# CARDINAL NOTES—1946

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Robert Metzger

Paul Beavers
Evelyn Barber
Donald Rice
Betty Tekanic
Richard Bosley

Beverly Damlos
Jeanne Toncre
Robert Keys
Patsy Paul
CARDINAL NOTES

MENTOR HIGH SCHOOL...MENTOR, OHIO
ALMA MATER

Keep the banners waving o'er us
Floating toward the sky,
We've a team that's fighting for us
Cheer for Mentor High.
Alma Mater, Alma Mater
When from thee we part,
We shall keep thy memories ever
Woven in our heart.

1946
TO THOSE

When we have built
When we have fed
Housed the
Given common man his
And to
Then the wounds more deep
The wounds and scars on hearts
Then can we look at those
"Here is what
Here is the reason you gave your
Here is a world reborn
TION

WHO SERVED

a peaceful world,
the starving,
homeless,
dignity to cherish
guard;
then steel can go,
and brains will heal.
who served and say:
you fought for.
hopes, your dreams, your lives.
and whole again.”
THE RODENTS' ROAD

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SENIORS IN THE SERVICE

Leo Hodapp
Donald Beckman
Joseph Torok
John Matty
Vincent Szalai
John Juhasz
Henry Nichols
THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

These impressive gentlemen are the high keepers of the funds. To them is entrusted the task of distributing the taxpayers' money where it is needed in M. H. S.

The Board of Education is elected by the townspeople to represent them and assure that the high school is run according to their wishes.

So your parents are really the guiding factor in the school through the six members of this board.

SUPERINTENDENT

This year, the year of your graduation, will be recorded in history as the year of our nation's emerging victoriously from the greatest war of all time, World War II.

You will complete your high school careers, not faced with the possibility of entering active military conflict for your country as graduates for the past three years, but rather to face the difficult task of winning the peace following such a conflict.

Responsibilities as well as opportunities will exact and demand the best you can give. We have confidence that you will use every resource in ability and training to meet this new challenge.

May we extend to you our best wishes for your greatest success and happiness in life.

Dr. Dale R. Rice

Now on to Mr. Hostetler. "Excuse my dust if you will, sir."
No matter how busy Mr. Hostetler is, he always has time for a smile and a "hello."
His many activities include officiating at football and basketball games and track
meets, singing in the Methodist choir, and membership in the P. T. A., the Dad's Club,
and other local organizations.

Since his "pet peeve" is a littered school building, he removes all paper in his path.
As a boy he wanted to be a great surgeon, but Mentor can be grateful that he
changed his mind and became our principal.

"THE BEST LAID SCHEMES..."

Office Staff—To these girls belongs the task of taking care of the business end
of the school. They take dictation, keep track of funds, type letters, sell supplies
and keep track of Mr. Rice, Mr. Hostetler and Ray Dawson; a stupendous task
ably accomplished.

Robert Keys
Catherine Kessler
Mrs. Betty Gerhardt
Mr. Ellis Hostetler
Mrs. Nadine Ferry
Miss Lillian Otto

Oh dear! They're busy with other stuff
The job they have is really tough!
“Now remember you have to be quiet in here,” says Squeakie as we squeeze under the door of the library. “There is where the literary students gather, including our Schohlarship Club Members with their hard-won cards.”

“Yes?” we say, as a spit wad sails across the room followed by a gale of laughter.

“Let’s have it quiet please,” begs Miss Brown, trying to hide the twinkle in her eye.

“Maybe we ought to leave before we disturb someone,” we say.

“All right,” counters Squeakie, “I just thought maybe you’d like to see the trophies. By the way, “Como esta Ud?”

“Huh?”

“Come on up to the Spanish room and I’ll show you what I mean.”

As we cautiously enter we hear Miss Ong say, “Sirvase leer.” Wide-mouthed we listen to the poor students struggle through a story about “un burro” and some “flores.”

“Mrs Blakeslee used to do this,” whispers Squeakie, but her favorite personality was Theodore (she didn’t mean Roosevelt) so she went to Washington to join him (former secret ambition).

“But Squeakie,” we persisted, “doesn’t Miss Ong speak any English?”

“But Natch” says Squeakie. “She even teaches it. She knows Latin, French, Portuguese, German, and some Russian.”

“Gee,” we breathe reverently, “a linguist.”

“She collects jewelry, too,” adds Squeakie as we scuttle down the hall toward the Latin room.

There we encounter Miss Craig and the sophs pouring over Caesar.

“But, Miss Craig,” sighs one love-stricken cherub, “all I can remember is ‘amo’.”

“Funny,” we whisper, “‘agricola’ was always our strong point.”

“Oh, Miss Craig teaches ‘em more than that,” spouts Squeakie. “And besides that, she runs a private bus system to Painesville — 4:00 special.

“Well, on to the English department.”
"Whan that Aprille with hes shoure soote
The droght of Marche hath perced to the roote."
"Squeakie did you say English class?"
"Sure. These are Miss Adkins' juniors learning
Chaucer in the original."
"Well—er—what's the point?"
"That's what they're wondering right now. Miss
Adkins teaches the speech class too. She's quite interested
in dramatics and would like to be an actress."

"Squeakie, how do you know all these things?"
"Oh," says Squeakie smugly, "I have my ways. Let's go over to Miss
Hanway's class and see what they're doing."

We willingly agree, being thoroughly confused by Ye Olde Englishe bye
nowe. As we wander in we hear,
"Is this the dagger which I see before me
The handle toward my hand?
Come, let me clutch thee!"
"Squeakie! There's going to be a murder! Do something!"
"Now don't get panic stricken. It's only a passage from Macbeth."
We relax.

"Remember cherubs, your Shakespeare notebooks are due Monday," Miss
Hanway remarks as the bell rings and we watch the happy little faces fall.
"Who are these sedate looking people?"
"The seniors. They have progressed to world lit."
"Ah, now we're getting somewhere."
"Also term papers."
"Oh, maybe it's better to be a junior after all," we say reconsidering.
"In between term papers, they've studied Oriental Literature, French,
German, Scandinavian, American, and—Oh—lots of other stuff."
"That must be interesting, but doesn't anyone ever learn any grammar?"
"Just come with me and I'll answer that question." Squeakie struts out
the door and we meekly follow him to Miss Garwood's junior high English Class.
"Miss Garwood is a Latin-American fan and loves to travel in the summer."
"But in her spare time she teaches English?"
"No, no, you have the wrong idea entirely. The kids here learn their
English thoroughly, and I mean it."
As we enter what we presume to be a history class, we pause in astonishment at the words of wisdom flowing from the pupils' mouths.

"They go from Columbus clear to Truman," says Squeakie.

"How wonderful," we enthuse. "We never got past the Civil War."

"We start in surprise as Miss Tobin says, "Speaking of the Civil War, (and we thought we were being so quiet too) how do you spell APPOMATOX?"

"Poor kids," sighs Squeakie. "This class has more trouble with spelling than they do with dates."

"We can imagine," we say, admiring a sweet young thing in the third row.

"I think I'd better take you back to the junior high," says Squeakie knowingly.

"Why are all the girls paying such good attention in this class?" we ask as we peep in fleetingly at Mr. Higham.

"Guess," is Squeakie's answer.

"Here's Miss Cheney's class."

"Good old fundamental history," we say appreciatively. "That's important whatever you do."

fourteen
Our ears are suddenly blasted by the sound of a shrill whistle. "Someone escape?" we ask.

"I think that was Mr. Barnes showing the physics class his steam engine," answers Squeakie.

"He teaches Biology, too, but there's nothing he likes better than a good old steam engine." "Then cutting up worms is not his real love." "Not especially." The budding biologists go on hikes and collect leaves and all sorts of interesting things, that is if you like that sort of thing??

"Well, now that's settled, let's go on with the gym."

"Oh, look Squeakie, a boxing match!"

"That's right. And that's Mr. Mefort showing 'em how. He told me once his childhood ambition was to grow up. Oh well, one can't have everything."

Suddenly the bell rings and we find ourselves surrounded by beaming girls in blue gym suits.

Miss Davis appears to decide who should wear the red tops.

"She's really sports minded," says Squeakie. "Especially hockey and the Barons."

"A woman after our own heart," we murmur.
"Squeakie how come all those a’s and x’s and stuff on the black board? We thought this was a Math class,” we say as we wander casually into a class room.

“It is,” returns Squeakie. “An algebra class.”

We shudder. “Algebra! How well we remember. But who’s the genial gentleman up front?”


“Does he actually like algebra, too?” we ask, suspiciously.

“Natch,” answers Squeakie. “We have other people around here who like it too. Come on.”

“Please, Squeakie,” we beg piteously. “Spare us.”

“But it isn’t so bad,” Squeakie assures us. “After all, if a little person like Miss Giffin can understand it and still have time for music and other stuff, you can at least look around a little.”

“All right,” we sigh resignedly. Our attention is immediately attracted by a strange phenomena. "Squeakie, how come no femmes?"

“I guess they figured that if they got through algebra and geometry they had better quit while they had a chance.

“Here’s Mr. Harper’s junior high class. Maybe you’ll feel more at home here,” Squeakie comforts us.

“Right! Practical stuff, that’s what we need.”

**MATHEMATICS**

C. Garry Andrews  
A.B.  
Ohio Northern University  
sixteen

Nellie Giffin  
B. S. in Ed.  
Muskingum College  
Ohio Northern - Ohio State

Bernard Harper  
B. S. in Ed.  
Muskingum College
"Up F rest! Up J rest! Up F rest! Up—"
"It's too bad, isn't it?" we say sympathetically. "So young, too."

"I don't get it," answers Squeakie bluntly.
"Well they seem to be—ah—
"They're typing."
"But Squeakie, don't you see? They haven't even got the covers off their typewriters! They're just pawing the table."
"They have to learn the principle of the thing first, don't they?"

"Oh." We are slightly deflated at the simplicity of the explanation, but we revive to ask another question.

"But who are those people making mice er—pardon us, pencil marks, so fast?"
"They're second year short hand students. That's Miss Otto dictating. I guess all the practicing she did at the piano helped her with typing. Those are the comptometers over there. They add and subtract and multiply and everything."
"H-m-m. Good course to combine with math."
Squeakie agrees. "Especially if you're taking Mr. Phillips' bookkeeping class. Come on, I'll show you."

As we sneak in under the door mouse-fashion we hear, "A person in that case no longer has any claim on his land whatsoever."

"Bookkeeping?"
"No, I guess this is the period he teaches Commercial Law."
"Ah yes, law. They certainly learn important things around here."
"Squeakie, I wish you'd track down that fellow, Mr. Nordman, who leads the band and orchestra and stuff."

"Well, come on down to the bandroom and I'll see what I can do."

As we enter we are greeted by, "No, no! This band has three dynamics, loud, louder, loudest. I want it soft!"

"Being Finnish and a musician," says Squeakie in a conversational tone, "his favorite person is Sibelius."

"We see how that could happen," we admit. "Say, this piece is beginning to sound pretty good."

"Yes, but we'll have to hurry on to the auditorium if we want to catch Miss Papworth."

"Squeakie! We hear angels!"

"Not quite," says Squeakie. "That's the chorus."

"Well maybe angels wouldn't sing 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes'," we admit.

There's a girl's glee club, too. Sorry to drag you away, but we've got to get over to the art room."

"Is that where they make the posters?"

"Right. But that's not all they do. They do real life drawings, copper work, plastic molding, and they even paint the art room."

"Ah!" we say as we gaze at Miss Rasch. "Art is the course for us."
"Hey, this noise is driving us nuts. Let's get out of here!" we shout as we enter the welding department.

"But I want you to meet Mr. Casey," pleads Squeakie. "He knows all about bees."

"Bees? You mean bees, B's or —"?

"Honey bees of course," says Squeakie impatiently.

After the introduction, we wander over and meet his co-star, Mr. Willard Barnes.

"He teaches wood-work and helps on mechanical drawing," says Squeakie. "And now if you think you can restrain yourselves," says Squeakie reprovingly, "I'll take you back to the Home Ec. room."

"Good," we drool. "And this time no stampede of students is going to stop us!"

As we enter the culinary domain Squeakie informs us, "That's Miss Phillips. She lives in Willoughby." We bridle. "She helps teach the girls how to cook and sew and keep their husbands happy."

"Over here," Squeakie explains, "is Mrs. Buhler. She's always awfully busy teaching, arranging banquets and planning menus."

"We have agreed unanimously, the homey type for us."

Ruth Phillips
B.S.
Baldwin-Wallace College

Oren Casey
B.S.
Kent State University

Mrs. Beryl Buhler
B.S., M.S.
Ohio State

Willard Barnes
B.S.
Bowling Green State University
MICE ABROAD
CLASSES
"I managed to peep out of my mousehole long enough this year to watch those seniors on their last lap.

Frankie proved to be as good with a gavel as he is with the boogie. (How do you think I got that kink in my tail?)

"Doc" Parsons took time enough from his chemistry to be vice president and Millicent Trask (Boing) and Mary Jane Brabenc (tilt) were right in there as secretary and treasurer to make sure all that tremendous amount of money from Christmas cards and stationery was not mislaid.

And remember that homecoming queen, Marge Trask? Squeak! (Words fail me.)

What a job it was to get that new camera away from "Flashgun" Beavers long enough to present it to the school!

I tried to get on stage for the first act of, "You Can't Take It With You" but I got stuck in some grease paint. I could hear the audience howling though.

And the prom! Last dance and best.

I wish they'd served cheese at that senior breakfast, but a guy (pardon me, mouse) can't have everything.

I hate to see those kids go, but their faces were so bright and shiny when they got those diplomas at last, that I couldn't honestly say I wish they hadn't gotten them.

Well, so long kids, it's been swell having you around."
RICHARD CUDNEY
His eyes tell things
His lips won't say,
Just give him a chance
He'll get a girl some day.

BEVERLY DAMLOS
Intellect by her
Is aptly displayed,
And a lot of poise
Which has many dismayed.

ARTHUR LAPHAM
When Art plays football
He gives all he's got,
We've all agreed
That that's quite a lot.

PATRICIA MEDLIN
Peppy, pretty, Patry
Prances 'round the school,
Never let it be said of her
That she was ever a drool!

CAROL SHREVE
If this girl's wandering around
And not playing down in band,
Her piccolo's probably sick at home
And not at school on band.

ROBERT KEYS
His pleasing deep voice
Rings through the ball,
He's always around
Right on the ball!

RUTH ANN REYNOLDS
She enrolled in physics class
This headstrong girl named Ruth.
"It's not so hard and you even have fun
If you want to know the truth."

RICHARD PHILLIPS
We always thought we'd lose Dick
Somewhere along the way,
But he managed to stick right with us.
"Please let him graduate," we pray.

FAYE GAFFORD
From Alabama she came to us
And likewise she is known.
Her southern drawl's so soft and sweet,
She's never found alone.
GLORIA ROSTICIL
Gloria in all
Her subjects is proficient.

SALLY WATERMAN
Witty with sayings
And phrases galore.

MARGERY TRASK
The Trask twins have personality,
And in a double potion.
If one presents an idea for fun,
The other seconds the motion.

ROBERT EMSLEY
That hubba-hubba-hubba kid,
As handsome as he is nice,
Cuts as good a figure with all the girls
As he does when he's on the ice.

PAULINA ROSTICIL
While Paulina is cute;
Quiet though efficient.

HARRY WATERMAN
When one twin gives out!
The other has more.

PATRICIA KLEE
Grandma Klee they all call her,
The girls couldn't fathom why;
So they asked a boy who went out with her,
And what he said—Oh My!!!

DOROTHY BRYSON
Very reserved and quiet
She goes around school,
"Always help another,"
Is her golden rule.

THERESA ZARDIN
Theresa's singing
Leaves the rest enthralled.

twenty-four

GIZELLA ZARDIN
While the gift of honesty
In her is installed.
MILICENT WOOD
The señorita Madero
She's called in Spanish class.
She's really going to go somplace
This tall, nice looking lass.

WILLIAM WHITING
This fellow smiles everywhere,
Even in advanced math.
It's trombone tootin' Billy,
Ah! What pretty eyes he hath.

JACK PETERSON
Jack is lazy going,
But please don't think he's slow.
He learns his lines in plays so fast,
He's always in the know.

BETTY PHILLIPS
Small, cute, and
Neat is she.
You probably know
How much fun she can be.

Marilyn spends a lot of her time
Down at the Y. W. C. A.
When it comes to sports or friends
She can win either, any day.

LYLE JOHNSON
Charlie flashes down the floor
He throws at the basket with spirit.
It's an even fifty-fifty chance
If the ball goes in . . . or near it.

MARGERY LOUIS
Every time you turn around
Squeak's busy as can be.
"Hey Squeak, got your English done yet?"
Dumbfounded she says, "Who? Me?"

ROGER LERCH
Roger has a little car,
Gee! It sure can go!
But he lives in mortal
That the tires someday will blow!

DONALD RICE
Business is his business,
And sports and writing too.
He has some very good ideas,
Original and new.

twenty-five
LOIS NORMAN
Lois Norman? Who's that?  
She's the girl over there  
Very quiet and demure.  
She and Chuck used to make a nice pair.

DONALD SEDIVY
Don Service his name should be,  
For all the good work he's done,  
With football managing and raising the flag,  
But he still has time for fun.

GUS MATE
For any sweet girl  
His heart will yearn.  
And what a beautiful crimson  
Our dear Gus can turn.

MARY RICHARDSON
Mary Malinda and sports  
Go together like sugar and spice.  
Being pleasant to everybody  
Is her most serious vice.

MADELINE PADGITT
Bright and fast  
She likes to go,  
Sports and colors  
She loves them so.

DONALD URBAS
With Mr. Casey, Don  
Should be a boom friend.  
On account of all the time  
That he in shop did spend.

WILLIAM WARNER
Bill is firm and he is strong,  
He has a little blonde,  
Her name? Why sure it's Betty  
Of her he's very fond.

VIRGINIA WARNER
Ginny of the violin,  
She's dubbed throughout the school,  
In any job she ever gets,  
Her violin will be her tool.

MYRLE NIEBES
We all envy Myrle her luscious clothes.  
Which she wears with so much style.  
But have you ever seen her in a bathing suit?  
It's much more worth your while!

twenty-six

DONALD SANBORN
Look! It's Pidgeon! No, Gable!  
It's Tyrone! No it's not.  
It's Don—and what a way  
With the women he's got.
RICHARD BOSLEY
Miserly with money
But always good for a laugh;
"In the bathtub Bosley"
He's known to the staff.

SHIRLEY STEPHENSON
Shirley and her cousin
Get along quite well,
They're always together at noon,
Thus everyone can tell.

ROBERT FLETCHER
Bob spends all his time
In his dad's garage;
If you see him with a girl
Look out! It's a mirage!!

JEANNETTE REEDER
Quiet and shy
Is Miss Jeanette Reeder,
But gee—in a swim suit,
You really should see her.

RICHARD BARTON
With science and math
His brain works fast.
He only hopes
His English gets passed!

EVELYN BARBER
A fast game of badminton
She plays with pep.
With studies and typing
She's also adept.

ROBERT METZGER
As editor of the annual
He did a fine job.
"It surely is one certain way
To meet the police," Says Bob.

NORMA LANNING
Vigorous, noisy, Norma
Leads the cheers at games.
To go down south and see Faye,
is one of her biggest aims.

RAYMOND DAWSON
Will Ray ever grow up?
Will he always be a clown?
Just ask Miss Tobin
If you want the low-down.

QUATA EDGERTON
Quata with the raven hair,
is noted for her driving.
For if there is a tree on the way,
She's not so sure of arriving.

Twenty-seven
RUTH BADE
A clear neat writing
She'll write 'though hurried.
Even at exam time
She seldom seems flurried.

THOMAS PAGE
He smiles a while
He sure is the rage.
The girls simply love him,
His name is Tom Page.

NOEL KASTOR
As the cad Doctor Einstein,
Noel made a good villain.
We predict that on Broadway
Someday he'll have a good billin'!

BETTY TEKANIC
Betty who is
Our editor of art,
Slings a jargon
That's spicy and tart.

ELIZABETH LICKLIDER
For facility in writing
She's noted all around.
Sensitivity and thoughtfulness
In all her work abound.

ROBERT MORRIS
Bob's hobby used to be airplanes
Until Pat C. came along
Now his hobby's singing;
"Carry Me Back to Virginia," his song.

RAYMOND MILLER
Ray used to be bashful,
But he isn't anymore.
"Hey, turn on the light!"
. . . Says Ray, "What for?"

JEANNE TONCRE
This blonde senorita
Dreams of Mexico.
While here around school
She's always on the go.

NANCY WALTERS
And that girl there down the hall?
Oh, her—why she's our Nance
Some gal you say and we agree
She's got Lyle in a trance.

GEORGE WAGNER
Back stage strife is George's line
He's also got another.
"Miss Papworth, must I sing today?
I've got to help Miss Rasch . . .
I'd rather."

twenty-eight
JANICE SANTTI
Janice Santti, that's our girl
She's as polite as she can be,
To teachers and students alike she's nice
"There's really no difference," says she.

JAMES SHILLITO
Is that him on the Pepsi-Cola truck?
We can't tell it's so dim.
"You supposed to be driving the truck,
Or sampling the Pepsi, Jim?"

HELEN GORMAN
Bowling provides no challenge to Helen,
She's master of that and more.
In sports or giggles just count on her
To run up a winning score.

EDWARD LORD
We can't say that he is handsome,
But we think he's lots of fun.
Eddie is always at his best,
With either a ball or gun.

LAURA KELTTO
Laura's friendly nature,
And ever ready smile,
Makes having Laura as a friend
Very much worth while.

SIGURD STROMME
Sigurd is a maniac,
But only when he drives.
If comic books be would give up,
He'd save a lot of lives.

CATHERINE KESSLER
Kathy was chosen Miss Mentor High.
We all smile proudly
As she dances by.

PAUL BEAVERS
He takes the camera to bed at night
And through his dreams do pass
Pictures of better excuses to make,
To get out of English class.

PATSY PAUL
She is endowed
With lovely black hair,
And her brilliant smile
It not so rare.

RALPH MILLER
Ralph and his motor scooter
Form an inseparable pair,
But now he seems to have a girl
With whom some time to share.
JUDITH PETRUS
Judy's new 'round Mentor
But she's getting known about town.
On the surface she seems very quiet
But underneath she's quite a clown.

ALYCE HARVEY
With Alyce a laugh
Or a joke is a must.
Her slogan is,
"George or bust."

MELVA HEINTZ
Melva's one of those people
Who're always around to help work.
From a banquet to a cleanup job
Her duty she'll never shirk.

LOIS KAIGHIN
Lois' ring, it surely does dazzle.
Her smile, it sparkles too.
We hope the time will come but soon
When she will say, "I do."

POLLY WYANT
We catch a glimpse of someone.
It's Polly on the fly.
She's on her way to Pville again
Gee, I wonder why!!

BLANCHE ADAMS
Strut and twirl
She does with ease;
And everyone in
The crowd does please.

MARY KARR
"Hello, is Mary home tonight?"
"I'm sorry, no she's not."
"That's right she's at the skating
rink.
As usual, I forgot."

MONA MAE SANDERS
Her eyes are not for anyone;
Just watch her any day.
Some one mentions Navy
"You mean Cliff?" cries Mona Mae.

JOANNE SCHWENDLER
Joanne's looks are smooth and young,
Her smile lights up the school.
She radiates personality,
Shar, shar, drool!

KENNETH LINGOFELT
His subjects are bad,
His driving is worse.
So were these poems,
They were even verse.
MIGHTY MICE

Now I don't see how we can cover all the junior projects in so short a time,” Squeakie muses. “That fine bunch of hard workers has really covered a lot of territory.”

“Are they as good looking as they are hard-working?” we ask craftily.

“Certainly. Why, the boys—young men, I should say—of the junior class have physiques of Greek gods. Chests, profiles, why their hair even curls! And athletic—you should see what those lads do to the seniors in intramural sports! It's sad. Of course, when it comes to toting pepsi-cola cases, or heaving cartons of candy around, they leave that up to the girls.”


“They sell stuff. Juniors always sell things,” Squeakie explains patiently. “They really had a wind-fall when we got the lighted field, too. Sold hot-dogs. Kept 'em warm from the heat of the lights.”

We cough.

“They give the Prom, too, you know,” Squeakie

HEP CATS
Robert McKrill, William Kessler, Jane Klee, Nancy Barron, Barbara Stell, Joan Eckley, Robert Eckley

TELEPHONE TEL-A-MOUSE
James Stephens, Robert Paulosko, William Nunemaker, Eileen Lucas, Betty Ann McKee, Ruth Schwendler

SCARED??
Mervin Mahlo, Robert Barkness, John Daniels, Royce Keller, William Oesterle

GOT 'IM
Joyce Nock, David Jayne, Mary Dunham, Raymond Siegel

thirty-one
continues, unperturbed. "Juniors always like to give their good friends, the seniors, a kind send-off."

"And their play, 'Charlie's Aunt'," he convulses in weak squeaks that we take for laughter. "It's a riot!"

"We can believe it."

"Elaborate, too. *Three* scenery changes!"

"Unheard of! But tell us more. When you're sweet sixteen, that's when you order your class rings, isn't it?"

"Oh, the *rings*!" Squeakie inhales deeply and floats off on his own improvised dream cloud.

"O. K., O. K. So they're good."

"Good? Good! Those rings are so stupendous the seniors almost fell on their faces envying them. They wanted 'em so bad they—well, we certainly have a lot of new couples around lately."

---

**RAT-TLE TRAP**

James Reed, Robert Troxbridge, Richard Libby, Ray Babcock,
Edward Morris

**CREATURES IN THE BLEACHERS**

Alice Taylor, Marion Birdsong, Donald Moore, George
Creamer, Ralph Wouters

---

**NEXT, PLEASE**

Beverly Peterson, Janet Stobbing, Charmaine Bellows, Bar-
bara Crawford, Gertrude Jewell, Shirley Birdsong, Waldo
Jones, Leonard Santti

---

**DEAR MICKEY**

Charlotte Starkweather, Doris Ryder, Wilmore Buhnke, Jean
Hobart, Doris Bade, Peggy Jackson, Flora Stockdale
"Fine!" we say. "Those seniors are always in their plugging."

"We're talking about the eleventh graders," Squeakie carefully reminds us.

"Oh yes. Hmm — juniors and Shakespeare usually go together. Is this the year the little cherubs wet 'exposed'?"

"Natch. And Chaucer."

"You mean old English? The 'Whan that Aprile' stuff?" we say in awe. "Gee, they must be smart!"

"Smart? They're geniuses in disguise. You should see 'em whiz through those chemistry problems. And besides, they're talented. Young Rembrandts and Rachmaninoffs, that's what."

"What seniors they'll make," we sigh.

"They'll go on to bigger and better things. Some of the boys will probably become professional athletes, and some of the girls are outstanding in the commercial department. Yep," Squeakie dances off. "They're leaders, every one."
"No, no, don’t hit me again. I’ll check it, really I will," Squeakie cowes.

"And the tip will be—liberal?" comes raucously back.

"Sure, sure, just release that firm strangle hold you have around my neck, and I’ll give you my coat," Squeakie is insistent. "These mercenary sophomores," he grumbles.

We smirk slightly. We gave in without any struggle. We even passed ‘em a little lettuce. Just because “Bright Eyes” is so tight he squeaks, has no effect on our generous nature.

"Not that we’re interested in the money angle or anything; we just like you to be comfortably sure you’ll still have a coat at the end of the dance," the sophomores smile in modest pride.

"But you do have to pick up a little extra moola somewhere, don’t you?” we ask sweetly. To make up for the loss of letting Service men in free.”

CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT
Fred Odum, Robert Ablatrom, Harold Loomis, David Schneider,
Daniel McKee, Herbert Davidson, Robert Sanni, Richard King

IN MY “TRAP”
Mathias Unger, William Wietzel, Charles Wheeler, John Agard, Richard Maxwell, Donald Rand, Ralph Kirkland,
Howard Norseth

CAT-A-LOGUE
Joan Rayment, Elaine Burkhartt, Peggy Childs, Avis Pinney,
Molly Osborne, Vivianne Buergermeister, Glorianna Stephens,
Joan Meister, Bonnie Sue Rader

RAT BAIT
Norine Crookshanks, Mary Fisher, Ruth Brobst, Barbara Chapman, Shirley Foley, Audrey Gibson
They have the grace to blush, and we swing into the "Sophomore Special."
"What a night, what a dance, what a class!" Squeakie grins. "Look at that moon!"
"That's part of the decorations, creep. Quite original, pretty classy," we approve.
"Ingenuity, that's what they have. Besides struggling through 'Caesar' and geometry, they have time for outside activities."
"Yeah, like what?"
"Oh, like dates and stuff. You know, activity like in Red 'n Lee's Lane."
"You mean sophomores date?"
"Sure, sure. Progressive kids here, boy. Why, the other day I really got a charge.
Wandered into a room and there sat the class of '48 poking little machines saying, 'up, J, down, space. Up J, down, space?'
"Well, we always knew it," we say happily.
"What?" asked Squeakie.
"There's nothing wrong with us, it's the rest of the world that is crazy."
"No, no," Squeakie protests. "What they were doing was perfectly proper."
"O. K., we'll bite. What were they doing?"
"Learning to type, Natch," Squeakie tells, superciliously.
"Oh," we say considerably deflated. Then we brighten. "That's the 'don't-chew-
gum-or-out-you-go class', huh?"
"The very same," Squeakie answers sagely.
"May I have this dance?" It oughta be a hot number," a soph interrupts.

**DISNEY'S DREAM**
Gregory Niznik, David Kennedy, Allen Cryder, Richard Hager, Gilbert Dinger, Robert Dickey, James Hickey, Craig Campbell

**CAT NAP**
Jess Walker, Arthur Mowry, Martin Sandor, Layton Phelps, Lester Suzer, Gladys Merrill, Aileen Smith

**ALLEY CATS**

**THE LAST MILE**
Mary Lou Cobb, Barbara Cathan, Helen Veselko, Delores Brittan, Nancy D'Areo, Donald Wendling, Ronald Barnes, Charles Campbell

*thirty-five*
After a rare time of being thrown around we limp back to the side lines and our mouse.

"What pep! What vigor! What disgusting good humor" we pant in flat, unromantic tones.

"I hate to say, I told you so," Squeakie laughs.

"Anyone who can move that fast oughta sell things."

"Oh they do, they do. Sophomore super salesmen we call 'em around here."

"Run when you see 'em coming, we suppose?"

"It wouldn't do any good. I wouldn't have a chance. I've bought more magazines in my short life."

"Little toughies, huh?" we laugh.

"Oh it's the girls that are tough—tough to beat that is. They really give the seniors a run around."

"You mean they win sometimes?"

"No, but they leave the seniors all gone and done in. Great little team there."

"And do you know what? Those kids can read music, too!"

"No?" we gasp.

"Yep. They're really unusual aren't they? And did you know? They started the ballet shoe fad around here. Pretty cute!"

We are properly humble. After all—ballet shoes are a great contribution to the furthering of civilization and culture.
"Hey! Hey! Pssstt! This way! This way! Yea! Yea! That's right. Now turn to your left; follow that girl in red and it's one door after she turns in."

Squeakie looks up from the trying job of trying to keep the freshmen from getting lost. Seems like if they gave you a map or at least a compass a guy could get around here a little more easily. It's pretty tough when you're a freshman and trying to keep your directions right when you get lost in the hustle bustle, hurry scurry of going to class. Sometimes you bump into some self restrained senior plodding sedately to a physics class (that is if your lucky) but usually it's a harem-scarem under classman that apologizes on an echo of the breeze that left behind him.

Bang!! Crash!! Squeak!! Squeak!!
"Wow," says Squeakie, "I just got hit rounding that corner, Whew! Here we are the gym! Boy-o-boy-o-boy look at those basketballs fly!"

"Our freshmen teams, just getting their sea legs on a real basketball floor, are raising Cain. Phillips' Pantywaists, Ong's Oilers, and Hanway's Hellions are really battling it out. The winners will play the next class. That'll be a tough game all right, but these freshmen have a lot of spirit!! The losers will . . . well, the losers will . . ."

"Hey, Squeakie where are you going now? What's that you say? Have to get out of their way 'cause they have to decorate for the dance. What dance, we say waiting to be struck dead by a bolt of lightning, a finger of death from the sky, for not knowing "What" dance. "Why the Freshmen Dance of course! The biggest thing of their fresh lives. Yep! and guess what else they can do? (Or at least said they could do.) Their decorating committee estimated about one hour for the necessary class getting out of. Fast! Fast! These little freshmen lasses!!"

"Boy! That's an awful argument!"

RASCH'S RODENTS
Nancy Mallett, Laura Wollam, Rose Urbas, Mary Ann Urbas, Eva'yne Ely, Rosemary Manis, Joanne Richardson

LONG TALES
Adeline Avellone, Mary Singleton, Gladys Shomaker, Nancy Barth, Geraldine Fedak, Connie Carter

MOUSE'S EYEVIEW
Margaret Adams, Joy Goss, Donna Endress, Mary Jane Castello, Jacquelyn Courville, Mary Hermick, Virginia Booley

LOOK-OUT
Lawrence Kessler, William Hickey, Richard Warner, Owen Cottrell, Edward Gordon
“What are they doing now? Oh I see now! They’re voting!”

“Hey, Squeakie, can we vote too? We can’t? Aw heck! I’d vote for that one!”

Squeakie now turns his back on us to explain to you that they are voting on the theme for the dance. We can see it’s a struggle to the death. The dispute is among Moldy Minuet, Shamrock Shuffle, or plain Freshmen Flop. At any rate or with any name the dance is sure to be a big hit.

“Ya have to be careful though, going to these freshmen shindigs—liable to sell you something. Yup! Real and true business men in that class. They incorporated the whole deal and called it “Junior Business.” Pretty slick—pretty chicks, too, but we gotta keep our mind on this Junior Business stuff. It seems, well . . .”

“Say, Squeakie, what did you say they did? Oh!!

Squeakie says they sell useful things at games and other activities. Useful?? Well, lucrative at any rate. Horns, programs, whistles and things like that. We really gotta hand it to them for such an original idea. Maybe if the seniors had had one like it they . . . well . . . read on and save your money!!!
8 A

Mr. Harper, Theodore Kurth, James Lors, David Marecak, Glen Snider, Carl Sloan, 
Joel Eddy, Richard Swank, Edwin Campbell, Anthony Ambris

Donald Cox, Lawrence Toppari, Marilyn Schultz, Betty Jane Ryder, Patricia Pratt, 
Ruth Oesterle, Joanne Hess, Lawrence Phillips, John Nelson

8 C

Richard Christenson, John Rinehardt, Ronald Caddick, Robert Novak, George Toth

Robert White, Russell Mowry, Orrin Smith, Scott Farren, Don Dusa, Fred Kroggel, 
Frank Simon, Ralph Schroeder

Zelma Crooks, Carolyn Lay, Very Henderson, Anna Jasper, Vivian Walker, Ann 
Guiselman, Marilyn Poole

8 B

Jerry Smith, Homer Dunham, Forrest Ely, Alden Moore, Robert Peine, Virgil Brittain, 
Thomas Biddell, William Malleth, John Venable, Roland Leikala

Donald Sandor, Richard Speiker, Donald Seyler, Dewey Mitchell, John Carter, 
Richard Hadden, Robert Hickey

Miss Garwood, Patricia Nelson, Kay Welo, Ella Brooks, Carol Glaser, Nancy Pinney, 
Patricia Craig, Jane Jones, Patricia Reichard
7 A

Robert Jansen, John Tucker, Earl Lucas, J. P. Wilson, Margaret Cobb, Frances Ely, Robert Barton, Jack Klyn, Norman White, Miss Phillips

Claude Sprague, Garwood Hawley, Donald Hermick, Jack Lang, Joan Mitchell, Clareta Slaback, June Tkautz, Barbara Behrendt, Donna Cathan, Barbara Marecak

Elaine Ryder, Marie Schuster, Susan Fisher, Beverly Fowles, Doris Brobst, Robin Keller

7 C

Eugene Wheeler, Acile Brooks, Fred Smith, Arthur Smith, James Harris, Richard Vidmar, Ronald Rippin, Tom Houston, Robert Tekantz, Miss Giffin, Robert Creamer, Richard Moodey, Edward Weber, Donald Fletcher, Dean Love

Mary Winfield, Beverly Kruger, Joyce Stuckert, Luana Endress, Bessie Hawley, Catherine Phillips, Phyllis Dolce, Carol Keltto, Geraldine Wachs, Donna McIntyre, Doris Tawney

7 B

Mr. Higham, Ralph Perry, Junior Nomestnick, George Nicholas, Harry Percivale, Thomas Fryan, Thomas Goddard, Thomas Brichford, Allan Briggs

Lillian Jupp, Marilyn Wendling, Geraldine Hodgins, Shirley Hayden

Elizabeth Stephenson, Mary Ellen Korpi, Robin Yost, Barbara Loomis, Norma Arnold, Annette Veselko, Charlene Chapius
A TRIBUTE TO THE
DADS' CLUB

The lights are on at Mentor High. Now instead of just stoutly claiming that our alma mater is the best around, we can prove it, because our lighted field is the best of any in the county, and an even larger area.

For this we will always thank that dynamic organization, the Dads' Club. In the face of wartime priorities, lack of equipment, and labor difficulties, these energetic parents raised the money for the lights, signed contracts, and saw that the lights and bleachers were up in time for the first big home game of the year.

Remember the electric current of excitement that ran through the whole school that day? Everyone was sneaking glances out the windows at the lights and imagining what they'd look like in their full glory.

And behind it all was the determination and purpose of that unique organization, our Dads' Club.
FOOTBALL

One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four; up, down, up, down; sweat, toil, grunt, groan, cuss, dirt, mud, and phrases from "Mef" like: "What do you think this is, a tea party?"; or "Nunamaker, you're still a dumb lineman"; or a better known version of, "Move it, Snell." All this for four weeks or so was just pre-season training to get the boys in shape for the opener at Chardon.

An enthusiastic cheering section went to back Mentor up at the Hilltopper's pasture (which even had goal posts). Working from the single-wing, Flash Daniels broke away for two touchdowns, however, the referees saw an infringement of the rules, and they were both called back. Eventually Willie, on a legal play, powered over. The contest ended: Chardon 0, Mentor 6. (And one battered ankle for Flash, plus one knee left for Bob McKrill.)

The following Friday found Mentor on a long journey to Ashtabula for the first illuminated game. (The ride back was longer). Since we were guests, we had to be polite so we gave them five touchdowns in the first half. We lost our chance when it started to rain.

According to the schedule we were supposed to be in Conneaut the next weekend, so we were, band and all. The line, after learning a few pointers the hard way, from last week's game, showed considerable improvement. Barber, having a tendency to call the right play at the right time, lived up to his reputation, and what could

THREE MOUSE-KETEERS

VARSITY

RESERVE SQUAD

William Nunamaker
Coach Mefort
Gus Mate
FIND THAT HOLE!

Willie do but run across the goal with the ball? Here we have a first league victory. Everyone finally got home that night after touring Pennsylvania!

Now inheriting travelers' guides, the Cardinals flew to Geneva. Revenge was sweet with Smoky Fagan reeling off three times across the Eagle goal. Willie, to retain his pride, made one score. Then with the second string in, after touchdown, George Creamer plowed through for the conversion. The finish saw the Cardinals higher than the Eagles with 27-0.

Another tough week of practice was used to prepare for the dedication game with Painesville. When the lights went on, the Cardinals were extremely nervous. The preliminaries over, we kicked off. The first three quarters were a see-saw battle with Mate, Nunamaker, Barber, Danielses, Warner Waterman, Lapham, Metzger, Fagan, Page, well, the whole team digging in for a supreme effort. A sorry boy was Ogren who accidentally met "Crow Dawson's" knee. Then after a couple of breaks it was Painesville's ball, first, and goal to go. Unsuccessful in three tries, Schupska on the last down sneaked around middle pile-up and slipped over. Final gun gave Painesville a 6-0 victory over a down-hearted team.

Next was Mentor vs. Wickliffe at Mentor. It was a short story. Mentor scored first in the fourth stanza, but missed the extra point. A burst of enthusiasm and luck gave the visitors an equalizer.

WHAT A——!

Coach Mefort
But a successful conversion won them the game 7-6.

Ashtabula Harbor came to town with no league victories and went home with their first. Brilliant defensive play by Nunamaker and Mate kept the score to 14-0. Weber’s ankle acted up again; also "Crow" ran into some one else and he stumbled to the bench.

Moving to foreign soil again the "Birds" met the Skippers at Fairport. This game the spectators found "Mef" out of hair and fags. A few changes made: Metzger at tackle; and a double-wing experiment with Willie handling the ball. Then the worst happened; Willie and Weber wrecked their ankles and "Crow" did no good to his shoulder. We lost to the undefeated, 21-0.

Last of a season of nine games was the Homecoming with Willoughby’s Union High. Co-captains Gus and Willie crowned lovely queen, Marge Trask. The opening whistle found two regulars and the coach sweating it out on the bench. Their names, Nunamaker and Dawson. That was tough but it was even worse when Hildebrand slipped cross-country to score twice. But Jim Mally, from double-wing, faked a reverse and plowed over Bannister and Smith from the 20 to mark us up one tally. Frank Daniels completed a conversion pass to Chuck Barber. After a few more threats the "Birds" bogged down and Cubberley flew around tired Mentor ends for the final score. 18-7.

The following night the best girls in the world prepared their sons the best turkey dinner in the world. Seventeen lettermen were honored with gold footballs from their Dads. Lettermen were: F. Daniels, Metzger, Warner, Waterman, Dawson, Lapham, Lord, Miller, Snell, Mate, Page, C. Fagan, Nunamaker, J. Daniels, Mally, Weber, Barber, and Sedivy, manager.

**TALE’S END**

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<tr>
<th>Football Scores</th>
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<td>Ashtabula 41</td>
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<td>Painesville 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fairport 21</td>
<td>Mentor 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Willoughby 18</td>
<td>Mentor 7</td>
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The gridiron gargantua's of the Junior High, under the direction of coaches Harper and Rader, are to be proud and to be complimented on their seasons achievements.

After many nights of rough practice and long walks home endeavoring to learn the fundamentals of blocking, tackling, and "tricks" plus a few plays inherited from the varsity, the squad journeyed over to the Painesville flats for the first game.

It was good experience for the boys even though they returned home with a defeat instead of a victory, but they still had the determination to go ahead.

The next week saw the boys at it again, and after practicing with the second string reserves, traveled to Mayfield.

It was a clear, cold day and all the players were anxious to begin again. But through all their toil and fighting, Mayfield broke through with the game ending hopelessly 6-0.

However, a shift in the line-up and the spirit of playing on home soil must have stimulated the mighty eleven to a point where the return games with these two visitors ended in ties.

Some of the backfield boys of the Junior High who will soon be Varsity players are "Flash" Denner, Jack Wachs, "Delinquent" Andrews, and "Gordie" Hodgins. Some of the outstanding linemen were "Rugged" Crysler, "Beanpole" Peine, "Moldy" Moore, and "Powerhouse" Kessler.
Robert McKrill, Ralph Wouters, Richard Whitehead, James Mally, Raymond Miller, Gus Mate, Lyle Johnson, Charles Fagan, Charles Barber, Edward Lord, John Harriger, Coach Frank Higham

Dale Wheatcroft, Olney Nichols, William Kessler, Coach Carlton Mefford, John McQuaid, Ronald Barnes, Howard Fagan, David Wright, Robert Eckley, David Jayne, Robert Harkness, John Daniels, Lester Sulzer, David Koester, John Smith
The basketball season opened with some of the short potential players practicing before the football season ended. A couple of these were Dick Whitehead and Ralph Wouters. After football, "Thatch" Lord came out. "Oh, yes, we can't forget "Over-my-head" Johnson, and the brilliant forward Johnny Harriger. Ah, here comes the short, short players, "Quarterback" Barber, "Long shot" Fagan, "Fullback" Mally, "Miss 'em" Mate, "Dead Eye" McKirill, and now our coach who would stick with us through—— and high water, Coa h Highim.

Here also is the future team of next year, coached by the "Many Word Coach," Mr. Mefort, who puts his team through the many drills and plays of the game.

The first week we went through our exercises "slide, slide, slide, forward now! slide, slide, slide." Then came the question whether we were learning to dance or play basketball, we were convinced we were learning to play basketball.

Our first game our potential players stayed potential, and we were (shall we say) feeling ourselves out. Our game with Willoughby showed what we were waiting for and came out the victors, making it one out of two games. Because of the flu our game with Conneaut was called off.

Our alumni coming back asking for a friendly game, which we obliging gave and took from them. The Army vs. Navy was a game to see, the friendly "pushing" and "shoving" ended with the Navy taking it.

After this game the team went into a slump (which has been continuing ever since). You have all heard through some way the outcome of each game so there is no need to put it in writing.

Our game with Ashtabula City proved to have been played in vain, with Bula in the lead all the way. Our
"strong" second string went in and broke the ice of the half of 2 pt. and brought it up to 13.

Painesville handed Mentor "gently" another loss with "Tharch" Lord and "Brilliant" Harriger taking the high point spots. That Saturday we traveled to the Conneaut Gym. The "Gym" turned out to be an obstacle course with all the necessary beams in our way.

Our second clash with Ashtabula Harbor came out as the first with our "Brilliant" Harriger putting in the most points and "Miss 'em" Mate not missing as many coming in next. Willoughby, improving since our last game with them, took the game with "Lucky" Hildebrand putting 22 points.

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<td>Mentor 36</td>
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<td>Brush 48</td>
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SEE HOW THEY RUN

Coaches C. J. Mefort and Frank Higham this year dig out the cinder path "stars" from the student body. From last year's Lake Shore Champs are seven returning lettermen.

"Maestro" Daniels will try to break the school low-hurdle record again and right behind him will be "Cousin" John. Veteran high-hurdler, "Linx" Page, inherited letterman from Willoughby again ably supports his teammates.

"Doc" Parsons and "Slippery" McQuaid are flashing in the baton passing again in the 140 and 880 relay teams.

"Gusseppi" Mate took a course in aerial navigation and meteorology in an effort to top his 9' 3" pole vault average. In the next event, but without a pole, "Bones" Lord strains to clear his 5' 2" high-jump mark.

Jim Mally, understudy of "State Champ" Larry McCollister, will feature in the weight tossing events.

Combined with this "can't be copied blend" are some promising newcomers with "Smokey" Fagan and Charlie DeCola in the dashes; Chuck Barber and "Half-step" McKrill in the field.
Competative sports are not exclusively for the elite, but an extensive intramural program was outlined for the school consisting of all current sports including boxing and wrestling.

The between class tussles are scheduled by Coaches Mefort and Harper.

Basketball, boxing and wrestling draw the biggest crowds where competition is keen. Except in the finals all refereeing is "honorably" and "crookedly" done by members of the Varsity "M." Three top squads in basketball were 10-B, 11-B, and 12-B.

One of the largest turnout for boxing was had this year. Personal instruction technique was to be had to inflate hopes of prospective mashers. Intramural night is a big night for these boys where semifinalists are eliminated. Also contending in these mat-matches are the gut-grinding wrestlers of the mangling classic.

With bird season being over some are still shooting at them. Yes, April 5, also eliminates badminton "brothers" and singles also winds up the ping-pong tournament.

Mr. Howard Barnes again annually demonstrated the skill and art of tumbling and gymnastics on the high bar, aside from his normal duties of bugs, laws, and airplanes. These were purely difficult exhibitions of skill and strength. They proved that Newton's Laws were void by their serial antics and stunts.

The Bob Fellers of Mentor High demonstrated their ability to fan and be fanned. The baseball series was part taken by nearly all Senior High boys with any athletic ambition.

The Schroeder understudies proved that not only the fleet-footed of the varsity track team could circumnavigate the cinder path with the swiftness to be timed by clocks and not calendars.
“Squeakie, we’re hoarse. Can we stop yelling now?”

“Certainly not! Do the cheerleaders ever stop?”

Touche! “No,” we’re forced to admit, “they never stop. You’d think they were postmen’s daughters under oath—they’re so, so—.”

“Conscientious?” suggests Squeakie. “Neither rain, nor snow, nor winds that blow can dampen the cheerleaders’ spirit.”

Squeakie pokes us, and we guiltily come out from under our umbrella to yell with more than a little enthusiasm: “Wa-hoo, Wa-hoo. Rip, zip, bazoo, Mentor!” (They do cartwheels with that one.)

The game gets tougher and the cheerleaders bring out their ace—“Oh, we’re from Mentor High School.” (“Come on kids, yell!”)

The team rallies! Digging themselves out of the mud, or snow, or whatever else the elements offer, they drive on to victory.

“It’s always like this,” Squeakie explains with ostentatious pretense. “The cheerleaders do all the work, and who gets all the glory? The team!”

PEP CLUB
MENTOR!

The mighty manglers who sport those eye-appealing red and grey M's, had a meeting to elect officers resulting in the election of Bill Nunamaker, president; Tom Page, vice president; Ed Lord, treasurer, and Ray Miller, secretary. (How would you like to hold him on your lap?)

Throughout the year these fellows and various members are seen selling raffle tickets and trying to collect a measly two cents from innocent on-lookers who try to watch dancers at noon.

As a "satire" on previous traditional initiations for new members, a treasure hunt and party was held at Mentor Park Pavilion. At the expense of new members, all the boys and dates had a good time. (hmmmm)

☆

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

THE MICE

Oh Squeaky, not in there—girls gym class is in session, as familiar sounds of "over, down—stretch girls" can be heard coming from Miss Davis as she desperately tries to streamline the Fem's.

Squeaky saw friendly competition between the class teams as they battled for championships in soccer, hockey, volley ball, basketball, table tennis, badminton and baseball.

Hockey season was never forgotten by Squeakie. From bruised shins to the ref's yelling sticks!! sticks!! and Barron plowing down the field for a goal. Not to mention the able assistance of Dunham and R. Schwendler. Seen far in the distance was J. Nock and Betty Ann, tearing down, but a little too late.

Oh Helen, was volley ball that exciting! As she socks that ball with a smile and a giggle across the net with Joanne and Alyce
madly socking it back over. Squeakie was too busy with Patsy to bother playing this game.

Remember Squeakie, when Mil, Eve, and Nance made a mean team for the Juniors and Sophs to overcome during the basketball season? And how could we forget those guards, Jeanne, Marge and Kathy. Floor-burns certainly became popular among the females this year.

These luscious damsels occupied the gym at noon, following the games, and turned to jitterbugging and grabbing a man for the occasion.

Snow disappears—Robins and daffodils turn the girls hearts toward Spring, as we see our own Squeakie hitting a mean ball during baseball season. Spring fever develops and the Fems realize that a man’s fancy turns toward love while minds turn toward SQ—U--EA--KY!

Betty Anne McKee

Jeanne Tonere

Patsy Paul

Majorie Trusk, Evelyn Barber, Alyce Harvey, Nancy Walters
“Oh! boy! I’m going to watch a girls’ gym class,” yells Squeakie, excitedly. He quietly enters the noisy gym (it seems the whistle hasn’t blown yet) to see the girls running madly about, and now and then a yell of “Who’s got my suit on?” or “Hey! you’re not a squad leader, how come the white suit?” The whistle blows ... The girls line up in a straight line—“Squad leader, forward,” a voice commands. And Squeakie sees the girls following their leader being with her the rest of the period. Again the whistle blows ... the Fems dash out, but not before Squeakie decides that it’s a great experience to be a squad leader.

Oh-h-h-h-h-h!!! It’s bee-ooy-eel-ful, sighs Squeakie—We’re glad you belong to the G. A. A. Everyone looks so lovely, and the teachers—Oh. We thought they were some of our students ... That big, beautiful, tinseled Christmas tree takes our breath away, and Squeakie’s eyes seem to grow bigger as we look around at the gym in all its glitter. All eyes are on the door as more lovely damsels enter ... And Squeakie is reminded by his date of the work and worry of the decorating committee of that afternoon. It seems that the hands of the clock are pushed as good-byes and last glances at the gym end an unforgettable dance.
ACTIVITIES
CAUGHT IN THE TRAP
"La sesion esta abierta."

But Squeakie," we whisper. "It won't do us a bit of good to stay here. We can't understand a word she's saying."

"Just be patient," answers Squeakie. "The first year members don't get it too well either. Maybe if we wait awhile they'll lapse into English.

Sure enough, a tough problem arises and English wins again until it's solved.

"Come on out to the kitchen for awhile 'til the meeting is over," says Squeakie. "They're making tortillas and stuff."

"Well, Spanish food, too, huh?"

"Sí, sí. Como no?"

We take that to mean yes and follow him toward an enticing aroma. After consuming quantities of strange Mexican cocoa and other queer conglomerations, we are drawn back to the meeting by sounds of merriment and gaiety.

"How come they're standing there wiggling their hips? We'll admit it's entertaining, but——"

"They're learning to rhumba. They go for everything Spanish in a big way."
"Though I'm naturally the timid sort. I do enjoy these snappy little meetings where I can get up and tell what I think of things," Squeakie swaggers, slightly drugged by the importance of the occasion.

We are attending a meeting of the Student Council. Gosh, everyone's stern and solemn. We probably won't be appreciated here—they're out for strictly business.

"Mr. President!"

We jump. That's Squeakie standing there looking dignified and intelligent, and making sensible suggestions for the betterment of the school body.

"Squeakie! We never knew. You're as versital as a chameleon."

"Ah, yes, I have a serious side. But student government is entirely responsible for maintaining democracy."

We gasp. "But don't they ever have any fun at this meeting?" we ask, just a bit frightened.

"Sure." Squeakie lets down his hair and omits a giggle. "They're human, really they are."

"Well, gee, we're glad," we sigh in relief. "We were worried there for a minute."
"Come on in! Just squeeze through the hole under the door. They won't notice you in here—they're too busy."
So, here we go, placing our lives in Squeakie's paws.

People, people, all over. People tearing their hair. People chewing pencils. People frantically biting their nails.

"Oh," we ask wisely, "is this where they hide the more feeble-minded?"

Squeakie glares at us. "This," he announces, "is the press-day staff of the Com-Mentor meeting a deadline."

Well, we decide, there are now two ways to see all, hear all, and know all. One is to be a mouse, and the other is to read a Com-Mentor.

Robert Metager, Catharine Kessler, Jeanne Tonero, Molva Helinta, Alvie Harvey, Beverly Dalmos, Miss Hanway, Donald Rise, Joanne Schwendler, Betty Lou Lieklider, Polly Wyant

"First with gossip, first with news, and first with the cherubs of M. H. S.,” explains Squeakie.

"Let's stay here longer,“ we suggest, glancing appreciatively at the charming editor and co-workers. "We want to become better acquainted with—""

"A paper's make-up,” Squeakie finishes for us. "Now this — He drifts off, as we attempt to engage one of the typists in conversation.

He's back again, though, and just in time. "Don't throw your typewriter at them! They didn't mean to disturb you. They're just poor ignorant 'turfins!'"

Whew! We get ourselves into more trouble.

Paul Beavers, James Campbell, Charles Barber, Joyce Barnes.
Mr. Phillips, Doris Bade, David Schneider, Wilmore Behnke
Puff, puff!

"Squeakie! Come back. You can’t catch her. Give it up. You’ll find another blonde majorette some day.” We skid to a definite stop to wait until our enamored escort returns.

Watching all the glamour flash by, we’re forced to admit that we’re seriously considering joining the band.

“You know their slogan,” Squeakie tells us. “Join the band and see the majorettes! What a life! Think of the uniforms you’d get to wear, and all the foreign fields you’d get to march down. If you can’t play a French horn, play a flute. Join now! Supply of positions limited.” (Certainly goes all out for things, doesn’t he?)

“Here come the majorettes again! What grace, what dexterity, what form! My, my, what form.”

“Look, bright-eyes,” we implore. “Drag yourself away for a few moments and introduce us to the director.”

“I doubt if I can find him now. You never see him except when he’s rehearsing them. He’s never around to collect the credit when they preform. Modest chap.”

“Well, track him down, Squeakie. We would like to shake his hand!”
Frank Daniels, Dean Andrews, John Smith, Charles DeColn, Edward Morris, William Whiting, Charles Barber, Robert
Allstrom
Raymond Babcock, Charlene Downs, Ruth Shaffer, Jim Mally, Mervin Mahle, David Siegel

"I dream, by a smouldering fire
Along the Navajo trail."

What rhythm? What tone? "What goes on?" we ask Squeakie
as sweet and mellow music caresses our ears.

"Ah!" sighs Squeakie. "One of my favorite pastimes is lying
inside the grand piano and listening to the swing band practice."

"They must have a wonderful band leader. Do they import
Tommy Dorsey once a week or something?"

"Mr. Nordman directs and plays sax or clarinet," informs
Squeakie.

"He certainly gets around," we admire. But just how do
they go about finding enough sprouting talent for a band like
this," we inquire.

"Mr. Nordman picks 'em from promising band and orchestra
members."

"Ah-h! A what you might call 'hand-picked' group."

"That's it," says Squeakie.

"Do they play for dances and stuff?"

"Yes, sometimes. It's easy to see you don't get around this
place much," says Squeakie. "After all if you'd been at any
basketball games or plays or-oh-almost anything you'd have heard 'em.
They're in demand for all occasions."

SWING BAND

sixty-nine
“Squeakie, that brunette standing at the desk, does she—?”

“Of course,” says Squeakie quickly, “She presides at the meetings of the Commercial Club.”

That wasn’t exactly what we had in mind but we let it go at that.

“Oh!” Please don’t twist my tail!” We look over at Squeakie in amazement to find an enthusiastic member practicing a convincing sales method.

Squeakie scuttles back to us looking disgruntled. “Why does everything happen to me?” he sighs. They’re having a bake sale, and they certainly are determined to make a success of it.”

“You’ll have to admit they have a convincing sales talk,” we answer.

“Huh!” says Squeakie.

“What else do they do besides have bake sales?” we want to know.

“They have a meeting every month,” replies our mouse. “Sorta the educational thing, with a speaker and so forth.”

“But—ah—don’t they find it slightly dull?”

“Why should they?” counters Squeakie. “After all, nearly every member intends to enter the commercial field as his life work, and naturally they want to know as much about it as they can.”

“But definitely,” we agree.

“Besides, that’s not all they do at meetings.”

“No?” we prick up our ears. “Tell us more.”

“After the meetings they go over in the gym and play games and things. And then of course they have refreshments.”

“Ah-h-h! Why didn’t you say so in the first place? Lead us to ‘em!”
"Now please try to look a little intelligent," Squeakie says as we interrupt a meeting of the Scholarship Club.

We are almost too indignant to ask questions, but we swallow our pride and say, "Just what does the Scholarship Club do?"

"Well," Squeakie hedges, "they don't do so much, it's the principle of the thing."

"Then what do they have meetings for?" we counter smugly.

"They have a county banquet every year," says Squeakie, "and naturally that takes a little organization."

"Yeah," we agree. "Who comes?"

"Oh, everyone in the Scholarship Club from all around. They have a rare old time at the banquet."

We look skeptical.

"They do!" he insists. "After the food and the speakers, specially chosen of course, they dance and er-r-r get acquainted."

"How interesting," we answer. "Is that how the Painesville boys meet the Mentor girls?"

"Painesville doesn't come," Squeakie remarks caustically.

"Oh," we say innocently. "Just wondering."

"Besides, these people are busy with other things. They have to maintain the school's reputation scholastically. They can't be horsing around all the time when they have to have half and half of A's and B's every six weeks."

"Does that mean they study all the time?"

"Heck no," says Squeakie. "But let's stick to school activities. Besides they keep the library up-to-date on college bulletins and stuff."

"Oh," we say, "library. That reminds us. Aren't those the people that get in free or something?"

"You have it a little confused," explains Squeakie patiently. "They get little cards that say they can go to the library in their free periods without getting a yellow slip signed in advance. Well, so much for the genius gang."
Frank Daniels, Arthur Lapham, Janice Santti
Guess Who's Mad! June?

Miss Adkins giving "June Mad"
est last minute instructions.
Backstage Strife
"Squeakie," we say in an awed tone. "Who are those solemn looking people in the purple robes?"

"These," says Squeakie, puffing out his chest in pride, "are the National Honor Society Members."

"Are they a special cult or something?"

"We'll, not exactly. You see, each year the faculty and former members pick a few juniors and some seniors to belong."

"Just at random or on account of their curly hair or what?"

"There are four main qualifications," says Squeakie in an informative tone. "First is scholarship. Upper third of your class and that sort of thing, you know."

"What happens next?" we say, all agog with curiosity.

"Then they're rated 3, 2, or 1, on character, leadership, and service."

"Oh" we say as the light dawns. "Then they aren't necessarily a super-genius group."

"No," says Squeakie. "They're supposed to be the cream-of-the-crop in M. H. S., and they are too."

"Pardon us for being so-er-practical, shall we say? But just what good does it do 'em?"

"Like I said, it's an honor society. Membership stands for something. It shows that they amounted to something special in high school, and colleges are always interested in qualifications like that. They have a right to be proud of membership in this organization."

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY
"Well, here we are in the library again," Squeakie says. "Sh! Be quiet now. Miss Brown won’t like it if we disturb all these industrious (ahem) students."

"While we’re here again we might as well become acquainted with the library assistants and their duties. You know, it tires me out just watching them hurry about at their numerous tasks. First of all there are all of the library slips to be sorted and the stubs to be taken back to the study halls."

"I’m drowned!" Squeakie suddenly cries. But then he looks up and hurries out of the way of a library assistant watering the plants on the window sills.

Squeakie takes us on the table in the far corner. "Just notice how polished and shiny the table and chairs are. You can see your reflection in this table with the glass top," Squeakie says as he scampers over to another table. Gazing fondly at his reflection in the glass, Squeakie tells us that the library is kept in this sparkling condition by the library assistants.

Over at the desk more assistants are checking out books and putting the cards into the file. Squeakie tears himself away from his reflection and we saunter over to the desk. After watching them stamp the books and cards a while Squeakie offers to show us the new magazines that have just come. On our way we are almost run down by a library assistant with an armful of books to be taken back to the shelves. Moving to one side we notice another library assistant writing out overdue notices, which reminds us that we have a book that is due.

So still impressed by the efficiency of the busy library assistants, we leave the library.

Jean Hobart, Wilmore Behnke, Ruth Bade, Alice Anewalt, Jane Klee, Avis Pinney, Joanne Schwendler, Patricia Butcher, Charlene Downs, Nancy Barth, Mary Dunham, Eileen Smith, Sally Waterman
"Where's your blue slip?" the prim young lady behind the desk glares at us.

"Just looking," we sound nonchalant.

"Can't come in here without a blue slip. Against regulations to enter the clinic without a blue slip. Have to keep everything legal, you know."

Squeakie miraculously produces blue slips. (Don't ask us where he got 'em. Maybe he was forewarned about Miss "fire and fury" and came prepared.)

"Are you sick?" the sweet young thing continues.

"Yeah. We need defrosting," we say sarcastically. The temperature drops another notch as she whips out a thermometer.

We are coaxed onto cots, strapped down, and stare in mute horror, as the thermometer is poised to, "Open wide, please." We have the presence of mind to appeal to Squeakie, but too late, she got him too.

Pronounced normal we are, happily, released.

"Don't have much business around here, do you?" we pat ourselves all over to make sure she hasn't done anything drastic—like operating.

"Not since the new ruling went into effect," she says sadly. "I used to be a cheerful, happy clinic assistant, entertaining all my friends here, but not since the new ruling went into effect—I admit only the physically disabled. How do you think I feel when someone wants to gargle or bandage his toe and hasn't got a slip? But it's him or me, and who am I to defy the law of self-preservation?"

We make the proper sympathetic noises and back toward the door.

"Oh, don't go," she begs. "Don't waste those slips like that. Wouldn't you like to rest, with the heating pad, or get your throat swabbed or something? I was fifth highest in the 'Home Nursing' course." She smiles enticingly.

"Wel-l-l, just for a few minutes.—" We give in.
"Squeakie, who's picture is that hanging up in the hall.
Some outstanding student?"
"No," answers Squeakie. "That's our orphan."
"Of course," we say, humoring him. "How stupid of us
not to have known."
"He's really the Service Club orphan, but the whole school
helps to take care of him."
"Does he stay here at school?" we query.
"Goodness no," answers Squeakie condescendingly. "He
lived in Holland."
"Oh, Holland."
"Yes, you see he's a war orphan. The Service Club decided
that they would have a living memorial for the boys from Mentor High who were in
World War II."
"Say, that's a fine idea," we say approvingly.
"It certainly is. Because of them, a child will find a peaceful, secure life again,
and believe me, I know how much peace and security can mean."
"They don't have any cats here, do they?" we ask.
"Please," says Squeakie. "Don't mention those animals. And besides, I haven't
finished telling you about the Service Club yet."
"Pardon us. Do go on."
"Well, all during the war they sent Reader's Digest, Christmas boxes, and other
cheering things to Mentor alumni."
"My," we say in awed tones. "That must have really been a job."
"It was," agrees our escort. "But it certainly was a morale building job. The
fellows appreciated it, too. Nothing like news from home, you know, and the Com-
Mentors kept them informed about the school and what was going on."
"What will they do now that the war is over?" we wondered.
"They still have the Holland orphan to care for, and you can bet that they'll soon
find some useful job that needs doing."
"Squeakie! Where are those dulcet tones coming from?"
"That's the orchestra," Squeakie informs us. "They had a terrible time this year finding a time to practice, but they finally got one period a week."
"T. B." we say sympathetically. "V. T. B."
"Oh they get along right well. They play for assemblies and plays and things."
"Who conducts?"
"Who but Mr. Nordman?"
"He really gets around doesn't he? How does one get in?"
"You learn to play an instrument of course. Then you just come down to rehearsal."
"Simple, huh?" we say.
"Well, if learning to play an instrument is simple. But it's worth it to belong to the orchestra."

THE CHORUS

"Gee, don't you love music?" Squeakie asks us rapturously as we rub our aching feet.
"Uh," we answer weakly.
"It soothes the nerves," comes back craftily.
"O. K." we agree skeptically. "Bring it on."
We immediately hear high flute-like sounds.
"That?" Squeakie is nonchalant. "Oh that's the girl's chorus. Wait 'till you hear the whole choir."
We pleasantly relax and definitely decide to wait.
"Umm," we marvel. "What lovely voices, what beautiful robes, and what a fascinating director. Can she sing too?"
We are instantly rewarded by a solo.
"Ah yes," Squeakie sighs, "music—hath charms."
COOKS

Mrs. Garvin, Mrs. Kessler, Mrs. Smith

"Um-m-m what a heavenly odor! Squeakie, lead us to the food."
"Now take it easy. The noon bell hasn't rung yet, but you can take a look at the people who fix it."
"What good is a mirage to a starving man?" we answer. "But (sigh) lead us on. We'll try to control ourselves."

"Now these cleanly starched ladies prepare the food, serve it and put it out where the drooling students can get at it."
"How about visitors," we ask enthusiastically. "Do they——"
"Never mind about that," says Squeakie. "I keep telling you the bell hasn't. — There it goes now! Look out or you'll get trampled!"

JANITORS

Mr. Pollock, Mr. Brown, Mr. Beavers

"Whew—we got out of there just in time!" we breath in relieved tones.
"I'll say you did," says Squeakie. "Let's wander around the halls a little and see what we can see."
"Squeakie! Are we seeing things or is that Santa Claus in his work clothes?"
"No. That's a janitor. Or custodian as he is called in higher circles."
"But why does he carry that bag over his shoulders?"
"He empties the waste paper baskets into it. In spite of all the paper about the halls, the students do manage to throw a little in the waste baskets. Really valuable fellows."

seventy-nine
WHO'S WHO IN:

VARSI TY "M"

President
Tom Page

Vice President
Ed Lord

Secretary
Ray Miller

Treasurer
Warren Barstow

Beavers
Paul Beavers

Daniels
Frank Daniels

Dawson
Ray Dawson

Lapin
Art Lapin

Mose
Gus Mose

Metzger
Bob Metzger

Parsons
Chuck Parsons

Rice
Donald Rice

Secondary
Don Sedivy

Warner
Bill Warner

WHO'S WHO IN:

G. A. A.

President
Marjorie Trask

Vice President
Millicent Wood

Secretary
Marjorie Trask

Treasurer
Sally Waterman

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Assistant Editors
Jean Tonere

Elizabeth Licklider

Polly Wyant

Donald Rice

Robert Metzger

Ray Dawson

Jack Peterson

Gisella Zardin

Paul Beavers

Maeva Ginnett

Myrlo Niebus

Joanne Schwendler

Marjorie Louis

Alyce Harvey

Ruth Bade

Blanche Andms

Evelyn Barber

Dorothy Bryson

Catherine Kessler

Patricia Klare

Kenneth Lingofelt

Sally Waterman

Millicent Wood

WHO'S WHO IN:

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Evelyn Barber

Beverly Damlos

Catherine Kessler

Robert Metzger

Jean Tonere

Ruth Bade

Richard Barton

Dorothy Bryson

Mary Jane Brabence

Melva Helms

Patsy Paul

Don Sedivy

Marjorie Trask

Millicent Trask

Sally Waterman

Millicent Wood

Polly Wyant

Gisella Zardin

Janice Santti

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Alyce Harvey

Marjorie Klare

Doris Jane Taylor

Jean Tonere

Polly Wyant

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Ruth Bade

Beverly Damlos

Elizabeth Licklider

Robert Metzger

Jean Tonere

Evelyn Barber

Dorothy Bryson

Judith Petrus

Betty Phillips

Donald Rice

Paula Rostoei

Don Sedivy

James Shillito

Millicent Trask

Polly Wyant

Gisella Zardin

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Paul Beavers

Frank Daniels

Alyce Harvey

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Gus Mose

James Shillito

Millicent Trask

Bill Warner

Millicent Wood

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Vice President
Robert Keys

Secretary
Mary Karr

Treasurer
Evelyn Barber

Beverly Damlos

Mary Jane Brabence

Quinta Edgerton

Lois Kaighin

Patricia Medlin

Pat Paul

Betty Phillips

Jeannette Reeder

Donald Rice

Marjorie Stebbings

Marjorie Trask

Nancy Walters

George Wagner

Millicent Wood

Theresa Zardin

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Treasurer
Marjorie Trask

Beverly Damlos

Evelyn Barber

Dorothy Bryson

Frank Daniels

Robert Fletcher

Laura Kellett

Marjorie Louis

Ralph Miller

Gus Mose

Robert Morris

Madeline Padgett

Judith Petrus

Donald Rice

Donal Sanborn

James Shillito

Carol Shreve

Jean Tonere

Virginia Warner

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Vice President
Mary Karr

Treasurer
Sally Waterman

Beverly Damlos

Paul Beavers

Mary Jane Brabence

Richard Bosley

Beverly Damlos

Frank Daniels

Noel Kastor

Catherine Kessler

Elizabeth Licklider

Edward Lord

Marjorie Louis

Pat Medlin

Robert Morris

James Shillito

Betty Tekanie

Arthur Lapin

WHO'S WHO IN:

PEP CLUB

President
Evelyn Barber

Vice President
Robert Keys

Secretary and Treasurer
Betty Phillips

WHO'S WHO IN:

SPANISH CLUB

President
Jean Tonere

Vice President
Beverly Damlos

Secretary
Ruth Bade

Treasurer
Noel Kastor

Sergeant-at-Arms
Charles Parsons
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<td>Richard Bosley</td>
<td>Dick</td>
<td>School</td>
<td>Private pilots license—College</td>
<td>Prenzy Road</td>
<td>Well I hadda take a bath</td>
<td>Going to Florida</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Jane Brabenc</td>
<td>Jerry</td>
<td>Waiting for people</td>
<td>Learning how to fly</td>
<td>Painesville</td>
<td>That's right</td>
<td>The morning when Gizella and I did the dishes at 2:00 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Bryson</td>
<td>Dot</td>
<td>Cliques</td>
<td>Fashion designer—College</td>
<td>Painesville</td>
<td>For cripe sake</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patricia Campbell</td>
<td>Pat</td>
<td>Yarn Dankees</td>
<td>Foreign relations work</td>
<td>Just around</td>
<td>I reckon so</td>
<td>&quot;Arsenic and Old Lace&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Cudney</td>
<td>Dick</td>
<td>Mr. Harper's study hall</td>
<td>Draftsman</td>
<td>Creepy's</td>
<td>I don't know</td>
<td>Coach Metford's study hall 2nd period</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>,Frank Daniels</td>
<td>Frenchie</td>
<td>Delivering coal</td>
<td>To have the best dance band in the country</td>
<td>Red &amp; Lee's Lane</td>
<td>You'll have to show me too, Art</td>
<td>1945 Football Season</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beverly Damlos</td>
<td>Bev</td>
<td>Peanut butter sandwiches without lettuce</td>
<td>Radio actress—College</td>
<td>M. J. Damlos's office</td>
<td>Yes, Miss Hanway</td>
<td>Physics class</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raymond Dawson</td>
<td>Crow</td>
<td>Pushin' cars</td>
<td>Have own newspaper sports column Gym</td>
<td></td>
<td>Where you guys goin'?</td>
<td>Mentor's dedication game</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quata Edgerton</td>
<td>Quaker</td>
<td>Bugs</td>
<td>To speak Spanish like</td>
<td>Winfields</td>
<td>Qued Lastima</td>
<td>Coach's second period study hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Emsley</td>
<td>Shadow</td>
<td>Unwashed cars</td>
<td>Surgeon—College</td>
<td>Mentor Roller Rink</td>
<td>Tell ya later</td>
<td>Getting lost in Mayfield Heights after 1945 Prom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Fletcher</td>
<td>Bob</td>
<td>Teachers' questions</td>
<td>Mechanic</td>
<td>Garage</td>
<td>I'm hungry</td>
<td>Shop classes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alyce Harvey</td>
<td>All-ice</td>
<td>Canoe paddles with holes in 'em</td>
<td>Singing—College</td>
<td>Snail-Swamp</td>
<td>Foo!!!</td>
<td>Date with Ed Lord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melva Heintz</td>
<td>Mellie</td>
<td>Shrimp</td>
<td>To succeed in my undertakings—College</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td>Bang-Bang</td>
<td>Dedication night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Gorman</td>
<td>Beanie</td>
<td>Paying so many nickels to Miss Otto</td>
<td>To be a nurse</td>
<td>School</td>
<td>Hello Beedy</td>
<td>Sixth period study hall spent with Miss Brown and Frank Pagan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyle Johnson</td>
<td>Charlie</td>
<td>Shopping</td>
<td>Be a policeman</td>
<td>N. Walter's house</td>
<td>Hi Beautiful</td>
<td>Dedication of the lighted field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>NICKNAME</td>
<td>PET PEEVE</td>
<td>AMBITION</td>
<td>HANGOUT</td>
<td>FAVORITE SAYING</td>
<td>OUTSTANDING MEMORY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>---------------------------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lois Kaighin</td>
<td>Lo</td>
<td>Spiders</td>
<td>Traveling—College</td>
<td>Winfields</td>
<td>Hiya Doc</td>
<td>A certain blind date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Karr</td>
<td>Aggie</td>
<td>Weeds</td>
<td>College</td>
<td>917 Cadle Ave.</td>
<td>Oh Dear</td>
<td>“June Mud”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noel Kastor</td>
<td>George</td>
<td>Being called George</td>
<td>Physicist</td>
<td>Locker 799</td>
<td>Fuzz</td>
<td>“Arsenic and Old Lace” night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laura Kelto</td>
<td>Fixit</td>
<td>Boys who won’t let you drive their cars</td>
<td>Nursing</td>
<td>Rudy’s</td>
<td>You and me both</td>
<td>rehearsals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catherine Kessler</td>
<td>Kathy</td>
<td>Shopping for clothes</td>
<td>Airline stewardess</td>
<td>Track’s</td>
<td>Haven’t seen you all day, where have you been??</td>
<td>Freshman Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Keys</td>
<td>Bob</td>
<td>Morons</td>
<td>Salesman—College</td>
<td>863 S. Center Street</td>
<td>That’s all brother</td>
<td>Placing of the crown on Marge’s head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patricia Klee</td>
<td>Grandma</td>
<td>Going on a diet</td>
<td>Getting an M. D.</td>
<td>Matchett’s Dining Room</td>
<td>Oh—come on!</td>
<td>First time I got on the honor roll</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norman Lanning</td>
<td>Fannie</td>
<td>Conceited people</td>
<td>Be a good comptometer operator</td>
<td>Creepy’s</td>
<td>That’s for sure</td>
<td>Homecoming queen campaign of “45”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur Lapham</td>
<td>Art</td>
<td>Book “learning”</td>
<td>Be happy</td>
<td>Stage</td>
<td>I’m from Missouri, You gotta show me</td>
<td>1945 Prom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roger Lorch</td>
<td>Rog</td>
<td>People who beat around the bush</td>
<td>To lead a moderate, peaceful and happy life</td>
<td>Creepy’s</td>
<td>Oh-Oh</td>
<td>Junior Play</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Licklider</td>
<td>Betty Lou</td>
<td>Monotony of daily school routine</td>
<td>Artist—College</td>
<td>Winfields</td>
<td>Tough blow</td>
<td>Mr. Nordman’s imitation of a drum roll off</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenneth Lingofelt</td>
<td>Ken</td>
<td>Poky and women drivers</td>
<td>Stunt driver—College</td>
<td>Red &amp; Lee’s Lane</td>
<td>How’s the world treating you?</td>
<td>Com-Mentor Press days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Lord</td>
<td>Bones</td>
<td>Alyce Harvey</td>
<td>Travel</td>
<td>Red &amp; Lee’s Lane</td>
<td>Do you know?</td>
<td>1945 Pep Club Dance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margery Louis</td>
<td>Squeak</td>
<td>Conceited football players</td>
<td>Own a motorcycle—College</td>
<td>Hobson’s</td>
<td>Aw, go bury yourself</td>
<td>The day I was caught smoking my pipe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gus Mate</td>
<td>Guiseppe</td>
<td>Scandals in school</td>
<td>Coach</td>
<td>Trask’s</td>
<td>For why????</td>
<td>Red &amp; Lee’s Lane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patricia Medlin</td>
<td>Pat</td>
<td>Stock-up girls</td>
<td>Archeologist</td>
<td>Roller Rink</td>
<td>Never can tell</td>
<td>Being taken to the office for throwing snowballs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Metzger</td>
<td>Metz</td>
<td>Cigar smoke</td>
<td>Be carefree as a hob—College</td>
<td>Proudy Road</td>
<td>Hot D—</td>
<td>G. A. A. Formal 1945</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ralph Miller</td>
<td>Ray</td>
<td>Teacher’s Pets</td>
<td>Radio specialist</td>
<td>Creepy’s</td>
<td>What do you know for sure????</td>
<td>Mentor-Willoughby 1945 Football Game</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raymond Miller</td>
<td>Bugs</td>
<td>Cigar Smoke</td>
<td>College</td>
<td>Koster’s</td>
<td>Naturally!!!</td>
<td>Freshmen Initiation Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Morris</td>
<td>Jughead</td>
<td>Women who talk too much</td>
<td>Dynamomotor Engineer</td>
<td>Airport</td>
<td>My dum brother!!</td>
<td>Mentor-Willoughby 1945 Football Game</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myrtle Niebes</td>
<td>Myrt</td>
<td>Going steady</td>
<td>Continue majorette twirling—College</td>
<td>Creepy’s</td>
<td>If that’s the way you feel about it</td>
<td>The time I got action not words</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lois Norman</td>
<td>Lo</td>
<td>Homework</td>
<td>Cosmetologist</td>
<td>Skating Rink</td>
<td>You’re kidding of course????</td>
<td>Football game with Coach in front of the bench boys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madeline Padgitt</td>
<td>Padgitt</td>
<td>Ignoring new students</td>
<td>Traveling</td>
<td>Drugstore—corner of Page Avenue</td>
<td>Small matter</td>
<td>Being in 5 different schools in 4 years of high school</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Page</td>
<td>Tom</td>
<td>Lunch lines</td>
<td>Have fun</td>
<td>25000 Treadwell</td>
<td>You’ve got me!</td>
<td>Coach Metfor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Parsons</td>
<td>Doc</td>
<td>Unsociable people</td>
<td>Chemist</td>
<td>Andrews</td>
<td>That’s a good deal</td>
<td>Junior-Senior Prom. After!!!!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patay Paul</td>
<td>Pat</td>
<td>Bad dancers</td>
<td>Dental assistant</td>
<td>Winfields</td>
<td>Little Red Ants</td>
<td>The day I was initiated into the spoomers’ club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Judith Petrus</td>
<td>Joe</td>
<td>Apples with worms</td>
<td>College</td>
<td>Lake Theatre</td>
<td>Oh-no !!!</td>
<td>Junior Class Party at Fairport High</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betty Phillips</td>
<td>Shorty</td>
<td>Conceit in a person</td>
<td>Third grade school teacher</td>
<td>Marshall’s Drugstore</td>
<td>You grate my cheese</td>
<td>My first football game</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Phillips</td>
<td>Phil</td>
<td>Brain kids</td>
<td>To go to Alaska</td>
<td>Creepy’s</td>
<td>(Unprintable)</td>
<td>Certain office in the balcony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>NICKNAME</td>
<td>PET PEEVE</td>
<td>AMBITION</td>
<td>HANGOUT</td>
<td>FAVORITE SAYING</td>
<td>OUTSTANDING MEMORY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>----------------------------------------</td>
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<td>----------------------------------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeanette Reeder</td>
<td>Jay</td>
<td>Too serious people</td>
<td>Secretary—College</td>
<td>Frizzell's</td>
<td>I'll think about it</td>
<td>Day I passed a civics test</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Reynolds</td>
<td>Randy</td>
<td>The saying, &quot;Silly girl&quot;</td>
<td>To be a success—College</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td>Got your physics done?</td>
<td>Dad's Night Jamboeree 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald Rice</td>
<td>Slim</td>
<td>Betty Tekanie at annual meetings</td>
<td>College</td>
<td>Creepy's</td>
<td>Aww</td>
<td>Dedication Night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Malinda Richardson</td>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>The word, &quot;Suction!&quot;</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
<td>Reynolds Road</td>
<td>Hubba-Hubba</td>
<td>Football game under our new lights</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloria Rostockel</td>
<td>Glory</td>
<td>Unpleasant people</td>
<td>Nice home</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td>You farmer</td>
<td>Working</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paulina Rostockel</td>
<td></td>
<td>Talk of another war</td>
<td>Bookkeeper</td>
<td>Jackett's</td>
<td>Oh! crumb!</td>
<td>First football game I ever saw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald Sanborn</td>
<td>Don</td>
<td>Bashful girls</td>
<td>Go steady with J. E.</td>
<td>Airport</td>
<td>That don't make no never mind</td>
<td>VJ Day spent in New Orleans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mona Mae Sanders</td>
<td>Monie</td>
<td>Snakes</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
<td>Niebes' Drugstore</td>
<td>Oh! Gee!!!</td>
<td>Assemblies—good and bad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janice Santi</td>
<td>Snooks</td>
<td>Clashing colors</td>
<td>Marry George</td>
<td>Library</td>
<td>That's tough</td>
<td>Junior Play</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joanne Schwendler</td>
<td>Jo</td>
<td>Fuzzy curly hair</td>
<td>Ride an elephant in India</td>
<td>Matchett's</td>
<td>Hubba, Hubba, Ding, Ding, Tilt</td>
<td>Prom '44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald Sedivy</td>
<td>Don</td>
<td>Not enough girl friends</td>
<td>Agricultural engineer—College</td>
<td>Locker 588</td>
<td>Me too</td>
<td>Night I got my football letter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Shillito</td>
<td>Jim</td>
<td>Bookworms</td>
<td>Mechanical Engineer</td>
<td>Creepy's</td>
<td>Tough situation</td>
<td>Graduating</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carol Shreve</td>
<td>Shrevie</td>
<td>Nicknames</td>
<td>Dietitian</td>
<td>Near any radio or movie</td>
<td>Hubba, Hubba, Dill, Dill</td>
<td>Freshman hop at Willoughby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marilyn Stebbins</td>
<td>Stebbie</td>
<td>Short people</td>
<td>Cosmetologist</td>
<td>Koster's</td>
<td>Oh! Darn!!!</td>
<td>'44 Football Banquet Dance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shirley Stephenson</td>
<td>Shorty</td>
<td>Busybodies</td>
<td>Dress designer</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td>My gosh!!!</td>
<td>The Election</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sigurd Stromme</td>
<td>Sig</td>
<td>Women Drivers</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>Creepy's</td>
<td>Let's get it over with</td>
<td>Freshman Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doris Jane Taylor</td>
<td>D. J.</td>
<td>Brainy and catty kids</td>
<td>College</td>
<td>None</td>
<td></td>
<td>1945 Football Banquet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betty Tekanie</td>
<td>Betz</td>
<td>Don Rice at annual staff meetings</td>
<td>Back to Acapulco, Mexico—College</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>Oh! Lord (which Lord, D. J. ?)</td>
<td>Junior Prom '45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeannie Tonere</td>
<td>Jeannie</td>
<td>Apples with half worms</td>
<td>Back to Acapulco, Mexico—College</td>
<td>Niebes' Drugstore</td>
<td>Hi, Cupie</td>
<td>Staying up 'til 4:30 to finish a term paper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marjorie Trask</td>
<td>Marge</td>
<td>Catty people</td>
<td>Cosmetologist</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td>Who had my gym suit on????</td>
<td>Homecoming Game</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Millie Trask</td>
<td>Mill</td>
<td>People who can't be kidded</td>
<td>Traveling and Nursing</td>
<td>Home</td>
<td>Wait a minute, Marge</td>
<td>When my sister was crowned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald Urban</td>
<td>Don</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mechanic</td>
<td>Garage</td>
<td></td>
<td>homecoming queen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nancy Walters</td>
<td>Waldo</td>
<td>Poor skaters</td>
<td>Swimming instructor—College</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1944 Football Banquet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Wagner</td>
<td>Wug</td>
<td>7th graders on stage</td>
<td>Be a better wolf</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Junior Prom 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Warner</td>
<td>Willy</td>
<td>Study halls</td>
<td>No ambition</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Broken ropes on the stage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia Warner</td>
<td>Ginny</td>
<td>Too much flattery</td>
<td>Music teacher—College</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Coach Mefort</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Waterman</td>
<td>Hare</td>
<td>Bob Brunson</td>
<td>Go steady</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Civics class</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sally Waterman</td>
<td>Sal</td>
<td>Mean little kids and mean big kids</td>
<td>Great actress in Tin Pan Alley</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Coach Mefort</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Whiting</td>
<td>Willy</td>
<td>Sailors</td>
<td>Play in a swing band</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Junior Play</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Millicent Wood</td>
<td>Mike</td>
<td>Gossipy girls</td>
<td>Interior decorator—Cleveland Art School</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Coming home from Conneaut football game. (Slight accident, I guess.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polly Wyatt</td>
<td>Polly</td>
<td>Waiting for people</td>
<td>Nicc, new, shiny, black, streamlined, painesville red leather upholstered convertible—College</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Jim Miner's Indian haircut</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gizella Zardin</td>
<td>Guzy</td>
<td>Girls smoking</td>
<td>Fly to England by myself—College</td>
<td></td>
<td>Holy Cow!?!</td>
<td>Mr. Andrews</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theresa Zardin</td>
<td>Terrie</td>
<td>People cracking gum</td>
<td>Be a singer</td>
<td></td>
<td>Oh! You pot!?!</td>
<td>First G. A. A. formal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Time G. Wagner lassoed the chair in art class</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Dr. and Mrs. Howard Stephens
Mr. and Mrs. P. Harold Sanborn
Dr. and Mrs. K. C. Shreve
Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Toncre
Roger Davis
Pythian Sisters
Mr. and Mrs. Merwin Lingofelt
Mentor High School Faculty
Mr. and Mrs. Claude W. Keys
Mr. and Mrs. N. Y. Bryson
Mr. and Mrs. Keltto
Mentor Elementary Faculty
Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bade
Mrs. Ethel Sanders
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Metzger
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rostocil
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Schwendler
Dr. and Mrs. M. J. Damlos
Mrs. Mabel Padgitt
Mr. and Mrs. James Barron
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer H. Schultz
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Brumbaugh
Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Fisher
Mr. Melvin Wyant
Mr. and Mrs. Gus Mate
Mr. and Mrs. Heintz
Mr. and Mrs. George Wood

Dr. Alfred C. Mahan
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Daniels
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Reynolds
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Walters
Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Barstow
Mentor High School P. T. A.
Mr. and Mrs. Dale R. Rice
Mentor Music Club
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph D. Reeder
Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Karr
Mr. and Mrs. Loring A. Stebbins
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cudney
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Zardin
Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Bosley, Sr.
Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Harkness
Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Waterman
Mr. and Mrs. Russell M. Licklider
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Boseck
Mr. and Mrs. John Warner
Mr. and Mrs. John Kessler
Mrs. Forest Whiting
Mr. and Mrs. Roger Ludwig
Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Lingafelter
Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph H. Garfield
Mr. and Mrs. C. Langdon Campbell
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WILLOWBY BEVERAGE STORE
18 Second St., Willoughby, Ohio
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Personality Poll</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Prettiest hair: Helen Gorman, Marjorie Trask</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nicest smile: Joanne Schwendler</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cutest legs: Myrle Niebes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nicest shape: Evelyn Barbar</td>
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<tr>
<td>Prettiest eyes: Polly Wyant</td>
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<tr>
<td>Best line: Alyce Harvey</td>
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<td>Best dressed: Myrle Niebes</td>
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