Shaw High
Annual
1920

East Cleveland
Volume XVIII
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The citizens of East Cleveland have always stood for the best of educational facilities. Their generosity in providing funds, combined with the far-sighted judgment of our Board of Education has placed Shaw at the forefront among institutions of secondary education. In its present field—of purely academic and preparatory school work—Shaw is now unsurpassed. But secondary education has come to have a larger significance. Today, in many lines of business, a man must have technical as well as academic training.

To keep pace with this increasing demand for a broader education, a Technical Annex is under construction. When this building is completed and equipped, there will be placed at the disposal of the young people of East Cleveland, instruction in nearly all of the commercial and mechanical arts. This is a great step forward. To this spirit of progress, as exemplified in the Technical Annex, we dedicate all of value in this Annual.
W. H. KIRK, Superintendent

B. A., Baldwin University
M. A., Baldwin University
Shaw High School, 1891—
JOSEPHINE BARNABY, Principal

B. Ph., Ohio State University

Shaw High School, 1901
Board of Education

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ETHELLE WHITTINGTON
GAYLE WICKWIRE
F. E. WILLIAMS
FREDERICK M. WOOD
OLIVE WOODWARD

The Thomas Training School
A. B., Wooster College
B. Ph., Ohio State University
B. S., Case School of Applied Science
A. B., Ohio University
A. B., Ohio Western University
Ohio Wesleyan University
B. A., Cornell University
Ph. B., Wooster College
B. A., Ohio Wesleyan University
B. S., Denison University
Ph. B., Western Reserve University
M. A., Columbia University
A. B., Denison University
Ph. B., College for Women, W. R. U.
B. A., Lake Erie College
A. B., Wooster College
B. A. University of Wooster
B. S. in Ed. Ohio University
A. B., College for Women, W. R. U.
B. S., Miami University
Ph. B., Wooster College
B. A., Denison University
A. M. Ohio State University
B. A., Defiance College
M. A., Defiance College
A. B., Otterbein University
B. A., International Training School
A. B. Wittenberg College
A. M. Wittenberg College
B. A. Ohio Wesleyan University
A. B. University of Chicago
Miami University
B. A., Oberlin College
M. A., Wisconsin University
A. B., College for Women, W. R. U.
A. M., College for Women, W. R. U.
Teacher's College
A. B., Smith College
Sargent School, Cambridge, Mass.
A. B., Boston University
B. A., Western Reserve University
B. S., Case School of Applied Science
Mount Union and Columbia University
M. A., Ohio Wesleyan University
New Haven College
A. B., College for Women, W. R. U.
B. A., Ohio State University
B. S. in Ed. Ohio State University
Ward-Belmont College
School of Expression, Boston, Mass.
A. B., Oberlin College
A. B., Western Reserve University
A. M., University of Oregon
WALTER BOLEY

“He has an oar in every man’s boat
And a finger in every pie.”
Varsity Club—Vice President
Dramatic Club—Executive Com.
Athletic Assn.—President
Football Team—Captain

HENRIETTA REESE

“It’s seldom that we find such a combination of bewitching looks and genuine ability.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club
Athletic Board

MYRON WATKINS

“Wit and wisdom were born with this man.”
Varsity Club
Dramatic Club—President
Hi Y—President (1)
Football Team
Basketball Team—Captain
GERTRUDE WAGNER
“A maid, jolly, sprightly and merry.”
Dramatic Club
Glee Club

VICTOR PARKS
“He and Harry play together.”
Dramatic Club
Hi Y—Secy. and Treas.

ELEANOR JURY
“She hath a winsome smile.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club—Chairman Program Committee
Dramatic Club
Annual Board—Asst. Literary Ed.

EVELYN WEIT
“Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club
DONALD ROBERTSON

"Every man has his faults, and honesty is his."
Dramatic Club
Annual Board—Asst. Art Editor

MILDRED HOOPER

"A lass so proper and sedate
That e'en her walk in keeping is."
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club

WORTH MUNN

"He the best of all musicians."
Varsity Club
Mandolin Club
Hi Y
Basketball Team

ISABEL LOCKE

"Friendship, esteem and fair regard
And praise, the poet's best reward."
Literary Club—President
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club
ESTHER HERKNER
“A good heart’s like gold.”
Dramatic Club

GUSTUS BOWMAN
“What mischief lurks within his eyes,
What fresh new pranks will he devise.”
Varsity Club
Dramatic Club
Track Team—Manager
Annual Board—Athletic Editor

FLORENCE WEBBER
“There is no wisdom like frankness.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club

ALLEYNE WALWORTH
“A capable girl who is self-reliant and never worried.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Annual Board—Chief Literary Ed.
ROBERT CRISWELL
“A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays,
And confident tomorrows.”

MARIE DeMELTO
“Content’s a kingdom.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club

TODD FRANKLIN
“There is might in inches.”
Dramatic Club
Mandolin Club

MARIE HANSAL
“Words, phrases, fashions, pass away,
But truth and nature live through all.”
Friendship Club
DOROTHEA HACKENBERG

"Oh! where is another more capable, more true?"
Literary Club
Friendship Club—Chairman Service Committee.
Dramatic Club—Secretary
Annual Board—Asst. Literary Ed.

PARKER BOLTON

"Men of few words are the best men."

GRACE HAGUE

"Go forth, under the open sky and
List to Nature's teachings."
Friendship Club
Annual Board—Ass't Adv. Mgr.

IVA SWAIN

"A cheery smile
A countenance unworried;
And very seldom
Is she fussed or flurried."
Literary Club
Dramatic Club
Friendship Club
DONALD JUDD
"No, not just full of the dickens, overflowing."
Hi Y

KATHERINE SEELBACH
"Smile and the world lies weak before you."
Literary Club
Friendship Club

ERNEST BRELSFORD
"A fine student, whose spare time is not spent in playing unless the study of wireless telegraph is play for him."

HAZEL RALPH
"Joy is not in things—it is in us."
Dramatic Club
MILDRED SWINGLE
“It’s better to be a self-starter than to make the teacher a crank.”
Literary Club
Dramatic Club
Senior Girls’ Basketball Team

CHARLES BLEILER
“An angel when asleep.”

RUTH CHADWICK
“A dainty little maid and very chic.”
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club
Senior Girls’ Basketball Team

FLORENCE MAHONY
“She’s pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.”
Friendship Club
LAWRENCE WILSON
“In framing an artist, art hath
thus decreed,
“To make some good, but others to
exceed.”
Varsity Club
Dramatic Club
Cheerleader
Hi Y
Swimming Team—Manager
Annual Board—Art Editor

GENEVA STEARNS
“Her voice was ever soft, gentle
and low;
An excellent thing in a woman.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club

ERNEST SPILLER
“Cheerfulness, sir, is the principal
ingredient to health.”
Annual Board—Ass’t Adv. Mgr.

IRENE HERMAN
“Happy am I, from care I’m free,
Why aren’t they all contented like
me?”
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club
Senior Girls’ Basket Ball Team
GEORGE RICHARDS
“A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
But with a cheerful humor all his own.”
Football Team—2nd Hi Y

ALICE GROSSMAN
“Better out of the world than out of style.”
Annual Board—Ass’t Adv. Mgr.

POWELL DAVIS
“Diverse men have diverse recreations and exercises. His is wireless telegraphy.”

LINDA SCHROCK
“A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Senior Girls’ Basketball Team
RICHARD CRISWELL
“His mind his kingdom, and his will his law.”
Varsity Club
Track Team

HELEN MIX
“She’s alle thet’s honest, honorable an’ fair,
An’ when the vartues died they made her heir.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club—Treasurer
Dramatic Club
Annual Board—Circulation Mgr.

HENRY CARLSEN
“Away with work! Begone I say
This world was made for fun and play.”

FLORENCE WILLIAMS
“For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club
Senior Girls’ Basketball Team
BEAUMONT PARKS

"'Twas just his brilliance shining through
That gave his hair so bright a hue."
Hi Y
Annual Board—Ass't Adv. Mgr.

GERDA FUGMAN

"Still waters run deep."

JOHN KUHN

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

VIRGINIA SPAULDING

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club
HOWARD BISSELL

"Eloquence is the child of knowledge."

Varsity Club
Dramatic Club
Mandolin Club
Hi Y
Football Team
Annual Board—Advertising Mgr.

MARGARET ALLEN

"Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club
Annual Board—Ass't Adv. Mgr.

CLAYTON HALE

"And I honor the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think."

Orchestra
Annual Board—Asst. Literary Ed.

JEAN BATTENFIELD—

"A friendly heart gets many friends."

Literary Club
Friendship Club
LELAND BAKER
"He wears the mark of years well spent."
Varsity Club
Football Team
Basketball Team—2nd

RUTH DUNNIGAN
"And she was faire, as is the rose in May."
Literary Club
Friendship Club

JOHN KENNON
"I envy no man who knows more than I,
But I pity him who knows less."

RUTH GOTTDIENER
"Was it a vision or a waking dream?
Fled is that music—Do I wake or sleep?"
Literary Club
THEODORE CASE
Away with books, let's have some fun.
Dramatic Club
Hi Y

PHYLLIS WEIDENTHAL
"My best praise is that I am your friend."
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club

HARRY TERRY
"And certainly he was a good fellow."
Varsity Club
Dramatic Club
Hi Y
Athletic Board
Swimming Team—Captain
Football Team

DOROTHY TENER
"Beware! She's not as serious as she looks."
Literary Club
Friendship Club—Chairman Social Committee.
Dramatic Club
GEORGE TRAVER
"Yet, looks he like a king."
Varsity Club
Dramatic Club
Cheerleader
Annual Board—Business Manager

CLARA HULL
"From little spark may burn a mighty flame."
Glee Club

ROBERT DOUGLAS
"Tis his pleasure to study from Nature."

AUDEAN CUMMINGS
"She hath a kindly spirit and a friendly air."
Literary Club
EVERETT GORDON
"The twinkle in this young man’s eye Belies his sober face."

ISABELLE MOELLER
"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love, Make our earth an Eden, like the Heaven above."
Literary Club
Friendship Club—President
Dramatic Club

HOWARD YENSEN
"Graced with the power of words."
Dramatic Club—Keeper of Robes
Mandolin Club
Basketball Team—2nd

IDA GATES
"And grace that won who saw to wish her stay."
Friendship Club
Literary Club
BERNARD STERN
“A Man! a right true man however, Whose work was worthy a man's endeavor.”
Dramatic Club

VIOLET SPIRA
“When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of music.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club

EDWARD LOOMIS
“A rare compound of genius, frolic and fun.”
Dramatic Club—Treasurer

HELEN KAPITZKY
“Thou seemest to enjoy life.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club—Vice President.
DOROTHY HITZ
“Oh! she sits high in the hearts of many!”
Literary Club—Vice President
Dramatic Club—Librarian

CARL ADAMS
“I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin,
But I love to.”

MARTHA LEE HAWKINS
“Softly speak and sweetly smile.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club

JEAN CONEY
“Of all the girls that are so smart,
There’s none like pretty Jean.”
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club
Senior Girls’ Basket Ball Team
DOUGLAS ANDREWS
“He put his shoulder to the wheel.”
Varsity Club
Football Team

MARIE MOORE
“Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club

WILLIAM SANDISON
“Honor lies in honest toil.”

CATHERINE MATHEWS
“A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men.”
Friendship Club—Secretary
Literary Club
Dramatic Club—Vice President
ARTHUR BURRELL
"Blessed is he who has a vocabulary,
He need not look for success in the dictionary."
Hi Y Club
Varsity Club
Dramatic Club
Orchestra
Swimming Team
Track Team
Annual Board—Editor-in-Chief

THALIA RHODES
"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club
Annual Board—Asst. Literary Ed.

MILTON BLOCH
"Success is in the silences."
Football Team—2nd.

MABELLE CRASS
"The light of midnight's starry heaven
Is in those radiant eyes."
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club—Executive Comm.
JEROME SAWHILL
"If he has any faults, he's left us in doubt."

JOHN WALWORTH
"He is well paid that is well satisfied."
Hi Y—President (2)

MILDRED MAHER
"What is done wisely, is done well."
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

BEN TINDOLPH
"Ever pleasant, ever smiling."
Dramatic Club
Hi Y
GEORGE CUMMINGS

"Intelligence is to genius, as the whole is in proportion to its part."

MARTHA HOROBIN

"She is the mirror of all courtesy."
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club
Senior Girls' Basketball Team—Captain

ALEXANDER JONES

"So double was his pains, so double be his praise."

ILSE BERGER

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."
Literary Club
Friendship Club
ANDREW HORAN

"A man not of words, but of actions."
Varsity Club
Swimming Team

HELEN DILLE

"The sweet expression of that face, forever changing, yet the same."
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club

NATHALEE DAVIS

"Sober, steadfast and demure."
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club
GRACE BOYD
"She seeketh diligently after knowledge."
Friendship Club

GLADYS SACHA
"Is she not passing fair."
Literary Club
Friendship Club

MARGARET MELIA
"Ye gods! How much this maid doth know!"
Literary Club
Friendship Club
CLARENCE FOOTE
"Steady of heart and stout of hand."

ALTA GIMMY
Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Annual Board—Ass't Cir. Mgr.

MILAN GREEN
"Speech is silvern, But silence is golden."

MARCUS GROSSMAN
"Cheerful, quiet, honest and sincere."

CARYL JONES
"How far that little candle throws its light, So shines a good deed in a naughty world."
Literary Club

KENNETH McCREARY
"He dances like an angel. He laughs for he has a great deal of wit."
Varsity Club
Track Team—Captain
Football Team

GEORGE RIGBY
"A jolly and happy good fellow."
Dramatic Club

GEORGE ARMINGTON
"An honest man has nothing to fear."

ALICE STEINER
"Oh, Alice! On with the music."
Literary Club
Friendship Club

JAMES RITCHIE
"He was a man of business."
Varsity Club
Football Manager

DOROTHY BAKER
"God giveth speech to all, song to the few."

EDWARD BOYD
"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."
Varsity Club
Football Team

MORTON BUCHMAN
"Knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."
Annual Board—Literary Editor

KATHERINE COUP
"A pleasant girl to know."
Literary Club

MARGARET COUSE
"Beauty from order springs."
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club

HARRY KNIGHT
"He was a verray perfight gentil knight."
Literary Club
Friendship Club
WHO'S WHO

Time—The evening of February 3, 1935.

World Outlook—Since the Great War had ended in 1918, the American people continued to prosper. Prices gradually returned to normal, foreign exchange became stronger, industries boomed, capital and labor united, and the world again gained its feet. Germany paid her huge war debt and was building up a great foreign market. More trouble was feared with her, and our government was keeping a strict watch on her movements.

Occasion—Reunion of the class of 1920.

Number present—About fifty.

Place—The Brelsford School of Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony.

Fourth floor of the Woolworth Building, New York.

Host—Mr. Ernest Brelsford received his guests in his elaborately furnished apartments, where he had his bachelor quarters.

Entertainment—After all the expected guests had arrived, and the conversation lagged a trifle, Mr. Brelsford gave out the first number of his program for the evening's entertainment. He desired each one to put aside any diffidence and write a brief statement of his present position in society. Delicately tinted folders were handed to everyone. When all had finished writing, the folders were collected and Mr. Brelsford assorted them alphabetically and read as follows:

“A staid and temperate judge of the old school, New York Supreme Court, Albany, New York.

Carl Adams.”

“Fistic champion and teacher of the art of boxing.

George Armington.”

“Teacher of the violin, viol and cello in New York.

Dorothy Baker.”

“As a baseball star, I'm a good salesman. However, if the pitcher hits my bat, the ball goes over the fence.

"Yours truly

Leland Baker.”

But here diffidence got the better of some of the number and they began writing of themselves in the third person.


“The home of service. The city's greatest delivery concern. Block and Bleiler Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.”

“My position in society is small because I do small things. I make wrist watches which keep time.

Parker Bolton.”

“The Buchman Printing and Engraving Company of Boston is the result of years of work.

“Morton Buchman, President.

“Mr. Arthur Burrell desires to make known to his classmates that his occupation is school teaching. He has a class of farmerettes to whom he demonstrates the uses of farm implements.

Signed: A. B. Burrell.”
“Miss Ruth Chadwick is in charge of the buying in the millinery department of Wamelink’s, Philadelphia.”


Mabelle Crass.

“Nature’s son, a ploughman of the twentieth century as revealed through the invention of the tractor. I remain,

Richard Criswell, Winterset, Iowa.”

“Audean Cummings is the first woman sales-manager of the Ohio Steam Turbine Manufacturing Company.”

“Clerk of the House of Domestic Appeal. Just around the corner. Look in and see.”

Nathalee Davis.

“My avocation has been considered my vocation. Please correct the impression. The piano is my most faithful companion.”

Marie Demelto.

“Robert Douglas—Efficiency expert in business methods, particularly those along the line of advertising.”

“Now playing in my own masterpiece, ‘Shylock, American.’”

Ruth Dunnigan.

“Monsieur Thaddeus (Todd) Franklin, great French playwright, is at this time overseeing the presentation of his plays on the New York stage.”

“Miss Gurda Fugman has just completed the arrangement of a set of English Classics for study in High School. These books contain notes, explanations and comments.”

“I am not a school teacher as most people think I must be. I am the editor of ‘The Woman’s Home Companion.’”

Dorothea Hackenburg.

“Clayton Hale—A spirited performer in the famous Lockwood Comedies.”

“Miss Esther Herkner is pleased to be considered the foremost writer of rhythmical poetry that this age has produced.”

“The nurse a fellow never forgets.—Dorothy Hitz.”

“Miss Martha Horobin presents to the public her great success: ‘Troy, Sixth City.’”

“Alexander Jones is a prominent theologian in the city of Philadelphia.”

“Mistress of the Poughkeepsie Girls’ Private School. Etiquette and propriety emphasized.”

Carol Jones.

“Please consider me the successor to Ralph de Palma.

“Thanking you in advance, I remain, yours till the end,”

Donald Judd.”

“The famous ever-sweet chewing gum is manufactured by the John Kennon Manufacturing Company of Newark, New Jersey.”

“Professor of higher mathematics at Cornell University, Ithica, New York. John Kuhn, B. S., D. S.”

“The World’s all-around-event champion and President of the World’s League for the Promotion of Sports.—Kenneth McCreary.”
"Florence Mahoney is a social settlement worker in the slums of New York."

"A world-renowned personage who has arranged the works of Latin authors in simplified style.—Helen Mix."

"Mademoiselle Moeller, the second Mikolajeski. Suits and dresses made to order."

"Visit the Beau-Temps Galleries and view the masterpieces of Worth Munn."

"I have succeeded as United States Food Inspector and Analytical Chemist. Beaumont Parks."

"Miss Henrietta Reese is the founder of the Reese Nursery for the children of working women."

"Miss Thalia Rhodes, the nation's most versatile woman, is the first woman Secretary of State who has been appointed to office in this country."

"The Rigby Kennels, the place where dogs are trained for acting both in the movies and on the stage."

"My business is square, although it is longer than it is wide. I am the president of the Great Lakes Transportation Company. Donald Robertson."

"The William Sandison Construction Company holds contracts for a new 105 story building to be erected on Fifth Avenue and Broadway, New York."

"Allow me to introduce myself to you as Jerome Sawhill, an engraver of good repute."

"A modern song-hit artist.—Katherine Seelbach."

"Iva Swain—Prosecuting attorney of the state of Ohio, and well qualified in cross-examination."

"President of the American Red Cross Society—Virginia Spaulding."

"Alice Steiner is the author of a noted memory course."

"Mildred Swingle—Linguist—Speaks four dead languages and nine live ones."

"A woman of keen intuition and a member of the Philadelphia Detective Agency.—Dorothy Tener."

"Experimenter and manufacturer of plate glass. Especially skilled in making the new camouflage window glass.—Harry Terry."

"Ben Tindolph is a noted surgeon in the City of Cleveland."

"Editor of the St. Louis Chronicle, a rising Democratic paper.—George Traver."

"John Walworth is the manager of the North American Amateur Hockey Association."

"Famous naturalist and owner of many rare specimens of plant and animal life.—Alleyne Wolworth."


"Recently returned educational missionary from the Waikiki Station, Hawaii.—Florence Webber."
“Evelyn Weit is a teacher of piano. Her course includes a remarkable study in technique and expression.”

“Coach of the Everett High Girls’ Basketball Team, Northeastern champions.—Florence Williams.”

The Nobody Nox Now Weakly.—Lawrence Wilson, Illustrator.”

“Meet Mr. Howard Yenson, a debater of national renown and a man carrying great conviction with his words.”

The gathering was exceedingly well pleased with the foregoing statements which Mr. Brelsford had read. Mr. Brelsford then ushered the party into another apartment where the guests found a complete arrangement of wireless telephone apparatus. There was a desk like the old fashioned telephone switch-board at which Mr. Brelsford took his place when the rest were seated. A telephone receiver was connected with an amplifier which was attached to a megaphone. Thus, any incoming calls could be distinctly heard throughout the room by the proper tuning. At Cleveland, Mr. Brelsford was able to get in touch with some of the Shaw Alumni of 1920, who were unable to attend the class reunion.

The first call came from Douglas Andrews, the football coach at Reserve. His voice was easily recognized by everyone. He sent good wishes to those present from his home in Cleveland. His message was followed by one from Alta Gimmy, who expressed her regrets to the company assembled. She was in charge of the Domestic Science Department at Shaw. Other messages arrived from different sections of Cleveland transmitted by wire to the local station and thence to New York by wireless. Mr. Brelsford was as able to speak to the absentees as they were to him. Grace Hague gave her greetings and added that she was in the advertising business in the Welton Advertising Company of Cleveland. Ernest Spiller sent a message from his bank in Cleveland and desired to know the well-being of his classmates. Milan Green, civil engineer, was in Cleveland constructing a huge bridge to connect the seven viaducts across the Cuyahoga river valley. Mr. Brelsford received news in turn from the different wireless stations in the county. He heard from Catherine Matthews who was spending the winter months in Florida with her husband, America’s sole remaining king, a cotton king.

Helen Dille telephones from Boston where she had her famous candy factory. Edward Boyd called from the same place. He was manufacturing his novel invention, the submarine yacht, in that city. Mr. Brelsford sent out a call for Chicago where, he said, were several of the Shawites of 1920. His call was answered and he was connected very quickly with Theodore Case, who was calling from the Chicago Athletic Club. He was unable to attend the reunion on account of a law case demanding immediate trial in court. He paid his compliments and explained that he was on the point of calling New York as requested when he was summoned to the telephone. It seemed that Mr. Brelsford had arranged that those who could not be present were to call him at a stated minute by Arlington time. This detail of the evening’s entertainment was so complete that calls came at equal intervals from different stations. At Chicago were several other alumni who stated the kind of work in which
they were engaged. George Cummings was a mathematician in the University of Chicago. His classmate, George Richards, was responsible for the management of the Swanson Hotel, while Gustus Bowman was the sport editor of the Chicago Daily Herald.

From San Francisco came the word that Geneva Stearns was engaged by a film corporation of which James Ritchie held the chief interest. Oregon contained a surprise for Mr. Brelsford and his friends. Edward Loomis was governor of that state. He had climbed to his high position from a small town lawyer. Mr. Brelsford came in contact with Harry Knight, who was the owner of a large department store in St. Paul, Minnesota. Jean Battenfield was in the same city, acting in the capacity of governess for a wealthy family. The next call came from Texas, where Ida Gates lived. She had married an army aviator, who was in camp on the border of Mexico, now the most friendly of neighbors. Grace Byrd called from Danville, Kentucky, where she had a position as play critic on the staff of the daily newspaper. A message from Virginia stated that Jean Coney was conducting a Girls' Riding Academy just outside of Richmond. Margaret Allen was in Richmond also. She was a capable teacher of fancy dancing. Katherine Coup announced from Bath Maine, that she and her husband were spending a few weeks during the logging season at one of his camps, situated on Mt. Katahdin.

Word was received from Clarence Foote that he was recovering from a nervous breakdown in the Adirondacks. A call from St. Louis made known that Violet Spira was managing an up-to-date millinery shop there. Hazel Ralph was the wife of a wealthy book publisher of the same city. The head librarian of Wellesley College was Linda Schrock. Eleanor Jury was writing for the Everett Gordon Publishing Company of Des Moines Iowa. Mildred Hooper was writing child's verse at her home in Detroit, while at Battle Creek, Irene Herman held the position of athletic supervisor in a leading sanitarium. Robert Criswell was a professor of higher mathematics at Queen Anne's University, Halifax. The Bermuda Islands afforded a quiet retreat for the honeymoon of Helen Kapitzky and her husband.

Mr. Brelsford next tuned his set for Eiffel Tower, France, and was able to hear from Marcus Grossman, a secret service man of the United States Government. At the same time Mr. Brelsford heard from Gertrude Wagner, the World's Woman Chess Champion. After ten years of effort she had wrested the title from Phyllis Weidenthal, who was also in Paris. Isabella Locke called New York from Genoa, Italy, where she was spending the winter months with her family. Margaret Couse was studying the economic condition of Russia, whence she called. Ruth Gottdeiner was visiting in Egypt. Her call came from the pyramids which had been
made into unique wireless stations. Powell Davis was the inventor of these new stations and he was in Egypt at the time perfecting a new appliance intended to produce greater clearness of signals. A call to London put the Shawites in touch with Martha Lee Hawkins, a kindergarten teacher in an English rural school. Bernard Stearns was editor of the London Times. Gladys Sacha went to England a few years after she left Shaw and while there had married a member of Parliament. Margaret Melia and Mildred Maher were spending a few days, previous to their departure for Armenia as missionaries in Naples. The Monte Carlo Station reported that Victor Parks was manager of that city's most fashionable dance pavilion, the Rose Palace.

Andrew Horan was heard from in Ostend, Belgium, in which city he managed an agency for the Willard Storage Battery Company. Alice Grossman was traveling in Switzerland and had an opportunity to telephone the Brelsford studios from Berne. The class had a member in Poland, Howard Bissell who had been studying the political situation there for several months.

Wireless connection could not be made with the remaining members of the class so at this juncture in the evening festivities, Mr. Brelsford disconnected his wireless telephone. Taking a number of letters from a drawer in his desk, he turned to his attentive audience and read to them the notes of regret from the few members of the class who had not been heard from. It was learned that Marie Moore was engaged in the art department of a pictorial weekly in Tennessee. Marie Hansal was chief accountant in the Bingley Brothers Auditing Company of Wilmington, Delaware. A letter from Clara Hull stated that she was living with her husband on his sugar plantation at Vicksburg, Mississippi. The last letter read was found to be from Henry Carlson, a wealthy broker of San Diego, who was at that time taking a vacation in the Glacier National Park, Montana.

The remainder of the evening was spent in talking of old times. Refreshments were served and the party was ready to leave, when, to the astonishment of all present, Walter Boley entered the room. He was the only one of the class who had not been heard from. His explanation of the situation was promptly given. Two days before he had been at the London Office of the Boley Electric Ship Lines, and had fully intended to call the Brelsford Studio at the appointed time. Trouble in the New York office of his line had caused him to change his plans. He had come across the ocean, a distance of 3106 miles, in one day and one night, by means of a giant transatlantic flyer, which he had ordered to be raced to its limit in an effort to reach New York before his agent there had made a fatal error. He had settled his business before coming to the studios and was then at leisure to talk. The whole party remained a few minutes longer and then departed with many regrets that all could not have been present.

Howard Bissell, Author
Clayton Hale, Consulting Engineer
Beaumont Parks, Referendary
OUR CONFESSION

As we, the Seniors, feel that our days at Shaw High are numbered, and that we are soon to pass on to another phase of existence, we look back over our high school careers and are grieved to find that our sins are many. So, for the good of our souls, we wish to relieve our consciences of a burden which we have been carrying, hidden from all eyes, for four years. With shame and remorse we admit that, with youth's lack of discernment, we yielded to temptation in our first years at Shaw and skipped classes, failed to prepare lessons, used "ponies" in Latin and French translation, cribbed, read synopses of books we were supposed to read in their entirety, and at times, we are sorry to say, even wilfully and maliciously deceived our teachers, trying meanwhile to convince ourselves that we were only indulging in the legitimate indoor sport of bluffing.

Oh! how easy it would have been for some senior of by-gone years, who has been in our present predicament, to have lead us from the downward path. But let us not while away one hour of grace in vain regretting, rather let us do all we can, in the short days that remain, to help some other misguided seeker after knowledge. Perhaps we are unduly sensitive, but we feel it our duty to warn these Juniors who with their faces full of anticipation are so eagerly awaiting our exodus, these Sophomores who are still fretting on the first floor and are impatiently waiting for the Juniors to displace us, and these innocent, guileless Freshmen who have come hither all too unsuspectingly from Roselle, Prospect, Superior and Chambers and are fast slipping into those deep, deep ruts of sin which, alas, we did our share to deepen. Children, beware of the path of least resistance.

Fellow students, although it is now too late to make reparation here for our sins, we hope that this confession may influence some Freshman, who is still in a position where he may be saved, to reconsider before it is too late, and thus in a small measure atone for our sins. Now we feel greatly relieved, a strange feeling of contentment creeps over us, and we believe that we can now go with smiling faces to meet our diplomas.

Robert Criswell.
WE, SENIORS

Total tonnage ........................................ 14,859 lbs.
Total height ........................................... 660 feet
Total age ............................................... 2289 yrs.
Average weight ....................................... 128.1 lbs.
Average height ......................................... 5 ft. 6 in.
Average age ........................................... 17 yrs.
The lightest ........................................... 98 lbs.
The shortest ........................................... 5 ft. 1 in.
The youngest ........................................... 16 yrs.

Our Ambitions:
Attorney
President of Liberia
Financier
Marrying

Dramatist
Comedian
Something easy
Chasing rainbows

Sources of Support:
Daddy mine
Weekly allowance
Library
Two feet
Pocketbook

Sister's handouts
"Mes petits sabots"
Any lamp post
The Almighty Dollar
The bread line

Favorite Occupations:
Loitering
Wooing Morpheus
Devouring nutriment
Masticating the fabric
Polishing petrified pelicans placidly and polusively

Playing the Aeolian harp
Making Leap Year proposals
Perusing literary documents

Favorite Sports:
Bandying words
Fabricating
Climbing mountains
Practicing the graces of intonation

Pursuing the globular missiles
African Golf
Imitating the fish

Lucky Colleges:
College of Dreams
Pep as B4
Electoral

University of the World
Stillman
School of Life

Style of Beauty—American.

SENIOR A's
You're the class that we adore,
Senior A's!
And each day we love you more,
Senior A's!
For you always wear a smile,
And you make life seem worth while,
With your individual style,
Senior A's!

Oh! we'll hate to see you leave,
Senior A's!
Deep down in our hearts we grieve,
Senior A's!
As you float on down life's stream,
May it always to you seem
Like one long, midsummer's dream,
Senior A's!

Eleanor Stegkemper.
PHILLIP HOPKINS  
Vice-President

GORDON HALE  
President

ELIZABETH BAYNE  
Secretary

BYRON TOWNSEND  
Treasurer
George Abbott
2nd Team Basketball

Elizabeth Bayne
Literary Club
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club

Frances Bowler
Friendship Club

Dorothy Brainard
Friendship Club
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

Ned Cagwin
Dramatic Club
1st Team Football
Varsity Club

Mildred Constable
Friendship Club
Orchestra

Dorothy Coulton
Glee Club
Friendship Club
Literary Club

Glenna Frost
Friendship Club
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

Margaret Gebauer
Gordon Hale
Hi Y—Vice President
Varsity Club
1st Team Football
Dramatic Club

Harold Hale
Saul Heller
Paul Hewitt
Olin Root
Annual Board—Asst.
Business Manager

Dorothy Roy
Friendship Club
Literary Club

Dorothy Shipman
Friendship Club
Literary Club

Alfred Shultz
Orchestra

William Seltzer

Florence Smith
Friendship Club

David Somerville

Eleanor Stegkemper
Friendship Club
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

Sara Struggles
Friendship Club
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

Byron Townsend
1st Team Football Varsity Club
1st Team Basketball

Dorothy Treat
Friendship Club
Literary Club

Edwin Hodges
Orchestra

Harry Jewett
Dramatic Club

Roberta Johnston
Friendship Club
Dramatic Club
Literary Club

Dorothy Kellar
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

Jeannette Lytle

Dorothy Matthews
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

Raymond Mog

Genet Murray
Friendship Club
Literary Club
Dramatic Club
Orchestra

Arthur Nolan
2nd Football Team

Mary Perko
Dramatic Club

Carmen Petti
Orchestra

Edna Price

Leonard Reichart

Ruth Roemer
Dramatic Club
Friendship Club
Literary Club
Ned Cagwin .................................................. President

Hazel Kriss .................................................. Vice President

Lawrence Richardson ........................................ Secy. and Treas.


JOLLY JUNIORS

“Jolly Juniors,” that’s our name,
In Shaw High School, we’ve won fame,
For our brightness and our “pep”
Have gained for us our present “rep”.

We’re not perfect like the Seniors
So not free from misdemeanors,
But we bear our lot and grin,
For that’s the only way to win.

Thus we go upon our way
Spreading mirth and feeling gay,
“Jolly Juniors” just means bliss,
Oh! nowhere is a class like this.

A Senior.
JUNIOR A

June Aingworth
Charles Albright
Dorothy Anderegg
Ruth Ault
Myrtle Babin
Jane Bardgett
Robert Bartholomew
Jack Bartram
Eleanor Beck
Harry Beggs
Pyed Benes
Charles Bowler
Jeanette Bresman
Harrington Browning
Milton Bruno
James Burchard
Isabel Burton
Thomas Callaghan
Orlando Carner
Katherine Clause
Maude Coleman
Harlan Collins
Helen Cram
Sterling Cramer
Jessie Crampton
Maurice Crampton
Marion Currey
Lindsay Davis
Loretta Ann Davis
Joy Douglas
Ruth Eckleman
Alice Englander
Mary Forman
Hallock Frank
Milton Friedman
Thomas Frischman
Pauline Fuller
Mary Catherine Gebart
Norman Gimmy
Rachel Gooden
Virginia Gould
John Green
Erwin Griswold
Virginia Hagenbach
Paul Hale
Alice Harrington
Preston Hayes
Marie Haynes
Marian Hayslett
Frederic Heine
Donald Hill
Hubert Hitchcock
Eleanor Holmes
Philip Hopkins
Eleanor Hunkin
Glenn Jewett
Lawrence Johns

Mabel Kirk
Dorothy Knight
Emma Kraft
Marcus Laronge
Wilbur Lawrence
Ruth Lees
Helen Lewis
Dorothy Loomis
John Marcussen
Leacie Marvin
Helen McCauley
Alberta McIntosh
Doris Meermans
Dorothy Mills
Evelyn Minshall
John Moeller
James Monroe
Helen O'Brien
Marion Parker
Ronald Parsons
Edith Phypers
Paul Folson
Jane Price
Lucile Provo
Harold Redbaugh
Dorothy Raper
Katherine Rice
Lawrence Richardson
Hildegard Ritchie
Walter Rohbock
Joe Robinson
Ted Robinson
Gwendolyn Roche
Augusta Rosenthal
Robert Ruth
Frederic Scadding
Florence Secrest
Marcella Shupe
Lorene Simpson
Norman Smith
Madeline Sperry
Tracy Stafford
John Stahl
Thomas Struggles
Lawrence Thomas
Charlotte Tracy
Venus Venables
Julia Warren
Emily Watson
Florence White
Helen White
Sanford Whiteslaw
Margaret Wickwire
Paul Willie
Herbert Wills
Helen Wills
Geraldine Winter
JUNIOR B

Gordon Amustutz
Stuart Barbour
Malcolm Bard
Sterling Blazy
Marie Blything
Helen Bundy
Roger Burgess
Wendall Burgess
Adelaide Calder
Wayne Caldwell
Eleanor Clark
Iva Coleman
Geraldine Constable
Margaret Corrin
Jean Douglass
Wheeler Drake
George Eichorn
Connie Forward
Kenneth Fuller
Anthony Galitto
Lillian Goodman
Marian Green
Gertrude Grobe
Victor Hamilton
Doris Harrington
Margaret Harris
Margaret Harrison
Fern Harwood
Albert Hayner
Margaret Heller
Alice Hinkley
Maurine Hunt
John Jones
Stewart Jones
Marian Jury
Arthur Kenney
Charles Kirk
Hoyt Kline
Raymond Koester
Dorothy Krauss
Richard Laubscher
Wilbur Lawrence
Frank Leonard
Phyllis Lockwood
Elmer Marshall
Helen McGeorge
David Melia
John Milligan
Jeanette Mitermiller
Gertrude Moeller
Marjory Moyer
Marie Myres
Gladys Nolan
Edith Parks
Helen Perner
Paul Phypers
LaRue Picklesimer
Thomas Pitman
Josephine Ranft
Alberta Riddell
William Ritchie
Rhoda Robertson
Karl Roesch
Dorothy Sabine
Margaret Sandison
Elizabeth Scott
Curtis Shaw
Howard Sheldon
Eleanor Sloan
Elizabeth Smail
Hortense Smith
Violet Smith
Pauline Smith
Perry Smith
Dorothy Stieren
Clara Stoer
Arlene Thomas
Harold Walborn
George Wanzer
Gerould Ward
Richard Ward
Elbert Warne
Ella Weymouth
Winfred Wilkie
Harold Williams
Wilbur Wyant
Agnes Abbey
Robert Adams
Charles Ammerman
Robert Anthony
Alice Athorpe
Ann Bacon
Waldo Bagnall
Bertha Barnes
Lila Barnett
Clarice Beckhold
Ranald Bemis
Gordon Benzies
Gertrude Berger
Joe Betz
Martha Blakeley
Jay Burchard
Frederick Borgerhoff
Lawrence Bourne
HeLEN Burton
Margaret Byrd
William Cahow
Timland Carey
Florence Carterby
Margaret Caunter
Fern Conaghan
Louise Conn
Lawrence Connelly
Ruth Conover
Barbara Cooper
Mona Corlett
John Craven
Kingdon Crawford
Jessie Dickson
Philip Dietz
Bernice Downs

Clara Eberly
Mrytlo Elkins
Lawrence Ellis
James Elson
Beatrice Emrick
Margy Englander
Ruth Evans
Harold Fisher
Ellen Forsberg
Irene Foster
Glenn Franklin
Thomas Frost
Anna Gebauer
Irma Gedley
Almon Gleason
Milton Glueck
Rhoda Goodman
Annette Green
George Hale
Ralph Halliday
Susan Hayden
Margaret Hearn
Marguerite Heitman
Hildine Herron
Lloyd Higley
Charles Hill
Iva Hill
Charles Horan
Dorothy House
Cora Jackson
Alice Johnson
William Kelper
Robert Kimmel
Harold King
Muriel Kirkendale

Milton Klein
Ray Laubscher
Frank Laver
Forest Lees
Arthur Lewis
Charles Lewis
Virginia Lynn
Catherine Mahan
Ashton Marshall
Russell Mavis
Howard May
Ruth McCaslin
Miles McGrath
James McNerney
Wilhelm McVey
Florence Mesker
Alfred Mielziner
Charles Minshall
Rudolph Monberger
Jack Monroe
Florence Moody
Nadine Moyer
William Nave
Ethel Noble
Lillian Ohler
Hazel Osborne
Melville Oswald
Roland Page
April Parker
Helen Parr
Lewis Petton
Ruth Perrine
John Pfarr
Edith Pilcher
Audrey Proctor
Walter Pursell
Sarah Quigley
Marjory Ramsay
Gerald Randall
Mary Redhead
Gladys Reichard
Elmer Reker
Mary Richardson
Adalyn Roberts
Conrad Robinson
Wesley Roloff
Herbert Rosenthal
Clark Sayle
Marry Shaffer
Robert Sharp
Wreathie Sherman
Leroy Shields
Ethel Simpkins
Sterling Simpson
Verna Slagel
Dorothy Sloan
Merrell Smith
Robert Smith
David Spaulding
Beatrice Stafford
Jeannette Stegkemper
William Stewart
Margaret Stoner
Wister Terrell
Cora Toll
Mary Townsend
Ben Tripp
Mary Turk
Pauline Tyroler
Mamie Urban
Kent Van Horn
Ruth Wachsman
Worthington Walters
Eugene Warner
Jeanette Watson
Martin Weis
Mildred Weidler
William West
Ruth Wheel
Frances Wherry
Ruth Whiting
Helen Wicks
Lois Wilcox
Donna Wilford
Helen Wood
Gerald Woodley
Verne Woodruff
Edgar Woodward
Herbert Young

SOPHOMORE B

Clarence Baldwin
Edward Baldwin
George Ball
Martha Berry
Effie Bess
Dudley Binyon
Edward Blackwell
Karl Brown
Adelbert Bryan
Carl Buchman
John Carr
Alta Carruthers
Helen Chamberlain
Ruth Conn
Ethe1 Copp
Gwendolyn Crocker
Winifred Culver
Arthur Dade
James Dillon
Gwendolyn Drake
Bruce Eaken
Clifford Ericson
Ruth Fowler
Robert Gay
Margaret Garwood
Alice Gee
Hugo Gerstenberger
Mary Gill
Lenore Goldman
Adria Heitman
Donald Herron
Jack Hill
William Hitch
Ruth Hoskin
Estella Hudson
Beauvina Hume
Franklin Jeckel
Elizabeth Lewis
Charles Lohrke
Ruth Marcosson
Annetta Markley
Katherine McKee
Stella Meadors
Charles Merrill
Ruth Milliken
William Milliken
Sarah Mitchell
Beatrice Neat
George Ostendorf
Frances Perko
Sanford Pierson
Albert Pretz
Norman Price
Mabel Quackenbush
George Richards
Edwina Rendeau
Alphonseus Ritchie
Marion Roberts
Esther Rehbock
Bernice Rosenthah
Ellis Ryan
Myron Schlagel
Adela Schulte
Fred Scott
Paul Seaman
Wilma Selbert
Albert Smith
Helena Smith
Leonard Smith
Norman Smyth
Harold Steele
Ruth Steiner
Joseph Stoppel
Margery Taylor
Richard Taylor
Henry Tomcek
Mary Vance
William Ward
Virginia Wheeler
Charles Whitney
Dan Williams
Lucille Williams
Carrie Williamson
Carl Woolway
Sidney Zweig
Dorothy Allen
James Allison
Wistler Ambler
Joe Ambrose
Ivan Anderson
Donald Andrews
Roger Blum
Allen Bond
Dudley Binion
George Brown
Gwendolyn Crocker
Ruth Coleman
Harry Cottrell
Leonora Crofoot
Edna Dade
Catherine Denison
Wilbur Derby
Marjorie Dickie
Catherine Dickinson
George Dickinson
Marjorie Dube
Dorothy Dunn
Helen Dunnigan
Joe Dupayster
Mildred Eaton
Kent Eichenberg
Sarah Eldredge
Mildred Emrick
Hallie Ensigg
Roger Esty
Mary Etzenspigirger
Walter Faust
Geraldine Fleming
Alice Foster
Catherine Fraser
Roger Frost
Erma Packer
Robert Page
Margaret Palmer
Ethel Parker
Florence G. Parker
Florence M. Parker
Iolanda Pappano
George Paxton
Norman Paynter
Helena Perko
Eleanor Petre
Rose Petti
Dorothy Poetker
Gertrude Pratt
Maurine Price
James Reichert
William Reinhalter
Christian Rhonemus
Ross Richards
Evelyn Riddell
Louise Rider
Anna Fudge
Mildred Fudge
Loyed Galbeeth
Mary Gallitto
Ruth Gammell
Alice Glessner
Mattis Goldman
Robert Graham
Stanley Greenleaf
Mary Griffith
Clarence Grovenstein
Elizabeth Hackenburg
Wilson Hamilton
Frank Hancock
James Harris
Virginia Hawkins
Adele Hayden
Donald Herron
Adele Hayden
Karen Hays
George Hayslet
Martha Heidel
Edith Henry
Marjorie Holler
Harold Hotchkiss
Jean Howald
Melcolm Hunter
Marie Jacquet
Fred Johnson
Duncan Johnston
Isabella Johnston
Ralph Jones
Ruth Jones
George Kapitzky
Ralph Karlove
Marjorie Kast
Harry Taylor
Howard Taylor
Dean Fedbitti
Clyde Thomas
Mariam Thompson
Catherine Thrembley
Robert Throop
Oreene Tirohn
Kenneth Tinoh
George Towsle
Barbara Tracy
Roy Urban
Marguerite Waite
John Wheeler
Dorothy Wheeler
Charlotte Whigham
Irene Whigham
Hollis Whiteman
Jack Whitelaw
Gilbert Wieder

FRESHMAN A

Gladyas Wilson
Evelyn Keller
Edward Kemble
William Kennon
Margaret King
Fay Klein
Nelson Klein
Robert Kinnman
Elton Knight
Bernard Krauter
Oliva Langner
Ruth Lanferd
Donald Lewis
Cudon Lynde
Emmett Markovits
Priscilla Mason
Wilbur McConnell
Martha McGonagle
Claude McIntosh
Katherine McKeen
Jean McKenzie
Jean McLaughlin
Frances Meade
Virgil Minger
Robert Millagger
Harold Miller
Martha Mosher
Vere Mayer
Ida Mullog
Ellen Newey
Adelaide Nixon
May Ohike
Louise Ogle
Lucille Orie
Wilbur O'Neil
Sara Oliver
Louise McLaughlin
Emmett Markowitz
Priscilla Mason
Frances Mead
Virgil Mezzer
Robert Millagger
Harold Miller
Martha Mosher
Vera Moyer
Ida Mullog
Adelaide Nixon
Wilbur O'Neil
Louise Ogle
Lucille Ogie
May Oehke
Sara Oliver
Kenneth Owen
Erma Packard
Margaret Palmer
Ethel Parker
Florence Parker
At dear old Shaw High,
Now what do you think of that!
If the "uppers" do tease
And call me "green cheese,"
I don’t care, for I’m only a "flat."
And when I run in late to class,
They say "you’re green as grass,"—
But Seniors are privileged to walk.
While in study hall,
"Flats" have no chance at all,
But the "elders" may giggle and talk.
But you never mind.
Tho’ I’m far behind,
I hope to be higher some day.
Then I may look down
With a giggle and frown
On "flats" that are starting their way.

Dorothy Reichheld, ’24
FRESHMAN B

Elsworth Johnson
Mary Jones
Payson Judd
Louise Knox
Robert Kyle
Walter Kyle
Sara Lewis
Bert Lichtig
Lois McGinn
Muriel McKay
Asher Margolis
Joyce Marot
Barton Mombarger
Evelyn Morgan
Harry Myers
Richard Neale
Dorothy Newman
Gwendolyn Noble
Helen Northway
Celia Pappano
Lois Parks
Frederick Peters
Bob Phelps
Laura Quayle
Florence Reister
Dorothy Reichheld
Gertrude Bolley
Barbara Carey
James Dickson
Louise Drake
Ruth Edelberg
Alfred Gafney
Sidney Hull
Winsome Harris
Ethel Henderson
George Herkner
Waldo Herringshaw
Raymond Hotchkiss
Lillian Howes
Dudley Hull
Donald Jones
Churchill Lewis
Esther Miller
Christine Murphy
Irvin Owen
Armeda Salisbury
Martha Schwartz
Emmett Shipman
Emily Smith
Ralph Springer
Donald Story
Stanley Thompson
William Van Conent
Claire Walsh
Carl Apthorpe
Eloise Armington
Eleanor Assmus
Quentin Bell
Esther Bell
Edward Blackwell
Catherine Brainard
Stanley Briggs
Anne Bushman
Esther Carman
Laura Carman
Charlotte Carter
Dorothy Claxton
Burr Coe
Ashley Coleman
Eleanor Conaghan
Helen Coulton
Willard Cox
Gertrude Craven
Gladys Detering
Evelyn Dvorak
Jerry Enright
Leonard Fisher
George Fox
Lewis Fox
Hugo Gerstenberger
Catherine Hamilton
Kirk Hartyey
Hans Hense
Violet Hepler
Catherine Hinckley
Orlie Hitch
Wm. Hitch
Erma Hopp
Mildred Hotchkiss
Charles Chapman
Doris Gee
Jeanette Comean
Allen Cook
Richard Cook
Michael Costello
Eleanor Coulton
Thurland Cox
Elizabeth Cross
Albert Cozens
Clayton Harris
George Ball
George Brown
Ruth Coleman
Clifford Erickson
Walter Faust
Robert Gage
Lenore Goldman
Eric Heaps
Margaret Hull
Charles Merrill
Ellen Newey
Robert Schmunk
Ruth Steiner
Marjorie Taylor
Howard Steel
Joseph Stoppel
Richard Taylor
Catherine Threemby
Henry Tomecek
George Towslee
Mary Vance
William Ward
John Wheeler
Mario Smutna
Adrian Riegelman
Mildred Ruskin
Lloyd Schwenger
Albert Schultz
Marian Shupe
Mildred Smith
Edwin Stitt
Dorothea Stoer
Alice Traver
Sidney Wallenstein
Kenneth Watts
Ethel Winney
Violet Winterbottom
Ruth Yoder
Elizabeth Zorbaugh
Samuel Johns
Jack McGeorge
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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ATHLETIC BOARD

Walter Boley .......................................................... President
Gordon Hale .......................................................... Vice President
Raymond Koester .................................................. Secretary
Mr. Seaton ............................................................. Treasurer
Miss Barnaby ........................................................ Faculty Representative
Mr. Offinger ........................................................ Physical Director
Henrietta Reese ..................................................... Student Representative
Harry Terry ........................................................ Student Representative
FOOTBALL 1919
FIRST TEAM
Walter Boley—Captain  James Ritchie—Manager
H. C. Canfield—Coach
Ends—Parsons, Gleim, Nave.
Tackles—Baker, Townsend.
Guards—Boley, Bissel.
Centers—Andrews, Boyd.
Quarter—Watkins.
Halfbacks—Cagwin, McCreary, Hale.
Fullback—Stafford.
Substitutes—Shields and Terry.

RECORD
Shaw...... 12  Glenville....... 6
Shaw ...... 0  East Tech....... 45
Shaw...... 0  Akron West...... 13
Shaw...... 6  Scott Toledo..... 48
Shaw...... 8  Heights........... 0
Shaw...... 0  East............... 0
Shaw...... 6  Lakewood......... 7
Shaw...... 7  University........ 6

OUR COACH
Out on the football field each day,
He tries to show us how to play.
He shows us how to kick a punt,
And do every other kind of stunt;
How to tackle, run and block,
And how to take a good hard knock.
He taught us signals of every sort,
And all the fine points of the sport;
How to act, if our foes we beat;
Also how to take defeat;
In practice he scolds and yells,
But in the locker room jokes he tells.
During the game on the side lines he'll walk
While about him all the spectators talk.
For surely everybody knows of Harry Canfield.
"DUTCH" BOLEY, CAPTAIN
FOOTBALL SEASON

The 1919 football team does not look like anything wonderful, when one glances at the scores of the games, but in reality the season was a great success.

From the first to the last game we were up against hard luck. This is a thing that most teams claim, but our luck was harder than that. So many players were disabled throughout the year that "Conny" had to call on an almost "green" team for every game.

We started out by giving Glenville High their yearly drubbing. Then we lost three consecutive games to East Tech, Akron West, and Toledo Scott. Heights was an easy victim and East, who claim to be the city champions, were held to a scoreless tie and completely outplayed by us. Lakewood stopped our "come back" by nosing us out of a hard game.

Then came the one big game, which was to make our season a success. The U. S. game. U. S. tasted their only dregs of defeat at our hands. Seven to six was the score, but that doesn't tell of the many thrills and tense, exciting moments thruout the game. It was a good ending for our season, and as Captain Boley says, it made the season a "Zoftic Special," if you know what that means.
Basket Ball
1920

Myron Watkins .................................................. Captain
Clark Sayle ........................................................... Manager
Mr. R. C. Morris .................................................... Coach

Team
Left Forward .......................................................... Lawrence Richardson
Right Forward ......................................................... Worth Munn, Harry Beggs
Center ................................................................. Myron Watkins
Right Guard ............................................................ Byron Townsend
Left Guard ............................................................. Leroy Shields, Philip Hopkins

The basketball season opened propitiously, thirty-five candidates appearing for the first practice. Fifteen of these men remained throughout the season, playing either on the first or second teams.

Seasoned material included three letter men, Captain Watkins and Guards Townsend and Hopkins. Koester, the midget forward, played a good game until he became ineligible about half way through the season.

The second team boys deserve great praise not only for the good opposition they furnished the varsity in practice but also for winning all the second team games but two.

While the varsity was not a championship team, winning six out of eleven games, yet every game was well played and gamely fought to the end. We were sometimes beaten but never outclassed.

The varsity players took two out-of-town trips, the first to Ashtabula and the second to Delaware where the team entered the state basketball tournament but was eliminated by Liberty Center by two points in a five-minute overtime game. At Delaware the team was well taken care of socially and all our boys spent an enjoyable week end.

The U. S. game was thrilling and a hard one to lose. The Shaw team held the lead at the end of the first half 7-4 but our boys were forced to leave the floor at the end of the game with the small end of a 15-11 score.

The Cathedral Latin game was disappointing, too, but the season as a whole showed improvement over the two seasons just preceding.

Munn and Watkins will graduate this June but Townsend, Richardson, Beggs, Hopkins and Shields should prove to be a winning combination next season.

The players appreciate the warm co-operative support of the school given the first and second teams by attendance at the games and the valuable coaching of Mr. Morris.
"MIKE" WATKINS CAPTAIN
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"CURLY" FORMAN
"THE MOST ATHLETIC GIRL IN SHAW"

Who is the most athletic girl in Shaw? We all immediately answered, "Curly." Her real name is Mary Forman, known throughout the school for her athletic ability. She participates in every kind of indoor and outdoor sport, but her specialty is long hikes for she covers at least one hundred miles a month. "Curly" is also excellent at apparatus work and does it in a way that makes everyone admire her. In fact she has the qualities of a first rate athlete being clean minded, fair, patient, sociable, loyal, and a lover of the great outdoors.

She also possesses alertness, elasticity and endurance. For these reasons we repeat, "Mary is the most athletic girl in Shaw."

SENIOR GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAM
JUNIOR GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAMS

JUNIOR A
Guards
Mary Forman
Fern Harwood
Center
Mabel Kirk
Side Center
Dorothy Stieren, Captain
Forwards
Marie Haynes
Alice Harrington

JUNIOR B
Coach—Miss Ryan
Guards
Lucille Williams, Captain
Ruth Whiting
Center
Catherine Gill
Side Center
Marion Jury

Forwards
Helen Woods
Florence Mesker

SOPHOMORE
Guards
Jeanette Stegkemper
Alice Apthorpe
Center
Audrey Proctor
Side Center
Mary Richardson
Forwards
Ivy Hill—Captain
Ethel Simpkins

SOPHOMORE
Coach—Miss Ryan
Guards
Ruth Wheat—Captain
Lila Barnett

Center
Beatrice Emrick
Side Center
Beatrice Stafford
Forwards
Hazel Osborne
Helen Parr

SENIOR TEAM
Coach—Miss Ryan
Guards
Jean Coney
Irene Herman
Center
Linda Schrock
Side Center
Margaret Allen
Ruth Chadwick
Forwards
Florence Williams
Martha Horobin—Captain
Oh the hubbub in the gym, night, April 9th, and the excitement caused by seeing the gym, floor crowded and even the race track filled with fond parents and friends, all anxious to see the wonderful exhibition given by promising young girls of Shaw High! The girls came out on the floor in the Grand March, the men with their red ties, the Sophomores and upper classmen with their black ones, and marched around the gym; then they formed the letter “S” and in that formation gave the yell “Black red—nuf said” with plenty of spirit.

The setting up drill was carried out very successfully by the upper classmen under Miss Swope’s directions. All of us paid strict attention to commands, and the result was quite pleasing. But oh, how we did groan when we remembered the days of practice! No matter how hard we stretched, we were to stretch harder! We dreaded the “prone fall,” in which our feet never seemed to get back close to our hands when supposed to. “Deep knee bending” also caused dismay; but for that many of the girls kindly supplied music with their bones. The Freshmen also had setting up drill, with good results, under Miss Ryan’s charge. The exercises were just about the same, though, carried out to music. Also these girls did not feel the evil effects of practice as acutely as did their older sisters.

The wand drill given by the Freshmen girls was a very pretty sight; every motion was in perfect time, and no one lagged behind. There was a peculiar twist in manipulating the wand which the girls had difficulty in learning, but Miss Ryan inexorably held them to it in practice until they had it, as shown by the exhibition. The dumb bell drill by the upper classmen had equal applause from the spectators. One reason we liked this was because we could make some noise; needless to say, we took advantage of the opportunity. One part in which we had to step backward, turn half way around with our hands thrust out behind us, was hard to do; at this point we always heard “Hands up high!” It is not known whether we put our hands up high enough in the exhibition to please Miss Swope or not; but we hope we did.
in the way the result was more hard. always seemed to do the wrong thing in the wrong way at the wrong time! However, the exhibition showed that the “jumping jack” movements had finally been learned, though the girls were usually out of breath after doing it. The “Shadow Dance” was comparatively easy after the “Irish Lilt;” the only trouble was to wave one’s arms gracefully.

The audience was very enthusiastic when those who were to take part in the apparatus work appeared, and the “instruments of torture” (so considered by a large number of the girls) were rolled out on the floor or let down from the ceiling. This work caused our already palpitating hearts to flutter more; we were all keyed up to a high pitch. Everything was done in good form; when a girl did especially well, she was greeted with a burst of applause. “That’s where we shine” was the comment of a number of girls. But oh, the misery of practice for the unfortunate ones! It didn’t seem to matter if they hurt their wrists going backward on the ladder, or landed in the middle of the buck so hard that they jarred themselves all over! In doing the right, left, and square vault over the horse, they were frequently urged to make a “graceful landing,” which they finally accomplished. The flying rings presented no difficulty to anyone; but the traveling rings were more of a problem; some of the girls could do them three, four, or perhaps five times, while others could do them not even once. For the majority of the girls, the ropes proved as hard a problem as any to be found in algebra or geometry; but it was a joy for the favored few to be able to touch the ceiling and look down on those below. Of course, after the practice thrust upon us (some receiving it eagerly, others holding up their hands in horror) we were able to perform our “stunts” successfully.

As a climax to the evening’s program, there were water events in the pool. A great many people went down to witness these and they all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The races (different strokes in different ones) caused much excitement. There were few moments when silence “reigned supreme.” The diving was by no means uninteresting. Hereafter, it can not be said that girls are not good swimmers. The boys will have to be careful or the girls will catch up with them in athletics; why not?
SWIMMING TEAM
The swimming team started the season this year with the services of four letter men and had reasonable hopes of winning the city championship. It was therefore a complete surprise when East High beat us in the first meet of the season. This defeat made the team get down to some good solid practice, and the following week, we overwhelmingly defeated Lakewood 53-15.

In the East End Y. M. C. A. meet, which is open to all schools in the east end of Greater Cleveland, Shaw finished second. We next vanquished the University School water dogs in our pool, 41-27. New records were made in the hundred yard freestyle and breast-stroke events. Misfortune seemed to be our lot in the last two meets of the year. University School was able to nose us out of second place in the City Interscholastic meet by three points. It was alleged that one of our men touched only one hand on a turn when he should have touched both. He was therefore disqualified although he appeared an easy winner. A quadrangular meet at the Cleveland Athletic Club concluded the season. Shaw, Heights, University School and Lakewood were the contestants. Our team was crippled by the illness of Captain Terry, but nevertheless had the University School swimmers to count, though below the limit in time in the hundred yard freestyle; 40-35. This was an excellent time in the breast-stroke; University School limit in time in hundred yard free 15.

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<td>University School</td>
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<td>Lakewood</td>
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Shaw, Heights, University School and Lakewood were the contestants.
"BUS" TERRY, CAPTAIN
Harold King—Captain

E. C. Offinger—Coach

K. McCreary
P. Smith
F. Benes
H. Radebaugh
C. Coffey
A. Burrell

R. Barnett
C. Wheal
R. Beggs
A. Wahl
R. Criswell
R. Kriss

Gustus Bowman—Manager

RECORD

PENTAGONAL MEET
East Tech 48\(\frac{1}{2}\)
University 20\(\frac{1}{2}\)
Shaw 29
Lakewood 28

WOOSTER MEET
7 schools entered
Lakewood 21
Youngstown South 18
Shaw 28 3/5

COLUMBUS MEET
Warren 21
East Tech 18
Shaw 31 5/6

CARNEGIE TECH MEET
Wilkinsburg 31
Erie 30
Shaw 37

Shaw certainly had a speedy team on the tracks this year which is shown by the three championships which we annexed. The Wooster meet was for the championship of North Eastern Ohio, the Columbus meet for the championship of Ohio, and the Carnegie Tech meet for the championship of North Eastern United States. East Tech, who beat us in the Pentagonal, took our dust in the State meet, which proves we are the better team.

McCreary was our star, never being defeated in either hurdle event, and winning other events beside. Captain King's poor work was due to his illness at the start of the year.
## OFFICERS

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<th>Position</th>
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<td>Walter Boley</td>
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<td>Secretary-Treasurer</td>
<td>Ned Cagwin</td>
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## BOARD OF CONTROL

| Name          | Name          | Name          |
|---------------|---------------|
| Ned Cagwin    | Myron Watkins |
| Walter Boley  | Byron Townsend|
| Arthur Burrell|                |

## MEMBERS

| Name          | Name          | Name          | Name          |
|---------------|---------------|
| George Traver | Kenneth McCreary|                |
| Ned Cagwin    | Myron Watkins |
| Walter Boley  |                |
| Myra Watkins  |                |
| John Baker    |                |
| Fred Benes    |                |
| Howard Bissel |                |
| Walter Boley  |                |
| Gustus Bowman |                |
| Arthur Burrell|                |
| James Burchard|                |
| Ned Cagwin    |                |

The Varsity Club is an organization formed of all men who have made a varsity letter in any branch of athletics at Shaw High School. The idea of forming such a club was first presented by Mr. Morris to whom we owe the success of the organization, and who is the faculty adviser of the club at present. The object of the club is to promote and strengthen the interest in athletics of a larger number of men in the school. The only way to become a member of the Varsity Club is by winning a varsity letter, and hence since the Club is composed of many of the "big men" of the school it will be an incentive to those who have been reluctant about entering athletics to come out for some sport and try to win a varsity letter, and thus become a member of the club. Another aim of the club is to see that those who are out for athletics keep up in their school work and are eligible to represent Shaw High School. That the club was successful towards this end is proven by the fact that during the past football season Mr. Canfield was not handicapped in a single instance by ineligibility of any of his men.

There are now thirty men in the club who have won their varsity letters in football, basketball, swimming or track.

The Varsity Club held a "get-together" meeting and dinner in the Lattice Room of Hotel Statler early in October to which all men interested in athletics were invited. The chief object of this meeting was to promote interest in football. Several members of the faculty made talks and Mr. Canfield and Captain Boley spoke concerning the possibilities for the football season. A good time including a good "feed" was had by all and it was felt that the meeting did much to stimulate interest in football.
HI Y CLUB

President .................................................. John Walworth
Vice President .............................................. Gordon Hale
Secretary and Treasurer ................................. Victor Parks
Leader ........................................................ James L. Bethune

Harry Beggs
Fred Benes
Howard Bissell
Donald Judd
Raymond Koester
Worth Munn
Beaumont Parks
George Richards
Harry Terry
Ben Tindolph
Myron Watkins
Lawrence Wilson
Arthur Burrell

It was the night of the sixteenth of April. Machines lined both sides of Prospect street from Euclid Avenue to Terrace Road. The headlights made a glowing blur as they shone through the misty dampness. But the lights of the auditorium gave a cheerful welcome, and a promise of something interesting. The lobby was crowded with people, and the busy ushers walked quickly up and down the aisles.

But there came a hush, and then a clapping as the orchestra came out on the stage. Soon many feet were marking time to the swinging rhythm of a march, and we were hearing the opening number. Next came a selection from Verdi, with the tuneful striking on an anvil harmonizing with the beautiful melody, and then a rollicking medley from a popular comic opera.

They played for an appreciative audience, an audience who sat breathless and silent while the clear notes of a Norwegian Cradle Song stole from the bent bows of a violin and cello, mingled with the soft piano accompaniment.

There was reaction again, as we heard the three “snappy” songs interpreted by our quartet, staid Howard Bissel, priceless Worth Munn, dignified John Smith, and happy Ben Tindolph.

As an ending to the first half the mandolin club worked in a “peppy” march tune with three or four “dreamy” waltzes, and as a final treat—a steel guitar solo, which was so lovely, and to which no amount of coaxing could bring an encore.

And after all these cost enjoyable numbers, one wondered if right here we weren’t going to make an exception to that rule, “The last the best.” But what a surprise! Who ever would have thought that such singing and dancing, such blending and harmonizing of colors and tints, and costumes and flowers and lighting effects could have been produced by anything less than a professional company. And here was a beautiful operetta, perfect in every smallest detail, interpreted by the Girls’ Glee Club. Rehearsed and staged and played without a hitch or a catch, without a stop or a jump, running from start to finish just as it should.

It is small wonder, then, that the audience left with smiling faces, and bright looks, and gayly stepped out into the raining darkness with lightened hearts.
GIRLS' GLEE CLUB 1919-1920

President .............................................. Marie Haynes
Vice President ........................................ Edith Phypers
Secretary and Treasurer ......................... Mary Forman
Accompanist ........................................... Helen Cram

Soprano
Ruth Ault
Clarice Bechhold
Bernice Dourees
Gwendolyn Drake
Myrtle Elkins
Fern Harwood
Marian Hayslett
Haurine Henet
Mabel Kirk
Ruth McCaslin
Helen McCauley
Gladys Nolan
Marjorie Parker
Lucile Price
Adele Schulte
Elizabeth Small
Virginia Spaulding
Dorothy Stieren
Julia Warren
Helen Wood

Alto
Alice Aphorp
Lila Barnette
Miriam Carey
Dorothy Coulton
Clara Hull
Irene Herman
Phyllis Lockwood
Helen McGeorge
Gladys Reicheld
Mary Shaffer
Beatrice Stafford
Jeannette Stegkemper
Gertrude Wagner
Lucile Williams

87
SHAW HIGH ORCHESTRA

Violins
Kenneth Coleman
Mildred Constable
Thomas Frischman
John Jones
Genet Murray
Alfred Schultz
Thomas Struggles

Clarinet
Carmen Petti

Cello
Marlo Fagan

Drums
Edwin Hodges

Cornets
William Berger
Thomas Frost

Trombones
Arthur Burrell
Walter Rhobock

Alto Horn
John Green
Bass Viol
Clayton Hale

Piano
Alberta McIntosh
Lucille Provo

Director
Librarian
E. B. Downey
Carmen Petti

88
MEMBERS OF MANDOLIN CLUB

J. G. Liddicoat .................................................................................................................. Director
Worth Munn (Leader) Howard Bissell Howard Yenson
William Stewart Maurice Crass George Hale

Mandolin Players

Worth Munn (Leader) Howard Bissell Howard Yenson
William Stewart Maurice Crass George Hale

Drums
Violinist
Cello
Saxophone
Guitar
Banjo
Pianist

Edwin Hodges
John Jones
Marlo Fagan
John Smith
James Elson
Hallock Frank
Todd Franklin
President: Myron Watkins
Vice President: Catherine Mathews
Secretary: Dorothea Hackenberg
Treasurer: Edward Loomis
Keeper of Robes: Howard Yenson
Librarian: Dorothy Hitz
Executive Committee: Walter Boley, Mabelle Crass

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Florence White ..................................... Helen White
Helen White ......................................... Florence Williams
Florence Williams ............................. Lucille Williams
Lucille Williams ................................ Helen Wood
Helen Wood
"You'd Be Surprised" ................................................................. Report Cards
"You Ain't Heard Nothing Yet" .................................................. When your dad gets a deficiency slip
"Sahara" ............................................................... Shaw High School
"My Isle of Golden Dreams" ...................................................... Study Hall
"You Are Free" ................................................................. Alumni
"Tell Me" ........................................................................... Miss Barnaby
"Have a Smile" ......................................................................... Miss Shaffer
"Take It From Me" ..................................................................... Mr. Offinger
"Upstairs and Downstairs" .......................................................... All of us every forty minutes
"My Paradise" ................................................................. The Rink
"Blues" ................................................................................. When you get a "D"
"Back to Earth" ......................................................................... Monday Morning
"A Voice in the Dark" ................................................................. Hurry! Breakfast is ready.
"The Crimson Alibi" ................................................................. The car was late.
"On the Firing Line" ................................................................. The office
"Tumble In" ............................................................................. The pool
"Sometime" ............................................................................. When we study
"After All" ................................................................................ Pancoast and Shelley
"Dear Old Pal of Mine" ............................................................... The Senior girls
"Somebody's Sweetheart" ........................................................... Boys' Glee Club
"The Bull-Frog Patrol" .............................................................. Senior year
"Take My Advice and Think It's Nice" ....................................... Freshmen's thoughts
"I Am Climbing Mountains" ...................................................... For Commencement
"Waiting" ................................................................................ Frances Bowler
"She's a Good Fellow" .............................................................. Victor Parks
"The Rainbow Girl" .................................................................... Dot Hitz
"Jada" ......................................................................................... Margaret Allen
"Baby" ........................................................................................ Eleanor Holmes
"You're Still an Old Sweetheart of Mine" ................................... Gordon Hale
"There's Only One for Me" ......................................................... Donald Judd
"Oh! How I Hate To Get Up in the Morning" ......................... Helen Kapitzky
"If You Ever Get Lonely" ............................................................ Alice Steiner
"Jazz Baby" .............................................................................. Myron Watkins
"Go Away, Girls" ....................................................................... Florence Secrest
"Keep on Smiling" ...................................................................... Walter Boley
"I Want To Be Good, But They Won't Let Me" ......................... Henrietta Reese
"I'm True to Them All" .............................................................. G. K. Bowman
"The Royal Vagabond" ............................................................. Lawrence Wilson
"The Critic's Blues" ................................................................... Adelaide Calder
"Take Me to That Land of Jazz" ................................................ Mildred Hooper
"I Say a Good Man Is Hard to Find" ........................................ Ned Cagwin
"Dancing Keeps You Young" .................................................... Ida Gates
"You're So Pretty" ...................................................................... Isabel Moeller
"Radiance in Your Eyes" .......................................................... Katherine Seelbach
"I Don't Know" .......................................................................... Tod Franklin
"Daddy Long Legs" ..................................................................... Iva Coleman
"He's Always There" ................................................................. Byron Townsend
"In a Kingdom of Our Own" ...................................................... Senior Class
"Till We Meet Again" ............................................................... Senior Class
"Where Do We Go from Here?" ................................................ Senior Class
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Mr. Hunter
ANYTHING

The Buchman Parks his Stearns Knight in the Wood in front of the Parson’s Gates. He knocks at the parsonage. After fumbling with the Locke, Hawkins, the Parson’s Baker, opens the door. The Baker Beggs the Buchman to enter and await his master, while he goes to watch the Rice. Because he is Green at the job and because his reception was not as much of a Frost as he expected, the agent’s spirits are Boyd up. But as the minister approaches, his face becomes as White as the Lees in a Glass of water. He Struggles hard to overcome his feelings and begins to Conn his victim’s face, as the psychologists teach and to Stahl around a bit. He then states his Case. “I have here a volume by Scott, which is a great Treat to read. Look at this Page, for instance. See how well it is printed. And if you Cram all the knowledge of this book in to your head and Mix it with what is already there, you will be the smartest man on this Hill. In a Lytle village West from here, two famous Seamen, an honest Coleman and Fuller, a pious Abbot, a Barbour, a Tanner, a Miller, a Cook, a Bowman, a Forman and a Tener each bought one. Each declared that it was a Wheal of a book, and that the Price was small. It is only a thousand dollars, but it is Worth Moore. I want to make a Sayle with you so much, that if you will Gimmy nine hundred dollars, the book is yours.

The Parson’s anger Rose. He Hitz the air with wrath and stamps his Foote. “See here, young Block-head, what are you trying to do, Swingle me out of my money? Go!”

The poor Buchman felt like a Root, but he managed to stutter incoherently, “I’m Cummings back tomorrow.”

“I call that a Crass insult,” cried the Parson. “Depart, or I’ll call the Constable.”

So the crestfallen Buchman walked off, started his Stearns Knight, and, once more a Roemer, went up Sawhill toward the Moore, near the Cross Rhodes.

Eleanor Jury.

THE SHAW GIRL

A dark blue middy,
A sailor tie,
A plaited serge skirt
That takes your eye
Sensible oxfords,
Dark wool socks,
That at the cold north winds do mock,
Her hair “Elsie Ferguson”
Or down in a curl
Here we have
The Shaw High Girl.

Dorothy Coulton, ’21
THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM (Revised)

Miss Penberthy is my teacher,
I shall not pass.
She maketh me to recite and
Expose my ignorance to the whole class.
She prepareth a test in the
Presence of my class mates;
My studying runneth over,
She maketh me ashamed for my brain's sake.
Yea! even though I study until midnight,
I shall gain no knowledge;
For plots do pursue me,
Surely outlines and themes shall follow me
All the days of my life, and
I shall dwell in this English class forever.

Maurine Hunt.

THE THINGS WE SAY

Buy a ticket to the—
And, my dear—
Going to the rink?
Perfectly adorable—
Awfully cute—
See you at recess.
Gotcher—English, Latin, Physics.
What did you get for the second?
Do we have Miss Rose today?
Is she here?
Marvelous dancer—
And he said—
And we simply howled.
Your hair looks darling.
I'm starving.
A perfect fright, my dear.
Can you do this darned stuff?
I felt so silly.
Let's go to the "Al."
Wonderful skater—
Gorgeous time—
For, really, citizens—
Where's the special?
Got a nickel?
One, two, three, four—
Hey, let me out!
O, give me a brick!
THE SENIOR DANCE

Shaw gymnasium never looked prettier than on the evening of March twelfth when the class of nineteen-twenty give their Senior dance. Most creditable originality as well as commendable artistic ability was displayed in the decorative arrangement. Lines of vari-colored streamers were strung across the room, attached to the circular rail of the running track above the gymnasium floor. Japanese parasols banked in the east windows of the room, gave a decidedly oriental effect to swaying lines of floating streamers. The electric lights beneath the balcony were masked with colored crepe paper which softened the color effects into pleasing and harmonious decorative treatment. Promptly at eight-thirty the Fischer-Cross orchestra struck up an inspiring melody for the grand march and the Senior dance of nineteen-twenty was soon under full sway. And what a “grand and glorious” dance it was, and how we all enjoyed it to the extreme limit! Miss Barnaby and Miss Dickson assisted in receiving. We appreciated the kindness of Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Griswold, Mrs. Tener, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins and Mr. and Mrs. Reese, who were the chaperons for the evening. At eleven refreshments were served and thirty minutes later the air was full of confetti, thrown upon the heads of the dancers by willing hands. Very much too soon the strains of “Home Sweet Home” warned the dancers that the Senior dance of nineteen-twenty was fast drawing to a close, and that soon it would be only a happy memory.

ODE TO A TEACHER

And thar was a pedagoguye I gesse,
Of smalle stature and heer of darke bronne.
She was of gentille and polite mannere,
Swich as hath notte afore been seen.
She was from Clevelande, I gesse,
And taute atte Shaw Academye.
In English she was welle y-learned,
And also hystoree she kenne.

T. T. Frost, '22.
THE JUNIOR DANCE

"There was a sound of revelry by night," for the Juniors of Shaw High School had gathered in the gymnasium to enjoy the long looked for event—their dance. And indeed the reality was equal to all expectations. Miss Barnaby, Miss Drake and Miss Gleeson acted as hostesses, while Mr. and Mrs. Kriss, Mr. and Mrs. Provo, Mr. and Mrs. Griswold, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Moeller and Mr. and Mrs. Kirk were the chaperons for the evening. At eight-thirty, the Fischer-Cross orchestra struck up an inspiring melody. The laughing boys and girls formed in a line extending around the four walls of the gymnasium and the grand march was on. Unique programs of triangular shape in red with "SHAW" in black letters, were received with delight by each spirited dancer. Then the dance really began. The happy couples swayed merrily to the music and it was only the call of "refreshments," two hours later, that interrupted the gaiety. Every one had all the ice cream he wanted. The music began again and instantly every one was on his feet. On and on they danced, until the air of "Home Sweet Home" informed them that the dance was over. Joyfully, yet reluctantly, with the pleasant memory of their first dance and the happy prospects of their next one, the dancers left the floor.

A TRUE FAIRY STORY

Once upon a time, and it wasn’t so very long ago, there was a big palace all made of lovely gold-covered stones. Now, a great many people, those who didn’t know, called this a school, but it really was a fairy palace. This palace belonged to a very lovely and good fairy queen, only most people, those who didn’t believe in fairies, called her a woman. But of course we know better than that. There was never a mere woman so kind and beautiful as she. Now this queen knew a great deal, so she thought that a good thing to do for her little country would be to teach the children. She gathered all the wise fairies around her and made them all her princes and princesses, and gave them all rooms in her palace. Then the good queen invited all the boys and girls in her kingdom to come and accept her gifts of knowledge. Of course, a good many did come—but I’m indeed sorry to tell you that they didn’t always appreciate this work that the kind fairies did for them, nor the knowledge that they gained. In our days, this palace has a new name—it is called “Shaw High School” which in the fairy language means, “Place of Good Gifts of Knowledge.”

Mildred Mayer.

To the Seniors:

May your purses always be heavy and your hearts always be light.

To Our New Building:

Here’s to the new Technical High School that will give a chance for every ambition, a solace for many a sorrow, a consolation for many a disappointment, an encouragement for every aspiration, and be a joy to all.
FOUR TALES

This is the tale of a Freshman,
The balky, talky Freshman,
The rigid, timid Freshman,
With his yielding, fearful look.
The youngster—considering a hopeful plan,
Still ponders o'er his dreary book.
Heighho! for the Freshman.

This is the tale of a Sophomore,
The driving, striving Sophomore,
The bookless, fearless Sophomore,
With the thought that he is good,
Whose quest for trouble is always more
And yet his head is made of wood.
Heighho! for the Sophomore.

This is the tale of a Junior,
The muttering, stuttering Junior,
The maddening, saddening Junior,
Who chuckles with evil glee
At being addressed as "Sir"
When he, a Senior shall be.
Heighho! for the Junior.

This is the tale of a Senior,
The rollicking, frolicking Senior,
The naughty, haughty Senior,
Who, at last, has finished the race,
After completing his last misdemeanor,
And leaves the school with undaunted face.
Heighho! for the Senior.

Bernard Stern.

THEMES

Themes, Themes, all the time.
And how my grades do shrink,
I have to write one once a week,
Which is too many, don't you think?
I get a full grown "D,"
I rarely get an "A,",
But to write so many themes,
I tell you doesn't pay.

Alfred Shultz, '21.
BOOKS

Miss Kennan has a little book,
It's cover is green as grass;
And everywhere Miss Kennan goes,
This book will also pass.

Mr. Struggles has a pile of books,
No one will ever tell
Which one he prizes most of these,
He loves them all so well.

Miss Tanner has a blue book,
The dread of all the school;
"Tradure et ecrire en francais"
This is her golden rule.

Miss Dickson has a load of books,
In them she blithely delves.
But oh! those folders full of themes
Those books we wrote ourselves!!!

Alice Steiner.

SIGNs AND PEOPLE IN CARS

The signs in the street cars are often very entertaining, and many times tell the truth about those who happen to be sitting under them.

An example of how true the above statement is can readily be shown by my experience. One day after looking out the car window until I was tired, I began to notice the people in the car and also the signs above them. My gaze fell on the girl seated directly opposite me. She had enough paint on her face to paint a beautiful landscape, and the sign above her read, "Brighten Up With Paint." Next to her sat a young woman and a man. The girl was everlastingly flashing a large diamond. Again the sign above fitted well, for it read, "See us for Furniture for your new Home." The next person who caught my eye was a slender, wizened faced maiden lady. The sign above her read, "Do not give up hope, we can help you." It doesn't make any difference what the sign was supposed to advertise, it surely was above the right person. You no doubt have seen many of those "would be young" women so you'll fully understand how the lady who sat next to me looked. I should have judged her to be forty, though she thought she looked twenty. The card above her was very amusing, for it was an advertisement which read "Our specialist will make you feel and look ten years younger." As the other signs in the car were not so entertaining, I looked to see what the one above me was and of course, to my disgust it was something about school. The sign was, "Go Back to School," and here I am.

Hazel Ralph, '20.
A GOOD LESSON

"Weary lies the head that knoweth not its tomorrow's lesson."

"Margaret," called my mother, "it's time you were in bed. You stayed later than you should have done."

But I had such a good time," I remonstrated, "besides I came home sooner than anyone else did."

Mother seemed somewhat pacified, but then came the question I was dreading, "Have you your lessons done, dear?"

"Why—er well no, not exactly," I stammered. "You see I didn't have time."

"So you went to a party, thinking, I suppose, that a good time was more important than good grades."

Mother had been a school teacher and was well versed in the art of expressing her scorn in a few words.

"Oh well, I'm too tired to study now, so I'll go to bed. But I will try to do some studying in the morning," I promised altho I knew I would not get up in time.

It seemed as tho I would never get to sleep. My books stared reproachfully at me from my desk, and I half wished I had studied. Then, all of a sudden my "Chardenal" began to act queerly; it jumped from side to side, the leaves began to flutter and, almost before I knew it, out stepped a dapper little French m'sieur, in immaculate evening dress, shining patent leather shoes and glistening silk hat.

He lifted his hat and bowed, rather reluctantly I thought, then twirling his carefully waxed mustache sarcastically, said:

Bah! You Americaines—you girls—all you think of is ze good time, ze parties, ze clothes. You are lazy, won't do ze studies an' den you wonder why you get ze bad mark. Eh bien." with a shrug of his shoulders, "someday you will be—how does one say it—ah! sorree."

I was squirming uncomfortably under his words and wished he would say them "en francais," for tho he could have aired his opinions just the same, I would have had the satisfaction of being unable (I had neglected my French along with the rest) to understand him.

My visitor had paused and half turned on his heel as tho to leave me, when he caught sight of the huge form of "the girt Jan Ridd" coming toward us. With a little shriek of mingled terror and surprise, he turned and fled into the protecting haven of my "Chardenal."

But, alas, I had escaped Charybdis only to fall prey to Scylla for John Ridd was far worse than my little m'sieur. By the time he reached me he was frowning angrily and I agreed with Shakespeare, that if Lorna could have seen anything handsome about him, Love was indeed blind. His deep, angry tones would have been enough to make the boldest quail and as for me—
"How dare you," he burst out with infinite scorn and contempt, "how dare you have the imprudence and the boldness to neglect my Lorna, sweetest creature that ever graced this earth, the darling of my soul? Oh! how can you prefer a party to the story of her sweet life? But when I'm thru with you, you'll wish you had studied, you'll be sorry then. I'll fix—"

"Oh, no you won't, dearest John," interposed a gentle voice, I looked up and saw that it was Lorna. She had laid her hand on John's arm and with tear filled eyes was beseeching him not to be so angry, not to rage like a mad bear (that described him well in my estimation) but to please be quiet and calm down.

"Can't you see, dearest John," she asked, "that the poor child is half dead with fright? I know she will be good now, so come along."

John's anger disappeared like gloom before sunshine and with a warning shake of his big head he left me.

At last I had a breathing spell but not for long, for out of my sadly dog-eared, much abused geometry slipped the strangest little man I had ever seen. He had no neck and his pentagonal head rested on a lanky rectangular body, his arms were long and awkward, while his feet were forever getting tangled up with each other. The material of his coat was of the latest pattern in concentric circles and his cravat was of purple silk embroidered with perfectly adorable green equilateral triangles, inscribed in circles of orange and blue. His scant locks were combed carelessly over his forehead in such a way as to divide his expansive surface into extreme and mean ratio.

He quizzically regarded me thru his elliptical eyes for a few moments, then blowing his triangular nose sonorously on his quadrilateral handkerchief, began:

"Given a girl who will not work.

"To prove that the old adage, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' is here applicable."

"Proof. Procure a strong new shingle," from behind his back he drew a brand new one, "apply said shingle," he advanced menacingly, oh! I wished I had studied, "to said girl according to directions," his lean arm was now upraised when a stentorian voice boomed in my ear.

"Out of the way! Clear the road! The imperator comes!"

The gentle little geometry man (at least he was gentle in comparison with this new arrival) was pushed roughly aside by a gigantic Roman Centurian, who angrily commanded him to be off. I heard the sound of a tuba in the distance, then the clanking of armour and the measured tread of feet as the Roman columns swung into sight. In the midst of the cavalcade, riding a splendid war horse was a man whom, by his laurel crown, I knew to be Caesar, the imperator. I knew well that Caesar liked to wear a laurel crown to conceal the bald spot on the top of his head.

Caesar surveyed me sternly and I could see the disgust and anger in his eagle eye and I knew that tomorrow (if I lived to see that day) I would face more than one eagle eye, but not one would be so piercing as this. His voice rang out and his words cut like knives.

"There are educational slackers as well as military ones. You—"

I wished the earth would swallow me, "are an educational slacker You have shirked your lessons. You are charged with gross neglect of study. Military discipline demands but one punishment. Shirkus Lessones Flunk-us, advance and do your duty!"
"I saw the steel of the executioner's axe glistening in the sunlight. It was coming nearer, nearer and nearer. I watched in horrible fascination; I shuddered and tried to move, to scream; my voice was paralyzed and still it came nearer. Oh! if only they would be quick. The edge was at my throat. I—

"Margaret! will you ever wake up? It's nearly eight o'clock and Mr. Gifford will keep you all day for being so tardy."

It was all over. My torture, it was too real to be called a dream, was past, but I had made up my mind never to neglect my lessons again.

Margaret C. Henckel, '21.
First Prize.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

Who put that footprint on Boley's "mug"?
The "guy" that did it, should be put in the "jug".
But "Dutch" is "tuff," he doesn't care
If you blacken his eyes, and tear his hair,
And the reason why he don't give a whoop
Is because he's captain of the Football troop.

How did Watkins get the "Charlie Hoss"?
A thing like that would make anyone cross.
But "Mike's" still cheerful and happy and gay,
Even if things don't come his way.
I guess he's glad he's still alive,
And Captain of the Basketball Five.

Wouldn't you think that McCreary would cry
When he flops on the track, while going on high?
But long legged "Mack" he doesn't mind
And leaves all rivals far behind,
Nevertheless he has got a weak back,
From wearing medals won, when he captained track.

Did you ever see Terry swim in the pool?
He almost drowns, all for our school.
And Heaven's full of "guys" who strive,
To execute the "Black-Jack" dive.
But water risks are "Buster's" dishes,
He's the captain of the swimming "Fishes".
O LADY!

I'd like to follow Dame Fashion's flight
In and about Shaw High.
But somehow I cannot do it in rhyme,
No matter how hard I try.

Since just the middy they don't taboo,
Only two things our gaze can lure—
The pedal extremities, or the shoe,
And that glory—milady's coiffure.

What a blessing's revived from grandmother's time.
What care we for the snows and slushes,
When one's dainty feet are clumsily shod
In a pair of now-modish goloshes.

Don't think it's just artic's that make one in style,
If you do you've been caught a-napping;
For it's just the way clothes are worn, don't you know?
And in this case they seem to be flapping.

And the hair? Elsie Ferguson, what did you do
When you started a style so enhancing?
For there's never a girl, but with stuffings and puffs,
Has not copied you—and it's entrancing.

One must see to believe; so why try to write
These few fashion notes which I've arranged—
Who knows but e're the ink be dry,
The fashion for both may be changed.

Violet Spira.
Familiar Faces
A TRIBUTE TO SHAW HIGH SCHOOL

S is school spirit, we all have at Shaw.
H for honesty, which we've made our law.
A for ambition, our guiding star.
W's for wisdom, for which we've looked far.

H for harmony, the aim of our school.
I is for industry, our Golden Rule.
G stands for glory, for this we all fight.
H is the hearts that lead us aright.

S is success that all lose if they shirk.
C is for courage which helps us to work.
H is the happiness found on our hall.
O for optimism which cheers us all.
O is Old Glory that o'er us unfurls.
L is for loyalty, the last of these pearls.

Dorothea Hackenberg, 20.
Thalia Rhodes, '20.

A WELL KNOWN TEACHER AT SHAW

A school teacher there is at Shaw, lively and pleasant.
In readiness he sits at his desk in the morning
To give pupils some help or maybe some pleasant warning,
Of the danger he is in, if his Geometry he does not get,
By sending a deficiency slip to his parents, don't forget.
This teacher of mathematics, altho' he may be called a professor,
Could know what was in his Geometry book no better.
Lively he teaches his classes in the morning,
And if you hear him say "Talking stopped," don't forget, it is the last warning.
Nothing pleases him better than to teach a bright class.
But woe to the pupil who sits in his room and gaps.
Many a piece of chalk has he divided like a cleft, to show his pupils
That if you take a half from a half there is still a half left.
Covered with chalk from head to foot he is some days,
That one would think he worked in a flour mill by ways.
Smooth shaven is he and about five feet high,
He has bright blue eyes and a dimple in his cheek, right by.
Happy he is, in the summer time, when Friday comes,
To hop on a Painesville car and go out to his farm on the run.
Many a fat horse, a donkey and a calf are there in his barn,
And he has a herd of jersey cows in the pasture on his farm.
Well does he like, while on his farm, to dress up in a farmer's rig,
And if a stranger saw him husking corn or feeding his pigs,
One would not think that he was a well known teacher at Shaw.

Jay Douglas.
THE HOBOES' CONVENTION

In the year of Nineteen hundred,
As not everyone knows,
Ogden, in the state of Utah
Fairly swarmed with the "Brotherhood of Boes."
They came from north, east, south, west,
Every city you could mention
And the reason they were there
Was to hold a big convention.
From Portland, Maine to Mexico
They all assembled to see the show.

I looked them over, one and all,
And recognized a few.
Now, if I can remember,
I'll tell their names to you:
Texas Pete of the Lone Star State,
And Jack, the Katy-did;
Lonesome Lou from Kalamazoo,
And the San Diego Kid.
Denver Dan and Detroit Red
And with them Spit-fire Jack;
Andy Lang of the Lake Shore gang,
And Mack from Mackinac.

Often heard, but seldom seen,
A "bo" called New York Spike;
Con, the Sneak from Cripple Creek,
And Mississippi Ike.
New York Bill dressed fit to kill,
And Philadelphia Sparrow,
Half-breed Joe from Mexico,
And John of Scroggin's Narrow.
Rusty Red and Colorado Cotton,
And many another "bo" whose name
I have, meanwhile, forgotten.

They all sat round the flickering fire,
And talked of the days drawn near
When they would ride on a comet's tail,
And shoot through the atmosphere.
Then someone heard a clatter
As of the feet of a squad of cops;
And you should have seen them scatter.
They all went over the borders,
And into other states,
Some rode the rods on the Pullmans
While others blew out on freights.
Thus ended the Hoboes' Convention.

E. Jacquet.
SHAW PROVERBS

When the teachers are away, the students are gay.
Drop your pen and let it lie, you're sure to want it by and by.
Early to bed and early to rise, gets you past Gifford without disguise.
A thought in the mind is worth two in the book.
A book in the hand is ten cents saved.

TWO CHRISTMASES

The blazing red flames were hooting up from the inky-black horizon. It was a burning village in ravaged France. The incendiary shells had doomed it that night. Tomorrow was Christmas day, but what would it mean to the "Yanks" and "Tommies" holding a shallow, broken, first-line trench in front of that depleted town? Perhaps nothing out of the ordinary would happen; possibly a few more shells might fall to cause some poor soul to give up his life, or maybe an extra supply of soggy bread or a little more "monkey meat" might be sent out to them. The men were about frozen, and several were crying out in agony because of some gaping wounds. The ones who were able to collect their wits, thought, and made pictures of their loved ones, eating a wonderful dinner in a warm home. The thought of this made them almost crazy.

* * * *

The war is over now and the many armies are demobilized. The millions of men, who came back, are engaged in more peaceful pursuits. It is Christmas eve. Daddy is walking smilingly up the front walk and is now on the porch. The door is flung open and two youngsters are trying to hug and kiss him at the same time. Mother takes his bundles away under the very curious gaze of Bobby and Helen. What was that in the large basket? Why, that is the turkey, of course. "Some Christmas!" yelled Bobby, as he put his hand into a large box of candy. But his dear old dad, with that livid scar on his forehead, was staring into space with a far-away look in his steel-grey eyes. He was seeing a vivid picture seared in his memory of that "hell-hole" in France, with a burning village for a background. He was thinking of "Smoky Jim," his dearest pal, who had passed on on Christmas day—just one year ago today. The tears came to his eyes, as his kiddies were looking at him, wonderingly, while he thought of the day when he had muttered, in a disgusted manner, "Some Christmas!"

Wayne Payne Caldwell.
Honorable Mention.

THEMES

He was writing English themes
Planning variegated schemes—
Having head-ache, making dreams,
Don't you see?
How he toiled! erased! corrected!
Rewrote! then again dissected,
Confidently he expected—
Just a "D".
ROOM TWENTY-SEVEN

1st pupil:  "Oh! Mr. Gifford, that's no fair,  
             Just 'cause the car was late  
             To keep me here 'til two o'clock"—  
Mr. G.:    "It's sad, young maid, that's fate."

2nd pupil:  "As I was very ill last night,  
              The doctor gave me dope.  
              Although it made me sleep so long  
              It helped my swollen throat."
Mr. G.:    "I'm glad your throat is better, boy,  
              'Twill enable you to study,  
              Or if you'd rather not pay now,  
              You can some other day."

3d pupil:  "Now imagine, Mr. Gifford,  
             You had a new plaid shirt;  
             You know you'd dodge the splashing wheels  
             From nasty mud and dirt."
Mr. G.:    "Altho' your story may be true,  
             I cannot change the rule;  
             You might sit right down here to think  
             Of a safer way to school."

4th pupil:  "Altho' I don't live far from here,  
             My ankle hurt me so  
             I couldn't walk as usual,  
             But had to limp real slow."
Mr. G.:    "It must have hurt your ankle, John,  
             To limp from room to room;  
             You may sit down here to rest  
             'Til two this afternoon."

5th pupil:  "Mr. Gifford, all our clocks stopped  
             As did this watch of mine.  
             I didn't have the slightest chance  
             Of getting the right time."
Mr. G.:    "You really ought to take a guess,  
             But I'll make sure you'll know,  
             This clock is right, so set your watch—  
             Sit there in the first row."
Margaret Heller.  
First Prize.

A timid little Freshie  
To the joke box did come;  
Dropped in his little penny  
And waited for his gum.
HIKING

Miss Ryan and several of us girls had planned to take a hike. We were going to start at ten o'clock in the morning and ride on the car as far as Gates Mills, then walk along the bank of Chagrin River. But on the eventful day, the weather was rainy and chilly. As weather is a very minor matter in our young lives, we went anyway and met Miss Ryan at East 105th Street and Euclid. She was not sure we would come, but thought she had better anyway because foolish girls are apt to do anything. The trip to Gates Mills was very enjoyable as we had fun looking at the scenery and talking. Nature just seemed to be waking up because it was spring and the valleys and hills were very beautiful. At times when the car would come to a sharp curve it would seem as though we were riding in the air.

We arrived at our destination and started to walk along the banks of the river. Although the road was very muddy and rain was falling, nothing daunted us. We wanted to go on the other side because we saw huts over there and thought we could probably eat in one, but we could not find a way to get across. We walked along, having a great deal of fun telling about experiences on other hikes. Sometimes we would come to trees with low branches which we would swing on. We always continued to look for some means of crossing the river and finally we were rewarded by coming to a narrow swinging bridge which we wanted to cross, but Miss Ryan didn't think it was safe. The cool rain falling on our cheeks was very invigorating and made us realize how wonderful it is to be alive and able to be out and enjoy nature. We had "loads" of fun skipping stones, throwing sticks into the water and watching them as they were carried along by the angry waves. We walked along, enjoying ourselves more than words can express, when someone said she was hungry. Immediately all uttered the same cry. We sat on a log and enjoyed our lunch very much, even if we were accompanied by the rain. Some one had found a ball, so the ones who were not as hungry as the others played. One of the girls even shinned up a tree. The walk back to the car was very much like the one from it, except that we all felt so much better now with our blood tingling and our spirits light. We came to the little waiting house, but found that there was no car to be seen. We decided to play "Three Deep" with one instead of three. We played this until one of the girls fell, then we rested until the car came.

The car wasn't crowded, so we were able to sit down. We played "Gossip" and "Going to Market" and had fun trying to remember what we and those before us had bought at market, but we didn't have time to finish before it was time to leave. We surely weren't a good looking "bunch" after having walked in the rain so long, but nevertheless we were a happy one.

A good hiker never stops at such trifling things as rain or mud, but only thinks of the good she gets out of it, for she gains health, good spirits and joyful companionship. She enjoys walking if it is hot, rainy or snowy, or at any time, for she is in the great out of doors, and loves Nature in all her moods.
Some Shawites
WHO IS IT?

Who is it, when in study deep
I try to keep my eyes from sleep,
Comes gently striding to my chair,
And leaves no word of comfort there?

Who is it, when I read a line
Of Virgil's Epic, so divine (?)
Stares frankly at me in the face,
And pushes me onward in the race?

Who is it, when I'm nearly dead,
Knocks one hard blow upon my head,
And makes me write those English themes
As he, upon my shoulder, leans?

Who is it, when I'm nicely "set"
To rest my mind and just forget,
Comes stalking back to plague me still
And make me victim of his will?

Ah, my friend, you know him well,
For he's the one who does compel
Us all to strive, and not to shirk—
His name, my dear, is plain "Hard Work."

THAT'S NICE

Apologies to Al Jolson
First you hear the alarm,
Then you scold and you darn,
That's nice, that's nice
Then you dress in your best,
Just like all of the rest.
That's nice, that's nice
You hurry n'eat your breakfast,
Because you know you must,
You walk and save a nickle—
Puts you in a "pickle."
You laugh and say "That's nice,"
For the bell rings so loud,
And you rush through the crowd,
That's nice, that's nice
But you think you're in right,
And don't know of your plight,
So still, you think it's nice.
But when you get to Miss Dickson's room
You find that you have met your doom.
She discloses your fate,
And she tells you, "You're late."
That's nice, that's nice

THAT SPEECH!

Surrounded by a cloud of gloom
  He fidgets in his seat.
He knows that soon will come his doom—
  He's forced to make a speech.

This lad is in a wretched state
  He'd rather he were dead.
It is a most terrific fate
  That's fallen on his head.

He wonders why he did not skip
  Or feign some ailment vile.
He's positive that he will trip
  When going up the aisle.

Oh! happy time when he was free!
  Did naught but laugh and play.
Oh what would he not give to be
  As free as that today.

Nearby an open window is,
  Through which the zephyrs blow;
They fan those fiery cheeks of his
  And Oh! they tempt him so!

Oh! now the fatal time draws near,
  Why can't the fire bell ring—
His name is called!—he must appear!
  O Death, where is thy sting!"

His face is red; his eyes downcast.
  At last he does arise;
He tumbles up the aisle and past
  A million glaring eyes.

His hands are clasped behind his back,
  His mind will not obey—
How can he face that jeering pack?
  He's forgotten what to say!

Marian Jury.

There are smiles we get from Mother,
There are smiles we get from Dad,
There 're smiles we get from Miss Dickson
And Miss Drake to make us glad;
There are smiles we get from Neighbors,
These smiles are not refused.
The smile we value most of all—
When Gifford says “excused.”

Alice Steiner.
No fancy pictures do we show
Of men who perished long ago,
But of the things that you all do know
At Shaw High School.

No jests or stories here are told
Of those who lived in days of old,
But of the friend you all know
In Shaw High School.

And in twenty years or more
When you turn these pages o'er,
They'll remind you of the days of yore
At Shaw High School.

I. Lock.
THE TERRIBLE TIMES

WELL KNOWN LAD LOST

Harry Arsenic Terry, one of our much beloved and well known friends, has disappeared. He was last seen swimming due north across***

The authorities believe the water buffaloes airplanes circling above, searching for his frame. During the six days since his disappearance, the water has something to do with it. The authorities believe the water will entirely disappear within the next nine weeks, and in such event, a thorough search will be instituted. Let us hope for the best.

YOUNG MAN LOSES CHEST

Some dumb Freshman opened a window in the Study Hall, one day last week. Our male soloist, Worth Munn, had trained his voice on fresh air. Consequently, as this air trickled thru the window, he idly threw out his chest. A March was made at once, but with no results. It has completely disappeared. A reward of $14,295 was offered.

ADDITIONS

Frederic Benes is held on $8.00 bail, as the party responsible for the disastrous accident which happened last night. Mr. Benes had four other passengers in his car when it blew up at Gates' Mill. It was a Ford. The others in the car were: John Z. Walworth, Raymond G. Koester, Donald K. Judd and Jerry N. Parks. A shoe similar to the one Judd was wearing, was picked up in a farm near Shanghai, while a string of beads belonging to Walworth, was found in Denmark. Parks was the sole survivor. The minor injuries sustained by him were as follows: Three broken legs, nine broken ribs, one fractured skull and one broken contract. Early this morning he stated he was thankful he had escaped so miraculously, and added that he would be up and around again in three or four years.

Georgie was a funny boy—
Ate just one thing at noon; I feel that I must tell you, friends—
That one thing was a prune.

The Director of Public Parks of Cleveland stated yesterday, that there would be no skating on Wade Park Pond this summer.

No newspapers will be had in Detroit for the next few days. The newsboy has the flu.

Milwaukee is no longer famous.

Old rags have just gone up 75 cents per pound in Havana, Cuba, Cigars, as yet, have not advanced in price.

Akrön reports that balloons are still going up.

NOTICES—

Freshmen will enter the building by the side doors in the future.

Lawrence Wilson announces he is open for engagements to sing his new ballad entitled, "When Maggie Comes Home" in three parts.

Owing to financial embarrassment Miss Dickson will offer for sale a few pair of glasses.

A Thee's Par Today?

A man is a goose to chase after a chicken.

Price List of THIS PUBLICATION (Including Luxury Tax)

In China.................8,000 Yen
In Korea..................3,701 Pfennigs
In Russia.................911 Rubles
In Persia..................2-8 Lires
In Arabia.................1,884 Shuckles
In U. S....................6V-01487 miles

SOCIETY

Gordon Hale spent a pleasant week end in Berea last Sunday.

Howard Bissell won a large, steam-heated collar button last Wednesday, at the Noile Tournament.

Myron Watkins is having his mouth piped for hot air.

Tracy Stafford won the masque- rade prize that was given at the Burglars' Ball on Xmas eve. Tracy's costume was a pair of slightly used green tights. He has worn them several times since but has not decided whether or not he will keep them. He has them on approval.

Lawrence Wilson was liberated Tuesday from Sing Sing, where he has finished a term for taking an elevator in Wm. Taylor's of Cleveland.

TEATRES

East Side

SHAW-HAYDEN

Mary Pick Peerless in "I Want My Bottle" for three days

WIND-A-MEER

Douglas Starpranks in "I've Sworn Off Smoking" for tonight only

West Side

LOST

My voice.—H. Besee, My head.—W. Boley My heart.—C. Hale.

FOUND

$4V—00000.

WANTED:

Four shares preferred stock in Ludlow's Vulcanised Collar Buttons. Will pay as high as 4 cents per 1,000 shares.—C. Adams.

G. Traver's stand-in with the teachers.

A safe place to keep them paper.

A glass eye suitable for evening wear.—L. B. Parks.

A ham sandwich 5th period.—All of us.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Wood Alcohol—55¢ per glass. A first class morgue in connection.—H, L. Hale.

Piano Tuning well and speedily attended to.—Mr. Downey.

Fancy Dancing Lessons given by Todd Franklin

A Complete Line of:

Lisinments, Corn Remedies, Sandpaper, Dishes, Horse-blankets, Crackers, Farm Goods, Bon Bons, and Inner Tubes.—Terry & Parz.

For Rent—Space between rooms 33 and 35, See G. Hale.

For Sale—The Watkins' patent hair curlers and combs.

She stood before the mirror, Her eyes were closed up tight; She tried to see just how she looked When sound asleep at night.

Little drops of water Frozen on the wall Make the naughty adjectives Mixed in people's talk.

1920 Final

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MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain was born a puny lad,
Way back in fifty-three.
Little did his parents think
What a great man he would be.

When he was young, his ambition was,
To lead a Pirate band;
To rob and steal, and murder folks,
And spread terror through the land.

But as he grew, his thoughts did change,
A pilot he would be;
To steer a big ship down the river
And out into the sea.

He was a pilot many years,
And then he started west.
He tried to be a miner
But he wasn’t at his best.

About this time, he began to write
For a California paper;
But even now, nobody thought
What a great man he’d be later.

But it was in eighteen-seventy
That he really started life.
He started as an author
With Miss Langdon for his wife.

Zane Grey is a dandy author
And so is Charles M. Buck.
But Mark Twain has them all beat
With his Tom Sawyer and Huck.

Billiards was his favorite game
He played it by the hour.
No matter when you’d go for him
He’d be in his billiard bower.

He started life in fifty-three
And it closed in nineteen-ten.
I’m sure this world will never see
A man like him again.

A. E. W.
LAKE ERIE

When the sun sets on Lake Erie
With its hundred radiant hues,
Then our hearts, though tired and weary,
All their earthly burdens lose.

As we watch the golden wonder
Sinking slowly in the west,
Calm Lake Erie draws it under,
And with twilight earth is blessed.

Then Lake Erie's waters darken
There's a stillness in the air—
Yet it seems to bid you harken—
It will banish all your care.

Then the shore lights 'gin to twinkle;
On Lake Erie's waves they play,
And we hear the distant tinkle
Of the bells at close of day.

Then forgetting all our sorrow
As we tread our homeward way,
We are ready for the morrow,
And the cares of another day.

Mabel Burgess.
The Fairer Sex
MIXED BOUQUETS

Wild "Son" Flower—Harry Terry
Golden Rod—Helen Dille
Devil's Paint Brush—Gustus Bowman
Forget-me-not—Thalia Rhodes
Dandelion—Audean Cummings
Sweet William—William Sandison
Black-Eyed-Susan—Florence Mahony
Primrose—Ruth Dunnigan
Jack-in-Pulpit—Alexander Jones
Honeysuckle—Iva Swain
Bachelor's Button—Myron Watkins
Lily—Dorothea Hackenberg
Balsam—Clayton Hale
Mignonette—Ruth Chadwick
Morning Glory—Ben Tindolph
Candytuft—Martha Lee Hawkins
Bleeding-heart—Donald Judd
Four-o-clock—Literary Editors.

MY OLD FRIEND BILL

Of all my friends for good or ill
There is no friend like my old friend Bill.
I'm never sad when Bill's along—
Why, life is just one glad, sweet song
With Bill. He satisfies one so;
And what he'll do, you always know.
I tell you, it's a lonesome day
For me with my friend Bill away.
He's popular, too, and good as gold.
And such a generous-hearted cuss!
He takes you 'round and makes no fuss
But what you like or want, just say,
And Bill, old sport, is there to pay.
Of all my friends, for good or ill
There is no friend like old Dollar Bill.

E. J. and D. B. W.

ISN'T IT AWFUL?

Isn't it awful when you are taking an English test,
And your memory slips a notch and takes a rest?
You hem and haw around to think of an excuse;
But then you should have known the work, so what's the use?
Isn't it awful?

Isn't it awful when your teacher has the "flu"
And instead of studying, other things you do?
But when she comes back and piles on work,
You wish you hadn't stopped to shirk.
Isn't it awful?

Gustus Bowman.
ONLY SOPHS

Oh! how we all do tremble
When the seniors come in sight,
We scarcely breathe for terror
And wish with all our might
That we, too, might be seniors,
And have as many larks,
And do just what we wanted to,
And never get bad marks.

For they're such handsome fellows,
The seniors, who are so grand,
Next year they'll go to colleges
So noted in our land.
We wish that we were seniors
And could go to college too;
But we are only sophs, alas!
So that would hardly do.

The seniors look upon us
With such contemptuous scorn,
That we are sad to be but sophs
And this we all do mourn.
If the sophs they do despise
As much as they make out to do
Before our lowly eyes.

We hope that perhaps some day
To their senses they'll awake,
And see in sophs the good there is
And pardon each mistake.
Then maybe they'll find the facts,
That sophs are good and true,
And that respect and honor
And love to them are due.  Agnes Abbey, '22.

ALL UPSIDE DOWN

'Twas one nice day in October,
Last September in July;
The moon lay thick upon the ground,
The mud shone in the sky.

The flowers were singing sweetly,
The birds were in full bloom,
I went down in the cellar
To sweep an upstairs room.

R. R. F.
THE MODERN HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

To be, or not to be, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind
To stand for outrageous prices,
Or take arms against the profiteers,
And by opposing end them.
And by their “finish” to say
We end the heartache and the natural shocks
We get when we ask the price of butter,
Or figure out the meat bill.
Why should we stand the whips and scorns of time,
The telephone service, the Concon's independence,
The H. C. L. and the law's delay,
The price of coal, the sugar shortage,
And the thousand and one strikes that labor calls?
When we ourselves might our quietus make
With a 33 caliber.

Dorothy Coulton, '21.

NONSENSE AND CAESAR

Mary's soul is filled with despair;
She sobs aloud and tears her hair—
The thought of Latin she's come to hate
Because, alas, she can't translate
That Caesar.

With angry thoughts her blue eye flashes;
Her lovely pearly teeth she gnashes;
She flings herself upon the floor,
Johnny comes in at the door
And sees her.

"What is the matter, my lady fair?"
Johnny asks with tender care.
Says Mary, whose eyes have ceased to pour,
"If you'll look upon the floor—
You'll see, sir."

She tells her tale in tragic style;
He listens with interest the while,
In her eye is a gleam of fire,
In his heart, a great desire
To seize her

Nor does he long resist the spell,
But tells her that he loves her well.
And if you ask, they'll tell to you
That all their happiness is due
To Caesar.

Agnes Abbey, '22.
Gertrude Ostendorf.
A, B, C of MYTHS

A's for Andromeda, about to be eaten,
When brave Perseus came and the dragon was beaten.

B is for Bacchus, merry god of the vine,
Wherever he went there was laughter and wine.

C is for Ceres, faithful goddess of grain,
She helps out the earth with her sunshine and rain.

D is Danae, while locked in a tower,
She was taunted by Jove in the guise of a shower.

E's for Eurydice, fairest of ladies.
When the snake bit her heel she was taken to Hades.

F stands for the furies, the three snake-locked sisters.
They whip you to Tartarus till you're covered with blisters.

G is Ganymede, a youth fair and bold.
She was taken by Jove his wine cup to hold.

H is for Hercules, who killed the wild boar.
He finished twelve tasks and would have done more.

I's for Ixion, who aroused Zeus's ire.
And was bound for his in to a huge wheel of fire.

J is for Jason, a king's son from Greece.
With the help of Medea he got the gold fleece.

K is for Kakia, who offered to guide.
But Arete won Hercule to the right side.

L is for Lethe, which brings lulling dreams.
To make us forgetful of all painful scenes.

M's for Minerva, Arachne defied her.
But swiftly was changed to a web-spinning spider.

N is for Nestor, a hero was he.
With Jason he sailed o'er the Aegean Sea.

O is for Olympus, where all the gods dwell.
High in the clouds, where it lies, none can tell.

P is for Pandora, charming but curious.
She loosed all afflictions, to man so injurious.

Q is for Quicksilver, wings on his heels.
Soon as he's born the sun's oxen he steals.

R is for Romulus, founder of Rome.
 Forced to the forest with wild wolves to roam.

S is for Scylla, whom the mariner dreads.
A horrible thing, with six ugly heads.

T is for Thalia, one of the Graces.
All of them noted for beautiful faces.
U is for Ulysses, most wondrous of kings,
Homer his praise in the Odyssey sings.

V is for Vulcan; from Olympus he fell,
First of the blacksmiths, he labored quite well.

X, Y and W all seem at odds.
Unused initials in naming the gods.

Z is for Zeus, the king of them all.
High in Olympus he rules great and small.

James Burchard.

A FRENCH TEST

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock,
Half an hour later,
Slowly down into Room Eight
Came "les élèves."
"Bien, fermez la porte!
Et fermez les livres," she said
Into the sea of deep thought
Sank "les élèves."

"Eu français, s'il vous plaît,"
Was there one unafraid?
Because each pupil knew
That he would blunder.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to reason why.
Theirs but to write or die.
Farther into deep thought
Sank "les élèves."

Pupils to right of them,
Pupils to left of them,
Miss McNally in front of them,
Volley'd and thundered.
Stormed at with rules and verbs
Forgetting all their words,
Into the jaws of a test,
All of them did their best—
All "les élèves.""

Slowly passed the minutes by,
Wrote all their fountain pens dry,
Oh! how their thoughts they'd ply,
Taking a test, while
All the class pondered;
When that next bell would ring—
It was a mean old thing—
All the class wondered.
Honor the trial they made,
E'en though they tried and failed,
"Nobles élèves."

Honorable Mention, Sara Struggles, '21
THE SHAW-ITE

She is a clever Shaw-ite,
    And she stoppeth one of three,
By thy long thick braids and glittering eye,
    Now wherefore stoppst thou me?"

She grabs him by his skinny hand,
    "I want an 'ad'," quoth she.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-eyed loon!"
    Elftsoon his hand dropt he.

She holds him with a glittering eye,
    The meek man stands quite still,
And listens like a three years' child.
    The Shaw-ite hath her will.

The stricken man sits on a chair;
    He cannot choose but hear,
And then spoke on that merry child,
    The bright eyed solicitor.

Now, pray, what can a mere man do,
    Before this girl so strong?
He quickly signs up for an "ad."
    She smiles and passes on.  

Elizabeth Small.

JUST MY LUCK

O what blessed words are these,
    "She isn't here today."
I do not know my lesson;
    I would not get an A.

So that dear sweet teacher
    Has stayed away from Shaw.
Now I'll have a chance to keep
    That D. F. slip from Pa.

But in oral English—
    That terror of all here—
The words, "She isn't here today,"
    I only hate and fear.

For I spent three hours upon a speech
    In hopes that I would pass,
And then that cruel teacher
    Didn't come to class!

Margaret Henckel, '21.
MY LEISURE TIME

My leisure time? Why I have none.
There's always something to be done.
My studies are, of course, the first,
But that ain't sayin' they're the worst.

Those dishes, I can see myself,
Are aching to be on the shelf.
But dusting takes up most my time,
And gee, I only git a dime.

The stores are not so far away,
I have to go most every day.
But shucks, I'd just as soon do that
As sit at home and sew or tat.

My violin I seldom touch
Because I do not practice much,
But Ma just laughs and says, "Oh my!
You'll be a star before you die!"

I'm just so busy all the day
I don't have really time for play,
When darkness falls from overhead,
I find my leisure time's in bed.

Gladys Reichhold

When into Geometry class I go,
A little prayer I mutter low.
I say in accents soft but deep,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

30 YEARS HENCE
B. J. LELAND
BAKER OF
SHAW HIGH
1912? now
TEACHER OF
HISTORY AT
THE KENT
NORMAL
SCHOOL
Freshman: “Please, sir, I didn’t hear the question.”
Sophomore: “Didn’t hear the question!”
Junior: “What?”
Senior: “Huh?”
Mike Watkins (as English teacher): “We will now start to begin today’s lesson.”

Mr. Gardner, in gym class: “When I was a boy, my father told me to whistle whenever I felt I wanted to swear. I tried it and for the next week I sounded like a canary bird; but it cured me.”

Freshie: “How near were you to the correct answer?”
Sophie: “Two seats away.”

A new Physics saw—The deportment of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher’s desk.”

Lawrence Wilson is now publishing a swimming instruction book in which it tells how to swim Niagara.

She: “Do you know why Dorothy Tener is so musical?”
He: “I guess it’s because her mother let her play on the linoleum when she was five years old.”
E. Scott in history: “When the German delegate finished speaking, he stopped.”

Teacher: “Who wrote ‘The Lady of the Lake?’”
Pupil: “I did, but she didn’t answer.”

Tardy pupil telling Mr. Gifford a little fairy story. Mr. Gifford: (with a little twinkle in his eyes) “Do you know any more good jokes? Sit down please.”

Miss Woodward: “George, you’re not paying a bit of attention to the lesson.”
G. Wanzer: “Yes, I am.”
Miss Woodward: “It doesn’t look like it. What was the last thing I said?”
G. Wanzer: “You told me I wasn’t paying attention.”

Mr. Brown read the problem: “What is the chance of throwing one and only one six in a single throw of two dice?” No response.
Mr. Brown: “Well, Gus, how about it?”
“I have a theory about dead languages,” said a new student.
“What is it?” asked the teacher.
“They were killed by being studied too hard.”
(No language was ever killed at Shaw.)

“Your son,” said a neighbor to the father of one of our Juniors, “is still pursuing his studies at Shaw, isn’t he?”
“I suppose so,” answered the weary parent, “since he always seems to be behind.”

Bright pupil: “Just think how many fish worms a person steps on when he walks down the street.”
Mr. Pattison: “That depends on the size of his feet.”

Teacher: “What is the definition of vacuum?”
John: “My head.”

History Teacher: “Now if you’ve got that in your head, you’ve got it in a nut shell.”

Botany Teacher: “The God that made me, made a daisy.”

Mr. Pattison: “James, what keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?”
James: “The beams, sir.”

Jerry Parks: “What do you say to a tramp along the lake shore?”
She: “I never speak to the horrid things.”

H. Reese: “Don’t you think Judd is an exquisite dancer?”
M. Allen: “Yes, he’s so light on my feet.”

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Lessons here, lessons there,
Study all the live-long night?
And still there's no relief in sight.

Geometry Teacher: "What is a polygon?"
Pupil: "A polygon is a dead parrot."

JINGLES
My Caesar, 'tis of thee,
Short road to lunacy,
O'er thee I rave.
Another month or so
Of studying thee, I know
Will send me straight below
Into my grave.

Bright Young Freshman to Conductor on "Shaw Special": "Is Noah's Ark full yet?"
Conductor: "All but the monkey. Jump on!"

Razz: "Gee, ain't it funny how the homliest fellows always get the prettiest girls?"
Jazz: "Yep, that's true. By the way, who was that peach you were with last night?"
Hungry Customer: "Waiter, two eggs. Boil them four minutes."
Waiter: "Yes Sir, be ready in half a second, Sir."
Mr. Morris, in Chemistry: "Boyd, what's the unit of steam power?"
Boyd (waking suddenly): "The w(h)at, sir?"
Mr. Morris: "Correct."

Please write your jokes on tissue paper so the editor can see through them.

A brilliant Freshie in I B History says that "the prehistoric man left 'bones' by which we trace his progress." We didn't know before that they were so far advanced as that.

Freshman: "How often does the Annual come out?"

Miss McNally: "Gordon, give the principal parts of 'boire.'"
G. Hale: "Boire, buvant, bevo."

While describing a character in Chaucer Miss Penberty said, "He was as merry as the month of May, and was always full of spirits."
That's right. Bryan didn't live then.
Mr. Carter: "Andrews, what is Newton's law of motion?"
D. Andrews: "Every little movement has a meaning all its own."

Speaking of solid geometry, E. S. says that a six sided figure is a saxaphone. How many know the number of sides of a megaphone or a trombone?

Teacher: "Describe the life of the nobles during the Feudal Period."
Pupil: "They lived on large farms and had a large cemetery on one side of the house."

CURSORUM

A very greatus calamitatis
Did yesterday happenorum.
The new high level bridgibus
Was last night blown uporum.

Honestus, it wasibus;
For two young Bolshevorum
Were eatin' someus peanutibus
And one dropta shellorum.

Bernard Stern '20

Mr. Struggles: "What is wrong with wars?"
W. Boley: "Somebody is likely to get killed."

Mr. Brown, in algebra class: "How many of you know what an alloy is?"
No response.
Mr. Brown: "I though maybe you might know, as it has nothing to do with algebra."

Mr. Townsend: "What's the difference between 'freemen' and 'freed­men'?"
L. Shields: "Why the 'd.'"

1st Senior: "Say, what shall I write a theme on?"
2nd Senior: "Don't try such a stale one on me. Write it on paper, of course."
1st Senior: "No, No. I mean what'll I write about?"
2nd Senior: "O, write about a page and let it go at that."

John: "Do you believe in signs?"
Mary: "Sure thing."
John: "Last night I dreamed that you were madly in love with me. What is that a sign of?"
Mary: "That is a sign you were dreaming."
If you're roasted rather badly
Just remember that you gladly
Read the jokes
On other folks.

The Annual is a queer invention,
The High School gets the fame,
The printer gets the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

A REVELATION

He was standing on the corner; she was waiting on the square,
He was idly watching passers by until—he saw her there.
She, a dainty little person with her hair of flaxen hue;
He, a born world-conquerer, and his eyes were colored blue.
He stared until his eyes were nearly popping from his dome,
He wished that he might die, and at her feet fall prone.
He took a halting step or two toward a bewitching curl,
Then—he noticed her companion, but she also was a girl.
He drew a little closer till he could hear her voice,
It really was quite coarse and loud; and her words were not so choice.
He came a few steps nearer, till he could hear her say,
"An' Tilly, I hain't never saw her since that day."
Then came Miss Tilly's answer while she industriously chewed her gum,
Naw! well I must say 'at I think she treats you bum."
He turned about the other way, a flush suffused his cheek,
To think a girl could talk like that, yet look so very neat.

Dorothy Hayes, '23.

Horror! Miss Penberthy! A certain teacher was heard to say "ain't"
the other day. What is the sentence? Electric chair?

We're always glad when Mr. Hunter has to wait with us and see the
cars sail past us in the morning and never stop.
We are assured of having the sympathy of at least one member of
the faculty.
THE KIDNAPPERS

Scene—Office of Chief of Police.
Characters—Chief Blank, Mrs. Green, Policeman, Sonny.

Mrs. Green—O, Mr. Blank, have you found out anything more about Sonny?

Chief Blank—Yes, indeed, Mrs. Green, we have an assorted variety of very fine clews that we are following carefully.

Mrs. Green—O my poor, poor Sonny! He may be suffering and crying for me among a lot of rough strangers and I can’t, Oh! I can’t go to him. (Breaks down and cries.)

Chief Blank—There, there, Mrs. Green, we’ll have him soon and the culprits will get the full limit of the law. We’ll make an example of them and put an end to this wave of kidnapping. The ten thousand dollars reward for the kidnappers, dead or alive, has aroused the interest of the whole country and will certainly bring results.

(Telephone rings.)

Chief—Hello! Hello! What is that? You have captured him? Take him to his cell at once. I’ll send out a squad to protect him from the infuriated mob. They have threatened to lynch him. (Turning from the telephone) Mrs. Green, we have captured the kidnappers. Sonny will be here in a few moments.

Mrs. Green—O, Sonny, my own Sonny. I shall see you again, look into your eyes, and stroke your pretty brown hair again. Mr. Blank, how can I thank you for your services in—

(Door opens. Sonny enters with policeman. Mrs. G. hastens to greet him.)

Sonny (leaping forward)—Bow Wow! Bow Wow! Alta Gimmy.

NOTICE

Prof. Al Ibi, A. B. (artist of bluffing) of Berea will address the school tomorrow morning. His subject will be, “Bluffing, When and How to Apply and Whom to Bluff.” We are sure that everyone will be anxious to hear what the Professor has to say, as many students here are specializing in that particular line at present.

JOKES

Miss Kennan: “Now don’t forget to bring your Red Cross money. Put it in your head.”

WISE CHAT

Friendly Enemies: Teachers and pupils.
Tea for Three: Miss Barnaby, your mother and you in the office. (All but the tea.)
Mr. Downey in Physics: I would advise all of you to subscribe to this magazine while it is so cheap.
G. Hale: How much do you make?
Mr. Wood: "Good morning, Mr. Stone. How is Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"
Mr. Stone: "Very fine, thank you; and how is Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"
Wood turned to Stone and Stone turned to Wood. Just then a Shaw girl passed by and they both turned to rubber.
    Jimmy: "You'd be a good dancer but for two things."
    Skinny: "What?"
    Jimmy: "Your feet."
In I A French:
    B. T. (translating): "If not for me she would have fallen."
    Yes, Jerusha, the "she" is I. C.

Miss Devlin (in Freshman English): "Give an example of a romantic novel."
    Karl (after a moment's hesitation): "Oh!—The House of Seven Stables."

1B History Class. Ques.: Give me an example of nomadic life. Ans.: Tramps.

Miss Ort: "This coffee tastes muddy."
    Miss Dillman: "Yes, it was ground this morning."

On an English test paper: "Chivalry is the love of man and woman surrounded by poetry."

I'M THE GUY

I'm the guy that keeps you an hour after school when you were just one minute late.
    Why shouldn't I?
    That's my job. It doesn't bother me any. In fact, I like my job. It rather amuses me. It's lots of fun to hear your excuses and to see you get peeved when I say, "One hour."
    I'm not supposed to know that it inconveniences you. If you're hungry, that's your worry, not mine. It's not my fault that you made a previous engagement. If you don't want to stay you shouldn't be late.
    Why you should feel put out is beyond me. You ought to be prepared to stay if you were tardy. You should be glad that I'm teaching you to be punctual.
    If you don't like my methods don't be tardy.
    That's the way I feel about it.

Jean Coney.
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CLEVELAND

Tire and Tube Repairing a Specialty

Eddy 1088 966 Lakeview Rd
High School Graduates

Business opportunities are being created rapidly today. You want to be ready to take your place in the line of advancement as soon as possible. Yet your whole future depends on the thoroughness with which you prepare now.

A modern curriculum, a selected student body, individual instruction and very complete facilities enable this school to combine thoroughness with all reasonable speed.

Our Private Secretarial course, with your high school education as a foundation, will fit you for the position of responsibility you have been aspiring to obtain. This school is a member of the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools, which stands for a definitely high grade of business instruction.

Day and Evening.

The Dyke School of Business

Ninth Prospect Huron

THE Mc MILLIN MUSIC CO.

M. MANDEL

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Sheet Music, Victrolas, Records and Musical Instruments

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THE STANDARD TOOL CO.

TWIST DRILLS, REAMERS
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SPECIAL TOOLS

CLEVELAND

—THE—

WATT-WILLIAMS COMPANY

Printers of Shaw High Annual

1920

NUFF CED
MORE GRADUATES from high schools in the eastern section of Cleveland have entered this school during the past year, than all other commercial schools in Cleveland combined.

All students receive complete, practical business training, individual instruction and every opportunity to complete the course in the shortest possible time.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Course</th>
<th>Duration</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Private-Secretary</td>
<td>9 1/2 - 10 months</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stenographic-Office Training</td>
<td>6 - 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dictaphone-Secretary</td>
<td>2 - 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bookkeeping-Typing</td>
<td>5 - 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Office Training</td>
<td>1 - 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Typing</td>
<td>2</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Good positions are guaranteed to graduates. The starting salaries of our graduates with high school foundation, average $90 per month. We maintain a free employment bureau for their benefit, and co-operate with them in every respect to insure their fullest success. Ask our graduates—they know.

School in continuous session 52 weeks each year. Recitation period 8:30 a.m. to 12:30. Students may study at school in the afternoon or at home as they elect.

Graham and Gregg shorthand taught.

Evening sessions Monday, Wednesday and Friday 7:00 to 9:00 o'clock.

Rates of tuition: Day school—$16.00 per month; Evening school—$7 per month.

WILCOX COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

10014 Euclid

On Euclid Avenue, a few squares east of Shaw High School is located the home of one of the largest industrial construction organizations in the world. Forty-six years of successful building have been required to perfect this organization and now Austin Standard Buildings are found in nearly every industrial center in the country.

At the time this goes to press, The Austin Company has under construction more than sixty industrial plants in the United States and in eight foreign countries.

In the war area, at Maubeuge, France, The Austin Company is now constructing a complete glass plant which was destroyed by shell fire. In Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria, Mexico and several other countries standard buildings are now under construction. A few years more will find STANDARD BUILDINGS, the conception of The Austin Company, everywhere.

If you are interested in industrial buildings, you would be interested in The Austin Company, and we would be very glad indeed to give you additional information about our methods of construction.

The Austin Company
Industrial Engineers and Builders
Cleveland

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