

# The Red and Gray Book

Hawken School

1925

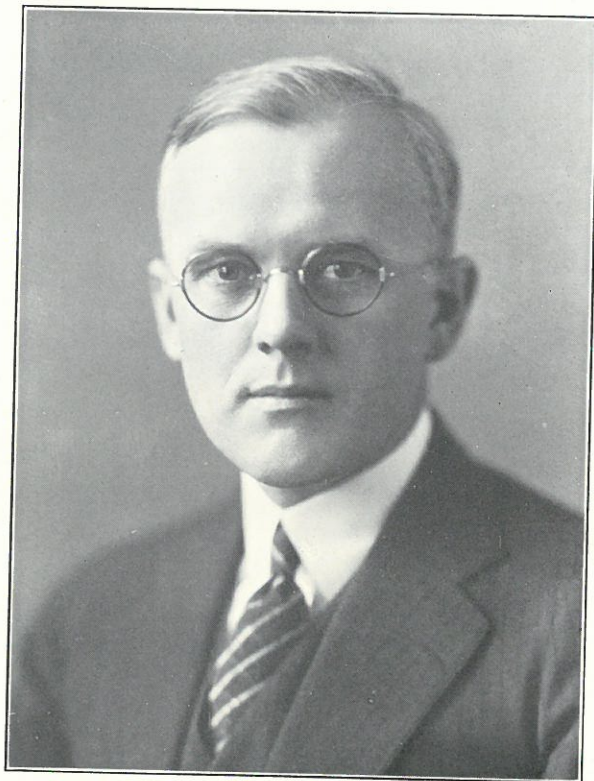
THE  
RED AND GRAY  
BOOK

HAWKEN SCHOOL



Published by  
The Year Book Board  
June 13, 1925

NUMBER TWO, 1925



MR. JOHN J. CARNEY

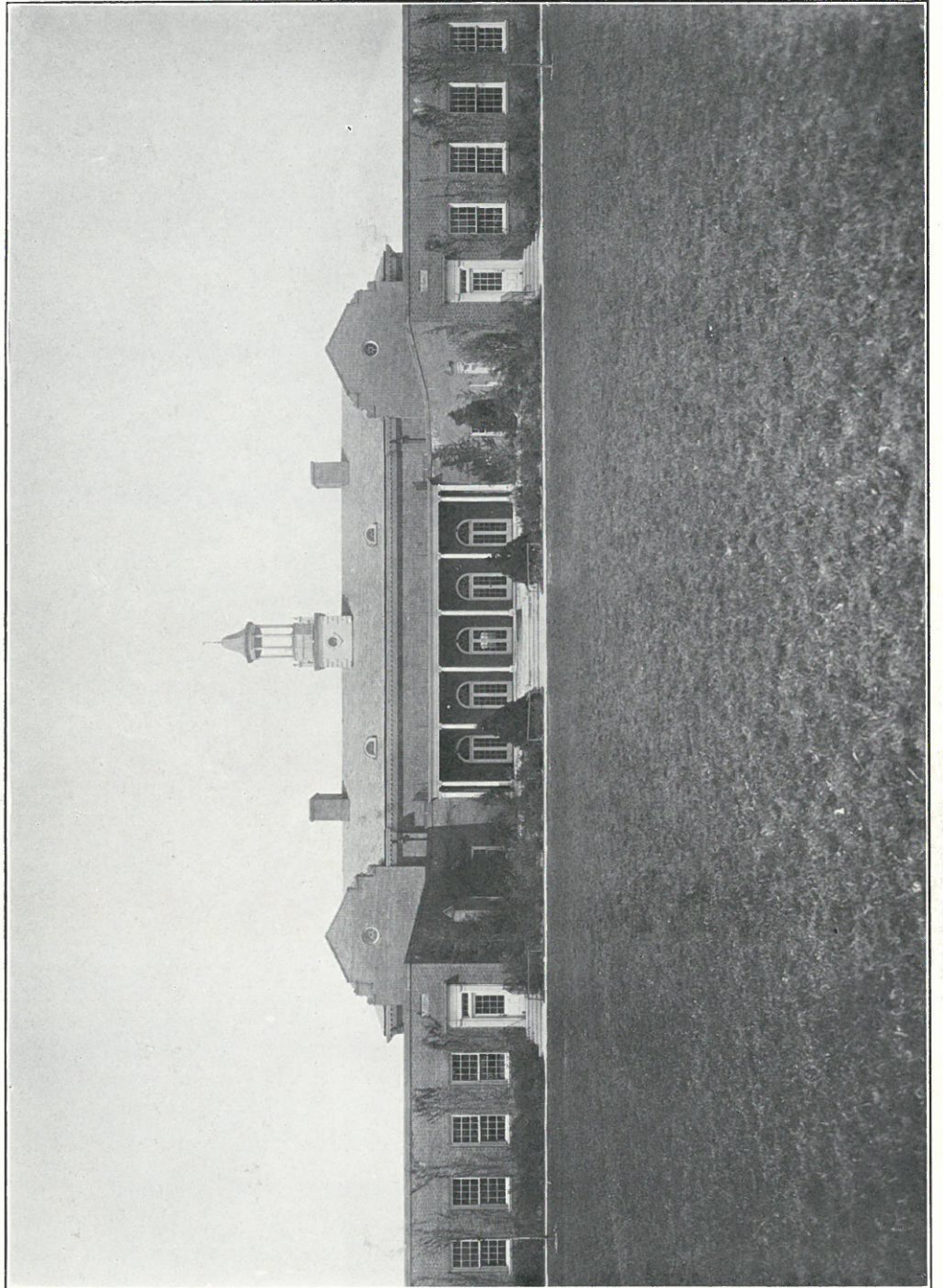
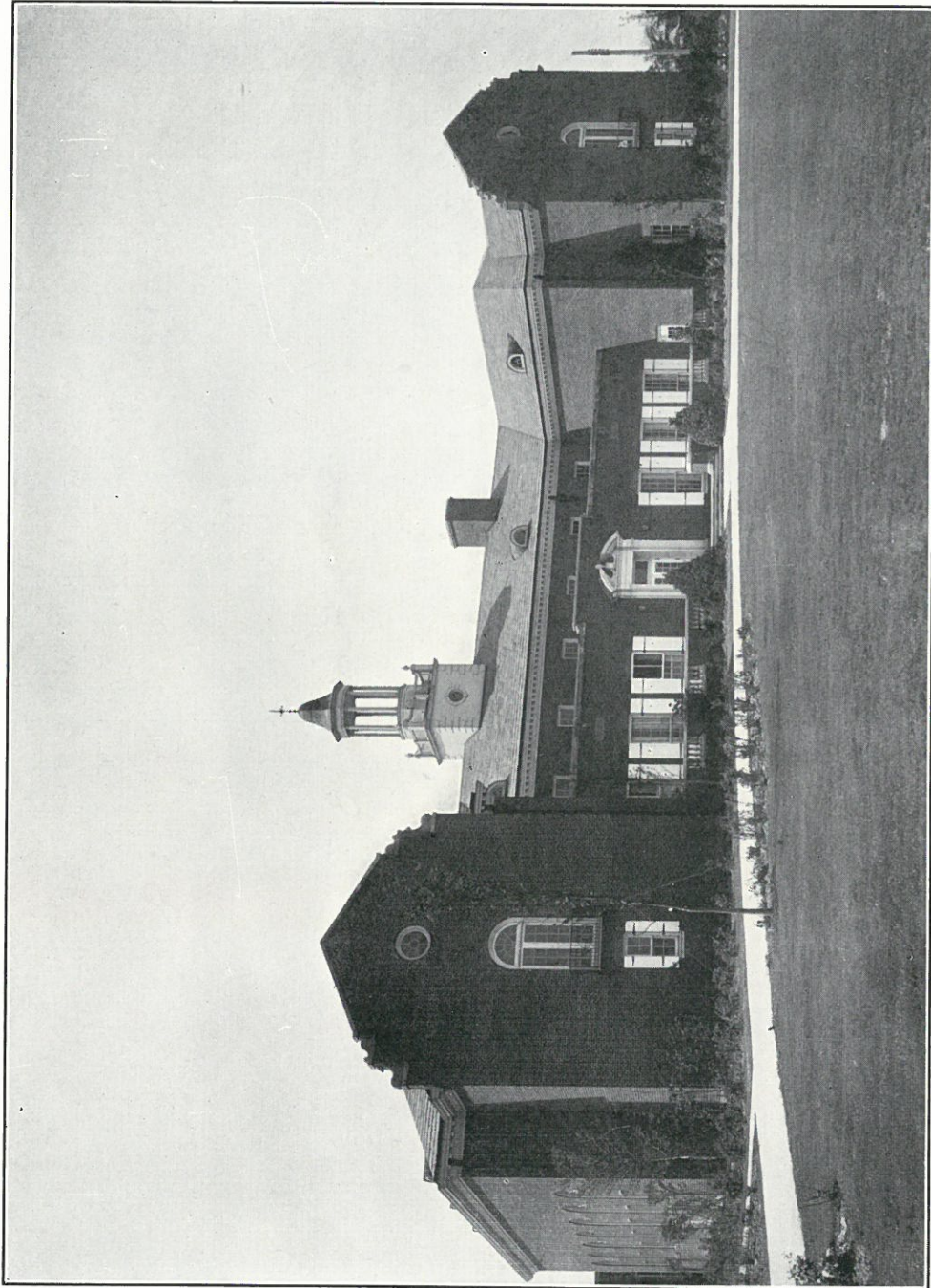
We the Year Book Board on  
behalf of the entire School,  
dedicate this, our Second Year  
Book, to our principal and  
acting headmaster,  
Mr. John J. Carney

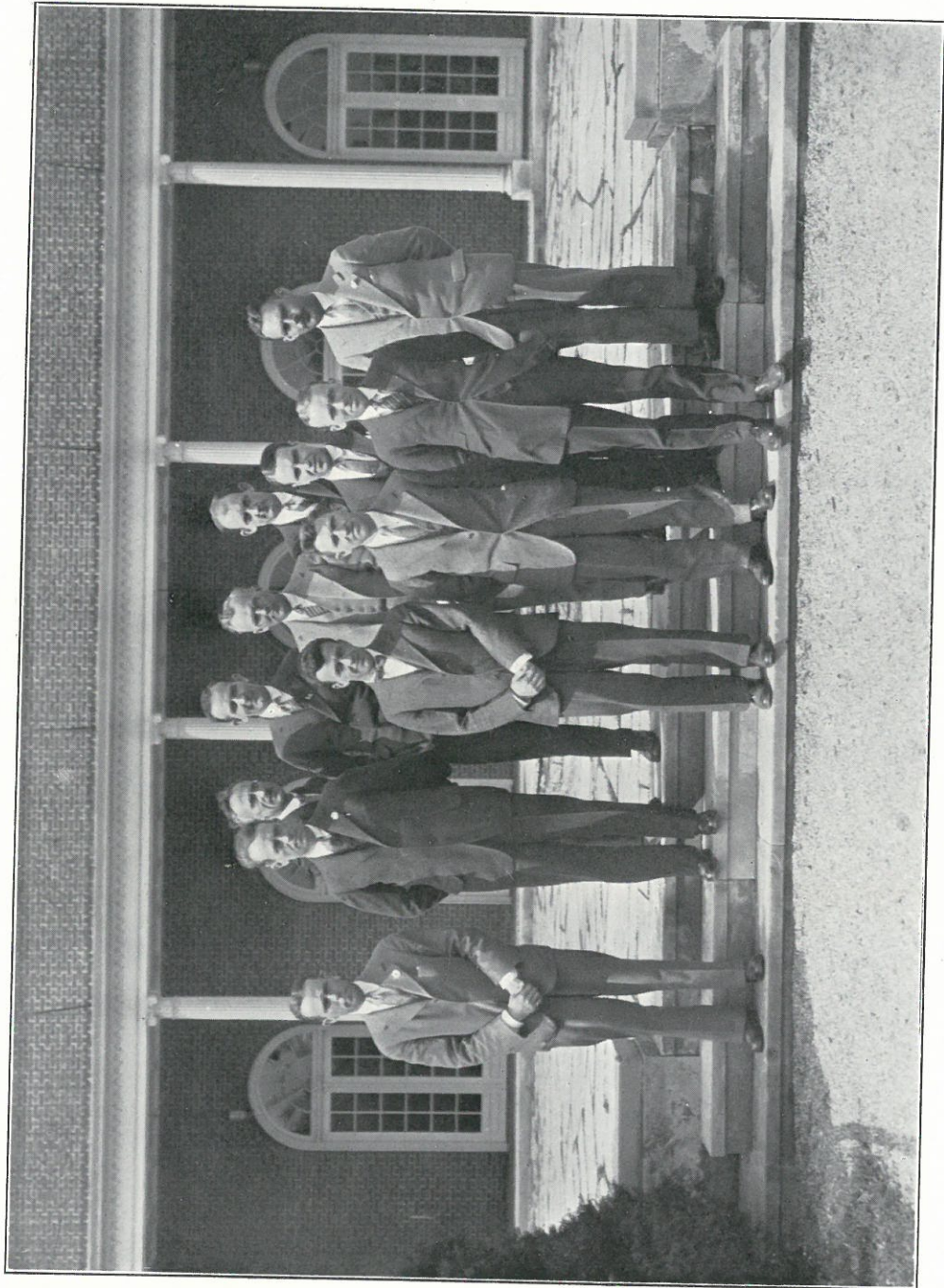


MR. JAMES A. HAWKEN

**OUR** Headmaster, Mr. Hawken, has been abroad during the present school year on his sabbatical leave. He sailed from New York City on November 29, 1924, and spent the winter on the Mediterranean shore, near Cannes. At the present time he is at Wiesbaden in Germany. He plans to spend the summer in Switzerland and to return to Cleveland about September 15, 1925.

This is Mr. Hawken's first extended absence from the school since he founded it in 1915, and we are all hoping that he is enjoying it thoroughly. We have missed him. We shall be glad to see him again when he returns in the autumn.





## Faculty for 1924 - 1925

Mr. John J. Carney  
Mr. William T. S. Baker  
Mr. Douglas W. Bolton  
Mrs. Pauline Gillette  
Mr. Thayer Horton  
Miss Edna A. Howard  
Mr. Maurice C. Howard  
Miss Lucretia B. Jones  
Miss Dorothy Leece  
Mr. A. Irwin Leishman  
Miss Edel T. Liebe  
Miss Fannie M. Luehrs  
Mr. A. Ross MacMahon  
Mr. John H. McCarthy  
Mr. Joseph C. Motto  
Mr. Ewald C. Pietsch  
Mr. H. Mortimer Smeed  
Mr. Charles R. Stephens

DR. RICHARD DEXTER, *Consulting Physician*

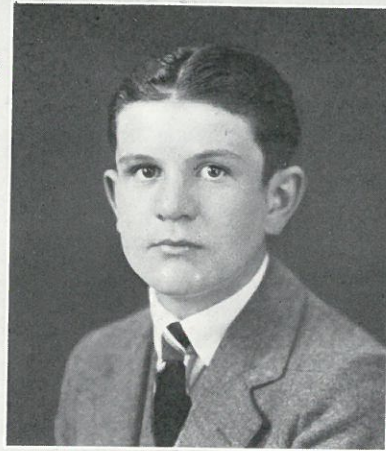


### The Year Book Board

*From left to right:*

Charles Bolton  
Joseph Nutt  
Edward Maeder  
Justin Sholes  
Stephens Chamberlin  
Edgar Taylor  
Stevenson Burke, and  
Edward French

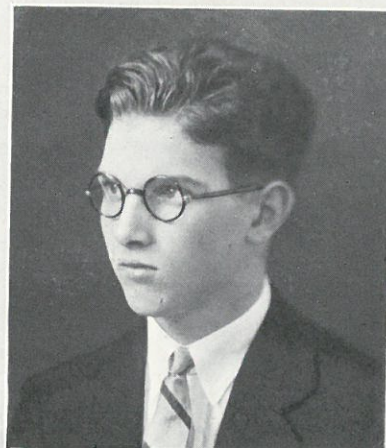
## CLASSES



REGINALD WILLIAM BAKER  
Senior ("Reg")  
Red Treasurer, Football, Basketball,  
Track, Glee Club.



STEPHENS CHAMBERLIN  
Senior ("Steve")  
Red Vice-President, Year Book Board,  
Glee Club, Review Board.



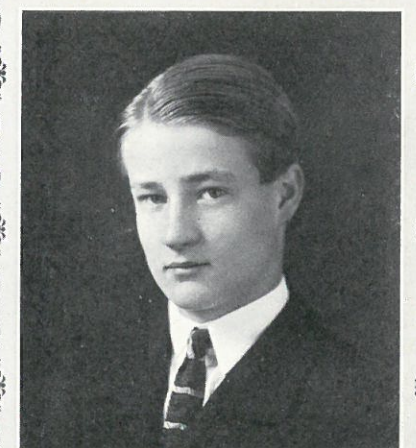
JOHN EDWARD MAEDER  
Senior ("Ed")  
Gray President, Editor-in-Chief of the  
Year Book, Football, Baseball, Basketball,  
Glee Club, Orchestra, Cartoon Club,  
Review Board.



DOUGLAS CHARLES REX BAKER  
Junior ("Dog")  
Red, Baseball, Basketball, Glee Club.



RIGAN MCKINNEY  
Junior ("Mac")  
Red, Track, Cartoon Club.



JOHN MORSE REA  
Junior ("Stork")  
Red, Football.





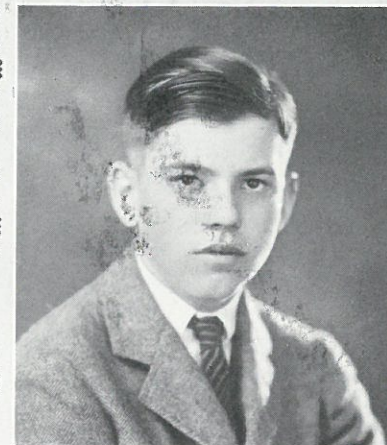
EDGAR TAYLOR  
Junior ("Ed")  
Gray Vice-President, Football, Basketball,  
Track, Orchestra, Glee Club, Year Book  
Board, Review Board.



CHARLES BINGHAM BOLTON  
Sophomore ("Char")  
Red President, Football, Baseball, Basket-  
ball, Track, Orchestra, Glee Club, Year  
Book Board.



STEVENSON BURKE  
Sophomore ("Steve")  
Gray Secretary, Football, Glee Club,  
Cartoon Club, Year Book Board,  
Review Board.



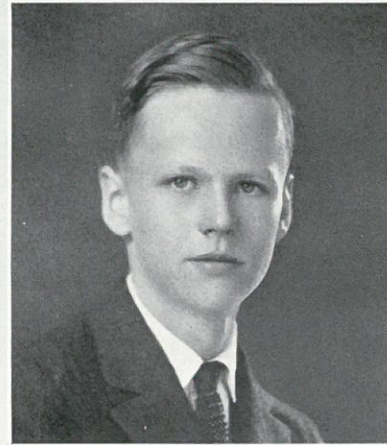
MORRIS EVERETT  
Sophomore ("Morry")  
Gray, Football, Baseball, Glee Club,  
Orchestra.



ANDREW FORD  
Sophomore ("Andy")  
Red, Baseball, Orchestra, Glee Club.



WALTER MAKEPEACE LILLIE  
Sophomore ("Liquid")  
Red Secretary, Football.



JOSEPH RANDOLPH NUTT  
Sophomore ("Joe")  
Gray Treasurer, Baseball, Year Book  
Board, Review Board.



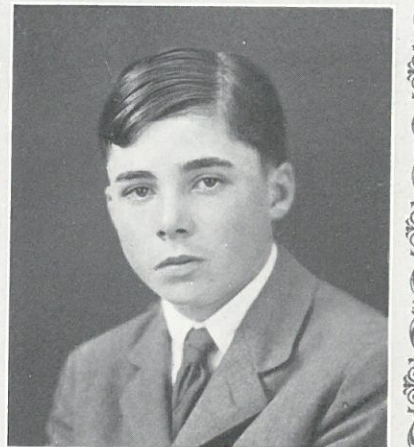
JUSTIN GRANT SHOLES  
Sophomore ("Jay")  
Red, Glee Club, Cartoon Club, Year  
Book Board, Review Board.



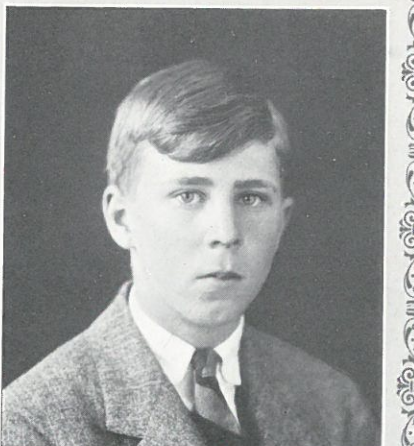
CHARLES FARRAND TAPLIN  
Sophomore ("Tappy")  
Gray, Football, Baseball.



GRAHAM TAYLOR WEBSTER  
Sophomore ("Webby")  
Gray, Football, Glee Club.



DAVID REED WEIR  
Sophomore ("Pee-wee")  
Red, Football, Baseball, Basketball,  
Glee Club.



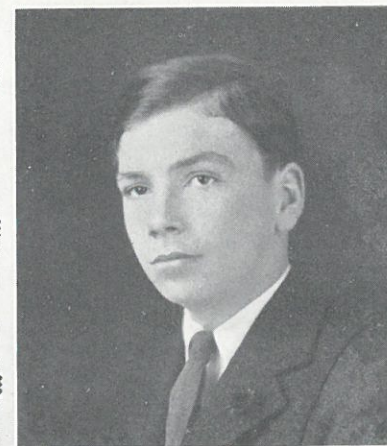
WILLIAM CORSAINE WEIR  
Sophomore ("Bill")  
Gray, Football, Baseball, Basketball,  
Orchestra.



EDWARD SAVAGE FRENCH  
 Sophomore ("Ted")  
 Red, Baseball, Year Book Board.



GEORGE THOMAS BAUMAN  
 Freshman ("Toby")  
 Gray, Football, Baseball, Basketball.



CLARENCE LYMAN COLLENS, III  
 Freshman ("Bud")  
 Gray, Football, Baseball, Basketball,  
 Orchestra, Glee Club.



JOHN TASKER HOWARD  
 Freshman ("Jack")  
 Gray, Glee Club, Cartoon Club.



PRICE MCKINNEY  
 Freshman ("Pat")  
 Red, Baseball.



FERDINAND GORDON MORRILL  
 Freshman ("Ferd")  
 Red, Glee Club, Cartoon Club.



HENRY CHISHOLM OSBORN  
 Freshman ("Henry")  
 Gray, Cartoon Club.



### First and Second Forms, Upper School

*Top row, left to right:* Windsor Ford, Homer Everett, George Merryweather, Flamen Ball, William Nash, Courtney Burton, Richard Hooker, Robert Beatty, Richard Inglis and Kenyon Bolton.

*Bottom row, left to right:* Maurice Perkins, Guthrie Bicknell, John Whittemore, Morris Bradley, Benedict Schneider, Joseph Eaton, Dudley Blossom, William Bauman, Frederick White, William Chamberlin and Herbert Rogers.



### Lower School

*Top row, left to right:* Lee Calfee, Emory Hukill, Everett Sholes, Adrian Foose, Harry Royal, Benjamin Taplin, John Calfee, Alexander Brown, Fayette Brown, Calvin Judson, Harvey Brooks, Edward Brown and Charles Arter.

*Third row, left to right:* Peter Wick, William Crawford, James Ireland, William Osborne, John Ford and Williard Brown.

*Second row, left to right:* Franklyn Judson, John Perkins, Mason Williams, Henry Harvey, John Nash, David Sanderson, Jonathan Collens, John Harshaw, Frank Taplin and John Cashman.

*Bottom row, left to right:* Edward Peck, James Hoyt, Edward Lenihan, Claude Peck, Phillip Morse, Oliver Bolton, Robert Bishop, Sanderson Schauffler, William Calfee, Hermon Peck, Gilbert Humphrey and Franklin Bowler.

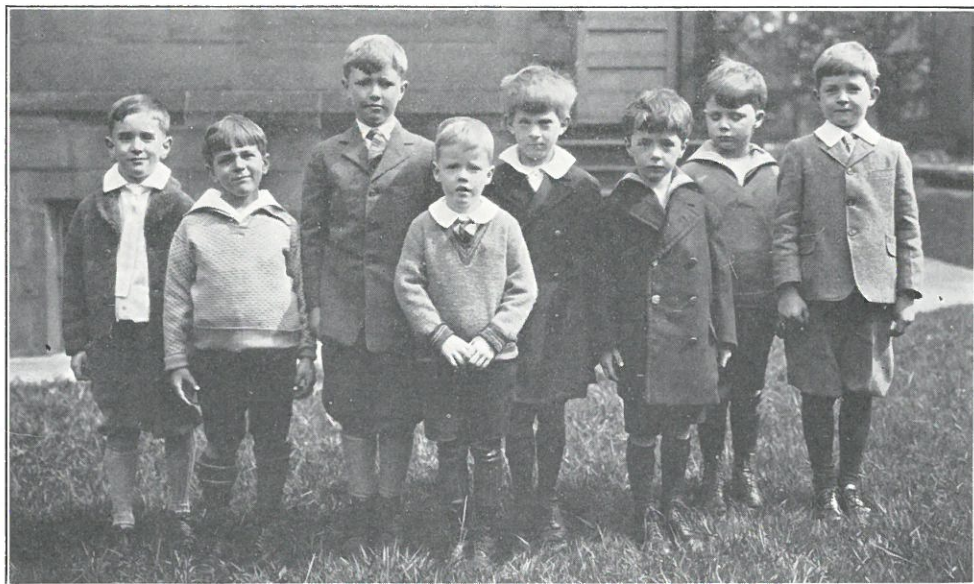


Grade II

Harold Cole  
Peter Hitchcock

Allan House  
Dixon Morgan  
Asa Shiverick

Malcolm Vilas  
Henry Williams



Grade I

Granger Collens  
Cyrus S. Eaton, Jr.  
Morley Hitchcock

Winchell Keller  
Hubert Merryweather  
Raymond Norweb

David Nutt  
Windsor White  
John Worthington



With an outbursting sail,  
And foam-flecked trail  
And a bone in her mouth  
On her way to the South;  
Among billows upflung  
And a sailor's chant sung  
Such a ship finds her way  
About isle, cape and bay.

G. W. Webster

## The Green Skull

By F. GORDON MORRILL

NEAR the small town of Auburn, in the northwest corner of Massachusetts, lived an old man, about sixty-five years of age. It was said by many that the old man was rich, but no one knew when or where the rumor started.

Every few days the old man came to town in a little green wagon, bought a few things, took a little drink and then went home.

In his back yard was a garden from which he got his vegetables, some of which he sold. It was said by village gossips that he spent more than he received for his vegetables, so they decided that he was rich.

One day somebody noticed that old Sprague—that was his only name—had not been coming to town for quite a long time. A farmer's boy, who was his only friend, spoke up and said that he had gone over to the old fellow's house twice in the last week, but had failed to obtain an answer when he had knocked at the door of the little cottage. This was just before six o'clock so they decided to wait until after dinner, and then to go and see if Sprague was all right.

That evening a group of men set out for the old man's house. When they arrived it was about eight-thirty and quite dark. They discovered that the door was locked, and after knocking for a short time, they decided to run against it and break it down. One of them, a big tall heavy man, threw himself against it. It creaked and gave, but did not fall open. Again he charged and at this attempt broke the lock, and the door fell open.

As they entered the small single-room dwelling, one of the men let out a yell of fright and pointed at the opposite wall. They saw a green skull dimly outlined, moving slowly against the other wall.

When the skull disappeared into the side wall, the suspense in which the apparition

had held them broke. With hoarse yells of fright they turned and fled helter-skelter down the path.

The next morning everybody was gathered in the market-place and a buzz of voices rose into the air. Everything was discussed: What was the green skull? Why was it there? Where was the old man, and most important of all, where was his fabled treasure? These and many other questions were asked but none were satisfactorily answered.

About ten o'clock a group of men headed by the only policeman or constable, set out for the old man's house. When they entered the room, they were shocked and horrified to see the body of the old man crumpled up in the corner. The policeman hesitantly went over to it and gingerly turned it over. After examining it, he discovered that the old man had been choked to death.

That afternoon the inquest was held, but no clues could be discovered as to the cause of his death. The inside of the cottage had been papered with old newspapers. A careful examination of the room indicated that somebody had lived in the house until the day before. The coroner, however, said that Sprague had been dead at least three days. Somebody therefore must have lived in the house for two days after his death. The day after the murder had been discovered, most of the people were searching for the hoard, which Rumor had now placed in the vicinity of the house. The gold-seekers did not enter the house because of the policeman and a few hastily made deputies, who guarded it.

That night a young bachelor, Bill Barnell, took a lantern and pistol and set out for the house. He too was after the treasure. When he arrived there, he noticed nothing unusual about the place. He walked up to the door, found it unlocked, and went in. There he

beheld the green skull moving across the room. Quick as a flash he shot. There was a rending of paper and the green skull fell to the floor before him, sharply outlined against it. Lighting his way with the lantern he approached it cautiously and picked it up. As he examined it, he discovered that it was painted with a green phosphorus paint. Within it was a small electric motor, run by batteries. The contrivance worked in a hole in the wall which had been covered over by newspapers.

He was just about to pick up his revolver and leave, when a snarling voice commanded "Hands up." Bill turned, his hands over his head. He was confronted by a man, about his own size and weight, armed with a pistol, whom he instinctively felt was the murderer of Sprague. The man came toward him and started to search his pockets. When he reached into Bill's back pocket, Bill with a quick motion disarmed his assailant.

Then ensued a battle, one fighting for his

life, the other for his freedom. Bill knew that if his assailant should get on top of him he would kill him, and the murderer knew that if Bill should get the upper hand he himself would go to prison. First Bill was on top, but finally the murderer succeeded in getting his pistol.

"Now," he said, "I'm going to kill y—."

Bang! A shot rang out from the doorway, and Bill's assailant slowly fell forward on his face.

The policeman stooped over the villain's body and placed his ear over the man's heart.

"Water, water," he called. Bill ran to a nearby stream and filled his felt hat, which he had picked up on his way out. When he came back, the policeman threw the water into the dying man's face. The man slowly opened his eyes and whispered hoarsely, "I—killed—Spra—." His eyelids fluttered and closed. Sprague's murderer was dead, and the green skull had been discovered. But where was the money, and why was the green skull there? No one of this world knows.



## STARFISH

By BENEDICT SCHNEIDER

On the rockbound coast of Maine  
The surf roars day and night;  
Always there in sun and rain  
Is the Eagle Island light.

As you stand upon the shore  
And watch the tide go out,  
You see on the ocean floor  
The starfish round about.

Once the sea was dark as night  
One there no light could see;  
The creatures asked Jove for light,  
For the king of the gods was he.

So he shook the sky and down  
Came stars to light the sea;  
But they changed to starfish brown  
They "went out" in its company.

## My First Ride

By MORRIS EVERETT

AT a house party that I attended some time ago it was decided that we should all go horseback riding. Not wishing to admit that I was unable to do the trick, I consented to join the party. I was somewhat dubious of the consequences as I had never even been in the saddle; but felt that I could not very well back down after having agreed to do it.

A rather wild and frisky young animal was brought out for me to try. At least he looked wild and frisky to me, though I had been informed that he was as gentle as the proverbial lamb.

I went up to him and gave him a friendly, if fearful, pat. I thought to make him feel kindly towards me and thus be considerate toward my person. Looking around I saw that most of the party were already mounted and were moving away. This sight gave me some consternation as I had counted on watching the others and seeing how it was done. All was not yet lost, however, for over in a corner I saw the last member of the party just preparing to mount.

As this man did it, it looked quite simple; but you never can tell just by appearances. He approached his horse, patted it and threw the reins over its neck. Then having placed his foot in the stirrup he took a firm hold of the saddle and vaulted into place. It occurred to me that I might be able to imitate his style with a fair degree of success.

My horse now seeming quite complacent, I walked up to him, patted him again and drew the reins over his head. So far, so good. Nothing having happened I determined to try to mount. Remembering how I had seen it done, I cautiously placed my foot in the stirrup. Fine! I put my hand on the pommel and started to pull myself up after it. Then something happened, for the next instant I found myself upside down on the

greensward, feeling rather dazed, while behind me a harsh voice boomed: "You poor boob, haven't you any more sense than to try to mount a horse from the right side?"

Finally realizing that I had been holding up the procession for about ten minutes, besides making a fool of myself and showing the world that I knew less about horses than I knew about deciphering sanscrit, I did manage to get into the saddle, and we started off over a terrible maze of paths leading through a wood. After a time I got tired dodging branches only to be caught in the face by the succeeding branches; so I adopted a devout posture over the pommel and along the horse's neck, for safety's sake.

After what seemed to be an age we burst out of the woods and arrived at the house of our host, where our pictures were to be taken. The photographer arranged us with great care, and after more time spent on focusing his camera he announced that all was ready. However, just before the camera snapped a large person in front of me moved into an angle very effective to cutting me entirely out of the picture.

Off again we started, and across some very rough hills. My stomach, feeling that I was treating it harshly, immediately began to make all its annoyance known to me, in an extremely unpleasant manner. By this time I noticed that we were approaching a small brook, which lay just across our path. In vain did I tug at my horse's mouth; he would not stay his pace in the slightest. He struck the brook at forty, and how I came through I will never know. Anyhow, I emerged dripping on the farther bank, and saw the others of the party at some distance ahead. By this time my saddle had become most uncomfortable, and no word had been spoken by any of the party that would lead me to believe that they had any intention of returning home in the near future.

A little farther along we came to a rickety old bridge spanning a considerable river. Just as the first of our party entered the bridge a man driving a Ford car entered it from the other end. There was left just sufficient room for the horses to pass in single file. My place was at the end of the line, where it had been all the long afternoon. I observed that the other riders were succeeding in passing the Ford without accident, so I took heart and urged on my mount. At my right, far, far below I could see the cold and glassy water of the river. I edged a little farther away from the right edge; and just then the Ford's fender scraped the front leg of my mount. The horse reared, and I left

my seat. Down, down, down, I sped through the pleasant summer weather and landed without a splash right on the Ford's left rear fender. The tin crumpled and gave way, then clutched me in a curling embrace and we rolled to the bridge floor together.

The owner of the Ford, much wroth, descended from his seat and advanced upon me in my helpless condition, with belligerent gestures. "Say, you! What's the idea of falling on my Eliza? What are you going to do about it?" I looked down at the cold, wet, glassy water, far, far below me. "Why," I replied, cheerfully, "I am going to pay for it, of course."



## THE WIND

By GRAHAM WEBSTER

The Wind that blows across the sea  
And over hills and trees  
Is this same breath that's passing now  
To blow o'er many leas.

It catches hats from women's heads  
And rolls them down the street;  
While crowds of men from nowhere spring  
To chase with feet so fleet.

It builds up waves so high and dark  
That sailors fear, and veer  
Their vessels to some safer port  
Where such winds you can't hear.

It blows o'er mountains high and grim,  
And carries clouds of rain  
Across the Rockies in the West,  
The Pyrenees in Spain.

## Broken Heads, Bootleggers and Buried Treasure

By JUSTIN SHOLES

ONE TIME last summer when I was craving excitement the idea came to me to play a practical joke on someone. I decided to make out a key to a mythical buried treasure and draw a map, with further directions, which I would bury in some secluded spot. The stretch of barren, rocky coast near our cottage was a fitting place for such a venture. However, in attempting to play a huge joke on somebody I had an experience which I do not care to recall more often than necessary. Nevertheless, I will relate the exact details of what befell me.

I had just completed making certain mysterious signs on boulders along the shore and burying the precious map box containing the further directions. The key to it all I held in my hand wrapped in oilskin. This I intended to drop where someone would be likely to find it.

I was having a rather difficult time in returning from my afternoon's wanderings due to the fact that the sun had set and only an exquisite afterglow remained to light me on my way. The thought that the folks at home would be worrying about my lateness also disturbed me, and spurred me on to greater haste. Unfortunately, as I was scrambling over some of the great boulders I chanced to step on one that was loose. It gave way beneath my feet and I tumbled forward striking my head sharply against a projecting edge of rock.

After ages—so it seemed—I opened my eyes and found myself trussed up in a very uncomfortable position, and my head was throbbing with pain. I was lying in the bow of a long-boat, which was being propelled by four rowers. A fifth man stood in the stern, steering with an oar, and giving directions to the others in a low voice. Lying thus on the bottom of the craft my vision was limited by the high sides of the boat to a narrow view of the open sky overhead.

It was some minutes before I could collect my mind to ponder on the fact of my being here alone with these strange men. But *were* they strange men? The face of the man in the stern seemed strangely familiar, but try as I might I could not place him. Turning and twisting about to get a better view of his face I noticed the full moon over my left shoulder. The worst kind of luck! The other

men were rowing with their backs toward me, so I could not see their faces. I endeavored to put my hand to my head, but someone or something seemed to prevent me. Of course my arms were tightly bound to my sides, but I did not seem to notice that at the time.

After this I seemed to doze for a time, but came to life suddenly as the bottom of the boat grated on a rock. The steersman, I noticed, had lighted a lantern and by its dim light was very intently studying a piece of paper which he held in his hand. Where had I seen that paper before? Suddenly it dawned upon my befuddled brain. These men must have searched me when they came upon me unconscious and had found upon me the key to the treasure that was supposed to exist in this vicinity. I decided that they had not yet found the map which I had hidden and that contained many lines of direction drawn by me at random but supposed to indicate the location of the buried treasure.

The steersman now resumed his place in the stern, and was cautioning the men to take it easy, as they were near the shore. Soon the four ceased rowing altogether, and rested on their oars. The boat drifted slowly shoreward, impelled by its own momentum. Presently I felt the motion of the boat slacken, as the keel grated on the sand. One of the men, armed with a spade, now sprang out and began digging furiously among the rocks and slippery seaweed on the shore. Was this, then, the place where I had interred my box with the map? How the place had changed! How different it looked, illumined only by the rim of the moon!

After digging for sometime the man returned to the boat with his prize, all covered with wet sand. Nevertheless, I recognized the little box that I had buried. The map, which I had encased in oilskin before burying it, was still intact, and all five of the men were now eagerly studying it. In no time at all we were on our way again, following the crazy directions that I had drawn on the map the previous afternoon.

I now began to wonder just how I would fare when the men discovered that the map was a fake and that they were having all their labor for their pains. Their leader seemed evil natured and ready to dispatch

me at any moment. What would he do to me when the end of the goosechase was reached? The more I thought on this subject the more worried I became. Then it occurred to me that these men, from their actions, did not wish to be seen. They talked, when they did talk, in muffled tones. The lantern they had turned down to the merest flicker, and even this they shaded with a bit of tarpaulin.

I tried to figure out what sort of men these might be. Not pirates, certainly: there are no pirates in this year of 1924, A. D. Suddenly a thought, a fear, thrust itself into my mind. Perhaps these men were bootleggers. But if they were bootleggers, why should they be wasting their time on a chase like this? Still, I thought, bootleggers as well as anyone else might be attracted by the lure of buried treasure. This was just an easier, safer means of procuring money than by selling illicit liquors. Who would refuse an opportunity to discover the treasure of the late Captain Kidd? After turning the whole matter over in my mind repeatedly I came to the conclusion that the bootleggers, when they found no pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, as it were, would surely make an end of me.

"Careful, now! There's the patrol. Easy! A little more on the port side, there, Jenkins! Good! That's enough now. I'll bring her into the cove all right. Douse that lantern. Lie low, now." So the patrol was near. If only I could attract their attention toward us, then surely I would be saved from a cruel death at the hands of these ruthless men.

"Hist! Here is the patrol. Down!" I could hear the chug, chug, chug, of the patrol as it drew near. I prayed fervently that they would sight us. I tried to shout but I could not utter a single sound for some unknown reason. The perspiration rolled down my cheeks. If I could only attract the attention of the patrol! Here was help so near, and yet so far! The chug-chug of the patrol boat grew fainter and fainter and passed away in the distance. Now, indeed was my last hope gone. I closed my eyes and tried to mutter a prayer.

"Whew! A narrow one, that time, Cap," whispered one of the crew taking his place on the thwart.

"Aye, a narrow one. They won't pass this way again, though. All right, back water on the starboard! So! All clear. Go ahead. I'll swing her."

The course was now resumed, but not for

long. Suddenly there came a jar, and a rending noise as of splitting timbers as the long-boat ran head-on into a hidden rock. I could feel the cold water pouring through the rent in the bow, but I was powerless to move. All around me was confusion. The rowing stopped and the men took turns bailing out the water. It all did no good, however. The water came in faster than the men could possibly bail it out. At an order from the steersman one of the men, a great burly fellow, shifted place in the boat and came toward me. The only words I could catch were ". . . sink . . . less weight . . . forward." The man stooped over me. After making sure that I had nothing of value left on my person he lifted me in his great arms high above his head, then hurled me with all his force head-first into the sea.

It seemed ages before I came to the surface. My lungs were bursting. At length, however, I did come to the top and managed to turn over on my back so as to float if I was able. My bonds still prevented my moving hands or feet in swimming fashion. I had not before noticed how choppy the sea was. It was cold—so cold—but the cold water seemed to soothe my bursting head and quieted my pumping blood. All about me little white-caps turned up and disappeared again. And it was cold—icily cold that night in the sea.

On and on I drifted through the night. I could do very little to assist the work of the waves, but I was comforted by the thought that I was probably drifting toward some part of the coast. I was numb all over by this time and the water no longer felt cold. Slowly the waves lifted me and as slowly let me down into their hollows. I began to feel sleepy, but the fear of drowning kept my head above the waves.

Suddenly through my daze I was startled by the sound of voices.

"Yes, this is the spot that it indicates. See, here is a cross in blood. There is no doubting it. Here! Where is your spade?"

"Here it is, sir. Do you want me to start digging?"

"Yes, go ahead. Right here."

I recognized the voices as those of the men in the long-boat. Evidently when their boat had filled they had swum ashore, and by following my directions had come to the spot where the buried treasure was supposed to be. The voices of the men became more and more distinct, so I concluded that I was



approaching shore. By skillful manoeuvring I swung myself around and raised my head so that I might lie comfortably on the surface and watch the proceedings. I was surprised to see that there were now only two bootleggers, one of them apparently the leader of the five boatmen with whom I had been captive.

The sailor was digging in a little stretch of sand just above the water line. Directly beyond rose a lofty, formidable precipice. At the very pinnacle thereof was a sea gull crying in a weird unbirdlike tone, altogether unlike anything that I had ever heard before. This peculiar cry coming from the towering cliff-top was the only sound besides that of the two men digging there on the seashore.

I had now drifted close in shore and was able to watch the progress of the treasure hunters. The shaft seemed to have been lowered about five feet, and the man at the bottom seemed to think that it would be wasted effort to dig further. But the Captain urged him on: treasure was often buried seven feet underground, he told the other man. It was very soon after this that I heard a clink, as of metal striking against metal. With an exclamation the Captain descended into the pit with his companion. A moment more and I saw a large chest rising above the pit. This was followed by the two men, who immediately seized huge stones and began to batter in the lid.

All this while I had been drifting closer to the shore, and now my feet were rubbing against the seaweed-encased rocks. The water, strange as it may seem, felt almost lukewarm. I suppose that I had become used to it.

The two bootleggers were now hacking at the top of the box. All at once there was a loud rending crash as the top gave in. Now wait until they find the old box full of sand, thought I. They will have a surprise, I told myself. They certainly had their surprise, and so did I. Removing the fractured lid the hackers plunged their arms into mellow golden coins. I could not restrain an ex-

clamation at seeing this and hearing the dull clink as the coins knocked together. I could not smother an exclamation. Simultaneously the two men turned, amazed at seeing me afloat in the water. Perhaps they thought it was the ghost of Captain Kidd come to claim his own. At any rate, with a shriek of mortal fear they dropped their booty and fled, leaving the treasure unguarded.

And now it seemed that I overcame my paralysis or whatever it was that had held me helpless, for I easily slipped off the bonds from my arms and legs and stood upright. I staggered to the chest and thrust my arms elbow-deep into the golden metal. I laughed aloud with sheer joyousness. Here was the buried treasure—mine, all mine! I threw my arms aloft and cried aloud in exultation. From a crag on the side of the precipice a shot rang out. I felt a stinging sensation in my chest, everything became dim, and I fell forward face down among the pirates' gold.

#### EPILOGUE

Days later, so it seemed, I came to myself in my own room in our cottage at Northeast Harbor. Mother was standing on one side of my bed and a nurse on the other. The first thing I did was to clap my hand on my chest where I remembered the bootleggers bullet had hit me. Strange! there was no sign of a wound. And then I remembered the chest of gold. "The gold—did you get the pirates' gold, mother—the chest that I rescued from the bootleggers?"

"I am afraid that you have been delirious, son," said my mother; "when you failed to return for dinner, about an hour ago, we went out to look for you. We found you lying at the foot of the boulders, stunned, and brought you home. It looked as if your foot had slipped on a loose stone and you had fallen forward striking your head on a boulder. It is nothing serious, but after you have had a little rest you must tell us all about it.

"Yes, mother," said I. And so I have told it all to you, just as it didn't happen.

#### ODYSSEUS AND THE WINDS

By BENEDICT SCHNEIDER

Odysseus sat in his studded chair,  
And told his story thus:  
"We came to fair Aeolia,  
Where dwells Aeolus.

"This island floats on a wine-red sea,  
Dark-haired Poseidon's sea:  
Around it is a wall of bronze,  
Like the Midgard serpent free.

"I went to the King's great high-roofed house,  
And asked to be helped home:  
He put the winds inside a sack,  
But let the West Wind roam.

"Upon the mast, with a silver thong,  
Aeolus bound the sack:  
He called the West Wind unto him,  
And told it: 'Blow them back.'

"Nine days I watched the sails. The tenth  
I saw my native land;  
I then let Morpheus close mine eyes  
With his most gentle hand.

"Then said my henchman, Elpenor,  
'Our Captain's taking back  
A gift from royal Aeolus.  
Let's see what's in the sack.'

"They loosed the thongs; the winds rushed out:  
A fearful storm arose,  
And blew us back to Aeolia,  
When near our journey's close.

"Again I went to the high-roofed house  
Of Aeolus, and told  
Of how my men had loosed the winds  
From the sack that did them 'fold.

"Aeolus grew so very wroth  
He turned an ashen gray:  
'Begone! Detested of the gods!  
We sadly sailed away.



#### MAKE-UP VICTIM BLUES

By EDWARD MAEDER

My heart's on the playground;  
My heart is not here;  
My heart's on the playground,  
A-chasing the sphere.

It's not with Mr. Stephens;  
It's not with Mr. MacMahon;  
No, my heart is always scheming  
To 'scape make-up, if I can.

*Tempus Fugit*, the Latins said;  
*Tempus* I did curse;  
For every minute that bird gained,  
It flapped two in reverse.

"Ah, woe is me!" I sadly wail,  
And curl up in my seat;  
And soon I am by Morpheus wooed;  
I slumber, calm and sweet.

My heart's on the playground,  
My heart is not here;  
My heart's on the ball field,  
A-chasing the sphere.

#### THE DAILY ADVENTURE

By EDWARD MAEDER

It is the time of noonday  
At dear old Hawken School;  
And in the lengthy corridors,  
There's none transgress a rule.

The sunlight through the windows  
Streams unhindered to the floor;  
And from a near-by study room  
Is heard a muffled snore.

Then, with a crash of brazen brass,  
The luncheon bell resounds;  
And from the rooms the pupils  
Rush forth with leaps and bounds.

Far down the echoing hall they roar,  
Riotous in their mirth;  
For they are ready—aye, prepared,  
To satisfy their dearth.

Far off, a second bell is heard:  
The doors are opened wide:  
They through the narrow threshold try  
To pass, six side by side.

At last each one is seated  
In his accustomed chair;  
With roving eyes they closely scan  
The victuals of their fare.

In time each one receives his plate,  
Heaped high with luscious food;  
And bright eyes glisten, as to say:  
"Oh, Boy! Watch us make good!"

They need no band, no songs, no tunes,  
To stimulate digestion;  
The tune played by the forks and spoons  
Suffices without question.

*This short aside, as you will see,  
Is only what it's meant to be—  
Merely a few words in rhyme  
To indicate a lapse of time.*

Their stomachs cheered, the table cleared,  
They lean back in content;  
But in their eyes a question lies,  
Fraught with wonderment.

The maid approaches down the aisle;  
All eyes are on the tray;  
Its contents seen, a shout goes up:  
"Hot Stuff! Ice Cream! Hurray!"

One extra helping now is found,  
A raffle is demanded:  
The boys all guess: the extra slice  
Is by the winner landed.

Now happiness is all supreme  
In each and every breast;  
And back to classes they return,  
To finish out their rest.

"CHIRILLIO"

By JOHN T. HOWARD

Oh, once there was a janitor,  
 "Chirillio" by name,  
 Who, 'spite of all the boys about,  
 Was always just the same.  
 And every day, right after school,  
 He walks about the hall,  
 A large broom resting on his arm  
 To clean the floors withal.  
 And as he goes about his work,  
 A-whistling merrily,  
 You'll find that dust he'll never shirk,  
 E'en bits too small to see,  
 He empties all the waste-baskets,  
 Of all the things there-in,  
 And cleans up all the woodwork,  
 With a cheerful grin;  
 And then, when the whole school is clean,  
 He doth outside report,  
 To dig post-holes all afternoon,  
 For that new tennis court;  
 So therefore, fellows, big and small,  
 From Joe and Jim to Gus,  
 Let's cheer this John "Chirillio,"  
 May he stay long with us.



SPRING FEVER

By GRAHAM WEBSTER

The hum of the bees  
 Wand'ring round leafy trees,  
 And the deafening roar  
 Of a class-room snore,  
 Brought on by the dirge  
 Of the daily bore;  
 These noises are heard  
 In the later spring  
 In the dusty wake  
 Of the bus on the wing.

The bus is our servant  
 That daily does bring  
 Healthy pupils to class-rooms,  
 Infected with germs  
 Of that deadly disease  
 That is called by all boys  
 Spring Fever.



SPRING

By WINDSOR FORD

How glad we are the spring is here;  
 No longer arctics and gloves to wear;  
 No more the bills for coal to fear;  
 No longer the winter storms to bear.

'Tis then the birds begin to sing,  
 Of nature bright and free.  
 Each morning sun-rise with it will bring  
 Sweet songs so full of glee.

GOOD-BYE "SPECIAL" (*Sonnet*)

By WALTER LILLIE

Thou art departed, faithful car, and we  
 Shall never more be left behind by thee.

We never more shall hear thy whistle shrill,  
 Nor see thy form departing down the hill,  
 And leaving us to wait out in the rain,  
 Until a bus comes by! O, ne'er again!

We're now deprived of all our exercise  
 Those joyous walks through sleet 'neath threaten-  
 ing skies;

What boy or teacher feels not in his heart  
 A void? And who wept not to see thee part?

Lost to us now since that ill-omened day,  
 Thou savedst us hours of work and made us gay  
 By being slow and bringing us to school  
 Too late. Our love for thee will never cool.



WELCOME BUS (*Another One*)

By WALTER LILLIE

To steal from us our morn and evening hike  
 From car to school and school to car, just like  
 Some cruel teacher, taking from a boy  
 His only recreation, only joy.

O bus, thou'rt come, and with thee comes the rush,  
 When chapel's o'er, for places in the crush;  
 But when bleak winter draws around again,  
 With snow and wind and hail and sleet and rain,  
 We'll bless thee for the shelter from the frost.

And call to mind that, though our "Special's" lost,  
 We have a means of transportation now,  
 Which, smaller than the car, is not so slow,  
 Although thou'rt lacking in capacity,  
 Thou'lt prove a blessing in disguise, we'll see.

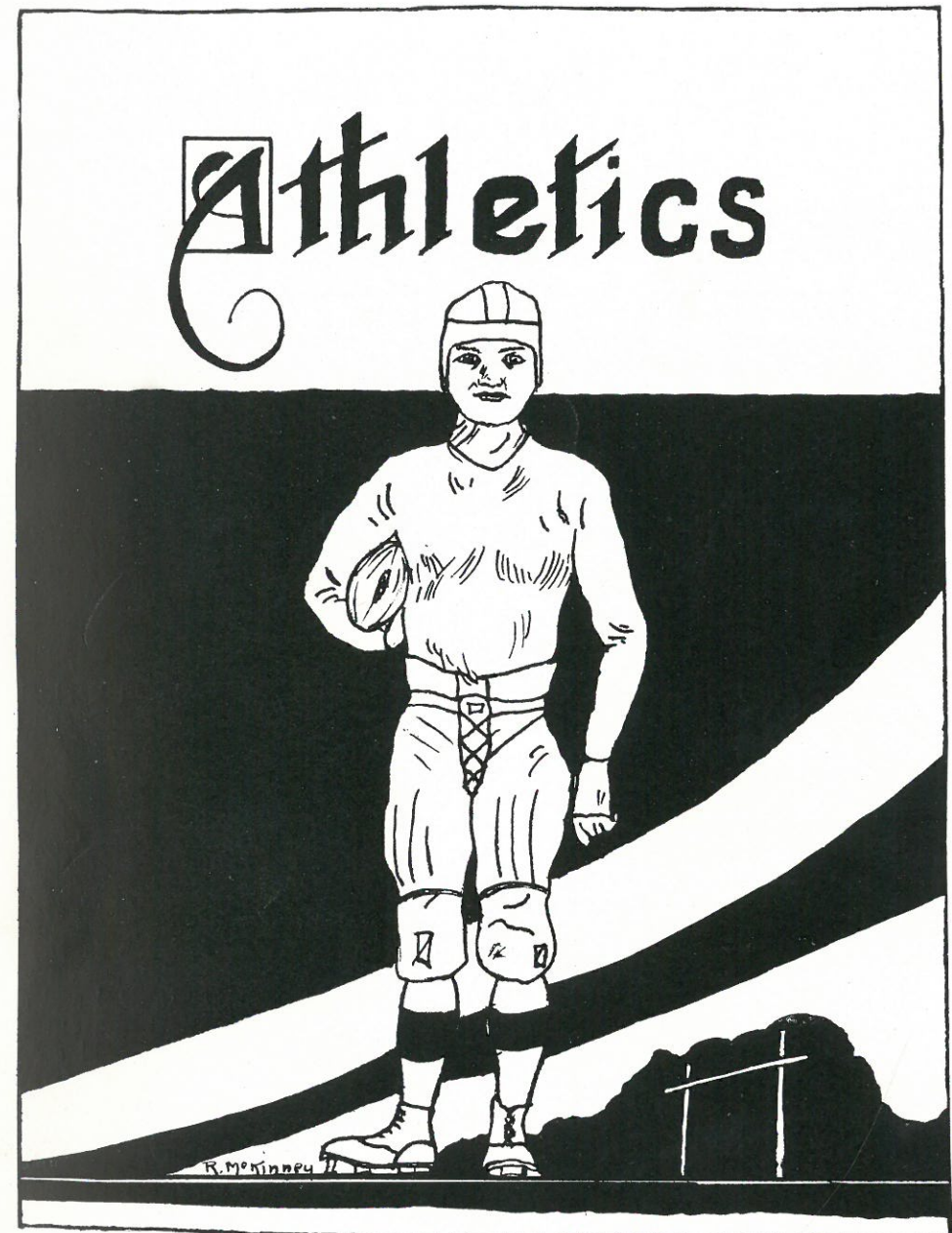


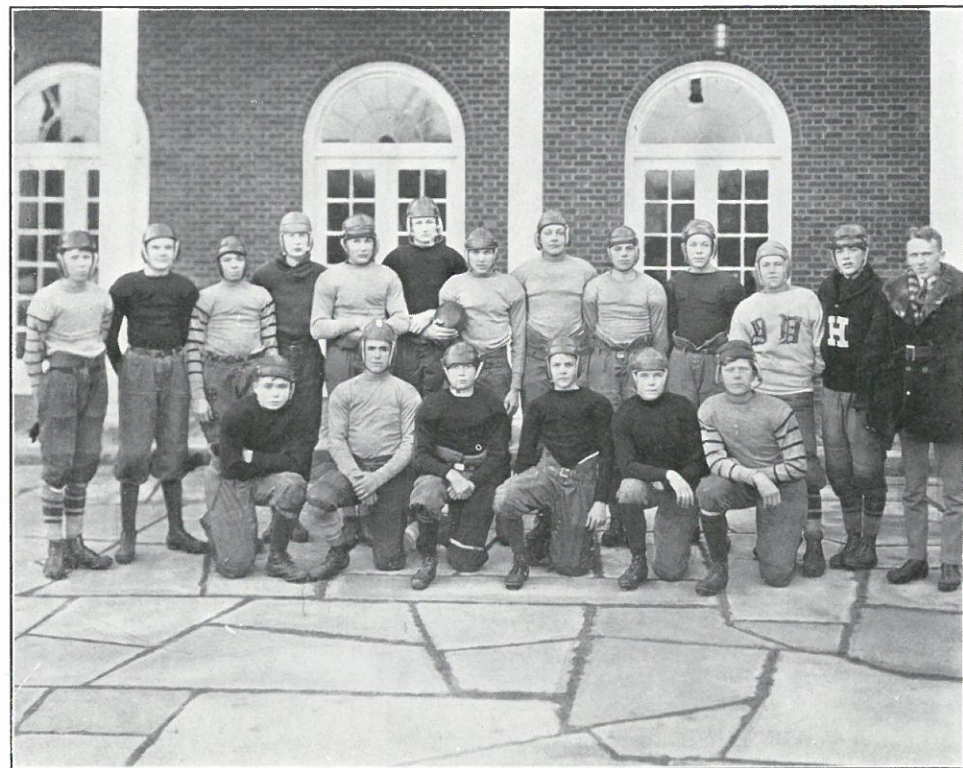
SIGNS OF SPRING

By WINDSOR FORD

Once more the swallows home return,  
 And build their nests anew;  
 The sparrows also now begin  
 To have a fight or two;  
 The robin eats its wriggly meal,  
 All fresh with morning dew.

The thorn that lives beside the road  
 Screening machines from view  
 Quickly now its color changes  
 From black to reddish hue;  
 The goldfinch on the hedge does perch  
 And chirps a song to you.





### The Season in Football

**I**N FOOTBALL this year the entire school was divided into eight teams, each playing several games according to its own schedule. There were the senior school team; the senior Red and Gray teams; the junior school team; the junior Red and Gray teams; and the midget Red and Gray teams.

Mr. Leishman coached the senior school team, but the school athletics generally were under the supervision of Mr. McCarthy.

The first team played four games, all of them on the home field. The first game, with Roosevelt School, October 9th, resulted in a score of 14-0 in favor of the visitors. The second game, on October 28th, was with South Euclid's second team. The score was 13-0 for South Euclid. The third game, on November 4th, was with Mayfield High School, and resulted in a Hawken victory, 12-6. In the final game, again with South Euclid, the final score was 12-6 in favor of South Euclid.

The line-up of the first team follows: David Weir, left end; Clarence Collens, right end; Walter Lillie, left tackle; Morris Everett, right tackle; Graham Webster, left guard; Stevenson Burke, right guard; William Nash, right halfback; Charles Bolton, left halfback;

William Weir, quarterback; Reginald Baker, center; and Edward Maeder, captain, full-back.

In the senior Red and Gray games, the Reds won the first game, which was played November 6th, by the score of 12-7. The second game was an easy match for the Grays, who won by the one-sided score of 19-0. This game was played November 20th.

The last game, which was the deciding game of the series, was played on November 25th, before the entire school and several of the boys' parents, who came out purposely to see the contest. The final score of the deciding game was 19-6, in the Grays' favor.

The line-ups follow:

| <i>Grays</i>   | <i>Position</i> | <i>Reds</i> |
|----------------|-----------------|-------------|
| G. Bauman..... | L. E. ....      | Baker       |
| Taplin.....    | L. T. ....      | Rea         |
| Nutt.....      | L. G. ....      | Chamberlin  |
| Weir.....      | C. ....         | R. Baker    |
| Burke.....     | R. G. ....      | Sholes      |
| Webster.....   | R. T. ....      | Morrill     |
| Collens.....   | R. E. ....      | Ford        |
| Maeder.....    | Q. ....         | Bolton      |
| Everett.....   | L. H. ....      | Lillie      |
| Nash.....      | R. H. ....      | Weir        |
| Taylor.....    | F. ....         | McKinney    |

The junior school football team, which was made up of the boys in the lower forms of the upper school, played two games with Lyndhurst during the season.

The first game, on October 7th, was won by Hawken, 3-0. The second game, on October 16th, went to the visitors, who made fourteen points. Hawken failed to score.

The junior team's line-up is as follows:

|   |             |
|---|-------------|
| John Whittemore.....                      | L. E.       |
| Fayette Brown.....                        | L. T.       |
| R. Hooker, W. Ford.....                   | L. G.       |
| Morris Bradley.....                       | C.          |
| Kenyon Bolton.....                        | R. G.       |
| A. Brown, H. Everett.....                 | R. T.       |
| D. Blossom, G. Stanley.....               | R. E.       |
| Guthrie Bicknell.....                     | H. B.       |
| Joseph Eaton.....                         | H. B.       |
| Robert Beatty.....                        | F. B.       |
| Richard Inglis.....                       | Q. B.       |
| Benjamin Taplin and William Crawford..... | Substitutes |

In the junior Red and Gray games the Gray team won three games from the Reds, lost one, and tied one. The first game, played on October 21st, was won by the Grays, 12-6. The Reds came back November 5th to defeat their opponents, 12-6. In the third game, November 12th, the Grays won 13-6, and repeated the victory November 18th, only with a larger score, 21-0.

The last game, which was played after the Grays had won the championship, was one of the best games of the season, if not the best. The score was a tie, 0-0.

The Grays were coached by Mr. Horton; the Reds, by Mr. Smeed.

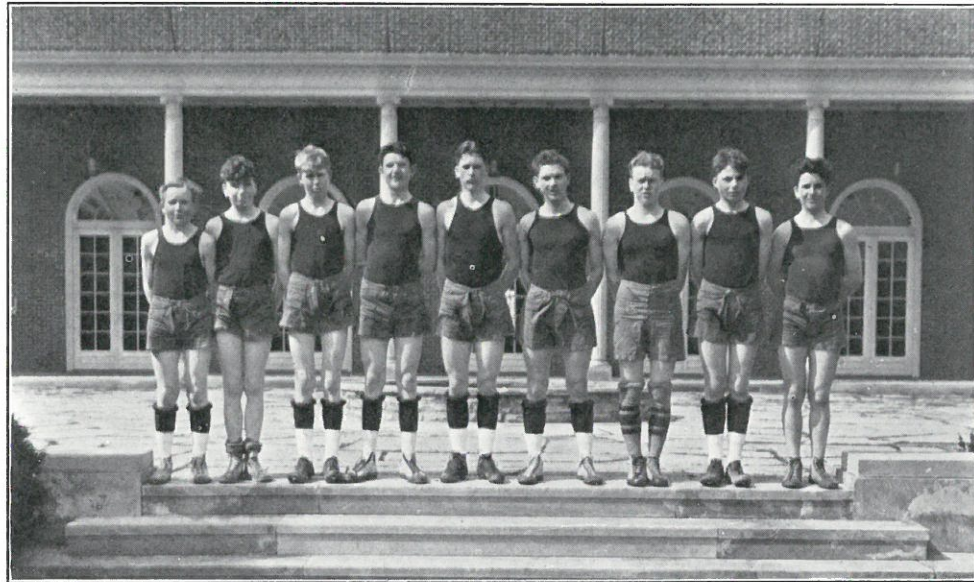
The line-ups follow:

| <i>Grays</i>            | <i>Position</i> | <i>Reds</i>     |
|-------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| W. Bauman, Stanley..... | L. E. ....      | Bradley         |
| Crawford.....           | L. T. ....      | Humphrey        |
| W. Ford, Royal.....     | L. G. ....      | J. Calfee       |
| Hooker.....             | C. ....         | W. Chamberlin   |
| White, K. Bolton.....   | R. G. ....      | Peck, Schneider |
| Rogers, A. Brown.....   | R. T. ....      | H. Everett      |
| B. Taplin.....          | R. E. ....      | W. Brown        |
| Inglis, Captain.....    | Q. ....         | J. Eaton        |
| Whittemore.....         | L. H. ....      | Capt. Beatty    |
| Blossom.....            | R. H. ....      | Judson          |
| F. Brown.....           | F. ....         | Bicknell        |

The midget Red and Gray teams were coached by Mr. Pietsch. No regular point-winning contests were held, but several games were played. While these teams were being organized, Mr. Stephens helped coach this group.

The line-ups follow:

| <i>Grays</i>    | <i>Position</i> | <i>Reds</i> |
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------|
| Cashman.....    | L. E. ....      | Collens     |
| J. Perkins..... | L. T. ....      | Morse       |
| Little.....     | L. G. ....      | Brooks      |
| Bowler.....     | C. ....         | Osborne     |
| Bolton.....     | R. G. ....      | Ford        |
| Nash.....       | R. T. ....      | Judson      |
| Brown.....      | R. E. ....      | Hoyt        |
| Wick.....       | Q. ....         | H. Peck     |
| Baldwin.....    | L. H. ....      | E. Peck     |
| Harshaw.....    | R. H. ....      | Humphrey    |
| L. Calfee.....  | F. ....         | Harvey      |



From left to right: Douglas Baker, Clarence Collens, William Weir, Reginald Baker, Charles Bolton, Edward Maeder, Edgar Taylor, David Weir, and George Bauman.

## The Basketball Team

THE first basketball practice was held late in November. Many candidates reported at this first meeting and there was promise of a successful season. All but two of the last year's letter men were present and several promising additions were also on hand. Certain days were set aside for practice and Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Horton and Mr. Leishman volunteered their services.

Several good practices and practice games were held, but the first squad dwindled as skating and coasting called those who preferred outdoor sports. This was a setback, but a certain group continued to practice. During January and February five games were played, two of which were won by Hawken.

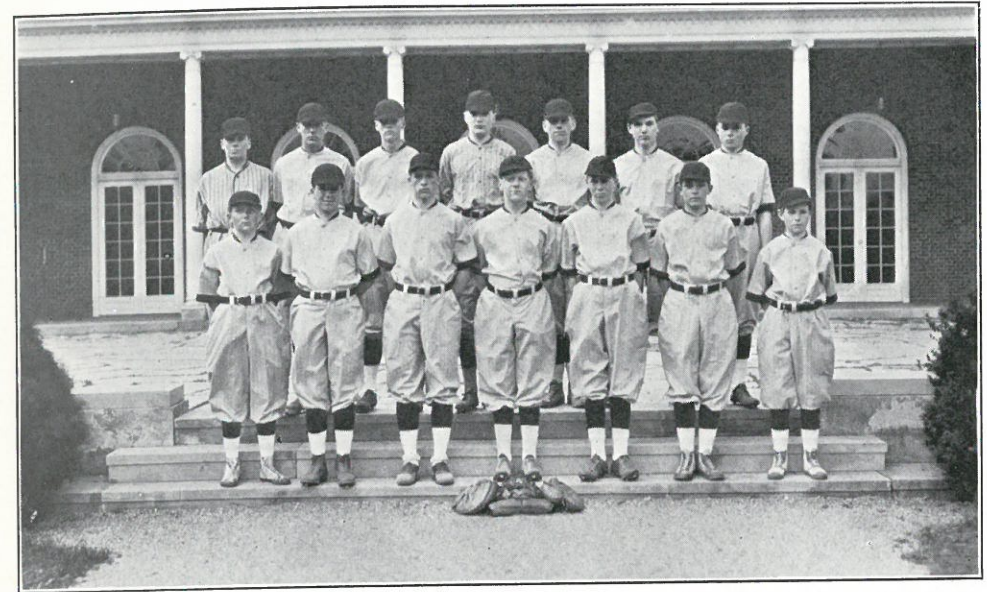
As usual the games between the Red and Gray basketball teams were hotly contested on both sides. In the senior group five games were played of which three were won by the

Grays. This gave them the series. Two of the games had to be played overtime to break the tie.

The Middlers played their games very well with a large group of supporters at each game. Here again the Grays won the series. The Juniors played equally well, but the Reds showed themselves superior to the Grays and won the majority of games.

### First team line-up:

|                 |       |
|-----------------|-------|
| Baker, D.....   | L. F. |
| Baker, R.....   | L. F. |
| Weir, D.....    | R. F. |
| Maeder.....     | L. G. |
| Taylor.....     | C     |
| Collens, C..... | R. F. |
| Bolton.....     | R. G. |
| Bauman, G.....  | L. F. |
| French.....     | C     |
| Ford, A.....    | Sub.  |
| Weir, W.....    | Sub.  |



Top row, from left to right: Clarence Collens, Edward French, Joseph Nutt, William Nash, Morris Everett, Edward Maeder, and David Weir.  
Bottom row, from left to right: Douglas Baker, George Bauman, Charles Bolton, Farrand Taplin, William Weir, Andrew Ford, and Price McKinney.

## The Baseball Team

THIS has been the best baseball season since the beginning of school. There was a larger turnout at the first practice than ever before and the material gave promise of a good team. Practices were held every day under the direction of Mr. Horton.

The first game was played with Roosevelt Junior High with a score of 2 to 1 for Roosevelt. This was one of the best games ever played on the home field. During the greater part of the game the score was in Hawken's favor, but by a spurt at the end of the game Roosevelt brought in two runs.

The next game was with Roxboro Junior High School. This game also was won in the last few moments by the opposing side. At the end of the game the score stood 10 to 7 for Roxboro.

Early in the season Mr. C. C. Bolton presented uniforms to the school's first team, and strengthened the morale of the team with this gift. The team's appearance on

the diamond has been greatly improved by these uniforms.

The senior Red and Gray games, so far, have been well played and quite interesting. The Reds won the first by a score of 6 to 3. The second was won by the Grays, 19 to 13.

There has been a regular schedule for all Red and Gray games. The seniors have played their games on a certain day each week and the juniors and middlers have appointed days also.

### The line-up of the school team follows:

|                 |              |
|-----------------|--------------|
| E. Maeder.....  | Catcher      |
| D. Weir.....    | Pitcher      |
| M. Everett..... | First Base   |
| J. Nutt.....    | Second Base  |
| F. Taplin.....  | Third Base   |
| E. French.....  | Short Stop   |
| W. Weir.....    | Right Field  |
| C. Bolton.....  | Center Field |
| G. Bauman.....  | Left Field   |
| A. Ford.....    | Substitute   |
| D. Baker.....   | Substitute   |
| W. Nash.....    | Substitute   |

### Boxing

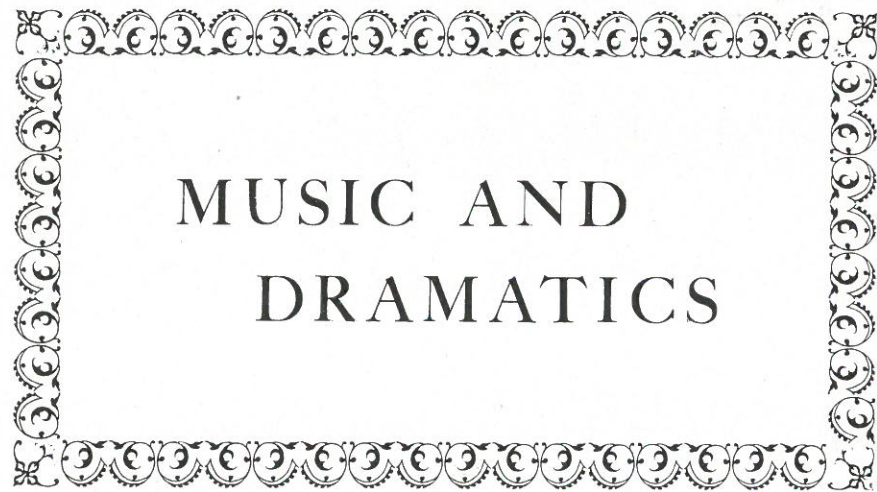
DURING the winter Mr. McCarthy held regular boxing classes in the gymnasium for the younger boys. Each boy had his own regular gloves and reported to practice in gym clothes. Everyone had individual instruction and then practice against other boys. This class was a great success and it will be continued in the future.

### Volley Ball

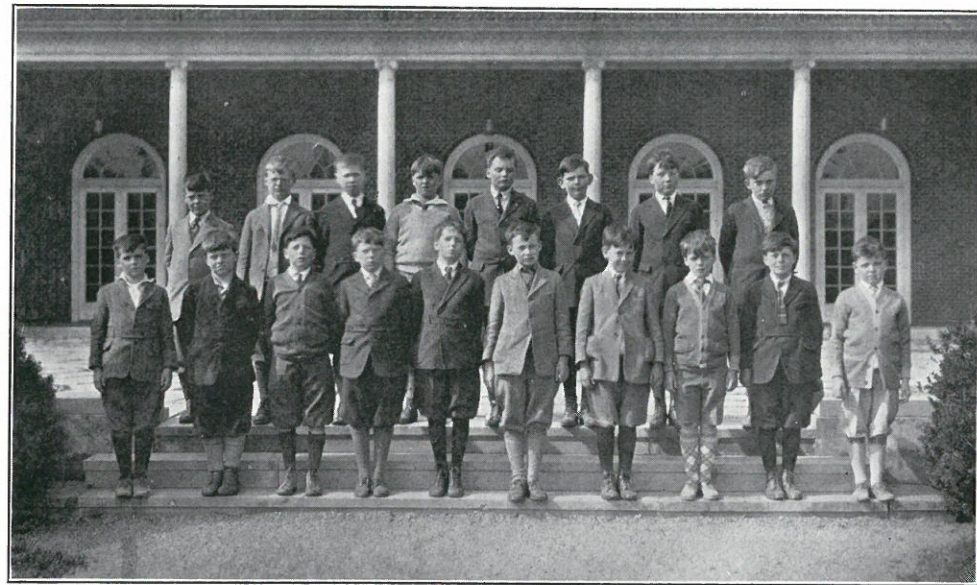
VOLLEY BALL was a popular game at the morning gym periods through the winter. Last year it was played to some extent but this year it was played almost exclusive of other sports. The Reds and Grays invariably took opposite sides and various systems for playing were instituted. The side which won the game was usually awarded points.

### Hockey

WITH the flooding of the skating pond in January there was some talk of a hockey team to represent the school. This never materialized but daily games were held between teams which were chosen for the day only. Skating seemed a popular sport all through the season and the majority of the school could usually be found either upright or on its back on the smooth surface of the pond.



## MUSIC AND DRAMATICS



THE CHOIR

*Top row, from left to right:* Frederick White, Harvey Brooks, William Osborn, Fayette Brown, Windsor Ford, John Calfee, Kenyon Bolton, and Herbert Rogers.

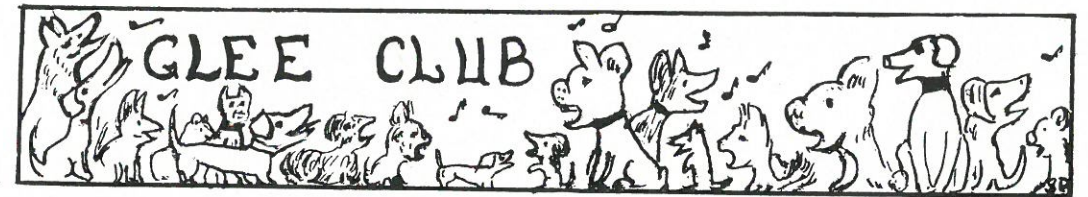
*Bottom row, from left to right:* Franklyn Judson, Jonathan Collens, Emory Hukill, John Harshaw, John Ford, Benedict Schneider, Lee Calfee, James Hoyt, Adrian Foose, and Frank Taplin.

## The Music Department

THE Music Department during the current school year has been a larger and more active department than ever before in the history of the school. There have been as usual the vocal and theory classes in charge of Miss Liebe. The Glee Club, Orchestra and Choir have grown in number and developed in quality. More piano students than ever before are working with Miss Jones, who is assisted this year in her work by Miss Leece. Each boy who is a piano student has not only his two regular lessons but also three supervised piano practice periods a week. So it happens that the west end of the building is almost never without the sound of the piano.

Miss Jones hopes that next year the flute and violin lessons will also be given at the school. The enrollment in the piano department is as follows:

|                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Charles Arter       | Windsor Ford        |
| Lewis Baldwin       | Emory Hukill        |
| Flamen Ball         | Hubbard Little      |
| Kenyon Bolton       | Edward Maeder       |
| Oliver Bolton       | John Nash           |
| Franklin Bowler     | Edward Peck         |
| Harvey Brooks       | Harry Royal         |
| Alexander Brown     | David Sanderson     |
| Edward Brown        | Sanderson Schaufler |
| Willard Brown       | Everett Sholes      |
| Fayette Brown       | Justin Sholes       |
| Stevenson Burke     | Benjamin Taplin     |
| Stephens Chamberlin | Frederick White     |
| Jonathan Collens    | Peter Wick          |



The Glee Club and Orchestra were organized in the fall of 1923. This year several additions have been made to each club. The Orchestra has been directed by Miss Liebe and the Glee Club by Mr. Carney. During the winter term both organizations made two successful appearances in the morning assembly. In the first program the Glee Club sang "The Home Road," by Sydney Homer, and a medley of popular songs. The Orchestra played a medley consisting of "I'll See You in My Dreams," "I Want to be Happy," and "No Wonder." Frederick White played a flute solo called "La Cinquintine" by Gabriel Narie. Lewis Baldwin with Miss Jones played a piano duet entitled "Guignole" by Landry, and a solo entitled "The Doll's Burial" by Tschai-kowsky. In the second concert the Glee Club sang "Trade Winds" by Frederick Keel, and "The Banjo Song," by Sydney Homer. The Orchestra played a medley of popular songs. The Choir sang "Oh! No, John" and "The Old Folks at Home." There were two piano solos: Frank Taplin played Beethoven's "Minuet in G," and Justin Sholes played MacDowell's "To the Sea." The Glee Club and Orchestra together sang "Katharina" and "Yearning."

The members of the Glee Club are:

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Reginald Baker      | Jack Howard        |
| Douglas Baker       | Edward Maeder      |
| Charles Bolton      | Gordon Morrill     |
| Stevenson Burke     | Herbert Rogers     |
| Courtney Burton     | Benedict Schneider |
| Stephens Chamberlin | Justin Sholes      |
| Clarence Collens    | Edgar Taylor       |
| Morris Everett      | Graham Webster     |
| Andrew Ford         | David Weir         |

The members of the Orchestra are:

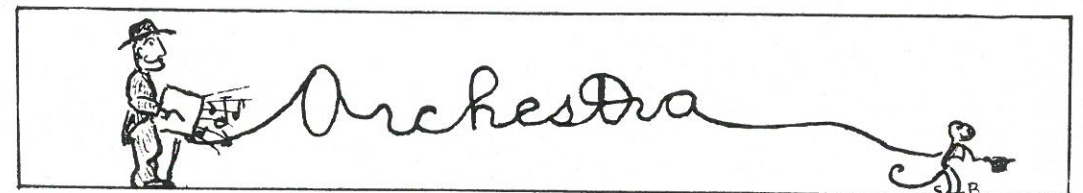
|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Dudley Blossom   | Morris Everett     |
| Charles Bolton   | Andrew Ford        |
| Morris Bradley   | Edward Maeder      |
| Clarence Collens | Benedict Schneider |
| Joseph Eaton     | Edgar Taylor       |
| Homer Everett    | William Weir       |

Frederick White

The Choir was organized before Christmas to sing special carols in the Christmas play. At the winter vacation the Choir was continued. On Tuesday and Wednesday mornings the members practice with Miss Liebe in one of the music rooms and on Friday mornings they sing during the Chapel Service.

The members of the Choir are:

|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Lewis Baldwin    | John Harshaw       |
| Kenyon Bolton    | James Hoyt         |
| Fayette Brown    | Emory Hukill       |
| Lee Calfee       | Franklin Judson    |
| John Calfee      | William Osborne    |
| Jonathan Collens | Herbert Rogers     |
| Adrian Foose     | Benedict Schneider |
| Jonathan Ford    | Frank Taplin       |
| Windsor Ford     | Frederick White    |



## DRAMATIC REVIEW

**D**URING the school session of 1924-25 three important plays were given. The first was the Christmas play given on the day before Christmas vacation. The second was the Lincoln play, given on Lincoln's birthday. The third was a play given by the members of the sixth grade.

A large audience filled our auditorium when the boys from the third to eighth grades acted the Christmas play, "The Holy Night." The plot had to do with occurrences that happened in Bethlehem the night our Savior was born. In the first act, showing the interior of an inn at Bethlehem, we saw the soldiers, townspeople, shepherds and wise men passing by the door in the street. The second act took place at the entrance of the stable where Jesus lay, showing the entire "population" of Bethlehem kneeling about the place.

Stephens Chamberlin was stage manager. The scenery for the play was designed and executed by Stephens Chamberlin, Graham Webster, David and William Weir. The lighting effects were by Edward Maeder and Charles Bolton. The costumes were in charge of Stevenson Burke and Justin Sholes. The programs have been printed by William Weir.

The cast follows:

|                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| Abel .....     | Richard Inglis  |
| David .....    | Lewis Baldwin   |
| Aaron .....    | James Ireland   |
| Andrew .....   | Herbert Rogers  |
| Phillip .....  | Frederick White |
| Melchior ..... | Kenyon Bolton   |

|                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Caspar .....         | John Calfee         |
| Balthasar .....      | Fayette Brown       |
| Abraham .....        | Windsor Ford        |
| Joab .....           | Benjamin Taplin     |
| Benjamin .....       | George Merryweather |
| Joshua .....         | John Harshaw        |
| First Soldier .....  | John Whittemore     |
| Second Soldier ..... | Guthrie Bicknell    |
| Third Soldier .....  | Benedict Schneider  |
| First Angel .....    | John Perkins        |
| Second Angel .....   | Willard Brown       |

Shepherds and townspeople were the boys in the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh grades.

On Lincoln's Birthday a short play was given in the auditorium. The aim of the play was to portray Abraham Lincoln's character. There were three scenes picturing Lincoln in his boyhood, his youth, and in his manhood. The play was produced under the direction of Mr. Bolton. William Weir, Edward Maeder, and Charles Bolton staged it.

The cast follows:

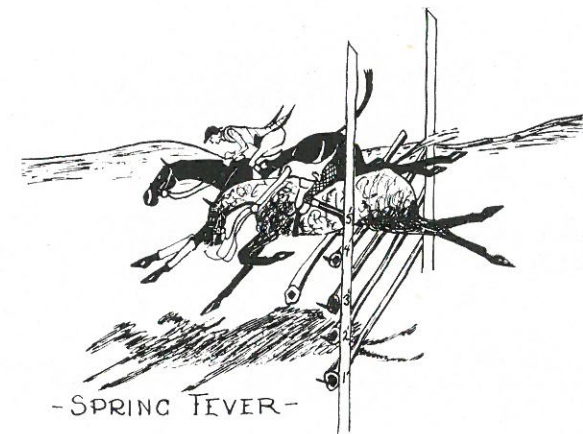
|                          |                  |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| Lincoln, the boy.....    | Clarence Collens |
| Lincoln, the youth ..... | Reginald Baker   |
| Lincoln, the man .....   | Graham Webster   |
| The Boy, A. D. ....      | Price McKinney   |

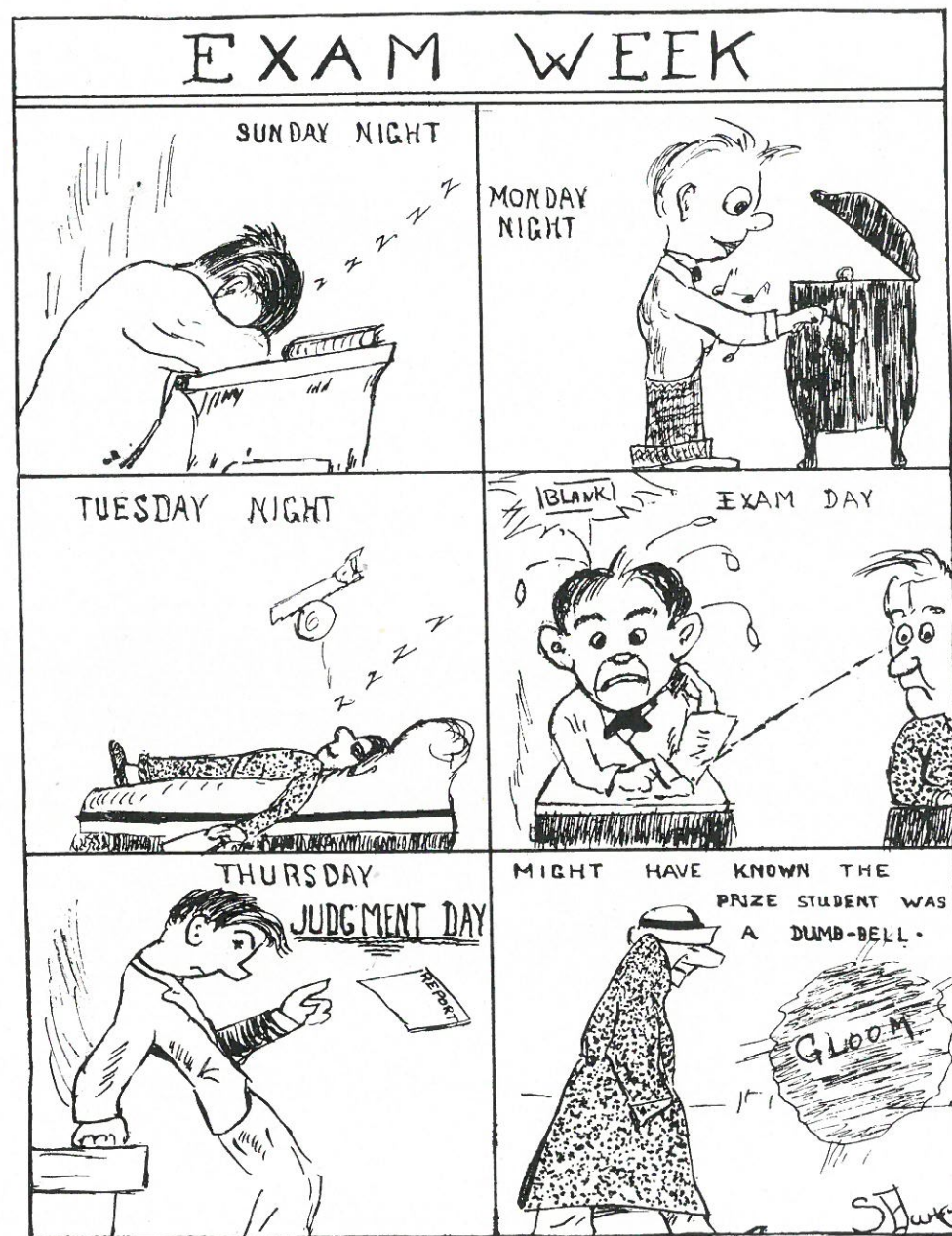
The play, given by the sixth grade under the direction of Mr. Thayer Horton, was an episode in the adventure of Robin Hood. In the first act Robin took a few hundred pounds from the Bishop of Hereford and gave the

money to Sir Roland of the Lea, so that the good knight could pay his debts to the prior of Emmet. The second act showed how Sir Roland, a year and a day later, repaid Robin eight times over. Later in the act, King Richard, disguised as a monk, came to the forest and at length, his identity having been revealed, Robin determined to leave Sherwood Forest as the Earl of Huntington.

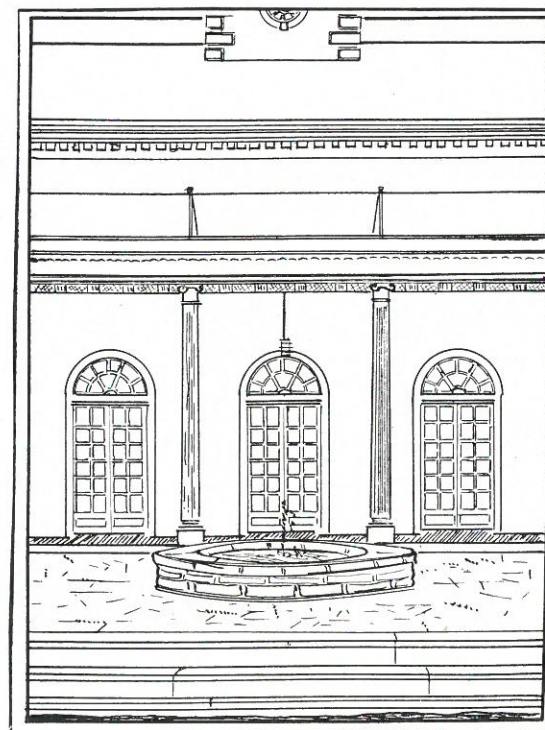
The cast follows:

|                         |                 |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| Robin Hood .....        | John Calfee     |
| Little John .....       | Alexander Brown |
| Sir Roland .....        | Fayette Brown   |
| Friar Tuck .....        | Adrian Foose    |
| Will Stutely .....      | Charles Hickox  |
| Will Scarlet .....      | Calvin Judson   |
| Bishop of Hereford..... | Harry Royal     |
| King Richard .....      | Benjamin Taplin |





## COURTYARD CHATTER



THE HAWKEN CLUB

On the evening of Monday, December 24, 1924, an event momentous in the history of the School took place in the East Room of Wade Park Manor. Here were assembled most of the graduates of the Upper and Lower Schools, boys who had left Hawken for college or for the eastern preparatory schools. Four of the Masters who were with the school in its early days, Mr. Carney, Mr. Smeed, Mr. Motto and Mr. MacMahon were also present.

The banquet itself was all that a banquet should be, and a description of it need not detain us here. At its conclusion that contented look which is always seen at the close of such a repast came into the eyes of all. But alas! not for long. From his seat at the head of the table rose Mr. Carney and after a few hearty words of welcome to the assembled 'Alumni' he stated that he thought it would be well if some sort of organization or society were effected that would serve to keep the alumni of the school banded together.

Still the satisfied look reposed on the well-fed countenances about the festive board. Then the

bomb-shell exploded. Mr. Carney would like to hear the guests of the evening express themselves on this matter of an alumni society, and announced that he would call on the boys individually to give voice to the thoughts that were in them. Gone was all placidity, and come were the worried looks of minds groping for opening words. The first speakers found it rather hard sledding, and thoughts were few; but the later ones seemed to get inspiration and pleasure from the struggles of the former.

George Urban, now at Ohio Wesleyan and a graduate of Hawken last year, was the first to speak. George's talk was tinged with the atmosphere of college, and was listened to with great interest. After him in quick succession came the other speakers, every effort being applauded to the limit by the remaining victims. Then our old friend, John Phillips, arose and suggested that balloting for the name and officers of the club be begun. The name "Hawken Club" was unanimously adopted, as a temporary designation. The election of officers then followed, Alvah Drake being elected President, William Prescott, Vice-president and Thomas Grandin, Secretary.

It was voted that the club should meet at least once a year, preferably during the Christmas vacation.

Those present at the banquet were: Alvah Drake, William Prescott, Charles Perkins, Roger Perkins, Robert Cleveland, Frederick Whiting, George Urban, Edward Maeder, Reginald Baker, Ernest Lenihan, Norman Ingersoll, Jack Brayton, Thomas Grandin, Robert Grandin, John Phillips, Jack Kreps, Thomas Corlett, Edward Corlett, James Brooks, John Teagle, Stephens Chamberlin and Junior Cole.

### COMMUNITY FUND CAMPAIGN

This year more money was given to the Community Fund through Hawken School than in any preceding year. The total amounted to five hundred and fifteen dollars. Twenty-three dollars were collected at the little school, and two hundred and twenty-four dollars were donated by the masters. All the rest was given by the boys in the country school. The campaign lasted from November seventeenth to November twenty-fifth. Mr. MacMahon made a campaign speech on the Thursday preceding the opening. Then a committee was appointed. Graham Webster was appointed chairman. The others on the committee were: Edgar Taylor, Joseph Nutt, Richard Inglis and Fayette Brown. These boys collected the money from the different grades. Last year only four hundred and eighty-three dollars were collected.



THE REDS AND GRAYS

Two years ago the faculty divided the school into two divisions, the Reds and Grays, named after the two colors of the school. It was not a permanent organization. Last year the school was again divided by the faculty, in the same manner as the preceding year. This time the aim was two permanent organizations, the members of each retaining their membership, while in school and through life.

This year, when school opened, there were many new boys, but some of last year's boys were gone. The numbers of the Reds and Grays were uneven and some method had to be worked out to let the new boys go to the society of their choice and still keep the sides even.

The method finally decided upon was rather complicated, but it insured the most general satisfaction. Each boy named the society of his choice. The Reds and Grays each made out a list of the new boys in the order of their desirability. The faculty made out a list, and placed the boys into the two societies. The final division of the new boys follows:

| REDS                 | GRAYS           |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| John Rea             | George Bauman   |
| Andrew Ford          | John T. Howard  |
| Edward French        | William Bauman  |
| George Merryweather  | Windsor Ford    |
| Franklyn Judson      | David Sanderson |
| William Calfee       | Oliver Bolton   |
| James Hoyt           | Franklin Bowler |
| Gilbert Humphrey     | Edward Brown    |
| Phillip Morse        | Edward Lenihan  |
| Claude Peck          | Hubbard Little  |
| Edward Peck          | Mason Williams  |
| Sanderson Schauffler | Robert Bishop   |
| Lee Calfee           |                 |

Soon after this assignment was made, elections were held by both societies. The result of the Red elections were: President, Charles Bolton; secretary, Walter Lillie; treasurer, Reginald Baker. The Grays elected Edward Maeder, president; Stevenson Burke, secretary, and Joseph Nutt, treasurer.

The method of deciding which of the two societies is the winner for the year is to add the total number of points gained by each society during the year. The group having the greater number of points to its credit is victorious.

There are two main ways in which points may be gained—scholastic attainment and participation in athletics. Points are also given for participation in extra-curricular activities, like the glee club, orchestra, choir, cartoon club and dramatics.

In academics, awards are gained in the following manner: two points are given for an A, one for a B, none for a C; one point is subtracted for a D, and two for an E.

Sheets containing the grades come out every week. At the end of a month the total number of points gained or lost by each pupil is divided by four. The resulting figure determines the point award in academics for that month.

Up to date the Grays are considerably in the lead, having obtained a total of 2224 points, while the Reds have a total of 2170 points. Thus at the time of our going to press the Grays have a lead of fifty-four points.

For each month the number of points won are as follows:

|               | REDS | GRAYS |
|---------------|------|-------|
| October.....  | 304  | 305   |
| November..... | 273  | 316   |
| December..... | 301  | 316   |
| January.....  | 287  | 307   |
| February..... | 234  | 254   |
| March.....    | 280  | 301   |
| April.....    | 477  | 425   |

Last year the Reds were victorious and received the cup. They won by twenty-eight points. Their name was inscribed on the cup and this year it was in their possession.

LECTURE ON SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

On December 3, 1924, Mr. Prichard of the Museum of Natural History gave a lecture on the South Sea Islands.

Mr. Prichard first explained to us how these numerous small islands have been formed. It was, he told us, the work of centuries to form one of these islands.

Mr. Prichard, having visited and lived many years in these South Sea Islands, was able to relate several amusing and curious incidents which happened to him, and also many of the peculiar customs of the South Sea Islanders.

MR. ARTER'S LECTURE

On April 2, 1925, Mr. Charles K. Arter, Charles Arter's father, gave the boys of the school a most interesting lecture on astronomy. His subject was a discussion of the sun; the moon; the stars, planets, constellations, and eclipse. This discussion was accompanied by very remarkable pictures of the heavenly bodies.

In the talk on the sun Mr. Arter explained sun spots and the gaseous flames which shoot out from our source of light. He gave us the dimensions of the sun and showed us how extremely small we are in comparison with it. Mr. Arter's lecture was one of the most interesting we have ever had at the school.

AWARDS OF 1924

Since the Annual of last year was published some time before Commencement, it did not, of course, contain the scholastic and athletic awards made at that time. To write about them now, with the 1925 commencement awards so near at hand seems something of a retelling of ancient history. However, it may serve to remind us that commencement day means a summing up, and a recognition of good work done in the class-room, on the athletic field and in the wider realm of school citizenship.

Our memory goes back to that closing day of last year; a beautiful June morning, the stage in the Chapel brightly banked with flowers and evergreens, people busy everywhere putting the finishing touches to the decorations, and getting the cups, prizes and diplomas in order for distribution. Everything was ready by nine-fifteen, and even before that time the auditorium was well filled with parents and visitors.

After a short opening program Mr. Hawken awarded the diplomas and medals. The football letters were distributed by George Urban, the basketball letters by John Bauman and the baseball letters by David Weir. After the distribution of trophies all the classes moved one row ahead, each class into the row that it would occupy the coming year. Next came an address to the seniors by Mr. Hawken, followed by a farewell address to the school by the Head Boy, Sherman Hayden. When he had finished, the seniors got up and filed out of the room. This going out marked the climax of the exercises, and after a hymn, a psalm and a benediction, announcement was made of the field day exercises to be held in the afternoon. The singing of the school song, composed by Patterson Bole completed the exercises.

The following were the 1924 awards:

Perfect Attendance: David Weir and Benedict Schneider.

Scholarship, Upper School: Price McKinney.

Scholarship, Lower School: Benedict Schneider.

Athletics, Upper School: David Weir.

Athletics, Lower School: Fayette Brown.

Scholar-Athlete: Richard Inglis and Price McKinney.

Greatest Improvement during Year: Charles B. Bolton.

Red and Gray Trophy: Awarded to the Reds.

First Academic Honors, Grade Nine: Stevenson Burke.

First Academic Honors, Grade Eight: Price McKinney.

First Academic Honors, Grade Seven: Richard Inglis.

First Academic Honors, Grade Six: Benedict Schneider.

First Academic Honors, Grade Five: John Calfee and Fayette Brown.

First Academic Honors, Grade Four: Henry Harvey and Hermon Peck.

First Academic Honors, Grade Three: Frank Taplin.

Second Academic Honors, Upper School: Richard Inglis.

Second Academic Honors, Lower School: Fayette Brown.

Highest Point Winner: David Weir.

Head Boy of the School: Sherman Hayden.

THE REVIEW

Only one issue of *The Review* was put out this year. It came out on the day before the Christmas vacation. The publication carried an account of the events of school between September and the Christmas vacation. It was published under direction of an editorial committee of which Stephens Chamberlin was the chairman. The other members of the committee were Edward Maeder, Edgar Taylor, Justin Sholes, Joseph Nutt and Stevenson Burke. Another issue of the *Review* was postponed to make way for the publication of the Red and Gray Book.

THE CARTOON CLUB

The Cartoon Club is not a new organization in the School. In other years it was under the direction of Mr. Smeed, and its work was not directly connected with the publication of the Red and Gray Book. This year the club has met with Mr. Leishman Tuesday afternoons. Early in the year the club decided to develop during its meetings cartoons and drawings for the annual publication of the School. So far we have developed no Bud Fishers, Sid Smiths or Don Wootons, but we have made a beginning, leaving plenty of room for improvement another year.

TALKS ON ROBERT BURNS

On May 30, 1924, Mr. John F. Webster, Graham's father, gave us a talk on the poet Robert Burns. He told us about Burns' life, and recited and read several of Burns' poems, chief among which was "Tam o' Shanter." As a preface to the lecture, the choir sang "Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace Bled." Later on, Kenyon Bolton and Benedict Schneider sang, "John Anderson, My Jo," accompanied by Frederick White on the flute and Miss Liebe on the organ. Mr. Webster was applauded loudly, for we all enjoyed his lecture a great deal.

THE STREET CAR AND THE BUSES

On March Twentieth the special car on the inter-urban line took us home for the last time. It had been taking us to and from school since April nineteenth, nineteen hundred twenty-two. The rail service into the city has been discontinued, and the cars have been replaced by buses. The school hired buses to replace the special car. The buses are more convenient because they come right to the front door of the school and thus eliminate the long walks from the car line to the school. They are especially serviceable in inclement weather.

The interurban car took us in by the way of Mayfield and Euclid Boulevards. This necessitated a long walk for the boys who live along Fairmount Boulevard. Now two routes have been established. One bus follows the same route which the car took, and the other goes by way of Cedar Road and Fairmount Boulevard. The buses brought the boys out for the first time on March thirtieth just after the Easter vacation.

DR. PERKINS LECTURE

On March 3, 1925, Dr. Roger G. Perkins, Maurice and John's father, gave us a lecture on a trip which he took through Europe with his oldest son, Charles, who used to go to Hawken School in its Ansel Road days. Dr. Perkins and Charles went all over England, France, Spain, Italy, the Balkan States, and Northern Africa. The lecture was accompanied by many interesting slides.

MR. SILLEM'S RECITAL

On November 10, 1924, Mr. Henrik Sillem, who came out here through the kindness of Mr. Henry Sheffield, gave us a recital of some of his songs. Mr. Sillem is a Dutchman, who has come over to this country to study. He sang his songs in three different languages. Among his selections was "Il Neige," a French song which Mr. Phelan taught the lower school last year. Miss Jones accompanied him on the piano.

MR. HOWARD'S LECTURE

On March 19, 1925, Mr. Rossiter Howard, John Howard's father, who is in charge of the educational department of the Cleveland Museum of Art, spoke here on architecture. The talk was mainly on the proportion of parts, and the blending of objects to their surroundings. He gave us as illustrations, pillars in the auditorium and court, and chairs in the auditorium. He also illustrated the three types of Greek architecture by drawings on a blackboard set up on the stage.

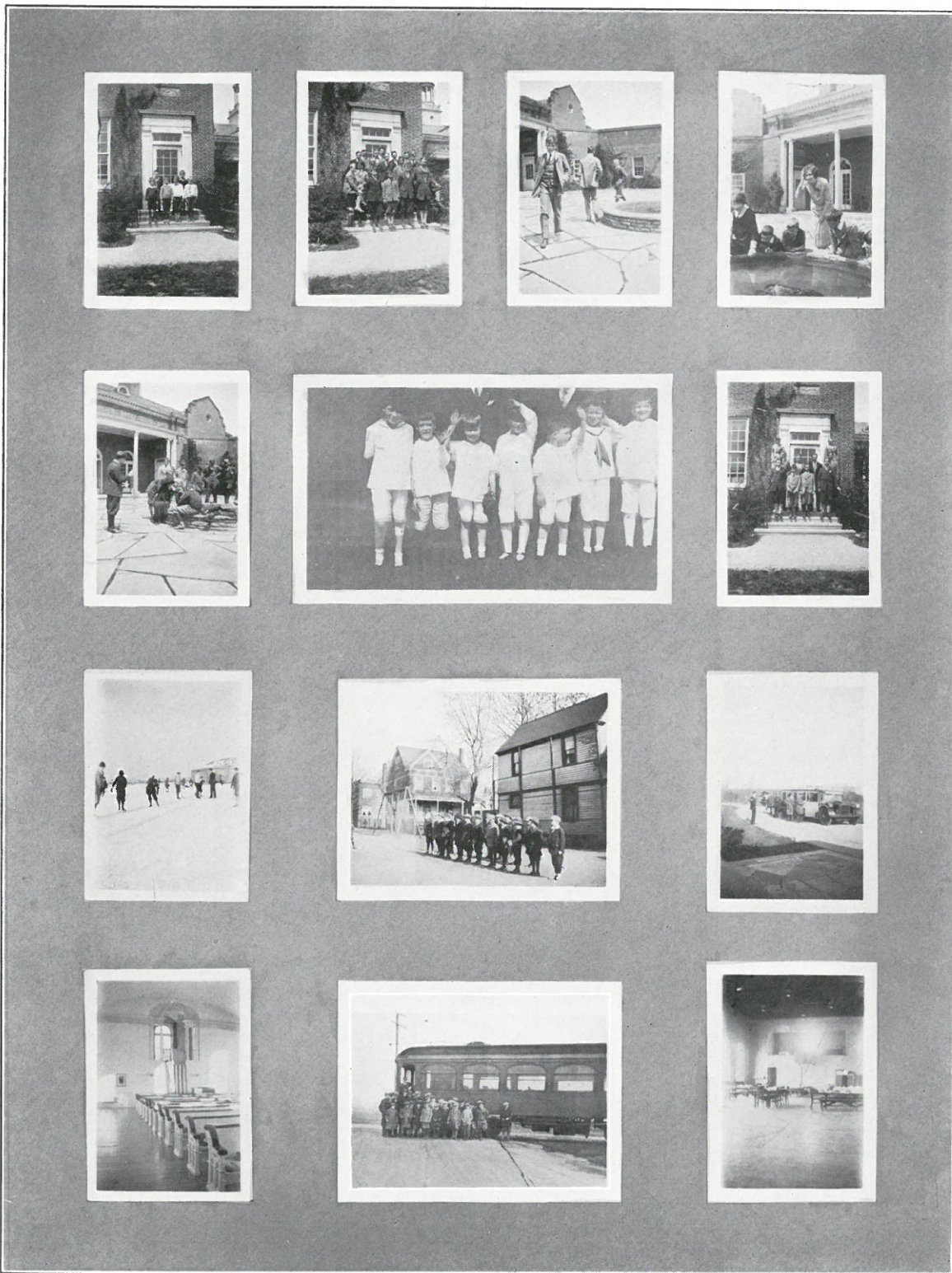
THE FOUNTAIN

In the Autumn of 1924, Sherman Hayden gave a fountain to the school. It is in the center of the court and made out of rough rock and lined with concrete. It is ten feet in diameter, has five spigots and makes a fine place for fish and turtles brought from the woods and stores. A fountain was in the architect's plan for the school so in this way it was a completion of the original plans.

It has turned out to be a great gathering place and at most times during the day, a group of boys and teachers can be found near it.

THE LINE-UP IN THE GYMNASIUM

A week or two before Christmas we started to have a line-up of the whole school at two-forty o'clock in the gymnasium. The purpose of this line-up is to give all the announcements concerning the afternoon activities. A few minutes before two-forty a bell is rung which is a signal for cleaning the blackboards, shutting the windows, and packing up school books. Three minutes later another bell is rung and all the boys go into the gymnasium. This plan has been found to be very successful and probably will be continued in the future. It does away with much confusion and provides a definite way for giving all necessary announcements.



Enrollment for the Year 1924 - 1925

Charles Arter  
 Douglas Baker  
 Reginald Baker  
 Lewis Baldwin  
 Flamen Ball  
 George Bauman  
 William Bauman  
 Robert Beatty  
 Guthrie Bicknell  
 Robert Bishop  
 Dudley Blossom  
 Charles Bolton  
 Kenyon Bolton  
 Oliver Bolton  
 Franklin Bowler  
 Morris Bradley  
 Harvey Brooks  
 Alexander Brown  
 Edward Brown  
 Fayette Brown  
 Willard Brown  
 Stevenson Burke  
 Courtney Burton  
 John Calfee  
 Lee Calfee  
 William Calfee  
 John Cashman  
 Stephens Chamberlin  
 William Chamberlin  
 Harold Cole  
 Clarence Collens  
 Grangor Collens  
 Jonathan Collens  
 Willard Crawford  
 Cyrus Eaton  
 Joseph Eaton

Homer Everett  
 Morris Everett  
 Andrew Ford  
 Jonathan Ford  
 Windsor Ford  
 Adrian Foose  
 Edward French  
 John Harshaw  
 Henry Harvey  
 Charles Hickox  
 Peter Hitchcock  
 Morley Hitchcock  
 Richard Hooker  
 Allan House  
 James Hoyt  
 Emory Hukill  
 John Howard  
 Gilbert Humphrey  
 Richard Inglis  
 James Ireland  
 Calvin Judson  
 Franklyn Judson  
 Winchell Keller  
 Edward Lenihan  
 Walter Lillie  
 Hubbard Little  
 Edward Maeder  
 Price McKinney  
 Rigan McKinney  
 George Merryweather  
 Hubert Merryweather  
 Dixon Morgan  
 Gordon Morrill  
 Phillip Morse  
 John Nash  
 William Nash

Raymond Norweb  
 David Nutt  
 Joseph Nutt  
 Henry Osborn  
 William Osborne  
 Edward Peck  
 Claude Peck  
 Hermon Peck  
 John Perkins  
 Maurice Perkins  
 John Rea  
 Herbert Rogers  
 Harry Royal  
 David Sanderson  
 Sanderson Schauffler  
 Asa Shiverick  
 Benedict Schneider  
 Everett Sholes  
 Justin Sholes  
 George Stanley  
 Benjamin Taplin  
 Farrand Taplin  
 Frank Taplin  
 Edgar Taylor  
 Malcolm Vilas  
 Graham Webster  
 David Weir  
 James Weir  
 William Weir  
 Frederick White  
 Windsor White  
 John Whittemore  
 Peter Wick  
 Henry Williams  
 Mason Williams  
 John Worthington

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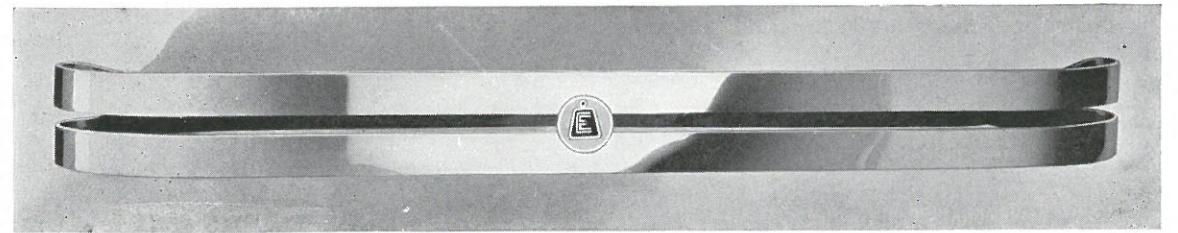
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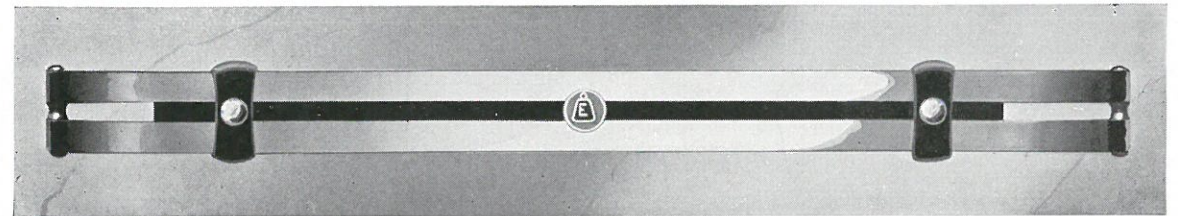
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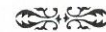
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