

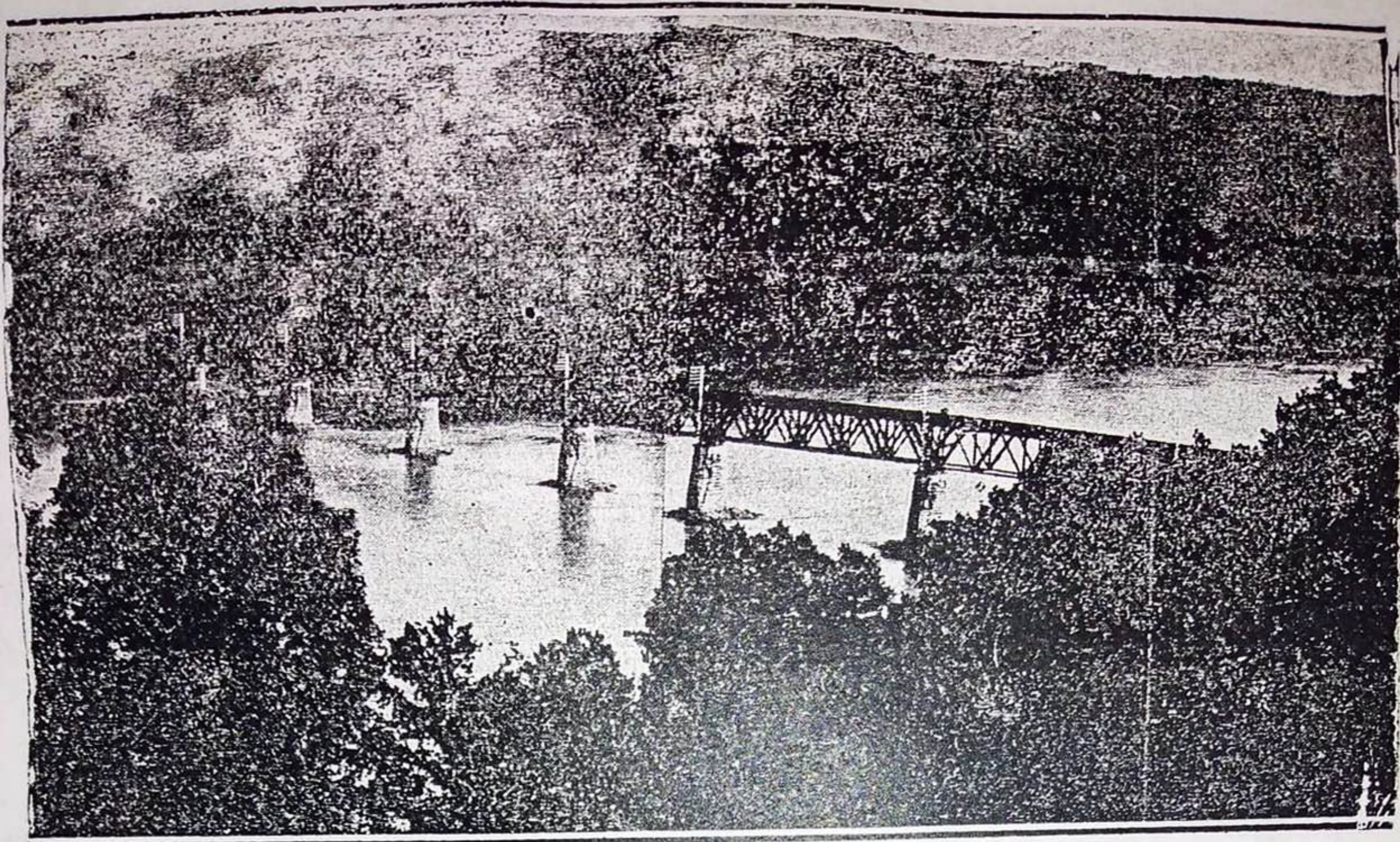
Bridgeport Beacon

YEAR BOOK OF

THE CITY SCHOOLS

BRIDGEPORT, ALA.

1923=1924



View from Battery Hill

FORWARD

In presenting this our first volume of the "Bridgeport Beacon" we have attempted to portray fairly the different phases of our school life and activities.

Whether we are successful or not, we offer no apology, for we have tried and if a failure, it is our own misfortune.

We do not claim to have produced a master-piece, but in after life any student who by chance might glance over these pages, may have some pleasant memories of former school days of Bridgeport and also this volume may serve as an incentive to the classes that follow us. Then with this we, we are content and the purpose of our efforts has been perfected.



C. O. Chisam,
Superintendent City Schools



Prof. A. S. Hill,
Prin. Grammar School



Miss Katherine Hackworth



Miss Ruby Deese



Mrs. H. A. Kelly,
Music Teacher Public School



Miss Daisy Parton
Teacher of English
High School



Miss Ruth Daniels
Teacher of Domestic science
and History, High School



Miss Kathleen Lasater
Teacher, Grammar School



Miss Lucile Jenkins
Teacher, Grammar School



Miss Kate Steele
Teacher, Grammar School



Miss Millie Sue Williams
Teacher, Grammar School

SENIORS

President
Secretary

Leslie Quarrels
Maurine Hughes



Maurine Hughes



Leslie Quarrels

CLASS HISTORY

The honor attached to the graduating class of 1924, because of its being the first to finish at the Bridgeport High school will be fully appreciated by those who follow after us.

This all-important class enlisted in the ranks of high school by way of our Bridgeport grammar school in 1920 A. D.

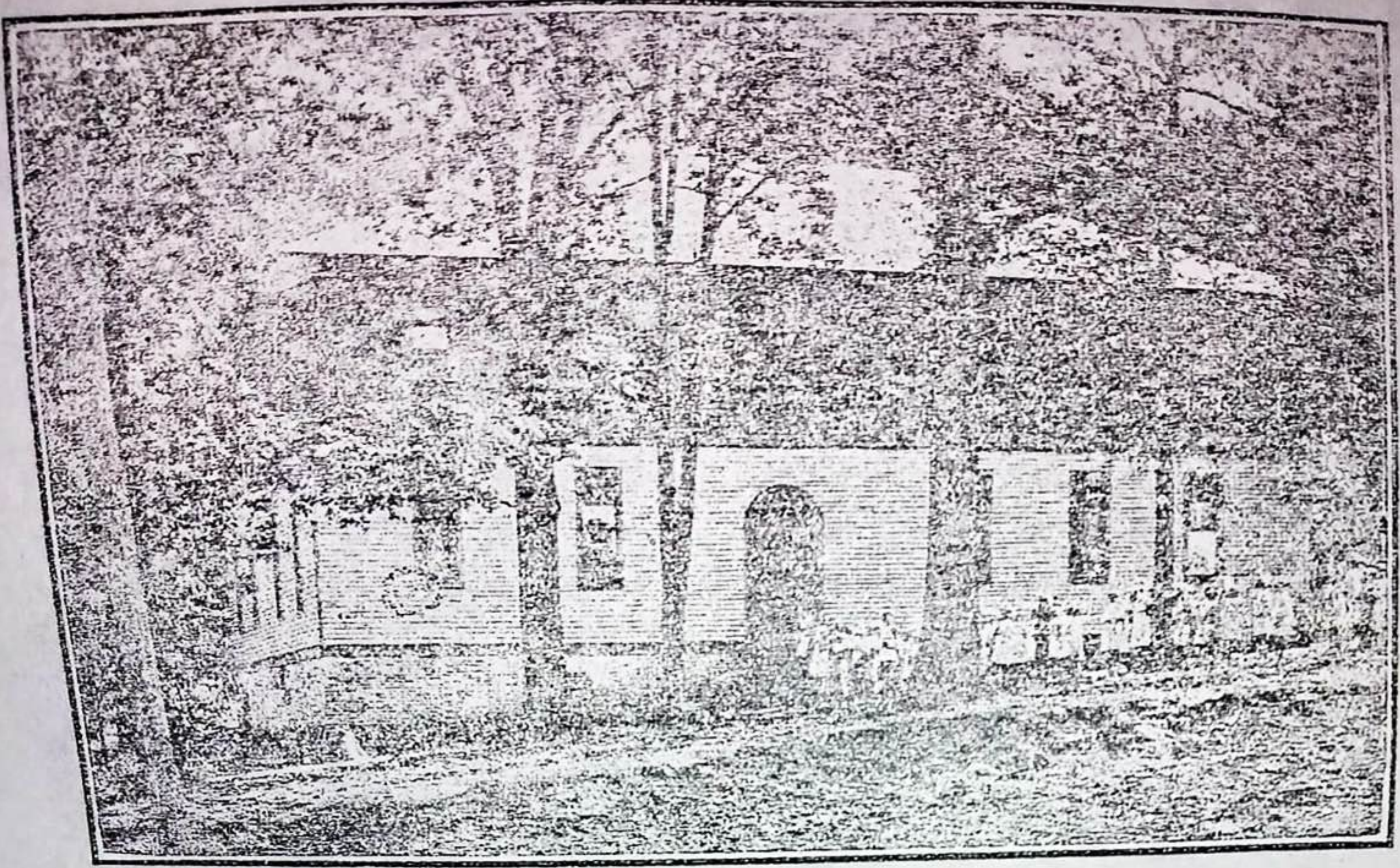
In spite of the fact that our dear professor of our first year was kind and lenient the new subjects so strange to us were like Chinese puzzles and had it not been for his patience we would never have mastered such important subjects as algebra and Latin in our first year.

The fruits from the tree of knowledge were not so hard to gather on our second attempts. So being helped on by our love for ancient history on one hand and handicapped by our abhorrence for all mathematics on the other, we studied from early fall until late spring and came out with half our credits.

Thus encouraged, we began our third raid on "General Ignorance." This seemed the year of "the reason why," for physics upset all our old ideas, and taught us to take nothing for granted.

During our four years sojourn many of our dearest and best fellow-workers have dropped by the wayside. Some have fallen at Dan Cupid's arrows and embarked on the troubled sea of matrimony, and others have sought their fortune without the aid of a diploma. We, who remain may seem quite a bunch of heroes for we have closed our ears to all but the call of duty.

Last year of all, ending this strange, eventful history, found us with our hand still to the plowshare. Here we have worked hardest and endeavored to finish all things left undone and to make our last year our best. To a measure we have succeeded and never before, did we so hate to say farewell; but we are comforted by the thought that while we shall not be so closely associated as before, still we shall meet many times after this in the political, business and social world.



Grammar School Building



JUNIORS

President	-----	Emily Troxell
Vice-President	-----	Carl Hartung
Secretary	-----	Julia Hartung



Walker Austin



Carl Hartung



Cora Morris



Orma Stephens



Ina Troxell



Johnie Payne



Julia Hartung



Mary White



Emily Troxell



Nancy Lee

CLASS WILL

Be it known all men by these present that, we upon the leaving of the great and august Bridgeport High School, do make this our last will and testament.

Item 1. To our dear friend and principal, Mr. C. O. Chisam, we bequeath a comb—oh, excuse me he has no use for a comb so we bequeath him our good will and hope for happiness in all his future life.

Item 2. To our English and History teacher, Miss Daisy Parton and Miss Ruth Daniels, we hereby will an automatic pen for marking zeros as we know by sad experience that it is a great pleasure to them to mark big "goose eggs" better known as zeros.

Item 3. Also to Miss Ruth Daniels, our domestic science teacher we bequeath our good will and esteem, and also some good man as a life partner, (poor man) that she may teach this man etiquette and the culinary arts for the sake of his name.

Item 4. To our dear friends, the Juniors, who will receive our place in seniordom next year, we bequeath Leslie's privilege of being late. We all know he took advantage of this privilege. Also to Johnnie Payne of the Junior class we will Carl Hartung and ask that none of the other Junior girls interfere with this couple as it would break poor Johnnie's heart.

Item 5. To the girls of the first and second year domestic science class, we bequeath a large supply of food, as they have been accused by their teacher of being, "hungry hounds." They have also been accused of not having anything to eat at home, we beg of their parents to see that they are properly fed.

Item 6. This being our last year at this school we beg of the remaining part of the school that they try to get Miss Daisy a beau, as we would hate to see her go through her future life, after her school days are over without someone to pick on and fuss at.

Item 7. To Emily Troxell, we bequeath, Maurine Hughes "kress complexion," as we think she needs it.

Item 8. To Walker Austin we bequeath Leslie's ability to speak when we have oral English.

Item 9. To Nancy Lea we will a spelling book as we realize her need of it.

Item 10. To Ina Troxell a Sears Roebuck catalog that she may be able to refer to same and keep in line with the current prices of cosmetics and know the shape of the cartons for packing.

Item 11. To Johnnie Payne we will a quart of water so she will not become so dry.

NICKNAMES

Maurine Hughes	-----	Spark Plug
Leslie Quarrels	-----	Coon
Nancy Lee	-----	Buck
Julia Hartung	-----	Judy
Johnny Payne	-----	Possum
Emily Troxell	-----	E.A.T.
Cara Morris	-----	Korea
Mary White	-----	Blacky
Ina Troxell	-----	Dick
Carl Hartung	-----	Bud
Walker Austin	-----	Candy
Orma Stephens	-----	Muley
Catherine Lively	-----	Lou
Emma Clark	-----	Emmie
Gussie Peacock	-----	Gus
Jessie Stewart	-----	Sunshine
Velma Sissom	-----	Golf Links
Ethel LeRoy	-----	Biggy
Wilmer Mazy	-----	Fatty
James Barham	-----	Frosty
Jenny Lea	-----	Piggly-Wiggly
Mary Ellen Boyd	-----	Long Branch
Ray Holder	-----	Preacher
Marvine Swillings	-----	Mauvinis
Sue Williams	-----	Sassy Susie
Ilva Allison	-----	Tilly
Winnie Farr	-----	Weiner
Kathryn Arendale	-----	Kate
Allean Gothard	-----	Bill
Claiborne Williams	-----	K
Lindsay Lively	-----	Bones
James Crownover	-----	Lefty
Curtis Allison	-----	Eck



FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

1 f8teful day a boy went 4th,
 His dog went 2, 4 fun;
 The dog 4stalled a wanton cat,
 Which 4thwith tried 2 run.
 That poor a10u8ted cat
 Dashed str8way 2 a fence,
 And sounds of 3fold rage and h8,
 Now emin8ed thence.
 "This chance I can't a4d to miss,"
 The boy did specul8;
 4thwith he three 1 stone, which puss
 Avoided all 2 18.
 But some 1 now 2 his surprise
 At once in view appears,
 And chides in 4cful tone be9
 That boy of 10der years.
 "At10d to me," his teacher says,
 "Why I'm disconsol8;
 I'll 40fy your 10der mind
 With 4titude, not h8."
 But quite in4mally the boy
 Calls to his ca9 creature,
 And pointing 4th his 1 in10t,
 He 6 him on his teacher.



Domestic Science Class



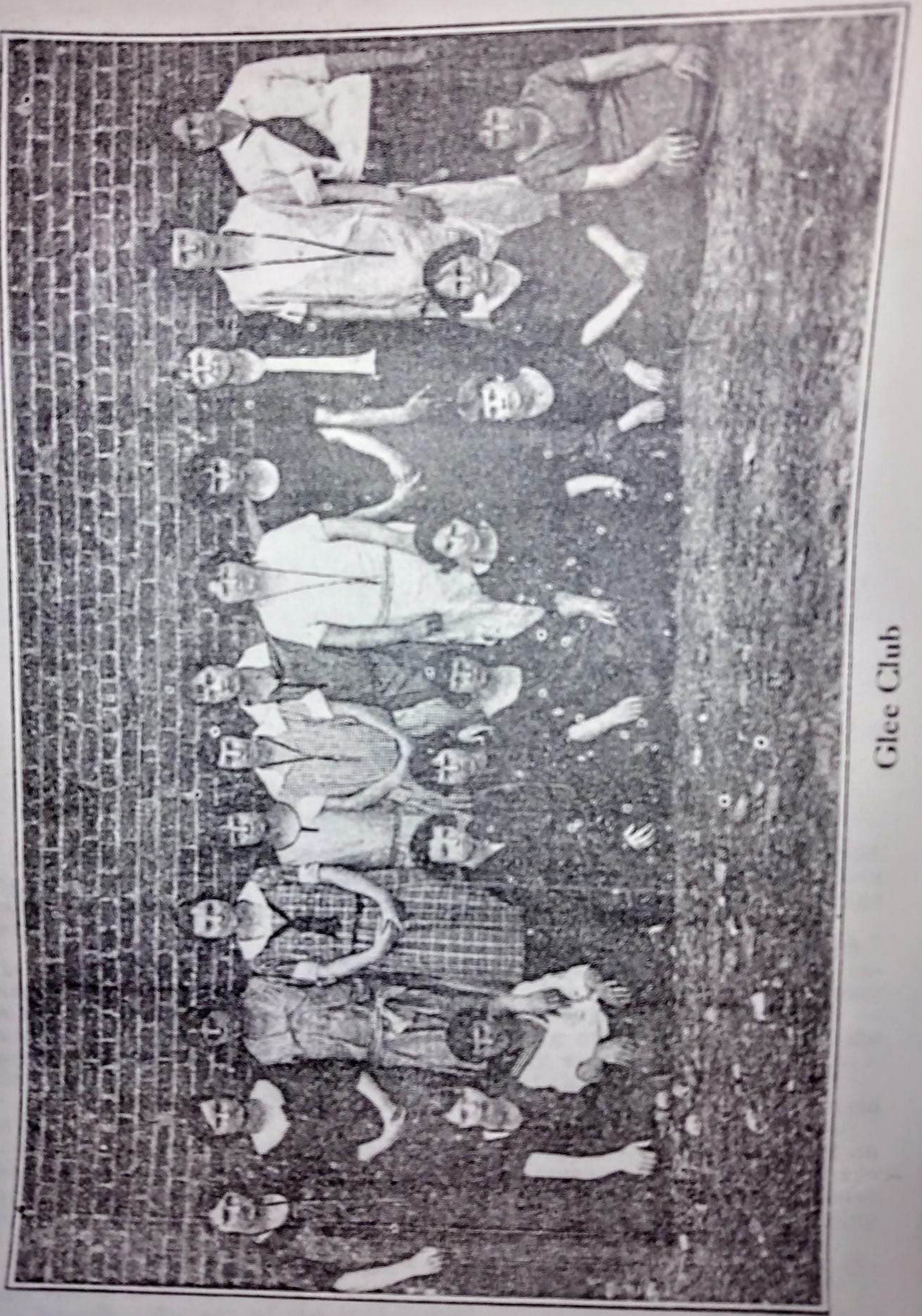
2007
Mary
Emma

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

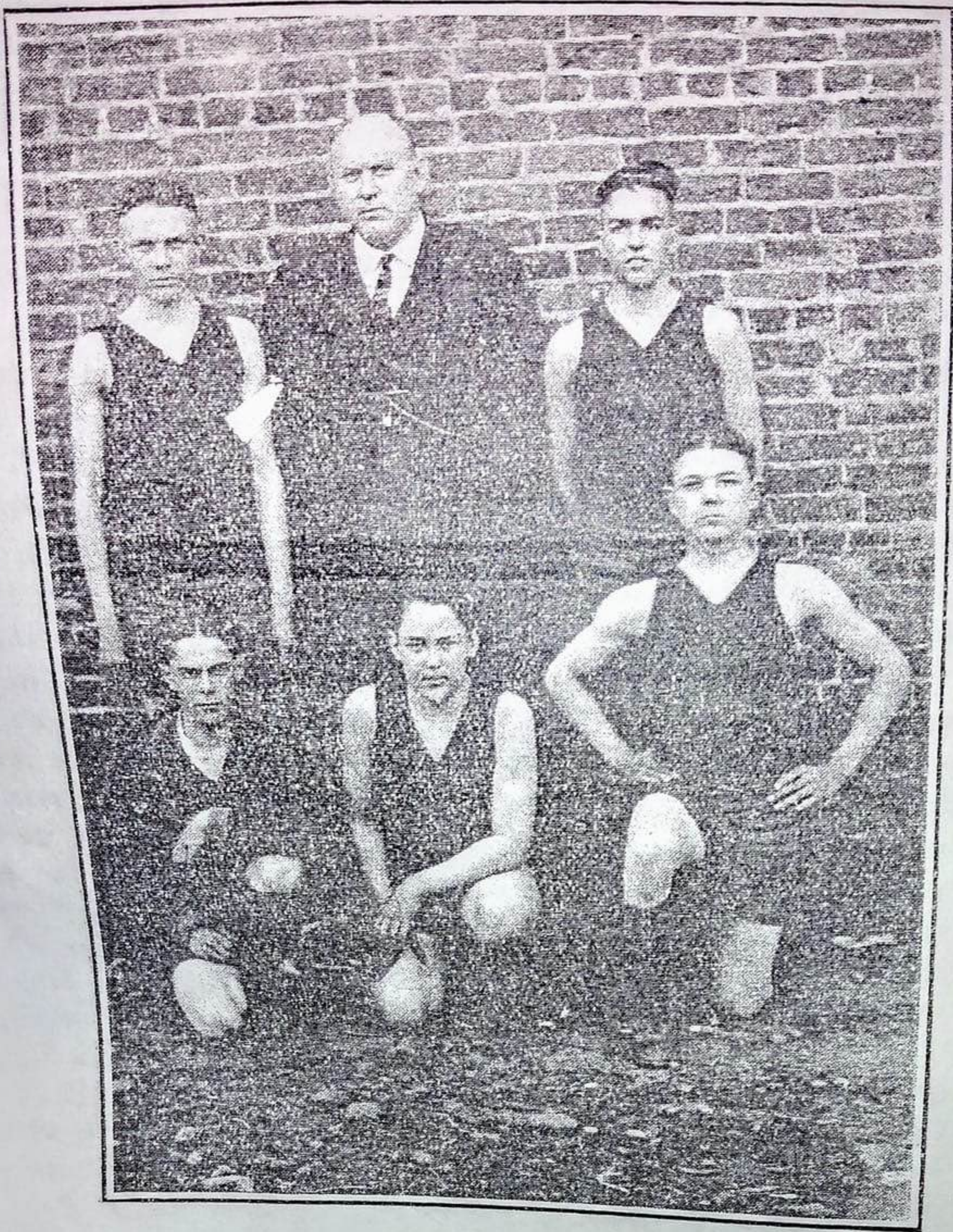
Early in the school year the High School girls met and organized a basketball team. Gussie Peacock was elected as manager, Mary White as captain, and Mr. Chisam coach. We practiced almost every afternoon and two nights each week. We had a very successful year, winning four games and losing two.

The games were Bridgeport 8, Stevenson 7; Bridgeport 11, Richard City 9; Bridgeport 5, Richard City 6; Bridgeport 16, Duniap 10; Bridgeport 21, Dunlap 8; Bridgeport 7, Section 8.

The line-up was as follows: Forward, Peacock; Forward, E. Troxell; Center, White; Guard, Hartung; Guard, N. Lea; Subs, Clark and Farr.



Glee Club



BOYS' BASKETBALL

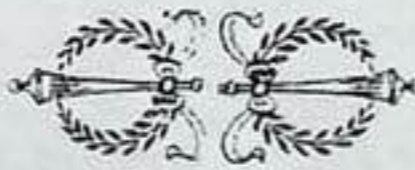
The boys met early in the school year and elected Walker Austin manager, Carl Hartung captain, Mr. Chisam coach. Our boys being so much smaller than the neighboring teams we did not have a very successful year.

The games were Bridgeport 2 Richard City 0; Bridgeport 3, Stevenon 45; Bridgeport 9, Dunlap 60; Bridgeport 14, Dunlap 56.

The line-up was as follows: Forward, Hartung; Forward, Janney; Center, Austin; Guard, Stephens; Guard, Bender; Subs, Williams, Lively and Allison.

THE VILLAGE PRINCIPAL

Under the beautiful large oak trees
The Bridgeport High school stands;
Our principal, a mighty man is he,
Who rules with iron hands.
His hair is grey, his eyes are blue,
His face is like the sun:
He makes us study from morn 'till night,
And teaches what'er he can.
Day in, day out, from eight 'till three
We can hear the school bell ring:
And again at one o'clock near,
We hear him pray and sing.
And children passing by our school
Look in at the open door:
They see the pupils talk and laugh,
But they never see him scree.
Teaching—Toiling—Worrying,
Onward thru' school he goes:
Each morning sees the lessons begun,
Each evening sees them close.
Thanks, thanks to thee, good principal,
For the lessons you have taught!
For with the wealth you have given us
Our future must be bought.



GIRLS' SUFFRAGE LEAGUE

We, the girls of the Bridgeport High, in order to defeat the boys, establish our rights, provide for our common defense and keep the boys from running our town, do ordain and establish this, the girls' suffrage league.

We found that the people of the town have set aside a "boy's week." The first they get part of the week off from all their classes and just because one of the girls turned a tub of water on the floor, they thought they would punish us all by not letting us hear the boy's speech. This was no punishment at all, it was just a case of "cutting off the nose to spite the face." Besides the water didn't do any damage anyway. It only ran on a few of the boys below and I know it didn't hurt them.

Well, now we think that the girls have just as much right in the world as boys.

Boys are just a street ornament. They always try to play so smart on the street and away from home but when they come in the house they have faces about a foot long and a grouchy smile. It is "sister do this and sister do that." Now I wonder what they would do if they had all that running to do themselves.

Rule 1. First we demand a girls' week. As we think girls have the same rights as boys.

Rule 2. We ask of the girls not to put themselves to any extra trouble on boy's account. If any member be found guilty of such disorder she shall be dismissed from the club immediately.

Rule 3. No boy shall be a member of this class.

Rule 4. When the boys of the school leave, any member of this club shall be expelled if she be found at school at this time.

CLASS PROPHECY

"Station P-R-O-P-H-E-C-Y" was the announcement. Then came some of that dreadful static. When I was young it was thought they would overcome this static soon. At least these were Dr. Hartung's ideas, and if he had continued to believe this Bud would not have his radio. But this is off the subject.

However, on account of the static, I missed part of the announcement. It started again—"In fact the most interesting things in years is the general call through all the radios and newspapers. Think, this school fifty years ago did not have a school building of its own"—more static. How odd it had just been fifty years since I went to school in the Witcher Building at Bridgeport, Ala. But the speech started again—"and for the benefit of those who have not heard it I will give the announcement again.

"The Bridgeport High School since the Rockefeller endowment was given, has become the largest high school in the world. As you know the school was started in 1923-24 in the Witcher Building. accordingly, for the purpose of celebrating the greatness of the school and knowing those first members, all who attended Bridgeport High School during the first year of its existence in the Witcher Building are invited to be present at the same building on May 23, 1974. Although this building has since been enlarged and has become a great hosiery mill, the old school rooms have recently been remodded as they were in 1923-24 and are to be kept as a memorial of the school. All the charter members who hear this message are requested to wire the Bridgeport school committee, who will send for them in an aeroplane."

I found myself in a room exactly like the one we went to school in fifty years ago in 1924. In fact, it made me feel as if I were a school girl again. I went to the desk I had sat in fifty years ago. They had the same desks because I found my English Literature that I had lost. It never occurred to me to look in my desk for it. I began to think of all the mean things we had done such as eating ginger snaps in chapel, eating up all of Miss Daniel's pickles in domestic science class, and with perfect delight we worried Mr. Chisam, Miss Daisy, and Miss Daniels. Also recalling the time when anyone called Mr. Chisam outside for a minute, I thought of how we would all run to the windows and doors to see, too, and then when we heard him coming back, we would nearly kill ourselves getting to our places. But stop—they had begun. There was a prayer by Mr. Chisam who was honorary president of the school and is now more than a hundred years old. When he got as far as "forgive us of our sins, both of omission and commission," someone punched me and almost made me laugh. I looked around and right beside me was a little old woman with brown eyes laughing silently. I almost screamed "Johnnie!" But about that time Mr. Chisam finished and we marched to Clayton's Grand March played by Mrs. Kelly. Emily Troxell thoroughly enjoyed leading everyone of us through every row of desks in the house, having no pity for anyone who had rheumatism. We then had recess. When we were dismissed my attention was attracted by a large woman making a great headway to her desk. She took out an old lunch box, took half the sandwiches from it, closed it and started eating in a manner that I would not call slow. Then I knew it was Julia Hartung and so did all the school. The bell rang and we were all assembled.

The roll was called by Miss Daisy. She came down the row, "Maurine?" "Here!" "Leslie Quarrels?" "Tardy!" was the answer. So all the years had not changed him.

Mr. Chisam then made the announcement that a brief history of the school would be given by the great historian, Walker Austin, of whom we should all be proud. He also said we should be proud of Miss Daniel through whose inspiration as a history teacher Walker Austin had become a great historian.

Walker arose and delivered his speech orally, although he had begged to be allowed to have someone else read it. An outline of what he said is as follows: "In 1924 the Bridgeport High School came into existence. It had no building of its own, but rented one. Its only graduates of that year were Leslie Quarrels and Maurine Hughes. The next year the people of Bridgeport rallied to the support of the school and built a modern \$25,000 building. During the first year in the new building there were more than two hundred students, and twenty Seniors, among whom were the ten illustrious Juniors of 1924-25. During the next forty-five years the school gradually grew and progressed until it became one of the largest and best high schools in Alabama. In the meantime John D. Rockefeller had died leaving a will to be opened in thirty-five years. When it was read it was discovered that he had left all his money to the school in the town exactly 999 miles from the place that it was opened. The will further stated that the school should be made the largest and best equipped high school in the world. It was exactly 999 miles to Bridgeport High School, and it is now the largest and best equipped school in the world."

After Walker finished Mr. Chisam asked Leslie to give a short account of his life after he finished school.

Leslie took the position he always took when reciting oral English, and with the look on his face of a man about to be hanged, he made the following speech: "Well, school friends, I don't know how to express it, but I'll begin back in my senior year before school ended. When I saw Maurine in her graduating dress, I thought I would die of love-sickness, before the thing was over. At the party that night when I asked her to marry me, I got so excited I spilt ice cream on her dress, and while trying to wipe it off and apologize at the same time, I dropped the glass of water—I never could do two things at once—she got angry and called me an awkward pig and got up and left me. Naturally, I thought I would have to kill myself some way or she would not think my love genuine. I could not think of a way to cause more pity than to get on roller skates. I did this the very next day and arranged to fall right before her. But I fell before I was hardly started, and by the time I got there she was gone. It then occurred to me that I ought to do it gracefully, so I practiced incessantly, and anyone who skates knows how hard it is to fall gracefully on a pair of roller skates. In fact, it is quite a feat. So by the time that I had learned to do that, I was a pretty good skater. One day I saw an announcement in the paper of a skating match. The winner was to have a trip to Europe. It occurred to me that I had rather go abroad than die at Maurine's feet. So I entered the match and thanks to my early tragedy, I won. I went to Europe and had a real nice time. The only exciting thing that happened

was while traveling in France I was asked to skate on exhibition. On my way to the skating rink with some friends, we did some sight-seeing. I had looked amazed, and I complimented myself on my good skating. About that time a policeman came running toward me. This excited me and I lost my balance. He handcuffed me and muttered something about my being drunk. He took me before the judge, who asked me what I did, what I did it for. I told him I only skated because I had been engaged to skate on exhibition and that I always kept my engagements. I also added that I didn't know it was against the laws of France to skate. Well, the judge discharged me and laughed till I thought he would die. I asked a man what the judge was laughing about, and after laughing a long time himself, he told me that I had been skating in the hall of mirrors at Versailles.

My eye was so bruised that I went to a hospital where I had a pretty nurse. I got struck on her and asked her to marry me and she accepted: Then I had to make a living for two. She objected to my skating, and therefore, I began to teach Latin. However when we would get far in debt, I would skate till we got out. Nothing else of importance has happened to me except that my wife left me. I thank you."

There was a loud applause. Then it was asked that Maurine relate her experience.

Maurine arose and seemed very excited, but suppressed herself and told the following story: "I went to college and was expelled in my first year for eating all the food in the domestic science class. I did not know what to do. At last I saw an advertisement in the paper for scenario writers. I wrote one entitled, "The Zeudavesta of Zaceynthas," which was not accepted. This made me so downhearted that I started selling crabs. One day I got so wet I thought of how nice it would be to have dry water. The more I thought of it the nicer it seemed. So I started a search to find how to invent dry water, but I never succeeded. One day a man stopped me and asked me if I had ever been on the stage. I told him no, so he gave me a position in the second row of the Follies chorus girls. I then changed my name to Lorelia Adalaide Perfume. I also demanded a higher salary which was refused. I had heard some where that France paid good salaries; so I worked my way over as a cook. But when I got over there I couldn't get a position at all. Then I started to work as a nurse. Not long afterwards I married a nice young man who had been one of my patients. We lived happily for a while, and then we separated because I believed fertilizer could be good without being smelly and he did not. However, I decided to marry again, and as men have been scarce in France since the World War, I came back to America to find a husband. I haven't married yet, but since I am old fashioned enough to believe a woman's place is in the home, I'll say to any eligible man here that I learned to cook awfully well when I was in Miss Daniel's cooking class, in high school."

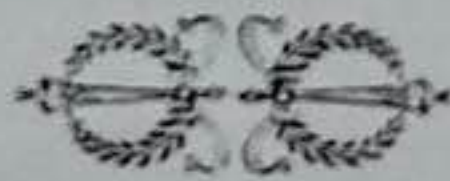
Maurine sat down amidst great applause. Since it was getting late we were all dismissed. As I hobbled out on the street I observed Maurine talking to Leslie and Carl. About that time a tiny little woman came rushing up and began talking to Carl and trying to get his attention away from Maurine. "How funny," I thought, "if Johnnie can't get Carl herself, she doesn't aim for anyone else to get him."



SOPHMORES

President _____
 Vice-President _____
 Secretary _____

Catherine Lively
 Wilmer Mazy
 Velma Sissom



RESOLUTIONS

We, the students of the Bridgeport High School, realizing that education is one of the greatest assets in life, endeavor to make the most of our education and use it to the best of our ability. Knowing that our country is at present in need of better and truer citizens whose minds have been developed to a truer sense of their responsibility, it is our ambition, as a student body, to co-operate with the faculty to promote all interest pertaining to the school and community.

Therefore, we, the students of the Bridgeport High School do resolve to do as much as lies in our power to make our community a happier, better, and safer place by our having lived in it.

In order to build character, and raise the standard of morals, not only in school life, but in all phases of life, we further resolve: to watch our words, our actions, our time, our company, and our habits, that we might have a conscience void of offense, a character that will live after us, and a heart that might be turned inside out and discover no stain or dishonor; having as our aim in life to act well our part.

THE GRUMBLER

I am the Grumbler from Grumbersville. I grumble when the sun is shining because it is not raining, and grumble when it is raining because the sun does not shine. What do we have to go to school for? We could go fishing or do some other thing and have a much better time. Some people say that if they only had to go to school they would be happy, but I just wish I could take them to my school, the Bridgeport High School, for a few days. It would take but a few days to give them a dose. We have to go to school at 8:30 o'clock every morning and have only about ten minutes for recess and about forty minutes for dinner. And as for the quitting time some get out sooner than others. I get out whenever I get through with my beloved class of "physics," which had to be put as the last class so we could be about three hours late every afternoon. Especially when we have an experiment, that has no value. We have three of the best teachers that can be had. Every time you miss a class you will receive a zero, whether you are able to come to school or not. I think I have a very fine lesson in history every day and I think I should receive a grade of one hundred per cent. Instead of that I get about twenty above zero. But I guess I watch my history teacher more than I do my lesson, as she is very good looking. I have my history in the morning.

About ten o'clock we have chapel. First Mr. C———will read some verses from the Bible, then Miss Pa—— calls the roll. Some will yell "here" just to aggravate her. All the time this is going on we must be as still as mice. After the roll is called Mr. C———will offer up a prayer, in which he always uses the words—"omission and comission"—then he will call on someone to play the piano. Most of the time we sing songs such as "Rock of Ages" and "Beautiful River" like we were at someone's funeral. After this we march around the room about one hundred times, like we were horses and then we are allowed to go out for our ten minutes recess. If we should happen to go to town and be a little late we are made to stay in after school twice as long as we were late.

My classmates are all heights and 'colors', but some of them are too 'horrid' and 'booby.' One young lady had the nerve to tell me that my pal and I were too 'dry,' but if she was bought for what she is worth and sold for what she thinks she is worth the seller would be rich.

Books! Books! Books! I have lost all my books except one and I have bought two of them, and it is my dear old book called "physics." You cannot lay anything down and turn your back but what it will be stolen. Some one stole my book that I draw my maps in, I had about half of them drawn and just for spite my dear 'old' history teacher made me draw them over. In our English class we have to stand and make an old speech on some subject for about five minutes and if we use more than two "ands" wrong we get a bad grade. As I cannot make a speech I have to write two long stories. They are some stories too, believe me, which is all nonsense. If I

had my way we would never have to do anything like this. And would you believe it? My old physics teacher tries to tell me that there is more than one rainbow, but that is all B—, as there cannot be but one rainbow.

We have to study an old book called "Business Law," which is only meant for lawyers. We just simply waste about six hours of our life every day in an old school building. We have to go to school nine months out of twelve, which seems like nine years to me. We get punished for telling the truth sometimes, for example—one day the bell rang and one boy was late, when he came in he was asked why he was late and telling the truth he said, "the bell rang before I got here." He was made to stay in after school. The last few days of our school seem like weeks to me, but when it is out I will shout for joy.

Besides all this trouble we only have a playground about large enough for "fleas" to play baseball on. Now isn't that nice? We were supposed to have a boy's basketball team, but all the teams our 'dear' professor put us up against were about 6 feet 9 inches in height and our tallest boy is only 5 feet and 11 inches. Their boys weighed anywhere from 150 to 200 pounds, while our heaviest boy only weighs 140 pounds. Wasn't that a nice come off? Well, I should think so.

Again just look at our old building. We just have about four rooms all about the size of a cat's school. And in our English and History rooms our chairs are arranged just 'so,' and we are not allowed to move them. Even after or lesson is over and we start to look out the windows, we hear a voice say, "girls, boys don't sit in the windows." That would be alright if we were babies, but we are not. We are high school pupils. They throw this is up to us if we chew any gum or do some other things, but when they want us to do "something" they will say—"why you all are high school pupils."

As it is the custom to leave school on April 1st, we were going to leave but our 'dear professor' promised us a picnic if we wouldn't run off—well we didn't run off but we have not gone on the picnic yet. Don't guess we ever will—do you?

One of the members of the class grumbles because she has to comb her hair and Mr. C—— grumbles because he does not have any to comb—said he had more space to wash. Some of the girls grumble because they have long hair and when they cut it off they grumble because it is not long. Some grumble because their eyes are not blue when they are brown and some grumble because they are so slender—say that they want to be as fat as Mr. C——.

I am not a grumbler but am just taking the place of one absent, but I do believe that my physics is wrong when it says there is more than one rainbow. And I do wish we did not have to go to school.

Well, I guess you know how we have to endure these "horrible" and "booby" days at school and I am sure you would not be in my shoes for my socks.



FRESHMEN

President ----- Marvinne Swilling
Vice-President ----- Lindsay Lively
Secretary ----- Claiborne Williams

FRESHMAN POEM

The Juniors and Seniors think they are it,
And look down on us quite a bit.
They call us "green" and other such names,
And act as if they were in the hall of fame.
They brag and boast and boss and fuss;
And every time we get in a muss,
They think they must come and get us out
So, they'll have something to talk about.
But in three more years they'll have to say,
That we are Seniors as well as they,
So what's the use to mind their abuse
For the future years will tell our use.



Dramatic Club



Bob Hair Club



High School Music Club

Jillean



Prospective Graduates of Grammar School with Principal

SEVENTH GRADE JINGLES

Here comes Mae Belle
Who makes the music swell,
Altho' she cannot spell
She can play real well.
John Loyd, face about,
You will be a boy scout.
Next is Ike
His name is not Mike
He is like an Irishman just the same
If he has a Jew's name.
Ben, who is quiet
And studies a sight.
Mozelle, the Mississippi belle
Always can spell and write very well.
Hampton McKelvy, a treasure
Who wears specks as big as a peck
measure.
Clarence Stickle
Better known as "pickle"
Is so easy to tickle.
John White, the mechanics son
On a freight train is sure to run.
Willie from Runyan hill
Has a nervous fit every time pigs
do squeal.
Bessie Boyd from Battery Hill
Is very fat and studies with a will.
Herbert Runyan is a tooter
And Friday afternoons is a great
"sharpshooter."
Raymond McKelvy, the carpenter's
son
Who from Fifteenth is bound to run.
Bessie Sissom, in geography is a
shark
She always takes her lessons as
happy as a lark.
Tilden Randles keeps up with the oil
scandal
He comes to school but never wears
sandals.
George Rogers, he can smile
Work or play, all the while.
Our Grace, she can write
By moon or daylight.
Justin Stephens, the quiet boy
To finish his grade will be a joy.

A LITTLE FUN

Mr. Chisam: "Hey Walker, what is the distance between your ears?"

Claiborne: "The width of his mouth."

LOST—My Fountain Pen. It's a Swan.—Carl Hartung.

Added: "I thought it was a pen." "He means a bird of a pen."

—Nancy Lea.

Mr. Chisam: "When did the Glorious Revolution happen in England?"

Ethel: "I'm not sure, but I don't think it was this semester."

James (waiting at the door for Jessie): Say, Mrs. Stewart, when is Jessie going to make her appearance?"

Mrs. Stewart: "Oh, she is upstairs making it now."

Prof. Chisam: "Is there any connection between the animal and vegetable life?"

Leslie: "Yes—hash."

Miss Daniel: "Nancy, don't ask so many questions. Don't you know that curiosity killed the cat?"

Nancy: "I wonder what the cat wanted to know."

Miss Daniel: "Look here! A cow hair in the butter!"

Waiter: "Yes, we put one in each pound so you will know it isn't Margarine."

Lindsay: "Leslie, how are you getting along without your mother to look after you?"

Leslie: "Fine! I've reached the height of efficiency. I can put on my socks now from either end."

Miss Daisy: "I once loved a man but he made a fool out of me."

Lindsay: "What a lasting impression some men make."

Claiborne: "Did you ever notice that ninety-nine out of every hundred women on the street car press the button with their thumb? Do you know why?"

Carl: "No. I can't imagine."

Claiborne: "They want to get off."

Leslie: "Where's Johnnie?"

Nancy: "She's over eating at the boarding house."

Leslie: "Get out! Who ever heard of over-eating there?"

A question for domestic debate: "Is bobbed hair a short-cut to beauty."

Mr. Chisam: "There's something in the world besides money."

Lindsay: "Yes, there's the poorhouse."

Orma, a small boy who had been attending Sunday School and Church every Sunday morning, came running home one Sunday morning and said:

"Mamma, I am not going to church to the Methodist church any more."

Why?" asked his mother.

"Because," Orma replied, "the preacher said I would have to be born again and I am not for I'm afraid I might be born a girl next time."

Ethel, a small girl, came running in and said: "Oh, Mamma, Brother hit me."

Mother: "Did he hit you on purpose?"

Ethel: "No, he hit me on the head."

Miss Daisy: "Mary, name the presidents from Washington to Coolidge."

Mary: "I can't."

Miss Daisy: "Why Mary White, when I was your age I could name every president and vice-president."

Mary: "I guess you could THEN."

Nancy: "Mr. Chisam, what is the law of gravitation?"

Mr. Chisam: "Why, Nancy, that is what holds the people to earth."

Nancy: "Well, what did the people do before the law was passed?"

Miss Daisy: "Walker, have you ever seen the Catskill Mountains?"

Walker: "No, but I've seen cats kill rats."

Miss Daisy: "At any rate, Mrs. White, no one can say I'm two-faced."

Mrs. White: "Faith, no! Sure, if you were, you'd leave that one at home."

Ina: "When I write far into the night I find great difficulty in getting to sleep."

Mary: "Then why don't you read over what you have written?"

Allen: "Mother, how do angles get their nighties on over their wings?"

Mrs. Troxell: "Emily, why did you refuse Basil Hindman when he proposed to you last night?"

Emily: "Why Mother he did look so cute. I wanted to see him propose again."

De Walt says: "don't divorce your wife. Take her a dozen roses. The shock will kill her, and you can use the roses for the funeral."

Catherine Lively: "Does skating require any particular application?"

Emily: "No, arnica or horse liniment—one's as good as the other."

Miss Daniel: "Do you ever allow a man to kiss you when you're out motoring with him?"

Miss Daisy: "Never! If a man can drive safely while kissing me, he's not giving the kiss the attention it deserves."

De Walt: "James do you know that you have broken the eighth commandment by stealing Wilmer's apple?"

James: "Well, I might just as well break the eighth and have the apple as to break the tenth and covet it."

Nancy: "He said he'd drown himself if I refused to marry him."

Mrs. Lea: "So he's between the Devil and a deep sea."

HOMESTEADER near Casper would like to meet a lady who is willing to support a lazy husband. Write to Leslie Quarrels, Bridgeport, Ala.

Mr. Chisam: "Now tell us about it. Why did you steal the lady's purse?"

Boy: "Your Honor, I won't try to deceive you. I was ill and thought the change would do me good."

Ivva: "I tell you that Winnie has nearly broken DeWalt's heart."

Catherine: "Well, what of it? She breaks everything she gets hands on."

Velma: "Do you notice that Jenny has on very loud hose?"

Gussie: "That keeps her feet from going to sleep."

Curtis (entering a store): "Is this a second-hand store?"

Merchant: "Yes Sir."

Curtis: "I want one for my watch."

Father: "Maurine, what are you going to be when you finish school?"

Maurine: "An old woman, I guess."

Johnnie: "Don't you know they call me crazy?"

Catherine: "You talk too much?"

Professor: "Wilmer, what is the difference between a clam and a rabbit?"

Wilmer: "One clams because he can't shut up—the other shuts up because he can't clam."

James Barham: "I do believe Lindsay is a clean sport."

Claiborne: "Well, he should be, for he does nothing but swim."

CLASS PROPHECY OF SEVENTH GRADE

Mae Belle Austin will marry a handsome man. He will teach her to swim well. They both will be life savers at some bathing beach.

Bessie Boyd will be the wife of a rich merchant of New York. They will deal in poultry.

Mozelle Dekle will marry a rich man and they will travel all over the world and see many ancient cities.

Grace Gothard will marry a farmer and live happy.

Ike Hembree will be a league ball pitcher.

John Loyd will be a prize fighter and defeat Jack Dempsey's son.

Raymond McKelvy will be a motorcycle racer.

Ben McKelvy will be a hunter in the forests of Canada and will have a great success catching fur-bearing animals.

Tildon Randies will be a great speaker but will have many quarrels with his opponents.

Willie Mae Runyan will be principal of a high school in Texas.

Herbert Runyan will be a hare doctor. He will sharp shoot at his customers.

George Rogers will be a sea captain. He is fond of the sea and the sailor life.

Clarence Stickle will be a forest ranger. He will take special care of the chestnut trees, for he will remember how he laid out from school to go chestnut hunting.

Bessie Sissom will be a dress maker and will run a repair and pressing shop also.

Justin Stephens will be a messenger boy in Chicago.

John Henry White will be "Uncle Henry's" chief mechanic at Detroit.

Hampton McKelvy will be a bugologist of Central America. He is fond of insects, especially the butterfly type.

We all know each others ages but we don't know Mr. Hill's age. He must have been born before the flood.

HISTORY OF SEVENTH GRADE CLASS

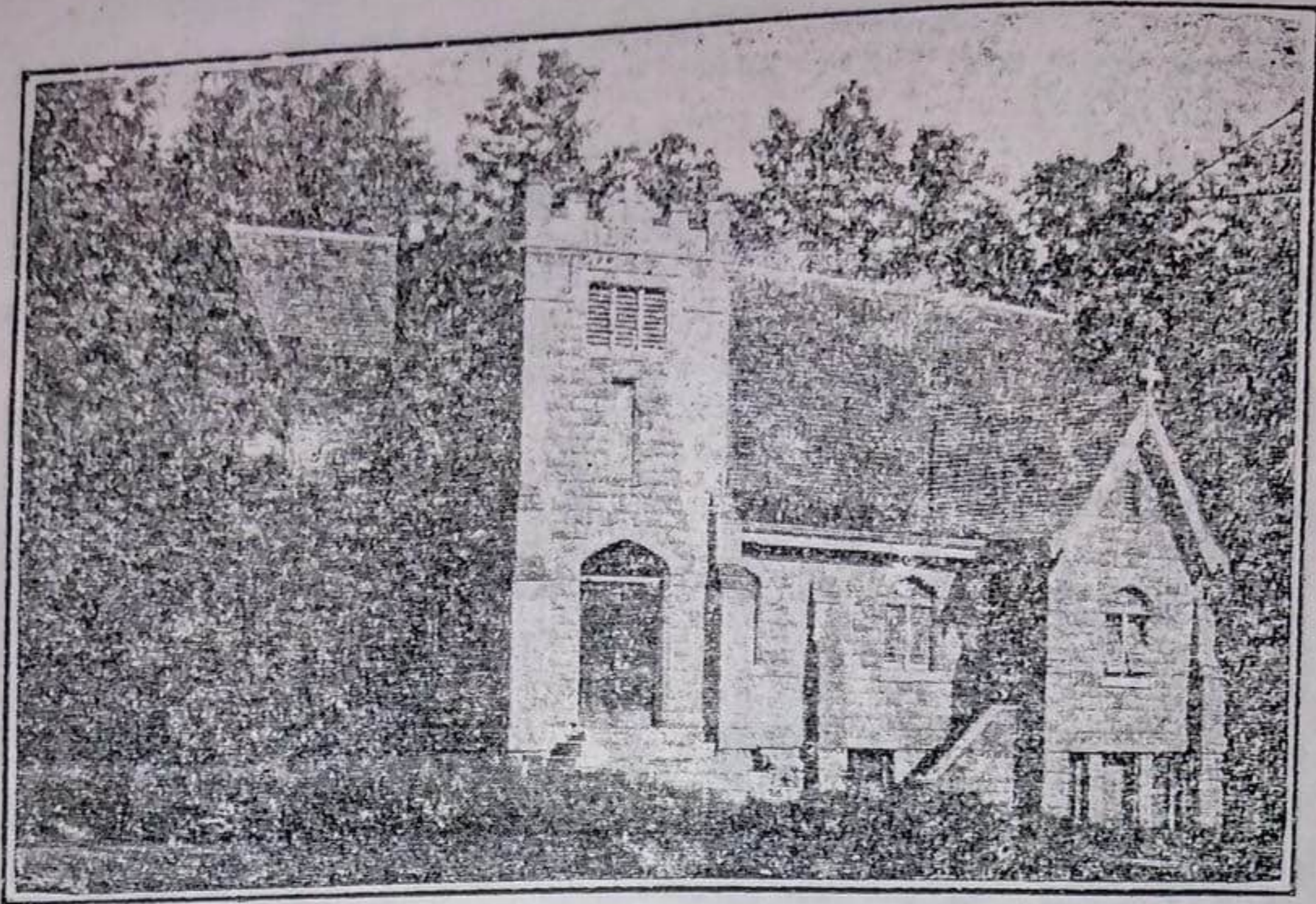
In the fall of 1918 an ambitious group set sail on the sea of knowledge under the leadership of the first grade teachers of the Bridgeport Grammar school. During our first voyage we went through many ups and downs but most of them were ups, or we wouldn't have been in the 7th grade expecting to pass to the 8th the next year.

We had many new guides and friends the first year, who were always ready to show and tell us many new things such as arithmetic, spelling and various other things. After our first and second years we thought our trouble had ended, but we found it had not. We found it had just begun, for the further we go the more we see to solve even with as willing teachers as we had during our first two years. We expect to make "O Ks" though as in the past.

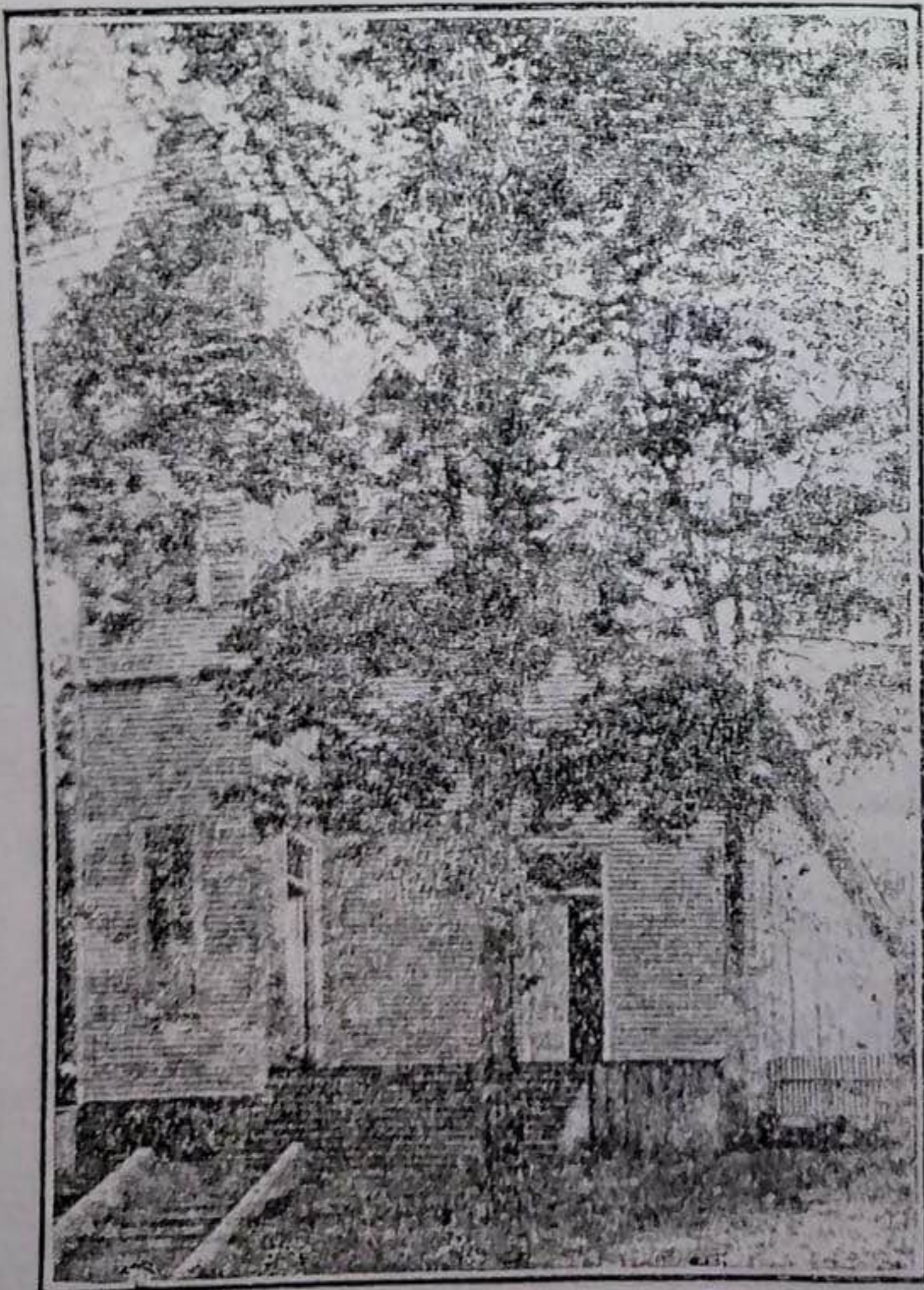
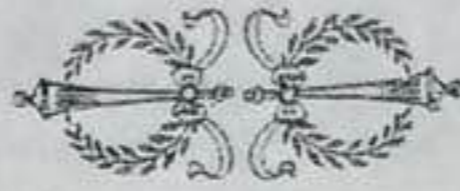
SEVENTH GRADE LITERARY SOCIETY

Early in the school year of 1923-24 the pupils of the seventh grade met and organized a literary society for the purpose of recreation and better English. The name chosen was "Seventh Grade Literary Society." It was decided that the society should meet every Friday afternoon and also that the officers should be elected monthly.

The programs are enjoyed by every pupil. Many jokes of all kind are read and recitations and debates follow. The society has proven to be helpful and we think that many can speak before the public better than when we first organized.



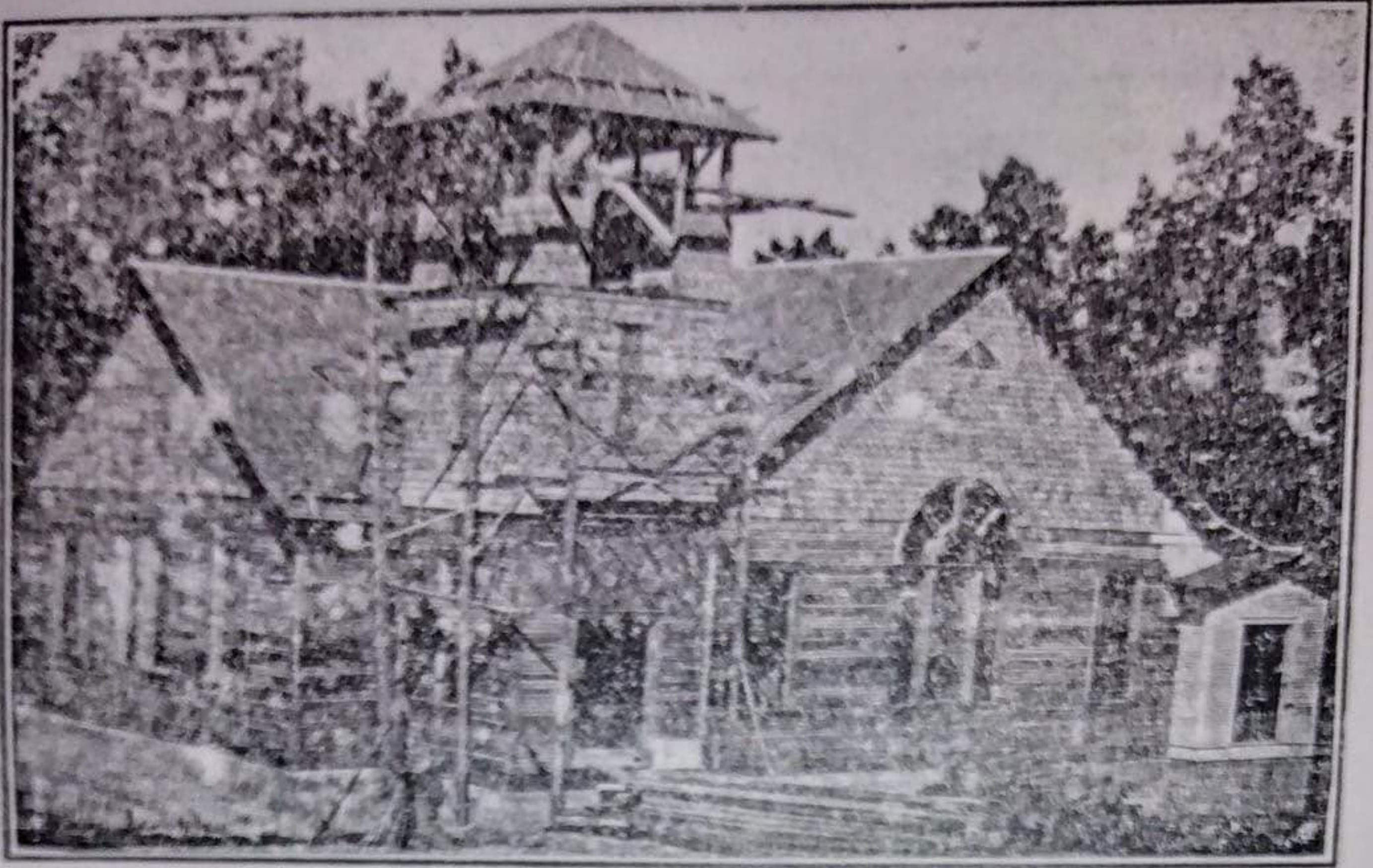
Advent Christian Church



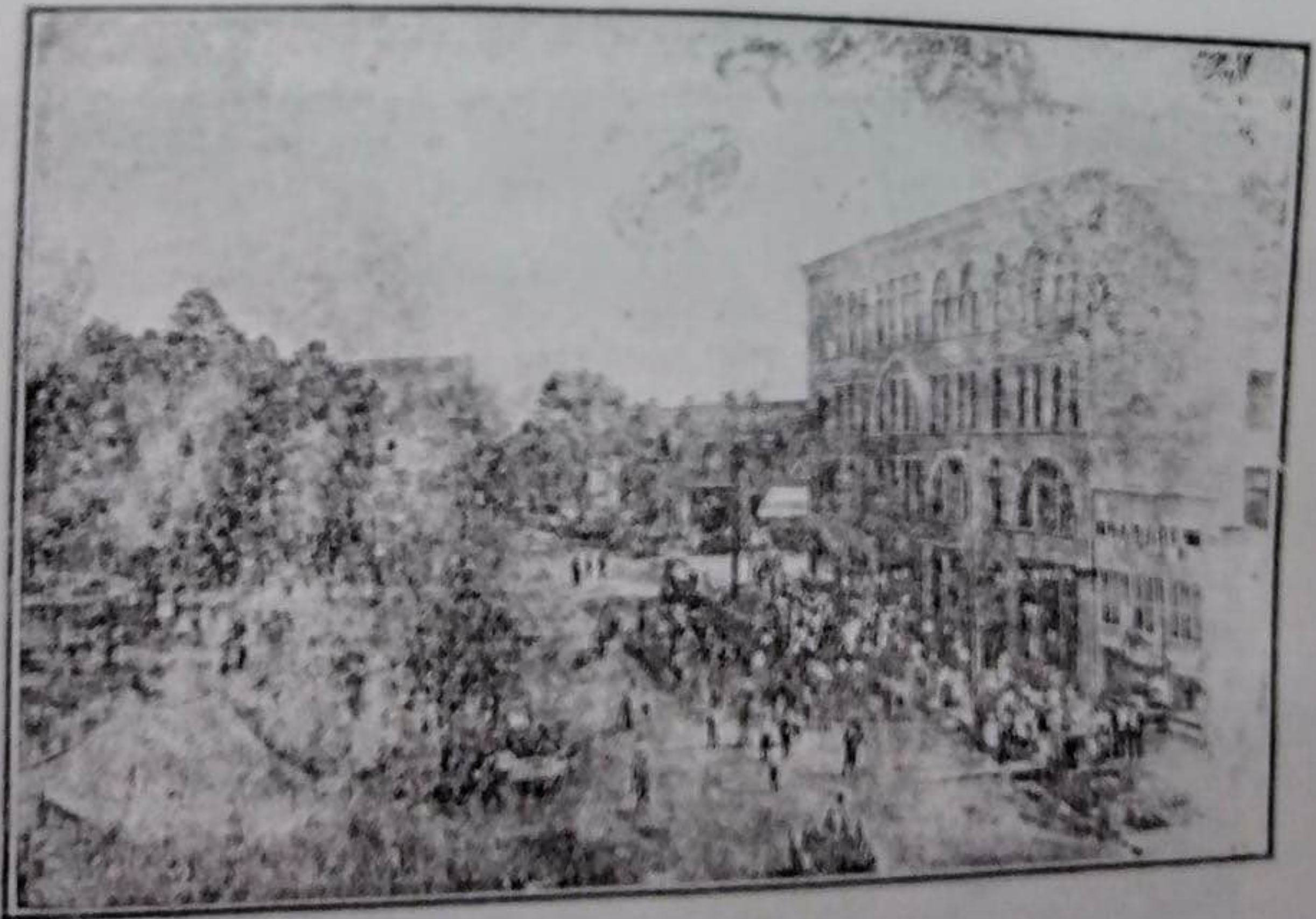
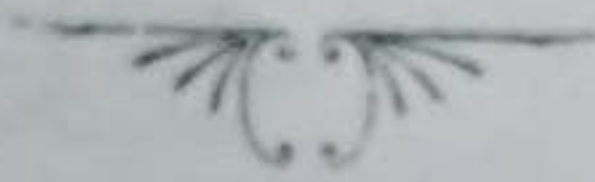
Methodist Church



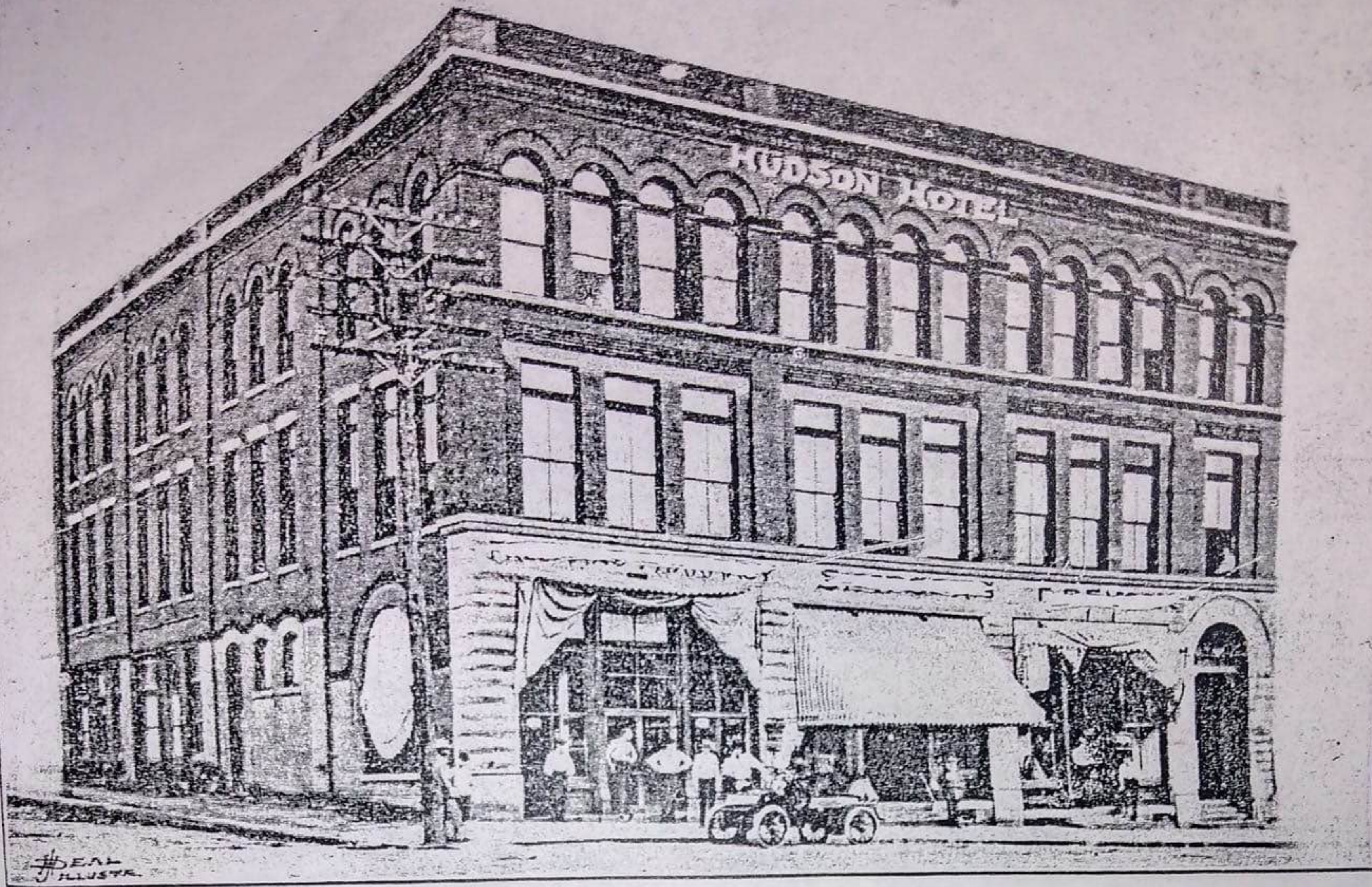
Church of Christ



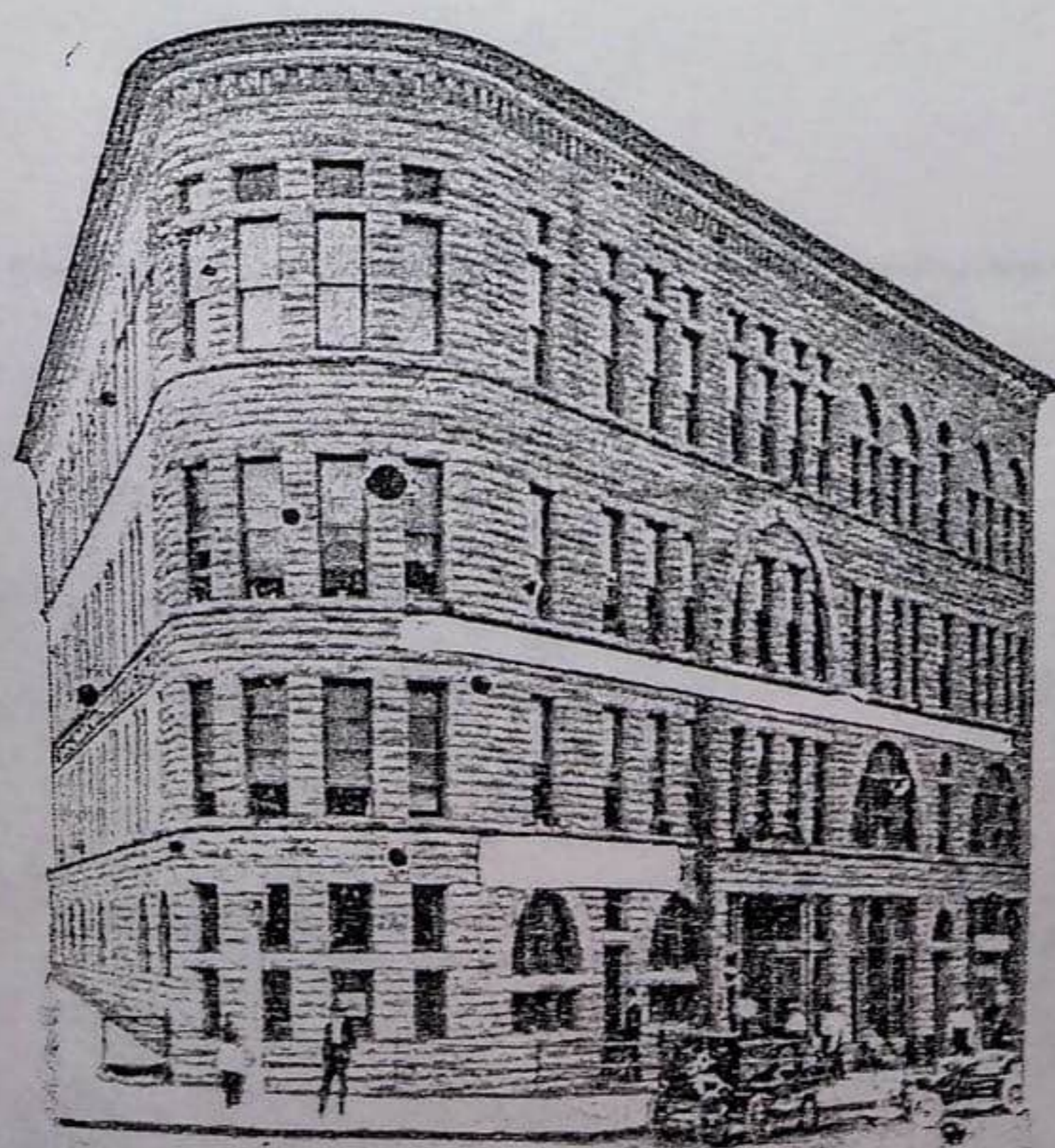
Baptist Church



Street Scene



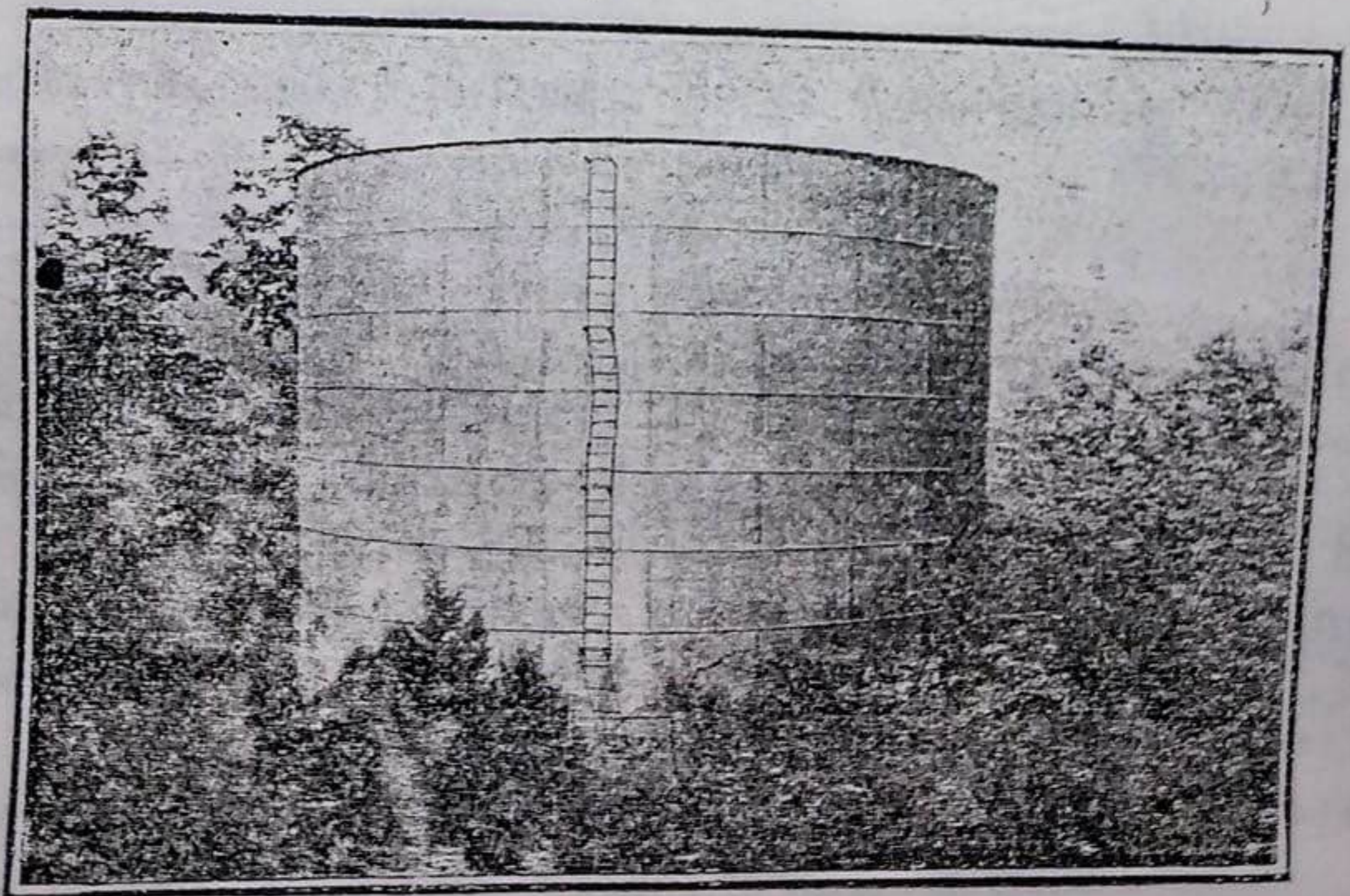
Cafagral Hotel (formerly Hudson)



Bank Building



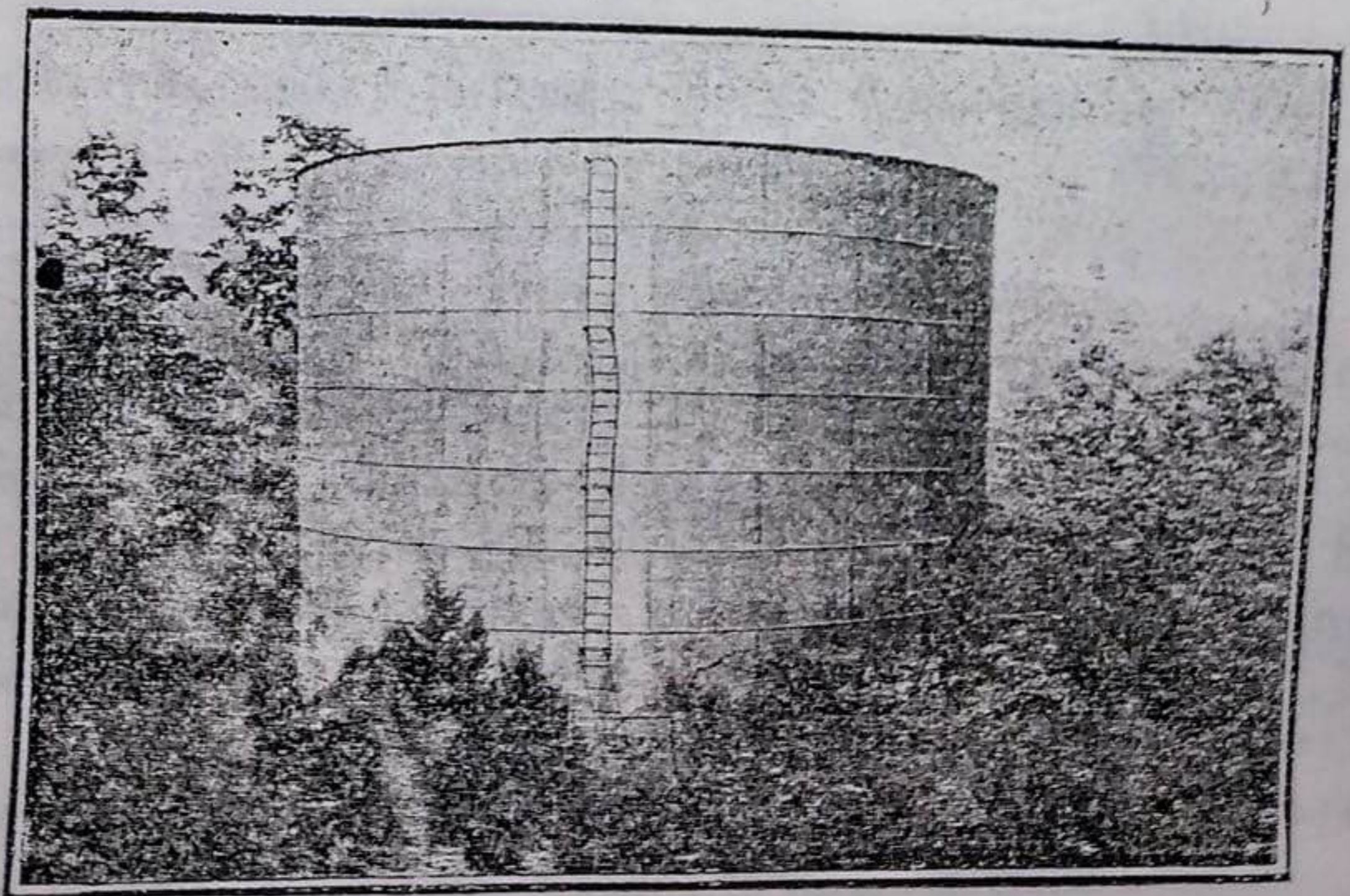
Spring from which water supply is taken



Reservoir



Spring from which water supply is taken



Reservoir

PROGRAM
CUPID AT VASSAR

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

Presented by

BRIDGEPORT HIGH SCHOOL

Wednesday, May 21, 8 P. M.

At

Bridgeport Grammar School

CAST OF CHARACTERS

John Willett, a young architect Carl Hartung
Amos North, of North & Son bankers Glaiborne Williams
Shiny, a lazy darkey Albert White
Hank Gublin, the "hired man" Leslie Quarles
Mrs. Newton, of Great Falls, Vermont Gora Morris
Kate, her daughter Nancy Lea
Wanda, Kate's half-sister Emily Troxell
Miss Page, an old mad chaperone Gussie Peacock
Helen Gonway, a giggling freshman Johnnie Payne
Sallie Webb, Kate's roommate at Vassar Julia Hartung
Patty Snow, Matty Hart, Alice Worth, Mary Elsworth, Ruth
Manly, College Girls: Maurine Hughes, Mary Ellen Boyd,
Jenny Lea, Sue Williams, Catherine Liveiy.

SYNOPSIS:

Act I

Scene: Sitting room of Kate's home in Vermont.

Act II

Scene: Kate's room at Vassar.

Act III

Scene: Same scene as act I, during Christmas vacation.

Act IV

Scene: College Campus at Vassar. Graduation Day.

Music Program

Tuesday Evening, 8 o'clock

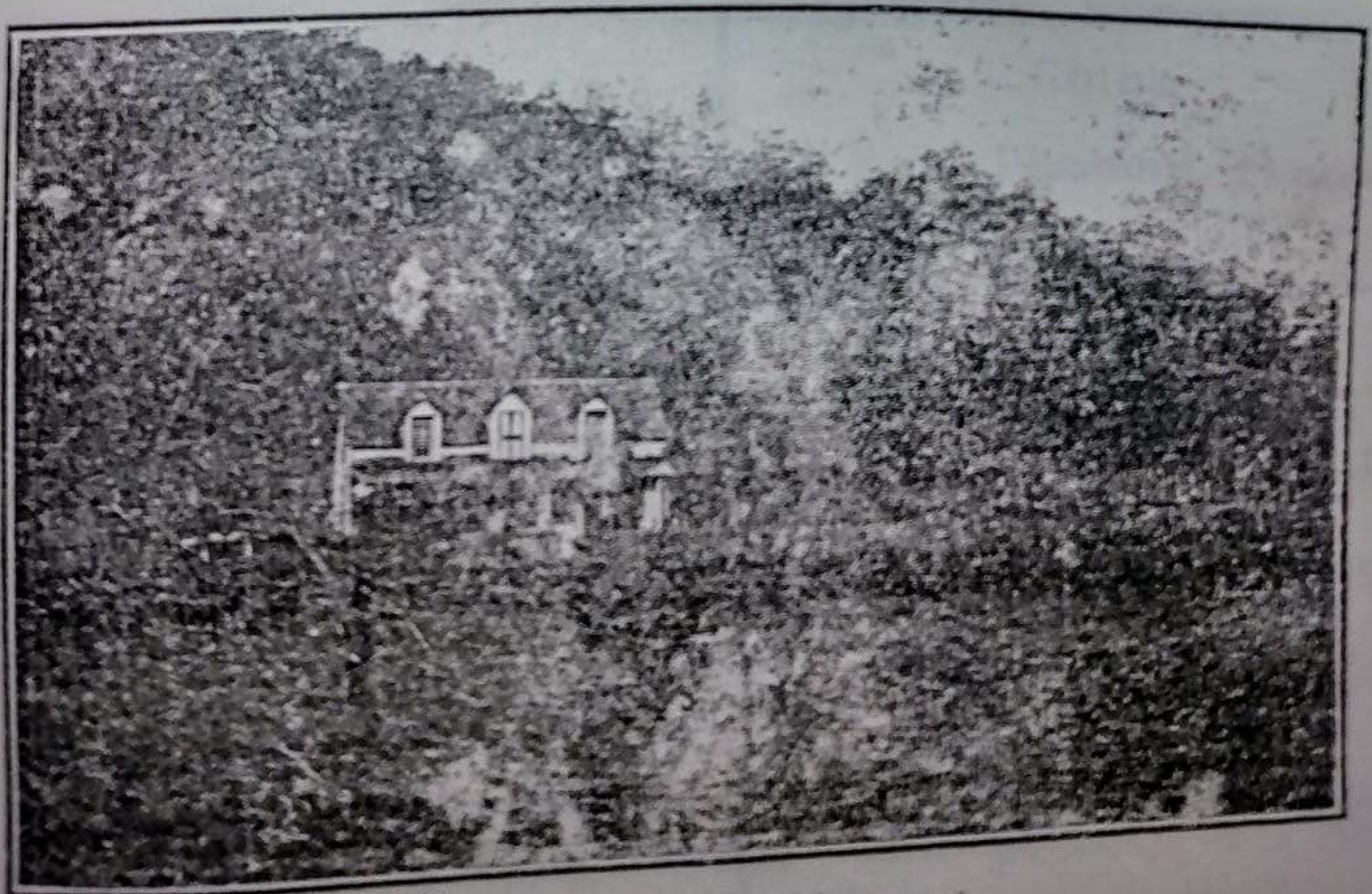
City School Building

Pupils of Mrs. Harry Kelly

1. Piano Solo—The Rosary—E. Nevin Julia Hartung
2. Piano Solo—Rosebuds—Franz Van Blow Anna Marie Lee
3. Piano Solo—Dream of Spring—H Beaumont Emily Troxell
4. Piano Solo—Fluttering Butterflies—L. Braeckman
..... Clara Barham
- Chorus—Come Where the Lilies Bloom Class
5. Duett—Summer Morn—George Egging, op. 203
..... Maybelle Austin and Mrs Harry Kelly
6. Piano Solo—Playing in Sunshine—J. R. Morris, op 68
..... Leola McCallie
7. Piano Solo—Song Without Words—L. Streabog
..... Marvine Swilling
8. Piano Solo—Rustic Dance—C. R. Howell Claire Collins
9. Piano Solo—Fifth Nocturne—J. Leybach, op 52
..... Sue Williams
10. Duett—At Full Tilt—A Van Raalte
..... Catherine Lively and Emily Troxell
11. Piano Solo—Recollections of Home—J. S Fearis
..... Elizabeth Glover
12. Piano Solo—During the Mazurka—Pal Wachs Ray Holder
13. Piano Solo—Merry Games—G. B. Frate Margaret Allison
14. Piano Solo—Birds in Dreamland—R. S. Morrison
..... Alleen Gothard
15. Piano Solo—Morning Echoes—Bert Athony, op 188
..... Sammie Glover
- Chorus Class
16. Duett—Valce Caprice—F. G. Rathburn
..... Julia Hartung and Nancy Lea
17. Piano Solo—Shower of Stars—Paul Wachs Catherine Lively
18. Piano Solo—Rock of Ages—Louis Weber op. 65
..... James Barham
19. Piano Solo—Boblink Polka Nancy Lea
20. Piano Solo—Silver Nymph—Carl Heins, op 164
..... Maybelle Austin
21. Piano Solo—Glow Warm Kathryne Arendale
22. Duett—Charge of Uhlans—Carl Bohm op 213
..... Sue Williams and Mrs. Harry Kelly



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Chairman of City Board of Education and
Member of County Board of Education



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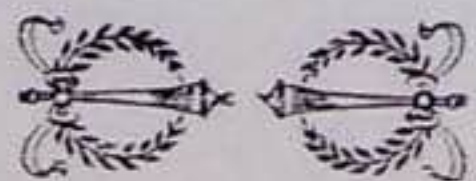
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L. H. HUGHES, Proprietor

24

For What are You Building?

Isn't it strange that Princesses and Kings
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And common folks like you and me,
Are builders for eternity?
To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules
And each must make, ere life is flown,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone

—Selected.

I pass the above splended verse on to my friends

J. E. LOYD

Funeral Director and Embalmer

Day Phone 8—Night 50

Bridgeport, Ala

CONDENSED REPORT TO COMPTROLLER
The First National Bank
South Pittsburg, Tenn.

March 31, 1924

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$ 555,633.56
Overdrafts	423.95
U. S. Bonds	82,900.00
Other Stocks and Bonds	234,297.98
Banking House and Fixtures	10,460.00
Cash in Vault and Due from Banks	182,353.26
Total	\$1,066,068.75

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	35,934.44
Circvlation	25,000.00
Deposits	905,134.31
Tota.	\$1,066,068.75

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A. A. Cook, Pres.

H. A. Griffiths, Cashier

Irene C. Macrae, Asst. Cashier.

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For Men



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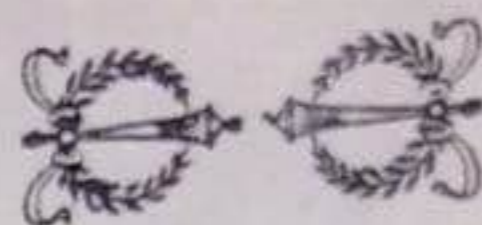
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