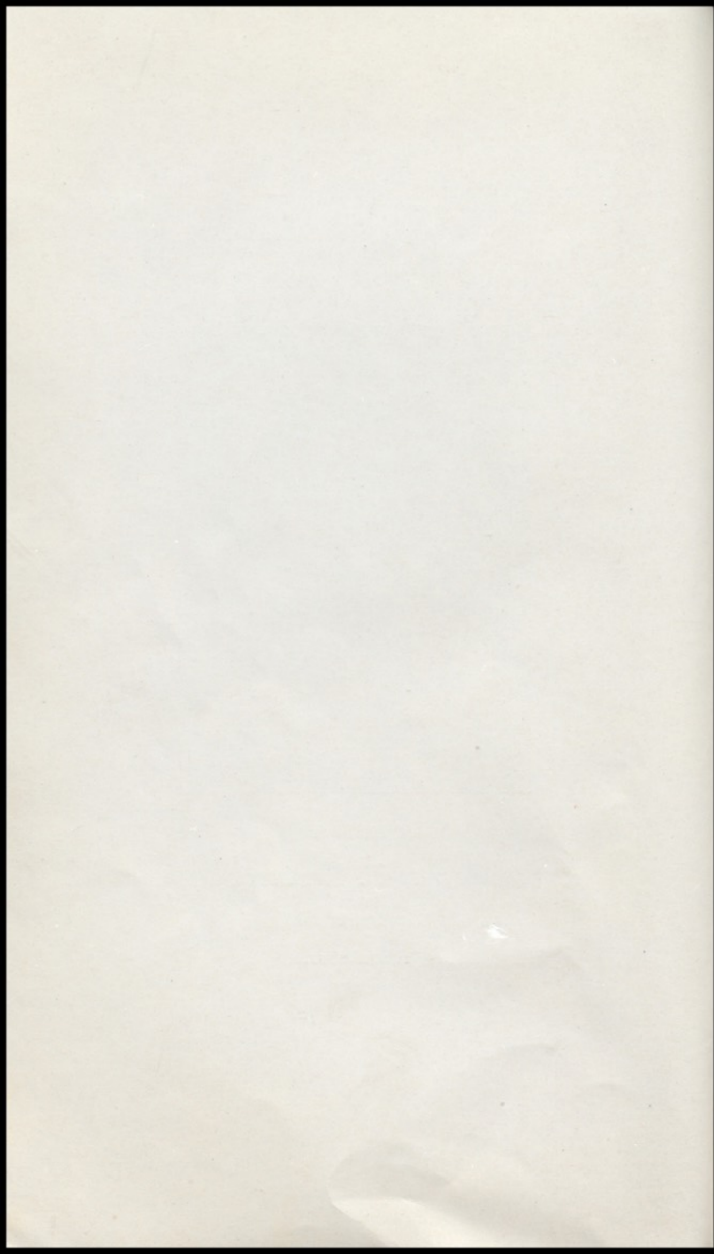




Dedicated to
Bernice H. Newberry
Our teacher and
class adviser.



CHS



ALFRED RICE—Commercial Course.
Orchestra '18, '19.
Foot Ball 1R '19.



MILDRED LUCAS—Commercial Course.
Class Secretary '19.



ROSWELL HILTON—General Course.
Class President '19.
Foot Ball '19.
Student Council '19.



BERYL SWAIN—General Course.

1919

CHS



MAX HILTON—General Course.

Honor Roll.
Foot Ball 1 C '19.
Basket Ball 1 C '19.
Base Ball 1 C, '19.



HELEN HUNGERFORD—General Course.

Student Council '16.
Glee Club '19.
Class Treasurer '19.
Honor Roll.



WILLIAM LEUDDERS—General Course.

Mirror Athletics '18.
Joke Editor Mirror '19.



JEANETTE PALMER—General Course.

Glee Club '18, '19.
Editor Mirror '19.
Society Editor Mirror '18.
Basket Ball '18, '19.
Student Council '17.
Vice President Senior Class.
Salutatorion.

1919

CHS



MILO RALSTON—General Course.

Student Council '17, '18.
Class President '18.
Class Treasurer '18.
Foot Ball 1 C '19, 1 R '17.
Base Ball 1 C '17, Capt. '19.
Basket Ball 1 C '19.
Athletic Association '19.



LOUISE PRESTON—General Course.



HOWARD GEORGE—General Course.

Orchestra '17, '18.



HARRIETTE COCKS—General Course.

Valedictorian.
Student Council '17.
Basket Ball C '19.
Junior Class Treasurer.
Orchestra '16, '17, '18, '19.
Glee Club '16, '17, '18, '19.
Mirror Staff Personals '18.
Debate '19.
Class History.

1919

CHS



HELEN LOBDELL—General Course.
Advertising Manager Mirror '18
Glee Club '18, '19.



MARGARET SLOMAN—General Course.
Glee Club '18, '19.
Honor Roll.



LUCY BAILEY—General Course.
Debate '19.
Mirror Staff Exchange '19.



OPAL VORE—Commercial Course

1919

CHS



BEN LAFENE—General Course.



VERA BROWN—General Course.

Debate '19.
Glee Club '17, '18, '19.
Class Song.



ROLLAND HILLIAR — Commercial
Course.



MARRIETTA CARLE — Commercial
Course.

1919



IDA KISER—General Course
Honor Roll.

PAULINE BRAINARD—General Course.

PHYLLIS HOLBROOK—General Course.
Class Yell '18.
President Student Council '19.
Class Poem.
Honor Roll.

RUTH WARNER—General Course.



RUSSELL WALDRON—General Course.

Foot Ball '19, 1 C '18, 1 R '17.

Class Treasurer '17.

Basket Ball 1 C '19.

Student Council '16.

President Sophomore Class.

LILAH ADAIR—General Course.

Mirror Staff Exchange '19.

HERBERT BIRCH—General Course.

Base Ball '17, '19.

Foot Ball R '16, '17. C '18.

Basket Ball C '19.

CCC '17, '19.

CLELA LINT—General Course.

Honor Roll.



LILLIAN THOMPSON—General Course.

Oratory '18.
Debate '19.
Declamation '17.

EDITH MILNES—General Course

Honor Roll.
Debating '18.
Orchestra '17.
Exchange Editor Mirror '18.
Secretary Class '16.
Editor Mirror '19.
Basket Ball '18, '19.

VIOLETTE CUSHMAN—General Course.

President Dramatic Club '19.

ROLENE BOWER—General Course.

CHS



DALE SHUMAKER—General Course.
Orchestra '18, '19.
Quartette '19.



SUSIE VANAKEN—General Course.
Basket Ball '17,



CLYDE BOWSER—General Course.
Base Ball '19.



BESSIE LOCKWOOD — Commercial
Course.

Joke Editor Mirror '19.
Class Prophecy.

1919



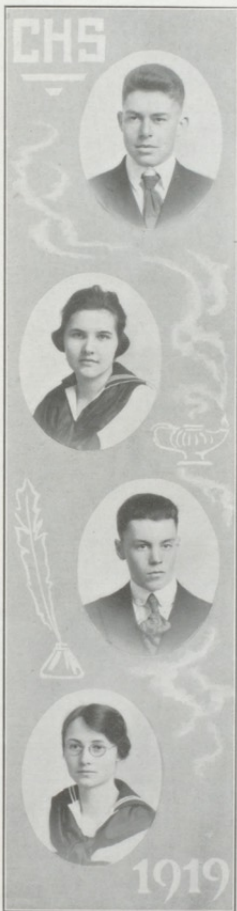
MARGARET LORING—General Course.

MARJORIE WESTENDARP—General Course.

Glee Club '16, '18, '19.
Basket Ball '18.
Class Secretary.

HELEN ABBOTT—General Course.

HELEN McCONKEY—General Course.



EVERET PFOST—General Course.

Foot Ball—1 R '19.

Base Ball—1 C '19.

CCC '19.

Class Prophecy.

VIRGINIA McCONKEY—General Course.

Basket Ball '19.

Vice President '16, '17.

WILLIAM CLARKE—General Course.

Student Council '16.

RUBY BUTCHER—General Course

Student Council '19.

Mirror Staff Editor '19.

1919



MARGARET HIESRODT — General Course.

Glee Club '17, '18, '19.

WYNIFRED POLLOCK—General Course.

Basket Ball '18, Capt. '19.
Student Council '19.
Secretary Sophomore Class.

MILDRED WHEELER—General Course.

Glee Club '15, '16.
Joke Editor Mirror '15, '16.

GERTRUDE HIGGINS—General Course.

Oratorical Contest.
First Place State Declamation
Contest.
Secretary Oratorical Association '18.
Literary Mirror '19.

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR.

June 6	-	-	-	-	Junior-Senior Banquet
June 8	-	-	-	-	Baccalaureate Service
June 10	-	-	-	-	Senior Play
June 12	-	-	-	-	Commencement
June 13	-	-	-	-	High School Picnic

HONOR ROLL

HARRIETTE COCKS	HELEN HUNGERFORD
JEANETTE PALMER	IDA KAISER
PAULINE BRAINARD	MARGARET SLOMAN
CLELA LINT	MAX HILTON
EDITH MILNES	PHYLLIS HOLBROOK

CLASS OFFICERS.

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Roswell Hilton
Vice President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jeanette Palmer
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mildred Lucas
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Helen Hungerford

Class Colors—Green and White.

Class Flower—White Rose.

Class Motto—"Not luck, but pluck"

CLASS POEM.

O, we're off for the bounding billows,
 We're out at last for the sea,
 Where the winds and the waves make havoc,
 And the hurricanes dash wild and free.
 Where the peaceful land which we're leaving
 Will be but a memory fair,
 When the stars alone at the evening
 Will shine with encouragement ther:
 "Not luck, but pluck."

But we have no fear for the storming;
 We sail in a wonderful craft,
 Built of the strongest of timbers,
 Through all of four years' work and laugh.
 And we're raising our flag at the mast high.
 Can't you see how its emblems do shine!
 Those good masters who superintended
 The building, have taught us this line:
 "Not luck, but pluck."

So come on, mates, our good ship is launching;
 Before lies the blue of the sea;
 We care not what storms overtake us,
 Or how rough the voyage may be;
 O, we'll fight with the spirit within us,
 And we'll win because we're "nineteen,"
 And because our flag waves in the sea breeze
 With its colors of white and of green.
 "Not luck, but pluck."

PHYLLIS HOLBROOK.

 CLASS WILL.

We, the members of the Senior Class, do hereby bequeath:

1. The "joint" used by the Senior girls to our Junior sisters, under the condition that they use it for the "proper purposes."
2. Mike's and Sheapie's culinary ability to such of our Junior brethren as may have the misfortune to have need of it.
3. Bill Birch's Heterogeneous conglomeration of gaudy collars and ties to Shorty Holmes.
4. Gertrude Higgins' forensic ability to Julie.
5. Bill Clarke's fantastical track arraignment to Marshall Sanford.
6. The ocular code of Bessie and Mr. P. Fost to Hat and Pat.
7. Mike's bunch of Keys to any Junior who promises to be able to use them to such a good advantage in the future as he has in the past.

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

Valedictory.

To every graduating class, commencement has a certain distinctive meaning, dependent upon the conditions then existing. And so this commencement seems to us to have a special significance.

Before the great war we were all working in harmony with the great tendency toward greater efficiency in all material lines. Commercialism was being developed to its highest possibility, and there was a great growth in material things.

But the war has brought about a wonderful change, and one great fact revealed by the war is that the technical knowledge has out-run historical and social conceptions. But this materialistic aim which we had—estimating great discoveries, great mechanical inventions, and great material prosperity as the best things in life—we find is not sufficient in itself to satisfy us. We do not value any less the progress we have made along various material lines because of these aims we have had, but we desire a bigger, broader, better aim to which we may aspire.

From any way we choose to view the situation, from examples in past history, from Emerson's principle of undulation, even from the law of physics that every force exerted in the universe there must be an equal force in the opposite direction, we feel sure that the present change of thought is the natural one and that we must now turn our attention from the past order to the new, now idealistic view of life.

In our churches and other institutions of a similar type we feel a change in attitude, as yet like the undertow of a river, which even though it may not change the surface of the water, nevertheless is a powerful force, working underneath. The church seems to be trying to develop to the standard where it may receive the returning soldier and gain his esteem instead of his contempt or at any rate his indifference as it might do if it had not advanced a pace with the religion of the army. The Salvation Army has purchased the places where saloons used to be and are making plans for starting coffee houses much like those of time of Addison and Steele, so that the men who used to spend their time in these places may still have the social intercourse which they did formerly, and also the added benefit of informing themselves on the topics of the day through conversation. There are innumerable other instances of the way that organizations of all kinds are perceiving the change in the social mind and the need that there will be soon for these new things.

During the war we found many literary works which thrilled us and gained our attention because of the realism of them. These served the purposes for which they were written and aroused our patriotism and made us want to carry our part through to the end. But now that

the war has stopped, we find ourselves turning with a sigh away from this sort of literature and seeking some other kind that is of more interest to us now. We are more interested now in the articles and books concerning the reconstruction of the world order, both materially and spiritually.

We can trace the same change by comparing the attitude of the schools before and during the war with the present attitude. Before the war we began to see a strong tendency toward the technical specialization. The Gary vocational systems was talked of everywhere and people were universally praising the idea of this sort of training. Now we find a change taking place and a different motive is gradually acting in our school system. More social sciences are being studied along with the practical things and we are trying to develop the students in more than the one line. We find, of course, the greatest part of the work is along material lines, but at the same time we can see a nobler motive in the present ideas. In the grades during the past year there has been a health crusade. Now although this was brought about primarily from the fact that a large percentage of men in the army were found to be defective physically because of the neglect of some simple thing, such as the care of the teeth, nevertheless it is being carried out for other reasons too. The child's aesthetic senses are developed by this training and he is taught to see the aesthetic or beautiful part of even the small things of life.

There is an unmistakable need for developing this ideal and spiritual tendency. We must get out of the rut that we have unconsciously sinking into. We must not let the gains we make in material life, in mechanical or commercial achievements, satisfy us in themselves; we must begin to appreciate the other factors which also play a part in our success. We perhaps would benefit ourselves if we adopt an attitude like Hamlet, that "there's nothing in the world, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," and begin looking for the joy and beauty of life. If we do this, we surely will be able to give back to the world better service. The mind is really the most powerful force in the world—history can do nothing other than develop as the social mind does.

And so as last year's class left C. H. S. with an earnest determination to do its part toward ending the great struggle, that was going on, let us go from C. H. S. with an equally earnest determination to do our part in the social, economical and spiritual reconstruction. Let us go our different ways, some to school, and some into the business or social world, with a conscious desire to serve the world in the best way we can, and to give for the benefit of others the best that is in us.

HARRIETTE COCKS.

CLASS SONG.

(Tune—Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand Bond.)

I

We're leaving dear old High School,
We're bidding you farewell,
Our days in school were happy ones,
Our work we loved right well,
But now we've finished High School,
And this Commencement night
Will see the last of Class Nineteen,
Assembled in delight.

II

Four years ago as Freshmen green,
We entered C. H. S.
But on we're plod thru muck and sod,
Our trials you could not guess,
'Till now we're here as Seniors proud
To take our last degree,
Which means we start the long hard trail,
And life's deep mysteries.

III

We're leaving dear old High School,
We're bidding you farewell,
Our days in school were happy ones,
Our work we loved right well,
But now we've finished high school,
And this Commencement night,
Will see the last of Class Nineteen,
Assembled in delight.

IV

"Not luck, but pluck" has pulled us through,
And onward now we'll strive,
To make our fame and future name,
An effort well worth while,
And now we wish to say good-bye
With deepest gratitude
Expressed to all our teachers kind,
And superintendent too.

V

We're leaving dear old High School,
We're bidding you farewell,
Our days in school were happy ones,
Our work we loved right well,
But now we've finished High School,
And this Commencement night
Will see the last of Class Nineteen,
Assembled in delight.

VERA BROWN,
M. WESTENDARP.





Class History

1915-16.

"The freshmen bold as soid Shakespeare old.
Is 'The Tempest' on the wing."

Sept. 5—Troubles! Troubles! Troubles! I don't like High School one bit. Principal Betchel said in chapel that twenty-five freshmen were lost at the end of the first period. He found them floating around the hall.

Sept. 15.—The Young People' Society gave us a reception at the Methodist church and the Seniors gave us one, too, on the sixteenth and still everbody has so many mean things to say about the freshmen. I don't think they're any different from any one else. I have even heard them say:

"The cows are in the pasture,
The sheep are on the grass,
But all the little silly geese
Are in the Freshmen Class."

Sept. 27—Tonight we had a class meeting and for president we thought Harry Stansell would satisfy us. Virginia McConkey was elected vice-president, and Edith Milnes, because of her rare ability as penman, was elected secretary. (We knew we would have so many meetings that we would need a regular secretary.) Alice Calkins was our choice for treasurer.

Our second and third class meetings were devoted chiefly to decide the weighty question of class colors. For some unknown reason green and white were chosen. Some of our mean upper class men said that they thought those colors were very appropriate. I'll bet that we won't be so mean when we get up in their places.

Even though we were just freshmen we had to send three members to the Student Council. Helen Hungerford, Russell Waldron and William Clarke were the ones we picked out—or maybe I had better say "picked on."

This year the play, "Merry Milk-maids", was given and we find on the cast the names of several of our talented classmen.

Very little was done by us in athletics this year. Bill Birch and Harry Stewart both won "R's".

June 9—Today we get our cards ond finish our freshmen year with the High school picnic at Coldwater Lake.

1916-17.

"The Sophomore is, with all his nerve galore.
Much Ado About Nothing."

Sept. 6—Such a batch of freshmen! Every time you turn around there are a half dozen freshmen asking you where to find room "K" or the assembly room.

Sept. 10—Again we find our selves confronted with the task of electing class officers. Russell Waldron was our choice for president, Virginia McConkey, vice-president; Wynifred Pollock, secretary, and Milo Ralston, treasurer.

Oct. 6—This morning during Consultation Period we elected members for the Student Council. We feel that now having elected Milo Ralston, we, as sophomores, have done our share in trying to preserve peace and order. Jeanette Palmer and Harriette Cocks we also thought important requisites in attaining that end.

On election day for the first time equal suffrage was granted and we all took advantage of the opportunity and cast our first ballots. Hughes was our choice for President.

Mar. 19—Well, Bill Birch again saved our bacon by getting in sixth in the cross-country race. Hurrah for our side! Guess that we can't brag about anything else in athletics except the "C's" that Mike and Herbie got in baseball.

May 7—Our school took the first place in the State Declamatory Contest held in Pontiac, Michigan, when Gertrude Higgins represented us there.

June 10—Such a time as we have had today at the High School picnic at Coldwater Lake,—but it was more fun anyway! Worms, ugh! I never saw so many before in my life and hope I shall never see so many again. The fun didn't begin until it got so dark that we couldn't see the worms. We built a camp fire and after we had finished roasting our weenies and eating our picnic supper we played games and had a war dance around the camp fire.

1917-18.

"'As You Like It' is a synonym that's fit
For the Juniors so they tell."

Sept. 7—Mr. Guy Fox, our new principal, gave us his first chapel speech.

Sept. 18—The first indication of hospitality was shown today when Ruby Butcher entertained the Gynasium girls at her home. The "weenie bat" was a decided success and the girls are hoping some other members may welcome them as Ruby did.

Sept. 24—A deuce of a storm today but we managed to get some good class officers, nevertheless. Guess the rain kept all the rotten politicians home or else part of the machine rusted. The Honorable Michael Ralston is now our president, Neil Angevine vice president, Marjorie Westendarp secretary, and Harriette Cocks treasurer.

Nov. 2—We have just started working on our Junior Minstrel. Mrs Milnes is directing us and we hope to be able to perform properly by the end of the month! We need the cash so be sure and come. You'll get your money's worth' too—It's going to be SOME show.

Nov. 30—Junior Minstrels are all over. Of course we're not proud and we hate to mention ourselves—but that show was the best yet! And say bo, did we make some money? Well, I hope to tell you?. Took Took in \$225 and after we had paid all the expenses we had—guess I'd better not say how much or you'll be jealous,—but anyway it looks as though we'd entertain the Seniors RIGHT.

Dec. 25—Of course, we all are trying to have the time of our young lives today but we can't help but feel badly when we think of Mr. Fox having to go to war.

Mar. 22—Juniors tied the Sophomores for second place in the cross-country. Our "Old Reliable" Bill Birch came in seventh.

In the field events we won second place. Our friend "Shuey" made first place in the high jump and R. Hilton got second in shot-put.

April 1—Edith Milnes and the other members of our negative debating team went to Schoolcraft for a debate and from all accounts they made the opposing team seem as foolish as the day would indicate. We were sure glad to have them win, like that.

June 5—Feeds having been forbidden because of the war, we gave a reception to our friends, the Seniors at St. Mark's Parish House. A little tame in comparison to a spread, but really quite a success.

June 7—All dressed up in our Sunday's best we have been keeping the Seniors company at the Baccalaureate service at the Presbyterian church this evening, dreading the end of the service because of the down-pour of rain taking place outside, which might ruin some of our frills.

June 11—We have all spent a half an hour hunting for our seats in Tibbits Opera House and being finally located we are wanting to take a last glimpse of the Seniors as they appear in the Commencement exercises.

June 12—Not a bit of novelty, the same old thing in the same old place, a high school picnic again today at Coldwater Lake.

1918-19.

"All's well that ends well."

Sept. 8—All our this year's freshmen seated in a row painted in the color indicative of their present station in life-green, and we find ourselves occupying the seats of honor, on the north side of the room.

Sept. 21—We have had another election today and we are complimenting ourselves on having secured Roswell Hilton as president of our class, Jeanette Palmer as vice president, Mildred Lucas secretary and Helen Hungerford treasurer.

Sept. 27—All preparrtions have been completed and it is now eight o'clock in the evening and all our freshmen friends are flocking to our reception. We have provided all sorts of stunts for them to do, and the refreshments are being supervised by Ruby and Louise so we know that we will have some mighty good eats.

Oct. 4—It is four o'clock and all the Seniors have just returned from room "B" where we have chosen Phyllis Holbrook, Ruby Butcher and Roswell Hilton as members of the Student Council.

Oct. 20—A new feature has been introduced into the regular course of events. We are having a vacation that our fond teachers were not planning on giving us. Everybody is having "flu" so they had to close school. During this vacation I should be able to keep this diary right for a while.

Nov. 15— Well, we are back at school again, and everything is going pretty well but the long hours surely are tedious. Once a week we are going to have drumatic club meetings to llven up things a bit. Violette Cushman is the president of the club.

Another club has decided that the Seniors are the ones who can accomplish things. The leader of the Hot Lunch Club is Ruby Butcher.

June 6—The Junior-Senior banquet was pulled off tonight and it surely was a success. Everybody had a peach of a time, eats, dance, music n' everything.

June 9—The Baccalaureate Service was held last night at the Methodist church. Rev. Wright's address was very impressive and we regret that so many of us will not have the privilege of hearing him as often in the future as in the past and we know his advice will be very helpful to us.

June 12—We are all at the height of excitement today. The kids who are going to give the speeches have been spouting them to us so much that I believe we all know them by heart now. The real speeche will be given by Rev. Lloyd Douglas of Ann Arbor, so we are sure going to hear one good speech.

Tomorrow we will have our picnic, but really tonight is the last time our class will ever be together. It makes a rather queer feeling come over us when we have time to think of it, and already we begin to think about the good times we have had in the last four years in C. H. S. and we almost wish we could do it all over again.

Extracts from a diary by

GERTRUDE HIGGINS,
and HARRIETTE COCKS.

Miss Newberry—What did the poet mean when he said, "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen?"

Lucy B.—I suppose he means hash.



Prophecy

Letter No. 1

Rochester, Minn.
September 17, 1930

Dearest Family:

I am very tired tonight, but realizing my obligation, I am going to write a little to you before retiring. I suppose you received my card saying that I was leaving Chicago. I received word from Mrs Martin that she wanted me to go to Rochester.

When I called the taxi to go to the station, I was slightly surprised to see that my driver was Howard George whom I knew in school. He seemed glad to see me and said that he was working for Edith Milnes who is the "high mogul" of the "Red and White", the largest taxi corporation in the world. While waiting for my train, I noticed the matron of the Rest Room talking to a young girl and thinking I might be of some assistance, went to where they were standing. The girl was headed for Mayo Brothers, Hospital, and alone. I offered to help her and when she told me her name I nearly fainted. It was Opal Vore. But oh how changed! This is her seventh trip here, and today I called on her to find her better. She has been teaching at the home for the feeble-minded.

I looked up Margaret Heisordt today, and we went to the movies after she was off duty. Next week she is to take charge of the Orthopedic Department. Last week one of her patients was Roswell Hilton, who was injured in a chemical explosion at the high school here where he is teaching. I met Louise in the hall going to see him. They live only a few blocks from the hospital. She asked me to spend a few days with her before I go, but I am afraid I will not be able to do so.

Today I had a letter from Ruth Warner Wilkins and yesterday a card from Margaret Sloman, who is teaching music in the Fiji Islands.

I am very tired, but I cannot stop until I tell you something of the place where I am staying. It is a very large and commodious establishment, and the people are all just fine. Our landlady is especially gracious. Maybe you used to know her. She was Vera Brown, the girl who taught music in Saginaw and who afterward married the superintendent of the schools of that city.

I must stop now because my private secretary, Bessie Lockwood, has just come in to help me with some work which must be finished to-night.

Love to everybody,

JEAN

Letter No. 2.

Chicago, Ill.

December 22, 1930

Dearest Folks:

Well, I am back in old Chicago again in the holiday whirl of this big city. This world surely is a small place. In Rochester I met many of my old friends who were there for treatment at the hospital, but in this city it seems as if we have a regular Coldwater quarter.

My first thought on reaching the city was to hunt up Beryl Swain at her apartment on Mt. Vernon Drive. It was nearly eight o'clock, so we just had time enough to go out for dinner before going to the theatre. It was a very agreeable surprise when I learned that there were to be other members of our party, Jeanette Palmer and Marjorie Westendarp. These three girls are the best of friends on account of their common interest. They are costume designers for Lady Duff Gordon. Our dinner was served in a most elegant manner and was certainly delicious. But this was easily explained when we found that the head waiter, Benjamin Lafene, sees that his Coldwater friends want for nothing.

After dinner we went to the theatre. There was to be a concert by four noted artists who have just returned from an European tour. We had arrived too late to obtain a program, so you can imagine our surprise when the opening ensemble revealed to our astonished gaze our four old friends, Dale Shumaker, with his beloved flute, Harriette Cocks with her violin, Alfred Rice lustily blowing his trombone, and Margaret Loring presiding at the piano.

After the concert, we went to the stage entrance to greet these friends of ours, but it was with much difficulty that we did so because the manager, Mike Ralson, flatly refused to let us see his charges until he recognized us, and then you may believe the nine of us had a fine chat about all the old Coldwater bunch.

I must tell you some of the encounters our musical friends had while they were in Europe. In Paris, the American Amdassador, William Clark, gave a ball for his former classmates. It was a very brilliant affair, and was marred only by the Ambassador's private secretary spraining her ankle. They would not have thought so much of this had they not learned that the secretary was Winnifred Pollock who had made the best record for speed on the typewriter of anyone who had ever taken it in our school. She was soon resting easily because the private physician, Rolland Hilliar, and the private nurse, Gertrude Higgins, had skillfully reduced the swelling in a very short time. All in all this ball was one of the most brilliant affairs they had ever attended.

On their concert tour through the reconstructed portion of France they were admiring some beautiful landscape gardening when they saw the young lady coming toward them who was responsible for the work. They were naturally pleased to see it was Susie VauAken, who has become the foremost American gardener in this kind of work.

This is an awfully long, and I am afraid, somewhat tiresome letter, so I will say good-night.

Yours with love,

JEAN.

Letter No. 3.

Detroit, Michigan
July 12, 1931

Dearest ones at Home:

Here I am in Detroit, and as usual this city is steaming. There was not a thing to break the monotony until last Sunday, when the great evangelist, Rev. Russell Waldron, blew in. He sure is a second Billy Sunday. He held his audience spell bound with his eloquence. But the music led by our old friend Herbert Birch was also inspiring. I was glad of having the opportunity to hear them because I have wanted to see what the boys could do, and they certainly do wonderful things. When Rev. Waldron called for volunteers to "hit the sawdust trail" what was my amazement to see Helen Lobdell, whom I supposed was a confirmed Baptist, rush from her seat to the front. After the services, I had a short visit with her. She told me she had decided to become a missionary and join Margaret Sloman in the Fiji Islands.

This summer so far has not been very interesting except for one state Agricultural Meeting which I attended at Lansing. The meeting was of special interest to me because Everett Pfost, who is now the State Agriculturalist, had charge of the work. He took me around to the different buildings and showed me where my friends were located. Ruby Butcher was in charge of a class of club workers, and from what I hear, there are very splendid reports coming in from her clubs throughout Michigan. Near Ruby's class was a class of Domestic Art students demonstrating how to make simple garments. Rolene Bower, who is teaching Domestic Art in the Detroit Central High, had charge of the department. Oh yes, I almost forgot to tell you that Clyde Bowser is one of the foremost authorities in the state on how to get rid of potato bugs, so I went out to see where he was demonstrating his process; but it was all Greek to me, so I did not linger very long. I got back here to Detroit very tired and hot, but happy at seeing so many friends. Later:—Heavens! Such an experience! And to begin at the beginning it happened thus. Helen Hungerford came out after me in her roadster this afternoon, after she got through with her work at the Social Service headquarters, and we went for a spin. Everything was going lovely including the maceine and our conversation, when suddenly we were hailed by a most formidable looking person on a motorcycle and were told to follow him peaceably. We were in for it, and we knew there was no use denying it. I know myself, that the last time I glanced at the speedometer it was registering 65 per. We were hailed into court and brought before the judge. We expected a sentenced of about ninety days and ninety dollars. Imagine our relief to hear the judge laugh, and who should it be but Virginia McConkey! Of course, she had to do something because of that stubborn motor cop, so we got ninety cents

fine and ninety minutes imprisonment, which was spent with her talking over old times. There was not much doing in court that day, so only one reporter stayed in. We saw her questioning the officer about us, and then she looked over our way, and she was no other than Lilah Adair. Needless to say, court was adjourned for the day.

I am tired after so much excitement. I am going to bed now and read just one chapter more of my absorbing new book "She Reached the Summit" by Phyllis Holbrook. I am surely glad you people at home recommended it to me because it is awfully good.

Lovingly,
JEAN.

Letter No. 4

Atlantic City
August 6, 1931

Dearest Dear Ones:

Here comes the regular issue of "Jean News" which must be very short because I am invited out to dinner, with honorable Max Hilton, the banker, of Philadelphia. We are going to drive to a very beautiful inn about ten miles from here.

Last night I was guest of honor at a dinner given by "she that was" Lucy Bailey, at her beautiful country home near here. It was simply wonderful, and such a dear family as she has. I wore my white crepe de chine dress and a pink sweet-pea corsage. Mildred Wheeler was also a guest, and believe me, it seemed good to visit with someone from home. She said she had a letter from Helen Abbott who is traveling through Africa, accompanied by her mother, selling blonde complexion cream.

I am hoping to go up to New York soon for a week-end. I am anxious to see "MacBeth", as Marietta Carle is playing the part of "Lady MacBeth."

A very new feature of the resort here is the daily morning lecture by Lillian Thompson, on "How to Bring Up Children". Of course these lectures are invaluable to mothers. Do you remember Violet Cushman? She has entire charge of Childrens' Recreation Work, which includes story hours, swimming lessons and games. It is a dandy position and immensely interesting work.

The bell boy has just arrived with my mail, and, "will miracles never cease?" I usually pay no attention to servants, but today, for some reason, I know not why, I did notice this boy, and can you believe me, it was Bill Luedders! Contrary to rules, he stayed and ted for several minutes. I will write more later

Lots of love,
JEAN.

Letter No. 5

New York City
Sept. 1, 1931

Dearest Home People:

Honestly, I am so busy these days that I hardly even have time to write home. But I get such peachy letters from you that I feel as if I must at least attempt to do my duty.

There are two times when I love New York best. One is spring when the lovely new styles are coming in, and the other is fall, when each store vies with its neighbor to see which can get the styles which will recompense their customer for the long dreary winter.

I have a new dove colored velvet suit with hat, shoes, gloves and a fur to match. It was an awfully extravagant thing to do, I know, but I met Clela Lint on my way up town and she persuaded me to get it. She is a teacher here in a very exclusive school for little girls, and so of course she is in a position to know what really is the proper thing.

You remember Ida Kaiser, don't you? I was very surprised when I was picking out a suit to have her come out wearing the one I got. She looked so sweet in it, and is such a charming little model that I could not resist.

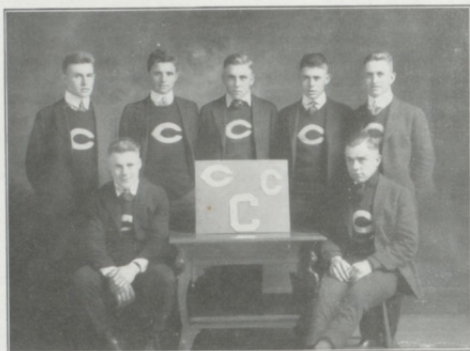
I saw Mildred Lucas today at Sherrys, and she has given me a permit to go up to the Surmount movie studio and see Helen McConkey, who is the leading lady vampire up there. Mildred was profuse in her praise of Helen, but I am going up and see for myself how she does it. Mildred is Helen's publicity manager, and she surely does a good job of it.

I don't even have time to keep up my "beauty exercises", but I am going up and see Pauline Brainard, who has a beauty shop on Fifth Avenue, and have her fix me up for the theatre this evening.

Yours ever lovingly,
JEAN.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET.

On the evening of June 6th, the Juniors gave a banquet and dance to the departing Seniors and the faculty. The Seniors this year were very lucky in being honored by a banquet which was forbidden last year on account of the war. The sumptuous banquet was served in the dining room of the Elks' Temple after which the guests withdrew to the ball room where all enjoyed themselves until a late hour. The music was furnished by Pelton's orchestra.



◁ Athletics ▷

The Seniors may be justly proud of the "C" men this year. There are five men with more than one "C" and two new men with one "C". The following is the record of each one of them:

WALDRON, RUSSELL, "Sheapy", acting captain of last year's football, never found himself in athletics until last year. He put up a good game at fullback and also played well at center in basket ball. "Sheapy" has won two football "C's" and one basket ball "C".

RALSTON, MILO, "Mike" was a sufferer from hard luck in athletics, but in his Senior year finally stuck the season out and was one of the standbys in the line. Mike is the winner of three "C's" in the Senior class; although M. Hilton may come under that head later in the year. M. A. C. secures "Mike" next year.

BIRCH, HERBERT "Red" although, leaving school to join the Students Training Camp, returned in time to win his basket ball "C". "Red" was football captain this year and, although, only playing in two games, was always on the job. "Red" is the other member of the three "C" triumvirate.

HILTON, MAX, one of the Kinderhook boys, put up the star game of any individual on the football team and ought to make a good man for M. A. C. in a few years. Max also won his basket ball "C" and copped a baseball letter.

HILTON ROSWELL, Playing half-back on the team last fall. "Russ" acquitted himself in good style and only lack of experience prevented him from being a star. He is fast and heavily built and has a gridiron future before him.

PFOST, EVERETT, arriving in school just before the close of foot ball, made a good showing and earned his "R". He was also upon the bate ball team and while playing a style all of his own, delivers the goods.

BOWSER, CLYDE, would no doubt have made the football team last year, but preferred to devote his ability and time to baseball and chances are very favorable that he will win his letter.

Senior Play

"THE ART OF BEING BORED"

Cast of Characters

BELLAC	Rolland Hilliar
Roger de Ceran	Roswell Hilton
Paul Raymond	Russell Waldron
Toulonnier	Everett Pfof
General de Briais	Clyde Bowser
Francois	Bennie Lafene
Saint-Reault	Milo Ralston
Gaiac	Herbert Birch
Des Millets	Dale Shumaker
Duchess de Reville	Lucy Bailey
Madame de Loudan	Bessie Lockwood
Jeanne Raymond	Vera Brown
Lucy Watson	Wynifred Pollock
Suzanne de Villiers	Marjorie Westendarp
Countess de Ceran	Edith Milnes
Madame Arriego	Susie VanAken
Madame de Boines	Virginia McConkey
Madame de Saint Reaut	Harriette Cocks

Under the direction of Miss Trnis, the Seniors were able to get in a good rehearsals during the last few weeks end in spite of the shortness of time; the play was a success. The scene was laid in France near Paris and the costumes were of the latest designs.



< Girls Basketball >

Following the precedent of last year, when, for the first time in the history of Girls' Athletics in Coldwater, the Basketball team played out-of-town engagements, this year's team has played six games. Besides these, they have played three games with the second team, preliminary to the boy's games.

POLLOCK, WYNIFRED, "Peter", captain of the team, has played on the team two years. During last year and the first of this year she played jumping center, but on account of her height and strength, her position was changed to forward.

McCONKEY, VIRGINIA, "Gina", played a good game at center and easily covered her opponent because of her unusual stature. Even in her senior year, she was one of the youngest on the team.

COCKS, HARRIETTE, "Cocksie", although playing forward at first, played a swift game at side center for the remainder of the year. "Cocksie" is a fighter and has had to go up against some of the best players on the opposing teams.

PALMER, JEANETTE, "Jane", changing from her old position of guard, became an able team mate for "Peter". She has been a steady and reliable player.

MILNES, EDITH, "Ede," was a very strong, guard both her Junior and Senior years. As long as the forwards on opposing teams were very difficult to guard, lots of stick-to-itiveness was necessary and "Ede" deserves credit for her efforts.

In looking over the year's work, we take great pride in the clean, consistent playing of our girls. As they go into larger fields, they will surely be a credit to Coldwater High School.

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