

THE  
COLUMBIAN  
1913



*THE  
COLUMBIAN*



*Nineteen Hundred  
and Fifteen*





To

*Wm. F. McNagny*

*a promoter of education, a friend of the library, a  
distinguished jurist, a respected and philan-  
thropic citizen, we, the class of 1915, with  
sincere admiration, dedicate this book.*





## FOREWORD

*TO you, dear friends, we submit this Columbian for criticism, and although it may be far from perfect, we hope you will receive it kindly. This is the record of our "yesterdays", some gray, some gay, to which we may turn confident in finding something therein to cheer our drooping spirits.*







## **SUMMARY OF THE PRESENT YEAR**

THE year of 1914-1915 has been one of change and progress and on account of mid-year promotions the attendance has been exceptionally large. Probably the most notable change occurred in the faculty. Mr. Musselman came as our principal, Mr. Shaffer as science teacher, Miss Hallowell as Latin instructor, and Miss Williams as English teacher.

The annual art exhibit was held December 9-12. The pictures were all by Indiana artists, and a few were by home talent. There was no picture purchased for the school.

Debating has been progressing very nicely in both the junior and senior teams. The juniors have the larger society, but both organizations have good debaters who are very equally matched as was shown by the decision of the Junior-Senior debate on March 11. This resulted in a tie of fifty-four points each.

In the music department the year has been well spent. We now have both a Boys' and Girls' Glee Club from which a chorus was chosen for the "Windmills of Holland." This was given on April 1 and 2, and met with great success.

Mr. E. L. McLallen has again offered twenty-five dollars to be given as prizes for the four best orations given in the declamation contest. The contestants have been working especially hard and the first preliminary will be held April 15.

In basketball we have accomplished a great deal. The team had the use of the city gym, and with Mr. Shaffer as coach, proved to be a hard one to beat.

The annual county track meet is scheduled for May 1. We are all looking forward to this with great anticipation and feel confident that our team will win great honors for C. C. H. S. this year. The team has already shown great ability in the meet between the seniors and the underclassmen.

In connection with her English work, Miss Williams had each one of her classes dramatize some novel or play which had been studied this year. This, along with basketball, debating, and track, not only has given recreation and enjoyment, but has helped keep up the high school spirit which every school needs.

ZOE DIFFENDARFER, '15.









**JULIUS C. SANDERS—Superintendent**

Ohio Northwestern University; graduate work in the University of Chicago. Two years in elementary department; four years principal of Smith Township High School; six years principal and Latin instructor in C. C. H. S.; six years superintendent of schools in Columbia City.

We have in Mr. Sanders a very efficient and enthusiastic supervisor. He shows intense interest in each member of the school and has won our admiration through his fair dealings with each of us.

**FREN MUSSELMAN—Principal C. C. H. S.**

Indiana University; graduate work. Four years in elementary department; two years principal and two years superintendent of Camden High School; four years supervisor of grades at Muncie; one year principal of C. C. H. S.

Mr. Musselman came to us tingling with interest and enthusiasm. He is always on the jump and is the busiest person in H. S. His policy is work in school but all of us can vouch for his jollity outside of those brick walls.



**MINNIE WILLIAMS—English**

De Pauw University, Ph.B. Principal of high school at Hesperia, Mich., for three years; instructor of algebra and rhetoric at Greencastle, Ind., for one year; head of English department at Kendallville, Ind. for three years.

Miss Williams has succeeded Miss Galbreath and won our love immediately. She knows English from Beowulf to Abe Martin and because of her enthusiasm we all enjoy her work even though she is forced to beg us to look intelligent occasionally. She has promoted interest in English by dramatizing the works of prominent authors.



**HERBERT IHRIG—Mathematics and Debating**

Northern Indiana Normal School and University of Indiana. Three years instructor in elementary department; twelve years in C. C. H. S.

"Daddy" Ihrig made a new venture this year—matrimony—but it hasn't changed him a bit. Through his influence he has encouraged debating and has put that subject on a credit basis. He is a friend to one and all, always giving a smile or sympathy as the occasion demands.







MABLE REED—*German*

University of Indiana. One year instructor in Anderson schools; eight years in C. C. H. S.

Callings are taken kindly when one can redeem himself by getting one of Miss Reed's smiles. "She is a good scout" and contests with everyone at the basketball games, yelling. Whenever we need help we fly to Miss Reed, who cheerfully boosts us over the lumps.



MARY E. HALLOWELL—*Latin*

Earlham College. Three years instructor of Latin and English at Central Academy; three years instructor of Latin at Pendleton High School; Columbia University, A.M.; one year instructor of Latin in C. C. H. S.

Miss Hallowell looks terribly strict in school with her notebook and ready pencil to write our names on those dreadful pages but her smile makes us forget those horrible facts. She likes fun but has it out of school. All who know her will say, "She can't be beat."



R. G. SCHAEFFER

Three years elementary work; one year science, Knightstown High School; one year science, North Manchester High School; one year science, C. C. H. S.

Mr. Schaeffer is certainly a favorite with the boys, especially as he is their constant companion in athletics. He proved worthy of his praise when he good naturedly royally entertained his serenaders. It is said he is very fond of limburger cheese but not in his bed.



IVOL SPAFFORD—*Domestic Science, Eighth Grade*

Michigan State Normal School. Three years or twenty-four months instructor in elementary department; two years in C. C. H. S.

Miss Spafford deserves much credit this year, as she has, besides her regular work, the supervision of the graduates' dresses and the night school. She is the chum of all the girls. Everyone admires her patience and readiness to help.



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*Columbia City High School Year Book*

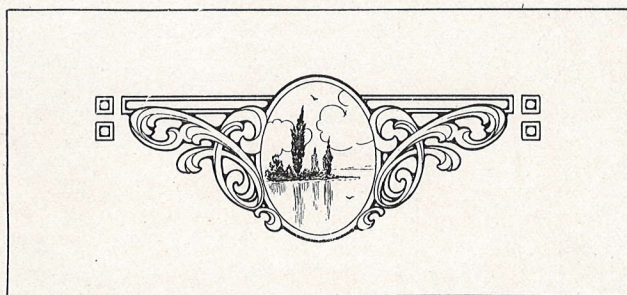
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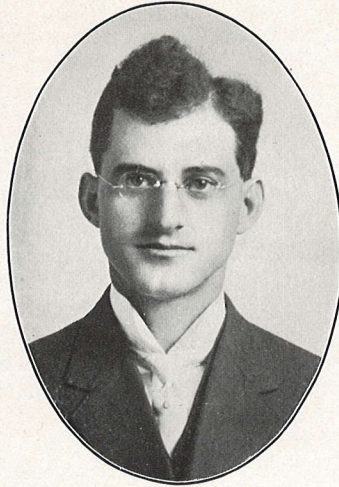
LOUISE BUSHNELL—*Music*

Oberlin. Two years instructor in C. C. H. S.  
Miss Bushnell is loved by everyone who knows her. She always greets each of us with a smile and a cheering word. She is the one to whom we may tell our troubles and from whom we are sure to receive sympathy. She has been quite busy all year with the glee clubs and the play, and has been decidedly successful in the supervision of both.





## In Memoriam



MR. PENCE

*I cannot say and I will not say  
That he is dead; he is just away,  
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,  
He has wandered into an unknown land,  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there,  
And you, O! you who the wildest yearn  
For the old time step and the glad return—  
Think of him faring on as dear  
In the love of there as the love of here.  
Think of him still as the same, I say!  
He is not dead—he is just away.*

RILEY.



## HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1915

WE, the Class of 1915, awoke from the repose of a beauteous summer vacation to find that it was September and that we were about to start upon our career as freshmen. We entered with timidity and awe to the time of Steve's beautiful, new, squeaky shoes. We soon became immune to the jeers of the upperclassmen and learned not to get lost completely in the whir and buzz of school life. After we had received parceled gloom in the shape of report cards and had wallowed heavily through two long, dreary examinations, and had come to the end of the year, we were able to lift up our heads and say that we had produced able members of the county contest, chorus, and of the glee clubs.

After a long and beautiful vacation, we entered upon our sophomore year wherein we had attained the highly respectable title of a class which always got its money's worth, in one way or another, for better or for worse. We looked about to find our class greatly diminished—some of the members had suddenly graduated; others had left us. Under the guidance of Miss Hoham we now prepared to help turn out one of the greatest successes of the age, a musical, "The Building of the Ship," and "Mr. Bob" combined, the last an undeniable scream. We settled down to hard work in this year, and made minutes count, sometimes. We still held up the title of most "Sophs" in amusing ourselves and in making things buzz on our side of the room. The teachers had a continual "pick at" us. We produced some home talent in the oratorical try-outs and showed promise of an illustrious future.

We entered upon the glad year as juniors. We found installed a tom-cat chorus, consisting of "Crook," chief howler; Ervin, assistant chief howler; Ellis and "Phig," chief aides to the timid cats all over the class, who were rather numerous. Amid the howls of these we found our number again diminished. We now came forth with a party at Nile's, where the great Columbian Pathos Quartet was organized. We followed this with several more parties, the last at Mildred's, where Mr. Trimble gave us French and the quartet again became active. In this year we entered debating with zeal and were able to make a great show in the two Junior-Senior debates. "Frankie" became our orator and won first prize in the school and county contest. We produced active members of the glee clubs, semi-choruses, track and basketball this year, and gave the seniors a "high old send-off" at the end of the year with a party and play. We chose for president, Earl Koester; for the class colors, green and gold; the class flower, the yellow rose; and the motto, "*Nulla palma sine labore.*"

We now became high and mighty seniors. Oh, our halcyon days were here at last! We found several members gone and two added, Glenn and Harold. This year has been the most strenuous of our high school career. We have worked more steadily. We have begun to approach the end of the year. In it we have produced players for the coming play, members of the track and basketball teams and members of the glee club.

When we have come to the parting of the ways, when the time for graduation has passed, let us never forget our kind teachers, our class, or dear old C. C. H. S., whose colors of crimson and gold we shall never forget as long as we are able to lift our eyes to pennant or color.

BURTON L. CONKLING, '15.

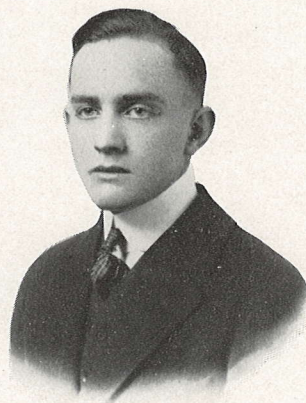


**OSCAR AKER**

*It's easy enough to say nothin'; but it's purty hard to look wise.*

Oscar sits so straight and dignified that the teachers almost see a halo around his head. But we know his dignity is only skin deep. Oscar rose into prominence as a member of the Columbia Pathos Quartet.

Assistant Business Manager of THE COLUMBIAN, Debating '13-'14, Athletic Association.



**ARTHUR BARON**

*A hustler never complains.*

Arthur slips silently into his seat and never says a word to anyone but we know he is a jolly good fellow anyway. He is a diligent pupil and has the art of enjoying study.

Athletic Association, Debating '13-'14, '14-'15.



**VIOLA BECKTOLD**

*I've never done nothin' to nobody.*

Viola is our flaxen haired girl that is always willing to help. She is so quiet that we all must be very silent to hear her recite.

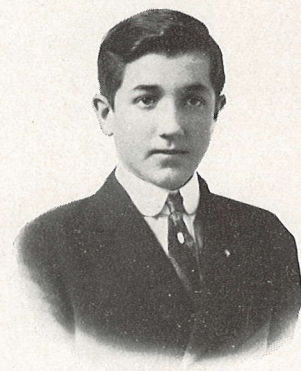


**FRANK BITTING**

*It's goin' some t' be popular enough to be criticized.*

"Frankie" is our twentieth century Demosthenes. He is tiny in stature but is so powerful otherwise that we can't forget to bow to him. His sneezes are as powerful as his oratory.

Junior-Senior Debate '13-'14, first prize in the McAllen Contest '13-'14, Athletic Association, Debating Society '13-'14, '14-'15, gold medal in the County Contest '13-'14.







THERESA BRIGGS

*Of all the girls that are so smart  
There is none like pretty Theresa.*

This unassuming country lassie with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, looks terribly innocent, yet some know she can cut up frightfully. Occasionally she tries to sidetrack us on the knowledge of her age by wearing her hair down.



ZERL BOWERMAN

*You never kin tell about a woman. She is  
just as liable to laugh at a funeral as to  
cry at a weddin'.*

Zeke has certainly studied this year but has managed to slip Chip and the Overland in occasionally anyway. She proved a dramatic artist in *Macbeth* and stars in relating love affairs of every writer we study.

Debating '13-'14.



EARL BORDNER

*All it takes is a little competition to show  
some fellers up.*

Earl is quiet, yet he is always jolly. When he gets into arguments he certainly shows storehouses of knowledge. He drives in from the country faithfully and wears a smile from 8:15 till 4:00—an accomplishment most all of us lack.

Athletic Association, Debating '13-'14.



ROVENA CARPENTER

*Here's Rovena so shy, so modest, so still,  
Whatever she does, she does with a will.*

Rovena does not say much but we all know that she knows her lesson thoroughly just the same. She slips around so timidly that the teachers have to look to see if she is here.

Debating '13-'14.

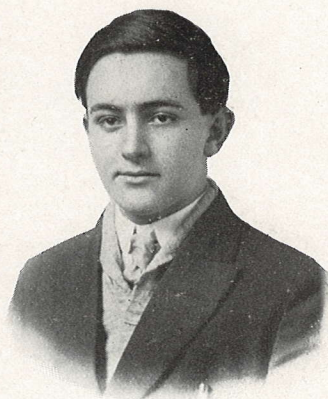


**BURTON CONKLING**

*Some folks seem t' make a specialty o' makin'  
a short story long.*

Burton is certainly a star on the stage and can make people laugh. He would gladly recite the whole lesson if permitted—anyway we know he has the knowledge.

"Trial by Jury" '12, Jenkins in "Mr. Bob" '13, Debating '13-'14, Hertogenbosch in "Windmills of Holland" '15, Athletic Association, Glee Clubs '13-'14, '14-'15.



**ZOE DIFFENDARFER**

*P stands for parlor, with no light astray,  
A fat(?), powdered daughter and a pompa-  
doured Ray.*

Zoe thought she would get out of hard work by taking arithmetic instead of civics the last semester, but she got in deeper than ever. Yet she declares that she is satisfied. If she is late to school we call 23.

Annual Board '11-'12, '13-'14, '14-'15 (secretary), Vice President of class, Debating '13-'14, '14-'15.

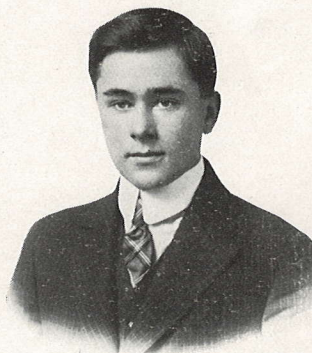


**HENRY EBERHARD**

*I never knew a successful man that could  
quote poetry.*

Henry has a distinguished walk and his new spectacles add to his stately appearance. We don't know much about him as one of the fellows, but we know that he is interested in all school activities.

Athletic Association '14-'15, Boys' Glee Club '14-'15, Jurymen in "Trial by Jury" '13.

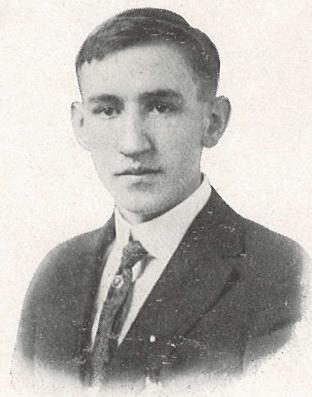


**GLEN GALLOWAY**

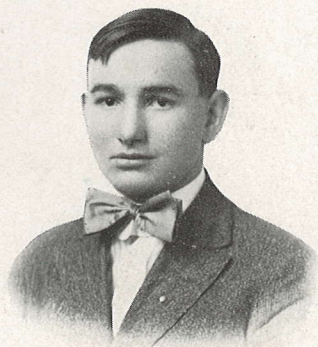
*He was a scholar, and a ripe and a good one.*

Glen came from Etna, and is the brilliant one of our class. He is the only one who gets high grades in English tests. Glen's funniest possession is his laugh.

Entered '14, Athletic Association, Debating, Basketball.



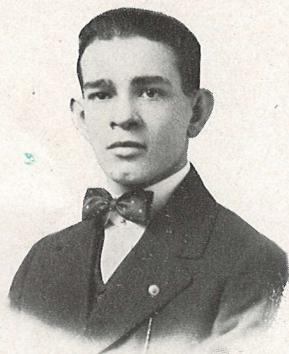




ERVIN HIVELY

*There must be some good work in him, for none ever came out.*

Dutch is exceedingly jolly, and is one of the live sparks in the class. We have heard that he is fond of betting, but we shall overlook this, as we know he is a good scout. Athletic Association.

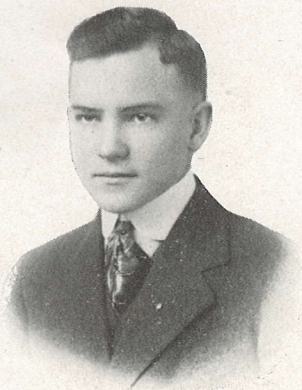


ELLIS KING

*It seems like they pile all the crushed stone on the road to success.*

Ellis has had many troubles this year but nevertheless we all stand up for him. He was one of the stars in the "Windmills of Holland," and we heard that he did some star acting behind the scenes after the first appearance of a Junior girl on the stage.

Orchestra '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14, Captain of Basketball '14-'15, Glee Club '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15, Debating Society '13-'14, '14-'15, Track '14-'15, Bob Yankie in "Windmills of Holland," Athletic Association.

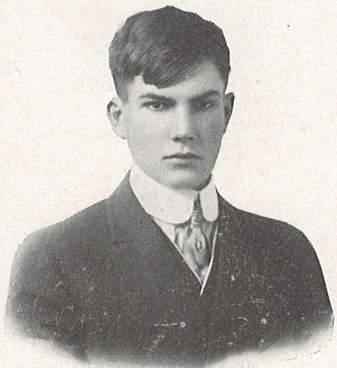


EARL KOESTER

*Nobody kin be popular without being imposed on.*

Earl is our noble president, and he is well worthy of his name. He is always busy with his school affairs and other affairs—for it is a long way across the Rhine.

President of Class, Secretary of Athletic Association '14-'15, Track '13-'14, '14-'15, Captain '14-'15, Basketball '14-'15, Junior-Senior Debates '13-'14, '14-'15.



STEWART LINE

*The feller that walks the chalk at home goes the limit away from home.*

Steve had a very enjoyable smoke once this year. Also had the pink eye and the mumps. He likes to tease the girls and is very unruly in English class.

Debating '13-'14, '14-'15, Athletic Association, Tennis Association.



**BONITA LEININGER**

*What's become o' the ole time girl who let  
the matter drop when a feller jilted her.*

Bonita has had the giggles all year but we cannot say she has neglected her work. Although she got several callings, they have not done any good that we can see. She joined the class last year and has certainly been a favorite.

President of the Glee Club '14-'15, Glee Club '13-'14, '12-'13, Bridesmaid in "Trial by Jury," *Frau* in *Windmills of Holland*, Assistant Editor of *THE COLUMBIAN*.



**GRACE LEAMON**

*Talk to her of Jacob's ladder and she would  
ask the number of steps.*

Grace likes to giggle—but everyone does in *happier* corner. She is quite generous with her *candy* on Monday mornings.

Debating '13-'14.

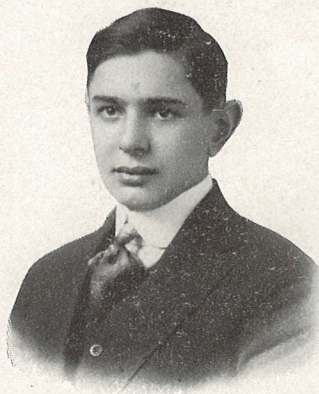


**WILL NOLT**

*A country boy an' his father are soon parted.*

Will joined the Freshman class for a while this year, but we have him back again. He is a regular cut-up and delights in joyriding since he joined the Ford Club.

Junior-Senior Debate '13-'14, Athletic Association, Track, Debating '13-'14.

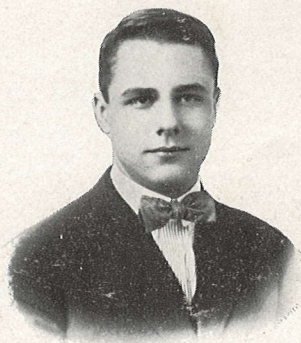


**OPHEL PRESSLER**

*What most workin' men need is an 8 hr. night.*

Ophie is our politician, and shines in civics class. He is troubled with sleeping sickness. The attacks usually come after a night out of town, however. The girls say he is a very good consoler.

Athletic Association '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15, Debating '13-'14, '14-'15, Track '14-'15, Glee Club '14-'15.







MILDRED RAMP

*It is worth all it costs to keep peace in the family.*

Mildred is noiseless, like Rovenia and Viola. Mr. Musselman broke her heart the first of the year, but we hope it is healed by this time.



WANDA RIDDLE

*There lies more peril in thine eyes than twenty swords.*

Wanda is one of our star debaters. She has enjoyed school the last semester, since she is out of history class.

Debating '13-'14, Junior-Senior Debates '13-'14, '14-'15.



ABE STROUSE

*Wise men are all dead or dying,  
In fact, I don't feel well myself.*

Abe is one of the active members of the class. He always wants something doing. He, like Mr. S., is quite fond of limburger cheese. He is one of Miss Williams's troubles in English class.

Treasurer of Class, Annual Board '12-'13, '13-'14, Business Manager of Annual '14-'15, Basketball '11-'12, '14-'15, Track '12-'13, '14-'15, County Contest '11-'12, Debating '13-'14, Treasurer Athletic Association '12-'13, '13-'14.



MARY WEBER

*A woman's heart is like the moon, always changing and always a man therein—just now the man can be plainly seen.*

Mary has been busy writing letters this winter, but we cannot say that she has neglected her studies. With her angelic look and pleasant smile she can make the teachers believe she works anyway.

Athletic Association, Maid of Honor in "Trial by Jury," Glee Club '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15, Kitty in "Mr. Bob," Wilhelmina in "Windmills of Holland," Soloist in "Building of the Ship," Editor-in-chief of THE COLUMBIAN, Junior-Senior Debates '13-'14, '14-'15, fourth prize in McLallen Contest, Secretary of Class.



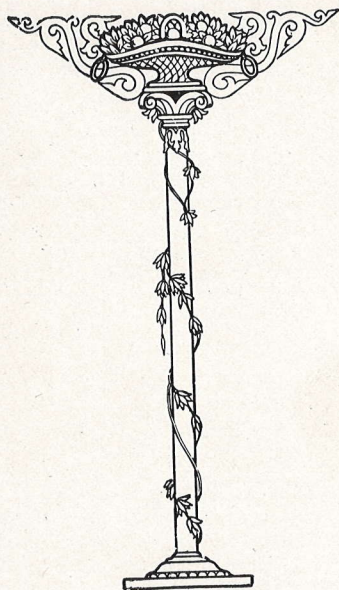
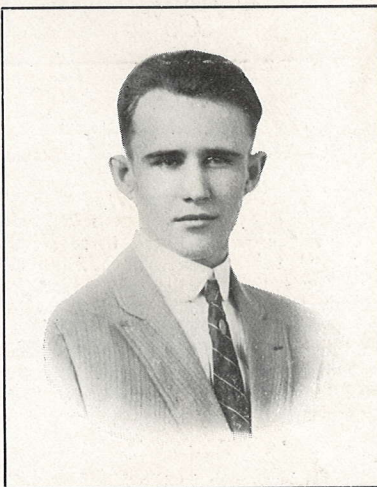
Mr.  
ear,

**HAROLD WHICKER**

*What's become of the old-fashioned feller  
who wuz willin' t' begin at the bottom.*

Harold came to us from Washington Centre and  
has delighted us all with his wit, cartooning, and  
athletics. He always wears a broad grin, and is  
always in good humor.

Entered '14, Basketball, Track, Annual Board.





## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

WE, the Class of 1915 of the C. C. H. S., Columbia City, Ind., U. S. A., being now of supposedly sound mind and memory, mindful of the uncertainty of life and feeling ourselves about to make our demise and depart to a greater beyond, do hereby, in the presence of William Stallsmith and Julius Sanders, make and publish this as and for our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all other wills by us at any time heretofore made.

And, first, we direct our executors hereinafter named, to carry on and celebrate our funeral in the most elaborate manner possible; to publish our obituary in all the leading county and national newspapers; to provide us with a suitable tombstone not to exceed \$14,000 in cost; and to pay all our just debts and bills incident to the administration of our estate as soon as reasonably may be after our decease and departure.

### SECTION I. ITEM 1

We bequeath to the Freshman Class, generally, three months tuition to any horsemanship college in the United States, hoping that such a course may greatly assist them in becoming full-fledged Sophomores next fall and furthermore, do we bestow on them our wonderful brilliancy.

### SECTION II. ITEM 1

We leave to the Sophomore Class as a whole the duty of redeeming the standing and honor of the Junior Class next fall, which we fear has fallen below par during the last two years, and also do we bestow on them with much formality what they greatly need—our dignity.

### SECTION III. ITEM 1

To the Junior Class we give our positions as, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of our countrymen," and with it our self-esteem, our individuality, and our condescending air.

#### ITEM 2

On Abraham Strouse do we bestow the commander-in-chiefship of the United States Army in Mexico, the position of legal counsel for the Sultan of Turkey, the directorship of Wilson's cabinet, and the managership of the business affairs of the Junior Class because of his marvelous executive ability and capacity and his general versatility.

#### ITEM 3

To Arthur Baron, who claims to be an English nobleman, in fact one of the very few Barons living in this country, do we bequeath one hat rack on which to hang his large collection of hats, lids, coronets, etc. Also do we arrange that the Boy Scouts may act as his military escort hereafter in his trips between Columbia City and Thorncreek Township so as to avoid all dangers of assassination.

#### ITEM 4

To Mildred Ramp we leave one net, three bloodhounds, and two detectives to assist her in the strenuous problem of finding a fellow.

#### ITEM 5

Unto Oscar Aker do we leave one copy of "Peck's Bad Boy," one phonograph, one volume of *Ticklish Reuben at the Side Show*, one season's ticket to the Lyceum Theatre, a year's subscription to *Campbell's High School Journal*, and one feather in order to remove the tragic look from his face. Furthermore, do we will him one set of nut-crackers, one crack-shot rifle, fourteen packages of firecrackers, and ten pounds of Perfection wafers to assist him in cracking a smile when necessary.

#### ITEM 6

To Theresa Briggs we bequeath four gallons and three quarts of pickles, to be sent by parcel post to her home in Troy Township, where she may eat them with no fears of disturbance.

#### ITEM 7

Unto Burton Conkling we give his sister's position as an intellectual shark in the Senior Class, and in addition to this a muffler to keep him from laughing in public places. Further-



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## Columbia City High School Year Book

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more, do we will him Forest Brigg's Ingersoll watch, to time himself so as not to prolong his conversations and talks.

### ITEM 8

We will and bequeath to Rovenia Carpenter, all of Paul Harter's modesty, also do we give her one shot gun, fourteen pounds of dynamite with plenty of fuse and caps, three saw bells, and a tick tack, so that she may make at least a little noise.

### ITEM 9

To Bonita Leininger do we hereby bequeath eight Plymouth Rock, six Leghorn, nine Miners, twelve Wyandotte, four Brahma, and fourteen Bantam chanticleers to crow for her in the morning to remind her that the *Knight* is gone.

### ITEM 10

To Ellis King do we leave, with our kindest regards, one blue uniform, and a position of musician in the Salvation Army of America, where he may use his talents of singing, and of beating the snare drum to his heart's content.

### ITEM 11

Unto Francis McLallen we bequeath and devise one dollar and ninety-eight cents (\$1.98) worth of chewing gum, one copy of William Meisers *How to Chew Gum in Public*, one aspirator, and one canteen of fresh water to assist her in swallowing the quid when necessary.

### ITEM 12

To Stewart Line do we bequeath Ray Erne's presidency of the South Whitley Matrimonial Bureau, with the sincere hope that he will carry on the noble work of his illustrious predecessor. To assist him we give him sixty-five passes on the Vandalia Railroad, between Columbia City and South Whitley; eleven boxes of stationery; five dollars' worth of two-cent stamps; seven quarts of ink; four fountain pens; sixty-two stamped envelopes; one year's free service on both the Home and Farmers' Mutual telephone lines; twelve months' free legal counsel with Attorneys Gates and Whiteleather; and furthermore, the assistance of Earl Bordner as his private secretary and stenographer.

### ITEM 13

Unto Earl Bordner we direct our executors to pay a salary of \$1,200 a year for the position of private secretary to the said Stewart Line; furthermore, is it provided that the salary be raised \$400 every five years while the position lasts.

### ITEM 14

To Grace Lehman we bequeath Edna Knisley's ability to speak in public and also six boxes of Talcum powder to assist in covering up the blushes she always shows when called upon suddenly to recite.

### ITEM 15

To Henry Eberhard we will one copy of the *Elements of Pennsylvania Dutch*, and furthermore do we bequeath him four billikins and eight grinning skulls to return his bright, sunny smile.

### ITEM 16

We leave to Opal Pressler, Burt Barney's ability and capacity as an all-around A No. 1 ladies' man, and also Burt's genius in electrical and mechanical lines.

### ITEM 17

We bequeath to Hazel Trout a set of scales, a pair of gills, fins, a pair of goggles, and one bath dodger to assist her in establishing her identity with the finny tribe. Also do we leave her free use of, and right-of-way up Blue River and in the ice-pond so that she may make the excursions a fish longs to indulge in.

### ITEM 18

Unto Nile Nolt, who has already shown his ability in shot putting, we give up all the horse-power that Fred Carver ever manifested in that line and with this one pair of ankle braces to prevent him from fracturing any bones.



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## Columbia City High School Year Book

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### ITEM 19

Unto Zoe Diffendarfer do we leave a position of floor walker at the Shriner Grocery, in which position she may keep a strict eye on all the clerks and see that they are up to the standard in all respects.

### ITEM 20

We will and bequeath to Irvin Hively, fifty-three cents (53c) to settle for the numerous shotgun shells that were exploded at his home one evening in protecting the rights of a Junior Class party; also do we leave him a pocketful of spending money so that he may be able to foot the ice cream soda bills which fall his lot to pay.

### ITEM 21

To Zerl Bowerman we leave one coil (Coyle) so that she may have the complete equipment with which to run an "Overland," and with this we assure her that she will have a Rollicking good time.

### ITEM 23

Unto the well-known disciple of Morpheus, Gail Yontz, do we bestow four extra hours in the morning, one beadstead, one set of springs, one mattress, one good pillow, two woolen blankets, six comforters, three quilts, one spread, one soapstone, one alarm clock, and other furnishings too numerous to mention, to aid him in enjoying the "honey dew of slumber."

### ITEM 24

To Wanda Riddle, who has twice served her class on the Junior debating team this year, we bequeath one year subscriptions to the *Outlook*, the *Independent*, the *Tribune*, and the *Congressional Record*, so that she may get plenty of debating material; and furthermore, do we assure her the assistance of Mr. Ihrig and with these may she add more stars to her crown next year.

### ITEM 25

Unto Mary Weber do we leave and award one scholarship in the BUSHNELL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC; and furthermore, do we bequeath her seventeen boxes of 32 caliber cartridges and free use of the Armory three days in every week, where she may indulge in target practice until she can really hit what she intends to with her revolver.

### ITEM 26

To the veteran boy orator, Frank Bitting, we will sixty pounds of Fred Carver's avoirdupois, and one foot and seven inches of Don Devine's height, and in behalf of the noble work he has done this year we bestow on him a crown of laurels and also a pension of twenty-eight dollars a month, which we direct our executors to pay.

### ITEM 27

Unto Earl Koester, we leave George Myer's dignity and position of president of a Senior Class, which we direct be given him Monday, September 7, 1914. Furthermore, do we give him, one nonsinkable lifeboat, one set of oars, one extra paddle, ten pounds of cork, three hundred feet of rope, one foghorn, one raincoat, one pair of hip boots, and finally one anchor, so that he may approach a waterfall with safety.

### SECTION IV

We do hereby nominate and appoint Harold D. Trimble and Herbert Ihrig to be executors of this, our last will and testament. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seal this twenty-first day of May, A. D. 1914.

(Signed)

CLASS OF 1914, C. C. H. S. (Seal)\*\*

The above foregoing instrument was on the date thereof, duly signed, sealed, published, and declared by the above named testator in the presence of us at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

(Signed)

JULIUS C. SANDERS,  
WILLIAM STAHL SMITH.  
Per LLOYD S. CROUCH,  
For Class of 1914.



HIST

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# JUNIORS

## HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1916

ON A balmy September morning three short years ago, the class of '13, '14, and '15 came to C. C. H. S. and discovered great swarms of Freshmen timidly grouped about—the class of '16 composed of the best array of sons and daughters Columbia City had ever sent forth. Unmistakable signs of future greatness lurked in every word and deed, although they probably seemed childish and unsophisticated to casual observers.

Under the awe inspiring guidance of their teachers they, with quaking hearts, rushed into the field of learning. They soon dropped their eight year custom of bringing flowers and choice apples to their teacher and also learned to exist without the aid of pencil boxes and cough drops. During this year they invented an absolutely new way of conveying notes to all parts of the room and were also good in the art of shooting paper wads.

As Sophomores, they were moved from the north end of the assembly room to directly in front of the desk; consequently they were comparatively quiet. They realized only one precious fact: they were no longer Freshmen. The popular wrongdoings this year were lunches in the back of the assembly. They will never forget the expression on that boy's face, when, just as he had succeeded in storing seven-eighths of a whole doughnut in his mouth, Harold E. Chapman appeared and inquired whether he was taking Latin or German.

Soon they were Juniors; they were surprised to find that they did not feel superhuman, for during their first two years' high school experience they had looked upon a Junior as some heavenly body. However, now they were not long in realizing that they had been sadly deceived. They became more organized as a class, elected class officers, did wonders in debating, and as a grand finale gave the Seniors a send-off that has never been equaled. They are saving a lot of strength for their last year when they will finish with an unsurpassed record; so that in years to come when men ask what class had the most brilliant high school career the answer will come back in tremendous accents, 1916.

BOB FAGAN, '16.



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*Columbia City High School Year Book*

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*JUNIORS*

MARGARET BAKER  
REX BALL  
BERNICE BRIGGS  
LEO BAUER  
MARY BECHTOLDT  
LELTA BRAY  
ESTHER BROWN  
VERNICE CARTER  
CLARA COLCHIN  
CLEO COYLE  
MILDRED CRAWFORD  
ERNEST ERNE  
BOB FAGAN  
MARY FAUST  
CLARENCE FEIST  
MERLE FISHER  
HAZEL FRANCE  
TERESA GALVIN  
ORPHA GANDY  
EDITH JACKSON  
LAURA KEIRN

GAIL LANCASTER  
IRENE LEININGER  
PHIL MCNEAR  
RALPH MEYERS  
RUTH MORGAN  
WILLIE NICHOLS  
RUTH ORNER  
RUSSEL PAIGE  
EVERETT PATTY  
EDWARD RAUPHER  
LOIS RHOADS  
SUSIE ROUCH  
ANN SECRIST  
RENA SHARPE  
NELL VANVOORST  
KATHERINE WATERFALL  
MARGUERITE WAUGH  
CARRIE WETZEL  
VELMA WHITELEATHER  
EVERETT WILCKENS  
FRANCES WILLIAMSON

MARY YONTZ







*The Wish of a Sophomore*

I WANT to be a Senior  
And with the Seniors stand,  
A fountain pen stuck in my hair,  
And a notebook in my hand;  
Right there among the Seniors,  
So truthful and so bright,  
I'd write a dandy essay  
And dream of it all night.  
Seniors were born for great things,  
Sophies were born for small  
But it is not recorded  
Why Freshies were born at all!

BERNICE PHEND, '17.







# SOPHOMORES



**In Memoriam**

**Mildred Chester**

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*God knew all about it, how noble,  
How gentle she was, and how brave,  
How brilliant her possible future,  
Yet put her to sleep in her grave.*







## *SOPHOMORES*

CORA BRIGGS	RALPH HIVELY
EBEN BORN	ELLEN HOOD
MABEL BOWLBY	CLYDE HULL
RUTH BOYD	LOVICA KEIRN
BLANCHE BRUMBAUGH	KATHERINE KESSLER
LEO CUNNINGHAM	RUTH KNIGHT
RUSSEL EISAMAN	MARY KOURT
ALLICE ENGLE	JOHN LILlich
LOUISE ERDMAN	PERRY LILLY
MARY ERNE	BOYD LOGAN
THELMA FISHER	HARRY LORBER
MARY GALLAGHER	HAROLD LUNDBLAD
HENRY GALVIN	DONALD METTLER
JOHN GALVIN	FRED MEYERS
WALTER GALVIN	VIRGIL MORGAN
BLANCH GARRISON	KATIE PAIGE
ETTES GARTY	HALLIE PENCE
LENA GOSS	SYLVIA PENCE
WILLIAM GREGG	BERNICE PHEND
FRAMIN GRUESBECK	EMMETT PRESSLER
VERA HAUN	PAULINE PUMPHREY
IRENE HAYNES	GERTRUDE SCHINBECKLER
NELLIE HARROLD	RAYMOND SWIGART



## *THE CHRONICLES OF THE 1917's*

### CHAPTER I

1 And it came to pass while Julius Christopher Sanders ruled wisely over the land of learning that the humble tribe of Freshmanites started forth upon their tedious and toilsome journey through the land of learning. And lo! as they journeyed on, they beheld many wonderful sights, and they learned much in those days of travel.

2 And they were advised by the wise counsellors of Julius Sanders that his mighty word and many sayings were law. And they were also charged that if they neither harkened nor obeyed these commands, woe be unto them.

3 And it came to pass that this tribe journeyed along its steep and thorny path, they passed the evening of a certain day, by the tranquil waters of the Three Lakes. And when darkness had fallen, lo! the high and mighty tribe of Seniorites, aided by their trusty and worshipping allies, the race of Juniorites, swooped down upon the defenceless Freshmanites and fell upon and devoured that food whereof they had wished to partake.

4 When the morrow had come the Freshmanites sought vainly with fiery and sinister looks to penetrate the mighty armor of knowledge with which the Seniorites were girded.

5 And now when the spring of the year had come, when all the tribes held their trials of strength, a youth of the Freshmanites excelled all others. And the people cried unto one another, saying, "Behold ye, the victor of the day!"; and the Freshmanites rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

6 Thus they continued steadfastly on and many prospered in that land of plenteous learning.

### CHAPTER II

1 And lo! it came to pass, that one year from that day on which they had started forth, many of the humble tribe of Freshmanites joined themselves with their less fortunate brethren of the tribe of Sophomorites who had dropped by the wayside in that great march. And all of these together numbered, even of both tribes, two score and eight.

2 Now it happened that this same tribe of Sophomorites did again make their yearly pilgrimage to the Three Lakes. And lo! one youth and one maiden went forth upon the pier. And it came to pass that this certain youth with loud lamentations fell into the waters. And having been raised up by his friends he took unto himself dry raiment as he had need for it.

3 And while they marvelled greatly at the boldness and daring deeds of their neighbors, the Juniorites, and while they trembled exceedingly lest they might unknowingly transgress the laws, suddenly a prophet arose unto them in their midst and said unto them:

4 Even though the tribes of the Juniorites and Seniorites are more powerful and mightier in numbers than we, yet let us deal wisely lest they rise up against us and destroy us utterly.

5 And fear ye not, my people, but rejoice greatly for it shall come to pass in two years that we shall have reached the end of our toilsome journey and we shall stand forth upon the top of the hill and shall be victorious over all. Then shall we sing praise and hallelujahs unto the name of Julius and unto the names of his counsellors.

6 And being thus encouraged by the sayings of the wise prophet, the Sophomorites girt themselves with new courage and turning their faces toward the promised land they bravely journeyed on.

DOROTHY ALLEN MAGLEY, '17.





# FRESHMEN

KATHERINE AKER  
 RUTH ALLEN  
 GEORGE AKER  
 BEATRICE BINDER  
 ADA BOYD  
 RETHA BILLMAN  
 ROLAND BINKLEY  
 LYMAN BOWERMAN  
 GRACE BRADDOCK  
 CLARK BRIGGS  
 EDITH BRINDLE  
 FLORENCE BUFFENBARGER  
 FLOYD CHAPMAN  
 MELBA COOK  
 MERRILL DORIOT  
 CECIL EISAMAN  
 MARIE FULLMER  
 LAWRENCE FIRESTONE  
 DONALD GARDNER  
 FRED GARRISON  
 EDNA GALLAGHER  
 EVA HERROLD  
 JOHN HOFFER  
 MARY HYRE  
 ROSA KARNES  
 LENA KING  
 BRUCE KINGSLEY  
 GRACE KNIGHT  
 PAULINE LEMMON  
 CATHERINE McLALLEN

DeWITT McNABB  
 HELEN MOSHER  
 FLORENCE McLAUGHLIN  
 DeWITT McLALLEN  
 FLOYD METTLER  
 KARL MORSCHES  
 ALICE NEIBLE  
 GLENN OVERDEER  
 FREEDA PHILLIPS  
 KATHERINE POGUE  
 MILLARD PENCE  
 RUSSEL PHEND  
 HAZEL RAMSEY  
 IZONA RAMSEY  
 FRANCES ROBERTS  
 BERNICE ROCKEY  
 PAUL ROMNEY  
 WALTER SCOTT  
 RAYMOND STAPLES  
 GEORGE SCHRADER  
 FREELAND SHAW  
 WALTER SHILTS  
 RUTH VAN BUSKIRK  
 RICHARD VANDEMAN  
 FAYE VAN VOORST  
 RUTH WILCOX  
 ORVILLE WAGONER  
 BERT WALKER  
 JOHN WATERFALL  
 WALLACE WATERFALL





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### *HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1918*

ON THE fourteenth of September, 1914, fifty-eight scared little Freshmen came into the high school. Some of us were not unused to its grandeur, having spent the eighth grade in its exalted and sacred precincts. The first week was spent in organization. Everybody from Senior to eighth grader was getting lost. It was a common thing to see a class wandering up and down the hall looking for its teacher and a place to sit down. The second week things began to run more smoothly. Everything went well until examinations. This terrible word brought terror to everyone.

At last the dreaded day came and only a few escaped. These shook their heads sorrowfully and said, "All of that cramming for nothing." After examinations there was a class party. The Sophomores thought it a very good joke because it took five meetings to perfect the plans, but it was a grand success. The week after examinations there was a new sensation; another section was added to the eighth grade to take the place of those promoted to the freshman year. Everybody had a good laugh at their expense. When this new addition was added there was some reorganization. This did not take long, and we settled down again for a steady grind until vacation. Thus we go on dreaming of the days when we shall be called Seniors.

DEWITT McLALLEN.







## *EIGHTH GRADE*

GERTRUDE BETZNER  
MARY BOYD  
VELMA BURNS  
HAZEL BRADDOCK  
RUTHIE CAMPBELL  
HELEN CARPENTER  
THORA CASE  
ALMA CEARBAUGH  
MAUDE CRAMAR  
MARY CUNNINGHAM  
MAE DUNFEE  
CLIFFORD FEASTER  
JANICE GALBREATH  
SCOTT GATES  
THOMAS GEISLER  
HUBERT GOSS  
AUGUSTA GRIMES  
CHARLIE HAWKINS  
VERA HEINLEY  
VIRGIL HEINLEY  
MAURICE HARROLD  
RALPH JOHNSON  
TREVA KESSLER  
RALPH KILLIAN  
DANIEL LEAMAN  
CLARENCE LEAR  
KENNITH MAGLEY

MARGARET McLALLEN  
ALICE MEIER  
ROBERT MEISER  
LEO NICHOLS  
HELEN NOWELS  
MELBA PAIGE  
NINA PENCE  
OCIE PHILLIPS  
DOROTHY RAMP  
KATHARINE RICKER  
IGNOTA ROBERTS  
OPAL SCHANG  
CLAIR SECRIST  
MARION SHROYER  
LAVAHN SMITH  
NAOMI SPITLER  
MERLYN STAPLES  
BESSIE STOUGH  
DAVID TAYLOR  
IRENE TROUT  
FRANCES WALKER  
JAMES WASHBURN  
ESTHER WEICK  
LEON WILLITS  
ROBERT WYNKOOP  
JOSIE YOUNG  
PEARL ZUMBROM









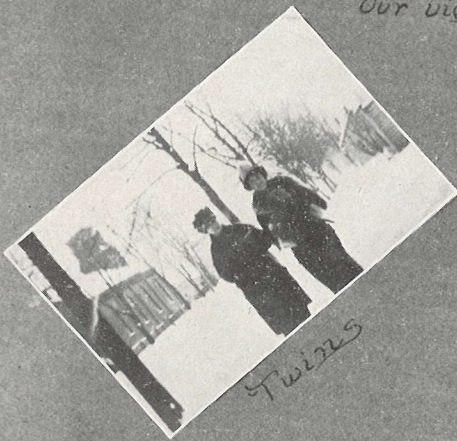
*A mixed group*



*Getting her picture took*



*"Our vigilance committee"*



*Twins*



*"Socrates"*



*"Camera Busting"*



*"Products of all nations"*



*Crooks*







*Crooks*



*Gyp the Blood*



*Archimedes*



*Piety*



*Birds of a feather*



*Two Extremes*

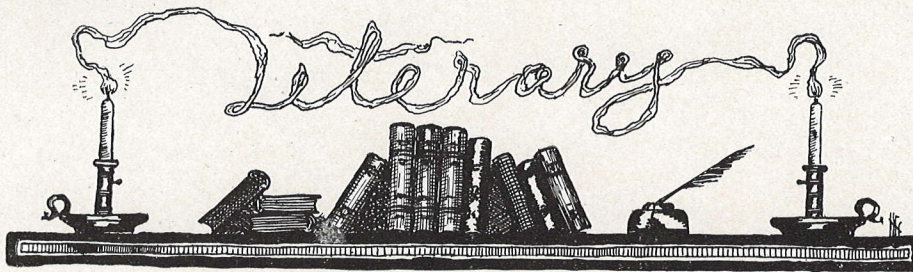


*Gay Birds*



*Meditation*





### TURNIPS AND BEATS

Bessie Smith was in the fourth grade of school and her sisters had just started in. Bessie seemed to have some trouble with her lessons, and told her mother that they were all mixed up, and she did not know which subjects she was studying.

Now Mrs. Smith was not in favor of adorning education with any frills or ruffles. She opposed the introduction of each of the so-called "fads" and her opposition was always loud and insistent. One morning she visited the principal of the school which sheltered the little Smiths for the most peaceful hours of their day, and expressed her sentiments in no measured term:

"It's disgraceful the way children are taught," she began, with a painful disregard of tact and feeling. "Their studies are so jumbled together that they don't know when they have finished with arithmetic and taken up geography. The other day Bessie—she is in "B" room, you know—came home and said that the teacher had stopped in the middle of a singing lesson, right in the middle of a song, to ask how many turnips were in a peck."

The principal was absolutely astonished. His eyes opened wider and wider.

"You,— you must be mistaken," he faltered.

"No ma'am, Bessie told me and Bessie never lies," said Bessie's mother with a complacency that irritated the atmosphere.

The teacher was at last sent for. She denied that she had interrupted a music lesson to satisfy her curiosity in regard to turnips and pecks. She went back to "B" room with unkindly feelings, but three minutes later she came back smiling.

"I know now what Mrs. Smith meant," said she. "I asked the children how many beats were in a measure."

SUSIE RONCH.



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### A GRAB SALE

Long before sunrise Mrs. Sarah Jane Perkins had long "bin up," as she expressed it, and was flying about doing her morning chores. It was Saturday, and she must have every speck of dust and dirt out of her house before she started to town with her butter and eggs to do her usual Saturday's trading.

"I must get an early start," she thought to herself, "or my butter will just naturally slop clear out of the crocks, if the sun gets much hotter."

It must have been about eight o'clock when Mr. Perkins drove up to the back door with "Old Kate" hitched to the old buggy which had no top. He helped "Mrs. Sarah Jane" place the farm produce in the buggy and even laid an extra piece of rag carpet over the butter which was in the back of the open buggy bed.

"Carpets are just the thing to keep the sun from melting the butter," he mumbled to himself.

As Mrs. Perkins drove away she called back, "Silas, I left a cold snack for you on the kitchen table and don't you muss around in my clean pantry."

Old Kate plodded along the country road, kicking up clouds of dust while Mrs. Perkins guided her with extreme care, thinking all the time.

"I declare if tomorrow isn't Cousin Ella's birthday and I have nearly forgotten all about it. Seems as if I ought to get her a present, but she has everything a living mortal could want. Well, I'll just look around a bit."

By this time she had reached the only paved street in the village, and Old Kate's hoofs beat heavily upon the stones as the old buggy rattled merrily along towards the grocery and from thence to the Farmers' Tie Barn. When the usual week's necessities had been purchased, Mrs. Perkins started to search for a suitable present for Cousin Ella. As she walked along the street she noticed a big advertisement before the Morris Five and Ten Cent Store, which read, "At 10:30 a. m. there will be a granite sale here. Any piece in the window will sell for 10 cents."

Mrs. Perkins turned to look at the display in the window and straightway resolved to wait and buy a granite roaster for the present to be. She busied herself in the meantime visiting old friends and neighbors on the street corners until half-past ten, when the sale began. She entered the door with a hundred other women and several minutes later emerged with the roaster in her arms.

But the feather on her Sunday hat "hung limp" over one ear and the bias pieces on the skirt of her best alpaca were half ripped off and dragged along the sidewalk like a train. However, no one could help noticing the triumphant gleam in her eye and the satisfied twist of her mouth.

That evening during the peacefulness of her own home, she related to the patient Silas the terrors of a "grab sale." She had never "seen the beat of it," and never wanted to see it again, but she declared with emphasis that she wouldn't have let go of that roaster if all the women in the country had been jerking at it.

ZERL BOWERMAN, '15.



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HENRIETTA'S VISIT

Shirley Green was home from Brearsdale Academy for spring vacation. Her mother was entertaining a few friends at a little tea party. The girls were gaily chatting over the teacups, when grandfather happened to come into the room. Now grandfather always was an admirer of the ladies and he always had a long story ready if anyone would listen.

"Once upon a time," began grandfather, "John Harley and his wife invited their niece, who was attending a seminary not very far away, to spend the week-end with them. Well, John met the girl at the station with a spring wagon.

"'Why you perfectly superlative uncle,' she said, shaking hands with him high in the air, 'What a manly physique you have!'

"When they had loaded her trunk and hat boxes on the wagon, Henrietta (for that was the girl's name) said in a meek voice, 'Oh! Uncle, don't you think this quite excessively beyond?'

"'Wa'al, now, I—don't know; we're only two miles from town!'

"'Oh! Uncle, I mean do you not regard this wagon as a poem in iambic hexameter. Those things are so utterly lovely!'

"The old man twisted and squirmed and murmured that he thought the wagon was used to deliver coal before he bought it.

"'Oh! There is that consummate aunt. I'm so utterly charmed, aunt. What? No, I never kiss anyone, at least rarely ever, for you are no doubt aware that microbes lurk in osculation!'

"The next day the 'consummate' aunt had invited some of the girls in for an afternoon tea. After nibbling a little at some wafers and sipping a little tea, she leaned back with an air of disconcert.

"'You're not through eating are you, Henrietta?' her aunt asked.

"'Aunt, forbear your solicitude. I have eaten to my entire sanctification. Any more would be superfluperfoperous.'

"The next day Henrietta left and as John looked across the table, as he ate a 'symphony' of a twisted doughnut, he beamed as he said, 'Mirandy, I'm glad that you never went to that seminary.'"

GAIL LANCASTER, '16.

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AS IT HAPPENED

When I first met Molly many years ago, I thought she was about the sweetest proposition in peaches I had ever seen. I remember how my big hand with its bundle of baseball fingers covered her little mitten when we shook hands. I wanted to know her better so I went to a baseball fan who lived next door to Molly and told him my story. He "had it" before I was fairly started.



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"I'll take her to the game next week," he said. "I think she knows the game, and you'll have to do things. Make a home run and she'll 'fall for you' like cut grass."

I never worked as hard since I studied the fourteenth chapter in Caesar. I remember the game as if it had been yesterday. I could plainly see the car on the Vandalia Railroad as it pulled into Spoaktown Park on the day the Tigers and Wildcats were to clash, in the game in which I was to pull some "boners."

I came up to bat flushed and primed, for I knew she was watching me. I felt as though I were in the front parlor and that I should be bowing or worrying about my English. But, oh, if ever I did things in my life, I did them in that game. And as I slid home with the winning run, I thought I could see the girl in white waving her head and shouting till her voice sounded like a rusty pump. I got a home run, two three-baggers, and a single, and felt as happy as Theodore Roosevelt when he found the Bull Moosers had nominated him.

I dressed in my "best rags" that night, put on a loud blue tie, a stud that fairly talked, a pair of barker shoes that simply barked, and went with my friend to see Molly.

I was scarcely inside the door, when Molly broke out in her thin, piping voice, "Oh! Mr. Branball, what horrid stockings you had on today, a red one and a blue one, and how you chased that poor little fellow around the lot; it was simply horrid."

Then for the first time, I fell.

She knew nothing about baseball. Whenever I threw a swift one to third, she thought I was trying to kill the little fellow over there. Whenever there happened to be some one on first when I made a three-bagger, she thought I was chasing the poor fellow around the lot, and when I slid home, I was too clumsy to stay on my feet.

Well, I saw that my baseball talent had gone "bull-moose" as far as Molly was concerned, so I switched right back to my old theme and began to talk about the weather. When the weather gave out, Molly broke into talking about woman suffrage, and just about "had my goat" when papa arrived and I was introduced. He was a medium sized man with a long drawn face, who looked at me like a tiger. But he was a baseball fan and I was saved.

HENRY GALVIN, '17.

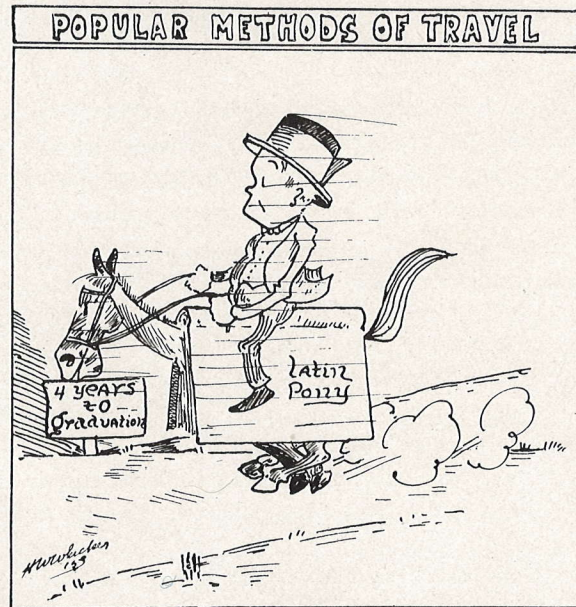
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### A QUEER PONY

Of course there are all kinds of ponies like those of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Strong. There are the kinds you find out west and down south, but all of these have only one tail to them. There are other kinds that have tales instead of tails.

The kind of pony that has more than one tale is not the one with four legs. I have never seen its ears, but I know it has paper for a back and that it is hard to catch and saddle. Moreover, nobody seems to own it.





It is worse than an umbrella when it is raining if you want to find it and it kicks up more trouble for its keeper (before it gets out of school) than a mule. No one thinks that anyone but a Senior knows about ponies with tales to them, and we Freshies should not even trade our beloved name for one of that kind.

They say (that is, the keepers) that they are in constant peril for those ponies turn up suddenly in the most undesirable places and they would advise anyone just starting in, to build a substantial cage for it and keep it at home if he doesn't want to be called upon the green carpet.

But some times during examinations they break loose and trot behind some friendly persons to school to aid in the translation of some hard Caesar passage.

A change of ownership follows and the little animal is never permitted to return home.

CATHERINE McLALLEN, '18.

#### AN ESSAY ON LOVE

The greatest thing in the world is spelled with but three letters, "L-u-f." Love is a calamity against which there is no insurance, a billion volt shock of electricity against which there is no insulation, and a deadly disease for which there is no cure. Love, the sum, the total of all misfortunes, must be endured with silence; no friend so dear to be trusted with such a secret, no remedy so powerful to remove its anguish. It is sometimes contagious, frequently fatal, and always



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critical. Like the measles, the later in life it comes, the worse it is. As yet no cure has been found, and after all, the victim doesn't want to be cured—it isn't worth while; like the sleeping sickness, he simply wants to be left alone. Poets, scientists, philosophers, and parents have tried to define love, but all have been forced to give it up unsolved—except Laura Jean Libby.

Like hives it is an affliction which most commonly breaks out during the spring of the year, and like the whooping cough one seldom has it twice. It hits the victim with a sickening thud somewhere between the head and heart, blinding the eyes, softening the brain, and flattening the pocket book. The symptoms of love, like those of intoxication, are too common to enumerate. Distorted vision, meaningless prattle, and that terrible "morning after the night before" are characteristic of both.

Love, like laudanum, is helpful in small quantities but injurious in large ones. All love should be mathematically equal, as much as the two sides of algebraic equations. But unfortunately—as with bank accounts, it is hard to make them balance.

It is as impossible to conceal love as it is to cover up a wart on the nose. When a young man begins to haunt the library, to whistle when he wants a collar button, and to change his collars more than twice a week, there's a dart lodged in his heart. Money makes the world go round but love makes it go round and round. Remove love from the world and florists would become beggars, jewelers would go to work, carpenters would die of starvation, and ministers would turn hypocrites.

Love drives its victims as blind as a bat. Being in love is a baffling mirage—about as lasting as rouge. The lover spends a season in madly pursuing a "baby doll," only to wonder after he has gotten her whoever was so cruel as to have shoved the pest on him. The love that looks for work is usually blind. Some men achieve love, others survive love, while others merely go crazy. There are many of all three classes in Columbia City, and even in C. C. H. S. This year has certainly been a year of "cases," some lasting and others momentary, yet these are our happiest days.

MARY WEBER, '15.





# DEBATING



THE ambitious Juniors of 1913-14 quickly organized in the fall of 1913, "The Junior Debating Society." From the very moment of its organization, this brave little class began its fight for honor, with a power that sent forth many thrilling debates.

We again quickly organized in the fall of 1914, but alas! for from the small number of nineteen debaters we had dropped to ten. But this did not stop us for we were grave and confident Seniors. The Juniors soon organized a society of twenty members, which made us take notice. Time and time again, tidings of great ability among the Juniors reached us. We then realized that we should meet worthy rivals.

We waited in vain for their challenge, for no challenge came. So we, wishing to treat our foes generously and to keep up the good standard of two interclass debaters, challenged the Juniors. We submitted the question, "Resolved, that the United States should maintain a larger navy." The Juniors quickly responded by accepting the affirmative.

Each side used much midnight oil in search of convincing proofs for its side of the question. But here the Seniors were handicapped by extra graduation work.

On Thursday evening, March 11, Orpha Gandy, Rex Ball, and Vernice Carter, the hope of the Juniors, and Wanda Riddle, Earl Koester, and Mary Weber, the Seniors' pride, presented their arguments to a large audience in the assembly room of the high school. Ex-Mayor Bloom acted as chairman. One of the judges decided for the Juniors, one for the Seniors, and then—in order to prevent a fight among themselves, which would have been a very bad example for the Juniors, gave the third vote to Jack 54 to 54. Whether this was fair, it is not for a Senior to say; but we earnestly hope that this decision has broken the chain that has made interclass debates one-sided affairs.

Since the Juniors have not challenged us to a second debate, we assume that they are trying to hold their little hard won honor safe.

Now we, the "Senior Debating Society of 1915," in rendering our last praise and regards to Mr. Ihrig, do bequeath him the "Throne of Debating" and proclaim him as "king."

ARTHUR H. BARON, '15.



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*Columbia City High School Year Book*

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JUNIOR DEBATING TEAM

ORPHA GANDY

VERNICE CARTER

REX BALL



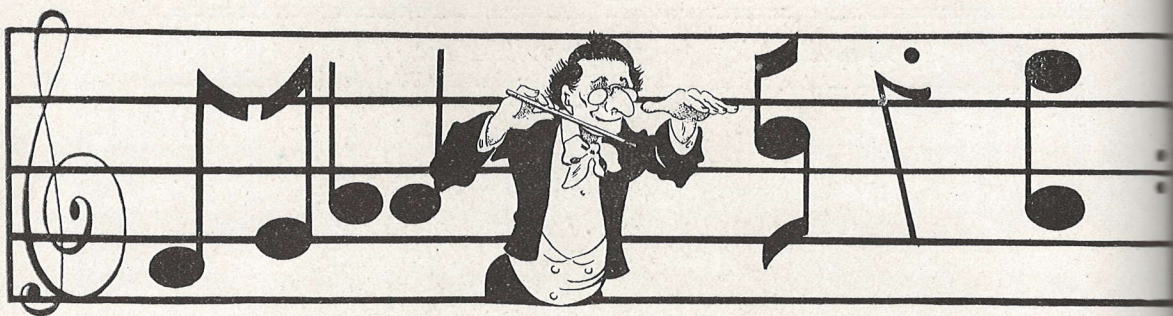
SENIOR DEBATING TEAM

WANDA RIDDLE

EARL KOESTER

MARY WEBER





UNDER the efficient direction of Miss Bushnell, our friend as well as teacher, the music work this year is exceedingly interesting.

There are, as usual, the two music study classes, each of which meets once a week, and the chorus class which meets for a short period twice a week.

We mourn the loss of the orchestra, but its place is filled by the glee clubs. We have both the girls' and boys' clubs, each consisting of twenty members. The music for the Farmers' Institute this year was furnished by the city schools. The high school contributed with music by the Girls' Glee Club and by a chorus of twenty voices selected from the chorus class.

The annual high school entertainment this year was a clever operetta in two acts, "The Windmills of Holland," given under the direction of Miss Bushnell, on March 31 and April 1 at the opera house. There were seven principle characters and a chorus of twenty girls and twenty boys—all in Dutch costumes. The play was the best ever given by C. C. H. S.

BONITA LEININGER, '15,  
*President of Glee Club.*





# GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

RUTH WILCOX	ELLEN HOOD	NELLIE HERBOLD	BERNICE BRIGGS	HALLIE PENCE	EDITH JACKSON	VERNICE CARTER
LENA GOSS	RENA SHARPE	RUTH ORNER	EVA HEROLD	MARY WEBER	ORPHA GANDY	MARY FAUST
THELMA FISHER	BONITA LEININGER	CARRIE WETZEL			BEATRICE BINDER	KATHERINE POGUE

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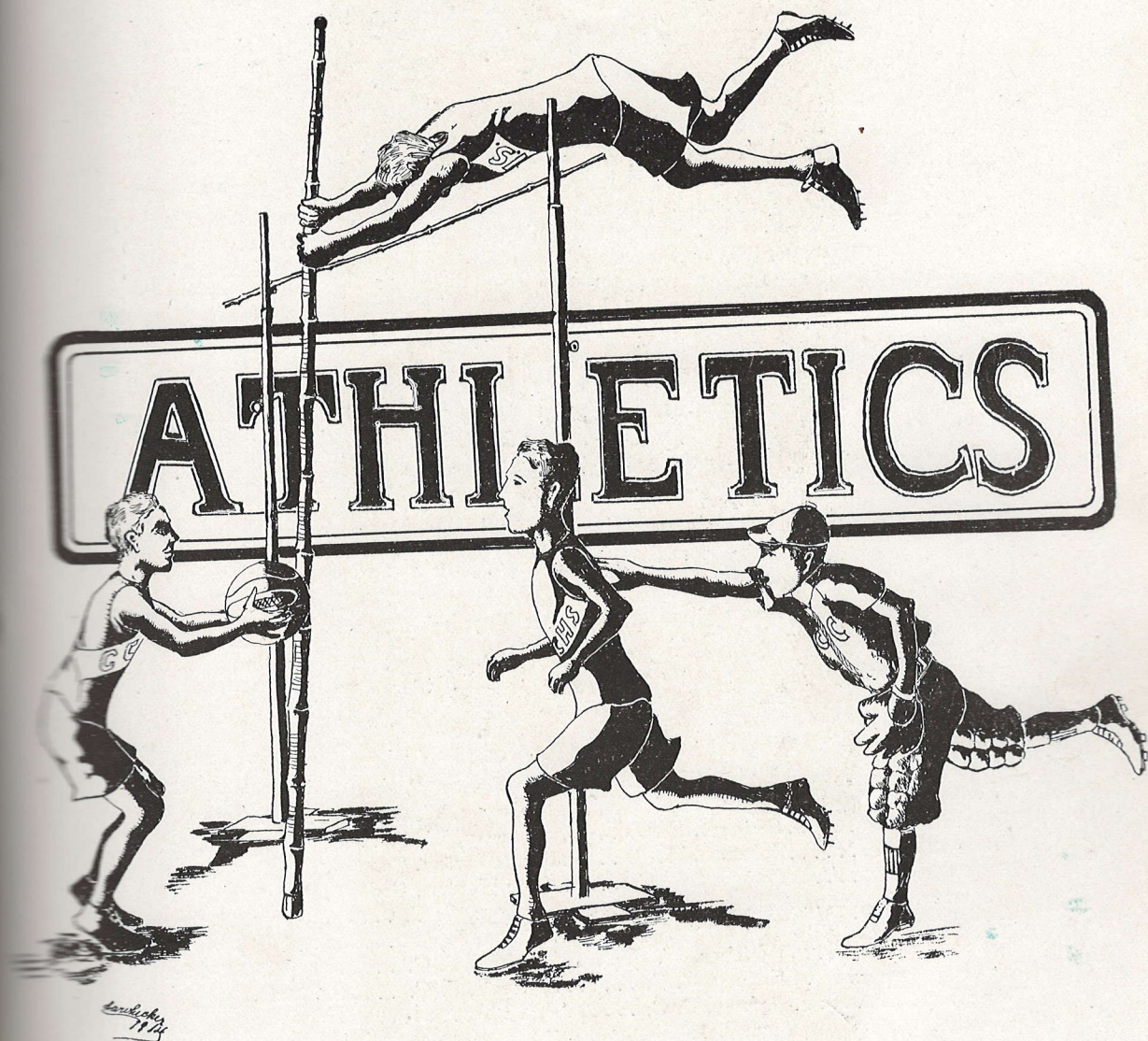




# Boys' Glee Club

EBEN BORN	RAYMOND STAPLES	OPAL PRESSLER	BURTON CONKLING	GEORGE SCHADER	BRUCE KINGSLEY
HENRY EBERHARD	ROBERT FAGAN	CLARENCE FEIST	PHIL MCNEAR	VIRGIL MORGAN	MAURICE HERROLD
GLENN OVERDEER	BOYD LOGAN	CHARLES HAWKINS	REX BALL	LEO BOWER	EARL KOESTER







## *TRACK*

**L**AST year, we were rather unfortunate in our track work. We did not get out on the track until late in the season and Fred Carver, our captain, whom we had counted upon as a winner in the shot put, sprained his ankle.

We kept up our spirits as best we could, although we had to yield first place to Washington Center. However, we got second place. We won in the relay race and the declamation contest which was held in the evening, our school being represented by Frank Bitting.

Phil McNagny again coached the team. He presented us with a bamboo vaulting pole, for which we feel greatly indebted to him.

This year the county meet will be held on May 1, and we expect to redeem our lost honor with interest, with the assistance of Mr. McNagny and Mr. Schaeffer, our new teacher, or coach. Besides the county meet, we intend having two individual meets with other schools.

We intend to work and train as never before, and in this way make 1915 the greatest year in track work C. C. H. S. has ever witnessed.

Too, we should like to send one representative to the state meet this spring.

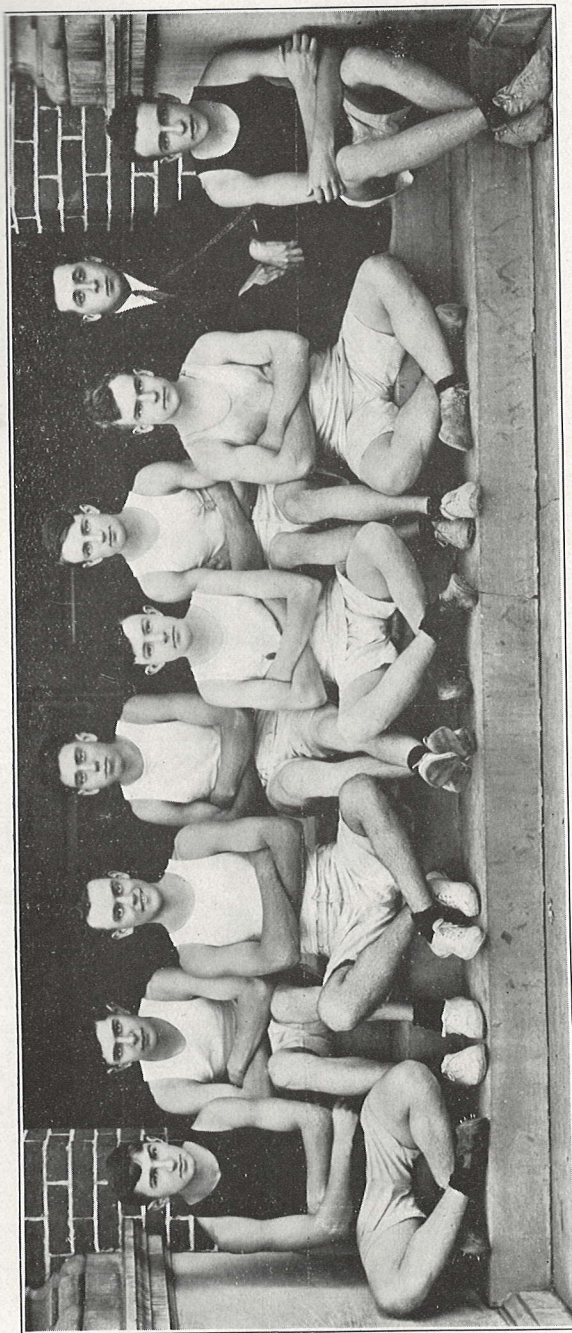
### SCHEDULE OF WHITLEY COUNTY TRACK MEET FOR 1914

<i>Event</i>	<i>Schools Entered</i>		<i>Time or Distance</i>
	<i>First Place</i>	<i>Second Place</i>	
	Columbia City	Jefferson Center	Etna
	Washington Center	Coesse	Larwill
440 yard dash . . . . .	Murray, W. C. . . . .	Pettigrew, Coesse . . .	59 2-5 sec.
Standing broad jump .	Schneider, J. C. . . . .	Johnson, W. C. . . . .	9 ft. 10 in.
100 yard dash . . . . .	Swigart, C. C. . . . .	Murray, W. C. . . . .	10 3-5 sec.
Shot put . . . . .	Johnson, W. C. . . . .	Van Houten, Coesse . .	36 ft.
50 yard dash . . . . .	Swigart, C. C. . . . .	Van Houten, Coesse . .	5 3-5 sec.
Mile run . . . . .	Whicker, W. C. . . . .	Briggs, C. C. . . . .	5 min. 31 sec.
Running broad jump .	Van Houten, Coesse . .	Simon, J. C. . . . .	18 ft. 1 in.
Pole vault . . . . .	Whicker, W. C. . . . .	Meiser, C. C. . . . .	9 ft. 5 1-2 in.
Running high jump . .	Barney, C. C. . . . .	Ferrell, J. C. . . . .	5 ft.
Relay . . . . .	Barney, C. C. . . . .	W. C. . . . .	

Points: First, 3; second, 1.

EARL KOESTER, '15,  
*Track Captain.*





# TRACK TEAM OF 1914

ABE STROUSE NILE NOLT ROLLIE COYLE FORREST BRIGGS WILLIAM MEISER RAYMOND SWIGART EARL KOESTER MR. SCHAEFFER REX BALL

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sec.

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I sec.  
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sec.

Book



## *BASKETBALL*

THE basketball season this year was not very successful from the standpoint of the percentage of the games won. Our record of this year's games stands four won and six lost. At the first of the season it looked as if we might be able to produce a fast team, but our beginning was far too good.

South Whitley was our first victim and Oh! how we did shine, carrying off the honors of the victory, with the score in our favor away up in the fifties, while our poor South Whitley opponents only received 15 points. Our next game resulted in another victory over North Manchester, 23-21.

Our next game is sad to relate, for we took a terrible beating from the Akron fellows on their floor, the score being 51-16.

Another victory resulted in the Sidney game; score, 31-15. Then came the game with Bourbon on their floor, which resulted in a victory for them; score, 24-23. Probably the hardest fought game of the season was our second game with Akron. At the end of the first half the score stood 12-12 but they came back strong in the second half and defeated us by a score of 23-19.

Our next victim was Bourbon, another victory for us; score, 30-27. We went to South Whitley for the next game, probably with too much confidence based on our former victory, but we were disappointed for the trick was turned against us; score, 23-9.

Washington Center defeated us in the next game; score, 38-25. This triumph seemed to stimulate their souls, as it was their first victory over Columbia City.

Our last game was with North Manchester and Oh! what a drubbing we received; score, 32-19.

This game closed our season and although our percentage was not 500, we feel as though we could produce as good if not a better team next year.

ELLIS KING, '15,  
*Basketball Captain.*







JIM MOORE      HAROLD WHITMAN      HAROLD WHITMAN      ELLIS KING, Captain  
 HARRY HARRIS      HARRY HARRIS      HARRY HARRIS      HARRY HARRIS  
 BASKETBALL TEAM      MR. HARRIS, Coach      GLEN GALLOWAY      AND HENRY

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 '15,  
 Captain.



## *A VISION*

**A**S I sat in the flickering twilight,  
And watched the embers glow,  
A vision came before me  
Of my school days long ago.

Happy faces crowded 'round me,  
Beaming with life's hopeful rays.  
Joyous voices gave the message,  
Telling of the bygone days;

How life's lessons were implanted  
While we mastered tasks severe.  
How our hopes were thus enkindled  
As we rounded out each year.

Here are scenes that make me joyful  
Scenes that recall a happy past,  
Stirring up my high ambition,  
Thrilling me to mighty tasks.

Stay, O Vision! Stay before me!  
I would enjoy youth's glorious school.  
Childhood's fount of knowledge soothes me,  
Its waters both refresh and cool.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
We seize the bloom—the flower is dead."  
Thus vanished all my happy vision,  
And dying embers reigned instead.

VELMA WHITELEATHER.



## REMINISCENCES

AS THE oldest member of the C. C. H. S. alumni, I am asked to make a few remarks about early conditions in the schools. In the first place, I am not sure which is the older, my classmate, Davy Linville, or myself; but no matter; there isn't much difference either way, I dare say.

I am asked to tell something of the four years we were in high school, and must smile at the recollection of those last four years of my public school life, so different from the well ordered routine now laid down for young people to follow. However, I worked quite as hard, and got the same enjoyment out of it, I am sure, as the pupils of today.

The public schools prior to 1879, under the superintendency of Mr. A. J. Douglass, were ungraded. That is, diplomas were not granted. We progressed, naturally, passing out of one reader into another, with the accompanying work. Incidentally, I could read in the fifth reader before I knew any part of my multiplication table or one of the rules of grammar; but I was very irregular in attendance as a small child. From the fifth reader, we passed into the "upper room," where were gathered together students of various ages, from youngsters of twelve to the young men and women who were either preparing to teach or had already taught and come back to brush up in arithmetic or grammar. Higher arithmetic was the top rung in mathematics; while English grammar, American history, and physiology were studied alike by the young and the old. Reading and spelling were also required subjects where needed. We went through our various textbooks, and then, if we insisted on going to school another year, we went through them again. Mr. Douglass belonged to his day in Indiana educational affairs, and was much liked. He was a man with a great sense of humor, a famous story teller, and the soul of kindness to many a trembling young teacher just starting in his profession. He was a lawyer and preacher as well as superintendent of all the schools in Whitley County, and occasionally preached a sermon, although I believe he did not attempt to practice law while acting as school superintendent.

In early days there was but one school building in Columbia—the old one which used to stand where your present high school building stands, of late years an eyesore, perhaps, to an architect or an up-to-date school man, but so filled with pleasant memories to some of us elders that we hated to see it come down.



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*Columbia City High School Year Book*

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When I entered the public schools, after having attended for a few years a small private school, Green Hill Academy, at one time in great favor in Columbia City, Mr. Smith Hunt was in charge of the "upper room." He had then the personal charm which has helped make him the successful man of affairs he has since become. I think it was under his régime that a hankering for a prescribed course of study began; and so when Mr. A. C. Mills entered the school as teacher upon the resignation of Mr. Hunt, such a plan ripened. Mr. Mills became superintendent of the schools in 1879, Mr. Douglass retaining the county superintendency. A four years' course of study was drawn up then, upon the completion of which we were to have a sheepskin. There was much interest at such a prospect, you may believe. Some of us took up the study of botany and Anglo Saxon (which later was Mr. Mills's hobby) and felt very proud indeed. We began to have some constructive work in English, and dropped higher arithmetic for algebra, much to my personal delight.

This takes me to the year 1880-81. Mr. Mills decided to become a banker instead of a public school teacher, and resigned, and was followed by Mr. W. C. Barnhart. It was decided that a graduating class for the following May should be found—I was about to say scared up, which expresses it better, perhaps. Davy Linville and I had apparently studied a good many different things (I don't know to how good a purpose, to be sure) so we were chosen to be "it." We lacked something of covering the whole course of study, but it was a desperate case. Mr. Barnhart started us in Latin, and we covered Allen and Bennett's grammar, and I've forgotten how many books of Caesar all in one year, with a great deal of assistance from Mr. Barnhart. He decided to take our work in Anglo Saxon as a further language qualification. I should like to tell you at this point how interested I was to find during the recent four years' residence of our family in Madison that the widow and daughter of the Professor Allen who had been a part of the Allen and Bennett Latin textbooks were Wisconsin University people. Miss Allen is herself a teacher of Latin in the University. Mrs. Allen calls herself the "grandmother of the University," and is fond of recalling the time when she could entertain the whole of the faculty in her rather small house on Gilman Street. But to proceed. Mr. James McDonald was principal of the school, and taught us chemistry and geometry. We also looked mildly into astronomy and rhetoric. We waded through a lot of books more or less frantically, and (I speak for myself, and for Davy as well, no doubt) felt very important indeed.

We graduated in state the next May (I had the loveliest white dress) with proud parents and friends in evidence, much the same as nowadays. I must speak of one

custom, though  
bouquets to the  
to tell the truth  
Church. Davy  
acted as valedictorian  
and got our diploma  
advice from his  
President, or  
persons.

Dear me!  
meantime several  
from this same  
honor, I believe  
years old the  
Buettler, received  
and a nephew

And so I

*My Dear Miss*

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## *Columbia City High School Year Book*

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custom, though, which has since fallen into disrepute, very justly,—the giving of bouquets to the graduates. Davy and I were literally showered with flowers, and to tell the truth, found it very pleasant. The exercises were given in the Methodist Church. Davy read an "essay" and delivered the salutatory; I also "essayed" and acted as valedictorian. We sang our class song, written for us by Mr. Barnhart, and got our diplomas at the hands of Dr. Kithcart, with a few words of friendly advice from him, and I'm sure neither of us would have exchanged places with the President, or the Queen of England, or any of those comparatively unimportant persons.

Dear me! I feel very young when I think it all over now, although in the meantime several other members of my family have grown up and received diplomas from this same school—a brother, who followed me the next year and who has the honor, I believe, of being the very youngest graduate from C. C. H. S., being fifteen years old the third of May and graduating on the thirtieth; later my sister, Mrs. Buettler, received her diploma, and still later my own two daughters. Three nieces and a nephew complete the list.

And so I say here's to our good old C. C. H. S.! Long may she live and prosper!

N. M. MULLON.

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Larson, Wash., February 25, 1915.

*My Dear Miss Weber:*

I have your favor of the nineteenth of this month, requesting me to give you some of my early school experiences in Columbia City. I have never been given much to writing for publication, though if you can use any of the following material, you are welcome to it.

If I am not mixed in my dates, I first started to school at "The Green Hill Academy" in 1873, a private school conducted by Miss Kinney and Mrs. Nichols. Among the schoolmates I best remember at that school are Lyman McLallen, Walter McLallen, Harry Scott, Otis Newcomb, Harry Quicksill, and Amos Hooper. I think I attended that school about two years, possibly three, and then began in the third room at the "Brick School," or as the Green Hill kids called it at that time, the "slaughter house." I do not know how it got that name, but I do know that I dreaded very much to think of having to go there.

Professor A. J. Douglass was the superintendent at that time and the third room was presided over by Miss Wunderlich. This was before the schools were graded



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*Columbia City High School Year Book*

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and each room was a sort of a "go as you please" proposition. I remained in that room one year. At the end of that time, I learned that Miss Wunderlich was to take charge of the fourth room, so I asked Professor Douglass to allow me to study up during the summer vacation, pass an examination in the fall, and advance with Miss Wunderlich to the next room. This was agreeable to him, and I put in the summer at hard study. At the opening of the fall term I was called up in front of the school, asked a few questions in grammar, history, and geography, and asked to solve a problem in arithmetic, and then was allowed to "pass."

I remained in the fourth room about two years, I think, or until Mr. A. C. Mills took charge, when I was advanced to the goal of all our ambitions, the "third story." The advancement was brought about somewhat like this: Professor Douglass came into the room, looked us all over carefully, called about two dozen of us up to the recitation bench, gave us a good talk, asked a few questions, and then told us that he wasn't going to lick us, as much as some of us probably needed it, but that we were to take our books and go up to Mr. Hunt, then in charge of the upper room.

I surely never will forget that day, neither will I ever forget some of the days that followed, for I was somewhat "undersized" for the job, and I found that there was some work connected with a seat in the "third story." I really don't know whether it was the ambition to learn or the ridicule of Smith Hunt that got me through, but I stuck to it until Mr. Hunt left the school.

Mr. Mills then took charge of that room until the close of the year and then began the systematic grading of the schools. Upon the opening of the high school, I found myself with Etta Cheyney, Jim Fagan, and Kennedy Leonard in the second year. James McDonald was principal that year, and was succeeded next year by Mr. F. B. Moe, with Professor W. C. Barnhart as superintendent. The fun was all over now and the work begun, though I managed somehow to get my lessons and pass a reasonable examination each year, and finally finished in 1882.

This covers the time spent in school, but I am afraid that I could not begin to tell you of the many peculiar conditions that existed then, the pathetic as well as the ludicrous. Perhaps some of the others could tell you better than I, of the heavy hand of Professor Douglass, the quiet dignity of Miss Wunderlich, the ridicule of Smith Hunt, or the stinging rebukes that Gus Mills was wont to administer when lessons were not well prepared. Jim McDonald with his "very peculiar, very," when something went wrong, Mr. Moe with his eternal "sorry for you," also have created a lasting impression, and the tears that Professor Barnhart shed at our graduation exercises will always be remembered.



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## *Columbia City High School Year Book*

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It has been over twenty-six years since I was last in Columbia City, and were I to return, I think I should hardly recognize many of the people there, but I am sure I should like to see the old place again. The school buildings, I suppose, are entirely changed from what they were when I was there and while speaking of them, I would like to repeat what I heard one of the more progressive teachers of my time say concerning the old westward building. In speaking of the plain appearance of the place he said, "It looks as if the neighbors hauled a lot of brick onto the lot, hired some brick masons, built up the sides and ends until they found they had only enough brick to finish the gable ends, then put a roof on the structure and called it a schoolhouse." Anyhow, if it did lack something in architectural beauty, I am proud of the fact that I got a chance to go to school there, and that I liked it so well that I am able to say that I never played "hooky" but one-half day in my life.

In our day, there was no class flower, no class yell, or no class color though our class did have a class song; why, I am sure I cannot say, as I do not think either of us could carry a tune, much less sing a class song, so we compromised the matter by having it printed on our programs. We had no class baseball club, nor football team, now seemingly so necessary to the modern high school, and at the risk of displeasing the younger generation, I am inclined to say that we made up for the lack of those things by harder study and closer application to our books.

Perhaps I am treading on dangerous ground by attempting to pass judgment on these modern ideas, and for fear of offending further, I will close, wishing the best of all things on earth for all public schools and for those of Columbia City in particular.

Yours very truly,

C. W. MASON.



# CALENDAR

## SEPTEMBER

Sept. 14—School opens; 167 enroll. Much confusion and several new teachers to discuss.

Sept. 15—We get our first lecture on conduct from Mr. Musselman. Bonita falls out of her seat and loses her psyche.

Sept. 16—We all (?) get lost going to classes.

Sept. 17—Senior boys flash forth in stunning red ties.

Sept. 18—First week gone but still the studying habit is minus.

Sept. 21—Bob and Lena start their noon walks.

Sept. 22—Abe thinks he cannot live long as Mr. Schaeffer tells a class that remarkably brilliant people are usually short lived.

Sept. 23—Mr. Musselman tells us that the reason the Puritans left England was because they had learned to hate the Stuart line (Stewart Line).

Sept. 24—Rumors of a party floating around.

Sept. 25—The party is a certainty. The Senior boys invite Junior girls except the president, who remains loyal to his class. The Sophs also indulge in a lake trip.

Sept. 28—Mr. Ihrig explains to a Freshie that his answer is correct where it isn't wrong.

Sept. 29—Abe has an attack of somnambulism and strolls to Junior English class.



## OCTOBER

Oct. 1—Bonita loses her HAIRPIN in English class.

Oct. 2—Bob and Lena already establish a wireless.

Oct. 3—Reverend Schumaker leads morning devotional services.

Oct. 4—Lena  
big eyes at her.  
Oct. 5—Run  
gum. Prices go  
Oct. 6—Fr  
grades.  
Oct. 7—Fr  
Oct. 8—Fo  
hastily reads, "  
Oct. 9—M  
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Oct. 12—  
girls weep.  
Oct. 13—  
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Oct. 14—  
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Oct. 15—  
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Oct. 16—  
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Oct. 19—  
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Seniors are  
test.  
Oct. 20—  
grades rang  
98, however  
Oct. 21—





## Columbia City High School Year Book

Oct. 4—Lena Goss declares that Mr. Musselman didn't scold her but just made big eyes at her.

Oct. 5—Rumors of some one kissing some one else four times for two sticks of gum. Prices going up. Talk about high cost of loving.

Oct. 6—Freshmen stay in to consult Miss Hallowell concerning their Latin grades.

Oct. 7—Freshies are soaked with a long botany test.

Oct. 8—For morning exercises Mr. Musselman starts to read us a play. He hastily reads, "I love you," and skips the stage instructions.

Oct. 9—Miss Williams reads to the Seniors about boiling a man, etc. Everyone has the shivers.

Oct. 12—Mr. Musselman proves a heartbreaker by making several Senior girls weep.

Oct. 13—Tubby Goss interrupts an English class to look up a word in the dictionary.

Oct. 14—We all need smoked glasses—Zoe Diffendarfer wears a skirt of many colors. Mr. Hayes speaks on Helen Kellar and is so much pleased with the collection that he promises to return.

Oct. 15—An eighth grader comes to school with a cracked ankle. Someone sympathizingly exclaims that it is too bad that it isn't her head.

Oct. 16—Mary Foust bumps into a book agent on the steps and is so fussed that she goes to the wrong class.

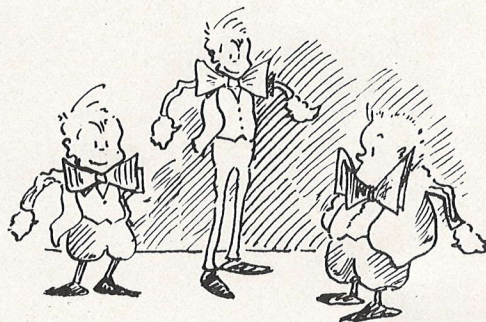
Oct. 19—Junior boys wear their sisters' discarded hair ribbons for neckties. Seniors are surprised with an English test.

Oct. 20—Horrors? English test grades range from 21 to 98—only one 98, however. Seniors can't understand it.

Oct. 21—Ellis K. explains as how he was in Southern Indiana "onct." There are rumors that three boys walked home from a basket supper. What happened to old Doc Yak?

Oct. 22—Blue day. A Freshman endeavors to create a smile by wearing her hat in the assembly.

Oct. 23—Everyone stops work as vacation comes soon. Another party at Crouch's, but the Senior boys have a terrible time finding partners. Vacation! Whoopee!



Oct 21

Warwick  
-15



Oct 23.

Warwick  
-15



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## Columbia City High School Year Book

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### NOVEMBER

Nov. 2—Vacation is gone but not forgotten. All but Miss Williams return. The grind starts again.

Nov. 3—Bob declares that he is lonely and wants to be loved. Evidently his domestic tranquillity is disturbed.

Nov. 4—The dramatizing of *Macbeth* allows us great freedom. Wanda calls Opal "poor monkey." Abe calls Wanda "Dearest Coz."

Nov. 5—Miss Williams begs the Seniors to look intelligent.

Nov. 6—We write applications in English and Stewart L. applies for a wife. Nolt insults a skunk while seeing Mildred Crawford home.

Nov. 9—The Junior girls flash forth in high school jockey caps. Billie Nichols starts a mustache.

Nov. 10—Stewart explains that Benjamin Franklin was simple. Miss Spafford instructs in sewing class—you must always face your neck first.

Nov. 11—Senior and Junior boys wear ties of pale rainbow colors; evidently the Five and Ten Cent Store had a sale.

Nov. 12—Everyone is trying to sell tickets for the first basketball game of the season.

Nov. 13—Our boys defeat South Whitley in basketball game, 55 to 17. Rah! Rah! Rah!

Nov. 16—Reverend Hunter leads devotional exercises. Opal declares financial conditions at present to be "pretty bad." Several seats changed—I wonder why?

Nov. 17—Instead of chorus we have special speeches concerning the game. We Seniors enjoy divinity fudge.

Nov. 18—In history class Burton declares that it's pretty hot down south sometimes.

Nov. 19—The Seniors haven't their English lesson, so argue *Macbeth* to fill up time.

Nov. 20—Columbia City plays North Manchester. First team wins, 25 to 23; very exciting. Second team wins.

Nov. 23—We have speeches concerning the game. Mr. Musselman tells us a story about hogs and woodpeckers.

Nov. 24—The day is cold, dark, and dreary.

Nov. 25—All work ceases: Thanksgiving vacation.

Nov. 30—Several girls visit Miss Galbreath and get lost. Back to the mill once more.

### DECEMBER

Dec. 1—Mr. Musselman exclaims that Utah was barren (Baron).

Dec. 2—Many visitors from Roann.

Dec. 3—Several Junior boys are bored when they find themselves passing out with the girls.

Dec. 4—Bonita again loses that precious hairpin. A lunch was held on the Q. T., which several enjoyed. What's that?

Dec. 7—Reverend Kissinger leads in devotional exercises.

Dec. 8—Bob asks advice from a Senior girl concerning Lena's Christmas present.



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Freshies' co  
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Dec. 22  
Dec. 23  
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*Columbia City High School Year Book*

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*W. W. Lucke*  
15

DEC. 18.

Dec. 9—Art exhibit begins. Mary B. in Domestic Science class asks Miss Spafford, "Please, may I wash my hands?"

Dec. 10—Reports: Many grouchy and blue.

Dec. 11—Teachers are bounced by peeved ones.

Dec. 14—Mr. Musselman is ill and none of his classes recite.

Dec. 15—Frankie sneezes—enough said.

Dec. 16—Strange vests appear.

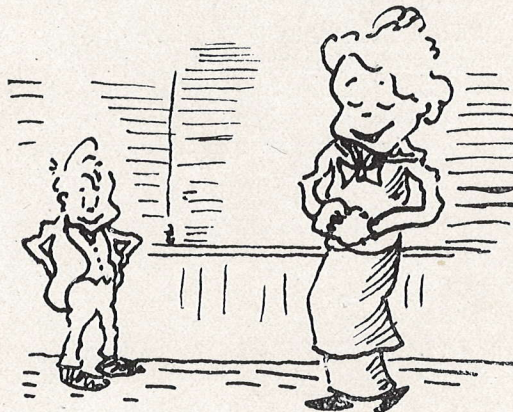
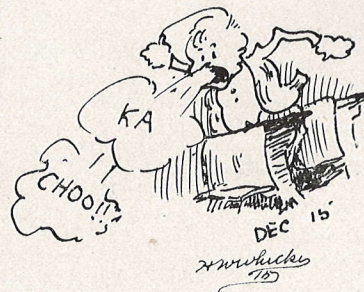
Dec. 17—Nile is moved so that he may be an example to the Freshies.

Dec. 18—Basketball team defeated at Bourbon. Bill N. is also moved to the Freshies' corner. Senior class pins arrive.

Dec. 21—Girls' Glee Club performs and is applauded roundly.

Dec. 22—Many college visitors.

Dec. 23—Seniors dramatize the whole of *Macbeth*. Lady Macbeth gets the giggles while walking in her sleep. VACATION.



*W. W. Lucke*  
15

DEC 23



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## Columbia City High School Year Book

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### JANUARY

- Jan. 4—School again. Christmas presents in evidence, especially Wanda's bracelet.
- Jan. 5—Mr. Musselman is interested in new ways girls comb their hair. He is especially attached to the "French roll."
- Jan. 6—Harold has the black eye—little boys must not fight.
- Jan. 7—For fire drill Mr. Musselman tells us to double up going down stairs.
- Jan. 8—Wonder if Robinson Crusoe was any gladder when Friday came than school kids are.
- Jan. 11—Talked over the Akron game. Seniors surprised with a horrible English test.
- Jan. 12—Nile finds a long light hair on Ellis's coat—dates???
- Jan. 13—Zerl says, "I forgot." Miss Williams says that shows the unconsciousness of youth.
- Jan. 14—Man talks on baking powder for 15 minutes. We'd listen to lectures on ————— to have short periods. Slips don't count.
- Jan. 15—Bob combs his hair in the assembly. All—all is vanity.
- Jan. 18—Glen appears as wise as an owl in spectacles.
- Jan. 19—Rex plays with the piano stool as he forgot his rattle box. It visits each Senior after he tires of it.
- Jan. 20—Stewart wears a safety pin on the back of his coat all day. Poor Stewart, is this a "new class pin"?
- Jan. 21—Lena is moved away from Bob in the assembly. Both are heartbroken.
- Jan. 22—Freshman class party. No one stole the eats.
- Jan. 25—Harold Lundlad doubts that the earth has any surface in geometry. Brilliancy!
- Jan. 26—Mr. Ihrig tells the Freshies his famous egg story.
- Jan. 27—Eighth grade examinations start.
- Jan. 28—All examinations. The usual lucky few escape their horrors.
- Jan. 29—Girls' Glee Club sang at the Farmers' Institute in the morning. Select chorus in the afternoon. Their efforts were greatly appreciated. Some appreciate hog cholera lectures; some, soup.

### FEBRUARY

- Feb. 1—Girls' Glee Club sang for opening exercises and was heartily applauded.
- Feb. 2—Grade promotions. Many from seventh grade are proudly inhabiting our walls, but all pay due respect to upperclassmen. Ground-hog day.
- Feb. 3—Raymond Staples slumbers sweetly.
- Feb. 4—Juniors select their party committee and class officers. We Seniors are especially interested in the former.
- Feb. 5—Hush, you will wake Opal (a good show was on at Ft. Wayne last night).
- Feb. 8—The T. I. B's. serenade Mr. Musselman, who never even thanked them.
- Feb. 9—Junior girls have lunch in the assembly. No one caught.
- Feb. 10—Bonita looks blue. There must be (family) troubles.
- Feb. 11—The civics class decides that the fish laws of Indiana are too lenient—but others say they should be more strict. Why smile?
- Feb. 12—Short Friday. It really proved a sunshiny day—nuf sed.
- Feb. 15—Rumors of a midnight ride in Buck's car in from the country.

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## Columbia City High School Year Book

Feb. 16—Frank and Zoe have a sneezing duet. The recitation is suspended during the operation.

Feb. 17—Mr. Ihrig trying to get a dog out of the building, "Here, doggie. Come on now."

Feb. 18—Call for all hands on track!

Feb. 19—Grace treats the Senior girls to her Sunday night date's candy.

Feb. 22—Happy birthday, George!

Feb. 23—Nothing doin'.

Feb. 24—Anybody wishing to cut up will find the scissors in the sewing room.

Feb. 25—Miss Spafford came to school on crutches. She has our sympathy.

Feb. 26—Bonita's gold fish die and loud were her lamentations. Eh, Opal?

### MARCH

March 1—All horrified to find Junior class colors on flagpole and walks and backboards painted with "15." Trouble for someone.



March 2—Who did the painting? Junior boys get cold feet and confess.

March 3—(The verdict: Boys in painting stunt lost two credits.) But more painting! Big yellow 15, 16, 17 and 18's on front walks and backboards. The boards are later painted blue.

March 4—Boys plan for Mr. Schaeffer to spend a pleasant night with a brick of cheese but the strong aroma gives it away before bedtime.

March 8—Spring fever.

March 9—Boys scrub the walks and paint.

March 10—Senior girls disguise as sweet sixteen by wearing their hair down their backs with large ribbon bows. Mr. Musselman interested.

March 11—Junior-Senior Debate. Result, a tie. Seniors disappointed.

March 12—Rex and Bob pick up paper—1,000,000 pieces. Such work reduces flesh.

March 15—Abe in English declares, "They couldn't see each other's voices."



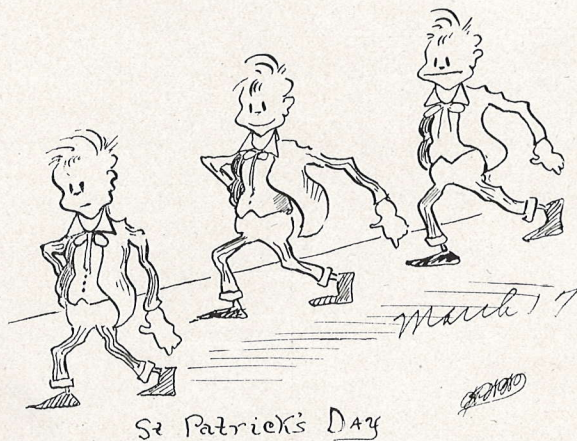
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*Columbia City High School Year Book*

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March 16—Cubist ties here—uh!

March 17—St. Patrick's Day. The boys are sent home to change their collars.



March 18—Tiny ties in evidence.

March 19—Phil discovers how to get rich quick—swat that fly. Where are the riches?



March 20—Tresa says, "After canned food had killed several people, it was tested on other animals to see the result."

March 23—Burton in English, "Byron especially had a great love for Greece (Grease)." Of course, we smiled.

March 24—Rumors of the annual play getting stronger!

March 25—Reports. Some smile, while others weep! Pete quits school.

March 26—Glen entertains royally a large crowd of schoolmates. Everyone mentions the famous eats.

March 29—Victrola concert all the first period. Pete came back to school. Hurrah!

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*Columbia City High School Year Book*

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March 30—The entire cast of the play study dramatics at the opera house all afternoon. Some say it is not fair. Were they ever in a play?

March 31—"Windmills of Holland" proved short but sweet. The chorus girls are greatly complimented.

APRIL

April 1—Katie Paige asks another of those terrible questions!

April 2—St. Peter to a Freshie at the gate, "Did you get a 1915 COLUMBIAN?"  
Freshie: "No-o-o." 🐈

April 5—Mr. Musselman tells his civics class that some pay more attention to pictures than to civics.

April 6—Miss Bushnell is very peeved today.

April 7—Interclass track meet. Seniors lose by 8 points. Juniors dramatize the *Idylls of the King*.

April 8—Freshmen dramatize *Silas Marner*. Men here contracting for heating system and oh! the noise.

April 9—Rainy! but six Senior girls save the day by wearing green dresses. O glory, Short Friday!

April 12—Girls' Glee Club sings for opening exercises. Senior girls giggle so much that Miss Williams wonders if her face is dirty.

April 13—Bum day.

April 14—Frankie Bitting recites "Little Jack Horner" in Latin class.





### *INNOVATIONS OF 1915*

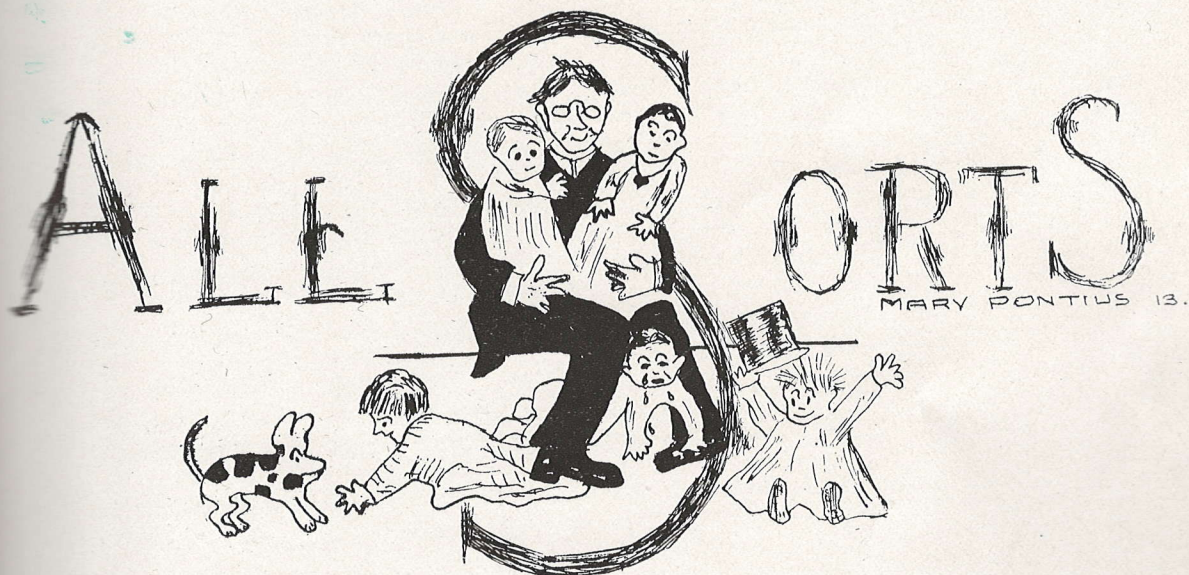
**I**N THE intellectual world, there has always been a great movement toward simplicity. Simplicity in manners, simplicity in dress, and simplicity in expression has been emphatically advocated. The class of 1915 have shown during the present year that they are heartily in sympathy with this idea and have done their share toward placing C. C. H. S. in the front ranks.

First, the Senior girls have done much toward forwarding this principle by inaugurating the plan of making their own graduating clothes. Graduation to them does not mean merely an elaborate display of beautiful gowns as they will make one simple, yet pretty, gown answer the purpose for all the commencement festivities. These gowns will be especially appreciated by the Senior girls because they will be their handiwork. The girls deserve great credit for their originality in forwarding this movement. Carlyle says that all work is noble—therefore, by so doing, the girls are elevating the dignity of labor. They are also making themselves more efficient and capable young women and are furthermore reducing the exorbitant expenditures which make some commencements a burden rather than a pleasure. Will not their example be far-reaching in its influence?

Secondly, the class of 1915 has simplified its commencement program by eliminating class day. The one big event will be the commencement address which will be delivered by the eminent and able speaker—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.









## *JOKES*

Stuart L., after Miss Williams announces that we will have oral composition:  
"Shall it be written?"

Mr. Schaeffer: "What are the commercial forms of fat?"  
Abe S.: "Olive oil."

Miss Williams, enthusiastically beaming with a brilliant thought: "Does that remind you of anything?"

Glen G., after reading a passage—face bland and expressionless: "No."

Mary W., acting as Lady Macbeth: "The thane of wife had a Fife."

Mr. Musselman: "Miss Ramp, discuss the conditions at the beginning of Washington's administration."

Mildred R.: "Do you mean his physical conditions?"

Mr. Musselman says he never whispered in college.

Eva Herrold politely informs Miss Hallowell that a Latin declension is typified by its distinguishing bowels.

Helen N.: "I don't like high school 'cause they don't have recess and I get tired."  
Alice M.: "That is just why I like it, 'cause I always forget everything I knew."

Gail L., translating in Latin: "Three of these were following the others in front."

Miss Bushnell, reading to music class: "Teachers in New York receive from \$8,000 to \$20,000 a year." Then she added, "but not in C. C."

Zerl remarked hastily one day: "Oh, well, you are just a block off the old chip, anyway."

Mary W.: "Who pays the expense of a visiting wrestler, if the match isn't staged after he has come?"

Fergie: "Why, Gym."  
Mary W.: "Jim who?"

Miss W.: "Grace, what color was the creator's hair in the old English plays?"  
Grace L.: "Why—er—I think it was red."

Mr. Schaeffer: "Where is Fort Benton?"  
Mildred C.: "O, I suppose some place where there is a fort."



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*Columbia City High School Year Book*

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Principal Musselman, over the telephone: "This is the high school."  
Voice: "Oh, I thought you were only a part of it."

Bill M. at Aker's: "No, 'Chip' is not here; you can find him at 251."

Tubby Goss: "Who said men were getting smaller?"

Miss H.: "Translate the following, 'Caesar sic decat on de cur; egrees licum.'"  
Brilliant student: "Caesar sicked the cat on the cur; and I guess he licked him."

Miss R.: "What is the German word for sofa?"  
Earl K.: "Der Spoonholder."

Cram, cram, cram,  
By the light of the cold, gray dawn,  
And I would that I had crammed a little more  
By the light of the days that are gone.

Mr. Ihrig, explaining the parliamentary drill to the debating class: "You always voted by your ayes and noes (eyes and nose)."

Ruth Boyd: "Alexander made a bridge that was a road."

On an English test: "Define the ode."

Abe S.: "The ode is a whale (wail), a cry, a lament."

Arthur B.: "Lyric poetry is where one gives event to his feelings."

Mildred R. informs the Senior class that the state south of Carolina is Missouri, and, then, seeing her mistake, calls it Colorado.

Miss Williams: "Who were the contemporaries of Marlowe?"  
Oscar A.: "Do you mean the man who lived before him?"

Mr. Schaeffer: "How much would an object weigh at the center of the earth?"  
Frank B.: "Why, that would be impossible. You could not get there to weigh it."

#### THE PLAINT OF A FRESHMAN

"Failed in Latin, failed in math,"  
I heard him softly hiss,  
"I'd like to find the guy that said  
That ignorance is bliss."

On an English test: "What was Milton's greatest prose work?"  
Harold W.: "His greatest prose production (can't spell it, but sounds like assifidity, meaning Areopagitica)."



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*Columbia City High School Year Book*

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Arthur B., excitedly debating: "Every man works fifty-five hours a day."  
Zoe D.: "Tee, tee; there are only forty-eight hours in a day."

IN MEMORIAM

Silently, one by one,  
In the grade book of the instructors,  
Blossom the little zeroes,  
The forget-me-nots of the student.

Bonita goes into Yontz's grocery and Mr. Yontz asks, "What is it?"  
Bonita, low and sweetly: "I want to see Boyce."  
Mr. Y.: "Borax, how much?"  
Bonita: "No—Boyce."  
Mr. Y.: "Oh (picking up a package of crackers), what kind?"  
Bonita, emphatically: "No—Boyce."  
Mr. Y.: "Oh, pardon me."

In geometry: "I simply can't get this problem; I get my sides all twisted up."

Zerl B.: "May I come in and make up some work the first period?"  
Miss S.: "I am always full the first period."

Mr. S.: "Fools ask questions which wise men cannot answer."  
Ruth M.: "I've been wondering why I flunked in so many exams."

ADVICE

Don't study when you are tired,  
And have something else to do;  
Don't study when you're happy,  
For that would make you blue.  
Don't study in the daytime,  
Don't study in the night,  
But study at all other times  
With all your main and might.

It is a common saying that God does not blame us for things that we don't know.  
I wish C. C. H. S. teachers were more like Him.

Mr. S.: "Which is the denser—skimmed milk or unskimmed?"  
Ellis K.: "Do you mean what is the density of what you take off or of what you leave on?"





THE STAFF

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# EDITORIAL

We have spent many weeks in the preparation of this book and have met many disappointments. We have boiled down, sifted, and arranged this material to the best of our ability and sincerely hope that it is appreciated. All that is said is said good-naturedly and we have endeavored to keep all extremely personal remarks out. We hope that our successors will profit by our mistakes and make each succeeding COLUMBIAN more perfect.

\* \* \*

The annual board started the section of Reminiscences this year as a historical part of THE COLUMBIAN. As it is educative as well as interesting and awakens the interest of the alumni in our school we sincerely hope that the succeeding classes will establish this section.

\* \* \*

An Annual can be a success only through the coöperation of the entire school; a member of each class was appointed to keep notes for the calendar, so our annual this year is not a Senior book. This coöperation stimulates interest in the work and we feel confident that it will aid in the sale of Annuals.

\* \* \*

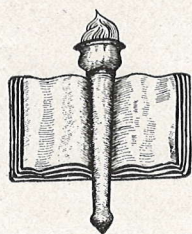
We extend our most hearty thanks to:

The business people who gave us advertisements,  
The classmates who have contributed material,  
The faculty for their encouragement and help,  
Mabel Bowlby for graciously typewriting the material,  
Mr. Musselman who postponed several classes to aid us,  
Harold Whicker for his kodak pictures and cartooning,  
George Myers for his kind directions,  
Publishers, engravers, and photographer who did their work so carefully,  
All who have helped us with our difficulties.

\* \* \*

As before, we canvassed the business men for advertisements and were treated graciously. Several people suggested that we ask for donations instead of the advertising, as this department is scarcely noticed, therefore allowing us more space for other material. As the suggestion came after the usual course had been well begun, we leave this suggestion for succeeding classes.











ADVERTISEMENTS





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THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

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*Our Invitation is Extended Equally  
to the Young Ladies*

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Honest Goods*

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*On the Old Bank Corner*

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Pure, Wholesale and Delicious Confectionery,  
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BOTH PHONES



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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.

¶ In other words, the college has a clearly defined educational program and is following it out consistently and honestly. It has the material and personal equipment for the work it is attempting to do. It aspires to rank among the best educational institutions of its class in the country. The college is running at its full capacity, which seems to indicate that its work is appreciated.

*For literature address the President*

RICHMOND

INDIANA

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Fall Term Opens August 30, 1915*

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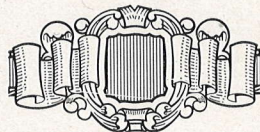
Clothing and Tailoring  
Hats and Furnishings  
Men's and Boys' Shoes



COLUMBIA CITY

INDIANA

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on silver—the sign of quality



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## L. E. PONTIUS STUDIO



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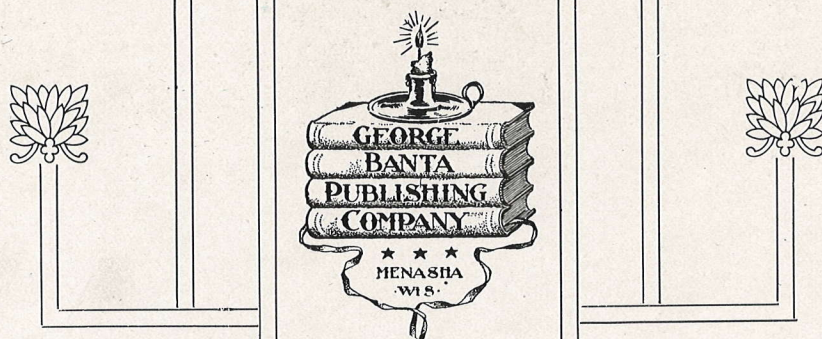


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