

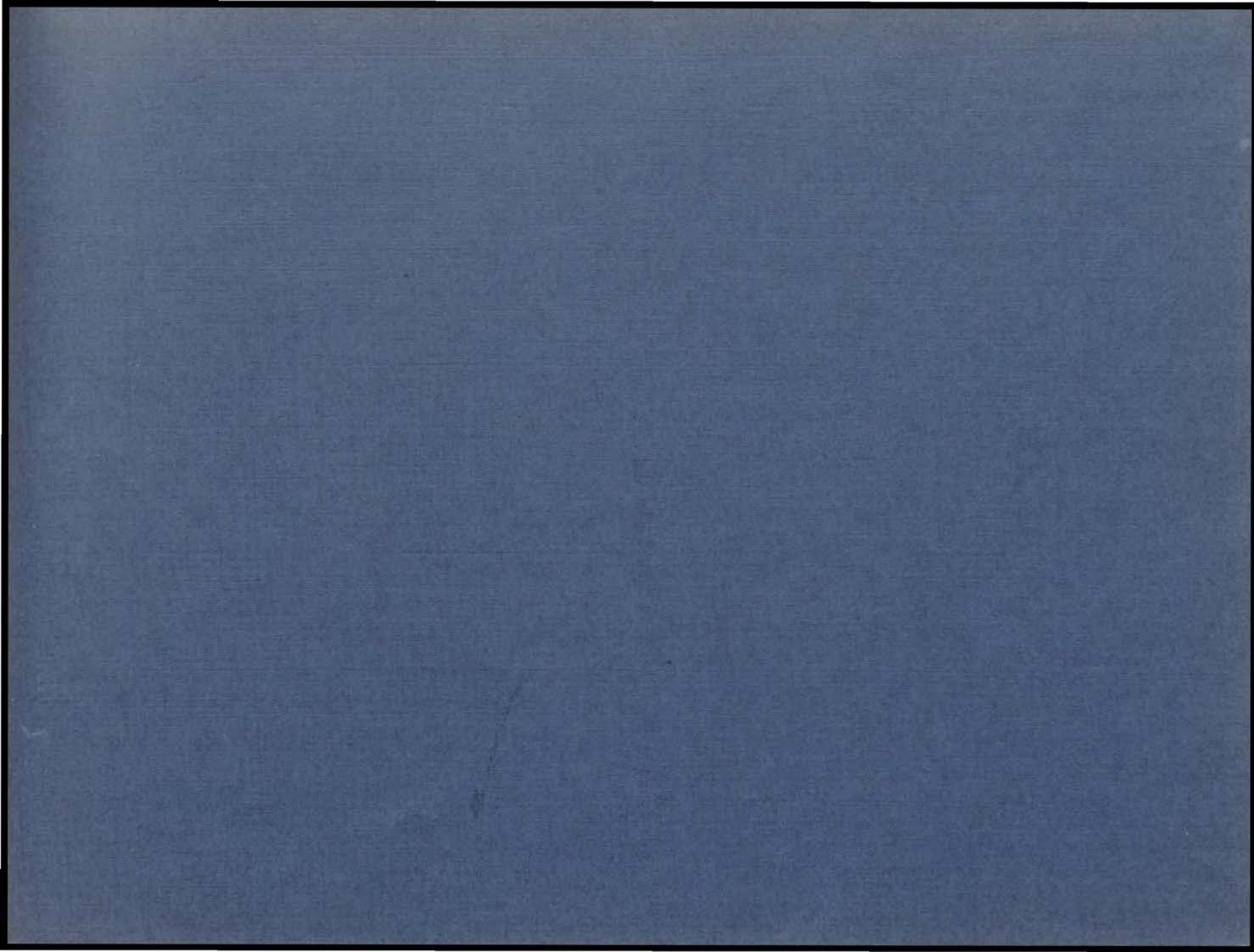
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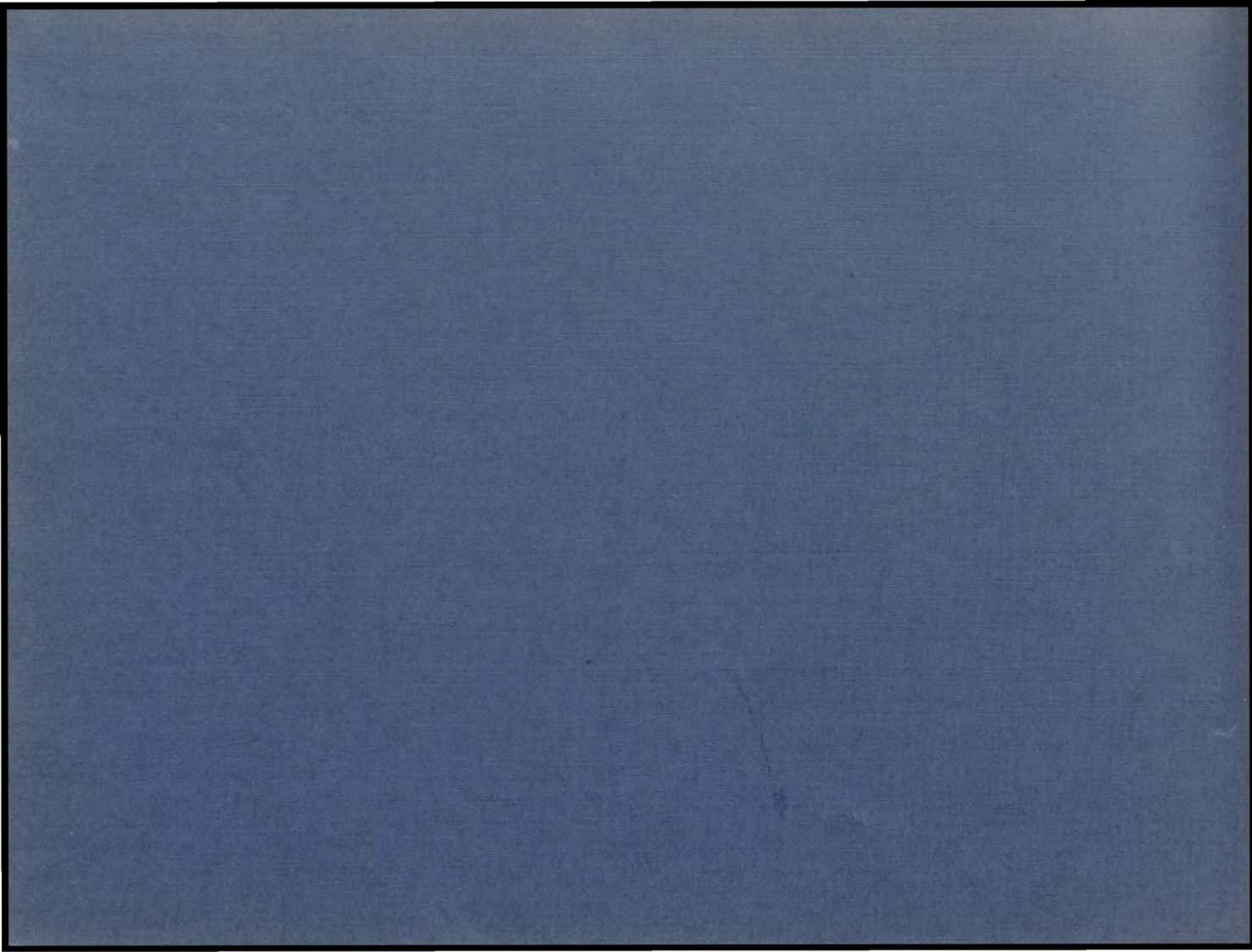


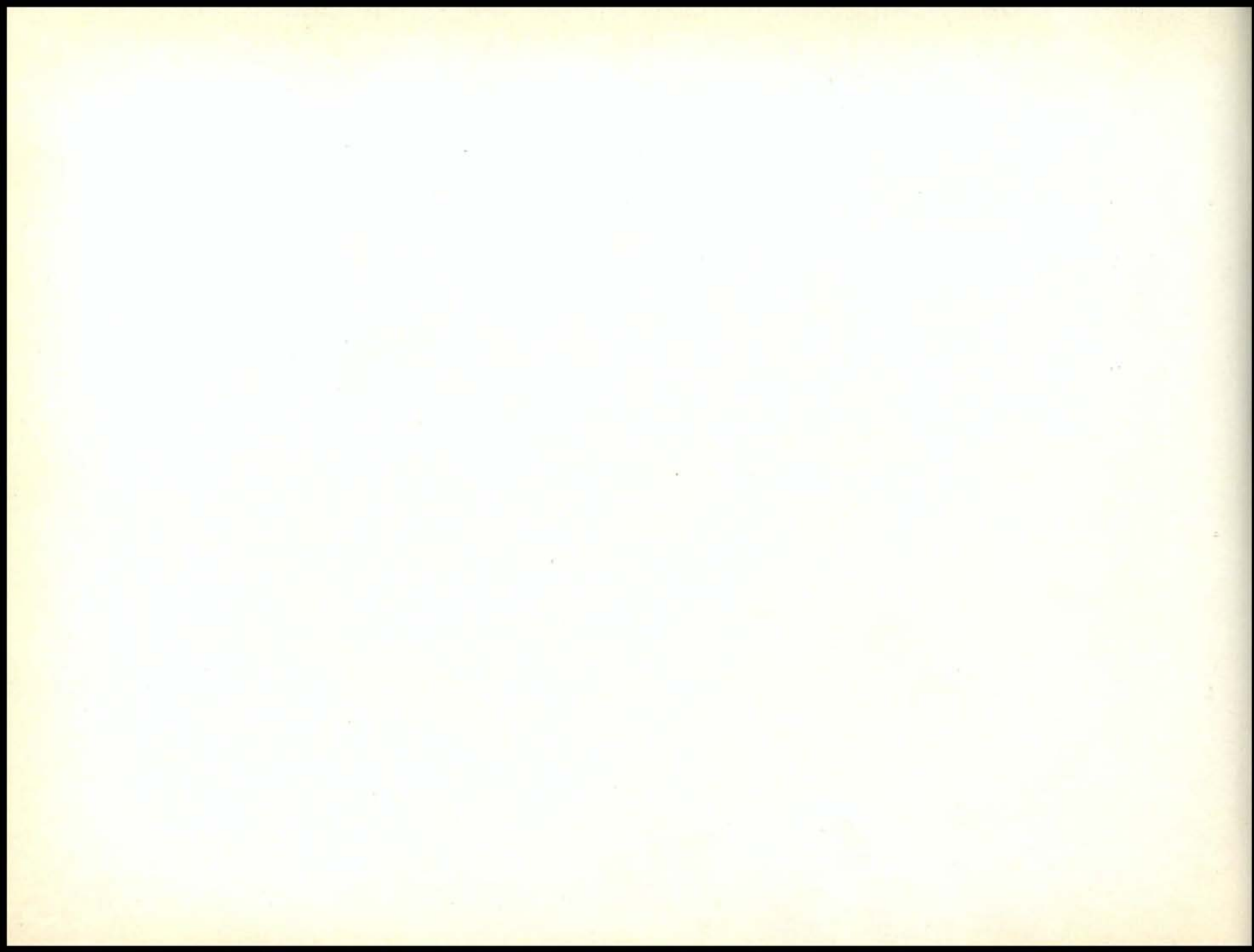
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1770 BARRON
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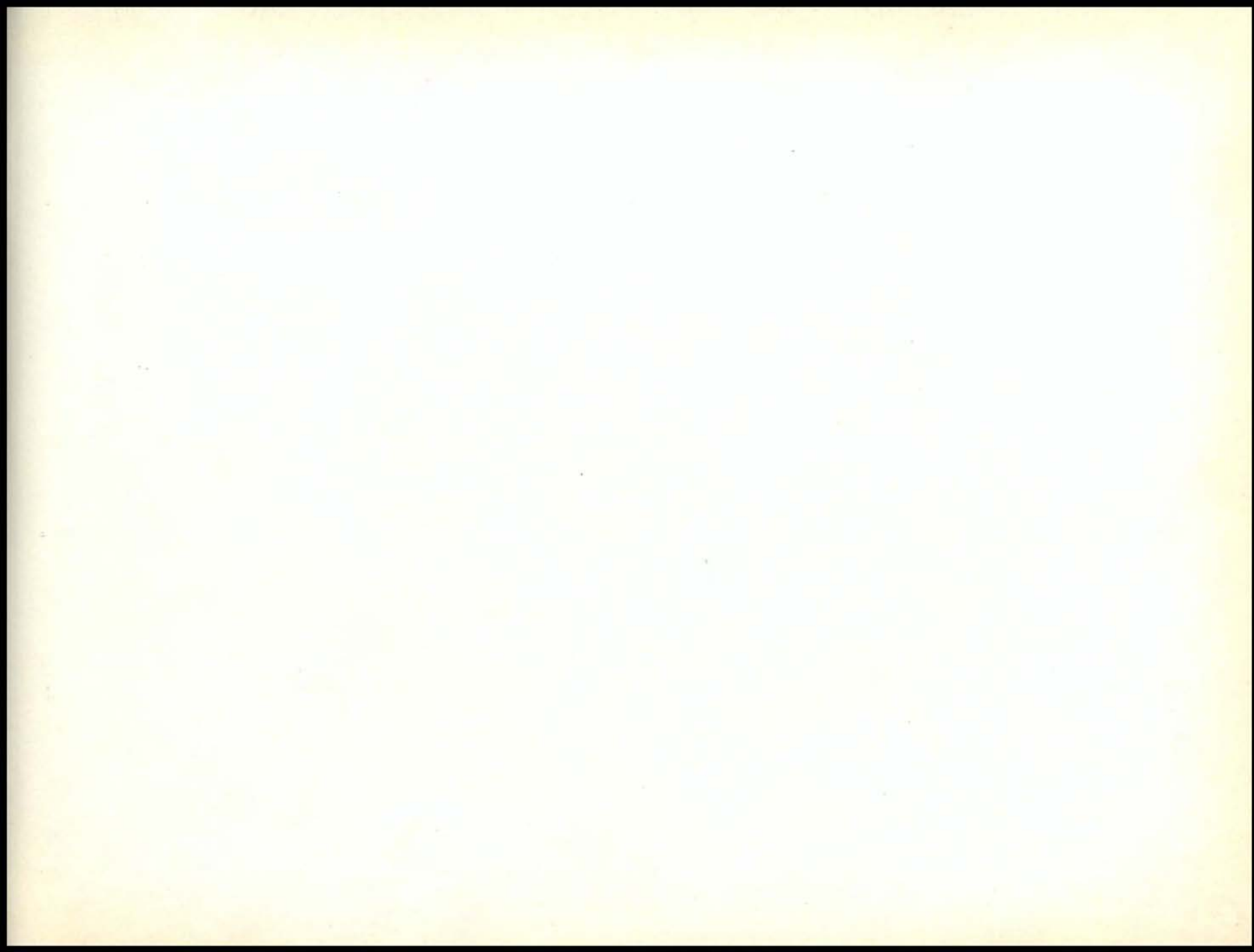
CENTRAL

1881-1918



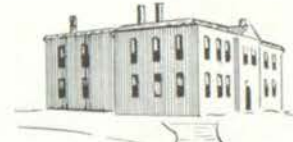






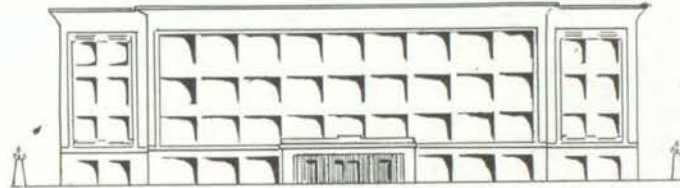


1867



1879

THE CENTRALIAN



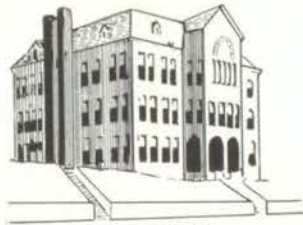
1915

VOLUME 20, 1918

PUBLISHED BY

THE LUMINARY STAFF
CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

KANSAS CITY MO



1886



1898

E. Reeves.



Dedication

To those Graduates of Central
who are upholding American ideals
on the battle fields of France,
this book, with gratitude,
is dedicated.



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TO CENTRAL

SOPRANO AND ALTO,

Dear old Cen-tral, far famed Cen-tral, thou shalt ne-ver fail. Round thy name there
Ev'-ry stu-dent, soon or la-ter, in his walk of life. greets the thought of

TENOR AND BASS,

clings the ten-dril of tra-di-tion's tale Thou art vic-tor fame has fol-lowed,
Al-ma Ma-ter as his strength in strife

clad in dig-ni-ty. May thy name to all be hal-lowed by their love for thee

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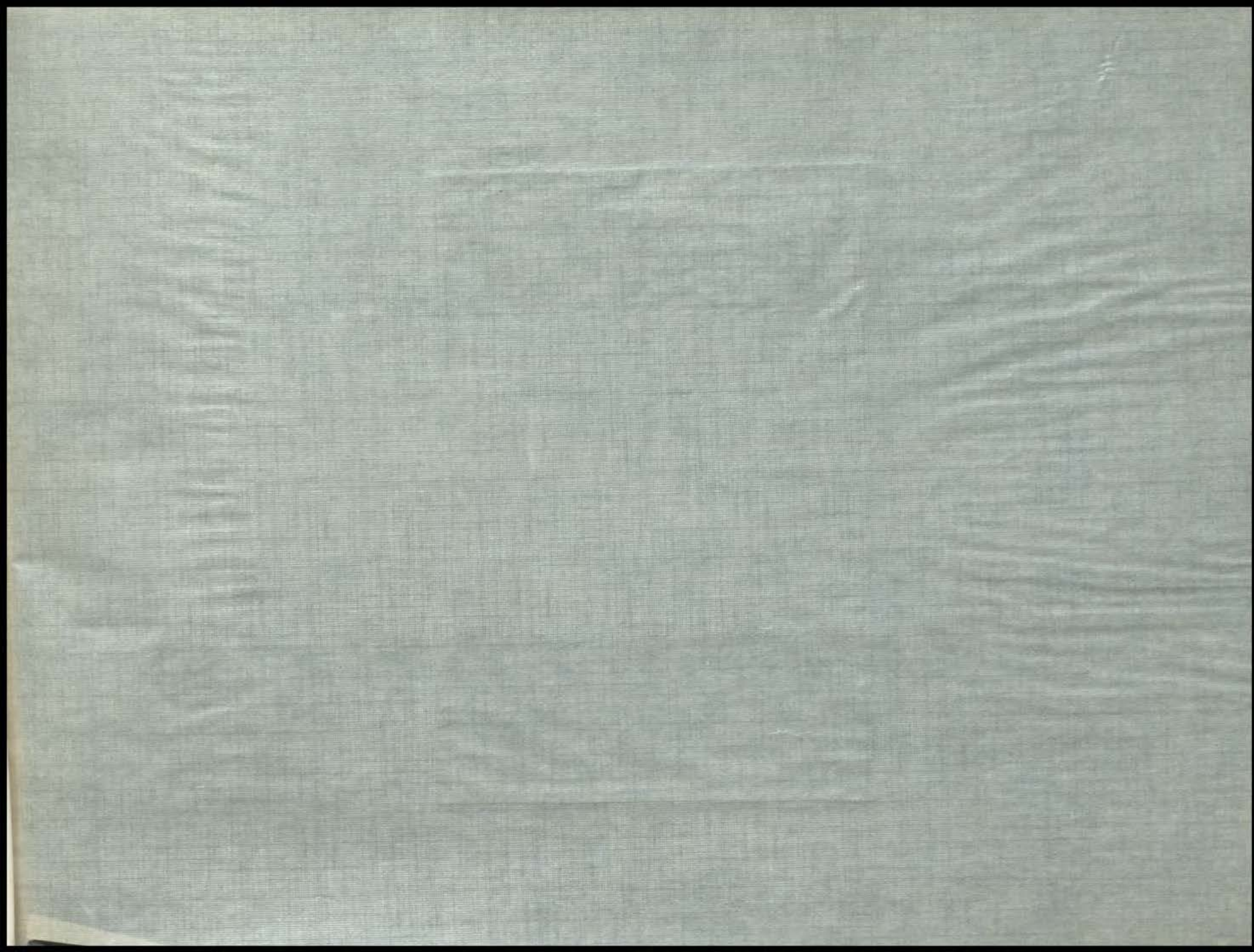
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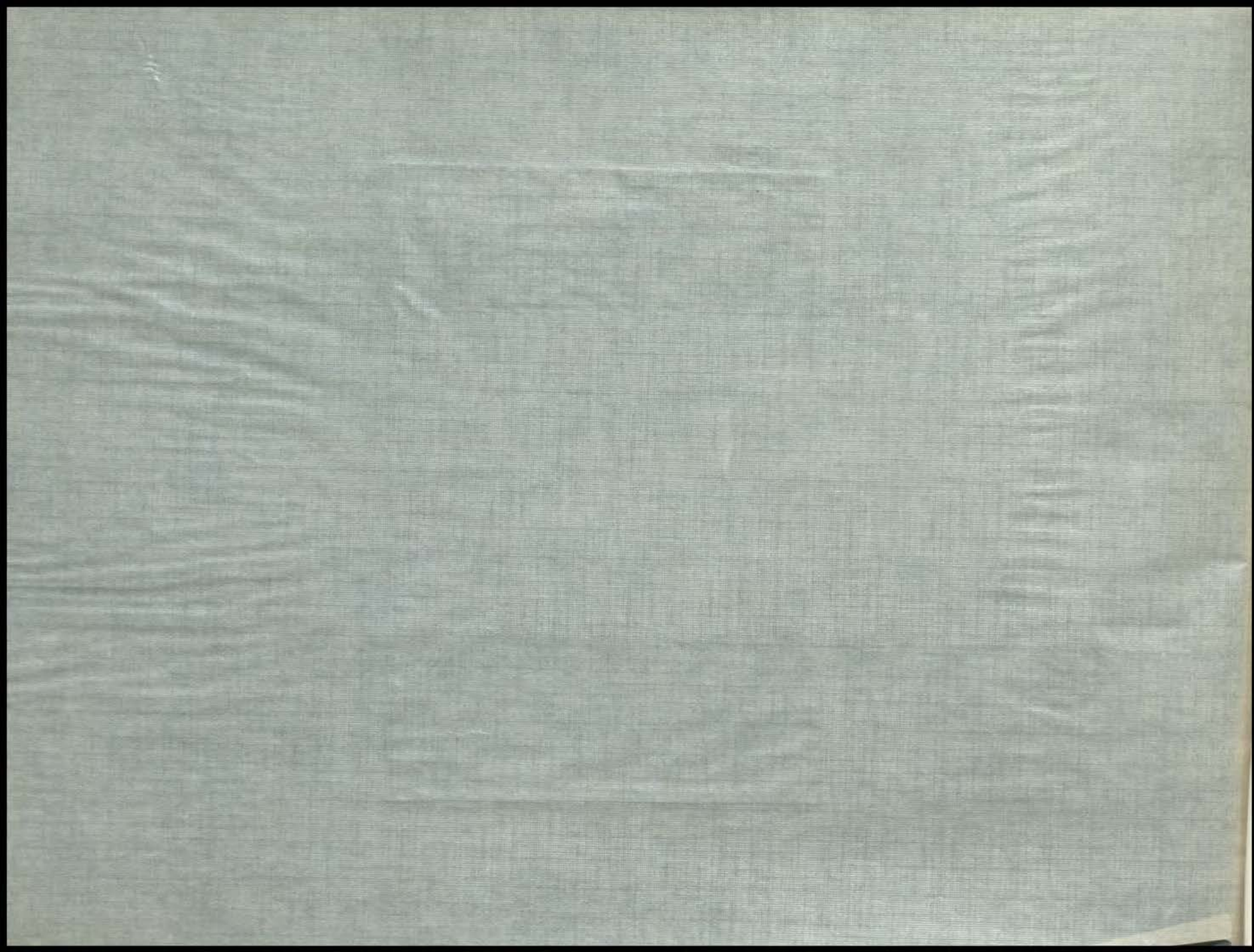
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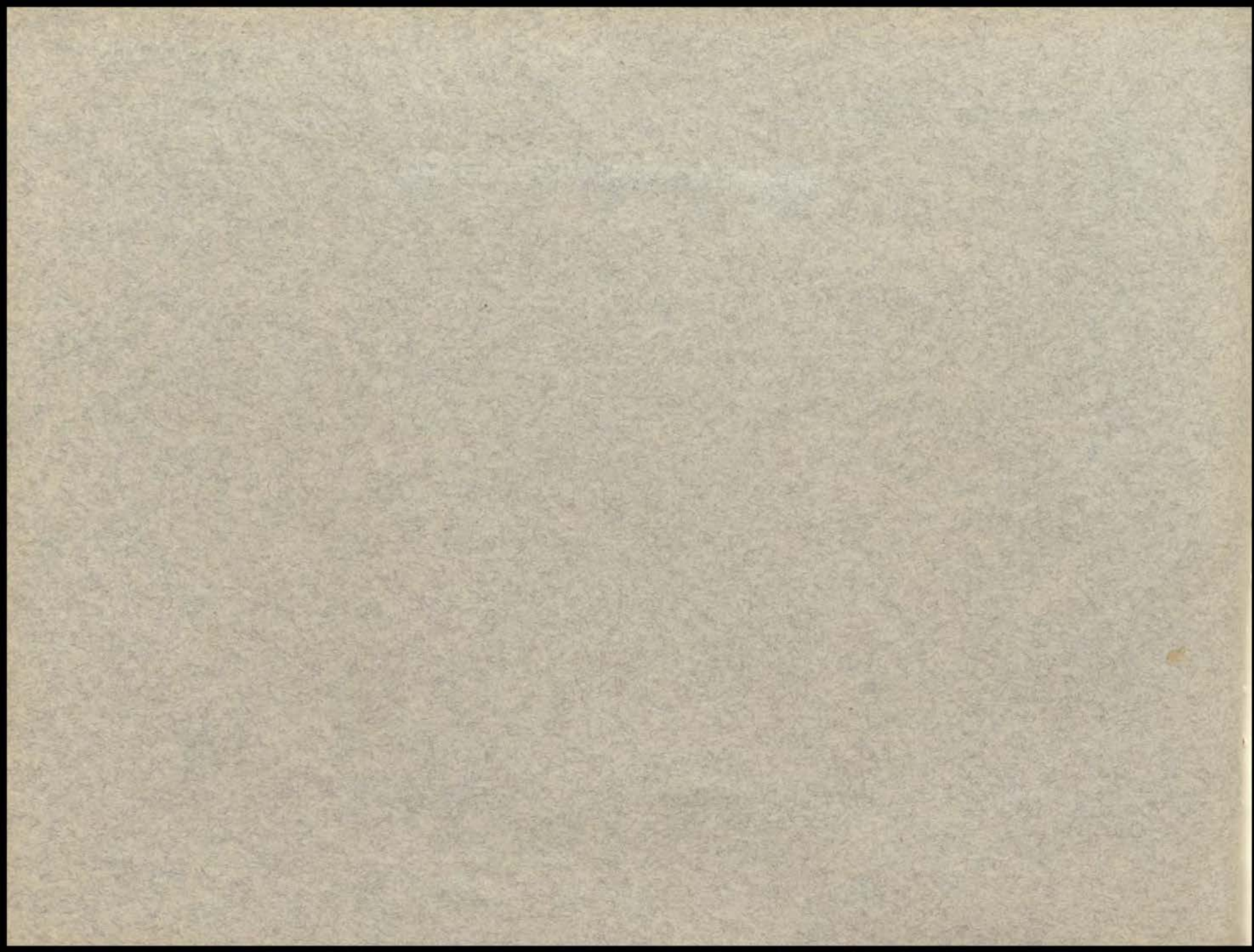
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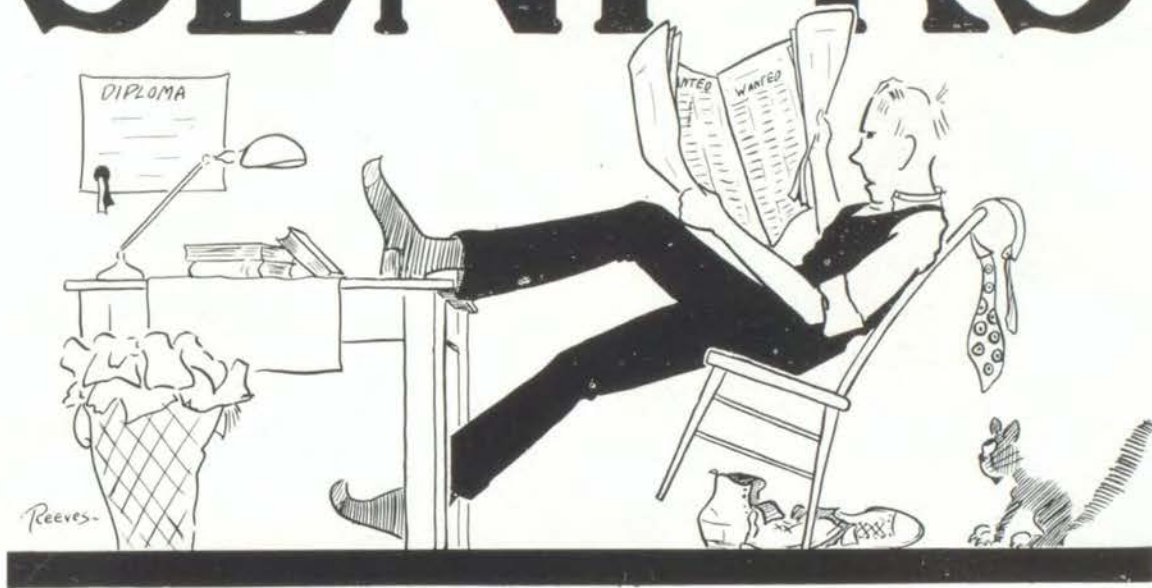
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SENIORS



The Senior Class

Organization

President	Alfred Egan
Vice-President	Elsie Taylor
Secretary	Milton Converse
Treasurer	Harlie Smith
Sergeant-at-Arms	Kathryn Turner
Gift Giver	Robert Abernethy

Senior Officers



Alfred Egan

Senior President
 Junior Vice-President
 President, S. L. H.
 Luminary Staff
 Gold Medal, Oration, Inter-Society Contest, '18
 Cheer Leader
 Platoon Leader, Company K
 Captain, Winning Wall-Scaling Squad
 Track, '15, '16, '17, '18
 Christmas Play, '16
 German Club, '16
 Senior Ballot: Most Popular Boy
Ah, you flavor everything; you are the vanilla of society.

Milton Converse

Senior Secretary
 Luminary Staff, '17, '18; Managing Editor, '18
 President Websters
 President Classics Club
 Appointment by Competitive Examination to U.S. Naval Academy
 Gold Medal, Inter-Society Contest, Essay, '17
 Silver Medal, Inter-Society Contest, Extemporaneous Speech, '18
 Dramatic Club
 Christmas Play, '16
 Cast of "The Tempest," '17
 High School Club
 Senior Ballot: Jolly Good Fellow
The girl he likes best is Anna Polia.

Kathryn Leah Turner

Senior Sergeant-at-Arms
 Aristonlan
 Junior Treasurer
 Debate, '17
 Red Cross Corps
 President First Aid
 French Club, '18
 Choral Club, '16
 Webster Medal Pinner
 Luminary Staff, '18
 Class Day Cast
 Senior Ballot: Girl that has done most for Central.
Victory follows her and all things follow victory.

Elsie Taylor

Senior Vice-President
 Aristonlan President
 Classics President
 Debate, '17
 Red Cross, '18
 Pageant—Central Golden Jubilee, '17
 Senior Ballot: Most popular girl
In every gesture, dignity.

Harlie L. Smith

Senior Treasurer
 Junior President
 President Webster Club, '17
 President Dramatic Club, '18
 City President, High School Club, '17
 President Central Division High School Club
 Classics Club, '16, '17
 Leader, Company K
 Debate, '17, '18; "C," '18
 Luminary Staff, '17, '18
 Cheer Leader, '18
 Christmas Play Cast, '16
 Senior Ballot: Man Who Has Done Most for Central
The Smith a mighty man is he.

Robert W. Abernethy

Senior Gifforian
 Junior Gift-Receiver
 President Central Webster Club, '18
 "C" Man, Debate, '18
 Luminary Staff, '18
 Silver Medal, Verse, Inter-Society, '18
 First Honorable Mention, Luminary Story, '16
 President Central High School Club, '18
 Glee Club, '16, '17
 Christmas Play, '16
 Dramatic Club, '17, '18
 Senior Ballot: Worst Politician
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach of ordinary men.



The Class of 1918



Elizabeth Alexander

Christmas Play, '15, '16, '17
 Dramatic Club, '16, '17, '18
 President Dramatic Club, '17
 S. L. H.
 Debate, '16
 Junior Gift Receiver, '16
 Class Day Program, '18
 Gold Medal, Declamation, Inter-
 Society Contest, '18
 Senior Ballot: Worst Girl Grafter

*The feminine incarnation of "Peck's
 Bad Boy."*

Fred Altergott, Jr.

High School Club

*If the Kaiser loses the war, he
 can blame all ter Gott.*

Martha Louise Allen

S. L. H.

*Oh! To dream all night and dress
 all day.*

Emma Gene Anderson

*A Good old name; a nice young
 lady.*

J. Robert Anschutz

Kelvin Klub

*For science is like virtue, its own
 exceeding great reward.*

Dorothy Appleman

Tri C's
 French Club

Thy voice is a celestial melody.





Mamie Askowitz

Rare as a blue rose.

James A. Austin

Kelvin Klub

*Red hair plus amiability equals
Jimmie Austin.*

Ann Hellen Baehlor

Bluebird Club, '16
Girls' High School Club

*It always takes a Baehlor to keep
the boat from sinking.*

Ada E. Berlin

Captain Girls' Basket Ball, '15

On everybody's lips.

Carl Balliett

Webster Club
High School Club

*Hath thy toil o'er books consumed
the midnight oil?*

Helen Louise Bolt

Choral Club
Cooking Club

*The feminine arts are cooking and
singing. Helen is good at both.*





Gladys Bobreeker

President Red Cross, '18.
 President German Club, '17
 Negative Debate Team, '18
 Third Prize, Sons of the Revolution
 Essay Contest, '18
 Honorable Mention, Luminary Story
 Contest, '18

*Has maintained Central's literary
 fame.*

Harold S. Baum

S. L. H.
 Captain Track Team, '18
 "M" Man, Track, '16, '17, '18
 "M" Man, Track, Manual, '15
 Holder Indoor Record, 440-yard
 Dash
 Inter-Class Track, '16, '17, '18
 Senior Ballot: Central's Foremost
 Athlete

*Central's athletic hope was
 "baummy" this year.*

Marie Brooks

Shakespeare, '16, '17

*Industry and perseverance are ele-
 ments of success.*

Grace Brown

Minerva Literary Society
 Red Cross Corps

A lovely apparition.

Leslie R. Beddoes

Class Track, '18
 Class Basket Ball, '18

Modesty becomes a young man.

Helen M. Burchett

Shakespeare, '16
 Choral Club

*Has several sweethearts in the
 army.*





Elizabeth Cahill

Elizabeth is a queen.

Sidney Berkowitz

The great Sidney.

Isabel Curley

Minerva, '15

Just because your hair is curly.

Ella Ewing Carnie

Small in stature, but large in mind.

Frank E. Boling

President S. L. H.
"C" Man, Debate, '18
Christmas Play Cast, '16, '17
Dramatic Club
Orchestra, '15, '16
High School Club

The girls are beginning to like Boling.

Edna Mildred Chitwood

President Shakespeare Club
Red Cross, '17, '18
Girls' High School Club
Dramatic Club, '17
Greggite Club, '16, '17
Gold Medal, Typewriting

Genius must be born.





Dimple Chin

Track, '16, '18
So Square Society, '17
Bluebirds, '18

*The dimple that thy chin contains
has beauty in its round,
That never has been fathomed yet
by myriad thoughts profound.*

Theodore Bornstein

Shakespeare Club
Glee Club
High School Club
Class Basket Ball, '15, '16
Class Track, '15, '16
Spring Festival, '17, '18
Track, '16, '17, '18

*Talent sometimes skips two gener-
ations.*

Hester Collins

President Cooking Club, '18

*Patience is a necessary ingredient
of genius.*

Doris Connor

President Girls' High School Club,
'18
President So Square Society, '17
Choral Club, '18
S. L. H.

A spectacle of human happiness.

Frank L. Brittain, Jr.

*In a certain sense all men are his-
torians.*

Ellen Coyne

M. L. S.
Debate, '17
Class Day Program
Red Cross
Basket Ball, '16
Christmas Play, '16, '17
Senior Ballot: Worst Girl Politician

*The Seniors picked the right poli-
tician.*

*If gesticulations were chloroform,
she'd put us all to sleep.*





Regina Deery

Will she always be called "Deery."

Edward Brown

President Kelvin Klub
Shakespeares, '16
Commander Company L
Commander Third Battalion
Wall-Scaling Team, '17
Senior Ballot: Worst Boy Grind

*Commands a freshman company,
takes orders from a freshman girl.*

Helen Delap

S. L. H.
German Club, '15, '16

*One of those that went to old
Central.*

Florence Dickinson

Tri C

No relative of Johnny.

Clarence Leroy Carlson

President Shakespeare Club
High School Club
Track Team, '15, '16, '17, '18
"C" Man, Track
Captain Class Team, '15
Captain Class "C," '16
Captain Class "B," '17
Class Basket Ball, '15
Classics Club
Holder Record, 100-yard Dash.
"B"

*That same man, that renneth awaie
Maie again fight, another daie.*

Margaret Lucille Dickson

First Aid, '18
Red Cross, '18
Art Club

*Art has thus decreed, to make
some good, others to exceed.*





Matilda Donaldson

Bluebirds, '16, '17
Art Club, '17
Cooking Club
Red Cross

*Why do all of these girls that
take cooking, take first aid?*

Milton B. Cohn

Worth more than five cents.

Jeannette Dorsey

Shakespeare
President So Square Society
Red Cross

I can sew, sir.

Anna Draver

Minerva
Red Cross
Tri C
German Club

Anna, whom three realms obey.

Harold J. Cosby

Childe Harold?

Ruth Elizabeth Englund

Aristonian
Choral Club
Classics Club

The incarnation of happiness.





Grace Englund

Girls' High School Club
Bluebirds

Englund is a valuable ally.

Jack Crouch

Interclass track
"C" man Track
Track Team
Webster, '17

Central's speed demon.

Dorothy Epstein

French Club
Choral Club
So Square Society

*Another girl that carries pictures
of the soldiers around.*

Ruby Euston

Ruby is a gem.

William R. Dalgleish

Was named after golf clubs.

Ruth Evarts

German Club

Along came Ruth.





Opal Feldman
Another gem.

George A. Davidson
Let George do it.

Frances Berryman Flournoy
One of the many delightful products of the South.

Mildred Fox
President German Club
Red Cross Corps
A foxy girl.

Rudolph de Steigner
The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.

Jane Galley
President French Club, '16, '17
Aristonian, '16, '17
Gaily, gaily, as we go.





Florence Gidinghagen

A. L. S.
Orchestra

Not giddy at all, though her name indicates she is.

Douglas DeVors

Divorce is a great evil.

Anna Marie Ginsberg

President M. L. S.
Buebird
German Club
Tempest, '17
Basket Ball, '17
Second Prize, Luminary Story
Contest
Debate
Gold Medal Typewriting

One of our girl debaters.

Eleanor Glenn

Red Cross
Tri C's

When she is a nurse, the boys will sing, "I don't want to get well."

John R. Dickinson

President Webster Club
Debate, '18
Honorable Mention, Luminary Story
Contest, '16, '18

Quiet, pleasant, convincing. Did much to win the debate for Central.

Mabel Goodrich

Girls' High School Club

Vera's brother's sister.





Vera Goodrich

Girls' High School Club
Mabel's brother's sister.

Marvin Ditty

This little ditty is well worth remembering.

Elsie Gossett

Red Cross
Quiet as the hush of evening.

Emily Greene

President S. L. H.
Short but sweet.

Gordon Durfee

The despot of the Red Cross Corps.

Jane Greene

The best things come in the small packages.





Junietta Hall

Minerva Literary Society

What will Central do without a hall.

Grable Watson Duvall, Jr.

Secretary Junior Class, '17
 Christmas Play Cast, '17
 Captain Second All-Star Team, '17
 Captain Second All-State Team, '17
 Captain First All-Star Team, '18
 Captain First All-State Team, '18
 Missouri State Champions, '17, '18
 Captain Basket Ball Team, '18
 "C" Man, Basket Ball, '17, '18
 Class Basket Ball, '15, '16, '17, '18
 Squad Basket Ball, '16, '17, '18
 Track Team, '17, '18; "C," '18

Who said Singer? Duvall does the work.

Mary Anglia Hart

Girls' High School Club

Have a Hart!

Zona Lillian Hart

Cooking Club, '15, '16
 High School Club
 Gold Medal, Typewriting

Hart of my heart.

Floranz Fellrath

Phoebus, what a name!

Lillie Opal Hedge

Central Choral Club

A Hedge that didn't hedge.





Margaret Nadine Hodges

French Club, '17

In many cases has Nadine been the lovely, well-loved queen.

Allmon Fordyce

Webster Club
 "C." Debate, '18
 Silver Medal, Inter-Society Contest,
 Declamation, '18
 Christmas Play, '18
 Dramatic Club

The modern artful dodger.

Mary Hessel

Dramatic Club, '17

Many have a passion for the name of "Mary."

Mary Elizabeth Hopkins

S. L. H.
 French Club

Talent must be obscure and unostentatious.

Walter Ray Foster

"C" Man, Basket Ball, '18
 Missouri State Basket Ball Champions, '18
 School Basket Ball Squad, '17, '18
 Inter-Class Basket Ball, '16, '17, '18
 Inter-Class Track, '16, '17
 Track Team, '18
 S. L. H., '18

Measles break out of anything.

Lena May Hoyle

Aristonlan
 President French Club
 Red Cross

Both beauty and wisdom have combined to make her great.





Helen Hubbell

Red Cross, '17, '18
Choral Club
Tri C

A dainty little fairy of Central.

Arthur Flagler Fultz

Glee Club
Shakespeare Club, '15
Spring Festival, '15, '16, '17, '18

*But one puritan amongst them,
and he sings psalms to hornpipes.*

Sylvia Louise Hudson

Red Cross
Gold Medal, Typewriting
First Aid

*Hudsons are peaches; just look
at the Hudson automobile.*

Florence A. Jeffrey

Choral Club
Bluebirds
Spring Music Festival

*As fleet as the hoofs of the
frightened deer.*

Lester Goodman

He's a "goot mon."

Erma Louise Jones

Dramatic Club, '15, '16
Red Cross, '17

*Change the "m" to "n" and Erma
lot of credit.*





Dorothy Kaney

The sweetest noise on earth—a woman's song.

Barnett J. Granoff

Virgil vincit omnia.

Helen Kelly

Don't knock the "I" out of Helen.

Gertrude M. Kessel

Gold Medal Inter-Society Story, '17
Debate, '17
Second Prize, Sons of the Revolution, '17
Luminary Staff, '18
S. L. H., '15, '16, '17
German Club, '15

A most plausible young lady.

William Gould

Webster, '17

He has a six cylinder mechanical education.

Ella Kingdon

S. L. H.

The hand that follows intellect can achieve.





Helen Mildred Knisely

Choral Club
Greggite Club, '16, '17
Spring Music Festival
Pageant, '17

*Music is the universal language
of mankind.*

Earl Guthrie

Classes Club, '16, '17
Inter-Class Basket Ball, '17, '18

*A prince of a fellow altho' an
Earl by name.*

Helen Kremer

Choral Club
Tri C Club

*Cookery is become an art, a
noble science.*

Anna Flora Langer

French Club
Classes Club, '16
Red Cross Corps, '18

Jamais arriere.

Royal W. Harris

High School Club

He loves to linger near the Park.

Sadie Lippman

Tri C

Where's the cook?





Mary Ninas Little

Both bodily and nominally little.

Frank Helff

The "F's" that do follow his name.

Marguerite Lowe

Bluebird President, '17
Receiver of Athletic "A", '16
Basket Ball Team, '15, '18
Track Team
Hockey Team, '17

Lo and behold—Marguerite.

Pauline Lyons

Don't pity Pauline. She needs no pity.

Winning Hill

Kelvin Klub, '18

Possesses winning manners.

Louise McLouth

German Club

People with "Mc's" before their names do not usually study German.





Ruth Moore

Shakespeare
French Club
Choral Club, '17
Red Cross Corps
Silver Medal, Essay, Inter-Society
Contest, '17

*Music, medicine, medals. She
possesses all three.*

Paul Johnstone

Webster, '17
Christmas Play, '16-'17

*How did we win the track meet—
here's the rub.*

Mabel Moseley

*One of the many girls of whom
Central is justly proud.*

Fay McFarland

Manual Orchestra, '15
Central Orchestra
Art Club, '16

Favored by the muses.

Raymond Houston

Kelvin Klub, '17
Webster Club

*We are not going to mention
any Bonnie Lassie.*

Mary Elizabeth McGee

Choral Club

*Who says that good things must
always be done up in small pack-
ages?*





Bonnie Marshall

French Club, '17
I love a bonnie lassie.

Arthur E. Howell

Happiness always has red hair.

Letha Metz

Central Choral Club
Study is the bane of mankind.

Mildred Louise Myers

*Why do girls have alliterations
in their names?*

Homer W. Hutchison

Glee Club, '18
Captain Class Team, '17
Class Basket Ball, '17, '18
Basket Ball Squad, '17, '18
Captain Second Team, '18
Inter-Class Track, '16
*Captained the subs to a victorious
season.*

Alice I. Millard

Debate Team, '17, '18
Third Prize S. A. R. Essay Con-
test, '18
Shakespeares
Dramatic Club
Classics Club
Bluebirds, '16
Senior Ballot: Worst Boy Fusser
*Fortune has rarely condescended
to be the companion of genius.*





Margaret Miller

Marshall High School Club

Jolly is the miller.

Kern M. Johnson

Webster, '16, '17, '18

Classics Club, '17

Christmas Play, '16

Parthenon Club, '16

Class Basket Ball, '17

Went to the farm last year.

Rita Mohrle

Choral Club

Spring Music Festival, '18

Senior Ballot: Jolly, Good Girl

Spanish señorita cannot approach our Rita.

Marguerite E. McDonough

Eats Faust macaroni, similar to the Marguerite of Faust.

Francis Hosterman

Kelvin Klub, '18

Notorious leader of the "Nefarious First."

Etha Adelina McElroy

O'ita Society, Lawrence H. S.

Red Cross, '17

One of the best of O'itas.





Laura Frances Muir

Not catty if she is a Muir.

Theodore A. Johnstone

Webster, '18
Class Basket Ball, '16, '17, '18
Basket Ball Squad, '17, '18
"C" Man, Basket Ball, '18
State Champions, '17, '18

His name is Ted, not Theodore.

Trelah E. Mullins

Red Cross, '17
First Aid, '18
Art Club, '16, '17

Trelah is a belle, ah!

Wilma Irene Nater

Orchestra

*Tang goes the harpsichord; too-
too, the flute.*

Reuben Josephson

The successor of Vernon Castle.

Anna M. Newham

*A girl from Greenwood school, a
fine one, too.*





Christopher Henry Kahmann

Above the common herd.

Lucile Palls

Tri C
Bluebirds
Red Cross Corps
Senior Ballot: Belle Brummel

*Lucy, a maid whom there are all
to love, and quite a few to praise.*

William Ligget

A navy in the navy.

Merwin Longwell

Leader, 1st Platoon, Co. K
Champion Wall Scaling Squad
Kelvin Klub

*Any school is lucky if it can get
a Longwell.*

Archie Parks

A captivator of royalty.

Max M. Lorsch

President Shakespeares
Dramatic Club
High School Club
Debate, '17, '18; "C," '18
Luminary Staff, '18
Silver Medal, Inter-Society Contest,
Verse, '17

*Poets are like birds, the least
thing makes them sing.*





Frank R. Lucas

Shakespeare, '16
 Class Basket Ball, '15, '16, '17, '18
 Class Track, '15, '16, '17, '18
 Track Team, '15, '16, '17, '18
 Basket Ball Squad, '17

Has tried repeatedly to enlist.

Verna Ure Paxton

Choral Club, Holden H. S., '15
 Dramatic Club, Holden H. S., '15

She hails from Holden.

Wilbur McGinley

Class Track
 "C" Man, Track, '18
 Track, '14, '15, '16, '17, '18

Has a record of success on the track.

Samuel Mnookin

Nathan is his little brother.

Marie Pickard

Aristonlan
 President Orchestra, '17
 Red Cross Corps, '18
 First Aid, '18

Fiddle up, fiddle up, on your violin.

Ed. Nagel

Christmas Play, '15
 Class Track, '14
 Class Basket Ball, '17, '18
 Basket Ball Squad, '17, '18
 "C" Man, Basket Ball, '18
 Kelvin Klub

Helped carry Central to her fourth year of victory.





Kenneth Martin

S. L. H.
Christmas Play, '16, '17
Senior Play, '17
Dramatic Club

The official "Props" of Central.

Irene E. Petersen

S. L. H.
Red Cross Corps
Choral Club, '17

Every ounce an ounce of good nature.

Nathan Mnookin

Debate, '16
German Club
Shakespeare Club

Found in every nook and corner.

Lewis Ostrander

Christmas Play, '17
Dramatic Club
Class Day Cast
Senior Ballot; Worst Girl Fusser

Anything but history, for history must be false.

Marie Poynter

"The sex is ever to a soldier kind,"

Ellis E. Paul

Shakespeare, '16, '17

There is a pall in many a girl's thoughts.





Francis G. Pendergast

Webster Club
 Silver Medal, Essay, Inter-Society
 Contest, '18
 Class Basket Ball, '16, '17
 Track, '16
 High School Club, '18

*Not found where the ruler Shan-
 non goes.*

Dorothy E. Ragan

So-Square, '17
 Red Cross, '17
 First Aid, '18

*Don't worry, that soldier picture
 is only her brother.*

George E. Plank

Dramatic Club, '18
 President S. L. H.

A plank in the Central success.

Lutzie H. Poltera

He of the Greek profile.

Marjorie G. Rauss

A beautiful diamond in the sky.

William Rabin

*Mother calls him William, we
 call him anything.*





Dana Wilfred Rams

Class Basket Ball, '15, '16, '17

He dances lightly on the ladies' feet.

Elta May Reinsch

High School Club, '17
Choral Club, '17, '18
Red Cross, '18

An earnest devotee of Clara Barton's.

Virgil Ewan Reames

Battalion Adjutant, '18
Second Lieutenant, '17
President Glee Club
Christmas Play, '16
Parthenon Club

You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Ruth Mary Rhoades

Red Cross, '18

Her intellect is the Colossus of Rhoades.

Howard S. Reasor

Silence is more eloquent than words.

Ester Ricketts

Ricketts are appreciated where there are rackets.





Lillian Chambers

French Club, '16, '17, '18
So Square Society, '17, '18

Airy, fairy Lillian.

Roland H. Record

Senior Ballot: Beau Brummel

A record of broken hearts.

Frances I. Rooney

Rooney but by no means looney.

Joe Reule

National War Game, Chicago, '17
Leader of Company I, '18
First Lieutenant, Company B, '17

*Who says we didn't train our
Joe to be a soldier boy.*

Augusta Rosenberg

Red Cross, '18

Senior Ballot: Worst Girl Grind

The honors of genius are eternal.

Eugene Reynolds

Reynold's a fox.





W. Edward Rider

Glee Club
Soloist, Spring Music Festival, '18.

Music is the food of love.

Helen May Rosenberg

French Club
Bluebirds
Basket Ball Team, '15
Track Team, '15
Choral Club, '15

*Is fine on "runs," in music and
on the track.*

Martin Rogell

I love tranquil solitude.

Leo W. Ryan

Hail blooming youth.

Freda Roulston

*She obtained a habit of coming
on time to Mr. Smith's room.*

Harold Scott

Track, '16
Kelvin Klub, '16, '17
Art Club, '16, '17
Glee Club
Dramatic Club
Spring Music Festival

*How irksome is this music to my
heart.*





Sadie Rubin

Debate Team, '18
 President German Club, '18
 Dramatic Club
 Red Cross Corps

Genius can never despise labor.

Eugene Seiter

Do sergeants have to carry a gun?

June Sanford

Choral Club
 Co Square, '17
 Red Cross

What is so rare as a day with June?

Alma M. Schickhardt

Red Cross
 Art Club, '17
 German Club, '16, '17

Has a mighty brain and runs it herself.

Leslie M. Sherman

Shakespeare, '16
 Kelvin Klub, '16, '17
 Platoon Leader, Cadets, '17, '18

Following in the footsteps of General Sherman.

Anna Amelia Schneider

President Shakespeares
 President Bluebirds
 Class Basket Ball, '16, '18
 Track, '15
 H. S. C., '15, '16, '17

To meet her is to become a captive to her charms.





Ilo Silcott

Choral Club

Modest and reserved, but behind those soft eyes is a world of knowledge.

Wilbur Sherman

President Kelvin Klub, '18
Leader Third Platoon, Company I,
'18

Unlike Sherman he marched for the "C."

Thelma Shouse

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and her paths are paths of peace.

Manuel M. Shure

Sure enough, its Manual;

Edna Smith

Red Cross, '17
First Aid, '18
Bluebirds, '16

Another of Central's Smiths. Possibly she may change her last name.

William M. Shirk

Webster Club
Luminary Staff
Junior Sergeant-at-Arms
Dramatic Club
Glee Club, '16, '17
High School Club
Senior Ballot: Worst Boy Grafter

The ladies call him sweet.





Lelia A. Smith

*An uncommon girl in spite of
her name.*

Ray G. Siemon

Glee Club, '17, '18
High School Club

*On with the dance! Let joy be
unconfined.*

Ruth E. Strode

Aristonians
Art Club
Bluebirds, '16, '17
Red Cross
First Aid
French Club, '16, '17

*Her heart's in the navy,
Her heart is not here.*

Margaret E. Stubbs

Cooking Club
Red Cross

*Has a smile and pleasant word
ever ready.*

Harry S. Slaymaker

Shakespeare, '15, '16, '17
Art Club
High School Club
Inter-Class Track, '15, '16, '17
Inter-Class Basket Ball, '16, '17, '18
Basket Ball Squad, '17
Track Team, '15, '16, '17, '18

*Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry
look.*

Ruth Stutsman

Minerva
Cooking Club

One of the Leeds flowers.





Eugene C. Smith

Track Squad, '18

He has eaten me out of house and home.

Ruth Sumner

President Aristonians
Debate Team, '18
Track Team, '16, '17
Bluebirds, '16
Third Prize Luminary Story Contest, '18
Pageant Cast, Golden Jubilee, '17

Action is eloquence.

Grafton Smith

S. L. H.

No politician can ever pull a graft on Smith.

Velma M. Talmadge

Choral Club
Spring Music Festival
S. L. H., '15, '16
Class Day Cast

Hark, hark, the lark.

Harold E. Soden

Shakespeare Club, '16
S. L. H., '18
Class Track, '15, '16, '17, '18
Class Basket Ball, '16, '17, '18
"C" Man, Basket Ball
Basket Ball Squad, '16, '17, '18
Track Team, '18
State Champions, Basket Ball, '18

"Worthy fellow and likely to prove a most sinewy swordsman."

Lillian Kendrick R. Taylor

Minerva
French Club
President Art Club

The lily of the (Missouri) valley.





Panline Ten Eyck

Has an everlasting amount of energy.

Virgil F. Soden

My voice is still for war.

Margaret Thompson

Red Cross
Bluebirds

It will be a lucky soldier to be shot where she is a nurse.

Sadie Tonopolsky

Her name is an example of onomatopoeia.

Robert K. Stewart

Orchestra

Musical as the holes of a flute without the flute.

Herberta F. Towner

Circle Français, '17
German Club

French and German? Ye Gods.





Leon W. Tate

Class Track, '18
"C" Man, Track, '18
Orchestra, '18

*One leg, as if suspicious of his
brother,
Desirous seems to run away from
t'other.*

Laura E. Treadwell

Aristonian
French Club
Classics Club

*Would make an excellent athlete.
She really does tread well.*

Leonard H. Taylor

Shakespeare Club, '15
Class Track, '16, '17
Class Basket Ball, '18
Tennis, '17, '18

Does not gamble, just gambols.

Muriel Frances Turner

Choral Club

Attention of boys can't turn her.

Louis Russell Trembly

Class Basket Ball, '18

*A good advertisement for half
hose.*

Amie-Louise Tyler

Red Cross, '17
First Aid
Bluebirds, '16, '17
Basket Ball Team, '18
Class Track

*Amie's career is one of arnica
and athletics.*





Irene Vallentine

Red Cross Corps, '18
 First Aid, '18
 Parthenon Club, '16
 Bluebirds, '16, '17

The better half of "B."

Frederick D. Urfer

Kelvin Klub, '16, '17

Zealous, yet modest.

Phyllis R. Waterman

Gold Medal in Story, '18
 President A. L. S.
 President Bluebirds
 Winner of "A" for Girls' Athletics
 Interscholastic Tennis "C"
 Class Basket Ball
 Class Track, '15, '16, '17
 Red Cross
 First Aid
 Senior Ballot: Best Girl Athlete

Demonstrates that women are not necessarily incapable of athletics.

Albert Wall

This wall is not bored.

Beatrice Wayne

Dramatic Club, '18
 Parthenon Club, '16

The better half of Irene.

Franklin H. Wakefield

S. L. H.
 Kelvin Klub, '17
 Glee Club, '18
 Music Festival, '18
 Class Track, '15, '16, '17, '18
 Track Squad, '15, '16, '17, '18

*Soprano, basso, even the contralto,
 Wished him five fathoms under
 the Rialto.*





Clifford Glenn Wall

Chubby as a cherub.

Jeanette Wilhite

*Another one of that keen bunch
of keen girls.*

Arthur Wallace

Art is power.

Russell Lowell Wells

Well, Well, Well.

Esther Winnifred Wing

Choral Club
Bluebirds
President Red Cross, '17
First Aid
Class Basket Ball
Company Commander Red Cross
Corps

One wing rules a whole army.

Bennet Witt

*Wit is like love—the softest is
the best.*





Elsa Winslow

She wanders amidst the clouds.

George Reed Wood

A chip off the old block.

Mary Zieger

Smiling like a star on the darkest night.

Meyer Aaron Ziman

Glee Club, '17
Dramatic Club, '16

I do but sing because I must.

Virginia Elizabeth Zweifel

Tri C's
C. S. C., '15, '16
Red Cross, '18

Keep the candles burning, Virginia.

Magnus B. Loewenthal

Shakespeare Club
High School Club
Track, '17, '18
Class Basket Ball, '18

Magnus est magnus.





Crawford Haley

Haley and hearty.

Leone Frances Rapp

Society of Literature and History
Bluebirds
Senior Basket Ball
Gold Medal, Poem, '18
Red Cross

The Rapp that struck the Websters.

Lee Edward Gore

Class Track, '15, '16
Class Basket Ball, '17, '18
Glee Club, '17, '18
Captain Wall-Sealing Squad, '18

I dare do all that may become a man.

Arthur B. Tobias

Magnificent spectacle of human happiness.

Henry Long

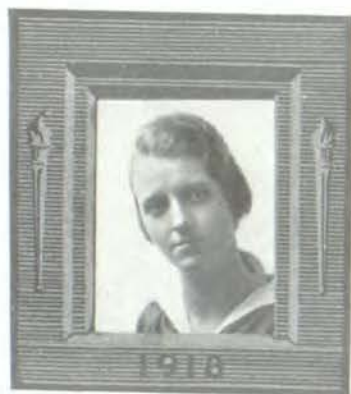
Glee Club, '18
Inter-Class Track, '15, '16

We would like to keep Henry longer.

Arlo B. Corpeny

Not the A. B. C. Moving Co.





Lourena M. Brown

Choral Club, '17, '18
Spring Festival, '18
Class Basket Ball, '18
Red Cross Corps, '18

Ain't she sweet?

Kid Day

After having behaved half the year with the dignity which is associated with the name of Senior, the class of 1918, led by a few of the impatient lights, decided to put on a tramp day. Accordingly numbers of them came dressed in their best "oldest"; and hobo day, on account of numbers who did not participate, was a "bum" show. Those who came dressed extremely were cheerfully "requested" by Prof. H. H. Holmes to go home and change their attire. Seeing that the Senior class desired to institute a stunt, Mr. Holmes cooperated, and, as a consequence we had kid day. Infants came to the Senior classes, and everything was lovely until Elsie Taylor went too fast on her kiddie coaster and fell precipitately. Also Louis Ostrander and Russ Trembly had trouble in making their ha'-hose stay around their scrawny bones. Conductors on the Thirty-first and Indiana car lines were early running out of half fare tickets. This performance, by the most dignified and impressive body of Central—the Seniors,—proves that if we go back far enough that even we can act as if we were young, and a new stunt has been inaugurated that will take the place of the "shirt tail parade" of last year which did not add to Central's glory.



Senior Kid Day Snap Shots

Junior Officers



President
DAVID RHEA

Vice-President
JAMES BURKE

Secretary
MAXINE SELSOR

Treasurer
ARTHUR BROWNING

Sergeant-at-Arms
LINSEY BUSCH

Gift Receiver
ELIZABETH HANDLEY



SOCIETIES



Reeves



The Society of Literature and History

ORGANIZED FEBRUARY, 1892.

Flower: Purple Hyacinth

Colors: Purple and White

Motto: "Vestigia nulla retrahunt"

ADVISER: MR. HANN

CHAPERONE: MISS SELLON

Officers

	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM	FOURTH TERM
President	Alfred Egan	Emily Greene	George Planck	Frank Boling
Vice-President	Gertrude Kessel	Mary Hopkins	Harold Baum	Irene Peterson
Secretary	Martha McLendon	Frank Boling	Irene Peterson	Kenneth Martin
Treasurer	Harold Baum	Harold Baum	Frank Wakefield	Frank Wakefield
S. L. H.	George Planck	Harold Soden	Frank Boling	Helen Delap
Critic	Martha Allen	Alfred Egan	Emily Greene	George Planck
Sergeant-at-Arms	Leslie McWhirter	Raymond Masters	Robert Chapline	Richard Slater

Members

1918

Elizabeth Alexander	Helen Delap	Leona Rapp
Martha Allen	Alfred Egan	Irene Peterson
Harold Baum	Walter Foster	Ella Kingdon
Frank Boling	Emily Greene	Frank Wakefield
Doris Connor	Mary Hopkins	George Planck
	Kenneth Martin	

1919

Bernadine Bettelheim	Paul Haussman	Martha McLendon
Robert Chapline	Richard Slater	William Rhea
Lois McCoin	Ray Masters	Maxine Selsor
	Leslie McWhirter	

1920

Ralph Delap	Bernice Lynn	Frances Ragland
Laura Frances Cottingham	Marjorie Lynn	Frances Records
Kenneth Gardner	Aileen McCleary	Harry Volrath
	Mildred Odell	



The Society of Literature and History

First Row—(Top): Chapline, Gardner, Wakefield, Haussman, Rhea, Masters, Foster, Egan, Volrath, Planck, Delap.
Second Row: McLendon, McCleary, Odell, M. Lynn, Records, Cottingham, B. Lynn, Ragland, McCoin, Rapp, Alexander, Allen, Kingdon, Selsor.
Third Row: Connor, McWhirter, Bettelheim, Mr. Hann, Miss Sellon, Boling, Green, Martin, Peterson, Slater, Delap.



The Aristonian Literary Society

ORGANIZED OCTOBER, 1901.

Motto: "Non quis sed quid"

Colors: Purple and Lavender

Flower: Violet

ADVISER: MISS ELSTON

Officers

	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM
President	Elsie Taylor	Phyllis Waterman	Ruth Sumner
Vice-President	Kathryn Turner	Ruth Englund	Ruth Englund
Secretary	Ruth Sumner	Marie Pickard	Florence Gidinghagen
Treasurer	Lena Hoyle	Florence Gidinghagen	Ruth Strode
Phoebia	Ruth Strode	Elsie Taylor	Elizabeth Handley
Critic	Phyllis Waterman	Catherine Callahan	Kathryn Turner
Sergeant-at-Arms	Hazel Waggener		Margaret Manley

Members

1918

Ruth Englund	Ruth Strode	Elsie Taylor
Florence Gidinghagen	Ruth Sumner	Kathryn Turner
Lena Hoyle		Laura Treadwell
Marie Pickard		Phyllis Waterman

1919

Dorothy Bass	Margaret Manley	Margaret Stine
Allis Haren	Cora Mendenhall	Veta Stockdale
Catherine Callahan	Grace O'Brien	Katherine Tann
Madeline Emmert	Harriet Perrin	Hazel Waggener
Elizabeth Handley		Dorothy Washburn

1920

Marcella Alsdorf	Ruth Gwinn	Beulah Lang
Helen Bozier	Helen Janes	Louise Saltmarsh
Dorothy Ewing	Bertha Johnstone	
	Grace Kelley	



The Aristonian Literary Society

First Row—(Top): Lang, K. Tann, Haren, Callahan, Gwinn, A. Tann, Kelley, Boshier, Treadwell, Johnstone, Janes.
Second Row: Sheaff, Ewing, O'Brien, Saltmarsh, Mendenhall, Miss, Elston, Handley, Bass, Perrin, Alsdorf, Snyder.
Third Row: Strode, Emmert, Englund, Pickard, Gidinghagen, Sumner, Turner, Taylor, Stockdale, Hoyle, Waterman, Manley, Washburn.



The Central Webster Club

ORGANIZED NOVEMBER, 1901.

Motto: "In vestigijs maximorum"

Colors: Red and White

Flower: Carnation

ADVISERS: MR. J. L. LAUGHLIN AND MISS MORGAN

Officers

	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM	FOURTH TERM
President	Harlie Smith	Milton Converse	Robert Abernethy	John Dickinson
Vice-President	Milton Converse	Robert Abernethy	Allmon Fordyce	William Shirk
Secretary	William Shirk	John Dickinson	Francis Pendergast	Carl Balliett
Treasurer	John Dickinson	Francis Pendergast	David Rhea	David Rhea
Sergeant-at-Arms	Raymond Houston	Harry Murphy	Carl Balliett	Raymond Houston
Critic	Robert Abernethy	Allmon Fordyce	Harlie Smith	Robert Abernethy

Members

1918

Robert Abernethy
Carl Balliett
Milton Converse

Francis Pendergast
John Dickinson
Allmon Fordyce

Raymond Houston
Harlie Smith
William Shirk

1919

Ellis Atteberry
John Bacon
Lindsay Bush

Joseph Dworkovitz
Gustav Eyssel
LeRoy Goodman
Howard Nichols

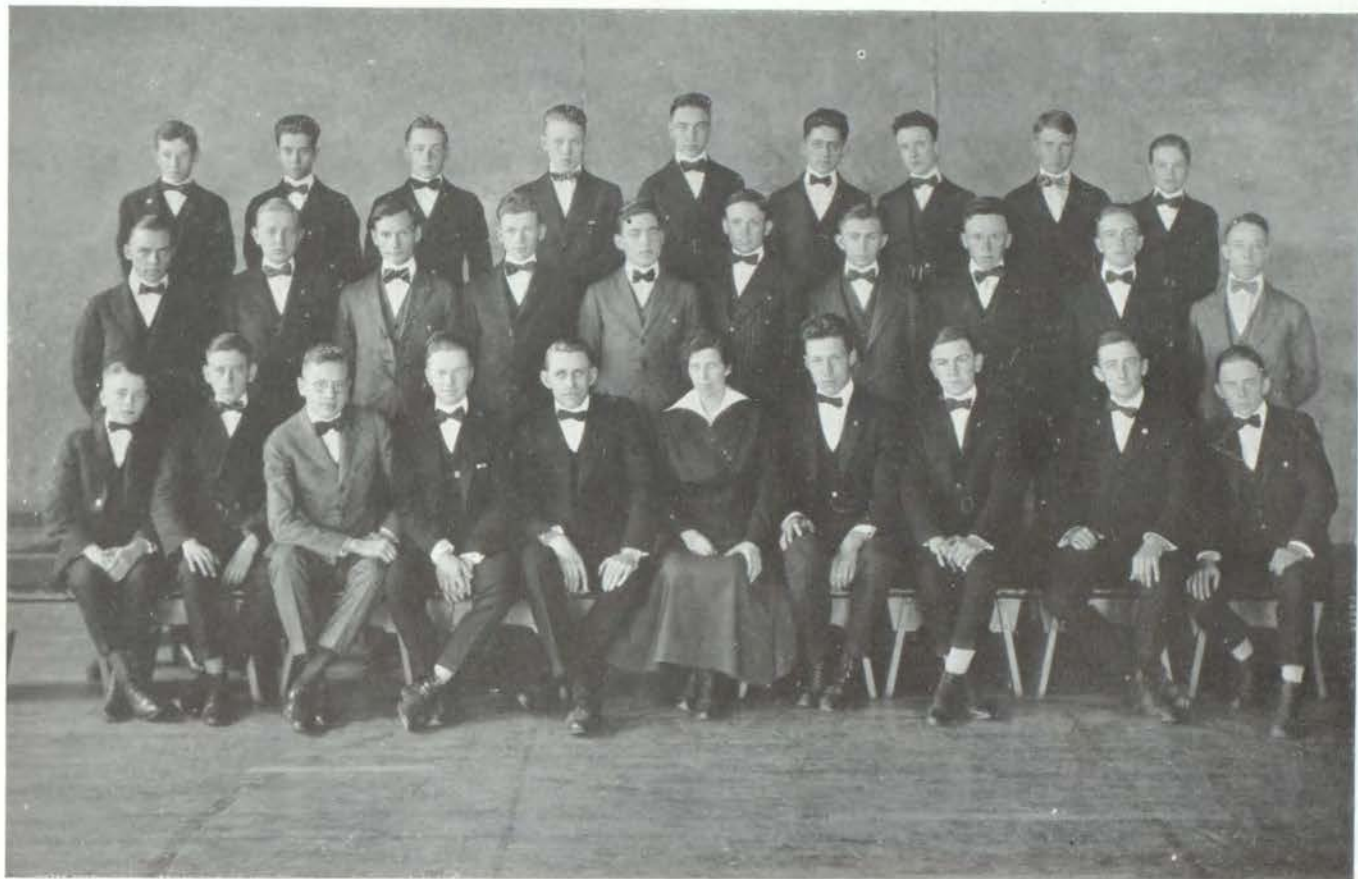
Harry Murphy
Victor Peters
Herbert Thurmond

1920

Harold Backstrom
Arnold Brannock
Harry Clarke

Lawrence Green
Paul Diggle

Merrill Dubach
Edward English
William Lott



The Central Webster Club

First Row—(Top): Nichols, Houston, English, Eyssel, Pendergast, Goodman, Murphy, Brannock, Diggle.
Second Row: Ballett, Backstrom, Clarke, Dubach, Fordyce, Dworkovitz, Green, Lott, Bush.
Third Row: Atteberry, Shirk, Abernethy, Smith, Mr Laughlin, Miss Morgan, Dickinson, Converse, Rhea, Bacon.



The Central Shakespeare Club

ORGANIZED NOVEMBER, 1904.

Motto: "Learn of the wise and perpend"

Colors: Black and Gold

Flower: Yellow Rose

ADVISER: MISS HUMPHREY

Officers

	FIRST SEMI-TERM	SECOND SEMI-TERM	THIRD SEMI-TERM	FOURTH SEMI-TERM
President	Edna Chitwood	Anna Schneider	Clarence Carlson	Clarence Carlson
Vice-President	Enna Schneider	Clarence Carlson	Florence Aughe	Ruth Moore
Secretary	Florence Aughe	Alice Millard	Magnus Lowenthal	Magnus Lowenthal
Treasurer	Max Lorsch	Max Lorsch	Theodore Bornstein	Theodore Bornstein
Didaskalos	Ruth Moore	Ruth Moore	Alice Millard	Gladys Sundahl
Critic	Alice Millard	Helen Cooper	Ruth Moore	Jeanette Dorsey
Sergeant-at-Arms	Clarence Carlson	Searcy Henson	Lester Pennington	Benton Lee

Members

1918

Theodore Bornstein	Jeanette Dorsey	Alice Millard
Clarence Carlson	Magnus Lowenthal	Ruth Moore
Edna Chitwood	Max Lorsch	Anna Schneider

1919

Florence Aughe	Leeta Holiday	Helen Lucas
Helen Cooper	Helen Tracy	Helen Mengel
Esther Ellen Fuller	Alice Hurd	Lester Pennington
Ernest Hall	Dorothea Langer	Gladys Sundahl
Virginia Dooley		Mildred Wilkins

1920

Marian De Fries	Searcy Henson	Hans Lorsch
Edward De Stigner	Benton Lee	Norine Stewart
Virginia Dunne		Beth Wagner



The Central Shakespeare Club

First Row—(Top): Dooley, Dunn, Hall, Wagner, Lorsch, Lucas, Henson, Fuller, H. Lorsch.
Second Row: Hurd, Chitwood, Wilking, Mengel, Tracy, Miss Humphrey, Millard, Holiday, Aughe, Cooper, Langer.
Third Row: Defries, Lowenthal, Dorsey, Lee, Sundahl, Carlson, Moore, Bornstein, Schneider.



The Minerva Literary Society

ORGANIZED SEPTEMBER, 1906.

Motto: "We must work if we would win"

Colors: Green and White

Flower: White Rose

ADVISER: MISS MASSEY

Officers

	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM	FOURTH TERM
President	Almeda Baldwin	Jean Grissom	Jean Grissom	Anna Ginsberg
Vice-President	Grace Brown	Frances Wells	Loree Bancroft	Helen Stephens
Secretary	Lilah Perryman	Loree Bancroft	Helen Stephens	Junietta Hall
Treasurer	Helen Stephens	Martha Stephens	Lilah Perryman	Edith Gardner
Pedagogue	Jean Grissom	Anna Ginsberg	Grace Brown	Lillian Taylor
Sergeant-at-Arms	Junietta Hall	Henrietta Steventon	Helen Zaman	Frances Fling
Critic	Frances Fling	Grace Brown	Anna-Ginsberg	Loree Bancroft

Members

1918		
Grace Brown	Anna Drayer	Junietta Hall
Ellen Coyne	Anna Ginsberg	Lillian Taylor
1919		
Loree Bancroft	Jean Grissom	Mildred Mott
Hazel Brink	Edith Gardner	Lilah Perryman
Bertha Brooks	Allene Haynes	Helen Stephens
Blanche Battershill	Mae McJilton	Miriam Tregemba
Frances Fling		Helen Zaman
1920		
Gladys Blackwell	Colleen Howarth	Edna Greenwich
Louise Doxey		Ruth Weadfall



The Minerva Literary Society

First Row—(Top): Haynes, Brink, Zaman, Blackwell, Winn, Drave, Tregemba.

Second Row: Mott, Hall, Fling, Dovey, Brown, Hawarth, Grone wig.

Third Row: Bancroft, Taylor, Coyne, Gardner, Miss Massey, Ginsberg, Stephens, McJilton, Perryman.



The Kelvin Klub

ORGANIZED MARCH, 1905.

ADVISER: MR. HAYES

Officers

FIRST TERM

SECOND TERM

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Instructor
Sergeant-at-Arms
Publicity Manager

Wilbur Sherman
James Austin
Robert Smith
Fay Scott
Edward Brown
Wellington Peters

Edward Brown
James Austin
Fay Scott
Wellington Peters
Robert Smith
Charles Maynard
William Rhea

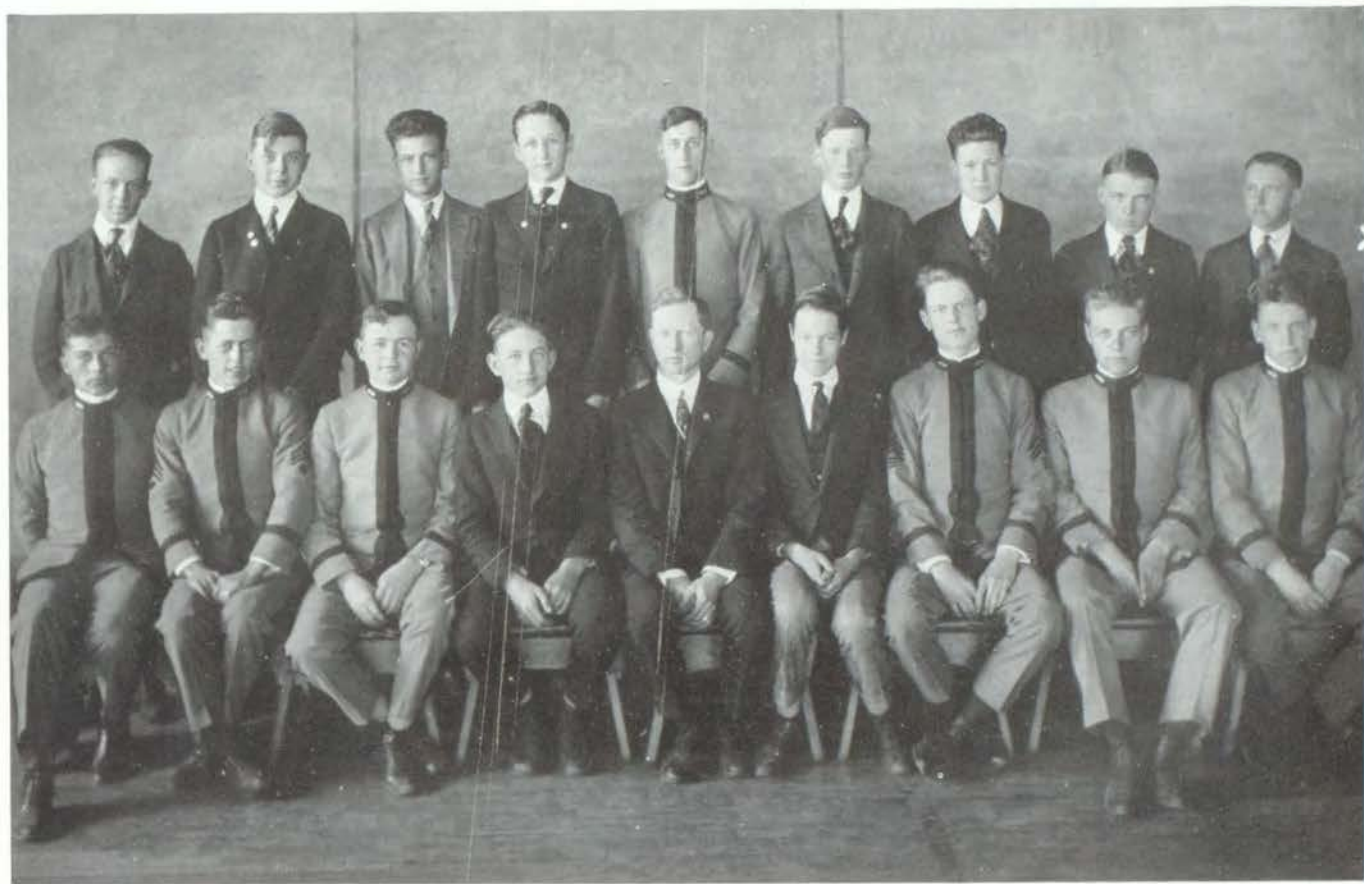
Members

1918

James Austin
Robert Anschutz
Edward Brown
Harold Cosby
Francis Haustermann
Winning Hill
Merwin Longwell
Wilbur Sherman

1919

Ralph Appleby
Charles Maynard
Frank Nivens
Fay Scott
Wellington Peters
William Rhea
Robert Smith
Kenneth Wallace



The Kelvin Club

First Row—(Top): Smith, Cosby, Appleby, Rhea, Hosterman, Austin, Anschutz, Scott, Gerad.
Second Row: Longwell, Sherman, Hill, Nivens, Mr. Hayes, Peters, Brown, Maynard, Wallace.



Der Deutsche Verein

ORGANIZED NOVEMBER, 1903.

Motto: "Was gelten soll, muss wirken und muss dienen."
Colors: Black, Red and White.

Officers

Praesidentin	Esther Hallauer
Vize Praesidentin	Else Ortmann
Schriftfuhrer	Robert Krummel
Strafmeisterin	Helen Cooper
Turstehar	Joe Block
Kritikerin	Anna Ginsberg
Leiterin	Miss von Unwerth

Members

Fannie Ashell	Esther Hallauer	Herberta Towner
Helen Bernhard	Elizabeth Heidelberger	Ruth Thompson
Helen Cooper	Louise McLouth	Katherine Trinastich
Ruth Everts	Helen Mengel	Bernice Waxmann
Anna Ginsberg	Else Ortmann	Frederick Brunn
Eleanor Griessel	Ruth Platz	Robert Krummel
Edna Groneweg		Joe Block



The German Club

First Row—(Top): Cooper, Ginsberg, Mengel, Towner, Block, Krummel, Brunn, Bernard, Hallquer, Everts, Ortman.
Second Row: Waxman, Thompson, Trinastich, Miss VonUnwerth, Heidelberger, Grumich, Platz, McLouth, Ashel.



The Central Dramatic Club

ORGANIZED OCTOBER, 1915.

Colors: Red and Tan

ADVISER: MISS EPTON

Officers

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant-at-Arms

David Rhea
Kenneth Martin
Bertha Johnstone
Donald Thompson
Alice Tann

Members

1918

Elizabeth Alexander
Frank Boling
Milton Converse
Maud Dougherty
Max Lorsch
Hans Lorsch
Lewis Ostrander
Kenneth Martin
Ruth Scott

1919

David Rhea
Donald Thompson
Lilah Perryman
Leta Holiday
Elaine Hoffman
Mildred Mott

1920

Bertha Johnstone
Alice Tann
Grace Kelley
Harry Volrath
Marian De Fries
Hans Lorsch
Bernice Lynn



The Central Dramatic Club

First Row—(Top): Boling, Martin, Ostrander, Wiegan, Volrath.

Second Row: Hoffman, Perryman, Coyne, Wayne, Millard, Mott, Defries, Johnstone, Scott, Doherty.

Third Row: Smith, Alexander, Thompson, Tann, Rhea, Miss Epton, Planck, Kelley, M. Lorsch, Holiday, H. Lorsch.



The Central Bluebird Association

ORGANIZED, 1916.

Motto: "Health and happiness"

Emblem: Bluebird

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR: MISS ALICE L. SCOTT

Officers

	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM
President	Marguerite Lowe	Anna Schneider	Hannah Brunner
Vice-President	Ruth Anderson	Ruth Anderson	Agnes Goetz
Secretary	Helen Tracy	Martha McLendon	Nellie Higgins
Treasurer	Martha McLendon	Esther Wing	Martha McLendon
Sergeant-at-Arms	Gladys Blair	Agnes Goetz	Gertrude Freyman
Critic		Nellie Higgins	Anna Schneider
Cheer Leader		Gladys Blair	Gladys Blair

Members

1918

Florence Jeffrey	Anna Schneider	Amy Tyler
Marguerite Lowe	Margaret Thompson	Esther Wing
Leone Rapp	Hazel Truitt	Phyllis Waterman

1919

Gladys Blair	Agnes Goetz	Helen Mengel
Hannah Brunner	Nellie Higgins	Josephine Murphy
Nellie Dorsey	Phyllis Klene	Helen Pentz
Eugenia Fairchild	Martha McLendon	Helen Stephens
Gertrude Freyman	Louise Mecks	Helen Tracy

1920

Frances Benedict	Josephine Duvall	Mary Ellen Madison
Lillian Benson	Laura Freyman	Laura Preston
Myra Chandler	Florence Granick	Martha Tiffany
Laura Frances Cottingham		Maurine Lyon



The Central Bluebird Association

First Row—(Top): Cottingham, Lyon, Fayman, Preston, Blair, Benedict, Madison, Meckes, Truitt, Pentz, Jeffries, Stephens, Klene.
Second Row: Grumich, Murphy, Duvall, Schneider, Fairchild, Brunner, Miss Scott, Waterman, Higgins, Tiffany, Thompson, Wing, Frayman.
Third Row: Chandler, Rapp, Benson, Tracy, Mengel, McLendon, Tyler, Goetz, Lowe.



The Central Art Club

ORGANIZED DECEMBER, 1915.

Motto: "Vita sine arte est mors"

Colors: Gray and Rose

Flower: Pink Carnation

ADVISERS: MISS HENRY AND MISS MILLER

Officers

	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM
President	Lillian Taylor	Dorothy Bass	Hariette Perrin
Vice-President	Dorothy Bass	Louise Saltmarsh	Margaret Stine
Secretary	Hariette Perrin	Helen Janes	Louise Saltmarsh
Treasurer	Isadore Inzerillo	William Cunningham	Develle Thatcher
Sergeant-at-Arms	Develle Thatcher	Margaret Stine	Ruth Strode
Scribe	Trella Mullins	Gertrude Freyman	Edward de Stigner
Critic	Ruth Strode	Lillian Taylor	Dorothy Bass

Members

1918

Lucille Dickson	Vivian Reule	Harry Slaymaker
Helen Kelley	Ruth Strode	Lillian Taylor

1919

Dorothy Bass	Richard Koos	Margaret Stine
William Cunningham	Margaret Manley	Isadore Inzerillo
Gertrude Freyman	Harriette Perrin	Develle Thatcher
Crescent Hayes	Florence Price	Ambie Moseley

1920

Leone Brayman	Helen Janes	Louis Reeves
Frank Barlow	Beulah Lang	Louise Saltmarsh
Ruth Gwinn	Elizabeth Norris	Edward de Stigner
Josephine Hall		



The Central Art Club

First Row—(Top): Mosely, Freyman, Hall, Kelley, Janes, Bass, Dixon, Strode.

Second Row: Price, Thatcher, Perrin, S'aymaker, Saltmarsh, Cunningham, Manley, Reeves, Taylor, Barlow.



The Central Cooking Club

ORGANIZED OCTOBER, 1915.

Motto: "For nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good"

Colors: Gold and White

ADVISER: MISS ELIZABETH KRAMER

Officers

President	Hester Collins
Vice-President	Anna Draver
Secretary	Helen Kremer
Treasurer	Matilda Donaldson
Sergeant-at-Arms	Ruth Stutsman
Critic	Bernadine Bettelheim

Members

1918

Helen Bolt	Helen Hubbell	Ruth Stutsman
Hester Collins	Margaret Stubbs	Veta Stockdale
Anna Draver	Helen Kremer	Matilda Donaldson
	Eleanor Glenn	

1919

Bernadine Bettelheim	Florence Chadderton	Jonnabelle Hunt
Marian Curry	Josephine Duvall	Julia Jones
Mildred Chaffee	Edith Hayes	Virginia Sells
Mary Collins	Naomi Hollenbeck	Dorothy Wing

1920

Georgia Stubbs	Esther Lechtman
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The Central Cooking Club

First Row—(Top): Stockdale, Jones, Lippman, Chaffee, M. Stubbs, G. Stubbs, Holendeck, Bolt, Lang, Hubbel, Glenn.
Second Row: Chatterdon, Sells, Stutsman, Bettelheim, Draver, H. Collins, Miss Kramer, Kremer, Donaldson, Hunt, Duvall, Lechtman, M. Collins.



The Central Civitas Classica

RE-ORGANIZED JANUARY, 1916.

Motto: "Arae long, vita brevis"

Colors: Gold and Black

SECATOR: MISS MORGAN

Magistratus

Consul Major	Catherine Callahan
Consul Minor	Dorothy Washburn
Pontifex Maximus	Alis Haren
Censor	Elsie Taylor
Scriba	Edward English
Quaestor	Merrill Dubach
	{ Robert Abernethy
	{ Margaret Manley
	{ Ellis Atteberry
	{ Arnold Brannock
Lictores	

Members

Ellis Atteberry, '19
Dorothy Bass, '19
Alberta Bohem, '20
Helen Bosier, '20
Calvin Boxley
Arnold Brannock, '20
Leone Brayman, '20
Cornelia Brubaker, '19
Catherine Callahan, '19
Robert Chapline, '19

F. Milton Converse, '18
Merrill Dubach, '20
Virginia Dunne, '20
Mandeline Emmert, '19
Edward English, '20
Dorothy Ewing '20
Ethel Godwin
Henry Graham, '20
Ruth Guinn, '20
Josephine Hall, '20
Allis Haren, '19

Allen Hills
Isabelle Hood, '20
Beulah Lang, '20
Margaret Manley, '19
Leslie McWhirter, '19
Howard Nichols, '19
Lester Pennington
Harriette Perrin, '19
Louis Reeves, '20
Virginia Sheaff, '20
Ruth Thrasher

Herbert Thurmond, '19
Laura Treadwell, '18
Harry Voirath, '20
Dorothy Washburn, '19
Mildred Wilkins
Elsie Taylor, '18
Ruth England, '18
Frances Keith, '20
Bertha Johnstone, '20
Miss Morgan



The Central Classics Club

First Row—(Top): Nichols, Gidinghagen, Thurmond, Lang Brannock, Sheaf, Reeves, Boiser, Vo'rath, Thrasher, Converse, Graham.
Second Row: Lyons, Hills, Dunn, Hall, Englund, Perrin, Bass, Taylor, Brayman, Bohem, Hood, Dubach, Godwin.
Third Row: Emmert, Atteberry, Ewing, English, Callaban, Haren, Miss Morgan, Washburn, Manley, Chapline, Gwin, McWhirter, Johnstone.



The Orchestra

Director: Miss Whitney

Members

Piano

Bertha Waggener

Second Violin

Marie Carpenter, '20
Mildred Gorsuch, '20
Fay McFarland, '18

Cornet

Carl Trowbridge, '19

Flute

Wilma Nater, '18

First Violin

Paul Hausman, '19
Joseph Dworkovitz, '19
Homer Inman, '19
Miriam Trigemba, '19
Florence Gidinghagen, '18
Marie Pickard, '18
Mary Louise Hughes, '19

Saxophone

Leslie McWhirter

Drums

Gardner Reames, '19



The Orchestra

First Row—(Top): Inman, Dworkovitz, Nater, Gidinghagen, Trowbridge, Reames.
Second Row: Hughes, McWhirter, Miss Whitney, Hausmann, Pickard.



The Central Choral Club

ORGANIZED MARCH, 1910.

COLORS: Navy Blue and Gold

FLOWER: Wild Rose

DIRECTOR: MISS WHITNEY

Officers

President	Helen Pentz
Vice-President	Kathryn Tann
Secretary-Treasurer	Virginia Zweifel
Business Manager	Velma Talmadge
Sergeant-at-Arms	Edith Gardner

Members

1918

Helen Burchett	Ruth Englund	Mary McGee	Esther Wing
Doris Connor	Helen Hubbell	June Sandford	Virginia Zweifel
Muriel Turner	Florence Jeffry	Velma Talmadge	Lorena Brown
Rita Mohrle	Helen Kniseley	Letha Metz	Kathryn Tann
Helen Bolt	Helen Kremer	Elta Reinsch	Ilo Silcott

1919

Loree Bancroft	Edith Gardner	Beulah O'Donnell	Edna Groneweg
Pearl Cutler	Thelma Gilray	Myrl Brown	Hazel Truitt
Kathryne Sackman	Jean Grissom	Eugena Fairchild	Margaret Tucker
Helen Pentz	Eunice Miller	Mildred Gorsuch	Ruth Thrasher
Helen Culp			

1920

Josephine Hall	Catherine Rawlings	Ethel Hutcheson	Nellie Saighman
Frances Benedict	Ruth Scott	Alice Kelley	Eunice Sheriff
Ruth Brown	Willie Louise Smith	Helen Lang	Alline Stosberg
Viola Flannery	Jesse June Tarot	Patricia McCleary	Helen Gilwee
Beatrice Fultz	Helen Hutcheson	Mildred Mott	Alice Tann
Mary McGrury			



The Central Choral Club

First Row—(Top): Mohrle, Truitt, McGee, Grunaweg, Thurston, Fairchild, Brown, Cutler, Reinch, Gorsuch, Rawlings, Tucker, Wing, Lang.
Second Row: Burchett, Benedict, Smith, Hubbell, Mott, Brown, McGrury, Hall, Jeffries, McCleary, Knisely, Turner, Hutchinson, Scott, Flannery, Kremer, Bolt.
Third Row: Bancroft, Sheriff, Thrasher, Stosberg, A. Tann, Gardner, Miss Whitney, Talmadge, Zweifel, K. Tann, Fultz, Brown, Englund, Tarbet.



The Central Glee Club

ORGANIZED NOVEMBER, 1898.

ADVISER: MR. HANN

DIRECTOR: MISS WHITNEY

Officers

President	Virgil Reames
Vice-President	Richard Dodds
Secretary	William Cunningham
Treasurer	Henry Long
Sergeant-at-Arms	Arthur Fultz
Business Manager	Raymond Siemon

Members

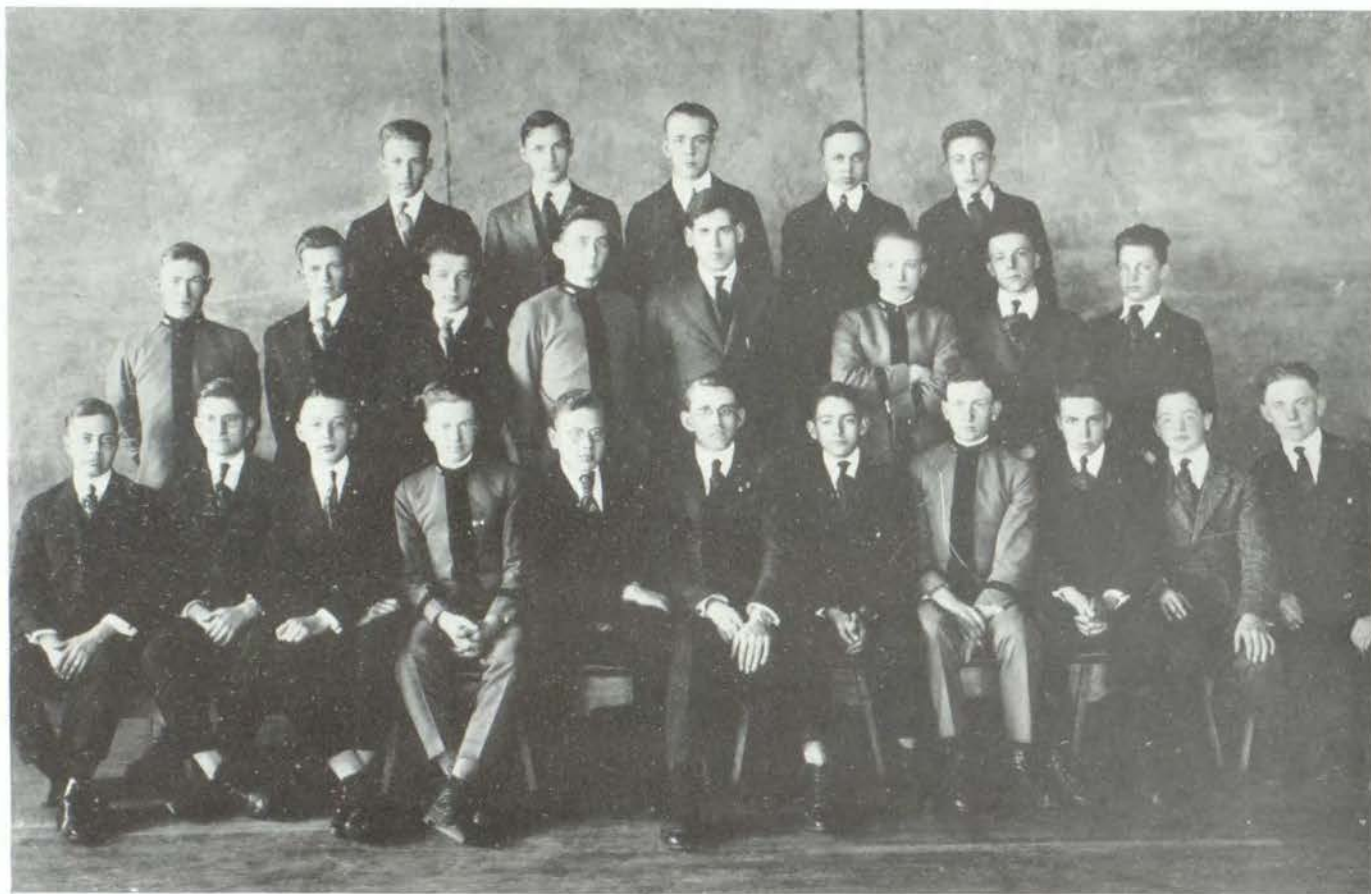
John Crouch, '18	Carl Trowbridge, '19	Gardiner Reames
William Gilges, '20	Franklin Wakefield, '18	Virgil Reames
Lloyd Wartes, '20	Frank Brew, '19	Robert Smith
Richard Dodds, '18	William Cunningham, '19	Charles Miller
Edward Gore, '18	Arthur Fultz, '18	Theodore Bornstein, '18
Ernest Moss, '19	Louis Hermann	Harold Finsch, '19
Raymond Siemon, '18	Henry Long, '18	Gorman McBride, '20
Harold Scott, '18		Edward Rider, '18



The Central Glee Club

First Row—(Top): Hermann, Wakefield, Scott, Long, Finch,
Second Row: Reames, Miller, Smith, Mr. Hahn, Wartes, Crouch, Rider.
Third Row: Gilges, Siemon, Reames, Miss Whitney, Fulz, Cunningham, Bornstein.

Boys' High School Club



First Row—(Top): Slaymaker, Clark, Williams, Carlson, Lee.

Second Row: McKernan, Dubach, Pennington, Rhea, Ryan, Boxley, Harris, Hall.

Third Row: Altergott, Reeves, Boling, Smith, Abernethy, Mr. Laughlin, Gilman, Hostermeyer, Graves, Dickey, Bacon.

Girls' High School Club



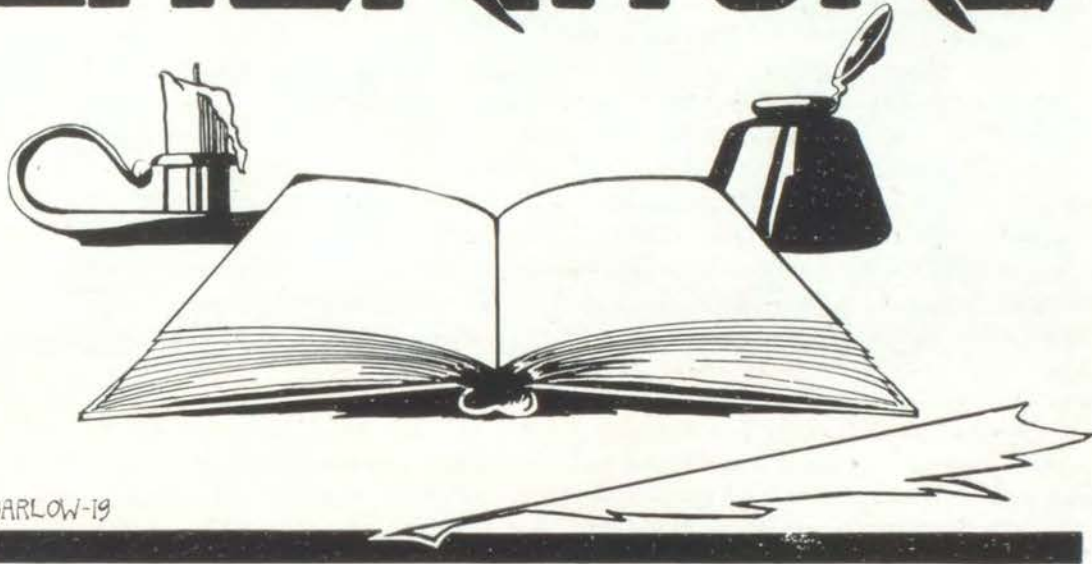
First Row—(Top): Haworth, Beck, Leahy, Hall, Lechtman, Bosier, Hoffmeister, Lavine, Miss Wilson, Davis, Carey, Boling, Rarrick,
Second Row: King, Lynn, Ragland, Moseley, Mott, Swenson, Moyer, Dickerson, Englund, Z. Hart, M. Hart, Mertins, Hiatt, Goodrich,
Third Row: Taylor, Dilliner, Wherrett, Reichen, Fultz, Keith, Connor, Emmert, Hood, Heidelberger, Sheriff, Chitwood, Falk, Goodrich.

Freshman Orchestra



First Row—(Top): Kuebler, Johnson, Mason, Krings, Shipley Rinc, Brenner,
Second Row: Hey, Barret, Songer, Dooley, Miss Whitney, H. Clark, C. Clark, Freburg, Vaughn.

LITERATURE



BARLOW-19

Boys' Debate

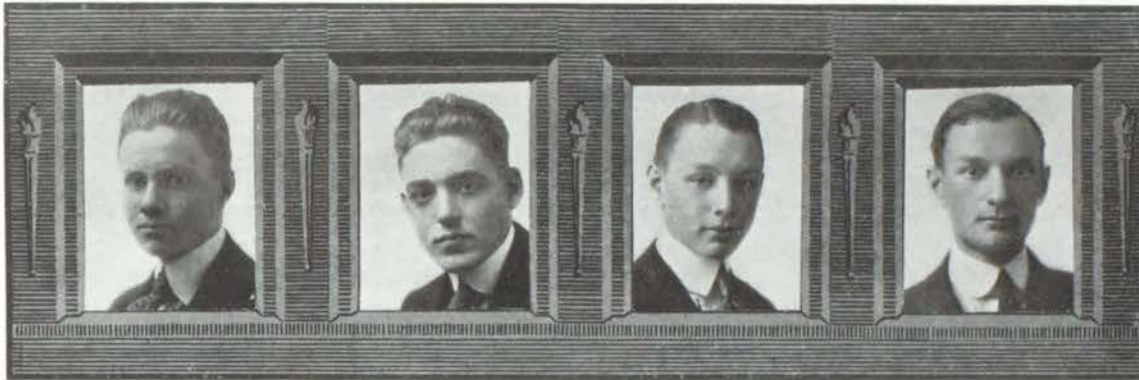
Central Affirmative vs. Manual Negative

Allmon Fordyce opened hostilities between Central and Manual by proving that government ownership would be more economical. His main point was that government ownership would do away with the existing evil of unearned increment. Bowen of Manual was first for the Red and White and acquitted himself nobly. Boling was exceedingly frank in telling the judges that by government ownership and by no other method could the best interests of the people be served. His attack majored on the evil of stock manipulation under private ownership. The two points around which our boys built their arguments were the evils of unearned increment of land and stock manipulation. We shall see how Manual refuted them. Miller of Manual attempted to show that government ownership was not practical. Our own Harlie proved that government ownership had been a success where tried in foreign countries. Lane closed for Manual with the point that government ownership of the railroads would result in defective service. The fact that Manual's style of debating admits of no brief showed quite a contrast to our well organized attack, and gave Central the edge on Manual. The rebuttal is ever the test of a good debater, and the fact that Central showed a better understanding of the question ought to be a bit of civic pride to Centralites. Manual fell down in rebutting the two main points of our boys—unearned increment of land and stock manipulation. Miller attempted to rebut Smith. Fordyce emphasized his challenge regarding unearned increment. Lane continued to refute. Boling added his challenge about stock manipulation. Bowen concluded. All three of Manual's speakers had failed to meet the challenges.

The student vote was in hearty accord with the five to nothing decision. Both sides debated well, although it appeared that Manual had not grasped the full import of the question. Central had two teams that did their best for the Blue and White and ones which Central should feel proud of. With Bacon and Clark back as regulars and a raft of good material that has not shown itself as yet in debating circles, the fellows of Central ought to resolve here and now that they can not afford to lose the greatest opportunity in the line of concentration, argumentation and public speaking that the school curriculum offers.

Boys' Debate

AFFIRMATIVE TEAM.



SMITH (Capt.)

FORDYCE

BOLING

CLARK

Boys' Debate

Central Negative vs. Westport Affirmative

The March of Events! Truly March was such a month. Conspicuous among our red-letter days was Friday, March 22. The following is a brief account of the debate at Northeast.

The prelude to the debate was given by the Northeast orchestra. Now harmony is a wonderful thing in its place but debate notes, not musical notes, held our boys attention. The teams were then introduced. Hubert Parker of Westport was first speaker on the affirmative and proved that government ownership is right in principal. John Bacon, Central's first wielder of words, convinced us that government ownership would not remedy the defects of private ownership. Jules Guinotte pointed out that private ownership with government supervision had proved a failure. John Dickinson showed that government ownership would introduce even greater evils than now prevail. Bob Sloan closed the arguments for Westport when he proved that government ownership was an economic necessity and would be an economic improvement. Bob Abernethy had been having some trouble with his voice, but in spite of this handicap ably put over the point that federal control in a more stringent form was the desired remedy.

After a three minute intermission, Johnnie Bacon took the floor and the audience with the greatest ease. Parker asserted that the United States had sent aeroplanes to Europe five months ahead of contract time, which made us believe that maybe we had better let the government own and operate the railroads after all. But Johnny Dickinson quickly dispelled this belief by saying that Henry Ford's plant, as an example of efficiency in private concerns, had sent submarines into service not five months ahead of time, but only one month after the contract was signed. The next day's paper revealed our air program as being mostly hot, with the startling announcement that but one machine had been sent across. This valuable refutation arrived one day too late for our boys to use. Jules Guinotte followed Dickinson and in his earnest attempt to put his points over, won the admiration of everyone. Bob Abernethy concluded the negative rebuttal with crushing arguments that left thoughts favorable to Central in the minds of the judges. Sloan closed the debate with "Can't you see that our opponents have not solved the problem?"

It was a fight throughout; Central having the edge on main speeches and Westport in rebuttal. The five votes were read as follows: Affirmative; negative; affirmative; negative; negative. All of our speakers say that Max Lorsch, captain and alternate, deserves a large share of the credit for the victory. With our chances extremely good for a repetition next year all true Centralites should come out and show their wares.

Boys' Debate

NEGATIVE TEAM.



BACON

DICKINSON

ABERNETHY

LORSCH (Capt.)

The Girls' Debate

Although the results of this year's girls' debate do not cast a halo of glory over Central, the splendid work of the debaters and their advisors is greatly to their credit. Central turned out two excellent teams; the slip that occurred was due to the fact that in the opinion of the judges Manual and Westport were a little better.

The subject of the debate was: "Resolved, that the United States should so change its Constitution as to make the Cabinet responsible to the people through the House of Representatives." Being political, it was somewhat difficult for the feminine mind to fathom. Our main speeches, however, showed a fine understanding of the subject. The rebuttal was concise and to the point, meeting directly the contentions of our opponents.

The two coaches, Miss Morgan and Miss Wolfson, deserve all the praise that the school can give them for turning out such creditable teams.

The affirmative line-up, Elizabeth Handley, captain; Sadie Rubin, Anna Ginsburg and Ruth Sumner, met the Manual negative team, who triumphed over them.

The negative girls were equally mishandled by Westport's affirmative. However, Alice Millard, the captain; Martha McLendon, Florence Aughe and Gladys Bobrecker put up a good fight. "Gloria victis."

But let us not dwell long on the lemon-scented memories of the past, but look hopefully toward the future, for next year the girls promise faithfully to retrieve themselves and to bring home the cup to our trophy case.

Girls' Debate

AFFIRMATIVE TEAM.



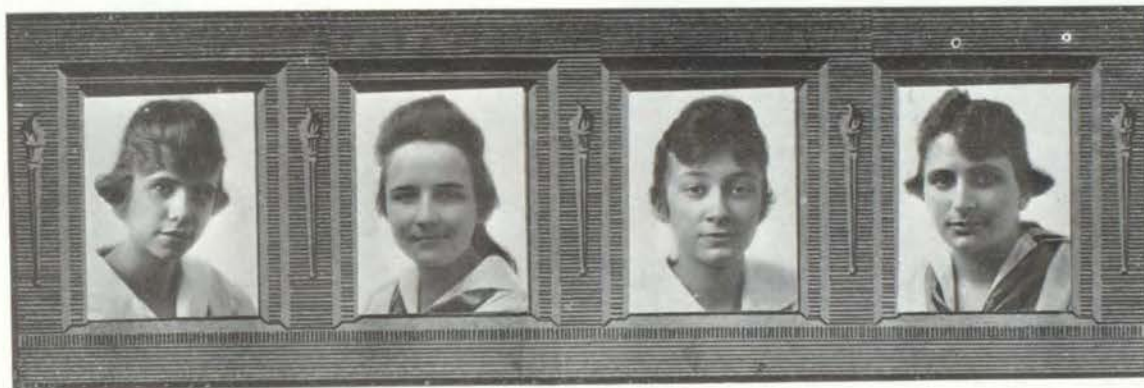
HANDLEY (Capt.)

GINSBERG

RUBIN

SUMNER

NEGATIVE TEAM.



MILLARD (Capt.)

McLENDON

AUGHE

BOBRECKER

Essay and Story Contests

LUMINARY STORY CONTEST.

SONS OF REVOLUTION CONTEST.



URSULA WORLEY
First Prize

GLADYS BOBRECKER
Third Prize

LEETA HOLLIDAY
First Prize



ANNA GINSBERG
Second Prize

RUTH SUMNER
Third Prize

Thirty-second Annual Inter-Society Contest

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

Saturday, April 27, 1918, 8:30 p. m.

Central Webster Club
Society of Literature and History

Aristonian Literary Society
Central Shakespeare Club

Minerva Literary Society

I. ORATION.

1. "Your Land, and My Land"David Rhea
2. "The Great Awakening"Alfred Egan
3. "Edith Cavelle"Grace Kelley
4. "Conquering Through Sacrifice".....Lester Pennington
5. "Monuments"Anna Ginsberg

II. EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

1. "Smileage"Milton Converse
2. "Socialism"George Planck
3. "German Propaganda"Elizabeth Handley
4. "Conservation"Alice Millard
5. "The Red Cross"Loree Bancroft

III. DECLAMATION.

1. "The Terrible Meek"Allmond Fordyce
2. "War Brides"Elizabeth Alexander
3. "The Man in the Shadow"Marcella Alsdorf
4. "Colors"Florence Aughe
5. "The Colors"Ellen Coyne

IV. ESSAY.

1. "Keeping the Axis Oiled"Francis Pendergast
2. "America—The Melting Pot"Maxine Selsor
3. "Beneficial By-Products of This War"
.....Bertha Waggener
4. "Thrift in Happiness"Ruth Moore
5. "Ambition"Aline Haynes

V. STORY.

1. "His Major"John Dickinson
2. "The Black Sheep"Martha Allen
3. "The Link to Blighty"Phyllis Waterman
4. "Volume 3, Page 393"Leeta Holliday
5. "A Spy There Was"Frances Fling

VI. VERSE.

1. "The World's Calvary"Robert Abernethy
2. "A Prayer"Leona Rapp
3. "La France"Kathryn Turner
4. "The Ways of Life"Max Lorsch
5. "Sacrifice"Grace Brown

Inter-Society Contest

GOLD MEDAL WINNERS.



PHYLLIS WATERMAN
Story

ALFRED EGAN
Oration

MAXINE SELSOR
Essay

ELIZABETH ALEXANDER
Declamation

ELIZABETH HANDLEY
Extemporaneous Speech

LEONE RAPP
Poem



Inter-Society Contests

SILVER MEDAL WINNERS.



ALLMON FORDYCE
Declamation

MILTON CONVERSE
Extemporaneous Speech

FRANCIS PENDERGAST
Essay—Tied



HAZEL WAGGENER
Essay—Tied

DAVID RHEA
Oration

FRANCES FLING
Story



ROBERT ABERNETHY
Poem

The Great Awakening

By ALFRED EGAN.

Gold Medal, Inter-Society Contest, '18.

Four terrible years this war has raged. It began with the assassination of the Crown Prince of the Hapsburgs, and has spread with the fierce rapidity of a prairie fire, over a world, unsuspecting, unbelieving, and utterly unprepared.

We in America are beginning to realize the appalling tragedies which creep in through the dark defiles of world strife, when we see our brothers going to assume the burden which France and Belgium have born so faithfully. But until we, ourselves, have waded deeper into its treacherous torrents, we cannot know the sublimity of spirit which glowed, unceasingly, in the heart of that woman who gave her life, as a martyr, that she might relieve the suffering of humanity. Just as Florence Nightingale was the heroine of the Crimean War, so Edith Cavell takes her place as the heroine of this present war of all wars.

When Miss Cavell was but a girl, the life work of Florence Nightingale was beginning to bear fruit and the girls of her generation found a new and wonderful field for service opening before them. Miss Cavell soon became a leader in this noble christian movement. Not long after she accepted the position of first directress in a Belgian school of certified nurses, where for eight years she devoted her every energy to the furtherance of her chosen work.

Suddenly, in the East, clouds of war began to gather and aided by the strong winds of history swept westward until the whole of Europe was as a smoldering volcano. Then, as if the very realms of Hell were revolting, they broke forth pouring that huge army of "hunnish" kulture over Belgium's fertile soil, devastating and plundering, until where formerly was a country of art and beauty, now is a field plowed deep with destruction and death.

Miss Cavell transformed her school into a hospital for the sick and wounded soldiers. Belgians, Englishmen, and Frenchmen, as well as the fiendish exponents of Kaiserdom, were her patients. She nursed friend and foe with impartial devotion. When a German was restored to his normal health, he rejoined his regiment, which perhaps was ruthlessly robbing her own people. But what of her countrymen?—That is a story which only returned prisoners can tell.

The opportunity to serve her country presented itself to Miss Cavell and with the aid of influential friends she devised an "underground" passage where by her compatriots, on recovering, were conveyed to

the farther side of the Dutch frontier. There they might again enlist in a common cause. As a result of this service, she was thrown into the military prison of St. Gilles. Her trial was before court-martial, where she was charged with being "the head of a world-wide conspiracy which for nine months had rendered the most valuable service to the enemy." Think of it, one woman who had been tenderly nursing the soldiers of all the belligerent nations, was charged with being the "head of a world-wide conspiracy." She was sentenced to death before a firing squad. Those officers of that German court-martial, in their narrowness, would not distinguish between a spy and one who had served humanity. They, in their ungodliness, could not see it. They did not want to see it! She only turned to God and thanked Him that her life had not been in vain. And then with words which flowed from her lips with all sincerity, said, "I realize that patriotism is not enough." And turning to the military chaplain, she smiled and said, "We shall meet again."

In the dead of that night, the door of a prison cell in St. Gilles was opened. The lone occupant was removed. Then a file of men was heard marching with machine-like cadence until their steps were lost in the still air. Some moments later the report of rifles was heard. All was quiet. But not for long, for those rifle shots had rung out the story of a tragic death louder than a battery of the heaviest artillery speaks its death toll in battle, and had awakened the ends of the earth from their slumber.

A Prayer

Gold Medal Poem.

Across the waters the moon's soft beams
Tip the ripples with silv'ry gleams
And stretch a path of diamond dew
Off in the darkness that leads to you!
Off in the darkness where all is still,
In the drear black night where the winds blow chill;
But I know (and my heart beats fast with fright)
That worse than the darkness of the night
Is the battle's roar, and the fierce hot smoke,

The poison gas, and the fumes that choke,
'Til it seems to me that my heart must break!
Oh, if only the path that the moonbeams make
Could lead me to you, fighting over the sea,
Fighting for freedom and fighting for me!

And there by the side of the sea, I pray
That you may come back to me safe some day.

LEONE RAPP, S. L. H.

America, the Melting Pot

MAXINE SELSOR, S. L. H.

Gold Medal Essay.

Nature is making her greatest experiment now—that of a perfect race. She has experimented with fish; she has brought them up to the point of perfection she desires and now in utter disregard lets thousands of their eggs be destroyed yearly; she is through with that experiment. In the animal kingdoms she is making no new kinds for she is through with that experiment, and, likewise, with the birds she takes no precaution against destruction and consequently allows great number of them to perish. Her chief interest now lies in the making of a supreme race, and she has chosen America as her laboratory, and we, the people, are the ingredients for her melting pot.

We have come from no less than twenty of the prominent lands, in the Old World, first from Britain, Ireland, Holland, and Germany, and, in lesser degree, from France, Portugal, and Sweden. Later the population of the West Mediterranean races was admitted and since then a great number of Italians, Hebrews, and Slavs. Asia has sent her contribution largely from China, Japan, India, and Turkey; all the countries have also contributed their conglomerated ores to the melting pot. After these have undergone stress and strain, heat and pressure, test and forces, the perfect product will come forth. The prophecy of the Revolutionary patriot, Daniel Dickerson "who heard the sound of pattering feet of coming millions" and saw "races to civilize, educate and absorb—as America's triumph in the cause of progress and civilization"—has come to pass.

The social base, largely English, was at first separated into exclusive communities, Puritan, Quaker, and Cavalier, differing as radically as people of different races. The Scotch-Irish were fitted by their composite origin, uniform religion and general distribution through the colonies to serve as the first amalgam in developing everywhere a distinctively American character. The Irish have always helped in the assimilation of other nationalities and contribute wholesome optimism, and spontaneous humour. The English, whether from England or Canada, mingle freely, but cling to their national characteristics. The Jew is a true cosmopolitan, readily taking on language, customs, and even modes of thought of the people with whom he makes his home. But Jewish assimilation by marriage, is comparatively small; he mingles but he does not fuse. The Italian peasants bring a low standard of living; nevertheless they readily respond to environment; but the Mexicans make little progress toward assimilation and should be classed as social liabilities rather than assets. These are the ingredients with which Nature is working.

Social undesirability is largely due to lack of educational advantages, and the inability to speak English enforces separation upon the immigrant, and creates prejudices, but the close association in America helps to do away with this disadvantage, and steps are being taken more and more to aid the immigrant

to overcome this difficulty, for we have begun to realize that the standards of living advance according to ability to speak and acquire the language.

America from the first has been the Mecca of immigration. To the best of the first immigrants, America meant a place of refuge and protection; for the Pilgrims, Puritans, the Quakers and to all other persecuted religious sects, it meant a sanctuary, a place where they might enjoy the freedom to worship, each in his own way; and to others a refuge from governmental tyranny.

As soon as America was discovered, mercenary interests were awakened. Her vast natural wealth seemed a beacon of light to fortune seekers. The gold discovery in eighteen-forty-nine stirred the whole melting pot, as the oil discoveries are today. To a large part of the immigration class, America has meant little more than a maintenance. Capital, seeking cheap labor, assisted immigration labor which was at first the cheapest, but at last the worst, for it resulted in the importation of forty thousand African slaves. To the more industrious America offers employment to all, and American wages have been as ex-commissioner Walstrom has said, "the honey pot that brings the flies." This growing impact of alien ingredients gives ample cause for the question whether the contents of the melting pot are in danger of being cooled to a degree that will stop the reducing power.

America has not failed to be a fountain of perpetual illusion and delusion to the world's dreamers. The American ideals regarding independence and social equality of the individual, and most of all, the privilege of becoming a part of "we the people" who govern have never failed to inspire. America is the "open Sesame" to the golden road to success of every laborer in every occupation.

Divine Providence seems to have hidden the melting pot from the sight of the Old World until the time was ripe. Had America been discovered a century earlier, it would have shared in the chaos and darkness preceding the dawn of Reformation.

Our forefathers brought with them the desires and ambitions of the most advanced society of their time. Their wish to gratify these led to the devising of substitutes for what they could not obtain, which in turn resulted in the originality and resourcefulness which has made America a land of inventive genius which has so aided us in our present difficulties.

The true American patriot looks upon America as a land in which the people of every race dwell together in security and brotherliness, as fellow citizens of the best country on earth. Greater patriotism hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his country. The blood of many nationalities has poured out on freedom's altar when America was born, and with every call to arms the foreign element has given proof of their loyalty, and we should brand as a traitor the man who considers his private interests above those of his country. Cooperation is the basic quality of democracy. Alien and American must cooperate with mutual interest. Race repulsion is soonest overcome by direct acquaintance, and the progress of the nation requires that we not only "hitch our wagon to the stars in the heavens" but to the stars of the flag.

Present times are making manifest the impurities that have been hidden in the melting pot. The contents have not yet reached the all fusing point. The massing together here of the peoples of the world suggests that each has something to contribute for the making of an ideal people, as Providence has most surely intended us to be.

America from her infancy appears to "have been given over to a better guidance than her own." Washington in his retreat from Cornwallis was saved by the river overflowing, truly a Heaven sent blessing. The very fact that so many of our contingents have arrived on French soil without mishap while the waters are infested with hostile crafts and that even today where the battle is raging on the Western front it is raining, thus preventing the Germans from using their deadly gas, proves that truly God has forgotten his appointment with the Kaiser and is not going to desert us in this crisis.

The Link to Blighty

By PHYLLIS WATERMAN.

Gold Medal Story.

Framed in the improvised aperture, which served as a postoffice window, was a demure little face which did not seem to fit into its surroundings. It was a face with a pout. The face, and incidentally the pout, belonged to a Tommywaac, and certainly, a member of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps of England, doing service overseas in France, had no right to pout.

It was not dissatisfaction with the corps which Joan Cavendish was worrying about, for she realized when she enlisted it was for as long as the war lasted. No, it was her own incompetence.

"Why, Oh, why, should I, a Cavendish, have to stand here at this silly little window, day in and day out, and hand out letters when my own scrubwoman or cook could do more! Truly, I am not worth the five dollars a week that they give me for these few simple duties." These were only a few of the thoughts behind that little "moue."

She, the one time sheltered social butterfly of an exclusive London set, doing duty as a post-mistress at a great English base and absolutely under orders from her superior officer. Surely the war has done wonders towards breaking down the conventional bars. It had been a cruel blow to the narrow, exclusive circle that comprised Joan's friends, representing all the English conservatism concerning a woman, when Joan appeared in their midst that lovely Spring afternoon at Lady Amherst's garden tea, and declared herself a Tommywaac, subject to be called for service overseas.

"But Jeanne dear," exclaimed Mrs. Newbury, who always insisted upon turning a name into the French if possible, "How absurd you are! Why what on earth could you do, serve the Tommies their tea?"

"Now that's really nasty of her, Joe," immediately spoke up her cousin Vincent Cavendish, who always stood up for her. "But tell us, what can you do?"

Joan struggling to find an answer, did not flinch, "Oh they say there are always plenty of positions, and certainly I have as good sense as our scrubwoman who is in my division." The gasp from the small circle at this remark rather pleased her.

There were plenty of imprudent and even disagreeable things said behind Joan's back: "She was only doing it for effect," "She wouldn't last long," etc. There were few of the originators of these remarks, however, who were not soon doing their small part, for the war was slowly creeping into every home to take its toll in one way or another.

The first newness had now worn off for Joan, and she was longing for more responsibility.

"Surely I am capable of more than this!" she would complain to herself. Still she had never needed to perfect herself in any work, for the old life had required only the usual social graces.

If she had been more of a mixer she might not have been so lonely. How could she mix with women the calibre of her cook? Beginning to see nothing but the futility in her present occupation she was almost ready to give up. A Cavendish would not give up though, and return disgraced. No, she argued with herself, she would and must stay.

The men who stood in line for their mail before Joan's window generally represented, for the most part, the British Tommy. They were always courteous but often showed a disposition to linger and chat, and although there never was any friendliness on Joan's part she was always pleasant and civil enough.

Among her daily applicants for mail was a young Irish lad, little more than a boy. He came rainy day and sunshiney day with the same smile and whistle.

"Now have ye anything for Patrick McGinnis today, ma'm?" was his inevitable eager question, to which she never failed to answer, "No nothing." It was a common enough reply for the oft delayed mails of those early war times. He was simply a part of the long shifting line that applied at her window for many days. Soon, she never could quite explain who or how, Patrick McGinnis became a real person apart from the others and it hurt to see the look of disappointment and finally despair that gathered on his face at her answer, "Nothing today!" Inevitably she became interested in him so that she dreaded to disappoint him. On the days when the mail was scarce she realized what Blighty meant to those men. It was hard to fight when there was no one at home interested enough to write.

She thought about these things a great deal but still was dissatisfied. Why had she not been trained for something better than just sorting letters? Joan's friends were few but being human she decided she must confide in someone, preferably a totally disinterested someone. She could not bring herself to go to the woman in charge of her division. Her superior officer, she knew regarded her as a society girl who had joined the Waacs for a thrill. It hurt to think that possibly this was true.

So to the most human, most sympathetic person who entered her now small circle of friends did Joan

go—to Patrick McGinnis. She found it harder than she had expected, so instead of telling him her troubles she drew him out to talk about himself. Very little she learned about his family, for it seemed to center only around his little frail mother, but when it came to London, many were the tales he could rattle off about Blighty.

And thus it was that Joan and Patrick became friends. One day to her great surprise came a letter for Patrick. Not a thick one telling news of home, but a thin cold looking letter with the return address of a doctor in the upper left hand corner. Joan had her misgivings and was loathe to hand it to Patrick before the other men. The shock of receiving any kind of a letter would be great for him, but bad news would be harder still. So she asked him to wait until the mail was distributed and then gave him the letter. It was a strange position for Joan to be in, for she knew that something was wrong, and again she felt that same helplessness that resulted from her having always been sheltered from the hard place.

With wonder and trembling hands he tore open the letter—another moment and he had read the futile words of the doctor which told of his mother's death. His head went down on the window—Joan's window, and as though frightened at her own boldness, her hand fluttered and rested on the rumpled red head. Unable to speak, Patrick flung out of the building and was not seen for four days. At the end of that time Joan was surprised to see him in his regular place in line with his regular question, as though nothing had happened. Their eyes only told of what had passed and of an understanding between them.

The old routine went on as usual with Patrick's daily application for mail. Patrick often stopped for a chat and one day on impulse, Joan told him of her growing discontent.

"Oh! I feel so useless day by day nothing but handling out mail, why if I could only drive an ambulance, or be a camp cook in one of those big, efficient camp kitchens, but here I am simply a 'link in an endless chain!'" she flung out impetuously.

"Aw it ain't so bad," Patrick replied, "Ain't you handin' out letters from home?" She smiled, but only an inward smile, for it was absurd for Patrick to make such a speech, when he had only received one letter in so many weeks, and that carrying bad news.

"I ain't got any kick comin', I'm going up tomorrow morning. I can hardly wait. Oh, its dirty and its smelly but say its great to smash them dirty Boches. I just want to tell you before I go that I ain't never even expected a letter since that one I got, cause I ain't had no one to write me since my mother died, but ain't I come just the same? Sure, and why? Just because of you, you spells Blighty to me in capital letters. So stick to your job and maybe you'll see that even if you are just a link in a chain, you may be a 'link to Blighty' for someone like me," and with a cheery farewell he was off, passing out of her life forever.

"But Patrick," Joan gasped, but the echo of her own voice was her only answer in the deserted building. He was gone, her one bright spot in the day, but what a message he had left with her. The revela-

tion of his words came back to her and overwhelmed her. To think what she had meant to one Tommy; why not the same to hundreds of others?

She knew too well the surprise and pleasure on the faces of the few lucky Tommies to receive mail. What if she could only do that much for everyone of them! And so she wrote to her friends at home, who were only too glad to do the small task Joan asked of them—to write to her long lines of Tommies. Thus grew Joan's endless chain to Blighty in which she formed the brightest link.

The Builder of Bridges

"The Builder of Bridges," Central's 25th annual Christmas play, will not soon be forgotten. David Rhea played the part of the "Builder," Edward Thursfield, the strong man with an unshaken faith in humanity, around whom the play centers. The distinguishing feature of Dave's work was his discriminating appreciation revealed in his musical Southern tones. He looked the part and played it with such sincerity and created an atmosphere so real, that the audience forgot it was a play. Elizabeth Alexander played opposite him as Dorothy Faringay. She contributed so much to the play with her bodily and facial expression that words were scarcely needed although her clear and subtle interpretive voice carried to every corner of the room. Elizabeth was a strong leading woman. She has starred in Central plays for three years.

Ellen Coyne played Mrs. Debney and she proved that versatility is among her list of accomplishments. She played the facetious aunt and sustained her character throughout. She shared honors for the comedy of the evening with Paul Johnstone. Paul Johnstone as Sir Henry was a big success. He played a stormy role. This is the second time as an eccentric character that he has won great applause.

Lewis Ostrander as Arnold Faringay was every minute the brother, not playing a part. He won the audience completely by his sympathetic appeal. The fine touches of facial and bodily expression which characterized Lewis' work won his audience and they followed him with enthusiastic interest.

Allmon Fordyce as Walter Gresham, the rejected lover, made us see in turn chagrin, hope, doubt, and disillusionment. The dramatic intensity of each was vital.

Elaine Hoffman as Miss Closson was limited in lines but gave promise of being one of Central's stars next year.

Frank Boling played the part of eccentric Peter Holind with distinction.

Billy Wilhite as Minnie was not the conventional maid but had "peculiarities all her own."

Miss Epton and her assistants are to be congratulated for their tireless efforts in making this a "star" production. Kenneth Martin, our scene wizard, will be greatly missed next year.



Scene from *The Builder of Bridges*

Left to Right: Elizabeth Alexander, David Rhea, Paul Johnstone, Lucille Wilhite, Louis Ostrander, Ellen Coyne, Allmon Fordyce, Elaine Hoffman, Frank Boling.

Festival Prize Winners



RITA MOHRLE
Music

FRANK WAKEFIELD
Music

FLORENCE JEFFREYS
Music



HAZEL TRUITT
Music



PEARL CUTLER
Music

ARTHUR FULTZ
Music

RUTH BROWN
Music

Music Festival Prize Winners



LORENA BROWN
Music

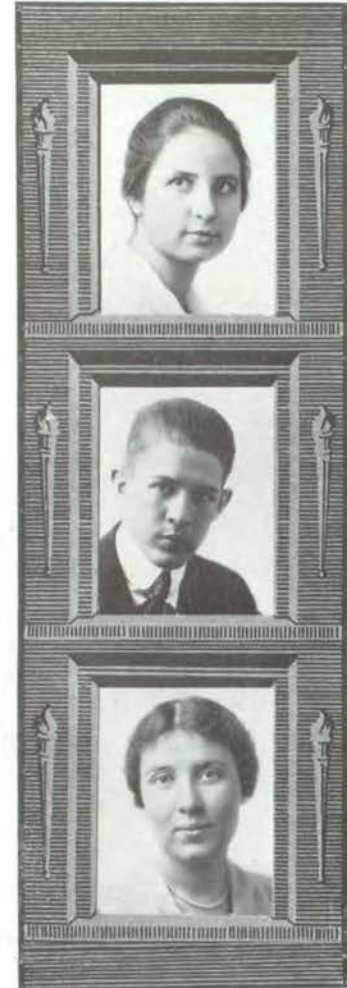
ERNEST MOSS
Music

BEATRICE FULTZ
Music

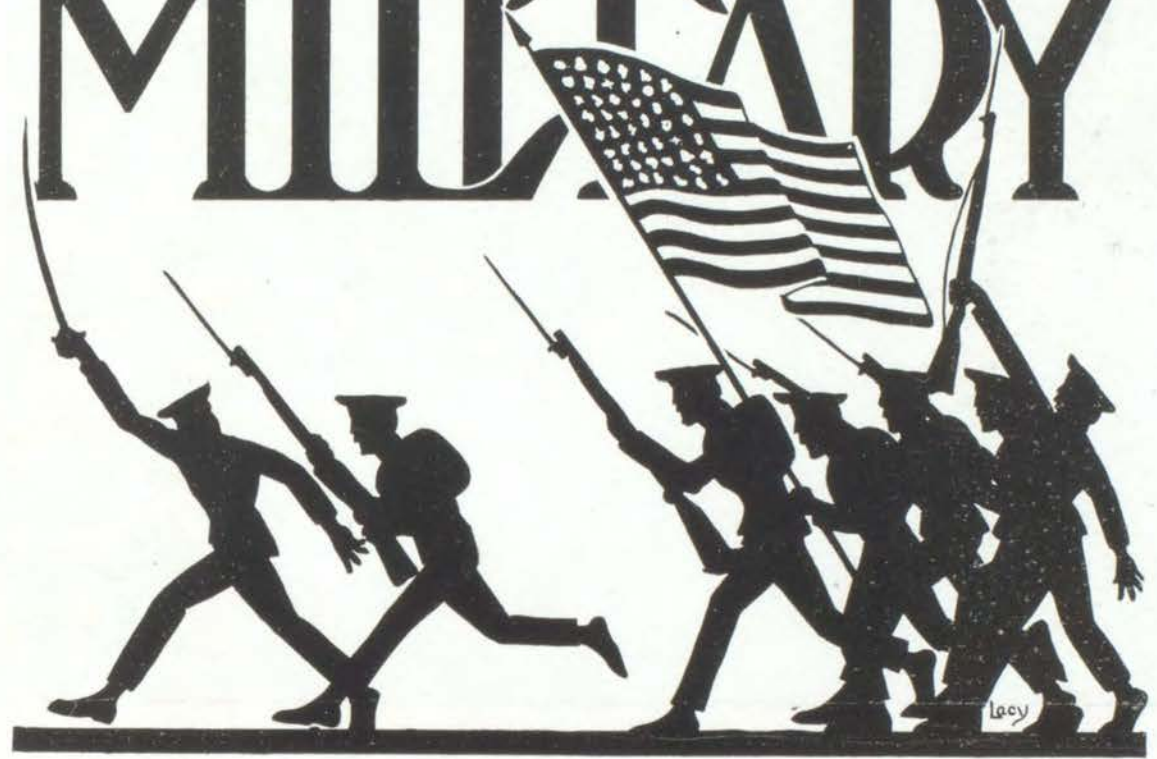
ALICE TANN
Music

HAROLD SCOTT
Music

VELMA TALMADGE
Music

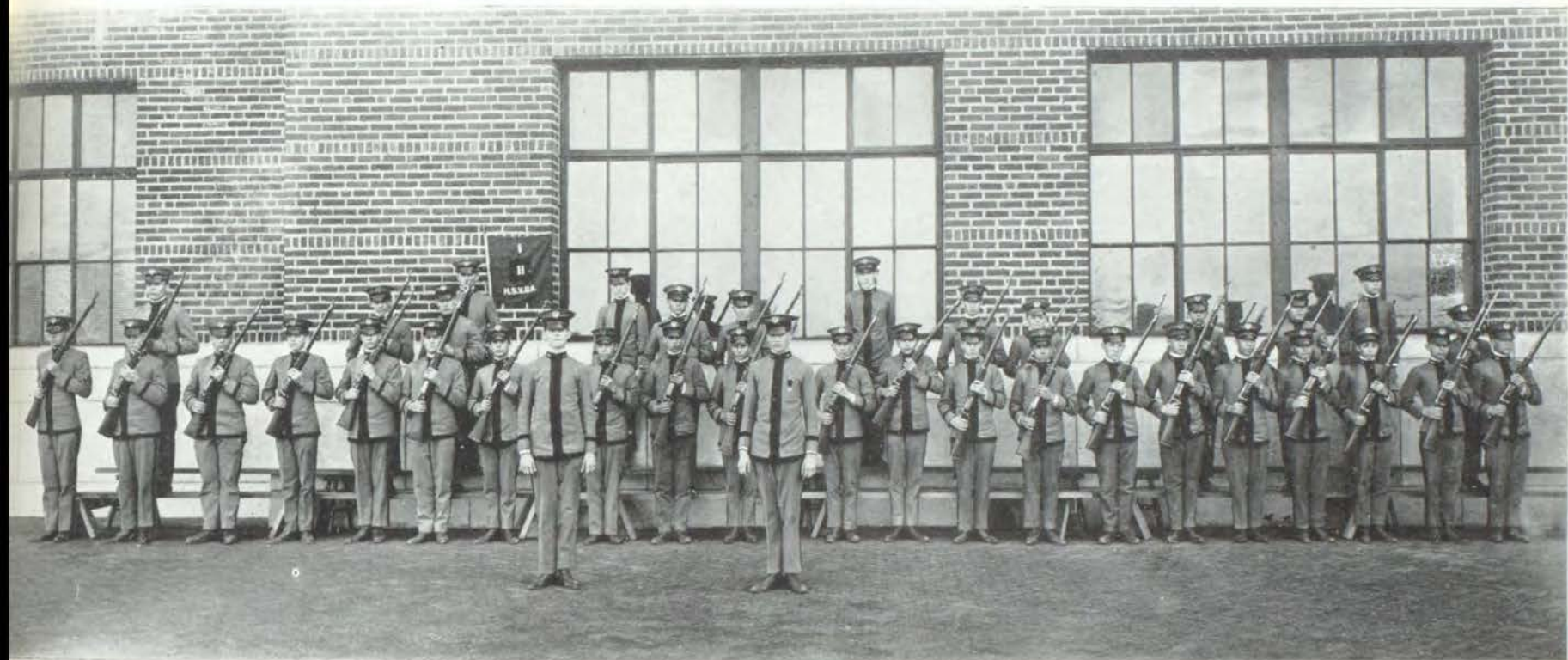


MILITARY



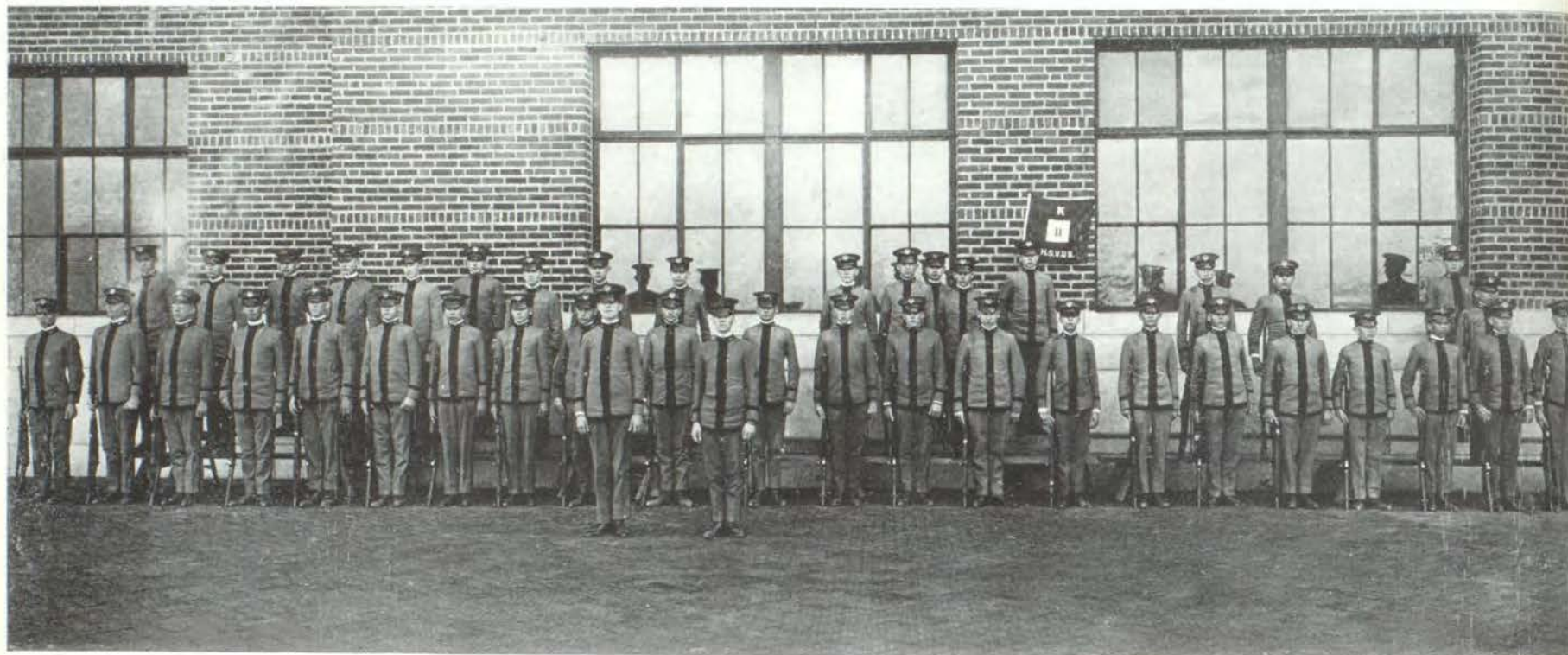


First Row—(Top): Heidelberg, Pickard, Carpenter, Valentine, Riensch, Tracy, Mullins, Shickhart, Weber, Cameron, Ricketts, Brown, Dixon, Hudson.
Second Row: Rogers, Waterman, Ragan, Snyder, Mengel, Kenworthy, Wing, Hubble, Gosset, McLendon, Lawhon, Thrasher, Donaldson, Tyler, Braner.



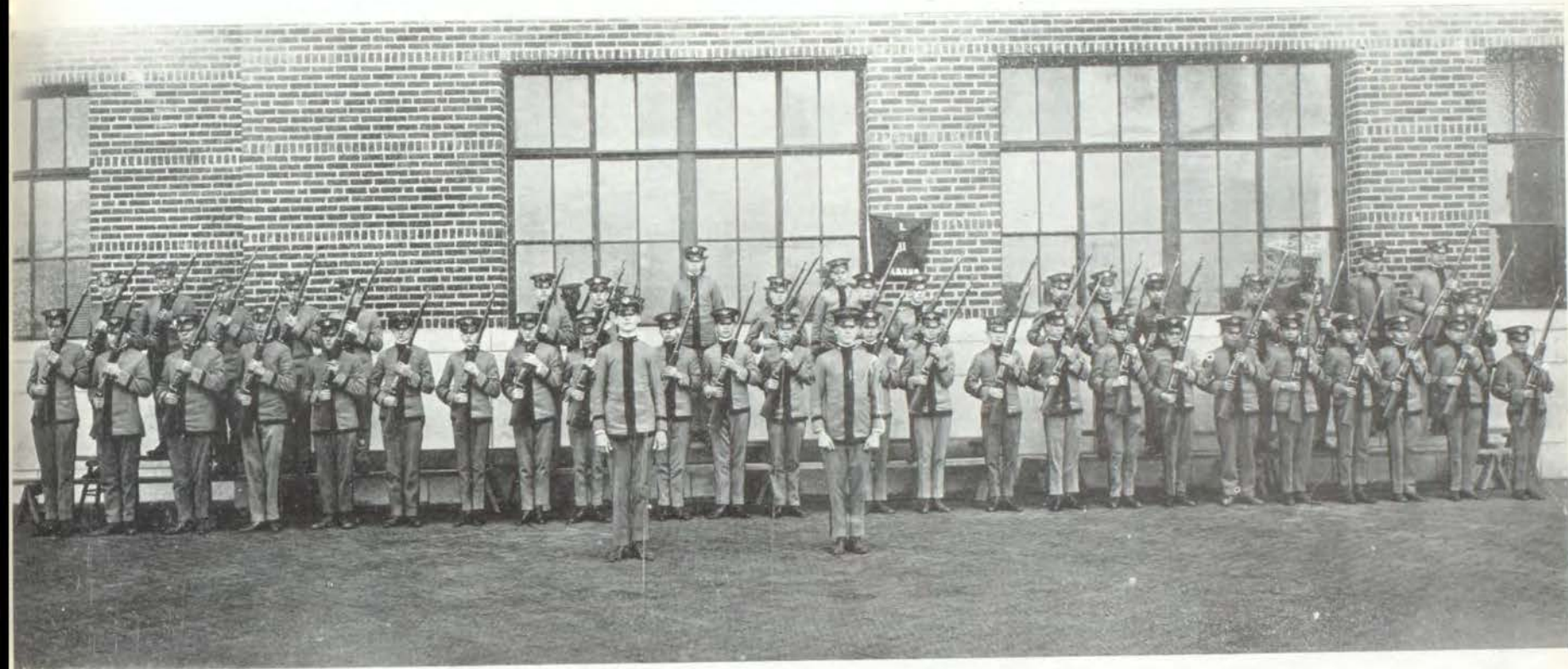
COMPANY I

First Row—(Top): Weekly, Richardson, Meyerson, Wallace, Farar, Potter, Shane, Maynard, Ryle, Houston, Ostermeyer, Coon,
Blackwell, Porter, Lyon, Brannock, Bush, Manson, Wren, Traylor, Johnstone.
Second Row: Harrison, Edender, Scott, Hinson, Freeman, Jordon, Bogie, Danciger, Hanger, Daniels.
Third Row: Tatlock, Fraser, G. Reames, Adams.
In Front: E. Brown, Reule.



COMPANY K

First Row—(Top): Slaymaker, Askew, Munro, Wakefield, Hosterman, Trowbridge, Pendergast, Dubach, Wall, Burnham, Spencer, McCurnin, Casler, Eyesell, McDonald, Larkin, Whitesell, Mason, Marshall, Gardner, Loenthal, Hyre.
 Second Row: McGlinley, Smith, McBride, Thomson, Lott, Backstrom, Gretzer, Converse, Thurmond, Guenther, Pico, Frank, Taylor.
 Third Row: Longwell, Egan, Durfee, Hill, Dodds.
 In Front: E. Brown, Smith.



COMPANY L

First Row—(Top): Churchill, Gove, Arno'd, Hutchins, Ong, Ryan, W. Brown, Warnock, Anderson, Zimmerman, Cohn, Payne,
Jinerson, Manley, Dunlap, Stoes, Ingram, Shannon, Jacobson, Newman, Swanson, Baker, Garcelon, DeWeese.
Second Row: Wall, Herring, Moore, Harlan, Sell, Bivens, Dalton, Hawk, Lewis, Sellg, Whyte, Allen, Holland, Kinsey, Dixon.
Third Row: Herrmann, Baumgardt, Wakefield, Thompson, Langsdale.
In Front: E. Brown, Lockwood.

Cadets

The Cadet Corps of Central is officially known as the Third Battalion of the Eleventh Regiment, High School Volunteers of the United States. The Battalion is composed of three companies: Company I, commanded by Joe Reule; Company K, commanded by Harley L. Smith; Company L, commanded by Edward Brown. Edward Brown is Battalion Commander and Virgil Reames, Battalion Adjutant. These appointments were made as a result of a competitive examination and a recommendation of Mr. Holmes. When the Battalion drills as a unit, Company L is commanded by Fraser Lockwood. All appointments as officers were recommended by the Military Instructor and passed on by the Principal.

Lieut. D. H. Holloway, the first military instructor, was a fine man and highly esteemed by all the Cadets, but on account of the present strife, it was necessary for him to enlist, and he is now serving in the Auxiliary Remount Division of the Regular Army, stationed at Camp Dodge, Iowa.

Mr. Hawkins was appointed his successor, but he soon answered the call to the colors and the Battalion was left without an Instructor. So the work of the Corps fell upon the Company Leaders, and they indeed are worthy of much praise for the manner in which they handled their commands.

The work of the Battalion for the year has covered many novel subjects. Among these are close and extended order drills, hiking, field engineering, map reading, troop leadership, first aid, camp sanitation, hygiene, signalling, wall scaling and marksmanship. Each Cadet is examined in these subjects and a record kept of grade attained.

The Regiment has held many competitive drills, and Central has shown herself the best. The Battalion has won these honors:

First Place—Autumn Wall Scaling Competition. Unit No. 5, Company K; Al Egan, Leader.

First Place—Autumn Competitive Review. Company I, Joe Reule, Leader.

Second Place—Autumn Competitive Review. Company L, Edward Brown, Leader.

First Place—Spring Wall Scaling Competition. Unit No. 5, Company K; Alfred Egan, Leader.

Second Place—Spring Competitive Review. Company K, Harlie L. Smith, Leader.

First Place—Spring Competitive Field Exercises. Third Battalion, Edward Brown, Commanding.

First Place—Wall Scaling Competition. Shriner's Temple. Unit No. 3, Company K; Ed. Gore, Leader.

THIRD BATTALION

Battalion Adjutant	Battalion Commander
	Virgil Reames	Edward Brown	Richard Wakefield
	Company I	Company K	Company L
Company Leader	Joe Reule	Harlie L. Smith	Fraser Lockwood
Platoon Leader	Leslie Sherman	Mervin Longwell	Roswell Clark
Platoon Leader	Gardner Reames	Richard Dodds	Donald Thompson
Assistant Platoon Leader	Rolland McGilvray	Alfred Egan	George Baumgardt
Assistant Platoon Leader	Donald Rhea	Harry Slaymaker	James O'Donnell
Assistant Platoon Leader	Eugene Seiter	Gordon Durfee	Lewis Herrmann
Squad Leader	Herbert Weekly	Carl Hyre	Gibson Langsdale
Squad Leader	Everet Ryle	Francis Hosterman	Elmer Hutchins
Squad Leader	Homer Blackwell	Albert Wall	Dwain Warnock
Squad Leader	Lindsey Bush	Lindsley Casler	Norton Payne
Squad Leader	Ted Johnstone	Bruce Stake	Paul Stoes
Squad Leader	Charles Adams	Magnus Lowenthal	Milton Newman
Bugler	Fred Fraser	Elmer Hood	Hall DeWeese
Bugler	Averill Tatlock		Richard Wakefield

ATHLETICS



Reeves-





DUVALL
1918 Captain



The Basket Ball Squad

First Row—(Top): Johnstone, Mr. Young.
Second Row: Browning, Soden, Masters.
Third Row: Burke, Duvall, Foster, Nagle.



BURKE
1919 Captain



The Second Team

DUBACH

STORMS

MR. YOUNG

HUDSON

MR. TALMADGE

BUSH

LOTT

A Review of the Basket Ball Season

The graduating class of '18 can say with exceeding pride that it has never witnessed a defeat of the Central basket ball team by any Kansas City High School. This is certainly a wonderful record and one that few high schools in the United States have ever attained.

Year after year, the "dopesters" prophesied Central's defeat, but they continually proved to be poor prophets. In 1914 Mr. Young entered into his work, as coach, without having had previous experience among the high schools. He was successful from the start. The first year Central tied for first honors with two of the Kansas City High School teams, each of them winning six and losing three games. The next year was the beginning of our memorable victories which have not yet terminated.

The series of 1917-18 was carried on much the same as in previous years, except that Convention Hall was the scene of "action" and that but six games were played.

Duvall and Burke were the only "regulars" back from last year, but after an inter-class series several men proved themselves to be competent to manage the positions which had been held by members of our all-star team last year. The five chosen were, Grabel Duvall, James Burke, Arthur Browning, Walter Foster and Harold Soden. Edward Nagle, Ted Johnstone, and Ray Masters were the substitutes. The average weight of the regular players was about 145 pounds, but as developments afterward showed, the lack of weight was more than counter-balanced in speed.

The opening game gave us the impression that the series would be nothing more than a walkaway, the score being, Westport 26, Central 42. Then Manual came next and because of their strange effect on us last year, we feared them. Our fears were unfounded, however, for the result was similar to that of the preceding week, Manual 17, Central 46. Feeling confident that our meeting with Northeast would be nothing unusual, we waded in, but had we had fears, they would have been founded on solid rock, for Northeast led up to the fourth quarter when Central passed her, winning by a small margin, 33-26. The second round was but a repetition of the first, Central always emerging unscathed, though at one time our hair stood on end.

It had been agreed upon among the high schools that the team winning the series here, should be sent to the All-state Tournament at Columbia. Coach Young took advantage of the opportunity and we were

entered. But four games were played in gaining the title, "All-state champions," all of which were easily won except the last, with Warrensburg. The two teams reaching the finals showed a superior knowledge of the physical art to all the other teams entered and was very interesting. The final score was, Warrensburg 36, Central 49.

During the Kansas City Inter-scholastic series our team went to Wichita where, on a fine, solid, cement floor, a game was played. Central won by a score of 54-21. During the Kansas City Inter-scholastic series the Wichita team came here where, on our fine, hardwood, floor, a game was played. The score was 34-33. Wichita had the 34.

The next day, Omaha High School sent a team down to Kansas City, hoping to carry back with them the "championship of Missouri." They struck a poor time to play us for captain "Du" and his men were chafed by the disaster of the day before and were in no mood to accept defeat again. The visitors were swamped in the customary way, 54-25.

At the close of the Inter-scholastic series in Kansas City, the all-star team was chosen, which included three of our men, Duvall, as captain and forward, Burke, as guard, and Browning, forward. Foster and Soden received places on the second all-star team.

"Jim" Burke was elected captain to lead next year's team and as things now stand, "Jim" will lead another ever-victorious "five."

SUMMARY.

CENTRAL—	Fg.	Ft.	Tf.	Pf.	OPPONENTS—				
Duvall	32	5	5	6	Forward	25	2	2	2
Browning	32	9	3	6	Forward	10	7	6	5
Foster	39	5	7	3	Center	21	6	9	9
Burke	7	2	7	8	Guard	3	7	5	9
Soden	0	1	0	5	Guard	4	6	4	6
Nagle	0	1	2	8					
Johnstone	1	1	2	3	Totals	63	28	26	31
Totals	111	24	25	35					



Track Team

First Row—(Top): Crouch, Soden, Carlson.
Second Row: Slater, Lott, Young, Burke, Baum, McGinley.

A Review of the Track Season

The K. C. A. C. meet opened the track season in an excellent manner, for Central won every event, to say nothing of other places. Lott won the fifty yard dash in $5\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. "Baumy" and Henry took first and second, respectively, in the four-forty yard dash. Time $56\frac{1}{2}$. In the eight-eighty yard run, Leon Tate won first, winning in 2 min. 8 seconds. Eugene Smith, our other entry, won fourth. The relays were both interesting to Blue and White followers, for both ended in five point advances to the Central score. Baum, Crouch, Mueller and Lott ran the 10-lap relay, while Ong, Mankin, P. Crouch and Bassin composed the C and D team.

Two weeks later, the M. U.-K. U. meet was held with much the same results. The fifty yard dash was won by Baum. Carlson won his heat, but in the final, Boyer of Northeast took second, leaving Carlson third. Baum also took the four-forty yard dash in $55\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, breaking the high school record for the Convention Hall track. Henry had to start in the second rank, but in spite of this worked up to a place of fourth at the finish. Tate was unable to repeat his victory of two weeks previous because of sickness, but still he came in third. The winner's time was one second slower than he made in the K. C. A. C. The C and D relay team won second, with the Westport midgets leading by a short distance. The ten-lap relay was one of the most closely contested events of the evening. Lockwood started and touched Mueller off. Burke took the "stick", and after gaining some of the lost ground, passed to Lott. At anchor, Lott ran a wonderful quarter, overtaking and passing one of Westport's best four-forty men. The final score of the meet was Central 24, Northeast 18, Westport 12 and Manual 6.

Though the two in-door meets were over, the selective draft law remained in effect. Coach Hawkins joined the army just a week before the invitation meet at Columbia. Mr. Young took charge of affairs and chose a squad of nine men to make the trip for Central. The results were not so gratifying as they might have been, still these nine fellows did some fine work. Richard Slater tied for first in the high-jump with a leap of 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In the four-forty yard dash, Lott won first with 53 seconds. Harold Soden placed third in the shot, and Lockwood won a similar place in the two-twenty yard dash against a fast field. McGinley tied for fourth in the pole-vault with a Webster Groves man. The relay was hotly contested, but Webster Groves managed to cross the finish line first. The final scores were, Webster Groves 36, Westport $34\frac{1}{2}$, Central $16\frac{1}{2}$. At the start of the hundred yard dash, Baum pulled a tendon and was unable to finish. Because of this he was also kept out of other events, weakening our team materially.

The Quadrangular meet was one of the most closely contested and interesting meets of the year. With so many athletes out because of injuries or sickness, our chances looked slim, however, we tied for first with Westport, and if No. 1, if No. 2, if No. 3, etc., we more than likely would have won decisively. The tie was about to be broken in our favor when it was discovered that a Westport man had violated the "short pants rule," but since many others had done the same unnoticed, it was decided by the Principals to let the tie stand.

P. S. Several days later it was found that a Westport Class D man took part in three field events. He was disqualified in one event, and the meet was Central's by eight points. Richard Slater was elected captain of next year's team.

Wearers of the "C"

Baum	Track	Johnstone	Basket Ball
Browning	Basket Ball	Lewis	Track
Burke	Track and Basket Ball	Lockwood	Track
Carlson	Track	Lott	Track
Crouch	Track	Mueller	Track
M. Dubach	Tennis	Nagle	Basket Ball
K. Dubach	Tennis	Primm	Tennis
Duvall	Track and Basket Ball	Slater	Track
Foster	Basket Ball	Soden	Basket Ball
Henry	Track	Tate	Track

Track Records

Event	Holder	Central Record	M. U. Interscholastic Record
50-Yard Dash	McConnel	: 5 $\frac{3}{4}$: 5 $\frac{3}{4}$
100-Yard Dash	B. Lawrence, '15	: 10 $\frac{3}{4}$: 10
220-Yard Dash	Gardner, '08	: 23	: 22 $\frac{1}{2}$
440-Yard Dash	Patrick, '08	: 51	: 52
880-Yard Dash	Patrick, '08	2: 05	2: 03 $\frac{3}{4}$
Mile Run	R. Morse, '12	4: 37	
High Hurdles	K. Hamilton, '11	: 15 $\frac{3}{4}$: 16 $\frac{1}{2}$
Low Hurdles	C. McIntire, '11	: 25 $\frac{3}{4}$: 26
High Jump	G. Williams, '17	5 feet 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches	5 feet 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches
Broad Jump	D. Hendrickson, '09	21 feet 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches	22 feet 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches
Pole Vault	C. Woodbury, '09	11 feet 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches	11 feet 3 inches
Shot Put	J. Reber, '12	47 feet 10 inches	48 feet 3 inches
Hammer Throw	R. Bowers, '09	167 feet 7 inches	
Discus Throw	J. Reber, '12	110 feet 8 inches	

Quadrangular Point Winners

Class A

100-Yard Dash—Carlson, third; Wakefield, fourth.
220-Yard Dash—Burke, third; Wakefield, fourth.
440-Yard Dash—Burke, third.
880-Yard Run—Smith, second.
Pole Vault—Duvall, second.
High Jump—Burke, fourth.
High Hurdles—Lewis, third.
Relay—Second, Burke, Duvall, Baum, Tate.

Class B

100-Yard Dash—Lott, first.
220-Yard Dash—Lott, first.
440-Yard Dash—Henry, second; Egan, third.
880-Yard Run—J. Crouch, first.
Pole Vault—McGinley, first; Egan, tied for second.
Shot Put—Warren, third; Bornstein, fourth.
Broad Jump—McGinley, first; Crouch, third.
Low Hurdles—Slaymaker, third.
High Jump—Slater, first.
Relay—First, Egan, McGinley, Henry, Lott.

Class C

50-Yard Dash—Gilman, second; P. Crouch, fourth.
100-Yard Dash—Lockwood, first; Gilman, third.
220-Yard Dash—Lockwood, first.
Pole Vault—Sorrels, first; Clark, third.
Broad Jump—Quinn, first; P. Crouch, third.
Shot Put—Lowenthal, first; Lucas, second.
Relay—First, Gilman, Hutcherson, Ong, Lockwood.

Class D

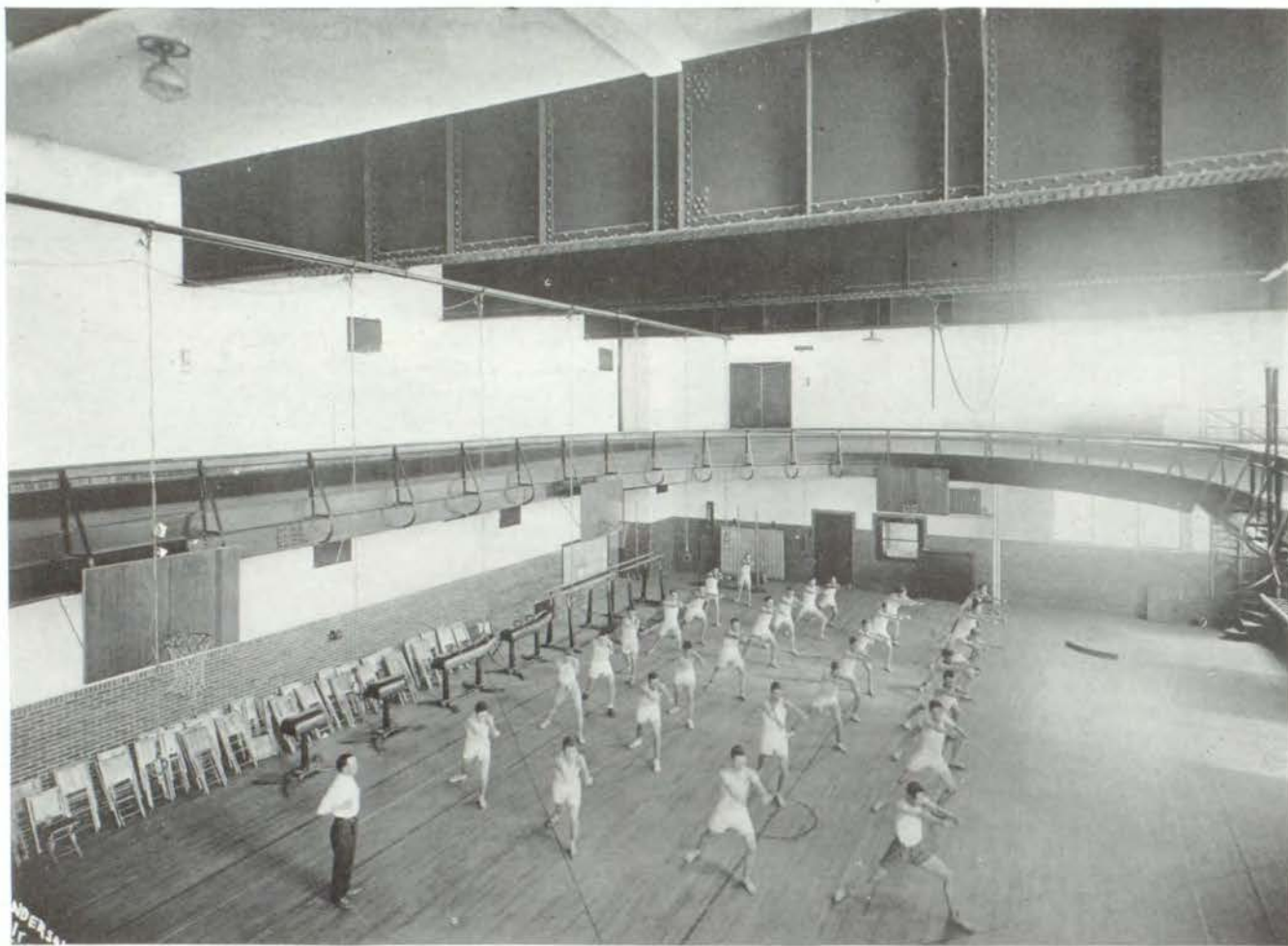
50-Yard Dash—Bassin, third.
100-Yard Dash—Bassin, third.
220-Yard Dash—Gunter, second.
Low Hurdles—Thompson, second; Morris, fourth.
Pole Vault—Thompson, first.
High Jump—Simon, tied for third.
Shot Put—Neuman, third.
Broad Jump—Thompson, first; Barnett, second.
Relay—Third, Bassin, Bear, Barnett, Gunter.

The Tennis Season

The only Inter-High School Tennis Tournament in which Central participated in time to publish results was that held at Lawrence, Kansas, under the supervision of the University. All of the Kansas City high schools were represented, as well as the larger schools of Kansas. The results were very favorable to Central, our entries winning first in the singles and second in the doubles. Merrill Dubach won the singles without losing a set. Schmidt, of Northeast, was runner-up. In the doubles, M. Dubach and K. Dubach teamed and fought their way to the finals, where, after winning two sets, they lost three straight. Riley and Schmidt, Nor'easters, were the lucky ones. The scores were: 2-6, 4-6, 8-6, 7-5, 7-5. Ted Johnstone and Denton Vail were the other members of the team sent to Lawrence.

The spring school tournament was highly successful, as far as interest is concerned, for more than thirty-six boys signed up for the singles. Since this article was written before the close of the tournament, the results are not complete. In the doubles, Thurmond and Johnstone defeated Vail and Gilman for the semi-finals, and Dubach and Dubach won from Houston and Dickinson. The two teams reaching the semi-finals were to have been entered in the Rockhill tennis tournament held May 27 and 28.

An all-Freshman tournament was "staged," in which K. Dubach and Jacobson reached the finals.



The "Gym"



Left Top—First Row: Wing, Brown, Waterman, Rapp.
 Second Row: Schneider, Lowe, Tyler.
 Right Top: Brunner, Murphy, Sneider, Gretz, Blair, Freyman.
 Left Bottom: Parrish, Forkner, Tobin, Pendergast, Miss Harndon (Coach), Flynn, Jagodnigg.
 Right Bottom: Grumlich, Benson, Duvall, Records, Blummer, Cottingham.

Girls' Athletics

The girls' athletic season at Central this year has been a successful one from most standpoints. Stimulated by the exhaustive efforts of Miss Scott and the Blue Bird athletic organization, this phase of Central girls' work has finished a splendid year. Early in the fall a game hour was opened on Monday, Thursday, and Friday afternoons for the morning session girls. This period gave to the girls who were not taking regular gym work an opportunity for ample exercise and fun along with the other gym girls.

Hockey was the first sport that attracted the feminine athletes during the autumn months. The girls were very enthusiastic over the game, but its popularity finally culminated in the big game with the Freshmen at Thanksgiving time, which ended with a score of 0-0.

Basket ball was the next favorite and no other sport usurped its place during all the winter months. Quite a host of girls came out for the Inter-class teams and plenty of pep was worked up for the tournament between the four classes. At last the big day, the second of March rolled around with the gym filled with more or less excited contestants, wearing hair bands and ties in their class colors, and spectators almost equally as excited. The day ended with the Sophomores, the dark horses of the Inter-class Tournament, victors; the Seniors came into second place. Great and mighty athletic authorities present declared the tournament an immense success, bringing out some note-worthy skill and sportsmanship.

Indoor baseball next claimed the attention of the athletic portion of our fairer sex. A quite proficient team was developed, entirely composed of members of the Blue Bird Club. This team sent out a challenge to the boastful baseball team of Westport. The challenge was never answered, so it may be taken for granted that the Westporters have heard rumors concerning the prowess of our team. And in the meantime the Central team remains the unchallenged champion.

Some time during the early spring the girls became interested in one of the most beautiful and beneficial of the sports for women—archery. The athletic department, after being sufficiently stirred up, sent away for the archery equipment. Now, once again a new sport has been introduced to the Kansas City high schools, and Central particularly, by the Central girls, just as they introduced la crosse.

Swimming has not been neglected either; in fact the Monday afternoon classes have been crowded with girls from the school at large as well as the gym girls. Grable Duvall has been assisting Miss Scott in the instruction of fancy diving and his efforts have been most successful.

Last has come the tennis season and with it the Girls' Tennis Tournament. Twenty-nine girls entered the tournament and there was keen competition throughout.

Assuredly girls athletics have been on a boom in Central during the year 1917-18, and they are not few who venture to prophesy 1918-19 will witness even a larger revival in the girls sport world.

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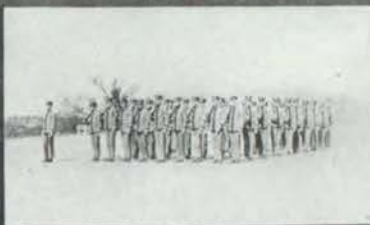
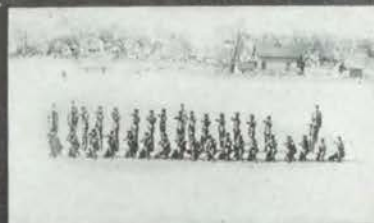
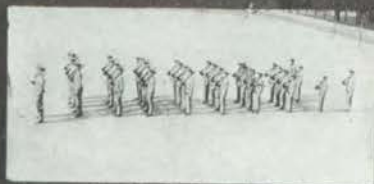


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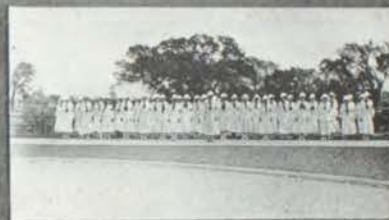












Faculty With the Colors

On February 1st, Lieut. Holloway resigned his duty here as military instructor and left to do his part in the service at Camp Dodge, Iowa, attached to the Quartermaster's Department. The Faculty and student body will long remember him and wish him the best of luck.

Coach Hawkins laid down his duties as instructor in athletics to take up the "big game," about May 1st. He is stationed with the 89th Division.

Mr. C. C. Hornaday is Central's latest offer to Uncle Sam's roll call. He will be with the Signal Corps of the Aviation Mechanics' Training School, at St. Paul, Minn., waiting to hear from you.

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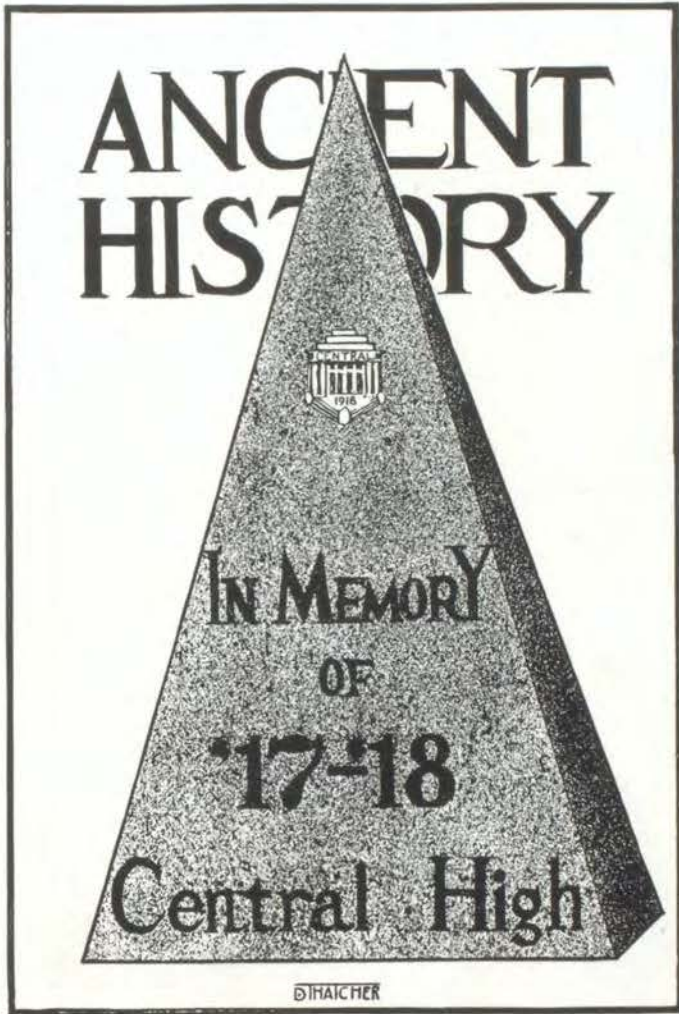
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September

Summer beats out a slow existence, as only summers can do, and we hie ourselves backe to ye olde school house. We pace the halls looking for former students—summer here, but summer gone. The Senior returns because he will graduate, the Junior because he will be a Junior officer, the Sophomore so as to join a society; and the Freshman—alas they are compelled to—and we are compelled to endure them. But oh what joy awaits us—for upon careful survey we see no diminutive darlings “a-wearin’ of the green,” for they with their younger kin have clanned together and hold forth in the afternoon.

Greetings have been given and received; we, like the proverbial dust—settle down. We miss the Freshman of course, but most important the lunch room. Instead of housing tempting delicacies, it is used as a pen where the afternoon herd are corralled. Alas, Oh Lunch Room—to think of the future we had entertained for thee and now—Oh-h—h-h.

Days pass and we christen the moving picture machine. Next Monday finds us listening enraptured to Dr. Taylor's message—Boats—Deep but we Well enjoyed the Flood of words. September fades into October and we proceed.

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October

October skis into view together with Col. Sobieski—both extending over much space. He is so appreciated that the Junior Partners of Central & Co. secure him for their assembly. Mr. Borland gives us a wonderful talk—"America Awake." The assembly committee plays a trump in the form of Mr. Jess Pugh of the Horner Institute, who makes our jaws ache with excessive laughter at his efforts to sneeze—snuff for that. Next Monday finds us ushering in the first of successive programs from the Home Boys. Home Talent like Home Cooking is always advertised and appreciated. The Shakes give us a patriotic program—well rendered and well received. We hope for more like it.

Campaigning starts for the Luminary Staff in the form of everybody having his or her lessons for the week previous to nominations. Election passes over us carrying in its clutches twelve of our number. Goodbyes and Good Lucks are given and we resume our work. The Slaches then favor us with their selection entitled—"Who Shall Win Him?" Mr. Egan captivates four hearts with his physical charm and grace and makes Boling Green with envy. This pleasant little skit ushers out the waning October. May she rest in peace.

November

Turkey month looks good to us, but then comes the meatless edict and we pray that it may never fall on a Thursday. Aristonians introduce November fittingly with their rendition of the "Turtle Dove." There was a lot of "Lovey-Dove" in it too—but we forgave them, because they got their queues so well. The

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Websters try to uphold the society standards thus far by putting a little efficiency in their program. Selection is popularly received, especially when Dave maltreats the kaiser and a Rhea of light shows him dead. Poor Fordyce. The Nineteenth introduces the Minervas to public gaze and they produce the great cinema "Mother Goose" with Alice as the leading lady at the Wonderland. (Upon second reading we think there is a mistake here but are unable to locate it.)

All pupils begin to make preparations for the 29th by undergoing a period of fast. We even see the clock fast, and the Luminary Staff is working fast on the first issue. The powers that be allow us no assembly on the next Monday, evidently thinking that the Luminary would make up for it. Luminary has a big house and gets a curtain call. We are given a holiday so as not to allow our education to interfere with our pleasure. November is but a wave in the sea of time.

December

Dr. Burris A. Jenkins inspires us with his message, a warm one—heartily received on such a cold month. We are recovered sufficiently by this time to be physically able to attack our lessons, but do not do so, allowing such drudgery never to interfere with the spirit of Christmas. The Slaches, Shakes and Websters have a talkfest in which the Slaches, having the sharper tongues, administer a cutting defeat. Mr. Steward, immigration officer, pleases several Centralites by his mention of Mrs. Pankhurst. Several boys begin to train their voices for the coming cheer leader election. Baum, Egan and Smith, knowing best how to yell from their diagram, carry off high honors. Miss Epton has been drilling her prodigies in



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building bridges. We all attend on the twentieth, wondering if this will be a scene at a dentists' college or a representation of the work at Hog Island. We find it to be perfectly harmless, though we wondered from the looks of Dave's hands if he just came back from building his bridge. Coyne and Coin star. We partake of several feeds and then adjourn. Christmas comes and goes and the twenty-eighth finds us "Brackety-yacketing" at Convention Hall, Eddie mark the first one for Central. The first victory was, as before stated at Convention Hall—it was also Convention Al. A few nights later we knock the L out of Manual, leaving only a Salvaged team. We stay up late on the thirty-first, at which the old year was put out. Will continue this next year.
DA-DA 1917.

January

We return to be educated, all dolled up in a new tie, new hosiery and sundry other articles that fond relatives have outgrown. With our new apparel and our new resolutions, we make quite a sensation—but both will soon be discarded. Poor Northeast—we ought not to have been so rough—but then she first ruffled our feathers. We won't dwell on this any more than is necessary. I say we will pass over this quickly. The faculty organize for their winter drive and adopt as their motto the words made famous by Marshal Joffre—"On ne passe pas." (To whom it may concern—This phrase means "Not one

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shall pass.") A very appropriate motto for teachers. They enter heartily into the spirit of the phrase and disperse our attacks of intelligence and genius, so that a few of us are forced to make the acquaintance of the study hall teachers. Days glide by and we hold forth at Convention Hall—"Eddie make that 4 for Central."

On the 14th, Director Holmes directs us in the gentle art of changing classes. Then when all is going splendidly—along come cards. Someone is always taking the joy out of life. Debate tryouts take place and Central entrusts her honor in the hands of Mr. Rush, Mr. Laughlin, Miss Morgan, Miss Wolfson and 24 debaters. This is but the beginning of an eventful career for Central's debaters. The L. that was knocked out of Manual before, has returned twofold, and Central almost had the same desert—but, well a 3-point win is just as good as a 33. We have by this time become used to writing 1918 for 1917. January lumbers along and fades into February.

February

February 1st finds Principal Holmes and his brood of little Centralites waxing noisily at Convention Hall. The writer can't make this interesting when it is the same old story. Well, it was. On Monday, Mr. Home Grown Talent and all the little talents entertain us under the auspices of the Dramatic Club. The reason the vote was won, was because the suffs used a generous bit of bull. We were especially

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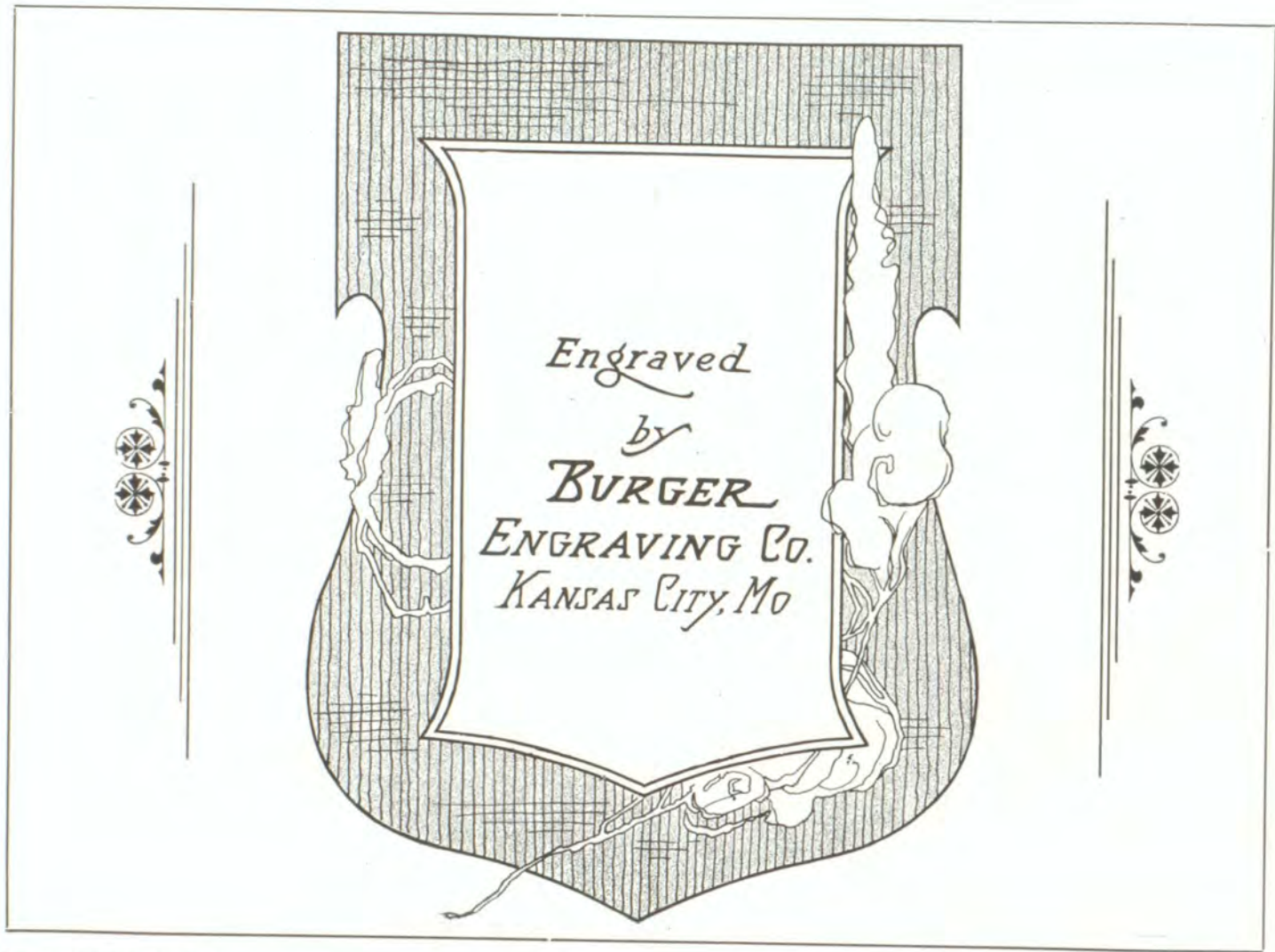
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enamored of Mr. Ostrander's bit of lip camouflage. With shaves at 20 cents, we don't blame him a bit—but Louie got a close enough shave before the Christmas play to last him many days. The daze didn't last long tho'.

February 11th found the school in the grip of the Campaign of Friendship. Friendship is always accompanied by a grip, and at that time, frequently with the grippe, too. And now we come to that Central-Wichita game. That was a Doughty bunch of boys. Suffice it to say that the Wichita Beacon got out an extra and all schools were closed. And now permit me to offer some suggestions to Wichita. With a few more men like Polsky and Hollesky, and a man like Sobiesky, they would have an invincible team; for should an opposing team snow them under—the men could use their skiis and win easily. We were not recovered by Monday to have an assembly. We overlooked a joke—Omaha—ha—ha. We had a great patriotic assembly on the 21st, and Central became the proud possessor of the flag that floated o'er the dome of the Capitol at Washington when war was declared on April 6, 1917. It being about spring time, the Blue Birds came north and gave us the program. We were glad they came north instead of "Headin' South".

Well, let's strike up the March now.

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March

March comes in in the usual way and dress goods goes up. The only things that are down in these days of soaring prices and articles way out of sight are the grades of eight debaters—I beg pardon—seven. Mr. Clark suffered the most, dropping from an E to a G. It nearly broke him up. On March the 2nd we took the lion's share at the K. C. A. C. Quick, Watson, some Anti-Big Head Lotion! On March 4th we have some more Centralized talent. Wuzn't we proud of these tho', huh, by Heck? We heard a rendition in music of the life at a summer resort. We judged that it took place in a flat, which was situated on the coast of Florida, amongst the Keys. We easily drifted into the summer life—it must have been easy then to B natural. March 11th we listened to our orchestree. We wonder if that was where the director got her baton—from the orchestree. We greatly appreciated this program by Hausman Et Cetera. On March the 15th, Coach Hawkins escorted his menagerie again down to the Convention Hall, and they came home heavily laden with honors. And now we must perforce dwell upon the boys' debate. My how Central does hate to take everything. But still the lion month was the most appropriate to take the lion's share. 3-2 and 5-0—Central-Westport; Central-Manual. We knocked the port out of Westport, and the M out of Manual—thus making the event Anual.

Ho-Hum—would that we had more Wichitas. To prevent enlarged craniums we will pass on. Sprig is Cub. We commemorate Easter with two holidays, and with this our March stops.

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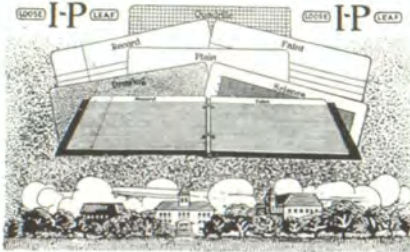
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- Whyco No. 17. Announcement soon, and more to follow later.

April

"Whan that Aprille with his schoures soote

The droughte of March hath perced to the root.

The endless string of victories that has Marched past has begun to be monotonous and dry reading; so that "Aprille with his schoures soote" must come to our relief. Of course we couldn't win everything, understand that; all the hogging we know about is at Hog Island; and again there is a ban against hoarding. So you see, gentle reader, to be patriotic we must needs deprive ourselves of some victories. The first one thus was not won, nor one; it was two and lost. Yep—the girls decided that they could win easily if they wanted to, but I guess they didn't want to. Anyway—Oh Word! Word! We don't like to lose. Lord Kelvin's Klub gives us a scientific picture at our first Assembly. We have spring fever by this time, and can't help but wonder if that is what is the trouble with the clocks. The Seniors elect Egan to pilot the ship of state. Next Monday finds us gazing proudly at our own, as they perform on the platform. We liked that word program. (This article is becoming too word—wordy!) Ah thou famous 22nd! March holds

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thee immortal, likewise April. The Seniors, worn with age, return to their second childhood and Ray Ramsay, erstwhile of Central, entertains the enraptured little folk. It was a sleight of hand exhibition—but Ray received no slight hand for his services. Ray's hat never held so much before as it did then. We know where the strings came from—it was a string band he had around his hat, C? Something happens down at Poly next Friday—a Northeaster struck us. The 27th is most dear to the Slaches. Monday finds us listening to an artful speaker—he was full of art as well as artful. We want him back. When the Juniors are notified that they can elect they say "Ray! Rhea!" Aprille has left us in its wake.

May

The day before May all the little Central Childern have their pictures took by Mr. Anderson for the Centralian. It was a moving picture. Allow me to introduce Miss May, April showers bring May flowers. We hope Hoover won't put a ban on these flours. The cinnamon-Less Mizerabuls is shown on Friday. May the 4th finds our track boys at Columbia, where we lay undisputed claim to 3d place. The M. and K. Dubachs (Missouri and Kansas Dubachs) uphold Central's prestige at Lawrence. The sixth finds some karols by the koral club. Mr. Peters, in the school record, states that it was "Unusually Good." Now

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that was a trifle hard. They have given some good programs before, Mr. Peters, and this was just like the other ones. We are saving our money to buy thrift stamps—the seniors are glad they get out before another day comes along. On the 11th, Westport was "feeling fine," until "along came Central and stole her heart away." That was some lil' ol' quad. Central didn't want to win on a lot of foolishness, so we asked a Westport man to run in 3 field events, giving us the meet. That wasn't meatless day for Central by any means. (My Muse Hath Left Me.) The Juniors wonder whether the Juniors will give a Prom to the Seniors and the Juniors. The Juniors say no, but the Seniors, who get smileage tickets, say yes, and so the Juniors decide that the Juniors will give a Junior Prom. The Seniors pack up their troubles and say good-bye.

June

"Oh Skin-nay. C'mon over! Holidays comin'!"

ROBERT W. ABERNETHY.

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