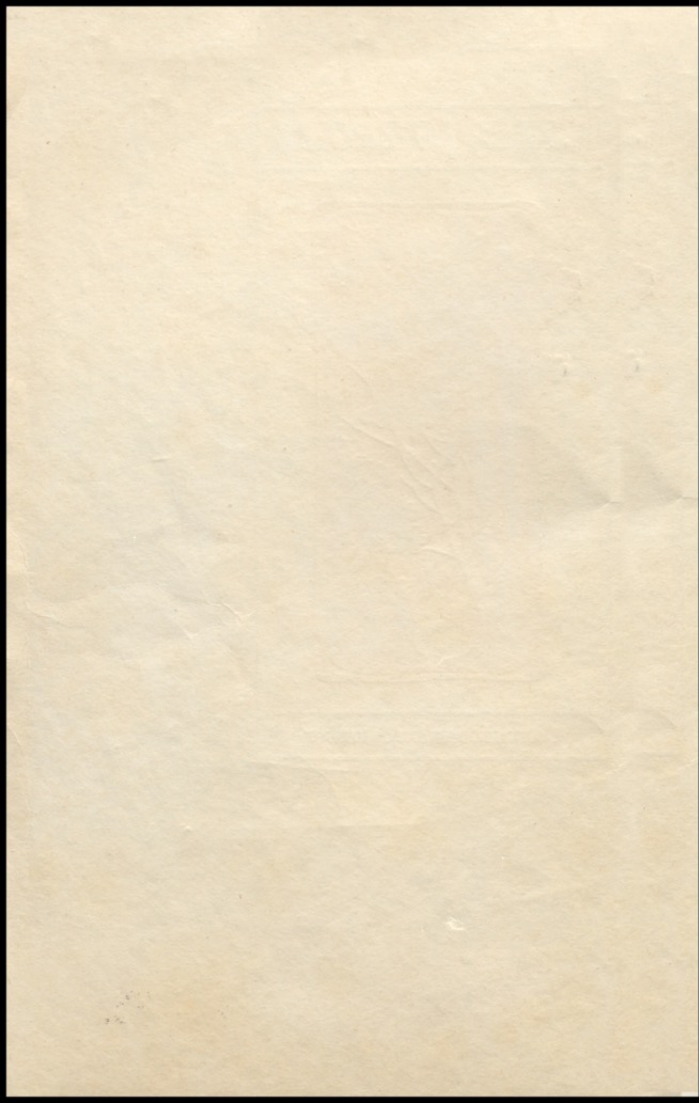
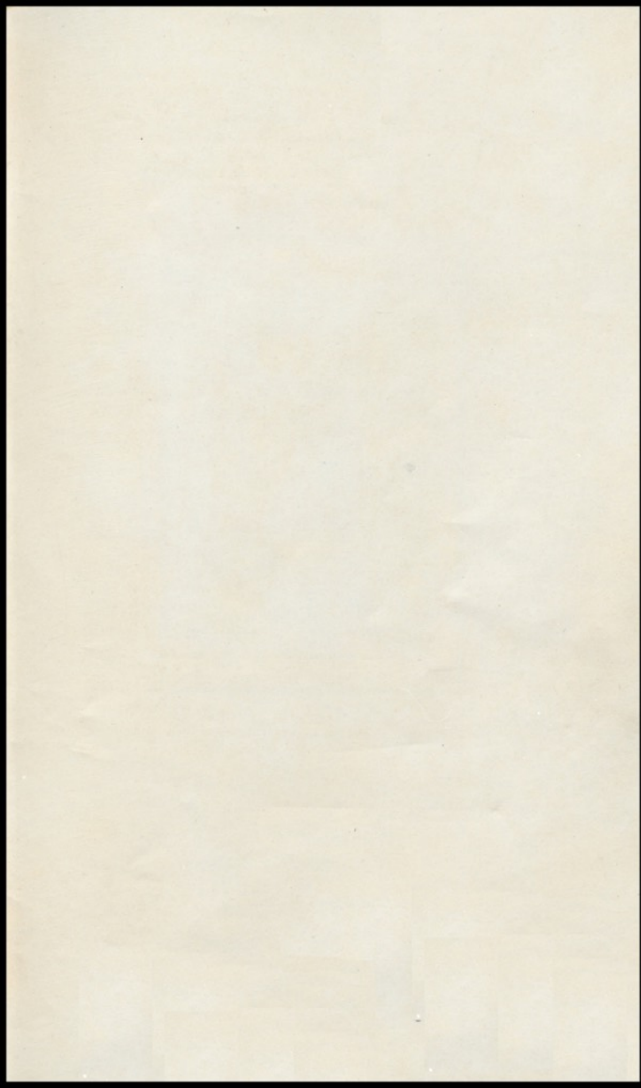


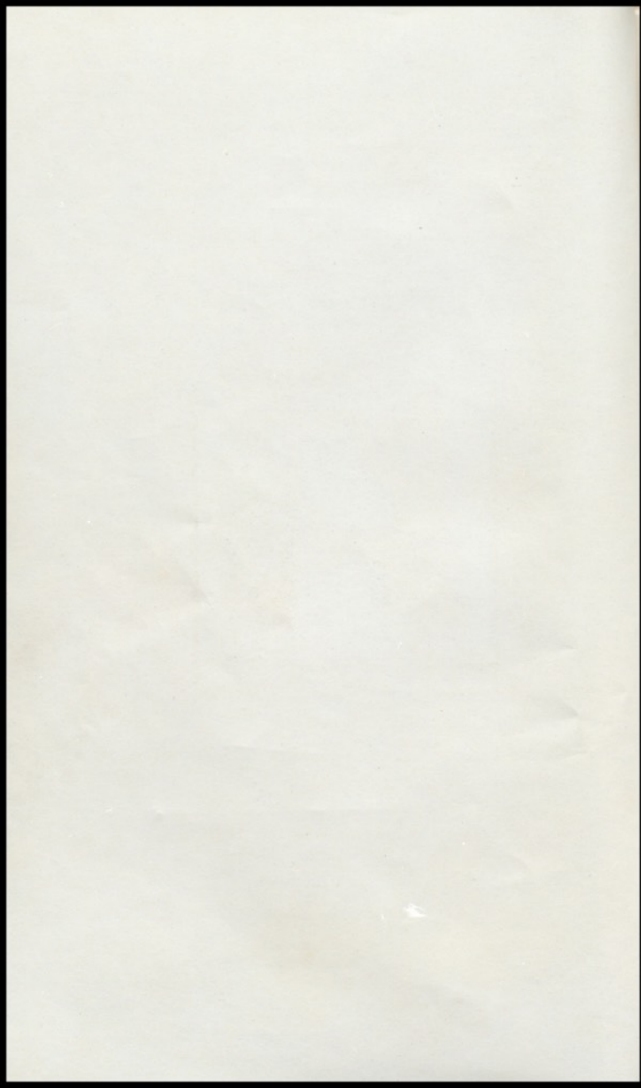
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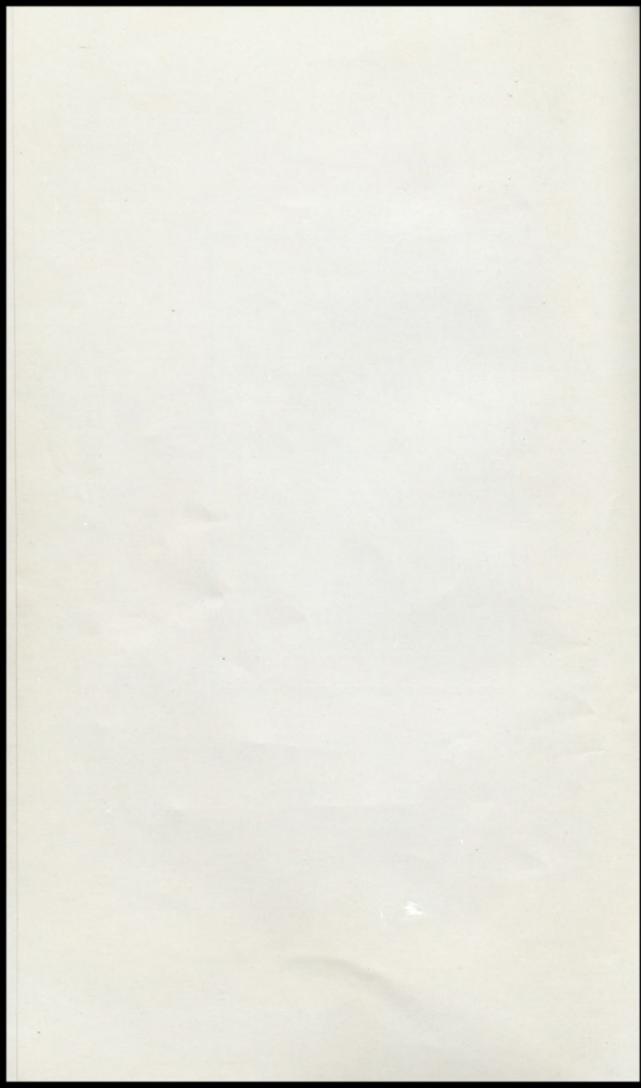


To the Memory of

John R. Deabler

Our beloved classmate and friend, this
book is dedicated by the

Class of 1918.



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**MARJORIE LOCKWOOD.**

"Much do I know, but to know all is my ambition."

General.

Valedictorian.
 Student Council '16, '17, '18.
 (Secretary '17, President, '18.)
 Secretary of Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes.
 Mirror Staff.

WILLIAM KIBBE—"Bill."

"All that he does, he does well."

Commercial.

Salutatorian.
 President of Sophomore Class.
 Cross Country Run [Captain]
 Editor of Mirror '17, Associate Editor '16.
 Toast to the Faculty, Junior-Senior Banquet '17.
 Oratorical Contest '17
 Student Council '15, '17.

KENNETH OSBORN—"Zeke."

"He could outstrip all in the race."

President of Senior Class,
 2 Track C's.
 Basketball 1 C.

MYRTLE ALLEN—"Myrt"

"My true heart hath my love and I have his."

General.

Secretary and Treasurer of Freshmen Class.

CHARLES HODGMAN—"Jeff"

"Knowledge lieth not in size."

General.

Honor Roll.
 Cross Country Run.
 Debating Team.



PAUL BARBER

"He has a springy motion in his gait."

General.

Football 1 R



KATHRYN WOODWARD—"Kacy"

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

General.

Honor Roll.

Student Council '16.

Editor of Mirror '18.

President of Junior Class.

Glee Club three years.

Vice-president of Freshmen Class.

High School Orchestra '17, '18.



JAMES HODGMAN—"Jim."

"On the football field, he never fails".

General.

Football 1 C.

Basketball 1 R.

Cross Country Run.

Joke Editor of Mirror '18.



HELLEN SMALLSHAW.

"Tho vanquished, she could argue still."

General.

Honor Roll.

Editor of Mirror '18.

Student Council '15 and '17.

(Secretary '15.)

Captain Debating Team.

Toastmistress Junior-Senior Banquet '17.



WILLIAM FOY—"Bill"

"'Tis what I love determines how I love."

General.

Football 3 C's, 1 R.

Baseball 2 C's.

Basketball 3 C's.

Track 1 C.

Athletic Association three years.

President of Freshmen Class.

Treasurer of Sophomore, Junior and Senior Classes.

High School Quartette.



MILDRED LOCKE—"Pinky."
 "Misery loves company."
 Commercial.
 Class Prophecy.



CLYDE LIGHT
 "He speaks and behaves just as he ought."
 General.
 Class Will.
 Vice-president of Senior Class.



MYRTIE RALSTON.
 "We may expect great things of thee."
 General.
 Captain of Girl's Basketball Team
 '18
 Class Song.



STARR FARWELL—"Mabel."
 "He has the rose of youth upon him."
 General.
 Honor Roll.
 Class History.



AMY KISER.
 "A very gentle lass of good conscience."
 Commercial.



ALBERTA HILTON.

"Cheerfulness is just as natural as the color of her cheeks."

General.

Class Poem.



GEORGE GAGE.

"He towers to the Heavens."

General.

Football 1 C and 1 R.
Debating Team.



ROSE REED.

"Here too dwells simple truth and plain innocence."

Commercial.



MERLYNN SMILEY.

"All things come to those who wait."

General.



ELVA GILBERT.

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

Commercial.

Honor Roll.



JESSE NOEL.

"A worker always minding his own affairs and doing his level best."

Commercial.



KATHRYN RAPP—"Kat."

"It is good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood."

Commercial.

Class Poem.



EDWIN MOSHER.

"Slow and steady wins the race."

Commercial.



BENEITA RUTHRAUFF.

"For she was 'jes the quiet kind whose natures never vary."

Commercial.

Class Poem.



CLARENCE GOSS—"Gossie."

"We are charmed by neatness of person; let not thy hair be out of order."

General.

Football 4 C's.
Basketball 4 C's.
Baseball 1 C.
Captain Basketball Team '17.
President of Sophomore Class of '17.
Student Council '16.



HOWARD CRULL—"Oety."

"I am always merry when I hear music"

General.

Football 2 C's, 1 R.

Captain '17.

Basketball 1 C.

Baseball 4 C's.

Track 1 C.



LOUISE WHITMAN—"Wersus."

"Begone dull cares! Thou and I shall never agree."

General.

Class Song.



HAROLD DRAPER.

"A thrilling silent life."

General.



NEVAH KEEL.

"She is not a flower, she is not a peach,
But a noble all-around girl."

General.

Girl's Basketball Team '15, '16, '17.



RUSSELL KLOCK.

"I like fun and I like jokes,
About as well as most of folks."

General.

Football 3 C's, 1 R.

Basketball 3 C's.

Baseball 1 C.

Toast to Seniors, Junior-Senior
Banquet '17.

Class Will.



I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF THAT



THOMAS STAFFORD—"Tom."
"A toe in eve ything is not his whole foot."
General.

Vice-president Freshman Class '17.
President Junior Class '17.
High School Quartette.
Business Manager Mirror '17.
Oratorical Contest '18.
President of Oratorical Association '18.

ANY ONE ELSE



KATHRYN HOWARD—"Kat."
"Life without laughing is a dreary land."
General.

Honor Roll.
Student Council '18.



LOWELL McCONKEY—"Mac."

"Laughter holding both his sides."

General.

Football 1 C, 1 R.
Captain of Reserves '16.
Debating Team.
Class Will.



RUTH DAY.

"A more entire tranquility."

General.



I THANK YOU
YOUR STRULY,

D. W. Norton

DON NORTON—"Don."

"Short but oh how he can draw,"

General.

Business Manager of Mirror '17.
Student Manager of Athletics.

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR.

May 31	Junior-Senior Reception at St. Mark's Parish House
June 7	Class Play at Tibbit's Theatre
June 9	Baccalaureate Service at Presbyterian Church
June 12	Commencement Exercises at Tibbit's Theatre
June 14	High School Picnic at Coldwater Lake

HONOR ROLL.

Marjorie Lockwood	Kathryn Woodward
William Kibbe	Elva Gilbert
Hellen Smallshaw	Kathryn Howard
Charles Hodgman	Starr Farwell

CLASS OFFICERS.

President	Kenneth Osborn
Vice President	Clyde Light
Secretary	Marjorie Lockwood
Treasurer	William Foy

Class Colors	Blue and Gold
Class Flower	Yellow Rose
Class Motto	"Do Your Bit"

CLASS YELL.

All aboard, gangway!
 Get off the track, clear the way.
 Oh Boy! Oh Joy!
 Open her up and let her rip!
 Then with a boom and a bah,
 And a hi haw, haw
 Will punch our obstacles plumb into the maw
 And kick our opponents till they surely are raw.
 We're there with the ginger,
 We're there with the steam,
 We're there with the pep-who?
 1918.

Salutatory.

How many times in life we are forced to admit the insufficiency of mere words to convey our deepest sentiments. Our hearts fill with emotion; and we feel, when our tongues falter and our lips find it difficult to say what we wish them to, something of what Tennyson felt when he wrote:

"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

Words are flexible. Of themselves they may be very small and apparently insignificant; but whether they are potent or colorless depends upon the emotions that call them forth. Sometimes our words may sound exaggerated. Again, we may find words far too weak to express to our friends the ideas of which we alone are conscious but unable to shape into the spoken word.

In no small measure is this the position in which we find ourselves tonight. To you this may be indeed a pleasant occasion; but at best, it will be only one of many such occasions, which, delightful as they all may be at the time, will be but momentary in their influence. To us, it is the climax as a chapter of our lives, a red letter day, one of the brightest spots in our experience, and bound to dwell forever in our memories. It is a milestone in the journey of our lives; and the interest you show in us by coming to bid us God-speed on the way is most deeply and sincerely appreciated. As for us, these exercises close an epoch—the most important period that we have yet known, and one of the utmost value in its relation to our future careers.

We desire, as a class, to extend to every member of the faculty our gratitude for their tireless efforts in our behalf; and to the school board for their constant co-operation in making possible the high standards maintained by this school.

We feel, as we assemble here for the last time as a group, that our graduation has a far greater significance than any previous commencement in the history of our school. At the present time, the call for trained men and women for the successful prosecution of our national duties, both on this continent and in Europe, is one of the greatest problems confronting the nation.

President Wilson has repeatedly admonished students to finish their education, to wait until they are called to join the army or navy, that they may be prepared to give better service to the country. We feel that by completing the course of study in this high school, in spite of influences calling us away, that we are accomplishing something toward the desired end.

We are confident that, at this time, everyone must realize something of what graduation means to us, and while grieving with us at the sundering of class ties that each year has helped to make stronger

must, at the same time, rejoice with us that we have been able to accomplish as much as we have, while wishing for all greater attainments in whatever field of activity we may select.

We ask you then, to be glad with us and for us, as we enter upon the program of the hour, tendering to you our most profound assurance of our joy at having you with us; and in the warm inspiration of your presence, I am most sincere in telling you, in the name of my classmates, how truly glad we are that you are here. We hope that you may all feel that it has been good to be with us this evening, and may see in all that we do and say some evidence of your welcome, even while realizing that, as a class, we cannot well ask you to "come again."

The History of the Class of 1918.

On September 3, 1914, we entered the training camp of Coldwater High School. We were some eighty strong on that day. We were reviewed by General Johnson, commandant of the camp, a very fine appearing officer. We were given four days leave in which to get ready for training. We reported on Tuesday, September 7th to Lieutenant General Bechtel, in charge of the receiving station, situated in the High School auditorium. Here we were formed into a Freshman Brigade and divided into squads under command of faculty Captains, for the purpose of being more easily trained in the rudiments of warfare.

We were permitted to organize as a social unit and elected Bill Foy as president, Kathryn Woodward as vice president and Myrtle Allen as secretary and treasurer.

For many days we were the subject of much fun for the seasoned veterans of the camp. It was some time before we learned thoroughly the location of the barracks where we were supposed to go for instruction.

By careful execution of all orders, we were able to get thru, and finish our first year of training. Of the once large Brigade, however, only about sixty remained. Some were not able to go farther because of ill health or work and also because a few thought they had gained sufficient knowledge.

So things went on and we were instructed in the rudiments of learning necessary to soldiers in the army of education.

After nine months of intensive training, orders came from headquarters that because of our efficient and diligent endeavor during the past nine months, we were to be given a furlough. Loud and joyous were the cheers that echoed thru our ranks when this order came.

We returned to our training after our enjoyable furlough, not as raw recruits but as trained and seasoned veterans.

Our organization was no longer known as the Freshman Brigade but as the Sophomore Brigade. We veterans were self appointed to

instruct the Freshman Brigade in the rudiments of Military training much to our joy and their dislike.

As the days passed on we again organized into a social unit, choosing for our leader Bill Kibbe, for assistant leader, Neva Keel, as secretary, Marjorie Lockwood, and as treasurer, Bill Foy.

During the following months we took up more intensive training that was to fit us to fight the battles of life.

Near the end of our second nine months of training, orders came to prepare for a track meet. When that meet came off, our team held second place, the team from the company of Seniors taking first by one-half point. Not long after this again came welcome orders to prepare for a furlough.

By the time we returned from this furlough, our regiment was reduced until it was now only the strength of a battalion.

Entering on the third year of our training as officers, we started off by electing the officers of our social unit.

Kathryn Woodward was our first assistant, Neva Keel our second assistant, and again we choose Marjorie as secretary and Bill as treasurer.

Our training this year was much more difficult than in previous years, the two subjects, Physics and English III being very difficult for certain persons.

While we were not spending our time on these two topics, we were trying to raise a fund sufficient in amount to furnish a farewell feed for the departing company of Seniors. By a Junior Fair and a benefit this amount was finally raised.

During this time a call had come for a cross country team and also a track team. Our noble team won first in both events. Then came the all important feed for the Seniors. All who were in attendance admitted it to be a wonderful event, even the haughty Seniors themselves admitted that it was incomparable.

Not many days before this, there came dispatches saying that our country had declared war on German Militarism. With these dispatches came a call for volunteers. To this call the following six of our fellow class men responded: Charles Shannon, Bernard Corson, Ralph Barrack, Percell Overly, Rodney Parker and Webb Ault. Not long after this for the third and last time we were given a furlough.

Again our number was reduced and lessened for many reasons so that when we came back only a company was left of our one proud and powerful Freshman Brigade.

For the last time officers were chosen to lead us thru the struggle of another year. Zeke Osborn was chosen as president, Clyde Light as vice president and for the third time we chose Marjorie and Bill.

No sooner had we elected officers than we began to consider various plans for raising money to pay our class expenses. This was done by having a fair and a play.

Soon came the call for a debating team. Four out of the five members were Seniors.

When the cross country and track meet came off the Seniors easily won first in both events. Near the end of May our friends, the Juniors, gave us a farewell banquet.

On the following Sunday night, Rev. Donald MacCluer delivered the baccalaureate sermon. On Wednesday night we answered to the last roll call and received our commissions in the Army of Life.

GEORGE GAGE,
STARR FARWELL.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1918.

We, the class of nineteen hundred and eighteen, in the County of Branch, and State of Michigan, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills heretofore made by us.

First. We bequeath our popularity with the faculty to the Juniors to be extended over the period of six months.

Second. We bequeath to Fritz Kibbe and Beatrice Ryan the seats formerly occupied by Jesse Noel and Rose Reed, providing that each keeps in his own seat.

Third. We bequeath Starr Farwell's grace and manners to Dale Shumaker.

Fourth. We bequeath to Mr. Swank, Marjorie Lockwood's book on "How to be a Detective" for practical use.

Fifth. We bequeath to Bruce Wright the sole ownership of Zeke Osborn's cider mill.

Sixth. We bequeath to the Sophomores the gum under the Senior desks to be chewed for the period of one year at which time it shall be passed on to the Freshmen.

Seventh. We bequeath Paul Barber's harem to "Bill" Milnes.

Eighth. We leave our athletic record as a standard towards which all under classmen shall strive.

Ninth. We bequeath Crull's physique to Bill Luedders.

Tenth. We bequeath Bill Foy's perfume to Russell Waldron to be administered in doses in proportion to the strength of the Camels.

Eleventh. We bequeath Don Norton's height to Cyril Johnson.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this sixteenth day of May in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

The Prophecy of the Class of '18.

Reminiscencies of a Member of the Class of '18.

Sept. 1922. Just returned from the war only to find that she had been married. Supposed it was all arranged before I left, but guess

she must have met a Prince or dude or some kind of high-brow while at Smith. Such is life.

That war was sure some exciting, but I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Back here in Coldwater reminds me of '18 when I graduated. I've heard quite a little about the different members of the class. After I had been "Over There" about two years, I had my first trouble. Got hit in the shoulder and while I was in the base hospital who should come along but Myrtie Ralston. Believe me I was some surprised. I remembered she could hardly wait to graduate so she could go in training to become a nurse. I only spoke with her a short time. She said that Starr Farwell was at the head of the Battalion of Death in Russia. Probably his Latin helped him to learn the new languages in the old country. I sure had a hard time with French. 'Twas all I could do to get thru first year Latin in High School so that wouldn't help me much in French. Our old friend "Ocky" was running a transport back and forth across the great pond. Gossie in the navy had been in love about forty times with Red Cross nurses bound for the front.

Just that day Myrtie had had a letter from Neva K. She and "Doc" were located happily on a farm in Alabama. Funny how people scatter. It seems that "Doc" was exempted 'cause he was a farmer.

October 2. Met Myrtle Allen down town, and we got to talking the class of '18. She has not changed in any way except her name. She said that Klock had been doing government work which kept him in this country. I believe he is located near Baltimore. Course, I asked her where Hellen S. was. She said she'd been to Vassar and had graduated with honors. At present she is visiting Russell in Baltimore. Marjorie Lockwood and Bill Kibbe still were going together. She is a senator now and he the President's chief adviser. Nice they're located in the same city. All of Marjorie's load of books she used to carry home from school were some help after all. Alberta Hilton is teaching in Angola. Rose Reed and Jesse Noel are living on a farm near what used to be Reed's Corners. Mildred Locke is in a show entitled "Getting Together." Merlynn Smiley has become a professor of history in a university. "Jim" Hodgman has become a traveling minister taking the place in Branch County that Arthur Downey used to hold.

Amy Kiser and Elva Gilbert are running a bakery shop in Union City. Don Norton who was too small for the army has been drawing government posters, etc., and has become widely known over the United States. Thomas Stafford is first lieutenant. He has become known for his ability in giving orders. Edwin Mosher is stenographer in Victor Humphrey's office. "Zeke" Osborn has been in the aeroplane corps in France. They say he is so infatuated with a French damsel that he never wants to come home. Kathryn Howard is a Mis-

sionary in Australia. Louise Whitman is located with her husband in California. Clyde Light has been in the secret service department and has become quite efficient in rounding up German spies.

Harold Draper has taken over the running of his father's farm and made heaps of money. It seems that he has become so overwhelmed with dollars that he gives them away by the handful. I remember T. E. J. used to say in history class that a farmer always made money during a war. Too bad I didn't stay at home on the farm!

I learned that Ruth Day had been living in Kinderhook all this time. I think she has been running the village store while her husband went to war. Conkie on his farm north of the city has invented a wonderful piece of machinery. It is used in stump clearing. He is now manufacturing them in Chicago. I believe that I will stop on my way out west and see him. Oh yes, Kacy is pianist for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Kathryn Rapp and Beneita Ruthrauff are at the head of a school for French orphans in the south. Paul Barber is cornetist in the band for the Michigan National Guards. Charles Hodgman is going to run for Governor next year.

Well, I guess I had better put up my pen for tonite and go to bed as I have to catch the early morning train.

WHOSE DIARY IS THIS TAKEN FROM?





TE.J.



JESSE



150% 100%



ZEKE



ON THE JOB



KACY



CLASS ATHLETE



C.H.S. BASKET BALL 1913



?



? MARRIED



MFC



PINKY



KEEL



BIG BOY AND MAURICE



WEEZUS



MYRT



CHEMISTRY CLASS 1913



RESOLVED THAT



FALS



OVER THE TOP

Valedictory.

The last year of our high school life is finished, and we are meeting tonight as a class for the last time. Four long, yet seemingly short, years of work have been completed, and we must necessarily feel a satisfaction and pleasure in the knowledge that we have done our best. However, mingled with this feeling is one of sadness, for we realize that we must now put behind us that happy, carefree existence which accompanies youth and take up the real duties and struggles of life. To those of us who will go to college this is not entirely true, for the spirit of college is like that of high school in many ways, but for those others to whom Commencement means a trial of their strength and ability and not merely an interim between studies, there is a stronger feeling of hesitancy and sorrow.

The minds of most of us at this time are under the sway of two great forces: memory and hope. These are the two factors which prevent us from being entirely discouraged, even in the darkest hours of life, and they are predominant influence in the shaping of our future. In the words of Thomas Gray, the English poet:

"Tis Man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes."

So, now, as we look back over the last four years of our student life and over our experiences there, and as memory recalls for us our many pleasures and trifling sorrows, we almost long to live them over again. But the effect and power of hope are even greater than memory at the present time, for it is in our later life that the recollections of our youth will come to us with their most potent force. Now we all feel confident that we can do great and important things and are looking forward to their accomplishment. Many more of our classmates than have already done so will enlist in the great task of making the world safe for democracy and are now waiting eagerly for the time when they too will be doing their bit. Others who do not actually enlist in branches of government service will spend the summer on farms to help prove the slogan "Food will win the war."

In this year of our nation's travail when democracy is struggling for a world birth, it has become doubly a crime to be a spendthrift, a capital offense to be an idler. And thus it is necessary for each of us to do the work by which he is best able to serve the United States and to conserve his physical, mental, and moral strength for his nation's use. Our president and other national leaders are urging that we can do this best by continuing our education as far as possible! This is especially true in respect to the younger members of the class for they have not yet been summoned into the ranks, and until their call comes they should take advantage of every opportunity to increase their knowledge, and synonymous with this, their usefulness as citizens of

America. A greater effort, a more zealous desire to get to college at any cost should be the part of the patriotic youth of America. Graduates often decide to wait a year before beginning college, but delay always means the loss of precious time, and for the future welfare of our country we must do our part now. Far-seeing individuals are realizing this and are again and again reiterating that the subsequent development of our science, literature and art is at stake. Then it is for each of the members of the class of 1918 to search his heart and to determine how and where we shall see nothing of dishonor and nothing of shame to mark the decisions of these graduates of C. H. S.

To many of us the education which we have obtained here will be our only capital in beginning life, and for whatever of success any of us may hereafter win in the world, we shall be largely indebted to our school and to our teachers. It is with gratitude that we think of the times when they have helped us and have borne with what must have seemed excessive dullness, with patience, and as we grow older, our debt to them will become more and more evident to us. Having reached the time when the realization is forceably brought to us that we will no longer meet one another every day in the halls and in our classes, we regret that we were not a little less careful of our own welfare at times and more considerate of the rights of others, and so we have tried to work together, to be more tolerant and less critical during the last few weeks than ever before. Thus when the time comes for the severing of ties, we appreciate what our friends mean to us and how much more we might have enjoyed the companionship which we now relinquish with reluctance. May we carry this feeling with us into the busy work-a-day world, and not neglect amidst the strife and confusion there to form those friendships which are among the most precious treasures of life.

In the words of Tiny Tim "God bless us, everyone."

Class Song.

(Tune—"Out Where the West Begins.")

Seniors here we are together,
If not for parting it would be better,
We love Coldwater High,
Four years ago we were Freshies green,
Starting over the top, I ween,
But few have fallen, it may be seen,
And left Coldwater High.

Of course at times loud and gay we've been,
Till teachers and superintendent stepped in,
Rulers of C. H. S.

But after all our work first came,
 Our duty to teach the Freshies tame,
 The latter of which we gained our fame,
 Seniors of C. H. S.

So here's good-bye from class eighteen,
 Whose hearts to do in the world are aching,
 We are of C. H. S.

Then friends our motto is not all wit,
 Then Freshman it is not to sit,
 But it is help get the Kaiser, 'Do your bit.'
 Seniors of C. H. S.

MYRTIE RALSTON,
 NEVAH KEEL,
 LOUISE WHITMAN.

Commencement Program.

Piano Solo.....	Hellen Smallshaw
Salutatory.....	William H. Kibbe
Solo.....	Thomas Stafford
Valedictory.....	Marjorie Lockwood
Address.....	President D. B. Waldo
Presentation of Diplomas.....	T. E. Johnson
Class Song.....	
Class Yell.....	

Athletics.

Senior Wearers of C's.

No class of late years has been honored more in an athletic sense than the class of 1918. In all branches of sport the class has been ably represented and upon several occasions the strength of the different teams depended upon these boys who are going to leave C. H. S. this year.

Not for some time to come, perhaps at least until the war has been won, will Coldwater High School boast of "C" men who have completed their work, both academic and athletic, so well and with so much vim as the "C" men of 1918.

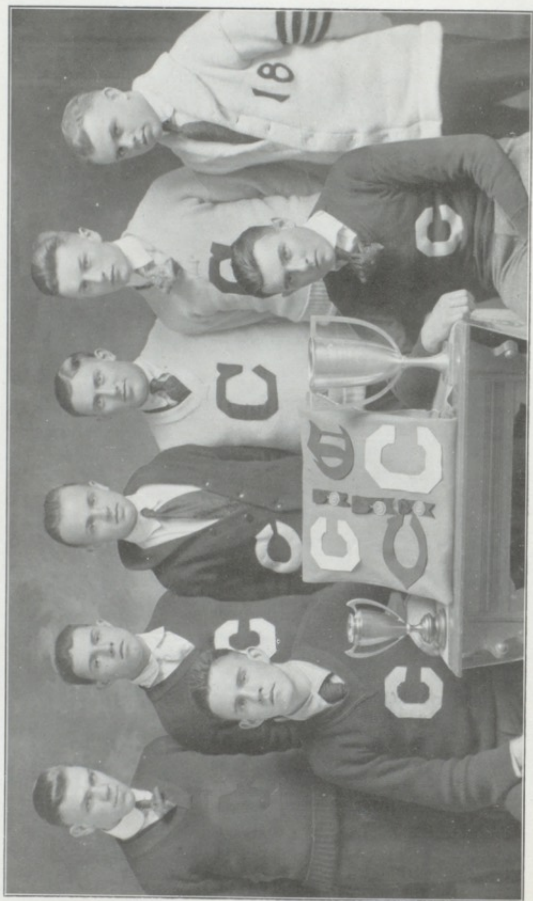
In football, the major sport of C. H. S. they have Goss, Crull, Klock, Hodgman, Foy, McConkey and Gage:

In baseball, Klock, Goss, Foy and Crull.

In basketball, Foy, Klock, Crull, Goss, Osborn and Hodgman.

The track work, Foy, Crull and Osborn.

They have won the inter-class meet the last two years by overwhelming scores due to the efforts of these same eight men.



Individually these men represent a clean living, ambitious set of athletes and whether they leave to fight the "hun" or to fight life's battles, the work they have had along these lines will aid them in no little way for the "Big Fight."

Clarence "Cupid" Goss is about the most consistent of this group of boys, ably competing his four years in basketball, four years in football, and one year in baseball. He has showed a fineness and fitness in each sport that would be hard to be surpassed. Credit must be given him for his splendid control of the men under him while he was captain of certain teams.

Russell Klock, who has really made his athletic name in football, has also won his basketball and baseball "C" and is rather a versatile athlete and if he carried on his education, should make a name for himself. In football "Russ" is one of the most ideal ends at blocking and tackling it was ever my pleasure to see.

"Octy" Howard Crull, captain of last year's football team and with Foy the only wearer of four "C's" now in school has performed well upon all four teams. He has the "personality" that inspires the opponents with deadly fear and did much to cause many well started end runs to fail. "Octy" also made a record of over forty feet with the shot in track work.

Foy, William "Bill" the real veteran of Coldwater's athletic teams is a strong man along the lines of basketball and football altho he won his letters in the other branches, it was really in the first two where he was at his best.

Osborn, Kenneth "Zeke", altho "Zeke" won his basketball letter, it was in track work where he became state wide famous. Zeke has won two track "C's" and bids fair to follow the footsteps of "Heck" if he follows up his chance. His race at Grand Rapids of eight miles was a wonderful thing when we consider he had not trained for the event. "Zeke" is one example of clean living and regular training and what can be done by systematic work.

Hodgman, James "Jim". Altho rather late in getting started, "Jim" was good enough to make up for his lost time when he did arrive. He was an ideal plunging fullback and did much to help our team of 1918 make its excellent record.

McConkey, Lowell, "Mac" did not do much in athletic lines until his Senior year but put in one year on the Reserves and then put in a year at end on the regulars and played a consistent game throughout.

Gage, George, "Jawn" is left to the last as an example of plugging perseverance and what it will eventually do. He played three years on the Reserves and in his Senior year won his coveted "C." "Jawn" was the stumbling block of many an aspiring football star by their connection with some part of his anatomy. He is the type of man who invariably makes good. "Never say quit."

C. W. DICK.





THE MIRROR

*Personal.***Graduation Gifts.**

Oh, what shall we give them?

If you are in doubt,

Perhaps these suggestions,

Will help you out.

For busy Tom Stafford,

That hard-working boy,

One well-filled "Reporter"

Might be quite a joy.

An Encyclopedia

To Bill Kibbe we'll give.

We know he will use it

As long as he lives.

A bright colored ribbon

To tie up Ruth's curls,

And ear-rings for Amy

Of rubies or pearls.

A whole set of Latin books,

All bound in leather

Would make Starr's heart be

As light as a feather.

A whole bunch of dances,

All along in a row,

Would make Klock and Gossie

Quite happy, we know.

There's our friend "Octy,"

We'll have to think deep.

About the best thing I know

Is just to let him sleep.

Bill, our Jackie, already has

A watch on his wrist.

So I guess we'll just have to

Strike him off from the list.

Go get some more trophies,

And give them to Zeke,

Because he hasn't won enough

In every state meet.

And now my pen and ink,

Is laid upon the shelf.

If you don't like these gifts,

Just think of some yourself.

*Class Poem.***Do Your Bit.**

Into the path of life we start,
True to our colors blue and gold,
Into the life of the world we dart
On like soldiers brave and bold,
"Each to do his bit."

Many a happy day we've spent,
Mingled with pleasure and with work,
Our teachers helping hands have lent
Seeing that never a one did shirk,
"But that each should do his bit."

Our soldier and sailor boys so brave
With homes and lives at stake,
Have gone to fight on land or wave
Offering their lives for democracy's sake,
"Each one doing his bit."

And nothing will ever intervene
To change the spirit of C. H. S.,
Or mar the hopes of dear eighteen
If each and every one confess
"That each must do his bit."

KATHRYN RAPP,
ALBERTA HILTON,
BENEITA RUTHRAUFF.



Junior-Senior Entertainment.

A social evening was held May 31st for the departing Seniors by their friends, the Juniors. This was held at St. Mark's Parish House at eight o'clock. All invited were asked to come dressed to characterize some song. This novel idea caused a great deal of fun. Prizes were awarded to the girl and boy most attractively costumed. Another part of the evening's program was a colored scene. Characteristic southern songs and dances were given. Dancing and cards furnished amusement for the rest of the evening. Delightful refreshments were served to the enjoyment of all. The Juniors surely "did their bit" in successfully entertaining the Seniors of '18.

Senior Play.

THE DRUM MAJOR.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Clarice, The prettiest woman in Paris	Hellen Smallshaw
Sergeant Deroux, Of the French Army.	William Foy
Jean, The village musical genius	Thomas Stafford
Babette, His adoring sweetheart	Kathryn Woodward
Julien	Clyde Light
Gaspard	Russell Klock
Pierre	Lowell McConkey
Antonentee	Kathryn Rapp
Susanne	Myrtie Ralston
Jacqueline	Neva Keel
Victor, A boy of the village	Charles Hoegman
Marcel, A prominent citizen and "orator of the day."	Howard Crull

Chorus.

The Senior play after much effort on the part of the Director, Mrs. Milnes, and the pianist, Mrs. Thompkins, proved a great success. The class of '18 certainly appreciates their untiring effort and faithfulness in making it a success.

The play itself was very "pat." The plot was laid in Paris during the period of war. The time of the leaving of the recruits for the front and their return to their homes expired during the two acts.

The scenes and costumes were very attractive. Regular uniforms were worn by the soldiers and the village maidens were characteristically dressed in fancy peasant costumes. The music was martial and catchy. The characters were well suited to their parts and carried them out finely.

The Senior class certainly is to be congratulated on the outcome of its play.

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...Parrish & Company...

Jewelers.

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Your Photographer.

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Is the Best Place for all kinds of
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*Bought in the Box
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*We serve a Hot Chocolate in large cups
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WHEN YOU WANT IT

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IT WILL PAY YOU, LAST
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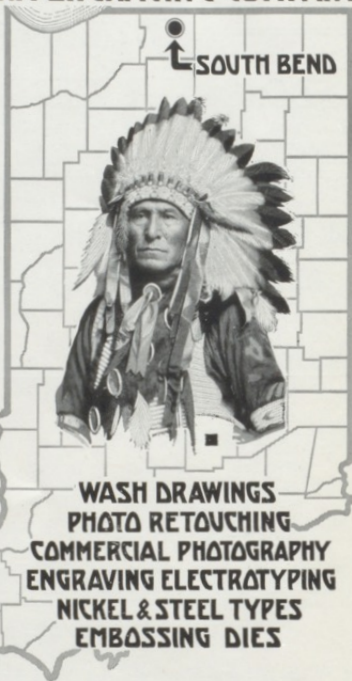
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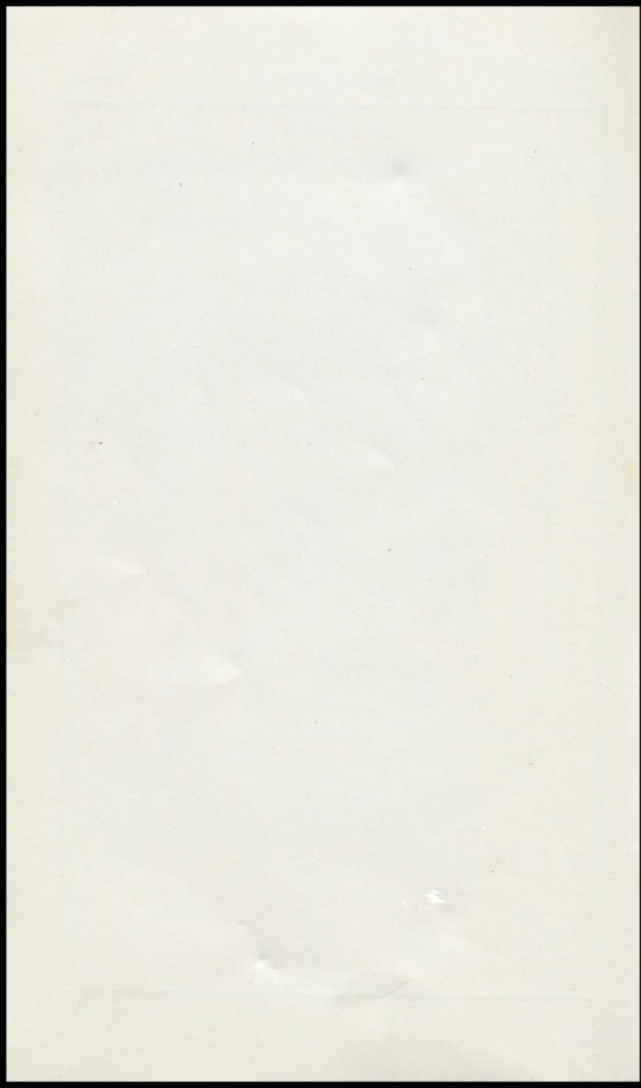
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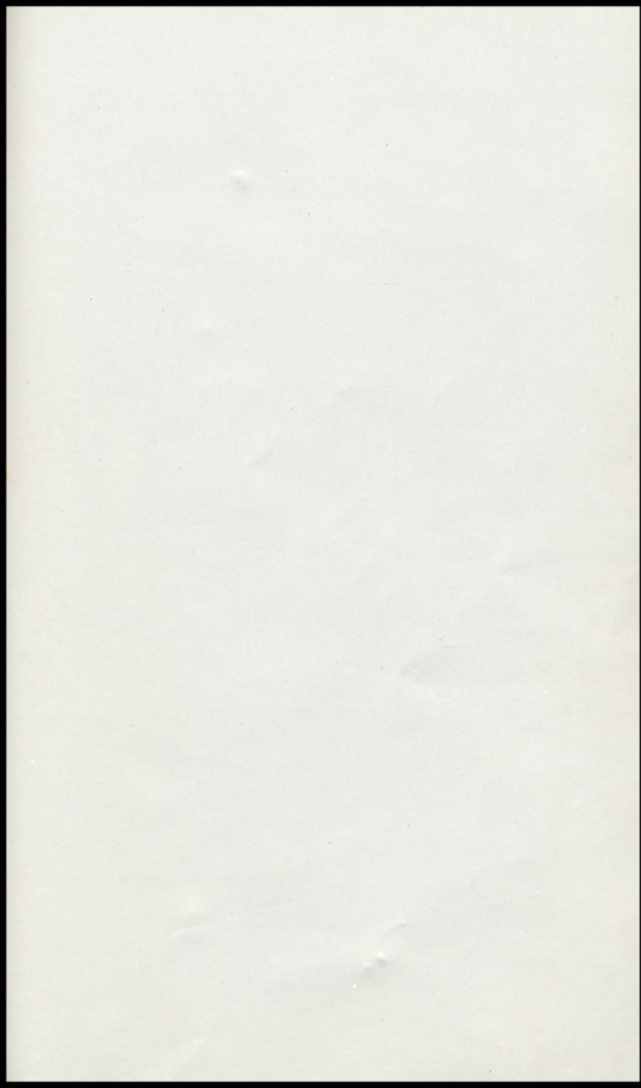


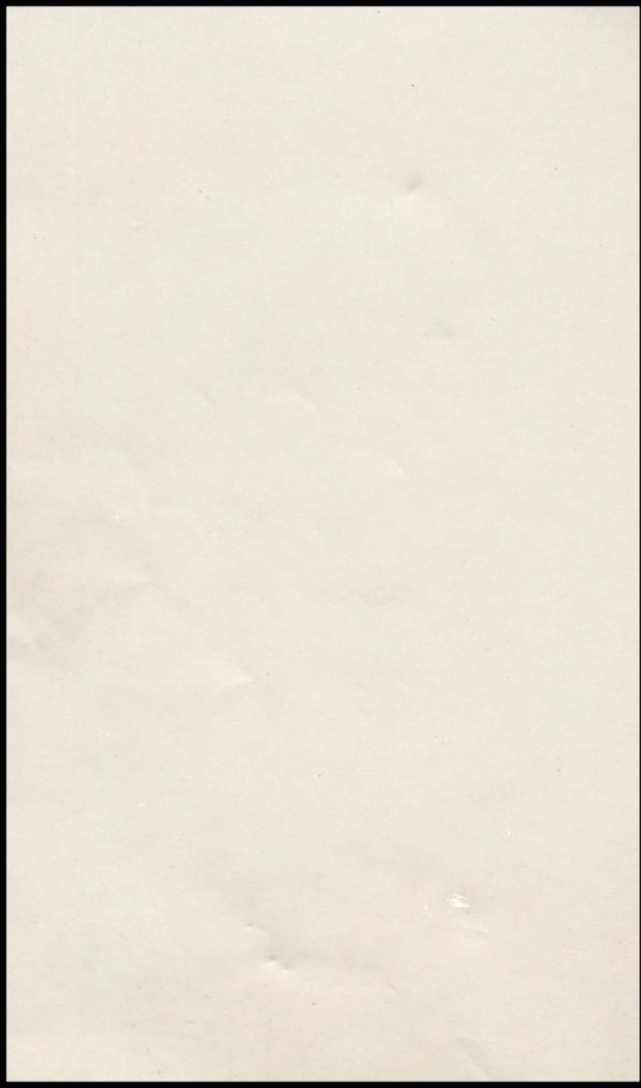
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