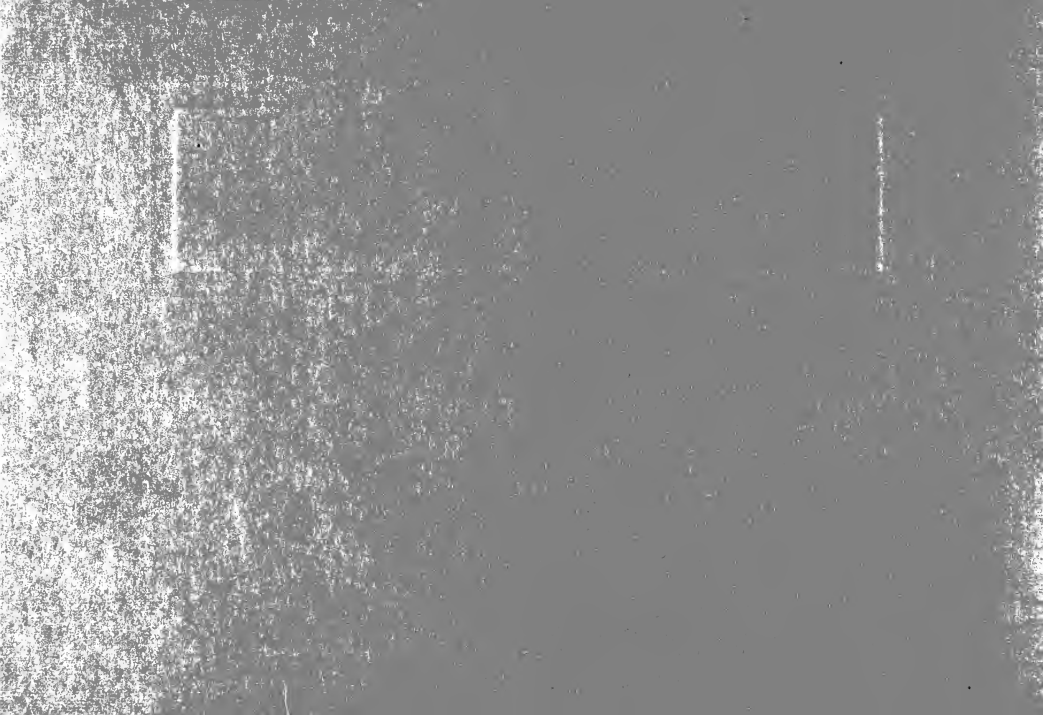


*The* CHESTNUT BURR 1918



K. S. N. C.







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THE CHESTNUT BURR



By CLASS of 1918

KENT STATE NORMAL COLLEGE



## Dedication

To HELEN M. ATKINSON

Whose inspiration and efforts in our behalf have won our highest regard, we, the Senior Class of 1918, respectfully dedicate this volume of *The Chestnut Burr*.

## Foreword



**T**HIS IS OUR BIT—and best. Under circumstances peculiarly trying these war times, we have wrought faithfully that we all might have a suitable souvenir of this year in Kent State Normal College. In our book, foibles and fun play among our serious endeavors like mottled shade in sunshine, for our lives here have had some shade, but much more of shine. And now we hope that the joy we have felt in living in our beloved school is happily and fully reflected in these pages, and that, in future years, these pages may be happy reminders of the joy that shall never die for us.

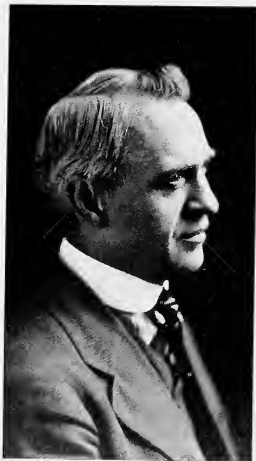
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"THE ENTRANCE"



PRESIDENT JOHN EDWARD MCGILVREY, A. B., PH. D.

FORMER K. S. N. C. BOYS IN SERVICE

Pass on, pass on, ye flashing files  
Of men who pass in militant array.  
—VanDyke

WALTER A. SIMPSON

Co. C, 136th M. G. Bn.,  
Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

ROBERT K. HAVLICEK,

6th Training Co., C. A. C.,  
Fort Monroe, Va.

EMSLIE T. THOMAS

Co. B, 308th Engineers,  
Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O.

HAROLD J. REX

Co. M, Reg. 329,  
Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O.

CARL E. EYMAN

H. A., Yerlia Buena Isle,  
San Francisco, Cal.

THOMAS DENTON

LEO A. WELSH

Quartermaster, Second Class  
W. S. N. R. F., Pittsburgh Steamship Co.,  
Steamer Schiller, Sault St. Marie,  
Maine P. O., Mich.

ALBERT BAIR

U. S. Marines, U. S. S. Vermont,  
Care Postmaster, N. Y., Div. B. 3.

PAUL SCHLEGEL

U. S. Naval Reserve, Hospital Corps,  
Chicago, Ill.

Sgt. WILLIAM H. VAN HORN

37 Inf. Div. Supply Train, Truck Co. No. 2,  
Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

RAY MIKESELL

Line 102, Kelly Field No. 1,  
San Antonio, Tex.

E. CHARLES FOSTER

**EDITORIAL STAFF**

Editor-in-Chief	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MILDRED SCHLAGETTER
Assistant Editor-in-Chief	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ESTHER HERSHMAN
Business Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ELIZABETH TRESCOTT
Assistant Business Manager										MARY WHITE
Senior Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	LUCILLE HILLES
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Departmental Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	LOYD NOBLE
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Literary Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	CELESTE CRITTENDEN
Joke Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARION PEW
Moulton Hall Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ALICE WADE
Lowry Hall Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	CLARA BELLE SNYDER
Artist	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	DOROTHY POWELL

**FACULTY ADVISERS****LITERARY**

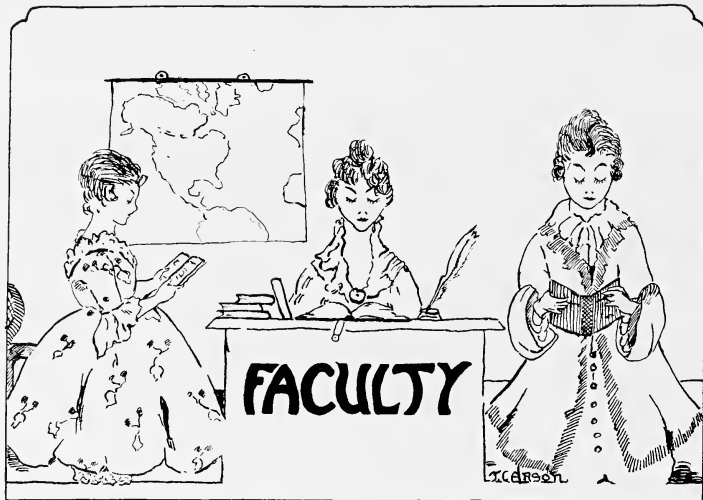
L. A. PITTINGER  
 SUSAN B. DAVIS  
 MRS. EDITH M. OLSON

**BUSINESS**

R. L. EYMAN  
 J. E. LAYTON  
 L. S. HOPKINS



"BEFORE"





JOHN EDWARD MCGILVREY, *President*

His heart is as great as the world, but there is no room in it  
to hold the memory of a wrong.

—o—

HELEN M. ATKINSON, *Assistant to the President*

Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.

—o—

MYRTIE MABEE, *Training Supervisor*

For her heart was in her work, and the heart giveth grace  
unto every work.

—o—

CLINTON S. VAN DEUSEN, *Head of Departm't of Manual Training*

But he whose inborn worth his acts commend,  
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend.

—o—

ELLIS C. SEALE, *Head of the Department of Rural Schools*

Athletics is his hobby; psychology his fort;  
A favorite with the students  
Because he's just the right sort.

—o—

FLORENCE BARBARA DOLPH, *Training Supervisor*

She is good as she is fair,  
None—none on earth above her!  
As pure in thought as angels are;  
To know her is to love her.

—o—

AMANDA JACOBSON, *Department of Public School Art*

The conscious utterance of thought, by speech or action, to  
any end, is art.

—o—

GEORGE EDWARD MARKER, *Head of the Department of Education*

Work first, and then rest.

LESTER S. IVANS, *Extension Teacher*

Describe him who can;  
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.

—o—

EDITH M. OLSON, *Training Supervisor*

Although married she may be,  
She's a great help to K. S. N. C.

—o—

SUSAN B. DAVIS, *Head of Department of Expression*

She's all my fancy painted her,  
She's lovely, she's divine.

—o—

ALVIN J. MILLER, *Extension Teacher*

Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind.

—o—

KATHERINE E. CORBETT, *Training Supervisor*

Great thoughts, great feelings come to her unawares.

—o—

ANNA MAUD SHAMEL, *Head of Department of Public School Music*

As o'er the earth the sun reflects,  
Its ray of living light,  
So thou by thy pure rays of thought  
Art power to mental sight.

—o—

CHARLES F. KOEHLER, *Principal of Normal High School*

A merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth;  
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

—o—

ELSIE MABEE, *Training Supervisor*

For what I will, I will, and there's an end.



FLORENCE B. CRUTTENDEN, *Department of History*

A winning way, a friendly smile  
In all, one who is quite worth while.

—o—

JOHN BROOKIE FAUGHT, *Head of Department of Mathematics*

He hath a look of wisdom in his eye.

—o—

EMMET C. STOPHER, *Department of Extension*

Wiser far than human seer.

—o—

ESTHER TINGWALL, *Training Supervisor*

Her voice is soft and sweet and low,  
It is no wonder the children love her so.

—o—

ANNA S. MATHEWS, *Training Supervisor*

So dainty and petite,  
We all think her mighty sweet.

—o—

RALPH L. EYMAN, *Department of Physical Science*

Whose little body lodged a mighty mind.

—o—

NINA J. WILLIAMS, *Department of English*

Divinely tall and fair is she,  
A daughter of the gods might be.

—o—

CLARA D. HITCHCOCK, *Kindergarten Training Supervisor*

A mind at peace with all below;  
A heart whose love is innocent.

ISABELLE DUNBAR, *Assistant Librarian*

She's pleasant to walk with  
And pleasant to talk with, too.

—o—

LOUISE W. MEARS, *Dean of Women and Associate Professor of Geography*

An arm of aid to the weak,  
A friendly hand to the friendless,  
Kind words so short to speak  
But whose echo is endless;  
The world is wide, these things are small,  
They may be nothing—but they are all.

—o—

MARGARET DUNBAR, *Librarian*

The world that we're a livin' in  
Is mighty hard to beat;  
For you get a thorn with every rose—  
But ain't the roses sweet!

—o—

JOSEPH E. LAYTON, *Head of the Department of History*

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

—o—

DAVID OLSON, *Head of Department of Geography*

And not from Nature to Nature's God,  
But down from Nature's God, look Nature through.

—o—

MERLE WILHELM, *Assistant in Household Arts*

Power dwells with cheerfulness.

—o—

ADALINE KING, *Secretary*

Would there were more like her.

JOHN W. DIRKSON, *Manual Training*

A trained, clear-seeing, unbiased intellect.



SAMUEL S. EBY, *Extension Teacher*

An honest man he is, and hates the shine  
That strikes on filthy deeds.



ISABELLE HAZEN, *Department of Latin and German*

Tall and stately is she  
With a nature full of friendliness to all.



MARGARET C. POTTINGER, *Head of Dept. of Physical Education*

A girl with all the rest of us,  
A woman worthy of the highest esteem.



ZOE BURRELL BAYLISS, *Training Supervisor*

Here's a sigh to those who love me  
And a smile to those who hate;  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate.



BERTHA LOUISE NIXSON, *Head of Department of Household Science*

A busy and congenial teacher is she.  
"Efficient" is what she would have us be.  
Her incalculable store of household lore  
Is a help and inspiration for evermore.



MAY H. PRENTICE, *Director of Training*

"To know her is to love her."

LEWIS SYLVESTER HOPKINS, *Head of Department of Science*

"Laugh and the world laughs with you;  
Weep and you can have your handkerchief by yourself."



NINA S. HUMPHREY, *Head of the Department of Public School Art*

"Humor has justly been regarded as the perfection of poetic  
genius."



MILDRED ROGERS, *Department of French*

The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known.



DELIGHT RAMBO, *Assistant in Library*

She takes the breath of men away  
Who gaze upon her unaware;  
Fenced about by the classics,  
She is always ready to help us,  
And seems absorbed in her work, but some  
Say she has other interests. Who knows?



RUTH C. HARTLERODE, *Public School Music*

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,  
And in a little grain of gold much prize and value lies,  
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,  
So in this little woman there's a taste of paradise.



LEMUEL A. PITTENGER, *Head of the Department of English*

"Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach of  
ordinary men."  
Always saying the right thing at the right time and always  
ready to offer advice and sympathy, is our true friend, Mr.  
Pittenger.



OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS



QUEEN OF THE ICE



LITTLE BEAR



MEEJUS DOLPH



**DEGREE CLASS**

## THE DEGREE CLASS OF 1918

THE 1918 degree class is the first degree class to graduate from Kent in which the people enrolled have done all their work in Kent. Others have taken the degree here, it is true, but they were either post-graduates of other colleges or had completed a part of their work at least before entering K. S. N. C.

After all, the big, pertinent questions are: What does a degree from Kent Normal mean? What is it worth? Is it a means or an end? The granting of the degree means that a certain standard of scholarship and professional training has been reached. It is not a mark of distinction or honor as it is often supposed, but it is merely a mile-post on the highway of increased efficiency. It is the progress of growth culminating with the appellation

of "Bachelor of Arts" or "Bachelor of Science" that counts in the real test of life.

The faculty, alumni, and under graduates hope and trust that the members of the 1918 degree class, collectively and individually, will reflect honor and credit on the school whose friendly walls have sheltered them for the past four years, and whose foundations of knowledge and experience have poured forth abundantly for their growth toward a greater and better efficiency.

As the degree class of 1918 goes out, it takes with it a full share of memories, friendships, and associations that cannot help but function in the training of the future citizens of the state as well as remain dear to the heart of each member of the class.

## The Chestnut Burr

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ROSE LINK, Sandusky, Ohio

"Knowledge is power," saith the sage, and if that be true, Miss Link should be a wonder as a teacher. Her discussions of the ways and means used in training the minds of the young will ever be remembered by her fortunate classmates. The history of Education was a series of triumphs, while Moulton Hall was made a place of study by her. In history Miss Cruttenden and Mr. Layton both thank heaven for sending them such a genius with a mind bent on absorbing the wealth of the ages. Here's to your success, Rose, ever onward and upward. From the looks of a certain diamond we may venture to quote:

"Rose now, Rose forever,  
Link now, but not forever."



JAMES W. TIDD, Williamsfield, Ohio

It has been a great pleasure to have James with us these last four years. He is one of those congenial fellows who always tries to have the other person enjoy himself. James has made his mark at K. S. N. C. Brilliant in conversation, studious in the classroom, and agile in athletics are only some of his high points. His most frequent words are "Raise you five."



HENRY J. ROBINSON, Ravenna, Ohio

When we think of Mr. Robinson we involuntarily think of the Kentonian, and when we think of either we feel a thrill of pride.

An active participant in all student activities, he stands forth as an example worthy of emulation. Henry is a star in indoor baseball as well. Keep it up, Old Top, we expect great things of you.

Surely he hath a heart of steel, for has he not run the gauntlet of an overwhelming number of the fair sex and escaped, "The tie that binds?"



CLYDE O. HOSTETTLER, Kent, Ohio

Is he married? He is. Having answered this most important question we will now proceed with our talk. Hostettler is a student of science, having spent much time while in Kent in the chemical laboratory. His ability is not measured by his knowledge of science, however. He is a good student in all work which he undertakes.

Clyde has the necessary confidence and ability to make good. His friends in Kent are sure that he will, too.

## The Chestnut Burr

---



KARL N. KELLER, Massillon, Ohio

Then here's to Keller, such a cute little feller;  
 He's a friend tried and true to be sure.  
 If you have had some bad news,  
 Or perhaps have the blues,  
 Just talk with this chap—he's the cure.

Yes! Karl comes from Massillon, to be sure, but please don't associate "Bug Houses" with him, as a more wide-awake little man never trod the halls of K. S. N. C.

The Wise Ones have told us that a man can be well judged by the way he spends his leisure hours. Keller devotes his to indoor baseball, and, it is rumored, makes frequent trips to Lowry Hall. He says he is not in love, tho, and he hasn't time to get married anyway; but time alone will tell.

Good luck, Karl! May the success which you have proved you deserve be yours.



KENNETH NORTON McCLINTOCK, Twinsburg, Ohio

We are indeed glad that Mr. McClintock saw fit to take his post-graduate work at K. S. N. C. His experience gained from residing in one of Ohio's greatest Universities, coupled with his sterling scholarship and his ability to make friends have made him a trusted and valued friend of all who have been fortunate enough to make his acquaintance.





CORA VINETTA HERSHNER, Mt. Gilead, Ohio

A quiet, unassuming girl with a bright outlook on life. With a smile and a pleasant word for all.

Work while you work,  
Play while you play,  
This is her motto  
From day unto day.



GILBERT ROBERTS, Frederickstown, Ohio

For the past four years Gilbert has stood like a Saul in the student body of K. S. N. C. At the cost of much personal sacrifice he has freely given his time and energy toward furthering the student welfare and happiness here.

Always calm and deliberate, he possesses that rare quality of thinking a subject through logically, considering all possible points of view. Because of his wonderful capacity for knowledge, his broad-mindedness, and altruism, he will some day say: "Veni, vidi, vici."

Although hardly a woman hater, he has spent little time this winter entertaining the fair sex in our midst—but who knows?

## The Chestnut Burr

---



MINNIE ETHEL WHEELER, Massillon, Ohio

Calm, unruffled, dignified, and faithful in performing the smallest details of her work, we find Miss Wheeler intensely interested in Household Science. Is there any special reason, Minnie?

HARRY W. KANE, Kent, Ohio

Mr. Kane might well be termed "Dean of the Class of 1918" as far as age goes, but in spirit Mr. Kane is as young as the youngest of us. He has the spirit that will never grow old. His broad experience as a teacher and his ability to recognize and relate some of the bright and witty things in life have earned him the place that he holds in the memory of each of his classmates.



J. Powell

**SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS**

President .....	LIBBY TICHY
Vice President .....	GERTRUDE ELLSWORTH
Secretary .....	GLADYS HOOVER
Treasurer .....	CELESTE CRITTENDEN
Faculty Adviser .....	MISS DAVIS



ANNETTE E. PIERSON

GERTRUDE C. ELLSWORTH

MILDRED E. SCHLAGETTER

M. RUTH BEANEY

LIBBY TICHY

ANNETTE E. PIERSON, Mentor, O.  
And here we see our friend Annette,  
A place in our hearts she has won,  
With her smile, and a summer heart,  
And a habit of making fun.

GERTRUDE C. ELLSWORTH,  
Willoughby, O.  
Straight and fair is our Gertrude,  
And true to the core;  
Everyone of us loves her,  
And then loves her some more.

MILDRED E. SCHLAGETTER,  
Cleveland, O.  
She is happy the livelong day,  
With her smile she has won us all,  
The success of this book is due to her  
work,  
K. S. N. C. will miss her next fall.

M. RUTH BEANEY, Macedonia, O.  
"Beaney" is very studious,  
In teaching she excels,  
We like to listen  
To the tales that she tells.

LIBBY TICHY, Cleveland, O.  
Our Libby has quite lost her heart,  
She cannot decide, whether to Martin or  
Mart.  
But I am sure you will all agree,  
It is an art teacher she should be.

## The Chestnut Burr



MILDRED SUTHERLAND

PEARL MERRILL

CLAUDIA THOMAS

AUGUSTA SEELEY

CARRIE SCHMALZLE

MILDRED SUTHERLAND, New London, O.

She is quite a quiet lassie  
Tho' she has a smile quite sassy,  
She is like a ray of sun, and very full of  
fun.

PEARL MERRILL

Pearl never has much to say,  
Just why this is we cannot tell;  
But she is busy all the day,  
Playing and working equally well.

CLAUDIA THOMAS

"A heart that feels and eyes that smile  
And the dearest gifts that heaven supplies."

AUGUSTA SEELEY, Austinsburg, O.

Augusta, a sincere maid,  
Who's always thinking about her grade;  
She is a true friend to all in need,  
And always ready when it comes to a  
feed.

CARRIE SCHMALZLE, Twinsburg, O.

She's busy every moment  
With some project quite worth while;  
As a friend she's true and faithful  
And she wears a welcome smile.



GLADYS M. HOOVER

NINA M. BROWN

CLARA J. FARROW

IRENE A. THORPE

LUCY A. WALTENBAUGH

GLADYS M. HOOVER, Cleveland, O.

"We're thankful for one who is cheerful,  
In spite of life's troubles, I say;  
Who sings of a brighter tomorrow,  
Because of the clouds of today."

NINA M. BROWN, Cleveland, O.

A wonderful little girl is Nina,  
Always so sweet and so loving to meet.  
With a smile for all and a voice divine,  
Another like her you never will find.

CLARA J. FARROW, Cleveland, O.

A "physical ed." girl is she,  
Just as sweet as she can be.  
On week days she "loves" to stay in Kent,  
But on Friday her steps are toward Cleve-  
land bent.

IRENE A. THORPE, Cleveland, O.

She's clever and bright, and curious, too,  
This girl who is called Irene;  
And a true, true friend she will prove to  
all  
Who have won and kept her esteem.

LUCY A. WALTENBAUGH, Hartville, O.

Lucy, Lucy, whither away?  
"I'm going a camping, Sir," she said,  
"For many a mile away from here,  
I have a man who's very dear."

## The Chestnut Burr



LILLIAN C. CONROY

ETHEL A. FINLEY

DOROTHY REX

DOROTHY RICE

FLORENCE REX

LILLIAN C. CONROY, Youngstown, O.

Lillian Conroy is little we know,  
But precious wee things in small packages  
grow.  
Always she works when there's work to  
be done,  
Always she helps when she thinks there  
is fun.

ETHEL A. FINLEY, Spencer, O.

"Her very frown is fairer far,  
Than smiles of other maidens are."

DOROTHY REX, Medina, O.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."

DOROTHY RICE, Medina, O.

"And her eyes are dark and humid,  
Like the depths on depths of lustre."

FLORENCE REX, Medina, O.

"A countenance in which did meet,  
Sweet records, promises as sweet."





META F. CHAPMAN

LOYD NOBLE

H. GRACE LUNEMAN

ESTHER E. ALKER

NINA N. FRYE

META F. CHAPMAN, Atwater, O.  
Physical Ed. is her special art.  
As a first class teacher, she's made a good  
start.

LOYD NOBLE, Akron, O.  
"Her fingers and eyes, her mouth, her  
chin,  
Are full of a turbulent glee;  
And try as I may, I cannot escape  
The spell that they throw over me."

H. GRACE LUNEMAN, Tallmadge, O.  
"Come weel, come woe, I care na by,  
I'll take what heaven will send me, O,  
Nae ither care in life have I,  
But live and love my Johnnie, O.

ESTHER E. ALKER, Steubenville, O.  
Among us she has tread her quiet way,  
For somehow she has never words to say.  
She looks and looks with wonder in her  
eyes,  
And what she cannot see, her wit supplies.

NINA N. FRYE, Columbiana, O.  
A lovely maid, most dear and taking,  
When we are sad, she makes us glad,  
With funny speeches she's always making.  
It is not so much what she says we meas-  
ure,  
But the accent of her voice, we treasure.

## The Chestnut Burr



ALICE WADE

MARION PEW

CELESTE M. CRITTENDEN

LUCILLE HILLES

DOROTHY M. POWELL

ALICE WADE, Youngstown, O.

Many a scrape has she been in,  
Of course, all due to her frankness;  
But a "true blue" girl she'll always be.  
Her motto will always be "cheerfulness."

MARION PEW, Warren, O.

She's witty and clever, and happy and bright;  
To know her, my dear, is indeed a delight.  
Her friends will regret the day they must part  
From this little maid who has a place in  
their heart.

CELESTE M. CRITTENDEN, Burton, O.

You hear Celeste talk about "Hall."  
Does she mean Moulton? Not at all,  
But one who admires this fair, sweet girl,  
And by his attentions keeps her in a whirl.

LUCILLE HILLES, Salem, O.

Here's to the lassie, with fond eyes and sassy,  
Who made such a hit in the Senior play  
As a lover, ideal, she surely was real  
And acted the part in a heart-stealing  
way.

DOROTHY M. POWELL, Akron, O.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw ad-  
mired,  
Courteous, tho coy, and gentle tho retired,  
The joy of youth and health are in her  
eyes displayed,  
And ease of heart, her every look con-  
veyed."



FLORENCE B. IRVING    MARGERY E. McDEVITT    ELSIE SCHOPE    GENEVIEVE B. COLEMAN    ALBERTA LYNNE

FLORENCE B. IRVING, Youngstown, O.

To eat, to sleep, and to dance  
Are three things she loves to do.  
When asked which she likes the best,  
She answers, "Dancing, don't you?"

MARGERY E. McDEVITT, Leetonia, O.

Margery, a maiden sweet,  
To have her with us is a treat.  
She never shouts, she's always nice,  
But really, she is afraid of mice.

ELSIE SCHOPE, Forest, O.

She is short but sweet,  
To hear her tell a story,  
It is indeed a treat  
And will surely win her glory.

GENEVIEVE B. COLEMAN, Cleveland, O.

Here's to a girl who is always neat,  
Here's to a girl who is sweet;  
For here is a girl who'll always smile  
No matter how often you meet.

ALBERTA LYNNE, Amherst, O.

She goes on her way rejoicing,  
Doing her work every day,  
Working like a beaver,  
And having little to say.



BEATRICE MAGUIRE

HAZEL J. HUDSON

BERTHA E. LIPPMAN

WILDA M. SAMES

RACHEL BECKER

BEATRICE MAGUIRE, Salem, O.

What shall we say of Beatrice Maguire?  
 "The Big Five" can tell you that,  
 For it's into their room on a chilly eve,  
 She drops in for a chat.

HAZEL J. HUDSON, Wayland, O.

A whole-souled winsome lassie!  
 Her heart has room for all,  
 And you'll be sure to share it,  
 If you're within her call.

BERTHA E. LIPPMAN, Steubenville, O.

Bertha has been with us only one short  
 year;  
 But we have all decided that she surely is  
 a dear.

WILDA M. SAMES, Kent, O.

"A little maiden of sweet and lovely dis-  
 position,  
 Whose charming ways win many hearts;  
 A maiden whose friendship is worth  
 while."

RACHEL BECKER, Struthers, O.

A friendly lass with big brown eyes  
 Who, work and study, does not despise;  
 And when it comes to a dance or feed,  
 You'll find her right on hand, indeed.



FLORENCE WILT

ADA M. PRINTZ

MABEL L. CULP

MARION PELTON

C. IDETTA LUTZ

FLORENCE WILT, Bellevue, O.  
Florine, a sweet and quiet lass,  
Is quite a favorite with her class.  
Sweet as a primrose, shy as a deer,  
She walks among us spreading cheer.

ADA M. PRINTZ, North Lima, O.  
Our Ada is so very quiet,  
She is so very deep,  
But when it comes to fun and feeds,  
She's the liveliest in our suite.

MABEL L. CULP, Toronto, O.  
I's wicked I is.  
I's naughty wicked,  
Anyhow I can't help it.

MARION PELTON, Akron, O.  
This likeness of Marion will be  
A keepsake for you and for me.  
Her sweet manner remember  
For none would offend her,  
But always small will she be.

C. IDETTA LUTZ, Elida, O.  
Unassuming and quiet, but so kind to all,  
Her pleasant, good nature, we'll always  
recall.

## The Chestnut Burr



ELLEN MANCHESTER    ELIZABETH TRESMOTT    ESTHER HERSHMAN    MARIE R. RICHARDSON    RUTH M. CUBBISON

ELLEN MANCHESTER, Perry, O.  
 Her sunny way and curling hair  
 Make her a favorite, I declare.

BETTY TRESMOTT, Ravenna, O.  
 She's noted for her solos  
 And her laughing Irish wit,  
 No matter where she sings,  
 She always makes a hit.

ESTHER HERSHMAN, Coshocton, O.  
 She who works hard the live-long day,  
 Never complains or has much to say;  
 To teach, some think, is her only knack,  
 But let's all be sure  
 And just ask "Mack."

MARIE R. RICHARDSON,  
 Cuyaboga Falls, O.  
 Twixt "Ed. and Gym." she's quite in trim,  
 For many a fine occupation,  
 "The house wife's the best for today,"  
 says "Jim."  
 While school marm's the cry of her wise  
 "Ed"ucation.

RUTH M. CUBBISON, Canton, O.  
 She's little but she's sweet,  
 All her friends can tell you this;  
 For there's sunshine in the smile  
 And the eyes of this fair miss.



JOSIE SHERBON

CATHERINE P. DARLING

MARTHA GAMBLE

ONA E. HESS

ESTELLA R. PAXTON

JOSIE SHERBON, East Liverpool, O.

This studious normal student  
Is busy all the time;  
One so quiet and so dignified  
Is very hard to find.

CATHERINE P. DARLING, Perrysville, O.

Arguing, tatting and crochet,  
Catherine did the livelong day,  
Then to training school she went,  
And now she's more on learning bent.

MARTHA GAMBLE, Steubenville, O.

A maid of intellect is she,  
As bright and witty as can be.  
Tho' little she is mighty,  
As you will all agree.

ONA E. HESS, Buckeye City, O.

Tho' she is small of stature,  
We cannot say she is frail,  
Her face has a winning kindness,  
As a friend she ne'er will fail.

ESTELLA R. PAXTON, Nova, O.

Surely, we know this maiden,  
She greets each with a smile,  
And all the long, long while  
Her arms with books are laden.



HAZEL MONTAGUE    VIRGINIA I. MATTHEWS    E. GENIEVE KASNER    M. RUTH JOHNSON    RACHEL I. SCHRIVER

HAZEL MONTAGUE, Elyria, O.

A ready tongue, a ready wit,  
Even in Geography she possesses it.  
She is busy here and busy there  
Altho she seldom has a care.

VIRGINIA I. MATTHEWS, Kent, O.

I heard a strain, so sweet and clear,  
'Tis the kind so rare, we seldom hear;  
I sought and found the maker near,  
'Twas our violinist, Virginia, dear.

E. GENIEVE KASNER, Killbuck, O.

Of all sad words,  
These words I hate;  
Get up; get up;  
It's after eight.

M. RUTH JOHNSON, Frazeyburg, O.

"Ray-fringed eyelids of the morn,  
Roof not a glance, so keen as thine.  
If aught of prophecy be mine,  
Thou wilt not live in vain."

RACHEL I. SCHRIVER, Warren, O.

Domestic Science is your realm,  
Dancing is your art;  
But by your waffles, Rachel, dear,  
You'll win some good man's heart.





CAROLINE ROWLAND    CLARA E. GINTHER    HELEN C. JOLIAT    MARGARET R. GOLDEN    ELIZABETH E. NELSON

CAROLINE ROWLAND, New London, O.  
Quiet, conscientious, above all, true blue,  
You're the lucky one, if she's a friend to  
you.

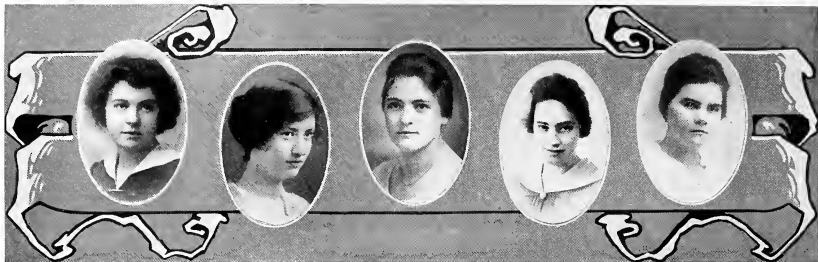
CLARA E. GINTHER, Jewett, O.  
"I make it a practice to put all my worries  
in the bottom of my heart, sit on the  
bed and smile."

HELEN C. JOLIAT, Louisville, O.  
We'll miss her smiles when she is gone.  
We'll miss her dimples, too.  
It does not seem that she can help  
But miss her class-mates too.

MARGARET R. GOLDEN, Youngstown, O.  
"Peg" is her nickname,  
Moulton Hall her station,  
Lowry Hall her boarding place,  
And giggling her vocation.

ELIZABETH E. NELSON, Jefferson, O.  
More modest maid has never tread  
Dear Kent State Normal's halls.  
A truly student life she led  
Within its beautiful walls.

## The Chestnut Burr



ESTHER C. GORDON

ELEANOR J. KREITLER

CLARA B. SNYDER

NELLIE T. SHIELE

MYRTLE V. HOPUSCH

ESTHER C. GORDON, N. Kingsville, O.

"With loyal heart and spirit brave,  
With a soul that is pure and true;  
Give to the world the best you have,  
And reward will come back to you."

ELEANOR J. KREITLER, Warren, O.

Happy and free from care am I,  
With my K. N. diploma,  
I'll soar on high.

CLARA B. SNYDER, Harfester, O.

Clara is a friend, tried and true,  
Whatever she starts of work or play,  
She always sees it through.

NELLIE T. SHIELE, Canton, O.

We could listen to her every day,  
As in her unassuming way,  
She merely touches the piano keys,  
And you hear most beautiful melodies.

MYRTLE V. HOPUSCH, Canton, O.

Full of frolic, full of fun,  
Sympathetic with everyone,  
Our lessons we should always get,  
But the movies haunt me yet.



FERN I. GAMBERLING

VERONICA PAUL

M. AGNES HUSTON

RUTH M. GAWN

DOROTHY G. HENNEMAN

FERN I. GAMBERLING, Kent, O.

"To see her is to love her  
And love but her forever;  
For nature made her what she is,  
And never made another."

VERONICA PAUL, Massillon, O.

"She is a friend indeed,  
With all a friend's virtues, shining bright;  
It was no broken reed  
You leaned on, when you trusted in her  
might."

M. AGNES HUSTON, Peninsula, O.

She is the most winsome of lasses.  
In all things she surpasses,  
Those who won't work, and those who will  
shirk,  
But she likes candy made of molasses.

RUTH M. GAWN, Cleveland, O.

Little, but Oh my!

DOROTHY G. HENNEMAN, Lorain, O.

O what shall we say of this quiet little  
miss?  
For hardly a sound do we hear;  
But she smiles all day in the happiest way  
The hearts of her friends to cheer.

## The Chestnut Burr



DOROTHY MARSH

OLIVE F. VOIT

CLEO M. MCINTOSH

BESSIE M. ORR

ELSIE M. PENTY

DOROTHY MARSH, Akron, O.

"Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when  
others  
Are filled with gloomy forebodings of ill,  
and see only ruin before them,  
Happy art thou, as if every day thou  
hadst picked up a horse shoe."

OLIVE F. VOIT, Warren, O.

On the first floor there lived a maid.  
She was known to her friends as Pete.  
We'll all miss her smile and her friendly  
ways,  
When no longer we chance to meet.

CLEO M. MCINTOSH, Rome, O.

Clever and quiet, with little to say,  
Works quite hard the livelong day.  
Always a smile in her own sweet way,  
This is the way she passes the day.

BESSIE M. ORR, West Park, O.

If I were but a painter,  
I would paint her here for you;  
For in our halls, a finer girl  
Than she, we never knew.

ELSIE M. PENTY, South Euclid, O.

There was a little girl  
Her name was Elsie Penty.  
She came to Kent State Normal,  
And of knowledge she got a plenty.



ANNA E. SCHLESSMAN    MURILLA McINTYRE    MARY WHITE    OLIVE M. HOOVER    ELLEN R. MESSENGER

ANNA E. SCHLESSMAN, Sandusky, O.  
Like the wings of night—is her coal-black  
hair;  
Like the sparkling water, her eyes;  
But her book is always before her face,  
And deep are her thoughts, we surmise.

MURILLA McINTYRE, Coshocton, O.  
It is needless to say we love her,  
With her happy sunny smile,  
There are not many like her,  
Tho you travel many a mile.

MARY WHITE, Euclid, O.  
Here is to Mary, the girl of all girls,  
The purest, the best, most precious of  
pearls.  
Mischief doth gleam in her big eyes of  
blue,  
You'd better be careful, she'll play jokes  
on you.

OLIVE M. HOOVER, Alliance, O.  
She is not always as sober as this,  
But she is modest, sweet and true.  
If you give her a smile she'll never fail,  
To return a smile to you.

ELLEN R. MESSENGER, Niles, O.  
When in need of "pep" call on Ellen,  
For "Pep" is her middle name,  
With a laugh she is always ready,  
And above all, she is game.

## The Chestnut Burr



THERESA FRAZIER

ANNE J. MARTENS

MARION L. NOBLE

MILDRED M. WISE

ALTA M. CHASE

THERESA FRAZIER, Seville, O.

A smile from everyone, and a word of  
cheer;  
She certainly has made a host of friends  
this year.

ANNE J. MARTENS, Euclid, O.

"Sweet the strain  
When in the song, the singer has been  
lost."

MARION L. NOBLE, Windsor, O.

Marion has a noble face.  
She works quite hard a home to make,  
She says it's for Domestic Art,  
Me-thinks it's for her own sweetheart.

MILDRED M. WISE, Kent, O.

Wise in word and Wise in name,  
Wise in all, she'll win her fame.  
Just one thing I can't see at all,  
Why one so wise should be so small.

ALTA M. CHASE, Dorset, O.

She is one in K. S. N. C.  
Who helps us as the need might be.  
She studies hard from morn 'til night,  
And wasteth much of the midnight light.



CHARLOTTE M. GARMON

EVA M. GAWN

EDNA M. WOOLEY

ESTHER C. LABER

MARY E. FERGUSON

CHARLOTTE M. GARMON, Everett, O.

She is often gay and happy,  
But can also serious be;  
Always glad to be of service,  
She just suits you to a T.

EVA M. GAWN, Lorain, O.

"An inborn grace that nothing lacked  
Of culture or appliance;  
The warmth of genial courtesy  
The calm of self-reliance."

EDNA M. WOOLEY, Youngstown, O.

To know her is to love her,  
To love her is to woo,  
O! golden headed damsel  
What can the poor men do?

ESTHER C. LABER, East Palestine, O.

We all do know this maiden,  
She is quiet, yet happy too.  
Her shining eyes and dimpling cheek,  
Do oft some mischief brew.

MARY E. FERGUSON, N. Waterford, O.

Mary, Mary, not a bit contrary,  
How does your "garten" grow?  
With Billy Lane and sister Jane,  
And twelve more kiddies all in a row.

## The Chestnut Burr



GRACE V. McNEIL

LOUISE BOWDEN

NELL M. WILKENSON

MRS. ALME LANG

FLORENCE BEAL

GRACE V. McNEIL, Kent, O.

Grace is quiet, unassuming and composed.  
Always sweet as a wild briar rose.  
So kind and so true,  
She is one among few.

LOUISE BOWDEN, Cleveland, O.

Knocking at the doors,  
Crying through the locks,  
"Are you 'wee ones' in your beds?  
For it's half past ten o'clock."

NELL M. WILKENSON, Oberlin, O.

Nellie, our queen of knowledge now,  
Will be a Psychologist, I trow.  
Her aim to win is great,  
But loyalty to friends has weight,  
Her room is open all day long,  
To many a happy and loving throng.

MRS. ALME LANG, Litchfield, O.

"Knowledge is power,"  
So said the seer,  
And knowledge to Mrs. Lang  
Is very dear.

FLORENCE BEAL, Kent, O.

They say that all good things on earth,  
Come down in parcels small.  
Then think, my friends, how she must be,  
Valued above us all.





ESTHER R. DAVIS

JENNIE M. HANSON

MADELINE R. GRIGGY

ESTHER R. DAVIS, Akron, O.  
Who can forget her quiet ways,  
Who can forget her smiles,  
Who can forget her friendship deep,  
Tho between us lie many miles?

JENNIE M. HANSON, Akron, O.  
"Where there's a will, there's a way,"  
At least that's what Jennie would say,  
When she knows she is right—  
She sticks to it tight—  
It's useless to try her to sway.

MADELINE R. GRIGGY, Kent, O.  
I'm awfully fond of "little" boys,  
O, goodness, aren't they cute?  
My life with troubles is surely awhirl,  
Twixt Si and Ed, and boys and a girl.

GERTRUDE CAVANAUGH

MARION ELDRIDGE

GRACE HAZEN

ESTHER DAVIS

MERRITT SKEELS

ANNA STUART

HAROLD MILLS

## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1918

We, the members of the Class of 1918, of Kent State Normal College, do make, ordain, and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us made.

*First*—We hereby direct and request, that our just debts to the Faculty be discharged out of our loving memories, to wit: Especially to Miss Davis for her untiring effort in making our class play a success; to Miss Shamel for her assistance in directing suitable music for the play; to Mrs. Olson, Mr. Eyman, Miss Davis, and Mr. Pittinger for their loyal support toward the Chestnut Burr; to Mr. Seale who so kindly organized History of Education under twelve topics; to Miss Prentice who so willingly gave her time and help to the students in practice teaching; to Miss Williams for her constant support to the Garfield Literary Society and the Y. W. C. A.; to Mr. Marker for his help in aiding the Seniors to meet the needs of life; to Miss Pottinger for her interest in athletics for the entire school.

*Second*—We hereby bequeath to our worthy successor, the Class of 1919, the front seats we have heretofore occupied in chapel; the pleasure of editing next year's "Chestnut Burr;" all the dictionaries, encyclopedias, reference books to be found in the library with the help of Misses Dunbar and Miss Rambo; and the "Tree Skinners."

*Third*—Libby Tichy doth bequeath the presidency of the Senior Class to a worthy Junior;  
 Esther Hershman, her sweet disposition and willingness to help, to Esther Porter;  
 "Peg" Golden, her giggle to Reba Herrick;  
 Gertrude Cavanaugh, her art of dancing to Martha Graupner;  
 Alice Wade, her wit, to Elma Starker;

Marion Pelton, her desire to grow tall to Dorothy Shea;  
 Mary White, her basket-ball skill to Agnes Ryan;  
 Irene Thorpe, her athletic ability to Dorothy Snow;  
 Merritt Skeels, her winning smile to Emily Lewis;  
 Lucille Hilles, her red sweater to the residents of Moulton Hall;  
 "Mid" Schlagetter, her slang expressions to Bessie Kimmell;  
 Dorothy Marsh, her late permits to Gertrude Dougherty;  
 Celeste Crittenden, her Howard Hall to Dorothy Haessly;  
 Agnes Huston, her Y. W. C. A. work to "Peach Phillips;"  
 Betty Trescott, her singing ability to Charlotte Kemper;  
 Dorothy Powell, her skates to Gale Ferry;  
 Martha Gamble, her concentrated studying to Helen Matthews;  
 Ada Printz, her mumps to the hospital suite;  
 Loyd Noble, her art of talking to Ruth Bayless;  
 Ellen Messenger, her base-ball ability to Hazel Quinlan;  
 Gladys Hoover, her Household Art to Daisy Stackhouse;  
 Nina Brown, her "baby-ways" to Thelma Carson;  
 Charlotte Garman, her "Charlie" to Lydia Oyster;  
 Jennie Hanson, her Psychology to Emeline Kneasal;  
 Clara Farrow, her week ends in Cleveland to Tillie Kessler.

*Fourth*—We hereby nominate and appoint the Class of 1919 executors of this, our last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hands and seal, this 7th day of June, A. D. 1918.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

"It seems chilly in here, Alice. I'll ring for Mills and we'll soon have a jolly fire."

"Here it is nearly Christmas of 1935, and I haven't a thing ready. I suppose Merritt, you are making big preparations for Christmas this year on account of the children."

"Here come Marie and Jack now. Why, children! where have you been?"

"In the attic, Mother, and see what we found! Tell us a story about this red cross, please."

"Merritt, never shall I forget the feeling which came over me as I saw you sail out of New York harbor in your uniform. And where, I wonder, are those other girls who watched you and shared my feelings at your departure for France? It seems but yesterday yet many eventful years have passed."

"Let me see, where are Charlotte and Ellen Manchester and Esther?"

"Well, I just had a letter from Charlotte. At last she has found something in life other than her career. They are traveling in Europe during this reconstruction period, and are wonderfully happy."

"A lady to see you, Madam; she sends no card."

"O, show her in, Mills. Why, Betty! You here! How did you happen to be in Chicago?"

"I have been at the Annual Home Coming and am now on my way to the coast to meet my husband. I just thought I'd stop and tell you all the news."

"We've just been talking about the old girls, so tell us all."

"Well, where shall I begin? As I boarded the car to Kent I heard, 'Step lively! Step lively!' and recognized the voice of our 'Mid,' as conductor on that line. Whom should I sit down with but Hazel Hudson? She, too, was on the way to Home Coming. O, girls, I saw almost all of the old class."

"Tell us quickly, then. Where are Mildred Sutherland, Gladys Hoover, Florence Irving, Marge McDevitt, and the Big Five?"

"Wait just a minute. Mildred Sutherland is an actress in 'The Passing Show of 1935.' Gladys Hoover is dietician for a dentist. Florence Irving is a regular Mrs. Castle. Marge McDevitt is a Red Cross speaker and the Big Five are in the teaching profession."

"Then let me see—there was Rachel Becker; she is attending the Tree Surgery School in the old town. Ada Printz has acquired a title worthy of her name. And, O, girls, do you know that almost the entire faculty is made up of graduates from the Class of '18? There is Ruth Cubbison as Head of the Training Department; Jennie Hanson is Matron of Lowry Hall; Edna Wooley is Matron of Moulton and Louise Bowden is Dean. Murilla McIntyre is Head of the Kindergarten Department, with Myrtle Hopusch as her assistant. Zelle Krape is assistant to the President and Carrie Rowland is National Treasurer for the Y. W. C. A."

"Now, Betty, tell us all about yourself."

"After I left school in '18, I thought I would die of loneliness. Nothing seemed the same! But you know I took that contract to sing, and after that I became so interested in the work that my time was thoroughly taken up. I sang once with our Anne Martens. She is certainly a wonder. Once, when I was in Europe, touring, I recognized Marie Richardson. She married a titled Frenchman and is very happy. I dined in their home. Then you know when I met my fate and since then I have been traveling quite extensively with him, and O, girls! isn't married life the ideal life?"

"O, Mother, there is Daddy!"

"Well, now, College news will have to wait!"

# The Chestnut Burr

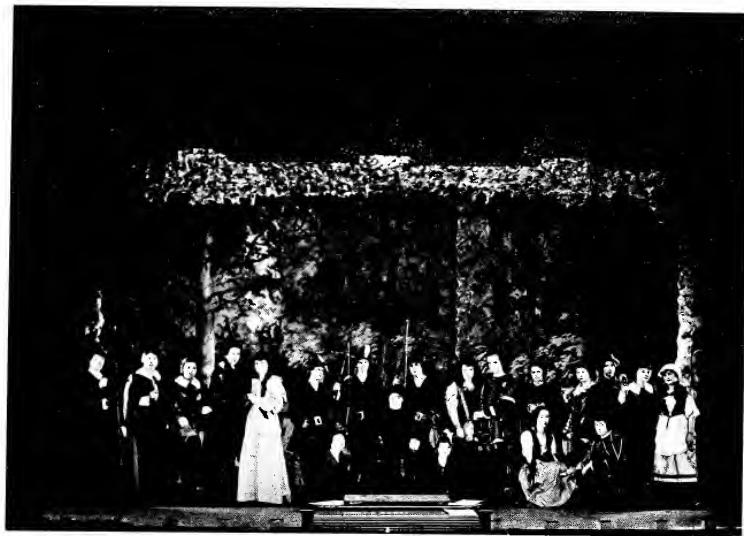
## "AS YOU LIKE IT"

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

[IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE]

Orlando .....	MISS LUCILLE HILLES
Adam, an old servant .....	MISS DOROTHY REX
Oliver, Orlando's Elder brother.....	MISS LIBBY TICHY
Charles, the court wrestler .....	MISS CHARLOTTE GARMAN
Rosalind, daughter to the banished duke.....	MISS MERRITT SKEELS
Celia, daughter to the usurping duke.....	MISS DOROTHY MARSH
Touchstone .....	MISS DOROTHY POWELL
Le Beau, a young courtier .....	MISS MARGARET GOLDEN
Duke Frederick .....	MISS MARIE RICHARDSON
The Banished Duke.....	MISS MARIAN PEW
Amiens .....	MISS ANNE MARTENS
Corin, a shepherd .....	MISS ALICE WADE
Silvius, a young shepherd .....	MISS MYRTLE HOPUSCH
Jaques .....	MISS MARY FERGUSON
Phoebe, a shepherdess.....	MISS LOYD NOBLE
Audrey, a country wench.....	MISS MILDRED SUTHERLAND
William, a country youth.....	MISS ANNETTE PIERSON
Jaques de Bois .....	MISS ESTHER GORDON
Guards .....	MISS MARY WHITE AND MISS ADA PRINTZ
Foresters .....	MISSSES BROWN, KRAPE, APPLE, LYNN, HUDSON, TRESCOTT



*The Chestnut Burr*

"AS YOU LIKE IT" CAST



*The Chestnut Burr*



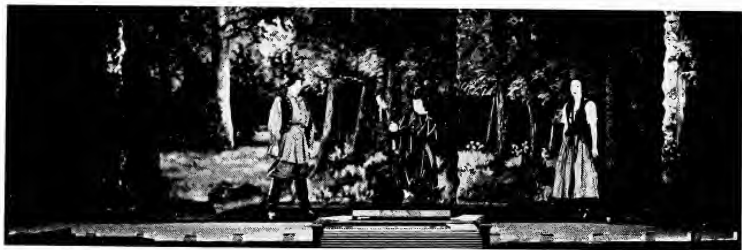
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*The Chestnut Burr*

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"THE KLEPTOMANIAC"

CAST

Mrs. John Burton .....	ELLEN MESSENGER
Mrs. Charles Dover .....	CHARLOTTE GARMAN
Miss Freda Dixon .....	ALICE WADE
Mrs. Valaria Chase Armsby.....	MILDRED SCHLAGETTER
Mrs. Preston Ashby .....	ELLEN MANCHESTER
Katie .....	MARY WHITE

# The Chestnut Burr



WE ARE SIX



ASSEMBLY TIME



LIBBY



GOOD MORNING



OUR ZOO



LONESOME



WATCH YOUR STEP



WHEN DUTY CALLS



I SEE YOU



WE LOVE EACH OTHER



**JUNIORS**



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President .....	HAZEL QUINLAN
Vice President .....	CHARLOTTE KEMPER
Secretary .....	ALMA EVANS
Treasurer .....	LILLIAN STEVENS
Faculty Adviser .....	MR. MARKER





## JUNIORS

Alexander, Mark K.	Egan, Agnes M.	Johnson, S. Bess	Noland, Edith	Snow, Dorothy
Andrews, Emma B.	Evans, Alma B.	Jones, Lucy M.	O'Rourke, Helen	Sokalik, Anna
Armbruster, Leona M.	Ferguson, Gladys	Kenp, Jeannie	Oyster, Lydia R.	Sonsen, Lillie
Beckwith, Lucy L.	Ferry, Gail M.	Kemper, Charlotte M.	Paulin, Anna L.	Spellman, Lillian
Benson, Emily M.	Fitch, Isabelle Fayette	Kessler, Matilda	Paxton, Estella R.	Stackhouse, Daisy M.
Bird, Dorothy	FitzGerald, Harry M.	Kimmel, Bessie	Payne, Charlotte	Starker, Elma H.
Blickensdorfer, Glada M.	Frank, Ruth	Kneasal, Myrtle E.	Perry, Helen	Stevens, Lillian L.
Brandt, Margery	Gifford, Rhena	Krape, Bessie I.	Phillips, Mary	Stone, Susie M.
Briggs, Aline M.	Ginther, Clara E.	Kuhlman, Agnes M.	Poland, Gladys L.	Sullivan, Marnette
Brooks, Mildred A.	Gisinger, Bernice L.	Lebold, Hilda A.	Porter, Esther L.	Tanner, Martha A.
Brown, Celia M.	Graupner, Martha	Lewis, Emily J.	Paunall, Wilbert	Tomer, Marjorie
Brown, Helen C.	Hachtel, Minnie	Long, Josephine M.	Quinlan, Hazel J.	Vaughn, Mary R.
Brown, Helen E.	Haessly, Dorothy E.	MacFeeters, Margaret	Rumbaugh, Lillis F.	Walter, Mary D.
Carson, Boyd R.	Hastings, Lillian	McGowan, Blanche	Rupert, Evelyn	Warner, Jessie A.
Carson, Thelma E.	Havre, Margaret	Mack, Dorothy	Ryan, Agnes E.	Watson, Helen K.
Close, Trudie F.	Hawkins, Lucille L.	Mackey, Margaret	Satterlee, Daphne J.	Weaver, Ruth B.
Dean, Grace V.	Herick, Reba D.	Main, Hazel M.	Seymour, Hazel E.	Weikart, Ruth A.
Dill, Clara E.	Hess, Ona E.	Marsh, Mabel E.	Shea, Dorothy B.	Weston, Evelyn G.
Dorflinger, Hazel T.	Hudson, Hazel J.	Mase, Dorothy G.	Sherer, Ruth	Wilt, Florence L.
Doty, Alma C.	Hughes, Marjorie C.	Mathews, Helen M.	Shook, Leland A.	Walcott, Ellen M.
Dougherty, Gertrude M.	Humphreys, Belva	Mayne, Helen M.	Smith, Annabel	Yost, Freda I.
Duer, Margaret D.	Jamison, Aelia M.	Meyers, Mildred	Smith, Frances	
Dury, Ethel B.	Jewett, Anna	Mori, Ruth	Smith, Lucile C.	



## THE TRAINING SCHOOL

MISS MAY PRENTICE.....	Director of Training School
MRS. E. M. OLSON.....	Eighth Grade Supervisor
MISS MYRTIE MABEE.....	Seventh Grade Supervisor
MISS ZOE BAYLISS.....	Sixth Grade Supervisor
MISS NAN MATHEWS.....	Fifth Grade Supervisor
MISS ELSIE MABEE.....	Fourth Grade Supervisor
MISS KATHERINE CORBETT.....	Third Grade Supervisor
MISS ESTHER TINGWALL.....	Second Grade Supervisor
MISS BARBARA DOLPH.....	First Grade Supervisor
MISS CLARA HITCHCOCK.....	Kindergarten Supervisor

The training school with an enrollment of two hundred and seventy-six, is one of the attractive and essential features of our college. Here we are given the privilege to put into practice, under direction of experienced training supervisors, the knowledge and methods acquired in the regular student work. Our most evident mistakes are pointed out to us and their remedies suggested. Here we get a glimpse of the life we will lead when we enter the profession of teaching.

Who shall say that the necessary intimacy between the student teachers and the children is not the most essential? We are brought

face to face with child problems, we grow to appreciate more and more the point of view of the child, regarding school life and outside interests. We are able, through this intimacy, to keep in touch with the happiest and brightest portion of life that we call childhood.

Among the most modern and attractive features of our training school are the various activities in which we see developed a closer relationship between school life, the outside world, and the home. For example, the "First Aid Work," done by the eighth grade, and the cooking done by the sixth grade girls.



SIXTH GRADE DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS



EIGHTH GRADE FIRST AID

NOT A POET

A poem is a problem  
When its left to me.  
To jumble it together  
Its use I cannot see.  
Poets are all wonders  
So all grown up folks say,  
But give me common writin'  
I'll take it any day.  
It may be good for teachers  
A little at a time,  
But when it comes to writin'  
Well! I draw the line.

ARTHUR WILT—8th Grade

MISS MYRTIE MABEE

Miss Myrtie Mabee's busy  
Knitting by the hour,  
But even when she's busy  
She's never looking sour.  
She's always bright and happy  
Or nearly always so,  
It makes us all so happy  
To see her looking so.

LOUISE MCGILVERY—7th Grade

## The Chestnut Burr



THE HOE OR THE SWORD



ISPY



OUR LEADER

**CARFIELD**



**LITERARY**

**SOCIETY**

*Luey Waltenbaugh*

## THE GARFIELD LITERARY SOCIETY



## OFFICERS

	Fall Term	Winter Term	Spring Term
President .....	M. GOLDEN	C. CAVANAUGH	CLARA FARROW
Vice President .....	C. ROWLAND	D. REX	R. BECKER
Secretary .....	A. MARTENS	M. PELTON	H. PERRY
Treasurer .....	L. TICHY	A. SEELEY	A. PRINTZ
Faculty Adviser .....	MISS NINA J. WILLIAMS		
Colors.....	Green and White		
Motto.....	Maneat Amicitia		



## THE GARFIELD LITERARY SOCIETY

The purpose of this society is twofold, to increase interest in literary productions, particularly the drama, and to bring the students together for social recreation.

During the present year, the society has made a study of some of the modern plays such as, "Her Husband's Wife," by A. E. Thomas, and "Lady Gregory's" plays; and has had a debate with the boys of the Normal High School Debating Society.

In addition to these activities a number of the meetings have been purely social, the members participating in various forms of recrea-

tion, such as games, readings, instrumental music, and vocal solos.

In previous years the society talked of having a pin which should be its standard emblem, but this plan was not carried out until this year, when the organization adopted such an emblem, thereby adding much interest and enthusiasm to the society.

The Membership this year has been large, and we can only hope that in future years a proportionately greater increase in interest and in the progress of the society will be made.

## MEMBERSHIP ROLL

Becker, Rachel  
Bird, Dorothy  
Blickensderfer, Glada  
Brandt, Marjorie  
Carson, Thelma  
Cavanaugh, Gertrude  
Culp, Mabel  
Darling, Catherine  
Dean, Grace  
Evans, Alma

Farrow, Clara  
Finley, Ethel  
Gifford, Rhena  
Ginther, Clara  
Golden, Margaret  
Hennaman, Dorothy  
Irving, Florence  
Kneisal, Emeline  
Lynne, Alberta  
Orr, Bessie

Pelton, Marion  
Penty, Elsie  
Perry, Helen  
Phillips, Marie  
Pierson, Annette  
Printz, Ada  
Quinlan, Hazel  
Rex, Dorothy  
Rex, Florence  
Rice, Dorothy

Rowland, Caroline  
Schlagetter, Mildred  
Seeley, Agusta  
Shea, Dorothy  
Snow, Dorothy  
Stackhouse, Daisy  
Stevens, Lillian  
Tichy, Libby



KENTONIAN STAFF

THE KENTONIAN

One of the best ways of judging a school is by its student publications. A live weekly newspaper indicates two things at least; a student body in which interesting things are happening, and a sufficient number of individuals who will give of their time and talents to make the issue possible. A successful paper needs both.

The Kentonian this year has been a decided success. Mr. Henry J. Robison, the editor, and his corps of helpers seem to be good judges of matter that will furnish not only interesting but profitable reading for its subscribers. The

makeup of the paper, without exception, has been most attractive. Special attention has been paid to many cuts that have added much to the effectiveness of each issue. The most pretentious edition of the paper this year was the "Home Coming" number, published in January in anticipation of the senior class production of "As You Like It," and the Annual Home Coming for old students and alumni. Mr. Robison is indefatigable in his efforts to make the weekly a success, and is establishing a high ideal for the future of the paper. Hats off to "The Kentonian."



WOMAN'S LEAGUE EXECUTIVE BOARD



WOMAN'S LEAGUE "COLONIAL" PARTY

### THE WOMAN'S LEAGUE OF KENT STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

All women students of the school are, *ipso facto*, members of the League. Its object is to bring the women of the school into a closer fellowship by promoting the spirit of unity among them; to increase their sense of responsibility toward each other, and to be a medium by which the standards of the school may be made and kept high.

An Executive Board, composed of a Junior and Senior representative from every class and special department in the school, meets the first Monday of each month, at a supper, to transact business.

The League has provided social entertainment for the school in the nature of school parties, such as:

A Woman's League Tea, early in the fall.

A Hallow E'en Mask Party in November.

A Colonial Party on the 22nd of February.

The President of the League is Merritt Skeels.

The Committee of Faculty Advisers consists of Dean Mears, Miss Bayliss and Miss Humphrey.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and leaf pattern surrounds the central text.

ΥΠΟΛ

1918

PH



## CABINET MEMBERS

AGNES HUSTON .....	President
ANNE MARTENS .....	Vice President
MILDRED SCHLAGETTER .....	Secretary
CAROLINE CARRIE ROWLAND .....	Treasurer
IRENE THORPE .....	Chairman Publicity Committee
MARJORIE MCDEVITT .....	Chairman Meetings Committee
CELESTE CRITTENDEN .....	Chairman Music Committee
CLARA FARROW .....	Chairman Social Committee
MYRTLE HOPUSCH .....	Chairman Social Service Committee
MISS WILLIAMS .....	Faculty Adviser



## Y. W. C. A.

What is the purpose of the Y. W. C. A. and what has it done? The purpose is, in all college associations, to uplift the girls spiritually, to help them solve their individual problems, and to create a spirit of fellowship among the students.

In the first part of October last, a reception was held in Moulton Hall, to help the students and faculty to become better acquainted, and to welcome new students. It was largely attended by both students and faculty members. The music room, decorated with autumnal flowers and brilliant leaves, made a beautiful setting. Games were an order of the evening. Dr. Faught and Mr. Marker brought roars of laughter from the audience with their "Old Maids'" race. A program of vocal and instrumental solos followed. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

Who shall ever forget the visit of Dean Voight, of Athens? It was she who came to us af-

ter the school had already pledged over fourteen hundred dollars to the Y. M. C. A. army fund, and yet how willingly the girls, with some of the faculty women, pledged four hundred dollars for the Y. W. C. A. work.

Every Sunday evening in the music room of Moulton Hall the girls gather for the weekly meeting. Fine music and talks by members of our faculty make up the simple, yet impressive, services.

A Bible study class was organized during the year and Mr. Seale and Mr. Pittenger have honored the association by being its teachers. In all the work and play of the Y. W. C. A., Miss Nina J. Williams has been our untiring friend, adviser, and helper. Anything that we can say here could never express the gratitude that we feel toward her. We hope as we are passing on that the friend that we are leaving will befriend the future association as she has done this one.

# PHYSICAL EDUCATION

J.P.owell



THE WORLD OF SPORTS



PHYSICAL EDUCATION GROUP

## THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

It has often been said that a success in any line of work depends upon the amount of happiness one finds in his work. In no other department has such happiness been displayed as in the physical education department. All the members of this department participate in various kinds of activities, all of which relate to their special line of work. Not only are the athletics, games, and contests enjoyed, but a great many other things pertaining to healthful exercise and a good time.

The Physical Education Club is quite active in spite of its recent organization. Coasting and

skating in the winter, and hikes when the weather is favorable, are some of the many pleasures of this Club.

You may find some of the members of this class too tired to read aloud or sew, but you will never hear any of them say they are too tired to play basketball or baseball, or to dance upon hearing the softest strains of music. A hike in the fresh air seems like rest to the members of this class when it seems to fatigue others.

If happiness and interest in one's work determines success, I can safely say that every member of this department will be most successful.

## DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN—

"Marge" Tomer lost Limmy's middy?  
 Merritt Skeels forgot to smile?  
 Marion Pelton refused to dance?  
 Clara Farrow was worried over anything?  
 Irene Thorpe forgot to jazz thusly?  
 Gertrude Ellsworth forgot to be a South Paw?

Mary White thought that salt was not good to apply on an open wound?  
 Meta Chapman refused to take a lazy sister's class?  
 Any Juniors liked Kinesiology?



### OUR DIRECTOR

Pep, she has in quantitee,  
Obliging always as can be.  
Teaching gymn is her delight,  
Though some don't know their left from right.  
Interest in her work she shows,  
Necessary for success, you know.  
Gives all her time to her physical eds,  
Even at night when you think she's in bed,  
Resting in her room you'll find a "Physsy Ed."

## ATHLETICS



JUNIOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION BASKETBALL TEAM



SENIOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION BASKETBALL TEAM

ATHLETICS

During the year of 1917-1918 we have seen athletics taking a more prominent place in our college life than ever before. We are thoroughly agreed that without organized athletics a school lacks an element which makes for pride and growth, and develops that interesting but illusive thing, "college spirit." Because we believe that in order to fulfill the highest function, athletics should reach a large number of students, early in

the year an intra-mural schedule was arranged for Indoor Baseball. Much interest has been manifested both by students and faculty members. In the spring we expect to reach the climax of our endeavors in a series arranged between the best teams, the winner to receive a silver cup. There is much friendly rivalry between the teams, and the games have furnished fun for all.

BASKETBALL TEAMS

JUNIOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Agnes Ryan	Marjorie Tomer
Gale Ferry	Charlotte Kemper
Marnette Sullivan	Helen Matthews

SENIOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Mary White	Marion Pelton
Gertrude Ellsworth	Clara Farrow
Gertrude Cavanaugh	Irene Thorpe
	Merritt Skeels

# The Chestnut Burr

## INDOOR BASEBALL TEAMS

### MOULTON HALL

Ellen Messenger	Esther Gordon
Ellen Manchester	Martha Tanner
Helen Perry	Ada Printz
Frances Smith	Margaret Golden
Hazel Hudson	Dorothy Haessley

### LOWRY HALL

Rachel Schriver	Fayetta Fitch
Hazel Quinlin	Bessiemy Orr
Florine Wilt	Emaline Knesal
Clara Belle Snyder	Alma Evans
Glada Blickensderfer	Clara Ginther
	Helen Mayne

### PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Gertrude Ellsworth,	Clara Farrow
Captain	Helen Matthews
Mary White	Gertrude Cavanaugh
Marion Pelton	Merritt Skeels
Gale Ferry	Irene Thorpe
Charlotte Kemper	Meta Chapman
Agnes Ryan	Marjorie Tomer

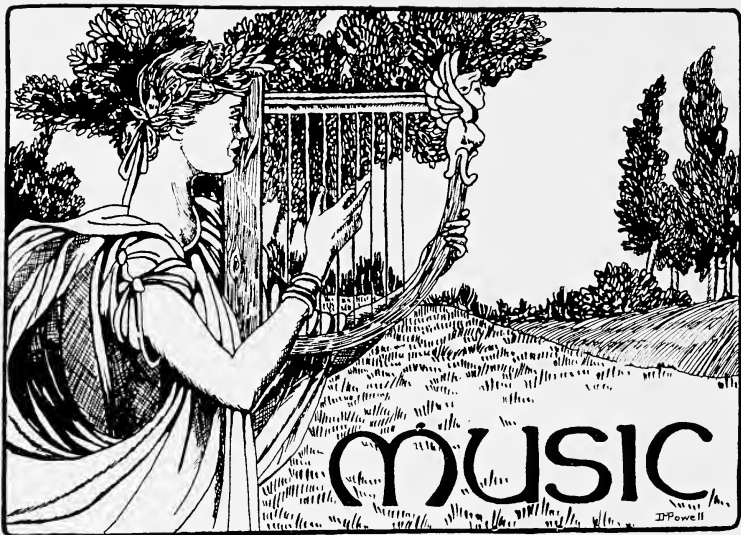
### FACULTY—WOMEN'S

Mrs. Faught	Miss Hazen
Miss Rambo	Miss Williams
Mrs. Pittenger	Miss Jacobson
Miss Pottinger	Mrs. Miller
Miss Cruttenden	Miss E. Mabee
Miss Prentice	Miss M. Mabee
Miss Hitchcock	Miss Tingwall
Mrs. Olson	Miss Matthews
	Miss Wilhelm

### FACULTY—MEN'S

Mr. R. L. Eyman	Mr. L. A. Pittenger
Mr. J. E. McGilvery	Mr. G. E. Marker
Mr. D. Olson	Mr. Alex Whyte
Mr. E. C. Seale	Mr. Chas. Koehler







SPECIAL MUSIC GIRLS

SPECIAL MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Though our number is small, we feel that our department is far from being the least important in the Normal College. The very nature of our work more than makes up for any shortage in numbers. The task for which we are preparing ourselves is one of which we are proud. Our aim in becoming teachers of music is not so much to add to the intellectual as to the spiritual forces of the world. Through the medium of music one reaches toward the best things of life. Through our teaching of music, we hope to give children something, which in after life, when "knowledge

learned in books" has been long forgotten, will be a comfort and blessing to them.

Our class will never forget the pleasant hours we have worked together under the inspiring leadership of Miss Shamel. As we go out into the field of teaching, it will be our ideal to make our classes as pleasurable and full of meaning to our pupils as ours have been to us.

The most interesting musical enterprise of the entire school was the presentation of Verth's cantata, "Myth Voices," by the girls, under the direction of Miss Shamel.

AN INCIDENT

Miss Shamel—"Girls, we are going to make a list of standard compositions and their composers.

Either vocal or instrumental will do. Who will begin?"

Elizabeth Trescott—"Largo" . . . . . "Handel"

Anna Martens—"William Tell Overture" . . . . .

. . . . . "Rossini"

Nina Brown—"Schubert's Unfinished" . . . . .

. . . . . "Schubert"

Ada Apple—"Caprice Viennois" . . . . . "Kreisler"

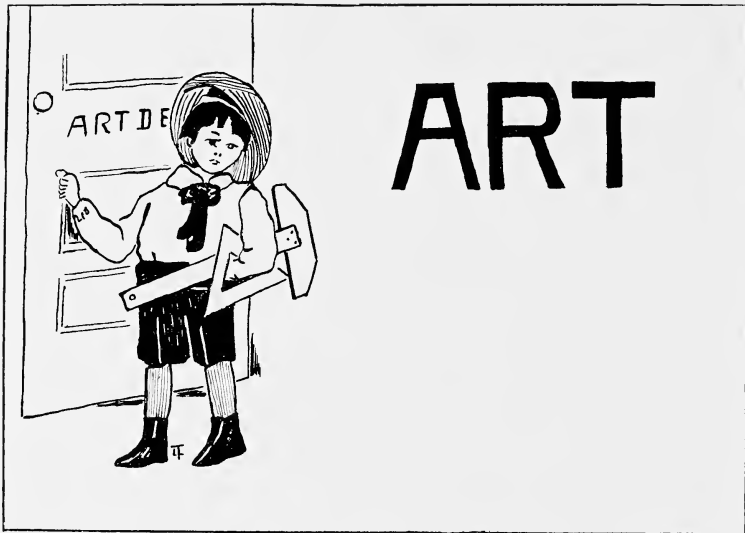
Betty Krape—"Midsummer Night's Dream" . . . . ?

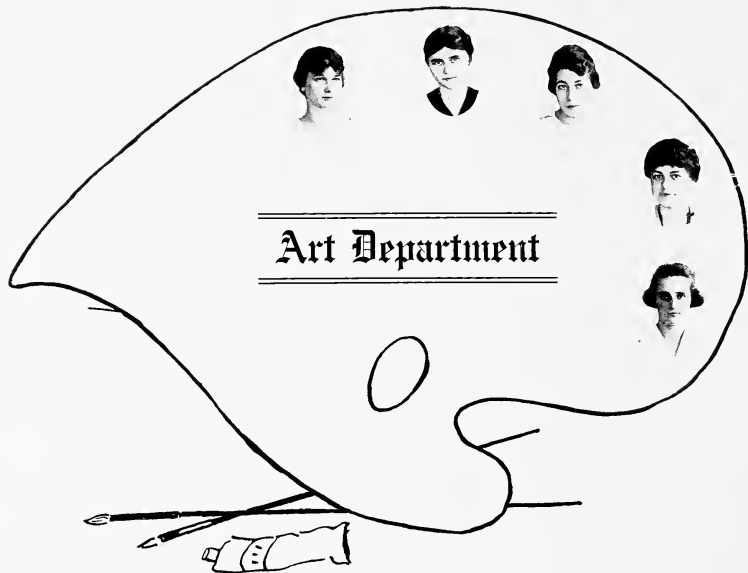
Miss Shamel—"Girls, who did compose 'Midsummer Night's Dream'?"

Girls in Unison—"Shakespeare."

The music specials they are fine,  
They do excel in every line;  
They know the lines, they know the spaces,  
They play the scales as if they're races.  
In harmony indeed they know  
Just how to write DO—ME—SOL—DO.

Music washes from the soil the dust of everyday life.





**ART DEPARTMENT**

LOYD NOBLE

Loyd from Jersey Normal came,  
 Our school to make her home;  
 Yet "ART" is not her field for fame,  
 Dear girl, she'll take another name.

THELMA CARSON

To talk of ART is this girl's part.  
 Here lies her only joy;  
 Each day a missive long is sent  
 'Long some ART-istic line is bent.  
 Most phases of ART she does enjoy  
 And we'll admit, 'tis quite a start.

LIBBY TICHY

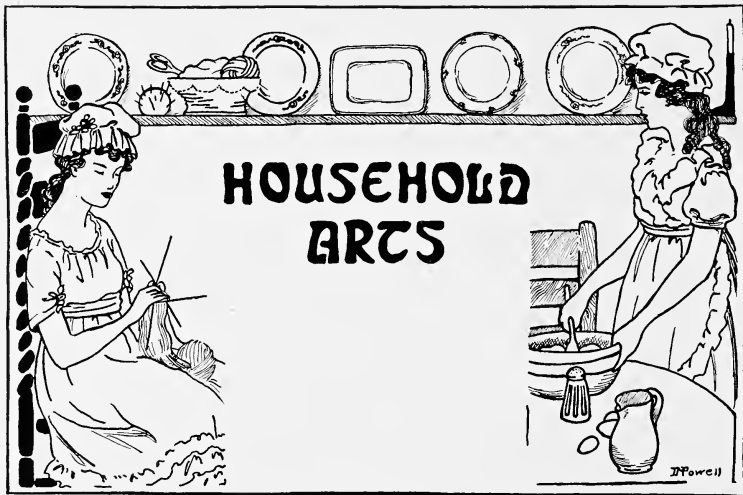
Loving well both art and music  
 Is this art stude's happy bent;  
 But she is just one of the few  
 Bringing on both lines intent.  
 Yes, that's Libby.

DOROTHY POWELL

"Doing things right," is her motto each day  
 Onward through Kent she goes.  
 Through life she will go the selfsame way  
 Success will always be hers.

AGNES HOUSTON

Agnes is her name you see,  
 Girl of girls she will always be;  
 Never a frown, but always a smile,  
 E'en though things go wrong for a while.  
 "Smile, Smile," says Agnes.

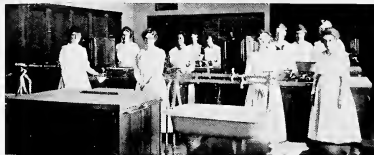




HOME ECONOMICS CLUB



SEWING CLASS



COOKING CLASS



HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

President .....	LOUISE BOWDEN
Secretary .....	EDNA MAE WOOLLEY
Treasurer .....	NINA FRYE
Faculty Advisers .....	MISS BERTHA L. NIXON, MISS MERLE WILHELM

THE HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

The Home Economics Club is not just a means to bring the girls together for a social time, and to make them better acquainted, but its purpose is to arouse interest in the every day problems pertaining to food, shelter, and clothing. Our Club is not only for the girls in the Household Arts Department, but for any other girls in the school who may be interested enough to join.

NO PLACE FOR MEN

Men in the vicinity of the sewing room please take warning! For further information about the night gown party. See Mr. Eyman.

TO LONG!

Marion Noble: How long did you spend on your sewing last night?

Mary Joe: Two minutes!

SUGAR SUBSTITUTE!

We know why Miss Wilhelm recommends New Orleans molasses as a sugar substitute, and we are wondering if his letters are as sweet as the molasses.

A DAY'S ROUTINE

(Miss Wilhelm in morning sewing class)—“Now, girls, you know your night gowns are due Friday; we will also have the next twenty pages in your textile book, which I expect you all to have in good shape. Have you all been working on your fancy stitch models lately? You know they are due Monday. There’s the bell, you may go.”

(Miss Wilhelm to same students in home planning class in afternoon)—“Well, girls, tomorrow I will expect you to have the elevations of your colonial house completed and your two floor plans inked and drawn to scale. Be sure to read all those references I gave you to look up on wall coverings and rugs. Oh, yes, you should have your furniture all selected for all three houses.”

(Miss Nixon to same girls in practice teaching)—“Miss Shriver, I wonder if you couldn’t have two lesson plans in tomorrow, they are due twenty-four hours ahead you know. And girls, your criticisms aren’t what they should be; there is no point to them at all. Your lesson plans, too, could be much more definite. I believe that is all for today; you are excused. Oh, just a moment, be sure to be at the meeting of the Home Economics Club this afternoon at Moulton Hall. Everyone must come, you know.

# KINDERGARTEN



KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

KINDERGARTEN CLUB, FOUNDED 1918

MISS CLARA HITCHCOCK.....	Faculty Adviser
MARY FERGUSON .....	President
WILDA SAMES .....	Secretary and Treasurer
MYRTLE HOPUSCH	ELSIE SCHOPE
MARION PEW	MURILLA MCINTYRE
DOROTHY MARSH	MARGARET GOLDEN

THERESA FRASIER

AIMS OF THE CLUB

To promote sociability among the students.  
To disseminate information of the work of the Kindergarten movement throughout the school.

To establish a permanent club organization in the Kindergarten Department and to share in the regular club work of the school.

MEMBERS OF KINDERGARTEN JUNIOR CLASS

Gladys Ferguson	Lillian Stevens	Anna Paulin	Aeolia Jamison
Ruth Weikart	Ruth Weaver	Lucy Jones	Lydia Oyster
Lucy Beckwith	Ruth Bayless	Dorothy Bird	Margaret Havre
Glada Blickensderfer	Helen O'Rourke	Elma Starker	

A NATURE TRIP

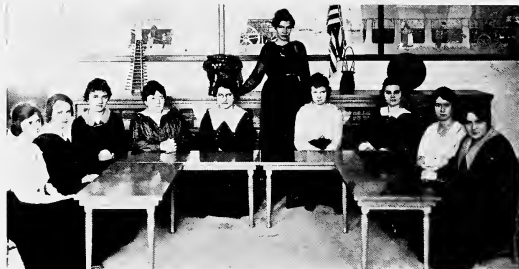
One bright October morning the Kindergarten class started out on a nature study trip to seek squirrels. Little Roger, who was ahead of the rest, cried out, "Miss Schope, I see a squirrel." On closer investigation, it proved to be a "Tree Skinner." The skinner was very much interested and, looking up from his work, said in a disgusted voice, "Some squirrel."

HIBERNATION NOT IN VOGUE

The Kindergarten teacher was explaining to the class the hibernation of animals, bringing out the point that winter was the time when all nature slept. Floyd, who is always very much interested, said, "Well, those things may sleep, but the Kaiser 'aint asleep."

A NEW GAME

Alice Louise Birkman in the circle work—"Miss Hitchcock, let's play skip around the library bush."



KINDERGARTEN SENIORS



KINDERGARTEN JUNIORS



# LITERATURE



## CAMPUSED INDEFINITELY

It was a sober group of girls that had gathered in Lucy's room to talk over the situation. Lucy sat in a rocker, on each arm of which was a girl; across the room a fellow rocker was groaning under a similar burden, while the cedar chest was so crowded that Rose, the owner, looked at it every now and then to see if it was standing the strain. The books had been pushed back from the center table and four girls sat on its edge, and the rest of the girls were seated on cushions on the floor.

"Oh! Girls!" came from the depths of a rocker, "I can't stand this another minute; just think, a whole week without going down town."

"And soldiers passing through all the time, too, and not being able to see one," came in a woeful voice from one of the girls seated on the table.

"But the worst of it all is the soldier boys spent an evening at Moulton and we were not even permitted to go over there. All we could do was to watch them from the window. I say it IS NOT fair!"

"I don't care, that sled ride was worth it all," said Ruth from the floor. "I can see George and Jeanie yet fall off the back when the horses started suddenly."

"But that wasn't half as funny as when John and Agnes and Marie were all struggling for the same seat, and the driver stopped all of a sudden and they turned a somersault in midair and landed in that snowdrift."

At this a peal of laughter burst from the girls. "Oh, not so loud, please not so loud," pleaded Alice, "or the Matron will come in as she did yesterday and ask, 'Who is pinching the baby?' There isn't a moment when we can have a jolly time together without fear of disturbing some one who is studying."

"It was terrible that we never came in until after twelve o'clock.

I knew we would be punished some way. If only we had gone to the Dean to get a 'late'."

"I wouldn't have minded it half so much if she had been ever so angry and said lots of mean things, but to be so sweet about it and then 'campused indefinitely,'" and Rachel fell back as if in a swoon.

"But, what are we going to do?" Oh, let's have a kimona party tomorrow night after study hour."

"Just the thing," the girls cried; then the dinner gong rang and they all rushed out of the room.

At 9:30 the next evening they all gathered again, concealing mysterious packages. Mildred was the first to lay hers down; there were three pounds of sugar, each from a different store, a dozen buns, some ham, some cake, and a bottle of alcohol, and—what was in that other package?

"If the matron only knew I had sneaked this from the table," giggled Agnes, as she set down two glasses of milk.

"And I thought I should never get out of the dining room with my pockets bulging so," Rachel added as she drew out slice after slice of bread and displaying the squares of butter between, laid them on the table.

The chafing dish was lighted and the taffy put on, and when it was about done we began to puzzle about what to do for plates. It was finally decided to use the serving tray and the saucers which Lucy had brought from home.

Just as Rose poured it out to cool, footsteps were heard in the hall near the door, and looking up they saw that the hall lights had been turned out.

"Quick—girls—hide," came in a subdued voice as some one switched off the lights. When the Matron opened the door a moment

later no one was to be seen. Some were in the beds, some under the beds, and some in the wardrobe.

When everything was quiet again they stole out, lighted a match, and found a candle. Then they opened the wardrobe door and hung a coat over it so the light could not shine out into the hall, and put the rug over the crack in the door.

Then all sat down on the floor around the candle, and began to pull taffy; it was hot, so hot it burned blisters on their hands, but it was already late and there was not a minute to lose.

Agnes made the cocoa, and when it was about done, Mildred raised the window to get the mysterious package, which had been suspended by a string; out the string was broken.

O, girls, girls, our ice cream has dropped down in the snow," she moaned in dismay. Who will go down and get it?"

"Not I. Nor I. Nor I," came from the girls.

"Well, I'll be game," Ruth said. "Not because I want the ice cream so much, but because they must not find it under our window in the morning."

"Remember," Marie whispered as Ruth left the room, "leave the front door open, for at night you can get out, but you can't get back in again."

Ruth stole silently down the hall in her stocking feet, carrying her shoes in her hand, pausing every few steps for a sound that would indicate that she had been detected.

She reached the outer door, opened it, left it ajar, slipped on her shoes, and went around for the cream.

Meanwhile Rose was pouring the cocoa, and Mildred was making the sandwiches. As there were not enough cups to go around some collapsible ones had to be used. As she set down the last one it collapsed.

"O, quick, wipe it up before it stains the rugs," Helen whispered excitedly. And Jane quickly snatched up a cloth that was hanging on the back of a chair and began to mop it up.

When Lucy saw what Jane was using she seized the wet cloth and

exclaimed, "What in the world are you doing? That is my combing jacket."

"Well, Lucy, when will you ever learn to put your things away?" Jane retorted disgustedly.

Suddenly the girls were startled by a heavy crash. They looked at each other in silent consternation. In a few moments the death-like stillness was broken by Ruth, white as a ghost, rushing in at the door.

"O, girls," she whispered in a strange voice as she sank down on the bed, "did you hear that awful crash?"

"What was it?" they all whispered at once.

"I left that door open so I could get in, never thinking of that terrible wind, and it blew shut and broke it right off the hinges. Oh, if they ever find out who did it, it will mean suspension at least."

"Or—or," the words died on their lips.

They sat for a while gazing at each other, until finally Jane said, "Well, the cream is melting, we ought to eat it after all that difficulty in getting it, and the cocoa is getting cold. Let's hurry and eat and get into our own rooms; I have had enough of this for one evening."

Soon everything had disappeared and as the girls were leaving, Lucy cautioned them, saying, "If you value your lives don't make a noise."

But hardly had the words left her lips when she heard them running and crying, "Fire! Fire!! Merrill Hall is on fire."

Throwing caution to the winds, Lucy rushed out to see the excitement, just as the matron arrived on the scene.

"Girls, girls, what commotion are you trying to raise? Do be calm a minute, that is nothing but a light in the chemistry laboratory that burns all night always. What are you all doing up at this hour of the night anyway? I suppose it was you who broke the door a few moments ago. Tomorrow I shall report this affair to the office, and you need not report to any of your classes until you are summoned by the President."

Without a word or a backward look the girls stole away. They had been so careful to avoid attention all evening, and now at the last

moment—the joy of it all was gone and what would the morrow bring!

Not a word was spoken by the girls as they got ready for bed that night; their only thought was of their interview with the president in the morning.

The next morning it was a tired, nervous, frightened group that gathered again in Lucy's room.

"I'm not going down to breakfast," announced Agnes, "I know I could not eat a bite."

"Neither am I," said Rachel, "let's stay right in this room until we are sent for."

"O, why did we do it?" moaned Alice. "I never got into trouble in High School, but it has been nothing but trouble ever since I came up here."

"Well, if he expels us, there is one thing sure; I am not going home," Ruth said. "I never could stand it to face Father. I don't know where I'll go nor what I'll do, but it will be something desperate."

"O, do not carry on so," Mildred cried, trying to soothe Ruth, who was almost in hysterics. "It wasn't your fault the door broke, we were just trying to have some fun, only it does seem that we are always getting in bad."

And so the minutes slowly dragged on until ten o'clock. Then there came a rap on the door, and they were summoned to the President's office.

When the office girl left, Mildred closed the door, and turning her back to it, said, "Now, girls, be calm, it may not be half bad. Don't you all remember the other night when our team played the faculty, how the President forgot his dignity and became one of us, and when the game was over don't you remember how he came up and congratulated us on our success?"

This seemed to put new heart into the girls, and they passed down the hall, out across the campus, and towards the Administration building more composed than they had been all morning.

As they entered the office the President looked up so sternly that even the little hope they had in their hearts died. "What is this I hear about you girls coming in from somewhere about midnight last night and breaking the front door?" he asked with a stern voice.

There was a moment of strained silence, then Mildred burst forth with the whole story, beginning with the sled ride, telling how they had signed up for ten o'clock and expected to be back, but in turning a sharp corner the tongue had broken and it had taken nearly two hours to fix it.

For this all of them, except one who could not go, were "campused indefinitely" without even a chance to explain. Chafing under the unfair restriction, they had planned a little party, and had hung the ice cream out of the window on a cord to keep it from melting until they were ready to eat it. The string had broken and the cream had fallen into the snow below. One of the girls had gone down after it, leaving the door open so that she could get back in. While she was out the wind had blown the door shut and broken it right off the hinges.

After the recital the President sat a few moments looking out over the white expanse that had proved so alluring and yet so fatal to the girls.

In their nerve racked condition it seemed ages to the girls before he spoke, but when he did it was to say, "Well, girls, it looks as if after all it wasn't your fault, neither the getting in late, nor the door breaking, and I guess you have already been punished enough; but let me tell you one thing, the next time you wish to serve ice cream please hang it out the window by a rope."

GRACE DEAN, '19.



REFLECTIONS

How similar, yet how very different, are each year's group of girls I have seen! Each September brings the new, shy girls and those who have been here before. Within a week or two, most of the timidity has disappeared. The dinner gong is re-echoed with shouts of joy from the girls and a rush is made for the basement stairs.

The clinking of silver and china is suddenly blended with a high sweet voice singing,

"All hail to the school, all schools above." Immediately there comes a din of chairs being pushed back; then many voices take up the strain.

The meal is hardly resumed when a loud tapping of silver against a glass makes everyone stop talking and look up. Miss Huston wishes to announce the cabinet meeting of the Y. W. C. A. to be held at 12:45 at Moulton Hall.

Snatches of conversation can be heard as groups of girls ascend the stairs and loiter in the hall.

"Have you written your story for Eng. II?"

"Are you going to the game tonight?"

"Yes. Lowry against Moulton."

"Say, have you finished learning the second act yet?"

"Who is going skating tonight?"

"Somebody start the victrola. Put on a snappy one-step."

The dancing starts. Girls can be seen swaying to the music in the hall and occasionally they glide into the office and are gone again.

Excitement runs high, for all too soon comes seven o'clock and study hour, when all must be quiet. But the game is tonight.

A loud whisper can be heard in the hall.

"Say, Prexy, do we have to sign up to go to the game?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

Prexy is rather stout, having dark hair and merry black eyes.

"For goodness sake! cut out the 'Prexy.' Call me 'Rachel' or even 'Rache,' but not 'Prexy,'" she begs.

All the girls have long coats on, but these not yet being fastened against the winter winds display black bloomers, white middies, and bright red or somber black ties. Ribbons the same color as their ties hold their hair in place.

"Sure we've got to win tonight," some one declares as she bends over the large note book and writes. "Let's see who is here? Wilt. Snyder, Glada, Kneisal, Fitch, Quinlan, Evans, Orr, and Shriver. Everybody here? All right! Let's go!"

Everything becomes quiet. About an hour later the air outside is suddenly rent with yells.

"Hurrah for Lowry!"

"We knew we could do it!"

The door creaks and in troops the crowd. Their faces are flushed from the excitement and exercise and their eyes are bright from the joy of victory.

Again there is writing done in the book on the desk. Soon the crowd disperses. Some go upstairs, others to their rooms on the first floor.

All is quiet for about five minutes—then from the top of the stairway comes "Nine rabs and a tiger for Lowry!" a scampering of feet and all is quiet once more.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

"Hello; yes, this is Lowry Hall. Who? Yes, just a minute, I'll call her."

"Peggy! Phone call!"

"Hello; yes, this is Peg. Yes, I'd like to. What is on? Oh, goody, I just love Mary Pickford. All right. I'll be ready at seven. Uh Huh! Good-bye."

"Oh, girls, I have a date."

"Say, Peggy, I think I'd better chaperone."

"Nothing doing!"

"Never mind, girls. Say, Mother sent me a whole loaf of home-made bread, a cake, and oodles of jelly. If anyone has any sugar bring it along and we can have some hot chocolate too. Come around about eight-thirty."

"We should worry about Mary Pick."

"A house meeting tonight at six-fifteen, some one is heard to remark. It starts out mildly enough, but evidently some one seems to disagree. The reception room is supposed to be the same size as the

office and, Oh! how crowded it must have been! The hall becomes a mass of chattering girls after the meeting.

Then I hear a voice say, "What are you wearing tonight, Tommy?" But Tommy's answer is drowned in another outburst of chattering.

Some of the girls drift to their rooms to dress while others stand a while and talk of going to the show.

"I'm glad it is Friday night and no study hour," is the opinion of many.

The Big Ben on the desk points to the hour of eight-fifteen, when a ring is heard at the front door and a bass voice asks, "Is Miss Carson here?"

Some one answers him and after taking him into the reception room, flies past the office door to call, "Miss Carson."

She comes down the hall, steps into the office a minute to ask my opinion as to her looks, and blushing turns and makes her way to the reception room. In a few minutes I hear giggles and low conversation issuing from the reception room.

Just then three girls enter the office. They are laughing and talking of what joys they expect the evening to bring. Leaning over the book on the desk, they write:

Tommy—8:20—Moulton—Senior Dance.

Martha—8:20—Moulton—Senior Dance.

Jane—8:20—Moulton—Senior Dance.

They are dressed in light airy dresses which seem far too dainty to be crushed by the heavy coats they are slipping on.

"Have a good time, girls," cry those in the hall as the girls pass out of the office and the outside door slams behind them.

Sunday morning. The day is evident for the clock says eight

---

when the breakfast bell rings. Girls passing the office door are dressed for church. The morning is quiet and the dinner gong rings at one, giving everyone a chance to stay for church services and return in time for dinner.

After dinner the girls crowd into the office, the newspaper is divided and sub-divided so that each girl has a part to read. Everything is quiet from two till four in the afternoon. About five o'clock letter after letter is tossed into the basket on the table in the corner, to be taken by the postman in the first mail out Monday morning.

The year rolls around. It nears commencement time. Everyone is in a flutter and a whirl of excitement. "Exams" are past and commencement day arrives.

Girls in white are busily engaged discussing the details of arrangements for the exercises.

Each in turn stand before me for the final judgment before passing to the exercises. I can only tell each one the truth as I have told this tale, for I am only the Lowry office mirror.

BESSIEMAE ORR, '18.



## HUNGRY?

Our Mr. Hoover has decreed  
 We must eat less or be in need,  
 So our dietician thought it fine  
 To cut the menu where we dine.

Our Mondays now are wheatless days,  
 Our Tuesdays all are meatless days;  
 Our portion now is egg on toast  
 And never a smell of chicken roast.

Vegetable soup, biscuits, and tea  
 Are all we get for lunch, "Oh, gee!"  
 "Please pass the sugar down this way.  
 What! only one spoon full today!"

We do our bit  
 Though we don't knit,  
 You don't believe this, oh me! oh my!  
 Just come to the dorm. for a day and try.

Bread, tomatoes, and corn bread, too.  
 Wish we'd gone to the "Inn," don't you?  
 Cheer up, we'll get some more tonight  
 For we can see roast beef in sight.

"Hooverize" is the normal cry—  
 "Oh! O-Y-S-T-E-R-S," all the girls now sigh,  
 For us no more of conversation  
 Give us plain every day starvation.

Cereals and apricots swallowed in haste,  
 Then baked spuds and a wonderful paste;  
 All these sharpen our appetite  
 For those fine spreads we have at night.

—MARY PHILLIPS, '19.



MOULTON HALL GROUP

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 FAVORITE SAYINGS OF THE GIRLS OF MOULTON HALL
 

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GLADYS HOOVER—

"Sweetie Gobs."

GERTRUDE DOUGHERTY—

"Don't take any wooden nickles."

LOYD NOBLE—

"Ain't I a deevil?"

MID. SCHLAGETTER—

"My golly, kids, ain't that comical?"

CHARLOTTE GARMAN—

"Hello, Spooks."

ELLEN MESSENGER—

"Niles is alright."

IRENE THORPE—

"March! Thusly."

MARION PEW—

"Ain't Love grand?"

MURILLA McINTYRE—

"Isn't that schwell?"

MARY WHITE—

"Who will go for a hike with me?"

ALBERTA LYNNE—

"Oh, Dear."

LUCILLE HILLES—

"I thank you tenderly."

OLIVE VOIT—

"That woman tickles me to death."

MARION PELTON—

"I'm not so small."

ESTHER HERSHMAN—

"Who dares to say I am fat?"

MATILDA KESSLER—

"I don't know, darling."

RUTH GAWN—

"Well, if you don't care, I'm sure I don't."

ROSE LINK—

"Oh, my soul."

CHARLOTTE KEMPER—

"Oh, it was the funniest thing."

ETHEL FINLEY—

"For the lands' sakes!"

DOROTHY RICE—

"What'd you say?"

EVA GAWN—

"Oh, isn't it wonderful?"

FLORENCE REX—

"Oh, Joy."

DOROTHY REX—

"Well, for hat's sake!"

REBA HERRICK—

"Oh, that fool thing!"

ELLEN MANCHESTER—

"Well! He is interesting anyway."

DOT. MARSH—

"Libby, come and play just one piece for us to dance.

DOT. POWELL—

"I'm not pretty so I have to be smart."

PEG. GOLDEN—

"My Heart."

FLORENCE IRVING—

"My Governor."

RACHEL BECKER—

"Where is Florence?"

GERTRUDE ELLSWORTH—

"Well, gee, I don't know."

BESSIE KIMMEL—

"Pardon me, but I have to study."

ADA PRINTZ—

"Honest to Jake."

ELSIE SCHOPE—

"Cheer up, girls."

GERTRUDE CAVANAUGH—

"Me, too."

ESTHER PORTER—

"Oh, Hat!"

NELLIE WILKINSON—

"If I only had my diploma"

AGNES HUSTON—

"Isn't it lovely! How did you make it?"

ELEANOR KRIETLER—

"Girls, do you know it isn't nine o'clock yet?"

BEATRICE MCGUIRE—

"Oh, I'm hungry!"

MABLE CULP—

"Gee, Whiz!"

AUGUSTA SEELEY—

"I'm so hungry!"

LOUISE BOWDEN—

"Shut that door."

MARJORIE McDEVITT—

"You bet."

EDNA WOOLEY—

"Just worries me to death."

ANNA MARTENS—

"Come on, let's argue."

OLIVE HOOVER—

"Why, you don't say!"

HELEN PERRY—

"Glory be!"

ESTHER LABER—

"Mm, Hm!"

DOROTHY SNOW—

"Just imagine."

LIBBY TICHY—

"Du Lumpf Du."

EMMA ANDREWS—

"Where's Gert?"

CATHERINE DARLING—

"It isn't black, it is white."

RUTH JOHNSON—

“Oh, isn’t that awful?”

CLEO. McINTOSH—

“Well, I don’t want to make a fool of myself.”

MARG. TOMER—

“Watch your foot.”

LUCY JONES—

“Did I get a letter?”

LILLIAN STEVENS—

“If I just get my credits, I’ll be happy!”

DOROTHY BIRD—

“I wonder if I could get the vacuum cleaner.”

DOROTHY HENNAMAN—

“Who saw my bed walking around?”

EMILY LEWIS—

“Call me at 6:30.”

MARTHA GRAUPNER—

“I can do that.”

MARTHA TANNER—

“I do too.”

IDETTA LUTZ—

“Have you signed up yet?”

CELESTE CRITENDEN—

“I like to live in Moulton Hall.”

LYDIA OYSTER—

“Why was I so foolish?”

RUTH BAYLESS—

“Honest to John, didn’t I get a letter?”

MARY PHILLIPS—

“Oh, I could lick the Kaiser.”

MARNETTE SULLIVAN—

“Oh, Gad!”

HAZEL HUDSON—

“Did I get a letter from Ala.?”

ALICE WADE—

“Honest?” “Just imagine.”

DOROTHY MASE—

“Well, doesn’t it suit you?”





MOULTON HALL



A STUDY



A BEDROOM



WE ARE SIX



SNOW BIRDS



FAUTTY



A ROW OF SMILES



HEEDING THE SIGN



S.S.T's



A CLIQUE



ROSE



BIRDS OF A FEATHER



BIG 5



NOT ALWAYS *so*



DOT AT WORK



CHUMS



NO PLACE TO GO



LET'S GO



ALL ON ONE SIDE



THE DORM SWEATER



SUITE MATES



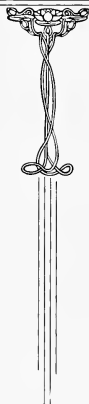
THE TEN DOT



LOWRY HALL GROUP

BEANY, RUTH—  
 "Here comes the proctor, turn out the lights."  
 BLICKENSDEFFER, GLADA—  
 "Come on, let's go."  
 BRANDT, MARJORIE—  
 "Watch your step."  
 CARSON, THELMA—  
 "I'm going home."  
 DEAN, GRACE—  
 "Oh, English, My English!"  
 DILL, CLARA—  
 "I must go home and study."  
 DUER, MARGARET—  
 "Any mail for me?"  
 EGAN, AGNES—  
 "To laugh or not to laugh, that is the question."  
 ELDRIDGE, MARION—  
 "Who said, 'let's eat'?"  
 EVANS, ALMA—  
 "Let's have tomato soup."  
 FERGUSON, GLADYS—  
 "Gee, I wish today was Friday."  
 FITCH, FAYETTA—  
 "Rachel, just one more dance."  
 GAMBLE, MARTHA  
 "Save it for the soldiers."  
 GIFFORD, RHENA—  
 "When does the next car leave for Akron?"  
 GINTHER, CLARA—  
 "Let's study Marker."  
 HOPUSCH, MYRTLE—  
 "Deucedly clevah."  
 HUMPHREYS, BELVA—  
 "Won't that be fun?"  
 KNEISAL, EMELINE—  
 "Tie that 'poke' on this spring."  
 KUHLMAN, AGNES—  
 "Haven't time."  
 LEBOLD, HILDA—  
 "I read it in a book."

LOWRY  
 HALL  
 DICTIONARY  
 1917-18



MAYME, HELEN—  
 "Let's dance."  
 MEYERS, MILDRED—  
 "Do I like candy?"  
 MORR, RUTH—  
 "Just one more."  
 NOLAND, EDITH—  
 "Where are my books?"  
 ORR, BESSIEMAY—  
 "Gee! I wish I had a box of candy."  
 PATTERSON, PAULINE—  
 "Hey! kids. What time is it?"  
 PAUL, VERONICA—  
 "Study time"  
 PAXTON, STELLA—  
 "Now what do you mean?"  
 PIERSON, ANNETTE—  
 "I have a pretty wit."  
 QUINLAN, HAZEL—  
 "Over the top, Piney."  
 SATTERLEE, DAPHNE—  
 "Miss ——— pronounced my name right today."  
 SHRIVER, RACHEL—  
 "Here's where I sit up all night."  
 SNYDER, CLARA BELL—  
 "Play ball!"  
 STACKHOUSE, DAISY—  
 "How's Billum?"  
 SPELLMAN, LILLIAN—  
 "You ought to be glad, anyway."  
 STONE, SUSIE—  
 "Girls, it's after seven o'clock."  
 THOMAS, CLAUDIA—  
 "Which one of you is going to get up in the morning?"  
 WALTZ, MRS.—  
 "I wish I could see the little daughter."  
 WHEELER, MINNIE—  
 "That history!"  
 WILT, FLORINE—  
 "It's 10:30, let's eat."



WE FIVE



SUITE MATE



TRUCK



OUR RACHEL



HELEN



CORN AND HUSK



POSED



OUR MASCOT





CANT YOU BE GOOD



OUR MATRON



THE REHEARSAL



SYLVIUS



GOOD HOUSE KEEPERS



SIAMESE TWINS

## JOKES

## WHY TEACHERS GO INSANE

Shall we write on both sides of the paper?"

"I didn't hear the question."

"What is the lesson for today?"

"Are the papers marked yet?"

"Must we write this in ink?"

"I had my theme all written, but I left it at home."

"Did you say that our note-books were due today?"

"May I be excused from giving my speech today?"

"I was delayed by the storm and couldn't get here in time for class."

"My book was taken out of my locker so I didn't have it to study last night."

"Miss Cruttenden, may I please have the key?"

—o—

"There's a blind man outside wants to see you, Sir."

"I don't blame him."

—o—

"Did you hear about the man out in Kansas who stood up on a barrel and gave three cheers for the Kaiser?"

"No, what about him?"

"Well, he would have been twenty-four his next birthday."

## ISN'T IT SAD?

A jolly young chemistry tough  
While mixing a compounded stuff  
Dropped a match in a vial, and after a while  
They found his front teeth and one cuff.

—o—

Beside me on the curb you're rolled,  
And warm fur robes around you cast,  
While I, uncovered, shake with cold,  
In blinding snow and chilling blast.  
But I should be resigned, of course,  
You're a fliver—I'm a horse.  
And it is right that robes of fur  
Be wrapped around your fragile form,  
For injury you might incur  
If left uncovered in the storm.  
While I will be immune, of course,  
I'm not a car—I'm just a horse.  
And standing naked all day long  
In wintry winds that cut like steel,  
Is good for horses who are strong—  
But I confess some grief I feel;  
I was assembled by the Lord,—  
I wish it had been Henry Ford.

Pat was driving along the street and his old horse fell down and didn't try to get up. "Git up, git up from there, ye lazy critter," said Pat. "Git up, I tell ye, or I'll drive right over ye."



"I wonder why they don't serve us so much hash this year?"

"What do you expect, girl, they can't give us potatoes, meat, and onions all at once."

Bread toasted hot,  
Bread served cold,  
Bread in the pudding  
Nine days old.



A young fellow in one of the southern training camps was noticed lately by one of the Lieutenants to be acting very queerly. He roamed about the camp picking up small sticks and stones and almost anything he could lay his hands on. He looked at each thing carefully and threw it down, saying disappointedly, "That's not it." The Lieutenant hated to just tell the man he was crazy and send him home, so he decided to put him in the hospital for a few days and see if he improved. The man acted the same way in the hospital. Every time he would pick up or touch anything he would remark, "That's not it." Considering his case hopeless at the end of two days, the Lieutenant handed him his discharge. The man took it, and with a gleam of joy in his eyes, said, "That's it."

HIST. OF ED. CLASS

"Have you finished Emile?"

"No, I didn't get up in time for breakfast."



A negro was consulted after being drafted as to whether he had a preference of divisions to which he was assigned. He replied, "Well, Boss, I tell ye I don't want to be put in the cavalry, for when there's a call to retreat I don't want no hoss to drag along with me."



It was at the breakfast table  
And there was a vacant chair,  
But an extra hunk of butter,  
So the others didn't care.



A young detective was out on his first case. It happened that the ground was covered with snow and after he had walked about a block, he suddenly turned around and noticed his own footprints. "Ha! Ha!" cried he, "A clue! a clue! Some one is following me."



IN HIST. CLASS

Miss C.—"What is it that you remember about George Washington?"

Our Libby—"His little hatchet."

## THE JUNIOR SONG

The Seniors' time is nearly run;  
 Next year we'll put on airs,  
 And departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints just as large as theirs.



## WHY?

We have, in concerts and recitals by famous artists, heard selections given "by request." But have you ever heard of articles, especially in *such* a famous book as this and by *such* an author, written by request? The author has thot much upon this subject and has finally decided that it should be written. First, because the author likes to do things when requested by such an esteemed personage, altho she does not know what interest he has in the matter. Second, because we think the school should share it, and this is the only way we know of to put it before everyone and yet not have it labeled "gossip." You see, one night—well, in fact, many nights—but this one night a gentleman on our faculty called upon a lady on our faculty. as was his habit—no, we won't call it a habit—yet, but we'll say, as he was accustomed to do. On this one night that we are speaking of, the lady, whom we picture as tall with light hair, went over to the window to pull down the shade. Owing to some difficulty with the shade or else because of the determination with which it was being pulled, it came down. Immediately, both the lady and gentleman were busy trying to manipulate the shade in such a way that it would go back

in place. This may seem the end of the story and, to you, lacking in the essentials of a good story; but our art teacher tells us that every good picture leaves something to the imagination. We think a story should do the same, and so the thing we are leaving to your imagination is—WHY were they so particular to have that shade back in place? ? ?



My sense of sight is very keen,  
 My sense of hearing weak.  
 I one time saw a mountain pass  
 But I could not hear its-peak.  
 Why, Ollie, that you failed in this  
 Is not so very queer;  
 To hear its-peak you should, you know  
 Have had a mountaineer.

I never saw a mountain pass  
 Nor heard its-peak, by George,  
 But when it comes to storing stuff  
 I saw a mountain gorge.

The mountain top was peaked at this,  
 Frowned dark while Ollie guyed,  
 A cloud o'er spread its lofty brow  
 And then the mountain *side*.



Hey diddle, diddle, drum, piano and fiddle,  
 The Jass Band played at the Junior dance,  
 The Seniors were not wanted there  
 But they thot they'd take a chance.

Junior: "What is a pretzel?"

Senior: "A cracker with a cramp, of course."



COLLEGE DICTIONARY

BLUFF, n. and v. (from O. E. Bluffon, meaning a bold front). Technical term for obtaining E's under false pretenses.

CRAM, (Synonym form cramman, meaning to stuff). The act of forcing facts into an empty receptacle. Epidemics usually at end of semester; most violent periods at night.

CRUSH, Blind worship of idols; periodical offering of candy and violets. Crusades against it popular.

CUT, (derivation doubtful, either from scutio or scipio). Voluntary exile. Once popular with the seniors, but rapidly becoming obsolete.

EXAMINATION, (from ex and animus, an instrument of torture). Apparatus for getting something out of an apparent vacuum.

FLUNK, v. and n. To come down with a thud. Accompanied by tears, chills, and fever.

SHARK, A cold-blooded biped. At home with the classics or in the library. Feeds freely and chiefly on E's. Cultivated as pets by some professors. Is a colloquial term, substituted for the faculty use of the term "ideal student."

SLAM, (from sciliam, a mark of deference respect). 1. A bitter pill. 2. Truth.

SNAP, (synonym, cinch). 1. (Bot.) Variety of rose, thornless Stupida Studenta. 2. Easy stepping stone to a diploma.

SQUELCH, (from quell, meaning wilt). Aqua frigida. General application to Juniors. See Proverbs—"Spare the squelch and spoil the Juniors." Application sometimes extends to Seniors. —EX.



PARODY ON "I'M GONNA HIDE AWAY ON A  
LITTLE FARM IN IOWA"

I'm gonna hide from men,  
In a little school called K. S. N.  
I'll be an old maid then,  
For I'll never have a beau again,  
Can't you picture me just ten years later,  
Never having a single date or  
Never staying out late any more?  
I'll have a cat and a poll,  
I'll be a flower on the Jenus wall,  
I'll hear the old school call,  
Come back this fall.  
And when I get back there at school  
I'll never leave, I'll make a rule,  
I'll hide from men in dear old Moulton Hall.

—D. P., '18

## The Chestnut Burr

On the board in art room—Make a square either 8 in. 9 in., or 10 in.

A remarkable student—"Miss Humphrey, is that square to be 8x9x10?"

—o—

Oh, by the way, are you Hungary?

Yes, Siam.

Well, Sahara, the maid will Fiji.

I want Samoa.

Well, Alaska.

I'm in a hurry, will you Russia?

—o—

My Tuesdays are meatless,

My Wednesdays are wheatless,

I'm getting more eatless each day.

My house is heatless,

My bed is sheetless,

They're all sent to the Y. M. C. A.

The bar rooms are treatless,

The coffee is sweetless,

Each day I feel poorer and wiser,

My stockings are feetless,

My trousers are seatless,

My word—HOW I HATE THE KAISER.

—o—

Can a man marry his widow's sister?

I don't know, can he?

Senior—"What do you call that thing on your shoulders?"

Junior—"Why, a head.

Senior—"Wrong. It's a pimple. It hasn't come to a head yet."

—o—

The dance was on in the music room of Moulton Hall, and the strains of music floated thru the corridors. Haskett wandered off in search of the drinking fountain. Miss Mears, questioning his presence in the forbidden territory, said, "What is it?"

Haskett—"A one-step, I think."

—o—

### IN ART CLASS

Miss Humphrey was showing the class some pictures by famous painters. "And this is a painting by Whistler."

Bright Stude—"Is that the same one as in 'The Whistler and His Dog'?"

—o—

Jack and Jill went up Normal Hill,

To get a bit of knowledge;

Only Jack got frightened out,

But Jill kept on at college.

—o—

Says Percy, "Why do you want to get me into this bally war? I have not had any discussions with the Kaiser."

IF

(With apologies to Kipling.)

If you survived the honeymoon's first waning  
With some ideals unshattered and intact;  
If you can stand for comment, uncomplaining,  
Upon your every little thotless act;  
If you can hook and not be tired of hooking,  
Or button minute buttons by the score;  
Wind clocks, throw out the cat, and smile while brooking  
Some hundred petty daily tasks—or more;  
If you can pass your tailor's shop unflinching  
And wear with unconcern a hand-me-down;  
If you can undergo a season's pinching  
To buy her much desired imported gown;  
If you can shave yourself each blessed morning  
And put that fifteen cents into the bank;  
Passing up private brands with well-feigned scorning,

And smoke Flora de Cabbagios rank;  
If you can meet the butcher, grocer, baker,  
Doctor, and dentist with a pleasant smile,  
Nor wonder at the whimsies of the maker  
Who gave insurance agents all their guile;  
If you can trim your weekly pocket money  
Till you locate it with a microscope,  
And still can deem the situation funny,  
Plugging along and keeping up your hope;  
If you can chuck the weekly game of poker,  
Successfully concealing all regret;  
Pass up a straight tip from your erstwhile broker;  
Calmly restrain from placing one small bet  
While the home team is straining every sinew  
What time the yearly race is run—  
You've got the makings of a husband in you,  
And you did right in marrying, my son.



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When you see the Fine Display of Merchandise  
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*YOU'LL SMILE AGAIN*



When you learn that the money you expected to spend is more than enough to make your purchase.  
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MONTREAL

As an older resident of Kent I feel justly proud of the wonderful progress made in developing a modern institution of learning within our borders in so short a time.

President McGilvrey and his colleagues are to be congratulated upon the gigantic strides already taken toward making a reality of the dreams of the founders of the Kent State Normal College.

May this youthful institution, growing up in the shade of its ancient monarchs, the trees, imbibe from them a large measure of their repose and strength and permanence. May the dignity of its precepts be as their dignity. May its ideals be as lofty as their wind-flung tips.

*John Davey*  
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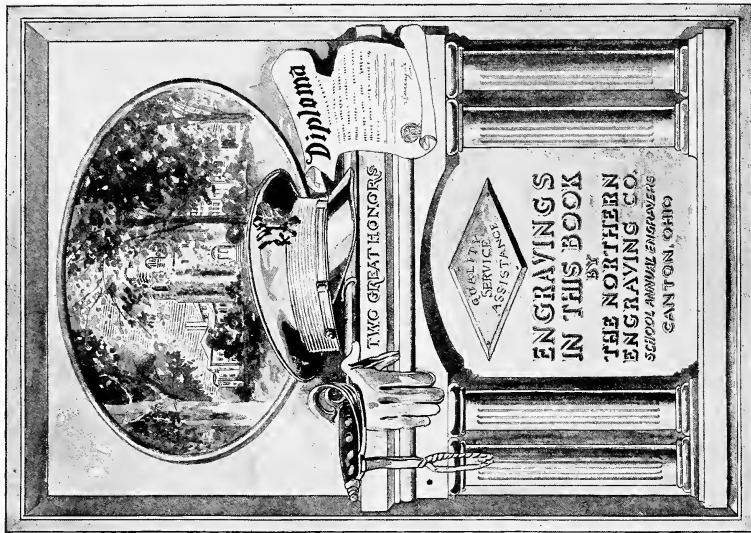
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