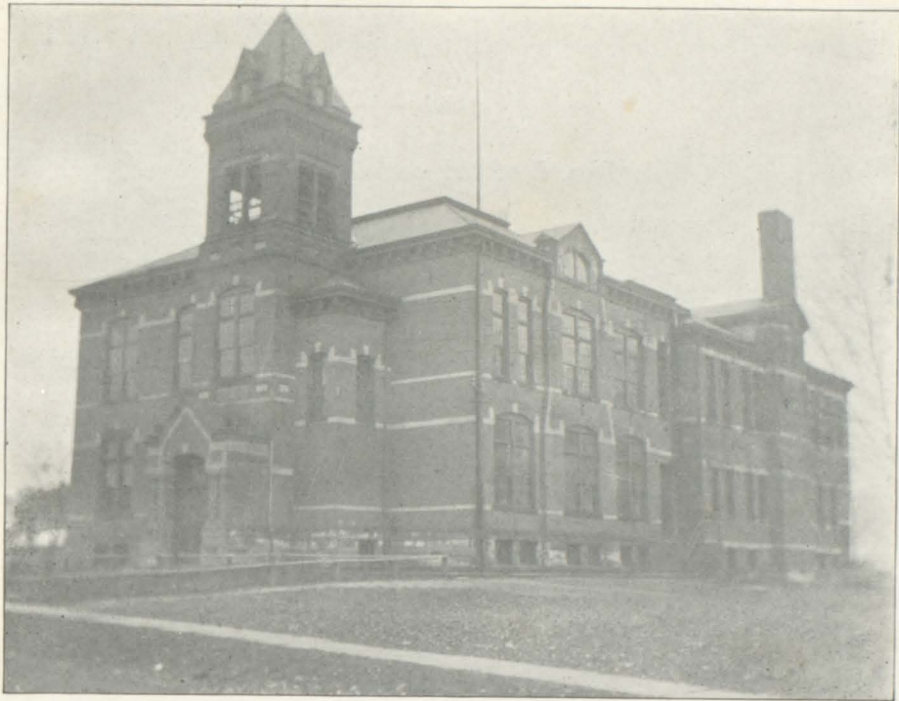


The Second Annual
of
Chagrin Falls High School



Published by the Class
of 1912

To
Superintendent E. C. Teare
is dedicated the
Annual of the Class of 1912



HOUSE OF LEARNING

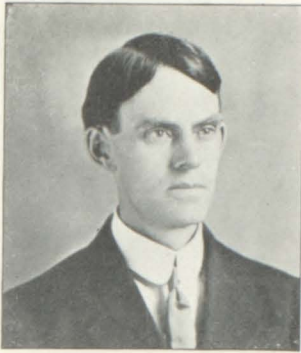
Board of Education

Dr. G. D. Cameron
F. P. Shumaker

Dr. Loa E. Scott
John A. Church
Mrs. Z. L. Kent

Organization, 1912

F. P. Shumaker, *President*
John A. Church, *Clerk*
L. A. Tenny, *Treasurer*



E. C. TEARE,
Ph. B., Hiram; A. M., Harvard,
Superintendent.



E. C. MILLER,
B. S., Ohio University,
Principal.



MISS LILA E. COIT,
A. B., College for Women, W. R. U.,
Assistant Principal



MISS BESS B. BRUCE,
Ph. B., Denison University.



MRS. ZOE LONG FOUTS,
Supervisor of Music.



MISS PERMELIA TISSOT,
Supervisor of Writing.

Seniors



CLASS OF 1912

Officers

President—Owen L. Carlton

Vice-President—Orrell L. Rood

Secretary—Ruth H. Ober

Treasurer—Harley A. Coombs

CLASS COLORS—Imperial Blue and White

CLASS FLOWER—White Rose



OWEN L. CARLTON, "Alphonse"

Scientific Course

President of Class

President of Glee Club

Editorial Board

"He studies hard but talks harder."



ORRELL L. ROOD, "Oscar"
 Classical Course
 Vice-President of Class
 Editorial Board
 "She carries her smile with her."

RUTH H. OBER, "Rufus" I
 Scientific Course
 Secretary of Class
 Managerial Board
 "She is called a sensible girl."



HARLEY A. COOMBS, "Fat"
 Scientific Course
 Treasurer of Class
 Managerial Board
 Glee Club
 Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4, (Capt.)
 Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4.
 "Patience is the key of contentment."

HELEN BREWSTER,
 Scientific Course
 Secretary of Glee Club
 Editorial Board
 "Ever in a hurry."





S. HORACE ELLIOTT, "Rip Counter"
 Scientific Course
 Editorial Board
 Baseball, 3, 4
 "For he is a jolly good fellow."

RUTH B. GOLDBACH, "Rufus" II
 Classical Course
 Editorial Board
 "Of confident tomorrows and cheerful
 yesterdays."



TURNER B. KLINE, "Turn"
 Scientific Course
 Manager of Managerial Board
 Basketball, 2, 3, 4.
 Baseball, 4.
 Glee Club
 Orchestra
 "Seldom he smiles, and in such sort
 As if he mocks himself and scorns his
 spirit."

LAURA R. McLAUGHLIN, "Mac"
 Scientific Course
 Managerial Board
 "She has an honest heart."





RUTH H. MODROO, "Rufus" III
 Scientific Course
 Managerial Board
 "A manner, so plain, unaffected and
 sincere."

FRED C. PAGE, "Fritz"
 Scientific Course
 Managerial Board
 Glee Club
 Basketball, 3, 4
 Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4
 "There lies a deal of 'diviltry' 'neath
 his mild exterior."



WARREN B. PARKER, "Josh"
 Scientific Course
 Editorial Board
 Glee Club
 Secretary Glee Club
 "He has lost his heart to a score or
 more of the tender sex."

OLIVE ROBENS, "Adolph"
 Classical Course
 Editorial Board
 Glee Club
 "There is little of the melancholy in
 her."





MONA L. SANDERSON, "Sorrel"
 Scientific Course
 Editorial Board
 Glee Club
 "I stand for Woman's Rights."

SIM J. SHEPARD, "JOE"
 Scientific Course
 Editor-in-Chief of Annual
 Glee Club, Property Man
 Basketball, 4
 Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4 (Capt. 3-4)
 President Athletic Association
 "There is mischief in this boy."



ALTA M. WARREN,
 Scientific Course
 Managerial Board
 "She is passing fair."

ELSIE M. WARREN, "Pete"
 Scientific Course
 Managerial Board
 "Low is her voice, 'tis all but silence."



Juniors



Next Over.

the Base of Junior Officers' Key

Junior Officers

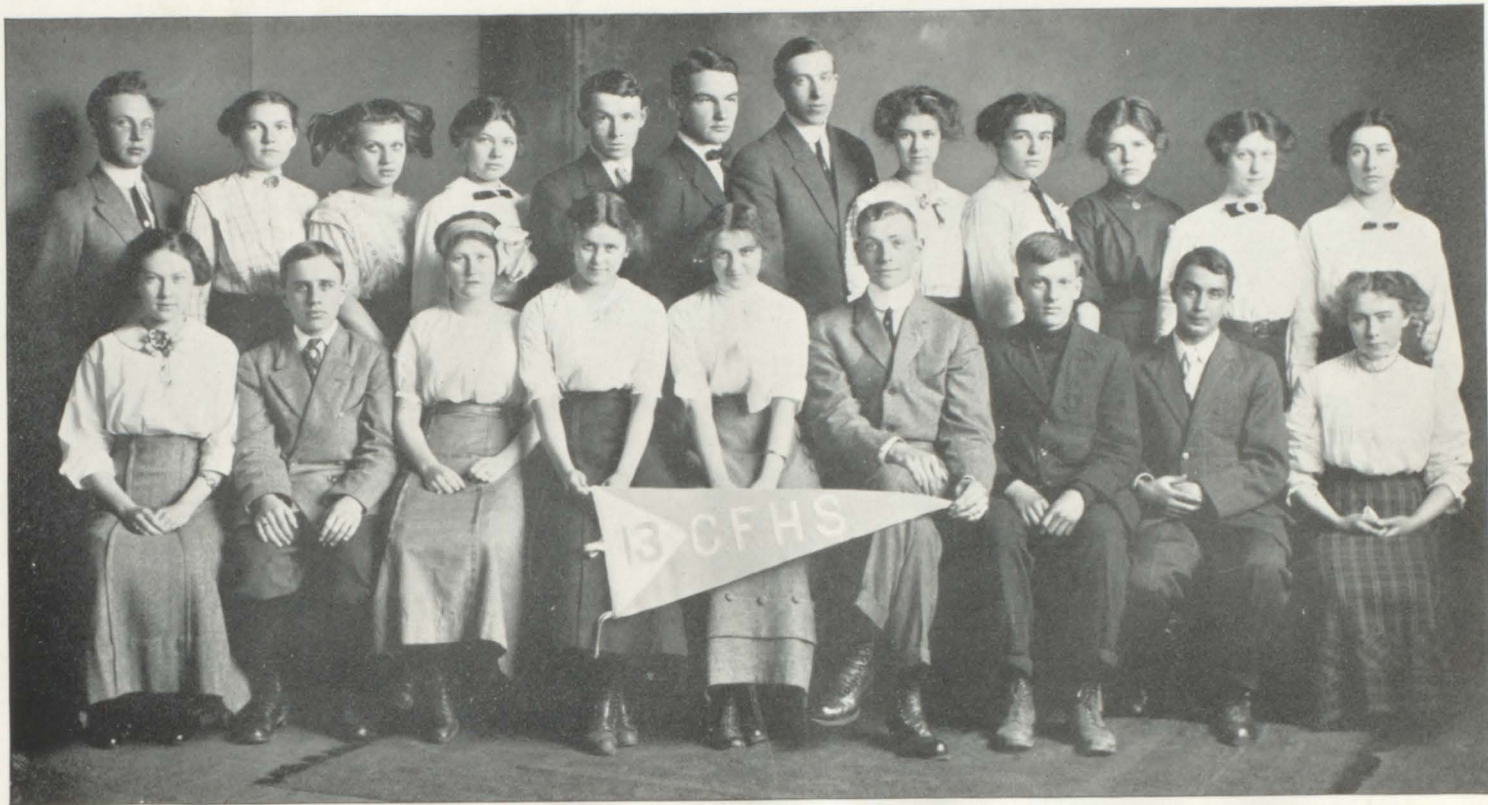
President—Maurice Shumaker.

Secretary—Olive Curtiss.

Treasurer—Walter Bradley.

CLASS COLORS—Brown and White.

CLASS FLOWER—Sweet Pea.



JUNIORS

Charles W. Huggett
Walter G. Bradley
Hilda Ober

Edna M. Gifford
Joyce L. Sheffield
J. Vernon Class

Roscoe C. Walters

Edna J. De Korte
Mildred T. Hendersen
Aleata J. Johns

Harry W. Halsey

Lucille W. Stoneman
Edna F. Wrentmore
Mary B. Iredale

Irene L. Davis

Frank L. Burton
Muriel E. Nichols
Olive M. Curtiss

Robert H. Richardson
Louise C. Brewster
Maurice M. Shumaker

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE JUNIORS

Who introduced the popular mode
Of writing everything by code?
Who handles our money by wagon load?
Why—Walter Bradley.

Who rises with the lark each day,
To see the milkman pass that way?
Who wonders if a farm would pay?
Why—Joyce Sheffield.

Who stands behind some friendly tree
And snaps the kodak ere we can flee,
Then laughs aloud in frantic glee?
Why—Roscoe Walters.

Who agrees with that great man,
"Let nature teach you all she can,"
'Nor dig in books for any man?'
Why—Robert Richardson.

Who is quite a simple maid,
Meek and prim, precise and staid,
Of whom the boys all seem afraid?
Why—Edna Gifford.

Who is the jolliest Junior here?
Who never shed a watery tear?
Who laughs and laughs thruout the year?
Why—Edna DeKorte.

Who thinks German is quite rash?
Whose *Deutsche Worte sind* all a splash?
Whose work and pleasure seem to clash?
Why—Harry Halsey.

Who talks and talks from morn till night?
Who doesn't giggle but laughs outright,
Who must do her studying all at night?
Why—Irene Davis.

Who is it that no more will roam,
But on her new piano plays "Home, Sweet Home,"
Altho the neighbors all moan and groan?
Why—Mary Iredale.

Who has a round face and rosy cheek?
Who's very jolly and yet quite meek?
Who's short and—well—not very sleek?
Why—Aleata Johns.

Who left her dinner at home one day?
But for what reason we can not say,
Just packed it and left it and walked away?
Why—Edna Wrentmore.

Who always likes most everyone,
But favors most the ex-mayor's son?
Who isn't what you'd call a nun?
Why—Olive Curtiss.

Who monkeys some and studies less?
Who causes the principal much distress?
Who is our fair young speaker-ess?
Why—Lucile Stoneman.

Who giggles and giggles when he is glad,
And wiggles and wiggles when he is mad?
Who is sometimes naughty but never bad?
Why—Frank Burton.

Who curls his hair most every day,
On a curling-iron, so they say,
Then on his violin does play?
Why—Charles Huggett.

Who goes so much to Frazer's store?
Who used to go to Didham's more?
Who simply can't go by the door?
Why—Muriel Nichols.

Who digs from rise to set of sun?
Who never gets her cramming done?
Who has her lessons every one?
Why—Hilda Ober.

Who is the girl who used to think
"Sammie" Ridge was quite the pink?
But now this thought is quite extinct.
Why—Mildred Henderson.

Who is our political lion?
Who still believes in Wm. Bryan,
And thinks he'll win if he keeps on tryin'?
Why—Vernon Class.

Who with glances shy and coy,
Is seen to smile with greatest joy,
On every sportive-looking boy?
Why—Louise Brewster.

Who while recess is swiftly fleeting,
Takes great pleasure in repeating,
"Now class, the purpose of this meeting?"
Why—Maurice Shumaker.

Who of all the classes here,
Has been distinguished every year?
Who wishes you the best of cheer?
Why—The Junior Class.

Sophomores



Sophomore Officers

President—Milton Bentley.

Vice-President—Harry Hoopes.

Secretary—Georgiene Hutchinson.

Treasurer—Carlyle Harris.

CLASS COLORS—Cardinal and White.

CLASS FLOWER—American Beauty Rose.

Class Yell

Rolly, Polly, Pudding,

Huckleberry pie,

Who can beat a Soph,

If you can—just try.

M. G. B., '14.



SOPHOMORE

Last row, left to right—Clarence Waite, Hugh Beattie, Floyd Smith, Claude Oberlin, Merrill Reed, Sam Ridge, Howard Davis, Geo. Nycamp, Carlyle Harris, Reveley Beattie, Harry Hoopes, Harold Wilson, Orvin Goodwin. Middle row, left to right—Treva Hill, Mamie Gates, Melba Brown, Fanchon Stillwell, Frieda Ziegler, Ruth Baker, Florence Burnett, Gladys Page, Georgiene Hutchinson. Front row, left to right—Harold Baker, Milton Bentley

"SPRINGTIME"

When March rolls around,
And the snow's off the ground,
And you feel kind o' lazy and faint,
And the songs, sweet and clear,
Make you think summer's here,
And you know very well that it ain't.

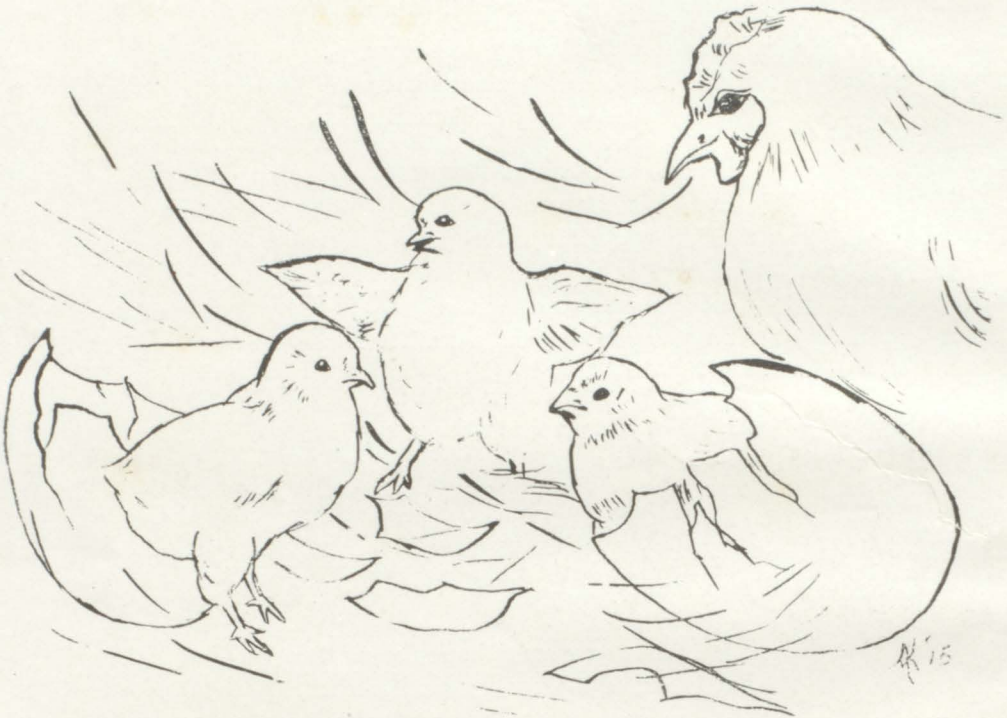
Then comes the time,
When you ought to shine,
And bury your head in your books.
But Spring comes round,
With her welcome sounds,
And gets you, instead, with her hooks.

The sugar camps then open up,
And every one thirst's for a sup,
And so you get a friend some day,
And just go out, as if for play,
And when you get out in the yard
You play your little game of cards,
And slowly, slyly sneak away.

Then when you come back the next morn,
Each teacher looks at you with scorn.
"You missed a test just yesterday,
And now you'll find out what's to pay.
Young man if you don't look and jump,
You'll surely feel a mighty bump,
And when June 7th comes along,
Why, then you'll sing another song."

And this is only one hardship of the Spring.
Think of baseball and other things,
A callin' for you to come outside,
But you must with your books abide,
Until we all are women and men,
But the fun will all be over then.

Freshman



Freshmen Officers

President—Dann Taber.

Secretary—Aveline Kent.

Treasurer—James Barnard.

CLASS COLORS—Yale Blue and White.

CLASS FLOWER—White Peony.

Yell

Flat, Rah! Flat, Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah! 1915.



FRESHMEN

Bertha Fosdick	Marion Goldbach	Bernice Ober	Joe. Mattis	Ralph Coombs	Carlton Lowe	Raymond Carzoo	George Arthur	Lucy Thompson
Martha Ridge	Rosina Clemens	Mary Kent	Aveline Kent	Dann Taber	James Barnard	Darline Phinney	Elsie Gifford	Bernice Fleming
	Ruby Stoneman		Corine Allshouse	Lucy Warren	Genevieve Collins			Hazel Hunkin

CALLIOPE AS A FRESHMAN

8

Ladies and gentlemen,
Bachelors and maids,
We take this opportunity
To introduce ourselves to you,
Because if we don't, we sadly fear
No other'll introduce us here.

We're Freshmen in our present name,
You'll have to guess from whence we came.
Perhaps we've seen a heavenly sight
Or we may have come from Hades bright.
But now, our home, as a general rule,
Is in the main room of the High School.

Our flower and colors, dear reader,
I doubt if we could have chosen much sweeter,
The size of our flower, the peony white,
For our stature's just about right.
Could any two colors be better, think you,
Than the union of White and Yale Blue?

And now, to close this lengthy production,
Which has to serve as our introduction,
We wish to bring forth our executive members.
D. O. Taber, our very wisest resident,
Is ably serving as our president.
Miss Aveline Kent keeps our books all told,
And Jimmie K. Barnard our money does hold.

A SLEIGHRIDE

Once upon an evening dreary
In a bobsled, bright and cheery,
Sat many a happy lass and lad,
And not a one was looking sad.

Thus for two long miles they rode,
Until they arrived at the Collins' abode.
There they were with gladness received,
And of their coats and hats relieved.

While jokes and fun were on full sway,
Out in the storm, upon their way,
A load of foolish Soph'more boys
Came down the road with little noise.

In front of the Collins' house they halted,
Obtained a pair of bobs, and bolted,
Thinking they'd played a mighty trick
They wended their way back, very quick.

The Freshmen learned the joke so bright,
The Sophs had tried to play that night.
They giggled and laughed themselves to sobs
For there outside were their own bobs.

D. B. T., '15

Decided by Popular Vote of the High School



The best-looking boy:
SIM J. SHEPARD.



The best-looking girl:
MARY B. IREDALE.



The most popular boy:
CLARENCE B. WAIT.



The most popular girl:
OLIVE M. CURTISS.



The star athlete:
HARLEY A. COOMBS.



The best cook:
RUTH H. OBER.



THE FANCY DRESS PARTY

On Wednesday evening, the 21st of February, the Old Assembly Hall, adorned in festive array of red, white and blue, welcomed into its sacred precincts a most gay and glorious throng.

Quaint little Dutch maidens entered chatting unabashed with stately ladies and gentlemen Of Ye Olden Tyme. Senior lads, throwing aside their usual quiet dignity and scholarly reserve, capered gaily about in the garb of clown and cowboy. Freshmen lassies in caps and fischus, in gowns which bore the fragrance of cedar and of lavender—perhaps of moth balls,—tripped about with a dignity which did credit to '15. Snowy colonial wigs (thanks to the tireless and efficient efforts of Miss Coit) bobbed about serenely everywhere.

Our decorous and dignified faculty appeared, if possible, even more decorous and dignified than usual in their costumes representative of past and powdery days.

A great deal of attention was paid by all to the buffet luncheon which was truly old fashioned in its bounty.

The latter part of the evening was spent in dancing and despite the fact that hoop-skirts and dangling swords are not the easiest of things to manage, everyone looked sorry when the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" floated out suggestively.

O. C., '13.

"A LETTER FROM AFRICA"

[Upon request of the Editorial Board, Harry Forsyth of the class of 1905 kindly wrote this article from Pretoria, S. A.]

To people thirteen thousand miles away in the United States of America, this spot on the map known as Pretoria may seem to be down in "Jungle Land," where the fetid moist atmosphere reeks with malaria and where the inhabitants are all of the dusky hue.

My first task, of course, will be to disprove this fallacy. In the first place we are thousands of miles from the jungle. "Darkest Africa" only applies to the regions of Central Africa proper. Here the elevation is five thousand feet above sea level so that air containing a large percentage of moisture is out of the question. Also, Pretoria being a town of fifty thousand whites, you can expect to see stores, streets and city buildings in accord. We have to confess the fact, however, that we do have dark faces that loom on the horizon occasionally. You have to recall that this part of the country was first acquired in much the same manner that our own U. S. A. was.

The Dutch Huguenots from Holland gradually worked their way up country settling the most workable soil, usually along the small streams, and at the same time slowly, but surely pressing out the blacks into restricted areas. This was a very slow process and naturally caused many a war.

Then prospecting for gold suddenly brought forth the vast quantities of ore and diamonds to be had in this country. This naturally called for capital and of course England came to the front.

Capital brought English engineers and workmen and the influx of English principally in the mining line gradually acquired by concessions, combines and trusts, if you like, the then richest districts of Africa.

When the gold and diamonds began to pour out of the mines to return as capital, the English began to grasp more and more control over the country until the Boer War resulted.

Contrary to the general opinion, the moneyed interests of the country were the chief causes. The result, you all know.

Now the South African Union has its own Parliament, makes its own laws, and is virtually a self governing, independent nation, controlled by Great Britain. Verily John Bull is a far-seeing person to so generously and skillfully control such a vast territory of unlimited wealth.

I have given this brief and very incomplete resumé of South African history before I start the real theme of this "write-up" because the history of a place so little known is oftentimes more interesting than the semi-missionary "spiel" that I have decided to take up.

I want to tell something about the negroes, or Kaffirs, of this country. They, to me, are above all things the most interesting.

We have bugs, snakes, lizards, cameleons, and animals of all descriptions but the Kaffirs appeal to me as being the most human. Some people here might say no.

In the first place all the Kaffir men are "boys." No matter whether they have white or black wool they are boys just the same.

If they are too small then we call them "picanins" like our own pickaninnies of the South.

The majority of our American negroes were captured on the west coast of Africa and along the Nile so we can account for the difference in features by that reason alone.

The "boys" in the Transvaal are not prone to have the extremely flat nose, sloping forehead and thick lips that are attributed to the negro race in the old geographies. Ours have thinner lips, a higher forehead and a more prominent nose. Also on making a rough guess, one would think that in a hot country they would be blacker than ever but one rarely finds a "licorice drop" among them. They have numerous tribes which speak their own respective tongues and are more or less clannish, as the Scotch would say.

The most of our "boys" here are either Machangun or Basuto. The Machanguns predominate.

We foreigners naturally pick up phrases of their tongue but very few of us can make out what they are saying when they are talking among themselves. One soon learns how few words are really necessary and how signs can readily take the place of words one does not know. "Pull that" with an indication of what you want pulled, conveys just as much meaning to a Kaffir as if you tried to tell him the whole command in his own tongue and got all twisted up trying to describe something for which their language never had a name.

So much for their language. You arrived at the truth when you guessed that I don't know much about their tongue.

Now let us start at the kraal and their home life (such as it is) and then come to town with them.

Their kraals vary in size according to the strength of their tribe. Some of them number thousands.

The homes of these people are huts with plaster walls of mud about four or five feet high surmounted with a conical roof of thatch. They usually have a yard in front closed in with mud walls sometimes very prettily decorated in geometrical designs with different colored clays.

The head of the kraal is the chief. To him, they all pay tribute in so much money per year and in return he takes all the daughters he wants for wives and settles all the disputes. The chief usually has ten or twelve wives, sometimes more and all he has to do is to let the women do the work while he sits around all day, smoking and drinking sour porridge which they call beer. Each boy when he comes of age has to earn enough to buy about twenty oxen before he can take a wife. Then instead of proposing, he goes to his sweetheart's father, presents the oxen and takes home his "little ducky love, willy nilly."

If the girl is not bought she can return to her father, but once the bargain is sealed then father's house is forever closed to her. Each man can buy as many wives as he wishes; but of course he has got to get the oxen first.

One can readily see that in the Kaffir home the father's most valuable asset is a large family of girls.

Once married the wife has to do all the work, get the meals, grow the corn, grind it, etc., in the same manner that the redskins treated their squaws.

The next item on the program is the children. On one thing you can rest assured, you won't find any that are not happy. The "picanins" are proverbially jolly and from morn till night they romp and play. They make mud pies and mould oxen and dolls to their hearts' content. Bye and bye they grow old enough to watch the cattle and then soon they go away and seek work.

Probably they first go only a short distance from home, perhaps to some Dutch farmer, and hire out practically for their board. This consists of corn meal cooked to a porridge. Here the little boy learns the Dutch language, gradually becomes dissatisfied and finally goes to the town or the mines. He is growing larger now and can do a man's work so he goes to his pass office at home and gets a pass to seek work.

This pass allows him to go to town to try find a position. He comes to you speaking Dutch, you decide to take him at the average wage of forty cents a day with board and lodging. He has to go to the town pass office, gets his contract with a full description of himself and rate of wages. You sign the contract and keep it for him until he gives you notice on the first of some month that he wants to leave, then when the month is finished he can go.

Now when he comes to work you feed him his "mealie meal" (corn meal) and give him some place to roll up in his blanket out of the wet when it rains and he works and saves every penny until he goes home.

During this time, he is not allowed to leave the property without a pass signed by you which he shows to every native policeman he meets. If he is caught with no pass he has to go to the station, get a hiding and pay a fine of a dollar and a quarter.

To pass the office he must pay, also, a quarter a month for a monthly pass. Thus you see they know all about the "boys" and are able not only to keep them under control but also to derive a neat revenue from them. What do the "boys" do with their money, do you ask? Why of course they have to buy clothes, (old clothes) blankets, etc., not forgetting those oxen they have to buy before they can "ta-ta umfaze."

The class of work done by the Kaffirs is merely unskilled labor. They are not allowed to learn a trade or in any way encroach upon the labor of the white man. It is the only way a white man could live here because once the blacks learn the white man's work, the whites will either have to out number them or else leave this country of vast unrecovered wealth to the greed of an inferior race.

In Pretoria the negroes are not allowed to walk on the sidewalks of the town. They have to ride in separate third-class coaches on the railways and to live in their own quarters of the city. These conditions are hard for us Americans to accommodate ourselves to, but sooner or later you accept them as they are, and see that at present, it is the only way to deal with the vast hordes of uncivilized people who dominate this land.

The Kaffir is gradually becoming educated. The missionary schools are teaching them first to read and write their own language. Then they have Bibles and every spare moment they are reading away either to themselves or to someone who cannot read. They are becoming accustomed to their Saturday afternoons and Sundays as regular holidays and at Christmas nearly every one that can get away goes home to the kraal for a month.

They are gradually learning English, first to speak and then to write it and the day is not very far distant when the question whether Africa will be a white or black man's country will be finally settled. Until that time comes the daily routine of business will continue with the same watchful eye waiting for the final crisis.



Officers of The Athletic Association

President—Sim Shepard.

Secretary—Walter Bradley.

Treasurer—Robert Richardson.

ATHLETICS

Chagrin Falls High School is a member of the Ohio High School Athletic Association and all athletic contests are governed by the rules of that organization. The high school emphasizes athletics; but it emphasizes scholarship and pure sport more. Athletics are made to assist the regular activities of the high school as well as to develop the pupil, morally, intellectually and physically.

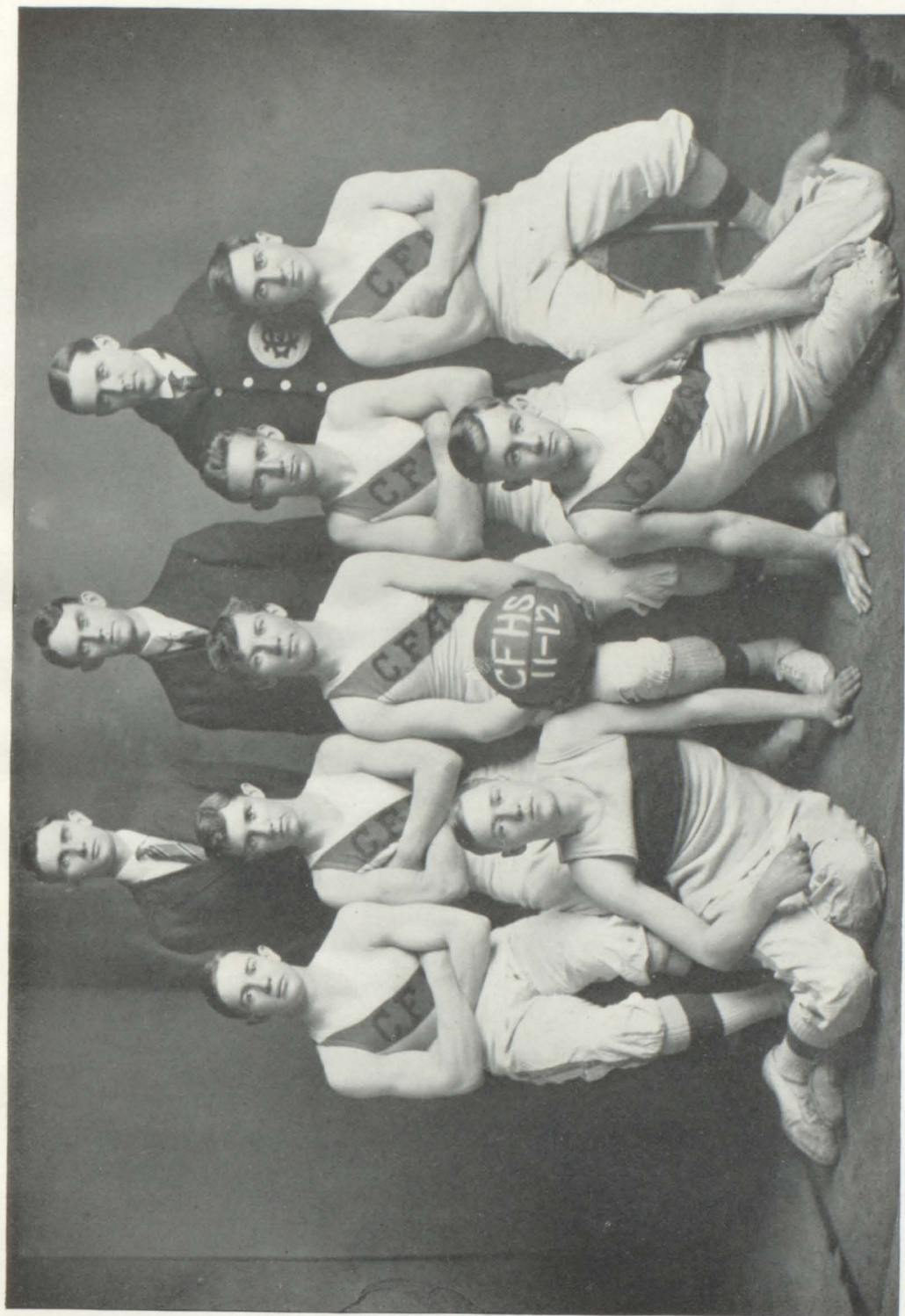
The high school maintains teams in Basketball and Baseball. Football is not played on account of lack of funds and material. It is hoped, however, that in the near future a creditable team can be placed on the football field and, since it is an established fact that Chagrin High never gives up until time is called, a good team is assured. A track team is not maintained for the same reason.

Much has been said about "Chagrin Spirit." This is sometimes scoffed at but it is a fact of which we can be exceedingly proud that our athletic teams fight for every point. Coach Glen Gray of Oberlin says our boys are a "bunch of fighters all the way." When the high school turns out such basketball stars as Coombs and Braund of Hiram and many other star college players, there must be something behind it which is, of course, "Chagrin Spirit."

Something should be said of the girls' athletics. Last year each class had a basketball team uniformed and possessed of the same "Spirit" that inspired the boys in the Varsity games.

Here's hoping that good old Chagrin High will have even better athletic teams in the future.

S. J. S., '12.



THE TEAM

Ridge—Student Mgr.
Page—L., F.

Teare—Faculty Mgr.
H. Coombs—R. F. & Capt.

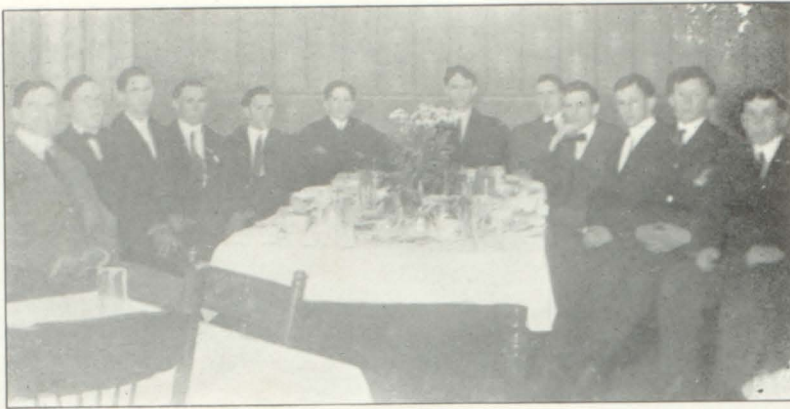
Crafts
R. Coombs—C.

Waite—R. G.

Reed—Sub.

Shepard—Sub.

Kline—L. G.



BASKETBALL

The basketball season of 1911-12 has been a very successful one. Eighteen games were played and fifteen victories fell to Chagrin. One of the defeats was administered by the Alumni and the other two by Springfield High. Besides many high school contests, games were played with some of the fastest Y. M. C. A. teams of Cleveland. The high schools of Cleveland did not wish to risk marring their records by playing such a small high school as Chagrin.

The team was entered, again, in the tournament held at Delaware by the Ohio Wesleyan University. Here they played six games, two being defeats by Springfield. Third place was taken in the tournament but this position did not carry with it a cup.

Chagrin feels proud of its athletic teams for they do not enjoy the services of a coach as do many larger high schools.

The team for the coming season will be weakened by the graduation of Kline, H. Coombs, Page and Shepard, but good material is coming on to fill their positions.

A banquet was given the team at the Wyckoff House on April 8th. At this, Merrill Reed was elected captain for the coming season.

The following is a record of games played:

C. F. H. S.	35	Columbia Jrs.	11
C. F. H. S.	20	Alumni	26
C. F. H. S.	48	Ravenna High	13
C. F. H. S.	19	Lend-a-Hand Stars	18
C. F. H. S.	19	University School	16
C. F. H. S.	46	Pioneers	24
C. F. H. S.	28	Lorain High	12
C. F. H. S.	40	Elyria High	35
C. F. H. S.	46	Hiram Freshmen	12
C. F. H. S.	47	Dink's Anchors	14
C. F. H. S.	29	West "Y"	26
C. F. H. S.	27	Stivers High	19
C. F. H. S.	34	Springfield High	37
C. F. H. S.	24	Crestline High	7
C. F. H. S.	27	Marysville High	13
C. F. H. S.	15	Nelsonville High	10
C. F. H. S.	12	Springfield High	27
C. F. H. S.	32	Elyria High	28

548

348
H. A. C., '12
S. R., '14.



THE TEAM

Harris—Student Manager										E. C. Teare—Faculty Manager	
Bentley	Halsey	Waite	Page	Elliott	U. Coombs	H. Coombs	Richardson	Reed	R. Coombs	Ridge	Shepard—(Captain)
Kline—(absent)											

Base Ball

Baseball at Chagrin Falls High School has been gaining in strength and popularity for the last three years. Four years ago the team played small local nines only. The branching-out system has developed with the increase in playing strength until this year the team is playing such large high schools as Berea, Chardon, Elyria, etc. The nine, for the second year, is captained by Sim Shepard.

The first game of the present season was with Chardon High School. The members of the Chardon team appeared in new cardinal and black uniforms and the Chagrin players, for the first time in many years, shone resplendent in expensive new gray and black uniforms.

Page was easily the star of the game accepting ten chances without a slip. The terrible slaughter is told by the score, 13-3, which ended in Chagrin's favor.

The second game was played against Elyria High School. It was a poor showing for Chagrin, due to the absence of H. Coombes, U. Coombes, Ridge and Bentley which so weakened the team that Elyria had easy picking. Richardson mistook center field for second base and woke up when someone pounded him with the ball. The score, 7-2. The team hopes to be in better condition on May 4th when it goes up against the fast Berea High nine.

S. J. S., '12.

THE SCHEDULE

C. F. H. S.	13	Chardon	3
C. F. H. S.	2	Elyria	7
C. F. H. S.	7	Berea	(10 innings) 6
C. F. H. S.		Bedford	
C. F. H. S.		Berea	
C. F. H. S.		Bedford	

Open Date June 8th.

Musical Organization



Music.

Boys' Glee Club

President—Owen Carlton.

Secretary—Warren Parker.

Treasurer—Maurice Shumaker.

Property Manager—Sim Shepard.

Girls' Glee Club

President—Aleata Johns.

Secretary—Helen Brewster.

Treasurer—Lucile Stoneman.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Dan Taber	Robert Richardson	Merrill Reed	Ralph Coombs	Sam Ridge	Harley Coombs	Carlyle Harris	Claude Oberlin	Carlton Lowe
Mr. E. C. Miller	Clarence Waite	Maurice Shumaker	Owen Carlton	Warren Parker	Sim Shepard	Turner Kline	Fred Page	
	Reveley Beattie	Joe Mattis		Harry Halsey	Harold Bright			

The Boys' Glee Club

The first Boys' Glee Club of Chagrin Falls High School was organized during the present school year. Although the public appearances of the club have been very few, those few showed that the High School has plenty of excellent material for such a musical organization.

In September, every boy in the High School had his voice tried and the best singers were assigned their respective places in the club. After the membership was settled, a meeting was called for organization. At this, Owen Carlton was elected President; Warren Parker, Secretary; Maurice Shumaker, Treasurer; and Sim Shepard, Property Man.

The club then began practice under the direction of Principal E. C. Miller. The first public appearance was at one of the rhetorical exercises held in the Assembly Hall. The following numbers were given: "When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear," and "Women".

The success of this organization is due to Principal E. C. Miller and to Mrs. Zoe Long Fouts, both of whom have devoted a great deal of time to it, all of which has been fully appreciated by the members of the club.

Now that the 1912 Boys' Glee Club has succeeded so well, let us look forward to the coming years, hoping to see the Chagrin Falls High School producing one of the finest Glee Clubs in Northern Ohio. May the good work, well begun, continue.

O. L. C., '12.

The Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club was organized March fourteenth, nineteen hundred and twelve, by Mrs. Zoe Long Fouts, Supervisor of Music and Miss Lila Coit, Assistant Principal. The club now is composed of sixteen members, eight high sopranos and eight altos. The members were chosen by Mrs. Fouts upon their merits. Considering the age of the organization and the experience of its members, the results are very satisfactory. Next year more members may be taken in but those that now compose the club will continue to be the charter members.

Rehersals are held each Thursday from three-thirty to four-thirty, with Mrs. Fouts as director. At present the club has three songs well in hand: "Merry June," "Brownie's Song," and "Twilight."

The club appeared for the first time at the Annual School Concert in May and the piece rendered was "The Brownies." "Twilight" will be sung by the club as one of numbers at the Baccalaureate exercises. Such a satisfactory beginning can only have a more glorious future.

M. B. I., '13.

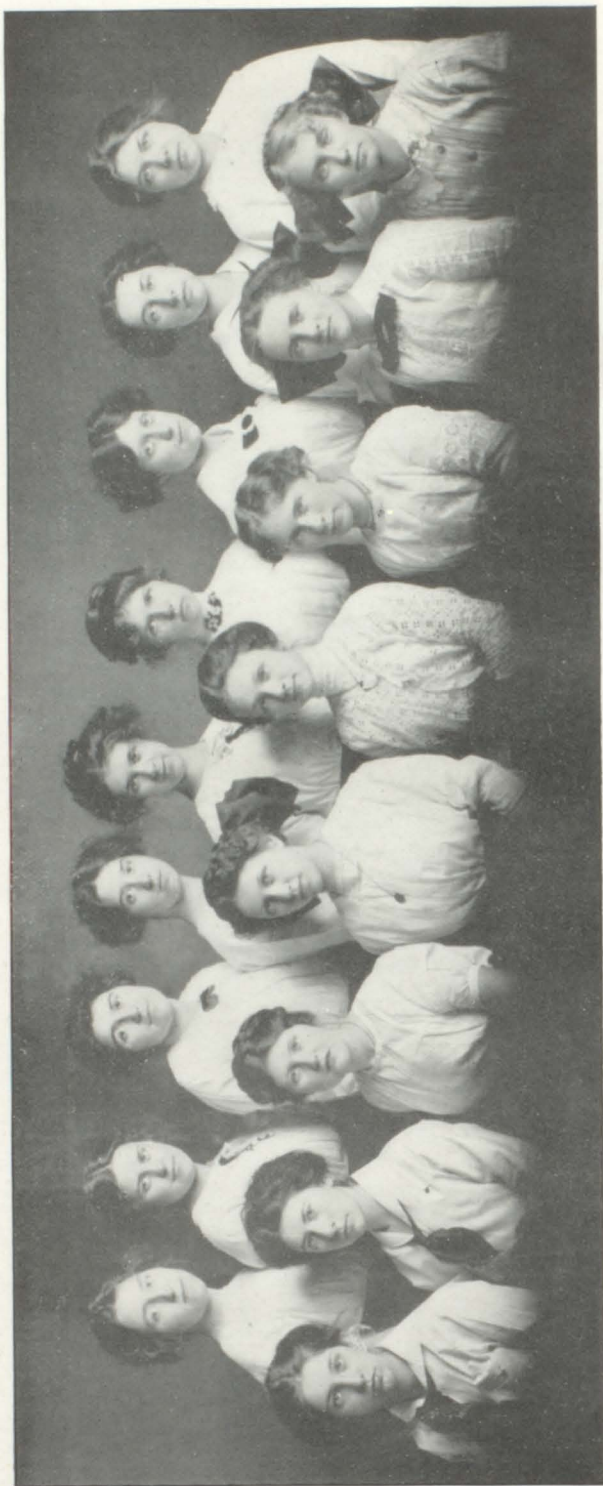
The Orchestra

One of the new organizations of which our high school has had reason to be proud during this year and which has reflected glory upon its members and upon the high school, is the infant, not-yet-well-known but going-to-be-well-known auxiliary of the Chagrin High Musical Club sometimes called "The Orchestra" but better known as "Ye Ivory Ticklers" and "Rip-saw Artists." This company was organized in the early part of the school year for mutual pleasure and improvement. It made its first public appearance at one of our rhetoricals before an august and appreciative body of students and visitors.

The Orchestra and the Boys' Glee Club are parts of the same organization having the same officers and being governed by the same rules and regulations. The Orchestra like the Glee Club consists of male members only. Its present membership is: Mr. E. C. Miller, first violin and instructor; Turner B. Kline, first violin; Howard H. Davis, Orvin A. Goodwin, and Charlie W. Huggett, second violin; Harry Halsey, pianist.

The Orchestra has been a success and has established itself securely among the other school activities.

C. H., '13.
E. C. M.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Mona L. Sanderson	Mary B. Iredale	Miss Lila E. Coit	Georgiene G. Hutchinson	Joyce L. Sheffield	Edna F. Wrentmore
Muriel E. Nichols	Louise C. Brewster	Lucile W. Stoneman	Olive A. Robens	Helen Brewster	Aleata J. Johns
Bernice L. Ober	Darline C. Phinney	Irene L. Davis	Bernice G. Fleming	Mary F. Kent	



THE ORCHESTRA

T. B. Kline, First Violin
H. H. Halsey, Pianist

H. H. Davis, Second Violin
C. W. Huggett, Second Violin

E. C. Miller, Instructor and First Violin
O. A. Goodwin, Second Violin



A DOUBLE VICTORY

"By George, but I'm in a nice fix," cried the outraged young Junior of Yale College as he finished reading his father's last letter, in which he stated that he positively forbade his marrying "that Betty Betts, the daughter of a good-for-nothing violinist."

"Now, what am I to do? When father makes up his mind to anything you might as well try to move the Rock of Gibraltar as to change him. He has been a pa and ma to me ever since I was a little shaver and now look at the mess we are in, and she's just the dearest little girl in the world, but, oh goodness, what is the use of meditation? Get up and do something, lazy bones. If he would only see her, but it's no use, he won't let me bring her and introduce her or—Ah! I have it, wonder if it will work. Dad would like to see our Yale-Harvard game so I'll send him a ticket and of course I'll give Betty one, and what's to hinder me getting them side by side? Then I'll put Betty wise and she'll make a hit all right—trust her—and then—poor old dad to have to be plotted against this way, but it's all for a good cause, so hurray!—here goes."

The letter sent to father was very brief but it enclosed a ticket for a first class seat for the big game of the following week. There were many things to take up Terry Martin's time till the "fatal" day arrived and he entered into the football spirit with his usual cheer and vim, but all the time he was chuckling over his brilliant scheme. Finally the day came, which was to decide all things for Terry Martin, and daddy came on the early train to have a visit with his son before the great event was pulled off.

Thus the early part of the day passed very pleasantly and all went off in good humor to see "Yale trim Harvard up."

The elder Mr. Martin secured his seat and found himself among an excited throng of young people, but it wasn't long before he took notice of a very charming young lady at his left, who, in the excitement

and bustle, managed to drop her gloves quite close to Mr. Martin's feet. Of course this circumstance and the rescuing of the unfortunate gloves by Terry's gallant daddy, started a very interesting conversation which ended in Mr. Martin's proclaiming her "a trump"—to himself, of course.

The game was over, after an extremely exciting contest between the well-trained teams, and the Blue and Whites were crowned victors by one point.

Terry Martin hurried through the crowd of congratulators and sought his father to find out, if possible, the result of his scheme.

He was met by, "Fine game, my boy, fine game, you certainly did splendid work, boy, splendid work and didn't she smile sweetly when I picked them up? What? I did? Why, ah—I'm sure it was a mistake—of course I meant the game, I surely am proud of you, boy."

This was all that was said just then but it was sufficient to show young Martin that his plan had begun all right. He took dad to supper to meet some friends and also to see what would happen when he introduced his father to the newly found friend of the afternoon. Shortly after supper, and before the other guests arrived, two young ladies entered, arm in arm. One of these was the fair Betty, the other a friend of hers, a Miss Wrentworth.

Miss Wrentworth was introduced first to Mr. Martin and all, but the young lady herself, were surprised to hear Mr. Martin address her thus, "Why, my dear young lady, how do you do? I hope you succeeded in getting home with both gloves," while Betty, waiting to hear no more, rushed up to the younger Martin, and said, "Oh, Terry! I'm so sorry but I just couldn't get to the game, mamma was taken sick and I couldn't possibly leave her and there wasn't time to do anything so I gave my ticket to Peggy Wrentworth and she went, and Oh, Terry dear, I forgot to tell her about your scheme, I was so fussed. And what do you think? She came home and told me about a lovely, old gentleman who sat next to her and described him and then I knew—oh! what shall we do?"

They were interrupted by "the lovely, old gentleman" himself, who asked what he had done that he couldn't be introduced. So the introduction was given and I do not believe it would take much searching to find the hole in the floor where Betty and Terry dropped thru, when soon after daddy was heard to remark, "I don't blame you one bit, my boy, take her if her father doesn't object to a harum-scarum fellow like you, she's a dream, and, well—she's a friend of Miss Wrentworth."

JOYCE SHEFFIELD, '13.

THE PEACEMAKER

Auntie Hodge was my friend in need, my friend indeed. Ever since I was a wee tot with pigtails and abbreviated skirts I had run to her with my troubles. She had always known the remedy for every ailment. Perhaps it was force of habit which led me now to Auntie's little cottage at the bend. Yes, it must have been for I did not have faith in even Auntie Hodge's power to mend a broken heart. And a broken heart I had. Why shouldn't I have? Hadn't Jack failed me? Hadn't I placed all the faith in the world in Jack? Jack was stubborn, down right stubborn and I had told him so. He had returned the compliment and we had parted forever. He was going west to forget, if possible, and I—well—I was going to plod away at home, teaching and forgetting. I had succeeded fairly well at teaching but had failed utterly at forgetting. After one miserable week I decided to call on Auntie Hodge. I arrived at her little cottage in a particularly dejected mood. She met me in her usual sunny manner. I sat on the steps at her feet and gazed gloomily into space. Auntie rocked a little while in silence, then looking down at me, she said dreamily:

"I was jest a-thinkin', dearie, 'bout Phyllis Graham an' Si Hayes 'long in '52. Phyllis had jest about such hair as yours, sort o' copper colored when the sun shone on it. She was a mite slighter'n you are, though, didn't weigh a hunderd, quite—kind o' frail like one o' them little white vi'lets down by the fence. She thought the world o' Si an' Si jest doted on her. He was big an' strong an' brown"—I thought of Jack—"jest the kind to sort o' pertect her like she ought to be pertected fer she was one o' them sort o' leanin' kind that needs some one to fall back against an' Si, he was mighty willin' to be her leanin' post an' Phyllis she was right anxious to have him. Trouble was, he was spunky, every one in Happy Village knew that,—best hearted boy 't ever was but spunky to a crisp. An' Phyllis, fer all she was natchly dependent, she could be mighty independent at times. Some folks is that way. Well one Sunday afternoon, 'bout such a day as this, Phyllis an' Si went walkin' an' when they come back Si left her at the gate,—didn't come up an' set a while like he gen'lly did. Phyllis, she said, 'Goodbye, Mister Hayes,' with lots o' force on the 'Mister,' an' a-holdin' her head mighty high, she walked real airish-like into the house. I saw it all from our front porch an' I knew somethin' was up. 'T was nigh onto a week 'fore I saw her ag'in. Then she was settin' on her front porch lookin' so glum that I went up an' asked her what the trouble was. She begun to kind o' cry an' say she didn't mean nothin', that Si was unreasonable an' stubborn, that he didn't love her any more, an' what's more she didn't care if he didn't. But I 'low she took on considerable fer a person that didn't care. I braced her up best I could an' told her o' course he was to blame fer he allays was stubborn an' set as a mule,

with more spunk than sense. I didn't know the cause o' all the trouble but I thought I'd find out sooner or later an' sure enough I did. I 'low I was sort o' disgusted-like when I found out, fer I never was much fer little petty squabbles anyway. I say if you want to fight, first get a good cause, then fight."

Here Auntie's curls bobbed emphatically and her rocker forced the loose board beneath it to squeak in lusty approval. Then Auntie Hodge laughed reminiscently and lapsed back into the Land of Long Ago.

"An' what do you think the trouble was all about, honey? Why, Phyllis wrote a letter to her cousin Harvey Fitch, down Independence way an' give it to Henry Simms to mail. Henry (he allays was a nosey sort of fellow, anyway) he went an' told Si, t' he guessed Phyllis must have a beau down to Independence. He said that he'd been mailin' letters fer her an' he kind o' guessed somethin' was up. At first Si didn't believe it but when he saw the letter addressed in Phyllis' own hand-writin' he was that jealous he jest couldn't get it out his head an' he kept gettin' madder 'n' madder. So Sunday when they went walkin', he asked her real uppish-like, how long she'd been a-writin' to other fellows. If he'd a' asked her a little different, she'd have explained matters, but, as I said, Si was stubborn an' Phyllis could be mighty airish at times. Well, she jest told him she'd like to know if it was any o' his concern, an' the thing went on,—both of them gettin' spunkier an' spunkier 'till finally the crash came. Si told her it was nothin' to him anyway an' o' course he didn't care who she corresponded with. That 'didn't care' just broke Phyllis all up but she wouldn't show it an' now the little thing was just a pinin' herself away, tryin' to fergit him. But her spunk wouldn't let her tell the truth o' the matter an' fix things up. Well, I sympathized with her an' told her that, in my opinion, she hadn't lost much anyway fer Si allays was a worthless sort o' fellow an' that between her an' me I didn't think he'd ever amount to a hill o' beans. Well, jest about that time Phyllis began to kind o' set up an' take notice an' her eyes sort o' shot fire at me, I didn't say much more but went back home, thinkin' 'twas better to kindle a fire an' let it burn slow than to burn all the fuel at once. On my way back I met Si. He was lookin' right down-hearted, too. Real confident like he told me his tale o' woe. It was about like Phyllis' 'ceptin' that accordin' to him, she was the unreasonable one 'stead o' him. After I'd heard it through, I just agreed with him an' told him that she allays was uppish an' kind o' airy an' I guessed she was fickle jest like other gals. (I hated to talk so 'bout my friends but I saw it was all fer the best.) When I saw those same dangerous, little lights sort o' leap up in his eyes, says I to myself, says I, 'Elmiry, your little scheme ain't so bad after all', fer I felt that I'd started two fires that 'u'd be sparkin' together 'fore long. An' sure

enough they did, dearie, an' everything ended up real happy an' Phyllis an' Si was married come June."

Auntie Hodge laughed and I felt her eyes upon me as she said:

"You see 'twas jest their spunk; both o' them was that stubborn they wouldn't give in 'till they'd heard t'other one slandered a little. Then they couldn't stan' it no longer but jest nach'ly drifted back together again. Trouble was both of them was a little mite slow in comin' half-way."

Well, I left Auntie Hodge far off in the Land of Dreams and on my way home I—met Jack—halfway—and the more I think about it, I guess I'll go west with Jack. He says it's a beautiful country and I always did like to travel.

OLIVE CURTISS, '13.

Some Page Themes

Value of the School Annual

The sending out of an Annual is a valuable addition to school requirements. The whole Annual is the work of the various classes and they take pride in having every feature of it the very best possible. Scholars are urged to enter drawings, original poems, and stories, in fact anything which will in any way add to the attractiveness of the Annual. This inspires a desire on the part of all to do their best. The class which puts out the Annual is given training in the management of business affairs. Besides the instructive value to those who are in school at the time it is published, the Annual is appreciated by the members of the Alumni and by interested outsiders who like to know what the school is doing.

O. C., '13

The Spring

It is such a beautiful spot, this little dell through which a brook flows glinting, that it is made the rendezvous of innumerable wood folk. The cool green shadows, the sweet waters welling up in its rock basin and slipping with a silvery tinkle into the crystal depths of the stream, have a charm for the dainty creatures. They fill the air with their soft warble and scatter and bound over the mossy stones and fragrant pine needles beneath the low evergreens. To see a spring set like a gem in such a dull, green, fern embroidered slope, one would almost think that Mother Nature, after fashioning the glen with her marvelous fingers, had been struck with the want of just such a sparkle. Stooping and scraping aside the leaves, she had set free the imprisoned jewels, which sliding down an invisible chain had worn away the mossy rock basin where they now lay, dimpling and mirroring back at the wood fairies which come there to prune and gossip. Seldom does a mortal wander into the glen, but if he comes, the sweet charm of the fairy-like spot is never forgotten.

A. K., '15.

How to Write a Theme

The steps requisite in writing a theme are four: collection of material, making of outline, expansion of outline, and revision and correction. The material used may be the writer's own views on the subject or it may be something that he gained through research or from some person of authority on the subject. The outline is then made with reference to the material collected. In making the outline one must decide upon the proper amount of space for each view-point discussed. The expansion of the outline consists of expressing in one's own words the substance of the subject matter prepared, following the outline closely. Revision includes all rhetorical corrections, re-arrangement of sentences and paragraphs and corrections in spelling and punctuation.

M. N., '13.

One Danger of Excessive Novel Reading

One danger of excessive novel reading is that it creates laziness. If a person is in a nice, warm room reading a novel, the warmth, together with the interest of the book, makes him feel as if he had nothing else to do. Another help towards laziness from novel reading is that usually one of the characters in the story is not inclined to work; this might influence the reader towards following the example set. Even the scenery described in the course of the book would have a bad effect on some persons; for instance, a description of some balmy country like Mexico or California, where the weather is warm and where people lounge around most of the time.

S. J. S., '12.

THE JUNIOR LECTURE COURSE

Under the inspiration and encouragement of our superintendent, the Junior class of 21 members undertook the responsibility of presenting a Lecture Course.

After consulting agents of various bureaus we decided to engage the talent offered by the Coit Lyceum Bureau of Cleveland. We agreed upon a \$300 course and owing to the favor of Mr. Coit we secured most noted and interesting lecturers and speakers and most enjoyable entertainments. The first entertainment on our course was given by Balmer's "Kaffir Boy Choir." It was a novel and instructive number and was enjoyed by young and old. The second was the lecture of Capt. Richmond P. Hobson who gave his famous lecture on "America's Destiny." His talk was intensely interesting and contained some startling statistics. The third was the Euclid Male Quartet, which rendered a very pleasing concert and their fine team-work was especially noticeable. The fourth was the "Servant in the House," read by Miss Margaret Stahl who won warm applause by her charming rendition of this famous English novel. The fifth and last number was given by Albert Edward Wiggam on "Dollars and Sense." The lecture abounded in wisdom and excellent advice as to what constitutes real value.

We received over \$400 from the sale of tickets. We paid \$300 for our entertainments and \$100 towards a new grand piano which has been placed in Assembly Hall. Our class worked harmoniously and we agree with those that patronized our course that the Junior Lecture Course of the C. F. H. S. of 1911-12 was a notable success. M. S., '13.

THE NEAREST WAY

Why did the little Senior boys
Out of the window go,
When through the door they might have gone
So easily and slow?

They'd been dismissed from English class,
Back to their room to go;
But there Miss Coit had German I,
So what were they to do?

Perhaps they made a little noise,
For then Miss Coit began
And gave them quite a scolding
Which frightened some of them.

"Sit down or else get out," she said;
"My class is all disturbed,
You boys make such an awful noise
That I cannot be heard."

The boys, in their bewilderment,
Looked to the right and left;
The door, alas! was far away,
A shorter way were best.

So then one daring agile youth
Far up the window threw,
And motioned to the other boys,
What he was going to do.

Then quickly to the window,
They silently did come
And then upon the ground below
They dropped down one by one.

Of course Miss Coit was horrified,
For that was worse than ever,
To think her boys would play such pranks,
They'd always pulled together.

She kept them after school was out
And asked them why they did it;
They all were loath to make reply
And on each other laid it.

The only excuse that they had
Was "they were in a hurry;"
She'd spoken to them rather cross
And put them in a flurry.

But this is why the Senior boys
Did out the window go,
When through the door they should have gone.
" 'Twas easier—but slow."

RUTH GOLDBACH, '12.

WHO IS IT?

Who is it, no matter how strongly you bluff,
Will spoil your small game for you surely enough?
Who somebody thinks must be made of good stuff?

Mr. Miller.

Who is it, who shaketh his finger at you,
Whose glance, when he warms up, pierces you through?
And gives you the tables so often to do?

Mr. Teare.

Who is it, when after a fast rushing gait,
Up a flight of stairs calls to you, "Stop there please! Wait!
Now walk up those stairs at a reasonable rate?"

Miss Bruce.

And who is it, pray, cracks jokes by the score,
And some sad to say will make you feel sore,
Yet you always are ready to hear a few more?

Miss Coit.

D. P., '15.

AN INDIAN TALE

'Twas a misty, hazy spring day,
And the sun, now veiled, now beaming,
Poured down on the little valley
Invitation to the oak leaves,
To the maples and the chestnuts,
Bidding them unfold their treasures;
Coaxing also from the brown earth,
Little things with dainty faces,
All the trees and grass and flowers
Answered with a misty greenness,
Veiled in places with the blush pink
Of the blossoms of the apple,
Insects hummed a dance ecstatic
And the birds with mating passion
Poured forth pæons to the spring tide.
To its bosom had the river
Gathered countless rills and streamlets,
Bore them now on thru the valley
Till the waters with wild daring,
Leaped in mists and rainbow colors
From a ledge of moss grey strata.
Here where thunder of the falling
Filled the valley with a murmur,
On a bank which, sloping gently,
Offered place for lodge and wigwam,
Dwelt a band of Iroquois Indians.

On this day in early springtime,
Came a brave and stalwart Indian
To the lodge of Chibrabos,
To the wigwam of the chieftain.
Chibrabos was the chieftain
And Wennoah was his daughter.
'Twas for love of this Wennoah
Came the youth unto her father.
But Chibrabos wisely speaking
Saith, "A name and excellent honor
Must that Indian warrior have
Who would wed a chieftain's daughter."
Sadly turned he from the wigwam,
But his heart was filled with daring,
In his eyes determination.
Told he all his friends his going,
Bade Wennoah wait his coming;
Then went he into the forest
Forth to win fair fame and honor,

As the forest shade enclosed him
Hid his form within its deepness,
Then Wennoah turned and sighing
Passed within her father's dwelling.
Filled were all the summer hours

With her labor for her people.
Dear was she to every heart;
Loved and worshiped by the children,
Loved and sought by all the young braves.
Many came unto Wennoah
And with eloquent pleading,
Told their love and all their assets,
Fame achieved in Indian warfare,
Honors won by brave endurance,
All the riches of their wigwams
All the reasons of their seeking.
But Wennoah ever answered,
"Nay I cannot grace thy wigwam,
I am promised wife of Wabum."
But as months sped, and he came not,
Oft they came unto Wennoah,
Urging, pleading but she answered,
"If he comes not I will wed not."
In the evening as the sun sank,
Waiting the returning hunters
By the lodging of the chieftain,
Sat Wennoah ever longing.

Even so it was with Wabum,
He too sat and watched the sun drop
Out of sight behind the hills;
Pondered on his long hard journey
Down the valley of Ohionhiio,
Over dark clothed hills of cedar,
E'en to where the Mississippi's
Mighty flood swept to the Southland;
Pondered on his many fastings,
On his fighting and his praying,
Fell asleep beneath the oak trees,
Dreamed of home and of Wennoah,
Saw her ill and heard her calling,
Vainly calling, "Come, Oh, Wabum,
Come, my lover, ere I leave thee."
With a start he woke and sprang up,
But the dream stayed with him always,
Till at last in anguished spirit,
He turned homeward to Wennoah.

As it colder grew, the Northwinds
Sent their warnings unto Wabum.
But with stout heart and fur garments,
Still he journeyed on, till one day,
When the grey skies darker grew,
Slinking, stealthily, slow and deadly,
(Stalking prey unseen by Wabum)
Stole a panther from the thicket.
Wabum's Indian heart grew cold
As he saw a fair skinned child,

Which to him was like a spirit,—
Stand in gleeful childish wonder,
While upon him crept the wildcat.
Twang! and swift and sure and deadly,
Feathered tip and flinty point
Caught the wild beast in its breast,
While with roar of baffled anger
Once it lunged and struck the child,
Only once, and was no more.
But the cruel claws had wounded
And with awe and Indian's reverence
Wabum bore the pale faced baby
Towards the ridge where curling smoke
Told of someone's habitation.
Tho the child's fair arm was bleeding
From a deep and ugly clawing,
And from fear he shrank and trembled,
From his white lips words impassioned
Begged a frenzied father not to shoot.
But the powder flashed, and Wabum
Shivered as the missile struck him.
Ah, could care and careful nursing
E'er efface that father's sorrow,
That his hand had shot the person
Who had saved his priceless treasure?
All his famous skill as doctor,
All the mother's loving kindness,
Bent themselves to the undoing
Of the great wrong they had done him.

Thru the long slow weeks that followed
Wabum learned that these brave white men
Sought a fertile valley wherein
Leaped a great and mighty waterfall.
Straightway Wabum told the glories
Of his own most loved valley.
And the white men understood
Some of which he tried to tell them;
Planned that at the break of winter
They would journey northward with him.
So it was when they were nearing
The green valley which meant home,
The great sorrow of the Iroquois,
The strange sickness of Wennoah,
(Made known to them by friend of Wabum)
That the doctor said to Wabum,
"Bid thy friend to safely guide them,
While we haste to save Wennoah."

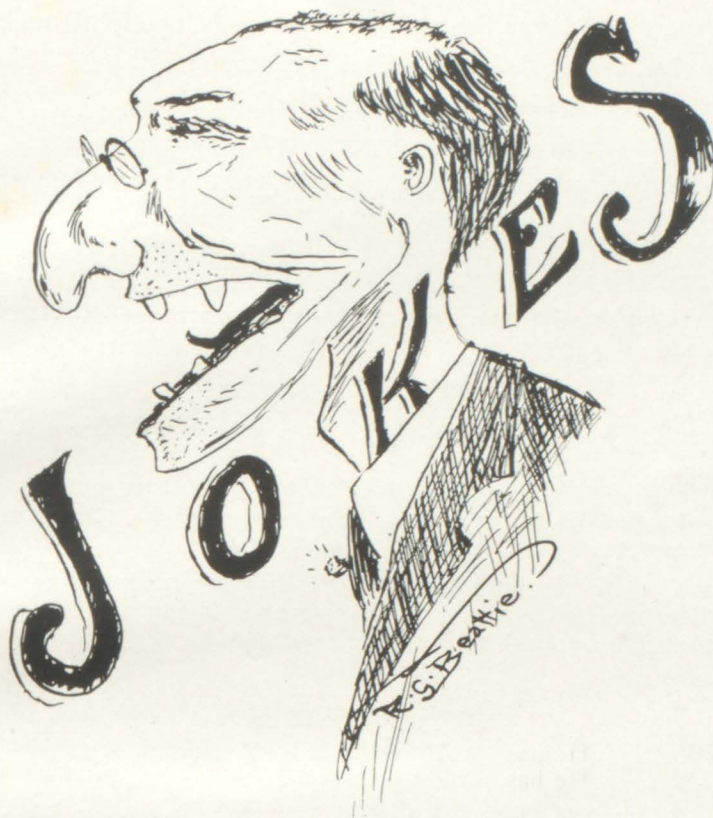
Quickly did they reach the village,
Quickly go to Chibrabos,
Where assembled with his warriors
Council held they for Wennoah.

Wabum craved with deepest reverence
Leave to speak before the chieftain;
Said he, "Many moons I wandered
In the forest, fasting, fighting.
Now I am come to Wennoah,
You have pondered, you have counselled
On the sickness of Wennoah.
Ponder not, nor counsel longer.
The Great Spirit has by Wabum,
Sent a white man to the chieftain,
Sent a Pale Faced God to save her."

'Twas a day of sparkling brightness,
'Twas a day of love and living.
All the Iroquois were assembled,
All the warriors, all the maidens.
For Wennoah saved by white man,
Was to come forth, was to greet them.
As his daughter stood before him,
Spoke Chibrabos the kind father,
"'Tis thy birthday, Oh Wennoah
Ask that something may be granted."
Then Wennoah, faltering said,
"Make of him a warrior, Father,
Change my lover's name to one that
Will be fitting his achievements.
He has wandered, fasting, fighting;
He has saved the white man's child;
He has dared death of starvation,
That he might bring life to me."
In his glorious youth and vigor,
Wabum stood before his chieftain,
While his cause his loved one pleaded.
Chibrabos then made answer;
"Take her, then, my son Newanna,
Thou art no more called Wabum,
But Newanna, doer of good."

As the twilight fell, the lovers
Stood beside the leaping waters.
Spake Newanna, "The White Spirit
Called it Chagrin as he watched it,
But to me it is the Blessed."
And Wennoah smiled and answered
"So to me, oh Lover Wabum,
So to me husband Newanna."

A. K., '15.



Geometry quiz: Find the points to these jokes.

Mr. Miller in Junior Physics: "Now if we had a straight ruler slightly curved we could go ahead alright."

Mr. Teare, in Agriculture: "Where was our lesson today?"

Mildred H.: "Start on Page 24 and go to Grass."

Mrs. Fouts, in music class: "Now ready, 'All the Angels Stand.'"

Mr. Teare sits down but Mr. Miller remains standing.

Henry Clay, Jr. is not the only villain in the Beattie family. You ought to see how Hugh carves his desk.

When Owen's feet go to sleep you can almost hear them snore.

Mr. Miller, to Hugh in Geometry: "Hugh, do you know what we are talking about?"

Hugh: "Yes'm! Geometry, if I remember rightly."

Good morning Harley is Fanchion Stillwell?

Miss Fouts (teaching "The Mice"): "Tenors please sing, 'around her neck suspended.'"

Anyone would know Sam was a Ridge by the one in his back.

If he had a baby doll would Charlie Huggett?

Some girls look like fish, especially Darline Phinney.

Don't get married, Ralph, you can start a fight anywhere.

Fred in German Class: "The goat knocked the hunter into the "Ab-scess" (abyss).

Miss Coit to Turney in German: "Be careful and don't get his nose on her face."

Miss Coit in General History: "Give chief cause of Henry IV's death."

Hugh: "Why, because he had no heir."

Mr. Teare (explaining rhymed couplet in Jr. English): "Pope has as five regular feet as anybody."

Orrell R. (with the toothache): "Well, ain't it funny, I just can't keep my tongue out of my mouth." Everyone laughs. "I mean I just have to keep putting my mouth up to my tooth."

Much notice has been taken of Feather for he seems to be quite happy these days going around whistling and singing and we have concluded that it is because he is through molting.

The Six Best Sellers

"Intimate Interviews with the Irish."—Muriel Nichols.

"Oh, Lord How Long"—Sam Ridge.

(Author of "Watch Us Grow.")

"Love Dreams of a Freshman"—Dan Taber.

"The Art of Talking"—Olive Robens.

(Author of "The Gift of Gab.")

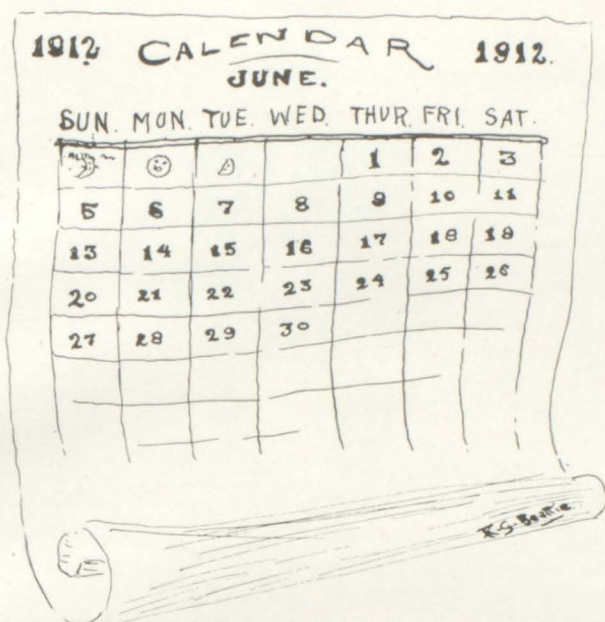
When I saw "The Spring Maid"—T. B. Kline.

(Author of "Edah, Edah.")

"He Loved but She Moved Away."—Sim J. Shepard.

"A Reverie of an Upper Classman"

There once was a Faculty
Presiding o'er a school,
Who had so many studious ones
They knew not what to do.
Some Virgil broth, some German soup
And Law on Botany bread
Were some of the awful things upon—
Which these young folks were fed.
When I a Freshman used to be,
A Latin book they gave to me,
I dug nor idled more.
My head was empty like a cup,
And so it took all knowledge up
Till now it holds no more.



September

11. With rejoicing we return to school.
13. Lessons are started.
15. Several Freshmen enjoy (?) a trip down the iron railing.
29. A few of our Freshmen seemed to have a rather dark appearance (due to stove blacking).

October

6. "Have you seen Carr?"
12. Turner Art Exhibit. Tea and wafers.
13. More tea and wafers.
17. Miss Coit was disgraced for the first time by the "rough-house" of the Senior boys.
18. The school was visited by the State School Commissioner.
27. No school, hurrah! Teachers' Institute.

November

1. Senior Class elects officers.
6. We marveled to learn that heathen could sing, "Kaffir Boys' Choir."
17. First basketball practice.
24. The pictures bought from the Art Exhibit arrive. Rhetoricals.
30. No school. A day of rejoicing, Thanksgiving.

December

1. No. school. A day of remorseing. (The after effect.) Hobson lectured but didn't kiss.
12. The High School was presented with a new dictionary.
15. A free lecture upon the care of the teeth.



Adah' Edah'

Latest photo of T. B. Kline, Ph. B.

- 16. B. B. season opens, Columbia Jrs. Horray, we win!
- 22. School closes for Xmas vacation.
- 25. Alumni game, our one misfortune.
- 29. Ravenna game, (they rode home on the stretchers).

January

- 6. Lend a Hand's. "They needed help."
- 8. School opens.
- 12. We win. U. S. "beat it" off their own floor.
- 19. "Euclid Male Quartet."
- 20. Pioneers, unaccustomed to our fast work.
- 22. Cramming.
- 23-25. Mid Year Exams.
- 26. Reports, Lorain also suddenly disappeared off the map.

February

- 2. Elyria—and still we win.
- 7. "Margaret Stahl."
- 9. Hiram Freshmen, do you like green?
- 16. Anchors. They certainly had to cast their anchor.
- 20. The H. S. was addressed by Rev. Baker.
- 21. Rhetoricals, Seniors lectured? Yes—No?
- 22. No school.
- 23. "Ye Fancy Dress Ball."
- 24. West "Y's". We continue to win.
- 26. The H. S. is addressed by Dr. Cameron.
- 29. Our team starts for Delaware.

March

4. Mass Meeting. We discover oratorical talent as well as B. B. in our team.
6. A. R. Phillips speaks on "Migration of Birds."
8. Elyria—Our boys seem to like it there, (after the game). Why?
13. We are addressed by a blind man.
19. Baseball team is organized.
29. Arthur Baker leads in chapel. Rhetoricals. School closes.
30. College Night.

April

8. Back again. The beginning of the end.
Turney has a new hat? (cut)
9. Albert Edward Wiggam.
12. Mice!!!!
18. Heard in our halls these days. O let's see, oh that's just fine isn't it, I don't like the—picture but still it's pretty good, don't you think so?
19. Arbor Day. Juniors plant a tree.
20. First baseball game against Chardon Hi. We win.
The Seniors visit the library in Cleveland.
27. B. B. team visits Elyria.

May

1. The Annual goes to press.



Gurgle! Gurgle!

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Speaking of pupils, is Harold Bright?
Some girls are worth their weight in gold, but Muriel is worth her's
in nickels.
Does Horace think so?
The Seniors have a page.

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Things Noticed

That the thumb and forefinger of Mr. Teare's left hand have been taking a good deal of exercise.

That the Sophs say that they belong to the army of the Lord, but we are afraid they are a long ways from headquarters.

That the path between the principal's and assistant principal's rooms is becoming all grass grown.

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Cuy. Phone 11

If her property were nearer town would Edna Wrentmore?

If Edna objected would Maurice Shu-maker?

If Chagrin Hi were to have a running race would Orvin Good-win?

When Fritzie calls is Orrell Rood?



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Mr. Miller (in Physics class): "Irene, what kind of heat do you want to furnish your house with?" No answer.

"Well perhaps you would not have the say of it. Vernon, what kind of heat would you want?"

Warren P. (in German): "The blow would have split his head off."
Owen C.: "That's the wrong way of the grain."

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H. E. to Olive (discussing jokes): "How about Owen's lips?"
Olive: "Oh I am always getting soaked."

Wanted—Some one to love.—Roscoe Walters.

Ruth M. (translating German): "I must seize this auspicious moment."

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Frieda (in Geometry): "Angle A = angle B."

Mr. Miller: "Why?"

Frieda: "By hypodnuse."

Should they refuse to pay the telephone operators what would Harry Hal-sey?

When Chagrin Hi gets a girls' baseball team will Joyce Shef-field?

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When she is blue is Melba Brown?
When the girls make fudge does Louise Brew-ster?
Oh! where, oh! where does George Ny-camp?
When she has a beau does Edna De-Kort?
If Claude was at Oberlin wouldn't Harold be Bright?

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If Hugh was a Beet would he be Fried a la Ziegler?
Since Reveley is a Green Beet why doesn't Ruth "Bake-her"
If Howard was All's house would Florence Burnett?
If Gladys wasn't a Page, and Merrill wasn't a Reed, and George
wasn't a pretty Night-cap, wouldn't Orvin be a Good-won?

The Oral [Mouth] Hygiene Auxiliary of Chagrin Falls, Ohio

F. P. SHUMAKER, President

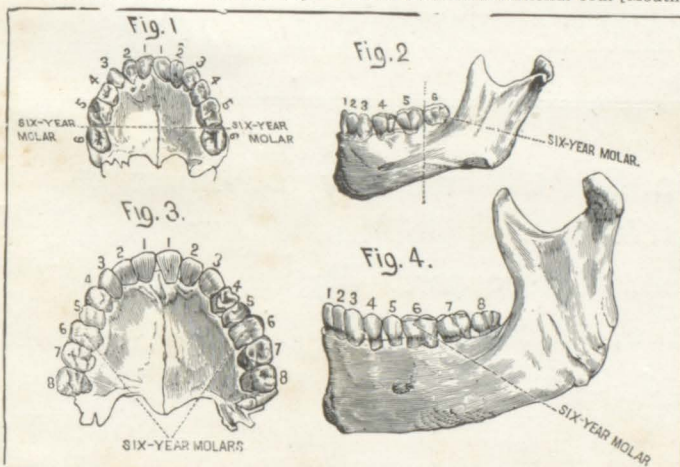
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Charter Member of National Oral [Mouth] Hygiene Association



Members of the school, or others, desiring information or literature on the subject are requested to interview any of the officers, or address the secretary by mail.

It is the aim of the Oral [Mouth] Hygiene Auxiliary to assist both parents and pupils in securing the best information on this important subject.

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CHAGRIN FALLS, OHIO

What verb is associated with pugno? (fight)

Answer—Amo. (love)

Brick: "Well I guess I'll try out for baseball this year."

Stub: "All you can try out for is lard."

GENERAL INFORMATION

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