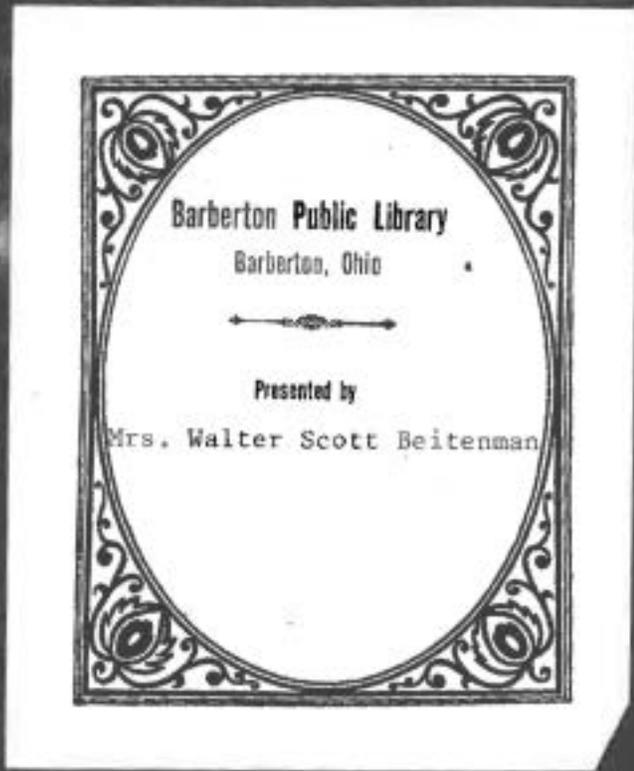


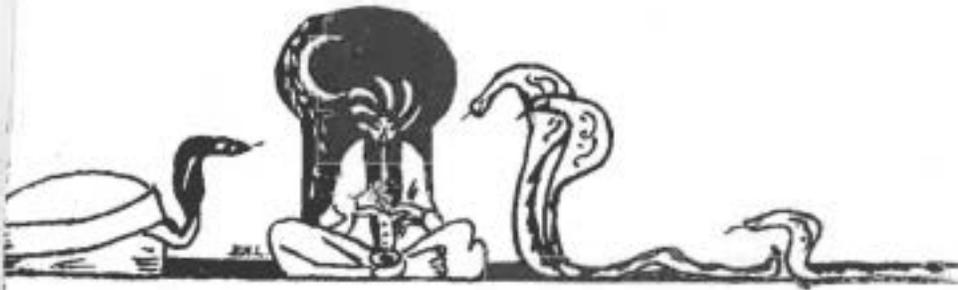
JAN. 1926



SENIOR ANNUAL NUMBER

MAGICIAN ANNUAL
1926

WALTER SCOTT BEITENMAN



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SENIOR ANNUAL NUMBER

FOREWORD

In presenting the Commencement Number of the Magician to the students, alumni, faculty and loyal friends and supporters of the Brown and White, it is our aim to outline some of the activities and incidents relative to and surrounding our high school life, which have made these four years spent within the walls of B. H. S. the happiest of our lives.





DEDICATION

To Mr. Nelhaus, our loyal friend and teacher, whose interest in our class and whose ever ready good will and comradeship have been a source of help and inspiration to us, we, the class of January, 1926, lovingly and gratefully dedicate this Commencement Number of the Marician.





Barberton Central High School

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Supt. F. L. Light



Pres. J. H. Tucker



5



FACULTY

Mr. Bryant
Miss Cline
Mr. Everett
Mr. Grant
Miss Heyman
Miss Innler
Miss Jacot
Miss McGarvey
Mr. Measell
Miss Jones
Miss Lee
Mr. Lyman

Mr. Mase
Miss Mitcoel
Mr. Niehaus
Miss Pierce
Mr. Peer
Mr. Pieffer
Mr. Reed
Miss Ruff
Mr. Snodgrass
Miss Thut
Mr. Turney
Miss Winstill

Mr. Woddell

228033 6



FAREWELL

January 1926—that long looked for, yet not dreaded time has come, our high school days have vanished into the past to be treasured as memories.

Those four years spent here in this High School have been four years of not un-mixed joy and sorrow—sorrows which at the time seemed hard to bear but in the end the dross of sorrow is burned out by the flame of joy and we have been strengthened in the process.

We have contributed an honest effort to make our school a success and now we say Farewell—May the year bring to B. H. S. and her future Seniors all the prosperity fortune may have to offer.

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BOOST OUR ADVERTISERS

The success of this Annual has depended largely upon the support and co operation of the businessmen of our city. Their spirit has made it possible for this work to be carried on.

To them we are intensely grateful. They have patronized us—Now why not patronize them—Help make their business the success that they have made our paper. Show your appreciation.

Boost our advertisers!

First Row
Second R
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WE THANK YOU

We, the Class of January, 1926, wish to thank everyone who has lent us a helping hand during the publication of this Annual.

We wish to thank the faculty for their beneficial advice. Lastly, and largely, our thanks are due to the loyal students who in their co operation and patronage have helped make this Annual a success.

May it always be presented as a mementoe of the Class of January, '26.

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Annual Staff

First Row - Estella Baucher, Eleanor Long, Genevieve Cook, Angeline Merda.
Second Row - Paul Maus, Mary McGillevray, Roy Linderman, Hancil Poulton,
Helen Debold, Hiram Beil.

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SENIOR ANNUAL NUMBER

Class of January 1926

OFFICERS

President Eleanor Long
Vice President Paul Lecky
Secretary & Treasurer Treva Humbert

CLASS MOTTO

"The Past Forever Gone, The Future Still Before Us"

We have chosen this as our class motto because we believe that it best exemplifies our attitude toward the life that is before us.

The joys of the past will long be held in memory; the sordidness will be forgotten, and the pathway into the future will gleam brightly before us.

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CLASS FLOWER

The flower chosen by the class of January, nineteen hundred and twenty six as their class flower, is the American Beauty Rose.

CLASS COLORS

The colors of the class of January, 1926, are Scarlet and Black.
May they always be revered and defended by the members of the class of January, nineteen hundred and twenty-six.



MEMORIES

Last night I had nothing to do so I got out my "Old Memory Book" and was looking at some of the things that I had in it. It seemed to bring me pictures of the past.

The first thing that came to my mind was our first year in High School. Our first semester as Freshies was uneventful, but during the second semester things began to happen. One eventful day we had our first class meeting and elected "Betty" Kline as president. Paul Heiman was entrusted with our money as secretary and treasurer. If memory serves me rightly we had a few parties, and all were a "howling success", so as to speak.

The next year came when we were allowed to take another step on the journey through High School. Sometime during that year Helen Debold was chosen to lead us on this journey, her assistant was Roberta Gabbert, also at this time we had to celebrate our becoming Sophomores so we had a few parties, and as the saying is after all parties, "a good time was had by all", including the faculty members.

I had wandered pretty far from the subject of our first year in school when it suddenly dawned upon me that I had forgotten something of the utmost importance and that was that our first honorary member was one of the present members of the stern faculty, he is Mr. W. E. Neihaus.

Well, to go back to our Sophomore season, Miss Lois Helfer, was given the honor of being our faculty adviser, and as most of you know that she was the Domestic Science teacher, you can be sure that we always had good eats at all our parties, which was something to be thankful for.

It was during this school year that Mr. Copper and Mr. McNeil passed away.

Every year some of our members left us, maybe it was because they did not like our company, or perhaps they wanted to start in the business world early so as to get a good start on the rest of us that desired to finish our journey, through the halls and rooms of dear old B. H. S. I am sure that none of us regret our four years spent here. (Well, so much for that lecture.)

My mind has now wandered back to almost a year ago and then we became Juniors, and of course, a new leader was required to lead us on that journey and pilgrimage. When we became "flighty Juniors", we began to think that we were somebody and took more interest in the affairs of the school, for example, we thought that it was our duty and pleasure to tease the Freshies, which of course, we did to the pleasure of all parties concerned. As I started to say that we had to have a leader. Well, to be truthful, a boy was given this honor. It was Hiram Bell, better known by the title of "Hi", and Lillian McCloewery was given the position as secretary and treasurer. These two worthy people held these offices while we were Senior B's and of course that is when the biggest deal of all High School life begins. We had to think of some means of getting money to feed the Senior A's. Before we had time to plan for very much, the day of the banquet was near. At the eleventh hour we decided to "stage" a carnival. This was a huge success, much to our surprise. If it had not been for our honorary member, Miss Gladys Heyman, who worked till she was almost gray-headed, I might have a different story to tell you.

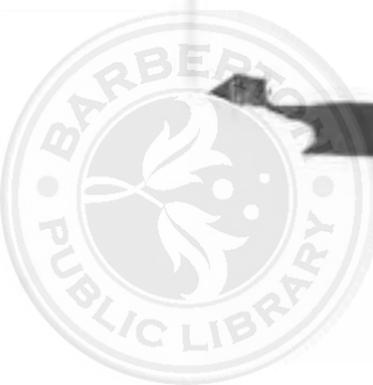
The banquet was a success too, we held it in the cafeteria, which was decorated with our colors, cardinal and black, and the music room was decked out in blue and

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ELEANOR LONG

"Her bubbling good humor is a
sure cure for the blues"

- Class President (4)
- Editor-in-Chief of Annual (4)
- Y. W. C. A. (1-2 3 4)
- Y. W. C. A. Secretary (3)
- Recreation Club (3-4)
- French Club (3)
- Art Club (3)
- Class Play (4)
- Historical Club Secretary (4)
- Glee Club (1-2-3-4)
- Music Club (2)
- Special Chorus (2)
- Class Basketball (4)
- Editor-in-Chief of Magician (4)
- National Honor Society (4)

TREVA HUMBERT "Shogty"

"Just a little girl with dark
brown eyes,

And hair with a natural curl"

- Special Chorus (2-3)
- English Club (3)
- Y. W. C. A. (3-4)
- Class Play (4)
- Class Secretary-Treasurer (4)
- Salutatorian
- National Honor Society (4)

PAUL LECKY

"Let me be what I am and seek
not to alter me"

- Class Basketball (1-2)
- Historical Club (3-4)
- Varsity Basketball (2-3-4)
- Vice President Class (4)
- Athletic Board (4)





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HANCIH POULTON "Hanse"
"Never so busy but he has time
for girls"
Boys Glee Club (1-2-3-4)
Orchestra (1-2-3-4)
Band (1-2-3-4)
Secretary Dramatic Club (4)
Science Club (1-2-3)
Music Editor of Magician (4)
Music Club (3)
Annual Staff (4)
Class Play (4)
Recreation Club (4)
Special Chorus (2)

NICK PAOLANA "Thunderbolt"
"A son from sunny Italy was he"
Class Basketball (1-2-3)
Varsity Track (3)
Varsity Football (4)
Glee Club (3)
Biology Club (3)
Historical Club (3)
Recreation Club (4)

RUTH SMITH "Smittie"
"In infancy she fell out of the
window and came down—plump!"
Glee Club (1-2)
Music Club (2)
Science Club (2-3)
Journalism Club Secretary (3)
Historical Club (4)
Class Play
Y. W. C. A. (1-2-3-4)
Class Basketball (3)
Student Council (3)
Recreation Club (3-4)
G. A. A. (3)
Class Vice President (3)
Magician Reporter (4)





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MARY BODEN
"Whate'er I do, whate'er I say
You may rest assured I'll have
my way"
Glee Club (1)
Orchestra (1)
Science Club (3)
Debate Club (2)
Historical Club (3)

ESTELLA BOUSER "Ted"
"Two heads are better than one"
Commercial Club (3)
Commercial Club President (4)
Y. W. C. A. (4)
Annual Staff (4)
Class History (4)

HIRAM BELL "Hi"
"It's a terrible thing to be a 'lion
among the ladies'."
Biology Club (3-4)
Class Basketball (4)
Class Play (4)
Class President (3)
Science Club (4)
Annual Staff (4)
Biology Club Secretary (4)

13





"Ted"
"one"
1 (4)

ROBERT CHERRYHOLMES "Bob"
"I may arrive late but I always
arrive"
Science Club (3)
Class Play (4)

BEN FINK "Benny"
"In every sense of the word—a
sport"
Glee Club (2)
Class Basketball (3)
Dramatic Club (4)
Class Play (4)

HELEN DEBOLD
"Diligently and faithfully she
hath pursued her way"
Y. W. C. A. (4)
Class President (2)
Biology Club (3)
Biology Club President (3)
Magician Reporter (4)
Annual Staff (4)
Valedictorian (4)
National Honor Society
National Honor Society (4)

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FRANK HAHN

"Bright, cheerful, full of glee,
We wish more fellows like him
could be"

- Class Basketball (3-4)
- Glee Club (1)
- Class Play (4)
- Recreation Club (3-4)
- Student Council (4)
- Assistant Football Manager (4)
- Historical Club (3)
- Biology Club (3)

JOHN HADJUK

"Johnnie"

"Beware! I may do something
sensational yet"

- English Club (3)
- Class Play (4)

ANGELINE MERDA

"Angie"

"Winning is her way and pleas-
ant is her smile"

- Glee Club (1-2-3-4)
- Music Club (2)
- Dramatic Club (2)
- Y. M. C. A. (2 3)
- Special Chorus (2)
- G. A. A. (3)
- Annual Staff (4)
- Class Will (4)





Johnnie"
something

VIVIAN STOCKER
"Eat today for tomorrow we
diet"
Glee Club (1-2 3-4)
Y. W. C. A. (1-2 3 4)
Special Chorus (2)
Commercial Club (3-4)

JENNIE FARBER
"She goes about her work each day,
Never having much to say"
Glee Club (3)
Commercial Club (3)
Journalism Club (4)

HENRY GATES "Fat"
"Thy fame will one day be rela-
tively as great as thy avordupois"
Hi-Y (2-3-4)
Historical Club (3-4)
Class Basketball (3)
Varsity Football (4)
Class Play (4)





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LILLIAN McLOWRY "Sparkle"
"On with the dance"

- Glee Club (2)
- Class Play (4)
- Special Chorus (2-3)
- Dramatic Club (3)
- Dramatic Club Vice Pres. (3)
- Recreation Club (3-4)
- Music Club (2)
- Magician Reporter (4)

MARY MCGILLIVRAY "Mac"

"A dandy girl we find in Mac
Attractive enough to make one
look back"

- Y. W. C. A. (1-2-3-4)
- Y. W. C. A. Treasurer (3)
- G. A. A. (3-4)
- G. A. A. President (3)
- Dramatic Club (3-4)
- Track Team (2)
- Varsity Basketball (3-4)
- Class Basketball (1-2)
- National Honor Society
- Annual Staff
- Glee Club (1-2-3-4)
- Music Club (3)
- Magician Staff (4)
- Special Chorus (2)
- Class Poem
- Recreation Club

ANDREW HEDMEG "Andy"
"Young fellows will be young
fellows"

- Glee Club (1-3)
- Biology Club (3)
- Historical Club (3)
- Class Basketball (3-4)
- Class Play (4)
- Science Club (4)





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ROY INDEMAN "Rags"
"When duty and joy clash
He lets duty go to smash"
Joke Editor (3-4)
Class Basketball (3)
Journalism Club (3)
Class Play (1)
Annual Staff (4)
Recreation Club (3-4)

PAUL MAAS "Massy"
"Men of few words are the best
men."
Class Basketball (1-2)
Varsity Basketball (3-4)
Football (2)
Magician Staff (4)
Annual Staff (4)
Recreation Club (4)

GENEVIEVE COOK "Cookie"
"What she wills to do or say, is
done in the very nicest way"
Glee Club (1-2-3-4)
Basketball (2-3)
Y. W. C. A. (1-2-3)
Recreation Club (3-4)
Historical Club (3)
Dramatic Club (4)
Magician Staff (4)
Annual Staff (4)
Music Club (3)
Class Play (4)
Special Chorus (2)





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HARVEY ADAMS

"Not many have the talents he
hath"

Glee Club (1-2-3-4)
Special Chorus (2-3)
Cheer Leader (2-3-4)
Dramatic Club (3)
Recreation Club (4)
Track (2)
Class Play (4)

DON BEIDLE

"He who invented work should
have finished it"

Class Basketball (1-2)
Biology Club (3-4)
Biology Club President (4)
Hi-Y (2)
Varsity Basketball (3-4)
Varsity Football (4)

FRANCES BAILY

"Fran"
"She came a stranger in our
midst, and won our hearts"



ARTHUR SMITH "Art"
"Patented my own special giggle,
I fear none other like it will I ever
hear"
Football (1)
Class Baske'ball (3)
Recreation Club (3-4)
Science Club (4)
Science Club President (4)
Dramatic Club (3)
English Club (4)
Class Play (4)

ELI TIRBOVICH "China"
"Argue early, argue late
If a line were crooked,
He would argue it straight"
Glee Club (1-3-4)
English Club (3-4)
Class Basketball (3-4)
Science Club (4)
Recreation Club (4)

CLERICAL STUDENTS

FREDA GLASS

NICHOLAS BENYA

GLENN STILES



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Mr. P. S. Bryant, Honorary Member

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Memories Cont.

gray, the colors of the class of June '25. Dance was held there after the banquet. I heard that some of the Seniors of that class did not expect to have any banquet and if they did get one that they would have a light lunch, namely, for the first course they expected a glass of water and toothpick, and for the second and last, a candle and a match. Well, they were surprised for they were given a splendid banquet.

At this critical time we can say that all the members in our class worked hard, both doing things for the carnival and for the banquet. Also we can thank the members of the other class, and the co operation of the teachers in making both of these events a success.

During this semester one of our teachers died, Mr. Rhinehart.

After all of that excitement we had a vacation which seemed to be very pleasant, no books or teachers to bother us.

Let me remind you that during all of our three years and a half in school that we were not seated in the study hall, but when the new addition opened, we were put back in Room 30. There we entertained ourselves immensely. We had given up the idea of ever being in the study hall and decided our next move would be down on the first floor or to the basement, but Miss Heyman informed us differently, and so as Senior A's we were sent over to the study hall, not to our sorrow, but we hated to leave Miss Heyman to the cares of the cold, cruel world.

Mr. Reed was then given the honor of watching over us and to see that we studied harder than ever. So, for more information about us and our actions in the study hall, I must refer you to Mr. Reed. He shall no doubt tell you that we were the most studious and dignified class in High School. (Applesauce!)

While Senior A's we had a million and one things to do. To give a chapel speech was heart rendering, but that was about the first thing we had to do. There is an old proverb, I believe, something like this, "One doesn't have to do anything but die". That is all true, but most of us thought we would die while giving one, but they are all over now, and we are still alive and "going strong".

Another important episode in the Senior life was that of giving a class play. It was a huge success, according to reports of everyone.

The officers of our class at that time were: President, Eleanor Long; Vice President, Paul Lecky, and Secretary and Treasurer, Treva Humbert.

The pages of the Memory Book are faded away, but the words of an old song that we used to sing come back to me as plainly as if it were but yesterday:

"Soon for us will our school days be ended,
The dreams of youth that fade so fast,
But the heart oft will ponder,
On memories of scenes that are past.
There are joys that will long be remembered,
And friendships too that ne'er will die.
So here's a cheer for our Old High School,
Our dear old High."

"TED" BOUSCHER, Jan. '26



CLASS PROPHECY
—1940—

The summer of 1940 had at last come and Treva Barbert and I, members of the Home for Broken-Hearted Old Maids had finally decided to take our long delayed trip back to Ohio to look up our former classmates.

We set out in our 1940 model Elizabeth. Treva drove all the way to Ohio. You see she had grown quite a little bit and could easily reach the pedals now. You must notice that Fords were no longer called Lizzies, but by the more cultured and refined title of Elizabeth.

We arrived at Barberton, our old home town, at 1:00 a. m. and were just going to enter the Hotel Statler (for Barberton was now a city of 75,000 people) when we collided with a young woman and her escort going in the opposite direction. The lady giggled merrily and when Treva had sufficiently regained her breath she exclaimed: "Why Helen, it's Ruth Smith!"

"Rats! not Ruth Smith anymore—it's something else now!" said Ruth.

Then she introduced her husband. You see Ruth, becoming tired of the name of Smith, had decided to change it—Result, Mrs. Cimperman—Ruthie always did have a weakness for football and football players or rather for football players and football.

Mr. and Mrs. Cimperman invited us to stay at their home while we were visiting, and of course we gladly accepted the kind invitation. Their home a true mansion, was located in the most exclusive residential section of town on the fashionable Bolivar Road Heights. It certainly was wonderful!

The next day we began to look up our old friends. We found that Eli Terbovich, the peerless dancer, was keeping a dancing school at Snyderstown. He was aided by his beautiful young wife whom we recognized as our old schoolmate, Angeline Merda. Another high school romance!

Genevieve Cook—Cook no more in name but in profession—was now Mrs. Butler and was famous all over the U. S. for her lectures on "How to get a dinner in three minutes via the delicatessen store."

That night in company with Mr. and Mrs. Cimperman, we attended the Pastings where we heard Don Beidle, the famous lecturer talk on "How to get what you want, when you want it." We always did think that his oratund voice would some day bring him renown.

The next day we began to visit the surrounding towns. At Clinton we passed a very beautiful mansion and upon inquiring I found that the owner was a former classmate. But what a surprise! We found that the owner of the mansion was Henry Gates (now known as Squire Gates), president of the largest soap factory at Clinton. He was married to—you never could guess—but his wife was formerly Juanita M. etc. That certainly was a surprise. He gave us valuable information concerning several of our other classmates. Frank Hahn had become President of the Ditch Diggers' Union, which certainly is a great honor in this scientific age.

Robert Cherryholmes had become a great mathematician and had succeeded in squaring the circle and also in discovering the fourth dimension.

Ben Fink was attending Massillon Tech, and since he had been there so long, there was talk of making him President.

From there we went on to Warwick. There at the beautiful University of Warwick, we found Paul Maas teaching dangerous acrobatic stunts. We always knew that Paul would take up some dangerous profession by the things he used to do (or not do) in chemistry class. Jennie Farber was also teaching at the same school. She was professor of dancing.

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On our way home we stopped off at a little Tea Room. We found that it was a very exclusive place and saw the fashionable society leader, Miss Vivian Stocker, entertaining her club. The hostess of the Tea Room was Estelle Boucher. We always did think she'd make a business woman!

From Estelle we learned that Nick Poloano alias Red Grange II was assistant to the assistant coach at Loyal Oak, and had turned out a wonderful team of huskies that had won the championship of China.

We also heard quite a surprising bit of news. Mary McGillivray had finally said "yes" after "Bill" McQuigg, our former "masculine venus", had proposed no less than 999 times, and they had a very fashionable wedding. They have both gone to Honolulu now, where "Bill" is the assistant lion tamer. We always did think that Bill would be something great.

Frances Bailey and Paul Leckey were both doing missionary work in Africa. They saw the need for it while in high school and so resolved to spend their lives in helping the poor uncivilized races.

That Sunday we attended church and heard a very inspiring sermon given by the Rev. Paulon Handl who received all his speaking ability in Miss Jacot's English class, practicing—"Give me Liberty or give me death!"

Sunday afternoon we went to see several other classmates. Hiram Bell was living at Hametown, where he was professor of Zoology in Hametown University. He was also well known as a reformer, having reformed everyone and everything except himself.

He told us of a former classmate of ours, Mary Boden, who was a very popular opera singer. We went to hear her that night at the Doylestown opera house. A record crowd of 99 heard the performance.

Roy Linderman and Harvey Adams had joined Barnum's Circus and were very successful shows. We always did predict a brilliant future for Harvey and "Roy".

The next day Treva and I began our journey homeward. We stopped off at Cleveland, where we saw Lillian McClobery, the second Pavlova dancing at Keith's Palace. We saw her after the show and told her of our vacation. She was very much interested and told us of another one of our classmates of whom we had not heard. Lillian informed us that Arthur Smith was head waiter at the Ritz-Carlton and that John Hajduk was posing for Collar Ads for Arrow.

"Now", said Lillian, "We've heard of all our classmates except Andrew Hedmeg. I do wonder what he's doing!"

"I'd love to know", said Treva, blushing.

No more was said then about Andrew, nor did I understand why Treva blushed—but later the truth came to light.

When we arrived at New York, next day, the news of Eleanor Long's election as governor of New York was announced. She certainly got her executive ability in managing the Senior A class.

There was also another important event—a mysterious letter had come to Treva, from far away Arabia, which stated that Andrew Hedmeg, our long lost class member, now a wealthy hair net magnate would be in New York that very day and was coming to see Treva.

He came—not once—but many times and then one day Treva told me that Andrew had proposed, and I would have to get a new assistant, so I was left alone with my Old Maid's Home, while Treva and Andrew went on their honeymoon trip to the equator.

HELEN DEBOLD



CLASS WILL

We, the Class of January, 1926, of the Barberton High School, City of Barberton, County of Summit and State of Ohio, being of sound mind for other than non compis mentis, and memory disposing, realizing that some day it will be necessary for us to cross the Great Divide, knowing also that the world is waiting with open arms to welcome this illustrious class, do hereby proclaim, publish and ordain this to be our final will and testament.

Having cancelled or paid all our debts, we shall dispose of our earthly possessions in the following manner:

We, the Class of January, 1926, leave the Senior B's our hard earned title of Senior A and all the dignity becoming it.

To Miss Custer the class leaves its copies of the school song so she may learn it.

Frances Bailey leaves her ability to charm Hancil Poulton to Demis Varner.

I, Angeline Merda, leave my seat beside John Cimperman to Juanita Mathie.

To Kathryn Snellenberger and Virginia Cummings, Lillian McClovery bequeaths her nimble feet.

Mary Boden leaves her chewing gum from 3rd period library to Mr. Turney.

I, "Bob" Cherryholmes, leave my popularity with the girls to John Dapp.

To "Billy" Donaldson, Estella Boucher bequeaths her wonderful curly hair. No more curlers.

"Fat" Gates leaves his baby lip to Dorothy Worley.

To Dorothy Henry, Vivian Stocker wills her stately bearing.

I, Genevieve Cook, leave my marcel appointments to Mamie Adair and Harriet Courson.

Eli Tirbovich bequeaths his fancy dance steps to "Walt" Dombrosky.

To Mr. Bryant, Hancil Poulton wills his cornet for development of cupid lips.

Frank Hahn wills his angelic character to Fred Johnson. We think he needs it.

I, "Farmer Hi" Bell leave my passion for "flaming youth" shirts to John Waters.

To Ruth Jacob, Harvey Adams bequeaths his Paderewski fingers.

Paul Maas leaves his shyness among girls to "Ed" Razor.

To Lola Samples, Ruth Smith bequeaths her "art of make up".

I, John Hadjak, bequeath my sweet soprano voice to be used in opera to Marjorie Boden.

"Ben" Fink leaves his geometric ability to Charles Hunter.

To Ladye Cobb and "Pey" Atkinson, Andrew Hedweg wills a pair of roller skates. Maybe they will get to school earlier.

I, Don Beidle, leave my stock of brains to "Bill" Enright. (Beautiful but dumb).

Arthur Smith wills his musical "hee haw" to Harold Evans.

To Vera Stender, Treva Humbert leaves her baby stare.

Jennie Farber bequeaths her supply of freckles to Vida Henley.

To Gladys Shook, Helen Debold bequeaths her "eat and grow fat" motto.

I, Nicholas Paulino, will my speed on the football field to John Cimperman.

Paul Lecky bequeaths his "meek as a lamb" manner to Ellsworth Whims.

Roy Linderman leaves his "Brite Sayings of Children" to Loren Smoyer.

To Mae Gertenslager and Elsie Coovers, Mary McGillivray wills her books on "How to Look Beautiful".

I, Eleanor Long, will my "skin you love to touch" to Florilla Harden.

To ward off any mental disorder or hand to hand combats, the class has deemed it advisable that the Honourable Mr. Reed, being of stately build, be, and is hereby appointed sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

THE JANUARY, 1926, CLASS OF B. H. S.

Signed and acknowledged in presence by the testator, and signed by us as witnesses, all done in the presence of each other, this twenty first day of January, A. D. 1926.

DELIGHT MITCHELL
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CLASS SONG

Oh, who are we? This you soon shall see,
If you'll grant us a moment of time;
We'll prove to you in a word or two,
That our place is in the front line, yes it is,
We are practical; we are classical;
We are versed in the best etiquette;
We're the January class of '26, and we hail from Barberton.....

CHORUS

Yes, 'tis Barberton; where we had our fun;
May her influence; power and fame live long.
Then three cheers, come on, for dear Barberton,
We will give them a thousand strong.....

We've scholarship, and we're proud of it,
We always mix judgment with fun,
We have high times galore, but when they are o'er,
We're down to close application, yes, we are!
Oh, our standard is high, and to reach it we try,
It never has been lowered yet
By the January Class of '26 and we hail from Barberton.....

FRANCES BAILEY



CLASS POEM

Draw near my Schoolmates, I'll tell you a story
Of the '26 Class, who in all their glory,
Are leaving forever our dear old Hi
To go out into the world their wings to try.

First we have Eleanor, President of our throng,
The short is her name yet still it is "Long".

Then we have Roy, who is jovial and merry
Who for a good time is always quite ready.

Estella has charge of the absentee list,
And reports all the names of those who are missed.

On the Football squad we have Don and Nick,
For the varsity team they'll be our pick.

Genevieve, our Business Manager, has little to say
Except to the merchants, "I'm collecting today".

Angeline, Harvey and Mary are pinnists three,
To hear them play is a treat, you'll agree.

Helen's a student, who is worthy of mention,
Who gives to her teacher the best of attention.

Next comes our Hancil, of Cornet fame,
Who one day will make for himself a name.

Then we have Ruth who's fine when you're blue,
For to hear her laugh, makes you want to laugh too.

There's Arthur, and Andrew, and Henry, they're game
Their names may be written in the Hall of Fame.

Frances, a newcomer, who came in September,
Is quiet in manner and is one to remember.

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Eli has ambitions, an author would be,
I think he'll succeed, just wait and you'll see.

Treva's our Secretary and Treasurer too,
"Pay up" is her slogan, this means me and you.

Hiram is happiest when trying to tease
But he is one who is very easy to please.

Lillian's a Dancer, and 'tis said where she goes,
She makes merry the time by tripping on toes.

Then we have the two Pauls of Basket Ball fame,
Who have never failed to play a good game.

Jennie and Vivian the late on the list,
Are attentive to studies and could not be missed.

In solid geometry Bob admits no defeat,
And he surely is one who is hard to beat.

Then there's Frank, and John, and last we have Ben,
Who when they go forth may all be great men.

Of our Superintendent, Principal and Teachers I have not the time
To mention each one in this jingling rhyme,
In brief let me say, be they short or tall
We love and respect them each one and all.

So now dear Schoolmates, we have finished our course,
We are leaving our school with a tinge of remorse,
Up hold its honor, its banner wave high,
Raise up its standard, at least you can try.
In this four years just past, we have done our best
We leave it to you, now do the rest.

MARY MCGILLIVRAY. '26





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HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF JUNE, 1926

The summit of the 12 B's career at B. H. S. is almost at hand. Yet, we, the illustrious members of the famous Class of June 1926 are still a bashful troop of steadfast and loyal workers. The annals of our history are now well established but, for the benefit of Freshmen and all new members we shall give you an insight into our past.

In the autumn of the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty two countless numbers of the Fresh class appeared in the corridors of B. H. S. "Whither?" "What?" "How?" and numerous other questions were upon the lips of all; as usual we were razzed, jeered, and misdirected by the upper classmen. We were soon notified as to the arrangement of schedules, and daily routines—and then work began!

At the end of the second month a class meeting was held. Such another conglomeration of voices is yet to be heard by us because we know that we were the noisiest ever. Soon Miss Haylor, who had been appointed our honorary member, called us to some order and Mr. Copper talked to us on the "Efficiency and co-operation of high school students". Officers were the next to be considered. We elected James Glancy, president and Edward Razor, secretary and treasurer. These officers carried us safely through our Freshman year and even saw to it that we had a party.

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HISTORY OF JUNIOR A CLASS

One of the most important events that ever occurred in the history of B. H. S. took place in 1923, when one hundred and five Freshmen graced the halls of fame. We were a very brave little troop and were not at all slighted by the upperclassmen as they soon realized our superiority (?).

In our Freshman B year we resided in rooms 11, 12, 13 and 14. The first semester passed without any class meetings. The following semester, as Freshman A's we occupied rooms 16, 17 and 18. During that semester we held our first meeting. Ivan Carrier was elected president; Frederick Kreider, vice president; and Evelyn Dopp, secretary and treasurer of our class.

Very soon the time came when we were no longer Freshmen but Sophomore B's. We then occupied rooms 18 and 19. Our number became much smaller. During this semester we held a party at the Bank rooms. The following September found us Sophomore A's. How proud and elated we felt when we were ushered into the commercial room and room 25! That semester Paul Brotsman was elected class president; Ilma Krupp, vice president; and Leola Schield, secretary and treasurer. We enjoyed another party—a masquerade party held in the gym.

At last, we were Junior B's—upperclassmen, a very dignified bunch. The most thrilling event of that term was the selection of our class rings—white gold ones.

We are now Junior A's in rooms 30 and 31. Our officers are: President, Ruth Chapman; Vice President, Leola Shield; and Secretary Treasurer, Ruth Phaulah. We are looking forward to next year when we shall be mighty Seniors. We are going to make that year one of the best and glorious years in our lives and in the history of B. H. S.

RUTH CHAPMAN





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HISTORY OF THE JUNIOR B CLASS

Just three years ago last September, we entered this school two hundred and eleven strong—or weak (knee'd). For we were Freshies, starting on our great adventure of High School life.

We stared with awe at the mighty (?) Seniors, the flighty (?) Juniors, the brilliant (?) Sophomores.

Through this year, Edna Gardner led us with her presidency, but we only had one class meeting, which was for election of officers.

In our second year Stanley Snyder was our president.

During this time a few of our members preferred to drop out or stay with the Freshmen; so that by this time our large number was reduced somewhat. At this time the death of Matilda Carl occurred. Our President, Stanley Snyder, also lost his father. At the end of the semester Neva Helm, a friend loved by all, moved away.

Although we did not have many good times in our Freshman and Sophomore years we made up for it at a "Barn Party", which we had in our Junior year. All had their share of fun.

We have now in our class a few who really belong in a higher class. But we are glad to have them with us.

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HISTORY OF SOPHOMORE A CLASS

We, the 10 A's, entered Barberton High School in January, 1926, like hundreds of other Freshies had done before—green and inexperienced. We went through the same ordeal, such as the first day of chapel. We'll never forget that, not even when we're Seniors!

After getting acquainted with teachers and someone besides Freshies, and after we were able to go from room to room without getting lost, we liked high school. But daily we were accosted with such sayings, which grieve Freshies, "Hi, look at the Freshie", and "Where's your green?"

We came from five different schools to unite into one class. With the aid of Mr. Everett and our advisors, Miss Pearce and Miss Ruth Kline, we held our first class meeting and elected as our Freshman officers: President, August Hoffman; Vice President, Jack Roles; Secretary and Treasurer, Virgil Weatherford.

The next January most (?) of us conquered the grades and studies, and passed into the Sophomore class, which was one more step toward success. We finally had visions of being upperclassmen!

We again elected officers: President, Harold Slaybaugh; Vice President, Lula Romig; Secretary, Miriam Towney; Treasurer, Margaret Yoder.

Between studying and studying, we've done our best to aid our school, and probably when we're Seniors or even Juniors, we hope to do some great deed which will really benefit the school we love so well.

MARGARET YODER



Sophomore B



SOPHOMORE B CLASS HISTORY

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On a beautiful autumn morning of September 8, 1924, one hundred and two little 'Freshies' came wandering into the Hall of Wisdom of Barberton High School. When we were entering, we saw a big sign that told the Freshmen B's to go to the auditorium. After what seemed ages, Mr. Everett assigned us each a home room. We did not have a chance to make our own schedules, and this disappointed us. At the sound of the bell, we were told by our home room teacher to follow out our schedule. The upper classmen added to our bewilderment by telling us every class but the right one.

Several months later, we had a class meeting. Our class advisers were Miss Hanz and Miss Jones. We had election of officers, and "the chosen" were: President, Elizabeth Hartsok; Vice President, John Berkhimer; Secretary and Treasurer, Anne Lanigan. We also elected a reporter, namely, La Rue Bouch.

We did not notice the time pass and soon we came to be called Sophomores. This name sounds much better to us than 'Freshies'. Our class has decreased since last year as our ex president, Elizabeth Hartsok, and many others have left us. We, however, have made up this loss, because about ten others have come into our class.

This year, Anne Lanigan was elected president; Blair Hicks, vice president; Margaret McNamara, secretary and treasurer; Martha Rutledge, class reporter.

The first party we had was a Halloween Masquerade Party held in the music room, October 23, and every one had "good eats and a good time". Our head class advisor this year is Mr. Woddell.

ANNE LANIGAN



HISTORY OF FRESHMAN A CLASS

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Just a year ago this month a band of some one hundred and fifty Freshies entered H. H. S. and maybe they weren't scared.

They were all assembled in the auditorium and then one of those very knowing persons (who had brothers and sisters in the high school) stated that they were going to put us up "there" and make us do stunts, pointing to the empty chairs left from graduation, on the stage. But of course nothing of the sort happened. And now they are full fledged 9-A's.

The first class meeting was held on October 15, 1925, and officers were elected as follows: President, Thelma Collier; Vice President, Margaret Malo; Secretary, Nettie Jorgoff.

The second class meeting was held on November 18th. There have been no parties as yet but they are looking forward to some.

ELENORA R. RODENBAUGH





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HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman Class of 1925 started in the semester full of glee, with their high school career before them. The Freshman have had a very interesting season thus far, and have tried to go in for everything with enthusiasm. We have some very good football players from the Freshman class and hope to have some basketball players too. The Freshman girls are interested in volley ball and have been playing very earnestly.

One day in October, our faculty advisor, Miss Mitchell, and some of the Freshman decided to call a meeting of this Freshman class to organize. This was accomplished and the results were as follows: President, Frances La Porte; Secretary, Charles Sutter, and Treasurer, Thomas Keenan.

The Freshman held a class party in the music room and had a very interesting time.

Most of the Freshman are interested in the Honor Roll. We had representatives from each of the grade schools on that list the first six weeks, however the majority coming from Lincoln.

Many Freshman members are talented in the line of music and have made large glee clubs and orchestra possible for B. H. S.

You have also seen many posters and cartoons in the building, some belonging to enterprising Freshman.

We did not approve of high school the first few weeks, but since becoming acquainted with different pupils, it has become very interesting.

FRANCES LA PORTE



Sophomores!! Such wonderful people were we. Immediately we had a class meeting and elected Ruth Jacob president and Helen Lawrence secretary and treasurer. Miss Lee and Mr. Tener were appointed our honorary members. Between Latin and bookkeeping we were kept so busy that we had no time for entertainment, excepting football and basketball games, and these we attended religiously, yelling ourselves hoarse.

As three follows two so Junior succeeds Sophomore. Ahem! we were called upperclassmen. We could hardly wait until we would have our class assembly. We elected efficient officers, namely—Agnes Alspach president and Lola Samples secretary and treasurer. Miss Lee was chosen our honorary member. The meeting adjourned with a promise of another in the near future to decide on our rings. One and then two weeks passed before Mr. Simon came with samples. A committee was appointed, and after hours of discussion they finally chose our rings, green gold with black onyx trimmings. Everybody must admit that our rings are keen looking and are the best duplication of the standard seal so far.

Last but not least, we were designated SENIORS. Are we dignified? Well, I don't mean perhaps!! The first important thing for us to do was to elect the assistant staff for the Magician. This done, our thoughts turned to our officers and sweaters. John McNamara was elected president and Agnes Alspach secretary and treasurer. Altho we are considered a very peaceable class, there was quite an argument over the decision of class colors. The final battle was between scarlet and tan and blue and gold, the latter being the victor. A committee was appointed by the president to interview the merchants of Barberton as to styles and prices of sweaters. After a prolonged investigation they decided on the Keller Coat from Werner and Stebick, so our orders were placed. Our marine blue sweaters with those artistic old gold emblems are characteristic of the excellent taste of our class. 'Nuf said; they speak for themselves.

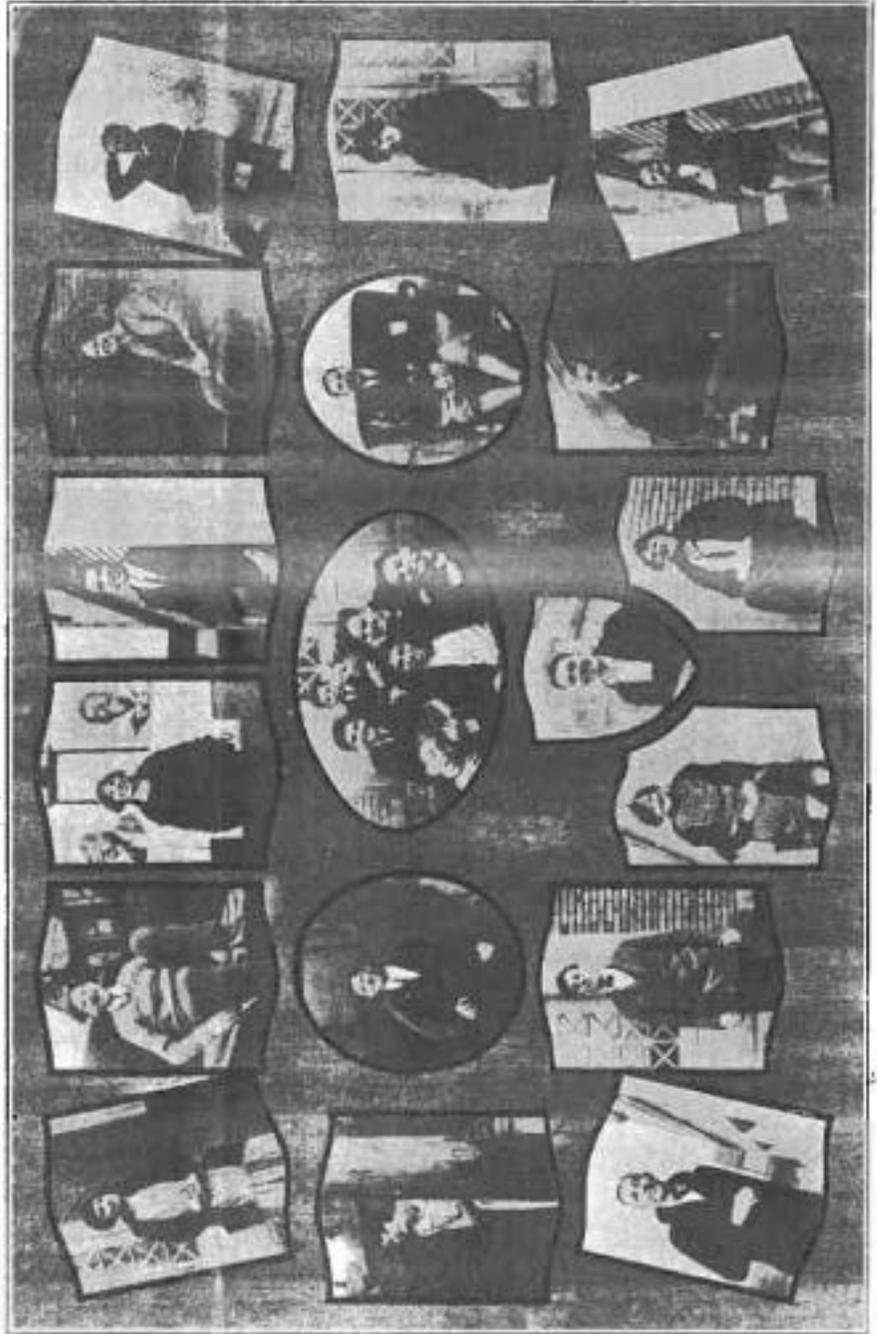
Upon gazing into the crystal we are aware that we have almost reached the pinnacle of our high school education. In this next semester, as Senior A's we will endeavor to do as much and perhaps more than we have done in the past. Until then—
Adieu.

DOROTHY KEENAN, June 1926

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YOUR EDUCATION

In 1893 the first class graduated from Barberton High School. There were six graduates. Exclusive of your class, there have been nine hundred twenty-seven graduates. When one compares this number with the number of pupils in the Barberton school, one wonders why the number of graduates is so small.

There are several causes why those who entered the first grade with you did not finish high school. Some may have dropped out for economic reasons. Home requirements may have necessitated that the wage earner of the family be given whatever assistance your former classmates could give in keeping the standards of the home where they should be.

A lack of appreciation of the value of an education on the part of parents with its resultant indifference to all educational endeavors may be the reason why your class is not larger.

One thing is true of your class and every class which ever graduated from high school—not all who start in the first grade are mentally equipped to do high school work. Not all can do college work. The parable of the talents illustrates the point. There are five, three, two, one, talent people. Schools and colleges can not create brain matter. All they can possibly do is to develop the material that is brought to them.

Your problem is to analyze your self on the following abilities: Reasoning power, originality, memory, alertness, accuracy, application, co operation, moral attitude, health and zeal for investigation. If you rank above average in these ten capacities you should by all means go to college.

Whether you go to college or not, if you in your conduct and endeavor answer the following questions correctly, your progress, development, and happiness will be assured.

Do I love learning? Do I have a reasonable ambition for achievement in learning? Do I realize that the best job in the world for me is that in which I would engage for the mere love of it, regardless of the bread and butter question. Am I determined not to stay at the bottom of the ladder, where I now am and where the competition is most fierce?

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think big to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battle doesn't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the one who thinks he can.

Sincerely yours,
U. L. LIGHT



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FOOT BALL REVIEW

The first call for practice brought out about sixty men to try for the team, but it was soon cut down to a smaller number so that Coach Turney could work with each one individually.

Several great handicaps were bestowed upon the team, the biggest being an almost green squad, only two letter men back from the preceding year. The next handicap was the weight of the team. Every school we played were at least ten pounds heavier to a man, and some even outweighed us twenty pounds.

Coach Turney kept as many lower classmen on the squad as was possible to make a strong team for the next few years, and these men will get revenge for the defeat given us this season. We were also unlucky getting good weather for our games. Half of the time it either rained or else it was very cold.

The first game brought New Philadelphia here, where they beat us 19 to 0 in a fast game.

The next game was with Akron North there, and we were given a drubbing 54 to 0. Our next visitors came from Warren. They had a heavy team and beat us, 30 to 0. We next traveled to Wadsworth, and they beat us with their heavy team in a slow pour of rain, 7 to 0.

Akron Central, our next opponents, won 20 to 0.

Wooster beat us by the same score.

Next came Cuyahoga Falls, and they beat us on their own field, 32-0.

Next came the big trip of the season, Niles. They beat us 20-0.

Our last game took us to Orrville, where again we were beaten, 32-7.

Although we didn't win a game, everyone was proud of our team. They always had the fighting spirit, and the determination to win the next game, which counts for more than the sportsmanship produced by the winning of a game.



THE VALUE OF ATHLETICS IN OUR SCHOOLS

Athletics have so imbued our nation with their value that for a man to be unsportsmanlike in any situation is indeed a disgrace. To be unable to win or lose sanely and gallantly.

Both girls and boys are taught through athletics to accept and classify failure through chance, through error, or through wilfulness.

Athletic participation during the most plastic period of life accords to men and women of the future that self-sufficiency and lack of restraint learned through coordination of mind and muscle. An equable disposition, that safeguard of happiness, is acquired.

Competition being the spice, as well as, sometimes, the bane of business life, it is well that its judicious application be learned early. And what field is better supplied with this lesson than athletics? The keenest as well as the fairest competition to be encountered is met in interscholastic contests. A rigorous self-control is taught, and insubordination is not tolerated.

The discipline that governs a squad of athletes will serve well a man who once worked under it. Competition fairly supplied and intelligently directed is invaluable to potential business men.

To be physically fit is to be efficient. Athletics during school days place our boys and girls in wonderful trim, providing them with sufficient endurance of health to carry them through life.

The question has recently been asked, Does humanity at large benefit from such feats of human skill and endurance as swimming across the English Channel? Of what use to the world is the best swimmer, the swiftest runner, the best baseball pitcher, the best football player or the best boxer? Hundreds and thousands of persons throng arenas, stadiums, pools and sea beaches, to see them perform. Of what value are Red Grange's accomplishments to the progress of civilization? Grange exemplifies skill, speed, daring, strength, courage and initiative. He is the superman of football and as such, millions pay him tribute. Has he contributed anything to civilization? It is well that the youth of the land aspire to be like him and train with the hopes that some day they may be famous as he is now famous.

Not many of the several thousand youngsters who aspire to be Red Granges will ever be known beyond their immediate section of the country, but when they are training their bodies and guarding their health with the hopes that they will be stars some day, they are not committing crimes or getting into mischief. Rather they are building a foundation for health and character that will be of value to them in later life. They aspire to make touchdowns and the other things are by-products. However in after life the achievements of the gridiron become of less importance and health and character training which they have received in trying to make touchdowns are of major importance.



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What have you done and what will you do? are questions asked by everyone. Life is too short to dream of great riches coming, as it were, from the hands of a median God! What will you do? Are you looking forward when you can offer your trivial services to humanity, or are you one of those irresponsible fellows who declare that the world owes him a living in spite of what he can do. I hope not. If you are of this type, our college halls will not be very secure shelter for you or your kind.

It is not sufficient for you to be reiterating words and works of men who have gone before. There is no glory in that!! No honor is in store for the imitator. I cannot express this idea any clearer than Emerson does, when he says, in that beautiful poem:

"To J. W."

Let not thy foot on graves;
Hear what wine and roses say;
The mountain chase, the summer waves,
The crowded town, thy feet may well delay.

Let not thy foot on graves;
Nor seek to unwind the shroud
Which charitable Time
And Nature have allowed
To wrap the errors of a sage sublime.

Let not thy foot on graves;
Care not to strip the dead
Of his sad ornament,
His myrrh, and wine, and rings;
His sheet of lead,
And trophies buried;
Go, get them where he earned them when alive;
As resolutely dig and dive.

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic book,
Quarrel or reprimand;
'Twill soon be dark;
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!

Why hesitate to do something for society, when the products of your labor are so essential to mankind? If you wish to be remembered, if you wish your name enshrined in the Hall of Fame, you cannot remain idle very long. "A great institution is but the lengthened shadow of a great Man," says Emerson. Your institution need not be a High School, College, a University, a great manufacturing plant or a state. But let your institution be some little deed that will be remembered by those benefited.

J. H. THOMAS

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THE COLLAR LADS—GREEN GOAT

Two boys had been Seniors in B. H. S. for one week. One was Al Collar, the other was his brother, and his name was Collar too—Horse Collar.

It was seven o'clock and Al, gently turning in his bed, gracefully kicked Horse out of bed. Horse awakened and graciously smacked Al with his fist in return for the kick. Horse of course always rose early, for his mother wanted him to be a model for the other boys in the neighborhood, which was an exclusive one, for only night bores lived in it. Al sat up in bed and triumphantly spit into the corner without striking the wall paper. Then reaching for his trousers which hung on the bed post he extracted a Camel, and having lit a match on Horse's neck proceeded to have an enjoyable smoke, aiming the smoke at his toes which, peering from the comforts, were exceedingly cold.

For some time they lay in bed, thinking they needed the rest, but finally when they rose, remembering it was Saturday, ate a hearty breakfast and started planning the day's routine.

"Let's go to the game," suggested Horse.

"How much will it cost?" inquired the more sensible Al.

"Nothing," was the reply, "There's a hole in the fence".

So that afternoon thru a hole in the fence they witnessed the B. H. S. and Akron West game.

West won by scoring more points and tipping the referee, so that evening they assembled in Snyder's and talked over the game.

Horse had a date and left early.

"Going to see my girl," he said.

"My turn tomorrow night," said Al.

"We'll compromise and I'll go both nights," spoke up Horse.

So Horse went on his way, and Al went home after a few games of pool. There being nothing to do but study he went to bed.

When Horse came in at three o'clock, slamming the door so as not to awaken Al, went to bed so they were then both in bed.

When Monday came they went to school. Al made good grades by sitting in the front row and laughing heartily at the teacher who himself was the only one who thought himself funny.

Horse, however, failed miserably by asking the teacher a question which he could not answer.

The first class ended when the janitor woke up and rang the bell. Thus each class passed and finally the day was ended.

"We'd better go straight home", remarked Horse, "or Dad'll think we're working some place, and quit giving us money."

"Quit?" exclaimed Al, "Why he can't quit, he hasn't ever started."

Thus the lives of the Collar Lads went on day after day, and if you wish to hear more of them, perhaps another episode of their lives may be again published.

"BILLIE" FERRILL.

IF A GLOVE COULD TELL ITS STORY

It was the bright, busy, whirligig Christmas shopping season again. Stores were heavy with holly, candles and stuffy, unnatural looking Santa Clauses. Merchandise of every description was on display—some of it attractive, most of it otherwise—to tempt and finally induce the uncertain purchaser studying his long list of names followed by question marks. People pushing head long some place, or no place; whining children demanding this, that—everything; sales women alternating their disposition between orgies and lumps of sugar, all of this together with a stifling atmosphere went to make up any respectable place of business twenty three days before Christmas.

In a conspicuous glass counter in the front of one of these exclusive abodes of the shopper, I was enthroned, a jaunty pair of tan buckskin sport gloves. You say enthroned? Why not when you have soft, golden colored satin beneath you; a great jar of saffron chrysanthemums at your side and a sumptuous jewel box at your feet? Flappers gazed at me with reverence; stout matrons would sigh and lament the fact that they could no longer pleasingly cover their portly figures with sport clothes. My glory was supreme! What if greasy urchins did try to smear my glass palace? Was not there always a pompous be flowered floor walker to quietly push the little villains out into the cold, sloppy streets?

It was not so amusing, however, when fifteen days before Christmas I was taken from my position by one of these over dressed, expressionless men. It seemed I had sold enough of my buckskin brothers and sisters back in the drawers, and besides, the clerk agreed that the long, white, sixteen button, French kid were much more in keeping with the gala holiday spirit.

Up there on a green, felt counter I lay, and then to add to my disgrace, I was hung on a miniature flag pole, for every man, woman and child to finger, pinch and peer deep into my inside to see the tiny numbers placed on my back. It was not long before this kind of treatment began to change the appearance of my exterior. I sagged at the fingers and stretched at the wrist. My lovely sheen was all but gone and there was hardly a be fur coated miss who would stop to look at me. At last, I knew it would come to that, they opened me, shook their heads, and changed those little numbers on my back for a red tag. I was on the bargain counter and it was only ten days until Christmas. I looked down at those long, white sixteen button French kid usually seen once, and then closed my eyes to the world.

My pride was a beautiful thing to behold, but when ONE somebody kept turning me over and over, measured me on her hand, and finally confided to the clerk that I was a prospective gift for her "dear little niece", I opened my eyes. The "somebody" smiled down at me, but I knew in my buckskin heart that she would never have bought me had I been in my glass case, and I hated her for it.

It was something like the old life, however, to be taken into a quiet home and carefully laid on a secluded table with several other self satisfied gifts. And later, I was wrapped in creaseless tissue paper and tied with the most vivid of red ribbon. Really, I was getting on very well! And this "dear little niece" whom I had been sent to cheer—surely she was worth speculating on.

When she was unwrapping me I stretched and puffed myself into a true semblance of my former beauty, for the niece was all that any pair of gloves might covet. After one glance at me, however she let me fall to the floor in a heap—my fingers bent over my back to my wrist. Upstairs, I could hear her sobbing to her mother that stingy, old, Aunt Clara had bought her some beastly, brown sport gloves instead of those lovely long, white sixteen button French kid that she had so persistently hinted for.

I just straightened myself as best I could, sagged back into the old lines and stayed discreetly behind the Christmas tree for the remainder of the day.



"Dear little niece" could hardly expect not to have a thrifty mother with an aunt like Aunt Clara, so why should she display so much disgust at having me presented to Master Tommy, her younger brother? He was an ugly lubbering youngster and had he succeeded in jamming his pudgy fists into me, I know my "guaranteed seams" would have surrendered. Just at this moment, however, Mother again interrupted seeing Tommy's difficulty and quickly decided to pass me on to "dear the nieces" youngest sister. What were my feelings during all of this? I didn't have any—I left them back there in my glass palace with the golden satin and saffron chrysanthemums. And with Babe's skinny little hands within me it was double easy to forget that I was alive. The old sages just slumped the more; my back straight up to this time became creased and crooked, and my stretched wrists refused to shrink. In this pitiable condition I might at least have lived out a respectable old age if it had not been for Master Tommy. He had coveted me from afar for some time, and now that a sleigh ride was at hand bringing with it the prospect of sitting beside Henrietta Bean, the temptation was too great. With one thrust a sticky pudgy hand came into me. My creased back straightened with a strain, and the sagging fingers puffed out like stuffed sausages. Now his whole hand was in me and he was wiggling his thumb. That was too much; the guaranteed seams stretched and then a sickening pain told me that a great tear had been made across the front of me.

Tommy pulled me off with difficulty and after some pouting from Babe and quite a bit of remonstrating from mother, I was thrown down cellar with the other rags. You see no one really cared very much because they had not wanted ME anyway.

I remained in that dank, dark cellar until Spring. Why did they dislodge me then? There was going to be a Rummage Sale for some Ladies Aiders—whatever they are—and so I was taken into a cold, empty store-room. One of the "Aiders" pinned a slip of paper on me which read, "twenty five cents". On my left were old shoes, white shoes, tan shoes, black shoes all with turned up toes, broken down heels and in a state of moral decay. On the other side of me were old caps, patched aprons, broken dishes, and spotted mirrors—all out casts. People were continually passing by the window, and many of the curious ones would stop and peer in at me for a moment, then pass on uninterested. Two bright, little faces were quite distinct from these indifferent pedestrians, in that they viewed me with evident admiration. At last, as if waiting for their courage to reach the zenith point, they edged into the store, and quietly ask if they might examine me. I was freely handed over for inspection. One little face continued to "beam", and on learning that I could be obtained for the nominal sum of twenty five cents, immediately closed the transaction. Almost lovingly she patted me as we left the cold, empty store. I was tucked into her outside pocket, but even from that position I could hear her explaining to her sympathetic friend.

"I have wanted some real, honest to goodness gloves for so long. In the stores it has always been useless to even price them, because they are far too expensive for me to consider."

I nestled deeper into the shallow pocket. This was the kind of conversation one likes to drink in slowly, and with physical comfort. We were approaching the river which divides the residential section of the town. Perhaps my two friends will soon find it necessary to leave one another so I had better be quiet and listen again before all the nice things about me have been said.

"It almost seems as if some good fairy has taken pity on me, and placed these gloves in a Rummage Sale so I could buy them. But if it was a good fairy, why didn't she place a pair of those long, white, French kid ones, and make my happiness complete."

They were crossing the foot bridge; the speaker made a sharp, pitiful little cry. Her gloves had somehow slipped out of the coat pocket and were slowly sinking in the muddy water of the rapid moving river.

L. D. W.



Y. W. C. A.

Y. W. C. A. has been very successful this year. Many girls have been coming to the meetings and helping with the programs.

The first meeting was held October 1, and it was a welcome to the Freshies. Bluebeard's Wife, a little play was presented and was very interesting. We sang a great many songs before the play was given and we began to look forward to the time when the Girl Reserve Song Books would arrive. There were over a hundred girls there and so this first meeting ends with eats and it was considered very successful.

The Budget Play which was given October 15, was very cleverly produced. This meeting was held at the Y. M. C. A. The girls all liked the new meeting place and it was decided that we hold some of our meetings there in the future. This Recognition Service was also held at this meeting and for the first time many of the girls saw a Girl Reserve ceremonial.

The Health meeting was held at the Y. M. C. A. too. Miss Heyman and Margaret Yoder had a very interesting program prepared for us. Miss Jones and Miss Mitchell gave us some very clever talk and how to dress and take care of ourselves in a healthful manner. Many different types of dress were put on display. After the program we played baseball and thus the meeting ended.

Thanksgiving was coming near and so we felt that we must have a program in keeping with the season. A little play, "The Tragedy of the Thanksgiving Dinner". The characters took their parts very well and as the play was humorous everyone enjoyed it.

Scrap Books, our service meeting came next and we dressed several dolls and made scrap books. The dolls were given to the "Sunshine School" at our next meeting which was a Christmas party given to the "Sunshine School". The girls had a good time and so did the little crippled children.

The Seniors will soon be leaving and there will be many more Freshies coming in. We hope they will take an interest in the Y. W. Club of B. H. S. and help to complete the success of the club for this year.

Officers: President, Ruth Jacob; Vice President, Evelyn Smith; Secretary, Lucille Marshall; Treasurer, Evelyn Kniefel.

Chairmen: Program, Ann Halden; Service, Evelyn Dapp; Social, Margaret Yoder; Student Council, Martha Rutledge.

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THE ROAD OF LIFE

How like the roadways of country and city is the roadway of life! Sometimes the road is long, sometimes the road is short; sometimes sweet and sometimes bitter; but after all it is just what we make of it.

"But it's the dull road that leads to the gay road," and "the work road that leads to the play road". It's a road where we toil, we rest, we learn, we strive, we enjoy—and even then the road of life is the most beautiful road of all.

There are curves and dips, valleys and bumps. It winds around mountains, runs beside the silvery stream, and out into the prairie, but it's a good road.

Everyone travels the road, he may stir up the dust, he may make ruts, or he may fix the road; whatever he does, it is accomplished by the things he does and says.

If you are happy and gay the roadway will be within the fragrant valleys and cool woods, and along silvery babbling streams; but if there is sorrow in the life, the road leads over the mountains and dark, dreary places.

All the things that happen day by day, show what kind of metal we are made of. How we stand the tests life gives to us each day, it is these things that mark the road, good or bad.

If there were no sorrows, no cares, no sighs, no tears, no burdens, no soul sickness; if all our hopes were realized, if every joy could be found on earth, and we never lost a loved one, and if we never had a friend who was false—the road would be the same from its beginning to its end and we'd long for a chance to prove our worth, to change the monotony of that crowded road, and ease some weary sojourner by the way side.

But when the roses of your success are blooming, you will have forgotten the thorn pricks that you received as you tended your roses day by day, and year by year. Their sweet perfume will obliterate every sorrow and trial. The skies are blue, and you have forgotten the days when the clouds were gray. The ache, the pain, and bitter disappointment—all is gone, and only a beautiful undiscovered road lies beyond.

The man who makes the road most beautiful, the most pleasant, is the man who is kind, courageous and brave. The man who helps another to smooth the path he treads. Life needs us all; some say the kindly word to ease the pain, and put away the care, some are friendly, others give the gifts that are most needed.

The roadway of life's childhood is the road, not long since built. The way is strong, but others, his parents, guide his footsteps o'er its surface and he trusts them and joyfully trips over the way till he comes to his school days. The school-days are the parts of the road where the flowers grow by the way and where are tinkling brooks and cool sylvan shades. The lasting friends are the trees, and the acquaintances are the many flowers. The soft green grasses and flowing water are the joys we know in our school-days.

In the autumn when the trees lose their foliage, the old faithful friends drift away, but the soul and the spirit still remain. The flowers that die are the acquaintances that soon forget us—there is no common tie. The grass grows brown and sear; thus do we forget our pleasures when new ones come, and even thus do the weeds, our sorrows, die. Then comes the days of toil and effort, struggling for fame. At every step some new thing rises to view and one sees one of nature's panorama. The way is long and oft times the traveler is soul sick. There failure, defeat, disappointment and chagrin await. Here is the real test; here it is that man determines whether he will take the left fork of the road, which leads down the road which is the same all the way, always gloomy and with no curves and no sinning brooks. But if he can conquer all these trials he takes the road that goes to the right that winds around the joys and sorrows, but the sorrows are soon forgotten with the passing years and the joys that come therein.

JUANITA MATHIE

46



DO THEY?

Poets rave about spring—They tell of flowers
Love and song—Blue skies, soft breezes
Sweet scented air—Babbling brooks and
Picnics under friendly, shady trees
Warm spring nights—glowing gold stars
Whispering winds—and lovers—

But they never say
a darn word about

Semester exams—Cost of spring clothes
Spring house cleaning—Training rules
Stuffy old colds—Red noses
Hay fever—Mosquitoes
Or hives or mowing lawns

Now do they?

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Among
Other

A PHOTOGRAPH
OF YOURSELF

Good Things on which you could spend
A FEW DOLLARS TO A GOOD ADVANTAGE

A REALLY TRUE LIKENESS
THAT YOU, YOUR FAMILY,
AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL
ALL APPRECIATE. ✦ ✦ ✦

LET US DO THE WORK

THE EDWARDS STUDIO



From the House of Gruen

The Most Beautiful and Reliable wrist watch
\$.50 to \$75.00



Accurate Mens Timepieces of quality
\$25.00 to \$135.00

Jewelers

H. E. SIMON

Gift Shop

112 E. Tusc. Ave.

Harvey: "Grandpa, did you once have hair like snow?"

Grandpa: "Yes, my boy."

Harvey: "Who shoveled it off?"

He: "What in the world is a metaphor?"

She: "To keep cows in, stupid."

Men are all children at heart, particularly where the bottle is concerned.

"They have a new name for the divorce records now."

"Yes, 'Who's Whose in America.'"

And as in the year to come

Satisfaction as before

Ask one of our Customers

Wm. Weisberger

Est. 1891

Barberton's First Clothier

Will meet you at

The Pennant

Cigars

Billiards

Haberdashery

PLAITINGS OF ALL KINDS
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Dry Cleaniug, Pressing, Repairing
Rugs and Draperies a Specialty

Work Called For
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Barberton, Ohio
Musical Instruments
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of
The Economy Store
C. D. Tulley, Prop.
Quality Merchandise at
Lowest Prices

Compliments
of
Joseph Fabry
CUSTOM TAILOR
821 Wooster Ave.

Two microbes sat on the pantry shelf
And watched with expressions pained
The milkman's stunts, and both said at once
"Our relations are getting strained."

Nick: "I used to be an organist."
Hi: "Why did you give it up?"
Nick: "The monkey died."
Hi: "What is your occupation?"



SENIOR ANNUAL NUMBER

Bill Earight: "Etchy, call me a taxi."
"Etchy" Eckroate: "All right—you're a taxi."

Dot Keenan (Answering the door): "Time for the dance?"
Ves. Thesing (Seeing evening dress for first time): "Yes, put on your dress and come on."

You can't kiss a girl unexpectedly—the best you can do is to kiss her sooner than she thot you would.

Harvey: "In Illinois they don't hang men with wooden legs."
Ray: "No?"
Harvey: "No, they use rope."

Teacher: "I am only punishing you because I love you."
Little Boy: "I wish I was big enough to return your love."

We Congratulate and Extend Our Best Wishes To
The January Class of 1926

LEEVER & SAMPLE

Successors to A. J. Heiman
209 E. Tusc. Ave.

Talking Machines and Radios

Victrolas
Brunswicks
Records
Sheet Music

Federal Radios
Music Master
Super Zenith
Radio Accessories

OPEN EVENINGS

51

Compliments

of

Pittsburg Plate Glass

Company

Columbia Chemical

Divison

Barberton - Ohio

52



Congratulations

TO

January Class 1926

The Peoples Savings & Banking
Company

Member Federal Reserve System

The Parker Fountain Pen

If you Want a pen of

Quality

Stop In
at

"Laughlins"

A. A. WELLER

The

Home of Good

Shoes

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53



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of
The
Ohio Insulator
Company

54



Compliments
OF
The Tawney Ice Cream
Dairy Products Stores
IN
AKRON-BARBERTON
KENMORE-DOYLSTOWN

The Central
Savings & Trust
Company
Barberton - - - Ohio

Mary had a swarm of bees,
And they, to save their lives,
Went every place Mary went
Because Mary had the hives.

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55





P. J. BERGEN

Jeweler - - - Optometrist
112 Tusc. Ave. - - Barberton, Ohio

He is an Esquimo, one of God's frozen children.

"Just to think, every time I breathe someone dies."
"Better try Listerine."

If a lad has a stepfather is he a stepladder?

Snyder's

The Store For The Lad

And His Dad

Lunch

Haberdashery

Kline Hardware

and

Plumbing Co.

General Hardware, Plumbing

And Heating

132 N. Second St. Barberton, Ohio

56

BARNEY'S

Barber Shop

and

Billiard Parlor

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Home Of
Hart Schaffner and Marx
Good Clothes

Courtley Suits for Boys
Interwoven Hosiery
Tyson Shirts
Superior Underwear
Ed. V. Price Made-to-order Suits

Werner & Stebick

Where Quality Prevails
211 Tusc. Ave. Barberton

**TOASTED
DOGS**

Machine Cooked

Watch Them Whirl

at

THE UNITED CIGAR
218 N. 2nd St.

WYRE'S PHARMACY
"THE FRIENDLY STORE"

Always at Your Service, Always

We Need You and You Need Us
So Let's Get Together
For the Year 1926

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Chas. Snyder

M. C. CLOTHES
WORKER SHOES
BERG HATS

Furnishings for Men
and Boys.

205 E. Tusc.

ALFRED BROWN

Styleplus Clothes
Bostonian Shoes for Men
Queen Quality for Women
Euster Brown for Children
Furnishings and Hats for Men and Boys

Every suit bought here, pressed
free of charge for one year

Cor. Second St. and Paige Av.
BARBERTON OHIO

Compliments
of
Pittsburgh Valve
and
Fittings Co.
Barberton Ohio

58



SENIOR ANNUAL NUMBER

"Buy a davenport and keep your daughter at home."

There seems to be no laws for the rich—one for the poor—and two million for ya and I.

Irate Voice on Wire: "Say, I ordered a dozen eggs today and you only sent nine.
Grocer: "Yes mam, you see three of them were damaged so I told the grocer boy to throw them away.

Angeline M. accidentally shot herself. One of the wounds is fatal but her friends are glad to hear the other one is not serious.

If we used all the advice we gave others we wouldn't need any ourselves.

Ophelia says: "Whoever broadcasts those sandman stories at eight o'clock don't know much about the modern kids bed time."

Teacher: "When is the best time to pick apples?"
Boy: "When there ain't nobody looking."

If rosy cheeks are a sign of health—some girls these days are healthier on one side of the face than on the other.

Fred Johnson is proof enough that a girl can take a joke.

"Virginia got her hair cut.
"Bob" got sore
Now Virginia doesn't like
Her bob any more"

"Money ruined Rome but look what Love did for Niagara Falls."

"What is a good cure for sea-sickness?"
"Give it up!"

Mr. Woddell: "Name a collective noun, Ruth."
Ruth Jacobs: "A vacuum cleaner."

"Stough orange", muttered Hancil P. trying to peel a tennis ball.



