





East High  
School:

ANNUAL



J.M.A. '18



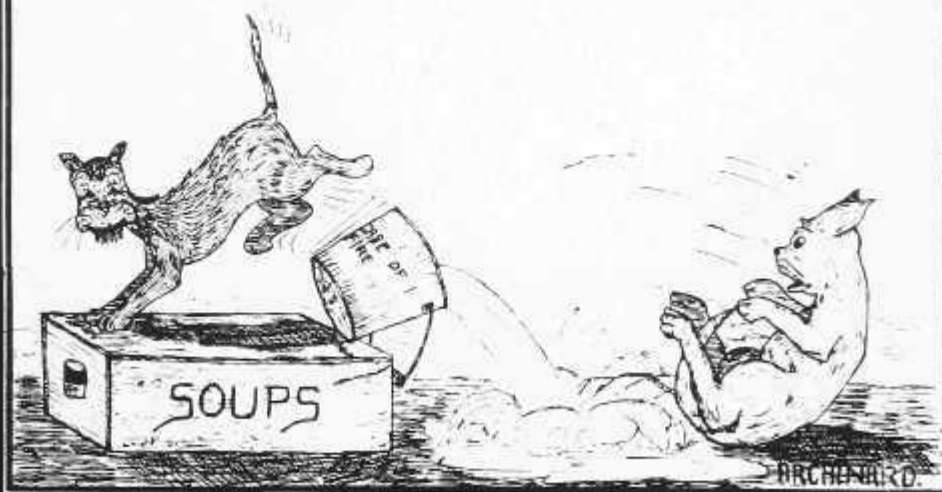


Inscribed  
..to our..  
Fellow Students  
...of...  
East High School

J. M. H.

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THE ANNUAL BOARD



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Dorothy C. Griffith.....	'17.....	<i>Assistant Literary Editor</i>
Dorothy M. Brush.....	'17.....	<i>Editor Humor Department</i>
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Wallace Mouat.....	'18.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Willis Kenealy.....	'17.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
Portia Goulder.....	'20.....	<i>Assistant Editor Humor Dep't</i>

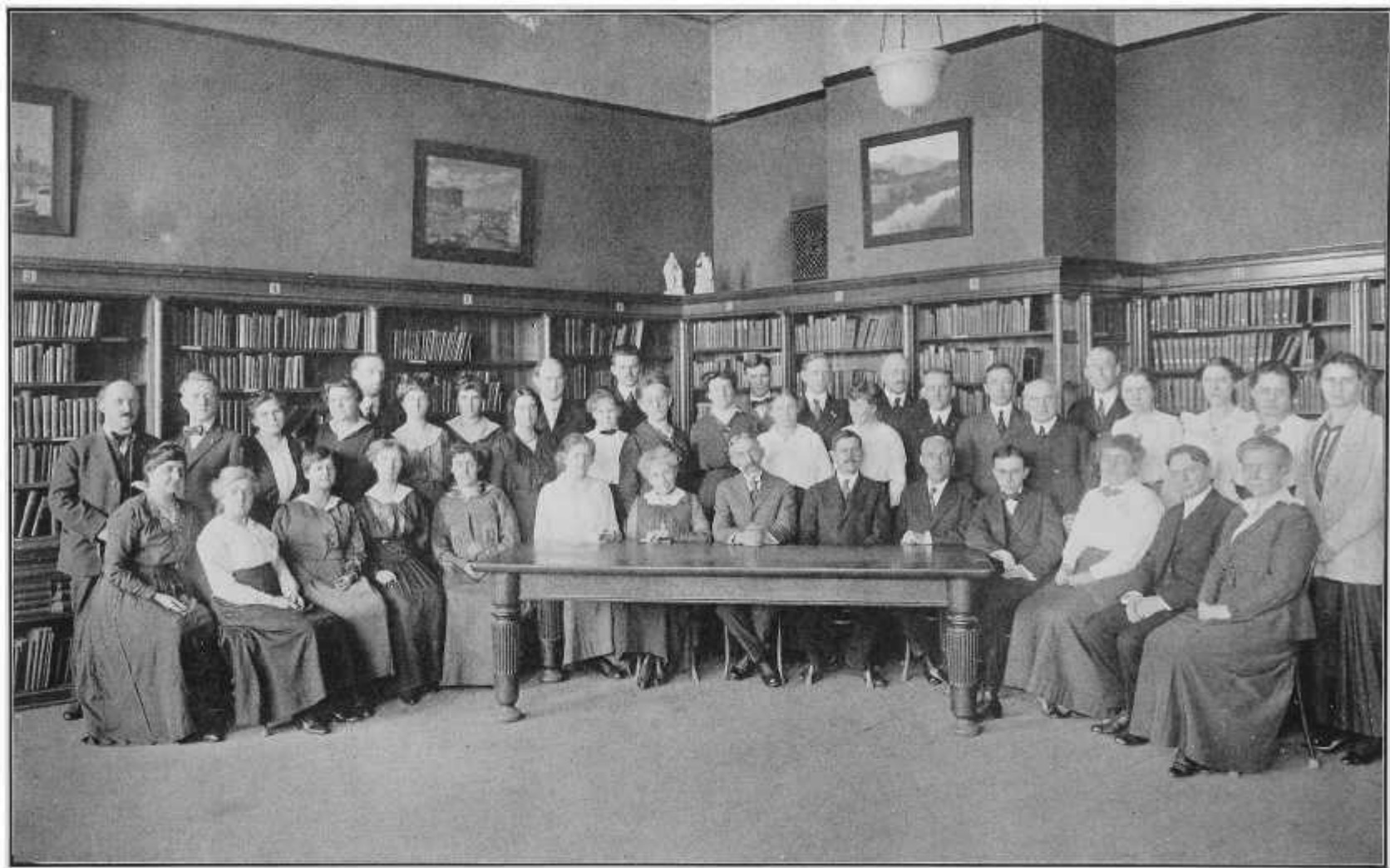
#### FACULTY COMMITTEE

Victoria C. Lynch

Meta W. Peters

Oliver N. Craig







# Faculty



Lothman, Daniel W., PRINCIPAL.....Stop 15, Euclid, Ohio  
 Findley, Edwin L., ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL.....7108 Hough Ave.  
*French, Greek*  
 Adams, Frances A., ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL.....1955 East 66th St.  
*Latin*

---

Baker, Frances.....1636 East 82nd St.  
*English*  
 Bennett, J. Cora.....12444 Cedar Road  
*Chemistry*  
 Black, Bernardine.....2034 Cornell Road  
*Mathematics*  
 Brack, Mary L.....891 Lake View Road  
*English*  
 Budde, Ida F.....7401 Hough Ave.  
*German*  
 Chandler, Helen.....2280 East 40th St.  
*Home Economics*  
 Childs, Chester H.....10016 Olivet Ave.  
*Applied Art*  
 Collins, Mary Susan.....1644 East 75th St.  
*Applied Art*  
 Craig, Oliver N.....1448 East 116th St.  
*Manual Training*  
 Critchley, Bertha M.....1824 East 79th St.  
*History*  
 Disbrow, Charles, W.....3048 Somerton Road, Euclid Heights  
*History*  
 Dix, C. C., Jr.....7111 Linwood Ave.  
*Physical Training*

Grossart, Mathilde S.	1549 East 86th St.
<i>German</i>	
Haber, Henry F.	1619 Hollyrood Road
<i>Mathematics</i>	
Hanna, Mary L.	1906 East 84th St.
<i>English</i>	
Hogan, J. E.	12105 Castlewood Ave.
<i>Mathematics</i>	
Ingersoll, Helen G.	2059 East 71st St.
<i>Latin</i>	
Kelly, Maria Margaret.	1519 Kenilworth Ave.
<i>Latin</i>	
Knapp, Elizabeth E.	1386 East 81st St.
<i>Applied Art</i>	
Knight, Charles M.	2053 East 102nd St.
<i>History</i>	
Kraft, Ona	1171 East 113th St.
<i>English, Mathematics</i>	
Lamprecht, Marjorie	2066 East 77th St.
<i>Librarian</i>	
Lynch, Victoria C.	3726 Carnegie Ave.
<i>Latin</i>	
Lytle, Bertelle M.	1512 East 107th St.
<i>English</i>	
MacDonald, Ethel	1963 East 82nd St.
<i>Mathematics</i>	
Morris, W. W.	11813 Osceola Ave.
<i>Coach, Mathematics</i>	
Morse, Frances C.	1881 East 87th St.
<i>Physical Training</i>	
Mutch, Florence E.	10918 Ashbury Ave.
<i>Latin</i>	
Mutch, Gertrude	10918 Ashbury Ave.
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	
O'Grady, Katherine L.	1579 Crawford Road
<i>Oratory</i>	
Parsons, Mary E.	1907 East 40th St.
<i>German</i>	
Peabody, Carroll A.	9520 Fuller Ave.
<i>Physics</i>	
Peters, Meta W.	2306 Murray Hill Road
<i>Greek, German</i>	
Petersilge, Arthur F. M.	7417 Linwood Ave.
<i>Mathematics</i>	
Pittis, Margaret	40 Penrose Ave., E. C.
<i>Secretary</i>	
Prince, William L.	23 Groveland Club
<i>Music</i>	

Raish, Edward L.	1389 East 95th St.
<i>German</i>	
Rankin, Homer D.	1446 East 110th St.
<i>English</i>	
Reed, Harold B.	1401 East 81st St.
<i>Physics</i>	
Sanderson, Gertrude A.	2105 East 83rd St.
<i>English</i>	
Schulte, Herman	7114 Lawnview Ave.
<i>French, German</i>	
Seaton, Sara	1943 East 86th St.
<i>Science</i>	
Smith, Gabriel F.	1857 East 75th St.
<i>English</i>	
Smith, Walter V.	8701 Harkness Road
<i>Manual Training</i>	
Terzano, Giovanni	1417 West 85th St.
<i>Spanish</i>	
Woods, Frank M.	8509 Decker Ave.
<i>English, Bookkeeping</i>	
Wright, Marion E.	1386 East 81st St.
<i>English</i>	



### To the Senior Class

Herein our High School record stands, —  
Of days that have just passed;  
The tale of High School happenings  
Whose memories will last;  
And as we read what we have done  
Ours is a pleasure vast.

Each printed page holds here for us,  
What money cannot buy. —  
The aspiration and resolve  
Nobly to live and die,  
For every line breathes loyalty  
To this dear school, East High.

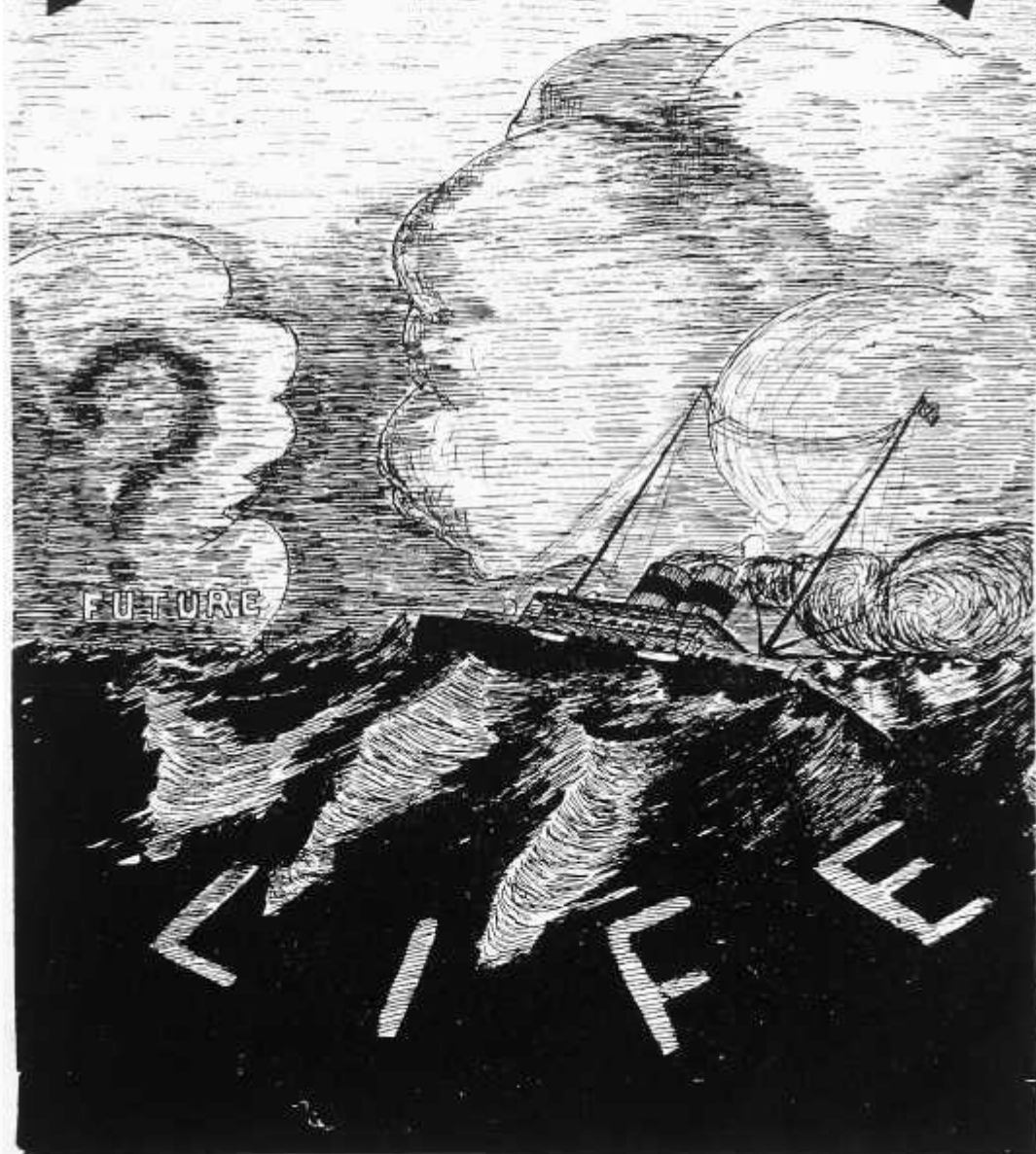
And when Commencement time has passed  
And school days here have ceased,  
Her praises still we'll sing aloud  
And find our love increased,  
And ever will give honor to  
Our Alma Mater East.

Wallace Mount, '18.

# SENIORS

19

17







### A II CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	Ralph Sourbeck
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Helen Landesman
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Alice C. Gilman
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Arthur T. Mackin
<i>Assistant Treasurer</i> .....	Florence Baumöel
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	Robert J. Dowling

## A II Class History

ONE day in September, 1913, we first entered East High School as Freshmen. We came running up the stairs with our hearts in our mouths, and I read the large sign, "New Pupils to the Auditorium." Then we started; up-stairs, down-stairs, through the halls, to the elevator, everywhere but to the right place we went. No matter where we went we heard, or thought we heard, "Flats! Flats! Flats!"

We finally did reach the Auditorium, and for a while all was well; and while receiving our "programs," we began to feel truly grown up, and to acquire the dignity of High School students.

Somehow we lived through the first days, and even completed our first semester without more than the ordinary number of mishaps. As we look back we recall the "Baby Show" as the most important event of that term.

When we became D II's, our heads were in the clouds, but I am not sure that our feet were on the ground.

We did our part to help the Entertainment Course, and felt proud to think we helped to buy the new piano.

Then we were Sophomores! We talked it, we walked it, we sang it, we acted it. That year we learned to draw straight, curved, dotted, squirmy, wiggly lines by the hundreds. That was Geometry!

Our teachers told us we must not memorize the propositions, but when we applied the same rule to the theorems, they were not at all sympathetic.

What a bugbear Caesar was! Always fighting fighting; never getting anywhere so far as we could see; just writing words, words for us to translate.

The joy of being a Junior! We read reams and reams of "*O tempora! O mores!*" Incidentally we discovered that we had several orators in our number.

During this year we took upon our shoulders the responsibility of governing ourselves. We joined clubs and eagerly took part in spreads and dances. With our own money and some contributed by the Sophomores we bought a Pathoscope for the school.

As Seniors we began the year by organizing our class, electing officers, and, last but not least, collecting dues. We are on the last lap. Studies and amusements vie with one another for our interest.

Soon we shall leave East. Some of us will go to college; some will enter work in other fields. Wherever we go we shall try to remember that East High has marked us with her stamp of approval, and do nothing to dishonor her fair name.

RUTH A. ROBISHAW, '17.



ARNOLD, EARL  
8823 Esterbrook Ave.



AWIG, ELMER FREDERICK  
1261 East 74th St.



BADGER, ALFRED EARL  
1314 East 76th St.



BELL, JAMES ROEDER  
1822 East 89th St.



BLOOMFIELD, BEATRICE  
6206 Belvidere Ave.



BAUMOEL, FLORENCE RUTH  
1858 East 93rd St.

BEACH, ALICE ROBERTA  
1797 East 89th St.



BRADLEY, ARTHUR ILSLEY  
2081 East 36th St.



BROCKMAN, CATHERINE RUTH  
1771 East 65th St.



BROWN, HARVEY P.  
8713 Birchdale Ave.



BROWN, SANGER  
1567 East 82nd St.



CADWELL, THOMAS R.  
1415 East 89th St.





CASTLE, FRANCES CAROLYN  
7505 Lexington Ave.



CLEMENTS, WM. FORRESTER  
1831 East 63rd St.



CLIMO, HAROLD P.  
8520 Carnegie Ave.



CLARK, FRANK HENRY  
1852 East 75th St.



COBB, MARGARET V.  
1566 Mistletoe Drive



COCKREM, HELEN LOUISE  
7420 Lawnview Ave.



COLLINS, LILLIAN FOSTER  
Hazel Drive and East Boulevard



COOKE, DOLORES  
11338 Mayfield Ave.



CORTS, CORINNE ELIZABETH  
7701 Sagamore Ave.



CAUNTER, EDITH LILLIAN  
11324 Ohlman Ave.



CROSIER, JASON A.  
1414 East 86th St.



CROWLEY, COLETTA  
1283 East 113th St.





CUTTER, GEORGE BAKER  
9125 Kenmore Ave.



DALE, STANLEY ARTHUR  
1311 East 84th St.



DOLINSKY, SAMUEL A.  
2388 East 40th St.



DORN, HELENA KATHERINE  
1568 Addison Rd.



DOUGLAS, FRANCIS BARTON  
8612 Wade Park Ave.



DOWLING, ROBERT J.  
8514 Carnegie Ave.

DRAKE, DOROTHEA M.

1385 East 88th St.

DAUBER, HELEN

7312 Linwood Ave.

EISEMAN, ELSIE VIRGINIA

8808 Carnegie Ave.

FAIR, GLADYS

11421 Mayfield Rd.

FERGUS, JOAN

8609 Wade Park Ave.

FINN, HELEN L.

10519 Fairmount Ave.





FORSTER, FLORENCE  
1444 East 88th St.



FRIEDMAN, LEAH  
11627 Euclid Ave.



FREEDMAN, FANNIE PAULINE  
1559 East 85th St.



GANGER, RITA M.  
1620 East 75th St.



GLAUBER, MYRON JOSEPH  
7513 Euclid Ave.



GLICK, SELMA Y.  
1727 East 116th Place

GOLDSTEIN, MILDRED MYRTLE

2122 East 79th St.

GOODMAN, FRANCES E.

1307 East 82nd St.

GILMAN, ALICE C.

7714 Lockyear Ave.

GRANDY, GRACE

1172 Addison Rd.

GROUDLE, MILDRED

1017 East 77th St.

GUILLET, ADELAIDE HELEN

1585 East 94th Place







GUTENTAG, DELLA  
1867 East 59th St.



HART, MARY  
2101 Adelbert Rd.



HAYDEN, LENA M.  
1150 East 71st St.



HEIMERT, EWALD  
11511 Miles Ave.



HOGUE, MARIE  
2060 East 82nd St.



JONES, MARJORIE WILMOT  
1632 Crawford Rd.

JOSEPH, EDWIN  
1874 East 93rd St.



JOSEPH, MARGARET  
1827 East 82nd St.



KATZ, BELLA G.  
861 East 72nd St.



KONKER, ELEANOR LUCILE  
2087 East 90th St.



KELLY, DANIEL LEO  
10510 Olivet Ave.



KING, HAROLD M.  
1431 Addison Rd.





KLINE, DOROTHY MARGARET  
1317 East 90th St.



KLEIN, LILLIAN S.  
1196 Addison Rd.



KLEIN, ARTHUR  
1340 East 84th St.



KLEIN, SYLVIA A.  
1413 East 92nd St.



KULOW, NETTIE E.  
8010 Cory Ave.



LANDESMAN, HELEN  
1912 East 89th St.

McCORMACK, EDNA  
1242 East 85th St.

McKEAN, JOHN  
9816 North Blvd.

MASTERSON, HELEN  
1247 East 87th St.

MARTINET, THOMAS  
8620 Wade Park Ave.

MANCHESTER, DORIS  
1742 East 90th St.

MACKIN, ARTHUR T.  
567 East 102nd St.





METCALF, HARLAN G.  
2023 East 96th St.



MILLER, GERTRUDE  
9117 Birchdale Ave.



MILLER, GLADYS  
11435 Euclid Ave.



MONROE, DOROTHY ANNE  
1360 East 82nd St.



MOORE, ROBERT D.  
Central Y. M. C. A.



MILLHOFF, HELEN H.  
7615 Sagamore Ave.

NICHOLS, MONROE

1620 East 105th St.



REES, LEONARD MALCOLM

1370 East 95th St.



REISMAN, JULIUS V.

1959 East 82nd St.



RHODES, OLIVER

9908 Lamont Ave.



ROBISHAW, RUTH

1256 East 61st St.



ROSS, GEORGE

1277 East 58th St.





ROSS, CHRISTINA M.  
1312 East 82nd St.



SEPETOSKY, STELLA W.  
8003 Bellevue Ave.



SINDELAR, WILLIAM  
2377 East 57th St.



SMITH, LAURA A.  
1688 East 84th St.



SMALL, JAS. B.  
9716 Woodward Ct.



SNOW, DOROTHY ALLEN  
8809 Hough Ave.

SOLOMON, WALTER  
7518 Linwood Ave.



SOURBECK, RALPH W.  
9215 Birchdale Ave.



SPERLING, EMANUEL  
776 East 90th St.



STORMONT, LESTER  
7603 Wade Park Ave.



STEPHENS, MARION  
1442 East 115th St.



STERN, CLARA HELEN  
6114 Quinby Ave.







TAME, STEWART  
2073 Adelbert Rd.



TAYLOR, STANLEY  
7403 Lexington Ave.



TOMLINSON, ELAINE CORA  
8003 Wade Park Ave.



ULREY, MARY JANE  
1845 East 75th St., Suite I



VAN RAALTE, LOIS HALL  
1549 East 86th St.



VAN TYNE, LUCIE WINIFRED  
6313 Dibble Ave.

VORPE, JOHN THOMAS  
9208 Hough Ave.



WAGENER, HELEN ELIZABETH  
7706 Cornelia Ave.



WARNER, CARLOS  
North Randall, Ohio



WORKS, JOHN B.  
2060 East 89th St.



ZALLER, ELIZABETH  
6802 Hough Ave.



ZUCKER, ROGER  
9507 Euclid Ave.



BRUSH, DOROTHY  
Carnegie Ave.

COLE, CHARLES  
12006 Wade Park Ave.

COLE, GORDON  
12006 Wade Park Ave.

COLEMAN, MORRIS  
7311 Lexington Ave.

DAUGHERTY, CHARLES W.  
6726 St. Clair Ave.

DOOLITTLE, GLADYS  
10926 Wade Park Ave.

DUNBAR, HILMA  
1873 East 86th St.

EATON, HUDSON R.  
3528 Muriel Ave.

EATON, REGINALD  
8616 Wade Park Ave.

ENGLFRIED, FRED  
1988 East 81st St.

FARRELL, IRENE MARY  
1389 East 88th St.

GOLDBERG, BRUCE  
10605 Ashbury Ave.

HOWE, CLIFFORD  
1545 East 93rd St.

IERG, JOSEPH  
1539 East 78th Place

KENEALY, WILLIS  
7106 Linwood Ave.

KOLBE, GRETCHEN MARTHA  
1503 East 75th Place

LANESE, JOHN A.  
2022 Murray Hill Rd.

MELBOURNE, CHARLES  
1315 East 77th St.

MILLER, WILLIAM ELLIOTT  
1388 East 89th St.

MORREAU, LEE H.  
1601 East 115th St.

MELARAGNO, LEONARD JOSEPH  
1380 East 86th St.

NOWAKOWSKI, CLEMENTINE FRANCES  
8316 Medina Ave.

RICH, HARRY E.  
976 Woolsey Ave.  
SAMPLINER, ROY S.  
5515 Lexington Ave.  
SKEEL, GEORGE L.  
1825 Ansel Rd.  
TOLAND, JOSEPH SLEMONS  
1879 East 101st St.  
VOLANS, FRANCES MARIE  
2336 Grandview Ave., Cleveland Heights  
WEINGARD, EDWARD  
1706 East 84th St.  
WHITE, MABEL G.  
1457 East 92nd St.





### A I CLASS OFFICERS

Alfred Dangler.....	<i>President</i>
Lillian Lewis.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Margaret Toan.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Frederick Blake.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Mildred Pack.....	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>
John Gatozzi.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Ruth Lichty  
Wallace Movat

Geraldine Meck

Hilda Klein  
Frederick Barker

## A History



### How we got 'em

We came to East four years ago,  
And thought we owned the school.  
The principal had told us that  
We must obey the rule.

But still we pranced around the halls,  
Ran up and down the stairs.  
We did not realize that we  
Were adding to our cares.

And thus we spent our Freshman year.  
How foolish now it seems,  
When we look back, we can but think  
That we were silly screams.

We always hoped the Sophomore year  
Would make us grown-up folks,  
And break the dull monotony  
Of always being jokes.

The second year was what we asked,  
And, not to our dismay,  
The foolish, fretful, funny life  
Had somehow passed away.

Now, let me tell you, we did work.  
There seemed to be a lull  
In all our childish foolishness—  
Our lessons were less dull.

By this time we were wide awake,  
Our studies now were real.  
Before we finished that short year  
We'd found out quite a deal.

Our Junior year was full of fun,  
An even better change.  
The lecture course, the dance, the club  
Were now within our range.

We helped to buy a reel machine,  
We entertained you all.  
We had a Sophomore-Junior day  
When parents came to call.

As stately Seniors, now, we all  
Are having quite a time;  
But we'll be here till Christmas, so  
We just are in our prime.

Just what this class is fit to do  
Next year will surely show,  
And we must do all that we can  
For East, before we go.

Whate'er we do within that time  
Will be for old East High,  
Behind the grand old banner phrase,  
"Let's do it or let's die."

WALLACE MOUAT, '18.



The Finished Product

AKERS, CELIA B.

7002 Wade Park Ave.



ARCHINARD, PAUL

1881 East 86th St.



ARNSTINE, JAMES

1575 East 115th St.



BACHMAN, RUTH A.

2104 Stearns Rd.



BARKER, FREDERICK GEORGE

1851 East 97th St.



BERGER, LUCILLE FANNETTE

1944 East 66th St.







BEEKS, MARGARET ESTHER  
8014 Melrose Ave.



BIRNEY, ANDREW ROBERT  
2095 East 93rd St.



BLAKE, FREDERICK ELMER  
1692 East 84th St.



BOND, GIRARD DAVID  
1720 East 82nd St.



CARLSON, ALICE ELINOR  
1354 East 81st St.



CARLSON, RAYMOND LAWRENCE  
1504 East 82nd St.

CHISHOLM, JEAN MARY

1645 East 85th St.

DANGLER, ALFRED

1655 East 117th St.

DAVIDSON, JOHN A.

6704 Dunham Ave.

DUFFIE, WHITTIER ORTH

1765 East 63rd St.

ECKMAN, VIRGINIA V.

7441 Star Ave.

ELSOFFER, BEATRICE

6109 Lexington Ave.





ELY, MARY

1560 East 82nd St.



EVANS, EDWARD ELLSWORTH

8616 Hough Ave.



EVANS, EDITH MAE

7708 Star Ave.



FENIGER, BEATRICE

711 Parkwood Drive



FOSTER, DOROTHY

1106 Addison Rd.



FRIENDSHIP, HELEN

7215 Linwood Ave.

GEST, ARTHUR CHRISTIAN  
1325 East 65th St.



GILOY, DOROTHY BLANCHE  
1664 East 79th St.



GIBBONS, MARION NOVILLE  
2220 East 83rd St.



GOLDREICH, ISIDOR  
1699 East 70th St.



HARBAUGH, DONALD LUCIAN  
2022 East 89th St.



HARDGROVE, MIRIAM  
10003 Olivet Ave.





HEFFNER, MARTHA  
1049 East 71st St.



HEFFNER, ARTHUR C.  
8115 Wade Park Ave.



HERBERT, ELIZABETH J.  
1644 East 86th St.



INGRAM, THELMA BERYL  
1640 East 85th St.



JAPPE, MARIE B.  
1877 East 69th St.



JONES, WILLIAM  
7715 Melrose Ave.

KELLER, CHARLES H.  
8811 Detroit Ave.



KLAUSTERMEYER, CAROL M.  
1671 East 117th St.



KIBBY, JEAN SUTHERLAND  
2295 East 100th St.



KIDD, MABEL ESTHER  
1897 East 69th St.



KLEIN, HILDA L.  
1725 East 90th St.



KLEIN, WILBUR R.  
6306 Quinby Ave.





LAMPRECHT, GEORGE FREDERICK

2066 East 77th St.



LONGO, ORIENTE RUTH

1333 East 68th St.



LEE, NELLIE MARION

1325 East 84th St.



LEE, MAYNARD

1324 East 84th St.



LEWIS, LILLIAN A.

1604 Hazel Drive



LOHISER, CHARLES

5526 Perkins Ct.

LICHTY, RUTH

1803 East 82nd St.



LOVELL, WHEELER G.

2215 East 89th St.



LUCK, HENRY CHARLES

1596 East 117th St.



MARCUSON, CLARENCE HERBERT

1611 East 82nd St.



McKEITH, LLOYD GRAHAM

7207 Superior Ave.



MECK, GERALDINE CHRISTINA

2082 East 100th St.







MEYER, FLORENCE  
1433 East 82nd St.



MOUAT, G. WALLACE  
8615 Meridian Ave.



PACK, MILDRED F.  
7411 Myron Ave.



PALMER, DOUGLAS C.  
7218 Carnegie Ave.



PARKER, FLORENCE  
875 East 79th St.



RICKMAN, WALTER E.  
1353 East 82nd St.

ROCKEY, PERSIS

6108 White Ave.



ROLL, HELEN ELIZABETH

1037 Ansel Rd.



ROSEWATER, ROBERT S.

6305 Euclid Ave.



SIFLING, DUDLEY M.

1567 East 117th St.



SHIVELY, HELEN

5809 Curtis Ave.



SALBERG, MIRIAM H.

2115 East 93rd St.





SMITH, PORTIA H.  
1206 East 86th St.



SMITH, ISLA E.  
843 East 72nd St.



STAIR, EDWIN BIERCE  
2134 East 100th St.



STEPHAN, ARTHUR H.  
7315 Linwood Ave.



STUEBER, THEODORE PAUL  
1938 East 84th St.



STULL, NAOMI  
1456 East 71st St.

SWINGLE, EVA MAE  
1212 Parkwood Dr.



TEMPLE, GEORGIA M.  
12927 Forest Hill Ave.



TOAN, MARGARET  
1407 East 85th St.



WATKINS, WM. HENRY  
2812 Lee Rd.



WENNERSTROM, ALLETTE J.  
7505 Redell Ave.



WHERRY, DOROTHY E.  
1852 East 70th St.





WILLIAMS, EDWARD R.

2057 East 88th St.



WISOTZKE, C. ROY

7509 Decker Ave.



WOODBURY, CHARLOTTE E.

2817 Hampshire Rd.,

Cleveland Heights



WRIGHT, STEWART E.

1547 East Boulevard



WRIGHT, WILLIAM HEERMANS

10008 Lamont Ave.



WUESCHER, GLENNA C.

1432 East 92nd St.

ARTHERHOLT, MELDA  
1544 East 120th St.

BRADLEY, MARCUS  
3101 Superior Ave.

BACHER, EUGENE  
7217 Linwood Ave.

CARMAN, SARAH C.  
7121 Wade Park Ave.

CASE, HAROLD  
1527 East 85th St.

CLINES, JOHN EDWARD  
995 Ansel Rd.

COOK, LESLIE G.  
9728 Woodward Ct.

DOIG, HAL FRANCIS  
7405 Lawnview

FELDMAN, ALICE  
6020 Quinby Ave.

GALLAGHER, WM. H.  
7324 Euclid Ave.

GATTOZZI, JOHN JERRY  
1954 East 123rd St.

GRAHAM, ADAM  
12349 Euclid Ave.

KOEHLER, ROBERT H.  
1516 East 86th St.

LEDINSKY, CHARLES  
10515 Wilbur Ave.

LEYDEN, FRANCIS EDWIN  
6820 Zoeter Ave.

NEAL, RAY JOHN  
1171 East 111th St.

MORGAN, DOROTHY DALWOOD  
1462 Crawford Rd.

NICHOLLS, DOROTHY  
1736 East 90th St.

PEOPLES, A. GALEN  
1592 East 80th St.

RIPPNER, LEAH  
1648 East 75th St.

SELL, CHARLES RAYMOND  
7122 Superior Ave.

SPEDDY, KENYON C.  
2027 East 77th St.

SPEIDEL, ELMER J.  
1619 East 66th St.



JANUARY, 1917

# JUNIORS

## B II History

**A**BOUT three years ago, a great ripple of excitement swept over the old historic building, known as East High; for the class of '18 was assembling within its walls. After various trials and tribulations, we, the members of the class, were assigned our respective rooms and teachers, each one of us thinking himself particularly fortunate in the selection.

After we were comfortably settled and were becoming acquainted with our classmates, one of the most important events of our high school careers occurred. The annual feast for sore and jaded eyes, the "Baby Show," was held. Our parents came to see it, and, consequently, became better acquainted with all our good and efficient teachers. Some of our parents left for home in a puzzled state of mind, wondering how such kindly-looking instructors could find it in their hearts to give low marks; for they had heard the various upper classmen predicting our early downfall by the primrose path of many zeros.

After several months of much speculation and jealousy, with not a few patronizing remarks from these same upper classmen, our abilities were finally recognized. We were no longer unmitigated freshies, but dignified and respected Sophomores. We were asked to sell tickets for an entertainment course, which we did all the more gladly when we ascertained that the funds were to be used to help worthy, yet needy, pupils. A few weeks later we held a Sophomore-Junior Day, and presented the school a moving picture machine.

At this time Student Government and the Blue and Gold appeared in our midst. After giving both our solemn contemplation we made up our minds to give these innovations our hearty support. By helping to solicit advertisements and subscriptions we have aided in the support of the paper. Many of us have contributed to its columns various articles of wit and wisdom; some of which have been passed by the censor, and some of which have passed by the censor.

Since becoming popular and efficient Juniors, we have been called upon to make another entertainment course a success. We feel positive that without our efforts it would have been a failure, as the wonderful results, due to the labors of the Juniors, are too well known ever to be forgotten.

Since our class has been organized, and we have our own president, we are prouder than ever of our school—what we have done for it, and what it has done for us.

Many are the lessons we have learned—stamped indelibly on our minds; and many the friendships we have formed—stamped indelibly on our hearts. With gratitude for the past and zeal for the future, let us continue the splendid work which we have thus far so nobly advanced.

KENMORE SCHWEITZER, '18.





### B II CLASS OFFICERS

Ben Truesdale.....	<i>President</i>
Marion Hart.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Laura Belle Froggett.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Thorpe Struggles.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Helen Toland.....	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>
Edward Rodewald.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### COMMITTEE

Kenneth Hurd	Monica Doran	Bert Van Dellen
George Fenstermacher		Catherine Ryan



B II CLASS

# B II CLASS

Abrahams, Joseph N.	6115 Belvidere Ave.
Albin, Marion Varian	1217 Addison Road
Auth, Marie J.	6831 Bayliss Ave.
Baginski, Edward	1202 East 84th St.
Ball, Robert H.	7314 Carnegie Ave.
Baker, Norma H.	8624 Wade Park Ave.
Bailey, Florence	1886 East 101st St.
Bidwell, Paul	11397 Glenwood Ave.
Belkowsky, Renee	10509 Ashbury Ave.
Boltz, Frederick William, Jr.	12450 Forest Grove Ave.
Brown, Ronald J.	1888 East 81st St.
Burdett, Donald	1711 East 84th St.
Carran, William M.	2075 East 81st St.
Cary, Agnes	1608 East 117th St.
Casey, Thomas H.	1429 East 93rd St.
Caswell, Florence	1826 East 93rd St.
Chandler, Fred	1917 East 71st St.
Clobitz Helen	6005 Quinby Ave.
Combs, Elizabeth C.	10113 South Boulevard
Cooke, Martha Castleberry	11338 Mayfield Road
Cottrell, Helen L.	2082 East 102nd St.
Cummings, Edward	1605 East 118th St.
Damon, Arthur Wallace	2072 East 79th St.
Daniel, Harry A. F.	7601 Aberdeen Ave.
Davis, Eila	1841 East 101st St.
Doran, Monica	7702 Sagamore Ave.
Elsoffer, Harvey Harold	6109 Lexington Ave.
Emrich, Oliver S.	2108 East 89th St.
Evans, Alberta	2125 Fairmount Road
Fagan, Helene	8033 Whitethorn Ave.
Fenstermacher, George	7305 Myron Ave.
Franz, Miriam K.	1256 East 74th St.
Frier, Irene	1536 East 82nd St.
Froggett, Laura Bell	10074 Republic Court
Gibson, Harold	8931 Meridian Ave.
Glueck, Rhea	9376 Amesbury Ave.
Goldreich, Ruth	7051 Hough Ave.
Goodman, R. Jerome	2057 East 82nd St.
Grandy, Verna	1257 Addison Road
Greenbaum, Lillian	1081 East 98th St.
Greenslade, Evelyn M.	8303 Superior Ave.
Greig, Marjorie	2049 East 79th St.
Griffiths, Anna	5719 Whittier Ave.
Gross, Leah S.	1274 East 81st St.
Groth, Elmer	8913 Empire Ave.
Gusky, Louise	1523 East Boulevard
Harrold, Elizabeth	7122 Wade Park Ave.
Hart, Marion	2052 East 82nd St.
Hart, Harold G.	9409 Talbot Ave.
Heimerdinger, Flora	1923 East 71st St.
Holmes, Georgina	16706 Endora Road
Hopkins, Margaret E.	9314 Miles Ave.
Hummel, Philip	18314 Canterbury Road
Hurd, Kenneth	1715 East 115th St.
Johnson, Elizabeth R.	8912 Kenmore Ave.
Junkin, Margaret Elaine	1453 East 65th St.
Kaufman, Sarah Marie	6105 Belvidere Ave.
Klumph, Mary	9400 Euclid Ave.
Keim, John	1796 East 93rd St.

King, William	1924 East 87th St.
Kloss, John	2102 East 89th St.
Kohn, Lewis F.	6520 Hough Ave.
Kronthal, Marion B.	1475 Crawford Road
Land, Dorothy	6107 White Ave.
Lander, Marian	1653 East 86th St.
Lander, Margaret	1653 East 86th St.
Laning, Paul	7614 Hough Ave.
Lawrence, Rolinda	1823 East 93rd St.
Lederle, Elsie B.	1328 East 93rd St.
Lewis, Reba M.	1845 East 82nd St.
Lindner, Leonard	5819 Whittier Ave.
McGee, Hilda Jeannette	10502 Wade Park Ave.
McNulty, Genevieve	1468 East 92nd St.
Maerlander, Hugo	8003 Hough Ave.
Mason, Edith	1849 East 86th St.
Mason, Lillian	1849 East 86th St.
Merrick, Tirzah	1380 East 81st St.
Mouat, Douglas	8615 Meridian Ave.
Munsie, Louise	1622 East 65th St.
Nelson, Annaleen	7314 Hough Ave.
Newman, Lawrence	1571 East 115th St.
Olson, John	1339 East 80th St.
Pavlicek, Anna M.	1157 East 60th St.
Permut, Bessie L.	1647 East 73rd St.
Piehl, Marion L.	1652 East 93rd St.
Pomeroy, Raymond	1326 East 65th St.
Poole, Edward L.	1031 East 76th St.
Pratt, Laura Beaumont	1978 East 70th St.
Reifel, Helen Catherine	1538 East 84th St.
Reinhart, Helen	1898 East 90th St.
Richmond, Ruth	5703 Lexington Ave.
Rodewald, Edward E.	9284 Adams Ave.
Roofe, Lucy L.	9105 Morris Ave.
Rowell, Frances M.	1673 East 81st St.
Rowe, Richard G.	1832 East 90th St.
Ruben, Carroll	1714 East 60th St.
Ryan, Catherine	1366 East 92nd St.
Schaub, Donald	7718 Decker Ave.
Schulze, Helen Dorothea	5610 Luther Ave.
Schweitzer, Kenmore	10601 Tacoma Ave.
Seymour, Dorothy K.	1641 East 84th St.
Sharpe, Douglas Lee	9322 Wade Park Ave.
Sielaff, Mildred Pauline	6216 Dibble Ave.
Skeel, Louis	1825 Ansel Road
Smith, Raymond E.	1440 East 90th St.
Sprague, Hazel	8819 Medidian Ave.
Sprague, Beatrice	8819 Meridian Ave.
Staiger, Dorothy	1329 East 82nd St.
Strand, Edwin	9208 Kempton Ave.
Struggles, Thorpe	1696 East 84th St.
Sundstrom, Helen	1211 East 84th St.
Tippett, Erich I.	7700 Sagamore Ave.
Tite, Earl W.	1394 East 80th St.
Toland, Helen	1879 East 101st St.
Truesdale, Ben	1661 East 82nd St.
Tuteur, Mary	8415 Carnegie Ave.
Ulcher, Frances	963 East 78th St.
Van Dellen, H. Bert	934 East 76th St.

## B II CLASS

Vormelker, Howard	1517 East 80th St.
Waite, Estelle	5614 Luther Ave.
Waite, Margaret	1630 East 93rd St.
Walker, Marion	7421 Lawnview Ave.
Wennerstrom, Elton	7505 Redell Ave.
Wertheim, Mildred	2037 East 88th St.
Williams, Barton Nichol	1848 East 87th St.
Wisnewski, Celia A.	8216 Sowinski Ave.
Worthington, Esther E.	57 Emily St., E. C.
Zeve, Helen E.	8119 Whitethorn Ave.
Zorn, Kurt	South Euclid, Ohio
Zuckerman, Gertrude	6620 Hough Ave.



## Junior Chop Suey

**L**AST summer I took a walk through the woods. I took with me my Spear and one Meil. I soon came upon a peculiar Land, on which stood two huge Barnes. I walked into the first one. The entrance was a long Hall. I Hurd a sound of voices and rushed in. A Bishop who resembled King George, and a Squier who resembled King Arthur were quarreling. The Bishop started to Crowe, "Ach du Schrier, hinter dem Greenbaum wohnte ein Grossman, in einem Hause vom Holtz. Gehen Sie Snell!"

And he was some Walker!

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Going home I met a Bailey, a Palmer, a Frier, a Miller and a Mason. I stopped in a shelter house, near a Mouat, to get under a Roofo to Waite for a Goodman to come along.

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A Cooke who was lying in some Hay, mending an apron with Clark thread, was calling, "Oldham!" to a Glasser who was holding his dog for him. On my way back to Cleveland, I met some boys who had been fishing with slight success in a small Poole. One had fallen in, and as he was still wet, I took him home in my Chandler, reaching my own house at 6 by the Clock.

LOIS STEINER, '19.

## B I History

ON the snowy morning, February 3, 1915, we, the class of '19, entered the front door of that great hospital, East High School, whose specialty is cranium development. The whole class was told to go to a large ward, the Auditorium. Within an hour we had been divided into sections and assigned to smaller wards by the head of the staff, Dr. Lothman, and his assistant, Miss Adams.

In each ward we found a capable nurse who gave us cards upon which were the numbers of our various operating rooms. The doctors and older patients perceived at once that our trouble was a very disagreeable one, Flatitis, in medical parlance. Among the treatments we received the first term were large doses of Vocational Guidance.

Most of the recollections of that first ward are rather hazy, owing to the suffering from sharp cuts inflicted by the patients who had been longer in residence than we.

In our second, D II, term, the older residents found that, while they had practically cured the troubles with which we entered, we had now contracted the very dangerous disease of swelled heads. We were now put under the strenuous treatment of a baby show which immediately reduced the swelling. After recovering from this we were put in the C I ward.

In this ward we found that our doctors understood our troubles much better and were able to operate more quickly and with less pain. In this ward we met such torturing instruments as Cæsar, Geometry, and Myths of the Trojan War, which tend to strengthen the mind. To counteract these we were given the capsules of Student Self-Government, whose purpose is to develop self-reliance. We managed to survive everything, and were pronounced ready for the C II ward.

Here, the operations begun in the last ward were continued. We had expected to view those in the D I ward under the baby show treatment, so it was with some chagrin we discovered we were to have a Sophomore-Junior Reception. But upon thinking about it we regarded it more favorably. The reception was a great success. Several other pleasant things occurred such as, fine rallies after finer football games, Thanksgiving and Christmas plays, and the Christmas vacation.

Returning from the vacation we took our examinations, which most of us survived, and were ready for the B I ward.

Here at last we feel we are receiving the respect due to us. We can look back, with our heads slightly in the air, on those first two years while we view with expectation those last two years. Meanwhile we are received into the Junior societies and enjoy more freedom than was hitherto allowed us. We feel that our heads are assuming the correct shape for intelligence.

Therefore we beg the world to be patient a little longer, for it may have us in less than two years.

DOROTHY E. SMITH, '19.



B I CLASS

Allbery, Fred	1578 East 70th St.
Andreas, Margaret	7319 Linwood Ave.
Arthur, John D.	11884 Mayfield Road
Auerbach, Maybelle	1965 East 116th St.
Bailey, Kennedy	1571 East 117th St.
Bailey, Lucien L.	8108 Hough Ave.
Baird, Frances	9304 Amesbury
Baisch, Curtis	5611 Linwood Ave.
Baldwin, Adelbert	1582 Crawford Road
Bates, Gertrude F.	11500 Mayfield Road
Beale, E. Engle	7420 Dellenbaugh Ave.
Benninghoff, Leola	9506 Hough Ave.
Bishop, Charles	11312 Euclid Ave.
Bloomfield, Helen D.	6206 Belvidere Ave.
Bookwalter, Joe	8206 Wade Park Ave.
Bottrell, Irene	12900 Forest Hill Ave.
Briehl, Neil	1618 Hollyrood Road
Bylinsky, Jessie H.	7801 Aberdeen Ave.
Carlin, Vivian	2031 East 100th St.
Chapman, Bessie	1584 East 84th St.
Ching, Bernice	1349 East 81st St.
Clampitt, Dorothy Berenice	1683 East 84th St.
Clark, Frances	1984 East 70th St.
Clock, Morley	2031 East 96th St.
Conner, Gordon	1619 Hollyrood Road
Craig, Janice	7088 Lexington Ave.
Creter, Lillian Laverne	1547 East 122nd St.
Criswell, Verse	1221 East 85th St.
D'Amico, Louis E. A.	1690 East 70th St.
Davidson, Florence Leverne	2181 East 79th St.
Davis, Richard	1912 East 79th St.
Delmage, Geneva	9231 Birchdale Ave.
Delmage, Julia	9231 Birchdale Ave.
D'Errico, Pasquale	2203 Adelbert Road
Dissette, Tom	1892 East 87th St.
Doner, Gladys A.	1876 East 69th St.
Donnelly, Agnes	7613 Superior Ave.
Eisenberg, Otto	1175 East 79th St.
Exline, Leonore	1712 East 85th St.
Fagan, Gertrude Adell	8033 Whitethorn Ave.
Ferriman, Alexander	1843 East 90th St.
Fitch, Clarence W.	1824 East 105th St.
Fogarty, William	6005 Whittier Ave.
Frankel, Elsinore	10814 Deering Ave.
Galbraith, Bessie Edith	1040 East 78th St.
George, Evelyn Gertrude	1593 East 82nd St.
Glasser, Joseph H.	7611 Redell Ave.
Gottlob, Melba	11850 Hessler Road
Grassgreen, Claude	1587 East 65th St.
Greig, Melville	2049 East 79th St.
Grossman, Constance E.	1475 Crawford Road
Hansel, Gerard	7631 Lexington Ave.
Hartshorne, James D.	7304 Hough Ave.
Hawthorne, Khlea	1387 East 94th St.
Hay, James Rendall	5802 Utica Ave.
Hay, Robina Leonard	7211 Duluth Ave.
Healey, Marion	1519 Superior Ave.
Heller, Frank	1638 East 86th St.
Helm, Jessie Lyndsey	1834 East 79th St.
Wertheimer, Hazel S.	1321 East 82nd St.
Whitaker, Frank	1870 East 94th St.



# B I CLASS

Henderson, Jeannette Gordon	1832 East 90th St.
Herrick, Frances	10510 Euclid Ave.
Hexter, Richard K.	1950 East 73rd St.
Hodge, James	7806 Cornelia Ave.
Horr, Ruth	2106 East 93rd St.
Horsburgh, Ralph	1929 East 90th St.
Huettich, Eleanor	6712 Dunham Ave.
Janes, Mary A.	1893 East 87th St.
Jenkins, Alfred A.	1936 East 79th St.
Johnson, Martha D.	563 East 103rd St.
Jones, Katherine F.	7304 Hough Ave.
Kufer, Ella M.	1110 East 74th St.
Klassner, Inez Dorothy	6902 Zoeter Ave.
Kohn, Edith	11412 Ashbury Ave.
Krause, Eudora Elizabeth	1878 East 88th St.
Lewenthal, Jeanne	1523 East Boulevard
Lindquist, Alex H.	7421 Melrose Ave.
Lux, Lewis R.	2066 East 77th St.
Luxton, Harriet M.	5711 Luther Ave.
McKenna, Cyril H.	1360 East 84th St.
McNulty, Mary E.	1468 East 92nd St.
Matchett, Katherine E.	8927 Hough Ave.
Mattmueller, Arthur H.	1685 Crawford Road
Michaelis, Elsie	1092 East 79th St.
Milne, Margaret	7608 Lawnview Ave.
Murphy, Helen M.	1275 East 74th St.
Nall, Russell	1138 East 85th St.
Ott, Frederick W.	9208 Edmunds Ave.
Palmer, Fred H.	1543 East Boulevard
Perelman, Clarence	1838 East 66th St.
Quilty, Cecile J.	1892 East 110th St.
Ranallo, Joe	12105 Mayfield Road
Rosen, Hyman	7203 Wade Park Ave.
Rovelto, Clifford	1400 East 112th St.
St. John, Edward	9515 Edmunds Ave.
Sampliner, Hilda	7203 Lawnview Ave.
Sanke, Arthur C.	11111 Euclid Ave.
Shlesinger, Dorothy	1561 East 117th St.
Shrier, Bertram	2040 East 83rd St.
Sloan, Josephine	8300 Linwood Ave.
Smith, Carmeta M.	1449 East 88th St.
Smith, Dorothy Elizabeth	8701 Harkness Road
Snajdr, Charles	7505 Lawnview Ave.
Snell, Kathryn M.	1720 East 89th St.
Soglovitz, Paul	1904 East 71st St.
Steiner, Lois	7203 Lawnview Ave.
Surad, Aaron F.	1524 East 84th St.
Thrall, Fred M.	1881 East 79th St.
Thurston, Thomas B.	1955 East 75th St.
Tollzien, Marie	1845 East 101st St.
Tomlinson, Donald	8003 Wade Park Ave.
Trivisono, Joseph	2022 Murray Hill Road
Twiggs, Arthur C.	8319 Cedar Ave.
Ulrey, Alfred K.	1845 East 75th St.
Vorpe, Edwin A.	9208 Hough Ave.
Wagner, Blanche	1893 East 66th St.
Walker, Marion	6935 Superior Ave.
Walters, Daphna B.	9243 Edmunds Ave.
Weber, Lorna	1792 East 65th St.
Wilkins, Virginia	1656 East 75th St.
Wormser, Irma	6801 Euclid Ave.

# SOPHOMORES



## C II Class History

ON a fair morning in September, 1915, a band of boys and girls, fortified and strengthened by a great amount of parental advice regarding the turning-point of their young lives, made their way to the portals of East High. Their spirits were greatly out of harmony with the beautiful fall morning, for, by reason of their East High friends' taunts during the summer vacation, they knew they were about to enter upon their term of "Flathood" servitude.

As they grew accustomed to and were caught up in the swirl of school life, their timidity left them, and they became oblivious of the banter of their intellectually superior companions. After a time this new class learned that the Auditorium was not to be found in the basement, and that the elevator had been installed for the use of girl pupils and the faculty only. But do not think that these Flats were taught the "ropes" by the loving upper classmen. Stern Experience was their austere instructor, though her severity was at times avoided by words of counsel from teachers who probably had children of their own.

And so the freshman year was passed—a year of innocent, appealing, wistful faces gradually being transformed to the expressions of boys and girls who know the meaning of school spirit, East High "pep," and second schedule, and, who consider themselves an essential part of that great machine of which Mr. Lothman is the engineer, and whose oilers, mechanics, and firemen are the faculty.

A summer full of pleasant experiences passed, and then the building was again permeated by the class of '19. This time they were not harum-scarum, short-dressed and knickerbockered children, but young ladies and gentlemen, who strolled languidly, but, nevertheless, directly to classes, ridiculing or scoffing at those who constituted the latest influx into the building. Their manner and actions were quite suited to the title "Sophomore."

But more important things now commenced to occupy the attention of the class. Student government loomed up, stronger, more firmly rooted and much the better from use. Also there was a new schedule to become acquainted with, and, furthermore, it contained a "ninth hour" which, in due course of time, all learned to consider and respect. Towards the end of the season military training was brought before them and welcomed in a manner typical of the enthusiasm of East High boys and girls. I cannot refrain from stating that perhaps the ones who received it with the greatest enthusiasm were the Sophomores. The members of this class are to be found in all the activities of the school, some entering athletics, others joining clubs or the band, but all spreading through the school and representing their class as they spread.

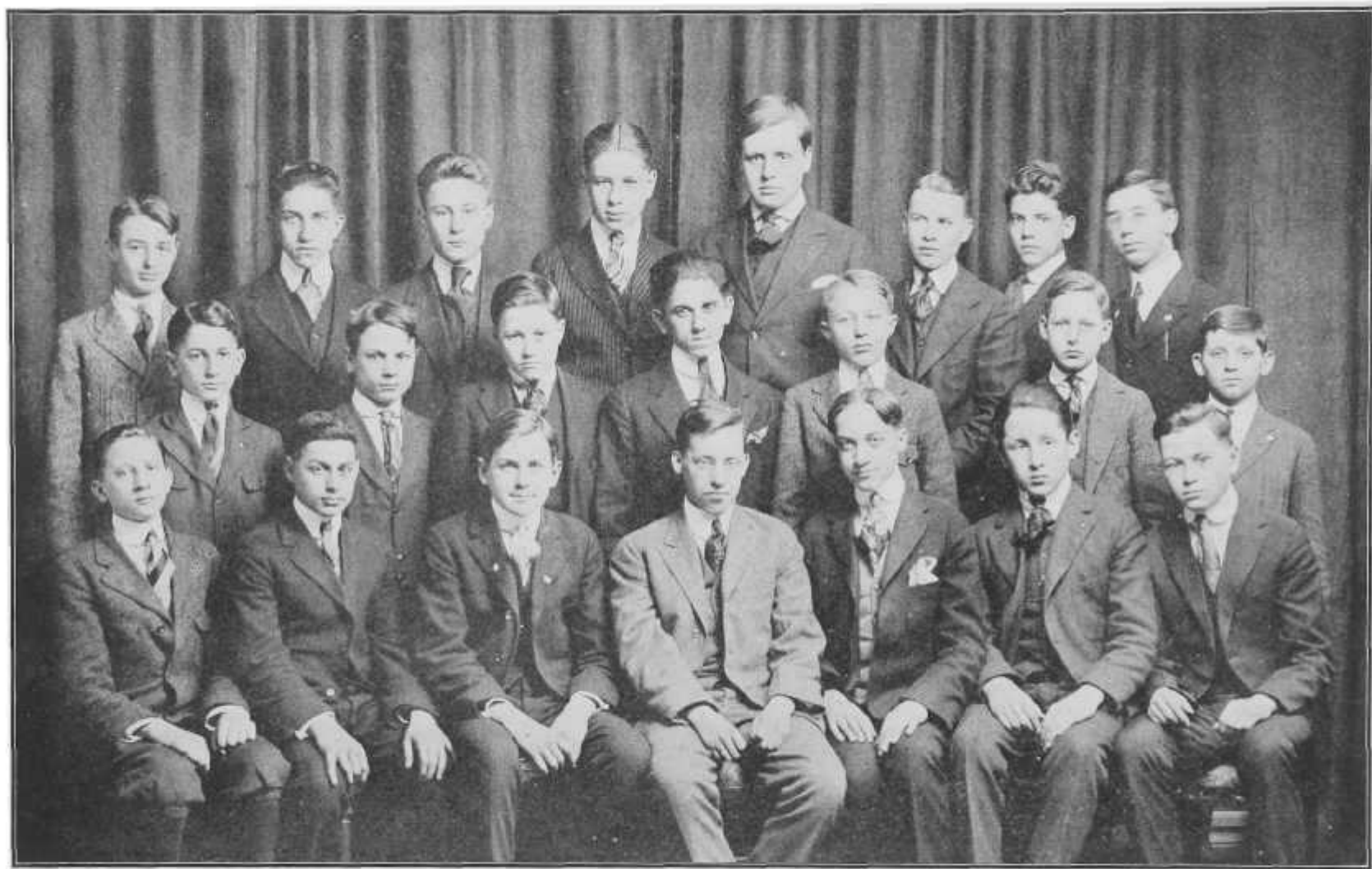
Thus the class of June, 1919, has finally pervaded the organization of the East High machine, so that it has become an important and necessary part in its motion.

WRIGHT VAN DUSEN, '19.



C II CLASS

Akerson, Runo L.	1062 Addison Road
Anderson, Eileen C.	1241 East 81st St.
Anderson, Estelle	1548 East 82nd St.
Anspach, Herman Felton	1584 East 117th St.
Ashley, Elton	8002 Melrose Ave.
Barker, Juliet	1851 East 97th St.
Barkow, Milton	1629 East 86th St.
Bartlett, Osborn	1580 East 82nd St.
Beach, Jack	1797 East 89th St.
Beatty, Josephine	2028 East 100th St.
Bengtson, Viola Evelyn	7723 Decker Ave.
Bennett, Norman	6708 Dunham Ave.
Birney, Sarah Catherine	2095 East 93rd St.
Blau, Irma Ethlyn	8908 Cedar Ave.
Blue, Wesley Roger	1392 East 80th St.
Bourne, Henry T.	2065 Cornell Road
Brady, Samuel D.	1792 E. Canterbury Road
Brammar, Dorothy	11507 Saywell Ave.
Brew, W. Kenneth	15808 Kinsman Road
Briggs, Allan	10808 Fairchilds Ave.
Brown, Florence E.	9410 Edmunds Ave.
Callinan, Lillian M.	1804 East 85th St.
Carlson, Helen Mildred L.	9406 Edmunds Ave.
Clement, Elsie Mae	7035 Lexington Ave.
Clines, Elizabeth Beatrice	995 Ansel Road
Collins, Pomeroy	1928 East 97th St.
Connor, Raymond	1682 East 55th St.
Cull, Genevieve Marie	6106 Belvidere Ave.
Dangler, Eugene	1655 East 117th St.
Danielson, Edith Pauline	7008 Russell Court
Davis, Hazel T.	6408 Dibble Ave.
Denslow, Raymond C.	1427 East 84th St.
Ditman, Wilhelmina	984 East 69th St.
Esterbrook, Richard A.	1911 East 97th St.
Esterly, Sibyl V.	1563 East 98rd St.
Evans, Clarence	1632 East 84th St.
Exline, Ralph	1408 East 93rd St.
Feldman, Norton	6616 Hough Ave.
Foster, Marian Agnes	1106 Addison Road
Francis Beatrice Irene	1862 East 90th St.
Friedman, Florence	6305 Euclid Ave.
Friedman, Rosalind	1882 East 79th St.
Galvin, Sydney N.	1425 East 82nd St.
Gary, Margaret	6521 Hough Ave.
Giese, Florence	10615 Hathaway Ave.
Ginsburg, Bernard W.	1327 East Boulevard
Gohr, Fred	1320 East 92nd St.
Gohr, William	2225 Cummington Road
Goldstein, Sydney Edward	2064 East 83th St.
Gottfried, Loretta	1894 East 94th St.
Greenbaum, Howard M.	2031 East 96th St.
Griffin, L. Arthur	1680 East 84th St.
Grossberg, Harry	1693 East 82nd St.
Gutentag, Sidney	1957 East 84th St.
Haas, GERALDINE Clara	1258 East 100th St.
Hanson, Eleanor	7703 Linwood Ave.
Harris, Virginia Louise	2055 East 115th St.
Harrold, Mabel	7211 Wade Park Ave.
Hayden, Grace L.	1150 East 71st St.



C II CLASS

Healy, Alice Mildred	7405 Detour Ave.
Hebebrandt, Hilda Margret	1407 Giddings Road
Hecht, Isadore	912 Wheelock Road
Herig, Gordon	2055 East 93rd St.
Hodgins, Lillian	10603 Cedar Ave.
Hodubski, Frank	1180 East 81st St.
Hoffman, Elsie	1133 East 78th St.
Holtz, Merriman H.	1949 East 79th St.
Huebschman, Hannah S.	1618 East 115th St.
Imhof, Edward F.	7437 Star Ave.
James, Evelyn	6330 Carl Ave.
Jennings, George A.	1902 East 101st St.
Johnson, Lucille	8902 Meridian Ave.
Jones, Gertrude	1604 Addison Road
Joseph, Lucy	1689 East 115th St.
King, Lyman B.	2032 East 89th St.
Klump, Charles H.	1844 East 89th St.
Kochman, Fanny	1952 East 69th St.
Kohl, Gertrude A.	7507 Linwood Ave.
Kromar, Victor	1320 East 80th St.
Krueger, Harvey Frank	1224 East 84th St.
Lowe, Ward Russell	2054 East 81st St.
McConahy, Aleen	8124 Wade Park Ave.
McCreary, Marjorie E.	9805 Newton Ave.
McDonald, Mildred	10509 Euclid Ave.
McGonagle, Jean Louise	2110 East 81st Place
McGrath, Coletta C.	7605 La Grange Ave.
McPeck, Mary Frances	8303 Hough Ave.
Mack, Alexander	993 East 67th St.
Madigan, Rose M.	7603 Redell Ave.
Meck, Stanley L.	2082 East 100th St.
Meehan, George	1432 East 84th St.
Mehaffey, Dorothy	10807 Marlborough Ave.
Mendelsohn, Florence F.	2196 East 81st St.
Metcalf, Ethel L.	2023 East 96th St.
Millns, Ruth M.	1551 East 65th St.
Mitermiller, Delphine	1592 East 94th Place
Mong, Julia M.	1645 East 84th St.
Neno, Elma	7525 Star Ave.
Nicklin, Raymond L.	7409 Linwood Ave.
Oldham, Harold	1628 East 85th St.
Pawlecky, Gertrude	1783 Crawford Road
Permut, Samuel Ralph	1647 East 73rd St.
Rabenstein, Esther L.	1462 East 115th St.
Ramsdell, Elizabeth	9726 Woodward Court
Rancken, Berndt E.	1428 East 80th St.
Reimund, Mildred E.	8522 Linwood Ave.
Ricci, Charles	1922 East 123rd St.
Rice, Daisy Gordon	2101 East 88rd St.
Richter, Adele	1924 East 69th St.
Rose, Ethel C.	2128 East 79th St.
Rosenberg, Selma	8035 Superior Ave.
Rothenberg, Leah	7820 St. Clair Ave.
Sampliner, Samuel S.	1867 Crawford Road
Saphir, Ben. F.	8108 Linwood Ave.
Sawyer, Wilton C.	1936 East 93rd St.
Seaman, Leroy L.	1877 East 75th St.
Secor, Mary Deborah	9128 Wade Park Ave.
Sheppard, Willard R.	1614 East 84th St.

## C II CLASS

Sherman, Wilson M.	2108 East 96th St.
Shuck, Laurene	8920 Hough Ave.
Sinclair, Marabel	2053 East 82nd St.
Slayton, Alan	1702 East 84th St.
Smith, Douglas H.	8820 Euclid Ave.
Smith, Gertrude Carol	1614 East 118th St.
Smith, Jared A.	2069 Cornell Road
Starkweather, W. Marquis	7103 Linwood Ave.
Strauss, Edwin A.	1866 East 93rd St.
Stueber, Dorothy Mae	1938 East 84th St.
Sumowski, Helen Agnes	1177 East 79th St.
Templeton, Henry Edmund	8215 Linwood Ave.
Thomas, E. Irene	7519 Linwood Ave.
Tindolph, Ben Price	1579 Crawford Road
Tuttle, Dorothy E.	1783 East 93rd St.
Tyers, Alice	5791 White Ave.
Upp, Earl E.	1494 Addison Road
Upstill, Jack E.	1851 East 87th St.
Vaccariello, John	1955 East 120th St.
Van Deusen, Wright	1887 East 81st St.
Van Gastel, Gerrett	8409 Superior
Vitantonio, Anthony	2037 Murray Hill
Waller, Amy E.	7303 Donald Ave.
Weil, Berthold M.	9219 Rosalind Ave.
Wells, Addison E.	1954 East 70th St.
Wendt, Helen K.	1322 East 86th St.
Wenzel, Velma Elizabeth	1533 East 65th St.
Weyer, James A.	1717 East 85th St.
Wike, Chester Burner	1415 East 88th St.
Willaman, Dorothy	1240 East 61st St.
Williams, Frances E.	2046 East 88th St.
Williams, Thomas A.	7216 Lexington Ave.
Williamson, Arthur	9735 Woodward Court
Willing, Paul L.	6811 Edna Ave.
Wolf, Carl David	6618 Quinby Ave.
Woodle, Edwin F.	8121 Hough Ave.
Woodruff, Corinne F.	6322 Belvidere Ave.
Zink, Florence	10606 Fairmount Ave.
Zorn, Paul	South Euclid, O.
Zwolinski, Henry S.	1102 East 79th St.



## History of the C I Class

ONE eventful day in January, 1916, we started out for that famed school, East High. As we meekly entered the building our sense of direction failed us. We were often misdirected ere we reached the point proposed, the Auditorium, where we have since then seen and heard so many noteworthy things. Everyone made fun of our speedy ways (though now the teachers say we're slow), and we were laughed and jeered at.

Flatlets was our nickname;  
Lowly was our station;  
Lucky was the little one  
Who could escape this mortification.

Time flies quickly; so soon we passed on and were Freshmen.

Now we could be more free and less timid in our manner, although the lofty Seniors said we were but flats instead of flatlets. The first day of the new term we ran up to the Auditorium to see the poor little beginners. We saw a small girl standing at the door seemingly too timid to enter; so we said, "Hello, little flatlet." Alas! she turned, a Junior! We rushed down-stairs humiliated. This year things were becoming more difficult, and our faults were not excused so readily. We were no longer the babies.

Now we have become mighty Sophomores. Some say "wise fools," but that is not the case. One has to know a great deal before one can tackle Cæsar and his strange language, and geometry, made of the queerest figures we've ever seen. As yet our power has not been recognized, but how can such a thing be expected in just a year? We hope that the seeds of knowledge, which our teachers are endeavoring to plant very deep, will blossom into beautiful flowers of wisdom in June, 1917.

DOROTHY BLACKWOOD, '20.

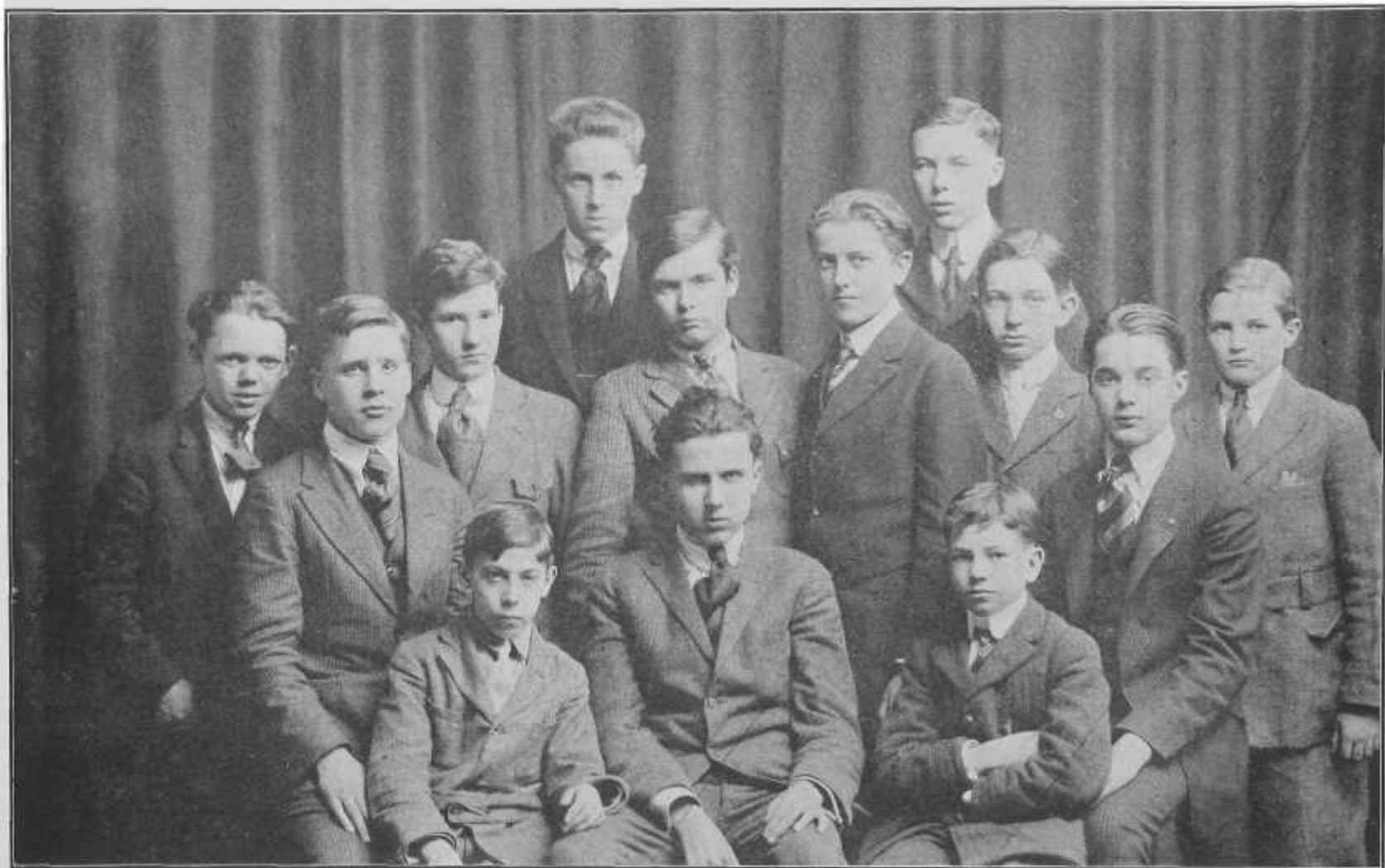






C I CLASS

Ackerman, Edmund K.	1698 East 90th St.
Adams, Louise	1810 East 63rd St.
Ailing, Lucile C.	1358 East 86th St.
Baden, Rhea	1563 East Boulevard
Bodenhorn, Hazel	1794 East 63rd St.
Barlow, Earl William	1448 Crawford Road
Barr, Wilbur	1851 East 92nd St.
Beals, William	6719 Euclid Ave.
Bellan, Rudolph L.	7010 Quinn Ct.
Bender, Harold	1781 East 68th St.
Bender, Donald	1781 East 68th St.
Bersch, Erla Justine	2220 East 83rd St.
Blackwood, Dorothy Chrystal	7509 Lexington Ave.
Blake, Anna Willoughby	1692 East 84th St.
Blau, Alan J.	11605 Euclid Ave.
Blecher, Raymond	1168 East 79th St.
Blum, Leona Evelyn	1702 East 84th St.
Brian, William	1770 East 87th St.
Brost, Leroy Emil	7705 Cornelia Ave.
Brown, Eliza D.	9410 Edmunds Ave.
Bulkeley, Helen E.	8609 Wade Park Ave.
Butts, Franklyn H.	1522 Crawford Road
Cahill, Frank R.	2096 East 96th St.
Callahan, William	8101 Sinian Ave.
Callis, Ted	7515 La Grange
Carlozzi, Catherine Marie	2196 Cornell Road
Chambers, William	1521 East 82nd St.
Clements, Arthur	1831 East 63rd St.
Conway, Janette	3921 Brooklyn Ave.
Conyne, Hazel	2091 East 96th St.
Cook, Edward L.	2031 East 96th St.
Cook, James	9728 Woodward Court
Coolidge, Burroughs	1721 East 82nd St.
Cotton, Edwin	9400 Euclid Ave.
Cull, Helen	6106 Belvidere Ave.
Cummings, Eugenie	1605 East 118th St.
D'Amico, Paris	1690 East 70th St.
D'Errico, Theresa	2203 Adelbert Road
Dibble, Dorothy	1587 East 65th St.
Diener, Mildred Lorraine	1861 East 75th St.
Dorn, B. Herman	1568 Addison Road
Duff, Laura	9361 Hough Court
Dunn, Helen	1440 East 66th St.
Elliott, Leila A.	1694 East 70th St.
Endle, Laundon Theodore	1723 East 90th St.
Englehardt, Ruth	8014 Carnegie Ave.
Erlenbach, William	6412 Whittier Ave.
Farner, Mildred E.	1971 East 59th St.
Feeney, Ruth Marie	7609 Wade Park Ave.
Feinberg, Arthur N.	9358 Amesbury Ave.
Feldman, Claire J.	1878 East 86th St.
Feldman, Harvey Lee	6020 Quinby Ave.
Focke, Helen	2057 Cornell Road
Forsberg, Lars	7203 Duluth Ave.
Freedman, Hermine	1559 East 85th St.
Friedles, Rose	1647 East 78rd St.
Gage, Richard N.	2120 East 96th St.
Gest, Alfred	1262 Norwood Road
Goodman, Willard H.	1226 East 83rd St.



C I CLASS

Graebing, Hudson	1867 East 73rd St.
Gram, Amelia M.	1194 East 85th St.
Granger, Lydia Jane	6503 Superior Ave.
Griffiths, Henry Harris	5719 Whittier Ave.
Grossman, Leonard	1761 East 65th St.
Gudin, Walter A.	7717 Dix Court
Hafford, William	1418 East 89th St.
Hahn, Dorothy M.	1540 East 82nd St.
Hamilton, William	1419 East 88th St.
Hampton, Donald	1309 East 82nd St.
Hanrath, Merritt G.	1660 East 75th St.
Harris, Carle C.	1648 East 98rd St.
Hart, Ellsworth E.	2101 Adelbert Road
Heffner, Mary	1049 East 71st St.
Heller, Joe	1129 East 79th St.
Henderson, Katherine Margaret	1832 East 90th St.
Henry, Rhoda	1817 East 63rd St.
Hofer, Lillian	8022 Cory Ave.
Hogen, Harry K.	1823 East 97th St.
Hollingsworth, Russell Edward	1417 East 93rd St.
Hook, Ethel	7503 Redell Ave.
Hopkins, Helen P.	9314 Miles Ave.
Huber, Adolph E.	1067 East 67th St.
Hunt, Charles R.	1606 Crawford Road
Hunter, George	2087 East 96th St.
Iammarino, Nick	2105 Murray Hill Road
Janes, Elsie J.	1893 East 87th St.
Kauth, Kurt M.	6912 Hough Ave.
Keffer, John	6009 Belvidere Ave.
Kelsch, Matthew James	9807 Newton Ave.
Kennedy, Cletus J.	7016 Zoeter Ave.
Kessler, Nathan N.	6102 Belvidere Ave.
Kirk, Nerene Sanford	1339 East 65th St.
Klein, Lucille Ruth	1400 Ansel Road
Kline, Syvilla R.	1317 East 90th St.
Koepke, Reinhold C.	7508 St. Clair Ave.
Kraus, Edwin	1674 East 81st St.
Lane, Beth	5904 Hough Ave.
Lundberg, Florence	1174 Addison Road
Lynch, James	1815 East 101st St.
McKeith, Cathrine	7207 Superior Ave.
Mallison, Marjorie Tripler	2062 East 93rd St.
Manes, Marcum	1964 East 120th St.
Mau, Pearl F.	1328 East 85th St.
Neuman, Alice	1471 Crawford Road
Nunamaker, Donald O.	12113 Chesterfield Ave.
Orgel, Charles F.	7019 Lawnview Ave.
Ostberg, Florence Jeanette	1598 East 96th Pl.
Page, Helene L.	1503 East 118th St.
Pope, Erwin C.	1953 East 71st St.
Rice, Maude J.	2101 East 83rd St.
Richmond, Norman	5914 Linwood Ave.
Rieben, Dorothy	1191 East 84th St.
Roth, Katherine Gertrude	1577 East 71st St.
Sharp, Rebecca	1425 East 82nd St.
Schlitt, Herbert L.	1572 East 82nd St.
Schmunk, Dorothy	2126 East 93rd St.
Schwacofer, Marjorie E.	8609 Wade Park Ave.
Skinner, Esther	1965 East 81st St.

## C I CLASS

Smith, Arthur.....	1402 East 90th St.
Sommer, Winifred Frances.....	1568 East 86th St.
Solomon, Ernest.....	7518 Linwood Ave.
Squire, George.....	1661 Crawford Road
Stephan, Howard R.....	980 Ida Ave.
Straus, Hortense H.....	11420 Hessler Road
Stuart, Kenneth W.....	2064 East 105th St.
Summers, G. Gordon.....	East 81st St. and Carnegie Ave.
Sweeney, Anna.....	1418 East 92nd St.
Toland, Charles.....	1879 East 101st St.
Turk, M. Herman.....	5904 St. Clair Ave.
Wagner, Frank.....	1722 East 84th St.
Weber, Edith Janice.....	1640 East 75th St.
Wellman, Samuel T.....	1902 East 89th St.
West, James.....	8112 Hough Ave.
Wiener, David A.....	1462 East 94th St.
Williams, Ralph B.....	9210 Birchdale Ave.
Williams, Charles H.....	7114 Duluth Ave.
Wittenberg, Hyman N.....	2180 East 89th St.
Wolpaw, Marcus.....	2064 East 82nd St.
Worth, Rebecca Jane.....	1004 East 74th St.
Wrobbel, Verna E.....	8804 Meridian Ave.
Youkel, Myrtle.....	6617 Belvidere Ave.
Zakrajsek, Anthony.....	992 East 64th St.
Zivoder, Frank J.....	1068 East 67th St.
Zottarelli, Grace.....	2260 Murray Hill Rd.



## A FREE RIDE

As you all very well know, it is not a cause for feeling insulted when on a long country road, a person in a passing vehicle offers you a ride. In the city where there are so many means of travel, such an offer from a stranger would almost justify calling a policeman.

This summer some of my friends went camping. Two of them came in from camp to church on Sunday morning. After the service, as they waited impatiently for the car,—for cars in the country are far from reliable,—a passing auto stopped before them.

"Don't you want a ride?" asked the man of the front seat.

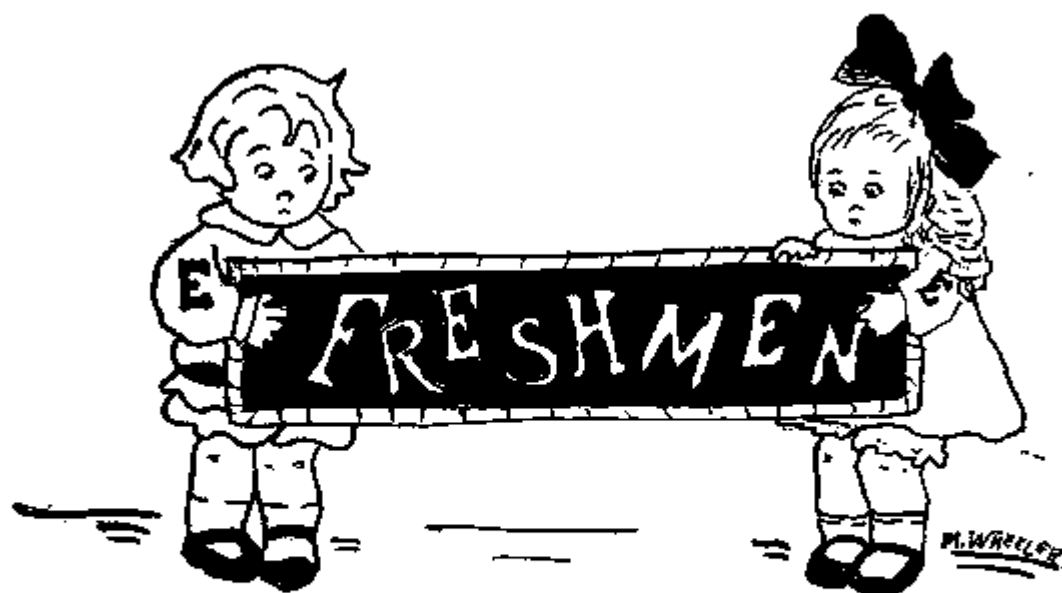
"Thank you, sir, I think the car will soon be here now," replied one of the girls.

"Oh, come on, get in, the motorman is eating his lunch."

"Well, then, I guess we will. We're hungry."

So they climbed in and had a very pleasant ride. When they reached their destination they alighted and profusely thanked the driver for his kindness. As they turned to leave he said, "Er,—I beg your pardon, but you have not paid your fare. This is a jitney."

ANONYMOUS.



## D II Class History

OF course, ours is the best class that ever entered East High, and if we keep on as we have started, as I have no doubt we will, it will be the best that ever graduated from East! There are ever so many things I might cite to prove this. In the first place, I am sure that no one in the class took longer than a week to locate the lunch room and the Auditorium. That in itself is wonderful; but think of learning within two weeks how the drinking fountains are operated, and that the odd-looking wooden affairs in the halls are not umbrella holders, but receptacles for waste paper!

As soon as we learned that Latin verbs cannot be declined, nor nouns conjugated, life began to go more smoothly. We always have been exceptional in the matter of being lost. It is an indubitable fact that not over ninety per cent of the class ever were lost more than twice.

Time passed quickly after the first few weeks of "ultra-flatism." We soon began to feel ourselves very important units in East High School life, although some of the girls were both disappointed and surprised to find that their anxious puzzling over the question whether to join the Athenæum, Laurean, or Friendship Club was all wasted time. It is indeed sad, after you have finally decided on the Athenæum, to discover that you have to join the Friendship Club. As soon as the football season began, we all bought "East High Songs" and stayed up nights conning over its contents, and learning the cheers, and then turned out full force at our first game.

By the time examinations came, we knew everything, and although the poor teachers tried their hardest, they couldn't teach us a thing! Sad to relate, a few of our number failed in anywhere from one to four subjects, but we optimistically argued, after an hour or so of gloom, that a class in which every member passed in everything would be entirely too monotonous. So we patted the failures on the back, and thanked them for their self-sacrifice for the class.

Now we are no longer flats, but *D II's*!! We understand and forgive the Sophomore's amusement at us, for now we have some little flats to amuse us. Our pleasure at their expense is tempered with pity, however, as we look back and remember our experiences when we were as callow and innocent as they are. Soon we shall be *C I's*. Until then, adieu!

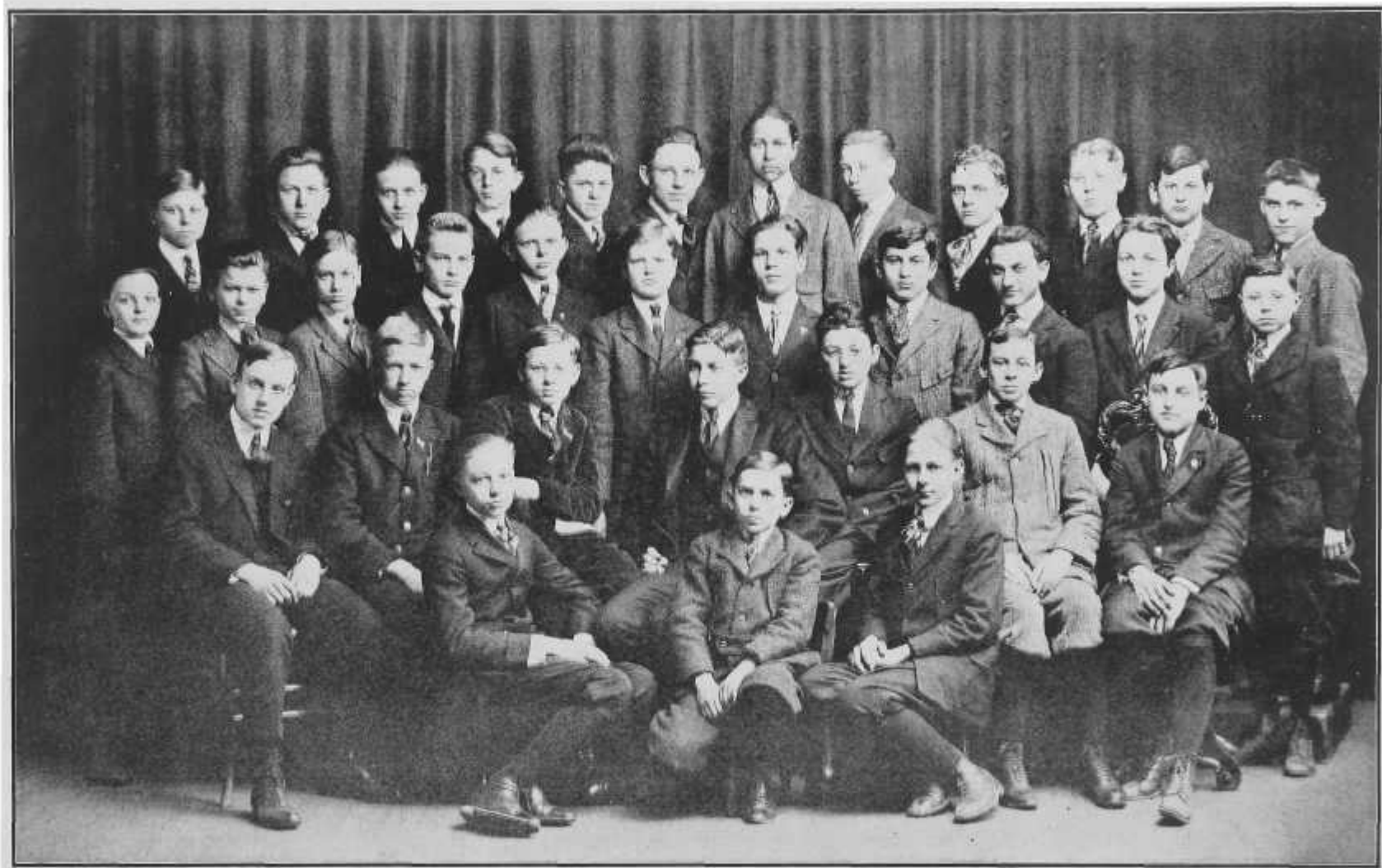
HARRIET HIPPARD, '20.



D. II CLASS

Arnold, Charles	9217 Brookline Ave.
Bailey, William	1571 East 117th St.
Barrick, Helen Geraldine	1860 East 73rd St.
Baum, Carolyn	2053 East 88th St.
Baum, Dorothy Lenora	5811 Whittier Ave.
Beale, Irma Monetta	7420 Dellenbaugh Ave.
Bellet, Grace	1318 East 77th St.
Bender, Donald	9705 Hollingsworth Court
Bessire, Paul	5515 Lexington Ave.
Borges, Harvey	1326 Russell Road
Bowman, Henry	5902 Quinby Ave.
Bubb, Darrah	7315 Lexington Ave.
Burall, Ella	1267 East 82nd St.
Carran, Gertrude K.	2075 East 81st St.
Chapman, Anna	7109 Wade Park Ave.
Charlesworth, Elizabeth	7217 Hough Ave.
Cheeks, Eugene F.	8919 Blaine Ave.
Cheeks, Ewell M.	1220 East 86th St.
Christianson, Harold C.	714 East 92nd St.
Clark, Marion	1637 East 66th St.
Cohen, Mae	1310 East 91st St.
Conrad, Dorothy	1403 East 88th St.
Cornelison, Nancy	2102 East 93rd St.
Cox, Ralph L.	6718 Lucerne Ave.
Crawford, Lillian L.	1234 East 85th St.
Criswell, Cecilia	1221 East 85th St.
Cunningham, William	1082 East 98th St.
Damon, H. Walter, Junior	2072 East 79th St.
Davenport, Ethel Leone	9215 Wade Park Ave.
Davies, Ethel	1846 East 57th St.
Davis, Randall	8808 Carnegie Ave.
Delamatter, Elizabeth H.	1877 East 73rd St.
Devay, Babette L.	7301 Hough Ave.
Diener, Rosalynde Nathalie	1681 East 75th St.
Doreen, Violet B.	1788 East 65th St.
Dow, Lucille	6106 Linwood Ave.
Duncan, William M.	2028 East 88th St.
Dunn, Viola	5600 Lexington Ave.
Eckert, Alroy Virginia	1217 East 85th St.
Edmonds, Ruth I.	1236 East 86th St.
Ehrke, George	5808 Whittier Ave.
Eichenberger, Margaret	1265 East 59th St.
Eichorn, Maurice	10120 Olivet Ave.
Ely, Helen	1560 East 82nd St.
Emrich, Raymond	2108 East 89th St.
Engman, Ruth Victoria	1538 Addison Road
Etzensperger, Charles	Willoughby, Ohio
Evans, Lee Charles	1781 East 89th St.
Everhart, Hulda Jane	1686 East 82nd St.
Falkenstein, Helen	7008 Linwood Ave.
Faraono, Elizabeth Marie	2081 Murray Hill Road
Farinacci, Angelina Mary	12020 Paul Ave.
Farinacci, Marion	12110 Mayfield Road
Fatica, S. Fred	2021 Random Road
Feinberg, Harry	9353 Amesbury Ave.
Ferber, Fannie Blanche	1557 East 65th St.
Firth, Marion	1471 Crawford Road
Fisher, Harry J.	2063 East 90th St.
Flaisgarten, Carrie	1075 East 67th St.





D II CLASS

Flynn, Michael E. G.	5812 Luther Ave.
Fournier, Twila Irene	6031 Superior Ave.
Fox, Harry	1634 East 86th St.
Freeman, Ida M.	1576 East 93rd St.
Friedman, Lillian Florence	8014 Crumb Ave.
Garrett, Leora V.	7418 East 85th St.
Gerson, James	1529 East Boulevard
Gilliam, Vincent	1591 Crawford Road
Gilmore, Winifred L.	2149 East 107th St.
Glicksman, Mildred	6617 Wade Park Ave.
Glueck, Rita Gloria	1326 East 93rd St.
Goulder, Portia	1267 East 111th St.
Griffith, Harry M., Jr.	2075 East 100th St.
Groth, Gordon	5910 White Ave.
Haldy, Maxine	7119 Linwood Ave.
Hamby, Marjorie Ballou	2126 East 105th St.
Hamilton, Robert	1419 East 88th St.
Hardgrove, Robert	10003 Olivet Ave.
Hardie, Wallace	1896 East 71st St.
Harris, Grace D.	1359 Giddings Ave.
Hartshorne, Cornelia Marjorie	7804 Hough Ave.
Hawkins, Carol Esther	9357 Amesbury Ave.
Hecker, E. Carl	1152 Addison Road
Henry, Donald J.	1910 East 31st St.
Hippard, Harriett Amanda	2088 East 115th St.
Hiss, Edward A.	6914 St. Clair Ave.
Howard, Cookson	1535 East 82nd St.
Hochmit, Gladys P.	6412 White Ave.
Hoehn, Elton G.	1319 East 89th St.
Hogan, Kenneth	1026 East 72nd Pl.
Hoge, Wallace Wright	1902 East 107th St.
Horn, Wilbur	8025 Whitethorn Ave.
Howald, Vivienne Gladys	6316 Belvidere Ave.
Howard, Jane	1891 East 82nd St.
Howe, Calista	1545 Crawford Road
Hubbard, Margaret Anne	8707 Carnegie Ave.
Hufgard, Margaret	8022 Simon Ave.
Hunt, Irma Ann	1599 East 49th St.
Hunter, Pearl	8202 Simon Ave.
Huntone, Mildred M.	929 Maud St.
Hyman, Catherine Florence	2116 East 83rd St.
Iammarino, John	2105 Murray Hill Road
Jenkins, Philip	1666 East 71st St.
Johnson, Alice	8912 Kenmore Ave.
Joseph, Eva	1874 East 93rd St.
Juras, Hilda Emma	8203 Decker Ave.
Kahler, Bertha	1877 East 75th St.
Kempin, Anna	927 Maud St.
Kendall, Abe	2496 East 37th St.
Kennedy, Lauretta	1880 East 79th St.
Kensieki, Helen	1168 East 72nd St.
Kipp, Gerald	2035 East 79th St.
Knopp, Winifred Agnes	325 East 68th St.
Lauster, Edward	1058 East 64th St.
Leach, Mabel	1883 East 90th St.
Lechlides, La Mar	1352 Addison Road
Leibel, Florence	10704 Wade Park Ave.
Lezius, Eleanor	1580 Ansel Road
Loop, Irma G.	1950 East 79th St.

## D II CLASS

Lovewell, Franklin S.	1435 East 85th St.
McCreary, Kenneth	2112 East 93rd St.
McGhee, Helen Marie	1191 East 83rd St.
McGinness, Francis A.	2061 East 77th St.
MacGregor, Paul	1257 East 74th St.
Marani, Virginia B.	2020 East 90th St.
Marsh, Josephine	6105 Hough Ave.
Martin, Florence	7211 Lawnview Ave.
Mathey, Ethel	6305 Hough Ave.
Matia, Leo	8100 Hoffman Ave.
Maxwell, Winifred	6712 Belvidere Ave.
Meil, Helen Janette	7308 Lawnview Ave.
Merickel, Ruth Josephine	1328 East 85th St.
Meyer, Donovan C.	1642 Hollyrood Road
Meyers, Kent	1739 East 70th St.
Millington, Mary	1665 East 81st St.
Millward, Emily	1664 East 79th St.
Mitchell, Gladys Iola	8806 Blaine Ave.
Morey, Helen	8008 Whitethorn Ave.
Morgan, Ruth	1532 East 85th St.
Mullarkey, Joe	1171 East 79th St.
Murtha, Eirene	6824 Edna Ave.
Naff, Allison	2083 East 105th St.
Newman, Julia H.	7403 Dellenbaugh Ave.
Nichols, Jay	1620 East 105th St.
Niederst, William Geo.	1228 East 84th St.
Nienhuser, Ruth Soretta	1512 East 108th St.
Noble, James	1228 East 81st St.
Nothmagel, Thomas	8616 Blaine Ave.
O'Brock, Mildred	1417 East 61st St.
O'Connor, Frederick S.	1904 East 81st St.
Ovenden, Ethel H.	6801 Euclid Ave.
Paisley, James	1575 East 82nd St.
Palchesky, Wanda Isabell	8100 Bellevue Ave.
Parkington, Beulah	1856 East 101st St.
Parsons, Ronald	10082 Republic Court
Pearce, Mildred	7108 Dellenbaugh Ave.
Perelman, Howard	1888 East 66th St.
Perkins, Elsie Adelaide	8317 Bellevue Ave.
Petersilge, Arthur, Jr.	7417 Linwood Ave.
Peterson, Josephine Pearl	6213 Lexington Ave.
Piper, Caroline	7116 Hough Ave.
Poley, Lydia E.	7609 Linwood Ave.
Pollack, Lewis	1825 East 92nd St.
Post, Albert	10823 Fairchild Ave.
Raetzyminski, Stanley	3116 East 65th St.
Rask, Mildred	1423 East 93rd St.
Reardon, Kenneth	9233 Edmunds
Reed, Hilda Ruth	1365 East Boulevard
Rhodes, G. Dorothy	6615 Quinby
Rieth, Elverda	1835 East 80th St.
Ripley, Eva Beatrice	7118 Lockyear Ave.
Robertson, Lily Frances	1055 East 68th St.
Robshaw, Arthur	1256 East 61st St.
Roofe, Edith L.	9105 Morris Ave.
Ross, Austin	1868 East 89th St.
Salmon, Nathalie	1888 East 81st St.
Samber, Elsie Eunice	1327 East 93rd St.
Saunderson, Annis	1559 East 84th St.

Schake, Helene Marie	73 Hower Ave.
Schneider, Esther Madeline	1403 East 86th St.
Schultz, Helen Louise	6612 Bonna Ave.
Schwartz, Theodore	1409 East 86th St.
Schwarz, Irving	1629 East 117th St.
Seager, Hazel Dorothy	6015 Quinby Ave.
Shackson, Rolland	354 East 105th St.
Sielaff, Eleanor Lois	6216 Dibble Ave.
Singuf, Frieda M.	1915 East 79th St.
Sloan, Allan E.	7118 Linwood Ave.
Small, Carina Elizabeth	9716 Woodward Ct.
Smart, Helen Elizabeth	10608 Massie Ave.
Smith, Gladys	1188 East 71st St.
Smith, Marcus	8608 Carnegie Ave.
Snider, Rollin A.	1576 East 84th St.
Stannard, Neal D.	1679 East 82nd St.
Steele, Mary Elizabeth	1698 East 86th St.
Stevenson, Dorothea	8110 Carnegie Ave.
Stone, Ruth J.	1551 East Boulevard
Streich, Harold J.	1851 East 55th St.
Synenberg, Frances	9201 Edmunds Ave.
Tame, Alfred	2073 Adelbert Road
Taylor, Ivan	7403 Lexington Ave.
Taylor, Richard W.	10602 Magnolia Drive
Tenny, Lois B.	1796 East 90th St.
Terry, Marshall E.	9105 Birchdale Ave.
Thiele, Kathryn L.	1700 East 79th St.
Thomas, Virginia	7707 Home Court
Thompson, Marie Louise	9727 Logan Court
Todd, Emma	1621 East 85th St.
Todd, J. Albert	1421 East 85th St.
Toffler, Beatrice Jessie	1764 East 65th St.
Trattner, Flora	1471 Crawford Road
Tropell, Ruth Esther May	1010 East 71st St.
Upp, Helen Louise	1494 Addison Road
Usevick, Adelle	1172 East 79th St.
Van Oeyen, Helen	6010 Belvidere Ave.
Voelker, Harold	1157 Addison Road
Vorce, Charles Marvin	1954 East 71st St.
Wagener, Miriam A.	7706 Cornelia Ave.
Wahl, T. Raymond	1467 East 93rd St.
Wainwright, Vernon	6908 Wade Park Ave.
Waldorf, Lynn	1687 Crawford Road
Ward, Leslie	9925 Tanner Ave.
Weingard, Helen D.	1706 East 84th St.
Welker, Ernest	2088 East 93rd St.
Wilder, Katherine E.	8412 Wade Park Ave.
Wilhelm, Melville G.	1616 East 82nd St.
Williams, Charles D.	9719 Lamont Ave.
Willing, Linnea Marguerite	6811 Edna Ave.
Wills, Helen Marie	1352 East 93rd St.
Witte, Herbert	1879 East 66th St.



D I CLASS

## D I History

**A**FTER eight long years of preparation, the class of Nineteen Twenty-one has entered East High. We find at this great school something very different from what we have known in the grammar school, that is, Student Self-Government. We are not yet quite used to it, and I sincerely hope that our teachers will excuse a little disorder in the study rooms.

We enjoy our leisure time in the lunch room very much.

Mr. Lothman predicts a great future for us, and on looking over the class I feel that he will not be disappointed. Our teachers have borne much from us thus far, and have been very good to us. We hope to show them that we are not afraid of work.

As for sports, I think we have some good material. We enjoyed the skating rally exceedingly, and hope in our later years to bring about many of the same kind, not only for skating, but for all the sports.

We do like to be called *Freshmen* instead of *Flats*, but as "Flats" is the usual title, I suppose we shall endure it.

KENNETH BAILEY, '21.



Aldrich, Mildred	1281 East 111th St.
Anderson, Harriet	1237 East 58th St.
Anspach, Robert	1584 East 117th St.
Arndt, Norman	6906 Quinby Ave.
Arnott, Helen Louise	1951 East 66th St.
Bachman, Joseph	1424 East 80th St.
Bailey, Kenneth	8108 Hough Ave.
Bardshar, Gwendolen	1591 East 118th St.
Barr, Clyde	1351 East 92nd St.
Beale, Lillian	1820 East 81st St.
Beckwith, Thayer	1917 East 75th St.
Bloch, Vivian	1934 East 81st St.
Boaz, Thomas	8016 Superior Ave.
Bolmeyer, Howard	1400 East 80th St.
Butler, Waldo	6014 Utica Ave.
Bylinsky, Edward	7801 Aberdeen
Chambers, Margaret	7034 Lexington Ave.
Charter, Maxine Elliot	1851 East 90th St.
Christie, Bessie	7618 Cornelia Ave.
Clark, Helen	6012 Luther Ave.
Cook, Margaret	1570 East 93rd St.
Costello, Joseph	969 East 77th St.
Cowley, Evelyn R.	8034 Cory Ave.
Daly, Mary	5814 Quinby Ave.
Dancyger, Isabel	1624 East 115th St.
Dettelbach, Arthur	1424 Ansel Road
Dickson, Helen	7613 Wade Park Ave.
Donner, Lois	7706 Lawnview Ave.
Eckland, Carl	1126 East 68th St.
Ehrke, Ray	5808 Whittier Ave.
Eldridge, Dorothy	8113 Whitethorn Ave.
Ennis, Edith Allean	1038 East 76th St.
Exline, Myron	1408 East 93rd St.



D I CLASS

Feigenbaum, Gabriel	1779 East 63rd St.
Firth, Roma	1471 Crawford Road
Fischer, Irma	7621 Star Ave.
Friedles, Ray	1647 East 73rd St.
Gelb, Alexander	7625 Lexington
Gibbons, Martha	9408 Lamont Ave.
Griffiths, William	5719 Whittier
Grossman, Lillian	7511 Sagamore Ave.
Gutentag, Samuel S.	5904 Hough Ave.
Gutentag, Irene	1867 East 59th St.
Hagenbeck, Virginia	1800 East 90th St.
Haines, Margaret	9214 Edmunds Ave.
Heller, Saul	2165 East 80th St.
Hodgson, Evelyn	5810 Dibble Ave.
Isenberg, Gertrude	6918 Zoeter Ave.
Jacobs, Betty	1779 East 89th St.
Jani, Margaret	6407 Quinby Ave.
Jannsen, Frances	7206 Melrose Ave.
Jardine, Alex	1759 East 56th St.
Johnson, Howard	9277 Amesbury
Johnson, Roberta E.	1719 East 68th St.
Jones, Paul	6009 Linwood Ave.
Keagy, Alice	1327 East 90th St.
Keim, Jean	1796 East 93rd St.
Kelsey, Nesbitt	1931 East 81st St.
Kelsey, Arthur	1931 East 81st St.
Kibler, Frank	6705 Wade Park
Kieferle, Margaret	1670 East 86th St.
King, Gertrude	1970 East 69th St.
Klaustermeyer, Halene L.	1696 Crawford Road
Klein, Howard	1387 East Boulevard
Koch, Edith	1630 East 117th St.
Krinsky, Marion M.	1873 East 69th St.
Lamb, Harold	7717 Sagamore
Lang, Robert J.	1229 East 83rd St.
Lewis, Helen Frances	1949 East 116th St.
Linn, Adam	6210 Superior Ave.
Littlechiles, Arthur	1395 East 65th St.
Lubin, David	1412 East 57th St.
McLelland, Alma	1804 East 91st St.
McNutt, Gertrude	1934 East 69th St.
Marks, Lucille	1712 East 90th St.
Meisel, Jean	1861 East 75th St.
Miller, Ervin	1818 East 81st St.
Mimnaugh, Charles	1858 Giddings Road
Moon, Joseph	8614 Birchdale
Moss, Sidney	6120 Quinby
Mulholland, Hester	1780 East 90th St.
Newman, Louis	1629 Crawford Road
Niederlander, Paul	2062 Cornell Place
Oberlin, Charlotte May	2131 East 100th St.
Owen, Frank	1465 East 94th St.
Paisley, Robert	1575 East 82nd St.
Paska, Ernest	1940 East 101st St.
Peterson, Harold	1180 East 79th St.
Pinard, Olive	1590 Woodlawn Road
Plews, William	1209 East 99th St.
Pollack, Dorothy	1477 East 92nd St.
Pollack, Max	1588 East 118th St.



# D I CLASS

Porter, Marie	5508 Perkins Court
Raish, Paul	1389 East 95th St.
Rees, David	1300 East 85th St.
Roemer, Ruth	10680 Columbia Ave.
Rohn, Joesphine	7600 Dix Court
Rook, Edward	1610 Ansel Road
Rothman, Elizabeth	8126 Linwood Ave.
Runge, Thornton	1858 East 90th St.
Sampliner, Herman	1620 Crawford Road
Sandrowitz, Violet Alice	7704 Hough Ave.
Sanford, Donald	9241 Edmunds
Schaefer, Leona	6316 Luther Ave.
Schaffner, Edith	1634 East 115th St.
Scharfeld, Arthur	1610 East 105th St.
Schoch, Catherine	1024 East 77th St.
Schwaegerl, Walter	7718 Cornelia
Schwartz, Irwin	1409 East 86th St.
Scott, Elizabeth	1958 East 71st St.
Seaburn, Paul	1322 Russell Road
Seaman, Maurice	1877 East 75th St.
Seltzer, William	6823 Lawnview Ave.
Silberberg, William	1847 East 73rd St.
Sitzman, Edna	1618 East 117th St.
Slater, Leota	1385 East 93rd St.
Smith, Audrey	1451 East 90th St.
Smith, Caroline M.	2040 East 100th St.
Smith, W. Glenn	2298 Murray Hill Road
Smith, Simon J.	1358 Addison Road
Smith, Vera	9102 Wade Park Ave.
Snyder, Harold C.	6905 Superior
Spear, Helen	7403 Dellenbaugh Ave.
Stanley, Fred D.	1889 East 86th St.
Stow, Helen	5510 Whittier Ave.
Stroachs, Myrtle	7113 Myron Ave.
Strodtbeck, Leonard	6914 Lexington Ave.
Taylor, Lillian Anna	1845 East 63rd St.
Thelmon, Otto	1703 East 84th St.
Towell, David	7608 Hough
Vankirk, Louise	1790 Ansel Road
Valentine, Vincent	1606 East 66th St.
Wachele, Clara	8108 Simon Ave.
Waite, Herbert L.	5614 Luther
Walter, Arland	7614 Redell
Waltz, Grace E.	1617 East 85th St.
White, Edith	9243 Edmunds Ave.
Whitman, Lawrence	2185 East 79th St.
Wiatowski, Harry	6709 St. Clair Ave.
Williams, Edna	1214 East 85th St.
Youngberg, Carl	1007 East 72nd St.
Yourdon, Bernice	7418 Dellenbaugh Ave.
Yuhman, Frank	889 East 75th St.
Zlindra, Ivan	5909 Prosser



SCALES



ATHENÆUM SOCIETY



THE Athenæum society takes its name from Athene, the Greek goddess of arts and sciences. The admittance to the society depends on scholarship and somewhat upon popularity. The meetings are devoted to the arts, dramatics, music and debating, with occasional social activities. Probably the greatest event during the year is the annual football spread. The society is one of the oldest organizations of the school, and many girls have enjoyed the privilege of membership.

LOIS VAN RAALTE, '17.

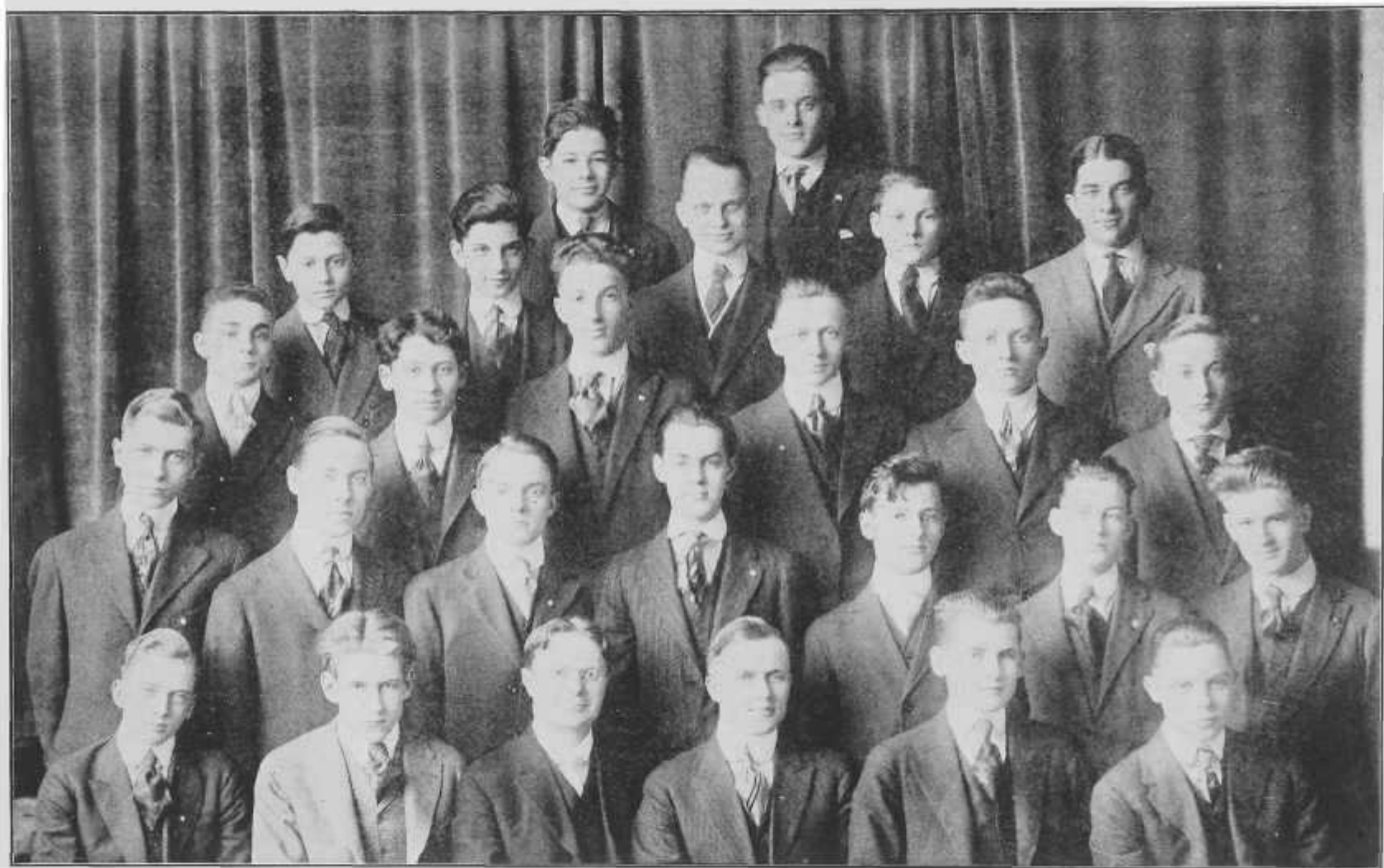
<i>First Term</i>	<i>OFFICERS</i>	<i>Second Term</i>
Annette Doller.....	<i>President</i> .....	Roberta Beach
Helen Landesman.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Glenna Wuescher
Edith Glover.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Lucie Van Tyne
Margaret Joseph.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i> .....	Geraldine Meck
Dolores Cooke.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> .....	Beatrice Feniger
Lucie Van Tyne.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	Carol Klaustermeyer
Grace Leighton.....	<i>Chorister</i> .....	Margaret Cobb

Ruth Bachman  
 Florence Baumoe  
 Roberta Beach  
 Margaret Beeks  
 Margaret Cobb  
 Dolores Cooke  
 Beatrice Feniger  
 Fannie Freedman  
 Marion Gibbons  
 Della Gutentag  
 Elizabeth Herbert  
 Thelma Ingram  
 Marjorie Jones  
 Margaret Joseph  
 Carol Klaustermeyer  
 Dorothy Klein  
 Hilda Klein  
 Lillian Klein

Helen Landesman  
 Lillian Lewis  
 Ruth Lichty  
 Doris Manchester  
 Helen Masterson  
 Geraldine Meck  
 Dorothy Monroe  
 Ruth Robishaw  
 Helen Roll  
 Christine Ross  
 Helen Shively  
 Portia Smith  
 Eva-Mae Swingle  
 Lois Van Raalte  
 Lucie Van Tyne  
 Allette Wennerstrom  
 Mabel White  
 Charlotte Woodbury

Glenna Wuescher

*Faculty Member* ..... Frances Baker



PROTHYMEAN

# PROTH-MEAN

## OFFICERS

Charles Daugherty.....	<i>President</i>
Forrester Clements.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Oliver Rhodes.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Edwin Stair.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Francis Douglas.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Forrester Clements.....	<i>Chairman</i>
Julius V. Reisman.....	<i>Program Manager</i>
Francis Douglas.....	<i>Entertainment Manager</i>
Ewald Heimert.....	<i>Publicity Manager</i>

## MEMBERS

Paul Archinard  
 Earl Arnold  
 Frederick Barker  
 Andrew Birney  
 Girard Bond  
 Sanger Brown  
 Thomas Cadwell  
 Forrester Clements  
 George Cutter  
 Stanley Dale  
 Alfred Dangler  
 Charles Daugherty  
 John Davidson

Francis Douglas  
 Isidor Goldreich  
 Donald Harbaugh  
 Ewald Heimert  
 Charles Keller  
 Charles Lohiser  
 John McKeen  
 Chas. Melbourne  
 Douglas Palmer  
 Julius V. Reisman  
 Oliver Rhodes  
 Edwin Stair  
 Arthur Stephan

Roy Wisotzke



LAUREAN

# LAUREAN

THE Laurean Society was founded in the year 1910. Its purpose is to interest its members in good literature and to promote scholarship and culture among the girls of the Junior class. The Laurean is an "honor" society; admission being based upon scholarship. The membership is limited to forty. The society meets Wednesday of each school week.

HILDA MCGEE, '18.

<i>First Term</i>	<i>OFFICERS</i>	<i>Second Term</i>
Eva-Mae Swingle.....	<i>President</i> .....	Monica Doran
Evelyn Greenslade.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Marion Albin
Dorothy Giloy.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i> .....	Martha Cooke
Helen Roll.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Beatrice Sprague
Allette Wennerstrom...	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> ...	Laura Belle Froggett
Martha Cooke.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	Josephine Sloan

## MEMBERS

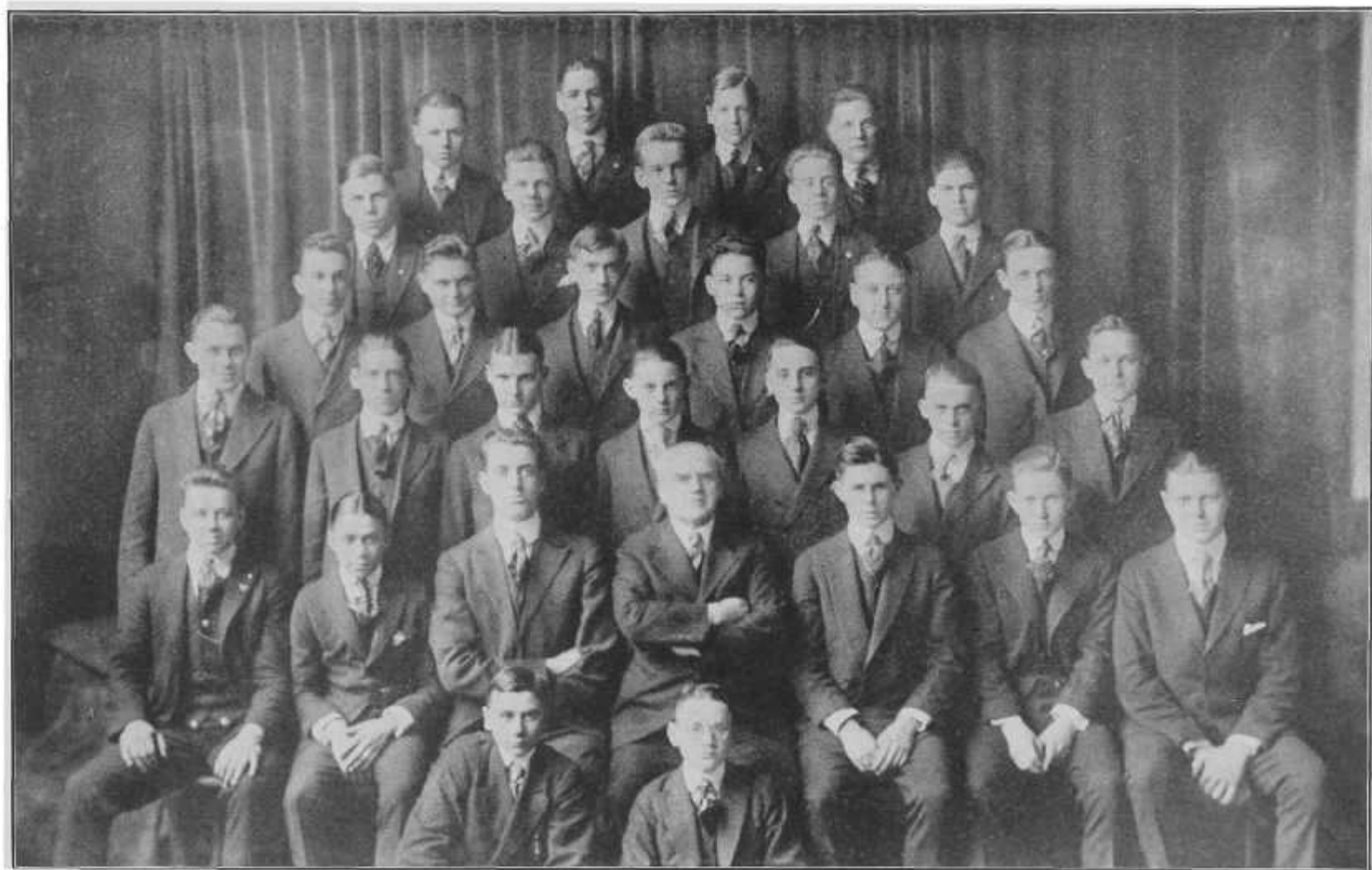
Marion Albin  
Ranee Belkowsky  
Leola Benninghoff  
Martha Cooke  
Ella Davis  
Monica Doran  
Miriam Franz  
Laura Belle Froggett  
Lillian Greenbaum  
Evelyn Greenslade  
Marjorie Greig  
Constance Grossman  
Elizabeth Harrold

Marion Hart  
Jeannette Henderson  
Georgina Holmes  
Margaret Hopkins  
Eleanor Huettich  
Sarah Kaufman  
Marion Kronthal  
Dorothy Land  
Margaret Lander  
Marian Lander  
Elsie Lederle  
Hilda McGee  
Margaret Milne

Anna Pavlicek  
Helen Reinhart  
Ruth Richmond  
Lucy Rooft  
Catherine Ryan  
Helen Schulze  
Mildred Sielaff  
Josephine Sloan  
Dorothy Smith  
Beatrice Sprague  
Dorothy Staiger  
Helen Toland  
Margaret Waite

<i>Membership Committee</i> .....	{ Martha Cooke Marion Albin
<i>Faculty Member</i> .....	Victoria C. Lynch





DEMOSTHENEAN

# Demosthenean

<i>President</i> .....	Kenneth Hurd
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Fred Chandler
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Thomas Thurston
<i>Assistant Secretary</i> .....	Thomas Williams
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Louis Skeel
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	Edward Rodewald

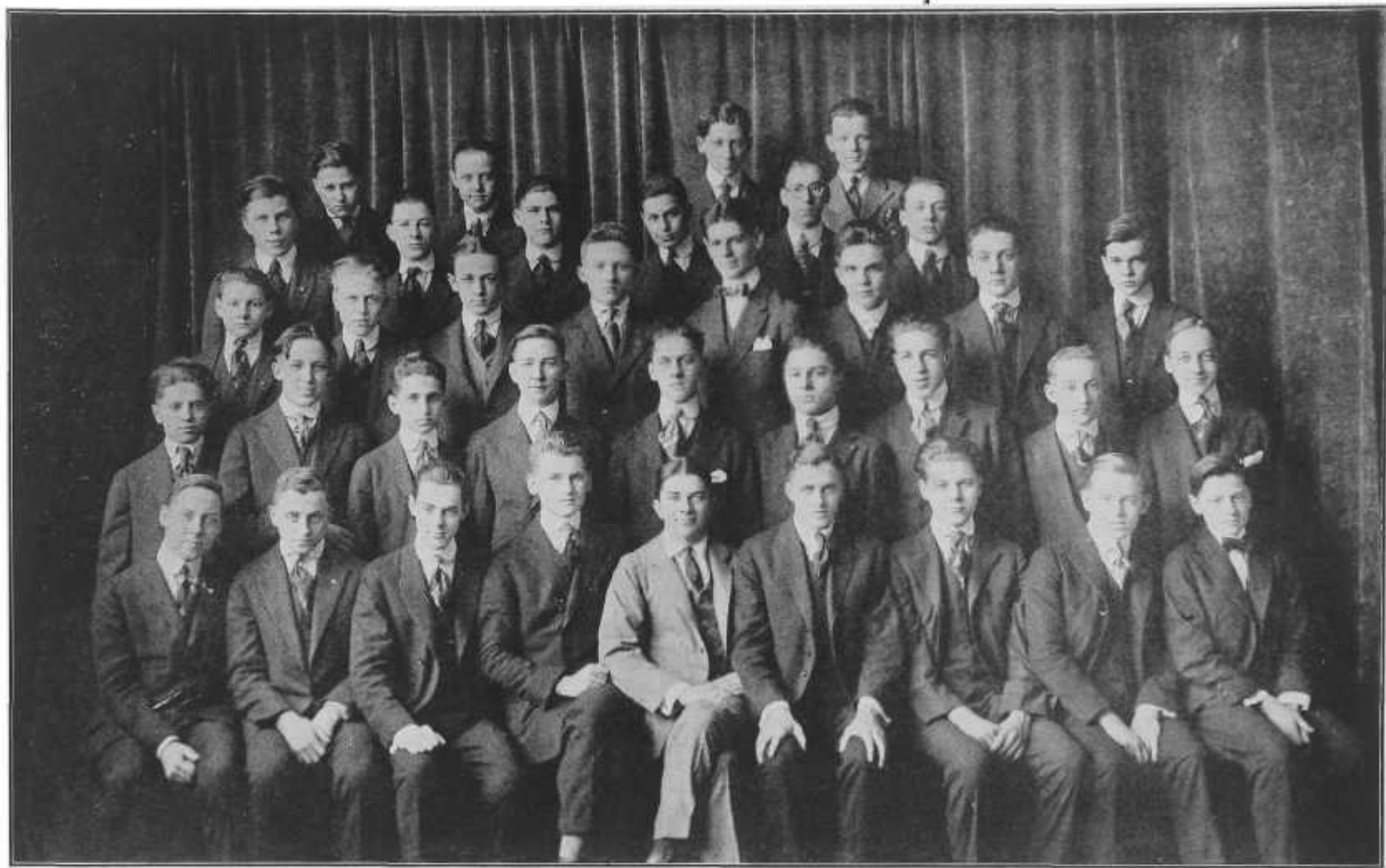
## MEMBERS

Bartlett, Osborne  
 Bennett, Norman  
 Bishop, Charles  
 Boltz, Fred  
 Burdett, Donald  
 Chandler, Fred  
 Criswell, Verse  
 Ferriman, Alex  
 Fenstermacher, George  
 Fogarty, William  
 Gibson, Harold  
 Goodman, Jerome  
 Greenberg, Ruby  
 Hexter, Richard  
 Hummel, Philip  
 Hurd, Kenneth  
 Lindner, Leonard

Mouat, Douglas  
 Nall, Russell  
 Newman, Lawrence  
 Palmer, Fred  
 Rodewald, Edward  
 Rovelto, Clifford  
 Rowe, Richard  
 Sharp, Douglas  
 Skeel, Louis  
 Slayton, Alan  
 Struggles, Thorpe  
 Thurston, Thomas  
 Truesdale, Benjamin  
 Van Dellen, Bertram  
 Vormelker, Howard  
 Wennerstrom, Elton  
 Williams, Barton

Williams, Thomas

<i>Faculty Member</i> .....	Gabriel F. Smith
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LINCOLN

# L I N C O L N

**I**N the early autumn of the school year 1912-1913, a new club was organized by East High School students. Its membership was limited to the Sophomore and Junior classes, while its purpose was to give boys of this school some adequate training in debating and parliamentary law.

The first year of the Lincoln Club was so successful as to give it a prominent place among the school literary organizations. During 1916-17 great progress was made, the membership list swelling to over forty. The four debaters on the East-West-Technical debate were members of the Lincoln Club.

The most successful banquet in the history of the club occurred Thursday, January 28, at the Statler.

Although the new term has not very far progressed, a large measure of success, coupled with a high standard of club efficiency, seems bound to result under the presidency of Forrester Clements, who has been chosen for the term.

WILLIAM H. WRIGHT, '18.

<i>First Term</i>	<b>OFFICERS</b>	<i>Second Term</i>
Donald Harbaugh.....	<i>President</i> .....	Forester Clements
Alfred Dangler.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Julius V. Reisman
William Wright.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	Frederick Barker
Clarence Marcuson.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	William Watkins
Andrew Birney.....	<i>Program Manager</i> .....	Alfred Dangler

## MEMBERS

Anspach, Herman  
Archinard, Paul  
Arnstine, James  
Barker, Frederick  
Bennett, Norman  
Birney, Andrew  
Bishop, Charles  
Blake, Frederick  
Bond, Girard  
Brown, Ronald  
Clements, Forester  
Dale, Stanley  
Dangler, Alfred  
Dangler, Eugene  
Davidson, John  
Evans, Edward  
Gatozzi, John  
Glauber, Myron  
Goldreich, Isadore  
Harbaugh, Donald

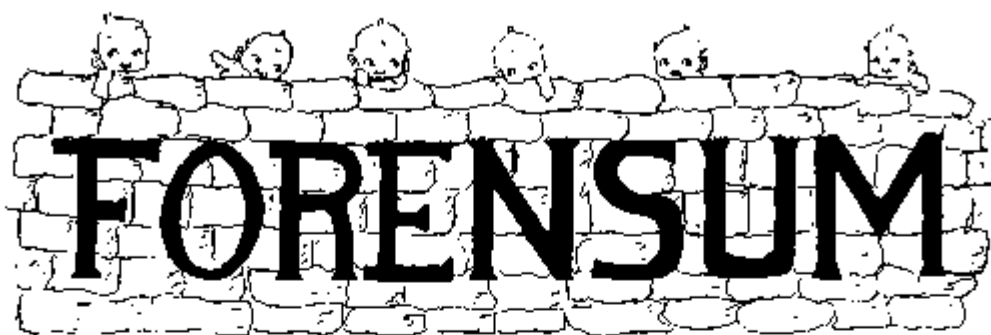
Hurd, Kenneth,  
Keller, Charles  
King, Lyman  
Kline, William  
Lauster, Carl  
Lee, Maynard  
Lovell, Wheeler  
Maerlander, Hugo  
Marcuson, Clarence  
Mouat, Wallace  
Nall, Russell  
Reisman, Julius V.  
Rickman, Walter  
Rosewater, Robert  
Shrier, Bertram  
Struggles, Thorpe  
Stueber, Theodore  
Truesdale, Benjamin  
Watkins, William  
Wright, William H.

Zucker, Roger

*Faculty Member*.....J. Cora Bennett



FORENSUM



<i>First Term</i>	<b>OFFICERS</b>	<i>Second Term</i>
Roger Zucker.....	<i>President</i> .....	Donald Harbaugh
Julius V. Reisman.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	Andrew R. Birney
Myron Glauber.....	<i>Manager</i> .....	Russell Nall
Donald Harbaugh.....	<i>Assistant Manager</i> .....	Roger Zucker

#### MEMBERSHIP

Andrew Birney	Wheeler Lovell
Girard Bond	Clarence Marcuson
Ronald Brown	Wallace Mouat
Forester Clements	Russel Nall
Stanley Dale	Julius Reisman
Alfred Dangler	Robert Rosewater
Edward Evans	Theodore Steuber
Myron H. Glauber	Joseph Toland
Donald Harbaugh	William H. Wright
Roger Zucker	



FRIENDSHIP



**T**HE purpose of the Council of High School Friendship Clubs of Cleveland shall be to create, maintain and extend throughout the High Schools of the city the highest ideals of womanhood, to promote a spirit of friendliness and democracy and to awaken through Social Service a definite responsibility for the best type of citizenship. It was with this high aim that the High School Friendship Clubs of Cleveland started on their way rejoicing. That was 'way back in January, 1916, and, lo! we are still rejoicing.

East High has had, from the first, the most enthusiastic, as well as the largest club in the council, and has shown itself leader in activities. In the first place—the Friendship Club is the only club in the school that requires no special talent from the applicants for membership. One does not need a voice, high standings in class room work, nor an artistic soul. All that is required is a willingness to help.

During the school year of 1916-17, the East High Friendship Club has been "humping" itself. First, the usual Thanksgiving collection was taken up under the auspices of the Club with the result that ninety dollars, besides several baskets of provisions, were sent to the Wade Nursery—the largest Thanksgiving offering ever donated by East High School. At Christmas-time the club took toys to the Rosedale home, candy to the Dorcas home, and made fifty rag dolls for the associated charities. After Christmas, Rainbow cottage was presented with forty large squares of colored cardboard, covered with pictures, to serve as scrapbooks for the children who are not able to turn pages. Then, too, great quantities of paper dolls were given to the same institution. But all the time we have been working, there have been many interesting and helpful meetings, and several dinners at the Y. W. C. A., with a good after-dinner speaker for the entire Friendship Club Council, and three afternoon meetings. There is to be an annual banquet in June. Have we "done the school proud"? We think so!

MARION GIBBONS, '18.





DA VINCI CLUB



## DA VINCI CLUB

THE aim of the Da Vinci Club is to encourage the appreciation of art in its many forms. The club takes its name from Leonardo Da Vinci, a Florentine, who was interested in many kinds of Art expression. He was architect, worker in metals and painter.

This year the painting and craft classes were discontinued, and a social or literary meeting held the first Tuesday in each month.

Some meetings were held at the Museum of Art, where lectures on armor and tapestry were given by Mrs. Gibson.

In February an informal reception to the new members was given.

HELEN DAUBER, '17.

### OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	Helen Dauber
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Grace Grandy
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Helen Reinhart
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Joan Fergus

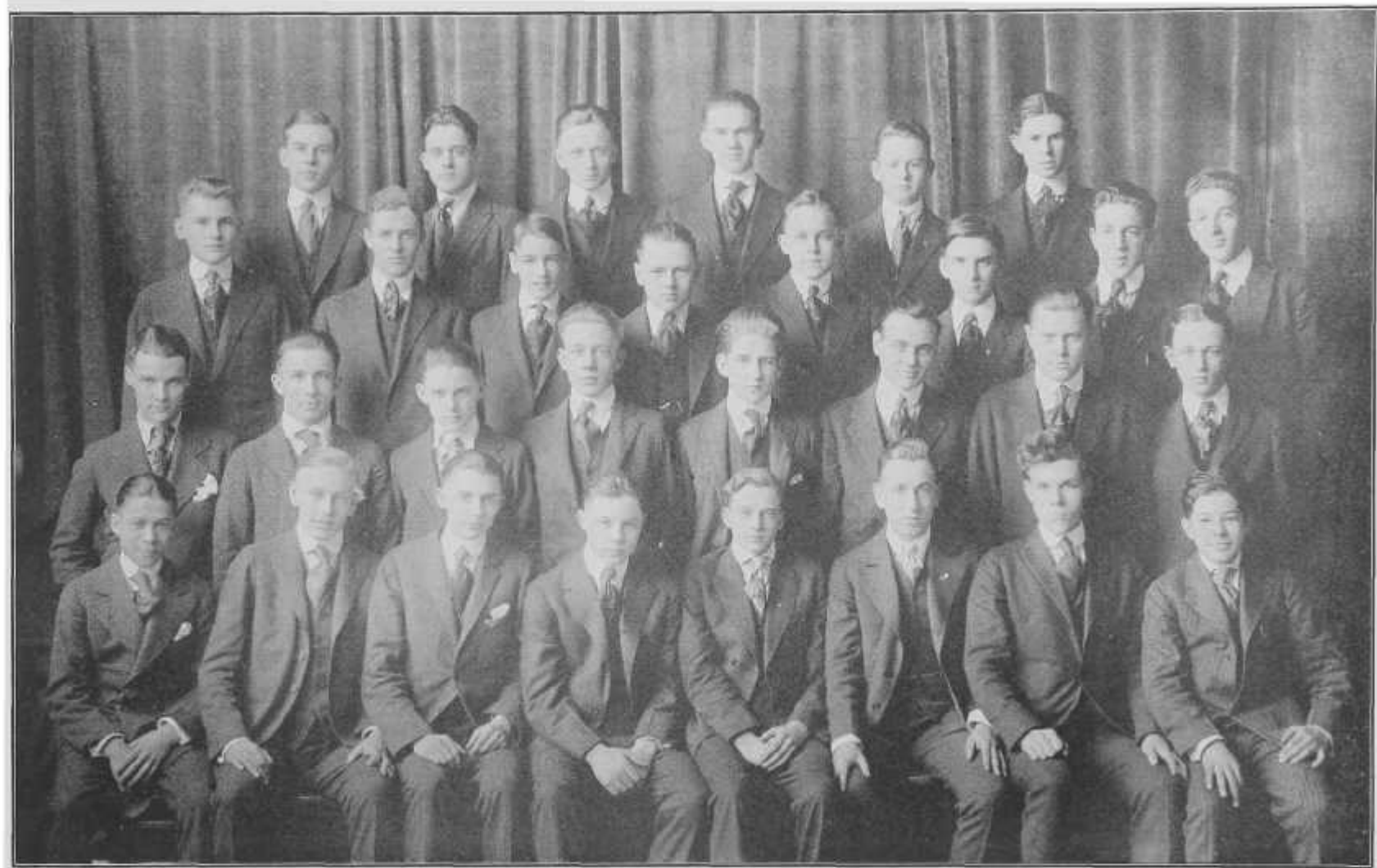
### MEMBERS

Albin Marion  
Akers, Celia  
Auth, Marie  
Bottrell, Irene  
Ching, Bernice  
Cottrell, Helen  
Dauber, Helen  
Donelson, Edith  
Doran, Monica  
Fagan, Gertrude  
Fagan, Helene  
Fergus, Joan  
Grandy, Grace  
Grandy, Verna  
Greenbaum, Lillian  
Grossman, Constance  
Hahn, Dorothy  
Harrold, Mabel  
Hook, Ethel  
Huettich, Eleanor  
Janes, Mary  
Jones, Gertrude  
Jones, Katherine  
Kline, Syvilla

Lederle, Elsie  
Lee, Nellie  
Mallison, Marjorie  
Matchett, Katherine  
McConaby, Aileen  
McDonald, Mildred  
McGonagle, Jean  
Miller, Gertrude  
Monroe, Dorothy  
Neno, Elma  
Neuman, Alice  
Owen, Elizabeth  
Parker, Florence  
Reifel, Helen  
Reimund, Mildred  
Reinhart, Helen  
Ross, Christina  
Rowell, Frances  
Smith, Portia  
Sommer, Winifred  
Sundstrom, Helen  
Van Tyne, Lucie  
Wheeler, Marjorie  
Zeve, Helen

*Faculty Members*.....

{ Miss Collins  
Miss Knapp  
Mr. Childs



HI Y CLUB

# HI Y CLUB

THE High Y Club, organized in 1913, is a boys' club, composed of groups from the various East Side high schools. The schools represented are East, Shaw, Glenville, Heights, Central and East Tech.

Since the organization of the club, East has held the enviable record of supplying almost double as many members as any other school. The meetings this season have, as usual, been held at the East End Y. M. C. A. at 6:00 o'clock every Thursday evening, when all assemble for supper. It should also be remarked that girls from each school alternate each week in serving the dinner, which is certainly an added inducement to membership. This may be one reason why East has such a large roll. After the "eats" a speaker of local prominence, and often of nation-wide fame, entertains the club with an address.

Then the boys of each school separate into classes to discuss various questions of every-day life. Jules Eschner, a former East High boy, supplanted Mr. Yocum, in charge of the East group.

Last year a member of the East High Y Club was president of the entire High Y Club at the East End Y. M. C. A. This year, East supplied the secretaries of the organization, Hsley Bradley holding that office the first term, and John Vorpe the second.

The club took up, with great zeal, the "Come Clean Campaign," which met with unlooked-for success in all the schools in the city.

A dance, given by the club in early January, was pronounced by all to be the "real thing." A party was also given by the boys in early May.

One of the best things that the High Y Club did this season was the founding of a newspaper, which contained the doings of all the six high schools represented. An editor and business manager from each school composed the board of this paper, called the "High Y Echo."

Contrary to the current impression, the High Y Club is not limited to Cleveland, but is established all over the United States; and the fact that it is taken up so enthusiastically by the boys, is evidence in itself of the popularity of the club.

JOHN VORPE.

## High School Cadets

**M**ILITARY training, for the pupils of Cleveland high schools, has, in one form or another, been under consideration for some time.

In his annual report for 1915, Superintendent Frederick recommended it strongly. Others of the board of education favored it, and the press of the city spoke well of it. In fact, the idea of its universal adoption in high school has been discussed and recommended throughout the entire country. Recognition of the value of military training and the realization that existing conditions must be immediately alleviated, caused the school board to take action. As the result the present form of military drill, patterned after that found so valuable in the high schools of Wyoming, was instituted in the Cleveland schools.

The resolutions that were adopted are as follows :

That the Wyoming plan of military training be hereby added to the list of elective subjects in the high school curriculum;

Students taking the military training course shall be allowed one-fourth of one credit toward graduation for completion of each year thereof in a manner satisfactory to the superintendent of schools;

Hours for holding classes shall be determined by the superintendent of schools;

Such hours, whether during or before or after the present academic hours, shall be considered school class hours;

Any physically fit male student 14 years of age or over may elect the study of military art;

Having once elected this study and passed the physical examination, no pupil may drop the subject during the semester without the approval of the superintendent of schools;

No pupil shall be admitted to a class in military art except on written application signed by parent or guardian;

Conduct of the work in military art shall conform to the provisions of General Orders No. 48, war department, 1916.

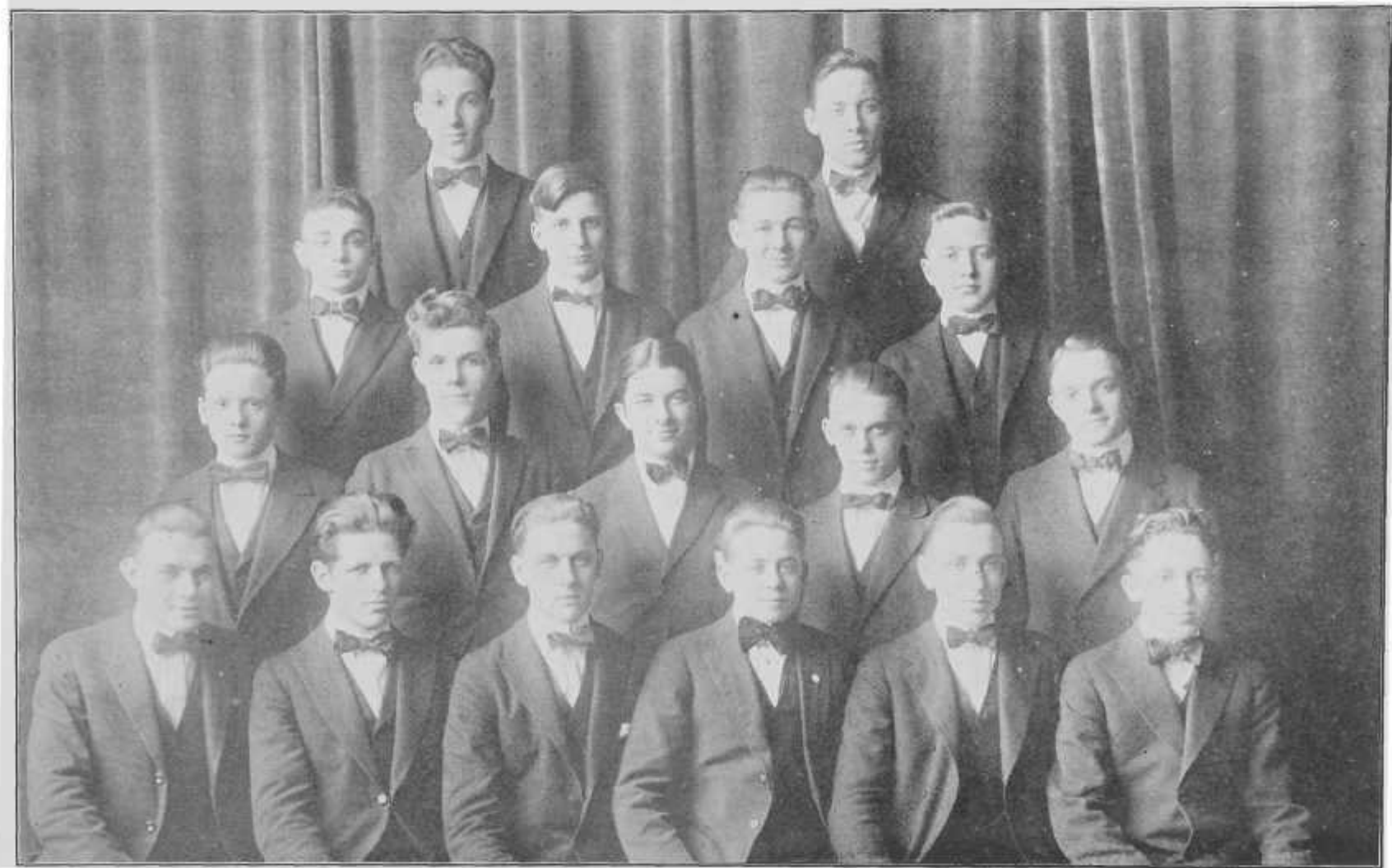
Considering the inadequacy of our gymnasium through lack of space, limited apparatus, and the awkwardness of its situation, we of East should rejoice in this plan. "Physical culture," so often thought tedious, is replaced by this scheme, with an interesting game—conducive to well set up bodies and alert minds. This game undoubtedly places all the boys on a more equal basis in regard to physical activities, yet those sports, which have been so widely enjoyed in this school, need not necessarily be done away with. On the contrary, such a combination will serve rather to enhance them.

Each cadet is to be put through a systematized course of training. With added proficiency each year there will result a product of immense value to the nation in time of possible need, and the cadets will have increased store of health and knowledge. In first aid and other preparedness work, for which they are fitted, the girls are expected to take an active interest.

Yet, in establishing this, the board proposed nothing compulsory. The taking of the military course is purely optional, and, if elected, it can only be taken by consent of the parents or guardian. However, the enthusiasm with which the movement was started in East shows the popularity of this new elective of our curriculum, and we hope to see grow out of it, for many, a new estimate of the value of being a United States citizen.

ROBERT MOORE, '17.





BOYS' GLEE CLUB



*President*.....Wallace Mouat  
*Vice-President*.....Dan Kelly  
*Secretary and Treasurer*.....Joseph Glasser  
*Sergeant-at-Arms*.....Edward Rodewald  
*Director*.....Wm. L. Prince

#### MEMBERS

##### *Tenors*

Harvey Ellsofer  
 Joseph Glasser  
 Harry Brown  
 George Fenstermacher  
 George Cutter  
 Harold King  
 Stanley Taylor  
 Alfred Badger  
 Morris Coleman

##### *Basses*

Edward Evans  
 Dan Kelly  
 Wallace Mouat  
 Edward Rodewald  
 Marshall Terry  
 Arthur Stephan  
 Andrew Birney  
 Edwin Stair  
 Julius Reisman  
 Roeder Bell  
 Hsley Bradley





GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

# GIRL'S GLEE CLUB

## OFFICERS OF GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

<i>President</i> .....	Helen Cockrem
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Helen Dauber
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> .....	Jean Chisholm
<i>Librarian</i> .....	Grace Zottarelli
<i>Accompanists</i> .....	{Helen Dauber {Grace Leighton

## MEMBERS OF GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Akers, Celia	Kidd, Mabel
Anderson, Eileen	Manchester, Doris
Baker, Norma	Metcalf, Ethel
Blackwood, Dorothy	Morgan, Dorothy
Chisholm, Jean	Lichty, Ruth
Corts, Corrine	Piehl, Marion
Cockrem, Helen	Shiveley, Helen
Dauber, Helen	Reifel, Helen
Dorn, Helen	Tomlinson, Elaine
Danielson, Edith	Tippett, Enid
Elsoffer, Beatrice	Ulcher, Frances
Grandy, Grace	Van Tyne, Lucie
Gibbons, Marion	Woodbury, Charlotte
Gottlob, Melba	Zeve, Helen
Kahler, Bertha	Zottarelli, Grace

## Post-Graduates

Doller, Annette	Leighton, Grace
Ellen, Katherine	Pauley, Roxy
Tomlinson, Lillian	

**“Sports are a most excellent device  
with which to test a man’s character.”**

OLAUS MAGNUS.

# ATHLETICS



ARCHINARD

## A Toast to the Team of 1916

Our host is a gentleman kindly disposed,  
Whose heart is always right;  
When the football season is over and closed,  
He picks from November a night;  
Then he plans for a feast,  
For the players from East,  
And invites them to come for a bite.

Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
When the scores are mixed like this?  
When the best of them all to defeat has bowed?  
And the vict'ry's only an armistice?  
When the season ends with a tie,  
And everyone waits to try,  
That the next year's success shall be his.

Central and West and West Tech, too,  
Our humble obeisance receive;  
While to us the others obeisance do;  
Hence never a bit do we grieve;  
We suffered defeats, we know;  
The others, defeat, too, must show;  
No sting, then, our losses will leave.

So gladly we praise the team at East,  
None better in all the town!  
We'll sing and toast them at this feast,  
For the valor the boys have shown;  
Hurrah! for the team that beat U. S.!  
Hurrah! for the team's East Tech success!  
What greater success than our own?

Hurrah! for the coach and his team from East!  
Hurrah! for the managers, too!  
Hurrah! for the host who spreads this feast!  
Hurrah! for the Gold and Blue!  
The season's been glorious;  
Though not all victorious;  
What more could we hope to do?

Written by Herman Schulte for Mr. Lothman's banquet, December  
Second, Nineteen Sixteen.



# FOOTBALL

-ARCHINARD-

**W**HEN the season opened, we had seven letter men back in the lineup; viz., Collie, Heller, Luck, Sampliner, Sourbeck, Struggles, and Templeton. With these as nucleus, it appeared that we had the prospect of a championship team. But several things which scored heavily against East's chances of acquiring a championship were overlooked. First, the vacation training camp was not held this year as formerly, and next we had two new coaches.

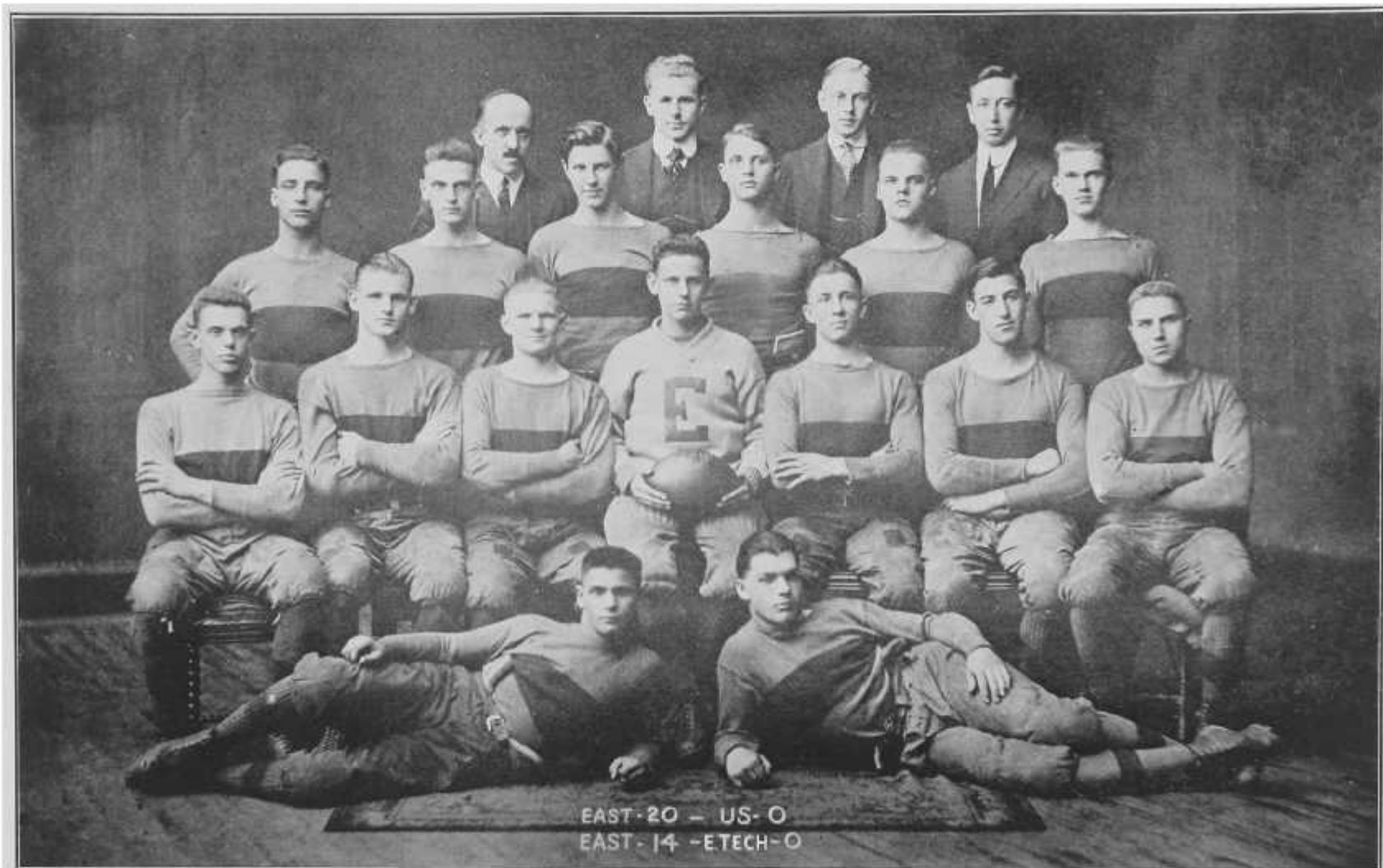
East opened the 1916 football season by playing Lakewood at West Tech field, on September 30. Although Lakewood was highly touted by the Cleveland newspapers and expected to win, East entirely outclassed her and beat Lakewood by the score of 15-0, Durkin and Collie being the point-gatherers.

On the following Saturday, October 7, our 'varsity sustained the first defeat of the season at the hands of a school who had beaten us only once before in our history; West High beat us for the second time by the low margin of 9-7.

On October 14, East migrated to West Tech's field and met the warriors of that school. We had an early lead, but by more or less good fortune and one break in the game, our opponents finally won by the score of 14-6. They intercepted one of our forward passes, which aided them materially in making their first touchdown; and a long run around left end resulted in another touchdown. This defeat practically eliminated us from the Senate Championship race. Durkin, our new lineman, was out of the line, and Metcalf took his place.

Our next game was looked forward to with a great deal of interest, both by the two opposing schools and the other Cleveland High Schools. South was a strong contender for the Senate Title, and, having walloped the two schools that beat us, was expected to win. But East, having taken a somewhat prolonged nap, suddenly woke up, and, looking around, saw that people were beginning to think that East High's renowned "Football Prestige" was no more. So, with a dogged determination to do or die, East went into the game against South. When evening fell, fans saw that East had not died, for the score stood 13-6, in favor of East. Although Hauser, South's famous captain and fullback, did good work in bucking our line, still he did not surpass our small fullback, Doig. Gatozzi, Templeton and Sampliner were instrumental in winning the South game. On account of injuries, our audacious little end, Struggles, was out of the South game.

At a large rally, with many former associates of East on the platform, we prepared for our annual game with Central. Someone remarked that according to an old football tradition, Central conquers us every six years, and that, in 1916, Central was due to win. Accordingly there were plenty of misgivings for the coming game.



THE TEAM

On the new city football field, usually called League Park, before 4,000 fans, East and Central clashed. In the first half, East held the East 55th Street aggregation completely to a standstill. But, the East lads, crippled and in an awful condition, were at a disadvantage. With just forty seconds to play, Civeletto stepped back and dropped a perfect kick over the goal-posts. Central was wild with joy when they went back to 55th Street with 3 points hanging over our 0. This game virtually decided the Triangular Championship.

Although we had no hopes for either championship left, we did not lose heart, and with that East High never-say-die spirit, Coach Morris started his team going and commenced his final drive on University School. Templeton, Doig and Vitantonio were the luminous stars, but the whole team displayed an unbeatable style of football. University, likewise, exhibited great fighting spirit, but fell before our onslaught to the tune of 20-0. Thus,—for two years in succession East has conquered her rival, U. S.

With our team still gathering momentum, we again went to West Tech field and swamped Lincoln by the huge score of 65-0. We scored two touch-downs for each of the first three quarters, and having replaced the whole team with substitutes, proceeded to score four more in the fourth.

On November 18, on a muddy and slippery field, East played Glenville and pulled the North Siders a little lower in the Senate percentage column by beating them 26-0.

As a climax—perhaps the greatest achievement of the season was the overwhelming defeat of the much vaunted Tech eleven, conquerors of the remaining Senate teams. That memorable Saturday of November 25 arrived with a cold, biting wind, accompanied by a thin layer of snow. While 4,000 half-frozen and benumbed spectators looked on, the 1916 Blue and Gold steam-roller concluded its drive by beating East Tech 14-0. The game lacked any plays verging on the spectacular, owing to the zero-like weather. The first half resulted in a punting-duel between Templeton and Blue. Heimie kicked a low and swift ball, while Blue used a high and equally speedy punt. In the third quarter, when East was near her own goal-post, the line showed its strength, when Tech could not gain an inch on three downs; while the fourth resulted in an incomplete pass. Tech used a series of incompleated passes in the fourth quarter, but East finally forced Tech on her three-yard line. When Blue attempted to kick out of danger, an East linesman blocked the punt and fell on the ball for a touch-down. The East backfield did excellent work, while Sampliner certainly showed up Denzer, and last, but not least, Thorpe Struggles deserves a lot of credit for stopping Tech's quarterback, Pike.

Although East did not receive a championship title, still we undoubtedly had a strong team. This fact was brought out by the Cleveland newspapers, when they picked their all-scholastic elevens. The following are the selections of East men made by our four daily papers:

	<i>Leader</i>	<i>Plain Dealer</i>	<i>News</i>	<i>Press</i>
End -----	Struggles	Struggles	Struggles	Struggles
Tackle -----		Sourbeck		
Guard -----		Bailey	Sampliner	Sampliner
Center -----		Sampliner		
Quarter -----			Templeton	
Half-back ----	Templeton			Templeton

Struggles was given unanimous choice in all the newspapers, while Sampliner was chosen twice as guard and once as center, and Templeton was chosen twice as half-back and once as quarter-back, besides being chosen the leader of the all-scholastic team.

Thorpe Struggles, being an entirely capable football star, was unanimously elected to lead the 1917 team. With only a few of the 1916 Grid-ders graduating, East entertains the highest hopes that with Mr. Morris still coaching our team, we will put forth an even better team than that of 1916.

EDWARD E. RODEWALD, '18.



## THE TEAM

Captain.....	Murray Collie
Student Manager.....	George Skeel
Coach.....	W. W. Morris
Manager.....	Homer D. Rankin
Left End.....	Thorpe Struggles
Left Tackle.....	Ralph Sourbeck
Left Guard.....	Frank Heller
Center.....	Sam Sampliner
Right Guard.....	Lucien Bailey
Right Tackle.....	Henry Luck
Right End.....	James Towne
Quarterback.....	{ Henry Templeton
	{ Murray Collie
Left Half.....	Tony Vitantonio
Right Half.....	John Gatozzi
Fullback.....	Halbert Doig

## SECOND TEAM

Left End.....	Leonard Linder
Left Tackle.....	Sam Horowitz
Left Guard.....	Fred Palmer
Center.....	Raymond Blecher
Right Guard.....	Wesley Blue
Right Tackle.....	Arthur Mackin
Right End.....	John Davidson
Quarterback.....	Harold Oldham
Left Half.....	Joseph Clay
Right Half.....	Adam Graham
Fullback.....	Sam Dolinsky

## Substitutes

Harlan Metcalfe, Ray Neale, Roy Wisotzki—*Varsity*.  
 Leroy Brost, Dudley Sifling, Earl Tite, Walter Lewin, Wilson Sherman,  
 Julius Reisman—*Second Team*.

## FOOTBALL RECORD

Sept. 30.....	East 15	Lakewood.....	0
Oct. 7.....	East 7	West.....	9
Oct. 14.....	East 6	West Tech.....	14
Oct. 21.....	East 13	South.....	6
Oct. 28.....	East 0	Central.....	3
Nov. 4.....	East 20	U. S.....	0
Nov. 11.....	East 65	Lincoln.....	0
Nov. 18.....	East 26	Glenville.....	0
Nov. 25.....	East 14	East Tech.....	0
Total.....	East 166	Total Opponents.....	32



## Mr. Lothman's Banquet for the Team

*"Our host is a gentleman kindly disposed,  
Whose heart is always right."*

OUR poet's words well express the sentiments of all who had the pleasure of attending the banquet given by Mr. Lothman to the Football Team.

The honor for which the boys had worked so hard during the season was represented by the huge E formed by the tables.

The guests included, in addition to the men of the Faculty, Mr. Edward Bushnell, Mr. M. L. Thomsen and Mr. B. D. Quarrie of the Board of Education, Mr. J. A. Eisenhauer, Mr. L. C. Boles and Mr. L. T. Beman.

The speeches were unusually good and Mr. Lothman, as toastmaster, introduced each speaker with remarks so apt and witty that even the most bashful of football stars was stimulated to reply in the same strain.

The program was varied by the singing of songs in which members of the football team lauded the Faculty, while a group of Faculty members in turn sang the praises of the team.

Mr. Schulte, in a poem truly epic in character, told of the Struggles and Luck of the team, and their well-deserved success.

The singing of East High songs by the entire company closed an evening which left but one regret in the hearts of all—that a whole year must pass before they could again be Mr. Lothman's guests at the Football Banquet.



SCHOOL CHAMPIONS

## Senior Football Team



LEFT END



RIGHT HALF



LEFT TACKLE



CENTER



LEFT HALF



TACKLE (SUB)

## THE FIRST TEAM



EAST-EAST TECH  
GAME

EAST-U. S.  
GAME



EAST-CENTRAL GAME



EAST-WEST  
GAME





THE TEAM

# BASKETBALL 1917

THE East "5" were defeated in their initial basketball contest with the Lincoln-High quintette, the score being 37—17. Vitantonio and Struggles played well.

East recovered the following week and beat East Tech by the score of 11—10 in a very exciting game. Vitantonio scored 9 of his team's 11, by putting 9 out of 10 fouls into the basket, while Doig put in the remaining field goal.

On January 20, East lost to the powerful West High team; score—25 to 10.

We lost to Shaw on their floor, February 2, by the score of 17—14.

On Feb. 9, East, by playing a defensive game, beat West Tech by 7 points, the score being 16—9. Eaton scored 10 out of his team's 16 points. The game was conspicuous for its slowness and roughness.

With plenty of enthusiasm and pep, Central beat East 26—11, on the former's floor.

In a closely contested game, East beat South. Since we beat South in football, they were very desirous of beating East, instead they lost—20—16.

On March 2, the East team beat the fast Glenville aggregation to the tune of 20—16. Most of the points on both sides were made on fouls.

East, still keeping up her fighting spirit, beat the West Commerce five by the score of 24—19. Paul Willing and Struggles showed a very good brand of basketball.

The final game of the season was played at Canton, March 16th. East was beaten by Canton, 34—24. Canton was very hospitable to the East High supporters, which is not always the case, and their hospitality was very much appreciated.

East, captained by Halbert Doig, had a fairly successful season, being tied in third place with East Tech in the Senate League. Paul Willing was elected captain of the 1918 team. The line-up:

Halbert Doig.....	Captain
Gilbert Sawyer.....	Manager

## Varsity

## Second Team

Tony Vitantonio, Paul Willing.....	Left Forward.....	Chester Wike, Frank Zivoder
Murray Collie, John Gatozzi.....	Right Forward.....	Charles Keller
Hudson Eaton.....	Center.....	Tom Martinette—Capt.
Halbert Doig.....	Right Guard.....	Elton Wennerstrom, Bert
		Van Dellen
Thorpe Struggles.....	Left Guard.....	Edw. Williams, Leo Kelly

Francis Douglas, Willard Shephard, Varsity Substitutes



LEAVING FOR  
CANTON

SECOND BASKETBALL  
TEAM



"HEINIE"

# Girls' Basket Ball



This year the senior team copped the championship with little difficulty.

## THE TEAM

## THE RESULTS

<i>Forwards</i>	Lucie Van Tyne (Captain)				
	Mary Hart	A II	10	B I	0
	Margaret Cobb	A II	20	D II	0
<i>Centers</i>	Ruth Robishaw	A II	6	C II	2
	Florence Forster	A II	7	A I	0
	Mabel White	A II	22	C I	0
<i>Guards</i>	Grace Grandy	A II	12	B II	2
	Lois Van Raalte				



A I TEAM		RESULTS	
<i>Forwards</i>	Beatrice Feniger (Captain) -----		
	Marion Gibbons ----- A I ----- 10	C II ----- 4	
	Florence Meyer ----- A I ----- 7	B II ----- 0	
<i>Centers</i>	Ruth Lichty ----- A I ----- 5	B I ----- 3	
	Mabel Kidd ----- A I ----- 12	C I ----- 0	
	Thelma Ingram ----- A I ----- 0	A II ----- 7	
<i>Guards</i>	Hilda Klein ----- A I ----- 4	D II ----- 1	
	Helen Shively		
	Dorothy Giloy		

B II TEAM		RESULTS	
<i>Forwards</i>	Helen Cottrell -----		
	Beatrice Sprague ----- B II ----- 10	C I ----- 0	
<i>Centers</i>	Hilda McGhee (Captain) ----- B II ----- 0	A I ----- 7	
	Laura Bell Frogett ----- B II ----- 1	C II ----- 3	
	Monica Doran ----- B II ----- 2	A II ----- 12	
<i>Guards</i>	Helen Reifel ----- B II ----- 2	B I ----- 0	
	Verna Grandy ----- B II ----- 10	D II ----- 2	
	Catherine Ryan		

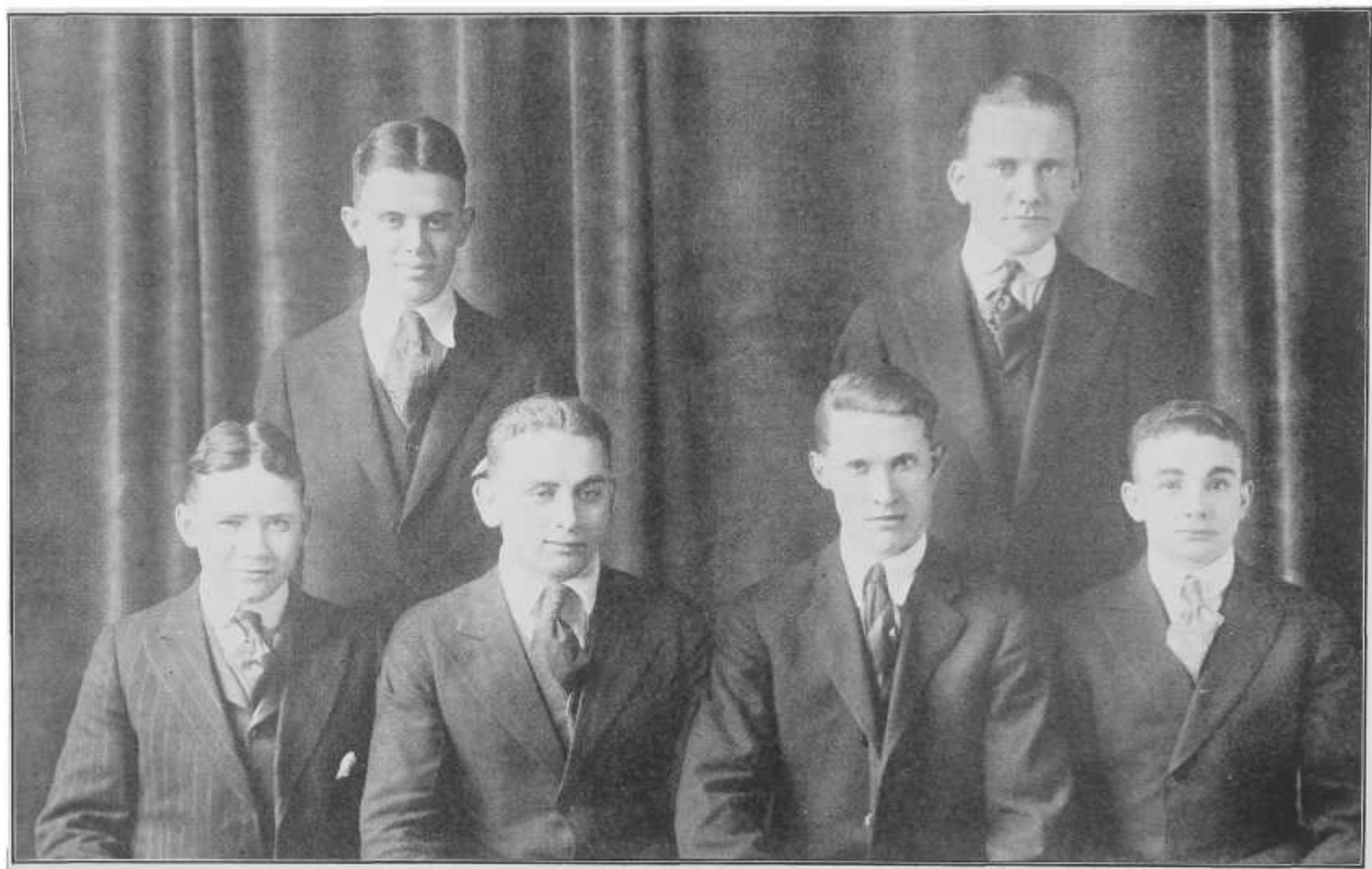
B I TEAM		RESULTS	
<i>Forwards</i>	Mary McNulty (Captain) -----	C II ----- 5	
	Katharine Matchett ----- B I ----- 8	A II ----- 10	
	Josephine Loomis ----- B I ----- 0	A I ----- 5	
<i>Centers</i>	Mary Jones ----- B I ----- 3	D II ----- 7	
	Eleanor Huettich ----- B I ----- 12	B II ----- 2	
	Francis Clark ----- B I ----- 0	C I ----- 3	
<i>Guards</i>	Bernice Ching ----- B I ----- 14		
	Bessie Chapman		

C II CLASS TEAM		RESULTS	
<i>Forwards</i>	Dorothy Tuttle (Captain) -----	A I ----- 10	
	Juliet Barker ----- C II ----- 4	B I ----- 3	
	Sybil Esterly ----- C II ----- 5	B II ----- 1	
<i>Centers</i>	Dorothy Brammer ----- C II ----- 3	A II ----- 6	
	Corinne Woodruff ----- C II ----- 2	D II ----- 5	
	Virginia Harris ----- C II ----- 11	C I ----- 8	
<i>Guards</i>	Lillian Callihan ----- C II ----- 6		
	Marjorie McCreary		
	Sarah Birney		

C I TEAM		RESULTS	
<i>Forwards</i>	Erla Bersch ----- C I ----- 0	B II ----- 10	
	Katharine Henderson ----- C I ----- 1	D II ----- 10	
<i>Centers</i>	Helen Focke (Captain) ----- C I ----- 0	A I ----- 12	
	Marjorie Schwachofer ----- C I ----- 0	A II ----- 22	
<i>Guards</i>	Katharine Roth ----- C I ----- 8	C II ----- 6	
	Syvilla Kline ----- C I ----- 3	B I ----- 14	

D II TEAM		RESULTS	
<i>Forwards</i>	Maxine Haldy (Captain) ----- D II ----- 10	C I ----- 1	
	Carol Hawkins ----- D II ----- 0	A II ----- 20	
<i>Centers</i>	Mildred Rask ----- D II ----- 7	B I ----- 12	
	Babette Devay ----- D II ----- 1	A I ----- 4	
<i>Guards</i>	Rosalind Diener ----- D II ----- 5	C II ----- 11	
	Ruth Morgan ----- D II ----- 2	B II ----- 10	





## Class Basketball

THE class basketball season this year was a very successful one. The excellent schedule arranged by Mr. Dix, providing six games for each class, was one of the important factors of the league's success. The spirit shown by the fellows who came out for the class teams also helped make the season a success. The race for the championship was very close, the strong senior team being declared the victors. The seniors won five consecutive games, but lost their sixth one to the sophs, who finished second. The champion seniors line up as follows: S. Dolin, R. F.; H. Brown, L. F.; A. Mackin, C.; Luck, R. G.; F. Englefried, L. G.; Sifling, substitute.

The seniors then claimed the inter-scholastic class championship of the city, and as no school disputed this claim, the city class championship rests at East. So, although the varsity could not bring a basketball championship to East, the class team did.

The final standing of the teams were:

	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Pct.</i>
Seniors -----	6	5	1	.833
Sophs -----	6	3	3	.500
Freshman -----	6	2	4	.333
Juniors -----	6	2	4	.333



## Skating

THIS year our school was more enthusiastic than ever. In consequence of this East High has the Guardian Trophy for another year. It was remarkable how many rooters came out to help old East High to win the cup, though it was the coldest day of the year. Next year we hope to have even more pupils enter the races, as four of our point-winners will be gone. Some of them won first places. The following also won firsts:

Eudora Krause-----	Sophomore
James Paisley-----	Freshman
Arthur Kline-----	Senior
Genevieve McNulty-----	Junior
Marjorie Hamby-----	Freshman

G. MCNULTY, '18.



SKATERS

# TRACK

**T**HE East High track team pulled through the 1916 season with what, in view of the unusual lack of material, is considered a very creditable showing. When candidates were called out for track practice, in the spring, Coach Dotterer found a surprisingly small number of likely looking boys, and most of these raw material.

The first meet in which the candidates were able to give an exhibition of their ability was the Indoor Triangular Meet which is always looked on as a practice event. The Blue and Gold never puts forth her whole strength at this affair. Consequently, this season, East landed in last place with twenty-five points. East Tech and Glenville, with forty-seven points each, were tied for the honors.

Then came the Interclass Meet. The Seniors who had the largest number of representatives, easily walked away with the meet. The other classes trailed in regular order: Junior, Sophomore, Freshman. In this meet Fred Engelfried annexed the title "School Athlete," by amassing a total of seventeen individual points.

The first outdoor track and field meet was the Triangular, in which East, Glenville and West participated. In this clash the Blue and Gold gave the first indication of real strength. Although she lost the meet by four points, it was only after Glenville had experienced a fight worthy of her mettle. Captain Hoehn's team led until the last event, when Glenville's broad jumpers won enough points to compel East to take second place.

The big Triangular Meet was the next on the schedule. Into this meet, University sent against East and Central one of the strongest teams seen here in several years. University won, but not without reckoning with her old rival, East High. East finished second, and Central brought up the rear. The Preps broke two records and equaled a third, so it can be easily seen that East was traveling in fast company.

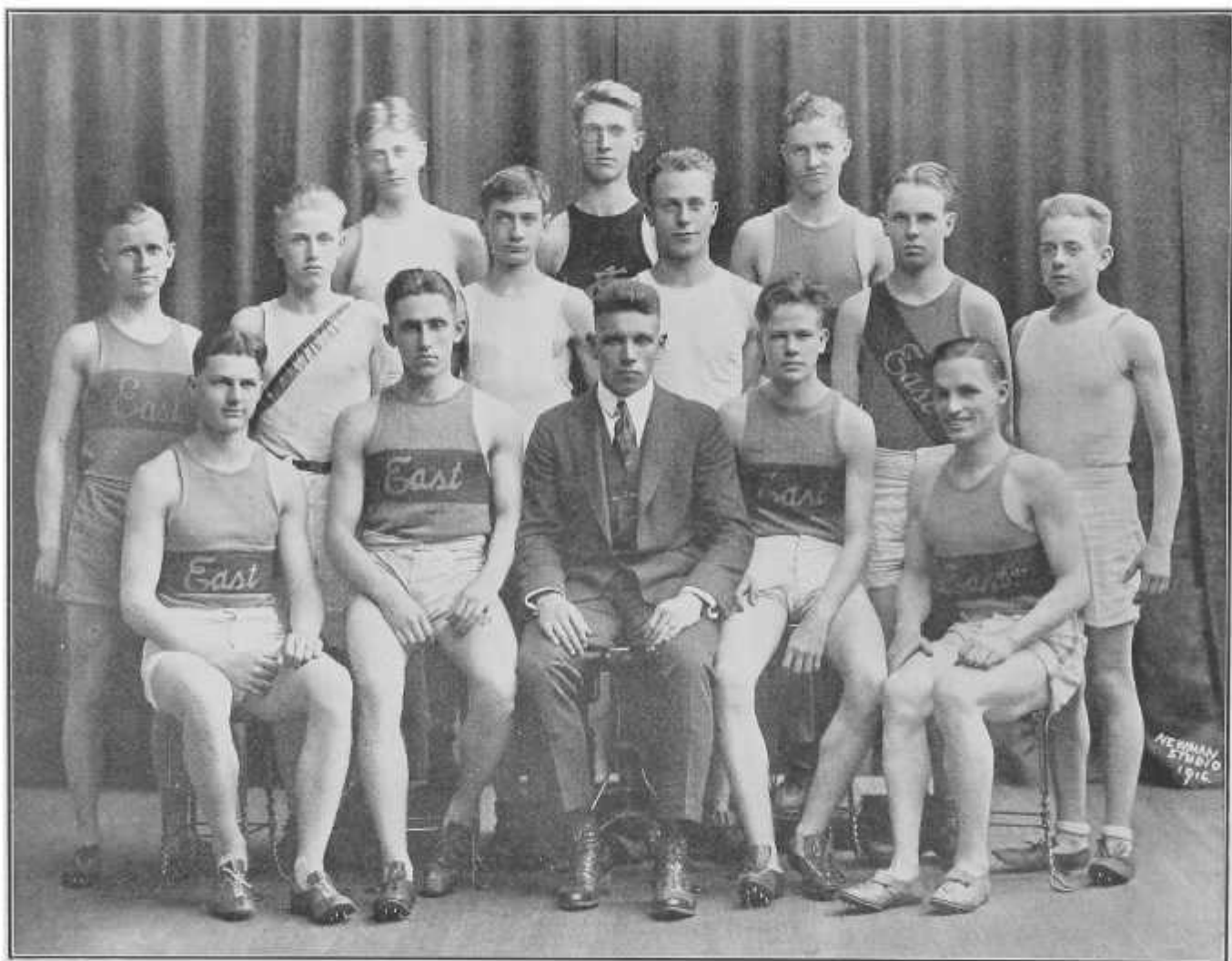
The story of the Dual Meet with East Tech is one replete with bad luck. East entered this event with two of her best point winners absent. It was only to be expected, then, that East Tech should pile up a huge score on the royal blue and gold team. This meet was but a repetition of past history. East had the stars to win first places, but not enough entries to take the lesser places.

The final and most important event of the season came in the form of the Interscholastic Track and Field Meet. Here among teams representing all the big Cleveland High schools, the team from East 82nd Street made a fair showing.

Eldridge Hoehn and Louis Romanelli are to be congratulated upon their success and ability as captain and student manager respectively of the 1916 track team.

Stanley Taylor will lead the 1917 team, and Roeder Bell will look after the managerial duties.

JOHN VORPE, '17.



TRACK TEAM

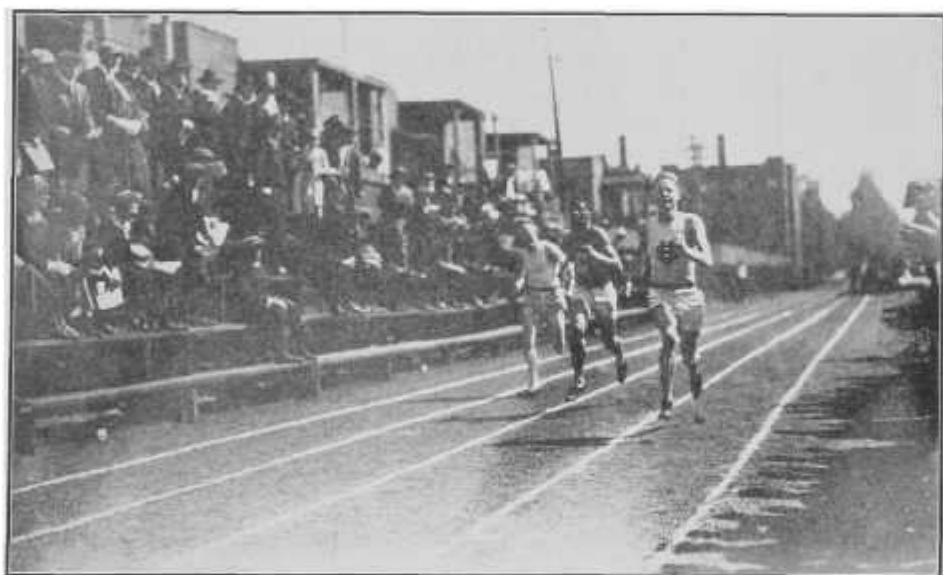
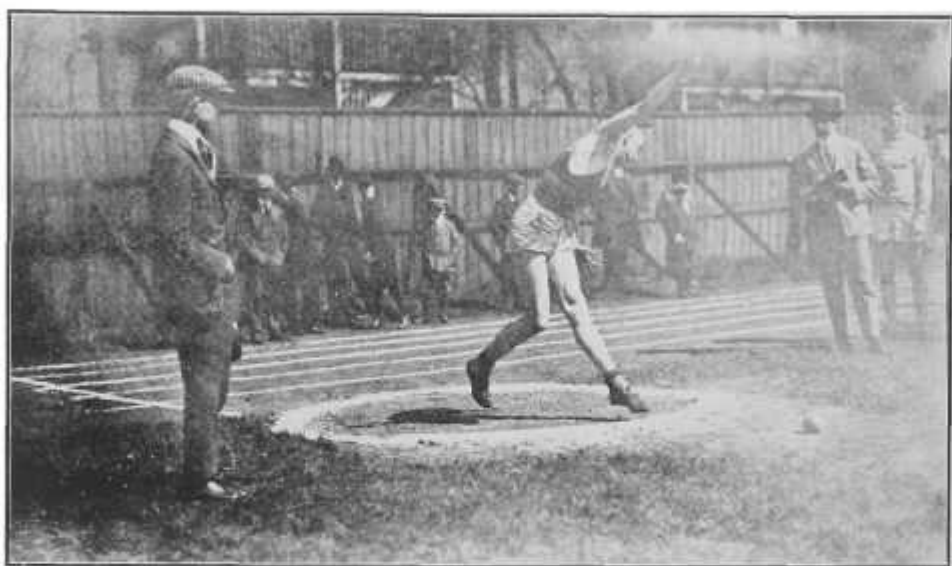


THIS LAD IS NAMED GIB SAWYER,  
CARTOONIST IS HE OF FAME;  
HE USED TO GO TO OUR SCHOOL,  
MOST EVERY DAY HE CAME.



OF YORE CARTOONS HE USED TO DRAW,  
OF WHICH WE ALL WERE PROUD,  
BUT LOOK AND SEE WHAT HAPPENED  
WHEN HE TRIED TO DRAW A CROWD.





# FRESHMAN TRACK

An illustration of a runner in mid-stride on the left, and a leaping animal, possibly a cougar or panther, on the right, both integrated into the title text.



### THE SWIMMING TEAM

Harlan Metcalf, Captain  
Ed Williams  
Herman Anspach

Jared Smith  
William Chambers  
George Jennings

**T**HE swimming team has worked hard this year, under great obstacles, Metcalf being the only man from last year's team in school this year. Nevertheless, East was represented in both of the big inter-scholastic meets. Point winners for East, in these meets, were Metcalf and Williams. Good material for next year's team has been developed by faithful practice, and the exceptionally fine Freshmen team gives promise of a successful season.

East has the best Freshmen relay team in the city. In both inter-scholastic meets this team won easily.



THE WIND-UP OF THE  
FOOTBALL SEASON

# EDITORIAL

Fred N. Palmer, Jr.

## AFTER HIGH SCHOOL—WHAT?

**T**HE present age belongs to the trained man and the trained woman. There are so many people of "natural ability," of excellent education and unlimited experience, that to forge out a living in so overcharged an atmosphere demands that every educational opportunity be eagerly grasped.

In the mad pursuit of today, time, or the lack of it, is the cry. Little of the valuable article will, therefore, be spent on a person of general education, when, by reaching past him, an individual of special training can be secured. The latter type stands out among the ever increasing multitude of people who are well educated in a general way. His chance to meet favorable opportunities is doubled, for the mart is glutted and the employer has but to pick the best.

A person is not judged today by the opportunities that may, or may not, have been available, but by the knowledge and experience that he has actually acquired, and the size of the salary that he receives is regulated by the number of people who can do the same work.

On the completion of your high school studies you will have secured an excellent foundation for a successful career, but only the foundation. If you would succeed, analyze your own character, study your traits, and decide upon that vocation for which you think you are best fitted and which will bring to you the greatest enjoyment in life. Then prepare yourself diligently until you have gained the right to be called the trained man or the trained woman.

Above all, start *now*!

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"Emerson says the great question is not, 'What Am I?' but, 'In What Direction Am I going?' What are we doing during spare time better to prepare ourselves for next year?"



## SOCIETIES

ANYONE affiliated with the present East High cannot help noticing the large number of clubs and societies. Hardly a day of the week passes without a meeting of one of them. Organizations of widely varied natures have been instituted, such as literary and debating clubs, distinct class formations, and those of musical, artistic, and social interest. If the goodly number of societies chartered in East has not reached the enrollment of the pupils, it has at least attained a point where for each possible interest there is a company of individuals, banded together in some respect, and recognized as the champions of that cause.

Formerly when there were fewer of these clubs in the school, there was opportunity for the formation of undemocratic cliques with their usual attendant evils.

If "the personal element" becomes the dominating factor in a society the organizations would be better disbanded. However, admittance to these companies is now so governed that in many cases it no longer becomes merely a matter of personal favoritism as to who may enter their sanctuaries. Rather, we are glad to say, the tyro is placed strictly on a basis of qualification. Thus those who, though well fit, were perhaps unreasonably barred, are at par with others.

It has been intimated sometimes that the individual of studious personality is, in high school life, but little more than what a non-fraternity man is said to be at some colleges, a social outcast. But with so large and varied a set of school activities no one can feel that he has not opportunities for the exercise of his ability.

---

## "JUST A MINUTE"

THIS is a time of efficiency; of the card index. We live according to a schedule; we go to bed when the clock strikes; we rise when the alarm rings; we glance at the news between bites; we work a certain number of hours; and, as a rule, we spend a period of each day at our individual enjoyments, probably the movies, or reading. But, aside from the amusement which we all need, is the reading that we do entirely intended for immediate pleasure, or does it propose some future usefulness? Of the entire length of the average life-time, the first fifth, or the group of years spent before graduating from high school, is the most impressionable. It is, therefore, to the interest of boys and girls who are about to face the existing conditions of life, to peruse books, magazines, and daily papers, not merely for recreation, but with a thought of future advantage.

Furthermore, have we space in our daily time-table for real, serious, independent thought? It is a principle of today's efficiency to reduce the duration of each task. The condition of greatest "speed with accuracy" is to be desired, but how rarely does there come into our daily scheme a few minutes of clear, individual thinking? We say we have not time for this, that, and the other, but somehow we always find a minute to gossip, criticize, or knock. If the time spent thus each day could be gathered together and were available for some active original thought, how much sooner we would approach the true meaning of intellectual education!

---

Before a fellow acquires the habit of smoking, he does not like to smoke; he just likes the idea.

## A MAN

**D**IOGENES walked the streets of Athens at midday, carrying a lighted lantern, saying, "I seek a man." The legend does not say that he found one. On another occasion he exclaimed in the market-place, "Hear me, ye men!" and, as a crowd rushed up to him, he scornfully waved it back, saying, "I called for *men*, not for pigmies."

Today the world is seeking men as never before. No matter how severe a business depression prevails, no matter how many men are out of employment, there is hardly a business establishment of high order which has not over its entrance door the advertisement, "Wanted—MEN."

Last year the Cleveland Board of Education spent over three million dollars in maintaining public schools in an effort to answer this call. "Tis a good, round sum." This money was spent, not on charitable or philanthropic grounds; it was done purely on business principles. The city and state expect this huge investment to pay rich dividends in an improved quality of citizenship—in real MEN.

East High is earnestly endeavoring to furnish this higher quality of citizenship and to supply this demand for men—the term "man" including, of course, both sexes. I believe much has been accomplished in this endeavor, but much remains to be done. Mistakes are made. So long as men are fallible, every school will make them—especially schools that abandon paths worn deep by following customs and legend, and that pioneer in new territory in their endeavor to realize higher and nobler ideals. When failures are but stepping-stones to success, when "we rise by the things that are under our feet"—and that is what East High aims to do—failures have served a good purpose.

The worthy product of school work results from the harmonious combination of three factors—teacher, pupil, parent. It is a mathematical law that if one factor is zero, the product is zero. Every factor must be significant and make itself potent in the grand result.

Knowing that the work we are doing is only a beginning, that it will show a steady and healthy growth, and that East High will more and more become a power for good in the community it serves, let us push forward, cultivating to richer fruitage the fields we have occupied, and let us courageously and hopefully seek the greater good that may lie hidden in the largely unknown regions surrounding us.

"God, give us men. A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands:  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And scorn his treacherous flatterings without winking;  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty and in private thinking."

DANIEL W. LOTHMAN.



## THE "COME CLEAN CAMPAIGN"

**T**HE "Come Clean Campaign," which was started in East shortly after Christmas, speaks for itself, but it is well for others to say something, at least, about so worthy a movement. The interest that was shown in it and the appreciation of its value go to show the attitude which East holds toward such moral principles. If East is not marked by "clean speech, clean sports, clean habits," it is our duty now to make it so.

We believe that a long step toward the accomplishment of such an aim would be the adoption of an athletic creed like the following:

### "AN ATHLETIC CREED"

[AFFILIATED HIGH SCHOOL CLUBS OF GREATER CINCINNATI]

We believe in **ATHLETICS**.

We believe the entire school should loyally support the teams.

We are opposed to unfairness and crookedness on the athletic field and we believe that courtesy and gentlemanly conduct should mark all inter-school sports.

We believe it is better to lose a game honestly than to win dishonestly.

We believe that the fellows who start a "rough house" after a game, or who cause bad feeling during a game, harm their own team and bring discredit upon their own school.

After all, we think the big things in athletics are the development of health, quick thinking, self-control and true sportsmanship.

Yours for **BETTER** and **CLEANER** athletics.



## ABSENCE

**A**BSENCE may, at first, seem a topic hardly worthy of consideration; but, indeed, it demands our strictest attention. Mr. Lothman, who, above all others, is continually striving for our good, has seen fit to characterize absence from school as a most important factor in the scholarship of the school. With a view to elevating scholarship a movement was started by Mr. Lothman, through the teachers, for the express purpose of lessening the general percentage of absence. Undue stress has not been laid upon this matter, but it has gradually been brought to attention until now splendid results are showing, and a yet higher standard of scholarship is inevitable.

There is a class of pupils who seem to consider the matter of frequent absence from school a thing of no consequence, but it takes only an ordinary observer to notice that the majority belonging to this rank seldom deem it expedient to complete the regular course in the ordinary time. They have all their life ahead of them, they seem to think; and so they have, but few among them would consider the mere completion of a high school course a satisfactory life vocation.

Man was placed upon this earth to live by the "sweat of his brow," and not forever upon the paternal indulgence. If, then, pupils would but realize that sooner or later responsibility will rest on their own shoulders, less time would be spent in the manufacture of plausible excuses.

## EFFICIENCY?

**A**RE we becoming too efficient? Have we over-methodized ourselves? Have we developed systems too exacting for ability? Perhaps not. But are people as much given to the valuing of fine ideals as in years past? These are questions well worth pondering.

In our modern era of efficiency we may not have the time to read this, for in the pell-mell race of greed, time is thought of merely in its capacity to earn dollars, or in its ability to form automatic machines of human minds for the making of more money. Time is seldom used to live, really live, with an attending growth in character and soul. In the present we have not a second to spare from our petty worries and trials for an ennobling thought. Many kind little deeds are left undone because we can so easily persuade our obedient brains that we have not the time for such things.

Can anyone have cares, anxieties, burdens any heavier to bear than those borne by Lincoln? A Titan, he held the Nation on his shoulders; yet how numberless were his acts of love and kindness. Not an applicant but received attention, mothers' pleas for sons were heard; even those with axes to grind gained entrance; yet how great was *his* efficiency. Does that of today compare with his?

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## INDOOR SPORTS

**T**HERE is one very profitable and eventually enjoyable indoor game which may be played by anyone attending high school. Any number of players may participate; the main condition of the game being that during its progress each player must be isolated. You might call this a game of solitaire except that after once playing your hand, the results are compared with those of others.

The best time to play is after supper, as with most indoor games. Obtain for each player a separate room in which are placed school textbooks and writing material as though for night-work studying. When all is prepared each player enters his room and closes the door; then sitting down at a table with a good lamp nearby he proceeds to study his next day's lessons.

Whoever plays this game "square" wins.

ROBERT MOORE, '17.





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THE BORED INTERRUPTED

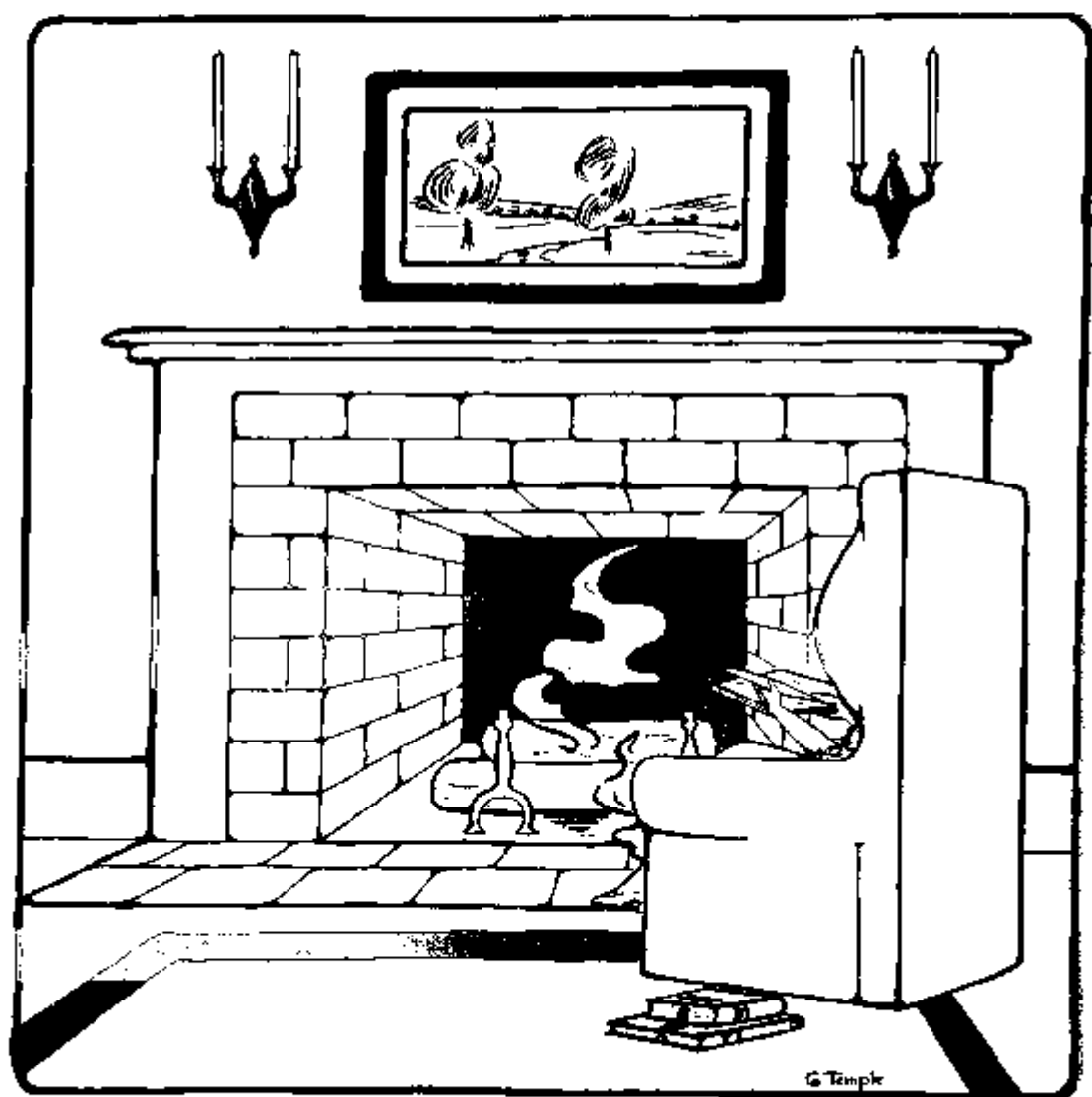
# THE BLUE AND GOLD



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# LITERATURE



I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment or history to mislead my opinion.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

## BETWEEN FOUR AND FIVE IN THE MORNING

"YES, indeed," said a young acquaintance of mine, as he leaned comfortably back in his chair, "I'm a firm and ardent believer in mental telepathy in practically all of its phases. Some very interesting and successful experiments have been made, and I'm sure you'd be surprised to hear the methods taken to accomplish the wonderful results." His eyes were gleaming, and he seemed entirely absorbed in the seriousness of his subject.

"I'll wager," he continued, "that I can make you come down stairs and meet me here in the lobby between four and five in the morning." We were living at a summer hotel at the time.

"If you're addressing me," said I, quite calmly, "I can assure you, that you'll never get me to come down here between four and five in the morning." My confidence received its first shock when I happened to notice the intense earnestness of his expression. Could he really think that he had the power to bring me down stairs at such an unearthly hour? The idea was preposterous! I felt myself growing a bit indignant at the apparent conceit of the youth.

"I mean what I say," he said, as if divining my thoughts. "I'll make you come down here between four and five in the morning."

"You can't do it," was my reply, but I realized that I was now feigning the confidence which I formerly possessed.

"It's a bet," he said, and I thought he jumped at it. "A necktie against a box of candy." What made him so sure? I lived to learn. When he bade me good night, I noticed a malicious twinkle in his eyes, but I attributed it to his youthful vanity.

When I reached my room for the purpose of retiring for the night, I became conscious of vague wonderings and doubts. Before I had had little faith in his claim of occult power, but now I began to question my own boasting. I remembered that I had heard a great deal about the power of mental concentration. Maybe his mind was enough stronger than mine to compel me to go down stairs quite against my will. The very possibility dazed me. Particularly I reasoned to myself, would I be more susceptible to telepathic influence when asleep or in a semi-conscious state? I decided that between four and five I must not sleep, but endeavor to counteract the efforts of the other mind. My slumber upon that memorable night was not of the soundest. At frequent intervals I turned on the light and looked at my watch to see if the fatal hour of four was approaching. At last the hour passed, but I must confess my mind worked strenuously. It was one of the most exciting hours that I have ever spent. When I heard the stroke of five I felt my heart leap. I was victorious! I had not gone down stairs between four and five in the morning.

The next morning I went down to breakfast in a most triumphant frame of mind. I was a bit surprised to find when my friend met me at the door that he also wore a pleased expression.

"You've lost your bet," he said.

"You can't trick me into believing that," I answered. "I'm perfectly sure I did not come down here between four and five."

"You certainly did," he cried; and he whisked me upstairs and stood me in front of my room door.

On one side of the door frame was a piece of card-board bearing the figure 4. On the other side was a piece of card-board bearing the figure 5. I had come down stairs between four and five, in the morning!

The next day the student of metaphysics received his necktie. Needless to say, I enjoyed the candy.

MARGARET JOSEPH, '17.

## THE MALE GOSSIP

(A COMMON SPECIMEN ABOUT WHICH LITTLE IS SAID)

"WELL, if you do insist I will sit down and have a smoke. Thanks! What do you think about college this year?-----Same as ever? That's where we disagree, I'm telling you. The same! Why, man!! Haven't we a new coach for one thing, who has turned all the athletic committee into different men? Old man Brown used to be a good old scout, but now since that new fellow set foot in town he's become a regular grouch. He used to excuse us fellows from some work every time we won a game, and now he's got it into his head that the football men are no better than the ordinary students. Then the new coach went and canned Smith from the team and put that little brat in his place, and the only thing he had against Smith was that little excursion up to the city. Smith gave up sports altogether.

"Say! did you notice the dame he had with him at the game?-----You're not interested in women? Quit your kidding, you can't feed me on any of that bunk. Gee! she wears classy clothes and is a swell dancer, too, so Smith says. She don't ask those fool questions most girls do about games. She's a regular sport!-----You have a lot of studying to do? Say, man, you're a fool to settle down so. No one thinks any more of you for cramming. You know some of the fellows were saying the other night that you were getting to be a mighty slow chap, since you started to be pals with Fisher.-----Fisher may be a regular guy, but the others don't like him, and it pays to keep on good terms with the favorite fellow.-----You say the kid's clever? Well, being clever isn't everything in this world.

"So you are going to have a Greek exam?-----I *didn't* insinuate a make-up. Since when did you start out for a scholarship? What's the use, old scout? Those prigs Bradley and Burns have those scholarships cinched. Do you know they say Burns's staying in school depends upon his getting a financial boost this way? I'd like to see you beat Bradley to it. He has acquired such an exalted opinion of Mr. S. T. Bradley since that math prof's daughter took him to that sorority dance.-----I should say not. That isn't sour grapes.-----I remember I did ask her to the Delta Alpha dance, but I took her as a last resort because Miss Rose was out of town. She would have gone with me too if she hadn't had a previous engagement.-----

"You must study now as you're going out tonight? Give the study a rest and walk over to the gym to see the basket ball practice.-----Well, go to it, old man, but remember if you get brain fever, I'm not to blame. Well, I guess I'll be a-stepping. You don't seem very sociable. I hope you'll be better natured when I come again. Thanks for the tobacco. So long!"

LOIS VAN RAALTE, '17.

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## SCHOOL! SCHOOL! SCHOOL!

Oh, why do we have to go to school,  
And study so hard every day?  
It's killing me really! It's killing me fast;  
Already my hair has turned gray.  
I'd much rather sleep, and I'd much rather eat  
Or go to a dance or a show.  
But I might as well wish the sun wouldn't rise  
Or wish that the wind wouldn't blow.

MARY JANES, '19.

## THE BLACK HAND

"PUT \$8,000 in small bills under the old bridge by Saturday night or we will blow up your house. THE BLACK HAND."

This was the terrifying command that Mrs. Louis Trevor, wife of the famous glue king, read one dismal Saturday afternoon. The note which she had found on her dining-room table was evidently written in a disguised hand, for the characters were large and awkward.

Mrs. Trevor turned pale and would have fallen had she not grasped the edge of the table. Trembling, she recalled what she had read in the papers. "Black Hand again active," they had said. Just then her small son Louis Jr. came into the room. With a great effort Mrs. Trevor recovered her self-composure before the child had noticed her fright. At all costs he must know nothing about Black Hand societies and such evils.

"Would you like some bread and jam?" she asked him, seeking some means of keeping him busy so that she might have time to think.

"Sure," came the ready response.

Mrs. Trevor summoned a servant and Louis Jr. was soon busy with his bread. She could hardly wait until her husband came home. When at length he arrived she was so upset that she could only hold out the note to him and weakly gasp, "Read."

"What shall we do?" she asked as soon as he had read it.

"Do?" he echoed, "why, inform the police, that's all."

"Oh, no! Don't you suppose they would find out and then carry out their threat? Give them the money a hundred times sooner. They might kill Louis."

"Now don't you fret," her husband replied, "these people are so afraid of the police that they'd sooner jump in the river than even be caught with a stick of dynamite."

"But, supposing they really mean it?" said his wife, beginning to weaken.

"No supposing to it," he snorted and went to the telephone. He called up the detective department and soon made known the facts.

An hour later the bell rang and two tall, broad-shouldered, plain clothes men were shown in. Mr. Trevor handed them the note and the two men drew off to one side and scanned it eagerly.

"Looks like some of Tony Dorigo's work," said one.

"Yes, either his or one of his men's," the other added.

"Well, we'll see to this at once," said the first, turning to Mr. Trevor, "in the meantime you'd better hire a man to watch your premises and also, you'd better watch your young son—Tony is experienced in kidnaping, you know."

At this last statement Mrs. Trevor gasped and rushed upstairs to her son's room. When she saw him peacefully sleeping she breathed a sigh of relief.

That night she slept but little. Every little while she would tiptoe into her son's room to make sure that he had not been kidnaped.

The next day she would not allow Louis Jr. to go to Sunday school. She would not even permit him to go out into the back yard. Her husband, though he laughed at her fears, nevertheless did not side with his son. He, too, was troubled, but was too proud to admit it.

On Monday Mrs. Trevor reluctantly allowed Louis Jr. to play in the back yard with James Dover, a boy of about his own age. The two were soon chasing each other up and down the yard. Suddenly Mrs. Trevor, who stood at a window watching them, was startled when she heard her son exclaim,

"Let's play Black Hand, you can write the letter this time."

VINCENT S. FRANKEL, Jan., 1917.



## "RAGS"

"RAGS"; yes, that was his name, and he was born in the slums of Quebec. Rags was not a full-blooded dog, but a half-bull terrier, the fighting kind so much feared by other dogs. From birth Rags had roamed the slums of the city with no one to take care of him. His lunch counters consisted of garbage pails back of the houses and saloons.

Such was Rags's life until one night in December. While roaming through the yard in the rear of the "Annex" restaurant, he sniffed tracks in the deep snow. Following the tracks he soon came upon a dark heap in a corner of the yard. There was a moment more of excited sniffing, and then such a howl as had never before been heard rent the air.

Windows in the apartments above the restaurant were thrown up, and one man, dressing hastily, appeared in the yard, shouting at the dog and threatening him with a broom handle. Rags, however, was not afraid and went boldly up to the man. The club was about to come down on the dog's head, but something in the way Rags whined and tugged at his coat made the angry man pause.

Looking out into the snow-covered yard he perceived the dark heap, which proved to be a young man in an unconscious condition.

The wounded man was carried into the house, a doctor summoned, and soon his story was learned. He had been lured into the yard by two men who had beaten him and taken his money.

After Walters, for that he said was his name, had told his story, his rescuer gave him an account of how he had been saved.

Walters looked at Rags. "You sure have saved my life," he said. "If it hadn't been for you, I'd a' frozen, sure. How'd you like to go home with me?"

So for the first time in his year and a half of life Rags had a home to sleep in. Rags and his master became very much attached to each other, and all went well for some months. John Walters was a sergeant in the 245th Quebec infantry, and one night he brought home news that they had received orders to prepare to leave. Rags apparently understood. He became disconsolate. How could he live without his master? He became sullen and ate little or nothing.

But one day Walters brought home good news. Rags was under the kitchen table and heard him say to his wife, "We leave next Thursday, and I got permission today to take Rags as mascot for the 245th Quebec."

You should have seen Rags then!

Thursday came, and with sad farewells the 245th left with Rags as mascot. Most of the soldiers were good to Rags, and he began to enjoy his new life. He saw the sieges of Nancy and Rheims, and many other great battles. The roar of the cannon soon became music to his ears.

Then came Verdun, that terrible battleground. Rags was ever with his master, watching him during the fight, sleeping at his side, when opportunity came for sleep. One night there came the order to charge, and charge they did. Rags lost his master in the confusion and could not find him.

The second trench was won, and the soldiers were counting the missing. Sergeant Walters was one. Rags was also missing.

Morning disclosed John Walters, dead, upon the strip between the trenches, "no man's land." By his side was Rags. All efforts to bring the dog back into the trenches failed, and shortly before noon a stray bullet pierced his head. Rags lay dead by the side of the master he so dearly loved.

EDWIN JOSEPH, '17.

## NIAGARA FALLS

**L**AST summer came my opportunity to visit Niagara Falls. I had read and listened to many descriptions of this wonderful spectacle, and it had become the dearest wish of my heart to feast my eyes upon its grandeur and beauty.

Only one who has made the trip can appreciate my feelings during the ride from Buffalo. At each of the numerous curves in the road my expectancy was aroused. Was I not soon to hear the roar of the giant of waters? Was not a glimpse of the pictured beauty soon to appear?

The ride of an hour, more or less, seemed endless, but at last we took the car for the "great gorge route." Then my expectations began rapidly to be realized.

We swung out from behind the foliage of a park to see on the high hills opposite us the woods of Canada. Directly ahead stretched the long international bridge, teeming with the passing tourists, while gradually on all sides there opened out a wider panorama. The unforgettable roar increased in volume, and as we proceeded farther toward the other shore, little by little the heart of the picture was unveiled.

Everyone was silent; perhaps some were dazed, but I distinctly remember that the feeling with which I had expected to be impressed was not experienced. I was almost disappointed, but later I realized the delusion that had been wrought within my mind. From former accounts I had thought to be awed, overwhelmed; rather, it was the incomparable beauty and grandeur of Nature's masterpiece which struck me. Later, perhaps, I was awed by the proximity to the roaring waters, but such a feeling might also be experienced upon scrutinizing a painting at close hand, its better qualities not being revealed at such a distance.

I know now, as does anyone who has visited the Falls, that there is no description of it, and that there can be none, for the reason that in Nature there is nothing with which to compare it.

BOB MOORE, '17.



## FLOWERS

A garden of flowers;  
'Tis a wonderful sight.  
Their colors so gorgeous  
Make everything bright.

Some are perched on their stems  
So stately and tall,  
That you'd think, they were ready  
To go to a ball.

The crocus is daintily sipping the dew,  
Her cup is a leaf that is just right for two.  
The bluebell is nodding her head in the breeze,  
The violets grow in the shade 'neath the trees.

MARY JAMES, '19.

## A DAY AT EAST HIGH

The noisy alarm-clock.  
The refreshing nap.  
The call from below.  
The missing collar-button.  
The dust under bureau.  
The frenzied dressing.  
The pouring rain.  
The absence of street-cars.  
The water-logged shoes.  
The late arrival.  
The truthful excuse.  
The utelitwel look.  
The ninth-hour prospect.  
The ignorance of lessons.  
The intelligent aspect.  
The hope of being forgotten.  
The word that means *you*.  
The badly pulled stall.  
The one-sided argument.  
The sweet sarcasm.  
The circular estimate.  
The refreshing seat.

The auditorium.  
The sunken feeling.  
The announcement of victims.  
The journey to stage.  
The noisy applause.  
The bow to chairman.  
The awful stillness.  
The wabby platform.  
The support of table.  
The whyanda—anda—  
The flight of thought.  
The weight of hands.  
The immensity of feet.  
The pimple on chin.  
The loud silence.  
The titter.  
The rising temperature.  
The wrinkled brow.  
The nerve-racking eternity.  
The graceful retreat.  
The step you missed.  
The floor you hit.  
The applause you received.  
The crack you tried to hide in.  
The next martyr.  
The same antics.  
The laugh you gave him.  
The better feeling.  
The locomotive.

The return to grinds.  
The library-slip you couldn't get.  
The ten you didn't make.  
The bell at two-forty-five.  
The clock-ticks.  
The passing remarks.  
The end of a perfect day.

BOB MOORE.



## THE FAMILY WASHING

I WAS the family, my clothing the washing, and I did the scrubbing. The reason for my so unusual activity in a cleanliness campaign was the fact that my pants, as trousers are called in deck vernacular, were becoming so stiff that I could not stand them, or rather they were so stiff that they stood around me. It is a fact that I left them standing at the head of my bunk when I turned in, and as I slept in the upper one I had merely to drop into my patient pants in the morning to clothe myself.

The other fellows were complaining, too, because of the added amount of *soogeeing*, or scrubbing, caused by my attire. You could always plainly see the places where my clothing came in contact with the white paint of the cabins. Iron ore and coal dust in generous quantities mingled in dirty machine-oil composed the solution in which my pants were literally steeped. I was afraid to strike a match on them and was in constant fear of being a victim of spontaneous combustion, but I hated to break my record for it was beyond my remembrance when my pants had been washed before.

I had to do it, though, for they threatened to tow me astern on a heaving line. So, one night after all the other deckaroons were snoring peacefully and forcefully I gathered all my sweetly perfumed garments tenderly in my arms and stole cautiously into the windlass-room where the others so cruelly boiled their unfeeling habiliments. I wept bitter tears when I was forced to beat my poor pants with a stick in order to persuade them enter the bucket. To make it as easy for them as I could I put in two cakes of soap and then it almost broke my heart to turn on the steam. I could not stand to watch their agony, and so crept back to my bunk for sleepless hours. Finally I relieved them and my own feelings by giving them a cold bath, and then hanging them dripping on a hand-rail to dry. At last I could sleep.

Clangety-clang rang the breakfast-bell, and I dropped over the side of my bunk as usual, then ran to "wash up." But wait! there was something missing; where were my pants? they must have fallen over. I ran to see, but no, they were not there! Then I remembered and rushed to get them. They were bone-dry, but, oh, how strange they felt! how dead! I drew them on nevertheless, and in the hurry for the mess-room did not notice how tight they were around the waist, or if I did I thought merely that I was growing stout.

I started down the deck running and buttoning my jumper at the same time. "What are they all laughing at?" I thought to myself when I saw the fellows, and then I noticed them looking at me and at my legs. I looked down myself and beheld my beloved pants halfway to my knees and fitting like a pair of tights.

When I went home I asked my mother how to wash a pair of wool pants.

I. M. BATTY, '99.



## MY GREATEST SURPRISE

**L**AST summer I worked at one of the branch libraries here in Cleveland. To the north and west of this library is one of the poorest parts of the city. It was in this district that the incident which I shall relate took place.

On one of the hottest of days last summer a little girl of seven years came up to me with a registration card which she had taken home to have signed by either her father or her mother. As it is important that the parents know that the children are taking books, we are very particular as to who has signed the registration card. I looked at the card the little girl handed me, and there on the line for the signature was a small neat-looking cross. I looked up and said, "Who made that cross, Dorothy?"

"My mother."

"Can't your mother write?" I asked.

"Nope," was the reply.

"Was your father at home?"

"Sure."

"He can write his name, I know. He signed your sister's card, didn't he?"

"Yep."

"Why didn't he sign yours?"

"Don't know."

"Doesn't he want you to take books?"

"Don't know."

"Well, you take the card home again and have your father write his name."

Dorothy took the card and went. In about half an hour she came back. I looked at the card once more. This time there were two crosses.

"Dorothy," I exclaimed, "didn't I tell you to have your father sign it?"

"Yep."

"Why didn't he?"

"Don't know."

"Dorothy, I will go home with you to see your parents. Can they talk English?"

"Nope, Polish."

"Well, come along. You can do the talking."

Outside we were immediately joined by a dirty little dog, and the three of us went peacefully down the street.

"Say, Dorothy, did you really ask your father to write his name?" I asked.

"Yep."

"What did he say?"

"He said he was too tired."

"What was he doing?"

"Eating his dinner."

About this time I became aware that we were going out of our way to go to Dorothy's home, but decided to follow my guide. It was well that I was determined on following her, for all at once Dorothy slipped into an alley and started to run. I ran after her. On we went, through the back of a saloon, through a couple of back-yards, climbed over a rubbish pile, squeezed through between two houses which were about eighteen inches apart, and landed in front of Dorothy's home. In the race we had just finished, I don't know just where the dog came in, but I am quite sure I was third. However, one glance at the innocent expression on the face of my young acquaintance was enough to banish from my mind the thought that she was trying to lose me.

We went into the house and climbed the rickety stairs to the room that my companions lived in. On entering this small room the first thing that I noticed was the intense heat, for, added to the heat of the day, was that made by a number of burning coals. These coals were heaped up on the open oven door of an old gas range. The air had a bad odor because the only window in the room was closed. Besides the stove there was a bed of straw on the floor, a chair and a table.

As we went in, Dorothy's older sister, Annie, got up from the chair and came forward.

"Well, girls, where are your parents?" I said. It was Annie that answered.

"Mother goes out working all day, and father's in the workhouse."

I was so surprised that I do not know exactly what I said. However, I hurried back to something I felt sure would be firm and would not give a surprise—the chair behind the desk at the library.

GEORGE FENSTERMACHER, '18.



## WAR

The war has made a world of strife,  
And caused great sacrifice of life;  
And all because of shot and shell  
The people of the world know well  
That ev'rything is going up.

The warring nations could not go  
On land 'cause travel was too slow;  
The seas were dangerous, 'twas seen,  
Because they built the submarine.  
Dirigibles are going up.

The soldiers could not live on air;  
The commissary tent was bare;  
Belligerents just begged for food,  
And so U. S. sold what it could.  
The price of food is going up.

Man's inhumanity to man  
Is doing ev'rything it can  
To reinstate the brutal phase  
Of life, as 'twas in ancient days.  
Humanity is going up!

The world is quite alarmed just now,  
Because it's wondering just how  
The awful war will end and make  
All those to blame see their mistake.  
The cry of peace is going up.

WALLACE MQUAT, '18.

## SAFETY FIRST

To be a hero, sure, is fine;  
To hear the cheers and know they're mine.  
The limelight post—ah, that's the life! I love it.  
To hear all shout aloud my name,  
To feel I'll make the Hall of Fame,  
No earthly bliss can rank a bit above it.

To save a life I'd gladly try;  
In fighting, never "Quits" I'd cry;  
I'd face the lion's jaw or hot flames belching.  
But there's one sport which makes me pause;  
And truly I believe I've cause.  
Read on before you say that I am welching.

It's football makes me hesitate,  
It looks too much like tempting fate,  
The truth I'll tell, e'en though I fear you'll blame me,  
I love my Alma Mater dear,  
But not enough, I sadly fear,  
To let eleven boys jump on and maim me.

I've seen the ends go tearing by,  
And gaily punch the full-back's eye;  
Some say a touch-down's worth a leg—but never  
Shall athlete bold or slugger strong  
(Their pardon if I do them wrong)  
Have chance from me my arms or legs to sever.

HARRY RICH, '17.



## THE AWAKENING

THE United States was on the verge of war with Germany. A crisis between the two countries had been reached, and any slight provocation might throw the United States into the great war which was raging throughout Europe. The American people were preparing with feverish anxiety. The newspapers were giving a great deal of space, endeavoring to get 500,000 more men to enlist in the army and navy to train and be ready for war.

The final relations with Germany had been severed by the United States, the cause being Germany's sinking a ship and drowning seven Americans who were passengers on it. The German ambassador and his assistants had been sent back to their native country. The German government was also notified by the United States that it would not permit any further infringements of its rights as a neutral nation.

The wrath of the United States was increased by reports that the German government was paying the Mexican rebels and supplying them

with ammunition with which to make war on the United States. It was also reported that Zeppelins had been seen flying over Mexico and near the border of the United States. It was believed these Zeppelins belonged to the Germans and were being made ready for an attack on the United States.

The Knox building was the finest and tallest building in New York City. It had only recently been built and occupied.

After midnight the crowds on Broadway, the street in which the Knox building stood, began to thin down, and inside of an hour or two there were not many people to be seen. Such was the condition on the night of the 22nd day of February, 1917. Those people who were on the street suddenly heard a crash, and, looking toward the Knox building, saw with amazement that it was tumbling down—first the upper part falling, and then story after story collapsing as though some tremendous weight was falling through the center of the building and was breaking all the supports, causing the walls to cave in.

The news of this disaster spread rapidly. The natural supposition was that the German Zeppelins had made an attack on New York. This was strengthened by the assertion of an eye-witness that he saw some large object, which seemed to fall from the roof, go down through the center of the building, setting fire to everything in its wake. The conclusion of the people was that the Zeppelins had made the attack, and had dropped some new kind of bomb that plowed its way downward in this way.

A search, directly after the crash, of the surrounding sky by search-lights of ships in the harbor, failed to locate a single Zeppelin. The public, however, knew that Zeppelins had been seen close to the Mexican border, and drew their own conclusions. After the news of the attack on New York City, there was no difficulty in securing more than the number of men required for the army and navy.

Fear of more attacks by Zeppelins caused the larger cities to issue orders requiring all the lights except those that were really necessary to be extinguished at 10 P. M. The harbors along the coast were closed at night, no boats being allowed to enter or leave, and chain nets were spread under water to prevent hostile submarines from entering the ports. At the same time the war department was making a systematic search, trying to locate the Zeppelins and see if they could get any evidence by which to lay the blame. Also it was found necessary to have the news pertaining to state matters censored.

Two weeks had passed since the building had been wrecked. Men had cleared away most of the debris, and were now working in the basement of the building. Suddenly they began uncovering some large mass of compact iron about seventy-five feet in diameter, which was sunk deep into the ground. No one could imagine how this object had come there, for it was not there when the building was built. After much discussion one of the most noted meteorologists of the country announced that it was a meteor.

Meteors are large bodies of molten metal which fly through the air, but it is seldom they come close to the earth. It was explained that the Knox building, being the tallest building, and, therefore, extending farther into the sky, happened to be in the path of the meteor, and had been hit by it.

When it was announced to the public that the Germans had not destroyed the building, a great feeling of relief was felt by the people, as they were not anxious for war unless it was forced upon them. The crisis was past, and war for the time averted. CHARLES MELBOURNE, '17.



## APRIL TWELFTH

"NOW, Tottie, dear, I wish that you would get into bed like a good girl, or else mother and daddy will be late for dinner."

"All right, muvver, I'll be dood, if you will only dimme Teddy."

The mother, a fair-haired, slender woman, dressed in a frock of shimmering green, took Teddy from his perch on the wash-stand shelf and handed him to Tottie, a wee elf of a girl of five years, now snuggled up in her bed.

"I say, Len, aren't you ready yet?" A tall man, dark, with clean-cut features, appeared in the doorway.

"Yes, dear, but Tottie wants you to say good-night."

"Can't go to sleep without your daddy's kiss, can you, Puss?" And Philip Warren bent over to receive a bear-like hug from his tiny daughter, gave the covers a few pats and turned out the light.

"A gorgeous night for the dance, isn't it, Phil?" asked Ellen, his wife, as she tripped happily beside him to the dining-room.

"Fine; and it seems to have a wonderful effect on you. You look a veritable sea-nymph in that green gown with your golden hair."

"Oh, Phil!" she protested, yet slightly flushing with pleasure.

They had been married seven years, these two, but always, after Tottie was in bed and asleep, they laid aside the role of mother and father and were sweet-hearts, once again.

They had now reached the dining-room. The first-cabin passengers of the Cedric, finest liner of the White Star line, were already engaged in their meal. The Warrens hurriedly took their places, exchanging nods with the many acquaintances they had made on their trip, now only three days old. The dinner was gay, but short, for all were eager for the dance to follow.

It was indeed a brilliant night for a dance. It was April, a gorgeous moonlight night with a south breeze blowing. Phil and his wife stopped on deck a moment before entering the ball-room, to drink in the beauty of the night. In silence they gazed at the wide expanse of smooth sea and the moon, sending its rippling, silvery path down upon the waters. Then the orchestra struck up and seemed to break the charm. Philip spoke.

"Are you going to dance with your count tonight, Len?"

"Why will you persist in calling Monsieur Dumont a count? He isn't, I'm sure."

"Well, he certainly looks like one, if he isn't, with that tiny waxed moustache of his."

"I'm sure I think it very becoming."

"I suppose you do. Women usually like that sort of thing. Well, never mind. Who was it you wanted me to be good to tonight?"

"It is that pale little girl that I introduced you to yesterday afternoon. Angelica Farnol is her name. She is such a shy little thing. I am afraid she won't have a very good time."

By this time Dumont had come up to Ellen to claim his dance, and Phil went in search of Angelica. He had but walked the stretch of the deck, when suddenly there was a mighty crash and roar as if the elements had burst forth in a howl of wrath. There was a terrific grating sound, a horrid creaking, and the ship swerved as if in a convulsion of agony. Then it shot forward. Philip was flung backwards violently, his head striking the railing of the deck. He lay stunned for a moment, but the sudden shrill screaming of women and the hoarse shouts of men brought him to his senses. He staggered to his feet. Good heavens, what was it? Could it be—? But, no, how foolish! Where was Len? He must find her. He made for the door of the ball-room, but was roughly pushed aside, nearly

trampled on by the terrified crowd that strove to reach the deck. A woman, pale with fear, with tears rolling down her cheeks, sobbed out in a strangled voice:

"An iceberg! What will become of us?"

He forced his way through, but Len was not there. The thought flashed to him that she must have gone to get Tottie. He dashed like a mad thing through the passage-way, nearly knocking over a trembling steward. He opened the state-room door, discovered Tottie a frightened heap amidst the bed-clothes, but Len— Where was she? He gathered the sobbing child in his arms, wrapped a blanket about her and dashed out into the passage-way which was now free.

"Len," he shouted. He rushed to the vacant ball-room and looked about once more. He then made his way to the deck. The captain and officers were giving orders to the crew about the life-boats. A white-faced woman was talking to the captain.

"Is it very bad, Captain?" she asked.

The captain turned a drawn, haggard face to her.

"Very bad, Madam, I am afraid."

At that moment Dumont came up to Philip.

"Pardon, Monsieur, but your wife— She has sprained her ankle badly in that awful rush. She was thrown down. I have her here with Mademoiselle Farnol. She is much distracted about you and the little girl. I went to your stateroom, a moment ago, but it was empty."

"Thank heavens you were with her, Dumont! Take me to her."

He found her supported by Angelica, a pitiful, trembling object. With a gasp of relief almost painful, she held out her arms for Tottie, but Angelica took her instead and handed Ellen over to Philip.

"What is it, Phil? Is it very bad?" asked Len.

"Pretty bad, Len, I'm afraid. The ship ran clean into the berg, and a peculiar thing has happened. The prow is smashed, of course, but the whole of the ship is split across diagonally. It looks pretty bad for the steerage people."

With that the deep, sonorous voice of the captain broke in on the frightened murmurings. All eyes turned to the sturdy, stockily-built man. His rugged face was drawn and pinched-looking. His eyes looked stern and stubborn.

"I want some men," he began, "to help me and my crew keep order and get the women and children into the life-boats."

"Come, Len, I shall help as soon as I see you and Tottie off this ship. Dumont, help Miss Farnol with Tottie," and with that he lifted his wife in his arms, trying his best not to hurt her injured foot. He made his way to a now ready life-boat. Len clung to him convulsively.

"No, Phil," she said, "I cannot go. I know what this means. There are not enough life-boats. You'll be left here to—" She stopped, unable to utter the awful word. "Tell me, Phil, just how great the danger is." He carried her to the railing and pointed over. The water had nearly reached the deck below. At that moment a terrible howl and a mingling of shrieks and screams was heard from the lower part of the ship.

"God! What was that?" Philip muttered. His wife clung to him more closely. Dumont whispered to him.

"The steerage, Monsieur—wedged in like rats to die."

"Room for three more in this boat," a sailor called.

"Come, Len, you must. For Tottie's sake."

"Phil," and with eyes swimming with tears, she pressed her trembling lips to his. "God, help him, help me," she whispered, "help me to be brave."

Phil, with trembling arms, helped Ellen in the boat, and she collapsed a pathetic figure, into a corner. Then with one last embrace and kiss from Tottie, he handed the frightened baby-girl to Angelica once more, and he and Dumont assisted them into their places. Ellen took the child

in her arms and tried to soothe her. Then, as the boat was being lowered, Tottie held out her tiny, chubby hands; her big blue eyes were round and perplexed.

"Daddy!" she called, "don't leave us." Then the boat reached the water, and they were rowed away from the sinking ship.

Philip turned to Dumont and said with a sob that seemed to rend his very being, "They are safe; thank God for that."

Then he straightened himself resolutely.

"We must help the others," he said.

Then a big brute of a man passed by Philip. A life-boat was being lowered near the spot where Philip and Dumont were standing. The man made for it, pushed the sailor aside and tried to step in. Philip colared him.

"Women and children first," he said. The man shook him off with an oath.

"Hands off, young fellow," he snarled, and tried to pass. Philip stepped in front of him.

"Not yet, my man, our turn hasn't come yet."

The man twisted his mouth in an ugly sneer.

"Who's going to stop me?" he asked.

"I am." And Philip shot out his fist and caught the man squarely in the jaw. The big fellow fell heavily to the floor of the deck. Philip expecting him to get up and fight, braced himself for the blow, but an unexpected thing happened. The man looked up at Philip; then covering his face with his big hands, he wept, wept as Philip had never heard a man weep before. His shoulders quivered with the sobs that shook his frame.

"Help me, help me," he gasped, "I don't want to die. I can't die." His voice rose to a higher pitch. He screamed hysterically. Philip bent down and shook him.

"Get hold of yourself. Remember what you are, a man. Don't let yourself go like that."

He helped the man to his feet and he slunk off, a pitiable, miserable, cowardly wretch, afraid to die.

The last boat full of women was now being lowered, and just as it touched the water, there was an explosion on the far side of the ship; a deadening roar. Mighty splinters of wood were tossed up against the sky. The ship heaved, groaned, and settled once more, but now the waters reached the upper deck at the stern.

"One life-boat left! Every man for himself," an officer shouted.

Philip heard it with throbbing heart. He must get a place in that boat. He must save himself for Len's sake, for Tottie's sake. He dashed to the boat. Men struck out with their fists, trampled, push down to get a place in that boat. Philip was about to step in. Someone gripped him by the coat-collar; he wrenched himself free and fell headlong into a seat. The boat was lowered. Some men, in their frantic fight for life, dived from the ship to the water, made for it, and nearly pulled it over to get in. It was loaded to its utmost. Sailors shoved off and struck at those who would drag all with them to their horrible death. It was a case of survival of the fittest now. The boat shot away from the poor, struggling things, and left them to their watery graves. Philip's boat rowed about for hours before it came upon that which Len was in. He shot her a smile of encouragement, but all she could do was to grip Tottie more closely and whisper, "Baby, God has answered our prayer and brought daddy back to us."

Far into the night they rowed about. Each moment seemed an eternity of time. The drawn lips of men muttered prayers half aloud. Exhausted women slept with their pallid faces revealed by the moonlight. Then----- What was it? The silvery path of the moonlight disclosed

a ship headed toward them. A cry of thanksgiving went up to the heavens. Their prayers had been heard.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was April of the following year. It was a brilliant moonlight night. The moon sent its rays into Tottie's snowy white bed-room. Len, in a gown of pearl-gray, was hearing her prayers.

"I say, Len, aren't you ready yet?" Her husband appeared in the doorway, ready for the opera.

"Yes, dear, just a moment."

She tucked Tottie in and then went to get her gloves from the dresser. They lay beside the calendar which read, "April the twelfth."

"Phil," she whispered, pointing to it.

"Hush," he laid a hand on her lips, "let's not think of it tonight."

Then a shrill little voice called from the next room, "Muvver, Teddy has fallen off the bed. Won't you pick him up for me?"

LILLIAN FOSTER COLLINS, '17.





### AQUAPLANING

**D**ID you ever aquaplane? Well, you certainly have missed some fun. Here's how.

"Next," from the motor boat.

"All right. Here she comes," from the dock.

You dive off the dock and swim out to the board, harmless enough looking, trailing behind the motor boat.

"All right there?" from the motor boat.

"All right," you answer.

The motor starts. You lie full length on the board. Suddenly a jerk nearly dismembers you. You feel the water rush over you as the engine gains speed. Then you try to rise to your knees, and that harmless board begins to wiggle. You rise to your knees, however, and make a wild grab for the rope which holds you when you try to stand. The wiggles increase, and the water rushes over your feet. But as you become more accustomed to the motion, you try to stand. After many failures you get both feet under you and start to rise.

Then that board twists and turns and jerks and wiggles until the shore reels and the water calm as possible seems like the ocean in a storm. The water seems to grow steady, however, in a few moments, and you ride along in perfect comfort, watchful, nevertheless.

Now exhilaration begins. The water rushes over your feet, and the wind pushes your hair back. The only thing that could be more wonderful is flying!

"Next!" Your delight is over. The engine stops, and, incidentally, the board turns over, leaving you to swim back to the dock alone.

MARGARET V. COBB, '17.

## HOW VERY STRANGE!

I came to school the other day,  
And what was wrong I could not say;  
But as I looked, it made me frown,  
For ev'rything seemed upside down:  
The Office on the topmost floor,  
Rooms M and T right at the door.  
And as I went up toward Room Two,  
The voices that I heard I knew.  
But what strange things were these they said!  
Were these words spoken by our Head?  
"Not for the *pupils* is this school.  
'Tis MINE; and I alone shall rule."  
I heard Miss Baker's calm, clear voice:  
"In careless writing I rejoice.  
Don't punctuate your themes, I pray;  
Far better spend your time in play."

I know not what had wrought the change,  
But all the school was new and strange.  
In Gym, the classes made no noise;  
Miss Bennett said, "I don't like boys."  
Miss Kelly said, "Don't hurry so.  
Take time to think. Perhaps you know."  
The lunch room pie did not give out;  
Miss Brack's voice rose unto a shout,  
And Mister Reed that day, I heard,  
Put silent letters in a word.  
In Room Sixteen, our famous bard  
Said writing poetry was hard;  
And that, no matter what our need,  
No rally music he would lead;  
Miss Wright's new dress was not in style;  
Miss Ingersoll refused to smile.

These were the strangest things of all:  
No Freshmen ran about the hall;  
Miss Critchley's classes that day found  
The Library was forbidden ground;  
All Mister Findley wrote that day  
Was legible, so people say;  
The Prothymians had no fight;  
The Lincoln Club adjourned ere night;  
In peace the A II dance was planned,  
The A I's had no row on hand.  
'Twas *nice*, and yet it seemed to me,  
I liked it as it used to be.  
And as I mused I heaved a sigh:  
Where was the Spirit of East High?

J. D., ET AL, '17 & '18.

## DO YOU STUDY AT NIGHT?

Do you study at night?

If you don't—you'll feel sorry some day.  
The time will arrive when your card goes home,  
When neglect of your work brings its pay.

Do you study at night?

If you don't—do you feel no concern?  
Regret it you will, when you're out in life,  
And you find not a cent you can earn.

Do you study at night?

If you don't—well, it's time to learn how.  
So make a new start; dig into your books;  
And the best time to do it is—Now!

RONALD J. BROWN, '18.



## THE SILLIEST THING I EVER DID

**T**HE silliest thing I ever did was to buy a mule. "Yes, sir, I bought that mule," was the proud reply given when people asked me if I had bought it. It was the first mule I ever had, and the last one I shall ever want. I suppose many people have mules of the same kind.

A mule, in my opinion, does not regulate his movements strictly according to the will of his owner. His business hours do not correspond with those of his driver, and, as a result of this, inconvenience is often occasioned. Everybody slanders the mule, and yet we must allow that he is troublesome at times.

When I am most anxious for my mule to go, he deliberately stands still. I coax him, pet him, spur and kick him, but of no avail. He refuses to budge. I put more force into the kick. Does the mule go? He does not. I put still more force into the next kick. Result, the stars are shining brightly, the universe is going round as I was about two seconds before. I rise painfully, and get on again, or try to get on, but I get off more quickly and most ungracefully.

Does a mule kick? I should say it does,—especially my mule. I would not mind it if he would only let his feet fly on *some* occasions, but this mule does it too much. I guess this is called mule spirit.

Does a mule eat cabbage? Ask my dad, but get a good distance from him when you ask. As a result of eating cabbage my mule was sold. A minister's son bought him, and I hope the new master may have a better time than I did, but I doubt it. The last time I saw them the mule was having a jolly good time, but the minister's son, some yards behind, probably was not having as much fun as his steed. JOHN OLSON, '18.



## THE MOST DANGEROUS THING I EVER DID

I WAS in my stateroom upon the good ship *Presque Isle*, enjoying an article upon submarine warfare. It occurred to me that our ship must be just about in the dreaded zone. I put up my magazine and hurried upon deck. Here I found darkness. An officer informed me that our ship had entered the zone which was just off the coast of England.

Not being allowed on deck, I went back to my stateroom much worried. I retired and had not been sleeping more than half an hour when I was awakened by a great crash and a sudden lurch of the ship. I quickly dressed and hurried upon deck. Here, to my surprise, I found that the last boat had just left the ship. I shouted at the top of my voice, but the men in the boats did not seem to hear my shout. The ship was sinking fast, so I strapped about me a life belt which was lying upon the deck.

Suddenly I heard the terror-stricken cry of a horse. I followed the cry, and it led below decks. I found to my surprise that the cry came from the stall of a race horse abandoned by its attendants. The pitiful sound went to my heart, and I determined to save the horse or to die in the attempt.

There was no way to get the horse out of the ship except through the sliding steel doors that closed the port gangway. A bar of steel was lying upon the floor, and this aided me in opening the doors. I found that it was only a few feet above the sea's level. I hurried back to the horse and untied her. I coaxed her, and finally got her up to the door. With stout rope I tied myself securely to her back. I was now ready. I stroked her nose and persuaded her to come near the door. A wave struck the boat, and I dug my heels into the mare's side. The muscles in her body stiffened; we were in the sea.

I cannot remember much that happened after this. I know that both the horse and I went under, and, when we came up, she was headed for shore. I remember that I struggled to keep myself upon her back, and that the water, as it passed over us, seemed to weigh tons. Once I remember, I slipped from the mare's back and was underneath her. I seized her mane and managed to regain my place upon her back.

When I came to, I found myself upon a sandy beach; it was early morning, and the ship's doctor was working over me. The first words that I uttered were, "How's the mare?"

"She's safe," someone said. That was enough for me. Now I could rest my mind which seemed to be in great confusion.

EDWARD POOLE, '18.





## ROBERT'S GRANDMA

"**S**EEIN' as the corn and taters were all in and as me and Abe hadn't had no vacation since we took the children to the county fair, we went up ter the city to see our boy, John. Now, not ter brag, but so as you'll see how it was, John has a good job and is honerin' his paw's name. John's married a good woman, and they has a boy nigh unto thirteen years, and his paw says he's right smart.

"Well, Abe got the tickets and we took the train. It whizzed along real fast like, and Abe he looked at the trees and houses we passed by, but I just looked straight ahead at the lady in front. Her bunnit was real pretty like, all beads and ribbons. It wasn't long before we were there, an' John he came after us 'n his big automobile. Then we rode some more through lots of people and cars, and a few horses and buggies, and at last we came to John's house. He said it was a department, but I can't get used to those new fangled names nohow. We went in a little room with lots of buttons, and John pushed one, and a noise came, and we went up some steps, through a door, and then up some more steps, and there was Mary, John's wife and Robert, John's son. They was mighty glad to see us, and showed us a pretty room to put our things in. Then Mary, she said, 'Come on, father and mother, dinner's ready.' I guess she got mixed up, and meant supper, for it was after six.

"Then Robert started to tell us real proud like of the new school where he went, how smart he was, and how his teachers liked him, and how dum Joe, his chum, was, an' his paw and maw jest looked at each other. Then Robert, he says, 'Mother, bring 'em to the rally tomorrow.' And she smiled and said she would. I'd sung the song, 'Rally round the flag, boys,' but couldn't guess no how what rally meant. After we was through eatin' I said, 'We'll do the dishes right up smart now,' but she says, 'No, the maid will do them.' So we just sat down.

"Next day we went to a big place, the place Robert told us of. We went in a big room with lots of seats and took some up-stairs. I was afeared Mary had took me to one of them show places, but soon lots of boys and girls came in all dressed up as if fur meetin'. Then a big tall man got up and went on the platform, and everyone clapped, and he put up his hand parson-like, an' all was still. He talked a spell about a new convention called 'student government,' and a quiet man talked on a couple more things, entertainment course for one. I'd heard Robert talk of that, and then the man talked about the school newspaper, 'Blue and Gold.' Then another young man talked about machines and games and tickets, and then a black haired boy got up and said lots of things real fast, and wriggled like a worm, and then they all said the same words real fast like. Then the tall man said some more about adding a few minutes to the seventh hour, and they all went out, and I've been a-wonderin' how one could add to an hour, but we went on home.

"When Robert got home he said, 'How was it, grandma?' And I told him fine, fur what else could I do when he looked at me so bright and eager-like?"

LOIS VAN RAALTE, '17.



## THE NIGHT BEFORE

He threw it down—the pen that long had raced  
Across the shining paper. In its track  
Was left alone a wav'ring streak of black—  
Survivor of the other lines erased.  
What was the use? The sheet that he now faced,  
Held naught of sonnets; and his weary back  
Bespoke in accents wild to him, the lack  
Of sleep. Before him tens of zeros paced.  
He'd put it off; yet, long ago, he knew  
He'd have a sonnet or a zero on  
The nineteenth day of nineteen seventeen.  
And on the night before his pencil flew;  
But, somehow, all his thoughts like wind had gone  
To where there are no sonnets ever seen.  
WHEELER LOVELL, '18.



## 'T WAS EVER THUS

To the doorway came the flatlet;  
Came the flatlet, fearful, trembling—  
Came the flatlet, speechless, jostled—  
Came the future East High senior.  
Then he passed through squeaking doorway  
With his eyes as big as saucers,  
For he saw the halls of East High.  
Up the stairs he quickly toddled.  
With a look one-half inquiring—  
With a look that showed his folly—  
To a sophomore now he scampered,  
Saying, "Please, Sir, can you tell me  
Where it is that I should go?"  
Then the sophomore answered quickly—  
Answered thus the foolish flatlet—  
"Up four stairways you must go,  
For the fifth floor is your goal."  
Without warning turned the flatlet—  
Turned and up the stairway ran—  
And then, breathless, stood exhausted—  
Stood a-gasping and a-panting—  
For the chase had tried him sorely,  
And two stairways stood before him.  
But as he was gazing upward,  
Came to him a man with whiskers—  
Came a tall man, smiling slightly—  
Came the principal of East High.  
And he laid his hand upon him,  
And he took him without stopping  
Whither all the flatlets ran.  
WHEELER G. LOVELL, '18.

## THE SLIP OF PAPER

**I**T was April, and April in the mountains is anything but pleasant. The downpour of rain had been almost continuous, causing the small mountain streams to become dashing rivers which filled the roads and, in general, stopped transportation.

It was in such weather that I started out on horseback up the old trail that led through the wildest and most tangled woods and underbrush. I rode on and on, not paying any particular attention to where I was going, only enjoying the beautiful wild scenery. I had never been up the mountain so far before, and it was all new and interesting to me. When I turned a curve in the road I saw ahead of me an old man seated upon a wagon filled with barrels, on which was painted in large white letters, "Cider." I turned into the ditch to let him pass, and as I did so the wagon hit a rock in the road and knocked one of the barrels off. This startled Bob, my horse, and the next thing I knew he was carrying me through thick underbrush that scratched my face, then up over hills and down into ravines. Somehow I didn't care where he took me, it was grand to be alive, and the scenery was more beautiful than before. I don't know how long I rode that way, but suddenly we turned a curve around a large boulder, and before me was the wide valley below, and above a threatening black sky. I discovered, as I looked over the ledge, that I was on a rock plateau that jutted out a few hundred feet from the mountain side. Below, a little river zig-zagged its way through the valley, making a snaky looking line. You can imagine my surprise when I saw directly below another plateau, not two hundred feet away, closely nestled against the mountain side—three almost tumbled-down houses which were black with age and weather. "How peculiar, a house here!" I said to myself, but I did not have time to think about this, for the storm broke that instant, and my only thought was to get to shelter. I backed Bob into a cave made of overhanging rocks and bushes. The rain came down in torrents, and the harder it rained, the more I thought about going to one of those mysterious houses. I was not afraid of the rough mountaineers, but I knew that if they had a suspicion that I was not what I said—a country school teacher, but a detective come to spy on them, I might never see daylight again.

After waiting three hours when my watch pointed to 5 o'clock, I dubiously peered over the cliff again and finally had the courage to mount Bob and start zig-zag down the incline.

We went in safety until—well, I don't know just what happened, but, when I awoke, I was lying on a couch in an ill-smelling room that was almost bare of furniture. My heart very nearly stopped beating. I was in one of those black shacks I knew. The lamp on the table opposite threw an unsteady flicker over the room, making everything look weird. In the farther end of the room an old towsy-headed woman, bent almost double, was stirring something in a kettle that was swung in the fire-place on an ancient crane. When she turned towards me I was thoroughly frightened. Never in all my life had I seen such eyes—bulged, glassy and staring.

At that instant another woman, a typical mountaineer, tall, gaunt and pale, came through the door opposite, bringing me a glass of water. "You-all had a right smart fall," she said, as she took the glass away again, "but I reckon you're only stunned. Supper's ready, so come along, 'cause Pa's anxious."

At supper we stared at each other, and in answer to my numerous questions I got only monosyllabic answers. But when I told them that I was the school teacher over on the other side of the mountain, they became interested immediately. It had been their dream to go to school, but circumstances had made it impossible, and then they were backward about going to a strange people. In the end, though, they all, even to the old man, promised to come to school next session.

"And you must bring your wife, too," I said to him. He looked at the old woman whom I had first seen stirring the kettle in the fire-place. "That's Aunt 'Liza," he said, and then he told me that she had lost her mind when she was seventeen years old. I asked him to tell me about it, so in his low, hesitating manner he told me the following story:

'Liza had been the prettiest of all the mountain girls, and, of course, had been courted by the young hopefuls of the surrounding country, but none would she have. Then one day a stranger came,—an artist from the city. Everyone was suspicious of the handsome newcomer until he thrashed Jason Hawks, the biggest bully of the mountain—then his popularity was permanently established. He came to stay a month, but—three, four months passed, and still he stayed. 'Liza was his model for his mountain girl picture, and for this she was handsomely paid. Her father did not like the attention the painter paid to his daughter, and so forbade her seeing him. But 'Liza loved Prentice, and what did she care if her father did not like it? She saw her lover daily, and she was happy only when she was with him. But, alas! such happiness as this could not continue long for unfortunate 'Liza. Late one afternoon a boy came and told her that her lover had fallen from a cliff when a rock under his feet slipped, and now he was dying in his cabin. 'Liza reached him before he died, and those that were there say that he gave her a slip of paper, but what she did with it no one knew—for soon afterwards she fell into brain fever, and when she recovered her mind was gone. From her half-witted babblings they discovered that the day Prentice died, 'Liza and he were to have been married. Even in her half-witted condition the sight of a wedding or any kind of a celebration threw her into violent fits of laughter, which ended in hysterics. One by one her people had died, leaving her homeless, and, as the unwritten law of the mountains was to let none of their people be in want while others had anything to offer, she had become a member of their household.

I went back home, fully determined that I would see that the children of the cottage got an education. When the following September came I went back to the lonely shack to remind the old man of his promise, but I found I did not need to remind him, for they had been counting on it ever since the spring. Yes, they were all coming save Aunt 'Liza—John, Ezekelia, Cyrus and little Ellen. Ellen sang that evening for us the old mountain ballads.

The whole family came to school through rain, snow and heat. It was this exposure that brought on Ellen's illness that developed into pneumonia. She was fifteen years old, but, when she had to stop school, her heart was nearly broken. It was then that I knew Ellen had something bigger in this world for her than to be a mere mountain girl, so I had her come and live with me.

Our friendship grew during those four years—we read, walked and rode together. It was on one of our walks that she confided in me her great ambition to become a singer. I had heard her sing her mountain ballads, but her voice never seemed so sweet as that night that I gave her her first "try-out." I taught her all I knew about music, as the mountains do not afford such a luxury as a music teacher. We dreamed and planned together how she would go to the city and study music and learn to teach school, "just like you do," she would say, and then come back and teach the mountaineers and give them the same chance that she had.

I did not tell her, but I knew that it would cost a great deal to make this dream a reality. Where to get the money was more than I knew. I had no money, only barely enough to keep me "going," and a little legacy of one hundred dollars which had been left me, and which I was saving for those "last" days.

Time seemed to fly on wings, and now little Ellen was a young lady of nineteen years. She had learned all that we had to offer, and now came

the question, Where could I get the money to send her away? Then the miracle was worked as if in answer to my prayers. Cyrus came down to the school one morning, all out of breath. Aunt 'Liza had died two days before in one of her hysterical fits. No one could get down to the school to let us know until Cyrus had braved the downpour. He breathlessly told us that in a locket around her neck they had found a picture of Prentice, her dead sweetheart, and a piece of paper. The neighbors said it was the same one that Prentice had given her on his death-bed. It bore the words, "In case anything happens, notify John McLaren, attorney. Offices 1796 Man Street, St. Louis. Signed G. A. Prentice."

Cyrus, Ellen and I rushed to the stable, got three horses, and started down the mountain to Fort Lee, the nearest telegraph station. We arrived there just as the lazy operator was leaving, but he condescended to go back for us. We waited for hours, but finally our answer came: "Smith, Morgan & McLaren, Attorneys, have the will of the late George A. Prentice. Call immediately. Very important."

Cyrus and Ellen both said I was the one to go. I shall not go into all the details of the story, but George Prentice had not been a poor man, and what is more, he had left all his wealth to 'Liza. In case of her death, his fortune was to be used for the education of the mountain children. Prentice himself had no relations.

This changed everything for everyone in our world. Of course Ellen went away to make her own ambition a reality. In course of time other mountain children were sent away to be educated, and this will continue as long as the fund holds out.

What a great good that little slip of paper has done!

MELBA ARTERHOLT, '18.



### THE MARSH

I chanced upon a marsh beside a lea,  
Its waters stagnant hued with deepest green;  
Along its edges wavy reeds are seen;  
Nearby the long-billed wren displays her glee.  
Pure lilies grow around to feed the bee,  
Whilst all does rest in solitude serene,  
And dances soft with brightest light and sheen  
The Sun, upon the calm morass so free.  
And thrilled by wondrous love of nature sweet,  
I gaze and linger till the hours grow late,  
Till twilight comes and earth and sun do meet,  
And stars upon the fen do scintillate.  
But yet, with all its beauty so complete,  
Most men do hold the marsh, sublime, in hate.

DONALD HARBAUGH, '18.

## MUSIC

O Music divine, that stirs the heart,  
Thy kingdom is not of this world a part,  
Thou can'st draw us so close to Eternity's wave  
That the ripples receding, our spirits lave,  
And we follow so near to the edge of the shore  
That we long to cross to thy fulness o'er;  
But the tide going out bears us not along,  
We must wait awhile in the Land of Song,  
To give of our joy to the souls of men,  
As we pass thy echoes on again.

LAURABELLE BOYER, '18.

## WHY NOT?

**T**HE establishment of traffic cops in the halls of East High School! Is it not time now? Have we not grown from a mere vacant lot to an imposing building, and are we still to endure the absence of the most necessary of the modern adjuncts to civilization?

True, you say that such a great stride forward as the placing of traffic officers in the halls should be delayed until we get our new gymnasium. But when it has been definitely decided that work on the new gymnasium will be begun on or before 2017 it is high time to look at this most pressing need of today. Not only is the need pressing, but the blockading of the halls by Flats renders the establishment of traffic cops and traffic laws absolutely imperative.

Consider the enormous advantages to be gained by such an improvement. First of all, we would eliminate almost entirely the high percentage of accidents which work such havoc among the books of the lower classmen. This saving in the school book bill alone would be sufficient to provide for the salaries of the officers stationed at the principal hall intersections. Probably, under the proposed system a congested district would be formed where no stopping for talking between boys and girls would be permitted. As to whether parking spaces would be set aside where these edifying conversations could be held, is a detail to be left entirely to the discretion of the local traffic officers.

Then, too, the great advantages to the seniors are deserving of consideration. After the establishment of the new traffic rules, they could go about "with their heads above a cloud" without fear of collisions.

In considering these manifold advantages we must not neglect to speak of the teachers. While we hardly wish to say that they are unable to cope with the present situation, nevertheless the proposed traffic officers would relieve the teachers of a great responsibility, not to mention wear and tear due to clapping hands, snapping fingers, or calling loudly to offending pedestrians.

The new traffic rules would reduce tardiness to class to a minimum, as the cops would compel all loafers to "move on," and all slow going vehicles to keep to the wall, and not delay persons intent on business.

So, students of East High School, I appeal to you (for this is your school) to adopt this most wise and expedient plan. If you do, I can foretell with accuracy and certainty that you will never again endure the dangers and delays of the present system.

WHEELER G. LOVELL, '18.

## THE WARNING BELL

The Bell. The noisy music fills the halls,  
That did in solitary silence bask.  
That Warning Bell. You drop at last your task.  
The very sound of angels to you calls.  
Or else, in study hours, the sound appalls  
You, 'neath its unrelenting mask  
That speaks of time that's just now barely past—  
That awful thought that now so deeply galls.  
And be it music such as angels sound  
That makes your very heart with gladness bound;  
Or be it clamor such as Satan makes  
Which makes you think of life's continued fakes;  
Remember that (when all is said and done)  
Another stroke comes quickly on this one.  
WHEELER G. LOVELL, '18.



## PRESCRIPTION OF A POETICAL DOCTOR

### NOT A SONNET

The things a boy in school will deign to eat  
Do not conform at all with rules of health,  
He does not take into account his wealth,  
And never tries his pocket-book to meet.

The richly sugared cakes that follow meat,  
The pies and pickles that produce a wealth  
Of agonies, which make remorse of self,  
Are surely for his stomach not a treat.

So let this little bit of truth be held,  
If you should wish in proper health to keep  
And so at home to be not firmly celled:  
You may drink what you will, both long and deep,  
And eat of any meats, and custard jelled,  
But mix them not or you'll have cause to weep.  
I. M. BATTY, '99.

## APLOMB

**T**HERE is, perhaps, nothing in the world that serves one quite so well as aplomb. Aplomb will carry one successfully through the roughest days and the darkest nights. Aplomb is an invulnerable armor from which the sharpest darts of criticism glance and fall harmlessly to the ground. Mind you, I do not mean conceit, blind, clumsy conceit. I am speaking of—really the word which best expresses my meaning is—*aplomb*.

The beauty of aplomb is that anyone can possess it. Just sit down and take an inventory of your good qualities. Never mind the bad ones. That is one of the first steps toward aplomb. You have no bad qualities. Well, perhaps a very few, but it is a simple matter to find an excuse for each one. Let's see—you say you possess amiability, brilliancy, carefulness, diplomacy, eloquence, fairness, gentleness, honesty, imagination, jubilation, culture, loyalty, modesty, naivete, patience, quaintness, reserve, sang froid, thoroughness, uprightness, nerve, wit, experience, and zeal? Those will do very nicely for a start. There now, don't you feel better? I thought you would. Yes, your chest measures a full inch more than formerly.

You say that aplomb comes easily with greatness? Dear, dear, how you talk! Don't you realize that it is the easiest thing in the world to prove yourself greater than the most imposing figure of History? Consider Charlemagne. Charlemagne is the noblest figure in history between the fifth and fifteenth centuries. His brilliant military campaigns have been famed for centuries. But Charlemagne was unable to write. You can write. "The pen is mightier than the sword." Therefore, you are mightier than Charlemagne. What conclusion, I ask you, could be more logical and natural?

There you have the first principles of aplomb. However, it is only practice that makes perfect. Try a little aplomb every day. Try it on the dog, the cat, the automobile. Above all, never become excited. If a tall individual in a blue suit comes to call on you and invites you to meet Judge ———, on such and such a day, smile sweetly and answer, "I shall be charmed to meet him. At what time did you say?"

This will inspire your visitor with a fine feeling of awe and give you the required courage to face the judge and give him a plausible reason why you did not heed the signal.

Aplomb, once acquired, will prove a source of great comfort. Though all friends fail you, though you are exposed to the scorn of high and low, you can turn to your aplomb, and, holding it to your heart, say, "World, I defy you."

DOLORES COOKE, '17.

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## LATE?

Whither, past closed doors,  
When the school begins the first hour of day,  
Far through the silent halls, dost thou pursue  
Thy late and lonely way?

W. G. L., '18.





#### DIVING AT CAMP

“**A**LL in!”  
    Splash. Kerchunk. Bump.  
    “Br—rr! The water’s cold!”

“It is not!”

“It’s warmer than the air, anyway.”

A new-comer appears.

“Water cold, girls?”

“No!”

“Yes!”

She tests it with her toe.

“Oh! It *is* cold.”

“Not after you get in.”

“Well, here goes.”

She climbs up the tower and, pausing for an instant on the edge of the board, she springs up and out, making a beautiful “angel” dive.

“Oh, Kit,” someone calls as she comes up. “Make one of the Shack Rocks.”

The Shack Rocks are a heap of rocks which stand out over the water in such a way that the water below is deep enough to dive into.

“Someone else come, too.”

“I’ll jump, but I can’t dive.”

“All right. Come along. Oh, Louise, may Marian go off Shack Rocks?”



They disappear with the required permission, and shortly after are seen on the rocks, twenty-five feet above the water level. Kit steps to the edge, straightens herself, puts her hands together over her head, automatically gauges her distance, and, with a beautiful spring, sails out into the air, and then, curving down, plunges straight into the water without making more than a ripple on the surface. In a moment her head reappears, and she leisurely swims over to the dock, having done her best.

The second girl steps to the edge, gets all ready, looks at the water, grows nervous and retreats.

"Oh, come on, Marian, you'll come up."

Marian plucks up her courage and recklessly jumps. One hand grasps her nose; the other waves wildly. Her feet spread far apart, and finally she sits down on the water with a terrible splash.

"Can't I do it again?" she sputters, as she comes up.

MARGARET V. COBB, '17.

## WHEN?

THE traffic cop coughed. He had been on service at the intersection of halls M and 28 ever since 2013 and never caught a cold. There was not another traffic cop in the whole building of East High School that could boast of a similar record. Four years was a pretty long time. He paused in his thoughts long enough to tell a small freshman the way to room P2107; and continued. Four years he had been at the same post without a single demerit mark. He was proud of it. Four times he had seen the new flats gaze awestruck at the miles of halls. There ought to be some new flats now. They were coming today, of course; and, looking at his watch, he realized they were due now.

A small boy approached him. "Please, will you tell me the way to the Auditorium?"

One of the traffic cop's friends was passing. "Will they ever change?" he queried.

"Never," was the immediate reply.

W. G. L., '18.



## A PIECE OF GOSSIP

"WHAT are you going to do this afternoon, Adelaide?" a dignified Senior called out, trying to make herself heard above the noise in the cloak-room at the dismissal of school.

"Is that you, Sarah? I don't know. Nothing, I guess!" Adelaide called back.

"Come on over. We'll make some candy."

"All right."

As the girls sauntered on homeward, they talked and talked as if they had not met for years; and they talked all afternoon, while making the candy. Then while it was cooling off, they sat down by the fire in the sitting-room. There was nothing more to say! Everything and everybody had been discussed. Both sat pondering on something to talk about. Then Adelaide had an inspiration.

"Have you heard the scandal, my dear? Louise had her purse with ten dollars in it taken from her desk this morning."

"That's nothing new," replied Sarah, with a yawn. "Money is always being lost at school. By the way, why did Louise go home in the middle of the morning?"

"She had a bad headache. She was as pale as a ghost." Adelaide, however, turned back to the beginning of her conversation as nothing more was to be said about Louise's headache. "The strange part of it was that Louise had the money in her desk before she went to English, and when she came back, it was gone."

Sarah became more interested. "Were you in the study-room?"

"Yes," said Adelaide.

"Did you notice anyone going to Louise's desk?"

"No one except Grace Roberts. Come on, let's see if the candy's cooled off yet."

The next afternoon Sarah went for a walk with Anna Staur, and again there came a pause in the conversation.

"My dear, have you heard the news?" said Sarah.

"What news?"

"That Louise's purse was taken from her desk with ten or twelve dollars in it."

"Who took it?" asked Anna.

"Why, I don't know—for sure," added Sarah.

"Who do you think did?"

"Oh, I had better not tell."

"Come on, I promise I'll never breathe a word; on my honor I won't," teased Anna.

"On your honor? Promise? Well—I think Grace Roberts did." Sarah vaguely remembered hearing Adelaide mention Grace's name in connection with her going to Louise's desk, but she gave this information with an air of importance. "Now, don't ever breathe this," she added. "You're the only person I've told."

The next morning Anna Staur walked to school with several other girls. Someone said, "I wonder if Louise will be back today? I do hope she isn't going to be seriously ill. By the way, did she find her money?"

"No," replied Anna, "and I know who took it."

"Who?" they all chorused.

"I can't tell, I promised not to," replied Anna.

"We'll never tell, really we won't," they said.

"Well—Grace Roberts did."

Thus the rumor spread until, by the end of the week, the entire school knew. Everybody told everybody else, and everybody promised not to tell, but no promises were kept. The teachers had also heard the dreadful thing. Still Louise had not returned.

Meanwhile Grace Roberts was very unhappy. She did not understand why everyone seemed so cool and strange. Her best friend did not speak to her, so one morning she asked her what was the matter.

"I do not associate with thieves," was the answer Grace received. The poor girl was mystified. Later in the day, she stopped her friend in the hall.

"Why did you call me a thief this morning?" she asked.

"One calls people who steal thieves," said the girl, sarcastically. "I suppose you know nothing of Louise's money. You are trying hard to act innocent."

Grace grew as white as a sheet. Now she understood the attitude of the girls. She wanted to die. She was too miserable to try to convince anyone she had not stolen. It was too terrible.

There is no telling what might have happened, had not Louise returned to school the following week. As soon as she entered the building, Sarah and Adelaide greeted her excitedly, saying:

"How are you. Glad to see you back. It's a shame you lost your money."

"What money?" said Louise, wonderingly.

"Why, your ten dollars that was taken from your desk the day you went home sick."

"Oh, that! Why, I found that in my blouse when I got home. I had put it there for safe-keeping."

CAROL KLAUSTERMEYER, '18.

## IN HIGH SCHOOL

A freshman, young and simple now,  
A flat I'm often dubbed.  
I don't see why they should allow  
My brightness to be snubbed.

A soph, I study through the night  
To learn my lessons long;  
I gladly work with all my might  
To make my muscles strong.

A junior now, my mother's pearl,  
When in the study-hall  
I flirt with every pretty girl,  
I love them one and all.

A senior with important mien,  
Just see my lofty brow.  
I surely will when past nineteen,  
Know how to milk a cow.

K., '18, AND I. M. BATTY, '99.



## AN ESSAY ON SHAKESPEARE

I'll bet if Shakespeare lived today  
He'd sing a different note;  
"To be or not to be,  
*That's* what gets my goat."

And Romeo, a-murmuring  
To his friend Juliet,  
"Methinks that thou art kidding me,  
Thou saucy, blond coquette."

Just think what Bill could do today,  
With all our slang at hand;  
He could have made all other scribes  
Go soak their heads in sand.

He could have made them all stand 'round,  
And learn just what to say.  
And in the next ten hundred years  
They'd glorify this day.

BEN TRUESDALE, '18.

## A LATE TELEPHONE CALL

THE bells in the steeple were tolling midnight. As I sat in my study absorbed in "Poems and Tales by Edgar Allen Poe," the muffled, half-stifled groans of the chimes rang out. "There must be a strong wind," I thought, "that is carrying the sound out across the lake."

It was in the dreary, depressing month of November; a bleak, chilling wind had arisen, and was whirling the crisp, dead leaves about and piling them into drifts. I went to a window and looked out. The starless sky was covered with large, heavy, black clouds through which no light could penetrate. Occasionally the full moon shone through a crevice in the clouds and suffused everything in a pale, silvery, ghastly light. The dim street lights flickered and went out one by one; the streets were deserted.

The wind, which was blowing harder now, came whistling down the chimney, and threatened to put out my fire which I had allowed to grow very low. I threw on a handful of coal; the fire made a mighty effort to burn, then sputtered, and went out. The book which I had been reading slipped to the floor, and I must have dozed off, for I was startled into consciousness by a loud, harsh ring of the telephone. I groped my way in darkness to the telephone. A timid, feminine voice answered my gruff "hello." "Is this Dr. Goolman?" came the voice at the other end. To my affirmative answer, this message came: "Old Larue, on the river road, is dying." I did not wait for the rest of the words. I was very fond of the old hunter and wished, with all my heart, to save him.

Thrusting the necessary restoratives into my satchel, I hastened to get my machine out of the garage. The engine would not start, and after a few minutes of cranking I locked the garage and hastened along the shore road on foot. The rough path, full of deep ruts, and the blustering wind added to my discomfort. Several times I stumbled and fell full length and often the wind took my breath away. A coarse, icy sleet began to fall, and I could not see a foot ahead of me; the wind grew furious; great branches were falling about me, threatening to dash my life out. I could not tell why I did not turn back or drop in the road. A persistent impulse urged me on. I argued with myself: "Could not that message have been a trick—a plan to get me out and then to murder me, or have me freeze to death?"

My fears were realized when two masked figures threw themselves upon me. It was of no use to cry out, for there was no one to help me. I was dragged to an old shack which stood removed from the roadside, my hands and feet were bound, and the robbers left me with a flickering lamp as my only comfort. By a great deal of maneuvering I got my watch out. It was three o'clock; I had been on the way three hours! Soon one of the robbers came back and to my surprise began to remove my bonds. He talked as he worked, "Sorry, boss, but we nailed de wrong guy. We was layin' for de postmaster what goes by dis place, dis time 'zactly, every night. Now beat it, and remember to keep your mug shut about dis."

He gave me a parting shove which sent me sprawling out. I hurriedly picked myself up and "beat it" without looking back. "Poor Larue," I said aloud, "he will surely be gone by the time I get there." I could see lights through the trees now, and it was not many minutes before I entered Larue's house; but I could tell by the look on the face of the woman who met me, that I had arrived too late.

ANNETTE DOLLER, '17.

## A SOLDIER OF FRANCE

**I**N a little cottage, in a coast town of Lombardy, lived little Minnette and her brother. It was a cozy little cottage, with bright, potted plants, and fresh, white curtains at the windows. Since the death of the mother, five years before, little Minnette had kept house. Late in the afternoon she ran across the beach, in whitest of aprons, and her black curls covered with the quaintest of caps. The fishing boats were coming in, and she was going to meet Francois.

Minnette was not alone on the beach; for the women in the fishing villages all go to meet their husbands, sons and brothers at this hour, and the beach might be called the social center of the little community. Here they chatted contentedly while the boats were being relieved of their cargo of fish and the great nets.

This reception of the fishermen had been part of the daily routine ever since Minnette could remember. In storm or calm weather the faithful women waited on the shore. Sometimes there were terrible storms, and there was great fear in their hearts as they strained their eyes for the first glimpse of the fishing boats. Sometimes fishermen went out in the morning, never to return, and grief was in the hamlet.

But on this evening all was joyous and happy, and the gay colors in the garments of the peasants served to heighten the effect of cheer. The men were welcomed with shouts, and soon all were on their way to the little cottages for the evening meal. Everywhere was peace and contentment.

Then war came. This remote little hamlet responded to the call, offering its manhood for the cause. Minnette often heard the women talk of sending their loved ones to fight for France. Suddenly she thought of Francois. Would he, too, go to war? A certain fear seemed to grow upon her. That evening, as they were eating their supper, she said:

"Francois, are you, too, going to war?"

"Yes."

"When, Francois?"

"I shall go soon, little sister."

"Marie's brother is going, too, but Marie has sisters and a mother here, and I have no one. Can't you take me with you, Francois?"

"Not to the war, but you shall go to Paris to a *pension*, where a kind madame will take care of you."

The man was very solemn, but the child was eager to go to Paris, for she had never been outside of this tiny village in all her thirteen years.

Little Minnette never forgot the day, on which, from the reviewing stands in Paris, she saw Francois, her own brother Francois, in his splendid uniform, marching with his battalion to the front. She caught the martial spirit, and with the great crowd, sang the "Marsellaise" as she had never sung before. Her strongest feeling was pride that her Francois was fighting for France.

Life in the little *pension* was very different from life in the village, and at first she was all enthusiasm. The crowds of people passing to and fro, the bustle and stir of the great city, the buildings and beautiful avenues were a source of joy and wonder.

Twice Francois came on leave of absence to visit her, and they were very happy. Their talk was never of war; for the man felt that the girl hardly realized what it was. Only once was it referred to, and that was the glorious day that proudly showed her on the front of his coat the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Toward mid-summer the child began to long for the little hamlet. She had not seen Francois for two months, and she was feeling lonely, and seemed to be almost stifling in the great city. One evening she was

hot and could not sleep. Unseen by madame, she slipped out of the house, thinking to get some breaths of cool air. It was a beautiful night, and she wandered on and on, feeling strangely refreshed and contented. Suddenly she realized that she was in an unfamiliar neighborhood. Everything was strangely deserted. She found herself before a building which seemed the only living, breathing thing she had seen within blocks. There were lights at many windows. She stood at the gate, watching the shadows of people passing back and forth within.

Then, faintly, far down the street, she heard the noise of an approaching motor truck. A whole procession of trucks followed, and turned in at the very gate at which she was standing. With a shock of horror she heard moans and groans from the trucks, and for one awful moment she thought she heard Francois' voice. Quickly she followed the machine to the very door of the building, where, in the shadow of a pillar, she could look upon each stretcher that was carried past.

Francois was not among the wounded brought to the hospital, but the thought which had come to her would not leave her mind. These were soldiers, men like her own Francois, who lay suffering.

She was no longer the light-hearted Minnette. Many times she returned to the hospital. She never entered the building, but often talked with convalescents whom she met in the grounds.

Soon the nurses began to look forward to her coming, for she did much to cheer and help the disabled.

One day Minnette yielded to the entreaty of a soldier, and entered the building to speak to one of the sufferers. Suddenly she stopped with a cry of recognition.

"Francois! My brother!"

But Francois did not answer, and then she knew that he would never answer. He had fought his last battle for France, and he had fought gloriously. Looking through her tears, she saw there, pinned to his blanket, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In the face of the disaster she was mute, but she tried to put her grief away in service.

Should you hunt for Minnette today, you would find her in one of the surgical supply stations. She has not forgotten her Francois, she has only realized that there are thousands of such soldiers, and to these, as a memorial to her soldier brother, she has consecrated her service.

RUTH LIGHTY, '18.







### A COUNTRY POSTMASTER

"THE mail ought to be distributed by this time," I thought, as I walked along the country road, towards the post-office. Several other people had anticipated the distribution of the mail, and were standing or sitting about the little weather-beaten shack that constituted the post-office. Three little girls were sitting on the clean-swept floor playing "jacks," and as I came in, I heard the old postmaster call to one of them from behind his bulwark of pigeon-holes, in a cracked, drawly voice, "Be you goin' down past Hardin's place purty sun?" he asked. Receiving a polite, "Yes, Mr. Benton," old Adoniram shuffled out from behind the counter, with a letter in his hand. His kindly, withered, old face lighted up, and his little, gray eyes twinkled under sparse white eyebrows.

He had just dismissed the little girls with peppermint drops, when a baby toddled across the threshold. Regardless of the passing time and the waiting people, the old man picked the baby up and played with it until its mother came. He stroked his thin, smoke-gray chin-whiskers, tucked his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, and teetered back and forth on the heels of his well-worn, brown house-slippers as he delivered an oration on "that thur" baby. As he talked, he gazed at us over his steel-rimmed spectacles which rested on the extremity of his nose. His rough, gray, tweed trousers wrinkled profusely at the knees, and his brown, alpaca shirt was generously patched with black on the elbows.

Finally the thought came to him that perhaps the waiting group wanted something. "You be all come for your mail, I 'spec'," and with this he toddled behind the counter and was silent for about fifteen minutes. "Hyde," he said, at last, handing out my mail which included a post-card, "your wife says here she ain't comin' home fer tue or three weeks yit."

ANNETTE DOLLER, '17.

## OH, EAST

Break, break, break,  
Through their strongest line, O East,  
And I would that my tongue could utter,  
My thoughts that have never ceased.

O, well for the quarter-back strong,  
As he shouts out his signals for play,  
O, well for the great big guard  
If as guard in his place he can stay.

And the strong East team goes on  
To its place up near the head.  
But, O for the points of the Central game  
In a game which our team led.

Break, break, break,  
Through the enemy's line, O East,  
But the points that were lost are gone,  
And the noise of the game has ceased.

ELSIE LEDERLE, '19.



## THE MORNING AFTER EXAMS

SUBCONSCIOUSLY I hear the wind howling. I realize that it is not dark, and that I am ready to awaken, but I dare not, for I know that at the slightest peep the pacific state of delicious comfort that I now enjoy will be forever broken. This is merely one of the torments with which the ghosts of Hades mean to surprise me; they are permitting me to enjoy my downy comfort until the instant that I open my eyes, when they intend to consign me to perpetual torture till doom cracks.

I hear the demoniacal wailing of the hot typhoon caused by the groans issuing from the parched throats of the victims already confined in my destined habitation. They will never get me, for I shall never awaken. I shall fool them.

But what is bearing me down? What is it holds me? Oh! could I but move one muscle I would gladly open my eyes and accept my sentence to avoid the present oppression. Yet I cannot; I cannot! The inky blackness cuts me now. All is quiet. It shrieks; it screams—I cannot stand the stillness. There, high above me, I see my loved ones gazing at me with tears; just an instant, and all is gone, and down, down, down I feel myself hurtling to the pit of my grave.

Before reaching the Antipodes, or the floor, I awoke.

I. M. BATTY, '99.

## SNOWFLAKES

See the little flakes of snow,  
Whirling, dancing to and fro,  
Falling through the biting air,  
Lighting on the ground so bare.

Every flake a nook must fill  
On the earth, if plain or hill;  
In every region not too warm,  
Flakes an added blessing form.

For, when they melt, they water give,  
That all the thirsty plants may live,  
Which cannot wait till spring comes 'round  
To moisten up their rootlets sound.

But let us watch these flakes of snow,  
Note their acts, and where they go.  
Here comes one at breakneck speed,  
Whom he hits he does not heed.

Another comes at slower rate,  
Settling quietly ere too late,  
But others lingering, floating say,  
"Oh, what's the use? Let's stop and play."

But when at last they cease their sport,  
And try, all tired, a nest to court,  
They find no room, can only shift,  
Till tossed by wind into a drift.

We are the flakes that form God's plan;  
Let's do our work as best we can,  
If mindful of others, their rights to observe,  
We'll find time to play and from right need not swerve.

HARLAN G. METCALF, '17.

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## THE EXCUSE HABIT

ONE of the necessary elements in every boy's training is his ability to make suitable excuses for every occasion. Not only must these excuses be of a kind to enable him to get out of every difficulty that may arise, but they must be made up extemporaneously. It is of the utmost importance that every boy make use of these excuses at every available opportunity until it becomes a habit to do so.

Take a fellow who has not acquired this much to be desired excuse habit. He may some time or other, during his high school career, come late to school. This, however, is a rare occurrence among high school students, especially freshmen. Or, perchance, he may commit that unpardonable sin of skipping classes.

These acts would surely prove a calamity to one unprepared for emergencies. At once a marked dullness would overshadow his face, and in stammering accents he would seek to give the reason for his delinquency.

But, on the other hand, can you not picture in your mind's eye the sturdy countenance and upright figure of a boy in the midst of a very noble and hair-raising description of how the dog chewed up his Algebra homework, and then arousing the sympathy of the teacher by adding, as a further excuse for not being prepared that day, that he had to spend the rest of his time in punishing the culprit?

Or is it beyond your own comprehension to imagine yourself in that eventful moment? Deliberately and unflinchingly standing before your teacher, sometime during the ninth period, you narrate the blood-curdling adventure of that very morning, as an excuse for coming late. You describe how the street-car with unaltered speed dashed past, while you stood gasping at the very insolence of the motorman. Then, how in your desperation, you determined to walk to school rather than wait for another car. Can you not imagine the confidence and self-satisfaction you gain when your most revered teacher, thoroughly outwitted, with an apologetic quiver in his voice, meekly says, "You are excused"?

Do not misunderstand me. I do not speak of those excuses which are mere fabrications, in which the maker himself has no confidence; I mean good, reliable excuses which have served boys generation after generation.

If any boy, for a few weeks, will give serious attention to the study and practice of excuse-making, he will have on hand a supply of excuses for any and all occasions.

EARL ARNOLD, '17.

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### REMEMBER?

When I'm a Freshman at High School  
I'll ne'er run through the halls, you bet,  
I'll work real hard, obey each rule—  
But no, I'm not a Freshman yet.

But wait till I'm a Sophomore,  
I'll be an ardent football fan,  
And they will call me "fat" no more,  
For I'll impress all as I can.

But when I am a Junior big  
Examinations hard, I'll fear,  
So, in my books, I'll surely dig  
To finish school in one more year.

And, oh, when I'm a Senior grand,  
I'll act real proud and dignified,  
The first, in every class, I'll stand,  
And feel it is because I tried.

One day I voiced these plans to all,  
A "Grad" spoke up, "I'll guarantee  
When you begin at East next fall  
You'll quickly change your plans—like me."

GERTRUDE ZUCKERMAN, '18.



## AN INTRODUCTION

### ORAL THEMES

The greatest care of high school days  
 For me is oral themes;  
 The thought of them makes me grow cold  
 And almost die, it seems.

No matter what the subject is,  
 It's all the same to me;  
 For subjects make no difference,  
 They still the same will be.

'Tis foolish, some of you will say,  
 To carry on like mad;  
 What is it that so frightens you?  
 There's naught to make you sad.

The preparation isn't hard:  
 It isn't that at all;  
 It's getting up in class to speak  
 That causes me to bawl.

For if I make a slight mistake,  
 However slight it be,  
 The class is sure to notice it,  
 And then—oh, pity me.

I hope some day that I may change  
 And cease to hate these themes:  
 Oh, how I hope this day will come  
 And thus fulfil my dreams.

HELEN SCHULZE, '18.

## THE BUSIEST STORE IN CLEVELAND

**A** CROSS from the school is one of the busiest stores in Cleveland. I have never been in any other store, great or small, that is as packed full of human beings as this. The throng of pupils, pushing, crowding, shouting, advancing and retreating is a source of great amusement and, sometimes, annoyance, to the onlooker.

The opening of the new term is, perhaps, the busiest season of the year. The pupils flock over to the store in swarms to buy their books. On such occasions I wish I were either very small or very tall. Just as I am advancing to the front rank, a little flat slips in front of me, and I find myself pushed toward the rear. Or else some tall, lank individual decides that he will be waited on or know the reason why. So he leans away over and gives his order, using my head as an elbow-rest, much to the detriment of my hat.

Inspired by his triumphant exit, I determine to be "next" or die in the attempt. Accordingly, I begin to shove, and all around begin to groan and pass remarks. "Some people never had no manners," "Quit the shoving," "What's the idea?" I hear around me.

Unabashed, I succeed in reaching the counter, and ask if a certain book is in. Much to my dismay, I learn that the last one was sold just a minute ago. After a few more exertions, I gain the open air. My hat is on one ear, a button has been wrenched from my coat, my shoes are scratched and dusty—but, worst of all, my temper is considerably ruffled.

But that is only one side of the subject. It is at lunch period that we have the fun. We rush across the street to get a bag of candy or a weeny sandwich.

It is great sport to watch a pupil buy candy. He asks how much this is and how much that is. Finally he decides upon that of which he can procure the most for a nickel, and, with his purchase, starts toward the door. It is surprising how many friends he has! Little groups surround him, and he is forced to pass the bag. As he is about to escape with one piece of candy, another devoted friend appears and confiscates that!

But the sound of the bell brings an end to his protests, and another of our good times in the busy store is over. ELIZABETH HERBERT, '18.

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## A TWO-DAY CAMPING TRIP IN THE MOUNTAINS

**I**T was "irrigating week"; and Thursday evening my father said that we would go up the canyon, if we had finished by noon Saturday. We worked very hard, for going up the canyon was a great treat after working in the sun all week.

On Saturday father said, "I cannot help you this morning, for I have to put up the 'grub' for the next two days."

We did not mind this, as we knew he would have a fine box of provisions ready when we left. It took us just one hour to finish that morning, then we turned the horses into the corral and proceeded to fix the wagon which had been scrubbed the evening before. First we covered the bottom with hay enough for the horses for two days, and then we got out a box full of bedding and put it under the driver's seat. My father now called us, and we brought out the provision box. This box was one we had constructed ourselves. It had places built on the sides for frying pans, silver, cakes and all such things, and when Charlie and I picked it up it felt as if it weighed a ton.

At last, when everyone was ready, with my mother on the saddle-pony "Buck," we started. The horses knew where they were going, and

they immediately started to trot, for they liked to go there just as well as the rest of us. They continued to trot until we came to the sharp incline, up the side of which they had to struggle slowly.

Upon reaching the first ford of the "Big Tejuunga," Charlie and I left the wagon, to hike the rest of the way to camp. We stopped as we had done many times before to admire the view.

At our feet was the river running and rioting over the rocks, and opposite us, beyond that, was a great, tall cliff, with pine trees. Wherever there was a chance for their roots to get a hold on the rocks, growing right out of the walls, and crowning the cliff were great pines, some of them from five hundred to a thousand years old.

Well, while we have been standing here, we have allowed the wagon to pass us, and now we can hear nothing of it, so we must hurry up and catch it. So we struck out at a fast pace, but could not catch it until we arrived where they had camped.

We unharnessed the horses, while my father made lunch ready. We sat down at the table made out of logs, split in half, and put up on stakes.

But the table was laden with things that will satisfy any hungry man's appetite, and a number of delicacies beside. There was a whole loaf of bread sliced; an onion sliced; coffee, preserves and jellies of different kinds, with a pail of milk in the center. We had finished the cut bread and half a loaf beside, when father brought out two pies, two cakes, some cup cakes, and some doughnuts, and asked which we would have. The answer came, "Doughnuts," "Cup Cakes," "Pie," "Cake," "A little of everything." And a little of everything is what we received.

After this hearty meal we took blankets and lay down to sleep. Along in the middle of the afternoon we woke up and went swimming. First, however, we had to build a dam to keep the water deep enough to swim in. We had a fine time splashing around in the water until nearly supper time, then we went back to camp to get supper ready. This meal was but a repetition of the noon one, with a little more than we had had then, for we had a whole panful of sauerkraut and wieners besides.

It was now getting dark, and we hung out the lantern we had brought with us, and father brought out a deck of cards, and we played "Rum" for an hour or so, and then being very sleepy, went to bed. During the night we were disturbed once by a wild cat prowling around for meat, but a shot sent him scooting off. Another time the roars of a mountain lion awoke us, and a third time a pack of coyotes howling off across the river. Taken altogether, it was very peaceful, and we did not wake up again until the sunlight streaming in our faces forced us to.

For breakfast we had pancakes, bacon, and eggs. After breakfast some went swimming, others took walks into one of the side canyons. I went swimming and stayed in until dinner time, but upon reaching camp, found no one was there, for the others had not returned from their walk, so I took a book and lay down and read until they arrived, tired and hot, while I was cool.

We now had dinner, a big meal; cold, fried rabbit, milk, coffee, bread, jelly and jam; in fact, the remnants of the other meals, for father said we did not want to take much of this back with us. After dinner we fixed three tin plates with the food, which was left, and called the dogs, of whom there were three, Old Buster, who is as old as I am, Dan, and a little pup, Nibs.

About three o'clock, after everybody had had his swim, we loaded the wagon and started for home.

ADDISON WELLS.



### THE PALL

A heavy pall hangs o'er the sky,  
The birds fly 'round for shelter.  
The wind is blowing everything  
About us helter-skelter.  
The clouds are traveling fast as time,  
The clouds so dark and dreary,  
The world in mist is shrouded quite,  
And all are dull and weary.

All pleasure and all joy have fled;  
There's nothing fresh and jolly.  
But everything about us seems  
Replete with melancholy.  
The universe lacks happiness,  
All earthly bliss seems fleeting— W. MOUAT, '18.

\* \* \* \* \*

Perhaps it's not all atmosphere,  
But something you've been eating.

EDITOR.



## LADY MOON

Lady Moon goes sailing,  
A-sailing through the sky.  
Seems so cold and stately,  
Away up there so high.  
But Lady Moon is watching,  
Watching you go by,  
Sees the little mortals  
Who far below her lie.

Lady Moon is grieving,  
Grieving o'er a wrong.  
Covers her face over  
With filmy veil, and long.  
Lady Moon is weeping,  
Weeping o'er the strong  
Gain of evil forces  
In the big world's song.

Lady Moon looks happy?  
Things must better be.  
Mayhap peace is coming  
In lands across the sea.  
Lady Moon is smiling,  
Smiling down at me.  
Bright and clear her face is,  
Pleased, indeed, is she.

D. M. BRUSH, '17.

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## DON SIGUEL

"AND you believe that dumb animals have reasoning power and memory?" I asked Graydon Field, a veteran of the Spanish-American War.

"Indeed I do," he replied.

"But, do you know any facts to prove your statement?" I inquired.

At this question Field looked pained. He was silent a moment, and then spoke thoughtfully.

"Yes, I do know something," he said, "and if you care to listen to the story of Don Siguel, I think I can prove my point."

I assented eagerly, and he continued:

"To begin, I was, as you know, born on a horse farm in Virginia, and when I was but eight years old, my father gave me a thoroughbred colt, whose father was the famed Don Juan, and whose mother was Lady Siguel. At my father's suggestion I named the colt 'Don Siguel.'"

"I took great pleasure in raising Don, and the best times of my life I had with him. Every morning before breakfast we went for a long trot up the valley. Then, in the afternoon, whether hunting, fishing or visiting, I rode Don. We grew very fond of one another, and at my whistle Don would come at a gallop. When I was seventeen, a more splendid horse than Don did not exist in the entire country. He was coal-black, except a white spot on his forehead, and one white ankle.

"When the call to arms came in '98, I was one of the first to apply for a place in Roosevelt's celebrated group of 'Rough Riders,' and I was accepted. Of course, I chose Don for my mount during the campaign, and we set out for Tampa, Florida.

"I think there was never a happier pair than Don and I when I unlocked the stuffy box-car and led him out onto the platform at Tampa. I expected to take an active part in the campaign at once, but I learned we would not embark for Cuba for at least two months. Then followed weeks of drill and, owing to his skill and grace in all maneuver, Don was given the position of pivot horse.

"At last the long weeks of drill were over, and Don and I were separated for the first time in many months, for the men and horses were transported in different ships. I expected to see Don in twenty-four hours, but, to my consternation, we were ordered to advance to San Juan immediately, and could not await the arrival of our horses.

"Much disappointed, I selected another horse which proved to be greatly inferior to Don, and we set off to take San Juan Hill. Well, as you know, I was wounded there and taken to a hospital at Havana, and remained there till the end of the war.

"When I was released I spent my time in a frantic hunt for Don. The horses were not listed with the name of the owner, and this made my search difficult. Not finding him in Cuba, I hastened to Tampa, where I had been informed all the horses whose masters were missing had been sent to be auctioned off. Here I learned that a horse answering to Don's description had been sold at what I thought was an insultingly low price, to a Northerner about two months before. I consulted shipping records, but could learn nothing. Hundreds of horses had been shipped north. Then perceiving that further search would be useless, I went home probably the most sorrowful man in the county.

"Then followed ten long years, during which I heard nothing of Don.

"One day I received word from my former commander to report at Boston, Mass., for a reunion drill. Three days later I bivouaced on Boston Common with my old comrades. That night while I lay in my tent memories of good old Don came back to me, and I felt sick at heart. Next morning I attended to the horse which had been allotted to me, and at the assembly we took our places in line, mine being at the end, as of old.

"Then we awaited further orders. Suddenly, behind us, we heard a great clatter, and shouts of 'Runaway' were heard on all sides. Glancing around, I saw, coming straight toward us, an old black horse, pulling a milk wagon. On he came, and I thought that he would break through our line. But when he was only about twenty-five yards away, he swerved to the right, and pulled up milk wagon and all alongside of me. Looking down at him, I saw that he had a white left rear ankle. 'Could it be Don?' I thought, and a great hope rose in my breast. Puckering my lips, I uttered that long drawn-out whistle with which I used long ago to call Don. The horse pricked up his ears, and turned his head toward me, and then I saw the white star on his forehead. It was Don! I jumped from my horse, and in a twinkling stood at Don's head, and began to call him the pet names which I used to use, and he showed his appreciation by playfully nipping my shoulder. Don had, no doubt, on hearing the bugle-call for assembly, rushed from the spot where his master left him while delivering milk to his old place at pivot.

"I bought Don from his owner, and after the reunion shipped him back to my father's farm in Virginia, where you may be sure he received the best of care."

Graydon paused, then continued, "Well, do you think that proves my point?"

RUSSELL NALL, '19.

## TO MY LASSIE!

Oh! lassie, tell me, tell me, do,  
Oh! why are you so shy?  
For you have made me feel so blue,  
Since first I caught your eye.

Your eyes of brown and flaxen hair,  
Beyond compare are they.  
Your dimples make you, oh, as fair  
As dawn of perfect day.

Your beauty is not just skin deep,  
Your soul is pure and white,  
And from you I my joy do reap,  
Oh, you entrance me quite!

But, lassie, tell me, tell me, why,  
Why can't I take you out?  
If you'd say, "Yes," and not be shy,  
For joy you'd hear me shout.

So, lassie, be not bashful more,  
But listen to my plea;  
For only you do I adore,  
You, in my dreams, I see.

RONALD J. BROWN, '18.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"**W**HAT'S that noise?" asked the Freshman.

"Just a meeting of a literary club," volunteered the Senior by way of contribution to the general education of the Freshman.

"Is it a rehearsal for a mob scene, an extemporaneous strike or the end of the literary program?" queried the Sophomore.

"They must have some big debates in there," piped up the Freshman.

"They do," responded the Junior, "on the vital, all-absorbing subject of dances, and about that only."

"You mean on whether they should give one, or not?" further questioned the Freshman.

"No, on the price," replied the Junior.

"But why call it a literary club, and why dig up a name from the ruins of Troy if they don't have any literary stuff?" asked the Sophomore.

"Oh," said the Senior, "go ask Solomon—but I dunno if he could tell."

"Well, believe me," began the Sophomore, "if I ever get in one of those clubs, I'm going to do my best to either give it a civilized name, or make it live up to its present name."

The Senior licked his lips. The Junior openly laughed; he had already had some experience with clubs. The oracle was about to speak. The Senior cleared his throat.

"They are all right in spite of their names," he began, "and a few of them live up to their names, although some do not. Like a rhyme I once knew, ending,

"When she was good,  
She was very, very good.  
And when she was bad, she was horrid."

"Well, the clubs are something like her. But I think they ought to have names that reflect their true purpose."

"I think I'll go home," said the Sophomore.

W. G. L., '18.

## DESOLATION

Listen! children, aye, do listen  
To my mournful tale of woe;  
Give ears while the stars do glisten,  
And the woods are decked with snow.

Whilst each separate dying ember  
Throws its ghost upon the floor,  
Let me pause but to remember  
That which makes my heart so sore.

Oh, my loved one! how weary,  
Oh, how desolate I am!  
On this world is nothing cheery—  
Oh, it was not—it is but sham!

Thou wert frail and yet thou held'st me  
By thy soft, persuasive touch,  
Oh, but what a blow thou deal'st me!  
Me, whom they did praise so much.

In the fire of great affliction,  
In the time when I was bent,  
Desperation, malediction!  
Thou perfidious wast rent!

Oh, my vest coat, oh, my vest coat!  
Thou didst up with crackling sound!  
And because thou wert my best coat  
In my heart I feel the wound.

Had it been but on a Monday!  
'Twould be light to make amends,  
But, alas! 'twas on a Sunday,  
And was I among my friends.

Here I weep within my corner,  
Here I bathe my soul in tears,  
Here I am a sunken mourner,  
For the Sabbath slowly nears.

EWALD HEIMERT, '17.

## THE TICK OF THE CLOCK

Every tick of the clock  
Some life is passing out;  
Some tears are shed,  
Some hearts are dead,  
Some joys are gone, some hopes are fled  
With every tick of the clock.

Every tick of the clock  
Some wedding bells ring out;  
Some task begun,  
Stern duty done,  
And glorious victories are won  
With every tick of the clock.

Every tick of the clock  
Some prisoner hears his doom,  
Some plans have failed,  
Some hearts have quailed,  
Some lives, in terror, been assailed,  
With every tick of the clock.

DOROTHY FOSTER, '18.

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## THE MIGHTY SENIOR

I AM in my first year at high school. The upper-classmen call me "flat." I don't know why they do this when the name freshmen is a lot nicer. Of course I think sophomore is a lot nicer still because sophomores seem to know so much.

However, there is a senior who sits next to me in a study-room. He is a very big young man. He doesn't seem to be aware of my existence until he wants something. Then he leans boldly across the aisle and punches me in the ribs and says, "Got a sheet of perfection, Freshie?" I immediately open my nice new perfection cover and slyly slip three or four sheets across the aisle.

When my neighbor wishes to use the dictionary, he stalks across the floor, making a great deal of noise.

I timidly glance up at the teacher to see if this young man is going to be reproved. The teacher looks up, but, when she sees who it is, she immediately goes to work again.

Of course whispering and passing notes are not allowed, but I have seen this Senior do both with a Junior girl who sits in front of him.

One morning my neighbor came in, looking very sleepy. After yawning and gapping several times, he reached into his pocket, took something out and tossed it over the Junior's shoulder. I watched and as the girl picked it up I saw these words on the front, "Senior Formal Program." Then I heard the Senior declare that he could wear evening clothes forever and not become uncomfortable.

This young man is frequently called out of the room. I don't know where he goes, but I believe that he is quite popular down at the office.

I have heard it said that a person feels the smallest and most insignificant when gazing at the sky filled with stars. This is not true in my case. The time when I feel the smallest and most unimportant of creatures is when I gaze at this mighty Senior, and sit in the dark shadow which he casts.

GEORGE FENSTERMACHER, '17.

## JUST LUNCH

### A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

TIME—Any school day.

PLACE—East's Lunch Room.

CHARACTERS—Marion,  
Ruth,  
Several other girls.

*Ruth* (who is at the end of the line): I wish these people would speed up a little. Everything will be gone by the time we get around.

*Marion*: I wonder what they have to eat today. I'm just about starved!

*Ruth*: So am I. Oh, they have macaroni, and I just hate it.

*Marion*: Don't worry. It'll be all gone before you get there.

*Ruth*: Let's see what else they have.

*Marion*: They have some beef-loaf for a change. I hope it's good. I beg your pardon. Did you speak?

*Ruth*: Oh, no. I was just trying to see if I had a voice. I was asking you if you had any money. I left my purse at home.

*Marion*: I guess I can let you have a quarter.

*Ruth*: Many thanks! You saved my life. Well, we're moving. Slowly but surely, as Miss Peters says, "Large bodies move slowly."

*Marion*: Very good, Eddie. Well, if that wouldn't— Just look at that Mr. Childs getting ahead of everybody. Why don't they make him get in line? I suppose they're afraid of him because he's so big.

*Ruth* (taking two rolls and butter): It's a good thing we have rolls to fall back upon. Well, this is a fine how-d'-you-do! No spoons. I suppose it's the latest to eat ice-cream with a knife. Well, such is life. (Sits down at table.)

*Ruth*: Girls, do you know what?

*Girls* (in chorus): What? Scandal?

*Ruth*: Oh, it isn't so bad. But let me eat in peace, and I may tell you.

*Marion*: There goes the bell, and I'm not nearly finished. You'll wait for me, won't you?

*Ruth*: Yes, if you hurry.

*Marion*: I'm ready. Now let's get a pretzel.

*Exeunt.*

BEATRICE FENIGER, '18.

## A DAY AT CULVER

**B**OOM! The thundering report of the "Sunrise Gun," followed by the blowing of reveille, awakens our friend, the second-year cadet, to the realization that another day has begun. Though the day be cold, he dare not linger in bed but must instantly rise, don a bathing suit, still damp from the swimming of the previous afternoon, and, shivering, hasten to the parade ground for reveille exercises.

Fifteen minutes of vigorous exercise, the run to the lake, the icy plunge and the rush back, take all vestiges of sleep from his eyes and dullness from his brain. Having hastily dressed, the cadet, with the aid of his tentmate, puts the tent in order for Police Inspection. To be prepared for the inspection the tent must be thoroughly cleaned and everything neatly arranged. This being done, the tentmates remain under the fly of the tent until the camp has been inspected. Then the cadet hurries to breakfast formation from which the troop marches to breakfast.

After breakfast he has ten minutes respite until classes begin. Cæsar's cavalry on the Sabis river causes him trouble the first period, and for the next two periods he has more acute pain in rough riding. This is merely jolting, jumping, turning and twisting on and over his horse's back. His fourth period is study. He renews his acquaintance with Cæsar the fifth, and then relaxes in the sixth hour, which is study. Dinner comes after the sixth period.

After dinner the reports of delinquencies are published; and these, if he has any, must be answered. If a sufficient excuse is not forthcoming so many demerits are chalked up against him. Demerits are given according to the enormity of the offence. If he has no reports to answer there is half an hour at his disposal until afternoon drill. Afternoon drill is an hour and a half of sweating agony in a dusty field under a broiling sun. To make matters worse, should the lieutenant be in bad humor and displeased with the drill he gives an extra ten minutes of trotting, in the dirtiest place he can find, with the stirrups crossed over the pommel of the saddle. The only other way to derive the sensation experienced in riding that way, is to ride on the hood of a Ford going over a rough road.

The swimming period comes after drill and is looked forward to with keen anticipation. Swimming over, our friend has a few minutes of leisure before supper. Being an "old man" or second-year fellow, he may join a gathering of old men and summon a plebe, who corresponds to our flat, and require him to furnish amusement. Or, perhaps, he and his friends will listen to a victrola, of which there are always several in camp. At first call for supper, he hastens to formation.

At formation all stand at attention while the adjutant gives the detail for the morrow. When the command "Sound off" is given, the battalion stands at parade rest while the band plays, and when the band stops, while the bugler blows retreat. At the end of retreat, the "Sunset Gun" is fired, the battalion is called to attention, and the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner," while Old Glory is being lowered. The battalions are then marched to the mess hall, the band playing a patriotic medley.

Supper over, the cadet has until "Call to Quarters," which blows at seven-thirty, to roam the campus at will. He may visit either the candy shack, Y. M. C. A. or the library. "C. Q." lasts until nine o'clock. During this time letters may be written, lessons studied or books read. Tattoo sounds at nine o'clock, and for fifteen minutes he may visit his neighbors. But he must be in his room by nine-fifteen and in bed by nine-thirty. At this time lights must be out. Taps is sounded, and all is peace and quiet.

RALPH EXLINE.

## THE SONG OF THE ROAD

*Heark ye, hear ye, all ye good people, this is the song of the road, concocted and perambulated into one grand, sweet song by two hoboes, on the broad highway, one muddy day in March.—POET'S NOTE.*

WRITTEN IN: (I HOCKED—IT—WHY SHAMETER)

Have you ever heard the Song of the Road?  
Squish-a-de-squash-a-de-squash?  
'Tis sweeter by far than the song of the road—  
Squish-a-de-squash-a-de-squash!

Since long ago, way long ago,  
Sweet poets sang that song  
Of burning charms about the road,—  
—I don't say, they are wrong.

But ever to me comes the faint,  
Kersquash, kersquash, kersquash,  
As on the road I set my hoof  
And sink into the mush.

Ah! ever and anon I hear  
That squashing, oozeey squish,  
The living call of the highway,  
A call like writhing fish.

The sky bends toward me from above,  
And hovers sadly o'er  
As I look down in sad distress,  
Once more it comes, once more.

A melody, yes, all its own,  
Squish-a-de-squash-a-de-squash—  
It's heard when one is far from home,  
Squish-a-de-squash-a-de-squash.

### L'ENVOI

O squishity squash, O squishity squash,  
If you lift up your feet you won't fall in the slush!  
There's nothing so oozeey, so woozey as me!  
I'm the song of the road!  
I'm squish squashety!

G. C. AND R. B., '17.





## THE NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION

ONE evening during the Christmas holidays I received an invitation to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Esmond on New Year's evening. Indeed, I readily and gladly accepted, for I had become a close friend of the Esmonds, though I had known them but a few months.

I was, therefore, in very good spirits, when I was admitted by the tall, dignified butler, since I was anticipating a quiet and restful evening with my good friends. Imagine my surprise on beholding the long drawing-room filled with people. Mrs. Esmond greeted me with her ever-ready smile. As she was telling me that many of my acquaintances were present, Mr. Sohrab and his father came up to us. Both of these I had known quite well in my first year at the little town of Hirschul. After greetings had been exchanged, I excused myself to speak to Silas Marner. I had spied him sitting alone on a divan at the other side of the room. While I was moving toward him, I suddenly came face to face with Duke Comus. Never could I bear to converse at length with him, but I stood it graciously, as I did not wish to displease such a person. The statement that he was seeking his Lady was, on my part, received with a sigh of relief. Many had been the pleasant as well as instructive hours spent with Silas Marner, and that evening, likewise, I learned much from the queer old man.

During the course of the evening Miss Phœbe Pyncheon favored us with a few solos, playing her own accompaniment on the harpsicord. All were greatly attracted to her, especially Mr. Julius Cæsar and Mr. Hamlet, who made themselves very conspicuous by their attentions to her.

Sir Ivanhoe and his charming wife, Rowena, appeared late in the evening and held the attention of all for quite a while. I also discovered that Sir Roger de Coverley was present, and he told me, after his frank manner, the latest news as to the widow's health and how his advances had again failed.

As I passed through the library when dinner was announced, a gentleman rising from the library table addressed me. I was put into an embarrassing position, for I could not recall his face. Noticing my discomposure, he kindly informed me, as we proceeded to the dining-room, that his name was Mr. Greek Mythology.

At dinner I found myself greatly honored in having on my left Mr. Daniel Webster, who acted as toast-master. Among the many toasts was one to Mr. Washington, one to the beauty of the fair Rosalind, and another to the honorable Samuel Johnson. Mr. Wamba, the society clown, entertained us with a story of one of Robin Hood's adventures. At midnight Mirth, "with her crew," sweet Liberty, Jollity, and Laughter, "holding both his sides," presented a short play to usher in the New Year.

About two o'clock the crowd began to depart, and I know all had had a very delightful time, unless, perhaps, the melancholy Jacques.

EVA MAE SWINGLE, '18.

## IN THE FAR NORTH

**D**URING the last few years, and more particularly since the war in Europe, we have often heard the slogan—"See America First." This I take to mean, not only our own United States, but the whole of North America.

One of the most beautiful spots I know is in Northern Canada where I spent the greater part of my vacation this year. This is in the Lake of Bays district, near Algonquin National Park. From our cottage we often took short camping trips of several days' duration into the park, which is really a very delightful country.

One trip of especial beauty can be made in a day to Clear Lake. For this trip word went around that four guides were available, so a party of twelve in four canoes, including a guide in each, left one bright, sunny morning for Clear Lake. The guides were to carry the canoes and cook the two meals.

We made a short portage from Dwight to Cooper's Lake, then a two mile portage, which was hardest of all, to Long Lake, tramping through bracken shoulder high. The trails were crossed with moss-covered logs and it was an odd sight to see the guides, their heads and shoulders hidden by the canoes, following the trail, our party bringing up the rear with the all-important provisions for the meals. We paddled through seven lakes, all of them gems, lying deep in the wooded hills, Cooper's, Long, Little Twin, Big Twin, Crotch, Buck, finally reaching Clear Lake about noon.

There we had a most excellent dinner, supplemented by lake trout caught and prepared by the guides. We spent several pleasant hours, resting and roaming through the woods. We were particularly interested in a huge beaver dam which was for most of us a novel sight. All too soon came time for the return trip, but it was necessary for us to make all portages through the deep woods before dark.

We stopped on Long Lake at a log hunting lodge for tea. We made our last portage at dusk and the trail was getting very dim in the shadows. As we paddled across the last lake we could hear the weird cry of the loons, and looking back saw a deer crash away through the woods.

DORIS MANCHESTER, '17.



# Our Graduates in College

"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

*"Are—we—yes;—we—are—we—be,  
R—E—S—E—R—V—E  
Rah, rah! Reserve!!"*

**W**ILL you spend a day with me at the College for Women? Suppose we go next Monday. We must arrive at eight-fifteen, as I have German first hour. We go to *Mather Hall*, the new recitation building.

German is over, and as soon as I see if I have anything in my box we'll go to chapel. Those pigeon-holes along the walls in the hall are our mail-boxes. Each girl has one, and through them we exchange notes, receive letters (sometimes blue ones—flunk notes), or get papers back from our instructors. The red letter? That is my grade on this Math. paper. We are marked with letters here—E is high; then comes G, F, P (pass), D (deficient), and X (complete failure).

Now let us "follow the crowd" to chapel. Chapel is compulsory, and attendance is taken just as in any class. Today we are going to have an organ recital, which I am sure you will enjoy.

After next hour, in which I recite Mathematics, I shall be free for an hour.

Let's get a sandwich at *Hayden Hall*, and while we're eating it, I'll tell you about the building. It was a dormitory until *Flora Mather House*, which we passed on our way from *Euclid*, was built. It is now given over to the town girls. On the third floor the clubs have their headquarters, and on the second floor each class has a room. The cafeteria and study are down here. During the day the study is used to lounge in or as a place in which to study. At night sing-outs and parties are often held there.

Next to *Flora Mather House*,

*"In our 'gym,' oh, sweet retreat,  
Six times a week or more,  
You'll find us in our suits so neat,  
A-mopping up the floor."*

*Guilford House* is another dormitory.

We must wander toward *Clark Hall* now, for that is where my History class recites. When that class is over I am through for the day. Many of the girls, however, especially the Household Administration students, or Ha-Ha girls, have afternoon classes or laboratory work.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—yes, we have school on Saturday—my schedule is different. I arrive in time for chapel and have Latin and English at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, respectively. On Tuesday I have Bible at ten-thirty.

But school on Saturday is the one disagreeable feature—besides studying—of the college. We hope that sometime, perhaps the Students' Association, by which we are governed, will abolish Saturday recitations. Until then we attend school every Saturday.

Before you go won't you join us in one big *Skettioi*? Here are the words—come on, everybody:

*"Oh! Skettioi, pompai, foo, foo, apoluai!  
Ai, ai, ai, ai! Rah, rah, rah, rah, Reserve!"*

ELIZABETH WOODBURY, '20.  
Feb. '16, E. H. S. W. R. U.

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## TO THE GIRLS OF EAST HIGH

FROM VASSAR

THE big pines outside my window are weighed down with clinging snow. As the light fails, the outlines of the library across the campus grow shadowy, mystic, mediæval. The lights begin to glimmer through the leaded panes of the big Gothic windows—first the wavering gold ones, then, one by one, the green shaded table lamps. Green and gold and gray, and the faint glow of the western sky through the pines, and now the stars, and the clear, cold wind, and the free, wide night.

We have a beautiful campus here, and are rural enough for the greatest country-lover, yet close to the borders of a wide-awake little city. Should you ask about the college life, I should say it is primarily a country life, which you can exchange for a city one in twenty-odd minutes. And yet it is a characteristic of Vassar that in spite of the great freedom allowed the students, the life is essentially an on-campus one for the majority of the girls, a fact due, doubtless, to the completeness of the round of interests directly within the college. There are, of course, athletics of every form, the year round: tennis, field-hockey, soccer, basketball, swimming, skating, coasting, skiing, snow-shoeing, in-door and out-door track, ice-hockey, rowing, canoeing—there was even a football game on Thanksgiving day. Of course the gymnasium is well-equipped, and all forms of in-door work are very popular.

In addition to athletic opportunities, the girls are continually offered the chance to hear lectures, concerts, plays, etc., directly within the college. The week-ends are especially gay. Friday night there is always a lecture or concert—and by the way, you will find up here that a lecture is a matter of interest and a real recreation to the girls, not merely "instructive and a duty." That is because the lecturers and their subjects are so universally interesting.

Wednesday, from 4:45 to 5:35 P. M., is a regular period for a talk or informal concert by some outsider. The entertainment offered is varied, and takes the place of that movie that you feel you simply *must* attend to break the monotony of the week's work.

The girls themselves give plays and concerts, and you will have plenty of opportunity here to display your talents in musical, dramatic, or literary lines as well as in athletics. Song and cheer-leaders are in demand. Choir and glee club are open to freshmen. The "Miscellany Monthly" wants contributions, the "Miscellany News" reporters. Everything is won by "try-outs," on the elimination plan. Whatever you can do, you will have a chance to do here, if you can do it better than the girl next to you. And the girl next to you is sure to be so good that you are going to have to do it very hard, to be recognized as able. The spirit of the

Vassar girls can be summed up, I think, in two words: "try out"! It is an ambitious spirit, not selfishly, but healthily ambitious, and it extends even to the academic side of college, which, after all, has *some* place in college life, though you see little of it in books like "Betty Wales." And that, by the way, is a question I have been asked several times: Do the girls who enter fully into the extra-academic activities do their work? And I can answer it by saying that without exception every one of the biggest "celebs" in the Senior class this year made Phi Beta Kappa last week—girls who acted and led cheers, and were class-presidents and debaters and 'varsity athletes and editors and a thousand and one other things. So you see!

These are but a few of the things you may want to know about college before you come. If any of you have any questions of any variety in mind or would like to know more about any phase of the college life here, I hope you will write to me, and I shall do my best to answer satisfactorily. I should be very glad to know all of you who are coming, or hoping to come here.

MARION E. GLUECK, '16.

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#### A MESSAGE FROM O. S. U.

THE greatest surprise awaiting the freshman girl as she enters the Ohio State University, is the almost unlimited freedom allowed her. This freedom is not an oversight on the part of the faculty, but is intended to develop self-reliance and individual responsibility, and it consequently extends not only into the social life, but into the class room.

In the first place, there is no one anywhere on the campus whose exclusive business it is to make you do anything you do not wish to do. You do not have to go to classes, you know, if you decide you would rather not. In straying through university halls you will not encounter teachers who ask embarrassing question as to where you are supposed to be that hour. Your new boon companions will experience no conscience pricks when they invite you to accompany them to the nearest soda fountain during an hour when you are so unfortunate as to have a previous engagement with some unmercifully dull professor. Why should they? They are not heir to your grades, nor can you force them to take your examinations for you when that awful day arrives. No, you will take your own examinations, and if you have absented yourself more than once or twice from a certain class the chances are you will not pass that course. Absolutely, you cannot do good work if you do not go to classes regularly. Even if you are so exceptionally bright as to get a "Just passing" grade, you will not be given full credit for that course, and the University does not confer degrees on a person with just "P."

Of course you expect to have a good time. Every girl who enters the university anticipates that. Well, you will have a much better time, in the end, if you keep just one day ahead of your work. Now before you call me a grandma and stop reading, listen a minute. If you keep always one day behind in your work you get in an awful mess near the end of the term; you probably know that from experience. If you keep just in pace with assignments, every time you want to go out, you have to give them a "Lick and a Promise." But, if you are ahead a bit, you can always accept eleventh hour invitations to hear "Chin Chin," or any other delightful opportunity which comes your way. Learn to do your studying for its own sake. To do it for your teachers will be wasted energy. You will only be called on once in every ten days or two weeks. Just get the

habit of getting it off your hands at the earliest opportunity, and you will be the happiest soul in your house in January. You can sleep the sleep of the just and the innocent all through examination week.

Outside the class room you will be practically free to go when and where you please and with whom you please. This arrangement is very convenient, but it may become very unfortunate. If you are a girl with high ideals you will have to be always on the defensive to maintain them. Why? Well, because no one will respect your standards the least bit more than you indicate that you regard them. In a school of five or six thousand people, it is impossible that there will not be many students whose ideas of right and wrong will be totally different from yours. However, this is no indication that yours are not worthy of support. It is worth while to be a lady even when you enjoy the honor in solitary grandeur. If I were again just entering the university I should make up my mind just what things I would do and what I preferred not to do, and then I should stick to that list through the wilderness and the Red Sea. Get over the idea that your life depends on your being accommodating. It does not. Be firm and you will make people who care anything about you conform to your wishes.

The university is not a particularly good place for the girl who is going to school to get a husband. Unlike some colleges, Ohio State does not make a practice of issuing degrees and marriage licenses simultaneously.

JOSEPHINE HIDEY, '15.

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## BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

**Y**OU say that you want to hear about Bryn Mawr College. I'll do my best to tell you about it. There are about four hundred undergraduates and sixty some graduates who live in the six halls of residence, holding a definite percentage of each class. These halls form approximately two sides of a quadrangle. One other side is formed by the Library and the President's house. The other side is formed by Senior Row, a row of trees that leads to the lower campus, where there are three hockey fields, eight tennis courts and basketball fields and a skating pond. The faculty houses are in this direction.

The country around the college is very nice, semi-inhabited. The college lies thirteen miles from Philadelphia, and, therefore, we often go to the city on Saturdays.

The rooms at the college are rather large and well prepared. Over half of the rooms are single rooms or single suites. The rest are all double suites. Each hall has a dining-room, usually quite good looking.

We have several organizations. There is the Christian Association, which has charge of the charities and the religious meetings; Self-Government; the Undergraduate Association, and, last, but not least, Athletics. This takes charge of the hockey in the fall, skating and water polo in the winter, and basketball in the spring. Beside these sports we have required gymnasium twice a week.

There are a good many more expenses during the first of the Freshman year than at any other time. It is advisable to get a catalogue of the courses and go through it carefully before coming. The required courses when you get to college are one year of Latin, two years of English, one year of Philosophy and Psychology, and two years of any science or one of science and history.

## LAKE ERIE COLLEGE

THE first building one reaches by the front entrance is the oldest College Hall. It contains the offices of administration, the dining-room, Social Hall, and living-rooms for the faculty and students. Connected with this building is Memorial Hall, in which are the chapel and the rooms of the department of music, studios, practice rooms and the music library. Bentley Science Hall includes class rooms, laboratories, a lecture-room in which one department gives informal plays, and the studios of the art department. The most recent building on the campus is Murray Library, for whose stacks and blazing wood-fire one soon acquires affection and pride.

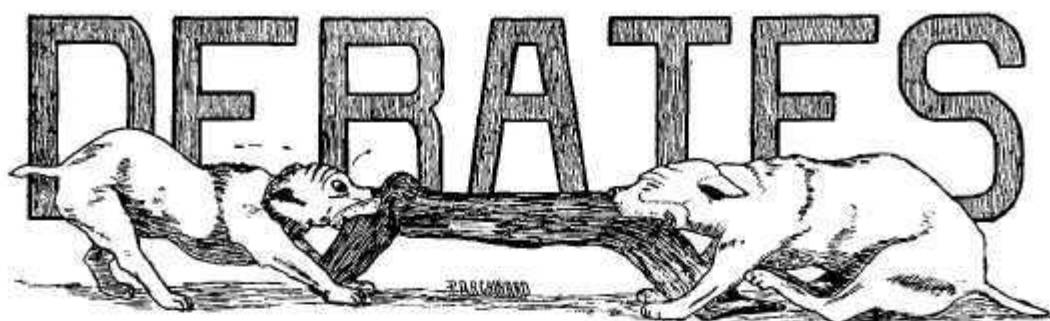
This spring, ground will be broken for two new buildings, a dormitory and a gymnasium, for which trustees, alumnae, and students have been eagerly working. Greer House, the house of the president, Harrington House, a faculty house, and a third, the house of the retired president and dean, border on the campus proper.

The campus is beautiful in a way only possible for a college not in a large city; it comprises thirty acres, and includes the front campus, a large athletic field, and a grove of several acres. There are many trees on the college grounds. The athletic field is bordered with them, and they keep the wind from being too keen for fall hockey practices. They shade the rolling front campus and offer a background for pageants like the one we gave last spring, and the oaks in the grove give the heavy oak-chain which the juniors carry on their shoulders on Tree Day in Commencement Week.

Our recreations are out-of-doors very largely. Athletics are our pride and joy. Hockey and tennis in the fall; gymnasium, basketball, coasting, skating and "hitching" in the winter; and tennis, archery and our prime favorite, track, in the spring, keep everyone interested and busy. After classes one wishes for a tennis racquet and trots through the cool grove to the courts or on to the track field. The unorganized sports are popular, too; long tramps across the country to Moody's Hollow or to a supper at the lake. There a congenial crowd cooks steak over a wood-fire and sings until the stars come out.

We have a Self-Government Association, a Glee Club, a Drama Club, a Y. W. C. A., a literary society, lectures, artists' recitals, dances, the most important of which is Prom, receptions, teas, Vesper Services with splendid speakers and all the many-sided opportunities and interests of college life. Best of all, we have friendships, lasting and enduring, with every type of interesting girl from Texas and from Maine and from in-between. In short, if you want every varied experience and every phase of development condensed into four busy, happy, vital years, come to our Lake Erie College.

ELEANOR FARNHAM, E. H. S., '14.



### EAST-WEST TECHNICAL DEBATE

**"RESOLVED**, That the electoral college should be abolished and the election of president be by direct popular vote."

Defending the negative of this question, the East High School debating team met the strong and experienced representatives of West Technical on the evening of Friday, February twenty-third, in the East Auditorium. The blue and gold 'varsity consisted of Robert Rosewater, Leader, Stanley Dale, Donald Harbaugh, and Wheeler Lovell, Alternate. The speakers for West Technical were Albert May, Leader, Leonard Meilander, Louis Florian, and Ralph Johnson, Alternate.

From the opening constructive argument of the affirmative until the very end of the final refutation, a hotly-contested forensic contest was staged, and intense suspense prevailed until the opinions of the judges



were announced. The argument was featured by an extensive use of charts by both teams. The strongest point for the negative was very adequately presented by a large banner, prepared through the kindness of Miss Bennett, upon which were displayed all the election results since the early campaigns of the nineteenth century.

Though the decision of the judges was in favor of the affirmative, East has every reason to be proud of her representatives.

WILLIAM WRIGHT, '18.



## A LIBERAL EDUCATION

(A PARAPHRASE OF HUXLEY IN VERSE)

A liberal education means to me:—

A man, whose early training did provide

For him a ready body strong and tried;

Whose brain is trained to think efficiently—

An engine, running frictionless and free;

Whose mind is stored with knowledge great and wide

Of nature's laws; whose passions have a guide

In conscientious will; no drone is he,

But full of life and fire; has learned to love

All beauty; hate all vileness, and, above

All else, to show respect to other men.

A man, like this, I feel as having then

A liberal education, and with less

Than this, such boon can none possess.

ANDREW ROBERT BIRNEY, '18.



THELMA INGRAM

A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.  
Shakespeare.



"Where did you come from, Flatlet, dear?"  
"Out of the Grammar Grades into here."

"Where did you get those pretty curls?"  
"Oh! they grew just like other girls'."

"What makes your eyes so big and round?"  
"There's so much to see here, I have found."

"And what do you do with that stack of books?"  
"I carry these things just for looks."

"Why did you choose East from all the rest?"  
"'Cause of all the schools, it is the best."

## THE GROUP PICTURE FOR THE ANNUAL

The assembling.  
The much talking.  
The long wait.  
The more talking.  
The entrance to the other room.  
The arranging.  
The black cloth.  
The same old remark.  
The giggle.  
The further arranging.  
The feeling of ties and hair.  
The "quiet, please."  
The humorous remark.  
The prolonged laughing.  
The "now."  
The tense silence.  
The funny remark.  
The more laughing.  
The exasperation.  
The second "now."  
The loud silence.  
The click.  
The "all right, rest now."  
The repetition of the same performance for the second and third  
"clicks."  
The final "all done." W. G. L., '18.

Miss B.: What is a banshee?

Howard G.: I think it is a species of chickens that are very small.

Raymond C. (reading): The chicken house now contained only Chandileer, his two wives and one small chicken.

A Sophomore girl at East High  
Remarked to her friend with a sigh,  
"I am sure what we need  
Is a girl who can lead  
The cheers; for the boys are too shy.

S. O. P. H.

## A PERFECT BOY

Doug Palmer's Complexion.  
Joe Toland's Eyes.  
Roeder Bell's Voice.  
Bill Wright's Oratory.  
Ralph Sourbeck's Size.  
Fred Lamprecht's Dancing.  
Heinie Templeton's Skating.  
Thorpe Struggles's Ties.  
Halbert Doig's Athletics.  
Julius Reisman's Accent.  
Fred Blake's Wisdom.

F. B., 18.

Pupil: I know what it is, but I can't express it.  
C. A. P.: Why don't you send it by freight?

Teacher: Paul, what is the meaning of *nescio quid*?  
Paul L.: I am ignorant of that.  
Teacher: Why emphasize *that*?

Miss Mutch: Does anyone know what a Ford is?

Miss Wright: Give the name of a Norse god.  
Pupil: Er—ah—Bald———  
Miss Wright: Yes, you are right in a way, for there was a Norse god that was bald, but this one was *Balder*.

H. H., in Latin: I haven't the prose, but I have all the translation.  
Kenyon S.: Neither have I the prose, but I have the translation.  
Teacher: Good. We'll have translation first. Kenyon may take one-half, and Harold the other.

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns....."  
How does it feel, R. F.?

## HEARD IN ROOM 33

Teacher, after a boy had dropped his books: What are those things moving around on the floor over there?

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN

Shakespeare was born at Enoch-on-Arden in the thirteenth century.  
Nero was a god who had killed his nephew Claudius to marry Agrippa.

At least, after traveling many days, they reached their destitution.

The Greeks sent many expositions to Asia.

The house looked very collapsicated.

Orpheus was such a beautiful singer that he even moved the hearts of stones.

## FROM A C II THEME ON THE STAMP

In the middle is an oblong picture of George Washington, the man who discovered America.

The color of a stamp depends on its cost and denomination. All postage stamps are made out of paper.

Heard in Room 4: Hasdrubal led an army of veterinarians through Spain.

Mr. Smith: What figure of speech is this?

Pupil: A program.

George Skeel: How would you electrocute water?

Miss Wright: Was Phoebe a Pyncheon?

Pupil (dazed): Why—I never knew she pinched anyone.

Pupil describing the lists of the tournament in *Ivanhoe*:

There was a tent for refreshments, where they sold candy, pop cor—

Mr. Rankin: —and ice-cream cones.



BEHIND THE BARS  
*As it seems to the pupils*

#### EXCUSES FOR BEING TARDY TO CLASSES

- I  
I forgot my pencil.
- II  
I just came from gym.
- III  
I was copying the assignments.
- IV  
The teacher kept us.
- V  
I went to the wrong room. (Flat.)
- VI  
Mr. Lothman was talking to me. (Senior.)

Greenberg came into class with left side of his jaw swollen about six inches.

"Say," asked a comrade, "what does the other fellow look like?"

In Auditorium: "When going up use the end stairs, coming down, the center stairs; except going to or from Auditorium, then use both."



## TRANSLATIONS

### ILLE POMPEIUS MAGNUS

Edwin: He fought often with an enemy of his country rather than have little battles with his friends at home.

L. N.: He who in dignity excelled the chiefs was equal to the dead in the lower world in courtesy.

William: The Helvetians asked that they might march in spirit through Cæsar's province.

M. G. (speaking of Archias): Educated by exhortations and commands.

In Room 9: The soldiers will be called by a trumpet with a leader.

Translation: They slew his feet.

Charles Klump translating: Considius hastens to him with his horse at full.

Miss Ingersoll: What do you mean? Full Back?

Charles: No; full speed.

H. C.: All were captured and killed, and of these part surrendered.

Earl: Ad eam partem Helvetiorum pervenit, quæ nondum flumen transierat, he reached that part of the Helvetians which the river had not yet gone over.

M. C.: What island was so small that it did not defend its shores by itself, but by Hercules?

Translation from French: She regarded him with a compressed air.

## TRANSLATIONS

A. Birney: *Per noctem plurima volvens*, tossing about much during the night.

R. Bell: *Rosea cervice refulsit*, she blushed a rosy red from the back of her neck.

C. F.: *Tot milites se receperunt*, the dead soldiers retreated.

Boy translating French: And he asked him if he wished to be my wife.

Ed Vorpe translating: "*Der Kampf mit dem Drachen.*" The camp of the dragoons.

All men seemed not to be sent from the city, but dropped down from heaven. (Not by a girl!)

Harold H.: A commander who cannot continue himself, cannot restrain his army.

M. Cooke: I forgot what armseliger means.

Mr. S.: Wir haben in dieser Schule viele armseligen Schüler. Was für Schüler sind sie, Martha?

M. Glauber: Punk!

Mr. S.: Did everybody hear the automobile?

Look at this and look at that,  
Here and there, a little Flat;  
Some are large and some are small,  
Some are really nothing at all.

Hearing a rather slow and jerky recitation in Latin, Miss Mutch remarked that the recitation was given on the installment plan.

## FAMOUS EDITOR MAKES SPEECH

MYRON GLAUBER ADDRESSES EAST HIGH STUDENTS

(Bow.) Mr. Lothman has asked me (slight cough) to say a few words.  
 (Few.) The Blue and Gold ----- quintessence  
 ----- teeming ----- effervescence -----  
 ----- Pep ----- Inclusive -----  
 ----- scribes. ----- cosmopolitanism -----  
 "Watch us grow" -----  
 thyroid gland. ----- co-operation -----  
 Write soon.

\* \* \* \* \*

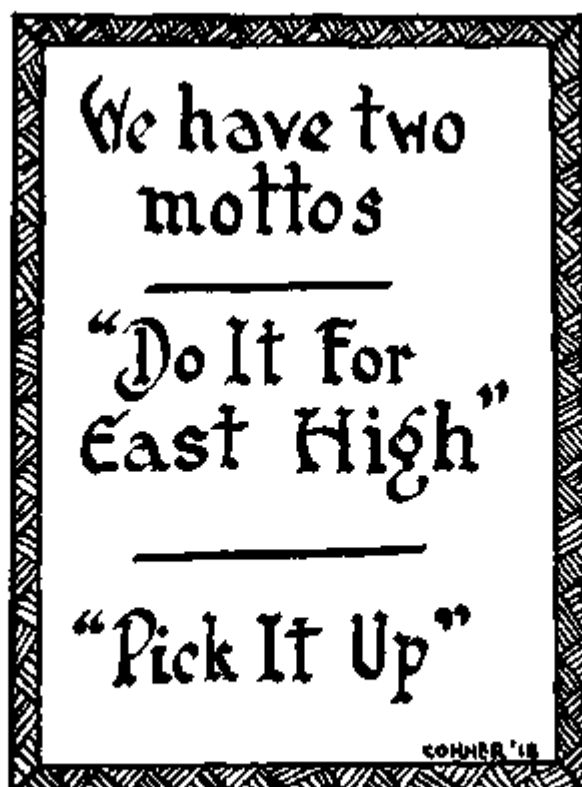
In the opinion of our reporter, this was an epoch-making speech. Its merit is due no doubt to the combined efforts of Mr. Glauber, the authoret, Webster's dictionary and the perusal of some medical science magazine. This article by no means does justice to Mr. Glauber's oratorical powers, as our reporter was handicapped by a seat under the balcony.

Mr. Glauber, however, is undoubtedly a speaker of unusual capability (in using the dictionary), and will be heard from at length in the future.  
 D. M. BRUSH, '17.

## VERBS—FOR BEGINNERS

Flateo, sophere, juniort, seniortus—to enter High.  
 Neglecto, classere, testi, flunctus—to neglect studies.  
 Studeo, recitere, exami, passus—to study.  
 Runo, collidere, teacheri, scoldus—to run through hall.  
 Disobeyo, nestudere, flunki, expellus—to leave school.  
 Painto, powdere, crimpi, beautitus—to make beautiful.  
 Skato, skidere, fellj, bumptus—to skate.  
 Earno, spendere, showi, broketus—to go to shows.

SWINGLE-MEYER, '18.



## A BRILLIANT YOUTH AND AN APROPOS STORY

**M**R. SMITH: "Mary, who organized the Spectator papers, Addison or Steele?"

Mary (confidently): "Addison."

Mr. S.: "Wrong. You can tell us, Bessie."

Bessie (a trifle undecidedly): "Well—I thought both Addison and Steele did."

Mr. S. (sarcastically): "Wrong again. Possibly our next applicant will inform us rightly. Expound your theory, Mr. Pl——." (Before he could finish, he was interrupted by John G., wildly waving his hand.) "Oh, yes, John. Do you think you can help us?"

John (getting up with great importance): "Yes, sir. Steele did."

"John, your extraordinary, as well as unexpected wisdom, reminds us of a story."

"A colored servant was taking her mistress's month-old baby out for an airing, when she met her husband-to-be. She proudly presented her charge."

"'Ain't dat de most splenddest baby you ever see?' she exulted."

"'Well, ah reckons it are,' he agreed, a little doubtfully."

"'Oh! Yo' reckons it are. Does yo mean to tell me yo do' know de gen'er ob dis here chile?'"

"'Oh, yassum, yassum,' he said, hastily. 'He am a boy.'"

"'Well, if dat don' beat all! He don' even know dis chile ain't a boy.'"

"With the light of understanding spreading over his face, he answered, relievedly, 'W'y—w'y, den, it mus' be a girl.'"

"'Huh!' grunted his fiancée, with great contempt, 'somebody mus' a told you.'"

BEN TRUESDALE.

In Oratory: Roosevelt on witness stand testified that he had never been under the influence of liquor before in his life.

Mr. Petersilge: Suppose each pupil had two dollars and there were ten minus two pupils, how much would there be all together?

Mildred McDonald: Two right angles.

Mr. Petersilge: She thinks you're all blockheads. Thank goodness the teacher wasn't included.

Willie had a row of nineties,  
On a yellow card,  
And to get those little figures  
He had tried so hard.

Willie's father, smiling proudly,  
Thus to Willie spoke:  
"For reward, my son, I'll give you"—  
Just then Will awoke.



THIS PICTURE REPRESENTS A MAN  
IN HEIGHT AND FORM TREMENDOUS;  
HIS BROTHER WENT TO MEXICO  
TO HELP THE BOYS DEFEND US.



BUT NOW THIS MAN HAS SHRUNK A "BIT,"  
HE DOESN'T LOOK SO TALL  
AS WHEN DEFEATING OTHER TEAMS  
HE THREW OUR BASKETBALL.

## SOME THINGS WE DO NOT SEE

Mr. Raish	laughing
G. McNulty	serious
Mr. Lothman	running in the halls
G. Skeel	not talking
Pupils	with 95% cards
Mr. Reed	angry
Doig	studying
R. Horsburg	not looking at a girl
Our teachers	pleased
Mr. Schulte	without "entertainment" speeches
P. Hummel	not dancing
B. Dowling	with his hair combed
M. Joseph	without F. Baumel
F. Clements	unprepared
Mr. Knight	favoring woman suffrage
C. Futch	impolite
Miss Baker	in an unbecoming gown

Teacher: What is the city water supply?

Junior: The water-works.

Mr. Findley: What must be true of the deceased if his estate is said to have an executor rather than an administrator?

Dorothy B.: He must be dead.

Wasn't it lost, wandering through the hall? "Lost, probably, in the lunch room, Friday, the latter half of the fourth hour."

Kind teacher, as R. R. finishes his translation of Cicero's speech: Now, put that into English, Richard.

Don't put a chip on your shoulder,  
Or you may hear it said,  
That piece of wood upon your coat  
Was once part of your head.

K. Bailey (reading *Idylls*): She saw the sacque of Lancelot: her scarlet sleeve steamed from it still.

## NOT JUST WHAT WE MEANT

Myron Glauber, speaking of the B. & G.: We have substituted for the former class representatives some live wires.

Mr. Schulte: Our next number in the course is a musical number, but not that high flown stuff *you* can't understand.

Lois Van Raalte, in Auditorium: Charles Keller said just what I meant to say, but I hope I can impress it better on your minds.

Miss Brack: If anyone comes in here absent-----

D. S., in German class: We sit up to our elbows in soapsuds.

Sourbeck, in Gym before rally: Somebody, keep your eyes open to hear the band play.

## HEARD IN ROOM 28

The pupils in the last seats collect the cards from those that are absent.



RALPH SOURBECK IS A MAN OF "CASTE"  
AND WITH THE "ELITE" IS WONT TO GO;  
BUT SUCH A PICTURE IS A SHAME—  
WE NEVER THOUGHT HE'D STOOP SO LOW.

# The Blue and Bold

Vol. LVIII 5.

The Antipodes, 17 Present.

No. V-2

## SCHOOL BOARD'S ACTION NEWS OF THE SCHOOL.

At last the board of education has really done something beneficial for Tsue. Next year two class rooms on each floor are to be converted into the long longed for rest-rooms and play-halls. Each of these is to be supplied with toys and kindergarten recreational devices for the amusement and diversion so necessary to the overworked brain of the average high school student. There will also be a story-teller in charge of each room and arrangements have been made so that whenever the assigned tasks become too hard to endure, indeterminate periods of beneficial rest may be spent in these havens of rescue for weak minds.

It is but rarely that we have an opportunity to offer so exceptional a piece of news as the following. It has been ascertained through authentic sources that at the graduation exercises this year there will be staged a most unique feature. At least a half dozen couples of our illustrious class have deemed it proper at this auspicious occasion to give unto each other their matrimonial vows. May the knots tied under such circumstances be veritable Gordians.

We have been requested to announce a spirited polo match between the representative teams of our Senior boys and the Freshmen girls of the Women's College. This event, which will be a marked one in the social circles of the two schools, is to take place upon the roof of our school. All of our ponies are in fine condition except the one which Tseng Kuktra was expected to mount. It is now supposed that he will have to make use of his charlie-horse.

The C II girls taking the domestic science course have recently entered into the regular spring trench-digging activities with alacrity. We are glad to note that there is no decreased enthusiasm in this so truly essential rudiment in the building of our future homes and firesides.

## CALENDAR.

Monday.  
Young Gentlemen's Voice Culture Club.  
The Argonauts' Society.  
Ping Pong Practice.  
Tuesday.  
Squabble Club.  
Young Ladies' Boxing Bout.  
Pickle Eaters' Club.  
Wednesday.  
Gossip and Thoughts Club.  
Sons of Adam Society.  
D I Hes Down.  
Boys' Knitting Tryout.  
Thursday.  
Military Training Revival.  
Junior Barn Hop in Gym.  
Thumb Twirlers' Club.  
Nieces of Nero Society.  
Friday.  
Big Wind Club Conclave.  
Sun Dance, in Auditorium, over late defeats.  
Low Z's hold mass meeting.  
Crab players meet to organize.

## REMARKS.

If the subscribers for the Annual have as much fun in reading it as the board members had in putting it together it certainly will be a "roaring" success.

"Woman—without her man would be a savage."  
Woman without her man would be a savage.

"Fourteen persons have been injured fatally, by the official report of the World's Fair authorities."

"He blew out his brains after bidding his wife good-by with a gun."

"You can set out your whole estate in rose-bushes and have thousands of beautiful blooms of indescribable beauty and of perfume beyond telling, but one skunk—."

## STUDIOUS LADS.

On Friday afternoons when its time to twenty-three one can find a few sticklers in 23 who delight in juggling triangles, circular squares, perpendicular parallels and the like.

## SAD ACCIDENT.

A peculiar incident came to our notice the other day concerning one of our most beloved and popular associates. It seems that "Uncle" Refeakhs Dlaned came to school at eight o'clock and made use of his study-time to such good result that his first recitation was perfect. However, upon being questioned as to the cause of these unforeseen actions, we are sorry to state that our brother was quite abashed and was really unable to furnish a substantial excuse. Fearing that he had suddenly been taken ill a consultation of teachers wisely sent him home at once. We regret his absence at once. We hope that he will soon again enlighten our company with his former self.

## WORTH YOUR WHILE.

Owing to the seemingly slack co-operative spirit in regard to this, our representative school-publication, the number of advertisements has been reduced to an inconspicuousness entirely out of keeping with the former reputation of the school. It was therefore decided at the last teachers' meeting that, in order to arouse the lagging enthusiasm, anyone obtaining two cents worth of advertising for the year would be passed unconditionally in all subjects. What a fine opportunity this is for those who, if they had not devoted their life to attending Tsue, would undoubtedly be grandparents by this time.

## IN THE HOSPITAL.

Eproy Nhoj is in the hospital recuperating from a serious case of shock sustained in a mix-up with several ruffians the other night when he was returning home peacefully from a school function. It seems that he was attacked from the rear but, bravely controlling his surprise, he succeeded in securing one of the assailant's weapons with which he put them to rout. Upon closer examination of the instrument it proved to be a hat-pin.



## THE GLUE AND BOLD.

## De luxe Edition.

Editorial Staff.....(the sole  
makers and producers.)  
Rellek Selrahe.....Chief Chef  
Etlar Nav Siol.....Second Cook  
Tremish Blawe.....  
.....Ass't Second Cook  
Keebruos Hplar...Bottle Washer  
Sniktaw Mailliw....Sped peeler  
Thgirw Mailliw.....Taster

Rate: 3 pins per year—No issues.  
By mail 5 safety-pins (safety  
first.)

## EDITORIAL.

No doubt everyone has heard of the recent uprising in one of the most honorable and respected clubs of the school. We have our own clearly defined views on the matter but as we desire to remain on amicable terms with all in the school we would first solicit an expression of others' opinions before venturing an editorial.

## JUST THE CRUST.

Composed by a line o' typist.

Practice for track will be started in about a week, probably in the East Your Money Come Across Building. The team won't need you, but if they should ask, remember the gag—springfever.

A joke; laugh here, you won't later.

"Yeldarb Yelall in room 29: "Hydrofluoric acid acts vigorously on vegetable matter. A single drop on your hand makes a bad sore."

Mr. Etluks believes that those who have ears to hear should hear and not be heard.

Mr. Htime F. Leirbag (again): "Has the class anything to say?"

The class—deep silence.

Mr. H. L., louder: "Has the class anything to say?"

The class—deathlike quiet.

Mr. H. L., stentoriously: "Has the class anything to say? Are you dead, Mabel?"

"No, but I'm not the class."

## QUITE RIGHT.

Mr. Hsair: "You know a little dog becomes snarly if you don't treat him right. I'm afraid if you keep on the way you have been you'll make me like a snappy little pup but I don't know what kind."

No matter what kind it is the bark is always worse than the bite.

## A II NOTES.

The All Class very unexpectedly brought their business to a close, at their last meeting, in a most orderly manner. It is remarkable that this year there was none of the customary hair-pulling and eye-gouging. Jake Zimmerman's new barn is to be the place for the dance. Everybody is invited. Bids may be obtained for two small potatoes and an onion at the door. No charge for extra gentleman.

Class pins were ordered early. They are to be manufactured from large red bricks draped in mother-of-pearl and set in brass. The design is conventional. Anyone having the price may obtain one.

The contract for the graduation announcements has already been let out to The Acme Foundry Co. Their delivery is expected within a few months. A sample of the same has been approved. Pot-metal letters appear in relief on a sheet-iron background.

After acting on several other incidentals the assembled company joined in chanting their class hymn and were adjourned by the sergeant-at-arms.

Mr. Htime Leirbag assures Miss Ekooe Scroled that after graduation she may dispense with all punctuation if she so desires but that, at present, it is expedient for her to make frequent use of her comma and period sprinkling cans.

## YOUNG LADIES' BASKET-BALL.

Two teams of the misses' basketball tournament clashed a week ago in vicious mortal strife. Luckily only two were killed at this game but none of the others of either team is expected out of the hospital before three weeks. We are glad to note the decrease in casualties.

## GENTLEMEN'S ACTIVITIES.

The Young Men's Sewing Circle had the pleasure of listening, last Friday, to a most interesting lecture on "The Futility of Working Dutch Windmills in Irish Lace" by the eminent crocheted artist, Howard Hopewell Harding.

The knitting bees, instituted for the relief of the girls at the back, are at present enjoying large attendances. Fellows, if you want to be popular, be sure to come early with your needles.

The champion class debating team has challenged any state high school team to a contest. The subject of controversy to be: Resolved, that rope-skipping be added as a compulsory subject for boys to the curriculum of all high schools.

By the way! Before you have your picture taken be sure to ask the editor of the Annual whether he has ever known the photographer before. Be sure. Your future happiness may depend upon it.

Notice: We wish to announce that, by unanimous vote of the students' body, it has been decided that to call a first year pupil a "flat" is vulgar.

The freshmen basketball team beat the senior team, last Sunday, by a score of 179-152. Fast playing was characteristic of the "desperate struggle."

Mr. Eglisretap was heard one day to make this astounding remark: "Oh, Stanley! Oh, Stanley! Thou makest me to squawk."

The newly organized "Clean-up Squad" is reported as having done some excellent work as is evidenced by the recent appearance of several black eyes and spongy noses.

## HOW ABOUT IT?

Mr. Ham Sandwich is a personage of the lunch-room who is much talked of but you must admit that he has a place that he fills very charmingly. There is one resident of the counter, however, who loves to appear every place but the right one. Miss Lemon Pie is very obstinate for a lady and is an adept at showing up unexpectedly upon the surface of your left cheek, or, if foiled in that, upon the entire length of your beautiful new pants (in other words trousers.)

## RECREATION SURVEY.

Pleasant amusements of the boys in 24.  
 Marbles  
 Auto riding  
 Checkers  
 Pool and billiards  
 Studying  
 Getting Teacher's Goat  
 Dancing  
 Church  
 Boxing  
 Knitting  
 Poker  
 Ping Pong  
 Burlesque  
 Sewing  
 Visiting—?  
 Chess  
 Cooking  
 Girls  
 Post office  
 Eating

Mr. Hsiar: There are two serious things the matter with that sentence but I put only one cross there because I didn't want to use up my pencil so fast.

Mr. Hsiar: What is meant by saying that only some verbs have their vowel modified in the singular?

Shining Light: Why, that means that not all verbs have their vowel modified.

Mr. Hsiar: Please, please sit down before I lose patience!

## WHICH WAY DOES IT WORK?

Mr. Etluhes: Some of these young lads over here are trying to make us believe that they are girls by the form of their recreations.

## WHY NOT?

We note that recently, following a serious accident near Los Angeles, that all mules in that vicinity are obliged to wear tail-lights after dark. We would suggest a similar measure for all pupils on account of the dusky hall-ways of the building.

## NEWS FROM THE CAPITOL.

The newly organized parliament in our school is getting down to business. No new laws have as yet been passed but the Anti Flirtation Act passed the House with a vote of 1,154-63. It is to be hoped that the Senate acts as favorably and that our President will appreciate his office enough to avow his approval. The new bill of Senator Yaurib Werdna for equal suffrage is now under heated discussion.

## LISTEN!

Even though they are impracticable we shall welcome suggestions from any harebrained mol-lusk who thinks that a paper like this can be produced with a grain of truth or a sneeze of sense in it. If you must enliven your gray matter with humor let us advise you to read the multifarious editorials of this year's Annual.

Llob Redeor has suddenly become aware of the fact that really to enjoy life one should not eat. He is acting accordingly but what shall the rest of us do to be saved? Impossible for Eifud.

Mr. Namhtol insists upon having us listen to college presidents. We would enjoy hearing addresses from kindergarden presidents much more we are sure.

You must realize that it takes quite an amount of green matter to write all this. But you know that as long as a thing is green it will grow. Therefore let us hope that your receiving minds are as green as the author of all this tw.

## SOME POME.

The following is an example of the poetic ability at present existing in our school.

"Nine little sausages  
 Sizzling on a plate;  
 In came the boarders,  
 And then they were ate."

Is this not worth patterning? Such poetry is sought after for publication nowadays, but we advise that any who expect to exist by this art should begin to practice early in order to become as proficient as the author of the above.

## SOMETHING PROFOUND.

Green grass grew  
 Green grew grass  
 Grass grew green  
 Grass green grew  
 Grew grass green  
 Grew green grass

Mr. Eglisretep: "Step over, Redeor. They don't want to see you, they want to see your figure."

Happily there is no embargo on sitting down in room 24.

It is a wise custom of Mr. Htims Leirbag to fight fire with fire. When the gag is played that

the question is not understood he invariably and most cheerfully remarks that the correct interpretation of the question is half the answer.

The Lincoln Club believes that it pays to advertise or at least to scream its notices upon the black-boards. Not so in room 16.

## QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY MRS. WELLMAX.

I didn't flunk. What do you advise?—Dam Solinsky.

You may as a post graduate. Try again.

The Hi Y. picturs was taken without the consent of our Lincoln Club. What shall we do about it?—Will Bright.

Read your constitution and by-laws. If nothing turns up pass an amendment to something.

I've taken the same girl out twice in succession. Do you think this indicates anything serious?—Draeic Fonglas.

It certainly does. You are evidently losing your grip. Take a fresh breath.

I am a bell-hop at The Nickle Chaser's Cafe. The other day I received a tip. How shall I invest it?—Jimmy Dong.

Send it to us and we shall salt it safely for you.

I am in trouble. My upper lip has become soiled but I find it impossible to improve its appearance.—Corris Moleman.

Perhaps a careful application of an Everready bath will suffice.

What shall I do? My hair has grown rather long. Yesterday the barber refused me.—Kaniel Delley.

You still have the automatic reaper and we have heard that hair mattresses were comfortable in winter.

## SENIOR'S SHORT STORY OUTLINE.

Title.  
 Getting Through East.  
 Problem.  
 To get 10 on recitation.  
 To pass test.  
 To get library slip  
 To get excused.  
 Obstacle.  
 Complete ignorance.  
 Intellectual vacuum.  
 No signature.  
 Poor stall.  
 Solution.  
 Steady, Constant application.  
 Accuracy.  
 A grain of common sense.

## THE FORUM

"Upon the river shore,  
He gave the bride-rains a  
shake."

## EQUAL RIGHTS.

While there is so much talk of equal rights in school, I just want to mention a little matter which I think has been overlooked. It is this—the right of boys to take part in the mantle oration.

From a standpoint of art, of beauty, of dignity and manliness, what could be more impressive than a senior boy clad in the blue and gold mantle? I don't think that there ought to be a girl cheer-leader until a boy takes part in the mantle oration.

Vox pueri.

## Equal Rights (The other Side.)

Would someone please tell me why we couldn't have a girls' fire lighting team? I can see no reason against having one. I'm sure it isn't unwomanly to light the fires (such was one of the reasons given in opposition to a girl sergeant-at-arms.) Neither are girls unfit physically for striking matches (girls are not strong enough to take much part in athletics, you know.)

On the other hand, I can see many reasons in favor of such a project. To light the fires of the building each morning would broaden a girl's mind, giving her a wider knowledge of the many important subjects on which household debates are held. Debating would teach her the art of speaking well, it would increase her vocabulary, and it would accelerate her lower jaw movement. Thus you see what a manifold blessing a girls' fire lighting team would be.

I think that such a project would succeed, as all through the ages woman has been known to split the kindling. I am sure a great number of girls would "jump" at the chance of having a girls' fire lighting team, as girls are inclined to get up early in the morning, anyway. Also we girls would like a chance to represent our school in something.

Rellaw Yma.

Editor's note: Owing to the increasing size of the manuscripts of those participating in this discussion, to our neutrality in the question, and to the high cost of paper we shall have to ask any future "polite arguers" to kindly pay for their articles by the inch.

## LARRY JOLLY'S ANSWERS.

Dear Mr. Jolly: Will you please tell me how I can get fleshy? I am a little boy, 19, six feet tall and weigh about four-hundred twenty-five pounds. Should I weigh more? Also, please tell me how I can see my feet.

Eiffud Beittihw.

To gain weight eat three Lunch Room pretzels a day and to become acquainted with your pedal extremities don't you think a trench periscope would be the thing?

Dear Mr. Jolly: When a teacher asks one to have a seat what should one reply?

Doubtful Dotty.

It is sufficient to say simply, "With pleasure. I thank you."

Dear Mr. Jolly:

Will you kindly tell me whether that moss-bearded threat of mine is to be again printed in the Annual? Htims F. Lairbag.

You need not fear. We have absolutely refused to publish anything about windows.

Dear Mr. Jolly:

I am deeply concerned about the A I class. They seem to think that our entire establishment belongs to them. Have you any explanation to offer?

Yeldnif L. Niwda.

I don't wonder you are troubled about the A I class. They have suffered from a too literal interpretation of a remark frequently made and intended for encouragement of shy and timid Freshmen: "The school belongs to you." You see it is but a step from that to "We own the school."

## FREE KNOWLEDGE.

There has been much discussion of late as to the difference in meaning of the two common words "broke" and "busted." Again we are glad to be a means of enlightenment. The former denotes a condition of affairs in which the exact valuation of your available property amounts to exactly one car-ticket. The latter, however, means that your liabilities amount to something over ten dollars while your total assets consist of front and rear collar-buttons.

## MEMOIR.

We believe, from the fact that the lunch room places ham sandwiches upon exhibition, that the aforesaid establishment must have given sustenance to a member of the Swine family. We judge, from the delicacy with which the remains are dealt, that His Hamship must have been much beloved and, therefore, we offer, with commiseration our deepest sympathy to a bereaved house.

An exceptional translation of a sentence in the German language was offered in room C the other day. It began somewhat as follows: "It was a lukewarm February day."

An Annual is an annual because it is renewed each year. Is that possible? Or are the faces merely changed?

"What's your birthstone, Bob?"

"The grindstone!"

## ADS.

For Sale: 34 hens and 6 roosters. All Laying.

A young woman of disagreeable personality, no executive ability, graduate of kindergarten, desires a situation where brains and initiative are not required. Poor references.

46P183X, Glue and Bold.

Lost: Bill-fold containing \$47.39. Finder kindly return \$47.35 with container. Sir Kracky Kuckles, Hotel Askmore.

## OFFICE BOY.

Must be deaf in order to hear complaints.

The Big Biz Co.

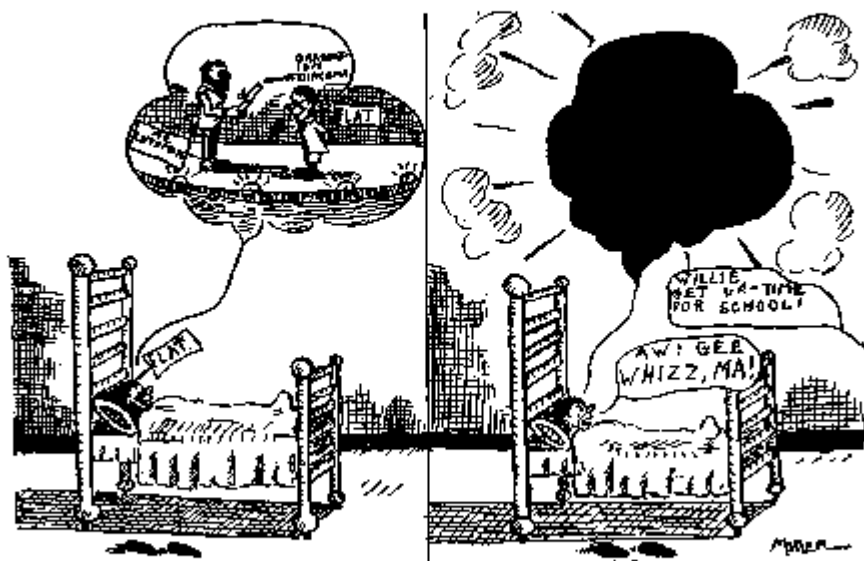
Graduates from High School. Learn a Trade! Be a Barber!

Fifty young men wanted, to look natural \$25 per week. Stamp Painter, The Landscapist.

We are ready to receive bids from general contractors wishing to furnish next year's supply of gray-matter for the students of Teac. Box 000, G & B.

Wanted: An appliance whereby the stature of the present day Flat may be increased.

Htims F. Lairbag.



### SUGGESTIONS FOR GRADUATION GIFTS

Encyclopædia Britannica.  
 Former text-books in blue-leather and gold.  
 Framed grade-cards.  
 Cigarette extinguishers.  
 Peanut tongs.  
 A mother's praises.  
 A father's pride.  
 Someone else's—  
 Scrap-book of notes passed in school.  
 Bound volume of "Blue and Gold."  
 An Annual.  
 Help Wanted Column—clipped from newspaper.

There was a young man in East High  
 Who said, "If I flunk I shall die."  
     Then he studied so hard,  
     That he got a "pass" card;  
 Then said, "I no longer need sigh."

MILDRED FARNER, '20.

## IMAGINATION

As you sit and think, think, think,  
And rack your little brain,  
And dip your pen in ink, ink, ink,  
You think you have a pain.

But you must do your work, work, work,  
No matter how you feel,  
If you're inclined to shirk, shirk, shirk,  
You'll make the pain seem real.

ELEANOR HUETTICH, '19.

Miss Kelly asked why a certain verb was in the third conjugation. A boy raised his hand and said, "That's just what I was wondering."

In History: John did not lose Aquitaine because it was not his until later.

They left the country and returned in three hundred and fifty years.

Mr. Smith (scanning): I would just as soon stop with "The Sea Nymph."

Miss Parsons to Laurence N., playing with ink and a pencil: Lawrence, you ought to have gotten over making mud pies.

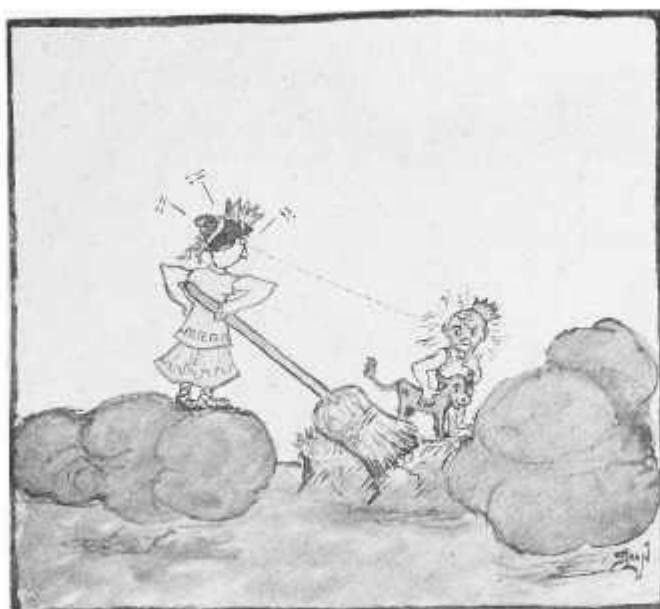
Ben Truesdale, in English Class: Can't I have an extra ending at the beginning?

Miss Parsons: We'll have this poem for tomorrow.  
Lucy Roofe: A *whole* one?

Mr. Oldham explains triangles: When the right angle is on the right of the triangle it is a right triangle; when on the left, it is a left triangle.

Old Bill Grimes, the dear old man,  
We'll see his face no more,  
For what he thought was  $H_2O$   
Was  $H_2SO_4$ .

W. M.



#### RECOLLECTIONS OF MYTHS

Miss Kraft: Give me a definition of a common noun.

Flattlett: A common noun is the name of something that is not proper.

Teacher: What relation was Arthur to King John?

Pupil: Arthur was John's nephew.

Teacher: Yes, he was the son of his brother.

Heard in an A I German Class: Diesseit Buffalo liegt Painesville.

#### PUZZLES

1. How did Mr. Findley learn so much slang, sentimental expressions and popular songs (and "him" a teacher)?

2. How to write a thirty-page theme and attend a dance on the same night???

Answers must be in before 1925. Address to

"ETERNAL PUZZLE EDITOR,"  
13 Life Street,  
Abracadabra,  
N. G.

## ONE FRESHMAN'S IDEA OF RIGHT

ONE day Mr. Haber was arguing with a Flat. During the argument Mr. Haber used an illustration, and this is what happened:

"If you went into a candy store and bought a penny's worth of candy and paid for it with your own penny, would that be all right?" asked Mr. Haber.

"Sure," answered the Flat.

"But if you went down the street," continued Mr. Haber, "and stole a penny to pay for the candy, would that be all right?"

"Yes," said the Flat, "if you got away with it."

HARRIET M. LUXTON, '19.

In a grammar school from which one of us came there is a boy noted for general misbehavior and occasional wit. One day the teacher decided to lecture the scholars about doing one's duties well. She started by addressing the boy.

"Mike," she said, "whenever you do your work well, what reward do you always receive?"

The boy rose promptly and looking at her squarely, replied: "More work."

HARRIET M. LUXTON.

One day Mr. Findley stepped into Room 32 to speak to Mr. Hogan. A boy was attempting to recite an ill-prepared lesson. Mr. Findley quietly told Mr. Hogan that he would wait until the boy stopped talking.

"Oh, that's all right," replied Mr. Hogan, "he isn't saying anything."

During a study period in Room 13 a pupil started to tap his desk with a pencil, much to the annoyance of his fellow-students. Mr. Rankin kept silent for almost a minute—and then remarked drily:

"Will the person who is practising to be a drummer in the Salvation Army please stop?"

HARRIET M. LUXTON.

Riddle: Why do Mr. Smith's pupils feel like chairs?

Answer: Because he draws them out, then sits on them.



Whither, whither, little flat,  
Running through the hall?  
Don't you want a baseball bat,  
And a rubber ball?

Go into the yard and play  
With your baseball bat,  
As you did before the day  
You came to East, a flat.

F. B., '13.



Sing a song of lunch room,  
 Basement of East High,  
 Four and twenty blackbirds  
 Baked in a pie.  
 When the pie is opened,  
 Such awful words they sing.  
 Isn't that a pretty dish  
 To set before a king?

During a test Marcum was looking around, particularly towards his neighbor's paper.

"What do you want, Marcum?" asked his teacher.

"Nothing," replied Marcum.

"You'll find that more quickly on your own paper than on John's," said his teacher.

It was the seventh period; the class had been to the Auditorium the hour before. Edward criticised Anna's Latin sentence.

"Shouldn't *oratione* be plural? The English says words."

"Well," said Anna, "an oration *is* words."



## EASIER TO BE TEACHER THAN PUPIL

Teacher: Lawrence, you take charge of the class.  
Lawrence: I know the translation, but I don't want to take the class.  
Teacher: Then just read the class the translation. [Lawrence walks up to the desk, and sits down.]  
Teacher: You need not sit there to read.  
Lawrence: I'm not going to translate. I'm going to take charge of the class.

Miss L.: Why, Kenneth Breu, look at the way you listen.

1st flat: We are going to have Rhetoricals today.

2nd flat: What's that?

1st flat: I don't know.

Miss Black: How many of you have ever weighed anything?

Sam Sampliner: I have.

Miss Black: What have you weighed?

Sammie: Myself.

Miss B.: I said *anything*.

Sammie Sampliner: In the same circle equal radii are equal.

## REWARDS

Gold Medal—To flat on whom there is an original new joke.

Exile—To anyone who writes a parody for the Annual Board.

Miss Peters, assigning work on board: Herr Brown, Fräulein Smith, Herr Cutter.— After a few moments, reading names from board: *Barber*, wer ist Barber? Ich kenne ihn nicht.

Paul Cutter, looking up innocently: Ich bin Herr Cutter, Fräulein Peters.

(Reward is offered to any D I German pupil who can explain the joke.)

There once was a man with a beard,  
Whom pupils all loved and yet feared.  
If bad, they just knew  
That day they would rue,  
On which at his door they appeared.

O. T., '21.

Wallace Mouat, looking at contributions to *Annual*: Say, some of these things would make you laugh.

Humor Editor: Good; that's what I'm looking for.

## THE CONTRIBUTION TO THE ANNUAL

The plea for contributions.  
The resolve.  
The putting off.  
The second resolve.  
The start.  
The telephone call.  
The second putting it off.  
The passage of time.  
The announcement of the "last day."  
The great resolve.  
The start.  
The interruptions.  
The finish.  
The submitting.  
The passage of time.  
The Annual.  
The turning of leaves.  
The disappointment.  
The resolve.  
Next year—the same. W. G. L., '18.

There was once a boy at East High,  
To whom it was said, "Will you try  
To compose a short rhyme  
Whene'er you have time?"  
He said: "I will do it or die."  
W. G. L., '18.

A man bought a Ford at a market,  
And also a plug so's to spark it;  
At the sight of a hill  
The jitney stood still,  
And the gentleman there had to park it.  
WALLACE MOUAT.

Said Mamie who sits in Room Two,  
"Let's find something manly to do.  
At talking we're great;  
Let's have a debate,  
We'll beat all the boys ere we're through."  
NINETEEN.

Mr. Haber: Only a few of you boys have paid the two cents for the mailing of your report cards. Perhaps you think they won't be worth two cents.



### BED DURING EXAMS

I used to go to bed at night,  
And only worked when day was light.  
But now it's quite the other way,  
I never get to bed till day.

I look up from my work and see  
The morning light shine in on me  
And listen to the wakening knell—  
The tinkle of the 'larm clock bell.

Now is there not some cause to weep,  
When I should like so much to sleep,  
I have to sing this mournful lay,  
"I cannot get to bed till day."

RUTH HERR, '19.

## THE SUN

It chanced one time, as evening fell,  
The night came on apace;  
And lo, next day, with cheering ray,  
The sun displayed his face.

Then as the day wore on to noon,  
The sun stood overhead,  
And when the light gave place to night  
His brightness all had fled.

The sun next morn did rise again . . . (Our Poet said he could continue indefinitely, but the Editor stopped him.)

## DICTIONARY

**Class:** A group of twenty-five or thirty persons endeavoring to convince one that they know something.

**Gymnasium:** A place where racket seems the main thought and pleasure.

**Lunch-room:** A place where five races occur daily.

**Library:** A room, entrance to which requires lots of red tape, but exit little.

**Office:** A room in which lost and found articles, also boys and girls, remain until called for.



SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

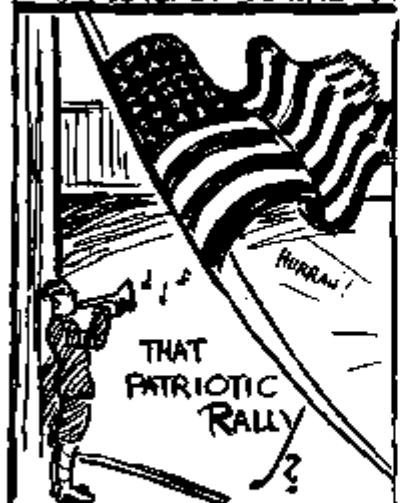
# REVERIES



Recall that "one skunk"?



THE FOOTBALL "SOCIAL"?



J. M. Arstine '18.

## IT'S SAD TO BE A SENIOR

The days are gone, the hours have run,  
And near's the end of all our fun.

"Isn't that play a perfect scream?—  
I always make my fudge with cream,"

She said,—“As for that dress—  
They say the dance was a perfect mess—

“He said he'd take her to the show,  
Where do you suppose he gets the dough?"

“My, these shoes feel awful tight—  
I don't think this problem's right,

“He said, the lights were very dim!  
She seems to like to dance with him—

“His socks and neckties are a sin,  
And all he does is grin and grin.

“Just pin it up, there, that's a dear—  
This Latin doesn't seem quite clear.

“The waists they wear are simply frights—  
He always comes on Sunday nights.

“I'll have to run down to the store—  
Some people are a perfect bore!"

There is no end to all of this.  
It's sad to be a Senior, miss.

RUTH H. LOMNITZ, '17.

## IF WE SHOULD TAKE

Heinie Templeton's wit,  
Joan Fergus's hair,  
Joe Clay's eyes,  
Dolores Cooke's nose,  
Elsie Eiseman's mouth,  
Richard Taylor's complexion,  
Helen Landesman's dimples,  
Dorothy Brush's disposition,  
Wouldn't we have a perfect girl?  
SIGNED, '18.

## NOT FAR WRONG

James was halting and stammering his way through a Latin translation, and his teacher was endeavoring to assist his memory. Sinister was the word she wanted.

"Come, James," she said, "you know the Latin word for 'left'?"

James thought a moment, and then answered triumphantly, "Spinster."

Teacher: What does "*punitive*" mean?

Pupil: It means weak and comes from "puny."

It is all right to love the girl as a whole.

Lieutenant Ord says he fears he may have more girls than he can take care of. He might divide with those of us who can't get one.

## HORRIBILIA

Horribile visu—Report cards.

Horribile dictu—That you lost your paper.

Horribile scitu—That you are going to fail.

Horribile itu—To a teacher's room at the ninth hour.

Horribile factu—A speech in the auditorium.

HUGO MAERLENDER.

C I translates the school motto: *Noblesse oblige*, "The more you do, the more they expect of you." Noble motto!

A future Edison in Chemistry: "First you pass the oxygen through electricity—" Please how is it did?

Brilliant Senior translating French: "The cause of the absentation—"

Mr. Findley: "*Absentation*—that's a new one, must be what the boys were guilty of on election day, working for their country."

Mr. Rankin: Isn't it true that our senses are deceiving? For instance: some people look in their garage and think that they have an automobile when they have only a Ford.

A learned professor at East

Each year to the team gives a feast.

He says, "While in training,

No flesh they've been gaining,

I'll give them one square meal at least."

## US BOYS!!

'Tis funny how we boys do dress,  
Quite funny 'tis indeed.  
Each week our trousers need a press,  
And "*Loud ties*" is our creed.

Our socks are red, and sometimes green,  
Our shirts are startling quite,  
And oftentimes to girls they seem  
A most distressing sight.

A hat of green or blue or brown  
Is now a sight quite old,  
While overcoats don't weigh a pound  
And don't keep out the cold.

Our suits are tight as tight can be,  
Our hair way up and back;  
While shoes quite pointed you do see,  
And glasses none would lack.

But anyhow we're proud of this,  
We boys, of all the style,  
We like to doff to some cute miss  
And be returned a smile.

So do you blame us for our style,  
You pessimistic guys?  
When from a miss we earn a smile,  
'Twould make you ope' your eyes.

RONALD J. BROWN, '18.

Miss Budde: What is the meaning of *Hochzeit*?

Pupil: Why—a—high time.

Miss Budde: What do you consider a high time?

Pupil: Oh, a wedding.

Mr. Hogan: Do you understand that construction?

Boy (with mouth wide open): Yes, sir.

Mr. Hogan: Well, then, look like it.

Teacher: Where are you going next hour, John?

John: Nowhere.

Teacher: Well, please take this note around on your way there.

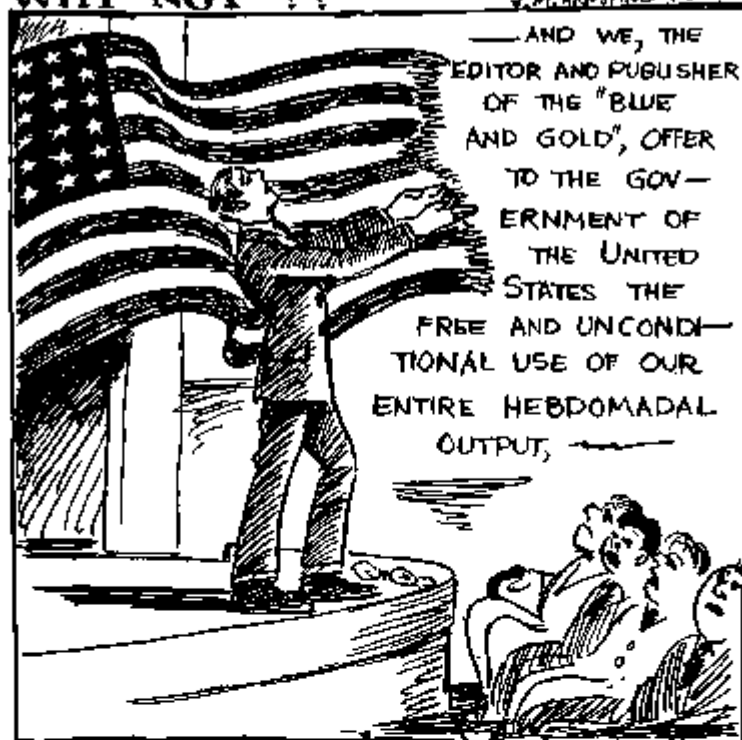
Miss Lytle: In the Trojan war, whom did the serpents kill?

Mildred R.: Lackawann.

Miss Lytle: Any relation to the railroad?

# WHY NOT ??

J. M. ARNSTINE '19



## FOOLISH QUESTIONS

If Henry passed by Luck would Thorpe Struggle?

If you knock the l out of Doig would he be a Collie?

How many Tons of cement did it take to build Heinie's Temple?

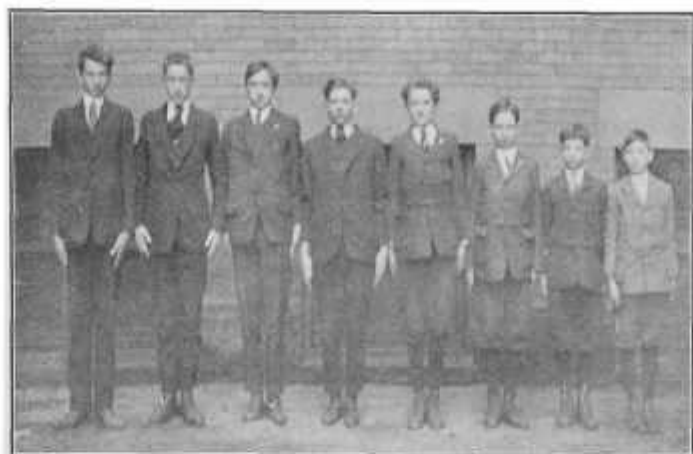
If Gattozzi got a new suit would he think he was Tony?

If Walter had not Eaton would he be in Towne?

MARY McNULTY, '19.

There was a boy in our school,  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He went off in a corner and  
Rubbed soap in both his eyes,  
And when he saw it blinded him,  
Our little friend, L. B.,  
He seemed to think that no one else  
In all the school could see.





WHEN THESE BOYS DID ENTER SCHOOL, THEY WERE WARPED AND SMALL,  
BUT "MILITARY TRAINING" HAS MADE THEM STRAIGHT AND TALL.



THIS BOY PERFORMED A MIRACLE IN BUT A SINGLE DAY;  
IN THIS HE'S SHORT, BUT UP ABOVE YOU SEE HE'S TALL TO STAY.

## THEIR IDEAS OF A GOOD TIME

P. Hummel	to dance
D. Brush	ditto
M. Cobb	take Tests
R. Robishaw	to make jewelry
E. Heimert	to talk
K. Ellen	to eat
<sup>17</sup> / <sub>18</sub> of the Boys	ditto
The Music Class	to escape music
The Glee Club Members	to be grand opera stars
L. Bradley	to be an actor
B. Feniger	to be president of something
The Faculty	to place us in embarrassing positions
R. Bell	please his teachers
All of the pupils	vacation

True poetic ability is easily recognized in East by its infrequent occurrence; but genuine poetic genius has been displayed in the following rendition of an old theme in an entirely novel form.

Please pay your dues,  
All you A II's;  
We need it badly;  
If a dance you'd lose  
For a dollar dues  
You'd rue it sadly;  
So come across,  
'Twill be no loss,  
And we will thank you gladly.

(Scrappy Mackin will do the thanking in Room 32.)

## WHY SOME SOPHOMORES COME TO SCHOOL

Irene Thomas: To get one hundred in Latin tests.  
Mildred Reimund: To monopolize the wash room.  
Dorothy Tuttle: To eat pretzels.  
Amy Waller: To lecture on Woman's Suffrage.  
Mary Frances McPeck: To take care of Mildred Reimund.

There was once a fresh flat in East High,  
At his lessons he never would try.  
He would run through the hall  
To get out and play ball,  
And then when he had failed, wondered why.  
LILLIAN HOFER, '20.

## THE COLD, GRAY DAWN

"And so," continued Mr. Lothman, "we have decided not to give an umbrella, but a—" "Breakfast's ready."

---

"For tomorrow," said Mr. Findley, "there will be no assign—" "Time to get up."

---

"I'd like to throw you out the window," suddenly said Mr. Smith, "but I'm afraid I can't do—" "Hurry, we've overslept."

---

Mr. Hogan began, "I don't want to hear any questions on this prop—" "Getting-up-time again." W. G. L., '18.



THIS IS JOHN OF FOOTBALL FAME,

HIS LAST NAME IS GATOZZI,

AS HE APPEARS HE'S NOT TO BLAME,

THE CAMERA MADE HIM FUZZY.

## PROBLEMS

A boy came to school 5 minutes late. He was sent home for a note, thereby missing 1 Latin and 1 German recitation.

Did he gain or lose, and how much?

Mary Anne spends 19 cents for her lunch each day. If she brought a luncheon from home how much would the per cent of absence in her room be decreased?

Minevieve was 15 when she entered High School. She goes to the theatre each Saturday, attends moving picture shows 3 times a week, and goes 6 evenings a week to the Elysium.

If she does not forget to powder her face, how old will Minevieve be when she graduates?

## BETWEEN WADE PARK AND DECKER

"Howdy."  
"Oh, hello, there!"  
"Gee, we're late, ain't we?"  
"Naw, it's only a quarter to eight."  
"The clock stopped, an' I've been hurryin' ever since. Had to wait three hours for a car."  
"Did'ja prove those corollaries?"  
"No, I haven't looked at 'em yet."  
"Believe me, boy, you'd better get busy."  
"Aw, I get 'em the second half my lunch period."  
"Did'ja get that last paragraph in Vergil?"  
"No, I didn't get the assignment."  
"Good night!"  
"Well, you see that's just it; I had a good night."

## FOR HISTORY CLASSES ONLY

In a D II History class we were told that Sir Robert Tadpole was Prime Minister of England in the reign of George II.

## DID HE REALLY SAY THAT?

Mr. Smith: How could you put some romance in *The Gold Bug*?  
Christina: Have Mr. Legrand married ———.  
Mr. Smith: Sit down! There is no romance in marriage. It all comes before, not after.



Our friend, "Old Heinie," strong and bold,  
East's first-class quarterback.  
When waltzing on the football field  
No courage does he lack.



This lad of "22," you see,

Is Willis Michael Kenealy.

Don't think this picture true of him,

He's really not so tall and slim.

A boy met a girl in the hall;  
But quite soon his pride had a fall,  
When Mr. Raish came along  
And ended this song  
About the boy and the girl in the hall.

W. G. L., '18.

Isn't it really a crying shame  
All kinds of trouble on flats to blame?  
They know very little, and so do we.  
I cannot make out why this should be.

R. GREENBERG, '19.

Mr. Smith: What is a visor?

Junior girl: It is what the umpire wears at a ball game.



A Freshman got into a scrap.

His opponent gave him a slap.

The fresh man 'most died—

Then went home and cried,

And then took an afternoon nap.

WALLACE MOUAT.



Now here's a man of slender waist,  
You'll seldom find a prettier ;  
He's very jolly all the time,  
And not a bit less Whittier.

And here's the man you see above,  
With his shape a little shifted.  
We put him thin into a sieve,  
And this is what we sifted.



## PARODIES

It was a pallid first-year boy,  
To the Editor spake he,  
"Now, tell me, is this true I hear?  
I'm sure it cannot be.

"Tell me not in accents haughty,  
You refuse to take from me  
On the 'Psalm of Life,' my standby,  
Any form of parody.

"Say not, for your publication,  
You have ruled out *so-called* poems,  
Made in form like Hiawatha:  
Made to imitate that metre,  
Which we learned to make when children;  
Which we had such fun in making,  
Though no one had fun in reading,  
And you will not read nor print them,  
Will not put them in your Year Book,  
In the great East High School Annual."

Then the Senior answered mildly,  
For the child was speaking wildly,  
"That these measures so familiar will be missed by some, I know.  
But there is no need to worry,  
For the Seniors in great hurry,  
Day and night are working steady to supply their place with Poe."



# Rhetoricals

J. H. A. - '18

October 20

READING "CURING BY SUGGESTION"

from

PETEEY SIMMONS AT SIWASH

by

GEORGE FITCH

Earl Arnold  
Joseph Ierg

Douglas Robinson  
Douglas Morgan

Wilfred Donkin

Presiding.....William Kinstler

November 17

"SIX CUPS OF CHOCOLATE"

*Adapted from the German*

by

EDITH MATTHEWS

*A Comedy of Gossip in One Act*

Presiding.....Willis Kenealy

CHARACTERS

<i>Adeline von Lindau</i> .....	Mabel Allison
<i>Beatrice Van Kortlandt</i> .....	Elverda Grabler
<i>Dorothy Green</i> .....	Gladys Dunham
<i>Hester Beacon</i> .....	Edith Glover
<i>Jeannette Durant</i> .....	Mildred Finch
<i>Marionne Lee</i> .....	Ruth Freeman

## THE BLUFFERS

"THE BLUFFERS" or "Dust in the Eyes" was given at the Thanksgiving rhetoricals for the school, alumni and many of our friends. The play is in two acts and tells the story of two families who were both "bluffing" their way along, but neither was aware of the other's true position. One family was the household of a "quack doctor," and the other that of a retired confectioner. The doctor's daughter was loved and wooed by the confectioner's son, and the parents met to arrange the dowry and future for their children. The fathers, influenced by their wives, made arrangements for a dowry far beyond their means.



In the second act the Ratinois made elaborate preparations for a dinner party celebrating the engagement. In the midst of the hubbub Uncle Bob, an honest, unassuming old man, came and wiped all the dust from the eyes of the Malingears and Ratinois, and after a taste of the humble pie, they all lived happily ever after. The play was filled with humor from beginning to end. The poor abused husbands, the "clever wives," the children, unconscious of their scheming parents, the tall, angular, awkward cook of the Malingear family, the queer upholsterer, the French caterer, the petite French maids, the butler in livery and the little coal-black, borrowed footman all added their share to the comedy. The characters were chosen by vote from the members of the preceding term's senior oratory class.

Everyone enjoyed the play hugely, and not enough praise can be given to the youthful actors and actresses and to the efficient producer about whom so little is said, but upon whom so much depends, Miss O'Grady.

LOIS VAN RAALTE, '17.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

<i>Monsieur Malingear</i> .....	Willis Kenealy
<i>Monsieur Ratinois</i> .....	Paul Burton
<i>Frederick Ratinois</i> .....	Roy Borklund
<i>Uncle Robert</i> .....	Theodore Carlson
<i>The Upholsterer</i> .....	Charles Daugherty
<i>The Footman</i> .....	William Kinstler
<i>The Caterer</i> .....	Plummer Giffin
<i>Negro in Livery</i> .....	Emanuel Kline
<i>Madame Malingear</i> .....	Katharine Eckert
<i>Madame Ratinois</i> .....	Virginia Bennett
<i>Emmeline Malingear</i> .....	Dorothy Griffiths
<i>The Cook</i> .....	Roxy Pauley
<i>Malingear Maid</i> .....	Ruth Lomnitz
<i>Ratinois Maid</i> .....	Ruth Freeman





## THE CHRISTMAS RHETORICALS

*Presiding*.....Mr. H. L. Peck

### THE PRESENTATION OF SWEATERS

*The Spirit of East High*.....Lois Van Raalte

Murray Collie  
Henry Templeton  
Halbert Doig  
Roy Sampliner  
Ralph Sourbeck  
Thorpe Struggles  
John Gatozzi  
Antony Vitantonio  
James Town  
Roy Wisotzke  
Ray Neal  
Harlan Metcalf  
Sam Horowitz  
George Skeel

Dolores Cooke  
Ruth Lomnitz  
Mildred Finch  
Annette Doller  
Roxy Pauley  
Corinne Corts  
Florence Mahon  
Adelaide Guillet  
Lillian Tomlinson  
Christina Ross  
Katherine Diver  
Ida Rush  
Helen Dauber  
Lillian Klein

Roberta Beach

A UNIQUE feature of the Christmas rhetorical was the presentation of sweaters to the football boys. The ceremony began with the appearance of the "Spirit of East," who spoke in terms of praise of all who have done aught to win fame for the school.

As the Spirit vanished music began, and to the strains of "Pretty Baby," beautifully clad maidens appeared, singing the praises of the heroes. At the opposite side of stage appeared the youths, each of whom received his much desired emblem from the hands of a fair maiden.

When the lesser heroes had received their rewards, the ceremonies concluded with the presentation of a Christmas greeting and tribute to the

"biggest hero here  
Who deserves a hearty cheer,  
Mr. Peck!"



## THE CHRISTMAS PLAY

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

<i>Minette Wellington Lawson</i> .....	Grace Grandy
<i>Nan Wellington</i> .....	Dorothy Thompson
<i>Elnora Wellington</i> .....	Kathryn Ellen
<i>Jane Wellington</i> .....	Irene Ewell
<i>Jocelyn Wellington</i> .....	Maude Leek
<i>Mrs. Beckwith</i> .....	Marian Snider
<i>Gracious Ann Bean</i> .....	Gladys Doolittle
<i>Tim Lawson</i> .....	Fred Engelfried
<i>Uncle Joab</i> .....	Elmer Awig
<i>Barney</i> .....	Fletcher Milligan
<i>Nick Bassaraba, a Trapper</i> .....	Arthur Mackin
<i>The Squirrel</i> .....	Frederick O'Connor
<i>Christmas Guests</i> .....	{Marion Lane
	{Little Girls from Bratenahl

### "FINDING CHRISTMAS"

The Christmas play taught the good old lesson that wealth and an abundance of gifts does not always make a Merry Christmas. The plot interest centers in a family of girls, recently orphaned. Minette, the eldest, is married and wealthy. Nan is on the stage, and the three younger sisters live at home in a big old-fashioned house in the country, and manage to keep up appearances by the strenuous efforts of Jocelyn and her chickens. At Christmas time Nan comes home with no money, Minette suddenly appears, having left Tim, her husband, and weeps over her own troubles; and to make matters worse, Mrs. Beckwith takes this occasion to inform the sisters that they owe her three hundred dollars. They are certain that their mother paid her, but they cannot find the receipt. Although the outlook is so gloomy, Jane and Jocelyn determine to be cheerful, and in a dream, a cunning little squirrel appears to Jocelyn and tells her the true meaning of Christmas. After all, Tim comes to Minette, and the climax comes when the receipt is found by the careless breaking of an old teapot by the loyal Gracious Ann Bean. To celebrate, all the neighbors and their children for miles around are called in, and after stories are told by Nick, Barney, the kindly Irishman, who believes in fairies, and Uncle Joab, they all leave, dancing to the music of Uncle Joab's fiddle.

KATHERINE ECKERT, '17.



CHRISTMAS PLAY

## NINETEENTH COMMENCEMENT

January, 1917

### PROGRAM

*Daniel W. Lothman, Principal, Presiding*

Invocation.....	REV. J. W. GIFFIN, D. D.
Music, "Song of the Vikings".....	<i>Eaton Fanning</i>
	Senior Class
Commencement Address, "M-A-N, the World's Degree".....	
	JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, LL. D.
	Editor National Magazine
Music, "On to the Battle" (from Joan of Arc).....	<i>A. R. Gaul</i>
	Senior Class
Mantle Oration.....	MILDRED MARIE FINCH
Response.....	DOLORES FELICE COOKE
Awarding of Honors.....	DANIEL W. LOTHMAN
Presentation of Diplomas	
	F. W. STEFFEN, Member of the Board of Education
Benediction.....	REV. J. W. GIFFIN, D. D.
Honors were awarded to Mildred Finch and Warren Homer	

# RHETORICAL PROGRAM

April 6, 1917

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS

## "THE PINK SWAN PATTERN"

ACT I—Scene, Miss Bordman's Parlor

ACT II—Scene, the same, one week later

### CHARACTERS

Miss Lydia Bordman.....	Lucile Konker
Sobriety Bordman, her younger sister.....	Sylvia Klein
Mrs. Anastatia Carpenter, her aunt.....	Marion Stephens

### Members of the Dobson Corner Business Association

Mrs. Green.....	Joan Fergus
Mrs. Ezekiel.....	Dorothy Monroe
Mrs. Crabtree.....	Edna McCormick
Mrs. Dobbins.....	Helen Wagener
Rose Bobbett.....	Florence Forster
Adelaide Simpson.....	Margaret Joseph
Sarah Gookins.....	Lena Hayden

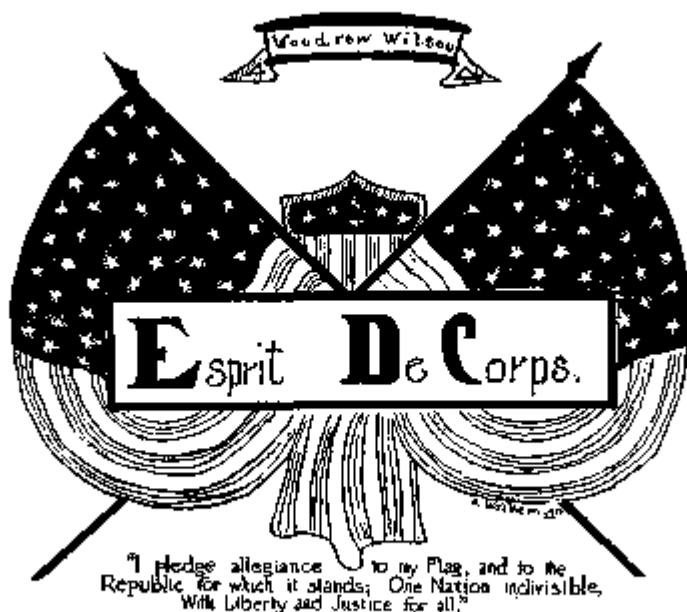
Presiding, Roeder Bell



"AN INDIAN SUMMER"



"THE BLUFFERS"



### THE PATRIOTIC RALLY

ON Friday, March 23rd, East was indeed a lucky school, or, perhaps, it is only natural that such good fortune as visited the school on that day should have come to us. A gigantic rally was staged, the first under the School Board's plan for patriotic meetings in schools.

What a program it was, thanks to those instrumental in arranging and making it possible! Whose ears did not twitch, and whose pace did not quicken when the first strains from the California Boys' Band filtered through Eastland? The platform was decorated appropriately with the Stars and Stripes, set off by many palms.

The colors call was blown by James Upstill. Following came the school flag ceremony of a salute, the pledge of allegiance, and the singing of "The Red, White, and Blue."

Mr. Lothman, Superintendent J. M. H. Frederick, and Board Member E. M. Williams spoke. Mr. Salem Hart also said a few words and sang his famous song, "The Old Flag Never Touched the Ground, Boys." Then he showed how a drummer-boy veteran of the Civil War can make a drum talk.

Throughout the program there were selections by the California Boys' Band, most interesting and entertaining, as evidenced by the enthusiasm of the school. The manager of the band gave an account of the organization.

Mr. Bascom Little delivered an "address," and the Rev. Mr. Martindale brought down the house with a speech full of patriotism and humor.

Not the least, but the final number was the announcement by Superintendent Frederick that there would be no more school for the day—the best kind of a conclusion for our exercises and introduction to our week of vacation.



# ALUMNI

Harry W. Craig, '15, joined the American Ambulance Corps in France in January, and March 18 won the French war cross for extraordinary bravery under fire. East is proud of Craig.

---

Louis E. Horner, '10, is engineer in the city sidewalk department.

---

Elmer Fix, '09, is with the Dow Chemical Co. He graduated from Case last fall.

---

Charles E. Henry, '14, is to graduate from Hiram College next June.

---

Walter Gram, '16, is with the Wagner Co.

---

Henry Sinderman, '16, is attending Wooster College.

---

Leonard Goss, '09, is with the Warner and Swasey Co. He returned recently from the West.

---

Richard Beatty, '16, is with the Allen Tire Co.

---

Herbert C. Jackson, '12, who graduated a year ago from Yale, is working with the Pickands, Mather Company.

---

Maurice Davie, '10, is assistant instructor in Anthropology at Yale University.

---

Francis Hayes, '11, is secretary of the Men's City Club.

---

Pierre White, '05, is now on the bench for the city.

Fayette Keyes, formerly of East, is in the freshman Agricultural College of Ohio State.

---

Stanley D. Koch, '14, is on the boards of the Ohio State *Sun-Dial* and *Lantern*.

---

Bert Brown, '15, is studying at Ames.

---

Albert Lowenstein, '16, is home from his recent trip to Mt. Clemens. He left because of poor health.

---

John Walters, '16, is at the City Ice Delivery Company.

---

Dan Hoyt, '15, is at Ohio State, acting as cheer leader.

---

Helen Davis, '14, is teaching at Sowinski school.

---

Albert Higley, '13, is president of the senior class at Case School.



#### ALUMNI AT YALE

ON THE CAMPUS FENCE (though not on the campus)

Arthur Knight, '15; Eugene A. Krauss, '14; Maurice R. Davie, '10;  
DeForrest Mellon, '14; Milton Grossman, '14; Milton Waldman, '13



James H. Downie, '16, is numbered among the St. Ignatius freshmen.

---

Carl Fessler, '15, is attending Case School.

---

Frank Moran, '15, played on Reserve's 1916 football team.

---

Harold Follansbee, '16, is going to State.

---

William Kinstler, '17, is collecting for the City Ice Company.

---

Marion E. Glueck, '16, is at Vassar.

---

Elizabeth Woodbury, '16, is at the College for Women.



Ralph Oldham, '16, is serving in Uncle Sam's army.

---

Esther Meil, '16, is training at Lakeside to be a nurse.

Carl Narwold and Josephine Goepfert, both of the class of 1913, are married.

---

Earl Knorr, '17, is with the Philadelphia Rubber Company of Akron. He graduated from Case in 1916.

---

Gladys Dunham, '17, is attending Spencerian College.

---

Marjorie Brown, '12, is taking a course at Spencerian.

---

William Gross, '13, is at State.

---

Maurice Grossberg, '14, has earned many scholarship prizes at W. R. U.

---

Beatrice Albin, '14, is on the Annual Board at Western Reserve College for Women.

---

Wesley Pope Sykes, '12, is now with the General Electric Company.

---

Forrest Tawney, '14, is attending Cleveland Law School.

---

Gordon Hamel, '16, is collecting for the Illuminating Company.

---

Morley Nutting, '09, is teaching science in a school down state.

---

Lester Strong, '15, who starred on the East football team in his senior year, is attending Oberlin College.

---

Lester Howells, '16, who went to Wooster College after leaving East, has returned to Cleveland and is now attending Reserve.

---

Robert Cook, '16, is a freshman at Michigan.

---

Elton Norris, '07, is working with a large architectural concern in New York.

---

Edna Sloan, '16, is now attending Briar College.

---

Jeanette Bruce, '16, and Helen Hallock, '16, are enrolled as Freshmen at Smith College.

---

Dorothy Smith, '16, who was editor of last year's "Blue and Gold," is a freshman at Beechwood School, Jenkintown, Pa.

---



ALUMNI AT WESTERN RESERVE

Glen Bartshe, '15, is a full-fledged Sophomore at Wooster College.

---

Leroy Newton, '15, is with the Illuminating Co.

---

Edward Doller, '16, is attending Case School of Applied Science.

---

Ralph Alexander, '14, is in line for an appointment at Annapolis.

---

Sol Bauer, '16, is numbered among the freshmen at Case.

---

Phil Benton, '14, is a Junior at Harvard University.

---

Lois S. Carrie, '15, recently made a trip to Florida.

---

Howard Shaffer, '14, won the Rupert Hughes prize at Reserve. He is now a Junior.

---

Frederick Sawyer, '12, graduated last June from Reserve.

Spencer D. Corlett, '09, is practicing law.

---

Arthur C. Knight, '15, is attending Yale.

---

Erhart F. Malz, '13, was a member of the football team at Western Reserve.

---

Clark C. Dellinger, '16, is with the Bell Telephone Company.

---

Arthur Wm. Noack, '13, is with the Cleveland Grays in West Virginia.

---

Milton S. Waldman, '13, is at Yale.

---

Dorothy Griffiths, '17, is at Spencerian College.

---

Mildred Fair, '16, is a student at the Cleveland Art School.

---

King Bishop, '15, is a sophomore at Cornell.



ALUMNI AT OHIO STATE

James Mellin, '16, is holding a position in the Hotel Statler.

---

Charles St. John, '16, left with the Dorothea naval militiamen during April, 1917.

---

Aaron Bodenhorn, '15, is studying at Amherst.

---

Cecil R. Peck, '14, is studying weather bureau work.

---

Harry J. Quinn, '14, is engaged as an electrical engineer at the Warren Garage.

---

#### POST GRADUATES

Allison, Mabel.....	1578 East 86th St.
Bennett, Virginia.....	5711 Lexington Ave.
Boehmke, Elsa Margaret.....	1819 East 90th St.
Carlson, C. Theodore.....	9138 Wade Park Ave.
Diver, Katherine.....	1674 East 71st St.
Doller, Annette.....	1423 East 85th St.
Eckert, Katherine Bird.....	7617 Linwood Ave.
Ellen, Kathryn Mabel.....	6504 Linwood Ave.
Finch, Mildred Marie.....	8406 Brookline Ave.
Freeman, Ruth E.....	1433 East 86th St.
Goetz, Georgia.....	1015 East 99th St.
Hamm, Lucille Edith.....	6720 Dunham Ave.
Kinstler, William.....	8820 Harkness Road
Lauster, Irma Lillian.....	1058 East 64th St.
Leighton, Grace H.....	1361 East 82nd St.
Lomnitz, Ruth Hanna.....	10707 Lee Ave.
Nutting, Paul Thomas.....	1854 East 81st St.
Owen, Elizabeth.....	1953 East 116th St.
Pauley, Roxy.....	9206 Wade Park Ave.
Tomlinson, Lillian.....	8118 Decker Ave.
Zaller, Elizabeth Babette.....	6802 Hough Ave.

---

#### SELLING "ADS": HOW IT'S DONE

I made a list of former advertisers  
And jotted down the would-be sympathizers,  
Then, on a day both slushy, bleak and drear,  
I sallied forth without a sign of fear.  
My sole companion was my Annual;  
A comrade that did surely stand me well,  
For when I'd really nothing more to say,  
The book before them I would open lay.  
You don't know what it means to daily pass  
Those guardian office boys with heads of brass;

To find the advertising chief engrossed  
 With giving some poor other goose a roast.  
 'Tis then I'd stick my nerve into my eye,  
 To keep it safe, the only reason why,  
 And bravely would I offer to expound  
 The virtue in *our* book that could be found.  
 With time my "line of gab" did slowly grow,  
 Until my hearer felt ashamed of "No!"  
 I'd talk and talk until he said a word,  
 And then he'd hear what he'd already heard,  
 Until, in desperation, he would say,  
 "For three full pages I will gladly pay.  
 I'm glad I met you, sir. I surely am,  
 But when you leave, don't give the door a slam."  
 "But I would like to have your signature,  
 In order that you later may be sure  
 To get the bill, which, then, you kindly pay.  
 Upon this line. A thousand thanks. Good-day."



ADVERTISERS

# Blue and Gold Board

## First Term



### EDITORIAL STAFF

William H. Wright.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
Roberta Beach.....	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
Lois Van Raalte.....	<i>Society Editor</i>
Julius Reisman.....	<i>Business Manager</i>

# CALENDAR



"Some time you'll be glad to remember this day,"

A man who wrote Latin or Greek once did say.

To help you remember the days that have passed,

We've taken the year from the first to the last.

Each red letter day we have given a word,

'Twill serve to recall the event that occurred.

We hope we have given for each and for all

Some hint of a day you'll be glad to recall.

'18.







- 4 ANNUAL year begins.  
Ring out the old, ring in the new.
- 6 Representatives from nine high schools meet at U. S., and organize an inter-scholastic Tennis Association.
- 7 Debaters are honored. Don Kennedy, Will Wright, Albert Lowenstein, Myron Glauber and Roger Zucker receive fobs.  
Mr. Heimlich of the Normal School and Prof. Johnson of Case talk on Student Government. A party from Room 29 visits the Kirtland Pumping Station and Experimental Filtration Plant.  
Mr. Dotterer announces first indoor track meet.
- 12 Auditorium meeting. Committees on Cleanliness of Building appointed. B II's, A I's and A II's discuss that party.
- 14 In Auditorium. Mr. Kellogg, the "Bird Man," talks on "outdoors." "Rhetoricals," present *Penrod* in a Nervous Breakdown. Charles Futch has unusual success with Mr. Kellogg's match trick—and *glue*.  
1:30 P. M. Brown University views in Room 15.
- 18 B II's, A I's and A II's are wrangling about that party.
- 20 Lincoln Club conducts a debate on Single Tax.
- 21 B II's, A I's and A II's are not on speaking terms. That party!!
- 25 Mr. Craig announces *As You Like It*, to be given at East on May 12.
- 27 A I's elect players for *The Bluffers*.  
That party question may have to be taken to The Hague for settlement.
- 28 Junior-Sophomore Day.  
Parker Meade tells us the school is to receive a gift.  
Josephine Sloan presents it.  
Mr. Lothman accepts it.  
Roeder Bell explains it.  
We enjoy the pictures.  
It is a Pathescope.  
Members of B II class give a party to themselves.
- 29 Triangular Track and Field Meet at West Tech field. Glenville beats us by 4 points.



---

*"Even the slight hare-bell raised its heel elastic from her airy tread."*

---

SPAEDER for STAGE &  
SCHOOLS SOCIETY  
DANCING

CLEVELAND

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. & MRS. F. N. SPAEDER

1762 East 65th Street.

Rosedale 1590

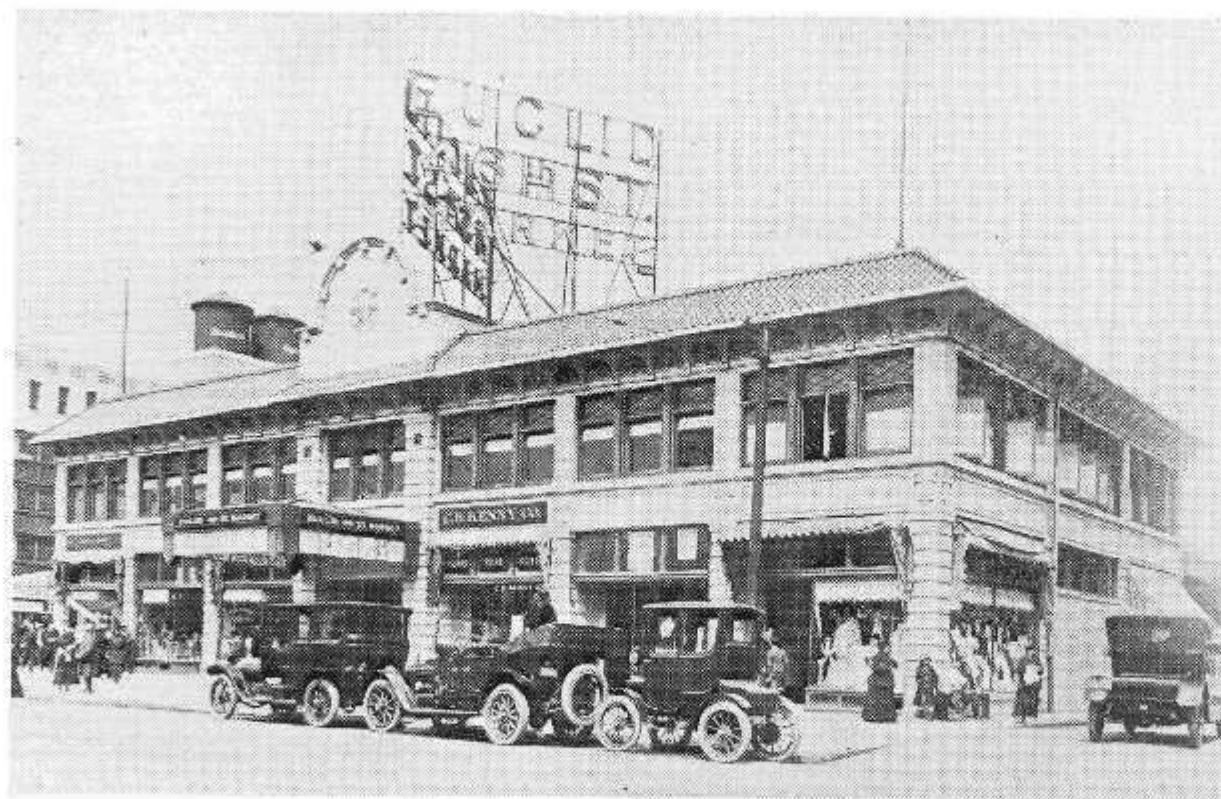
PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS



- 1 Miss Wright and Miss Knapp favor us with May baskets.
- 4 Warren Homer is our school gymnast.
- 5 Auditorium. Mr. Eisenhauer and Mr. Beman visit us.  
Mr. Lothman names a "necktie day" to collect ties for the Boys' Farm at Hudson.  
That brilliant light which dazzles our eyes is found to come from George Skeel. Perhaps his will be the first tie contributed. It's a bright yellow.  
Athenæum-Prothymean dance in Gym.
- 6 Our tennis team wallops Shaw.
- 8 Epidemic of measles strikes Senior class.
- 9 Dr. Mitchell of Delaware and Mr. Dyke of the Dyke Business College address us.  
Seniors win the inter-class track meet held at Reserve field.
- 11 Fritz Engelfried is our school athlete.
- 12 Fire Drill from Auditorium. Every thing goes but the clock.
- 12 Beautiful presentation of *As You Like It*.  
Albert Strass and Lillian Tomlinson are winners in ticket selling contest.
- 13 Play is repeated.  
We take second place in annual track meet at U. S. field.
- 15 Everyone is singing or trying to sing the lusty horn song.  
About two thousand neckties received for Farm.
- 17 Laurean-Demosthenean debate. Laureans win.
- 19 Mr. Dotterer bids us good-bye and is presented with a beautiful umbrella.  
Lillian Tomlinson and Albert Strass each receive a copy of "*As You Like it*." We hear the horn song and "*Under the Greenwood Tree*" and have a fire drill.
- 20 Dual track meet. East Tech winner. Bob Cook is our star.
- 24 Laurean Society holds last meeting of the season. Eva-Mae Swingle is elected president; Allette Wennerstrom corresponding secretary.
- 25 We hear Dr. Leutner and Dr. Thwing of Reserve.
- 26 Class Night, a select, private affair, held in the library.
- 29 Comic opera *Trial by Jury* given by combined Glee Clubs and Orchestra. A fine entertainment.

EUCLID AND FORTY-SIXTH STREET MARKET  
OPEN DAILY FROM 7 A. M. TO 6 P. M.

SATURDAY 7 TO 10



ONE CONTINUOUS FOOD SHOW

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS



- 3 Friendship Club banquet at Y. W. C. A.  
Lincoln Club banquets at Statler.  
Interscholastic track meet at West Tech. East, fourth.
- 7 Examinations.
- 8 Examinations.  
Mr. Beman presents 1,250 tickets for Friday's ball game.
- 9 Examinations.  
Athenæum luncheon at Woman's Club.
- 12-14. Examinations.
- 15 Commencement. Marion Glueck, Mildred Blake and Gladys Gabel  
receive honors.
- 19 Our graduates are seeking employment.

#### JULY

- 1-20 Our graduates are looking for situations.
- 22-31 Our graduates are digging up jobs.

# THE WEBB C. BALL CO.

DIAMONDS  
WATCHES  
JEWELRY  
SILVERWARE

1114 Euclid Ave.

Opposite Statler Hotel

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# SEPTEMBER

JULIA DELMAS

- 11 School begins. Miss Morse, Mr. Dix and Mr. Morris join our Faculty.  
We welcome the Flats, plan our programs and go home.
- 12 Fifteen-minute classes. Football practice.
- 13 Twenty-minute classes.
- 14 Cruel world! It's a long, long way to 3:30!  
*Blue and Gold* editors meet.  
Fletcher Milligan and Harry Chapman take a joy ride, sixth period.
- 15 Mr. Morris is formally introduced to the school.  
Mr. Schulte began his course of speeches on the entertainment course.
- 18 Dems hold first meeting. Julius Reisman and Will Wright have cold in their feet.  
Class reporters for the B. and G. are appointed.  
Student committees elected.
- 19 Work begins to look real.
- 21 We long for a rally or something.
- 29 Arthur Wehnes is elected leader of the band.
- 30 Football. East—15, Lakewood—0.



G. Brady '11

- 4 George Skeel announces football game.  
Mr. Schulte and Miss Black speak on entertainment course.
- 5 Lincoln Club abolishes blackball.
- 6 Mr. Davenny gives us a sample of what is to come in the evening.  
8 o'clock, Davenny Festival Quintet.
- 7 Football. East—7, West—9.

# THE COWELL & HUBBARD CO.

*Pearls                  Diamonds*  
*Jewelry              Silver              Bronzes*  
*Clocks                Watches            China*  
*Stationery*

Euclid Avenue at Sixth Street

Cleveland

---

## *Pitman School of Business*

1628 East 73rd Street, Cleveland, O.

Tutors:

JAY REESE CROCKER, B. A., Harvard University  
FRANCIS D. HART

Expert Private Instruction in—

*Shorthand*  
*Touch Typing*  
*Business English*  
*Book Keeping*  
*Office Practice*

Success of student assured by individual attention. (No classes of over six pupils.) First class ability GUARANTEED.

Average Time Required for complete Course—5 months.

No impossible 30-day courses.

Graduates are qualified for High Grade Positions.

***References: Former Graduates. List upon application.***

*Pamphlets Sent on Request.*

*Rosedale 4588 W*

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- 10 A I class elect officers; Gilbert Sawyer, president. Keen enthusiasm necessitates postponement of election until next meeting.
- 11 Laurean Society completes election of officers.
- 12 Lincoln Club reinstates blackball.
- 14 Football. East—7, West Tech—14.
- 17 B II class elect Annual board members.
- 19 Lincoln Club opens its meeting to all—and abolishes blackball.
- 20 A I class elects members for Annual board.
- 21 Football. East—12, South—6.
- 24 Band is calling for candidates.
- 25 Athenæum Society elects Annette Doller president. Lincoln Club reinstates the blackball.
- 26 Sophomore-Junior reception to friends and parents.
- 27 A II class has a near dance.
- 28 Football. East—0, Central—3.



# NOVEMBER

*FRONT CLASS '14*

- 2 Girls' Tennis Tournament is on.
- 4 Football. East—20, U. S.—0.
- 6 Auditorium. We celebrate victory with songs and speeches.
- 7 Election Day. Some of our boys help elect the President.
- 9 Lincoln Club resolves to reform initiation.
- 11 Football. East—65, Lincoln—0.
- 16 Lincoln Club debates on Self-Government. Entertainment Course. Chimes of Normandy.
- 17 Try-out for Oratorical Club.
- 18 East—26, Glenville—0.
- 25 Victory is still with us. East—14, East Tech—0.
- 30 Thanksgiving.

# *High School Graduates,*

## Can you afford to start out without a Commercial Training?

The Biggest men and women in the country supplemented their education with a commercial training. And invariably they attribute their success directly to their commercial training.

Although you are planning to take a College course and later a professional course you will assure yourself of a better future if you take time for a commercial training.

THE SPENCERIAN SCHOOL gives courses especially prepared to shape the High School Graduate's education to meet the demand of the business world. In College life today the young man or woman with a commercial training has a decided advantage in getting one of the coveted places as manager of some of the athletics, of a club, or other college activity.

The Spencerian Private Secretary Course is open to High School Graduates. It prepares for high grade secretarial positions. The graduates of this department are now holding positions of trust and honor that demand not only natural ability but also a broad training in all the principles of business.

*Write for the little white booklet  
lettered in gold, entitled*

### **"The Private Secretary"**

Chartered by the State of Ohio to Confer Degrees.

## *The Spencerian School*

EUCLID AVE. & E. 18th ST.

Central 4751-W

Prospect 1648

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS



# DECEMBER



- 3 We are gratified to hear that four of our football boys make the all-scholastic team. The stars are: Heinie, Roy, Lucien, and Scrappy.
- 4 Struggles is elected captain of our 1917 football team.
- 6 Proths entertain Aths. Some of the boys are almost overcome with bashfulness.
- 7 The Blue and Gold board chooses an all-American. Hit the line, Jean.
- 8 A I dance in gymnasium.
- 11 Goodness, but those Glee Club members are working hard.
- 12 No teacher in Room 18. The students are doing fine. Student Government!!
- 15 Athenæums give a spread to the football idols.
- 19 The Glee Clubs give "H. M. S. Pinafore" at Shaw High School. Bad weather keeps crowd from turning out. The play is a great success.
- 22 Christmas rhetorical.  
Forensium-Philomathean debate.  
The Central Philomatheans are unanimously defeated by our Forensium orators. Our team is: W. Wright, leader; Stanley Dale; Forrester Clements; Clarence Marcuson, alternate.  
Dems give dance to Alumni and their friends.
- 25 Merry Christmas.  
No more school this year!

Grafonolas  
\$15.00 to \$350.00  
We carry the Complete  
Line of Columbia Records



THE GRAFONOLA COMPANY  
1118 EUCLID AVENUE  
HOTEL STATLER ANNEX  
CLEVELAND

Pianos \$150.00 to \$850.00  
Players \$395.00 to \$1,000  
On terms to please  
Player Rolls



PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS



- 2 School once more. Gee! that vacation was short. Such resolutions as have been made!
- Frauenthal announces that he will wear wall paper advertisements as shirts no longer. It's his resolution.
- Al. Strass will sell annuals, tickets, and books no longer. It's his New Year's resolution.
- 4 It is hard to get to work again (noise like a sigh).
- 5 Mr. Nicola addresses the Lincoln Club.  
Forensium tryouts. All candidates are taken as members.
- 7 Basketball. East—17, Lincoln—23.
- 8 Mr. Kibby of the Kibby Analytical School talks on analysis and personality.
- Ewald Heimert informs us that all we mortals can but hope.
- 11 The Lincoln Club displays much intelligence in a parliamentary drill.
- 12 The Friendship Club gives a so-called "Faculty Tea." This is a new form of diplomacy.
- The Zedeler Symphonic Sextette gives a first-class musical program at East, co-operating with the Coit Lyceum Bureau.
- 13 Basketball. East—11, East Tech—10. Vitantonio shoots nine fouls.
- 15 The Combined Glee Clubs give musical comedy, "H. M. S. Pinafore," before the "U. S. S. Dorothea" Crew.
- 18 The B II Class is having a hard task to be patient. Tomorrow brings that long-sought spread.
- 19 The B II spread.  
At night the A II Class has a banquet and dance.
- 20 Basketball. East—10, West—2.
- 22 Exams!
- 23 Exams!!
- 24 Exams!!!
- 27 Basketball. East's game with U. S. is cancelled because of Hunter's death.

## "SOUL VERSUS MECHANICS"

(By Wilson G. Smith, Music Critic of the Cleveland Press. This critique appeared in the Cleveland Press on October 12, 1916.)

Let me state at the outset that this is not an ad, a boost or a boom. It is simply the statement of honest conviction—another instance of a man convinced against his will.

I went to Grays Armory Wednesday night pretty well convinced that a machine was not the habitat of soul, that all mechanical contrivances for the reproduction of music were at the best only an approximation, that the soul of art could not be satisfactorily reproduced, that personality and individuality were indigenous to humans.

I came away thoroughly persuaded of my error and am willing to admit that there are quite a number of things concerning which I am in error—darkness, if you so wish to call it. My only redeeming quality is my willingness to be convinced. I might add, too, that such is one of the qualifications of a critic.

What I write about all happened at the concert given by Mme. Rappold, Metropolitan star, assisted and truly emulated by the new Edison phonograph, one of the master achievements of that wizard of invention. When I saw the stage bare of any accompanying instrument, I asked the New York representative how Mme. Rappold was going to sing satisfactorily without accompaniment.

He pointed to the two cabinet phonographs upon the stage and said, "Wait."

I indulged in the smile credulous and waited. In due time Mme. Rappold appeared, and, standing beside one of the phonographs, alternated with it in interpreting some of her recorded songs.

And, truly, it was a difficult matter to distinguish the real voice from the recorded one.

Naturally, the reproduction was in miniature, but the quality, character and individuality was there in a remarkable degree.

If anything, the record was clothed with a refiner mellowness, due in all probability to a curtailment in brilliancy.

Excerpts from Puccini, Verdi, Wagner and Bach-Gounod were sung unisono by the Metropolitan star and the phonograph record, and when the lights were lowered—as they were in some instances—it took an acute ear to distinguish between the original and the reincarnated.

Violin selections were played on the record by Spalding, with Mr. Polk assisting with an instrument in hand, and again the marvel of soulful reproduction was apparent.

What caused further amaze upon my part was the reproduction of a piano solo with such faithfulness of the characteristics of the instrument as heretofore I had deemed impossible.

The only failure of full realization was in the reproduction of orchestral effects.

Wizard Edison has yet to encompass the complexities of massed sound. And when he does that, his invention will possibly lose that intimacy and refinement of expression it now possesses. As it is, he had added to artistic commodities one of the marvels of the age.

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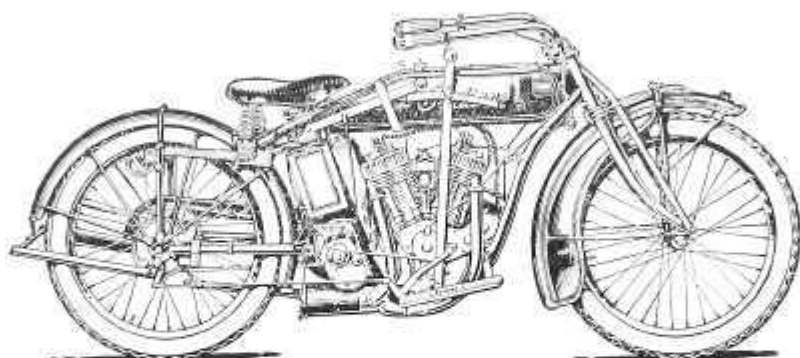
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- 9 First meeting of second semester. Mr. Schulte again announces the "best number" in the Entertainment Course.  
M. Glauber, for the B. & G., says he has just two words for us, but proves to have a great many more of great dimensions.  
R. Moore speaks for *Annual*.  
H. Doig takes a prominent part.  
February Flats wish they were Seniors.  
Basketball. East—9; Shaw—16.
- 10 East wins skating championship; gains 41 points. East Tech second, wins 13.
- 12 Lincoln's Birthday.  
Auditorium. Curtain raiser for rally to take place when trophy is presented. Mr. Conrad, of the Guardian Savings & Trust Company, has "got the habit"; comes again to congratulate us.  
We cheer skaters and Basketball team.
- 14 Valentine's Day.  
Mr. Clay shows us moving pictures of military camp.  
Mr. McBride and Mr. Herbert C. Jackson talk on Yale and Yale scholarship. Miss Bennett also speaks.
- 15 Mr. Anderson, of the Bell Telephone, entertains us with pictures illustrating "Telephone Service."  
All feel "the voice with smile" pays.
- 16 The Crawford-Adams Company give the last entertainment in the Lyceum Course.  
Basketball. Central—26, East—11.
- 21 Band reorganizes for the large rally which is to come.
- 22 Holiday. It rains.
- 23 Debate with West Technical. We lose unanimously.  
Basketball. East—20, South—16.  
In the afternoon we are kept out of mischief by the eloquence of Dr. Liedfried, Dean of Spencerian College. He is a real poet.  
Mr. Merivale, President of Spencerian, also utters a few phrases of congratulations to us.  
Dr. Abbott, of University of Pennsylvania, gives an illustrated talk on Penn University.  
Athenæum initiation.
- 27 Dr. Griffiths lectures on Japan in Auditorium before school.
- 28 A I committee meets to arrange that long debated dance. It's gonna be some dance, I'd restutterate.



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# MARION

GRANDY '12.

- 1 Harold Gibson has money. If he can make it go as far, when spending it, as it did when he dropped it, he'll have success.
- 2 Basketball. East—17, Glenville—11.  
Meeting of track candidates.  
Taylor is elected captain.
- 3 Four of our noted seniors are attending Dyke School. It pays to advertise.
- 5 That long promised rally is at last performed. We are given our well-earned skating trophy.  
Forensium Club elects officers. Annual picture.
- 6 Room 2 announces formation of Club to help Red Cross.
- 7 Track candidates begin workouts at the Y. M. C. A.  
Debate tryouts. Team is composed of W. Wright, R. Zucker, F. Clements, J. Toland.
- 8 Laurean initiation.  
B II class organizes. They hope they will be in time for Annual picture.
- 9 Basketball. East—24, Commerce—19.  
W. Mouat speaks on International Law.  
Athenæum officers elected.  
Dems are planning a dance.
- 12 Lincoln and Forensium have pictures taken.  
Tryouts for Annual play.  
School battalions are anticipated.  
Anticipations mean little.
- 13 Mayor Davis and Mr. Beman receive an expression of thanks from East High students.
- 14 New volumes given to us by Mayor Davis for library are in use.  
Dems and Laureans have Spelling Bee—But then perhaps the boys have not the endurance necessary.
- 15 Dr. McVey of Sweet Briar College, Virginia.
- 16 Baseball meeting called by Harvey Brown. Thirty candidates respond. Rhetoricals.  
Clubs discuss meeting of all boys' clubs in one.  
R. Bell and Mr. Dix speak in Aud.

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***THE CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER***

***First Newspaper of Cleveland, Sixth City***

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- 17 Annual Board Picture.  
Basketball. East—24, Canton—34.  
This life is just one shamrock after another.
- 19 The "Put East on Top" slogan popular.  
Faculty picture.
- 23 Honor roll is exceedingly long.  
School closes.
- 24 Spring is here.  
Patriotic rally.  
California boys' band.  
Dance by A I's.  
Vacation!  
Some day!



- 2 Resumption of school.
- 3 Track men working hard for indoor meet.
- 6 East ranks third in meet with Tech and Glenville. Cheer up!
- 7 Girls' shopping day. If you don't care to believe us, you should have  
been down town.
- 8 Easter.
- 10 Patriotic meeting at East for the benefit of our parents.
- 11 Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin entertained the school by a reading en-  
titled "A Little Journey With Dickens."  
Laureans have a Patriotic meeting.
- 12 Room 21 has a patriotic meeting and presents a flag.
- 20 "And the light went out."
- 27 Who went to Unionville?

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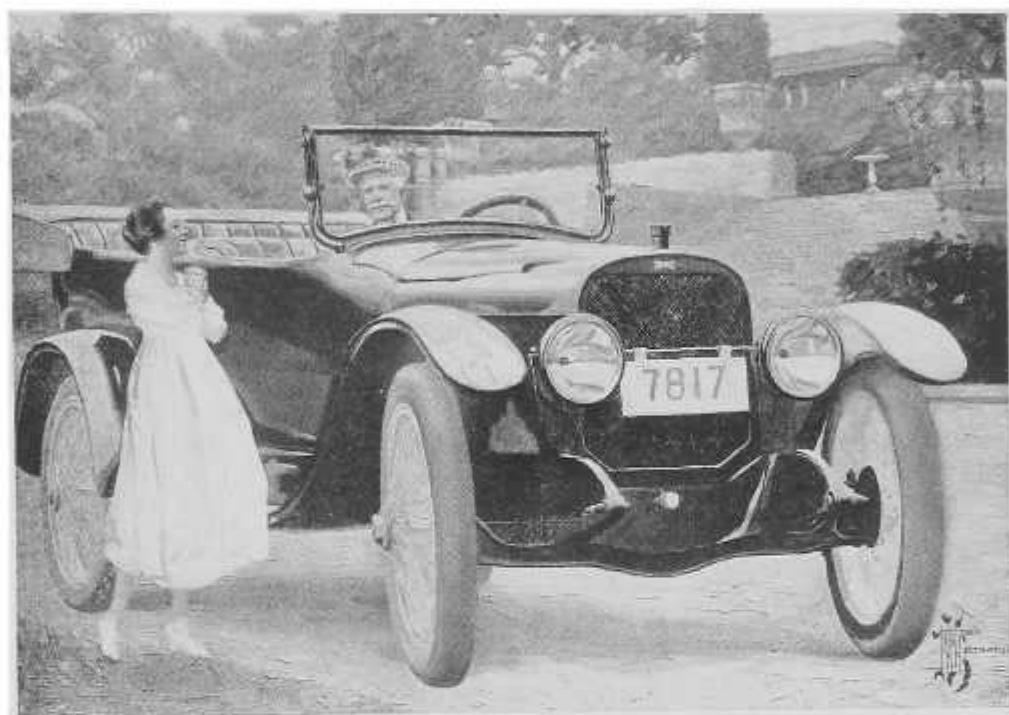
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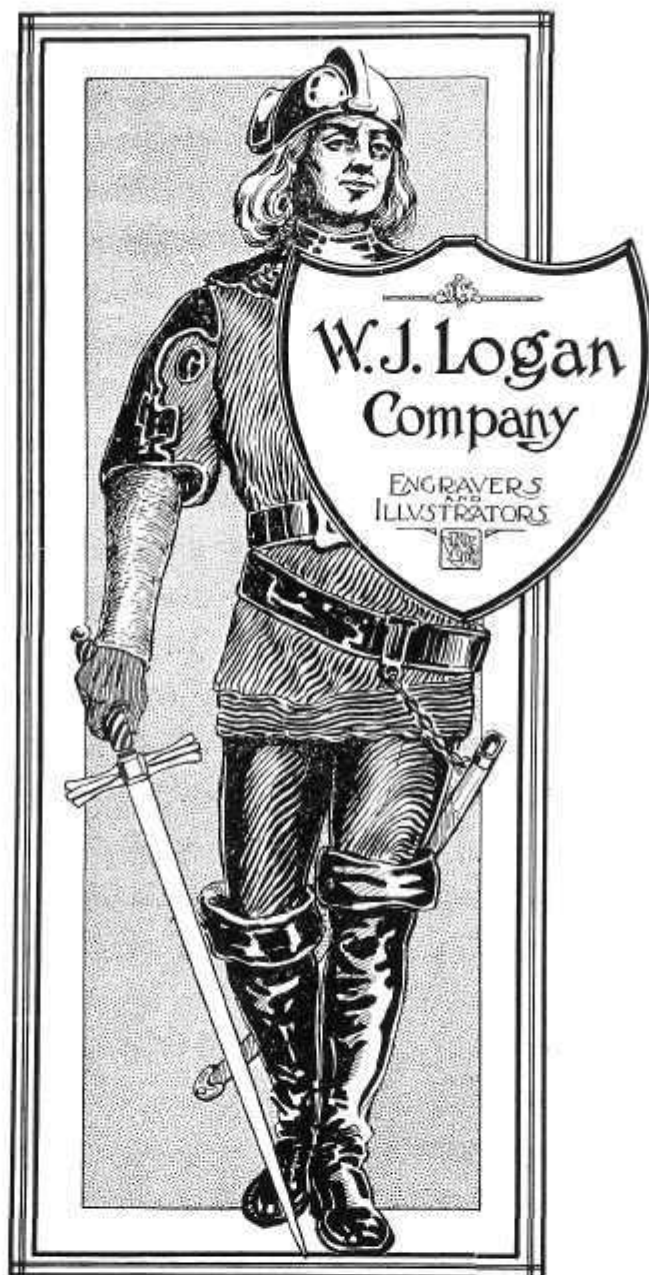
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*He has an interesting personality*  
Orchestra II-III and Demosthenean

### ALFRED BADGER

*Chemistry holds interest for him*  
Glee Club

### ROBERTA BEACH

*Noted for: puns*  
*Who shall say she doesn't enjoy life?*  
Assistant Editor Blue and Gold, Vice-President A I Class, Athenæum, Executive Committee A I, President A II, Friendship Club

### ROEDER BELL

*Given to managing things (and people). Active, dependable and studious (?) Athletic also, as shown by his activity in class basketball and football*  
Member of Annual Board, High "Y" Club and Glee Club, President of Demosthenean III

### LEON BIALOSKY

*Noted for his beauty*

### MILDRED BLISS

*She is happy, she is gay,*  
*And she enjoys life every day*

### BEATRICE BLOOMFIELD

*Favorite topic: Boys*  
*Is fond of sports, especially Tennis*  
Played on Basketball Team II and III

### FLORENCE BAUMOEL

Noted for: Dancing?

*Very studious*

*Very quiet*

*Can we say more?*

Student Government Committee, Laurean, Athenæum, Secretary  
B II Class, Executive Committee A I Class, Assistant Treasurer  
A II Class

### ILSLEY BRADLEY

*Athletics, Clubs and Student activities bear witness to his popularity.*

Class Basketball and Football Teams, Track, Secretary of High  
"Y" Club, Secretary-Treasurer of Glee Club and Demosthenean, Ex-  
ecutive Committee of Senior Class and member of Prothymean  
Club

### CATHERINE R. BROCKMAN

Favorite sport: French

*She loves to answer correctly when all the others fail*

Member of Glee Club and Friendship Club

### HARRY BROWN

*He makes up in activity what he lacks in size. One may say of him  
quality not quantity. He was a member of Demosthenean, Glee Club.  
Second Team Basketball, Class Basketball and Football prove his  
claim as an athlete*

### SANGER BROWN

Member of High Y Club

Played on class football team

### DOROTHY BRUSH

Noted for: 1. Hating boys? 2. Dancing

*"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined"*

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Board IV

### THOMAS CALDWELL

Noted for: 1. Getting "balled out." 2. Doing other people's work

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*"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn"*

### FRANK HENRY CLARK

*"Quintessence of brilliancy"*

### WILLIAM FORRESTER CLEMENTS

Noted for: Hating himself

*Nevertheless he is capable and has many friends*

Vice-President Demosthenean, Chairman Executive Committee,  
Program Manager and Vice-President of Prothymean, President  
of Lincoln Club, Chairman A I and A II Executive Committees,  
Member of High Y Club, Forensium Debating Team, East-Com-  
merce Debate and some others *ad infinitum*

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*She is musically inclined*

Member of Glee Club III-IV

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**MORRIS COLEMAN**

*"Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength"*

Played on Football Team, Track

**LILLIAN FOSTER COLLINS**

Noted for: Literary ability

*Who always told us where our duty lay,*

*And urged us on to do it,*

*That praise to us might our teachers pay,*

*And we'd have no need to rue it*

Student Government

**DOLORES COOKE**

*Noted for her poetry and literary ability. Will probably follow that line in her career. Displayed her ability on Blue and Gold board and Annual Board II*

Member of Laurean and Athenæum Societies

**CORINNE ELIZABETH CORTS**

*Athletics are her chief delight and joy. Is always on hand when a game is on*

Basketball and Hockey Teams I and III, Member of Friendship Club

**COLLETA CROWLEY**

Noted for: Her smile

*"A maiden, meek and mild"*

**JASON A. CROZIER**

*I would rather please my teacher than win fame in Athletics*

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*A quiet, likeable boy who knows more than he tells to the general public*

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**STANLEY ARTHUR DALE**

*He loves to speak and does it well, therefore let him speak*

East-West Tech Debate, Forensium-Philomathean Debate, Member of Lincoln, Prothymean, Forensium and High Y Clubs

**HELEN DAUBER**

*Her name is aptly suited since she takes art for her hobby*

President of Da Vinci Art Club, Member of Laurean, Friendship and Glee Clubs, Served on Student Government Committee

**CHARLES DAUGHERTY**

*Noted for: Executive ability*

*Prominent in school activities and much in demand for holding offices as witnessed by the following*

President A I Class Feb. 1917, Treasurer Prothymean Society, President Prothymean Society

**SAMUEL A. DOLINSKY**

*Noted for: Form*

*Aspiration: "His name in the papers"*

**GLADYS DOOLITTLE**

*"Good-natured in her path of life,*

*She seeks for peace and shuns all strife"*

Student Government Representative

**FRANCIS BARTON DOUGLAS**

*Good scholarship is his middle name,*

*He makes ferocious tests seem tame*

Sergeant-at-Arms Demosthenean and Prothymean, Executive Committee Frothymean, Treasurer and President High Y Club, Basketball IV

**ROBERT J. DOWLING**

*Noted for: His grin and his hair*

*"Who could never tempted be,*

*No matter how enticed was he"*

Member High Y and Demosthenean Clubs, Sergeant-at-Arms B II, A I and A II Classes

**DOROTHEA M. DRAKE**

*"To us she proved it could be done,*

*To know your lessons and still have fun"*

Member of Laurean

**HILMA DUNBAR**

Favorite sport: Talking about something  
*She can always give us information, of all sorts*

**HUDSON EATON**

*The name is familiar, yes, he played on our basketball team two years*  
Basketball III-IV

**REGINALD EATON**

*Many envy him his ability, and wouldn't you when you know his*  
mark in geometry is 100?

**ELSIE VIRGINIA EISEMAN**

*"She loves books and boys' society,*  
*Yet mixes them with due propriety"*  
Member of Laurean, Served on Laurean Pin Committee

**FRED ENGLEFRIED**

*Won distinction in his Junior year in Track. Was awarded title of*  
*"School Athlete," being highest point winner in school track meet.*  
*Does good work as cheer leader at "rallies"*  
Member of Prothymean and Demosthenean Societies

**GLADYS FAIR**

*"I save my smiles for a favored few,*  
*To spend them lavishly—*  
*'Twould never do"*  
Assistant Treasurer and Member of Executive Committee of A II  
Class

**IRENE MARY FARRELL**

Favorite sport: Dreaming  
*My eyes somehow will not stay open*  
*When I am seated in a class*

**JOAN FERGUS**

Hobby: Boys  
Favorite sport: Boys  
Noted for: Boys  
*"She has a face and manner charming,*  
*Her lists of conquests are alarming"*  
Da Vinci Club, Skating Team III

**FLORENCE FORSTER**

*Why do my teachers call on the others when I can answer the question?*  
*Is fond of Athletics*  
Basketball I-II-III-IV, Hockey III, Member of Friendship Club  
and Da Vinci Club



FANNIE PAULINE FREEDMAN

Hobby: Latin

*She loves her teachers to delight  
With lessons well prepared and right*

Basketball I-II-III, Member of Laurean and Athenæum Societies

LEAH FRIEDMAN

Favorite object: A mirror

*"Admire me, for it pleases me,  
Mayhap I shall condescend to smile"*

RITA GANGER

*They say red hair denotes a temper;  
Her friends have never found it so*  
Member of the Laurean Society

ARTHUR CHRISTIAN GEST

*How many pencils have I furnished to my forgetful classmates! Oh,  
woe is me! Shall I see them evermore?*

ALICE C. GILMAN

*She is soft of speech and fair of face.  
(We think she'd make an actress)*

Secretary A II Class and on Executive Committee of A I Class,  
Friendship Club

MYRON JOSEPH GLAUBER

Noted for: Asking funny questions of his teachers  
*Has literary ability and is good at making speeches. His favorite  
friend is the dictionary. Oh! Myron! those long words!*  
Editor-in-Chief "Blue and Gold," Manager Forensom Club, Mem-  
ber of Central-East Debating Team and Lincoln Club

SELMA Y. GLICK

*How often have we caught her eyes raised in disapproval when we were  
making merry in study hours! Study rooms for the studious is her  
motto. Her view-point is praiseworthy*

BRUCE H. GOLDBERG

Favorite sport: Arguing

*"But why? I can't see why?"*

MILDRED MYRTLE GOLDSTEIN

Future vocation: Millinery. Dancing  
*Who would weep if she did miss a question  
And frown if her test mark was only 99?*

FRANCES E. GOODMAN

Favorite study: English

*I don't know a word of this History!  
I haven't looked at my translation!*

GRACE GRANDY

Hobby: Athletics

*"I just can't make my tongue behave in class,  
Or my eyes when near me sits a boy"*

Vice-President Da Vinci Club and Secretary of Art Society, Member of Friendship and Laurean Societies, Played on I-II-III-IV Basketball Teams and III Hockey Team and Track II, In Glee Club III and IV years

MILDRED GROUDLE

*A quiet, unassuming maid,  
Who from her books  
Not o'er long stayed  
Intends to be a librarian*

ADELAIDE HELEN GUILLET

Hobby: Music

*A poetess and musician who won first prize in the Song Competition held for the East High Song Book*

Member of the Glee Club II-III-IV

DELLA GUTENTAG

Favorite sport: Studying

*A rare thing, a girl who seems to have no enemies or very few*  
Member of Athenæum Society, Member of Friendship Club

MARY HART

*Her sweet and friendly manner will take her safely through the future as it has through her high school course*

Played on the basketball team four years, Member of the Friendship Club

LENA M. HAYDEN

*Never have we heard her say "Unprepared"*

As a future vocation, this young woman intends to take up nursing

MARTHA HEFFNER

*Quiet, patient, her list of virtues is too long to name*

MARIE HOGUE

Favorite Study: English in Room 20

*So timid that she trembled at the frown of her teachers*

Future vocation: Nurse

EWALD HEIMERT

Favorite sport: Talking

*"What is the short meaning of this long harangue?"*

*"Where does he get those long words?"*

Member of Demosthenean and Prothymean Societies, Member Student Government Congress

Future vocation: Orator

**JOSEPH IERG**

*He certainly loves to work, for every time we see him he is busy doing something*

**EDWIN JOSEPH**

*A mischievous lad he was of yore, foremost among our practical jokers, but later years have altered him*

**MARGARET JOSEPH**

*She is soft of speech and fair of face,  
(We think she'd make an actress)  
Secretary of Laurean Society, and of Athenæum and of A I Class*

**BELLA KATZ**

*Favorite expression: I hate to study  
Why! oh, why! do I have to stay in school when all the world is calling me!*

**ARTHUR KLEIN**

*This boy's face haunts us—Ah, yes, he was the woman of the dark curls in "School-days"  
Demosthenean, Outing Club, Skating Team III, IV*

**LILLIAN S. KLEIN**

*I will not take another's word that it is right, I must look it up myself  
Laurean, Athenæum*

**SYLVIA KLEIN**

*A small, a modest maid is here,  
But yet of books she has no fear  
Glee Club*

**DOROTHY KLINE**

*Sweet and modest,  
Very nice  
Laurean, Athenæum*

**DANIEL LEO KELLY**

*A lad that lacks the ambition to become the whole show. A pioneer of the Outing Club, a member of the Gym Team, Vice-President of the Glee Club, and a right good member of the Demosthenean Society, Dan has many friends*

**WILLIS KENEALY**

*He radiates good nature, and his beaming smiles go far to cheer our weary days at school  
Annual Board IV*

**HAROLD KING**

*Noted for: Smiles  
He is a stranger, who entered late in the term. He has, however, shown his worth in his classes*

**NETTIE KULOW**

Noted for: Her gentleness  
*Her ambition is to be a nurse. We think she would make a good one*

**HELEN LANDESMAN**

*Miss Landesman takes the cake for popularity among her friends*  
Secretary Laurean 1st term, President Laurean 2nd term, Assistant Treasurer B II Class, Vice-President Athenæum, Vice-President A II Class

**JOHN MCKEAN**

*An artist, whose recognized ability we often see in the "Blue and Gold." He is an actor too, or rather "a prima donna" of note*

**EDNA MCCORMACK**

*This young lady aims to be a business woman. System is "her middle name," as they say in the vernacular*

**ARTHUR T. MACKIN**

Noted for: Being a good fellow  
*He has done his share by serving the Junior Class on Executive Committee, the Senior Class as Treasurer. Played football on Second Team and Basketball on the Senior Class Team*

**THOMAS MARTINET**

Hobby: Athletics (Girls?)  
Freshman Track Captain, Class Football and Basketball, Member of Prothymean Society

**HELEN MASTERSON**

Favorite sport: Talking about dances and machines  
A member of the Laurean and Athenæum Societies. From her we borrowed French prose

**LEONARD MELARAGNO**

Helped win the skating cup, three consecutive years. In skating:  
*"Counts sure his gains  
And hurries back for more"*

**CHARLES MELBOURNE**

*Deep in voice, and deep in thought—when called upon in recitation*  
Prothymean Society

**HARLAN G. METCALF**

*Has Scientific leanings. Is Athletic as shown by activities in Football on Gym Team and Captaincy of Swimming Team 1917*

**GERTRUDE MILLER**

Hobby: Art  
*"Her smile is sweet but rare"*  
Member of Da Vinci Club

**GLADYS MILLER**

Noted for: Beauty  
*"How many saucy airs we meet  
From Temple Bar to Aldgate Street"*

**HELEN MILLHOFF**

*She has not been with us long, but has shown her ability*

**DOROTHY ANNE MONROE**

*"She comes late, but she comes"*  
Member of Athenæum and Friendship Clubs

**ROBERT D. MOORE**

*"Still waters run deep." You don't know this lad until you speak to  
him confidentially. He has seen some of the world, has Robert*  
Demosthenean Society, Editor-in-Chief Annual IV

**LEE H. MORREAU**

Noted for: Disturbing the class  
*I will argue on any side of any subject with any person, yea, even  
with my teachers*

**MONROE NICHOLS**

*"He never came a wink too soon"  
But when he get's there he is all there*

**CLEMENTINE NOWAKOWSKI**

*Her quiet earnestness reveals strength of character from which we  
may hope great things*

**LEONARD MALCOLM REES**

Noted for: Popularity in his class  
Member of Demosthenean, Prothymean and Lincoln Clubs.  
Served on Executive Committee of Junior Class and as Treasurer  
of Senior Class

**JULIUS V. REISMAN**

*A jolly good fellow, entirely dynamic;  
He's there with the goods wherever he be:  
He's played on the teams, his tongue is forensic,  
And now he is feeling like "going to sea"*

Class Football I-III-IV, Program Manager Prothymean IV, Chair-  
man Membership Committee Lincoln IV, Vice-President Lincoln  
IV, Secretary Forensium IV, Secretary Student Government Board  
III, Alternate Central Debate III, Business Manager "Blue and  
Gold IV, Annual Board IV

**OLIVER RHODES**

Nickname: Dusty Roads  
*"One girl is not sufficient, give me several"*  
Treasurer of Prothymean, Member of Demosthenean and High Y  
Club, Senior Reporter "Blue and Gold"

**HARRY E. RICH**

*"I happy am;  
Joy is my name"  
But he must have understanding, though, for they say he lives on  
geometry*

Demosthenean, Prothymean

**RUTH ROBISHAW**

*Here is a girl who truly loves to study. One of the few, who takes  
greater delight in her books than in pleasures, more active. We shall  
surely hear of her in the future as doing something great with those  
brains of hers*

Basketball I (Captain), III, IV, Membership Committee Laurean,  
Athenæum, Junior-Sophomore Committee

**CHRISTINA MORRISON ROSS**

*"How sweet and fair she seems to be."  
She's that, and more, her friends will vow,  
We to her grades in class will bow*

Athenæum, Da Vinci

**GEORGE ROSS**

*He is the boy who works with effect, who obtains the grades, but who  
is always ready to joke with you or help you out*

Demosthenean

**ROY S. SAMPLINER**

*A student and an athlete, is our famous "center buck"*

Football Team III-IV, Forensom Society, Track Team, Mandolin  
Club III

**STELLA SEPETOSKY**

*What a relief from most of the noisy, boisterous crowd that floods the  
halls at close of school!*

**WM. SINDELAR**

*This boy's friends gave us such a list of virtues that we would need a  
whole page to note them down. However, a few were brilliancy, jol-  
lity, conscientiousness and friendliness*

**GEORGE L. SKEEL**

*"How gay I have become in my later years"*

Annual Board I, Vice-President Lincoln Club II, Demosthenean  
Society, Business Manager "Blue and Gold" III, Senior Executive  
Committee, Treasurer High Y III, Secretary High Y IV, Manager  
Football Team IV

**JAMES B. SMALL**

*He is a fine friend when once you know him  
"A favorite has no friend!"*

Prothymean

**LAURA A. SMITH**

*Her favorite hobby is swimming. Noted for: Talking. She shows dramatic talent and is said to have a stage presence*

**WALTER SOLOMON**

*A bright fellow all around, and is often seen as the foremost one in chemistry*

**RALPH SOURBECK**

*In stature a man,  
Yet a popular boy,  
To do what he can  
He tries ever with joy*

Gymnasium Team I, Track I, Football III-IV, Second Basketball II, President Hi Y A I, Athletic Editor "Blue and Gold," President Junior and Senior Class, Executive Committee A I Class

**EMANUEL SPERLING**

*Oh! these bashful violets, who will not come out and get acquainted?*

**DOROTHY SNOW**

*She certainly makes a pleasant companion  
Basketball II-III*

**MARION STEVENS**

*Noted for: Prettiness  
Oh, those sweet maids with eyes, demure,  
What trouble you can cause!  
Member of Executive Board*

**LESTER STORMOUT**

*Noted for: Size  
Who said nobody loves a fat man?*

**STEWART TAME**

*Noted for: Bashfulness  
There is a boy in our school,  
And he is very nice,  
But when a girl comes into view  
He goes off in a trice  
Member of Demosthenean and High "Y"*

**STANLEY W. TAYLOR**

*Mathematical genius  
Demosthenean, Captain of Track Team*

**JOSEPH SLEMONS TOLAND**

*He is unsurpassed in the gentle art of "Bluffing." Virgil is his favorite  
Alternate East-Commerce Debate IV*

**ELAINE CORA TOMLINSON**

*An advocate of the well-used slogan, "Ladies First"*  
Glee Club III-IV, Basketball I-II-III-IV, Tennis Club I

**MARY JANE ULREY**

*She is known by her wit and recognized by her beauty*

**LOIS VAN RAALTE**

Noted for: Literary ability  
*One whom everybody knows, as she is very active, as can be seen by the following list*  
Council Member Friendship Club III, Corresponding Secretary Laurean, Basketball II-III-IV, Critic and Executive Committee Athenæum Society, and Assistant Editor "Blue and Gold" IV

**LUCIE WINIFRED VAN TYNE**

*"See with what simplicity  
This nymph begins her golden days"*  
Laurean, Sergeant-at-Arms and Treasurer Athenæum, Friendship Club Treasurer III, Glee Club III-IV, Da Vinci, Captain Basketball I-II-III-IV

**MARIE FRANCES VOLANS**

*A maiden who always dreams in class until awakening to the mundane world by the strident voice of her teacher. We shall expect something of those dreams*

**JOHN VORPE**

*It was by his pen that we learned the results of the athletic contests, when we scanned the sport columns of the P. D.*  
Vice-President Demosthenean III, Assistant Editor "Blue and Gold" III, Vice-President and Secretary High Y, Senior Football, Executive Committee B II Class

**EDWARD WEINGARD**

*"But the day shall come when ye shall all hear of me"*

**ROY C. WISOTZKE**

*One of the friendliest fellows to meet except when holding down his "end"*  
Second Team Basketball III, Football IV

**JOHN B. WORKS**

*Despite his miserable handscript he gets on in this world by his good nature*  
Demosthenean, Mandolin Club III, High Y Club

**ROGER ZUCKER**

*Here is the boy who knows how to talk. His oracular tongue raises the hair of opposing debaters, but he is a "right jolly good fellow besides"*  
Debating Team III, President of Forensum, Lincoln, Prothymean



AKERS, CELIA B.

*"How I wish books were the enjoyment of dancing"*  
Da Vinci Club

ARCHINARD, PAUL

*"Although he may not be great in stature, he is a great club member,  
greater in fame as an artist"*  
Lincoln, Demosthenean, Prothymean, Camera Club II-III, Band  
I-II-III

ARNSTINE, JAMES

*"If anyone knows how to draw, he does. 'He's a bear' at it and every-  
thing"*  
Lincoln, Annual Board IV

ARTHERHOLT, MELDA

*"We shall hear from her later as a writer of talent"*

BACHER, EUGENE P.

*Everybody knows him. "He's bound to get an education"*

BACHMAN, RUTH

*Her air, her manners all who saw admired"*  
Laurean, Athenæum

BARKER, FREDERICK GEORGE

*"About their own merits modest men are dumb"*  
Track II-III, Demosthenean, High Y Club, Prothymean, Lincoln  
Club

BEEKS, MARGARET

*"A penny for your thoughts"*  
Laurean, Athenæum, Friendship Club, Assistant Treasurer B II  
Class

BERGER, LUCILLE FANNETTE

*"She is a winsome wee thing"*  
Friendship Club

BIRNEY, ANDREW ROBERT

*"Who can foretell for what high cause this darling of the gods was  
born?"*  
Lincoln Club, Glee Club, Forensium, Demosthenean

BLAKE, FREDERICK ELMER

*"The lad whom everybody knows"*  
Glee Club, II-III, Lincoln II-III-IV, Track III, Demosthenean,  
Treasurer A I Class, Manager Football

BOND, GIRARD DAVID

*"His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at  
command"*  
Lincoln, Prothymean, Demosthenean, Freshman Track

BRADLEY, MARCUS A.

*"A happy, industrious, worthy friend whom everybody likes"*  
Glee Club, Lincoln, Camera Club

CARMAN, SARAH C.

*"One who can hold a conversation and, therefore, a good companion"*

CARLSON, ALICE ELINORE

*"Under a surface, calm, serene,  
Joy and laughter may be seen"*

CARLSON, RAYMOND

*"He is a boy with intentions clear  
To come in first, not in the rear"*

CASE, HAROLD

*"A 'Case' of good judgment"*

CAUNTER, EDITH LILLIAN

*"Under the cover of silence a genius is hidden"*  
Laurean

CHISHOLM, JEAN MARY

*"Where is there any club excitement or what-not at which this girl  
is not present? Her favorite topic is 'Equal Rights for Women'"*  
Captain Freshman Basketball Team; Secretary-Treasurer Glee  
Club II-III-IV, Vice-President and Council Member of Friend-  
ship Club, Da Vinci Club, Executive Committee B II Class, Stu-  
dent Government Representative III-IV

CLINES, JOHN EDWARD

*"A sport who'll fight and cheer for hours,  
And yet he loves the 'simple flowers'"*  
Demosthenean, Prothymean

COOK, LESLIE

*"He doesn't speak loudly, but, nevertheless, we all know him"*  
Hockey, Tennis

DANGLER, ALFRED

*"By the work one knows the workman"*  
Demosthenean, Prothymean, Forensium, B II Treasurer, A I  
President

DAVIDSON, JOHN A.

*"Look you, I am the most concerned in my own work"*  
Lincoln Club, Demosthenean, Prothymean

DOIG, HAL FRANCIS

*"Handsome is that handsome does"*  
Football IV, Basketball IV

DORN, HELENA

*"Although quiet, she enjoys arts and sports"*

Basketball I-II-III, Da Vinci, Glee Club III-IV

DUFFIE, WHITTIER ORTH

*"He's armed without that's innocent within"*

Prothymean

ECKMAN, VIRGINIA V

*"Tho' impulsive and loquacious,  
To us all she's just as precious"*

Friendship Club

ELSOFFER, BEATRICE

*"She has a sweet and pleasing voice, and has helped to make many of  
our entertainments a success"*

Glee Club II-III-IV

ELY, MARY

*"Gay and friendly, earnest and true"*

EVANS, EDITH

*"To do her best she always tried"*

EVANS, EDWARD ELLSWORTH

*"If he could talk as fast in 'Dutch'  
As English, he'd be doing much"*

Glee Club, Prothymean, Lincoln, Demosthenean, Forensium

FELDMAN, ALICE

*"Rather be dead than out of fashion"*

FENIGER, BEATRICE

*"She enjoys life thoroughly, day by day,  
She is ever cheerful and ever gay"*

Glee Club II-III, Laurean, Corresponding Secretary Athenæum,  
Secretary Friendship Club, Basketball I, II, III, IV, Student Gov-  
ernment Committee

FINN, HELEN

*"Quiet and steady at work and play"*

FOSTER, DOROTHY

*Faithful, demure*

FRIENDSHIP, HELEN

*"She is a girl who is gentle of speech and beneficent of mind"*

Friendship Club

GALLAGHER, WM. A.

*"You don't hear much about him, but when you want him he's right there"*

GATOZZI, JOHN JERRY

*"Nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm"*

Football, Basketball, Lincoln, Sergeant-at-Arms A I Class, Demosthenean

GIBBONS, MARION NOVILLE

*"Begone, dull Care! thou and I shall never agree"*

Friendship Club, Laurean, Athenæum, Basketball I-II-III-IV, Glee Club IV, Secretary Student Government Committee

GILOY, DOROTHY BLANCHE

*"All her faults are such that one loves her still the better for them"*

Secretary Laurean, Friendship Club, Basketball I-II-III-IV, Skating IV, Assistant Reporter "Blue and Gold" III

GOLDREICH, ISIDOR

*"Silence is as deep as Eternity, speech is as shallow as time," so thinks this young man*

Demosthenean, Prothymean, Lincoln Club

GRAHAM, ADAM

*Everybody knows him, so what is the use in saying anything more?*

HARBAUGH, DONALD LUCIAN

*"Hear ye not the hum of mighty working?"*

East-West Tech Debate, President Lincoln Club, Secretary Demosthenean, Forensium, Prothymean, Junior "Blue and Gold" Reporter

HARDGROVE, MIRIAM

*"All remember her for her wit"*

HEFFNER, ARTHUR

*"Serious and well-behaved,  
Never any trouble gave"*

HERBERT, ELIZABETH

*"In youth and beauty, wisdom is but rare"*

Athenæum, Membership Committee Laurean, B II Executive Committee, Friendship Club, Secretary Student Government Committee

INGRAM, THELMA

*"Happy as a lark"*

Athenæum, Laurean, Track II-III-IV, Basketball, Friendship Club

JAPPE, MARIE B.

*"Quietly she came and went,  
On her work her mind intent"*

JONES, WILLIAM

*"A sturdy youth, he must do well,  
In just what line it's hard to tell"*

KELLER, CHARLES

*"Knowledge is more than equivalent to force"*  
Lincoln Club, Demosthenean, Prothymean, Editor "Blue and Gold"

KIBBY, JEAN SUTHERLAND

*"Her pleasant disposition makes her friend of one and all"*  
Glee Club III-IV

KIDD, MABEL

*"But to see her is to love her"*  
Basketball II-III-IV, Glee Club III-IV, Treasurer Friendship Club

KLAUSTERMEYER, CAROL

*"Mercy and truth are met"*  
Friendship Club, Sergeant-at-Arms, Athenæum, Student Government

KLEIN, HILDA L.

*A very sociable girl, as can be seen by her many clubs, and also enjoys sports*  
Basketball II-III-IV, Glee Club II, Student Government III, Laurean Friendship Club, Athenæum, Executive Committee A I Class

KLEIN, WILBUR R.

*"I am in earnest" is his slogan*  
Demosthenean, Lincoln, Prothymean, High Y Club

KOEHLER, ROBERT H.

*"As a wit, if not first, at least in the very first line"*  
Executive Committee B II Class, Lincoln Club, Demosthenean

LAMPRECHT, GEORGE FREDERICK

*He will some day make a business man, for did he not secure your Annual subscription?*  
Demosthenean, Prothymean

LEE, NELLIE MARION

*"With brush in hand she paints her fame"*  
Da Vinci Club, Friendship Club, Basketball II-III

LEE, MAYNARD

*"Speak gently! 'tis a little thing"*  
Lincoln Club, Demosthenean

LEWIS, LILLIAN

*It is good to be merry and wise, and that is why she gains her success*  
Treasurer Laurean, Secretary B II Class, Vice-President A I Class, Friendship Club, Student Government Committee, Athenæum

LEYDEN, FRANCIS EDWIN

*"His hand expresses what he thinks*  
*In pictures made of diff'rent inks"*

LICHTY, RUTH

*"The very pink of perfection"*  
Glee Club IV, Basketball I, II, III, IV, President Friendship Club, Laurean, Athenæum, Executive Committee IV, Junior-Sophomore Committee, Secretary Student Government Committee

LOHISER, CHARLES

*"On him you always can rely,*  
*To do his best he'll always try"*  
Prothymean

LONGO, ORIENTE RUTH

*"We have not known her, but we already like her"*

LOVELL, WHEELER

*"Truth from his lips prevails with double sway"*  
Lincoln, Treasurer Demosthenean, Forensium, Prothymean

LUCK, HENRY CHARLES

*"Young fellows will be young fellows"*  
Football II-III-IV

McKEITH, LLOYD GRAHAM

*He enjoys both basketball and gymnasium*  
Freshman Basketball, Gymnasium Leader

MARCUSON, CLARENCE HERBERT

*"I awoke one morning and found myself famous"*  
Demosthenean, Forensium, Lincoln, Prothymean, President B II Class, Alternate Forensium-Philomathean Debate

MECK, GERALDINE CHRISTINA

*"A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of Nature"*  
Student Government Committee III, Friendship Club, Laurean, Recording Secretary Athenæum, Executive Committee A I Class

MEYER, FLORENCE

*"A faithful friend you'll always find"*  
Basketball II-III-IV

**MORGAN, DOROTHY**

*Finds her greatest pleasure in music and by it gives others pleasure*

**MOUAT, G. WALLACE**

*"I have a lively tongue and merry"*

Sergeant and Secretary of Demostheneans, Freshman Track, Lincoln Club, Hi Y Club, Band, Glee Club President IV, Forensum, Prothymean, Junior Executive Committee, Senior Executive Committee, Annual Board III-IV

**NEAL, RAY JOHN**

*"We wonder what goes on behind  
Those solemn eyes in that great mind"*  
Football

**NICHOLLS, DOROTHY**

*"I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me"*

**PACK, MILDRED F.**

*"Blushing is the color of virtue"*

Laurean, Friendship Club, Assistant Treasurer A I Class, Secretary-Treasurer of Orchestra

**PALMER, DOUGLAS**

*"Business-like, but never worries"*

Hi Y Club, Demosthenean, Prothymean

**PARKER, FLORENCE**

*"Peaceful, friendly"*

**PEOPLES, A. GALEN**

*"What a mixture L'Allegro and Il Penseroso"*

**RICKMAN, WALTER**

*"I am very fond of the company of ladies"*

Student Government Committee, Lincoln, Demosthenean, Prothymean

**RIPPNER, LEAH**

*"She came here from a distant state,  
And soon she learned to think East great"*

**ROCKEY, PERSIS**

*"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"*  
Basketball II, III, Art Club

**ROLL, HELEN ELIZABETH**

*"She may look quiet and sedate,  
But when you know her she's just great"*

Treasurer Laurean, Athenæum, Student Government Committee, Friendship Club

**ROSEWATER, ROBERT**

*Hear the orator's own words, "I admit I'm a bit mischievous, but then  
aren't all youths so?"*

Leader West Tech Debate IV, Lincoln, Forensum, Demosthenean, Prothymean

SALBERG, MIRIAM

*"Studious, methodic"*

Student Government Committee

SELL, CHARLES RAYMOND

*"He is in for fun and in for larks"*

SHIVELY, HELEN E.

*"She is as good as she is fair"*

Glee Club, Vice-President of B II Class, Vice-President Friendship Club, Laurean, Athenæum, B II-A I Class Reporter "Blue and Gold," Basketball II-III-IV, Secretary of Student Government Committee

SIFLING, DUDLEY M.

*"Some day we'll read in the papers that he was the hero of the day"*

Football 2nd Team III, Basketball 2nd Team IV, Class Football II-III, Class Basketball II-III

SMITH, ISLA E.

*"If she'd only come on time"*

*"We'd make a better rhyme"*

Basketball II

SMITH, PORTIA

*"The opinion of the strongest is always best"*

Athenæum, Laurean, Da Vinci, Friendship Club

SPEDDY, KENYON C.

*"A clever talker, whose intentions are always good"*

SPEIDEL, ELMER J.

*"His like has never been seen"*

STEPHAN, ARTHUR H.

*"A word spoken in due season, how good it is!"*

Glee Club, Hi Y Club, Prothymean

STAIR, EDWIN BIERCE

*"He multiplied words with knowledge"*

Vice-President Hi Y Club, Prothymean

STERN, CLARA HELEN

*A flame that burns quietly is, nevertheless, the brightest*

Laurean

STUEBER, THEODORE PAUL

*"Men of few words are the best men"*

Demosthenean, Lincoln, Forensium, Student Government Committee

STULL, B. NAOMI

*"I am sure care's an enemy to life"*

SWINGLE, EVA MAE

*"They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts"*

Student Government Committee, President Laurean, Athenæum



TEMPLE, GEORGIA M.

*"She surely is on the same road as George Temple"*

TOAN, MARGARET

*"To be as pleasant as he can  
I think the duty of every man"*

Secretary A I Class

WATKINS, WM. HENRY

*As busy as the day is long, and always "a mighty nice fellow"*  
Business Manager "Blue and Gold," Sergeant-at-Arms B II Class,  
Demosthenean, Prothymean, Treasurer Lincoln Club

WENNERSTROM, ALLETTE J.

*A factor in everything requiring good sense, as can be seen by the  
following list of activities. Although a critic, one of the sociable kind*  
Critic, Corresponding Secretary Laurean, Athenæum, Friendship,  
Basketball, Student Government Committee, Annual Board IV

WHERRY, DOROTHY E.

*"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of  
peace"*

Friendship Club

WILLIAMS, EDWARD R.

*"Oh, work: you have no charm for me;  
I only care for mirth and jollity"*

Basketball U, Swimming, Demosthenean, Hi Y Club, Prothymean

WOODEURY, CHARLOTTE E.

*"Haste, thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,  
Nods, and Becks and wreathed Smiles"*

Laurean, Athenæum

WRIGHT, STEWART E.

*"A strong name which seems characteristic of the boy"*  
Demosthenean, Prothymean

WRIGHT, WILLIAM HEERMANS

*His activities speak louder than words*  
Camera Club I, Hi Y Club III-IV, Forensium III-IV, Vice-President,  
President, Secretary Lincoln, President Demosthenean, Annual Board III,  
Executive Committee B II Class, Leader Forensium-Philomathean Debate III,  
East-West Debate III, Leader East-Central Debate III, Editor III,  
Advisory Editor IV of "Blue and Gold," Leader East-Commerce Debate IV

WUESCHER, GLENNA

*"A more conscientious maid is difficult to find"*  
Laurean, Vice-President Athenæum, Student Government

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## To Our Schoolmates

To all who have enjoyed these pages  
To all who love dear old East High  
We gaily give a hand in friendship  
Before the farewell and the sigh.

Throughout this book is shown quite clearly  
What 'tis that puts our school so high—  
The loyalty and team work steady  
The things that princes cannot buy.

And when we pass out from these portals,  
And in the world our fortunes try,  
We'll live again within these pages  
Our happy days in old East High.

1917.

