

1965 SOUTH HOUSTON HIGH

VOLUME EIGHT



PALLADIUM '65







# PALLADIUM '65

SOUTH HOUSTON HIGH SCHOOL  
SOUTH HOUSTON, TEXAS  
VOLUME EIGHT



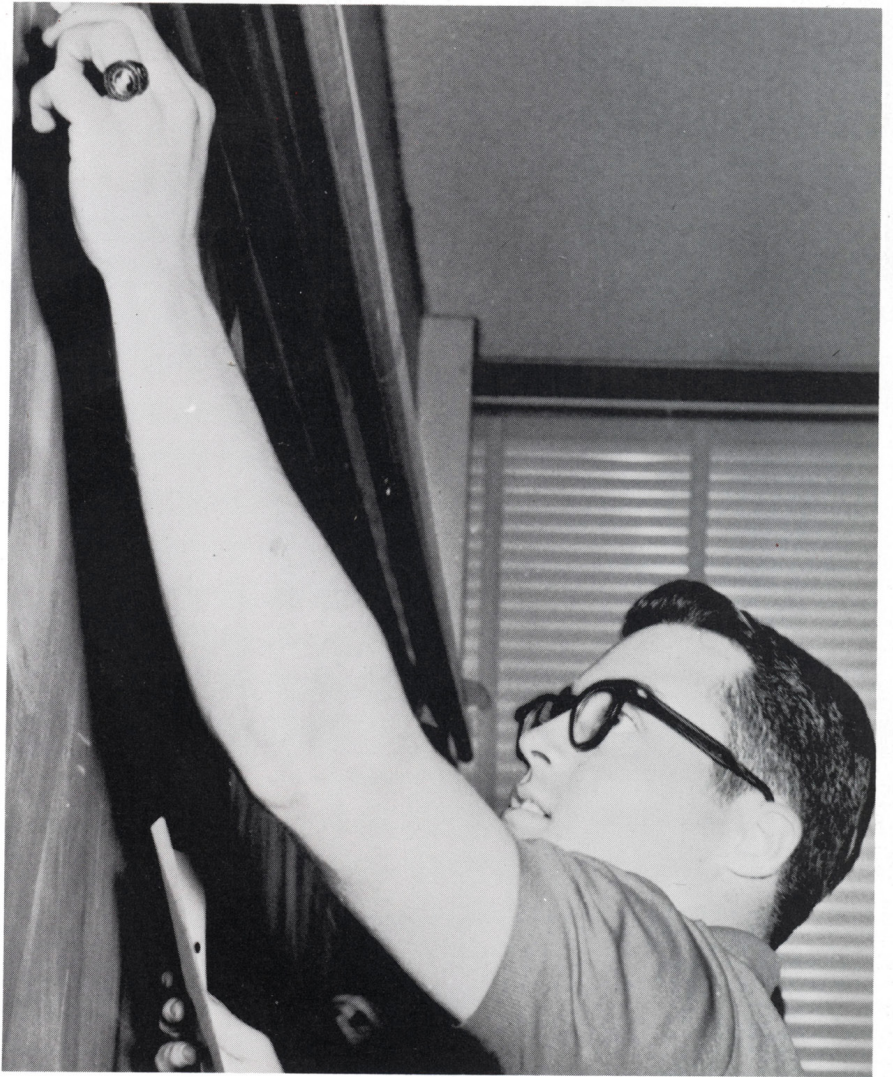
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In a school where crowds and conformity are the norm, the worth of the individual Trojan often goes unrecognized. The 1965 *Palladium* has tried to distinguish him from the masses by using the theme of focus on the individual.

**"Focus on the individual"**



## FALL MARKED

2100 individuals (one half feeling scared and the other feeling definitely superior) began September amid the chaos of schedule changes and the challenge of new courses.

The newness wore off as senior boys appraised the sophomore girls and football season progressed. Freshmen made posters, sophomores made signs, and juniors stood on one another's shoulders—seniors contented themselves with propagating the red candle tradition and winning battle cry thirty-nine consecutive times.

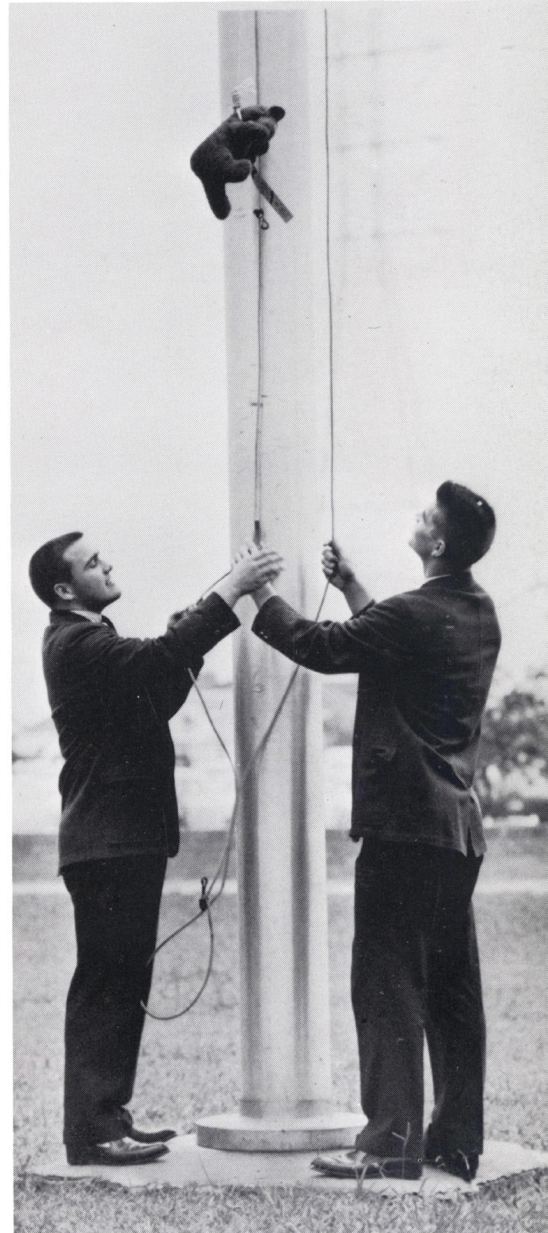
The monotony of homework and early morning cafeteria cramming was relieved when the Goldwater rally pre-empted the morning pep rally and all the Goldwater supporters were pre-empted by the powers that be.

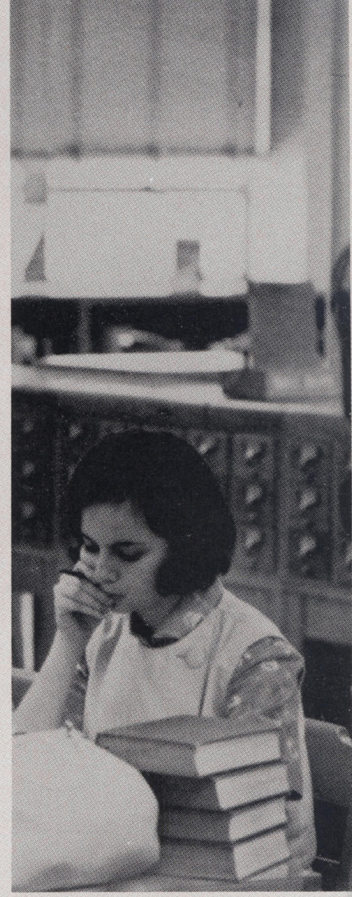
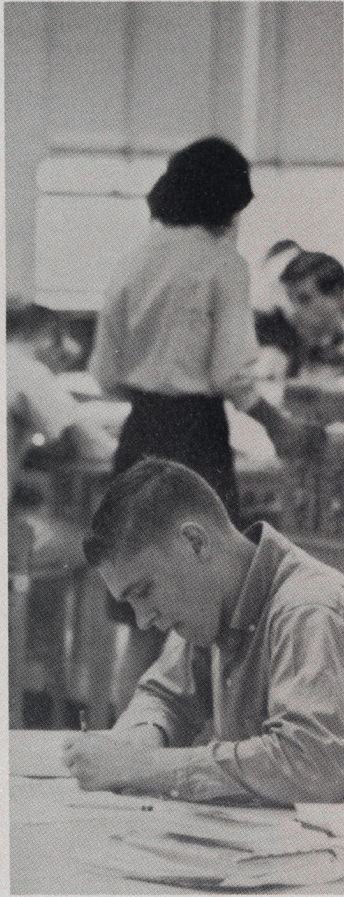
Nine-weeks tests and Thanksgiving holidays marked a rather intangible milestone—2100 individuals were now firmly entrenched in the traditions and spirit of South Houston High School.

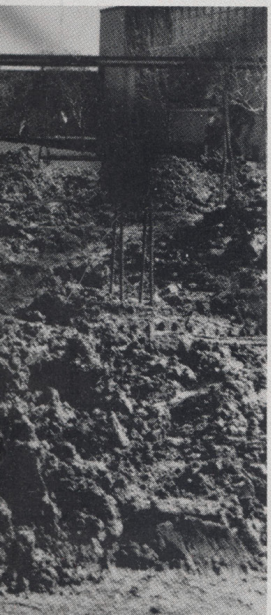




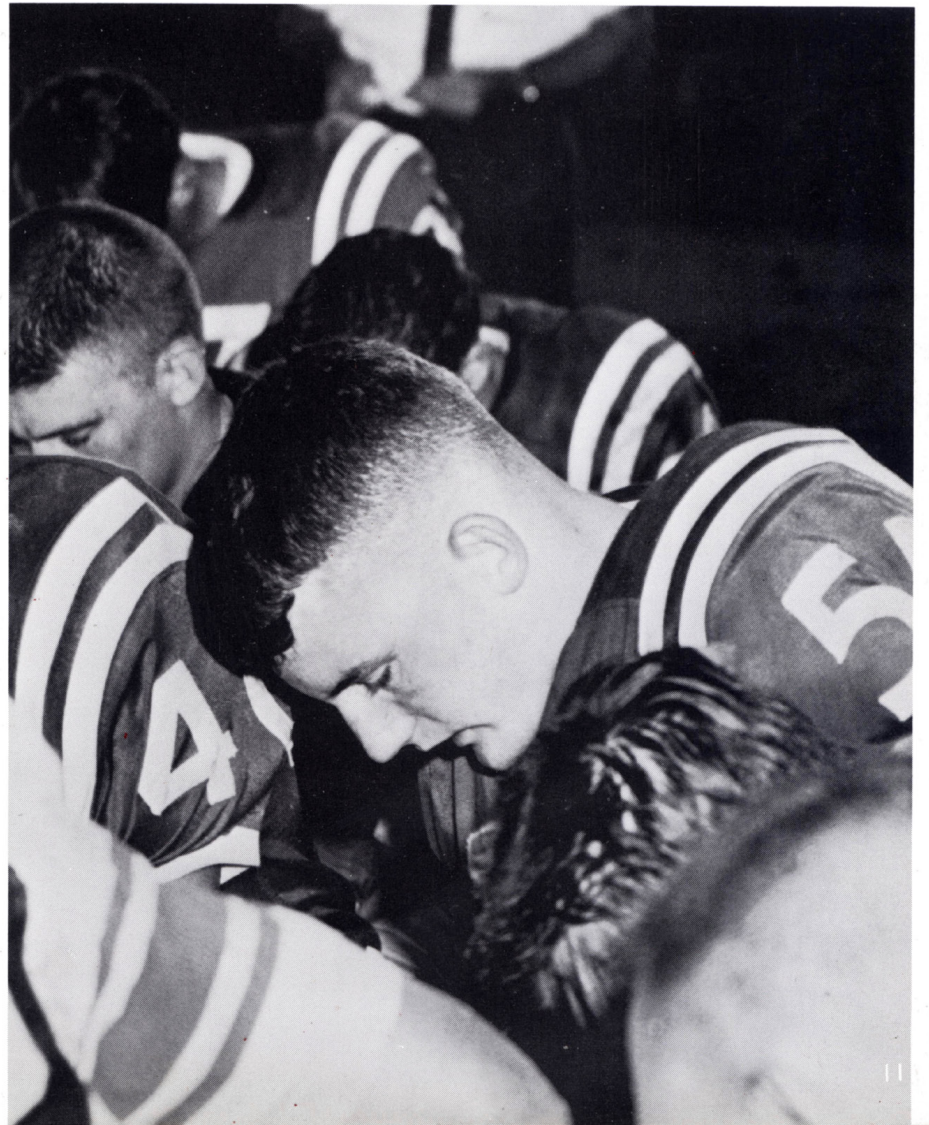
## THE BEGINNING











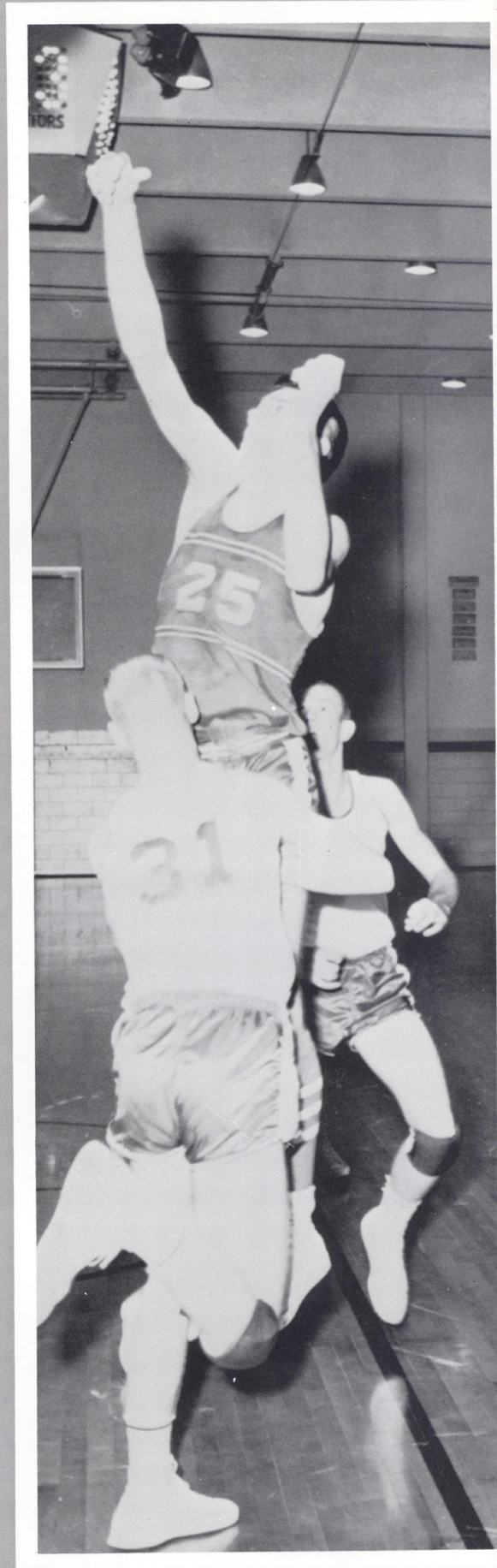


Winter was just an extra-long Monday, and about the most exciting thing that happened was when we came back from the Christmas holidays and found that someone had rearranged all the cafeteria tables.

But we swallowed our disappointment when that long-awaited harbinger of spring, Texas Education Week, finally arrived and the main topic of conversation was "Will Mr. Thomas' homeroom have the most mommies and daddies again?"

On Tuesday nights, some of us (madly rationalizing away) escaped the monotony of homework by going to the basketball games. Or we babysat or went to the library or to the Pizza Joint, but everybody tried to go somewhere, because the alternative was studying for finals or putting new book covers on books and hoping that maybe *this* semester would be a better one.

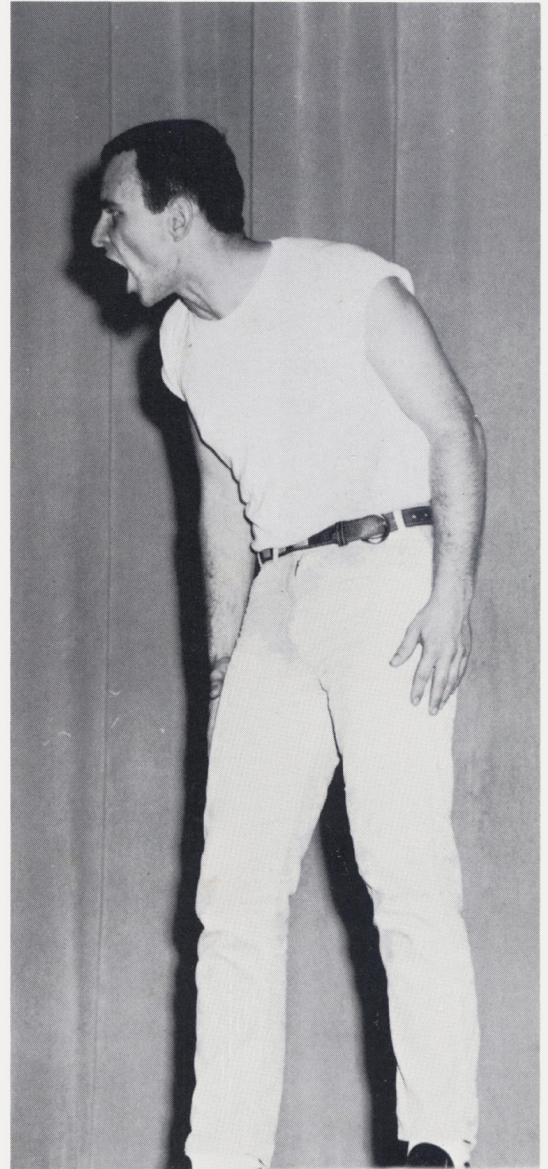
After the Valentine Dance and the Student Council Assembly, the majority of the student body doctored their colds, shifted into second gear, and prepared, even if unconsciously, for the flurry of activities that was sure to come.



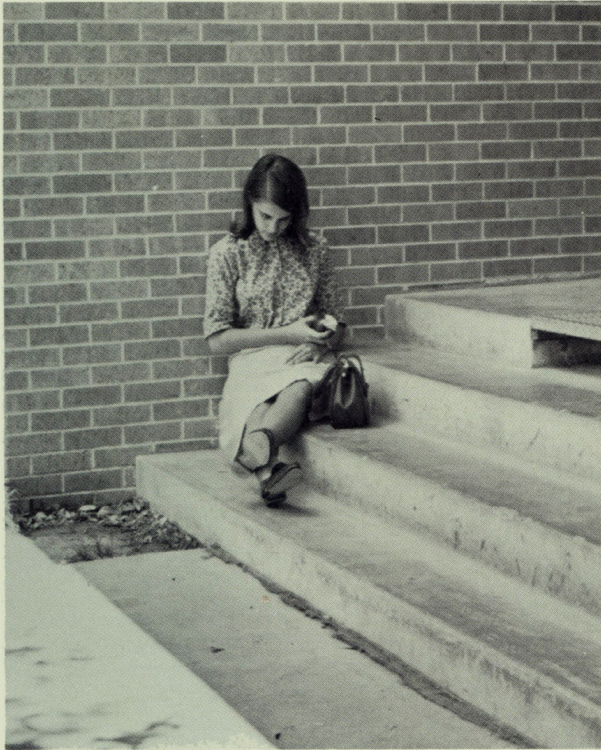
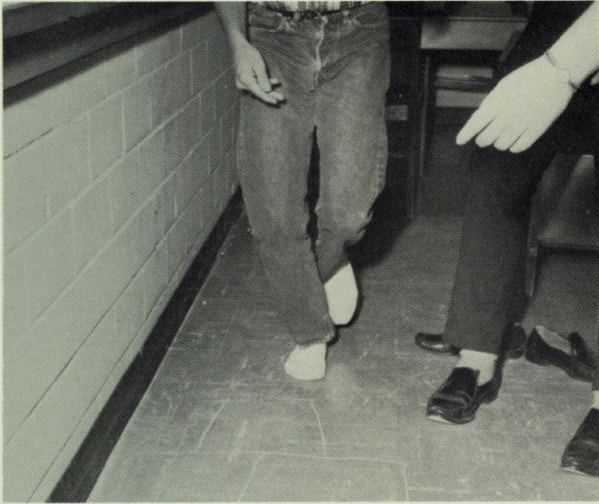


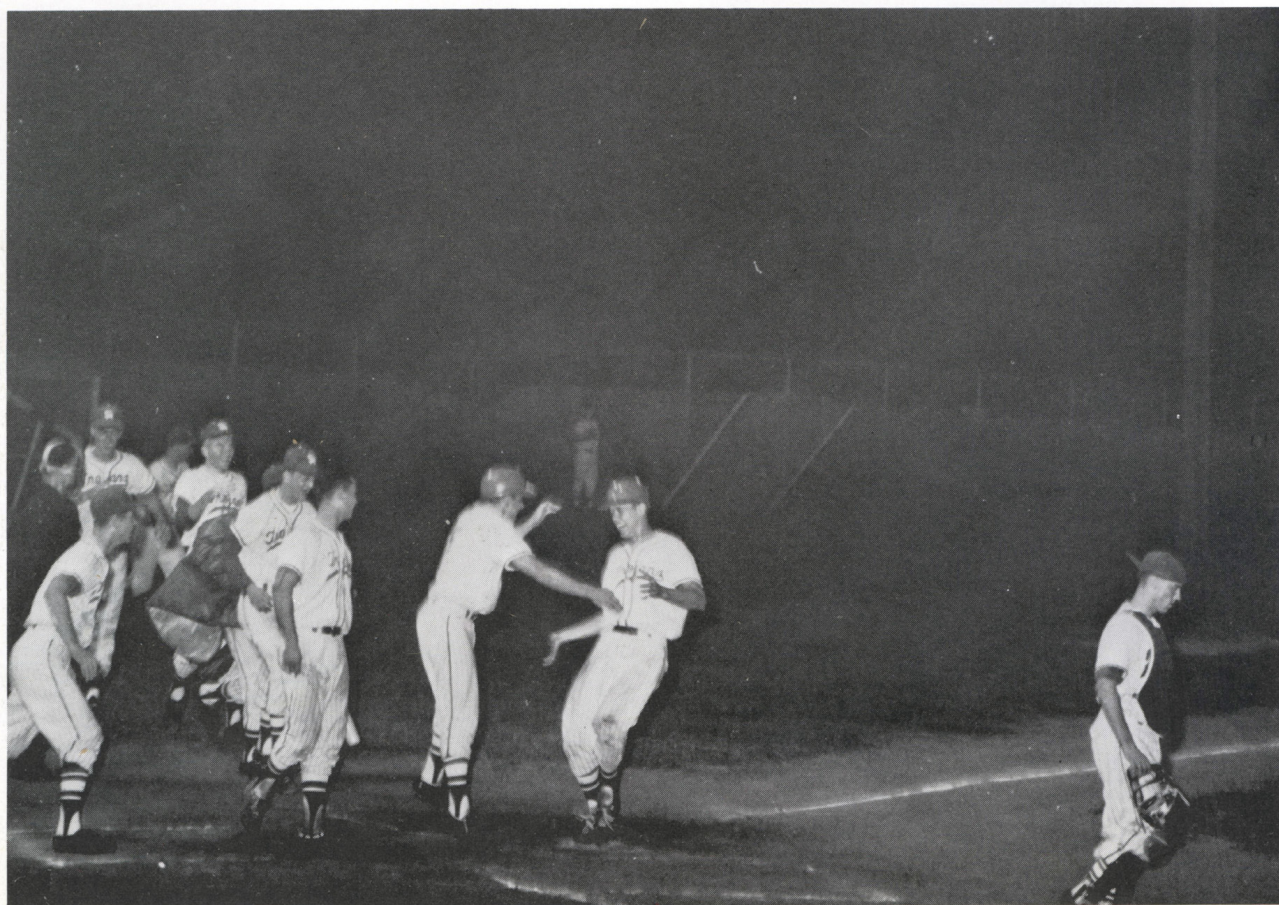
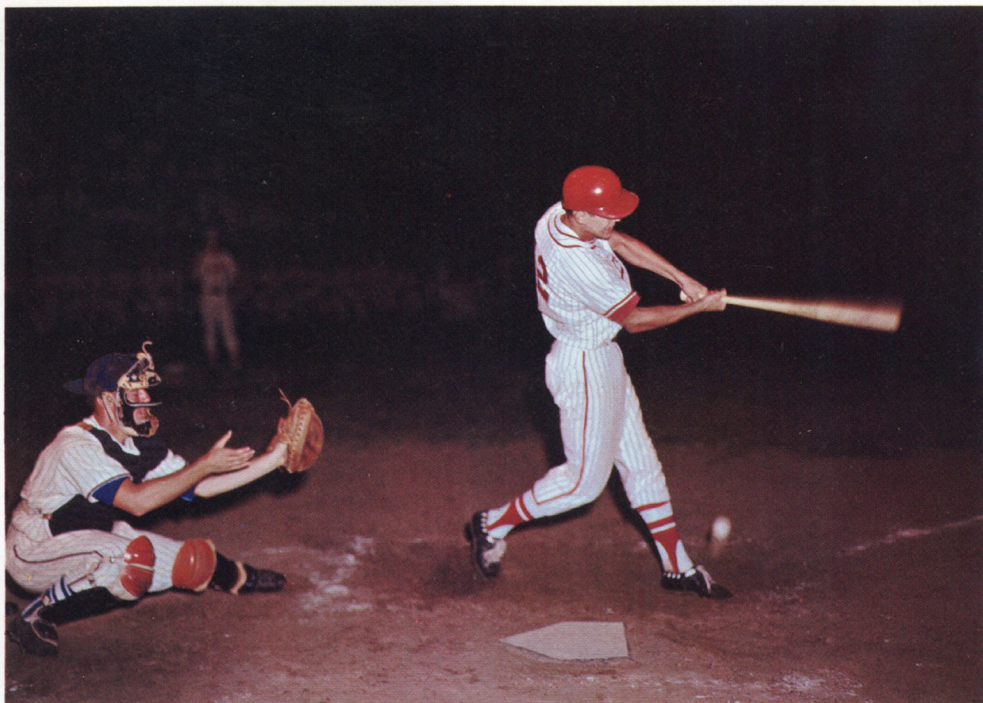














## THE SCHOOL YEAR RUSHED TO THE FINISH LINE . . .

. . . as the month of May approached. Spring was short-sleeved shirts and beating Spring Branch in baseball. It was juniors asking "Who won the election?" and seniors saying "What election?" Spring was sunglasses and madras and sunburns on Mondays. It was grass-mowing time and test-taking time and ring-buying time (both senior and otherwise). Spring was red tassels and empty lockers and a time of reflection—2100 individuals, each remembering the year in his own way, leaving South Houston High School.

