

# THE INSTITUTER

---



— 1928 —







We, the Staff of D. M. I. '28, do dedicate  
this Annual to

**Prof. LYNN B. DANA**

who for so many years has reigned supreme  
among us, has upheld D. M. I.'s dearest  
traditions, and has given himself to the  
making of finer manhood and womanhood.



LYNN B. DANA, F. C. M., A. C. M., M. A. M., R. A. M.  
PRESIDENT



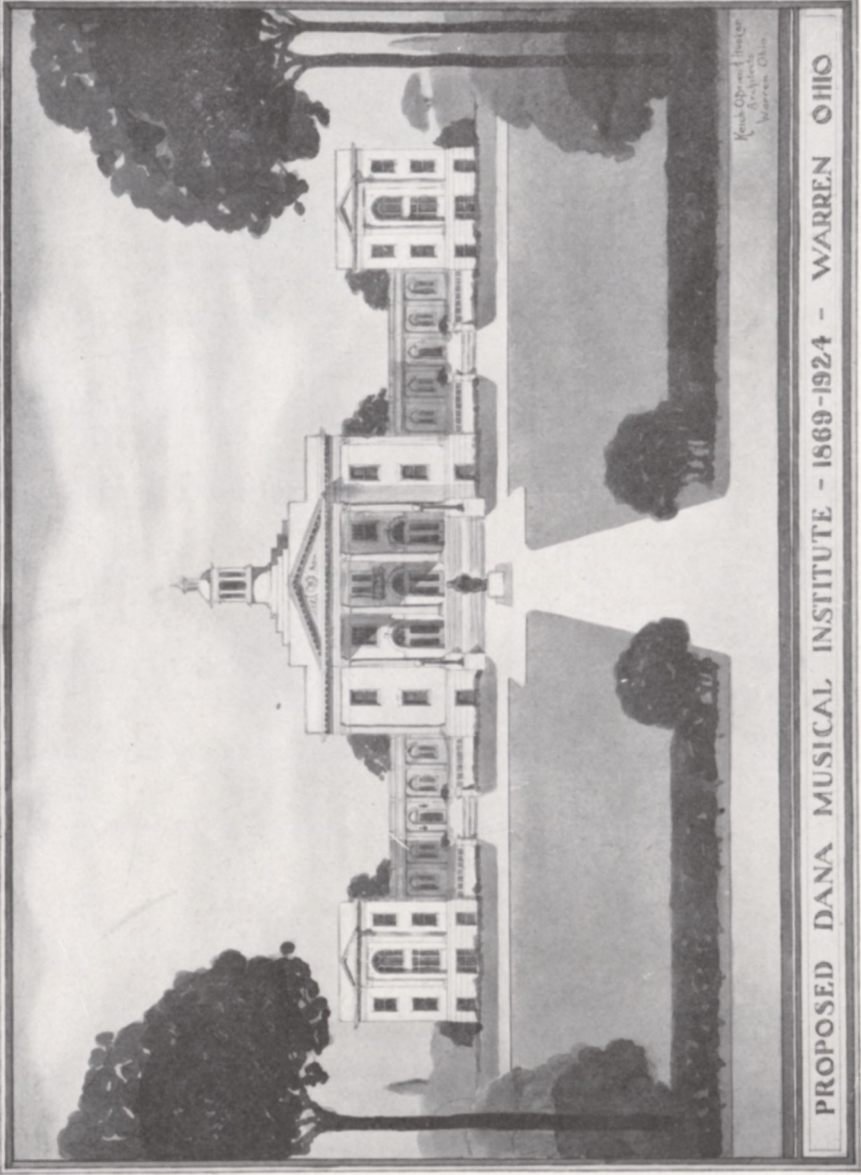
## *Foreword*

*THE OBJECT of this volume has been to record in most pleasing fashion, the activities and achievements of our Alma Mater during the past year. If this book will help you to recall in the future, some of the events of the present year, the Staff will consider that their efforts have been well worthwhile.*

## Table of Contents

Book I.	-	-	-	<i>Faculty Publications</i>		
Book II.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Classes</i>
Book III.	-	-	-	<i>The City We Live In</i>		
Book IV.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Music</i>
Book V.	-	-	-	-	<i>Organizations</i>	
Book VI.	-	-	-	<i>Advertisements</i>		





W. G. B. & C. Architects  
Warren, Ohio

PROPOSED DANA MUSICAL INSTITUTE - 1869-1924 - WARREN OHIO



(2) CHARLES CORLETT, A. C. M.

(4) LEO SCHATZEL



## Faculty

THE faculty of D. M. I. is made up of men and women of ability in both teaching and public performance. Through experience as concert artists, performers, directors and teachers they offer the serious pupil a fund of practical education through their personal experiences as well as study. All of them hold degrees from their Alma Mater, some of them several, and because of the limited number of pupils they can serve, their interest in the student body is vital and personal. D. M. I. is never under the necessity of hiring "Artist Teachers". Every member of the faculty is an artist the year round and we are proud of them all. While all have received their degrees from D. M. I. their studies with the best teachers in other places, at home and abroad, of education keep them abreast of the times in the music world. To be a member of the D. M. I. Faculty is a high honor and to have studied with these teachers puts the stamp of authority upon ones work.

# Publications







THE INSTITUTER STAFF

## The Instituter Staff

**T**HIS year has marked a change in staff personnel. From last year's staff of fifteen members this present staff stays within the confines of five industrious folks and as their middle name they have chosen, "hard work". Last year was the first real Annual ever published by the school and Carmichael and Smith held the reins. The book was successful and very well liked but small.

However, this year they are making a bigger, better book and have scraped together a lot of new ideas which they know will prove successful.

The literary end of the book again goes to Carmichael and as his assistants he chose Ellen A. Urich and Bob Reilly. Both have proven indispensable with their willingness to tackle any assignment.

Contrary to usual form there was no Editor-in-Chief this year. Hunter and Carmichael were the Associate Editors making the red-head the business end of the staff. A real hustler, this boy. Due to his perseverance he made this year's book a financial success and as his helper he had Art Wise. Might as well tell you that genius burns in this volume from the pens of the most prolific writers of the school. Thanks to your staff folks, they worked like blazes and gave you a fine book. Then of course our skipper is Prof. Dana who "kinda" keeps an eye on how everything goes. We've done our best and we hope that you will like the result of our efforts.

Literary Editor ..... Nelson Carmichael

Business Editor ..... James Hunter

Literary Staff ..... Ellen A. Urich  
Robert Reilly

Business Staff ..... Arthur Wise  
Earl Sites



## To Our Alumnus

**A**S THIS volume is the work of D. M. I., it is fitting that a space be set aside for those who have passed out of active school life and are at present making a name for themselves and their Alma Mater in distant fields. Probably those who are at present enrolled here do not realize the worth of those who have gone on. Let us look at them through the telescope of our thoughts. Remember Jake Smiley? A crack clarinet player who is at present teaching in Wooster, Ohio. Then there is Dave Davenport, tuba man who has the public school work in the vicinity of Pittsburg. We travel farther South, down into Birmingham, Ala. and there is a clarinet and saxophone man named Traxler. We do not know him so well but we know his boy who is now on Broadway, another big reed man.

Now, we'll turn from the Sunny South and head West. The first man we meet up with is Parkinson in Iowa. He's the big public school man. If we should go still farther West we would get to the Colorado State Teacher's College at Greeley, Colorado and in one of the best music departments of any University in the country we find Mr. & Mrs. Lester Opp, cellist and reeds. They are at present controlling that department and with the help of Thomas, another graduate of D. M. I. are making Greeley noted for its great facilities for an excellent musical education.

Now we'll travel South from Greeley about one hundred and seventy miles and there in Pueblo, Colorado is the big public school man of Colorado. He is noted throughout the West for the remarkable work he has accomplished in the Public School fields. We have all heard of him. His name is Rei Christopher. We missed one fellow on the way down through. I guess he was out to lunch. That was Burt Kibler, the Public School Supervisor of Colorado Springs. As a crowning achievement of our meanderings we come right back near home again and stop over at Akron University and here is DeLeone. The Master Musician, Composer and Teacher. He is just a quiet little fellow but what a world of genius lies beneath that outward calm. Recognized throughout the country as a superb musician and a real man.

Whoa—we didn't get far enough North when we were West. Up in the Montana State Normal School is a dandy chap whose name is Ralph McFadden, and he has charge of their music department.

We've only skipped over. Here and there over the whole world are D. M. I. folk who deserve a space in this book but space is limited and it's hard to find them. But to all we doff our head-gear. They are real honest-to-goodness folks and we are proud of them.



*Classes*



## Class of '28

**T**HE class of "28" started its career by breaking records. It was the largest Freshman class in the history of the Institute. But quantity was not its only boast, for it constantly proved its worth by its social function and co-operation with the rest of the school.

Since 1924 the enrollment has dwindled and many have dropped out and others entered. Still the value of class has always been on the incline. As seniors they have set a standard other classes will find hard to surpass.

Each year class officers have been selected who were capable of their work and have been a great asset to the success of the class. This year the class chose Ernest Kahlor, Pres., Vera Ragaini, Vice Pres., and Carleton Butler, Secretary. Under their direction, the class has experienced a most colorful year and one fitting its past career.

The members of the class of "28" can look back with pride at the record they have made at Dana's. They have made a name that will long be remembered and have set an example any class might proudly work for.

A school is judged not by its buildings and equipment but by the class it turns out. Dana's can look forward to the time when it will be judged by the Class of "28".

The class of "28" has been close to an ideal class and although we are sorry to see them leave we wish them all the luck in the world and success in whatever they attempt.

President .....	Ernest Kahlor
Vice President .....	Carleton Butler
Secretary .....	Vera Ragaini



ERNEST KAHLOR  
Akron, Ohio  
Piano  
"Why girls leave home."



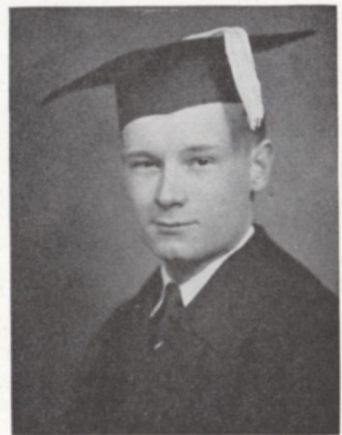
VERA RAGAINI  
Youngstown, Ohio  
Piano  
"A girl of unusual talent who studies abroad next year."



CARLTON BUTLER  
Warren, Ohio  
Oboe  
"Butler, the red Dodge and heart-failure."

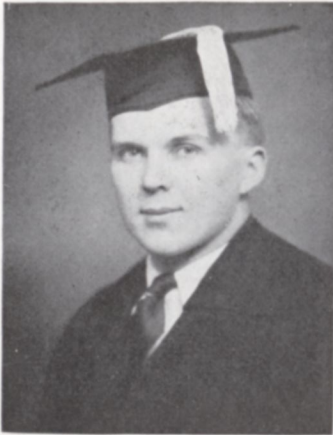


LEAH CORLISS  
Warren, Ohio  
Piano  
"Last year there was a boy named Gray. Leah travels south soon. Best of luck Mrs.?"  
*Leah Corliss*



GLENN PHILLIPS  
Sharon, Pa.  
Violin  
"Winona primary middle secretary."  
*Glenn Phillips*  
Page Twenty-three





**WILLIAM NISKANEN**  
Warren, Ohio  
Clarinet

*"One of those 'flying Finns' with a whale of a lot of technique."*



**GEORGETTE FABRE**  
BARBERTON, OHIO  
Piano

*"This little French girl has captured the hearts of all of us."*



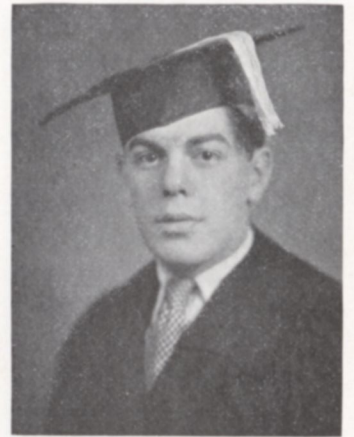
**ED DARBY**  
Sharon, Pa.  
Flute, Clarinet

*"A musician's temperament coupled with an unfailing attraction for those of the opposite sex."*



**MARGARET HAMILTON**  
Vandergrift, Pa.  
Voice

*"A little miss with the cheeriest disposition in the world."*



**STANLEY DAVIS**  
Warren, Ohio  
Cello

*"Last night the Y.W.C.A. fire-escapes fell, well, you all know the rest of the story."*

*Stanley Davis*



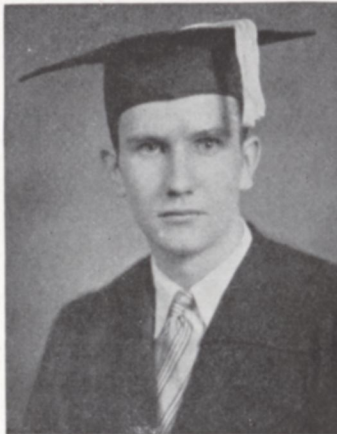
ROSS WYRE  
Dalton, Ohio  
Tuba

*"A hard working chap who some day will be the director of a large concert band."*



HELEN PORTZ  
Warren, Ohio  
Piano

*"She never says much but oh, what she accomplishes."*



MELVIN SHAFER  
Warren, Ohio  
French Horn

*"Another concert director in the making."*



LOIS RUSSEL  
Warren, Ohio  
Piano and Organ

*"Who will we get to play the tympani for us after she has left"*



GEORGE LUNTZ  
Chanute, Kansas  
Voice

*"A fine voice, a fine personality, and a fine future."*





JUNIORS

## Junior Class

IN THE fall of nineteen hundred and twenty-five on September 5th when the Autumn was in its height of glory, and added to by the many colored leaves falling here and there as if in preparation for winter, there entered the old established Institution of Dana's a group of youths of about forty-five in number. Fired with enthusiasm of great masters of the art who have gone on before them, no doubt was left in ones mind as to their seriousness.

Along with the daily work comes to all students the facts and anticipation of acquiring a mark some place, some where of worthwhileness. This is a noble desire and is their's to the extent of making the most of the golden minutes that come only to go and never to return. Often we stop and think, then glance back over the last years work only to find that we might have done better. Then we shove ahead with renewed interest once more to strive for that higher goal.

The social life of our class has been one of interest and zeal which many of us look forward to the coming events. One must enter in most of the activities of the Institute to share the benefits derived from such.

As the years roll by we, the Junior Class, move closer to the end of the course and with much regretting the fact that all too soon it will be memories of by gone days, yet dear to us forever in the years to come.

Now like other institutions of learning as the years go on, the class grows smaller and the few that remain are true blue steel which will stand the acid test of time and eternity.

The future for the Junior Class is one of great promise which I am sure it will not fail in the final phase of construction and which it has been said before.

"Not failure but low aim is crime." is a good motto to follow to end. Our names may never be connected with anything of great importance as far as national publicity, but our little deeds in our community and home to others will mean as much if not more to those with whom the deed is realized and appreciated. We live to serve others or else we fail in the prime object of life. Our own selfish desires must take the second place in observing the golden rule when applied to all things throughout.

### Class Officers.

President—William Niskanen.

Vice President—Raymond McDonald.

Sec. & Treas.—Winona Shreckengost.





SOPHOMORES

## Sophomores

**H**ALF way through and still kicking up a lot of dust. It has been the motto of our class to give the best that was in us and our first two years have not been found lacking.

Did you know that our class radius extended over 2000 miles? Yes sir. We start on the East coast at Hagerstown, Maryland, and go clear out to Colorado where Burr and Carmichael hail from. In between those two points are nineteen others who make up our class. They are all real folks and proud to be here at D. M. I.

Of course being only twenty-one in number its tough to keep class spirit at a high mark but according to Kipling it takes the downright hard old labor of every bloomin' soul.

Now to calendar our first two years. Remember last year when our class held their first party? It was Thanksgiving and we had everything decorated for a real good time. Everyone helped and as a consequence that social function was a distinct success in every respect. No, we didn't forget the good time we showed the school when we were initiated. That was a real initiation too. Then when spring rolled around and the Undergraduate's banquet burst forth this same bunch did much toward the success of that. Now this year we had the Hallowe'en Mask Ball and there isn't anyone who won't tell you that they had a ripsnortin' good time.

We've got a real bunch of officers too this year. There is Gertrude Gardner as president who took Carmichael's place of last year. Ted Wardman, vice president in Hank Rogers position and our side-kick Arlene stays treasurer for a re-election.

We're here to get everything there is to be had so just watch our smoke.





FRESHMEN

## Class of "31"

THE Freshmen assembled in September with a representative from nearly every part of the country. They were launched upon their social career at the Faculty Reception and became acquainted with each other, and especially the upper classmen, at the initiation. Once organized they quickly took a hold and began to show their worth.

At the first class meeting they elected Elton Sawyer, Pres., Wilfred Anderson, Vice Pres., and Evelyn Dahl, Secretary. Plans were made for the Thanksgiving Party which proved a great success and a good credit to the class. Later at the Christmas Minstrel the Freshmen act was one of the outstanding performances.

In everything that the Freshmen have been called upon they have responded with a whole hearted effort that has marked them a real ambitious class. They were fortunate that their enrollment has remained practically constant with few dropping out. This has brought about a solid organization that the class has taken full advantage and made a good record for their first year.

The class of "31" has made a good start and has mastered the first year in a way that points to a brilliant career at Dana's. We hope that they will become a better class each year, that no one can complain with the final year record.

President.....	Elton Sawyer
Vice President.....	Wilfred Anderson
Secretary.....	Evelyn Dahl



## A Psalm of Syllables

*Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
That the syllables I must name!  
For the soul is lost that mumbles,  
And that calls them all the same.*

*Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And Solfeggio is the goal;  
Just to learn to sing re, fa, la;  
Just to learn ti, do, mi, sol.*

*'Tis Solfeggio, and not sorrow,  
That's our destined end or way;  
Just to sing, that each tomorrow  
Find us glibber than today.*

*Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
'Less the syllables you have learned,  
You will not get your diploma,  
That for which your soul hath yearned.*

*In the world's broad field of singing,  
In the Music Hall of Life  
Be not dumb, set echoes ringing,  
Sing like heroes in the strife!*

*Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Examination's coming soon!  
Sing—sing in the living Present!  
Morning, mid-day, afternoon.*

*Lives of great men all remind us  
We can reach the heights divine,  
If we learn to sing the syllables  
So our Nellie thinks they're fine.*

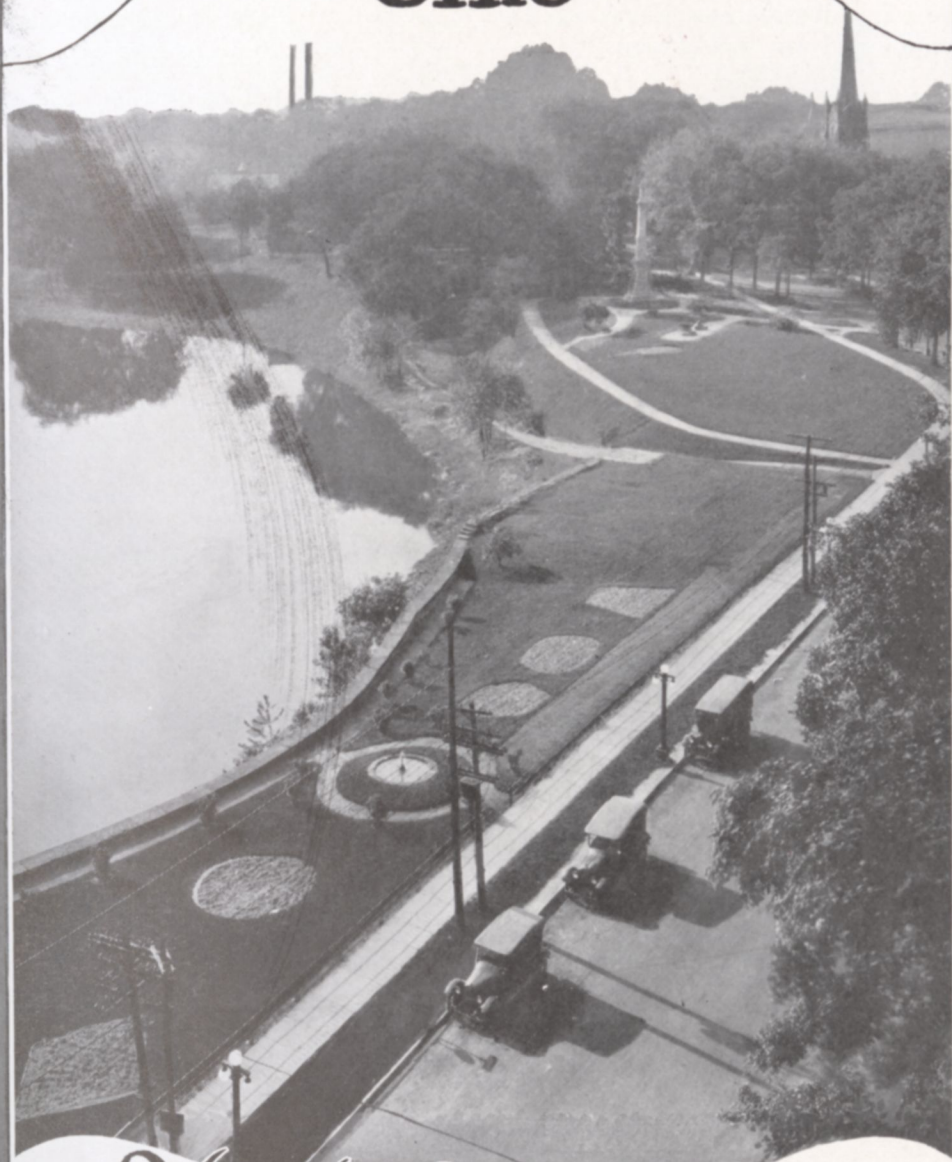
*Syllables, that perhaps another,  
List'ning to the great refrain,  
A tone-deaf, discouraged brother,  
Hearing, may take heart again.*

*Let us then be up and singing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Sing and sing and keep on singing  
'Til prepared to graduate.*

LILLIAN LEE VANOVER

Class of 1920

# Warren Ohio



*The City Beautiful* ☺



## Our City

**E**ARLY in the year 1799, on the banks of the historic Mahoning River, the first settlers located and built their homes and called this little settlement Warren, after Moses Warren one of the surveyors of the Connecticut Land Company. The site on which Warren now stands was that of an Indian village, as it showed signs of cultivation and was well cleared.

The evolution of Warren from the camping ground of Indians to that of our now thriving city of 43,000 has been phenomenal.

In the year 1834 the people of the little hamlet petitioned the State Legislature for the privilege of becoming a municipality, and on March 3rd, 1835, the request was granted. On the 5th day of April, 1835, the municipality was organized and George Parsons was elected the first Mayor.

For the first half century the progress of Warren was necessarily slow but after a while it became the central point of a large amount of trade and commerce.

Warren was a corporate village from 1835 to 1869, when it was incorporated as a city and I. N. Dawson was elected the first Mayor and the city was divided into wards.

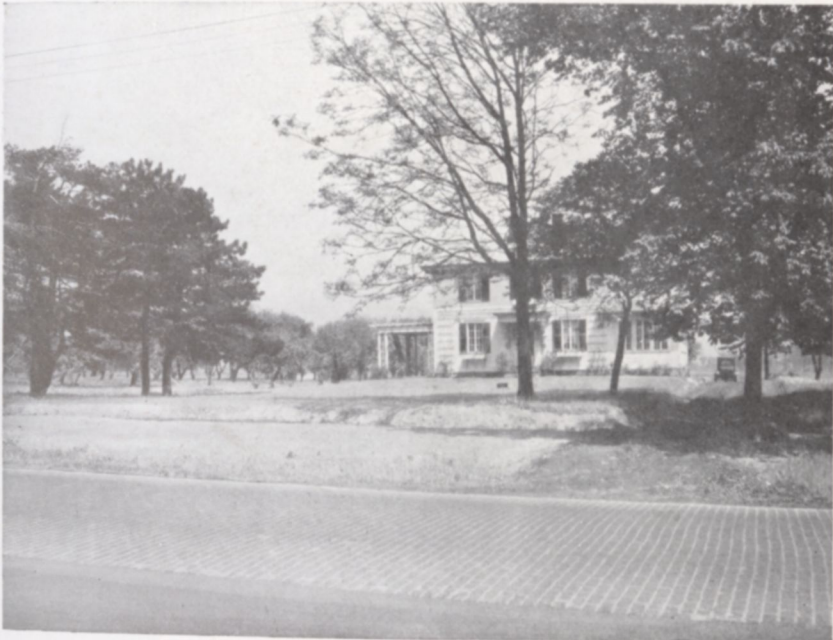
The geographical location of Warren gives her a splendid position to anticipate further growth and progress. Located as it is in a rich agricultural community, in touch with coal mines of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and this together with our water supply make it an ideal location for the establishing of manufacturing plants of every kind.

Warren is noted for its beautiful homes. The business section is well supplied with substantial business blocks. Many churches grace the city and the public library and court house are among the most beautiful buildings of the State. There is now in the course of construction a fully equipped and up to date, Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. buildings to meet the needs of the growing City—Warren's public school system is par-excellent.

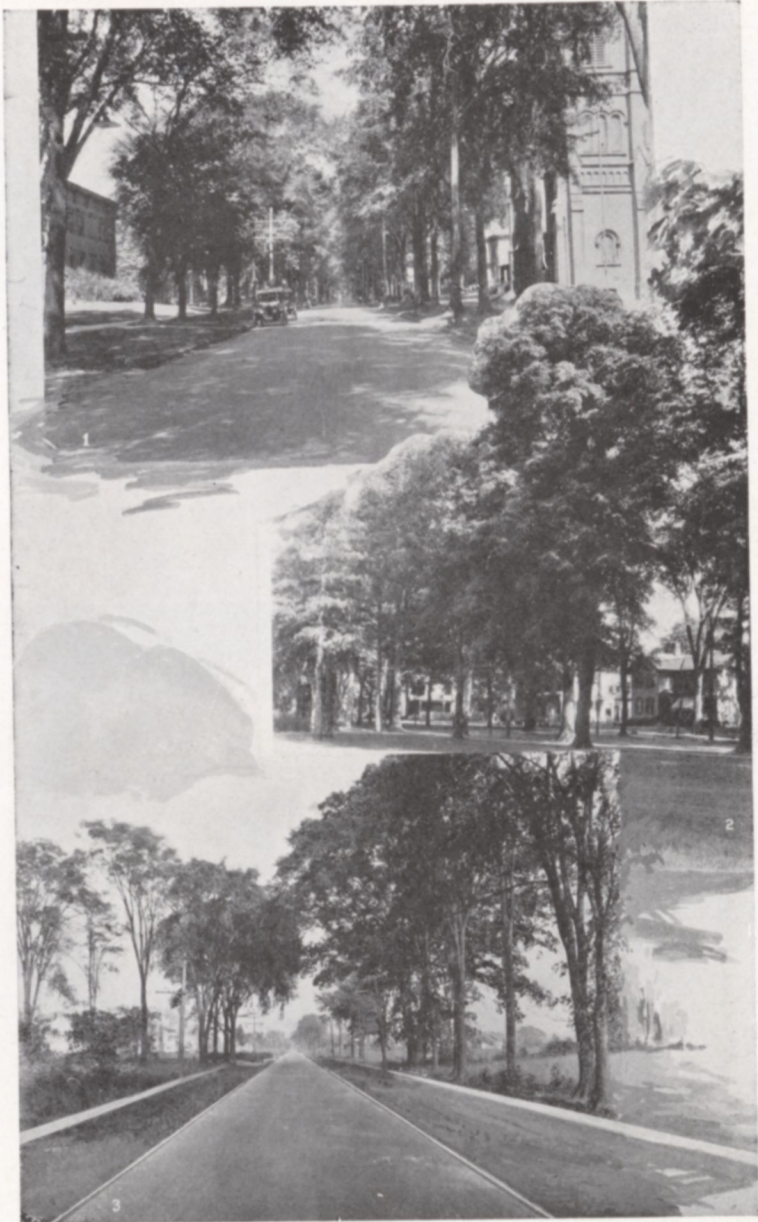
Warren is noted for being one of the music centers of the United States and Dana's Musical Institute with its talented instructors has a world wide reputation for graduating young men and women well equipped for a splendid musical career.

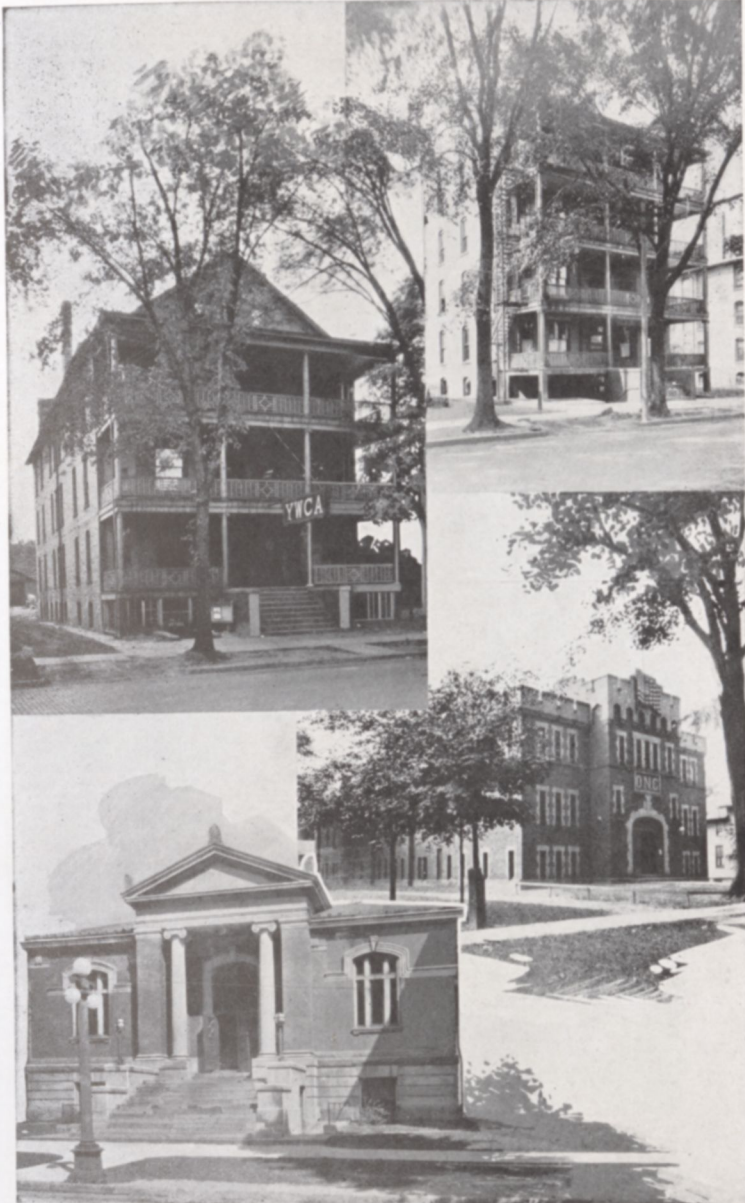
Warren is growing and will continue to grow until it will be one of the leading cities of the grand old Buckeye State.

Mayor Kilpatrick

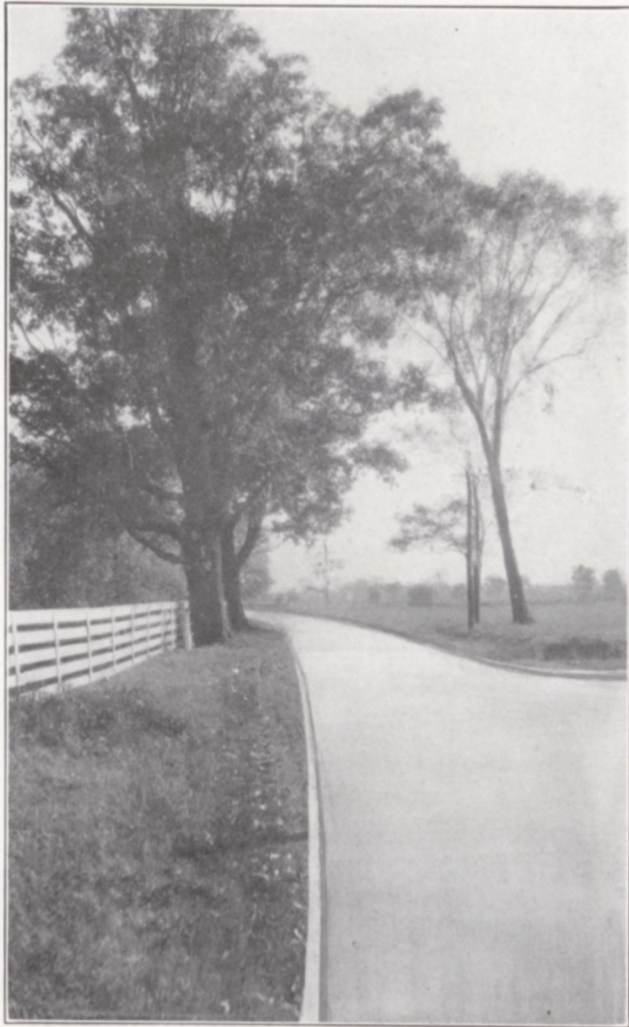






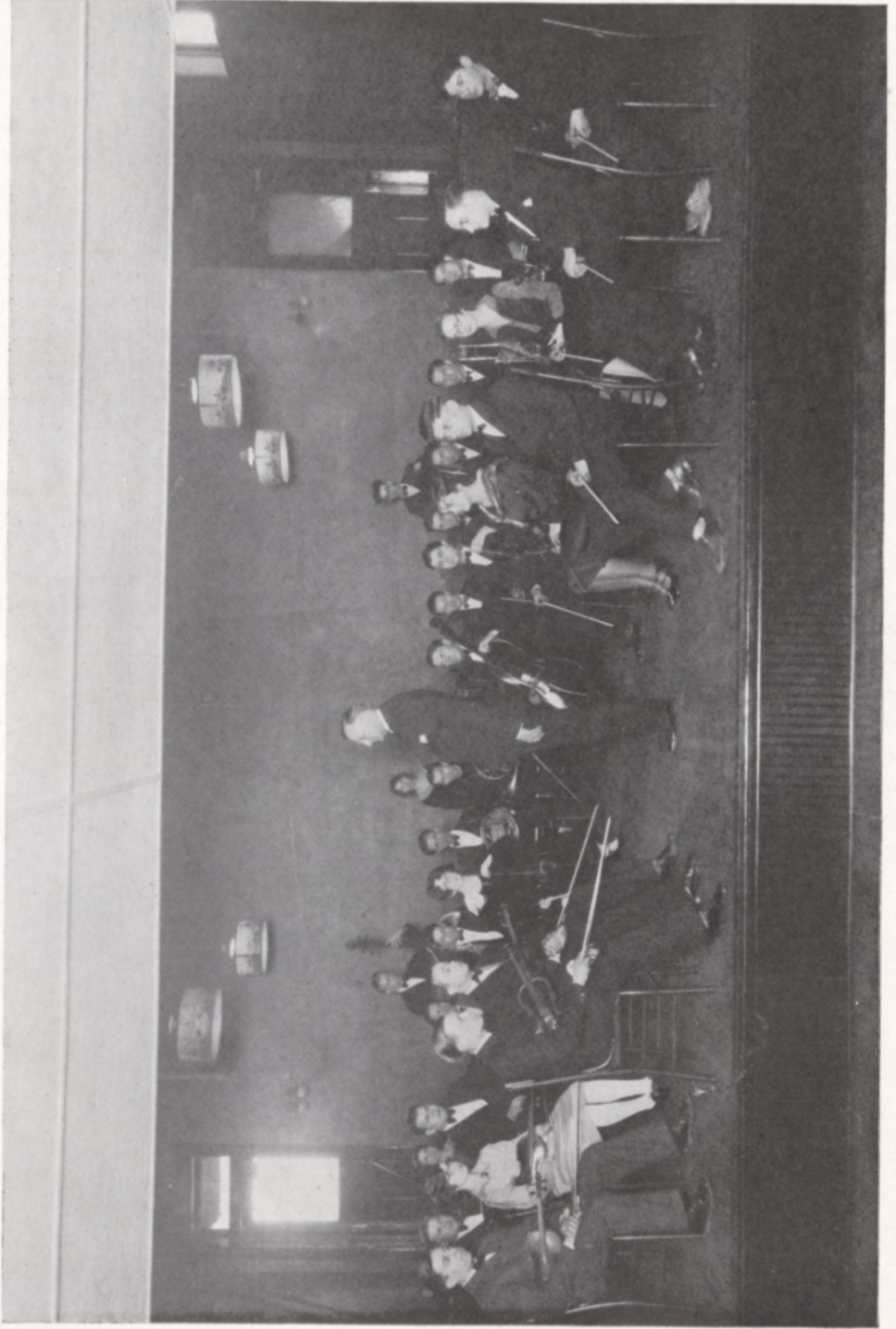












D. M. I. ORCHESTRA

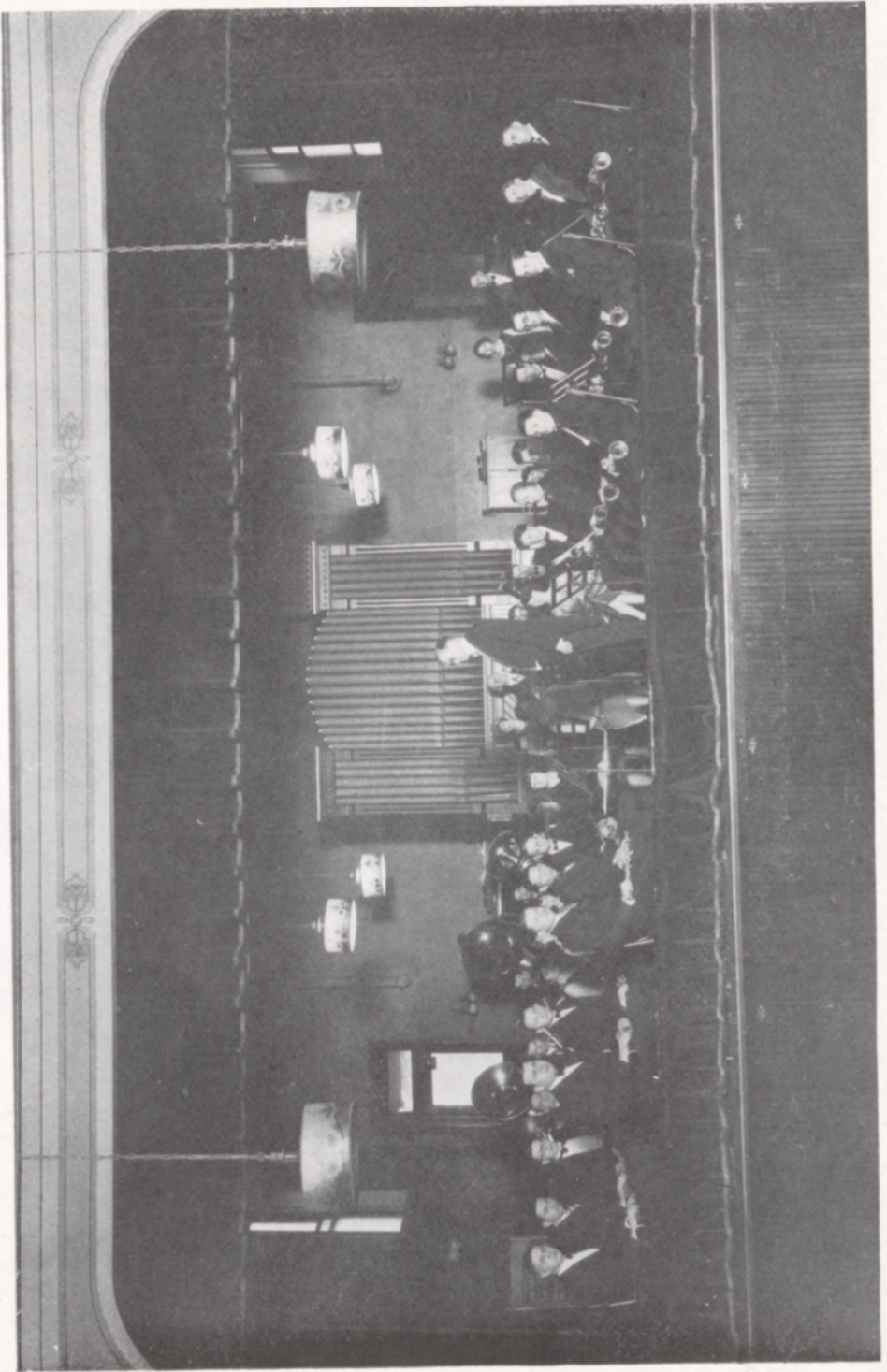
## The D. M. I. Orchestra

IT WAS way back in the year 1870 that the D. M. I. Orchestra first met for rehearsal up on the top floor in the old building that is remembered so well by those of us who in the years that are gone used to climb for rehearsals and concerts, that long winding staircase that occupied the center of the old building. William H. Dana, the founder of the school desired to have the student body and the citizenry of Warren and its environs hear the best things in orchestral literature and at this early date set about the organization of an ensemble for the purpose. There were two violins, a cello, a flute, a clarinet, a cornet, a trombone and a piano played by two of the teachers. This combination essayed to play the celebrated overtures and symphonies of the masters under the direction of Prof. Dana and while it was of course a difficult task for this group to present such masterpieces, they were all sincere in their work and laid the foundation of what proved to be one of the leading features of musical education for pupils at D. M. I.

With this small beginning, from year to year, there developed the present excellent organization. The D. M. I. Symphony Orchestra has won an enviable reputation both at home and abroad and represents the very highest type of organization found in any school anywhere and in the majority of cases is far above them. No ordinary organization is this but one that vies with the best of them. Because of the DAILY REHEARSAL the orchestra reaches a grade of artistry that cannot be gained otherwise. Each year the balance of instrumentation is fine, the players of ample ability, the whole making for a correct and musicianly presentation of the greatest works in orchestral literature.

The following men have had the direction of the orchestra in their hands during its history.—William H. Dana, Carl Thorbahn, Gustave Prignitz, W. W. Leffingwell, Thad Ackley, W. B. Hert, Edouard Perrigo, Michael Banner, Lynn B. Dana and Charles Lowry. The library of the organization is ample and is kept constantly up to the minute in the new works of importance that are issued.





D. M. I. MILITARY BAND

## Band

**D. M. I.** has a concert band which came very close to being classed as a typical brass band at the first of the year. We had all the brass we could possibly use and about five reeds to offset that aggregation. Pandemonium reigned for a while but under the adept hands of Prof. Hickernell and Messrs. Wyre and Shaffer this bunch soon assumed a great organization. Of course they do make a lot of noise but put a bunch of boys together for ensemble work, let them blow their lungs out trying and your bound to have noise. Regardless of the unbalanced instrumentation however, this band has given numerous concerts both here at the Institute and in other cities. Their library consists of standard band collections interspersed with lively marches for encores and closing numbers. The brass department is very large this year and the one favorable outlet for ensemble work is the daily rehearsal. During this time a well-rounded knowledge is given the student in regard to standard and concert works and great benefit is derived.



## Trios, Orchestras, etc.

NOT considering the Symphony Orchestra and the Concert Band there are a number of organizations which tho developed at D. M. I. have functioned independently from the school. This is considered a fine advancement in musicianship as the students in this way must also figure the practical side of music and also there is gained that very necessary thing; stage presence.

Probably the most outstanding organization of this type is the Phillips String Trio. Mr. Phillips, violin, Mr. Davis, 'cello and Miss Battles, piano, have an organization to be proud of. They play for numerous concerts and social engagements and providing they keep up the good work, they will eventually become a noted trio.

In the brass department Ross Wyre has arranged a brass quartet numbering two trumpets, trombone, and tuba. This quartet is always in demand at concerts, banquets and social engagements for special numbers.

Then, too, there are a number who have organized dance and popular orchestras anywhere from six to ten pieces. The orchestra which has made the most noticeable headway is probably Carson Miller's orchestra. This organization numbers eleven men of whom six are Dana students.

All of these organizations have broadcasted over numerous stations such as Cleveland, Akron, Youngstown, and Pittsburgh. Their own initiative have made them, and to these folks we offer our heartiest congratulations.



*Organizations*



## Sorority and Fraternity

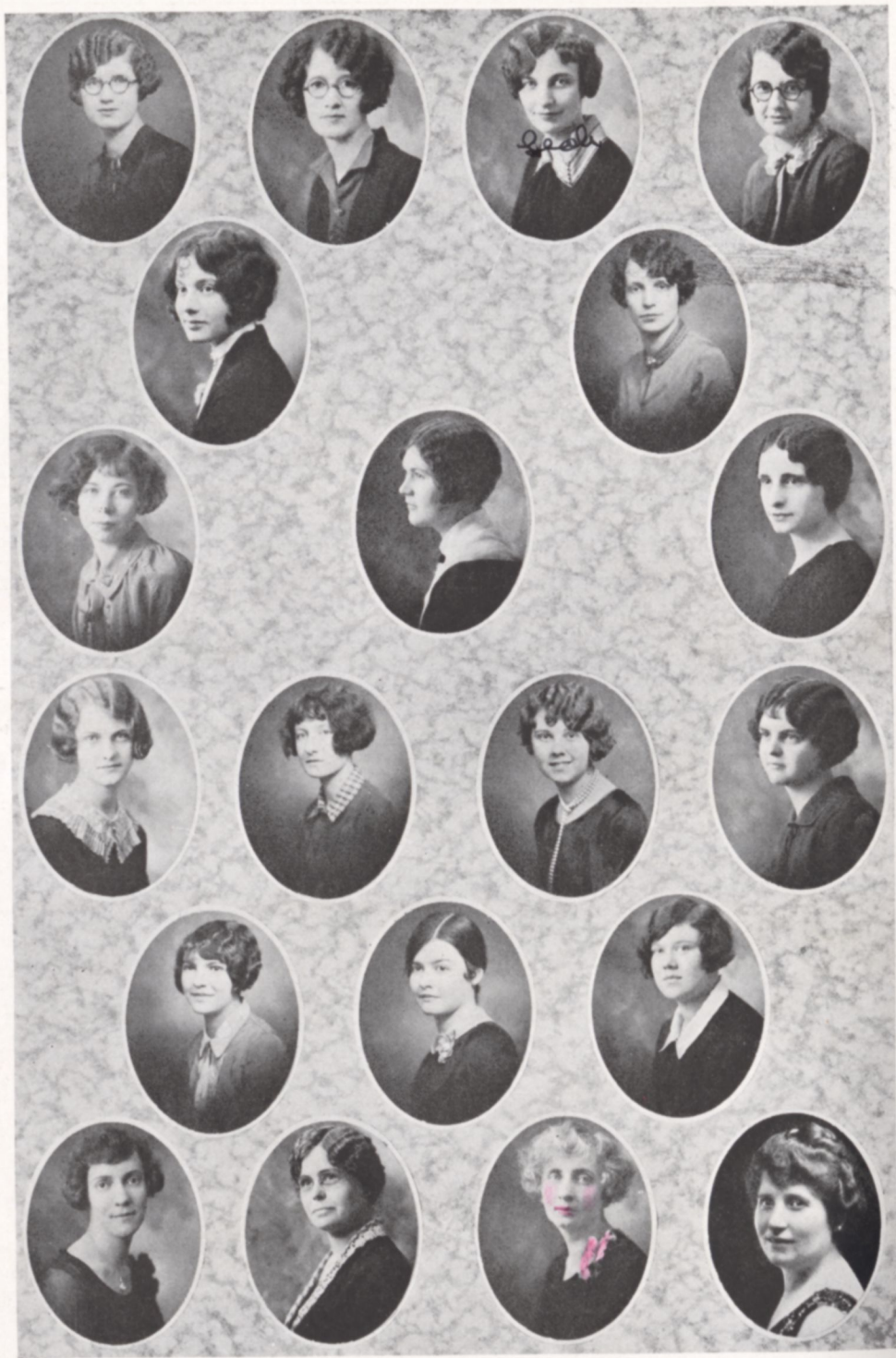
**W**HY are these organizations permitted to exist at D. M. I.? My reason for allowing them is because I feel that, properly carried on, they should arouse an interest in better and higher things in the scholarship of the school. No one is asked to pledge to either of the organizations until he has been thoroughly understood as to his moral and scholastic standing and his loyalty to the school. He must retain and continue this standing after his reception into either organization if he wishes to remain a member. These attributes will act toward the betterment of both the individual and the school. As long as they continue in this way they will be permitted to exist here. Their failure to keep up a high standard of scholarship or morals automatically severs their connection with the school.

The organizations, "Pi Lamda Sorority" and "Tau Delta Beta" Fraternity are being given thorough trial here and as yet I have found nothing to cause the discontinuance of either organization. Keep up the good work.

Lynn B. Dana, Pres.







PI LAMBDA SORORITY

## Pi Lamda

ON NOVEMBER 3rd nineteen twenty-seven Pi Lamda celebrated its first birthday. During its one and one half years of existence the sorority has been firmly founded and endowed with all the attributes conducive to a long and prosperous life.

Pi Lamda Sorority was founded November nineteen twenty-six by six girls of D. M. I. Jacqueline Webb, Sara Miller, Josie Ready, Leah Corliss, Vera Ragaini and Beatrice Bullen. The Charter Members were chosen in accordance with a high standard of scholarship and character. They were Edna Ulmer, Gladys Harder, Anne Camp, Georgette Fabre, Winona Shreckengost, Marjorie Williams, Orpha Baker, Margaret Hamilton, Leola Baer. The faculty members were Miss Kathryn Guarnieri, Miss Salome Wetterholt, Mrs. Nellie Mae Dehnbostel and Mrs. Retta Dana. Miss Dorothy Gilbert became a member later in the year. Sara Miller was chosen as President, Josie Ready, Vice President and Edna Ulmer, Secretary and Treasurer.

Last year six girls were chosen as pledges, and having satisfactorily fulfilled the requirements of Pi Lamda, became members. They were Arlene Battles, Edna Mackey Nan Evans, Gertrude Gardner, Mary Wurtemberger and Lucille Hill. Junius Cottage became Pi Lamda Sorority House under supervision of Jacqueline Webb.

Seven of the Charter members graduated from D. M. I. in June, including Sara Miller, Josie Ready, Edna Ulmer, Gladys Harder, Anne Camp, Marjorie Williams and Orpha Baker. The first year of the Sorority was very successful in all ways.

When school was resumed in September the newly elected officers took up their duties. Mary Wurtemberger was President, Arlene Battles, Vice President and Winona Shreckengost, Secretary and Treasurer.

The new members chosen this year were Virginia Henderson, Francis Hill, Opal Smith, Mareda Baker, Freida Taylor. The sorority was very glad to welcome them as members, as they are all talented and will benefit the organization in many ways.

Three of our members graduated from Dana's this year; Vera Ragaini, Georgette Fabre and Leah Corliss.



## Student Bibliography

OF COURSE, in every institution of coeducation there is always a number of our young hopefuls who according to certain unexplainable reasons hook up for an abstract period and then unhook only to hook somewhere else respectively.

As this book and its contents has no plato-section of our love-lorn, I'll try my best to give you all the latest on these specimens of the "Pair" tree.

We'll pick on the Senior first, not because they are the best or think they are, but because they've been here longer and should know better. Probably the outstanding case is the Phillips-Shreckengost tangle. They have managed to at least stay away from fist-cuffs for the past two or three years. However "Smiley" still contends that he's not going to miss the last car for any girl even tho she happens to be Winona.

Corliss-Gray, a typical case of love at first sight. Herb is a graduate and Leah almost is, so it probably won't be long until the female of that species changes her name. One can nearly always find them on the first floor or at 315 Porter Ave. Leah also has a side-kick that seems more infatuated then Leah, herself. Only this person has the boy-friend who works at the Trumbull Steel.

We step one step down and plop into the Junior Class. It's a small class but they all seem to have one idea in view. For instance Bill Niskanen, President cares a lot for Arlene Battles, Sec. and Treas. of Sophomore class, and I think the feeling is mutual. Last summer Bill went to Finland and all I heard from him was Arlene. If they would forget that quarrels were necessary I could safely say they would be a very happy couple.

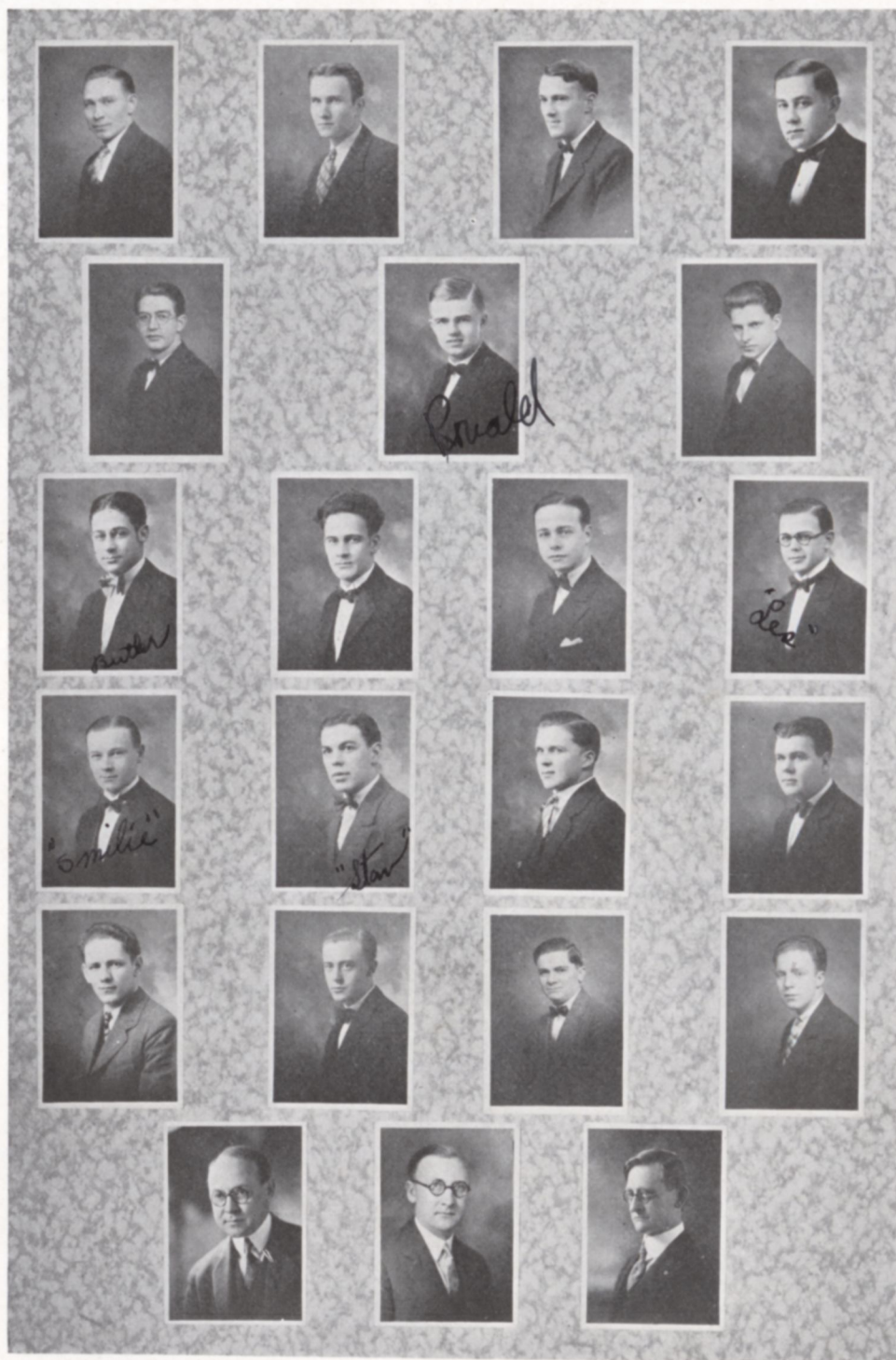
Then of course there is Reed and Kresnowsky who both maintain the alibi of a sweet little thing they left back home so they're excused. Don't forget Ray McDonald. "Nuf sed". Tiny Williams the invincible, but I know something of Tiny's cases and it seems as tho he were through with women. Probably some one stepped on him.

Wick, Herbert, Carmichael and Krauss are about the only ones in the Sophomore class who have adhered to the principle that love is a very necessary thing. Herbert and Carmichael take young ladies out side of the school curriculum and from all appearances their so-called ladies are world-beaters.

Next to the Fresh. They are the biggest class and also the biggest puzzle. Probably due to youth and un-developed minds along such matters, they haven't reached the stage of seriousness yet. However, I can safely say that the Fowler-Franks case is the best example in their class. Well, children grow up eventually.







## Tau Delta Beta

**S**TUDENTS who have attended Dana's Musical Institute in the past years have greatly realized the need of an organization among the boys which would tend to promote fellowship, character and scholarship. To supply this need TAU DELTA BETA was organized in the fall of 1926 by five members of the Senior Class.

As the Fraternity had its inception at D. M. I., the charter located here is known as the Alpha, or Mother Chapter. A Beta Chapter has already been established at Akron University, under the direction of Professor Francesco B. DeLeone. With this beginning and considering the several other chapters to be initiated soon, TAU DELTA BETA is on its way to become a prominent national organization.

TAU DELTA BETA is unique among Greek Letter Fraternities in that it is a purely musical organization. No man is eligible to admittance into the Society until he has completed at least one year's work in any musical college or conservatory which is capable of conferring a musical degree. The standard of scholarship required for admittance is very high, being a general average of eighty-five per cent or more in all subjects studied by the candidate.

While the primary aim of the Fraternity is to promote higher character and better musicianship, the idea of fellowship also receives much stress. Regular closed meetings are held each week, each meeting followed by a social period. While numerous dinners, parties, and other social affairs are given throughout the year, the most prominent of those given by the Alpha Chapter are the Annual Freshmen Smoker and the Formal Spring Dance.

TAU DELTA BETA is proud to possess a very elaborate and beautiful secret ritual which is unusual in that it is based entirely on music. When a candidate has been initiated into the fellowship of the Fraternity, he has had presented to him a series of lessons which are of momentous importance in shaping his future life. These lessons are made unforgettable by means of the beautiful symbolism of the initiation ceremony.

The active roll of Alpha Chapter follows:

### OFFICERS

TAU .....	Ronald Smith
DELTA .....	Ernest Kahlor
BETA .....	Raymond McDonald
Treasurer .....	William Niskanen
Secretary .....	Stanley Davis
Chaplain .....	Prof. Lynn B. Dana
Senior Guard .....	Carleton Butler
Junior Guard .....	Glenn Phillips
Tiler .....	Melvin Shafer

### ACTIVE MEMBERS

Prof. C. H. Lowry  
Lloyd McCullough  
Lowell Reid  
Urho Seppelin  
James Hunter  
Theodore Kresnowsky  
William Burr

Prof. Ross Hickernell  
J. Kennon Williams  
Nelson Carmichael  
Lester Swartz  
Albert Bigler  
Arthur Wise  
Ross Wyre



## The Symphony

**A** CELEBRATED symphony orchestra gave a masterpiece production in one of New York's largest theatres. The soul of a master-musician was revealed. The composition was found on an unknown American soldier by a parish priest in a small church in France.

The great audience was strangely moved. They seemed to sense the presence of a weaver who makes dreams. They were lost, fascinated, moved to the depths of their beings as before them the silver threads of music wove a dream.

\* \* \* \*

Is there peace or will the rose always reach toward the sunshine, the skylark always grope the distant blue, the sea gull always cry on the lonely beach? Beauty seen, ceases to be beauty—Beauty felt leaves wounds too deep for healing. Music expressed becomes a common thing, handled carelessly by men. Music trembles, quivers in the sad heart of all creation, in the great heart of God. It is a fathomless deep, far reaching, wide spreading, delicate mist made of pale rainbow tints. It is a dream of tangled silver webs, too frail to be unwound.

Faint rose lines issued from the sun, now a huge ball of flames, half lost in a purple cloud. The rose tints decked with gold played with the gathering shadows in the dim room. Through the open window came a flood of orange and pink threads connecting the black head of the musician with the coming twilight. The dreamer had dreamed, but the silver webs were broken, or were the threads of light reaching for the sweet sad tones in the heart of the dreamer—would they weave another web, with a design more perfect.

"Mother, Mother, you called me Rono because Ronald was a great brave man and accomplished wonderful deeds." The dark curly head rested on the keys of the old rose wood piano. "Mother you knew what music was—you were music. You told me there was music in everything, is there music in war?" No, war will end my dream—it will tear it, snatch it from me. Right. Mother, what did you mean by right. War is not right music—ah I see it now, to save humanity—that is righteousness. Music would bring peace to me, but President Wilson said "right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things we have always kept nearest our heart." "You called me Rono, I shall not be great, my dream will not live on."

The dark head raised itself from the keys, their imprint remained in the low forehead, the sensitive lips were pale, the muscles in the oval face twitched. Rono was scarcely a man, yet the grey eyes expressed depths of longing known only to a surging sea. She was gone, this mother whom Rono had worshiped. Gone, the little dark eyed artist, gone because her dream was lost.

Rono's staring eyes saw no farther than the bowl of spring flowers before him. The grey evening shades closed in about him. He did not hear the french doors as they swung apart.

"My son," it was his father, Von Karl's voice, "do I find you in one of those cursed

dreams? I told you one more would be your last. Are you half mad, half senseless as your mother?"

"Father," Ron sprang forward, "You shall not breath her name. She was an artist—New York bowed at her feet and you—you killed her with your cruel realism."

"Killed her did I? Well, she has ruined you by infesting you with her infernal moods."

"But, Father, music—"

"Music is all right for childish twiddlers, but not for men. Let some one else compose it. What did I put you through school for, to have you dream forever?—no—fill that place in the office or go forever with your hanged dreams."

"Father, do you remember the time mother gave up her singing engagement when I was ill—because she said that it was 'right' that I was her first duty? I have given up my dreams for right. I'm going to join the Allies."

"You, you," the father staggered, "You join the American army with German blood flooding your veins?"

"But, Father, I am an American—born in New York, my mother was French—and the Allies are fighting for the 'right' they are fighting for the things we should always keep nearest our hearts."

The little man shivered his, monacle fell from his eye, his mustached lip hardened to a thin line, his eyes were cold and green.

"Go," Maurine's son, "go, your dream and all."

\* \* \* \*

"If there is a right cause there must be a just God," thought Ronald. "If there were a God, there would be no such desolation—dead men's bodies would not be piled in heaps while the sky above was still and blue, shell holes would not be filled with stagnant water, loathsome birds, startled by the drone of aeroplanes, would not rise and fly across waste spaces. One would not sleep in mud and water, with the clay caked between the teeth. One would not bear on the back burdens too heavy to hold in the hands. There would be no moans, no glassy eyes turned sightlessly toward eternity. Rono's slender hand wiped his dust striped face—this was hell—hell—his gun smoke—this whirr of bullets, this roar of canon, and this glint of knives—this slowly moving, wavering cloud of green yellow gas lowering surely, surely, to fulfill its deadly mission. One was always colliding into other bodies, tangling oneself, getting stained with blood. Men cursed and swore and talked in loud voices—always they said, "On les aura! Ca peut Etre long, mais on les aura" "it may take long, but we shall get them." Rono never once wavered from duty, he was a messenger boy, they had sent him among the first, placed him in this position because he was not large and day after day he carried messages to the front line, darting explosions, flying bullets, facing gas, making paths through corpses for his motor cycle. Now he was stationed in the northern part of the forest of Argonne three and a half miles from Verdun.

Rono's pale face was drawn, his lips parched, his back breaking. He sank exhausted



on the cool earth in his dugout. He could see a deep blue sky, with many stars. For a short moment Rono forgot his tired body, he did not hear the roar of distant battles, he forgot that there could be no God, and through his hole he saw stars. They were golden diamonds ringing—ringing—chimes—a melody too sad, too deep for tears. The tiny floating clouds were ancient ladies with flowing hair. They wore silk lace garments, and struck the bells with great golden gongs. Rono lived again his dream, for he, too, would make music too sad, too deep for tears. In reality, in war—bright stars and a clear sky signify, not chimes to the average soldier's ear, but a severe aeroplane attack.

\* \* \* \*

For two months Rono lay in the hospital just back of the Verdun lines. Its roofs were marked with the red cross. Twenty-four hundred beds were arranged all clean, all quiet, all filled.

It was very doubtful whether Rono would ever walk again. Both legs were crushed from the waist down. The bones at last were mending and if there was enough vitality stored away in him he might live. During all this time Rono had scarcely known consciousness. Brain fever had robbed him of all reason.

One day the terrible cloud gradually cleared away and Rono was aware of a very strange, sickly whiteness. He first saw as through a grey vapor closed tightly around him. After a great effort on his part the vapor lifted, but he was pinned firmly down in a heavy cast. Slowly he recognized the white ceiling—white walls—white stand, with a pitcher and glasses. He was on a cot and was covered with a cool creased spread.

For several hours he remained thus listening to the distant mumbblings, waves of of dull thunder vibrating on the walls of the hospital.

A nurse was bathing the brow of a red haired man on the cot next his. Her sleeves were rolled just below the red-cross, her arms were strong and white, and Rono sensed the faint odor of anesthetics. Her hair was brown, gold glinted under her cap, eyes very blue beneath dark lashes,—eyes washed pure in tears.

"French girl", Rono thought, "She's like music—if one were to touch her she would vanish away—one must just feel her presence."

She turned to him and smiled, her face was flowerlike, a white rose crushed, yet giving freely of its fragrance.

Presently she stood at his side, "Is there anything you wish?"

"Talk to me, please," Rono asked, pitifully childlike, clutching the cover with his long nervous fingers—"Talk to me—about music."

"Music, how very strange for a soldier lad. C'est un grand sujet so large, so filled with depths of meaning. It is holy—and must come from God." Her somber eyes wandered across the plains of devastation.

"Her voice," thought Rono, "is like a soft south wind playing on the strings of a harp."

"Sometimes I think I should not speak of music—its much greater than I. We may seek the whole world for it—search everywhere, and we'll not find it, for its in our hearts. Sometimes when music comes to me—I see love without war—love like I felt when my

pretty mother read to me. I feel my head on her breast, and I nestle close, close. I'm happy then, she's gone now. I sometimes think she is the evening star—a golden haired mother searching a long lost child. But mostly I sense God. Soft music helps us to feel Him. Once in the gray stone church as the organ played, I thought I saw a cloud, all gold and white and it folded me close, then when I looked up I saw Maria with the baby Jesus in her arms. For the first time I knew peace—peace, such as you see in flower banked stream, so silent you cannot hear the water sleep—yet it is all a quiver with joy."

"Love—God—Peace," mused Rono.

"If the men out there," she motioned with her eyes toward the front line, "would cease and listen—if they all would drop the weapons from their hearts, we would have peace."

Rono caught the low murmur of her voice. "What beautiful things her lips expressed." Her voice was lulling him to sleep, she might never be there again, he would reach for her—but he was tired—he was alone, miserably alone—sinking far, far away.

Hearing the soldiers even breathing the nurse ceased talking and watched him. How different he appeared from the others. "Music" he had whispered, undoubtedly he was a musician. How thin his face was, how thick his black hair, and wavy. There were deep shadows on his lids and beneath his eyes. He might have been carved marble, but even in its death-like stillness that face expressed the yearning of a soul struggling for fulfillment. "Music"—war was snatching it away.

For days Rono watched for her return. He searched strange faces for her eyes. He would know her in an instance, one could never forget such eyes—they were infinite—they knew all joy, all sorrow. Her words had been strange, they moved him. The remembrance of them carried him away, out of himself. Only one sentence could he remember distinctly, "If the men out there would cease and listen, if they all would drop the weapons from their hearts we would have peace." Had he never listened; was that why he knew no peace? If she would only return—could she not guess, that he was solitary, that there was no music in white walls, and low rumblings.

Then one day she came back. Rono was sitting up with his legs propped on a stool. She smiled a curious little smile.

"I brought this for you," she said, and placed a purple wild aster in his hand.

"For me?" he whispered.

"Yes, I found it this morning down the old worn path which leads to the forest. It is the only flower I've seen this year in France."

"Why did you bring it to me?" his eyes inquired.

"You wonder," she smiled sweetly, "because you love music. One who cares for that loves flowers too, as they help to make melodies. Sometimes I ask will there ever be any more flowers in France?"

"Merci, I shall keep this, there can never be any other for me. What is your name?" Rono asked simply.

"It is Betine, my mother's name. It sounds French, but my mother was English. You are English too, I see."



"No, I'm an American," Rono replied, My name is Rono Von Karl, really Ronald but my little mother called me Rono."

"I would not have thought you were American, you are very unlike the others."

"You, too, are unlike any other," Rono breathed softly, "I should like to ask you to never leave again, but you will go. Life has been that way, everything lovely that I've almost had, has vanished just as I was going to call it mine."

"Yes, Rono Von Karl, I will go again, in fact, I must be going now. I'll talk to the others, but not about music, not about dreams, not about truth." The corners of her blue eyes glistened and she pressed them tight against the window where she stood.

"Betine," Rono's voice was choking, "Betine with the blue star eyes, I love you—don't ever go again."

For a long time they remained thus saying nothing, scarcely daring to breathe, just eternally understanding.

Rono recovered rapidly for Betine managed some way to be with him often. His soul cried for joy as a bird cries in the lone woods when he finds his mate. Rono did not and dared not think of the future. He was beginning to live his dream; it was like a beautiful night when all things are fantastic and unsubstantial.

One morning his senses were awakened, in true reality, when Betine's dear wet face pressed close against his shoulder one moment and she was gone to the front.

Three days later Rono was suddenly ordered back into his company. He was weak sick in body and heart; all the agonies, the struggles, the terrors of war seized him anew. Peace—ah "right is more precious than peace". It was September of 1918—and he was plunged into the battle of the Meuse-Argonne campaign. For days the American army was in the defensive making no forward movement. Rono's face and set lips were like chisled wood. Every nerve in his sensitive body was griped and in perfect control. For days and nights he saw no sky, only smoke, fire, gas fumes, glints of flying steel, flash of keen piercing knives, firm bronze helmets placed over stern set faces, crashes of shells, rocking of the earth, the blasting of huge guns, stumbling over soft masses of cold bodies, the plunging of cavalry horses, the loud coarse commands. He was crazed, beaten, yet never flinched. At the end of October a company of new men arrived and the divisions were each in turn given a few days from the conflict.

Rono wandered from camp one autumn afternoon. A wild staggering figure in a land of desolation. It might have been a vast sea swept country covered with pestilence and plague. A grey mist enveloped all. The forest trees were merely dark sticks shuddering. Rono looked eagerly for some place of shelter, not one building remained within sight. He climbed around the bend of a sheltered slope and there in the ravine was a tiny parish church—grey stone with battered windows and a caved in roof. The huge quaint doors were twisted from their hinges and the entrance was filled with stones which were shaken from the side of the hill. With slow steps Rono managed to get inside. How lovely it was in there, the faint autumn sunset transformed it into a thing of beauty. The windows were of stained orange and the worn cushions and draperies were blue. It was quiet, still—the faint light cast a holy radiance. There kneeling by the bronzed carved alter



was a white clad figure. Rono bowed as in the presence of an angel as he heard a low voice murmur,

"Blessed Jesus, son of Mary."

"Betine, my angel love," he staggered and fell in a heap by the altar.

Betine held him in her arms as though he were a child, kissing his tired eyes, his trumbled hair, telling him in broken syllables how she had feared, thinking him dead in the terrible battle, how she had searched—always searched—among the wounded.

As they arose Betine, murmured, "Rono, we are like pilgrims searching for the Holy Grail."

"Betine, if I believe in God it is because I believe in you." The light was playing in her hair—her blue star-eyes were illumined with love, deep in the folds of her white dress there were shadows of blue and gold.

"Music, Betine, and in the old church with you—oh God, there is a God." He released her gently and together they climbed the broken steps to the organ. Like a man lost—with the eagerness of a man starved—Rono's fingers sought the keys. Betine sank down beside the bench with her head against his knee. Rono's face took on a spiritual quality. Peace—he was listening. "Now, Oh God," he thought, "with You and Betine I could weave my dream, but its too late." Thus he played on, on into the night.

For many nights they met and loved. Rono with his hands moving on the keyboard, his soul listening; Betine seated by the bench, her head against his knee, keeping loving vigil.

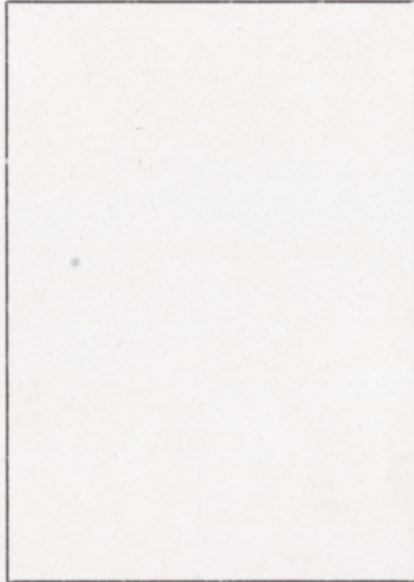
Thus Rono endured the strain of battle, thus his secret source of strength; then the period of chill and fall rains set in, which made the ground porous and wet marching soldiers to the skin. Rono was no longer a messenger soldier, he was needed with the other men in the artillery. A new attack was being planned, a complete reorganization was necessary. There was likely to be an attack at Duns Meuse. Betine was in a hospital there just behind the lines. One the morning of the twenty-sixth, after six hours of artillery preparation, the waves infantry of nine divisions went over the top, beginning the greatest battle in American history. The fortifications which they attacked represented the result of all the experience which the Germans, in their antlike industry, had applied in preparing their defenses. The weeds which had grown up about the rims of four-years shell holes, slippery in the morning mist, made footing uncertain on the soft turf. The barbed-wire entanglements were forming a net work in the mist. In these difficulties the battle raged until evening, the American army was being pressed back at Dune Meuse. The soldiers were engrained with a fine American offensive spirit. It was this spirit, on that memorable day that carried the fortifications at every point. Rono, under fire for twenty-four hours, sank to the ground exhausted. He and Betine could not meet that night, perhaps never again, but he was near-her near the hospital shack. "Oh God, if men would drop their weapons from their hearts—" with that he slept.

Rono was awakened with a start, so sudden it seemed that he had fallen from a shooting planet. The sky, the whole atmosphere was on fire—the earth was tearing



itself into shreds, the heavens and all the spheres in them were coming together in one place. The air was heavy, dead, with murderous fumes. Rono seized his mask, crept to the edge of the trench, all was in smoldering ruins. He seemed to be in the heart of a gigantic volcano. The explosion had subsided, and feeling his way—Rono crept slowly to the hospital, the wooden buildings lay in a heap. There were low groans; an army doctor was searching the ruins with a dim lantern, he was lifting timbers, giving stimulants, chaffing limbs. Rono was white with fear, pierced with mortal agony, like a crazed man he snatched the lantern, ran here and there among the mass of wood and iron; there in the northern corner, with a huge beam across her breast, lay Betine. He screamed her name over and over. There would never be another flower in France. Rono, choking and swallowing his sobs, stumbled to the little parish church a mile away. The place was cool and dark—silent as a grey tomb. Rono knelt at the altar; his lips moved, "Blessed Jesus, son of Mary, if they would drop their weapons from their hearts we would have peace."

He found the narrow steps leading to the organ. He threw his face upon the yellowed keys. "Oh Mother—God—Betine." By the dim light of the lantern he produced tones, too sweet, too sad, too terrible for tears. He wrote on into the night, the cleft signes were crooked, the measures were uneven, the pages were stained in grief. This was his triumph, this was his dream.



This space is reserved for the photograph of the poor fish, Senior or otherwise, who feels himself unduly abused, neglected, or misrepresented in this annual. If you have been overlooked or slighted kindly cut out a photograph of yourself and paste it in the above frame.



The Staff wishes to express its appreciation to the advertisers whose loyal support has aided us materially in this publication; and to the Perkinswood Realty, through whose courtesy the art section of the city was made possible.

We also thank all the students, not members of the staff, who have been willing to contribute material for this publication.

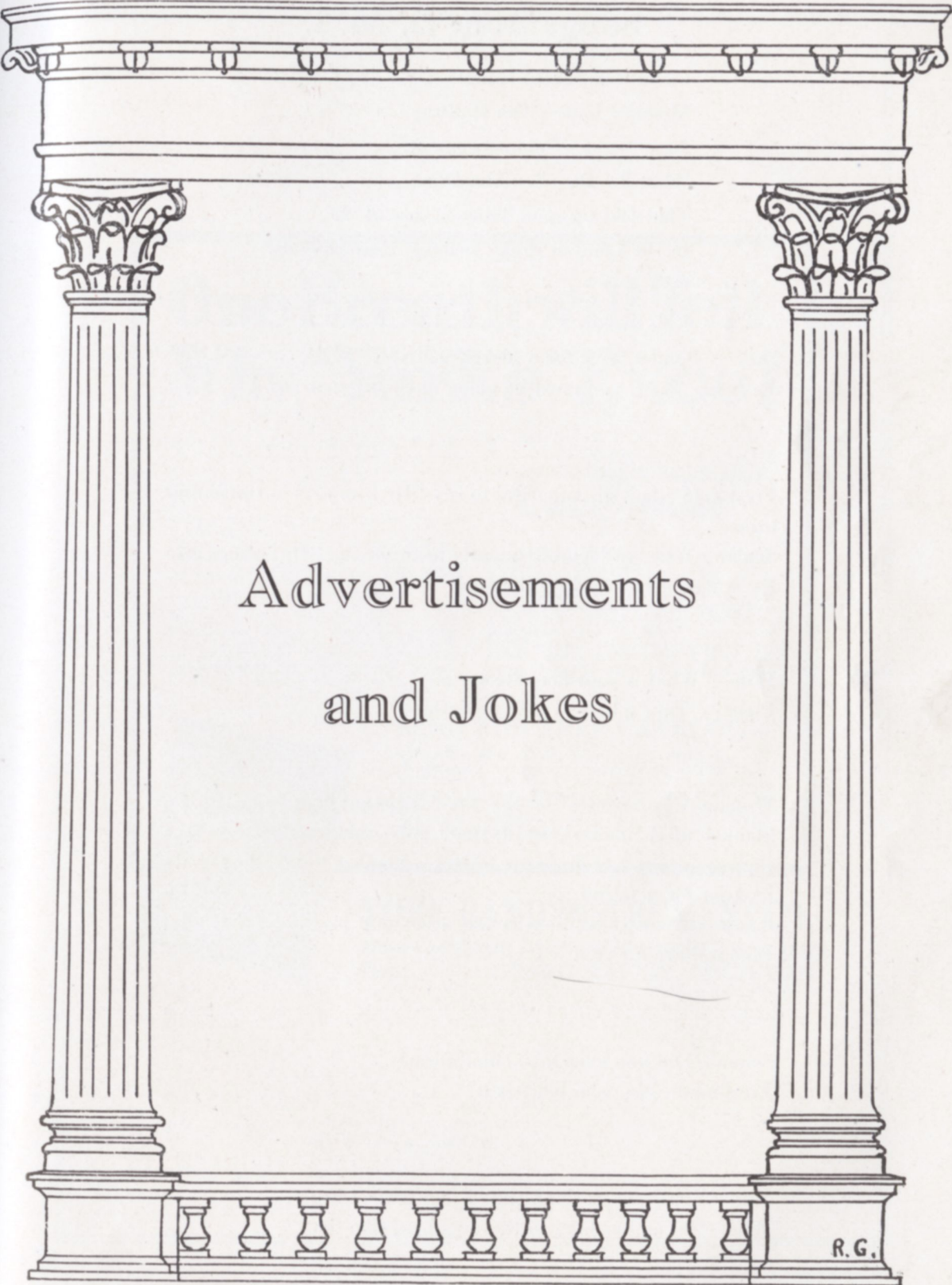
The Staff of '28.

Al Bigner  
W.S.O.

Bennie Lehto  
Warren Ohio TΔB  
Fred Snyder  
Bedford Pa.  
**Autographs**



*Autographs*



Advertisements  
and Jokes



## Songs from D. M. I.

Little Red School House—Dear Old D. M. I.  
Memory Lane—The Hallway  
June Night—Commencement.  
What'll I Do—See Mr. Dana.  
That Old Gang of Mine—Class of '28  
In the Land of Make Believe—Our Dreams.

\* \* \* \*

Ikey—"Fadder, give me a nickel, will you?"  
Father—"Ikey, you must be going out with your girl."

\* \* \* \*

Freshman—Is it grammatical to say "He summers in the mountains?"  
Senior—Why, yes! You frequently hear one say, "He springs into the water or he falls into the mud."

\* \* \* \*

Don—"What is your favorite song?"  
Piper—"Take a little Tip from Father."

\* \* \* \*

Woman Customer (after the tired assistant had pulled down blanket after blanket until there was only one left on the shelves—I don't really want to buy a blanket today. I was only looking for a friend.  
Clerk—If you think he's in the other one madam, I'll gladly, take it down for you!

\* \* \* \*

Senior—Did you ever take chloroform?  
Freshman—No, who teaches it?

\* \* \* \*

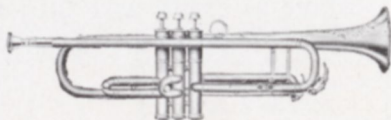
Hub—You seem to think that I'm a perfect brute.  
Wife—Oh, no, nothing so thoroughbred like that."

# One Breath will Tell Why "Yorks" Excel

TO the musician, just one scale on a York Instrument brings a new conception of true intonation, even timbre throughout the registers, and easy tone production.

That explains the steady headway York is making into America's most critical musical circles where performance alone counts. And, a York Instrument is always dependable. The true artist knows that York responsiveness places new heights at his command.

And so the York Owner is proud of his instrument. Proud of its faithful obedience to his slightest wish—proud, too, of its graceful design, its sterling workmanship, its shimmering beauty. Proud to compare it with other instru-



ments—and confident that it will rise superior to any test!

Your York will be your lifetime friend. There are York Instruments in daily service built a quarter of a century ago. The Yorks of today have this same durability, plus the many mechanical improvements developed from the research and experience of a half century. You owe it to yourself to know the York Line!

## SEND FOR FREE CATALOG--

YORK'S new catalog explains in detail the sensational mechanical perfections which have kept York Instruments in a position of leadership. Illustrates and describes the entire line—from Bugle to Sousaphone. For reliable information on the most advanced models, send for this beautifully illustrated catalog.



## YORK BAND INSTRUMENT CO.

Makers of GOOD BAND INSTRUMENTS Since 1882  
Dept. GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN



# I Am Music

- ☞ Servant and master am I; servant of those dead, and master of those living.
- ☞ I am close to the marriage altar, and when the graves open I stand nearby.
- ☞ I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves and the story that damns.
- ☞ One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave.

*Enlarged Copies of complete  
Poem for Framing Purposes  
FREE on Request*

For I am the instrument of God.

I AM MUSIC

## BELWIN

43-45-47 West 23rd Street  
(a few doors from 5th Ave.)

NEW YORK N. Y.

—Music Publishers and Dealers—



SEND FOR COMPLETE SET OF CATALOGS

A Postcard is the Price — Specify the Instrument you play



WE SUPPLY ALL PUBLISHERS MUSIC — IN FACT

*“If it's Music and it's Printed — We have it”*

*Compliments*

**PARR'S**  
ORIGINAL CUT RATE

111 N. Park Avenue  
WARREN, OHIO

*Opposite Dana's*

**DAVID REESE**

CLOTHING AND  
GENTS' FURNISHINGS

*Fashion Park Clothes*  
The Last Word

Colonial Hotel Building  
111 Market St.

Phyllis—They were all set for the theatre when she suddenly explained: I've forgot something, but I can't think what it is.

Sam—Powder puff?

Phyllis—No.

Sam—Handkerchief?

Phyllis—No. Let me think . . . Oh, I remember, I was to tell you I couldn't go tonight.

\* \* \* \*

Remeo (below window, with saxophone)—Hist, Jule, open the window or I'll play this darn thing.

\* \* \* \*

Mother—James, you said you'd been in Sunday school!

Jim (with a faraway look)—Yes, mama.

Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell of fish?

Jim—I carried home the Sunday School paper and the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale.



Becoming  
Headdresses



*It Pays to look well*

**MEASE'S**  
**Barber and Beauty Shop**

Expert Men & Women Operators

*We put in the Marcel—Permanent Waving*

U. Sav. & Trust Bldg. Tel. 2485-R

**The Trumbull**  
**Savings & Loan Co.**

Warren, O.

Girard, O.

*The Oldest and Largest*  
*Savings Institution in*  
*Trumbull County*

5% INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS 5%

"Safety first" Our Motto

**D**O you know the best place  
to buy men's furnishings?

**M**ORE people are getting  
every day.

**I**NVESTIGATE, find out why  
they are all going to

**OSBORNE**  
THE SUIT MAN

"Down Fido," said the bright boy as he  
bit into his heated frankfurter.

\* \* \* \*

"What's your father's name?"

"Same as mine."

"Oh, then, you're a junior."

"No, ma'am. Just a freshman."

\* \* \* \*

Teacher (in English)—"Then the girl  
warrior faced the mocking foe and un-  
sheathed her deadly weapon." What does  
that mean, James?

Jim—"I think it means that she stuck  
out her tongue."



*The satisfaction of a service well performed  
is the only lasting recompense of industry.*

*The Canton Engraving and Electrotype Co.  
Canton, Ohio*

*Producers of the Engravings in this Book.*

*The above illustration is the McKinley Memorial erected at Canton,  
Nineteen hundred six.*



## Bess Newton Brown

### STUDIO OF DANCE

314 N. Park Avenue

*Instruction in all kinds  
of Dancing*

Both classes and  
private lessons

Phone 1710-W

When You Want Flowers

Don't Forget to Buy Them

of

## ADGATE & SON

19 MAIN STREET

Father—"And so you accepted that young mailing clerk?"

Daughter—"How could I help it? He addressed me rapidly, then enveloped me in his arms, stamped a kiss on my lips and sealed it all with a hug!"

\* \* \* \*

Nash—Give me 10 gals. of gas and 2 qts. of oil.

Hudson—Give me 15 gals. of gas and 3 qts. of oil.

Ford—Give me 2 qts. of water and hold her until I get in.

\* \* \* \*

'Tis better to have loved and lost—yes, much better.

## Joseph Meola

*Ice Cream and Confectionery*

109-110 E. Market Street  
WARREN, OHIO

*Consistently Good*

### First Run Pictures

at

## Duchess Theatre

Popular Prices

TWO CHANGES WEEKLY

*The*  
WARREN PRINTING  
*Company*

*Producers of*

{ Books, Catalogs, Folders }  
School Annuals  
{ Printing, Ruling, Binding }

119 W. South Street  
WARREN, OHIO



Classis Mineral Fume Baths

**"In Business  
for Your Health"**

Packard Apartments Suite 2  
147 North Park Ave.

MEN AND LADY ATTENDANTS

Chas. B. Bradley, *Mgr.* Phone 3546-W

*You will always find New  
Styles and the Best of  
Materials at the*

**Walk-Over  
Boot Shop**

11 North Park Avenue

"My friend Jones has a bouncing baby boy."

"How do you know?"

"I dropped it".—Pelican.

\* \* \* \*

She—"I can't imagine Rudolph Valentino making love to a girl with a beard."

He—"Neither can I. I detest bearded ladies."

\* \* \* \*

Mahlon—What makes you think you will not get a rotten grade in math?

Ralph—I handed in an anonymous examination paper.

\* \* \* \*

"Why do you stare at me?"

"I heard you are a self made man."

"Well, why stare?"

"I'm wondering why you made yourself like that."

\* \* \* \*

Jackson—I have a Ford; what car have you?

Everett—A Packard.

Jackson—Well, that's a good car too.

\* \* \* \*

She (singing and playing her accompaniment)—Do you notice how badly out of tune the piano is?

He—No, I hadn't noticed it—it harmonizes so well with your voice.

\* \* \* \*

Father—When I was a young man, I worked twelve hours a day.

Son—I admire your youthful energy, Dad, but I admire still more the mature wisdom which led you to stop it.

C. E. KOONS

Merchant Tailor

*Quality Unsurpassed*

211 N. Park

## OPERA HOUSE

All Big Productions Shown  
and Vitaphone

*"If it's at the Opera, you'll  
know it's good"*

---

## HIPPODROME

Laughs—Thrills—Action

10c - 15c - 25c

"What's become of the man who used to cheat himself at  
solitaire?"

"Still up to his old tricks. He's blacking in the crossword  
puzzle squares he can't fill with the right letters."

\* \* \* \*

Trade—"I hear your father wants you to join the Masons."

Mark—"Not me! I could never lift those heavy stones  
around."—Frosh.

\* \* \* \*

See the man.

The man is playing football.

The quarterback throws the ball.

Does the man catch the ball?

No, the man does not catch the ball,

The man will catch Hell.



# CITIZENS COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

118 High Street, (at Market Arcade)

Dan A. Geiger, *President*

O. R. Grimmesey, *Vice-President*

Edwd. Geissman, *Vice-President*

B. M. Hillyer, *Sec'y & Treas.*

*"Small enough to know you,  
Large enough to serve you,  
Strong enough to protect you."*

## MAKE THIS YOUR BANK

### 4% INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS ACCONTS

*Compliments of*  
**Park Cafeteria**

#### The Reasons

"A fool," said the teacher to the student who asked a catch question "can ask some things a wise man can't answer."

"Is that the reason," asked a student in the back row, "why I flunked last term, in this subject?"

\* \* \* \*

Conductor—I've been on this train eleven years.

Ted—Is that so? Where did you get on?

\* \* \* \*

She—What's your room mate like?

He—Most everything I've got.

\* \* \* \*

He—Isn't Baebell's evening gown a perfect song.

She—Yeh! Sweet and low.

\* \* \* \*

Shorty—What's all the noise down there?"

Burr—"Fella turned the corner!"

Shorty—"Well"?

Burr—"There wasn't any corner."

## Enstminger & Poe

Beauty Parlor & Barber Shop

*Permanent Waving*

6 Operators                      3 Barbers

*Warren's Largest Beauty Parlor*

Braden Block

Phone 2381

School for Beauty Culture in Connection

## Woodworth & McCleery

*Warren's Store for Women*

Student—"I wish to ask a question concerning a tragedy."

Teacher—"Well?"

Student—"What is my grade?"

\* \* \* \*

### **No Fingerprints**

"Safety first", remarked the detective's son as he donned rubber gloves to raid the jam closet.

\* \* \* \*

Judge—"Have you ever been up before me?"

Thrall—"Why I don't know. What time does your honor get up?"

*Compliments*

## Slaymon and Hernon Pool Room



*Compliments of the*

## Union Store

122 E. Market St.

Clothing for entire family  
on easy payment plan

\$2.00 down on purchase of \$30.00

*Compliments of*

## Robins Theatre

## Warner Hotel Barber Shop

(In Basement)

J. H. KELLY, Prop.

*Particular Attention Paid  
to Ladies Work*

---

Also Billiard Parlor Across the Hall  
Operated by J. Conley

Charley Herbert: "I'll just sit down and hammer something out on the piano," he murmured nonchalantly. And to us it sounded as though both the instruments mentioned were employed.

\* \* \* \*

Ray: Dad sent me something this morning to keep my fraternity bills down.

Smiley: Say, that's swell. What was it.?

Ray: A paper weight.

\* \* \* \*

Cop—Here, how did you fall in that gutter?

Souse—I shaw two lamp posts, osshifer, an' I guess I leaned on the wrong one.

*Established 1847*

**Vautrot & Myers Co.**  
**JEWELER**

Diamonds, Watches  
& Jewelry

29 Market Street  
WARREN, O.

**The Community  
Building & Loan  
Company**

If you are Scotch don't boast about it—  
you are wasting your breath.

\* \* \* \*

Swartz: Where is your pen wiper today,  
Ernie?

Kahlor: Oh, I'm wearing my black suit  
today!

\* \* \* \*

Mary Campbell: Hey, don't squeeze my  
hand so hard.

Tiny Williams: Pardon me, I thought it  
was a lemon.

\* \* \* \*

One Frosh: Ever read Carlyle's *Essay on  
Burns*?

Another: I'm not in the medical school.

**The  
V. C. Thompson Co.**

Dry Goods

Cloaks and Millinery

Rugs, Draperies

and Blankets



*Compliments of  
The man who made the pictures*

**H. G. DOWNS**  
Photographer

Moon Stones, Sardonyx, Jasper's,  
Moss Agats, Chelcedony, Saginite's,  
Lopis Lozuli, Turkois, Blood Stone,  
Serpentine's and all semi-precious  
Stones Cut to your order

**Burt E. Slee**  
Mease's Barber Shop

"Say, listen—if you took lessons for three years, maybe you could play the piano half as well as you think you can play it now if you thought you played it twice as well as you think you do now—maybe."

\* \* \* \*

He: Shall I take you to the zoo?  
She: No. if they want me they'll come after me.

Ted: "I'm going to have to stop drinking coffee for breakfast."

Mike: "Why so?"

Ted: "I can't sleep in any of my classes any more."

\* \* \* \*

Preacher: Will you have this women to be your wedded wife?

Stan. Davis: What do you suppose I came here for?

\* \* \* \*

"That's a twelve piece orchestra."

"It doesn't look like it."

"Yeah, those six men can play ten different fox trots and two waltzes."

\* \* \* \*

Joe Gainard: "Have you heard the *Shed* song?"

Mary Daugherty: "How does it go?"

Joe: "*Me in my shed-o walking down the avenue.*"

## LONDON POOL ROOM

Tobaccos  
Cigars  
Cigarettes

Soft Drinks  
Always Cold  
and Refreshing

### BILLIARDS

We Cater to D. M. I. Folks

*Hats Cleaned  
and Blocked*

*Ladies and  
Gentlemen's  
Shine Parlor*

BEST TABLES IN WARREN

135 N. Park Ave.

## Park Hotel Barber & Beauty Shop

First Class Service

It Pays to look well  
"Always"

### Why Your Here

"But", protested the new arrival, as St. Peter handed him a golden trumpet, "I can't play this instrument; I never practiced while on earth." "Of course you didn't," chuckled the old saint. "That's why you are here."

\* \* \* \*

Dear Teacher: "Kindly excuse Mary's absence yesterday. She fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige her mother."

Shaffer: You are perfectly normal?

Bigler: Yes

Shaffer: You light your cigarette with your right hand?

Bigler: Yes.

Shaffer: That's not normal. Most people use a match.

\* \* \* \*

A freshman inquired of a senior why, when man was out for sprints is called a sprints why when a man is out for track he isn't called a tractor.

## Duchess Chocolate Shoppe

*Realm of Refinement*

Chas. G. Sikaras

WATCHES CLOCKS DIAMONDS

## Karl Schmidt

Expert

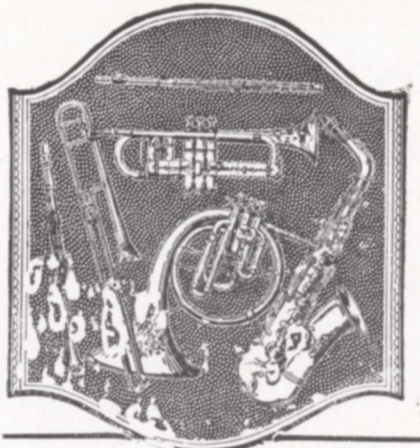
*Watchmaker, Clockmaker  
Engraver and Jeweler*

215 E. Market St. Warren, Ohio

SILVERWARE

JEWELRY





See Our Large Display of  
**CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS**

also all other small musical instruments,  
 as well as

**Pianos—Grands, Players and Uprights**  
 VICTROLAS, ORTHOPHONICS AND RECORDS

107 E. Market St.

**Hall's Music Store**

Warren, Ohio

*Thirty Years in Warren, Ohio*

**Duchess Billiard  
 Parlor**

**Pool and Billiards  
 Upstairs**

**Tightwad**

A farmer girl and boy were seated in a buggy one evening in town, watching the people pass. Near by was a popcorn vender's stand. Presently the young lady remarked, "My! that pop-corn smells good."

"That's right," said the gallant, "I'll drive up a little closer so you can smell it better."

Herb—Gosh you're dumb. Why don't you get an encyclopedia?

Kitty—The pedals hurt my feet.

\* \* \* \*

A tourist in Ireland heard the following conversation between two peasants:

"I'm after bein' over to Kilpatrick."

"And I'm after bein' over to Kilmary."

"The murdering villains," thought the enraged tourist.

"Now, I be goin' home to Kilmore."

"Ah! faith man, ye'd bettther be comin' wid me to Kilumall."

The tourist dashed into the station and exchanged his Dublin ticket for a London one. No more Ireland for him!

\* \* \* \*

What do cows live on?

Why, cows live on fodder.

I didn't know that papa was so generous.

S. C. Moore's

Home Bakery  
and Cash Grocery

110-112 High St.  
(right around the corner from Dana's)

Your Patronage Appreciated

CANDYLAND  
Candies

are Wholesome  
and Pure

Lunches at All Hours  
Home Made Pies

31 N. Park Ave.      Warren, Ohio

He—You shouldn't smile so much, it's dangerous.

She—Dangerous?

He—Yes, when a smile lights up your face it might set off the powder.

\* \* \* \*

Voice from the Synagogue—"I want it some peppeh."

Just a Voice—"What kind of pepper do you want, red, cayenne, or black?"

V. F. T. S.—"I want it some writing peppeh."

\* \* \* \*

"What a pity it is that all handsome men are conceited, Nan said to Butler.

Butler (modestly)—Not always, little girl. I'm not.

Warren  
Office Supply Co.

*Complete Office  
Outfitters*

Warren, Ohio

Phone 1015      Hippodrome Bldg.



*Compliments of*  
**American  
Restaurant**

Just Cross the Street

**Expert**

A man who doted on antiques went into a store where such things were sold, and spent hours looking at articles and asking about their history. Finally, espying on a shelf a piece of paper on which rested a beautifully polished translucent object of a yellowish color, he exclaimed rapturously: "Ah! that must be a rare piece of ancient amber, where did you get it?"

The girl (sneeringly)—"Aw quit yer kiddin'. That's my all-day sucker."

**Mrs. Hazel Patchell**

175 Park Ave. Warren, Ohio

*Nicely furnished rooms  
Catering to D. M. I. Students*

**A Leap Year Proposal**

Mary—What a fine evening, Mr. Brown!  
J. Brown (with effusion)—Why don't you call me by my first name?

Mary—Because your last name is good enough for me.

\* \* \* \*

He heard the clock strike the hours, nine, ten, eleven, then twelve and he broke forth passionately:

"How fleet are the hours in your presence, my beloved."

She—"Don't be silly, that's pa setting the clock."

\* \* \* \*

Boy in Church—"Mama, where do they keep the crosseyed bear?"

Mother—"What do you mean, dear?"

Son—"They're always singing about 'The Holy Cross—I'd bear.'"

\* \* \* \*

He—"Do you think you could learn to love me?"

She—"I'm afraid not."

He—"Tis as I feared; too old to learn."

\* \* \* \*

Famous Speaker (about to deliver his address)—"May I have a pitcher of water on the table?"

Solicitous Chairman—"To drink?"

Speaker—"No, I do a high diving act."

\* \* \* \*

Sam—I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I?

(No answer)

Sam—I say, I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I?

She—Yes, I heard you, but I was just trying to think.

\* \* \* \*

Grace—What do you fellows talk about after the dance?

Ben—Same as you.

Grace—O! you horrid things!

SERVICE — QUALITY — QUANTITY

## Village Lunch Restaurant

SHERMAN BUILDING

137½ North Park Ave.

JACK WALLS, Mgr.

PRICES REASONABLE

“Which of you fellows,” asked Little Bill, who likes his fun, “can tell me who is the favorite poet of the Scotch?”

“Words-worth!” we chorused, spoiling the little devil’s evening.

Two nearby Scotchmen seeing, that the joke was at their expense, dropped dead.

\* \* \* \*

Lecturer: I have faced wild tigers, raging wolves, terrible lions, and—

Bob Mueller from the Audience: Come on home with me and help me face my wife!

\* \* \* \*

**Brr—Zupp—ek ek ek ek—**

Among my Souven-eeeeee-errrr. Wheeee hooo I find a broken wheeeeeee kak kak kak.

“George, for goodness sake, shut that radio off and come to bed.”

“Whassamatter, don’t cha like music?”

*Come Down and*  
**“Brighten Up”**

W. H. GRASS

Sherman Bldg.

N. Park Ave.

**BARBER SHOP**



Rugs, Carpets, Congoleums, Linoleums  
PRINTED AND INLAID

---

SEE OUR DISPLAY ROOM  
137½ North Park Avenue—Basement

---

Our Method of Selling Saves You Money

---

Made to Order Rugs and Carpets

---

Book Exchange

We Buy Sell and Exchange New and Used Books

---

Open 9:00 A. M. to 7:30 P. M. — Sat. 8:30 P. M. — Phone 3543

**PERTHENIA SALES CO.**

Lucas Confectionery

---

*Home Made Candies  
and Ice Cream*

---

Light Luncheon

---

Tel. 1077                      114 High St.

Warren, Ohio

Ed. Daily; Make a woman wait an extra day for your letter, and she'll love you all the more. Make her wait an extra week, and she won't care if she ever hears from you again.

\* \* \* \*

"I shay, consht'ble, will you open my door for me?"

"Can't you open it yourself?"

No, I can't. First of all, I can't remember which house it is, and secondly, I haven't got a key!"

\* \* \* \*

**Sweet Lady**

"Helen got awful' mad when I spilled the perfume on her dress."

"Don't say?"

"She was highly incensed!"