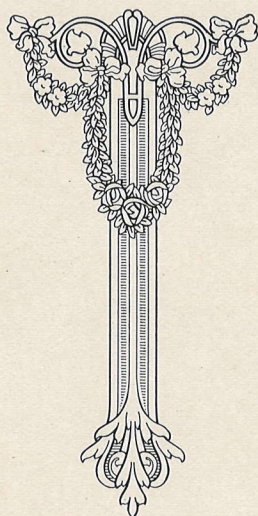




THE COLUMBIAN

THE COLUMBIAN

NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND FOURTEEN





THOMAS R. MARSHALL

*We, the class of nineteen hundred four-
teen, dedicate this, our
last work, to*

Thomas R. Marshall

*who worked faithfully to better the schools
of our city while a member of the
school board and in whom we
recognize the sincere friend
of all educational
enterprises.*

FOREWORD

TO YOU, fellow-students, alumni and friends, after months of hard work, we give the result of our efforts. We have tried to record here the memories and customs we cherish. We know we cannot please everyone of you and so we reluctantly give it up to public criticism. We hope however that you will receive it kindly—this diary of our high school year, THE COLUMBIAN of 1914.



High School Building

Summary of the Present Year

THE year of 1913-1914 will be recorded in the history of the Columbia City High School as one of the most successful years, both from the standpoint of learning and from that of interest manifested. Taking into consideration the large attendance and the handicap caused by the building of the new McLallen school, this year has been one of great progress.

In December we had an excellent art exhibit. All the pictures were original oil paintings by Indiana artists.

Although we were without a music teacher for a long time after the resignation of Miss Engleman, under the efficient instruction of Miss Bushnell we have made up for lost time. We now boast of a boys' glee club and an orchestra of great ability. A girls' glee club is also talked of. The fact that the whole high school must take part in chorus is a great improvement, we think, over former years. The annual musical recital will not be given this year owing to the scarcity of time.

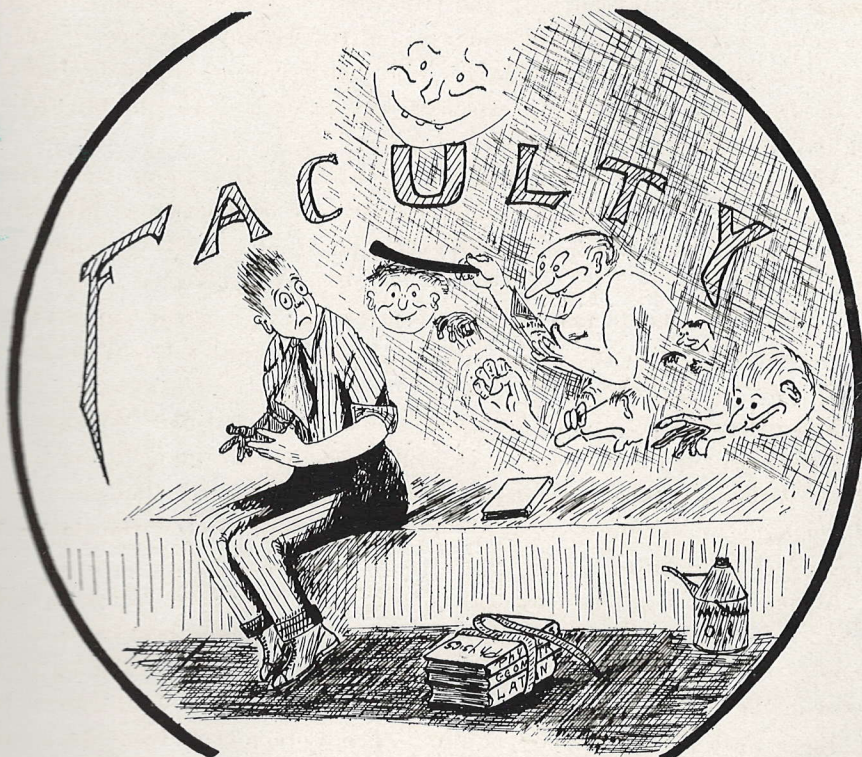
Never before has so much been accomplished in debating. We have already had one Junior-Senior debate on December 18 and are going to have another later. Although the seniors won the first debate, they see that they will have a hard fight to win the next one, for the juniors have won the reputation of being excellent debaters.

A great deal of interest was given to oratory this year. Prizes amounting to \$25 were offered by Mr. E. L. McLallen for the four best orators in high school. As a result a declamation contest was arranged. The spirit manifested in the contest was wonderful. In the preliminaries, held March 12 and 13, there were thirty-two contestants. Ten were picked from these, who on the evening of March 24 contested for the prizes.

On May 2, the annual county track meet and oratorical contest will be held. Already we have chosen our orator and started to train for the track events. This will be the crowning feature of the term and promises to be a great success.

We may truthfully say that never before has the public shown so much interest in the school and never before has the school more deserved this interest.

FORREST S. BRIGGS, '14. —



Columbia City High School Year Book



JULIUS C. SANDERS—*Superintendent.*

Ohio Northwestern University. Graduate work in the University of Chicago. 2 years experience in Elementary Department; 4 years principal of Smith Twp. high school; 6 years principal and Latin instructor in C. C. H. S.; 5 years superintendent of schools in Columbia City.

Mr. Sanders has worked faithfully for the schools of this city for eleven years and deserves great credit for their present standing among the state schools. His greatest thoughts are the schools and he is most enthusiastic about all their activities.



HAROLD E. CHAPMAN—*Principal, Science.*

Earlham College. 5 years instructor of science and 3 years principal in C. C. H. S.

There is certainly no person in high school who will not vow that Mr. Chapman is one of the best science teachers in the state. He has taken a great interest in the high school and is always working for it.



IDA GALBREATH—*English.*

Lombard College. Graduate courses in the University of Indiana and in University of Chicago in 1912. 1 year instructor in the Elementary Department; 12 years in C. C. H. S.

Miss Galbreath's long service in behalf of the English department of our school is greatly appreciated by all. Her efficiency has long been recognized by various college officials who have come into contact with our alumni.



HERBERT IHRIG—*Mathematics, Debating*

Northern Indiana Normal School and University of Indiana. 3 years instructor in Elementary Department; 11 years in C. C. H. S.

Why do we all like Mr. Ihrig? Why, just because he is such a jolly good fellow that he can take a joke as well as the next one and can always find a parallel one of his own to tell.

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LELA RICH—*Latin.*

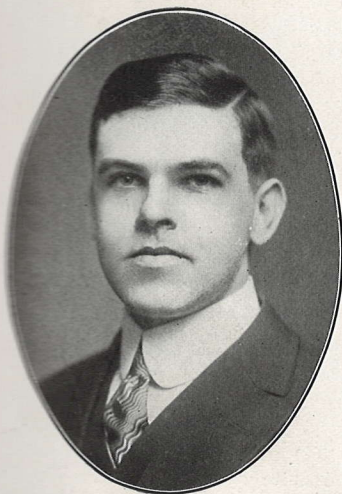
University of Michigan. 2 years instructor in C. C. H. S.

Some people say that Miss Rich's sarcasm is the most bitter known, but a good many are unable to notice it at all because only her classes hear it. She is certainly a fine Latin instructor and, if one takes that study, he will surely learn all that he should.

MABEL REED—*German.*

University of Indiana. 1 year instructor in the Anderson schools; 7 years in C. C. H. S.

Whenever a person is out of order, it takes just one flash of Miss Reed's black eyes to bring them to their senses. All those who take German declare that what she doesn't know about it is hardly worth knowing.



HAROLD D. TRIMBLE—*History.*

Earlham College. Graduate courses in the University of Wisconsin. 3 years instructor in Ridgeville and Bloomingdale schools; 1 year in C. C. H. S.

Mr. Trimble is one of the most sociable teachers in the schools, always striving to be agreeable. He is captain of the assembly room vigilance committee and his unceasing efforts have caused many a note to go astray.

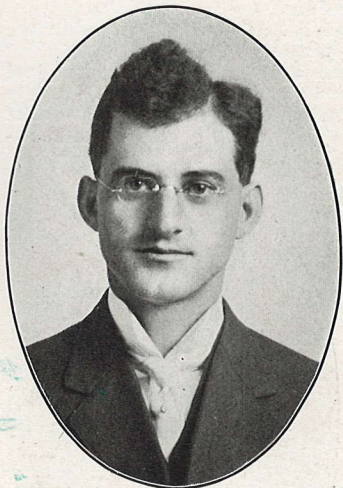
IVOL SPAFFORD—*Domestic Science, Eighth Grade.*

Michigan State Normal School. 3 years or 24 months instructor in Elementary Department; 1 year in C. C. H. S.

Miss Spafford scarcely ever ventures outside her room, unless it is her assembly week. For this reason we are unable to say much about her but the girls say she is "just dandy".



Columbia City High School Year Book



ORVAL L. PENCE—*Manual Training, Eighth Grade.*

Courses at Northern Indiana Normal School and at Indiana Normal School. 3 years instructor in the country schools; 6 years in the Columbia City schools.

Mr. Pence is another one of the assembly room vigilance committee. His thorough knowledge of manual training makes him one of the most efficient teachers in the faculty.

LOUISE BUSHNELL—*Music.*

Oberlin. 1 year instructor in C. C. H. S.

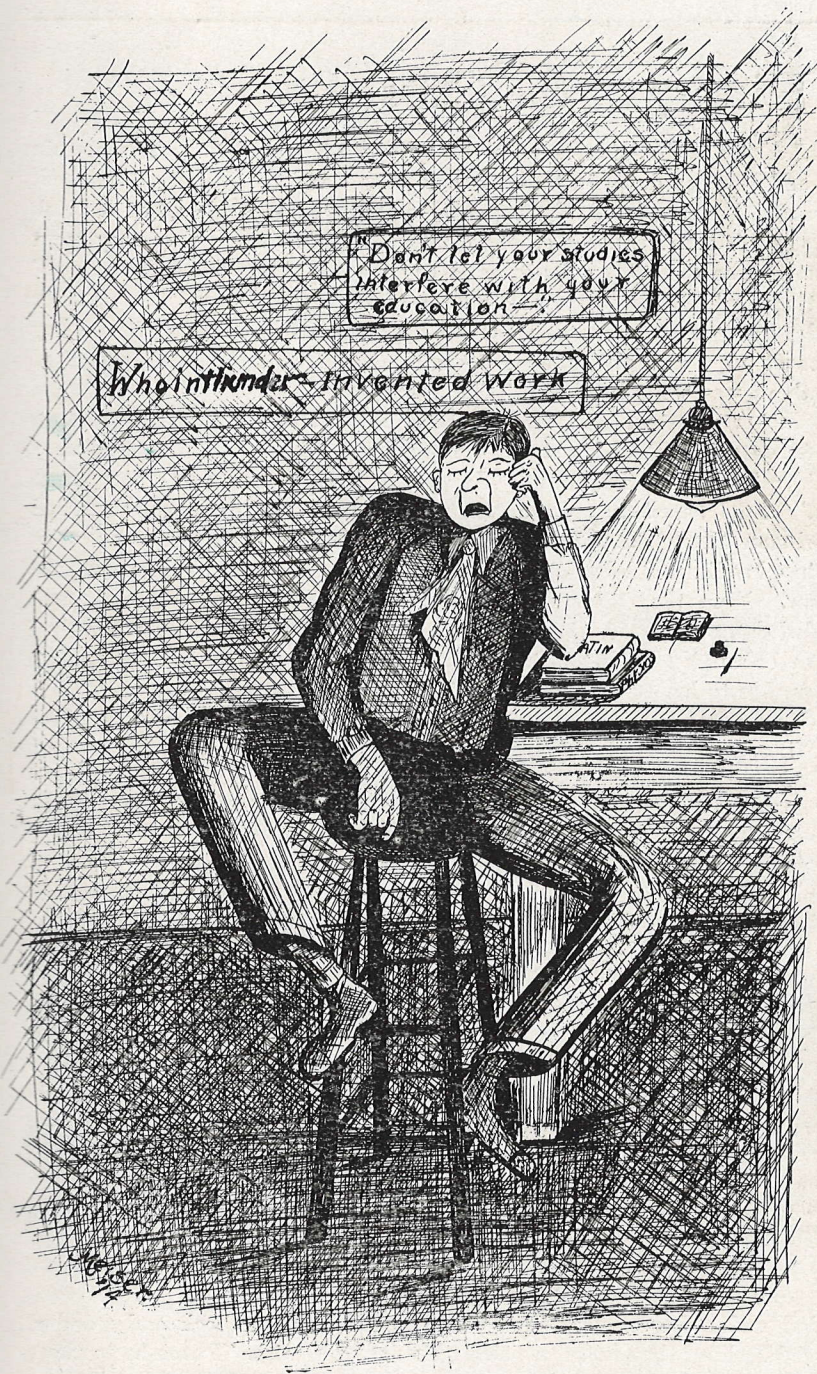
It is awfully hard work to suddenly change from a college girl to a dignified faculty member in a short time and Miss Bushnell has a terribly hard time of it. Nevertheless there isn't a pupil who doesn't like her.



LENNIE ENGLEMAN—*Music, (resigned Oct. 9).*

Danville Normal College and Institute of Musical Art at New York City. 1 year instructor in Elementary Department; 2 years work in high school.

Miss Engleman wasn't here long enough to form a definite opinion of her. We do remember however that she was very jolly and that is what students like in any teacher.



SENIOR

History of the Class of 1914

AS I walked through the wilderness of this world I alighted on a certain place and laid me down in that place to sleep, and as I slept I dreamed, and behold I saw a band of forty-nine callow youths in front of a brick building with great burdens on their backs. As they stood thus they wept and trembled and broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, "Where shall we go?" In this plight they looked this way and that, as if they would run, when a man named Principle came to them and said, "Wherefore dost thou cry?" They answered, "Because we know not whither to go." Then he gave them a roll of parchment and there was written within, "Flee from the U's to come." They read it and said, "Whither must we fly?" Then said Principal, "Do you see yonder wicket gate?" They said, "No." "Do you see yonder Diploma?" They said they thought they did. Then said Principal, "Keep that Diploma in your eye and go directly thereto." So I saw in my dream that they began to run through a broad field called Freshman Year. As they came to the middle they drew near to a miry slough, and being heedless, all but four fell in. The name of this bog was the Slough of Exams. Here they wallowed, being grievously bedaubed with ink. At last they struggled out, and went on in haste until they had crossed a field, when they came to a palace called Vacation. After resting here they pressed forward, nine staying behind unable to leave the pleasures of the palace.

Now the highway over which they went was narrow and they soon came to the foot of Sophomore Hill, up which they clambered on their hands and knees because of the steepness of the place. Some of the Pilgrims purchased ponies, being persuaded by Sagacity to mount the Cliff of Caesar. After passing over many other difficult places they came to the top of the hill, and to a delicate plane called Ease, where they went over with much content. But that plane was narrow, so they soon got over it.

By this time the Pilgrims were entering the Country of Junior Land, whose air was very sweet and pleasant. In this country they were in sight of the wicket gate. Here they chose from among their numbers a leader called President, and others to assist them on their way. They also selected an emblem in colors of cream and gold to distinguish them from other Pilgrims. They went on rejoicing for many months until they came to an enchanted ground where a band of shining ones called Graduates were assembled. These had finished traveling the road to the wicket gate, and they related to the Pilgrims what had happened on their pilgrimage. As they conversed together they feasted and a sound of melodious music was heard continually. By this time the Pilgrims' eyes were filled with visions, and they wished to enter the Delectable Senior Land which stretched before them. After journeying in this land they reached the wicket gate. Stepping in, they came to a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place was a pile of diplomas and a little below, a sepulcher. Just as they came up with the diplomas, their burdens loosed from their shoulders and fell into the sepulcher. Then were the Pilgrims glad and lightsome, and they stood still a while to look and wonder. Now as they stood looking they heard a voice which saluted with, "Peace be to thee; enter ye into the joy of the world."

ETHEL CONKLING, '14.

ADELBERT JAY BARNEY—"Del"

"The longest way round is the shortest way to a high school diploma."

Thesis: The History of Manual Training in the United States.

Athletic Association. Track '12-'13. Debating '12-'13.

If it weren't for Bert the physics class wouldn't have any one to amuse them. He has worked hard to get his diploma and everybody should congratulate him on his stick-to-it-iveness.

VERA NINA BITTING—"Mite"

"I have no other but a woman's reason. I think him so because I think him so."

Thesis: The Need of Woman Suffrage in Indiana.

Entered '11. Debating '12-'13, '13-'14.

Vera is the midget of the class but she has done wonders in the class rooms. She is an enthusiastic debater and never misses a debate.

FORREST SILAS BRIGGS—"Briggsy"

"Some achieve greatness and others have it rubbed in."

Thesis: The Construction of an Electric Rectifier.

Class treasurer. Annual Board '12-'13. Associate editor of THE COLUMBIAN '13-'14. Debating '12-'13, '13-'14. Junior-Senior debates '13-'14. Glee Club '10-'11. Athletic Association.

Briggsy is the monied man of our class. He even has a bank book. Briggs is just as methodical in his class work and is one of our stars.

OLAF GAYNELL CARTER

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Thesis: The Commission Form of Government.

Athletic Association. Debating '12-'13, '13-'14.

Olaf is the one to whom Mr. Trimble gave the spelling lesson. Nevertheless Olaf is right there when she is called on to show her recitative powers.





FRED EUGENE CARVER—"Do"

"Nobuddy loves a fat man but it don't seem to worry him."

Thesis: Columbia City and Municipal Ownership.

Business Manager of THE COLUMBIAN '13-'14. Athletic Association. Track '12-'13. Captain '13-'14. Debating '11-'12. "Jury-man" '12.

"Do" is a big man in several different ways. He is always getting into scrapes and then out again and sometimes only the wise can tell he is guilty. He is a first class "fusser" and is always "there" with the girls.

ETHEL MIRIAM CONKLING

"How she studies and recites, gives the flunker forty frights."

Thesis: Sidney Carton, a Character of Dickens.

Entered '11. Secretary of THE COLUMBIAN '13-'14.

Ethel is the one real midnight oil burner in our class. When she doesn't get an E she thinks something is terribly wrong and you can take our word for it she deserves them.

JAMES ROLLIE COYLE—"Chip"

"Laugh not too much, the witty man laughs least."

Thesis: The Development of the Gasoline Engine.

Athletic Association. Debating '12-'13.

"Chip" is the high school (?) basket ball star. There are rumors that he went to Etna *once*. Between 251 and basket ball his time is well taken up.

LLOYD SHELDON CROUCH—"Joe"

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

Thesis: The Development of the Philippines under U. S. Control.

Athletic Association. Debating '13-'14. Junior-Senior Debate '13. Entered '13.

Crouch hails from Etna where they produce the ministers. He can read obituaries to a fare-ye-well, and also entertains us greatly on all the class parties.

DON D. DEVINE

"There was no light nonsense about him."
 Thesis: Weather Observations in Columbia
 City as Related to the Science of Weather.
 Entered '13. Athletic Association. De-
 bating '13-'14.

Don is another country product and had
 us up to his palatial country home on that
 fateful and memorable Hallowe'en eve. Don
 has certainly proven to be a jolly good fel-
 low in his one year's stay with us.



WILLIAM RAY ERNE—"Pook"

"Wit is an unexpected explosion of thought."
 Thesis: The Conservation of National Re-
 sources.

Debating '12-'13, '13-'14. Junior-Senior De-
 bate '13. Track '12-'13. Athletic Associa-
 tion.

"Pook" has a sweetheart whom he found in
 South Whitley. "Esther still loves me" is
 one of his favorite sayings. When it comes
 to barnyard comedy Erne is the original.



PART LEWIS HARTER—"Mordi"

"Every man has his devilish moments."
 Thesis: Why Indiana Should Have a New
 Constitution.

Vice-president of the Class. Athletic As-
 sociation. Track '12-'13. Annual Board '13-
 '14. Debating '12-'13, '13-'14. Junior-Senior
 Debates '13-'14. Warsaw Debate '13. Or-
 chestra '10-'11-'12-'13.

"Mordi" is about the biggest "bluffer we
 have. Between North Oak St., Kissinger-
 ville, Brownwood, North Line and West Van
 Buren St., "Mordi" is kept pretty busy.



MARGARET G. HERROLD—"Muggins"

"She can always pick the right kind for the
 other fellow."

Thesis: Important Territorial Acquisi-
 tion.

Class Club '10-'11, '11-'12. Bridesmaid in
 "Wedding Day" '12. Soloist in "The Build-
 ing of the Ship" '13.

"Muggins" is the little soft voiced girl (in
 heart of the teachers). If she didn't write
 a many notes she wouldn't be so abused.
 It's a long walk across the "Rhine" but
 "Wed" and "Boys" have been there.





IRENE ELOISE KENNER—"Bob"

"Her hair was not less sunny than her heart."

Thesis: My Favorite Poet, Longfellow.
Athletic Association. Debating '12-'13.
Aunt Becky in "Mr. Bob" '13.

Irene says there is no place like Nebraska but we know she rather likes one Columbia City person at the least. Her rarest accomplishment is that of lisping and stuttering.

IRENE LAVERN KESSLER

"Independence now, and independence forever."

Thesis: The Liquor Traffic.
Athletic Association.

We have often wondered which does Irene the most good: going to school or staying up town at night. She never has much to say but one time she demonstrated her abilities as an orator.

MILDRED A. KIME—"Doc"

"Good humor is the sunshine of the mind."

Thesis: Schubert and His Music.
Athletic Association.

Mildred always gets through everything with nothing to spare. She has been a regular "cut-up" for four years and there is no hope of reform. She was lucky enough to get a seat beside Ben.

EDNA ILENE KNISELY—"Imp"

"Most ever" girl has two fellers, one that she likes, and one that spends his money freely."

Thesis: The New Education and Women.
Debating '12-'13, '13-'14. Junior-Senior Debate '13. Basket ball '11-'12. Athletic Association. Glee Club '11-'12. Winner County Contest Discussion '13.

Once Edna was a girl with an unsmirched reputation but she went on a hayrack party. Then it was good-bye reputation. She has the happy faculty of getting other girls' fellows without much trouble.

CHLORUS KUNKLEMAN

"Industry and Perseverance bring a sure reward."

Thesis: President Wilson's Attitude Toward the People.

Debating '12-'13, '13-'14.

Chlorus is the girl with the high squeaky voice. She always volunteers in class and is never afraid to say what she thinks at any time or place.



MARY LAMB

"For when this lady's in the case, we know all other things give place."

Thesis: Harmony in Color.

Secretary of the Class. Assistant Business Manager of THE COLUMBIAN '13-'14. Athletic Association.

For a little girl, Mary has some mighty big opinions, which are often expressed at the wrong time. She has resolved to be good in school at the beginning of every six weeks but somehow fails.

MARGARET CLUGSTON MASON—"Marg"

"What's become of the ole-fashioned girl that kept company with one feller."

Thesis: The Study of Two National Idyls."

Debating '12-'13, '13-'14. Athletic Association. Basket ball '11-'12. Glee Club '11-'12. Bridesmaid in "Trial by Jury" '12. Mr. Bob in "Mr. Bob" '13.

"Marg" went on the same hayrack with Edna and the same results followed. She has gotten Paul H. into more "family" troubles than anyone in school besides himself.

MARY McCLAIN

"A simple maid and proper too."

Thesis: Pioneer Life of West Smith Township, Whitley County.

Entered '13.

This is Mary's first year with us and we haven't had a good opportunity to find her characteristics. The only unusual thing she has done was to fall out of her seat in music class.



WILLIAM CHARLES MEISER—"Shrimp"

"It takes a purty smart feller t' admit he doesn't know."

Thesis: The Making of a Rheostat.

Treasurer of THE COLUMBIAN '13-'14. Debating '12-'13. Track '12-'13. Athletic Association. Glee Club '10-'11.

Willie is one of the most enthusiastic members of the class. He is a worker from start to finish but once in a while he goes so far as to have a girl. We wont tell the worst thing he has done but at that it wasn't very bad.

GEORGE WILLIAM MYERS—"Shorty"

"A good-natured feller gits all th' thankless jobs."

Thesis: The Manufacture of Ice.

President of the Class. Editor-in-chief of THE COLUMBIAN '13-'14. Annual Board '11-'12, '12-'13. Debating '12-'13. Athletic Association. Secretary of Athletic Association '12-'13, '13-'14.

"Shorty" is our main standby—the President. He believes in having a good time and is also right there when it comes to the business end of things. He is bothered with teeth trouble. (F. E. C.)

ELOISE PEABODY

"In her very quietness there is a charm."

Thesis: Why I Believe Latin Should Be Kept a Part of the High School Curriculum.

Once Eloise whispered in school. Honest she did! It was perhaps the only time and then she got caught. She is no doubt the quietest person in the class and everyone becomes silent when she talks.

MARY PHIMELIA RHOADS

"Her charm lies in her simplicity."

Thesis: The Work of Jane Addams.

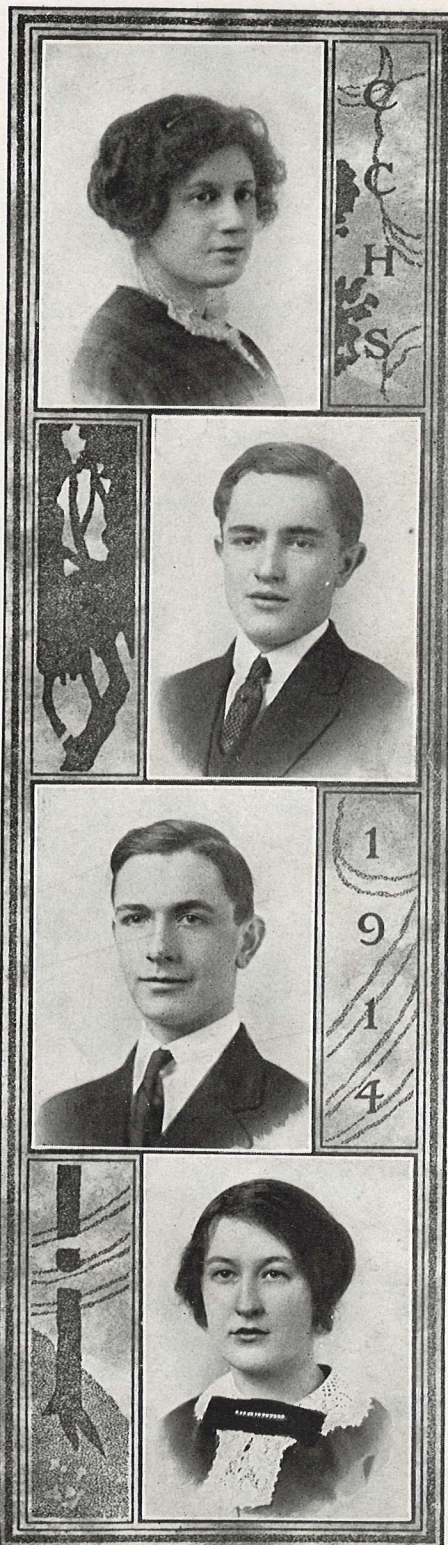
Mary is another one of those quiet girls who say little and think a whole lot. Her personality is absolute zero for we tried all this year to find one characteristic but failed.

LELAH E. SELL

"Pleasure has been the business of my life."

Thesis: Margaret Fuller.

Lelah can never get excited except when something very unusual happens. She believes in having a good time no matter what happens, but it never seems to hinder her school work.



BEN F. SMITH

"Arguments sprouted within him and twinkled in his eye."

Thesis: The Liquor Traffic.

Athletic Association. Debating '12-'13, '13-'14. Junior-Senior Debates '13-'14.

Benjamin (otherwise Franklin) is very much like his great namesake in that he is looking for new things. As a suggestion we might say that he should discover a girl nearer home than East Van Buren St.

HAROLD HOLLINGER TORBET—"Senator"

"With a business head."

Thesis: The Price of an Article.

Athletic Association. Debating '12-'13, '13-'14.

"Senator" has had more fights with his classmates than anyone yet discovered. He is getting very adept at using big words and carries everything to the finishing point.

BARBARA TRIMMER

"Of all the girls that e'er were seen, there's none so fine as Milly."

Thesis: Early Days of Macon County.

Entered '11. Debating '12-'13, '13-'14.

Milly makes a good table companion in lab because she doesn't get in anybody's way and learns just as much. Her voice used to tremble when she would say "Ben Smith" but she has gotten over this.



MABEL EDITH VAN ORSDOLL

"Work is a snap but the intermissions do up the nervous system."

Thesis: Goethals and his Work.

Athletic Association.

Mabel is a boon companion of Irene Kessler. It is said she even tries to act like her. She isn't in school enough to get a very extensive account of her so this is all we can say.

GLADYS M. VAN VOORST

"Attempt the end, and never stand in doubt; Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

Thesis: Why Women Should Vote.

Entered '11. Debating '12-'13, '13-'14.

Gladys came here from Busco. She has a fellow who was a class president several years ago so we are unable to even guess how old she is. We sincerely hope she isn't the oldest one in the class.

GRACE A. WHITNEY—"Bill"

"Fear not the anger of the wise to raise; those best can bear reproach who merit praise."

Thesis: The Passion Play.

We have often wished that Grace would talk above a whisper so that we could hear what she is saying. She and Mildred K. edit a famous paper of school life called "Current Events."

RUTH YONTZ

"Better late than never."

Thesis: Present Condition of Mexico.

Ruth has acquired the habit of spending all leisure time in the office. Her hobby must be geography for she has been found many times with U. S. Geological reports as entertainment.

High Water on the Styx

(Eulogy on the Senior Class.)

IT had been raining furiously and the River Styx had risen until its very banks seemed ready to give way under the immense pressure, and in fact in many places water was running over into Hades and into the fair Elysium fields. Driftwood was floating about. Boats, torn loose from their moorings above, were continually floating down stream, many without pilots yet all rushing on with the mad current to that bottomless ocean not far beyond, where the Styx empties. Even though the Chief Ferryman, for the only time in all his life of five hundred decades, had ordered traffic stopped, until the flood was over, yet the passengers continued to come to be borne across either to the eternal land of Hades or to the everlasting and joyous Elysium Fields. Some had tickets for one place, some for another.

During the great congestion of passenger traffic which resulted, the shades of many people soon collected on the Mundane Shore of the Styx and began waiting until the waters should lower. The shades had not been gone from the world long enough to lose their earthly characteristics and soon as a pastime began to bunch up and if possible to find the shades of former acquaintances. Among this latter class might be seen the shade of Ray Erne, earnestly wandering about. Suddenly he quickened his pace, and nearly falling in the mud in his excitement, he rushed across the courtyard to the shade of Fred Carver, which he saw aimlessly wabbling about, feeling the places on his arms where muscles had once dominated.

After meeting, Carver proposed they have a boxing-match while Erne said they should have a declamation contest to pass away their time. While they were settling which it should be, the shade of Adelbert Barney came sauntering along with Muriel Herrold's shade locked arms with his. Bert said if he couldn't win her in one world he would try to win her in the next. He was also wondering how many calories of heat there were across the river. To break the monotony of their visit, Harold Torbet's shade came along and asked Erne if he wouldn't come down and bathe in the Styx with him for it would probably be the last time they would ever get a chance. Erne noticed Torbet was acting rather peculiar and said to Carver, "If he wants to bathe why don't he get a bath-tub? Is he drunk?" "No, he's only tight," was the answer.

Just then Paul Harter and Ruth Yontz came up and Harter asked the party if Hades was a Socialist community or not. Torbet said, "No, they haven't any parties there." Harter told him he was mistaken and when Ruth was called on to settle the dispute, she answered so low that nobody could hear her, but she afterwards said she didn't know which was right.

Soon the shades of several more people were seen walking along in the distance and on careful looking they were seen to be Ben Smith and Mildred Kime, attended by Gladys Van Voorst, Grace Whitney, Amelia Trimmer, Eloise Peabody, and Rollie Coyle. Instead of Coyle trying to attend the couple, he was trying to attend the four lady attendants. Like the good Sir Walter Raleigh, he was constantly placing his coat in mudholes so that they might cross without soiling their shoes. Coyle had been such a ladies' man on earth that he hadn't recovered yet.

The two parties soon became joined and all decided to take a walk about the premises. When they had walked around on the north side of the large passenger

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office, they noticed a familiar looking shade sitting on the piazza reading a paper. Suddenly Coyle began running and in a moment he was by her side for it was the shade of Edna Knisely. But when he began to greet her, she coolly turned him down, saying she couldn't afford to lay aside her "Youth's Companion" for him, yet she consented to join the crowd, provided that her paper was allowed.

Suddenly the gathering was startled by noticing another large crowd of new shades just arriving from earth. Many of them were riding in vehicles of various sorts and in one of these could be seen George Myers and Irene Kenner, apparently attended by Vera Bitting, Chlorus Kunkleman, Olaf Carter, and Lelah Sell. Lelah was trying her best to make it a merry bunch but whenever she would attempt a joke, Chlorus would fall into one of her laughing fits and they would all be compelled to look sober.

Just behind was a wagon on which was Forrest Briggs, William Meiser, Don DeVine, Mary Rhoads, Mary McClain, and Ethel Conkling. Briggs was trying to tell them the difference between a South Whitley girl and a Columbia City one but he was having a hard time illustrating his point. William finally stopped Forrest by telling him that a couple of shades were walking behind who might just as well be riding. When they looked back, all saw to their amazement Irene Kessler and Mabel Van Orsdoll trudging along almost out of breath. When they were asked to ride, both refused however, saying they were used to walking.

All of these new arrivals joined in with the large crowd. When Ray Erne looked over the party he missed the shades of Mary Lamb and Margaret Mason, but he knew they were in the habit of being late so he didn't worry.

Just as they were preparing to find something to amuse themselves with, the two missing ones rushed in and announced that the flood had nearly gone down, and that the Chief Ferryman ordered them to hurry down to the river. All rushed down but in the scramble for boats they soon became lost from each other.

LLOYD CROUCH, '14.



"Wouldn't It Be Funny?"

Suppose some night when we were rambling,
We passed a house and saw Mr. Trimble gambling.
Not gambling over neighbors yards,
But amusing himself playing cards,
Wouldn't it be funny?

If Mr. Sanders so long and lean,
Upon the street some day were seen,
With a body so short and fat,
That you couldn't tell whether he stood or sat,
Wouldn't it be funny?

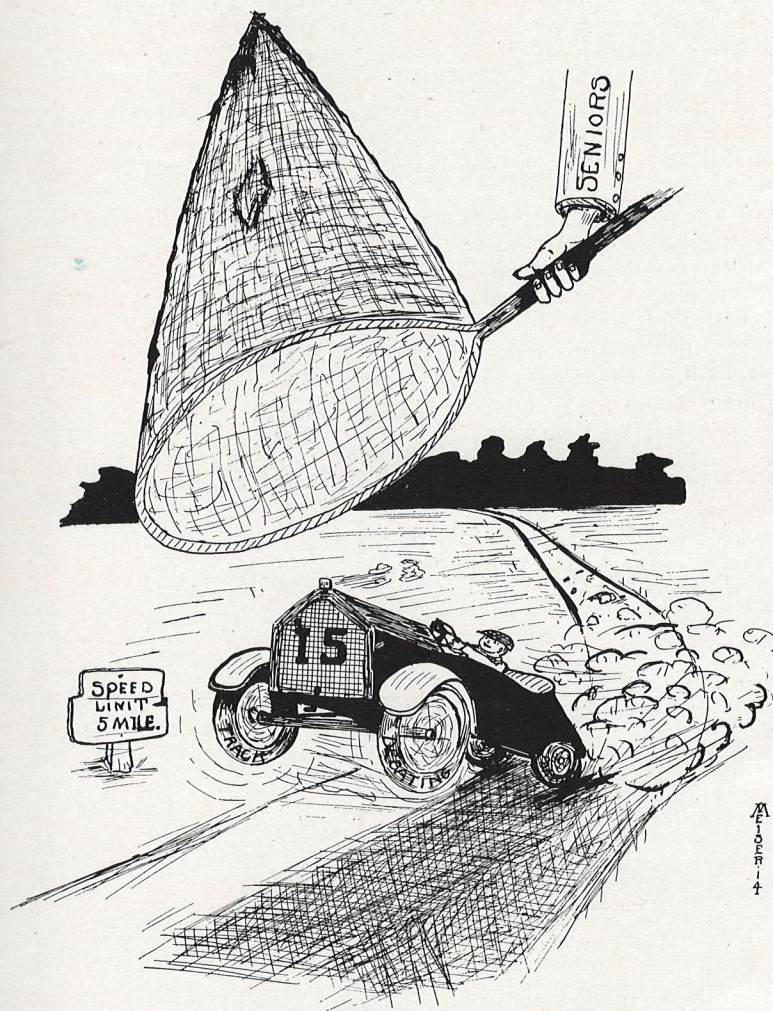
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JUNIORS

APRIL 14

Juniors

OSCAR AKER
ARTHUR BARON
VIOLA BECHTOLDT
FRANK BITTING
EARL BORDNER
ZERL BOWERMAN
THERESA BRIGGS
ROWENA CARPENTER
BURTON CONKLING
ZOE DIFFENDARFER
DON DINKMEYER
HENRY EBERHARD
ERVIN HIVELY

ELLIS KING
EARL KOESTER
GRACE LEAMAN
BONITA LEININGER
STEWART LINE
FRANCIS McLALLEN
NILE NOLT
OPAL PRESSLER
MILDRED RAMP
WANDA RIDDLE
ABE STROUSE
HAZEL TROUT
MARY WEBER

GAIL YONTZ



JUNIOR CLASS

History of the Class of 1915

IN the beginning, when this class was created, about three years ago, it was without much form and was somewhat void. The various Freshmen, after taking shape in the form of forty little girls and boys, swarmed, squirmed, and fidgeted their nervous and innocent bodies to the palace of mental hygiene on Walnut Street. They wouldn't have done it, but some Sophomores said, "Oh Skinney, come on over."

They soon discovered, with sorrow and humiliation, that a "Freshie" is only a freshie, and they were s'keered of 'emselves, for this title was often used to cow them and sometimes to unhorse them when caught riding a pony. Indeed it was not until seeming ages after that they could take heart of life enough to sing "O When I Die."

At length after a sufficient number of welcome Short Fridays had passed they rounded out a year of extreme toil and ennobling drudgery, by which the scope of their intelligence was hugely enlarged, and for which they received the honorable but sticky title of Sophomores.

While all this was "going some", it was as nothing to the period of wonders and prosperity, into which they now entered. For be it known that it was during this sublime year that the class discovered its supereminent talent in music, athletics, and even in intellect. Though they deserved a tablet mounted in the base of the Court House Cannon, and did not receive it, they despaired not, neither did they pause to drop a tear of self-pity—for they knew they always got their money's worth.

And again at length, when they had become accustomed to the influence of the Moon, also of certain Stars among the cast, and had labored faithfully out of season as well as sometimes in season, they received the coveted title of "Studious Juniors."

On arriving at this, their present time of history, they began to look about them with almost human interest in each other. While they discovered that a few had dropped from the ranks and were missed with regret, yet they were much consoled to find that theirs was still a class of great talent with a growing volume of advertising noise. They also began to remember their lessons outside of Sunday School, and love their neighbors, all of which had a real influence toward sociability and finally they had a real for sure party. More than one too. The first was at Nile's and all were bashful and pleased. Then at Ervin's, where they could not have had a more rollicking time. Then at Mildred's, where they displayed all the social accomplishments they had acquired and added a few more. It was at Ervin's where the famous "Columbian Pathos Quartette" originated and sang so admirably "My Luv is Like a Red, Red Rose." It was also on this occasion that supreme talent in oratory was brought to light, and shown so dazzlingly that its blaze has not even been dimmed by the first Junior-Senior debate.

Officers have been elected, work has been appointed for all, and whether the class wins the next J.-S. debate and helps in the County Contest or not, they hope to so entertain the Seniors at a final reception that the secrets for which they then have no further use will be gratefully turned over for the class's benefit.

FRANCIS McLALLEN, '15.

SOPHO



Sophomores

NELLIE BABB	GAIL LANCASTER
MARGARET BAKER	IRENE LEININGER
REX BALL	LAVERA MCCUEN
LEO BAUER	PHILIP MCNEAR
MARY BECHTOLDT	RUTH MORGAN
LELTA BRAY	RALPH MEYERS
BERNICE BRIGGS	WILLIAM NICHOLS
ESTHER BROWN	RUTH ORNER
PAUL CAMPBELL	RUSSEL PAIGE
VERNICE CARTER	EVERETT PATTY
CLARA COLCHIN	HAROLD PUMPHREY
CLEO COYLE	EDWARD RAUPFER
MILDRED CRAWFORD	LOIS RHOADS
ERNEST ERNE	SUSIE ROUCH
ROBERT FAGAN	ANN SECRIST
MARY FAUST	RENA SHARP
CLARENCE FEIST	LELA SOUDER
HAZEL FRANCE	NELLIE VAN VOORST
ORPHA GANDY	KATHERINE WATERFALL
HENRY GALVIN	MARGUERITE WAUGH
TERESA GALVIN	EVERETT WELSHEIMER
EDITH JACKSON	EVERETT WILCKEN
LAURA KEIRN	CARRIE WETZEL
RUTH KNIGHT	FRANCES WILLIAMSON

MARY YONTZ



SOPHOMORE CLASS

History of the Class of 1916

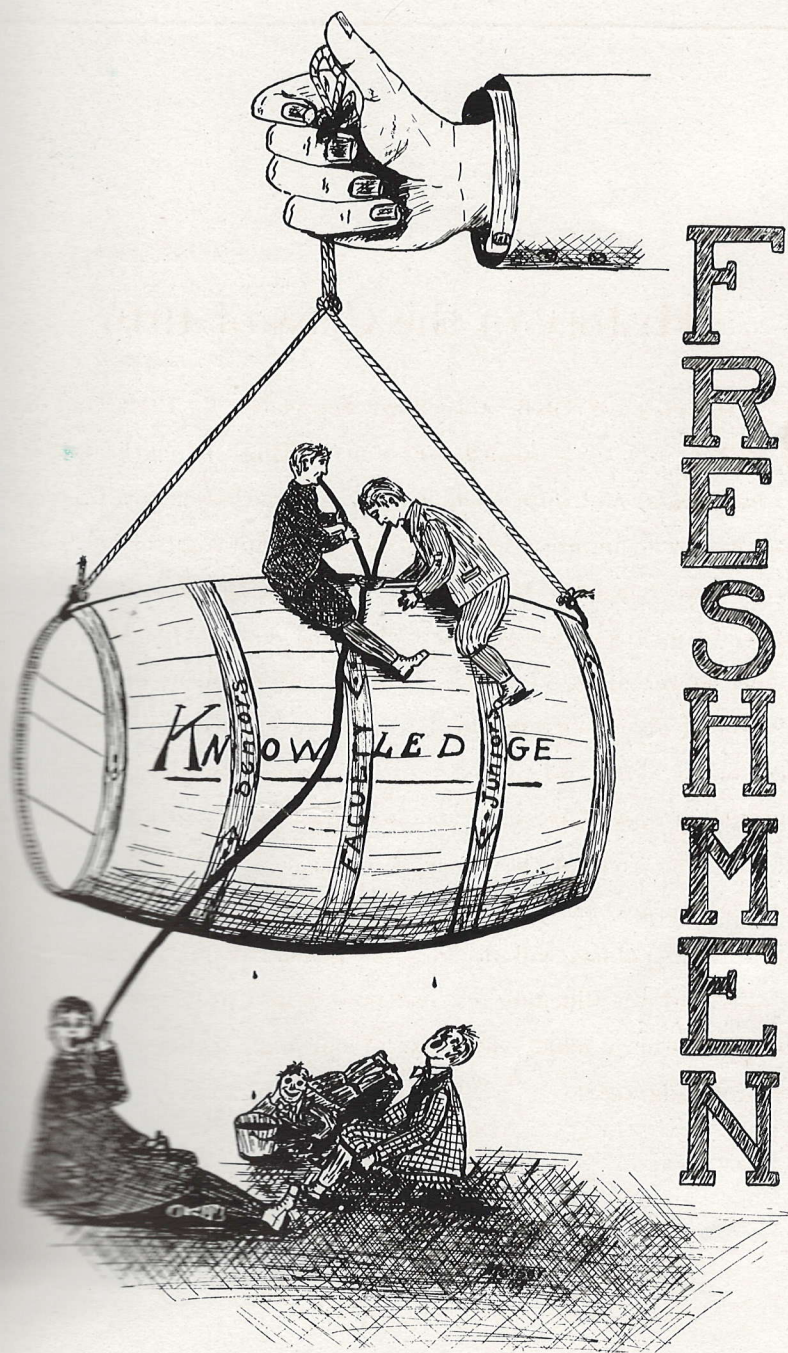
WE, the class of 1916, were born September 9, 1912, and have been getting our eyes opened ever since. English, mathematics, foreign languages, and oppression by the upper-classmen, all served in our freshman year to acquaint us with the "pleasures" of high school life.

How well we remember the first few weeks in the fall of 1912; the first month's recitations and quizzes; our "calling downs" by Mr. Crawford in the presence of the upper-classmen. But, as each member of the class wished to endure the trials of a freshman but once, we worked persistently and, with the exception of a few, we passed into the next stage of high school life.

As sophomores, we have been comparatively quiet, owing to the fact that we sit directly in front of the assembly room desk. We have had one social gathering, a hayrack party at Tri-Lake.

Future events, alone, will disclose the genius of our classmen and meanwhile we will continue widening out our powers and proving our abilities, with the hope that we may make each year of our high school course count more than the preceding year.

BERNICE BRIGGS, '16.



FRESHMEN

Freshmen

CHARLES BARNES
CORA BIGGS
EBEN BORN
MABEL BOWLBY
RUTH BOYD
BLANCHE BRUMBAUGH
MILDRED CHESTER
LEO CUNNINGHAM
RUSSEL EISAMAN
ALICE ENGLE
LOUISE ERDMANN
MARY ERNE
THELMA FISHER
MARY GALLAGHER
JOHN GALLIVAN
WALTER GALVIN
BELLE GARDNER
BLANCHE GARRISON
ETTES GARTY
LENA GOSS
WILLIAM GREGG
FRAMEN GRUESBECK
VERA HAUN
IRENE HAYNES
NELLIE HERROLD
RALPH HIVELY
ELLEN HOOD
CLYDE HULL
LOVICA KEIRN

KATHERINE KESSLER
MARY KOURT
ELSIE LEE
DONALD LEITER
JOHN LILlich
BOYD LOGAN
PERRY LILLY
HARRY LORBER
HAROLD LUNDBLAD
DEWITT McNABB
DOROTHY MAGLEY
DONALD METTLER
FRED MEYERS
BERNICE MILLER
VIRGIL MORGAN
KATIE PAGE
BONNEL PEABODY
HALLIE PENCE
SYLVIA PENCE
ELLA PERRY
BERNICE PHEND
LEE PLATTNER
EMMET PRESSLER
PAULINE PUMPHREY
GERTRUDE SCHINBECKLER
RAYMOND SWIGART
FLOYD TAYLOR
HARLAND WEEKS
IRENE WORDEN

JESSIE CORDILL



FRESHMEN

History of the Class of 1917

ON the eighth of September, 1913, a very small mouse in one corner of the assembly awoke to find that the room was filling up with very queer creatures. Quite cautiously he crept along the wall, until at last he reached the center of the room. And there he stopped —— it was a sight to make anyone stop, fifty-eight freshmen. The mouse laughed up its sleeve.

Poor little things, we were frightened to death. We wondered how those seniors ever dared to laugh and talk, why —— why it was almost sacreligious. But after a few weeks our fright wore away a trifle. Of course we got lost, forgot classes, and so forth. That was expected of us. Of course we were told to honor, cherish and obey our dear teachers and upper-classmen. That we expected.

Then one memorable day, Mr. Chapman quite casually announced before the whole assembly that the freshmen would have a class meeting. Our hearts fairly burst with pride, as we proudly elected our class representative to the Annual Board. But our pride received quite a jolt when it was just as casually announced that the Eighth Grade would also have a class meeting. They! think of it! But we are at least ahead of them in this: we have had two class parties. We don't aspire to go beyond the sophomores or juniors or seniors, but we at least try to keep ahead of the eighth grade. But it is like keeping ahead of one's shadow.

On the occasion of our first party, some kind solicitous seniors feared for our digestive organs and took our "eats". At this we merely sighed but —— when, to make the load lighter for the horses, they took some of the harness it was more than our poor blighted spirits could stand, so we howled. But when examinations came at last, the "Honorable" quaked as well as we. And when among those exempt in the freshman class, there were no boys, one simply smiled and said, "It is an age of women asserting their rights."

When at last we are able to say, "Oh, yes, I remember, that was when I was a freshman," then we shall have reached the height of our glory.

DOROTHY ALLEN MAGLEY, '17.

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Eighth Grade

GEORGE AKER
KATHERINE AKER
RUTH ALLEN
RETHA BILLMAN
BEATRICE BINDER
ROLAND BINKLEY
LYMAN BOWERMAN
ADA BOYD
CLARK BRIGGS
EDITH BRINDLE
RUTH COLCHIN
MELBA COOK
MERRIL DORIOT
CECIL EISAMAN
PAULINE EGOLF
LAWRENCE FIRESTONE
FRED GARRISON
HUBERT GOSS
LUELLA HARTSOUGH
EVA HERROLD
ROY INKS
ROSA KARNS
LENA KING

EUGENE LEER
MARSHAL LINE
CATHERINE McLALLEN
DEWITT McLALLEN
FLOYD METTLER
KARL MORSCHES
HELEN MOSHER
ALICE NEIBLE
GLENN OVERDEER
MILLARD PENCE
RUSSEL PHEND
FREEDA PHILLIPS
KATHERINE POGUE
HAZEL RAMSEY
PAUL ROMNEY
OPAL SCHANG
WALTER SCOTT
FREELAND SHAW
HARRY SHAW
ORVILLE STOUT
RICHARD VANDEMAN
FAYE VAN VOORST
JOSIE YOUNG

RUTH WILCOX



EIGHTH GRADE



Physics Lab



The Honorable



Shop Work



Junior Class Officers



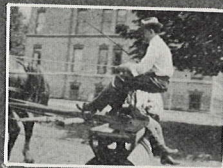
Senior Class Officers



Dismissal



Wille



Black Work



Getting his picture book



"Posing"



Bert's Gibson Girls



8:30 AM



"Pic"



Away from Home



*Summer Sports
(and some are not)*

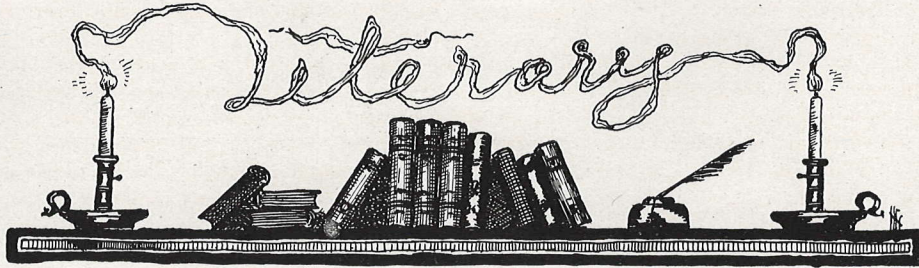


"Tough Bunch"



High School Sewing

Columbia City High School Year Book



AN UNWELCOME VISITOR

I was on my knees, polishing the bookcase doors, singing "When I get big I'm goin' to have some one to love me and make a fuss over me," at the same time thinking, "If such a time ever comes, maybe I won't have to wear such a dirty old apron, and a horrid dust cap as I have on now, or polish bookcase doors." Suddenly I heard a rap at the door. I jumped up instantly, and started to the door thinking, "Maybe it's nothing but an old peddler and I don't care how I look. Maybe I will scare him out." In the meantime I got a glimpse of a man --- not a peddler but a professor --- my Botany instructor for the preceding year, Mr. Chapman. I cannot express the embarrassment I felt. It was now too late to hide so I admitted him into the room. My eyes wandered from the undusted chair, that I dragged into a more secluded corner for him to sit in, to the unfinished bookcase with the bucket of dirty water and no end of dusting towels and pillows before it, then to my dirty apron, my grimy hands, and as for my head, I knew what it looked like and I imagined Mr. Chapman did too. Well, I was glad when I was left alone once more, although I still had no one to love me and to make a fuss over me.

EDITH JACKSON, '16.

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

"Oh--o---o, what a stunner!" Bob fairly gasped as he drew up suddenly on the corner, and gazed at the wonderful apparition in red tripping across the next street parallel to his own. "Of course she wouldn't turn this way," he added mournfully, as she continued on her way, "but maybe if I run around the block I'll accidentally meet her."

Struck by this happy thought, he whirled around suddenly, and flew back over the way he had come. Slipping and sliding over the icy walks, he dashed on, unmindful of the skates clanking sharply from his shoulders, much less his appointment to go skating with the boys, for this was Bobbie Trent, the college flirt, going on a fresh expedition to charm another pretty girl to his circle of admirers.

After what seemed ages, he finally reached the next street, only to find his victim turning the corner a block away, and advancing up the steep hill towards him. Dumfounded for a moment at seeing her so near, he stood motionless, trying to regain his breath and at the same time his composure. A few seconds pause, a hasty jerk at his cap,—and he walked briskly forward. Then perceiving for the first time the traveling-bag in the girl's hand, he quickened his pace, radiantly happy over the opportune excuse offered for accosting her.

But ----- what if she should be a perfect fright at close range? The thought finally presented itself, and struck terror to his heart. What if -----? However, seeing the graceful form walking lightly up towards him, the idea was quickly dispelled, and he travelled

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down the slope faster than ever, indeed, much faster even than he had intended, for his foot slipped on a chunk of ice.

The girl's eyes, looking up inquiringly, were suddenly arrested and held by the huge form rushing, slipping, sliding down upon her. With a gasp of dismay, she dropped her bag, threw up her hands as if to ward off the onslaught, and waited, rooted to the spot, too terrified and amazed to move. A second more --- a crash --- and Bob clasped the girl of his dreams in his arms. Scandal? But no! For surely an object one hundred and sixty pounds in weight, going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, isn't expected to stop of its own accord, on an icy slope, within a few feet of another unforseen object.

"Oh, oh, oh!" the girl gasped sharply, then a series of short, violent slides, and the two finally regained their balances.

"I'm so sor --- ry, --- Phil!!!" Bob fairly shrieked, as he stared at the girl closely through her veil.

And "Bob", the girl screamed, as she was given an opportunity for the first time of looking squarely into her companion's face. With a squeal of delight, she threw herself into his arms, and for the second time, Bob embraced her.

"Mr. Trent, will you kindly explain yourself?" So came the cold tones of the haughty Professor Owens, who, in the meantime, had come upon the scene noiselessly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir! Allow me to present my sister, Phyllis, who has just returned from a trip abroad."

EDNA KNISELY, '14.

THAT HAUNTING MELODY.

"The day was cold and dark and dreary," all of which was not at all queer, since it was November, and November days have a habit of being composed of the aforesaid qualities. Peterson was cold and dark and dreary, --- cold in actual feeling, dark in complexion, and dreary in disposition this particular morning as he turned up his coat collar, braced himself against the wind, and trudged onward. His amiability was not improved by his reaching the corner, seeing his car go whizzing by, and being compelled to stand on that corner for ten long minutes, during which he did the turkey-trot first on one foot and then the other to keep from freezing. On the car that he finally got there was a bunch of young fellows who were whistling a rollicking air, much to the disgust of Peterson, --- as if anyone had a right to be happy. Upon reaching his corner, Peterson got off the car gladly, shooting a disdainful glance at the merry whistlers, who, however, were not disturbed in the least. Then on the way to the office, Peterson stopped to buy a morning paper of one of the little urchins, who infested the streets. As Peterson fumbled in his pockets for some small change, the boy began to hop about and hum a very distracting air, which caused Peterson to recklessly throw him a bill, grab his paper, and rush down the street.

When at length he reached his office and opened the door, he stood dumfounded upon the threshold, as he discovered the office boy enthroned in his, Peterson's own private chair, and with his feet cocked upon his own private desk, and worst of all, --- whistling, whistling a merry air, drowning even the sound of Peterson's arrival, and his gasp of astonishment. Just then by some art of mental telepathy, the boy turned, met the glaring eyes of his employer, and fled out of the nearest doorway. Peterson thereupon proceeded to occupy the vacated chair, and sat moodily gazing out of the windows, when in bounced his blonde stenographer (who ever heard of stenographer who wasn't a blonde?). She glanced at Peterson, stopped bouncing, and ventured a feeble "Good morning." Peterson returned the greeting in a tone that caused her to vanish behind her type-writer, and to begin to work

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furiously. However, her sprightly disposition arose again in a few moments and above the click, click of the type-writer, snatches of humming broke in on Peterson's ear; where had he heard that same tune with its peculiar characteristic trills and runs? As it dawned upon him, he scrambled into the adjoining room, slamming behind him the door marked "Private." The tune was the same one! Had they all gone insane, Peterson wondered, or was he the insane one? He sat down by the window and looked out onto the street below, but strange to say, he did not find the view any better than the one from the other window.

Two o'clock that same afternoon found Peterson in the same position, in the same chair, and looking out of the same window, almost as if he had not moved, and gone out to lunch at noon. Then hark!—what was the commotion down on the street? In upon Peterson's listening ear broke a tune, very soft at first, then getting louder and louder, until he was able to perceive down on the street an Italian playing a hand organ, to the tune of which an agile monkey danced. A merry tune it was, --- but strangely familiar to Peterson, who at the first recognition of it jumped to his feet and paced back and forth across the floor with his fingers stuffed tight in his ears, until dago, hand organ, and monkey had disappeared down the street. That evening Peterson wandered into one of the brilliantly lighted restaurants, ordered an oyster stew and its accessories, and composed himself for a quiet rest. Just then the orchestra struck an opening chord, and launched forth into a melody of trills and runs. Peterson gasped, upset a glass of water, and dashed for the doorway, as the astounded waiter appeared with his filled order.

Later in that same evening Peterson sat alone in his home, feeling like a fugitive who has at last reached a place of safety. Then clashing through the night air came the blast of horns. Peterson clutched his hair madly, and ran out of the house and down into the street. There stood a band of German street-musicians. Peterson grasped the astonished leader, and addressed him, "Look here, you! This is a free country, and I don't propose to be beaten out of my rights. What do you mean by prowling around here at this time of night, ---- rousing everybody with your senseless tooting? Now then, you and your horns, get out! Do I make myself plain?"

"Ach! Nein! Nein!" protested the frightened Dutchman. "You make yourself beautiful."

The next morning at the office, the blonde stenographer and the presumptuous office-boy maintained a discreet silence. Peterson sat in the private office writing: ----- he heard a sound, ---- as of distant rumblings of cannons, and then tones like those of an old cracked violin string. He started to his feet and looked guiltily about him. He was ---- he was actually humming, ---- humming that tune!

MARY FAUST, '16.

"THE WAY IT HAPPENED."

Winters occupied the next apartment to mine. We had known each other for years. Both of us were men about town and were as good friends as city life permits.

One evening Winters came in, just as I was dressing, to ask me to take a hand at bridge.

"Sorry, old man," I said, "but this is my night out. If I hadn't said I'd be there why ----".

"Same old girl?" asked Winters with a smile.

"One of 'em," I replied. "Perhaps you know her --- Miss Helen Smith."

"Good heavens, yes! I've known Helen Smith for years. Beautiful hair, fine eyes, blonde---".

"That's she," I replied. "That's where I'm going tonight."

Winters dropped into a chair.

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"Splendid girl," he said.

"Splendid."

"Nice people."

"None better."

"How long have you been calling there?"

"Oh, a matter of two months. Strange I haven't met you there."

"Not at all. I stopped going there three months ago."

I turned around and looked at him. "Why?" I asked point-blank.

"I don't know," said Winters. "I've often wondered. Nicest girl I ever met, and yet—do you go as often as you did?" he asked abruptly.

I paused involuntarily. His question startled me. It brought me face to face with a situation I had hitherto felt vaguely. I realized instantly that my interest in Helen Smith was waning. Even now, when Winters had come in to ask me to play cards, I was conscious of a certain feeling of regret that Miss Helen Smith expected me. Surely there was something wrong about this. Surely an exceptionally attractive girl, with every lovable characteristic, ought to excite more interest than a game of cards.

All of this flashed into my mind at once. I determined to question Winters.

"Can you account for this?" I asked.

Winters thoughtfully lighted a cigarette.

"Yes I can," he said. "How to understand the case of beautiful Miss Helen Smith is a simple matter if you only look at it simply. The trouble is that there is no opposition. You see, it works the same with you as it did with me. All men in this respect are the same."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this: Helen Smith is a lovely girl."

"Lovely."

"Her parents are fine people."

"Splendid."

"Soe is not a flirt."

"Decidedly not."

"When you call there you feel that everything is free and easy. There is no anxiety displayed. Her mother never sits in the room. Her father never obtrudes himself. You never run across any other man. Now, of course, when a man has nothing to oppose him, when Miss Smith sits demurely and expectantly and there is no excitement about being with her—why, the result is, in these adventurous times there is nothing doing."

"By Jove, old man!" I exclaimed, grasping Winters by the hand. "You've struck it. That's just the reason. I simply couldn't account for my waning interest in that girl. But now I see it all; it's too easy. If I knew there was someone else—if only a rival should appear --- why, if we both had only been calling on her together---"

"That's it," said Winters calmly. "That's the idea. You see it's quite natural and human. Every man likes to work for what he gets, and just because Helen is so good, because she has no idea of what it means to flirt, why, that is all that handicaps her. It's a great pity. She would make an ideal wife, and yet ----"

"But look here," I burst in excitedly. "Why not help her out? As you say, she has just every element but this one of coquetry. Now, why can't we supply that? What I mean is this: That if I knew you were calling there I couldn't help but be more interested in her than I am now. The same with you."

"You mean," said Winters, with great show of interest, "that I shall begin again. Then---"

Exactly. Say you call every other night. Knowing that you are doing this, of course, I'll begin to feel that it's worth while."

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Winters got up.

"Fine!" he cried. "All I needed was to feel that someone else was interested. And, really, she is such an altogether lovely girl. I'll begin tomorrow night."

"Good."

Winters kept his word. The next evening he called on Miss Helen Smith.

The following morning we met.

"You were there last night?" I asked.

"I was."

"I thought of it afterward," I went on, "and do you know, old man I was sorry I mentioned the matter. I never knew how much I really thought of her before."

"But don't you see," he said, "that's precisely the feeling we must encourage."

He looked at me in a superior way.

"I'll bet," he said, "you didn't have as good a time as I did."

"I'm not saying anything," I replied.

As the days went on Winters and I did not become any more friendly. It was understood that he had Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, while I had Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

The fact was, so far as I was concerned, matters had developed so satisfactorily that I could not help feeling secretly sorry for Winters. I realized that he was the one to suffer in the end for the suggestion he had given me in the beginning. But the mere fact that I saw he was hopelessly in love with Helen only made me more secure and devoted in my suit, which was becoming more ardent all the time.

Sunday morning, however, Winters stopped in to see me. I could not help but admire his pluck. He never showed in the least he knew he was beaten.

"Well," he said, rather joyfully, "how goes the battle?"

"Nicely, thank you."

"Old man," he said, "I hope you aren't taking this thing too much to heart."

"Indeed I am," I replied. "How could I help it when----".

"I was afraid of it. But really I couldn't help it. I never realized how much I loved that girl until I began calling there again---- at your suggestion. But, of course, once started I couldn't stop going there."

"Of course not," I said. "Why should you?"

I tried to soothe him.

"It's all right, old man," I said. "You'll get over it. You've got lots of nerve."

"Get over it!" he cried. "What do you mean? You are the one to get over it."

Then he looked at me keenly.

"But perhaps you don't know," he said. "Perhaps she didn't have the heart to tell you. But you know, old man, that on Friday evening she accepted me."

"Did she?" I replied satirically. "That's a good joke. Oh yes! She is that kind of a girl, isn't she? Perhaps I should say for your information that last night she accepted me. There!" I exclaimed, pointing to the photograph she had given me the night before with "ever thine", written upon it, "is proof of what I say."

Winters followed with his eyes my finger.

"Which Miss Helen Smith have you been calling on?" he shouted.

"Miss Helen Smith of Brooklyn, of course," I replied hotly.

"Well, I've been calling on Miss Helen Smith of Hoboken."

FRED E. CARVER, '14.

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"SAVED BY A BRIDE."

Reece Walters, city editor of the *Commercial-Mail*, slammed his "future book" shut with a vicious slam and scowled at Mordy, a trim, light-haired youth, whose good clothes were always a source of annoyance to his journalistic superiors.

"Around here roarin' for a vacation again, I suppose", said Reece, "Your health is failing now, most likely. Too bad you're overworked. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. You hustle out onto the street and bring me in a good front page story and you can have two weeks vacation."

Mordy blinked his pale blue eyes and ventured a timid protest, but it was of no use for he was informed that he was a reporter now and this was a reporter's work. So at this point Mordy reached for his natty straw hat and backed slowly out of the royal presence.

Mordy gave the elevator man a thin, pale, freckled cigar and walked slowly up Market Street. He was unhappy. A certain auburn-haired young lady had been writing him long letters, bidding him remember that he had promised to spend his vacation with her at Kissingerville, and Mordy was deeply interested in this auburn-haired young lady. Feeling that he needed food to cheer his heart, Mordy drifted into the Adams' restaurant and sat down at a table in one corner. At the same time fate sent Do Carver in through a back door, wiping his mouth with the heel of his hand. Do worked for the railroad, having some work to do with the passenger department unknown to Mordy. If there was anybody in town worth knowing, Do knew him. At Mordy's request Do came over and sat down at the table with him. Mordy then made known all his troubles.

"Can't you help me out. Don't you know anything exciting which I can write up?" wailed Mordy.

"By George," said Do suddenly, "I've got something that happened last week—but you can say it just leaked out. The papers never knew anything about it."

"Fine", said Mordy, "Let's hear it."

"It's a sort of a romance in a way," said Do, "and I guess you can put a few thrills into it."

"Leave it to me to put in the thrills, you just give me something to start with."

"All right," said Do, "Last Monday I made a flying trip to Lake Tahoe, to arrange for an excursion over there. I took that fast overland leaving here early in the morning. It's the swellest train in the middle-west, solid vestibule, electric lights, hot and cold water----".

"None of your advertising," interrupted Mordy, "I want the story."

"Well," continued the narrator, "I was going through the train, when whom should I meet but Oliver Torbet. You know Ol: he's got some kind of a cinch job with fine pay and no work. He was looking a lot of goo-goo language into the eyes of the prettiest girl you ever saw. I saw them afterward in the dining car and Ol called me over and introduced me to the bride. Say, I nearly fell dead; hanged if I can see what a girl like that ever found in Ol to fall in love with. And that's the girl this story's about. Along late that afternoon Ol got the idea that it would be nice to take his bride up into the engine and let her see how the road was built through the mountains. You know it's a single track cut right out of the wall of a canyon, in places where it's a couple thousand feet down and a straight drop. Well they went up on the engine, all right, I saw that part of it, and the rest I got from Ol. It seems that Joe Crouch, who's been on the road ever since he graduated, got to gassing with Ol and forgot to watch the track ahead. The bride was up on the engineer's bench and all at once she let out a terrific scream and fell to the floor in a dead faint. Crouch stuck out his head and there, about two hundred yards ahead, was an immense boulder right on the track. Probably it was jarred down by a freight train. Crouch reversed her or something anyhow he brought that old compound engine

right up on her hind legs. The heavy grade was all that saved them and if it hadn't been for the girl the whole train might have gone down a couple thousand feet. How's that for a story?"

"O fine," exclaimed Mordy, "'Saved by a Bride' I guess that's some headline. Great! I'll bet this story hits old Reece right between the eyes! Tell me what are Ol's initials—Oliver T.? And about where was the rock, between what stations? Of course you don't happen to know the bride's name before she was married? And say, you don't care if I mention your name? Certainly not! All right. Leave it to me, my boy. I'll fix this job up fine."

And he did fix it up fine. Leading off with a fine first paragraph concerning how two hundred passengers on the Vandalia Limited were saved by the agonized scream of a beautiful bride, Mordy shed his collar and tie and waded bodily into the narrative.

After mentioning Oliver T. Torbet as the "happy bridegroom", Mordy went on and wasted a whole stickful of type on the bride's wonderful beauty. It was not until he came to the scene on the engine that he settled down to real descriptive writing. He gilded the purple peaks of the Sierras with the last rays of the setting sun. He touched lightly upon the heedless passengers as they thundered along the canyon. He breathed hard when he wrote of the piercing scream of the bride as she slipped to the greasy floor of the cab in all her wedding finery. As he wrote he saw Crouch's hand leap toward the throttle; felt the old engine quiver and heard the brakes squeak. After this masterpiece of action, what was more natural than that Joe Crouch, "the grizzled hero of twenty years service", should take the cold hand of the still trembling bride, conveying it to his lips with the simple words:

"We owe our lives to you."

Mordy lingered happily over this ending for a while, then handed the story in, with the heading "Saved by a Bride".

Well the story was accepted and Mordy took his vacation. However, this part is immaterial to us. What concerns us is his return. The first thing Reece did was to offer him a chair. This was very unusual. Encouraged thus, Mordy ventured, "Did that eh—railroad yarn of mine attract any attention?"

"Attention?" bawled Reece. "Why that fairly tore this town in two."

"Why that story couldn't hurt anybody," said Mordy.

"You think not?" said Reece. "Wait till I give you the list of killed and injured. First comes Crouch, the grizzled hero. He got laid off six months for letting people ride in his engine and gettin' caught at it. Then there's your friend Do. They found he'd leaked to you, and so they transferred him to Collins."

Mordy looked amazed but Reece went on, "O that isn't all of it. Ol lost his job with the railroad company."

"Gee whiz!" said Mordy, "I'll bet that bride will never forgive me."

"Well I wouldn't give myself any worry about the bride," said Reece, "but if you really want to do any squaring, you might go and see Ol's wife. I understand she has taken the four children and gone back to Illinois. That story bumped everybody connected with it but you and it's raised your salary ten bucks. Stick around awhile and I'll pick out a good story for you to-day."

FORREST BRIGGS, '14.

A MIDNIGHT MISTAKE

His full name was Baxter Blackledge Bartlett but immediately upon his arrival at college he had been called Bud because his appearance and actions were by no means suited to such a high-sounding name. His hair curled and his cheeks and hands looked like a

Columbia City High School Year Book

girl's—two points much in his disfavor. With a pipe in his mouth and his hands thrust in his pockets, Bud strode about the campus, his manner indicating an indifference toward the upperclassmen not at all pleasing to them. His confident air and the fact that he showed them no respect, irritated the Sophs and made them long to punish him in a way that he would never forget. But the events that led them to take action were that Baxter Blackledge, Freshman, should go so far as to call on Miss Evelyn Redgwick, the belle of the town, send her flowers, and even ask her to go to the opera. The wise Sophs put their heads together and decided that the roughest treatment would not be cruel enough for him. All sorts of schemes were proposed and rejected. The conclusion was reached that a thorough ducking in the creek at that time of the year would take the starch out of the poor Freshman. Thus it was agreed that the following night at eleven o'clock they should seize the unsuspecting Bud and conduct him to the pond for his plunge. The fellows shook hands on it and, with many chuckles, disbanded.

The next evening five Sophomores, headed by Dick Cherney, carrying between them a long ladder made their way to Linden Hall. Dick readily promised to ascend the ladder, seize Bud, and bring him to the four boys below.

"Is that his room?" whispered Dick, indicating a window above.

"Yes, that's the place," came the answer.

Dick soon found himself on a level with the window. Raising the sash, he put both feet over the sill. Just then footsteps were heard, the ladder was quickly taken down, and the boys disappeared. He wondered what terrible luck left him there to combat with Bud alone. He soon discovered the cause — Professor Gillsey was just passing on his way home from a meeting. Dick was aroused from the thoughts of his ill luck, when a feminine voice said sleepily, "Is that you, Harry? I thought you never would get home." He was almost struck dumb at these words because all of them had been so sure that this was Bud's room.

"Harry, Harry, answer me. Is that you?"

"The fates preserve us," said Dick to himself. "This must be Professor Harry Weldon's room and not Bud's. That's the Prof's wife and she thinks I'm her husband. Such luck!"

"Harry, why don't you talk to me?" She came up to him. A white hand was laid gently on his arm and another stole around his neck. Suddenly backing away she gave a shrill shriek.

"It isn't my husband at all." Then in a voice filled with anger, "How dare you come into my room?"

Dick was at a loss to know what to do. "For goodness' sake, woman, don't you know that you'll have the whole house up in two minutes? Scream that way again and I'll-----"

"I'll scream if you don't take your hands off of my throat," she gasped. "Oh why doesn't Harry come? You're a low down thief."

"Madam, I'm not a thief. Can't you see that I got into the wrong room?"

After many attempted explanations, Dick, fearing that Professor Weldon might come in at any moment, said, "Madam, if I let you go, will you promise not to scream?" No answer came. "Will you promise? If not, I have a gag in my pocket and I'll----"

"Yes, I promise," was the answer at the mention of a gag.

Dick found the door and unlocking it stepped quickly into the hall. He saw four men coming toward him but it was too dark to tell who they were. He heard the name Bud and before he had time to think he was gagged, a handkerchief was tied firmly over his eyes, and his hands were bound behind him. He was taken down stairs and soon he felt the cold night air on his face. They spoke to him for the first time. "Now, my dear Bud, we have you at last even though you did slip through Dick's fingers so neatly." He recognized the voice as one of the other four helping to take revenge on Bud. If he could only speak

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and tell the boys their mistake! How he wished that it would grow light so they would recognize him! He shuddered as he thought of the cold plunge which would probably be his fate. And it was he who suggested that Bud be ducked in the creek.

Just then the boys halted. "Here's a tree that will answer our purpose. Bring on the ropes and we'll soon have him fast." So their idea was to bind him fast to a tree on the campus and let him be the laughing stock of the school in the morning.

Fortunately it was not unusually cold. Sore, stiff and angry, Dick stood there from two until six--- four of the longest hours of his life. He knew what mortification he would suffer when he was discovered. He writhed until the ropes cut his hands when he thought of Baxter Blackledge Bartlett sleeping comfortably in his easy bed.

Finally the breakfast bell rang and he heard the fellows on their way to the dining hall. Then came shouts. Someone had spied him and in a few minutes he was surrounded by a group discussing the probable facts of the case. Among the voices he heard the boyish pipe of Baxter Blackledge and it sounded strangely familiar. How he hated him! Bud didn't offer any suggestions but looked unusually wise and he chuckled a great deal. At last some Sophs came upon the scene. Recognizing Dick, they went at once to release him.

Dick found himself unpleasantly stiff and cramped and his surly glance made his companions feel like ten degrees below zero. He was too indignant for words and he would listen to no explanations. His companions decided it would be safer for them to keep their distance until the storm had blown over.

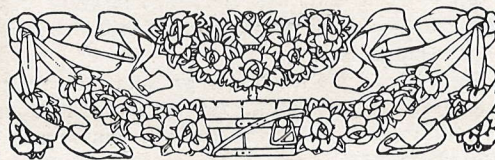
About a week later Dick received a note through the mail which no one but himself and the writer ever saw. He read it and tearing it into a hundred pieces, threw it disgustedly into the fire.

This is what he read:

My Dear Dick: You don't know how much a wig of long, flowing hair and a trailing white robe can deceive a Soph, but I have proof by them that even the wise have been misled.

Baxter Blackledge Bartlett.

MARGARET MASON, '14.





Debating 1913-1914

WHAT has become one of the greatest years in debating that Columbia City High School has ever known opened with the first senior debate on September 30, 1913. The Senior Debating Society had been organized about a week before with a membership of sixteen, being one of the largest senior debating societies in the history of the high school. The Junior Debating Society was organized about a week later with twenty members. Although we had been recognized as a society of great debaters while but juniors, now that we had become mighty seniors, we decided that we would be even greater and with that object in view we settled down to hard work at once. From time to time we heard rumors that the junior society was developing some star debaters and this served as an added goad to drive us on.

The latter part of October, the juniors expressed a desire to have a junior-senior debate to be held in December. This was something unusual for generally there is but one inter-class debate a year and this is held in March or April. However, nothing loath, we prepared a question as follows: "Resolved, that the United States should maintain permanent control of the Philippines." The juniors took the negative side and chose Wanda Riddle, Mary Weber, and Frank Bitting as their representatives, while the seniors pinned their faith on Lloyd Crouch, Forrest Briggs, and Ben Smith. For over a month both sides worked day and night, burning much midnight oil in their search for conclusive evidence that they were in the right. At last it was announced that they were ready and on Thursday night, December 18, they presented their arguments to a very large crowd in the assembly room of the high school. The juniors put up a good fight but the experience of their opponents was too much for them and the judges, Prof. A. R. Fleck, Dr. N. I. Kithcart, and Atty. Phil McNagny, decided two to one in favor of the affirmative. In all probability another junior-senior debate will be held later in the year for the juniors are not convinced that the seniors are their superiors when it comes to debating.

This year credits are given in debating, one credit being given for two years of debating and credits are also given for attendance, ability, etc. This adds greatly to the interest taken in debating.

But in writing of the accomplishments of the societies of '14 and '15, let us not forget who it was that enabled our societies to be so successful. Let us give the credit to the person to whom it belongs, to the founder of debating in Columbia City High School, to "that prince of good fellows", Mr. Ihrig.

RAY ERNE, '14.

The Declamation Contest

NO effort has been consummated for a period of two years to hold a declamation contest in our high school until the fertile active brain of Mr. E. L. McLallen conceived the idea, this winter, that such an event would be of untold value not only to the present but to future generations, for who knows where a Demosthenes or a Cicero exists until they are tried out. As an inducement he offered prizes to those who could produce the greatest hidden talent.

The final first choice fell upon Frank Bitting who was pitted against ten fine young orators. These ten were chosen in the preliminary contest in which thirty-two orators played their parts to the surprise and commendation of all that heard them declaim.

The contest was open to all students, and so gratifying were the results, that Mr. McLallen has extended his inducement for another, to be held next year, and the present indications are that many more will enter then.

The prizes were awarded as follows: 1st, Frank Bitting, 2nd, Paul Harter, 3rd, Edith Jackson, 4th, Mary Weber.

The winner of first prize in this contest will represent Columbia City High School in the county contest this spring.

BOYD LOGAN, '17.

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SENIOR DEBATING TEAM

Left to right—Ben Smith, Paul Harter, Forrest Briggs, Lloyd Crouch.



JUNIOR DEBATING TEAM

Upper row—Wanda Riddle, Mary Weber.

Lower row—Earl Koester, Frank Bitting, Nile Nolt.





THE ORCHESTRA

Upper row—Joe Furren, Boyd Logan, Ellen Hood, Rex Ball, Robert Fagrin, Corwin Bills.
Lower row—Hattie Pence, Mary Faust, Harry Lorber, Abe Strouse, James Washburn, Ellis King.

Music

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."

MUSIC is a beautiful means of expression and is really just as powerful a means as poetry, painting, or any other kind of art. Music has so much educational, intellectual, and spiritual value that our schools consider it an essential part of our high school training.

One thing we are very proud of is our orchestra. Last year the orchestras from the west ward and high school were united. They worked very diligently and played at a number of special occasions for the school. People were especially pleased with their work at commencement and at the recital.

The recital, given in March last year, by the music class was, like anything else good, worth the efforts of the pupils and also the teachers who did the training. The musical, "The Building of the Ship", was given for the first part of the programme; then "Mr. Bob", a comic play, was acted and this was considered as the best thing the high school had ever given. The characters were so very well chosen and each acted quite natural in his own part.

Thus our many years with Miss Hoham were ended. This year she accepted a position in the west. We will not forget her and her faithful work among us as long as we can remember our school days in Columbia City.

The first of this year, Miss Engleman accepted the position which Miss Hoham had occupied. She did not remain with us very long and went to resume her study of music in New York.

We are now looking forward to the future with our new friend and teacher, Miss Bushnell. This year the entire school has been taking part in the chorus classes twice each week. Then we have a long period every week for pupils who wish to take music as a subject. We have been studying composers and their productions and have found the work very interesting.

The high school orchestra is united again this year with that of the west ward. They usually have a practice once a week but lately they have been having extra meetings because they are going to play at the E. L. McLallen School dedication. Miss Bushnell also intends to organize a glee club from the high school to sing for the same occasion.

Miss Bushnell has proved that she is a very capable music teacher and we rather think that the saying, "Little but mighty", might apply to her. Miss Bushnell is liked by everybody and we have enjoyed her being with us at several of our parties and social gatherings this year.

MURIEL G. HERROLD, '14.



Athletics



The County Contest

THE date for the contest had been named as May 3, and we were to have a change. Instead of our usual music, debate, and declamations, we were to have a county high school track meet. There were to be ten events, namely: the quarter, the standing broad jump, the fifty yard dash, the shot put, the mile, the running broad jump, the pole vault, the running high jump, the hundred yard dash and the mile relay. There was also to be a discussion in the evening and the question was, "Resolved: That in the state of Indiana, local option with the county as a unit is preferable to local option with the township or ward as the unit." Everyone looked forward to this contest with interest for it promised to be something new and altogether different from other contests.

Early in the spring there came a call for track men and we soon started training under Phil McNagny and Mr. Chapman. We had excellent material and everyone wanted to show what he could do. Marshall Kerns was elected track captain and was certainly the man for the place, as he afterwards demonstrated.

Mr. Ihrig looked after the entrants for the discussion and prepared them for this event. Edna Knisely was chosen to represent the school on the evening of May 3.

The day for the meet was an ideal one and at two o'clock the events started. Columbia City won the meet as shown in the table below, and although Washington Center pushed us hard we pulled through a winner. In the evening we topped off our athletic victory by winning the discussion, with Washington Center again in second place.

The meet will be held again this year and we hope to take first place and must work hard to do so. We owe much to Coach McNagny and Mr. Chapman for training us for the meet and also to Mr. Ihrig who trained the entrants for the discussion. The teachers all entered into this with much enthusiasm, which we hope to see manifested again this year.

Result by events:

Schools entered	Columbia City High School
	Washington Center High School
	Jefferson Center High School
	Churubusco High School
	Coesse High School
	Etna High School

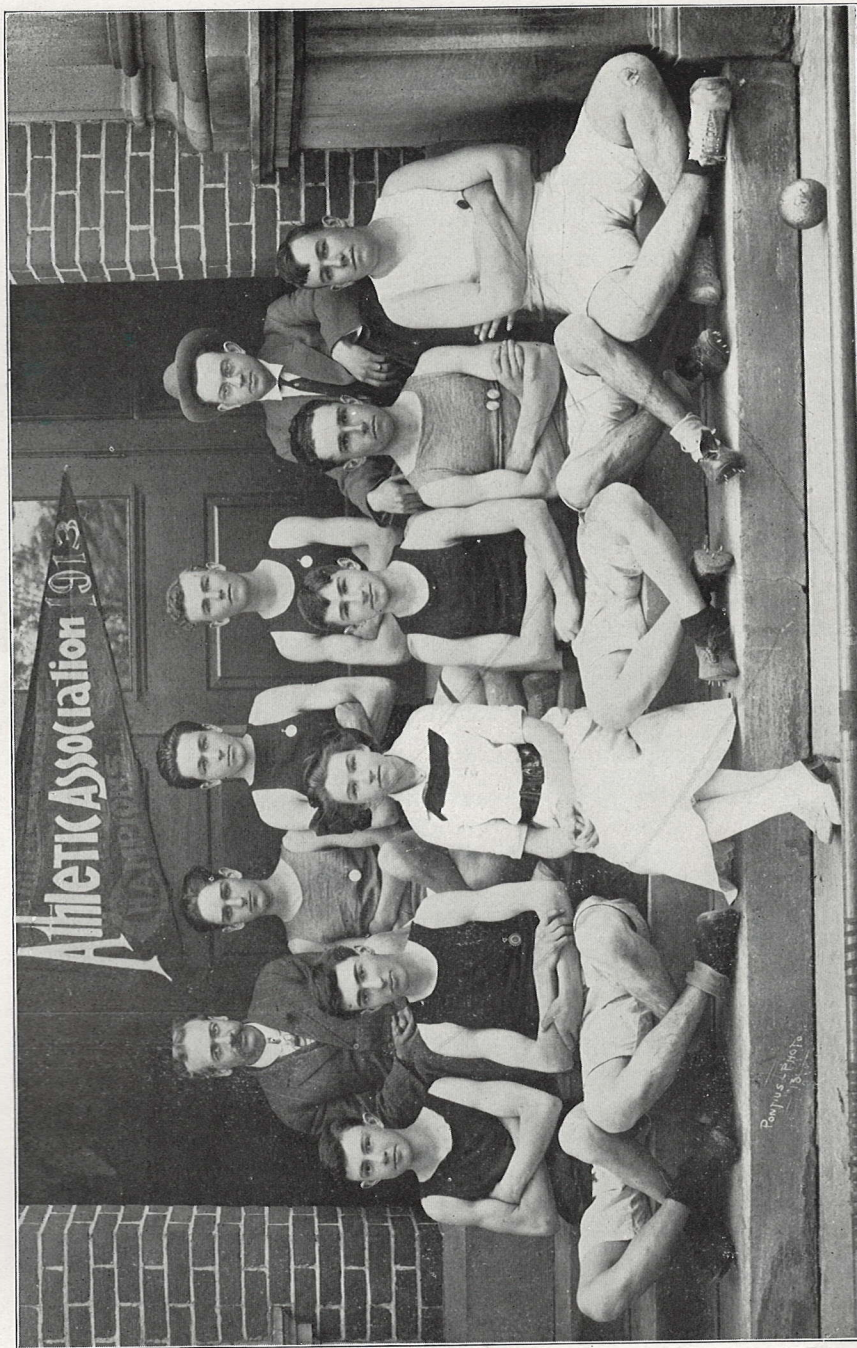
Columbia City 19½; Washington Center 16½; Jefferson Center 7; Coesse 1.

EVENT	FIRST PLACE	SECOND PLACE	TIME OR DISTANCE
1. 440 yard run	Clugston C. C. H. S.	Sheets J. C. H. S.	60¾ sec.
2. Standing broad jump	Cowan J. C. H. S.	Tie { Mosher C. C. H. S.	10 feet.
3. Shot Put	Johnson W. C. H. S.	Paige . W. C. H. S.	
		Carver C. C. H. S.	37 ft. 9 in.
4. 50 yard dash	Mosher C. C. H. S.	Pettigrew ... C. C. H. S.	6½ sec.
5. Mile run	Whicker ... W. C. H. S.	Barney C. C. H. S.	5 min. 25 sec.
6. Running broad jump	Mullet C. C. H. S.	Richards ... W. C. H. S.	17 ft. 11 in.
7. Pole Vault	Cowan J. C. H. S.	Johnson W. C. H. S.	8 ft. 9 in.
8. Running high jump	Kerns C. C. H. S.	Richards ... W. C. H. S.	5 ft. 1 in.
9. 100 yard dash	Mosher C. C. H. S.	Reese W. C. H. S.	11 sec.
10. Mile Relay	W. C. H. S.	C. C. H. S.	

Points { First place3
 { Second place1

Relay { First place6
 { Second place2

FRED E. CARVER, '14.



COUNTY CONTESTANTS

Upper row—Mr. Drelig, in charge of discussion; Clugston, quarter mile; Mullet, broad jump and relay; Kerns, Captain, high jump and relay;
Mr. Chapman, manager.
Lower row—Muller, pole vault; Barney, mile; Edna Kelcey, discussion; Stroome, relay; Mosher, sprints and relay; Carver, shot put.

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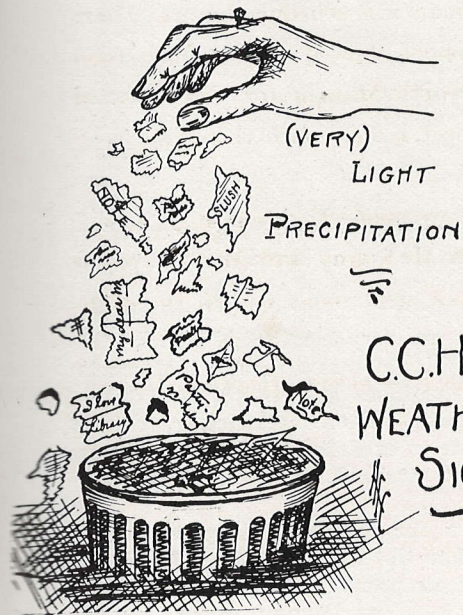
THE County Meet (described on another page) held May 3, 1913, certainly proved that Columbia City has good track material, if it is only developed. Last year we had the services of Phil McNagny and as a coach he can't be beat. Phil is some track man himself and we can never repay him for what he has done. We hope to have Phil help us this year.

We have plenty of material that developed last year and can have a better team this year. We have Harter, Strouse, Meiser, Koester, Barney, Erne, Hively, Coyle, Briggs, Plattner, Hull and many others all ready to get right down to work and build up a good track team.

The County Meet will be held again this year and everyone is looking forward to it with great interest. Columbia City High expects to take this meet and any other one which Manager Chapman will schedule for us. Last year's meet with North Manchester High School showed us how we stood with the other high schools in the vicinity. North Manchester was defeated by a large number of points and if another meet is held with them this year we hope to be the winners.

It is now up to us to work hard and show everyone that our high school is on the map and fighting to win. With Phil McNagny and Mr. Chapman helping us there is no reason why we should not send some men to the state meet. Let us work with this aim in view.

FRED E. CARVER, *Captain*, '14.



The New E. L. McLallen School

COLUMBIA CITY now has the finest and best school building in Whitley County, and the best in Indiana for its size,—it is the newly completed E. L. McLallen School on the south side, replacing the old South Ward School. The school is located on the northeast corner of Hanna and Coesse Streets and faces the south. The site was purchased March 29, 1913.

The school was named in honor of the late E. L. McLallen, a member of the Columbia City school board from 1880 to March 10, 1895. Mr. McLallen has probably done more for the Columbia City schools than any other one citizen, as it was mainly through his efforts that the West Ward building was erected, and he also presented a \$1,000 collection of books for the library of that school. Thus it was right and proper that his name should be honored and it was decided to name the new school building in his honor.

The members of the school board, who with Superintendent J. C. Sanders, have directed the erection of the new school, were: J. W. Brand, Walpole Kaler, and George R. Harrison. Mr. Brand was recently succeeded by B. J. Bloom, who has assisted in the work since last January.

The teachers of the McLallen school, which opened the season there March 16, are Thomas McGuire (Principal), Miss Leona Leech and Miss Maze Keeney.

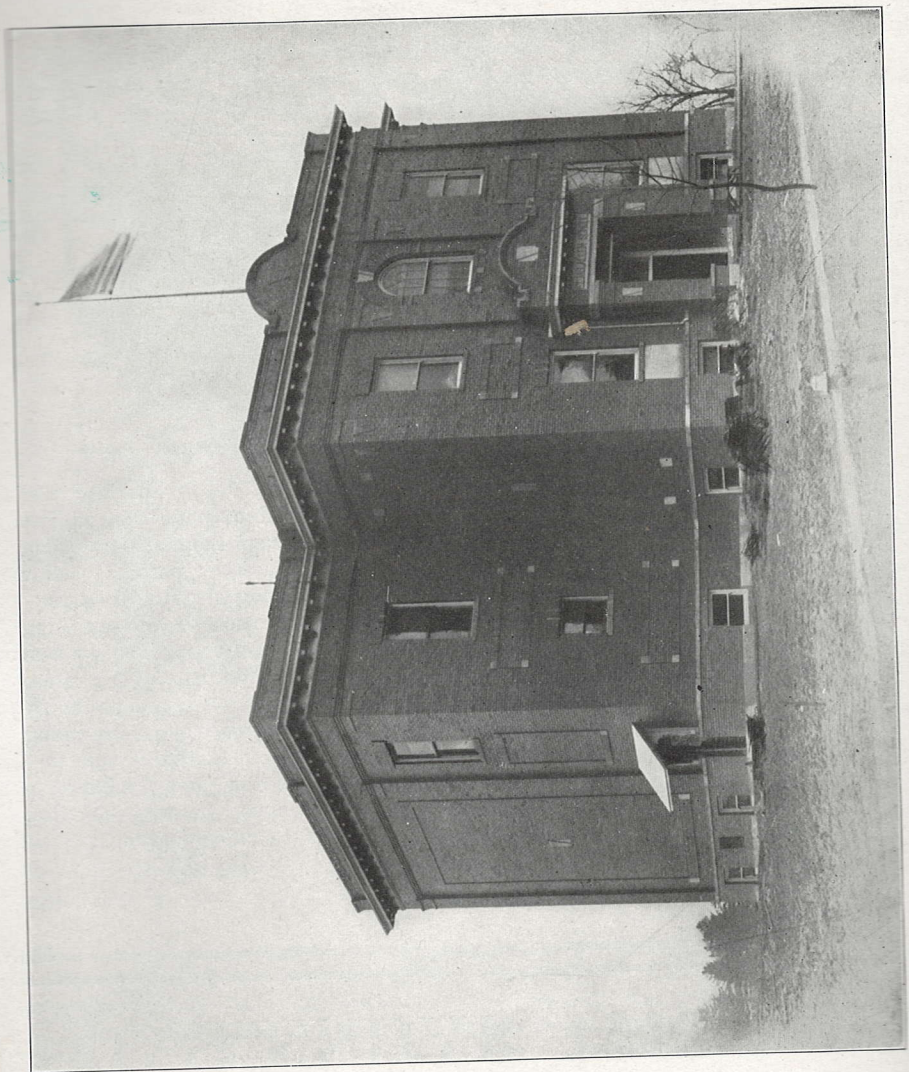
The main part of the building is 40 by 78 feet with an extension in front 14 by 40 feet. The building has a ten foot basement and two stories above, each 14 feet high. The basement walls are of concrete and brick, and the building proper of a buff vitrified brick, and is trimmed in stone. Above the entrance is inscribed "McLallen School". From the hall on the first floor doors lead into the classrooms and cloakrooms, and from the hall in the basement doors lead to the large gymnasium and playroom, which is finely equipped with apparatus, and to the janitor's room, the heating plant, the fuel room, and two lunchrooms. There are two toilet rooms and cloakrooms on each the first and second floors. There are at present but three schoolrooms in the building, two on the first floor and one above. On the second floor is a large assembly room that can be converted into a fourth class room at any time. In this room is a new Packard piano, the gift of E. L., W. F., and H. D. McLallen, nephews of the late E. L. McLallen, for whom the school was named. The stairs, halls, toilets, and cloakrooms are all laid in fine terrazzo and tile work. The floors of the schoolrooms are of hard maple. The walls and ceilings are plain plastered and are tinted, harmonizing nicely with the floors, and with the woodwork, which has a fumed oak stain and a beautiful flat finish.

The rooms are equipped with Moulthrop movable and adjustable school chairs, combining both seat and desk top. These chairs are very comfortable, make the rooms homelike, and give opportunity for a flexibility of arrangement that meets numerous needs. The cloakrooms and basement corridors are equipped with the Durand steel lockers, affording privacy and security. There are sanitary drinking fountains on each floor. A two inch water line is extended to the second floor and both floors have a fifty foot, two inch hose line attached ready for use in case of fire.

The heating and ventilating is the best known for schools. There are 1,800 feet per hour of fresh air for each pupil forced into the schoolrooms by the great electric driven ventilating fan in the basement, the air passing through the furnace and governing the heat automatically.

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CALENDAR 1913-14

SEPTEMBER

Sept. 8—School opens. Mr. Sanders puts out a new door mat. Freshies and Sophs get double seats. We feel honored in having the eighth grade with us.

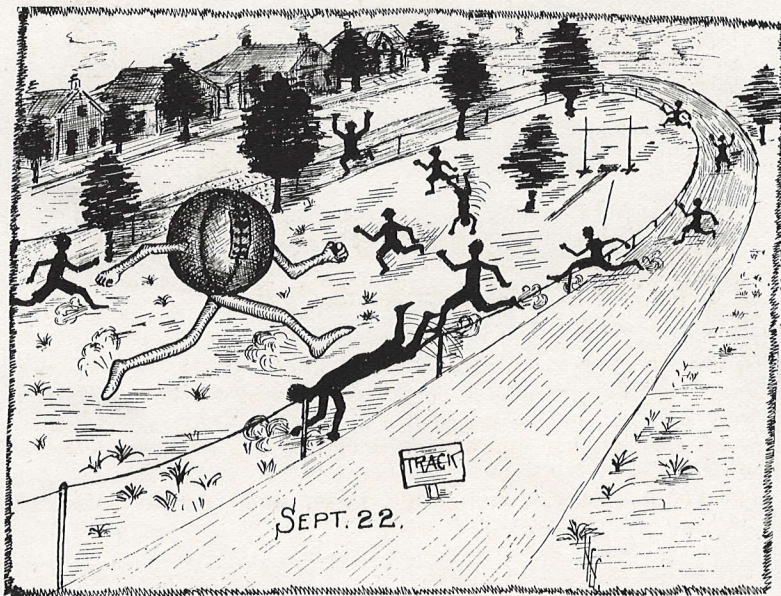
Sept. 9—Mr. C. leads the Freshies and eighth-graders around by the hand. Fred C. says, "They're so little I have to look down all the time because I might step on one." Harry L. gets lost.

Sept. 10—The "children" find their own way for once. We decide to have a fall track meet.

Sept. 11—Work on the track begins. Boyce C. becomes a half-day student because he has had all the studies C. C. H. S. can offer.

Sept. 12—More work on the track. Cross-country runs are started. Herbert C. and Mark R. visit school. It was a bad night for the Freshmen for some of them got "mussed".

Sept. 15—Seniors elect Annual Board and Track Captain. Mr. T. informs us that he was used to preparing 150 pages for each history lesson. Everybody prays for mercy.



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Sept. 16—Mr. T. learns the names of the Seniors in the back row by calling on each one several times. Miss Engleman arrives. Everybody has music twice a week now.

Sept. 17—All classes select track captains for interclass meet. Paul H. loses a note via the "Trimble Route".

Sept. 18—Underclassmen select members for the annual board.

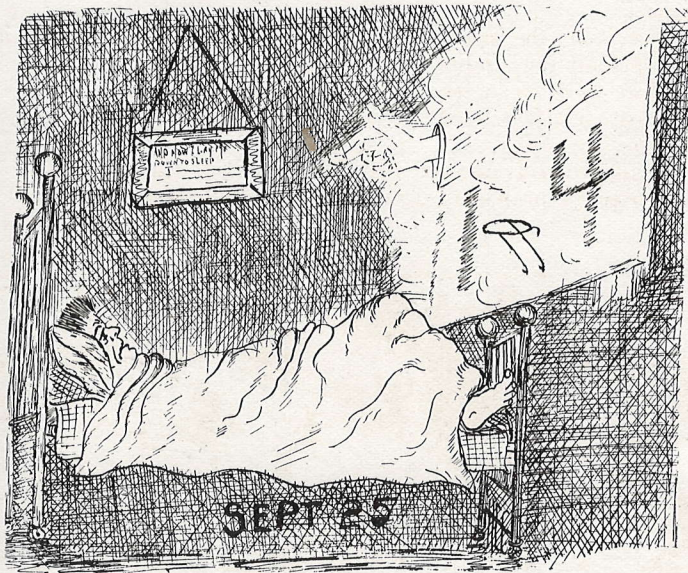
Sept. 19—Everybody has chorus. We sing so hard the clock stops in amazement.

Sept. 22—The eighth graders have been in high school two weeks but just the same one section got lost today. Track work suddenly stops at the sight of a basket ball.

Sept. 23—Mr. T. (after calling Muriel "Miss Harter"), "I don't always mean the names I call you". Basket ball Seniors 22, Underclassmen 7.

Sept. 24—NOTHING DOING.

Sept. 25—Somebody paints large '14s and '15s on the walks. Mr. Sanders lectures on the aforesaid subject and puts Fred C. up as a model who would never do such a thing. How about it, Do?



Sept. 26—Short Friday. B. B.-All-Stars 20, C. C. H. S. 14. Pete, Cappy, Bob, Bill, Jack, Dick, Tom, and Bud spend the evening at Jim's. (It is rumoured that they were dressed for the occasion).

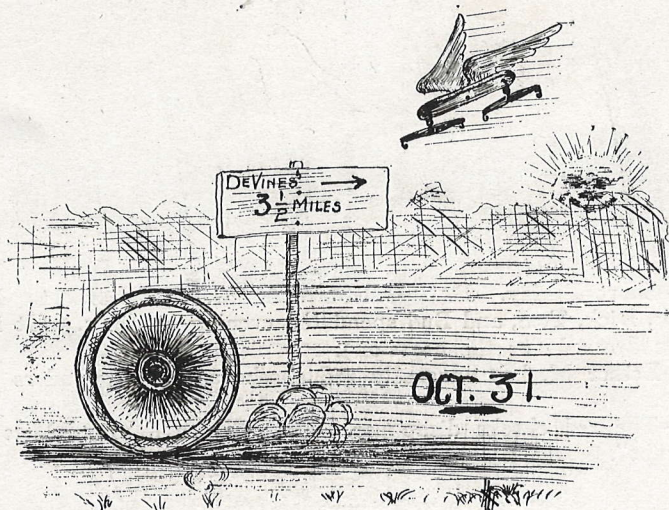
Sept. 29—Esther M. has unusually red cheeks and then wonders why everybody smiles.

Sept. 30—The red cheeks disappear. First Senior debate. Miss Galbreath, "Line up, scrubs".

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OCTOBER

- Oct. 1—Miss G., "Oh Bert, don't make those goo-goo eyes in class."
Oct. 2—Bert is now very angry with Miss G.
Oct. 3—Ray, Rollie and Boyce are advised to "take a street car" because "that wasn't the transfer corner."
Oct. 6—Freshman wipes the ink off of his pen on his hair. Dyeing it, perhaps.
Oct. 7—Boja almost forgets to go to English class. World's Baseball Series begin as do frequent telephone calls in the P.M.
Oct. 8—More telephone calls but Boja always brings the news.
Oct. 9—Fire Prevention Day. We get out of the assembly room in one minute flat.
Oct. 10—No more music for awhile, Miss Engleman resigns. B. B. Etna 18, C. C. H. S. 54. And the Senior boys were absent. Freshies and Sophs spent a quiet (?) evening at the lake. Who stole the marshmallows?
Oct. 13—Several Seniors seem mysteriously wrought up. Mordi wears extra clothing to school.
Oct. 14—Same Seniors still agitated. Will the blow ever fall? Mr. T. persists in calling Muriel, Miss Harter.
Oct. 15—The blow falls. Apologies are in order. Stewart L. falls over the piano stool.
Oct. 16—A Sophomore informs the Annual Board that "the Annual is a bad thing." We wonder if he means morally, financially, or what. We heartily agree if it is financially.
Oct. 17—TOODY-DOODY.
Oct. 20—Seniors spend the evening at Kime's. Myers changes "slips" with Erne accidentally (on purpose).
Oct. 21—The Seniors are sadly lacking in lessons this morning.



Columbia City High School Year Book

Oct. 22—Paul Campbell assumes the dignity of a Junior by moving over among them.

Oct. 23—Reports come out for the first time. Nuf sed.

Oct. 24—Faculty works overtime receiving protests.

Oct. 27—Competition proposed to get stories for the COLUMBIAN.

Oct. 28—Harry Lorber is sent back from class.

Oct. 29—Mr. T. tells the seniors about "the time that he was in the workhouse at Indianapolis."

Oct. 30—This day is respectfully dedicated to Miss Galbreath. Reason: one big grouch.

Oct. 31—Hallowe'en. Visions of an oratorical contest. Carver leads the yelling for Mr. McLellan. Some Seniors and others spend the night and part of the next day at DeVine's. WHY?

NOVEMBER

Nov. 3—Miss G. gets peeved at the Seniors and won't let them recite on "Macbeth." Somebody ought to find a remedy for this lingering grouch.

Nov. 4—Mordi slides down the laboratory steps.

Nov. 5—Don DeVine and Miss G. do some fancy reading in "Macbeth."

Nov. 6—"Wanted: To borrow five nice boys from 6:15 to 10 P. M. Friday. Will be returned without damage. No snobs need apply."

Nov. 7—Mordi recites in Physics (or tries to recite).

Nov. 10—"The First Snowfall." The eighth graders have the waste paper habit.

Nov. 11—Fred C. coughs in the assembly room. Freshies think it's a cyclone.



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Nov. 12—Juniors hold a contest in rolling checkers down the aisle during the first assembly period. King and Dinkmeyer tie for first place.

Nov. 13—Mordi collides with Mr. Trimble. Sophs eat stick candy in the assembly room.

Nov. 14—Short Friday. The new music teacher, Miss Bushnell arrives. "Chip" decides to quit.

Nov. 17—Mr. Sutherland speaks in the morning. Mr. Chapman on the sick list.

Nov. 18—Mr. C. still absent. Result: tests.

Nov. 19—"And the day was cold and dark and dreary." And "Chip" didn't quit.

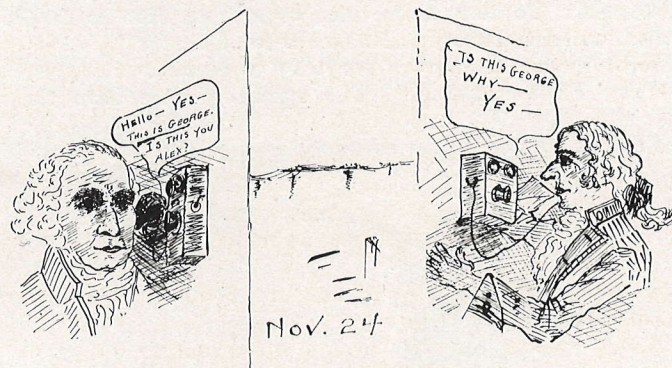
Nov. 20—Seniors are asked to subscribe for the *Independent* magazine. Mr. T. assumes the rôle of solicitor.

Nov. 21—Bert B. solemnly tells the Physics class that he doesn't know anything about a barrel but has had lots of experience with a bottle.

Nov. 24—Mordi tells the Seniors that Hamilton called Washington by telephone.

Nov. 25—Boyce parades with a handkerchief pinned on his back.

Nov. 26—"For what we are about to receive, let us be thankful."—VACATION.



DECEMBER

Dec. 1—Mr. Ihrig talks on "carrying the message to Garcia". "Pook" Erne dreams of an evening at South Whitely.

Dec. 2—Erne talks too much for Mr. T. Boyce says, "The imported kind are better than home talent any day."

Dec. 3—Mr. C. inquires into the singing (?) on the stairway.

Dec. 4—Second reports come out. Millie T. can't say "Ben Smith" unless her voice trembles. Mordi quits school but comes back the next morning.

Dec. 5—Senior history schedule re-arranged for the 'steenth time. Esther M. falls in front of the assembly room desk. Mordi and King entertain the assembly with a few musical selections. Boja suddenly graduates.

Dec. 8—Mr. T. and Miss Rich exchange recitation rooms. Rollie and Bill experiment in Physics and learn all about air pressure. George Aker hunts a left-handed monkey-wrench.

Columbia City High School Year Book

Dec. 9—Indiana Art Exhibit opens and Paul Campbell wonders why he isn't represented. Mary McClain falls out of her seat in music class. Mr. T. advises Hubert Goss to talk to Edith Brindle after school.

Dec. 10—Mrs. Burnett speaks concerning "Indiana Artists." The clock has been on a strike for over a week now.

Dec. 11—Ben S. and Nellie H. both answer the same telephone call. Harold T. reads Mordi's future for him.

Dec. 12—"Pook" Erne bribes the reporter to give him a good writeup in the Bourbon basket ball game. Bill, Marg, and Mary have lunch in school.

Dec. 15—Mordi falls off his chair and Briggs falls down steps at annual board meeting. Harter tries to sell a pillow top.

Dec. 16—Seniors elect a committee for class pins. One ballot was for "my dear friend Briggsie."

Dec. 17—Mordi threatens to throw Senator out of the lab window.

Dec. 18—Junior-Senior debate. Seniors win—Hurrah! Frankie Bitting blossoms forth as an orator of first rank.

Dec. 19—The chorus starts a rough-house and won't sing. Miss Bushnell gets real peeved. Juniors amuse themselves by imitating cats. Miss G. hangs mistletoe over her door. NINE RAHS FOR VACATION.

Dec. 29—Everybody comes back, even various alumni fresh from college, (they can't stay away).

Dec. 30—A skating party causes a lot of trouble in family circles.

Dec. 31—More vacation. Great mystery: why did we have to go to school these three days?

JANUARY

Jan. 5—The hard work of settling down after vacation begins. Harter talks about "Hill's Utopia" in English class.

Jan. 6—Edith Jackson brings her dinner to school in a tin dinner bucket after several mishaps, but she is so peeved by the time she gets there that she throws it out the window.

Jan. 7—Orville B. and Mary F. engage in a long distance flirtation. Juniors indulge in a bob party out to Hively's.

Jan. 8—Juniors accuse various Seniors of trying to break up their party. We suggest that they look among their own number for some of the culprits.

Jan. 9—Short Friday. Freshmen and Sophomores spend the evening at Eben Born's.

Jan. 12—Mr. C. reads "Abe Martin" for morning exercises. During the exercises Mr. Trimble and Miss Rich both rush from the room to the office to answer the same telephone call.

Jan. 13—Work begins to pile up as usual before exams.

Jan. 14—First signs of cramming appear. Some carry all their books home.

Jan. 15—Five brilliant orange and black jerseys appear in the assembly room.

Eighth grade exams begin.

Jan. 16—Examinations. (For further particulars see the faculty).

Jan. 19—Rev. Hunter speaks on "Gentlemen and Gentlewomen." A certain Junior stays out to get his hair cut.

Jan. 20—Rollie comes to school with one eye bandaged up. Seniors begin to have their pictures taken.

Jan. 21—Miss G. compliments the first afternoon assembly on its good behavior. Seniors plan a class party.

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Jan. 22—Mordi gets his 'steenth calling from Mr. T. this year. Reports appear for the third time. Exam grades—HORRORS.

Jan. 23—Miss G. confiscates "The Rover Boys" from Framen G. and a dime novel from John G. Mordi and Strouse sing a duet in music class.

Jan. 26—Seniors spend the evening at Crouch's and the next morning on the way home. Some time! Don Desperate and Raydonah Erne get married.

Jan. 27—Seniors sleep and Mr. C. suggests couches for Briggs and Carver.

Jan. 28—One college representative and two industrial educators take up two hours of our precious time. Hayrack party still causes a lot of trouble.

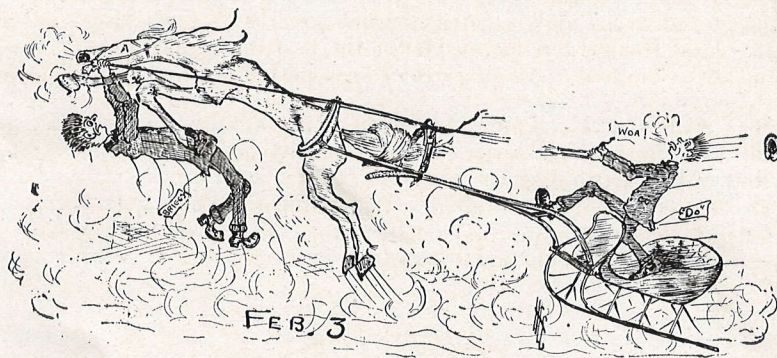
Jan. 29—"Shorty" Myers gets his name in the *Chicago Tribune*.

Jan. 30—Harry Lorber actually goes to school a whole day without getting a calling. Mr. C. lectures on reading library books in school.

FEBRUARY

Feb. 2—Mr. Sanders asks 100 questions to see who is really educated. Result: only a few. Ground Hog Day. Grace W. takes notes on "A Complete Outfit for Brides-to-be at \$75" in the *Tribune*.

Feb. 3—Col. Issac Brown, the Bird and Bee Man, talks about nature (and himself). Election day (Wet or Dry). Sample ballots passed out to the Civics



class. Briggs and Carver go sleigh-riding. They had to tie a knot in the horse's tail to keep him from jumping through the collar.

Feb. 4—Great mystery, "Who upset the mercury in the laboratory?" Bert pleads "not guilty." Mr. C. found guilty about 2:45 P.M.

Feb. 5—Seniors hand in their pedigrees for the *COLUMBIAN*. Briggs becomes the chief musician of the physics lab.

Feb. 6—Coyle attempts to rescue a note from Mr. Pence. As far as we know the attempt was unsuccessful. Short Friday.

Feb. 9—Some high school students snowball our lady teachers. Mr. Chapman appeals to our sense of chivalry.

Feb. 10—The water pipes freeze. We have frequent interruptions by "Chauncey" and "Bill" to mop up.

Feb. 11—Crouch blossoms into a poet. His masterpiece appears in the C.-M. Juniors elect class officers.

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Feb. 12—Edna K. becomes a subscriber for the *Youth's Companion*. "Senator" Torbet almost beats Briggs out of his job as chief musician of the lab.

Feb. 13—Mr. Ihrig performs on a stepladder for the benefit of the first morning assembly. King, Koester and a few others take a nice long cold drive to Etna.

Feb. 16—Ruth Morgan winks at Mr. Trimble which shocks him so much that he blushes violently. Briggs and Erne tell about their trip to South Whitley.

Feb. 17—Mr. C. tells the physics class how a model of a gas engine is like a model husband (probably from experience). Edith J. gives a very undignified exhibition of giggling before the assembly, but the mystery is why Mr. T. blushed so deeply.

Feb. 18—Mr. Watkins speaks on the "Worth of Words." Frankie B. gets a mysterious telephone call from the sheriff. Look out, Frankie!

Feb. 19—Juniors have a bob party and wonder why no one tried to take their double-trees.

Feb. 20—Juniors become real angry because no one tried to break up their party and Opal P. wants to fight. The reason they're so angry is because they went to all the trouble of locking their bob-sled in the barn. They'll wake up some day.

Feb. 23—School lasts a few minutes overtime because the storm breaks the bell in the West Ward. Leo Bauer slides down the aisle on his knees.

Feb. 24—Seniors become the proud possessors of class pins. Briggs reads a beautiful poem but calls "idols", "idiots" which greatly disgusts Miss Galbreath.

Feb. 25—Paul Romey gets his medal for the best tubercular essay. Abe Strouse loses a bandage in the hall. An advertisement is posted on the board inquiring after some lost sleep.

Feb. 26—"Tubby" Goss exhibits his wonderful gracefulness at falling up-stairs. Briggs and Erne fail to get letters from South Whitley for the first time in a month. Both are heart-broken.

Feb. 27—Briggs and Erne restored. The mailman comes to the rescue with the missing letters. Ruth Morgan plays ball with a handkerchief but Mr. Sanders accidentally sees her through the open door.



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MARCH

March 2—Harter has a hunting adventure. (For further particulars see Mordi or Mary W.) Campbell and Ball form a partnership but it is quickly dissolved by Miss Reed.

March 3—No teacher is in the assembly room for about fifteen minutes during the third assembly period. Some roughhouse.

March 4—This morning there were three teachers in the assembly the third period. They were trying to make up for yesterday.

March 5—Miss G. leaves the assembly for about fifteen minutes. When she comes back Lela Sell has a strange looking dust mark on her back. Mr. Ihrig again performs on the stepladder. Reports again. Whadchu' get?

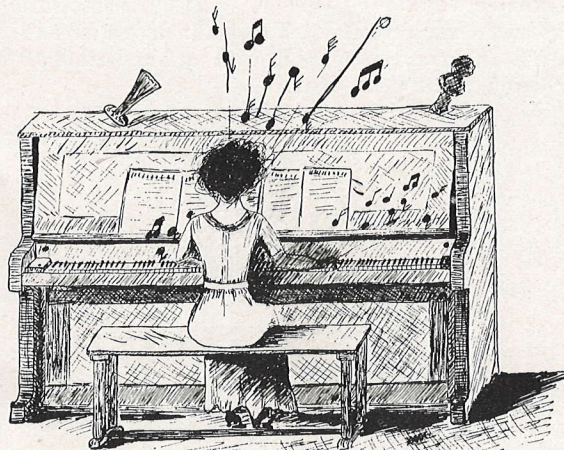
March 6—Mr. Pence has been sick all week. Short Friday and for once it didn't rain.

March 9—M. L. Galbreath talks on "Birds and Bird Laws." Carver and Erne are Sunday visitors to South Whitley and Erne forgets his glasses in the excitement.

March 10—Ethel C. is actually becoming a cut-up in school. She flashed a looking glass in the sun this morning. Willie Nichols gets a hair-cut for the Declamation Contest.

March 11—Bert makes a funny break about a "dark room experiment" in physics lab. Contestants draw for places in the Declamation Contest. Miss G. is an interested spectator during a finger-talk between Edna K. and Edith J. An eraser flies around among the Seniors during the first period.

March 12—Declamation Contest. Candy for all in box or bulk. King gets one piece of candy out of a pound box.



*What is she singing "Sweet Genevieve"
or "Mingle Your Eyebrows with Mine."*

Columbia City High School Year Book

March 13—Declamation Contest still going on. Jennie L. sits with Don D. Candy conspicuous by its absence. Mr. C. compliments on "this afternoon's behavior" (emphasis on "this afternoon").

March 16—Sickness prevails in school. Many absent. Mr. C. gives a moving picture show in the laboratory.

March 17—St. Patrick's Day. It was hard to tell where the green began and where it left off. Mr. Sanders confiscates all the good waste-baskets for the South Ward and puts old relics in their places.

March 18—The Eighth Grade issues its first semi-weekly paper for Merrill Doriot. Coyle is asked to settle down and be a gentleman.

March 19—Don Leiter makes his second trip after the "persuader." Mordie gets bombarded with erasers.

March 20—"Do" and "Chip" are politely asked to refrain from publishing their names on all school property.

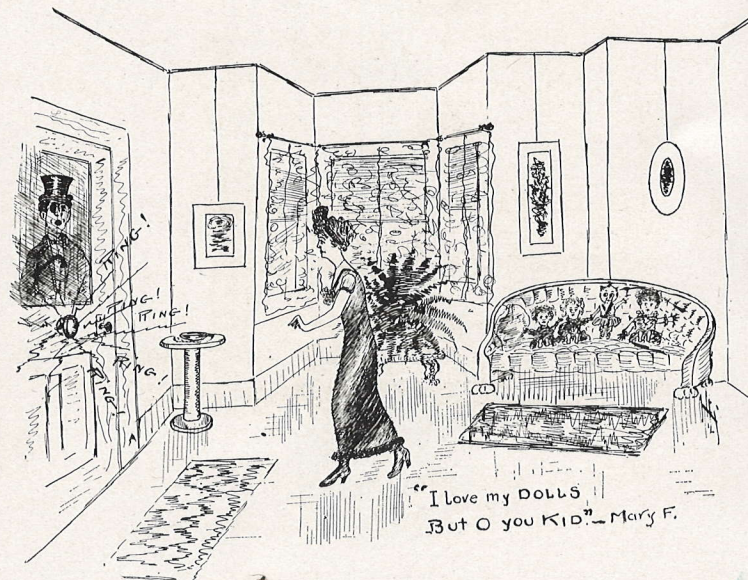
March 23—Final preparations for the finals of the Declamation Contest. Contestants draw for places. Briggs and Coyle recall the country party of the Saturday night before.

March 24—Miss G. almost has heart failure when the bell rings out loud for the first time in a month. Finals of the Declamation Contest. Wasn't Frankie cute? Mordie takes a place in spite of a pink shirt and a blue tie.

March 25—Juniors wear smiles that won't come off. (They had two among the winners last night.) Lelta Bray loses her voice in German class. Mordie gets into his semi-monthly scrap with one of the teachers. He picks on Mr. P. this time.

March 26—Edna K. is sent from Civics class and then springs that old story, "I wasn't doing a thing." Senior sonnet day. Crouch writes a parody on one and then gets it mixed up with the one he learned.

March 27—"All's quiet along the Potomac."



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March 30—Morning: Rev. Ott gives an interesting talk on the "Ancient Cave-Dwellers of the Rockies." Afternoon: A dog enters the assembly room and frisks about. Mr. T. leads it out after a hot chase through the building. The dog howls but Mr. T. emerges triumphantly from the fray, for which he is roundly applauded.

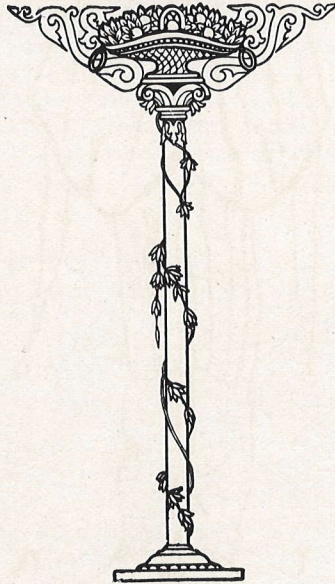
March 31—Big track meeting. Everybody enthusiastic. Boosters Committee appointed. Kerns '13 describes a track suit as "almost nothing at all."

APRIL

April 1—April Fool notes flood the assembly. Messrs. P. and T. bite. Again we face the trying ordeal of vacation.

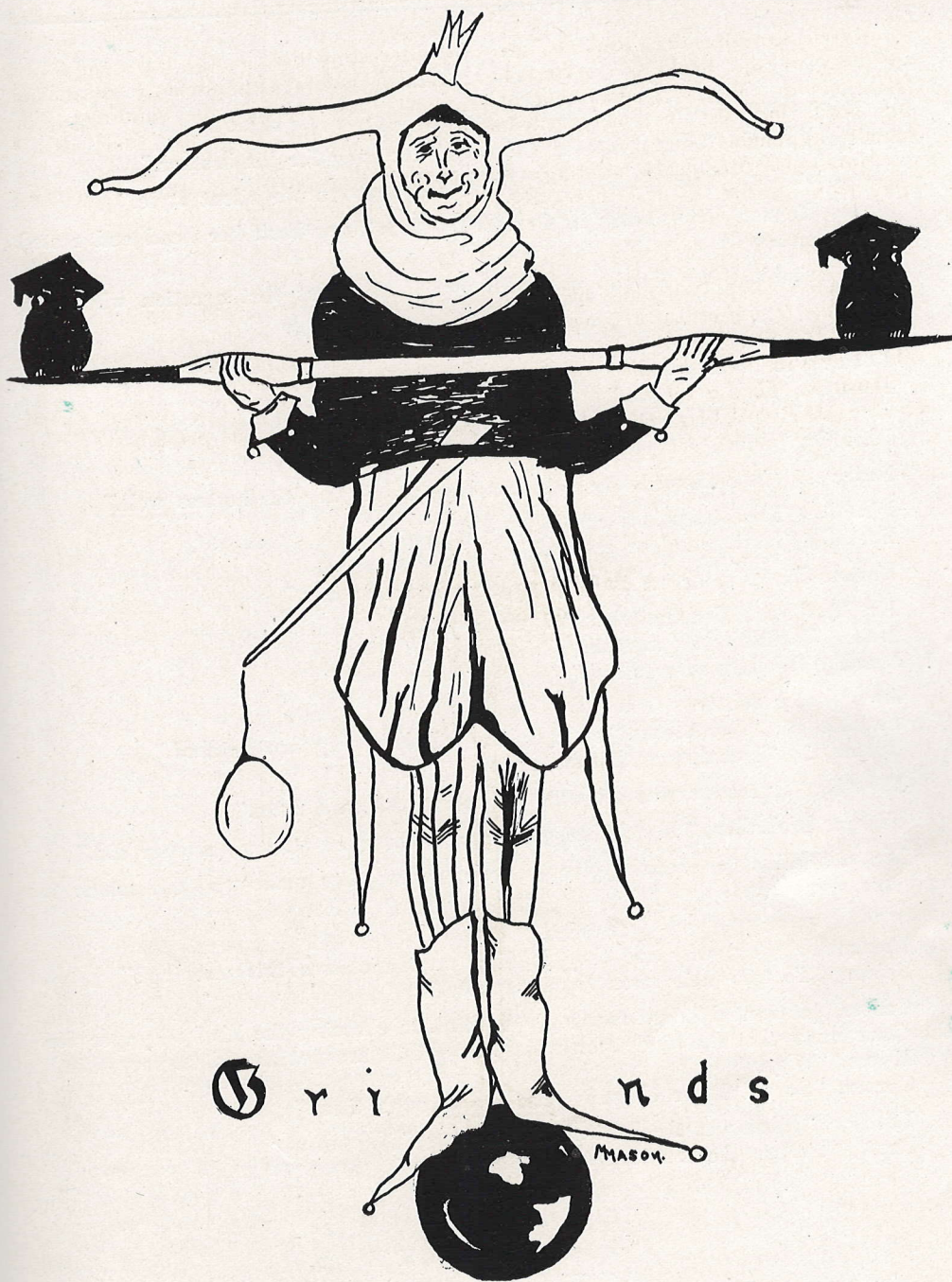
April 6—The Wabash Glee Club entertains with a few ragtime selections. Outside of flirting with the girls they put up a creditable exhibition.

April 7—This is the end of the calendar for 1913-1914. The Annual Board decides that it cost too much to telegraph each day's events to the printers.



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Jokes

- Walter Reese, "And they nailed Martin Luther to the door."
- Lloyd Crouch, "They disposed (deposed) the king for his brother."
- Paul Harter, "The Quakers held their meetings on the silent style."
- Irene Kenner (translating in German), "She threw back her head and rested her chin on her knee."
- Mr. Trimble, "Mr. Coyle, what did you think about that question when you read it?"
- Rollie C., "I thought I didn't know much about it."
- Reading in "Macbeth."
- Miss G., "He's a traitor."
- Don DeVine, "Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain."
- Miss G., "What, you egg?"
- Boyce C., "She showed Macbeth that he isn't playing the hostess well."
- Mr. C., "The dimensions are 5 by 8."
- Bert B., "Is it round or square?"
- Burton C., "I made an awfully wrong mistake to-day."
- Mr. T., "Miss Kenner, what did you say?"
- Irene, "I didn't say anything."
- Mr. T., "Well, your eyes did."
- At a Junior debate.
- Frankie B., "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."
- Burton C., "I challenge that statement."
- Miss G., "Burns married his wife and moved out on a farm."
- Frances McLallen, "My father got married the same time my mother did."
- Mr. C., "What do doctors give to people when they make up their minds to end this world's troubles?"
- Lloyd C., "Soap Suds?"
- Freshman, "Say, why are they holding up the classes this morning?"
- Senior, "To test their strength, I suppose."
- Carver, (at annual board meeting) "I think in choosing the kind of paper for the COLUMBIAN that the kind upon which the grinds are put should be very thin."
- Myers, "Why?"
- Carver, "So the lower classmen can see through them."
- Teacher, "When was the Revival of Learning?"
- Pupil, "Before the last exam."

SOME JOKES

A capital joke—JOKE
A passable joke—J"OK"E
A typsy joke—J K
O E

Columbia City High School Year Book

A standing joke—J

O

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E

Half a joke—JO

The other half—KE

—Ex.

SHAKESPEARE IN SCHOOL

Senior—All's well that ends well.

Junior—A you like it.

Sophomore—Much ado about nothing.

Freshman—A comedy of errors.

Mr. Ihrig—(after a long winded proof) "And now, class, we have X equals O."

Fagan—(sleepily, sitting up in his seat) "Gee, all that work for nothing."

Strouse, "Say, Myers, is there any room in the COLUMBIAN for Juniors' bright sayings, or bright Juniors' sayings?"

Myers, "We left a page for the latter but it is still blank."

Plattner, "The Principal jut gave me a calling for something I didn't do."

Another Freshie, "Something you didn't do! What was it?"

Plattner, "My school work."

Voice over the telephone, "Is McClures magazine there yet?"

Charlie Sell, "No. Mr. McClure got his magazine yesterday."

Coyle, "I'll never go back to see that girl again till she takes back what she said to me the other night."

Meiser, "What did she say?"

Coyle, "She said for me not to come back any more."

Minister—(meeting a C. C. H. S. boy) "Good evening. Do you attend a place of worship?"

C. C. H. S. fellow, "Yes, sir. I'm on my way to see her now."

Smith, "Indians, I believe, are allowed to ride free on the railroad."

Erne, "Yes, none but the brave deserve the fare."

C. C. H. S. teacher—(to "Chip" and his girl who are busily eating ice cream at Myers') "I see you two are happily engaged."

Zerl, "Why-er-no-not yet."

Mr. T. spies Frances McL. chewing gum. He stealthily approaches and asks, "What have you in your mouth, Miss McLallen?"

Frances stares at the book in front of her and swallows hard. Then she turns to him, smiling innocently, and says, "It's gone!"

(Frances afterwards emphatically denies that she swallowed it.)

Some of the common expressions in history classes are:

"I don't believe I know."

"I didn't get to read that far."

"I don't believe our history said much about that."

"Well, I didn't understand that part very well."

"I didn't know we were to take that far."

(If you don't believe this, just ask Mr. Trimble.)

Columbia City High School.—Profession or Occupation of Parents or Guardians of Graduates

[illegible]

Columbia City High School Year Book

Graduates, Attended Higher Institutions and Graduates of Colleges.

Class of	Graduates					Attended Institutions					Graduates of Colleges				
	Boys	Girls	Tot.	% Boys	% Girls	Boys	Girls	Tot.	% Boys	% Girls	Boys	Girls	Tot.	% Boys	% Girls
1881.....	1	1	2	50.	50.	1	1	2	100.	100.	1	1	2	100.	100.
1882.....	2	1	3	66.6	33.3	2	1	3	100.	50.	2	1	3	100.	50.
1883.....	1	4	5	20.	80.	1	1	2	100.	50.	1	1	2	100.	50.
1884.....	3	3	6	100.	100.	3	3	6	100.	100.	3	3	6	100.	100.
1885.....	6	3	9	66.6	33.3	6	3	9	100.	33.3	6	3	9	100.	33.3
1886.....	2	1	3	66.6	33.3	2	1	3	100.	33.3	2	1	3	100.	33.3
1887.....	2	2	4	50.	50.	2	2	4	100.	50.	2	2	4	100.	50.
1888.....	2	3	5	40.	60.	2	3	5	100.	40.	2	3	5	100.	40.
1889.....	0	9	9	100.	0	9	9	100.	0	9	9	100.
1890.....	5	3	8	62.5	37.5	5	3	8	100.	37.5	5	3	8	100.	37.5
1891.....	2	3	5	40.	60.	2	3	5	100.	60.	2	3	5	100.	60.
1892.....	3	6	9	33.3	66.6	3	6	9	100.	66.6	3	6	9	100.	66.6
1893.....	1	4	5	20.	80.	1	4	5	100.	80.	1	4	5	100.	80.
1894.....	3	7	10	30.	70.	3	7	10	100.	70.	3	7	10	100.	70.
1895.....	3	3	6	50.	50.	3	3	6	100.	50.	3	3	6	100.	50.
1896.....	3	3	6	50.	50.	3	3	6	100.	50.	3	3	6	100.	50.
1897.....	3	3	6	50.	50.	3	3	6	100.	50.	3	3	6	100.	50.
1898.....	5	4	9	55.5	44.4	5	4	9	100.	44.4	5	4	9	100.	44.4
1899.....	1	7	8	12.5	87.5	1	7	8	100.	87.5	1	7	8	100.	87.5
1900.....	4	4	8	50.	50.	4	4	8	100.	50.	4	4	8	100.	50.
1901.....	8	8	16	50.	50.	8	8	16	100.	50.	8	8	16	100.	50.
1902.....	1	8	9	11.1	88.8	1	8	9	100.	88.8	1	8	9	100.	88.8
1903.....	5	9	14	35.7	64.2	5	9	14	100.	64.2	5	9	14	100.	64.2
1904.....	5	13	18	27.7	72.2	5	13	18	100.	72.2	5	13	18	100.	72.2
1905.....	9	8	17	52.9	47.	9	8	17	100.	47.	9	8	17	100.	47.
1906.....	13	17	30	43.3	56.6	13	17	30	100.	56.6	13	17	30	100.	56.6
1907.....	10	14	24	41.6	58.3	10	14	24	100.	58.3	10	14	24	100.	58.3
1908.....	17	24	41	41.4	58.5	17	24	41	100.	58.5	17	24	41	100.	58.5
1909.....	16	26	42	38.	61.	16	26	42	100.	61.	16	26	42	100.	61.
1910.....	19	21	40	47.5	52.5	19	21	40	100.	52.5	19	21	40	100.	52.5
1911.....	11	20	31	35.4	64.5	11	20	31	100.	64.5	11	20	31	100.	64.5
1912.....	155	253	408	37.9	62.	155	253	408	100.	62.	155	253	408	100.	62.
Total.....	155	253	408	37.9	62.	155	253	408	100.	62.	155	253	408	100.	62.

Columbia City High School Year Book

Work Taken Up by Graduates After Completing Course

Class of	No. of Graduates			Lawyers			Teachers			Dentists			Doctors			Mercan- tile			Trade			Day Labor			Miscel- laneous			Farm- ers			College		
	Boys	Girls	Tot.	Boys	Girls	Tot.	Boys	Girls	Tot.	Boys	Girls	Tot.	Boys	Girls	Tot.	Boys	Girls	Tot.	Boys	Girls	Tot.	Boys	Girls	Tot.	Boys	Girls	Tot.	Boys	Girls	Tot.			
1881.....	1	1	2																														
1882.....	2	1	3																														
1883.....	1	4	5																														
1884.....	3	0	3	1		1																											
1885.....	6	3	9																														
1886.....	2	1	3																														
1887.....	2	2	4																														
1888.....	2	3	5																														
1889.....	9	9																															
1890.....	5	3	8	1		1	1	2	3																								
1891.....	2	3	5																														
1892.....	3	6	9																														
1893.....	1	4	5																														
1894.....	3	7	10																														
1895.....	3	3	6	1		1																											
1896.....	10	10																															
1897.....	3	3	6	1		1																											
1898.....	5	4	9																														
1899.....	7	7																															
1900.....	1	7	8																														
1901.....	4	4	8																														
1902.....	8	8																															
1903.....	1	8	9																														
1904.....	5	9	14																														
1905.....	5	13	18																														
1906.....	9	8	17																														
1907.....	13	17	30	1		1	5	10	15																								
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1909.....	17	24	41																														
1910.....	16	26	42																														
1911.....	19	21	40																														
1912.....	11	20	31																														
Total	155	253	408	5		5	44	92	136	2		2	7	1	8	10	3	13	25	26	51	34	49	83	66	66	8		8	20			



EDITORIALS

A few years ago one of the classes ventured an innovation in the form of having underclassmen on the Annual Board, in order to give them more experience. As a matter of fact no great help is derived from this and little in the way of experience results. It would be possible to cut down the number of the board and yet be able to accomplish as much. The only way to give the underclassmen experience is to give them an office on the board with some work attached to it.

* * * *

The annual was put out this year with the same understanding as last year, that is, we must make it pay. Class meetings were held in the same way and the annual was heartily supported. Let us hope we are successful.

* * * *

The alumni department has been discontinued this year, owing to the trouble that arises from such undertakings. With such a large alumni as C. C. H. S. is getting, it is almost impossible to publish a list of names on such short notice and not miss anyone or make a mistake in the address. We know that the alumni will look at this in the right way and not feel slighted.

A new feature in the annual is the three tables showing the parentage, present occupations, etc., of the graduates of the school since the first class graduated. These tables were compiled by Miss Aileen Lillich, '13, after a good deal of hard work. We must say that it was a very great undertaking and the results should be of interest to all.

* * * *

The Board of the 1914 COLUMBIAN desires to give especial thanks to the following:

To the business men and institutions who advertised so liberally.

To the members of our high school who have contributed material.

To Mr. C.
has given us
To the me
To Adelbe
pictures.
To the pu
To all wh

It may lo
our word fo
patience, cou
to get materi
the midst of

Columbia City High School Year Book

To Mr. Chapman who has given all his spare time to drawing cartoons and has given us all kinds of help.

To the members of the faculty who have helped in selecting material.

To Adelbert J. Barney, "Moffet," who has been so faithful in getting kodak pictures.

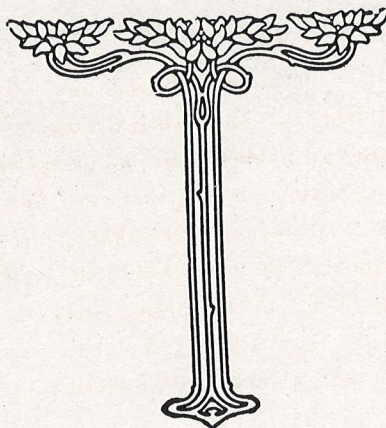
To the publishers, engravers, and photographer who did their work so carefully.

To all who have in any way encouraged and helped us.

* * * *

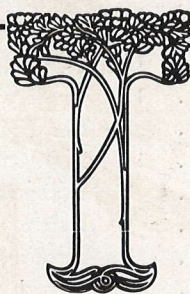
It may look like an easy task to publish an annual of this size. If you'll take our word for it, "it isn't." "ISN'T" spelled in capital letters. It takes time, patience, courage and everything else. There are waits, discouragements, failures to get material, etc. To any one who has ever published an annual or who is now in the midst of publication, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.





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in this city but who is being watched by some business man or manufacturer. Business men can always make room for just the right kind of help. There is hardly anything that helps a young man more in business advancement than to be known as one who keeps his bills paid, meets his obligations promptly, and has a start toward a bank account.

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It more than meets all the requirements for this classification. It does not maintain a preparatory department nor advice for preparatory students. While there are always a few graduate students enrolled it does not offer extensive graduate courses. It grants in course the A. B. and the B. S. degrees and in rare instances the A. M. and M. S. degrees.

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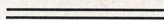
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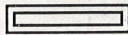
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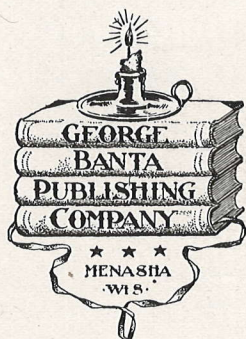
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