

Senior Edition



Cleveland Hi-Light

MAY

1939

SENIOR
EDITION

OF



THE

CLEVELAND
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MAY

1939

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FOREWORD

THERE IS A TWO-FOLD PURPOSE IN PRESENTING THIS SENIOR EDITION OF THE CLEVELAND HI-LIGHT, WHICH FEATURES THE INTERESTS AND ACTIVITIES OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

IN THE HONOR OF MRS GLASSCO
OF THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF OUR LIFE--OUR SCHOOL DAYS.

WHOSE SPARKLING WIT HAS MADE OUR WORK A PLEASURE, WHOSE CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM HAS GIVEN IMPETUS TO OUR PUBLICATION, AND WHOSE UNTIRING INTEREST HAS HELPED TO BRING FORTH OUR VERY BEST, WE DEDICATE THIS SENIOR EDITION OF THE CLEVELAND HI-LIGHT.

FOREWORD

THERE IS A TWO-FOLD PURPOSE IN PRESENTING THIS SENIOR EDITION OF THE CLEVELAND HI-LIGHT, WHICH FEATURES THE INTERESTS AND ACTIVITIES OF THE SENIOR CLASS. IN THE FAR-OFF YEARS TO COME, IT WILL SERVE TO REMIND US OF THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF OUR LIFE--OUR SCHOOL DAYS. AND IT WILL EVEN RECALL THE TRADITIONS AND THE IDEALS OF OUR BELOVED ALMA MATER.



FAREWELL, C.H.S.

No more bells, no more midnight oil, no more exams! We have put away the old fountain pen, for the time being, and we've stuffed into the waste basket the left-overs of that dime's worth of paper and the wornout blotters. We can grin at our teachers with a wicked gleam in our eyes, for exams are over, we've made the grade, and our high school days are past history.

Yes, we Seniors are nearing the end of a twelve year journey. That journey has seemed long at times, but now the days are rapidly drawing to a close. We had thought that we would smile blandly when we heard "Fare thee well, Seniors, dear," and "Alma Mater", for the last time. But when the final notes died away at Senior Chapel in the auditorium, a few of us laughed but more of us cried. It was inevitable that we should remember--recall the happy, joyful days here in C.H.S., relive the little experiences that have given us happiness and sorrow and friendships, true and tried.

And then we realized for the first time that as students we were leaving these beloved halls forever. In bidding goodbye to our Alma Mater, we do so with love and pride in our hearts--love for all she has done for us and pride in having been one of her children. It seems so clear now--those things we should have appreciated every day of our lives.--And so, as we say "farewell", we say it reverently with an abiding, everlasting love in our hearts for C.H.S.



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GLYNN YOUNG
JAMES BURNSIDE
CAROLYN McLEAN
CARL REID NELSON

CLASS OFFICERS

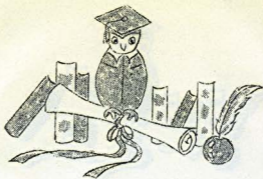
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LOUISE WOODWARD, VICE-PRES.
C.P. BROCATO, SEC.-TREAS.

AS WE ENTERED



AS WE LEAVE





John Bricklow Jr.

Nat Davis



Frank W. Bishop Jr.

Brady Cole



Allan Mc Knight

Hugh Butler



Leon Young

Berlie Rasmus



Eckles Jennings

Norman Hardie

W
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T
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Perry Griffin

Arch Coleman



Virginia Samery

Helen Bouchert



Arthur "Cump" Peerman

Nancy Eldon



Gladys Agner

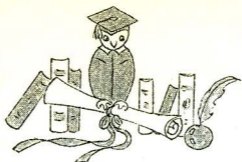
Barton Barber



Carolyn D'Leon

David Denton

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Ned Loranelli

Jack Denton



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Ulric Stampfy Jr

Brenda Wilson



Fay McDearman

William Cochell



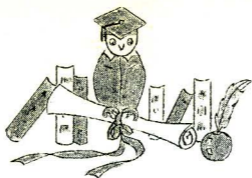
Robert Smith

Cloris Norwood



Carl Reid Nelson

Charles Howe



C. P. Baccato

William & Williford

W
E



T
H
E

Lawrence Early

Louise Worchord

SENIORS



Lester Sanderson

Luther Moore Jr.



Lorne Parsley

ALMA MATER

ON THE CITY'S NORTHERN BORDER,
REARED AGAINST THE SKY,
PROUDLY STANDS OUR ALMA MATER,
AS THE YEARS GO BY,
FORWARD EVER BE OUR WATCH WORD,
CONQUER AND PREVAIL,
HAIL TO THEE, OUR ALMA MATER,
CLEVELAND HIGH, ALL HAIL!

CLASS SONG

Above our heads is shining
The silvery star of fame
Its rays are bright, alluring
'Tis calling each by name
So onward let us hasten
We dare not fail its call
T'will be our life's great anchorage
Our rising or our fall
Cleveland High
Fain would we with you remain!
Garlands of friendship ever
Love wove this flower chain
Burning endeavor
Praising thy fame
Come we with hearts lamenting
Our flower chain presenting
We are all absenting
We must say farewell
--thy glory--thy gladness
We are all absenting
Cleveland High farewell!