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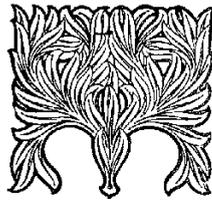
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THE
HUGHES ANNUAL

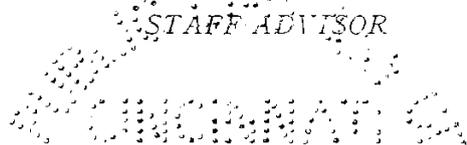
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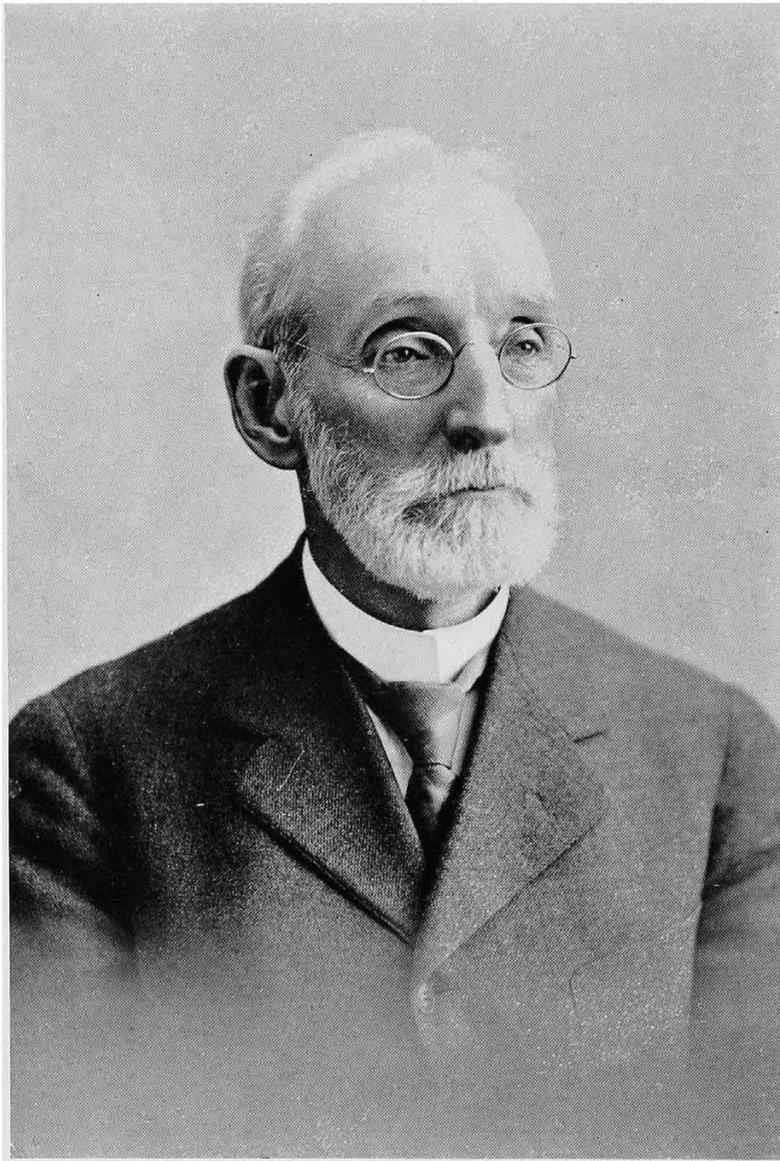
HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL
CINCINNATI



PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

FLORENCE MARGARET GABRIEL *EDITOR*
NICHOLAS MANN SALKOVER *EDITOR*
CARL WILLIAM FREY *BUSINESS MANAGER*
MISS FURNESS *STAFF ADVISOR*





To

ALAN SANDERS

Teacher at Hughes since 1881

Assistant Principal 1910-11, 1911-12, 1914-15

In Appreciation of His Faithful Services and Loyal Friendship

This Annual is Dedicated

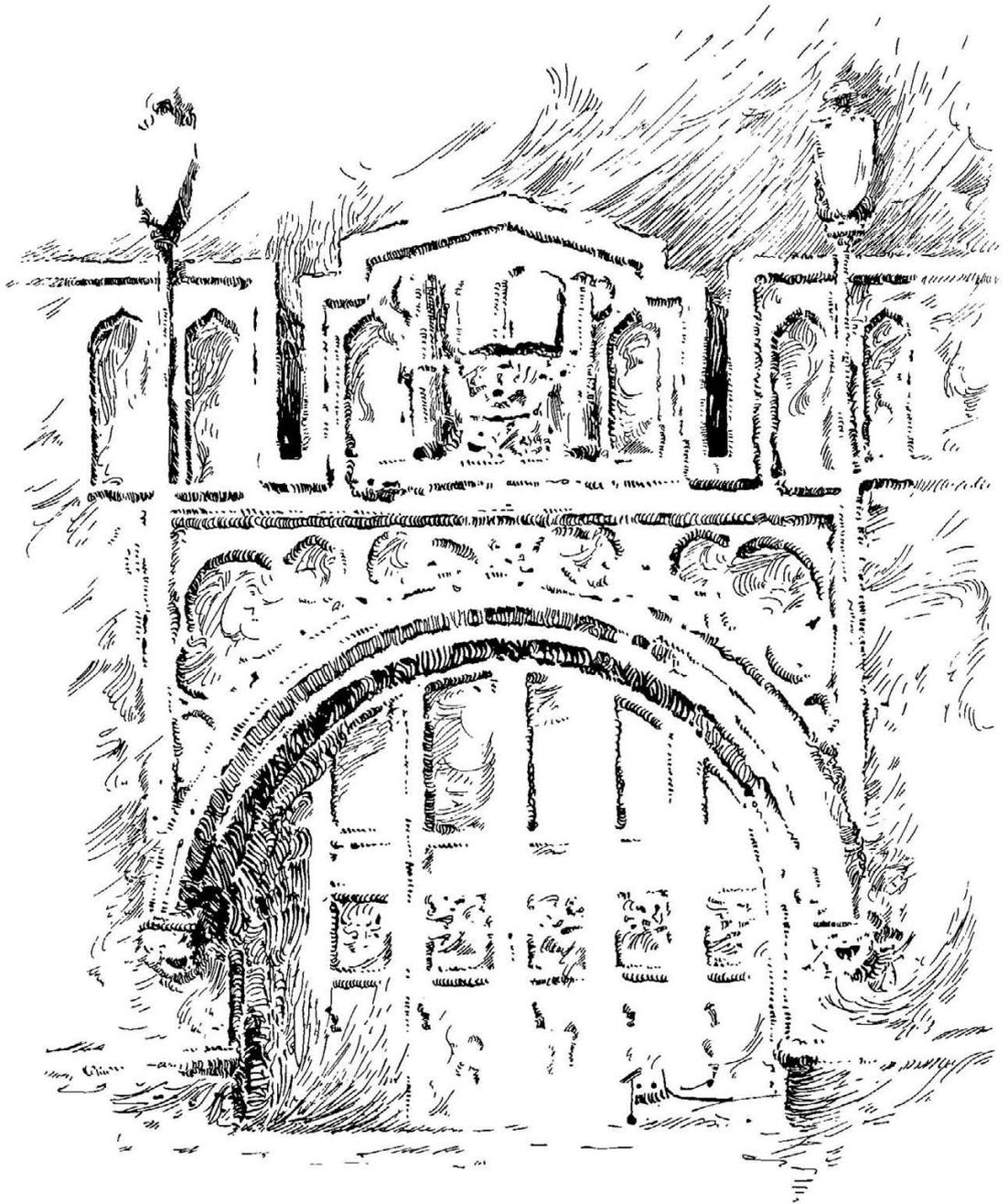


PERSONALLY we do not see the necessity of a foreword. It either simulates an apology for that which needs no excuse, or apologizes for that which no apology can remedy. However, in deference to a time-honored and time-worn custom, it behooves us to follow in the footsteps of our ancestors, so witness our attempt. This book is intended to be, primarily, a souvenir of their last year at Hughes for the class of 1917. In it may be found, with perhaps some unseemly levity, accounts of the organizations, athletics, social events, and individuals of the year. We hope that years hence our graduates may pick up this volume, thumb its well worn pages, and live once again those glorious days which they spent at dear old Hughes.

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The School





OLD HUGHES

OLD HUGHES

I HAVE been asked to tell something about the Old Hughes building on West Fifth Street. The accompanying cut gives a very fair idea of the school and its surroundings as they were in the early seventies.

There were but eight recitation rooms in the original building, four on the first floor and four on the second. The third floor was occupied by an auditorium. Later, two recitation rooms were cut off of the south end of the auditorium.

The small vestibule on the first floor in the front of the building was used as a French recitation room. The French teacher then taught a half-day at Hughes and the remaining half at Woodward. The small room above the vestibule on the second floor was the principal's office, and the one above that on the third floor, was a dressing room back of the stage which then occupied the north end of the auditorium.

A couple of rooms in the Brachman building, shown in the cut, on the east side of the school were later used as recitation rooms.

In 1886 an addition of six rooms was placed in front of the Hughes building. This addition was the cause of much indignation among the graduates and friends of Old Hughes as it conformed in no way to the architectural design of the picturesque old building, but was simply a plain *box* as its detractors called it, placed to hide the beauty of the old building.

The new part of the house was heated by furnace, but the rooms of the old part were heated by stoves up to the time that we moved to our new quarters.

During the last few years that we occupied the Fifth Street building, some apprehension was felt because the wooden stairs in the old part shook and swayed when classes were passing. We were assured that they were perfectly safe.

After we moved to the hill, the upper floors of the old home were declared unsafe and the School Board was allowed to use only the first floor for school purposes.

The Old Hughes building when erected, was in the midst of a residential neighborhood. The character of its surroundings changed very much in its latter years.

The original residents moved to the suburbs and their places were filled by foreigners and negroes. The soot and smoke from the chimneys of the factories that filled the bottoms to the south of us added to our discomfort, and it was with considerable satisfaction that we moved to the New Hughes in Clifton Heights.

ALAN SANDERS.



HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL

OUR HUGHES

OCTOBER 16, 1908, the corner stone of the new Hughes High School Building was laid by Albert D. Shockley, President of the Union Board of High Schools. Since the formal dedication exercises in December, 1910, Cincinnati has fully appreciated its perfection.

Though built for 1600 pupils, Hughes in 1916-17 has 2098 enrolled. Hence we have our "wandering teachers" with desks in the Auditorium, and we have the decorative fringe of D Grade boys around its walls at Assembly. Ten courses of study are offered, from the Academic to the Agricultural Co-operative. All are well attended, and completely equipped. We even boast a good-sized greenhouse and a wireless transmitting and receiving set.

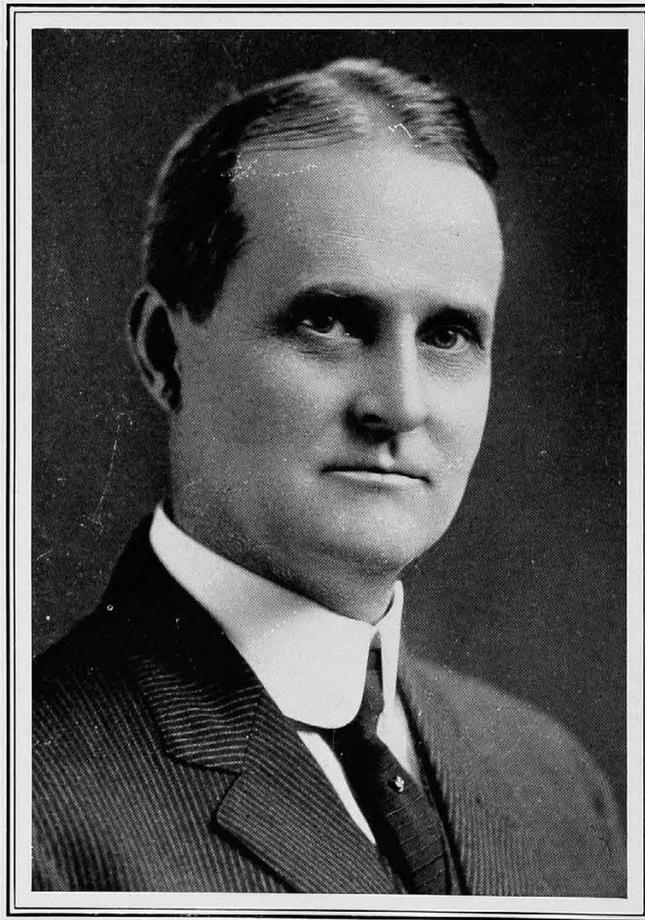
The "powers that be" systematize everything. Take the lunch rooms for example. The two together seat only 700 pupils, so 1300 pupils buying luncheon daily make necessary two recess periods. The business amounts to some \$30,000 a year, everything selling at cost price with a small margin for running expenses. Two hundred pounds of meat and six bushels of potatoes each day, two barrels of flour and two hundred loaves of bread each week, satisfy our healthy appetites! Twenty-two Senior boys act as servers, and other A Graders keep in order the bread lines in the corridors.

Our student organizations would sound appalling in number, were there not more than two thousand of us. Perhaps we attempt too much for the good of our lessons. But our work shows spirit. In this spirit we issue a monthly magazine, involving an expenditure of more than \$1600. In this spirit we support this Annual, as big an undertaking as "Old Hughes." In this spirit all departments and organizations united in producing such an Operetta as "The Saucy Hollandaise," which netted more than \$1000. The language and departmental clubs, the musical organizations, the literary, art, and athletic associations are all represented in these pages. Latin, Mathematics and English, are not slighted, but we shall look back to the organizations also, after fifty years—and remember our Hughes with pride.

At present the Student Help Fund is aiding three pupils to continue their education. This grows out of little gifts from various sources. One boy serving in the lunch room donates his lunch money to the Fund. Just before mid-year the Honor League and the Hughes Club added fifty dollars through a candy sale. Similarly, the Outside Employment Committee of teachers brings together the positions and the students who need employment after school and on Saturdays. Pupils thus employed, during one year earned \$10,200.

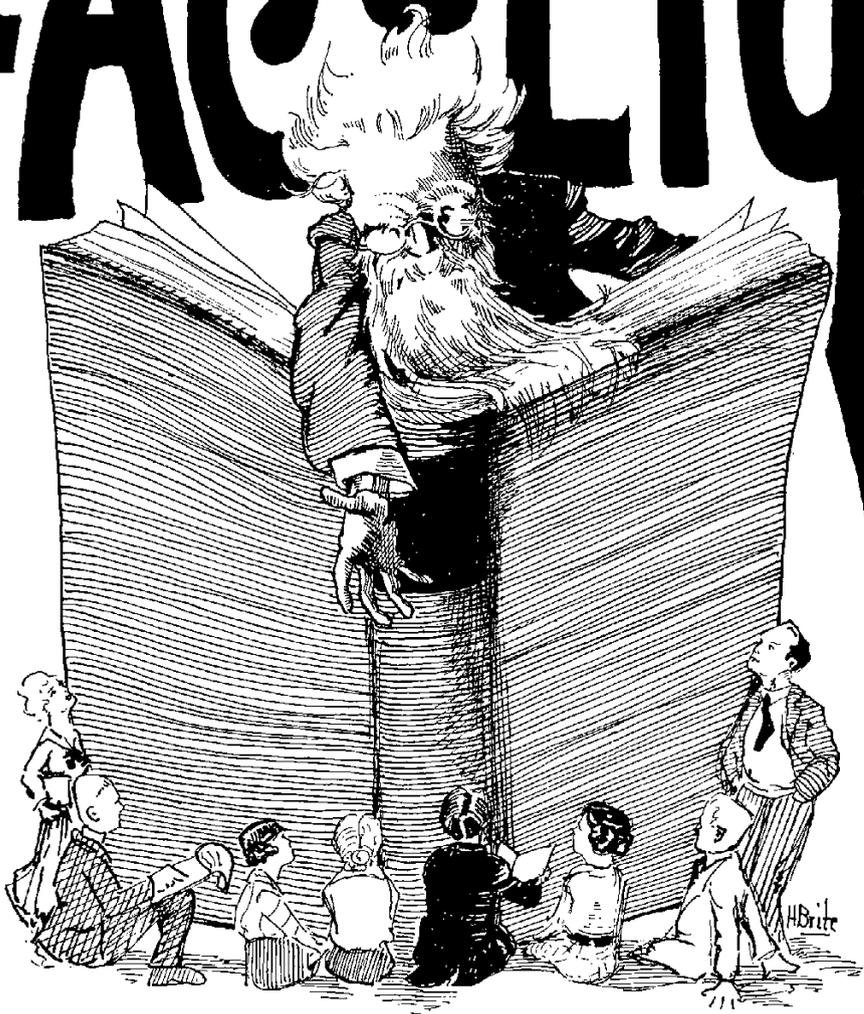
Even D Graders were excited, March 27, when the First Regiment of the O. N. G. was called out, for thirteen Hughes boys, Members of Co. I, responded. Since then President Wilson's historic speech has caused Congress to declare that a state of war exists between the United States and Germany. Before this is published we may be active in the world war, and Hughes may have given up many of her boys for the protection of the country. But nothing will ever cause the thrill within our hearts like the going of those first thirteen. If war comes, Hughes will send her full share of soldiers and of nurses. Whether war comes or not, our Hughes, as she has done for more than half a century, will continue to send forth boys and girls prepared to take their places as worthy citizens of the United States and of the world.

MARY ELIZABETH RITCHEY, '17.



EDMUND D. LYON
Principal of Hughes

FACTULTY



FACULTY

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Latin

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Latin

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Assistant in Gymnasium

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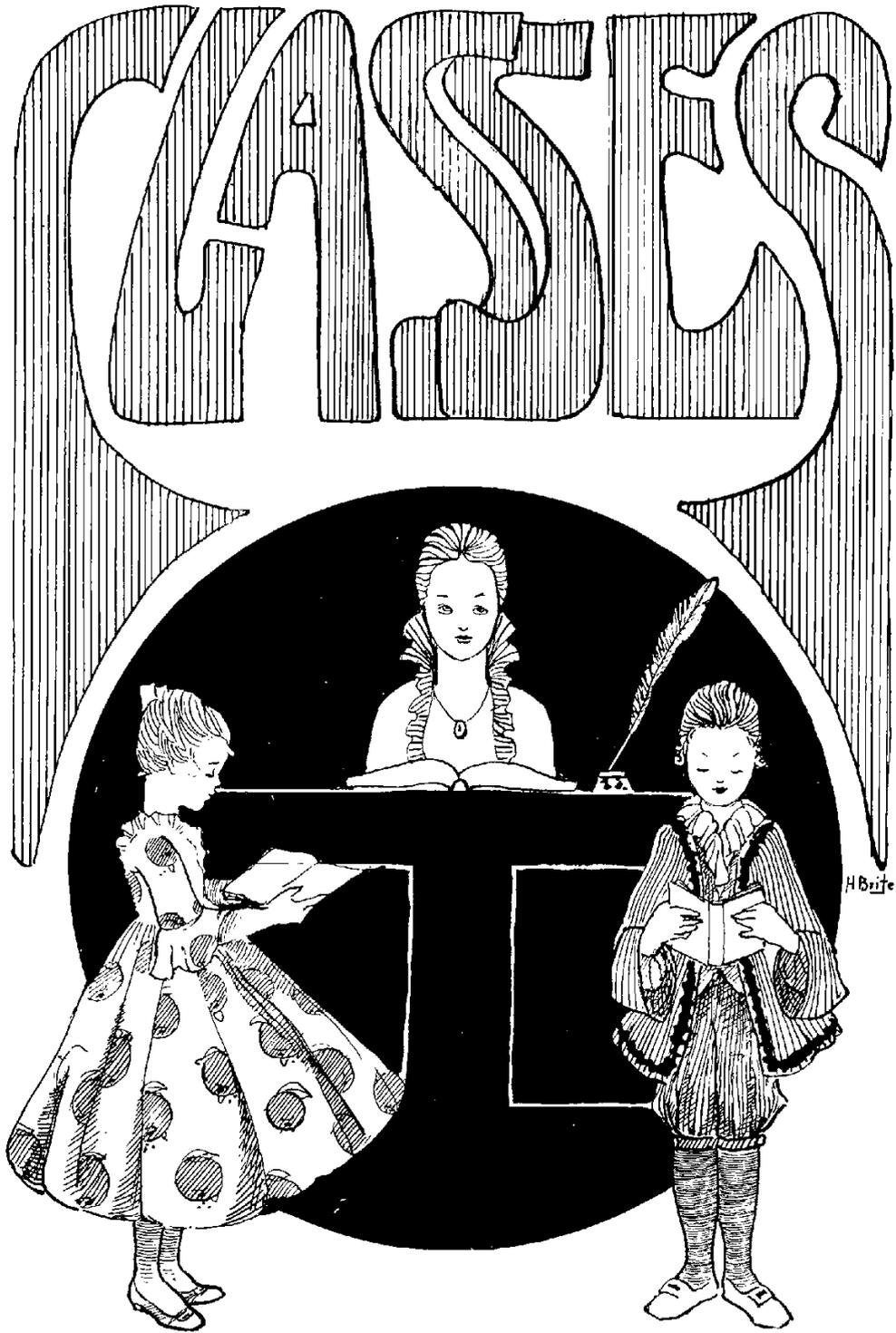
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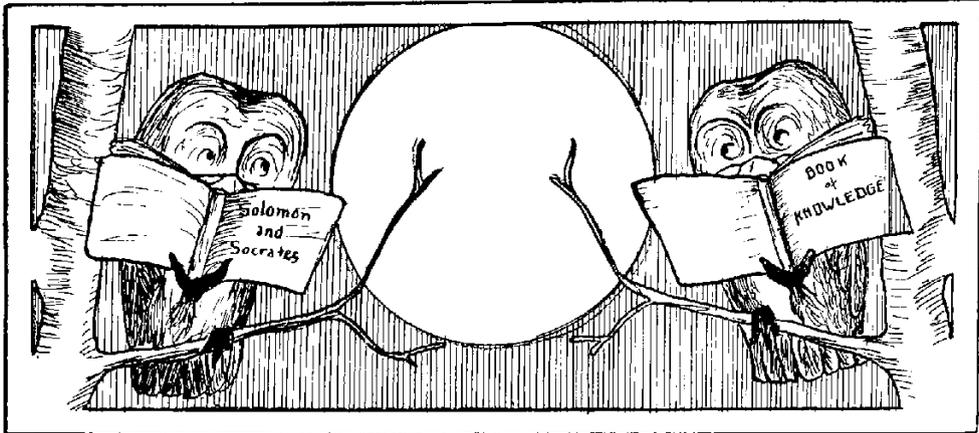
SPANISH DEPARTMENT

EMMA R. FRICK

EDNA O'BRIEN

HELEN M. KING





*“He who knows and knows that he knows,
He is a SENIOR—reverence him.”*

NEVER shall we forget that memorable day, the thirty-fifth of September, 1913, when first, as humble freshmen, we entered the awesome portals of Hughes. Gay laughter and hearty words of welcome greeted our yearning ears, but we made no response, for they were not for us. We were but freshmen, lowly and insignificant, but oh, how we admired and exalted those Seniors! Ye gods, this stuff will never get by! Old G. J. Caesar used those same phrases when he wrote the history of the graduating class from the University of Padua in 1492 B. C. Let's try again—

Here we stand at the end of our glorious high-school career, on the eve of departure from the scene of the toil and labor and joy of the last four years, in short about to graduate from our dearest Hughes. A lump is in our throats, tears in our eyes, and a halt is in our walk. Hold on, what am I up to? This is not an obituary nor an epitaph, but a supposedly clever history. Here goes again—

Hail! oh Class of '17. Most wonderful, most glorious, most phenomenal class ever graduated from our Mother Hughes. You may say, “what idle words the fool prates.” But I bear proof, proof undeniable and indisputable. Have we not our invincible athletes, our unvanquished debaters, our unexcelled, indeed unequalled poets, writers, students, scholars and statesmen? Gentlemen you can't keep them down! They're bound to make their mark on this little old terrestrial planet! All I say is, watch us grow! Draw your coin out of the bank, and stake every simoleon on us! Say, for the love of Mike, stop right there! This sounds like a side show barker or a campaign speech. And as for those marvellous high school geniuses who have their berths reserved to Parnassus, most of the poor fellows never arrive. Besides I have in me some slight vein of modesty, and the average conceited egotistical class history rather gets on my nerves. But here I've wasted a couple of hundred words out of my precious thousand, and absolutely nothing achieved, not even a respectable introduction. I'll have to get down to earth and grind.

Our first two years at high school were, as is ever the case, barren of anything worthy of historical note. We were the audience of the "Big Show" at Hughes, and all that we did was to applaud from a distance, and cast envious eyes towards the actors. However, in addition to the academic activities, which, incidentally, we will not touch upon, as their history should be indelibly engraved upon our brains, these years were not in any sense wasted. Lasting friendships were formed, and we, so to speak, "oriented ourselves." Yet there was one oasis in this Sahara of reminiscences that we vividly remember. In a certain English class every week there appeared during our freshman and sophomore years a publication bearing the name of a certain rather familiar barnyard denizen, and edited by several good-for-nothing persons some of whom are not remotely disconnected from the staff of "Old Hughes." All of us who were so fortunate as to read this monumental work should not soon forget it, for although it was outside the pale of official sanction, nevertheless, along with a great deal of foolishness, it contained such a mass of real cleverness as did credit to our juvenile intelligences. Then, do you remember, as freshmen how we looked with awe upon that extraordinary collection of learned savants banded together under the title of D1. How our teachers sweetly confided to us their paramount virtues as compared to our damning vices. There seems to be nothing more of great interest in those first two years. Yet we must not forget the pageant and minstrel show in 1915, which, while of course not the work of our class alone, is still worthy of note. Fond remembrances are the "Turnen Rassels," the "darktown" nightingales, and all the other features which contributed to make this the most ambitious theatrical production in size and scope which Hughes has ever presented until our Operetta this last year. However, when I approach the latter half of our days at Hughes, I must limit myself through lack of space. Here we began to feel ourselves an important element in Hughes life, and quite justly so. We took our proper places in all sorts and phases of school activities. But I fear that I become too drearily conventional. So let us return again to those superficial interests of Hughes, which, somehow, have a way of remaining in our minds long after the Binomial Theorem and the trials of Orgetorix have gone to their final oblivion. I have heard that there was some little excitement last November when the election of the officers for our Republic was held. But I maintain that the election of the B grade officers of the class of '17 was more exciting, and seemed at the time of equal importance. There was the peoples' party, made up of the "bone and sinew" of the nation, organized from the "sweating toiling masses" so that they might assert their rights over plutocracy. In opposition were the forces of wealth and aristocracy, the representatives of the "unearned increment," hard hearted capitalists, eager to grind democracy beneath their six-cylindereed Juggernauts. Oh but we thought big, and talked big, and made such petty little fools of ourselves. Still it was fascinating play, these infantile politics, while no harm was done, for now, victor and vanquished, we stand together, shoulder to shoulder, loyally supporting with one accord the blood red banner of Hughes. I know that that last sounds like a fourth of July oration made by a two-penny state representative, to the folks in the old home town. But pardon it, for really, a serious break in the class might have resulted, and we are all mighty glad that

it turned out well. We gave our reception to the seniors, and it was certainly a great success. Everybody danced, even the boys who had never danced before, and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely, except perhaps the self-sacrificing girls who danced with some of the above mentioned. Then there came the presentation to our class of the school emblem, and with it we were brought forcibly to appreciate the fact that our last and greatest year at Hughes was approaching.

The details of this truly magnificent Senior year, besides being treated elsewhere in the book, are too numerous and engrossing to be more than mentioned. In fact, these details, which, in other words, mean out-of-curriculum interests, were so numerous that I fear that our studies suffered somewhat. Still youth is but a fleeting thing, and we can study all our lives. Our parties, our dances, our athletic contests, our plays, all were so successful that we seemed to be the particular darlings of fortune. We have succeeded, and this I consider very worthy of commendation—in eliminating the rowdyish ill feeling which was wont to accompany all interscholastic games, and have substituted a loyal good sportsmanship. We have fostered and developed real school spirit, and in the spirit of the Athenian youth, we pray that we have left our school better than we found it. In this horrible world war which we have entered actively, our class and Hughes have done their share in the matter of recruits. And so in this brief space I have attempted to sum up, with no success at all, I fear, the most interesting moments of our days at Hughes. But the best history of our Hughes will be the life of each one of us. Let us pray that Hughes '17 will always stand for the highest ideals of life; that we will always love and honor our school, our city, and our nation. Then will our education at Hughes have been a success.

N. M. S., '17.

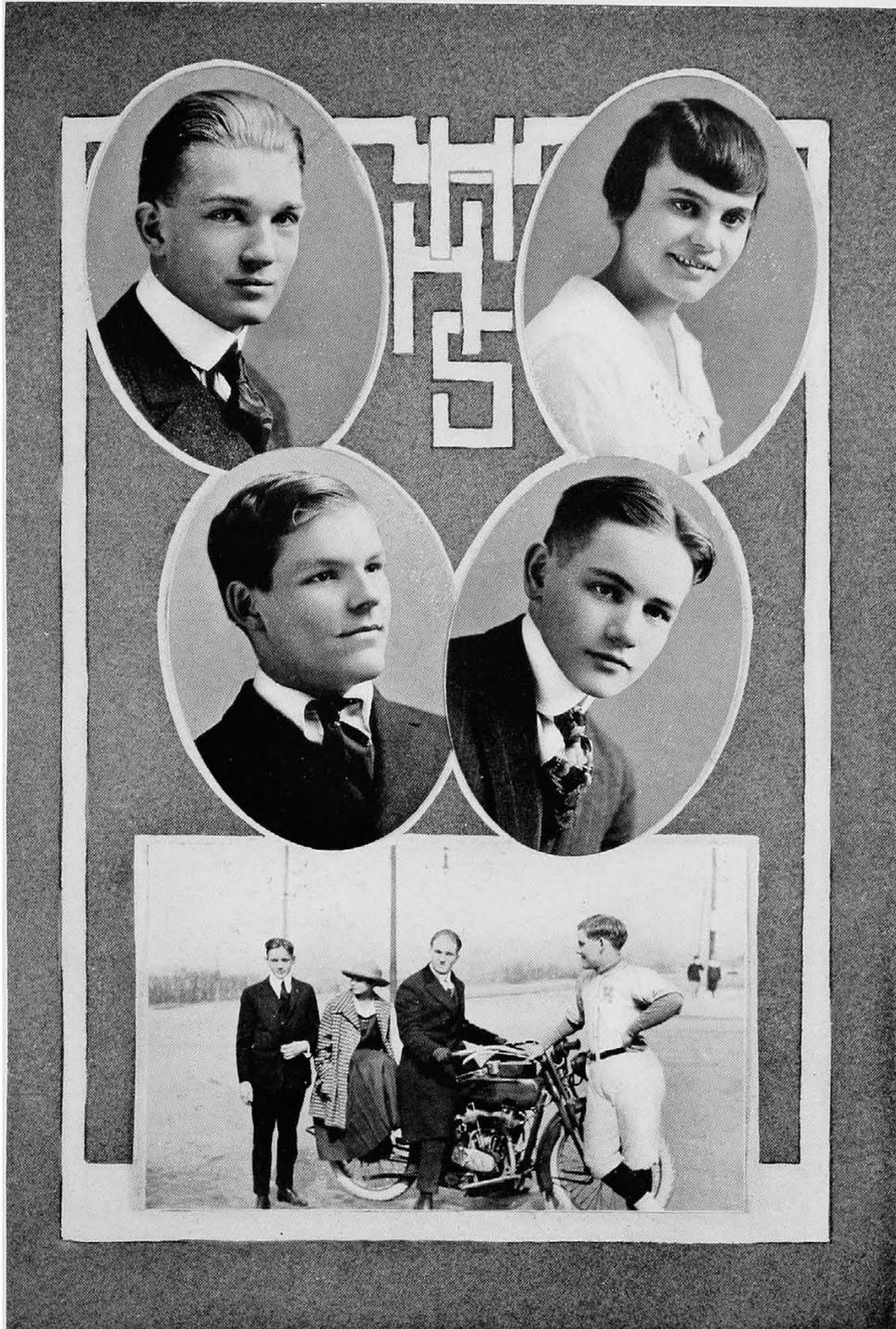


The Years to Come

Future, be gracious to the sons of Hughes,
Who trust to thee this precious book today.
Guide them through college, life, and strife, and play,
And then with generous fullness let them choose
Each of the bounty that thou giv'st to use.
Then open wide stern Occupation's way,
Where each his debt sincerely shall thee pay
Nor ask return, so shalt thou not refuse.

Then shall the class of "17" aye stand,
Bright in the light of well remembered fame,
And in the years that pass shall Hughes revere
And not forget the dwindling faithful band,
Firm in a duty well performed; in name
Glorious, departed from Old Hughes this year.

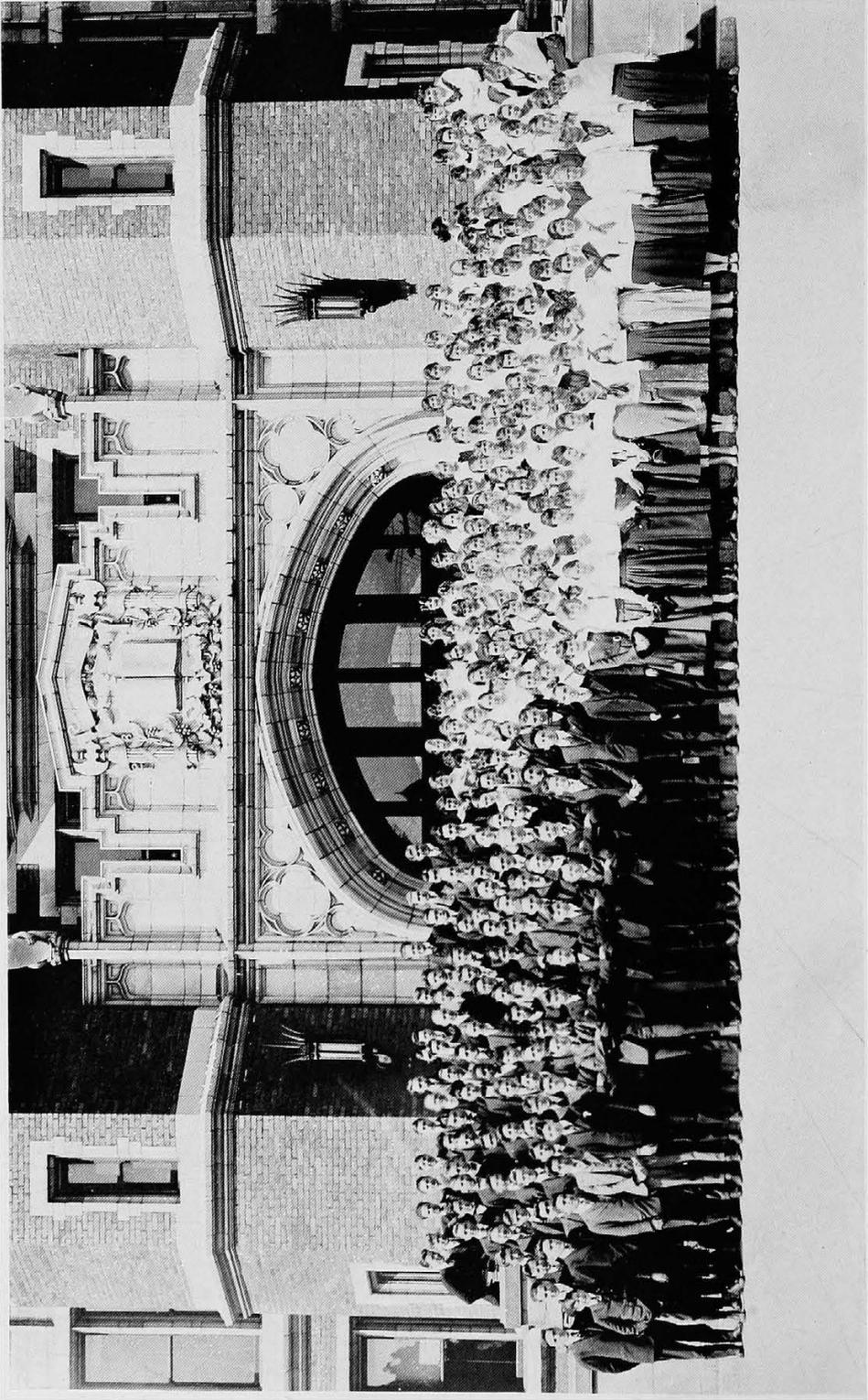
—*M. Isaacs*, '17.



Senior Officers

HERMAN SCHMIDT, *President.*
ROBERT MORRISON, *Secretary.*

MARY STEPHAN, *Vice-President.*
STUART GARRISON, *Treasurer.*



THE SENIOR CLASS

DANIEL J. AMBROSE (*Dan*)

Athletic Association, Art League

Dan is one of those unusual fellows, liked by everybody, who put work and play in their proper places.

MARGARET BIGGS ASCHAM (*Peggy*)

A. L., A. A., Honor League, French Club

Margaret, coming from Toledo, has only spent one year with us, so she isn't very well known. But she certainly is sweet and clever, and her host of friends is growing every day.

GERTRUDE AVEY (*Gert or Gertie*)

Honor League, A. L., History Club, A. A.

Gertrude is quiet, we all admit. Probably if a few more were like her it would be better for the community, but those who know her best say that she is able to express herself quite fluently, especially in a good argument.

MINNIE H. BACHRACH

*A. A., French Club, Honor League,
Orchestra*

There is scarcely any use in describing her, for, after all was said it would merely be a list of words and not Minnie. Her record shows that she has accomplished much while with us and has accomplished it well.





HENRIETTA LOUISE BAECHLE

(Ed or Etta)

A. L., Honor League, German Club

Here we have our "Carmen," but she does not charm the boys by flirtations—she does it by teaching Math. We are sure she will be a success when she goes out into the world.

HERBERT P. BAILEY (*Bill*)

Hughes Club, A. L., Industrial Arts Club, Chemistry Club

Herbert does not say much but when he does speak he secures the interest of everyone, for he has a very winning personality.

MABEL M. BAMBERGER

German Club, French Club, A. L., Honor League

Mabel is full of fun and always looks on the bright side of life. She has all the qualities needed to make a good companion.

OLIVER L. BARDES (*Ollie*)

A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, Industrial Arts Club, Chemistry Club, Football Team, Swimming Team, Captain of Track Team

"Ollie" is deeply interested in the study of humanity, especially that branch placed under the head of "Girls." Football and swimming were greatly benefited by his steady work, and as Captain of the track team he has scored added honors for Hughes.

IRENE BATSCHE (*Rene*)

Honor League, A. L., Spanish Club, History Club.

Irene is quiet and unassuming usually, but she isn't ever afraid to express her opinion to her friends. They are always worth hearing.

CLARA MARIE BECKER (*Clare*)

Glee Club, Honor League, German Club, A. L., A. A.

Clara always has a smile and a cheerful word for every one. It is never too much trouble for her to do anything in the way of helping her friends and so all the class is proud to think of her as one of us.

HILDA BECKER (*Delia*)

Honor League, A. L., Glee Club, History Club.

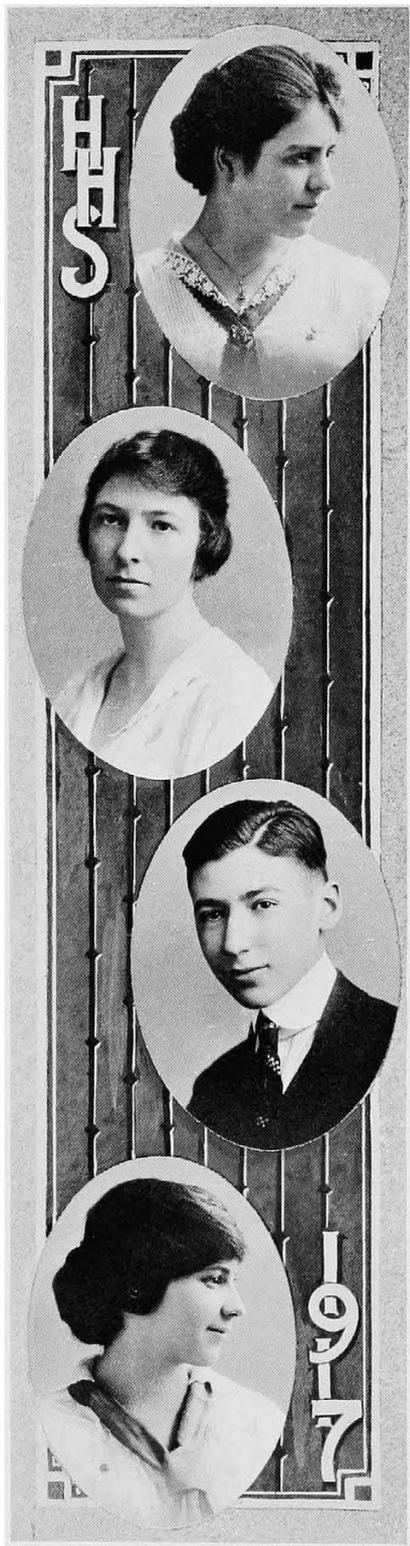
Hilda is very conscientious. She can be trusted with anything, even to making doughnuts for the lunch room. We know, for we've tasted them.

HELEN ANN BEJACK

Honor League, A. A., A. L., Debating Team.

That Helen was destined to be a suffragette is made clear when watching her work down at the Library. We had better say while hearing her talk there, for Helen can hold her own on any subject and against any number of opponents. She also displayed her desire to vote when she won her never-to-be-forgotten debate from our famous orators, Nick and Edmund.





BERNICE MAE BENTEL (*Mabe, Butz*)

Honor League, Glee Club, A. L., A. A.

They say that the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach. If such is the case, Bernice will have no trouble in finding a husband. In fact, we are sure she will be besieged by many suitors.

ELIZABETH BLAIN

A. A., A. L., Honor League.

There would be no living with Barney if her temper matched those beautiful auburn tresses, but fortunately for everyone she is as happy as a sunbeam. She has only been with us for two years but has made more friends than most people have made in four, because she is willing to help others when they are in trouble.

LLOYD M. BLOCK (*Blockhead, Loudie*)

Business Manager Old Hughes, Annual Staff, A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, French Club, Spanish Club.

To gaze upon Lloyd's cherub like visage, one would not suspect that beneath a so amiable exterior lies the cold calculating brain of a successful business man. Lloyd got so many advertisements for *Old Hughes* that it was necessary to increase the size of the magazine to that of the *Unabridged Webster*. Also he is a silver tongued orator, a rattle brained wit, and as the dear girls put it, "a nice boy."

SOPHIE BOGEN (*Soph*)

A. A., A. L., Honor League, Center Ball Team, History Club.

They say that beauty and brains do not go together, but Sophie is certainly an exception to the rule. No wonder then she is the most optimistic of optimists! No matter how blue you are feeling, Sophie will cheer you up with her happy smile and clever conversation.

RUTH LOUISE BOHLENDER

(*Ruthann*)

*Glee Club, Art League Representative, A. A.,
German Club Vice-Pres., French Club,
Honor League, Annual Staff.*

Personality is a rare quality but we all know Ruth is its possessor. Talents were not bestowed upon her sparingly for the role of "Meena" revealed that fact. Her voice, acting, wit and dancing were of the best quality. Keep it up, Ruth!

ORESTE A. BONTEMPO (*King*)

Spanish Club, Hughes Club, A. A., A. L.

Oreste hails from the sunny shores of Italia, coming from them only a few short years ago. And yet his work is excellent, and his language perfect. Someday, we do not hesitate to predict, we shall be proud to have been classmates of Oreste.

LILLIAN M. BOSSE

A. L., A. A., Honor League, Spanish Club, Commercial Club, Hiking Club.

Lillian is incomparably charming, but wholesomely human. Teachers needing help go to Lillian because they know that whatever she undertakes to do is sure to be well done. Pupils love her because she is never grumpy about explaining something which she understands better than the rest of us. Possessing these desirable qualities she can but make a success of life.

HELEN BOTTIGHEIMER (*Bott*)

A. L., A. A., German Club, Honor League, Center Ball Team.

We are proud to claim Helen for one of our classmates. Anyone who makes high school in three years is an acquisition worth claiming. She can spout history like Muzzey himself, and her eloquence in elocution makes her opponents tremble, while all of her marks are the envy of everyone else in her classes.





JUDITH WARRINGTON BOUTET

(Judie)

*Glee Club, History Club, Honor League, A. L., A. A.,
Annual Staff, Center Ball Team.*

It certainly would be hard to find an equal for our charming Judith. She is one of those rare girls who can handle any situation whatsoever. Since she and Doctor Quick appeared on the stage, all of the boys have wanted to meet her at a dance. And the girls all love her because she is so modest.

NINA E. BOWEN

A. L., A. A., Commercial Club, Honor League.

One never feels depressed or "blue" when Nina appears! She is truly a friend to have, always cheerful and gay, greeting one and all with smiles. It would be a glum person indeed, who could withstand Nina's graces.

HELEN BRITE (Hegen)

*A. L., Honor League, A. A., Center Ball Team,
French Club, Mandolin Club, Old Hughes Staff,
Annual Staff, Swimming Team, Glee Club.*

Helen insists that the pun on her name is the worst ever invented but we dare repeat it. She must be bright, or how could she draw such charming little sketches to enliven the school periodicals? More wonderful still this genius does not suffer from artistic temperament but is every bit human and very likeable. She doesn't devote her entire time to one of the Muses, but plays as well as she draws. The highest ambition of this charming prodigy is to learn to drive a Ford.

GINCIE BERNICE BROWN (Gink)

*German Club, History Club, Honor League,
A. A., A. L.*

Gincie's name is very expressive. She is just as jolly, happy and good-natured as it sounds. This is probably due to the fact that she never has to worry about school work, for her record shows that she has made a success as a pupil.

FRANK WM. BUECHE, Jr. (*Beek*)

Hughes Club, Orchestra, Glee Club, A. A., A. L.

Frank is a carefree happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow, with a ready smile and a joke for everyone that he meets. He did not always get ninety-five in all of his studies. But just think of Macaulay and Lamb and the rest of them.

ROBERTA BULLERDICK (*Bob*)

A. A., A. L., Greek Club, French Club, History Club, Honor League.

"Bobbie" has been so engrossed in lessons that we have seen little of her, but you may know that she has done them well, for her splendid work in Greek is astounding. Nothing would surprise us—not even a revision of The Iliad.

MILDRED E. M. BURHEN (*Mild*)

Glee Club, Honor League.

Mildred is a good listener and one of few words. She has the happy faculty of knowing what she is going to say long before she says it. This makes it a pleasure to hear her recite.

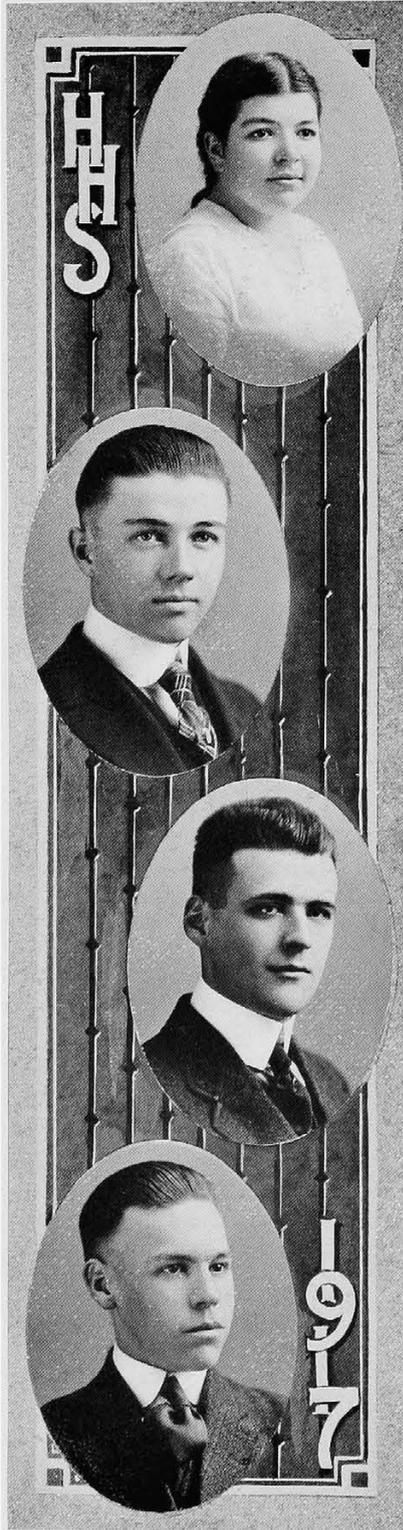
RALPH C. BURNETT (*Burne*)

A. L., A. A., Spanish Club, Hughes Club, History Club.

Ralph is of a modest and retiring disposition that is not in the least contagious, at least his clothes have never shown any symptoms of contracting it. His sartorial taste is the envy and despair of all our beaux who have never yet been able to anticipate his next selection in neckties. This artistic temperament, coupled with the art he has made of bluffing should be of great value when he leaves school (especially if he ever sits into a game of stud).

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ELLEN BUTTENWIESER

Art League.

Ellen is our youngest graduate. We are indeed proud of her for she has made high school in three years, and her record is an enviable one. This is not Ellen's only distinction for she is overflowing with good humor, and is never worried even when she arrives at school at 8.29—too late to get lunch checks.

EDWIN S. CAVETT (*Bud*)

A. A., A. L., Chemistry Club, Industrial Arts Club, Track Team, Hughes Club.

Bud is a lady's man, a man's man, and a fine fellow. It will be a long time before their members forget old D20 and C20, and Bud will always stand out in their minds as a prominent actor in both institutions.

HOWARD L. CHACE (*Deac*)

A. L., Old Hughes Staff, Annual Staff.

We consider Howard the cleverest fellow in the class. He probably will not read this, so why not be frank? He writes with equal facility in prose or poetry upon any subject, ranging from water bugs to our most sublime examples of feminine beauty. He draws cartoons upon paper or upon his face with the consummate skill of genius. If Howard achieves as great success and popularity out of school as he has within, his fortune is already made.

EDWIN G. CHAMBERS, Jr. (*Eddie*)

Orchestra, A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, History Club, Glee Club.

He may be short in stature, but he makes up for it by being long on gray matter. And did you ever see that boy's smile? It extends all over his face. That's all right, tho, he'll be quite a violinist some day—maybe. Not so, Ed?

ARTHUR CHANDLER, Jr. (*Dick*)

Art League

Dicky is truly a wonder worker! For how many of us could get all of our studies and play one of those large awe-inspiring orchestra organs of evenings, besides. But this he has done for more than four years. "Bravo Dicky!" say we.

VIRGINIA LEE CHAPLIN (*Chappie*)

Commercial Club, History Club, A. L., A. A., Honor League.

Chappie's clothes, walk and looks are the envy of the fairer sex, and the delight of the opposite sex. She is popular with all, boys and girls alike, even if the girls do wish they had a tiny bit of her charm.

DORA CLIMER

A. A., A. L.

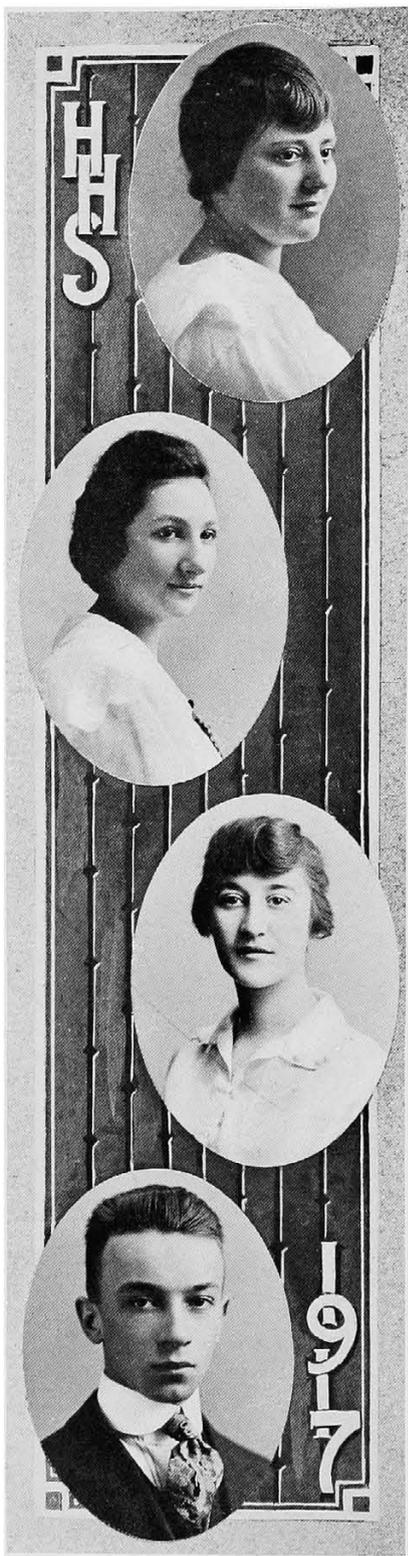
Dora was not built for speed, but we are forced to remember the hare and the tortoise when we think of where she is and where some of the speedier ones are. Go to it, Dora! Slow but sure is a pretty good motto.

REGINA B. CLOSS (*Genie*)

A. A., A. L., German Club, French Club, History Club Sec'y, Honor League.

Regina is a type of girl unfortunately rather unusual in the present day. She is reminiscent of the modest, retiring young damsel of our grandmothers' times, with a wit and vivacity more characteristic of our own period. And as we have intimated, would that there were more like her.





ESTHER C. COHEN

German Club, A. L., Honor League, Center Ball Team, History Club.

Esther possesses personality to the nth degree. One feels it radiating from her and is drawn under the spell of it immediately. Such power may be used to great advantage and we are certain that Esther will put it to good use.

ROSALIND J. COHEN (*Roy*)

Honor League, French Club, A. L.

Here is our own little Vogue model, but do not mistake her for the waxen kind because Roy is full of life and mischief. Rosey can also be dignified if she wants to. We know because we once saw her reprimanding a frightened little freshie who objected to giving up her place in the lunch room.

ERNA B. CONRAD

A. A., A. L., Honor League.

Erna is a chemical genius. But "there is only one thing the matter with most of her solutions, they're wrong." Erna has a great sense of humor, and is one of the jolliest people in the class.

ELMER E. COOK (*Doc*)

A. L., A. A., German Club, History Club.

Elmer is quick to appreciate a good joke and thoroughly capable of telling one. He is especially well known for his interpretation of the Constitution (which is unique, to say the least), his attitude towards "capitalists" in general, his renditions of famous operas, and his histrionic ability.

ETHEL N. COPLAN

German Club, A. A., A. L., Honor League.

Ethel suggests power and reliability in the very way she walks, head up and shoulders back. Her class work proves her to be just such a girl, for her assignments are always in on time and are well done. Among the students she is known for the same characteristics and consequently everyone wishes to be her friend.

J. EBERSOLE CRAWFORD (*Bub*)

A. A., A. L., Old Hughes Staff, Annual Staff, Mandolin Club, Hughes Club, History Club, Five Strings, Chairman Pin Committee, Debating Team.

We think the J stands for Jehosaphet, but we confess that we do not know. But let us not convict our scholar, author, musician and friend without a trial. Bub composed the class song, served on numerous committees, helped Old Hughes, played the "uke" for us, and in general gained our unanimous friendship and esteem to such an extent that, well let's call him John.

KATHERINE WEST DARWIN

Old Hughes Staff, Glee Club, Honor League, French Club, A. L.

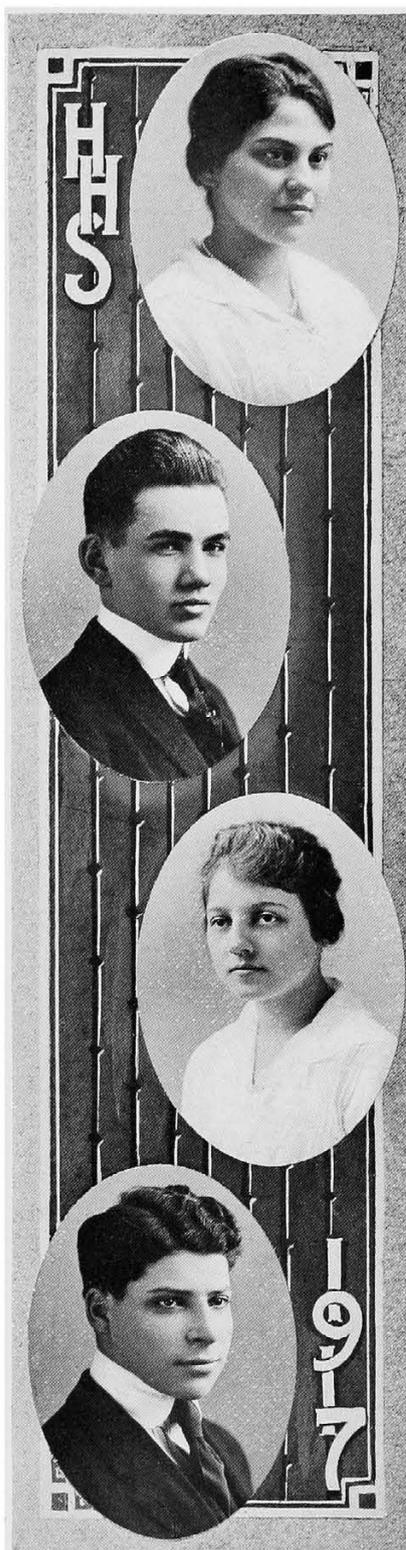
In spite of the fact that Katherine has been with us but two short years, we are all extremely fond of our sweet Southerner. We certainly hope she will have as great success in later life as she did in making friends here.

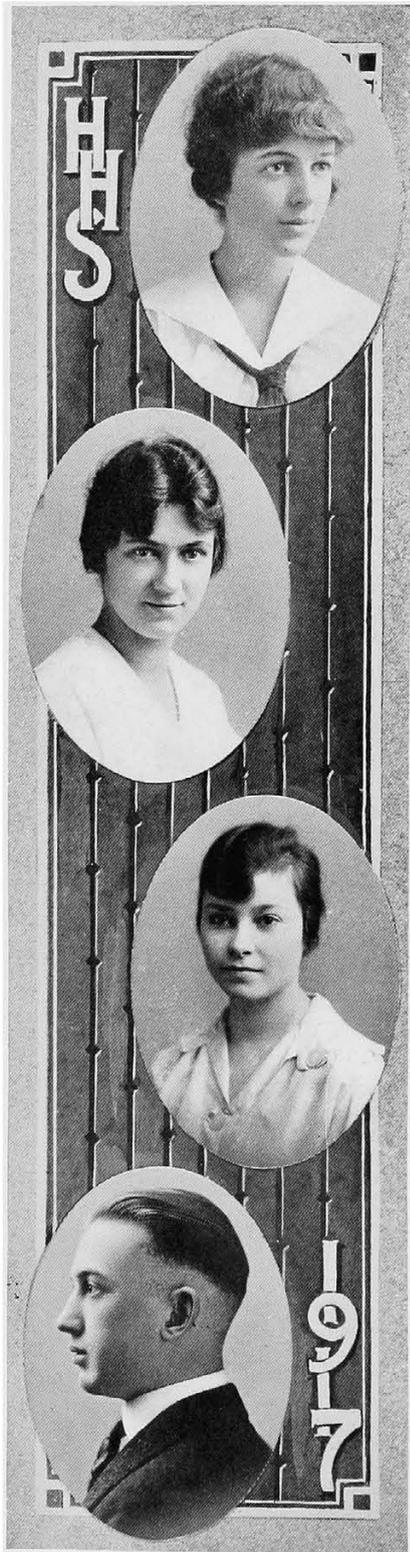
ZOLA GOTTHARD DEUTSCH (*Dutch*)

Chemistry Club, Basket-Ball Team, Hughes Club, A. A., A. L., Annual Staff.

Zola is one of the most generous, kind hearted fellows in the world. He is as clean and straightforward and refreshing as a plunge in an icy mountain stream. Until quite recently he was perhaps a trifle too bashful and timid toward that half of genus homo once termed the "gentler" but he is changing rapidly "for better or for worse." Dutch is something of a chemical genius, and intends to make the study of the science his life's work. Dutch, the class of '17 stands solid in wishing you all the success on earth.

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HAZEL CORINNE DIEBOLD (*Hay*)

Honor League, A. A., A. L., German Club.

Hazel is another one of those whose charms would fill a book. Consequently we are unable to make a complete list of them here. But chief among them are: her brown eyes, her lovely hair, and winning ways. She is very cheerful at all times and has never been known to lose her temper. Could a better combination than this be found?

P. S. We forgot to mention her fondness for Green Bud's.

ELEANOR MARIE DIETZ (*Boots*)

German Club, A. L.

Eleanor is not noisy about her bravery, but her cheerful smile when things look dark is a sign of real heroism. It has been a great encouragement to her classmates many times.

MARY ISABELLE DIXON

(Dick, Dickie, Is)

Honor League, A. L., Glee Club, French Club.

Most of us will remember Isabelle as a pretty, smiling young person, with a talent for dancing, and a taste for whipped cream. But to the poor deluded girl who tried to get ahead of her place in the lunch line, Isabelle will always remain a frowning tyrant with eyes in the back of her head. However we all like Isabelle, and Hughes will certainly be a dark place without her.

CHARLES BENNING DOLMAN

(Batch, Dolly, Chas.)

Chemistry Club, Football Team, Track Team, Hughes Club, Industrial Arts Club, A. L., A. A.

Here's the class "beau in the age of Queen Anne." Opposing football teams lose their appetite for playing when they see him on the field. On the track we only see him at the start and at the finish—the rest of the way he is merely a streak. The girls worship him as a hero and as—whatever else the girls like a fellow for.

DORA DRACHENBERG

Honor League, Spanish Club, German Club, History Club.

If all the students were like Dora there would be no lonesome nor friendless boys and girls attending school. Dora becomes acquainted with all and makes them her friends.

ELIZABETH M. DRUCKER (Billy)

Mgr. Swimming Team, Center Ball Team, Honor League, A. A., A. L., French Club, Hiking Club.

An all round athlete—what more can be said? Center ball and swimming have found her services invaluable and the boys find her indispensable when the time for dancing begins.

LEO EBERLE (Ebbs)

Commercial Club, A. L., A. A.

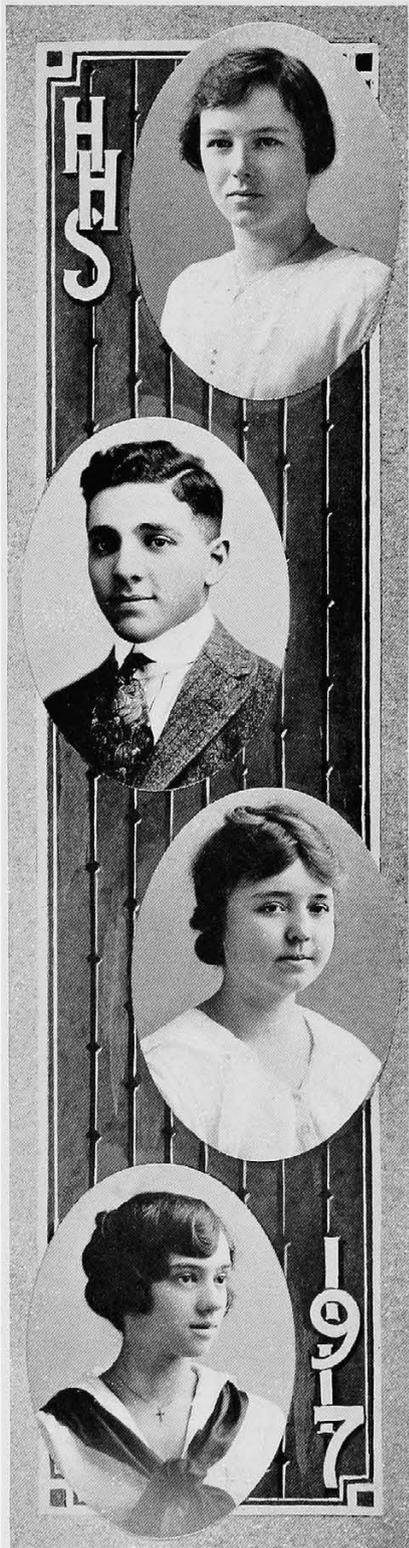
In Leo the class of 1917 may justly boast of a deep thinker. Like all students, he may not catch a point in the lesson here and there, but he has shown a keenness and grit which will one day place him among the leading business men of the city, and, perhaps, the United States.

PAUL EGGERT (Pauline)

History Club, A. L., A. A.

Paul has those endearing young charms which help to make a perfect gentleman. He has such a winning way about him that he has gained a host of friends at Hughes.





LEOTA PAULINE EIFERT (*Balee*)

Honor League, Swimming Team, A. L.

Leota has been with us for only one year, but we have found her the most agreeable kind of companion and her teachers have found her the most studious kind of pupil.

ALFRED STANLEY EPSTEIN (*Eppie*)

A. A., A. L., Spanish Club, Mandolin Club, Five Strings.

Alfred has gained fame by becoming a member of our well-known Five Strings. He also drew many eyes his way by wearing a moustache (?) to school. Outside of these facts he is a perfectly normal person, and above all a good scout.

ELSIE ESCHENBACH (*Els*)

German Club, Spanish Club, Honor League, A. L., Center Ball Team.

Elsie has followed an excellent motto, "Don't put off for tomorrow what can be done today." Result is, she is a good pupil and has won many friends.

DOROTHY M. EXON

Honor League, A. L., Spanish Club, German Club.

Dorothy is possessed of a conscience that makes nothing except absolute perfection satisfactory. And yet her jolly, wide-awake enthusiasm for all of the good times of life makes her one of the most lovably human girls of the class.

MINNA FEIBLEMAN

(Billie, Tom Thumb)

A. L., Pres. German Club, French Club, Honor League, History Club.

Minna is one of our most conscientious students. She is a firm believer in the saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." We are certain of her success in life.

ELEANOR FINKE (El)

A. L., Honor League, German Club, French Club, History Club, A. A.

All her friends will agree that Eleanor is a jolly, good-natured girl and an excellent student. All splendid qualities, El, stick to them.

NORMA LOUISE FIRST (Pat)

A. L., A. A., Honor League, Center Ball Team, Swimming Team, History Club, German Club,

Norma is "First," last and always. Her vocabulary is the pride of the school. How we envied her especially in class meetings.

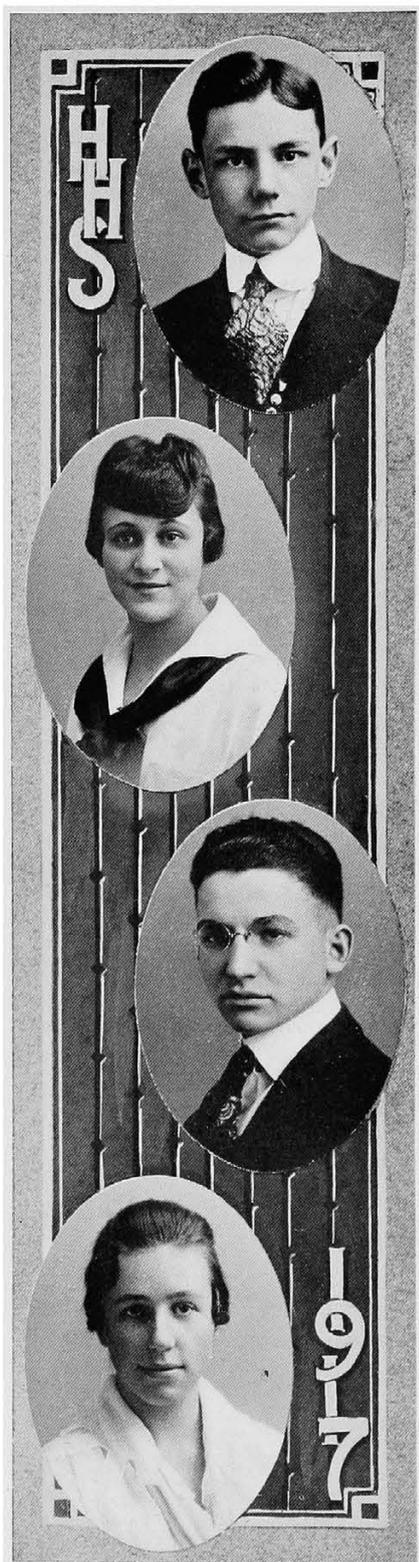
She has an abundant supply of energy and ability which we feel sure will carry her to great heights in the future.

ADELE FISCHER (Fish, Serie)

A. A., A. L., Honor League, French Club,

Adele is a sweet girl but very capable. Even her teachers admit it. As a finisher she is quite a hit. If you start something that you cannot stop just hand it over to Adele and she will see to its speedy termination.





EUGENE F. FLANAGAN (*Gene*)

A. A., A. L., Commercial Club.

Eugene, as you can judge by his name, is one of our big German guns, always scrappy and ready to pound somebody. Outside of this, he is a good chap, sociable, intelligent, and in every way a credit to Hughes.

LILLIAN RUSSELL FLEISCHER

(*Billy Hooligan*)

A. L., A. A., German Club, History Club, Honor League.

One of the most attractive things about Lillian is her eyes, and as eyes tell character you may read hers—loyal, straightforward and true.

NATHAN F. FOGEL (*Nate*)

A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, Spanish Club, German Club, Asst. Business Mgr. Old Hughes.

Nate is a good student and a fine business manager. We will always remember Nate as the boy with that sort of friendly personal interest in everyone.

FLORENCE LOUISE FORD (*Flossie*)

A. A., A. L., French Club, German Club, Honor League, Hiking Club, Mandolin Club.

Florence is inclined to keep her thoughts to herself, but we imagine she has a good many. She has gone through school successfully, without making a fuss about it.

GERTRUDE FRAHM

A. A., A. L., Glee Club.

She builds a wall around herself and only few people get on the inside. Only those who have this privilege know Gertrude as she really is. Her voice is a great asset, and she is making marvelous strides along the music line.

LEON FRANK

Commercial Club, A. A., A. L.

He is quiet and capable in calm or stress. One instinctively looks to him when one is in trouble.

BEATRICE FRANKEL (*Bee*)

Honor League, A. L., A. A., History Club.

Bee is a diligent, patient worker who is not always given full credit. But we who know her, wish to say that she is one of the finest and truest of our number.

CARL W. FREY (*Babe*)

Glee Club, Football Team, A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, Business Manager Annual, Baseball Team.

"Babe" has had the real Hughes spirit from the beginning. His playing on the football team was nothing short of miraculous and he captured the hearts of the fair sex at the playlet given for the football team. As business manager of the Annual he worked unceasingly. "Read the ads" and find out how splendid he is.





LEO S. FRIEDMAN (*Freo*)

Spanish Club, German Club, Chemistry Club, Mandolin Club, Hughes Club, A. L., A. A.

Leo is a good hard working student, and clever and ready for fun besides. He is a great musician. If Haydn and Mozart were reincarnated they would probably go to him to study. The only instrument we have found him unfamiliar with is the Zulu Wrtyuimba.

FLORENCE MARGARET GABRIEL

Editor of the Annual, Spanish Club, Commercial Club, Honor League, Hiking Club, A. L.

Florence is industrious, very—and nice besides. If we didn't know that she had too much sense we would make up a high-school romance for her, because she really would shine in one. That everybody likes her goes without saying, for her classmates made her the editor.

RALPH W. E. GALL (*Fuzzy*)

A. L., A. A., Glee Club.

Fuzzy carries about with him a seemingly inexhaustible supply of contagious good humor. If you want to get rid of a grouch, listen to Fuzzy for about five minutes. And then there is that birdlike first tenor voice. If Fuzzy is in a quartet, it is bound to be a success.

JOSEPH GARRETSON, Jr. (*Joe*)

A. A., Art League, Old Hughes Staff, Annual Staff, Debating Team, Swimming Team, President Spanish Club, History Club, Chemistry Club.

Joe, acting as the athletic reporter for Old Hughes showed us that literary ability can be inherited. He is very good in all his studies and is some debater. But where Joe especially shines is in chemistry, where he is constantly finding mistakes that the author has made. Garretson's Primary Arithmetic, whose great virtue is the avoidance of the general mistake that 2 times 8 is 16 instead of 15 or 17 will, we are sure, some day make him famous.

STUART R. GARRISON (*Stu, Garry*)

A. A., A. L., Treasurer of Class of '17, Hughes Club, History Club, Spanish Club, Chemistry Club.

Appearances are often deceiving. Many think Stu is one of the meek and unassuming kind, but these never get a glimpse of him in Math passing notes to R. H. W. Besides, a person who is intrusted with such large funds and goes home from a dance with \$150 in his pocket, can't afford to be meek.

GEORGE ALBERT GATCH (*Al*)

A. L., Hughes Club, Football Team, Basket-Ball Team, Baseball Team.

Al has only been with us this year. He has made the football team and has starred on the basket-ball team. In spite of his hard work on the teams he does good recitation work.

MYRTLE PRIODE GEIS (*Mert*)

French Club, Honor League, A. A., A. L.

It doesn't seem quite fair that Myrtle should be endowed with musical ability and two lovely dimples at the same time. But after all, we can easily see how she is the favorite of the muse of music and of the god of dimples, for she is a favorite with her classmates, also.

FLORA GORDON (*Flossie*)

German Club, Spanish Club, A. L., Honor League, History Club, Hiking Club.

Flora has been with us only two years, but her constant good humor and her ever jolly disposition have won her many friends.





MARCELLUS F. GRAU (Marc)

A. A., A. L., Commercial Club, Orchestra.

If you ever want something done well, call on Marc. He has been an earnest worker during his four high school years, and his original jokes have caused many a laugh in the class rooms. Marc is quite a musician and he expects to continue his musical work.

HENRY GREBER

(Heinie, O. Henry, Joe)

A. L., Commercial Club, Book Room Quartet, Spanish Club.

Henry is one of the most genuinely good natured, big hearted, sweet tempered fellows that we ever met. He has a mind as quick and accurate as a steel trap. If Henry does not make good in the world, may Heaven pity the rest of us.

ROY EMMANUEL GREENSMITH

Hughes Club, Chemistry Club, Spanish Club, German Club, A. L., A. A.

Roy hails from Price Hill, though you wouldn't suspect it. Sometimes he pulls off some pretty live stuff with his peculiar sense of humor, but more generally he is contented to remain quiet.

DOROTHY HABEKOTTE (Dot)

Center Ball Team, History Club, Glee Club.

Dorothy has made many friends at Hughes considering she has been with us only two years, having transferred from Walnut Hills in the "B" Grade. We are mighty sorry she didn't start in sooner.

REBECCA BEATRICE HACHEN

(Beckie)

Honor League, Art League, German Club, History Club, Hiking Team, Commercial Club, A. A.

What a willing and eager worker she is. Always bustling about, ready to do your slightest command. Rebecca will sacrifice anything in the cause of friendship. Would that more were like her.

LILLIAN M. HAEUSSLER (Babe)

A. A., Honor League, Art League, History Club.

We'll have to admit that on first acquaintance Babe seems awfully quiet. But after you have known her awhile you find that she is fond of fun in a quiet way.

EDITH HAILE

Honor League, A. L., French Club.

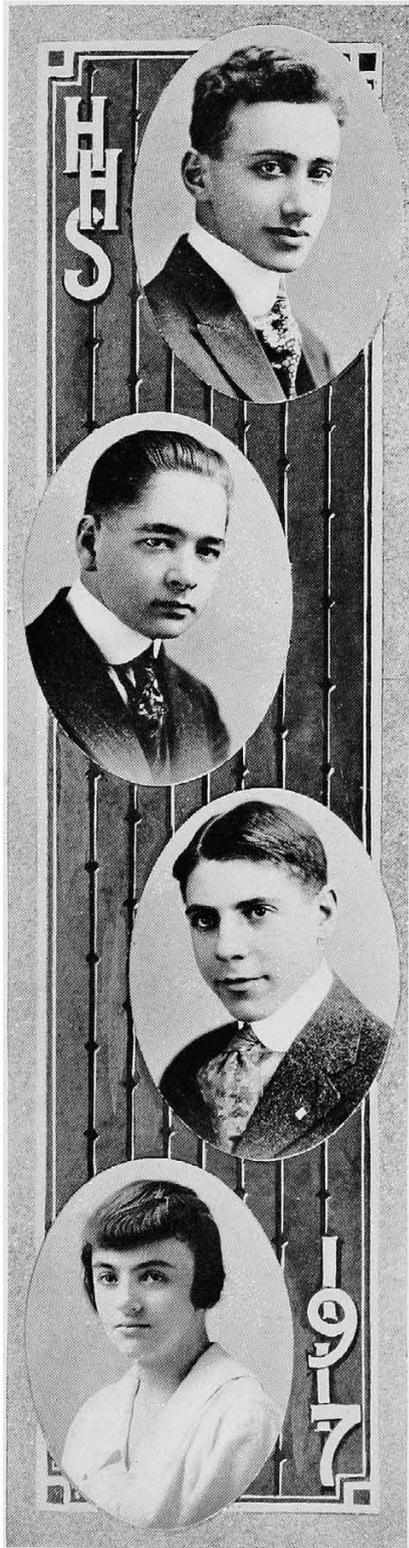
Surely no one could find a more charming personality than Edith's. She is competent in every sense of the word, but we have had a hard time to discover her ability, for she is always modest and demure.

JOSEPHINE HAILE (Jo)

French Club, Honor League, A. L., Glee Club.

Joe is a sweet, attractive girl, and everyone is benefited by her presence at Hughes. Although she is quiet and unassuming, she is always ready to assist everyone.





MARK V. HAMBURGER (*Ham*)

Chemistry Club, History Club, French Club, A. A., A. L., Track Team.

Mark is an orator and a runner, which might one day stand him in good stead. But seriously, he is a good pleasant fellow and everyone thinks a lot of him. Sometimes, for practice perhaps, Mark entered into debates with his teachers, and strange as it may seem, usually lost. However he is a good student, and it all turned out all right.

HERBERT HARDIN (*Tex*)

A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, Book Room Quartet, Debating Team, Chemistry Club, President of Greek Club.

Herb is one of the best of the Book room minstrels. He could give Al. Jolson a few pointers on black face comedy, and "Old Man Plato" some good advice as to Greek composition. In oratory he harks back to the good old days of Mark Cicero and dear Danny Webster, only he has the latest improvements which they lacked. We're mighty glad that Herb was reclaimed for us from the wilds of Texas, for those savages could never have appreciated him.

IRA HARRIS (*I*)

Commercial Club, A. L., A. A., Hughes Club, Spanish Club, Basket-Ball Team, Swimming Team.

He is a match for anyone in argumentation. In civics he is not daunted when the whole class takes sides against him, and never acknowledges defeat. Some one rightly called him our "silver-tongued orator."

MARIAN HARTZEL

A. L., Honor League, Glee Club, French Club, Old Hughes Staff.

Marian has a beautiful voice, which is coupled with an irresistible charm. These two accomplishments are bound to "bring forth much fruit" in her future life, and we have great hopes of seeing her rise to high planes in the musical as well as the social world.

JOHN H. HASTIE (*Shrimp*)

House Committee, Spanish Club, A. L., A. A., History Club.

It is hard to believe that John is a senior until you talk to him. He is little—but so was Napoleon. A bundle of nerves and energy—that's John. We expect to hear him spoken of some day as a "Little Giant of Industry."

HELENE L. HEINSHEIMER

(*Peach, Heinie*)

A. L., A. A., French Club, Honor League, Old Hughes Staff, Annual Staff, Debating Team, Swimming Team.

"Peach" is an example of what we may call "Stick-to-itiveness." When there is anything to be done she puts other trivial things aside and works with all her might until her end is accomplished. She is a star in all her work, shining especially in Mathematics. She certainly is popular with every one.

NORA HEINTZMAN

German Club, Honor League, Hiking Club.

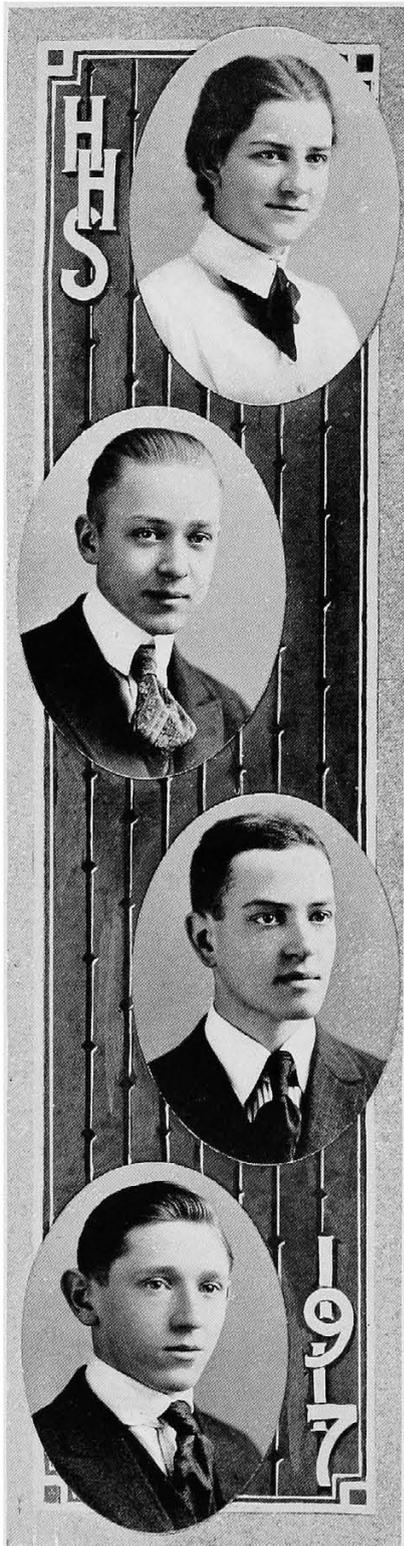
Quiet little Nora is the kind of a girl who is a friend worth having. We suspect however, that she could make it hot for you if she tried. So if she takes the warpath 'twill be safest to leave for the next state.

IRMA HELMERS

Honor League, Art League, A. A., German Club, French Club.

Irma has a quiet dignity of her own which is so rare in this day. It is because of this that many are glad to claim her as a friend.





MAY HELMER

A. L., Honor League, Spanish Club, Mgr. Hiking Club.

A perfect disciple of Jeffersonian democracy toward the fairer sex combined with an alpine atmosphere toward the male biped of the species, a mind that eagerly grasps both the practicalness of mechanical drawing and the imaginativeness of fiction writing, and hands that handle the plane and saw as well as the needle. May possesses striking personality, dual one might almost say.

ROBERT H. HERMANN (Bob)

Hughes Club, Mandolin Club, A. L., A. A.

Bob has become quite a proficient lunch-slinger and will certainly disappoint his fellow-students, if he doesn't follow this and become a waiter at Childs'. We only hope that he keeps the whipped-cream on the plate instead of on his customer's coat. How about it, Herb.

TOM HERMAN (T)

A. A., Annual Staff, House Committee, French Club, German Club, History Club, Swimming Team, Mandolin Club.

Tom is going to college to learn to write advertisements. He has quite an ability for description and we are sure that he will be successful in setting forth the virtues of merchandise "never before paralleled in the history of our store." Tom is a friendly fellow and a good student.

MAX HERRLE

Hughes Club, Industrial Arts Club, German Club, A. A., A. L.

Little Max, one of the finest fellows who ever handed a roll with a generous "two whip" over the lunch counter to a starving classmate. Max's smile that won't come off has made cheerful days innumerable. With the "demoiselles" he is as popular as a new thought poet. "What is home without a mother," but oh what is Hughes without a Max?

ALINE JULIA HESTERBERG (Al)

*French Club, Honor League, A. L., A. A., Glee Club,
History Club, Hiking Club.*

Aline is one of our bright classmates. According to her teachers one need not be afraid to use superlatives when speaking of her. She is very friendly and always willing to help some unfortunate individual with a difficult lesson.

PAUL R. HINES

*A. L., A. A., Hughes Club, President Industrial
Arts Club, Football Team, Baseball Team,
Mandolin Club.*

Duke the dashing brunette! Oh how the ladies sigh when his classic features appear on the horizon, and oh, how those poor football teams sighed, if they had enough wind, when he landed on them like a steel-jacketed shell. There are not many things that you can tell Duke about baseball either, nor basket-ball, nor swimming. But above all, Duke is a good, clean, conscientious, hard working student and athlete. There are not many fellows in the class more deservedly popular than he.

CORINNE J. HIRSCHBERG

A. A., German Club, A. L., Honor League.

If the old saying, "The road to a man's heart lies through his stomach" has any element of truth in it, Corinne has opened many a pathway, or rather boulevard, by means of her famous cakes and kitchen delicacies.

WILLIAM H. HOBERG (Bill)

*A. A., A. L., Asst. Mgr. Football Team, Athletic
Council, Hughes Club, Asst. Business Mgr. Annual,
Baseball Team, Basket-Ball Team.*

This gentleman is the most tenacious, pusillanimous arguer we know of. He has never been known to yield a single point. No, he hasn't got red hair either. But Bill is right there when it comes to real hard work in arranging an affair or in helping to make a social function a humming success.





F. HAROLD HOFFMAN (*Hoff*)

A. L., A. A., Spanish Club,

Harold is one of those fortunate persons whom everyone knows and likes. He leaves a general good impression, with no particular point emphasized. Good luck to you, old boy, may you make a hit with the world as you have with us.

MARION W. HOLZMAN (*Mary Anne*)

A. L., A. A., Honor League, Glee Club, Pres. French Club, History Club.

A more lovely and fascinating girl cannot be found in our whole class. She's here, there and everywhere, always "running around." Whether it be the dignity she assumes in presiding over the French Club or the naive way in which she says: "Do you LOVE him?" or any other of her charming mannerisms, she certainly has made a host of friends.

FOSTER HOPKINS (*Hop II*)

A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, Football Team, Track Team, Basket-Ball Team, Baseball Team.

Fos. is plumb full of school spirit and school pride. By his brilliant work on the various teams he has helped a good deal to put Hughes in the standing where she is.

OTTO VON HORN (*Von*)

A. A., A. L., Track Team, Captain Basket-Ball Team, Captain Class Basket-Ball Team, Hughes Club, Industrial Arts Club, History Club.

Even though a teacher's son "Von" is certainly full of "pep" which he exercises in various ways—he even throws ink bottles around study hall. As captain of the basket-ball team he was splendid and we feel sure he will have to enlist the services of a truck to get his medals home when the track meets begin.

DOROTHY HUGHEY (*Dot*)

A. A., A. L., Honor League, Spanish Club.

Dorothy is a jolly companion who is always joking and laughing, but she has a very serious aim in life, that of becoming a red cross nurse. We feel sure that she will become another Florence Nightingale.

FLORENCE E. INDERRIEDEN

(*Flo, Flossy, Florry*)

A. L., A. A., Commercial Club.

Florence is a capable scholar of dignified mien. But this appearance of dignity is deceiving for she is humorous and is willing to indulge in any harmless prank as often as the rest of us.

MOSES ISAACS (*Miz*)

President Chemistry Club, Secretary French Club, Hughes Club, Old Hughes Staff, Annual Staff, Manager Debating Team.

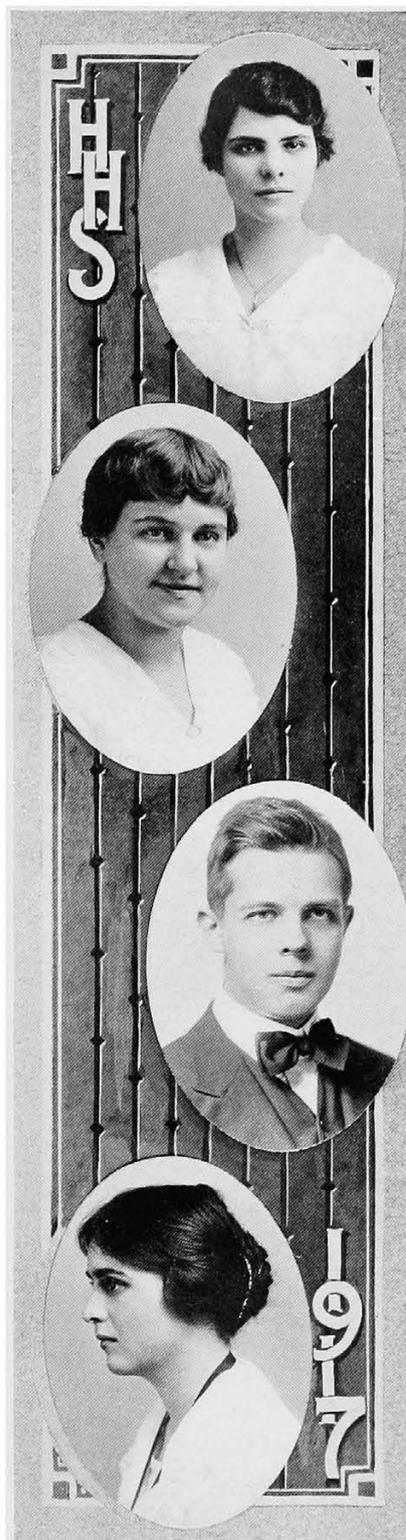
Old Mo is a gentleman and a scholar. Perhaps some of us may have thought that he sometimes knew his lessons altogether too well, yet we assure you that, taken off his guard, he is entirely human. With his numerous unspellable ologies, psych, physi, bi, embry, and the rest of them he overshadows our tiny intellects like an umbrella over a pea. Moses is going to be a doctor. May he bankrupt all undertakers!

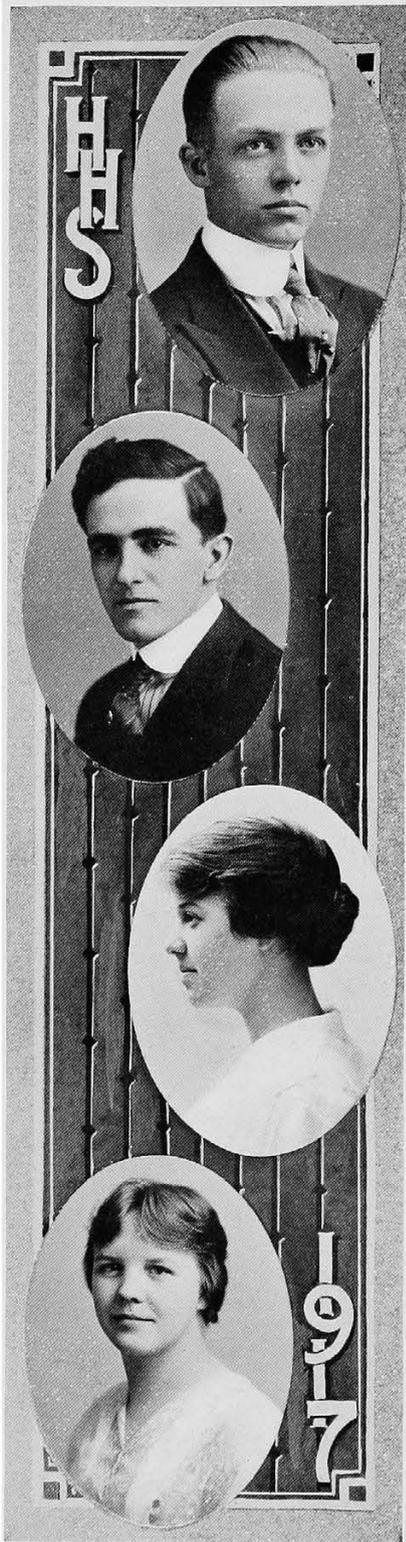
ELIZABETH H. JAMIESON

(*Betty, Ibbly*)

A. A., A. L., President History Club, Honor League.

Elizabeth is a quiet, thoughtful girl, possessing that rare attribute known as perseverance. This trait will enable her to accomplish that which is really worth while.





FRANK JEMISON

Hughes Club Secretary, Greek Club, Glee Club, History Club, Track Team, Orchestra.

A musician and an athlete. Frank's trombone was much in evidence, both at the Operetta and at the Senior Party. It is not often that these premier accomplishments go hand in hand, but then nothing that Frank does is commonplace.

LLOYD B. JOHNSON (Doc)

A. A., A. L., Chemistry Club, Vice-President Glee Club, Vice-President History Club, Cheer Leader, Old Hughes Staff, Hughes Club.

To us the predominant characteristic of our dear Lloyd is his overwhelming modesty. The possessor of a magnificent tenor voice, a dancer of superlative grace, handsome as an Apollo, eloquent as Demosthenes, nevertheless he admits that there are some men greater than he. But seriously, Lloyd is a good, clean-cut, honest, conscientious fellow, whom we all know and like.

IRMA GRACE JONES

A. A., A. L., Honor League, German Club.

Efficiency is Irma's byword. She has shown it in the Domestic Science Course for four years, and just to make sure that this knowledge will be useful, she has already provided for her future to the extent of getting engaged. We will all forgive her for that, however, for she has come along at an opportune moment on several occasions and saved more than one of us from being late, or rather her speedmobile did.

BERNICE JOYCE (Bunny)

A. L., A. A., Honor League, History Club.

Have you ever seen Bernice sad? Of course not, neither have we. She is ever full of fun and nothing seems to daunt her good nature. She wears a perpetual smile.

MYRON D. KAHN (*Mike*)

*Swimming Team, German Club, Chemistry Club,
A. A., A. L.*

Mike may be described by the single word, amphibious, which, as you observe, is derived from *am*, meaning water, and *phibi*, the sun or, in other words, the earth. Indeed he is equally at home in, or on, either element. For the rest, he is a good student, somewhat inclined to laziness, but willing, we wager, to run a marathon if a pretty face is his goal.

WILLIAM KASSEL

*A. A., A. L., Captain Swimming Team, Treasurer
German Club, Spanish Club.*

Bill has a cheerful disposition and never loses any sleep over his studies but, nevertheless, he manages to pull down marks that will let him give his far-famed imitation of a fish.

HERBERT K. KEEVER (*Herb*)

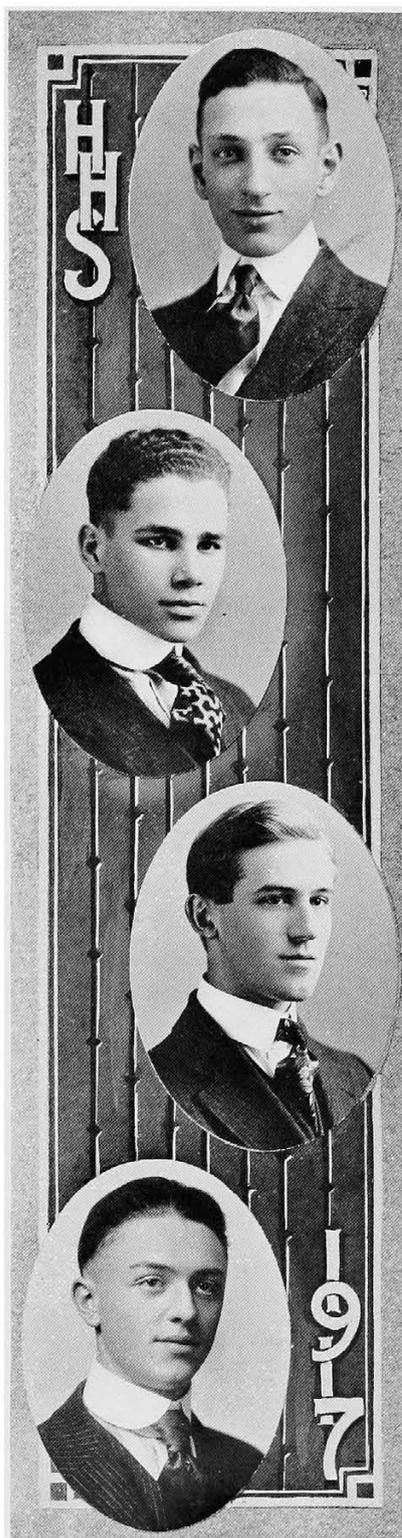
*A. A., A. L., Industrial Arts Club, Chemistry Club,
Hughes Club, Boys' House Committee,
Business Manager Senior Plays.*

Herb is the most conscientious hard working boy in the class. He has taken hard courses and has made splendid averages. He is quite a chemist and a fine photographer. In spite of the hard conditions Herb has been a fine House Committee chairman this year. We will always remember him as the most obliging person on earth.

IRVIN KENNEDY (*Bock*)

*A. A., A. L., Football Team, Baseball Team,
Commercial Club.*

Irvin is a jolly good fellow, and his smile is very contagious. He is interested in all sports and we are sure he will be a second Christy Mathewson for the "Reds."





KATHERINE LOUISE KERN

(*Kay, K*)

German Club, A. A., A. L., Vice-President Commercial Club, Honor League, History Club, Hiking Club, Annual Staff.

If you have been fortunate enough to count *Kay* as one of your friends, you know how futile it is to try to tell of her charms in this limited space. As a pupil, few indeed have ranked higher; as a friend, none are more willing to assist; and as a companion, none are more cheering.

MILDRED KERN

A. L., A. A., French Club, Honor League.

Mildred besides being well known as a brilliant scholar is one whom we all love for her poise and dignity.

WILLIAM R. KINGERY (*King*)

A. A., A. L., Greek Club.

Kingery was new with us this year. He settled down to Hughes and Hughes tradition right away, and beside building up quite a reputation along different lines he is a red-head of whom the school is proud.

GERTRUDE GRACE KIRSCHNER

A. L., A. A., French Club, Honor League.

Gertrude has enjoyed only one year of our wonderful life at Hughes, but in that time she has shown herself to be made of pure gold. Her winning personality has made her a fitting member of our senior class.

EUGENE DEWEY KOCH (*Coke*)

A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, French Club, Mandolin Club, Glee Club, Old Hughes Staff, Annual Staff.

Gene, the happy-go-lucky, clever, irresponsible, cheerful, lazy, grinning, generous, funny, jolly good fellow that he is. A beacon light in our drab world of conventionality, a true friend ready to spend his last nickel for a soda and to give you a straw. Gene draws cartoons better than Bud Fisher. We sincerely hope that one day may appear a work entitled, "A History of Art, from Rembrandt to Koch."

EARLE S. KOEHL (*Kelly*)

A. A., A. L., German Club, History Club, Hughes Club, Industrial Arts Club.

Earle has been in our midst for only little over a year, but we all agree that in this case it was better late than not at all. We wonder, however, whether he has not missed his vocation, in choosing Industrial Art, instead of Poetry.

WILLIAM KOESTER (*Bill*)

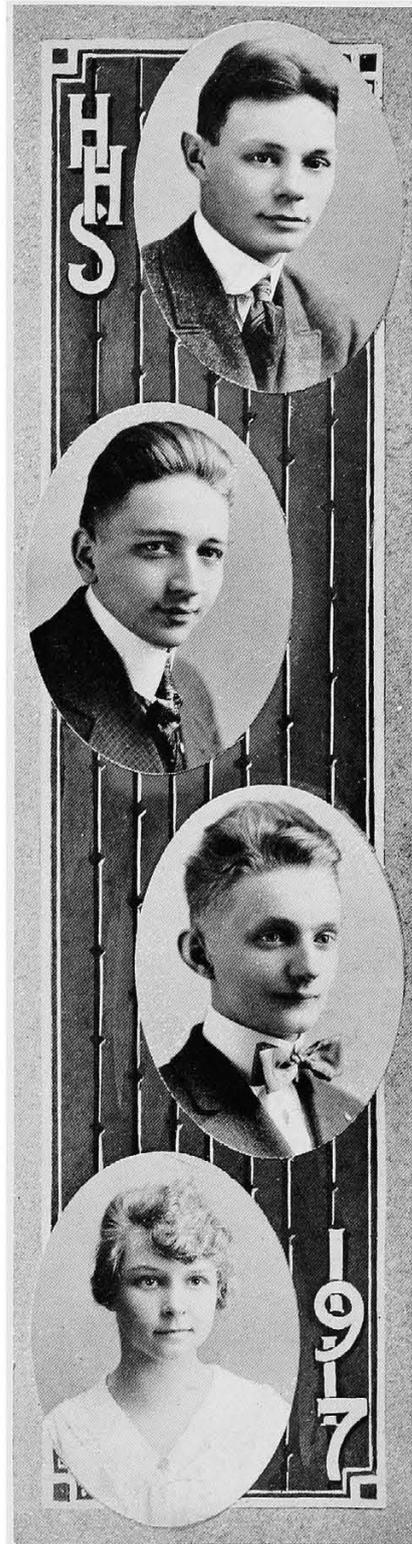
A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, Commercial Club.

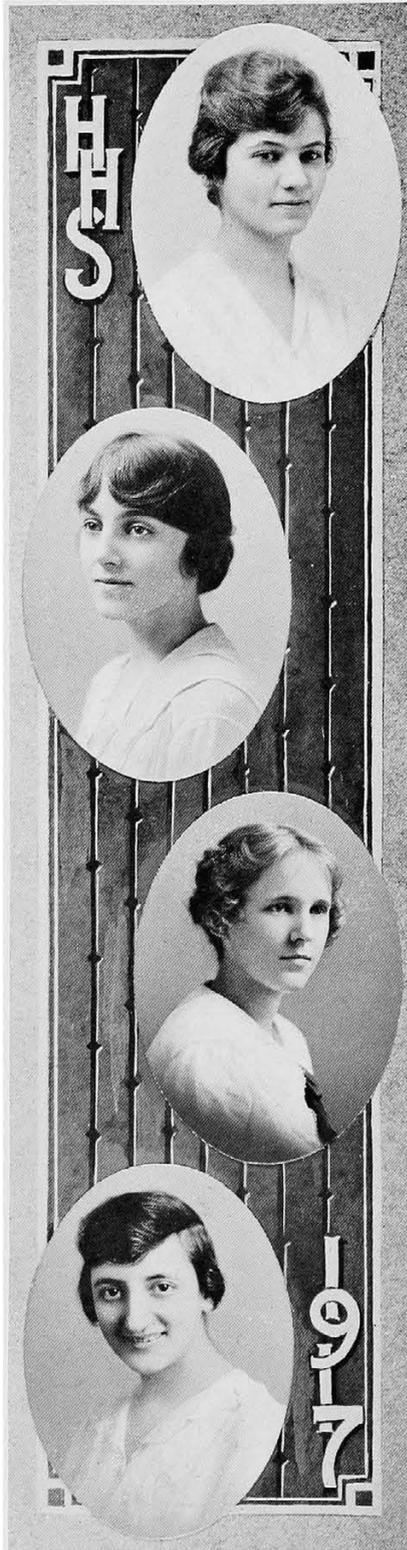
William, Bill or Skinny, is a worthy representative of the Commercial Course. He is one of the best "touch writers" of the class of 1917. There is no doubt that he is a Senior. You can tell by the way he walks. A very bright future is predicted for him and wished to him.

EUGENIA ROSE KORNAU (*Denny*)

Honor League, German Club, A. L., A. A.

Her classmates wonder how Jean can recite German so fluently besides being an efficient Domestic Science pupil. 'Fess up, Jean, we need advice.





LELA EVELYN KREGER

*Commercial Club, Glee Club, Honor League,
A. A., A. L.*

Look at Lela's dimples and you at once "fall for her." But those are not her only charms which, in fact, are too many to enumerate here. You need but look at her array of frat pins to know that the boys all find this to be true.

KATHERYN ELIZABETH KRUSE

(Kate)

Honor League, A. L., A. A.

Another attractive girl we have in our midst, but now we come to the quiet class when we interview Kate. She says very little but when she says something—oh you know the story about those "still waters." We know that Kate will be heard above the multitude some day.

HELEN LAMMERS

German Club, Spanish Club, History Club, Honor League, Hiking Club, A. L.

Helen makes and keeps friends. She is quiet and modest and one of the martyrs who have survived after reading the Critical Period—nicht wahr, Helen?

MIRIAM LANDMAN (*Yam, Mee*)

Honor League, German Club, French Club, Glee Club, Captain Center Ball Team, A. L., A. A., Annual Staff, Old Hughes Staff.

Don't think this is conceit but they can't praise "Mee" too much. Besides her other accomplishments, Miriam is blessed with both wit and wisdom, a most delightful combination. Indeed, her brilliant flashes of humor give one the sensation of an electrical storm, they are so "en-light-ening." She is full of school spirit and has accomplished many valuable things for the class.

ROSE LEVINE

Honor League, German Club, History Club, Hiking Club, A. A., A. L.

Rose is one of the feminine Beau Brummels, always up to the minute in styles and fads. Besides she is happy-go-lucky, jolly and joking, but can be very demure when she wishes to.

NELLY ELIZABETH LIPPERT

Honor League, History Club, Spanish Club.

Nelly has a passion for writing intimate little conversational notes. But we confess that we also have a passion for receiving those same little notes. They are, just as she is, so full of laughter, bubbling over with joy, so redolent of wit and humor and optimism, so entirely delightful that they are only surpassed by their author. Let George Eliot look to her laurels, for Nelly is getting there fast.

PEARL H. LOBITZ (*Pearlie, Po*)

A. A., A. L., French Club, Glee Club, Honor League, Center Ball Team, History Club, Old Hughes Staff.

Words fail to describe Pearl. Yet, we all agree that she is a peer of Tennyson's Maud, "as true as she is sweet," and still, "the half has not been told."

CLIFFORD LODWICK (*Wick*)

A. A., Hughes Club.

Clifford earned his education under difficulties, and merits proportional praise. Every day for four years (with one exception when he played hookey) he journeyed in to Hughes from the hinterland north of Bond Hill. In spite of the fact that Wick is a good student, he is also fond of horses, and may yet be a great turfman, if he isn't a preacher.





LEROY LOHN (*Jen, Lee*)

A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, Commercial Club.

LeRoy's refreshingly happy laugh, boyishly mischievous tricks and stunning beauty make us think of him as Julian Eltinge's only rival. But his clear-headed logical speechifyin' in economics and civics make us wonder if, after all, his beauty is not manly, and if he is not destined to be a power in the world of men.

FLORENCE LOHRER (*Larrie*)

French Club, Art League.

Florence is indeed so "quiet" and "unassuming" that to describe her otherwise would be absolute falsehood. But talkativeness never was a quality much to be sought after, so we do not condemn, but rather praise. Particularly when her numerous qualities have made her liked by everyone.

ALBERTA LOHUS (*Bertie*)

A. A., A. L., Honor League, French Club, History Club.

Alberta is rather quiet and unobtrusive. Her disposition is most sincere; making one feel that indeed and in truth you have in her a true friend.

SARAH MAGRISH (*Sarah, Maude, Sis*)

A. L., Honor League, History Club.

Sarah is seldom caught "asleep at the switch." We believe her motto must be, "That e'en though vanquished, she can argue still," for, if she is so unfortunate as to have forgotten the answer given in the text, she can manufacture one.

GOLDIE GERTRUDE MARCUS (*Fatsi*)

*German Club, French Club, History Club,
Honor League, A. L.*

Gertrude is an open-hearted maiden, ready with a kind word for everybody. She always appears to be enjoying herself regardless of her surroundings.

JULIUS MARK

French Club, History Club, Greek Club.

Julius is so good natured, so smiling and jolly, such an all round nice chap that anyone who does not like him must look for the fault in himself. Jule has a brilliant mind, but we must not hold that against him too much. And that chewing-gum that he dispenses so freely, if you know in which pocket it is kept! Truly Julius is a friend well worth cultivating.

LILLIAN J. MARTIN (*Lil*)

German Club, Honor League, History Club, A. L.

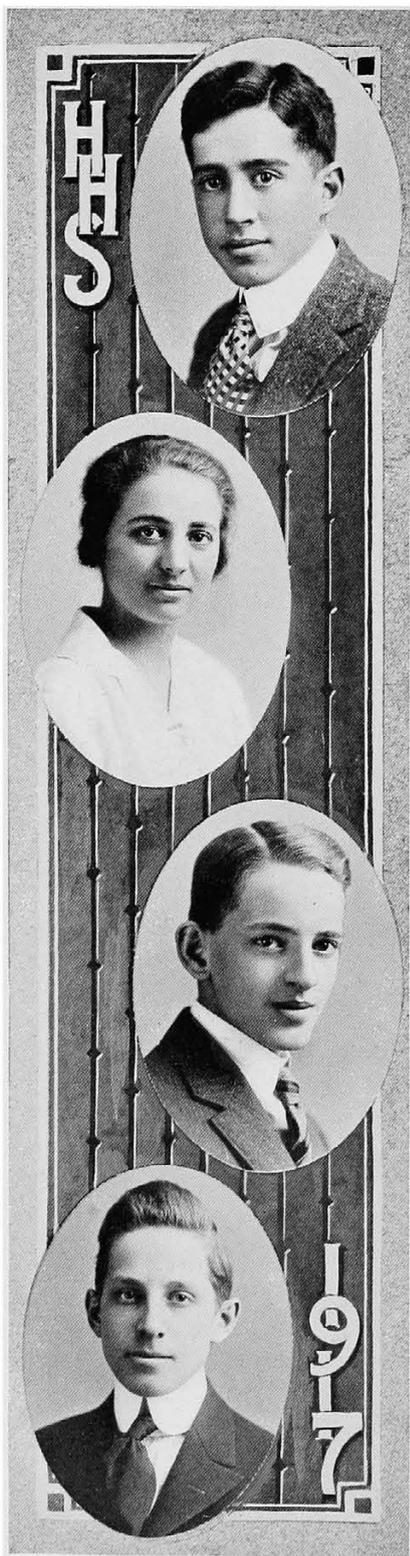
Lillian is very good natured. She could lose her lunch and laugh over it. Her readiness to see the funny side of everything has made her many friends.

MARION MARTIN (*Well*)

Glee Club, French Club, Honor League, A. A., A. L.

Which Marion is it that you desire? Well, it's of no consequence, for wherever one is, you're sure to find the other. If ever the expression, "two cherries on a single stem" is true it is so in this case. Besides "running around" with M. H. she finds a great deal of time to devote to dress, and certainly is among our class dudines.





FRED MAYER (*Freddy, Fritz*)

A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, Baseball Team, German Club, History Club, Pin Committee.

Fred has long had a passion for the movies. Maybe that is why he is able to listen so intently without hearing anything. And please, Freddie, don't study that "Comus" History too hard!

MINNA M. MAYER (*Sis*)

A. A., A. L., French Club, Honor League, Swimming Team, Center Ball Team.

To Sis a great deal of credit is due, for she has made high school in three years, and passed with honors. She has also found time to devote to athletics, and has proven her worth in swimming and center ball.

JACOB RUFUS McNEILL (*Jake, Mac*)

A. L., Commercial Club.

We have always suspected J. R. of being a book-worm because of that "distant prospect" gaze. But until we began working on Civics Research Questions we were not aware of the value of his reading.

ALLAN G. MEAKIN (*Al*)

A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, Industrial Club, History Club, Chemistry Club.

There are not many fellows who are as bright, pleasant, hearty, good natured and as all round true blue as Meak. And we're not saying this because we "Always go home past" any particular place either. Meak is the kind of a fellow to tie to, for you'll have to go a long way to find another like him. In conclusion, let it be said that this is not a matrimonial advertisement.

JULIUS MEININGER (*Y'Bum*)

A. A., A. L., Hughes Club.

Julius is a prominent member of the Cumminsville, excuse me, Northside, contingent. His main asset with the pupils and liability with the teachers, is a species of dry humor which he vents on the slightest provocation. As this prodigy is otherwise endowed with brains, there is no danger that he will degenerate into a professional humorist, which encourages us to hope for the best.

MARGARET MAYJANE MELLOR

(*Peg*)

Honor League, German Club, History Club, A. L.

Peg is our modest little songstress. We have high hopes for her. She also has another accomplishment which would be a decided asset if women were allowed to vote. She could apply for a chauffeur's position for she can drive a machine as well as any chauffeur.

GEORGE METZGER (*Metz*)

A. A., A. L., Treasurer Hughes Club, History Club, Chemistry Club.

George is the proud possessor of one of those mysterious smiles, the kind that doesn't wear off. He is six feet two and every inch a good scout. We must not forget to mention George's gentle eyes and silken locks, and therefore it is understood why there is such perfect harmony between him and the girls.

ALVIN A. MEYER (*Al*)

A. A., A. L., Commercial Club.

There are not many fellows in the class who are better liked than Al. Indeed why should we not like him, with his eternal good nature, his laughable clever nonsense, and his never-failing flow of cheerful wit. Truly Al is the corporeal answer to that popular query, "Have you a little fairy at Hughes?"





CAROLINE IDA MEYER (*Commodore*)

Glee Club, A. L., French Club, Honor League.

Caroline is a mighty nice girl and earnest in her work. She is fully repaid for her trouble though, for she goes through with "flying colors" in everything, not excepting Latin.

MARIE ELIZABETH MILLER

A. L., A. A., Honor League, History Club.

Marie is our Titian haired princess, and she is a princess in every sense of the word, as her good looks, stately carriage and womanly dignity all prove. She isn't like the royal lady that didn't "care to be treated like a person" though, and is lots of fun when you know her.

MARGARET ELIZABETH MOAK

(*Margie, Peggy*)

A. L., French Club, Glee Club, Honor League

Margie seems to possess no prominent characteristics, but the general estimate, the ensemble, as it were, of her personality is extremely pleasant. She is a mighty congenial companion and, this notwithstanding, an excellent student.

ELSIE FREDRICKA MOLITOR

(*Petite*)

A. A., A. L., French Club, German Club, History Club, Center Ball Team, Honor League.

Elsie has moods as countless as the sands of the sea, still—"Love and praise." What more could one desire?

ELLA MARIE MOONEY (*Alimony*)

French Club, Honor League, A. A., A. L.

Ella believes in having a good time whate'er the costs. This combined with "Optimism," her middle name, has gained her many friends from her class.

MAUDE KATHERINE MOORE

*A. A., A. L., Commercial Club, Honor League,
Hiking Club.*

Maude is like Tennyson's Maud, "as true as she is sweet" and because of her sweetness and goodwill, she is a good companion to have.

LENA MOORMEIER (*Linchen*)

Commercial Club, Art League, Athletic Association.

Our little Lena is sweet and shy. To her one could never apply the term boisterous. But hidden behind that shy reserve is a brain not to be despised.

**ROBERT ALEXANDER JOHNSTON
MORRISON** (*Bob*)

*Class Secretary, Captain Football Team, A. A., A. L.,
Baseball Team, Athletic Council.*

Behold here our class athlete! It was his belief in his team, his ever abounding cheer, and his fighting spirit that brought the Football championship once again to Hughes. We all certainly enjoyed the interesting way in which he wrote the minutes of our class meetings. Our wishes are with him for success at Yale.





RUTH MORRISON (*Rufus*)

Glee Club, A. L., French Club, Honor League, A. A.

No, Ruth is not Bob's sister but she has his pleasing personality. She can talk French with her mouth and both shoulders, while she dresses like a Paris modiste. Rufus is always on deck at the Glee Club and is rather an artist. 'Tis said Mrs. Willard could not get along without her.

MARGARET B. MUELLER

(*Margie, Peg*)

A. A., A. L., Honor League, German Club, History Club.

Peg is such a laughing, jolly sort of a girl—except in chemistry—that when she smiles the world smiles with her, and she makes the old cosmos smile mighty often.

WILBUR E. MUELLER, (*Will*)

A. L., Commercial Club, German Club, History Club.

A steady, dependable chap is he, willing to help at any time. A teacher need never fear to ask him for his lessons, for he always has his studies prepared on time. It would be to our credit if more of us would follow his example. We're sure to hear more of Wilbur in later years.

EDITH H. MURDOCK (*Enos, Swooze*)

French Club, Honor League, Glee Club, A. A., A. L.

Our charming and popular Edith is always called upon to make things successful at Hughes. She is a talented Thespian and made quite a hit as Queen Picklemeena in the Operetta. She has acquired a reputation for always doing her share and more too.

J. EARL MYERS (*Wee*)

*A. A., A. L., Industrial Arts Club, Mandolin Club,
Secretary Chemistry Club, History Club,
Old Hughes Staff.*

In Latin, Wee reminds us of a Virgil, in Solid of a Sanders, in Science of a Pythagoras, in English of a Brander Matthews, in the Lunch Room of an endless pipe, and out of school, of a sturdy two year old infant just learning how to talk. But geniuses are notoriously eccentric, so undoubtedly we are all foolish on occasion. Wee is somewhat susceptible to feminine charms, and rather fickle in his affections, but we believe that he will eventually become either President, or an exhibition dancer.

SARAH E. NIMMO (*Sadie*)

Honor League, Mandolin Club, A. L.

If you saw Sadie for the first time when she was playing her mandolin, you might wonder if she was purely ornamental. But she has some brains in her pretty head, and while her domesticity may keep her from ever being famous, she at least will be a great success.

C. ROGER NISBET (*Neb*)

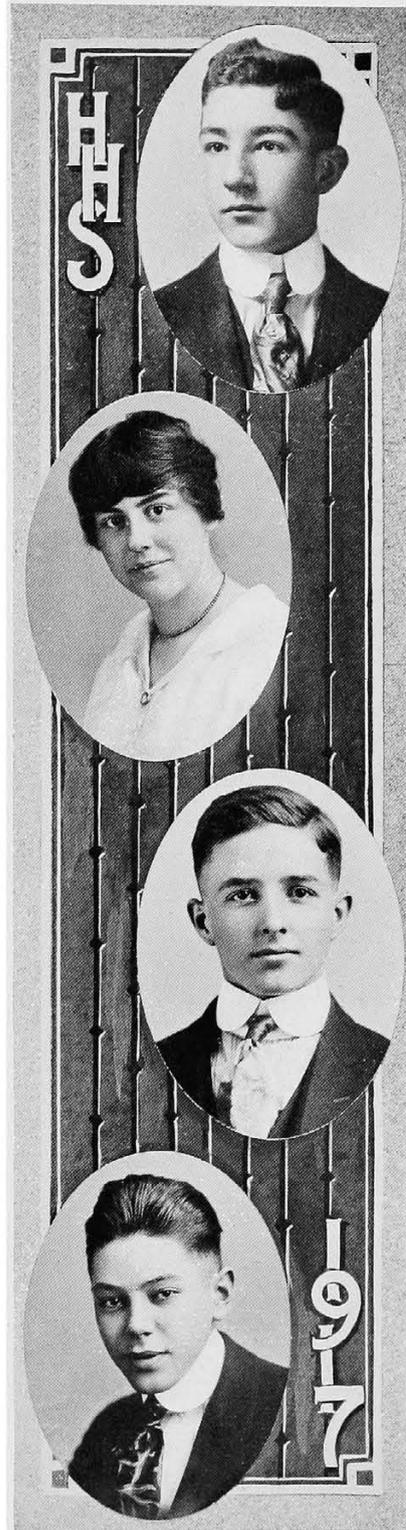
Athletic Association, Art League.

Roger comes all the way from Loveland each morning, and we are sorely afraid that his quiet manner has been caused by his surroundings. Nevertheless, he is a wizard in Mathematics.

HERBERT S. PAHREN (*Hubs*)

A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, Greek Club.

"Hubs" is a jolly soul and a prime favorite with the fellows. Many envy him for the capable way in which he carries "Doc" Burke's lunch, and are hoping that some day he may become the head waiter at the Sinton.





CHARLES OSBORNE PARKS

(C-O, Charlie)

*A. A., A. L., Hughes Club, Spanish Club,
Old Hughes Staff, Annual Staff.*

To those people who call him "C. O." Mr. Parks seems to be a person considering himself far above the rest of us. But to those who come to know him well enough to call him Charlie or Osborne, Charlie is a perfectly amiable person with a remarkable literary talent, and ready for any amount of original humor.

HELEN B. PAULI *(Billie)*

*Vice-President Honor League, French Club,
Mandolin Club, A. L., A. A., Annual Staff,
German Club, Center Ball Team.*

Behold the wittiest member of the class of '17. No, she has more than one accomplishment. Have you ever seen her coming down the corridor? She reveals fashion hints daily, and this, combined with her sterling qualities, makes her the finest chum anyone can own.

LOUISA B. PERIN

Honor League, French Club, A. L.

We have known Louisa but two years and it is extremely hard to judge her, as she is a quiet and studious girl. If you want to feel her superiority go to French class unprepared and listen to her do all the reciting.

GEORGE HAROLD PETTIT

A. A., A. L., Football Team, President Commercial Club, German Club, Glee Club, Hughes Club.

His smile rivals that of Douglas Fairbanks. His very successful bluffing would cause the greatest of diplomats to despair of competing with him, while his pranks would turn Puck green with envy. But Harold is not always the happy-go-lucky person depicted above. His friends (and he has many of them) can testify that he can be dignified and act the "mighty senior" when he chooses. But we like Harold much better when he is jolly.

GLADYS LILLIAN PIERSON

(Bugs, Billie)

A. A., A. L., *Center Ball Team, History Club, Hiking Club, Glee Club, Honor League.*

Billie does everything in the same spirit with which she danced in the "dutch frolic!" Full of life and energy, even wooden shoes could not lessen her enjoyment. In domestic science she can even smile her trouble away. This dear child says she cannot find enough time to enjoy herself, so she economizes on time when she talks.

LINCOLN RAUH *(Fatz)*

A. A., A. L., *Hughes Club, Chemistry Club, Spanish Club, History Club, Annual Staff.*

Words fail to describe Lincoln. In spite of the havoc he has created in classrooms and his ability to "get away with it," he is much liked by all of his classmates. We feel certain that the adversities of life will have a tendency to sober him, and our wish is for his ultimate success.

LAURA RECKMAN

A. A., A. L., *German Club, Honor League Commercial Club.*

I am sure she has nothing but nineties as her grades. She does her work with an earnest and conscientious zeal excelled by none. She is a lover of poetry, for who but an ardent admirer of Milton, would memorize the whole of L'Allegro?

FLORENCE ANDERSON REECE

(Flossie)

Old Hughes Staff, Honor League, French Club, A. A., A. L.

Sweet, lovable, vivacious "Flossie!" Here is the girl who has captured the heart of every member of our class. One minute she has us in fits of laughter and the next we are held spell-bound by a learned discourse on: "Which am I . . . Famous or Virtuous?" (For reference see 3d bell English Class.) What more can be said of any girl?





HELENA ELIZABETH REISINGER

Spanish Club, Honor League, A. A., A. L.

Helen surely has made an enviable record at Hughes. Her translations in Latin are the marvel of her classmates. Her remarkable record, though, has in no way impaired her modesty or her ever sunny disposition.

MARGARET KATHRYN RIEDINGER

(Margie, Marg)

German Club, History Club, Honor League, A. L.

Margie is that kind of a rare girl who can find pleasure, in fact, contagious pleasure, in doing her lessons, and doing them well. She shows Patrick Henry up, when she begins to argue against woman suffrage. But this is no great accomplishment compared with her ability to cook. And oh, how she can act.

FANNIE RIFKIND

Old Hughes Staff, A. A., A. L., Honor League, History Club, Center Ball Team, Hiking Team.

In times of war her patriotism and loyalty would never be questioned. For she is most emphatic about "American Rights."

HARRY ROWE RIGHTMIRE

(Leftmire)

A. L., Spanish Club, Commercial Club.

Some of us were inclined to think that Rowe was quiet until he raised the roof with his melodious howls in the Spanish play. But it did not take us three years to learn that he is a steady, hard-working fellow upon whom everyone can rely.

WALTER RINCKENBERGER (*Rincke*)

A. A., A. L., *Spanish Club, Hughes Club, Commercial Club.*

Walter has never been known to overlook an opportunity to present his teachers with a duly signed petition begging for no home assignment. But as his work is good, we infer that he did it from a love of petitions rather than motives of laziness.

MARY ELIZABETH RITCHEY

(*Mar'Liz, Betsy*)

A. A., A. L., *Glee Club, Honor League, French Club, Athletic Council, Board of Managers of Hiking Club, Editor of Old Hughes.*

Who can compare with our Elizabeth? No one is the undeniable answer. When first she started out she was most quiet and demure, but in her Junior year she was completely demoralized by her contact with a certain R. H. W. (She's been doubly popular ever since.) Without one glance at a textbook she can tell more about a subject than the average pupil after an hour's study. We are certainly proud of our school paper and Mary Liz has received her due share of credit. Yes, Liz! You have done well.

JOHN H. RITZI (*John, Joh*)

A. A., A. L., *Hughes Club, Industrial Arts Club.*

John is one of our quiet hard-workers. He is a good student and does good work even though he appears slow. Some teachers don't seem to appreciate the resources of John's mind, but we all know him to be a clever boy and a deep thinker.

ODESSA MAY ROESSLY

Glee Club, A. L., A. A.

We are afraid that not many of us have been aware of the sweet presence of Odessa, one of our loveliest girls, for she is very quiet, and because of the fact that she takes the music course, she does not come in contact with us very often.





BERTHA M. ROGATZKY

(Bert, Pete, Shrimp)

A. L., A. A., German Club, Honor League.

Bertha has a steady, patient way of going after things that always brings her success. She wastes neither time nor energy and accomplishes things in half the time it takes some of the rest of us.

SAMUEL ROSENBERG

Debating Team, A. A., A. L.

Sam's inability to keep off the subject of socialism has often brought him to grief in Elocution. We are looking forward to the time when we can cast our vote for him on the Socialist ticket.

NORA ROSENTHAL

Honor League, History Club, German Club, A. A., A. L.

Nora's fame as a dancer has gone far and wide. Even over at the Varsity we hear echoes of this sentiment. Besides many other accomplishments we have noticed what a fine and dainty waitress she makes. Rather a nice combination, isn't it?

NICHOLAS MANN SALKOVER (*Nick*)

Editor Annual, President Hughes Club, A. A., A. L. French Club, Chemistry Club, Old Hughes Staff, Glee Club, Book Room Quartet.

Nick has small ambitions. Besides wanting to be the greatest writer he only wants to be the greatest operatic baritone and the greatest dramatic actor in the world. Nick is really going to study journalism and social work. He is a great observer of the human race. Some day he is going to hike around the globe gathering material and then come back and be famous. In spite of all this, we know Nick to be such a clean, straightforward boy that his ambition cannot be the kind that "o'erleaps itself and falls on t'other."

SAM J. SANDERS (*Zemie*)

French Club, Track Team, Hughes Club, A. A.

Sam is a little slow, yes, very slow, but still he gets to his mark. Once or twice he did wake up and surprised the bunch by his activity.

CELESTE SANFORD

Art League, Honor League.

She is rather quiet and unobtrusive, but always faithful and earnest in her work.

HELEN MAE SCHAEFER (*Snooks*)

*A. L., A. A., Commercial Club, German Club,
Honor League, Hiking Club.*

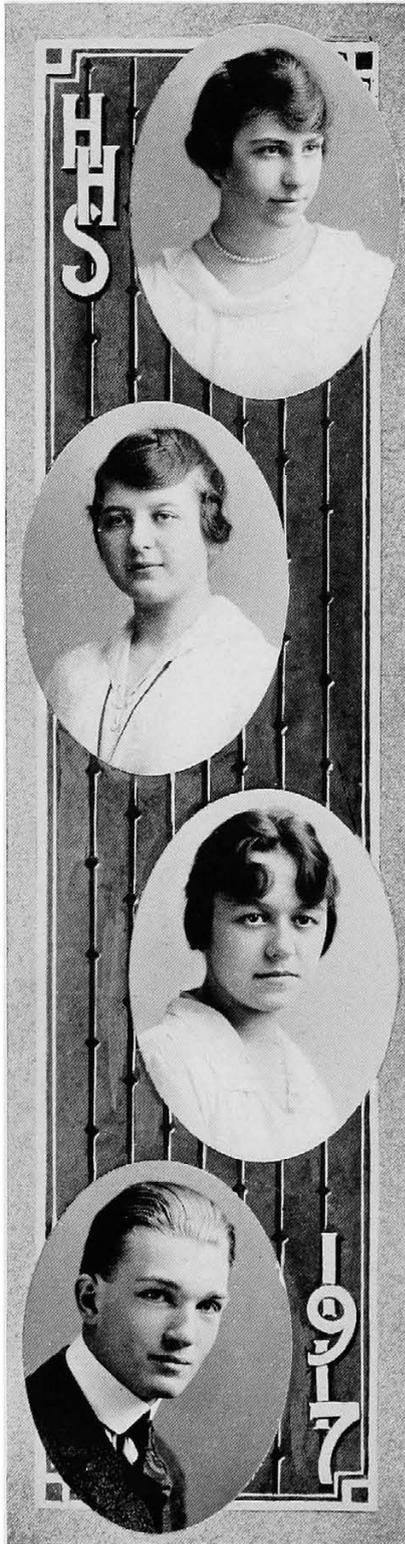
Helen's ambition is so great that she could not take the customary four year course, but has completed in three years the most difficult course in the school. As she has an excellent voice we feel that with this zeal she will make a name for herself in music.

CORINNE E. SCHEIFFELE (*Co*)

Honor League, History Club, A. A., A. L.

Corinne's brilliant recitations in Latin have made her the envy of all the class. She seems to tower above us not only in knowledge but also in height. But the wonderful thing about Corinne is her neatness. Even after gym she is immaculate.





ESTHER ANNA SCHEUERMAN (Ess)

*German Club, French Club, Hiking Club,
Honor League, Center Ball Team, A. L.*

If Esther goes after the big things in life with the same earnest and conscientious effort she has employed in the preparation of her school work, she will certainly make a success of her Future.

ESTHER L. C. SCHMERR

Honor League, German Club, A. L.

Esther is our little Quaker maiden. She is so quiet and demure, that you would never suspect her presence, if she were not pointed out to you. But be sure that somebody points, because she is really worth knowing.

FLORENCE L. SCHMIDT

A. A., A. L., Honor League, Spanish Club.

Flossie is inclined to darkness, not deeds of darkness, nor dark looks, but to brunette hair and eyes. By way of contrast she has a light and merry disposition and a ready smile that everybody likes.

HERMAN L. SCHMIDT

(Herm, Schmittie)

President A Class, Assistant Business Manager of Annual, Hughes Club, French Club, Chemistry Club, Football Team, A. A., A. L. Mandolin Club.

Herman's achievements speak for themselves. Most everyone knows how quickly he has risen to fame, starting as the Secretary of the Junior Class and ending up with the high and mighty position of Senior Class President. We have found out that the only thing he has done more quickly is reading French, especially Victor Hugo.

JASON SCHNEIDER (*Jay*)

Commercial Club, Spanish Club.

Jay stalks about the halls with that calm collected stride of his in such a way as to make us reflect on our unseemly frivolity. Something wonderful must have happened to him last summer, for this year he has suddenly developed into one of our most brilliant students.

ALBERT J. SCHOENBERGER (*Al*)

Art League, Commercial Club, Athletic Association.

Three-minute talks in English class hold no terrors for Al. No matter how difficult the subject may be, he is always prepared. In all of his classes he shows the same preparedness.

ELIZABETH SCHOENWANDT

Honor League, Commercial Club, A. L.

Elizabeth is always ready with a friendly smile and greeting. She deserves commendation for regularity in attendance. In rain or shine she walks miles to school, and she is never tardy or absent, a thing which many of us who live near the school can not boast of.

CHARLES H. SCHRADER (*Chas*)

*Track Team, Hughes Club, Industrial Arts Club,
Art League, Chemistry Club.*

Charley is a fine runner and a good all-round track man. He is very quiet in outside appearance, but he draws his friends up close to his ear and cracks some very clever and appropriate jokes. He is a good student and a hard-working athlete, an ideal combination.





HAROLD D. SCHROYER (Doc)

Commercial Club, Art League, Athletic Association.

Doc is a tall, slender, innocent looking lad, and has the cutest little curls you ever saw. Although he will not sell us lunch checks when we are in need, we must say that he is about as good a fellow as Hughes could turn out. He is an excellent mathematician.

AMOR G. SCHUETTE (Shoot)

Athletic Association, Art League, Commercial Club, Book Room Quartet.

Amor is one of the best three lunch check salesmen of the class. Beside this he is a brilliant student in all branches, a good musician, and, if you ever succeed in breaking his shell, a good, kind-hearted, friendly fellow underneath. Amor's snowy silken locks upon their towering eminence have been the envy of all the girls for the last four years.

HELEN A. SCHULZE

A. A., A. L., Honor League, History Club.

Helen is right there—neat as a pin and pretty as a portrait. Everybody likes Helen, and we almost believe that Helen likes everybody.

HELEN ROSE SCHULTIS

A. A., A. L., Honor League.

Helen is a Senior in every sense of the word. She is modest and dignified and yet loves fun. Her quiet smile shows that she enjoys our quips and jokes.

LYDIA SCHWARTZ (*Lid, Fritz*)

A. A., A. L., *Commercial Club, Honor League, Hiking Club, Spanish Club.*

Lydia hides behind that innocent exterior a fun-loving soul that often cheers us on gray days, although it sometimes draws us quite near the shadow of 109.

ALICE LUPTON SECREST

French Club, Honor League, History Club, A. A., A. L.

Everyone knows Alice, "Sweet Alice," for her charms have endeared her to all. She has even softened the hard and cold hearts of the teachers with her well and always prepared lessons, while her soft voice, "that priceless possession," her cheerful smile and her fund of common sense quickly won for her the love of her classmates.

EDGAR JOHN SEIFREAT (*Seif*)

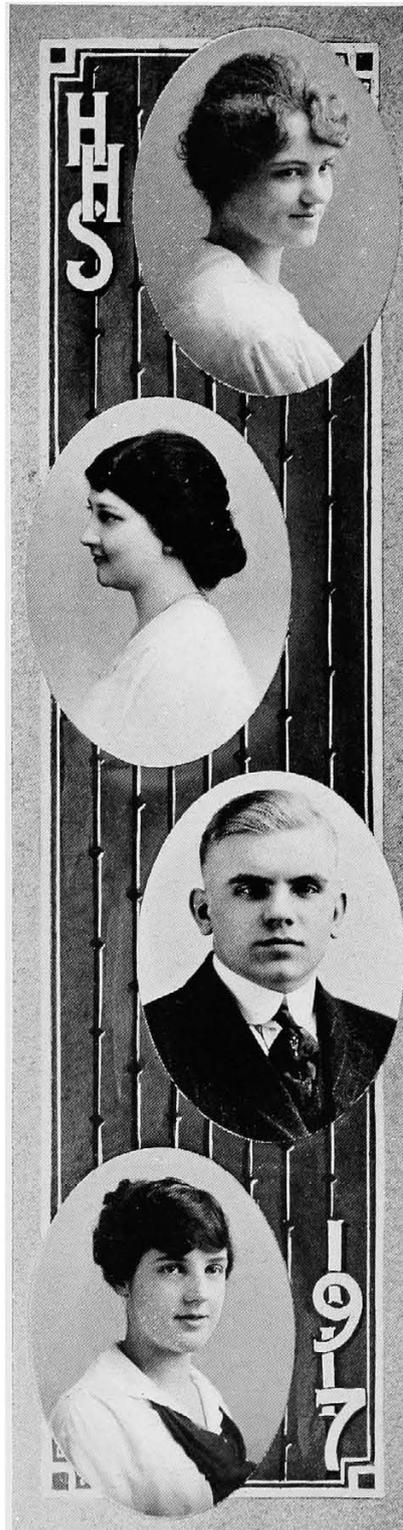
Football Team, Basket-Ball Team, Track Team, A. L., A. A., Hughes Club, Annual Staff, German Club, Chemistry Club.

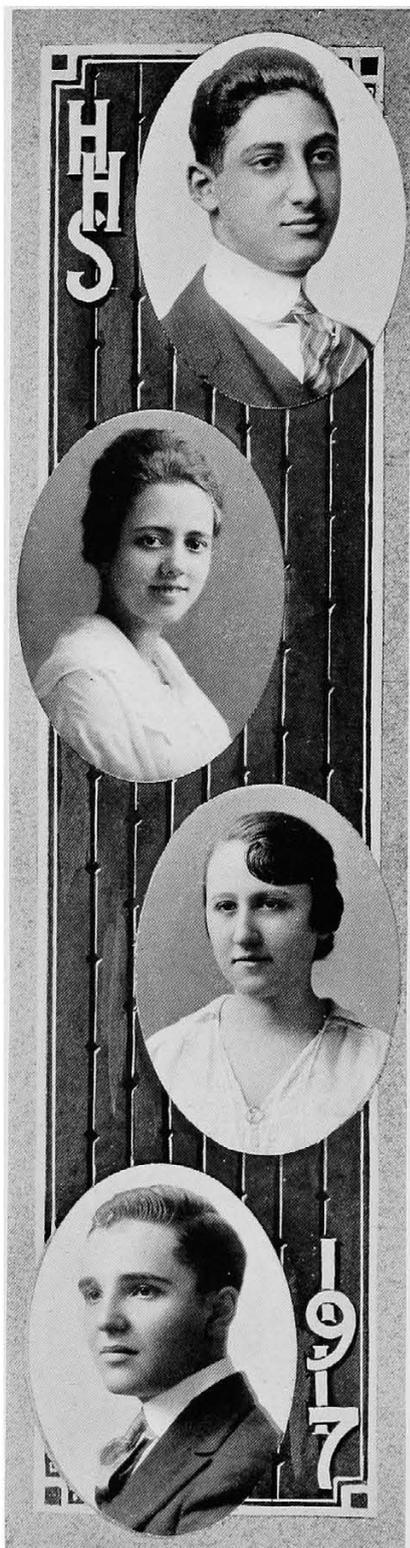
"Seif" is the terror of all the Freshmen at school—haven't you ever seen him guarding the stairway?—and of every opposing football team. If worth could be measured by breadth, height, and thickness, "Seif" would be worth a lot, and he surely is.

GRACE H. SHAFFER

Hiking Club, History Club, Glee Club, Honor League, A. A., A. L.

Our tall, stately Grace is looked up to by many. We have all profited by her presence at Hughes, although she is quiet and never forces herself on anyone's notice.





EDGAR SHOTT (*Doc*)

German Club, Hughes Club, History Club, A. A., A. L.

Edgar is neither "quiet" nor "unassuming," but perhaps just a trifle reserved. Yet to his friends, and they are legion, he is a prince of good fellows. Edgar is a lover of humanity, particularly of that half usually known as the fairer or better part.

THECLA B. SIEBENTHALER

(*Tec, Thec*)

Honor League, Glee Club, History Club, A. L., A. A.

"Teck" is a fine talker. If she can't talk sense she talks nonsense, which is surely a great gift. Her animation makes her popular with everybody, especially with the opposite sex.

MARTHA SILVERBLATT

German Club, Hiking Club, History Club.

Martha's culinary skill is unsurpassed, and she manifests her "sweet disposition" in the delightful cakery (Devil's Food) baked in D. S. But she is very fond of discussions, especially over the misconduct slips deserved but not received.

JOSEPH SIMON (*Joe*)

Art League, Athletic Association, Spanish Club.

Joe is quiet but not secluded. And it can truly be said that he can be trusted with responsibility. His only effort is his best one.

ELINOR SIMPSON (*Simpie*)

A. L., A. A., Glee Club, French Club, Honor League.

Elinor is a dear girl, talented in many lines. She has a slightly reddish tinge to her hair, though the other girls won't admit it. We sometimes wonder if she has a temper to match, but she has never shown any evidence of it. Certainly, no class can boast of a more attractive personality.

HOPE SMITH

Honor League, Art League.

Hope is just the kind of girl you would like to know. She never bothers you with any sort of loudness and her quiet manner is a balm to over-worked nerves.

AUGUSTUS D. SORIN (*Gus*)

Hughes Club, Art League, Industrial Arts Club, Mandolin Club.

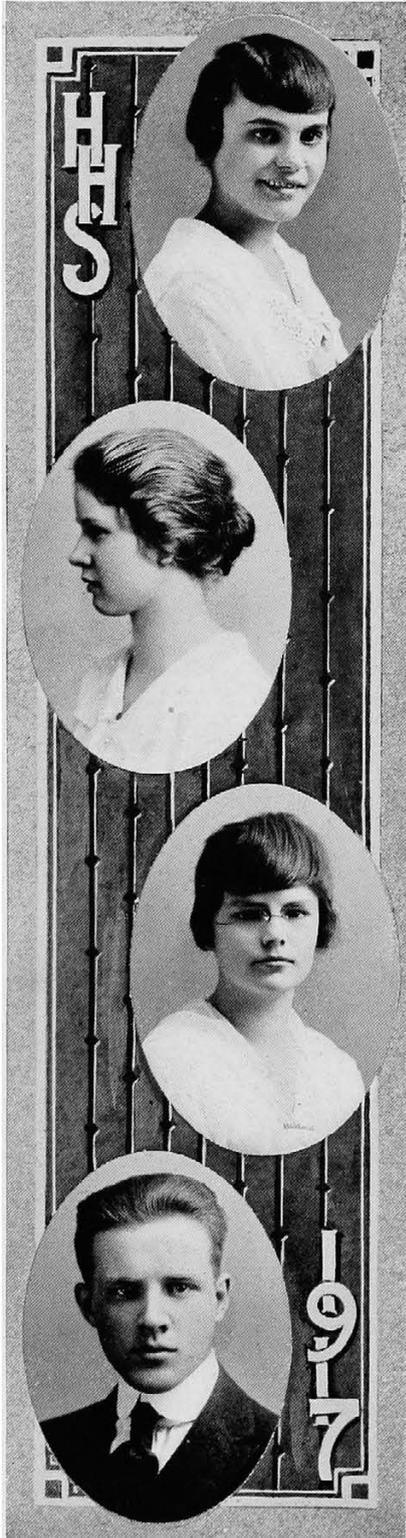
Gus is usually seen wearing the most worried expression imaginable. Poor Gus, he is constantly overworked, forever flunking, and making up his mind "to be a bum" The next minute he is doubled over laughing about a joke he has played on someone.

WILLIAM STEINMANN (*Bill*)

Art League, Industrial Arts Club, A. A., Hughes Club, Chemistry Club.

Bill's a fellow of mighty good caliber, with bunches of work in him for everything except lessons. But where he lends a hand, it's not half-hearted by any means.





MARY STEPHAN (*Step*)

A. A., A. L., French Club, Honor League, Glee Club, Old Hughes Staff, Vice-President of Class of '17.

Mary is a capable little Miss who can do anything from translating a French lesson to handing a bouquet to the President of the United States, and do it well.

GERTRUDE STEPHENS (*Cherie*)

Art League, Honor League, French Club, Swimming Team.

Gertrude is proof positive of the friendly feeling now existing between Hughes and Woodward. She attended Woodward for two years before she came to us, but now she is one of the most loyal students of Hughes.

RUTH STERLING (*Ruthie*)

A. L., A. A., Honor League, Commercial Club.

She is one of the friendliest and sweetest girls, of whom Hughes can well be proud. Her smiles and jollity have won her scores of friends and her scholarship has won her the respect of all.

W. BONFOEY STEVENS (*Bonnie*)

Hughes Club, A. A., A. L.

Bonny hasn't an enemy in the world and he certainly has made a host of friends at Hughes. He reminds the girls of Apollo, and the boys of Hercules.

MARJORIE STEWART

*Art League, Honor League, Hiking Club,
Old Hughes Staff.*

Marjorie is capable and efficient in all things. She has been successful in the Exchange Department of "Old Hughes." Her scholarship is excellent and, altogether, Marjorie is a good student and a jolly chum.

LLOYD ST. JOHN (*Saintie*)

A. A., A. L., German Club, Pres. Glee Club.

"Saintie" is about as thick in his thickest part as Lincoln Rauh's wrist, and yet possesses a bass voice that makes the piano stool vibrate. He shines in English Literature where he offers original and unique explanations for deep figures of speech.

HERSCHEL STREIT (*Shrimp*)

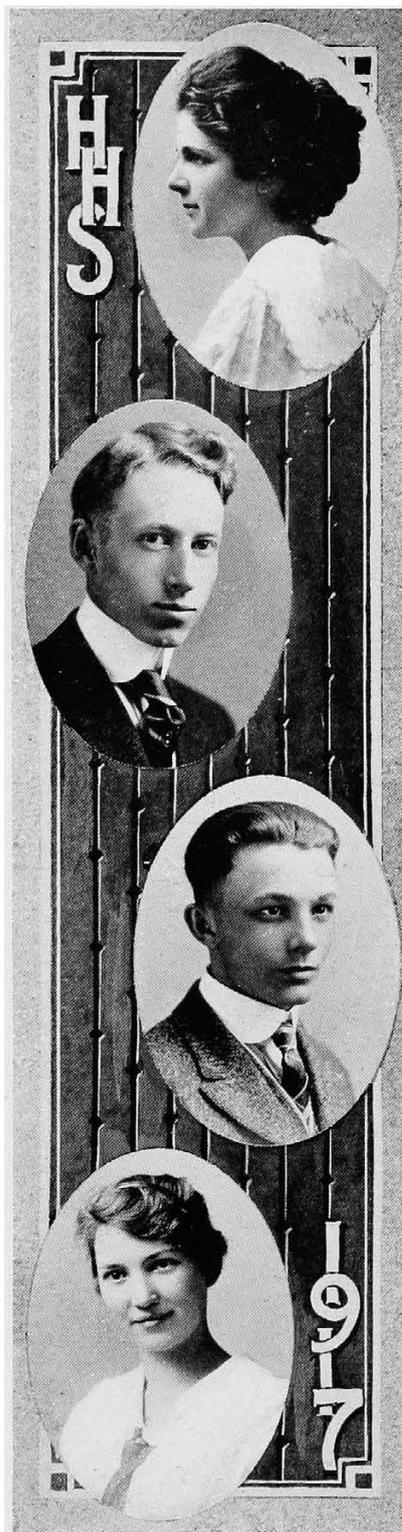
*Spanish Club, Commercial Club, Athletic Association,
Art League.*

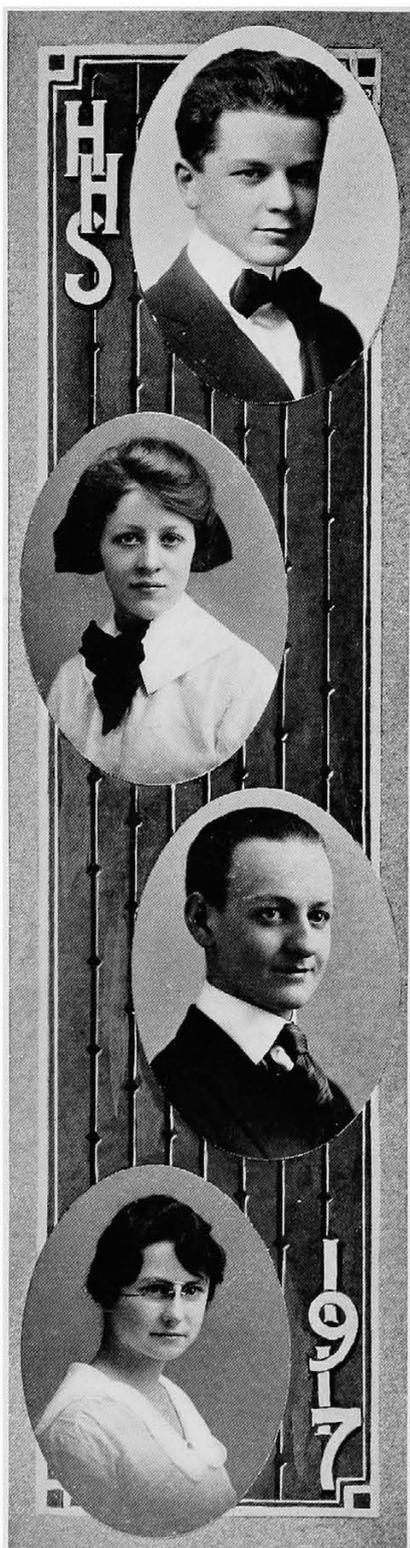
The class that has counted Herschel as one of its members should be well informed, for his stock of general information never runs low. This, combined with his love of argumentation, marks him as a future Edmund Burke.

STELLA STROTHMANN (*Bunches*)

*A. A., A. L., Center Ball Team, History Club,
Hiking Club, Honor League.*

Stella has very attractive dimples and is endowed with the happy faculty of looking on the bright side of life, even in the face of overwhelming odds. When Stella tells a story or relates an incident, somehow you always see the funny side.





ALVERD C. STUTSON (*Stutz, Al*)

Hughes Club, French Club, Old Hughes Staff.

If you didn't see Al dance in the Operetta you missed one of the greatest joys of a lifetime. Nijinsky is about as graceful as C. Chaplin compared to him. But don't think that dancing is Al's chief merit. He is bright, clever, good natured and altogether the sort of a fellow whom you want to know, and keep on knowing.

LYDIA SUDBRINK

A. L., A. A., Commercial Club, Honor League, Spanish Club, Hiking Club.

Lydia glides smoothly through all her subjects, but her triumph over the Spanish subjunctive, that Senior Spanish nightmare, was marvelous.

HERBERT H. A. TIEMEYER

Orchestra, German Club, Hughes Club, A. L., A. A.

Herb is our far-famed musician, whose versatility is so great that he plays nearly an orchestra of instruments. His cornet playing especially has been a source of frequent enjoyment. We can confidently expect much from him.

OLIVE MILDRED TIMBERMAN

(*Timmy*)

Honor League.

Olive lives by the saying, "You can't be happy anywhere, until you're happy anywhere." This happy faculty has brought her many friends both among her classmates and teachers.

MARIE UNGEHEUER

*Honor League, Glee Club, Commercial Club,
A. A., A. L.*

"Woman's Rights" are constantly used by Marie because she believes the teachers work her entirely too hard, but why worry when you have brains like Marie? She always answers in Physics and when asked how she does it she exclaims, "I just don't know what he's talking about when I get up." No use Marie—you're wise!

DOROTHY VANDERVORT

Art League, French Club, Honor League, A. A.

Dorothy has a quiet dignity all her own. This priceless trait has won her many friends and a host of silent admirers.

LUCILE VAN SLYCK (*Red, Ciel, Lucy*)

*A. A., A. L., Honor League, Old Hughes Staff,
Annual Staff, Hiking Club, French Club,
History Club, Swimming Team.*

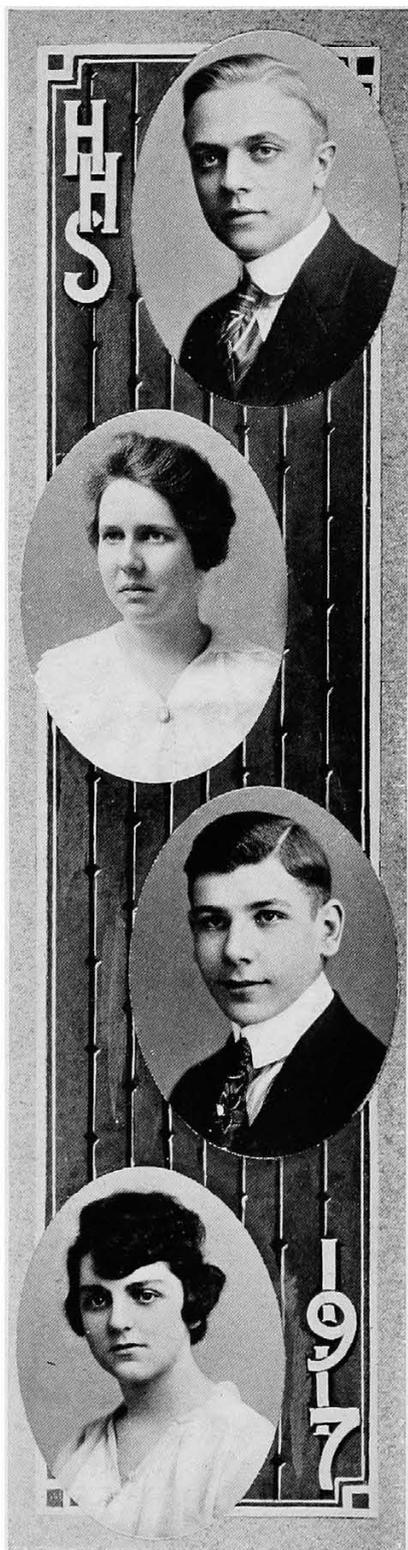
Lucile is surely the artist of the class as you can easily see by looking through the "Annual." She has added much to "Old Hughes" through her work and we feel that some day the class will be honored because she was a member.

MARGARET ELLEN VINE (*Bunny*)

A. L., Honor League, Glee Club.

Margaret looks only on the bright side of things, and shows it in her smile. If you're feeling gloomy, seek her out, she's a sure cure for the blues.





ALBERT VOSSLER (*Al*)

Orchestra, Art League.

Al's sober countenance does not look like that of a temperamental musician. Nevertheless he plays first violin with the orchestra almost as well as he hands pies and rolls to our dear starving girls. He is a good fellow when you know him, and almost everybody does know him.

RACHAEL WABNITZ

A. L., A. A., Honor League, History Club.

This is a girl with Missouri spirit. She is the only pupil who pays attention when someone is reciting in the famous fourth bell math class and they "got to show her." If Rachael does not some day become a teacher, it will be because schools will not at that time exist.

EDWARD WAGNER (*Eddie*)

Old Hughes Staff, Annual Staff, A. A., A. L.

Eddy has been a big support in all the affairs of the school. Although quite a determined character in many ways, there is hardly a fellow in the school who doesn't like Eddy.

MARGUERITE WAGNER (*Bobby*)

A. A., A. L., Honor League, German Club, French Club.

Bobby Wagner! Bewitching black eyes, curly tresses, smiling lips and charming manner. No wonder she never walks a foot without being hailed by one or more friends. We certainly hope graduation will not separate us from our beloved Bobby.

LORETTA HELENE WALTZ (*Babe*)

*Commercial Club, Honor League, German Club,
Hiking Team, A. L.*

What a fine pal she is! If you need cheering, go to Babe. I wish I had her happy accomplishment of appearing so very innocent after some particularly mischievous prank. It would be a hard-hearted teacher indeed, who could withstand her appeal of innocence and give her a misconduct slip.

HUGH WATSON (*Doc*)

Art League, Spanish Club.

Hugh is a good scholar of sterling qualities and of a quiet and unassuming nature.

ELIZABETH WEIDNER

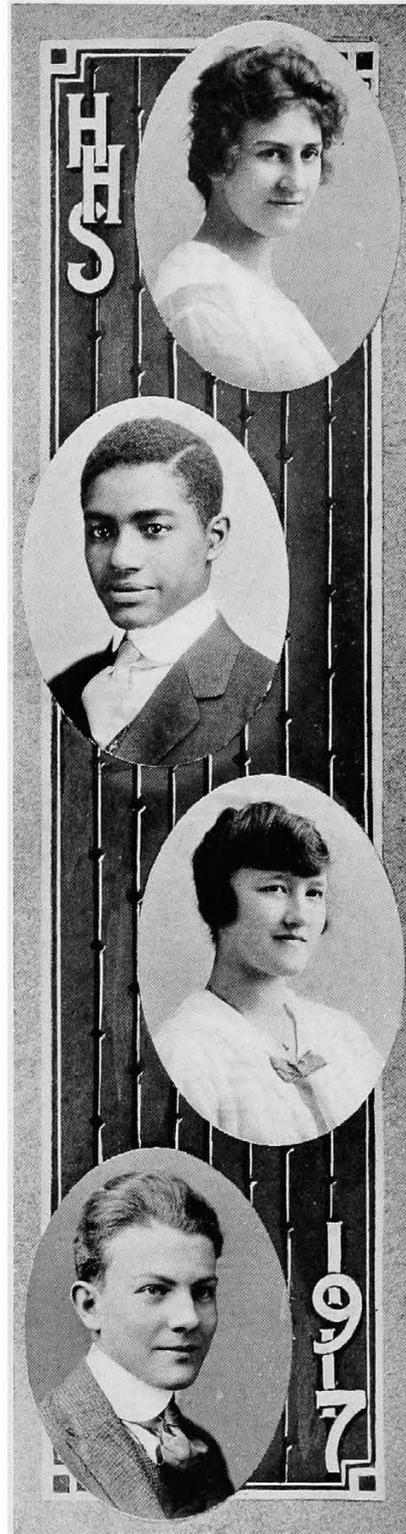
*Honor League, Spanish Club, Commercial Club,
Hiking Club, A. A., A. L.*

Elizabeth is a human wonder. She talks incessantly, but in such a charming manner that the teachers cannot force themselves to give her misconduct slips, especially when they think of the excellent work she never fails to hand in, and her ever-willing attitude toward extra work.

HAROLD A. WEIL

Commercial Club, Spanish Club, Orchestra, Old Hughes Staff, Annual Staff, Business Manager Operetta, A. A., A. L.

Harold is not one genius, but three combined. His oboe has brought our orchestra nearer the symphony standard, his art has been in constant demand, and his advertising helped to make the Operetta the great success it was.





RUTH L. WEIR

Honor League, Art League.

Some people are quiet because they have nothing to say. But when Ruth speaks, he who does not listen is either a fool or deaf. If we knew as much Latin as Ruth does, we would consider ourselves as somewhat too good to accept the Chair of Latin at the University.

MARY O. WELLER (*My*)

French Club, Honor League, A. A., A. L.,

Mary is a lively girl, full of fun. She is usually worrying with a half-hearted sort of worry about an oncoming recitation failure. "I haven't looked at that book for a week" but somehow she gets past with good marks.

CAROLINE L. WHITE

Honor League, Art League, Athletic Association.

Caroline seems to be unusually quiet, but start a conversation with her and you will be agreeably surprised, for she is one of those persons who does not talk until she has something she considers of value to say. In addition to this she has made a fine record as a scholar.

HELEN EDITH WHYRICH

Glee Club, Honor League, German Club.

Helen is usually so quiet that we were surprised when she debated in Elocution class with all the vim and energy of a member of a debating or literary society. This hidden energy makes it clear how she has accomplished so much while at school.

ALBERT S. WILKERSON (*Al, Boob*)

Orchestra, Hughes Club, Track Team, A. A., A. L.

Hail, the "Crown Prince!" He's always happy though, in spite of such a nickname—especially when he's around the ladies. And he's always happy, I repeat. Incidentally that boy is a regular demon on the cinder path, and plays a 'cello just as if he were used to it!

SUSAN JANE WILSON (*Sue*)

French Club Staff, President of Honor League, Glee Club, Annual Staff, Center Ball Team, Swimming Team, A. A., A. L.

Some girls are said to be pretty, some sweet, some bright, some lovely, some adorable, some all sorts of sugary, nonsensical adjectives. But there are not many girls who have all of these qualities and many others so combined in one person as to form the most popular girl in the class of seventeen. If we thought that Susan might become in any way spoiled we would not speak like this. However, we have no doubt but that Susan deserves her title, for no one will deny that she is a remarkable girl.

JOHN ANDREW WITHROW (*Jack*)

Vice-President Athletic Council, A. A., A. L., Hughes Club.

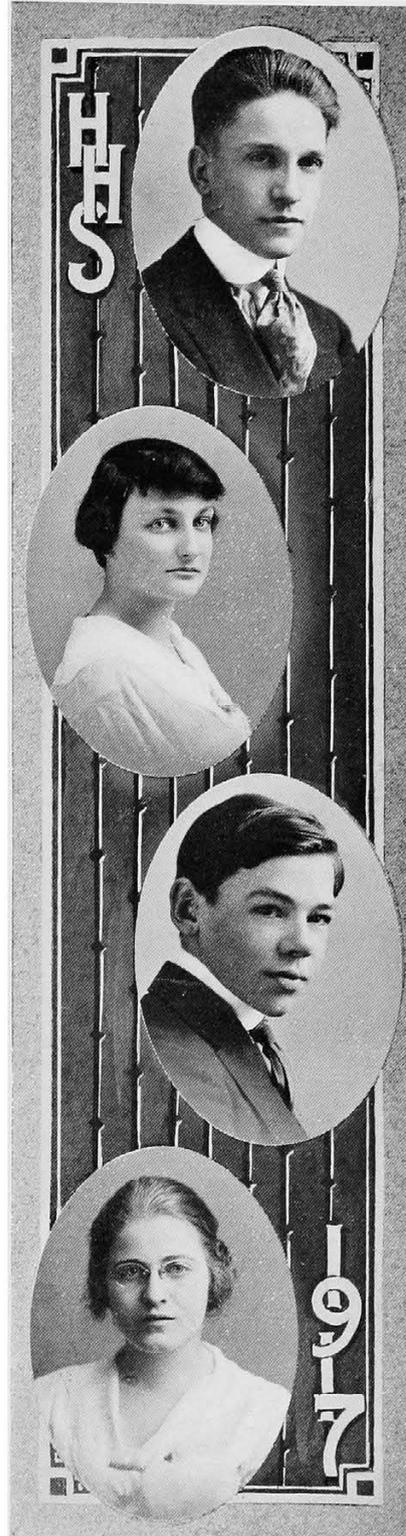
Jack never was much for size but his brains are not stunted by a long shot. Besides bluffing his teachers satisfactorily, and helping to make life bearable for the rest of us with his humorous sallies, he has put in some faithful work on the Athletic Council. It is a safe prediction that if he lives up to his past record, (and never falls in love), his future holds bright promise and we may yet see Jack a famous man and a credit to his school.

RUTH HELEN WOLF (*Rus*)

A. A., A. L., Honor League, Old Hughes Staff, Annual Staff, Board of Managers of Hiking Club, Vice-President of Greek Club, Captain of Swimming Team, Debating Team.

Ruth's lustrous blue orbs provoke envious sighs from the girls, and admiring glances from the stronger sex. Her walk, also has caused many to try to imitate it, but, alas, in vain. We are confident that her manly stride was acquired by constant swimming. But we must not forget her mental possibilities, for Ruth was the proud possessor of 98 in the Math exam.. To sum it all up, we might say that Ruth is a good sport all around.

[Page eighty-three]





EDMUND P. WOOD (*Ed*)

*Editor Old Hughes, Hughes Club, French Club,
A. A., A. L.*

Hail to thee, oh Edmund Palmer, treading realms of splendor far removed from our humble sphere mundane. Thy head amongst the azure vistas of a heaven of thine own making, peopled with beauteous damsels of musical comedy fame and lady editors, where thou sittest in lone splendor, quaffing thy root-beer, and nibbling thy pork and beans. Thy feet upon the sacred floors of Hughes, where thou art a good student, an excellent poet, a brilliant editor, and a royal good fellow.

HELEN PRUYN WOOD (*Woody*)

A. L., A. A., French Club, Glee Club, Honor League.

Helen has been in our midst but two years. We find her jolly, good natured and agreeable. Stay with the class, Helen, we like you.

MARY LOUISE WOSECZEK (*Cutie*)

*Orchestra Pianiste, Spanish Club, German Club,
Honor League, A. L., A. A.*

Everyone knows that Mary Louise is more than a talented pianiste and we of her class know that she is more than an ordinary girl. Her sense of humor, happy smile and ever-ready sympathy have made her one of our best-liked classmates.

JOHNETTA C. WUEST, (*Jeanetta*)

French Club, German Club, Honor League, A. L.

Johnetta is an all-round splendid student but she excels in rounding up information on the tariff, selecting important presidential elections, and telling the happenings of 1786, 1828 and 1876 which most of us have forgotten. However, she is not such a paragon of perfection as to keep her classmates from being her firm friends.

NORMA JESSE WUNKER

Honor League, Commercial Club, A. A., A. L.

Norma has a very sweet disposition. She is frank and she meets every one with a smile and never gets angry. In fact, she has all of the most desired characteristics. I am sure we shall have reasons to be proud of her in years to come.

GEORGE ZACHRITZ, (Zach)

*Pres. Commercial Club, German Club, Orchestra,
A. A., A. L.*

George is debonair and quite a Beau Brummel. Besides, he is a musician and good business man. But "Jack of all trades and master of none" we most certainly cannot apply to him.

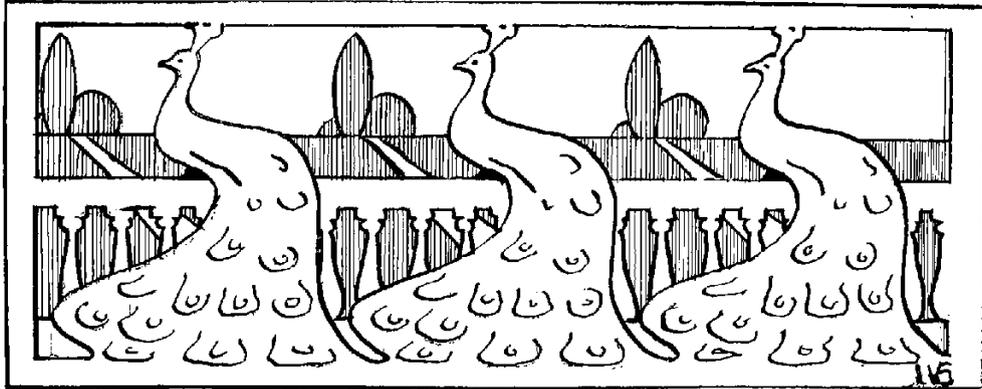


The Annual contains pictures of a few students, a considerable share of whose studies have been in the "A" Grade, but who will not be able to graduate with the class this year. Hence, the names published in this book cannot be considered an official list of the graduates of 1917.

ADIÓS

Good-by, Old Hughes. Thy mass, foursquare and bold
Tho' pleasing to the sight, before our eyes
Four years a precept stood. The unseen ties
That bind our hearts to thee are wrought of gold.
Thou wilt assert thy claim if we succeed—
The Fates decree success for few, and yet
If we do deeds the World cannot forget
A mother's pride adds to the victor's meed.
But what of those that fail? A mother heart
Would sympathize with each unhappy child—
The one that fails tho' he may really try.
Shall all from out thy memory depart
Save those on whom most fickle Fortune smiled?
Alas, such things must be. Old Hughes, good-by.

—*Charles Osborne Parks, '17.*



*“He who knows and knows not that he knows,
He is a JUNIOR—pity him!”*

THERE was one day in my life when I thought the world would soon appreciate my powers and give me credit for my genius. That was September 8, 1914, the day I entered high school. Courageously I advanced up the broad cement walk trying to appear at ease so that I might be classed as at least a Sophomore and not ridiculed as a Freshie. Yet mingled with my courage was a certain dread of being discovered by one of my older friends. Multiply my individual entrance by one thousand, and you have a picture of the class of '18 making its first appearance at Hughes. At the close of the first week we felt reasonably sure of being able to find our way to our home rooms without being misdirected by some upper classman. As time wore on we gradually were initiated into various mysteries of high-school life. Occasionally we received small passports to be taken to the home government showing we had broken diplomatic relations with the teacher. Later on, our enthusiasm knew no bounds when we attended our first football game, or saw our names in print in “Old Hughes.” But the greatest “thriller” of the year came in February when we approached the Rubicon of Examinations. This foaming, raging stream we have now crossed and recrossed five times, many of our number perishing in its angry waters at each crossing, for out of one thousand in our D grade, we have at present only two hundred and fifty in the B.

Our main joy in the Sophomore year lay in planning trouble for the freshies, our chief pastime in carrying out our plans. At the same time several notable gentlemen including Caesar, Euripides, Aristotle, Pythagoras and Archimedes made trouble for us. Of the two, the latter were the more successful.

Now we are Juniors. We look upon the Freshmen as *les enfants*. We regard the Sophomores as scarcely out of knickerbockers. We even permit the Seniors to become “clubby” with us. Though we began humbly we had potentialities. That these have been developed there can be no question, for have we not our musicians, our linguists and our writers, our scientists and our mathematicians, our politicians and our athletes? Now for the memorable occasion of the B-A. From this lesser privilege let us look forward to the greater goal which we shall achieve in the near future, the height of all power and authority, the exalted position of Seniors.

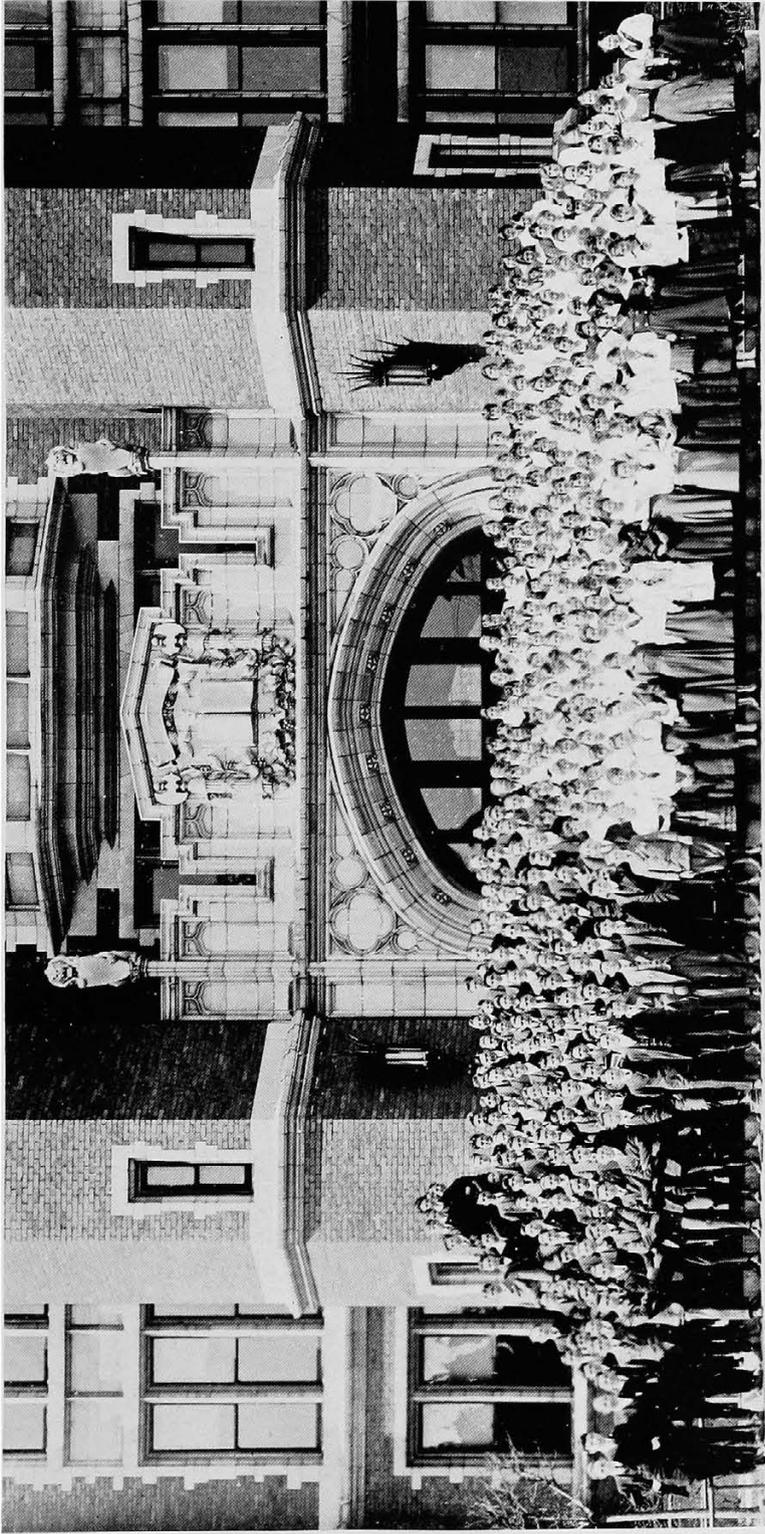
MORSS LIPPINCOTT, '18.



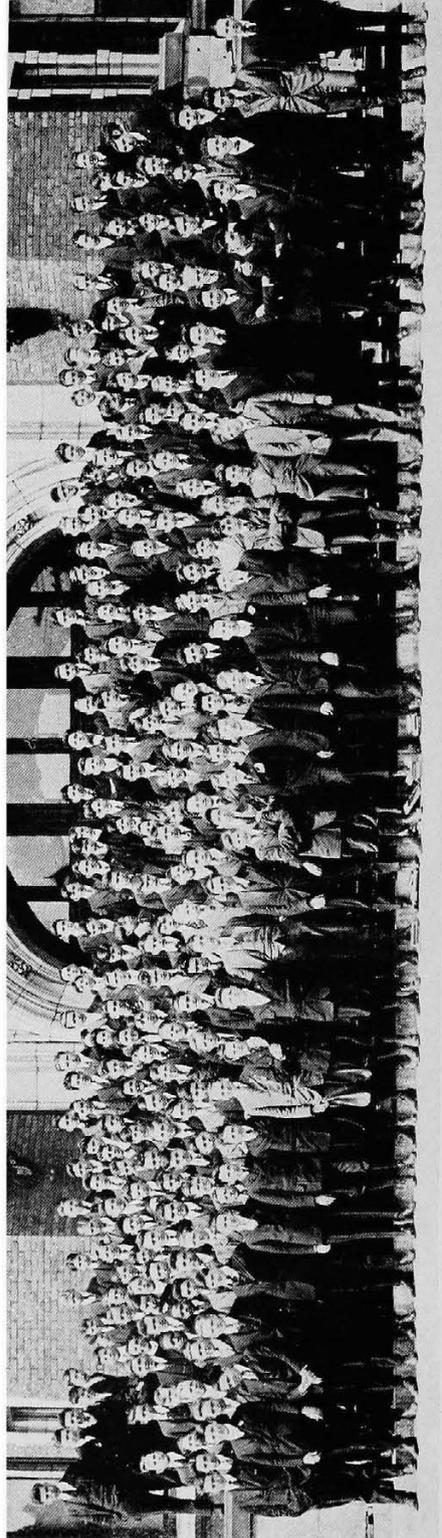
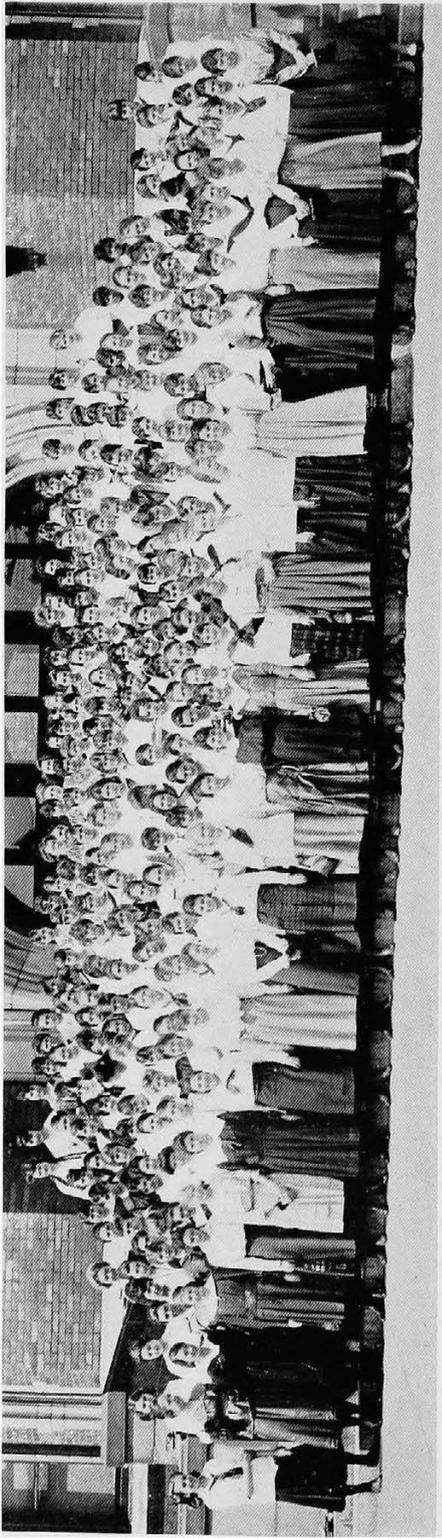
Junior Officers

MORSS LIPPINCOTT, *President.*
GORDON RENNER, *Secretary.*

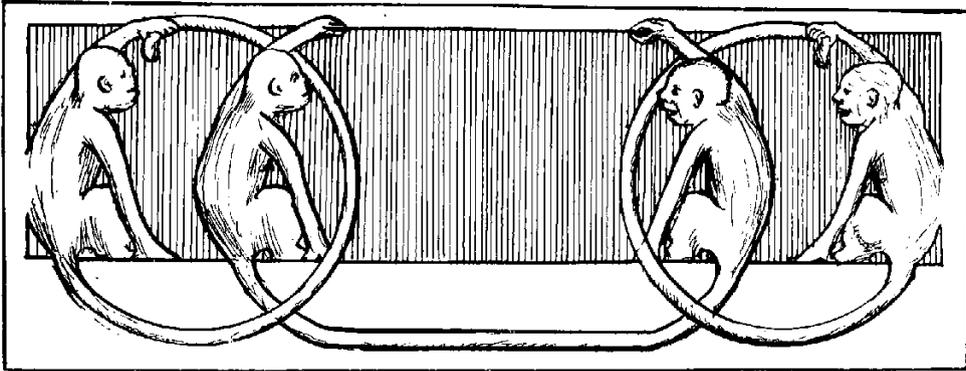
RUTH ULLAND, *Vice-President.*
HOWARD METZGER, *Treasurer.*



The Junior Class



The Sophomore Class



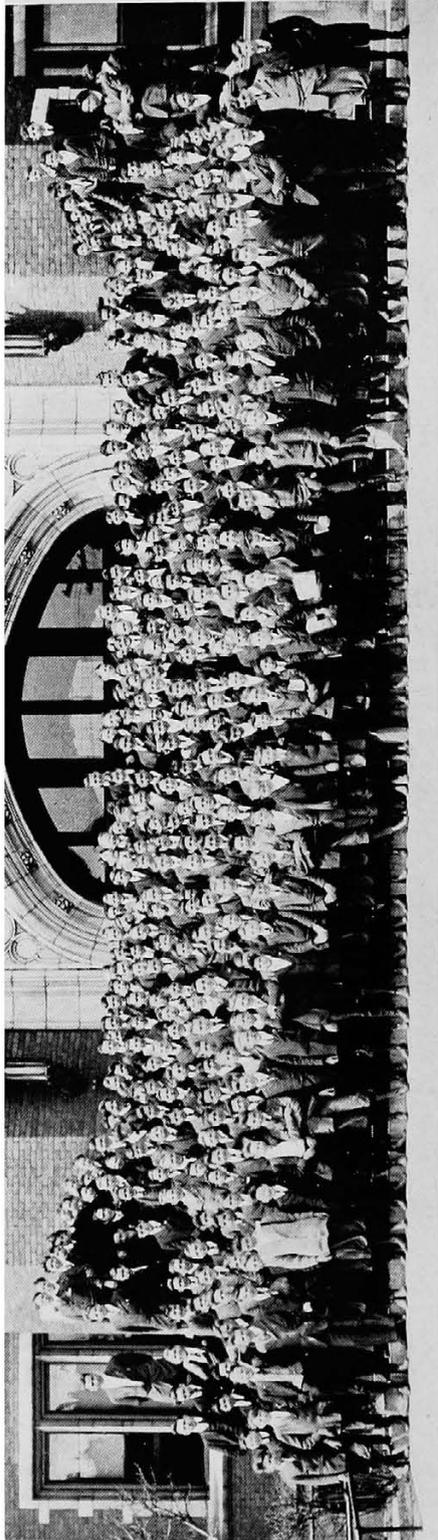
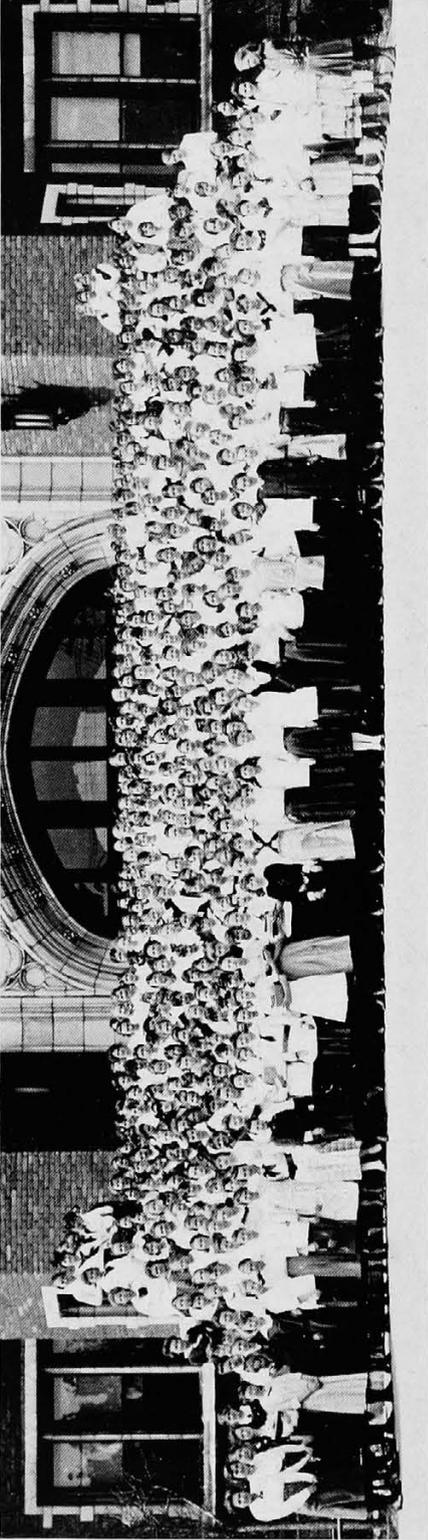
*“He who knows not, and knows that he knows not,
He is a SOPHOMORE—honor him!”*

IF I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget the awful, lonesome, lost feeling I had, the first time I entered the door of Old Hughes. Then that dreadful, frantic search for the auditorium, and the final discovery of it right before my eyes. How long the hall, and how high the ceilings seemed, those first few months. I remember the scared little jumps my heart used to give, when I hurried along those halls—no labyrinth ever seemed quite so long—from one class to another, in fear that the bell would ring just before I got there. I’ll never forget the first time I got lost in Hughes. How I hunted wildly for the Gym. It seemed harder to find than that proverbial needle in the haystack. At last I plucked up courage to ask a girl, no less than a Senior, I am sure, where it was. She showed me, and smiled; I rather hated that smile. All through my first year I had little twinges of that old scared feeling, at one time or another.

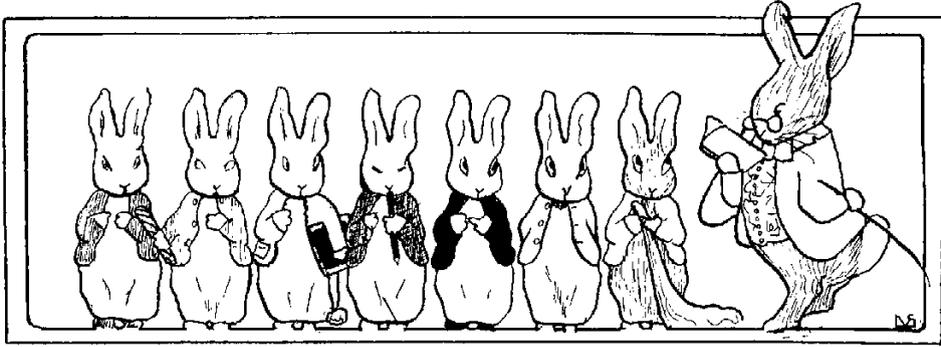
This year changes have come about in Hughes, surely not in myself. The halls are shorter, and the ceilings lower. I am always sure of finding a room in the same place. Last year they all seemed to play hide and seek for my special bewilderment. Even lofty Minerva and mighty Augustus smile down from their posts in the hall. How cold those statues seemed last year. And those bewildering lunch check lines! Now it is the easiest thing in the world to ask for “five threes and two fives, please.” Last year, sometimes my tongue would stumble over the words.

To my surprise I have found that all of 1919 have had these experiences. Last year we considered ourselves as individuals. This year we realize ourselves as a united class in our community. Everybody is ready to help everybody else. The teachers are not merely taskmasters, but helpers, at times really human. Of course there are many among us who apparently have not attained this comfortable and peaceful feeling. I refer to the youngest members of Hughes, who scurry through the halls, hugging suitcases that seem prone to come unfastened at the wrong moments. They talk in scared tones of misconduct slips, and detention room. We smile an amused smile when we hear these whispers, and thank our lucky stars, that we were never so unsophisticated and silly as they are! A few months ago we were Freshmen. If one year has so highly developed us, what may we not look for at the end of next year—and the next?

ALBERTA KUMLER, '19.



The Freshman Class



*"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not,
He is a FRESHMAN—scorn him."*

SEPTEMBER eighth, nineteen sixteen! We trembled with fear, but we were entering High School. How we remember that hour of waiting for our names to be called. With what eagerness we longed to see those teachers upon whom all our hopes centered. We were not disappointed. They welcomed us into their classes with smiles. Still something held us in awe. Meeting them in the halls we scurried timidly by. When we saw the Principal coming we fled in terror. How we avoided those Seniors who pointed scornful finger at us and whispered, "Freshies," and other equally queer words. But when they began to shudder at chemistry and its horrors, the tide turned. They had troubles of their own. We did not fear to meet them then. We said things about them in our loudest tones when they passed.

To the boys it is now of no importance whether they rise to answer a question or not. "Why raise their hands?" "Why not talk right out." And the girls! The boys are not the only queer people in Hughes. How surprised I was in the locker room to see a lot of girls crowding around something. To my amazement I discovered it was only a mirror. Vanity, O Vanity!

When we heard of those terrible misconduct slips we dreaded the day when we should get one. In the study hall we kept our eyes steadily glued on the book before us. One day I heard some girls near me talking. They could talk, why not I? I poked the friend in front and asked her a question. Nothing happened. Bolder every day, we kept up a lively conversation. We have not achieved one yet. We wonder how it is done.

A different room for each lesson at first was very confusing and we helpless Freshmen were often compelled to stop one of the mighty Seniors to ask where Room — was. With a scornful look each pointed out the way. But the office at least had sympathy for us. Once we were sent to another Latin class. To our surprise no one was in the room. Our program said distinctly —. We passed to the office "to beard the Lyon in his den." At our question he went to look it up. While he scanned those many colored cards, a passing teacher said, shaking his head compassionately, "No home, no home."

Do you wonder that they call us "Degraders?" Poor degraded D Graders!

MARGARET LYNCH, '20.

TO SET US THINKING!

(The theme of this poem was suggested by one which recently appeared in a current magazine.)

There's a power that goes a "racing" through your blood,
That thrills your spirit like a touch of fire,
To get some big thing done,
To see some battle won—
That drives you to the goal of your desire,
It's "Pep."

There's a power that keeps you looking straight ahead,
That holds you steady, "following the gleam,"
That keeps you marching true
Toward the things you've planned to do,
'Till you build in solid stone the things you dream.
It's "Pep."

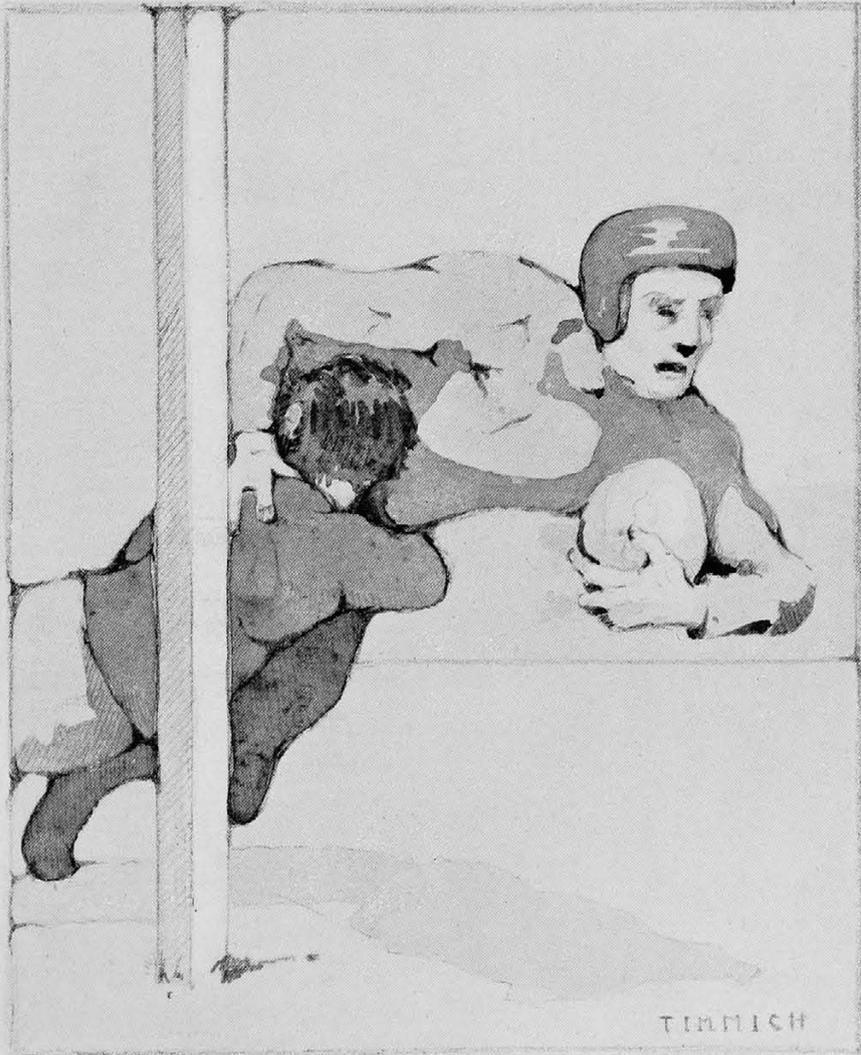
There's a power that grips the people that you meet,
That makes them fall in line and follow you,
Makes them stay right in the game,
Though they're blind, and sick, and lame,
Till the whistle blows to say the game is through.
It's "Pep."

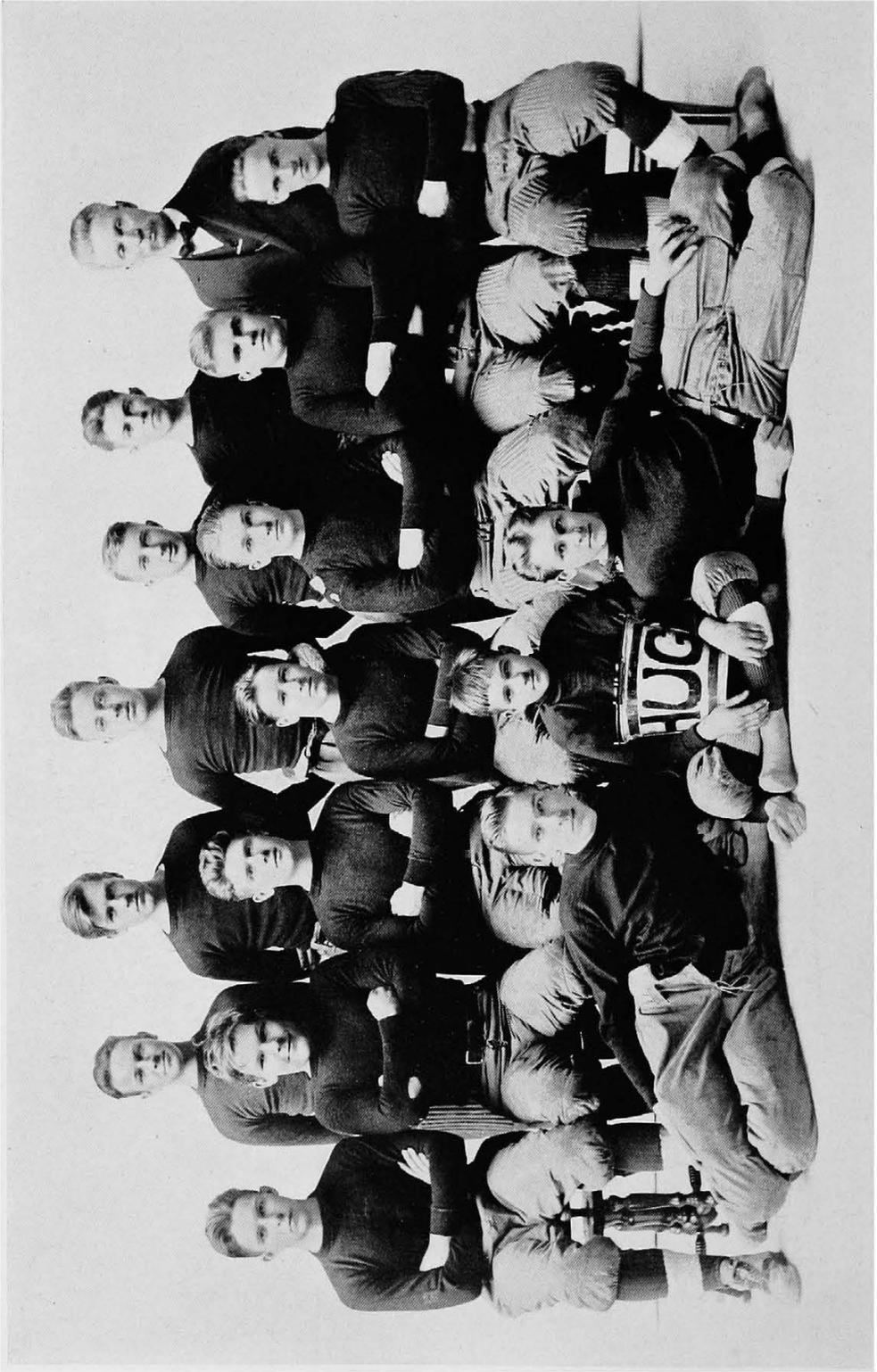
O "Pep" is power—it keeps you "on the job."
"Pep" never lets you loaf nor quit the game;
"Pep" keeps you up and scrapping,
While the dead ones are a-napping;
"Pep" gives some lasting value to your name.
Let's have "Pep."

EARLE S. KOEHL, '17.



ATHLETICS







A Brief Resumé of the Football Season

Hughes, 50; Blanchester, 0.

The first game of the season was a merry frolic, the scoring stopping only after the Hughes backfield became so tired from running that they no longer



had any desire to make touchdowns. Joe McDiarmid was the star, making five touchdowns, two of which were on the kick-off.

Hughes, 52; Lawrenceburg, 0.

The Lawrenceburg game was even more one-sided than the Blanchester game, since the Indiana team did not even threaten our goal line. "Babe" Frey, with five touchdowns to his credit, was the shining light of this little sojourn down in the Hoosier state.

Hughes, 6; Madisonville, 6.

On October 20, we met our first real opposition at Madisonville. The Madisonville aggregation greatly outweighed our boys, but the Hughes line showed their pluck by holding the Madisonville team on three occasions when that team needed only five yards for a touchdown. Our touchdown was made by "Pinkie" Gray who recovered a fumble and ran forty yards for a touchdown. Madisonville's six points were made on two drop-kicks by Quarterback Duning.

Hughes, 7; Woodward, 6.

In the most exciting game of the season Hughes defeated her old rival, Woodward, by the closest of scores. Woodward scored a touchdown in the second quarter and maintained their lead until the last few moments of play. Then, after failing three times, Hopkins and McDiarmid successfully completed a forward pass and "Mac" went across the line for a touchdown. Amid a breathless silence Fos Hopkins kicked the winning goal and Woodward was again defeated!

Hughes, 12; Covington, 0.

The Covington game was the most listless and uninteresting of the season. The Kentucky team was greatly outweighed and the score should have been much bigger than it was. McDiarmid made both touchdowns.

Hughes, 39; Blanchester, 0.

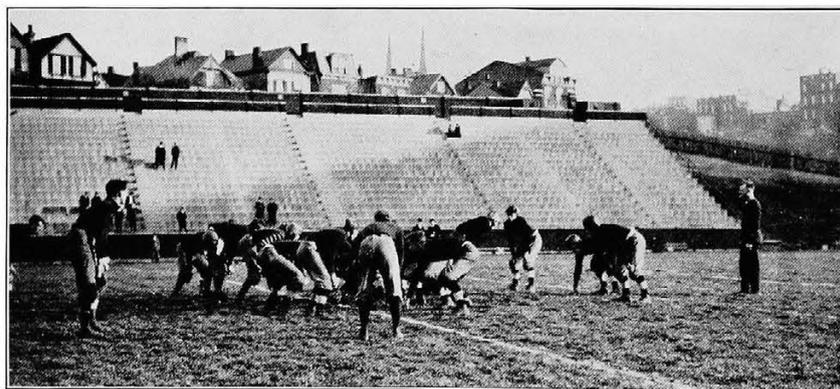
Hughes defeated Blanchester for the second time with ease. Gray, Morrison and Frey each made two touchdowns.

Hughes, 25; Highlands, 6.

Although beaten by an apparently one-sided score, Highlands put up a fighting and sportsmanlike game. The game was featured by the long runs of McDiarmid and the fine defensive play of Captain Morrison and Heinold.

Hughes, 8; Madisonville, 0.

In the final game of the season, the big game that decided the interscholastic title, Hughes scored a glorious and well-earned victory over Madisonville. It



“58-64-9 Charge!”

[Page ninety-eight]

was an instance of the triumph of mind over matter, the triumph of superior coaching over great weight. This victory gave us the undisputed title of "Champions."

In the second quarter Hughes scored two points on a safety. In the fourth quarter Hopkins made a touchdown after repeated line plunges. McDiarmid, Hopkins, Frey and Duning were the individual stars of the game, Hopkins and Duning doing some fine line-plunging, and McDiarmid tearing off several sensational end-runs. "Babe" Frey was a tower of strength on the defense, although he played through the whole game with a very painful "charley-horse."

We are very proud of our 1916 football team. Once again Hughes has earned the title of Interscholastic Champion. Opening the season with a victory over Blanchester and closing it by defeating Madisonville, the team, following the example of previous years, again demonstrated the thoroughness of "Doc" Poos' coaching methods. Only twice was our goal line crossed and we didn't suffer a defeat. By defeating Madisonville at Carson Field on November 24th, we gained the undisputed right to the interscholastic title. Six of our players, Frey, McDiarmid, Morrison, Hopkins, Maddux, and Pape, were mentioned on mythical "All-High" selections.

Captain Morrison played a slashing game at tackle and earned a well-deserved position on all of the "All-High" teams.

In our two half-backs we find decided contrasts, but the performances of both men were equally effective. McDiarmid's playing was extremely sensational, runs of twenty, thirty and forty yards being not at all uncommon. It was he who made our much-needed touchdown in the last few minutes of play in the Woodward game. On the other hand, in the person of "Babe" Frey, we find a player not as sensational as "Mac" but every bit as valuable. Frey was in every play and all of the Hughes victories were due in a large measure to his heady defense and fine open-field running. In our opinion "Babe" Frey was the best player in the high schools for 1916.

Foster Hopkins played a crackerjack game at full back, improving with each game. His defense in the Madisonville game was especially good.

"Pinkie" Gray and Paul Hines alternated at quarter back and both played exceptionally well. We will not forget Gray's life-saving touchdown in the first Madisonville game.

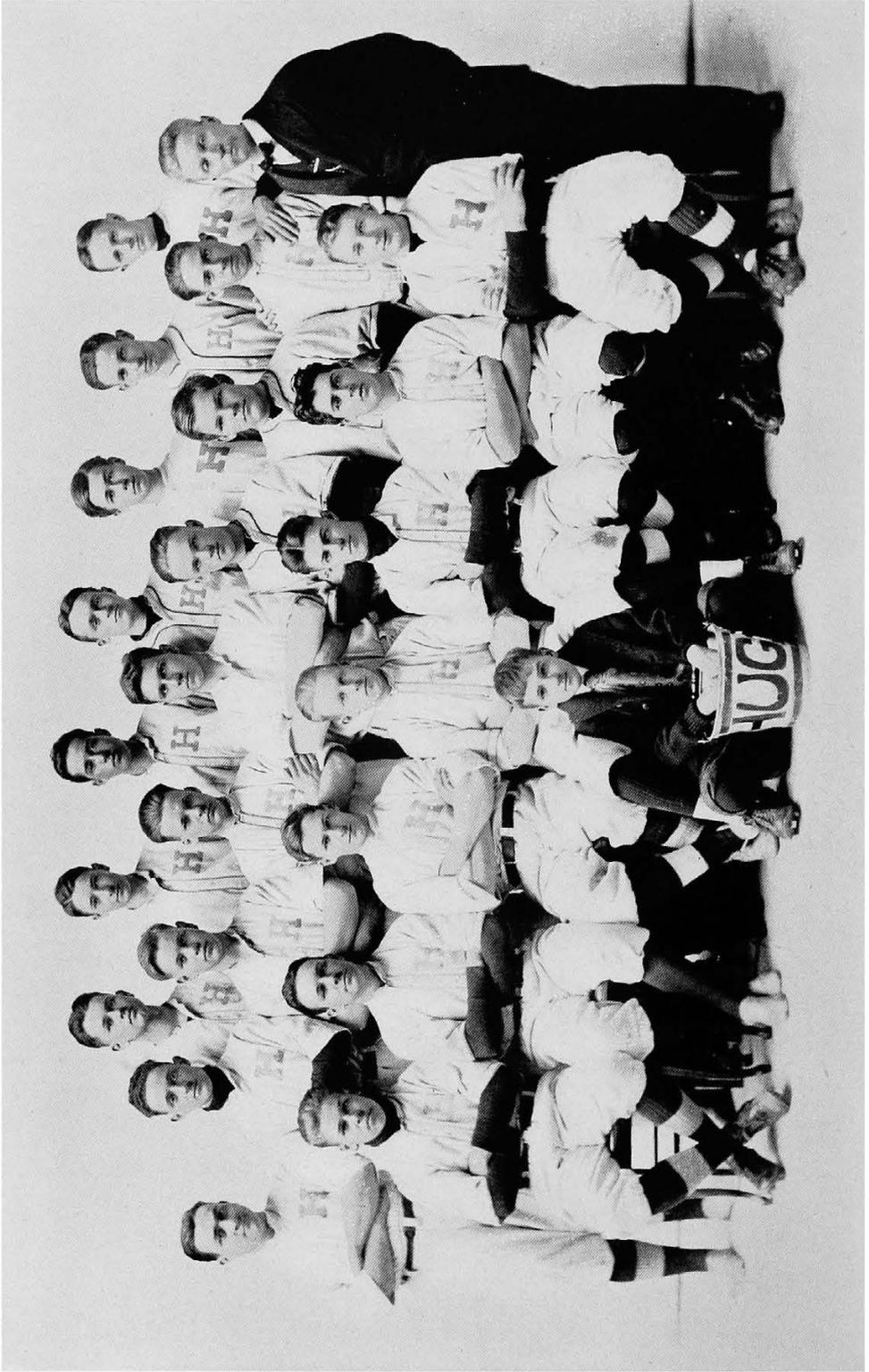
The whole line, and in particular, Pape, played a strong and timely game as is clearly shown by the scores.

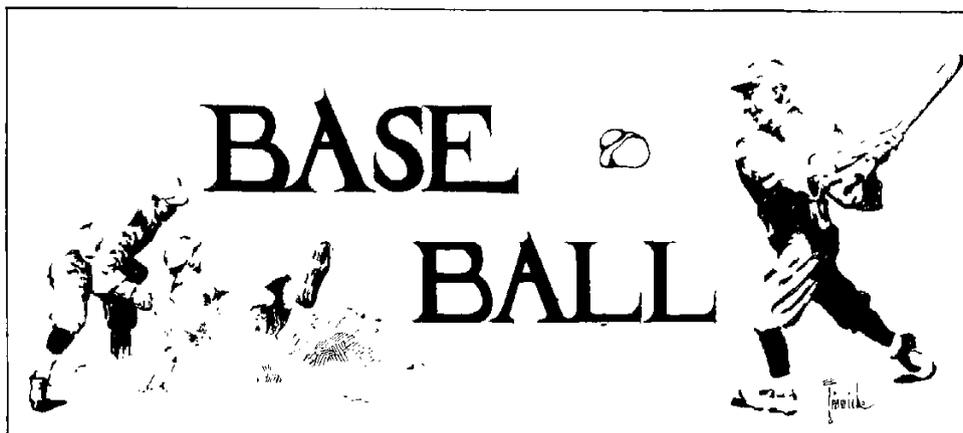
May the team of 1917 prove equally as successful as the victorious eleven of 1916!

J. GARRETSON, '17.



The following were awarded letters in football: Bardes '17; Heinold '17, "R. G.;" Pape '18, "C.;" Morrison '17, "R. T.;" Ritzi '17, "R. G.;" Frey '17, "L. H.;" Sottong '20, "L. E.;" Hines '17, "Q.;" Schmidt '17, "L. G.;" Hopkins '17, "F.;" Maddux '18, "R. E." McDiarmid '18, "R. H." won his letter last year at track; Gray '18, "Q." at baseball; and Seifreat, '17, "L. T." last year at football.





ONLY four players remained from last year's team as a nucleus for the 1917 baseball squad, but after noting the hearty response to Captain Horton's call for candidates, and after seeing the all-around teamwork displayed by the boys in their first game against O. M. I. (whom, by the way, they beat 12 to 2), we have high hopes for the interscholastic championship.

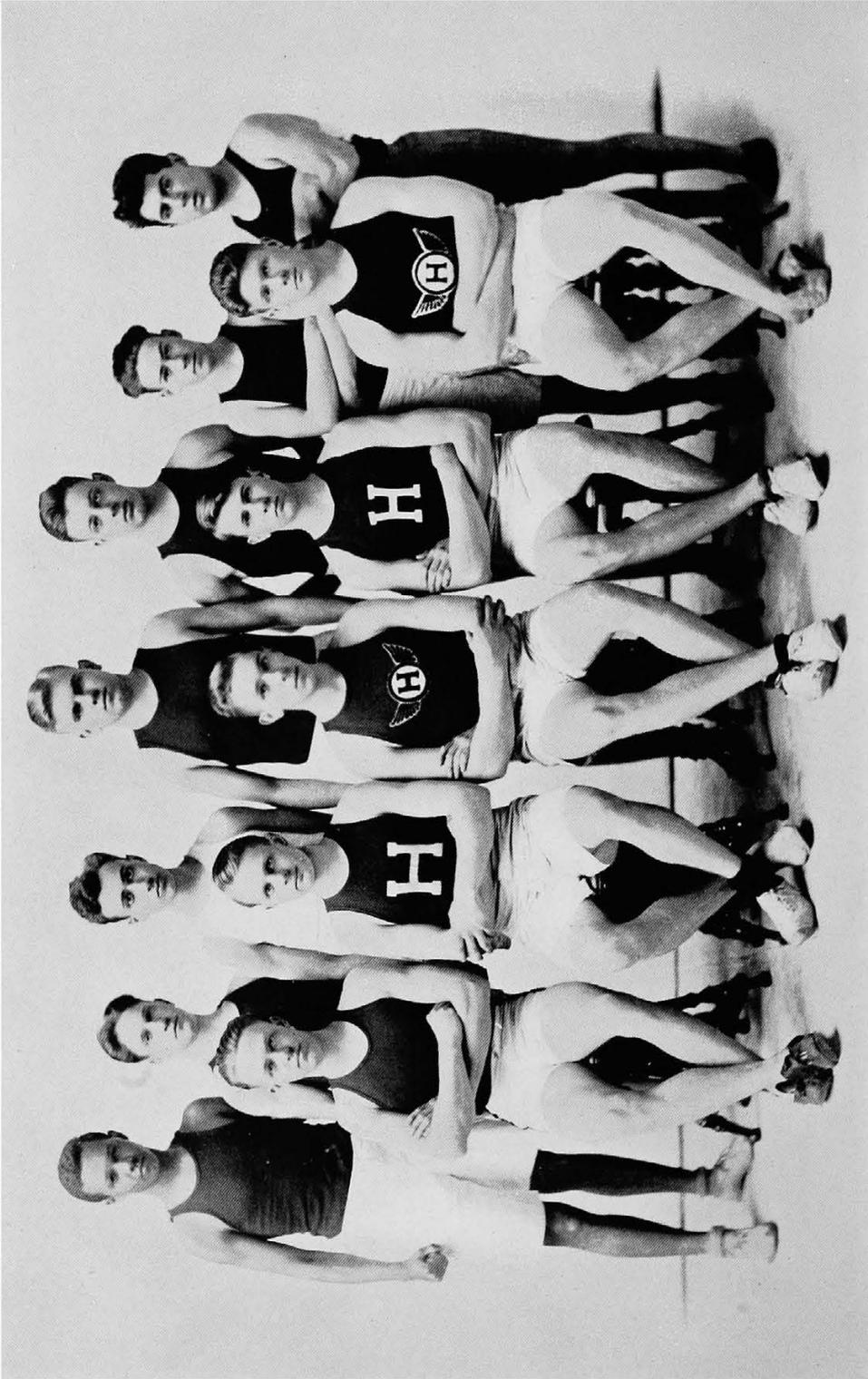
"Doc" Poos has been working with the team every day and has developed four good pitchers, Gatch, Durban, Ditzel and Goepper. With four pitchers, and all of them above the average, we surely ought to come through with flying colors. In the catching department, Harold Whitely and Bob Morrison loom up as the most prominent candidates. This is Whitely's first year in high-school baseball. He is a good consistent hitter, throws very well to second, and is remarkably fast on the bases. We are picking him to lead all of the high-school catchers. We have nothing to worry about at first base. Captain Horton will guard that sack for his third year and his ante-season form indicates that he will be better this year than ever before. "Pinkie" Gray, playing his second season at the keystone bag, should prove a big factor in the year's race. Hauser, a new man, is at short. He is lightning fast and very pleasingly aggressive, a valuable asset to any team. In Potts, at third, we have a hard hitter and an able fielder. The outfield has not been finally decided upon, at the time of writing, but from the wealth of material on hand, we ought to have no trouble at all in filling up the outer gardens with a few Ty Cobbs and Tris Speakers.

On the whole we feel very optimistic over the 1917 baseball team and are looking confidently forward to another pennant.

Baseball Schedule

March 31—O. M. I.
April 6—Franklin.
April 13—Lawrenceburg.
April 20—Covington.
April 27—Walnut Hills.

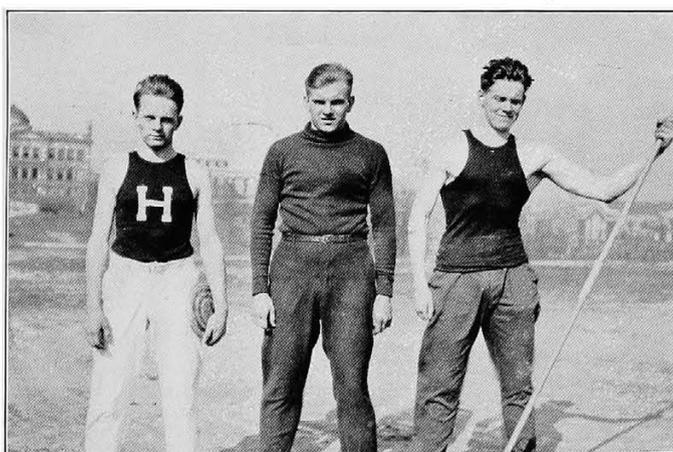
May 4—Woodward.
May 11—Madisonville.
May 18—Walnut Hills.
May 25—Woodward.
May 31—Madisonville.



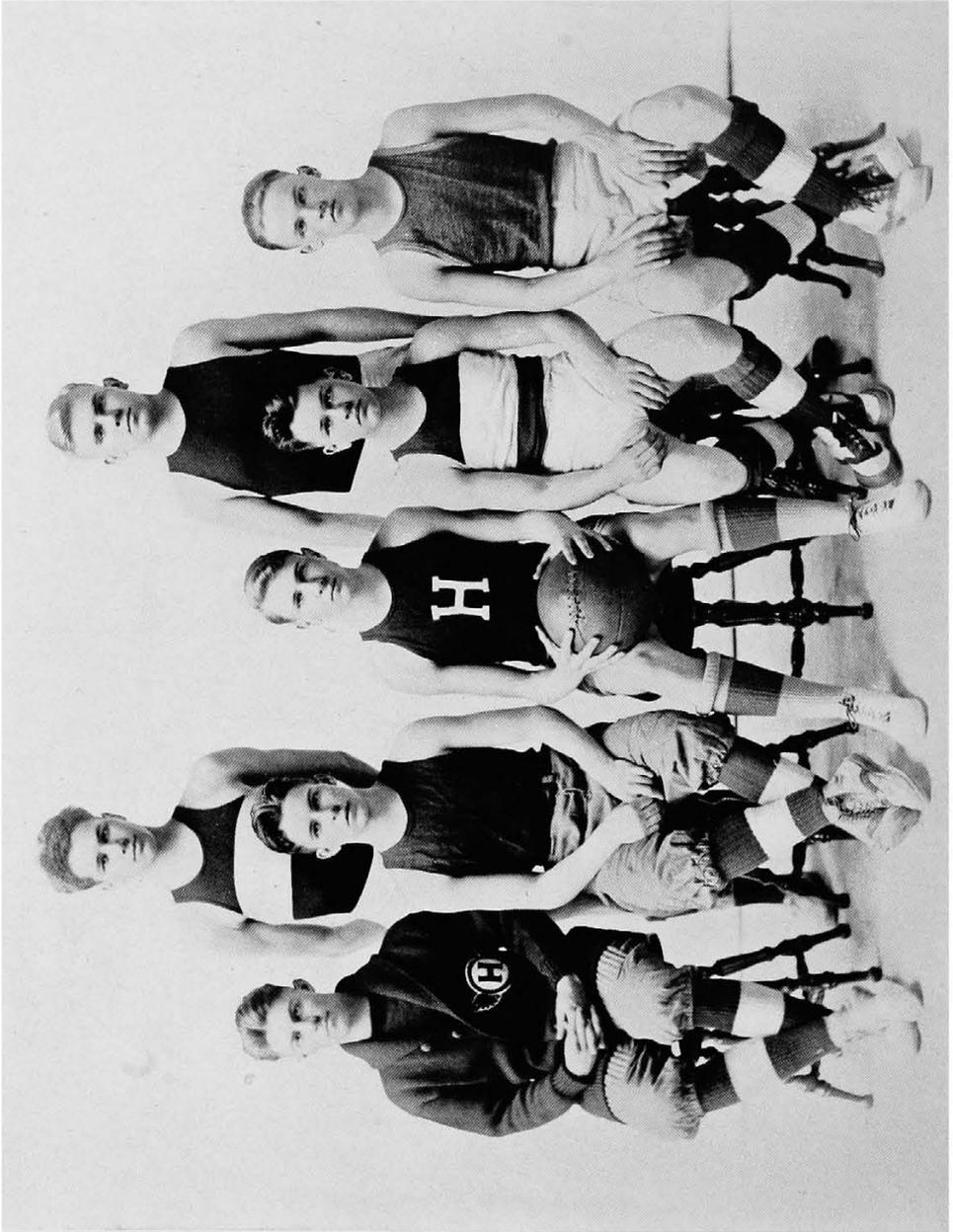


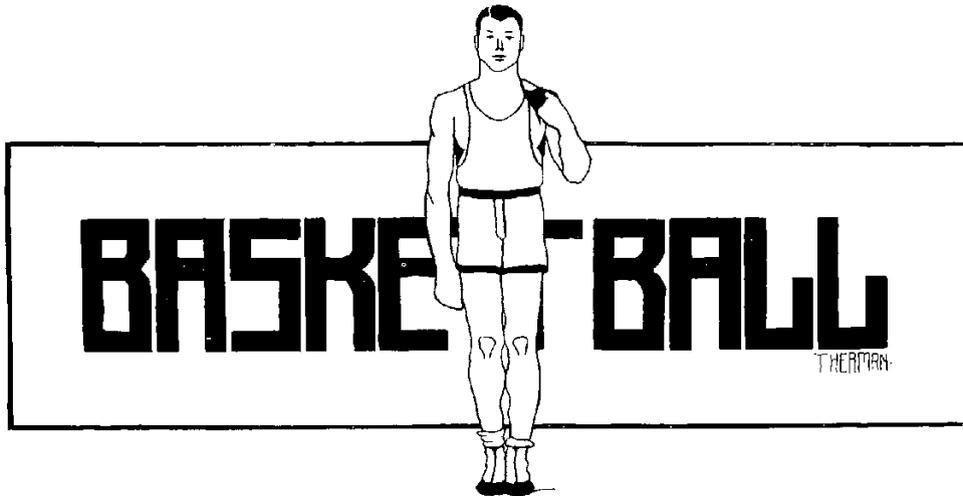
AT the present writing the track team presents a rather uncertain quantity. That we have four good quarter-milers was clearly proven at the Y. M. C. A. Mid-Winter Athletic Carnival, when our relay team, composed of Schrader, Heinold, Tarver and Captain Bardes, won the mile relay in very fast time. Von Horn and Jemison are showing up well in the sprints and we expect them to produce a few points for us in the spring meets. We lack especially jumpers and weight throwers. Seifreat is practically the only man we have in the weight events and we don't stand much chance in the high jump. Foster Hopkins ought to place in both the pole vault and the discus throw.

The real tests for the boys come on May 12, at Oxford and a little later in the Tri-state meet held under the auspices of the University of Cincinnati. We are looking forward to the boys' winning both of these meets and coming home with a carload of medals, several cups, and a banner. At any rate, here's hoping!



Early Spring Practice





The Line-up

Albert Gatch, *Forward*

William Kassel, *Guard*

Dwight Maddux, *Forward*

Herbert Trefzger, *Guard*

Frank Gray, *Forward*

Edgar Seifreat, *Guard*

Otto von Horn, (*Captain*), *Center*

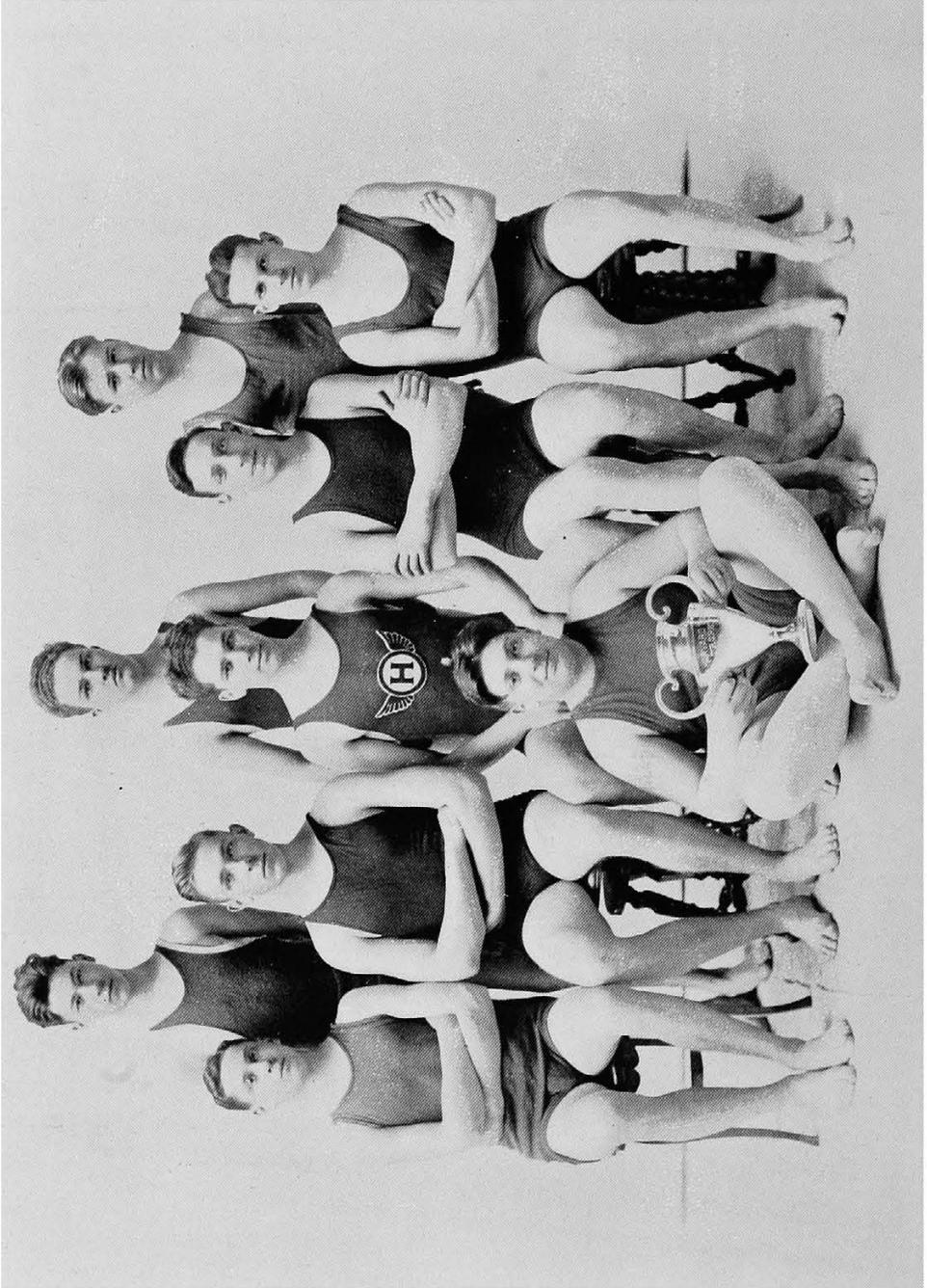
THE football season over, Hughes went out for gore in another line of athletics. This time it was basket-ball, and for the first time in years Hughes was represented in that field.

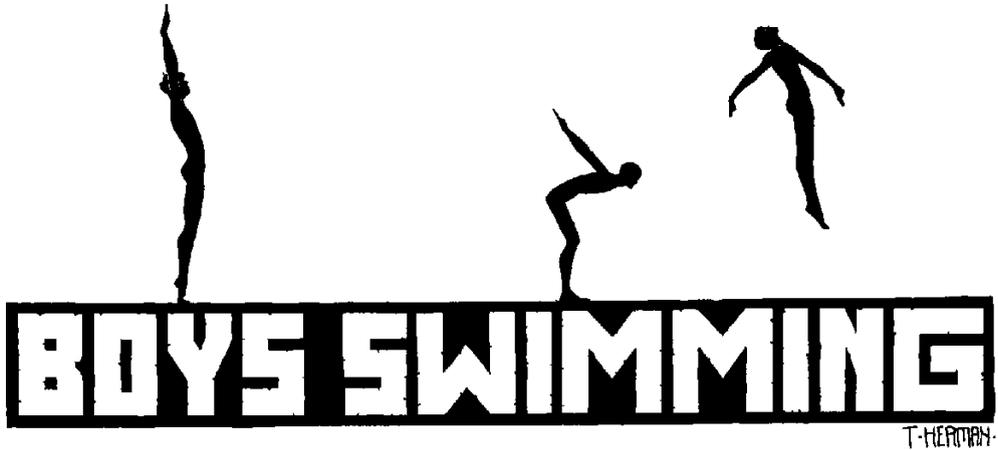
After several practice games, the real series began with Franklin. Of course, Hughes was victorious, the playing of Maddux and Captain von Horn being especially notable.

The second game of the series was played at the Varsity gymnasium in an all-day meet which the University held Saturday, January 27, for the neighboring teams. Alas, Hughes was not the victor. Norwood carried off the honors in the final match against Hamilton. Hughes was beaten in her first game, by Middletown, 38 to 10. Never mind! It was only the second game and the first year in the history of Hughes basket-ball.

At that period of the season, came the exams and The less said the better. Then the Operetta- but a series of inter-class games was arranged and the school team disbanded, each member to join his own class team.

Now just wait and see what happens next year.





SWIMMING is still in its early stages of development in the local schools. But following the lead set by colleges all over the country, it bids fair soon to become one of the most prominent of indoor sports. Here, at Hughes, we are hampered by a small tank; but no matter how small the tank, or how inadequate the equipment, if there is enthusiasm, there will be a team! Mr. Knab has encouraged this enthusiasm and it was largely through his efforts that we were represented in the Tri-state swimming meet at the Hamilton Y. M. C. A. In this meet, under the leadership of Captain Kassel, we annexed second honors, and had, at least, the satisfaction of beating out our ancient rival, Woodward. March 30, in the Cincinnati Gymnasium tank, we won the interscholastic meet, beating both Woodward and Norwood. This was quite a remarkable performance for our almost inexperienced men. May Hughes, in the next few years, turn out swimming teams as capable of supporting the Red and White as are our teams in the other fields of athletic endeavor!

The Team

William Kassel, (*Captain*)
Joseph Garretson Joseph Baer Myron Kahn
Oliver Bardes Maurice Koch Leon Stern
Wesley Pape Robert Rosenberg



GIRLS SWIMMING

T. HEATMAN



COME on in, the water's fine!" is a well known password among the girls. The Swimming Team has once more organized. It is captained by Ruth Helen Wolf, '17, with Elizabeth Drucker, '17, Gretchen Poos, '18, Therese Workum, '19, and Carol Mather, '20, as managers. Although our pool is small, it is a splendid one and practising in it has helped lots of the girls. We have veritable fishes among the Freshman girls.

Now, with the assistance of the department of hygiene and physical education of Varsity, we have formulated a splendid plan for the swimming meet. This year it's to be a regular affair, with only qualified swimmers as participants. There is to be a preliminary contest in which girls will endeavor to pass certain tests. These are divided into two classes—Novice and Advanced—and all the girls are eligible for membership in one of these.

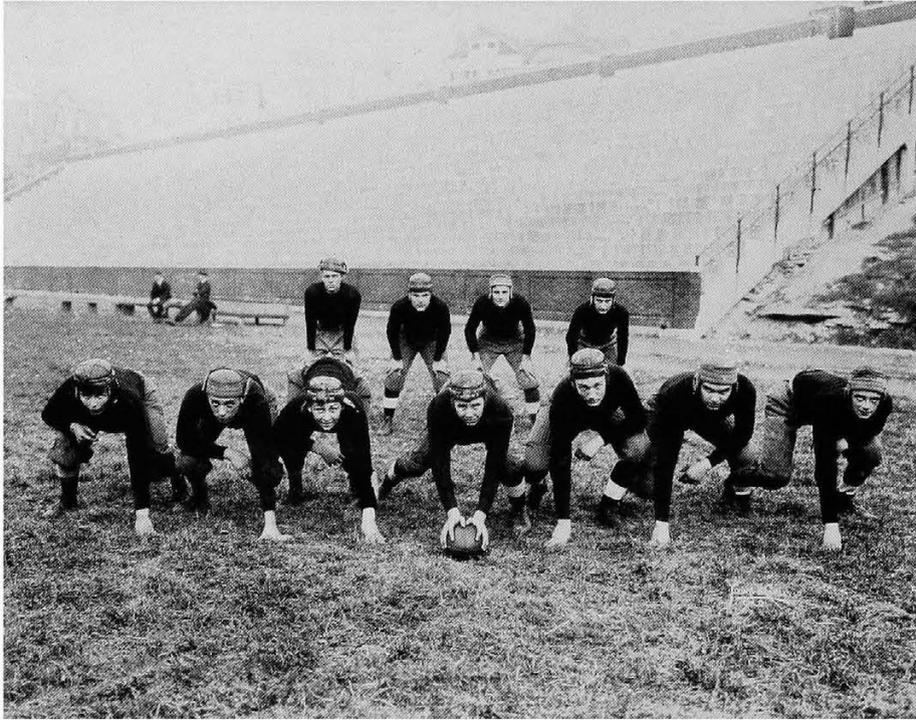
The Novice Test.

1. Swim 60 feet, using any stroke.
2. Swim 30 feet, on the back.

The Advanced Test.

1. Swim 100 feet, using any stroke.
2. Swim 30 feet, turn and swim 30 feet on the back.
3. Dive and swim 30 feet.

After every girl, who can, has passed the test, we will arrange for our big meet, which will be held at Varsity. Here's to every girl who has passed the preliminaries!



OUR ELEVEN

HAIL now, our heroes of the gridironed field,
Preservers of the name and fame of Hughes.
You struggled hard that we might gain the palm,
Hail now and take from us your well-earned dues.

The team was new, unknown to us, the school.
We little thought to wear the victor's crown,
Our hearts were low, and yet we cherished hope,
For Hughes was never wont to be kept down.

You rose, and like Horatius long ago,
You fought and struggled 'til you'd won the day,
'Gainst foes who seemed of overpowering might
You triumphed; so we sing this victor's lay.

Heroes, eleven, faithful, tried, and true,
Fearless and glorious, armed in virtue's might,
Keep ever so, live so, fight so, be so,
That vict'ries always are rewards of right.

—N. S.





The "A" Grade Center-Ball Team

Minna Feibleman, C.	Susan Wilson, B. B.
Judith Boutet, C. G.	Stella Strothman, B. B.
Sophie Bogen, C. G.	Helen Bottigheimer, B. B.
Esther Cohen, F. B.	Minna Mayer, B. G.
Elizabeth Drucker, F. G.	Helen Brite, B. G.
Lillian Pierson, F. G.	Fanny Rifkind, F. G.
Miriam Landman, (<i>Captain</i>), F. B.	

TO think that our noble, dignified, high and mighty Seniors would lower themselves enough to play Center Ball is scandalous, but it's true. Although they fought hard they were unable to defeat the Juniors. Let it be said to their credit, and particularly to the credit of the captain, Miriam Landman, that never before in the past history of our class have the girls been so enthusiastic as they were this year. Perhaps, if this same enthusiasm had manifested itself during the last two years, the team would have been more successful. Others may call the Freshmen "green" but the Seniors found out that when it comes to center ball, they are past grand masters.

The C-A game was the only one in which the Seniors were victorious. The credit for this game is given to Minna Feibleman, who played a splendid game at center. Both the A-B and A-D games were disastrous to the Seniors. They were outplayed in every way by their opponents and—here let us mercifully drop the veil of oblivion.

Careless of its own defeat, however, the team of 1917 wishes success to 1918's team and to every succeeding Senior team.

RUTH HELEN WOLF, '17.

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The "B" Grade Center-Ball Team

Charlotte Scherrer, (<i>Captain</i>), C.	Elizabeth Roberts, B. B.
Gretchen Poos, C. G.	Evelyn Weinberger, B. B.
Elizabeth Wagner, F. B.	Myra Gregg, B. B.
Edna Pfleger, F. B.	Elizabeth Guter, B. B.
Katherine Handel, F. G.	Hazel Koppenhoeffer, B. G.
Gretchen Rueckert, F. G.	Sylvia Voss, B. G.

JUNIORS, Rah! Juniors, Rah!
Rah! Rah! Juniors!"

Yes indeed, they will deserve this rahing! not only for the amount of energy and will power that each player put into the making of the team, but for the confidence of victory which they showed in winning the championship of 1917.

The Center-ball season opened with a defeat for the Sophomores and a victory for the Juniors. In this game the guarding of Gretchen Poos and Gretchen Rueckert was sensational.

Our next rivals were the "mighty seniors," who found it impossible to live up to their title. High above all others they were a little too confident but were nevertheless defeated.

The only rivals worthy of the mettle of the Juniors were the "Freshies," with whom we had quite a tussle, but whom, in the end—unexpected joy—we defeated.

But we must not forget that a large part of our success is due to the untiring efforts and patience of Miss Schriefer, who acted as our coach throughout the season.

CHARLOTTE SCHERRER, '18, *Captain*.



The "C" Grade Center-Ball Team

Alvina Reckman, (*Captain*), C.
Mildred Newman, F. G.
Frieda Hauck, F. B.
Laura Volkert, F. G.
Reland Miller, B. B.
Miriam Boebinger, F. B.

Mildred Colmeyer, B. B.
Helen Hysan, B. B.
Ruth Schild, B. G.
Emma Macwieski, B. B.
Louise Cox, F. B.
Dorothy Holman, B. G.

FILLED with excitement and anxiety, the C Grade Center Ball Team met their first opponents, the high and mighty seniors. Though we played hard and fast the seniors were not to be beaten and the game ended with a score 29 to 24 in favor of the Seniors.

This disheartened us somewhat, but we felt we had done fairly well, considering the practice which the A Grade had had. With renewed effort we again set ourselves to practice to meet the B Grade the following week.

The first half of the game ended with the C Grade four points in the lead. Immediately we built air castles. We would show the Juniors some real playing. But alas! the second half ended with a grand victory for the B Grade.

The next few weeks followed with constant practice. Our chances were somewhat slim, but we worked on with a determination to live or die, survive or perish, and above all, to beat the D Grade. Yet we were doomed to die, our fate had been foretold, and with a score too embarrassing to mention, our Center Ball season ended.

Although less enthusiasm than usual was shown in the C Grade for Center Ball this year, too much credit cannot be given to those who fought so nobly to uphold the honor of 1919.

ALVINA RECKMAN, '19.

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The "D" Grade Center-Ball Team

Florence Handel, B. B.	Elizabeth McGowan, F. G.
Rosalind Bohmer, B. B.	Margaret Worst, B. G.
Charlotte Wuest, F. B.	Marie Schmidt, C. G.
Henrietta Greilich, C.	Olga Hammerly, F. G.
Jeanette Rickenberger, F. B.	Marion Ast, B. B.
Marguerite Burdsal, (<i>Captain</i>), B. G.	

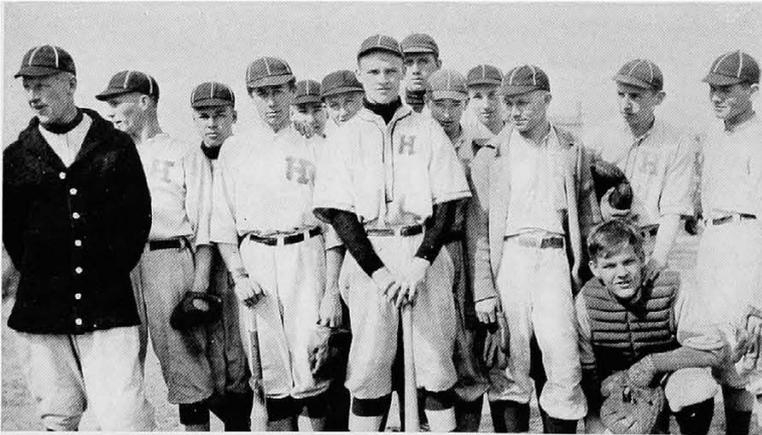
ALTHOUGH the Freshies did not win the Center Ball championship this season, they put up a strenuous fight. The first game we played was with those so-called mighty B Graders, and had this game been last instead of first, I am sure we would have been victorious. In the game with the C Grade the clever playing of Charlotte Wuest and Marion Ast, helped to save the day. We were very much gratified to defeat the dignified Seniors, and no doubt they were painfully surprised to receive a "drubbing" from the lowly Freshies.

The team showed remarkable enthusiasm in each game and every player did her share, the playing of Henrietta Greilich and Marie Schmidt being far above the average. In fact, the whole team deserves credit. The crowds that came to watch our games did their part by some good rooting, which was, of course, very helpful. If the players who were on the team this year take the same interest next year, I see no reason why we should not be the champions. Anyhow, we shall be strong opponents, and we are already endeavoring to eliminate the word "failure" from our vocabularies.

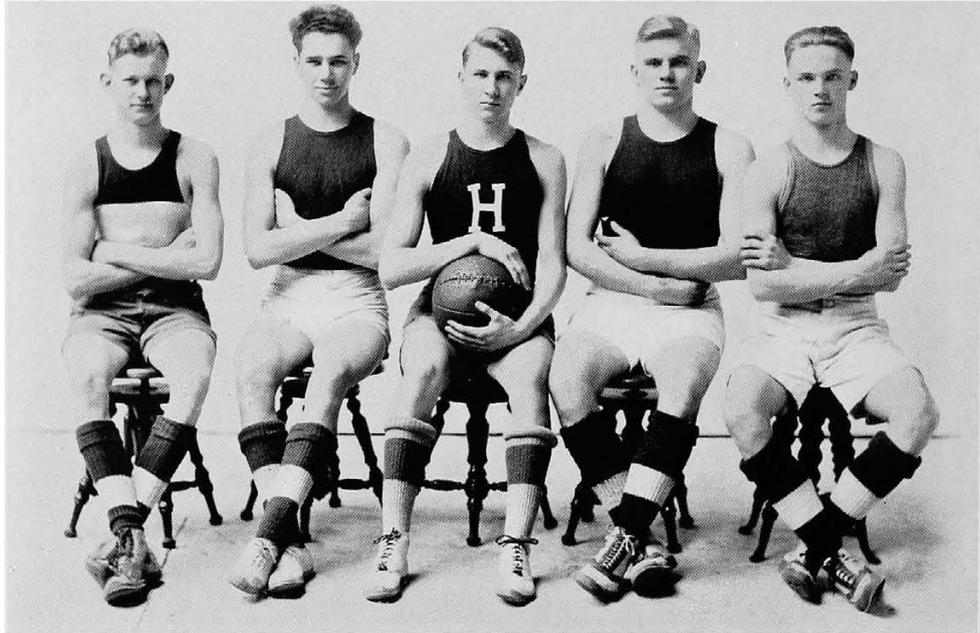
We feel that our successful season was due to the untiring efforts of our coaches, Miss Schriefer and Miss Suter, and we wish to thank them for their interest.

MARGUERITE BURDSAL, '20, *Captain*.

BASEBALL SNAPSHOTS







The "A" Grade Basket-Ball Team

Albert Gatch, *Forward.*

Ira Harris, *Forward.*

William Kassel, *Guard.*

Foster Hopkins, *Guard.*

William Hoberg, *Guard.*

Edgar Seifreat, *Guard.*

Otto von Horn, (*Captain*), *Center.*

THE School basket-ball team disbanded because of the Operetta, exams, and other trivial things, and the class teams took its place. Considering the material in the Senior class, I should not say they made such a very good showing, winning only two games out of three. They should have beaten the Juniors, but that Maddux-Gray combination proved too much for them. In the A-C game, as well as in all the rest, "Evers to Tinker to Chance" wasn't in it when Captain von Horn and Harris got to work.

Although Hughes basket-ball teams have been few and far between, a great deal of spirit has been shown this year.

R. H. W. '17.



The "B" Grade Basket-Ball Team

NEAR the close of the 1917 basket-ball season, it was decided, at the suggestion of Mr. Lyon, that the boys have an interclass basket-ball tournament. At the start the B Grade was favored in having Maddux, Gray and Trefzger, three of the school team's best players. Gray was appointed captain and was fortunate in securing Harold Ward for the other guard position. Center was not so easily filled, but finally McDiarmid of football fame was chosen. Again fortune favored the B Grade captain for "Mac" proved to be a find. A schedule was quickly arranged and on February 21, we met the Freshies. Owing to the splendid work of Maddux we won 14-4. Here our luck seemed to leave us, for in our next game, Monday, February 26, we were defeated by the Sophomores 16-12. It was "Blue Monday" indeed, for we were over-confident and totally unprepared for defeat. However, the Goddess of Fortune was once more with us and on Wednesday, February 28, we defeated the highly lauded Seniors 19-13. The luckless Freshies, having been eliminated, it was decided to play off the tie Friday, March 2, the A and B Grades to meet first, and the winner to play the C Class. Alas! the dignified Seniors were beaten 9-0 in an interesting game of which Gray was the shining light, although the two guards, Trefzger and Ward, played well. After five minutes rest the game for the championship was staged and once more we were victorious, winning 8 to 4, Maddux and Gray playing their usual splendid game. Well! at any rate, "results count, not words"—we are the champions of Hughes!

"1918."



The "C" Grade Basket-Ball Team

William Ellis William Ward Tom Sterrett Carl Loeffler
Samuel Price Donald Davey Crown Nikoloff Robert Martin, (*Captain*).

THE spirit of the C Grade was shown by the way in which the fellows answered the call for candidates for their own team. There were about fifteen in all, from whom the above eight were chosen, with Bob Martin as captain.

The Seniors were first encountered and the fight was close and hard throughout. The Seniors finally won out with a score of 16-9. The main point scorers were Harris for the A Team and Captain Martin for the C Graders.

Next on the schedule, the C Grade played the Juniors. This game was the hardest fought of the series. The Sophomores held a lead of two points throughout the game and won with a final score of 16-14. They won through the splendid goal shooting of Price and the guarding of Ellis.

At last we met the lowly Freshmen and defeated them by a score of 9-6. This score does not sound so well, but the C's were not playing up to their usual standard. To Price we give the credit of this game.

Now the tie for the championship had to be played off. The A's and B's met first and the B's came out victorious by a big margin. Then the C met the B Graders. This was another hard fought game. For the first five minutes neither team scored a point. Then the C Grade started but were promptly stopped by the B Grade. The game ended with a score of 6-4 in favor of the Juniors, who won the championship, the Seniors second in order and the Sophomores last.

ROBERT MARTIN, '19, *Captain*.

[Page one hundred and twenty]



The "D" Grade Basket-Ball Team

Melvin Kassel
Robert Seybold

Fred Hoffman
Philip Phalzgraf

Jean Cohen
Waldo Shaffer, (*Capt.*)

OUR first opponent and our strongest one was the B grade, who later became champions. Considering their team I think we did quite well.

We were badly defeated by the Seniors. However, the game was most interesting. We were at a great disadvantage because of sickness among our players but, never fear, I do not offer this as an excuse.

The C grade had now defeated the B grade and thought themselves masters in the art of Basket-Ball, so they swooped upon us like a vulture upon his prey. When the first half was over they were stunned but by the end of the second half the tide had turned and the game was theirs.

Thus ended the career of the D grade team for the season 1917. But we have three more years in which to recover from this season.

WALDO SHAFFER, '20, *Captain.*



Athletic Council

Robert Morrison

William Kramer
Therese Workum

Mr. Siehl
Reland Miller

Robert Horton
Elizabeth Ritchey

Jack Withrow
Miss Suter

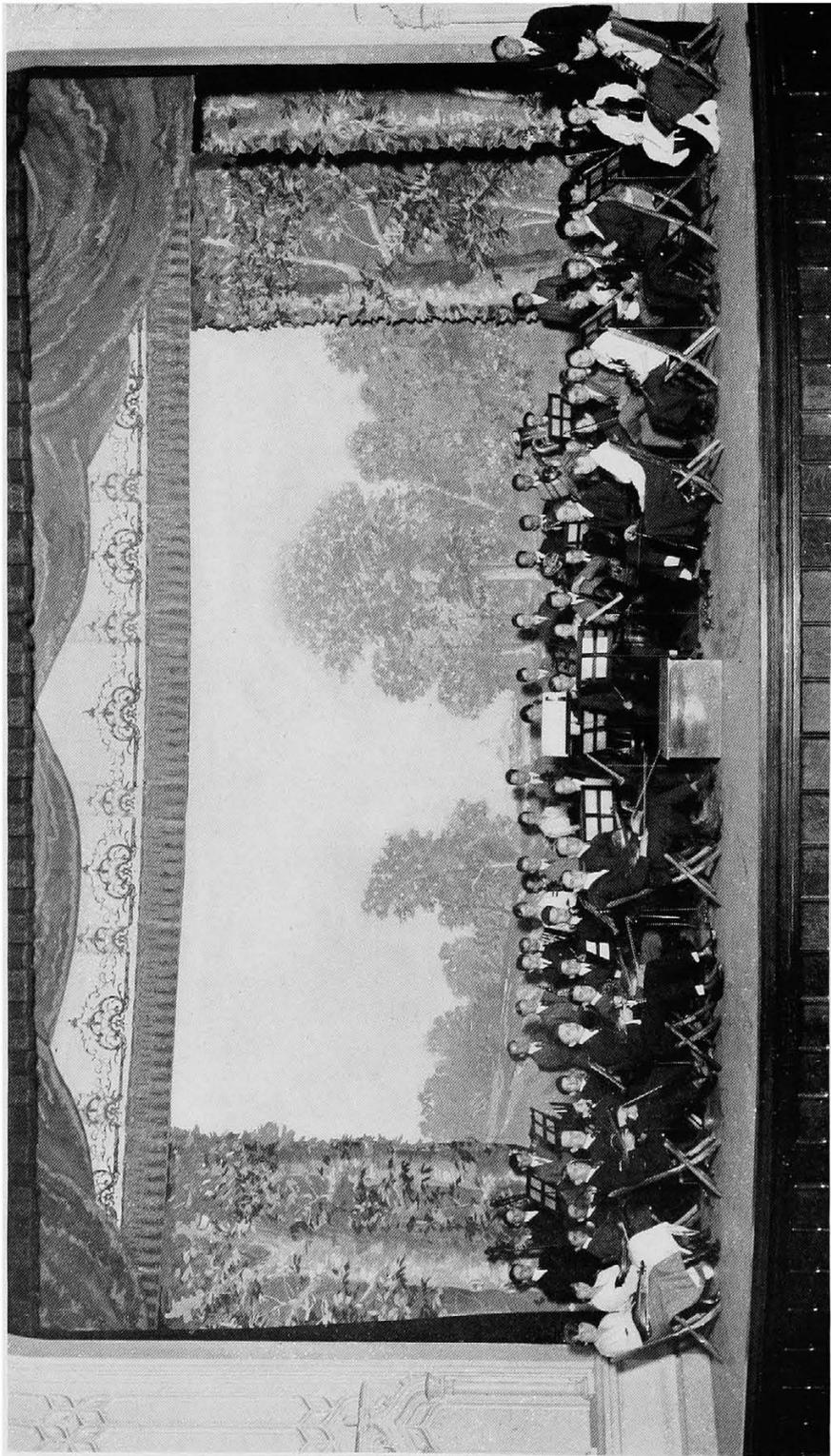
William Hoberg
Edna Pfleger

Mr. Ritchey
Gretchen Poos

Frank Gray
Miss Schriever

Dr. Poos







THERE are many organizations in our school which attract our attention, but probably none affords more real benefit and pleasure, to the school at large, as well as to its members, than the Orchestra.

It may be said that all great things have small beginnings, and so it was with our Orchestra. Seven years ago, under the leadership of Mr. Louis Aiken, fifteen pupils formed the nucleus for the present orchestra of sixty-five pieces. At that time the organization consisted only of strings, but today it may be truthfully said that the instrumentation is complete, including now all the required instruments of a Symphony orchestra.

The ensemble training given to the Orchestra members is beyond the scope of most amateur musicians. Cincinnati is the only city in the United States, and probably in the world, where the Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra gives direct instruction to a high-school orchestra. Training under Mr. Louis Aiken and Dr. Kunwald is one of the many advantages of our high-school education.

Another feature of the Hughes Orchestra is the opportunity which it affords boys and girls to learn orchestral instruments. Hughes owns five violas, four 'cellos, three basses, one tuba, three horns, two oboes, one trombone, three flutes, three sets of clarinets, one bassoon, two tympani and two drums, representing a total value of \$1500. This means every year each of thirty pupils is given a chance to learn an instrument by which he may later earn his living.

The success of the Orchestra is entirely due to the constant work of Mr. Aiken, who, every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, gives up his time so that we may profit by his experience and provide entertainment for our ever willing listeners.

In conclusion, the Orchestra is an organization which is bound to continue with added success, for at present it is supervising the training of boys in the grade schools, so that by the time they reach Hughes they will be able to play some of the more difficult instruments, thus replacing those pupils who have been graduated.

HAROLD WEIL, '17.

Orchestra Members

Cornets Herbert Tiemeyer Roland Beck Wm. Messingschlager	Oboe Harold Weil Maurice Koch	Horns Walter Arnold Sylvia Voss	Samuel Fleck Raymond Hartung Wilmon Meguire Julius Silverman Albert Vossler George Zachritz
Basses Clifford Fey Arthur Knecht Earl Maule	Piano Mary Louise Woseczek Harriet E. Butcher	Trombone Frank Jemison Fred Ingram	Second Violins Samuel Aronoff Minnie Bachrach Clara Crim Lester Dehner Harold Erhardt Rose Friedman Frances Furgason Forrest Goepper Russell Kehrt Bertha Kercsmer Maurice Levine Bernard Nadel Harry Rosenstein Frank Seinsheimer Harold Ulland
Clarinets Hugo Hengstenberg Alex Baiter	'Cellos Frank Bueche Adelaide Kussel Louis Stricker Wm. Todd Carl Topie Joseph Ullman Albert Wilkerson	Tuba Lawrence Murphy	Drums Herbert Bernet Calvin Deitemeier
Flutes Ervin Tiemeyer Esther Husman	Violas Myrtle Martin Wm. Mittenkotter Milton Maddux Harriet Sanders Francis Todd	First Violins Herbert Silbersack Arthur Avril Stanley Casey Edwin Chambers Mildred Chace Harold Ditzel Adolph Epstein	
Bassoon Elmer Benkert			
Saxophone Ralph Miller			





"MUSIC hath charms." A true saying indeed, and probably no other time in the history of Hughes has the Glee Club been given better opportunity to prove the wisdom of this statement than during the year 1916-17. The production of Mr. Bliss's Operetta at Hughes afforded the opportunity, as practically all those who took part in the performance were chosen from the Glee Clubs because of the training they had received.

The Girls' Glee Club was organized under the direction of Mr. Aiken about seven years ago and has developed into an organization worthy of mention, of which Hughes students may feel proud.

First Soprano

Marian Hartzel
 Beatrice Loeb
 Eva Van Winkle
 Hilda Becker
 Mary Schreiner
 Florence Schellhamer
 Ethel Brand
 Mary Stephan
 Elizabeth Ohlhauser
 Katherine Darwin
 Antoinette Atkinson
 Vivian Batten
 Dorothy Tilghman
 Esther Froehlick
 Esther Tennenbaum
 Charlotte Scherrer
 Lela Kreger
 Gertrude Frahm
 Thecla Siebenthaler
 Josephine Haile
 Helen Whyrich
 Alice May Williams
 Wilma Twachtman
 Isabelle Dixon
 Helen Wood
 Mary Pounsford
 Helen Brite
 May Heinzerling
 Margaret Moak

Second Soprano

Hope Smith
 Elinor Simpson
 Eva Zimmerman
 Mildred Vandevort
 Mildred Easton
 Alice Bear
 Mary Elizabeth Ritchey
 Florence Masterton
 Evelyn Weinberger
 Helen Manss
 Madelaine Dana
 Louise Barker
 Caroline Meyer
 Alvina Rechman
 Marian Holzman
 Sylvia Geisler
 Marjorie Struble
 Dorothy Habekotte
 Marian Martin
 Bernice Bentel
 Margaret Vine
 Clara Becker
 Hazel Diebold
 Grace Shaffer
 Virginia Pierson
 Mildred Burhen

Alto

Ruth Bohlender
 Odessa Roessley
 Elsie Kruckemeyer
 Aline Hesterberg
 Miriam Landman
 Susan Wilson
 Ruth Morrison
 Ellen Struble
 Katherine Richards
 Pearl Lobitz
 Ruth Weichold
 Edna Pflieger
 Isabelle Cook
 Myrtle Hay
 Marie Ungeheuer
 Edith Murdock
 Judith Boutet
 Louise Cox
 Ethel Mummer
 Estelle Mayer
 Helen Beiderwelle
 Laura Failing
 Helen Lakeman
 Gladys Allen
 Mildred Walke
 Jean Garretson





OUR grandfathers' conception of school was a place where "Reading and Writing and Arithmetic" are taught. But modern educators have concluded that "all work and no play make Jack a dull boy." So among the different organizations which meet at school for the purpose of recreation and social gathering of the students, must be mentioned that gay crowd of aspiring young vocalists who, under the direction of Mr. Burke, comprise the Boys' Glee Club. This club owes its organization to an incident of several years ago in which the possibilities of a musical club were very audibly brought to Mr. Lyon's attention by a somewhat overzealous rendition of that pathetic ballad "Don't Send My Boy To Woodward" by a group of would-be minstrels caroling their way through the corridors. From that memorable quartet, on that never-to-be-forgotten day, has grown the Glee Club which meets every week to sing the carefree hours away. This organization is a source of great pleasure to the student body on occasions of its public appearance, while their performance in the "Saucy Hollandaise" is remembered with delight by everyone.

ELMER COOK, '17.

First Tenor

William Mittenkotter
 Irwin Rosenbaum
 Rawson Davis
 John E. Townsend
 Walter Bridge
 Ralph Gall
 Frank Jemison

Second Tenor

Gordon Pugh
 Edward Roth
 Lloyd Johnson
 Harold Pettit
 Edwin Meiss
 Edwin Chambers

First Bass

Gordon Miller
 Lawrence Murphy
 Nicholas M. Salkover
 Paul Waltz
 Virgil Ericcson
 Louis Windgassen

Second Bass

Lloyd St. John
 Albert Doerler
 William Lonney
 Donald Wiley
 William Dinkelaeker
 Frank Bueche





ONE of the most important results of the organization of the Mandolin Club was the formation of the Five Strings. Formed around Carl Clauve and Donald Wiley as a nucleus, it was at first a quartet, and made its debut in this form at the A. A. Banquet, meeting with a cordial reception. Later, versatile Gord Miller changed from Hawaiian guitar to ukelele, and again, after the addition of another uke, to a regular guitar. In this form of quintet we have made several appearances, at Hughes and at night school, and our receptions have indicated unqualified success.

“Rook” Clauve (originally known as Carl) is the individual star and One Indispensable of the Quintet, for he is one of the best amateur players of the Hawaiian Guitar to be found anywhere. One cannot realize that he has been playing less than a year, and that he has never received professional instruction. His musical career began with the Mandolin-banjo, and his proficiency on that instrument enables us to add a little variety and “pep” to our playing. Without Rook there could be no Quintet.

Whether Gordon Miller’s martial spirit has endowed him with great natural gifts of leadership, or whether his trials and tribulations as leader of the Mandolin Club and Quintet have driven him into the army, we don’t know. But we do know that he’s been a blame good leader, as well as performer on guitar and uke. Much of our success is due to Gord.

Donald Wiley is a real artist on the guitar. Wiley had been accustomed to play with Clauve, and so, by teaching us his chords, made our progress much more rapid. Incidentally, his glorious hair blends harmoniously, and frequently produces unusual effects that give us an element of distinction—local color, as it were.

On the uke, Alfred Epstein’s roll stroke is particularly effective in the slower numbers, and in the rags he can “mix ‘em up” ’till your feet can’t keep from wiggling. His strokes should make him very popular at the bathing resorts. Also he is making very rapid progress on the guitars.

Ebersole Crawford, the added starter, is especially valuable in supplying proper and effective chords, and his ability to play melody as well as accompaniment on the uke is a very rare accomplishment. Whenever you hear someone banging away “The Stars and Stripes Forever” look for Crawford.





THERE is no accomplishment so pleasant as the ability to play a musical instrument, and of all the numerous instruments existing, none has the irresistible charm of the strings. The Mandolin Club is in reality a stringed instrument club, for it is composed of guitars, Hawaiian and otherwise, banjos and ukeleles, as well as mandolins. With a membership of about twenty, although it has existed only about a year and a half, it is one of the well-known organizations of the school.

It grew out of the musical efforts of several of last year's boys, who met occasionally at one another's homes with no attempt at organization. Originally, it consisted of two first mandolins, two seconds, and a guitar. But, as the boys realized that other instruments would be a pleasing addition, a general notice was circulated, with the result that nearly twenty-five would-be musicians responded to the call. The club was organized and practiced regularly, under the direction of Miss Wisenal. But, since the great majority of the members were seniors, and spring—a time in which numberless things engage the attention of that class, was already well advanced, little progress was made.

This year, however, it was re-organized and started its career with a boom, for almost thirty members volunteered. Immediately there arose the question as to what music was suitable, and how it should be played. Unfortunately thirty persons, especially when those persons are Hughes students, are very apt to hold exactly thirty opinions on a given subject. This case was no exception. Some wanted to play ragtime by ear, others preferred playing classics by note, et cetera, ad infinitum. As a result the club nearly disbanded and probably would have done so entirely, had not the crisis produced its hero, as it has a way of doing. In this instance, Gordon Miller assumed the responsibilities of a leader and the club showed its appreciation by unanimously electing him president. Under his direction, it has made its first, and so far, only public appearance. It played at the Athletic Banquet, and was much gratified at the generous applause which it received.

Although it has been handicapped in a number of ways, we sincerely hope that, before the year is ended, the present club may really do itself justice, and that, in the years to come, it may grow into an organization which will contribute honor to the already glorious name of Hughes.

HELEN BRITE, '17.



FRENCH CLUB



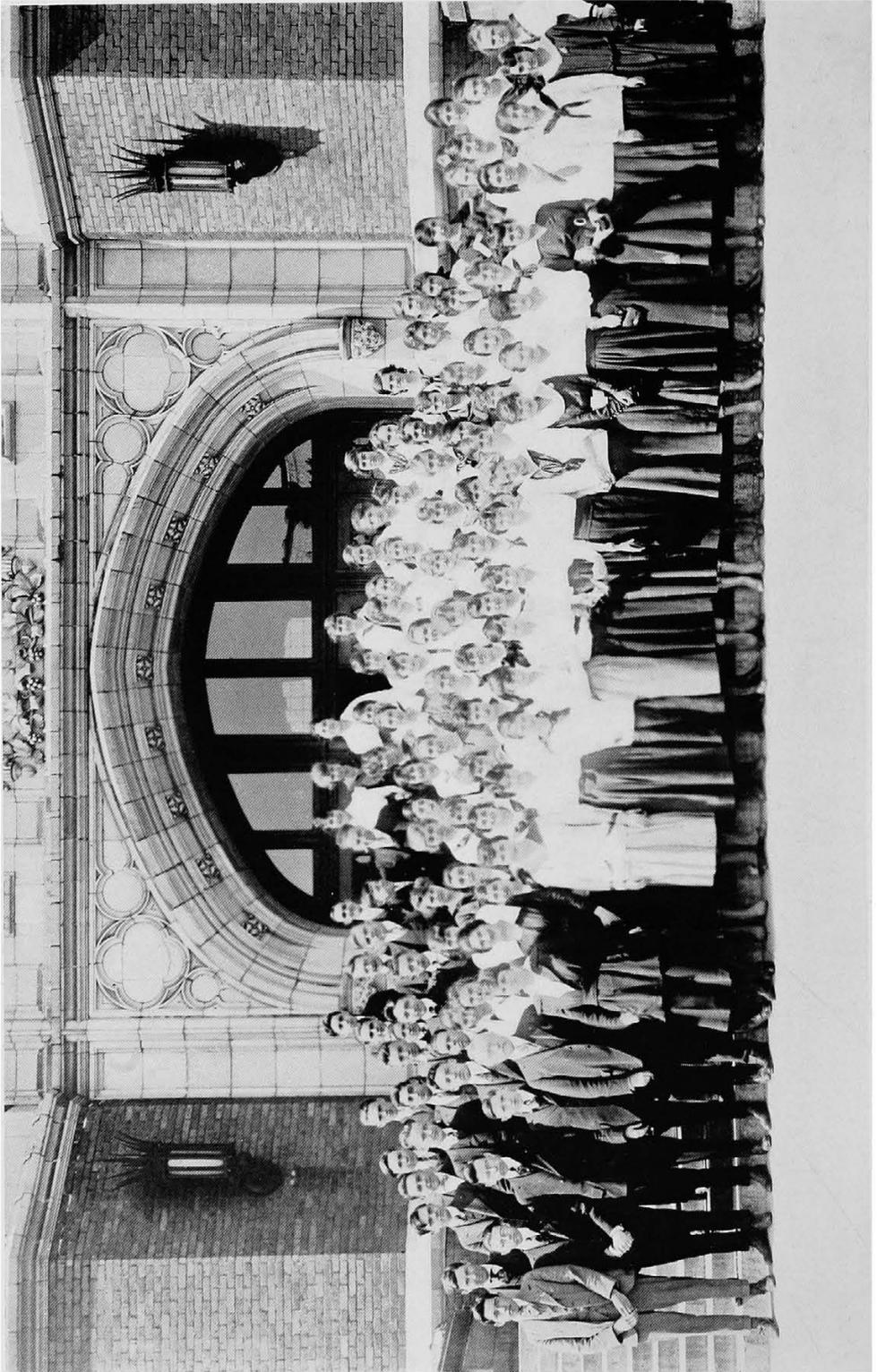
THE year 1916-1917 has indeed been a banner one for "Le Cercle Francais." The club has now been in existence three years and has steadily improved each year. The membership has increased greatly, and the interest centered in the meetings is indeed to be commended.

The initial meeting this year was held in Miss Louise Bentley's room on November 14, and the following officers were elected: Marion Holzman, President; Aimee Louise Bettman, Vice-president, and Moses Isaacs, Secretary.

All the meetings have been very interesting. At one of them we had shadow pictures, taken from the "Reader," and "La Marseillaise" was played on the Victrola. At several meetings we played French games and everyone enjoyed himself heartily.

Though we have had no lectures this year as in former years, the meetings have been most delightful, and exceedingly beneficial to the students enrolled. We hope that the French Club next year will be as cordially supported by the pupils, but we feel sure that it cannot exceed in real gain and enjoyment, that of this year's class.

MARION HOLZMAN, '17.



GERMAN



CLUB

MINNA FEIBLEMAN

President

RUTH BOHLENDER

Vice-President

MAX HERRLE

Secretary

WILLIAM KASSEL

Treasurer

GERMAN Club is a name often spoken here at Hughes, but few of us really know that the club has another, and official name, the "Schiller-verein." For the benefit of those not versed in German lore, I will say that this club was originally started at old Hughes many years ago, but was dropped for some years after the moving of the school to its present home. Two years ago, however, it was re-organized with a new constitution and Earl Widau as its president. Miss Mathilde Mendelsohn succeeded him in his office the next year. In this, the third year of the new club's history, we have had no fewer than three presidents. The purpose of the German Club is to familiarize its members with poetry, prose, music and art of German origin. We do not, contrary to the belief of many outsiders, "dabble in politics." We have a strictly literary and musical society which meets once a month in the Music Room to carry out our programs. Following the custom of the club, we have an annual Kaffee Klatsch, in which, speaking strictly as man to man, there has always been more "Klatsch" than "Kaffee." If you "have not the German" to understand the above, or if you are a freshman quite newly arrived, I recall, for your benefit, a notice which appeared some time ago in "Old Hughes"—"All jokes explained to freshmen upon application." But there, there, dear freshies, we didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Still—take it to heart and commit it to memory, for perhaps you too may be able to use it when, next fall, as solemn sophomores, you stride manfully into the front corridor to gaze with pity and condescension upon the timid, newly-arrived freshies. Nevertheless, do them a favor, for which they will forever thank you, oh sophomores-to-be, send them to the Music Room on the first Thursday of the month, to become fast friends and members of the German Club.

MINNA FEIBLEMAN, '17.





HERBERT HARDIN, '17

President

RUTH HELEN WOLF, '17

Vice-President

RUTH JEMISON, '19

Secretary

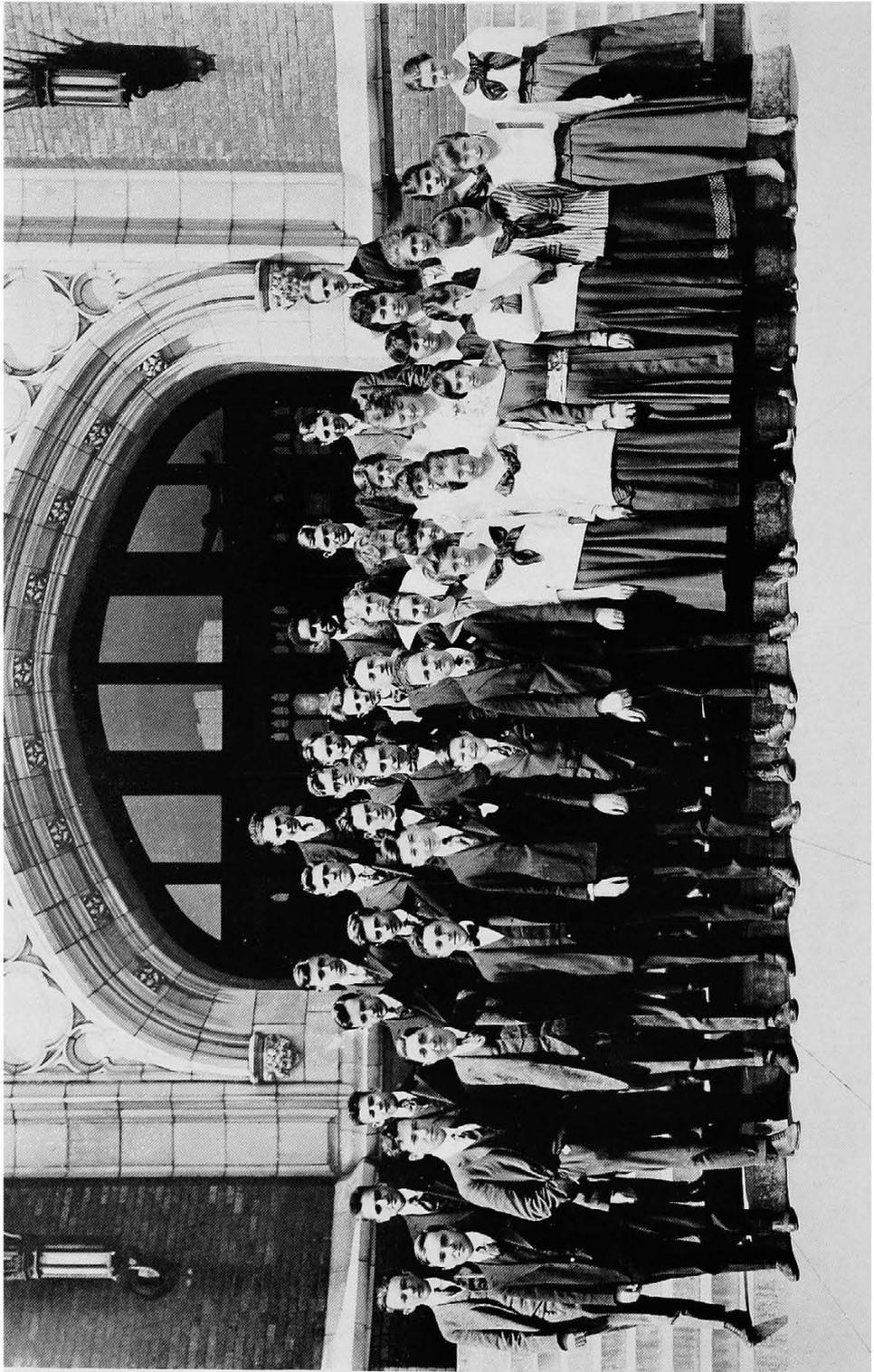
JACK TWACHTMANN, '19

Treasurer

THE treasures of the wise men of old which they have left written in their scrolls, my friends and I unroll and con together, culling out whatever good we may find, but finding it the greatest gain if in the meantime we grow more dear to one another."

Inasmuch as few of last year's Greek students remained this year, little interest was manifested in the club early in the year. Moreover it was desirable that the Sophomore members should have some knowledge of Greek before the work of the club should begin in earnest. For these reasons the first meeting of the club was delayed for some time. However, officers were elected, and the work of the society began. The new members, enthused by accounts of the wonderful success of last year, made every effort to help the club live up to its motto. Everything indicated a continuation of the good work of past years. Meetings were held the first and third Wednesdays of each month at the close of school. In addition to these regular meetings, informal gatherings were held monthly at the homes of the various members. At these we were occasionally entertained by inspiring speeches from prominent Cincinnatians.

With the splendid advice and help of Mr. King, the members of the "Soter Kallinike" had nothing but enjoyment and success for the year 1916-1917.





IN accordance with the custom of the language classes of Hughes, we, students of Spanish, formed a club for the purpose of gaining some idea of the life, customs and literature of the people of Spain and the South American republics.

After Miss Frick had thoroughly drilled us in the Spanish translation of Parliamentary rules, we met, and duly, and without too much use of English, elected as club officers, Joe Garretson, President, Helena E. Reisinger, Vice-President, and Elizabeth Weidner, Secretary.

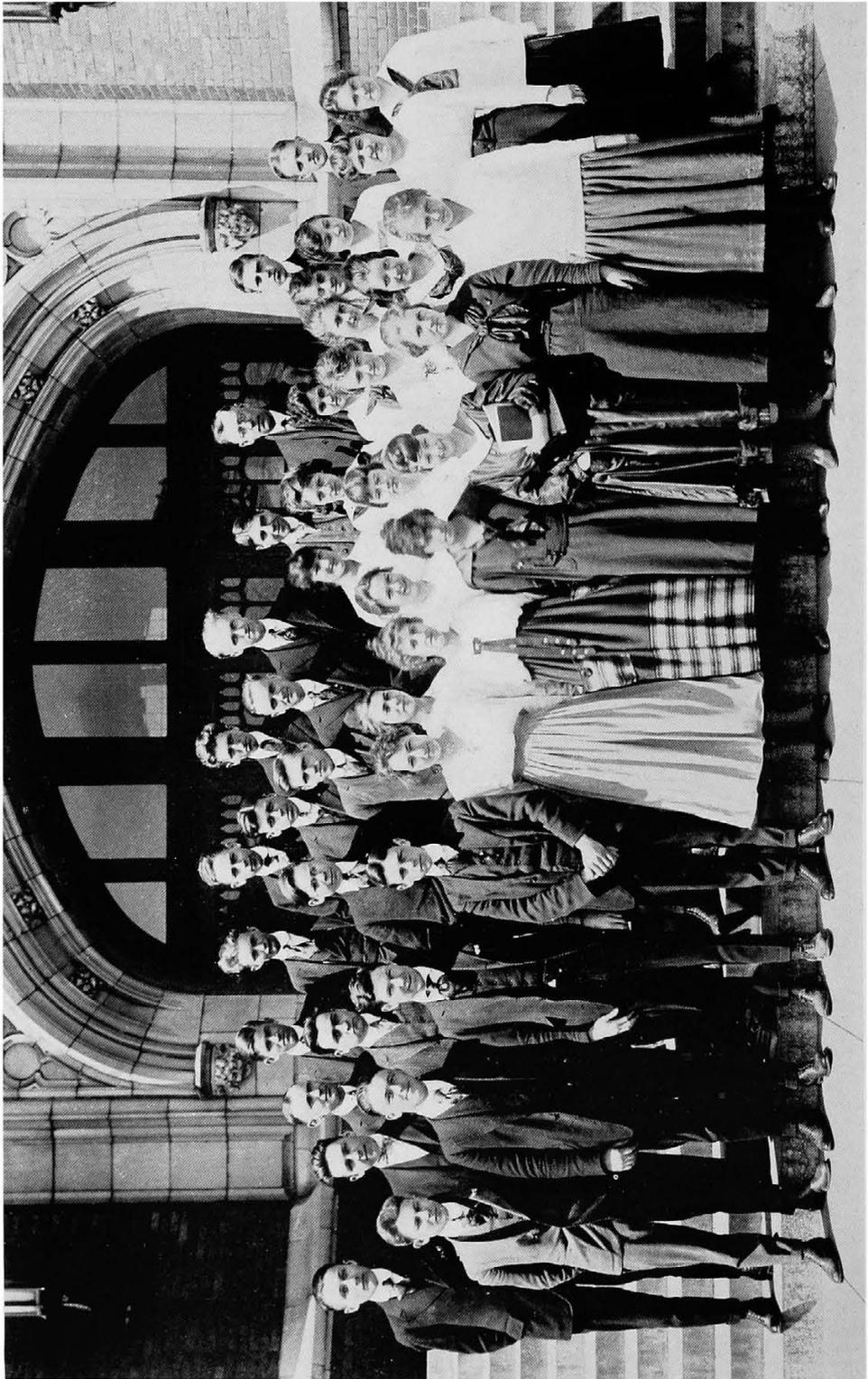
As one of our purposes is to study literature we decided there could be no better way to do this than to present a Spanish play. Therefore the Commercial class rendered that howling farce "La Muela del Juicio" (The Wisdom Tooth) in which May Helmer and Rowe Rightmire were the loudest howlers. This so delighted the academic class that they gave "El Sopreso de Isidoro" (Isidore's Surprise) and we are still wondering who was and who was not "loco."

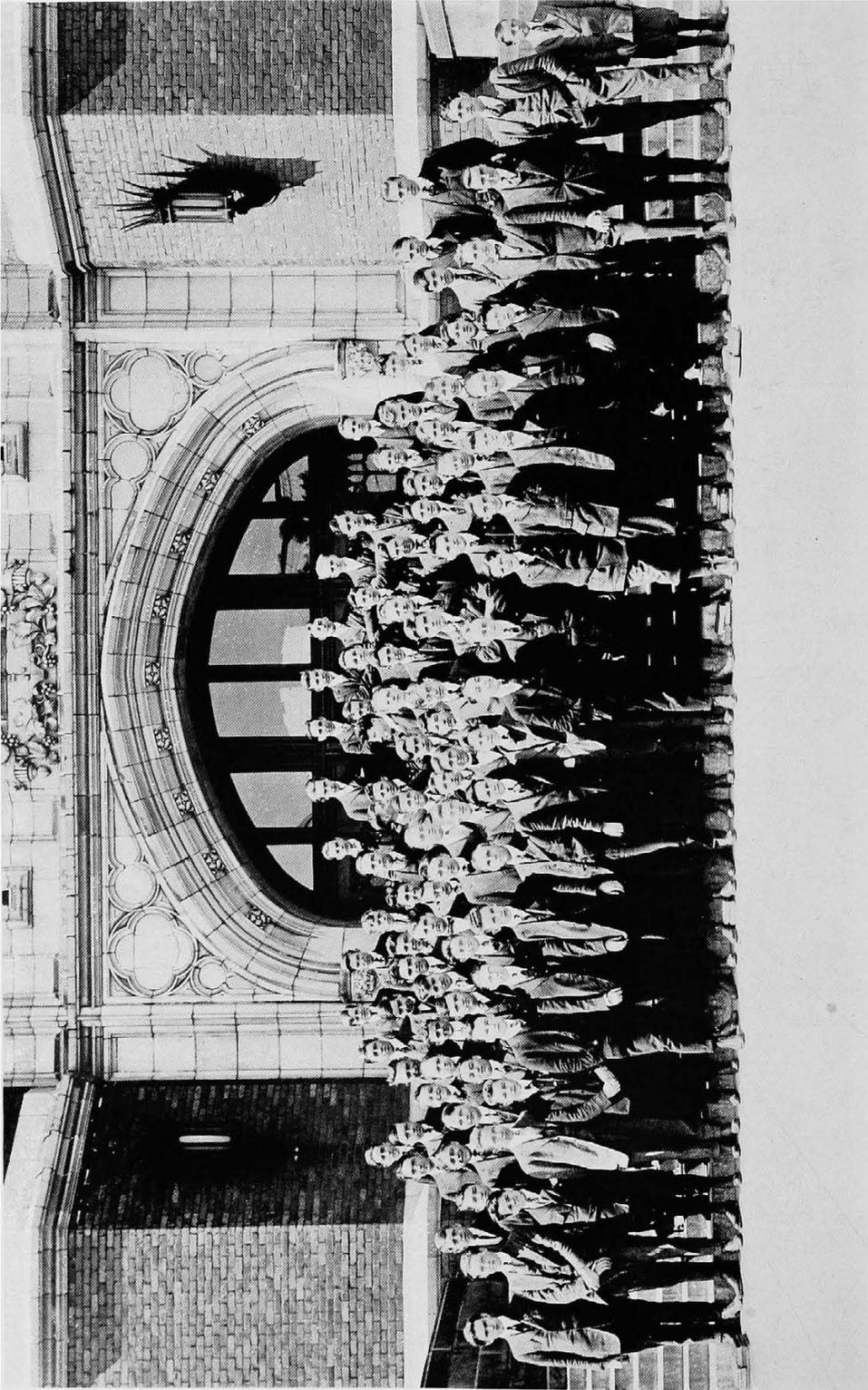
Although young we did not wish to appear frivolous and so we were heartily enthusiastic over the interesting and profitable talks given by Miss King and Miss O'Brien, two of our own teachers, and Sr. Moguel and Sr. Rodriguez, the former a Mexican, the latter a Cuban, who happened to be in town, and who were brought to us by our president.

One afternoon, soon after the installation of the piano in room 301, we held our meeting there and in order to try the merits of our new possession made it a musical afternoon. While our pianists were resting their fingers we listened to Caruso and other famous singers. It was quite interesting to catch a word now and then as we listened to the Victrola and this made us realize how valuable is ear training in a foreign language.

We have found that besides the benefit and profit of learning to speak fluently, to read with ease, and to converse intelligently, we have formed the basis for future friendships by enjoying together so many good times. We can only hope that our spirit may dwell with the club of '18 and that its members may enjoy their opportunities to the fullest extent, as we have done.

FLORENCE GABRIEL.







INDUSTRIAL ARTS CLUB

ONE of the youngest, yet one of the strongest organizations of the school is the Industrial Arts Club. It was organized in the fall of the school year by Paul Runk, with the advice and help of Mr. C. R. Walker and has enjoyed a successful career. The club is composed exclusively of Industrial Arts students and is carried on in accordance with their own methods. The membership has so far reached a total of seventy-five and many more hope to be enrolled before the end of the school year.

This organization believes in doing big things. The club has an original letterhead, designed by one of the members, William Bertsch. This novel idea was successfully carried out in the printing shop, where five successive operations were necessary for its completion.

The club plans visits to shops and industrial plants, where the practical application of many things taught in school is brought before the members. A lecture on iron, illustrated by moving pictures, and entitled "From Mine to Molder," was given in the auditorium and was open to the entire school. Prominent speakers are secured for every meeting, each lecturing on some one of the various phases of the industrial world. These are a few of the big things done by the organization.

The club is open to all grades of the school, the only requirement for membership being enrollment in any of the Industrial Arts Courses. The following are the chief officers of the club:

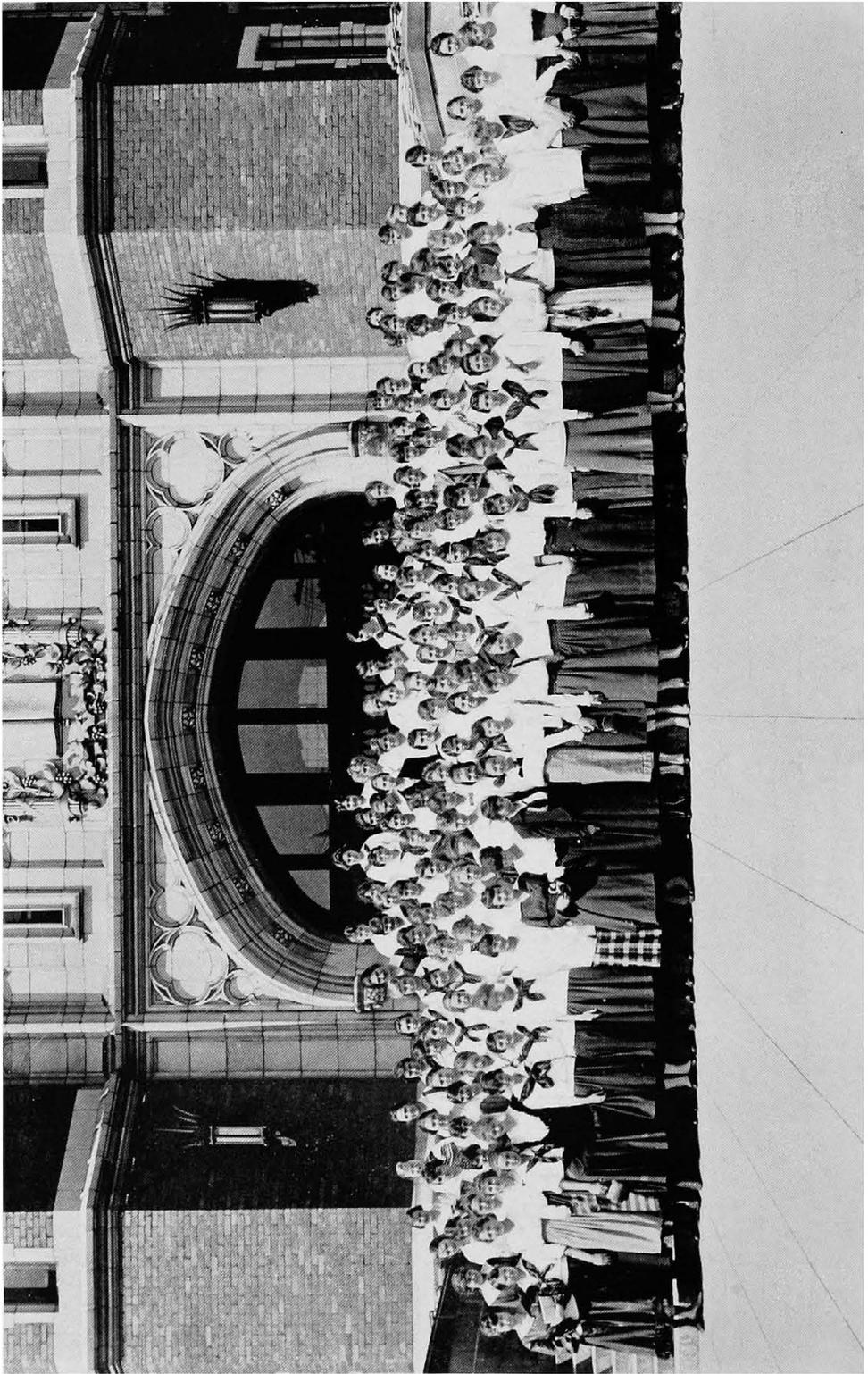
PAUL HINES.....	<i>President</i>	JACK KEMPER..	<i>Chair. of Speaker Com.</i>
PAUL RUNK.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	GERAL COWAN....	<i>Chair. of Social Com.</i>
AUTHUR LAMBERT.....	<i>Secretary</i>	HOWARD METZGER,	<i>Chair. Finance Com.</i>
THEODORE BUMILLER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	ALLAN MEAKIN,	<i>Chair. Membership Com.</i>
	Mr. C. R. WALKER.....		<i>Faculty Advisor</i>

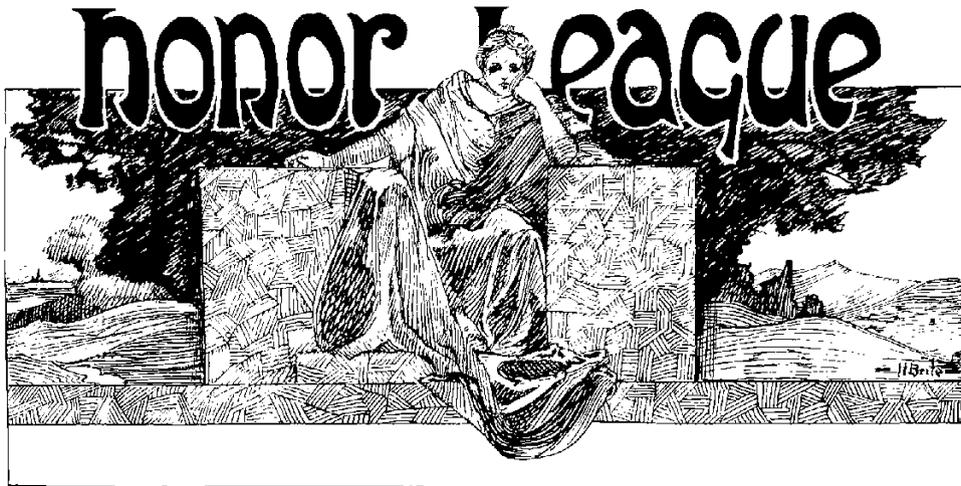
The main burden of the work of the Club is not left to the officers, but rests upon the membership at large. Every regular member feels a portion of the responsibility upon his shoulders and he boosts the club.

Our ideals can best be set forth in the words of Longfellow:

*"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."*

HERBERT K. KEEVER, *I. A. C. Reporter.*





SUSAN WILSON..... President	EDITH MURDOCK.....	} Executive Com.
HELEN PAULI..... Vice-President	FLORENCE GABRIEL.....	
ALINE HESTERBERG..... Secretary	MARGARET VINE.....	
MISS JULIA BENTLEY.....	} Faculty Advisors	GINCIE BROWN.....	
MISS CAIRNS.....			

My Aim

*To do the thing I know is true
 And should not be ashamed to do
 To help to make some others see
 The thing that so appeals to me.*

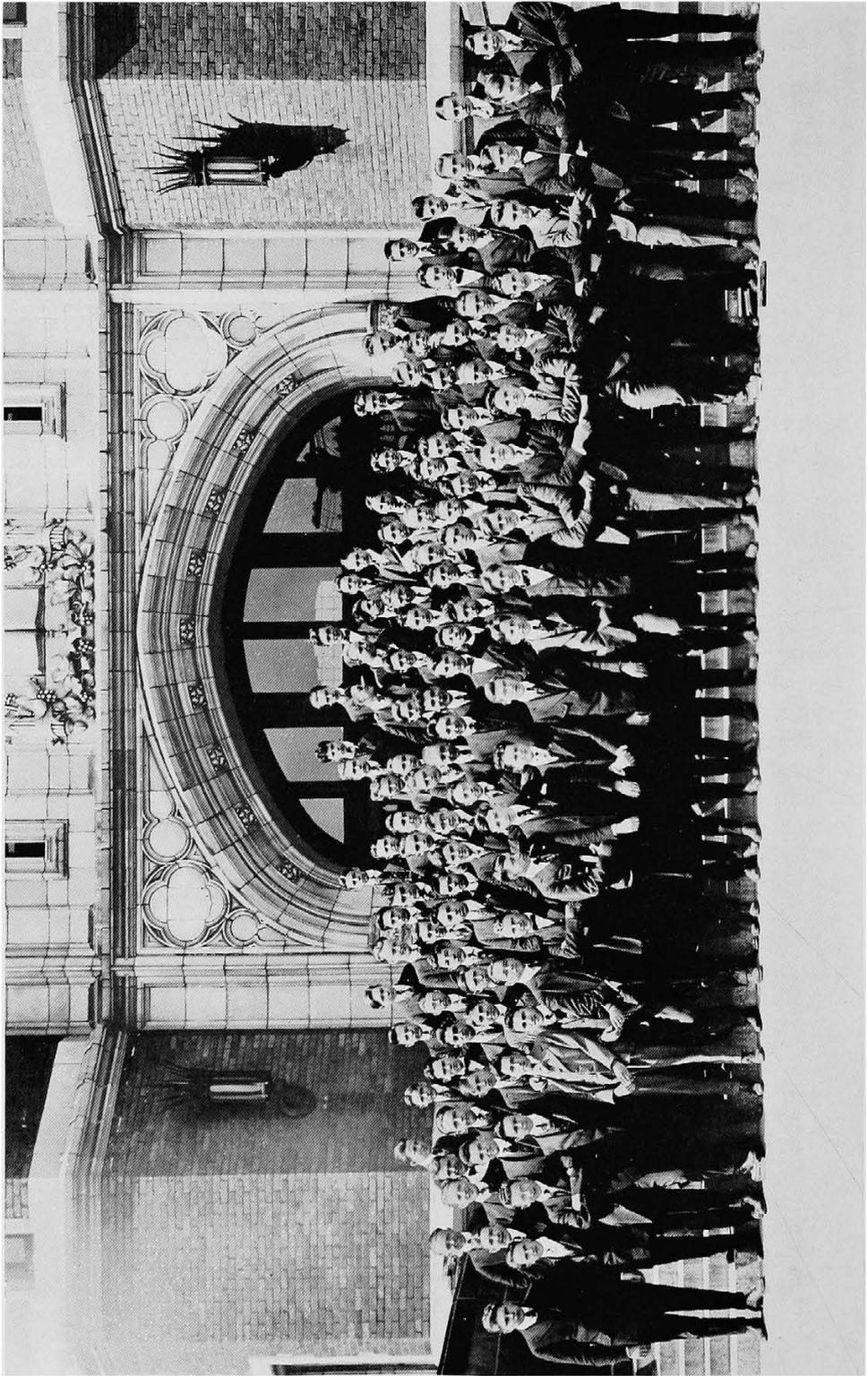
THE Girls' Honor League has been in existence at Hughes for three years. It sprang up from a desire on the part of the older girls to be able to distinguish between right and wrong. Our present enrollment consists of one hundred and twenty-five girls who are all striving to live up to the chosen aim and who are trying to carry out unselfish motives.

The '17 members, with the co-operation of our brother workers, "The Hughes Club," held a candy sale in January, at which we realized fifty-two dollars. This sum was donated to the "Student Help Fund" a fund which has aided several students in finishing their high-school courses, who would otherwise have been financially unable to do so.

We, the '17 members, are also sending a child to the "Bamford Hills" farm for the summer. Under our enthusiastic counselors, Miss Julia Bentley and Miss Cairns, we have introduced the "Little Sister" idea into Hughes, and we hope that our successors will continue it, for the '17 girls unanimously agree that it is worth while. We have encouraged our little Freshman sisters by showing them that Hughes is not "all work and no play," for each year, as we advance, we encounter new ordeals and pleasures which make living worth while.

We have become as sisters in the League, for we are all striving together "to do the thing we know is true and should not be ashamed to do!" Our monthly meetings have been very interesting ones, for the girls have entered into the discussions informally and enthusiastically. May the girls of the coming year have as beneficial and as successful a year as we have experienced.

S. J. W. '17.



HUGHES CLUB

T. HERMAN

NICHOLAS SALKOVER

President

J. EBERSOLE CRAWFORD

Vice-President

FRANK JEMISON

Secretary

GEORGE METZGER

Treasurer

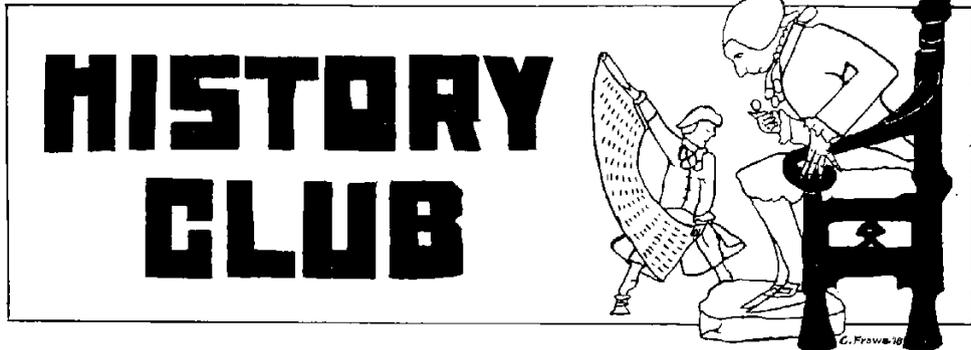
THERE is a time in a high school fellow's life when he becomes, or strenuously affects the semblance of becoming, colloquially speaking, "hard." He calls his comrades "dope," or "drunk," smokes his neat little twenty for a dime cigarettes very prominently out in front of the school building, uses a vocabulary which is usually interpreted in print by numerous punctuation marks, and in general thinks that he sees the golden gates leading to the flower bordered highway of manhood ready to open at his touch. Such a state of mind may, and often does lead to permanent bad habits. Therefore, there have been organized all over the country, associations of which the Hughes Club is an example, "to create, maintain and extend high standards of character among high school students." The Club stands for "clean speech, clean sports, and clean living," for a friendly and fraternal social life among the fellows of the school, for the highest ideals of chivalry, manhood and life. The members of the Hughes Club are in no sense "sissies" nor "mollycoddles." On the contrary, among their number are most of our athletes, class officers, association officers and, in short, the biggest men of the school.

In February our advisory secretary, Mr. Hugh Wehrly, left us to go to Portsmouth, Ohio. With his departure the high school boys of Cincinnati suffered a loss which they will probably never appreciate. In our mind Hugh is absolutely the personification of those principles for which we strive. A finer friend or better man never breathed.

The Hughes Club of 1917 has not achieved all that it so sanguinely set out to do. This is no more than human. However, we feel that the Club has exerted a tremendous influence for good, an influence which has not at all times been realized even by our members themselves. Therefore we hope that the Hughes Club will continue, becoming stronger and stronger with the years, and that its motto may be ever in the heart of American youth,

"Summum Bonum"





ELIZABETH H. JAMIESON

President

LLOYD B. JOHNSON

Vice-President

REGINA CLOSS

Secretary

MR. MAYER

Faculty Advisor

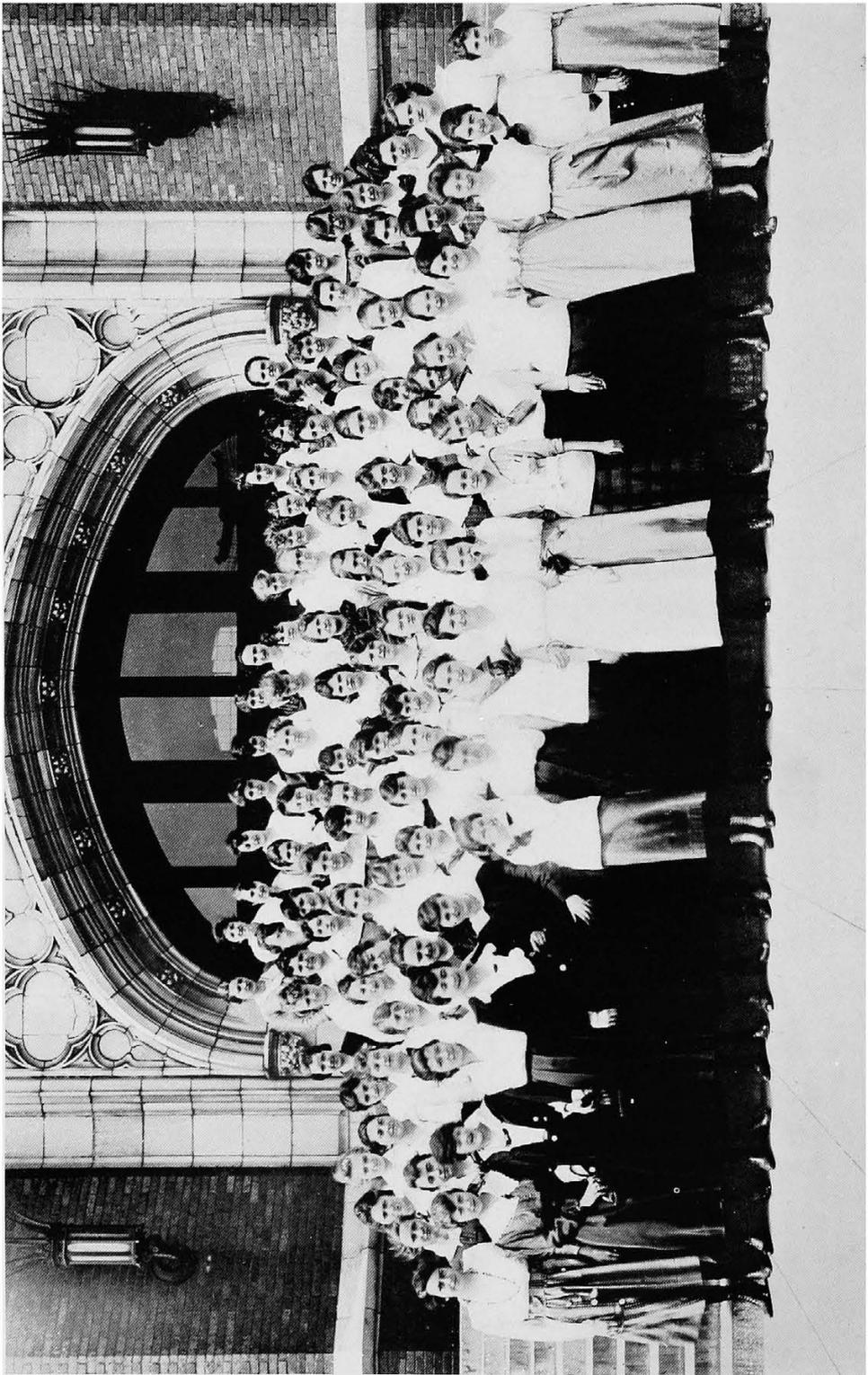
AS History clubs have become a prominent feature in the leading colleges and universities of our country, it was thought advisable by the History students of our school to form a similar organization, to show that Hughes is strictly up to date.

On the afternoon of January 5, 1917, a large number of students interested in this subject held the first meeting in the Music Room. The club was organized with an enrollment of fifty-five enthusiastic members, and thus a new society made its initial bow and joined the other activities of the school.

The aim of this society is to stimulate interest in all historical events, placing special emphasis on patriotism and the deeds of great men. At the same time the meetings are to form a pleasurable sort of diversion. To this end outside speakers will be invited to make addresses on historical subjects, while members will furnish stereopticon lectures and musical programs.

Owing to the late date on which the club was organized, it has not been possible to accomplish all that was planned. Nevertheless, in the years to come we hope that the History Club of 1917 will have proved itself the compelling force for one of the strongest and most popular organizations of the school.

ELIZABETH JAMIESON, '17.





ON the afternoon of October eleventh, a party of girls, accompanied by Miss Schriefer, left the school at two-fifteen and boarded a westbound Cross Town car. It was the Hiking-Club-to-be. We started from the end of the Elberon car line at three-forty, bent on having a good time. After traversing three miles of open country we arrived at Anderson's Ferry just in time to watch the sun set behind the Kentucky hills.

The first hike proved such a success that on October nineteenth all girls interested met in the gym, and organized the "Girls Hiking Club." May Helmer, the real founder of the club, was elected manager, and to assist her, a very capable Executive Committee was chosen, consisting of Mary Elizabeth Ritchey, Marjorie Stewart, Edna Pflieger, and Ruth Helen Wolf.

Among the hikes long to be remembered was the one on October thirtieth from the Westwood schoolhouse through McFarlan Woods. Leaving behind the trees, beautiful with rich autumn colorings, we found ourselves on the West Fork Road and hiked on to the Colerain car line. On November fourteenth, a cold, brisk day, we went from College Hill to Winton Place, a distance of three miles, in an hour.

But the red letter day of the hiker's calendar was Saturday, November eighteenth, when we went from Westwood to Miamitown. How like real campers we felt when we built our fire on the river bank, roasted our potatoes and frankfurters, and afterwards washed our hands in the icy river water!



On January twenty-third we tramped from school to Mt. Storm Park where we enjoyed the broad sweeping view which that beautiful spot affords.

This has been our last hike up to the present time, when the Annual goes to press, but when the weather is more favorable we look forward with eager anticipation to many more, just as jolly.

MYRA GREGG, '18.





TOWARD the latter part of the year '14-'15, several of the students of Hughes realized, that to be classed with other educational institutions of the country, we should have a Radio Set. They conferred with Mr. Howe, of the Physics Laboratory, and actual work soon began. They were forced to stop their undertaking at the close of the school year, but they resumed in September. During the year '15-'16, they organized under the name of the Hughes Radio Club, the set was completed, and fair results were obtained. Considering the apparatus on hand, they accomplished a great deal, but it remained for the present Radio Club to carry on the work.

At the beginning of this year, plans were suggested for improvement of all apparatus. Some of these were, overhauling the aerial, constructing a new receiving set, locating and remedying the defects of our transmitting apparatus, and improving the radio abilities, both practical and mental, of our members. Repairing the aerial was the first and simplest task. However, when we came to the second matter, we found that we faced a much more difficult proposition. The receiving set finally constructed is known as the Marconi Multiple Tuner, which has about three times as many instruments as the ordinary receiving set, and consequently a very complicated circuit. Nevertheless, this was accomplished. We replaced some of the transmitting apparatus with instruments of our own make, which ever since have worked admirably. The results obtained with our radio apparatus have been remarkable. Under favorable conditions we have received as far south as Guantanamo, Cuba, while on the other hand we have heard South Wellfleet, Mass. Wonderful as are these results, they are secondary to the intellectual benefits derived by our members. These are achieved by having each member give a talk before the club on some interesting subject pertaining to radio telegraphy.

In conclusion, it may be said that the Hughes Radio Club, '16-'17, has set a mark toward which all future Radio Clubs may strive.

The members of the club are: BERMAN—ISRAEL.

Regular

Mr. Howe, <i>Faculty Advisor</i>	Nelson Lewis, <i>Vice-President</i>
Dorman Israel, <i>President</i>	Isadore Berman, <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
Harry Fisher	Palmer Craig
Carl Clauve	P. Elias Phillips
William Wachs	Samuel McKinney
Michael Weisense	

Associate

N. C. Saunders	George McKee	Norden Daubenbis	Clarence Lubin
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RUTH HELEN WOLF

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MOSES ISAACS

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C. O. PARKS

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ALVERD C. STUTSON

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MARIE UNGEHEUER '17

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WILHELMINE REHM '18

MATTHEW A. GREEN '19

THERESE WORKUM '19

MILTON C. SARRAN '20

LOUISE DURST '20





Executive Committee

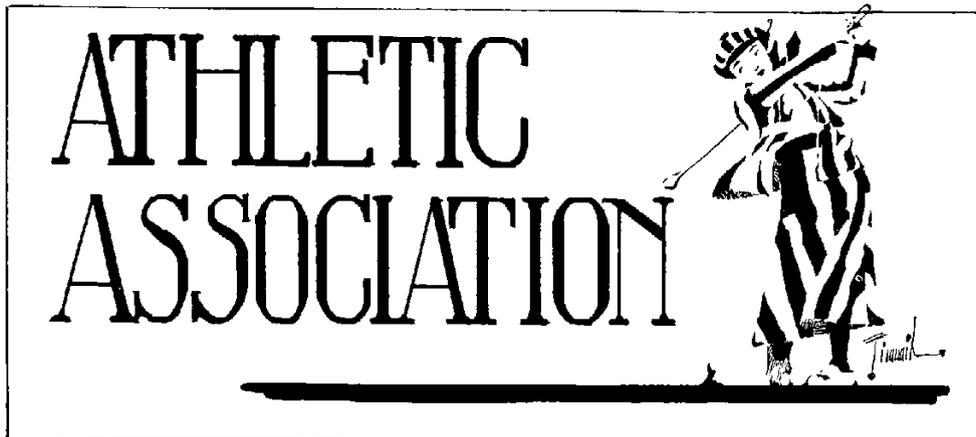
Junior Members

A—Ruth Bohlender, Earl Meyers
 B—Isabell Cook, Gordon Miller
 C—John Wheatley D—Jeanette Kincaid

Senior Members

Mr. W. P. Teal, *President*
 Miss Bigler Miss Passel Miss Hyde
 Mr. Grever Mr. Logan

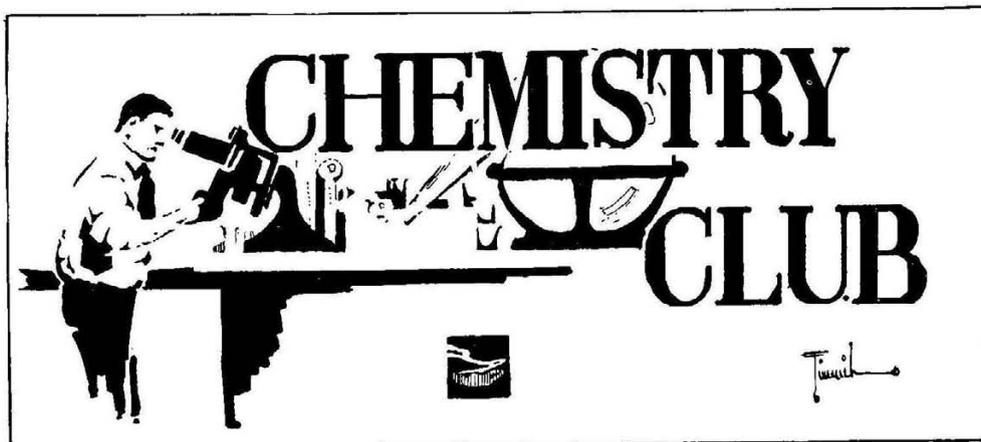
HUGHES has her athletic teams, her language clubs, her numerous, almost innumerable, organizations and societies all of which have as their aim and purpose the acquisition of trophies, knowledge, or pleasure. Different from any of these however, is the Art League. This organization, to which all the students of the school are eligible, has a membership of considerably more than one thousand, all contributing unselfishly towards the good of the school. For the purpose of this society is to acquire works of art for the decoration of our building. Small monthly dues are assessed the members, which in the aggregate have accumulated in sums sufficiently large to purchase for us practically all of the artistic masterpieces that adorn our walls. Through the earnest efforts of the Art League committee we have recently succeeded in adding to our collection the following pictures: "Kentucky Breeds" by Miss Lillian Whiteker, "The Yellow House," by Miss Bessie Hoover, "The Road to Camp," by Mr. Teal, the last selection of especial interest to us because the artist is the head of our own art department, Mr. Meakin's "Gloucester Harbor," Mr. Wessel's "Summer Day at Rockport," and Mr. Volkert's "The Hill Pasture." Through the influence of Mr. Teal, Mr. Duveneck has presented two exquisite pictures "December" by J. E. Weiss and "Cameron's Cone" by Mr. Norbert Heerman. Mr. and Mrs. J. Henlein have also given, in memory of their son, a picture painted by Mr. Hauser. We now possess some of the best examples of the works of the most prominent Cincinnati artists. The Art League is controlled by an executive committee composed of teachers and student representatives from each grade. We hope, indeed we are certain, that the Art League will continue in the future as successful as it has been in the past, for its importance cannot be overestimated. If it were not for its fostering touch, our education, otherwise so complete, would be almost devoid of that essential element, a sincere recognition and appreciation of true beauty.



ONE of the most necessary of all the organizations of the school is the Athletic Association. For years it has existed, and it will continue to exist as long as Hughes flaunts her banners before her adversaries. Only through the sympathy and loyal co-operation of this body of students have we been able to finance the different athletic activities of the school. The members of this association contribute hundreds of dollars every year, and the fund is used to equip all the teams. This club is one of the largest in the school, and the matter of its administration is therefore a most important one. Each year the members of the Athletic Association elect eleven students to represent them upon the Athletic Council. Five of this council come from the A grade, and three each from the B and C grades. Beside these there are four teachers: Miss Schriefer, Mr. Siehl, Mr. Ritchey, and our beloved "Doc." All the business of the Athletic Association passes through the hands of this body. However, Doc Poos's ideas and Mr. Siehl's mathematics go far toward solving the problems that confront the Athletic Association as a whole. We have been reasonably optimistic about our athletics. But where are the Costellos, Houillions, and other Fellers who used to draw the crowds? The spirit that they had is still within us, but today the fight is harder and more doubtful. This last year even "Doc" was pessimistic. Football material was so scarce that he shook his head and said that it was impossible. *He* said that. The whole council was naturally greatly discouraged, and only they know how close they came to giving it up. But they did not quit. It is not like Hughes to quit. "Doc" accomplished the impossible, and we won again. Baseball promises to net us additional glories.

Although the membership of the Athletic Association is somewhat less than it was last year, due to the increased price of the athletic ticket, as a result of this same increase we received more money than last year, thus being able to meet the great advance in the cost of athletic equipment. As always, we owe everything to the loyal Hughes spirit which, through its ready co-operation and support, has assured our success and made possible our triumphs on the field.

J. A. WITHROW, '17.



IN a way the Chemistry Club is a unique organization. It was formed with the idea of having "round-table" discussions on various chemical topics. The Club has no constitution, dues, nor regular membership qualifications, but all the boys interested are invited. At the first meeting Moses Isaacs was elected Chairman and Earl Meyers, Secretary. The meetings, although to some extent far apart, have been full of interest and have proved most instructive to all.

The "Old Hughes" Laboratory





Ve



Chronicle.

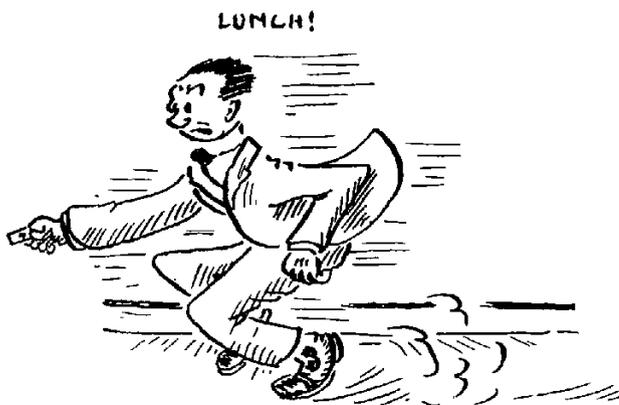


CALENDAR



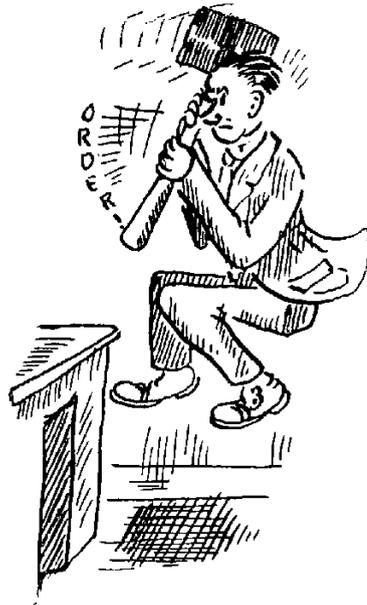
SEPTEMBER

- 11—We hereby enter upon the first day of our nine months sentence.
- 12—Mr. Lyon holds a reception in the office which proves very popular. What was your excuse for skipping classes?
- 13—Freshies everywhere. Looks like St. Patrick's Day.
- 15 We find that the addition of the class of 1920 makes 2019 of us!
- 18—The Charge of the Lunch Brigade again envelops us. Also regular hours and work for most of us.
- 19—Number one—the Chemistry Club organized.
- 22—Football team practicing hard.
- 25—First meeting of the Hughes Club.
- 26—First meeting of the Chemistry Club.



OCTOBER

- 3—First Assembly. After searching for our seats some Seniors tell us “Where to get off at.”
- 5—Mr. Charles S. Crossman gives us an illustrated lecture on the Curtis Publishing Co. That’s some place.
- 6—The Clifton Heights Business Men’s Club presents to us our new flagstaff with stirring exercises. Didn’t you feel patriotic after that address of Captain Monfort’s, though?
- 7—Rah! We defeat Blanchester, 50-0, in first game.
- 9—Hughes Club plasters the school with “I’m Gonna Quit Cussin’” cards. Did you?
- 10—Spanish Club organized.
- 11—Dr. Barker speaks to ‘Woodward’ about strong arms, clear heads, and brave hearts. Believe me, it was some oratio, too!
- 12—Dr. Barker speaks to a combined meeting of the High School Clubs.
- 14—Ataboy! Hughes 52, Lawrenceburg 0. A Grade election is on.
- 17—The race is o’er, we’re friends once more—aw, shut up. In other words, that memorable election is past history, after one exciting campaign.
- 19—The Honor League is organized. I like that club.
- 20—B-rrr. Our frozen heroes tie Madisonville, 6 all.
- 24—German Club organized.
- 25—BORN—the Industrial Arts Club.
- 26—Hughes cheers President Wilson and presents him with a Rookwood vase. And wasn’t them Movies swell, Pete?
- 27—We show our mettle by defeating Woodward, 7-6. Some finish, that, Some finish!
- 30—Girl’s Hiking Club goes to McFarland’s Woods.
- 31—Radio Club organized—we wish they could tap the teacher’s signals.
- Dog-fight, did you say? Oh, no, merely the A Grade meeting.



NOVEMBER

- 3—We need only one goal post to paddle Covington, 12-0
- 7—Mr. Sargent of the Amoskeag Cotton Mills tells us—and shows us—the story of cotton.
- 10—Poor Blanchester! Only 50-0, this time.
- 14—“Le Cercle Francais” organized. Yes, Oswald, that’s the French Club.
- 17—Big day today. In the morning Edmund Vance Cook—some name, that—recites some original poems on different kinds of heroes. They were great, we wish he’d come around oftener. Then Mr. Shafer shows us how Old Man Grump came into being, and Mr. Charles N. Hunt gives a sequel to his lecture of last year on Yellowstone Park. In the evening Mr. E. M. Robinson reaches the hearts of the fellows at the Hughes Club meeting by a truly remarkable portrayal of European Prison Camps. In the meantime we climb Highland, 25-6.
- 18—Girl’s Hiking Club goes to Miamitown.
- 21- Centerball—Seniors blindfold C, while the B’s sting the Frosh.
- 24—All Hail! Rah! Rah! Rah! HUGHES 8, MADISONVILLE 0. Champions again for ’steenth time. Great stuff, fellows, great stuff.
- 28—We can now pin our faith to the class of ’17. By the way, I wonder how many have ‘lost’ their pins?
- 29—Rings arrive—at five bucks per.
- 30—Thanksgiving—and four days of peace—
—The A grade watched a “Belasco production” and then “tripped the light fantastic.” We enjoyed our trip hugely, too.



DECEMBER

5—Back to work, not even football to amuse us.

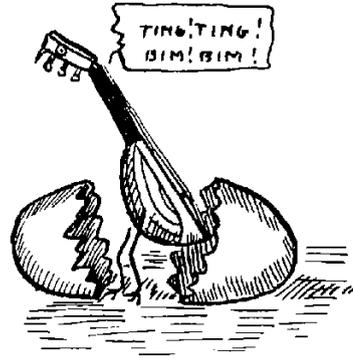
7—Our incubator hatches the Mandolin Club. Also meetings of the German Club and of the Commercial Club.

12—Nothin' much doin'.

13 Nothin' much doin'.

14—Same thing doin'

15—Le Cercle Francais meets.



18—Mr. Brownell gives a movie lecture on "Carefulness," that makes us shudder between laughs. Safety first, Herman, don't take more than one girl on that front seat!



20—Meeting Industrial Arts Club.

21—McDiarmid elected Captain of our 1917 football hopes. Here's to you, Joe, may you be ever successful.

22—All play and no work. Xmas carols in the morning by some of our enlightened Frosh, and a reading of the Bird's Christmas Carol; and the A. A. Banquet in the afternoon, with one peach of a time all the way. That cup may have come from the team, Doc, but the appreciation is from all as well.

22-23—"It's great to go out every night on fun or pleasure bent;
"To wear your glad rags always and to never save a cent;
"To know you're acting foolish, yet to go on fooling still,
"But God help you when the time comes and you

Foot the Bill."

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

JANUARY

- 2—We again plod wearily to school.
- 3—Ha! Down with the laundries! Make room for the Flannel Shirt Brigade.
- 4—German Club meeting.
- 5—Our old friend Dr. Nelson gives us a New Year's message. Another addition to our family! The History Club is organized.
- 8-12—Nothing but work, work, and more work.
- 16—A business meeting in the auditorium.
- 18—Honor League meeting.
- 19—Oh you candy kid! That candy sale was a bear. Sixty-two-fifty in the Student Help Fund and a royal treat for all. Hughes Club surprises Mr. Wehrly with a farewell party at his home. Let's give a 'Wow' for Hugh, fellows, he's the friend of all.
- 20—Mike Kahn tries to drown himself at the tri-state meet at Hamilton, but it can't be did. Hughes comes second in the meet.
- 24—Professor Conaughy of Dartmouth, hits hard with his talk on "The Moral Quitter." By the way, Johnson, it takes five hundred times as much power to make a light as it does to make a noise.
- 25—French Club meeting. What, at it again, Block?
- 26—Now our troubles begin—the Annual Officers are elected. What became of the good old fashioned campaigning? We wanted a little excitement.
- 27—Curses! Hughes defeated by Middletown in basket-ball tourney at U. C. That's all right, though, we'll do better with a little experience.
- 31—Mr. Meacham gives an illustrated lecture on "From Mine to Molder" under the auspices of the Industrial Arts Club.



FEBRUARY

- 1—Miss Woseczek entertains us with a piano solo, and Dr. Schenk gives us an inspiring talk.
- 2—The cloud darkens.
- 5—Our fate is imminent. But study? Never.

6-9—

<p style="text-align: center;">IN MEMORIAM EXAMS.</p>
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- 10—Hughes wins relay at Y. M. C. A. meet.
- 12 Judge Wanamaker speaks on Lincoln.
- 15—Girls discuss "Little Sister" movement at Honor League meeting.
- 16 Mr. Frank Yeigh conducts us on a "Trip Across Canada." Oh, such a longing for our summer vacation!
- 19 Commercial Club mid-year election.
- 20—Mr. R. H. McLaughlin speaks on College Education. And he was a real college sport, not so, girls?
- 22—Rah for George! Teachers grow compassionate and give us two days off.
- 23—Whoops, that A grade dance showed us a rip-roaring time clear up to the two-bell curfew. We do hope that the Gibson desk enjoyed those programs as much as we did the dance.
- 26—Lloyd Block turns garbage into soap, and after Weil cleared away the smoke, the Hawaiian Quintet settled our minds and roused our energies to help Elizabeth Jamieson smash the billboards.
- 30—Annual Banquet of the Ananias Society. Yes, operator, Valley 828, please.



MARCH

2—Under the guidance of Miss Cathcart we take a trip over Pine Mountain, Ky., and visit our contemporary Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

3—Ha! they are henceforth it! Why? The B grade elects officers.

6—French Club meeting—almost.

8—Spanish Club meeting. "When the curtain fell the meeting was adjourned."

9-10—The Operetta. One need hardly say more, for the name brings the whole thing back to us. It surely was a success from all angles.

13—How'd you get in? Bought lunch checks from the King. Ye gods. The only trouble with the Operetta Party was that it did not last long enough.

15—The "Little Sisters" entertain the girls of the Honor League—and do a good job.

20—Outdoor baseball practice. After 'em, men! No, on top always.

22—Sh! German Club Kaffee Klatsch.

27—First Regiment called out.
How they did fall for those uniforms. Aren't they handsome, girls?

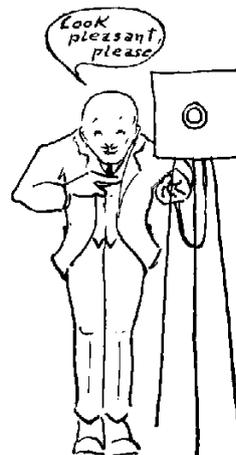
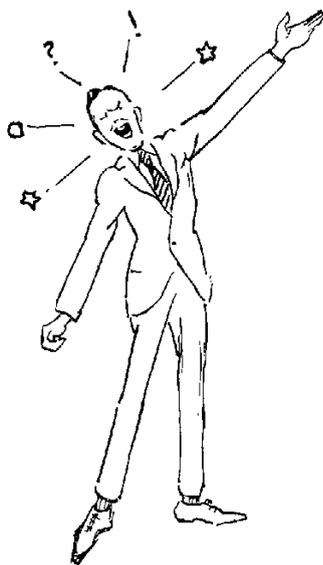
28-30—"I say, it's this way, our honorable op —."
Yes, I'm speaking of the Debating Team try-outs. One cinch is that the judges never replied, "You're welcome," when you thanked them.

30—This time our swimming team cleans up right. First in the Gym meet!



APRIL

- 1—No school. Yep, it was Sunday, but they did fool us about the Easter holidays. What became of 'em anyway?
- 3—We assemble to hear the Annual editors try out for book-agent.
- 4—Some wonderful pictures of California, and they lasted till ten o'clock, too!
- 5—They're off. We win our first game from O. M. I. Team rah! fellows.
- 6—Dr. Khan gives us a peep into Persia. Those prayers don't sound like ours.



- 10—Photographer invades the school. How many did you get in?
- 10—Annual starts taking group pictures. We hope some will be returned. Wasn't that Studio Grand?
- 12—Clean up on Franklin, 4-3.
- 13—How could you be so cruel? Hughes 29—Lawrenceburg 3. Bring on the next victim.
- 16—Hooray, Annual goes to press. All dates are hereafter taken at your own risk.
- 16 History Club meeting.
- 19—Were you there? You were, for we all had a good time at the expense of the B Graders.
- 20—Our noble debaters essay to revenge past defeats upon Walnut Hills. But alas and alack "dis aliter visum."

- 20—Baseball Hughes vs. Covington.
- 25—I. A. C. meeting.
- 26—Commercial Club meeting.
- 27—First game with Walnut Hills.
- 27—Oh, such a relief. Those orations are handed in today.

MAY

1—May 1st. Really it was-- no kiddin'.

Lots of queens too.

3—Are they still at it? Yep, it's a German Club meeting—but they're real patriotic, so they are forgiven.

4—The first big one. We slay Woodward.

7—Our final A Grade meeting—unless we hold another one. We get rambunctious and decide to hold a "big time" after graduation at one of the hotels. It sounds fine. Also, among other things, arrangements are made for future class reunions.

9—We go to the auditorium—first time in a long while--and hear (as well as see) an illustrated lecture on the Rocky Mountains. Also we have an enjoyable and valuable explanation of the purposes of the Red Cross given us. The Boy's Glee Club enthusiastically renders some otherwise charming songs.

10—Well, well, well. Bill Hoberg and Marion Holzman, Harold Pettit and Flossie Reece, Joe Garretson and Helen Pauli engaged! Elizabeth Ritchey and Elmer Cook confined to a lunatic asylum! (We knew it would come to Elmer.) And Edith Murdoch managing the crew! Aw, wake up, man, this isn't real, it's the Senior plays we're talking about.

11—Another victim? I hope so. Madisonville this time.

15—Hah! Seems like old times to have elections with us again. The 1917-18 "Old Hughes" Editors are elected. Good luck to you, and may your paper be as good and, if possible, better than your latest model.

18—Walnut Hills thinks she'll try again (baseball). Again our debater seeks revenge—this time against Newport, taking the negative of the same question—the Literacy Test for Immigrants. We pray that the luck may turn. And say, wasn't that B Grade vaudeville some show?

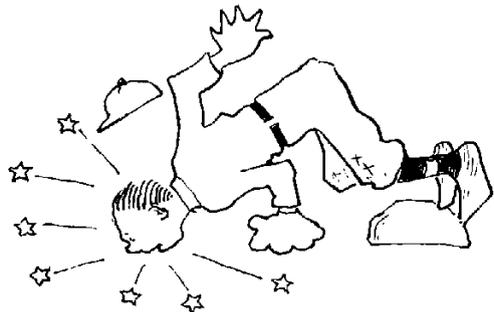
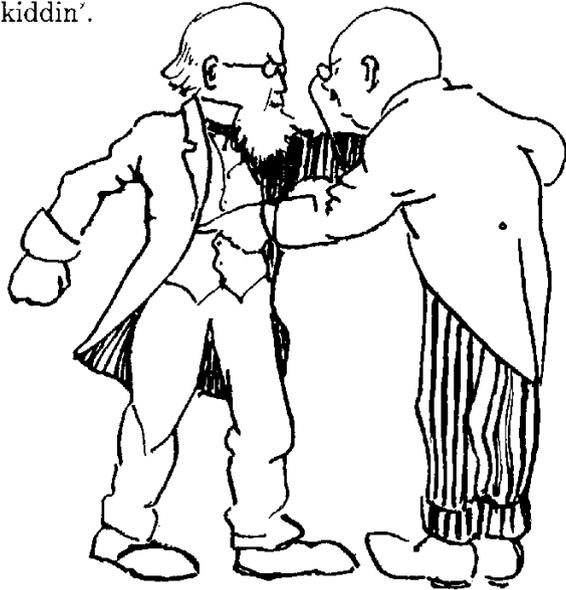
23—The Cloud gathers—two weeks before the Storm breaks.

25—Another crack at Woodward.

27—Some of us begin to study. Or do we, now?

30—Hooray, a Holiday.

31—We finish our baseball course with Madisonville.



JUNE

1—It seems almost like graduation.
The Honor Certificates are given
to our noble Bright Lights. Would
that we had one.

4—Two more days and then—

6—Exams. (Blub, blub, blub.) We
sink. Oh, death, where is thy
sting?

11— Oh, so hot!

15—All together now, one big, deep
breath. We're free. Oh, that
extra month. It's all right though
—we'll be sorry to leave, and will never forget nor regret our Alma
Mater. Good-by—good luck—God bless you.



The Hash Slingers

Are they sorry to graduate? Try the job and see!



Annual Banquet and Entertainment under the auspices of the Athletic Association of Hughes High School in honor of the Football Team of 1916

Friday, December twenty-second, Nineteen hundred and sixteen

I—Dining Room

Banquet at 12.15 p. m.

II

1—Address of Welcome...	Mr. J. W. Ritchey
2—Violin Solo.	Herbert Silbersack
3—Aesthetic Dance, "Barcarole"	Girls of the School
4—Selection...	Mandolin Club
5—Remarks.....	Captain Morrison
6—Presentation of Emblems.....	Dr. E. A. Poos
7—"French Without a Master".....	Dramatic Club

"FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER"

A Farce in One Act by Tristan Bernard
Translated by Barrett Clark

Cast of Characters in Order of Appearance

A Hotel Porter	Jack Withrow
Gerald Forsyth, a young Englishman.	Carl Frey
Mlle. Seraphine Chanoine Malherbe.	Adele Fisher
The Cashier.	Judith Boutet
Percy, the Interpreter.	Eugene Koch
Jean-Jacques Chanoine Malherbe, Seraphine's Father	Lloyd Block
A Police Officer.....	Edgar Seifreat

Scene—A Small London Hotel.

Time—The Present.

III—Boys' Gymnasium—Games

IV—Girls' Gymnasium—Dancing



Hotel Gibson, February 23, 1917
 (No apologies to the Society Reporter)

Ah! the A reception was a farce,
 Alas! Dis aliter visum
 Reperiebantur programs none.
 Cum optati absunt, (like policum.)
 So Pubes argued several things
 Equos ludisne in the race?
 Fatane obstant? Et cetera.
 Then conticuere omnes.

But feminae omnes were prepared
 With linguis, ever wary (?)
 Cum una voce they began
 To bite the dictionary.
 Sibi consciae recti; they minded awhile,
 The chaperones, terque beati.
 But oh! I hate to say that soon
 Duces puellae were facti.

Then pueri rushed out on the floor
 Et suis sociis said,
 "Hoc opus," and, "hic labor est,
 And we are nearly dead.
 In grape juice something cooling lurks,
 Our thirst it satiates.
 Agete, vadete, bibete all,
 'Fore it evaporates!"

Then quispiam tickled the ivories
 He primo seemed a bit bored
 But when he warmed up, a B. T. U.,
 He sure did hunt the "Lost Chord."
 Alii sang just like night larks
 They say, (that do not sciunt)
 For when they find how night larks sing
 They never will laudabunt

Punch fuit gone: We were so dry
 Vox almost faucibus haesit
 Venimus, vidimus, vicimus it
 Now nos of the party pertaesit *
 And so we took our "Kesley Schoepfs"
 For tempus erat—two P. X.!
 And to his rebus thought no more
 Until dies the next.

* pertaedit

THE SAUCY HOLLANDAISE

OR

Who Stopped the Leak in Holland?

An Operetta by Paul Bliss

HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL
March 9-10, 1917



ACT I

Overture	Instrumental
What Do We Care?	Chorus of Boys
Softly Sighs the Southern Breeze	Boys' Voices
No Sailor Ever Told a Story	Joe and Chorus of Boys
I'm a Little Dutch Tinker	Hans and Chorus of Boys
Skilled in Love Am I	Prince
*Cheese Song	Meena
Doctor! Doctor!!	Chorus of Boys
Call Me! I'm Quick	Doctor and Chorus of Boys
We're After You, Yakkob	Chorus of Girls
When the Women are After Me	King and Chorus
Do You Know What It Means to be a Queen?	Queen and Chorus
How Sweet is Sleep	Chorus
I'm a Princess	Princess and Chorus
Ah! What is Love?	Princess and Prince
English Dance	The Sailors
Dutch Dance	Holland Girls
It is a Way They Have in Holland	Chorus

*During the Cheese Song Ferdinand Dieckmann and Brownie himself will assist.

ACT II

They Promised to Meet Us Here	Meena and Chorus of Girls
I Love to Work at my Gay Little Trade	Doctor and Chorus
What You Need is a Strong Right Hand	Chorus of Boys
I'm Not Exactly Jealous	Hans and Chorus
To Learn to Love Me	Queen

Een Vollandamsche Dans, or Duo de Vollandam

by

Mynheer Stutson and Jufvrouw Lotz

He is Sleeping	Princess and Chorus
What is This That I See?	Sextette
O, The Sailor Sails Away	Chorus of Boys
It is Quite Customary in a Little Job Like This	Doctor
We're Sorry We Must be Declining	Chorus of Girls
Love's in My Heart Today	Princess
Little Love of My Dreams	Prince
Secrets	Princess and Prince
It is a Way They Have in Holland	Closing Chorus

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Characters of the Play

Doctor Quick.....	Gordon Miller
Prince Edward of England.....	Wm. Mittenkotter
Joe—an Old Salt.....	Eugene Koch
King Jacob of Holland.....	Nicholas Salkover
Hans the Tinker.....	Louis Windgassen

Officers of the English Fleet

Harold Pettit	Carl Frey	Edwin Meiss
Lloyd Johnson	Irwin Rosenbaum	Wm. Dinkelacker

English Sailors

Herman Schmidt	Lawrence Murphy	Virgil Erricson
John Burk	Zola Deutsch	Gordon Pugh
Donald Wiley	Marcus Koch	Paul Waltz
Albert Doerler	Edward Roth	Edwin Chambers
Gordon Renner	Edmund Townsend	Frank Bueche
	Walter Bridge	

O yes! Jack Withrow is in it, too

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Characters of the Play

Queen Picklemeena of Holland.....	Edith Murdock
Princess 'Treena of Holland.....	Marian Hartzel
Meena, the Cheese Girl.....	Ruth Bohlender

Dutch Girls (who dance)

Alice Bear	May Heinzerling	Florence Masterton
Elinor Simpson	Miriam Landman	Mildred Walke
Wilma Twachtman	Lillian Pierson	Catherine Richards
Mary Stephan	Marie Ungeheuer	Helen Beiderwelle

Other Members of Royal Household

Hilda Becker	Grace Shaffer	Dorothy Habekotte
Bernice Bentel	Esther Tennenbaum	Ethel Mummert
Mildred Easton	Clara Becker	Susan Wilson
Josephine Haile	Judith Boutet	Eva Zimmerman
Alvina Reckman	Louise Cox	Helen Whyrich
	Ethel Brand	

Flower Girls

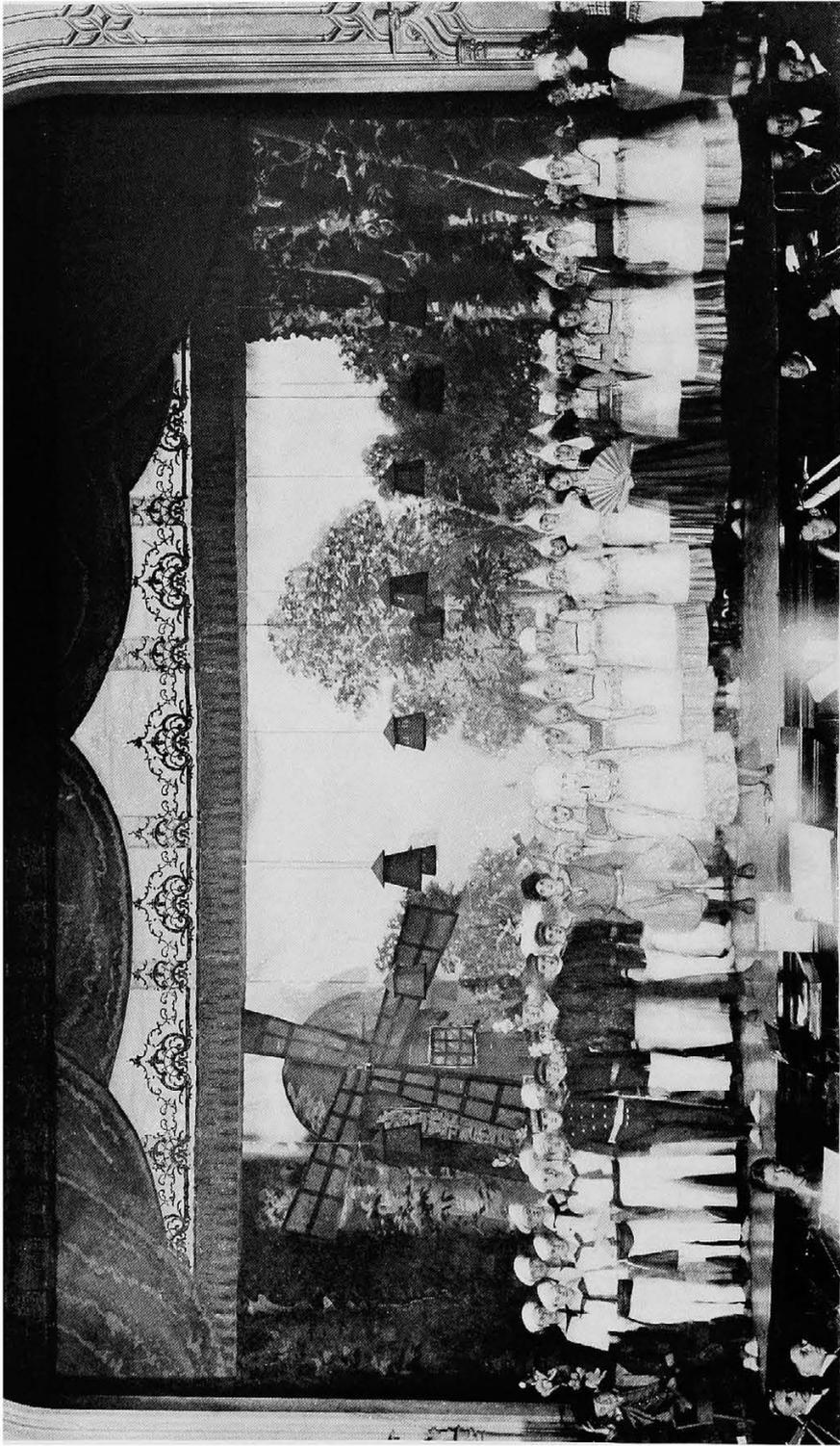
Elizabeth Ritchey	Elizabeth Drucker	Helen Pauli
Thecla Siebenthaler	Marion Holzman	Gertrude Kirschner
Charlotte Scherrer	Pearl Lobitz	Carolyn Miller

ORCHESTRA

Selected From the Members of Hughes Orchestra

First Violins —Stanley Casey, Wilmon Meguire, Albert Vossler, George Zachritz.	Oboe —Harold Weil.
Second Violins —Russell Kehrt, Harriette Sanders.	Clarinets —Hugo Hengstenberg, Mary Meguire.
Violas —Myrtle Martin, Francis Todd.	Horns —Walter Arnold, Harold Whitacre.
'Cello —Karl Topie.	Cornets —Roland Beck, Herbert Tiemeyer.
Bass —Clifford Fey.	Trombone —Frank Jemison.
Flute —Ervin Tiemeyer.	Drums —Hubert Bernet.
	Piano —Harriet Butcher.

Music Orchestrated by A. C. Buschle





THE DUTCH OPERETTA

AFTER successful try-outs in the Music Room and 301, "The Saucy Hollandaise" gave its big opening performance on Broadway—er—that is, in the Hughes Auditorium, Friday evening, March 9, 1917. It was greeted by enthusiastic audiences, on the 9th and 10th, for the demand for seats was so great that two performances had to be given, and the house would certainly have been filled at a third one.

The cast was a constellation of stars, and the chief stars—well they were regular suns and moons! In our minds they were far superior to those heavenly bodies. It was discovered, that Hughes has more good singers than she thought she had. Certainly they all had a chance to display their ability in the Operetta. William Mittenkotter, one of the hitherto unknown prodigies, took the role of Prince Edward of England with ease and grace. Edith Murdock, the Queen, sang and acted exceptionally well, as did the rest of her royal family, the King, Nick Salkover and the Princess, Marian Hartzel. Marian's lovely voice, clever acting and charming personality made her the "bright particular star" of the Operetta.

Then there was Hans, Louis Windgassen, who we all "tink" made a fine tinker, with his Meena, Ruth Bohlender, who, with the help of "Brownie," sold her cheeses in a most charming manner. Eugene Koch was splendid as Joe, the Sailor, and Gordon Miller, the "striking" Doctor Quick, will miss his vocation if he doesn't become a surgeon.

The chorus, composed of English sailors, Dutch girls, and ladies of the court, was chosen from the boys' and girls' glee clubs, while the flower girls and other dancers were selected by the gymnasium teachers. The Dutch dance by Al Stutson and Charlotte Lotz—and oh yes! Jack Withrow was in it

too—was one of the hits of the evening. People behind the scenes were always getting Jack and Charlotte mixed up. One handsome sailor put his arm around Charlotte—by mistake of course—he thought it was Jack!

There are many reasons why the Operetta was such a tremendous success. One was the untiring efforts of Miss Hyde, and of Mr. Aiken and Mr. Burke, who drilled, and drilled, and drilled us, to the finish. Another is the help of



the Gym teachers, and of the Art, Sewing, Millinery, Industrial Arts, Physics and Printing Departments. The Commercial Department did some wonderful advertising. And greatest of all was the spirit of the cast itself.

The Dutch Operetta is one of the most successful undertakings that the school has ever carried through. It has set a standard for the achievements of Hughes which will require a great deal of united effort and spirit to equal.





HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL

April 19, 1917

Program

Address of Welcome President Morss Lippincott, of the B Grade
 Reply President Herman Schmidt, of the A Grade
 Piano Soli Miss Barbara Sterling
 Selections The Five Strings

COMMITTEES

Entertainment in the Auditorium

Wilhelmina Rehm Ruth Ulland Mary Charlotte Stevens

Music and Decoration

Gordon Renner Clyde Scherz

Refreshments

Gregory DesJardins Gordon Renner

Printing

Howard Metzger Elias Phillips



WITHIN the memory of people well along in years, our country has called our boys to the colors in three wars.

It was fifty-six years ago in the same fateful month of April, that President Lincoln issued the call for volunteers, and out of the homes of the North went our boys to defend the flag and preserve the nation.

Again in 1898, on the outbreak of the Spanish War, came the summons, and then, as is always the case, the boys heeded it.

Now for the third time comes the call to arms. The whole world is engaged in a mighty struggle and we know not what our part in it is to be. This we do know. Our boys of Hughes will do their duty. No cowardly or traitorous act will bring disgrace to them or to us. They will be true to themselves, their homes, their school, their city, their country. Wherever they may be, we trust that in the sympathy and prayers of the hundreds of their school friends, they may find comfort and cheer.

May the struggle soon be over! May the people strengthened and chastened soon rule with justice and wisdom every nation!

The hope of every student of Hughes is—"God be with you till we meet again."

E. D. LYON.

The Boys Who answered the First Call

Albert Brelsford

Walter Bridge

Frank Bueche

Harry Chenoweth

Maurice Gilbert

Artus Golsch

Louis Hummel

Willard Liebel

Gordon Miller

Leonard Mode

Charles Ragsdale

Arthur Vine

Earl Wagner

Warren Williams



"Resolved, that the United States is justified in requiring a Literacy Test for Immigrants."

Affirmative Team

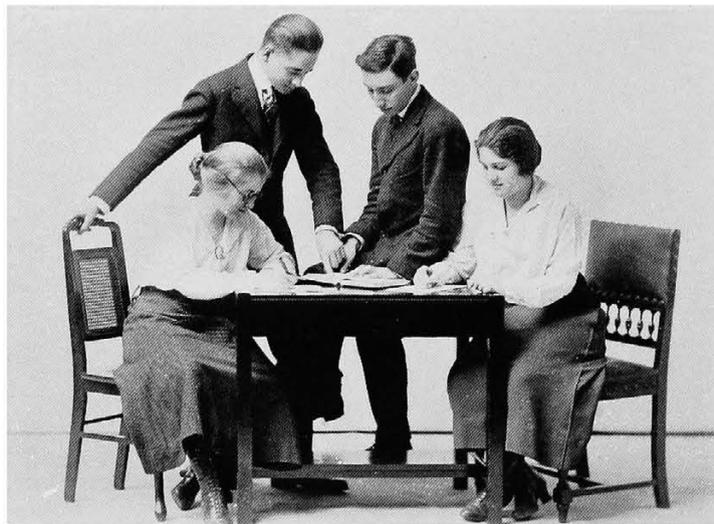
J. Ebersole Crawford
 Helene Heinsheimer
 Joseph Garretson,
Captain
 Herbert Hardin,
Alternate

Defeated by Walnut Hills High School,
 April 20.

Negative Team

Herbert Hardin
 Helen Bejack
 Samuel Rosenberg,
Captain
 Ruth Helen Wolf,
Alternate

Defeated Newport High School, May 17.



CONQUER SEVENTEEN.

OUR CLASS SONG.

Words by C. O. PARKS, '17.

Music by J. EBERSOLE CRAWFORD, '17.

1. List, list to the song That the free winds sing round the tower tall. Hark! Hark!

loud and long The breezes to us call. 'Tis a mar-tial song they sing,

Call-ing to the fray. Full loud trumpets ring For our commencement day.

CHORUS.

On the hill above the river, Stands the school we love; High a-loft is reared its tower,

Our flag floats above, a-bove. Hail the school and hail the pennon. Hail her daughters fair!

Hail her sons and teams so sturdy, They'll win ev-'ry-where. where.

SOLO ARRANGEMENT.



1. List, list to the song That the free winds sing round the tow-er tall. Hark! Hark!



loud and long The breez-es to us call. 'Tis a mar-tial song they sing,



Call-ing to the fray. Full loud trumpets ring For our commencement day.

CHORUS.



On the hill a bove the riv-er Stands the school we love; High a-loft is



reared its tow-er, Our flag floats a-bove, a-bove. Hail the school and hail the pennon,



Hail her daughters fair! Hail her sons and teams so sturdy, They'll win ev'rywhere.

2 "March, march on to win,
For the battle of life is coming on.
Haste! Haste! 'twill soon begin,
The world's line now is drawn.
Then, O Class of Seventeen,
Show your mettle true,
Show your mother Hughes
What her brave sons can do."

3 "Strike, strike fierce and strong
When your cause is the holy cause of right.
Don't stoop to do a wrong,
Nor e'er misuse your might.
Conquer then, but bear in mind,
That you fight for Hughes,—
Each gain is a loss
If you your strength abuse."



Our Red Cross Nurses

TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS

PRESENTED BY

The Senior Class

ASSISTED BY HUGHES ORCHESTRA



A Pair of Lunatics

CHARACTERS

He (otherwise George Fielding) Elmer Cook
She (otherwise Clara Manners). Mary Elizabeth Ritchey

SCENE—A Drawing Room



Mrs. Mainwaring's Management

CHARACTERS

Mrs. James Mainwaring Edith Murdock
Mr. Steven Andrews } Engaged { William Hoberg
Miss Louise Page } Engaged { Marion Holzman
Miss Sylvia Page } Engaged { Florence Reece
Mr. Telford Throng } Engaged { Harold Pettit
Miss Jane Brewster } Engaged { Helen Pauli
Mr. Frederick Liecester } Engaged { Joseph Garretson

TIME—Last Saturday Evening

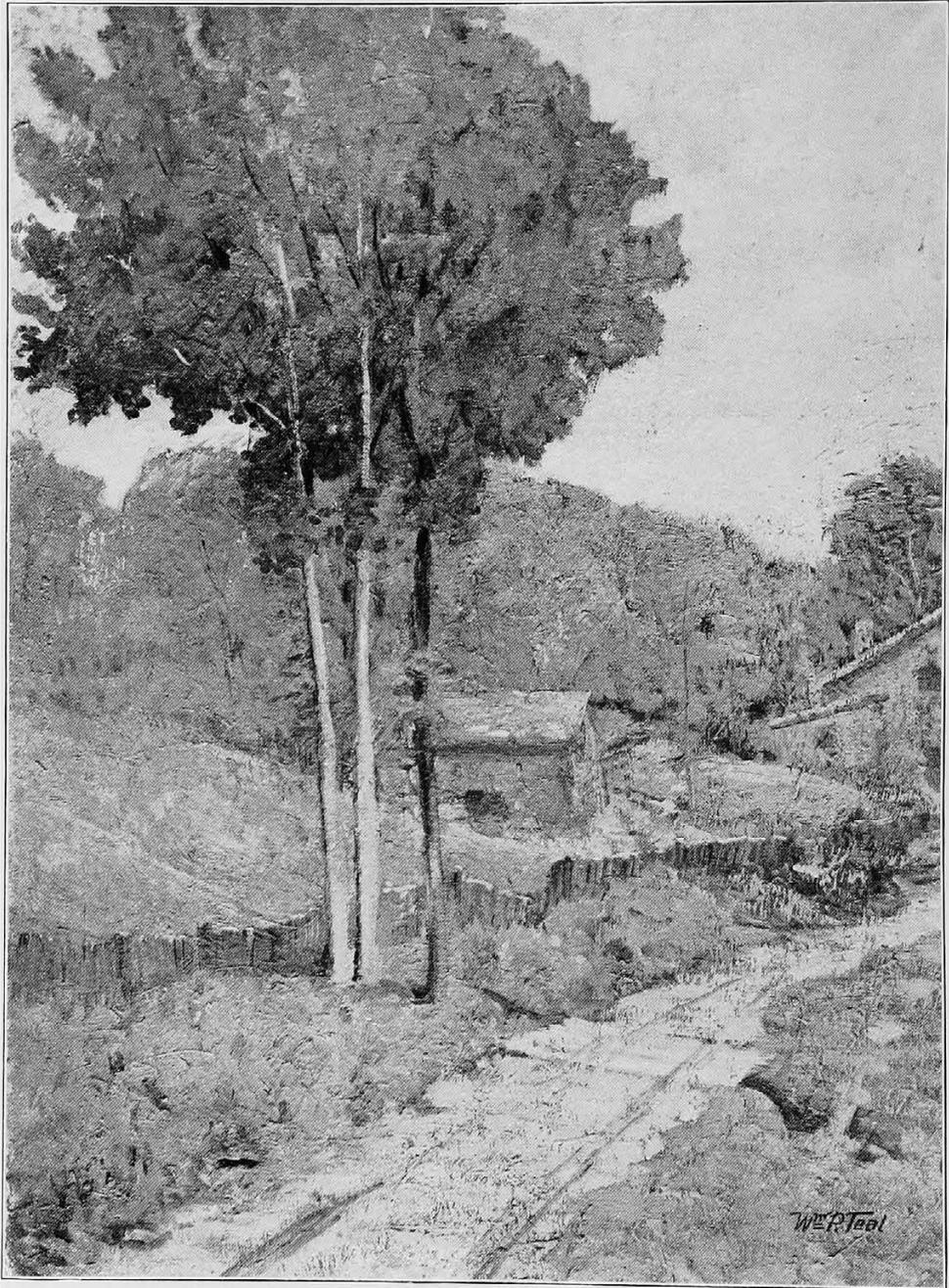
PLACE—The Mainwaring Living Room

Business Manager of the Plays Herbert K. Keever

Hughes Auditorium

May 10, 1917, 2.30 p. m.

For the benefit of the Gift Fund of the Class of 1917

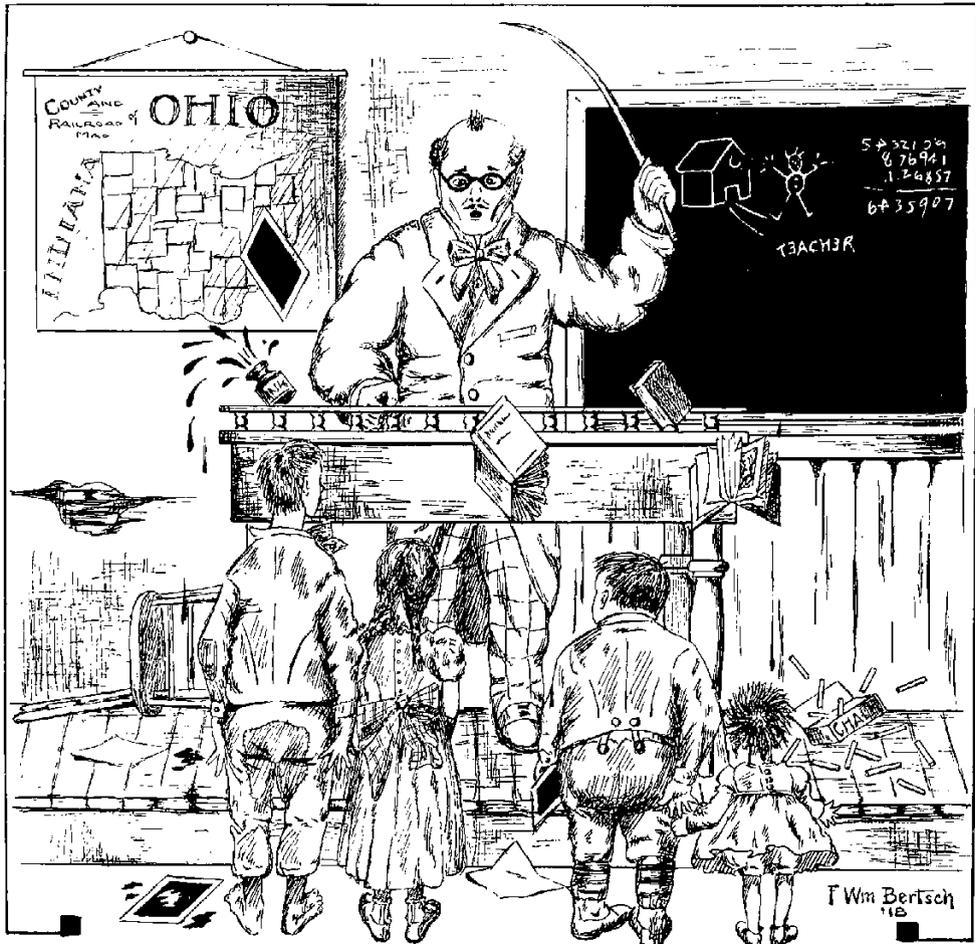


THE ROAD TO CAMP

By Wm. P. Teal

SCRIBBLUNDS





Not to be Read Until 1940

Cast off the cares that hold you thrall,
 Return again to youth,
 Forget your splendor lest it pall,
 But nothing rimes save Ruth.

Trudge once again to dear old Hughes,
 Throw off your man's restraint,
 Live over those four foolish years,
 And what's the word? Yes, saint.

Those glorious, foolish, senseless
 years,
 When Ed Wood's jokes were wit,
 And teachers crammed our helpless
 ears,
 Let's think—as we did sit.

When lunch was greater, ah, by far,
 Than Caesar and his Gauls,
 And each young lover had his star,
 A rime—they called them dolls.

Deac Chace's poems, and Susan's eyes,
 Oh can we e'er forget?
 Al Stutson's hair, the lunch room's
 pies,
 And Paul, the suffragette.

So through the years these mem'ries
 call,
 Come back, and live them o'er,
 Renounce your wisdom, gout, and all,
 To be at Hughes once more.

[Page one hundred and ninety]



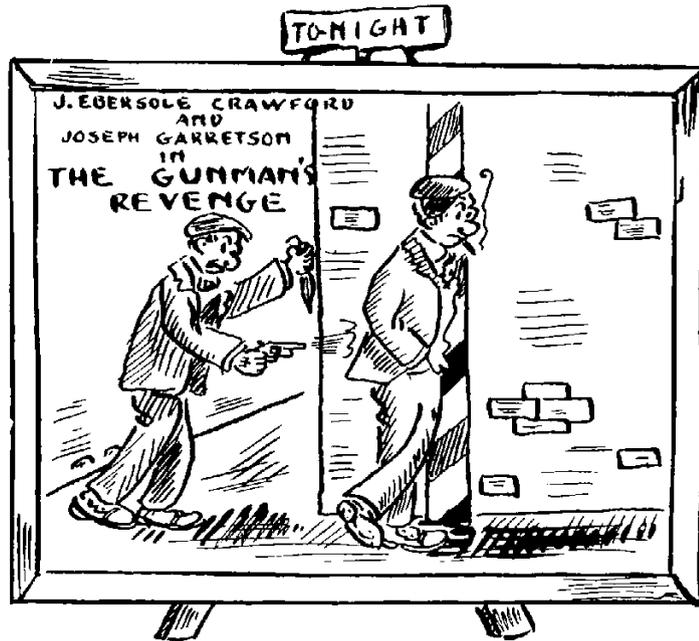
AT the hour of midnight I sat in the gloom
With an old wizard friend in a murderer's tomb,
When the skeleton moved and my heart seemed to stop,
Unloose from its strings and down to my boots drop.
But our strange host took things as a matter of course
(Though in giving directions he was somewhat hoarse.)
We did just as he ordered and brewed us a brew
Of the strangest components the world ever knew.
When at last the pot bubbled, we saw threads of steam
That resolved into pictures like those of a dream.



First is seen Daniel Ambrose who floats into view
In a restaurant kitchen attending the stew.
And now Margaret Armstrong, a waitress, is there
With a black japanned tray and a cap on her hair.
Margaret Ascham slings hash 'cross the white oilcloth board
To the patrons who can't table service afford.
Gertrude Avey is seen through the bars of a cage,
But she is not mad to a violent stage,
Her duty is simply to claw in the cash

[Page one hundred and ninety-one]

That proprietor Bailey receives for his hash.
 Paul Hines and Bill Hoberg hang out o'er the way
 With the fruit stand they've run this many a day.
 He who levies his tariff as cop on their beat
 Is Deutsch, once renowned for the size of his feet.
 Roy Greensmith— yes Roy—woman hater of old,
 Has a wife and nine children, at present we're told.
 This man of importance who struts up and down
 Is Edmund P. Wood, the worst shyster in town.
 Gene Koch, who of old on the platform did shine,
 Now does Thespian work that is simply divine—
 And has the stage scrubbed ere an actress comes in
 At the hour of ten when rehearsals begin.
 The high art of great Lucy Van Slyck's known to you,
 Wherever you turn, her billboards spoil the view.
 Ella Mooney now poses for Campbell's soup ads
 And is ably assisted by two tiny lads,
 Jacks Withrow and Hastie; who make the bold claim
 That on lack of this product they may place the blame
 For neither one's being above four feet three—
 If they'd had it, no one knows how tall they'd not be.
 This lady, whose suffragette talks never cease,
 Is (she talks not again, but talks yet) Flossie Reece.
 This ghost of a shadow the wind wafts past now
 Is another, once well known to us, Lincoln Rauh.
 Behold, Edith Murdock and Margaret Moak
 (They've got cricks in their necks), are inspectors of smoke.
 Here Oliver Bardes and Otto von Horn
 Breeze by as two gay beaux all scented and shorn;
 This pair at the present do prosper, I trow
 For they're posing as staid undertakers right now.
 O, yes! Here comes Woseczek, Mary Louise—
 Pronounce it correctly, *correctly*, yes please—
 Who runs a hair business with Loretta Waltz,
 Supplying such ladies as must wear it false.
 This light-footed damsel, who walks the tight wire,
 Is none other than Miss Marie Ungeheuer.
 Elizabeth Ritchey and Helen Wolf, (Ruth)
 Are conducting deep research to find out the truth.
 What the truth is, at present nobody else knows—
 We suspect that it is, why the men don't propose.
 Elizabeth Weidner and Caroline White
 Have written a play called "The Daughters of Light"
 And a book, "How the Phoenix Came Out of the Fire"—
 Illustrated by Sorin and Miss Minna Mayer.
 J. Ebersole Crawford and Garretson, Joe
 May be seen at the movies whenever you go.
 The city contractor who now paves our streets



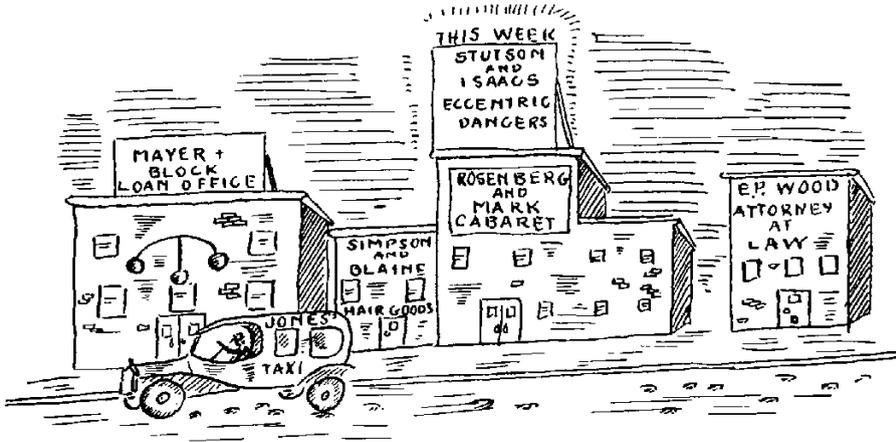
Is (Would you believe it?) Miss Eleanor Dietz.
 Earl Meyers, who would be a lawyer of fame,
 In a great many law books now has his own name—
 For his case is of int'rest to law students now,
 How he sold a dead horse which he said was a cow.
 Fred Mayer, whose attention towards commerce was bent,
 Now presides o'er a business of goodly extent.
 And when you are flat broke, what can be asked more
 Than to see the three gold balls in front of his door.
 His partner in business, an expert on hock,
 Is that speaker on garbage disposal, Lloyd Block.
 Salkover proclaims that he can't lose his job.
 For if they dismissed him, it sure would play hob
 With the editor's staff of the Longview Gazette—
 But the alienists say they won't let him out yet.
 Sarah Magrish, Nell Lippert and Rosey Levine
 Have a graft that the three of them think is just fine—
 When you dine at the Gib-Sint it does get your goat
 The way that those check girls go after your coat.
 Mabel Bamberger still toddles over to school
 And her pupils live under a cast-iron rule.
 She thinks it a great sin, (Pray, blush not, O glass)
 For anyone even to whisper in class.
 Bob Morrison, built like a hopeful white hope,
 Takes a great int'rest now in the selling of soap.
 You find him at Kroger's, three quarters alive,
 Dispensing "Our Own Make" at three cakes for five.

Helen Wood has thought much of Verne's "Trip to the Moon"
 And will duplicate that mad adventure quite soon.
 Paul Eggert's a rough neck of the roughest sort
 Who promotes brutal prize fights and says they are sport.
 Bernice, (yes, nee Bentel) once a war nurse of fame
 With her husband, a surgeon whose left leg went lame,
 Presides o'er a hospital solely for cats.
 While he does the real work she sits by and tats.
 Ruth Bohlender sings in a creamery now,
 To make cheese curd, so 'tis said anyhow.
 That cheffess without peer, Miss Lydia Schwartz,
 Now hands out her patent mince meat by the quarts,
 But takes in a dollar for ev'ry blamed one--
 You can lay your last iron man on that bet, son.
 All hail to the Hailes, Misses Edith and J.
 Are the ablest debaters in Congress today.
 Helen Brite is an artist who does work divine--
 At her studio door, a continuous line
 Of people is waiting that they may see
 Their faces in ping-pongs, at two cents for three.
 She gave up illustrating in deepest disgust--
 *Not because she could not spell "Black Magic" we trust.
 These aesthetic dancers who float o'er the floor
 Are Stutson and Isaacs so far famed of yore.
 H. Tiemeyer's music is heard through the land,
 With the grace of a Sousa he leads his own band.
 From Vancouver's Sound to Florida's Cape
 No hamlet's so small that it can escape
 The weird noise of tin horns blown by three ragged men--
 Then it trembles for fear they will come back again.
 You've seen Margaret Reidinger, German no doubt,
 (Though the truth is she didn't know what 'twas about)
 And she's reading it yet for the good of the nation
 While she teaches low Dutch to the new generation.
 Billie Drucker was quite a trim miss to be sure--
 She trims yet--as a barber shop manicure.
 Gertrude Kirschner, of old a bright chemistry star,
 Now is that science's greatest expounder by far.
 Whene'er you'd the latest in new dance steps learn
 Repair to the classrooms of K. and M. Kern.
 Leo Friedman appears on the Symphony stage--
 His mouth organ solos are now all the rage.
 Helene Heinsheimer, a rotund little miss,
 Now enjoys the tenth heaven of conjugal bliss--
 Though she swears she does not like her husband a bit,
 A cigarette salesman yclept Herman Schmidt.
 That redoubtable Herman, W. Tom,

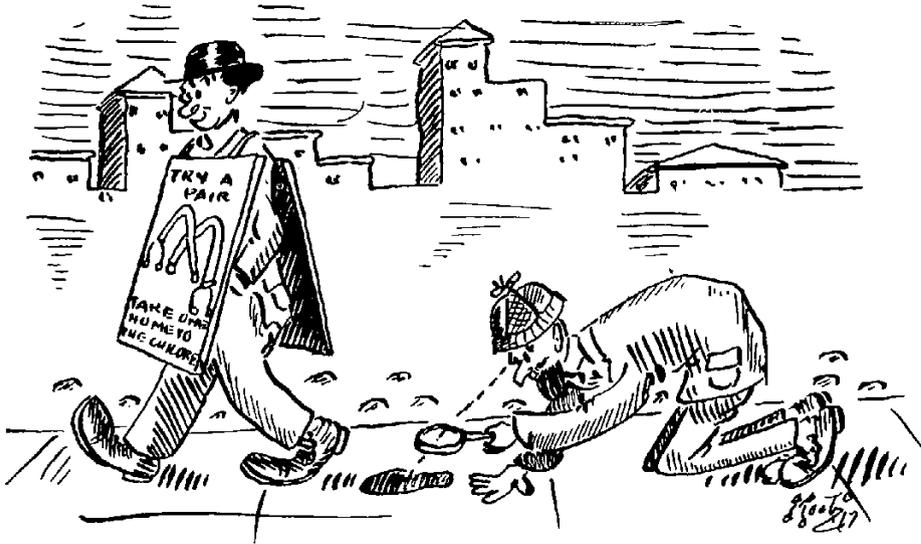
*See Heading

(The inventor 'tis said of a deadly new bomb),
 Now leads the great order of true anarchists
 With guns in his pockets and knives in his fists.
 Sam Sanders is coaching for Varsity now—
 In the hundred yard dash he can show the team how
 That important event should never be run,
 For he starts off three minutes ahead of the gun.
 Poor Marion Holzman is now hard to suit,
 From nerve sanitarium to institute
 She has wandered for years since she found herself mute.
 Though when seen in the vision, she was finding rest
 At the private asylum of Alice Secrest.
 O. Bontempo above his large grocery dwells
 And eats far more stringy "spaghet" than he sells.
 This skillful mechanic who mends watch or clock,
 Demanding the price of a share of war stock,
 Of old shone in Spanish, Miss E. Eschenbach.
 Our old friends Cliff Lodwick and Meakin the meek,
 Are the crew of a wagon that twice ev'ry week
 Removes ashes and waste for the good of mankind—
 A job that requires a highly trained mind.
 Mistress Elinor Simpson full often has said,
 "Why worry with gray hair? Why not turn it red
 With my patent dope? O, it is not a dye.
 And besides it will cost just a dollar to try."
 Barney Blain is her partner in crime, by-the-by.
 Epstein and Cavett are met ev'rywhere
 Repairing Ford roadsters and other tinware.
 We see one henpecked man who should never get cross,
 He sealed his own fate when he married Miss Bosse.
 In the Blank collar ads you full oft see the smile
 Of that ever cheerful Adonis, H. Weil.
 Elmer Cook has his own philosophical school
 Which aims to teach hot-heads just how to keep cool.
 Marian Hartzel and 'Genia Kornau
 Will teach you to sing if you do not know how.
 Miriam Landman and Miss Myrtle Geis
 Of late made a corner on natural ice.
 If you want a blood-curdling dime novel today,
 Just half price or less is all that you must pay
 At the second hand bookstore of Judith Boutet.
 George Metzger, as a youth desired great fame
 In nautical things and has made a great name.
 For this mighty hero and Mike Kahn, a pal,
 Are barge captains now on the Erie Canal.
 Margaret Vine, a great expert with each kitchen tool,
 Took a K. M. degree at a tin lizzie school,
 Where she at the present, domestic art teaches

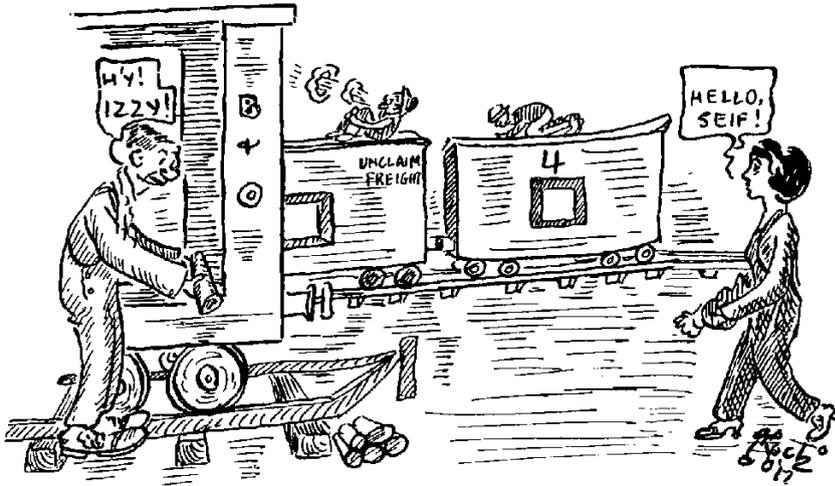
And to her dear pupils of women's rights preaches.
 The far-famed Lloyd Johnson's invented a scheme
 To run engines on hot air instead of hot steam,
 Thus conserving the coal supply now in the land.
 He'll just talk in the boilers—Ah, you understand?
 If a doctor's the thing you need mighty quick
 Just telephone for Doctor R. Bullerdick.
 Though you may not be ill she will make you feel sick.
 Irma Jones' taxicabs are said to be fine



And take all the trade from the Cross Town car line.
 Bonny Stevens, of yore so light on his feet,
 Is on them all day as he walks down Fifth Street,
 With a billboard in front and another behind
 Advertising suspenders of some patent kind.
 This gent in the guise of an African trader
 Is none other than that blithesome youth Charley Schrader.
 To the innocent savage he sells chewing gum,
 With never a care for the wrath yet to come.
 No crook in the world e'er had wits that can match
 Those of that defec— (O!) detective Al Gatch.
 If you would not be ruined just buying one hat,
 Keep your wife from the shop of Miss M. Silverblatt.
 Or if you'd learn the worst from a truthful foreteller,
 Just invade a séance of the great Mary Weller—
 A rather keen lady who lives by her wits
 And is ably assisted by Miss Pearl Lobitz.
 Stew Garrison's consul to far Kiou-Chou
 Where his duties consist of making a bow
 And offering tea to the town's mandarin,
 And sending a monthly report to Peking.
 Marcellus Grau and Rufus McNeil
 Are building an auto that runs on one wheel.
 Nisbett and Frank in the newspaper field



A power as great as the Czar's now do wield,
 For no one ever dares with them compete
 At the corner of Government Square and Main Street.
 Marguerite Clark with Caroline Meyers
 To bring peace to the whole of the world now conspires,
 But one must be leader to do the thing right
 And for that distinction the two of them fight.
 Sam Rosenberg and J. Mark speak it low—
 Are proprietors now of a cabaret show.
 May Helmers still writes, she is writing today,
 Sort of Maeterlinck mixed with Tagore, so they say.
 But 'tis harmless, no one reads such stuff anyway.
 Lil., and M. Martin somewhat strangely feel
 'Tis their duty to twiddle the ship-of-state's wheel.
 One of them will be president next, so they think,
 But they'd better beware of a Mam'selle Sudbrink—
 A dark horse ably managed by Eleanor Finke.
 Florence Ford, who paid no attention to spoofs,
 Now builds motor cars from discarded tin roofs.
 Clara Becker who always did such things just right
 Poses now for oil portraits from morning till night.
 As a model she is quite a hit and a half,
 But will never deign pose for a mere photograph.
 Isabelle Dixon, 'twill surprise you to hear,
 Now works on a railway as an engineer.
 While Foss Hopkins who claims to have no fixed abode,
 Walks the ties and hooks rides on the selfsame railroad.
 And is hounded to death by the section hand race
 Represented by Hardin or else Howard Chace.
 Florence Gabriel, steno., is doing quite well



Though her boss often wishes that she'd learn to spell.
 Simon and Kassel who hankered for riches
 Both have their health yet—and are both digging ditches.
 Susan Jane Wilson and Mistress Maud Moore
 Run a summer hotel on Lake Erie's south shore.
 When you wish to hunt up your kin and your kith
 Call on our genealogist Madame Hope Smith.
 When you need a plumber you may take your choice
 'Twixt Dorothy Hughey and Miss Bernice Joyce.
 If you doubt 'tis a great feat to fit all feet right
 Ask that expert shoe clerk Señor Herschel Streit.
 Edgar Seifreat, weight slinger on many a field,
 Who as such would the laurel to no mortal yield,
 Ev'ry day in the year now lifts marvelous weights
 As he piles the pig iron aboard side-tracked freights,
 For a firm specializing in cast-iron hammers,
 Miss Katheryn Kruse and Miss Helen Lammers.
 Gene Flanagan, dreamer, deals chiefly in soles
 And patches them up when they are full of holes.
 Full many a hearer has slept through a sermon
 Preached by that impassioned divine, Robert Herman.
 And many a maiden's been rescued from fire
 By that dauntless hero of flame, Alvin Meyer.
 Of results all these rescues would surely be barren
 If 'twere not for the excellent work of Herb Parhen,
 Who calmly the crank of his camera turns
 While scenery to all appearances burns.
 To be right in the style ev'ry hemale must get
 Some hand-painted neckties made by Ralph Burnett.
 If you suffer from defective sight in one eye
 Have a monocle made by Optician Carl Frey—
 He'll make you just one lens with greatest dispatch,

But don't ask for "specks" 'cause he can't make two match.
 Or if business is punk and you need a receiver
 Have the court wish the job on Herbert K. Keever
 For if one may believe some half whispered tales,
 He makes a small fortune whenever *he* fails.
 Miss Corinne Scheiffle and Miss Esther Schmerr
 Do a prosperous business preparing cat fur
 To be put on the market as genuine seal—
 'Tis said only an expert can tell it's not real.
 If your face needs a shave or your whiskers need curling
 Have it done in the shop of the two Misses Sterling.
 A leading attorney-at-law, Dora Climer,
 Has entered a suit for Miss H. Bottigheimer
 Against a young lady, Miss E. Zimmerman,
 For infringing the patents that cover a can
 For tooth-paste, invented by E. Scheuerman.
 Just what it's about can't be made out at all,
 But 'twill be plain as day to Miss Judge Rosenthal.
 The world's record was made on the Sharonville track
 By a tin lizzie driven by Helen Bejack.
 Gertrude G. Marcus and Regina Closs
 Are preparing a substitute for caper sauce.
 Sarah Nimmo's the greatest first baseman of all,
 Her good work may get Cincy a pennant next fall;
 And the fans are all grateful to Manager Meininger
 Who against opposition insisted on signing her.
 On the mound, the southpaw whose red head we see
 Is none other than that old war horse Kingery.
 Said Miss Wabnitz when Ritzi took her to a game,
 "Isn't he a great pitcher? It seems all the same
 To him if they hold their bats most anywhere.
 When he throws the ball it is sure to go there."
 Hamburger and Dolman now deal in old clothes—
 And other things too, their police record shows.
 The next vision we saw was Lena Moormeier
 Selling Helen B. Pauli a new make of tire.
 But ere we saw all, came the crow of a cock
 Who announced to the world that it was four o'clock—
 Which ev'ryone dealing in occult things knows
 Is the time for all specters to seek their repose.
 The murderer's skeleton gave three long groans
 And fell down in the corner a heap of damp bones.
 The old wizard's temper is not over sweet,
 So he said many things that I'd hate to repeat.
 But the charm has been broken, we saw nothing more
 And reluctantly climbed through the narrow tomb door.

CHARLES OSBORNE PARKS.

Who's Who at Hughes

Class of 1917

Most Popular Boy

Herman Schmidt
Nicholas Salkover
Ebersole Crawford

Most Popular Girl

Susan Wilson
Mary E. Ritchey
Elinor Simpson

Best Athlete (boy)

Robert Morrison
Carl Frey
Foster Hopkins



Best Athlete (girl)

Elizabeth Drucker
Ruth Helen Wolf
Helen Pauli



Prettiest Girl

Marion Holzman
Mary E. Ritchey
Elinor Simpson

Best Looking Boy

Bonfoey Stevens
LeRoy Lohn
Wm. Hoberg



Best Dancer (girl)

Elinor Simpson
Elizabeth Drucker
Susan Wilson

Best Dancer (boy)

Bonfoey Stevens
Wm. Hoberg
Alverd Stutson

Wittiest

Helen Pauli
Edmund Wood
John Hastie

Most Dignified

Mary E. Ritchey
Marjory Stewart
Moses Isaacs

Biggest Hustler

Harold Weil
Herman Schmidt
Lloyd Block

Jolliest

Helen Pauli
Robert Morrison
Judith Boutet

Most Sensible

Mary E. Ritchey
Marjorie Stewart
Florence Gabriel

Best Musician

Herbert Teimeyer
Mary Louise Woseczek
Marian Hartzel

Noisiest

Norma First
Marion Holzman
Robert Morrison

Best Actor

Eugene Koch
Nicholas Salkover
Elmer Cook

Best Actress

Marion Hartzel
Ruth Bohlender
Edith Murdock

Biggest Tease

Eugene Koch
John Hastie
Herman Schmidt

Class Dudine

Rosalind Cohen
Elizabeth Blain
Elinor Simpson

Neatest

Corinne Scheiffle
Edith Haile
Katheryn Kruse

Most Democratic

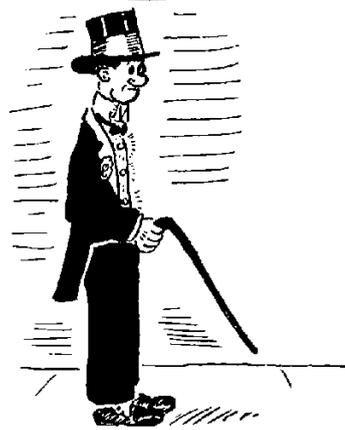
Herman Schmidt
Nicholas Salkover
Edmund Wood

Most Amiable

Judith Boutet
Ruth Bohlender
Marian Holzman

Class Dude

Wm. Hoberg
Joseph Garretson
Albert Wilkerson



Cutest

John Hastie
Florence Reece
Elinor Simpson

Biggest Flirt (girl)

Ruth Helen Wolf
Elsie Molitor
Elinor Simpson

Biggest Flirt (boy)

Joseph Garretson
Moses Isaacs
Wm. Hoberg



Biggest Grumbler

Lloyd Johnson
Nicholas Salkover
Minna Mayer

Most Optimistic

Sophie Bogen
Robert Morrison
Harold Pettit

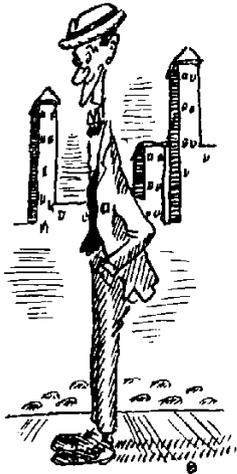
Most Pessimistic
Augustus Sorin
Ira Harris

Most Lovable Girl
Susan Wilson
Lela Kreger
Florence Reece

Most Lovable Boy
Al. Stutson
Stuart Garrison
LeRoy Lohn

Best Artist
Lucille Van Slyck
Helen Brite
Eugene Koch

Thinnest
Lloyd St. John
Wm. Hoberg
Marian Martin



Biggest Bluffer
Lloyd Johnson
Edmund Wood
Joseph Garretson

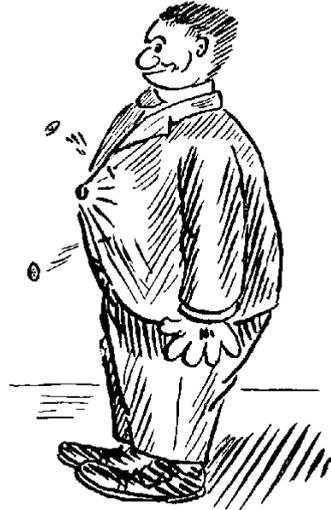
Biggest Giggler
Mary Weller
Marion Holzman
Rosalind Cohen

Silliest
Elsie Molitor
Paul Eggert
Norma First

Quietest
Gertrude Avey
Lena Moormeier
Florence Lohrer

Brightest
Florence Gabriel
Mary E. Ritchey
Moses Isaacs

Fattest
Lincoln Rauh



Best Public Speaker
Ebersole Crawford
Elizabeth Jamieson
Nicholas Salkover



Teacher's Pet

Mary E. Ritchey
Joseph Garretson
Harold Weil

Prettiest Eyes

Ruth Bohlender
Lela Kreger
Judith Boutet



Best Politician

Edmund Wood
Joseph Garretson
Herman Schmidt

Loudest Clothes

Foster Hopkins
Rosalind Cohen
Herman Schmidt



Biggest Eater

Oliver Bardes
Lincoln Rauh
Max Herrle



Most Heartless

Paul Eggert
Lincoln Rauh
Arthur Chandler

Biggest Joke

Paul Eggert
Eugene Koch
John Hastie

Most Attractive Girl

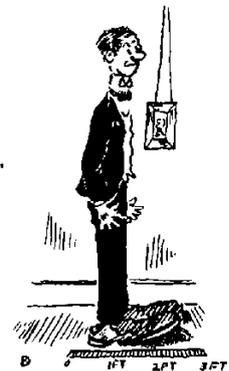
Elinor Simpson
Susan Wilson
Ruth Bohlender

Most Attractive Boy

Bonfoey Stevens
Wm. Hoberg
Joseph Garretson

Biggest Feet

Nicholas Salkover
Leo Friedman
Eugene Koch



A Gastronomical Tragedy

Ye who love all ancient story
Sung by minstrels through the ages;
Love those tales of heroes' glory,
Which enrich Romance's pages;
List then to this tearful legend,
Full of woe and full of sadness,
Of a brave man's noble living,
And his sweeter, nobler dying.

Twice, thrice the solemn tocsin tolled,
A great roar rose from the anxious throng,
It tolled the time of lunch at Hughes,
That kills the weak, and weak'ns the strong.

Along the hall two heroes strode,
With thoughts of hash and pie;
The one indeed a noble youth,
But hark, he heaves a sigh.

"I could eat, and eat and never stop,"
He tells his friend, a villain black;
Who turns his head away from him,
And laughs like death behind his back.

"I'll lay thee a wager," the villain spake,
He the cruelest man alive,
"That thou canst not eat of sweets and meat,
The sum of dollars five."

Then proudly smiled our haughty god,
And a glint was in his eye,
And his four feet three looked 'most like six,
As he sternly made reply.

"My fathers fought on the serried fields
Of the war for our country's soul,
And again they fought with Meade and Grant,
To keep this nation whole.

My own dear father used to say,
'Fore all things be a man;
So I will keep me in this way,
I'll bet you ten I can."

A lion spoke in the Afric' wild
A monkey sang in Cathay,
Our divine Liz had a fight with Miz,
Oh lord, 'twas an awful day.

He ate and ate, oh saints above,
Cake, onions, milk, ice-cream and meat,
While we but stood in awed dismay,
And watched that blessed mortal eat.

A roll, a pie, bean soup with "whip,"
A groan burst from his tortured soul.
The strained belt stretched, and we heard a rip,
But still three dollars from his goal.

The sweat stood out on his teeming brow,
Like rain on an asphalt street;
And his face turned grey, a ghastly grey,
Like a newly laundered sheet.

The wild blast howled 'mid the dismal pines,
While the lightning flashed its flash;
But our hero stood on the floor of wood,
And shrieked, "Bring on more hash."

The salt tears flowed from his pale green eyes,
As he gasped twixt lumps of cake,
"Oh tell my dear old mother, boys,
I died for honor's sake."

"Stop, stop, dear youth," we cried aloud,
Alack he did not heed,
He clenched his fist—on an apple twist,
And grit his teeth—on the seed.

That same dear mother wouldn't have known
Her darling infant now,
He was so huge, so awf'ly huge,
More huge than Lincoln Rauh.

He rolled his eyes, he could not speak,
But yet his lips did shake,
And well we knew that he did rue,
For his sweet lady's sake.

And now my tragic tale has come,
Well nigh its tragic end,
If you would sleep, and would not weep,
Recall the ear you lend.

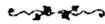
The poor boy burst with sick'ning thud,
Ye gods but it was fearful.
I won't go o'er the sad details,
They weren't exactly cheerful.

Suffice it thus, we brought a broom,
And swept him up with wails,
E'en as make cats, when pesky brats,
Do pull upon their tails.

Friend, these sad tearful words you'll find,
Engraved upon his stone,
And o'er the verse the sculptor carved,
A pork chop and a bone.

“Here lies a youth, a glorious youth,
Who died for honor's sake,
Oh shed a tear at this here bier,
E'en though it is a fake.”

And so my tale is done and told,
Dear Youth, thy life is sped,
But o'er thy woes, where'er one goes,
The whole world's heart has bled.



I had a dream the other night,
That filled me chuck full of delight.
I was pretty sore when I hit the hay,
I got caught running to lunch that day.
The teacher said, “Your case is sad,
This running to lunch is mighty bad.
You ought to control your appetite;
You're all like animals that fight,
To see who gets the biggest share.
Step in my room and have a chair.”
And I dreamed that night as I started to snooze,
That one of the gods had come to Hughes;
That one of the gods of Olympian race
Had assumed Mr. Lyon's form and face,
And he said as he waved his pen divine,
“At lunch, the teachers must stand in line.”
So I walked real slow to lunch that day
And as I descended the back stairway
My surprise was so great, I sank to the floor,
For all of the teachers had run up near the door.



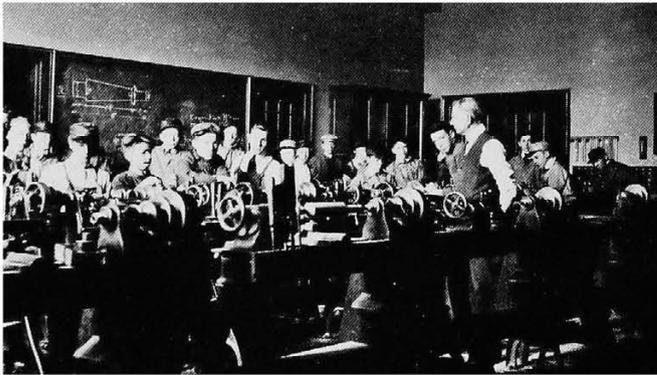
The Season's Attractions at Hughes

(No attempt is made to list the productions in chronological order)

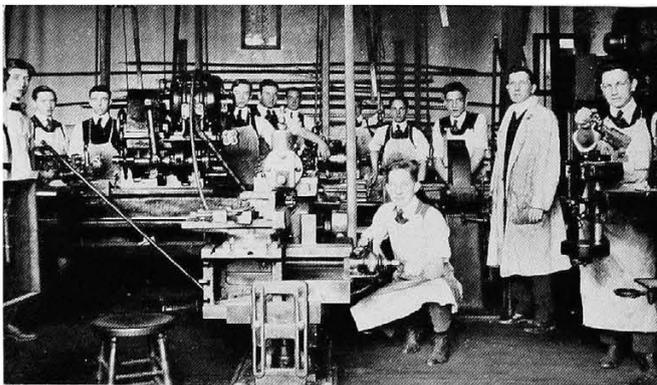
The Great Lover	Al Stutson
Gypsy Love	LeRoy Lohn
Hit the Trail Holliday	Edmund P. Wood
Daddy Longlegs	Al Meyer
Common Clay	Herbert Hardin
The Mission Play	Elmer Cook
Sybil	Helen Pauli
Justice	Mr. Lyon
Little Lady in Blue	Flossy Reece
Cousin Lucy	Lucille Van Slyck
Our Mrs. McChesney	Mary Lee Powell
House of Glass	The Green House
Betty	Mary Elizabeth Ritchey
Follies	Al Wilkerson and Elsie Molitor
The Cinderella Man	Paul Eggert
The Music Master	Herbert Tiemeyer
Her Soldier Boy	Charles Ragsdale
Follow Me	Marion Hartzel
The Flame	Elinor's hair
Blue Paradise	Susan's eyes
Bird of Paradise	Ralph Burnett
Very Good Eddy	Brute Seifreat
Alone at Last	In 222 at 6 p. m.
The Masquerader	Lloyd Johnson
Step This Way	Mr. Bergman
The Wanderer	Bonny Stevens
Show of Wonders	The Annual of 1917
Come Out of the Kitchen	To the Domestic Science Girls
Professor's Love Story	Mr. Doherty's
Love O' Mike	Marion Holzman
Fair and Warmer	Ruth Helen Wolf
Pom-Pom	Elinor Simpson
The Passing Show	The Class of '17
Bosom Friends	Ruth and Helen
Bunker Bean	J. Ebersole Crawford
Mr. Antonio	Oreste Bontempo
Nothing But the Truth	Joe Garretson
Saucy Hollandaise	Jack Withrow
Just a Woman	Helene Heinsheimer
The Only Girl	Fill this out yourself
Experience	We Seniors
Hobson's Choice	Deac Chace
The Boomerang	Nate Fogel
Carmen	Margaret Wagner



Oh we're the boys of the manual training course,
Oh we're the boys of the mallet and the horse,
With our heads of wood and our tools of steel,
To the bellows' gasp and the anvil's peal,



Deep in the cellar spend we our days,
Far from the light of the sun's honest rays,
Down with the rats and the Lambirths and mold,
Plot we and forge we our crimes manifold.



A Day at Hughes

(Vers Libre)

The glorious sun peeps o'er the hills, the morning sun.
It shines into my eyes, and into hers as well,
Her with eyes more glorious than the sun,
My Mary.
The struggling mass of earthworms in the car,
What know they of the Nebular Hypothesis,
Or of my Mary's beauty?
Before me, rears the tower its crest into the heavens,
Its base upon the sordid earth, with all its swarming insects.
Oh Hughes, I love thee most,
Save for my Mary.
Within I join the throbbing files of material beasts,
Intent on creature nourishment,
What know they of the soul?
Before us speaks a man of note,
Known through all our land,
Who praises honor, industry, and patriotism.
But what are all compared to love of Mary?
Then I go to the course of French,
The language of the land,
That he of Bonaparte made famous,
And Thomas Carlyle revolutionized.
Next English, with its dreary procession,
Of dusty fossils,
Singing songs with neither rime nor reason,
Or both.
Then the history of this nation,
Presided over by one stern as fate,
Who states that there is only one thing wrong,
And that, that all is wrong.
With awful reiteration.
So on 'till half the day has run its course,
And there is food.
Oh food, I love thee most,
Save for my Mary.
Oh tender poodle pup,
Yelping out thy youthful joy beneath the sun,
The same sun seen by Mary's eyes,
Little did thou reckon that one sad day,
Thy dainty body would be hash.
But in the hash a flash of light!
Dogs do not wear rings.
No, but butchers sometimes drop collarbuttons.
And what is that, like some great section of spaghetti,

Black with mourning over some friend's death?
 Only a yard of garden hose,
 Which perhaps once watered a hyacinth,
 That Mary twined into her hair.
 But once again a glint within the mass,
 It is a nail,
 Full twenty centimeters long,
 For butchers believe in preparedness.
 Then the lunch is over, and the insane antics,
 Of an ancient masher, called Aeneas,
 Give us all the headache.
 This Virgil thought Queen Dido fair,
 But what of my sweet Mary?
 But hark a bell, that clangs with semblance of a fire.
 We know it is no fire, yet each one says,
 "Let us make haste, or we shall all be burnt."
 Which merely is the sense of humor,
 Of the American youth.
 The air without is clear, is clear and bright,
 And makes us feel that heaven is nearer.
 Then shouts one lowly earthworm, with no poetry in his soul,
 "I'm hungry, fellers, let's go 'cross the street and buy,
 Some pie.
 Jim Jones will set it up."
 What recks this careless youth that Jim Jones can not
 Afford to pay, because his starving wife and child have,
 Need of clothing?
 What recks he that the Rules speak otherwise?
 Oh Pie, I love thee most,
 Save for my Mary.
 At length we enter once again.
 And relentless science calms our truant hearts.
 We learn that Oxygen is an almighty force,
 The scavenger of nature and the great oxidizer,
 Which latter seems a paradox.
 So thus the day is done,
 And all may leave,
 Save those who languish in the dungeon for misdeeds.
 And I depart,
 To Mary.



IDEALS

An Ideal Hughes Girl

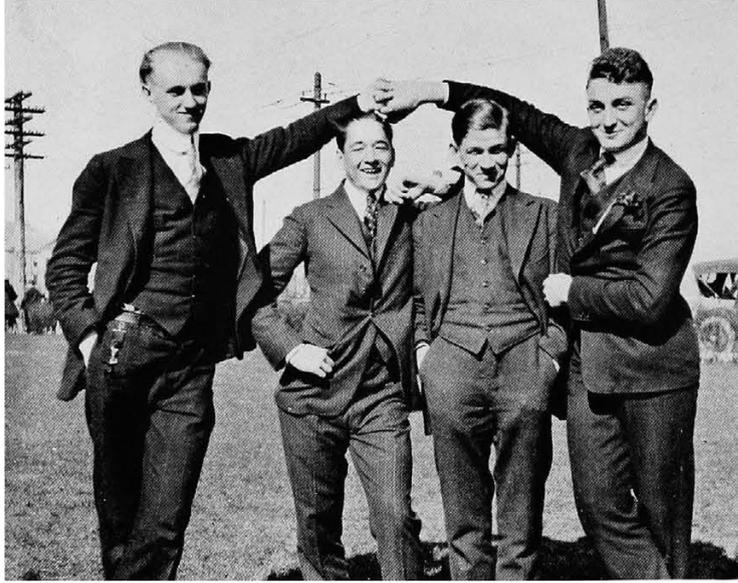
Sweetness like.....	Mr. Games
Hair like..	"Doc" Ritchey
Gracefulness like.....	Eddy Seifreat
Lovableness like.....	Mr. Burke
Demureness like.....	Ed Wood
Eyes like.....	Gene Koch
Feet like.....	Zola Deutsch (size 13 $\frac{5}{8}$)
Prettiness like.....	Paul Eggert
Dearness like.....	Amor Schuette
Dimples like.....	Moses Isaacs
Voice like.....	Lloyd St. John
Shyness like.....	Herman Schmidt
Daintiness like.....	Bob Morrison
Vivacity like.....	Lloyd Block
Appetite like.....	Oliver Bardes

An Ideal Hughes Boy

Feet like.....	Mary Stephan (size $\frac{1}{8}$)
Voice like.....	Marian Hartzel
Height like.....	Flossie Reece
Bluff like.....	Mary Elizabeth Ritchey
Eyes like.....	Marion Holzman
Manhood like.....	Elinor Simpson
Strength like.....	Ruth Weir
Eloquence like.....	Marie Ungeheuer
Nerve like.....	Ruth Wolf
Energy like.....	Susan Wilson
Laugh (?) like.....	Mary Weller
Pep like.....	Ruth Bohlender
Hair like.....	Barney Blaine

An Ideal Hughes Teacher

Sense of humor like.....	Mr. Martin
Patience like.....	Mr. Games
Disposition like.....	"Doc" Poos
Popular like.....	Misses Bently
Discipline like.....	Mr. Grever
Ability to kill time like.....	Mr. Aiken
Looks like (i. e. general appearance) Our quondam "lab" teacher	Miss Anderson
Clothes like.....	"Doc" Burke
Oratory like.....	Mr. A. M. Walker
"Squareness like"	Mr. Sanders
Voice like.....	Mr. Baumann
Athlete like.....	"Shiner" Knabe
Can be led off the subject like.....	Mr. Berry



You may have lost your memory,
But say, can you forget
That bunch of high class crooks that formed
The Hughes Bookroom quartette?

Cute Amor Schuette tall and blond,
And modest as a flower,
Would start to reel the lunch-checks out
Precisely on the hour.

Herb Hardin cussed us all while he
Added the greens and reds.—
What were those maledictions, Herb,
You called down on our heads?

Nick Salkover would take his place
About eight-twenty-three
And mocked the apprehensive line
With diabolic glee.

While Henry Greber through the door
Declared a rise in price.
For just one tablet he would take
More than was really nice.

Perhaps they'll confine you in Longview
But I will lay a bet
You'll not forget the yeggmen
Of the Hughes Bookroom quartette.

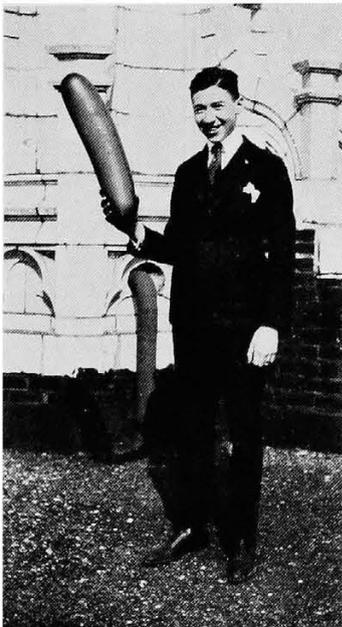


The Hot-Air Club

With my misconduct slip, in gloom
 Thus I tramp to my home room.
 Now find no peace nor rest,
 From my classes zero dressed,
 Ever hearing all day long
 Everywhere the same old song,
 'Round the school both to and fro
 Ever go.
 Go, no game must you allure,
 Go, sad youth in spirits poor,

Go, for you no joys benign,
 But detention one O nine!

On the third floor—all the same.
 On the second—what's your name?
 Near my lunch—"you're not in line,
 Today there'll be no food for thine"
 A week must pass, each day by day
 No meal my way.
 What I need I'll tell you here,
 Listen, for it beareth cheer.



Friends, I felt the pain and shame,
 Each excuse I gave was lame,
 For the one that seemed the best
 Was very old, in garlands dressed.
 Must I go on—8th bell—my haunt
 How clear defined—I was in want.
 So I did rest my weary head.
 I was quite sad, a tear did shed.
 At last to me a scheme appears,
 The lack of which caused toil for years.
 A club for mutual combination,
 A group, a league, association,
 The "Hot Air Club" was born that night,
 Sending poor excuse to flight.
 You, who can no excuse devise
 The "Hot Air Club" will you advise.

Recently at a quaint little party given by the faculty of Hughes, someone suggested the old-fashioned game of "grunt, piggy, grunt." The participants in this game (explanation for morose people who have never attended quaint little parties), circle about a blindfolded person, who, after a time, commands them to stop, and pointing toward one "piggie" says, "grunt, piggie, grunt." The blindfolded person must recognize the doomed "piggie" by his grunt. At this particular party the "piggies" grunted as follows:

- O. G.*—"You're walking in the valley of the shadow."
M. J. B.—"There can be no question about that."
T. R. B.—"I can only give you five for that."
A. M. W.—" 'Comment' on that paragraph."
O. W. M.—"Take a slip of paper please."
J. A.—"Make a written note of the assignment for next week."
C. T. L.—"I doot if that is about the subject."
J. G.—"I gif you a slip."
A. S.—"Are you sure you understand that perfectly?"
C. H. S.—"Marion Holzman, stop talking, and stay at your own desk."
A. E. B.—"Wai-aita minute."
E. F. B.—"We'll have to make the portions smaller."
E. A. P.—"What do you call this, an old women's convention?"
J. K. C.—"Now we won't quibble over this."
E. R. F.—"Hush-sh-sh."
J. W. S.—"Oh say! Hm-m-m-m?"
W. W.—"Stop running, girls."
G. W. D.—"Clamp your woik in your wice."



Fire Drill

Act II

Scene 1—The New Depot

The Porter Moses Isaacs A Country Lad Jack Withrow
The Traveler Lincoln Rauh Train Caller Sam Sanders
Baggage Smasher Ed Seifreat Chewing Gum Lady Ruth Wolf
A Greenhorn Shark Lloyd Block

The Pullman Porter Girls—Misses Heinsheimer, Lippert, Kruse, Stephan, Haile and Nimmo.

Song—The Porter and the portly—Moses Isaacs and Linc Rauh

Song—I don't need any scenery, for I make the drops myself—Ed Seifreat

Song—You'd better grip your grips real tight, the cars are all marked "Steel."
Mose Isaacs and Pullman Porter Girls

Scene 2—A Cross Town Car

Conductor Bill Hoberg A Fare Beater Lloyd Block
A Little Schoolgirl Flossie Reece A Rough Neck Howard Chace

Song—They made me a conductor, 'cause I'm looking for the fair—Bill Hoberg

Scene 3—Child's Restaurant

The Waffle Turner Gene Koch Head Chef Foster Hopkins
The Hungry Gent Lincoln Rauh The Millionaire John Hastie
The Bill Beater Lloyd Block His Guests—Misses Holzman, Rit-
The down-and-outer Howard Chace chey and Simpson
Cabaret Performer Billy Drucker

The Waitresses—Misses Wilson, Bohlender, Pauli, Kruse, Wagner, Wolf, Heinsheimer, Mooney, Murdock, Hartzel, Fisher, Ungeheuer, Kreger, and entire beauty chorus.

Song—Those girls may be the waiters, but I'm the one who waits—Linc Rauh

Dance—Danse de Tanglefoot—Miss Drucker

Song—Eating's hard for some, though its but Child's play for us—Ensemble



To Mary Stephan



A dear old white-haired lady sits,
Surrounded by a jovial band,
Of chubby romping tumbling tots,
But see, she lifts her withered hand.

“Sweet children, stop that boist’rous play,
And listen to your grandma’s tale,”
Then lo, her faded eye glows bright,
While blushes tinge her cheeks so pale.

“’Twas ages since, at dear old Hughes,
Yes ages, Sue, oh long ago,
I was a sweet young maiden then,
Of sixteen glorious years or so.

The Pres’dent of these mighty states,
Had come to see our city fair,
And they chose me from all the school,
To give our flowers to him there.

Oh, well I mind the anxious care,
With which I donned my finest frock,
And how we brushed and brushed my hair,
Till in its place was ev’ry lock.

Alone I stood before the throng,
That filled the street from side to side,
Oh how they clapped and shrieked and cheered,
While wall and hill and tower replied.

At last from far the carriage rolled
Within, our idol and his bride;
They smiled so sweetly down at me,
My bosom swelled with conscious pride.

I gave them then those roses red,
They said a word of gracious thanks,
And then they passed upon their way
Concealed within the crowding ranks.

And so dear tots, I’ve ne’er forgot,
That wond’rous day so long ago.
I was a sweet young maiden then,
Of sixteen glorious years or so.”

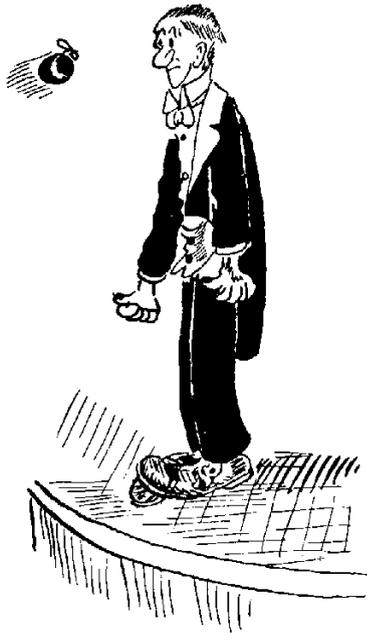
Prodigious Performance

Presented by Class of '17

Upon the Occasion of Their Departure From These Halls of Learning



THE first attraction on the program was Charles Osborne Parks, attired in evening clothes, who rendered some original poetry. There was absolutely no doubt of the poetry's being his own. We would like to say the same of his



dress suit which had obviously seen service in the Manhattan. In fact, Frank Jemison, waking suddenly in a front seat thought he recognized the hash-slinger's raiment and said, "Bean Soup" before he could help himself, whereupon Marion Holzman said, "Don't you love it?" and Marion Martin said, "Well!"

Ignoring these interruptions, the poet stepped bravely forward and announced that his first recitation was entitled "Spring Thoughts." Then dodging a few spring tomatoes, he began as follows:

I

"Delightful May is here today
The birds all sing for fair
The month of June is coming soon
I smell it in the air.
And when July comes round again
Then I shall cut my hair.

II

King Winter's day has passed away
Of spring we love to talk,
Burnett and Weil begin to smile
And so does Lloyd E. Block,
It's almost time for them to put
Their overcoats in hock.

III

My last year's shoes give me the blues
Exams are drawing near.
And yet sweet Spring, thou lovely thing,
I'm glad that you are here,
With moonlight nights and skeeter bites,
And roses and root beer!

A clamorous outburst greeted this effusion, and the Poet mistaking the same for applause, delivered this heroic declamation:

“O Hamburger, my Hamburger,
I fain would sing thy praise.
Thou art the most delightful thing
Of all my high school days.
Old Faithful! thou art true we know.
Thou hast forsook us never.
Pork chops may come, veal pie may go,
But thou art here forever.

O Hamburger, my Hamburger
I love thy humble price,
Floss Reece can eat the six cent meat
And so can Myrtle Geis.
Let Carlie Frey demolish pie,
It makes no diff. to me,
For I assert that no dessert
Can turn my thoughts from thee.

O Hamburger, who knows thy source?
Who knows from whence you came?
But if you're cow or if you're horse
We love thee just the same.
The fact remains (though weak in brains)
I'm strong for thee, Dear Heart,
No matter if you roamed the plains
—Or towed a butcher's cart.

Long before the Poet finished the second verse, Lincoln Rauh, who had been holding down a couple of seats in the rear, was forced to leave the hall, presumably in quest of nourishment.

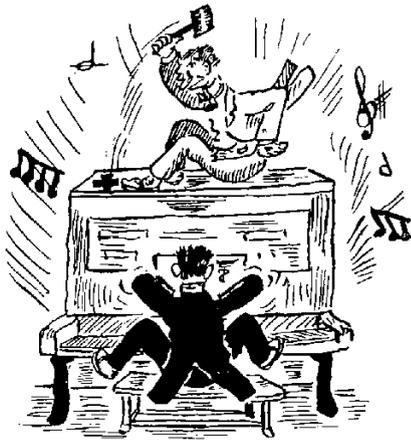
As old Omar says, in a recently discovered verse.

“Five dozen doughnuts underneath the bough,
A maiden fair to fan his noble brow,
And pies beside him with whipped cream on top,
—Ye gods! this looks like paradise to Rauh.”

Mr. Parks, having relieved his mind of this superfluous brilliance, retired very gracefully, thanks to the efforts of the S. P. C. A., who made a strong appeal in his behalf.

[Page two hundred and nineteen]

The audience was now treated to the second feature of the evening. This was termed music, and was begun by Bub Crawford and Leo Friedman who hashed out the "Galope de Lunch" from an innocent, peace-loving piano.



Fos Hopkins and Gene Koch then executed a few mandolin solos. We hope they deserved execution, because goodness knows they got it—some speedily and others by slow torture. Susan Wilson paid this touching tribute to the performers:

"O Foster and Eugene,
For your music we are keen,
Those mournful strains will haunt our
minds forever.
And we may truly say
That always, when you play,
The Lemon is the Fruit of your endeavor.

Marion Hartzel sang a charming selection called "Dancing Fairies," which was made very effective by the entrance of three real live fairies, fascinatingly presented by Ed. Seifreat, Harold Hoffman and Jupe Ericsson. Needless to say this scored a tremendous hit, and so did Julius Meininger who had smuggled a cabbage into the balcony. Speaking of cabbages, Al Stutson lost his head entirely when Ruth Bohlender sang that sad air by Tomkatsky, entitled "The Fourth Misconduct Slip, or What Will They Say at Home?" This is the first stanza:

Ah Fatal Fourth! Unwelcome guest,
Your awful import I detest.
Why are you here, to spoil my rest,
And fill me with despair?
Three slips a week is going some!
Why did the fourth one have to come?
—I only placed some chewing gum
In Bonnie Stevens' hair.

The surprise of the evening was the announcement that Nellie Lippert would sing a group of songs composed by noted composers. We insert a copy of her program.

"The Old Family Hairbrush" Stutson
"Where are You Going, My Pretty Maid" Hoberg
" 'I'm goin' to the Family, Sir,' she Said" Florence Reece
"For the Love of Mike, Don't Mention My Name" . . . Mlle. Holzman-Holman
"I'd be a Handsome Hero, if it Wasn't for my Face" Gene Koch
"Break! Break! Break!" Minna Mayer

(Composed after she had busted her 17th test-tube)

Gus Sorin—Accompanist
BALDWIN PIANO MISUSED

As the audience was greatly moved (mostly toward the door) by the last number, a little humor was introduced in the persons of Ed Wood, the hobo comedian and Herman Schmidt, disguised as a gentleman. The audience and several bricks went wild as these two delegates from the Stock-Yards Singing Society released a few choice selections. We insert a few of the least objectionable.

Four lovely years I've spent at Hughes
My knowledge is sublime
And if I paid a tax on brains
I wouldn't own a dime.
I shine in classes every day
My grades are never low,
And yet there are, I grieve to say
Some things I do not know.

For instance, why is Ralph Burnett
Paul Eggert's faithful friend?
From morn till night, they scrap and fight,
With zeal that has no end.
First Eggert says his little say,
And Ralph, in anger screams,
"Aw Eggert, take your face away
It makes me have bad dreams."

I do not know how Garretson
Gets past that lunch room line,
And gets outside of all the eats
Before I've ordered mine.
I never knew how Zola Deutsch
Starvation's pangs survives
When he comes rushing down to lunch
With only seven fives.

Eddie Wood was guilty of this masterpiece:

Flossie had a powder puff,
It was as white as snow,
And every where that Flossie went
The puff was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day
A fact we all deplore.
Al Stutson used it on his nose
— The puff ain't white no more.

also this

I flunked me spooch de sevint' bell
It gives me pain to state
That tho' I *caught* an awful lot
I never had *de bate*.

Loud cries of "Get de *hook*" from the audience, and this:

I had a awful dream las' nite
So strange it got me scared.
They ast Miss Ritchey to recite,
An' Liz says, "Not prepared."

The comedians and the audience were relieved at this point by the announcement of the Last Act.

The last number on the program was the dramatization of a vision with which Sam. Rosenberg was favored after he had partaken freely of sausage and lemonade. It was a vision of true democracy, in fact a scene in a criminal court conducted by Hughes students, wherein were tried numerous miscreants.

The curtain, rising, discovered Nick Salkover seated at the judicial desk prepared to mete out justice.

Enter the police force consisting of Sophie Bogen and Mary Weller leading in the first prisoner, Mr. O. Bardes. "What's the charge?" asked the judge, with as much dignity as his face could command. "What's that coffee strainer strapped on his face for? Does he bite?" "No," said the chief cop, "Not exactly that. It's to keep the flies out of his mouth—he invented it himself." "I don't getcha, what was he doin'?" said his Honor. "He was tryin' to interest Joe Simon in an invention to run a gas engine on hot air. I think it's a fake and—" "Dismissed," howled the judge. "He can do it."

Joe Garretson was then dragged in, charged with cruelty to animals.

"Wot's up?" yelled Nick snapping at his mustache.

"I caught him over-working a pony. Besides that, he swiped Ruth's lunch checks—says he was only keeping the wolf from the door—I guess he means the lunch room door. He gets the teachers' goat almost every day."

"Five hours in the cooler," snarled His Honor.

Out went the cop, and in came Elmer Cook on a shutter. His upper story was evidently unoccupied.

"Unload that, and wake it up!" ordered the judge severely. "This isn't elocution."

"Can't do it—his mind's gone out on a strike," said the cop.

"Too much work, hey," scowled the judge, "what's he been doing—buying his own lunch checks or listening to Earl Meyer's jokes?"

"Neither, he got 95 in a chem. test and the surprise was too great," replied the cop.

"Oh, I understand," says his Honor with feeling, "Well, give him a sniff of that Eau de Kresge on Lloyd Johnson's handkerchief and he'll come round all right."

This was done, and our prostrate hero groaned like the Night Before Examinations and emitted these characteristic lines:

“Checks, checks, I’m huntin’ ‘em yet
The harder I hunt ‘em, the scarcer they get!”

Another sniff was administered and the stricken Elmer without opening his dewy eyes, whispered these touching words:

“Tinkle, tinkle, little bell
Sing that song we love so well
As you sit upon the wall
Of our Dear Detention Hall.
Warble forth your welcome cry.
Let me out, or let me die!”

The next case was indeed pitiful. Mary Elizabeth Ritchey, Mose Isaacs, and Mike Kahn were hauled up, on the stupendous charge of studying for an examination. Lucille Van Slyck, the lady detective, had caught ‘em with the books. When confronted with the evidence of their guilt, the criminals broke down completely, and all pled temporary insanity except one or two who didn’t have to. The judge gave them a good bawling out about taking unfair advantages and consigned them all to the potato pile, peeling potatoes for the lunch room. After they had departed, Harold Pettit was ushered in by the ear, charged with breach of promise.

“Yes, judge,” said Eleanor Simpson, who was the plaintiff, “he promised to sell me three threes, and then he backed out, the crool deceiver.”

“Seven days in detention room,” barked the judge, as he quoted those famous lines:

“We’d like to wring their greasy necks
Those jesters we all know so well
Who say, ‘Oh yes, I’ve got some checks
—But then I ain’t got none to sell.’ ”

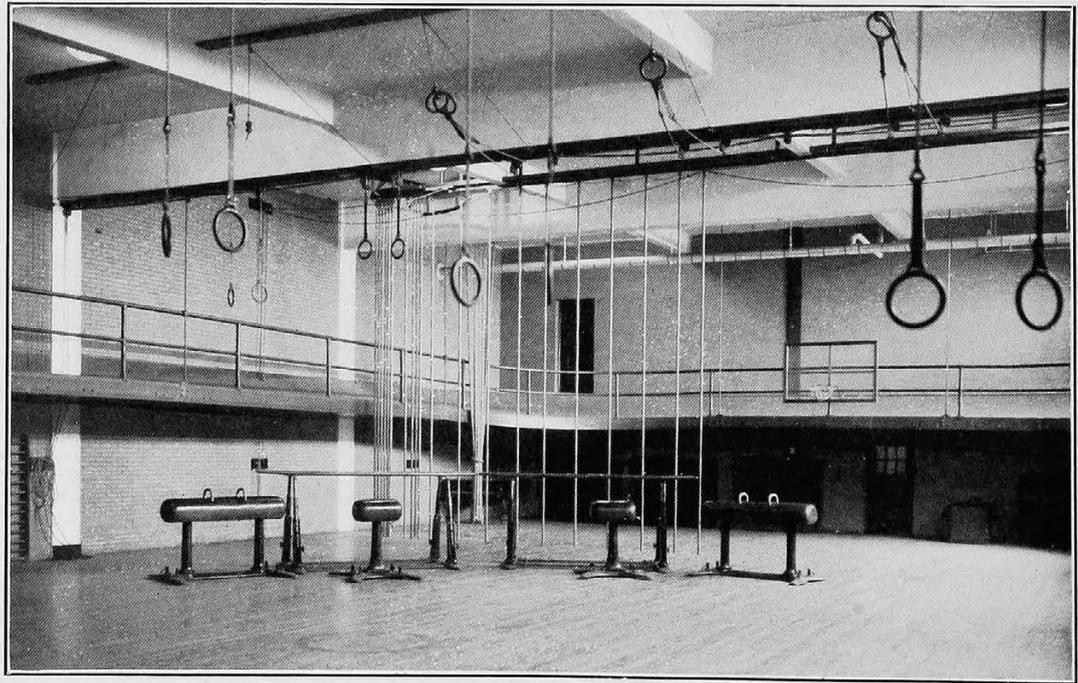
There were numerous other cases to be tried, but at this juncture something happened so strange, so terrible, so unexpected that all court proceedings were speedily ended, the officers and criminals alike retiring in utmost disorder. Like a thunderbolt from the clear sky it entered upon the scene, spreading confusion in its wake, and causing the wisest spectator to doubt the veracity of his own eyes.

It was John Hastie, and he had on long pants.

As the curtain fell, the audience arose and rewarded the actors with a tremendous ovation. For the benefit of those not studying Latin, we will say that this word is derived from *ova*, meaning eggs and *ation* denoting action, also that both eggs and action were strongly in evidence. Especially the eggs.



ACTIVITIES



BOYS' GYMNASIUM

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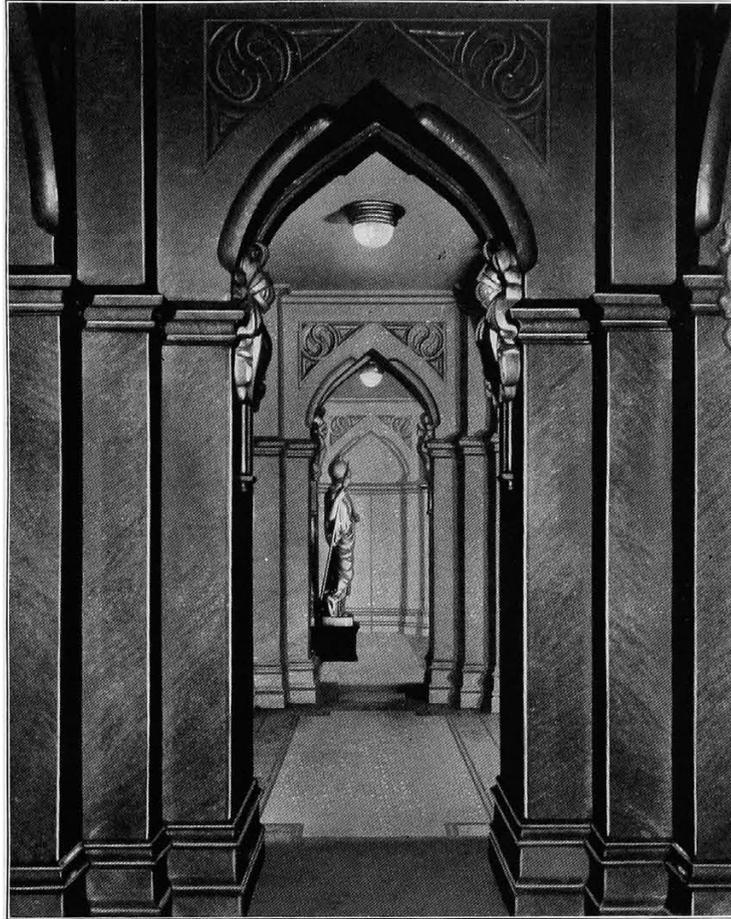
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Hilda Becker	146 Seventy-Fourth Street
Helen Bejack	311 Hearne Avenue
Bernice Mae Bentel	3469 Craig Avenue
Elizabeth Blain	3933 Reading Road
Lloyd Block	27 Alexandria Building
Sophie Bogen	255 Loraine Avenue
Ruth Bohlender	44 Parker Avenue
Oreste Bontempo	525 Fortune Avenue
Lillian Bosse	622 Crown Street
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Judith Boutet	2955 Madison Road
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Helen Britte	538 Howell Avenue
Gincie Brown	2837 Highland Avenue
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Roberta Bullerdick	4323 Hamilton Avenue
Mildred Burhen	1135 Gilsey Avenue
Ralph Burnett	313 Crestline Avenue
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Regina Closs	3446 Whitfield Avenue
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Rosalind Cohen	835 Hulchins Avenue
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Elmer Cook	2716 West Eighth Street
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Katherine Darwin	3305 Reading Road
Zola Deutsch	3600 Wilson Avenue
Hazel Diebold	2489 Paris Street
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Elsie Eschenbach	3237 Glendora Avenue
Dorothy Exon	1648 Waverly Avenue
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Eleanor Finke	419 Resor Avenue
Norma Louise First	224 Woolper Avenue
Adele Fischer	431 Rockdale Avenue
Eugene Flanagan	3212 Mozart Avenue
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Marian Hartzel	4384 Hamilton Avenue
John Hastie	1621 Waverly Avenue
Helene Heinsheimer	3315 Burnet Avenue
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Irma Helmers	353 Thrall Avenue
Robert Herman	3424 Larona Avenue
Tom Herman	3564 Bogart Avenue
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Our Parting

The time's approaching for our parting, Hughes.
How rapidly the fateful evening nears,
When graduation comes and we must lose
Our fondest friends and ties of high school years.

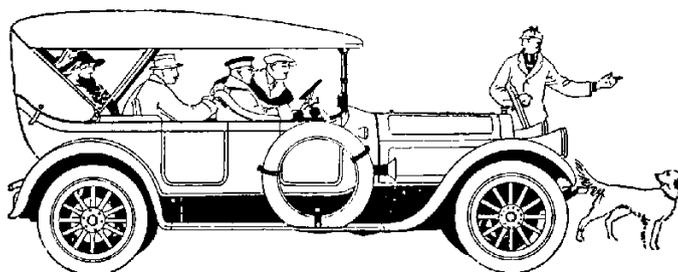
Hughes! our interests have their center there.
It enters all our thoughts unconsciously,
Just as at home, a book, a lamp, a chair,
Is used unthinking and familiarly.

But when we're used to things, we can't move way,
Without some cruel twinge of pain at heart.
We can't be readjusted in a day,
When with accustomed trends of thought we part.

Quite often in strange places we've all sought,
Unconsciously, what we were wont to use.
So, oft unwitting, we'll think some old thought,
And in those moments, oh how we'll miss Hughes.



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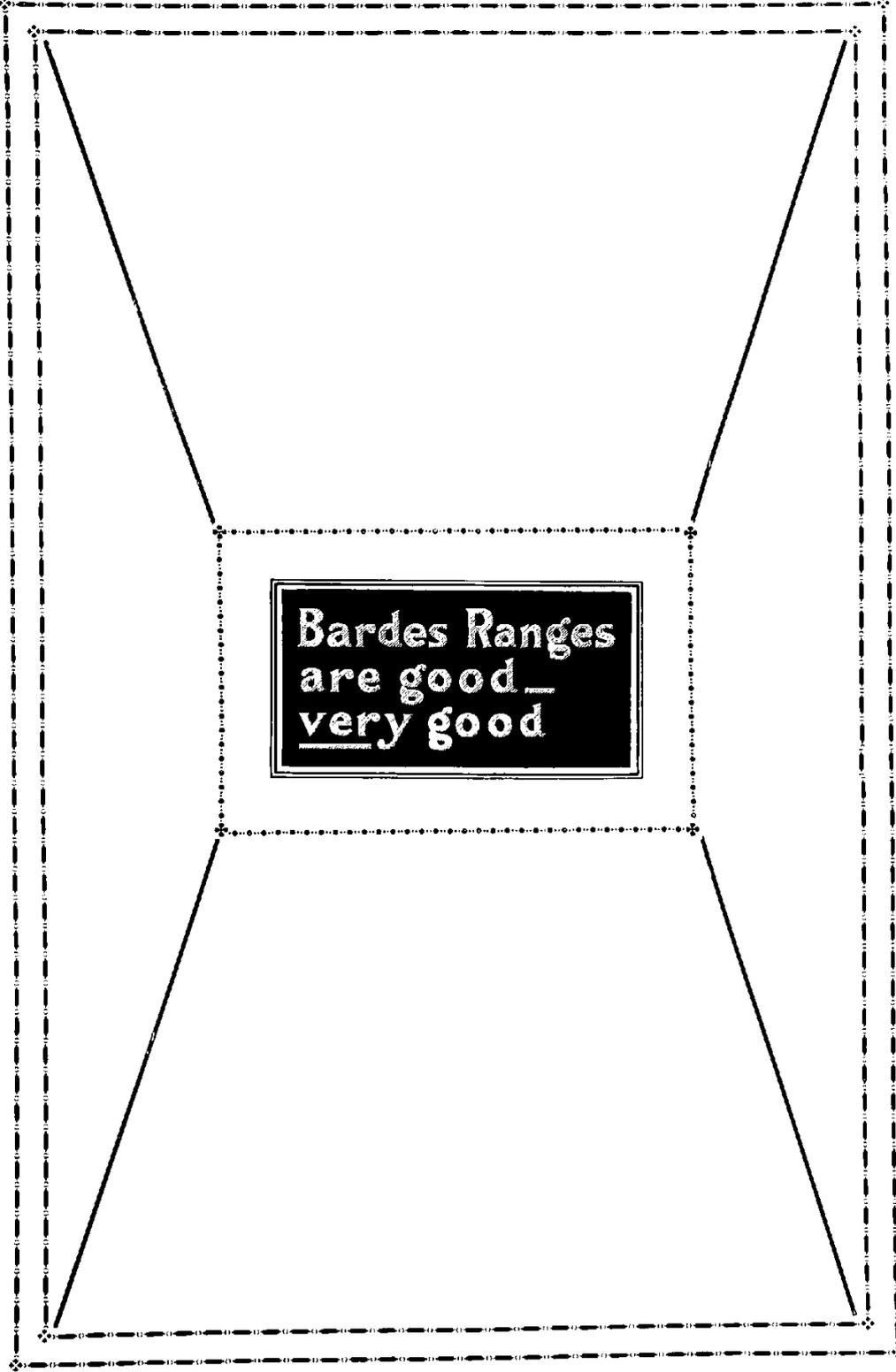
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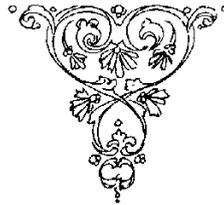
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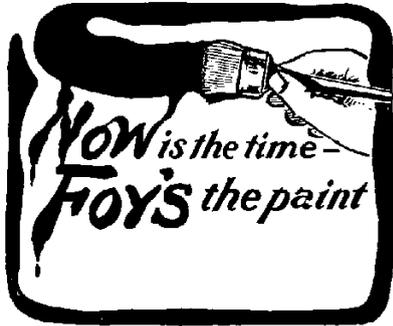
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