Inscribed
..to our..
Fellow Students
...of...
East High School
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dedication</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annual Board</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faculty</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seniors</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophomores</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freshmen</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Societies</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletics</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorials</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literature</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fun</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Glue and Bold</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhetoricals</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calendar</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advertisements</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE ANNUAL BOARD
Robert D. Moore '17 Editor-in-Chief
Allette J. Wennerstrom '18 Literary Editor
Dorothy C. Griffith '17 Assistant Literary Editor
Dorothy M. Brush '17 Editor Humor Department
Edward E. Rodewald '18 Editor Athletics
James M. Arnstine '18 Art Editor
J. Roeder Bell '17 Business Manager
Julius V. Reisman '17 Advertising Manager
Margaret V. Cobb '17 Assistant Art Editor
Wallace Mouat '18 Secretary
Willis Kenealy '17 Assistant Business Manager
Portia Goulder '2D Assistant Editor Humor Dep't

FACULTY COMMITTEE

Victoria C. Lynch
Meta W. Peters
Oliver N. Craig
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..............................1536 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............................2230 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
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Major</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Grossart, Mathilde S.</td>
<td>1549 East 86th St.</td>
<td>German</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haber, Henry F.</td>
<td>1619 Hollyrood Road</td>
<td>Mathematics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hanna, Mary L.</td>
<td>1906 East 84th St.</td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hogan, J. E.</td>
<td>12105 Castlewood Ave.</td>
<td>Mathematics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ingersoll, Helen G.</td>
<td>2059 East 71st St.</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kelly, Maria Margaret</td>
<td>1519 Kenilworth Ave.</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knapp, Elizabeth E.</td>
<td>1386 East 81st St.</td>
<td>Applied Art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knight, Charles M.</td>
<td>2053 East 102nd St.</td>
<td>History</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kraft, Ona</td>
<td>1171 East 113th St.</td>
<td>English, Mathematics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamprecht, Marjorie</td>
<td>2066 East 77th St.</td>
<td>Librarian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynch, Victoria C.</td>
<td>3726 Carnegie Ave.</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyttle, Bertelle M.</td>
<td>1512 East 107th St.</td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacDonald, Ethel</td>
<td>1963 East 82nd St.</td>
<td>Mathematics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morris, W. W.</td>
<td>11818 Osceola Ave.</td>
<td>Coach, Mathematics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morse, Frances C.</td>
<td>1881 East 87th St.</td>
<td>Physical Training</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mutch, Florence E.</td>
<td>10918 Ashbury Ave.</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mutch, Gertrude</td>
<td>10918 Ashbury Ave.</td>
<td>Assistant Secretary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O'Grady, Katherine L.</td>
<td>1579 Crawford Road</td>
<td>Oratory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parsons, Mary E.</td>
<td>1907 East 40th St.</td>
<td>German</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peabody, Carroll A.</td>
<td>9620 Fuller Ave.</td>
<td>Physics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peters, Meta W.</td>
<td>2306 Murray Hill Road</td>
<td>Greek, German</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Petersilge, Arthur F. M.</td>
<td>7417 Linwood Ave.</td>
<td>Mathematics</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittis, Margaret</td>
<td>40 Penrose Ave., E. C.</td>
<td>Secretary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prince, William L.</td>
<td>23 Groveland Club</td>
<td>Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Address</td>
<td>Telephone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raish, Edward L</td>
<td>1389 East 95th St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rankin, Homer D</td>
<td>1446 East 110th St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reed, Harold B</td>
<td>1401 East 81st St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sanderson, Gertrude A</td>
<td>2105 East 83rd St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schulte, Herman</td>
<td>7114 Lawnview Ave.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seaton, Sara</td>
<td>1943 East 86th St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Gabriel F</td>
<td>1857 East 75th St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Walter V</td>
<td>8701 Harkness Road</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terzano, Giovanni</td>
<td>1417 West 85th St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woods, Frank M</td>
<td>8509 Decker Ave.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wright, Marion E</td>
<td>1386 East 81st St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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.

Dollare youth, '18.
A II CLASS OFFICERS

President .......................................................... Ralph Sourbeck
Vice-President .................................................... Helen Landesman
Secretary ........................................................ Alice C. Gilman
Treasurer .......................................................... Arthur T. Mackin
Assistant Treasurer ............................................. Florence Baumoel
Sergeant-at-Arms ................................................ 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 Cesar 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.

MASTERSOHN, 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 
1938 East 81st St.

FARRELL, IRENE MARY 
1889 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 1 CLASS OFFICERS

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

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Ruth Lichty .................................................................
Geraldine Meck ...........................................................
Hilda Klein .................................................................
Wallace Mocat ............................................................
Frederick Barker ........................................................
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.
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, VIRGINNIA 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.

GILLOY, DOROTHY BLANCHE
1664 East 79th St.

GIBBONS, MARION NOVILLE
2220 East 83rd St.

GOLDBEICH, 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, ORIENE 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
12849 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.
B II History

ABOUT 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 .................................................. President
Marion Hart .................................................... Vice-President
Laura Belle Froggett .......................................... Secretary
Thorpe Struggles ................................................ Treasurer
Helen Toland ................................................... Assistant Treasurer
Edward Rodewald ............................................. Sergeant-at-Arms

COMMITTEE

Kenneth Hurd         Monica Doran         Bert Van Dellen
George Fenstermacher Catherine Ryan
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abrahams, Joseph N</td>
<td>6115 Belvidere Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albin, Marion Varian</td>
<td>1217 Addison Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auth, Marie J</td>
<td>6831 Bayliss Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baginski, Edward</td>
<td>1202 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ball, Robert H</td>
<td>7314 Carnegie Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baker, Norma H</td>
<td>8624 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bailey, Florence</td>
<td>1836 East 101st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bidwell, Paul</td>
<td>11397 Glenwood Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belkowsky, Renee</td>
<td>10599 Ashbury Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boltz, Frederick William, Jr</td>
<td>12450 Forest Grove Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown, Ronald J</td>
<td>1858 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burdett, Donald</td>
<td>1711 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carran, William M</td>
<td>2075 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cary, Agnes</td>
<td>1608 East 117th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casey, Thomas H</td>
<td>1420 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caswell, Florence</td>
<td>1826 East 89th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chandler, Fred</td>
<td>1917 East 71st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clobitz, Renee</td>
<td>6005 Quincy Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Combs, Elizabeth C</td>
<td>10113 South Boulevard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooke, Martha Castleberry</td>
<td>11385 Mayfield Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cottrell, Helen L</td>
<td>2032 East 102nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cummings, Edward</td>
<td>1805 East 118th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Damon, Arthur Wallace</td>
<td>2072 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daniel, Harry A. F</td>
<td>7601 Aberdeen Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis, Eda</td>
<td>1811 East 101st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doran, Monica</td>
<td>7702 Sagamore Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elssofer, Harvey Harold</td>
<td>6109 Lexington Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emrich, Oliver S</td>
<td>2103 East 89th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans, Alberta</td>
<td>2125 Fairmount Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fagan, Helene</td>
<td>8033 Whitethorn Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fenstermacher, George</td>
<td>7306 Myron Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franz, Miriam K</td>
<td>1256 East 74th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frier, Irene</td>
<td>1536 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Progrett, Laura Bell</td>
<td>10074 Republic Court</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibson, Harold</td>
<td>8931 Meridian Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glueck, Rhea</td>
<td>8376 Amesbury Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goldreich, Ruth</td>
<td>7051 Rough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goodman, R. Jerome</td>
<td>2057 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grandy, Verna</td>
<td>1257 Addison Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenbaum, Lilian</td>
<td>1081 East 98th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenslade, Evelyn M</td>
<td>8308 Superior Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greig, Marjorie</td>
<td>2049 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Griffiths, Anna</td>
<td>5719 Whittier Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gross, Leah S</td>
<td>1274 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Groth, Elmer</td>
<td>8913 Empire Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gusky, Louise</td>
<td>1523 East Boulevard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrold, Elizabeth</td>
<td>7122 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hart, Marion</td>
<td>2062 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hart, Harold G</td>
<td>9409 Talbot Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heimerding, Flora</td>
<td>1923 East 71st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holness, Georgina</td>
<td>16706 Endora Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hopkins, Margaret E</td>
<td>9314 Miles Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hummel, Philip</td>
<td>18314 Canterbury Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurd, Kenneth</td>
<td>1715 East 115th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson, Elizabeth R</td>
<td>8912 Kenmore Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junkin, Margaret Elaine</td>
<td>1458 East 65th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kaufman, Sarah Marie</td>
<td>5105 Belvidere Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Klumpf, Mary</td>
<td>9400 Euclid Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keim, John</td>
<td>1796 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

62
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>King, William</td>
<td>1924 East 87th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kloss, John</td>
<td>2102 East 88th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kohn, Lewis F.</td>
<td>6520 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kronthal, Marion B.</td>
<td>1475 Crawford Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Land, Dorothy</td>
<td>6107 White Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lander, Marian</td>
<td>1653 East 86th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lander, Margaret</td>
<td>1653 East 86th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lanning, Paul</td>
<td>7614 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawrence, Rolinda</td>
<td>1823 East 80rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lederle, Elsie B.</td>
<td>1328 East 83rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis, Reba M.</td>
<td>1345 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lindner, Leonard</td>
<td>5819 Whittier Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGee, Hilda Jeannette</td>
<td>10502 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McNulty, Genevieve</td>
<td>1468 East 92nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maerlander, Hugo</td>
<td>8003 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mason, Edith</td>
<td>1849 East 80th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mason, Lillian</td>
<td>1849 East 80th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrick, Tirzah</td>
<td>1380 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mouat, Douglas</td>
<td>3615 Meridian Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Munsie, Louise</td>
<td>1632 East 65th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nelson, Annaleen</td>
<td>7314 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newman, Lawrence</td>
<td>1571 East 115th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olson, John</td>
<td>1339 East 80th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pavlicek, Anna M.</td>
<td>1157 East 60th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Permut, Bessie L.</td>
<td>1647 East 73rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piehl, Marlon L.</td>
<td>1652 East 83rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pomeroy, Raymond</td>
<td>1326 East 65th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poole, Edward L.</td>
<td>1031 East 76th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pratt, Laura Beaumont</td>
<td>1978 East 70th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reifel, Helen Catherine</td>
<td>1538 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reinhardt, Helen</td>
<td>1893 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond, Ruth</td>
<td>5703 Lexington Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rodewald, Edward E.</td>
<td>9284 Adams Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roofe, Lucy L.</td>
<td>9105 Morris Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rowell, Frances M.</td>
<td>1673 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rowe, Richard G.</td>
<td>1832 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruben, Carroll</td>
<td>1714 East 60th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ryan, Catherine</td>
<td>1366 East 92nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schaub, Donald</td>
<td>7718 Decker Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schulze, Helen Dorothea</td>
<td>5610 Luther Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schweitzer, Kenmore</td>
<td>10601 Tacoma Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seymour, Dorothy K.</td>
<td>1641 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharpe, Douglas Lee</td>
<td>9322 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sielaff, Mildred Pauline</td>
<td>6216 Dibble Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skeel, Louis</td>
<td>1825 Ansel Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Raymond E.</td>
<td>1440 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sprague, Hazel</td>
<td>8819 Medidian Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sprague, Beatrice</td>
<td>8819 Meridian Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Staiger, Dorothy</td>
<td>1329 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strand, Edwin</td>
<td>9208 Kempton Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Struggles, 'Thorpe'</td>
<td>1696 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sundstrom, Helen</td>
<td>1211 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tippett, Erich L.</td>
<td>7700 Sagamore Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tite, Earl W.</td>
<td>1394 East 80th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toland, Helen</td>
<td>1879 East 101st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truesdale, Ben</td>
<td>1961 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuteur, Mary</td>
<td>8415 Carnegie Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ulcher, Frances</td>
<td>963 East 78th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Dellen, H. Bert</td>
<td>934 East 76th St.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
LAST 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 heard 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 crow, "Ach du Schrier, hinter dem Greinbaum wohnte ein Grossman, in einem Hause vom Holtz. Gehen Sie Snell!"

And he was some Walker!

 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 Roof to Waite for a Goodman to come along.

 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.
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 Caesar, 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.
Allbery, Fred .................................................. 1578 East 70th St.
Andreas, Margaret ........................................ 7519 Linwood Ave.
Arthur, John D .................................................. 11884 Mayfield Road
Auernach, 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, Leota ............................................. 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 Hollywood Road
Bylinsky, Jessie H .............................................. 7801 Aberdeen Ave.
Carlin, Vivian .................................................... 2031 East 100th St.
Champion, Bessie ............................................... 1584 East 84th St.
Ching, Bernice ................................................... 1349 East 81st St.
Clampitt, Dorothy Berenice ................................. 1683 East 84th St.
Clark, Frances ................................................... 1984 East 70th St.
Clok, Morley ...................................................... 2031 East 96th St.
Conner, Gordon ............................................... 1619 Hollywood Road
Craig, Janice ..................................................... 7088 Lexington Ave.
Crester, Lillian Laverne ...................................... 1547 East 122nd St.
Criswell, Verse .................................................. 1221 East 85th St.
D'Amico, Louis E. A ........................................... 1690 East 70th St.
Davis, 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 .................................................. 1832 East 87th St.
Doner, Gladys A ................................................ 1376 East 69th St.
Donnelly, Agnes ................................................ 7613 Superior Ave.
Eisenberg, Otto ................................................ 1175 East 79th St.
Exline, Leonore ................................................ 1712 East 86th St.
Fagan, Gertrude Adell ......................................... 5033 Whitethorn Ave.
Ferriman, Alexander ......................................... 1843 East 90th St.
Fitch, Clarence W ............................................... 1824 East 106th St.
Fogarty, William ................................................ 6005 Whittier Ave.
Frankel, Elsinore ............................................... 10914 Deering Ave.
Galbraith, Bessie Edith ...................................... 1040 East 78th St.
George, Evelyn Gertrude ..................................... 1593 East 82nd St.
Glasser, Joseph H ............................................... 7611 Redell Ave.
Gottlob, Meiba .................................................. 11860 Hessler Road
Grassgreen, Claude .......................................... 1587 East 85th 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, Kula ................................................ 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 .......................................... 1534 East 79th St.
Wertheimer, Hazel S ........................................... 1321 East 32nd St.
Whitaker, Frank .................................................. 1370 East 94th St.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Henderson, Jeanette</td>
<td>1832 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gordon</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herrick, Frances</td>
<td>10510 Euclid Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hextor, Richard K.</td>
<td>1950 East 73rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hodge, James</td>
<td>7806 Cornelia Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horr, Ruth</td>
<td>2106 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horsburgh, Ralph</td>
<td>1922 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huettich, Eleanor</td>
<td>6712 Dunham Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James, Mary A.</td>
<td>1898 East 87th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jenkins, Alfred A.</td>
<td>1938 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson, Martha D.</td>
<td>563 East 108rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jones, Katherine F.</td>
<td>7304 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kofler, Ella M.</td>
<td>1110 East 74th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kiassner, Inez Dorothy</td>
<td>6902 Zoeter Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kohn, Edith</td>
<td>11412 Ashbury Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Krause, Eudora Elizabeth</td>
<td>1978 East 88th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewenthal, Jeanne</td>
<td>1523 East Boulevard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lindquist, Alex H.</td>
<td>7421 Melrose Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lux, Lewis R.</td>
<td>2066 East 77th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luxton, Harriet M.</td>
<td>5711 Luther Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKenna, Cyril H.</td>
<td>1300 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McNulty, Mary E.</td>
<td>1468 East 92nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matchett, Katherine E.</td>
<td>3927 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mattmueller, Arthur H.</td>
<td>1685 Crawford Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michaelis, Else ...</td>
<td>1092 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milne, Margaret</td>
<td>7603 Lawnview Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, Helen M.</td>
<td>1275 East 74th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nall, Russell</td>
<td>1188 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ott, Frederick W.</td>
<td>9208 Edmunds Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palmer, Fred H.</td>
<td>1543 East Boulevard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perelman, Clarence</td>
<td>1838 East 66th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quilty, Cecile J.</td>
<td>1392 East 110th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ranallo, Joe</td>
<td>12105 Mayfield Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosen, Hyman</td>
<td>7203 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rovelto, Clifford</td>
<td>1400 East 112th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. John, Edward</td>
<td>9515 Edmunds Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sampliner, Hilda</td>
<td>7298 Lawnview Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sanke, Arthur C.</td>
<td>11111 Euclid Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shiesinger, Dorothy</td>
<td>1561 East 117th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shier, Bertram</td>
<td>2040 East 83rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sloan, Josephine</td>
<td>8300 Linwood Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Carmeta M.</td>
<td>1449 East 83th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Dorothy Elizabeth</td>
<td>5701 Harkness Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snajdr, Charles</td>
<td>7505 Lawnview Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snell, Kathryn M.</td>
<td>1720 East 89th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soglovitz, Paul</td>
<td>1904 East 71st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steiner, Lois</td>
<td>7203 Lawnview Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surad, Aaron F.</td>
<td>1524 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thrall, Fred M.</td>
<td>1831 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurston, Thomas B.</td>
<td>1955 East 76th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tolzien, Marie</td>
<td>1845 East 101st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomlinson, Donald</td>
<td>8003 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trivisono, Joseph</td>
<td>2022 Murray Hill Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twiggs, Arthur C.</td>
<td>8819 Cedar Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ulrey, Alfred K.</td>
<td>1845 East 75th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vorpe, Edwin A.</td>
<td>9208 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wagner, Blanche</td>
<td>1898 East 66th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walker, Marion</td>
<td>6985 Superior Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walters, Daphne B.</td>
<td>9248 Edmunds Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weber, Lorna</td>
<td>1792 East 65th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilkins, Virginia</td>
<td>1656 East 75th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wormser, Irma</td>
<td>6801 Euclid Ave.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Akerson, Runo L.</td>
<td>1062 Addison Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Eileen C.</td>
<td>1241 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Estelle</td>
<td>1548 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ansps, Herman Felton</td>
<td>1584 East 117th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ashley, Elton</td>
<td>8002 Melrose Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barker, Juliet</td>
<td>1351 East 97th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barkow, Milton</td>
<td>1629 East 86th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bartlett, Osborn</td>
<td>1580 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beach, Jack</td>
<td>1797 East 89th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beatty, Josephine</td>
<td>2028 East 100th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bengtson, Viola Evelyn</td>
<td>7723 Decker Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bennett, Norman</td>
<td>6705 Dunham Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birney, Sarah Catherine</td>
<td>2095 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blau, Irma Ethlyn</td>
<td>3903 Cedar Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blue, Wesley Roger</td>
<td>1392 East 80th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bourne, Henry T.</td>
<td>2065 Cornell Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brady, Samuel D.</td>
<td>1792 E. Canterbury Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brammar, Dorothy</td>
<td>11507 Saywell Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brew, W. Kenneth</td>
<td>15808 Kinsman Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Briggs, Allan</td>
<td>10803 Fairchilds Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown, Florence E.</td>
<td>9410 Edmunds Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Callinan, Lillian M.</td>
<td>1304 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlson, Helen Mildred L.</td>
<td>9406 Edmunds Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clement, Elsie Mae</td>
<td>7035 Lexington Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clines, Elizabeth Beatrice</td>
<td>396 Ansel Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collins, Pomeroy</td>
<td>1928 East 97th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connor, Raymond</td>
<td>1632 East 55th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cull, Genevieve Marie</td>
<td>6106 Belvidere Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dangler, Eugene</td>
<td>1655 East 117th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Danielson, Edith Pauline</td>
<td>7008 Russell Court</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis, Hazel T.</td>
<td>6408 Dibble Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denslow, Raymond C.</td>
<td>1427 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditman, Wilhelmina</td>
<td>984 East 69th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Estebrook, Richard A.</td>
<td>1911 East 97th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Esterly, Sibyl V.</td>
<td>1563 East 99th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans, Clarence</td>
<td>1632 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exline, Ralph</td>
<td>1408 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feldman, Norton</td>
<td>6616 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foster, Marian Agnes</td>
<td>1106 Addison Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Francis Beatrice Irene</td>
<td>1862 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friedman, Florence</td>
<td>6305 Euclid Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friedman, Rosalind</td>
<td>1832 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galvin, Sydney N.</td>
<td>1425 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gary, Margaret</td>
<td>6521 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glese, Florence</td>
<td>10615 Hathaway Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ginsburg, Bernard W.</td>
<td>1327 East Boulevard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gohr, Fred</td>
<td>1320 East 92nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gohr, William</td>
<td>2225 Cummington Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goldstein, Sydney Edward</td>
<td>2064 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gotfried, Loreta</td>
<td>1894 East 94th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenbaum, Howard M.</td>
<td>2681 East 96th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Griffin, L. Arthur</td>
<td>1680 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grossberg, Harry</td>
<td>1693 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gutentag, Sidney</td>
<td>1957 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haas, Geraline Clara</td>
<td>1258 East 100th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hanson, Eleanor</td>
<td>7703 Linwood Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harris, Virginia Louise</td>
<td>2055 East 115th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrold, Mabel</td>
<td>7211 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayden, Grace L.</td>
<td>1150 East 71st St.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Healy, Alice Mildred 7405 Detour Ave.
Hebebrandt, Hilda Margret 1407 Giddings Road
Hecht, Isadore 912 Wheelock Road
Herig, Gordon 2056 East 93rd St.
Hodgins, Lillian 10608 Cedar Ave.
Hodobski, 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 Caral Ave.
Jennings, George A 1902 East 101st St.
Johnson, Lucille 8902 Meridian Ave.
Jones, Gertrude 1504 Addisson Road
Joseph, Lucy 1659 East 115th St.
King, Lyman B 2032 East 89th St.
Klump, Charles H 1844 East 69th St.
Kochman, Fanny 1352 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, Aileen 8124 Wade Park Ave.
McCready, Marjorie E 5805 Newton Ave.
McDonald, Mildred 10509 Euclid Ave.
McConagle, Jean Louise 2110 East 81st Place
McGrath, Colleta C 7605 La Grange Ave.
McPeck, Mary Frances 8508 Hough Ave.
Mack, Alexander 993 East 67th St.
Madigan, Rose M 7603 Redell Ave.
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.
Millen, Ruth M 1551 East 65th St.
Mitermier, Delphine 1692 East 94th Place
Mong, Julia M 1645 East 84th St.
Neno, Elma 7625 Star Ave.
Nicklin, Raymond L 7409 Linwood Ave.
Oldham, Harold 1628 East 85th St.
Pawlecky, Gertrude 1783 Crawford Road
Permut, Samuel Ralph 1547 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.
Riggio, Charles 1922 East 123rd St.
Rice, Daisy Gordon 2101 East 83rd St.
Richter, Adele 1924 East 69th St.
Rose, Ethel C 2128 East 79th St.
Rosenberg, Selma 8036 Superior Ave.
Rothenberg, Leah 7820 St. Clair Ave.
Sampliner, Samuel S 1867 Crawford Road
Saphir, Ben F 3108 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.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sherman, Wilson M</td>
<td>2108 East 96th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shuck, Laurene</td>
<td>3920 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sinclair, Marabel</td>
<td>2053 East 82nd St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slayton, Alan</td>
<td>1702 East 84th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Douglas H</td>
<td>8820 Euclid Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Gertrude Carol</td>
<td>1614 East 118th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Jared A</td>
<td>2069 Cornell Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starkweather, W. Marquis</td>
<td>7103 Linwood Ave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strauss, Edwin A</td>
<td>1866 East 93rd St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stueber, Dorothy Mae</td>
<td>1938 East 84th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunnowski, Helen Agnes</td>
<td>1177 East 79th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Templeton, Henry Edmund</td>
<td>8215 Linwood Ave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas, E. Irene</td>
<td>7519 Linwood Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tindolph, Ben Price</td>
<td>1579 Crawford Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuttle, Dorothy E</td>
<td>1783 East 93rd St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyers, Alice</td>
<td>5791 White Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upp, Earl E</td>
<td>1494 Addison Rd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upstill, Jack E</td>
<td>1851 East 87th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaccariello, John</td>
<td>1955 East 120th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Deusen, Wright</td>
<td>1887 East 81st St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Gastel, Gerrett</td>
<td>8409 Superior</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vitantonio, Anthony</td>
<td>2037 Murray Hill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waller, Amy E</td>
<td>7303 Donald Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weil, Berthold M</td>
<td>9219 Rosalind Ave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wells, Addison E</td>
<td>1864 East 70th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wendt, Helen K</td>
<td>1832 East 86th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wenzel, Velma Elizabeth</td>
<td>1533 East 65th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weyer, James A</td>
<td>1717 East 85th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wike, Chester Burner</td>
<td>1415 East 88th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willaman, Dorothy</td>
<td>1240 East 61st St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Frances E</td>
<td>2046 East 88th St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Thomas A</td>
<td>7216 Lexington Ave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williamson, Arthur</td>
<td>9735 Woodward Court</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willing, Paul L</td>
<td>6811 Edna Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wolf, Carl David</td>
<td>6618 Quinby Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodle, Edwin F</td>
<td>8121 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodruff, Corinne F</td>
<td>6322 Belvidere Ave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zink, Florence</td>
<td>10606 Fairmount Ave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zorn, Paul</td>
<td>South Euclid, O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zwolinski, Henry S</td>
<td>1102 East 79th St</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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 Caesar 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.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ackerman, Edmund K.</td>
<td>1698 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adams, Louise</td>
<td>1810 East 63rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ailing, Lucile C.</td>
<td>1358 East 86th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baden, Rhea</td>
<td>1563 East Boulevard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bodenhorn, Hazel</td>
<td>1794 East 63rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barlow, Earl William</td>
<td>1448 Crawford Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barr, Wilbur</td>
<td>1851 East 92nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beals, William</td>
<td>6719 Euclid Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bellan, Rudolph L.</td>
<td>7010 Quinn Ct.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bender, Harold</td>
<td>1781 East 68th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bender, Donald</td>
<td>1781 East 68th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bersch, Erla Justine</td>
<td>2220 East 83rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackwood, Dorothy Chrystal</td>
<td>7509 Lexington Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blake, Ahna Willoughby</td>
<td>1692 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blau, Alan J.</td>
<td>11605 Euclid Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blecher, Raymond</td>
<td>1168 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blum, Leona Evelyn</td>
<td>1702 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brian, William</td>
<td>1770 East 87th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brost, Leroy Emil</td>
<td>7785 Cornelia Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown, Eliza D.</td>
<td>9410 Edmonds Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bulkeley, Helen E.</td>
<td>8609 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butts, Franklyn H.</td>
<td>1522 Crawford Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cahill, Frank R.</td>
<td>2096 East 96th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Callahan, William</td>
<td>8101 Sinian Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Callis, Ted</td>
<td>7515 La Grange</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlozzi, Catherine Marie</td>
<td>2196 Cornell Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chambers, William</td>
<td>1621 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clements, Arthur</td>
<td>1831 East 63rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conway, Janette</td>
<td>3921 Brooklyn Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conyne, Hazel</td>
<td>2091 East 96th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook, Edward L.</td>
<td>2031 East 96th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook, James</td>
<td>9728 Woodward Court</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coolidge, Burroughs</td>
<td>1721 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cotton, Edwin</td>
<td>9400 Euclid Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cull, Helen</td>
<td>6106 Belvidere Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cummings, Eugenie</td>
<td>1605 East 118th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D'Amico, Paris</td>
<td>1690 East 70th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D'Errico, Theresa</td>
<td>2203 Adelbert Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dibble, Dorothy</td>
<td>1587 East 65th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diener, Mildred Lorraine</td>
<td>1861 East 75th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorn, B. Herman</td>
<td>1568 Addison Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duff, Laura</td>
<td>9361 Hough Court</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dunn, Helen</td>
<td>1440 East 66th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elliott, Leila A.</td>
<td>1694 East 70th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Endle, Laundon Theodore</td>
<td>1723 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Englehardt, Ruth</td>
<td>8014 Carnegie Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erlenbach, William</td>
<td>6412 Whittier Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farmer, Mildred E.</td>
<td>1971 East 59th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feeley, Ruth Marie</td>
<td>7609 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feinberg, Arthur N.</td>
<td>9353 Amesbury Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feldman, Claire J.</td>
<td>1878 East 86th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feldman, Harvey Lee</td>
<td>6020 Quinby Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Focke, Helen</td>
<td>2057 Cornell Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forsberg, Lars</td>
<td>7203 Duluth Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freedman, Hermine</td>
<td>1559 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friedley, Rose</td>
<td>1647 East 73rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gage, Richard N.</td>
<td>2120 East 98th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gest, Alfred</td>
<td>1262 Norwood Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goodman, Willard H.</td>
<td>1226 East 83rd St.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Graebing, Hudson
Gram, Amelia M.
Granger, Lydia Jane
Griffiths, Henry Harris
Grossman, Leonard
Gudin, Walter A.
Hafford, William
Hall, Dorothy M.
Hamilton, William
Hampton, Donald
Hanrath, Merritt G.
Harris, Carle C.
Hart, Ellsworth E.
Heffner, Mary
Heller, Joe
Henderson, Katherine Margaret
Henry, Rhoda
Hofer, Lilian
Hogen, Harry K.
Hollingsworth, Russell Edward
Hook, Ethel
Hopkins, Helen P.
Huber, Adolph E.
Hunt, Charles R.
Hunter, George
Iammarino, Nick
Janes, Elsie J.
Kauth, Kurt M.
Keffer, John
Kelsch, Matthew James
Kennedy, Cletus J.
Kessler, Nathan N.
Kirk, Nerene Sanford
Klein, Lucille Ruth
Kline, Syvilla R.
Koepke, Reinhold C.
Kraus, Edwin
Lane, Beth
Lundberg, Florence
Lynch, James
McKeith, Cathrine
Mallison, Marjorie Tripler
Manes, Marcum
Mau, Pearl F.
Neuman, Alice
Nunamaker, Donald O.
Orgel, Charles F.
Ostberg, Florence Jeanette
Page, Helene L.
Pope, Erwin C.
Rice, Maude J.
Richmond, Norman
Rieben, Dorothy
Roth, Katherine Gertrude
Sharp, Rebecca
Schlitt, Herbert L.
Schmunk, Dorothy
Schwacofer, Marjorie E.
Skinner, Esther

1867 East 73rd St.
1194 East 85th St.
6503 Superior Ave.
5719 Whittier Ave.
1761 East 65th St.
7717 Dix Court
1418 East 89th St.
1540 East 82nd St.
1419 East 88th St.
1309 East 82nd St.
1660 East 75th St.
1648 East 93rd St.
2101 Adelbert Road
1049 East 71st St.
1129 East 79th St.
1832 East 90th St.
1817 East 63rd St.
5022 Cory Ave.
1823 East 97th St.
1417 East 93rd St.
7503 Redell Ave.
.9314 Miles Ave.
1067 East 67th St.
1606 Crawford Road
2087 East 96th St.
2105 Murray Hill Road
1893 East 87th St.
6912 Hough Ave.
6009 Belvidere Ave.
9807 Newton Ave.
7016 Zoeter Ave.
6102 Belvidere Ave.
1339 East 65th St.
1400 Ansel Road
1317 East 90th St.
7508 St. Clair Ave.
1674 East 81st St.
5904 Hough Ave.
1174 Addison Road
1315 East 101st St.
7207 Superior Ave.
2062 East 93rd St.
1964 East 120th St.
1328 East 85th St.
1471 Crawford Road
12113 Chesterfield Ave.
7019 Lawndview Ave.
1598 East 96th Pl.
1503 East 118th St.
1953 East 71st St.
2101 East 83rd St.
6914 Linwood Ave.
1191 East 84th St.
1577 East 71st St.
1425 East 32nd St.
1572 East 82nd St.
2126 East 93rd St.
8609 Wade Park Ave.
1965 East 81st St.
### 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 comning 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
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Arnold, Charles</td>
<td>9217 Brookline Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bailey, William</td>
<td>1571 East 117th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barrick, Helen</td>
<td>1800 East 73rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baum, Carolyn</td>
<td>2053 East 88th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baum, Dorothy</td>
<td>5811 Whittier Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beale, Irma</td>
<td>7420 Dellenbaugh Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bellet, Grace</td>
<td>1318 East 77th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bender, Donald</td>
<td>9705 Hollingsworth Court</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bessire, Paul</td>
<td>5515 Lexington Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Borges, Harvey</td>
<td>1326 Russell Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowman, Henry</td>
<td>5902 Quinby Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bubb, Darrah</td>
<td>7315 Lexington Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burall, Ella</td>
<td>1267 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carran, Gertrude</td>
<td>2975 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapman, Anna</td>
<td>7109 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlesworth, Elizabeth</td>
<td>7217 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheeks, Eugene F.</td>
<td>8919 Blaine Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheeks, Ewell M.</td>
<td>1220 East 86th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christianson, Harold C.</td>
<td>714 East 92nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clark, Marion</td>
<td>1637 East 66th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cohen, Mae</td>
<td>1310 East 51st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conrad, Dorothy</td>
<td>1403 East 88th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cornelson, Nancy</td>
<td>2102 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cox, Ralph L.</td>
<td>6718 Lucerne Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crawford, Lillian</td>
<td>1234 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crippwell, Cecelia</td>
<td>1221 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cunningham, William</td>
<td>1682 East 98th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Damon, H. Walter, Junior</td>
<td>2072 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davenport, Ethel Leone</td>
<td>9215 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davies, Ethel</td>
<td>1846 East 57th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis, Randall</td>
<td>8868 Carnegie Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delamater, Elizabeth H.</td>
<td>1577 East 73rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devay, Babette L.</td>
<td>7501 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diener, Rosalynde Nathalie</td>
<td>1681 East 75th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doreen, Violet B.</td>
<td>1788 East 65th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dow, Lucille</td>
<td>6106 Linwood Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duncan, William M.</td>
<td>2028 East 88th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dunn, Viola</td>
<td>5600 Lexington Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eckert, Alroy Virginia</td>
<td>1217 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edmonds, Ruth I.</td>
<td>1236 East 86th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ehrke, George</td>
<td>5308 Whittier Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eichenberger, Margaret</td>
<td>1265 East 59th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eichorn, Maurice</td>
<td>.10120 Olivet Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ely, Helen</td>
<td>1560 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emrich, Raymond</td>
<td>2108 East 89th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engman, Ruth Victoria</td>
<td>1538 Addison Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Etzensperger, Charles</td>
<td>Willoughby, Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans, Lee Charles</td>
<td>1781 East 89th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everhart, Hulda Jane</td>
<td>1686 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Falkenstein, Helen</td>
<td>7008 Linwood Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faraono, Elizabeth Marie</td>
<td>2081 Murray Hill Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farinacci, Angelina Mary</td>
<td>12030 Paul Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farinacci, Marion</td>
<td>12110 Mayfield Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fatica, S. Fred</td>
<td>2021 Random Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feinberg, Harry</td>
<td>9353 Amesbury Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferber, Fannie Bianche</td>
<td>1557 East 65th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Firth, Marion</td>
<td>1471 Crawford Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fisher, Harry J.</td>
<td>2068 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flaisgarten, Carrie</td>
<td>1075 East 67th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Address</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flynn, Michael E. G.</td>
<td>5612 Luther Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fournier, Twila Irene</td>
<td>6031 Superior Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fox, Harry</td>
<td>1634 East 86th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freeman, Ida M.</td>
<td>1576 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friedman, Lillian Florence</td>
<td>8014 Crumb Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garrett, Leora V.</td>
<td>7418 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerson, James</td>
<td>1529 East Boulevard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilliam, Vincent</td>
<td>1591 Crawford Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilmore, Winifred L.</td>
<td>2149 East 107th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glicksman, Mildred</td>
<td>6617 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glueck, Rita Gloria</td>
<td>1526 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goulder, Portia</td>
<td>1367 East 111th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Griffith, Harry M., Jr.</td>
<td>2075 East 100th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Groth, Gordon</td>
<td>5910 White Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Halley, Maxine</td>
<td>7119 Linwood Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamby, Marjorie Ballou</td>
<td>2126 East 105th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamilton, Robert</td>
<td>1419 East 88th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardgrove, Robert</td>
<td>10003 Olivet Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardie, Wallace</td>
<td>1896 East 71st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harris, Grace D.</td>
<td>1359 Giddings Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hartshorne, Cornelia Marjorie</td>
<td>7804 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hawkins, Carol Esther</td>
<td>9857 Amesbury Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hecker, E. Carl</td>
<td>1152 Addison Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry, Donald J.</td>
<td>1910 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hippard, Harriett Amanda</td>
<td>2058 East 115th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His, Edward A.</td>
<td>6914 St. Clair Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard, Cookson</td>
<td>1585 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hochnitz, Gladys P.</td>
<td>6412 White Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoehn, Elton G.</td>
<td>1819 East 89th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hogan, Kenneth</td>
<td>1026 East 72nd Pl.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoge, Wallace Wright</td>
<td>1902 East 107th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horn, Wilbur</td>
<td>3025 Whitethorn Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howald, Vivienne Gladys</td>
<td>6316 Belvidere Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard, Jane</td>
<td>1881 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howe, Calista</td>
<td>1545 Crawford Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hubbard, Margaret Anne</td>
<td>8707 Carnegie Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hufgard, Margaret</td>
<td>8022 Simon Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunt, Irma Ann</td>
<td>1599 East 49th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunter, Pearl</td>
<td>8202 Simon Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huntone, Mildred M.</td>
<td>929 Maud St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyman, Catherine Florence</td>
<td>2116 East 83rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imamarino, John</td>
<td>2105 Murray Hill Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jenkins, Philip</td>
<td>1666 East 71st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson, Alice</td>
<td>3912 Kenmore Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph, Eva</td>
<td>1874 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juras, Hilda Emma</td>
<td>8203 Decker Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kahler, Bertha</td>
<td>1877 East 75th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kempin, Anna</td>
<td>927 Maud St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kendall, Abe</td>
<td>2496 East 37th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kennedy, Lauretta</td>
<td>1830 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kessicki, Helen</td>
<td>1168 East 72nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kipp, Gerald</td>
<td>2035 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knopp, Winifred Agnes</td>
<td>925 East 68th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauster, Edward</td>
<td>1058 East 64th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leach, Mabel</td>
<td>1563 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lechler, La Mar</td>
<td>1352 Addison Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leibel, Florence</td>
<td>10704 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lezius, Eleanor</td>
<td>1680 Angell Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loop, Irma C.</td>
<td>1950 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Address</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovewell, Franklin S.</td>
<td>1435 East 35th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCready, Kenneth</td>
<td>2112 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGhee, Helen Marie</td>
<td>1191 East 83rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGinness, Francis A.</td>
<td>2061 East 77th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacGregor, Paul</td>
<td>1257 East 74th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marani, Virginia B.</td>
<td>2020 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marsh, Josephine</td>
<td>6105 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin, Florence</td>
<td>7211 Lawndale Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mathey, Ethel</td>
<td>6305 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matis, Leo</td>
<td>8100 Hoffman Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maxwell, Winifred</td>
<td>6712 Belvidere Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meil, Helen Janette</td>
<td>7308 Lawndale Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merickel, Ruth Josephine</td>
<td>1323 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meyer, Donovan C.</td>
<td>1642 Hollywood Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meyers, Kent</td>
<td>1739 East 70th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Millington, Mary</td>
<td>1565 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Millward, Emily</td>
<td>1664 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell, Gladys Iola</td>
<td>8506 Blaine Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morey, Helen</td>
<td>8008 Whitethorn Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morgan, Ruth</td>
<td>1532 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nollarkey, Joe</td>
<td>1171 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murtha, Eirene</td>
<td>6824 Edna Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neff, Allison</td>
<td>2083 East 105th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newman, Julia H.</td>
<td>7403 Dellenbaugh Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nichols, Jay</td>
<td>1629 East 105th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Niederst, William Geo.</td>
<td>1228 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nienhuizer, Ruth Soretta</td>
<td>1512 East 108th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noble, James</td>
<td>1228 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nothmagel, Thomas</td>
<td>8616 Blaine Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O'Brien, Mildred</td>
<td>1417 East 61st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O'Connor, Frederick S.</td>
<td>1904 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ovenden, Ethel H.</td>
<td>6801 Euclid Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paisley, James</td>
<td>1575 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palchesky, Wanda Isabell</td>
<td>8100 Bellevue Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parkington, Beulah</td>
<td>1856 East 101st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parsons, Ronald</td>
<td>10082 Republic Court</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pearce, Mildred</td>
<td>7109 Dellenbaugh Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perelman, Howard</td>
<td>1888 East 66th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perkins, Elsie Adelaide</td>
<td>8317 Bellevue Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Petersilge, Arthur, Jr</td>
<td>7417 Linwood Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peterson, Josephine Pearl</td>
<td>6213 Lexington Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piper, Caroline</td>
<td>7116 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poley, Lydia E.</td>
<td>7609 Linwood Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pollack, Lewis</td>
<td>1825 East 92nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Post, Albert</td>
<td>10823 Fairchild Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raetzyniaski, Stanley</td>
<td>3116 East 66th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rask, Mildred</td>
<td>1423 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reardon, Kenneth</td>
<td>9233 Edmunds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reed, Hilda Ruth</td>
<td>1365 East Boulevard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhodes, G. Dorothy</td>
<td>6616 Quincy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rieth, Elverda</td>
<td>1885 East 80th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ripley, Eva Beatrice</td>
<td>7118 Lockyear Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robertson, Lily Frances</td>
<td>1055 East 68th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kobishaw, Arthur</td>
<td>1256 East 61st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rooffe, Edith L.</td>
<td>9105 Morris Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ross, Austin</td>
<td>1868 East 89th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salmon, Nathalie</td>
<td>1888 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samber, Elsie Eunice</td>
<td>1327 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saunderson, Annis</td>
<td>1559 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
D II CLASS

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.
Shack, Roland ........................................ 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, Dorothy .................................. 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 ....................................... 1790 East 79th St.
Thomas, Virginia ..................................... 7707 Home Court
Thompson, Marie Louise ............................. 9727 Logan Court
Todd, Emme .............................................. 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 .................................. 1618 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.
AFTER 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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aldrich, Mildred</td>
<td>1281 East 111th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Harriet</td>
<td>1237 East 58th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anspach, Robert</td>
<td>1584 East 117th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arndt, Norman</td>
<td>6906 Quinby Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arnott, Helen Louise</td>
<td>1951 East 66th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bachman, Joseph</td>
<td>1424 East 80th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bailey, Kenneth</td>
<td>8108 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bardshar, Gwendolen</td>
<td>1591 East 118th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barr, Clyde</td>
<td>1351 East 92nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beale, Lillian</td>
<td>1320 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beckwith, Thayer</td>
<td>1917 East 75th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bloch, Vivian</td>
<td>1934 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boaz, Thomas</td>
<td>8016 Superior Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bolmeyer, Howard</td>
<td>1400 East 80th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butler, Waldo</td>
<td>6014 Utica Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byllinsky, Edward</td>
<td>7801 Aberdeen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chambers, Margaret</td>
<td>7034 Lexington Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charter, Maxine Elliot</td>
<td>1351 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christie, Bessie</td>
<td>7618 Cornellia Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clark, Helen</td>
<td>6012 Luther Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook, Margaret</td>
<td>1570 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Costello, Joseph</td>
<td>969 East 77th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cowley, Evelyn R.</td>
<td>8034 Cory Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daly, Mary</td>
<td>5814 Quinby Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dancyger, Isabel</td>
<td>1624 East 115th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dettelbach, Arthur</td>
<td>1424 Ansel Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dickson, Helen</td>
<td>7613 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donner, Lois</td>
<td>7706 Lawndale Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eckland, Carl</td>
<td>1126 East 68th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ehrke, Ray</td>
<td>5808 Whittier Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eldridge, Dorothy</td>
<td>5113 Whitehorn Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ennis, Edith Allean</td>
<td>1038 East 76th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exline, Myron</td>
<td>1408 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Address</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feigenbaum, Gabriel</td>
<td>1779 East 63rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Firth, Roma</td>
<td>1471 Crawford Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fischer, Irma</td>
<td>7621 Star Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friedla, Ray</td>
<td>1647 East 73rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gelb, Alexander</td>
<td>7625 Lexington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibson, Martha</td>
<td>9408 Lamont Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Griffiths, William</td>
<td>5719 Whittier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grossman, Lillian</td>
<td>7511 Sagamore Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gutentag, Samuel S.</td>
<td>6904 Hough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gutentag, Irene</td>
<td>1867 East 59th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hagenbeck, Virginia</td>
<td>1500 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haines, Margaret</td>
<td>9214 Edmunds Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keller, Saul</td>
<td>2165 East 80th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hodgson, Evelyn</td>
<td>8510 Dibble Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isenberg, Gertrude</td>
<td>6918 Zeeter Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacobs, Betty</td>
<td>1779 East 89th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jani, Margaret</td>
<td>6407 Quinby Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jannsen, Frances</td>
<td>7206 Melrose Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jardine, Alex</td>
<td>1759 East 55th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson, Howard</td>
<td>9277 Amesbury</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson, Roberta E.</td>
<td>1719 East 68th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jones, Paul</td>
<td>6009 Linwood Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keagy, Alice</td>
<td>1327 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keim, Jean</td>
<td>1796 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kelsey, Nesbitt</td>
<td>1931 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kelsey, Arthur</td>
<td>1931 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kibler, Frank</td>
<td>6706 Wade Park</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kieferle, Margaret</td>
<td>1670 East 86th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King, Gertrude</td>
<td>1970 East 69th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Klauatemeyer, Halene L.</td>
<td>1696 Crawford Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Klein, Howard</td>
<td>1387 East Boulevard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Koch, Edith</td>
<td>1630 East 117th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Krinsky, Marion M.</td>
<td>1873 East 69th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamb, Harold</td>
<td>7717 Sagamore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lang, Robert J.</td>
<td>1229 East 83rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis, Helen Frances</td>
<td>1949 East 116th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linn, Adam</td>
<td>6210 Superior Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Littlechiles, Arthur</td>
<td>1395 East 65th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lubin, David</td>
<td>1412 East 57th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McLelland, Alma</td>
<td>1804 East 91st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McNutt, Gertrude</td>
<td>1934 East 69th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marks, Lucille</td>
<td>1712 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meisel, Jean</td>
<td>1861 East 75th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller, Ervin</td>
<td>1818 East 81st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minnaugh, Charles</td>
<td>1858 Giddings Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moon, Joseph</td>
<td>8614 Birchdale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moss, Sidney</td>
<td>6120 Quinby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mulholland, Hester</td>
<td>1780 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newman, Louis</td>
<td>1629 Crawford Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Niederlander, Paul</td>
<td>2062 Cornell Place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oberlin, Charlotte May</td>
<td>2131 East 100th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owen, Frank</td>
<td>1465 East 94th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paisley, Robert</td>
<td>1675 East 82nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passa, Ernest</td>
<td>1940 East 101st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peterson, Harold</td>
<td>1180 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pinard, Olive</td>
<td>1590 Woodlawn Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plews, William</td>
<td>1209 East 99th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pollack, Dorothy</td>
<td>1477 East 92nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pollack, Max</td>
<td>1588 East 118th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Address</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Porter, Marie</td>
<td>5508 Perkins Court</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raish, Paul</td>
<td>1389 East 95th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rees, David</td>
<td>1300 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roemer, Ruth</td>
<td>10650 Columbia Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rohn, Josephine</td>
<td>7600 Dix Court</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rook, Edward</td>
<td>1610 Ansel Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rothman, Elizabeth</td>
<td>8126 Linwood Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Runge, Thornton</td>
<td>1853 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sampiner, Herman</td>
<td>1620 Crawford Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandrowitz, Violet Alice</td>
<td>7704 Rough Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sanford, Donald</td>
<td>9241 Edmunds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schaefer, Leona</td>
<td>6316 Luther Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schaffner, Edith</td>
<td>1634 East 115th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scharfeld, Arthur</td>
<td>1610 East 105th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schoch, Catherine</td>
<td>1024 East 77th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schwagerl, Walter</td>
<td>7718 Cornelia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schwartz, Irwin</td>
<td>1409 East 86th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott, Elizabeth</td>
<td>1958 East 71st St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seaburn, Paul</td>
<td>1322 Russell Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seaman, Maurice</td>
<td>1877 East 75th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seltzer, William</td>
<td>6623 Lawnview Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silberberg, William</td>
<td>1847 East 73rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sitzman, Edna</td>
<td>1618 East 117th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slater, Leota</td>
<td>1385 East 93rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Audrey</td>
<td>1451 East 90th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Caroline M</td>
<td>2040 East 100th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, W. Glenn</td>
<td>2298 Murray Hill Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Simon J</td>
<td>1358 Addison Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Vera</td>
<td>9192 Wade Park Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snyder, Harold C</td>
<td>6905 Superior</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spear, Helen</td>
<td>7403 Dellenbaugh Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanley, Fred D</td>
<td>1708 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stow, Helen</td>
<td>1839 East 86th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stroachs, Myrtle</td>
<td>5510 Whittier Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strodtbeck, Leonard</td>
<td>7113 Myron Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor, Lillian Anna</td>
<td>6914 Lexington Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thelmon, Otto</td>
<td>1845 East 63rd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Towell, David</td>
<td>1708 East 84th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vankirk, Louise</td>
<td>7608 Hough</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine, Vincent</td>
<td>1790 Ansel Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wachele, Clara</td>
<td>1606 East 66th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waite, Herbert L</td>
<td>8108 Simon Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter, Arland</td>
<td>5614 Luther</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waltz, Grace E</td>
<td>7614 Redell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White, Edith</td>
<td>1617 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitman, Lawrence</td>
<td>9243 Edwards Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiatowaski, Harry</td>
<td>2185 East 79th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Edna</td>
<td>6709 St. Clair Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Youngberg, Carl</td>
<td>1214 East 85th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yourdon, Bernice</td>
<td>1007 East 72nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yuhman, Frank</td>
<td>7418 Dellenbaugh Ave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zlindra, Ivan</td>
<td>383 East 75th St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>5909 Prosser</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE Athenaeum 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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Term</th>
<th>Second Term</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Annette Doller</td>
<td>President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Landesman</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edith Glover</td>
<td>Treasurer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Joseph</td>
<td>Recording Secretary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolores Cooke</td>
<td>Corresponding Secretary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucie Van Tyne</td>
<td>Sergeant-at-Arms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace Leighton</td>
<td>Chorister</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Bachman</td>
<td>Helen Landesman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florence Baumoel</td>
<td>Lillian Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roberta Beach</td>
<td>Ruth Lighty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Reeks</td>
<td>Doris Manchester</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Cobb</td>
<td>Helen Masterson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolores Cooke</td>
<td>Geraldine Meck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beatrice Feniger</td>
<td>Dorothy Monroe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fannie Freedman</td>
<td>Ruth Robishaw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marion Gibbons</td>
<td>Helen Roll</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Della Gutentay</td>
<td>Christina Ross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Herbert</td>
<td>Helen Shively</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thelma Ingram</td>
<td>Portia Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marjorie Jones</td>
<td>Eva-Mae Swingle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Joseph</td>
<td>Lois Van Raalte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carol Klaustermeyer</td>
<td>Lucie Van Tyne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Klein</td>
<td>Albette Wennerstrom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hilda Klein</td>
<td>Mabel White</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lillian Klein</td>
<td>Charlotte Woodbury</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faculty Member</td>
<td>Frances Baker</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Glenna Wuescher
OFFICERS

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

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Forrester Clements..............................................Chairman
Julius V. Reisman..............................................Program Manager
Francis Douglas..............................................Entertainment Manager
Ewald Heimert................................................Publicity Manager

MEMBERS

Paul Archinard  Francis Douglas
Earl Arnold     Isidor Goldreich
Frederick Barker Donald Harbaugh
Andrew Birney   Ewald Heimert
Girard Bond     Charles Keller
Sanger Brown    Charles Lohiser
Thomas Cadwell  John McKeen
Forrester Clements Chas. Melbourne
George Cutter   Douglas Palmer
Stanley Dale    Julius V. Reisman
Alfred Dangler  Oliver Rhodes
Charles Daugherty Edwin Stair
John Davidson   Arthur Stephan

Roy Wisotzke
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.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Term</th>
<th>Second Term</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Eva-Mae Swingle</strong></td>
<td><strong>President</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Evelyn Greenslade</strong></td>
<td><strong>Vice-President</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Dorothy Giloy</strong></td>
<td><strong>Recording Secretary</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Helen Roll</strong></td>
<td><strong>Treasurer</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Allette Wennerstrom</strong></td>
<td><strong>Corresponding Secretary</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Martha Cooke</strong></td>
<td><strong>Sergeant-at-Arms</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MEMBERS**

| Marion Albin | Marion Hart | Anna Pavlick |
| Renee Belkowsky | Jeannette Henderson | Helen Reinhardt |
| Leola Benninghoff | Georgina Holmes | Ruth Richmond |
| Martha Cooke | Margaret Hopkins | Lucy Rooffe |
| Eila Davis | Eleanor Huetich | Catherine Ryan |
| Monica Doran | Sarah Kaufman | Helen Schutze |
| Miriam Franz | Marion Kronthal | Mildred Sieloff |
| Laura Belle Froggett | Dorothy Land | Josephine Sloan |
| Lillian Greenbaum | Margaret Lander | Dorothy Smith |
| Evelyn Greenslade | Marian Lander | Beatrice Sprague |
| Marjorie Greig | Elsie Lederle | Dorothy Staiger |
| Constance Grossman | Hilda McGee | Helen Toland |
| Elizabeth Harrold | Margaret Milne | Margaret Waite |

**Membership Committee**

- Martha Cooke
- Marion Albin

**Faculty Member**

- Victoria C. Lynch
President .................................................. Kenneth Hurd
Vice-President .............................................. Fred Chandler
Secretary ..................................................... Thomas Thurston
Assistant Secretary ....................................... Thomas Williams
Treasurer ...................................................... Louis Skeel
Sergeant-at-Arms ............................................ Edward Rodewald

MEMBERS

Bartlett, Osborne
Bennett, Norman
Bishop, Charles
Boltz, Fred
Burdett, Donald
Chandler, Fred
Criswell, Versa
Ferriman, Alex
Fenstermacher, George
Fogarty, William
Gibson, Harold
Goodman, Jerome
Greenberg, Ruby
Hexter, Richard
Hummel, Phillip
Hurd, Kenneth
Lindner, Leonard
Mouat, Douglas
Nall, Russell
Newman, Lawrence
Palmer, Fred
Rodewald, Edward
Rovello, 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

Faculty Member ............................................ Gabriel F. Smith
In 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.

First Term

Donald Harbaugh.............. President .............. Forester Clements
Alfred Dangler.............. Vice-President .............. Julius V. Reisman
William Wright.............. Secretary .............. Frederick Barker
Clarence Marcuson........... Treasurer .............. William Watkins
Andrew Birney.............. Program Manager .............. Alfred Watkins

Second Term

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

Program Manager

Forester Clements

Julius V. Reisman

Frederick Barker

William Watkins

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

J. Cora Bennett
First Term

Roger Zucker —— President —— Donald Harbaugh
Julius V. Reisman —— Secretary —— Andrew R. Birney
Myron Glauber —— Manager —— Russell Nall
Donald Harbaugh —— Assistant Manager —— Roger Zucker

Second Term

MEMBERSHIP

Andrew Birney
Girard Bond
Ronald Brown
Forester Clements
Stanley Dale
Alfred Dangler
Edward Evans
Myron H. Glauber
Donald Harbaugh

Wheeler Lovell
Clarence Marcuson
Wallace Mouat
Russel Nall
Julius Reisman
Robert Rosewater
Theodore Steuber
Joseph Toland
William H. Wright

Roger Zucker
THE purpose of the Council of High School Friendship Clubs of Cleve­
land 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 Ser­
vice 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 dol­
ars, 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 Dor­
cas home, and made fifty rag dolls for the associated charities. After
Christmas, Rainbow cottage was presented with forty large squares of col­
ored cardboard, covered with pictures, to serve as scrapbooks for the chil­

dren 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 sev­
eral 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.
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

President ........................................ Helen Dauber
Vice-President .................................. Grace Grandy
Secretary ........................................ Helen Reinhart
Treasurer ......................................... 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
Huetich, 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
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, Ilsley 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

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

MEMBERS

Tenors
Harvey Elsofer
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
Illey Bradley
# GIRL'S GLEE CLUB

**OFFICERS OF GIRLS' GLEE CLUB**

- President: Helen Cockrem
- Vice-President: Helen Dauber
- Secretary-Treasurer: Jean Chisholm
- Librarian: Grace Zottarelli
- Accompanists: Helen Dauber, Grace Leighton

**MEMBERS OF GIRLS' GLEE CLUB**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Akers, Celia</th>
<th>Kidd, Mabel</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Eileen</td>
<td>Manchester, Doris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baker, Norma</td>
<td>Metcalf, Ethel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackwood, Dorothy</td>
<td>Morgan, Dorothy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chisholm, Jean</td>
<td>Lichty, Ruth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corts, Corrine</td>
<td>Piehl, Marion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cockrem, Helen</td>
<td>Shiveley, Helen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dauber, Helen</td>
<td>Reifel, Helen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorn, Helen</td>
<td>Tomlinson, Elaine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Danielson, Edith</td>
<td>Tippett, Enid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elssofer, Beatrice</td>
<td>Ulcher, Frances</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grandy, Grace</td>
<td>Van Tyne, Lucie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibbons, Marion</td>
<td>Woodbury, Charlotte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gottlob, Melba</td>
<td>Zeve, Helen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kahler, Bertha</td>
<td>Zottarelli, Grace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Post-Graduates</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doller, Annette</td>
<td>Leighton, Grace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellen, Katherine</td>
<td>Pauley, Roxy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomlinson, Lillian</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“Sports are a most excellent device with which to test a man's character.”

Olaus Magnus.
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.
WHEN the season opened, we had seven letter men back in the line-up; 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 12—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. Heinie 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 incompleted 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 lineman blocked the punt and fell on the ball for a touchdown. 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:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Leader</th>
<th>Plain Dealer</th>
<th>News</th>
<th>Press</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>End</td>
<td>Struggles</td>
<td>Struggles</td>
<td>Struggles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tackle</td>
<td>Sourbeck</td>
<td>Bailey</td>
<td>Sampliner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guard</td>
<td>Struggles</td>
<td>Sampliner</td>
<td>Templeton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Center</td>
<td>Templeton</td>
<td>Templeton</td>
<td>Templeton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarter</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half-back</td>
<td>Templeton</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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 Gridders 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.

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
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 Sifting, Earl Tite, Walter Lewin, Wilson Sherman,
Julius Reisman—Second Team.

FOOTBALL RECORD

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 30</td>
<td>East</td>
<td>Lakewood</td>
<td>15-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 7</td>
<td>East</td>
<td>West</td>
<td>17-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 14</td>
<td>East</td>
<td>West Tech</td>
<td>13-14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 21</td>
<td>East</td>
<td>South</td>
<td>26-6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 28</td>
<td>East</td>
<td>Central</td>
<td>0-3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 4</td>
<td>East</td>
<td>U. S.</td>
<td>20-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 11</td>
<td>East</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
<td>65-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 18</td>
<td>East</td>
<td>Glenville</td>
<td>28-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 25</td>
<td>East</td>
<td>East Tech</td>
<td>14-0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total—East 166 Total Opponents 82
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

126
EAST-EAST TECH
GAME

EAST-U. S.
GAME

EAST-CENTRAL GAME

EAST-WEST
GAME
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**

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
Thorpe Struggles......................................Left Guard. Edw. Williams, Leo Kelly

Francis Douglas, Willard Shephard, Varsity Substitutes
LEAVING FOR CANTON

SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

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

**THE TEAM**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Forward</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lucie Van Tyne (Captain)</td>
<td>A II</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mary Hart</td>
<td>A II</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Margaret Cobb</td>
<td>A II</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ruth Robishaw</td>
<td>A II</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Florence Forster</td>
<td>A II</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mabel White</td>
<td>A II</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Grace Grandy</td>
<td>A II</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lois Van Raalte</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**THE RESULTS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B I</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D II</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C II</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A I</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C I</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B II</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### A I TEAM

**Forwards**
- Beatrice Feniger (Captain)
- Marion Gibbons
- Florence Meyer

**Centers**
- Ruth Lichty
- Mabel Kidd
- Thelma Ingram

**Guards**
- Hilda Klein
- Helen Shively
- Dorothy Giloy

---

### RESULTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>A I</th>
<th>B II</th>
<th>C II</th>
<th>D II</th>
<th>E I</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Forwards</td>
<td>A I</td>
<td>B II</td>
<td>C II</td>
<td>D II</td>
<td>E I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

### B II TEAM

**Forwards**
- Helen Cottrell
- Beatrice Sprague
- Hilda McGhee (Captain)
- Laura Bell Frogett
- Monica Doran

**Centers**
- Hilda McGhee (Captain)
- Laura Bell Frogett
- Monica Doran

**Guards**
- Helen Reifel
- Verna Grandy
- Catherine Ryan

---

### RESULTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>A I</th>
<th>B II</th>
<th>C II</th>
<th>D II</th>
<th>E I</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Forwards</td>
<td>A I</td>
<td>B II</td>
<td>C II</td>
<td>D II</td>
<td>E I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

### B I TEAM

**Forwards**
- Mary McNulty (Captain)
- Katharine Matchett
- Josephine Loomis

**Centers**
- Mary Janes
- Eleanor Huettich
- Francis Clark

**Guards**
- Bernice Ching
- Bessie Chapman

---

### RESULTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>A I</th>
<th>B II</th>
<th>C II</th>
<th>D II</th>
<th>E I</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Forwards</td>
<td>A I</td>
<td>B II</td>
<td>C II</td>
<td>D II</td>
<td>E I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

### C II CLASS TEAM

**Forwards**
- Dorothy Tuttle (Captain)
- Juliet Barker
- Sybil Esterly

**Centers**
- Dorothy Brammer
- Corinne Woodruff
- Virginia Harris

**Guards**
- Lillian Callihan
- Marjorie McCrery
- Sarah Birney

---

### RESULTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>A I</th>
<th>B II</th>
<th>C II</th>
<th>D II</th>
<th>E I</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Forwards</td>
<td>A I</td>
<td>B II</td>
<td>C II</td>
<td>D II</td>
<td>E I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

### C I TEAM

**Forwards**
- Erla Bersch
- Katharine Henderson

**Centers**
- Helen Focke (Captain)
- Marjorie Schwachofer

**Guards**
- Katharine Roth
- Syvilla Kline

---

### RESULTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>A I</th>
<th>B II</th>
<th>C II</th>
<th>D II</th>
<th>E I</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Forwards</td>
<td>A I</td>
<td>B II</td>
<td>C II</td>
<td>D II</td>
<td>E I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

### D II TEAM

**Forwards**
- Maxine Haldy (Captain)
- Carol Hawkins

**Centers**
- Mildred Rask
- Babette Devay

**Guards**
- Rosalind Diener
- Ruth Morgan

---

### RESULTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>A I</th>
<th>B II</th>
<th>C II</th>
<th>D II</th>
<th>E I</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Forwards</td>
<td>A I</td>
<td>B II</td>
<td>C II</td>
<td>D II</td>
<td>E I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Played</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>Pet.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Seniors</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.833</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophs</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>.500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freshman</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>.333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>.333</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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:

Endora Krause, Sophomore
James Paisley, Freshman
Arthur Kline, Senior
Genevieve McNulty, Junior
Marjorie Hamby, Freshman

G. McNulty, '18.
The 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.
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
THE SWIMMING TEAM

Harlan Metcalf, Captain
Ed Williams
Herman Anspach

Jared Smith
William Chambers
George Jennings

THE 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.
AFTER HIGH SCHOOL—WHAT?

THE 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!

"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

DIogenes 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 fruition 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"

THE "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

ABSENCE 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?

Are 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?

INDOOR SPORTS

There 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.
THE BORED INTERRUPTED
EDITORIAL STAFF

Charles Keller ........................................... Editor-in-Chief
Lois Van Raalte ........................................ Assistant Editor
Ewald Heimert .......................................... Assistant Editor
Ralph Sourbeck ........................................ Athletic Editor
William Watkins ....................................... Business Manager
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.
Y

ES, 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.

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.
"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 kidnapping, 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 kidnapped.

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

LAST 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 JANES, '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 wabbly 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.

LAST 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?”

“Yes.”

“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?”

“Yes.”

“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.

“Yes.”

“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 Mouat, '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 "Quit" 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 searchlights 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.
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 good, 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.

"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.

"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 collared 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 walked up to him, 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 heav-
ens. 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

DID 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 Prothymeans 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?

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

THE 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 ac­
cording 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 oc­
casioned. 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 shin­
ing brightly, the universe is going round as I was about two seconds be­
fore. 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, prob­
ably was not having as much fun as his steed.

JOHN OLSON, ’18.
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 the horse, 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.
“SEEIN’ 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 honorin’ 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 afearred 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.

WHEELEI. LOVELL, '18.

'TWAS 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.
IT 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 towsly-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 fireplace. "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, Ezekielia, 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 Artherholt, '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 canst 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?

The 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 it 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.

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.
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, jujube, culture, loyalty, modesty, naiveté, 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.”

---

**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!"
"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.


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. Goelman?" 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

IN 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 “Marseillaise” 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 LICHTY, '18.
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.

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.

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 “flat” 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.
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.

A TWO-DAY CAMPING TRIP IN THE MOUNTAINS

IT 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 we 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 Tejunga," 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 wiener 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 scuttling 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 waas 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.
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.

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?

"What'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.

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

BOOM! 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. Caesar’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 Caesar 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.
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.

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, oozey 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-squush-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 oozey, so woozezy as me!
I'm the song of the road!
I'm squish squashety!

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 Hischul. 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 Phoebe Pyncheon favored us with a few solos, playing her own accompaniment on the harpsicord. All were greatly attracted to her, especially Mr. Julius Caesar 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

DURING 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—are.
R—E—S—E—R—V—E—E
Rah, rah! Reserve!!"

Will 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 Sketioi? Here are the words—come on, everybody:

"Oh! Sketioi, pompa, foo, foo, apoluai! Ai, ai, ai! Rah, rah, rah, rah, Reserve!"

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

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, mediaeval. 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 outdoor 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 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.

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 prickings 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 HIDY, '15.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

YOU 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.
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.
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.
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.
Heinnie Templeton's Skating.
Thorpe Struggles's Ties.
Halbert Doig's Athletics.
Julius Reisman's Accent.
Fred Blake's Wisdom.

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—Baldr—
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. P.?

HEARD IN ROOM 33

Teacher, after a boy had dropped his books: What are those things moving around on the floor over there?
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 corn—
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: *Roea cervice refusit*, 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
Plateo, sophere, juniori, seniortus—to enter High.
Neglecto, classere, testi, flunctus—to neglect studies.
Studo, recitere, exami, passtus—to study.
Runo, collidere, teacheri, scoldus—to run through hall.
Disobeyo, nestudere, flunki, expellitus—to leave school.
Painto, powdere, crimpi, beautitus—to make beautiful.
Skato, skidere, felli, bumpitus—to skate.
Earno, spendere, showi, broketus—to go to shows.

SWINGLE-MEYER, '18.

We have two mottos

"Do It For East High"

"Pick It Up"

SWINGLE-MEYER, '18.
A BRILLIANT YOUTH AND AN APROPOS STORY

MR. 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. P———.” (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 splendedest 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’r 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 fiancee, 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. Baumoel
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.
SCHOOL BOARD'S ACTION
NEWS OF THE SCHOOL.

At last the board of education has really done something beneficial for Tsae. 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 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 undoubtedly be grandparents by this time, will take place upon the roof of our school. All of our ponies are in fine condition except the one which Tseg Ruhtra was expected to mount. The C II girls taking the division of the Antipodes, 17 Present.

CALENDAR.

Monday.
Young Gentleman's Voice Culture Club.
The Argumenters' Society.
Ping Pong Practice.

Tuesday.
Squash Club.
Young Ladies' Boxing Bout.
Pickle Eaters' Club.

Wednesday.
Gossip and Thoughts Club.
Boys of Adam Society.
D I Hoa Down.
Boys' Knitting Tryout.

Thursday.
Military Training Revival.
Junior Barn Hop in Gym.
Duck Trotters' Club.
Nieces of Nero Society.

Friday.
Big Wind Club Conclave.
Sun Dance, in Auditorium, over late defeat.
Low Z's bold mass meeting.
Crap 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 skull—."

STUDIOUS LADS.

On Friday afternoons when its time to twenty-three one can find a few stickers in 23 who delight in juggling triangles, circular squares, perpendicular parallels and the like.

227

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" Tseg Dlanod came to school at eighth 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 has suddenly been taken ill a consultation of teachers wisely sent him home at once. We regret his absence and 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 inconspicuous entirety 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 Tsae, would undoubtedly be grandparents by this time.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

Eprov Nhoj is in the hospital recuperating from a serious case of shock sustained in a mix-up with several suffumians 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

Deluxe Edition.

Editorial Staff . . . . . . . . . . (the sole makers and producers.)

Keble Selvage . . . . . . . Chief Chef
Ethan Ray Sol . . . . . . . Second Cook
Tomiah Diana . . . . . . . . . . .

.
.
.

A meat.

"Has the class anything to say?"

Mr. H. L., stentoriously: "Has the class anything to say? Are you dead, Mabel?"

"No, but I'm not the class."

QUITE RIGHT.

Mr. Hsiar: "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 pop 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. Jako 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 incidents the assembled company joined in chanting their class hymn and were adjourned by the sergeant-at-arms.

Mr. Hfim Leirbag assures Miss Ekooe Serolod that after graduation she may dispense with her comma and period graduation she may dispense with her comma and period punctuation if she so desires.

The design is conventional. Anybody 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 incidents the assembled company joined in chanting their class hymn and were adjourned by the sergeant-at-arms.

Mr. Hfim Leirbag assures Miss Ekooe Serolod 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 commas and period punctuations.

Young Ladies' Basketball

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 crochet artist, Howard Hopewell Harding.

The keelings bees, instituted for the relief of the girls at the back, are at present enjoying large attendances. Fellow students, 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. Eglistor is 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 if foiled in that, upon the entire length of your beautiful new pants (in other words trousers)}
THE GLUE AND BOLD

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—ft
- Chess
- Cooking
- Girls
- Pest 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. Etluhcs: 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 males 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 Yenrib for equal suffrage is now under heated discussion.

LISTEN!

Even though they are impractical we shall welcome suggestions from any harebrained mollusk 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 multiform editors of this year’s Annual.

Lobo Redoor 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 Effudd.

Mr. Namhtol insists upon having us listen to college presidents. We would enjoy hearing addresses from kindergarten 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 twaddle.

SOME POEM.

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?

Shining Light: Why, this indicates anything serious?

Mr. Etluhcs: “Step over, Redoor. 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. Hsins 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 blackboards. Not so in room 26.

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 X. pictures 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?—Dracois Fougus.

It certainly does. You are evidently losing your grip. Take a fresh breath. I am a bell-hop at The Nickel Chaser’s Cafe. The other day I received a tip. How shall I invest it?—Jimmy Doug.

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 Dulley.

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 signatures.
Poor stall.

Solution.

Steady, Constant application.
Accuracy.
A grain of common sense.
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 girls 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.

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?

His Hamship.

You need not fear. We have absolutely refused to publish anything about window.

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?

Veldon L. Nivde.

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 "blue" and "blue." 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 earthen pot. The latter, however, means that your liabilities amount to something over ten dollars while your total assets consist of front and rear collar buttons.

THE FORUM

"Upon the river shore,
He gave the bride-inaise a shake."

EQUAL RIGHTS.

Why we couldn't have a girls' Equal Rights (The other Side.) takes part in the mantle oration. I 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.

A few reasons given in opposition to a reason against having one. I'm not sure that there ought to be a girl sergeant-at-arms. Neither are girls unfit physically for athletics, you know.) On the other hand, I can see many reasons in favor of such a movement. Thus you see what a manifold blessing a girls' fire lighting team, as girls are in-adequate 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.

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.

Dear Mr. Jolly: What's your birthstone, Bob?

"The grindstone!"

An Annual is an annual because it is renewed each year. Is that possible? Or are the faces merely changed?

Dear Mr. Jolly: Is that possible? Or are the faces merely changed?

"What's your birthstone, Bob?"

"The grindstone!"

LARRY JOLLY'S ANSWERS.

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?

His Hamship.

You need not fear. We have absolutely refused to publish anything about window.

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?

Veldon L. Nivde.

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.'

There has been much discussion of late as to the difference in meaning of the two common words "blue" and "blue." 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 earthen pot. The latter, however, means that your liabilities amount to something over ten dollars while your total assets consist of front and rear collar buttons.

Where 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.

An Annual is an annual because it is renewed each year. Is that possible? Or are the faces merely changed?

Dear Mr. Jolly: Is that possible? Or are the faces merely changed?

"What's your birthstone, Bob?"

"The grindstone!"

Larry Jolly's Answers.

Memorial.

We believe, from the fact that the lunch room places ham sandwiches upon exhibition, that the annual 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 Highness must have been much beloved and, therefore, we offer, with conmiseration 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."

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.

Dear Mr. Jolly: What's your birthstone, Bob?

"The grindstone!"

LARRY JOLLY'S ANSWERS.

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?

His Hamship.

You need not fear. We have absolutely refused to publish anything about window.

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?

Veldon L. Nivde.

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.'

There has been much discussion of late as to the difference in meaning of the two common words "blue" and "blue." 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 earthen pot. The latter, however, means that your liabilities amount to something over ten dollars while your total assets consist of front and rear collar buttons.

MEMORIAL.

We believe, from the fact that the lunch room places ham sandwiches upon exhibition, that the annual 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 Highness must have been much beloved and, therefore, we offer, with conmiseration 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!"

LARRY JOLLY'S ANSWERS.

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?

His Hamship.

You need not fear. We have absolutely refused to publish anything about window.

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?

Veldon L. Nivde.

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.'

There has been much discussion of late as to the difference in meaning of the two common words "blue" and "blue." 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 earthen pot. The latter, however, means that your liabilities amount to something over ten dollars while your total assets consist of front and rear collar buttons.
SUGGESTIONS FOR GRADUATION GIFTS

Encyclopaedia Brittanica.
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 Roote: 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 H₂O
Was H₂SO₄.

W. M.
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., '18.
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 I.: 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
Where'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 HORR, '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
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 absention—"
Mr. Findley: "Absention—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 sox 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 poun'
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 Lyttle: In the Trojan war, whom did the serpents kill?
Mildred R.: Lackawann.
Miss Lyttle: Any relation to the railroad?
WHY NOT ??

AND WE, THE
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
OF THE "BLUE
AND GOLD", OFFER
TO THE GOV-
ERNMENT OF
THE UNITED
STATES, THE
FREE AND UNCON-
DITIONAL USE OF OUR
ENTIRE WEEKLY
OUTPUT.

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
\(\frac{1}{10}\) of the Boys ditto
The Music Class to escape music
The Glee Club Members to be grand opera stars
I. 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 dnes,
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 Hoffer, '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."
October 20
READING “CURING BY SUGGESTION”
from
PETEY SIMMONS AT SIWASH
by
GEORGE FITCH
Earl Arnold
Joseph Ierg
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

Adeline von Lindau __________________ Mabel Allison
Beatrice Von Kortlandt _______________ Elverda Grabler
Dorothy Green ________________________ Gladys Dunham
Hester Beacon _________________________ Edith Glover
Jeannette Durant ______________________ Mildred Finch
Marionne Lee _________________________ 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 coalblack, 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

Monsieur Malingear .................................................. Willis Kenealy
Monsieur Ratinois ................................................... Paul Burton
Frederick Ratinois ................................................. Roy Borklund
Uncle Robert ...................................................... Theodore Carlson
The Upholsterer .................................................... Charles Daugherty
The Footman ......................................................... William Kinster
The Caterer .......................................................... Plummer Giffin
Negro in Livery ...................................................... Emanuel Kline
Madame Malingear .................................................. Katharine Eckert
Madame Ratinois ................................................... Virginia Bennett
Emmeline Malingear ................................................. Dorothy Griffiths
The Cook ............................................................. Roxy Pauley
Malingear Maid ...................................................... Ruth Lomnitz
Ratinois Maid ....................................................... Ruth Freeman
A UNIQUE feature of the Christmas rhetoricals 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 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.
NINETEENTH COMMENCEMENT
January, 1917

PROGRAM
Daniel W. Lothman, Principal, Presiding

Invocation .................................................. Rev. J. W. Giffin, D. D.

Music, “Song of the Vikings” ........................... Eaton Faning
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) .................................. A. R. Gaul
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 Cookins ............................................................ 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. Martin-dale 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.
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.
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.
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 .............................. 8829 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;

264
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."
Blue and Gold Board

First Term

EDITORIAL STAFF

William H. Wright .................. Editor-in-Chief
Roberta Beach ..................... Assistant Editor
Lois Van Raalte ................... Society Editor
Julius Reisman ..................... Business Manager
"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.
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 head elastic from her airy tread.

SCHAEDE STAGE & SCHOOLS FOR SOCIETY
DANCING
CLEVELAND
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
MR. & MRS. F. N. SPAEDER
1762 East 65th Street.

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
Miss Wright and Miss Knapp favor us with May baskets.

Warren Homer is our school gymnast.

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.

Athenaeum-Prothyme dance in Gym.

Our tennis team wallops Shaw.

Epidemic of measles strikes Senior class.

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.

Fritz Engelfried is our school athlete.

Fire Drill from Auditorium. Every thing goes but the clock.

Beautiful presentation of As You Like It. Albert Strass and Lillian Tomlinson are winners in ticket selling contest.

Play is repeated. We take second place in annual track meet at U. S. field.

Everyone is singing or trying to sing the lusty horn song. About two thousand neckties received for Farm.

Laurean-Demosthenian debate. Laureans win.

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.

Dual track meet. East Tech winner. Bob Cook is our star.

Laurean Society holds last meeting of the season. Eva-Mae Swingle is elected president; Allette Wennerstrom corresponding secretary.

We hear Dr. Leutner and Dr. Thwing of Reserve.

Class Night, a select, private affair, held in the library.

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
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.


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

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
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.

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.

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

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
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.


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.


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.

---

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
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 rhetoricals.
Forensum-Philomathen debate.
The Central Philomatheans are unanimously defeated by our Forensum 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

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS

279
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.
Forensim 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 per-
sonality.

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 Colt Lyceum Bureau.


15 The Combined Glee Clubs give musical comedy, “H. M. S. Pinafore,”
before the “U. S. S. Dorothen” 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.


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 refinier 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.

Hear Mr. Edison’s New Art Recreate
THE VOICES OF THE WORLD’S GREATEST ARTISTS
AT THE PHONOGRAPH CO.
Entire Third Floor
1240 Huron Road (at Euclid Avenue)
CLEVELAND

Prospect 2140, Central 1406
Retail and Wholesale

PLEASE MENTION “THE ANNUAL” TO OUR ADVERTISERS
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.

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.
Athenaeum 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.
Indian Motocycle

WE LEAD THE WORLD

THE CASINO CYCLE AND SUPPLY CO.

6810 SUPERIOR AVENUE
CLEVELAND, OHIO

We also carry a complete line of Indian, Iver Johnson and National Bicycles

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
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.

Basketball. East—17, Glenville—11.
Meeting of track candidates.
Taylor is elected captain.

Four of our noted seniors are attending Dyke School. It pays to advertise.

That long promised rally is at last performed. We are given our well-earned skating trophy.
Forensium Club elects officers. Annual picture.

Room 2 announces formation of Club to help Red Cross.

Track candidates begin workouts at the Y. M. C. A.
Debate tryouts. Team is composed of W. Wright, R. Zucker, F. Clements, J. Toland.

Laurean initiation.
B II class organizes. They hope they will be in time for Annual picture.

W. Mouat speaks on International Law.
Atheneum officers elected.
Dems are planning a dance.

Lincoln and Forensium have pictures taken.
Tryouts for Annual play.
School battalions are anticipated.
Anticipations mean little.

Mayor Davis and Mr. Beman receive an expression of thanks from East High students.

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.

Dr. McVey of Sweet Briar College, Virginia.

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.
A CONSTANT
SOURCE OF
KNOWLEDGE

Men of affairs who long since have finished their High School and College courses, and are now successful in business depend upon

THE PLAIN DEALER

—to keep them posted on the current events of Cleveland, of Ohio, of the United States and of the world.

Whether it be news of sports, news of society, news of the financial world, or whatever sort of news you are interested in, you will find it authentically set forth in

THE CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

First Newspaper of Cleveland, Sixth City

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
Annual Board Picture.
Basketball. East—24, Canton—34.
This life is just one shamrock after another.

The "Put East on Top" slogan popular.
Faculty picture.

Honor roll is exceedingly long.
School closes.

Spring is here.
Patriotic rally.
California boys' band.
Dance by A I's.
Vacation!
Some day!

APRIL

Resumption of school.
Track men working hard for indoor meet.
East ranks third in meet with Tech and Glenville. Cheer up!
Girls' shopping day. If you don't care to believe us, you should have been down town.
Easter.
Patriotic meeting at East for the benefit of our parents.
Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin entertained the school by a reading entitled "A Little Journey With Dickens."
Laureans have a Patriotic meeting.
Room 21 has a patriotic meeting and presents a flag.
"And the light went out."
Who went to Unionville?
EDUCATOR SHOES
for the Whole Family

Why do the pupils of EAST HIGH wear
EDUCATOR SHOES?

The answer is easy—
EDUCATOR SHOES are made in all the different leathers, are nifty in appearance and standard of quality, made with room for five toes, and let the child's foot grow as it should. Also made for the grown ups.

One pair of EDUCATORS sold to every 45 per capita in Cleveland in 1915.

Ask your dealer

RICE & HUTCHINS CLEVELAND COMPANY
WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS
210 St. Clair
CHANDLER SIX $1395

BUILT IN

CLEVELAND

FAMOUS

EVERYWHERE

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO. :: Cleveland, Ohio

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
THE CHANDLER CHECKS

With High Priced Cars

CHANDLER checks in the most essential features of design and construction and equipment with the high-priced cars. Chandler performs with the high-priced cars.

The manufacturer of one Six can make just as big claims as any other. The Chandler Company likes to deal in facts.

For years the Chandler Company has made the Chandler a fact-car, not a claim-car. Claims sell a lot of cars, but facts sell more cars, just as fast as the buyers learn the facts.

The Chandler is honestly built and moderately priced. There is no other Six, selling at anything like the Chandler price, which will give you so much dependable service.

Thousands of motor car buyers recognize the mechanical superiority of the Chandler Six, mechanical superiority achieved through the Marvelous Motor—the exclusive Chandler Motor, powerful, flexible, simple and economical—and through the excellence of design and construction of the entire Chandler chassis.

So many recognize its superiority that the Chandler has earned a front rank position in the industry. So many recognize it that twenty-five thousand buyers this year will choose the Chandler as the Six to be preferred above all Sixes.

FIVE PLEASING TYPES OF BODY.

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $1395
Four-Passenger Roadster, $1395
Seven-Passenger Convertible Sedan, $2095
Four-Passenger Convertible Coupe, $1995
Limousine, $2695

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO. – Cleveland, Ohio
Tellings

1,800,000 Gallons Sold in 1916

Tellings Ice Cream continues to be Cleveland's most popular dessert.

THE WHISLER SHORTHAND SCHOOL

A MOST CONVENIENT LOCATION

8017-19 WADE PARK AVENUE
(ROUND THE CORNER FROM EAST HI)
OFFERS INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION IN
GRAHAM SHORTHAND
TOUCH-TYPWRITING AND
PRIVATE SECRETARY TRAINING

THE GRAVES-LAUGHLIN CO.

Smartness is the "word" that describes our store and stock.
If there is a new wrinkle in styles, a new novelty in dress, we show it first.
As one young man said, "Your stuff has a creezy swing to it."
And when it comes to clothes, say, there are none such as ours. Treat yourself to a view of the rich new things to wear that come in daily.
Come on in anyway.

Next to Miles Theatre.

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
The International Machine Tool Company

Designers and Builders of

Special Machinery and Tools

1111 Power Avenue

Cleveland, Ohio
The B. Dreher's Sons Co.

TRUMAN BUILDING

1028-1030 EUCLID AVENUE

STEINWAY PIANOS

PIANO PLAYERS

AEOLIAN VOCALIONS

COLUMBIA GRAFANOLAS

To Get Your Money's Worth
Don't fail to "Get Inside a Favor..."
The Scribner & Loehr Co.

Manufacturing Jewelers

High School, College and Fraternity Goods a Specialty

1148 Euclid Avenue CLEVELAND

OUT OF TOWN PEOPLE
ASK ANY CLEVELANDER ABOUT

EUCLID BEACH AND THE ELYSIUM

THE HUMPHREY COMPANY

EAST HIGH BOOK STORE
J. T. TOMLINSON & SON
Candies, School Pins, Lunches, Pennants, Supplies

The Arnstine Bros.' Company
Wholesale Jewelers
200 Rose Building CLEVELAND

John Helmer
Medium and High Grade Furniture
Repairing and Upholstering our Specialty
8701 & 8711 HOUGH AVE.
CLEVELAND

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS

293
Y. M. C. A.

SPECIAL SHORT TERM MEMBERSHIP

3 Months for $3, 4 Months for $4, or 5 Months for $5

Open to all young men, 17 years of age and over

Central Y. M. C. A. Building

PROSPECT AVE. East 22nd Street

J. B. IERG

LINEN STORE

Table Linen, Napkins, Linen Pillow Cases, Linen Sheets, Toweling, Handkerchiefs, Bed Spreads, Dress Linens, Decorative Linens.

1264 EUCLID AVENUE
1157 HURON ROAD
Monograms, Crests, Initials, etc., embroidered on short notice.

Guenther's Art Galleries

1303 EUCLID AVE.

LEADING PRINT SELLERS

Moderate Prices
Frame Makers
Try Us

THE UNION NATIONAL BANK OF CLEVELAND

WELCOMES NEW ACCOUNTS
FRANK MOORE
PHOTOGRAPHER

Lennox Building

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
HELP!
Office
HELP!
Sales
HELP!
Technical

When you are through school, tell us just what line you wish to follow and we will find the opportunity for you, and permit us to inform you that we are the only agency which charges "No fee in advance."

The Bluim-Ingalls Company. Established 1903
1001-1040 Guardian Building

Bell, Garfield 3980

The R. H. FETTERMAN Co.
Fine Footwear
8514 and 8516 Hough Avenue
CLEVELAND, O.

Agents for JAMES A. BANNISTER Shoes

The Sigler Brothers Company
Wholesale & Manufacturing Jewelers Silversmiths

613 Euclid Avenue
Garfield Building
Telephones
Bell, Main 226; Cuy. Cent. 4849

Foreign Offices
Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E. C.
12 Tulipstraat, Amsterdam, Holland

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL!" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
The Latest New York Styles--Always
Young Men's Clothes of Quality—at a very Moderate Price
$15
BONDS
643 Euclid Avenue. Republic Building

THE STONE SHOE CO.
OHIO'S LARGEST SHOE STORE
312—EUCLID—318

FRANK CURTI
Shoes Repaired by Machinery
Very Reasonable Rates
8620 Hough Ave.

MR. W. H. SMITH
Formerly with Webb C. Bill Co.
announces the opening of his Workshop for the Repairing of Watches and Clocks
8619 Hough Avenue
Call Garfield 4117-J

Drugs Sodas Cigars
It is Easy to Telephone
Make your drug shopping easy by calling us up. No extra charge for our
Quick Delivery Service
A Bargain for Every Week

Conway Drug Co.
Prescription Pharmacy
East 82nd St. and Wade Park Avenue
21 years' experience

P. B. SHERMAN

MERCHANT TAILORS

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
Paint is more than paint. It stands for beauty and long life to property, it indicates progressiveness and prosperity, it makes for good neighborhoods and good neighbors.

Cleveland Window Glass & Door Co.
glass doors paints
South of Square
209 Champlain Ave S W

You need GOOD DRY GOODS
YOU CAN GET THEM FROM
WM. MEIL, 7000 Lexington Avenue

Baseball, Basket Ball; Hockey Supplies,
Gym Suits, and Shoes, Sweater Jackets
and Jerseys.
We carry a complete line of accessories
for every in-door and out-door sport.

THE COLLISTER & SAYLE CO.
252 Superior Avenue, N. W.

The Equity Savings & Loan Company
5701 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland
Loans its funds on real estate security only—First Mortgages
Resources over $3,000,000.00.
Absolute security for deposits.
5% paid on deposits remaining six months or longer.
4% paid on deposits remaining two months or longer.
HENRY W. S. WOOD, F. W. ROBINSON,
President. Secretary.

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
Evangelical Publishing House

C. HAUSER, Publisher

PRINTING of all kinds.

OUR BINDERY DEPARTMENT is always at your service.

ELECTROTYPES. We make Nickel Type and Multigraph Plates.

OUR BOOK DEPARTMENT carries an extensive line of English and German Books on Theology, etc.

THIS ANNUAL is one of our many products.

1903-1923 Woodland Ave., Cleveland

Cuy., Central 4224; Bell, Prospect, 266
Ohio Business College
942 PROSPECT AVE.

Cleveland's leading school of business. Day and
evening sessions all year.

Call, phone or write for catalog.

E. E. ADMIRE - President

Phones, Pros. 198; Cent. 7714

Phone, Garfield 2613

Remember Town's
For Men's and Boys' Furnishings

Dry Cleaning, Pressing and
Repairing Work.
Service the Best

J. E. TOWN
8523 Hough Ave., near Crawford

Gar. 5996-W A. B. Craft
CRAFT'S TIRE SHOP
SUPPLIES
TIRE REPAIRING
1750 Crawford Road

The place where you find classy
shirts, gloves, hats, caps, collars
and neckwear. Formal wear is
our specialty.

Geo. J. Byrider
Everything in Men's
Furnishings
Open evenings. 10522 Euclid Ave.

W. H. Shaefer
HARDWARE
8610-14 Hough Avenue

Wayne's Market
"SERVICE AND QUALITY"
OUR MOTTO

Gar. 7022 8718 Hough Ave.

National Highway
Cars

Sixes - $1850
Twelves - $2250

Eiseman Auto Co.
1825 E. 13th St.

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
STILLMAN THEATRE
A PICTURE PLAY HOUSE OF CHARACTER
SHOWING ONLY
THE BEST PICTURES
ALSO
The Big Stillman Orchestra
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL FEATURES
Better and more complete performances at prices the same as charged elsewhere

PLEASE MENTION "THE ANNUAL" TO OUR ADVERTISERS
Senior Class Directory

ISRAEL ADLER
  “He will find his way”
  He is here for an education

EARL ARNOLD
  He has many friends
  A boy who seems to have no hobby, but a lively interest in many things

ELMER AWIG
  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, Executive 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

“On with the dance, let joy be unconfined”
Tennis Tournament III, Basketball and Hockey II and III, Annual Board IV

THOMAS CALDWELL

Noted for: 1. Getting “balled out.” 2. Doing other people’s work
Member of High “Y” and Prothymean Clubs

FRANCES CASTLE

“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, Forensum Debating Team, East-Commerce Debate and some others ad infinitum
HAROLD P. CLIMO

“He possesses modesty, so rare a thing in a man”
Member High Y Club and Demosthenean

MARGARET V. COBB
Future Vocation—Art
A conscientious student. More of this kind are needed in the school
Member of Laurean Society, Chorister Athenæum Society, Annual Board, Basketball II-III-IV
Noted for: Frankness in speaking

HELEN LOUISE COCKREM
Favorite study: Greek?
She is musically inclined
Member of Glee Club III-IV

CHARLES COLE
A boy who seems ready to help at anything. With no particular hobby

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
GEORGE BAKER CUTTER
A quiet, likeable boy who knows more than he tells to the general public
Demosthenean, Prothymeans, Glee Club

STANLEY ARTHUR DALE
He loves to speak and does it well, therefore let him speak
East-West Tech Debate, Forensum-Philomathean Debate, Member of Lincoln, Prothymeans, Forensum 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 Prothymeans Society, President Prothymeans 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 Prothymeans, Executive Committee Prothymeans, 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 Prothymeian 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 ques-
tion? I am 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 Forensum Club, Member 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 viewpoint 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 Prothymeian 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

310
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, Chairman Membership Committee Lincoln IV, Vice-President Lincoln IV, Secretary Forensum 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 Prothymæan, 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, Prothymeanc

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, Forensium 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."

Prothymeanc

313
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 handwriting 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, Prothyme, 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 everything"
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, Prothyme, 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, Forensum, 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, Prothyme, 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 Friendship
Club, Da Vinci Club, Executive Committee B II Class, Student Government Representative III-IV

CLINES, JOHN EDWARD
“A sport who’ll fight and cheer for hours,
And yet he loves the ‘simple flowers’”
Demosthenean, Prothymeian

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, Prothymeian, Forensum, B II Treasurer, A 1
President

DAVIDSON, JOHN A.
“Look you, I am the most concerned in my own work”
Lincoln Club, Demosthenean, Prothymeian

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”
Prothymeian

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, Prothymeian, Lincoln, Demosthenean, Forensum

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 Government 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"

GATOZI, JOHN JERRY
"Nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm"
Football, Basketball, Lincoln, Sergeant-at-Arms A I Class, Demosthenian

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

GILLOW, 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
Demosthenian, 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 Demosthenian, Forensum, 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, Laoren 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

320
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 different inks"

LICHTY, RUTH
"The very pink of perfection"
Glee Club IV, Basketball I, II, III, IV, President Friendship Club, Laurcan, 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, ORIENE RUTH
"We have not known her, but we already like her"

LOVELL, WHEELER
"Truth from his lips prevails with double sway"
Lincoln, Treasurer Demosthenean, Forensum, 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, Forensum, Lincoln, Prothymean, President B II Class, Alternate Forensum-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 Pensiero"

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, Atheneum, 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, Prothyme

STAIR, EDWIN BIERCE
"He multiplied words with knowledge"
Vice-President Hi Y Club, Prothyme

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, Forensum, 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, Prothymeans, 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, Prothymeans

WOODBURY, 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, Prothymeans

WRIGHT, WILLIAM HEERMANS  
His activities speak louder than words  
Camera Club I, Hi Y Club III-IV, Forensum III-IV, Vice-President, President, Secretary Lincoln, President Demosthenean, Annual Board III, Executive Committee B II Class, Leader Forensum-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
Index to Advertisers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Arctic Ice Cream Co</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arnattine Bros. Co</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ball, Webb C.</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blum Ingalls Co</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bond's</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byrider, Geo. J</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casino Motor Cycle Co</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Central Y. M. C. A.</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chandler Motor Co</td>
<td>288-89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleveland Window Glass Co</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collister &amp; Sayle</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conway Drug Co</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cowell-Hubbard Co</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Craft Tire Shop</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curti, Frank</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dreher's, E. Sons &amp; Co</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>East High Lunch Room</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eiseman Auto Co</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Equity Savings &amp; Loan Co</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evangelical Publishing House</td>
<td>299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fetterman, R. H.</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grafamola Co</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Graves-Laughlin Co</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guenther's Art Store</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heimer, John</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humphrey Co</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ierg, J. B.</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>International Machine &amp; Tool Co</td>
<td>291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knitting Mills, Favorito</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Logan, W. J. Co</td>
<td>301</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Market, 48th St.</td>
<td>271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Metz, Wm.</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore, Frank</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ohio Business College</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phonoephograph Co</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pitman Business School</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plain Dealer</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rice &amp; Hutchins Co</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scribner &amp; Loehr Co</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shafer Hardware</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherman, P. B.</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sigler Bros. Co</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, W. H.</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spaeder School for Dancing</td>
<td>299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spencerian School</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stillman Theatre</td>
<td>302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stone Shoe Co</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tellings Bros.</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomlinson, J. T.</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Town, J. E.</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union National Bank</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wayne's Market</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whister School</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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.