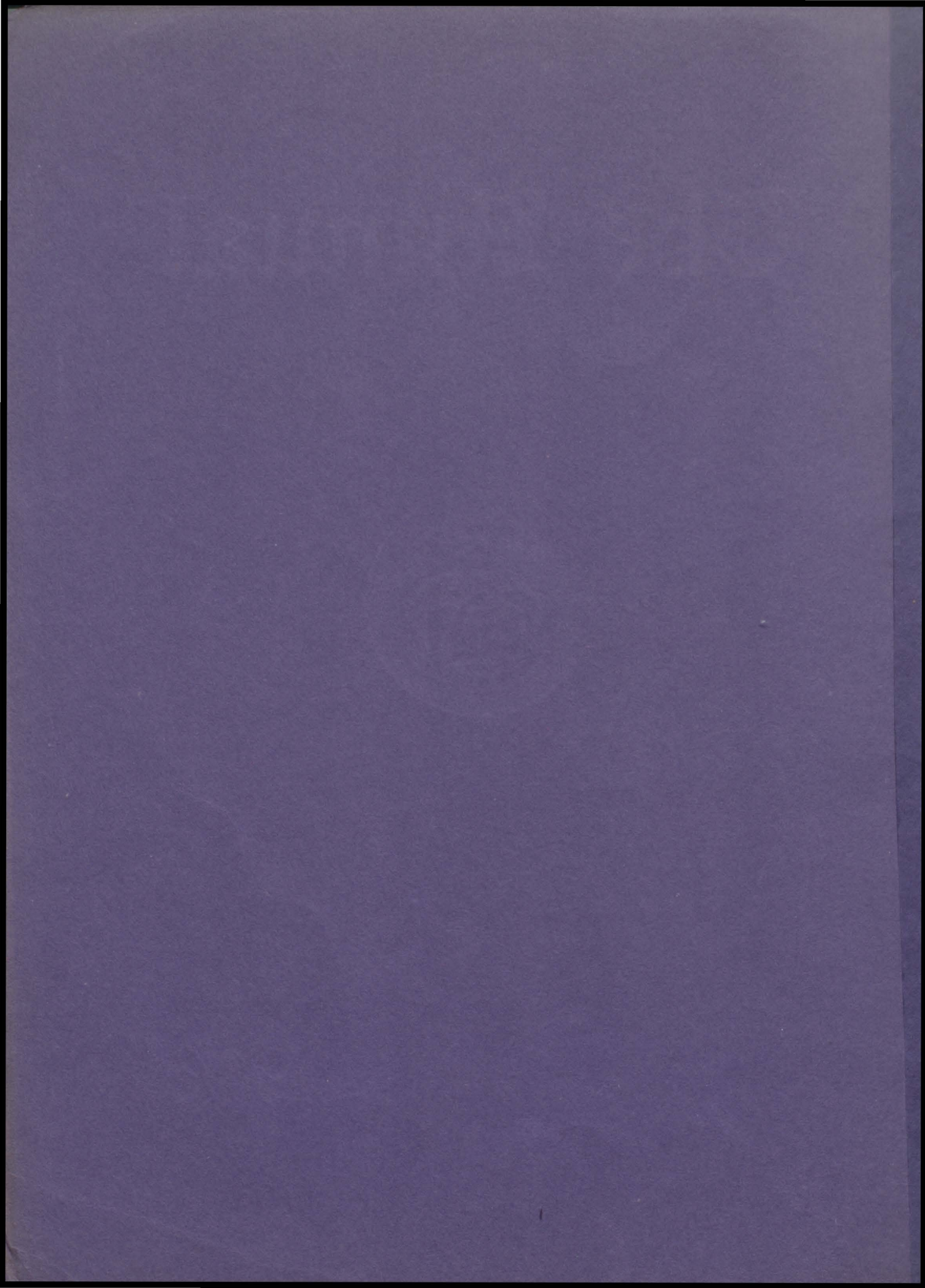
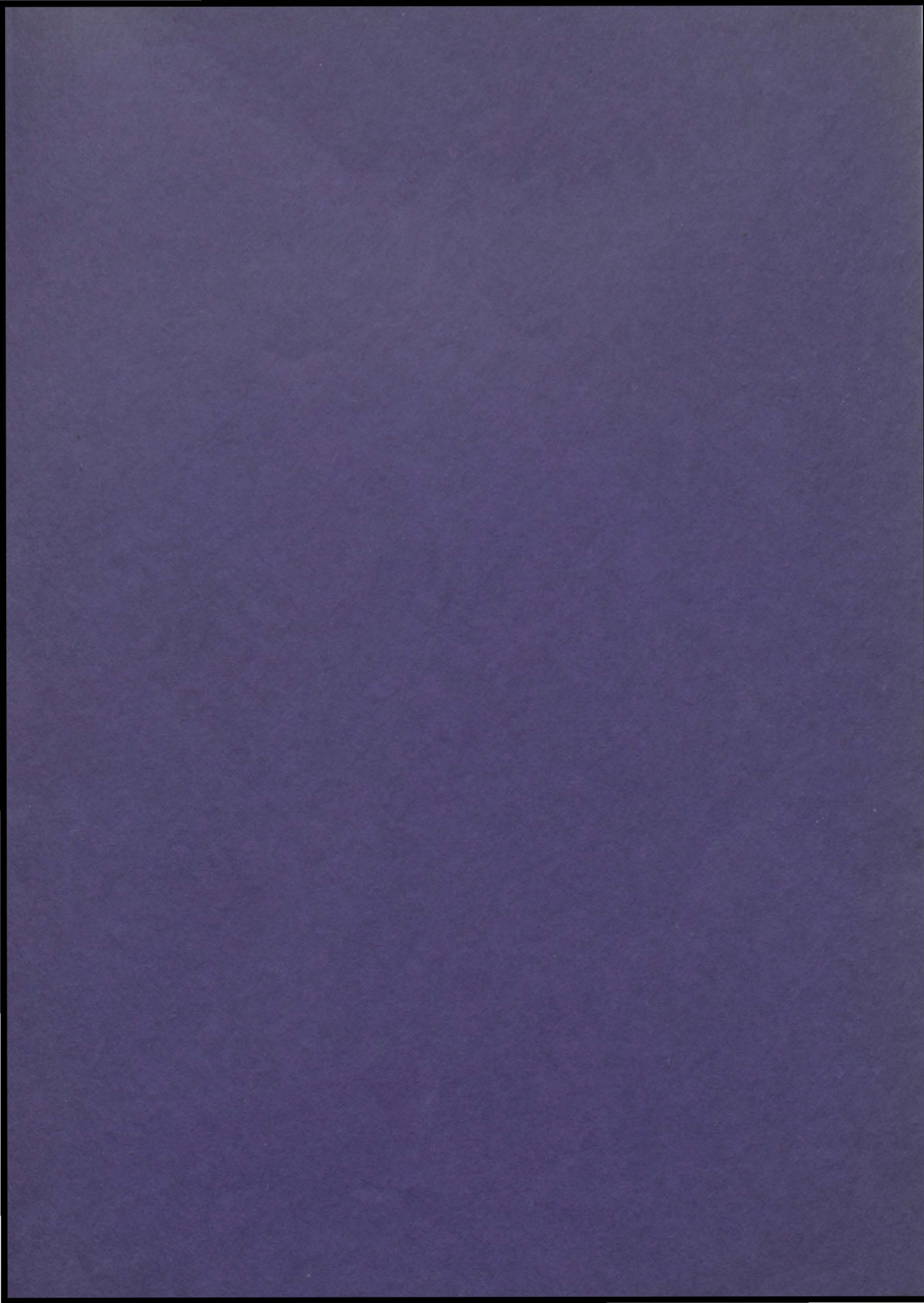


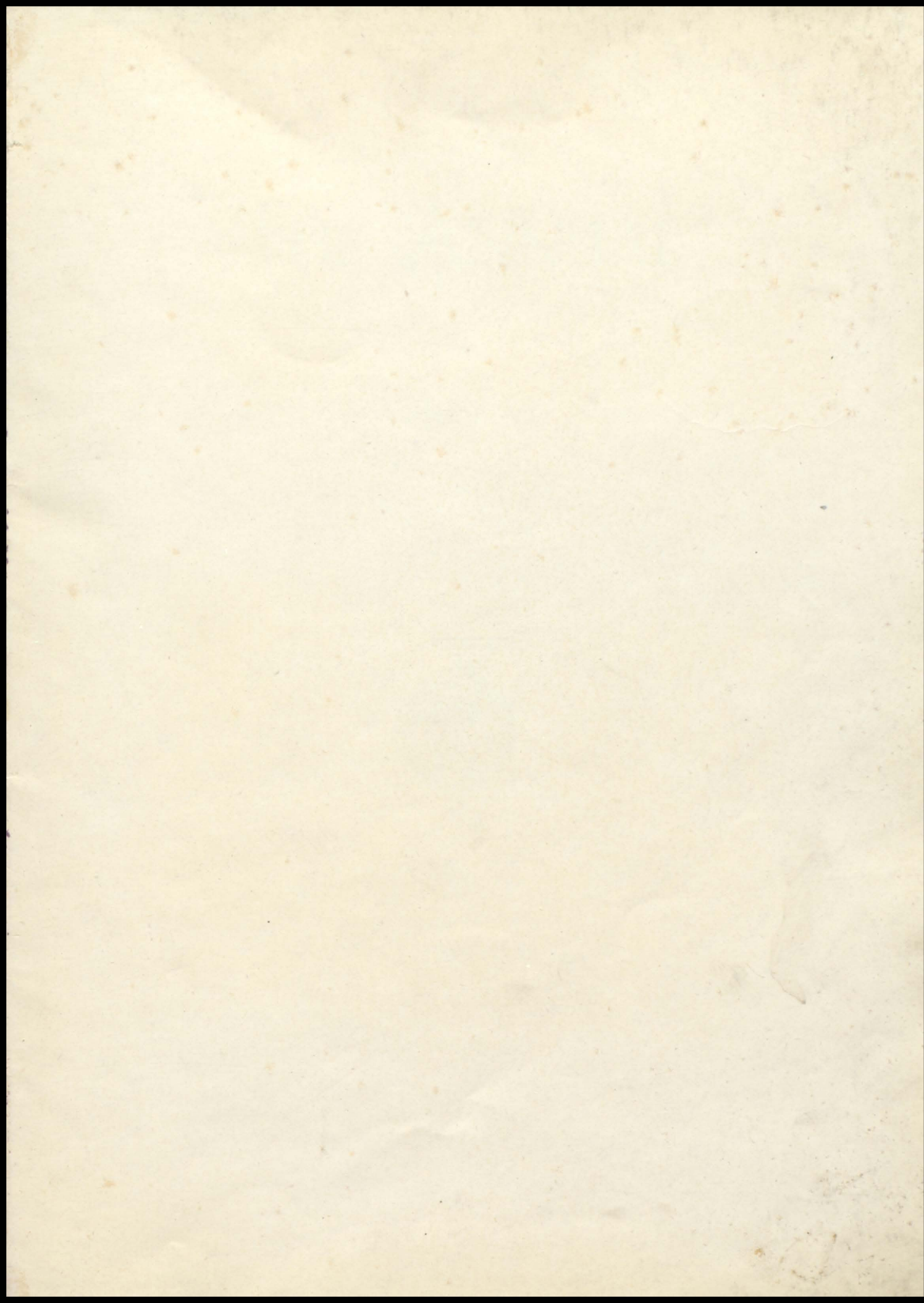
The Annual



1916









THE ANNUAL

Volume VI



Published by
The Class of 1916



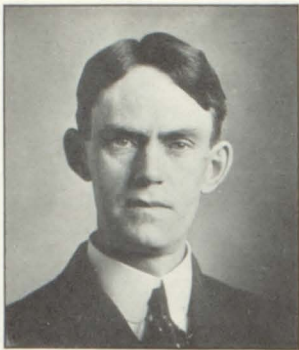
The Class of 'Sixteen
Affectionately inscribes its Annual

—TO—

Mrs. Zoe Long Fouts
Supervisor of Music



THE
BEGINNING



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



LELAND N. DRAKE
B. E.; B. Ped., O. N. U.
Principal



MABEL J. BAKER
A. B., Oberlin
Assistant Principal



LUCY A. DAVIS
B. S., O. S. U.



LILLIAN FOLIART



FLORENCE B. HANNA
Ph. B., Heidelberg



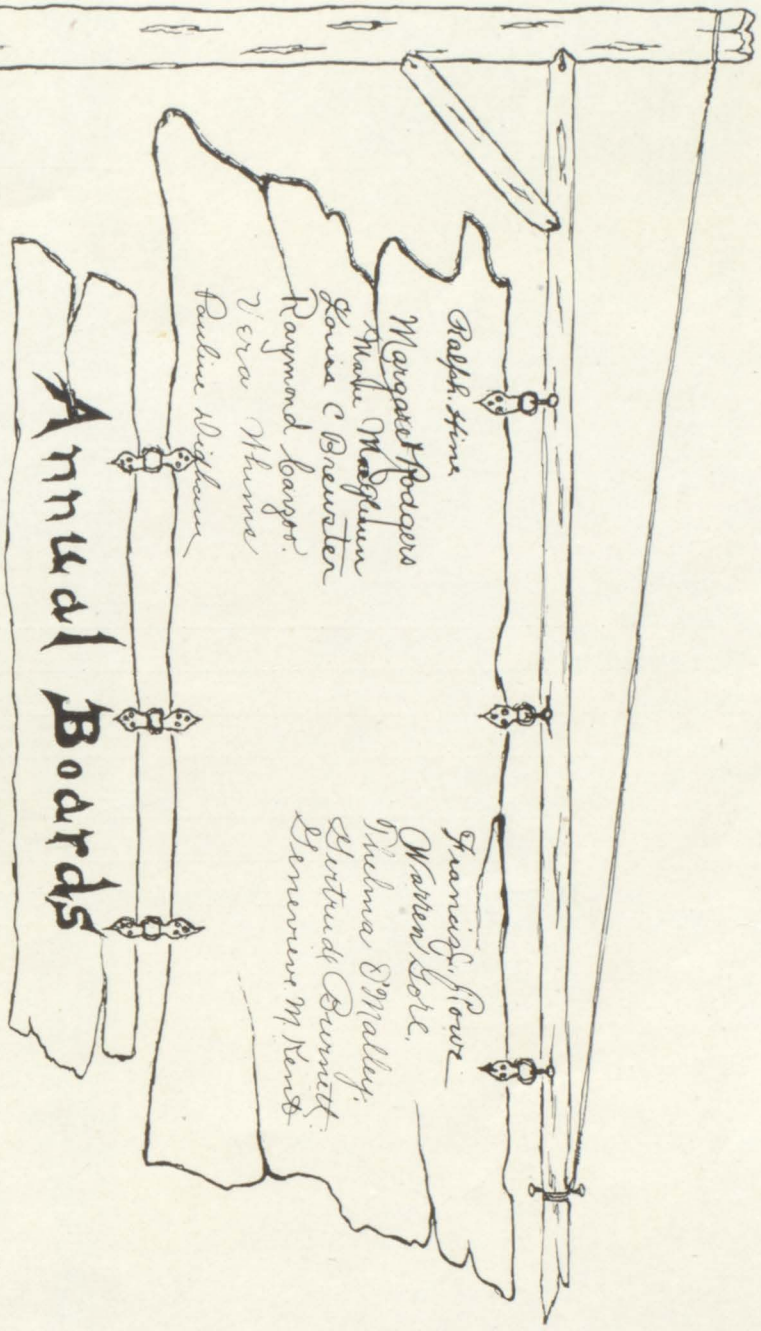
MRS. ZOE LONG FOUTS
Supervisor of Music



CLYDE C. STEELE
K. N. C.

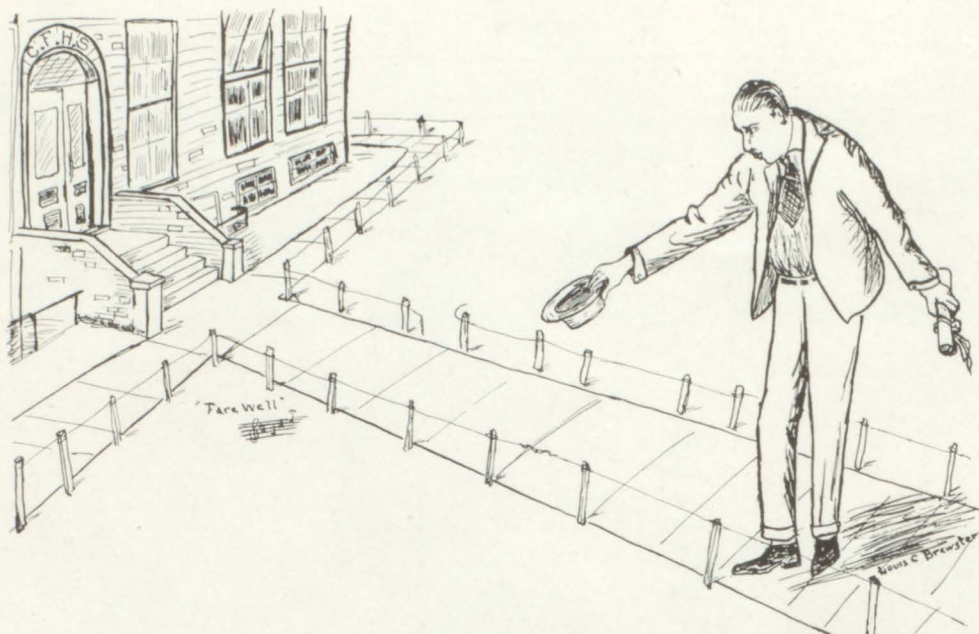


ESTHER COWELL
Supervisor of Art



The Annual Board's Prayer:

"Heaven be with us when this book comes out"

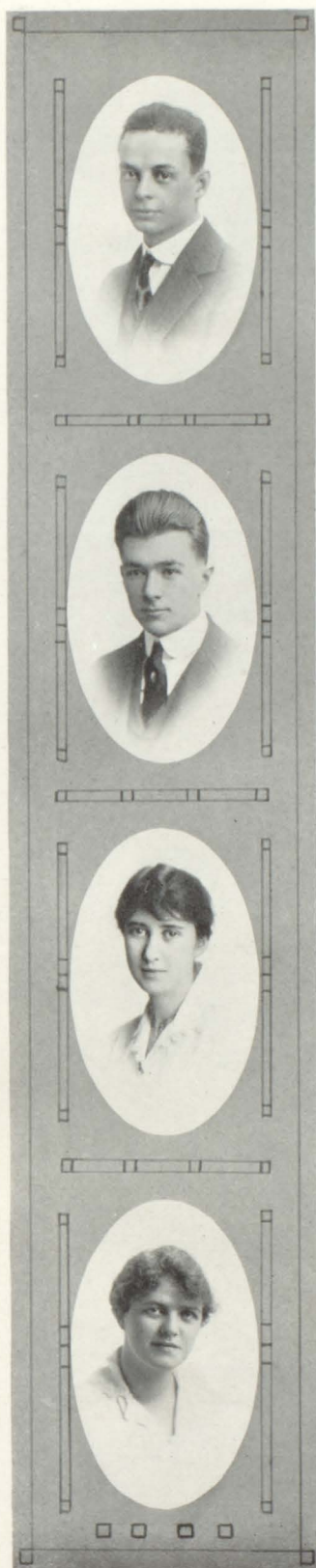


President FRANCIS ROWE
Vice-President RALPH HINE
Secretary THELMA O'MALLEY
Treasurer GERTRUDE BURNETT

COLORS.....Purple and White

FLOWERWhite Rose

MOTTO.....Vestigia nulla retrorsum



FRANCIS J. ROWE.

"His heart is fixed—until further notice."

Commercial Course.
President of Class.
Glee Club, 2, 3, 4 (Pres., 4).
Football, 3, 4 (Mgr., 4).
Baseball, 3.
Phidelphian Debating Club.
Business Manager, "The Annual."

RALPH C. HINE, "Heinie."

*"It matters not what you are tho't to be,
but what you are."*

Scientific Course.
Vice-President of Class.
Glee Club, 3, 4.
Football, 3, 4 (Capt., 4).
Baseball, 3.
Basketball, 4.
Chairman of Advertising, Lecture
Course Committee.
Editor-in-Chief, "The Annual."

THELMA C. O'MALLEY, "Tommie."

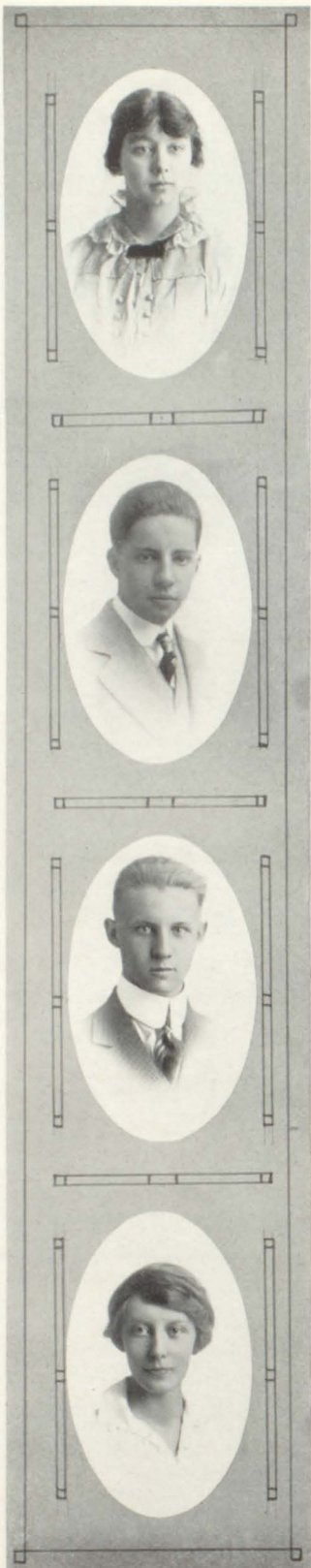
*"She is often known to change her mind
because she is one of womankind."*

Scientific Course.
Secretary of Class.
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4 (Pres., 4).
Glee Club and High School Accom-
panist.
Alcyone Debating Club.
Managerial Board.

GERTRUDE E. BURNETT, "John."

*"Her wisdom (?) is often mixed with
sarcasm."*

Commercial Course.
Treasurer of Class.
Glee Club, 2, 3, 4 (Sec'y, 4).
Alcyone Debating Club.
Treasurer of Lecture Course Com-
mittee.
Managerial Board.



LOUISE E. BLACKLER, "Dolly."

"A worker, always doing her level best."

Commercial Course.
Phidelphian Debating Club.
Editorial Board.

LOUIS C. BREWSTER, "Louie."

"Still idle, with a busy air."

Scientific Course.
Phidelphian Debating Club.
Editorial Board.

RAYMOND A. CARZOO, "Carzinc."

*"Strength and manhood from him shine,
as he bucks the opposing line."*

Commercial Course.
Football, 3. 4.
Basketball, 4.
Alcyone Debating Club.
Editorial Board.

MIRIAM R. CHURCH, "Fairy."

"A nose for news."

Classical Course.
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Phidelphian General.
Managerial Board.



BEATRICE M. CRARY, "Bee."

"Her very foot has music in it, coming up the stairs."

Scientific Course.
Alcyone Debating Club.
Editorial Board.



PAULINE B. DIDHAM, "Dids."

"She has a few fits of silence, during which her conversation is delightful."

Commercial Course.
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Alcyone Debating Club—Secretary.
Editorial Board.



WARREN H. GORE, "Daney."

"Stand aside, Professor, and let me explain it."

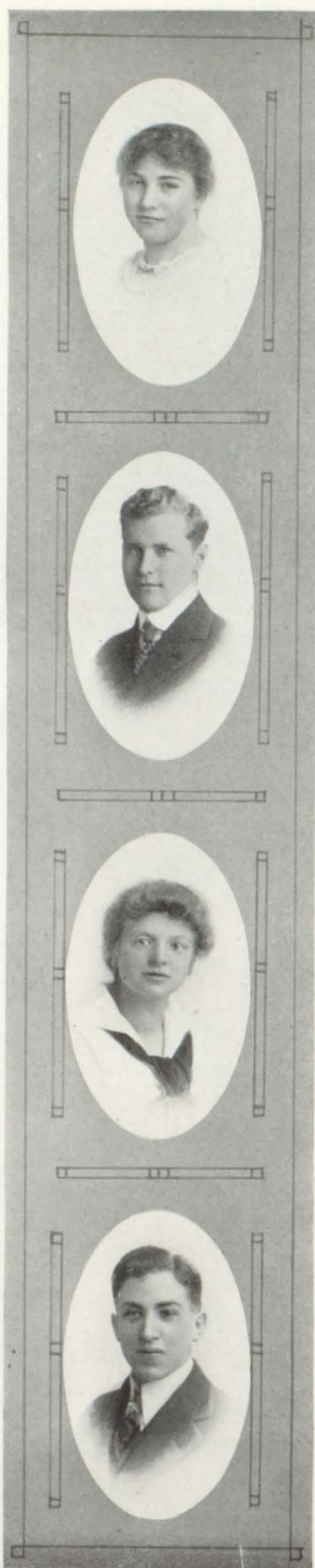
Commercial Course.
Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.
Football, 4.
Phidelphian Debating Club.
Assistant Manager, "The Annual."



MYRL S. HILL.

"Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy."

Commercial Course.
Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.
Football, 3, 4.
Basketball, 4.
Phidelphian Debating Club.
Managerial Board.



ANNA J. JAROS.

"To be efficient in a quiet way, that is my aim thru'out the day."

Commercial Course.
Champion Speller of High School.
Phidelphian Debating Club.
Editorial Board.

LESTER A. JOHNS, "Fuzzy."

"I'm always in haste, but never in a hurry."

Commercial Course.
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Alcyone Debating Club.
Managerial Board.

GENEVIEVE M. KENT.

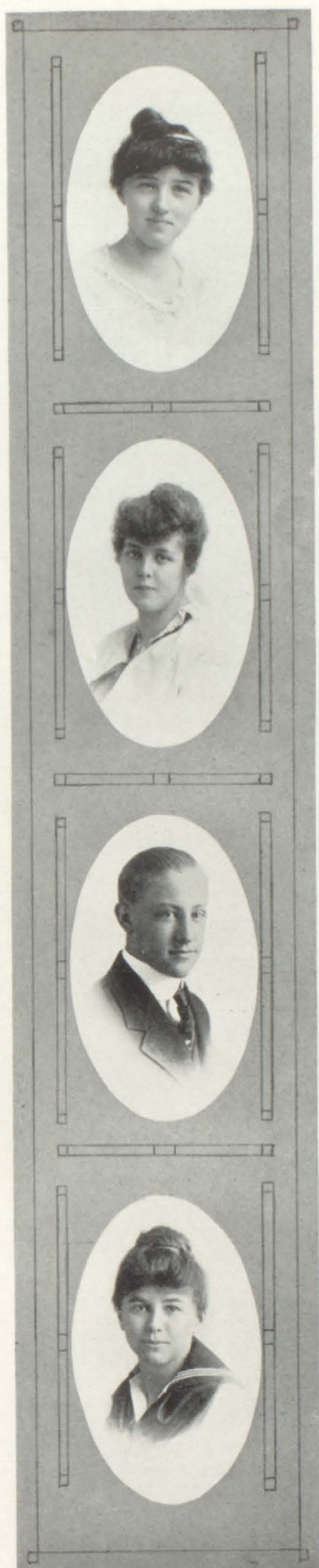
"Though she be blunt, I know her passing wise."

Scientific Course.
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Phidelphian General—President.
Editorial Board.

WM. M. LANGSTAFF, "Langbobber."

"Lay me down in peace to sleep."

Commercial Course.
Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.
Alcyone Debating Club.
Managerial Board.



MARIE M. MCGLENEN, "Jane."

"Hang sorrow! Care would kill a cat, so therefore let's be happy."

Scientific Course.
Alcyone Debating Club.
Editorial Board.

IVA L. MENGES, "Ike."

"Five minutes! I've been five minutes too late all my life."

Scientific Course.
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Phidelphian Debating Club.
Editorial Board.

HENRY NYCAMP, "Hank."

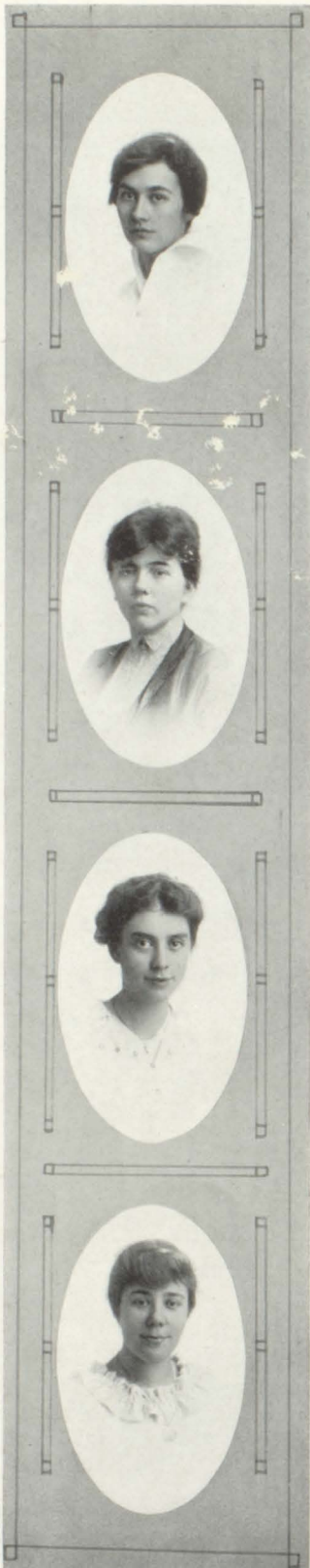
"Girls, don't look at me, I'm so bashful."

Commercial Course.
Alcyone General.
Editorial Board.

MARGARET D. RODGERS, "Target."

"Give her a nice quiet 'Glenn,' and she is content."

Classical Course.
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Alcyone Debating Club—President.
Secretary of Lecture Course Committee.
Assistant Editor, "The Annual."



DOROTHEA M. COPE, "Dot."

"I always hate to speak too loud, for fear I shall be heard."

Scientific Course.
Alcyone Debating Club.
Editorial Board.

FLORENCE G. SCHMITT, "Fluff."

"Fat and good (?) natured."

Commercial Course.
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
Phidelphian Debating Club—Vice-President.
Chairman of Hall, Lecture Course Committee.
Editorial Board.

WINIFRED J. TIMMONS.

"I'm not to blame if I am beautiful."

Scientific Course.
Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.
Editorial Board.

VERA A. WHIMS, "Delicia."

"Her heart is in her work."

Commercial Course.
Phidelphian Debating Club.
Editorial Board.



ERNEST D. WILLIAMS, "Inky."

"Ho! Watchman, how goes the night?"

Commercial Course.

Football, 1, 2.

Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4 (Capt., 4).

Baseball, 1, 2, 3.

Alcyone General.

Editorial Board.



Mixed Locals

Little tiny Freshmen,
Seen in early fall,
Look like little babies
'Cuz they are so small.

Little tiny Freshmen,
When they're later seen,
Look like growing onions,
'Cuz they are so green.

See the knowing Sophomores,
Swagger 'round the school,
Little do they "savey" that
Soph'more means "wise fool"!

There's the sporty Juniors,
Going to the show,
Paramount and Lubin
Are surely all they know.

But here's an honored Senior,
Who's learned in his four years,
To believe a tenth of what he sees,
And not a word he hears!

Prophecy

INVENTIONS in 1925 so far surpassed all the expectations of the class of 1916, that the marvels accomplished by some of our most distinguished members overshadowed all the great inventions of the last century. The "Omnipresent" moving picture machine, invented by Raymond, that reached to all parts of the earth and took photographs of our classmates, was propelled in the air by Louis, who traveled only in a flying machine, since walking was always so tiresome for him and his mechanic "Fuzzy." As part of the entertainment for the Alumni banquet of 1925, we present the result of a trip of this kind, as described by our special reporter.

Alas, just as I started, I seemed to bump into air, and as my machine righted, I saw Francis, looping the loop in his flying machine "Ford Oscar III," then speeding to the earth, where the German Army, commanded by Adjutant General Florence Wilhelmina Schmitt, was in close combat with the mob, but as the "Ford Oscar III" descended the rioters dispersed.

As I went into Chagrin Falls, now a city of 10,000 inhabitants, I met Myrl Hill, head of the Mouth Hygiene Club of Cleveland, whom Genevieve had persuaded to go back with her to the Fiji Islands. "Professor Gore" accompanied them in order to make a collection of bees and other insects.

Then I noticed a commotion up the street. Approaching, I saw a crowd of people pouring from the darkened doors of the "Falls" Theatre, and found that "Miss Winifred Timmons" was singing there that week, with Beatrice as her accompanist. I asked what was the trouble and found that she had sung so high that the rapid vibration of her voice had caused the bulbs to burst. Looking farther on the menu for the following week, I found that Miss "Tommie" O'Malley, composer of the popular melody, "Here Comes My Daddy Now," was the next attraction, ably assisted by the 58th variety of Hine's Canned Goods.

The following "Notice" was tacked upon the door:

"All the gowns for this performance were designed by
Madame Menges, of Australia."

Outside, mounted on a soap box was Miss "John" Burnett. "I'll wager," said John, "that you can't find a home without women." "I can, madame," replied a young man, who later proved to be the author of the priceless volume, "How To Overcome Bashfulness." "Show me," stormed John. "The Old Soldiers' Home," replied Henry.

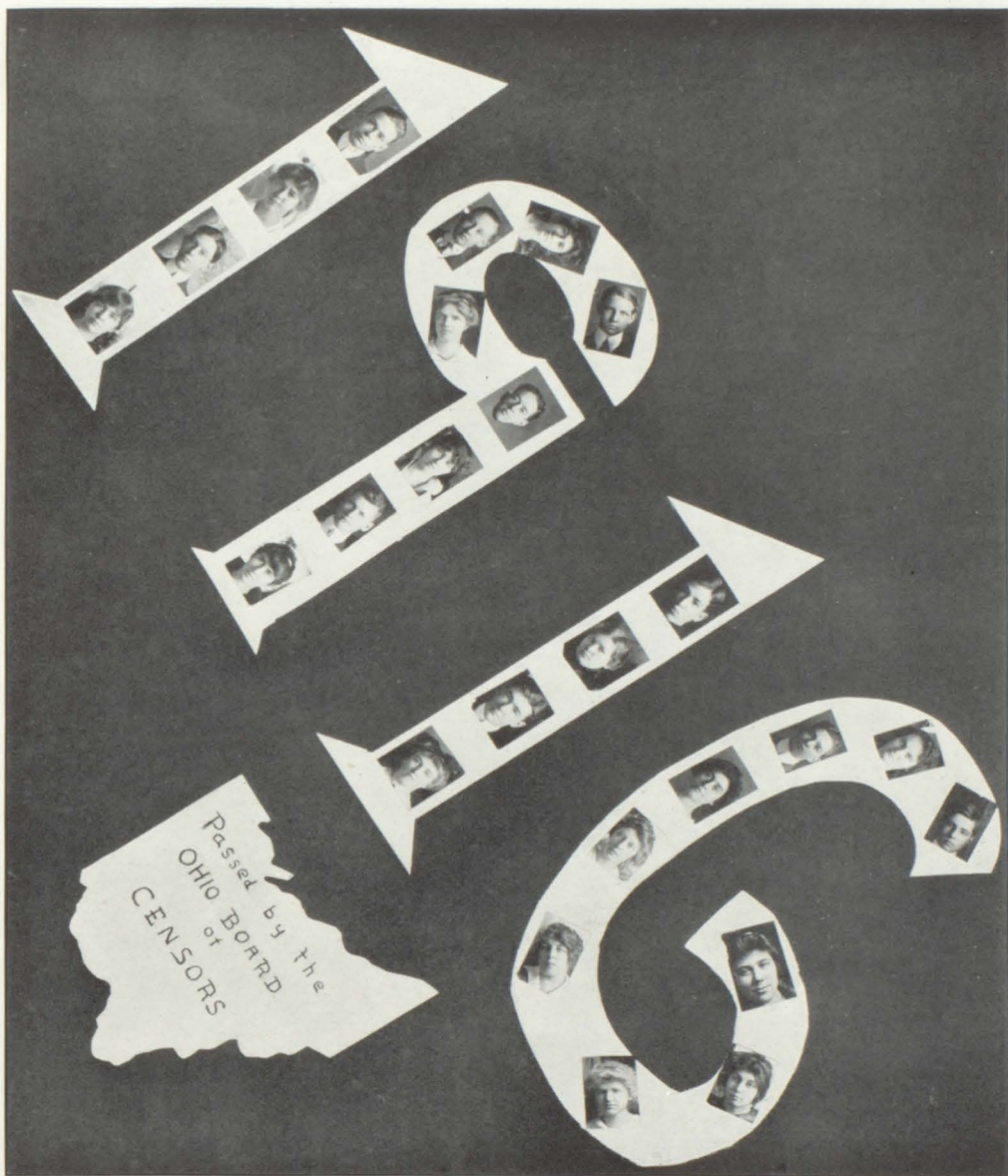
Again we were reminded that our blessings never come singly, for coming up the street I perceived Margaret and Miriam, who were reading the book, "How To Make Love," by Pauline Didham. Then I saw them turn into a building and, as I noticed the sign, "Classy Soda Fountain, Proprietress, Marie MacGlenen," I remembered that soda used to be her principal article of diet.

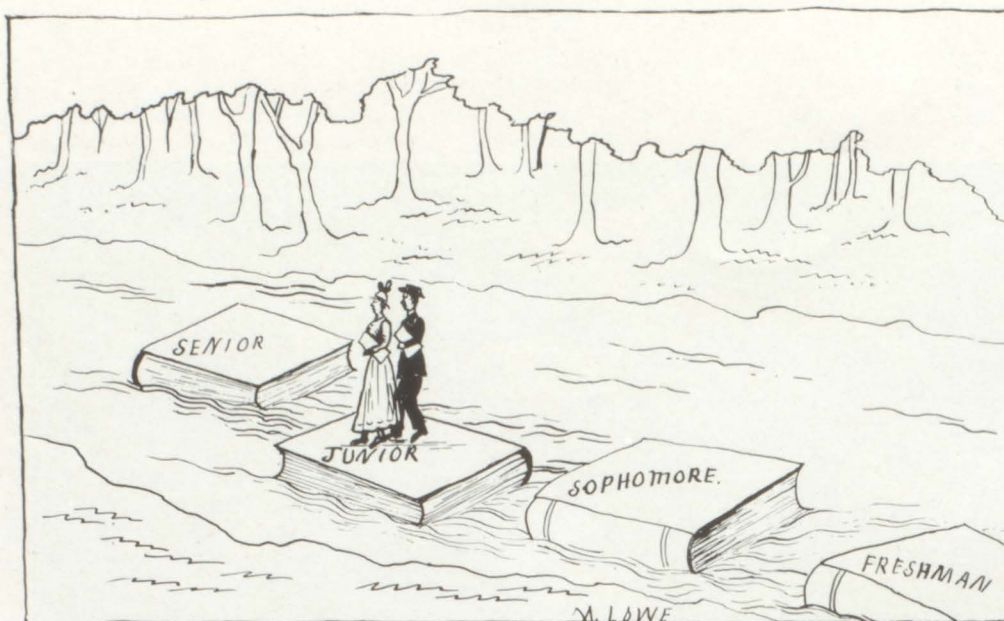
Farther down the street, I noticed a Delicatessen Shop, run by Whims and Jaros. Dorothea used to be in the partnership, but changed her trade for "Domestic" bliss.

Then the fire bell clanged, and I saw in the distance that the great "Langstaff" Chemistry Laboratory was ablaze. I saw "Bill," a hero, as he carried his pretty stenographer, Miss Louise Blackler, from the blazing building.

Last, but not least, I met the great athletic coach, "Williams."

M. M. M.





President GORDON DIPPO

Vice-President LYMAN HUGGETT

Secretary ALICE PELTON

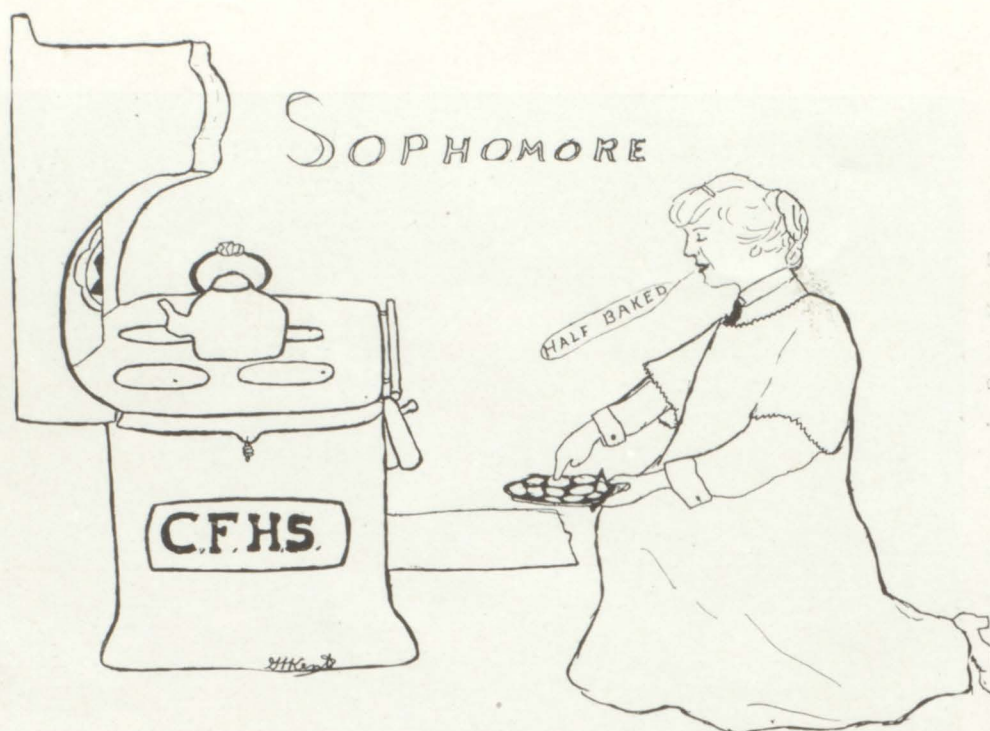
Treasurer FRED RIDGE

COLORS..... Navy Blue and Old Gold

CLASS FLOWER..... Sweet Pea



Top Row—Gordon Dipppo, Fred Ridge, Elmer Isaac, Lyman Huggett.
Second Row—Rhena Gifford, Marian Brewster, Alice Pelton, Eugenie Dean, Miss Foliart.



President ROBERT MOSHER

Vice-President EMERSON GATES

Secretary CHALMER STEVENS

Treasurer EVA ROWE

CLASS FLOWER.....White Carnation



Top Row—Ivan Whims, Emerson Gates, Wheelock Cameron, Glenn Mapes, Robert Mosher, Wesley McGlenen, Elton Root, Eugene Nichols.
 Second Row—Edwin Class, Eva Rowe, Marjorie Van Valkenburg, Mary Mattus, Florence Dippo, Ruth McLaughlin, Ruby Dutton, Merle Johns, Chalmer Stevens.
 Third Row—Celia Carzoo, Lucile Duncan, Marie Warren, Marie Lowe, Helen Pedler, Verneita Fenton, Mildred Fisher, Emma Atwater.

Sophomore Class History

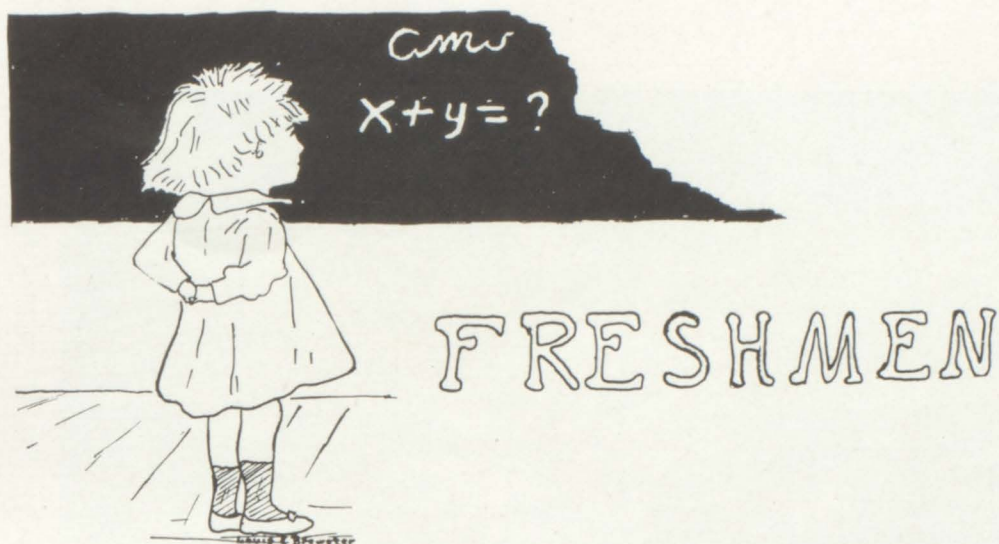
WRITING the history of the Sophomore Class is comparable to writing the history of the Chagrin Falls High School during the past two years. Indeed, so celebrated have become the activities of this composite bundle of wisdom that if this history were written twenty years hence writing it would be equivalent to composing a new history of America.

During the two years this class has been in High School, it has succeeded in working wonderful transformations in the method of instruction as well as in the physical surroundings of our High School. Immediately upon our entrance into High School, we adopted plans and began the erection of a fine new high school building. The completion of this occupied our time during most of the first year; but finally we were able to announce the successful termination of this task and to invite the rest of the High School to help us occupy it. The other classes followed along and took the places we assigned them.

At the beginning of the second, or Sophomore, year the great question for consideration was why the Sophomore year was not placed last in the course instead of the Senior. For, according to the dictionary, the Sophomore knows so much at the end of the year that he already has attained the summit of human knowledge. Trying to pour more into him during the Junior and Senior years is just like trying to fill a full molasses jug—you may break the jug trying to get more into it. Most of the members of this class feel that their second year has given them such an insight into human knowledge that further school work is superfluous and we are now ready for the play and frivolities which naturally come in the Junior and Senior years.

Thirty boys and girls entered High School in the fall of 1914. The class now consists of twenty-five; but it is a whole army in school spirit. As Freshmen, we completed the new High School building; as Sophomores, we have organized the High School and kept it properly disciplined. It is the unanimous verdict of the class now that it is ready, willing and anxious to demonstrate what really can be accomplished during the last two years.

WESLEY MCGLENEN.



President FRANK MOSHER

Vice-President CLAYTON CRAFTS

Secretary JAMES WILSON

Treasurer PAUL STEEL

CLASS FLOWER..... American Beauty Rose

CLASS COLORS..... Maroon and White



Top Row—nelsonhills harrylangstaff claytoncrafts lewiskent everettcline earlsanders arthurmapes dewittdoolittle
ivanlaraway paulsteel oliverhoopes.

Second Row—florencegifford sylviaruch mariehoffman margarethubbell edithsechler consuellarietz Miss Davis.

Third Row—teddyallshouse haroldrobinson ednakrueger mariettahunt florapedler mamieblackler hildaschmitt hilda-
zieglier.

Fourth Row—leonalauterer elizabethrogers endafosdick sarahblackford gladyscoombs louisedavis edwardhenry
mildredferris.

Front Row—jameswilson harrytruman frankmosher williamlarkworthy everettjackson.



Me & my Cat



Hinie



Louie



Hank



Geometry Class



Ridge - Hinie - Tussy
John - Didd



gazing up at Jr. Ridge



Three unknown quantities



Target



Basket Ball Representative's



Tussy



Tommy



Charlie



Jane



The Deception

A TINY shaft of sunlight had been creeping down the tall tree-trunk for the past hour, and now it rested just on the edge of Sandy's eyelid. It was an insistent little disturber, and it was not long before Sandy was sitting up with an angry, sleepy protest on his lips. At first, he found himself trying to pick out the stiffest and sorest part of himself. He had walked for miles before dropping down in the cool shade for a siesta, and many months of office work had softened him for this sort of thing, even without his late severe illness.

His first waking thought had been that he was in his own bachelor apartments, on his own comfortable couch. But instead, he found huge pines towering above him, a soft mat of pine needles under his head, and a heavy scent of pine in his nostrils. Twisting between the stately pines, a narrow white trail came from somewhere back of him and disappeared, a short distance away from him, over the edge of a precipitous incline. Up this trail Sandy had come, and he knew that it kept on its twisting course for an alarming distance down the side of the ravine, around great boulders and under fallen trees, finally crossing the ambitious creek far below.

Sandy took a lazy look around, wondered how long he had slept, and pulled out his watch. With surprise, he found that he had been sleeping for two hours, and that in another hour the sun was due to set. It was three miles to Burdett's; but he had plenty of time, so he pulled out a plump tobacco pouch and a weather-beaten black pipe. Some pipe—he reflected—bought of a peasant on the Russian steppes, who had spent all of his spare time for a couple of years carving quaint saints' faces, stars, crescents and scrolls on its curved iron-like sides. The nicest little pipe he had ever owned, although he had tried every kind, and possessed scores—Turkish water pipes, long snaky Dutch pipes, beautiful meerschaum pipes—Hello! someone was coming up the trail, and having a jolly time about it, too. Evidently there was more than one, for Sandy was treated to a very amusing monologue.

"Go wan there, you gemmuns!" (Bing) "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you lazy ol' thing? Go lopin' along any ol' way." (Bang) "Go wan!" (Biff!) "You think you're tired, don't you? Yuh ol' heathen!" (Bing!).

It was a pleasant young voice, and powerful, as Sandy found out, grinning. Just below him, for the traveler was very near, the voice broke out into "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," for the "gemmun's" benefit, accompanied by a steady thump-thump. At the third line, Sandy was surprised to see a little gray donkey top the ravine-side. Sandy did not stir—he wanted to give the newcomer a surprise at not finding himself alone. A few seconds, and a marvelously hideous cap of red and green and yellow topped the trail—slim boyish shoulders in gray flannel—finally, a well-built young fellow appeared, head bent, sleeves rolled up over brown arms, and scarred leather boots that reached to his knees. Over one shoulder was a camera, over the other a sagging creel.

The boy followed the placid donkey, never glancing in Sandy's direction, until he stopped at sight of a pair of large feet quite near the trail. The whistling stopped abruptly and the youngster—he did not look much over twenty—straightened up and looked into a smiling, rather wan, face, framed in a mop of sandy hair, tousled and bristling with pine needles.

"Hello," said the sandy-haired one, sitting up.

"Wie gehts," replied the youth, a grin spreading over his cheerful, sunburnt features. "Thought I was alone."

"Oh, you were until I woke up a moment ago. My name's William Randolph McGill McBurn."

"Thanks. Mine's Tom Bellew." And he stretched out a slim and boyish hand to the now erect Sandy. "Goin' my way? I wanted to go up a little farther and make supper."

"I was just settling down for a smoke before starting home."

"Very far?"

"Three miles."

"Why not have something with me? I've been alone all day and I feel kinda sociable." The truth of the matter was that Tom had taken an instant liking to Sandy.

"Why, don't know but what I might. Thanks."

Sandy picked up a heavy sweater and soft hat and fell into line beside Tom. The donkey had not stopped during their conversation, but had ambled on almost out of sight, so that there was not much chance for further talk until they had caught up with him. They had not gone very far before Tom tethered the "gemmun," as he called the donkey (his name really was the "gentleman," because he was so sedate) and made preparations for the meal. A small and crystal-clear stream ran nearby, and from it Tom brought a can of water, while Sandy gathered firewood. A business-like fire was built and a tin teapot and small skillet were taken from the donkey's back. After some fat pieces of bacon had been fried crisp, two beautiful white-fish, that had been taken from the creel and deftly cleaned, were laid in the sizzling fat. Fifteen minutes more, and the two new friends were sitting opposite each other with a very satisfying meal between them. Naturally, there was much of interest to discuss.

Tom turned out to be the son of Sandy's hostess' neighbors, with a love of hunting that often took him far from home. About ten miles back in the woods he had a tiny cabin; and it was his greatest joy to get away for a day with the little donkey; and have a solitary jaunt with gun and reel. Sandy had a vivid picture of the cabin as Tom described it—the one room with two little windows, the vine-covered porch, all protected by a mighty tree. Tacked over the walls, both inside and out, were a variety of both cured and "green" skins, that were evidently Tom's pride.

At this point in the conversation, the talk drifted to other parts of the world, with Sandy's description of a bear that he had once killed. Sandy was a widely traveled young man, with a fund of stories from all parts of the world. The meal was finished, the dishes packed away for the journey home, and the fire stamped out to the accompaniment of all sorts of strange and entertaining stories. The final "home stretch" was a short and pleasant walk; but a half-mile from the Bellew home, Tom became silent and almost surly in manner. Sandy was surprised—he could think of nothing that he could have taken offense at, unless it was his, Sandy's, remark that he was going to look up Tom in the near future. Sandy was hurt, and mentally decided not to give the youngster another thought after he had once left him. Therefore the rest of the journey was finished in silence, Sandy puzzled and Tom unsmiling and glum. When they arrived at the Bellew home—it was a beautiful old Colonial house in rather bad repair, Sandy noticed—Sandy made several attempts to speak, but blundered badly; so that with a "Thanks for the eats. So long," and a curt "Goodby," they went their separate ways.

* * * * *

Sandy puzzled over Tom Bellew's strange behavior long after he had arrived at Burdett's, and after he had told his host and hostess of the meeting. As they loitered at the dinner table, he noticed an amused glance pass between the other two. He asked an explanation, but it was cleverly side-stepped. According to Olivia, he would find out in good time, for the Burdetts had received an invitation to dinner from the Bellews that same day, and they were to bring their guest. He received, too, a good deal of teasing about the two Bellew girls, who were the beauties of the neighborhood—Sandy liked pretty girls and loathed homely ones. There was a son, too, he was told, and here Sandy caught again that amused glance between his two cousins; but the boy was a solitary lad and rarely met strangers.

They went to the Bellews two nights later and Sandy met two of the prettiest girls he had ever seen. He had a very enjoyable time, although it was rather spoiled because Tom did not appear. Sandy was too proud—or too stubborn—to ask for him. Once he heard steps on the terrace outside the drawing-room windows, and he had an almost overwhelming desire to get up and see who it was.

The Burdetts and Sandy left rather early, with an urgent invitation to come over again very soon. Taking advantage of it, Sandy walked over to the Bellews three nights later, presumably to see the Bellew girls, but with the intention of seeing their brother and making his peace. He had taken an unaccountable liking to the boy, which he could not explain; and he had made up his mind to see more of him in the future, before he left the Burdetts.

It was while "Pat" Bellew was singing for him—her sister was absent on a visit—that Sandy heard again that mysterious movement on the terrace. Without a moment's hesitation he slipped out of the French door behind him to the dark terrace, just in time to see a figure disappear into another door farther down. A few long strides and he was in the darkened interior of a tiny den, a big chair standing in front of him, the top of a brown head showing above its padded top. Sandy suddenly changed his mind and half turned to go back to the drawing-room, where Pat Bellew was still singing, unconscious of his absence, but the figure suddenly stirred, and Sandy stopped.

"Pardon me," he said, hastily, "I——," and he stood transfixed. A girl, a thin-faced slip of a girl, Tom Bellew's exact counterpart, was staring at him with big eyes!

"I—I—I thought it was Tom—I made a mistake. Pardon me." And poor Sandy blushed to the roots of his hair.

"But—I *am* Tom," said the girl, covering her face with trembling hands and shrinking back, as if for protection, in the depths of the great chair.

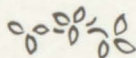
* * * * *

The whole story came out the next day from the hilarious Burdett—the poor state of finances in the Bellew family, the two girls who had to be married off, and Tom's (her name was Felicity) voluntary seclusion. She was naturally a shy girl, but her father's favorite and his constant companion, hunting, shooting, trapping. (That explains my mistake, Sandy thought). She could ride and swim and shoot; but she could *not* sing or dance or do any of those things in which her sisters excelled; and furthermore, she was not beautiful, like her sisters, or even pretty, and—

At this point of the conversation, Sandy made a dive for his hat and sweater, and sprang from the stump on which he was sitting. Burdett asked where he was going, but all he received was a curt "Bellew's."

Well, Sandy married her—Felicity—though everyone declared that she had caught him on the rebound from his last case in the city from which he hailed (oh, Sandy was very popular!); but Sandy knows better. From the latest society reports, the honeymoon is being spent in the Rockies, with a pack and the patient "gemmun."

F. G. S. '16.



One Week

The year had gloomily begun	SUN.
For Ernie Williams, a good man's	
He was beset with bill and dun,	MON.
For he had very little	
"This cash," he said, "won't pay my dues,	TUES."
I've nothing here but ones and	
A bright thought struck him and he said,	WED."
"The rich Miss Mac I will	
But when he paid his court to her,	THUR."
She lisped, but firmly said, "No,	
"Alas!" said he, "then I must die!"	FRI.
His soul went where they say souls	
They found his gloves, and coat, and hat,	SAT.
The Coroner upon them	M.

Such Is Life

ANDY and I were great chums in college, in fact we were room-mates. That is what caused the whole trouble—racking my brain for foolish people who really ought to know enough to take care of themselves.

We were studying—at least Andy was. I was occupying a chair by the fireplace and he was sitting in the glare of the study lamp with a book spread out before him. I don't know what the book was, but it certainly wasn't very interesting; for I know that he ate two apples, an orange, and combed his hair within half an hour. Finally he tossed the book on the table and said:

"George, I can't get back inside of ten days."

"Oh!" I said, "you're lucky. I wish I could get out of this grind for two days."

He looked sober. "I can't see it. Oh! George, I can't go now and leave——"

"Why, Andy, you can make it up all right."

"No, I can't, never! It's my only chance, right now. The other fellows——"

"The other fellows be hanged," I said. "They can't be compared with you. Besides, the Profs will be so easy on you that you'll have everything made up with the highest standing in the class inside of a week."

He just whistled, not the long drawn out canary wail recommended for such occasions, but an idiotic tune, and gazed at me sorrowfully.

"George, I have made up my mind that you can be trusted. You see the trouble is not my studies, but—well, I have invited Priscilla to go to the show next Friday night."

"Oh, I'll take her. I haven't got a date yet."

"Will you? But be sure and speak to her before Edwards does. I might as well tell you. I've simply got to go home to my cousin's wedding. It will take at least ten days to go and come back, and in the meantime Edwards and Penfield will be hanging around Priscilla."

"Andy, let's go to bed."

"But won't you do anything?"

"What can I do?" I laughed outright. "I can't lock her up and give you the key until called for."

"Oh! I know it. But George, promise to keep my memory alive, at least."

"Andy," I said, "let's go to bed."

Thus began my sleepless nights.

The next afternoon I saw Andy off. Again he begged me to do what I could for him. I told him not to worry and he looked almost cheerful. I wonder what he thought I was going to do.

The next moment, he stuck his head out of the car window. "I'll be back here in ten days on the three-ten."

On the way home from the station I met Priscilla.

"Well," I said, "I'm glad he's gone."

"I suppose you have been down to see Mr. Evenson off?"

"Yes," I replied, "and just think of it, for ten whole days nobody at my heels to put himself and his selfishness in my way all the time." The campaign had begun.

"Why, Mr. Evenson isn't selfish a bit."

"He isn't? Well, I wish you knew him as well as I do."

"I don't think you are very loyal to him."

I smiled. "I suppose you know him better than I do. He was awfully broken up about Friday night until I promised to ask you. Will you go?"

"Yes, you're very kind. I am sorry Mr. Evenson has to miss it."

"May I call tonight?"

She looked at me fixedly as though wondering what I was up to. I did not hear her reply, but I caught from her look that it was an unwilling affirmative. This was Wednesday; provision made for the rest of the week, I thought.

That evening I hunted up Edwards. He was an impressible fellow, so I said, "Edwards, I'm in trouble. Will you help me out?"

"What's the matter?"

"Well, you know Miss Tracy. She quite takes my eye, but she's a most evasive damsel, for she says she can't go to the lecture tomorrow evening and leave her cousin alone. She has just come, but she's awfully pretty, this cousin."

"Why, I'll take her if you'll give me an introduction."

"Say, Edwards, you're a brick."

"Au, no. I'd like to take her."

So there was Edwards settled. All that little cousin needed was free play for an hour and she could hold any man for ten days.

Then I spent some time dropping in on the other fellows and finally persuaded two of them to call on Miss Rockwell on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of the next week.

All seemed to be going well. Edwards was quite infatuated with the pretty cousin by the end of the week, but Penfield scowled at me and had a word with Miss Rockwell every time he could. Then my man for Tuesday evening told me that Priscilla was engaged for that night, so I had something to think about. However, I managed by calling on Miss Tracy that night (they lived in the same house) and succeeded in getting everyone interested in pictures from life—moving pictures we called them, which kept everyone occupied and Miss Rockwell and Penfield in their dressing rooms most of the evening. It was a great success.

The next day I met Priscilla going home from class and suggested our visiting the college tea-room for some hot chocolate. After we were seated I thought it was time to play my second card. Until now, I had done nothing to stir up her hatred except to continue my disparaging remarks about my room-mate. I think this aroused her indignation sufficiently to keep him in her mind somewhat. So I said:

"I don't know whether Andy will ever come back."

"Why, have you heard from him?"

"No, but he has a number of cousins down there and it's quite natural for him to forget his friends."

"Oh, I don't think he would, and besides, what have his cousins to do with it?"

"Nothing special. Only there's a dark haired one—I ought not to give him away."

"Well, I should think not;" and she arose and left me to finish my chocolate alone.

I went out feeling very happy, notwithstanding—that is, until my man for Thursday evening brought me word that she was engaged for that night. Luckily the day before it had snowed, so I hunted up the leader of the "Pirates." He was only a youngster, but he had proven himself invaluable many times before, so I knew I could depend upon him

now. For two dollars he promised to have his gang in readiness and not to tell a soul.

Thursday night I looked on joyously as Penfield started out to call upon Miss Rockwell. Little did he know what was in store for him.

Well, I heard later from one of the girls that Priscilla slowly became anxious, then embarrassed and, under the incessant teasing, considerably vexed at Penfield's unwarranted delay. Suddenly a great noise was heard outside, shrill screams and mocking laughter, until a snow-covered figure bounded into the room and slammed the door shut. It was Penfield. He was greeted with merry peals of laughter, which increased as he tried to explain how he had been set upon by countless imps and snowballed unmercifully.

This tale gave the girls great delight and I even smiled myself upon hearing it. Thursday gone. Everything seemed to be going so well that I could hardly bring myself to the final task. However, I decided that it was necessary.

Accordingly, at noon, I forced myself through a group of boys and girls and engaged Priscilla in conversation.

"I got a letter, today."

"Who from? Your room-mate?"

I gave a knowing look and she looked daggers.

"No," I replied. "He's too busy with his cousin to write me. Have you heard from him?"

She turned to go, but I stopped her.

"My letter is from Dorothy Andrews, and she's coming for a visit on the three-ten tomorrow. You want to go down and meet her."

"I will if you don't."

"But I've got to. Don't——"

"No, you haven't. She's my friend."

"Oh, Miss Rockwell, why do you hate me so? Can't I call tonight?"

"No, you can not. I hate you. You have done nothing but say malicious things about Mr. Evenson since he went away. If none of his men friends will stand up for him, I will."

It was just what I wanted and in the hearing of about a dozen people, too. One more stroke and I could go to my room and rest.

"Miss Rockwell, you're in love with Andy," I cried.

She gave a little scream and fled. So I told one of the girls to tell her that I would not go down to meet Miss Andrews.

What happened at the station I have never been able to ascertain. Miss Andrews did not arrive, that I know; but Andy did, of course.

That night Andy was studying as usual and I was sitting before the fire.

"You came mighty near getting things into an awful fix, George. Priscilla says that you said awfully mean things about me—she won't even repeat them. But I don't believe all she says, though you probably could not do much for me. I would rather think she did not need any prompting to keep me in mind."

M. R. '16.

Our Domestic Science Room

Pretty girls, flaxen curls,
Dishes, spoons and cans;
Dainty creature, sweetest teacher,
Cooker, knives and pans.

Sounds a little like a puzzle;
But don't think I'm a loon.
All these things together form
Our Domestic Science room.

L. J. '16.

Observation of the Study Room Statuary

JUST look at Margaret Hubbell and Marjorie Van Valkenburg writing notes to each other. I wish Miss Davis would see them. Every time Marjorie passes a note to Margaret (which I notice is very often) she glances back to see what Wesley is doing. He is very busy and hasn't time to notice her. I suppose he is writing Milly a note and Marjorie thinks he is getting his lessons. He intends to take Milly to the basketball game tonight, so I heard; but never mind, Marjorie, and don't cry, for if Milly goes home next week he will take you. Well, so Miss Davis finally saw those notes. Now I am glad of that and I presume the pupils around them are also glad.

Margaret is looking at Louis Brewster almost every second. She is doing more harm than good for she will get a stiff neck and Louis will have the fidgets worse than he has them now. I don't think I'll watch Margaret all the time for I'm afraid if I did I would go right down there and shake her up. I suppose there are others as mischievous as she; but I don't happen to see them. Sarah is really busy. Miss Baker must have given some hard algebra to make her work so. There is Mamie Blackler writing her daily letter again. I never saw the equal. I wouldn't wonder if this is for the Honorable Harry Langstaff, poor boy.

I would like to visit the Algebra class in order to see whether a certain girl in the first row knows that $x^2 + 2xy + y^2$ is the square of $x + y$.

Why does Harry Truman glance toward Mary Mattus so often? Oh, yes, I did hear something about those children; but then I am getting old and can't remember all I hear. It surely would take a smart person to remember all that one hears and sees in this High School.

How is it that Vera Whims was a Sophomore last year and a Senior this? She must be a professional student. It certainly would be a relief to me if Pauline would stop talking. It looks as if Anna had to tell her all her German. After she has talked a half hour, without permission, she asks Miss Davis if she can speak and then talks the rest of the period.

Verneita and Helen are continually laughing without anything to laugh at. They never seem to get tired of it. So Ralph Hine is pretending to study, is he? Well, Heinie, it's no use; for I can see you glancing at her, when you think no one is watching.

It would seem unusually strange if I looked at Marian and she wasn't talking to the boys or else giving Oliver a letter for his brother.

It is a perfect shame Erney can't always sit by little Marie for when they are parted she looks longingly at the vacant seat by her; but then all is for the best, so they say.

A good many of the pupils ask to speak. It is a wonder they can't wait until school is out to hold their conversations. There goes another hand up and Edith wants to speak to Hilda. Yes, Hilda, will you help Edith get her Latin?

I don't know what these poor high school pupils would do if they had to go to the kind of a school I did. We never thought of writing notes, or of talking and as for speaking, it was impossible for we had to get our own lessons. It was work, work, from the time we entered the school room until we left it. We had no equipment, either. We had a speller, an arith-

metic, a reader, a geography and a grammar; but what are those compared to the things they have here. But, nevertheless, I hear complaints from certain ones.

I don't know whether to thank the club that put me in this study room or not. I would be just as happy if they had faced me to the wall, although it is really interesting to watch the scholars. There goes the bell for dismissal and all seem happy to think another school day has passed.

G. V. C. '19

The Old Up-Right Piano

Up front in a corner of our study hall,
Quite limply reclining against the white wall,
There stands an old relic not up with the time,
Resembling the Ancient when giving a chime,—
The old up-right piano.

The dust of the ages lies on its dull face,
The keys are all battered and black as the case.
Completing their course in the bright month of June,
The Seniors have marched and have sung to the tune
Of the old up-right piano.

It also has furnished a home for the mice;
It shelters and feeds them so cozy and nice.
A great many families have here found a home,
Been tutored and taught and improved by the tone
Of the old up-right piano.

Most wonderful tones have come forth from this box:
It booms like a cannon, it groans, and it knocks
Like roaring of thunder up high in the sky;
Then soft and so low that the tones nearly die
In the old up-right piano.

This instrument seldom, if ever, is tuned;
It stands through the summer with cob-webs festooned.
Considering these drawbacks no wonder it moans
Like wind in the pines when it scatters the cones.
The old up-right piano.

It's "natural" too, yet it "sharps" and it "flats."
And frequently sounds like the fighting of cats.
But then we all love it, and stand up and sing
As birds do at thoughts of the beautiful Spring,—
By the old up-right piano.

In years that will come and in years that will pass,
We'll always remember our marching to class,
Our feet treading softly that we may hear all
The time and the music that comes from the tall
And dear old up-right piano.

M. R. C. '16.

The Delaware Trip

OF all local athletics so far this year, basket ball has been the most successful. Due to this success and the generosity of the players, the most unique undertaking of the season was made possible—a trip to Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware where the team participated in the Ohio High School Tournament.



While at Delaware, the team was royally entertained by members of our high school alumni and by the college officials, who put forth every possible effort to show us a good time and to make us feel at home.

Chagrín Hi played three games. The first, with Chicago Junction, was an

easy victory. We eluded with a 30-9 advantage. A good game was played, although the score does not show it. Our opponents were victors in their preceding games with Bryan and Warren High Schools.

The second game was played with the strongest team at the tournament, Mount Vernon. Chagrín put up an excellent game all the way through and fought on even terms during the entire first half, which ended with Mount Vernon leading by a two-point margin. However, in the last half, we were unable to take advantage of the many opportunities given us to score. We could not locate the goal either by the field basket or free throw route and were defeated in one of the best games of the tournament 10-18.

Our third day game was with Bucyrus, previously picked as a hard contender for the championship. Chagrín came back with her same plucky spirit and fought her way to the front, leaving Bucyrus to look on, defeated, 16-11.

Chagrín Hi did not win in the tournament; but her representatives upheld the reputation and honor of the school previously won on many a hard-fought basketball floor. It is to be hoped that our future teams will take advantage of this opportunity to go to the state tournament, not only to learn basketball but college life and the things which go with it through this trip to Wesleyan.



ERNEST WILLIAMS.



A part of the scenery



Ford No. 1



Ford No. 2A



Ford No. 2



Down in the wheat



Ford No. 3



Practice



Forward Pass



Bounding Billow



Some! Stunt!



Not as bad as it looks

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Special Departments

The Domestic Science Department

This interesting department has, under the supervision of Miss Lucy Ann Davis, been in full swing during the school year of 1915-16 and has been found very instructive. There are really two divisions of the department, sewing and cooking. In the sewing division, the girls are taught to cut, fit and make their own garments besides many other useful things. Much in this line of work has been accomplished throughout the school year. The cooking is even more interesting. Here in the kitchen, each girl has her own utensils and learns all about the science of cooking.

Many useful gifts have been presented to this department. Among these was a check for one hundred and fifty dollars given by Mrs. J. S. Bullard of this place. The money has been used to furnish a small dining room and for needed articles in the kitchen. The course in Domestic Science this year has taught us to think of household work not as mere drudgery but as an art. This knowledge has made housework seem one of the most interesting of all the many vocations.

C. S. C. '18.



The Manual Training Department

Our Manual Training Department is no longer a dream, but a reality. Our school authorities realized the fact that a school system that provides a training for the mind alone is but half an education and that the hand needs training as well; so, accordingly, they proceeded to equip a shop with twelve work-benches and with an individual set of tools for each bench; also a class set, together with a tool-cabinet for the same, making in all a very desirable equipment.

To do things with the hands seems to be a boy's natural tendency. When the country boy makes his first sled or whistle, his ambition is aroused; but if this genius is not trained a great opportunity may be lost forever. We never can tell what undiscovered talent may be lurking within.

It does not follow that, because he is training his hands, his mind is lagging; on the contrary, activity of the mind always comes with well directed activity of the body. The child in this process of vocational training is finding his bent, and if it leads him into professional life he will be a better teacher, lawyer, or artist than he would have been without this fundamental knowledge of the activities of modern life.

Commercial

At the opening of the present school year, a department of commercial training was inaugurated in the high school. Standard texts of stenography and typewriting and a comprehensive system of book-keeping were adopted and the commercial course, extending over the four years, is an adequate one.

The large number of pupils electing this course was very gratifying and something of a surprise. In the book-keeping classes have been 26 from the freshman class, 15 from the sophomore class and 2 from the junior class, besides 2 former graduates. In the stenography class have been 8 juniors and the 2 post-graduates mentioned, altogether a very satisfactory beginning.

L. F.



Physics

The third year of science in the Chagrin Falls High School, is Physics. The new building with its modern up-to-date Physics laboratory and with a new, additional supply of apparatus, gives the pupils greater advantages, and enables them to work on a larger scale and to obtain better results, than could the Physics classes of previous years. The study is a practical and very interesting one, and is liked by all those taking it. Many things are learned which will be a benefit to pupils in later life. With only seven in the Physics class, which is unusually small, each pupil is given a good opportunity to put in extra time on this work. By following the suggestions and careful instructions of Mr. Drake, the science teacher, the class is making good progress in this study.

G. J. D. '17.



Chemistry

Last year a new chemical laboratory was installed in the Chagrin Falls High School. It is furnished with the most up-to-date equipment including a fume-closet, fume vents, and a large desk. This desk is liberally supplied with drawers and cupboards. Each student has his own set, which is equipped with various apparatus, such as beakers, flasks, alcohol lamp, re-agents, etc. Many interesting and practical experiments are performed, which make clear to the student the origin and characteristics of our most common chemicals.

The study of chemistry is left until the fourth year, and the Seniors think that it is very interesting and instructive. Several of the present class have become so interested, in fact, that they intend to elect chemistry as their major study in college.

R. A. C.

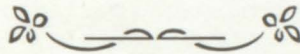
Alcyone Literary

The Alcyone Literary Society is in three divisions, the Freshmen Society, the General Society and the Debating Club. These societies compete with corresponding Phidelphian societies and the winners are to be banqueted by the losers. Literary programs have been presented from time to time, one side making the program and the other side matching it. Much interest has been taken in these programs by the patrons of the school.

Other contests to add enthusiasm and to vary the manner of scoring were the ticket-selling contest for the lecture course, a sleigh-ride and a basket ball game. This game aroused great enthusiasm as the two star players of the school team were matched against each other. After a close game the Phidelphians won with a score of 32 to 27. This made the Phidelphians one point ahead.

The last regular literary program, considered the best of the year, was given April 14. The Phidelphians won six points making the score to date 104 to 98 in their favor. One more contest completes the literary work of the year.

D. M. C.



Phidelphian Literary

The Phidelphian Society is one of the two great literary divisions of the High School. This Society is subdivided into three minor divisions, as follows: The Phidelphian Freshmen Society, the Phidelphian General Society, and the Phidelphian Debating Club.

Great interest in literary work has been aroused by the many excellent programs that have been produced. The Phidelphian Society has won its points through the good work of its representatives.

A competitive sleigh-ride was enjoyed in March. Points were awarded to the society reporting the greatest attendance on that ride, for the best yell, the best stunt and for several other items. Both the Alcyones and the Phidelphians were successful in winning some of these points.

The literary basket ball game, Alcyones vs. Phidelphians, created great enthusiasm and interest. Both societies were represented by excellent teams and a good game was played. The Phidelphians won 32 to 27, and added five more points to their literary score.

These and many other events have aided the Phidelphians in gaining their points, which at the present time amount to one hundred and four.

A. J. J.



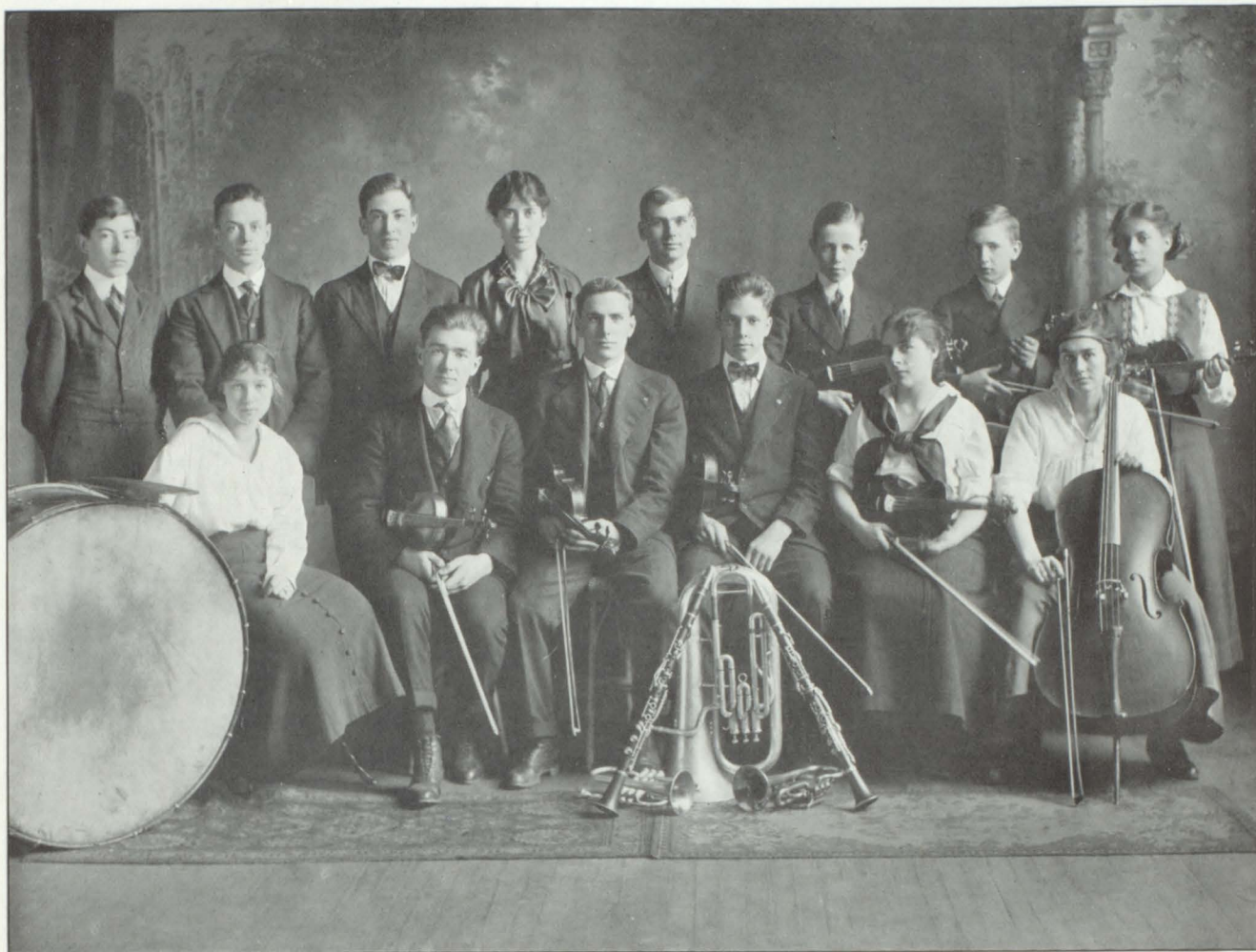
Back Row—Myrl Hill, Wesley McGlenen, Warren Gore, Ralph Hine, William Langstaff, Robert Mosher.
Second Row—Eugene Nichols, Everett Kline, Ivan Laraway, Earl Sanders, Elton Root, Clayton Crafts, Oliver Hoopes.
Front Row—Lester Johns, Mr. Drake, Francis Rowe.



Top Row—Helen Pedler, Winifred Timmons, Pauline Didham, Hilda Ziegler, Miriam Church, Thelma O'Malley, Iva Menges, Genevieve Kent, Marie Lowe, Edna Krueger.

Second Row—Eugenie Dean, Florence Dippo, Hilda Schmitt, Ruby Dutton, Mildred Ferris, Edith Sechler, Margaret Hubbell, Marian Brewster, Gertrude Burnett, Margaret Rodgers, Mrs. Fouts.

First Row—Elizabeth Rodgers, Alice Pelton, Merle Johns, Mary Mattus, Verneita Fenton.



Back Row—Harry Langstaff, Francis Rowe, William Langstaff, Thelma O'Malley, Mr. Drake, Paul Steel, Oliver Hoopes, Eugenie Dean.
Front Row—Mildred Ferris, Ralph Hine, Everett Kline, Eugene Nichols, Marian Brewster, Dorothea Cope.

Boys' Glee Club

The work of the Boys' Glee Club of the past year was a marked success from any standpoint. This year the club consisted of nineteen members, and was under the supervision of Mrs. Zoe Long Fouts. The club was reorganized at the beginning of the year and practices began immediately.

The club has appeared several times, in the "Nautical Knot," at the Cuyahoga County Teachers' Institute, and at the May Concert.

Although six members are to be lost by graduation, this year, it is altogether probable that next year's club will continue to uphold the high standard of the past years.

L. A. J. '16.

The Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club of C. F. H. S. was first organized March 14, 1912, under the direction of Mrs. Zoe Long Fouts, and it has continued to be a success and a credit to the school ever since.

This year, as has been the custom during the past two years, the two Glee Clubs furnished a number of the Lecture Course, presenting "A Nautical Knot," which was certainly a great success. In addition to the opera, the Club has appeared several times during the winter and will complete this year's work with the May Concert.

Although eight of the girls will be lost by graduation this spring, there are always others to take their places and to continue the good work of the Club.

T. O'M. '16.

The High School Orchestra

One of the special "hits" of this school year has been the High School Orchestra. The High School can boast of the best talent for an orchestra that is seldom found in any high school.

The orchestra has played a good grade of music throughout which has served as an education toward better music as well as pleasing to its hearers. The members have been very faithful to practices and have developed an ensemble seldom obtained in high school orchestras. The orchestra, besides giving special numbers for chapel and Literary exercises, have furnished music for the Teachers' Institute, Patrons' Day, Shumaker Contest, and the May Concert. The players are surely to be congratulated upon the marked success of this organization that has been so thoroughly appreciated by the entire school.

ORCHESTRATION

1st Violin.....	Ralph Hine '16	Cello.....	Dorothea Cope '16
	Marian Brewster '17	Clarinet.....	William Langstaff '16
	Eugene Nichols '18	Cornets.....	L. N. Drake, Prin.
	Everett Kline '19		Francis Rowe '16
2nd Violin	Eugenie Dean '17	Trombone.....	Harry Langstaff '19
	Oliver Hoopes '19	Drums.....	Mildred Ferris '19
	Paul Steel '19	Pianist	Thelma O'Malley '16
	Director	L. N. Drake	

“A Nautical Knot”

OPERETTA IN TWO ACTS

Presented by the Glee Clubs of the High School
Under the Direction of

MRS. ZOE LONG FOUTS and MISS MABEL J. BAKER

VIOLINIST—MR. RALPH HINE
ACCOMPANIST—MISS THELMA O'MALLEY
STAGE MANAGER—MISS FLORENCE SCHMITT

CAST OF CHARACTERS In Order of Appearance

JOE STOUT	{ Mates of the “Bounding Billow”	{ Francis Rowe Robert Mosher
BILL SALT		
JIM SPRAY	{ Sailors of the “Bounding Billow”	{ Everett Kline Eugene Nichols Wesley McGlenen
NED BLUFF		
JACK BRACE		
JULIA, the haughty Belle of Barnstapole		Winifred Timmons
DAISY	{ Barnstapole Girls	{ Gertrude Burnett Pauline Didham Genevieve Kent
DELIA		
DORA		
BARNABAS LEE, a Wandering Artist		Myrl Hill
NANCE, a gentle damsel		Marian Brewster

Artists, Sailors, Townspeople

Synopsis

Julia, the haughty belle of Barnstapole, is very much loved by the sailors, but she scorns them all. On the day of the departure of the “Bounding Billow” for a year’s voyage, Barnabas Lee, a wandering artist, comes to town. He falls in love with Julia and she returns his affections. The sailors become jealous and kidnap Barnabas and stow him on board the “Bounding Billow.”

In the meantime, Joe Stout has asked Bill Salt to propose to his sweetheart, Nance, for him and he promises to do so. Bill, bungling mariner that he is, proposes to Julia instead of Nance. Julia, in a joking mood, sends word to Joe to try his luck a year hence. Bill delivers the message only to learn of his mistake. It is now time for the “Bounding Billow” to sail and Joe is compelled to leave without seeing Nance.

Julia tells Nance of Joe’s love for her and Nance is broken-hearted. The Barnstapole girls, having quarreled with the sailors, pretend indifference at their departure.

On the return of the “Bounding Billow” one year later, the sailors find the girls with some strange artists and Julia will not speak to them.

Bill Salt has to tell Julia of the mistake he made the year before and offers himself as a victim. Julia finally accepts him, but the return of Barnabas releases Bill. Joe finds Nance and explains all to her. The girls and sailors make up and the opera ends with promise of many happy weddings.



Athletic Association

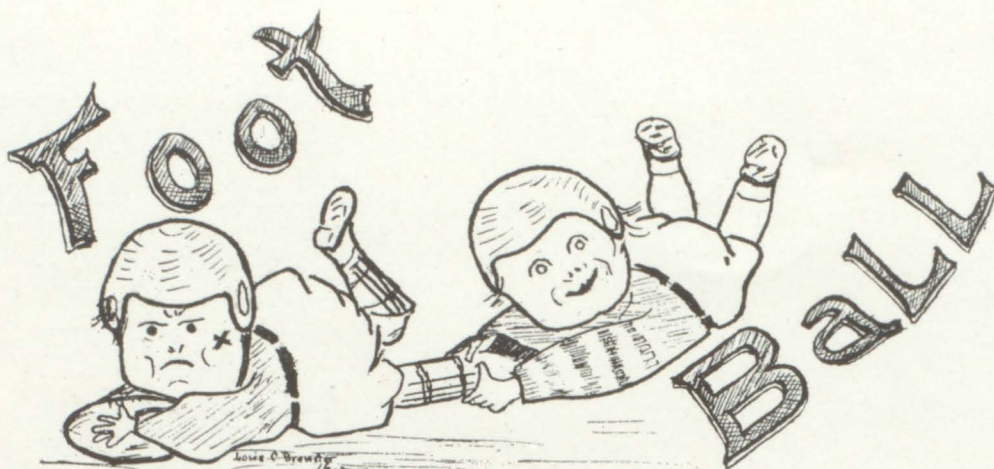
<i>President</i>	RALPH HINE
<i>Vice-President</i>	FRANCIS ROWE
<i>Secretary</i>	GLENN MAPES
<i>Treasurer</i>	FRED RIDGE

The Athletic season at C. F. H. S. for 1915-16 has been decidedly successful. The teams that represented the school have been as good as any in past years, and the spirit manifested by the school and townspeople in their attendance, has made the season a success financially.

The football season, though somewhat discouraging, paid better than ever before. The sweaters and seals granted the players were purchased from the receipts of the football games. The basketball season was the strongest of all. The new gymnasium afforded a better floor and made possible an excellent team, which won game after game and kept the interest of both townspeople and pupils. Thus sweaters and seals were made possible for the players. In addition to paying all regular expenses, the Athletic Association found a substantial surplus in the treasury—a hitherto unknown condition.

Two special features were undertaken this year; gymnasium work for both high school and grades, boys as well as girls. Under the direction of Mr. Frank Wass and Miss Lewis, this phase of our physical training work is developing nicely. Although an added burden for our Athletic Association, it has already justified itself. Track has been substituted for baseball as the spring sport, because of the heavy expense of the baseball season. Chagrin will compete in two meets, one a local contest, on May 6, and the second the County Contest, at Brookside, May 20. This change is being heartily adopted by the boys and girls, and it is hoped that the many patrons of the school who are interested in Athletics will look with favor on this substitution.

R. C. H.



Football—1915

The 1915 football season at C. F. H. S. is now a thing of the past, and it is our duty to say all the good that we can about it and to forget the things that were not entirely satisfactory.

The schedule this year was entirely too heavy for the team that C. F. H. S. was able to place on the field; but, although outweighed by nearly every team they played, the boys fought hard and well from start to finish and won the praise of most of their many followers.

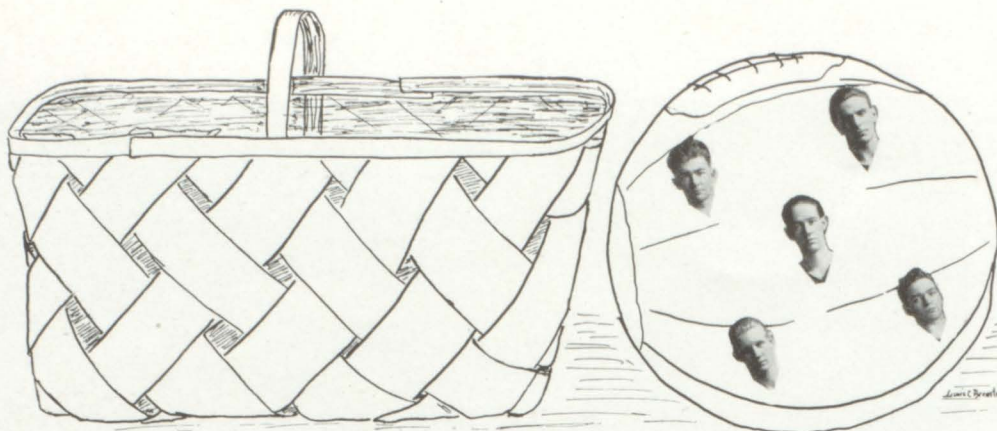
The prospects for next year's team look very bright, for seven of last fall's regulars will report for duty. These, with the substitutes of this year and the material that will come in, insure an excellent team for the coming year.

Much praise for the work of this year's team must be given to Carlton Lowe, our coach, who, being a last year's graduate, secured excellent results with the men he had to work with. After the showing made by his team this year, we hope that he will be given another chance in 1916; and we feel sure that he can produce a winning team that will uphold the honor of Chagrin Falls High School.

R. C. H.



Top Row—Mr. Drake (Faculty Mgr.), McGlenen, Doolittle, Gibson, Mapes, Mosher, Lowe (Coach).
 Middle Row—Langstaff, Hill, Gore, Hine (Capt.), Rowe, Nycamp, Carzoo.
 Front Row—Root, Cameron, Nichols.



Basket Ball

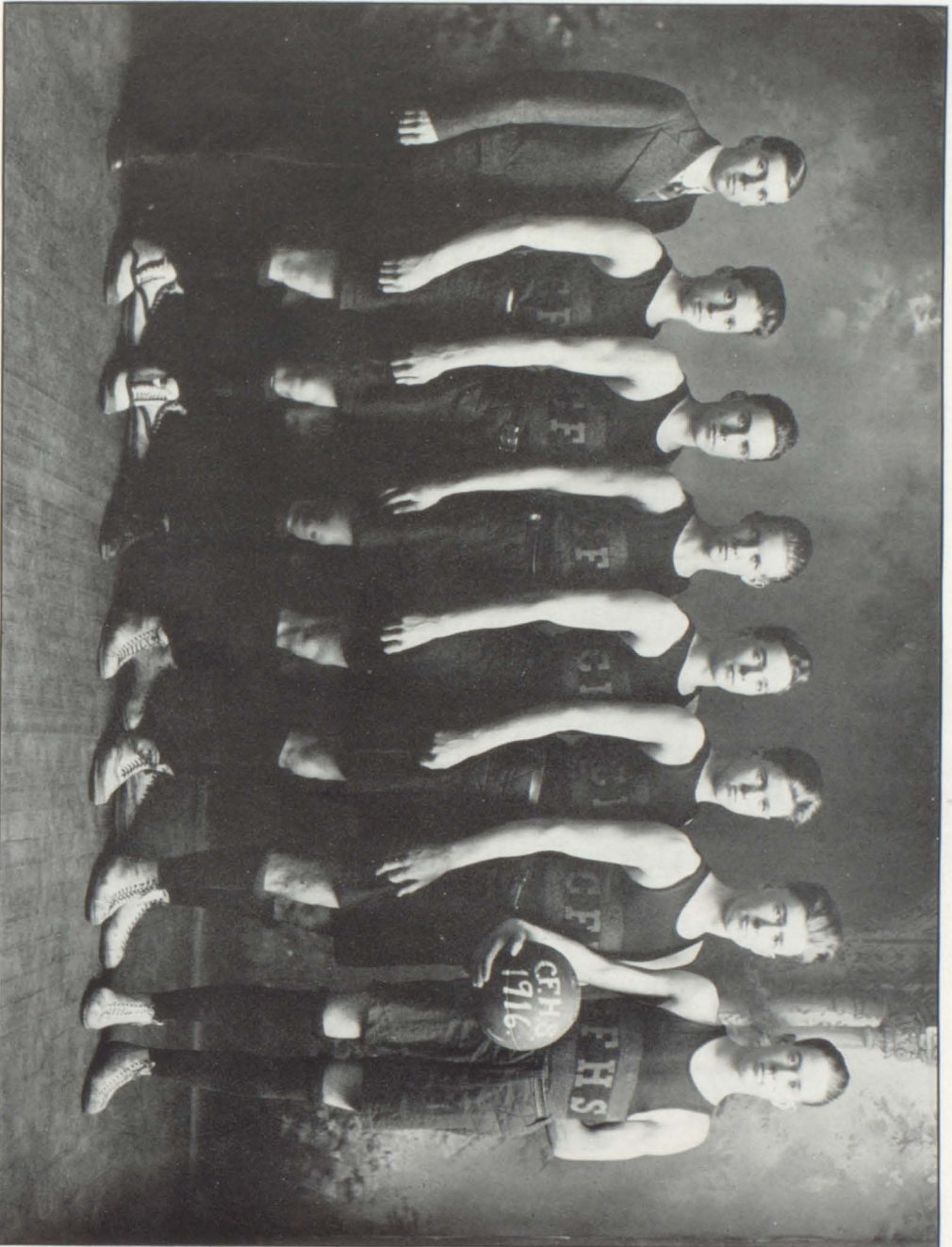
The team this year sustained the reputation of our former high school teams.

At the start of the season the prospects for a good team were not brilliant. A single letter man remained from the preceding year's team; nevertheless, the lack of experience was offset by the pluck and determination of the players.

Good coaching and the old Chagrin spirit of stick and win, combined with remarkable team work and accurate basket shooting made the team a decided winner in nine out of thirteen high school games.

The Schedule

- C. F. H. S. 31 vs. Alumni 51.
- C. F. H. S. 23 vs. Elyria 25.
- C. F. H. S. 30 vs. Oberlin Academy 33.
- C. F. H. S. 30 vs. University School 13.
- C. F. H. S. 36 vs. Berea 21.
- C. F. H. S. 15 vs. Cleveland Central 30.
- C. F. H. S. 48 vs. Hiram 33.
- C. F. H. S. 26 vs. Spencerian 25.
- C. F. H. S. 61 vs. Willoughby 13.
- C. F. H. S. 33 vs. Barberton 16.
- C. F. H. S. 28 vs. Chicago Junction 9 (at Delaware).
- C. F. H. S. 10 vs. Mount Vernon 18 (at Delaware).
- C. F. H. S. 16 vs. Bucyrus 10 (at Delaware).
- C. F. H. S. 23 vs. Willoughby 15.
- C. F. H. S. 29 vs. Berea 30.



Drake (Coach), Nichols, Kline, Carzoo, Hill, McGlenen, Hine, Williams (Capt.).



Track

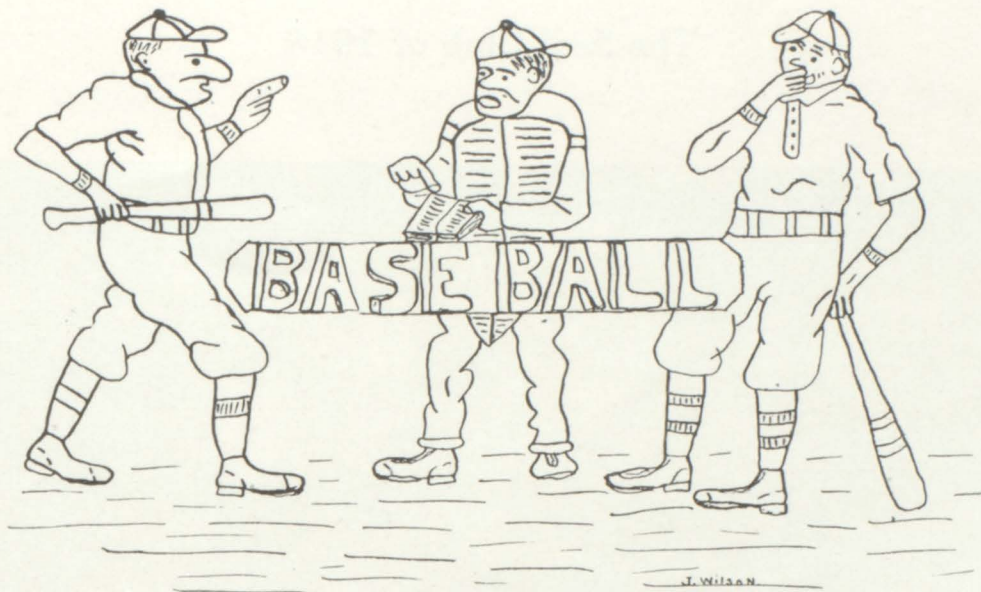
The Athletic innovation for the year is "Track." The Athletic Association unanimously voted to enter the County Track and Field Meet to be held at Brookside, May 20, 1916, under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

Fred Ridge was elected Manager and Everett Kline, Assistant.

Mr. Frank Wass, Boys' Gym director and Miss Marie Lewis, Girls' Gym director, are coaching the forty-four entrants for the division Preliminary Meet held here May 6, 1916.

The feature of the Track work as promoted by the Cleveland newspapers and Y. M. C. A. is that each contestant must compete in all events of his class and thereby prove himself an all around athlete rather than a specialist.

Very keen interest is being shown in this sport and it is hoped that it will prove itself a valuable addition to the field of Athletics.



Baseball

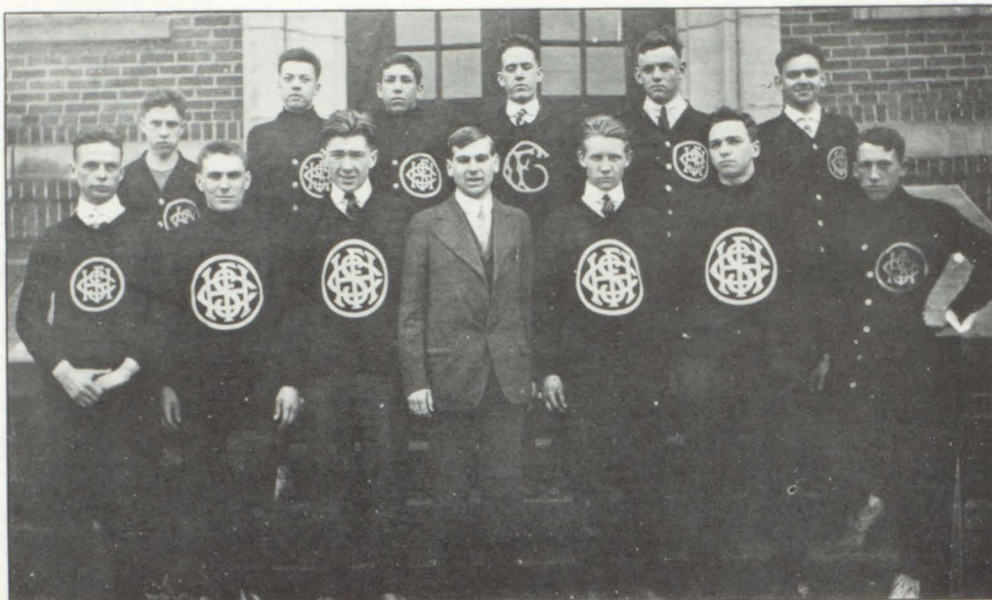
Although track and field work has been substituted for baseball as the spring sport at Chagrin, nevertheless baseball will not be dropped entirely by the school. A number of the boys have organized a team which will play under the rules of the Athletic Association, and yet be independent of its financial support.

Under the direction and coaching of Mr. Drake, the team, judging from the number trying out and the ability displayed, should be as good as any ever produced at Chagrin.

Two games are scheduled; the first on May 27, with Bedford; the second on June 3, with Willoughby. These, with the two track meets in which the school participates, amply fill the spring season, and will afford the patrons of Chagrin Falls High School a variety of spring sport never before enjoyed.

R. C. H. '16.

The Seal Club of 1916

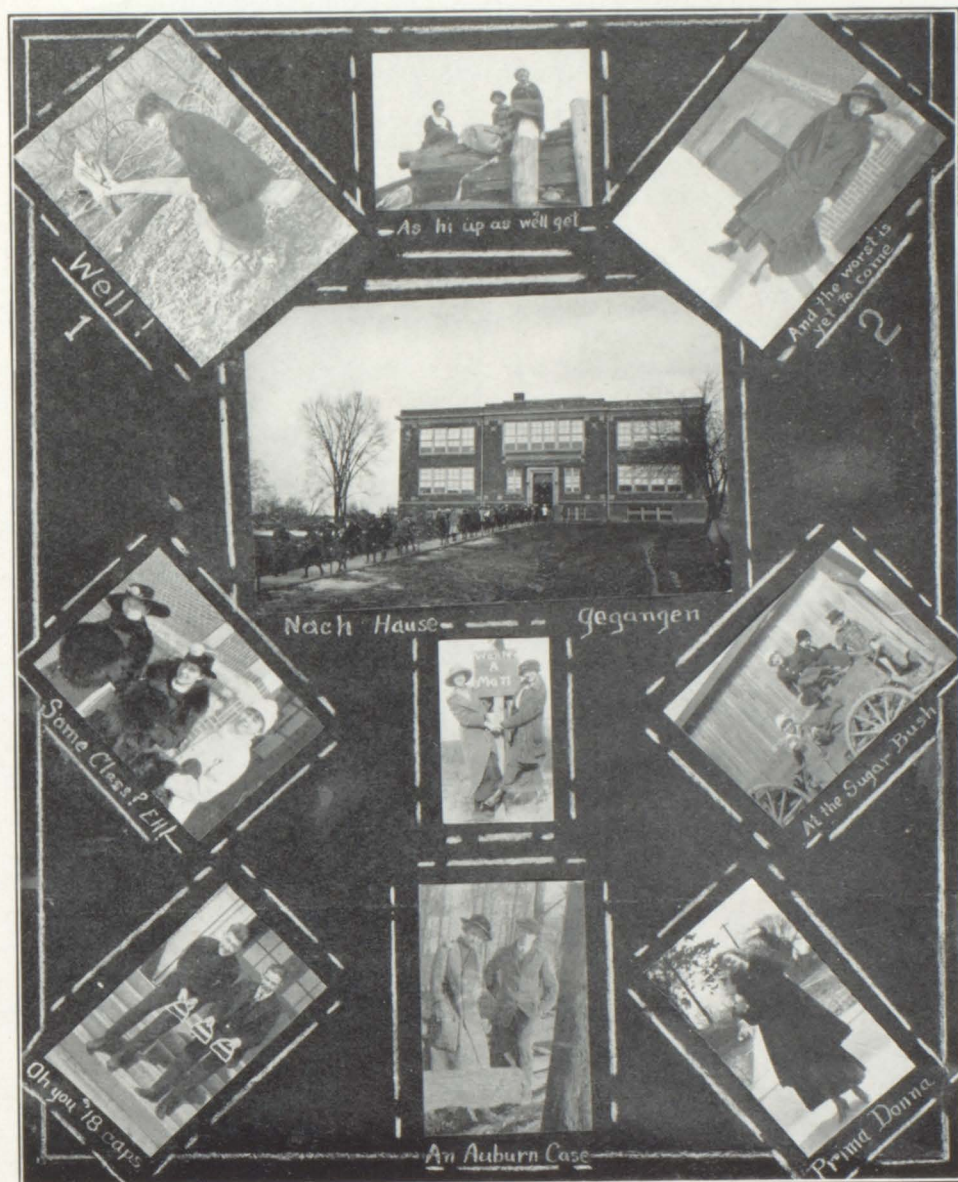


Members

Ernest Williams
Ralph Hine
Myrl Hill
Francis Rowe
Warren Gore

Raymond Carzoo
Glenn Mapes
Wheelock Cameron
Robert Mosher
Eugene Nichols

Wesley McGlenen
Milton Gibson
Everett Kline
James Wilson





Senior Boy (thinking he had been given too much change)
 "But i've got a girl with me"
 Ticket Seller (looking at the freshman girl)
 "Yes but we only charge 5 cents for children"

Please put all jokes on thin paper, so we can see thru them.

Uh! Huh!

Mr. Drake came into chemistry class and began talking rapidly.

Warren: "My, he feels lively."

Mr. Drake (overhearing) "Yes, I had something to make me lively."

Not Mistaken

Miss Baker—"Warren, how old are you?"

Warren—"Sixteen."

Genevieve (hearing the question)—"Oh, I tho't I was the baby of the class."

Mr. Drake (in Agriculture class)—"Mary, please stand up to recite."

Mary—"I don't know enough."

Mr. Drake, on athletic diet—"Pork is one of the worst things to eat."

Doc C.—"How'd ham go?"

Mr. Drake—"Couldn't be better."

Disgusted Senior to Janitor—"Say, it's zero in room 12."

Janitor—"Huh! that's nothing."

Familiar Sayings

- "Oh Hickey"—Bob Mosher.
"Boys, the country is ruined"—Wess McGlenen.
"Oh girls, I'm not like that"—Genevieve Kent.
"Oh Schnoupie"—Glenn Mapes.
"Oh chicken, te, te, te"—Edwin Class.
"Use some of your common sense"—Everett Kline.
"I know it"—Fritz Ridge.
(Liable to say most anything)—Elton Root.
"Hello fellers, fellers"—Myrl Hill.
"Oh dear, what shall I do?"—Sissy Truman.
"Oh h—"—Francis Rowe.

In Agriculture Class

- Edwin C.—"I haven't looked it up, but I think a salamander is some kind of an animal.
Wess Mac—"I haven't looked it up either, but I think it is some kind of an animal, like Teddie Class."
Everett K.—That man stopped me on the street this morning. I saw him stop seven or eight other prominent people.
Edith S., at football game—"Is Bob Mosher a holdback?"
Miss Hanna—"Who was Jupiter?"
Milton Gibson waits for a whisper on his right and then boldly replies—"An Egyptian princess."
Mr. Teare, in Sr. English class—"We will take the life of Burns tomorrow, come prepared."
Miss Baker—"I am tempted to give you Seniors a test."
Voice—"Yield not to temptation."
Visitor—Seeing Fluff and Nick walking up to school, Fluff acting very maternal—"Goodness has she a son?"
C. F. H. S.—"No, she's only robbing the cradle."
Hilda S., in Shutes—"I would like a five cent note book."
They give it to her.
Hilda—"How much is it?"
Lyman—"I smelled that mouse when he ran around the corner."
Fred—"No! that was me you smelled."
Miss Hanna—"How do you pronounce 'ap' in Latin?"
Lyman—"Ape."
Miss Hanna—"It might be for you in English."

Gertrude had a little lamp,
It was well trained no doubt,
For every time a fellow called,
This little lamp went out.

"Personals" of German

Miss Baker (in German)—"You are apt to take into consideration the fact that I know something but I don't." ???!!!

Miss Baker's favorite slogan—"Watch your books!"

Genevieve—"He carried the reverend hair and set him honorably down."

Ernie—"And his voice sounded clear and hoarse."

Myrl—Translating O! Pfui! "Oh, piffle."

Louis—"He was married to his wife."

Not All There

Miss Hanna—"What is a deponent verb?"

Art Mapes—"A deponent verb is one that is not all there."

Marian—"I don't stand on trifles."

Harry (glancing at her feet)—"I see you don't."

Miss Baker—"Order please, William."

William (sleepily)—"Cup of coffee and a Hamburger."

Of Course He Enjoyed It

Elton—"Did you go to the dinner?"

Ralph H.—"Oh, yes."

Elton—"Did you enjoy the speaking?"

Ralph H.—"Very much."

Elton—"Who spoke?"

Ralph H.—"I did."

Mr. Drake—"Genevieve, what is space?"

Genevieve—"I can't express it, but I have it in my head."

Miss Baker (on coming into the Senior room)—"What can I do for you?"

Francis—"Love me and the world is mine."

Mr. Drake (in agriculture class trying to get someone to discuss red-top)—"That red top is too important to omit, Ruby."

Dear Editor-in-Chief:

I am going to be married in June, but please do not put this in your "Annual."

Yours respectfully,

Lucy Ann Davis.

Try These Over On Your Piano

When you wear the Ball and Chain around your Ankle.—F. Rowe.
You're a Great Big Blue-Eyed Baby.—Pauline D.
Two little Love Bees.—Marjorie and Wess.
That's why I'm not married.—Miss Baker.
Sweethearts.—Louie and Lucile.
It's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to lie in bed.—“Fuzzy” Johns.
You made me love you.—Genevieve Kent.
Mr. Drake—“What is water?”
Elmer I.—“A colorless fluid that turns black when you wash your hands in it.”
T. O'M.—“What is the meaning of superannuation?”
M. M. M.—“Old maidish.”
T. O'M.—“You don't need to think old maids are put aside forever; you may be an old maid yourself.”
M. M. M.—“Yes, strange things do happen.”
Sr. Eng. Bill is conversing with his friends.
Mr. Teare—“William, what is exposition?”
Bill—“Uh! Uh! Exposition.”
Mr. Teare (gravely)—“Yes, it is exposition.”
Mr. Drake—“What are the requirements for a President?”
Iva M.—“He must be 35 years old, and a resident of the United States for 40 years.”
Someone said to Chalmer S. in Manual Training: “How did you make that?”
C. S.—“Out of my head.”
Miss Foliart (giving the chemistry test in Mr. Drake's absence)—
“Separate yourselves apart.”

As Others See Us

Most old maidish boy—Lester Johns.
Most polite boy—Harry Truman.
Most polite girl—Genevieve Kent.
Vainest—Verneita Fenton.
Most tearful Soph—Marjorie Van Valkenburg.
Most bashful—Henry Nycamp.
Best candidate for squirrel food—Florence Schmitt.
Biggest fake—Ralph Hine.
Worst fussier—Ernest Williams.
Worst fussierette—Miss Baker.
Most sentimental Flat—Everett Kline; Hilda S., close second.
The “It” of the Junior Class—Marian Brewster.
The naughtiest—Elton Root.
Biggest Highbrow—Bob Mosher.



September

- 14—Under the yoke again. Oh the Freshies! Squirrels prove a serious menace.
- 17—Annual occurrence. Freshmen take unusual pains in washing their faces.
- 18—Wash again, Flats, it's not all off yet. For best methods of removal, see Sophomores.
- 24—We discover why Myrl H. prefers the Freshman girls. The high cost of living, etc. (See picture.)

October

- 1—Two innocent little Freshman girls come to the Girls' Glee Club election. They leave.
- 9—C. F. H. S. has most unfortunate meeting with Ravenna beef trust. 33—0.
- 12—No school today in honor of the fact that Columbus discovered us.
- 15—First Senior chapel. Mr. Sehnert speaks.
- 24—No school. Teachers' Convention. May there be many such!
- 25—Gore brings Miss Baker an immense bouquet of flowers. What are his intentions?
- 29—"Thuse" meeting. H. S. does a snake dance down town and then goes up to the Fair Grounds to see the football team in action.
- 30—Our cheerleader does a snake dance on the football field—alone?? Hiram wins.

November

- 5—Marian sings in chapel.
- 12—Dr. Cameron speaks at Senior chapel.
- 13—C. F. H. S. vs. Willoughby. 7—7, our favor.
- 15—Flats plan sleighride—actually two inches of snow.
- 27—First number of Lecture Course. The Shumann Quintet. Can I count straight?





Feb. 8



December

- 5—Mr. Teare inquires for his book, "The Case Against the Little White Slaver." It is found in Nick's vicinity.
- 7—"Annual" meeting at "Targets."
- 10—Seniors go on hayrack ride. Yes—No? On three wheels.
- 13—The Boston Players. "Let's think."
- 17—We get a nice long vacation of sixteen days.

January

- 3—Our short vacation is ancient history. Several Senior boys absent on Court business.
- 6—Gore says he got stung. We wonder where.
- 7—Soph. boys appear in new headgear which is immediately swiped by "nervy" Seniors.
- 11—Hine-Timmons case broken up. Ha! Cupid foiled again.
- 14—Mr. McGlenen gives talk in Sr. Chapel. Boys take notice—Superiority of Chagrin girls over Bedford girls.
- 19—Football warriors receive sweaters. Very good; six degrees below.
- 21—Seniors present school with clock for Sr. room. Mr. Teare talks on Switzerland.
- 24—Curses! Exams begin.
- 25—Exams continue.
- 26—Undertaker busy.
- 27—A few still living to enjoy the lovely winter weather.

February

- 2—Pencil day.
- 3—Genevieve K. institutes wild search for lost pencils. Regular April showers.
- 7—Art Mapes's socks heard in the Senior room.
- 8—Seniors have great masquerade. Soph. boys treated to cold water.
- 9—Day of rest for Seniors.
- 18—Willoughby game 61—13. One grand rally.
- 23—Another Apollo discovered. Mr. Robert Mosher poses for art class.
- 29—Everyone goes sleighriding—even the basketball players.



March

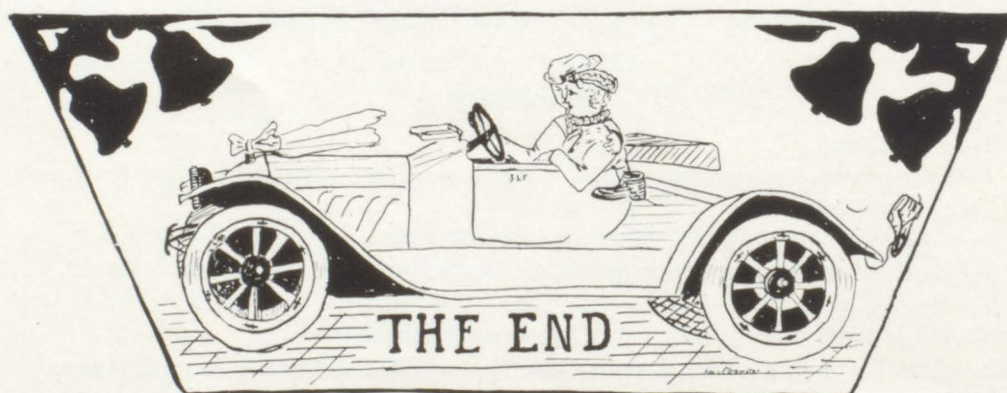
- 2—Boys leave for Delaware—nevertheless. Chemistry class rivals Domestic Science in candy making.
 - 3—"Jane" telephones to Delaware.
 - 6—Literary Societies have a sleighride—until 9:30. Affections of Mary M. and Sissy T. disclosed.
 - 14—Miss Baker sick. Vera teaches "Deutsch." F. R. and Senior Class flowers serve as antidote.
 - 17—Patrons' day. We display our work.
 - 21—Oh, joy! No school. Waterworks break down.
 - 23—Glee clubs have dress rehearsal for "The Nautical Knot."
 - 24—Classes called off for play.
- Spring vacation.

April

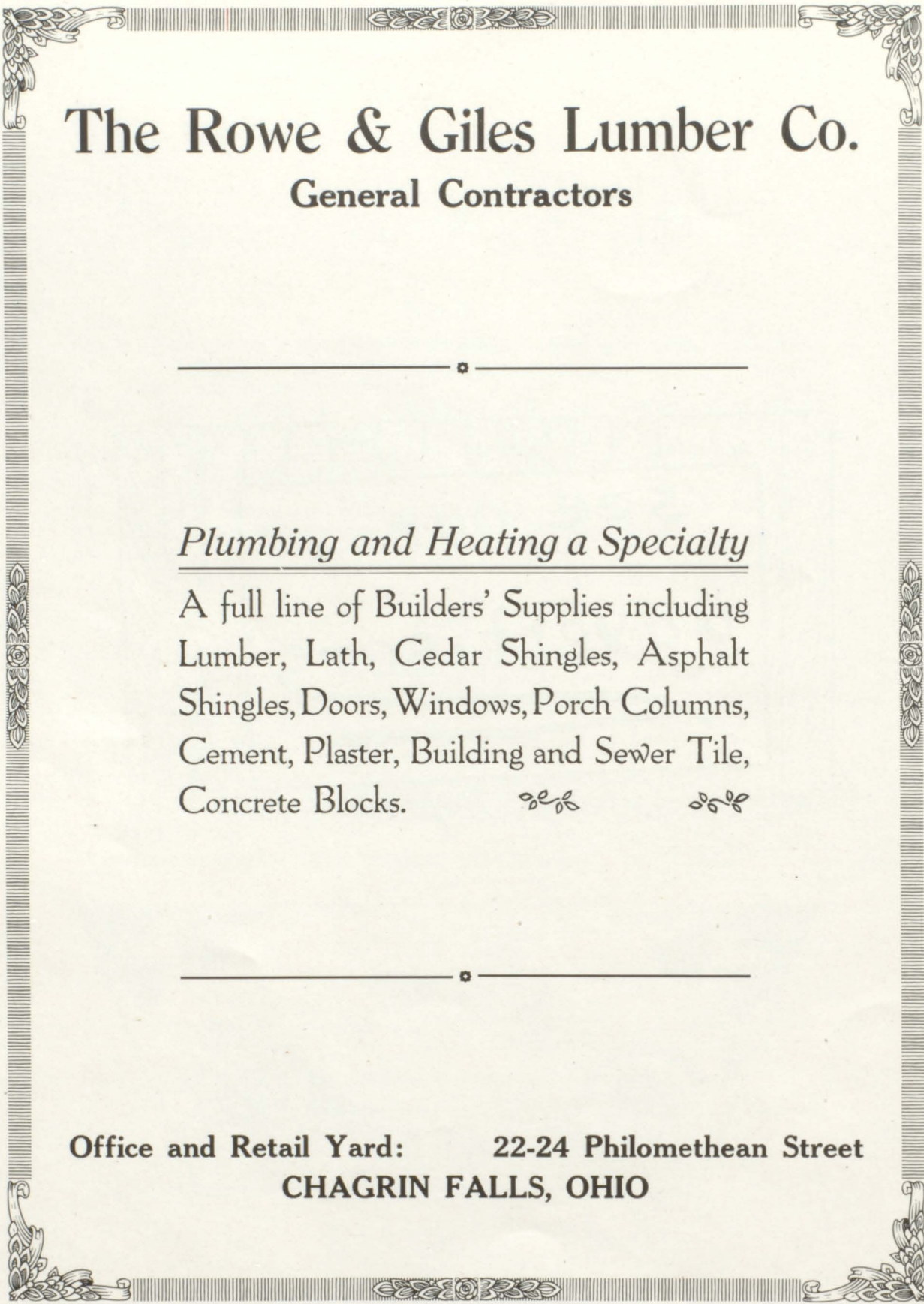
- 5—Basketball game between Alcyones and Phidelfians.
- 7—Fluff has hydrogen celebration in Chemistry room.
- 19—Wess proves what kind of material his head is made of on manual training room door.
- 21—"I wish to thank the Athletic Association for my sweater, etc.——"
- 27—Mamie B. decides to be an actress.
- 28—Shumaker Contest. Phidelfians win by three points.

May

- 1—Seniors celebrate. The "Annual" goes to press.









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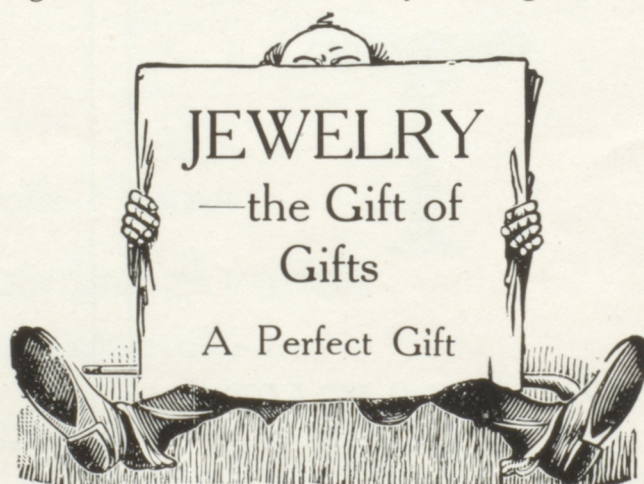
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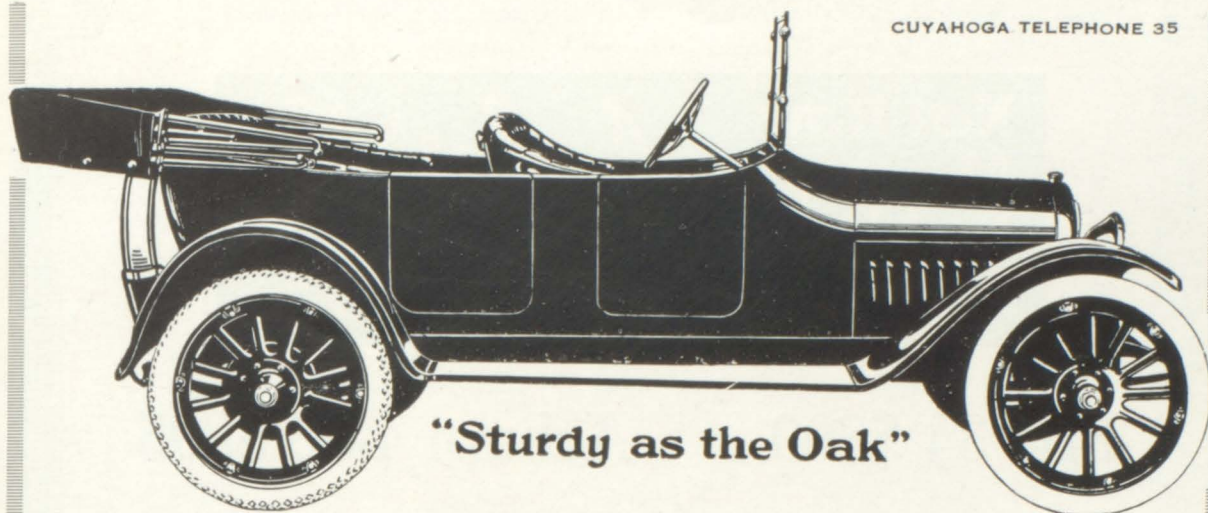
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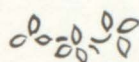
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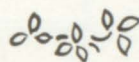


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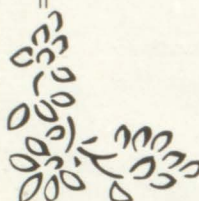
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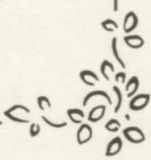

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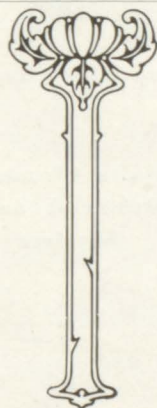
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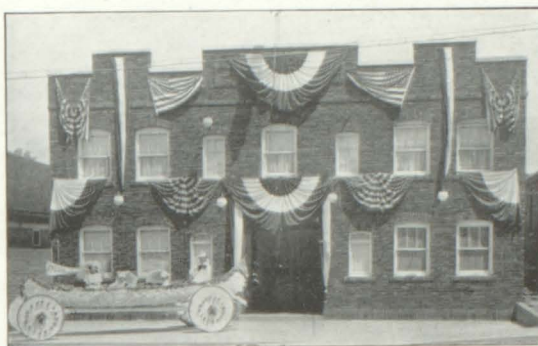
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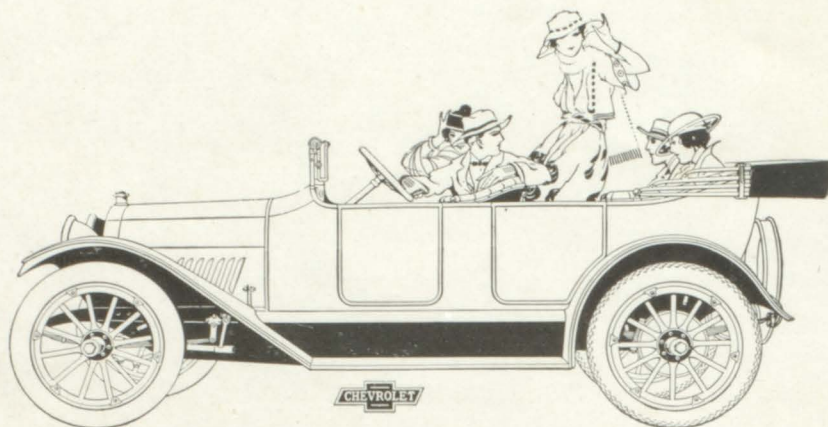
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