

# TRAPS

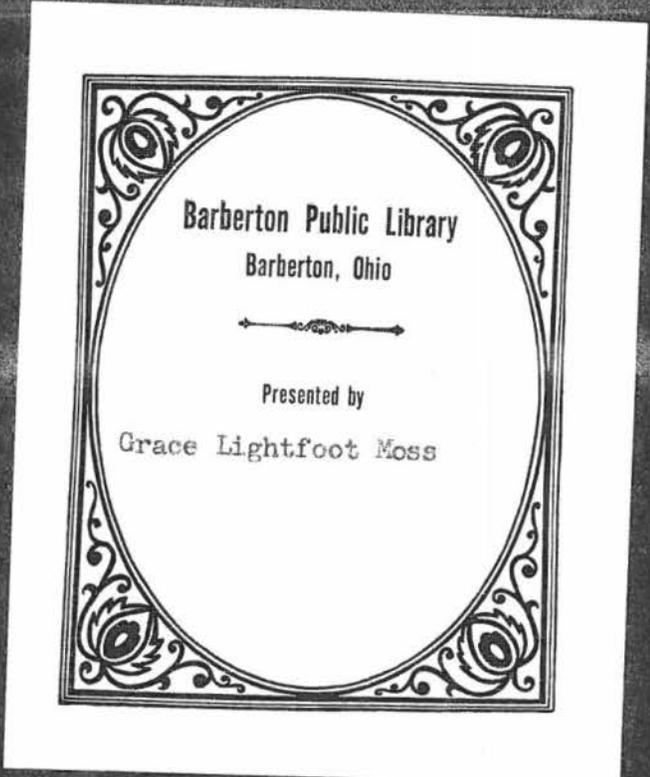


Ohio  
R373.058  
Barberton, Ohio.  
High School  
Year Book 1919

January

COPY of 2013.030.002

Barberton High School 1919 Yearbook



K  
CC



*Grace L.*

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# KREIDER'S DEPT. STORE

TRACY BLOCK

CORNER TUSCARAWAS AVENUE AND FOURTH STREET

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Women's, Misses' and Children's  
Coats, Suits and Dresses

---

Women's and Men's Furnishings

---

Dry Goods, Silks and Notions

---

Boys' Clothing

---

Women's, Men's and Children's  
Shoes and Rubbers

---

Our Motto:—"Merchandise That Satisfies"

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## Kreider's Dept. Store

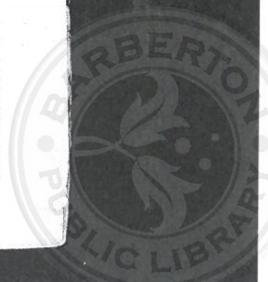
BARBERTON, OHIO

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Page One

**FOR REFERENCE**

Do Not Take From This Room



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# Honesty and Commercial Honesty

Time was when the distinction between these two forms of "Honesty" was great. Now, Honesty is honesty without qualifications of any sort. This being applicable to business as well as other things, the term "Commercial Honesty" and its practice must be classed as old fashioned.

We deem it dishonest to exaggerate in our advertising. We tell you the real truth about our merchandise; describe it as closely as possible and present its good points. What the goods are worth is for you to determine and we believe that you can do this best when free from the influence of exaggerated statements.

It would seem that people would prefer this method of ours if we are to attribute our increasing business to it.

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## The Weisberger Co.

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FOR EXCLUSIVE  
Ladies' and Misses'  
Ready-to-Wear

SEE  
Ladies Style Shop

215 N. Third Street

Johnston Block

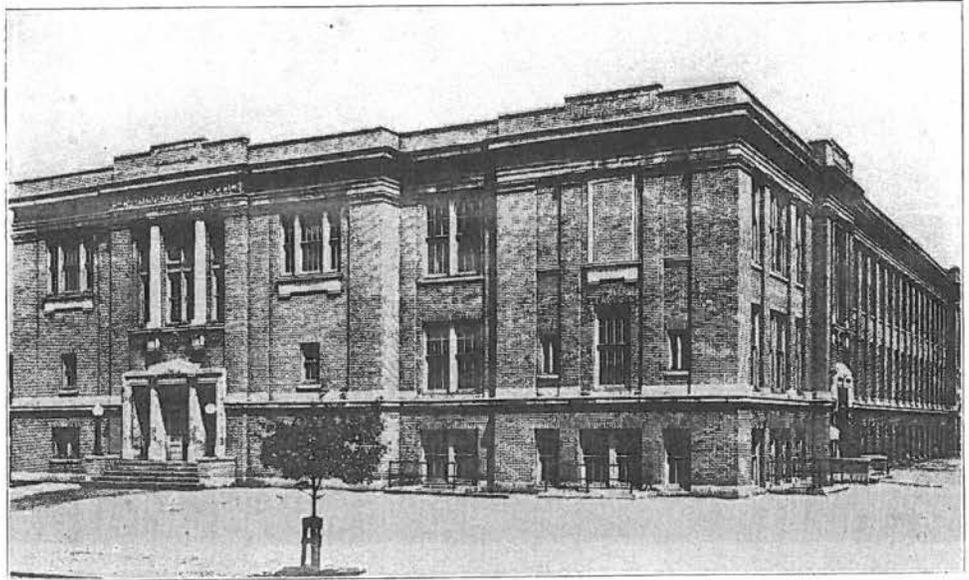
BARBERTON, OHIO



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TO  
THOSE YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN  
WHO, BY THEIR  
SERVICE AND SACRIFICE,  
DURING THE  
RECENT WAR, HAVE DONE THEIR PART  
TO BRING ABOUT  
A COMPLETE VICTORY,  
WE DEDICATE THIS  
CLASS ANNUAL

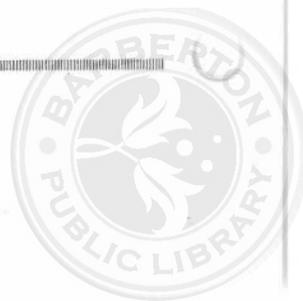




CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL



U. L. LIGHT  
Superintendent





A. A. McNEIL  
Baldwin-Wallace, A. B.  
Mathematics



KATHERINE E. SHULTZ  
Miami U., A. B.  
French



R. E. COPPER  
O. W. U., B. S.  
Principal



HELEN E. DERUSHA  
Colorado Col., A. B.  
English



CORDA E. PECK  
Mt. Union, A. B.  
English and Social Sc.





GRACE BURNS  
Wooster, A. B.  
Algebra



MYRA B. BRENZER  
Otterbein, A. B.  
History



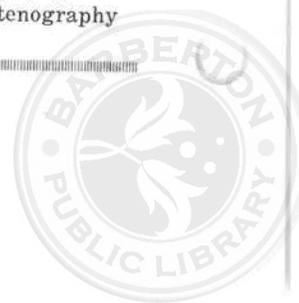
R. L. REED  
Oberlin, Business  
Commercial



ELEANOR BOWMAN  
Akron U., Ph. B.  
History



ESTHER SCHULTZ  
Oberlin, A. B.  
Latin and Stenography





E. MILDRED SWANSON  
Oberlin, A. B., K. S. N. C.  
Science



HATTIE B. BASTIAN  
Akron U., A. B.  
English and Amer. Lit.



S. W. DODD  
Athens  
Manual Tr.



MARY BRITTAIN  
Delaware  
Domestic Science



IRENE M. VAN HYNING  
Howard Normal  
Domestic Science





MARY STARR  
O. W. U.  
Music



LILLIAN ROGERS  
O. W. U.  
Art



J. DENNIS  
Manual Tr.



RUTH H. MARVIN  
Twinsburg Col.  
Physical Education



RUTH SCHULTZ  
Oberlin, A. B.  
Latin



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## EDITORIALS

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### PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

A Class Annual is not an innovation; High Schools everywhere are recognizing it as an important function of the school, and school officials are encouraging its publication.

It is the purpose of B. H. S. to make this issue the first of a series of Semi-Annual Publications, edited by the Senior Class.

Since the Board of Education could not be drawn on for funds at this time, this class has found it necessary to interest the business men of the city; they have responded nobly in the way of advertising.

We thank them for the help which has made this school periodical possible, and urge our readers to patronize our advertisers.

---

### THANK YOU

However diversified the talents of the Senior A's may be, they were obliged to enlist the services of artists of other classes.

The Class Cartoonist is wearing the khaki uniform at Paris Island, S. C. The sketches in this book were made by members of the Junior B's, Edward Cory and Martin Cipar.

The Class appreciates their clever work, we thank them heartily.

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### WAR WORK

Past and present members of B. H. S. have done their part in aiding Uncle Sam in suppressing the most horrible of world catastrophes.

Many are owners of Liberty Bonds while hundreds have willingly purchased Thift Stamps.

More than a hundred have answered the call of the nation while scores in civil life have devoted much time to war work.

In our service flag there are but three gold stars to date—a nurse and two privates having given their lives in support of Old Glory.

We rejoice in the spirit of loyalty that has been so evident in efforts of all whose names have appeared on the roll of B. H. S.

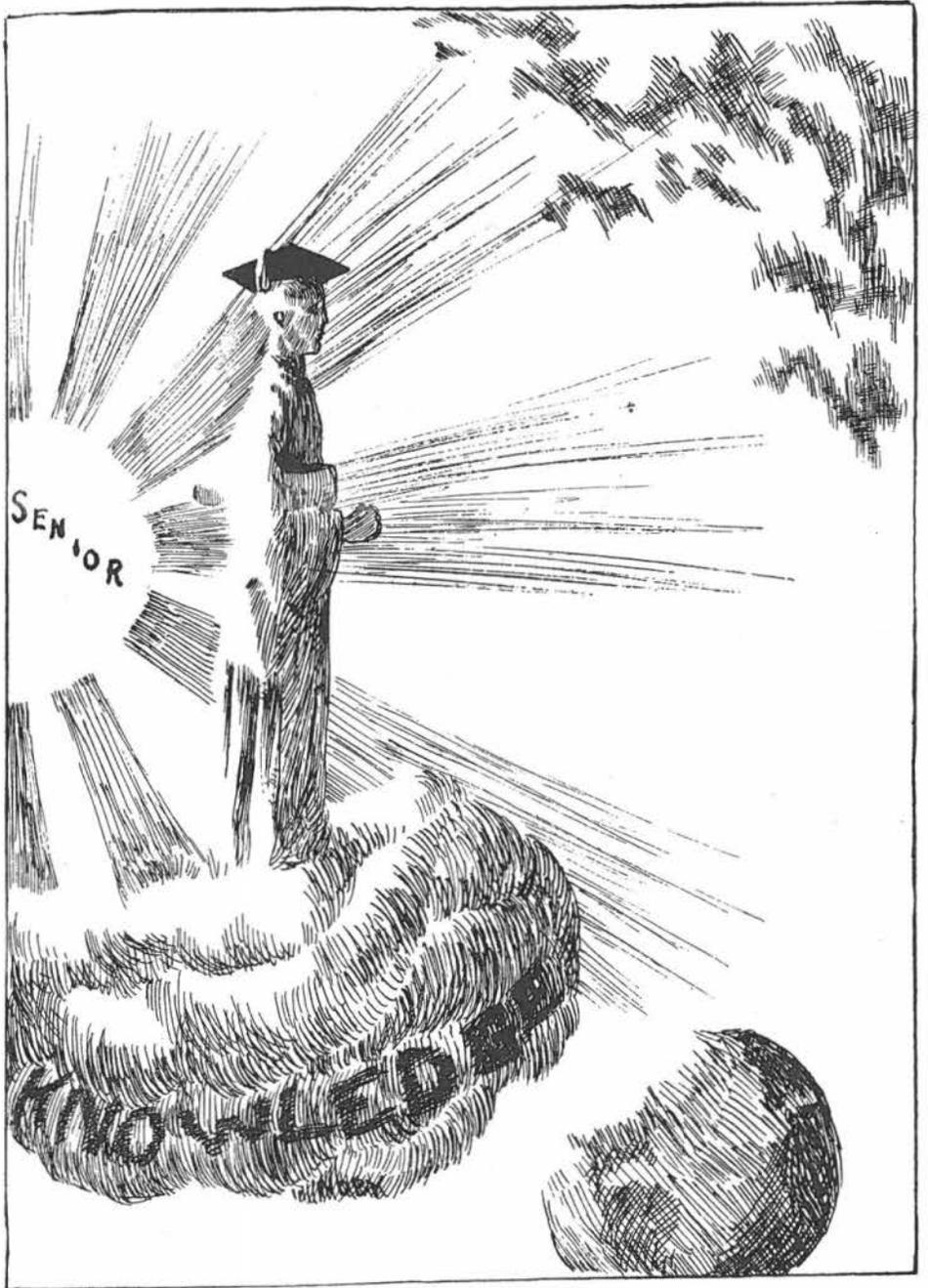
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### EDITORIAL STAFF

GLADYS E. RASOR, Editor-in-chief  
LOIS A. McNEIL, Asst. Editor  
CAMILLA CLINE, Joke Editor  
WILLIAM PALMER, Athletic Editor  
A. A. McNEIL, Business Manager

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## SENIORS—JANUARY 1919

JENNIE LOUISE WERGES

"Whitey"

Glee Club (3-4)  
Chorus (1-2-3-4)  
Basketball  
Class Historian (4A)

"Life is No Idle Dream"



CABLE L. ZEMA

Class Basketball (4A)

"A Bold, Bad Man"



HARRIET ELLA DEAL

"Just Ella"

Basketball

"She Who Labors Diligently Need Never Despair"





CAMILLA GERTRUDE ELIZABETH CLINE "Red"

Secretary and Treasurer (3A-4B)  
Basketball (1-2-3-4B)  
Glee Club (3-4)  
Chorus (1-2-3)  
Wit and Humor Editor

"Guess What It Is!"



ERNEST V. JOHNS

"Ernie"

Acrobat Team (3A-4B)  
~~Valedictorian~~

"Most of the Eminent Men in History are of Small  
Stature"

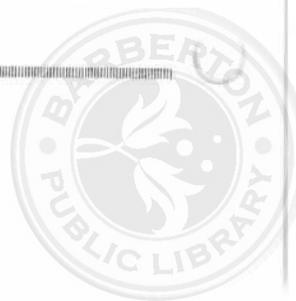


GLADYS ELIZABETH RASOR

"Gabby"

Treasurer (3B)  
President 3(A-4B)  
Glee Club (3-4)  
Chorus (1-2-3)  
Editor-in-chief  
Class Basketball  
Class Prophet

"I Will Budge for No Man's Pleasure"



---

LOIS ARLYNN McNEIL

Norton (1-2)  
Class Poet (4A)  
Class Song (4A)

"She's Seventeen, This Lovely Girl,  
And Her Hair Just Won't Keep Out of Curl!"



ADOLPH H. MANDEL

Class Basketball (4A)

"Man is an Animal That Makes Bargains"

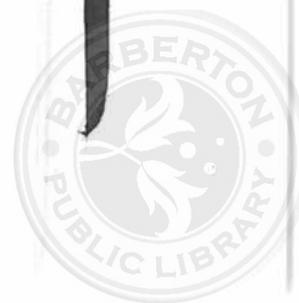


GLADYS EVALYN GRAY

"Gladdy"

South High (1-2-3B)  
Glee Club (4A)  
Secretary and Treasurer (4A)

"Ah, Me, How Weak a Thing the Heart of  
Woman Is"





HELEN GENEVIEVE McQUIGG

"Mac"

Secretary (1A)  
Glee Club (3-4B)  
Chorus (1-2-3)  
Basketball (4A)

"Experience Is a Shroud of Illusions"



WILLIAM H. PALMER

"Bill"

President (3B)  
Manager of Football (4A)  
Athletic Editor (4A)

"Man Delights Me Not, Nor Women Either"



DOROTHY LUCILLE McQUIGG

"Dot"

Secretary (1B)  
Class Basketball (1-2-3-4)  
Glee Club (3-4)  
Chorus (1-2-3)

"Hope Tells a Flattering Tale"



---

OPAL MAY SWINHART

"Sweeny"

President (2A)  
Orchestra  
Basketball  
Cheer Leader

"A woman who can read her own love letters without blushing has passed the boundaries of reform"



PAUL HAMPP

"Red II"

Circleville (1-2)  
Norton (3)  
Glee Club (4A)  
Class President (4A)

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them"



PEARL BYER

"Squirrelly"

Glee Club (3A)

"Ah, Why Should Life All Labor Be?"





BERTHA PEARL SHETLER

Rittman High (1-2-3-4B)

"A Willing Worker Does Not Wait till She Is Asked"



JAMES J. SNYDER

"Jim"

"Give Us the Man Who Sings at His Work"

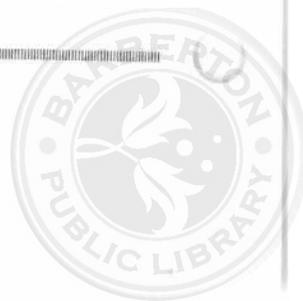


PEARL MAE WARNER

"Peggy"

Glee Club (3-4)  
Chorus (1-2-3)

"She Has Many Nameless Virtues"



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EUGENIA ROMESTANT

"Frenchy"

"A Laugh is Worth a Hundred Groans in  
Any Market"



ELIZABETH WEISENBORNE

"Tin"

Glee Club (3-4)  
Chorus (1-2-3)

"An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound  
of sadness"



AGNES M. PARKER

Glee Club (3-4)  
Chorus (1-2-3)

"Careful and Troubled About Many Things"





ESTHER C. SNYDER

Chorus (1-2-3)  
Glee Club (3-4B)

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways"



WILLIAM LESLIE TIFFIN

"Les"

Football (2-3-4B)  
Class Basket Ball (2-3)  
Basket Ball (4B)

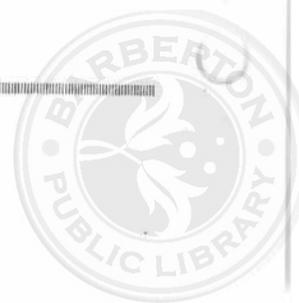
"In football ne'er a lion raged more fierce, in classes  
ne'er a lamb more mild"



MARGUERITE JANET KRAUS

Glee Club (4A)  
Chorus (1-2-3)

"And I chatter, chatter, chatter as I go"



---

VELMA PAULINE HEAD

"This world belongs to the energetic"



CARL E. ANDERSON

"Andy"

Class Basketball  
Cheer Leader (4A)

"Long is the Way and Hard"

HILDA MARIE HERWICK

Basket Ball (2-3-4)

"A good face is the best letter of recommendation"



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## CLASS HISTORY

On a cold, snowy day in January, nineteen hundred and fifteen, forty little green specimens made their way to Barberton High School. Their quest for at least eight years had seemed as illusive as the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

As these lads and lassies entered Lincoln High, a large aggregation of Freshie A elect were waiting for their report cards. How true is the saying that "A Freshie knows not that he knows not." We knew of course that such should be seen and not heard, but———!

A very polite and considerate lady, who we later learned was Miss Shriber, ushered us into a room where our esteemed Mr. Judd was dealing out, what seemed to us, some sort of nonsensical cards. How well we were to remember that room and its teacher, Mr. F. A. Hitchcock.

A never-to-be-forgotten day was that one in January. Little green Freshies looked at little green Freshies questioningly. Mr. Judd talked about the advantages of a business education. Miss Shriber explained how very good the Latin course would be (she regretted it six months later) and so on. We were told to be Johnny-on-the-spot the next Monday at 8:30 o'clock and not to mind a few mistakes on our part, for "He who makes no mistakes does nothing, but he who makes too many——!" It was all very good, but they who advised were not Freshies.

Just one year from that day, with a few months for vacations, we became a very clever Sophomore class. Mr. Light and Miss Shriber were still retained as leaders and Mr. L. M. Curtiss and Miss Grace Burns were honorary members. We extend to Mr. Hitchcock our gratitude, for had it not been for him our Sophomore days would have dragged. There would have been no "Botany trips."

With a spotless record and the new title of "Soph A's" we were among the students to initiate the new Central High School in September. Our studies were resumed under Mr. Clement Sickler.

That year the class furnished one boy and two girls for the Varsity "five." A few inter-class games were played, in which the Soph A's were victorious once or twice. The boys were coached by Mr. James Bliss and the girls by Miss Katherine Karg.

In January, nineteen hundred and seventeen we became Juniors. Thinking we were just as clever as any Seniors, we dived deep into the mysteries of Physics, Chemistry and Cicero. Some of us became very efficient in the art of Ciceronean horsemanship and some still claim it is better than expending one's own energy.

At the end of our first semester as Juniors Messers Judd and Bliss left us to offer their wise heads in the service of Uncle Sam. Mr. McNeil, from the "small but mighty Norton" made his debut at B. H. S. taking the place of Mr. Bliss as teacher of Mathematics. That same year Miss Warner, literature teacher, departed from our midst.

The next September we were at the mercy of a new principal, a Mr. Pence, by name. He had two initials, but what they were still remains unknown. It would have taken a Philadelphia lawyer to make them out. Then, too, a new coach, Mr. H. E. Caldwell, came to share, for one short year, the joys of Barberton High. Things ran smoothly and by January we were ready to become "grave and dignified" Seniors.

As Seniors we proved ourselves "live wires." One boy, at present in the United States Marine Corps, stationed at Paris Island, made all the teams and five girls made the Basket Ball team. There were lots of good times with Mr. Flick as honorary member. All Seniors took a prominent part in Literary Societies (the membership was assigned arbitrarily). At Football, the school could not be beaten; and at Basket Ball—well, it took the girls to show the brown and white laddies how to play! With good old Les at the bat in a Baseball suit we could show any team what to do.

By this time we were able to add three more stars to the school service flag. Uncle Sam called Mr. Flick and Mr. Everett to the colors and Paul Bovey enlisted in the Marines. Our beloved Miss Karg left the Magic City to teach the dusky natives of Porto Rico.

In the September of nineteen hundred and eighteen, a new principal sat in the chair that had been recently occupied by Mr. Pence. Besides Mr. Copper (the principal) a number of other new teachers cast their lot with us. At this time only twenty-five remained in our class. Three had enlisted in the Marines and one in the Army. Others merely quit. An epidemic of Spanish Influenza caused the school to close for



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five weeks and upon returning we learned that Harold Ware was listed among the casualties "missing." He had forsaken his Alma Mater to become a professional butcher.

Please do not think we have neglected our studies for the "cap and bells" of high school, we have not.

A certain young chap carries off very high honors while many others closely follow.

That we may be true to our motto "Nothing Without Labor" and to our Old High is our desire.

"The years will be many  
The years will be long  
But sturdy and staunch we shall stand"

J. L. W. "Whitey"

## CLASS PROPHECY

Traveling on the shores of Carthage I suddenly came upon the old Temple of the Sybl, so famous in the time of Aneas. I saw the same old carvings on the door of the Greek and Carthaginian events. Entering I encountered the Sybl; she told me to go into the next room and to remain silent. In this room on a carved table, I found a beautiful piece of wood on which was written the names of those in our class. The Sybl burned the wood, saying that in the smoke I would see the futures of my classmates.

As the flames slowly curled their way upward I first saw Camilla Cline. "Red" was sitting at a desk and seemed to be working very hard at something. I wondered what she was doing but not long as the Sybl said she would tell me all they were saying but I must not answer her.

Camilla, she said, has been appointed Joke Editor, by the Federal Commission, of the Congressional Record.

Next in the smoke I saw a big crowd, no one I knew however, and as I looked farther I saw someone clogging. Immediately I recognized Jennie Werges, known as "Whitey" at B. H. S. The Sybl told me she was going under the stage name "Ichabod Pignort." Then I saw another one of our bunch, Agnes Parker who was playing the piano. The Sybl told me she seemed to be very determined on playing "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry" and "Whitey" didn't want to clog with a piece like that.

As the new clouds of smoke came curling upward I could see Ella Deal, a very stern look upon her face and making many motions with her hands. She had a large audience composed chiefly of women. The Sybl told me she was a noted Suffragette leader. I was very glad to know Ella had made such a success, but somehow or other I never believed much in Suffrage.

I began to be uneasy wondering whether our bunch of girls have all so liked their last names that they could not change them, when who should appear but Opal. She was in a very excited condition, but the Sybl told me there was to be a big time down at the Church, so of course that explained everything. I was only disappointed that I couldn't see how Bob was taking it.

Paul Hampp was next, our Senior Class President. He was in a strange looking country and the Sybl told me he had gone to Russia to study social problems under the Government. Poor Paul was a widower. He had had three wives but was confident that there were many more in store.

Then suddenly the wood began to crack and the smoke became blacker. The scene was terrible, Snakes and Lions were the only things I could see. I could hardly imagine what the scene was for but alas, William Palmer of our Class of '19 came. I thought sure the Lions would kill him but the Sybl said I shouldn't fear for William had taken up the profession as a Snake Charmer and Lion Tamer.

The scene changed very suddenly for now I could see a beautiful country covered with snow. There was a path worn down that the people had made with snow shoes. On our side of the path was a little cottage. Underneath a window on the side of the house was a sign which read: "Dr. Lois A. McNeil, Specialty Weak Hearts." The Sybl began to smile and told me to listen, I could hear a very beautiful base voice singing that old song "I Don't Want a Get Well".

A person looking at some of the Class of '19 might think we were rather ignorant creatures, but we had three in our class who surely were what we might call brilliant. There was Ernest who had taken honors and Hilda and Pauline who had mighty near to it and I surely was glad to look in the smoke and see one of this number, Ernest.

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He appeared to be dressed as a minister, but he had not changed much in his manner. The Sybl told me he was very successful. It seemed the people all liked him so well for he was so jolly.

I waited for some time and then the Sybl pointed upward, in the smoke that had made its way up to the ceiling I could see Pauline Head. The Sybl told me she had taken a position as Cheer Leader in some University, she had forgotten the name, and that it was surprising how well they all kept together on the yells.

Then who should appear but Hilda Herwick and Jennie Romestant in Base Ball suits. Hilda had organized a team and Jennie was her assistant. Pearl Beyer and Elizabeth W. walked up and shook hands with the girls. The Sybl said Pearl was manager of a large clothing establishment in New York, Elizabeth had become such a fine teacher she was put on the Educational Staff to go to France to teach in some of the schools there. It didn't surprise me much as I could well remember how she used to lead 'em around by the ear when she was only substituting in Barberton. Esther Snyder went along as her stenographer. Esther was always good in anything like this.

I merely saw a picture in the smoke of Cable Zema. The Sybl said he was a great tenor singer and was traveling with some company of Boston. Sybl said she had seen Marguerite K. in a beauty parlor of that city.

Who should I see next but Adolph M. He was sitting at a desk. The Sybl said he was a great lawyer and had a big divorce case. As I looked closer I could see Gladys Gray but to my dismay the other person concerned was not of my acquaintance.

Now the fire was almost out, I thought I could see no more but the Sybl motioned me to sit down and I could see Helen and Dorothy so plainly I thought they must talk. They had pearly white gowns and long veils. In one corner sat Pearl W., Opal S. and "Red" Cline, Pearl had her Saxophone, Opal her Cornet and "Red" her Banjo. Sybl said they were playing "Oh Promise Me". Dot always liked that piece so well.

She also said Pearl had changed her name which was very sad to me.

Blinded by the thoughts of my dear Classmates I slowly found my way to the door of the old Temple, but I was glad, very glad that they had all made such a success.

GLADYS E. RASOR

---

#### CLASS SONG

Now at the close of High School work,  
We look back o'er the years,  
We've spent in study and in "gym";  
And as Commencement nears,  
Regrets come crowding thick and fast,  
To think school days are o'er.  
We needs must sigh, because class bells,  
Will ring for us no more.

#### CHORUS

Here's a cheer for the class of nineteen  
And for our green and white,  
Here's a cheer for our dear High School.  
The class unite,  
In saying there is no other  
Like our own B. H. S.  
So we sing praises for this High School,  
This class of nineteen.

School days have passed so quickly by,  
We scarcely realize 'tis true,  
That we have learned so many things  
Which only teachers knew.  
Grade cards for us no more can rouse,  
Our anger or our joy,  
No more can teachers say you'll fail,  
It's over now,—oh! my.

Tune—"There's a Wee Cottage"

L. A. M.



---

## CLASS POEM

How fast have the days since as Freshmen we entered  
The ranks of High School, with its joys and its cares,  
Sped away, as it were, while our thoughts we centered  
On the value of  $x$  or the table for squares.

Those horrid exams, a modern notion  
At the end of each term with tests e'er prevailing;  
Oh! the hours we've spent in Latin translation  
And the worry and fret, after all, lest we're falling.

How we stared at classmen who ranked above us  
In those first two years of our high school work,  
And wondered if wisdom would ever possess us  
To such a degree if we toiled like a Turk.

But alas! the illusion which so filled our fancies  
Was soon swept away when we called thir bluff,  
And we, in our turn have taken our chances  
In putting it over on "Freshie" and "Soph."

How anxiously, eagerly, in spring of eighteen  
We waited for teachers, that last school day.  
They gave us our cards, our Fate soon was seen.  
Oh! joy, promoted! our rank, Senior A.

And now we have come to our last semester  
With some knowledge of this and a little of that.  
We have met the Goddess and almost possessed her,  
And marvel so much may be under one hat.

Our class at this date enrolls five and twenty,  
With no commercial to add to the roll.

A word about each, or a line is a plenty  
When summed up by remarks of the class as a whole.  
We say 'tis the truth about each we're telling,  
Tho' fact yields to fiction, as everyone knows,  
Pearl Beyer comes first, who's an expert at selling  
All ready-to-wear, and common sense shoes.

"Red" Cline's fund of humor is worthy of mention.

While Ella's as steady and staid as a clock.

Camilla's a pupil of good intention

While Ella works hard with never a knock.

There's Opal, too, who leads us in yelling,

As we stand on side lines at each school game.

How much of the game we win, there's no telling,

But we shout and shout 'till we're hoarse just the same.

Class President Hampp on the third of September

Was enrolled a Senior of Barberton High.

Pauline and Hilda, we next remember

Bending o'er their books when tests are nigh.

These studious girls, both stars in their classes,

Are always seen with pencil and pad;

And the youthful Johns with no use for the lasses,

Has "summa cum laude," as honors 'tis said.

How free from the worry of text book or lesson

Are Helen and Dot, no matter what come.

The sisters McQuigg declare there's no reason

Why classroom cares should be taken home.

Will someone tell why, in spite of confusion,

The eyes of Mandel are always cast down?

Is he planning an airship, or drawing conclusion

For projects most needed for helping this town?

And "Bill" Palmer too, has problems so weighty,

Like bluffing the teachers, or avoiding the girls,

Or solving some exercise ever so knotty,

Find the locus of  $X$  as line  $XY$  whirls.

Are the boys more thoughtful, or is it just shyness

That makes them seem wiser or more dignified?

Or, do they pretend, with artful coyness,

That they have achieved what many have tried?

With brows drawn down, as far as they're able,

The absolute truth of what's said above

Is proven past doubt by James and Cable,

As they con their history or some exercise solve.

Now girls either know, or know they've neglected

To look up certain points, most carefully 'signed.

But Esther and Bertha do just what's expected

And never are even one page behind.

Next comes Gladys R., an excellent teacher,

Besides, when it comes to planning class sports,

All say she makes good wherever you place her.

Now Agnes and Jennie, from all reports,

At evening are anxiously gazing westward,

As if admiring the sun's bright glow.

But Gladys Gray says it's always the best word,

If instead of a  $u$  it's spelled with an  $o$ .

And last, but not least, on our class roll is written

In  $W$ , three of the class of nineteen.

A teacher, an athlete, and one a musician,

A Weisenborne, Werges and Warner are seen.

Tho Elizabeth subs she's a practical joker,

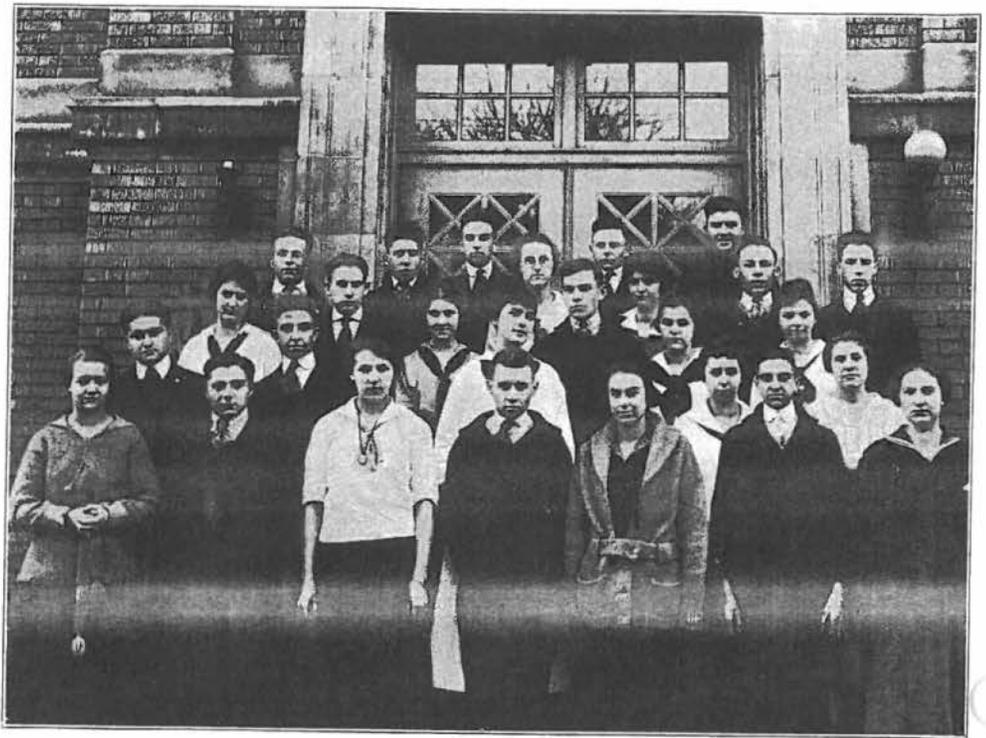
And then there's Pearl of the Ladies Band.

In Basket Ball games Jennie Werges plays center,

For this best high school in all the broad land.

—LOIS McNEIL, February, '19





### SENIOR B'S

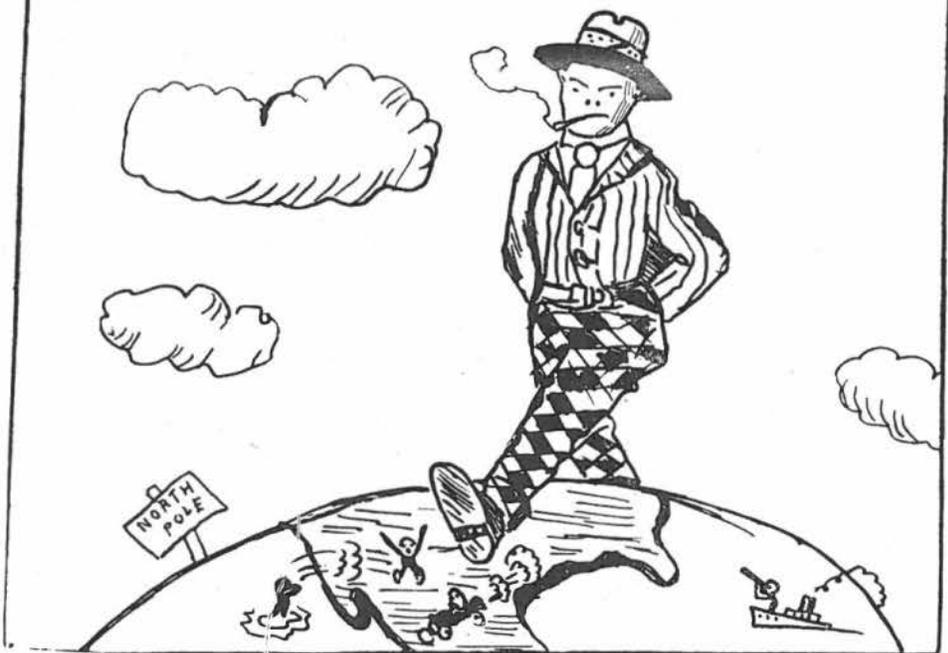
President—Claude Wells  
Treasurer—Edith Hickox  
Secretary—Carmen Griffith

Our successors enroll 30 members. They are a worthy class, having faithfully followed in the footsteps of the mid-year class.



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# JUNIORS



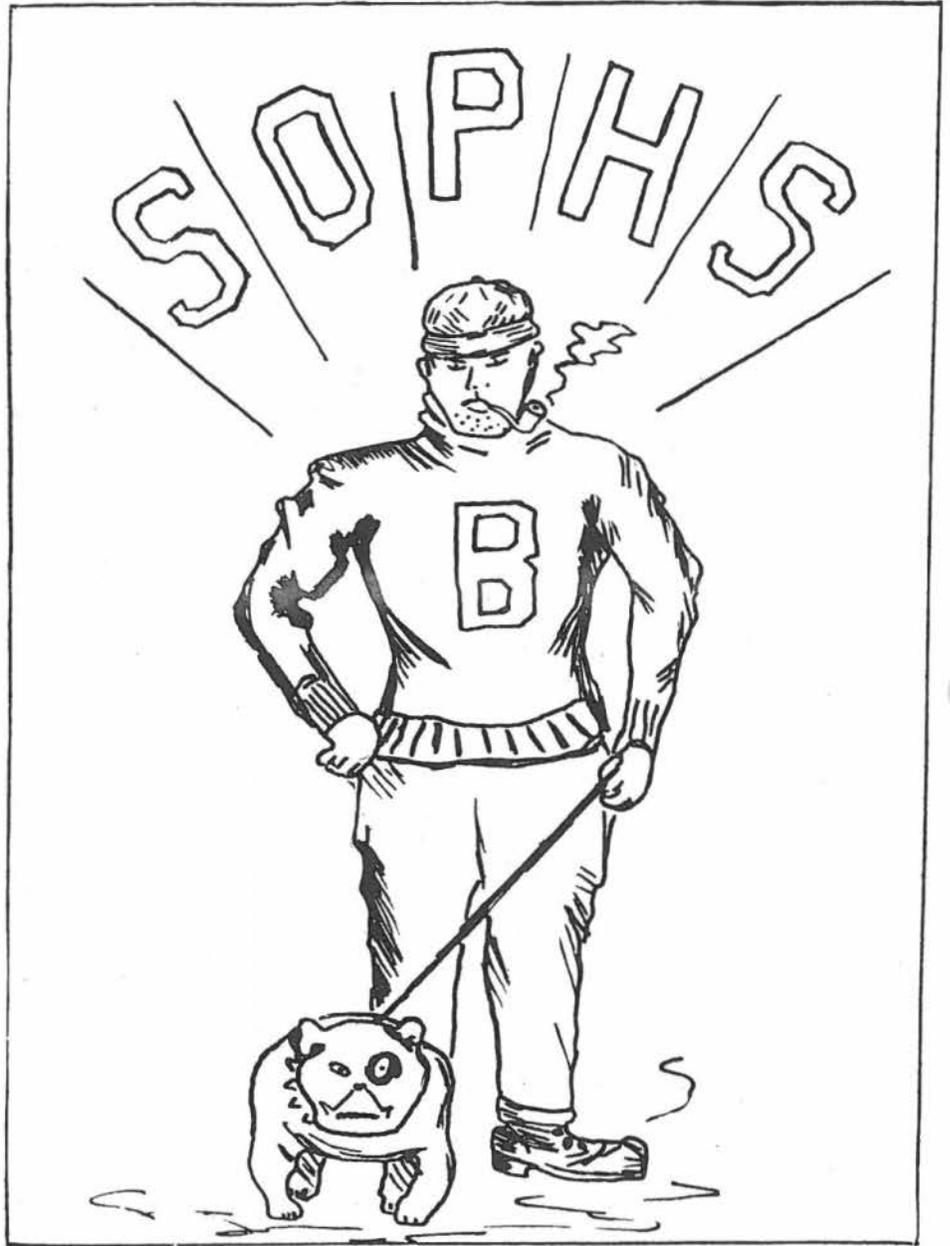
## JUNIOR B

President—Russell Stender  
Vice-President—Helen Caswall  
Secretary—Mary Rutler  
Treasurer—Sarah Chandler  
Enrollment 33

## JUNIOR A

President—Claude Shriener  
Secretary-Treasurer—Herbert Rogler  
Enrollment 35





**SOPHOMORE B**

President—Clare Snodgrass  
Secretary—Helen Weigand  
Treasurer—Sam Davis  
Enrollment 51

**SOPHOMORE A**

President—Wendell Anderson  
Secretary-Treasurer Harry Stewart  
Enrollment 30





**FRESHMEN B**

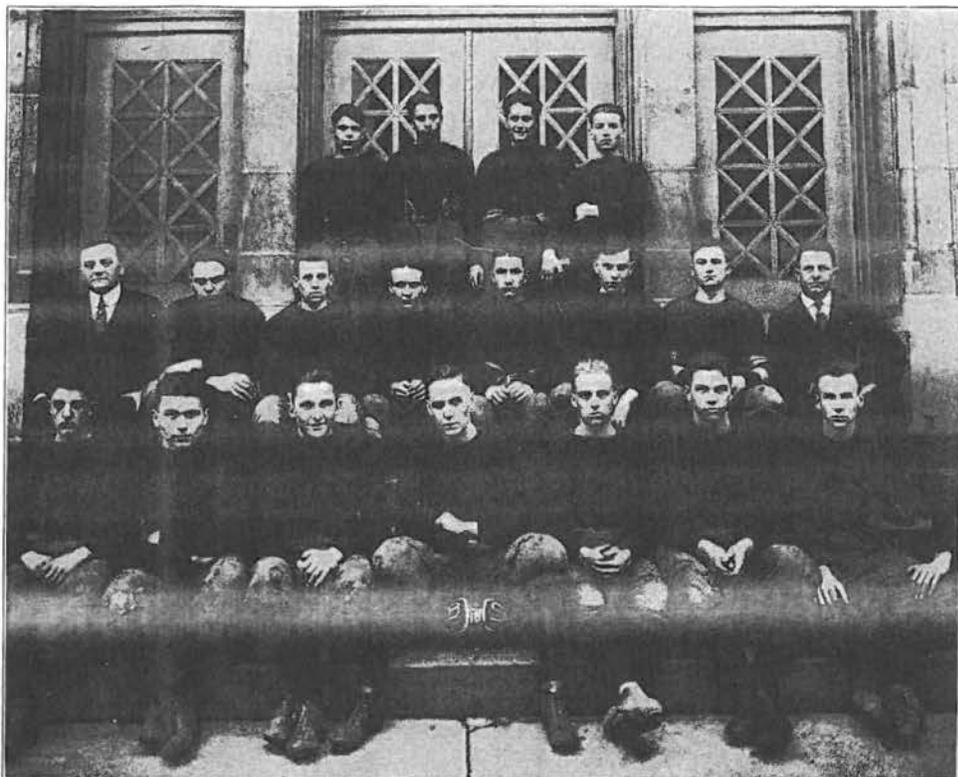
President—Virgil Kneife  
Secretary—Mildred Boden  
Treasurer—Kate Wallace  
Enrollment 92

**FRESHMEN A**

President—Ethel Marsh  
Vice-President Dorothy Downs  
Secretary-Treasurer—Carol Bell  
Enrollment 50







## FOOTBALL 1918

Like nearly every other school, our Foot Ball activities suffered from an enforced vacation. The team failed to play all of the games called for on the schedule. However they were successful in winning three of the four games played.

The scores of the games are as follows:

B. H. S. 12 Orrville 0  
 B. H. S. 7 Wadsworth 3  
 B. H. S. 0 Akron West 3  
 B. H. S. 27 Kent 0

The team consisted of F. Immler, (captain); H. B. R. Caine, C.; H. Wasson, L. T.; M. Musik, F. B.; C. Wells, L. H. B.; C. Snodgrass, R. T.; F. Shawhan, R. G.; E. Corey, L. E.; F. Galehouse, L. G.; J. Krempf, R. G.; G. Mallinak, Q.; T. Smith, L. T.; V. Prito, L. E.; C. Nickerson, L. E.; H. Hunter, R. T.; H. Thomas, L. H. B.; H. Stalter, Q.; A. Weisberger, C.; I. Griffith, R. E.; G. Swartz, L. G.

### SUMMARY OF GAMES

#### Orrville at Barberton

This being the first game of the season, the team was not in the best condition, but by two well earned touch downs by Mallinak and Wasson we won out.

Score by quarters:

	1	2	3	4	Total
B. H. S.	0	6	0	6	12
Orrville	0	0	0	0	0

#### Barberton at Wadsworth

The victory of this game was also claimed by Wadsworth, who made an illegal play and wished to count it.

The game was hard fought all the way through, both teams playing a good game. In the third quarter Wadsworth made a drop kick. In the last few minutes of play the ball was on our 20 yd. line, when a fumble by Wadsworth was recovered by Prito



and carried over the line. The goal was kicked by Musik, making the score 7 to 3 in our favor.

Score by quarters:

	1	2	3	4	Total
B. H. S.	0	0	0	7	7
Wadsworth	0	0	3	0	3

#### West at Barberton

Fate was against us in this game. We played our opponents off their feet in the first half but neither side scored. In the second period West came back stronger and after making two attempts at a placement kick finally succeeded in putting the ball between the post and winning 3 to 0.

Score by quarters:

	1	2	3	4	Total
B. H. S.	0	0	0	0	0
West	0	0	0	3	3

#### Kent at Barberton

Kent came here full of pep and with strong aspects of winning but instead went away with the short end of a 27 to 0 score. It was an easy game on the part of Barberton, our goal not being in danger throughout the game. Wells, Mallinak, Musik and Immler each scored a touchdown and Musik kicked three goals.

Score by quarters:

	1	2	3	4	Total
B. H. S.	0	14	7	6	27
Kent	0	0	0	0	0

### FOOTBALL YELLS

1-2-3-4 who U going to yell for  
 B-A-R-B-E-R-T-O-N  
 Thats the way U spell it  
 Here's the way you yell it  
**BARBERTON !**

Hoo—Ray—Rah—Ru  
 Hallabalou, Hallabalou  
 Wa-ho, Wa-ho  
 Rah, Rah, Barberton  
 Ya-ho, Ya-ho  
 Ya Hiza, Hiza, Hoo  
**BARBERTON !**

Razzle, Dazzle, Kizzle, Kazzle  
 Not a thread but wool,  
 All together, all together  
 That's the way we pull

B. H. S. Rah! Rah;  
 B. H. S. Rah! Rah;  
 Boom Chicka boom!  
 Boom Chicka boom!  
 Boom Chicka Ricka Chicka!  
 Sis! Boom! Bah!  
 Barberton High School  
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Wega Wega, ho-potato,  
 Half past Aligator,  
 Ram jam, bolo wega,  
 Chica wa da,  
 Barberton High School  
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

1-2-3-4-5-6-7  
 All good children go to Heaven

All the rest stay home and yell  
 Barberton High School play like  
 Hobble, gobble, razzle, dazzle,  
 Sis, Boom, Ba,  
 Barberton H. S.,  
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Locomotive Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Strawberry Short Cake, Huckleberry Pie,  
 V-I-C-T-O-R-Y,  
 Are we in it, well I guess yes,  
 There are no flies on B. H. S. ! ! ! !

Beaver, Biver, Bover, Bum,  
 Kever, Kiver, Kover, Kum,  
 Hever, Hiver, Hover, Hup,  
 Barberton High School eat 'em up! ! ! !

Wild and woolly, full of flees! ! !  
 Never been carried below the knees! ! !  
 Haltered once but never rode! ! !  
 Look out for us——we're bad! ! !

B. H. S.! To-ricka-ta-lix!  
 Rata-ta-thrat, Ca-bum-co, bix!  
 Barberton! Barberton! Kicka-na-na!  
 Nineteen-nineteen! wa-who-wa!

Booma-lacka, Booma-lacka,  
 Bow! wow! wow!  
 Chicka-lacka, Chicka-lacka,  
 Chow! Chow! Chow!  
 Booma-lacka, Chicka-lacka,  
 Who are we? ? ?  
 Whose from Barberton? ? ?  
 WE——WE——WE



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## LITERARY

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### THE MISSING SLIPPER

Far away in the beautiful country of H— whose eastern boundry was formed by beautiful pine covered hills and craggy mountains, the western formed by a river and lake of remarkable clearness and immeasurable depth, lived a good king, queen and their beautiful daughter Gwendolyn, Gwendolyn was tall, slender, fair complexioned with long golden hair, this she wore in long curls as it was the custom in that time for royal maidens to wear their hair hanging until after marriage. By the watchful attention of her parents and their careful guidance the girl was pure and simple in her habits; royalty had not taken away that individuality and genuineness which often comes from much pampering. In accordance with this Gwendolyn had many suitors. She loved them all, as was her fashion to love every one, and could not make any choice between them. At last she appealed to her father for help.

The king decided to give his daughter a pair of beautiful, priceless slippers with the agreement that she should give to some one, some time, when she felt very grateful, one slipper. The bearer should then in due time present it and claim his daughter.

There was living at court now a young prince from the kingdom of W— who was next in line for the throne of his country. This prince was in all particulars a very nice and cultivated youth. The king desired to see this match not only for the kingdom; but because he believed the prince to be as nearly worthy of his daughter as any, if one worthy could be found.

So it happened that while the princess was out one afternoon, the horses behind which she was riding took fright at a paper blowing about the drive becoming quite beyond the control of the driver. The frantically mad horses dashed on and on when suddenly from a clump of bushes sprang a young man who grasped the bridle of the nearest horse jerked and pulled with apparently no avail. The swaying carriage went on pulled by those six frantic horses. Suddenly by quick movements the man grasped the bridle of the other horse then swinging along in mid-air for a few moments finally sprang on the tongue between the horses; gradually the maddened beasts became quieter and the carriage stopped far out in the country and many miles from the castle. This found a hysterical princess, a weak and trembling driver and equally exhausted man and horses. When all had recovered their composure it was found that the rescuer of the princess was an unheard knight in her land. In a burst of gratitude she reached down, slipped the tiny boot from her foot and handed it to him. The knight who up to this time had not heard of the king's offer, went his way rejoicing in what he considered a slight bit of commendation from the princess. He was showing his gift to a few others that evening, and was offered enormous sums for the same, but refusing on the ground that it was a gift from the princess. Suddenly the prince from the other kingdom burst into the room excited over the news that some knight had received the slipper from the princess. He was disappointed inasmuch as he had failed to do anything to have the thanks of the princess. Now that it was over he seemed very anxious to help the fortunate knight. The unheard knight soon found himself the center of an excited group of lords. By and by he comprehended that he was to hold the much longed for place, as husband of Princess Gwendolyn.

That evening after retiring to her apartment the princess took her little slipper from her pocket dropped a tear and then a kiss upon it and quietly put it into her own private drawer. That night she slept soundly and in the morning as soon as she awoke she sprang out of bed to look at her slipper. But, alas! it was not there. The girl sank upon the floor and sobbed hysterically. Thus she was when Antionette her maid found her.

During the night for some unknown reason Hugo Donantello, a poor peasant, had climbed up the wall thru the window into the princesses room. Quietly and cautiously he crept to the drawer secured the precious slipper when a ear splitting gong sounded throughout the house. At once the maid ran to the room but just in time to see the burglar disappear over the window sill. At her heels came the guards. The man



had gone. Strangely enough throughout all this the princess slept. She had been drugged. They thot he had done no harm; as yet, unaware of the slipper.

Meanwhile when Hugo hurriedly climbed from the window his clothes caught in a hook under the window ledge placed in the side of the building for an emergency, there he hung suspended still griping the valuable shoe.

Early in the morn, a guard heard a faint call as if coming from above; looking up he saw Hugo in his pitiful yet ludicrous plight. Immediately he was relieved from his predicament. The guards were amazed to see him clutching the slipper. For a small sum he was induced to give up the treasure and as he did so he said, "Oh, well, I don't care the princess wouldn't have made me a good wife anyway and this money with that which Sir Philip gave me will now let me marry Jane."

It was later proved that Sir Philip, the foreign prince, had hired Hugo to steal the slipper in hope that he might be the first to claim the princess.

When the princess looked up and saw her maid she gave a little cry of joy for in her hand was the precious shoe.

Early that day Sir Alton Larned called upon the king and presented his slipper. Immediately the princess was summoned. She acknowledged that she had given him the slipper. The king gave them his blessing and as they left the room he turned to his wife, smiling and said "It is well."

Neither Sir Alton or Gwendolyn wished to have Sir Philip punished but the law of the land required that some punishment or privilege be given so Sir Philip was made man-in-waiting upon the king when Sir Alton and Princess Gwendolyn should ascend the throne.

L. A. M.

## COMEDY OF ERRORS II

People jostled each other on the platform, bells rang and the six-thirty train puffed heavily as it stood at the grimy little station near Sandy Harbor.

The first person to alight was a man, young, clean-looking and smartly dressed. He carried a traveling bag and a small gold headed cane. Evidently from the cheery greetings that rang from all sides, he was a favorite with the summer residents as well as with the natives of Sandy Harbor. It was only when I heard some one call him Robert and another inquire for Mr Gay's health that I realized that the most enterprising and the best young man of the town had passed. He rushed away and as I watched I saw him hurry into a telephone booth on N. Main St. I guessed as I watched him that he was going to call Cecelia Summer who lived with her father, old Judge Summer, in what seemed a mansion in ancient Sandy Harbor.

We have a strange coincidence here in Sandy Harbor. Judge Summer's real name was John but he had practiced law successfully for many years and had been Judge of the Circuit Court of Montmorency district, tho retired he still was "Judge" to everyone. His daughter Cecelia was a beautiful girl, with many accomplishments and had attended Wellesly for two years and a part of another when quite unexpectedly one Friday evening she came home to surprise her father and spend the week end. She was so taken aback by the rapid decline of her father's health that nothing could induce her to return. Under his daughter's watchful care the good old Judge regained his lost health and today is as strong and healthy as he was ten years ago when I took the position of governess in the household of William Winter, a cousin of Judge Summer, hence I know the history of both families.

Living three-quarters of a mile from the village there stands a small white house of not more than four rooms, here lived John Sumner and his spinster daughter, Cecelia. Cecelia Sumner in her time was accomplished too, in the art of making wax flowers and in speaking Wordsworth's "The World is too much with us". I have heard that she once had a lover, Robert Gray who had gone to sea a few months before. I made my first advent into Sandy Harbor. When I first saw her she was truly beautiful. She had raven black hair and eyes—highly arched eyebrows and faintly pink cheeks together with her quite dignity and stately poise made her an attractive person. About five years after I came to Sandy Harbor she received word that the schooner,



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"Cecelia" had been wrecked on the rocks near Portland and that the pilot of the craft Robert Gray was seen to sink beneath the waves.

My suspicions as to the motive of Robert Gray in the telephone booth was confirmed as I came out of Judge Summer's house that evening; I met Robert Gray coming up the steps. I told him that he would find Judge out in the garden. He frankly told me that he didn't come to see the Judge alone, tho he would be glad to see him, he added half apologetically. I was about to explain all about Cecelia not being there, when he started right in and told me all about it. He had called. A man had answered the phone and had called Cecelia. She had seemed so glad to have him come and had said so. I then told him that Cecelia had not been at home all day and that he could not possibly have talked to her. Just then the arrival of Cecelia herself interrupted our wonderings. I left them, turning saw them go into the garden together.

When I reached the postoffice I was greeted with the astonishing news that Robert Gray was at home and that he had called Cecelia Summer up and told her he was coming out. Suddenly the truth flashed upon me. Robert Gray had called Sumner's instead of Summer's and had talked to Cecelia. I remembered that Sumner's number was A1-49 while Summer's was A-149. Central had made the mistake, for telephone service is the same the word over.

Flinging all of my errands aside as trivial I hurried westward toward the home of Cecelia Sumner. I wanted to be there when she should realize the mistake and so that I might explain it to her.

But if one could have been traveling the old road leading from the sea on the east one would have seen a worn traveler but nevertheless walking briskly toward the village. He paused under the P. O. light only to look at his watch and hurry westward. He had spent three years in far away Australia where he had made his fortune, after the wrecking of his schooner, off the New England coast.

I made my call seem as if I just naturally decided to run in and spend the evening with them. To my dismay Cecelia wore her second best, a black alpaca which had been turned many times, also her hair was curled and arranged as she always wore it when I came here ten years ago. I staid to supper. As it drew nearer seven-thirty, she became more nervous than ever. When it struck seven-thirty a knock came at the door, with a little cry of joy, "It's him," she hurried to the door. It was wonderful the expression upon her face as she hastened forward, my heart sank within me when I tho't what would follow—"It's Robert Gray, it's him" she repeated—she opened the door,—and it was.

L. A. McNEIL

#### A MODERN JOHN AND PRISCILLA ALDEN

Ellen Chandler descended from the Flossmer special and walked quickly to her office in the Republic building. She was tall and slender and wore a blue tailored suit and turban hat. She was only eighteen years old and had been working two years for Spalding and Jones, the editors of popular magazines. She was a stenographer of splendid ability and they discovered her to be a great find.

When she opened the door of her office she found Mr. Jones and Mr. Spalding engaged with an elderly man she had not seen before. Mr. Jones introduced her to him. He was the millionaire bachelor, James Gould, of whom she had heard her wealthy uncle so often speak. Indeed! they were very good friends and had been for years. She noticed that he was medium in height and had kind gray eyes. He was no doubt, close to sixty and his once black hair was almost white.

After the introduction Ellen went to the inner office and "tapped the keys". A few minutes later she came to Jones' desk with note book and pencil ready for dictation.

"Mr. Gould would like to have you do some work for him today. Would you mind, Miss Chandler?" Jones asked, and Ellen knew they had been discussing her in the past moments.

"Why no, just as you say, Mr. Jones," she responded. So ten minutes later she arrived at James Gould's office. She was to make up some work that his last stenographer had left. She saw a young handsome fellow sitting by a desk littered with envelopes and papers and letters. He was the secretary that her uncle had also spoken of. When he saw Ellen he was so surprised that he jumped from his chair,



letting all of the letters fall on the floor. Ellen was amused by this funny performance, especially from a stranger.

"I have come to do some work for your father—I mean Mr. Gould;" she was confused, she remembered now that he was a nephew instead of a son. He had lived with his uncle since the death of his parents, 10 years before. "My uncle is in the second office, just a minute and I'll call him."

"Miss Chandler this is my nephew Richard Hill," Mr. Gould said, coming toward them. In a moment, she was at the typewriter, very amused by Richard's behavior.

It was six thirty when she had finished the work placed before her and she was very hungry and tired. Mr. Gould asked to take her home to avoid the rush of the hot dirty trains. Ellen was very pleased at his offer, so she went to her office and put on her coat and hat. While she was doing this Mr. Gould was putting several dollar bills in Richard's hand telling him to get candy and flowers. When the door was closed behind him he laughed and was laughing when he returned.

"What's the joke?" Mr. Gould asked.

"Your such a goose, unc."

"I'm ready," came from the doorway. Richard watching from the tenth floor saw Ellen and his uncle climb into the glistening limousine. There was a smile on his lips. He heard Ellen say as she and Mr. Gould passed down the hall, "You have wonderful taste in choosing flowers and I know this candy is delightful." The smile had vanished; he turned angrily from the window, took hat and cane from the rack and went into a Chinese restaurant across the street.

Ellen arrived at her apartment to find her mother and spinster sister awaiting her, also her cold supper. She told them of the day's work and saw the usual frown on her sister's face.

Weeks passed and Ellen became a friend of both Richard and Mr. Gould. She went out many times with Richard and always found him to be jolly and amusing. She laughed as she thought of him admiring her bright blue eyes and her smile. He had even begged for the little brown curl that lay by her ear. Yes, Richard was quite a boy. Handsome and daring. As she rehearsed the events of the days, in her thoughts, she always called him Dick, but in conversation he was always Mr. Hill and she Miss Chandler.

One morning Ellen burst into the Gould office bringing youth and fragrance with her. "I want you to come to my home for dinner, Thanksgiving," she said.

Thanksgiving morning was a busy one at Chandler's and soon everything was on the table and ready. The dinner was a pleasant one; afterwards Ellen stayed and sang folk songs to the delight of her sister and Mr. Gould. Then she glided in the song "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France". Her voice was a soft clear soprano and Richard's rich tenor blended very well. As Richard and his uncle were leaving the former seemed to forget himself and his modest Miss Chandler, instead he said, "We had a bully time Ellen".

The next morning it was very cold and snowing. Ellen wore a clever red tam and the same color coat. Her cheeks were red and her eyes sparkled. She heard some one coming behind her as she reached the office, she guessed it to be Richard.

"I'd like to speak to you a minute Miss—Ellen," he said and hesitated. Ellen wishing to help him said, "Well?"

"I hate to tell you but uncle said he'd disown me if (he) I didn't, so—," Richard blundered on blushing like a school boy, his duty was like that of John Alden.

"I'll have to think about it Richard," Ellen said hurrying into the office so he could not see her face, as the door closed behind her, she laughed heartily. Mr. Jones, coming from the inner office, wondered at the joke and is still wondering.

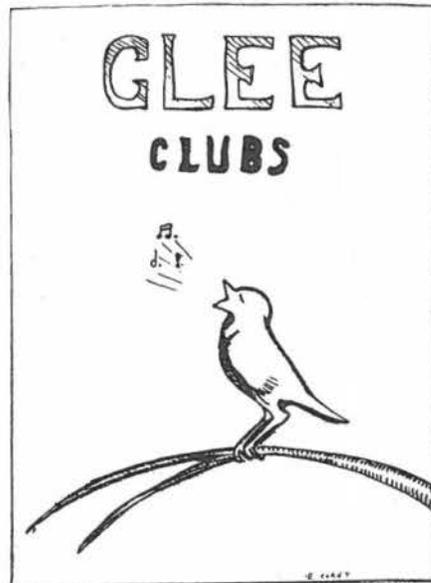
"I'm going down the street now, anything you want me to do for you?"

"Yes," she sat at the typewriter, "give this to Richard Hill."

"A note for you from Miss Chandler," Mr. Jones said, his eyes wandering over the figure, sitting dreamily before a fireplace. As Mr. Jones left the room, he thought "I'll bet I'll be losing my stenographer". Richard read seven words typewritten on a narrow sheet of paper. His face beamed with a roguish smile. The words were "Why don't you speak for yourself, Richard?" He dashed down the hall and—

CARMEN GRIFFITH

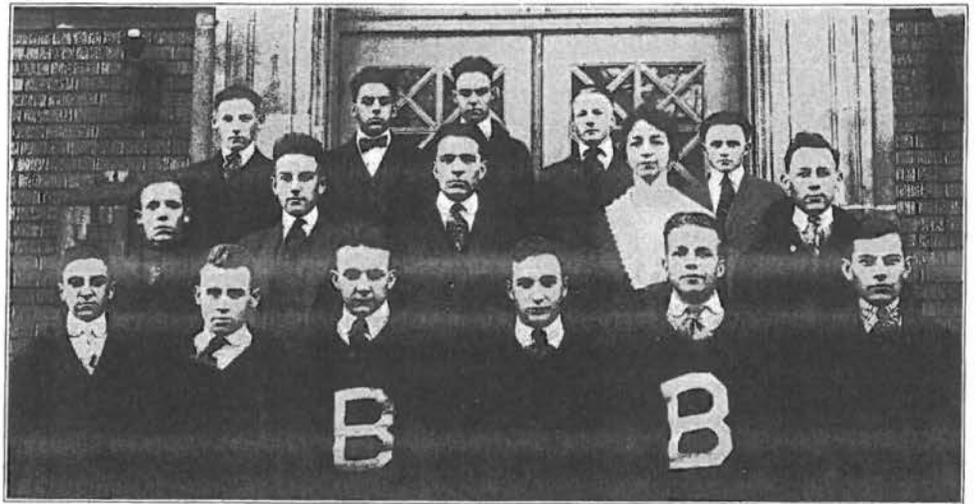




**ORCHESTRA**

Second Row—Bernice Welsh, Noel Thomas, Opal Swinhart, Supervisor Mary Starr, Alice Riley, Helen Parker.  
First Row—Donald Romig, Merle Holder, Clifford Romig, Edward Stadmiller.





**BOYS GLEE CLUB**

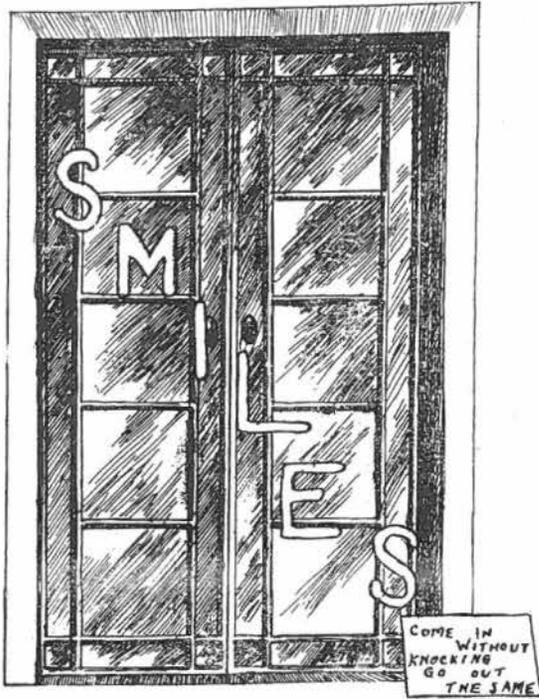
Back Row—George Swartz, Russel Stender, Hayes Hunter, Paul Hamp, Wilbert Smith.  
 Second Row—Paul Snyder, Claude Shriener, Floyd Cook, Supervisor Mary Starr, Robert Collins.  
 First Row—Ward Lightfoot, George Mallinak, Fred Immler, Joseph Grossman, Donald Romig, Claude Wells. (Pauline Rasor, Pianist.)



**GIRLS GLEE CLUB**

Back Row—(Reading Left to Right) Camilla Cline, Supervisor Mary Starr, Carmen Griffith, Jennie Werges, Agnes Parker, Ruth Ling.  
 Third Row—Mildred Kraus, Thelma Wagner, Dorothy Downs, Pearl Warner, Gladys Rasor.  
 Second Row—Lucy Ramesthaler, Ruth Reed, Eva Rodenberger, Elizabeth Weisenborne, Gladys Gray, Marguerite Kraus, Elizabeth Daly.  
 First Row—Luella White, Ruth Weatherford, Marjorie Marshal, Sarah Chandler, Pauline Rasor, Irene Weddell, Blanche White, Blanche Stuart.





Smile awhile,  
 While you smile  
 Another smiles  
 And soon there's miles  
 And miles of smiles  
 And lifes worth while  
 If U but smile.

If all of U would like to become as intelligent as we Senior A's, put some red pepper on your tongues--It will make you smart.

Lizzie had some chewing gum,  
 She chewed it fast and slow,  
 And everywhere that Lizzie went  
 That gum was sure to go.

It went with her to school one day,  
 Which was against the rule,  
 So Copper took the gum away,  
 And chewed it after school.

Miss Brenizer:—"Name a well known date in Ancient History."  
 Red Waltenbaugh:—"Anthony's date with Cleopatra."

"Red" and "Gabby" (In process of decorating a room)  
 "Hey, Gabby, got any thumb tacks?"  
 "No, but I got a few finger nails."  
 And the funny part is "Gabby" still lives.

Cheer up. The Sun has not gone out of business.

Joe Bing:—"Can a person be punished for something he hasn't done?"  
 Miss DeRusha:—"Of course not."  
 Joe:—"Well, I haven't done my English."

Adolph:—"I never had no girl, I ain't got no girl, I don't want no girl."

Sweeney had a little lamp,  
 A jealous lamp no doubt,  
 For every time that Bobbie called,  
 The little lamp went out.

Miss Shultz:—"Decline 'timeo'."  
 Freshie:—"Timeo, timarie, timavi, timatoes."

Krausie:—"Can you tell me, Bill, how it is that a rooster always keeps his feathers sleek and smooth?"  
 Bill:—"No."  
 Krausie:—"Well, he always carries his comb with him."

Miss E. Shultz:—"Is Hayes Hunter here?"  
 Red Chandler:—"I saw his overshoes."



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Miss Burns:—"Whats burning?"

Ernie:—"Miss Brenizer's roasting her Ohio History Class."

Ashes to ashes,  
Dust to dust,  
If Physics don't kill us,  
Then Latin must.

Teacher:—"What were the Knights of the Bath?"

Pupil:—"Saturdays."

Now I lay me down to rest  
To work hard, I done my best,  
If, I should die before I wake  
I'll have no more tests to take.

Preston Helmick (Translating French)

"The guests have arrived and the cook is preparing them now."

#### OHIO HISTORY CLASS SCHEDULE

Monday—Restless.  
Tuesday—Thoughtless.  
Wednesday—Workless.  
Thursday—Brainless.  
Friday—Speechless.

Delight and Helen found themselves seated next to each other at "gym party" and immediately became confidential.

"Rebecca told me that you told her that secret that I told you not to tell her," whispered Delight.

"Oh, isn't she a mean thing," gasped Helen. "Why, I told her not to tell you."

"Well," returned Delight, "I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."

The gas had just gone out and left  
The dear in my possession,  
When father introduced himself,  
And made a deep impression.

Allen W.:—"What is there in common between your neck and your typewriter?"

Ptewie:—"Don't know."

Allen:—"Both Underwood, of course."

Ptewie:—(Involved in deep thought) "Yes, it may be; but they are not both over wind."

Helen had a little lamb,  
And with her it would frolic;  
One day it kissed her on the cheek,  
And died of painter's colic.

The young man sidled into the Jeweler's Shop, a week before Xmas with furtive air. He handed the jeweler a ring with the stammered statement that he wished it marked "with some names."

"What names do you wish?" inquired the jeweler with sympathetic tone.

"From Fat to Gabby," the young man blushingly whispered.

The jeweler looked from the ring to the young man and said, in a fatherly manner, "Take my advice young man and have it engraved simply 'From Fat'."



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Miss Swanson:—"Hark! What is that awful noise?"

Pauline R.:—"Oh, only the Freshmen taking their music lesson."

You can always tell a Freshman  
By his gasping vacant stare  
While his mouth is hanging open  
Letting in the High School air.

Lois:—"What's a good definition of an echo, dad?"

Mr. McNeil:—"An echo Lois," answered "dad", casting a side glance at mother,  
"is the only thing on earth that can cheat a woman out of the last word."

Continued

"Another definition of an echo, Lois," observed mother, "is a man who goes to old  
patent medicine almanacs for alleged wit."

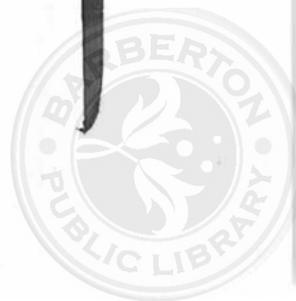
Smile and the world smiles with U,  
Kick and U kick alone,  
For a cheerful grin, will let U in,  
Where the kicker is never known.

Harry Antles:—"How much does it cost to be on the Basket Ball team?"

#### LATEST SONG

"It Cannot Be"—Sung by "Whitey" Werges when she gets her grade card.

The Annual's a great invention,  
The School gets all the fame,  
The Printer gets all the money,  
And the Staff gets all the blame.  
SO SMILE !!!



## SENIOR STATISTICS

NAME	KNOWN AS	AMBITION	IMAGINE
Pearl Beyer	Squirrely	Actress	With a "pug" nose
Camilla Cline	Red I	Hawaian Dancer	A "Hunter"
Ella Deal	Ella	Suffragette Leader	A soloist
Gladys Gray	Glady	To catch a man	A blonde
Paul Hampp	Red II	To go with B. H. S. girls	Going with a Sr. girl
Pauline Head	Pauline	To have curly hair	Six feet tall
Hilda Herwick	Lengthy	Lion Tamer	Shining shoes
Erncst Johns	Ernie	Banker	Without his lesson
Adolph Mandel	Adolphus	Politician	With a girl
Lois McNeil	Irish	Adventuress	Not passing her exams.
Helen McQuigg	Mac	Get Married	Looking pale
Dorothy McQuigg	Dot	Beauty Doctor	Without a beau
William Palmer	Bill	Bachelor	Getting Married
Agnes Parker	Agnie	Aesthetic Dancer	In her baby clothes
Gladys Razor	Gabby	To cook	With surplus "Fat"
Jennie Romestant	Frenchy	Kindergarten Teacher	Toe dancer
Bertha Shetler	Berthie	Elocutionist	A 2nd Charlie Chaplin
James Snyder	Jim	Be a Cop	Without "Dot"
Esther Snyder	Esther	Settlement Worker	Prof. of Dancing School
Opal Swinhart	Sweeny	Salvation Army Lass	Without a "Caine"
Pearl Warner	Peggy	Opera Singer	An old maid
Elizabeth Weisenborne	Tin	Professoress in B. H. S.	Thin
Jennie Werges	Whitey	Star Athlete	Taking Theda Bara's place
Cable Zema	Cabal	Pugilist	President of U. S.
Marguerite Kraus	Maggie	School Teacher	With curly hair
Carl Anderson	Andy	Famous Athlete	A Minister



SENIOR STATISTICS—Continued

NAME	FAVORITE SONG	FAVORITE SAYINGS OF SENIORS
Pearl Beyer	Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning	I haven't studied that yet
Camilla Cline	Smiles	Oh! well, I'd knock 'em loose
Ella Deal	Just One Word of Consolation	I don't know
Gladys Gray	I Hear You Calling Me	Just a minute
Paul Hampp	Dreaming	Or something like that
Pauline Head	Perfect Day	Is that what you mean
Hilda Herwick	Under the Shade of the Old Apple Tree	Good night!
Ernest Johns	Forsaken	What's the lesson
Adolph Mandel	I Wish I Were a Monkey in a Zoo	Gee Whiz!
Lois McNeil	Just a Wearyin For You	Hey, Hey, Listen
Helen McQuigg	Katy	I know what I want to say, but I can't say it
Dorothy McQuigg	O Promise Me	Well—
William Palmer	Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep	Get out
Agnes Parker	They're Wearing Them Higher in Hawaii	I don't believe I know that
Gladys Rasor	I Hate to Lose You	Well, I don't know, but I think—
Jennie Romestant	O Frenchy	You call on me too much
Bertha Shetler	What Do You Make Those Eyes For	That's all I know about it
James Snyder	Down By the Old Mill Stream	Believe me, kid
Esther Snyder	The Angel	I guess
Opal Swinhart	I Love You Truly	Well, I wouldn't know, but—
Pearl Warner	Some Sunday Morning	But, don't you think?
Elizabeth Weisenborne	Abide With Me	Well—
Jennie Werges	Forget Me Not	O' gosh
Cable Zema	N' Everything	Don't bother me
Marguerite Kraus	When You Come Back	O Kid.
Carl Anderson	With His Hands in His Pockets, His Pockets in His Pants	Gee Whack



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## ALUMNI

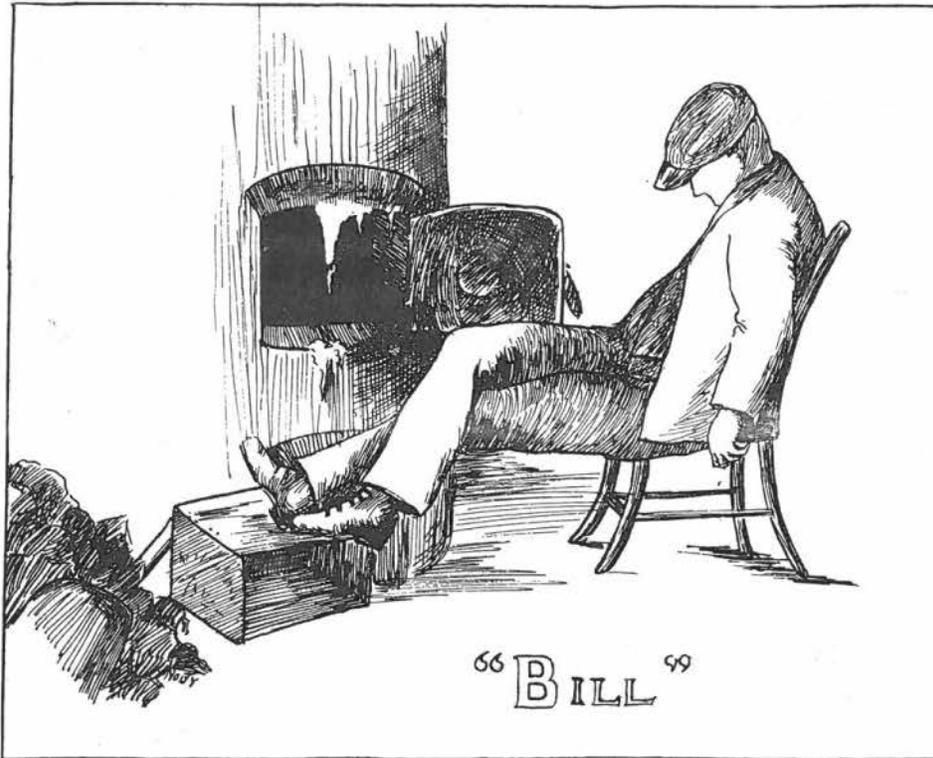
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Our readers may be interested in knowing what the members of the class of 1918 are doing.

Frank Fritz—Just returned from O. S. University S. A. T. C.  
Rodney Stilwell—Just returned from O. S. University S. A. T. C.  
Lucille Shaufele—Attending Akron U.  
Anna Thesing—Attending Akron U.  
Gertrude Lanigan—Actual Business College  
Faith Seyfried—Otterbein College  
Josephine Rodenbaugh—Woman's College, Cleveland  
Helen Ruff—Heidleberg College  
Maude Miksch—Maloney's Real Estate office  
Minnie Jordy—Portage Rubber Co. office  
Lucille Roberts—Cleveland, Ohio  
Anna M. Hutson—Columbia Chemical Co. office  
Harriet Potts—Dr. Lahmers' office  
Marjorie Middieton—Mrs. Raymond Seiberling  
Isabelle Miller—Mrs. Albert LeFever  
Wilma Baushlinger—Columbia Chemical Co. office  
Gertrude Smieg—Babcock & Wilcox Co. office  
Ruby White—Caleb Davies Dry Goods Store  
Marie Walsh—Millersburg  
Mark Harden—Pa. R. R. office  
George Wuchter—Manual Training in Cuyahoga Falls  
Walter Lance—Babcock & Wilcox Co.  
Clayton Irish—Babcock & Wilcox Co.  
Donald Craig—Babcock & Wilcox Co.  
Hazel Witwer—Pa. R. R. office

The Staff was unable to determine the positions held by the other members.





“THIS IS MY 'OUSE”

It is rumored that once upon a time “Bill” caught cold while napping in the furnace room.

School was not in session at the time, so it didn't make any difference to anyone but “Evans” himself.

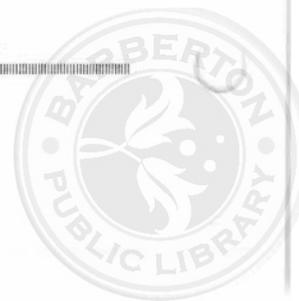
As a matter of fact, he makes it hot for the pupils wherever they are, but especially on the lower floor when a number are planning some clever(? ? ?) stunts.



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Actual Business College  
The Fashion Store  
Johnson Hardware Co.  
Weisberger & Feldman  
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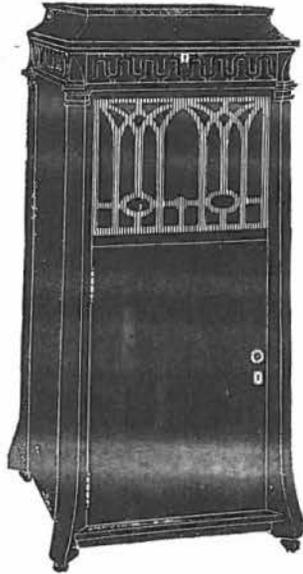
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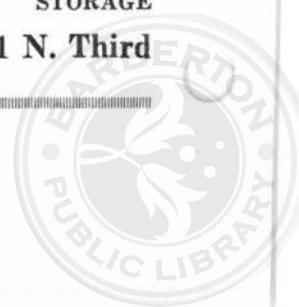
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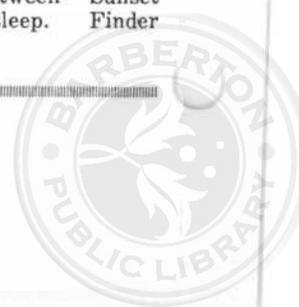
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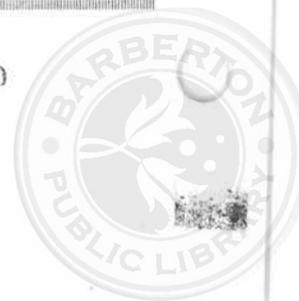
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