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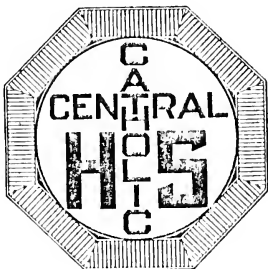
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*James DeWitt*

# The ECHO



1918-19

Vol. 1, no. 2

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# *The Echo*



*Fort Wayne, Indiana*





# The Echo



Fort Wayne, Indiana

1918-1919



1919                      SPRING                      1919  
   AND  
   SUMMER MODES



**G. W. GATES & COMPANY**  
**OUTER APPAREL**  
**FOR WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN**

---

**122 AND 124 WEST BERRY ST.**

**A. J. WILSON, MANAGER**

**FORT WAYNE, INDIANA**



1919                      SPRING                      1919  
   AND  
   SUMMER MODES



**G. W. GATES & COMPANY**  
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**FOR WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN**

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122 AND 124 WEST BERRY ST.

A. J. WILSON, MANAGER

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA



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INC.  
**JEWELERS**  
Fort Wayne, Indiana

**"TO PAYNE OR NOT TO PAYNE"**

To Payne or not to Payne; that is the question; whether 'tis better for the craving to suffer the pangs and pains of burning thirst, or to crank up the Ford and speed along, and by a good souse end them. To drink, to rave, to sleep. Perchance to dream! ay there's the rub; for in that drunken sleep what thoughts may come, when wifey swings the rolling pin, must give us pause. There's the respect that makes wreck of all man's courage; for who would bear the oppression of laws, the legislator's whims, the closed saloon, when he himself might find a paradise in a mere drink. Who would near-beer taste or quench his thirst with Maumee fluid, but that the dread of something after Payne, the judge's bench, the county jail, make cowards of us all. And so the bright red nose of yore is blue from abstinence, and many a longed-for trip to Payne is put aside for fear of aetion.

**TONICS**

Long—"They say that Dame Fortune knocks once at every man's door."

Short—"It was her daughter, Misfortune, who called upon me."

\* \* \*

Teacher—"Can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

Pupil—"I think I read somewhere that they smelt it."

\* \* \*

Sophomore—"What's your idea of an optimist?"

Senior—"A dead broke individual ordering oysters with the hope that he can pay for his dinner with the pearl."

\* \* \*

Why is a caterpillar like a hot roll?  
Because it is the grub that makes the butterfly.

\* \* \*

Jennie—"It's horrid! That nasty Wilson girl has been saying that I paint."

Clara—"Don't you care. If she had your complexion maybe she'd paint too."

\* \* \*

The student was translating very literally. The Latin professor interrupted:

"Can't you translate a little more freely?" he asked. "Remember the story. Can't you read between the lines and get some sense out of it?"

"I would, sir," answered the fresh freshman, "but it's all erased."





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## DORIOT'S HAT

The night was dark and dreary  
And the wind suggested fall,  
When the idol of St. Martin street  
Tiptoeed through the hall.

He climbed up to the attic room  
As silent as a mouse;  
And from his actions one would think  
He was to rob the house.

With hands before his face he tried  
To crawl into the room,  
But cobwebs blinded him so much  
He had to use the broom.

But soon the boy was roaming in  
That land of spook and ghost  
Defying all the habitants  
Of that unearthly post.

While Frank explored the attic floor  
He found a priceless jewel.  
Says he, "Gosh darn! I'll clean the thing  
And wear it down to school."

The third week in September marks  
An era long to stand;  
Frank Doriot wears a grey felt hat,  
And that hat wears a band.

The band is made of choicest braid,  
Of braid two inches thick;  
And that is one essential of  
The hat that's worn by "Diek."

Its style was new about the time  
That Romulus founded Rome.  
O that hat would be the death of us  
If Frank should leave it home!

When Frankie comes into the room  
And sits upon his chair  
The kids demand to see the thing  
He carries on his hair.

And when they get their hands upon  
That poor old grey felt hat  
The thing turns up and inside out  
Just like an acrobat.

That hat can do 'most anything,  
'Most anything but talk.  
I'll swear that it is living,  
For I have seen it walk.

No matter where we hide that hat  
(The place might be quite small)  
It liberates itself some way,  
And then it starts to crawl.

It crawls and creeps beneath the chairs  
And each boy tends to pass,  
And then we look and find it at  
The head of Senior Class.



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## Phone 47 ZIMMERMANN'S PHARMACY

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Corner Lewis

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When Brother Daniel bounces in  
Upon our sacred room  
There stands the hat in kingly state  
Just like old Pharaoh's tomb.

"Whose hat is that?" the princeps cries  
In tones of outward rage.  
"Who does that thing?" yells Doriot,  
And grabs it from the stage.

E. J. L.

## KEEP YOUNG

Customer—A little bird told me this coffee  
wasn't strained.

Waiter—A little bird?

Customer—Yes, a swallow.

\* \* \*

Teacher—"Who can make a sentence with  
the word 'growsome' in it?"

Emmet Miller—"I can. Tom Beuret won  
the bet and 'grew some' mustache."

\* \* \*

Snyder (in Ancient History)—"Brother,  
wela all the goddesses married?"

Brother Ex—"All bot Minerva. She was  
the goddess of wisdom."

\* \* \*

J. R.—"I see you have your arm in a sling.  
Broken, isn't it?"

Gordon—"Yep."

J. R.—"Met with an accident?"

Gordon—"Nope."

J. R.—"How then?"

Gordon—"Broke it while trying to pat my-  
self on the back."

J. R.—"Great guns! What for?"

Gordon—"For minding my own business."

\* \* \*

S. Zurbach—"My ambition is to be a po-  
liceman."

Doriot—"Oh, honest?"

S. Zurbach—"Nix. Just a regular one."

\* \* \*

Huntine—"How would you classify a  
telephone girl? Is hers a business or a pro-  
fession?"

Gocke—"Neither, you know very well it's  
a calling."

\* \* \*

B. E.—"Huntine, define density."

Huntine—"I can't define it, but I can  
give an example."

B. E.—"The example is good. Sit down."

\* \* \*

Logau—"Doriot, spell jaekass."

Doriot—"L-O-G-A-N."





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*Just Right Clothes*

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### LIFE-SAVERS

Dad—"What does this 60 mean on your report card?"

Son—"Well, I—I—Why—er—that's the temperature of the room."

\* \* \*

Angry Diner—"Waiter, you're not fit to serve a pig."

Waiter—"Well, sir, I'm doing my best."

\* \* \*

"Me brother is a cook in the navy, Oi'd have yez to know," said the housemaid proudly.

"Oh, moi," said the cook sympathetically; "ain't that terrible? It must be awful t' be a cook where yez can't quit whin yez fale loike it."

\* \* \*

Teacher—"What words are used most in any school?"

Pupil:—"I don't know."

\* \* \*

"We can't all dwell on easy street."

"No, but we can all live on the square."

\* \* \*

He—"I always fall into conversation when I'm out anywhere."

She—"And I suppose you keep it shallow, so you won't get over your head."—Judge.

\* \* \*

"Is dis whir dey wants a boy?"

"It is; but it must be a boy who never lies, swears, or uses slang."

"Well, me brudder's deaf and dumb; I'll send him 'round."—Literary Digest.

\* \* \*

Walter—"Father, when I graduate I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."

Father—"Humph, my son, you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years you spent at college."

\* \* \*

"When water becomes ice," asked Mr. Putnam, "what is the great change that takes place?"

"The greatest change, sir," promptly replied the Junior, "is the change in price."

\* \* \*

Yankee tourist looking at Vesuvius—"Good night! It reminds me of Hades."

English Tourist—"My word! You Americans go everywhere."

\* \* \*

Freshie to Sam—"Have youp any brown ties to match my eyes?"

Sam—"No but we have soft hats to match your head."



### WHO PAYS THE RENT?

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Cor. Washington

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WIT AND WISDOM

"Failed in Latin; flunked in Math,"  
They heard him softly hiss,  
"I'd like to get the guy who said  
That ignorance is bliss."

\* \* \*

Love and porous plaster, son,  
Are very much alike;  
It's simple, getting into one,  
But getting out—good night.

\* \* \*

"Birds of a feather flock together";  
Yet if that old saw be true—  
It's a singular joke when a fellow's "broke"  
How the "birds" abandon you.

\* \* \*

Jack—"How did you get all those formulae  
in the Chemistry exams?"

Shucks—"I kept them all in my head."

Jack—"That's right; everything in a nutshell.

\* \* \*

Jack—"That horse knows as much as I  
do."

Beatrice—"Well, don't tell anybody. You  
may want to sell him some day."

\* \* \*

Alierman—"Did the prisoner offer any resistance?"

Constable—"Only a dollar, your Honor,  
and I wouldn't take it."

\* \* \*

"Did you ever dream of being a pirate  
when you were a boy?"

"Oh, yes. Isn't it queer? Now, I'm in  
the prosaic business of managing an automobile  
repair shop."

"Ump! You didn't miss it so far."

\* \* \*

Mr. Smith—"That hat cost \$75? My goodness,  
it's a sin!"

Mrs. Smith—"You needn't worry. The  
sin will be on my head."

\* \* \*

"Willie," said the mother sorrowfully,  
"every time you are naughty I get another  
gray hair."

"Gee," said Willie, "you must have been  
a terror. Look at grandfather."

\* \* \*

Some one noticed that Pat was ambidextrous.

"When I was a boy," he explained, "my  
father always said to me: 'Pat, learn to cut  
yer finger nails wid yer left hand, for some  
day ye might lose yer right hand.'"





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## SOME EVENTS OF THE WORLD WAR

Assassination of Archduke Ferdinand, June 28, 1914.

The Lusitania was sunk May 7, 1915.

In June 1918 the Central Powers were opposed for the first time by American troops.

The Germans began their final retreat July 15, 1918.

The Armistice was signed November 11, 1918.

The Peace Conference opened January 18, 1919.

Country	Entered the War
Serbia	July 28, 1914
Russia	August 1, 1914
France	August 3, 1914
Belgium	August 4, 1914
British Empire	August 4, 1914
Montenegro	August 7, 1914
Japan	August 23, 1914
Italy	May 23, 1915
San Marino	June 2, 1915
Portugal	March 10, 1916
Roumania	August 27, 1916
United States	April 6, 1917
Cuba	April 8, 1917
Panama	April 9, 1917
Greece	July 16, 1917
Siam	July 22, 1917
Liberia	August 7, 1917
China	August 14, 1917
Brazil	October 26, 1917
Austria-Hungary	July 28, 1914
Germany	August 1, 1914
Turkey	November 3, 1914
Bulgaria	October 4, 1915

A green brakeman on a Colorado railroad was making his first trip over the Rockies. They were going up a very steep grade, and with unusual difficulty the engineer succeeded in reaching the top. At the station, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said with a sigh of relief, "I tell you, my lad, we had a job to get up there, didn't we?"

"We certainly did," said the brakeman, "and if I hadn't put on the brakes we'd have slipped back."

"How are you today, Sandy?" asked the landlord of his Scotch tenant.

"Vurra weel, sir, vurra weel," replied Sandy, "if it wasna for the rheumatism in my right leg."

"Ah, you must not eomplain, Sandy. You are getting old, like the rest of us and old age does not come alone."

"Auld age, sir" exclaimed Sandy. "Auld age has nothin' to do wi't. Here's my ither leg just as auld an' it's sound and soople yet."



Joe F. Getz

James B. Cahill

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**KNOWLEDGE**

Following are some replies received by the university of the state of New York in examinations for regents' certificates. Among those who wrote the replies were candidates for teachers' positions, for qualification as law and medical students and for admission to colleges.

The chamois is valuable for its feathers, the whale for its kerosene oil.

The feminine gender of friar is toastress.

There were no Christians among the early Gauls. They were mostly lawyers.

Climate is caused by the emotion of the earth around the sun.

Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels.

The purpose of the skelton—something to hitch meat to.

The skelton is what is left after the insides have been taken out and outsides have been taken off.

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

George Washington married Martha Curtis and in due time became the father of his country.

Sixty gallons make one hedgehog.

The stomach is just south of the ribs.

The alimentary canal is locked in the northern part of Indiana.

The rosetta stone was a missionary to Turkey.

The government of England is a limited mockery.

Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.

A mountain pass is a pass given by the railroad to its employes so that they can spend their vacation in the mountains.

A mountain range is a large cook stove.

The qualification of a voter at a school meeting are that he must be the father of a child for eight weeks.

Gender shows whether man is feminine, masculine or neuter.

Gravitation is that if there were none we should fly away.

The function of the stomach is to hold up the petticoat.

Pat was showing the American about the ruins of an old church in Ireland. The American, thinking to fool the Irishman, said:

"Say, Pat, do you know that when they dig under the ruins of old buildings in Scotland, they sometimes find wires? That shows that they knew of the telegraph long ago."

"Well," replied Pat, "when we dig under ruins here we don't find any wires. That shows that the Irish knew of wireless long ago."—Ex.

To buy her hat took half a day,

So careful her selection,  
 But when she tried it on at home

It clashed with her complexion—

If what she did you're guessing at—

We know she didn't change the hat.

—San Francisco Chronicle.





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are high school graduates. It is  
a good place for an ambitious  
young man or woman to work.



# THE ECHO

CENTRAL CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

Edited and Published by the Literary Club

VOLUME III

1918-19

NUMBER 2



AFTER the publication of the **Record** a year ago, big plans were made for the future of the **Echo**, but these either got shot to pieces by the war or were swept away by the "flu" that visited our city early in the present school year. Before the schools were closed by the over-zealous Health Board in the fall we published a summary for the 1917-18 in the usual **Echo** style and form, convenient for binding with other issues. When the schools were opened in January it was too late to start a monthly; consequently we decided on an annual. Even this seemed impossible to all but a few of the senior class. These few worked under the direction of Brother Ephrem and had the annual practically completed when the Literary Club was organized to look after the sale, etc., and develop future editors and managers. On March 18 the senior class editors became the officers of the Literary Club, and consequently assumed control of the **Echo**. This annual, therefore, the Literary Club offers to the public, feeling confident it will meet with the same success and favorable reception accorded all previous publications of the school. The arrangement provided for in the local section makes it a complete record of the year.

A big question for the classes that meet in September will be the consideration of the **Echo**. Some conclusions based on deductions from the past may aid in this matter. From a literary viewpoint a monthly is most desirable, but under the present scale of publication cost such an undertaking would be risky. An annual could be published much cheaper than ten monthlies, but while this has some historical value its usefulness as a field for literary endeavor and the promotion of school spirit is very limited. A quarterly seems to be the best solution. It combines the advantages of the monthly and the annual. The four numbers could be appropriately named the Christmas, Athletic, Senior Class, and Commencement numbers. It would be convenient to have the last number a small one. It should appear a few days after Commencement. December, March and May could be chosen for the other issues. Such an arrangement would cover the year completely and give reasonable assurance of financial and literary success. The expenses necessitated by cuts for the second and third issues should be borne by the parties directly concerned.



## OUR ADVERTISERS

It is surely appropriate to register here an appreciation of the manner in which the Fort Wayne merchants and business men have advertised in the Echo. The splendid support they have given us is worthy of the consideration of all who want us to succeed—and that we mean to do. To be sure we have had some turn-downs, but except in two instances the refusals came from gentlemen, and in these cases the men very probably did not realize that a polite refusal is a favor in itself. Outside these two exceptions, we met with not only business co-operation but also cordial encouragement and good will. It was a pleasurable and a beneficial experience for us to come in contact with so many business men whose hearts are still young and whose personality is something to be gratefully remembered.

---

## THE ALUMNI

Every school worthy of the name has an alumni association. In this the C.C.H.S. is not lacking, but, like the associations of most schools, its activities are not very prominent. Because of war and other conditions nothing has been done since the first big meeting. The time is now come for a get-together. It is not up to us to propose how this should be done, but we may mention that some stray opinions favoring a dance at Commencement have come our way. Action, however, is the business of the officers duly elected. The fact that the president is "somewhere in France" should not hold things back. Even should he return soon it is not probable that he would come here, since his home is in another state. Moreover, he naturally expects that the officers who live here are looking after what now devolves on them. There are about fifty alumni who have not yet been afforded an opportunity to formally join the association, and many of these have the needed pep and are waiting a chance to show it. Think it over.

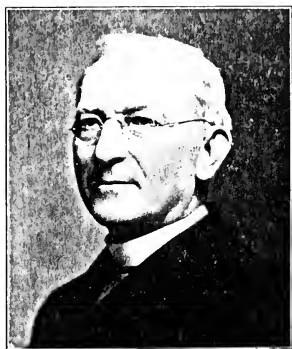
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## A NEW SCHOOL?

Ever since the Central Catholic High School became a factor in Fort Wayne it has been the intention of the Right Reverend Bishop to provide a better building. Everyone knows that Library Hall was never intended for a school. It is also evident that the structural changes involved in making it a temporary one fell far short of making it anything like a suitable school. In addition to these defects it has the greater drawback of not being able to afford reasonable accommodation for the number of students now attending. Various plans for a new location have been proposed and discussed, but all these pointed to a considerable outlay. The running expenses are as great, if not greater, than the regular current income from tuition. The future looks brighter. Some donations have been received and these are being placed in a fund destined to procure a new school. It has been recently reported that the cash Bishop Alerding has received for this purpose coupled with the new contributions he expects, will warrant him undertaking the erection of a new building soon. And of course every boost to this fund will bring the new school a day nearer. May we not hope that some of us now in school will be able to say in a future Echo, "We are now in our new and beautiful school"?







BISHOP ALERDING

## SACERDOS 1868-1918

Every thinking boy asks himself the question, What shall I be? It is a momentous question, for on its answer salvation as well as happy years may depend. It is not answered in a day or a week. Everything must be weighed—disposition, ability, purpose. Many never answer it. Consequently they go on through life misfits and burdens to themselves and to others. Several answer it and choose a career; but not even all these have the same motive. Each may attain his objective; but if that objective be not a worthy one, that person passes out of this world a failure.

There are many professions that men may choose, but there is one above all others. It is greater than a profession and more than choice. It is the priesthood. God calls and man accepts—accepts a sublime grace from God—accepts it for God's honor and glory—volunteers to use that grace regardless of the trials and privations it may necessitate—volunteers to be singled out among men as one whose words and deeds must stand the exactions of critical humanity.

What wonder then that the world should admire the fortitude and reverence the profession of this heaven-appointed steward. A faithful and just steward is he whose years have been lengthened for his own reward, man's salvation and his Master's glory. A faithful and just steward is he who for fifty years has cultivated God's vineyard.

Such a steward is the Right Reverend Herman Joseph Alerding. September 22, 1918, marked the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. A few days later, the priests of his diocese assembled in the Cathedral, and, while he stood at the altar supplicating for his flock, they, his shepherds, thanked Heaven for giving them a zealous master and a fatherly friend. That same day we, too, assisted at the Jubilee Mass, and while we heard his sacerdotal virtues deservedly lauded by the Bishop of Indianapolis we also remembered other virtues—virtues long exercised in our behalf—and we were grateful and rejoiced. May God prolong his fruitful years, and may the faithful help ripen his dream of a new Central high school for his boys!





REV. JAMES FRANCIS DUJARIE

## A CENTENNIAL

The year 1920 will, Deo volente, be a year of increased joy and gladness for the Congregation of Holy Cross. It will mark the centennial of one branch of that religious society, the Brothers of Holy Cross. It seems fitting that in this city where they have labored so long and so earnestly our school should give at least a passing notice at this time to the venerable priest whose piety and zeal added a new cohort to God's army.

As the caldron of the French Revolution approached the boiling point God prepared the son of a laborious and pious family to be a vessel of election for France and for the Church. This favored child was James Francis Dujarie, born December 9, 1767, at Sainte-Marie-des-Bois, Mayenne. From childhood he directed his energies towards the sublime ministry of the priesthood. In 1791 he was ordained deacon; but before he received the plenitude of orders he was forced to brave trials and tribulations for well nigh five of the most terrible years in the history of France. During these years of hatred and persecution of the Church, the young deacon lived in disguise, working for his daily bread at any profession that provided him sustenance for his body and scope for his spirit so ardently bent on spreading the good odor of Christ among a lawless and discontented people.

In 1795 he was secretly ordained priest. He celebrated his first Mass in a cellar. Until a brighter day dawned he passed unknown through the multitude, stealthily ministering to the sick in body and soul. Very often his feet were without shoes, and his only shelter was a stable or a barn.

The dawn of the nineteenth century restored many legal rights of the Catholics of France. But the Revolution had materially weakened the saving influence of the Church, and whole generations had grown up ignorant alike of Catholic doctrine and moral responsibility. To reclaim successfully this neglected portion of the Lord's once fruitful vineyard, it was necessary above all to gather together the little ones—as yet untainted with the poison of error—and to instruct them in the truths of Holy Faith. To this difficult mission Father Dujarie devoted



many years. To aid him in this noble undertaking he induced a few virtuous young men to intrust themselves to him and be prepared as teachers for the local parish schools.

"This little band, living under the guidance of Father Dujarie, and united by a common spirit, a common zeal for souls, and a common rule of life, was the nucleus of the present Brotherhood of Holy Cross. 'Brothers of St. Joseph' was the title chosen by the founder for his little society, humble in its beginnings, but destined for a career of untold influence for good. The lowly origin of the Brotherhood was thus described in after years: 'It consisted of a band of devout men, mostly young, who, without aspiring to the priesthood, yet animated by a true zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls, had formed themselves into a Religious Community, under the title of the Brothers of St. Joseph, and having no higher aim than to imitate the humble and hidden life of their holy patron.'

On the twenty-seventh of October, 1820, André Pierre Mottais laid his young life at the feet of Father Dujarie, and on the sixteenth of November of the same year, Etienne Gauffre did likewise. These two, under the names of Brother Andrew and Brother Etienne, were the first fruits of Father Dujarie's zeal and are to be remembered as the first two Brothers of St. Joseph. Toward the end of 1820 the community numbered four persons. A little more than a year later one is surprised to find there were as many as eight schools under the care of the Brothers.

From this date their growth was very rapid. In 1835 the Brothers of St. Joseph united with a society of priests formed not long before by Father Anthony Moreau, of Mans, France, and the new Institute took the name of the Congregation of Holy Cross.

In 1839 Mgr. de la Hailandière, Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana, visited his native land to get recruits and aid for his missions among the Indians and white settlers of his diocese. A young priest of the Congregation, Father Edward Sorin, born in 1814, at Laval, France, heard the Bishop's earnest appeal, and shortly came to regard it as the voice from heaven that spoke to Abraham of old, 'Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee, and thou shalt be blessed.' With the permission of his Superior General, Father Sorin rallied about him six Brothers of apostolic spirit, and the seven offered themselves to Mgr. de la Hailandière. The zealous missionary's companions were: Brothers Vincent, Joachim, Lawrence, Francis Xavier, Gation, and Anselm.

After a long and perilous journey of nine weeks over the ocean and through the wilderness, the missionaries arrived at Vincennes in southern Indiana, on the eighth of October, 1841. To Father Sorin was given the choice of various mission sites. He selected St. Peter's, then one of the largest as well as poorest missions in the diocese, situated twenty-seven miles east of Vincennes, between the settlement of Washington and Mount Pleasant, in Daviess County.

Soon afterward, however, the Bishop of Vincennes offered a tract of land in northeastern Indiana to Father Sorin on two conditions: that he build a college and a novitiate upon it within two years; and that he assume the religious instruction and care of the Indians and the white settlers within a radius of one hundred miles. The Bishop's proposal having been submitted by Father Sorin to his council, it was decided to accept it.—A Gateway to the Religious Life.

It was this happy decision that founded Notre Dame University, the present headquarters of the Congregation of Holy Cross in the United States. For many years the Brothers of Holy Cross have conducted several schools and co-operated with the Priests of Holy Cross in the various colleges of the society. A few years ago, Dujarie Institute, a new normal school for the Brothers, was erected at Notre Dame, and an extensive course of studies outlined. Most of the teaching Brothers are now engaged in conducting high schools.





REV. CHARLES F. GIRARDOT

## GAUDEAMUS

It is with no little joy and pride that we record this year the ordination of Charles Girardot, '13. He received the first diploma given by the Central Catholic High School. A few months later he entered Saint Mainrad's Seminary. There his application was such that he completed his ecclesiastical studies in the shortest time possible. He was ordained at the Seminary, November 13, 1918, by the Right Reverend Joseph Chartrand, and the following Sunday he celebrated his first Mass at the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, in the presence of his father and a host of friends and relatives. A few days later he was appointed assistant pastor in Michigan City. On behalf of the faculty, alumni and students, the Echo congratulates you, Father Girardot.

## JOHN F. WYSS, '14

It is our sad though proud duty to devote a few lines to the memory of one who was a credit to himself, his family, his school, his church and his country. When the news of his untimely demise reached Fort Wayne, his friends in subdued tones passed the word, "John Wyss is dead!" Early in the war he enlisted in the aviation corps, and after experience in various camps he was appointed instructor at Columbus, Ohio. There he won the love and respect of all who were favored to come in contact with him. His desire was to risk his life in the cause of justice against the air demons of Germany, but God had decreed otherwise. He fell a victim to the Spanish influenza, October 7, 1918, and a few days later he was laid to rest with military honors in the family burying ground at Hesse Cassel. It is hard to realize that he who traveled twelve miles to school each day, that he whose ability brought him one gold medal after another, that he who never made an enemy, that he who gave promise of a long career of stalwart Americanism and true ideals, should be taken from us. But the ways of God are not the ways of man. We bow our heads and say: "May God rest his noble soul! And may his virtues be long an inspiration to all of us."







## FACULTY

FATHER LAFONTAINE, Superintendent

FATHER McCARTHY, Instructor in Religion

BROTHER DANIEL, C.S.C., Principal

BROTHER EXUPERE, C.S.C.

BROTHER AUGUSTUS, C.S.C.

BROTHER WILLIAM, C.S.C.

BROTHER EPHREM, C.S.C.

BROTHER OWEN, C.S.C.

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## CURRICULUM

During the present year some slight modifications were made in the course of studies. The new program will be carried out in September. Heretofore eighteen units of high school work and two of commercial were required. Electives are now offered in the third and fourth years. In these years commercial work may be elected in place of Latin. Those who do not take Latin are required to make sixteen high school units and four commercial. Those who take Latin in the third and fourth years are required to make eighteen high school units. They are also to take one elective. At present the only electives offered are mechanical drawing and elementary bookkeeping, but others will be introduced if the arrangement of classes permits. A high school credit of one unit is allowed on mechanical drawing. A passing grade in sixteen regular units of high school work is necessary for graduation or for admission to college. As a rule colleges allow no credits for commercial work done in high school. Consequently a full high school course is offered in addition to commercial work. Nearly all colleges give advanced standing to students having over sixteen units.



## Program of Studies

First Year			
	Hours* a Week	No. of Weeks	Units
Church History .....			
English—Grammar and Composition .....	5	40	1
Latin—Grammar .....	5	40	1
History—Ancient .....	5	40	1
Mathematics—Elementary Algebra .....	5	40	1
Science—General .....	5	40	1
Second Year			
Christian Doctrine .....			
English—Composition and Rhetoric .....	5	40	1
Latin—Caesar .....	5	40	1
History—Medieval and Modern .....	5	40	1
Mathematics—Plane Geometry .....	10	20	1
—Solid Geometry .....	5	20	½
—Advanced Algebra .....	5	20	½
Third Year.			
Christian Doctrine .....			
English—Rhetoric .....	5	40	1
Spanish—Elementary .....	5	40	1
Science—Chemistry .....	5	40	1
* Latin—Cicero .....	5	40	1
* Commercial .....	10	40	X
Fourth Year			
Philosophy—Logic and Ethics .....			
English—British and American Literature ...	5	40	1
Spanish—Advanced .....	5	40	1
Science—Physics .....	5	40	1
* Latin—Virgil .....	5	40	1
* Commercial .....	10	40	X

\*A period of forty minutes is considered one recitation hour.

\*\*There is a choice in the third and fourth years between Latin and Commercial subjects. Those who do not take Latin must devote two periods a day to Commercial subjects consisting of Business Arithmetic, Typewriting, Phonography, Bookkeeping, etc.



## CLASS '19

# HISTORY

That the merriment of youth may not be forgotten, that what once evoked a boyish laugh may lighten later years, we hereby record some things that have a meaning only to those concerned. You may consider the rest class history.

When the C.C.H.S. received "fresh fish", in September, 1915, little did it think that an important die in its machinery had been cast. The class of '19, known at that time as "little freshies," did not even receive the privilege of initiation or hazing, which is always the source of much terror before and of much boasting afterwards. We were ignobly ignored. This made us very uncomfortable, because we had everything prepared for a come-back in case we were attacked. All the plots and plans we had formed lacked a door for execution. They died in the dungeons of neglect and their spirits transmigrated to another sphere of action, of which we shall presently tell you.

We pitched our tent in English class. For two months we enjoyed ourselves. After this Brother Daniel began his daily inspections and we surrendered. "Bykes" McLaughlin had to give up bringing fish-worms to school and tying them to Hamilton's ear. Logan could not play his ten-cent flute. The Calliope (or however you spell it) Quartet had to cancel all its engagements during this period. Dime-novel reading had to be stopped during the reading of "Ivanhoe" and "The Merchant of Venice." "Ike" Kleinrichert had to stop chewing tobacco and spitting in his desk, Fred Bushman had to stop reciting "Wamba"—a comedy written and produced by himself. In fact, a damper was put on all our joy, and gloom abundantly prevailed in our camp. Having worked all this mischief out of our system during the first weeks of school we were ready to go on.

Brother Edmund almost fainted when he found his hycenas acting like Parisian poodles. We pulled off a swell debate on "Preparedness." George Ek with his brilliant eloquence (honk! honk!) took first place. His brilliancy was rewarded after school with a handsome monogram loving cup in the form of a discarded Bunte Marshmallow can.

About this time we were recovering from football sorrows. Those that did not have to stay after school had frequently gone to the "Three Cornered Park" on South Calhoun. There they tugged away at tackling and passing under the supervision of Coach-Captain-Manager-Fullback "Bud" Rohyans. One day the "Preps" insulted us with a challenge. We ignored it, but they teased us so bad that we had to accept. Alas for our wisdom! They spoiled our reputation by banging us 53 to 12. We tried to recover, and then they gave us a 59-0 deal.

In December Logan organized a club known as the A.G.A.H. Oh, it was a regular club. We were pledged—"cross my heart and hope to die"—not to reveal the sacred meaning of A.G.A.H. The dues were two cents a week, and the



initiation fee was a nickel. The club lasted a month. Then the statutes were broken and the organization went "Ge-Punk". It was never found out where the money went, but we have our suspicions.

Winter passed quietly, and study was the chief thing during spring. We did not take very well towards baseball, but our class made a good showing in tennis. Some fearing failure in June dropped out. Cunningham and Hayes got away with the Class and Latin medals.

So ended our first year at the C.C.H.S. In all we had a good year. We were as active as the other classes, and our big job was the landing of the interclass basketball championship.

Now we come to our second trip. Infantile paralysis (if you please!) delayed the opening of school. We were admitted on September 11. Fred Bushman, "Whitic" Reardon, Ed Duffy and some others did not show up. Maurice Gaskins came to make the even twenty. The usual bustle followed the opening of school, but, since we were at this time sophomores, we must not be as careless in our talk as mere "freshies." A sophomore is not supposed to be all imagination.

About this time our city was in an uproar. The Democrats were in power and they were represented by the Journal-Gazette. The News was wielding the pen for the Republicans. Somebody found an animal of the feline species in the city reservoir. Dead? Of course, the cat was dead—dead ever so long. Well, this cat sold a lot of newspapers, and people began boiling the drinking water or—drinking beer. In class we debated the question that city drinking water is more sanitary than country water. Light-headed judges awarded Ed Lennon first place on account of his blunder in calling filtered water fertilized water.

This year we beat the juniors in football, and we made up our minds to beat them in everything. They organized and elected class officers. This was a challenge. We accepted, and Ed Lennon was elected president, Leslie Logan secretary and treasurer, and Joe Rohyans bouncer. Of course, the juniors said that sophomores had no business having class officers; but we didn't mind that, for we kept on having meetings.

About Christmas time the juniors purchased sweaters with a large yellow '18 on the front. The sweaters were blue with "yellow zebra" sleeves. They (not the sweaters, but the juniors) boasted and boasted and made us sick. We called a class meeting and planned revenge. Ten days later we came to school wearing blue flannel shirts with a large "white" '19 set in a white ring on the right-hand side of the shirt. There was great rivalry until one day a member of the faculty reported to Brother Daniel that two convicts had escaped school one afternoon and that their numbers were '18 and '19. After this the two classes came together for mutual protection. Soon afterwards the juniors pulled off a "two-bit" dance and we all attended. It was at this dance that Ed Lennon decided on popularity.

The Washington's Birthday entertainment was given to our class in this year (1917). We had a debate on whether the government should control the railroads. Bushman, Suelzer, Ward and Cunningham were on the affirmative; Zuber, Hayes, Lennon and Gruber on the negative. The negative won. Hayes, Lennon and Bushman got the places of honor. We had another debate on the abolition of the jury system. Lennon, Logan and Suelzer showed up best.

Many of our members took part in patriotic parades just before school closed. Commencement arrived and our sophomore days came to an end.

In September 1917 we entered the C.C.H.S. as juniors, fifteen of our sophomore class and a new member in the person of Dallas Costello. We were placed in a room by ourselves and told to behave (an unnecessary admonition when a





prefect is always in the room). Our classes followed the regular schedule, and everything went well except when there was a battle between the French and German students.

The first big surprise of the year came when Frank Doriot, who heretofore could not bear the sight of a blue shirt, started what later became known as the Corduroy Pants Brigade. To clinch his position as head of the Brigade he wore other insignia of the United Association of Foreign Residents. Ties, collars and everything were prohibited.

Our class had almost a monopoly on the St. Andrew's Day (Sept. 30) entertainment. Our stars shone with great brilliancy, the brightest being Ed Lennon and George Hamilton. From now on they were looked upon as sacred individuals.

The class officers—Leo Suelzer, Edward Bushman and Leslie Logan—wishing to keep in the limelight, arrayed themselves in checkered shirts, green vests and red ties. Some say it was all due to a bet, but all must have lost for the rivalry soon stopped.

Four members of our class got on the varsity basketball team, and there would have been a fifth had Stew Zurbuch respected his bones.

Civil war almost followed the eve of State Prohibition. We made a midnight raid on the Seniors' den at Hesse Cassel and spoiled what might have been an awful scandal to the school. Two days afterwards our worthy class president maintained our right to interfere.

Of course the seniors had to be fed by the juniors, for that custom is now too well established to be ignored. Consequently we pulled off a big banquet for them at the Anthony.

In May Leslie Logan showed what he could do in the essay line. He copped one of the three prizes offered in the county for the best three essays on the Third Liberty Loan.

Commencement came around and only one of our members slipped overboard. As is former years Cunningham took the class medal. Logan received the medal for English, and Lennon for elocution.

During the vacation period following the junior year the bug of travel seemed to have lodged in many members of the class. Doriot went down to Denver to see how people live there, Hayes went to Seattle, Logan and Suelzer to Chicago, and George Hamilton and some others of the gang took in the neighboring towns.

Now we land in the fourth year. School opens September 9. Class nineteen counts fifteen. Two weeks of school and then everything was upset by the "flu." We had little to do until after Christmas. We gave a little play on St. Andrew's day. Later we made the varsity basketball team a senior class affair this year. In January we held meetings about class pins; in February we discussed the Echo and a class dance. In March we lined up for a debate with the Fort Wayne High. The results are recorded elsewhere.

We may as well mention here that when school began we were given a room with a piano and without a prefect. A glee club naturally started. Suelzer supplied the songs, Logan the jokes, and Doriot, Gruber and Bushman formed the band. Too much was enough. The next scene was a room with a prefect and without a piano.

Thus our career at C.C.H.S. is nearing a close. The next scene is Commencement. We have done our work and we have had our fun. We began our high school days with a rosy view of life. With the same light hearts we now face the future.



### KILIAN J. BAKER

What's in a name? Well, in this case it places our worthy classmate first in the class. "Quit your making me laugh, will you?" When you hear somebody say this you may be sure you are not far from Kilian. We have learned the art of making him vibrate whenever we wish to hear him. Unlike most of our class he has taken no active part in athletics. He has worked after school hours at a multitude of professions. In school he is classed as a student, and he is such an ambitious one that he has found time to take French in addition to the work of the regular curriculum. He found a solution for the Latin problem in Sears-Roebuck catalogue. For many years he was a member of the Cathedral Cherub Society. His fondness for the "beautiful and the sublime" has led us to believe that he stays up nights pursuing the dreams of poets.



### ALFRED J. BROWN

Alfred learned to talk long before he attended the Cathedral school. He was very tame as a high school freshman. This can be accounted for by the fact that he had learned the ropes in the eighth grade connected with the C. C. H. S. Regardless of his name he is a very white fellow. His vocal cords are well developed and many a time did they direct the teacher's eye towards his corner of the room. He is a man of various parts. "Study First" is his motto. His position as soda and joke slinger at Drier's keeps his pockets filled. He has "fiddled" for the school orchestra since his freshman year. His several attempts to enter the Mischief-makers' Club always ended in disaster. When he has anything to sell keep away from him unless you want to make a deal. You can't escape him.

### EDWARD C. BUSHMAN

It was midnight, about the dawn of the present century. A fearful storm raged without. Within a restless babe made his first ineffectual protests against the conventionalities of this world. He grew up in Bloomingdale, and all the details of his childhood and early youth are buried in and around that locality. He spent a year of probation in the C. C. H. S. eighth grade and then joined his present classmates in the freshman year. He soon proved his superiority in fistie and dare-devil undertakings, such as walking on roofs and riding wild horses. Studies were consumed with no greater difficulty than well baked apple pie. He usually gets to school on time during Lent. He has some reputation as a violinist, a comedian, an orator and an athlete, in addition to being a Bushman.







### DALLAS M. COSTELLO

Dallas spent the first two years of his high school career at Leo. Then he decided to move to Fort Wayne and work for a C. C. H. S. diploma. Despite the fact that it was his lot to associate with what has acquired the reputation of being "the craziest class in school," he lost none of his retiring disposition. He fell in with everything but kept out of prominence. His possibility as a basketball player was not noticed until late in his last year at school, when his work with a local junior team attracted the attention of Father Dillon and secured him a place on the varsity. He has made good in athletics as well as in studies. The only thing he has not made good in is in making enemies.

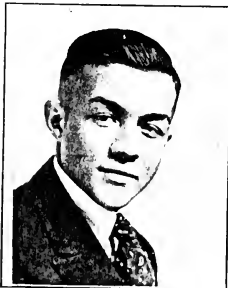
### EDWARD J. CUNNINGHAM

The month of August, 1900, added another member to the Cathedral congregation. This new member was Ed—later known as Insurance—Cunningham. The weather conditions at his birth were perfect, and since that time he has striven to rival the ideals manifested by those atmospheric conditions. For the past three years he has carried home the much coveted class medal. He could not be seen after three-thirty, and consequently it was rumored that he went directly home and studied. But a little detective work revealed the fact that he spent his after school hours devoting his energies to the expansion of the Lincoln Life Insurance Co. Like his classmates, Brown and Baker, he graduated a few years ago from the Cathedral Cherub Society. All attempts to make him frown or fail to smile have been in vain. Though not an athlete he seldom missed a game.



### FRANK S. DORIOT

December 6, eighteen years ago is historically known to have been a night of terrible darkness. This fact made a lasting physical impression on the very plump baby that then came into the Doriot family. Contrary to all the laws of physics he has been shining since. Well, to continue our narrative, Frank entered St. Patrick's school full of faith and left it in good and honorable standing. Then he came here and was pounced upon as a pianist for the orchestra. But he did not believe in all work and no play. In harmony with this theory he took up athletics and is now high on the ladder of that profession. In studies he is an eternal pluggger. He can smile and argue, and this is why he became one of the Echo ad men this year.





### FRANK J. GRUBER

Like most of our classmates, "Mike" drifted from St. Patrick's eighth grade to the Central High freshmen. Just who is responsible for the cognomen of "Mike" is not known, but the name has stuck and there you are. He has been a steady school athletic fan, and in a moderate manner he has participated in class contests. Jokes and socials have been his specialty. He spent his high school summers at Lake James, where he gave exhibitions in swimming and diving. He is also a marksman, and even the birds that alight near that lake are in mortal terror of his trusty gun. By some means or other he succeeded in acquiring the much coveted degree of "P. G. B. L." If you want an evening's fun gather round and listen to his "Uk."



### GEORGE R. HAMILTON

During that period of life usually devoted to grade school work George divided his time between school and fishing. Many and weighty were the arguments tried on George, but despite all persuasion he persisted in fishing. Now you understand why he is considered a master of fish stories. Way down in Kentucky George learned the art of playing the nigger role that has added to many of our school entertainments. He is also familiar with Mr. Dooley. That smile he brought from St. Patrick's is still with him. As yet no one has been able to get his goat. Get acquainted with him if you are a lover of a good joke and a hearty laugh. Bashful? Yes, if you use it in the past tense. Until recently he shunned society and spent much of his free time helping the Penny.

### CORNELIUS J. HAYES

"You never can tell" is an old saying. "Ted" Hayes quietly attended the Catholic school and as quietly entered the C. C. H. S. In his first years he gained some reputation as a baseball twirler, and later he tried his luck in basketball. But these things are now forgotten. In his freshman year he copped the Latin medal. The memory of this kept him oblivious to all social events until the present year. Then came the flashy ties, back-combed hair, appreciation of "peaches" and all the other signs of—of dates. His ability in keeping the purse made him the choice for class treasurer this year, and it was a happy choice for he sure did collect. So you never can tell.









### EDWARD J. LENNON

An impossible thing to tell you much about Ed in a hundred words! Ed is not (or rather was not) like the rest of men. While at St. Patrick's he was better known to his teachers than to his classmates. He was slight in build and cared little for outdoor sports. After two years at C. C. H. S. and one term at a gymnasium this quite lad blossomed forth into a man of affairs and a veritable strong man. Diplomacy and pep made him first lieutenant in the student military corps of 1917. He is class president for the second time. During the past season he proved a great success as athletic manager, and his presence at the gate gave us many steady supporters. The elocution medal came his way last year. Business ability put him foremost on the Echo staff this year.

### LESLIE F. LOGAN

The "F" stands for Felix. He was well named, for he is happy even when he is in trouble. His record as an athlete has space elsewhere. They may praise him there, but we refused his bribe, as we are under no obligation to land him here. His natural gifts have made study easy for him. Last year he won the English gold medal and also one of the county prizes for an essay on the Third Liberty Loan. He lost the class medal by a fraction of one per cent. This year he was selected to help make the Echo and he made good. For years he and Doriot have played and worked together. In their graduation the school will lose two good boosters. Both, however, intend to cast their lot with the local K. of C. Council in the hope of finding a field for their athletic ability.



### LEO J. SUELZER

Leo is a big fellow in many ways besides in bulk. His early education at St. Peter's must have agreed with him, for he left that school a lover of knowledge and athletics. He has played basketball each year of his high school career. In football he has done just as much. In his junior year he was class president, and he defied the rights of the juniors in a very telling manner when the seniors considered them easy picking. Then he led his class to fame in the senior-junior feed as well as in the midnight raid on Hesse Cassel. He says that his altitude makes long sleeps imperative. For defending this theory Brother Daniel appointed him chief plumber and repair man around school. An earnest student, he has always placed the interests of the school before other considerations.





### CLIFFORD B. WARD

It is rumored that he was born in our city, and we have some reason to believe the rumor true, for at a very early age his auburn hair attracted attention at St. Patrick's school. When he realized the popularity of this distinguishing gift of nature he gave up his idea of becoming a detective and strolled into the C. C. H. S. He kept the even tenor of his way until he found it agreeable to impersonate various characters, get a ford, and learn to dance. Now he is a leader in social circles, as was evident at the senior dance. He is an avaricious reader and has his head stored with all kinds of miscellaneous facts. He has great ambitions, and if his application to study is a sign of future success we predict a great career for him.



### JOSEPH E. ZUBER

Joe said farewell to St. Paul's in 1914 and strolled into the C. C. H. S. eighth grade. Since that time he has succeeded in wasting a box of chalk placing "J. E. Z." on every blackboard. His keo has carried his name and reputation to places far removed from Fort Wayne. His love of literature early placed him among the school scribes and Echo editors. Being lonesome for the school paper this year he started the semi-weekly known as "Plutoerat's Trident." It is said he made a few dollars in this defending the reputation of the highest bidder, but we have no proof of this. A man of many words he is ambitious to become an orator.

### STEWART F. ZURBUCH

Stew's mother determined that he should be brought up an Irishman and a Catholic. She carried him to St. Patrick's school one fine morning in September, 1907. The good Sister was very considerate with him and he grew to like school. In 1915 he was given a passport to the C. C. H. S. His ambition was to be a "strong man." With this idea he slung things around at the East car shops. Later on he broke or disjointed several bones playing basketball. He became a bolshevik when the anti-tardum rule was enforced at the C. C. H. S. but seeing the world against him he submitted and for satisfaction kicked a bucket through a neighbor's window. Finally his surplus energy found an exit in school athletics. Now he is a sedate gentleman, an accomplished singer and an all around good fellow.







**I**T IS probable that at some future time Fort Wayne will be in a position to record the names of her soldiers and sailors, living and dead, who, in the World War that our nation brought to an end, November 11, 1918, defended our country's honor, crushed tyrants, and promoted democracy.

In the following pages we have endeavored to give a list of the Catholic soldiers and sailors of our city. The parishes are arranged in the chronological order of their organization. Because of duplicate names that refer to the same individual the grand total is ten less than the number found by adding the parish lists. This duplication is mainly due to the handing in of names by various relatives. The honor roll of our Catholic churches is magnificent, for it far exceeds the quota required by distributive justice.

We wish to thank all who helped us do this little task in appreciation of those who have placed before us a worthy example of American patriotism.

The World War began July 28, 1914. United States entered the war April 6, 1917. In June, 1918, the Germans were opposed for the first time by American troops. July 15, 1918, the Germans began to retreat. November 11, 1918, the armistice was signed.



Cathedral  
Church



Fort Wayne  
Indiana

REV. JOHN R. QUINLAN  
Rector

SOLDIERS ——— WORLD WAR ——— SAILORS

BRUGGEMAN, (Dr.) H. O., Lieut. Colonel  
 DREW, STEPHEN, Captain  
 McCONNELL, A. F., Captain  
 O'ROURKE, WILLIAM S., Jr., Captain  
 BLEE, WILLIAM, Lieutenant  
 DINNEN, GEORGE, Lieutenant  
 DINNEN, RICHARD, Lieutenant  
 GESSLER, ALBERT, Lieutenant  
 GLUTTING, PAUL, Lieutenant  
 HAYES, THOMAS A., Lieutenant  
 HAYES, JAMES D., Lieutenant  
 HOGAN, HARRY G., Lieutenant  
 MORIARITY, HENRY, Lieutenant  
 O'ROURKE, (Dr.) DONALD, Lieutenant  
 MOYNIHAN, ANDREW J., Lieutenant  
 WEBER, DON A., Lieutenant





Ahern, Emmet	Driscoll, Cornelius	Koble, Charles
Ahern, John	Desmonds, Albert	LaMaster, Harry
Aubry, A. H.	Devine, Callistus	LaMaster, Joseph
Barrett, Richard	Derck, Howard	Lassus, Edward
Bashara, Allen	Elion, Clarence	Lauer, Bernard
Bashara, George	Elion, Alfred	Lauer, Clarence
Boonahoon, J.	Finan, Joseph	Lomont, Francis
Beck, Donald	Fleckenstein, Howard	McDonald, Walter
Brown, Louis	Fox, Cletus	McDonald, William
Bugert, George	Fox, Henry B.	McDonald, Kenneth
Beckner, Harry	Fry, Fred	McKinzie, Louis
Bodey, Walter	Franke, Edward	McClenahan, Francis
Baker, Robert	Farnan, Robert	McCarthy, Ralph
Bougher, Frank	Fisher, Theodore	McDarby, Neil
Blee, James	Fahrenbach, Joseph	McDarby, Edwin
Banet, Henry	Gessler, Roy	Monahan, Thad
Barr, Joseph	Gordon, Clifford	Monahan, Wayne
Bobay, Emmet	Gordon, William	Monahan, Frank
Bobay, Carl	Graue, George	Mommer, Luman
Boland, Maurice	Gladieux, Eugene	Mommer, Miles
Beam, Claude	Grable, Joseph	Mommer, Eugene
Butler, J. J.	Girardot, Albert	Martin, John
Burns, Michael	Grime, Ralph	Martin, Maurice
Behler, Clark	Grime, Louis	Miller, Clarence
Beuret, Justin	Gullagly, Arthur	Malone, Earl
Brennen, Joseph	Havert, Louis	Mooney, Leo
Brennen, Thomas	Havert, Theodore	Mooney, Frank
Brennan, William	Hanley, Henry	Mooney, Charles
Carr, Harold	Hanley, J.	Murphy, Patrick
Callahan, Patrick	Hagan, John	Murphy, Arthur
Callahan, Michael	Harper, John	Metsker, Walter
Clausmeier, Edward	Hammond, Edward	Moritz, Frank
Connelly, James	Harkenrider, Charles	Muller, William
Corneille, Charles	Henry, Charles	Monroe, Ralph
Centlivre, Louis	Hooper, John	Moulin, Raymond
Centlivre, Clarence	Hooper, William	Moylan, Harold
Cody, Maurice	Hooper, Edward	Magers, Frank
Connors, Thomas	Huttinger, Harry	Niezer, Maurice
Connors, Charles	Huguenard, Thomas	Neff, John
Cleary, Patrick	Huguenard, Joseph	Noonan, John
Cochait, Joseph	Hines, Ed. F.	Nettrour, Oscar
Didier, Arthur	Henderson, Earl	Oswald, Julian
Didier, Louis	King, Frank	O'Welia, Leo
Didier, Francis	Kirkland, Edwin	O'Brien, Roscoe
Didier, John	Kaough, Julian	O'Connell, Charles
Dimmen, Robert	Kinstle, Leo	O'Neal, Emmett
Donahue, Emmet	Keller, John	O'Rourke, George
Dondero, John	Kinley, Leonard	O'Rourke, Alan
Drew, Edward	Kuntz, George	O'Rourke, Carroll
Diebold, Harry	Kavanaugh, Boyd	Pape, Robert
DeWood, Paul	Kilkelly, James	Pape, Clarence
DeWood, Nimmer	Koester, Martin	Pierre, Edward



Pierre, Gerald	Romberg, Athelstan	Showlin, Joseph
Pierre, Raymond	Rowley, David	Spychalski, Emmanuel
Perrey, Alfred	Rowley, Hubert	Swetz, Stanley
Potts, R. S.	Ryan, Albert	Telley, Burton
Parrot, Myron	Rogers, Francis	Thompson, Clarence
Parrot, Leland	Shafer, Elmer	Toussaint, Joseph
Pachin, August	Shiefer, William	Travers, Edward
Pachin, Maurice	Summers, Frank	Trentman, August
Quinlick, John	Sommers, Robert	Van Horn, Bertrand
Quillinan, Edwin	Smith, Clement	Voors, Henry
Quinn, Michael	Sorg, Emmet	Voors, Louis
Rolape, Winfred	Sallot, Victor	Vecchiolle, Santino
Reilly, Vincent	Shondell, Herman	Ward, Louis
Reuss, John	Sullivan, George	Wilkinson, Joseph
Romary, Fred	Schondell, Norman	Wise, O. P.
Rieg, Alois	Savio, John	Weurstein, Fred
Roy, Virgil	Storch, Carl	Weichman, Lorenzo
Ryder, George	Schomberg, George	Waterhouse, Luke

Dinnen, William, K. of C. Secretary  
 Aurentz, August, K. of C. Secretary  
 McVeigh, Francis, K. of C. Secretary

Dinnen, Josephine, Army Nurse

### In Memoriam

**STARACE, JOSEPH**, Lieutenant (Italian Army)  
**GOODMAN, BENEDICT**  
**HARBER, WILLIAM**  
**McKINNIE, GERALD**  
**PROVER, EDWARD**  
**WILKERSON, FRANK J.**, Sergeant



St. Mary's  
Church



Fort Wayne  
Indiana

RT. REV. MGR. J. H. OECHTERING, V. G.,  
Pastor

SOLDIERS ——— WORLD WAR ——— SAILORS

EGGEMAN, FRED, Major  
SCHEFFER, JOHN, Captain  
BERGHOFF, (Dr.) RAY, Lieutenant  
BERGHOFF, WALTER, Lieutenant  
NUSSBAUM, HERMAN, Lieutenant  
LAUER, LEO, Lieutenant  
BRAUN, SYLVESTER, Lieutenant  
SCHEFFER, FERDINAND, Lieutenant  
SCHANZ, ROBERT, Lieutenant  
BAKER, LEON, Ensign



App, Andrew	Fleckenstein, Howard	Langhals, John
Ankenbruck, Carl	Frankovitch, Anthony	Moring, Bernard
Ankenbruck, Lawrence	Freistroffer, Jerome	Masbaum, Edward
Aherns, Lewis	Freistroffer, Robert	Masbaum, Aloysius
Adams, Charles	Goetz, Leo	Meyers, Clement
Adams, Ray	Goetz, Lawrence	Mitchell, Bryant
Axt, August	Glunt, Joseph	Mittendorf, Gregory
Alter, Oscar	Gotta, Bernard	Nieman, Bernard
Alter, Clarence	Gebhart, Joseph	Offerle, L. M.
Allgeier, Henry	Gebhart, Clement	Poinsette, Henry
Braun, Emil	Greve, Henry	Poinsette, Leo
Braun, Joseph	Heiny, John	Reffelt, Charles
Braun, Alfred	Hoffman, John	Reinhart, Edward
Braun, George	Hoffman, Eugene	Schram, Mart
Braun, Robert	Herber, Gerhart	Schramm, Martin
Becker, Henry	Herber, Clarence	Scharf, Charles
Becker, Roy	Hollocher, Edward	Speitel, Frank
Beck, Donald	Hollocher, Edmund J.	Scheip, Charles
Bertke, Frank	Horstman, John	Scheip, William
Burlage, Walter	Haffner, Clarence	Smith, Bernard
Burlage, Edmund	Handschiegel, Anthony	Schmidt, George
Berghoff, Henry	Herganroether, Joseph	Schaefer, Clement
Berghoff, August	Jockel, Amos	Thieke, Herbert
Baltes, Bernard	Jockel, Clarence	Tholen, George
Blaising, Lawrence	Jauch, Edmund	Wesner, Howard
Brake, Ulrich	Kirkland, Edwin	Weber, Joseph
Bell, Joseph	Klost, Peter	Weber, Bernard
Brink, Aloysius	Kuttner, Leo	Winkler, Charles
Bogenschutz, Carl	Kocks, Herbert	Winkler, Leo
Bogenschutz, Henry	Keller, Joseph	Woehnker, Leo
Connors, Charles	Krull, Fred	Weis, Joseph
Cahill, Edward J.	Koers, Christian	Weik, Phillip
Dieckman, Henry	Keuhlbach, Aronld	Woenker, Alfred
Denzel, Charles	Lauer, Carl	Woenker, Charles
Erpelding, George	Lauer, George	Woenker, Arnold
Ernst, Edward	Lauer, Clement	Woenker, Clement
Eckrich, Clem	Lauer, Alfred	Wiegand, Harry
Ehrman, Edward	Luley, Ray	Wilcox, Fred
Eitel, Charles	Luley, Louis	Zahn, Leo
Feipel, Elegius	Lennart, Robert	Zackschefsiki, Frank

## In Memoriam

LAUER, PAUL





St. Paul's  
Church



Fort Wayne  
Indiana

REV. H. F. JOSEPH KROLL  
Pastor

SOLDIERS ———— WORLD WAR ———— SAILORS

Bell, Louis	Kramer, Anthony
Brinker, Bernard	Kramer, Raymond
Freiburger, Clarence	Kroock, Clarence
Freiburger, Lawrence	Link, William
Fox, Aloysius	Martin, Frank C.
Fox, Herman	Miller, August
Gunkel, Frank	Miller, George
Heit, William	Miller, Ralph J.
Hillecke, Charles	Nichter, Clarence
Hillecke, Frank	Nichter, Andrew J.
Kappel, Louis H.	Nichter, Herbert
Keller, Adolph	Schott, Edward
Kohrman, Jerome	Schmidt, Walter
Vaubil, Christian	



St. Peter's  
Church



Fort Wayne  
Indiana

REV. CHARLES THIELE  
Pastor

SOLDIERS ————— WORLD WAR ————— SAILORS

ARNOLD, URBAN, Lieutenant  
BERG, JOSEPH, Lieutenant  
BERG, VALENTINE, Lieutenant  
GROSH, ELMER, Lieutenant  
JUNK, WILLIAM, Lieutenant  
SCHULTE, FRANK, Lieutenant  
SUELZER, ALOYSIUS, Lieutenant

Auer, Robert  
Auer, Charles  
Aurentz, Gerald  
Aurentz, Raymond  
Aurentz, Louis  
Alt, Peter  
Alter, George  
Bachoer, John  
Bangert, Frank  
Bangert, Robert  
Bopp, George  
Bente, Edwin  
Brienof, Joseph  
Christman, Charles  
Christen, John

Cramer, Bernard  
Delagrang, Irwin  
Deck, Joseph  
Deck, Anthony  
Deck, Theodore  
Degitz, Clarence  
Distle, Alvin  
Distle, William  
Eifel, Joseph  
Eifel, John  
Elmer, John  
Franke, Raymond  
Franz, Arthur  
Freiburger, Leo  
Grothouse, Charles

Gutman, Rudolph  
Gurken, William  
Geise, Raymond  
Geise, Carl  
Geise, Leo  
Giant, Lansing  
Hahn, Adam  
Hahn, William  
Herr, Charles  
Herr, Frank  
Herr, Henry  
Hermes, Jacob  
Hermes, Bernard  
Hartman, Anthony  
Hartman, Joseph



Harkenrider, Edward	Mattes, Nicholas	Schallenberger, Lawrence
Herres, Mathias	Mattes, Joseph	Schleinkofer, Joseph
Hursh, Winfred	McCall, Charles	Schick, Earle
Harber, William	Miller, Fred	Steinbacher, Floyd
Hooch, Carl	Miller, Ray	Schremser, Frank
Hooch, John	Mabry, Austin	Schallhammer, Robert
Hoban, Edward	Mayer, Fred	Schramm, John
Hinegarten, Martin	Motherwell, Gerald	Schramm, Martin
Hentzler, Henry	Neher, Robert	Streibig, Ralph
Hoffman, Henry	Nyboer, Lee	Streibig, Joseph
Issing, John	Nyland, Joseph	Stults, Charles
Jehl, Leo	Neuman, Joseph	Sorg, Fred
Junk, Joseph	O'Brien, Edwin	Smith, James
Jansen, George	Ohse, Frank	Speckert, Charles
Kinder, Clarence	Ohse, John	Suelzer, Edmund
Kinder, George	Oseforth, Joseph	Suelzer, Joseph
Kinder, Harry	Otten, Otto	Vorndan, John
Klingenberger, John	Oswald, William	Wessel, John
Klingenberger, Justin	Piquignot, Robert	Williams, Frank
Klingenberger, Jerome	Piatt, John	Weber, John
Klingenberger, Lawrence	Racine, Gust	Wyss, Oscar
Karbach, Louis	Racine, Raymond	Wyss, Frank
Klotz, Sylvester	Rademaker, Leon	Woodworth, Andrew
Kraemer, Bernard	Rademaker, Richard	Waldman, Henry
Kraemer, Joseph	Redding, Clarence	Wise, Orion
Koehl, Edward	Roth, Frank	Weidner, Nicholas
Koorsen, George	Rupp, John	Yaste, Everett
Laier, Louis	Root, William	Yaste, Omer
Laier, Otto	Root, Ralph	Yehl, Frank
Laier, Leo	Rohyans, Gregory	Yehl, Charles
Lauer, George	Reinhart, Frank	Zickgraf, Joseph
Lauer, Peter	Reardon, William	Zern, Gregory
Lauer, Arthur	Rinker, Frank	

### In Memoriam

ROOT, HOWARD, Captain  
 GLADBACH, HUBERT  
 LAUER, LOUIS  
 MILLER, RAYMOND



St. Patrick's  
Church



REV. JOSEPH F. DELANEY  
Pastor

Fort Wayne  
Indiana

SOLDIERS ————— WORLD WAR ————— SAILORS

O'CONNOR, MAURICE, Captain  
BURNS, STEPHEN, Lieutenant  
DEWALD, STEPHEN, Lieutenant  
LOOS, JOSEPH, Lieutenant  
ROHYANS, EMMETT, Lieutenant  
MILLER, JEROME, Ensign

Ahern, Joseph  
Allen, Thomas  
Breen, Francis  
Burns, Robert  
Brown, John  
Beuret, Alphonse  
Beuret, Harold  
Boyce, James  
Boyce, Ashur  
Betley, Anthony  
Barnet, Frank  
Belger, Fred  
Banet, Ralph  
Brennan, Robert  
Baker, Mark  
Buchanan, John  
Callahan, Robert  
Couture, Edmund  
Carpenter, James  
Coffee, Raymond  
Curran, John  
Contant, Henry

Chrisman, Louis  
Conroy, Raymond  
Casey, Robert  
Cramer, Jerome  
Curtis, Charles  
Curtis, Mark  
Daley, Willard  
Daley, Neil  
DeWald, Edwin  
DeWald, John  
Danehy, George  
Danche, Daniel  
Delagrang, Clarence  
Donnelly, Gerald  
Dodane, William  
Druhota, Raymond  
Doyle, Eugene  
Doriot, Jules  
Davis, Howard  
Ek, Edward  
Ehrman, Charles  
Frank, Constant

Frank, Lester  
Frank, Lawrence  
Flemion, John  
Ferguson, Eugene  
Flaharty, Frank  
Freiburger, Elmer  
Foohey, Paul  
Fox, Carl  
Gaiennie, George  
Gassert, John  
Gordon, Joseph  
Geiger, Frank  
Haley, Daniel  
Hunt, Martin  
Hayes, William  
Hamilton, Eldon  
Hosford, John  
Houlihan, Thomas  
Herber, Fred  
Harkenrider, George  
Huntine, Joseph  
Hart, Hugh





Hart, Wayne	Madden, Joseph	Roche, Robert
Henry, Winifred	McGuire, Omer	Roche, George
Jacquay, Franklyn	McLaughlin, Carter	Rachet, George
Jones, Leo	McLaughlin, Joseph	Racht, Albert
Kennelly, John	McLaughlin, Lewis	Ryan, Joseph
Kennelly, Emmett	McKering, John	Rauner, Emmett
Kinney, Charles	McKering, Edward	Robinson, George
Kavanaugh, Leo	McCoy, Fred	Sarazin, George
Kahoe, Leo	McDonald, Alex	Shea, Vincent
Lallak, Edward	McGarry, Charles	Shea, Joseph
Lallak, John	Mungovan, Merlin	Sessler, Frank
Leutwyler, Frank	Muldarey, George	Simonis, Richard
Leutwyler, Albert	Muldarey, Thomas	Steinbacker, William
Leutwyler, William	Munich, Leo	Storey, Raymond
Lauer, Regis	Meyer, Carl	Sapp, Edward
Leeper, Edward	Nyboer, Leo	Snider, Daniel
Leeper, Gerald	O'Connor, Frank	Swift, Frank
Lamboly, George	O'Connor, John	Schiefer, Elmer
Litot, John	O'Connell, Bernard	Schilling, Alphonse
Lynch, Fred	O'Connell, George	Shirey, Elmer
Lynch, Joseph	O'Connell, Eugene	Telley, Herbert
Miller, Herman	O'Reilly, Edward	Townsend, James
Miller, Edmund	O'Brien, Donald	Tegtmeyer, Albert
Miller, Joseph	Overmeyer, Lewis	Travers, Robert
Miller, John J.	Orniston, Anthony	Tierney, Walter
Miller, William	Palmer, George	Ubelhor, Fred
Miller, William	Palmer, Andrew	Young, Calvin
Miller, Clement	Palmer, John	Walsh, Thomas
Miller, Arthur	Parisot, Royal	Wilkinson, William
Markey, Joseph	Payne, William	Ward, Allen
Markey, Norwood	Pappert, Clarence	Westrick, Joseph
Murphy, James	Quinn, Martin	Welch, Joseph
Murphy, Stephen	Rohan, Maurice	Welch, John J.
Murphy, Frank	Rohan, William	Wagner, Dent.
Murphy, Charles	Rowan, Edward	

Eggeman, John W., K. of C. Secretary  
 Mullen, Lawrence, K. of C. Secretary

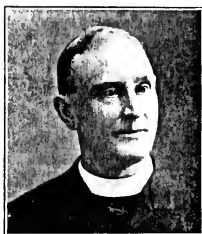
Callahan, Winifred, Red Cross Nurse  
 Rohan, Marjorie, Army Nurse

### In Memoriam

KNECHT, WALTER A.



Most  
Precious Blood  
Church



Fort Wayne  
Indiana

REV. CHRYSOSTOM HUMMER, C.P.P.S.  
Pastor

SOLDIERS ————— WORLD WAR ————— SAILORS

STEIN, ANSELM, Lieutenant

Bender, Joseph	Gusching, Harold	Rieg, Frank
Bierbaum, Clarence	Hueber, Bernard	Seitz, Otto
Bir, Herman	Hueber, Clarence	Sternberger, Geo.
Boeuf, Pius	Jordan, George	Skevington, A. E.
Boedecker, Fred	Jordan, Frank	Storey, Bernard
Bocksberger, Edward	Jordan, Henry	Streibig, Charles
Crowe, Thomas	Jordan, Ralph	Schenk, Edward
Cranston, Joseph	Kropp Francis	Smethers, Arthur
Cashman, John	Kropp, John	Shofer, Robert
Cunion, George	Kress, Martin	Troendley, Joseph
Cain, Patrick J.	Kochs, Anthony	Thompson, Kenneth
Draker, William	Kelly, Robert	Teders, Ralph
Deitschel, Francis	Knapp, Hubert	Vachon, John
Deitschel, Andrew	Kraft, Joseph	Vachon, Robert
Eber, Ralph	Luley, Joseph	Vauris, Claude
Eifert, Ralph	Murphy, James	Vonderhaar, Otto
Ehinger, Fred	Moushey, Cyril	Welch, Albert
Fenton, William	Minnich, Sylvester	Weikart, Earl C.
Fenton, Edgar	Minnich, Clarence	Weikart, Harvey
Geary, William	Motter, Raymond	Willig, Anthony
Geary, Carroll	Manweiler, H.	Yerrick, Paul
Geary, Noble	Pottkoetter, Leo	Yerrick, Claude
Geary, Oliver	Rieg, George	Zuber, Ralph
Gruber, Roy	Rieg, Anton	Zuber, Albert

Brink, Benno, K. of C. Secretary

### In Memoriam

CRANSTON, EDWARD  
CUNION, JAMES

BOAEUF, LEO  
WAGNER, HARRY



St. Andrew's  
Church



Fort Wayne  
Indiana

REV. HENRY HOERSTMAN  
Pastor

SOLDIERS ——— WORLD WAR ——— SAILORS

Christie, Lawrence	Meehan, Wilfred
Fenker, Rudolph	Meehan, Patrick C.
Goodman, Joseph	McCormick, William
Hoedel, Clem	Mohl, Bernard
Lerch, Edward	Pitzen, Peter
Litchfield, Everett	Smith, Irvin
Lopshire, Joseph	Seiler, Benjamin
	Yert, Joseph

In Memoriam  
PITZEN, JOHN



St. Joseph's  
Church



Fort Wayne  
Indiana

REV. ANTHONY PETRILLI  
Pastor

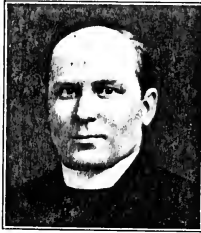
SOLDIERS ————— WORLD WAR ————— SAILORS

Bunch, Paul  
Bibbo, Sam  
Bell, Joseph  
Cimini, Paul  
Cofrancesco, Atimo  
Caruso, John  
Gill, Charles  
Gill, Harry  
Jannarino, Peter  
Moritz, Frank  
Mauro, Carmine  
Petrilli, John  
Schnurr, Joseph  
Schnurr, Edward  
Vastano, Antimo  
Vecchiolla, Assuntino





St. Hyacinth's  
Church



Fort Wayne  
Indiana

REV. LADISLAUS SZCZNKOWSKI  
Pastor

SOLDIERS ——— WORLD WAR ——— SAILORS

Adamski, Frank  
Andrulonis, Adam  
Delluga, Walter  
Gerej, Thomas  
Kamienski, Stanley  
Kratzman, Leo  
Konarzewski, John  
Klembek, John  
Mlynarski, Stanley  
Polak, William  
Palmer, John  
Pokora, Stanley  
Robak, Anthony  
Staszak, Adalbert  
Stanczak, Adam  
Wrona, Nicholas  
Zielinski, Alex



SOLDIERS ——— WORLD WAR ——— SAILORS

Name

Parish

In Memoriam



## ALUMNI & CO.

Don't be deceived by the title we have chosen for this article. We are not about to discuss a business corporation, alumni and their wives, or alumni and their fair friends. Of course we could tell you some interesting tales about all these things, but only in case of great honor or disgrace to the school do we intend to deal out praise or blame to individuals. In order not to disarrange what comes on the succeeding pages, it is necessary that we fill this one. Whenever we are hard pressed we fill pages with jokes and other things not intended for serious perusal. Here we are in no such straits.

We shall now take up the first word of our title. Including those of this year, the graduates of the C.C.H.S. number eighty-eight. When men are mighty it is a mighty number. By Company we mean all those who have shared the school days of the alumni. Those who were classmates at one time or other of the graduates reach a total of one hundred twenty-five. Nearly all of them were good and loyal students, and their work at C.C.H.S. has insured them reasonable positions in life and honorable standing in society. They formed a conception of manhood and an advancement ideal that will promote their success as the years go by. We know how all have fared except a few who moved to other localities. Five or six are on the road to failure or dishonor. The rest have chosen the road to success. Life is still before all, and what changes the future may bring we know not, but the old saying is, "As the twig is bent, so it grows."

\* \* \* \* \*

During this school year a great world war came to an end. It was a war in which our country's honor was at stake. It was a war in which the ideals of the Central Catholic high school were at stake. These ideals of justice and charity our nation has maintained and successfully defended. And in their defense the little Central Catholic High School of Fort Wayne was not lacking. The proportion of her sons included in the "Army of Crusaders" will stand comparison. This is a source of pride, and it is another source of pride to know that at least eighty per cent did not wait to be asked to defend the honor of America. The C.C.H.S. is a young school, for its doors have not been open ten years. Its contribution to the war, therefore, was mostly boys, boys whose patriotism was developed in the parochial schools of our city and further augmented at the C.C.H.S., either in the eighth grade or in the high school proper. We have endeavored to give a complete list of these on the following pages. There are several non-commissioned officers, but we have not indicated them as we were unable to trace each one in his promotions. The names of five or six former students who were to entrain for camp the day the armistice was signed are not recorded, though in a certain sense they are enlisted men.



Central Catholic  
High School



Fort Wayne,  
Indiana

## SOLDIERS

## HONOR ROLL

## SAILORS

DEWALD, STEPHEN, Lieutenant	HAYES, THOMAS A., Lieutenant
GLUTTING, PAUL, Lieut. (U.S.N.)	ROHYANS, EMMETT, Lieutenant
GROSSI, ELMER, Lieutenant	WEBER, DON A., Lieutenant
HAYES, JAMES D., Lieutenant	MILLER, JEROME, Ensign
	BAKER, LEON J., Ensign

Aman, Ray  
Beuret, Harold  
Beuret, Alphonse  
Beuret, Justin  
Barnett, Frank  
Beck, Donald  
Becker, Roy  
Brown, Louis  
Breen, Francis  
Burns, Robert  
Buchanan, John  
Boland, Maurice  
Bobay, Carl  
Bobay, Emmett  
Blumic, Andrew  
Brennan, Joseph  
Brennan, Thomas  
Brennan, William  
Behler, Clark  
Casey, Robert  
Curran, John  
Callahan, Robert  
Carr, Harold  
Centlivre, Louis  
DeWald, Edwin  
DeWald, John  
DeWood, Paul

DeWood, Nimmer  
Druhota, Raymond  
Doriot, Jules  
Didier, John  
Deitschel, Andrew  
Dinnen, Robert  
Donahue, Emmet  
Drew, Edward  
Derck, Howard  
Ferguson, Eugene  
Flaharty, Frank  
Foohy, Paul  
Finan, Joseph  
Fleckenstein, Howard  
Fry, Fred  
Franke, Raymond  
Fisher, Theodore  
Gessler, Roy  
Grable, Joseph  
Gordon, Clifford  
Gordon, Joseph  
Grime, Ralph  
Hart, Wayne  
Hayes, William  
Hosey, Ralph  
Haley, Daniel  
Houlihan, Thomas

Huguenard, Joseph  
Huguenard, Thomas  
Harkenrider, Chas-  
Huttinger, Harry  
Hooper, John  
Jauch, Edmund  
Kinney, Charles  
Kramer, Harold  
Knapp, Hubert  
Kuttner, Leo  
Kinstle, Leo  
Kirkland, Edwin  
Kinder, Clarence  
Kinder, George  
Koester, Martin  
Klotz, Sylvester  
Kirby, Paul  
Leutwyler, Frank  
Litot, John  
Lynch, William  
Leverton, Donald  
Mechan, Winfred  
Munich, Leo  
Magers, Frank  
Muller, William  
Miller, Clement  
Moritz, Frank





Murphy, Frank  
 Mooney, Leo  
 Monahan, Frank  
 Mommer, Miles  
 Moylan, Harold  
 McGuire, Omer  
 McDonald, Alex  
 McDonald, William  
 McLaughlin, Lewis  
 McDarby, Edwin  
 O'Connell, Eugene  
 O'Reilly, Edward  
 O'Brien, Roscoe  
 O'Brien, Donald  
 Ormiston, Anthony  
 Overholser, Robert  
 Parrot, Leland

Parrot, Myron  
 Parnin, Maurice  
 Pape, Robert  
 Pierre, Gerald  
 Pierre, Raymond  
 Pier, Charles  
 Perrey, Alfred  
 Quillinan, Edwin  
 Ryan, Joseph  
 Ryan, William  
 Rauner, Emmett  
 Ross, Frank  
 Ross, Judson  
 Rolape, Winfred  
 Rogers, Francis  
 Reilly, Vincent  
 Reuss, John

Sorg, Emmett  
 Shirey, Elmer  
 Telly, Herbert  
 Tegtmeier, Albert  
 Tompkins, Joseph  
 Thompson, Kenneth  
 Till, John  
 Till, Lawrence  
 Toussaint, Joseph  
 Welch, John  
 Ward, Allen  
 Wilkinson, Joseph  
 Wichman, Lorenzo  
 Yaste, Everett  
 Zickgraf, Joseph

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### In Memoriam



John F. Wyss, '14



William Dowling, Com. '11





Emet Rohyans is still at Camp Funston. On his frequent trips home he never missed calling at the school to connect the past and the present.

It is reported that Don Weber writes such long letters to "dad" that the latter has engaged another secretary to tend to the real estate while he takes the map and follows Don.

After his term with Uncle Sam, Ed O'Reilly returned to the Lincoln Life, but his old schoolmate Leo Kinstle is not yet back to keep him company.

After Don and Roscoe O'Brien returned from the S.A.T.C. they took up positions at the Pennsy. Their aim is to become Fort Wayne's foremost mechanics.

Constant Delagrance, sometime pitcher on the school team, is now draughting his way through life at the General Electric. He was always a good drawer of stories.

Reports issuing from the street confirm our belief that as Mexican athletes, "General" Anthony Ormiston and "Colonel" Bernard McIntyre have no equals. "General" did some wonderful field work down in Kelly's Field (Huntington, Ind.).

Investigation shows that Geo. Ek on his many trips accompanied by his impressive portfolio and plug hat is selling adding machines for Borroughs.

Bob Martin, who learned the art of argument in school a few years ago, is now booming the sale of Lucky Strike.

Rob Roy, who used to sell his tablets by the sheet and loan his pencils at so much per hour, is now managing the Lakeside Grocery. We have no doubt of Bob's business ability.

Edgar Welch, who held up the receiving end of the freshmen battery when they beat the seniors in 1916, recently returned from Texas, where he was employed by the Westinghouse Construction Co.

Frank Centlivre in all probability is destined to be one of the big men in the Fort Wayne Tire Manufacturing Co. He is in Toledo learning the business.

Bykes "Irish" McLaughlin, George Kinder and Merlin Herganrather were the mainstay of the Triangle Basketball team. Bykes works for the Goodrich Tire and Rubber Co., George is at the Pennsy, and Merlin visits the Knitting Mills.

From the K. C. "Beacon" we gather the news that Ed Merz, John McCarthy, Kenneth Laughlin, Harvey Conway and Bill Muller have joined the Knights. Merz is a great K. C. booster despite the fact that he strongly objected to three degrees in one day.



Among those who joined the benedicts during the past year were Joe Finan and Burgess Hayes. Joe celebrated while he was still in the army. His new standing in society has not changed his interest in the C.C.H.S., for he was a strong booster for the senior dance.

Gerald Pierre made a great effort to get to Germany; but as a good aviation mechanic was needed in England they kept him there till the war was over.

John Curran, one of our first old students to join the navy, received his honorable discharge some weeks ago. He made several trips to France but he likes home best. The navy still holds Maurice Boland, a last year's sophomore who joined the colors.

Ed Merz is now in the Oleo business for a big local firm. His territory includes all nearby towns. He crosses the Ohio state line sometimes, but he has not been able to carry out the wishes of his local friends regardless of his good intentions.

Bob Murphy and Oscar Rauner did their share for the Pyramids in winning the city football championship. Oscar is also a member of the Pyramid Athletic Club and one of its basketball stars.

Frank Flaharty returned from the army shortly after Christmas. He must have found the job of drill sergeant rather onerous, for he donned his pre-war togs the day he landed and strolled down town.

Clarence Getz is taking the medical course at Michigan University. Won't it be nice to consult Doctor Getz when he finishes?

Bob Beuret is back again at the Catholic University, Washington, continuing his studies in chemical engineering.

Our Purdue representatives are: Daniel Haley, Robert Callahan, Frank Rogers, Wayne Hart, Martin Koester, Andrew Blume, Vincent Reilly and John Welch. The latter sends all the dope to Brother Ephrem, and could we only get it for these items we would have something interesting. All we could unearth is that Koester is a mighty man at the sledge, Haley a swimming wonder, and Hart a track man. Welch says that the C.C.H.S. representatives are well able to take care of themselves.

Charlie Harkenrider is back from the navy. He had a few trips on the Atlantic coast waters.

Gene O'Connell is doing yoemen service in New York City. At Christmas he called on the faculty and related his experiences.

Joe, Tom and Bill Brennan are in the service. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan have moved to Detroit. Joe is in the naval school at Annapolis.

Leon Baker will be graduated from Annapolis next June. He is running big there and taking good care of the reputation of his alma mater.

Paul Glutting is now a lieutenant commander in the navy and has made several trips to France on the Tacoma. He frequently comes to see us and always has something interesting to tell.

John Gassert, a baseball enthusiast of former years, organized an I.B.C. basketball team and brought them around to meet defeat at the hands of the school varsity during the season.

Fleming McKinnie at last became too familiar with the "old bull" and suffered a slight accident at the Chicago stockyards Feb. 19.

Bill Nassenstein, erstwhile decorator of former school papers, has now set his feet upon the stage, and in pursuance of his histrionic practice played the title part of "Uncle Rube" at St. Peter's Hall, Feb. 10.

Harvey Conway is a student at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati. Several times during the year the seminary was closed because of "flu," and Harve was home making the rounds of his old classmates.



Clarence Wyss is taking a course in engineering at Notre Dame. His brother Frank is student in the seminary at the same place.

Raymond Franke, George Kinder and Justin Beuret spent the pre-Christmas days in the S.A.T.C. at Notre Dame University.

Howard Derck is now selling suits and all kinds of men's apparel at the Theo. J. Israel store. Yes, he was in the army at Purdue University.

Tony Trapp is our sole representative at Chicago. He is still going after that M. D. degree that he so often told us about would make him famous at Garrett.

Emmett Donahue and Gerald Smith caused a great deal of excitement by that page and a half war special in the Journal-Gazette, the second Sunday of February.

Myron Parrot succeeded in getting to France, via Canada and London. It is reported that he has a bunch of war stories for publication when he comes back.

Aaron Huguenard is piling up the figures at the Sherman-White Co. He spent the first half of the year at Chicago University.

It is reported that Joe Wilkinson is in the fur business in the neighborhood of Salt Lake. Joe has two things in his favor for this business. He learned much about the business at Weil Bros. before he left and he also succeeded in growing a "fur."

Dulaney Shoemaker is the center of attraction at Grant's "Twenty-five." That "Joe" will make a big hit anywhere no one who knows him can doubt.

Bob Clifford, a worthy school representative in athletics two years ago, is in Ohio looking after the coal and charcoal interests of Clifford Brothers.

Gordon Kelly is now a Doctor of Chiropractic and is ready to give free adjustments to some of his old classmates. Gordon surely knows the advantages of "Ki."

Harry Fahlsing, Bob Beuret, Clarence Getz, Fleming McKinnie and Frank Centlivre said goodbye to their friends and started for camp, but the armistice turned them back after they reached the station.

Leo Weber spent the winter in Florida. His health is much improved. It is reported that among other things he has become an adept in shoe repairing. Steve Weber is leading the Cathedral drive for K. of C. members.

John Didier is now a promoter of the Singmaster Printing Co. Previous to his term in the army he was employed by the Journal-Gazette.

Lieutenant Stephen DeWald, who was married some months ago in California to Miss Eileen Loos, is now engaged in the grocery business with Lieutenant Joseph Loos.

Louis Brown has seen much of the European battlefields. He was in several engagements and is now in Germany with the American army of occupation.

The following old students have been reported as army non-commissioned officers: Joseph Touissant, Joseph Finan, Harold Beuret, Edwin DeWald, John DeWald, Clement Miller, Edwin Kirkland, Omer McGuire, Donald Beck, John Reuss, Emmet Donahue, Frank Flaharty, Sylvester Klotz, Alphonse Beuret.

Brother Anthony, writing from Indianapolis a few days ago, says: "By the way, Adrian (Thomas) Hayes is here a few squares away from us. He is in federal employ. He and his dad called here. He's the same old booster of the school. Dawson (James), his brother, is in Washington working in the insurance department of the government."

Al Wyss is in Akron. What he is doing we have not heard, but he is extending invitations to many of his old classmates to come in and join him. He says he has met a number of Fort Wayne people there.

All efforts to locate Joe Tompkins, our alumni president, have been in vain. It is reported that he went to France with the Toledo signal corps.





# Athletics

## FOOTBALL

School was hardly under way before talk of a football team began. Then someone came along with the welcome news that the Fort Wayne High had agreed to a three-game series. That put an end to discussions, and after school some twenty huskies hurried to Coliseum Park for a work-out. But a week before the first game was to come off the "flu" ban was put on, making it impossible to get the players together. Six weeks later when school was at length resumed, practice was commenced again, although the football season was all but over, and a week later the great game was played at Swinney Park.

The Public High started things with a rush, the ball during the first quarter see-sawing around our 15-yard line. But after the first quarter we overcame our nervousness and then anybody could see what the outcome would be. Our line was a stone wall, and the only gains the Public High could make were around the ends, the speedy Bash proving especially dangerous.

In the second quarter we had things our own way, Dinnen and Suelzer opening holes big enough for the backfield to go through abreast. By a series of plunges the ball was carried to the Public High's twenty-yard line and from there Doriot darted through an opening for a touchdown, the only score of the game.

The third quarter was fought out on more even terms.

The fourth quarter began with the ball in the Public High's possession on our forty-yard line. It was rather dark but the City Council came to the rescue by turning on the lights in the old light tower. From the side lines it was impossible to tell who carried the ball and yet neither side seemed able to gain. How the players could tell who carried the ball is a mystery. Then Wilkens shot around the end and had an open field before him, but Logan proved too speedy and downed him on our ten-yard line. That was the end for the Public High. The ball was lost on downs. Logan dropped back to punt, but took his opponents completely off their feet by racing down the field. Around the Public High's five-yard line he collided with a bicycle, and before he could recover himself someone nabbed him. With five minutes more to play, the game was called because of darkness.

C.C.H.S.—S. Miller, M. Zurbuch (l.e.), Suelzer (l. t.), Cleary, Conway (l.g.), Beuret (c.), Dinnen (r.g.), Lennon (r.t.), S. Zurbuch (r.e.), Centlivre (q.b.), Doriot (l.h.), Logan (r.h.), Bushman (f.b.).

F.W.H.S.—Meyer (l.e.), Ortlieb (l.t.), Osborne (l.g.), Epstein (c.), Gaskins (r.g.), Stevens (r.t.), Fletcher (r.e.), Watt (q.b.), Bash (l.h.), Wilkens (r.h.), Waterfield (f.b.).

Referee, Costello. Umpire, Rauner. Touchdown, Doriot.



## BASKETBALL

With four regulars of last year's team back we had every reason to believe that 1919 would be the banner year in C.C.H.S. basketball. Logan and Doriot were on hand to take care of the forward positions, Suelzer of center, and Bushman of his old guard position. With a large number of valuable men to pick from it was an easy matter to find one who could fill the other guard.

Through the generosity of Father Quinlan we again secured the use of Library Hall. After a week's work we had it ready for use. Father Dillon was on hand to give useful pointers and instil the ol' fightin' pep. A large measure of the success of the season is due to him.

Through the untiring efforts of our manager, Edward Lennon, a very strong schedule was arranged. But before we could get started the "flu" ban was enforced once more, and when it was finally lifted seven of our best games were cancelled: one with our graduates of the Phi Kappas of Purdue, two with Columbia City, two with Monroeville, and two with Van Wert. It was a disheartening blow, but the players and our followers understood the situation and didn't put in any kicks. However, Manager Lennon set to work again and succeeded in booking games with Payne, Wellesville, the Notre Dame Freshmen, and several local teams. His biggest success of the season was the arranging of a game with Fort Wayne Public High after three years of fruitless efforts.

The burdens of the season were borne by Brother William. As faculty manager he had to O.K. every contract, maintain a large correspondence and see that the season was a financial success. In addition to these things he was always on hand during practice and games observing where improvements could be made and trick plays pulled off. The development of the speedy seconds is also due to his tireless efforts to build up a representative team for next year.

Thirteen victories out of eighteen games represents a successful season, and yet, taken all in all, the season was not so successful as we were confident it would be, and the reason was "too much basketball." Fort Wayne never had so many representative teams as it did this year, and several of these teams sought the services of our men. Playing three nights a week and sometimes three nights in succession required too much energy and consequently the players could not give the best that was in them. Stewart Zurbuch was the only member of the varsity team who reserved his playing for the school alone, and his work showed that he was always in form. It is probable that if our players in general had not taken part in so many games we would have two or three less defeats chalked against us. Regardless of this, however, we have every reason to feel satisfied with the season and with all the players who have now closed their careers as C.C.H.S. basketball representatives.

Because of the difficulty in securing games the management has begun to arrange a schedule for next year. Efforts are being made to book games with several of the best high school teams around the vicinity, since the showing of the second team proved conclusively that it is capable of taking on all comers. However, the management has decided that only those players will be eligible for next year's team who confine their playing to school athletics.



## THE TEAM

Without doubt one of the fastest forwards in the city, Captain Logan proved the mainstay of the C.C.H.S. offense in almost every game. Having all the tricks of the trade at his finger tips, Les gave every guard sent against him more than an ordinary share of trouble. In fact, any guard who prevented him from registering his ordinary toll of from six to ten baskets was considered very lucky. Besides speed and the happy faculty of eluding his guard, Logan made a habit of dropping 'em in from all angles. In the Senior City League, although competing against men his seniors by a few years, figures showed Logan to be the highest individual point-getter.

In Logan and Doriot, the C.C.H.S. had a pair of forwards who could stand comparison with any pair of high school forwards in the state. Having played together since they were big enough to handle a basketball, their teamwork was machine-like. Doriot was the center of the team-work, and with his cheerful, never-say-die spirit, played the steadiest game of any man on the team. His energy seemed to increase with the resistance the team encountered. He played the floor, as a rule, making many of Logan's goals possible, but when guards watched his running mate too closely, he'd make enough baskets for two. In the City League Doriot ranked third highest point-getter.

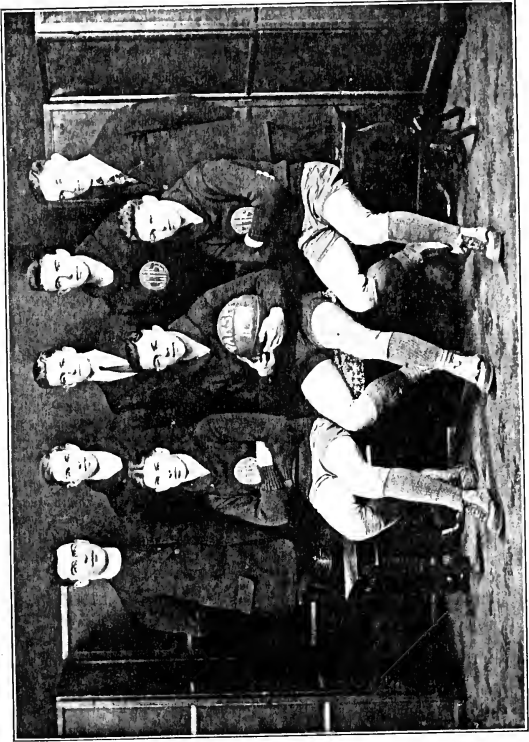
Suelzer's playing was a little underestimated, perhaps, until he was forced to quit the game because of illness. Most of the teams that the C.C.H.S. played greatly outweighed and outreached them, and it was "Sueltz" alone who was able to stop the rushes of the heavy opposing forwards. His ability to get the tap-off resulted in points that proved the deciding factor in many games. Leo never figured high in the scoring column, for the reason that after the tap-off he generally played guard, the lighter guards playing the floor.

Bushman is one of those players who is in the game every minute and yet has never much to say. "Hard lines," "All right, Buddy," or "Yo!" are the only sounds ever heard from "Bush." At guard he was a regular Gibraltar, and after Suelzer was forced out of the game, all the heavy guarding fell on him, but he delivered the goods. Besides being a good guard, he is a clever passer, very few held balls being called on him. "Bush's" biggest sorrow of the season was the night Payne scored two baskets after he had determined to send the Buckeyes back to their native state with a zero chalked against them.

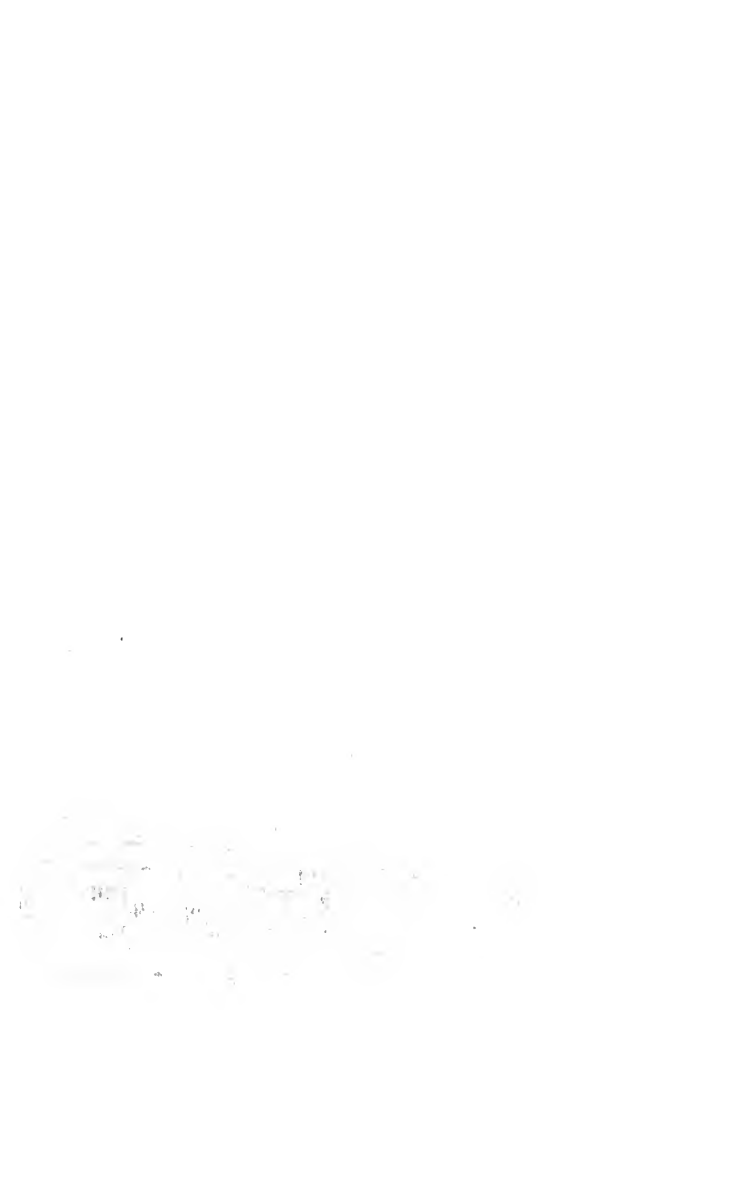
Zurbuch was the midget on the team, but for playing from start to finish it would be a hard proposition to find the equal of him. The fastest man on the team, "Stew" seemed to be everywhere at once. He is a forward, but was shifted to guard and made good, although always playing against bigger men. In almost every game he managed to leave his forward long enough to make a few baskets himself, thus adding greatly to the offensive strength of the team.

We were fortunate in having such a man as Costello to fill the vacancy left by Suelzer. Equally good at guard or forward, his presence on the team certainly added to its scoring strength. Cool and accurate, Dal was a dead shot within striking distance of the goal. He played guard in his first games for the C.C.H.S., but on being transferred to center the old, clock-like team work seemed to come back.





Father Dillon, Costello, Bushman, Doriot, Brother William, Zurbuch, Snelzer, (Logan—absent) Lennon





## C.C.H.S., 32; Alumni &amp; Co., 11.

December 10

As in previous seasons our first encounter of the year was with the Alumni & Co. With the team in top form and the signals working without a hitch, the game was never in doubt. The Logan-Doriot combination showed improvement since last year, Logan accounting for twenty-two points. "Stew" Zurbuch, the only new member on the team, convinced everybody that the guard position would be well taken care of.

During the first ten minutes of the game the old boys kept us going some, but lack of practice told against them and for the remainder of the half we had things our own way. The score at the end of the first period was 26-3.

In the second half the Alumni placed an almost new team on the floor and made things hunn for us. They outscored us, but we could afford to take things easy with the big lead we had. We beat them, but we couldn't beat their old C.C.H.S. fighting spirit, which made things interesting all the way.

C.C.H.S.—Doriot, N. Zurbuch, left forward; Logan, right forward; Suelz - center; Bushman, right guard; S. Zurbuch, M. Zurbuch, left guard.

Alumni & Co.—Costello, left forward; Beuret, Stahl, right forward; Centlivre, center; McKinnie, Waterfield, left guard; Rauner, right guard.

Field goals: Logan 8, Doriot 4, S. Zurbuch 1, Stahl 2, Waterfield 2.

Foul goals: Logan 6, Stahl 3.

## C.C.H.S., 37; Aeolians, 21

December 13

Last year the two best games played on our floor were with the Aeolians. We were looking for a battle royal when they made their first appearance this season and we were not disappointed. For fully five minutes both teams battled before Logan broke loose and sank two in quick succession. A minute later Doriot, who entered the game in an injured condition, was completely dazed when he collided with Waterfield. Beuret went in at guard and played a great game, holding his man to one basket. Realizing that without Frankie in the line-up the chances of victory were small, the team commenced play with a kind of frantic determination. A spurt at the end of the first half put us ahead 21-14.

Following the rest period the Aeolians attempted a rally which was, however, soon checked. With a safe lead to rest on, the varsity eased up a bit, the final score being 37-21.

C.C.H.S.—Logan, Doriot, S. Zurbuch, forwards; Suelzer, center; Bushman, Beuret, guards.

Aeolians—Stahl, Loney, forwards; Neher, center; Rauner, Waterfield, guards.

Field goals: Logan 9, Zurbuch 4, Bushman 2, Suelzer 2, Beuret 1, Neher 3, Loney 2, Waterfield 2, Stahl 1, Rauner 1.

Foul goals: Logan 1, Loney 3.

## C.C.H.S., 31; Geneva, 38

January 10

Due to the "flu" ban being on in Fort Wayne we had a long rest before we got into action again. We went to Geneva with small hopes of victory because of their exceedingly small and low court, but we meant to make them realize that they played a real team. The game was declared to be the best ever played on their floor. The first half ended 20-18 in our favor, Logan scoring three field goals in the last minute. Due to the smallness of the floor there were necessarily many collisions, which resulted in injuries to Doriot, Suelzer and Bushman. As a result, our team work was slowed up considerably, and we lost out 38-31.



It was almost more than cruelty on our part to force Zurbuch out of a sick bed to make the trip with us. He played a great game the first half but was forced to retire shortly after the commencement of the second half, DeWald taking his place at guard. Suelzer did the heavy work, he being the only one who could successfully cope with the rushes of the heavy Geneva team.

C.C.H.S.—Logan, Doriot, forwards; Suelzer, center; Bushman, Zurbuch, and Dewald, guards.

Geneva—Juday, Shoemaker, forwards; Messel, center; Whiteman, Love, guards.

Field goals: Logan 9, Doriot 2, Suelzer 1, Bushman 1, Messel 6, Shoemaker 5, Juday 3, Whiteman 2.

Foul goals: Logan 3, Doriot 2, Whiteman 4, Juday 2.

C.C.H.S., 30; Ossian, 25

January 13

The Ossian game, declared by many to be the fastest high school game they had ever witnessed, was certainly one of the best encounters played on our floor this season. At no time throughout the game were the scores more than two or three points apart. So fast was the game that before ten minutes of the first half were up both sides were nearly exhausted. However, there was no letup, one side scoring a basket, and then the other side duplicating the trick. The half ended 20-16 in our favor.

The fast pace was continued during the second period. Enthusiasm reached its highest pitch when Ossian made a rally that landed them on our heels. Their large delegation of rooters exercised their vocal organs considerably, but their shouts were completely drowned when Doriot, who has a habit of relieving tense periods, shot one through. That gave us new pep and we gradually forged ahead. The game ended 30-25.

Ferguson gave a fine exhibition at forward, scoring seven field goals. Fryback made sure of all fouls, scoring five out of five. Doriot and Zurbuch proved our stars, although Logan again was high scorer.

C.C.H.S.—Logan and Doriot, forwards; Suelzer, center; Bushman and Zurbuch, guards.

Ossian—Ferguson and Fryback, forwards; Glass, center; Smith and Travis, guards.

Field goals: Logan 6, Doriot 4, Zurbuch 2, Suelzer 1, Ferguson 7, Fryback 2, Travis 1.

Foul goals: Logan 3, Doriot 1, Fryback 5.

C.C.H.S., 41; I.B.C., 16.

January 24

Due to the cancellation of another game we had a long rest before the game with the International Business College. Our opponents had good material in their team, but our superior team work and accuracy were too much for them. The first half was fast and interesting, the score standing 18-10 in our favor, but the second half was a runaway.

Wilkens played a strong game for the losers, while Doriot with eight baskets to his credit was in the limelight for us. Logan had an all state high school man, Powers, guarding him, but managed to account for thirteen of our points.

C.C.H.S.—Doriot and Logan, forwards; Suelzer, center; Zurbuch and Bushman, guards.

I.B.C.—Gassert and Redding, forwards; Wilkens, center; Powers and Morr, guards.

Field goals: Doriot 8, Logan 5, Suelzer 2, Bushman 2, Zurbuch 2, Wilkens 4, Gassert 1, Redding 1, Powers 1.

Foul goals: Logan 3, Redding 2.



**C.C.H.S., 34; Concordia Seconds, 28.**

January 25

The night after the I.B.C. game we played the strong Concordia Seconds at the Concordia Gym. Our size caused a subdued laugh of pity from the fans as they settled down comfortably to watch our slaughter at the hands of the husky Seconds. But before many minutes they came out of their apathetic attitude when on a pretty signal Zurbuch sank one from the first tap-off. From then on until the last minute it was a real battle. The first half ended 17-11 with us on the long end of the count. The second half was fought on even terms, each side scoring seventeen points. It would be hard to say which player on either side was the star. All of us got on the scoring. Suelzer played the floor more and made four baskets. Zurbuch played a good game at forward. Costello, who had just joined the squad, played a good game at guard and added six points to our total. We had the honor of handing the Concordians their first defeat in two years.

C.C.H.S.—Logan and Zurbuch, forwards; Suelzer, center; Bushman and Costello, guards.

Concordia Seconds—Pohl and Kruse, forwards; Greinke, center; Luecke, Broerman and Franke, guards.

Field goals: Logan 5, Suelzer 4, Costello 3, Zurbuch 2, Bushman 1, Greinke 4, Pohl 4, Kruse 2, Franke 1.

Foul goals: Logan 4, Kruse 6.

**C.C.H.S., 34; Ossian, 21.**

February 7

Ossian came back February 7 determined to even matters even though they did have a crippled line-up. Although the game was not so close as the one earlier in the season it was even more hotly contested. In the first half we played rings around them, the score standing 18-8. But in the second half Ossian braced considerably. A spurt in the early minutes of the last period, which we had great difficulty in checking, took us completely off our feet, but our lead was too great to overcome. The rally was ill-timed, for after we checked it the reserve strength of our opponents was gone and we had a rather easy time breaking away from them. But there was no let-up in the struggle until the final whistle sounded. Logan was watched closely by his guard but still he managed to cage ten baskets. Bushman played a good defensive game, holding the classy Ferguson to four baskets. The final score was 34-21.

C.C.H.S.—Logan, Doriot, Costello, forwards; Suelzer, center; Bushman and Zurbuch, guards.

Ossian—Ferguson and Roe, forwards; Smith, center; Travis and Fryback, guards.

Field goals: Logan 10, Doriot 3, Zurbuch 2, Suelzer 1, Costello 1, Ferguson 4, Roe 3, Travis 2, Smith 1.

Foul goals: Ferguson 1.

**C.C.H.S., 33; Concordia Seconds, 38.**

February 8

The night after our gruelling struggle with Ossian we met the Concordia Seconds again in what was considered the fastest game played on the Concordia floor during the season. It was a see-saw affair the entire way, each team leading time and again by a single point. In the last two minutes Kruse caged one from the field, tying the score at 33. Then the Concordians staged a rally that proved too much for us and the game ended 38-33 in their favor. Logan was a spotted man, but Doriot made up for him by scoring eight from the field. Kruse of the winners was high point-getter with nineteen to his credit.



C.C.H.S.—Logan and Doriot, forwards; Suelzer, center; Bushman and Zurbuch, guards.

Concordia Seconds—Pohl and Kruse, forwards; Greinke, center; Broerman and Luecke, guards.

Field goals: Doriot 8, Logan 5, Zurbuch 1, Kruse 7, Greinke 5, Pohl 4.

Foul goals: Logan 5, Kruse 5, Pohl 1.

**C.C.H.S., 24; Notre Dame Freshmen, 41.**

February 14

The big game on our schedule was with the Notre Dame Freshmen, who came to Fort Wayne February 14. We were used to playing against men who were taller and heavier than we were, but we had no idea that the Freshmen were as big as they proved to be. In their line-up were four football monogram men, and their speed and weight were too much for us to handle. Trafton, their big center, was especially hard to stop, and it was he who proved our undoing.

On the first play we scored a basket, Logan to Doriot, Suelzer getting the tap-off, and a minute later we duplicated the stunt. But then the Freshmen got busy and made it eight before we could score another. We never got ahead of them again, but kept right at their heels the entire half, the score at the rest period being 25-20 in their favor.

The second half started with a rush, and for a time it looked as though victory might still be ours, but before many minutes it became apparent that most of our life was gone. During the last five minutes the visitors had everything their own way, rolling up ten points. The best we could do in the second half was to make five points to the Freshmen's nineteen.

Doriot played the game of his life, making thirteen of our points. Logan seemed to be out of form, not mixing in as well as he usually does. Our guards held the Freshmen forwards to very few points, but the heavy Trafton, charging down on us without mercy was not to be denied. Suelzer entered the game in a weakened condition, but gamely finished the contest.

There certainly was no dishonor in losing such an encounter. The university boys were able to pass the ball over our heads, and when they held it at arms length above them we had a rather hard time to get it away from them. Had it not been for our speed we would have been completely swamped. For a time during the first half our passing was superb, and the Freshmen were unable to solve the attack.

C.C.H.S.—Logan and Doriot, forwards; Suelzer, center; Bushman and Zurbuch, guards.

Freshmen—Kiley, Fribley, Mohn and Kirk, forwards; Trafton, center; Mehr, E. Anderson and H. Anderson, guards.

Field goals: Doriot 5, Logan 4, Suelzer 1, Trafton 9, Kiley 3, Mehr 3, Mohn 2, E. Anderson 2, Fribley 1.

Foul goals: Logan 2, Doriot 1, E. Anderson 1.

**C.C.H.S., 34; Geneva, 36.**

February 21

The Geneva game was the real heart-breaker of the season, and the long and short of it was that without Suelzer we had no one to cope with the lanky down-staters. Without him strengthening the defense we seemed to be entirely lost. However, both sides made the same number of baskets, but Logan was off color shooting fouls, making only two out of seven attempts count.

The game kept the many fans on edge from start to finish. Taking the lead at the start, we kept it practically the entire way, the score being tied toward the end of the second period. We went to the front again only to have the visitors come up with us in the last minute. The score stood 28 all at the end of the second half.





In the overtime period Doriot sent us ahead with a pretty shot from deep center, but Geneva was not to be denied and tied the score once more. Then Logan registered one, but with two minutes to play, our opponents made a desperate rally which resulted in three baskets. Bushman then came down the floor and added two more points to our total, and that was the end of the scoring. Time and again during the overtime period did the ball bound out of the ring for us or roll around the rim and then drop on the outside.

It would be hard to say who were the stars of the occasion. Logan played a fine game, registering eighteen of our points. Bushman and Costello fought hard at guard against our larger opponents. For the visitors Juday played a fine floor game and also was very accurate in negotiating the basket.

C.C.H.S.—Doriot and Zurbuch, forwards; Logan, center; Bushman and Costello, guards.

Geneva: Juday and Shoemaker, forwards; Messel, center; Whiteman and Striker, guards.

Field goals: Logan 8, Doriot 4, Costello 2, Zurbuch 1, Bushman 1, Juday 7, Messel 4, Shoemaker 3, Whiteman 2.

Foul goals: Striker 4, Logan 2.

**C.C.H.S., 72; Payne H.S., 4.**

February 28

The game with Payne was really the first time in two years that we met a team our own size. By shifting Logan back to forward and playing Costello at center we struck the best scoring combination we had during the season. From the beginning it was evident that the final score would be as large as we chose to make it. However, the Buckeyes showed fight all the way and we couldn't help admiring their pluck for they came in a machine on the worst night of the winter.

Costello was high scorer with eleven field goals to his credit. Doriot followed with ten. Even our guards did some heavy scoring, Zurbuch registering seven and Bushman three field goals. Payne had an enthusiastic rooter in our own genial manager, Eddie Lennon.

C.C.H.S.—Logan and Doriot, forwards; Costello, center; Zurbuch and Bushman, guards.

Payne—Perry, Long and Comer, forwards; McCormack, center; Pugh and Bradley, guards.

Field goals—Costello 11, Doriot 10, Logan 8, Zurbuch 7, Bushman 3, Long 2.

**C.C.H.S., 92; Spencerville, 32.**

March 4

As in the Payne game we didn't know just what we were up against when we met Spencerville H. S., but in a short time we found that the contest was going to be a repetition of the one of a week before. Hollopeter made eight baskets for the losers, but Bushman was the only man playing guard, the rest of the team playing forward most of the time.

C.H.S.—Logan and Doriot, forwards; Costello, center; Bushman and Zurbuch, guards.

Spencerville—Bowser and Doll, forwards; Hollopeter, center; Kimes and Vanyile, guards.

Field goals: Logan 18, Doriot 15, Costello 9, Zurbuch 3, Hollopeter 8, Bowser 5, Doll 2.

Foul goals: Hollopeter 2.



**C.C.H.S., 37; Liberty Five, 46.**

March 11

The Logan-Doriot combination was woefully out of order, and we lost a game that we had figured would be a rather easy victory. From our point of view the contest was the most disgusting one that we had ever played. All of our team work seemed to have vanished. Suelzer couldn't stand things any longer, and donning a suit entered the fray, but even then we couldn't get going. Bushman played a hard game at guard but "Bush" couldn't do it all, and we were obliged to bow to our opponents. During the first few minutes we played up to standard, making sixteen points before the Liberty Five could get started.

The visitors presented a stronger line-up than we had anticipated. They had the best pair of opposing forwards that we met during the season, and in the rangey A. Plumber they had a center who was very hard to cover.

C.C.H.S.—Logan and Doriot, forwards; Costello and Suelzer, center; Bushman and Zurbuch, guards.

Liberty Five—Hamilton and Baker, forwards; A. Plumber, center; Fries and D. Plumber, guards.

Field goals: Logan 9, Doriot 4, Costello 2, Bushman 1, Zurbuch 1, A. Plumber 9, Baker 7, Hamilton 7.

Foul goals: Logan 3.

**C.C.H.S., 34; Payne, 25.**

March 21

Because of the Pyramid-St. Paul Nationals series for the city championship, in which Doriot, Logan and Suelzer took part, we had no games scheduled until March 21, when we met Payne. The Ohioans had the worst court that we played on this season and for a while it looked as though the floor would beat us. The first half found us on the short end of a 14-10 score, but Suelzer went in at center in the second half, and his ability to get the tap-off won for us. We gradually came up with the Buckeyes and then when the score was tied four pretty signal plays from center gave us an eight point lead. With Zurbuch and Bushman playing fine guarding games we had no difficulty in keeping ahead. The final score was 34-25.

C.C.H.S.—Logan and Doriot, forwards; Costello and Suelzer, center; Bushman and Zurbuch, guards.

Payne—Shilts, Long and Perry, forwards; McCormack, center; Pugh and Bradley, guards.

Field goals: Logan 10, Doriot 3, Suelzer 2, Bushman 1, Shilts 5, Perry 3, Long 2, McCormack 1.

Foul goals: Logan 2, Shilts 3.

**C.C.H.S., 50; Wellesville, 34.**

March 22

Maurice Zurbuch brought the Wellesville H. S. to play his former teammates on March 22. After travelling from the boundary of West Virginia the visitors were not in the best of form, but seldom have we seen a game start out better. For several minutes both teams battled before we finally scored a basket. We rang up three more before the boys from Ohio could get started. Making almost every one of our shots count we had little difficulty in taking a good lead in the first half. In the last period we were fought to a standstill and even out-scored by four points, but the game was never in danger. Throughout the game the visitors had hard luck in shooting, the ball bounding out of the hoop several times when it looked like a sure basket.



C.C.H.S.—Logan and Doriot, forwards; Costello and Suelzer, center; Bushman and S. Zurbuch, guards.

Wellesville: M. Zurbuch and Ward, forwards; Kerr, center; Kelly, Menongh, and Miller, guards.

Field goals: Logan 11, Doriot 6, Costello 3, S. Zurbuch 3, Suelzer 1, M. Zurbuch 7, Ward 4, Kerr 3, Menongh 2.

Foul goals: Ward 2

### C.C.H.S., 22; Liberty Five, 19.

March 25

We came back at the Liberty Five determined to show them that our former loss was a case of hard luck. Our team work was the best we showed in a long time, and we finally won out 22-19.

For the first time during the season we started scoring with a free throw. A minute later Bushman came down the floor and sank one, but the Liberty Five made one for every one of ours, and the first half ended 8-7 in their favor.

In the second half Logan started our scoring machine working, but we couldn't break away from our opponents, who kept at our heels the entire way although we never let them head us once we got the lead. They used their weight to advantage whenever they could, but we had a match for them in Suelzer and Bushman, who had little difficulty in stopping their rushes.

C.C.H.S.—Logan and Doriot, forwards; Suelzer, center; Bushman and Zurbuch, guards.

Liberty Five—Hamilton and Baker, forwards; A. Plumber, center; Fries and D. Plumber, guards.

Field goals: Logan 6, Doriot 2, Bushman 2, A. Plumber 4, Baker 3; Hamilton 2.

Foul goals: Logan 2, Baker 1.

### C.C.H.S., 43; Aeolians, 15.

March 27

In our annual game for the benefit of the Bengal Mission the Aeolians again furnished the opposition and throughout the first half it looked as though the contest was going to be a repetition of last year's mission game when these same Aeolians trounced us by a single basket in an overtime match.

The play started fast, the Aeolians counting two baskets before we could get together. But then our passing and team work began to tell and after drawing up on even terms with them we shot to the front never to be headed. Logan and Doriot were spotted men, but Zurbuch, who played the floor while Suelzer and Bushman watched the basket, was on hand and scored six baskets.

In the second half our close guarding prevented the Aeolians from getting within close range of the basket and consequently the few points they made were on long shots.

The game was far more interesting than the score indicates, for the Aeolians never let up until the final whistle blew, and every point we got was the result of strenuous effort.

C.C.H.S.—Logan and Doriot, forwards; Suelzer, center; Bushman and Zurbuch, guards.

Aeolians—E. Stahl and B. Neher, forwards; J. Neher, center; Raumer and K. Stahl, guards.

Field goals: Logan 6, Zurbuch 6, Doriot 4, Suelzer 3, Bushman 1, B. Neher 4, J. Neher 1, E. Stahl 1, K. Stahl 1.

Foul goals: Doriot 2, Logan 1, B. Neher 1.



## C. C. H. S., 33; Ft. Wayne Public High, 22.

April 1

As a fitting close to a successful season the members of the team closed their athletic days at C.C.H.S. by defeating the Fort Wayne High 33-22. The crowded house showed what interest basketball fans took in the match.

After a brisk scrimmage our rooters went wild with joy when Logan broke through with a field goal. Then followed several minutes more struggling before Logan scored another. Wilkens made the first points for his side a moment later. From then on we counted fast, the half ending 17-8 in our favor.

The Public High came back strong in the second half. A determined spurt placed them within six points of us before we finally succeeded in checking them. After that each side took its turn at scoring until towards the end we had a slight advantage, outscoring the Public High by two points in the final period.

The game was the most popular one played on our floor this season. Fans were expecting a hard-fought battle and they were not disappointed. Our supporters were out in force, and the number of gruff voices in school the next day showed that they had done their work.

Lachot and Wilkens did the best work for the Public High. Logan was high scorer with twenty-three points to his credit. Suelzer, as usual, stopped all the rushes of the losers. Both sides had hard luck in shooting, especially in shooting fouls, but this was due to the excitement that accompanied the occasion.

C.C.H.S.—Logan and Doriot, forwards; Suelzer, center; Bushman and Zurbuch, guards.

F.W.H.S.—Lachot and Nipper, forwards; Wilkens, center; White and Waterfield, guards.

Field goals: Logan 10, Doriot 2, Zurbuch 2, Suelzer 1, Nipper 3, Lachot 3, Wilkens 3, Waterfield 2.

Foul goals: Logan 3.

## THE SECONDS

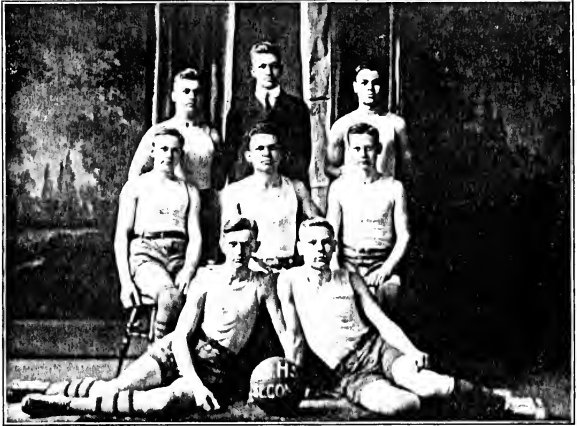
With all the members of the school team graduating this year, all realized that if we expected to live up to our reputation next season some preparation had to be begun immediately. The result was a real second team, which showed up well and promises much for future years.

The Seconds had no fixed line-up, for the reason of the existence of the team was to find a combination that would work well together. In Tom Beuret and Sub Miller we have a pair of guards that can hold their own with any. They were the only ones who held regular positions throughout the season. Getting a scoring machine was not such an easy matter. Five men were tried at forward but not one developed into a reliable scorer. Dewald's all around work was the surprise of the season. Though he showed that he can take care of center easily he was shifted to forward later in the year, Zurbuch taking his place at center. "Ness" would be a first class player if he mixed in the game more and overcame his tendency to pull off grandstand plays. Arnold was our first pivot man, but was transferred to forward. "Romie" is a trifle slow, but one thing in his favor is that he won't stop until the whistle sounds, no matter how many men are hanging on him. Centlivre and Paul Miller are the speed kings on the team. We expect great things from them next year if they add a little weight and secure more accuracy in their shooting. Maurice Zurbuch, a promising forward, was lost to the team when his parents moved away from Fort Wayne. The Seconds may not be so flashy a quintet as we have this year, but with the spirit of willingness they showed they can't fail when they are the C.C.H.S. varsity.

Shortly after organizing we took on the Roes, a team with quite a reputation. We had no difficulty at all, winning by the score of 29-8. Ness and Maurice Zurbuch paired well at forwards, the former accounting for thirteen and the latter for eight of our points.







Back Row: Beuret, Brother William, DeWald. Middle Row: F. Miller, S. Miller, Centlivre.  
Bottom Row: N. Zurbuch, Arnold.

A few days later we tackled the Emroes, but our lack of practice showed against a team that had been playing together for a few years. We lost 9-10. Had we made one-half the easy shots we had chances for we would have had an easy time with our opponents.

The Triangles, leaders of the Junior City League, were our next victims. We were behind at the end of the first half, but in the last period we showed some real fighting spirit and held them to five points while we piled up thirteen, winning the game 21-17. Ness Zurbuch starred with nine points to his credit.

A week later the St. Mary's Kekiongas furnished the opposition. Paul Miller and Herman Centlivre played the forwards together the first half and ran circles around their guards. We were ahead at the end of the first half 14-7. In the second half we thought we'd have an easy time when we sent Zurbuch and Arnold in at the forward positions, but the charges of the heavy Bertke were too much for us and we lost out by three points, the final score being 22-19.

Just to see how we compared with the Seconds of other schools we took on the Ossian second team the next week. We had everything our own way, "Romie" Arnold scoring twenty points, enough to win the game. "Sub" Miller played his first game at guard, but managed to make three baskets. Score, 36-14.

Due to several of our members being on the sick list, we had a long rest before our next game when we met the Reos a second time. They had a stronger line-up, but our team work was excellent and we had our eye on the basket, while Beuret and S. Miller held their forwards at their mercy. Zurbuch at center and Dewald at forward were high scorers, each making seven baskets. Score, 38-18.



The night the Liberty Five beat the varsity we evened matters by trouncing the Liberty Five Juniors 46-6. The game was fast all the way, and Arnold was busy that night with a record of twelve baskets. The Juniors' score shows that Beuret and Miller were on the job at guard.

With three of our players on the sick list and Dewald in the game with a broken finger, we lost a tough battle to the strong O.A.A.'s. Our team work was up to standard but we had a tough time locating the basket and that paved the way for our downfall. The final score was 27-10.

We lost the next game of the season to the strong Senators by the score of 41-21. The fray, especially the first part, was even more thrilling than the Varsity-Aeolian contest. In the second half the uncanny luck of the Senators in shooting baskets from all parts of the floor defeated us. Dewald played the entire game with a broken finger, but without George playing the floor as he usually does we weren't very successful in breaking up the Senators' team work, and ours wasn't as good as it usually is.

The next game, April 1, was an unexpected one. The girls' preliminary being cancelled, the Public High School took us on as curtain raiser to the clash of the two varsities. We broke even in the first half, but they shot ahead in the second. The final score was 26 to 17 in their favor. In floor work we easily proved their equal, but in shooting they had it all over us. Wilson and Bittner showed up well for the visitors, while Beuret and Paul Miller played the best for the school Seconds. All through the game the Seconds lost many opportunities by not being aggressive enough.

#### THE "PILOTS"

The "Pilots" claim the Second League championship and a great deal more besides. The team consisted of: Fox and Huntine, forwards; B. Roth, center; J. Mungovan and P. Grime, guards. Joe Mungovan was captain, and Kenneth Logan manager. They did not have very much practice but they played a game that they feel proud of. They can give many reasons for losing a couple of games, but they are willing to let it be said that the best team won. Here are their victories and losses: Wolverines 5, Pilots 26; Freshmen 11, Pilots 24; Freshmen 31, Pilots 18; Sphinx 32, Pilots 8; Maroons 8, Pilots 21; Sphinx 27, Pilots 25; St. Paul's 0, Pilots 2; Rayl Juniors 20, Pilots 26.

#### THE "RAYL JUNIORS"

The Rayls started early in the season and made short work of the Cathedral seventh and eighth grades. Gordon played with the team early in the year, but he met with an accident and then Hediken became utility man and manager. The regular line-up consisted of: Neeb and English, forwards; D. McDonald, center; Young and Haley, guards. The team was a very light one, playing in the hundred pound class. It was very speedy and made a great record as will be seen by the scores: White Sox 12, Rayls 42; Arrows 25, Rayls 23; White Sox 32, Rayls 28; Emroe Juniors 10, Rayls 19; Lutheran Inst. Juniors 23, Rayls 48; Emroe Juniors 3, Rayls 26; Arrows 23; Rayls 26; Panhandles 16, Rayls 46; Olympic Juniors 14, Rayls 32; Jewish All-Stars 16, Rayls 34; Olympic Juniors 16, Rayls 32; Pilots 26, Rayls 22. In addition to this row of scalps the Rayls claim two other games forfeited by the Emroe Juniors and St. John Juniors.

#### FRESHMAN TEAM

The freshman basketball team of this year did not get very far. As the second league broke up shortly after it was organized, the freshman team did not take on independents like the other teams. They licked the Hudsons, but were no match for the Pilots. Belot and English were forwards; Gladieux, center; Kinstle and Neuhaus, guards. English and Belot showed they may be relied on as promising players for next year.



## LOCAL ITEMS

### PERSONALS

Brother Owen, C.S.C., who has been a member of the faculty during the year, spent the first week of January at Notre Dame, where with a number of other young Brothers he made his solemn religious profession.

Nestor Zurbuch and George Hamilton visited Chicago, January 24, and spent a pleasant day with Brother Gregory, one of their former instructors here. They informed us he's just as happy as ever.

December 20 half the basketball team took the train to Columbia City to play the high school team there. The other half, captained by Father Dillon, entrusted themselves to Harvey Conway and his "12-cylinder" and got stalled somewhere ten miles out of town. There they stayed until the farmers came to tow them home.

Brother Aidan, C.S.C., director of the Brothers' Normal School at Notre Dame, was the guest of the faculty the week-end of Feb. 14. He witnessed the basketball game with the N. D. Freshmen.

Brothers Bernard and Anthony, former instructors here, are now teaching at the Cathedral High School, Indianapolis. The former is superior there. They came to Fort Wayne November 17 to attend Father Girardot's first Mass, and incidentally they renewed acquaintances with many of their friends and former students.

The Pyramid Athletic Association has among its stars Logan, Doriot and Suelzer of the senior class. The Pyramids won the city football championship and also came out on top in the senior city basketball league.

Something that has attracted attention is one of Ed Lemmon's aeroplanes. It has been displayed in various store windows and is now an object of interest in Welch and Sons' hardware store.

After the basketball game with the Fort Wayne High, April 1, the team as well as Father Dillon and Brother William, accepted the invitation of "Bruff" Cleary to come out and see what a spread the family had awaiting them. They sure did find the eats.



Steps in Education





## ST. ANDREW'S DAY

St. Andrew's Day has always been a big day at our school, for it was on that day (Nov. 30) that Bishop Alerding was consecrated. We have greeted him each year with a school program on his feast day. This year we prepared the usual program, but he was unable to visit us, as many things prevented him from being in Fort Wayne at that time. However, in order to keep up the good idea we remembered him though absent and gave the program in his honor, omitting only the personal addresses which were to be delivered by Edward Cunningham and Alfred Brown.

The entertainment was held in the assembly rooms of Library Hall. Father Quinlan and the assistants at the Cathedral were present in addition to the faculty and students. As usual the orchestra furnished the music, giving two lively selections and two patriotic ones. The little play presented by the seniors under the direction of Brother Ephrem lasted over half an hour. It was entitled "A Manager's Trials." The cast of characters is given below. Doriot made the hit of the day in his role of Miss DeLimbes, an actress from Patee. We never suspected he could make such a good-looking girl and imitate one so well. It's no wonder Ed. Lennon forgot all about his troubles and got stuck on Doriot. George Hamilton kept up his reputation as a Dusky and played his different parts in a way that could scarcely be improved on; indeed many times we forgot George in the person he was acting. Ward made us laugh as we never laughed before in his take-off of the timid Old Maid. Bushman made a good "Scrapper," and Suelzer was original in Fritz. Zuber and Logan did well, but they were too self-conscious. As a policeman Zurbuch assumed all the dignity of the law. Considering all things, the characters were well chosen and succeeded in giving us a pleasant hour.

Daniel Sloman—a theatrical manager	.....	E. Lennon
Charles Augustus Sunflower—his dusky factotum	.....	G. Hamilton
Bill Scrapper—a Bowery boy	.....	E. Bushman
Sissy DeVere—a pansy blossom	.....	L. Logan
Fritz Dinkelspiel—a stage-struck Dutchman	.....	L. Suelzer
Orlando Tatters—a relic of the legitimate	.....	J. Zuber
Dennis McSwat—"One av de Foinest"	.....	S. Zurbuch
Mlle. DeLimbes—a high kicker	.....	F. Doriot
Eudoxia Persimmons—"a timid little girl"	.....	C. Ward







At Rome City  
Near Payne

Monograms  
Junior Prospects



Alex and Bob

Senior Sights



## THE "ECHO" LITERARY CLUB

Brother Ephrem, Director

## OFFICERS

Edward Lennon  
 Leo Suelzer  
 Leslie Logan  
 Frank Doriot

## ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

William Gocke  
 Herman Centlivre  
 Edward Baker  
 Joseph Mungovan  
 Richard App  
 George DeWald  
 Donald McDonald  
 William Foohey

The Literary Club was organized March 18 for the purpose of developing future Echo editors and managers. This year it is limited to twelve members. Eight were chosen by the director, and these eight chose four others. Hereafter there will be at least two members from each class. The others will be selected regardless of classes. At least three members are to be chosen from students who are able to typewrite. The general qualifications are school spirit and business or literary aptitude.

Edward Lennon and Frank Doriot had charge of the advertising work for the Echo this year and they certainly did give a good account of themselves. Leslie Logan and Leo Suelzer were big men in the business and literary department. The associate editors also managed to get some experience.

## CLASS OFFICERS

'19

Edward Lennon, President  
 Edward Bushman, Secretary  
 Cornelius Hayes, Treasurer

'20

William Gocke, President  
 Herman Centlivre, Secretary  
 Thomas Shea, Treasurer

'21

Sebastian Miller, President  
 George Dewald, Secretary  
 John Buckley, Treasurer

'22

Francis English, President  
 Clarence Gladioux, Secretary  
 James Belot, Treasurer

## ORCHESTRA

Brother William, Director

Edward Bushman  
 Alfred Brown  
 Dallas Costello  
 Herman Centlivre  
 James Huntine

Emmett Miller  
 Joseph Luley  
 Edward Baker  
 John Denahy  
 William Foohey



"Cliff"

"Les"

"Stew"



## SEVENTH COMMENCEMENT

June 20, 1919

NOTICE—The plan of the editors is to issue a commencement supplement to take the place of this page and the following. If necessary the supplement will contain four pages. It will give a past tense account of all items referred to here and other things of interest that may occur in the meantime. The supplement will be sent free to all subscribers who send in their names and addresses before school closes. This sheet can be cut out along the black line and the supplement conveniently inserted. This method of giving a complete account of the year enables us to collect our advertising and subscriptions before commencement.

\* \* \* \* \*

### CONTESTS

The contests for the gold medals for Senior oratory and Junior elocution will take place sometime before commencement. It is certain that there will be plenty of competition in both classes.

\* \* \* \* \*

### COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER

The Very Revered John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., President Notre Dame University, has accepted Brother Daniel's invitation to deliver the commencement address, Friday evening, June 20, 1919. Doctor Cavanaugh's position as an educator assures us that he will have an interesting and instructive message for us.

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### BASEBALL AND TENNIS

Everything according to the season. The days for baseball and tennis are at hand. The good start made in baseball by last year's freshmen should be kept up for various reasons. Baseball is our national game. It adds life to a school and affords the needed physical exercise. In like manner tennis is a game that affords plenty of exercise and fresh air. In the days of Brother Gregory we had some very successful tennis tournaments, and there is no reason why we should not have them again. How about it?

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### THINGS WE CAN'T ANSWER

Who's going to win the debate?  
 Are the Seniors going to get a banquet?  
 Is there going to be an alumni dance?

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### SOMETHING YOU WANT

Cloth bound Echoes for 1915-16 and 1916-17 at \$1.50 each.  
 The Echo, Volume 3, 1917-19, paper bound, \$0.50.  
 The C.C.H.S. Record, an attractive school history, \$1.00.



## WE'RE GAME

Fort Wayne High School,  
Fort Wayne, Indiana, Feb. 19, 1919.

The Central Catholic High School,  
City.  
Gentlemen:

We, the undersigned, the members of the Fort Wayne High School Varsity Debating Team, do hereby challenge you to debate at any time and place convenient to both sides, on the subject: Resolved, That the Government Return the Railroads to Private Control. We shall be glad to confer with you as soon as possible as to the time and place for the debate and as to any other minor details that come up. As we are the challengers it is your right, according to the laws of debating, to choose the side you wish to debate. Hoping that you will do this as soon as you can, in order that preparation for the debate may be started immediately, we are

Yours respectfully,

Robert P. Pollak,  
R. Bruce Lockridge,  
Walter E. Helmke.

"O.K." Benj. Null.

---

Central Catholic High School,  
Fort Wayne, Ind., Feb. 26, 1919.

The Varsity Debating Team,  
Fort Wayne High School,  
Gentlemen:

In reply to your challenge of February 19, regarding a debate on the question referred to in your letter, I wish to state that we accept the challenge. We have not yet selected a debating team, but I have been authorized to accept the challenge on the part of those who intend to try out for the team. We are scarcely in a position to propose a date sooner than the end of May. We are ready to meet your representative and consider details.

Respectfully yours,  
Edward J. Lennon,  
Senior Class President.

Approved, B. E.

---

On March 4 Professor Null and the Public High School Varsity Debating Team called on Brother Ephrem and four members of the Central Catholic High School Senior Class. The conference lasted about an hour and ended to the satisfaction of all. The C.C.H.S. chose the affirmative. The debate is to be held in Library Hall, Friday evening, May 23, 8:00 o'clock. The judges will be selected about a week before the debate is to come off.







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## THE BENGAL MISSION

The second annual Bengal Mission basketball game was played at Library Hall, March 27. It was a great success and netted \$110.00, beating the high mark of last year by five dollars. The money has been sent to the Rev. James J. French, Notre Dame, Indiana, who is the United States promoter for the Holy Cross Mission, Bengal, India. Bengal is a very poor and needy mission, and every dollar contributed toward it does untold good in spreading our Holy Faith among the millions of idolators that people the land.

For the second time the Aeolians played without any compensation and united with the school team in sending the gross proceeds to Bengal. Mr. Cleary, of Cleary & Bailey, printers, printed the tickets free in order to help the good cause. Mrs. Quinn was a great booster as a ticket seller. The following students of the Cathedral school also boosted the sale of tickets: O'Neill, J. Gordon, Rohyans, Perry, Biemer, Kelker, O'Leary. The following were the best sellers for the C.C.H.S.: Costello 20, Dinnen 39, Lennon 13, Suelzer 10, Foohey 8, Cranston 8, Eggeman 8, McCarthy 8, Bickel 8, Brown 7, App 7, S. Zurbuch 6, S. Miller 6, Cleary 6, Doriot 6, English 6, Zuber 5, J. Arnold 5, Franke 5, Magers 5, Becker 5, P. Miller 5, Bopp 5, Clifford 5, Cunningham 4, Logan 4, Ward 4, K. Baker 4, Hayes 4, P. Blee 4, R. Blee 4, C. McDonald 4, E. Miller 4, Dewald 4.

## THE SENIOR DANCE

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. This was the motto of those who had charge of the senior dance. Some time in February Bushman, who has his head always filled with ideas, succeeded in getting a hearing at a class meeting, and forthwith he proposed a dance. His proposal met with favor, and President Lennon appointed Edward Bushman, Joseph Zuber and Cornelius Hayes members of a committee on arrangements. For a week they considered various halls and questions of finance. Finally they selected the Elks' Temple for the evening of March the third. The sale of tickets measured up to expectations, and when the eventful hour came there was no vacant place. Kessler's orchestra was on hand and furnished the jazz for the dance. Among the patrons of the dance were Mr. and Mrs. Carl J. Weber and Mr. and Mrs. Clem App. The dance was conducted in a very dignified manner, but there was no lack of fun and good cheer. For the benefit of the prohibitionists who were present a copious punch bowl was filled and repeatedly filled with the acme brand of loganberry. Those who charitably gave drink to the thirsty were the Misses Logan, Hamilton, Vordermark and Flick. Those who did not care for anything soft patronized the supply of Adam's ale in the parlor. In order to make everybody feel at home the arrangement of the dance was informal, no programs being distributed. As midnight approached the orchestra struck up "Home, Sweet Home." Then followed scenes of merry "good nights" and happy laughter. Thus the fifth annual dance of the C.C.H.S. came to an end, having set a new mark for those that come after and demonstrated that it pays to have an enterprising committee.



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## JUNIOR NOTES

We have been allowed a small space for class "nuts." It therefore behooves us to make our introduction brief. We are now nearing the third milestone and all expect to reach it. The juniors of this year have had little time to follow the blazed trail of other classes. The old rivalry between the juniors and seniors is gone. Nobody carries lemons now. The days of Kinney and Clifford are gone—but we must still feed the seniors. Tom Shea, who was elected secretary after Maurice Zurbuch went to Wellesville, Ohio, is getting prices from all the eat houses in town. Serva is the only one who sees no chance of getting compensated, as he intends to move to Canton after commencement.

In athletics we did pretty well. We had a class football team, and we also gave six players to the varsity. Three of our members are striving to get on next year's basketball team. Bowling was not taken up. In place of it, Jim Huntine organized a dancing squad, but only half the members had courage enough to take the floor at the senior dance. Jim lost his reputation (in some things) after Brother Ephrem got a glimpse at his "city and suburban directory." McDonald's Latin "horse" ran too fast and knocked off its rider. Bill Gocke can't be talked down in debates. E. Miller divides his time between school and the Pennsy. Franke and Beuret are tie for half-holiday honors.

## SOPHOMORE NOTES

We are now only thirty-five. Many of last year's celebrities did not show up, among them being "Rube" Geary, "Nibs" Curran, "Lanky" Pembroke, "Walt" Costello and "Whitie" Wehrle. In September we went through the usual formalities, elected officers, held meetings, talked school spirit, etc. As a class we are first in the school, and to show why we shall introduce a few of our notables.

"Babe" Buckley has made himself very attractive by his pink and blue striped collars. He has a pretty mustache with two hairs on either side. But his fame rests in being the best paper wad shooter in the school.

"Bill" Haley claims to be the best prize-fighter and is worrying McDonald considerably. When the varsity took on Ossian, Haley took on Kid Neeb to interest the public for a couple of rounds. Bill seemed to win the popular decision.

The pet sport of Bob Bickel is bowling at the Olympic Club. In class he has a great inclination to draw pictures or chew his pencil. He caught the former trait from Kelty, who delights in drawing fair models or in building airplanes.

"Rosy" Herber proves the theory that fat men are good-natured. When he rushes the morning air and hustles in all shaved and powdered up he certainly looks I-T.

Paul Miller also has his hat in the ring when it comes to boxing. He also aspires to be a basketball player.

Passino professes to be a humorist. He laughs at all professional jokes and jeers all home-made ones. He springs his own on Arnold and Neeb. Neeb objects but Florian Arnold is satisfied with everything in life, jokes included.

Raymond Young is Brother Daniel's messenger and telephone boy. His daily job is calling up the absentees, but sometimes he calls all the neighbors trying to get the right number. He says he has a purpose in doing this.

"Bruff" Cleary and "Fat" Grime are going to take a summer job testing the supporting strength of suspension bridges. Brother Daniel has about made up his mind to reinforce the floor should his geometry class fail to worry them down to normal.

Paul Berning can tell you all about rabbits, Luley about new styles, Logan about getting rich quick, Sub Miller about the duties of a best man, Streifus and Roth about tall aspirations, Fox about toy shops.





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## SIDELIGHTS

It doesn't always pay to be treated by a quack doctor when you have warts to remove. If you don't believe it, consult Dallas Costello and the obliging classmate who immersed him in a nitric acid bath.

\* \* \* \* \*

Somebody has lost a reputation. Stewart Zurbuch, our popular tenor, volunteered to sing for the Ladies' A. O. H. Division, February 3d. His nightingale notes were strong and loud until the sight of his classmates, Gruber, Hamilton and Company, pantomiming in the back of the hall, made the song say goodbye to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

After all it scarcely pays to have a good time at Lake James when one has to do penance afterwards. What say ye, Bush, Grub and Ham?

Dallas Costello, talking about the Senior dance: "I noticed a large bowl of punch in the corner of the room and it made my mouth water."

\* \* \* \* \*

E. L., our great social leader, says that if he ever gets to the halls of congress he will propose a bill that pants be made of leather or else allotted ten yards of cloth. He is going to argue from experience, and his resolution will be somewhat like this:

Whereas, on the evening of February 14, 1919, in the midst of my social functions at a basketball game in Library Hall, Fort Wayne, Indiana, my most modern pants did maliciously rip and would have embarrassed me were it not for the good graces of my overcoat, and

Whereas, nobody volunteered to procure me safety pins and black cloth, and Whereas, I had to administer an anesthetic to my best friend in order to deprive him of goods necessary for my own preservation—

Be it resolved, enacted and incorporated in the law of fashion, that it shall be regarded as a felony and misdemeanor to sell any article of dress that is not securely welded, vulcanized, or riveted, and that the penalty for violation of said law be "pitiless publicity," without any regard to the crimes of propriety.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last our great musical genius, Ed Bushman, has been discovered. His initial performance at the Creighton Theatre, Feb. 1, has been followed by various flattering offers from the managers. However, Bush does not intend to come across until after graduation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wild tales proceeded from the vicinity of Rome City when the "flu" was heavy in Fort Wayne. The desperadoes who were the object of these tales are not known, but it is worthy of note that at that particular time George Hamilton, Nestor Zurbuch and Les Logan were not in our midst.

\* \* \* \* \*

The "call of the wild" lasts a long time. Bushman and Costello have long lived in the city, but last February they could not resist a trip to the country for a chicken dinner.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is said that Joe Zuber started the "Plutocrat's Trident" because he wanted to pitch into some classmates who promised to reveal his hatred of the telephone. But thereby hangs a story. Joe made an engagement but he had no idea of calling a "black" number.





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## FRESHMAN NOTES

We haven't much to tell you. September 3 saw twenty-six of us start the trail to knowledge. We landed in the study hall and there met a bunch of sophomore auctioneers selling off old books. We took all the "bargains" we could find and then went to the stationery store and allowed Brother William to give us credit on some new books. Before the day was over we found out our teachers: Brother Owen, English and Science; Brother William, Algebra; Brother Daniel, Latin; Brother Exupere, History. Two days later we elected class officers, and these have had an easy time since. After Christmas our good conduct placed us in the nice room that the seniors had up till this time occupied, and Brother Owen came to preside during the study period.

There are a few specialists in our class. Schneider got glasses to make his cartoons look better (to himself). Fields is chiefly interested in finance. Gladieux, Eggeman, Clifford, McCarthy and Mills are never without lofty thoughts. Foohey, Roth, Schneider, Bopp and Eggeman are bidding for the class medal. Dickerson and Belot occasionally distribute the humor. Smith has a fresh stock of Decatur news each Monday morning. Cranston is Bloomingdale's representative.

We did not make much of a reputation in athletics, but Belot and English intend to bring us on top next year.

---

## "EXPERIENCE"

Early in the summer of 1918 Peter Zurbuch and his family moved to Chicago. "Stew" Zurbuch, as you know, is one of the family. Well, being a classmate of ours, nothing would do Suelz, Bushman and me but to go to Chicago also for summer war work. "Suelz" went with "Stew." Bush and I were to follow later.

We shared Suelz's trunk, which we packed at my house. We started out carrying the trunk. The trunk, however, like the Seniors' beer keg last year, grew heavier and heavier. Taking a short-cut through the alley we came upon a lone and unattended rig. Dumping the trunk in the ancient vehicle we beat it hey-dey-clay for the station.

At Englewood, Suelz and the two Zurbuchs, Stew and Maurice, were waiting for us. Bush stayed on the train till all three had reminded the others that they had said Bush'd never come.

The next day Bush and I rested and looked about a bit. We slept till nine, but Stew and Suelz rolled out at five bells. After breakfast we walked to Washington Park to look at the tennis courts. Too muddy to be played on, the courts were deserted. "Let's hurdle the nets," says Bush. I don't know whether it was a hurdle or not, but anyhow Bush landed in the mud. Having taken most of it on his hands and knees it was soon cast off.

A policeman directed us to the University of Chicago. The first place we looked for was the gym. We met the coach of the track team, who showed us over the building. We viewed all the trophies, and the basketballs, footballs and baseballs that had gone through important games. He invited us to take a swim, but as the natatorium didn't open until eleven o'clock we had time to spare. Idling through the museum we met a Father Burke, of Rochester, N. Y., who, after deciphering Egyptian and Babylonian manuscripts, told us the use and probable date of a lot of stuff that looked like an ash pile after a rain. As Chicago U has a very famous collection, this was not entirely uninteresting, but as eleven o'clock drew near we slipped away for our swim.





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Wednesday night, Suelz came back from work a victim of homesickness. We told him all the jokes we knew but it did no good. Unmoved by our words, Suelz left. One gone, who was to be the next?

Thursday we played tennis and then took a dip in Lake Michigan. And "a dip" is all we took. I don't know whether the lake is always as cold as it was that afternoon or not, but surely it did not agree with me.

Friday we went with Stew to Hedgewick, where he and Maurice were working for the Western Steel Co. Following our usual run of luck the employment agent with whom Stew's dad had a pull, wasn't in. We had only one fare book, so we were to wait until five o'clock when Maurice and Stew quit work. Learning that Hammond was only five miles down the road we "hopped" an auto truck into Hammond. Nothing interesting appeared, and as all the bakeries seemed to be well guarded we started back. Riding and walking we reached Hedgewick again just at noon. We shared the Zurbuch's lunch and sat down to wait for them to quit work. Being naturally of a patient nature we acquired positions in an empty coal car going Chicagoward and trusted to luck to get us home. We had to travel about twenty miles to a place the direction of which we had only a vague idea. When the train stopped we took the first auto truck we thought was going our way. We rode as much as possible and when we couldn't ride we walked. After we reached the numbered streets the rest was easy, but we had to walk from 108th street to 63rd. At this juncture we pooled our finances, knowing our sojourn in Chi was about done unless we acquired some more "jack." We decided to get a job that paid every night.

Saturday and Sunday we lazed, playing tennis and eating off the Zurbuch's. The only bright incident in a series of misfortunes was a couple of pleasant girls we met in Washington Park.

Monday we set out for a West Side lumber yard where they paid off every night. We rode the surface cars from Dorchester and 63rd west on 63rd to Kedzie; north on Kedzie to California and northeast on California to Milwaukee, but we had missed the lumber yard. We transferred down Milwaukee to State and Randolph, from there to 63rd and from State and 63rd east to Dorchester, all at the cost of a nickel each.

Tuesday we found the lumber yard but not a job. The only thing left was to go home, for we had only fifty cents between us when we got back to the hotel. As the railroad fare from Chicago to Fort Wayne is slightly more than twenty-five cents we chose other means of travel. Packing our clothes and leaving them for Stew to express we set out. Personifying the tears of the populace at our going a deluge of rain greeted us as we departed. By the aid of our "Rand McNally" we reached Hammond by surface car, but after crossing the state line the conductor collected a second time, leaving us thirty cents. At a transfer corner we bought a loaf of bread, and now we had twenty cents. At Hammond the train was held up by a passing freight train. I asked the gentleman in the seat with me what road the obstruction was on, and he said "Wabash."

"Does it go through Fort Wayne, Indiana?" I asked him loud enough for Bush to hear.

"Sure it does," he said.

Now anyone living in Fort Wayne knows that it is impossible to go from there to Hammond on the Wabash. Without thinking, however, we left the street car and boarded the train. Hiding under a pile of lumber, we divided the loaf of bread. Bush ate all of his but I, with visions of breadless hours to come, saved half of mine.

After about half an hour's jolting, the train, which at no time since we boarded it had gone faster than we could have walked, stopped. We alighted and knowing that there is only one Indiana town composed of oil tanks, we



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congratulated ourselves on reaching Whiting. By consulting your map you can see that by going from Chicago to Hammond and from there to Whiting we covered a lot of ground, for Whiting is between Chicago and Hammond. If that train we had cussed for stopping hadn't stopped, where we'd be now I don't know.

Unconscious of all this we made for the railroad station. It was just noon as we passed the shipping yard of the Standard Oil Co.'s plant. As the whistle blew the men streamed out and overflowed into the street, all carrying some kind of a lunch pail. For all those fellows that whistle meant lunch, but to us it was just twelve o'clock.

At Whiting the N.Y.C. and Pennsylvania railroad tracks cross each other. The Pennsylvania runs directly to Fort Wayne but the closest the N.Y.C. gets to Fort Wayne is Kendallville. An old deserted barn stands close to the intersection of the tracks, and here we sat ourselves down to wait. Enconced in a doorway commanding a view of both tracks, we waited. As the rain of Chicago was succeeded by the sun of Whiting we both dozed off.

Crash! A rock hit the side of the barn. Looking around the corner we were met by a regular fusilade of stones propelled by four of Whiting's young bloods. We chased them away, but back they came. The smallest one of the four seemed to be the leader, but a little left-handed wop wouldn't do what the "leader" wanted. Pretty soon lefty beat it and came back with an air gun. What could we do? If we caught the kids and stopped them, they'd probably tell their mothers, who would have us arrested. If we did nothing we'd have to dodge "B-B's" and rocks all afternoon. Taking a chance we sat tight. After we stopped resenting it, there was no fun in throwing; so they all wanted a chance with the air-gun. "Lefty" wouldn't jibe, so when they refused to let him shoot he got sore and went home. Then after a little deliberation they started "sneaking" up on us until their little leader was inside the barn. Seeing him safe the others joined him. Finding out which way we were going the little leader said, "You'd better look out around South Chicago or you'll get picked up. My brother went to Chicago on a freight and had to drop a sack of cement on a detective to get away."

At that we tumbled. We were going in the wrong direction and had let the only train of the afternoon go by because it was going in the "wrong direction." "Chicago? Is Chicago that way?—Good Night!" We had let our only chance go.

The uppermost question now concerned eats. Remembering the days when I had surreptitiously smuggled a couple of sandwiches to starving Knights of the Road, I gave Bush the eye and we started in. What a change those Whiting youths had undergone in our eyes. Before, no punishment seemed too great for them, now they presented great possibilities. In the conversation our home moved a hundred miles south and our fast extended itself over a period of two days. Moved by our attitude or our hunger appeal, the leader volunteered to procure food. We waited a while after the kids left and then Bush started to describe a feast he once had: "You know, mashed potatoes like that (indication of a pile big enough to fill a horse), "and chicken and gravy."

What else he had I didn't find out, for just as I was about to attack him the kids came back. True to his promise, the leader produced a loaf of bread and a pound of weiners. While we devoured their offering the kids went home for their own meal. They were back by six-thirty. As it grew dark we began to think of sleep. Again our enemies of the afternoon came to our help. They informed us that a local coal man housed his horses in a nearby barn, and here we spent the night. Lulled to sleep by the stamping of a half dozen horses we literally as well as figuratively hit the hay.

At five o'clock Bush awakened me, and as we left the barn we sighted an





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N.Y.C. freight train going our way. Unable to stop it and fearing for life and limb to tackle a fast one, we let it go. No sooner had it passed than a passenger pulled up on the Pennsy. This we managed to board. In the blind baggage we passed Hammond and so confident were we that we arranged to leave the train outside Fort Wayne if possible, so as not to encounter any officers of the law. But—"the well laid plans, etc."—at Gary the train stopped, unloaded, turned around and started back toward Chicago. It was the morning steel mill special! Before we could voice full appreciation of our plight, we saw a slow—yea, a very slow—freight pulling along on the N. Y. C. We were making quick changes; too quick surely, for the gondola we boarded was full of scrap iron, and fearing detection we didn't change. We rode all morning, but at noon we stopped. Three miles outside of LaPorte, the train side-tracked. The engine and caboose started back to Chicago, leaving us stranded. We made for the only shade trees in sight, for the day was getting rather hot. Sitting under the tree was a gentleman of color, a fellow wayfarer. He had a grip, a heavy mackinaw overcoat—and one arm. How he managed himself and his baggage was a mystery. The three of us lay down in the shade for about an hour. Then Bush and I urged by the "inner man" started for LaPorte, walking; but our comrade refused to walk. Outside LaPorte we tried to buy a loaf of bread, but without success. We struck off down the road, but seeing an important looking person coming toward us we turned onto the railroad track. We desired to meet no one of importance that day. He wanted to see us, for he also turned onto the tracks and, as we were about to pass him, stopped us.

Somewhere between Chicago and LaPorte my hat and I had parted company. This added to my naturally youthful appearance did the work-

"You're the guy," he said, grabbing me. "You ran away from the police at Pincola, didn't you?"

"Pincola! Police!" I thought, but managed to say or rather stutter, "No."

"Didn't you just get off that train?" he said, pointing to a freight train which had pulled up about half a mile back.

"No, we didn't."

"Well, whatcha doing here then?"

Seeing a loophole, we told him our story truthfully. I don't suppose he believed it, but it was as good as any other. At any rate he advised us to remain outside of LaPorte and stay with the train until and after it left.

A search of the train disclosed a ragged little urchin about twelve years old hiding in a box-car. He was as hard as nails and only grinned when the sheriff questioned him. They found nothing in his pockets, but when he passed us he winked and shook a pair of dice behind the sheriff's back.

The one-armed negro was also on the train and the three of us talked with the trainmen until three o'clock, when we left LaPorte. From the trainmen we learned that the police of Elkhart were picking up every hobo they could. Judging from their talk the best thing we could do was to get off outside the yards and make our way through the city by a round-about route. This was necessary because there are two branches of the N. Y. C. out of Elkhart, and only one, the air lines, goes to Kendallville.

We went slowly through South Bend and Mishawaka and at almost six o'clock hit the Elkhart yards. We hurried away from the railroad and struck across the fields until we reached a road. We walked until ten minutes after seven before we reached the Air Line. Accosting a man who looked like a rail-roader, we learned that five minutes previous a freight train had left in our direction, but that the local passenger was due to leave the station at 7:15. We tore off down the track towards the station but when the train passed us we were



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unable to catch it. Feeling the worse for having our hopes lifted we continued down the track.

The rails at Elkhart were busy that day, for right behind the passenger came a "caterpillar" freight. This we boarded and sat down on a pile of steel bars.

About five miles outside of Elkhart the train stalled on a grade and had to double. This consists in breaking the train in two and making two trips up the grade. The car we were in was near the end of the train and when the first part started away we ran like wild cats to catch it, only to find out that we would have to wait for the other part anyhow. At Millersburg we waited and waited. With fifteen of our last twenty cents we bought a loaf of bread. With the aid of the town pump we consumed this. We rested a little, for even steel bars exposed to the sun all day will lose their heat by night. We were moving again. As the train did not go fast enough to jar us, both dozed off. When we awakened it was after one o'clock and our first thought was that we had passed through Kendallville, so we started to hunt up a trainman to find out where we were. From the top of a box car we saw a hot-box about ten cars back. In order to save the train we started for the caboose, but too late. A couple of trainmen had already attended to it. However, we had the consolation of finding out that we were still on the safe side of Kendallville. Then to characterize our condition the train stopped at Brimfield. We stayed there until six o'clock. Fifteen minutes after we started, we sighted Kendallville. We could have walked it in an hour, and it was no use now to feel we had waited three for the train.

Every train we had ridden on between Chicago and Kendallville was as slow as a snail, but going through Kendallville the train tore like the proverbial bat. We were too desperate to go any farther, so we took a chance. I hazarded it at a crossing, and as Bushman saw me struggle to my feet, he mustered enough courage to take the next crossing. We hid behind the water tank and as we waited for a Fort Wayne train we ate the last of the bread we bought in Millersburg. We now felt like singing, "Goodbye Chicago, Hello Fort Wayne."

About 7:30 we left Kendallville in an empty box-car. With no other misadventure we entered Fort Wayne, Thursday morning, July 4, 1918. We made our way through side streets to Bushman's and for an hour or more worked getting cinders and other decorations off our long unwashed countenances.

The last five cents of the historical fifty caused me much worry—should I buy a fire cracker and shoot it off in honor of our Independence, or take the street car from Bloomingdale to my home in French-town and get in in time for another feed of ham and eggs like I had at Bushman's? As I saw "Old Glory" wave over the courthouse, I said, "Les, old boy, you walk."

I beat it to Woolworth's "five and ten" and bought the colors.

So ended my trip to Chicago to do my bit in war work. —Logan.

### MA-D-AM

A funny little word is Dam(n)

A word of many uses;  
'Tis used to make a river wide,  
And by some for abuses.

You say you're going to dam a stream

To make a small obstruction,  
But if you say, "May I be damned!"  
You're headed for destruction.

If you reverse that word you'll find

It used by those who're mad;  
And they who use it very much  
You may put down as bad.

—Ham.

### A SOLUTION

Do not say that fate's against you,

That you cannot conquer luck;  
There is no such thing as either,  
All there is is work and pluck.

Just you be resolved to conquer,

It matters not the fray,  
Put your brain and hands in motion,  
And you're sure to find a way.

—E. C.





## REMEMBER

It's not what you pay, but what you get for what you pay which determines whether a product is cheap or dear. Specify and insist upon your dealer sending you

## DELFT

Butter (*no other*) and the question is solved.  
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## BELLS

They say our life is set to bells;  
And this I think is true,  
But if you do not believe it,  
Then 'tis not so to you.

We wake up in the morning, for  
We hear the alarm's call,  
And we hurry down the stairway  
From the bedroom and the hall.

We hear the church bells ringing  
And calling people in  
To fashion their lives to virtue  
And keep away from sin.

And presently we hear a gong  
That tells us we must eat;  
And next there comes the mailman  
To ring us from our seat.

And then we hurry on to school;  
But when we cross the street  
Th' electric car comes ringing on  
And scares us off our feet.

We come to school to search for brains  
We lost in years gone by,  
And when we're in the study hall  
That bell does make us sigh.

We hobble into logic class  
To learn the art of reasons,  
To know why chickens cross the road,  
To prove there's change of seasons.

And while we figure out these things  
We hear the church bells toll;  
Then we think of "Dies Irae"  
And the poor departed soul.

And as that corpse is laid away  
We hear the same bells clang.—  
A boy and girl are being "hitched"  
(Please pardon needed slang).

At noontime when we're coming home  
We're startled by a bell;  
The patrol rushes by to take  
A vagrant to his cell.

The massive locomotive that  
Is run by giant steam  
Makes gangway with a ringing bell  
And spoils the switchman's dream.

We ride into the country, and,  
Most wonderful to tell,  
There grazing in a meadow is  
A cow tied to a bell.

The ambulance and fire cart,  
The street car just as well,  
And even scissors grinders too,  
Announce themselves by bell.

At midday all the bells ring out,  
The door bell gives a peal,  
Because some tramp in passing by  
Decided on a meal.

The street cars have electric bells,  
Conductors ring our fare,  
And thus it goes thru all the days,  
Bells ringing everywhere.

The telephone that rings all day  
And helps us hear and tell  
Was invented by none other  
Than Alex Graham Bell.

And every town of any note  
Has got its beauty belle,  
But her I shall not try to rime  
With resurrection trumpet.

—E. J. Lennon.

## THE RESULT

And now the war is over,  
And the crimson cloud has passed,  
And heroes have ascended  
Where they cannot more be gassed.

And now the war is over,  
And Democracy has won,  
And Liberty has triumphed  
O'er the terrors of the Hun.

And now the war is over,  
And peace has come to last,  
And the nurses of the battlefield  
No more must stand aghast.

And now the war is over,  
And Freedom's robe is white,  
Washed in the blood of heroes  
Who bled to conquer might.

—A. B.

The boy stood on the steamer's deck  
Chewing peanuts by the peck;  
With service medals around his neck  
He was real cool, he was, by heck.

He had seen London and Ancient Rome,  
And dum-dum bullets had glanced from his  
dome;

In French dark eyes he had seen a poem,  
But still he longed for home, sweet home.

Little Willie dressed in sashes  
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes;  
Very soon the room grew chilly,  
But no one cared to stir up Willie.

—C. W.

For twenty-five cents I was kindly told  
I could double my money if my bills I'd fold;  
I didn't get sore or swallow penknives,  
For such is the way of our mortal lives.



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## THAT CLOCK

It has brains behind its face,  
Sometimes its heart beats quick,  
But while its hands keep moving on  
We never think it's sick.

It talks to us the whole day long,  
Yet never speaks a sound;  
And how it calls us to our work  
Is something yet unfound.

When we are slow and lazy  
And let the time pass slick  
Its little heart beats fast and says:  
"Be quick! be quick! be quick!"

And when we try to copy, 'cause  
Our brains don't seem to rime,  
It sighs and bids us cautiously,  
"Take time; take time; take time!"

And so it lectures all the day,  
And tells us what to do;  
It tells us when to start our work,  
It tells us when we're thru.

You want to know what is that thing  
In which we take such stock.  
Well, listen, and I'll tell you 'bout  
Our study hall old clock.

What follows is its dialogue  
With little idle Dick,  
A boy who watched it many a day  
When he was blue and sick.

"Tick, tick, little idle Dick,  
Why do you watch me so?  
Turn to your books, your wasted books,  
And try to learn and know.

"I've ticked for forty-two long years,  
As far as I remember.  
In summer time I rest therefrom,  
July until September.

"For years I was in the Old School,  
A venerable place,  
But they are old and married now  
Who looked upon my face.

"I spoke to them in self-same words,  
The same I speak to-day;  
I told them when to take their books,  
I told them when to play.

"Among them was your father,  
A little rascal too;  
He studied hard the whole day long,  
He did it all for you."

"Aw shucks! Don't speak about my dad,"  
Said Dick in voice quite gruff.

"He always feeds me 'bout his youth.  
And all that kind of stuff."

"I'll tell you then about myself—  
Do not my tale scorn—  
In Switzerland is a little shop,  
The place where I was born.

"There on a little table was  
A lot of screws and springs,  
A lot of wheels and pendulums  
And other funny things.

"A part of me was on the shelf,  
My hands were on the floor,  
My brains were on the table,  
And my face was on the door.

"The squint-eyed jeweler picked me up  
And hammered me together,  
Within three months I reached Fort Wayne,  
Despite the stormy weather.

"From that hour unto this day,  
Thru my youth and thru my prime,  
I've done my work most faithfully  
In keeping good straight time.

"And while I've ticked the years away,  
Within these famous walls,  
I've seen full many an up and down,  
Full many a rise and fall.

"I've watched the little freshmen,  
In their times of sheer hard luck;  
I've seen them jump clean over holes,  
Thru real and kingly pluck.

"I've seen them back as sophomores,  
With just a little pride,  
To feel they'd crossed the first hot coals  
With hard but stately stride.

"And lo, when they were juniors  
I watched each solemn face,  
I saw them solemnly resolve  
To grasp the sought-for place.

"As seniors they were kids again,  
With glee upon their faces,  
Content with all the work they did,  
Accomplished in their graces.

"When graduation came around  
I could not climb the stair;  
There was not one friend to take me,  
They thought I did not care.

"I had to stay down in the dark  
But yet I strained my ear,  
Because some of the program I  
Had wanted much to hear.

"I heard the orchestra start out,  
With quite a lively note,  
The same piece played the year before.  
It sure did get my goat.

"I heard applause ring thru the hall  
As each attained his goal,  
But did they come to say good bye?  
No, Not a single soul.

"I heard them shuffle down the stairs,  
Full of joy and laughter.  
O, they were happy leaving school,  
Altho the tears came after."

E. J. Lanna.





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Fort Wayne



## A BEATEN BURGLAR

There are some men who cannot outlive their childish fear of darkness, men who cannot step in a dark room after nightfall, without a creepy feeling of terror in their hearts. John Clifton, a banker, was such a man.

In the prime of his bachelor life the coming of each night would bring with it the same old fears. He frequently entertained his friends, but after all had gone and the servants had retired he would steal trembling to his room to toss around sometimes till dawn. His hearing was acute and he suffered the torments of his wild imagination. If perchance he happened to sleep he would dream of a man, with a half-masked face, stealing toward him with a threatening blade held in his hand as if ready to plunge it into his body. As the murderer drove the dagger into his heart the banker would awake to hear the echo of his agonizing shriek. His forehead would be wet with perspiration and his body quivering with fear. The nightmare was always the same, the masked stranger and the threatening blade.

Later on John Clifton closed his library and bedroom even to his servants. He had these two rooms bolted as securely as the vault in his bank. Only two men knew the secrets of these chambers. One was John Clifton and the other was Bill Hicks, a professional cracksman and burglar. It was a business proposition rather than curiosity that caused Hicks to pry into the banker's secrets. Hicks made his unannounced entrance through a rear window about midnight. Stealing carefully around the house he made his way to the door of Clifton's room. When he reached it he picked the locks and entered, allowing the first rays of his flashlight to gleam on the bed of John Clifton. He turned off the light and quickly and cautiously proceeded to the sleeping figure on the bed. As he bent down to look into the face of the figure he fell back at the sight of the glassy staring eyes of his victim. Recovering himself, he drew his dagger and plunged it down to the hilt in the body. His victim neither moved nor shrieked, and Hicks hastily looked in every drawer in search of loot, but found nothing. Then he entered the library. He stopped short, for just inside the door was a perfect image of John Clifton pointing a revolver at him. Hastily grabbing his own, Hicks fired three times, but whether the figure was man or devil it did not move. This was too much for Bill Hicks. With nerves almost shattered he rushed from the library and in a half-crazed state made his way out of the house.

A few minutes afterwards, John Clifton came out of his secret sleeping chamber to examine the holes in his wax dummies. "Not much damaged," he muttered. "Even if I do need another pair I can easily order them. Anyway I am rid of that crook"

—J. Franke.





**ROSEMARY**

PARTICULAR  
PEOPLE INSIST ON HAVING

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BUTTER



## THE BLOODY HAND

Out, damned spot! out, I say!  
 What need we fear who know it when none can call our power to account?  
 Yet who would have thought the old man (Ireland) to have had so much blood  
 in him!  
 What, will these hands never be clean?  
 Here's the smell of blood still.  
 All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand (of England).  
 —Macbeth, Act 5, Scene 1.

\* \* \* \* \*

### IRELAND UNDER ELIZABETH

“At that time, out of the woods and glynns came creeping forth upon their hands (being unable to stand upright from starvation), things that looked like anatomies of death, that chattered like ghosts risen out of their graves. And they did eat the carrions, happy where they could find them.”—Edmund Spenser.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The soldiers in the camps were so hot upon the spur, and so eager upon the vile rebels, that they spared neither man, woman or child. They put all to the sword.”—Hollinshed.

\* \* \* \* \*

“They performed their duty so effectually and brought the rebels to so low a condition that they saw three children eating the entrails of their dead mother, on whose flesh they had fed many days.”—Cox.

\* \* \* \* \*

### IRELAND UNDER CROMWELL

They (Ormond and Loftus) both together killed such of the Irish as they met . . . but the most considerable slaughter occurred in a great strait of furze (shrubbery), situated on a hill where the people of several villages had fled for shelter. I saw the bodies (even the burning children were thrown back into the flames)—and the furze still burning.”—Castlehaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Each of the assailants (at Drogheda) would take up a child and use it as a buckler of defense to keep him(self) from being shot or brained.”—Wood.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The starving multitude are feeding on carrion and weeds on the highways, and many times orphans are found exposed and some of them fed upon by ravening wolves and other birds and beasts of prey.”—Cromwellian Records.

\* \* \* \* \*

### UNGRATEFUL IRELAND

“All wisdom advises to keep this (Irish) Kingdom as much subordinate and dependent on England as possible; and holding them from the manufacture of wool, and then enforcing them to fetch their cloth from thence, how can they depart from us without nakedness and beggary?”—Lord Strafford.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Regards must be had to those points where the trade of Ireland comes to interfere with that of England, in which case Irish trade ought to be declined so as to give way to the trade of England.”—Sir William Temple.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The trade of Ireland with Spain must be destroyed and secured to England.”  
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I shall do all that in my power lies to discourage the manufacture of woollens in Ireland.”—King William.





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"England governed Ireland for what she deemed her own interest, making her calculations on the gross balance of her trade ledger, and leaving her moral obligations aside, as if right and wrong had been blotted out of the statute books of the Universe."—Froude.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Is Ireland united to the crown of England for no purpose other than to counteract the bounties of Providence?"—Edmund Burke.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It would be difficult in the whole range of history to find another instance in which such various and powerful agencies agreed to degrade the character, and blast the prosperity (by stopping manufactures and industries) of a nation."—Lecky.

### THRIFTLESS IRELAND

English Lady to Dean Swift: "What a splendid climate Ireland has!"

The Dean: "For the Lord's sake, madam, don't tell that when you go back to England, or they'll tax us on it."

\* \* \* \* \*

The "Irish" Parliament of 1800 had some 300 members, and all but 72 of these were British appointees. All were Protestants. It is a remarkable fact that it took all the threats and bribes England could offer to make this "Irish" Parliament vote (162 favoring it) to form the act of Union with England.

\* \* \* \* \*

On one occasion an "Irish" member had occasion to call on the English Parliament. When asked what borough he represented, he said: "By heaven, the name of the devilish place 'as escaped me. But if you bring me the Irish Directory I believe I can pick it out."

\* \* \* \* \*

In 1795 the Irish National Debt was \$15,000,000. (Before the Union.)

In 1801 it was \$140,000,000. (After the Union.)

In 1817 it was \$560,000,000. (Sixteen years after the Union.)

In 1795 the tax per head was \$2.25.

In 1913 it was \$10.50

In 1917 it was \$34.00.

The wage scale in Ireland is only one-fourth the American scale.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a British policeman for every 250 (women and children included) of the population of Ireland. Ireland pays \$7,500,000 for this "protection."

\* \* \* \* \*

Irish ports are closed; Irish industries killed; the people taxed against their will; her sons are lying handcuffed, half fed and half naked on the stone floors of dungeons. Irish farmers are paying enormous rents to English landlords for lands that English conquerors confiscated.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet this is "Thriftless Ireland" whose sons can prosper anywhere but in their own country. And England is the parasite that lives on "Thriftless Ireland."



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### "BRINGING UP FATHER"

Patrick Fitzgibbon sat on the domestic throne for once, the word once to be used with emphasis, for the nights were few and far between that Patrick ruled the stuffy quarters that he called home. It was the last floor of a tenement house. I don't know the number of the story, but it was so high as to cause Pat to be ten minutes late for work every morning. Pat was boss only when Maggie was absent, and tonight was one of the few times in thirty-two years that he was supreme. He considered six or seven ways of celebrating the event, but the one that appealed most to him was to sit in the big chair or throne, reserved by Maggie for her sole use, and take an undisturbed nap after he had finished reading the daily paper. With his clay pipe clasped between his molars he turned to his favorite cartoon, "Bringing Up Father." He found it, stared at it, and then sent it flying to the stove. He had seen Jiggs clinging to the crossbeam of a telegraph pole, trying to dodge a carefully laid barrage of hand-painted china. If there was anything that Pat advocated more than independence for Ireland it was a comeback from Jiggs once in a while at least. He was again disappointed. He sat and thought, and as he thought he fell into a dreaming sleep. His dreamland was Dinty Moore's saloon. He began his protest:

"My beloved countrymen of Auld Erin—Kelly, do you know what I'm sayin'? —as I was about to say, the honor of our fathers makes me protest and say that that flat-footed McManus is a disgrace to the holy Saint Patrick and the min of Erin. The idea of his puttin' such sland'rous pictures in the papers about a son of the Irish race, pictures contrary to our traditions. Did you ever see an Irishman run from his wife an' climb a telegraph pole? That's what he makes Jiggs do. It's about time we stop this pagan and show the wimmin where they belong—Heavens! I'm killed! You low dog of a Kelly, why didn't you stand before me and hit me? Throw down the billy and fight fair."

Just then Pat awoke to find that Maggie's rolling pin had knocked him off the throne and elevated the bald spot on his head.

"Have a heart, Maggie," he begged. "The rolling pin is split, and it's the only one we've got."

—C. Ward.

### SELECTED THOUGHTS

A crumb of wisdom would give some men mental indigestion.

The pessimist can see nothing but the mist, while the optimist is able to see through it.

A pessimist is the one who worries about his funeral expenses.

More harm is done by insinuation than by outright revelation.

A kicker is admired only on the football field.

Sacrifice hits are not always appreciated by the bleachers.

A man who advertises his personal achievements usually needs the advertisement.

A soft life develops a soft head.

Some men can rise only on an elevator.

A book in the hand is worth a dozen on the shelf.

Don't waste a dollar's worth of time saving a penny.

Deep thoughts are not found in shallow minds.

A heated discussion often ends in cold contempt.

Even the pipe of peace sometimes burns the tongue.

It is by quarreling with our friends that we make enemies.

What's the use of "knocking," unless it is merely to make a noise?

The road to success has many toll-gates.

There has been a dream behind every great achievement.







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