leaders to call out absentees,

And all the Freshies in solemn stillness sneeze.

Save where most girls are the sneezes were harsh.

Then all are silent to hear Wilson and Marsh.

As we were singing the devotional hymn,

Brainless Clawson looked very grim:

He was thinking of making short some day.

But Old that opponent by the of Ridgeway.

Brainless failed in this one big attempt,

Determined to show Coach there was another chance.

Through the collection of his baseball skivvies,

He conditionally made backstop on the Fish team. P. S.

Don't forget we have the largest line of new shoes in the city.

Harrison & Deselle.

Farmer Corntassel, to the father of a Senior—"Is your son pursuing his studies at the Normal again this year?"

Senior's father—"I guess so.

He is always behind."

Clothes Kleaned Klean at the Toggery.

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NEXT DOOR TO P. O.
A Fish
When I came to this here school, 
The faculty thought me a silly fool.  
And when at me the teacher looked, 
I hid my face behind a book.  
You see, I'm from the farm down home,  
And mother sent me here alone.  
She said, "Darling when you come back, 
Of knowledge my son will never lack."
I went to the president at first, 
As I shook his hand he smiled in mirth.  
He sent me to room twenty-two, 
To see if I was fit to do.  
Harrison is a kindly man,  
And seems to know just where you stand.  
He said to me, now look here,  
Education is very, very dear.  
And if at W. T. N. you wish to stay. 
You'll find it all work; no time for play."  
From there I was sent to Mrs. Shaver,  
Who never fails to grant you a favor.  
The course she advised was Science Math, 
Which I later learned was a rugged path.  
I then started out to get classified,  
And thought to my soul, please let me die.  
I would go from one room to another.  
And the room I sought was always 'tother.  
So when into Mr. Stanfield's room I rushed, 
There was created a solemn hush.  
He looked at me, and I at him,  
I began to tremble in every limb.  
He placed his glasses straight on his nose,  
And carelessly assumed a stern pose.  
I glanced around for refuge to seek,  
"Twas then the professor began to speak,  
"I say, Miss, do you know where you are at?"  
And, Oh, my goodness! I couldn't tell that.—M. B. S.
A big supply of tennis shoes always on hand at Harrison & Deselle.
THE NORMAL STAR

LARGE PARTY ACCOMPANY DEBATURES TO HUNTSVILLE

Students to Leave Friday Night. Will Probably Stop at A. & M. College On Return Trip

A large party of roosters will leave tonight with the debating team. Boys from both Harris-Blair and Chatanooga Literary Societies with members of the faculty will make up the party. It is being planned that on the return trip they will stop at A. & M. college and spend a few hours. According to the train schedule, the boys leaving here Friday night and spending Saturday night in Huntsville will not be able to reach San Marcos again until Tuesday morning. The whole party will be given a good "send off." Every society member is expected to be at the train to see the fellows leave. The guests and most wishes of good luck are made that they have a good time and most of all bring home a victory.

IN A BOARDING HOUSE AT 11:30 P. M.

Maidly (entering the room with clock in hand)—Young man, do you know what time it is?

Senior (who had come to see a Freshman girl)—"Yes ma'am, I was fixing to leave." He spoke a few parting words to the girl and started to get his hat.

"Young man, do you know what time it is?"

"Yes ma'am, I was just about to be off," he replied, stepped to the door and started to leave.

"Young man, do you know what time it is?"

"Yes ma'am, I'm gone," he said as he shut the door and left.

The maidly turned to the girl and said, "That's the matter with that young man. I wanted to know what time it was, my clock has stopped!"

New Ties at the Toggery.

TRAINING SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Miss Davidson has gone to Ardmore, Oklahoma, on account of the illness of her mother.

The Training School Literary Society met Saturday, April 1. The following program was rendered:

1. Victrola Record.
3. Debate—Resolved that the baseball team should be turned out early to practice.

Affirmative: Atwell Summers, Kenneth Pratt.

Negative: Erwin Sojaya, Thompson Stricklen.

4. Victrola Record.

The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative.

The Student Teachers are to begin work Tuesday. The ninth grade have Mrs. Greer, English; and Mr. Yarrington, History.

Pajamas at the Toggery.

It's a long, long way to go to victory and fame, but we will win just the same.

When hungry or thirsty, turn your footsteps towards Galbreath's.

SOME DRY

There was found in the library last week a Soph. edition of the Star with these words written across it by some wise student:

"If there should ever be another flood, Pooferge hither dry.
Por if the whole world be submerged
This Soph. edition would still be dry."

Call and see the Old Book
Black and water carrier coach.
I can also shoo your shoes, at Nesbil's Barber Shop.

New Shirts at the Toggery.

THE ORIGINAL BONEHEAD

Late one evening a Freshman girl and a Junior boy were sitting on the porch.

"I'm getting cold," said the girl.

"May I put something around you," said the boy.

"Yes.

"What do you prefer to be put around you?"

"Just anything, dear.

And the Junior went in the house and got a shawl.

Fruits of all kinds and Nuts.

I will meet you at Harrison & Derelle.

Genuine Coca Cola served at our Soda Fountain. Hofheinz.

Here's to the Freshies of 1916.

Here's to them, every one.

May they live to a ripe old age, And have just lots of fun.

To the Juniors and Seniors we think we're crazy.
We know they are far from right, For the greatest that ever will be Are the Freshies now in sight.

—O. S.

Base Ball | Hutchings
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Mr. Wilson—"Miss Swarts, what do you know about animals?"

Alma S.—"Oh, we don't have animals, we have Salmon.

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If it takes a week for a Junior to eat a bocce of ice cream with a hat pin, how long will it take a Senior to pick up a flea with a boxing glove?