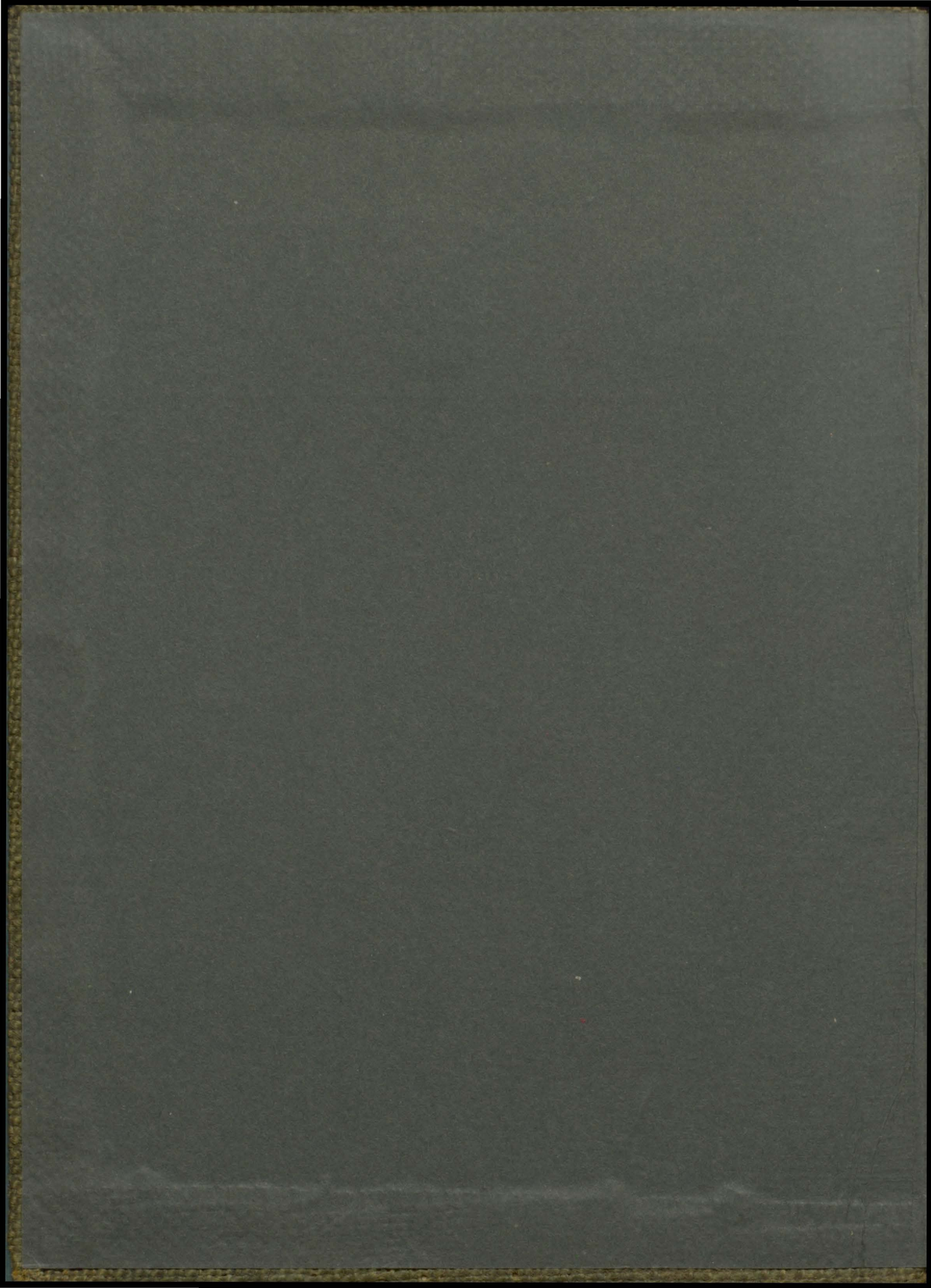


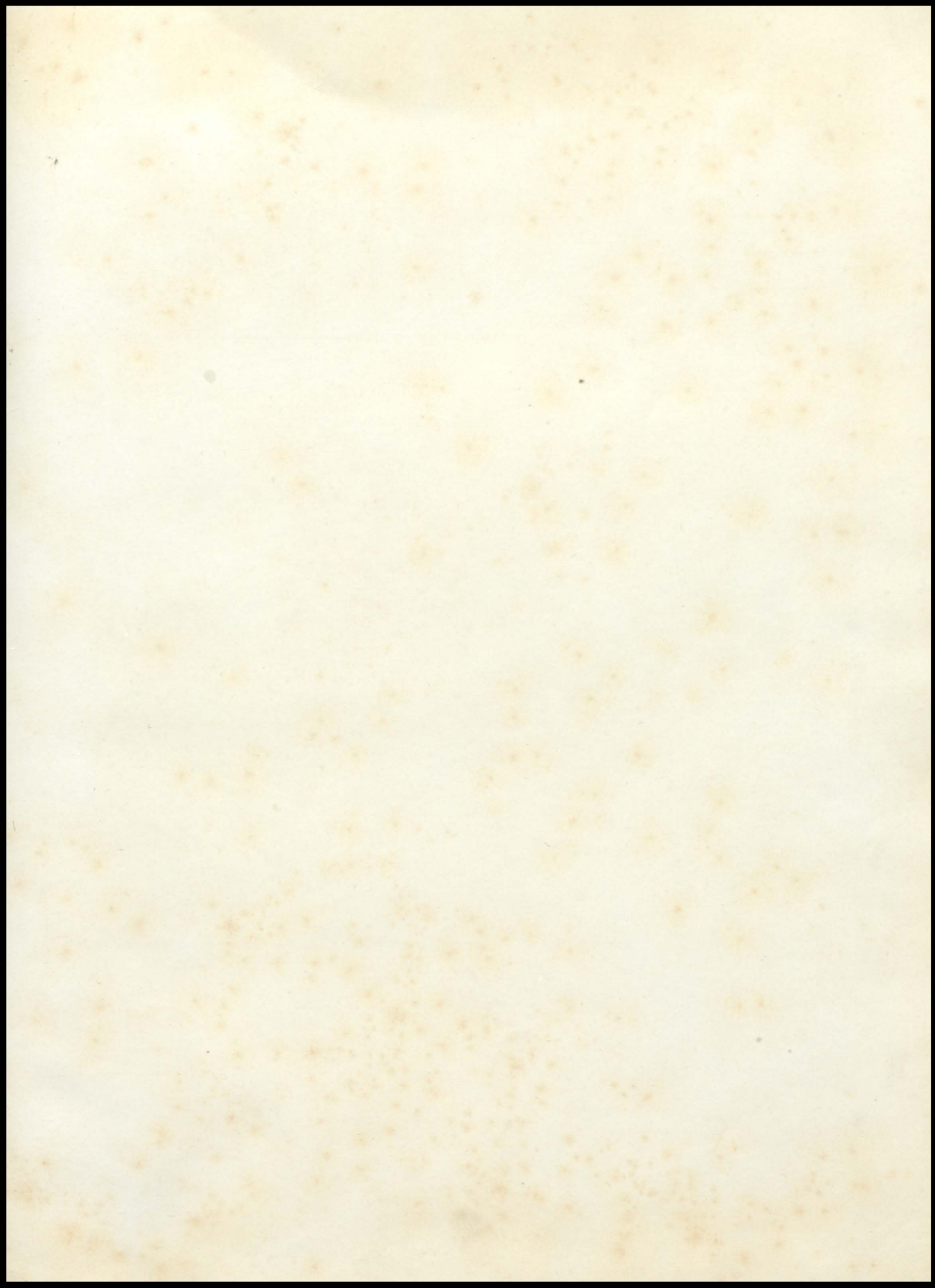
THE ANNUAL



1 9 1 3









THE ANNUAL

CLASS OF 1913

VOL. III



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE SENIOR CLASS
CHAGRIN FALLS HIGH SCHOOL

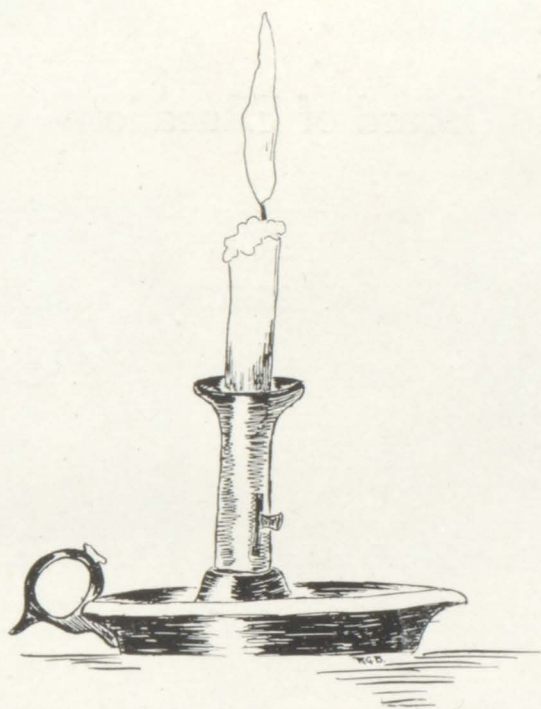


To

Lila E. Coit

Assistant Principal of Chagrin Falls High School

This Volume is Respectfully Dedicated



Board of Education

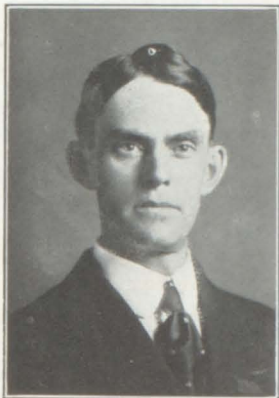
G. D. CAMERON J. A. CHURCH MRS. Z. L. KENT

F. P. SHUMAKER MISS LOA E. SCOTT

F. P. Shumaker, *President* J. A. Church, *Clerk*

L. A. Tenny, *Treasurer*

The Faculty



Ezra C. Teare
Ph. B., Hiram; A. M., Harvard
Superintendent



Ralph H. Gibson
B. S., Mount Union-Scio
Principal



Lila E. Coit
A. B., College for Women, W. R. U.
Assistant Principal



Florence E. Zimmerman
A. B., College for Women, W. R. U.
English I, II



Mrs. Zoe Long Fouts
Supervisor of Music



Permelia T. Tissot
Supervisor of Penmanship

Seniors

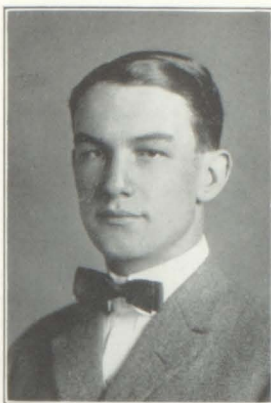


ORGANIZATION

<i>President</i>	Robert H. Richardson
<i>Vice-President</i>	Mary B. Iredale
<i>Secretary</i>	Lucille W. Stoneman
<i>Treasurer</i>	Hilda Ober

Class Flower Lavender and White Sweet Peas

Class Colors Lavender and White



ROBERT H. RICHARDSON, "Roughneck"

Scientific Course.
 President of Class.
 President of Athletic Association.
 Assistant Editor, "The Annual."
 Football, 4 (Capt.)
 Baseball, 2, 3, 4.
 Basketball, 4.
 Boys' Glee Club, 3, 4. (Vice-Pres., 4.)

"It seemed a cherub who had lost its way."



MARY B. IREDALE

Scientific Course.
 Vice-President of Class.
 Managerial Board.
 Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4.

"Pert, chipper and saucy."



LUCILLE W. STONEMAN

Classical Course.
 Secretary of Class.
 Editorial Board.
 Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4. (Treas., 4.)

*"Heaven help the adorer
 Who happens to bore her."*



HILDA OBER

Classical Course.
 Treasurer of Class.
 Editorial Board.
 Girls' Glee Club, 4.

"Go away and let me study."



OLIVE M. CURTISS, "Slim"

Classical Course.

Editor-in-Chief, "The Annual."

*"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."*



J. VERNON CLASS, "Doc"

Classical Course.

Business Manager, "The Annual."

"I'm not lazy, just tired."



MAURICE M. SHUMAKER, "Shoey"

Classical Course.

Assistant Business Manager, "The Annual."

Football, 4.

Boys' Glee Club, 3, 4.

"We must bear what Heaven sends us."



ALEATA J. JOHNS

Scientific Course.

Managerial Board.

Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4.

*"I have marked a thousand blushing apparitions
to start into her face."*



EDNA F. WRENTMORE, "Susan"

Classical Course.

Editorial Board.

Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4.

"For she is wise if I can judge her."



ROSCOE C. WALTERS, "Bosco"

Scientific Course.

Managerial Board.

"In every child there lies hope."



ETHEL I. WINCHELL

Classical Course.

Managerial Board.

"Good sense, which is the gift of Heaven."



CLEON E. MESSENGER

Scientific Course.

Managerial Board.

"The Silent Man of Destiny."



LLOYD F. AYERS

Classical Course.
Editorial Board.
Boys' Glee Club, 4.
Baseball, 4.

*"He hath a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much."*



LOUISE C. BREWSTER

Scientific Course.
Managerial Board.
Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4.

"I'm not always quiet, my eyes can tell you that."



WALTER G. BRADLEY, "Brad"

Scientific Course.
Managerial Board.
Treasurer, Athletic Association.
Boys' Glee Club, 4.

*"We don't want him any longer,
He's long enough already."*



EDNA SHACKSON

Scientific Course.
Editorial Board.

"Not a word spoke she more than was needed."



MILDRED T. HENDERSON

Scientific Course.

Editorial Board.

*"With a toss of the head
That strikes one quite dead."*



CHARLES W. HUGGETT, "Chuck"

Classical Course.

Editorial Board.

Secretary, Athletic Association.

Football, 4.

Boys' Glee Club, 4.

*"The kinks in his hair are nothing to those in his
brain."*



EDNAH DE KORTE

Scientific Course.

Managerial Board.

"A merry heart that laughs at care."



FRANK L. BURTON

Scientific Course.

Managerial Board.

*"Often bashful looks conceal,
A tongue of fire and heart of steel."*



JOYCE L. SHEFFIELD

Scientific Course.

Editorial Board.

Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4. (President, 4.)

"Love me, love my cats." (Only four.)



HARRY W. HALSEY

Scientific Course.

Managerial Board.

Boys' Glee Club, 3, 4.

Football, 4.

Baseball, 4.

"He will be successful, for HE believes all he says."



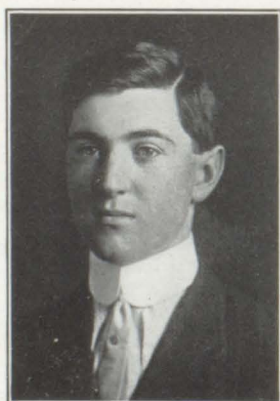
MURIEL E. NICHOLS

Classical Course.

Editorial Board.

Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4.

"A maid of moods, as all folks are who love."



HOWARD MAY, "Dewey"

Scientific Course.

Managerial Board.

Football, 4.

Baseball, 4.

"I never thrust my nose in other men's porridge."



EDNA M. GIFFORD

Scientific Course.
Managerial Board.

"A simple child that knows not the ways of men."



IRENE L. DAVIS, "Renie"

Scientific Course.
Managerial Board.
Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4.

"Lord, how it would talk."

The Lavender and White

Thru Springtime's rain and Summer's glow,
The winds of Fall and Winter's snow;
Thru all the years may these two stay,
The pride of all our numbers gay.
And may they not pass from our sight,
The Lavender and spotless White.

Seniors

<i>Name</i>	<i>Hobby</i>	<i>Ambition</i>	<i>Pride</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>
Joyce Sheffield	Cats	To go West (alone?)	Her studious habits	"Judas Prust!"
Charles Huggett	Reading	To go to Reserve	His curls	"Where's the place?"
Muriel Nichols	Polishing her nails	To be an old maid (she says)	Horace	"By Jing!"
Vernon Class	Loafing	To vote	His big voice	"Do you get the slant?"
Mary Iredale	Collecting letters with 1c stamps	To be a ballet dancer	Her feet	"Beany"
Robt. Richardson	Keeping versed in slang	To start something	His head	"'Scuse me, Judge."
Mildred Henderson	Slamming Sam	To teach kindergarten	Her independence	"Darn it!"
Hilda Ober	Grinding	To be a Hunter	Her report-card	"Have you got your Virgil?"
Louise Brewster	Strolling	To be a society belle	Her eyes	"Oh, you horrid thing!"
Lloyd Ayers	Picture show	To be a great violinist	His youth	"Hully Gee!"
Lucille Stoneman	Just monkeying	To go to college for fun	Her nose	"Oh—honest?"
Ednah DeKorte	Talking	To be a League player	Her giggle	"You tough."
Frank Burton	Wiggling	To be a public speaker	His jewelry	(Never quite audible)
Aleata Johns	Blushing	To be a musician	Her size	"Oh, I guess not that."
Cleon Messenger	Answering questions	To be an orator	His dignity	"I guess so."
Edna Gifford	Being pleasant	To teach	Her simplicity	"How'd you do this line?"
Walter Bradley	Matching pennies	(Has none)	His grin	(He's too timid to speak)
Edna Shackson	Keeping her voice low	To get thru school	Her "friend"	"Gosh!"
Olive Curtiss	Eating "Hershey's"	To get the Annual to press	Her Phi Delt pin	"You old mutton chop."
Harry Halsey	Visiting Dorothea	To be an idol of the fans	His wit	"You in my way?"
Ethel Winchell	Studying	To get her lessons	Her energy	"Why—a—"
Howard May	Minding his business	To take it easy	His shy manner	"Golly."
Roscoe Walters	Taking pictures	To get a date	His jaunty way	"Not necessarily."
Irene Davis	Clothes	To be a soloist	Her complexion	"We should worry."
Maurice Shumaker	Bluffing	To be a statesman	His translations	"Ma'am?"
Edna Wrentmore	Novels	To play for dances	Her recitations	"Well, I should think not!"



A Few of Us

Juniors



ORGANIZATION

<i>President</i>	Reveley G. Beattie
<i>Vice President</i>	Georgeine G. Hutchinson
<i>Secretary</i>	Frieda K. Ziegler
<i>Treasurer</i>	Carlyle S. Harris

Class Colors Cardinal and White

Class Flower American Beauty Rose



Standing (reading left to right)—Orvin Goodwin, Harold Baker, Treva Hill, Harry Hoopes, Mamie Gates, Carlyle Harris, George Nycamp, Melba Brown, Reveley Beattie, Clarence Wait. Sitting—Olive Losher, Harold Bright, Frieda Ziegler, Howard Davis, Sam Ridge, Catherine Muggleton, Milton Bentley, Georgeine Hutchinson.

History of the Junior Class of 1914

We entered the High School one bright September morning as Freshmen and the upper classes were ignorant enough to call us green. There were thirty of us, of whom twenty-two had been graduated from the local eighth grade; the other eight were from the country schools and had passed the Boxwell-Patterson examination.

On dry days we took our bumps cheerfully, and on rainy days the boys enjoyed being slid down the iron railing to the delight of the assembled upper classes. Mr. Carr was our principal then, and he seemed to think we were mere children, from the way he would talk and laugh at us. Among the many incidents one that happened quite often was that when every thing appeared to be quiet, Mr. Carr would suddenly call from some corner of the room, "Hugh, get up!" and Hugh, who had again been having one of his daily and hourly fits of laughter, would get up and burst forth again. Upon which Mr. Carr's shoulders would shake and his voice would tremble with laughter, as he would tell Hugh to go out into the hall and finish his laughing. Otherwise, we got along fairly well, except that to every recitation we went, the teachers would tell us that we were the worst class that they had ever tried to teach.

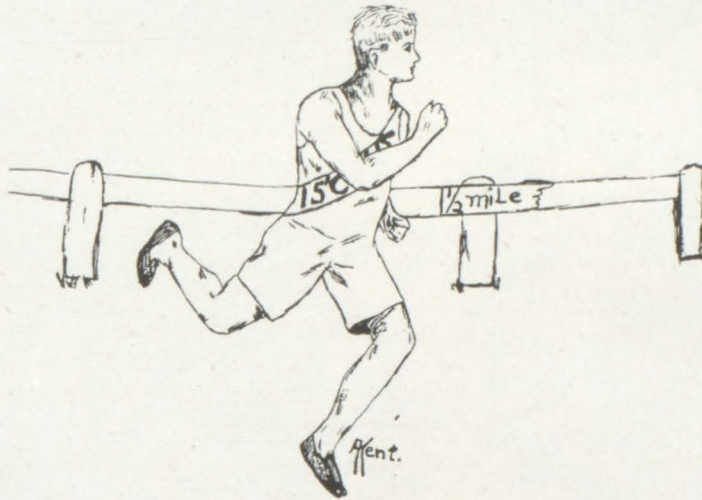
We began our Sophomore year with a new young principal, Mr. Miller, and a new English teacher, Miss Bess Bruce, Cupid having taken away our former English teacher, Miss Curry. The boys liked Miss Bruce and that year every one got thru in English. We were now taking the more complicated studies, Geometry, General History and Caesar. Here our troubles continued, though I sometimes think it was not all our fault. Mr. Teare feared that some of the members had forgotten their multiplication tables, and in their "spare" time would have them write them out. That year two members of our class made the first team in basketball.

We entered our Junior year with a third principal, Mr. Gibson. He organized and coached a football team, many stars of which were Juniors. Out of thirteen boys in the class, ten have won letters or sweaters, either in football, baseball or basketball. During this year we gave a lecture course which was a success in every respect.

Since the time we entered high school as Freshmen until the present, there have been thirty-seven different members in our class. There are nineteen members left. A few have moved away, some have left school, and two are now living happy married lives.

F. K. Z., '14.

Sophomores

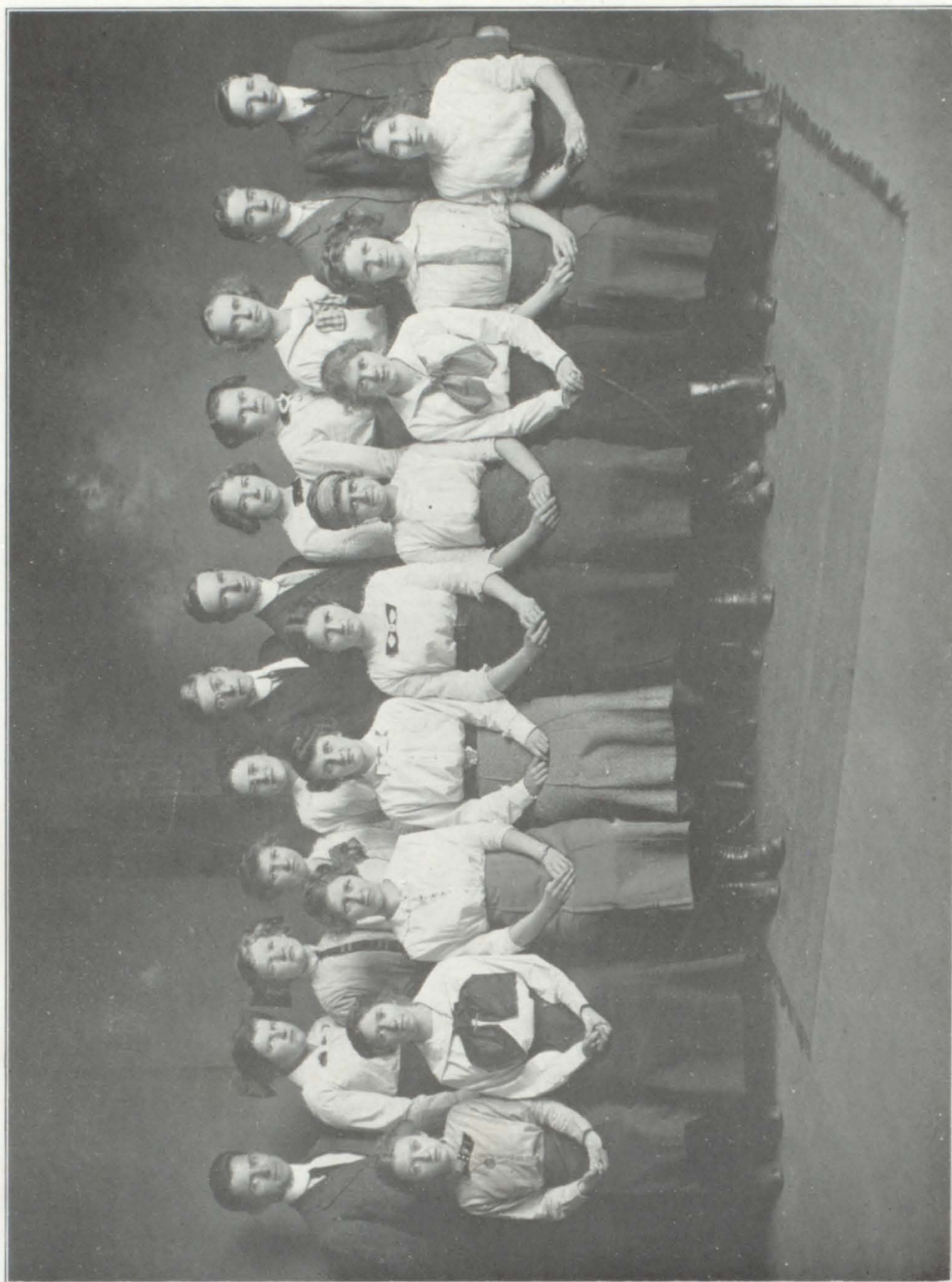


Halfway and running strong.

ORGANIZATION

President Dann O. Taber
Vice-President Joe Mattus
Secretary Bernice L. Ober
Treasurer Martha Ridge

Class Colors Yale Blue and White
Class Flower White Peony



Standing (left to right)—Joe Mattus, Lucy Thompson, Lucy Warren, Bertha Fosdick, Bernice Fleming, Dann Taber, Carlton Lowe, Gertrude McNish, Elsie Gifford, Mary Kent, George Arthur, James Barnard. Front row—Ruby Stoneman, Marion Goldbach, Bernice Ober, Martha Ridge, Ruby Bartholomew, Roscina Clemens, Aveline Kent, Corrine Allshouse, Hazel Hunkin.

S—Is for swagger—because we feel big.

O—Is for object—certainly not dig.

P—Is for pranks and pleasures and play.

H—Is for hilarity—which reigns thru the day.

O—Is for onerous—any kind of school lore.

M—Is for memory—Oh, would that we had more!

O—Is for obedient—we all ought to be.

R—Is for reckoning—in the near future we see.

E—Is for eminence—we'll reach just the same.

S—Is for *Sophomores*—that is our name.

Freshmen



ORGANIZATION

<i>President</i>	Lester Johns
<i>Vice-President</i>	Ernest Williams
<i>Secretary</i>	Thelma O'Malley
<i>Treasurer</i>	Dorothea Cope

Class Colors.....Blue and Gold



Top row (left to right)—Mildred Holbrook, Louise Blackler, Beatrice Cray, Florence Schmitt, Church Sargent, Thelma O'Malley, Ernest Williams, Miriam Church, Genevieve Kent, Gertrude Burnett, Pauline Digham, Middle row—William Langstaff, Winifred Timmons, Helen Nightingale, Anna Jarvis, Dorothea Cope, Iva Menges, Marie McClehen, Margaret Rodgers, Catherine Burns, Lester Johns. Front row—Warren Gore, Louis Brewster, Roy Stoneham, Myrl Hill, Russell Pelton, Henry Nycamp.

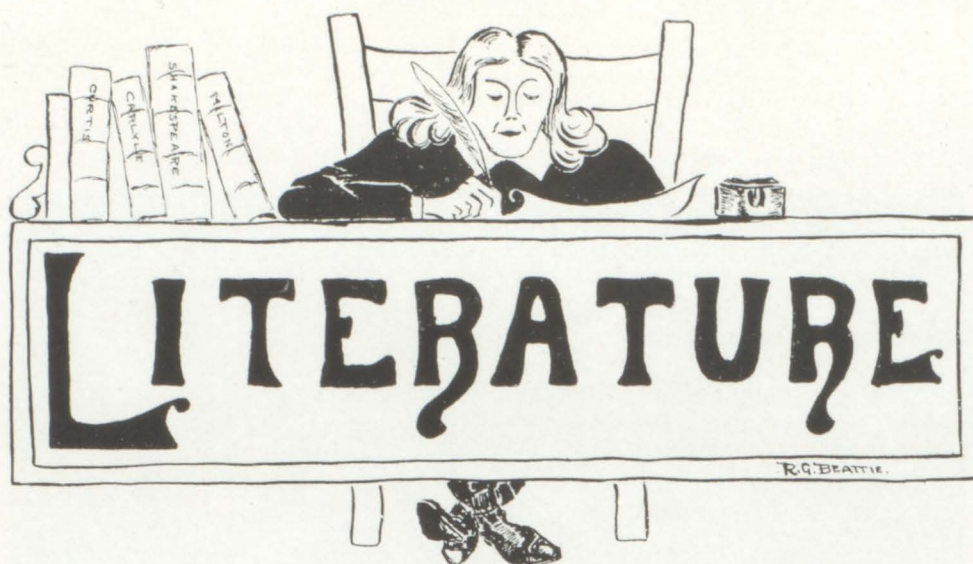
Some Whims of the Freshies

Louise Blackler—She lets us call her little "Smoke,"
 For she can swallow any joke.
 Louis Brewster—The boy who always does much teasing,
 Which to the teachers is not pleasing.
 Catherine Burns—The "Freshie" who stuck to her little "Flat" pin,
 Until she was almost certain to win.
 Gertrude Burnett—She has a short sarcastic giggle,
 Which makes the owner blush and wiggle.
 Miriam Church—She is thin and rather tall,
 With a great liking for "Baseball."
 Dorothea Cope—Her hero is in the Senior class,
 She is quite above the common mass.
 Beatrice Crary—She has to rise at the peep of day,
 To get to school and her Latin say.
 Pauline Didham—The girlie with the soulful eyes,
 Over Algebra wastes too many sighs.
 Warren Gore—You'd think he had a load of sins,
 The way he sits and grins and grins.
 Myrl Hill—This "Flat" is just as green as grass,
 The one exception in the class.
 Mildred Holbrook—She can land a joke with a lot of vim,
 But she thinks one on her is an awful sin.
 Anna Jaros—She studies hard—when does she play?
 No idle periods are whiled away.
 Lester Johns—He is the most important "Flat,"
 On the Freshie's High School map.
 Genevieve Kent—She is an exceedingly studious maid,
 With a ready giggle, and a flaxen braid.
 William Langstaff—The lad who's never at ease,
 Unless he has someone to tease.
 Mary McGlenen—She is so exceedingly small.
 She can't hold her giggles together at all.
 Iva Menges—She came to the game in a hat so gay,
 She nearly took our breath away.
 Helen Nightingale—A winsome girl of sweet sixteen,
 With pretty eyes and smiles mixed in.
 Henry Nycamp—This poor little "Flat" blushes so very red,
 We're afraid he may hurt the brains in his head.
 Thelma O'Malley—From her ready wit it is easily seen,
 She came from the land of the Shamrock green.
 Russel Pelton—He's only a "Flat" that knows how to shirk,
 When it comes down to real hard work.
 Margaret Rodgers—She took a trip to hot Panama.
 We don't envy her at all.
 Church Sargent—The lad who studies hard and long,
 Who only quits his work for a song.
 Florence Schmitt—She giggles and whispers the live long day,
 What will she do when there is nothing to say?
 Roy Stoneman—He can spout Latin mightily,
 But his height sticks down stubbornly.
 Winifred Timmons—This "Freshie" in our circle shines,
 As making blunders of all kinds.
 Ernest Williams—The lanky hero of the team,
 The one bright star that always gleams.

F. S.)
 M. M.)



Posed especially for "The Annual"



The Final Victory

One day, along in the last of March, last year, a notice was posted on the bulletin-board of Oakdale High School, calling a meeting of the Athletic Association. Everybody knew what was coming, so a large crowd assembled at the "Gym," after school. There, Coach Dowling told them that the County Senate, a league composed of eight teams, had organized again. He read the schedule and was heartily cheered when he said that Oakdale's final game would be with Fairport. Oakdale and Fairport had been rivals for years, and each had won a pennant in the Senate League. By a recent provision the first team to win two pennants would receive a silver trophy cup. Six of Oakdale's championship team of the year before had returned to school, and in their enthusiasm the Oakdale students could see nothing but victory—but it was not to be without a fight, for Fairport had school spirit also.

Among the six veterans who came out at first practice was the star pitcher, Bob Greyson. He was a Junior and the most popular boy in the school on account of his achievements in baseball and other athletics. Somehow, though, all these honors had not been achieved from the impulse of school spirit, but selfishly, in order to show his own prowess. He became proud and overbearing and had come to think that in him alone lay all hopes of bringing the cup to Oakdale's halls. For that, he knew he would be elected captain the following year. As he was leaving the "Gym" after the first practice, he overheard a conversation between Coach Dowling and Arthur Weatherby, a Sophomore, who had recently come to Oakdale. Arthur was telling the Coach that he had pitched two years before on the Bristol eighth grade team. Bob's jealousy arose and he considered Arthur a rival to be hated, if not feared. Why should this insignificant "Sopli" even desire his position? From that time on, all of Arthur's advances towards friendship were repulsed coldly, and Bob never missed an opportunity to say something mean to Arthur or to humiliate him. Arthur could not understand why, and as he had no close friends to ask, he apparently paid no attention to the insults.

During the following practices, Arthur pitched on the second team. He pitched quite well, but his work was overshadowed by Bob's wonderful record.

No one paid much attention to him, except Bob, who could not help but see that Arthur was a fairly good pitcher. He was greatly satisfied at the oblivion that enveloped Arthur, but nevertheless did not change his attitude towards him. Finally the positions on the Varsity had all been filled, and the lineup for the first game was evident. Arthur felt that he was not getting a square deal, but said nothing and only worked the harder, resolving to keep in form, for he felt that some time he would have an opportunity to be seen in a true light by his schoolmates.

The first game was played with Stanford High, on Oakdale's grounds. Enthusiasm ran high and over a hundred Stanford rooters came with the team while the Oakdale supporters turned out in full force. There could not have been a prouder person than Bob as he heard the cheering that followed the umpire's announcement that he would pitch. Visions of the captaincy were plainer than ever as he stepped into the box. For five innings he held Stanford scoreless, striking out nine men. Everybody said that he was pitching the game of his life. Surely he was, for he was pitching before the eyes of his rival. But the strain was telling on him. When he went back in the sixth, he was nervous and shaky. Before he could collect himself, two runs had been made. The coach did not like to take him out for he did not know how Arthur would act under fire; so with a good lecture, he sent Bob back in the seventh. He soon saw that something must be done for Bob had let three men get on bases with only one out, so he sent Arthur in. When Bob saw Arthur walk out upon the field he could scarcely realize that he, the mighty Greyson, was being replaced by this insignificant Sophomore. "What can he do when they are hitting me so hard," he thought, and with a disdainful look, he passed Arthur and said, "Let's see what Sissy can do." Arthur said nothing and walked on and as he glanced toward the bench and the Oakdale stands and there saw the doubtful faces of his schoolmates and coach, he realized that the turning of the tide of battle must be accomplished by himself alone. They would be with him if he only could show them. So he gritted his teeth and before anybody had realized, he had struck out the first man. The next man was out on a slow grounder. The tide of battle had been turned and the game resumed its former closeness. Oakdale by hard work tied the score in the ninth, and won out in the tenth. Everyone was happy, but none was more satisfied than the quiet pitcher. He had "shown them."

Arthur pitched the next game and after that the two pitchers worked alternately. Bob hated to see Arthur rise into prominence, but he could not prevent him. The best he could do was to work hard and retrieve for that disastrous opening game. As the end of the season approached, he found consolation in the fact that it would be his turn to pitch the final game. The issue of the league race was, as yet, more or less doubtful, but he knew that if he only could defeat Fairport, the rival, in a close game, the captaincy was his. His plans were strengthened when Arthur lost the game previous to it, by a close score. This lost game, also, tied Fairport and Oakdale for first place.

The week before the final was a strenuous one for the Oakdale players. Coach Dowling had the team in excellent shape by Thursday night and everything looked favorable. Bob's arm was in fine shape and his curves were breaking perfectly. As for "smoke"—well, the players said that he couldn't be beat. Bob was selfishly happy and was wondering whether anybody else would get a single vote when the election should come.

On Friday evening, a light fielding practice, only, was held. As it was in progress, Ed Hilters came riding up on his motorcycle and shouted: "Hey, fellows, have you heard the news? Jim Ranston, Fairport's star pitcher, is very

sick and cannot pitch tomorrow. The Fairport bunch are pretty near crazy for they haven't got any one else who is half as good." A great shout of applause followed. Bob's visions of glory were higher than ever. He could hardly keep from shouting with the other fellows, and he remarked to those beside him, "Oh, well, we could beat them with him. It doesn't make much difference to me."

Practice had just been resumed when Arthur and Bob collided on the base line. Both fell. Arthur quickly rose, but Bob had to be helped up and was carried to the "gym." Arthur's spikes had cut a deep gash in Bob's leg. When Bob saw how bad it was, he broke loose and heaped all manner of abuse upon Arthur. Before the whole crowd he accused him of doing it on purpose to prevent him from pitching the next day. Arthur tried to apologize and explain but Bob would not listen. When Arthur saw that it was of no use, he left the "gym" and went home.

The weather the next day was perfect baseball weather. A large Oakdale crowd went to Fairport with the team. However, it was not an enthusiastic crowd. The cheer leader, failing to get anything better than a few half hearted responses, gave up, and the Oakdale stand was almost silent. Arthur was nervous and as he warmed up, imagined that every Oakdale student was looking towards him, accusing him of purposely "spiking" their hero. Oh, how could he show them that he was innocent! Perhaps, all he could do was to wait. Maybe when the pain had eased down, he could explain to Bob—but no, he knew that Bob would never give in. Just then the coach came up and laying his arm on Arthur's shoulder, said: "Weatherby, Oakdale looks to you today. As I was getting the line-up just now, I found that Ranston is going to pitch. The Fairport coach knows nothing of that story." When Arthur heard this his heart almost stopped beating, but he caught himself and the coach continued: "I know you can win the game. The spiking was accidental but if you show a 'yellow streak' and lose, you will be worse off than if you had never stepped on a baseball field. The fellows will never be fully convinced. Now go in and win. Take your time and don't waste a bit of strength." Just then the umpire shouted, "Play ball," and the coach left him.

Oakdale did nothing in the first half of the inning, and as Arthur walked out upon the field, a chilling fear swept his whole frame. It was worse than he had ever felt before. When he looked at the intense, nervous features of the Oakdale fans, and saw the anxiety pictured there, it seemed as if his knees would give away. Was not this too much responsibility to put upon him, he thought. He was in a daze when he began pitching. He had thrown four wide balls to the first man up, and had sent over three more to the next man, when a voice came across the field, "Steady, Arthur, steady, we must win." Who it was that shouted he never knew, but it aroused him, and he thought to himself: "Weatherby, brace up. There is more than mere victory at stake. You dare not show your face in Oakdale again if you show a 'yellow streak.'" He gritted his teeth and before anybody realized it, had sent three strikes over the plate. The next man also struck out and the next man was out on a short fly.

Arthur held Fairport down and there was no scoring until in the eighth inning when Oakdale forced a run across. In the ninth, Fairport tied the score through an error by Oakdale's third baseman, Winters.

In the first of the tenth, Allen, the first Oakdale man up, singled and stole second. Hamilton, the next batter, had struck out and Allen was caught sliding into third. The rooters were quiet when Arthur stepped to the plate. Arthur let the first ball go past. "Strike one," cried the umpire. The next one was wide. The third one just cut the plate, but was too low. "Strike two," and a wild

burst of indignation came from the Oakdale stands. Arthur knew that he could not wait for a good one, but must hit the next. It was a wide "out," but he met it squarely. He never could remember much about getting around the bases, but he can recall the coacher's voice above the noise of the crowd, shouting "Slide! slide!" and the umpire's decision, "Safe at home!" and then the wild cheering that followed. The next man up struck out, but Arthur knew that he had the game won if only he could hold himself together during the last half of the tenth.

Although nervous, he pitched quite well and struck out the first man up. There were two strikes on the next man when he connected with an "out" and made two bases. The next man up sacrificed and the next one walked. If Arthur could only hold the next man, the game was won. But he passed him, filling the bases. A groan came from the Oakdale crowd as Edgers, Fairport's catcher and best hitter, stepped to the plate. Arthur glanced toward the stands and saw a look of despair on his friends' faces. Hamilton gave the signal for a "float" and Edgers hit only the air. The next was for a "float" but Edgers did not strike at it. "Ball one," shouted the umpire. Next, an "out," was tried but it did not break right. "Ball two." The next was for a "drop" but it went too low. "Ball three." Edgers swung at the next and missed. Then Hamilton walked up to Arthur and the two held a short consultation—not so much for what they had to say, but to give Arthur a brief breathing spell. When play was resumed, Arthur put every bit of energy he possessed into the wide curve. Edgers did not strike at it, and, thinking it was a "ball," had started for first base, when to his dismay, he heard the umpire shout, "Strike three." Several seconds elapsed before the crowd realized what had happened, then, with a wild cheer, the Oakdale fans surged out upon the field and carried their hero off on their shoulders.

The next week the cup was presented to Oakdale at a banquet given the team by the Athletic Association. After the toasts and speeches had been given, someone suggested that it was a very fitting time to elect the captain for the following year. This was agreed to, and immediately Hamilton arose and nominated Arthur. A murmur of approval passed around the table at the mentioning of Arthur's name. Immediately, Arthur arose and said: "Fellows, I cannot find words fine enough to thank you for this honor for which you have mentioned my name. It is the highest reward you can give to anyone for his efforts to keep up the athletic standard of Oakdale; but really, I am not worthy of it. I have been here but a short time and know nothing of your school traditions. In my estimation, there is one person who is worthy of election and who deserves it. He pitched the team to victory a year ago, and would have done the same this year, but for the unfortunate accident last week. You can do nothing more patriotic to Oakdale than to unanimously elect Robert Greyson captain of the 1913 baseball team."

A short silence and then a burst of applause followed. There were nine "rahs" given for Weatherby and nine more for Captain Greyson. Bob was too amazed to do much more than stammer out a few words of thanks.

As Arthur was leaving the hall after the banquet, Bob rushed up to him and holding out his hand, said: "Weatherby, will you take my hand. May I ask you to forgive me?" And as the boys clasped hands, the past was forgiven and forgotten.

* * * * *

It is the middle of the '13 season, and again Oakdale is fighting near the top. Her two mainstays are her pitchers—Captain Greyson and Arthur Weatherby. Greyson will be graduated in June, and the captaincy, beyond a doubt, will fall to his friend Weatherby.

J. V. C., '13.

When the Birds Come Back

Spring with us here in Chagrin is a season of renewed life in vegetation and of the return of old friends in the kingdom of the air. We associate birds with the spring time; but, indeed, we have birds of many kinds with us thruout the winter.

A short walk taken in the stretches of wood that lie all about the town, a ramble along our many picturesque country roads or across fields where weed stalks rise above the snow and stand in tangles in sheltered fence corners and the birds will be found, many more than would be supposed and all in a cheery, brave companionship.

The junco—that little grey north bird—has come to dine with the goldfinch in his sober winter brown and the song sparrow in grey, at the fashionable winter restaurant of "Tangle Weed." All the while they are shaking down the seeds and fluttering over their snowy tablecloth—leaving fairy tracks of shadow embroidery on the snow—they are conversing on the current topics of the day: how a crow passed thru the woods that morning, how cold the wind was, so cold that even retreats of thickets and fir trees were not any too comfortable; how warm the sun is; and most of all, how delicious is the flavor of the golden rod and ironweed seed. What do they care if the wind is tossing the snow spray on the hill top?

Down into their midst darts a cardinal—a Cardinal indeed. One wonders if he is that among the birds. They do not seem in awe of him and he sports among them a scintillating glowing gleam of ruby among the diamonds in the snow. All along the Chagrin river that flows thru town or meadow, anywhere that trees or bushes border it, one can see or hear this crested red bird. He seems to love the water and his rich clear whistle, so effective in the silence of winter, can be heard often where he is unseen, for, with all his lovely color, he knows well how to fade and blend into the shadow of tree and shrub and so reverses the old saying and is more often heard than seen.

The chickadee can be found almost anywhere in village street, orchard, or lonely meadow, always saucily inquisitive. He is winter's own. Along with him is found the quieter and more industrious white breasted nuthatch that steadily and persistently explores the tree trunks, running up and down like a little grey mouse. Woodpeckers of all kinds, especially the active little downy woodpecker, stay thru the winter; bluejays, also. Almost every winter, even so far north in Ohio as we are, comes the Carolina wren with his chic wren clothes and manner. His brilliant cascade of notes is so bubbling on sunny mornings that he has been called the teakettle bird by little folks because he "tea-kettle-tea-kettle-tea-witchy-te-wees" in jolly wren style. All these and many more one may find during December and January.

Along about February and early March when it snows and blows and freezes and melts with such disheartening persistency, one hears a song startlingly sweet in the icy air and we find that the song sparrow has caught a whiff of spring and is waxing jubilant. Soon robin, bluebird and red-winged blackbird notes are heard, each claiming to have come first—cheerfully, sweetly and boastfully, according to their respective dispositions—we do not care which is right, it is enough for us that they are here. What they see of spring to carol about in this cold grey world is a question to us. But man is not of quick perceptions compared to the wood folk and the drifting, illusive but welcome tidings of early spring do not find place in his heart: he needs to be told again and again, sweetly by the blue birds, faithfully by the

song sparrow, and hoarsely by the confident crows. Not until the frogs along river and creek beds lift up their heads and roll it out in chorus "s-p-r-r-ing has er-come-er-come-er-come," can he seem really to believe it.

"Now is the high tide of the year
And whatever of life has ebbed away,
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay."

The sun is spring's most ardent wooer and at the first hint of her coming, her first smile, he flashes forth in radiant warmth and brings the delicate wavering blush to the apple and peach and unfolds the snow of the cherry. The blending of tender green, pink and white is the exquisite color harmony which robs the earth for the May Festival of the birds.

When most of the birds have arrived—the swallows to the country barns, the martins to their box home on Main street, the swifts to the town chimneys, the orioles to their elms and maples, the whip-poor-wills and cat birds to their hedges and gardens and when countless others of those fair feathered friends of man, among them the warblers and rare visitors from the south have come, then begins the spring jubilee and song service. It is a time of greeting, welcoming and thanksgiving. Wonderful and indescribably sweet is the gathering of old friends from the far remote corners of their winter sojourn. Matins are sung in chorus by all the birds; and vespers at evening are chanted by the songsters of the thrush family and by the vesper sparrow. Slowly one by one their voices are stilled, leaving the liquid harmony of the wood thrush alone. Long after sundown, when one is walking thru the shadowy woods, the tolling and chiming of his silver bells comes afar off and sweetly from some dark fragrant ravine. It is like a prayer in a hushed church and truly it is a mighty church, this world in the spring.

During May the transient visitors pass to hide their elfin beauty in northern woods. The warblers, especially, are shy and reticent, seeking seclusion and peering at us only from tall tree tops; they stop to rejoice with their friends and then pass on.

A little later in May those fairy comers—the humming birds—arrive. The bobolink returns to the meadow, and what is a meadow without its bobolink? When one has a sunny day in May and a bobolink in a purple tinted meadow where a million violets cuddle among their leaves, what more can one ask?

Soon follow the indigo bunting, tanager and yellow warblers and the flycatchers that come when sure of their prey. It is a joy to stand, a shadow in the shadow of a tree trunk, and watch while a fly catcher, most often a pewee, darts from a low hanging dead bough and goes carousing off, sailing, dodging, pursuing helter-skelter, till with a sharp vindictive snap of his bill, closes over the luckless insect. Then he returns to his perch with raised crest and drooping tail, sighing: "pe-e! a we-e-e," then dreamily, "peer."

By the time the rose breasted grosbeak comes, the song and festival, while not ended, has changed to ecstatic love music bursting from a thousand impassioned hearts. The height of song and beauty of plumage is at this time and even the most sedate birds will burst into song that is rapturous at least and often wonderfully sweet.

A time of comparative quiet follows for the birds are busied with the important task of fashioning their homes—the cups of felt, mud, grasses, hair or twigs that each builds in his own way.

The cares and joys of the nest and its contents, so precious and helpless, leave few moments for song until sunset. Then the chorus of love and praise

seems deeper and more holy because it stands for so much more—the work, sacrifice and worry of rearing the young. With all the toil and striving against the elements and their enemies, the birds, like true friends, seem only to desire to give us pleasure and profit and ask in return but a little of our appreciation. How much would be gone from a May morning with the flute of the meadow lark and the effervescence of the wren lacking! Is a cherry tree quite perfect without the touch of gold that the oriole gives?

AVELINE G. KENT.

Molly's Strategy

Molly was worried. She had good reasons to be worried, too; for something was wrong with Ed, big, jolly Ed, who never had seemed to have a care on earth. But lately he seemed to be troubled by something exceedingly strange and exceedingly unexplainable; and so much troubled, in fact, that no one, not even Molly, could figure out what was back of it all.

Molly and Ed were friends—just good brother and sister friends. They had lived side by side for years and for years had gone to each other with all their little troubles and confessions. But now for quite awhile it had been different and Ed hadn't run in to see her every day as he had done of yore. Molly might not have thought so much of this if it had not been for his mysterious disappearances. He would leave suddenly, be gone two or three days, perhaps, and then re-appear as suddenly as he had left. He never explained his absence to any one and when Molly tried to find out the cause, he simply ignored her inquiries and looked at her so intently that she felt a strange feeling of fear steal over her, that silenced further questioning.

After these interviews, Molly would try to work out in her own mind what was causing this change in Ed. At first she thought he must be in love and some way that thought caused a little stab of pain to go thru her heart. But when she considered the matter seriously, she knew that he was acting too queerly even for a lover.

So we find Molly, overcome by curiosity and doubt, playing the part of a detective.

Did she succeed? Well, we shall see. After prowling around like a mysterious ghost for some time unsuccessfully, she decided to give a dinner party and, of course, Ed was to be one of the twelve guests. Molly had a hard time getting Ed to invite him, and a still harder time getting him to accept; but, after much coaxing on Molly's part, he finally consented.

When dinner was announced, Molly placed Ed at the head of the table so she could watch his every move and expression. There was nothing out of the way with him tonight, however; he was the same laughing, joking Ed and the dinner was all very gay and happy.

After dinner, when they were all gathered in the drawing-room, Ed astonished the company by declaring that he could hypnotize any person in the room and make him do or say any thing that he wished. Of course, there was much laughing and fun over the "big joke," as they called it, but finally, seeing that he was much in earnest, two of the boys offered to test the ability of the amateur hypnotist. Imagine the consternation and surprise when Ed showed that he really could hypnotize by making the boys perform all sorts of antics.

The surprise was so great that the girls became frightened and, although Molly tried to persuade them that it was just a trick of Ed's, the party broke

up and all started home, casting fearful glances at Ed as though they were afraid of being hypnotized before they could get through the door. The demonstration had been too real.

Ed had neglected to go with the rest and stood leaning against the mantel with an elated expression on his face that was not in keeping with Molly's angry countenance.

"Well, Molly, what do you think of it all? Don't you think I am a great hypnotist?" said Ed, without looking at Molly, as she came up to him after the last guest had departed.

"Ed Sherman, I shouldn't think you would dare to stand there facing me with a grin on your face after frightening my friends home right in the middle of the evening. What do you mean by it anyway? Answer me," and she stamped her foot and looked so vicious that any one but a hypnotist would have vanished in haste. But Ed showed splendid valor and held his ground very well and growled back, "So that's the way you appreciate all my hard labor, is it? Maybe you would change your mind about its being a bluff if I should hypnotize you right here now—and I will, too, by Jove. Molly, look at me."

"I won't."

"Look at me," and some way the command rang with such a strange thrill that Molly's eyes were reluctantly raised to his and once there were held fast by his gaze. After that Molly's actions and replies were such as the hypnotist desired.

"Molly, I have been thinking a long time about getting married. Don't you think I had better?"

Molly nodded.

"Well, I have been wondering if you and I wouldn't make a pretty good couple. We are well suited to each other and considering everything, I think we could be awfully happy together. So let us get married and go away some where and live, just we two. Shall we, Molly? Say yes, dear."

"Yes, dear."

"Good! Here is a ring that will just fit. Now, Molly, I'll wake you up and tell you that you belong to me."

"Alright Ed, only don't bother to wake me up, for—"

"Why, Molly Gerner, you are awake. Why, how on earth did you ever come out of it without my telling you to?"

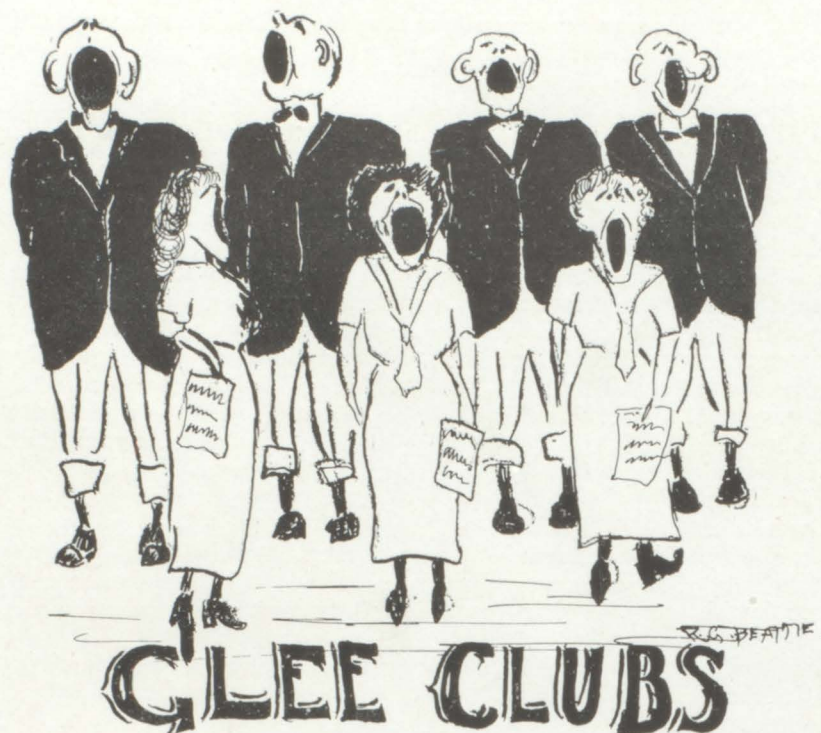
And Molly, ignoring his question, with laughter in her eyes said blushing, "Oh, Ed, you were so slow!"

J. L. S., '13.

Football and School Spirit

Football, properly managed, develops school spirit. By school spirit is meant loyalty to the school and enthusiastic interest in all school affairs, not merely in sports but also in studies and social activities. And football truly develops this loyalty and enthusiasm. If the system of sports is rightly supervised, no one, however skillful in athletics, can hope to make a team unless he stands sufficiently high in his studies. A true athlete will do his best to reach the required mark and, once a member of the squad, will work hard to help bring victory to the team which stands as representative of his school. His greatest desire is to raise his school to the highest standard in every way.

O. C., '13.



Girls' Glee Club

Organization

<i>President</i>	Joyce Sheffield
<i>Secretary</i>	Muriel Nichols
<i>Treasurer</i>	Lucille Stoneman
<i>Librarian</i>	Georgeine Hutchinson

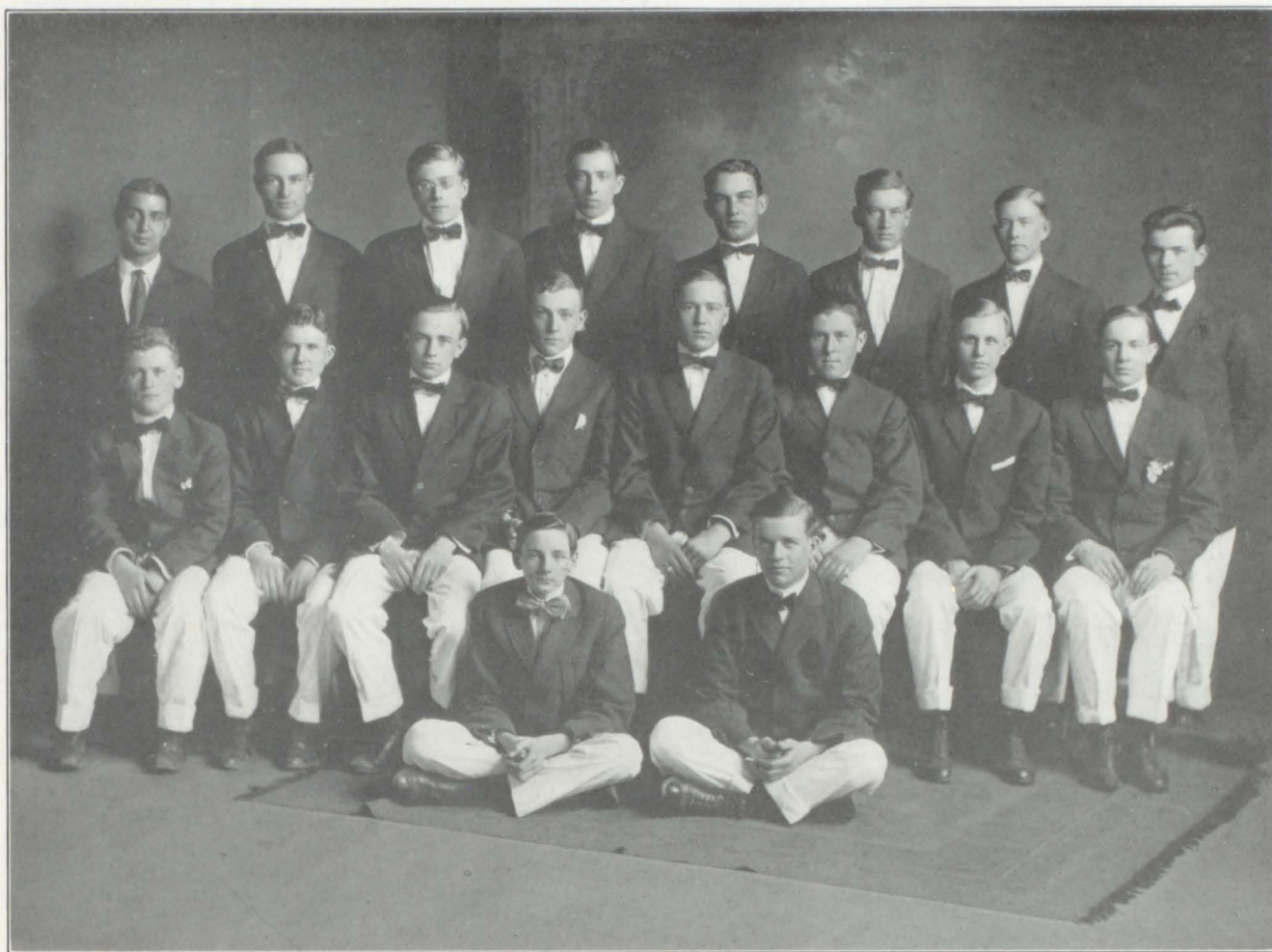
Boys' Glee Club

Organization

<i>President</i>	Carlyle Harris
<i>Vice-President</i>	Robert Richardson
<i>Secretary</i>	Carlton Lowe
<i>Treasurer</i>	Hugh Beattie
<i>Librarian</i>	Merrill Reed



Top row (left to right)—Irene Davis, Florence Schmitt, Thelma O'Malley, Iva Mergcs. Second row from top—Georgeine Hutchinson, Miss Coit, Bernice Fleming, Aveline Kent, Joyce Sheffield, Mary Iredale, Miriam Church, Muriel Nichols. Third row from top—Catherine Burns, Pauline Didham, Winifred Timmons, Bernice Fleming, Genevieve Kent, Louise Brewster, Lucille Stoneman. Bottom row—Aleata Johns, Margaret Rodgers.



Top row (left to right)—Harry Halsey, Carlton Lowe, Dann Taber, Walter Bradley, Robert Richardson, Church Sargent, Hugh Beattie, Joe Mattus. Center row—Lester Johns, Milton Bentley, Harold Bright, Maurice Shumaker, Merrill Reed, Carlyle Harris, Lloyd Ayers, Clarence Wait. Front row—James Barnard, Reveley Beattie.

The Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club for 1912-13 is composed of twenty-six members. It holds regular practices in the school auditorium every Thursday afternoon after school. This organization was made possible through the kindness of Mrs. Fouts, the Supervisor of Music, who devotes this time outside of her regular work to the directing of the Glee Club. The Club made its debut last year and won quite a reputation by presenting several numbers at the May concert and by assisting at the Baccalaureate Service. At the beginning of this year, since some of our members were lost by graduation, sufficient new ones were taken in to make up our number. This spring the Club, together with the Boys' Glee Club, enjoyed the honor of presenting the last number of the Junior Lecture Course. The Club makes its final appearance at the annual May Concert.

M. E. N.

The Boys' Glee Club

The second year of the Boys' Glee Club has been very successful. At the present time the organization consists of twenty members—several new members having been admitted recently to fill the vacancies made by graduation last June. The Club organized soon after school opened in September. Practices began immediately and have been held every Thursday throughout the year. The members have worked together under the direction of Mrs. Fouts to make the Club worthy of the Chagrin Falls High School. In June several of the old and experienced members will be graduated, but our hopes are high that their places will be filled by new talent that will keep up the standard of this worthy organization and assure success in future years.

J. K. B.

Program of the Glee Clubs' Concert

Part One

1. Invitation to the Dance....*Weber*
GLEE CLUBS
2. (a) Spring Song*Mendelssohn*
(b) Twelve by the Clock...*Lloyd*
GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
3. Reading—Selected
MISS LUCILLE W. STONEMAN
4. (a) To the Bravest.....
.....*Arr. from Mohring*
(b) Fishing*Arr. by Myers*
BOYS' GLEE CLUB
5. Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger"
.....*Wagner*
MISS IRENE DALL

Part Two

1. (a) The Call to Summer...*Forman*
(b) The Romance of a Cake Shop
.....*Osborne*
GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
2. Reading—Selected.
MISS LUCILLE W. STONEMAN
3. (a) Evening Bells*Myers*
(c) The Bulldog
(b) Nothing Else to Do...*Myers*
BOYS' GLEE CLUB
4. (a) The Swan*Saint Saens*
(b) The Dutch Dance.....
.....*Von Dittersdors*
(c) Meditation from "Thais".
.....*Massenet*
MISS IRENE DALL
5. (a) Dates and Things....*Norton*
(b) Ensemble
GLEE CLUBS



A PAVEMENT STROLL.
NO NAMES MENTIONED.



OFFICERS OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

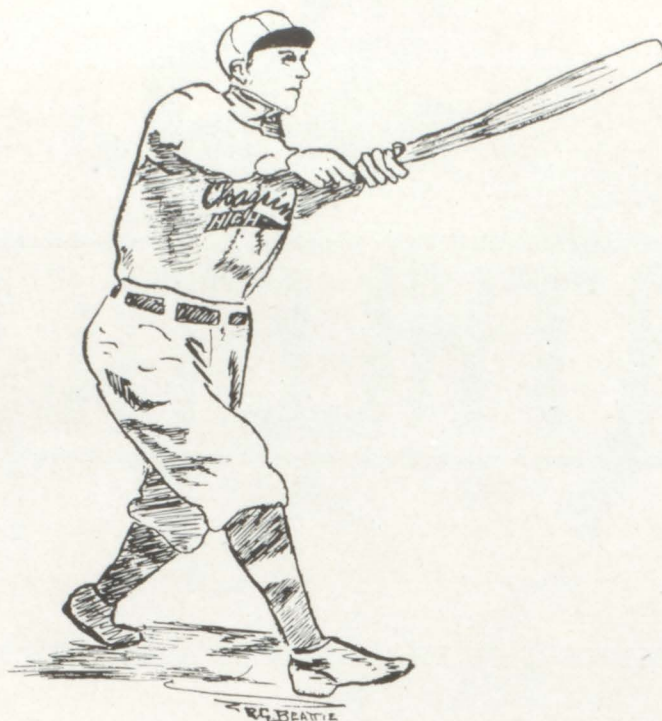
<i>President</i>	Robert Richardson
<i>Secretary</i>	Charles Huggett
<i>Treasurer</i>	Walter Bradley

Our Athletic history is made with every action not only of the athlete but of the entire student body who, by their encouragement and enthusiasm urge the representatives of their school to make present action surpass past history.

Let us look for a moment to Chagrin Athletics of the past. We see that the boys who have passed through our halls have proved that athletics justly play a very important part in the activities of a High School life. We see that by their realization of the value of good sportsmanship and clean athletics and by their pluck and determination, especially in basketball, they have raised Chagrin to its present prominent place in athletic circles. We see also that they have always been pitted against teams representing much larger schools, and it has been very seldom that Chagrin participates in a contest with a team which was really in her class. The past then consists of records and traditions which should be cherished by every C. F. H. S. alumnus and pupil.

But now, as to the present conditions. Are our present actions deserving of favorable comparison with the past? This question can surely be answered in the affirmative. During the past year football was introduced with remarkable success, and both basketball and baseball more than held their own. More details are given below about each branch for the year of 1912-'13.

Finally, as for the future, we can predict greater success if we but look over the past and let it be an incentive for athletic progress. R. H. G.



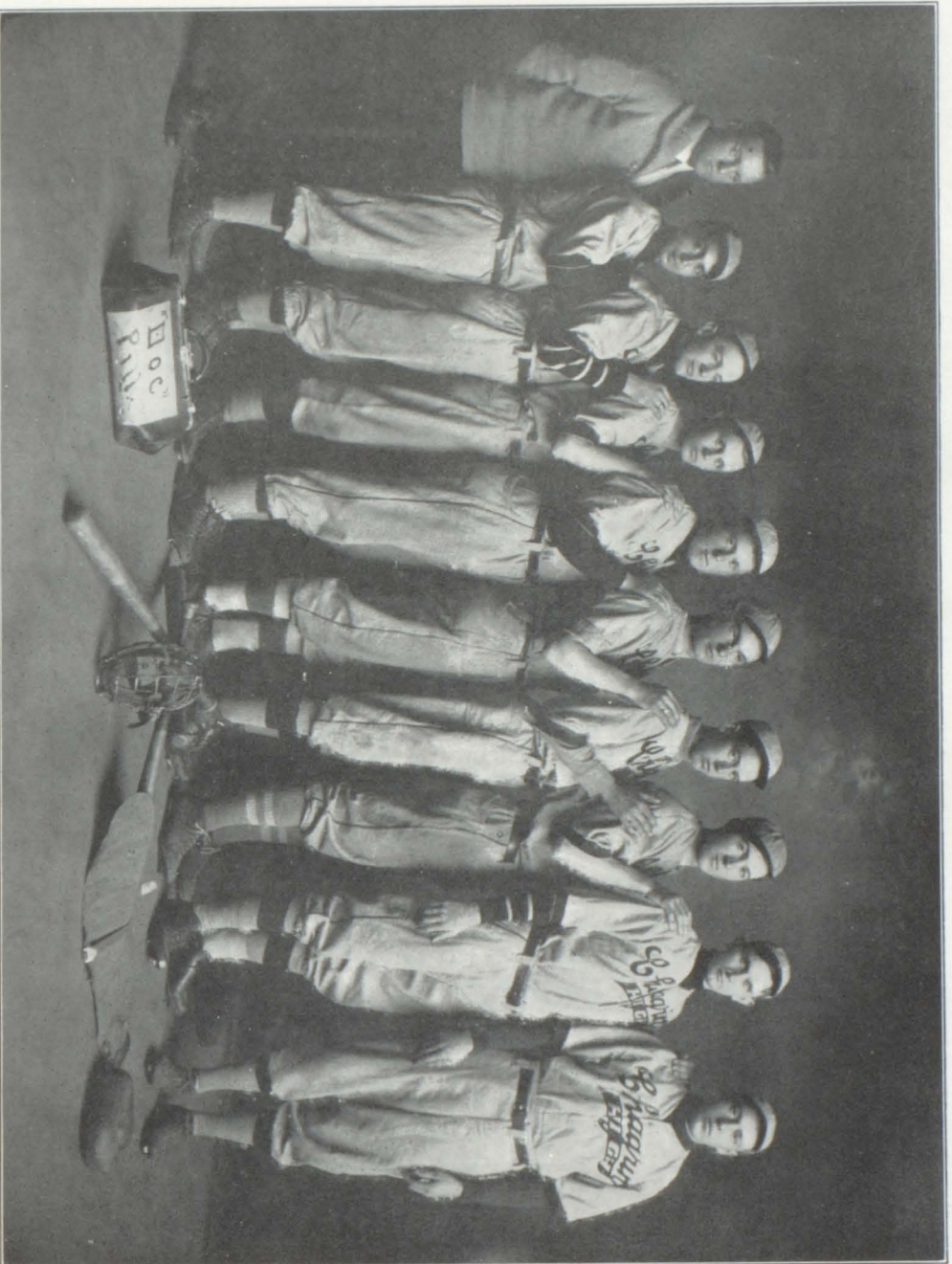
Baseball

The prospects of turning out a successful baseball team look good at the present time. Although handicapped by the loss of some of the stars of last year's team, the squad is working hard and Mr. Gibson "thinks" that with a little more practice the team will be capable of satisfactorily representing the high school.

A hard schedule has been arranged. Four games have been played so far. Chardon was defeated, 5-4 and 6-7, but Berea won both games that were played, the first by the score of 16-13, the second 4-3.

C. S. H., '14.





Left to right—Gibson (Coach), Halsey, Wait, Ayers, Harris, Richardson, Williams, May, Ridge, Reed (Capt.)



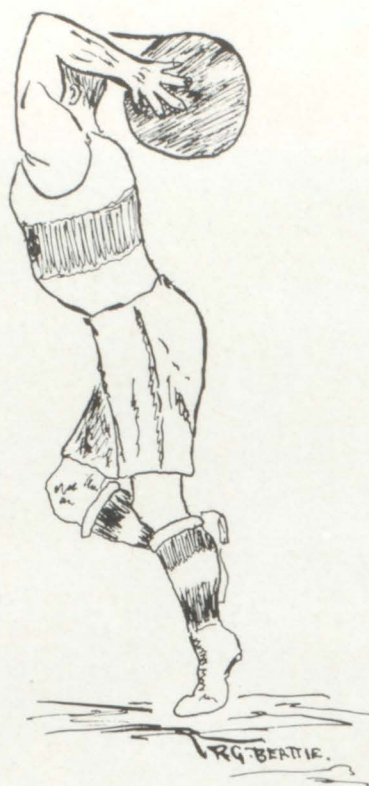
Football

For the first time in nine years, Chagrin put a football team on the field. Although the squad was composed entirely of new men at the game and the time for its development was short, nevertheless, the results were the very best that could be expected. In view of the fact that there were no Varsity men to form a nucleus about which to build a team, the task of developing a winning squad was one of which no person ought to be envious, but it was accomplished in time to play two games, in both of which Chagrin came out victorious, scoring thirty-two points to their opponents nothing. Five men will be lost by graduation, yet the prospects for a good team next fall are even brighter than they were when the team commenced practice last September.

R. H. R., '13.



Top row—Bradley (Manager) Harris, R. Coombes, Davis, Lowe, Williams, Gibson (Coach). Middle row—U. Coombes, May, Hulsey, Richardson (Capt.), Shumaker, Huggett, Keattie. Front row—Taber, Reed, Baker, Wait, Nycamp.



Basket Ball

The team this year has had another successful season. Many thought that when the winning team of 1911-12 had completed its schedule that there would not be much chances for a good team this year, but under the direction of Mr. Gibson the places of the old men were filled with new ones who were able to keep up the reputation of C. F. H. S. We have had one of the best schedules that any team has ever had. It consisted mostly of high school teams. The team played twelve games, winning nine. The most interesting games were the ones in which we defeated the Alumni and that in which we defeated the Ohio Wesleyan Freshmen.

We will lose only one man this year and the prospects for a good team next year are very promising.

M. L. R., (Capt.)

SCHEDULE

C. F. H. S. 15	Lend-a-Hand Stars 24
C. F. H. S. 30	Alumni 15
C. F. H. S. 70	Tomahawks 3
C. F. H. S. 28	(at) Ravenna H. S. 6
C. F. H. S. 27	Alliance H. S. 13
C. F. H. S. 32	(at) Elyria H. S. 9
C. F. H. S. 14	(at) Oberlin H. S. 22
C. F. H. S. 16	Oberlin H. S. 13
C. F. H. S. 10	(at) University School 7
C. F. H. S. 17	(at) Alliance H. S. 30
C. F. H. S. 38	Ravenna H. S. 12
C. F. H. S. 14	Ohio Wesleyan Freshmen 11
Total 311	Opponents 165



Standing—Gibson (Coach), Ridge (Student Manager). Seated—Richardson, Wait, Reed (Capt.), Harris, Williams. In front—Beattie, Hoopes.

OUR BASKETBALL HEROES—SOME TIME AGO



"STUB"



"BRICK"



"BOB"



"REVE"



"FED"



"ERNIE"

The Junior Lecture Course, 1912-13

The Junior class gave a Lecture Course this year consisting of five numbers. Four of these were procured from the Coit Lyceum Bureau, and the fifth was furnished by the High School Glee Clubs.

The first number was a concert, given by the International Operatic Co., on November 18, 1912. This company consisted of four singers and an accompanist. Besides solos, duets and quartets of a lyrical nature, they rendered very well the entire second act of the opera "Martha" in costume.

The second number was a scientific lecture by Reno B. Welburn, on December 17, 1912. Besides being interesting and entertaining, it had a very practical value, especially to those interested in science.

The next was a lecture on "The Patriotism of Peace," by Hon. J. Frank Hanly, on January 8, 1913. His lecture was very much enjoyed by his audience and will not soon be forgotten.

The fourth was furnished by Miss Bess Edith Barton, who rendered the story "Polly of the Circus" very well.

The final number, the most popular of the course, was a concert given by the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs of the high school, under the direction of Mrs. Zoe Long Fouts. Miss Irene Dall, of Cleveland, was violin soloist and Miss Lucille W. Stoneman, of the high school, was reader. The Glee Clubs have appeared on several occasions, but this was the most pretentious yet attempted, and was a marked success.

The entire management of the course was taken by the class, and we feel that we have been well repaid for the work, both from a financial and an educational standpoint.

F. K. Z.

The Popular Election

The Greenest Freshman.....	Howard Gore
The Most Conceited Sophomore....	Bernice Fleming
The Sportiest Junior.....	Clarence Wait
The Fellow with the Worst Case.....	Harold Bright
The Biggest Flirt.....	Louise Brewster
The Biggest Bluffer.....	Joyce Sheffield
The Worst Grind.....	Hilda Ober

The Annual

A High School Annual is generally understood to be a book published annually by the members and in the interest of the school. In the words of Lincoln, it is a book of the school, by the school, and for the school. In many cases it is edited and financed by the Senior class with the approval of the Faculty.

To whom is the Annual of interest? It is of particular interest to the editor and to the class which co-operated with him or her in making it a success; to each of the lower classes that have contributed to it and are profiting by the criticisms of each publication and acquiring ideas whereby to make theirs a greater success. It receives the attention of the members of the Faculty whose interest is rightly one with that of the school. To the members of the Alumni it is of no small importance as a means of keeping in touch with that school whose associations will always be dear to them. Not only to the present members of the school and Alumni, but also the community at large, the annual should be of particular interest as a product of one of the greatest institutions which that community could possess.

One aim of an Annual is to be instructive, that is, to give facts about the school which Alumni and outsiders supposedly do not know. This is why a large part of every Annual is devoted to the pictures, officers and colors of the different classes. For the same reason athletic teams and glee clubs are given space for their pictures and something of interest about them. It can not be definitely stated whether for this reason too, or solely as a mark of respect the pictures of the Faculty grace its pages. Perhaps not a secondary aim is to make it really interesting—in fact, the most time and preparation is devoted to this end. Original stories, poems and jokes, with snap-shots and cartoons thrown in, accomplish this purpose.

A very great benefit derived from publishing an Annual is realized by the class that has charge of it. The responsibility of choosing the best manuscripts, arranging the material systematically and managing the business side of it is invaluable experience. Finally, the Annual serves as a tie to bind the members of the Alumni, Faculty and school more closely together; it wins recognition for the school and stamps it as well organized and progressive.

If, in the opinion of its readers, this Annual of 1913 possesses these qualities which we consider requisite to the success of any Annual, then has its purpose been accomplished and the Senior class has realized the goal of its ambitions.

M. E. N., '13.

NOTE.

The Editorial Board wishes to thank Reveley Beattie for his contributions to the Art Department of "The Annual." He has labored willingly and efficiently and his work is highly appreciated.

Observations of an Alumnus

BY GEORGE H. FENKELL

Twenty-five years ago this June, when the writer received his diploma from the hands of the President of your Board of Education, Mr. George March, he had about as much of an idea as to what he would do to earn a living, or how to go about it to secure employment as the man in the moon. Luckily for him, however, about this same time there were some other young fellows in the same predicament, and, chancing to fall in company with one another, they decided to journey along together. Sometimes he has fallen well behind, and then again he has been pretty well to the front, but, on an average, for argument's sake, we will assume that he has just about held his own.

Now it is not unlikely that the reader by this time has had his suspicions aroused that this article may eventually develop into a sermon exposing the pitfalls of Society, or the sins of the world in general. He may, however, rest assured that no such snare has been set, for he realizes only too well that any advice that he might wish to give would be but little heeded, for unasked for advice is usually of but little value, except to prove the friendship of the giver.

During the journey through life every normal man and woman comes to several forks in the road, or turning points, if they may be called such. Among these may be mentioned a few as follows: Completion of studies in the grammar school; high school graduation; entrance to college; the wedding day, when only the birds that sing and the flowers with their fragrance are in evidence; commencement of life in the city; and the choice of a vocation.

Now the part the writer wishes to discuss briefly begins with what he has been pleased to term "Commencement of Life in the City." For most young people go to the city to live before they get through with it; and many never come back. It is surprising to learn the large proportion of the population of American cities that are recruited from the villages and rural districts. Recently, at an informal social gathering in Detroit, the writer found that he and six other men were seated somewhat apart from the other guests, and during the conversation which followed, he was surprised to learn that although not one had any previous knowledge of the fact, the entire seven came to the city from towns and rural districts in Ohio. In fact, it seems that no inconsiderable part of those who dwell in cities came from the farm.

When about to make their start in the world, young people give but little thought to an attempt to analyze the labor problem as it exists today, and perhaps it is just as well for society that they do not, for it saves many heartaches and much discouragement. The fact remains, nevertheless, that there are powerful influences that cause the tide of population to follow well defined channels, and with society organized as it is at present it is no more possible to hold the young man and the young woman in the villages and country districts than it is to change the law of gravitation. The further one proceeds with the study of this subject the more absorbing it becomes, and although sociologists have endeavored to cover its various phases, the fact remains that there is still plenty of opportunity for discussion.

Young people come to the city because money can be more easily obtained; and it is the dollar that they are after; because they enjoy the excitement and the whirl of city life; because their actions are not likely to be as closely observed as they would be at home; because they will, in a business way, be closely associated with more people of their own age. Life in the

village offers them many advantages over life in the city, but, unfortunately, these are generally of a nature that appeal only to those more advanced in years. On an average a higher standard of living obtains in the town; the opportunities of engaging in business and becoming the proprietor of the establishment, small though it may be, are greater; the standard of morals is better; as there are few of the very rich or very poor, all are more nearly on a level socially; and last, but not least, as a place for the rearing of children, at least to the age of 15, the town is much to be preferred.

City life appeals strongly to the young of both sexes. Wages are better, even if the expenses are correspondingly high; as the institutions employing young people are usually large, some of those connected therewith receive high salaries and are everyday examples of possible financial success; there is an over abundance of places of amusement and recreation; if one kind of employment becomes irksome, work in some other line can be obtained; and as there are people everywhere, it matters little which way one looks, it seems as if lonesomeness were impossible.

Now let us see how it works out in actual practice. The writer's knowledge of the experience of young ladies who come to the city for employment is much more limited than that of young men, but it is believed that they differ but little in the essential points. The young man has rented a room with some strange family, arranges for his meals at a nearby boarding house and starts out to find a job. He probably has acquaintances or friends whom he believes hold responsible positions, and will help him to find employment; but he finds on visiting them that someone higher up does the hiring, and that his friends count but little when it comes to getting a job. He spends some time wandering around in a listless sort of way, but as nothing turns up and as his purse will soon be empty, he is finally forced to conclude that he must approach job hunting in a systematic way and take whatever he can get. Finally, in the most unexpected way, he finds work. The hours for work are not as long as they would have been had he remained at home. He receives good wages, but spends it all. He no longer goes to church, but attends a theatre twice a week, and so life becomes one long sweet song, except when he receives a letter from home, which for some reason or other causes him to think things over. The chances are he will never make a great success, but he may; for if he works hard enough and uses his head to the best the right time, and if he works hard enough and uses his head to the best advantage, he may forge to the front and succeed. And if he does, success in a great city means much. As time goes on the young person in question forms a home of his own, and then he does some real thinking, whether he wants to or not; in fact, it may be the first in which he has ever indulged.

How far he may reasonably expect to succeed it is not possible to state, for the personal equation enters too largely into the problem. Under average conditions, however, and eliminating those individuals who must be omitted from any classification, the writer believes that there is a place for each person in whatever line of work he is best adapted for, provided he will strive for it; and that he will succeed just so far as his capabilities will permit. It is claimed by many that a man's success cannot be measured by his money, and most of us enjoy thinking that way. We all like to feel that our failures are due to causes over which we have little or no control, or better yet, that they are not failures but rather successes which we alone can understand and appreciate. In reality, however, whether we will admit it or not, money counts more with modern society than all other qualifications for success added together.



BIT OF LOCAL COLORING.

(The Annual issues this warning to girls:)

Don't put these jokes too near your face,
Or you'll be blown to chowder;
It's dangerous to place dry things
So near a store of powder.

Joyce: "Say, I got 100 in tests."

Olive: "How did you do that?"

Joyce: "Sixty in geometry and forty in Dutch."

Mr. Teare (in Senior Eng.) "Well, there's some one who is absent—
whoever it is—speak up!"

Mildred (looking around) "Why, I don't see any one here who is absent."

Wouldn't It Seem Strange—

If Fluffy combed her hair?

To see Sam perfectly happy?

To hear Olive Losher?

Not to hear Irene Davis?

To see Fed without a new case?

To see Joyce without an old one?

To see the mantle in the Senior room decorated?

To see Vernon hurry?

Miss Coit (in Senior German): "Do be quiet. Why, they'll think we're
having a rough-house down here up-stairs."

Mrs. Fouts, music class: "Who are the front row bases?"
Carlyle: "I am."

Edna W., translating Senior German: "She was dressed in widow's weeds."

Voice from the back of the room: "Does that make her a grass widow?"

A Flat who was looking up a word in the dictionary, burst out laughing.
"What's the matter," said Mr. Gibson, "is that book interesting?"

"No," said the Flat, "but it's amusing—it spells words so different than I do."

Miss Coit, Latin I: "I've come to this conclusion, that if you Freshmen don't get your lessons, I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Your mother said I must go at ten,"

Said Stub to her, "It made me sore."

"How mean!" said she, as the clock struck one,

"We've only got nine hours more."

Lucille: "Why is that girl staring straight at my nose?"

Olive: "Oh, she's probably taking points on things that turn up."

We Would Like to Know

How Chuck curls his hair.

Why Louise Brewster wants to go to Columbus.

If Maurice polishes his translations with sand-paper.

If Dann is going with Bernice again, or yet.

Where Mr. Gibson lost his frat pin.

Who was served first at the Freshman party.

Where Hitty keeps his ponies.

If Feather likes the ladies.

Bob: "Say, Harris, did you know there is a town named after you?"

Brick: "No, what? Harrisburg?"

Bob: "No, Marblehead."

Mr. Teare: "Did you know that the heart beats faster on the top of a mountain?"

Harold Bright: "Yes, I discovered that some time ago on Grove Hill."

Some Brilliant Translations

Maurice, in Virgil Class: "Aneas appeared with the head and shoulders of a goddess."

Howard Davis, in Virgil: "Shipwrecked in the midst of a forest."

Walter, in Senior German: "A wedding is no place for a sober man."

Muriel, in Virgil: "The house of Deiphobus was burning with fire."

Lloyd, in German: "So I found my father, robbed and blind—sitting on a strange straw."

Ethel Van Fleet, in Virgil: "Aneas, walking with his two hands."

Howard, in Virgil: "Aneas invisible by a cloud—a marvelous sight."

Mr. Teare, explaining to Junior English class the position of Satan in the council in Paradise Lost: "Now, Satan, you see—" (as he sits down behind his desk) "—is in the highest place behind the table."

Stub, speaking of a well-known athlete: "You used to know that fellow, didn't you? Was he always large?"

Reve: "I should say so. He was the biggest thing I ever saw when he was little."

Visitor to J. V. C.: "Where have I seen your face before?"

J. V. C.: "Right where it is now."

First Freshman (at a football game): "Just look at them in all that mud! How will they ever get clean?"

Second Freshie (scornfully): "Huh! What do you suppose we have a scrub team for?"

Mr. Gibson, Senior Geometry: "Now bisect this arc at its middle point."

Serious Cases of Acute Heartitis

Most unexpected—Brick and Louise.

Most devoted—Harold and Virginia.

Most uneventful—Nig and Dorothea.

Longest lived—Dann and Bernice.

Most infantile—Jim and Gertrude.

Slowest—Vernon and Catherine.

Most difficult to manage—Reve and Lucille.

Most spasmodic—Sam and Georgeine.

Miss Coit, explaining a passage in German: "Why, didn't you ever see those little rustic benches to sit down in when you are walking?"

Between Halves

Sam, after missing five shots from one position, tries from another.

Mr. Gibson: "That's right, Sam, when you get perfect in one way—try another."

Carlton was diligently explaining the position of each man on the baseball team—where and how he played.

Elsie interrupts him: "Well, I know, but who was batter?"

Bob: "What a singular girl you are."

Louise (coily): "That might be altered, you know."

Mildred: "Why don't you print some good jokes in the Annual?"

Editor: "Well, don't you know there are only eighteen real jokes in existence? We printed one and the other seventeen are in the Junior class."

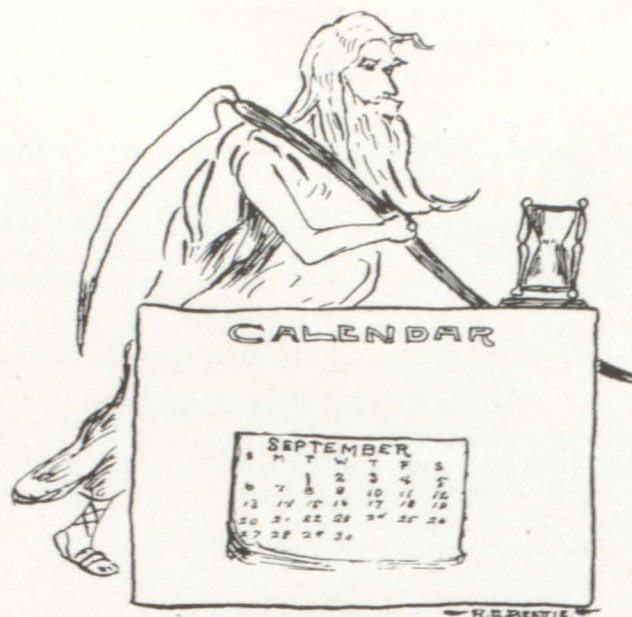
Lives of football men remind us,
That they write their names in blood;
And departing, leave behind them
Half their faces in the mud.

Vernon: "My mother asked me to beat the rug this morning."

Maurice: "What did you do?"

Vernon: "I beat it."

A goat ate up our other jokes,
And then began to run,
"I cannot stop," he softly said,
"I am so full of fun."



SEPTEMBER

9. "How do you do?"
11. Freshmen boys get "it" and their pictures taken.
12. Senior class elects officers.
14. Root beer season begins.
18. Football practice begins.
19. Athletic Association elects officers.
24. By decree of upper classmen, the Freshmen lads are to wear trouser cuffs turned down for a week.
27. Mr. Gibson gives his first lecture. Freshmen enter the ranks of the Girls' Glee Club and trouble enters the ranks of the charter members.

OCTOBER

1. Mr. Teare gives his annual lecture on how much work can be done in one school year.
8. Miss Coit called away.
9. Studies pile up as do written lessons.
11. One fine day to play hookey, promiscuous cutting.
13. Miss Coit returns and we take up the daily routine of recitations.
23. Senior girls crying for the moon and the boys couldn't find it. Lloyd Ayers gets hep to the Chagrin girls, especially Mildred Henderson.
24. Freshman party. Ghosts! Spooks! Shivers!
28. Freshmen appear in 10c class pins—a heinous offense. Upper classmen get busy.
29. Not a "Flat" pin in sight—only a few more left.
30. Mr. Gibson censures the Freshmen severely for their presumptuousness. They wilt visibly.
31. Report cards out for the first time. "There is weeping and gnashing of teeth."

NOVEMBER

5. H. S. holds presidential election. Freshmen stuff the ballot box. Richardson elected captain of the football team.
6. The little senior "Class" elected cheer leader.
9. First football game in which C. F. H. S. has participated for nine years—C. F. H. S. vs. Bedford. Bully for old C. F.
14. C. F. H. S. rings arrive.
16. C. F. H. S. again victorious. Football—C. F. H. S. vs. Warrensville.
18. First number of the Lecture Course.
20. Evidence of football game noticed by numerous absences and continuous barking.
21. Seniors capture a mouse.
22. Miss Coit very much annoyed by the escape of the mouse.
25. Crepe on the Senior's door—mouse found dead.
27. School closes for Thanksgiving.

DECEMBER

2. Basketball practice begins.
10. Senior class pins arrive.
11. First team defeated by second team.
17. Second number of Lecture Course.
19. First basketball game of the season.
School closes for Xmas.
25. Alumni game. Our exceeding exuberance excusable.

JANUARY

3. Tomahawks are scalped.
6. Back to work. Too much Xmas? Mr. Teare sick. Mrs. Teare fills his place.
8. Third number of Lecture Course.
10. Basketball team goes to Ravenna.
14. Schedule for mid-years posted.
Mr. Gibson breaks tradition and delivers the speech instead of Mr. Teare.
17. Basketball—C. F. H. S. vs. Alliance.
Senior girls have their first lesson in Domestic Science and the posts are padded.
21. Exams begin—"He writeth best who shaketh least."
23. Exams are over—so are some of the pupils.
24. Basketball game at Elyria.
25. Basketball game at Oberlin.

FEBRUARY

1. Basketball—Oberlin.
7. Basketball—U. S.
10. We come to school only to be sent away on account of the diphtheria scare. A whole week off duty.
17. Once more school doors open to the joyful (?) pupils.
18. Edna W. substitutes in the sixth grade.
21. Mr. Gibson becomes disgusted with Senior Civics class and severs his connection with it—for the day.
23. Basketball—C. F. H. S. vs. Alliance.
24. Mr. Gibson has a cold sore.
25. Miss Coit develops a cold sore.
28. Basketball—C. F. H. S. vs. Ravenna.

MARCH

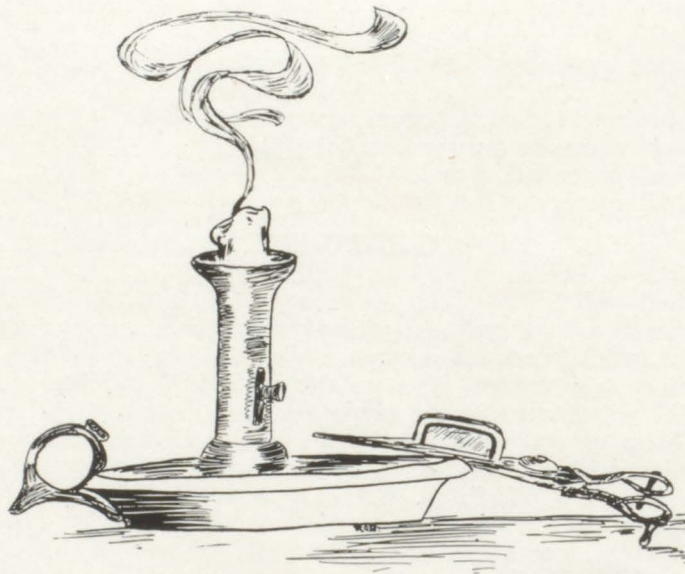
8. Basketball—C. F. H. S. vs. O. W. U. Freshmen.
Spread and hop after the game.
11. C. F. H. S. Glee Club gives a concert.
12. Everyone plays hookey.
13. Mr. Gibson chastises the truants.
15. Mr. Gibson stars at Reserve, inspired by Miss Coit's presence.
18. Seniors enraged! The idea! Twenty-six orations!!
21. Rhetoricals. Spring vacation begins.

APRIL

7. Baseball practice begins.
12. Baseball game—C. F. H. S. vs. Chardon.
19. Baseball game—C. F. H. S. vs. Berea
25. Mr. Teare lectures the Glee Club.
Lecture in Assembly Hall, Glee Clubs furnish music.
28. Senior girls sell candy.
29. Hitty Davis weeps at the concert given by Tuesday Musical Club.
O, ye tears!
30. It is announced that the school board will donate thirty-five dollars for commencement.

MAY

1. Committee of one with body-guard of two attend school board meeting and ask for a larger donation. Generosity exceeds expectations. Sixty dollars!
10. Baseball game—C. F. H. S. at Chardon.
16. The Spring Concert.
Seniors getting busy for the end—June 5th.





BUY A
Domestic Vacuum Cleaner

AND SAVE THAT HARD WORK BEATING CARPETS

The Domestic Runs Easy
and gets the dirt.

CALL AND SEE THEM AT
M. F. BREWSTER'S FURNITURE ROOMS

This is It...

If you want the

BEST

Soda or Cream
Confectionery or
Quick Lunch

GO TO

F. BRADLEY'S
ON THE SQUARE

"That Graduation Gift"

LET US HELP YOU
SELECT IT.



For "New Ideas" in patterns
look over our line.

—
A 10c pattern with
seam allowance.

—
Shute's

Ladies and Gents Furnishings
Wall Paper :: Paint :: Novelties

When Patronizing Advertisers, Please Mention Chagrin Falls High School Annual.

THE **Dyke School** **OF BUSINESS**

2172 East 9th St.

Cleveland, Ohio

Is distinctively the school for high school graduates, college people and teachers. It is a decided advantage to be identified with a school which excludes children and those not prepared.

Personal instruction is given in all business subjects.

Several Chagrin Falls people have been in attendance during the past year.

Catalog

F. A. WILLIAMS

CROCKERY

— AND —

GROCERIES

A good up-to-date stock
to select from.

78 Main St.

Cuy. Phone 15

Wyckoff Studio

ALL THE LATEST
STYLES IN

Artistic Photography

Portraits Enlarged

Cuy. Phone 51

W. S. WYCKOFF
PHOTOGRAPHER

When Patronizing Advertisers, Please Mention Chagrin Falls High School Annual.

CRAFT'S ICE CREAM

"A Delicious Delicacy"

We make anything that can be frozen.

Special orders for parties promptly delivered.

Brick Cream Our Specialty.

Orders for Parties, Socials, etc., for any quantity, promptly cared for.

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.

Both Phones

Craft's Drug Store :-: Chagrin Falls, Ohio

DO NOT SPOIL YOUR BOOKS!

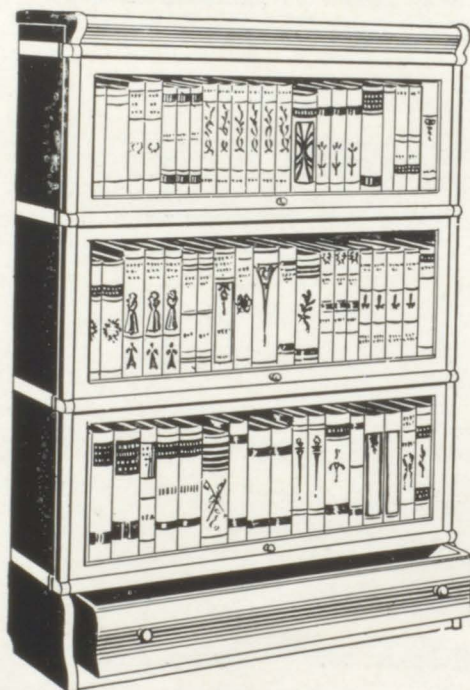
Buy a Book Case, one that you
can enlarge as you get more books.

You will find them in all styles
and finishes at

Ober & Stevens

Furniture, Wall Paper
AND
Undertaking Rooms

Phones, Day 31 Night 131 & 19



When Patronizing Advertisers, Please Mention Chagrin Falls High School Annual.

TRY. . .
PITKIN

ON

Watch Repairing

All Work Guaranteed

J. W. PITKIN

CHAGRIN FALLS, OHIO

**CHAGRIN FALLS
GROCERY CO.**

CHAGRIN FALLS, OHIO

Fancy and Staple Groceries

**Fruit and Vegetables
in Season**

**Try Our Epicure and Special
Brand Coffee**

**THE
FRAZER
PHARMACY**

Is, and has been for Fifty Years,
Headquarters for *DRUGS, Toilet
Articles, Rubber Goods, High Grade
Perfume* and a thousand and one
things too numerous to mention,
and don't forget we carry a very
nice line of *Schraft's Box Candy*
from 5c to \$2 the box.

When in need of anything in
our line you are invited to give
us a call.

Phone No. 207

When Patronizing Advertisers, Please Mention Chagrin Falls High School Annual.

LESLIE WYCKOFF
PROPRIETOR

Wyckoff House



*Confectionery and
Ice Cream Parlors*

Corner South Main
& Washington Sts.

Robens & Vincent

DEALERS IN

**Furnaces, Steam and
Hot Water Heaters.**

Stoves, Tinware, Sewer Pipe

Myer's Pumps
Spray Pumps

Roofing of all kinds and
Jobbing Done to Order.

Plumbing a Specialty

Cuy. Phone 11

CHAGRIN FALLS, OHIO

THE NEW STORE

Don't merely turn over a
new leaf in your promise
to yourself to buy better
shoes, but glue that leaf
down with a pair of our
Goodyear Welt Shoes.

*We also carry
Gents' Furnishings*

Hickox & Coleman

When Patronizing Advertisers, Please Mention Chagrin Falls High School Annual.

FALLS THEATER

Pictures Changed Every Day

See Our Special Features Every Tuesday

All Pictures are Approved by the Cleveland
Board of Censorship

. . . Double Show Every Saturday . . .

Questions and Answers.

LUMBER?

Yes, we have it.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES?

We carry a complete line.

PLUMBING AND HEATING?

We do first class work of all kinds.

GENERAL CONTRACTING?

Our specialty; estimates given on request.

WHO ARE WE?

Why, The Rowe & Giles Lumber Co.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS.

Phone 26

Chagrin Falls, O.

When Patronizing Advertisers, Please Mention Chagrin Falls High School Annual.

HARRIS BROS. BIG STORE

We invite you to inspect the nicest and largest Hardware and Sporting Goods Store in Ohio, outside of the large cities.

We carry a full line of Builders Hardware, Base Ball and Tennis Goods, Glass, Sash, Paints, Oils and Varnishes.

We also sell the famous "Oliver" Chilled Plows.

Cuy. Phone 29

S. P. Harris

L. F. Harris

Hemgath Studio

2047 East 9th Street

Between Euclid & Prospect



We will guarantee you six of our latest \$6.00 style Carbonettes at the reduced rate of

\$1.50

Take advantage of this special offer.

Old Photos copied and enlarged.

Don't Sin Against Your Family

*by serving poor coffee. These 2
world-known QUALITY coffees
cost no more than inferior grades*

**Old Master
and
San Marto
Coffee**

"The Kind With the Flavor"

SOLD BY (S)

George L. Burton

Phone 22

WILLIAM DIDHAM Jr.

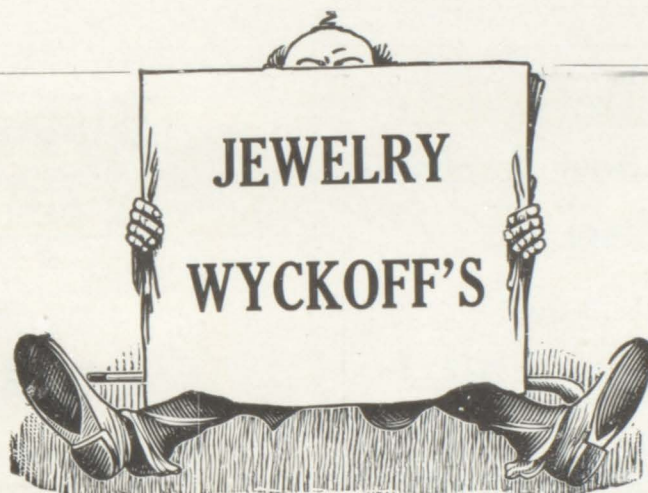
Haberdasher

Latest things in Toggery

From Top Piece to Pumps

NEWEST THINGS FOR HIGH SCHOOL LADS

.... 1913



¶ You can see the prevailing Jewelry styles at this store in good quantity of good quality and at prices that are right. To please you is our pleasure.

¶ Whenever the occasion requires you to consider the purchase of Jewelry let us have the pleasure of serving you.

J. W. WYCKOFF, Jeweler and Optician
CHAGRIN FALLS, OHIO

When Patronizing Advertisers, Please Mention Chagrin Falls High School Annual.

Dry Goods

Notions

Oil Cloth

Curtains

Hosiery

Men's Furnishings

Matting

Carpets

Novelties

Linoleum

Rugs

Underwear

Butterick Patterns

"The Best Goods for the Money"

Come, Send, Write or Telephone

JAS. M. GATES CO.

Chagrin Falls, Ohio

**The
Exclusive Boot & Shoe
Store**

"On the Bridge"

Is the place to go to for your

Boots--Shoes--Repairing

We have a large stock
of the Latest Styles to select from.

We invite your inspection.

PETERSON & MURPHY

Flowers

ARTISTIC DESIGNS AND
BOUQUETS A SPECIALTY



Our Cut Flowers are *Always*
Fresh and Prices Reasonable.

Mrs. W. L. Wyckoff

"GROVE HILL GREENHOUSE"

Telephone 172

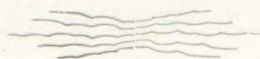
When Patronizing Advertisers, Please Mention Chagrin Falls High School Annual.

FLOUR, FEED, COAL, CEMENT

FLOUR, FEED, COAL, CEMENT

FLOUR, FEED, COAL, CEMENT

CONSERVATION and ECONOMY
is practiced by those who trade with us.



THEY KNOW

The Enterprise Milling Co.

QUALITY and PRICE

FLOUR, FEED, COAL, CEMENT

J. R. Porter



Groceries

A Full Line and Clean Stock

73 MAIN STREET

Phone 43

McFarland
& Harris

Choicest Meats

And

Provisions



Cuy. Phone 205

When Patronizing Advertisers, Please Mention Chagrin Falls High School Annual.

*Announcement to the Friends and Relatives of this
Year's Graduating Class:*

Our line of appropriate gifts, suitable for Commencement Remembrances will be larger than ever. We invite an inspection.

H. D. Tenny & Son

Dep't Goods ————— *Books* ————— *Novelties*

Those who Investigate

... TRY ...

Monuments

... OF ...

H. A. Sheffield & Son

Chagrin Falls

THE adjustment of Schools to the rapid evolution of business methods is one of our problems



When Patronizing Advertisers, Please Mention Chagrin Falls High School Annual.

THE BREWSTER & CHURCH CO.

We wish to announce to the students and friends of the Chagrin Falls High School that we aim to carry a complete and up-to-date stock in all departments of our store. We mention a few items below

Ladies' Cloaks, Suits, Furs, Skirts,
Ready-made Dresses, Dress Goods,
Corsets, Hosiery, Underwear, Neck-
wear and Notions.

Men's, Boy's and Children's Suits
and Overcoats, Shoes and Rubbers,
Hats and Caps, Shirts, Underwear,
Socks, Neckwear, etc.

Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Oil Cloths, LACE AND DRAPERY CURTAINS

Also have exclusive sale of the following well-known goods:
Clothcraft Clothes, Queen Quality Shoes, Walk-Over Shoes, Hawes, Van Gal Hats.
Local Agents for the Best Merchant Tailoring Company in the world.
We are pleased to show goods and assure you courteous treatment.

THE BREWSTER & CHURCH CO.

Cuyahoga Phone 123

CHAGRIN FALLS, OHIO

"Latest Styles"



Mrs. K. M. Pelton
MILLINER



Reasonable Prices

Rooms in C. H. Ober's Store

*J. W. Wooley
& Son*

GROCERIES



Agency for
CHASE & SANBORN'S
Teas and Coffees

When Patronizing Advertisers, Please Mention Chagrin Falls High School Annual.

Dr. W. R. Brewster

Dentist

HARRIS BLOCK

Chagrin Falls, O.

Paul Curtiss, M. D.

Phone Cuy. 65

Chagrin Falls, O.

Dr. N. F. Schwartz

Physician & Surgeon

SHUTE BLOCK

Phone 386

Chagrin Falls, O.

Dr. C. A. Brown

Dentist

Phone 324

Chagrin Falls, O.

L. G. Bradley

Insurance

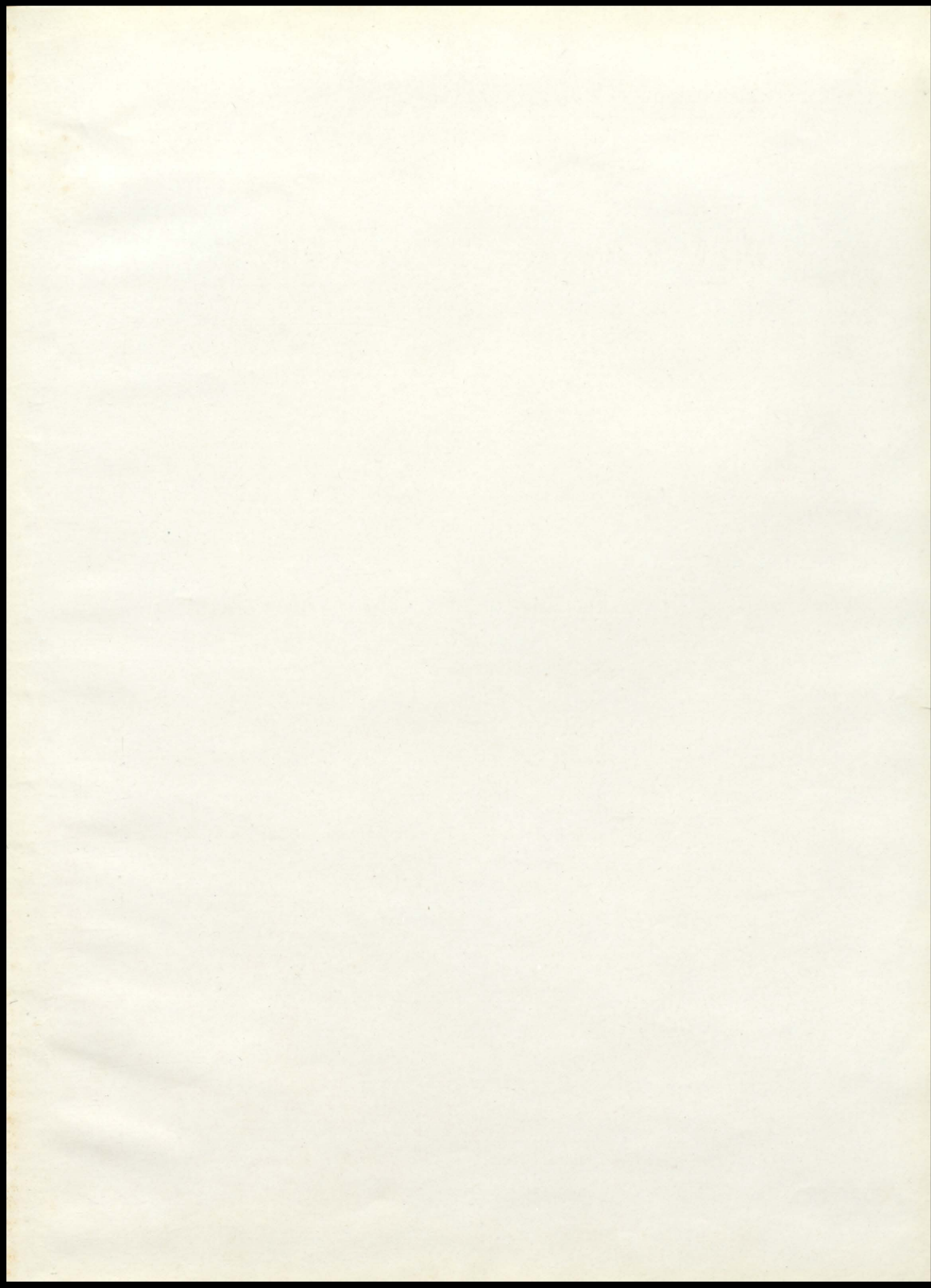
BANK BLOCK

Chagrin Falls, O.

Progress towards physical
perfection is as great as
mental attainment.



When Patronizing Advertisers, Please Mention Chagrin Falls High School Annual.



THE
ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS
CLEVELAND

