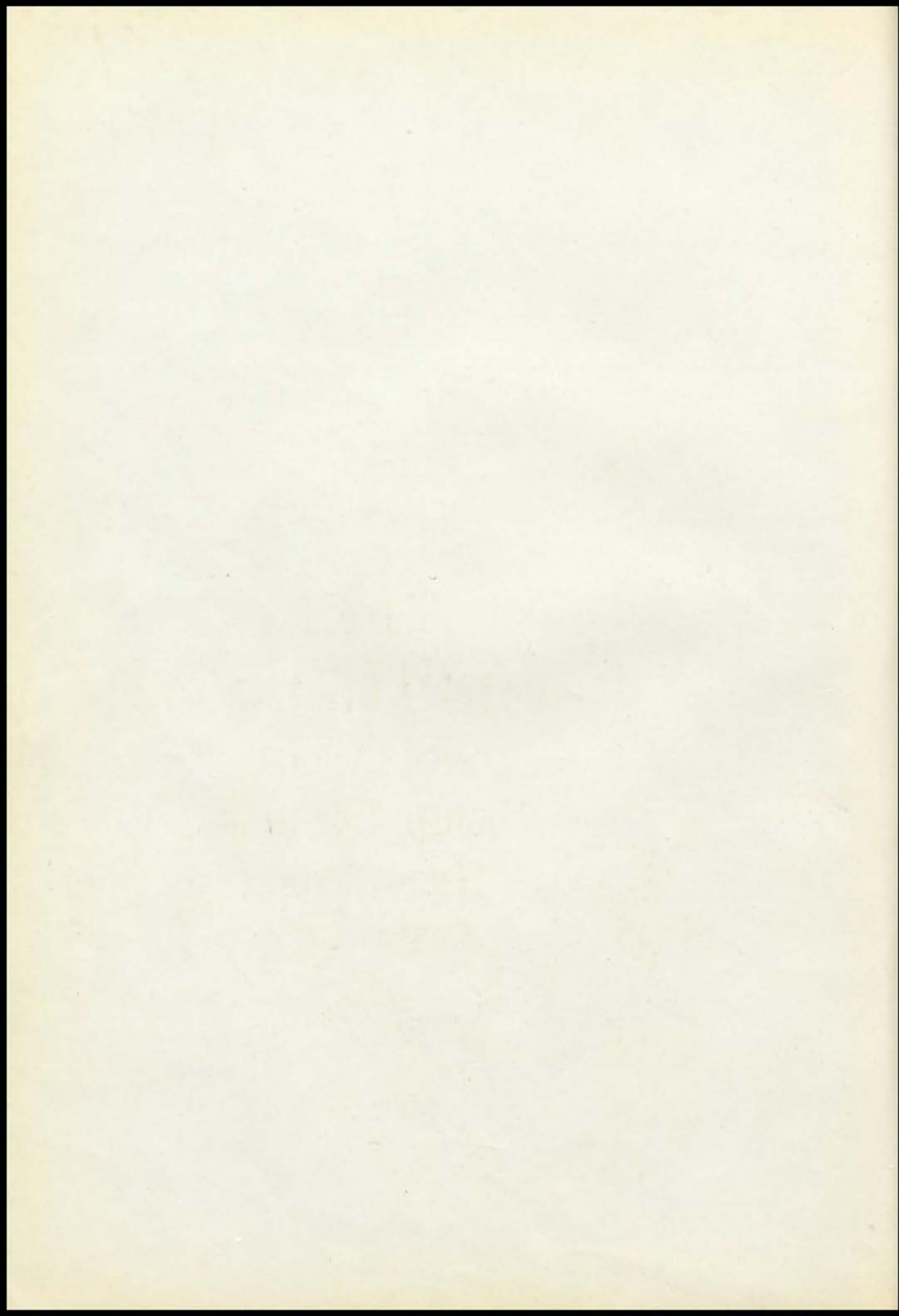
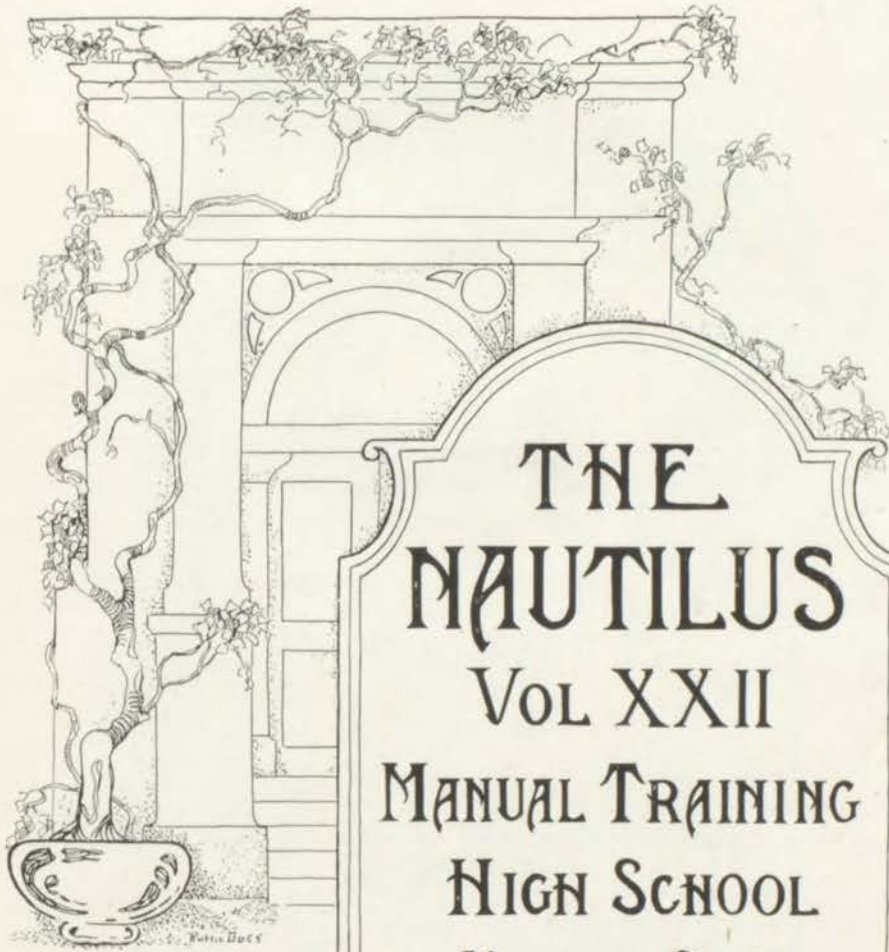


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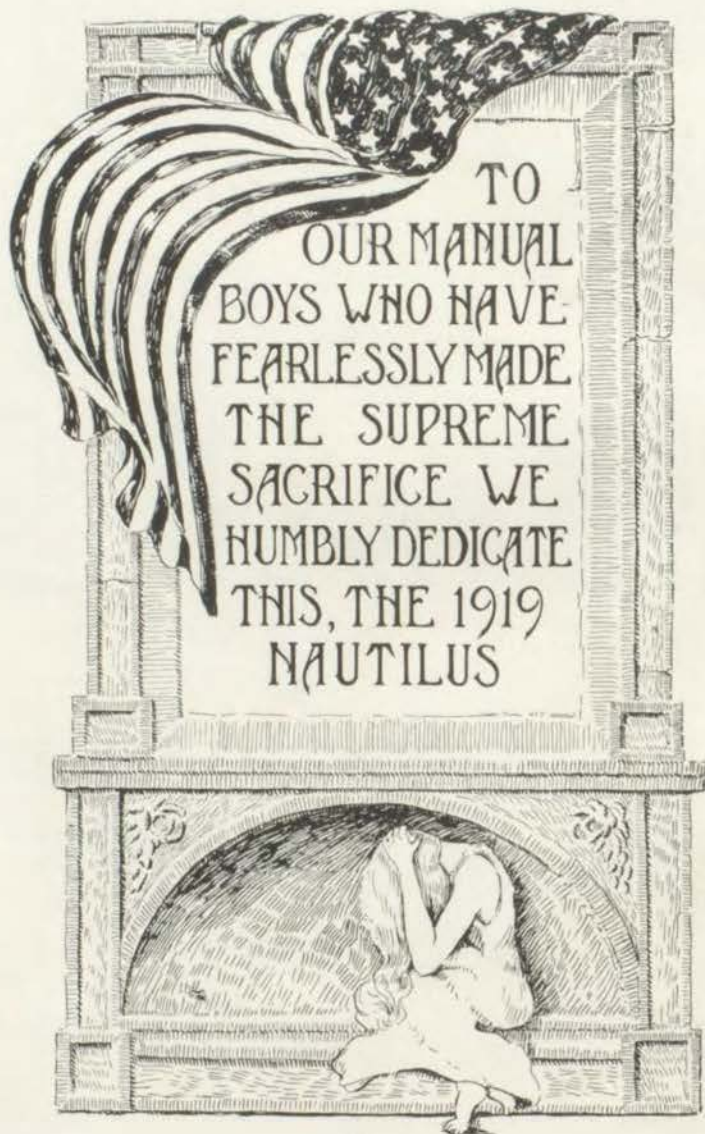
VOL XXII

MANUAL TRAINING

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III. ATHLETICS

IV. LOCALS

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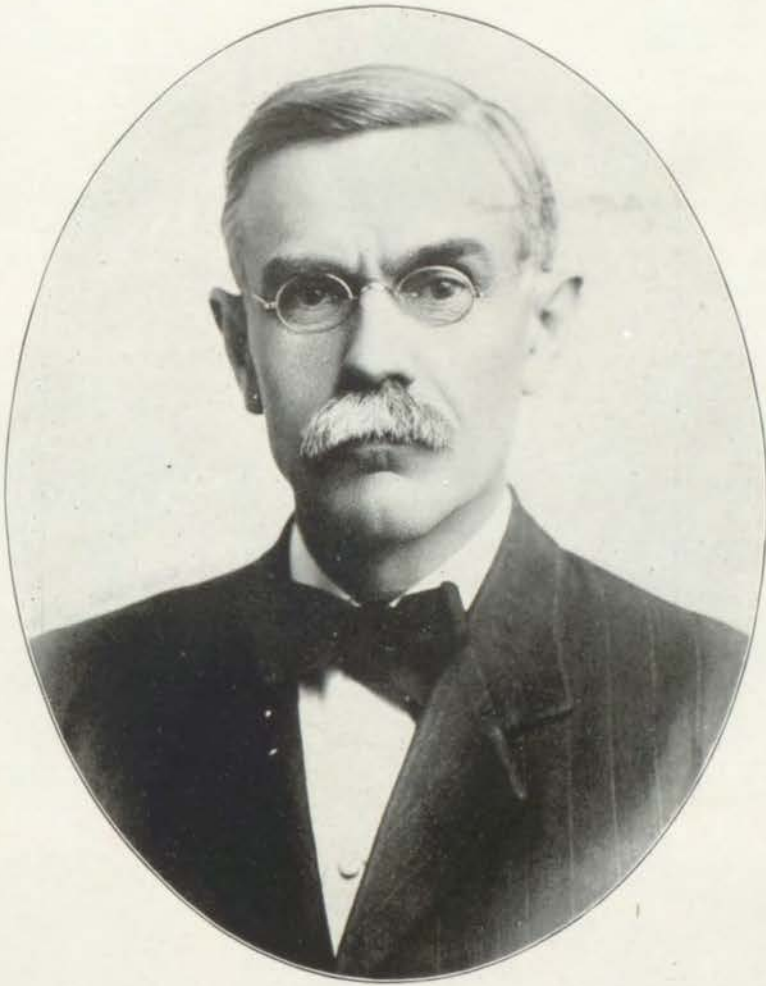


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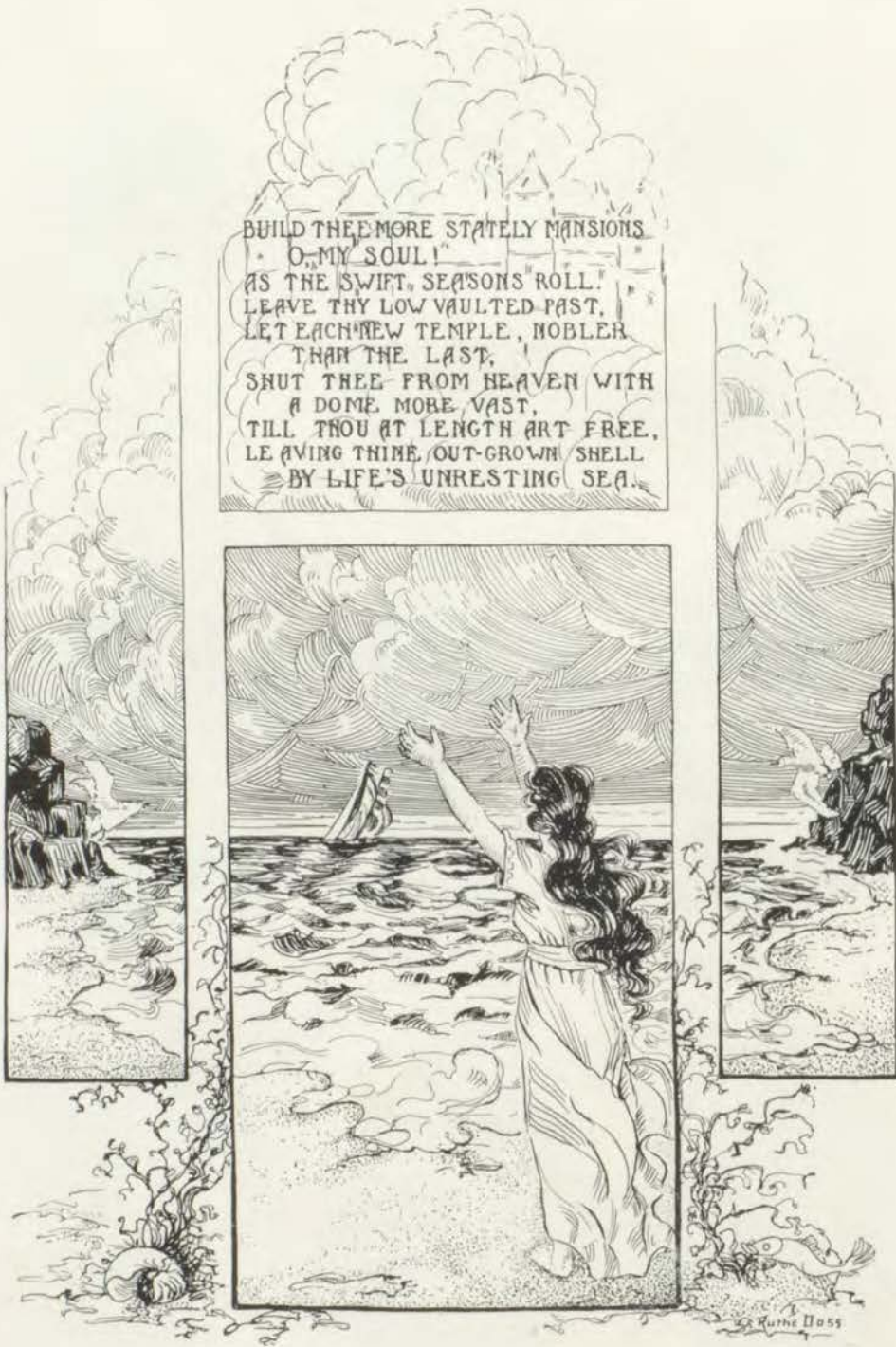
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LEO TIEDEMANN  
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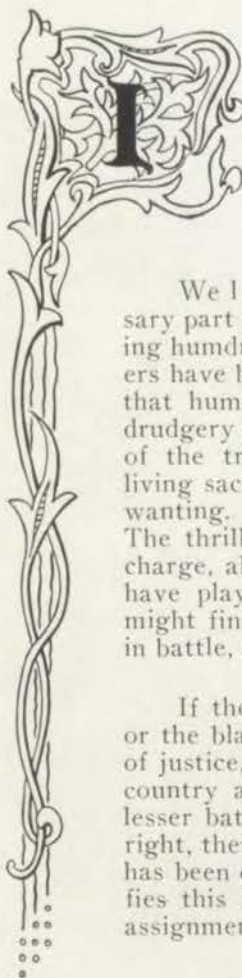
BUILD THE MORE STATELY MANSIONS  
O, MY SOUL!  
AS THE SWIFT, SEASONS ROLL,  
LEAVE THY LOW VAULTED PAST,  
LET EACH NEW TEMPLE, NOBLER  
THAN THE LAST,  
SHUT THEE FROM HEAVEN WITH  
A DOME MORE VAST,  
TILL THOU AT LENGTH ART FREE,  
LEAVING THINE, OUT-GROWN SHELL,  
BY LIFE'S UNRESTING SEA.







# FOREWORD



IN THESE days our country has demanded of every man the unqualified devotion to the task for which he was fitted. Every youth was ready, was even anxious for the moment when he might show his unbounded love of country by giving himself to the great cause. And yet this youth was urged to continue his educational pursuits that his service, when the moment came to strike, might be of the highest standard.

We have been called upon to play an inconspicuous but necessary part in the great game. We have applied ourselves to the seeming humdrum of the class room routine when our friends and brothers have been beating back the foes that threatened to desecrate all that humanity held sacred. Gladly would we have endured the drudgery and hardships of the camp, the sufferings and privations of the trenches, willingly would we have offered ourselves as living sacrifices if need be that our patriotism might not be found wanting. But our part as student has denied us these chances. The thrill of combat, the fiery, dashing, maddening spirit of the charge, all the glories of battle have been unknown to us yet we have played our part with our thoughts on the time when we might find through conscientious service what our fighters found in battle, the opportunity to give one's best for his fellow men.

If those who lie beneath the cross strewn fields of Flanders or the blackened turf of the Argonne, those who fell in the cause of justice, who unflinchingly gave their best in the service of their country and their God, know that those of us who fought the lesser battles will "carry on" that the great wrong may be made right, then shall we feel that our answer to the call of our country has been eminently proper. If the spirit of *The Nautilus* exemplifies this unselfish attitude, then shall the staff have fulfilled its assignment—the representation of the true Manual Spirit.



## PEACE

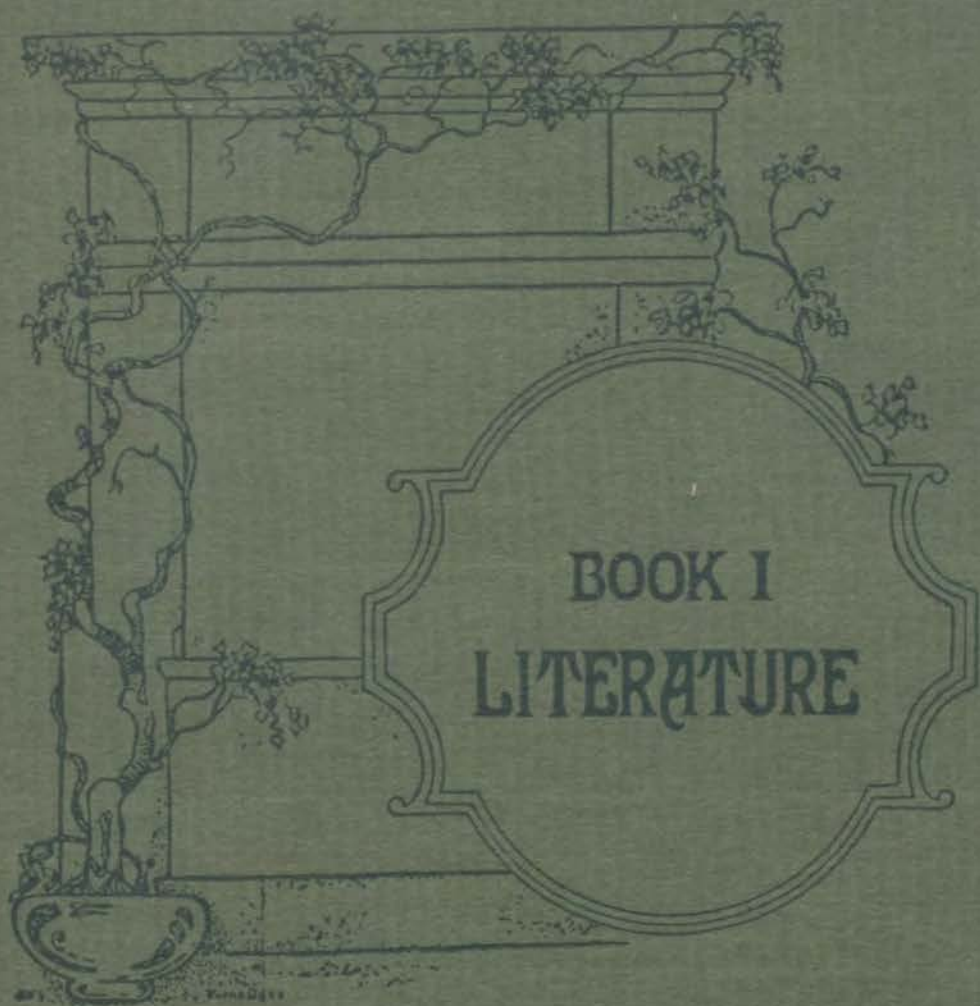
Over there the crosses stand,  
Like the ghosts of bygone years,  
Crosses gleaming white and still  
In the vale and on the hill.

Over there the fields are red,  
From the fight so bravely led  
Precious blood that tells a story  
Of a hero's dream of glory.

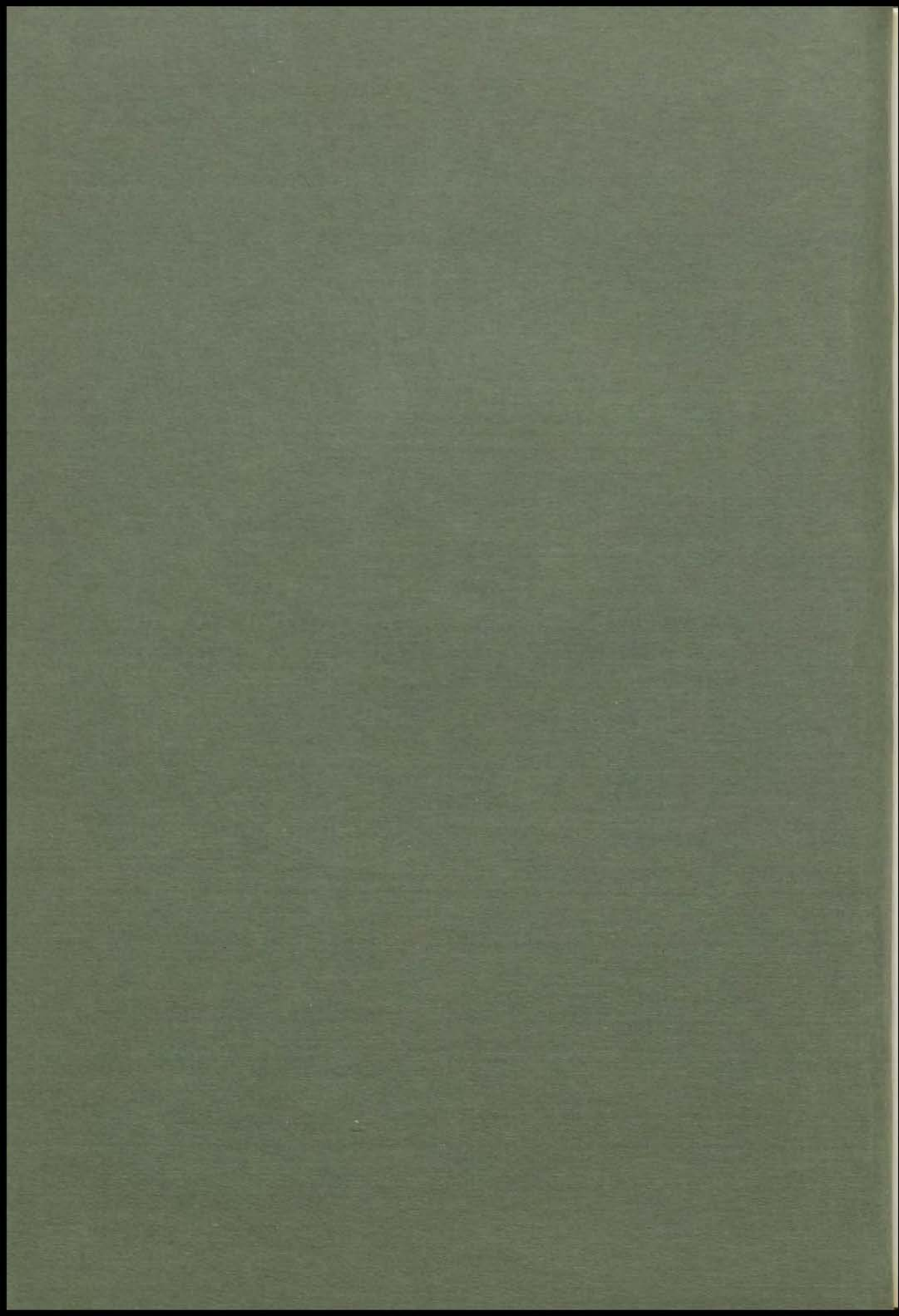
Alike they sleep beneath the sod  
Under the watchful eye of God  
Who takes back what he gives to man  
So in the field the crosses stand.

God grant a peace that speaks for life,  
A peace in which there is no strife  
From Flanders fields a message ran  
Peace on earth, good will to man.

MARGARET MARSHALL, '20.











## THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL

"Tomorrow I go over land and sea in search of the Holy Grail," said Sir Launfal, the maiden knight, and how many others echo this thought. Tomorrow I go to search for fame, for glory, honor and love.

The wayfarer, searching for the Grail, cries,

"No hand shall stay my fate  
However sweet.  
I must go on, still speeding  
My highest height to find."

And so, soldier and sailor, tinker and tailor, leave their dwellings to obey the voice of the Holy Grail, which commands, "O Lancelot and O Lancelot, follow me."

"Come choose your road and away! away!" said the voice of adventure to the lad.

The Holy Grail is a symbol of the highest aim for which he sought. The boy began the journey that he hoped would lead to the Holy Grail.

The lass heard of the vision seen by a few, and thought, "Oh, to see the Holy Grail. I am sure if I become a great singer or actress I will see the vision." The Holy Grail to her meant glory and distinction. So the girl left her home, as the lad had, and traveled the hard road in search of success.

But there was one who stayed at home, as there always is. She, the mother of the lad and lass, drudged alone, so the others might see the Holy Grail. It was hard perhaps, to feel that the children would attain success and then forget her in the glow of fame. But mother love does not dwell on these things. Mother love thinks only of the best, and thus the mother hoped that her children might see the wonderful vision of the Sacred Cup.

The path which the boy and girl traveled was a hard one. They grew weary many times and fell by the wayside, but the thought of the Holy Grail was always before them, leading them onward.

The way grew more difficult and the vision seemed farther away. Plesasures called the youth, now growing older and laughter enticed him. It was so easy to stop for a while and laugh and be merry. Tomorrow, the lad promised himself, he would take up the journey, but tomorrow never came. In this manner the lad lost all chance of seeing the Holy Grail. The dark cloud of failure was drawn over the Sacred Cup for him.

The girl may have had more stability or her aim may have been higher. She plodded on over the highway, not noticing the enticing cries of the failures, trying to make worse failures of others. But on the road to success she overlooked the other strugglers, not so successful as she. The lass never saw the neighbor on the roadside who needed a helping hand, never gave a kind word to the wayfarer more tired than she, more ready to drop out of the race. The only thought in the mind of the girl was to attain success and by so doing to see the Holy Grail.

The girl, now a woman, attained success. But the vision did not appear. The Holy Grail is not for blind eyes to see. Lines of discontent marred the



beauty of the woman's face and success attained, was not so sweet as success sought after.

But what of the one who stayed at home? She labored patiently day after day, but the way was made lighter by the help she gave to everyone. No one was too poor or lowly to be turned away from her door. From the little forsaken dog in the alley to the rich man's child, all received the love and help of the mother.

Human endurance does not last forever and so one day the lad and lass were called home by death. The man was old and broken, his face seamed by lines of passion and dissipation. The eyes were shifting always, the hands shaking, the head bowed. His faith in humanity, the last tie to bind, was gone. He was one cast out by the world. The woman was richly gowned, beautifully groomed, a marked contrast to her brother. And yet the pencil of discontent had drawn hard lines on the once sweet face. Selfishness had hardened the eyes and pride had tightened the lips. She was a success, but—

Two stood beside the bed, sorrowing. "Poor mother, she must have hated to stay at home while we were out in the world. What a shame for her never to have known success," mourned the daughter. "She never had the chance to find the Holy Grail."

As she was speaking a procession entered the room. The maimed, the halt and the blind, little children and old men made up the throng.

In the front was a child bearing an immense sheath—not of hothouse blooms—but of the wild things the mother had loved so well. As the strange assemblage advanced led by the little child, a film seemed to cover the eyes of the two mourners. Like Sir Launfal, they saw a wondrous vision. Over the resting place of the mother shone a great light. The voice of the child said in low clear tones, as to the maiden knight,

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!  
In many climes, without avail,  
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail,  
Behold it is here—this cup which thou  
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now  
Not what we give, but what we share—  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me."

The child laid the mass of wild blossoms down and the strange assembly departed. Wonder filled the eyes of the son and daughter.

"She saw the vision, the wonderful vision—. She saw the Holy Grail. 'In so much as ye have done to the least of these—'" the daughter's voice trailed off into silence.

These figures are but symbols of actors in the great play of life. Each one a puppet, pulled hither and thither by a twitch of the thread we call fate, and yet in a feeble way determining his own destiny. In struggling to reach the mountain tops of success the low valleys of some of the strugglers' despair, are passed over. But "In so much as ye have done to the least of these," will you see the Holy Grail.

KATHERINE GOLDSBY, '20.





## IN FLANDERS FIELD

EDITH MILLER.

*First Place—Oration Contest.*

In the mad race to its destiny, the world pauses once again to review the tremendous upheaval of the past few years. The universe was hurled, as if by magic, into a great chaos from which it is still staggering. As we meditate upon these events there is one thought that is constantly before us—the thought of those who lie in Flanders Fields.

Flanders Field, the quiet and lovely land of Belgium, was sailing in the sea of contentment manned by the gentle hand of peace. The great hand of destruction struck with the confidence of forty years' preparedness and rent everything asunder. But only material things were destroyed; the ravaged fields and crimson rivers refused to give back victory and each time a power rose to push the tyrant back. There existed in the hearts of men and women, high and noble aspirations that would not perish. Belgium swayed and bent but was not crushed.

The picture of Flanders Field today touches one's deepest emotions. Scarcely a house is left intact and Flanders' beloved soil is disfigured by gaping wound from shell and bomb. Families are scattered perhaps never to return to their own firesides. Rows and rows of crosses mark the resting places of gallant, glorious young men, sons of all the friendly nations who have made the supreme sacrifice. They heroically surrendered life itself in order that we might have a lasting peace.

This wanton destruction and this sudden reaping of the splendid youth of the world has brought us to realize the vast importance of life and death.

It has been but a very short time since those in Flanders Field lived. Perhaps then for the first time they realized the joy in everyday happenings. How reverently they wrote of larks and violets, the divine loveliness of dawn, noontime and night. Thus having found out about life, death lost its strange indistinctness and took on a wonderful new splendor. Men who knew that their every second was numbered placed a new valuation upon earthly existence.

There is something strange about an unfinished life which seems to leave us with the desire to some way, somehow, complete the work so earnestly begun by the young soul. There was never a family that lost a child that did not mentally picture and provide for that child through the various stages of growth. A supreme illustration of this is seen in the Christian religion. For it was through the death of a young man that it was established. Having been founded upon the desire to fulfill an interrupted ministry and as being the only way of showing devotion. Who can say that the comrade of some fallen thinker cannot inherit his thought and continue the interrupted work? The number of those who lie where freedom was won, is so great that they are incapable of death; their earthly influence cannot be buried.

That the young and splendid cannot die and that they are constantly



influencing our lives is the growing conviction of those who mourn today. We used to hide our loved ones away from our conversation and keep them in the secret caskets of our hearts; but today with so many mothers and fathers mourning it would be impossible to keep them from our daily lives or pretend that they are not foremost in our thoughts. It was not death in the past that killed them but our way of concealing grief as though a thing unclean. Today brave grief is the sign of the healthy soul.

What is this priceless sacrifice to accomplish? Has it simply been to drive Germany from France and Belgium while the nations prepare for another and greater struggle? Have we simply become experts in the science of killing the greatest number of our fellowmen in the shortest space of time? Oh, no, this would not establish a lasting peace nor satisfy the hearts of those who grieve. The sacrifice was made for high and noble ideals in order that the world might be free. The seven million of America's and Europe's sons who sleep beneath the sod were soldiers of humanity and ideals, and through the immortal pen of one who lies among them, their spirits call to us,

"In Flanders Fields, the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place, and in the sky,  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you from falling hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die,  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders Fields."

This is the challenge that comes to us from Flanders Field. They have passed beyond the clamor but the crown of victory they have bequeathed to us. Their fearless surrender of all that was dear to them must not be in vain. By daily sacrifice and living close to heroism they have thrown a new vision before the world. If the world follows this new vision only for a few generations, human ideals will be so benefitted that it will be worth the price. Let us reverently honor the great army that died and upon this new vision let us construct a new world which should be the sole monument beautiful enough for the memorial to those who lie in Flanders Field.





## APRIL RAIN

*Second Place—Poetry Contest.*

The merry, merry patter  
Of the rain upon my window  
Fills my heart with happy fancies  
    And I hear,  
The melodious whispered message,  
That the water gods have sent me  
From their haunt of April freshness,  
    Far from here.

Then I seize my pen with gladness,  
And with eager heart do endeavor  
To record the whispered secret,  
    All in vain!  
For the airy elves of April  
Now indignant at my falseness,  
Whisk away the treasured message  
    Of the rain.

Then the wind and rain grown silent,  
Fill the room with gloomy shadows;  
Fill my heart with wistful sadness,  
    And with pain.  
Will you come again, O raindrops,  
With your airy elfin gladness,  
With the happy happy, secret  
    Of the rain?

But I know and sigh in knowing,  
Tho' the years may bring new gladness,  
I shall never learn their secret,  
    Nor shall I hear  
The melodious whispered message  
That the water-gods once sent me  
From their haunts of April freshness,  
    Far from here.

CHRISTINE REEVES, '20.



## MESSAGE TO GARCIA

ROSALIE McCracken, '19.

*First Place—Oration Contest.*

Some where in a mountain fortress of Cuba, was Garcia. It was during the Spanish-American war, and General Garcia was somewhere in the heart of Cuba where neither rail nor wire could reach him. A message must be sent to him without delay. A message that might mean life or death to the American army. Someone was needed—a man—one who, in that critical hour could find General Garcia, somewhere in the midst of those fighting armies; no one knew where.

The man was found, who asked not why nor when, nor where, the man who knew that a nation depended upon him, and went. "His not to reason why; his but to do or die." No matter what that message was. We only know that a faithful messenger, unknown to fame, braved every danger and delivered his message to Garcia.

Somewhere in the future is success; and its abode is known only to itself, and those who seek and find it. Like Garcia, it is sometimes in a foreign land, with yawning gulfs, between and fighting armies led by Success and Failure, intervening. Each living thing on earth has a duty to perform. But the message of man, is a gift of God, to the world, and some day, to each one of us, there will be an awakening, when we realize that we are on earth, with a precious message to deliver. It is as true of the messenger, as of the soldier, that for him, it is "Not to reason why, his but to do or die." He only knows that he is endowed with a special talent, to benefit the world. No matter whether that gift is a message of sunshine to a dreary world, or a work of art for a beauty-loving people, or a marvelous invention for a progressive throng, the messenger, is only the instrument, in whose power, lies the failure or success, of the message.

Even in childhood, before the great life message has been made known, Garcia awaits his little messenger. There once lived a sunny little girl, who played all day and had no care. But one day, a dear old lady, her grandmother, came to live at her home, and that day there was whispered a message to this care-free little girl. Her grandmother was old and blind, and was living in a world of her own. The mission of the little child was to penetrate this barrier of sadness and bring a message of sunshine into the lonely old heart. The Garcia of childhood is in the land of those simple every-day experiences. The message is a golden-tinted one and the path lies along the road of service to others.

At some time in the life of each one of us, we will receive a message to Garcia. Abraham Lincoln had a message; he delivered it, though the price of the journey was death. Today, to President Wilson is entrusted the greatest message ever conceived. Oh, I could name hundreds, who started in a valley, and found Garcia on the mountain top, only by steadily climbing.

As a messenger boy in a telegraph office, life seemed to hold nothing for Joe Davidson, who had come to America from Russia, when a small child. When he was twelve years old, he fell ill and to pass the time away, he made sketches. Lying there in the hospital, his message to Garcia took form, and from that time nothing could dissuade him. When he recovered, he took art lessons, working doubly hard to pay for them, and shortly after, he received a scholarship. He was not working for the reward alone, but it came, only through his faithful effort. I might tell you of the long long journey, but the world only asks for results, and today, he is in Paris, known as a great American sculptor. Among his master pieces, are busts of Gen-



eral Pershing, General Foch, and members of the peace conference. He delivered his message to Garcia, after years of weary travel. Did he question why or when or where? No, not he. He only went.

In a cutlery factory, in Thiers, France, was a workman whose life seemed destined to the simple knife-maker's trade. But one day, this man, Fernand Forest, heard that the world was awaiting the perfection of an engine, that would accomplish marvels. The greatest engineers were working to perfect it, when silently Destiny whispered a message to Forest, a message to be delivered to Garcia. To the knife maker at Thiers, was entrusted this precious message for the world. The engine was completed, after long and zealous study and toil. He had a message for the world, a message to Garcia.

The world received his message, but little cared for the faithful messenger, who grew old in poverty, and saw the product of his strenuous journey, racing across the land and sea. But he had not worked for the reward. The knowledge that he had been faithful was his only reward, until years later. After the world had perfected and used his invention, there was a motor-boat exposition, and the place of honor was given to Forest's original motor-boat. In the race planned to follow the awarding of first place, this boat, "The Ellen," Forest's own creation, was to trace the route of the contestants. As the boat bounded through the water, perhaps the old man's heart thrilled, as he stood proudly at the wheel. He had delivered his message to Garcia, and now the world recognized the messenger. And so the "Ellen" gracefully led the race and glided back to the starting place, but as she came to a stop, the cheering crowd was hushed, for the aged Forest was not standing at the wheel. It was his son, who had sprung to his father's place, when the old man fell lifeless, dying, with the long delayed cheers ringing in his ears, dying with the knowledge that the messenger entrusted to him had been faithfully delivered, and smiling, that the world had accepted his message to Garcia.

This then, is the very essence of life. That special talent, which every one possesses, is a sacred trust. The messenger who so develops that gift that the world may be benefited may indeed smile, when he has faithfully delivered his message to Garcia.

## MOTHER

Out of the dust of yesterday  
And the darkness of by-gone years  
Comes a song eternally tender,  
Whose music is sweet to hear.  
And the song is the prayer of mother,  
Long has she been but clay,  
Yet her prayer is the music of Heaven  
It strengthens and guides us alway.  
Tho' our footsteps may wander afar  
From the paths they are wont to roam,  
Yet the prayers and the tears of mother  
Will surely gather us home.  
An angel of God is mother  
Her prayers like the winds of the sea  
Will carry us over Life's Ocean  
To the port of Eternity.

WAYNE PARKER, '22.





## THE YOUNG MAN

Our boy has left the family home  
The great, wide world to see.  
From city here and there he'll roam,  
Hard labor it will be.  
Rays of sunshine,  
Rays of sunshine,  
Send your bright rays on our boy!

He never calls himself a boy,  
He thinks he's now a man.  
All life to him is but a toy  
And manhood one strong clan,  
Little raindrops,  
Little raindrops,  
Send new vigor to our boy!

But we will leave his life to him  
And trust that He will guide,  
Revive him when the lights are dim,  
And stand close by his side.  
Keep him safely,  
Keep him safely,  
Till the day that he returns!

GERTRUDE BRUECKMAN, '20.

## WHEN THE BLUE STAR TURNED TO GOLD

*Third Place—Poetry Contest.*

There are graves in the fields of Flanders  
Where hero hearts lie cold  
There are service stars in the windows,  
Where the blue has turned to gold.

Every grave in the fields of Flanders,  
Every service star of gold,  
Tells a story of battle and victory,  
And the death of a hero bold.

In homes where gold stars are shining,  
Alas, there's a vacant chair,  
And a mother's heart is yearning  
For the lad who has died over there.

There are stars in God's crown of glory  
For those heroes still and cold;  
But their spirit wafted upward  
When the blue was turned to gold.

RUTH BIGGS, '22.





## LIMPY

CHRISTINE REEVES, 20.

Third Place—Story Contest

The sun was just rising over the eastern hills as Limpy walked slowly down the road approaching Harrisonville. In the red bandana bundle which he carried on a stick over his shoulder were all his worldly possessions, excluding the clothes he wore. The latter were of rather negative quality, consisting of a pair of dilapidated corduroy trousers, several layers of dirty cotton sweaters and a pair of decadent shoes. Perched at rather a rakish angle on his frowzy gray head was a nondescript cap, several sizes too small for him. His hands and face, and all parts of his physical anatomy exposed to view proclaimed him a soldier in good standing of the "Great Army of the Unwashed."

When he reached the small grove on the outskirts of the little town, he paused, and seating himself on a fallen log, he eyed his surroundings contemplatively. The trees and turf about him were, under the magic touch of spring, softly verdant. At his feet blossomed myriads of purple violets, while from the copse directly behind him, the pale sweet mayflower bloom sent out its exotic fragrance. Before him lay a long stretch of pasture land where a drove of red and white cattle grazed leisurely. In the distance a low brown farm-house, banked by blooming apple and cherry orchards, sent up wreaths of curling smoke from its tall chimney.

It was a scene of quiet rustic beauty of such a kind as the Roman Virgil sings; a scene, which unlike the mighty seas or lofty mountains whose awful beauty overcomes us with a sense of the Creator's omnipotence and power, says instead to our quieted hearts, "God is good."

Not that Limpy was cogitating thus as he rested his twisted foot on a heap of soft leaves. His mind of more materialistic bent was busy with thoughts of breakfast, of what it might consist, and where it might be obtained. The only tribute Limpy paid to the magic spring morning was that he stooped and gathering a small cluster of violets, adjusted them jauntily in his buttonhole. Then, deciding to dine in the manner most approved by his kind, i. e., at the back door of some kindly-disposed housewife, he arose and went down into the village.

Soon he came to a small gray cottage almost hidden by blooming lilac shrubs. Once, in the previous summer, Limpy had been successful in obtaining a meal here, so he turned down the lilac-bordered path and knocked at a side door. There was no answer and he knocked again. Then rousing no one, he seized the door knob and shook it impatiently. To his surprise it opened readily.

Cautiously, Limpy put first one foot and then the other inside the door. He found himself in a clean and orderly, but apparently deserted dining room. On a table covered with blue linen, stood a glass pitcher of milk, and a great golden cake. Seizing the pitcher, Limpy drained it of its contents and he broke the cake into huge gobs with his fat fingers and crammed it hastily down his throat. Nicety in table manners did not form a part of his creed.

When he had finished his repast he gazed about him curiously. In a corner a black cat, roused from her nap by the intrusion, regarded him



dubiously. On the walls hung several pictures, among them one of a fair-faced boy clad in the olive drab uniform of the United States Army. Opposite it was another portrait, this of a bridal couple garbed in a style of three decades past.

Limpy turned to go. Being a real soldier of fortune and follower of the long white road, he was a thief only when food was lacking. So unlike the hobo of the fiction writer's imagination, he did not search for the silver or bills, supposedly hidden in cracked teapots or between the leaves of widows' Bibles.

As he rounded the corner of the house, he saw for the first time the small service flag with its one gold star. Limpy knew what this meant. He knew that there had been a war and that the war was over. But it had touched his life very lightly and had stirred his soul not at all. So he gave the little flag but a casual glance and passed on.

But, as he reached the main part of the village he found all the houses and buildings gay with flags and bunting of red, white, and blue and the sidewalks thronged with men, women, and children in holiday garb. The ground was white with confetti, and there arose the incessant shrill of toy whistles mingled with raucous tones of the popcorn vendor.

"The old town must be puttin' on a fair," thought Limpy to himself. "I'll stick around and see what happens."

Then from far down the street came the steady rub-a-dub of drums and the blare of trumpets mingled with the tramp of marching feet.

"Makes a fellow feel pretty good, doesn't it?" said a man near Limpy. "The war over and all the boys coming back again to the old town."

"Yes," said his companion, "it's pretty good. And there's something about the days like this, the flags flying, the band playing 'America,' and the boys marching that sort of gets a fellow, makes him wish he was young and handsome again and could serve the grand old flag."

"Well," observed the first speaker, "I reckon we all had a chance to do our bit. I went my limit on Liberty Bonds and the wife did the same with the Red Cross. Our kid's marching home today and we didn't want him to feel that we weren't backing him to the last ditch."

"Look!" he caught his companion's arm, "there's the Prescott kid's mother. Young Jim, you know, who fell in the Argonne? Pretty sandy in her to come out today, I say."

Limpy's eyes followed the man's gesture to where a little old woman clad in rusty black silk stood, one faded, skimpy, little flag clutched bravely in both hands. Something vaguely familiar in her looks puzzled him. But just then the parade came in sight.

Down the street they came, the marching soldiers, their shoulders buoyantly erect, their eyes straight ahead. Past their homefolk they marched, past Limpy, past the little old lady in rusty black, who waved her little flag so bravely. Limpy followed them until they came to the low-roofed white church set in a grove of maples. Here the marching columns disbanded.

Fathers, mothers and sweethearts pressed closely about the returning heroes, sobbing, laughing, questioning in a breath. Many a stalwart soldier breaking from his own circle of admiring relatives, paused at the side of the little old lady in rusty black to speak a few words.

Soon all the company had entered the church, all except Limpy. Soon





thru the open windows came the sweet tones of the church organ in "America," and men and women's voices lifted in happy chorus.

The sight of the waving flags, the tall soldiers, some minus an arm or a leg, and the music, roused vague and half-forgotten memories in Limpy's brain, and wrought a sudden and miraculous change in his soul. There floated before his eyes a vision of days when he too had cherished his country's flag, and had lifted his voice reverently in its praise. He thought in sudden hot remorse of his own degraded life and useless existence. But surely it was not too late. He lifted his gray head determinedly. He would forsake his vagabond's career and would become again a useful citizen worthy of his country and of his flag.

So he mounted the steps and entered the church, taking a seat in the rear, oblivious to the curious glances with which the occupants of neighboring pews regarded him. The little old lady in rusty black who sat near gravely proffered him a hymn book.

"We will sing the first, second, and fourth verses of hymn number fifty-three," announced the pastor. Painstakingly, Limpy fumbled with the pages until he found the place. He listened with bowed head when the white haired pastor lifted his voice in a simple prayer of thanksgiving for the return of the town's soldiers.

The services were short and Limpy followed the congregation out. No one spoke to him. He had no clear idea of where he was going or what he was to do but his whole heart burned with the belated fires of patriotism and he longed for some means, however simple, of expressing his fervor.

Then the little old lady in rusty black was coming toward him. But just as she reached the sidewalk a vagrant breeze caught the skimpy little flag which she still clutched tightly and sent it flying into the middle of the street.

"Oh!" cried the little old lady, distressedly. "Oh!" She turned her faded blue eyes beseechingly about her.

With a quick movement Limpy darted after the runaway flag. He caught it triumphantly and turned toward the owner. But his twisted foot played him false and he fell sprawling. The little old lady cried out warningly as a big black car dashed round the corner, but it was too late.

A few minutes later, they bore the silent broken old figure from the road and placed it gently on the grassy turf in the church yard. The little old lady wept softly.

Suddenly Limpy opened his eyes and he looked straight up into the face of young Jim Prescott's mother. Fumbling with fast weakening fingers, he drew from some hidden pocket one small dirty coin, and held it toward her.

"For the milk and cake," he gasped, and fell back silent.

The crowd which had gathered gazed in awed silence at the grotesque old figure with his filthy garments, outlandish head-gear and the cluster of fast fading violets in his buttockhole.

He was given a Christian burial at the earnest request of the little old lady. She, made wise by grief, understood the forces that had stirred Limpy's soul.

"He died for the flag, poor soul," she insisted, "just as much as my boy did."

And today Limpy sleeps in a lonely country cemetery while at his head waves a small faded flag, sacred emblem of the freedom and equality of mankind.



## THE NEW DAWN

GERTRUDE GRAHAM.

*First Place—Oration Contest.*

We were in the hush and twilight. The bells were tinkling in the lane, the fowls clucking to rest. The heat of the day was done and the harvest had been good. It was pleasant to sit on the porch and watch the evening come. Yonder, for some time, we had seen a low bank of clouds, with lightning playing along its front. Suddenly we heard a roll of thunder, but still far away. It became louder and louder till, finally, the storm of war broke upon us in all its fury.

It thrilled us to see our boys go marching by. It thrilled us still more to know that slowly but surely they were pushing the enemy back. On September 18, 1918, our soldiers stood at the gates of Metz. To the Frenchman who came to the aid of the Americans they said, "Lafayette, we are here!" That was what General Pershing said at the grave of Lafayette. That was what a Yank army said at the gates of Metz where Lafayette heard the call that brought him to America's aid.

A few weeks later, there appeared in the sky, a strange sight. On less than half a dozen long horizontally streaked clouds the setting sun reflected streaks of red. Between the red stripes were stripes of light gray—almost white. It required no great stretch of imagination to see America's colors emblazoned in the sky. Not a rainbow such as the one sent to Noah promising no more flood, but perhaps a promise that when victory came, America's colors would stand for no more war.

On November 11, of last year, the war cloud lifted. This was the dawn of a new era. With the dawn always comes the light. Thus we are now beginning to see the results of the war. One of the greatest results is the friendship between the nations of the world.

Premier Clemenceau of France, speaking of the friendship between the United States and France said, "The friendship between these two countries is a very beautiful thing. The like of it has never existed before for the same length of time between two peoples. There was nothing finer than the way in which the American fought. France might have died. She would not surrender." Nothing could express more truly the feeling between these two countries, than these words, of Premier Clemenceau.

Then, there is the friendship between England and the United States. It was England who stood by at every crisis. Her destroyer fleet took the seas before ours was ready. She battled the submarine at a time when it seemed it might dispute our passage. We shall not forget it. England's been a good neighbor and a good ally.

Poor crushed Belgium! Do you think she will ever forget what the allies did for her. In the "New Dawn" Belgium will rise and live again. Friendship with her will never be broken. The same is true of Italy and the rest of the allies. They have been brought closer together and have a clearer





understanding of each other. Even as they have seen the value of unity in war, so will they see its value in peace. With the "New Dawn" the world will be safe for democracy, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. United in the league of friendship they will uphold the greatest thing in the world—Peace!

Besides creating friendship among the nations, the war has helped to create the same spirit among men. In other words, with the coming of the new dawn men see things in a different light. Thrown together in one huge melting pot they have lived and died together.

Charles Sloan, in telling of the Battle of the Ypres, said, "I give it to you as it came to me from the lips of that young lad who has lived centuries in moments—who has seen brave men die by scores, yet who has emerged from the blazing zone of war time a man among men." Yes, the war has made men. There is no such thing as selfishness among men who have fought in this great war. It is said that the two things the soldier hates the most are selfishness and cowardice. Many a soldier has gone out in the darkness across the battle-field and risked or given his life for a comrade.

There is a story told of how, in the cold gray dawn, a captain gathers his men about him. He leads a charge across No Man's Land. Suddenly he falls. He calls to his lieutenant, "carry on." The lieutenant leads the charge for a short distance when a bullet finds him. Without a moment's hesitation, he calls, "Sergeant, take command—I'm done for. Carry on!" And so the sergeant carries on a final victory.

The character of a country is not determined by its greatness in land or wealth. It is determined by what its citizens are. If they are intelligent and patriotic, ready at all times to do their duty, their future is assured.

Some people live in the past, some in the present and some in the future. A wise man lives in all three. He profits by the past, improves the present, and prepares for the future.

The students of today will be the future citizens. A great example has been set for them. It is for them in this new dawn to improve the present by profiting by the past. It is for them to prepare for the future. Thus, we see the new dawn has not only brought friendship among nations, but it has been the making of the men of the present as well as the men of future generations.

Chas. Summer said, "The very colors of our flag have a language, which was officially recognized by our forefathers. White is for purity, red for valor, and blue for justice." Let us, the future citizens, uphold the standard set by our forefathers. Let us be pure in heart, never afraid to stand for right and uphold justice forever. Thus the "New Dawn" will never grow old.



## THE MIRAGE

RALPH LOUIS, '20.

*First Place—Oration Contest.*

Travelers who have traversed on foot any of the great deserts of the earth, tell us that to be feared even more than any of the fierce beasts of prey, which roam these sandy wastes, to be dreaded even more than the poisonous reptiles or the blinking gila monster is that great demon of nothingness that so oppresses the solitary traveler—the Mirage.

That intangible demon, that undefinable nothing, that harrasses the traveler continually, never relaxing in its cruel oppression, leading him miles from his way, torturing him on to a halucinatory oasis that inevitably fades into the arid air, sapping his energy unceasingly by its false promises, harrassing his nerves until at last he succumbs a victim of the Mirage, a prey to the desert.

No enemy is this that can be fought with or combatted; but a fleeting phantom that chooses its time when heat, lack of water, and solitude make its conquest easy. Not openly does it fight, but rather in the guise of a friend does it tempt the weary traveler from what he knows to be his road, toward what seems to be a paradise. In reality, it is nothing but a snare to entice him from the real road, the winding caravan route that seems to have for its destination, No Place, but which in truth is the only passage through the burning sands to the cool herbage of the land that lies beyond.

For the traveler to successfully make the journey he must look neither to the right nor to the left, he must heed not the fair vistas of green grass and blue waters with heavy shadows that will taunt him from a distance. He must labor on, struggling ever onward on the gray trail that seems so futile, but at the end of which lies his only hope,

And as in the desert, the traveler must fight his way against the fierce phantoms of the air that seek to ensnare him, so in life must the soul continually struggle against the false opportunities that endeavor to entice it from the true highway of life to the fatal sands of iniquity that bound it on either side.

Hard to travel is the pathway of Truth, perilous and often painful. Luxurious are the Mirages, beautiful and rich, that one sees on either hand beckoning with outstretched arms. But remember always, that they are not what they seem, that their beauty is false, and that their riches are dross. Remember that the pleasure they offer will not last, that the promises they make are not true, that they seek but to destroy you and that having led you far into the desert of sin from which there is no retreat, they will there desert you, leaving you to perish amidst the waste.

Trust only to the one true route that the Creator hath established, and though the path grows faint, and it seems without reward, listen not to the voices of evil, that will offer false counsel, heed not the mirages of sin that will lead only to destruction, but let your conscience be your guide. Hark only to the sense of right and wrong that the almighty hath put within the mind of every man, follow its dictation and you will never come amiss.

Remember that there is no way through the desert of life to the bounteous land of eternity but the one true way which is so hard to travel, which is beset by so many hardships but at the end of which lies the goal,



the goal for which mortal man must struggle through this life. What are earthly riches, what is earthly fame? Can they be carried with you? What good is the petty wealth, the petty honor acquired in this brief sphere?

Remember, my friends, no matter what your religion may be, whether Jew, Gentile, Mohammedan or Buddhist that there is but one right and but one wrong. Remember that no matter what may be your creed that a clear conscience, a clear mind is more valuable in the eyes of Jehovah than all the wealth or all the laurels that a man may acquire.

## PEACE

*First Place—Poetry Contest.*

Of arms and heroes, glorious feats of might,  
Thy theme hast ever been, O heav'nly muse;  
But now exalt the arts fair Peace pursues  
When trusting surely in the power of right.  
Relate how Science turns men's minds to light  
And teaches them their noblest powers to use;  
To seek to know the truth and ne'er confuse  
The laws that govern countless spheres aright.  
Unrolling scrolls of time, lo Clio sings  
The glory of those nations fost'ring art;  
About their ancient culture Romance clings,  
And breathes an inspiration to the heart  
For love is born in souls where music rings,  
And finds expression in some earthly part.

LAVENIA TENNY, '19.

## THE COMING OF NIGHT

Light slowly blending, into descending  
Twilight, that hovers between night and day,  
Slips through a veiling; soft dusk prevailing,  
Slowly the glare of light fades into gray.

Glowing and burning, rapidly turning,  
Hangs the bright sun in the rose tinted west;  
Suddenly dipping, quietly slipping,  
Drops the great globe 'neath the skyline to rest.

Dust gathers quickly; stars scattered thickly,  
Blinking and winking, proclaim night supreme.  
Night's wondrous story—blackness in glory,  
Cleft by a band of white moonlight serene.

ROSALIE McCracken, '19.





## THE SUNKEN CONTINENT

EDITH MILLER, '19

First Place—Original Story Telling Contest

Three thousand years ago the sun was slowly sinking in the west, a bright golden ball just as it appears today. Its last rays threw long and dark shadows throughout the magnificent palace of a mighty king. Upon a balcony of the wonderful palace and reclining upon a low couch, a princess looked far out beyond the rolling ocean. One of her slave girls was singing to the tune of a weird string instrument, but the fixed eyes and thoughtful expression showed that the princess heard her not.

With what seemed a sudden drop, the sun sank below the horizon, which meant that another day was closed but that the dawn of another would soon follow. The princess looked more pensive for on this day her lover she had not seen, nor the day before. Messengers had secretly been sent to look for him but he had apparently vanished. Perhaps if she would go offer a sacrifice to the god of love, but no, she had been so doing when her lover had first met her, a stranger from a strange land and told her of the one great spirit. From then on her faith in all the hideous gods had begun to disappear and her restless soul had become soothed, with the gentle ease that a flower petal is wafted about in a summer breeze.

A doleful chime sounded and she sprang quickly to her feet listening intently to a second and third. It was the signal that meant a human being would be sacrificed at sunrise. These doleful signals had often marred the beauty of a quiet sunset. Ordinarily the princess would not have paid the slightest attention to this signal but she could not get away from the thought that it might mean her lover, for this would surely be his doom when her father would hear of him.

As she was thus meditating, a slave brought her the message that her father wished to see her. Trembling and very white she went slowly through the great palace which seemed to be filled with foreboding shadows. A great feast was in progress and she found her father in a pitiable state. "It is for him," said the king, "the beast that has ventured to come among my people and bring with him wicked spirits. He has even loved you and you have been bold enough to return his love. Tomorrow at sunrise he shall be sacrificed. You shall watch and straightway be married to your cousin, the highest nobleman in the land. Until then, you are prisoner. Away with you and out of my sight." The princess was forthwith seized by two guards and imprisoned in her room.

When inside of her room, the princess sank wearily on a couch and closed her eyes. She shuddered at the thought of marrying her cousin, for he was the most brutal of any man she knew. And then the awful sight that she must witness at dawn. She tore her hair and beat upon her breast for having played a part in bringing about this tragedy. If there were only some one that she could pour out her passion to, some one that would understand. Suddenly her face lighted—and rising from her couch, she gathered all the ugly images about the room and one by one dropped them from her window into the deep moat far below. As she heard the faint splatter of each, the burden on her soul grew lighter. The yellow moonlight was streaming into the room and for the first time in her life the princess knelt and prayed. She had at last found the great spirit.

Morning saw her cold and weary in the same position. Two of the king's guards came and roughly dragged her to the death chamber, where the king feeling quite satisfied with himself was waiting for dawn. When





his daughter entered he unconsciously rose from his chair, a look of terror coming over his face. " 'Tis not she," he cried. "Her face is changed, her eyes do pierce my very soul, they accuse me of a million crimes and yet there is a look of content which I would have." He dropped unsteadily into his chair and swept his hand over his eyes. When he opened them again the princess appeared quite as usual and took her place beside him. "Bring in the beast," he cried, "'tis nearly time."

The prisoner was brought in and on his face was still the same smile of assurance that the princess had so often seen. Again the king started up in terror. "What mad frenzy clutches me?" he cried. "That face! those eyes! He accuses me in a voice as loud as thunder and he speaks not. I am burdened with a thousand chains but I can touch them not."

The prisoner was laid upon the altar and a red mark was placed directly over his heart in order that the murderer might not miss it. He took a dagger from his belt and tested its edge. The chime sounded. "'Tis time, my lord," he said.

The king sprang up. "Wait!" he cried, "I am not ready, wait—the madness returns." The murderer was in the act of striking when a great tumult arose outside and heavy crashes and terrorized shrieks were heard. A herald rushed in and fell at the king's feet.

"'Tis coming," he cried, "the ocean in all its rage is sweeping upon us, we must away or be drowned like rats in a trap."

"It can be only his annual fury," cried the king, "tomorrow he will be calm and in his natural state."

"Oh, I beg of thee, lord, to make haste. There is not an instant to waste." The booming and pounding were becoming louder.

"Away, away," cried the king, "to my underground palace, there will we be safe until Neptune his frenzy calms and returns to his boundaries." The king and his slaves fled leaving the princess and her lover alone.

"Be quick," she said, "to the underground palace at once."

"No," said he, "not down in the depths, but to the sunlit heights in the mountains we will together go."

The sun was just sinking in the west as they reached the highest peak, Neptune had become calm and chosen for his new boundary the foot of the peak, thus leaving from a whole continent two inhabitants. The princess and her lover stood looking out over the great ocean, when the sun dropped beyond the horizon and darkness threw her mantle over the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

The steamship "America" was plowing its way over the ocean in the memorable summer of 1917. Two khaki clad figures stood on the deck and searched the grey horizon with telescopes. The face of the younger lighted up. "I see," he said, "what seems to be the tops of two stately trees."

"Yes," said the older man, "there is a small island with a high peak on it which is devoid of all vegetation save those two trees. I have crossed the ocean many times and always at dawn those majestic trees greet me. They seem as two lone souls here in the midst of the perilous ocean who stand ready to give the passerby strength and courage to continue his journey and to remind him that God has not forgotten him. The sight of them fills me with divine inspiration and each time I wonder if I shall see them again."

"Could it be," said the younger, "the sunken continent?"

"The sunken continent," echoed the other, "and they are the sole survivors." And each wore an expression of grim determination as the sunken continent vanished from sight.



## THE GREATEST PATRIOTS OF THEM ALL

At the time, when war was raging among the greatest nations of the earth and ruin and disaster confronted the whole world, the young man willingly left his friends, his home, his sweetheart, and his mother to put on the uniform of a soldier that he might keep his beloved flag and the endeared ones it enfolds, safe from the relentless sword of the enemy.

He went away amid the encouraging cheers of his friends and the tearful farewells of the ones who were dearest to him. He went, and many others like him went, cheerfully, laughingly, with scarcely a thought of what was ahead, only to serve his country's call, even into the iron jaws of that service. Many are those whose names will echo and re-echo in the silence of roll call. Their memory is precious, for bright are the honors which await those, "the honored dead," who strove heroically in the face of fire and shell, who endured all things, that they might save their native land.

Neither are they less to be honored, who shall bear through life the marks of wounds, sufferings and privation. Men shall honor and envy those, who limp from injuries received in that great conflict, sanctioned by Almighty God in the cause of liberty and justice to all.

Yesterday, these sons of America were going into the service. Mothers were giving them, loyally, cheerfully, with never a word to call them back. But all the while the anguish was filling her soul. No one else could quite enter into her sufferings. In this man, her son, she viewed the realization of her fondest hopes and ambitions. From the days of babyhood, she had gradually reared a man by millions of little services. Little we dream and less do we know of how much of her life she has given him, for it is a part of the sacredness of motherhood, and only a mother can appreciate what it means.

The mother's deed passes by unnoticed, but it was really the greatest battle fought. And so the deeds of many others like her go unnoticed. For every soldier who marched away with a step proud and true there was a mother left who silently prayed that her son would be returned safely to her. For into the hearts of the mothers of America came the trials and labors and sacrifices of the nation, to be woven into fervent patriotism and heroic duty. Their suffering was needed before that day could come in which men would have outgrown the conditions of war; when they would realize the universal brotherhood of man, and no nation would ever dishonor itself by plotting the downfall of another; when the crowns would be torn from the heads of emperors and the universal rule of the people would establish liberty and justice throughout the earth. They were the largest and most vital part in molding the life of the nation, in preparing the foundations of future citizenship, in lighting and feeding the fires of patriotism, and in rendering service to America and to its fighting sons. In their hearts, young and old, this mother's instinct, "the sacred birthright of all womanhood," beat steady and strong, the real hope of America. To them, the nation turned then in its time of supreme need, with the call—you must give your best, your all, your sons.

"You cannot keep him by your fireside warm;  
He must go forth in sunlight and in storm,  
His own full life to live.  
The young fox leaves his lair, the little bird takes  
wing





Only to give.  
Life calls him in a hundred different ways,  
To toil and service, struggle, blame, and praise,  
To bonds of friendship and loves dream divine;  
Your work is done, accomplished is your task,  
Motherhood was not meant rewards to ask,  
But to resign."

And now to the mothers of America comes the greatest task. The greatest share of America's mighty work has been placed upon their hearts and in their hands. Long ago, they were ignored, but today they are recognized as indispensable. They have lost that which is dearest to them, that alone, which life is powerless to replace. And now they are giving all that is left, the labor of their hands. Conventions, treaties, and alliances, in all these they have no share, but as soon as these materialize in war, they must pay the heaviest price. The excitement and glory of the struggle in which the fighter has surrendered his life, is not for them. They must be content with suffering, heart aches, and tragedy. "Man made for war" has swept over the entire world like a blight and they are left to aid their country through the day and to mourn for their lost ones after the long day's work is done.

"The bravest battle that ever was fought;  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world, you will find it not;  
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,  
With sound or braver pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,  
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a woman's walled up heart,  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But patiently, silently bore her part,  
Lo! there in the battle field.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song;  
No banners to gleam and wave;  
And oh! these battle, they last so long  
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,  
She fights in her walled up town—  
Fights on and on in endless wars,  
Then silent, unseen—goes down."

Theirs, the mothers of America, has been the supreme sacrifice. The sword has touched their soul and has completely pierced it. They are living for eternity. Above them shines the light in which all wrongs shall be made right and all suffering shall come to a happy end. There their sacrifice will be seen to blend with the supreme sacrifice of Jesus Christ. On earth, they come and go, quietly and silently, the greatest patriots of them all.

MILLER PECK, '19.





## THE LITERARY CONTEST

The annual literary contest was held this year with greater success than ever before. The literary contest has become a big event in the school year for the English department, and every English teacher stands firmly behind it. Due to this support the total number of contestants this year was eighty, there being twenty-five entries in the story contest, thirty-two in the poem contest and twenty-three in the essay. The work was of such unusual merit that the judges had an exceedingly difficult time in picking the winners. After much thought and deliberation between them, they finally decided to award the places as follows.

### Story:

First Place.....	Wayne Parker, '20
Second Place.....	Gertrude Brueckman, '20
Third Place.....	Christine Reeves, '20

### Poem:

First Place.....	Lavenia Tenny, '19
Second Place.....	Christine Reeves, '20
Third Place.....	Ruth Biggs, '22

### Essay:

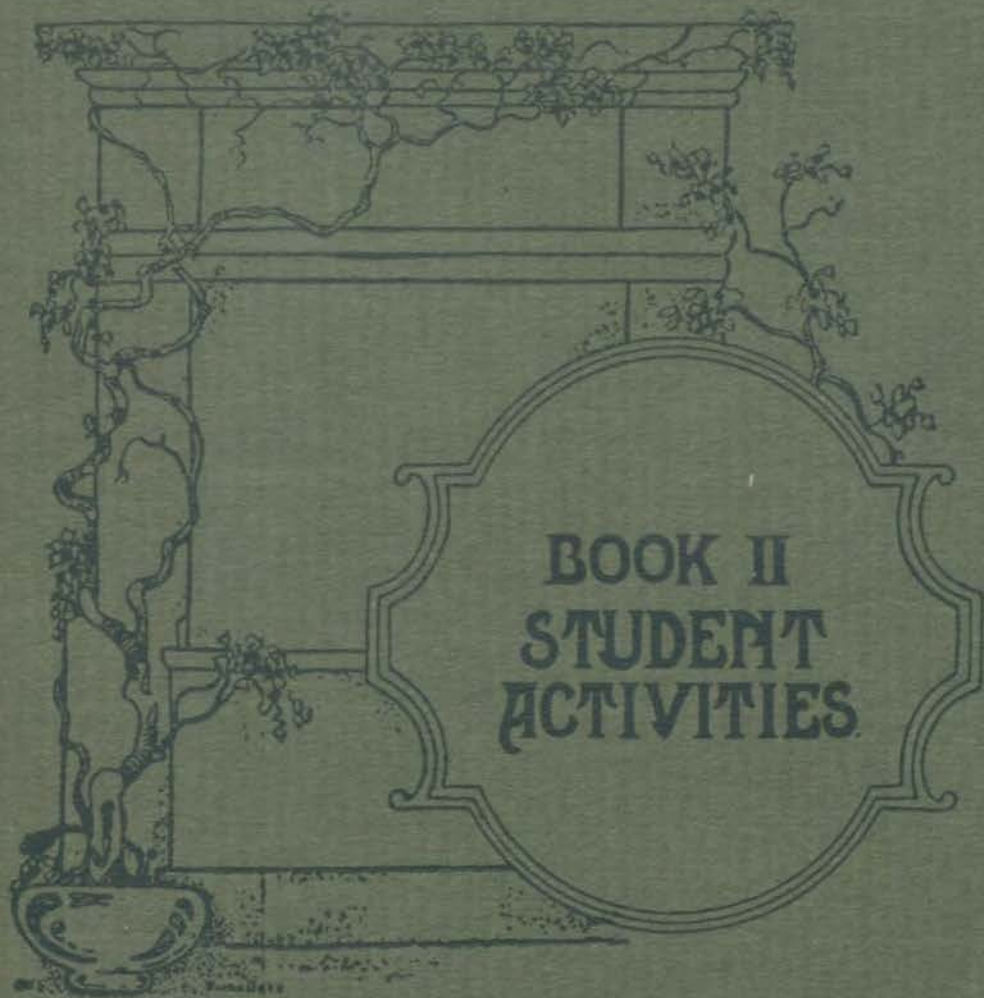
First Place.....	Rosalie McCracken, '19
Second Place.....	Maurice Cramer, '20
Third Place.....	Sarah Saper, '19

## THE STORY TELLING CONTEST

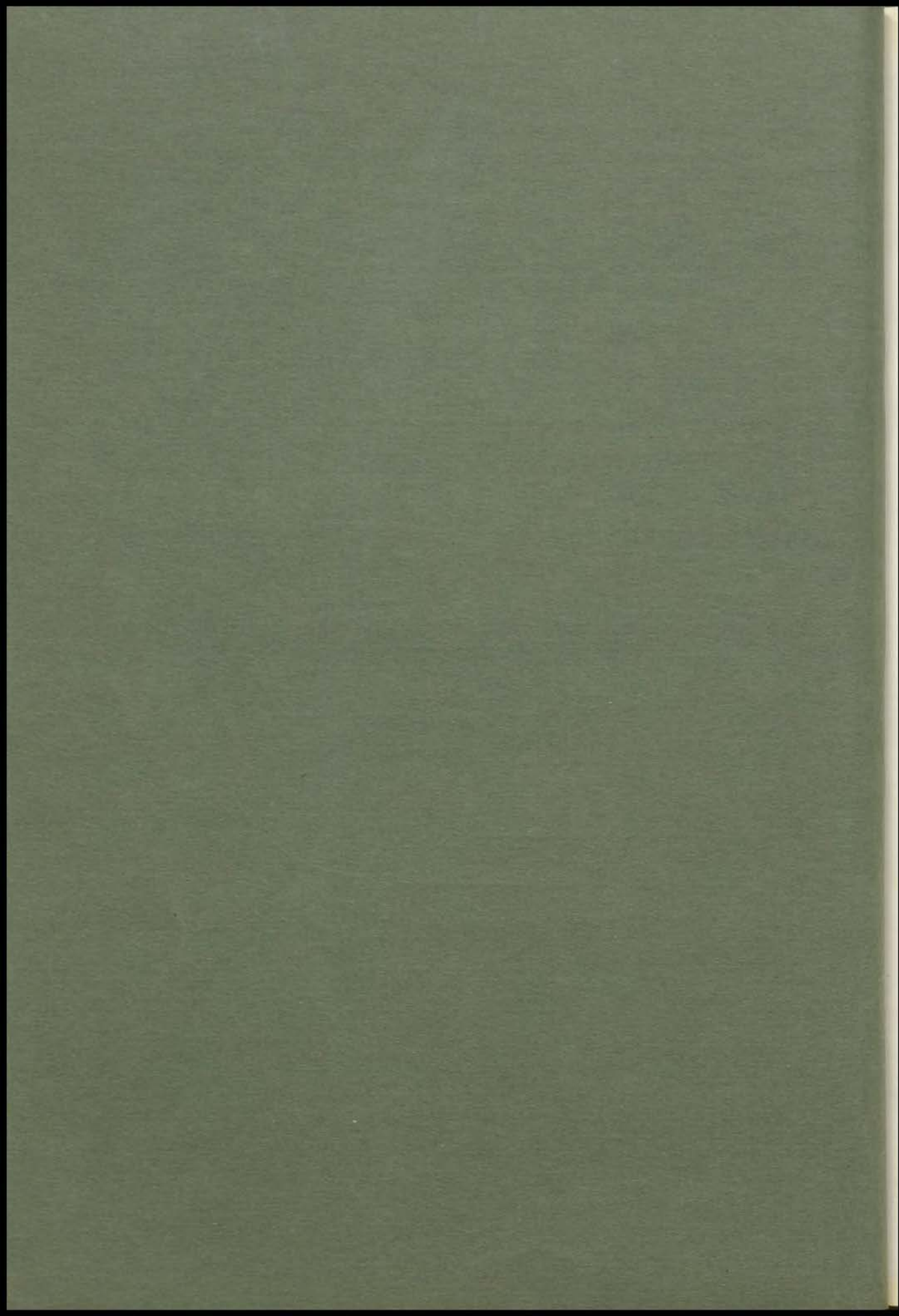
A new venture in the literary contest was the story telling contest. Original stories were told. This contest was open only to girls from the public speaking classes since they had studied story telling as part of their class work. The value of being able to tell a story well is being recognized and especial attention has been devoted to this work. The winning stories were "The Sunken Continent" and "Her Own Way."

### The winners were:

First Place.....	Edith Miller
Second Place.....	Leona Winkelman



**BOOK II**  
**STUDENT**  
**ACTIVITIES.**







## HONOR PIN STUDENTS

### SCHOLARSHIP

HATTIE COBERLY  
ISABELL DE BOLT\*  
ESTHER DIRKS  
LELA DUNCAN  
DORA EISBERG  
ROSE ELBURN  
LIBBY GOLDBERG\*

LOLA LEACH  
MYRA LINGENFELTER\*  
GLADYS MUELLER  
LOIS SPANGLER\*  
LAVENIA TENNY  
MABEL WILSON  
PERCY BROADDUS  
HAROLD DYER

WILLIAM EPPERSON\*\*  
LOUIS KOVITZ  
JAMES MAZZA  
LEO MILLER  
AUGUST MOHRI  
PHILLIP SAPER  
HERMON WALL

### DEBATE

CLARA HERMER  
ROSALIE McCracken  
ALMA ROBERTSON

FLORIN BONETTE  
LUCY RUTT

GERTRUDE GRAHAM\*  
LILLIAN MARKOWITZ  
ALICE PALMER

### NAUTILUS

LUCIAN LANE\*

EDITH MILLER  
HAROLD DYER

WILLIAM EPPERSON

### MANUALITE

NANCY CARY  
EUGENE BONETTE

DORA LEVINE  
HELEN McCall

MYRA LINGENFELTER  
BEN SHLYEN

### ORATORICAL CONTEST

GERTRUDE GRAHAM

ROSALIE McCracken  
RALPH LOUIS

EDITH MILLER

### ESSAY CONTEST

ROSALIE McCracken

### POEM CONTEST

LAVENIA TENNY

### STORY CONTEST

WAYNE PARKER

### TYPEWRITING

ROSE WENNER



## THE GIRLS' FRIENDSHIP MOVEMENT

Manual is up to her old tricks!

This year she has inaugurated a plan to make the freshmen girls feel more at home. Five junior and five senior girls were elected by the juniors and seniors to take charge of the movement. These ten girls form what is known as the "Cabinet." Each cabinet member has charge of fifteen or eighteen upperclass girls who in turn have charge of a freshman. Meetings are held as often as they are needed.

It is the duty of each upper class girl to see that her freshman becomes acquainted. The object is also to promote friendship between the upper class girls and the freshmen. In many instances the upper class girls have made "dates" for different school activities. If a freshman needs advice, the best possible advice is given or obtained.

When the movement started each group entertained its freshman. Each tried to entertain in the most unique way. The girls of one group dressed as boys and took their freshmen over to the drug store and treated them. Several groups entertained by holding wienie roasts at Swope Park. Others held mixers and parties at school.

One of the most popular events of the year was the Farmers Party. It was given under Miss Campbell's supervision. The girls wore aprons and sunbonnets. The minuet was danced by all in the halls. After this came many games such as "Farmer in the Dale," etc. Cookies, ice cream cones, "suckers" and stick candy were sold in the halls by members of the Council. Dancing furnished the rest of the program. As the first and only event by the Friendship Council, it proved a great success.

A number of the girls of the Friendship Council also helped to enroll the mid-year freshmen. This was a great help to the office and faculty.

The Friendship Movement has made a very noticeable change in the attitude of the freshmen. They have been shown that the upper class girls do not look down upon them as they once supposed. A feeling of friendship now exists which never existed before. With the excellent start, it is expected that even greater things will be done next year.

The Cabinet is composed of the following:

Lucy Rutt  
Christine Renkin  
Clara Hermer  
Gertrude Graham

Vera Holland  
Myra Lingenfelter  
Helen Ida Graves

Elizabeth Warren  
Lillian Markowitz  
Florin Bonette



## PRESS

THE NAUTILUS has, with no little doubt and anxiety, made its greatest forward step. There are probably half a dozen high schools in the entire country that do the actual printing of their annuals. THE NAUTILUS has entered this distinct and exclusive class full of a hope that, like of all Manual's big undertakings, it will establish itself on a broad firm basis of success. Like the pioneers of the day that has passed, we know little of the obstacles and technical griefs which may confront us, but the backing of a school that has forgotten how to fail has instilled in us a daring spirit and we have determined to make the effort.

Another distinctive feature has been established and it was begun with perhaps the same anxiety over its success—the financing of THE NAUTILUS without the aid of advertising. But because of the big measure to which that policy has succeeded we rest assured that a like degree of unqualified victory will attend this greater responsibility. These two distinctive features place upon THE NAUTILUS a stamp of quality and individuality, the water mark of a well earned dignity which few annuals possess.

There are even bigger fields to enter and the time is not far distant when professional aid of all kinds will be scorned by the amateurs who will be independent of photographers, engravers and printers. Luck to the staffs that follow and may they realize the ideas of which we dream.





## NAUTILUS STAFF

LUCIAN LANE, '19.....	Editor-in-Chief
ALICE PALMER, '19.....	Associate Editor
MISS EMMA KUBE.....	Faculty Adviser

## LITERATURE

ROSALIE McCracken, '19

EDITH MILLER, '19

## STUDENT ACTIVITIES

WILLIAM EPPERSON, '19.....Managing Editor

HAROLD DYER, '20

LUCY RUTT, '20

LEO MILLER, '20

HELEN WOODS, '20

## ATHLETICS

ANCIL HALL, '19

HELEN BERNER, '19

## ART

RUTHE DOSS

## LOCALS

CLAUDE CLAPP, '20

GERTRUDE GRAHAM, '19

## BUSINESS

MILLER PECK, '19.....Business Manager

MR. J. M. KENT.....Faculty Financial Manager



Alice Palmer



Lucian Lane



Lucy Rutt



Miller Peck



Rosalie McCracken



Edith Miller



Harold Dyer



Helen Berner



Claude Clapp



Ancil Hall



Gertrude Graham



William Epperson



Ruthe Doss



Helen Woods



Leo Miller



# THE MANUALITE

Published at the Polytechnic Institute, Kansas City, Mo., by the Manual Players.

Price 10 Cents. Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 1, 1918, under Post Office No. 117, Kansas City, Mo., Post Office No. 117, Kansas City, Mo.

Vol. 4, No. 21 KANSAS CITY, MO., MAY 6, 1918. PRICE TWO CENTS

**THE MANUALITE**  
 Published at the Polytechnic Institute, Kansas City, Mo., by the Manual Players.  
 Second-class postage paid at Kansas City, Mo., under Post Office No. 117, Kansas City, Mo., Post Office No. 117, Kansas City, Mo.

**NEW CYLINDER PRESS ADDED TO PRINT SHOP**  
 \$2,200 in Cost—Capable of New Types Built With Other Big Schools.



**EASTER MIXER GIVEN**  
 Girls Waive Approval and Bonnets for Old-Fashioned Janned Party.

**MANUAL PLAYERS WILL BE READY JAN. 17, 18**  
 The Club and the Manualite is First Production of the Season.

**WILL GRAINGER HOME**  
 Honorable Discharge Bayonet In War.

**FIRST WEEKLY ISSUED IN 14**  
 Unprecedented Staff Selected With Care—Has Personal Mention.

**MANUAL BOY IN PARIS**  
 Graduate Visits Home—Ad Arrangements in Back.

**Other Schools**  
 Will Watch Steps of Charge of the Manualite of the past variety of policy.

**ALL-STAR CAST IS**  
 The Club and the Manualite is First Production of the Season.

**ORIGIN AND EXPLANATION OF AMERICAN'S CREED**  
 The Distribution of the Creed.

**CONTEST NEXT WEEK**  
 Music Festival Will Be Held at Polytechnic Evening of May 18.

**GRADUATE VISITS HOME**  
 Ad Arrangements in Back—Exchange Notes.

**CLASS GIVES REPORTS**  
 Career Students Find in Latin—First Play Ready.

**CHORAL & DRUM CARSON IN FRANCE**  
 WRITERS, SKINNING AN ORIGINAL EN.

**IN MEMORIAM**  
 SEVERAL OF DECEASED ARE MENTIONED.

**THE SPOTLIGHT**  
 The Spotlight.

**FIFTY-TWO BOYS DIE IN NATIONAL SERVICE**  
 Manual Leads With a Casualty List of Twenty-One Men.

**STUDENT REPS AND ALTERNATES ELECTED**  
 Program for Year Made to Take Up—YOU BEGAN IN 1917.

**On Your Marks!**  
 Ready for the word Call—That's us. Ready for any call in Athletic Goods.

**FLAG AT HALF-MAST IN ROOSEVELT'S HONOR**  
 Public School Examinations Will Be Held at 7.

**WISE AND OTHERWISE**  
 Public School Examinations Will Be Held at 7.

**WESTPORT REPORTS SIXTEEN**  
 "Progressive"

**MANUAL BANK MAKES EXCELLENT PROGRESS**  
 Many Depositors From Last Year Have Continued Their Accounts.

**BASKETBALL SEASON WILL OPEN JAN. 24**  
 National Squad Will Meet the Northeasters in First Contest.

**CRIMSON TEAM DOES WELL UNDER HANDICAP**  
 Manual Places in Three of Five High Events at Convention Ball.

**MEET WON BY NORTHEAST**  
 Football Squad Receives Severe Loss.

**STUDENTS AWARDED HONORS**  
 Fifteen Girls and Eight Boys Receive Scholarship Plus Prizes.

**WAR STAMP SALE IS LARGE**  
 After Two Successful Years Enterprise Others Adopt Plan.

**CHANGES IN RULES ARE FEW**  
 Games Will Be Played Will Have Same Last Year.

**PATRIOTIC SONGS ARE HEARD IN ASSEMBLY**  
 Third Hour Advanced Music Class Leads Singing Church Students.

**WAR WORKER SEVERAL**  
 For Study, World Title of...

**E AND G PUPILS FORM A NEW ENGLISH CLASS**  
 A Success, the Idea May Be Used in the Other Departments.

**PUPILS BEAR SPEAKERS**  
 It is Advised Given by Chicago U. Pupils High School News.

**WAR WORKER SEVERAL**  
 For Study, World Title of...

**By the Famous Manual Players**

**R. F. KIZER TO HAVE CHARGE**  
 Pupils to Cover an Extra Term of Possibly a Year of Work.

**WAR WORKER SEVERAL**  
 For Study, World Title of...

**WAR WORKER SEVERAL**  
 For Study, World Title of...

**WAR WORKER SEVERAL**  
 For Study, World Title of...

By the Famous Manual Players **Woolf Brothers**

MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT WILSON



**On Your Marks!**  
 Ready for the word Call—That's us. Ready for any call in Athletic Goods.

**Schmelzer's**  
 1224-22 Grand Ave.

**Basketball Season Will Open Jan. 24**  
 National Squad Will Meet the Northeasters in First Contest.

**Changes in Rules are Few**  
 Games Will be Played Will have Same Last Year.

**Pupils Bear Speakers**  
 It is Advised Given by Chicago U. Pupils High School News.

**War Worker Several**  
 For Study, World Title of...

**E and G Pupils Form a New English Class**  
 A Success, the Idea May be Used in the Other Departments.

**R. F. Kizer to have Charge**  
 Pupils to Cover an Extra Term of Possibly a Year of Work.



**Woolf Brothers**





## THE MANUALITE

Journalism is a live subject. Its study has developed one of the newest phases of English. In Manual it has resulted in the 5-column, 4-page weekly known as THE MANUALITE.

A school paper, whether it be a weekly, bi-weekly or monthly, influences to a great extent the school spirit. It secures the general co-operation and promotes the advancement of popular ideas in the school. It can safely be said that the course offered in journalism and the work on The Manualite staff have been important factors in the school life at Manual for the last five years.

Several students have followed up their service on the staff with further journalistic work in college or straight reporting on a city daily. They had been given the chance for development in a new direction. In the one, two or three terms spent on the staff, they had learned whether they had a natural bent toward journalistic writing.

Even though a student may not wish to follow a journalistic career, the general educational advantages, apart from advancement in English technique, are many. Mrs. Eva Warner Case, instructor in journalism and staff adviser, says in BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW, a booklet which contains the entire history of THE MANUALITE: "The pupil learns to do a definite thing at a specified time in a set way. He learns the value of organization and of co-operation in executing. He gets a business training that is invaluable."

A general change has taken place in the staff organization this term. The editor is called the managing editor and the former associate editor is now the assistant editor. The titles of the former school and city editors have been changed to city and telegraph editors respectively. A new department, headed by a feature editor and an assistant, has been added. The assistant and telegraph editors have charge of the two inside pages. They work together in reading their copy. These editors also read the first galley proofs, make the copy dummy and superintend the makeup of their pages. The same plan is followed on the outside pages, of which the managing and city editors are in charge.

The plan of putting all business details in the hands of a manager has succeeded well. The advertising and circulation staffs report to this manager who, in turn, reports to J. M. Kent, financial adviser.

This division of work has brought about a closer organization in the staff than has been possible before. There have been times when the work centered too much in certain places, usually in the editors' positions; but this term the slogan has been "Reporters make a paper," which has brought excellent results.

The growth of THE MANUALITE has been very rapid. Each year, since the establishment of the first small paper in the fall of 1914, when the only equipment was an old hand press and four cases of type, has seen new additions to the printshop supplies, an increase in size and improvements in journalistic style and makeup. In October, 1918, the staff assumed the obligation of a Whitlock 2-revolution cylinder press at a cost of \$2,800.

The paper has been fortunate this year in securing the services of Maynard Bush, printing teacher from the Lathrop Trade School, for two days a week, thus leaving R. C. Thomson, instructor in printing, more time for his class work.

In addition to printing THE MANUALITE and doing all the job work for the school, the shop has also handled all the advertising circulars for the various school activities, turned out two booklets, BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW and THE SILENT TEACHER, and has printed THE NAUTILUS.

MYRA LINGENFELTER, '19.



Lorenz Strub



Helen Ida Graves



Myra Lingenfelter



Vinfor Aschmann



Richard Becker



Katherine Parsons



Irene Schroer



Harley Blake



Helen Gunn



David Seigle



Will Pollard



Helen McCall



Francis Hess



Isabel Craker



Feliana Collins



Jacob Entberg



Ben Shigen



Dora Levine



Nancy Cary



Clyde North



Rachel Curtis



Goldie Fence



Winifred Myers



Lena Mae McWhorter



Katherine Goldsby



Vera Holland



Mabel Wilson



Eugene Bonette



Allen Fisher



Christine Cryderman



Margaret Edwards



Ralph Louis





## THE MANUALITE STAFF

### FIRST TERM.

Editor .....	Lorenz Straub
Assistant .....	Miss Myra Lingenfelter
School Editor .....	Will Pollard
City Editor .....	Miss Helen Ida Graves
Reporters—Misses Eula Emick, Helen McCall, Irene Schroer, Isabell Crowder.	
Society Editor .....	Miss Helen Gwin
Sport Editor .....	Eugene Bonette
Reporter .....	Miss Dora Levin
Local Editor .....	Miss Nancy Cary
Business Manager .....	Ben Shlyen
Circulation Managers—	
Mail .....	Miss Katherine Parsons
School .....	Jacob Eisberg
Advertising Manager .....	Vinton Aschmann
Assistant .....	Carl Nolting
Make-up Editor .....	Richard Becker
Assistant .....	Harley Blake

### SECOND TERM.

Managing Editor .....	Miss Myra Lingenfelter
Assistant .....	Eugene Bonette
City Editor .....	Miss Dora Levin
Reporters—	
Mathematics and Science .....	Miss Isabell Crowder
Manual Training .....	Miss Eula Emick
History and Language .....	Miss Winifred Myer
English .....	Miss Mabel Wilson
Music and Elocution .....	Miss Katherine Goldsby
Drawing .....	Miss Margaret Edwards
Commercial .....	Miss Lena Mae McWhorter
Telegraph Editor .....	Miss Helen McCall
Reporters—	
Northeast .....	Miss Goldie Pence
Central .....	Miss Rachel Curtis
Westport .....	Miss Christine Cryderman
Advertising Manager .....	Allan Fisher
Sport Editor .....	Clyde North
Reporters .....	Francis Hess, Ralph Louis
Feature Editor .....	Miss Nancy Cary
Assistant .....	Will Pollard
Business Manager .....	Ben Shlyen
Assistants .....	Miss Vera Holland, David Seigel
Circulation Manager—	
School .....	Miss Reliance Collins
Mail .....	Harley Blake
Faculty Financial Manager .....	J. M. Kent
Instructor in Newspaper English .....	Mrs. E. W. Case
Instructor in Printing .....	R. C. Thomson



THE  
SECOND  
SHOP  
1915



COMPOSING  
ROOM  
1918

THE  
NEW  
PRESS  
1918







## SCHOOL PRINTING FROM A NEW ANGLE

Perhaps the greatest benefit of our school print shop is found in the fact that printing is an activity which has for its subject matter other activities—all other activities—and as we are told there is no isolated fact, so there can be no isolated activity. Printing shows the relationship existing in all activities by being directly related with each. We must understand the value of all social activities in order to understand the value of printing. Should we seek to discover the value of one of the cogs in our press we should proceed in the following manner:

Of what use or value is a cog?

It is of no use—has no value—by itself, but combined with a hundred others, it forms a cog wheel.

Of what use is a cog wheel?

It has no value in itself; but combined with a hundred others and with levers, springs, cams, clutches, eccentrics and so forth, it forms a printing press.

Of what use is a printing press?

It has no value in itself, but together with ink, paper, lubricating oil and motive power, it forms the mechanical equipment for the printing of a paper.

Of what use is this mechanical equipment?

None if considered by itself, but taken together with the facts that language has been developed to the printing stage; that some people are doing things and that other people desire to learn of those activities and that still other people learn to set the type and to do makeup work, the mechanical equipment plays its part in the dissemination of world knowledge.

The fact that the knowledge imparted must be desired by other people and the further fact that the knowledge people desire is determined by the nature of their activities, decrees that in the last analysis the value of the cog, the wheel, and the press is found only in the total activities of mankind.

No article has any value in itself, but each article, being a part of the sum total of articles, has within itself its share of the total value.

If the services of one hundred men were required to lift a stone or perform a given task, then the exertions of one man would be useless—or of fifty men—or of ninety-nine men. But the one hundred men lift the stone and each is entitled to one one-hundredth of the glory of the achievement.

You are a cog in the social machine.

What you do and what you should do is determined by what others do. Your activities also react on all others. Civilization is a collective and not an individual phenomena. And printing, more than any other department of school life, points out this fact to the inquiring mind.

R. C. T.

### FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE MANUALITE

	INCOME			EXPENSES		
	Outside	Inside	Total	Plant	Operating	Total
1915 .....	\$ 134.40	\$ 572.18	\$ 706.58	\$ 350.65	\$ 369.09	\$ 719.74
1916 .....	263.05	558.77	821.82	383.64	347.80	731.44
1917 .....		400.00	400.00	45.46	322.47	367.93
1918 .....		575.05	575.05	158.46	270.48	428.94
1919 .....	950.00	1,281.12	2,231.12	3,326.12	290.24	3,616.36
Total .....	\$1,347.45	\$3,387.12	\$4,734.57	\$4,264.33	\$1,600.08	\$5,864.41





# PLATFORM

The annual oratorical contest was held before the student body in assembly hall, Friday, May 16, 1919.

Nearly all of Miss Scott's public speaking girls tried out in a preliminary tryout. Eight girls were chosen from this tryout. Several days later a second tryout was held for these eight girls and the three best were selected. The boys had one tryout from which the three on the program were chosen.

The speakers and their subjects were:

In Flanders Field.....	Edith Miller
The New Dawn.....	Gertrude Graham
A Message to Garcia.....	Rosalie McCracken
The Mirage.....	Ralph Lewis
Faith.....	Leo Miller
The Greatest Patriot of Them All.....	Miller Peck

All the orators deserve honor, but only the winners will receive honor pins. The subjects were well chosen and the orators showed much study and forethought.

The result of the girls' contest was a triple tie and all three will receive pins. Manual never before had a triple tie in any of her contests. The first place in the boys' contest was given to Ralph Lewis and honorable mention was given to Miller Peck.



Lucian Lane



Wayne Parker



Miller Peck



Ralph Lewis



William Epperson



Ancil Hall



Leo Miller



George Baughman

## BOY DEBATERS

**Lucian Lane**, first speaker of the day, was such a mind reader that he refuted his opponents before they spoke. His arguments were so clear and impressive that the Bolsheviki sought his services afterward.

**Wayne Parker** was our brilliant "soph" debater, and the only "soph" that was eloquent enough to give us a pain. Keep it up, Wayne!

**Miller Peck** solved the question. His speech was interrupted by a thunderous applause—when Jim Hill opened the windows. Before sitting down Miller told his audience he had been speaking on the League of Nations.

**Ralph Louis** was the wise but silent member of the affirmative to whom undoubtedly belongs a share in the defeat. Silence is often golden.

**William Epperson** fought the affirmative with every inch of his three feet six (Willie has wished for 2 more feet of height) and showed them where to get off. "Precious parcels sometimes come in small packages."

**Ancil Hall** is the debater with a "kick" that his opponents sure felt. Rosy cheeks and a winning smile with dimples has Ancil that not only captivate the girls but won the judges' decision.

**Leo Miller**, the greatest debater ever seen at Manual. His very face is a token of intelligence. The judges just looked at him and surrendered. (Contributed by Leo himself).

**George Baughman**, the prince of them all. Honest, fair and good-looking he contributed to the victory by being seen on the stage.



## GIRL DEBATERS

**Alma Roberson** was first in debate and first in the hearts of her fellow debaters. She led the attack and distinguished herself especially in the banana barrage.

**Rosalie McCracken** is the "boisterous" girl who was always seen and not heard until the day of the debate. Then she gave Manual such a pleasant surprise that the old school was a long time recovering.

**Clara Hermer**—Smiles! Yes, that's just it. With smiling countenance she beamed upon her opponents, arguing and refuting with the ease of Cicero himself.

**Lucy Rutt** is the sunny little girl that dropped unexpectedly into Manual and captured a place on the debate team. If hard work does it, then we know why Lucy won her way to fame.

**Alice Palmer** is some little "dream buster." With her clear, precise speech she started busting the affirmatives' dream of victory. She succeeded too.

**Lillian Markowitz**, possessing the raven locks and sparkling eyes, the requirements for an ideal "vamp," became a debater instead. She has the voice and the pep, also the honor of being the only Junior speaker.

**Gertrude Graham** did it. What? Made the audience roar with her jokes, applauded her antics and, incidentally, pulled the decision for the negative. Gertie was so happy she forgot to vamoose when her time was up.

**Florin Bonette** does not appear to be a bomb about to explode any minute, but "still water runs deep." Her team mates will say so.





## BOYS' DEBATE

Manual lost a fine chance, this year to prove her debating ability to other schools through the intervention of the "flu." This year four of our veteran debaters were back and if they could not shower their opponents with points and twist statistics, no one else could. With so much talent in school, Manual could not miss the chance of having a debate, and consequently on February 6, the boys' teams met each other in assembly hall.

The subject debated was: "Resolved, that there should be a League of Nations to enforce peace." Though the boys had only a short time for preparation they succeeded in giving their audience a lot of sound facts. The question was so broad and important that it was almost impossible to cover all the points. But the boys did exceedingly well. The majority of the speeches were delivered extemporaneously, thus adding to the force of the arguments. The boys shone in rebuttal, both sides refuting their opponent's points with clear, logical arguments. But in this, the negative excelled and so carried away the honors of the day by a vote of eight to three.

The affirmative team boys were, Lucian Lane, Wayne Parker, Miller Peck, and Ralph Louis, alternate. The boys on the negative team were, William Epperson, Ancil Hall, Leo Miller, and George Baughman, alternate. The debate was shorter than most debates, only five minutes being allowed for the main speeches. It was short and snappy, and interesting from start to finish.

## GIRLS' DEBATE

The "flu" did not stop Manual debates. This year for the first time we had the privilege of hearing our own girls debate. When it was decided not to have the inter-high debates, the girls, undaunted, decided to have a Manual versus Manual debate. So on Friday, April 18, our two teams met each other in verbal conflict on the field of battle, the assembly hall.

The question for debate was: "Resolved, that in the interest of world peace, the United States should adopt the policy of free trade." The subject is an important topic of the day, for it is being debated by the country's greatest diplomats. The girls showed that they had spent much time and thought on the question for it was well covered during the progress of the debate. Considering its merits it would have been safe to wager that our teams would have carried off the honors from their opponents. The teams were so evenly balanced that the judges had a hard time deciding which side advanced the better arguments. The final decision was 5 to 4 in favor of the negative.

The affirmative team consisted of Alma Robertson, Rosalie McCracken, Clara Hermer, and Lucy Rutt, alternate. The members of the negative team were Alice Palmer, Lillian Markowitz, Gertrude Graham, and Florin Bonette, alternate. These girls may well feel proud that they have maintained the Manual standard of debate. Therefore, we may say, "Keep it up girls, and Manual need have no fear of losing her trophy cup."



## STAGE

Manual has long held a record in Kansas City for its theatrical productions. Over four years ago, Herbert L. Drake decided that high school plays were falling in the rut, that the students were wasting their time in producing plays from which they received no practical good. Working with this in mind, he decided to produce "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and with such success that the Manual Players have since produced nothing but big plays.

When Mr. Drake left school to enter the army, he was succeeded by Miss Ella Chase Perry, who also realized the great amount of value to be obtained in the production of high class dramas. In choosing a play to carry out these principles, she chose "The Lion and the Mouse," and Manual was able to add it to her long list of successes.

Miss Perkins, who succeeded Miss Hoernig as girls' physical director, also realized the value of the dramatic production in the high school, and consequently when she planned for the annual "gym" show, she decided to stage a musical, dance drama built on the legend of Proserpina. With the co-operation of Miss Ruth Gibson of the music department, "Proserpina" was produced so effectively, that the audience found it hard to believe that it was witnessing a high school production.

It is to be hoped that this constant broadening of such school activities may continue, until Manual becomes nationally recognized for her progressive policies.





## THE LION AND THE MOUSE

The students of Manual feared that there would be no large plays this year when they learned that Herbert L. Drake was in the army, but when "The Lion and the Mouse" appeared under the direction of Miss Ella Chase Perry, they decided that their fears had been ill founded.

"The Lion and the Mouse," one of the well known plays by Charles Klein, was selected to uphold the Manual standard to its high level. "The Lion," John Burkett Ryder, a powerful millionaire and an unseen ruler in the workings of Congress as well, was a stern master of his own household. Due to a decision which had been handed down against his interests, he was attempting to crush a certain Judge Rossmore of the Supreme Court. Unknown to either of their parents, Ryder's son, Jefferson, and Shirley, the daughter of Judge Rossmore, had become acquainted and fallen in love. Learning of her father's plight, Shirley decided to renounce Jefferson, and entered the Ryder home under an assumed name with the apparent purpose of writing the biography of the elder Ryder. While there Ryder became so attached to her that, when he learned her real identity, he was only too glad to have her for a daughter-in-law and to dismiss the charges against her father. Thus the mighty "Lion" was crushed by the little "Mouse."

It can be very truly said that this play was one of the great Manual successes and Miss Perry deserves no little credit for the excellent way in which her part of the work was handled. In spite of bad weather, the influenza epidemic and all the other discouraging circumstances of the past winter, the Manual Players went constantly onward with their efforts, and were rewarded in the end, by being able to play to a full house on both nights.

It is hard to single out individuals whose work stood out above the rest but it is eminently fair to mention especially Claude Clapp, Will Pollard, Mabel Grainger, Leona Winkleman and Gertrude Graham, each one of whom stood out prominently in his own sphere.

The cast was as follows:

Eudoxia .....	Miss Gertrude Graham
Rev. Pontifex Deetle .....	Paul Kent
Jane Deetle .....	Miss Mary Helen Buck
Mrs. Rossmore .....	Miss Margaret Bundy
Miss Nesbit .....	Miss Katherine Goldsby
Judge Rossmore .....	Ben Shlyen
Ex-Judge Stott .....	Joe Hoffman
Shirley .....	Misses Mabel Grainger and Leona Winkleman
Jefferson Ryder .....	Will Pollard
Hon. Fitzroy Bagley .....	Leo Miller
Senator Roberts .....	Lorenz Straub
Kate Roberts .....	Misses Clara Hermer and Katherine Goldsby
Mrs. John Burkett Ryder .....	Miss Mary Helen Buck
John Burkett Ryder .....	Claude Clapp
Maid .....	Miss Nancy Cary





THE  
LION AND  
THE MOUSE



## THE LION AND THE MOUSE

As is customary with all of our famous plays, "The Lion and the Mouse" started just when the audience was getting ready to leave. The play began by introducing an angry, burly, brusque and brawny maid and "Gertie" made so much racket that the audience became quiet. The first act almost came off all right but our dashing, peroxidized china blue eyed hero had to make some break and almost fell down carrying the heroine's baggage. But staggering and puffing under the weight of a 2x4 empty trunk was just exactly what one would expect of a china blue eyed hero. Perhaps the hero would have been willing to have carried the heroine's (Friday night) baggage the rest of his life but we fear that his life would have been short and sweet.

"Gertie" forgot her time to come in and charged across the stage like a caged demon suddenly turned loose, looking for the broom which is not usually kept in the parlor. The ex-judge surely gave one the shivers because he looked like a frosty morning and he comforted the heroine with pats that would have been more appropriate for Fido.

But the worst is yet to come—the second act. The innocent and blinded audience didn't notice anything, but the players made such a farce of the whole thing that it reminded one of a senior play cast rehearsal. The English dude clenched a monicle so tightly over his left lamp that it cracked (the monicle not the lamp). He forgot his lines and started hugging a maiden to furnish excitement. The Lion not sure whether it was time or not pussy footed in and awoke the audience from sweet reveries. The Lion, brainy and beardless (Claude must have shaved the week before) stormed around the stage and then meekly lit a cigar. The senator with the St. Peter whiskers gingerly lit a cigar. The ex-judge fearfully lit a cigar. Then all exchanged glances, for it was a tragic moment for each. It was the first, and besides, what would mother say? The telephone supposed to ring at this juncture, failed to do so. The Lion began to feel the effects of the cigar, everyone leaned weakly on something when finally the Lion knocked the telephone from the table, skipped some lines and the play progressed.

The third act might have been all right but the bell was forgotten from the stage settings. When the Lion was supposed to ring furiously for the hero, the senator hastily entered and slipped the bell from his pocket. Then the climax came and the heroine revealed herself and ordered the Lion to go chase himself. Our heroine was invited to leave and decided to rush madly to Washington to save her dad.

During the night (or between the third and fourth acts) the Lion became chicken hearted and the next morning tells the heroine he will save her father. The senator upon hearing this started calisthenics and almost swallowed his whiskers. The hero rushed in and the senator and Lion exeunt bravely holding their T. N. T. cigars in their mouths, courageous to the last. The heroine fell into the hero's arms and thus ended the tragic comedy, the Lion and the Mouse.



## PROSERPINA

Music, drama and art combined, reached its height at Manual when "Proserpina," a musical drama, was presented on the evening of April 11 and 12. This performance was distinctly different from any given in the past, as the glee clubs and the orchestra assisted in making this production a success.

Accompanied by weird sounds, the curtain rose upon the realm of Pluto, God of the Underworld. Proserpina, daughter of Ceres, Goddess of the Harvest, was brought captive to Pluto. She made vain attempts to escape, but Pluto tempted her to eat a pomegranite, which bound her to six months in Hades as Queen while the other six months she spent with her mother, Ceres, in the upper world.

The second scene took place on the earth where desolation prevailed. It was indeed a world of ice and snow, for Mother Ceres cursed all vegetation which slept, awaiting Proserpina's return.

In the last scene, the joyous Springtime returned. The flowers and all vegetation again awoke. In the midst of all this splendor, Proserpina returned, and was warmly greeted by all. In the final ensemble, Mother Ceres was re-united with her daughter while the chorus sang "All Hail the Spring."

Ed Pawley was the only boy in the cast and portrayed with excellent ability the character of Pluto. Miss Leona Winkleman came up to her usual high standard as Proserpina and Miss Hazel Rich won for herself admiration and prominence as Mother Ceres. The Moth Dance was given with grace and finish by Miss Helen Perkins, girls' gymnasium instructor.

Miss Perkins has established a new standard at Manual for the annual girls' gymnasium fete and Manual is looking forward with pleasant anticipation to many more such productions.

### Principal Characters

Pluto .....	Ed Pawley
Hermes, the Herald.....	Cora Duley
Proserpina .....	Leona Winkleman
Slave Girl } .....	Hazel Rich
Mother Ceres } .....	

### Dance Soloists

Snowbird .....	Fleeta Wheelan
Wild Rose .....	Loretta Hanrahan
Moth Dance .....	Helen Perkins
Violets .....	{ Dessie Snitz
	{ Bessie Snitz
Naiad (Water Nymph) .....	Helen Behrens
Violin Soloist .....	Louis Kovitz
Soprano Obligato .....	Constance Ferlet
Accompanist .....	Fay Lappin
Pianist .....	Alice Kirk

Accompanied by  
Manual Orchestra and Chorus











## PROSERPINA

Girls! Thin ones, fat ones, straight ones and curved ones. Plump, generous and round ones. Winning, winsome, piquant and fascinating. Proserpina! Girls! The terms are synonymous. One was the cause of the other; one could not do without the other. Then, hurrah for Proserpina, the musical drama in which Manual's fair, dashing, debonair damsels, clad in the scantiest of warm weather apparel, laughed, sang and danced their way into popularity before a most enthusiastic audience.

The curtain rose, luckily, without a hitch, upon the realistic realm of Pluto, god of the underworld. Our handsome Ed was a regular devil with red tights, which were unable to contract to the expected size. Hermes, the herald, appeared bringing the news of Proserpina's capture. Presently, Proserpina herself entered in all her girlish splendor, fascinating and alluring, modest and ladylike.

Touching only the high spots, Leona skipped around as though on wings, looking for some means of escape, but at every turn meeting up with cute little imps armed with dreadful meat choppers. She could—sh! let me whisper it—she could have walked right off behind the scenes, but that wasn't in the book, so there she was, a prisoner of the strikingly good looking Pluto.

Then entered Miss Rich in a perfectly good "robe de nuit," playing a sad and mournful ballad on a badly sprung "uke." Behind her, were six slaves who, no doubt, would have rivaled the far famed harem of Abie Cohen. Following these with a step closely resembling the newest jazz craze, were a bevy of our most bewitching young ladies, bearing food and drink in Manual's hard earned athletic and debate trophies.

Proserpina, who had lived all her young life on sparrows' eye brows, chicken wrists, duck elbows and other such dainty morsels, was tempted to partake of the ill fated pomegranate. The fair one was thus bound to six months of imprisonment in the underworld. Ye Gods! then with wild and weird music the wrath of the underworld was turned loose and the villian laughed in glee at the misfortune which had befallen the fair daughter of Ceres. With a hand unsteadied by frequent indulgences of the underworld's best brew, he giddily slipped a beautiful crown upon the head of the unfortunate Proserpina, which, sad to say, seemed to have been built for a belt, instead of a crown.

Flitting hurriedly through the second scene, we will pause, only to make a few remarks: The shimmering moonlight, which dazzled the audience with its beauty—we hate to disillusion you—was only the rays from the lamp of some degenerate fliuver. We will admit that we didn't have to look at the program to find out the name of the freshman dance. At last came the wonderful snow scene and the size and shape of the flakes brought back fond memories of wienie roasts.

We came, finally, to the closing scene and behold! Our beloved Proserpina had arrived from the underworld and awakened the earth to spring. Slightly under the effects of Bevo or some equally good beverage, she daintly sang, "I met a little snow flake on my way, dear,—Hic!—he didn't last long. If old winter dares to show his face, dear,—hic!—he wouldn't last long." (How could he?)

With a final assemblage of these myriads of fairies, garbed in beautiful gowns which started somewhere south of the shoulder and came to an abrupt halt, decidedly north of the ankles, the curtain fell.

With the relaxing of vision, as though we had just seen the entire Ziegfeld company, we broke up and went home to await the morrow which had the ominous forecast of sore eyes and numberless colored glasses.





# MUSIC

The Music Department, like several other departments, has undergone a number of changes. B. E. Riggs, who had been with Manual many years, resigned in October. His successor is Miss Ruth Gibson, a former pupil of Mr. Riggs.

In addition to regular class work, the study of the history of music and musical instruments was taken up. Papers on these subjects were required once a week. One of the most interesting branches of work was the study of operas. A resume of the operas was given so that they might be more easily understood. A very popular branch of the work was "Musical Appreciation." Records, by artists, were played before the class. This was done to develop an appreciation of their art and to make the pupils acquainted with great singers.

Assembly singing has been a special feature this year. With Miss Gibson as director, the school body was taught popular music and school songs.

The Orchestra, a project of the music department, has appeared often in assembly and has also given several outside programs.

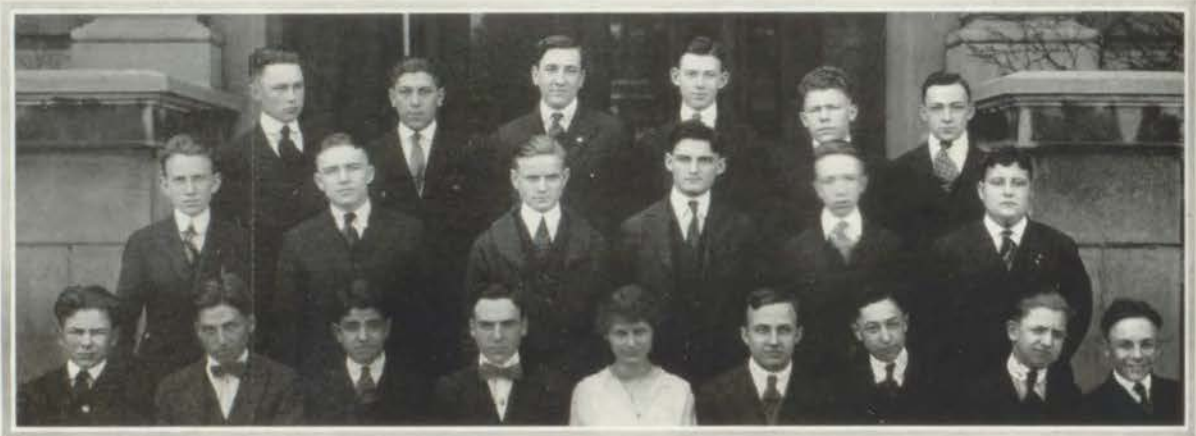
The Glee Clubs are the societies that have grown out of this department. The two clubs, boys' and girls', are organized separately. This year's work consisted chiefly of preparation for the contest, and chorus work for Proserpina.

The Mandolin Club organized so late in the year that little was heard from it, but the future holds forth hope.



## MANUAL MUSICAL MEN

President . . . . . LORENZ STRAUB  
 Vice-President . . . . . ED PAWLEY  
 Secretary . . . . . RICHARD DURRETT  
 Treasurer . . . . . JOE HOFFMAN  
 Adviser—Miss RUTH GIBSON



### MEMBERS

BARNEY BERKOWITZ  
 CHARLES BONE  
 ABE BORESOW  
 PAUL BROWN  
 CLAUDE CLAPP  
 NUGENT DALEO  
 SAM DALEO  
 RICHARD DURRETT  
 GEORGE GETZ  
 JOE HOFFMAN  
 PAULL KENT  
 PAUL LAREY

AUGUST MOHRI  
 LEO MILLER  
 HAROLD MORRIS  
 ED PAWLEY  
 GEORGE PACK  
 JAMES PALERMO  
 DELMAR PINCKNEY  
 MITCHELL SAPER  
 LORENZ STRAUB  
 FRED SHULER  
 WILL TURNER  
 WILLIAM WATHEN



## MANUAL MUSICAL MAIDENS

President. . . . . VERA HOLLAND  
 Vice-President. . . . . HAZEL RICH  
 Recording Secretary. . . . . HELEN IDA GRAVES  
 Corresponding Secretary. . . . . BEATRICE PIRNIE  
 Treasurer. . . . . LA VERN BROADHURST  
 Sergeant-at-Arms. . . . . CONSTANCE FERLET  
 Adviser—Miss RUTH GIBSON



### MEMBERS

LILLIAN ANDERSON  
 HELEN BRADLEY  
 LA VERN BROADHURST  
 RUTH COVERT  
 VELMA CRANE  
 MAXINE DE SYLVIA  
 MAMIE DOUGHTY  
 JOY EDWARDS  
 EULA EMICK  
 LOUISE FENNERTY  
 CONSTANCE FERLET  
 ETHEL FRAZIER  
 RUTH FULLER  
 HATTIE GILMAN  
 GERTRUDE GRAHAM  
 ELIZABETH GRAVES  
 HELEN IDA GRAVES

AMARYLLIS HANSEN  
 RUTH HAZEKAMP  
 NORMA HOLLAND  
 VERA HOLLAND  
 VERLIE HORTON  
 ALTHEA HODGES  
 FANNY KESSLER  
 ESTHER KIANSKY  
 FAY LAPPIN  
 GRACE LAREY  
 JUANITA LAUDERBACK  
 DORA LEVINE  
 MYRA LINGENFELTER  
 MARGARET McKENZIE  
 HAZEL MASTERS  
 HELEN McCALL  
 VIRGINIA McCALL

ISABELLE McCRACKEN  
 DOROTHY MORRILL  
 WINIFRED MYERS  
 PAULINE NASTER  
 BEATRICE PIRNIE  
 ROSE POLLACK  
 CLEVAH PREWITT  
 CHRISTINE RENKIN  
 HAZEL RICH  
 ALMA ROBERTSON  
 EDITH SILVERSTEIN  
 BRUENETTA SAGE  
 SARA LOUISE SHAFTEL  
 MAURINE SHULER  
 HELEN SINGLETON  
 RHEA WARNER  
 ERNESTINE WHITMEYER





## ORCHESTRA

President . . . . . FAY LAPPIN  
 Vice-President . . . . . HELEN RANDALL  
 Secretary . . . . . VERLEA HORTON  
 Treasurer . . . . . DAVID SEIGEL  
 Librarian . . . . . VINCENT McCARTY  
 Adviser—Miss RUTH GIBSON



### MEMBERS

GLADYS ASBURY  
 SEYMOUR ASHER  
 FLOYD CALDWELL  
 CLAUDE CLAPP  
 HAROLD DURRETT  
 CONSTANCE FERLET  
 ROMA HORTON  
 VERLEA HORTON  
 NAOMI HALTER  
 LOUIS KOVITZ

FAY LAPPIN  
 VINCENT McCARTY  
 PAULINE NASTER  
 WILL POLLARD  
 HELEN RANDALL  
 HAZEL RICH  
 DAVID SEIGEL  
 BEN SHLYEN  
 ZELDA WENICK  
 HELEN WOODS

MORTON GROSSMAN



## MANDOLIN CLUB

President. . . . .	LORENZ STRAUB
Vice-President. . . . .	VERA HOLLAND
Secretary. . . . .	LENA MAE McWHORTER
Treasurer. . . . .	HAROLD DURRETT
Sergeant-at-Arms. . . . .	ANCIL HALL
Librarian. . . . .	NAOMI HALTER

Adviser—MISS RUTH GIBSON



## MEMBERS

HAROLD DURRETT  
 ANCIL HALL  
 NAOMI HALTER  
 VERA HOLLAND  
 LENA MAE McWHORTER  
 DOROTHY MORRILL

MARIE NORTH  
 ROSE POLLACK  
 HELEN SALING  
 MURIEL SMITH  
 LORENZ STRAUB  
 CHARLES TRAVAGLIATE



## MUSIC CONTEST

The Sixth Annual Inter-Scholastic Music Contest was held at Polytechnic Institute, May 16. The program this year was not so elaborate as in former years. It has been the custom, in former years, to produce a cantata in the evening in addition to the contest in the afternoon. On account of lack of time due to the influenza epidemic, the cantata was dispensed with and the contests were held in the evening. The sight reading contest, however, was held as usual in the morning.

Miss Ruth Gibson, who took the place of B. E. Riggs after his resignation, has handled the glee clubs in a most capable way and a great measure of their success is due to her faithful work. For a month prior to the contest, the boys met at seven o'clock each morning and the girls rehearsed at three in the afternoon. Both clubs worked patiently and cheerfully.

The cup for the sight reading contest was awarded to Northeast. The boys' chorus was the first number to be sung at the evening contest. Their selection was "Softly She Slumbers, Lightly," by Friedburg. The boys did well, displaying fine shading and good tone quality. They received the most generous applause of any of the schools. The cup for this number was presented by the Schubert Club and was awarded to Northeast. The girls' chorus sang "The Dew Is On the Clover," by Coombs. Although the Manual girls were good, Northeast clearly deserved the cup, presented to them by the Kansas City Music Club. Central placed second in this number. The combined choruses sang "Good-night, Good-night, Beloved," by Pensuti. The Manual Clubs showed splendid enunciation, tone quality and interpretation. The Carl Hoffman cup also was awarded to Northeast. The judges evidently were satisfied, as Mr. Holmes said, to let the cups remain in the windy school for another year.

Credit is due Miss Fay Lappin, who served as accompanist for the choruses.

Only the highest of tributes can be paid to Miss Gibson. Unselfishly she worked day and night for the school and Manual may well be proud of her results. The clubs worked with a zeal, deserving to win, but the fates decreed otherwise. The material for next year is excellent and the clubs vow they will compel the judges to give them the cups, so plainly will their superiority be shown.





# SOCIAL

# AFFAIRS



Manual has a far famed reputation for its parties. Manual's parties are not a side issue, they are an institution distinctively Manualite. Miss Rowena Campbell, girls' adviser, is the teacher who has charge of all parties. Miss Campbell is "commander-in-chief" of all committees. All plans are submitted to her for approval. The party plans are the special charge of a party chairman, a pupil. Committees are chosen by the chairman. An effort is made in choosing these committees to reach as many people as possible, and in this way, the party is in the hands of the school body. Our parties are not confined to the few, they are for everyone, freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors. The parties are so varied that they always offer new entertainment, inducements and novelties. They are not the work of any particular department. All branches of the school co-operate to make them an unbounded success. The woodwork departments may always be depended upon to help with arches and stalls and the innumerable things that go to make the decoration a success. The gymnasium supplies dancers and the art department gladly supplies ads. and posters.

Mixers are frequently held in the lower hall. It is sometimes necessary to limit such mixers to two classes because of the lack of space. These mixers are usually managed by a mixer committee appointed by Mr. Graves. Music is furnished by Manual's jazz orchestra.

Parties are the social life of the school and furnish the necessary play to keep the Jacks from being dull boys.



## BOYS' INTERCLASS HIKE

"Tramp, tramp, tramp," came the resounding echo down Wornall Road one fine October day. Was Kansas City being invaded by a hostile army? No, it was the Manual Hikers. One hundred strong, they had turned out to enjoy the first interclass boys' hike. Seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen, they were all there. They had come out to Waldo on the car and had there been lined up under the capable direction of Carroll Willis into squads and platoons, commanded by hastily appointed officers.

After an apparently endless time spent in marching, the destination was reached and the boys pitched camp. The commissary departments assumed a sudden appearance of activity and soon hot dogs, buns, pickles, potato chips and marshmallows were served to the hungry troopers.

In the very midst of the fun around the camp fires, the army was attacked by a hostile force in the person of the farmer who owned the land. After much argument from "P. G." and the gentle persuasion of a hot dog sandwich and a stick of candy, he was appeased and withdrew his forces. After several fistic bouts and participation in a swim in Indian creek, the army struck camp and resumed their march. This time, however, the attack was headed toward Kansas City and aided by a heavy vocal barrage they finally obtained their objective in the form of a Country Club-75th car. It was a tired but happy bunch which gradually left the car as it neared the down-town district.

## GIRLS' FRESHMAN PARTY

October 4, 1918, the upperclass girls at Manual gave a party for the freshman girls. This party was for the purpose of giving the girls a better chance to get acquainted and show the freshmen that they were welcome at Manual.

Ellen Levin, chairman of the party, appointed entertainment, social and decoration committees to take charge. The committees worked hard to get the party into good shape and make a success of it. As the party was mainly for the entertainment of the freshmen, the school was decorated in green.

After school was dismissed the girls all gathered in the assembly hall where a vaudeville performance had been arranged by the entertainment committee.

After the program a grand march took place. The freshmen lined up on one side and the upperclassmen on the other. At the rear of the hall, each freshman met her upperclassman. Each upperclassman had the responsibility of showing her freshman a good time and making her acquainted with the others. As they passed out each student was given a cap, the freshmen green, the sophomores yellow, the juniors blue and the seniors red.

After the march, the pupils flocked to the upper hall where games of all sorts were going on in every room. In the lower hall the girls were dancing. Miss Hoernig taught folk dancing to those who could not do ball room dancing. All were having a jolly good time when a long bell





sounded through the halls. This bell called everyone to refreshments which were being served in the lunch room and room 27.

After refreshments the dancing started again. After dancing for about an hour the party was dismissed and everyone went home well satisfied and happy. As the freshmen parted they were heard to say, "We certainly had a fine time. When can we have another party like this one?"

## BASKET BALL PARTY

"Manual starts things" has come to be a slogan. To this list of "starts" was added something very new. February 21 was the day of days. Any school can cheer when its team returns victorious, any school can keep up fine spirit when it is running against no obstacles, but what school but Manual could, after six successive defeats, have enough spirit left to even undertake such a venture as a party in honor of the team, a party to which everyone in school might come? In order that this might truly be a party for everyone, different plans for amusement were devised.

For those who danced, dancing and a real jazz orchestra were provided on the first floor. On the third floor was a vaudeville show for those not interested in dancing.

A feeling of satisfaction stole over the throng, old grievances against other high schools were blotted out by the fact that the Crimson fought hard and clean and surely it isn't our fault if the fickle goddess of fortune gives us the cold shoulder. On the first floor, the extermination of girls' toes began at eight o'clock when the jazz band made its presence known and by the time the performance on the third floor was ready to begin, everyone had been jostled and pushed into a good humor.

The first act of the vaudeville show was a dance by Tessie and Dessie Snitz. Then came Manual's gym team, who performed on parallel bars. Helen Behrens and Will Pollard scored a hit in the third act with their dancing. A chalk talk given by Miss Irene Brian of the art department, which constituted the fourth act, was new and interesting to the Manual audience. "The Striker" by the Manual Players made up the fifth act. Last—but not least, came the faculty quartet, composed of Mr. Bird, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Kent, Mr. Peters, led by Mr. Graves, who carefully pretended to sing, while the real music came from behind the curtain. The invisible singers were Lucian Lane, Charles Bone, Lorenz Straub, William Turner. After the show, dancing was again in order and everyone went to the jazz den on the first floor.

The banquet which was the "piece de resistance" of the evening was served on the second floor. Sandwiches and salad, ice cream and cake—and such darling "waitresses."

Encouraged by "Hindustan," "wrestling" began again on the first floor. Taps sounded at the—well rather late, and everyone departed for home happy.

And, was it a success? Ask the boy or girl who came to dance, ask the timid lad who sought amusement, ask the hungry one who came to the banquet—and ask the basketball men for whom it was given.





## EASTER PARTY

The Easter rabbit was somewhat late in arriving at Manual this year and of course had no eggs left when he did come, so he did the next best thing and gave us a new kind of party. The Easter party was arranged mainly for the entertainment of the freshmen girls and was given under the direction of the Girls' Friendship League.

The novel feature about it was the wearing of aprons by all who attended. All kinds of aprons were worn, from grandmother's long sleeved, high neck, calico aprons to dainty pink and blue bungalow aprons, such as one associates with brides, and delicate bits of fabric with endless rows of lace and looking like a hope chest handkerchief—or in other words, tea aprons. Yes all of these and others were there, worn unblushingly by freshman and dignified senior alike.

For entertainment, the Manual dance orchestra with the latest jazz steps and fox trots seemed to cast a spell over some. For others the "Virginia Reel" proved to be quite as alluring. While for the smallest ones and sh! (the seniors too) such games as we played before even becoming freshmen were most fascinating.

Refreshments were served in a way which was both new and satisfactory. Instead of using various class rooms as heretofore, ice cream cones, "suckers," fruit and candies were sold at different booths in the lower hall. These booths were under the supervision of the cooking department and all things were sold at cost. To buy an ice cream cone for three cents with no war tax attached was indeed a treat.

Each upperclassman brought the freshman assigned to her by the League. The upperclassmen laid aside their usual dignity and sophistication and were hardly recognizable in their apron disguise; the freshmen soon thought that this was a good old world after all and overcame their timidity and misgivings and all had heaps of fun.

## MIXERS

Manual mixers are always successful, because there is no camouflage about them. There is no worry or interruption of classes caused by decoration committees; no time wasted in the selection of a suitable orchestra or adornment of finery; and last, there is no refreshment committee trembling for fear it will not have enough refreshments for all. No energy is wasted on trivial things like these, for the Manual students come out for a good time and they have it.

First, we have no desire for decorations for we need all the space to dance in; second, Manual has a jazz orchestra of her own and one which is always ready to help a good cause; third, as for adornment or finery, we are anxious to dance and haven't time for it; fourth, and last, concerning refreshments, we never think about them until it is all over and then we don't need them.

Thus these worries do not find their way into Manual's mixers. The idea is to have a jolly good time and show it by our incessant attempts to delay the bell whose clang reminds us that all things must cease some time, and by our frequent question, "When can we have another mixer?"

May the Manual mixers long continue!



## CADETS

Military training in the high schools of Kansas City has in a brief three years passed completely out of the experimental stage into one of the most important activities of the school life. Three years ago, when Captain Steever first introduced the idea, it was considered to be another new idea, which sounded well but was entirely impractical. Now, the cadet work is not only fulfilling the expectations of its strongest advocates, but is so successful that the War Department is seriously considering the establishment of R. O. T. C. corps in its place to assist in the training of future army officers.

This year it was necessary to reorganize the corps on several lines. In the first place, Captain R. C. Baird was ordered to rejoin his regiment early in the summer of 1918, thus leaving the Kansas City cadets without a central supervisor. To overcome this difficulty, a council of the instructors was established for the purpose of outlining the work for the regiment. Also, due in a great measure to the increased price of the gray uniforms the Board of Education found it advisable to authorize, instead, a khaki uniform slightly different from the one in use in the army.

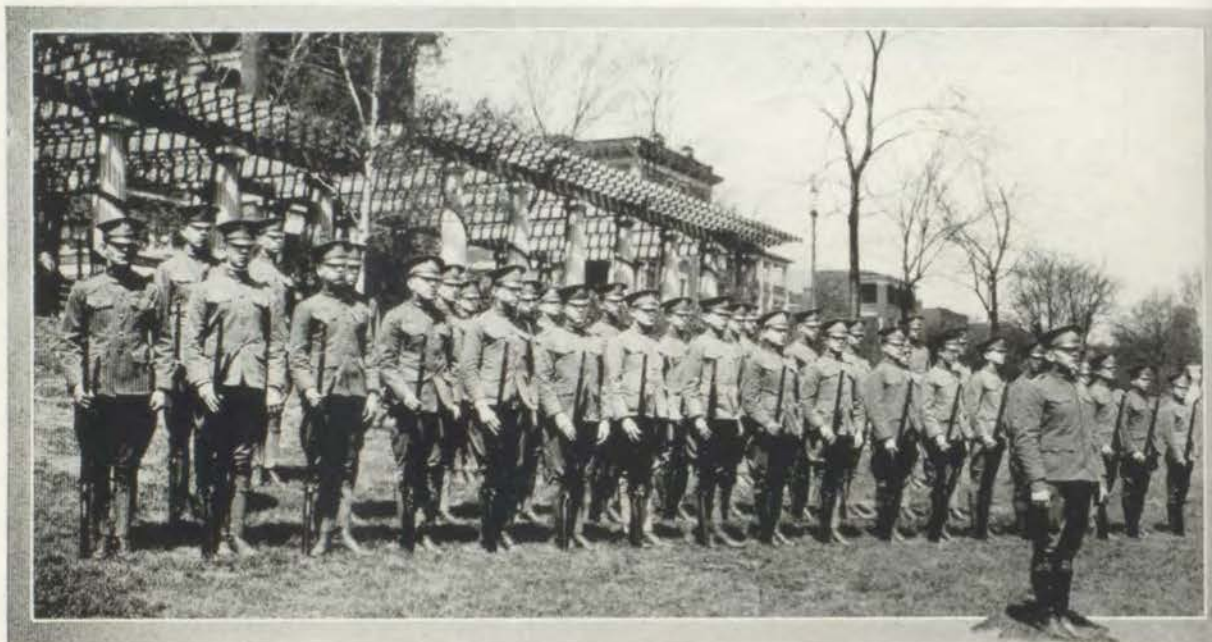
In spite of the many discouraging breaks in the school year, Manual's cadets have never lost the spirit which is so essential to victory of any kind. They have done the most intensive work and stand ready to meet all comers in defense of their boast, that they have one of the best corps in the Middle West.





## COMPANY O COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Acting Company Leader.....KAER VANICE  
 Platoon Leader . . . . .BARNEY BERKOWITZ



### NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

First Guide . . . . .WILBER DAVIS	Squad Leader . . . . .
First Guide . . . . .HARLEY BLAKE	.....DARRELL STARNES
Assistant Platoon Leader.....	Squad Leader . . . . .
.....LESTER HAMILTON	.....HARRY GREENBERG
Assistant Platoon Leader, CLARENCE REEDY	
Squad Leader . . . . .ISADORE POLSKY	Musicians
Squad Leader . . . . .FOREST EAKINS	JOHN PENCE VERNIE HELARD
	CLIFFORD JONES

### CADETS

JOHN BARTLESON	LOUIS KRAFT	QUIG SPOONER
ABE BORESOW	KERMIT KELLAR	THEODORE SMALLWOOD
RICHARD DURRETT	DONALD LUMPKIN	JOHN SPOONER
TOM DEAN	WALTER McBRIDE	FRANK SCHMIDT
LOUIS FISHMAN	WILL POLLARD	FRED SHULER
CHARLEY HIPSH	DAVID PITTEL	LORIS WYMORE
JOE HOFFMAN	JAMES PALERMO	BEN WOSKOW
RAYMOND HEDRICK	WALTER ROACH	HERMAN WALL
LEO KREIGER	CLEMENT ROTHENBERG	GERALD WETZEL
LESTER KLEIN	ABE ROSENBAUM	







## STAFF AND LINE OFFICERS 4TH BATTALION

### BATTALION STAFF

CARROLL WILLIS. . . . .	Battalion Commander
DICK HAYNES. . . . .	Battalion Adjutant
EARL LEWIS. . . . .	Battalion Quartermaster
WILLIAM McCANDLISH. . . . .	Battalion Sergeant-Major
GEORGE McMAHON. . . . .	Chief Trumpeter



### LINE OFFICERS

#### N COMPANY

HAROLD DYER . . . . .	Platoon Leader
WILLIAM EPPERSON . . . . .	Company Leader
GRANT DEAN. . . . .	Platoon Leader

#### O COMPANY

KAER VANICE. . . . .	Acting Company Leader
BARNEY BERKOWITZ. . . . .	Platoon Leader

#### UNATTACHED

GEORGE BRONAUGH. . . . .	Company Leader
DELMAR PINCKNEY. . . . .	Platoon Leader
C. H. WITHINGTON, Brevet Captain, K. N. G. . . . .	Military Instructor





# ORGANIZATIONS



Manual has a great variety of organizations which represent almost every field of activity. The M. S. D. meetings have been devoted to two minute talks on modern subjects. The Athenas, a girls' literary society, have studied modern authors. Extemporaneous speaking, aside from regular programs has been the special work of the Homerians. The Bonheurs, a girls' art club, have studied landscape painting and clay modeling. The Edisonians, a society distinctly Manual's is composed of pupils studying steam and electricity. A Tesla coil, their special work, has just been completed. The Commercial Club, composed of pupils enrolled in any commercial subject, studies subjects in any way related to commercial work. The Glee Clubs spent their time preparing for the contest and working on choruses for Preserpina. Manual's Boosters, true to their name, have boosted all activities. The general science pupils of whom the club of that name is composed, have studied subjects of scientific interest. The work of the Boys' and Girls' High School Clubs organized to promote friendship, has been widespread. The newspaper club, the Journalism Club, studied newspaper style. Writers from Kansas City papers talked to them on newspaper work. The Mathematics Club has been studying Calculus. The Student Representative Cabinet is Manual's governing body that decides questions concerning the school body.

All societies are organized on a charter basis with Mr. Graves at the head and a faculty member as the adviser of each society.





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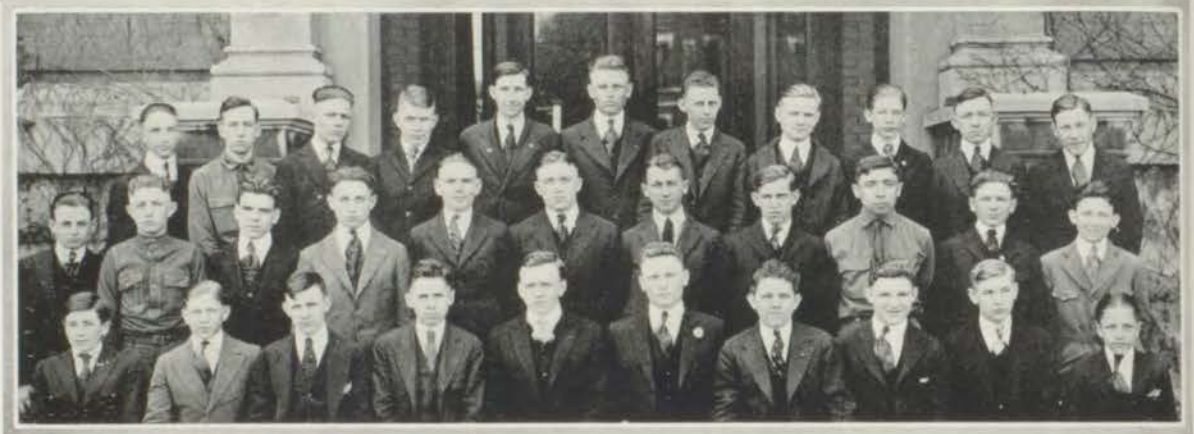




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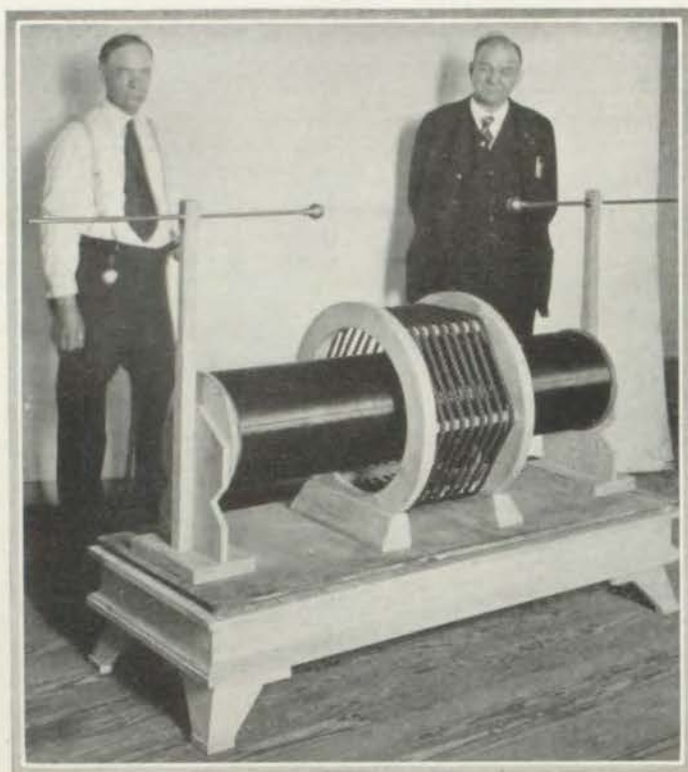
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### THE TESLA COIL

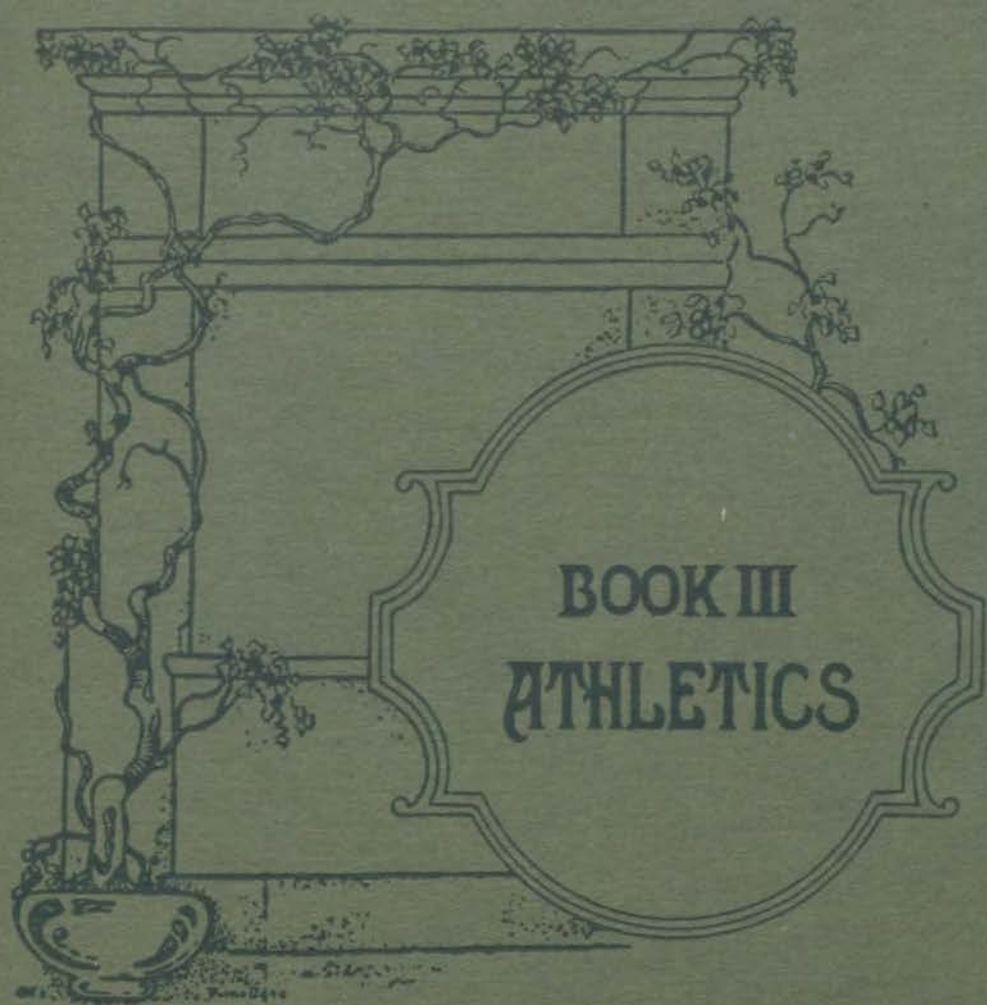
About five months ago the Edisonian Society decided to build something along the line of electrical apparatus. Work was begun on a large sized Tesla coil. No moss grew under the feet of the boys who undertook the job and before the end of May the coil was completed.

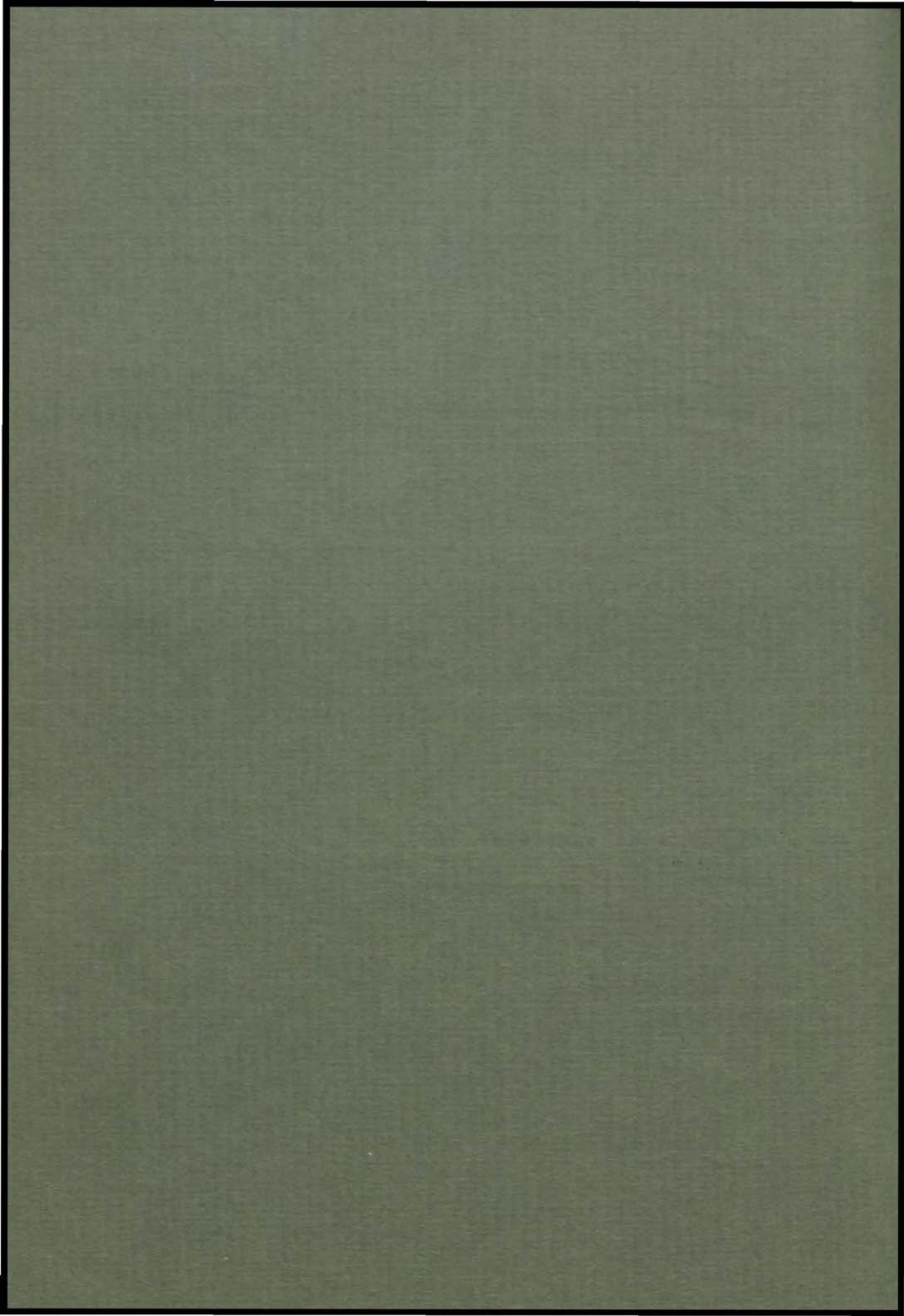
The Tesla coil will be very helpful to the electrical department in performing experiments and demonstrations. It is about five feet six inches in height and two feet wide. It is mounted on a large base with a slate top. The coil will give a spark about three feet long, requiring about 200,000 volts.

Mr. J. M. Kent supervised the construction of the electrical parts, while Mr. George A. Arrowsmith gave much time and energy in helping the boys with the woodwork. The three boys to whom the credit for the construction of the coil belongs are Ben Elburn, George Getz and Carl Nolting. Mr. Arrowsmith said of the work, "It is the largest piece of work ever built in the turning department."

Those who worked so faithfully on it can well feel proud of the fact that they have accomplished something which is an honor to their society and a credit to the school.









# FOOT BALL

Signals—Formation C,-75-81-96!

After a lapse of thirteen years football, the "man's game," returned to make his annual bow in the athletic circles of the Kansas City high schools and a year of more interruptions could hardly have been picked. The influenza epidemic sliced the schedule from six to two games and played havoc with some of the squads. The practice season was prolonged over a period of seven weeks so that the fine points of the game were well mastered.

From the start of the season the breaks were against us. Manual presented an almost impenetrable line and an aggressive offense but the plays did not get away with enough snap. Northeast scored once by a direct pass and once on an intercepted pass. The Manual points were made by a direct pass from the thirty yard line. The crimson boys had the ball on Northeast's three yard line twice but lost it each time by a penalty or fumble. This only meant that by their varied attack they must sweep the ball down the field again. Northeast made one first down and one forward pass while our own boys made seven first downs and four completed passes.

In the second game the Central team succeeded in making a touch down before the Crimson boys found their stride. They scored two more on fluke plays but in the second half the ball was kept in the center of the field as neither of them was able to gain.





Steinkraus  
End



Lane  
End



Sanders

Center



Turner-Tackle



Hall-Tackle



Bronaugh - Half



Pinkney - Half



Peck  
Quarter



Bonette - Guard



Palermo - Guard



## "M" MEN

### FOOT BALL

Sanders  
Peck  
Turner  
Hall  
Steinkraus  
Palermo  
Bonette  
L. Lane  
Bronaugh  
Pinckney

### BASKET BALL

J. Lane  
L. Lane  
Sanders  
Carlson  
Steinkraus

### GYM TEAM

Peck  
Steinkraus  
L. Lane  
McCowan  
Rone

### TENNIS

Peck  
Price  
Brew

### TRACK

Sprofera  
Mosher







# BASKET



# BALL

Are the captains ready?

The crowds that filled convention hall eagerly awaited the toss of the ball that would send the teams toward the goal of the 1919 basketball series. It was the best championship series from all view points that the high schools have played for some years. The teams were evenly matched and a new champion was placed on the throne. Indeed the schools were so closely contested that a new method had to be devised for awarding the championship which went to Westport by four thousandths of a point.

The Manual season was another year of an overflowing "L" column due to the same lack of facilities which we have suffered for some twenty-two years. But Manual's "Irish" team was in the game to give all it had and only two of the games were slow. Indeed it was the crimson basketekers who undoubtedly opened the way to victory over Central by their wonderful offensive of the first Manual-Central game. Central nosed out a 25 to 24 game but never regained full control of her nervous system after such a nightmare.

The Northeast games were whirlwind affairs and devoid of the rough element but the Westport games degenerated into "knock down—drag out" scraps against which our midget forwards could not score. The low number of fouls checked against this year's boys shows that we crimson lads played the same hard, clean game which characterizes all our teams.





## SCORES OF THE BASKET BALL GAMES

### FIRST TEAM

Manual .....	27	Northeast .....	42
Manual .....	24	Central .....	25
Manual .....	20	Westport .....	42
Manual .....	28	Northeast .....	38
Manual .....	34	Central .....	49
Manual .....	22	Westport .....	37

### SECOND TEAM

Manual .....	12	Northeast .....	29
Manual .....	13	Central .....	38
Manual .....	19	Westport .....	14
Manual .....	24	Northeast .....	41
Manual .....	32	Central .....	27
Manual .....	26	Westport .....	20







## GIRLS' BASKET BALL

The freshman team was composed of small girls. They played exceedingly well compared with the other teams, which were composed of much larger girls. Fannie Kesler, the diminutive forward of that team, showed great ability in putting goals from any angle. Helen Bradley was her able running mate.

The sophomores had a very good team and if they had started sooner would have made things quite lively for the other teams. Lela Duncan, captain and guard was the "star" for the sophomores. Henrietta Nolting played well as forward. The team work was one especially good feature of the sophomore's playing.

The junior team was also made up of little girls. But what they lacked in size they made up in playing. Eva Enggas and Lova Cramer were the forwards for the junior team and showed ability to put in not only field goals but also free throws. The team as a whole played good basket ball.

The seniors won the series, not losing a game. As freshmen and juniors they also won the series. In their sophomore year they tied for first and then lost to the seniors. Helen Berner, their most capable forward, on account of the "flu" was able to play in only one game. Gertrude Graham, the other forward showed ability in rolling up the score in tight places.



# TRACK



On your marks—Get set!

Many speed demons were waiting the crack of the pistol on March 21 to gain more trophies for their respective schools.

The Manual track team men had scarcely donned a pair of spikes because the weather was not sufficiently warm to allow outdoor practice but with the green material the outcome of the meet was very gratifying. The home boys placed in three of the five events for a total of eight points. Joe Sprofera placed third in the 440, Captain Lane and Paul Mosher took third and fourth respectively in the half, while the small relay composed of Fisher, Stauffer, Parks and Donnelly captured third. Northeast won the meet with seventeen points, while Westport and Central pressed her hard with sixteen and thirteen points.

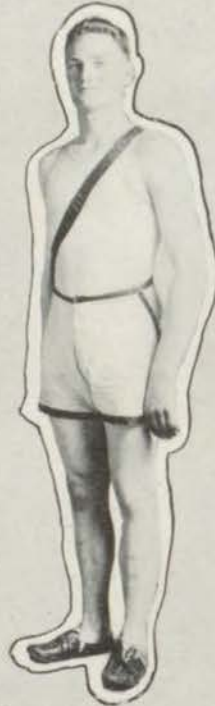
The K. C. A. C. meet followed in so short a time that the crimson athletes had had no time for further preparation. This time the boys placed in all but one event totaling six points. Sprofera captured a fourth in the 440, Mosher a third in the half mile while both relays took a place. Captain Lane fell on the first turn and failed to place. The larger relay team was composed of Vanice, Hall, Peck and Sanders and the small team of Fisher, Stauffer, Donnelly and Parks. Westport won with nineteen points. Northeast and Central followed with sixteen and fourteen respectively.



Lane 880 Capt.



Parks Sprints



Sanders-Weights



Sprofero - 440



Mosher-440





Hall  
Hurdles



Palermo - Sprints



Peck  
High Jump



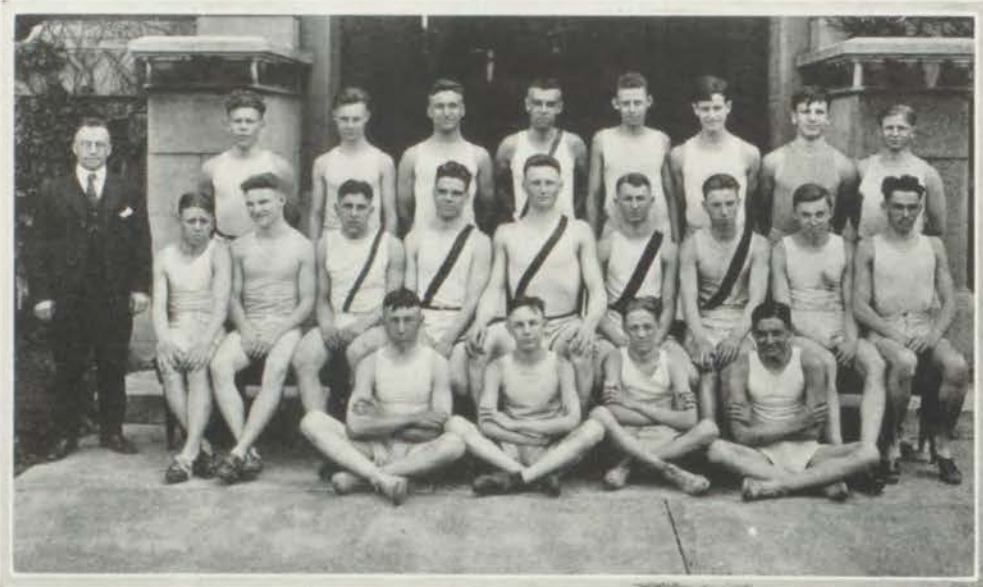
Lumpkins  
Pole Vault



North High Jump



Hess  
Pole Vault



## OUTDOOR TRACK

The Manual athletes had undergone an elimination process before the first big meet of the year, the Missouri University meet, so that six men were chosen to make the trip. The track was heavy and slow but the times of the different events were surprising. The meet went off with true Missouri snap and Manual emerged with the proverbial seven to her credit. Sprofera ran in fine form and pushed Lott of Central hard for the 440. Mosher ran a creditable race in the 880 and captured a second. The other point was scored by Sands in the shot put. Manual finished sixth in the meet.

In natural sequence to the seven points scored at Columbia the Manual runners pulled down eleven points at Lawrence. Fourteen men made the trip and while only two did the scoring the rest were in the class of the near great. Manual produced the real surprise of the meet and captured both races in the quarter-mile. Sprofera ran a remarkable 440 in the first race and took first in the fast time of 52 4-5 seconds. Mosher, our 880 man, surprised everyone by duplicating the feat in the second 440 race by winning first in 54 '5. He added our other point by a fourth in the 880. Manual finished high in the meet, taking sixth out of twenty entries and finishing ahead of our own Kansas City Westport.





# TENNIS

Tennis has become a major sport. The enthusiasm with which its advent is greeted each spring and the support which is given it by the student body are rapidly placing it on a par with its older brothers, track, football, and basket ball. Being an interscholastic sport, the competition for the semi-finals in each school tournament is becoming keener every season. It takes several years to put a new sport on a firm standing but tennis is gaining popularity until it is probable that the interest of the school will soon be aroused to the highest possible pitch.

Tennis is open not only to boys, but in this branch of activity the fair sex may also strive for first honors in interscholastic competition. This new field should draw a great number as it is the only sport in which the girls have an opportunity to carry their schools' banners.

Tennis is important as an activity also because there is no limit to the number that may engage in the elimination tournaments. This feature permits every one to try his skill whether he be a freshman or senior, girl or boy. Tennis, too, is a sport in which the individual merit of each competitor determines the position he will attain under competition.

The rules of eligibility of the other major sports obtain in this new line so that the final representatives of the different schools are not playing without the sanction of the institution they represent.



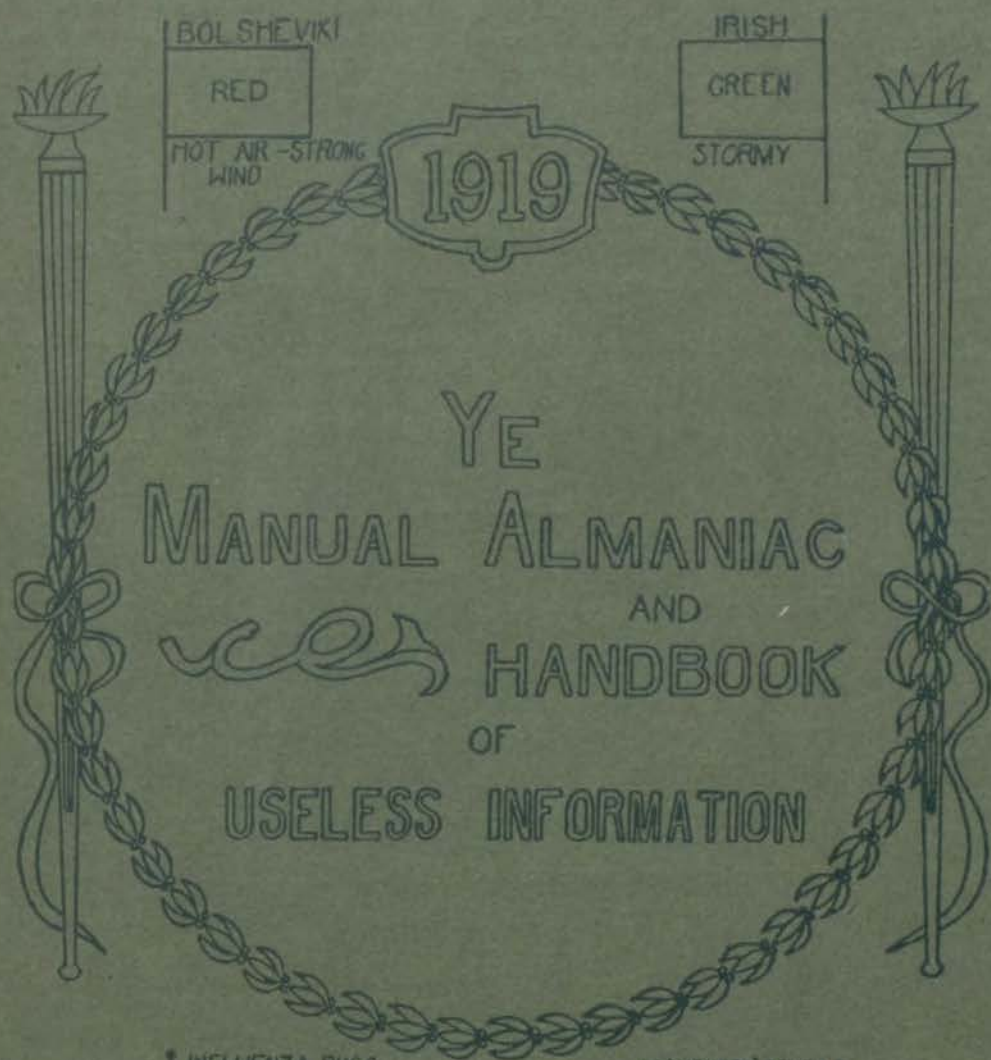


## THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

This year's tournament was not without its surprises. In the third round Price was slated to play Bone, Peck was to try his luck with Foster; Epperson was matched with Louis and Brew was scheduled to play Berkowitz. Price defeated Bone; Foster defaulted to Peck; Louis was victor over Epperson and Brew moved into the semi-finals by Berkowitz's default. The biggest upset came when Price beat Peck in the semi-finals, when Peck once had matched point. Brew easily took Louis out and the finals found an interesting match awaiting. Brew beat Price for final honors by winning 6-2, 5-7, 6-3, 4-6, 6-2. Brew, however, is ineligible so the team mate for Price in the interscholastic tournament will be determined by a match between Peck and Louis.

Miller Peck was manager of the tournament and it was run off in good snappy style, only two days being allowed for each match. The boys' doubles, the girls' singles and the mixed doubles tournaments are yet to be played. Manual feels no small amount of confidence in her representatives on the Rockhill courts and is expecting them to attain a high position.





BOL SHEVIKI

RED

HOT AIR - STRONG  
WIND

IRISH

GREEN

STORMY

1919

YE  
MANUAL ALMANIAC  
AND  
HANDBOOK  
OF  
USELESS INFORMATION

INFLUENZA BUGS

YELLOW

COLDER WITH  
FREQUENT CHILLS

MOURNERS' BENCH

BLACK + BLUE

FAIR & WARMER  
AFTER 5 P.M.

PUBLISHED BY WEE R. NUTS & CO.

\*MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS MANUAL MIGHTY  
HEART BALM



## TESTIMONIALS FROM THOSE WHO HAVE USED MANUAL REMEDIES.

Our testimonials are dishonest as our remedies. They are copies of or extracts from reports received from persons we consider untrustworthy; they are obtained by offers of reward. If you desire information regarding a special ailment, write us and we shall be glad to supply you with the desired information.

---

### Reports from User of Manual Magnetic Heart Balm.

(Former Army Captain Tells of Experience.)

I was troubled with my heart and thought my days were numbered. I was unable to do any work because there was always before my eyes a sweet face with dark hair and wearing large tortoise shell rimmed glasses. One bottle of Manual Magnetic Heart Balm put me on my feet.

Carroll Willis.

---

### Reports of Tardy Cure.

(Keeps It on Hand.)

I find the Manual Cure for Tardiness a wonderful remedy and try to keep it on hand all the time. But my case is a severe one and if my first hour teacher had not been late every morning, I fear that I would not have gotten along as well.

Helen Woods.

---

### Report from Swelled Head Cure.

(A Wonderful Remedy.)

Ever since leaving Central I have suffered more or less with a swelled head. It expanded to a great size when I managed the Junior Prom. I tried the Manual Cure for Swelled Head and find it a wonderful remedy. The ingredient which I think most effective is the soft brick massaged well into the head.

Frank Brew.

---

## STUDY THESE FORMULAS.

#### Manual Cure for Tardiness

Office training  
Big Bens  
8th hour study hall

#### Manual Ointment (for Man or Beast)

Johnny Smiles  
Pep

#### Manual Cure for Swelled Head

Soft bricks  
Flat irons  
A strong right arm

#### Manual Magnetic Heart Balm

Sour pickles  
Goldfish ankles.  
Frog eyelashes



New Moon of Sept.

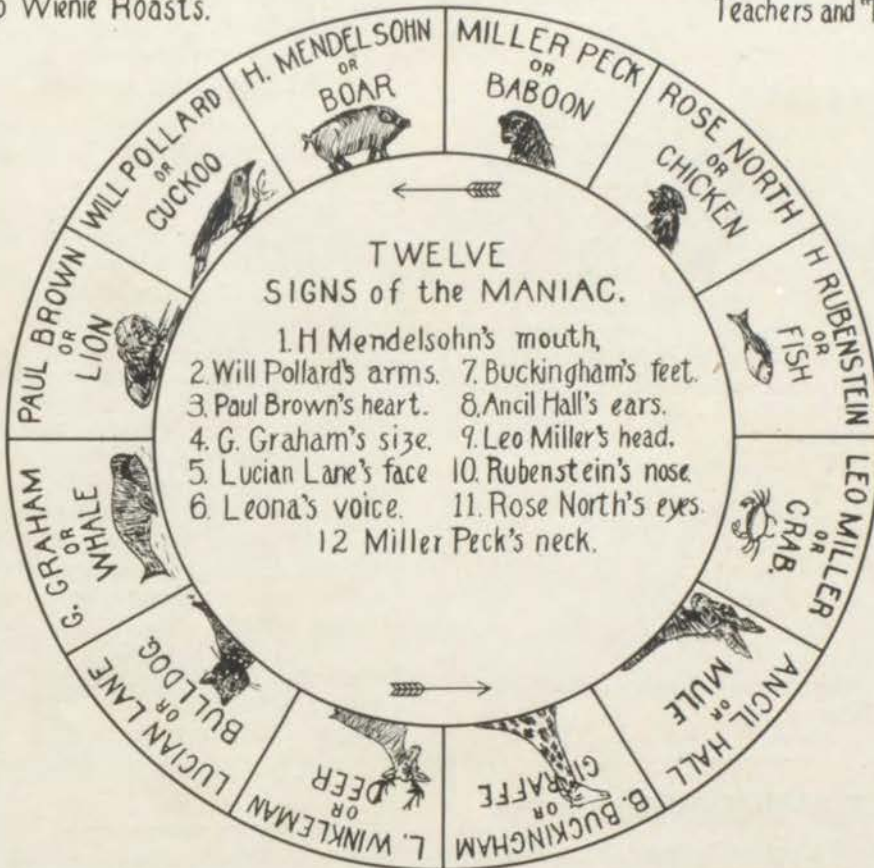


Beginning of Torture,  
also Wienie Roasts.

First Quarter



Divided Between  
Teachers and "Flu"



Last Quarter



Spring Fever  
Broke

Moon Full.



So are we!

### THE CATTLE CHUTE.

During the late days of last summer, to the south of our plain, ramshackle, antediluvian, and ancient building known as the M. T. H. S., there arose a long narrow tube, magnificent in construction and elegant in finish, which served to connect our desecrated masterp'eece with an abandoned church. From outward appearances, it resembled a fish worm or a monkey's tail and inwardly reminded one of the intricate passages in the inner regions of Jonah's whale, but nevertheless, it bears the name of the cattle chute. The definition of chute as propounded in Webster's Book of d'ction is, "a frame work, trough, or tube, upon or through which objects are made to slide from higher to a lower level, or through which water passes to a wheel." Never was there a more appropriate definition. Thus through our cattle chute indefinite objects slide, rush, or fall down to the august presence of Rev. Long and Rev. Arrowsmith, and the watered stock, already filled to the brim with aqueducts (academics), runs through, to be ground under the iron wheel of turning and disjointery. Alas such a sad spectac'e, as is presented! From time to time come the heartrending shrieks of the two ministers as they implore for more intelligent stock to come through.

### THE SACRED WORKSHOPS.

And it cameth to pass, that in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and eighteen, there was caused to be created, a saintly precinct, yea, verily I say unto you, there was caused to be erected a sacred workshop, whither unto which the sinner and the good alike, were won't to lend their wayward footsteps, henceforth.

And it happened, that the high priest did say unto one certain wise man, "Thou shalt rule with a high

hand in the lower regions, the multitudes they shall be caused to gather therein."

Yea, and even as he spoke these words, they straightway went forth and did as they were b'd. And behold! There was caused to be installed all sorts of infernal machinery and all was good and thence shall go sinner and good alike, and it shall endure from generation to generation.

### BLUM'S BEANERY.

As a place of beauty it cannot be surpassed. Built on the Doric order, its lines of proportion are fitting and appropriate for the class that masticates and indigests food there. At lunch hour when the gang rushes in, "Chili hot," rings through corridors innumerable where men blow hot air and dimes on the most heterogeneous combination of beans, crackers, soup, nails, garlic, red peppers, and whatever else the Hon. Blum sweeps from the floor. "Shut up, brrr-r!?!-!, vociferates the old gentleman as he stretches up and down the nave waiting on knaves, grabbing in the nickels and shoving out the bowls. Then comes nickel flipping for pie, stolen bites, spilled r'ie and suddenly acquired pie faces. Before the bell rings, all hie themselves to the drug store to buy digestive medicine to get rid of stubborn eight penny nails that balk at the cardiac valve.

Alice Palmer (speaking of her slippers squeaking): "That's the music of my soul speaking out."

Miss Meyer: "Miss Brian, there is a voice speaking over the phone that wants to see you."

W. Epperson: "When England entered the war she surrounded Germany with her feet. Aw—I mean fleet."

**SEPTEMBER.**

- Sept. 4. School opens; freshmen charged 1 cent a slide down the chute.
- Sept. 5. Honor pins awarded. Go thou and do likewise.
- Sept. 6. Lunchroom opens, many absent next day.
- Sept. 7. Cute little coach appears, special size to fit gym.
- Sept. 8. Football practice kicking squad try their luck.
- Sept. 10. Manualite long range guns fired at pocket-books.
- Sept. 12. 45 youths blossom forth into manhood; Behold their registration cards!
- Sept. 13. "Good gracious Annabelle"—Friday the 13th.
- Sept. 20. Election of Nautilus victims; "Sophs" make money on votes.
- Sept. 26. We endure "some" music in Assembly; Lucian soloates.



**BRASS BUTTON BRIGADE.**

"Ye-a-ah, Y-i-p," what a blood curdling yell comes up from the outside world. Students drop their books and pencils in terror, teachers faces become white. There it is again. Surely a mob of I. W. W. or Bolsheviks are coming up the street. The custodians rush to the west entrance to determine, if possible, the cause of the commotion. Peeping cautiously from the window, they behold Manual's brave army engaged in mortal combat, down in the neighborhood of Seventeenth street. Our gallant heroes will surely save us. The combat is fierce, the casualties apparently many, but still they withstand the onslaught. Suddenly there comes a shrill whistle from some unknown source. The struggle ceases. Surely they have not surrendered? No, the dead and wounded are getting up and joining one of the two bodies which are speedily assuming a mil-

itary formation. What was the cause for all the noise and struggle? Nothing but a sham battle.

And such is a day in the life of the Brass Button Brigade.

**Just Imagine:**

- William Epperson seven feet tall.
- Marie North grouchy.
- Ancil Hall awake.
- Omar Underwood weighing 300 pounds.
- Mr. Dodd undignified.
- The M. S. D's, a co-ed society.
- Will Pollard with a black eye.
- Francis Hess with a girl.
- Bill Buckingham with No. 5 shoes.
- Jim Lane as a Swede.
- Miller Peck serious.
- Pat Reedy pale.
- Luther Wise thin.
- Vera Holland a blond.
- Carl Enggas unparliamentary.
- Cliff Sanders small.
- Virgil Todd graceful.
- Teachers assigning short lessons.





OCTOBER.

- Oct. 1. Second month of drudgery begins.
- Oct. 4. Freshmen boys perambulate to Dallas. Innocent babes lured six miles into the wilderness for a weinie, a pickle, and a drink of water.
- Oct. 4. Freshmen girls' party. Little tots given their first introduction into high society.
- Oct. 8. Spanish "Flu" flew in, so we flew out.
- Oct. 21. Squad uses Swift's beeves for tackling dummies.
- Oct. 26. Austria gets Hungary and surrenders unconditionally. Bill's next! Hurrah for the Allies!
- Oct. 29. Boosters go bankrupt selling footba'l tickets in "flivvers."

CAPTURED LETTERS.

Rosedale, Kansas.

Dere Mable:

I guess you thought I was dead, being so far away from K. C. and not having seen you since last night. But you know Mable a star aktor has a hard time.

I have a new part now. I have to lead the donkey in from the alley, when the guys get ready. Leading man. That's me all over, Mable. I can't help but feel sorry for Manual and what a hard time they will have in putting on plays without me. But you know Mable whenever such an artist as me gets a chance to show what he knows he must do it.

Artificially yours,

BILL.

Dere Rose:

As I ain't got nothin' else to do,

I'll write to you. I always try to spend my time doin' something useful but a feller, has to write a letter onct in a while. I'd a wrote sooner but I been so busy going with all my other girls that I just can't find time to write you. You know, Rose, you ain't got no education so I can't write no good language to you cauze you wouldn't know what I was meaning. You know I didn't go to no Raven dance the other night cause you had a date and no other girl would take me. Well I must close now because I've got a date with another girl.

Yours till the hearse backs up,

GEORGE.

Wanted—A clever young attorney to plead the cause of one who is in distress at 9:00 a. m. daily. Steady employment. Apply Billy Buckingham, Mourner's Bench.

## The 1919 Almaniac

### NOVEMBER.

- Nov. 9. The "flu" again punctures our football hopes.
- Nov. 11. Allies kick the Kaiser somewhere into Holland.
- Nov. 12. The morning after the night before. Bring on the ice.
- Nov. 15. Manual wins a football game—nearly. No, the umps weren't crooked, they only used poor judgment.
- Nov. 19. Crimson's leather-lunged clowns showed up.
- Nov. 23. Manual sings the Central blues. Only two games lost.
- Nov. 26. In-flue-enza again!
- Nov. 27. Big Allied victory! Mas-sacre of Turkey!
- Nov. 28. We learn the Turkey Trot.



### MANUAL'S 14 POINTS.

Resolved:

1. That the bench mourners be given freedom.
2. That H. Mendelsohn be gagged as a preventative of propaganda.
3. That in the course of reconstruction a gym should happen.
4. That Caesar be left to the hands of the mob.
5. That the "head deacons" be impeached to insure a respect for the church and to prevent former gospel from being mixed with er—r—a—a—a—?—!—!
6. That a protective league of abused souls be formed to hold faculty autocracy in check.
7. That the little people have the same rights as the big. (Mr. Epper-son and Mr. Wise for example.)
8. That the teachers let us grade ourselves so as to maintain peace at home and in the office.
9. That "Free Trade" be adopted in final exams.
10. That for the safety of flies, sand be sprinkled on Mr. Knight's skating rink.
11. That territorial integrity of all heavy weights be guaranteed.
12. That Bill Pollard be put in a convent to prevent polygamy.
13. That all future boys' debates be held in the open where fresh air may be had.
14. That no attempt be made to limit the independence of seniors.



**DECEMBER.**

- Dec. 1. The first day of the last month.
- Dec. 5. Virgil Todd waits an hour for Muriel outside her house and then is shagged off.
- Dec. 9. Everyone is used to walking; some strike.
- Dec. 11. Night and day continue to succeed each other.
- Dec. 13. Glad it isn't Friday.
- Dec. 18. No school yet. Hurrah for the board of education and the "flu."
- Dec. 25. Whacha get?
- Dec. 30. Studies begin where "flu" left off. Give us the "flu."
- Dec 31. Tramp! tramp! home about (?) A. M.

**MENAGERIE.**

Baby Elephant.....	Louis Fishman
Deer .....	Will Pollard
Hippopotamus .....	Luther Wise
Night Owl .....	Raymond Parks
Chicken (Spring) .....	Bernice Gray
Goose .....	Maxine De Silvia
Skeeter .....	Willie Epperson
Stag .....	Leo Miller
Goats .....	Debaters
Rabbits .....	Edisonians
Parrot .....	Alice Palmer
Giraffe.....	Billy Buckingham
Cootie .....	George Pack
Monkey .....	Omar Underwood
Bug .....	Ward Hill
Mule .....	George Bronaugh
Microbe .....	Abe Shafton
Peacock .....	Hazel Whipple
Shark .....	August Mohri
Smoked Herring .....	Clark Crinklaw

Sam Goldblatt: "The first thing in a debate is to find out which side the judges are on."

**LUNCH ROOM DON'TS.**

Don't disturb the classes on the first floor when you gargle your soup; the music room is in the basement.

Don't put your apple cores in the waste basket; leave them on the assembly hall seats.

Don't take it for granted that your neighbor has been out in the rain; give him a shower when you eat grape fruit.

Don't "vamp" the ice cream "digger."

Don't flirt with the dishwashers.

Don't wait for your turn; crawl under the rail.

Don't put much salt on your neighbor's ice cream.

Don't make mud pies out of the Clay County pudding.

Claude Clapp (excitedly from the stage): "The boys may remove coats and the girls their aw— —!"



**JANUARY.**

- Jan. 1. Unhappy New Year. We go to school, but never again.
- Jan. 2. Still recovering.
- Jan. 6. Nation mourns Theodore Roosevelt.
- Jan. 8. Jim Lane tries to prove that oral contracts are not enforceable.
- Jan. 13. Extra! Big election! (Student reps, that's all.)
- Jan. 17. Lion and the Mouse. Lion roars in pa'n as he is devoured by Mouse.
- Jan. 24. Basketball started, but we didn't.
- Jan. 30. Everyone acquires the "Johnnie smile."
- Jan. 31. Manual beats Central, (with exception of one point.)



**SEPARABLES.**

- Alice P. and Virgil.
- Miss Drake and slang.
- Maxine De Silvia and a date.
- Charles Bone and the girls.
- Stiny and his ancient history.
- Claude and everything tangible.
- Manual and basketball games.
- Teachers and F's.

**INSEPARABLES.**

- Mendelsohn and his mouth.
- Peck and his porcupine hair cut.
- Claude and his whiskers.
- Tardies and the mourners bench.
- Coach and his sepulchre derby.
- Mr. Blum and a nickel.
- Louis Fishman and his belt line district.
- Teachers and E's.

**SOME HYMNS AT MANUAL.**

- Revive Us Again.....The Orchestra
- He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.....  
.....Mr. Knight in Public Speaking
- Haste, Traveler, Haste..Office Clock
- Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.....  
.....The Glee Club
- I Need Thee Every Hour.....  
.....Carroll Willis to Betsy W.
- Be Ready When He Comes.....Girls
- Grace Enough for Me..Harold Price
- Fill Me Now...Before Examinations
- Work for the Night Is Coming.....  
.....Nautilus Staff
- Fling Out the Banner..Cheer Leaders
- There is an Eye That Never  
Sleeps .....Miss Gallagher
- O Blessed Day.....Graduation



**FEBRUARY.**

- Feb. 6. Gas attack in assembly. Boys hold debate.
- Feb. 10. Date committee launches campaign for Basket Ball party. Many enemies made.
- Feb. 12. Paul Brown still afraid he won't get a date! Only 53 bids.
- Feb. 15. Basketball season closes. We won second place. (Only two places.)
- Feb. 18. Debater girls entertain the eloquent (?) boys. "Hot air" melted the ice cream.
- Feb. 21. We break into society and give a banquet.
- Feb. 22. George Birthington's Washday. We get a holiday because it's Saturday.
- Feb. 24. Hip! Hip! Hooray! Mr. Graves goes to Chicago.

**A SENIOR TO FRESHIES OF MANUAL.**

Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for four long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or teacher the broad Empire of Manual could furnish, and who never yet has lowered his grade below an F. If there be one among you can say that my actions can lie faster than my tongue let him stand forth and say it. If there be three that dare to look cross-eyed at me, let them come in. Yet I was not always thus, a savage nut among still more savage men, for I was once a freshie too.

Today I slapped a freshie on the stairway and then behold! he was my friend with the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when one day we scaled those lofty walls of the cattle chute, climbed through the window and went to Blum's to eat pie and bear it home in triumph. I told the principal he had been my friend and begged that I might take him and treat him to some pie at Blum's but the principal drew back and sternly said, "Tis not worth it. There are no noble men but Seniors."

O Manual, Manual, thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou has given to that poor gentle timid freshie, who never knew a harsher tone than a jazz saxophone muscles of iron and a heart of mush; taught him to skip classes and even prepare lessons occasionally, to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian teachers, even as a boy upon a laughing girl.

Ye stand here like nuts as ye are. Hark! hear ye lion roaring in the

MARCH.

- Mar. 1. Teachers return from convention with fresh supply of ammunition.  
Mar. 2. "The Other Woman" was some dame.  
Mar. 10. Appearance of the littlest ones; midyear freshmen enroll.  
Mar. 15. Mixed—ten boys, one hundred girls and a jazz orchestra. Result?  
Mar. 22. First signs of spring appear. The Blue Bird returns.  
Mar. 22. Girls' debate forum eats, argues and plays games.  
Mar. 24. Great volumes of relief; Manual gets two new pianos.  
Mar. 26. Call for speed demons.  
Mar. 27. Hooray! We will print our own Nautilus.



office? 'Tis three days since the mourner's bench has been occupied but tomorrow he will break his fast upon you and a dainty meal for him ye will be.

If ye are nuts then stand ye here like lumps of cheese waiting for the butcher's knife. If ye are not—follow me!

Strike down yon guard, stick around here three years longer and then kid them into giving you a diploma or do bloody work. Oh, freshies, chumps! nuts! If we must fight let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter let us slaughter our teachers; if we must die let it be in the alley under the cattle chute in noble honorable free for all fight.

PRONOUNS.

"I"—Leo Miller.

"He"—Paul Brown.

"She"—Marie North.

"It"—Katherine Goldsby.

"Me"—Eugene Steinkraus.

"You"—Mr. Graves.

"We"—Nora and Cora Dudley.

"Us"—George B. and Rose N.

"Who"—All boneheads.





**APRIL.**

- April 1. Babies don't usually forget April Fool. The Freshies play usual pranks.
- April 11. Pluto steals Proserpina. He and the lower realms of his kingdom are shown in all of their horrors.
- April 15. Juniors and Seniors showed their political ability in electing officers.
- April 18. Girls debate Free Trade Protection. Alma lays her banana barrage. Gerude refutes with snakes.
- April 25. Girls give a farmerette party. Boys play hide and seek with Jimmy.
- April 26. Interclass track meet. Juniors win meet with senior men.

**WANTED.**

Girls Wanted—No experience necessary—Leo Miller.

Wanted—A nice girl friend who will go to the games with me when Rose has a date with "Hutch."—Stew Bronaugh.

Wanted—A good hair tonic.—Apply to coach's head.

Needed Badly—Some one to boost the Boosters.

Wanted—Some intelligent stock to go down the cattle chute.—Messrs. Long and Arrowsmith.

**CARD OF THANKS.**

To the many students who so nobly supported us and offered sympathy in the loss of our game Jan. 29, we offer sincere thanks.

Capt. Jim Lane and Team.

**LOST.**

One Canteen bag including all my personal effects.

- 1 box rouge.
- 2 powder puffs.
- 3 crepe de chine handkerchiefs.
- 5 chamois skins.
- 2 bottles toilet water.
- 1 large mirror.
- 2 packages of gum.
- 1 manicure set.
- 1 comb and brush.
- 10c worth of candy.
- 7 old letters.

and a number of minor articles. Finder please return to Goldie Pence and receive reward.

Lost, strayed or stolen, my own Claude Clapp. Finder please return to Katherine Goldsby.

MAY.

May 1. Sophomores organize. Ye gods!

May 3. M. U. meet. Proverbial 7 shows up.

May 5. Chemistry class is nearly frozen. Not serious, only liquid air.

May 9. Miss Scott received a stop watch from debate girls. A "stop" watch? Oh!

May 10. The Prom is on! Successful? I'll say it was!

May 15. Manual orators rave while audience sleep.

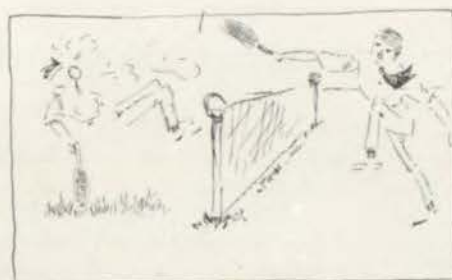
May 16. Glee clubs clash at Poly.

May 17. K. U. meet. Paul and Spaghetti win their "M's."

May 19. Tennis Tournament in progress. Some racket.

May 23. 10 cent "nickel" show. A thrilling educational picture. If you need sleep, come.

May 29. Class day! Several Juniors seen with bricks.



KNIGHTMARES IN PUBLIC SLEEPING.

Mr. Knight (waving gavel in the air)—"Now all you fellows pay attention when you hear me pound space."

Ward H.—"It was daylight and the lights were not lit; it was in the afternoon—aw!!!!"

Miller Peck—"And let us fight it out to the last finish."

Joe Parelman—"—and the wars of the future will be a thing of the past."

Leo Miller—"Mr. Knight, may I speak?"

Mr. Knight—"Does anyone else want to speak?"

Silence from the class.

Mr. Knight—"All right, Leo, you may talk, then."

Ancil Hall (raving)—"—and the high school society is a happy medium between the church and the saloon."

Mr. Knight—"No miscellaneous talking, please."

A DAY AT SCHOOL.

- 7:30 Z-Z-Z-ell, I'm getting up.
- 8:20 Regular time to be late.
- 8:30 Arrive at 8:20 class.
- 9:10 Finish 7:30 sleep in study hall.
- 10:00 Cut Caesar, but get stabbed in return.
- 10:50 Walk around the block with cadets.
- 11:40 Exposed to English. It's all Greek to me.
- 12:30 Masticating Assembly.
- 12:55 Listen to a Nightmare.
- 1:45 Compelled to work in Room 20.
- 2:35 Taps. Day's routine ended.

JUNE.



June 3. Something lacking about school. Seniors aren't there!

June 5. Underclasses are forced to work for the first time. How cruel.

June 11. Commencement of the finish. The class of '19 departs.

June 13. We tell everybody what we think of them and then beat it. Good bye!

CRIMINAL LESIONS WITNESSED BY THE OFFICE.

P. G. vs. Billy Buckingham

Charge: Intellectual laziness, the result of being tardy four days in succession.

Decision rendered by prosecuting attorney, himself, against defendant, and sentence, ten days on mourner's bench.

P. G. vs. Miller Peck

Charge: Effervescent exuberance in assembly. Case dismissed because P. G. was in a hurry to do something else.

P. G. vs. Boosters

Charge: They are a non-boostable organization. Case postponed until next year.

P. G. vs. Gertrude Graham

Charge: Holding monopoly on school activities.

Court rendered a decision for the defendant because prosecuting attorney couldn't get a word in edgewise.

Mary Helen  
Clara Hermer  
Alma Robertson  
Katherine G.  
Beatrice Pirnie

} vs. Leo Miller

Charge: Inconstancy and alienation of affections.

Decision rendered unanimously against defendant and defendant declared a public nuisance.

Pat Reedy vs. Marie North

Charge: Breach of Promise.

Decision against the plaintiff for failure to produce evidence sufficient to establish the existence of a promise.

M. S. D.'s vs. Manualite

Charge: Crooked politics and monopoly of junior and senior offices. Case referred to Juvenile Court.



### A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

When in the course of inhuman events, it becomes necessary for one Senior Class to dissolve the bonds of affection (?) which have connected them with their inferiors, the rest of the student body, and with misery personified, the Faculty, and to assume the powers of the office and of the whole school, the magnanimous, lofty, mammoth, monstrous, and illustrious position to which Prof. Graves entitles them not; then, a decent respect to the humble rights of the underclassmen and obliging attention to the insurmountable but luckily non-enforceable demands of the faculty, commands that said noble class should declare the causes, which do call forth this criticism.

We hold these untruths to be self evident: That all boneheads, underclassmen and faculty, were created free, freakish and equal; that the Senior Class was endowed with certain illustrious and alienable (to the others) qualities, which so elevate its standard of laziness and flunkidity that it exists upon a plane by itself that no member of the faculty can encroach upon and that lowly juniors break their necks trying to find; finally that the Seniors are the only mortals that have learned to perfection the art of egotism, bragging, playing to the grandstand, copying, beating freshmen, and running political machines. But when these evils become so noticeable that the faculty can no longer pound any sense into their heads (for they know nothing that the seniors don't and they know nothing that the seniors do), then it is time for the Seniors and the Faculty to change places, then it is time for the Faculty to study for the first time in their uneducaed career, and then is it time for all to grant the Seniors a place in the sun.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the Disunited Old Skates of the Senior Class of '19, in general meeting dissembled, appealing to our lordship and all highest gink of Manual, Ben Shlyen, for the rectitude of our intentions and to the deposed autocratic ruler, Prof. Graves, for the detention of our multitude, do insolently publish and declare that the faculty and underclassmen are, and of a right ought to be, legitimate objects for jokes and slams and fitting inmates of our lunatic asylum; and all connections between friend faculty and the subordinate underclassmen is and ought to be totally dissolved. And for support of this declaration, with an infirm reliance upon Prof. Graves' poor eyesight and impaired hearing, we mutually pledge to each, our worthless lives, our empty bankbooks, our time spent on the mourners' bench, our discredits and our dishonors.

# NAUTILUS



# STAFF

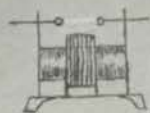


The 1919 Almaniac

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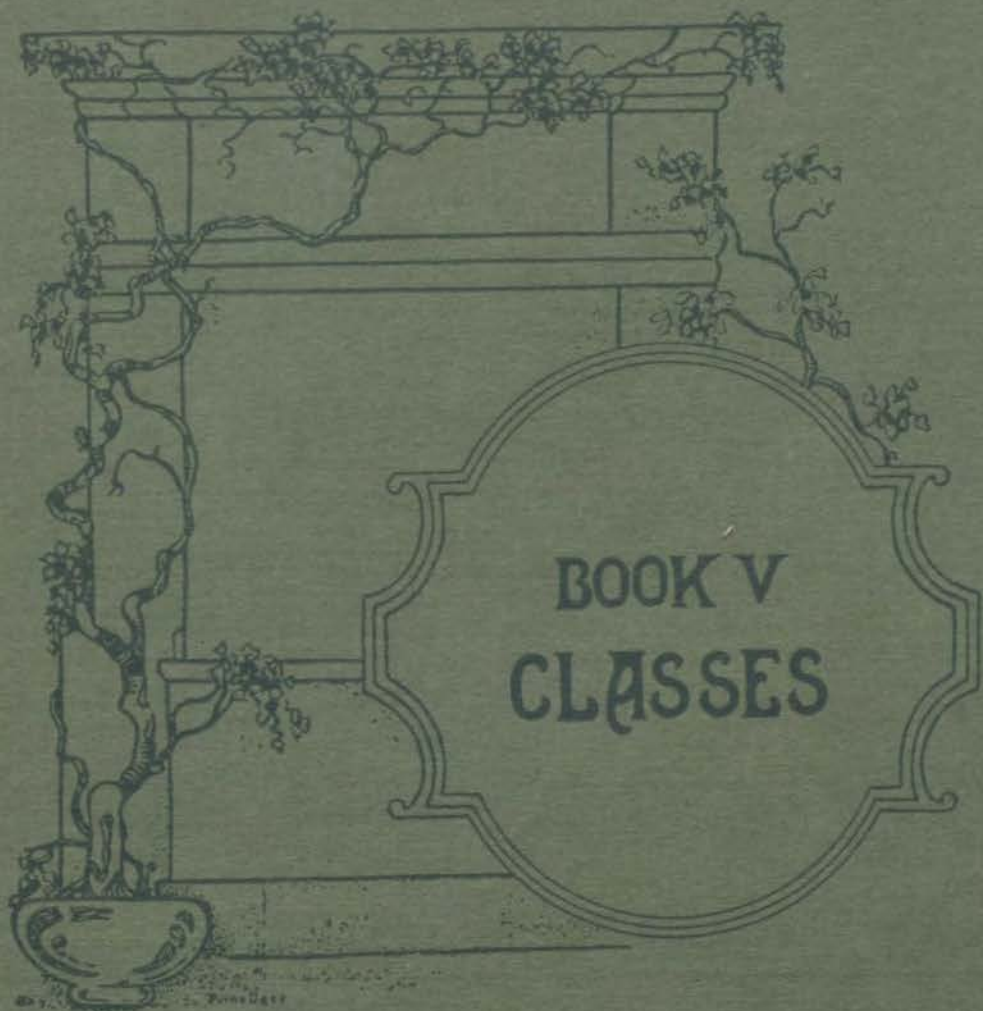


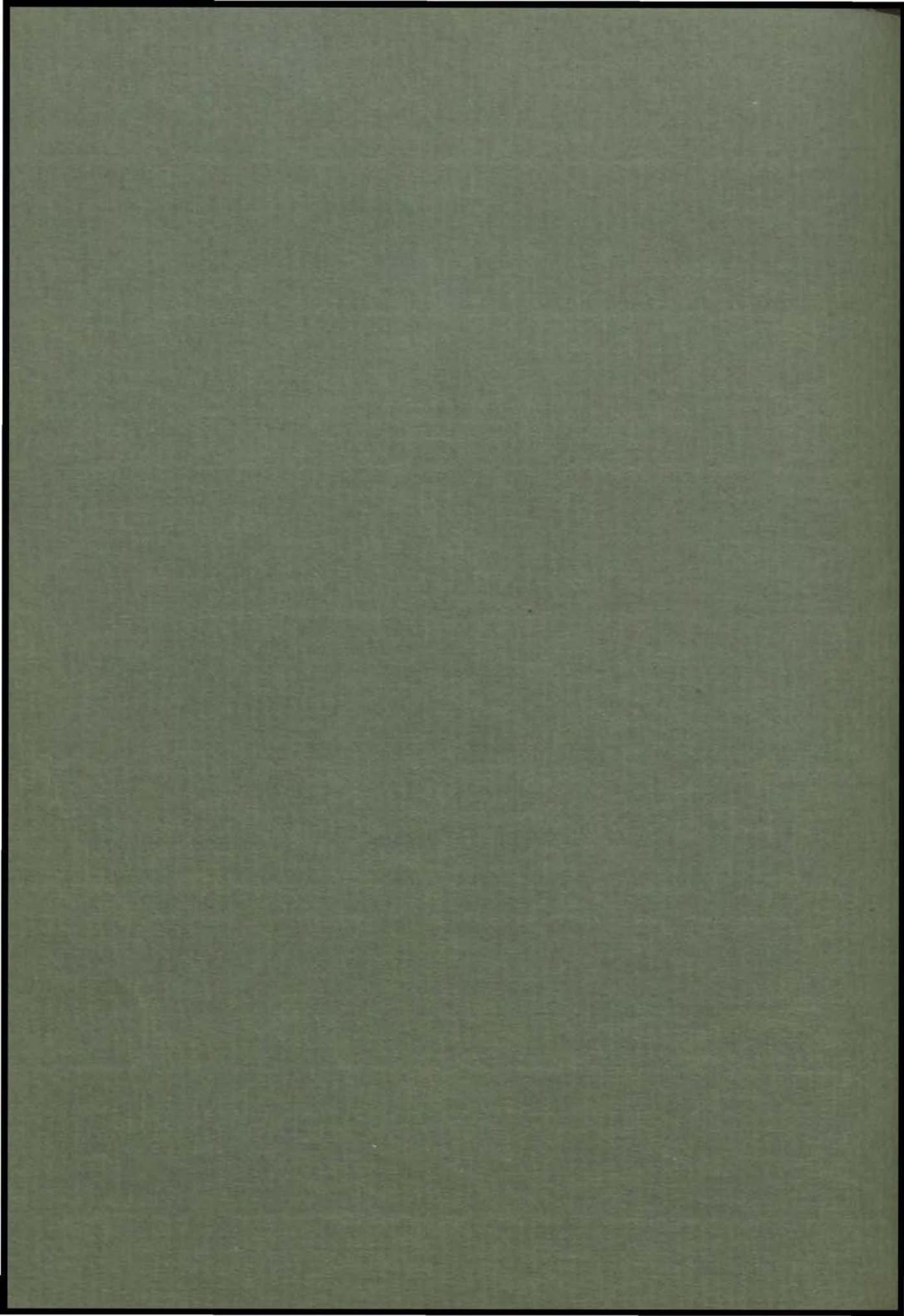
# COMMERCIAL



# CLUB











# FRESHMEN

Although the freshmen may be blamed  
For all the jokes and pranks,  
Yet everyone must start sometime  
And join the student ranks.

They say the '19 freshman class  
Is green as grass or trees,  
But they start forth in best array  
To win, the whole world sees.

The world shall look some day with pride  
On you who seem so green.  
You're started now, just journey on,  
And win the best that's seen.



## THE FRESHMEN

What a piece of work is the freshman; how foolish in reason; how infinitesimal in mental capacity. In form and movement how like a motor truck; in action how like the infant; in apprehension, O! ye gods, the laughing stock of the school, the paragon of foolishness.

Old Bill was right. This immature childish little infant roams the halls like a lost calf skeltering aimlessly in search of its mother. He skips and hops through our stately edifice, bumping into lordly seniors with never a care for their broken dignity. He plays his little part in serene oblivion, entirely without the care and worries, the strife and tumult, the demands and expectations of the worldly upper classmen.

This little fellow comes to school garbed in the most clashing colors of the rainbow which blend with the verdant hue of his countenance like a trombone blends with a vocal solo or a klaxon with a Sunday sermon. His head plays the useful as well as ornamental part of hat rack. His tousled, unkempt hair looks like a hula hula grass mat, his face polished like a policeman's star and his neck devoid of any immaculate adornment. This rollicking, carefree, little darling is thrown into the whirl of high school currents and he realizes not that he is on the road to that high achievement of being a senior.

Poor thing! He even studies. He spends his evenings in diligent preparation of his next day's work, because he has never learned the gentle art of bulldozing his cruel master, the teacher. His undeveloped sense of bluffing lies latent, dormant, of no value to his or his kind for he knows only the virtuous ways of the babe.

He dodges the beguiling wiles, the smiles and flirtations of the fair sex like a lady flees from snakes. He blushes and displays his embarrassment outwardly like a country rube at a formal ball. But it takes the exception to prove the rule. Some of the bolder, more dashing, more audacious, of this class even condescend to escort a lady fair to the picture show. He struts down the street like a baby war tank and allows the damsel to scramble up and down the curbs, to dodge cars and autos as best she can. The one inevitably sure distinguishing feature of the freshman is that he acquires his transportation by means of a half fare ticket. He passes this age of childishness only when he becomes of such prime importance to humanity that he must do like his elders, ride on full payment.

The cry of the poor mistreated teachers is, give us freshmen and more freshmen, for they have not lost those childish virtues which make them disposed to spend their time in study, which prompt them to be punctual in their presentation of assignments and incite within them a desire to obtain their grades by earnest endeavor, rather than by the short cuts of those whose apprehension of easier methods has reached the dizzy heights.

We were all freshmen once. We were all as verdant, as free from conventionalities and formalities of polished relations as those youngsters who frolic in our midst now. So here's to the freshies, young ones, short ones, fresh ones and green ones—may you all make good seniors.



# SOPHOMORES



In you, the sophs of old '19,  
We have the deepest pride,  
You bravely took one step ahead  
And precedent defied.

When in the training camp of life,  
You originated your clan,  
You showed the world that sophomores  
Can do what others can.

The training camp in life's big war  
Has fallen to your part,  
And you have shown that you can do  
Your best with soul and heart.





## SOPHOMORE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

This year, for the first time in the history of Manual, the sophomore class has organized. Many ask, "Why did you organize?" and our answer is, "To better prepare ourselves to carry the banner and uphold the standards of Manual during the next and last two years of our high school course."

The value of organization is shown by the following humorous incident that is told of a company of negro troops in France. The company was the worst in the division and in order to find the reason, the commanding officer approached the captain one day and asked, "John, why is it that your company has not taken any of their objectives?"

"Well," replied the negro, "yo' see, them niggars is trained and ever-thin' all right, but—but—"

"Go on!" said the commanding officer, "have they no organization?"

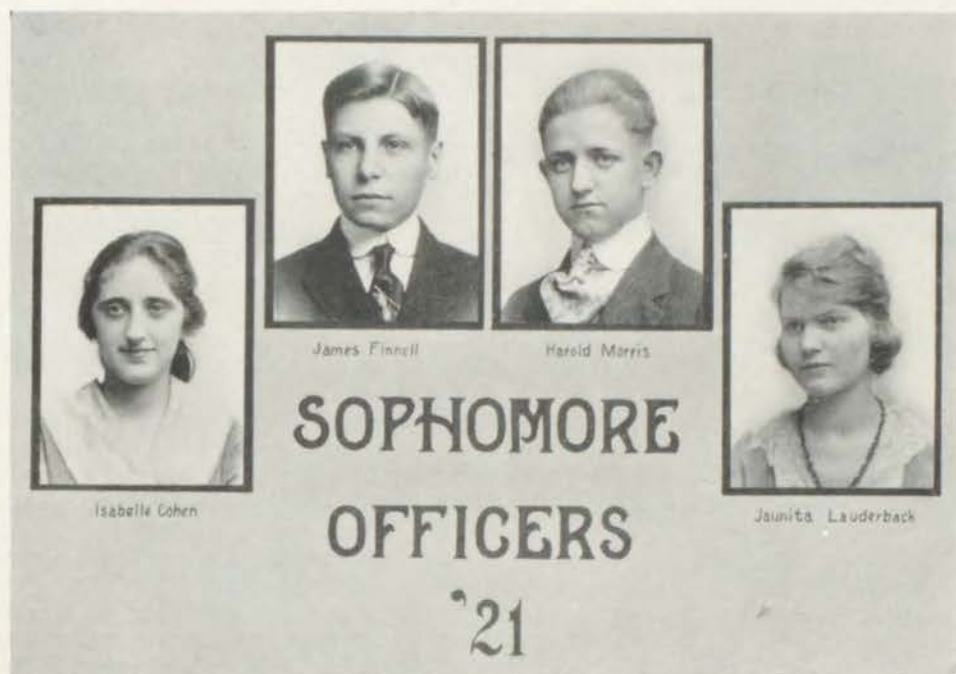
"That's just it, boss; dey's all belongs to an organization all right, but yo' see dey ain't no two of dem niggars what belongs to the same organization."

We are going to try to profit by the experience of these negro troops. Since we are living in the age of progress and organization and the time has come when it is well for us to work together, so that we will have the power to accomplish those measures of success which can come only through membership in an organization. Team-work has become so essential to the welfare and development of the individual that we must lay aside all selfish ambitions and give our best efforts to bringing about that success that is essential to the interest of our school. The class of '21 early realized that no organization can succeed unless they are the ones that can make it succeed.

Our school life offers opportunities which may never come to us at any other time. It is here that we get our first experience in the art of close association with our fellow men. This is more essential perhaps than any other measure toward success, for a man may have a wide education but be forced into thinking he knows nothing unless he knows how to meet the men of the world.

During the few happy years of our school career we prepare ourselves to enter the world's arena and solve the problems such as the leaders of our nation now have confronting them. Training, preparation and experience will be absolutely essential to our success and we must continue our training as long as possible.

We have left behind us two happy years, but have yet another two years in which to grow. The best part of our school life is yet in store for us. This is a strong assertion and can only be made true by preparation, for there must always be a preparation before any success. With us our school years are our state of probation and as we use our opportunities as they come to us, so will our reward be. We may grumble and complain against the work required by our teachers, but we must not forget that we must first learn to obey before we can hope to rule. By putting forth every effort to gain that best that is yet to come, we, the class of '21, modestly believe that we have made a fair start to take up and "carry on" the work that will be required of us in bearing the banner and upholding the standards of Manual when we are called upon.



**James Finnell**, president of the infant sophisticated class, chief babe of the babies, captivated the hearts of the girls with his good looks, and incidentally won the president's cradle. His speech following his election was "Oogle goo," which meant "I thank you."

**Harold Morris**, the fair-haired top-sergeant of the sophs. The cadets hated their "top" so they took revenge by railroading him into the perfectly useless job of vice-president. If the second year "kids" haven't brains they at least have an eye for their own interests.

**Isabelle Cohen**, secretary and intelligence department of the infant class. Running on the "Irish" ticket she had little competition. Don't blame the "Sophs." They are too young to be responsible; but we do pity the secretary who has to keep the minutes of such a kindergarten.

**Juanita Lauderback**, the girl who was elected treasurer on her looks. The poor misguided sophomore boys thought she looked as good as gold, so they gave her the job of collecting their golden pennies.





## THE SOPHOMORES

The Sophisticated Dub! Not a junior—not a freshman. Where does he belong? This class is known as a useless as well as an indefinite place somewhere between the vivacious verdant beginners and those who aspire to the position of senior, namely, the juniors. Sophomores exist only because they have outgrown their baby freshie ways and have not acquired even the intelligence of a junior. This class is quite a convenient place to cast overgrown freshmen or undersized juniors. The saving grace of the sophomore is that he is one step nearer that omnipotent height of senior.

The soph is something like a fish that can't swim. He floats and gets caught at it. He has learned that studying is a useless occupation, but he is as yet a poor bluffer. He is the trouble maker in class, for he stalls but can't work the gag.

The soph has reached that important stage of his school career where he wears a coat to school. Some of the more precious specimens even don the epoch making apparel, long trousers. And then the sudden rush on the hat store for large size lids to fit the all important sophomore's overdeveloped and swelled cranium.

Oh the unruly mob we have this year. These frisky creatures dared to defy the customs to overturn precedents and shove their fists into the political pie. What is the good old world coming to when the measly sophomores become so unmanageable and obstreperous that they take into their hands the handling of their own affairs like the Bolshevists of Rose-dale. These stilted, stubborn, boisterous and bluffing braggadocios even considered themselves of enough importance to select one from among them as leader.

The freshman is a bright pretty green. The sophomore is all faded and withered and looks like the last rose of summer or Christmas greenery in May. The freshman is distinctly good. The sophomore makes a poor try at being wicked. All schools have these pests. Even in old Manual they are far from being extinct. Three hundred thirty-one such creatures have been pervading the halls of our beloved building, and their hot air has had its effect far and wide. Just as it takes hot air to make us appreciate the breeze, jus tas it takes  $H_2S$  to make us enjoy good eggs; so it takes sophomores to make us contented that we have passed forever that intermediate stage of growth.

The personification of foolishness called the sophomore has also reached that dangerous, oh dreadfully dangerous, age of matinee idols and puppy love. He even reaches that bold epitome of courageous conduct where he asks for a date to a basketball game. What sweet moments he does pass with her in his company. Oh, if she should jilt him. The poor lad would never recover sufficiently to be of any more value as a student. His whole dream, his ambitions, his aspirations, have been shattered, shattered by this false damsel. This reckless age begins at the sophomore year and continues through it.

But never mind, sophie, don't you cry, you'll be a junior bye and bye. Of course, there is nothing to be proud of in being a junior, except that you are approaching the acme of high school perfection, the senior. So take this little counsel to heart, wee little sophs. "Beware of the vampires that would lead you from your freshman habits. Beware of the junior who would allure you with tales of heroic conduct but keep to the well trod path of work well done and you too may perhaps be a senior some day."





# JUNIORS

The journey's end is just beyond,  
Fight on! To you is left  
The task of fighting till you win,  
Though foes are quick and deft.

Oh juniors, make the shrapnel fly,  
For you is staged the fray;  
You must not falter lest you fail  
To forge ahead each day.

The goal for which you work and fight  
Is just one year ahead:  
"Fight on! We'll win a victory yet,"  
Is all the juniors said.



## JUNIOR PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

We stand at the Dawn of a New Day!

My Fellow Juniors, do you realize the value of the position which we occupy today? We have been allowed to climb to this point of vantage and to look upon the proceedings of those who are passing before us. From the shadows of our valley of junior obscurity we have been allowed to step into the dazzling brilliance of the senior's New Day.

Our position of advantage consists in the fact that this day should be a reminder, an inspiration to us, a time for taking account, for preparation for the new day. If we find that we are behind, and moving slowly, we still have time to forge ahead. The preparedness should consist in something more than merely possessing the necessary number of credits for graduation. We should have some idea of what we are leaving behind us; some idea of what we are to meet. We should stop to consider what we are leaving in our wake among those with whom we have associated, and the outlook we are beginning to form upon our future life out of school.

If we have made a bad impression we still have another year in which to attempt an adjustment. Although we may not be able to convince those who are judging us, that we are right, we can at least attempt to convince them that we mean well. If we succeed in this we may rest, for if they believe that our intentions are good, our efforts sincere, whether or not we are correct, they will appreciate us.

It is upon our outlook that the future depends. Our outlook is the spirit with which we approach the future. It is the character formed here that follows us through life. It is this character which forms the basis of our future success and this day should remind us to inquire whether or not it be of the highest.

This day is the day on which we have the advantage over the seniors. They have run their race. They are at the place where no changes can be made, no steps retraced. We are reminded that we still have time in which to take account; time in which to strengthen our foundations; time in which to remedy any defects; time in which to do something that will make the remembrance of our school life a happy one.

For a brief moment, by the light of the seniors' glorious dawn, we have been allowed to look upon the New World, a World whose peaks and upper places are tinted with the soft rays of happiness; but whose valleys and ravines are steeped in the eternal darkness of evil. One can easily see how either of these might be the prevailing environment of our lives. It depends, in turn, upon the firmness of our first step forth into the New World.

If we step forth, knowing that we are bent on a noble errand, our feet instinctively find the stepping stones and have no fear of stumbling. But if our purpose is obscure and trivial, we shall be compelled to look downward for our footholds and peer forever into the weary darkness.

Let us resolve to work, hope and be prepared for Our New Day—the day of our own making in whose gleam of brightness we go forth to meet the Greater Life.



Claude Clapp



Ed Pawley



Vera Holland



James Lane



Luther Wise

## JUNIOR OFFICERS '20



Lucy Rutt

**Edward Pawley**, ye matinee idol. He so dazzled the feminine portion of the junior class that he was cast for the role of president. 'Tis rumored that he had more trouble running the juniors than he had in bossing Hades.

**Vera Holland**, our plump brunette. Her alluring and fascinating gaze easily conquered the innocents. They bestowed upon her the useless as well as ornamental job of sitting tight and looking pretty.

**Claude Clapp**, for whose special benefit an office was vacated. If he kept the records like he keeps most things the seniors perhaps found them wandering around the halls alone.

**Jim Lane** was intrusted with the impossible job of talking the poor juniors out of money they never had. Some say he was forced to borrow money to pay his own dues.

**Luther Wise**, the perambulating beef trust, was elected to the impossible job of preserving law and order by fighting if need be. Whatever means you use, Luther, don't sit on anyone.

**Lucy Rutt**, gift receiver, is a stranger in our midst who, blessed with the gift of gab, carried off the bacon from out of the mouths of the home-grown natives.





## THE PROM

Can you tame wild women? If you can—please tame my girl. That was the one predominant sentiment for the entire evening. Bashful juniors, bold dashing Seniors and occasionally a few insignificant outlaw sophs glided in and out of a maze of high-spirited dancers, to the wild strains of "Do She? I'll Say She Do."

At eight thirty the music started. Those gifted with that highest of twentieth century accomplishments, dancing, were soon propelling their way up and down the course, swinging under the lattice arches covered with flowers, twisting here and there in the side halls and Sh!—perhaps behind the piano, executing the forbidden shake, only to emerge again from behind that useful piece of camouflage, demurely dancing the one step—who knows? The old sage hit it right when he said, "Those who can't dance have lost the joy of living." And so, with a countenance suitable for portraying a regular Theda Bara death dance, the wall flower at last, with a fine showing of courage and stamina, summoned all his powers to him and selecting a partner, struck out, not joyfully, but determinedly into the current, amid the Jazz strains of Hiner's celebrated coast to coast four-piece orchestra, whistling included. Nearly instantly he became self-conscious. With an ever reddening countenance, that shone out like a beacon light on a dark and stormy night, gulping down expressions that would possibly come under the latest rules of censorship, expressions that would have made Webster himself look ignorant, and mumbling incessant excuses and apologies to his partner, he groped his way blindly through a number of intricate steps, turns and glides. He listed heavily from side to side, like an old schooner on a heavy sea, ever so often coming up with a bump against some unsuspecting couple, only in the end, to be swamped by a tidal wave of dancers. Like a flash, he lost his courage. His high resolutions to be a regular jazz-hound, disappeared like pie at Blum's and all was in vain. Something had gone wrong with his feet and fighting his way madly to the sidelines, he released his thankful partner and sullenly applied for a charter membership in the Anti-Jazz Club.

Thank goodness, all of us did not despair. Except for those few who didn't have any more pep than a plate of gelatine and who fell apart like a second-hand flivver when they tried to rag a step, the "Prom" took the crowd just like a severe case of the "flu." And eats! What more could you want for six-bits? Ice cream and cake accompanied by a direct reproduction of the Ziegfeld Follies, led by the pride of the Seniors, garbed in a manner that would have made Venus de Milo blush with envy. Oh Boy, and they said, "No Saxaphone." After intermission, that horn made everyone feel as though he had a loose rattle about eighteen inches above the watch-chain, and it would not have taken keen ears to hear them say, "Don't take me home, cause I'm a jazz baby."

The music was a success. The eats were a success. The whole thing was a success from start to finish and when they played "Home, Sweet Home," you would have thought that everyone had just had all of his friends torpedoed on the same boat.

Will the lure of dancing cease? Never! The end of a perfect day—the end of a perfect "Prom," left each with a feeling of intense satisfaction that can never be appeased. Never!



# SENIORS

Oh, class of nineteen nineteen,  
Your golden school days o'er,  
You feel a thrill of rapture  
You've never felt before.

Despite the pangs of sorrow,  
You feel as you depart,  
A wave of exultation  
Will sweep across your heart.

For "o'er the top" you're going:  
The victory is yours;  
Four years of earnest study,  
Success in life assures.



## SENIOR PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

At one period of Robert Louis Stevenson's life, the famous author went to Samoa to recover his health. He bought a little villa many miles from the town and here he lived in solitude. His life was lonely and dreary. But there came a day when the natives, who had grown fond of him, built a road from the town to his cottage. This so cheered Mr. Stevenson that he named it "The Road of the Loving Hearts." And this road paved the way to happiness.

Yesterday the world was at war. Countries were devastated—industries halted—progress hindered. Thousands upon thousands of lives were lost. Today we are just emerging from this terrible conflict. Many problems face us. We must reconstruct the fallen industries—rebuild war-torn Europe; we must build our "Road of Loving Hearts" and thereby pave the way to progress and happiness.

Today the sun is beginning to shine. The gloomy days of war are beginning to vanish. Flags are waving in the breeze; mothers are crying for joy; sweethearts, wives, children—everyone is awaiting the arrival of his loved ones! Suddenly the air becomes stilled with a deep silence, seemingly sad but in reality joyous. And with the same amount of suddenness a long ringing shout bursts forth into the air and then again dead stillness. The parade is coming! The boys are coming home!

As the boys march past us, each note struck by the band seems to send a thrill through us. Each step taken by these brave lads, who went through the worst hells of war, has a meaning. We gaze into their battle-scarred faces; we watch their over-joyed parents—a thrill goes through us from head to foot! It touches our very hearts! We reach a determination. Just what that determination is we do not know at the time.

But when we leave this over-joyed throng, numerous thoughts flash through our minds. For a time we are battling with ourselves to come to a conclusion. Can we ever repay these lads for their heroic work? Can we ever repay them with handshakes and greetings? Never! Never in a thousand years! But we can repay them. Not by thanking them in words, not by band upon band of welcoming music—but by our accomplishments. Yes, we can repay them by carrying out the principles for which they fought! We can repay them by "carrying on" their unfinished work!

Four years we, the senior class of 1919, have been preparing ourselves for the outside world. We have read, we have studied, we have learned. And now—today—we are emerging from this period of books and lessons for our life work. We are ready to "carry on" the unfinished work of the men who fought our battles. Will we accomplish our task?

At least we shall try! For the world's future is our future. The world's progress is our progress. We have now discovered our determination! These men shall not have fought in vain! We are going to use to advantage the opportunities before us! We are going forth with a determination and the backing of a four years' training at Manual to "carry on" their work! We are going to build a new and a lasting "ROAD OF LOVING HEARTS." And we are determined to win!





Helen Ida Graves



Ben Shlyen



Myra Lingenfelter



William Epperson



Carl Enggas

## SENIOR OFFICERS

'19



Gertrude Graham

**Ben Shlyen** manipulated and pulled strings and then evidently rolled a few logs to boot. Ben's sure popular (ask Ben). Best senior class he was ever president of.

**Myra Lingenfelter**, the elongated flower from the garden of wisdom, was chosen to hold down the job of looking pretty. She is also said to be useful in looking over the transom into junior committee meetings.

**William Epperson** was chosen to look after senior records because of his innocent cherubic smile. The seniors should be more careful about robbing the cradle or they will violate the child labor law.

**Helen Ida Graves** hit the high spots and now see what she's done. How can we resist the wiles of a fair damsel for a measly simoleon. Her motto—"Eventually, why not not?"

**Gertrude Graham** bestowed upon the poor defenseless school the task of finding a place to put another gift. This hefty juggler of words can prove that an absolutely worthless piece of tin is valuable.

**Carl Enggas**, the iron fisted creature with the auburn head gear, snores the time away during the meetings. Carl, you're a dandy example of what a water boy ought to be.



## CLASS DAY

"The League of Nations," cried a Junior as the curtain rose on class day, "well, what's that got to do with us?"

But the meek little Junior soon found out from a speech by the president that the "illustrious class of '19, scattering to the four corners of the earth," were now in the year of 1939 leading the world.

The "august" body was in an uproar when the president pounded on the table for order. The representative from Spain suggested that they all go to India to a "famous spiritualist medium" who was able to converse with spirits of living people. The aeroplane pilots were called in and the most noble body for India.

The second scene was laid in the home of the famous medium, Madam Kerschru. After seating the "august" body on the floor, the medium gazed into a globe. After careful deliberation the medium announced to the astonished gathering that the Junior class of '19 were the ones who were "setting the world in turmoil."

The spirits of the Juniors were called forth one by one. Each confessed his part in the Bolsheviki organization but refused to give the name of the leader. All criminals appeared, from the red-haired vampire to the commercial lion and General of the Bolsheviki army.

The crowd almost lost hope of gaining any information when the great secret was betrayed by a woman whose love had been trifled with. To the utter astonishment the leader of the crooks was found to be no less than the Junior president of '19 and he was punished accordingly.

The characters and impersonations were as follows:

### SCENE I.

U. S. ....	Ben Shlyen
England .....	Helen McCall
France .....	Rose North
Russia .....	Harry Mendelsohn
Mexico .....	William Epperson
Japan .....	Edith Miller
Ireland .....	Gertrude Graham
Palestine .....	Jacob Eisberg
Italy .....	James Daleo
Spain .....	Eugene Bonette

#### Pilots

Nancy Cary, Rose Pollack, Helen Welch, Ruth Hazecamp.

### SCENE II.

Slave Girl .....	Lela Smith
Medium .....	Clara Hermer
Jim Lane .....	Carl Nolting
Constance Ferlet .....	Rosalie McCracken
Vera Holland .....	Alice Palmer
Leo Miller .....	Will Pollard
Frank Brew .....	Louis Levine
Harold Dyer .....	Walter McBride
Katherine Goldsby .....	Leona Winkleman
Claude Clapp .....	James Foley
Billy Buckingham .....	George Bronaugh
Mabel Grainger .....	Loretta Hanrahan
Criminal Leader .....	Ed Pawley



**August F. Mohri**

Honor Pin  
Manual Musical Men  
Edisonian

**Helen Ida Graves**

Honor Pin  
Manualite Staff, '17, '18, '19  
Senior Treasurer  
Friendship League Council  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Athena

**Nancy Cary**

Honor Pin  
Manualite Staff, '18, '19  
Class Day Cast  
Manual Players  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Mathematics Club  
Journalism Club  
Bonheur  
Athena

**William P. Cantwell**

Manualite Staff, '18  
Manual Musical Men, '18  
Journalism Club

**George Lee Gwinn**

**Isabell Crowder**

Manualite Staff, '19  
Student Representative, '19  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Journalism Club  
Girls' High School Club  
Boosters  
Bonheur

**Eula Mae Emick**

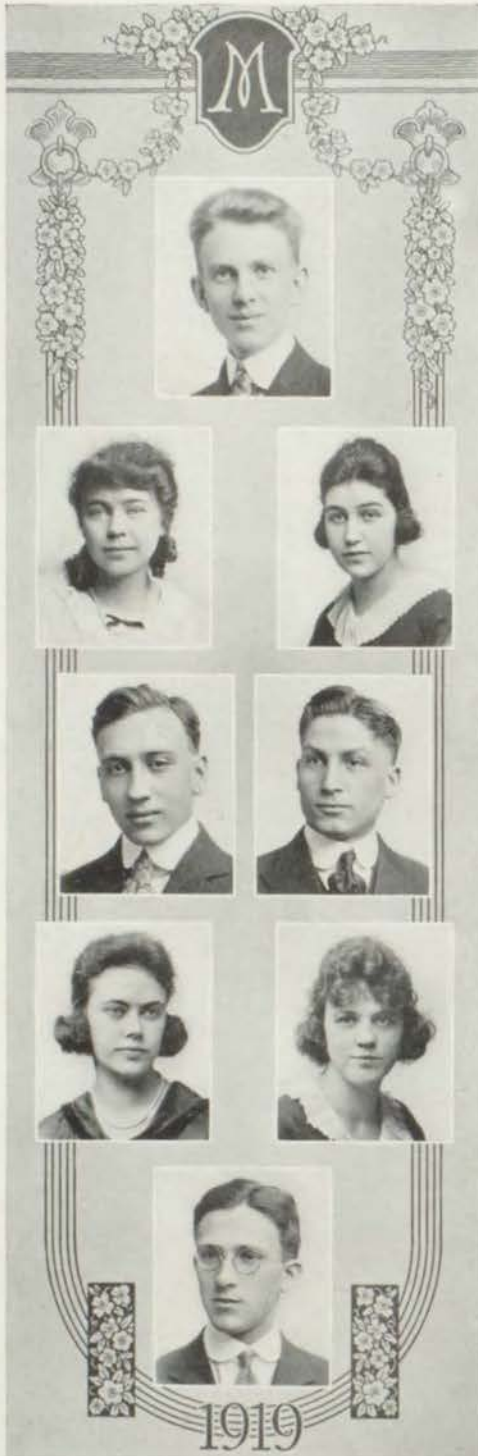
Manualite Staff, '19  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Journalism Club  
Homerian

**Myra Lingenfelter**

Honor Pin\*\*\*  
Nautilus Staff, '17,  
Manualite Staff, '18, '19  
Senior Vice-President  
Friendship League Council  
Student Representative  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Journalism Club  
Bonheur  
Athena







**Lorenz G. Straub**

Honor Pin  
First Chemistry Prize  
Manualite Staff, '17, '18, '19  
Senior Book Staff  
Student Representative  
Junior Vice-President  
Mandolin Club  
Manual Musical Men, '16, '17, '18, '19  
Manual Players, '18, '19  
Boys' High School Club  
Journalism Club  
Edisonian  
Mathematics Club  
Manual Society of Debate

**Minnie Middlesworth**

**Rose Furman**

Commercial Club

**Earl Aronberg**

**Nugent Daleo**

Commercial Club  
Football Squad, '19  
Manual Musical Men, '18, '19

**Gladys Asbury**

Orchestra, '19

**Bertha Augusta Norton**

Manual Musical Maidens, '19  
Girls' Basketball, '19  
Girls' High School Club  
Bonheur

**Frank Norbrega**



**Harry Ancil Hall**

Honor Pin  
Nautilus Staff, '19  
Debate, '18, '19  
Student Representative  
Junior Gift Receiver, '18  
Manual Musical Men, '18, '19  
Mandolin Club  
Boys' High School Club  
Cheer Leader, '18  
"M" Man Football, '19  
Track Team, '18  
Basketball Squad, '19  
Manual Society of Debate

**Irene Antoinette Schrcer**

Manualite Staff, '19  
Journalism Club  
Basketball, '18, '19

**Rosalie Charlotte McCracken**

Honor Pin\*\*  
First Prize Essay, '19  
First Place, Oration Contest  
Nautilus Staff, '19  
Debate, '19  
Class Day Cast  
Girls' High School Club  
Journalism Club  
Athena

**James W. Foley**

Cheer Leader, '19  
Commercial Club  
Boosters  
Homerian

**Clare Hartley Jones**

Boys' High School Club

**Winifred Myers**

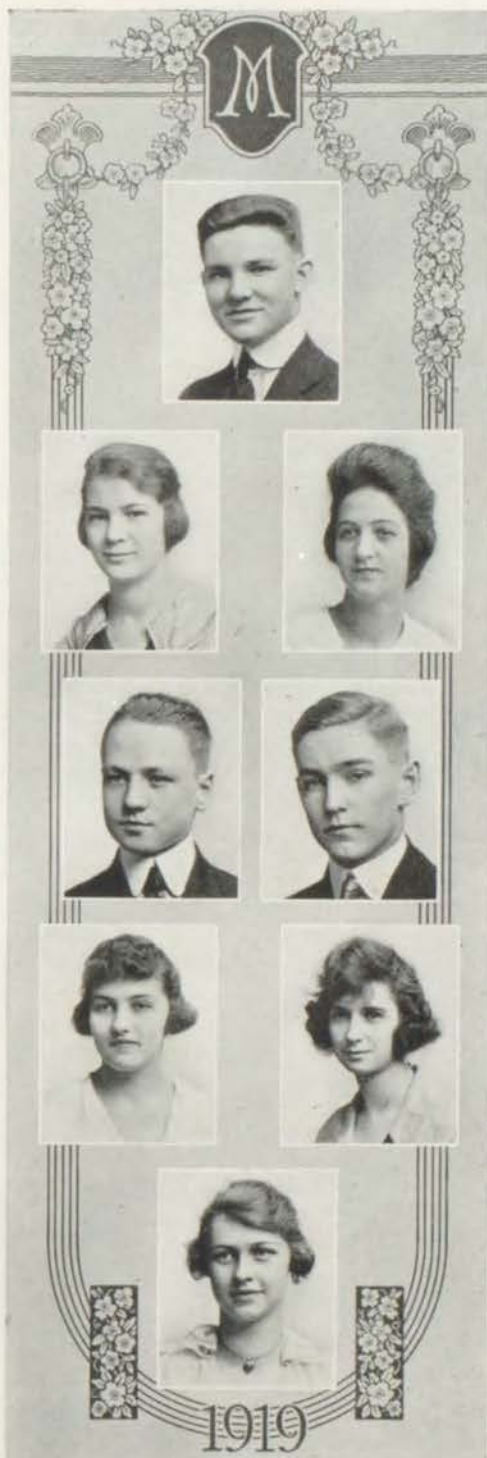
Manualite Staff, '19  
Girls' High School Club  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Journalism Club  
Homerian

**Loretta Irene Hanrahan**

Class Day Cast  
Basketball  
Commercial Club  
Girls' High School Club  
Boosters  
Homerian

**Mary Helen Buck**

Nautilus Staff, '18  
Manual Players, '19  
Manual Musical Maidens, '18  
Student Representative  
Commercial Club  
Bonheur  
Athena





**George Roscoe Getz**  
Manual Musical Men  
Edisonian

**Noalene Olivette Raines**

**Dora Levine**  
Honor Pin  
Manualite Staff, '18, '19  
Senior Book Staff  
Manual Musical Maidens, '18, '19  
Girls' High School Club  
Commercial Club  
Journalism Club  
Athena

**James C. Mazza**  
Honor Pin  
Mathematics Club  
Edisonian

**Lonnie Pipes**

**Hattie Gilman**  
Girls' Chemistry Prize  
Manual Musical Maidens, '19  
Girls' High School Club

**Leona Ellen Winkelman**  
Honor Pin  
Class Day Cast  
Manual Players, '17, '18, '19  
Manual Musical Maidens, '18  
Basketball, '16, '17  
Student Representative, '19

**Jacob Laykin**





**William Miller Peck**

Honor Pin  
Nautilus Staff, '19  
Debate, '18, '19  
Junior Treasurer  
Gym Team, '18  
"M" Man Football, '19  
Basketball Squad, '19  
Tennis, '17, '18, '19  
Track Team, '19  
Manual Musical Men, '18  
Manual Society of Debate



**Irma Gail Moll**

Manual Musical Maidens, '16, '17, '18  
Girls' High School Club  
Boosters

**Mary Ruth Wilde**

Student Representative  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Orchestra, '16, '17, '18  
Quintette, '16, '17  
Girls' High School Club  
Journalism Club  
Athena



**Paul Prentice Mosher**

Track Team, '19



**Harley Burr Blake**

Manualite Staff, '19  
Journalism Club  
Edisonian  
Class Day Cast

**Helen Rosalind McCall**

Honor Pin  
Manualite Staff, '18, '19  
Student Representative  
Basketball, '16, '17  
Class Day Cast  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Journalism Club  
Bonheur  
Athena



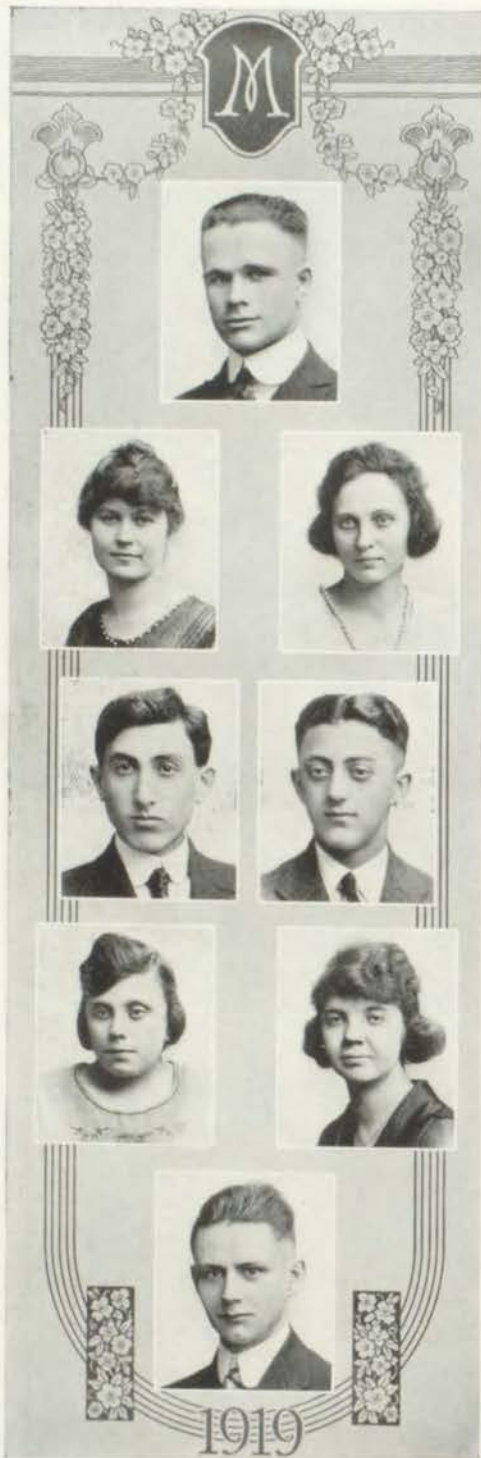
**Mrs. J. M. Bruner**

**Margaret Julia Bundy**

Manual Players, '19  
Homerian



1919



**Percy Broaddus**  
Honor Pin

**Dorothy Marguerite Duncan**  
Basketball, '16, '17  
Commercial Club  
Girls' High School Club  
Manual Musical Maidens

**Hazel Masters**  
Commercial Club  
Girls' High School Club  
Manual Musical Maidens, '19

**Ben Elburn**  
Edisonian

**Emil Uman**  
Commercial Club  
Journalism Club

**Louise Marie Mayer**  
Commercial Club  
Girls' High School Club

**Lillian Albertina Anderson**  
Commercial Club  
Girls' High School Club  
Manual Musical Maidens, '19

**Carl Nolting**  
Journalism Club  
Edisonian  
Class Day Cast



**Ben Shlyen**

Honor Pin  
Manualite Staff, '19  
Senior President  
Class Day Cast  
Manual Players, '19  
Manual Musical Men, '18  
Orchestra, '16, '17, '18, '19  
String Quintette, '17, '18  
Journalism Club  
Homerian  
Edisonian



**Eulalia Louise Walters**

**Ellen Levin**

Journalism Club  
Athena



**Paul Walter Cunningham**

Commercial Club

**C. Eugene Bonette**

Honor Pin  
Manualite Staff, '18, '19  
"M" Man Football, '19  
Journalism Club  
Edisonian  
Class Day Cast



**Katherine Parsons**

Manualite Staff, '18, '19  
Student Representative  
Journalism Club



**Maxine DeSilvia**

Manualite Staff, '18  
Student Representative  
Girls' High School Club  
Manual Musical Maidens, '17, '18, '19  
Manual Science Club  
Journalism Club  
Bonheur

**Harry Rubenstein**

Honor Pin  
Debate, '18  
Edisonian



1919





**Walter Edward McBride**  
Class Day Cast  
Student Representative  
Boys' High School Club  
Manual Society of Debate

**Madeline Rhodes**  
Commercial Club  
Mathematics Club  
Bonheur  
Athena

**Ernestine Whitemeyer**  
Commercial Club  
Girls' High School Club  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Basketball, '17, '18, '19  
Boosters  
Bonheur

**Francis Roddy**  
Commercial Club

**Siegfried Herman**  
Commercial Club

**Lela Irene Smith**  
Commercial Club

**Ethel H. Alport**  
Commercial Club  
Girls' High School Club  
Homerian

**Jacob L. Eisberg**  
Manualite Staff, '18, '19  
Student Representative  
Class Day Cast  
Mathematics Club  
Journalism Club  
Edisonian



**Lucian Lane**

Honor Pin\*\*  
Nautilus Staff, '18, '19  
Debate, '18, '19  
"M" Man Football  
"M" Man Basketball  
Track Team, '18, '19  
Track Captain, '19  
Gym Team  
Student Representative  
Junior President  
Boys' High School Club  
Manual Musical Men, '18  
Manual Society of Debate

**Rose Aurilla North**

Class Day Cast  
Girls' High School Club  
Student Representative  
Boosters

**Helen Berner**

Nautilus Staff, '19  
Commercial Club  
Girls' High School Club  
Basketball, '18, '19  
Boosters

**Charles Long**

Manual Society of Debate

**George M. Bronaugh**

Basketball Squad, '18, '19  
"M" Man Football, '19  
Senior Play Cast  
Boosters

**Edith Bullock**

Girls' High School Club

**Lillian Holcroft**

Student Representative  
Manual Musical Maidens, '18  
Athena

**William E. Lewis**





**Karl A. Lepper**

**Sarah Ann Snider**

**Ruth Ellen Fuller**  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Girls' High School Club  
Commercial Club

**Eldred Ware**

**Harry Leo Mendelsohn**  
Class Day Cast  
Journalism Club

**Helen May Gwin**  
Manualite Staff, '18, '19  
Student Representative  
Girls' High School Club  
Journalism Club  
Commercial Club  
Bonheur  
Homerian

**Cleotise Craig**

**William Pesmen**





**William Philip Epperson**

Honor Pin\*\*\*  
First Physics Prize  
Nautilus Staff, '19  
Debate, '19  
Student Representative  
Senior Secretary  
Class Day Cast  
Mathematics Club  
Boys' High School Club  
Homerian  
Edisonian

**Edith Beatrice Miller**

Honor Pin\*  
First Prize Oratorical Contest, '19  
Nautilus Staff, '19  
Class Day Cast  
Boosters  
Bonheur  
Athena

**Sarah Saper**

Honor Pin  
Student Representative  
Commercial Club

**Harold Oscar Price**

Commercial Club  
Basketball Squad, '18  
Tennis, '18

**Paul Larey**

Manual Musical Men, '16, '17, '18, '19  
Orchestra, '18  
Quintette, '18  
Winner Tenor Solo Contest, '16, '17  
Boosters

**Alice Virginia Palmer**

Honor Pin  
Nautilus Staff, '19  
Manualite Staff, '18  
Debate, '19  
Manual Musical Maidens, '19  
Class Day Cast  
Journalism Club  
Athena

**Martha W. Breeding**

**Gertrude Libby Graham**

Honor Pin\*\*  
First Prize Oratorical Contest, '19  
Nautilus Staff, '19  
Debate, '18, '19  
Giftorian  
Manual Players, '19  
Student Representative  
Manual Musical Maidens, '16, '17, '18, '19  
Basketball, '16, '17, '18, '19  
Girls' High School Club  
Boosters  
Friendship Council  
Class Day Cast





**Paul H. Brown**  
Manual Musical Men, '19  
Orchestra, '19  
Student Representative  
Commercial Club  
Boosters  
Manual Society of Debate

**Emma B. Pesch**  
Commercial Club  
Girls' High School Club  
Boosters

**Alma Lillian Robertson**  
Honor Pin  
Debate, '19  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Girls' High School Club  
Boosters  
Homerian

**Abe Shafton**  
Orchestra, '16, '17  
Manual Musical Men, '16

**Will J. Pollard**  
Honor Pin  
Manualite Staff, '18, '19  
Manual Players, '16, '17, '18, '19  
Class Day Cast  
Commercial Club  
Journalism Club

**Velma Crane**  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Girls' High School Club  
Boosters  
Homerian

**Rose Pollack**  
Manual Musical Maidens, '16, '17, '18  
'19  
Girls' High School Club  
Mandolin Club  
Commercial Club

**Joseph Carl Atwood**  
Edisonian



**Carroll M. Willis**  
Boys' High School Club  
Manual Society of Debate

**Mary Elizabeth Warren**  
Student Representative, '16, '17, '18,  
'19  
Orchestra, '16  
Manual Musical Maidens, '18  
Friendship League Council  
Class Day Cast  
Bonheur  
Athena

**Clara Hermer**  
Honor Pin  
Debate, '19  
Nautilus Staff, '18  
Student Representative, '16, '17  
Manual Players, '19  
Class Day Cast  
Athena

**Grant Dean**  
Boys' High School Club  
Boosters

**James Daleo**  
Commercial Club  
Football Squad, '19  
Student Representative  
Class Day Cast

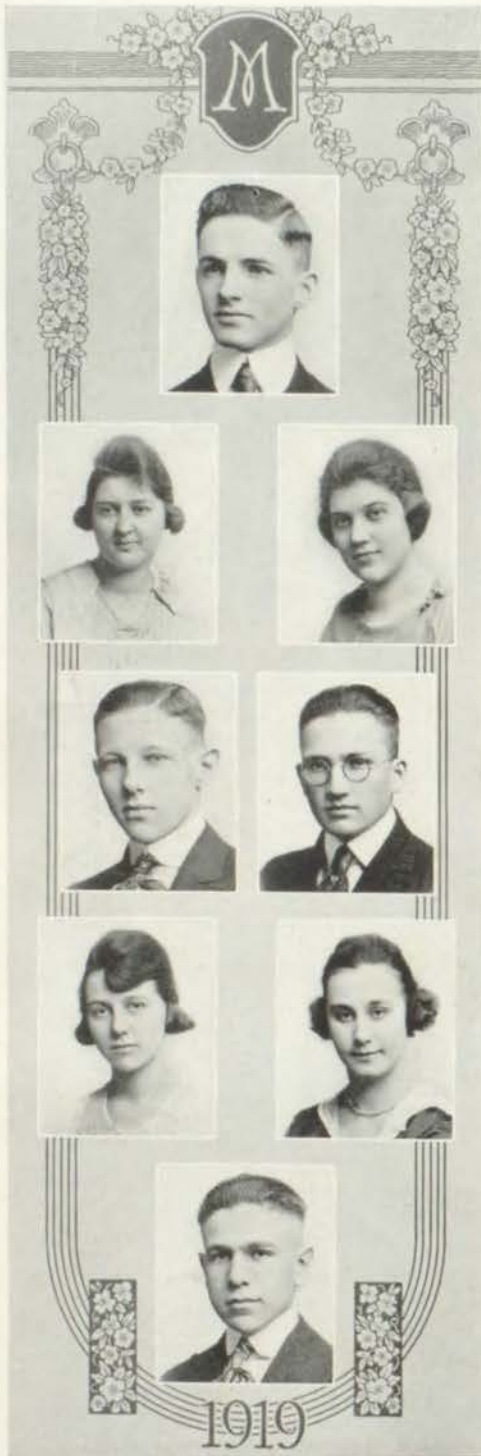
**Rose Esther Baum**  
Student Representative  
Commercial Club  
Girls' High School Club

**Mary Kercheval Phleger**

**Richard R. Becker**  
Manualite Staff, '18  
Track Squad, '17  
Journalism Club  
Edisonian







**Carl Enggas**  
Senior Sergeant-at-Arms  
Boosters  
Manual Society of Debate

**Ethel Frazier**  
Student Representative  
Girls' Basketball, '17, '18, '19  
Girls' High School Club  
Manual Musical Maidens, '19  
Boosters  
Bonheur

**Berneita O. Shoffner**

**Judah Clement Rothenberg**  
Commercial Club

**Nathan J. Saferstein**  
Commercial Club

**Emma Miller**  
Commercial Club

**Hazel Dorothy Himan**  
Commercial Club

**Sam Tabolsky**  
Commercial Club



**John Francis Heimovics**  
Homerian



**Etta Friedson**

**Ruth Berneice Hazekamp**  
Manual Musical Maidens  
Girls' High School Club  
Commercial Club  
Homerian



**Isadore Polsky**

**Michael Ducov**



**Sun Muy Young**

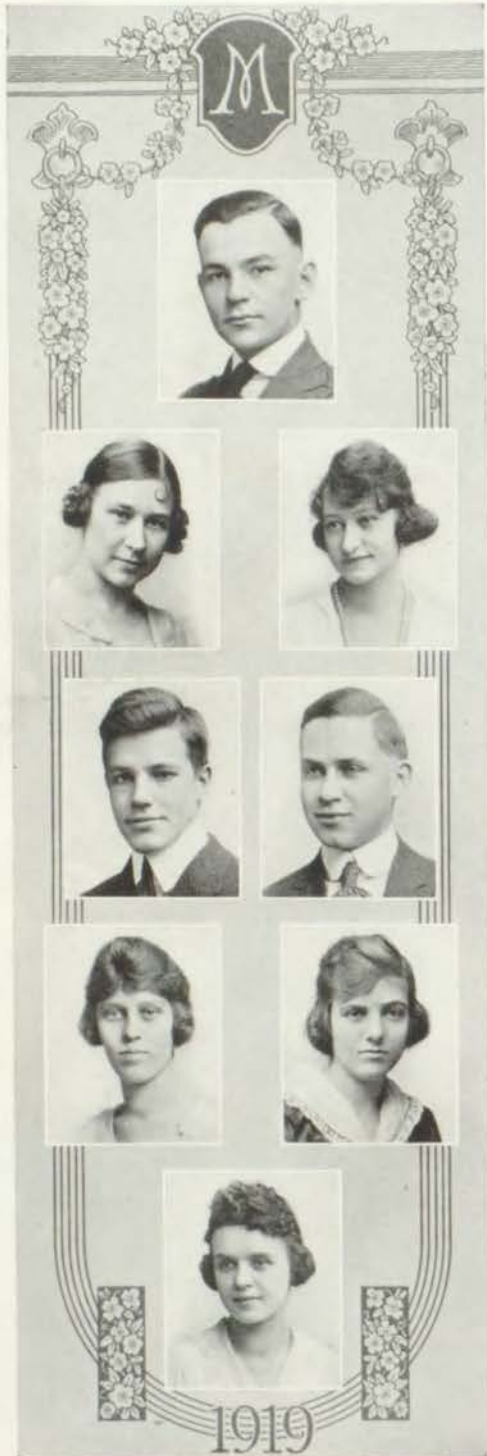
**Rose Wenner**  
Honor Pin  
Gold Medal Typewriting  
Commercial Club  
Journalism Club



**Louis Harry LeVine**  
Student Representative  
Commercial Club  
Class Day Cast



1919



**Clarence P. Reedy**  
Booster  
Manual Society of Debate

**M. Joy Eaton**  
Commercial Club  
Journalism Club

**Ethyl Mae Tomlinson**  
Commercial Club  
Girls' High School Club

**Vinton Stillings Aschmann**  
Manualite Staff, '18  
Commercial Club  
Journalism Club  
Edisonian

**John Wallace Johnson**  
Track Squad, '17

**Helen Welch**  
Honor Pin  
Orchestra, '16  
Commercial Club  
Bonheur

**Esther Mary Stephens**

**Sylvetta Twining**  
Commercial Club  
Athena





**Lavenia Tenny**

Honor Pin\*  
First Prize Poem  
Mathematics Club  
Manual Science Club  
Student Representative

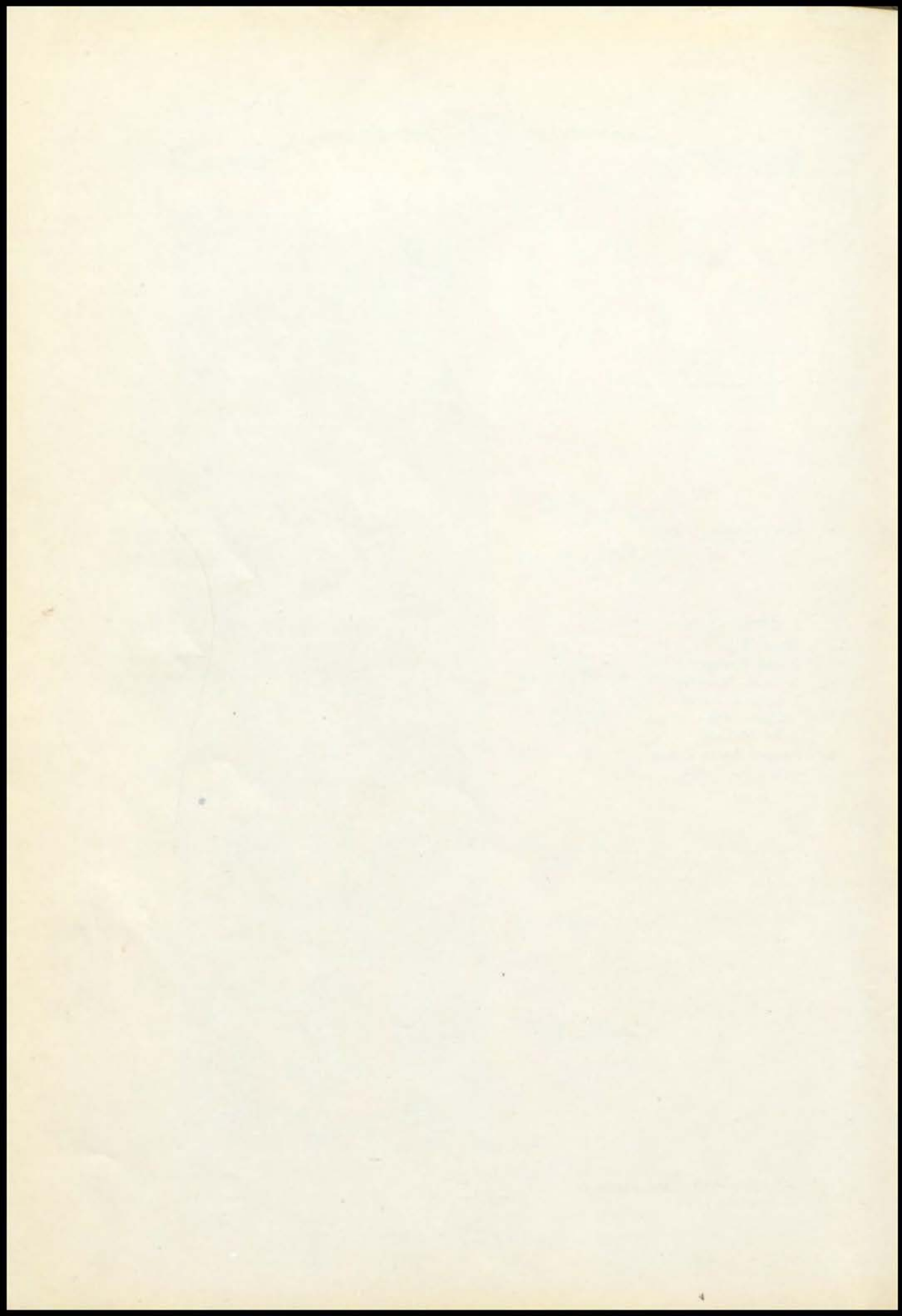
**Clark Soule Crinklaw**

Commercial Club  
Boys' High School Club

ADDITIONAL SENIORS

Moses Fox  
David Farber  
Irvin G. Huscher  
J. Leland Jones  
William Allen Mann  
John McLeod  
Robert Burns Paton  
Agnes M. Parks





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MANUALITE PRESS



