

.202  
fm  
B

244

M. L.

~~INDIANA COLLECTION~~

✓

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 02464 3188

Gc 977.202 F77fm 1918  
Ft.Wayne High and Manual  
Training School (Ft.Wayne, IN)  
The Caldron





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2013

[http://archive.org/details/caldron00fort\\_6](http://archive.org/details/caldron00fort_6)







# Waldron



JUNE

1918



1093 19/1803

# The Caldron Annual

Class of Nineteen-Eighteen  
Fort Wayne High School

**PUBLIC LIBRARY**  
FORT WAYNE AND ALLEN COUNTY, IND.



**HALL OF HONOR**

**E.W.H.S.**

**Faculty**

Mr. E. H. Murch

Mr. P. D. Edwards

**Students**

Clarence Cornish '17

Clarence Figel '18

Ford Fair '17

Paul Fortmeyer '18

William Morris '17

Carl Miller '19

Elwood Erwin '17

Maurice Rohan '18

Evart Perkins '17

George Ryan '18

Lawrence Smith '17

Marlet Somers '18

Robert Burns '18

Ivan Guenther '18

Alfred Randal '17

Harry Chandler



2125244

## Dedication

*To those graduates of this school who are now fighting the good fight for their country either in action on the fields of France or in preparation in the army cantonments and camps; to those ex-students of this school who gladsomely curtailed their studies that they might defend their country's honor; to those members of the faculty who abandoned their career that the doctrines which they teach and the nation whose welfare they promote through their knowledge alike might be made inviolate and safe; to all these, now engaged in the cause of democracy, humanity, and divinity, this, the Annual of the Class of Nineteen-Eighteen, is humbly dedicated.*




R. W. HIMELICK  
Superintendent of the Public Schools, Fort Wayne







LOUIS C. WARD  
Principal of The Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School





# CLASS REPORTERS

**SOPHOMORE**  **WILLIAM REGINAUER** **SENIOR**

 **JUNIOR**  

**LITERARY EDITOR** 

**EDITORS**  **BUSINESS MENS** 

# CALDRON STAFF

 **BUSINESS STAFF**  

**SCHOOL NEWS EDITORS**   **ATHLETIC EDITORS**  

 **SOCIETY EDITORS** **SARAH RANDALL** 

 **ILLUSTRATORS**   

**SECRETARY** 

# The 1918 Caldron Staff

Howard M. Shambaugh	- - -	Editor-in-Chief
C. Willard Moellering	- - -	Business Manager
Newton Warriner	- - -	Assistant Manager

## LITERARY

Rose Pelzweig

## ATHLETICS

Victoria Gross		Jack Frank
----------------	--	------------

## SOCIETY

Lillian Smith	Louise Baade	Sarah Randall
---------------	--------------	---------------

## SCHOOL NEWS

Eugene Kraus		Ralph Miller
--------------	--	--------------

## JOKES

Gus Fries

## ILLUSTRATORS

John Watt	Marceille Eggiman	Ralph Sunday
-----------	-------------------	--------------

## CLASS REPORTERS

	'18	
Willie Teddie Regenauer		Dorothy Shulze
	'19	
Herbert Stephens		Helen Warner
	'20	
William Carnahan		Walker McCurdy

## BUSINESS STAFF

Nelson Prentiss	- - -	Circulation Manager
Ralph Wilkens	- - -	Advertising Manager
Herbert Clemens	- - -	Publicity Manager

## Foreward

*These few lines are intended to introduce you to the Annual of the Class of 1918. Following will be found the result of much thought and effort edited and engraved somewhat, and at least printed on good paper. The success of a paper lies not wholly in the hands of the editors; it lies with its readers as well. Much depends upon the spirit with which it is received and read, not with a fault-finding, caviling disposition toward it, but with an eye only for the good, full though it may be of faults, and with the hope that it will be received thus, this Annual is commended to you. A few departments have been omitted not in order to lighten the work of editing, but because they are so old that they no longer hold any humor or interest. Our principle has always been not speed, but quality, and although we have failed to get the Annual out on time, we trust that its high quality will counteract this disagreeable feature.*



# Literary





## Dido and Aeneas

(By Rose Pelzweig, '18 and Howard Shambaugh, '18)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

AENEAS, leader of the Trojans.

PALINURUS, Trojan pilot.

ACHATES, intimate friend of Aeneas.

DIONEUS, influential Trojan.

ACESTIS, a Trojan leader.

BITIAS, Carthaginian prince.

IOPAS, bard in Dido's palace.

-:-

DIDO, queen of Carthage.

ANNA, her sister.

BARCE, an old nurse.



The  
**CALDRON**  
1918

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Aboard Trojan Vessel.*

*Dioneus:*

The night wears 'way; and yet the  
tempest fell,

In fury havocs all the heaven and earth;  
And they with vengeful animus contend,  
Each with the other blindly combating,  
Incited by the incoherent wind.

We occupy their field, and must, in time,  
Sink 'neath the onslaught of the ele-  
ments.

*Acestis:*

It is indeed a mockery of fate  
That in a strife, ourselves the most con-  
cerned,

Our share must be a merely passive one.  
For look! While all the world doth work  
itself

Into a passionate delirium,  
And while the flaccid, smould'ring, mun-  
dane fires,

Fanned by the pungent breath of Aeolus  
Burst forth into titanic conflagration,  
We like chid children must lie subjectly,  
And wait completion of our destiny.

And like a pouty child's our weak pro-  
tests

Drown in the gulf of our dependency.

*Dioneus:*

See how the heavens now towards us  
dispatch

Their effervescent darts of death. White  
lightning

In brilliant instantaneous flashes doth  
illumine this great battlefield divine.

Now beat the gods their cloudy, martial  
drums

And thunder shakes the universe. The  
winds

Now roar, now moan, now die, as in the  
soul

Of wounded man, life ebbs and flows and  
then

Takes leave. It is a combat 'twixt the  
gods;

Destruction reigns, and human detriment  
Is set at naught, 'til this foul slaughter  
wanes,

And peace again is made supreme.

*Acestis:*

It is a sight worth note. And if, per-  
chance,

A man of us should 'scape this imminent  
Catastrophe, and once more be allowed  
To walk and talk with human men 'twill  
be

A tale well worth relating. But do you  
know

How fares our dear Aeneas? Where is  
he?

And how think he of this extremity—  
Of this precarious predicament?

*Dioneus:*

In overwhelming sorrow yon he sits  
Close by the cursed prow of this doomed  
ship.

And like sad Orpheus did grieve at loss  
Of dear Eurydice, our father grieves  
And offers up himself, a sacrifice  
For us.

*Acestis:*

So care and worry are the thorns  
In the crown of responsibility. What man  
Great projects on his mind ere yet has  
had

A night's repose or day unvisited  
By fear! Fitful slumber must he look for  
And days like years drag dilatorily.

So with Aeneas, whose fair intellect  
Cast down by hope, oppressed by awful  
fear

Still seeks in fruitless, vain, abortive  
trials

An egress from our wretched miseries.  
Who's with him?

*Dioneus:*

His son Ascanes, the pilot,  
And some other men, whose tongues I  
could not

Recognize.



The  
**CALDRON**  
1918

*Accetis:*

All will be done that can be done  
And yet all measures now are wholly fu-  
tile.

What human efforts can avail, or what,  
Contrary to such godly enmity?  
Our puny might, like growth of plants  
and trees,

Is governed by superiors; whose wrath  
At any moment may descend and cast  
Us to subversion.

*Dioneus:*           There may safety lie.  
Why should the potent gods plan our  
o'erthrow,

In whose poor strength lies not the fac-  
ulty

To harm them or to e'en protect our-  
selves.

Our very weakness may be our defense,  
And we may yet cheat Pluto of his prize.

*Accetis:*

The thought of safety is unwarranted.  
We are bound in by cruel circumstance,  
Above, below, and everywhere; until  
The sunshine of our life, our hope, is  
dimmed

By these enshrouding palls of deathly  
black.

Our Life and Hope are tiny rivulets,  
Both tributaries to the flood of Death;  
And when, as now, our Hope has carried  
thence,

'Twill be short time 'til Life shall follow  
hence.

*Enter AENEAS and Others.*

*Aeneas:*

This is the greatest tumult since crea-  
tion.

The masterpiece of Mars, who has in this  
Subverted the entire universe.

Not since the earth from chaos sprang,  
has there

Been such a comprehensive, wild melee;  
Nor ever on the page of history

Has been recorded such a base revolt  
As this, when earth rebels against the  
heavens.

The earth, child of the stricken firma-  
ment,

In mighty conflict has arrayed itself  
'Gainst the omnipotence of parentage.  
With such participants, the strife cannot  
Be long; the skies must conquer in due  
time

And when the final judgment has ar-  
rived—

Unless in peace, which is impossible—  
Must we, subordinates of earth, pass  
'way,

As proof of our inferiority.

The arms of the opposing combatants  
Are waters of the earth and fires of  
heaven,

And so in the decision of the war  
Will be for all of time established

Pre-eminence of the conqueror.

The waters of the earth tossed by the  
air—

Which element remaining neutral lends  
A hand to either of the other two—

Mount to the sky. They quench the sun,  
the moon,

The stars, existent since the world began,  
And rising yet they flood the very doors  
Of heaven, and threaten to extinguish all,  
E'en to the life from which they gained  
descent.

But now and then doth Jupiter himself  
As if bestirred to guard his own do-  
main—

Like man when wakened from his leth-  
argy

Finds life and home in peril of invasion  
Springs swiftly to a truculent defense—

Lets drive his thunderbolts invincible,  
And causes lightning to flash down on us;

Which, if it strikes the waters, vapors  
them,

Or if the solid earth, rends it apart.

In either case it fully compensates

For any damage done the lofty skies.

Thus stroke for stroke they both recip-  
rocate

And no advantage has as yet been gained.

*Achates:*

It was decreed that Troy should fall,  
and that

Edict will be complete ere many hours





Have run their length. We dare not hope  
to long

Maintain the surface of this furious sea.

*Aeneas:*

So will the Fates be ever satisfied  
And mortals prove but mortals after all.  
Life is a game and men but pawns whose  
deeds

Alone of no import, are units towards  
Some greater end. The game is on; it is  
One move; nor know we whither, why or  
when.

We only know that for some act, the gods  
Have deemed it well to close our lease of  
life

Upon this earth. And thus the Greeks  
may now

Exult, for what they tried and failed to  
do

Is being done by no less hand than that  
Of Jupiter himself. And yet we too  
Have cause for joy; for if our end must  
come

'Tis well that we die at the hands of Jove  
Rather than ignominious death at hands  
Of earthly enemies. And so flexures  
Of destiny are such that we find comfort  
In the selfsame fact, in which our foes  
Meet with some small degree of consol-  
ation.

*Achates:*

Methinks I can discern a fissure there,  
A widening cleft between yon murky  
clouds;

And if I do not grossly misconceive  
The tempest to a softer, lighter key  
Has, while we talked, been slightly mod-  
ulated.

*Aeneas:*

If this be true—but no! it cannot be!  
We have advanced too far in Pluto's  
realms,

We are oppressed too closely by the gods  
To cogitate upon deliverance,  
Or to solicit hope of mortal safety.

The great stoop to petty deeds, nor do  
The great waste action in a vain display.

If most high Jove had not avouched our  
death

This tempest should have never been cre-  
ated;

And we should now be riding peacefully  
At anchor, in some safe secluded port.

But since this vast confusion has been  
formed

Ne'er think that it will pass without its  
toll,

A tribute to be paid in human life.

*Achates:*

Now may my life be forfeit if the  
winds

Do not abate their wonted zeal, and if  
The clouds have not there drawn apart,  
and if

Some light of heaven does not descend  
on us.

*Aeneas:*

'Tis but a maggot of imagination,  
A mere capricious fancy of your mind,  
A whimsic mirage of an intellect  
Which dread experience has far sur-  
charged

And which succumbs at last to its pota-  
tions;

Which is retruded to that state of health  
That is fecund of images of things  
Long wished for, long withheld.

*Enter PALINURUS.*

*Palinurus:*

My lord, our evil fortunes now have  
changed;

Their vicious mien has metamorphosed  
been,

That it connotes a new prosperity.  
The storm has mitigated, clouds have  
passed,

And in the swift augmenting light, a  
shore—

Precipitous and stony, yet a shore—  
Appears, and we approach it speedily.

*Aeneas:*

Can it be possible that gods treat thus,  
With gaudy show of their supremacy,  
The impotence of enervated men?

Do they so jest with their inferiors,  
Consecutively dealing them the hope



The  
**CALDRON**  
1918

Of rescue and the slough, despondency?  
Are our hopes and fears made light by  
them

For their mere transient and yet cruel  
diversion?

And are we fallen so into contempt  
That they amuse themselves by grieving  
us?

Well, we cannot transform our circum-  
stance;

The lowly have no choice but to obey.  
We must pursue the life predestinate  
With no consideration of desire;

And if we give not our appreciation  
For ev'ry twist of fate—for good or  
bad—

We are accused of base ingratitude.  
So we live on, our wills inanimate;  
Initiative dulled, despicable;

And in this narrow trench of subjugation  
We live, we die, and all in dim oblivion.  
We were prepared to die, but we must  
live,

Because the idiosyncrasies of gods  
Have willed it. Then in a brief span of  
years

The enigmatical eccentricities  
Of these same gods will doom us, unpre-  
pared,

To death. We navigate our ship of Life  
Thru this vast sea of earthly complica-  
tions

But nominally; in reality  
The hand of Fate is at the rudder oar,  
And it cares not for reefs, for shoals, for  
bars.

We are ourselves but morbid passengers,  
Unused to squalls, debilitated by  
The unaccustomed roughness of the  
course;

Who gladly would turn back, but whose  
protests

Are scorned by the hardy, virile mariner.  
*Achates:*

Bestir yourself; cast apathy aside!  
This is no time for prolix lamentation  
Nor yet for empty censure of our Fates.  
We near the shore, and if we do not act  
Soon will we be bereft of even life;

And when we are, 'twill be too late to  
mourn

For our contumacious tardiness.

Achievements, when the need is exigent,  
Save grief when opportunity has passed.  
So rouse your buried spirit from its grave  
Of desolate despair; the thought of  
safety

Should be an antidote to its disease,  
A panacea for its late decease;

And it should be returned to breath and  
life.

*Aeneas:*

I thank you for infusing me with life,  
And dragging me from out my contem-  
plation.

My thoughts had grown into a monstrous  
size

And having been endowed with life by  
the

Reality of our situation.

They threatened to consume me with  
their fury.

Again am I Aeneas, and will act  
As should the lone descendant of Priam,  
The son of Venus, Jove's inheritor,  
The instrument thru whom the Trojan  
race

Is destined to be reincarnated.

SCENE 2—*Carthage.*

*Bitias:*

The building still proceedeth merrily;  
And ancient Carthage soon again will  
stand,

In strength and beauty far surpassing all.  
*Iopas:*

It is in truth the favored spot of earth  
Blessed by the gods in ev'ry way. And  
yet,

Such words in their mere sense do scarce  
give voice

In condign terms the brilliancy of our  
Success. But like verbal approbation

To prayers conferred unto the deities  
Defile that thing they would revere.

*Bitias:*

'Tis true.  
There are occasions such as this when  
words



The  
**CALDRON**  
1918

Are vapid in extreme, and languid speech  
Inspid seems. Our outer works are firm  
Indeed, but we have yet a greater cause  
To bow down gladsomely to our just  
laws.

*Iopas:*

It surely is our queen of whom you  
speak;  
And she doth merit well all commendations  
Which our lean eloquence upon her can  
Bestow. Her beauty that of Venus is;  
Minerva only is her parallel  
In wisdom, rectitude and sanctity.  
With this egregious queen, yon orb,  
aloof,  
Need circmvolve no more this florid  
sphere;  
For her resplendence is the nonpareil  
And emulating suns despair this goal.

*Bitias:*

Yet cease! for lo! she enters even now;  
To shame with direct, near comparison  
Your meager encomium by its regal  
theme.

*Enter Dido and followers.*

*Iopas:*

Dido, sapient queen of Carthage old,  
By birth exalted, now by worth main-  
tained,  
Whose subjects are thy captives, lovers,  
friends,  
And ev'ry nice relation catalogued,  
The luminary of the firmament  
Once more makes merry with our world;  
the storm  
Which raged for many weeks and which  
still grasps  
The sea in her firm clutch, has passed us  
by.

And once more we resume complete con-  
trol

Of our entire mortal faculties.

*Dido:*

So ev'ry trouble makes its way;  
After the darkest night comes day.  
Beyond the clouds the sky is blue,  
And after winds of death pass through,  
Life blossoms forth in spring anew.  
So peace will follow after war;  
So hate, of love, is harbinger;  
And tears lead joy in close arrear.  
No wrong is e'er so far from light  
That it brings not attendant right.

*Bitias:*

The interim of enforced idleness  
Is not, indeed, without its recompense;  
For we can now pursue our slipping task  
Unhampered by that former weariness.  
The sons of Carthage are at work once  
more,  
And Carthage by the rounding of the  
year will stand,  
Through their commendable assiduity.

*Dido:*

Ends are attained by diligence alone,  
And fullest Life is industry's reward.  
A frustrate life, and one abortive lived  
Is that which harbors not some pregnant  
toil,  
Or counts not as fruition toil's fatigue.  
Oh, ten times better, pangs of indigence  
Than fatuous indolence by opulency bred.  
Hence! lowly drone, thou meanest thrall  
of sloth,  
Arch enemy of Life's prime requisite.  
Thy meed be acrid, thy senescence harsh,  
And may thy end be bitter as the dregs  
of time.  
Thou meritest naught of halcyon senility,  
And thy death can but benefit humanity.





# The CALDRON 1918

## ACT II

SCENE I—*Carthage. Banquet hall in Dido's palace.*

*Aeneas:*

Much do I owe, my lovely queen of Carthage,  
To your prodigious bounty, but I fear  
A debt it must remain. I've naught but thanks  
That illimitable treasury of all;  
Nor shall I be improvident of that  
Since gratitude profuse soon fulsome grows.  
Can you suggest no humble deed of service

I may perform as earnest of my desire  
To requite your kindness as it richly merits?

*Dido:*

The gods are liberal since they requite  
My offices, which I may but confer  
With their approval, with the satisfaction  
Of aiding people less fortunate than I.  
You will transfer all debt to me, however,  
If you will but relate the sordid tale  
Of all your wanderings. Disclose to me  
Your trials, privations, the cause and consequence  
Of such perversity of Fate.

*Aeneas:*

Weary am I, and fain would have Forget  
Steal softly o'er the past with soothing balm.

Obliterating griefs of yesterday  
By present joys and future's fond unknown.

And yet for thee, my regal, hostess queen,  
Will I my doleful tale once more unfold,  
Which I had sworn should never be retold.

'Tis seven years since Time unrolled so far

As to bring imminent the fate of Troy;  
But at that time had he for ten long years  
Approached with hesitancy this denouement.

The Grecian forces for this period

Have been encamped upon the shores of Troy

And have besieged us with mortal intent.  
Fatigued the armies now, despoiled the fields,

And we would gladly discontinue havoc  
For any charge save that the Greeks demand,

When suddenly, within the bounds of night

Our adversaries ship supposedly,  
And sail dismayed away. This incubus,  
Incumbent on our freedom, thus removed

We foolishly cast 'way all vigilance,  
Rejoicing in our unthought liberty.

So we exult, all caution cast to air;  
We ope the gates, and leave no sentinel there.

All strength we waste, 'til the succeeding night.

Then on ethereal wings of artifice,  
Like retributive devils of our revelry,  
Our foes return while we in sopor lie;  
And when, at last, we quicken to defense  
We find naught but the shreds of pristine strength.

Distraught, we flee in aimless disarray—

Haphazard dealing vain retaliation—  
Until the lowering night deters pursuit.  
And then in sulky plight we stay our steps

E'en on the shore and the embattled rocks  
Of late the scene of our portentous rout;  
And wait the morn in dolorous foreboding.

Thus does the morn reveal us to ourselves,

When he o'erclimbs the night's receding shades.

The menace thus eluded, we commune  
How best to utilize our respite brief.  
Shall we prolong the tedious militancy,  
Or shall we now repudiate the strife,



The  
**CALDRON**  
1918

To peregrinate, and elsewhere build  
anew?

At last all minds concur. Our policy  
Leads us to quit the wastage and debris  
Of war-consumed Troy and hazard all  
On mutable seas and inimical estates.  
With haste we build a temporary fleet  
And sail amain without our guide or goal.

Oh, Fate! no longer canst thou terrorize

The recipients of all thy wrathful humors.  
Thy intimidations are expended  
Like dewdrops in the searing sun of  
noon;

And though the future years be desolate  
Of hope, as desert sands are moisture-free

Yet they will seem felicitous to us  
Who are inured to all which thou canst  
wreak.

My queen, it is, I trust, a venial slip  
For me to thus decry our persecution,  
Unmerited, interminable, and foul.  
If I offend I crave thy lenity.

My tongue doth stultify my manliness.

And now let me pass quickly o'er the  
rest,

Lest I with detail weary you of all:  
In Thrace we first attempted settlement;  
Repellant omens foiled our labors there.  
Then on to Delos, where Apollo sits,  
Dispensing laws in prescience of Fate.  
Apprised by him of a dismaying doom,  
We sail to Crete, then shun the Strophades—

Infested by the Harpies' presence grim;  
And finally secrete ourselves from winter's rigor

In the hospitable fields of Actium.  
The spring once more concludes our restfulness;

And we are driven by remorseless Fate  
To shores of Epirus; there a respite  
brief;

Thence to Tarentum, Aetna, then at last  
To old Drepanum, where my father died.  
Bereft of his support I, weakened much,  
Would fain propitiate the goading gods,  
And end my life in unambitious toil.

'Tis not to be. 'Til I discover Latium  
There can be no contentment here for me.  
An irresistible force propels me on;  
The intermediary of the gods am I  
To whom the destiny of Troy is given.

*Dido:*

Your story moves me strangely. Who  
could list

With apathetic ear to such a tale?  
'Tis a depiction of the human will  
Made to subserve the enginery of Fate;  
And valor, pitted against the machinations

Of that detestable combine of gods,  
Is made to seem irrational offense.  
But now disseat the past in memory.

Let it not militate against a future  
Which seems to promise much, to hold  
much more

Of joy. Carthage is thine; my services  
I place at your disposal; jointly we  
Shall rule these peoples. Thus will terminate

The workings of an awful disposition.

*Aeneas:*

I may not! That same disposition  
Remains impregnable to mortal wish;  
And I would vainly importune the skies  
With pleas of commutation.

*Dido:*

Forget your Latium; here is life and  
love.

There human glories wax and wane;  
Preferment proves but idle gain;  
Wealth, concord, freedom—all are vain,  
Since war, the procreant, assails  
The progeny; and, too, entails  
On beneficiaries pain.

Beleaguered villages sustain  
With checkered fortune their defense,  
'Til fear to fury doth the mind incense.

Life is begot in violence,  
And lived in strict incarceration  
Since the joys of home and nation  
(Apt signs of mortal liberty)

Are minimized to nonentity.  
Will you betake yourself and your dominions





The  
**CALDRON**  
1918

Which you profess to love, to such a  
place

Of no recommendatory appointments?  
Is there no eloquence to dissuade you?

*Aeneas:*

Oh, Queen, the force of what you say  
is great;

Invidious mutiny lurks in my mind.  
Shall man, th' indentured denizen of  
earth,

Incur the implacable wrath of Jove  
And, maugre all his mandates, still insert  
Original passages in his destiny  
By overt symptoms of his waywardness?  
Or must he, with obsequious compliance,  
Accept the hostile shafts of every year,  
And poignant molestations of the days?  
My future course is problematical.

Conflicting judgments vie to dominate  
My fickle mind. I must find solitude!  
Let me away! Alone I may unshackle  
My will from this infirm indecision.

*Dido:*

I would that he might stay. Love stirs  
again

The tissue of my heart with tender strain.  
And though I once his inveiglements dis-  
missed,

He argues now, indeed, with subtle gist:  
"Why should you wean your heart from  
my control?"

"Twas fate, not I, your former lover  
stole."

I, too, must seek in lonely contemplation  
An answer to his earnest exhortation.

SCENE 2—*Carthage. Grounds adjoining  
Aeneas: palace.*

When was there such a night as this:  
Such perfect calm, and great serenity?  
When shone the moon with equal, ardent  
glow,

Or when have stars beamed on humanity  
With such a tranquil, calm benignity?

The air is silent as the entombed dead—  
Not mere oppressive taciturnity,  
Nor yet the quiet of uneasy minds  
Which cast about in feeble vacillation  
Embarrassing to all who chance upon  
it—

*Page Eighteen*

But rather the entire, wholesome peace  
Of some good man, with love for all the  
world,

Who at the hour of sunset doth commune,  
With consciousness of worth and mind  
at rest,

To his beloved and guiding deities.  
His countenance beams with his holi-  
ness—

An edifying lamp for wand'ring men,  
A harborage for all mankind who stray.  
Such also is this lovely glowing moon;  
For who, under its salutary rays,  
Would not, perforce, be cast into a  
spell—

A trance in which only the pure exists?  
And who could have aught but the no-  
blest thoughts

Within the boundaries of its gentle light?  
*Dido:*

This night is now the essence of per-  
fection—

The most supreme accomplishment of all.  
The moon, the stars, the earth, the sea,  
the air,

Are every one in concord with the rest,  
Each aiding towards an ultimate perfec-  
tion.

See how the moon is shining brilliantly,  
And, shedding its sweet light into the  
future,

Expounds the mysteries of times to come;  
Prognosticating peace for evermore,  
And dedicating us to joy eterne  
By the mere casting on us of its light.

*Aeneas:*

See also how the air receives its rays;  
Gently diffuses them to all the world,  
And blends them with unique, consum-  
mate skill

Into a unit, whole, symmetrical—  
A wondrous hue of multicolored shades.

*Dido:*

And so these coruscating rays de-  
scend—

Impelled throughout their long itinerancy  
By some celestial force beyond the pale  
Of human comprehension to the earth.  
Here on the palpitating sea they light,



The  
**CALDRON**  
 1918

And flit upon its undulating breast  
 Like leaves flit malapertly on the breeze.  
 The waters ruffled are desipiently,  
 By the sweet amativeness of the winds;  
 Quiescence have they not, nor wish for it  
 Under this atmospheric osculation.  
 The surface of this inland lake is vibrant  
 And in its soft pulsations gives effect  
 Resembling couchant, myriad undines  
 Whose bosoms rise and fall in quietude  
 Whilst dozing on their watery, restful  
 bed.  
 And o'er the whole the lucid moonlight  
 plays,  
 A condiment divine to earthly compound.  
*Aeneas:*

Can you comprise the reason for all  
 this—  
 Why so much beauty has been lavished  
 thus  
 In fabricating nightly scenery;—  
 In molding as criterion fore'er  
 This acme of nocturnal composition?  
 It is but to devise a setting apt,  
 A brilliant background most appropriate  
 For scenes of love, that most exalted pas-  
 sion  
 Which man is capable of entertaining.  
 No other circumstance is pertinent,  
 Nor any other ardor relevant.  
 Justice is ever stained by prejudice,  
 And generosity constrained by like;  
 Desire derogates morality,  
 While honesty is ruined by ambition.  
 Yet prejudice, ambition, like, desire  
 Are but pure love's more base excres-  
 cences,  
 And though these products are thus ca-  
 pable  
 Of thwarting some of life's high tenden-  
 cies,  
 Since virtues are impoverished by them,  
 Still love itself is free from this black  
 taint  
 Of vitiating related qualities;  
 And though remaining through deter-  
 mined links  
 The alpha and omega of the rest  
 Yet it maintains inviolate its chastity.

*Dido:*

Love is the mystery of life.  
 Through pain, confusion, sin, and strife  
 Its clarion peals out most clear,  
 Constraining men to act in fear  
 And to strive on for those most dear.  
 Life is forgot when at love's call  
 We hasten from life's narrow hall.  
 It is undying in our heart,  
 And though in us, yet lives apart  
 From all connections with our flesh—  
 Is unrestrained by mortal mesh.  
 And on that awful judgment day  
 Love above all will be arrayed.

*Aeneas:*

We can ascribe no reason for its pres-  
 ence;  
 It comes and goes with no apparent mo-  
 tive  
 Beyond a strangely whimsical desire  
 To give an ostentatious spectacle  
 Of its peculiar power over men,  
 And through its influence to warm their  
 hearts  
 With burning animation—then to leave  
 And crack them by its brisk vicissitude.  
 Though this its purpose and conclusion  
 be  
 Let us not squander pusillanimously  
 The hours that it abides with us. But  
 rather  
 Let's make the most of this, our visitor,  
 Enjoying the fruit afforded all the more  
 That we may bite it to a bitter core.  
 Come, let me now envelop you in love.  
 As night doth soft engird the earth in  
 dark,  
 Obscuring sullies by its purity,  
 As the ubiquity of virtue seems  
 Assured, at such a time as this, is love  
 The only mortal action which does not  
 Debauch the time and derogate the doer.

SCENE 3—*Carthage. Same night.*

*Achates:*

*Aeneas's bedroom.*

My lord, you seem sore vexed and  
 meditate  
 Upon affairs oppressive in nature.  
 What havoc, surging in your mind, pro-  
 duces



The  
**CALDRON**  
1918

Turbulence and froward indecision?

*Aeneas:*

My thoughts are vacillating and re-  
volve

About two potent issues; love and fame  
Are firm antagonistic forces which  
Sway me to this impulse and then to that.  
Latium looms afar—a goal of glory  
Yielding promise of victorious deeds,  
And tempting with the lure of sword and  
trumpet,

Clarion calls, and battle cries of war.  
And on the other hand a siren calls  
Persuasively to scenes of pure delight.  
Thoughts of surging love and ardor con-  
fuse

My seething brain with hypnotic power,  
And leave me helpless in their spell. But  
lo,

What is this apparition coming near?  
A vision bursting forth in radiance  
Glorious, imperious, and resplendent,  
Engulfing all with an ecstatic glory  
Like a star, celestial, clear, divine.  
A godly form seems to be enveloped  
Within this effulgent mist.

*Achates:* Lo, behold,  
Winged, golden sandals glitter brightly  
On his feet. 'Tis Mercury whom of yore,  
Mara, his radiant mother, bore  
In cold Cyllene's air.

*Mercury:* Hail, goddess born.  
The father of men and the king of gods  
Bids you stir from Carthaginian shores.  
Dispel your sluggish and contented lan-  
guor

With the impetus of former courage.  
Why linger you in Carthage? What  
madness

Keeps you chained fast like yon Prome-  
theus:

What irresistible force bewitches  
And compels you to relinquish conquest?  
Have you abandoned all your hopes of  
seeing

Promised Latium? Reflect on the glory—  
The fame and renown which shall then  
be yours.

Rise, cast off the spell and fascination

*Page Twenty*

Of this beguiling woman; tear yourself  
From these perfumed halls of deluding  
joy;

Forget the scheming flattery of her  
Who holds you, a prisoner of fancy.  
Go hence! and with your valiant deeds  
and arms

Raise mighty, fallen Troy unto the skies!  
(Exit)

*Aeneas:*

Stay, elusive messenger and unfold  
The plans I am to follow—what, he's  
gone!

Vanished like a cloud when in the East  
Aurora arises!

Mental anguish  
Torments and persecutes my conscious-  
ness,

And leaves me prey to fearful forboding.  
I know not what path to take and fol-  
low—

What course of hasty action to pursue.

*Achates:*

Think you, then, my lord, of leaving  
Carthage;  
And of setting sail again?

*Aeneas:* I know not.  
The mighty gods decree that I should go.  
And leave these witching haunts. But  
'f I go

How take I my leave? What reasonable  
Excuse can justify my departure?  
Can I brave the reproaches and just scorn  
Of one whose boundless hospitality  
Will then be so offended?

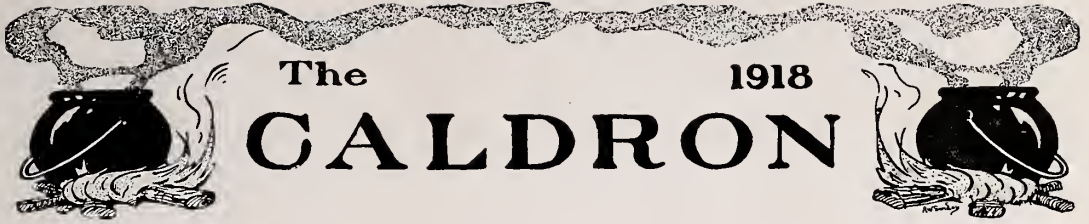
*Achates:* Take no leave;  
Set sail this very night, and with your  
men

Depart these shores in secret.

*Aeneas:* That I will.  
Go, acquaint our men of this decision  
And bid them get themselves in readiness.  
Let no one be too prodigal of time,  
But goad them on with firm alacrity.  
Time is short and what we do, must be  
done

With promptitude and with rapidity.  
The will of the gods be done.





The  
**CALDRON**  
1918

ACT III

SCENE I—*Aeneas sets sail.*

*Aeneas:*

'Tis night, and the fitful clouds of evening

Obscure in darkness the shuddering moon.

Potential escape can be realized

By vigilant, untiring precautions  
And provisions for all exigencies.

Now we can leave Carthaginian shores  
Free from doubtful and apprehensive cares;

Undiscernible—screened from mortal eyes

By an auspicious nebulosity.

May the gods manifest their favor, and  
With calm and ready winds felicitate  
And speed our waiting and impatient ships.

Let us invoke the favorable winds  
So that they should waft the galleys  
swiftly

O'er the briny deep.

Lo, Palinurus,

Urge the men to strive against the billows—

Let them breast the gale, and with steady strokes,

Bend the pliant oars and steer for port.

Let us not lose hope, but try with ardor,  
Enhanced by prospects of security,

To find a shelter for these storm-tossed barks.

*Palinurus:*

The men are unfurling the ample sails  
That lend themselves so advantageously  
And perform in complaisant harmony  
The bidding of the kindly zephyrs.

With unbated zeal and expeditious  
Energy, they labor to leave these shores  
Before Aurora, with her crimson train,  
Illuminates the world in radiance.

*Aeneas:*

Let naught obstruct or retard their efforts,

But let them exert their facilities  
Until the preparations are completed.

For under concealed cover of darkness  
We must depart in hiding and disguise.

*Palinurus:*

My lord, all is perfected, and the men  
Take their places on the rowing benches,  
And ply the oars in unison.

*Aeneas:* Let them  
Skim o'er the waters, and churn up the  
foam,

For another aspect reveals itself—  
An outlook of a land of promised joys.

Only the Almighty gods can prevent  
And hinder our anticipatory  
Happiness. So far, the Fates have been  
kind,

And have not thwarted our contrived  
project.

Carthage we have left behind us, and  
now,

Latium looms as our goal—the pinnacle  
And culmination of our ambitions—  
And—where Fate beckons, let us shape  
our course.

SCENE 2—*Dido's Palace.*

*Anna:*

The morning in all its sublimity  
Pays fitting tribute to our lovely queen.  
See the rays of dawn above the palace  
Shedding the roseate gleams of splendor  
That tint the marble walls in radiance  
And signify of reverent homage  
And due devotion to Beauty's power.  
Happiness endows her with glorious  
Ecstasy, and elevates her joyous  
Spirits to heights above; such miracles  
Are accomplished by all-engulfing love  
That knows no bonds and concedes no  
fetters.

*First Lady-in-waiting:*

Have you then observed the Trojan  
hero

In his youthful courage and ambition  
Lay siege to her impressionable heart?  
Her former husband is a memory  
Merged in oblivion by this attachment  
That holds her fascinated and bewitched  
In the transports of consuming passion.



The  
**CALDRON**  
1918

*Second Lady-in-waiting:*

Rumor has it that the culmination  
Of this affair will result in nuptial  
Benedictions; think you it probable  
That the Almighty gods would counten-  
ance

A violation of her former troth?  
This rumor is not substantiated  
And 'tis not known if there be truth in it.  
But day after day the Trojans linger  
At the behest of mighty Aeneas.  
Conclusions are not difficult to draw  
As to the reason of the postponement  
And the delay of the journey.

But lo,  
It seems to me the ships have departed;—  
Perhaps the mists of early dawn deceive  
and  
Play havoc with my fancy,—but the  
shore  
Seems strangely deserted and abandoned.

*Anna:*

This is no vision, but bewildering  
Reality that puzzles and distracts.  
'Twas but yestereve that they all were  
standing  
In tall and stately grandeur, like watchful  
Sentinels before the guarded city.  
And now the Trojans have departed—  
why  
And where, we do not know.

But how can we  
Convey this news to unsuspecting Dido  
To mitigate the shock she will sustain?

*First Lady-in-waiting:*

Perhaps he told her of this departure  
And the reasons for—

But, immortal gods,  
She, herself, is coming towards us slowly  
And by her smile, she does not know.

*Dido:* Behold,  
What causes you to be so despondent  
When all is light and joy and happiness;  
What heavy cares burden you in secret  
And begrudge you animative pleasures?  
Naught is there to cause dissatisfaction—  
The gods are so favorably disposed,  
That elation seems to be our lot.

Anna,

Your face is deathly pale, and foretokens  
Some dire calamity. Speak, what is it!

*Anna:*

Most lovely queen, turn your eyes to  
the shore—  
The ships have all cut anchor before  
dawn  
And now are sailing off. Without fare-  
well,  
Without excuse, the Trojans put to sea.  
No ostensible motive arises  
To explain this unpremeditated  
And unwarranted action.

Did mighty  
Aeneas reveal to you this sudden  
Change of plans? Knew you of this be-  
forehand?

*Dido:*

The ships are gone—the Trojans set  
to sail?  
Speak you the truth, or do you scoff in  
jest?  
I myself will look—

Oh, great gods, 'tis true;  
The ships are gone and I am left alone.  
Gods of my ancestors, what does this  
mean—

Hear you my shrieks of torturous an-  
guish,

My bitter grief and harrowing sorrow?  
Why am I inflicted with misfortune,  
What persecutes me relentlessly?  
My brain is afire, and my wounded heart  
Is lacerated by a burning pain.

*Anna:*

Dido, do not allow this perfidy  
To produce such rousing agitation.  
You are overwrought and feverish  
through

The delirium of your suffering.  
He went—called by duty to Italy—  
Leaving you a victim of circumstance.

*Dido:*

Speak not to me of duty—what know  
you  
Of the pangs of scorned and rejected  
love?

He left unseen—without farewell to me—





The 1918  
**CALDRON**

Without a word to ease my troubled  
heart,  
Embracing the coward's alternative—  
The stratagem of those at loss to act.  
Avoiding contact and supposed reproach  
He gave the order to depart at night.  
My faith is shattered, and my joy gives  
place

To furious, disillusioned hatred.  
Enkindled bitterness and lashing rage  
Subvert my former love to wild anger  
That necessitates retaliation  
To soothe my resentment

Go, build a pyre—  
Heap it well with yielding, pliant timber  
That will leap to savage flames in tri-  
umph.

Build it high until it reach the heavens  
And let it burn in fierce, exultant malice.  
Cast away his gleaming sword and  
armor,

And his 'broidered robe of royal purple;  
Every vestige that recalls his presence  
And suggests his recreant faithlessness.  
Let the flames consume in fiendish frenzy  
Every token of remembrance, every  
Memorial of my once sacred love.

*Exit Anna*

She has gone:

A tempest seethes within me  
And my thoughts are morbidly reflective;  
Why should I live when all happiness  
Is a poisoned barb aimed in spiteful glee.  
Why must I laugh—a false and mocking  
echo

To swerve attention from my breaking  
heart.

Oh, that we might cut this, our addled life  
Ascendant through its sterile travail  
grown;

And by a lone abscission might perfect  
Our sorry tale of unrequited all.  
Why should we feel impelled to wait our  
ends

'Til nature's regimen has been unwound,  
If in the interval our souls rebel  
'Gainst dwelling longer in this blighted  
shell.

No, no—we give not our consent to birth,  
Nor think, nor know, we of life's dreary  
dearth;

Our only potency lies there, but there—  
That we may quit at will, this sorrow's  
lair.

*Anna:*

The pyre is built and all is completed,  
I have followed your commands.

*Dido:* I will come  
And look upon the bier that holds my  
hopes,  
Ruined and shattered by the knell of  
death.

Give me his sword—the flashing, gleam-  
ing blade

Strengthens my wavering resolution.  
Well may we say that love brings naught  
but grief

Heart ailment for which there is no relief.  
It is a hollow, empty, soulless lure,  
And for its aching void there is no cure.  
Why are we so endowed with lovers'  
tools

If in applying them we play but fools?  
Why for exerting nature's passion high,  
Must we so suffer; why must we so die?  
O love, unnatural birth of nature, vaunt;  
Thy goal's attained—my body's pale and  
gaunt.

Which once was thy retreat, thy home  
and haunt!

I have enjoyed thee—now I must pay  
well;

Thus after heaven on earth, comes earth-  
ly hell.

Venus, fickle goddess of mortal love,  
Sever my life, in pity, from above;

*(She stabs herself)*

Farewell, my flesh, revert to earth, once  
more,

From that thou com'st, return for ever  
more.

Mount upward, ever upward, oh, my  
Soul—

Thy name is now inscribed upon Death's  
roll.



The 1918  
**CALDRON**

SCENE 3—*Aboard Trojan vessel.*

*Palinurus:*

My lord, we are now near the promised  
land  
Where we shall have reached our destin-  
ation.

Carthage is behind us—a memory  
Of sympathetic hospitality  
That put new strength into our weary  
men.

The waves are calm and bear us readily  
To the haven that is designated  
By the gods.

Behold, the lambent  
Flame of dawn leaps across the livid east  
To inspire our hearts with safe assurance  
Of a future released from doubtful cares  
And unharassed with importunity.  
It flings its crimson rays and brilliant  
hues

Upon the gloomy seas to dispel all  
Indications of our despondency  
And to symbolize our coming fortune  
With omens that portend success and joy.

*Aeneas:*

Your words, O Palinurus, prophesy  
A rest and safety from all turbulence.  
The will of mighty Jupiter directs  
And turns our course to paths of happi-  
ness.

Danger and weariness we have withstood  
For all these years of our strange wan-  
derings.

By force of circumstance we have sur-  
vived

From submission to disappointed hopes  
And unpropitious inconsistency.

*Accstis (on watch):*

Noble Aeneas, look ye toward Car-  
thage.

There is consternation in the palace—  
Evinced by inordinate excitement.  
People are moaning, and run to and fro,  
Rending the air with shrill and piercing  
cries

That speak of unexplainable horror.  
Pandemonium itself reigns supreme  
And spreads its hysteria over all,  
The lamentations and the wailing shrieks

*Page Twenty-four*

Signify some frightful tragedy.

*Aeneas:*

Lo,

'Tis true; Palinurus, what omen does  
This sudden metamorphosis portend?  
A curl of smoke ascends to the heavens—  
Higher and higher it mounts, foretelling  
Some dire disaster; like a harbinger  
Of evil tidings it fascinates and  
Thrills the curdling blood of the spec-  
tator.

The flames spring up in shooting, dart-  
ing tongues,

Venomously evil and revengeful  
As though to vindicate some heinous  
crime

And illuminate the skies; the palace  
Stands in silhouetted darkness like an  
Uncommunicative Sphinx; grotesque  
shapes

Evolve themselves and distorted faces  
Seem to taunt and mock the sombre  
shadows

Lurking in their depths.

It would seem as though  
Grinning demons with their fendish de-  
light

Were dancing in frenzied hilarity  
About the fire; my brain is seething  
With morbid conjectures that produce  
such

Strange and terrifyingly fanciful  
Delusions of the imagination.

*Palinurus:*

Nay, my lord, they come not of your  
fancy—

They are not the phantasmagoria  
Of a pre-occupied and worried mind,  
But the evil spirits that attend all  
Unnatural and self-imposed deaths.

Lo,

A funereal pall seems to bestow  
Its mournful mastery o'er the people,  
And to turn their thoughts into a com-  
mon

Channel of commensurate affliction.  
They move as those bereaved in times of  
grief,

Some weeping to display their emotions  
Others praying to the great gods on high.







## Hot Times in Hades

(By Rose Pelzweig, '18)

In those subterranean climes commonly designated by the picturesque appellation of Hades, the contest for mayoralty was being bitterly waged. The nominees, who were to deliver their stump speeches, in which were to be set forth the reasons why they should be given the office—a necessary formula in all well-regulated stump speeches—were "Spuds" Shakespeare, "Abe" Lincoln, and "Doc" Euclid. The presiding officer, or rather the referee, was Pluto, the judge, coroner, notary public, sheriff, chief of police and chairman of the program and ways and means committee. A large and varied audience was sitting along the ringside of the mammoth coliseum waiting with great interest and enthusiasm for the program to begin.

Pluto enters from the right wing of the large stage, and, with an oratorical flourish, begins his introductory speech: Ladies and gentlemen, ye will witness today,

A scene that surpasses description;

'Twill be a fixed battle of wits as they say,  
And we hope that 'twill pass without friction.

'Tis a galaxy bold that ought to be greeted,

With a niche in the great Hall of Fame;

And now all the cases will justly be treated—

I'll call the contestants, each by his name.

Loud cheers from the audience. Pluto tries to look modest, and succeeds in assuming a rakish pose which suggests that he realizes his undervaluation of himself.

But then, perceiving that the people are expecting something, he resumes:

The first is Spuds Shakespeare, of fame and renown:

He wants to be chosen the Mayor of this town.

I'm sure that you're anxious to hear him debate,

As talking is Spuds's most distinguishing trait.

Much applause, and Pluto sits down to make room for Spuds Shakespeare. The latter advances gravely, and, with his characteristic suavity, thanks the assembly for their kind appreciation of him, and, without much more ado, starts upon his theme:

Friends, Romans and Countrymen:

Hear me for my cause, take my word for my honour, and stuff the ballots for my election. Some men are born great, some men are born greater, and some men just naturally grate on one, and that is the reason I want you to judge me, unprejudiced and kindly, as the good that men do is oft mistaken for their selfishness, but the evil is sure to live after them unless they have a good press agent who understands his job thoroughly. My friend Brutus says—and Brutus is an honorable man—that the mayoralty is the only road to a practically uncensored job. As that is the case, you can see that I want your support for sundry weighty reasons.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now, as I am going to prove that I deserve more than my share. You all know



that the quality of mercy is not strained—it droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven upon both the deserving and undeserving alike; therefore, need I not expect as much leniency as you would grant another? I dare do all that may become a man—who dares do more is none. I can do no more than pass cigars around, and incidentally solicit your support. Life is a stage where every man must play his part; and, if I can't have a leading part, I don't want any.

And now, last but not least, the question is up before the house—to do or not to do. If you do not want to vote for me, then, you blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things, go to the blasted heath where you belong; but, if you promise to boost, push and ask no questions, then, in the words of my famous Macbeth, sometimes attributed to Sherman, “Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd be him that first cries, ‘Hold, Enough!’”

There was loud and enthusiastic applause at the conclusion of this spontaneous overflow of vocabulary, and Spuds sat down, evidently very well satisfied with the world in general, and himself in particular. Then Pluto, as master of ceremonies, again arose to do justice to the next contestant:

The next is “Abe” Lincoln, a good man  
and true,  
His virtues are many, his faults are but  
few;  
Whenever he argues, his speeches are  
curt,  
For honest Abe Lincoln is always alert.

Then came some more applause, and Abraham Lincoln, the man of a hundred anecdotes, slouched towards the audience and started talking:

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth a new idea, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, with the same right to run and keep run-

ning for the mayoralty of any city, country or district. Now, I and my noble opponents are engaged in the serious occupation of endeavoring to obtain this position open to the most desirable. I am here today to prove that I am perfectly capable to dedicate part of my life to this most worthy pursuit—of managing Hades according to my own desires and inclinations, provided, of course, that the compensation is sufficiently large and attractive. Those other fortunate men, living or dead, who have been former mayors, have given the office a reputation far above our power to add or detract. As these men have derived much pecuniary benefit in various ways, therefore, I say, let us resolve most emphatically that they have not done so in vain—for they have left a precedent which is highly beneficial to him who can exercise it. Under an efficient mayor, such as I would doubtless prove to be, you would have an entirely new regime—a government by myself, of myself and for myself.

When Lincoln had finished this remarkable speech—remarkable in that it was so intensely direct and directly intense—the people, swayed by one of those indefinable impulses which one hears about so often nowadays, cheered loud and would have cheered long, but for the interruption of Pluto, who, having perceived by a look at his trusty Ingersoll, that the time was rapidly flying (a well-known and undisputed fact convincingly accounted for in a famous treatise entitled “*Tempus Fugit*”), introduced the third and last contestant:

And now comes Doc Euclid, well known  
o'er the state,  
The mathematical genius who's fine in  
debate;  
Though he argues in circles, in theorems  
and planes,  
He'll prove that for mayor one needs just  
such brains.





The expectant applause following this character sketch ushered in the devout disciple of Pythagoras, who, having firmly reassured himself that, come what may, the locus of a point equidistant from the extremities of a given line would still be the perpendicular bisector of that line, launched forth briefly upon his topic:

As, in the course of my investigations I have perceived that a straight line of attack is the shortest path between two given points, I shall not waste any time upon introductory remarks, but will immediately demonstrate the following theorem:

I, Doc Euclid, am best fitted to be Mayor of Hades.

First, we are given the fact that Hades, a thriving and fast-growing suburb, is in need of a mayor. We have also given three nominees for this office.

Next in order, I am to prove that I am best fitted for this position, and the reasons whyfor.

And then in natural sequence comes the proof of the above statements supported by the authority of all the postulates and axioms known to the philosophical school of Plato.

As, according to the hypothesis, I am to show my qualifications for the position of mayor, I will expend in a cursory manner upon the subject of my early attainments. I am exceedingly well versed in practical geometry, having worked out the plans for the building of the pyramids and superintended the complicated digging of irrigation canals in the Sahara. I have perfected the theory of Pythagoras until now it is an infallible truth that the square on the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. Why—Ladies and Gentlemen—I even invented the Method of Exhaustion (sometimes erroneously ascribed to Hippocrates), the application of which, on the students, is at present in great vogue among the

teachers in the high schools of the secondary planet.

But enough of my own researches. Even yet there are some sceptics who claim that a mathematician cannot be converted into a politician without losing some of his mathematically precise instincts. Nevertheless, was it not Archimedes, my beloved predecessor, who stated that any figure may be moved from one place to another without changing its intrinsic value?

Unquestionably, I am the man for the job. Elect me for mayor and you will realize that, by virtue of my inexhaustible knowledge of proofs, propositions and suppositions, I will make a thorough, competent and efficient executive.—

*Quod erat demonstrandum.*

With a curt nod implying that he had finished, he returned to his seat amidst much puzzled applause. Profound respect for this impenetrable logic transfixed the whole audience, and a close observer, in fact, any kind of an observer at all, would have noticed a look of utter bewilderment upon the faces of the spectators.

But Pluto put an end to what might have started an argument, by stepping forward and saying:

And now that you've heard the addresses  
of each,  
I hope that you'll learn what they meant  
they should teach;  
And go cast your ballots for one of the  
three—  
To choose the best man, who e'er he may  
be.

Accordingly, the audience walked out of the hall towards various booths, where pencil and paper were provided them by the precinct officers, who were Sir Walter Raleigh, Napoleon Bonaparte, George Washington, Julius Cæsar and Henry



VIII. After signifying their choice for mayor, the ghostly assembly piled out to the shore of the Styx, where Charon, who had for time immemorial conveyed passengers to and fro for a reasonable charge, ferried them to their respective dwelling places.

⌘ ⌘

And the next morning, the Asbestos Daily Bulletin contained the following pertinent announcement:

"Yesterday's election resulted in a majority vote for our favorite mathematician, 'Doc' Euclid. Although the other candidates are men of upright character and great ability, nevertheless we feel assured that our new mayor will be entirely satisfactory, for he is, without a doubt, a man who knows the unknowable, who can do the undoable and who is able to unscrew the inscrutable."

---

## Our Rendezvous with Love

(H. M. S., '18)

Now while the one-half world doth sleep  
Come, let us creep through shadows deep  
To our rendezvous with love.

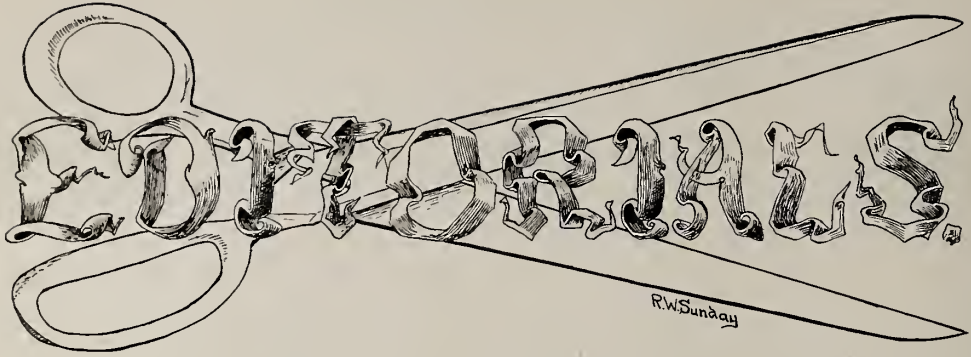
Haste, for the hours glide swiftly on;  
We must be gone 'fore the break of dawn—  
'Fore the shadows cleave above.

The moon doth reign in grandeur there.  
Come, let us share the beauty rare,  
And partake of the sylvan scene.

There let us while the hours away.  
Love while we may; too soon the day  
Will silently intervene.

To solitude we two shall hie,  
Just you and I, dear, no one nigh;  
And we'll plight our love anew.

Ah, my entreaty do not spurn;  
My heart doth burn, my soul doth yearn  
To keep that rendezvous.



For four years we have been working, and perhaps shirking, together. These have been happy years, very probably the best four we have enjoyed or ever will enjoy. As a joyful brook, they have sped swiftly, cheerily by, never to return; surmounting every little obstacle with a pleasing murmur and running deep with care-free pleasures and wholesome joys. It seems that only yesterday we were Freshmen, that only yesterday we began our secondary scholastic education. And now we have attained the goal that has been held up before us with all its satisfaction during these pleasant, fleeting years. We are about to graduate, and then continue our study in a higher institution of learning or undertake immediately the struggles of life. Have we all been successful up to this stage in our lives? Have we had a true, altruistic spirit, a desire to give the best in us for the uplift of our school and fellow students, to make the most of our high school careers?

Some author gave the following explanation of success: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction"

Of course, we are not old enough to have achieved success to such a degree. But as far as the above quotation can apply, the Class of 1918 has been very successful. We have filled our niche and accomplished our task in this school. Our fine debating teams have contributed pleasure and interest to those literarily inclined. Athletics with our strong support has reached and influenced many with its fascination and accompanying "pep" and enthusiasm. In conjunction these two diversions have had a good effect upon everyone, and as a result a democratic, edifying spirit has been maintained.

THE CALDRON, in spite of many difficulties and controversies, has, with a few exceptions, been a very good production.

In scholarship the Class of 1918 is unsurpassed.

Financially, the class and CALDRON have a clear record.

But still we have not attained the highest success. All of us have not given the best we had. Our class is one of the best that ever attended this school, and yet it would have been infinitely better if all of us would have done our very best in all we undertook. So as we pass to a higher stage of life we should try harder to make the world a better place in which to live than we have worked for the uplift of this school. We should be instilled with these immortal stanzas of Longfellow:

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;





# The Senior Directory

---

## CLASS OFFICERS

John J. Stockberger - - - - President  
James E. King - - - - Vice-President  
Dorothy A. Shulze - - Secretary-Treasurer

## SOCIAL COUNCILLORS

Hilda Schwehn Earl Thompson Victoria Gross

## FACULTY ADVISERS

Miss Eva Wingert Mr. Floyd Neff

## CLASS COLORS

Purple and White

## CLASS YELL

One—Nine—One—Eight,  
We'll put them all in a helluva state;  
We're rough, we're tough, we're hard to bluff,  
Nineteen Eighteen--That's the stuff.  
Ki Yi, Ki Yi, Flimmity Flam,  
Tickle your nose—who gives a damn?  
Purple and White, Purple and White,  
Nineteen Eighteen—Out of sight.

## CALDRON OFFICIALS

Howard M. Shambaugh - - - Editor-in-chief  
C. Williard Moellering - - Business Manager



JAMES KING



JOHN STOCKBERGER



DOROTHY SCHULZE



CLASS

OFFICERS

VICE PRESIDENT

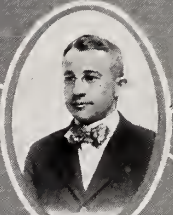
PRESIDENT

SEC & TREAS.

FACULTY



CLASS



ADVISORS

MISS WINGERT

MR NEFF



SOCIAL



COUNCIL



EARL THOMPSON

VICTORIA GROSS

SENIOR CLASS OF 1918

HILDA SCHWAN

The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**JOHN JACOB STOCKBERGER, JR.**

Class President, Senior year; Social Council, Junior year; Chairman of All Committees, Senior year; Business Manager, Senior Play; **Pi Gamma**; Mathematics Club; Platonian Executive Committee, one term.

Business Manager, Senior play; Varsity basketball team, Freshman year; class track team, four years; class basketball team, four years; class football team, Freshman, Sophomore and Senior years; Cadet Corps, Baseball League.

"Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see

Men not afraid of God afraid of me."

**JAMES EDWARD KING**

Honor Student; Class Vice-President, Senior year; Treasurer, Platonian Literary Society, one term; Senior Play; Caldron Vaudeville; Commencement Dance Committee; Mathematics Club; Reporter, Platonians, one term.

"Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,

But genius must be born, and never can be taught.

Talk not of genius baffled. Genius is master of man;

Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can.

**DOROTHY ANN SHULZE**

Valedictorian of Nineteen Eighteen Class; Class Secretary-Treasurer, Senior year; Social Council, Junior year; Caldron Staff, Sophomore and Senior years; Mathematics Club; Vice-president and Chairman Service Committee, Friendship Club, Junior year; Senior Play Committee; Commencement Dance Committee.

"For when with beauty we can wisdom join,

We paint the semblance of a form divine."

**HILDA MARIE SCHWEHN**

Social Council, Senior year; Class and Varsity Basketball Teams, Sophomore, Junior and Senior years; President of Sorosis, three terms, and Vice-president one term; Vice-president Mathematics Club, Junior year; Vice-president and Chairman of Program Committee, Friendship Club, Senior year, and Chairman of Membership Committee, Junior year.

"Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,

And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away."





# The 1918 CALDRON

## HOWARD MILLER SHAMBAUGH

Editor-in-Chief of 1918 Caldron; Class President, Sophomore and Junior years; Class Secretary-Treasurer, Freshman year; Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; President **Pi Gammas**; President, Platonian Literary Society, one term—Vice-president, one term—Secretary, one term—Reporter, one term; Mathematics Club; Mourning Musical; Commencement Dance Committee; Twice District Representative in State Oratorical Contest; Detroit Debate; Richmond Debate; Kendallville Debate; Monroe-ville Debate; Platonian-Sorosis Debate.

“And in such indexes, although small pricks,  
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen

The baby figure of the giant-mass  
Of things to come at large.”

## KARL MATHIAS BEIERLEIN

Honor Student; Assistant Editor of 1918 Caldron; Vice-president, Platonians, one term—Secretary, one term—Treasurer, one term; President, Mathematics Club, two terms—Secretary, one term.

“In parts superior what advantage lies?

Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?

All fear, none aid you, and few understand.”

## CARL WILLARD MOELLERING

Business Manager of 1918 Caldron; Class Vice-president, Sophomore and Junior years; Social Council, Freshman year; Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; Chairman, Platonian Executive Committee, one term; Mathematics Club; Mourning Musical; Manager 1918 Independents, two years; Varsity Basketball Team, Junior and Senior years; Organizer and Major, High School Cadet Corp; Sergeant, Third Infantry, Indiana National Guard.

“View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,

And then deny him merit if you can.”

## NEWTON EMBRY WARRINER

Assistant Business Manager of 1918 Caldron; Treasurer, Platonian Literary Society, Senior year; Treasurer, Mathematics Club, Senior year; X2C; Varsity Basketball Team, Senior year; Varsity Track Team, Junior and Senior years.

“And was the first  
That practiced meanness under saintly show,  
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.”

“HOWDY”

“K.M.B.”

“BILL”

“NEWT”



The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**VIOLET EMMA BAUER**

“You beat your fate, and fancy wit  
 will come;  
 Knock as you please, there’s no-  
 body at home.”

**HERMAN F. WM. BASHELIER**

“For every worm beneath the moon  
 Draws different threads, and late  
 and soon  
 Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.”

**HELEN MARIE BECKETT**

“Most women have no characters at  
 all,  
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to  
 bear,  
 And best distinguished by black,  
 brown or fair.”

**ORIS JAY BLAKE**

Varsity Track Team, Junior and  
 Senior years.  
 “Gnarling sorrow hath less power  
 to bite  
 The man who mocks at it and sets  
 it light.”



“VI”

“HERM”

“BOBBIE”

“JAY”



The 1918  
**CALDRON**

**ELIZABETH SOPHIA BERGHORN**

“Alas! how easily things go wrong;  
 A sigh too much or a kiss too long,  
 And there follows a mist and a  
 weeping rain,  
 And life is never the same again.”

**CLIFTON WAYNE CLAPESATTLE**

“Learning by study must be won;  
 ’Twas ne’er entailed from son to  
 son.”

**ESTHER MARGARET BITNER**

Honor Student; Mathematics Club;  
 Friendship Club; Sorosis.

“Nowhere so busy a woman as she  
 there was,  
 And yet she seemed busier than she  
 was.”

**HERBERT ANTHONY CLEMENS**

Advertising Manager Caldron;  
 Mourning Musical; Platonians; Math-  
 matics Club; Cheer Leader, Senior  
 Class; class football team, two years.

“This man’s state implies a neces-  
 sary curse;  
 When not himself, he’s mad; when  
 most himself, he’s worse.”



The **1918**  
**CALDRON**



**MILDRED ERNESTINE BITNER**

"'Twere more than woman to be  
 wise,  
 'Twere more than man to wish  
 thee so."

**LORIN ANTHONY COREY**

Platonian Literary Society; Mathe-  
 matics Club.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
 So near is God to man.  
 When duty whispers low, THOU  
 MUST,  
 This youth replies, I CAN."

**MARGIE MAGDALENE BLACK**

"I know myself now; and I feel  
 within me  
 A peace above all earthly digni-  
 ties;  
 A still and quiet conscience."

**HENRY JOHN FREDERICK  
 DANNECKER**

Mourning Musical; Varsity basket-  
 ball, Junior year; 1918 Independents,  
 two years; school bowling team;  
 Mathematics Club; President school  
 orchestra, Senior year.

"I pant for the music which is di-  
 vine;  
 My heart in its thirst is a dying  
 flower;  
 Pour forth the sound like enchant-  
 ed wine,  
 Loosen the notes in a silver  
 shower.  
 Like a herbless plain for the gen-  
 tle rain  
 I gasp, I faint 'til they wake  
 again."



"TOMMY"

"HANK"



The **CALDRON** 1918



**CHARLOTTE MARIE BORKERT**

“An idler is as a watch that wants both hands;  
As useless if it goes as when it stands.”

**RALPH JULIAN DIDIER**

Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club.

“Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill  
Of moving gracefully or standing still.”

**LEONA MARY BOTTERON**

“Humility, that low sweet root,  
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.”

**CLAIR FERGUSON**

Platonian Literary Society; Secretary Mathematics Club one term.

“ ’Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,  
‘You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again’.”



The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**GENEVIEVE NELLIE BROWN**

Friendship Club; Mathematics Club.  
 "To get thine ends, lay diffidence

aside;  
 Who fears to ask, doth teach to be  
 deny'd."

**ALBERT CARLYLE FISHACK**

Platonian Literary Society.

"Pride (of all others the most dan-  
 gerous fault)  
 Proceeds from want of sense or  
 want of thought.  
 The men who labor and digest  
 things most  
 Will be much apter to despond than  
 boast."

**HELEN LETITIA BRYSON**

Mathematics Club.  
 "'Tis good nature only wins the

heart;  
 It molds the body to an easy grace  
 And brightens every feature of the  
 face;  
 It smoothes th' unpolished tongue  
 with eloquence,  
 And adds persuasion to the finest  
 sense."

**ALBERT HENRY FOERSTER**

Captain class bowling teams four  
 years.

"Though I am not splenetic and  
 rash,  
 Yet I have something in me dan-  
 gerous.



"GEN"



"FISH"



"JOHN"

"AL"



The **CALDRON** 1918

**MARTHA ELIZABETH CANADAY**

“The maid who modestly conceals  
Her beauties, while she hides, re-  
veals:  
Gives but a glimpse, and fancy  
draws  
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.”

**JACK ROBERT FRANK**

Caldron Staff, Senior year; Plato-  
nian Literary Society; Mathematics  
Club; Senior Play Committee; Public-  
ity Manager, Senior Play; **Pi Gamma**;  
class bowling team four years—var-  
sity, Senior year.

“Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's  
fault alone.  
Where he succeeds the merit's all  
his own.”

**FLORENCE LORENE CHEN-  
NEOUR**

“What's fame? a fancied life in  
others' breath.  
A thing beyond us, e'en before our  
death.”

**CARL GUSTAVE FRIES**

Class Sergeant-at-Arms, Senior  
year; Caldron Staff, Senior year; var-  
sity basketball team, Junior and Se-  
nior years.

“Reason's whole pleasure, all the  
joys of sense,  
Lie in three words—health, peace,  
and competence.”



The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**JEAN MUIR DOBLER**

Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Commencement Dance Committee; Mathematics Club.

O woman, perfect woman! what distraction  
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!  
What an inviting hell invented!

**FRANCIS BEACH HALL**

“Thus aged men, full loth and slow,  
The vanities of life forego;  
And count their youthful follies o’er,  
’Til memory lend her light no more.  
The ruins of himself now worn away  
With age, yet still majestic in decay.”

**ETHEL MARIE EGGEMAN**

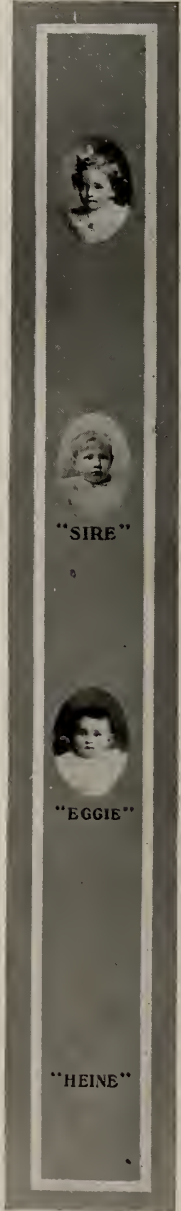
Charter member Sorosis; class basketball team three years; doubles champion in Tennis Tournament of 1916.

“’Tis no sin love’s fruits to steal;  
But the sweet thefts to reveal;  
To be taken, to be seen,  
These have erimes accounted been.”

**HERMAN FREDERICK HEINE**

Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club; class bowling team, Junior and Senior years.

“Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly rising o’er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.”





The 1918  
**CALDRON**

**FRANCILE ERWIN**

Mathematics Club; Commencement Dance Committee; Senior Vaudeville, 1916; Caldron Vaudeville, 1918.

“This house is to be let for life or years,  
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;  
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,  
She must be dearly let, or let alone.”

**EUGENE LEE HELLER**

“His only labor was to kill the time  
(And labor dire it is, and weary woe).  
He sits, he lolls, turns o'er some idle rhyme,  
Then, rising sudden, to the glass may go  
Or saunter forth with tottering step and slow.”

**ETHEL EVARD**

Sorosis; Friendship Club; Mathematics Club.

“ 'Tis education forms the common mind:  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.”

**LOUIS GEORGE HERRMAN**

“What is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.”



“FANNY”



“VERGIL”



“LOUIS”



The **CALDRON** 1918



**JEANETTE MAE FRAME**

“Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;  
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle.”

**HELGE GUSTAV EMIL HOGLUND**

Mourning Musical.

“I pity bashful men, who feel the pain  
Of fancied scorn, and undeserved disdain,  
And bear the marks upon a blushing face  
Of needless shame, and self-imposed disgrace.”

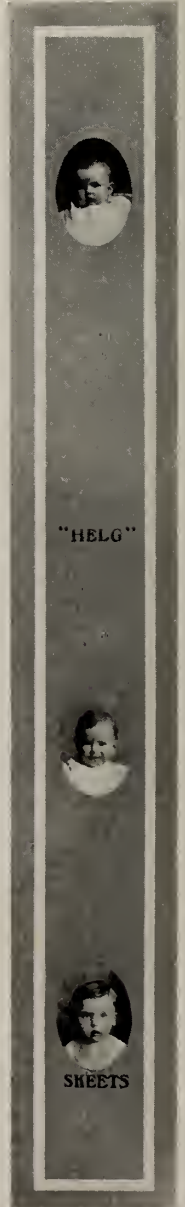
**JULIA FLEMION**

“In every rank, or great or small,  
'Tis industry support us all.”

**CLARENCE WILLARD HUNT**

Honor student; Mathematics Club;  
Mourning Musical.

“His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN!”



“HELG”

SKEETS



The **CALDRON** 1918



"BEE"



"VIC"



"RUSS"

**BEATRICE ELIZABETH GLOVER**

Mathematics Club.

"Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel."

**EDWARD HACKETT JACKSON**

Honor student.

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.  
No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
For truth denies all eloquence to woe."

**VICTORIA MILDRED GROSS**

Honor student; Social Council, Senior year; Caldron Staff, Senior year; class basketball team, Sophomore and Senior years—varsity, Senior year; President Friendship Club, Senior year—Treasurer, Junior year; Secretary Sorosis, Sophomore and Junior years; Mathematics Club.

"It is the mind's for ever bright attire,  
The mind's embroidery, that the wise admire.  
That which looks rich to the gross vulgar eyes  
Is the fop's tinsel which the grave despise."

**WALTER RUSSELL KLINGLER**

"Let the world slide, let the world go;  
A fig for care and a fig for woe!  
If I can't pay, why I can owe,  
And death makes equal the high and low."



The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**VIOLA PAULINE HAIBER**

Mathematics Club.

“ ’Tis beauty that does oft make women proud;  
 ’Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;  
 ’Tis modesty that makes them seem divine.”

**FREDERICK WILLIAM KRATZ**

“This wretched brain gave way,  
 And I became a wreck, at random driven  
 Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven.”

**MARY RUTH HALLER**

If ladies be but young and fair  
 They have the gift to know it.”

**EUGENE KRAUS**

Caldron Staff; Commencement Dance Committee; Platonian Literary Society; Secretary-Treasurer **Pi Gammas**; Mathematics Club; varsity bowling teams, Junior and Senior years; Stage Manager Senior Play; Assistant Manager Caldron Vaudeville.

“A merrier man,  
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
 I never spent an hour’s talk withal.”



“MIKE”

“CRAFTS”

MAX



The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**MABEL IDELLA HARTT**

Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; Caldron Vaudeville.

“Matter of mirth enough, though,  
 were there none,  
 She could devise, and thousand  
 ways invent  
 To feed her foolish humour and  
 vain jolliment.”

**PAUL BRADLEY LAPP**

Honor student; Mathematics Club.

“The heights by great men reached  
 and kept  
 Were not attained by sudden  
 flight,  
 But they, while their companions  
 slept,  
 Were toiling upward in the  
 night.”

**ESTHER ELEANOR JOHNSON**

“A woman is like—but stay,  
 What a woman is like, who can  
 say?  
 There’s no living with, or without  
 one.  
 She’s like nothing on earth but a  
 woman.”

**DE WITT WALLACE MAY**

Executive Committee Platonian Lit-  
 erary Society one term; track team,  
 1916; Secretary Fort Wayne Radio  
 Association; Mourning Musical.

“Whatever Nature has in worth de-  
 nied,  
 She gives in large recruits of need-  
 ful pride;  
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we  
 find,  
 What wants in blood and spirits,  
 swell’d with wind:  
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to  
 our defense,  
 And fills up all the mighty void of  
 sense.”



The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**EVELEEN JOHNSON**

“If the heart of a man is depressed  
 with cares,  
 The mist is dispelled when this  
 woman appears.”

**FRANK HENRY MILLER**

“For what are men who grasp at  
 praise sublime,  
 But bubbles on the rapid stream of  
 time?”

**EVANGELINE MARIAN  
 KLINKEL**

Sorosis.

“Why thus longing, thus forever  
 sighing  
 For the far-off, unattained, and  
 dim,  
 While the beautiful all around thee  
 lying  
 Offers up its low perpetual  
 hymn?”

**RALPH EMERSON MILLER**

Senior Play; Caldron Staff, Plato-  
 nian Literary Society; Mathematics  
 Club.

“Who does not love wine, woman  
 and song  
 Remains a fool his whole life  
 long.”



“JOHNNY”

“BEETLE EYES”

“FAT”



The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**HELEN KATHERINE KOHLER**

Friendship Club; Sorosis

“In idle wishes fools supinely stay;  
 Be there a will,—and wisdom finds  
 the way.”

**NELSON HENRY PRENTISS**

Circulation Manager of 1918 Caldron; Mathematics Club; President, Mourning Musical, Captain, Cadet Corps, Junior year.

“When griping grief the heart doth wound,  
 And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
 Then music with her silver sound,  
 With speedy help doth lend redress.”

**AGNES SMITH LARIMORE**

“Our sensibilities are so acute,  
 The fear of being silent makes us  
 mute.”

**FRED HUNTER PRESTON**

“Rather to bow than break is profitable;  
 Humility is a thing commendable.”





**FERN EVANGELINE LAUDEMAN**

Honor student.

“Wisdom speaks little, but that little well;  
So lengthening shades the sun’s decline betray,  
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.”

**DONALD CLAUDE PRICE**

Platonian Literary Society.

“You’d scarce expect one of my age  
To speak in public on the stage;  
And if I chance to fall below  
Demosthenes or Cicero,  
Don’t view me with a critic’s eye  
But pass my imperfections by.  
Large streams from little fountains flow;  
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.”

**HELEN RUTH LEAKEY**

“Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume,  
The plume exposes, ’tis our helmet saves.”

**HOWARD ALLISON QUICKSELL**

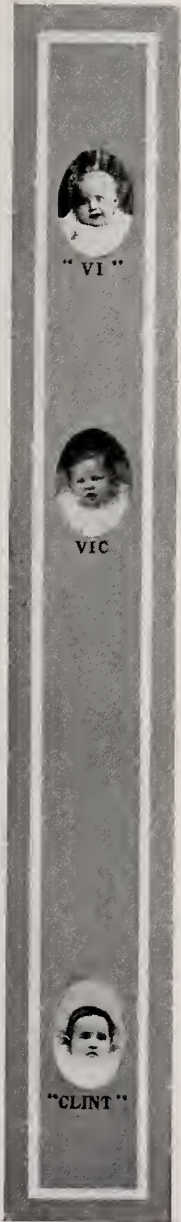
**Pi Gamma**; Stenographer Platonian Literary Society; Assistant Stage Manager Senior Play; Caldron Vaudeville; Caldron Staff; Pin and Ring Committee; Announcement Committee; Commencement Dance Committee

“Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,  
Whom Folly pleases, and whose follies please.”





The **1918**  
**CALDRON**



**VIOLA EMMA LONG**

Sorosis, Junior Red Cross; Friendship Club.

“And rash enthusiasm in good society  
 Were nothing but a moral inebriety.”

**VICTOR WILLIAM RODGERS**

“Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.”

**EDITH JEAN LONGSWORTH**

“Beauties in vain their pretty eyes  
 may roll;  
 Charms strike the sight, but merit  
 wins the soul.”

**CLINTON WILLIAM ROOT**

Platonian Literary Society.

“He would not, with a peremptory  
 tone,  
 Assert the nose upon his face his  
 own.”





The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**ANNA ELIZABETH LOWRY**

Sorosis; Friendship Club.

"The only amaranthine flower on earth  
 Is virtue; the only lasting treasure,  
 truth."

**HARRY SLACK**

Mathematics Club; Platonian Literary Society.

"In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!"

**CLEORA GENEVIEVE MAJOR**

Mathematics Club; Friendship Club.

"A maid  
 That paragon's description and wild  
 fame;  
 One that excels the quirks of bla-  
 zing pens,  
 And in the essential vesture of cre-  
 ation  
 Doth tire the ingener."

**HORACE WILBUR SMITH**

Varsity basketball team, Senior year—class team, Freshman and Senior years.

"Let us alone. What pleasure can  
 we have  
 To war with evil? Is there any  
 peace  
 In ever climbing up the climbing  
 wave?"



"BETTY"

"HARRY"

"PAT"

"SMITTY"

The 1918  
**CALDRON**



"HUDDIE"



"JOE"

**HELEN MARCELLA MARSHALL**

Friendship Club.

"O grant me heaven a middle state  
 Neither too humble or too great;  
 More than enough for nature's ends  
 With something left to treat my  
 friends."

**EARL FOSTER THOMSON**

Social Council, Senior year; Executive Committee, Platonian Literary Society, one term; Mathematics Club.

"Then when this body falls in funeral fire,  
 My name shall live, and my best parts aspire."

**KATHERINE MARIE MILLER**

Honor student; class basketball team, Freshman, Sophomore and Senior years; Pin and Announcement Committee; Vice-President Sorosis, one term—Secretary, one term; Friendship Club.

"Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,  
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind;  
 Fondly they think they honour merit then  
 When they but praise themselves in other men."

**JOSEPH LEMON UNDERHILL**

Social Council, Sophomore year.

"When a friend in kindness tries  
 To show you where your error lies,  
 Conviction does but more incense;  
 Perverseness is your whole defense."





The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**CHARLOTTE MARIE MILLS**

Caldron Staff; Caldron Vaudeville;  
 Mathematics Club.

“Whose follies, blazed about, to all  
 are known,  
 And are a secret to herself alone.”

**HOWARD LOBDELL VAN  
 ARNAM**

President Platonian Literary Society,  
 one term—Secretary, three terms;  
 Pin and Announcement Committee;  
**Pi Gamma.**

“Intellect can raise  
 From airy words alone, a pile that  
 ne'er decays.”

**GRACE KATHERINE MISNER**

Sorosis; Friendship Club; Pin and  
 Announcement Committee.

“The light of love, the purity of  
 grace,  
 The mind, the music breathing from  
 her face,  
 The heart whose softness harmonized  
 the whole—  
 And, oh! that eye was in itself a  
 soul.”

**EARL VIRTS**

Platonian Literary Society.

“'Tis immortality to die aspiring,  
 As if a man were taken quick to  
 heaven.”

“PETE”

“BAKE”



“VIRTS”



The **CALDRON** 1918



**ETHEL BLANCH MOLLET**

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

**LAWRENCE THOMAS WHIT-  
INGER**

"They never taste who always drink;  
They always talk who never think."

**HILDA MARIE MUELLER**

" 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
Are just alike, yet each believes his own."

**RALPH FREDERICK WILKENS**

Circulation Manager of 1918 Caldron; track team, Junior year; Mathematics Club; Platonian Literary Society; Social Council, Junior year; varsity basketball team, Junior and Senior years—Captain, Senior year; Pin and Ring Committee; Announcement Committee.

"If on my theme I rightly think,  
There are five reasons why I drink:  
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,  
Or lest I should be by-and-by,  
Or any other reason why."



The 1918  
**CALDRON**

**LEORA JEAN MULLIGAN**

“Music resembles poetry: in each  
 Are nameless graces which no  
 methods teach  
 And which a master-hand alone can  
 reach.”

**CLARENCE EDWARD WOEBBE-  
 KING**

Class doubles champion in School  
 Tennis Tournament in 1916—mixed  
 doubles champion in 1917; Tennis  
 Committee 1917 and 1918.

“Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,  
 As brooks make rivers, rivers run  
 to seas.”

**EDITH CATHERINE NEELY**

Mathematics Club; Friendship Club.

“But honest instinct comes a volun-  
 teer;  
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just  
 to hit;  
 While still too wide or short is  
 human wit.”

**JOSEPH EARL WOODING**

Class basketball team, Freshman,  
 Sophomore, Junior, Senior years—  
 Varsity basketball team, Senior year;  
 football and baseball teams, Junior  
 and Senior years; vice-president Pla-  
 tonians '16-'17; chairman Executive  
 Committee '17-'18; director of school  
 orchestra; assistant business man-  
 ager Senior play; Senior Play Com-  
 mittee; school debating team in Ken-  
 dallville, Detroit, Monroeville and  
 Auburn debates.

“Glory is like a circle in the water,  
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge it-  
 self  
 'Til by broad spreading it disperse  
 to nothing.”



“WEBBY”



“POLLY”

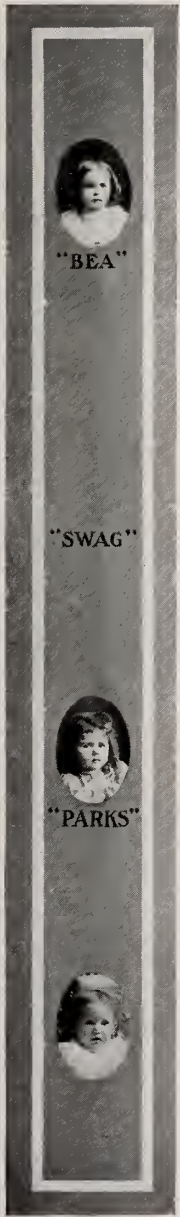


“DINK”





The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**CLARA BEATRICE NICHOLSON**

Mathematics Club; Friendship Club.

“Alas! by some degrees of woe,  
 We every bliss must gain;  
 The heart can ne'er a transport  
 know  
 That never feels a pain.”

**ISRAEL ZWEIG**

Varsity track, Senior year; class  
 football teams, Freshman and Senior  
 years.

“He that commends me to mine own  
 content,  
 Commends me to a thing I cannot  
 get.”

**MYRTLE VIOLA PARK**

“Her eyes in heaven  
 Would through the airy regions  
 stream so bright  
 That birds would sing and think it  
 were not night.”

**LUCILLE MARGARET PARKER**

“If little labor, little are our gains;  
 Man's fortunes are according to his  
 pains.”





The **CALDRON** 1918



**ROSE PELZWEIG**

Caldron Staff; Caldron Vaudeville;  
Senior Play Committee.

“And pensive poets painful vigils  
keep,  
Sleepless themselves to give their  
readers sleep.”

**LAURA ELIZABETH PHIPPS**

Honor student; Friendship Club;  
Mathematics Club.

“Like the sun, true merit shows;  
By nature warm, by nature bright,  
With inbred flames he nobly glows,  
Nor needs the aid of borrowed  
light.”

**HELEN LOUISE POHLMeyer**

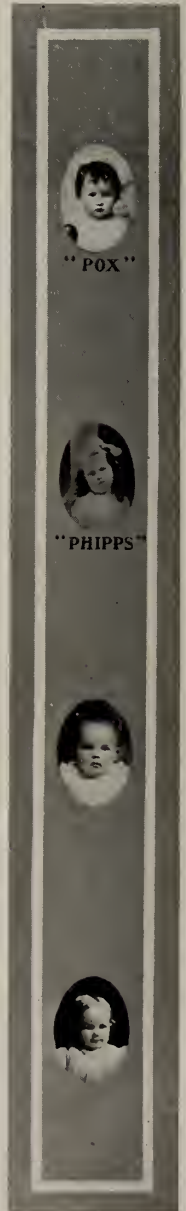
Class basketball teams, four years  
—varsity, Junior and Senior years.  
Mathematics Club.

“The broadest mirth unfeeling folly  
wears,  
Less pleasing far than virtue’s  
very tears.”

**ETHEL MARGUERITE ROBERTS**

Honor student; Secretary Mathe-  
matics Club, one term; Sergeant-at-  
Arms Sorosis, one term—Treasurer,  
one term; Secretary Friendship Club,  
one term.

“Labor with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone,  
Something uncompleted still  
Waits the rising of the sun.”



“POX”

“PHIPPS”

The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**VELMA LEONA ROY**

“ ’Tis great—’tis womanly to disdain  
 disguise,  
 It shows our spirit, or it proves our  
 strength.”

**HELEN MARY SCOTT**

“ Men are more eloquent than women  
 made;  
 But women are more powerful to  
 persuade.”

**MARGUERITE ANNE SCOTT**

Mathematics Club.

“ Man is his own star; and the soul  
 that can  
 Render an honest and a perfect  
 man  
 Commands all light, all influence,  
 all fate.  
 Nothing to him falls early, or too  
 late.  
 Our acts our angels are, or good or  
 ill,  
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us  
 still.”

**ESTELLA MARIE SHERBONDY**

“ One only care your gentle breast  
 should move—  
 Th’ important business of your life  
 is love.”





The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**KATE GLAZIER SHOAFF**

Chairman Executive Committee So-  
 rosis, one term; Treasurer Friendship  
 Club, two terms;

“The common ingredients of long life  
 are:  
 Great temperance, open air,  
 Easy labor, little care.”

**OLGA MARIE SIHLER**

Secretary Friendship Club, one  
 term; Vice - President Mathematics  
 Club, two terms; Vice-President So-  
 rosis, one term; Caldron Staff, 1917;  
 class basketball teams, Sophomore  
 and Senior years.

“And 'tis remarkable that they  
 Talk most that have the least to  
 say.”

**FREEDA WILMA SIPLES**

Mathematics Club; Friendship Club.

“Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
 'Tis only noble to be good.”

**MOLLY SIRIT**

“Oh, she is colder than the mountain's  
 snow,  
 To such a subtle purity she's  
 wrought.”





The 1918  
**CALDRON**



"LIL"



"STEVE"



"STRITT"

**LILLIAN BELLE SMITH**

"Hs is fool who thinks by force or skill  
 To turn the current of a woman's will."

**FRANCES LA FERN STEVENS**

"If we see right we see our woes;  
 Then what avails it to have eyes  
 From ignorance our comfort flows:  
 The only wretched are the wise."

**HELEN STOPHER**

Salutatorian; class Vice-President, Freshman year—Secretary-Treasurer, Sophomore year; Friendship Club. Treasurer Sorosis, one term; debating team, 1918.

"Where is the man that hath the power and skill  
 To stem the torrent of a woman's will?  
 For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;  
 And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't."

**MARGARET JOHANNE STRIEDER**

Class basketball team, Sophomore year; Senior varsity, Junior year; costumer Senior Play.

"She's an angel in a frock  
 With a fascinating cock  
 To her nose."



The **CALDRON** 1918



**ALICE DOLORES TEMPLE**

Mathematics Club.

“Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.”

**UNAFRED ULMER**

“A cheek tinged lovely and a dove-  
like eye;  
And all hearts bless her as she  
passes by.”

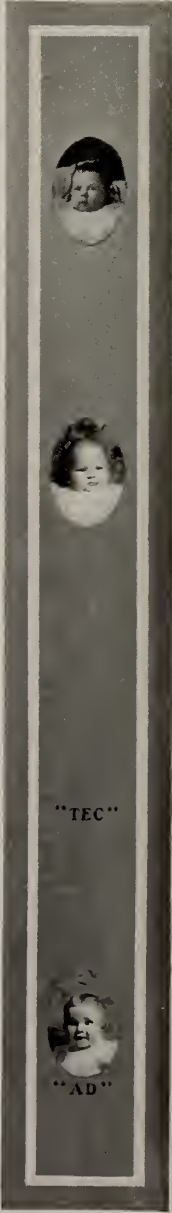
**THEKLA MARIE WERMUTH**

Varsity basketball team, four years;  
Captain, Junior and Senior years;  
Captain, class teams; champion, mixed  
doubles, 1917; class singles cham-  
pion, 1916; Announcement Committee;  
Sorosis; Mathematics Club.

“The wise for cure on exercise de-  
pend;  
God never made His work for man  
to mend.”

**ADELAIDE KATHRYN WHEELER**

“I have ease and I have health,  
And I have spirits light as air;  
And more than wisdom, more than  
wealth—  
A heart that laughs at care.”





The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**HILDA CAROLINE WIGGERT**

Honor student; Friendship Club.

“Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
 Or grasp the ocean with my span  
 I must be measured by my soul:  
 The mind’s the standard of the  
 man.”

**ALICE RASTETTER WILKENS**

Honor student; Sorosis; Friendship Club.

“What nothing earthly gives, nor can  
 destroy—  
 The soul’s calm sunshine, and the  
 heartfelt joy.”

**ERMA LORENE WINTERS**

Honor student; Sorosis; Friendship Club; Mathematics Club.

“True joy is only hope put out of  
 fear;  
 And honour hideth error every-  
 where.”

**MARY WOODHULL**

Sorosis; Friendship Club.

“Line after line my gushing eyes  
 o’erflow,  
 Led through a vague variety of  
 woe.”







## Senior Class History

Although the grand and noble class of 1918 was born in February, 1914, it was not until September that it was christened. Its christening was the class election, when the fatherly Juniors helped us decide our officers. Clarence Strodel was elected president, Helen Stopher, vice-president, Howard Shambaugh, secretary and treasurer, Connie Bogart, Bob Seidel and Marg Evans social council, Mrs. Edson and Miss May, faculty advisors. We decided upon purple and white as our class colors. Two class parties were given and were real successes. The first was a near tragedy when some roughs mixed some whiskey in the cider and the second was almost spoiled by some 1919 roughs whom we had so graciously invited.

And then, in September, 1915, we became Sophomores, tra-la. Then a bum staff was elected. Howard Shambaugh, president; Bill Moellering, vice president; Helen Stopher, Secretary and Treasurer (only good one on the staff), Norman Kendall, Clarence Figel and Joe Underhill, council; Hank Dannecker, Sergeant at Arms, B. Wilkens, cheer leader. Sweet Miss Brown and Shorty Neff were elected faculty advisers.

A Tennis Tournament was organized in the class, which give honors to Tec Wermuth, Tec and Ethel Eggeman, Mulholland, and Mulholland and Woebeking. A class orchestra was organized, which rapidly became popular.

The parties were held in November and March, the first being a county fair, and the second a dancing party at Unity hall. During this year, Mr. Ward showed his bull-headedness by too severely punishing anyone attempting to wear class colors.

In 1916 we realized that our staff had

done very well, so we elected Shambaugh president once more. Bill Moellering, the fellow who organized the bum cadet business, was elected vice-president; Clarence Figel, secretary and treasurer; Ralph Wilkens, Dorothy Shulze and J. Stockberger, social councillors. Mr. Neff and Miss Seymour were chosen faculty advisers.

In November we held a class party which was the very first in which a real play was given. Such celebrities as Dorothy Shulze, Myrtle Park, Stockberger, Shambaugh and Moellering, scored a tremendous hit. Refreshments and dancing closed a really good time.

We then held a Caldron election which resulted as follows. Howard Shambaugh, Editor; Karl Beierlein, Assistant Editor; Willard Moellering and Newton Warriner, Business Managers. The following staff was chosen by the Editor. Literary—Rose Pelzweig, Eugene Heller, Howard Van Arnam. Exchange—Helen Stopher, Joe Underhill. Illustrators—T. Wermuth, John Watt, James King. Athletics, Jack Frank, Vic Gross. Class Editors—William Teddie Rege-nauer and Dorothy Shulz. Society—L. Smith, Louise Baade, Grace Randall. School News—Kraus and Miller. Jokes—Wooding and Fries. With such a staff we were assured of the best Caldrons ever printed.

Another class party, similar to the first, was given and was a great success. Also a class tennis tournament was very successful. Thus ended our Junior year.

For our last year, the great, glorious Senior year, we studied a long time before selecting the following officers: John Stockberger, President; James King, Vice-President; Dorothy Shulze,



The  
**CALDRON**  
1918

Secretary-Treasurer; Vic Gross, Hilda Schwehn and Earl Thompson, Social Council. Our able Mr. Neff was chosen a faculty adviser as was Miss Wingert. This staff of officers were surely well fitted to pilot our class thru its last successful year.

Of course, the Senior play was the best ever given. Truly, it was a real success and many a former member of this school admitted that it was the best he had ever seen. We also gave a Senior benefit at the Orpheum, which exceeded our highest expectations. Then the Caldron Vaudeville was given, and I am forced to admit that it was much better than the Keith circuit. Every act was a star act, and everyone was pleased with the performance. Our party on March 20 was "Thickly" attended ("thickly" because it wasn't April yet) and even Mr. Ward admits that it was the best Senior Representation that the school ever witnessed. We then had a little trouble with a couple of agitators of the I. W. W. type who tried to ruin the Caldron

staff, but they were promptly squelched

So the class of 1918 closes its history with pride. It was well represented in everything—athletics, music, art and especially the honor roll. It's memory will live in the heart of everyone who witnessed its progress, and the school itself will cherish the memory of so lively a class. The patriotism of the class has shown itself by the enlistments of such men as Strodel, Figel, Rohan and Guenther, and the class has subscribed handsomely to every war demand. The class has withstood every knock and has grown with every boost, until we now stand at the pinnacle of fame, with fond remembrances of happy school days. And though most folks are striving to keep their souls lily white, I know that when St. Peter opens the gate for me, all I shall say will be—Purple and white and know that I will be freely admitted. Success forever to any member of the 1918 class and to anyone who was once a member, such as,

William T. Regenauer, 1918

# Only a Rosebud

---

(The Hi School Song)

Those happy school days that are no more!  
Their scenes of pleasant life to us are o'er:  
Only in memory must they now awake  
And time their fond impressions deeper make.

CHORUS:

Today our hearts are looking back with a sigh;  
To all school joys we bid adieu;  
And all those duties that were ours to do  
We leave to 'gin the life more true.

There is a gladness that we feel—each one—  
Beginning the new where the old is done;  
Yet in this gladness is a heartfelt pain—  
That we not, as we are, will be again.

CHO.

Tonight together and in all we're one;  
Tomorrow will that oneness be unknown?  
Tonight together, and it is our last;  
Tomorrow will we think of what is past?





J  
U  
N  
I  
O  
R

# The Junior Directory

Motto, "On and Upward"

## OFFICERS

President	-	-	-	-	-	Edward White
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	Robert Warren
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	Helen Warner

## SOCIAL COUNCIL

Louise Baade	Herbert Stephens	Irene Ligget
--------------	------------------	--------------

## FACULTY ADVISERS

Miss Nelson	Mr. Northrop
-------------	--------------

## CLASS COLORS

Green and White

## CLASS YELL

1—9—1—9—

We'll show 'em all a heluva time;  
We're tall, we're short, we're fat, we're lean;  
Clear the track for Nineteen.

## NEXT YEAR'S CALDRON OFFICERS

Editor-in-chief	-	-	-	-	Robert Warren
Assistant Editor	-	-	-	-	Frank Travers
Business Manager	-	-	-	-	Herbert Stephens
Assistant Business Manager	-	-	-	-	Louis Epstein

**HELEN WARNER**

**EDWARD WHITE**

**MR. NORTHROP**

**CLASS**

**OFFICIALS**

**ROBERT WARREN**

**MISS NELSON**

**SEC. TREAS.**

**PRESIDENT**

**FACULTY ADVISOR**

**FRANK TRAVERS**

**HERS. EDITOR OF 1919 CALDRON**

**JUNIOR CLASS OF 1919**

**FACULTY ADVISOR**

**LOUIS ERSTEIN**

**HERBERT STEVENS**

**ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER**

**ASSISTANT EDITOR**

**LOUISE BAARD**

**JERENE LIGGETT**

**BUSINESS MANAGER 1919 CALDRON**

*Caldron Staff of 1919*

*Social Council*





## 1919 Class Review

In the year 1915 there came into the Fort Wayne High School one of the best classes that has ever entered,—the 1915 class. It is a class that has played a large and important part in our school life and its most prominent part will be played during the next year, when it takes upon itself that very official title, "The Senior Class."

The first important event in our class history was our first class election. The Juniors were kind enough to give us their valuable aid and, under their direction, the meeting was held with only two or three riots to disturb its course. Darwin Myers was chosen "father of his class," and was assisted by Erna Bruns as vice-president, and John Watt as secretary-treasurer. During our freshman year we gave our first class party, which was a great success. The first two of the above-mentioned officers are no longer with us, but our old friend John Watt has survived the terrific struggle and is still "on the job." We elected him president for the Sophomore year and he was assisted by Edward White and Herbert Stevens. Two class parties were given during this year, which were as successful as our first. Edward White has been president during our junior year, Robert Warren vice-president, and Helen Warner secretary-treasurer. Near the beginning of the first semester we organized the freshman class in a manner very deserving of praise, even if we must say so ourselves. About the same time we had a Junior benefit at the Orpheum, which materially helped to swell our

treasury. Bad weather and other unavoidable conditions have prevented several social events which we planned, but we shall make up for them later. We celebrated Washington's birthday by holding our Caldron Staff Officers election. As usual, there was very little rivalry between the candidates nominated, the editor and assistant editor being elected unanimously. The young man who is going to direct the best Caldron issues ever published is Robert H. Warren, and his assistant is Frank Travers. The business manager is Herbert Stephens, who will be assisted by Louis Epstein. These four officers appointed the staff early in April. (The personnel of the staff is printed elsewhere in this Annual.)

On Tuesday evening, April 16th, the Junior class revived the old, ever-popular Junior Complimentary Dance, to which all Seniors were invited. Everyone present thoroughly enjoyed the evening and it is sincerely hoped that all succeeding junior classes will keep up this most popular function, which the present Junior class has revived.

The best and greatest efforts of the class must be put forth in our next and last year. If our class goes into it heart and soul and we are certain that it will, we may be sure that our Caldron will be a splendid success and that our career in the Fort Wayne High School will be terminated only after we have done our great part in bettering the conditions in the school.

F. T. '19.

Sophomore



# The Sophomore Directory

---

## CLASS OFFICERS

Howard Bash	- - - - -	President
Walker McCurdy	- - - - -	Vice-President
William Carnahan	- - - - -	Secretary-Treasurer

## FACULTY ADVISERS

Miss Williams		Mr. Voorhees
---------------	--	--------------

## SOCIAL COUNCIL

Lucile Franke	Arthur Berghoff	Walter Helmke
---------------	-----------------	---------------

## CLASS COLORS

Maroon and White

## CALDRON REPORTERS

William Carnahan	Walker McCurdy
------------------	----------------



# SOPHOMORE CLASS OF 1920

HOWARD BASH



PRESIDENT

W. E. CARNAHAN



SEC. TREAS.

WALKER MCGURDY



VICEPRES.

CLASS

OFFICIALS

FACULTY  
ADVISORS

MISS WILLIAMS



MR VORHEES



SOCIAL

COUNCIL

WALTER HELMKE



LUCILE FRANKE



ARTHUR BERGHOFF





## Sophomore Class History

W. E. HELMKE, '20.

In a seemingly very short time we have covered the first and second lap of our High School course. Although the time seems to have sped past unusually fast, noteworthy incidents have happened which will make us remember our Freshmen and Sophomore years.

After we became accustomed to the actions of those bold Juniors and Seniors we held an election by the aid of a few older members. Room 1 was crowded with enthusiastic Freshmen, eager to vote for their best friends. Those who were victorious were: Howard Bash, president; Sarah Grace Randall, vice-president; Walker McCurdy, secretary-treasurer. Arthur Berghoff, Katheryn Rauch and William Carnahan were chosen members of the Social Council. Later Miss Williams and Mr. Vorhees were chosen as our faculty advisers. Maroon and white were selected for our class colors.

The social activities had their opening on the evening of December 8, 1916. The attendance was very large, and everyone seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. We had the pep. We only needed the party to start us off. We had the characteristics of Freshmen, for we were watching the other classes with amazement when our class officials woke us up with the second class party. This party was held on the evening of May 29, 1917, with great success. After this happening we directed our minds to that day in June which would bring us joy and happiness.

Then came a day in September which made us Sophomores. We started on our second lap acting as wise as possible. As you know, Sophomore means wise.

Then came the election. But it took two attempts to determine who should be our officers. Finally Howard Bash was again made president, with Walker McCurdy to act as vice-president. William Carnahan was made secretary-treasurer. Lucile Franke, Arthur Berghoff and Walter Helmke were chosen to show the class a good time. Miss Williams and Mr. Vorhees were again wisely chosen as our faculty advisers.

On the 21st of December, 1917, the Social Committee managed to arrange for a party. But it did not surpass the rest, since the attendance was not so large. We made a little money, so it was no failure—thanks to Lucile Franke, who obtained the cookies free of charge. After Christmas a class pin was selected, but very few were ordered.

While drifting along to nowhere, the class officers were called to attention by Miss Williams to get busy for a class party. By the able planning and directing of Miss Williams and good advice of Mr. Vorhees a patriotic party was held May 3, 1918, which excelled all the rest. Walker McCurdy was the able director of the demonstration in the auditorium. This vaudeville was so well carried out that it rivaled the Caldron Vaudeville. The amusements in the rooms could not be held since the vaudeville lasted too long. The party was a regular record breaker, representing the spirit of the 1920 class.

We have completed the second year in High School with more spirit than ever. May our Junior and Senior years be more successful and surpass the preceding ones in school activities.



FRESHMAN!  
FRESHMAN!



# The Freshman Directory

---

## CLASS OFFICERS

Ervin Deister	- - - - -	President
James Bitner	- - - - -	Vice-President
Julia Bash	- - - - -	Secretary-Treasurer

## FACULTY ADVISERS

Miss May		Mr. Murch
----------	--	-----------

## SOCIAL COUNCIL

Helen Willson	Robert Koerber	Velma Crawford
---------------	----------------	----------------

## CLASS COLORS

Black and Gold

# FRESHMEN CLASS OF 1921

JAMES BITNER



JULIA BASH



ERVIN DEISTER



CLASS

OFFICIALS

VICE PRES.



PRESIDENT



SEC. TREAS.

FACULTY ADVISORS

MISS MAY



MR. MURCH



SOCIAL

COUNCIL



HELEN WILSON

ROBERT KOERBER

VELMA CRAWFORD



## Freshman Class History

The Nineteen-twenty-one Class entered Fort Wayne High School with the same fear as every new class enters, but it didn't take us long to forget that fear and become a part of the school. Due to the fact that our beloved principal thought it best that we get well acquainted with each other before holding our election, we had none until February, 1918. Our kind guardians, the Juniors, lent us their assistance, and Miss Winger was, of course, present. What Freshman class election has been without her? At this meeting we elected Louis Sterling president, Irwin Deister vice-president, and Julia Bash secretary-treasurer. Velma Crawford, Robert Koerber and Helen Willson were chosen to serve on the Social Council, with Miss May and Mr. Murch faculty advisers. Gold and black were selected for our class colors.

Shortly after our first election our worthy president moved to Chicago, and we held another meeting. It was unanimously voted to give Mr. Deister the presidency and to elect another vice-president. Mr. James Bitner was honored with this office. After that meeting Fort Wayne High School began to buzz. Nineteen-twenty-one was making things hum.

On April 12th we held our first class party. Success? Well, I guess. We had a program in the auditorium first. Miss Florence Gruber and Miss Violet Reinewald gave us several dancing num-

bers. Master Bill Hall kept the audience guessing how he worked his mysterious tricks. As the last number was completed the strains of the Kuckuck Jazz Orchestra floated into the auditorium and everyone rushed for the halls to dance. It was impossible for anyone to keep his feet still. Some of the smaller boys were a bit bashful about asking any of the girls to dance for fear they (?) might dirty their (?) shoes. However, even they could not keep still, so they danced alone or with each other. Our worthy guardians were present and helped to keep everything in order. Our bank account isn't so very large, but as long as the party was such a success and we more than cleaned expenses, money doesn't worry us.

It was too late to do anything else this year, so we have left the good for now and have been applying ourselves to our studies. Next year we are going to do big things. We want to thank the Juniors for their kind help and good advice, and we want them always to remember that they are more than welcome to any of our social activities.

Mr. Deister has certainly proved himself a most competent president. Miss Bash has not run away with our money, so we close our Freshman year to enter our Sophomore year with more "pep" and "ginger" than any class previously has entered.—H. WILLSON.







# The CALDRON 1918

## Honor Roll

### HONOR ROLL

The following pupils had at least 4 A's or E's for the semester closing June 14, 1918:

#### SENIORS:

K. Beierlein	.....3A's—1E
C. Clapesattle	.....2A's—2E's
E. Jackson	.....3A's—1E
J. King	.....4E's
E. Roberts	.....3A's—2E's
A. Wilkens	.....5E's

#### JUNIORS:

M. Biddle	.....4E's
G. Bisson	.....5E's
E. Chambers	.....2A's—4E's
H. Crawford	.....4E's
R. Entrodacher	.....4E's
F. Gerberding	.....4E's
M. Ingham	.....1A —3E's
K. Jackson	.....4A's—3E's
G. Koons	.....1A —3E's
N. Lachot	.....1A —3E's
B. Lockridge	.....2A's—4E's
E. Owen	.....4A's—2E's
M. Shaffer	.....2A's—2E's
L. Simpson	.....1A —3E's
F. Travers	.....2A's—3E's
M. Umbach	.....4A's—3E's
G. Crane	.....1A —4E's
W. Kappel	.....3A's—2E's
E. Ross	.....3A's—3E's

#### SOPHOMORES:

D. Beck	.....4E's
M. Eaton	.....5E's
J. Erwin	.....1A —5E's
R. I.° Evans	.....4E's
K. Feiertag	.....4E's
W. Heine	.....3A's—2E's
W. Helmke	.....1A —4E's
E. Hudson	.....2A's—4E's
M. Irmscher	.....2A's—4E's
L. Kibiger	.....2A's—3E's
L. Kibiger	.....4A's
R. Kinerk	.....2A's—3E's
M. King	.....4E's

H. Knauter	.....2A's—3E's
L. Kraus	.....1A —3E's
S. Lockridge	.....2A's—3E's
A. McKeehan	.....1A —3E's
G. Miller	.....1A —3E's
M. Murray	.....2A's—3E's
E. Pfeiffer	.....1A —6E's
H. Rapp	.....5E's
D. Simpson	.....2A's—4E's
V. Taylor	.....5E's
L. Wager	.....1A —3E's
B. Welch	.....6E's
O. Welch	.....4E's

#### 9B FRESHMEN:

H. Brewer	.....1A —3E's
H. Deister	.....1A —4E's
C. Dutton	.....4E's
A. Eickensehn	.....4E's
H. Evard	.....1A —6E's
M. Norton	.....1A —3E's
M. Pfeiffer	.....1A —4E's
R. Rothberg	.....1A —3E's
A. Schmuck	.....4E's
H. Stein	.....3A's—2E's
S. Walker	.....1A —3E's
M. Warriner	.....4E's

#### 9A FRESHMEN:

K. Beierlein	.....1A —6E's
M. Bleke	.....1A —4E's
E. Deister	.....2A's—3E's
D. English	.....4E's
N. Hadley	.....1A —3E's
M. Halfman	.....5A's
S. Huke	.....3A's—3E's
M. Kaiser	.....1A —3E's
R. Koerber	.....4A's—1E
I. Ludurg	.....1A —3E's
E. Moll	.....1A —6E's
E. Oyer	.....1A —3E's
B. Parker	.....4E's
I. Steiss	.....4E's
G. Tarletz	.....4E's
E. Wenk	.....1A —3E's
H. Wooding	.....4A's—3E's
J. Crane	.....4E's



# The CALDRON 1918

## Honor Roll---Continued

- |              |                 |               |
|--------------|-----------------|---------------|
| H. Brueckner | .....2A's—5E's  | M. Woebbeking |
| C. Hornan    | .....4E's       | 9A FRESHMEN:  |
| L. Polhamus  | .....2A's—2E's. | H. Auman      |
| S. Ruke      | .....3A's—1E    | E. Branning   |
| H. Willson   | .....1A —3E's   | F. Carey      |

The following pupils were not below G underscored in any subject for the semester closing June 14, 1918:

### SENIORS:

- E. Bitner
- M. Frame
- E. Evard
- G. Fries
- E. Graham
- V. Gross
- C. Hunt
- P. Lapp
- M. Miller
- L. Phipps
- K. Shoaff
- O. Sihler
- M. Strieder
- E. Thomson
- E. Winters

### JUNIORS:

- L. Baade
- N. Banks
- M. Barthold
- E. Breedon
- K. Breuckner
- H. Carter
- M. Cook
- N. Dixon
- A. Johnson
- G. Schwehn
- E. Steele

### SOPHOMORES:

- B. Bentz
- E. Bleke
- W. Brooks
- L. Clapesattle
- M. Crighton
- L. Grosvenor
- J. Haiulet
- B. Klaehn
- K. Lose
- I. Freeman

- E. Ternean
- G. Glissman
- D. Hormel
- C. Irwin
- C. Lewis
- O. Mertz
- E. Mesing
- G. Palmer
- H. Pape
- E. Schwartz
- D. Shunk
- W. Sihler
- H. Sthair
- H. Wellman
- D. Wild
- M. Wilkinson
- O. Wyneken
- A. Ackerman
- J. Bitner
- G. Garuer
- M. Gladden
- R. Guyer
- F. Salon
- V. Thieme

### 9B FRESHMEN:

- J. Bond
- F. Breedon
- E. Burt
- H. Doyle
- M. Ehrman
- E. Ellyson
- M. Heine
- H. Kutsch
- L. Lehman
- G. Laudeman
- H. Miller
- W. Notestine
- J. Plackett
- E. Roth
- E. Sirit
- A. Smith
- A. Stickly



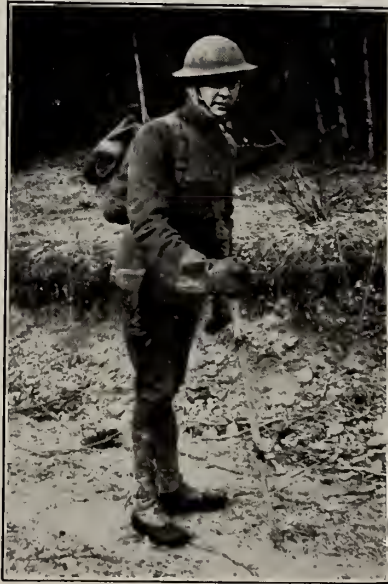
# MILITARY SECTION



# My Brother

Besse Banks, '19

You went away at your country's call—  
You left your home and dear ones all;  
You laid your life on God's own altar,  
But not a beat did your brave heart falter;  
You stood erect, your head held high,  
As if you challenged the fear to die;  
And in your eyes, the steady gleam,  
As all your future died like a dream;  
You marched on to free the world,  
And see the stars and stripes unfurled;  
As you said, to each dear friend, "Goodbye,"  
A misty tear stood in your eye;  
But you brushed it aside with manly ways,  
And tried to speak of brighter days,  
And said, 'Don't worry; it won't be long,—  
Cheer up, and bear it with a song,'  
But, as the order came to start,  
You held us close up to your heart,  
And breathed your blessing on each one there  
As you gave to God your first prayer,  
To guard, and protect those whom you love,  
And your words went out to Him above.



**JOHN O. BANKS**  
Machine Gun Squad, Bat. D, 150th F. A.  
France

That was all, and oh God, now  
We call on you to teach us how  
To forever see the brighter view  
Which brings us closer to him and you.  
Oh God,—my prayer, where'er he be,  
Guard, and save him for Eternity.  
If it be thy will, this I ask—  
To bring him, safely, home at last.

The decorative border at the top of the page features two large, dark cauldrons on either side, each with a handle and a lid. The cauldrons are set against a background of stylized, swirling patterns that resemble smoke or steam. The word "The" is positioned above the word "CALDRON", and the year "1918" is positioned to the right of "The".

# The CALDRON 1918

Fellow Students:—When unfurling this service flag today, it is well for us to try to realize just what it means or symbolizes. Obviously, it means that the men represented have been patriotic and have gone to serve their country. In reality, it is a sign whereby the world at large may know that the man or men who resided or worked within the residence or office where the flag is displayed, has given up his hope, his ambition, his family, his friends, in order that he might throw his weight in the balance of destiny to further the cause of democracy in this greatest of all wars. This flag is symbolical then, of the greatest of sacrifices. It signifies that the men whom it represents are ready to give up all, even to life itself, that justice and right and not autocracy and might shall prevail in the world.

To me the service flag connotes two distinct pictures; one of how appropriately the star was picked to represent those who of their own free will decided to give all that they have and all that they are that democracy might live forever, and the other of the strength that it imparts and of the sense of security that is derived from its nearness.

To me, the service flag is the masterpiece of its designer; so simple in its design, yet so completely showing the character of those whom it represents. To me, these men seem as the stars themselves, so far above everyone else, yet so very very real, throwing their light out upon a world of darkness. It seems at times that it is not possible that any man should agree to give up his very life, the most valuable of all possessions, if need be for any cause. Yet this is what those men, whom the stars represent, have agreed to do. Should they not be classed with the stars? These men have come nearer the sublime than any other man save one. Was it not Jesus who demanded that his disciples give up their worldly possessions so that they might preach the gospel with the purest hearts? It is exactly as the old

philosopher said," the thing that requires the most self-sacrifice is that, when finally the victory is won, which is the greatest achievement."

Again, when I look at the service flag, an entirely different picture is connoted. This time it denotes strength. The stars in order in columns the length and width of the flag seems to bring pictures of the old Roman phalanx, of great bodies of soldiers marching by, pulsing as a unit, a great machine going on tirelessly, endlessly to ultimate victory. It brings scenes of groups of men clothed in olive drab, stalwart men, bronzed by exposure to the weather, wiry because of undergoing many hardships, yet cheery and determined, men upon whom falls the task of redeeming the world, both now and in the future. Such a picture gives strength and a sense of security, to know that such men are going to fight for you and for your cause. You know that eventually they are going to win because they are going willingly, not as the German is going, driven by a taskmaster, but as the men who fought in the Revolution went, determinedly, knowing that their cause is right and that some time through their efforts, right and not might will prevail in the world and that justice will again rule supreme. So, you can see then, that the service flag is not merely a grim materialistic thing but an almost living body, unconsciously giving hope and determination to the folks at home, thereby performing the most important duty of keeping up the morale of the people, so that all governments might be crushed from the earth save those of the people, by the people and for the people.

So, fellow students, let us remember these things, and especially remember those who have gone from our midst to make the supreme sacrifice. Let us remember that it is partly through their efforts that we live in peace and harmony here in good old America, forever the land of the free and the home of the brave.



## The Indiana National Guard

When the old Indiana National guard was mustered into federal service it left a great vacancy. To offset this the new Indiana national guard was organized. All men between the ages of 18 and 40 years were eligible. The only other requirements necessary were physical fitness and good moral standing. As soon as the news was received in Fort Wayne that a new guard was to be formed, men began to pour in. The original intention had been to organize only one company from this city, but so rapidly did the men enlist and so rapidly did the guard grow that two companies had to be formed. They were formally mustered into service at the court house by Col. Girrard, of Indianapolis. They were then given their official designation as companies B and C, 3rd infantry. Capt. Thompson was put in command of Co. B and Capt. Mahurin of Co. C.

A number of high school boys enlisted in this new guard and were assigned to company B. The names of these young men are, Willard Moellering, Nelson Prentiss, Joseph Underhill, Har-

old Moylan, Albert Fishack, King Muckley, and Howard Bash.

During the first few weeks after being organized the companies drilled at the court house. Later on the government succeeded in renting the Sangerbund hall as an armory. Company B selected Friday night and company C Wednesday night of each week as their respective drill nights.

After a few months of preliminary training a written competitive examination was held for the appointment of non-commissioned officers. All members of the company were eligible to take this exam. Two of the high school pupils were successful in obtaining an office. Willard Moellering receiving an appointment as Sergeant, and Nelson Prentiss an appointment as Corporal.

The companies have been instructed in company drill (close and extended order), manual of arms, bayonet drills and guard duty. Plans are being made to encamp at Culver Military School some time this summer. While there the guard will have access to all military facilities afforded that school.







The  
**CALDRON**  
1918

## Her Boy

Do you see that dear old lady  
With the quaint old-fashioned shawl?  
She's a patriot of honor,  
She has given up her all.

While others forfeit money  
And think their duty done,  
She has given beyond measure—  
She has given up her son.

Then how puny seems their bounty—  
They still have some to enjoy;  
She has naught but recollections—  
She has given up her boy.

From a dearth of earth's possessions—  
Other treasures she has none—  
The noblest gift of woman  
She has given up—her son.

Should you penetrate the sorrow  
Of that sweetly radiant face,  
You would find a joy unbounded  
For the angels there have place.

And the travail and the partings  
That calm cannot annoy;  
For she hears Christ's sweet assurance,  
"Thou hast given up thy boy."

But though he die tomorrow  
And his resting place unknown,  
There's a future restoration—  
He is thine and thine alone.

What cause hast thou for weeping?  
Life must always pass away.  
But in the last tribunal  
Life is counted but a day.

This short parting makes but sweeter  
In the life beyond the grave,  
The inevitable meeting  
Which thy God for thee will save.

Though he suffer—though he perish  
His reward shall e'er suffice.  
Sorrow now, but joy forever.  
There's no chance in Heaven's dice.

Thus the voice of mankind's Savior  
With a new resolve doth fill  
The heart of that old lady,  
And confirms her wavering will.

Let the others guard their money—  
Let them stint 'til riches cloy;  
She has Love that is immortal—  
She can never lose her boy.





# The CALDRON 1918

## The Soldier and Sailor

Here's a soldier—here's a sailor,  
They are men like you and I;  
But they typify in essence  
A more noble soldiery.

Of that vast, anglic power—  
Of God's retinue they tell,  
Which precipitated Satan  
To his nine day sleep in Hell.

And like the stellar body  
They advance in stalwart might.  
And the cringing foe collapses;  
Wrong may never withstand right.

They are marching in the vanguard  
Of the consequential host;  
An integral world sustains them—  
They are civilization's boast.

Redoubtable in striving,  
They shall be in conquest, mild;  
For they carry now the standard  
Of Christ, Heaven's earth-born Child.

Let them heed his admonition,  
"Here's a mother—here's a maid,  
And thy soul is dammed forever  
If I find aught to unbraid."

Should they heed this fair injunction—  
Should the penalties they impose  
Comport with God's own precepts  
They'll encounter tractable foes.

Here's a soldier—here's a sailor,  
They are men like you and I;  
But they strive for divine attainments—  
They are greater than you or I.

---

## A Soldier's Lamentation

I left her there;  
A haggard air  
Eclipsed her wonted mien.  
I did not know  
She loved me so;  
Her soul I ne'er had seen.

I was abrupt,  
My heart, corrupt,  
Knew naught of tenderness.  
I said goodbye,  
I heard a sigh,  
But its meaning I could not guess.

And thus I left.  
Oh, soul, bereft  
Of a mother's farewell kiss,  
Thou may'st well die;  
When love was nigh  
Her thou presumed to miss.

Oh, mother mine,  
Now, now I pine  
For the words I left unsaid.  
Had I but known,  
Not now alone  
Would I be dying—dead.

# Organizations







## Things That Make School Worth While

---

Friendship Club  
Mathematics Club  
Sorosis  
Platonians  
Morning Musical  
Junior Red Cross



## History of the Friendship Club

About five years ago a little seed was planted which grew quietly for about a year. Then it shot up quickly into a sapling, and in about another year there were two other saplings close to this first one. These three seedlings then grew together and now form one beautiful, large tree, the tree of "friendship."

The little seed that was planted was a bible class, composed of a few high school girls and taught by Miss Harrah at the Y. W. C. A. Then in 1914, when the Shadow Club was organized, the girls of the bible class became members of it. The Shadow Club, under the leadership of Miss Lucile House, enjoyed both a bible class and a social time at the Y. W. C. A. Thus the little seed, the bible class, grew into the sapling, the Shadow Club.

But this sapling was not alone for a very long time. In the Fall of 1915, through the efforts of the Student Company of the Y. W. C. A., two clubs of high school girls were organized—the 1920 Do Shi Kai, under the leadership of Miss Harrah, and the Commonweal, under the leadership of Miss Wingert. The constitutions of both of these clubs limited the membership, the former to 1920's only, and the latter to 25 members.

In the following summer Hilda Schweg was sent to Geneva as a delegate from these three clubs and came back with the idea of consolidation. In consequence of this since it seemed more democratic and more advisable in almost every respect, these three clubs, the Shadow, Do Shi Kai and Commonweal, in September, 1916, united and formed the Friendship Club, the one beautiful tree which is still growing. Of course, the leaders of the three clubs became the leaders of the Friendship Club. Two other leaders—the Misses Avis Meigs and Esther Miller—were also secured. Then in the Spring, the Girls' Work Secretary, our Miss Gwinn, came to help us. Now under the guidance of Miss Gwinn and the four advisers, only two of whom, Miss Wingert and Miss Harrah, were with us from the beginning, this Friendship Tree is still growing and bearing fruit. Part of its fruit is the fact that it is the cause of better fellowship among the girls of the Fort Wayne High School. The Big Sister League, which is very important, and the various branches of service were undertaken and accomplished by the club. May the Friendship Club continue to grow as it did in the past, so that soon it may be an important factor in the life of every high school girl.



# The CALDRON 1918

## Friendship Review

The Friendship Club has closed a year that has been very successful in every respect. The original officers were: Victoria Gross, president; Hilda Schwehn, vice-president; Frieda Knauer, secretary, and Kate Shoaf, treasurer. Frieda Knauer did not return to school last fall, so Olga Sihler was elected secretary, and upon her resignation Katherine Beierlein received this position. Hilda Schwehn finished school in February and her place was taken by Evelyn Ross. The club is divided into four committees and the chairmen of these are: Helen Stopher, service; Gertrude Schwehn, membership; Evelyn Ross, program, and Marie Miller, social.

This has been a year of much pleasure, pleasant work and worthy achievement. All of the meetings have been snappy and interesting.

A Christmas party was given for poor little children at the Y. W. C. A., and the way in which the little girls enjoyed this party and the dressed dolls made the party worth the effort. In February the drama "Esther" was presented by Friendship girls in a very praiseworthy manner at a Vesper Service at the Y. W. C. A. A George Washington party given for the parents in order that they might all get acquainted was a decided success. The club has contributed to the war fund and has adopted a French war orphan.

Thus the year is closed with this splendid record. Next year there will be many more opportunities for this club to truly live up to its name, and keep it, as it has been in the past, the best girls' organization of the school.

## "Will of the Seniors"

Know All Men, That we, The Seniors of the class of 1918, of the City of Fort Wayne, in the County of Allen, in the State of Indiana, and members of the Club of Friendship, still retaining our right memories and minds, do hereby make this our last will and testament, to-wit:

To the club's next president we hereby bequeath the executive ability of Victoria Gross and also a copy of Roberts' Rules of Order.

To the vice-president we give one-half above quality perchance the president is unable to preside at the meetings.

To the secretary we bequeath the ability to take minutes quickly and omit one or two of the above once or twice a year so that the dense silence which always prevails after "Are there any additions or corrections to be made?" might be done away with.

We freely and generously give to the next treasurer, Kate Shoaff's ability of counting money and making out checks, not forgetting her ability in chasing up people who have not paid their dues.

To the chairmen of the various committees and the members thereof we bequeath one ton of pep to be equally distributed. If we should find new ideas we will graciously bequeath the same *gratis*.



# The 1918 CALDRON



Hilda Schwehn, Vive-Pres., Sept.-Feb.; Evelyn Ross, Vice-Pres., Feb.-June, Chairman of Program Committee; Victoria Gross, Pres., Sept.-June; Katherine Beierlein, Sec. Feb.-June; Kate Shoaff, Treas., Sept.-Feb.; Olga Sihler, Sec. Sept.-Feb.; Helen Stopher, Chairman of Service Committee; Gertrude Schwehn, Chairman of Membership Committee, Marie Miller, Chairman of Social Committee

## Personal Bequests

To Flora Gerberding we bequeath Victoria Gross's Ford-driving ability.

To Margaret Simminger we give Frieda Siples' knack of making posters.

To next year's pianist we give Ethel Roberts' ability of fingering the ivories.

To Gert Schwehn we give with Miss Wingert's permission the artistic touch of the above mentioned of dropping stitches.

To anyone asking for the same, we kindly and graciously give the sense of humor and craziness of our Notary Public.

Lastly we grant unanimously and cheerfully our heartfelt interest and best wishes to the club as a whole.

In witness whereof, we, the Seniors of the class of 1918, do hereby give our hand and seal this seventh day of May, in the year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen.

(SIGNED) . . . CLASS OF 1918.

Prescribed and sworn at before me this, the 7th day of May, 1918.

OLGA SIHLER,  
Notorious Public.

My commission expires June 32, 1918.



## Mathematics Club

The idea of organizing a Mathematics club for the purpose of promoting better social advantages in the school and a clearer relationship between the faculty and students and among the students themselves originated with Mr. Werremeyer. There had long been a need of an organization of this kind, and at the first meeting, which was held December 4, 1913, preliminary steps were taken, the result of which is the present, large, enthusiastic, much enjoyed Math club.

The great popularity of this organization is evidenced by its increase in membership. From a small beginning it has grown rapidly, especially within the past two semesters. At the September meeting we were compelled to move from room 17 to room 18 because of the large attendance. It was at this meeting that the semi-annual election of officers was held, resulting as follows: President, Karl Beierlein; Vice President, Olga Sihler; Secretary, Clair Ferguson; and Treasurer, Newton Warriner. The purpose of this meeting was chiefly to "get acquainted." The program, both entertainment and eats, was arranged to this end, and for testimony as to the success of the plan we refer you to those who were present. Although the attendance at the following monthly meetings was not so large, the keen interest manifested at the first meeting was maintained, credit for which is due in a large measure to the efforts of the program and social committee.

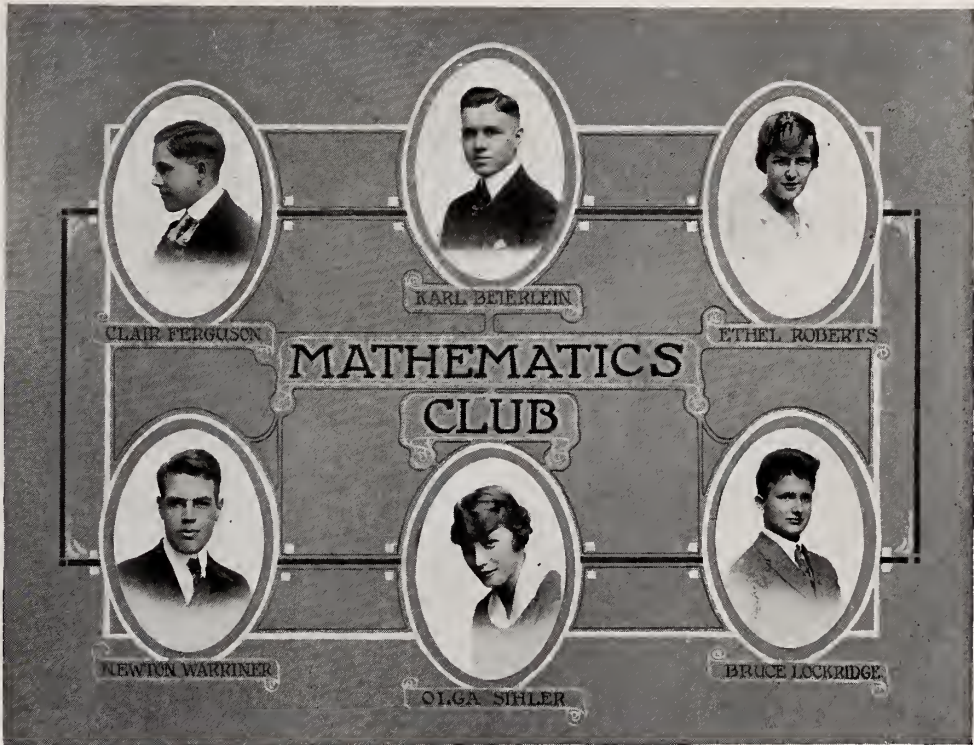
At the beginning of the second semester it was decided to retain the existent officers with the exception of the secretary, Clair Ferguson, who had finished school. Ethel Roberts was elected to fill this vacancy. At the next meeting the Treasurer, Newton Warriner, resigned, and his place was filled by Bruce Lockridge.

Instead of having a June meeting, we followed last year's precedent, and had a picnic at Foster Park, which was a unqualified success. Almost the full number of members were present, and what with the enjoyable games, the picnic lunches and the delightful evening air in the grove, it surpassed all former meetings in pleasure and enjoyment.

The Math Club is to be congratulated on the perfect rounding out of a pleasant and profitable year. This year has seen the addition to its ranks of a large number of new members to whom is extended a most cordial welcome. To the seniors, who on account of the conclusion of their High School course are compelled to drop active work in the club, is extended the sincerest appreciation of their efforts and best wishes for their future success and happiness. That the club will enjoy a brilliant future and its past records be surpassed, is but a logical conclusion when the character of the members is considered. Thus it will fulfill its original purpose and the wishes of its founder.

Ethel Roberts, '18.





Clair Ferguson, Sec., Sept.-Feb.; Karl Beierlein, Pres., Sept.-June; Ethel Roberts, Sec., Feb.-June; Newton Warriner, Treas., Sept.-Feb.; Olga Sihler, Vice-Pres., Sept.-June; Bruce Lockridge, Treas., Feb.-June





Olga Sihler, Vice-Pres., Sept.-Feb.; Naomi Dixon, Treas., Sept.-June; Hilda Schwehn, Pres., Sept.-Feb.; Miss Williams, Faculty Adviser; Estella Owen, Sec., Sept.-June; Marie Umbach, Vice-Pres., Feb.-June; Kathrine Jackson, Pres., Feb.-June

# The Sorosis

The good ship Sorosis set sail on a new voyage last September with an able crew under Hilda Schwehn as president, and Miss Williams as critic.

Of course, the troubled condition of the waters, due to the war, had some effect upon this voyage. The result showed itself not only in the programs of the club but also in the spirit of the girls and in outside activities. Patriotic meetings, dedicated to the war poets and authors and to the national anthems of the Allies, were new and exceedingly appropriate and well done. The Sorosis Literary Society, in the earlier part of the term, gave a sum of money (not an immense sum, but so large that it left a deep hole in the Sorosis treasury) to the Y. W. C. A. War Fund. Did the Sorosis girls knit? If you ask such a question, it is evident that you did not attend Sorosis meetings—and they are always “open,” too. There’s no excuse!

As a literary society, the club naturally studied books and plays. There was a wide variety this year to choose from and the members, making the most of their opportunities, gave some very amusing and beneficial programs.

The club was visited during the year by “Little Orphan Annie,” “Tom Saw-

yer,” “Alan Seeger,” “Pirates,” “The Bulgarian Army,” “The Council of Gods from Olympus” and “Mr. and Mrs. Roberts” of “Albany Depot” fame. All these quaint folks came to the meetings in the many plays and tableaux. There are still a great many famous people on the Sorosis waiting list.

Although to a certain extent the club has done away with social affairs, there have been several parties during the year. Perhaps we might say that the most enjoyed and longest remembered are the Sorosis-Platonian party during the fall term and the Sorosis Saint Patrick’s party.

Before allowing the “Sorosis” to go into summer quarters, the members of the ship’s company chose an entirely new crew—a very able crew and one which holds great promises for the future success of the society.

The new officers are: President, Estella Owen; vice-president, Mary Eunice Eaton; secretary, Marie Umbach; treasurer, Dorothy Corey; historian, Dorothy Simpson; sergeant-at-arms, Helen Mikesell; pianiste, Marian Murray; executive committee, Virginia Wood (chairman), Edna Cunnison, Lucille Simpson.

## Members of Sorosis

Ackerman, Anita  
Banks, Naomi  
Barthold, Marion  
Breden, Edith  
Bitner, Esther  
Chambers, Eugenia  
Corey, Dorothy  
Crawford, Helen  
Cunnison, Edna  
Dixon, Naomi  
Eaton, Mary Eunice  
Evard, Ethel  
Figel, Mabel  
Gross, Victoria  
Jackson, Katherine  
Ingham, Meribah  
Kenerk, Ruby  
King, Marjorie  
Koch, Margaret

Kohler, Helen  
Larimore, Alice  
Lighthill, Madlyn  
Longworth, Marian  
Lose, Katherine  
Lowry, Elizabeth  
Maxwell, Edna  
Miller, Genevieve  
Miller, Marie  
Mikesell, Helen  
Mitchell, Dorothy  
Misner, Grace  
Mulligan, Leora  
Murray, Marian  
Owen, Estella  
Pelzweig, Rose  
Phipps, Laura  
Porter, La Nice  
Roberts, Ethel

Ross, Evelyn  
Salon, Fanny  
Schwehn, Gertrude  
Shoaff, Kate  
Sihler, Olga  
Simpson, Dorothy  
Simpson, Lucille  
Stopher, Helen  
Tarletz, Frieda  
Umbach, Marie  
Walters, Lucille  
Welch, Olga  
Wermuth, Thekla  
Wilkens, Alice  
Winters, Erma  
Wood, Virginia  
Keegan, Margaret Ann  
Sink, Winifred R.  
Bentz, Beatrice



## Platonians

Some very interesting and momentous meetings have been held in that august body, the Platonians, within the past year. This goes to prove that the society is still alive and full of pep with the "never say die" spirit. It is exactly as Mr. Ward has said not very long since, that the members of the Platonian Literary Society were the "cream of the high school." In short the society has passed thru a very successful year. The membership, the highest it has ever been in

the existence of the Society speaks for itself in behalf of the officers, showing them to be as efficient as they ever were in the history of the society. At every meeting, after the business has been disposed of, the society resolves itself into the Senate. In this place discussions take place on the current topics of the day, which accomplishes wonders in developing that faculty in the members, of being able to talk fluently and easily without previous preparation.





Robert Warren, Vice-Pres-Feb.-June; Karl Beierlein, Vice-Pres., Sept.-Feb; Sec., Feb.-June;  
 Howard Van Arnam, Sec., Sept.-Feb., Pres., Feb.-June; James King, Treas., Feb.-  
 June; Willard Moellering, Chairman Elective Committee; Howard  
 Shambaugh, Pres., Sept.-Feb.; Mr. Neff, Faculty Advisor;  
 Newton Warriner, Treas., Sept.-Feb.

# Morning Musical

To the members of the '18 class it means the fulfilment of their hopes, the glorious finish of four, and in some cases five and six years of hard work. To us, the members of the Mourning Musical, it means the successful termination of our first year of organizational existence. It means that some of our members will leave us, some to college, some to other cities, and in some cases, perhaps, even to the firing line. The year has been a successful one for us. We have progressed in playing, increased our membership and made ourselves known in musical circles.

We made our first appearance at the musical entertainment given by the Mathematics club. This appearance was followed by our act in the Caldron vaudeville. Since then we have played at a number of church entertainments, and at a benefit given at the Orpheum

At one of our business meetings we adopted a uniform to consist of white trousers, white shoes and blue coats. We also discussed the question of having arm bands with the club colors, but this

was decided against. I might also add that we had one quarrel. . You see it was this way. A bottle of excellent perfume (from the 10c store.) Perfume from said bottle flying around the room and raining on members of Mourning Musical. Honorable secretary and treasurer gets possession of said bottle. He is maliciously attacked by certain infamous ruffians. The sergeant-at-arms is unable to command order. The president himself is involved in conflict. Result—treasury money decorates the floor and honorable secretary and treasurer demands his resignation. The quarrel is at last settled peaceably. The secretary and treasurer retains his position and the "goose hangs high." My what ruffians boys are.

It would perhaps be well to write the names of the members of the Mourning Musical as it now stands. They are:— J. Underhill, K. Brueckner, H. Clemens, L. Grosvenor, P. Spiegel, C. Hunt, D. May, H. Hogland, C. Rothetr, D. Miller, R. Comparet, C. Langohr and N. Prentiss.





Loyd Grosvenor, Director; Hilge Hoglund, Sergt-at-Arms; Joseph Underhill, Sec.-Treas.;  
Nelson Prentiss, President.





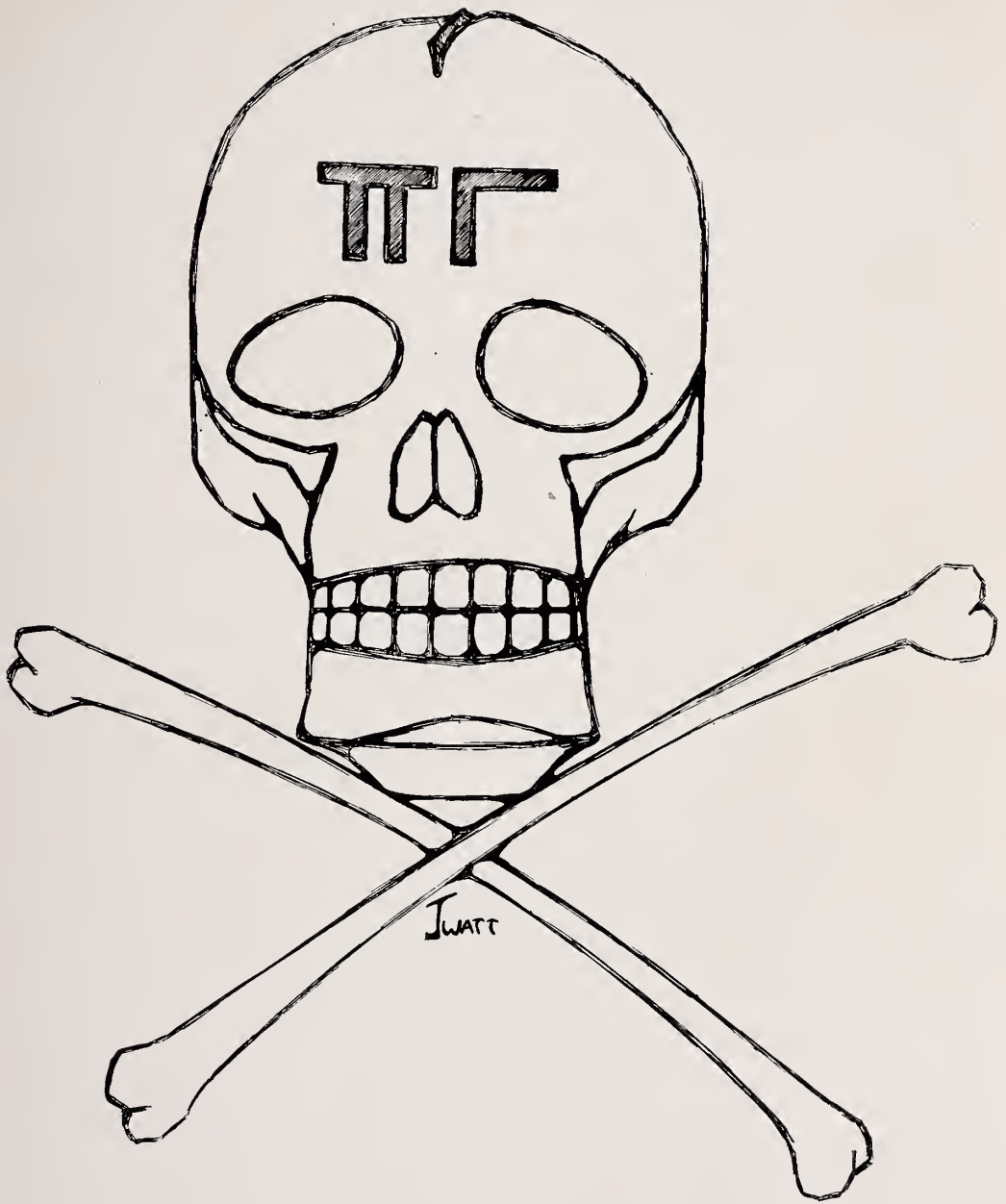
## Junior Red Cross

The Junior Red Cross society needs no introduction for it is a branch of the National Red Cross Society. When, through the untiring efforts of Mrs. Edson the Junior Red Cross Society was first organized here. There were but one hundred and fifty members. This number has now grown, however, to about three or four hundred. We regret to say however, that the Junior Red Cross Society of the F. W. H. S. is not a hundred per cent organization. It's up to you to make it one next year. Surely you will want to help after you read about all the good work it has accomplished in the short time of its existence.

The Junior Red Cross Society of the F. W. H. S. has made about five thousand articles for the Red Cross. If you multiply the output for one week by

thirty you will get a little idea of the magnitude of the work done his year. One week's output was 100—  
200 short bags, nine sweaters, six helmets and five pairs of socks. During the last two months the society also made garments for the refuge children. Then too, the Junior Red Cross made aprons for the children of the Open Air school and made the service flag for our school.

There will be more to do next year, so it's up to you to do your bit. If you can't sew or knit for the Red Cross at least buy your quarter so that next year's Annual may write, "The Junior Red Cross Society of the Fort Wayne High School is a one hundred per cent organization."



# Pi Gamma

Once more, worthy subscribers, we are granted the privilege of appearing before you and of informing you of our activities through the columns of the Caldron. For three years this privilege has been withheld, due to the lack of influence which we had with the management. We are highly pleased, therefore, to be once more allowed to publish our praiseworthiness since we faily dote on publicity. Your joy, too, must be boundless. How you have survived three years without hearing of us and seeing our pictures we can scarcely imagine. We sincerely congratulate you, therefore, upon the pleasure which is now yours. Behold and be satisfied!

Our history is long, but interesting, since we are the oldest in the school. It abounds with illustrious names and saviors of beneficence and school spirit. Always the Pi Gams have been persons of great ability, illimitable energy, and unimpeccable integrity. Their names are linked with the achievements of the school, and their memory is sacred.

But to discard fiction and resume truth—this organization was instituted and became an internal part of school affairs in 1914. A list of charter members is given elsewhere so we will not report them here.

In the first year of its existence the club innovated a custom which has been religiously maintained since. It gave a dance during the Christmas vacation of 1914 which is now recognized as one of the leading social functions of the year. This, the first annual Pi Gamma dance, was given at the Shrine hall. The following year the dance was given at Tanners. The big accomplishment of the 15-16 year, however, was the publication of a weekly. Only two issues of this remarkable paper appeared, but these were enough to prove our spirit, and to purge the school of many of its faults through the disclosures of the editorial column. The discontinuance of this paper was, no doubt, one of the biggest blows the school has ever sustained. It was a blow to the printer, too, whose bill has remained unpaid to this date.

The following year witnessed our numbers undiminished and our influence

for good augmented. The dance was given, and many other social affairs were also held.

During the present year, however, we have reached our acme of strength. We have been accused of corrupting class politics, and grafting at every opportunity and yet we are not discouraged. We have never done anything to warrant this unsavory reputation, of course. Look over our pictures. Do they not represent men of ideal character? Are they not above reproach? Surely you say, and a feeling of sympathy comes over you to think that the methods of such persons should be doubted.

To start off the year correctly the old members took in the "Cream of the Fort Wayne High School" who has not been selected before.

"Howdy" Quicksell, an unintelligent but well-meaning gentleman was taken in. He is a foolish fellow, a poor bowler a worse pool player, and an abominable 500 player. In fact he doesn't know anything. Jack Frank was also selected. He admits he can bowl, concedes his tennis ability, and is a self-confessed boudoir scorpion. 'Bake' Van Arnam, is another fellow who was found desirable. He is undeniably the best dancer in school and has an extreme foundness for football and wrestling. "Herb" Stevens, a junior, was another choice. He is a noted pool shark and a tennis player of national repute. Walker McCurdy, a sophomore was also voted in. He doesn't amount to anything either. This was sufficient provocation to admit him. "Will" Carnahan was chosen because he was the guy that could smoke more Fatimas than the company could produce. He is famous, too, as being a devoted follower of pool and bowling. He is so devoted in fact, that during the winter months he was forced to change his residence to the Academy Bowling Alleys in order that he might attend to business more closely.

The old members are equally unique. "Howdy" Shambaugh, the president, personifies the spirit of industry which pervades the school. Mr. Ward has





HOWARD SHAMBAUGH



JOHN WATT



EUGENE KRAUS



HOWARD VAN ARNAM



EDWARD WHITE



WALKER MCGURDY

# PI GAMMA



JOHN STOCKBERGER



MURDOCK MULLHOLLAND



HERBERT STEVENS



HOWARD QUICKSELL



JACK FRANK



WILLIAM CARNAHAN

# Pi Gamma

found "Howdy" the most diligent loafer in school, and has more than once commended his energy. "Johnny" Watt, the vice president, is a Junior and therefore of no account. His favorite pastime is drawing risqué cartoons, a thing which he does to perfection. "Max" Kraus is secretary-treasurer of the organization. Why the club should always elect a professional criminal to guard their funds is unexplicable. In this case it was probably because "Max" is far too indolent to ever attempt a very serious defense in case we should reveal dishonesty. "Johnny" Stockberger, the class president, was originally taken in because he had red hair. He still has that. He also has a propensity for graft and the class suffered greatly because of this participation in its finances. "Duke" Mullholland is a typical Pi Gamma. He is a thorough failure, an intense do-nothing, and yet a tennis player, a bowler and a pool player of wonderful ability. "Eddie" White is a Junior, and yet, handicapped as he is, he nevertheless is pretty useless. Had he not been, he would, of course, not be a Pi Gamma. One example sufficiently reveals his character: He shoots with the wrong end of the cue.

The Pi Gamms opened their social season with their annual dance—this time at the Anthony. An orchestra was obtained from Columbus, Ohio, and a banquet at five dollars a plate was served during the intermission on the roof garden of the hotel. The second dance of the year was given in February, at Tanners. this time we went to Jackson, Michigan for an orchestra. This affair was very select, only those being admitted who had the price to pay Mrs. Tanner. Everyone enjoyed themselves to the uttermost. A banquet was given at the Summit City after the dance. June 13, the Pi Gammas gave their third and last dance. This was held at the

Anthony in honor of the graduating class.

To prove our fraternal spirit, during the winter months we found it necessary to engage club rooms. We found a suitable location in the Utility building, one floor from a restaurant, two from a pool room, and across the street from a bowling alley. It adjoined a picture play house and was easily accessible to the police station. What other modern conveniences exist now that the state is dry? We retained this magnificent suite for five months and finally gave it up for the summer.

Our pins have been quite noticeable around school this year. They are of a very attractive design and extremely expensive.

Nor have we been entirely inactive in an athletic way. A Pi Gamma it was who took the bowling tournament. The same one captured the tennis laurels and with his partner, also a Pi Gamma won out in doubles. The school bowling team consisted entirely of Pi Gams and we are well represented on the Varsity basketball team. All the best pool players in school are Pi Gammas.

We are quite active in other lines too. Our musical trio is famous; in debating we are supreme; and Pi Gammas directed the policies of three classes and the Caldron this year. Nothing has ever been put across in school dramatics without the leadership of some Pi Gam or other.

We shall now leave you for another year with this farewell admonition: Whenever, in the future you are inclined to feel dejected and downcast simply glance over our pictures here and feel invigorated. May our photographic presence be forever a stimulus to kind and generous thoughts and an impetus to guide you in your movements of despair. Emulate our exemplary modesty and simulate our nobility thus striving to become like unto us in greatness.





## Review of Girls' Athletics

"Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight." Bring us to the meeting held on September 27, when the greatly needed Athletic Association was formed. This done we were confident that we would have the necessary funds to begin the season. So as soon as it was cold enough the girls began to practice and with the help of Miss Wingert, to work up a strong team.

After two months of practice a team was picked and on December 21 this bunch went to Kendallville. Although the line-up had to be changed slightly, the F. W. H. S. girls came out ahead with the score 8 to 4. It was a small, but good beginning.

You all know how things were after Christmas, no school, and everything all mixed up. On January 18, however, the girls went to Bluffton and—lost. This was quite a blow to the girls, but what could be expected when the "gym" was so cold that even playing didn't make the girls warm.

Aroused by this defeat and determined to beat Bluffton the girls practised diligently in anticipation of the return game, and as a result almost defeated them on January 30. This was the closest girls' game ever played here, necessitating overtime playing. It was just luck that Bluffton made the first basket after play was resumed and so won the game by two points. It wasn't so bad after all.

This was the last game the girls played. The weather man interfered with the schedule so we had to let it go without three games this year. Not as brilliant a record as last year, to be sure, but, just wait until next year and you'll see some more good games.

## Class Games

Even if there were only three games for the girls' school team, the various class teams put up some good games. At the beginning of the season the Freshmen defeated the Sophomores by a score of 14 to 6, and the Seniors ran away with the Juniors 26 to 6. In March the Sophomores again faced defeat at the hands of the Freshmen, this time with a score of 7 to 3. The Juniors, however, turned the tables and in an interesting game defeated the Seniors 16 to 12, with the result that both the Seniors and Juniors are claiming the championship. Decide for yourself. The scores of the games and the lineups are as follows:

Freshmen, 14; Sophomores, 6.

Freshmen, 7; Sophomores, 3.

Seniors, 26; Juniors 6.

Seniors, 12; Juniors, 16.

Freshmen:—Helen Wilson, Velma Crawford, Elizabeth Urbhans, Helen Brueckner, Julia Bash, Ether Moll, Hope Turman.

Sophomores:—Martha Clemens, Inez Hartzler, Martha Irmischer, Helen Waterfield, Jaenieke Klopfenstein.

Juniors:—Gertrude Schwelm, Marie Umbach, Meribah Ingham, Helen Crawford, Flora Gerberding, Naomi Bill, Besse Banks, Eugenic Chumbers.

Seniors:—Thekla Wermuth, Hilda Schwehn, Helen Pohlmeier, Lillian Smith,, Marie Miller, Vic Gross, Alice Wilkens, Erma Winters.



# The 1918 CALDRON



## MISS WINGERT.

The best of all basketball coaches this school ever had or probably ever will have is the girls' coach, Miss Wingert. It is partly through her efforts that girls' basketball holds the prominent place it does in the athletics of the F. W. H. S., for without Miss Wingert's excellent coaching there probably would be only a mediocre team, if any at all. Miss Wingert's knowledge of the game is complete, and what is worth more than that is that she can tell the girls how to play a clean, scientific game. But this is only one-half the reason why Miss Wingert is such a wonderful coach;—the secret of her success lies in her winning personality.



## THEKLA WERMUTH.

This marks the end of Tec's basketball career—and a splendid career it is. Tec has the distinction of being the only girl who has ever made the school team in her Freshman year. She was captain of her class team during her Sophomore, Junior and Senior years, and captain of the school team in her Junior and Senior years. Besides this, she has also the honor of being vice-president of the Athletic Association. Tec's ability as a forward is outclassed by no one. Beginning in her Freshman year she steadily improved until now she is probably the best forward the F. W. H. S. ever produced. Hers will be a hard place to fill.

The 1918  
**CALDRON**



**VICTORIA GROSS**

VICTORIA GROSS.

“Leave it to Vic to get the baskets. She’ll shoot every time.” These words describe Vicky’s basketball ability to a T. Last year she was a faithful sub, always ready to take any position, and this year she was rewarded for her hard work, and became one of the star forwards on the regular team. Vic’s strong, aggressive playing was prominent in all the games, and always ended with a large percentage of points to her credit. As the saying runs, all good things must be given up. Vic graduates this year, and thus the Varsity loses a valuable player.

HILDA SCHWEHN.

“Little, but mighty.” These words surely apply to Hilda Schwehn, guard on the school team for the last three years. Hilda’s strong defensive playing stood out prominently in all the games and helped materially in winning them. She made a name for herself in the very first game she played, and she surely kept up her good reputation. Playing line guard, Hilda broke up a good percentage of passes which might have resulted in baskets had it not been for her stone-wall guarding. As Hilda is a Senior, her absence will be greatly felt next year.



**HILDA SCHWEHN**

# The 1918 CALDRON



MARION INGHAM

## MARIE MILLER.

One of the most faithful players was Marie Miller. Marie can play in any position whether center, guard, or forward, and, therefore, made a very valuable sub. She was given a chance to demonstrate her ability in the Kendallville game, playing a good game, first at center and then at guard. It will not be easy to find an all-around player like Marie for next year.



MARIE MILLER

## MERIBAH INGHAM.

The position of center on the school team was well taken care of by Meribah Ingham. This was Meribah's first year at the game, but by hard work she made the school team. Meribah's high jumping and good floor work helped greatly in keeping the ball near her basket. Meribah is the only Junior who was a regular member of the team so we will at least have a center to depend on next year.



# The 1918 CALDRON



HELEN POHLMAYER

## HELEN POHLMAYER.

Helen Pohlmeier, guard on her class team since her Freshman year, was a regular member of the school team last year and so was in good form to continue her excellent playing. Her speed and clever guarding kept the opponents' score down in every game she played. Helen is a hard worker and always tried her best for the success of the team. This is also her last year at the F. W. H. S., making another important vacancy to fill next year.



LILLIAN SMITH

## LILLIAN SMITH.

It was not until many try-outs were held that Lillian Smith was finally chosen to fill the position of side center. The choice was surely a good one, for Lill proved that she could always be depended upon to be at the right place at the right time. Lill's swift, clever playing featured in many games and her absence will surely be felt next year.

# The 1918 CALDRON



GERTRUDE SCHWEHN.

It was not until this year that the position of manager of the girls' basketball team became a very important one. But when Gert Schwehn was elected to that position she worked hard to get some class games scheduled, and really made the position mean something. Gert has also been captain of the 1919 girls for the last three years, and a good deal of credit must be given her for her faithful work. Gert is right there when it comes to pep and she surely can make things go. We have not heard the last of Gert for she is a Junior and will be on hand for a regular forward on the school team next year.



## Basket Ball Review

Statistics first—then alibis or praises as the case may be. Since facts speak for themselves we shall commence this resume of the boys' basketball season with a few figures; after that we shall inscribe all the explanations and encomiums that we find necessary.

The boys' basketball team played a total of thirteen games against outside teams. Five of these were won. The rest must be accounted for in the "lost" column. Mathematically speaking, we played to a .384 percentage. Although this may seem to denote a second division team, the fact still remains that it is far in advance of last year's showing, when the team won but two games throughout the entire season. Concerning the total points, we seemed to fare much better, since our opponents could only aggregate 360 points as against our 282. This we can only construe as proof positive that the games which we lost were by no means farces—that all games were apparently evenly matched, heartily contended contests. In brief and in fine, let us not judge our team too severely or condemn them too rashly simply because their losses preponderate their victories. Such a showing can as easily reveal a heavy schedule as a decrepit team. Therefore, be lenient rather than harsh in your criticism.

But to resume our history: Our team was again inflicted throughout the entire year with that old-time, chronic, and malignant plague, ineligibility. At no time could one have picked the team as a whole five minutes before the game, and the team-book reveals a different set of combatants for every fray. Berghoff, our lofty center, was unable to play at all during the first semester; Moellering appeared and disappeared as his scholastic standing waxed and waned; and E. Wilkens answered the beck of his professors long before the season had reached its prime. These molestations were, fortunately, offset to some degree by the dearth of accidents and disease. Not one of our galaxy of stars received an injury of a serious nature, and none were afflicted by any malady pernicious enough to force them to abstain from play.

Still another favorable point seems to attach itself to the season as a whole: namely, the number of spectators and the fervid zeal of those in attendance. We do not say that the bleachers were closely packed at every game, but we do aver that no year has ever witnessed such crowded games as the past one, and we are pervaded with a buoyant optimism regarding next year's success. And though the cheering at one time provoked a timely denunciation from the pen of a subscriber, yet the fact remains that vehement approval was displayed and that it did come from the bottom of many gladsome hearts. Therefore, we say, that while the opprobrium was merited, yet the fault was venial.





# The CALDRON 1918

The following is a complete outline of the schedule with the points obtained by both teams:

Date	Home Team	Visitors
November 2	Fort Wayne	Winchester
November 10	Fort Wayne	Ossian
December 14	Fort Wayne	Monroeville
December 21	Fort Wayne	Kendallville
January 12	Fort Wayne	Bluffton
January 23	Fort Wayne	Bluffton
February 8	Fort Wayne	Ossian
February 15	Fort Wayne	Richmond
February 22	Fort Wayne	South Whitley
March 1	Fort Wayne	Monroeville
March 14	Fort Wayne	Angola
March 15	Fort Wayne	Pleasant Lake
March 22	Fort Wayne	Lima

From this report the analytic mind will glean several pertinent points. One very obvious is that of the three towns with which two games were scheduled, all three defeated us in the first game in the early part of the season, only to be snowed under in the second game. There is nothing inglorious in defeat, but to come back stanchly and repulse the once victorious adversary is a very commendable feat to say the least.

And this leads us up to our conclusion. No review would be complete without some mention, laudatory or derogatory, of the man who guided us through the season. For Mr. Wright we have only words of praise. He has worked conscientiously and sensibly and much of the credit is due him for the final outcome.

And now to conclude, we shall do the customary thing—make a few optimistic prognostications for the future. Nor will our remarks be altogether hypocritical, since the outlook is by no means glum. Over half the 1918 varsity are still enrolled in the school and there are many comers. No one has cause for doleful regrets as long as the school retains such players as Bud Myers, Noble Lachot, Eddie White, Elm Wilkens, and Herb Stephens. These chappies may be depended upon to put up a sturdy game next year. May good luck attend their efforts! Amen.

### Attention. Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen.

What are you going to do next year? Are you going to let athletics drift along without your support? Why, of course you're not.

With the organization of the Athletic Association this year, athletics has gained a foothold—but not a firm one. It can however, be made firm next year, and still firmer each succeeding year until your school, the F. W. H. S. will stand out prominently in the athletic activities of the state.

Say to yourself right now: "I'm going to support athletics next year, even if I can't play, I'm at least going to the games." And then next year, show your school spirit and join the Athletic Association for in this way you can help the welfare of your school. Athletics needs your support. Are you going to give it? **BOOST ATHLETICS.**

# The 1918 CALDRON



RUSSEL WRIGHT.

Mr. Wright, as soon as he joined the Faculty of the High School, evinced a constructive interest in athletics in general and basketball in particular. As our team was at that time in need of a coach, Russ was selected to perform the onerous duties incident to this position. Needless to say his incumbency has been replete with labor and achievements. There are few teachers who are able or willing to devote much of their time to student activities and the entire school is indebted to Mr. Wright for the work he has done—done, at times, under trying circumstances and unjust criticism.



RALPH WILKENS.

Butch is the man who captained our team through the season just over. He began his career as basketball star in his Freshman year when he played on the 1918 Independents, then considered the strongest class team in the school. He joined the Varsity in his Sophomore year and has held down a position on it ever since. The solidarity of a team depends on the captain; he must be a capable leader as well as a skillful player. "Lily" Wilkens fills the requirements completely, and his team, though beset with every other difficulty, has never been disrupted by discontent.

# The 1918 CALDRON

As the tennis season only begins about the time for the Annual to go to press, it is rather difficult to write an authenticative resume of the school's activity in the sport. More pupils, however, take an active part in tennis than any other game and it is, therefore, entirely appropriate that some mention should be made regarding the progress of tennis in the past year.

The season opened with an animated meeting of tennis enthusiasts in room 18, April 20. Plans for the coming tournament were discussed and a committee of arrangements appointed. This committee, upon whose shoulders rested the success of the tourney, consisted of the five players recognized as being most prominent in tennis activities. Those selected were Hrbert Stephens, chairman; Thekla Wermuth, Earl Wooding, Edward Sheiman and Clarence Woebbeking. Those persons imediately started to work and the tournament commenced about the second week in May. There was a record entry list in every event; a purely nominal entrance fee was charged; and handsome cups promised the victors. Great interest was displayed by all, matches were played on schedule, and the favorable weather lent itself to the rapid progress of affairs. It was, indeed, an ideal tournament.

As expected, Herb Stephens, defeated all opponents in the boy's singles and captured a beautiful cup. Herb, handicapped by his partner, Jack Frank, succeeded—with much more difficulty, to be sure—in winning out in the doubles.

The tournament is, however, but one of the ways in which the tennis spirit evinces itself. All partake in and enjoy this game and in this respect it is the true high school sport.

Besse Banks, '19.







# 1918

# THE CALDRON



## EARL WOODING.

Dink is indisputable proof against the old-time belief that beef makes an athlete. Dink is certainly not beefy, but he is just as undeniably an athlete. Small, compact, and brainy, he plays an intelligent game at forward and the scores of all games will attest the statement that he was by far the surest shot on the team. He drops baskets with uncanny regularity, and his size is an asset rather than a detriment.



## NEWTON WARRINER.

To have a strong basketball organization, it is necessary to have a good lineup of subs. "Newt" was one of the strong units among the subs that made for the success of the team. He is a quiet, easy-going lad, but when he is filled with the zest of the game, he brings all of his brawn into full play, and guards as a wall impregnable. No baskets that the opponents ever got could be attributed to any "boners" made by him.



The **1918**  
**CALDRON**



**GUSTAVE FRIES**

**GUSTAVE FRIES.**

Gus is the conscientious player of the whole bunch. He never missed a practice, he kept himself in prime condition, and his work in the games was above criticism. Gus is a quiet, reserved topy, but he loses his diffidence in the excitement of the game, and displays unlimited zeal. He put up a remarkable game at guard, and his services rapidly became indispensable to the quintet.



**EDWARD WHITE**

**EDWARD WHITE.**

When the forwards fail to accumulate a numerous supply of baskets, the result becomes a question of able guarding. The guards at all times are dominating factors in the game. Thus when a man is a varsity guard, it proves him a valuable, capable player. This describes Eddy exactly. He is steady; he submits readily to the necessary discipline; and, above all, he is a clean player. Even bigger things are expected of this sturdy chap in his next—his Senior year.

# The 1918 CALDRON



NOBLE LACHOT.

A faithful sub forward was "Nobe." He regularly attended practice, and was always ready to fill any vacancy that might occur. Nobe is in a class by himself. Besides being a star athlete, he is a student. Since he has another year in "Old High," we are, therefore, sure of a good start for next year's Varsity.

ROMAINE MEYERS.

When Bud Meyers was in the game no one had any fears for Fort Wayne. He was a strong, lithe, dashing forward with the knack of shooting baskets from almost any point and in the most difficult circumstances. Poor Bud became seriously ill in the latter part of the season, and could not even have his picture taken for the Annual. We all feel for Bud, and here's hoping that he will come back next fall as strong as ever and be a real hero in his Senior year.





# The CALDRON

## Editorial Supplement

“PRIVATE OPINIONS PUBLICLY EXPRESSED”

### “LEST WE FORGET”

Does not this tittle sound familiar? Alas! Only too familiar. For the benefit of those, few as they must be, who know not the significance of this title, we merely refer them to the December issue of *THE CALDRON*, page eighteen. This title, chosen so well by our “late” editor-in-chief as a means of bewailing his fate and getting the last word, has been resurrected and again used in calling attention to the abnormal sense of duty and loyalty to the class that our former editor, H. M. Shambaugh, displayed.

Not many moons ago, during the dispute between the editor and business manager, a few members of the class who possessed foresight enough to see the result of such dissensions circulated a petition to ask the editor to resign. It might be added here that no trouble was experienced in securing sufficient signatures. When the meeting was called over two-thirds present asked Mr. Shambaugh's resignation. But lo! and behold! Our dear editor still spouting, broke all precedent and very graciously refused to resign. A motion was made to expel him. The editor then, in his usual obliging manner, monopolized the floor “till the cows came home.” When a vote was taken, the champion of a better and cleaner *CALDRON* lacked but two votes of the required two-thirds. Then ensued an ear-splitting shriek from the few who, blinded by social position and love of popularity, catered to our dear editor. Thus as ever, a “wilful few” hold up the best of legislation.

### ONE BACKWARD GLANCE

In the December issue of *THE CALDRON* the editor-in-chief, H. M. Shambaugh, says:

“Certainly the present editor would have never accepted his task had he known the conditions to be imposed upon him, and it is only by trampling all respect and pride in the ground that he can retain it now.”

Speaking to the 1919 class he says:

“Surely in your class you can find someone capable of handling *THE CALDRON* as did Rothert and Blitz and Edson and all the rest. If you have such a man, elect him. It is a pity that in all the ranks of the 1918 class there is no such being. No class ever failed to produce one before. Proceeding under this handicap the 1918 class elected an inferior editor and is now suffering the consequences.”

Permit a few remarks. It would seem, after all has happened in the past—the neglect of Mr. Shambaugh to produce two *CALDRON* issues on time—it would seem, we contend, that he has succeeded so well in his efforts to trample his pride in the ground that it either must be just showing its visage in China, and the people there are wondering what new sort of plague they are to be inflicted with, or else he has kept it so well hidden beneath that dainty protuberance that is supposed to act as an ornament and instrument to his lower extremities, commonly known as the feet, that no one has ever even accused him of having such an article. Pride seems to be utterly lacking in the aforementioned being, or he would not have let certain events occur without putting forth some effort to prevent their recurrence.



The  
**CALDRON**  
1918

Permit more remarks. It seems that Mr. Shambaugh may even be accused of inconsistency. Here he says in an editorial that it is all he can do to conquer his pride and hold his position. Later on in the season when the class resented the fact that Mr. Shambaugh called them boneheads and tried to force him to resign, it is a singular fact that, after a pulrality of about 59 to 29 had expressed their anxiety for him to present his resignation, after that sign was given him that he was no longer wanted by the majority of the class, he refused to resign. It is a strange and embarrassing position in which Mr. Shambaugh finds himself. It is a puzzle to the class. Who will explain the puzzle?

In conclusion, there is only one point in the editorial, upon which both Mr. Shambaugh and the class seem to agree. In the latter part he says that the class is "suffering the consequences" of his election. True, how true! There are some who, too late, have seen their mistake. Some who realize that had another been put in his place as editor-in-chief in December, THE CALDRON would have caused no more trouble. But let this be a lesson in after life to those who followed blindly the dictates of the editor.

---

A RETROSPECT

According to the words of the nonchalant editor-in-chief of THE CALDRON himself, "any blame in respect to THE CALDRON would fall directly upon him." How true those words really are, for there is positively no one else to blame for the long delay of THE CALDRON ANNUAL; the business manager, although he had control of the money, could not put out THE CALDRON, and the assistant editor, most willing and anxious to help, was told nothing about it in time. The Annual, in fact all the issues of THE CALDRON, in place of being put out by the 1918 Class, were put out by the Mr. H.

M. Shambaugh, and all credit attached to them—if there was any—belonged to him and him alone. So *he* thought—possibly, according to his reasoning, the class was responsible for the two issues which never made their appearance, just because that person, like a stubborn infant, became angry because he could not have what *he* wanted, couldn't get his own head through. Of course, no class with any sense of self respect would tolerate being called the names which were attached to it in that editorial.

Upon a petition, then, a class meeting was called, in which, by a vote of the class, the editor was asked for a resignation. Immediately Mr. H. M. Shambaugh got up and boldly declared that he refused to resign. What better proof could there be that he was not working for the class but for his own private interest? He then, with his overbearing arrogance, went on to say that there was no one but himself who could fill the position; and if there were a change of editors at least two issues of THE CALDRON would have to be suspended, which would result in a great loss. He also said that the Annual could be gotten out by no one but himself. Ahem!

Perhaps, if you are not a member of the 1918 Class, you will say, "Why did the 1918 Class permit such a bigoted and inefficient person to retain the position of editor-in-chief of THE CALDRON?" The class did try its best to put him out, but in his obstinacy he refused to go, but rather selfishly clung to the position, bringing dishonor not only to himself but also to the name of the 1918 Class; selfishly, I say, not alone content with bringing disgrace to his own class, but also ruining the possibilities of the next class to put out a good CALDRON.

The statement of a few facts will show most clearly how this shameful situation came about. After the dispute about the borders which should gird the advertise-



The 1918  
**CALDRON**

ments was settled, there appeared in the next issue of *THE CALDRON* the most disrespectful editorial which any editor dared to publish. No class of the Fort Wayne High School had ever been treated so shamefully by one of its members. Furthermore, he promised to apologize for his actions in the next *CALDRON*. Then a vote to put him out of office was taken in which just two votes were lacking to make up the necessary two-thirds to expel him. And still he stuck against the wishes of over half of the class.

Now let us see what happened—exactly what he said would happen if the class changed editors, but which surely would not happen if he retained the place—neither the January nor May *CALDRONS* were put out and no *Annual*—by him. Neither was there an apology offered, as he had promised. But then, that was to be expected of him.

It is now through the loyalty and hard work of the assistant editor that *THE ANNUAL* has finally been printed. If it were not for him and a few other fellows there never would have been a 1918 *CALDRON ANNUAL*, for the egotistic and indolent editor-in-chief, two weeks after the close of school, refused to see to the publishing of the *Annual*.

*AN EXPLANATION*

We know that some of the Seniors have been mortified, yes, indignant, when they read the verses under their names in the Senior Book. We also know that these feelings will vanish when we say that these verses were selected solely and personally by H. M. Shambaugh. They represent his opinion only, and everyone can take that for what it is worth.

*A PARTING WORD*

To the Editor of 1919:

We, the class of 1918, most sincerely sympathize with you and your staff, who will have to resume the duties of issuing *THE CALDRON* for the next year, and wish to apologize for the disreputable condition in which we know you will find *THE CALDRON* and its reputation. We are thoroughly ashamed of ourselves for ever hesitating to remove the editor, but we have suffered for our mistake and hope that we shall go down in ages to come as an example. If we shall accomplish but one thing—namely, that each class take more pains in electing its staff and exercise a little more control over *THE CALDRON*, we shall gladly bear our sorrow and rejoice that our mistake has not been in vain.

THE CLASS OF 1918.





High School Girls Are All Wearing

**"BOB EVANS" MIDDIES**

Navy or Cardinal

**\$4.50 and \$4.95**

Also

**SLIP OVER SWEATERS**

With Angora Collar and Cuffs, in  
All Colors

**\$5.00 to \$10.00**

—Second Floor

High School Boys Find Our

**SWEATER COATS**

"The Best Ever"

All Weights

All Colors

Navy

Oxford

Green

Cardinal

Maroon

**\$2.50 to \$10.00**

—Men's Dept., First Floor

Our Sanitary Soda Fountain Serves  
**DELICIOUS HOT NOON LUNCHES**

ALSO

**SODAS**

**FRENCH PASTRY**

**FINE CANDIES**

Fort Wayne's New and Most Beautiful Store

**THE STEELE MEYERS COMPANY**

# LEARN TO SKATE

Keep Young and Healthy

If You  
Can Walk  
You can learn  
to Skate



## SESSIONS

Afternoons—From 2  
until 5 p. m.

Admission 10c

Skates 15c

Evenings

Admission 10c

Skates 25c

Races Every Tuesday  
Night

# WASHINGTON RINK

Phone 4277

Overland Bldg.

# PERRY

## Photographer

Corner Calhoun and Berry Streets

### High Class Photographs

**"Those Who Dress Appreciate Our Press"**

### FEIST'S DRY CLEANERS

Phone 1592

217 E. Wayne St.

The young man's store, where styles  
come from.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Grey Mocha, silk lined street gloves,  
special, \$2.25.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

### SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

Courtesy—Honesty in all dealings—Right Prices—Give the very best  
for the money—Do the best you can to keep your customers and your  
customers will keep you.

 **FT. WAYNE  
HARDWARE & SPORTING GOODS  
COMPANY** 612 CALHOUN ST.  
PHONE 204

TRY US — SEE IF WE CAN "MAKE GOOD"

**Class Pins                      Class Rings**

**Commencement Invitations**

**Athletic Medals**

**Trophies**

**Engraving      Embossing**

---

Write for Catalogue and Supplies  
Estimates Furnished on Requests

---

**Bastian Bros. Co.**

548 Bastian Bldg., Rochester N. Y.



# MAIL COUPON FOR PARTICULARS

The "International,"  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Mr. Staples: Please mail catalog and particulars about the courses and plans marked (X):

- |                                    |  |
|------------------------------------|--|
| .....Commercial                    | .....Civil Service                       |
| .....Banking and Finance           | .....Business English and Correspondence |
| .....Accountancy, Auditing and Law | .....Combined Business Course            |
| .....Stenographic                  | .....Day School                          |
| .....Stenotypic                    | .....Night School                        |
| .....Secretarial and Reportorial   | .....Home Study                          |
| .....Business Practice             | .....Payment Plan                        |
| .....Office Training               |  |
| .....Salesmanship and Advertising  |  |

Name.....

Address.....

CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY

*The*  
**"International"**  
*College of Business Professions*

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

T. L. STAPLES, Pres.  
T. A. POPP, Vice. Pres.

Phone 504

J. A. KALBFLEISCH, Secretary  
J. LYLE TUCKER, Treasurer

## Fort Wayne Foundry and Machine Co.

Superior and Harrison Streets

STRUCTURAL IRON WORK  
GENERAL MACHINE WORK

AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

Office Phone Home 392. Machine Shop Phone—Home 673

Office Phone—Bell 82



## THE PROTECTIVE ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO.

Distributors of

### ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES IN ANY QUANTITY

Largest Stock in Indiana to Draw From

Phones 1813-1977

130-132 W. Columbia St.

8 ————— BARBERS ————— 8

### C. B. BRYSON

COR. WAYNE AND CALHOUN STS.

Second Floor Fort Wayne, Ind.

I PROMISE TO SAVE YOU \$5 TO \$10  
JUST RIGHT CLOTHES

### Thos. J. Israel

1011 Calhoun St. Phone 2033

## A. C. GOCKE

Your Druggist

932 Broadway Phone No. 7

### ALLGEIER BROS.

Groceries and All Kinds of Meats

Cor Lafayette and Leith Streets  
Phone 7776

## THE OLD NATIONAL BANK, OF FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

The conservative policy of its officers and  
directors has made its name synonymous  
with safety and strength.    ::    ::    ::

ESTABLISH YOUR CREDIT BY A GOOD BANK CONNECTION

### D. & N. PHARMACY

Reliable Cut Rate Drug Store

624 Calhoun Street

Phones 308 & 309 Fort Wayne, Ind.

### FRANK PARROT

Dealer in

FRESH AND SMOKED MEATS

Home Phones 325 and 51

BELL 766

FORT WAYNE IND

Meet Your Friends at

## A. C. AURENTZ

FINE CONFECTIONS

118-120 West Wayne Street



# Hosiery

What does the term suggest?

Why, WAYNE KNIT, of course.

Whether cotton, lisle or silk is desired, this well known and reliable brand is sure to bring satisfaction. Fine materials, careful workmanship, style, fit and finish, are the excellent reasons for its ever-increasing popularity with particular men and women.

Those who wear WAYNE KNIT, call it the "Hose of Quality," because it combines both **long service** and **good looks**.

Have you purchased your supply?

WAYNE KNITTING MILLS

FORT WAYNE, IND.



**SMART FOOTWEAR FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN**  
**LEHMAN SHOE CO.**

928 Calhoun St.

Telephone 1165

926 Calhoun

**BAADE BOOK & OFFICE SUPPLY CO.**

Books, Stationery, School Supplies, Ansco Cameras, Fountain Pens,  
Oliver Typewriters

**G. R. KINNEY & CO., Inc.**  
**MEN'S, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES**

Quality Shoes at Popular Prices  
207 E. MAIN STREET

**J. D. LEWIS**  
**Druggist**

Phone 1528 1001 Broadway  
We Carry a Full Line of  
Parker Fountain Pens

**Trier's**  
**Dancing**  
**School**

**"Minuet Hall"**

The "Leading" and "Swellest" Place for Society  
and Club Dances. Private Lessons.

Phone 68

"The High School Students' Meeting Place"

**R A B U S**  
**THE**  
**TAILOR**

116 West Berry Street

Best Wishes  
of

**WAYNE TOBACCO CO.**

**THE QUALITY**  
**DRUG STORE**

C. F. SCHWARTZ, Propr.  
2302 S. Calhoun Street, Cor. Creighton  
Phone 6396 Fort Wayne, Ind.

**FRED H. BREIMEYER**

**PLATE, MIRROR, SKYLIGHT**  
**AND ORNAMENTAL GLASS**

Phone 3435 1016 Broadway

**THE HEIGHT OF PERFECTION**  
**HINTON'S**

**FRESH ROASTED COFFEE**  
1818 S. Calhoun Tel 7637

**The Metropolitan Bowling Alleys**

Bowling 10c per game. Eight up-to-date alleys. Open alleys Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

**Kappel Building**

113 to 117 E. Wayne Street

# Palace Theatre

The Amusement Center of Fort Wayne

---

## KEITH VAUDEVILLE

---

Change of Program Twice Weekly

**OTTO PETERS**

Registered Pharmacist

Everything You Expect from a  
FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE

2723 Broadway

Phone 7055

We Invite you to call and get acquainted with our stock. We have many things which will be of interest to you.

**Lehman Book and Stationery Co.**

128 East Berry Street

Suits and Overcoats with the "military touches" for the young men.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

S. S.: I thought you were coming down after supper.

E. M.: That's what I did come after.

## The Majestic Theatre

### Buy War Saving Stamps

# Seniors and Sophomores!

---

---

Buy Your Class Pins  
and Rings at ONCE



See Your Class Pin and  
Ring Committee.

---

---

## SPIES BROS.

27 East Monroe St.

Chicago, Ill.



# Sority Brand Cloths

The Best Made for Young Men

**The Shields Clothing Co.**  
The Young Mens' Store



**AUGUST BRUDER CO.**  
**JEWELERS**  
829-831 Calhoun St.  
Corner Wayne  
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

If You Want a Fancy Roast or  
Steak Come to

**WM. HALLER**  
337 E. Lewis Street

### To—We'd Hate To Say.

She's neat, she's sweet, she's handsome,  
She's filled with lovely grace;  
I'd love to kiss this maiden  
If it wasn't for her face.

\* \* \*

Girls have many faults,  
Boys have only two;  
Everything they say,  
And everything they do.

\* \* \*

Teacher—"Can you tell me what a  
synonym is?"

Frosh—"A word used in place of one  
you cannot spell."

\* \* \*

"Here, take this rifle," cried the cir-  
cus manager excitedly, "the leopard  
has escaped; when you see him shoot  
him on the spot!"

"What spot?" gasped the green cir-  
cus hand.

### My Photo.

I thought I'd surely made a hit  
When for my photograph she prayed;  
"Out when this calls," she wrote on it  
And gave it to the maid.

\* \* \*

"What is the height of your ambi-  
tions?"

"I don't know exactly, but she comes  
about to my shoulders."

\* \* \*

Oh, Lord of love  
Look down from above  
And pity our condition;  
For every week  
We have to speak  
Or write a composition.

\* \* \*

Country—"Just think of our forest  
preserves!"

City—"How about our subway  
jam?"

**Walk Upstairs——Save \$6**  
Young Mens' \$18 to \$30 Suits  
and Overcoats  
**\$14 and \$19**

**WAYNE CLOTHES SHOP**  
714 Calhoun St. Upstairs

**The Wildwood Drug Store**  
**DRUGS, CANDIES, SUNDRIES**

E. B. MILLER

Phone 7306 3004 S. Wayne

BICYCLES AND SUPPLIES  
BABY BUGGIES RE-TIRED  
SKATES SHARPENED

**E. J. WILKINSON**  
617 Clinton Street

**O. K. MUCKLEY**  
**DENTIST**

TELEPHONE 3205 1210 BROADWAY

Designers

Engravers

Electrotypers



The Old Proverb Says: "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword"

But when it comes to printed matter,

the artist's pen is mightier than the written word. It's the originality in our illustrations that puts the pulling power in your literature.

*We are Commercial Designers  
of Character*

From a pen picture of a portrait to illustrations of merchandise—  
pictures which make much description of the subject superfluous.  
Engravings in one or more colors without apology to nature.

*Printing* (that speaks for itself)

And for those whose time is more valuable at something else, we also  
originate follow-up letters, write advertisements and plan complete  
booklets.

Just at this season of the year you no doubt have requirements along our line, and  
we urge that you advise us of your needs.

We will be glad to give you our careful attention, and will submit our ideas in  
typewritten form without obligation, or give you an artist's sketch if your needs  
require it. Drop us a line.

**FORT WAYNE ENGRAVING CO.**  
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

PHONE 7224 Red

OFFICE 937 Grace Ave.

# CHAS. W. KIRACOFE & SONS

GENERAL CONTRACTORS—ARCHITECTS

## HOMES

OF

QUALITY — COMFORT — PERFECTION

### Manson, Fowler and Record Bicycles

\$22.50, \$27.00, \$31.50, up to \$40.00



Choice of Tires. G. & J. clincher (value \$10.) Punct. Proof non-skid cushion tread (value \$10), free on any of our bicycles.

*Fancy Tread Bicycle Tires* not found in any other store.

*Won't Slip Bailey Tread, Red Rubber* ..... **\$3.75**

*Peerless Basket Weave, Cactus Raised Tread*..... **3.50**

*Tashmo, Six-Ply Thorn-Proof, each*..... **2.50**

*Single Tube Roadsters, not guaranteed, each*..... **1.50**

Last year's *Bailey* and *Thorn Proof* tires, each \$2.50. Innertubes, 75c, \$1, \$1.25. G. & J., \$1.50. Bring baby cab wheels for new tires. Come to the Big Store for BICYCLE TIRES and REPAIRS.

**BROSIOUS & BROSIOUS, 126 East Columbia St.**

Good second hand Bicycles, \$5 to \$15.  
Store open evenings, April 1 to July 1.

If You Buy a Kodak or Film from



## JONES

112 W. Wayne Street

**It Will Be an Eastman  
Developing and Finishing**

Fine Enlargements Made From Your Negatives

**LEARY &  
BAILEY  
PROMPT PRINTERS  
1118 CALHOUN ST.  
PHONE 1782**

The Newest Neckwear—Novelties Always Shown Here First  
A Pretty New Collar Is Always a Delight to the High School Girl

## FRANK DRY GOODS CO.

730 Calhoun St.

120 East Berry St.



# After Graduation—What?

## AVERAGE INCOMES FOR FIVE YEARS—YALE GRADUATES OF 1906

Occupations:	1st Year	2nd Year	3rd Year	4th Year	5th Year
Insurance Agents .....	\$1,665	\$1,150	\$1,480	\$1,908	\$2,708
College Teachers and Officials .....	1,376	945	1,001	1,093	1,419
School Teachers and Officials .....	988	1,118	1,324	1,456	1,500
Social or Religious Workers .....	924	1,100	1,400	1,404	1,766
Farmers and Ranchmen .....	893	1,200	1,866	1,600	2,400
Government Employees .....	825	860	1,165	1,575	2,650
Real Estate Dealers .....	825	1,100	1,750	2,140	2,550
Musicians .....	750	1,100	1,450	1,700	1,350
Advertisers and Publishers .....	730	1,202	1,702	2,792	3,600
Business Men .....	717	885	1,246	1,657	1,967
Journalists .....	660	790	821	920	1,168
Engineers .....	650	942	1,352	1,286	1,702
Manufacturers .....	602	1,185	1,639	2,100	2,485
Brokers .....	537	1,376	2,086	2,237	2,695
Bankers .....	510	938	1,170	1,472	2,112
Graduate Students .....	487	542	425	447	370
Lawyers .....	358	339	608	927	1,244
Foresters .....	...	...	1,100	1,300	1,500
Total Replying .....	\$ 131	\$ 151	\$ 160	\$ 177	\$ 184
Average—All Occupations .....	740	968	1,286	1,522	1,885
Average for all occupations—five-year period .....	\$1,280.82				
Average Insurance Agents—five-year period .....	1,872.33				

The facts contained in the above table certainly give convincing proof that life insurance agents earn more money than clerks in banks and stores or men who own and manage the average store or business house. And furthermore, the life insurance agent can shift his place of business at will. If business is poor in one particular section, the life insurance agent is not tied there as is the ordinary merchant but can work in better territory.

## Study Life Insurance

It will be noted that Insurance Agents averaged to earn 62% more money over the five-year period than was average by the men who chose other professions. It should be remembered, however, that it does not require a college education to enable a man or a woman to earn money selling life insurance.

There is no line of work open to the person of average education and ability, without capital or influence, in which the opportunities for accomplishing immediate financial returns, building up a substantial income and attaining to a position of importance and prominence in the business affairs of a community, are equal to the opportunities offered by a life insurance agency. The only capital required is clean character, a clear head, honesty of purpose, tact, enthusiasm and a big surplus of indomitable energy and grim determination to succeed. Endowed with these prerequisites the man or wo-

man who takes up life insurance work need have no fear of failure, and if he or she will carefully study the business, making the best possible use of time and opportunities, success is certain.

No line of work opens up such splendid opportunities for the young man as does life insurance soliciting. The natural inclination of young men is to accept some clerical position where they will receive steady salaries and not have to exert themselves beyond doing routine work directed and supervised by a superior officer. There is nothing that serves to destroy the usefulness of a young man or fails to develop ambition in him more than a position of this character. It places practically no responsibility on him and as a rule he never develops beyond the position of a clerk. Very frequently we see old men who have been engaged in nothing but clerical work all their lives.

CONSIDER WHAT FUTURE PROFESSION YOU WILL ENTER  
THE LIFE INSURANCE PROFESSION IS BEST

**LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.**

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

# RURODE'S

IN FORT WAYNE SINCE 1860

YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S STORE, YOUR MOTHER'S FAVORITE TRADING PLACE. WHY NOT MAKE IT YOUR STORE? WE KEEP ABREAST OF THE TIMES AND OUR EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT US HOW TO SERVE YOU BEST

## MAKE THIS YOUR STORE

Carnahan—"Why are you limping?"

Kraus—"I stepped on the spur of the moment."

\* \* \*

Handsome He—"That dress you wore last night was a song."

Pretty She—"So? What song?"

Handsome He—"Sweet and low."

\* \* \*

Freshmen—Irresponsible.

Sophomores—Irrepressible.

Juniors—Irresistable.

Seniors—Irreproachable.

### Our Monthly Affirmation.

Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own.

\* \* \*

Stockberger—"Ouch! I have something in my shoe."

King—"Yes, I should think you have."

\* \* \*

He—"If I were to kiss you would you call for help?"

She—"Would you need it?"

## M. APP

916 CALHOUN STREET

### Shoes of Quality

### Zimmerman Pharmacy

1201 Lafayette

Corner Lewis

PHONE 3129

### WIEGMAN & GIRARDOT

Sporting Goods Company

622 CLINTON STREET

Don't Forget That

## Geller's Goods are Good

“—as the word ‘Sterling’  
is to silver”

In every province of art or of business enterprise one name comes to be recognized as the standard of excellence and superiority.

is such a name.



It means photographic perfection. Parrot Portraits are not a monotony of repetitional poses or commonplace lightings. They are as fine in conception and creation as the masterpieces of great painters. They portray expression and character—that is what distinguishes them from ordinary photographs.

Berry Street, West



INSIST ON

# DELFT

THE DEPENDABLE BUTTER

**SHERMAN-WHITE & CO.**

H. L. PRENTISS

N. H. PRENTISS

**THE PRENTISS MULTIGRAPHING COMPANY**

Successors to The Business Service Exchange

**MULTIGRAPHED LETTERS—THE KIND THAT BRING RESULTS**

422-23 Utility Building

Phone 354

## **Kraus & Apfelbaum**

**WHOLESALE GRAIN, SEEDS AND WOOL**

**Farmers Attention**

We buy and sell Clover, Timothy and Alfalfa. See us before Buying or Selling

Corner Main and Edgerton St., Rear Eckart Packing Co.

Phones: Home 2598. Bell 445

MADE IN FORT WAYNE

# Hoosier House Paint

GUARANTEED 100% PURE

**HOOSIER PAINT WORKS**



There are many times during each winter when extra heat is required, for the baby's room, for the sick room, bedroom, bathroom or the den—then a Gas Heater is just the thing.  
A size to meet any requirement at reasonable prices, Easy terms if desired.

**NORTHERN INDIANA GAS & ELECTRIC CO.**

The Gas Company

Utility Building



**The Place to Get Better Glasses**

1012 Calhoun St.

Lyric Theatre Bldg.

Special section given to young men's clothing.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

New effects in Neckwear that will "not wrinkle."

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

**THE ACADEMY**  
**Billiards and Bowling**

FINEST EQUIPMENT IN THE CITY  
A STRICTLY HIGH CLASS PLACE

124-130 Washington Blvd. W.

**FINE STATIONERY**  
**FOR DISCRIMINATING BUYERS**

We have recently added to our stock several high-grade lines of fine stationery, including Old Hampshire Bond, the stationery of a Gentleman, and Hurds Fine Writing Paper in all the latest and best colors and tints.

We have also opened up an engraving department and are prepared to execute your orders **PROMPTLY** for engraved:

**CORRESPONDENCE PAPER—CORRESPONDENCE CARDS**  
**WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS—INVITATIONS**  
**CALLING CARDS—BUSINESS CARDS**  
**CHRISTMAS GREETINGS**

It is time **NOW** to place your orders for Christmas Greetings to insure delivery before Christmas.

**FORT WAYNE PRINTING CO.**  
114-116-118 Washington Blvd. W.

**THE GIFT AND LEATHER SHOP**

Basketware, Painted Glass, Painted Tinware, Stationery, Cretonne and Silk, Novelties, Art Medal Ware, Luggage and Traveling Requisites of Quality.

**HEADQUARTERS FOR GIFTS**

**A and I**  
**LEATHER**  
**SHOP**

Double breasted, belted Overcoats, with the military effects.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

“Prep” Suits for the young man who wants some different in clothes.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

**Wolf & Dessauer**

**“THE STORE THAT SHOWS  
THE NEW THINGS FIRST”**



# FORT WAYNE BOX COMPANY

CALHOUN AND SUPERIOR STS., FORT WAYNE, INDIANA  
TELEPHONES 287 AND 919



*We Operate the Most Modern and Up-to-Date Printing Plant in Northern Indiana*



**S**EE us before placing orders elsewhere for Printing of every description, Lithographing, Blank Books or Loose Leaf Ledgers, Sectional Post Binders and Loose Leaf Sheets for every purpose.

We are in a position to produce any piece of printing complete. We furnish ideas, make designs and engravings, and do the printing and binding. In fact we will take entire charge of any piece of printing, leaving you nothing to do but to O. K. the work as it progresses.

Our complete organization, with the most modern equipment, makes it possible to give the best service for the least money.

## FORT WAYNE BOX COMPANY

“THE HOUSE OF QUALITY AND SERVICE”

# GEO. L. ASHLEY'S SONS

REAL ESTATE—INSURANCE

Phone 2905

320 Shoaff Building

*Lehman's* CLOTHING HOUSE  
ESTABLISHED 1887 MENS AND BOYS OUTFITTERS  
808-810 CALHOUN STREET  
BEN LEHMAN PROP. Fort Wayne, Ind.

For Home Cooked Meals

Go To

**GELLER'S**

212 West Berry Street

"Geller's Goods Are Good"

**Kratzsch & Schroeder**

618 Calhoun St.

FORT WAYNE, IND..

The Best \$15 Suit

The Best \$3 Hat

The Best \$1 Shirt

The Best of Everything Else

A CLEAN STORE  
A CLEAN STOCK  
PROMPT SERVICE  
A SQUARE DEAL

**O. A. KNIGHT & SON**

Grocery and Meat Market

Broadway and Wildwood

**GEO. A. CLAPESATTLE, PH. G.**

Best Drug Sundries

and Pure Drugs

Carefully Compounded

2514 Broadway

Phone 6305

**JACOBS MUSIC HOUSE**

GRAND, UPRIGHT AND PLAYER PIANOS

Sole Agent Aeolian Vocalion, the Finest Phonograph in the World

Jacobs Music House, 1021 and 1023 Calhoun Street

JOIN THE ARMY OF WALK-OVER WEARERS

It's the World's Greatest Army

**Walk-Over Boot Shop**

812 CALHOUN STREET

# Meyer's



—believe in keeping young. The Meyer organization is 65 years old this year, but you must admit that you would know it from a visit to any of the Four Meyer Drug Stores. Our recipe for youth is no secret—it's just keeping constantly in touch with young folks. For that reason we already strive to make you readers of the Caldron welcome.

**C. J. LOSE**  
**PRINTER AND ENGRAVER**  
818-820 CALHOUN STREET  
Phone 1954

“Aren't the fashions this season less extreme?”

“Oh, extremely less.”

**Our Monthly Definition.**

Time is the interval between pay-days.

**Brandt Pharmacy**

1322 Broadway  
Corner Lavina

**I Will Assist You in Purchasing  
Any Automobile You Desire  
To Purchase**

**A. L. RANDALL**  
Phone 4026 1030 Calhoun St.

**GOLDENS**  
**THE YOUNG MAN'S STORE**



**Alt Heidelberg**  
**Fort Wayne's Leading Cafe**

THE  
**New Photo Studio**  
OF  
**F. SCHANZ**  
FOR  
**High-Class Portraits**

309-311 WEST WASHINGTON BLVD.  
SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

Body stripe, all wool Sweaters; a neck slip over style, all colors, special \$7.50.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

**We Hardly Think So.**  
Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
As he stubbed his toe against his bed—  
!!!\* ? ? ? ! ! ! x x ? x ? ? ?

**WENZLER'S DRUG STORE**

Agency For  
AURENTZ CHOCOLATES  
EVERYTHING IN CANDY  
Our Fountain Open Entire Year

**Wilkins Bros. Meat Market**

Dealers In  
Fresh Salted and Smoked Meats  
1018 Broadway Phone 295

**SCHOOL AND CLASS JEWELRY—PINS—RINGS—FOBS—BUCKLES**

For both young ladies and gentlemen. A selection of clever designs at a range of prices to meet all purses.

**Trenkley & Koerber**

Established 1865

"Look for the Clock in the middle of the Block"

816 Calhoun St.



The simplified construction of the Bond Interpreter effects two things, each of which makes it a noteworthy achievement. It brings the musician into closer touch with his music by eliminating many mechanical parts, and it reduces the manufacturing cost of the instrument. You get the benefit of both when you buy the Bond Interpreter—it is easy to play, because it is so intimately responsive, and it is easy to buy, because its price is so low.

*For sale by*

PACKARD MUSIC HOUSE  
930 CALHOUN STREET  
FORT WAYNE, IND.

# Index

---

Roll of Honor .....	Page Two
Dedication .....	Page Three
The Caldron Staff .....	Pages Six and Seven
Foreword .....	Page Eight
Literary Department .....	Pages Nine to Twenty-Nine
Dido and Aeneas .....	Pages Ten to Twenty-five
Hot Time in Hades .....	Pages Twenty-six to Twenty-nine
Our Rendezvous with Love .....	Page Twenty-nine
Editorial .....	Page Thirty
The Senior Book .....	Pages Thirty-one to Sixty-six
The Senior Directory .....	Page Thirty-two
The Senior Officers .....	Page Thirty-three
The Graduates .....	Pages Thirty-four to Sixty-three
Senior Class History .....	Pages Sixty-four and Sixty-five
The Senior Song .....	Page Sixty-six
The Junior Book .....	Pages Sixty-seven to Seventy
The Junior Directory .....	Page Sixty-eight
The Junior Officers .....	Page Sixty-nine
Junior Class Review .....	Page Seventy
The Sophomore Book .....	Pages Seventy-one to Seventy-four
The Sophomore Directory .....	Page Seventy-two
The Sophomore Officers .....	Page Seventy-three
Sophomore Class History .....	Page Seventy-four
The Freshman Book .....	Pages Seventy-five to Seventy-eight
The Freshman Directory .....	Page Seventy-six
The Freshman Officers .....	Page Seventy-seven
Freshman Class History .....	Page Seventy-eight
The Honor Roll .....	Pages Seventy-nine and Eighty
Military Section .....	Pages Eighty-one to Eighty-six
My Brother .....	Page Eighty-two
Our Service Flag .....	Page Eighty-three
The Indiana National Guard .....	Page Eighty-four
Her Boy .....	Page Eighty-five
The Soldier and Sailor .....	Page Eighty-six
A Soldier's Lamentation .....	Page Eighty-six
Organizations .....	Pages Eighty-seven to One Hundred Four
Friendship Club .....	Page Eighty-nine
Mathematics Club .....	Page Ninety-two
Sorosis .....	Page Ninety-four
Platonians .....	Page Ninety-six
Morning Musical .....	Page Ninety-eight
Junior Red Cross .....	Page One Hundred
Pi Gamma .....	Page One Hundred One
Athletics .....	Pages One Hundred Two to One Hundred Seventeen
Editorial Supplement .....	Page One Hundred Eighteen



## Thoughts at Closing

---

*At last we can write these few lines to mark the end of The Caldron for another year, The Caldron whose record for this year is not exemplary to say the least. As we put this finishing touch on the Annual, we have a feeling of regret and indignation that it is being published so long after the close of school, that everyone has been disappointed by its late arrival. And yet were it not for a few members of the class who have real school spirit, it would not have appeared at all, for the editor gave up working on it entirely at the close of school, and then it was taken up two weeks later by comparatively inexperienced hands, and consequently its late appearance. So, in spite of your righteous anger and disgust, read this book cheerfully, replete though it be with faults, and keep up a good word for The Caldron in order that it may be a success next year. This is the first time The Caldron has ever gone astray, and we know it will never do so again if everyone is conscientious and does the right thing.*

















APR 81



N. MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA 46962

