

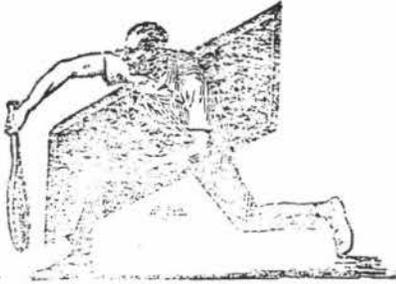
THE  
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Commencement  
Number



June, 1921





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THE LEADER, 425 N. SECOND ST.

BARBERTON, OHIO



# THE REPORTER

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## THE ROSE

By Dorothy Egbert

Pan Alley was on the east side of New York. It was one of the dirtiest alleys in that section. Families of every nationality lived on either side.

There were but few American families living on this alley. One in particular was very poor. There was only an invalid mother, Mrs. Adams, her Tom and daughter Jean.

Tom was a regular good-for-nothing and would not work to help support his mother. He hung around a nearby saloon, from morning until night. What money he did get, he won in gambling but spent at once in like manner.

Poor Jean, a young girl, was forced to go to work. The work was very tiresome and by night she was so tired she could hardly finish the supper work.

Mrs. Adams could not leave her wheel-chair; so the only work she could do was the mending. She became so tired sitting in her chair all day long with nothing but her thoughts to keep her company that she decided to do some fancy-work to sell. This kept her busy for she did her work so neatly that she had quite a demand for fancy garments.

The harder Jean worked the lazier Tom got, until she was the sole support of the family, for what he won in gambling he spent for liquor.

One evening when Tom came home Jean was not there yet and his mother was worried. Although he would not work, Tom loved his mother very much and he said, "Mother, what makes you look so worried." She replied, "Tom you will have to go look for Jean, she hasn't been home since morning, and I am worried. It isn't like Jean to stay away, unless she is in trouble."

At first Tom did not want to go, and tried various means to reassure his mother. But when he saw how worried his mother really was, he started. First he went to the factory where Jean made boxes all day, but the manager told him, Jean had not been there since noon. Tom did not know where to look for her or what to do, so he started home, thinking that she had been detained by one of her many little errands of mercy and was very likely home by this time.

On the way home he began thinking about the way he had treated Jean and he wondered if she had run away so she would not have to work so hard. He knew, now that he should have gone to work. The thought of the probable loss of his his only source of support, brought him to the realization of his own selfishness. He resolved that he would try to find work the very next day, and thus



let Jean take care of Mrs. Adams. He also resolved that he would work so hard that they could move out of the slums and, if he possibly could, he would have an operation for his mother so that she might walk again.

When he got home, Jean was not there, and she did not come home all that week, nor could he find any trace of her, search as he did.

Tom comforted his mother as best he could. He had carried out his resolve and found work, spending every spare moment looking for Jean. He kept looking for her for a month, but still he didn't find her. Just when he had made up his mind that the search was hopeless, when he got home, he found his mother reading a note and she showed it to him. It read:

Dear mother:

I know you are worrying about me, but please don't. I am all right. Honestly, I am. I want to tell you all, but I can't now. Some day, mother dear, you'll know the story. Until then—trust me and pray for me, please.

I am enclosing some money in this letter and I'll send some more soon.

Your loving daughter,

JEAN.

"Oh!" groaned Tom, "Why didn't she tell us where to find her? If she only knew what you and I are going through. You are left alone all day and I can't cook the proper food for you. If I hadn't been so lazy and had gone out to do the work myself, this might never have happened. Can you ever forgive me? I promise you that when Jean comes home, she will never have to go out and work as long as I am able to support her."

A happy light dawned in Mrs. Adams' eyes and showed through her tears. She heard Tom say this was almost like a dream. It seemed unreal that the worthless boy could be so changed. It was the one bright spot in her great sorrow. Every day she prayed that Jean would come home. She felt sure her Jean would never leave her without a very just cause.

One night when Tom was going home, he noticed a girl that he thought looked like Jean. But he said to himself, "Surely that can't be my sister; why, that girl is in rags. Jean was so particular."

Nevertheless he decided to follow her and see where she went. Finally she went into a saloon. Tom thought, "This surely isn't Jean, for she would never look in a saloon, unless—" but the thought made him cold. He followed her, determined to satisfy himself. He went back to a corner where he could see everybody and yet not be noticed. While he was sitting there the young girl came through the saloon and he saw by the dim light that it was Jean.

"Jean," he gasped, white-faced and frightened. She hardly recognized him, he looked so much neater since he had gone to work. Before they could exchange a word, the proprietor came up to Jean and giving her a push, said, "Get to work! I didn't hire you to loaf around here all the time." This made Tom so angry that he was going to knock him down, but Jean prevented this, and with an appealing glance at Tom, turned to leave. But Tom caught her by the arm and said, "Jean, I followed you here and I don't intend to leave without you. Mother is worried sick. Oh, why did you go away? It has taught me a lesson, but mother has suffered too much, you must think of her."

At first Jean hesitated, glancing fearfully at the bully beside her, but the pleading in her brother's eyes and the thought of the little mother gave her courage. Without another word she turned and walked out of the door.

When they reached home they entered softly. Jean stood still a moment watching her mother fondle a tiny, worn baby shoe. The tears came to her eyes and with a cry she ran forward and threw her arms about her mother's neck. Mrs. Adams was so happy she cried. "Jean!" she murmured. Joy, relief and understanding were all in the word. "Jean, where have you been, and why did you leave us?"

Later, when Jean had taken the rest that her mother insisted she needed, and had been fed by the now doting brother, she told her story.

"Mother," she said, "I was so tired of work that I hardly knew what I was doing. Life seemed too hard to bear. Just before noon I fainted, and the foreman told me they would not need me any more. I walked and walked, trying to think what



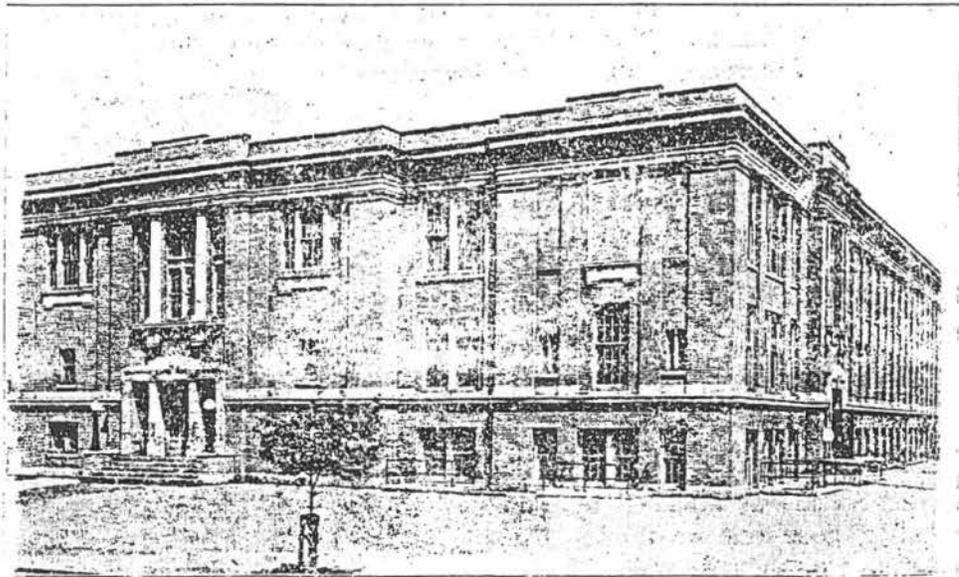
restaurant, a young man came out and asked me if I wanted a job. I grasped at the first thing that seemed a means of saving us all from starvation. I was too tired to be horrified when he took me into the saloon where Tom found me. The young man ordered a lunch. While we were eating he got up and said he would be back in a minute, but he never returned. I knew the meal would have to be paid for, but I didn't have any money. While I was standing there the waiter came up to me for the money. You may know what he thought of me. I tried to explain, but he had heard the same story too many times to believe it. He called the proprietor and he finally agreed to let me work there to pay for the meal.

"The longer I worked there the harder it was to leave, and other jobs weren't as easy to get for a girl who had worked in a saloon. I saw the lowest kind of men

and girls. They gambled, swore at each other, got drunk and fought with each other. But never once did I forget my little mother and all she had taught me. I had a little white rose plant in my room that one kind-hearted old man had given me. As the bud unfolded it made me think of my mother's heart. As the rose grew it seemed to be calling me back to you. The day the bud became a full-blown blossom I had made up my mind to come back, work or not work. It was the very day Tom found me.

That very next day Tom received a raise, now they were very happy, for they had moved out of the slums into a little cottage in the country. But what made them the happiest was that Mrs. ... had an operation and was able to work. Jean was a happy girl now, tired only from healthy, sweet work.

THE END.



Our Home

In large parts of Europe the people have few, if any teeth. Nature gave them teeth but they neglected to take care of them. This calamity could have been prevented had they used.

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The columns of this paper will always be open to people wishing to register praises, kicks, complaints or questions that might find answers.

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## History of Class of June, '21

*D. Mitchell '21*

One bright, warm morning in September, 1917, 105 little Freshmen came straggling into Barberton High School for the first time. Groups of boys and girls could be seen running up the different streets, eager to get a glimpse of the mysteries inside of the great building.

When entering we were marshalled into different rooms, according to the courses we were planning to take, by Miss Shrieber.

There are not words to express our utter bewilderment as we wandered about the halls. One minute we were told to go to the study hall. Now where could that be? After scurrying all over the building we finally found the assembly room. And so followed one adventure after another. At last, at the end of a strenuous day of mistakes, we were excused.

However, we soon became accustomed to the daily routine, and felt quite at home. At our first class meeting we elected Stephen Galitsky president. This was a very lively year for our class. We held several parties in the gymnasium beside having a successful marshmallow toast.

The time passed quickly and we came

back the following fall as Sophomores. We were so proud of our rank that we literally expanded then, because every one knows what a wonderful sensation it is to be called a "Soph" instead of "Freshie."

Clare Snodgrass was chosen president this year. A Hallowe'en party was held the first part of the semester, while many other social activities were carried on late in the year. The members of our class were very much interested in all branches of athletics this year, and several of the boys made first "squads."

But happy as we were, we could not always be Sophomores. The semester was drawing to a close and we would soon be Juniors.

When we began our third year at Barberton High School our class enrollment was somewhat smaller. Several of our members graduated from the two-year commercial course, while others had fallen behind. But still we were enthusiastic and united in spirit.

When organizing for our coming year, Helen Weigand was chosen president. In a short time we planned a masquerade party



## History Continued

to be held at Helen's home. Somewhat later our helpful friend and classmate became ill and was soon taken from us. But we will never forget the lovely time we had at our party, or the memory of our kind hostess. We then completed the semester with Clare Snodgrass president.

Perhaps you think we neglected our studies for pleasures, but that was not the case. Many of our classmates were very industrious and their brilliant recitations were the delight of the teachers. "But the night is long which does not find the day," and we were no longer Juniors, but Seniors.

Could it be true at last? How we had admired and longed for that rank when we were Freshies. But with our new dignity came responsibilities. There were chapel speeches to be learned and many other things which only Seniors must do.

Clare had proven himself such a capable leader in the past that we again chose him president for the last year at B. H. S.

Later we banqueted the January class of twenty-one. This was a very attractive affair and we spent a memorable evening together.

In our last semester we held a "Kid Party" at the People's bank club rooms. Here, forgetting our dignity, we danced and played, while "lollipops" were served as refreshments.

Now graduating time for us is drawing near. When we think of leaving B. H. S. we feel a deep sense of loss, but we cannot stay forever; we must pass on and give our place to another.

And so the June class of twenty-one is leaving, but never forgetting Barberton High School.



## Class Roll

Catherine Bernice Amstutz  
Carol Myrna Bell  
Park Alexander Blocker  
Peter Hubert Bonner  
Edgar Harold Bouscher  
Elizabeth Olivia Daly  
Samuel Arthur Davis  
James Augustine Delagrange  
Dorothy Loraine Downs  
Royal Lewis Farst  
Clara Melissa Frank  
Stephen Galitzky  
Floyd Earl George  
Guida Hamilton  
Eleanor Cecilia Henley  
Reinhard Adolph Hiss  
Florence Nadine Immler  
Ruth Keeler

Mildred Jane Kerr  
Gertrude Laurretta Kline  
Mildred Theresa Maas  
Catherine Elizabeth Marsh  
Mildred Rhea Miksch  
Gladys Delight Miller  
Marguerite Leene Minnick  
Lou Delight Mitchell  
John Louis Paolano  
Helen Kathryn Parker  
Mildred Hannah Roberts  
Ferdinand William Schmieg  
Clare Berkley Snodgrass  
Maude Belle Snyder  
Clara Ernestine Tomb  
Gerald Chester Waters  
Ruth Virginia Weatherford  
Nellie Dorthea Weaver

Miriam Alice Wiley





# UNIONERS

If anyone wishes to know why all the sunburned faces the day after Decoration day. Ask someone who knows. Karl Kneible or Estelle Werner could tell you Virgel Kreifel did not get sunburned on the way home.

In the Junior A's we have :

Poet	—	Victor Tiffin
Photographer	—	Millard Beyer
History Star	—	Virgil Kneifel
Athletic Star	—	Joe Krempfle

Father very angry - How is it that I find you kissing my daughter.

Joe Durbin : Great GREAT!!!!!!!

The Seniors think that every time Cupid aims a dart he usually Mrs. it

Fenchy Crillion to Pete Bonner — Why don't you draw your father in a striking attitude.

Pete — No, it wouldn't do — it would recall painful sessions in the wood-shed

Typography by John Anderson, Taylor Powell, Red Light and Carl Zeigler.

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We have frequent visits from Nat Plain, who tries to show us how to print.



# SOUND MORES

The need of a new cheer leader is evident. The chattering of Berle Boden on the west steps at noon hour shows his ability.

With bobbed hair and a wicked eye, Nellie Walker has succeeded in vamping many high school boys.

Remember the day Joe Goff got down in the pit by the print shop wire? Industrious Joe.

She ate raw onions. What a shame.  
I held my nose  
For she did not smell like her name  
Her name was Rose.

# FRESHMEN

The Freshman B Class was organized under the direction of Mr. Copper.

The results of the election held was: Elizabeth Decker, Pres., Donald Light, Vice Pres. and John Anderson Sec. and Treasure.

Mr. Ness was elected Honorary member.

Mr. Ness was informed that he was a Freshman B, and we started business.

Later on the class decided to publish this paper. Mr. Ness has helped us very much in correcting copy boosting.

A class party was talked of, but to make this paper a success it was dropped oblivion.

## Room Notes.

Room 14 is decorated with Alton Johns long legs.

Unlucky room 13? Maybe yes, maybe no. Some star Latin pupils in scientific room 13.

Claude Titley of room 12 can't keep from moving around, he's in the front seat. all girls are in the back of the row.

"Tough Luck Claud"

Room 14. —Margret Andrews has a queer habit of coming to school one week and staying off the next.

Room 11 has a pupil in it much admired by Russel Garret and some others. Black hair, black eyes, and a bewitching smile—Isabelle De Lagrange.





Photo by LEITER Studio  
**Joe Kremple**

### *Akron Track Meet*

The Track Meet held at Akron, May 7, proved that B. H. S. had as good a Track team as their Basketball or Football teams.

Joe Kremple brought in three First places and one Second place. He defeated Porosky, city champion discus thrower of Akron. Joe made the 100 yd. dash in 10 4-5 seconds, the 220 yd. dash in 23 1-5 seconds.

"Buster" Thomas took First place in the hurdles and Third in the javelin throw.

"Vincy" Pristo and Schmeig kept the Central contestants going, in the vaulting contest. "Vincy" also did well in the hurdles.

Sutter took Third place in the mile run.

The final score of the meet was: Central 74, B. H. S. 34.

### *Wooster Track Meet*

The Track Meet held at Wooster May 14, proved that we had some of the best men entered in the meet, even if we could only climb into second place.

Joe Kremple made the highest number of points at this meet. He proved that he was the best man in the 220 yd. dash the discus, and the shot put. In the first event mentioned, he ran the dis-



# Sport Summary

In reviewing and summarizing the sports of the last semester we find much glory won by teams and individuals.

Our first team in basket ball competed with many strong schools. Though we were defeated by most of the large school, the experience was helpful.

In the tournament you remember the schools we played? Defeated at Delaware by Toledo Scott and at Akron by Canton Mc.Kinley. Both of the schools played in important parts in the semi-finals.

The Girl's basket ball team was only defeated twice. They played good preliminaries to High School games at home and abroad.

The Jungle league basket ball teams proved to be of interest. The winning team was the Buffaloes. The high point getters were "Vic" Mc.Donald, "Bill" Immler and Ben Smith.

Spring foot ball turned out material for next fall, in lines of kicking and passing. Russel Stough showed the most improvement and won the medal offered. He won the gym medal for best carriage at all times.

The annual gym exhibition drew a very large crowd to the gym to see the latest in gymnastics. The girls folk dances and calisthenics drills were very good. The boys apparatus work enjoyed by all, helped along by Lower, Corson and Goff who acted as clowns.

With that ends a year of profitable sport.

## Games Won and Lost

Barberton	21	—	St. Vincent	18
"	3	—	Alumni	3
"	22	—	Rubber Products	12
"	15	—	Mansfield	15
"	15	—	New Philadelphia	10
"	8	—	Canton 2nd	36
"	8	—	" 1st	31
"	14	—	Y.M.C.A.	12
"	30	—	Wabsworth	4
"	16	—	Massilon	27
"	20	—	Bluffton	17
"	11	—	Toledo Scott	21
"	7	—	Lorain	6
"	6	—	Canton McK	16
"	12	—	Akron Central	28
"	12	—	" "	21
"	15	—	Mt. Vernon	34

## Wooster Meet Continued

tance in 23 sec. the second he hurled 96 feet. Due to number of times the runners were called back in the 100 yd. dash Joe lost out and third was the best he could do.

"Buster" Thomas surprised us all when he landed second place in the 220 yd. dash. Besides this he took second in the low hurdles and placed in the javelin throw.

"Vincy" took first in the pole vault and showed up fine in the hurdles and dashes.

Sutter, Bantz and Lower made a real good showing. Sutter placed second in the mile run while the other two gave the other boys a scare in the broad jump. Wooster won the meet, having 74 points Final Score W. 74 B. 34 and O. 16.

Orrville entered only three men.



## CHEMISTRY and the CLEANING of CLOTHES

How a bit of science applied each Monday will add weeks to the life of your linen is explained by I. Newton Kugelmass, professor of chemistry.

"The laundering process is started with soaking, to loosen the dirt and save rubbing and thereby the clothes, time and energy," says Prof. Kugelmass. The great mistake made is to begin soaking with hot water. This coagulates the albuminous matter and starch, making them stick on the clothing with resultant blotches. Start with a cold-water bath, for cold water dissolves the starch and albuminous matter and gets rid of it for good.

The kind of water should not be a matter of indifference. Woolens galore have been ruined by washing them in naturally hard water. The sticky soap settles in the pores of the wool fibre and materially reduces its wearing qualities. For safety and efficiency prepare the water before using it for washing.

"With the water prepared, the next step is the actual washing operation which involves combined mechanical agitation and cleansing action of soap. To get maximum service from soap we must know how it works. Soap first dissolved in the water reacts chemically, giving a mild alkaline medium. This medium prepares the way. The rest of the soap is very finely divided into microscopic particles, all evenly distributed throughout the whole solution, all the water is soapy. Each soap particle is a worker—a dirt capturer. The more finely divided the particles and the greater the number, the more efficient the cleaning. The best condition is attained by slightly increasing the alkalinity with a mild alkali-soda. These dirt fighters work best in a moderate alkaline field.

"Neutral soap and a mild alkali together give the most efficient washing medium. The deadly policy of leaving the clothes overnight in the dirty soap bath 'rots' them.

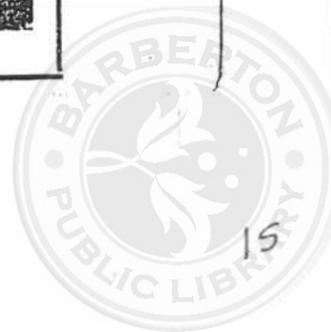
WerthMor LAUNDRY TABLETS:—Is a scientific discovery of nature's mightiest cleaning elements, combined in one GREAT CLEANSER. By this combined strength each ingredient is doubled to make SOAP work for YOU, instead of YOU working and rubbing the OLD WAY. They soften the water and make the clothes white, also the hands, and will not injure either, in any manner or form, no matter how often used.

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