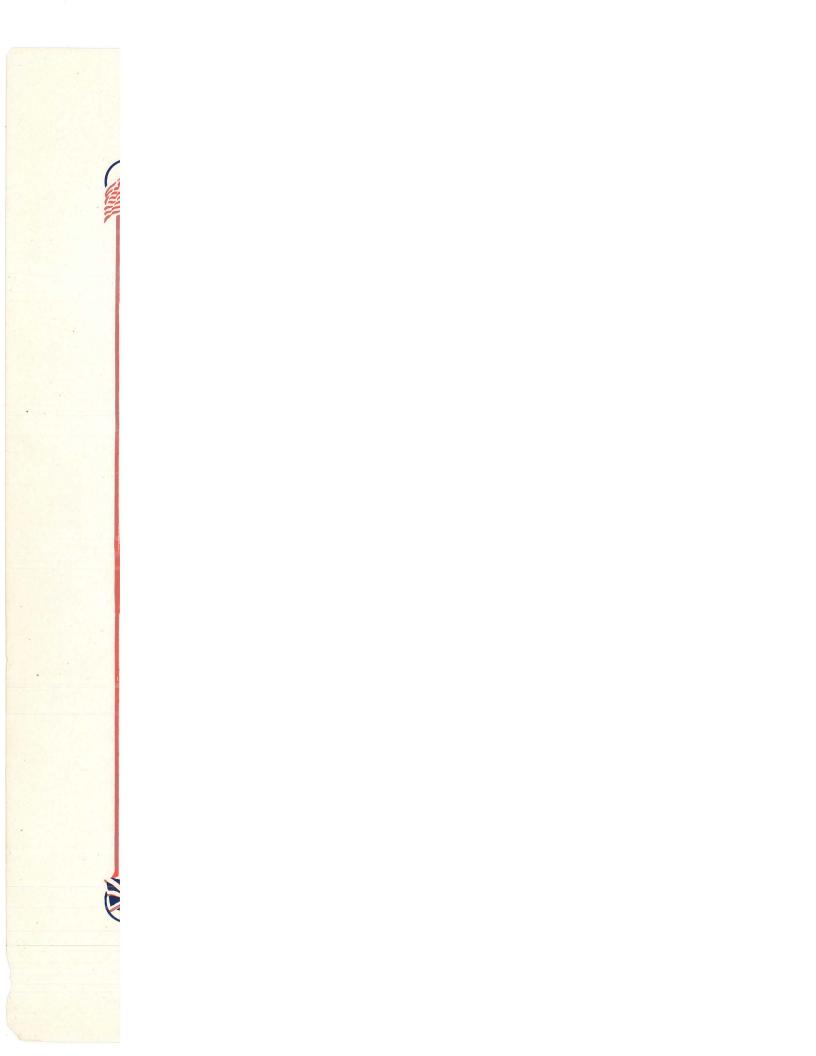
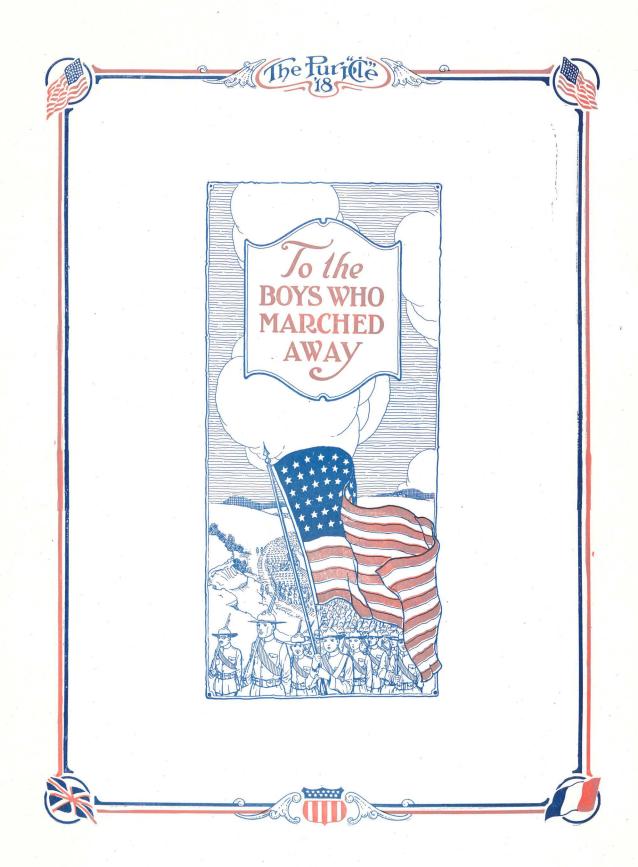
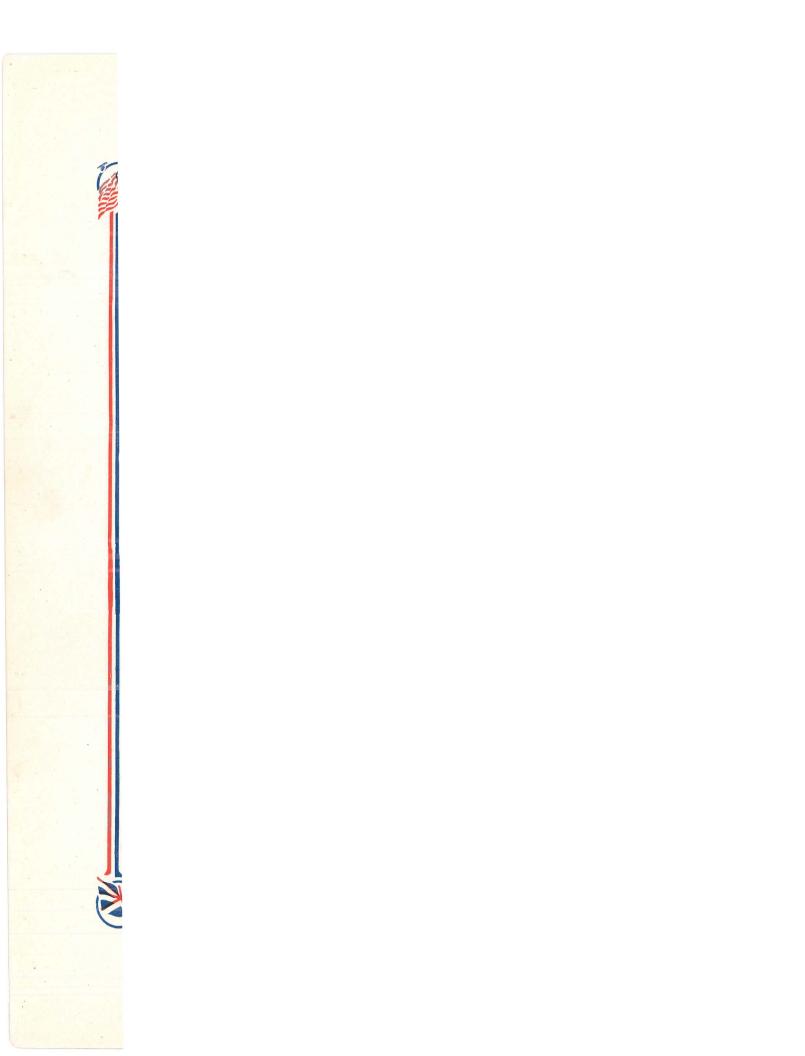
Lila M Boyd 1918 615 32 Coffeyville Yans.



Miss Lila Boyd.









NATALIE STOCK

Y. W. C. A. '18; Campfire Kamshumatu '18; Mixed Chorus '18.

"If words are music I'm a brass band."

GOLDIE DAVENPORT

Y. M. C. A. '15-'18; Band '16; Orchestras '14-'18.

He was a man all in all. We shall not look on his like again.

SYLVIA ANN HALL

Y. W. C. A. '15-'18; Waida Werris Campfire '18.

Little but mighty, cute, sorta' freighty. Some kid!

ELLIOT MORRIS

We have never found out what was really the most attractive thing in the world to Elliot, a girl or his pipe.

LULA AMICK

Kamshumatu Campfire '17-'18; Mixed Chorus '18; Y. W. C. A. '18.

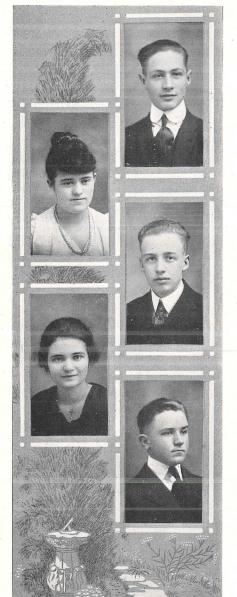
Polite, full of fun, hard working, never glum. All these and then some.











SIDNEY R. RUGH

Basket Ball '15-'18; Base Ball '17-'18; Track '16; Foot Ball '16-'18; Y. M. C.A. '15-'18; Treas. Junior Class; Vice-Pres. Senior Class.

"My ravished eye beholds such charms about her, I can die with her but cannot live without her."

MADELINE UPHAM

Sec'y Y. W. C. A. '17-'18; Purple C Staff; Chapel Pianist '17-'18.

"With boys and their lovely looks; I thought not being busy with my books."

VERN C. KIDDOO

Business Mgr. Purple C; The Assembly '18; Y. M. C. A. Treas. '18.

"Let the world slide, let the world go, a fig for a care, a fig for a woe."

ANNA MOSELEY

Pres. Y. W. C. A. '18; Purple C Staff.

Competent, loyal and true. Her smiles lightened the class rooms and halls, her leadership has done much for C H S, and we loathe to see her go.

JOHN LOGAN STEPHENS

Y. M. C. A. '18; Latin Club '18; Mixed Chorus '18; Purple C Staff.

"I can't love, I'm too young."





MARGARET MILLER

Y. W. C. A. '18; Vice-Pres. Senior Class; Purple C Staff.

Then she will talk, Ye Gods, how she will talk.

GEORGELL DOUGLASS

Pres. Y. M. C. A. '18; Track '18; Editor Purple C; The Assembly '18.

He would rather have the affectionate regard of his fellowmen than to have mines and heaps of gold.

MARIE RYAN

Purple C Staff.

She lives each day in a sensible way and does her level best.

CLINTON WRIGHT

Foot Ball '18; Base Ball '17-'18.

Does his work so well no one needs to follow him.

THELMA SMITH

Y. W. C. A. '15-'18; Kamshumatu Campfire '15-'18; Latin Club; Mixed Chorus '18.

Of all our parts her eyes express the sweetest kind of bashfulness.













JOSEPH L TURNER

Track Team '17; Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A. '18.

Such a trouble to himself and others, thru his temperamental interest in women.

ALINE ROBINSON

Purple C Staff '18; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '18; Kamshumatu Campfire '18; Class Editor '17.

To drive an auto that goes with her size, she ought to be driving a flivver.

MYRON M. HENDERSON

Y. M. C. A. '15-'18; Track '16-'18; The Assembly '18; Sec'y Junior Class; Purple C Staff.

"I have a heart to let."

BLANCH ABSTON

Y. W. C. A. '18.

A wealth of hair, a wealth of smiles, the wealthiest girl for miles and miles.

RAY RUTHRAUFF

Y. M. C. A. '18.

Silence is the mark of wisdom.



SUSIE VIRGINIA M'NULTY

Waida Werris '16-'18; Purple C Staff; Y. W. C. A. '15; Glee Club '16.

She could mend anything from a leaking dishpan to a broken heart.

JOHN ROBERTS

"It's simply not in my line to be a heart breaker."

ALICE ROLENA NICHOLAS

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '14-'15; Purple C Staff.

"Teaching school? Go take a rest, I think a home with a man is best."

ALBERT H. SHANER

Y. M. C. A. '15-'16; Santa Fe Oration '17-18.

"I have hardly learned to insinuate flatter, bow and bend my knee."

MILDRED GWENDOLYN PETERS

Y. W. C. A. '15-'18; Waida Werris Campfire '18.

No matter how you look at it, she's all right.









CLYDE WHORTON

Y. M. C. A. '16-'17; The Assembly '18.

Long, lanky and lean, just a good sport of a flying machine.

BESSIE ROBERTS

Modist and shy, yet sufficiently gay, to make a good school ma'am.

LOCKRIDGE MASTERS

Y. M. C. A. '15-'18; The Assembly '18; Foot Ball '18; Track '17-'18.

"Girls may come and girls may go, but I go on forever."

CORDELIA PENN

Y. W. C. A. '17.

Friendship is the greatest honesty and ingenuity in the world.

JOSEPH WELKER

Y. M. C. A. '17-'18; Class Editor '17; Treas. The Assembly '18.

He likes the smell of gasoline, exploding from his Ford machine.





CECIL DICKERSON

"My own thoughts are my sole companions."

EARL ROOK

Pres. The Assembly '18; Y, M. C. A. '17.

"I said, I would die a bachelor."

HAZEL SANDON

A human graphophone to the tune of a giggle.

STANLEY JAY

Y. M. C. A. '17.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel, which falls into mine ears as profitless as water in a seine.

HELEN GORDON

Good humor is goodness and wisdom combined.













WILLIAM M'COY

Y. M. C. A. '18; Foot Ball '17-'18; Purple C Staff.

Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look.

MARGUERITE REAMHILD

Y. W. C. A. '18.

One to herself is true, and therefore must be so to you.

LELA REICH

Y. W. C. A. '18.

A heart with room for lots of friends.

FRANK SHRADER

Y. M. C. A. '17.

O 'tis a parlous boy; bold, quick, ingenious, forward and capable.

CLARENCE CRUMPACKER

Y. M. C. A. '18; The Assembly '18.

"I have no use for a dictionary."



EVANGELINE TATE

Y. W. C. A. '15-'17.

"There is always a best way of doing things, if it be to boil an egg."

CHADWICK OGDEN

Y. M. C. A. '18; Foot Ball '18; Track 17-'18: Basket Ball '18; Purple C Staff; The Assembly '18.

A wise man who neither suffers himself to be governed, nor attempts to govern others.

MARION RICHERSON

Y. W. C. A. '18.

The jolliest happiest sort of girl, a friend to everybody.

VANCE EDWARDS

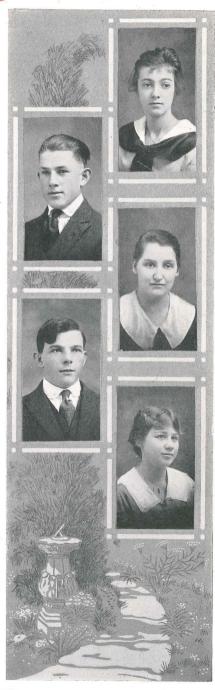
Y. M. C. A. '17-'18; Purple C Staff.

There is smiles on his lips, in his eyes, on his chin.

VIOLA MAY SHERWOOD

Y. W. Cabinet '16-'17; Pres. Waida Werris '18; Glee Club '18.

All is gentle, naught stirs rudely.







mune with some Christian Scientist or Scientists with the idea of being relieved of said unconscious ignorance by the lauded "faith-cure." Surely such rigorous treatment is necessary for every other means of restoration has proven vain. The Faculty, we fear, has abandoned the poor class, and not without good and sufficient reason.

Fifth, to the Sophomore class we leave our inexpressible sympathy for their coming occupation of the seats in chapel formerly occupied by those awful Juniors

Sixth, to the Freshmen we would leave our fountain-pen if former experience had not shown that they are remarkably ferocious (considering their inferior physical and mental condition) when any ink is left running around the premises. They devour the liquid in much the same manner that other Freshmen chew milk.

Seventh, to the balance of the school (if there exists any) for which we have not heretofore made provision, we leave the assurance that if we could have brought you to mind we would have proceeded to roast you in all the conceivable ways which are within our limited ability.

We have now made necessary provision for our proper and comfortable burial, the Faculty, Our Principal and the Under-Classes. With a sense of utmost benignedness and the feeling of a millionaire endowing a ward school with kindergarten chairs, we proceed to dispose of our further properties, mostly to individuals.

Natalie Stock's famous "bangs" we bequeath with our best wishes to the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Army, to be used in the Spring drive to Berlin. (Warning: We will not be responsible for any accident or 'dents caused by the explosion of these "bangs" by careless usage.)

We give to J. Warren Kerrigan a copy of "Hints on Courtship and Marriage" in fourteen lessons by Harry Gabler.

To Theda Bara, Aline Robinson wishes to leave some tips on modern vamping as practiced on those "cute" Sophs.

Marjery Miller's coveted title, "Merry Sunshine" she reluctantly leaves to Golda Banta.

Cecil Dickerson, generously desires to endow Miss Powell with her charming ear-rings to be used as letter-files.

Earl Rook leaves his reputation of "a talkin' poor fool" to Miss Henry knowing full well that it will not suffer decay unless she is stricken with tongue-paralysis.

Viola Sherwood's fiery blushes she bequeathes to any paint store. She thinks that when mixed with cold cream they would make a fine "old rose" barn-paint.

Joe Welker leaves the log-chain with which he hitches his Ford, to the girls of the Freshman Class. He hopes that they will divide the links between each other and use them for ear-drops.









Vance Edwards' ideas on how to drive a Studebaker with one hand and do something else with the other, he leaves to any one who is interested.

Marguerite Raemhild and Lela Reich contribute to the "Boys' Club" their last names to be used as weinies in a bean supper.

The class of '18 wishes to leave to "Bobbie" Murray the memory of manliness as typified in "Shorty" Beechwood. Here's hoping he takes this seriously.

Elliott Morris' air of just coming out of a modiste's shop he leaves to Royal Enders

Bessie Roberts' ability of telling six explanations in one hundred-fifty three seconds of why she was absent, she bequeathes with her tender regards to Bill Tatman.

By unanimous consent we have decided to leave Harry Cooks' never-ending line of gush to the Ice Cream Depot to be frozen and sold for about thirteen cents per quart. The low price mentioned is due to the inexhaustible supply.

Helen Gordon leaves her reputation as the Marie Dressler of the Senior class to Fat Ashby.

Her desire to be a second Amelie Rives, Alice Nicholas leaves to Grace Merton.

Jim P. is the heir Lockridge Masters chooses to enrich with his pomp, said pomp to be renovated and used to make hair brooms.

Hazel Sandon lovingly bequeathes her pert baby-like appearance to Anna Mae McClain.

Lila Boyd gives her typewriter to the Ford Motor Co. She estimates that at least five "Lizzies" should be made from the defunct machine.

Thelma Smith contributes to the Red Cross the napkins she made in Domestic Science and which she had intended to present to a relative for Christmas. She thinks they will make excellent bandages.

Our esteemed fellow class-man Goldie Davenport gives his curling-iron and curl-papers to the Liberty Fire Department, to be used in "doing up" the horse's tail.

John Roberts' Boy Scout suit is left with his dark white hair to Harry Duemke.

Marian Richardson has decided to sacrifice her sweet, young, mellifluous voice to W. E. Ziegler Jr.

Because of Robert Belt's unintentional accident of shaving off his right eyebrow while attempting to trim a corn, Joe Turner has decided that the right thing to do is to lend him his moustache indefinitely, as his is the only one of the two in school which matches Bob's other brow. Joseph's action is certainly commendable.

The "green eyed" appearance of Mildred Brunner when sore, she passes on to Mrs. Johnson who is already developing one.

Vern Kiddoo's bequest is in the nature of advice to all the boys of the





Sophomore class. He says that by years of experience he has found that the Gossard molds the figure much better than any other corset he has ever used. He also says that a chamois is much more efficient and up-to-the-minute than a powder-puff.

Lula Amick's still constant regard for Harry Cook she passes on to Mildred Neale. Haw! Haw!

Chad Ogden leaves his insatiable appetitite for Physics and horse radish to Padgett, Maguire & Co.

Cordelia Penn wishes her egotistically contented air on the entire Freshman class to be divided up equally between its members.

Sidney Rugh's martyr looks when he is discussing the wrongs suffered by the basket-ball teams he presents to the chapel clock.

Madeline Upham bequeathes her pug nose and lip-stick to any poor, lonely, would-be chorus girl on the Big Time.

Myron Henderson leaves his unenviable talent for making a dog-goned donkey of himself under any and all circumstances to Bill Carpenter who already has an unlimited supply of the same disease.

Sylvia Hall leaves her man-luring, vamping powers to (Miss) Car(oline)rie Dolbee.

Georgell Douglass gives his reputation as the "bud" and "gay dog" of the season to his "dear che-ild bruther" Hilton. Hilton already shows signs of becoming as accomplished a smoofer as "big bubbie" always was.

Susie McNulty leaves the "ell" from her rear name to the class of '19, and wishes them a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Stanley Jay's modicum of gray matter we bequeath to the Science Department as a proof of the statement that nothing can exist.

Blanche Abston desires to leave her Chemistry Lab. Note Book to Loren Heason. She thinks it should be very acceptable for she says she never used it but once and then all she did was to write her name in it.

John L. Stephen's dimples and habit of calling everything "dirty" he bequeathes with any Latin books whatsoever in his possession at the time of his decease as a student to Miss Anna Hancock.

Anna Moseley's W. C. T. U. manners she leaves to Doc. Fuller. She urges him to perpetuate said manners in a way proper and fitting to her memory.

All the knowledge of feminine nature acquired by Albert Shaner in his scandalous intrigues with two well known Seniors of the sex he donates to Joe Sparks.

Bill McCoy bequeathes his fortune consisting of a baby lisp and such a cute lay-back to Snipe Griffith. There is an awful example of revenge on the deathbed.

Ray Rutherauff's penchant for eighth grade beauties he leaves to nobody. He says he'll love 'em even in death.





CLASS HISTORY

Say:—The quiet business-like dignity of the class of 1918 on coming into C. H. S. Eager and anxious to learn the things that would place them on the road to success. The Kaiser might well have pondered over the quality of the soldiers that were to be pitted against him, if they were like the class of 1918, as they entered C. H. S. Did they have Vim and Determination? Yes. The qualities that are recommending our soldiers to the world today were plainly manifest in our beginning class. We responded to the call of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., to track, to basket ball, in fact all the activities of our school. Taking our share of the work and winning our rightful share of the honors.

The major portion of the class were again in school in the Sophomore year. Here we surpassed our first year's record, for we were found in all activities in larger numbers, with more pep. Here we were gaining more of the efficient training given by our instructors, better fitting ourselves for class organization in our Junior year.

Chuck full of "pep" because of our new freedom we elected our Freshmen and Sophomore Editor Harry Gabler, President; Marjorie Miller, Vice President; Myron Henderson, Secretary; Sidney Rugh, Treasurer and Lyman Levan, Yell Master. Joe Welker and Aline Robinson were class editors this year. Our superiority as Juniors was shown by winning the Track Championship and tieing for the foot ball championship, with the Seniors. We followed these victories by giving them a good old fashioned picnic. Those who did not enjoy themselves were not there. Owing to the business management of the class we went "Over the Top" in finance. Among those who entered C. H. S. with us, Ward Gillispie, Jesse Moore, Alva Perry, Chas. Ball, Chas. Jolly, Joe Straub, Otis Kelley, John Battagler, Floyd Faulkner, and Elmer Hall have answered Uncle Sam's call to the colors. The boys of C. H. S. have received many compliments for clean playing, whether victorious or defeated. We know that these boys who have gone to the great game of war will add to our laurels, and help gain the victory. With such boys as these the Kaiser will not have a "look-in" in the finals.

The personnel of the competent officers and Annual Staff of our Senior year are mentioned elsewhere so we will omit them in the Class History.

During the foot ball season we buried the Juniors both in chapel and on the field. Our class play was a grand example of historical art. Altogether we are quite satisfied with our exhibitions in all lines of work and talent.

As we sum up our history we find that our class has taken the lead in all lines of athletics, social life as well as intellect. Some have won letters each year, several have won some letters and six of the Seniors boys won sweaters for foot ball. Our class plays have been works of art. While the Annual is not out, we feel that it will be a complete success.

Next year we will go out into the world or go to college, but may we never





forget what Professor Kennedy and his competent staff of instructors have done not only to make our High School life a successful one but to make our after life a success also.

Our stars this year for the Santa Fe track meet are still unknown, as this is being written some time before school is out, but we hope for the best.

There will probably be many things of historic interest done by or to '18 before we make our formal bow to the world in general.

If the gentle (or disgusted) reader hath persevered thus far, far be it from us to prolong the torture. Even the history of '18 cannot last forever.

Class Poem

There have been other classes.

It may be,

Made up of lads and lasses
of degree,

Which make a strong contention,

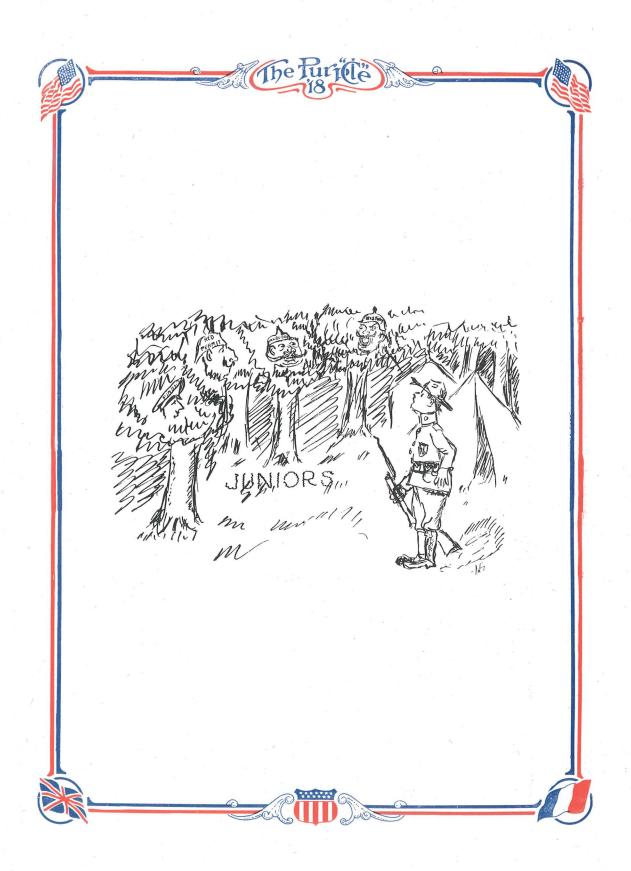
That they deserve some mention,

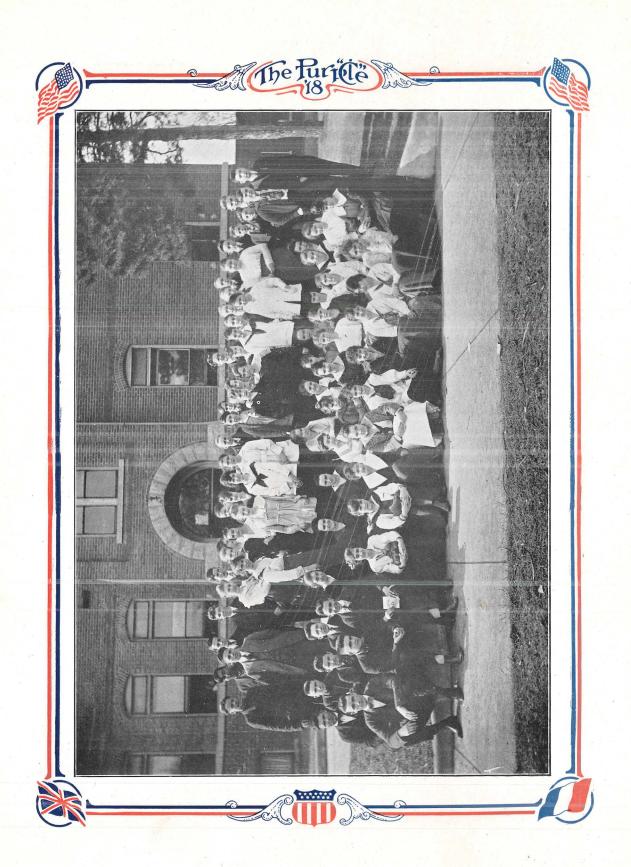
But it meets with strong dissention
here from me!

Not of them is fit for
naming here,
They needn't think they're "It" for
they are queer.
We're the only class that ever
Welded bonds that cannot sever,
Certain to endure forever
and a year.

We've the finest and the brightest
That there are,
The loveliest and rightest
near or far.
We all are brave and witty
Goodlooking if not pretty.
We're the brightest in the city
Each a star.
By CLARENCE CRUMPACKER.









Who	\mathbf{Is}	Favorite Expression	Hates
Violet Ashby	Jolly	.,"Oh, Gosh"	Nonsense
Golda Banta	Frivolous	"Honest Kid?"	Boys
Gladys Carey	Silly	"Where's Sid?"	Rivals
Wm. Carpenter	Very quiet	. "Shucks"	.Dish washing
Ray Ensch	Short	"Oh Hell-up"	.To miss a dance
Olivia Falkinburg	Corpulent	."Good Night"	To be little
Ralph Florea	Graceful	."For the Love of Cats'	'Work
Chas. Graves	Bow-legged	"Don't you know"	.A flirt
Loren Heason	Stylish	."I don't know"	Girls
Lucille Robey	Loud mouthed	."Oh poo"	.To be kissed
Frances Martin	Popular	Land sakes"	.To be chaperoned
Mary Masters	,Slender	."Oh gee"	Laughing in class
Wm. Maguire	A lady's man	. "Dawgawnit"	To be called baby
Anna Mae McClain	A nutte	"Oh look"	Giddiness
Mildred Neale	Proud	"Oh silly"	Fads
Wm. Nelson	Studious	."My, My"	. (Wimmin)
W. E. Ziegler	.Sarcastic		Roudy boys

Mrs. Price: Violet, what is the chief product that is manufactured in Glasgow?

Violet: Glass. (Much laughter).

Wilbur Padgett: Say Bill have you ever had hell in German yet? Bill Maguire: I should say so, we've been having it all week.

Miss Ringburg: If you multiply oranges by oranges what is the result?

Bill Carpenter: Square oranges.

Ray Ensch: Is there an opening for a bright, energetic young man?

Business Man: Yes, and please close it as you go out.

W. E. had an Apperson
And one evening just at dark
He drove into the country
And his Sparker ceased to spark.
W. E. turned round and drove to town
To find a Remedy
But 'stead of the town Garage
He drove down Fifth Street, see.
Now the mystery is here to solve
We've studied till we're frantic
Why W. E. prefers a Martin
To a skilled mechanic.



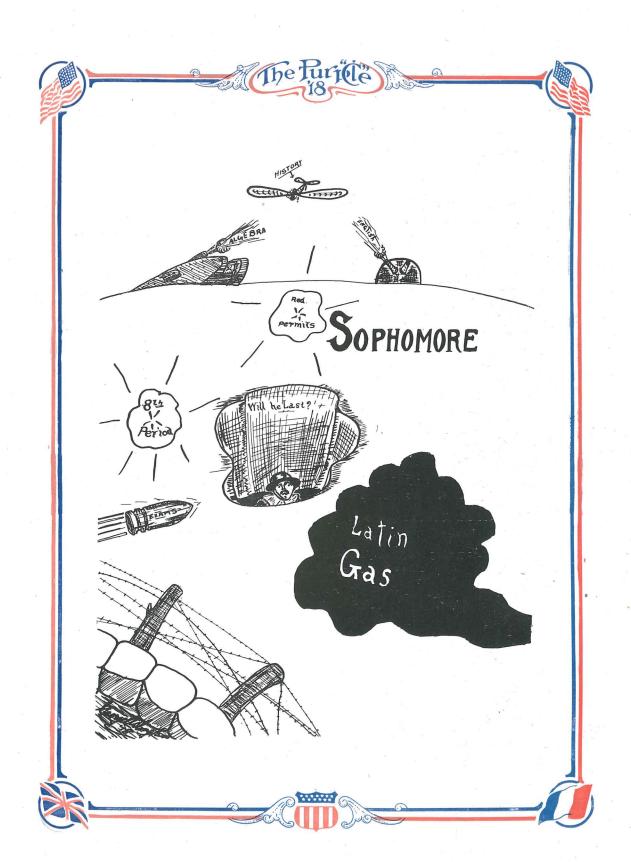
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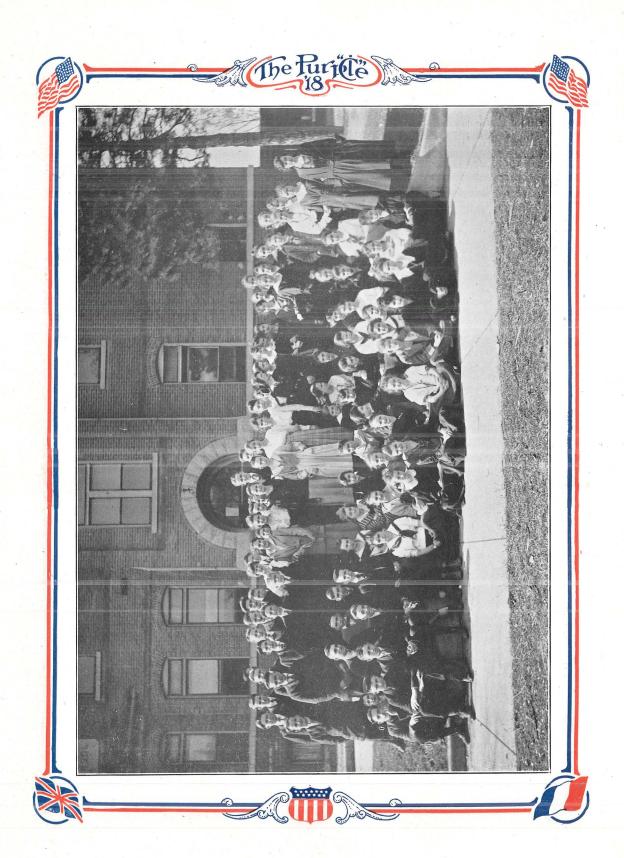














SOPHOMORES

It has been nearly two years since we entered this hall of learning.

At first we were subjects of derision for the other classes, as all Freshmen are, but have since proved that we are a "class."

Our class is represented in all kinds of school activities. In the Latin Club and the Debating Society, we are seen. Many girls are members of the Camp Fires and Y. W. C. A. Our boys belong to the Y. M. C. A. and some of them have gone out for track. We also went out for both Girls' and Boys' Basket Ball even if we were handicapped by lack of a coach and a bad court. Several fellows tried for foot ball and base ball and in the musical section, we cannot be beaten. The High School Orchestra, Chorus, and Glee Club contain many Sophomores.

Not only in these things have we been active but in class work we stand with the best.

In the future we will continue to support our school and work steadily towards that goal—graduation.

Who's Who

Who	Nickname	Peculiarity	Saying
L. Graham	Red	Nerve	How Rude!
R. Fuller	Stilts	Length	What do you know?
C. Cooper	Bub	Boys	Wasn't that dummy?
C. Strickland	Strick	Eyes	I'll be doggoned!
W. Tate	Bill	Dance	Yuh still love me?
G. Mehrten	Bobbie	Freckles	Kid
V. Wiggins	Wiggles	Sweetness	O, Heavens!
M. Duckworth	,Peggy	Knowledge	O, Kid!
A. Newman	Alberta	Curls	O, Bull!
J. Heckman	Mae	Hair	Hey!
N. Iler	Nell	Boys	Isn't he darling?
L. Exner	Skeezicks	Ears	Can't be bothered!
W. Betts	Betty	Avoirdupois	O, Shoot!
R. Ogden	Rose	Speeches	Come on, Brother!













Disappointed In Her First Love

I can readily see now that you do and probably always did think more of Margaret than you did of me, so by this note, you are set free to do as you please. Our friendship has been short but sweet. I appreciate a great deal the good times I've had with you and in time I expected to return the same to you but what's the use when you think more of somebody else. Right now I'll take an inscription from "The Garden of Allah," "Only God and I know what is in my

I am certain you have no answer.

I am always,

Albert's Short Order Little chickens on the lea Honk! Honk! Fricasee.

Fond Sister—"Why don't you want to go to heaven, Rice?"

R. F.—"Because I've got so many warm friends below."

Miss West (explaining scanning)-"Now, Charles separate your feet."

Wanted-A manager. Seniors need not apply.

Teacher—"Who laughed?" G. Murton—"I did."
Teacher—"You did, what for?"

G. Murton—"I started to laugh up my sleeve, but I didn't know there was a hole in the elbow."

Nellie I.—"What kind of a man do

you want to marry?"

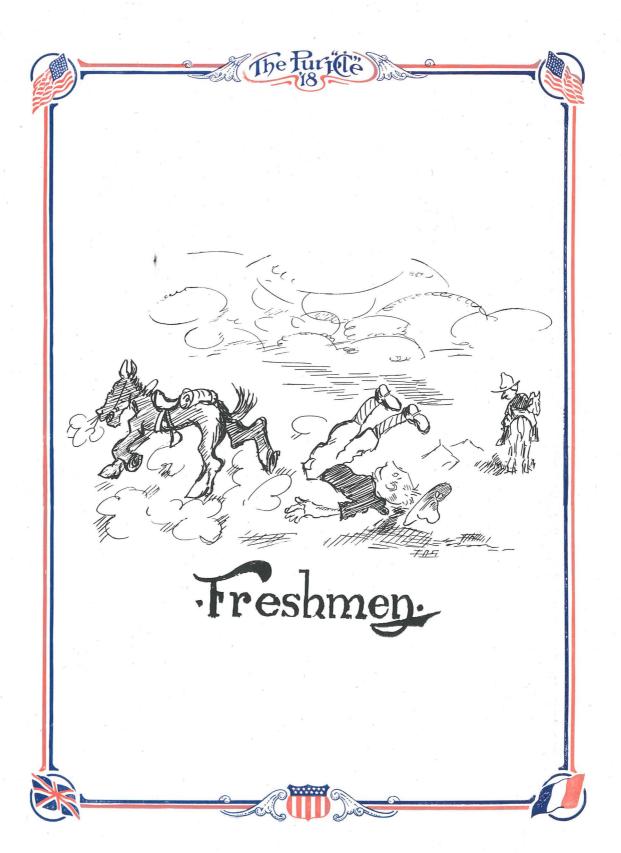
Margaret W.—"The one that asks

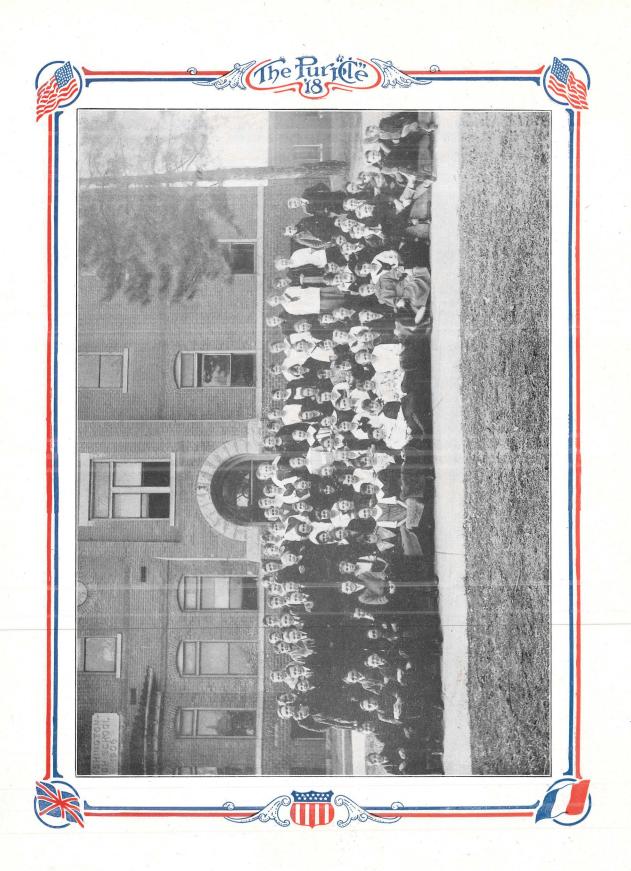
John Heckman—"They say Saturn has seven moons." George G.—"Gee, wouldn't it be fine to be with a girl on Saturn?"













FRESHMAN '21

ROBERT BELT, Editor.

With no flare of fifes or rattle of drums on the Seventh of September 1917, a troop, one hundred and fifty strong, took their places in the training camp, at the rear of the front line in the Coffeyville High School. One hundred and fifty eager souls were they, eager to get into the fray and help do their part in winning the struggle that lay before them—one hundred and fifty strong, volunteers, everyone, boy and girl alike, not a drafted soldier in the ranks and each with all the energy he possessed, took up his task and tackled it with an enthusiasm that looked ill for the enemy troops of Latin, Algebra, English and their allies that lay before them.

The large amount of victories won in this four year's war and the small amount of failures in the attacks on our enemies, show that so far we have succeeded in winning the war and have depressed the enemy lines for our first year and know that we will win more victories as we progress in our trainings. At the end of three more years we will succeed in conquering all our enemies.

In recreation hours the recruits of the Freshmen troops enjoy the sports of C. H. S. and find that in their list men who can and do fight with their superiors in battles against their enemies in Foot Ball, Basket Ball, Base Ball and Track.

Under our most honorable Kennedy and his staff, we, the Freshmen recruits have won victory after victory and know that it could not have been under a better and more capable general. We are sure that at the end of three more years behind the firing lines we will succeed in going over the top.

In the past years of this great war never has there been so many volunteers as in the year of 1917 and under the great casualty of our superiors there would have been sure defeat if it had not been for our great number of volunteers. Not only was it the number of men that volunteered but also the fighting spirit and courage to keep on fighting even though they failed in one attack.

F stands for faithfulness, we stick to our jobs, We are not slackers like the rest of you slobs. We get our lessons and get them well, We'll be the best class yet, grades tell.

R stands for righteousness, for righteous are we, At the first of the chapel in the balcony, We sit and see what in the future we will be, Looking up at other Freshmen in the balcony.

E stands for earnestness, we do our best, And when we have part we get the rest, We don't fool around like the rest of you do, And trust to luck to get us through.









must, if needs be, be a good cook, house-keeper and manager but I expect to provide means for others to care for this part of the work.

The Model girl must keep company with only high minded people of about her own age and the young men with whom she associates must be of equal character with an honorable reputation and high ideals. Two dates a week are enough for this Ideal girl, (Fri. and Sun.) if she is in school unless something elevating comes their way another day of the week and 10:30 p. m. is late enough for the young man to stay. Does your "Ideal Fellow" stay later than that? Well then set your own time this is mine, maybe. She may have a slight temper for this is a sign of life but she must not be obstinate every time, of course all girls are more or less vain so this girl is also.

I have never met this Ideal girl who exactly measures up to my expectations but I live in hopes to find her. There is though, one who almost reaches this standard but there are one or two flaws and there is another where no Ideal is too high for her and she over-reaches all standards by her loving heart, kindness, generosity and good will this is—MY MOTHER.

First of all My Ideal Girl must be rather good looking. Oh! Don't look so dismayed, girls for you don't know what my Ideals of good looks are. I mean to say that she must dress neatly and up to date. On the other hand she must not go the extremes and should always dress in good taste, so much for her personal appearance.

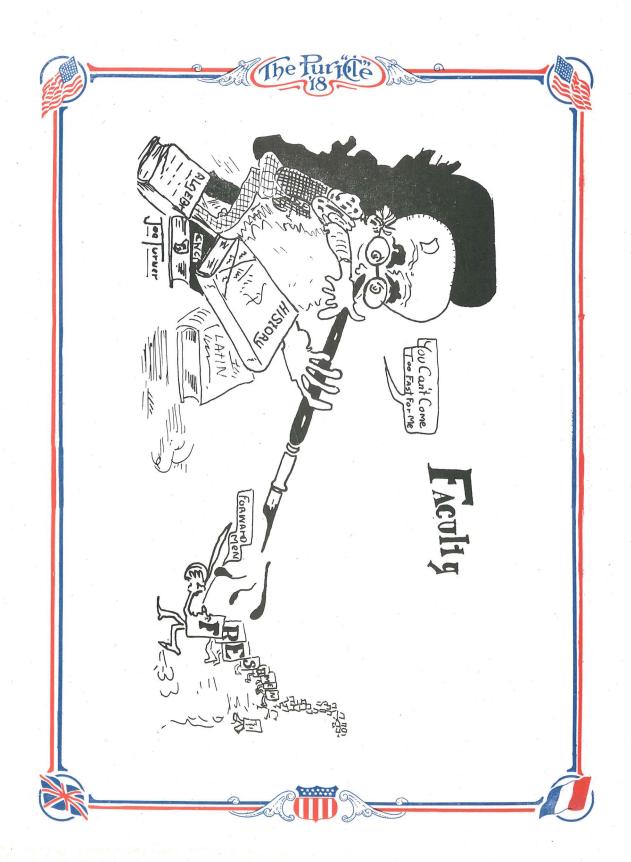
Next my Ideal girl should be a real gentlewoman. Now when I have said that I have summed up in one word all that a girl possibly could be in the way of character, manners, etc. but I don't think that this takes in the question of personality completely. My Ideal girl must have a very marked and distinct personality. She should not be one of these "wishy-washy" kind of girls who are one thing one minute and a different thing the next minute.

My Ideal Girl must be entertaining and interesting. She should not always be thinking of books, ideals and dreams but be a regular and human girl and one of the kind who can have a good time and make others have a good time whenever she is present.

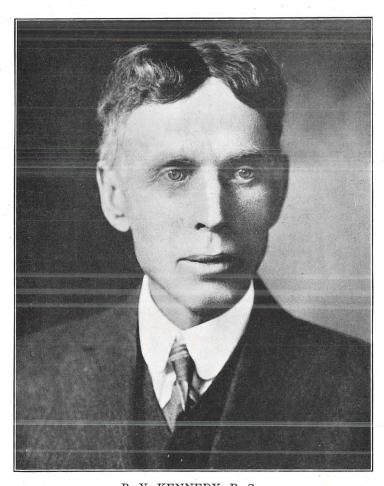
Lastly My Ideal Girl should be a sound and sensible girl and not one of the clinging-vine variety which most men and boys detest. She must also be somewhat of a suffragist and believe in the Single Standard of Morality. Now you see girls that my ideal girl is not one of these novel kind but a real live girl.

"Girls, here's your chance."









R. Y. KENNEDY, B. S.

Northern Illinois Normal School, Dixon College, Principal of High School, Psychology





The Spirit of C. H. S.

It is with many regrets that we say good bye to our high school days and the keenest of them all is the realization that our daily association with Mr. Kennedy must soon be ended. Fortune smiled on Coffeyville when Mr. Kennedy located in Coffeyville and she smiled especially on C. H. S. when he became her principal.

How fortunate are the boys and girls who have come in contact with his big personality, who have thus had indelibly impressed upon their lives a love and respect for the good. C. H. S. Alumni told us before we became Freshmen what a treat was in store for us when R. Y. Kennedy would take us into his roomy heart and guide us safely through the intricated paths of high school life. Well did they know whereof they spoke for Mr. Kennedy's goodness, altruism, brilliant intellect, and kindly sympathy unfolded themselves to us, until now, on the eve of commencement-day, we recognize him as the embodiment of life's highest ideals as one who "dares do all that may become a man."

He has so instilled into our minds the principles of hard work, honesty and integrity that we feel we are in a large measure ready to meet the problems which confront the high school graduate. We are but fifty-two of the four hundred and fifty appreciative recipients of Mr. Kennedy's wise Counsels and instructions yet we are sure that we can have no more loyal friends that those who go from C. H. S. as the Class of 1918.







LETA MAUDE HARPER, A. B.
Kansas University
English.



ANNA HANCOCK, A. B.
Indiana University.
Latin.



MAUDE KERSTON, A. B.

Northwestern U. Chicago U., A. M.

German.



MYRTLE RINGEURG, A. B. Emporia State Normal.

Geometry.









DOROTHY BROWN, A. B.
Shertleff Colloge
English.



NONA KENNEDY, D. S. Pittsburg State Normal.

Domestic Science.



MABLE INEZ HENRY
Emporia State Normal.
Parsons Business College.
Commercial.



PAULINE PAMPEL
Emporia State Normal.
Chicago University
Normal Training.









The Turitle To a





CLARA OSGOOD, A. B. Kansas University Algebra.



JESSIE LESSLIE, B. S. Pittsburg State Normal. Algebra.



MRS. BERTHA JOHNSON
Drake University
Commercial.



FRANCES I. POWELL, A. B.
Kansas University
English.











CARRIE DOLBEE, A. B.
Kansas University
Science.



MARY HEROLD WEST, A. B.
Washington University
English.



MARY AGNES LAPP, A. B., B. S.
Missouri University
History.



MRS. GRACE PRICE
Pittsburg State Normal.
Science.



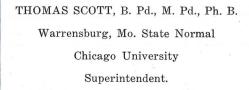


The Turille





ROSALIE POLLOCK, A. M. Columbia University
Supervisor.













4

OBITUARIES

Honoring Orville Briggs, formerly the noted expounder of Algebraic mysteries. He was ever an honored teacher and beloved faculty-ee. He was ever just and yet lenient, helpful, beneficial, and a student of human nature. Gone, but not forgotten, he will ever be remembered in the hearts of the students of C. H. S. Diligently follow his example for there is no independence in the mathematical branches.

In honor the Ryghte Honourable Forrest Nelson Anderson. Never again to be duplicated. Such as he seldom cross our paths once in a century. He was the most human, most sportsmanlike, most forebearing critter at whose feet were we ever permitted to worship! No doubt he suffered much at the hands of his Science classes but in spite of this we assure him of our undying remembrance. His wonderfully magnetic personality had a stimulating and lasting effect upon us. Our ideal of what a teacher and man should be. Attention Mrs. Price! Go thou and do likewise.

In honor of Nelson. How many times in the long past hast thou gladdened our hearts with song. With music verily didst thou coat the pill of thy teaching. Wondrous, birdlike, would we might list again to the notes of translucent harmony with which thou didst enrapture our ears. Cease not we pray thee, the symphonies which ever shall assure thee a perfect place in the lives of others. Amen.

In honor of the loved and lost, gone but of green memory, Percival E. Brown. He was a small man but charming, possessor of a car, therefore irresistable. Commercial Arithmetic possesses no joys at any time but when propounded by the beloved Percy it lost its worst terrors. Here's to him, long may he wave in prosperity and happiness where ere he may wander.

To that fated young lady who once adorned the dark, dreary, cheerless halls of C. H. S. with her quiet, pretty person, nee Drexel Powell, we moan, weep and gnash our teeth. Married! We knew it. What can you expect of a young beauty when turned loose in Coffeyville? Moral—To the school board. Don't hire pretty, little people unless you desire to acquire practice in running a matrimonial agency.









OUR C. H. S. FACULTY

Miss Hancock still raves
O'er the old Roman braves

And R. Y. is still on the spot

Leta Harper remains

And our young talent trains

For she helps out our class plays a lot.

Miss West is small

Tho her temper is tall

To the 8th period, many she sends.

Miss Francis Powell

Will let English howl

While her campfire affairs she attends.

Miss Osgood is pretty

It is such a pity

A geometrician is she

Miss Brown is so quiet,

Miss Leslie should diet

A wonderful bunch, as you see.

The Musical Lapp

Keeps history on tap

In cooking Miss Nona's a gem

Tho Pauline Pampell

On Teaching will dwell

Mrs. Price dotes on Physics and Chem.

Miss Kerston will pass

As a very Deutsch Lass

In typeing Miss Henry is there

Miss Dolby can show

One just how to grow

A wonderful yield anywhere.

Mrs. Johnson keeps books

And sends stinging looks

At those who can't help seeming dumb

Miss Ringburg can do

Her Arithmetic too

And joys in each difficult sum.

You'll note that a Miss

Or a Mrs. in this

Re-occurs in each sentence or so

But the men except one

Are out chasing the Hun

And if R. Y. were younger he'd go.









EDITORIALS

At last our toils are over, we have reached the climax by pushlishing an Annual which will serve to recall the school days and chums of the Coffeyville High School in the days and years to come. The entire Staff has labored hard to make this book the very best ever published under the auspices of a Senior class of C. H. S. They have put forth their best efforts in this publication. This is the last work the Senior class of 1918 will have a chance to accomplish together and the work will live all through the lives of the graduates of this term.

The co-operation of the Senior class has made possible the success of this Annual and we hope that there will never be any cause for regret on the part of any Senior for his or her part in the publication of the Purple C.

We wish to thank the merchants and the professional men of Coffeyville for their support given to this Annual for without their advertisements the enterprise would have doubtless been a failure. They deserve the patronage of every student and patron of the High School.

The Y. M. C. A. boys are doing their bit in helping their older brothers at the front win this war by their liberal subscriptions to the sum of \$1,012.00 for the Y. M. C. A. War Work.

The Coffeyville High School is also a member of the Junior Red Cross. Every student is either a member of the Senior or Junior and some both. The Y. W. C. A. form in bands of five each under a captain and go to the Red Cross Surgical Dressing Rooms and do their bit for the Soldiers.

When Prof. Kennedy was asked to call for books for the soldiers, as usual, the students responded liberally. Over five hundred volumes were donated; thus living up to their standard of willingness to help win the World War.

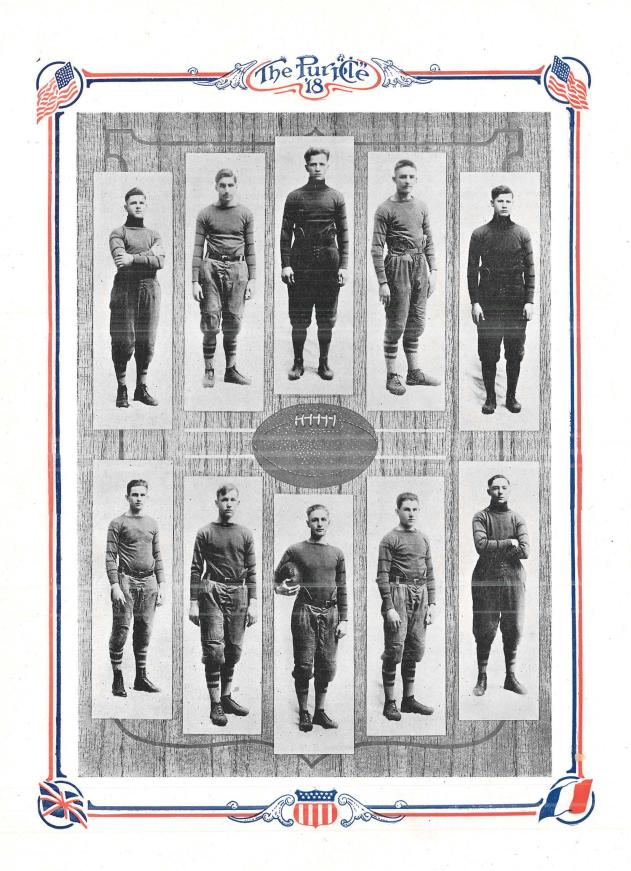
The boys of the school who are athletically inclined deserve credit for their excellent work shown in this line. The boys have been handicapped by not having a coach but by sheer pluck they have put Coffeyville on the map in the Athletic world just the same.

We wish to thank F. S. Johnson for the excellent work given us on the photography of this Annual. He not only gave good work but was careful and prompt.















FOOTBALL

Charles Graves. Halfback. Height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 148 lbs. Crack is the boy at line plunging. He undermined the Dewey line. He came from Oklahoma and can sure play football. He will be one of the team's strongest players next year.

Joseph Sticelber. Center and Fullback. Height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 159 lbs. Joe was elected coach and his orders were carried out. He was best at Center. Fumbles were eliminated when Joe played this position. As fullback he hit the line hard. As Captain next year he will influence the team greatly.

William McCoy. Tackle. Height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 145 lbs. "Dutch" was the Flying Tackle. He had a tendency to rub off his ear when tackling but he would get the man with the ball. He is one of the best tackles C. H. S. has ever seen.

Lockridge Masters. End. Height 5 ft. 8½ in., weight 140 lbs. The opposing team soon found that it was impossible to gain around Lock's end. He played a steady game and it just came natural for him to catch passes.

Dell Martin. Tackle. Height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 145 lbs. Dell held down a tackle position and did his job the right way. They never got by his point of the line. We hope to see him again next year.

Russel Harris. Guard. Height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 172 lbs. Russel was the star guard and he spoiled the Oswego fullback's reputation. The football represents his picture for he joined the Navy before we could focus him.

William Lowry. Fullback. Height 6 ft. 1 in., weight 175 lbs. Bill was the smashing fullback. He was never known to fail when called on to make a gain. He twisted his ankle in the first quarter of the game with Nowata. They should bestow three fourths of their victory to the player who ran in to him and one fourth to the official.

Edward Wolcott. End. Height 5 ft. 7½ in., weight 131 lbs. Ed was there when it came to pulling down passes. He showed the natives at Oswego how to play football. He will be a strong man for the team next year.

Sidney Rugh. Captain and quarterback. Height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 137 lbs. Sid was one of our best players and had a good share in the many victories. He was also a good captain and manager, very fast and hard to tackle. He also has a natural ability for open field running.

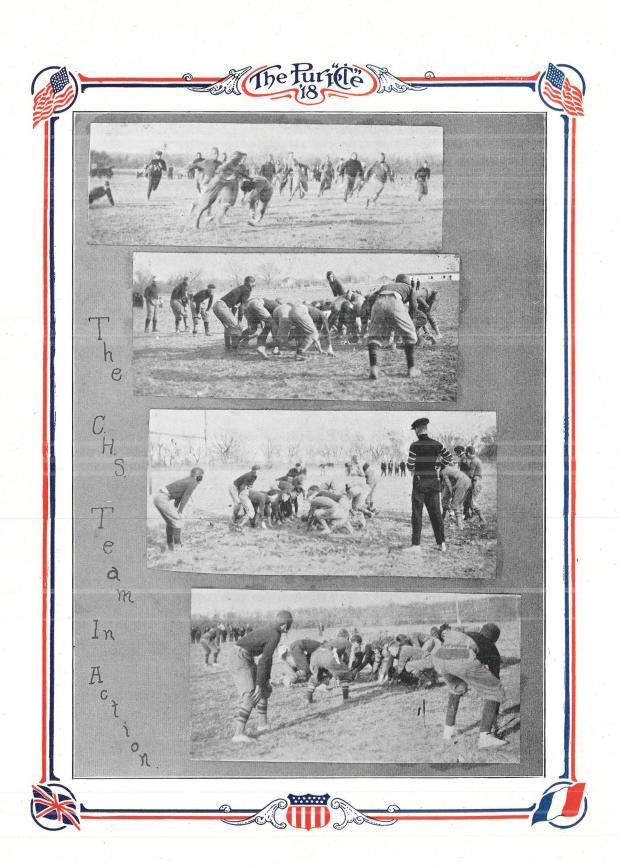
Chadwick Ogden. Guard and Halfback. Height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 135 lbs. Chad was our all-around man, he could play any position on the team, and was a good open field runner. He showed his ability in the Caney game.

Clinton Wright. Halfback. Height 5 ft. 8½ in., weight 136 lbs. Bud deserves the credit of being the best man on the team. He could make a touch down before the other team was aware of his intentions. As for grit he possessed a barrel full. For more than half the season he played with two cracked ribs and was often carried off the field.











ATHLETICS

Fate On The Gridiron.

At last one of the choice dreams of C. II. S. has come true—a successful football team, which lost only two games out of nine. Through all these games our team played the best football. Our team was light averaging 145 pounds, but this combined with headwork and pep made them "invincible."

During the first week twenty-five or thirty boys reported for practice at Forest Park and resolved to have "A Football Team." With this determination they practiced every evening. Having no regular coach each boy took it on himself to make the team the best ever. Big Mac's coachings were remembered and carried out. Scrimages were numerous. Advice was plentiful. Under these conditions came "The Best Team in the Valley."

The first game was with Dewey. The year previous Dewey had inflicted several defeats on C. H. S. in football. The team went into the game with the determination to defeat them. The support for the team was all that could be desired. As a result we beat them to the tune of 14 to 6. This decided the team's future. It had good support ever after and financial success was assured.

The second game was with Oswego. The team had them beat before the game was played. Final score 26-0.

The third game was also at Forest Park and was played with Sedan. Alas. Poor Sedan met her Waterloo. Coffeyville won the game 48 to 6.

The next game was with Nowata on their arc-rising gridiron. We chartered a special car and went down 75 strong. This was the hardest fought game of the season. During the first game our full-back Wm. Lowry was disabled which seemed to take the life out of the team. However we struggled with undaunted courage. They scored the first touchdown. Then our quarter-back Sid Rugh was hurt but he stayed in the game by sheer pluck. Thus in the 3rd quarter we took the ball down the field and made a touchdown. But were cheated out of this by unfair judgment. Had we a coach we could have won the day. However the team never lost hope and was in the act of making another touchdown when the whistle blew. Final score 0 to 13 in Nowata's favor.

Next game was with Talala on their ocean wave ex-corn field. We were said to have been defeated by the wonderful score of 6 to 7. However we had the ball across the line twice without the referee knowing about it.

The sixth game was with Nowata at Coffeyville. Our team decided to defend their honor. So did their team. This was the first game of the season. The teams struggled up and down the field but fate would not permit either side to score. Our team claims to have out-played them.









Talala came to Coffeyville next week. By feeding them food and overaweing them with city ways we just could not help from beating them 26 to 0.

The 8th game was played at Oswego with them. On their sloping field they put up a stiff fight for our warriors. However by this time our team was well-experienced and defeated them 19 to 13.

Then comes the Grand Finale where we more than squared our debt with Caney here on Thanksgiving Day. Big Mac was sent for from his forty-acre ranch to referee. A real crowd turned out. Caney resisted valiantly the first quarter but soon gave in to our open field running, forward passes and fakes. The total score was 56 to 7 in Coffeyville's favor. The year preceding was 26 to 6 in Caney's favor.

The five Seniors, Sweater and Letter men, William McCoy, Chadwick Ogden, Clinton Wright, Lockridge Masters and Sidney Rugh will have to be replaced by other candidates from C. H. S.'s ever ready material. The outlook is that Coffeyville will have another winning team next year.

A good deal of credit is given to Sidney Rugh and Joseph Stickleber for the management of the fotoball team. Without them everything would have been in a turmoil.

Our substitutes were: Melvin Woods, William Nelson, Ora Huddleston and Vance Edwards. They helped us out in many a game scrimmage. Vance had his arm injured at the beginning of the season which kept him out of the rest of the games. He was one of our best guards and tacklers.

Joe Stickleber was elected next year's captain and under his guidance we feel sure that the standard of the team shall be kept up to the top notch.

Two weeks after Christmas on a clear, cool day the "event of events" happened—namely the Junior-Senior football game. After much borrowing of football clothes and arguing over signals the two teams met with gnashing teeth, fire in their eyes and smoke coming from their nostrils. Members of the regular team were not permitted to play. The sweet tooth heroes of both classes valiantly responded to the call. Cap Woods of the Juniors barked out their signals. Captain Edwards was unaffected by this and urged his team into action. Fred Remington of the Seniors made two touchdowns and the Juniors scored a touchback, thus making the score 12 to 2.

Football Results.

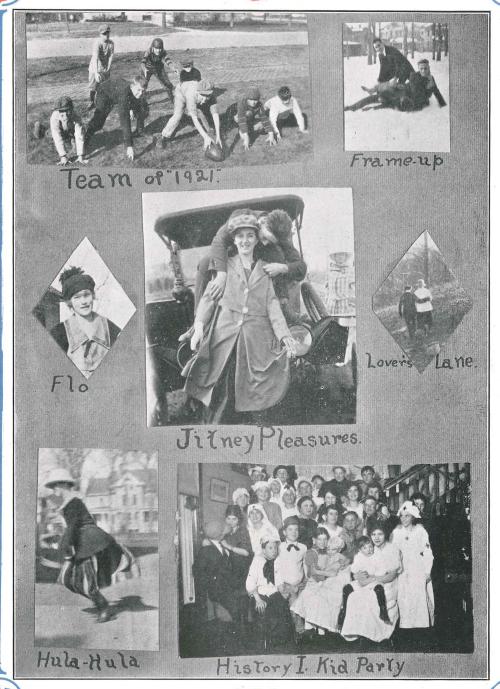
C. 1	H.	S14	Dewey
		S26	Oswego
C. I	H.	S48	Sedan
C. 1	Η.	S 0	Nowata15
C. 1	H.	S 6	Talala
C. 1	H.	S 0	Nowata
C. I	Η.	S26	Talala
C. 1	H.	S19	Oswego13
C. I	H.	S56	Canev













THE PURPLE BUTTERFLY

By JOHN LOGAN STEPHENS.

"Come on seven. Whoop!"

"Deah me a vulgar game, but deucedly interesting."

"Aw, shut up, Algy. You sound like a duke or somethin'."

The respective speakers were three American soldiers in a first line trench in the Chemin des Dames sector of the battle line in France. The first was a lean, brown chap with a dare-devil look and an air of being accustomed to Army life. He was one of the "old reg'lar Army men"—a "dough boy" in other words. The second was an aristocratic looking youth with a downy mustache and a cherubic smile. He had enlisted because the "Guvnor" and he had disagreed as to the size of his allowance and had virtually disowned him. The third speaker was a young fellow such as you might meet on the street any where in the states. He had enlisted immediately after his graduation from High School. If you scrutinized him closely, he seemed to wear an apprehensive look, and yet was afraid to show it.

The trio were squatting on the fire step of the trench. Their center of attraction was a pair of dotted white cubes which now rolled from the brown paw of the dough-boy. They were American soldiers. They were enjoying themselves. They were shooting craps.

"Seven, that's muh point, Hot dawg!" yelled the dough-boy.

"Aw, I say, Calvin—you needn't be so—er-demonstrative about it, you know. I say, I wonder when that bloomin' Corporal will turn up. Deah me, isn't that the beggar coming now?"

It was indeed the corporal. He hurried up to the three-

"Say," he whispered, "I wouldn't be surprised if the old man doesn't send down some definite orders today, we've been kiddin' around too long for Ole Pepper."

"Wow!" roared Calvin Morgan.

"Perfectly ripping," remarked Algy Pierpont. "I'll show the Guvnor I'm worth more than he thinks I am."

Jimmy Gridley the High School Graduate, said nothing. He turned pale and leaned against the parados for support.

"Well, Jimmy, whazza matter-'fraid?"

"Yes-'er-that is n-no, no, of course not."

"Humph, don't seem very inthoosed about it," murmured the dough-boy. "I didn't think he was a quitter. Me an' Algy an' him has been purty good friends. Algy used to call us the 'Three Musketeers'. Find out tomorrow, if old Pepper decides to go over."

Old Pepper did decide to go over. Definite orders came that evening. Gridley, Pierpont and Morgan were detailed to go over in the first wave at six the next morning.

Jimmy spent a night of terror in his dug-out. Before the war he had heard





a pacifist orator tell of Germany's "frightfulness." He had heard of Canadian soldiers crucified alive against a barn door. He had heard of the liquid fire and the "mustard" gas that sears the flesh into an incurable ulcer. He had heard of wounded prisoners being forced to walk for days at a time without food or medical attention. He had also heard that the Kaiser offered twenty marks and a week's furlough to the first German soldier capturing an American. He was terror stricken at the thought of going over the top the next day. All night long the American artillery bombarded the German trenches with out slackening. Along towards six, after the men had been given the rum issue, the order came down the line for the first wave to mount the scaling ladders and be ready.

Pierpont and Morgan stood with their feet on the scaling ladder. Their bayonets glistened. Their faces were pale but a weak grin played around the corners of each mouth. In the excitement neither had noticed a deserted ladder between them. A few feet above their heads the machine-gun bullets ripped the sandbags on the parapet. Fifty yards down the trench a German shell burst. Two stretcher bearers came by on the double but they were too late to be of any assistance. Suddenly Cal noticed the ladder.

"Whars Jimmy."

"Bah jove, that's what I'd like to know."

Cal darted back into the dugout. A pitiful sight met his eyes. Jimmy crouched in one corner, an awful look of terror on his pale face.

"Go away, I won't! I won't go!" he mumbled.

"D'yuh mean to say yer scared?—Slacker!!" The dough boy spat out the word with all the contempt he could muster. "Little did I think you'd do this way, you yellah cur, if I didn't have a previous engagement in Berlin I'd lick the hide off you. Get up!"

"No, No, No!-I'm afraid."

"Stay here then, when me an' Algy's out in front makin' the world safe for democracy, you're back here snivelin' like a coyote in his hole. I'm goin'."

Whistles blew shrilly outside the dug-out. Cal grabbed his rifle and burst out of the entrance and took the parapet at one bound.

Inside the dug-out Jimmy sobbed to himself.

"He's right. I am a coward. But I can't go out. I won't!"

He thought again of the horrors of No Man's land. He crouched closer in his corner. A grenade burst outside the entrance. He screamed in terror.

Out in front the Americans had consolidated their position in the first line German trenches. Algy and Cal worked side by side. Clouds of dirt flew from their entrenching tools. A German bullet cracked through the sand-bags. Cal dropped with a moan. He was hit in the arm through the large artery. The blood came in spurts. Algy had never taken first aid. He cursed the day when he had passed up a course offered in the training camp for elementary first aid. As he knelt by the side of his friend a well cast grenade exploded a few feet away. A ghastly wound showed on his fore-head. He dropped with his head on Cal's chest.

Back in the dug-out Jimmy cringed against the wall. Suddenly his lips





parted in amazement. A gorgeous butterfly had fluttered down the entrance and lit on the muzzle of Jimmy's rifle. It had a beautiful gold stripe on each wing.

The sordid interior of the dug-out faded from Jimmy's view. He saw before his eyes a sun-lit field in Kansas. At each end of the field were two gaunt posts with a cross bar between. In the center of the field twenty-two young fellows were struggling against each other. The pig-skin suddenly flipped back into the hands of a tall fellow in a purple and gold sweater. He tucked it into his arm and went down the field sixty yards for a touch down.

"Rah Rah, Rah Rah Rah Rah Rah Rah, Rah Rah Rah Rah Rah Rah Gridley, Gridley! Wow, whata run!
Aint he keen!
Ah, Boy.
Say, he's not a quitter.

He sure isn't!"
The scene vanished. Jimmy bounded to his feet a new light in his eyes.

"I'm no quitter!"

He grabbed his Enfield rifle and jammed a clip into it. Over the top he went. A terrible sight met his eyes. Shell craters, dead bodies strewn about, friend and foe in one common slaughter-pen. One German soldier laid on his back a bayonet buried in his chest. Across his feet laid a headless American.

Jimmy crossed No-Man's land in about three jumps. Into the German trench he went. There lay Algy and Cal. The blood poured from Cal's arm. Jimmy knelt and made a tourniquet, quickly twisting it about the injured arm. The blood stopped.

Jimmy's eyes became dewy-

"The three musketeers—he muttered—Athos, Porthos and D'Artugnun. And they think I'm a coward."

Kneeling, Jimmy put his arm around Algy's shoulders and tugged at Cal's belt. He tied Cal to his back and started back across No Man's land. Half way across Jimmy heard a crack and felt a terrible pain in his shoulder. He turned about and saw the grinning face of a wounded German unter-offizier disappearing down a shell-hole. Jimmy jerked the automatic from his belt and took a pot shot at the German. A blank look of astonishment took the place of the grin. A small black hole had appeared directly between his eyes.

The crawl across No Man's land was accomplished slowly by Jimmy. Beads of persperation stood out on his forehead. The horizon swayed and fluctuated and the sky took on a black hue. Jimmy's eyes glared as he strained at the burden. After an interminable interval he reached the trench. He tried to climb down slowly but lost his footing and fell. Algy groaned with awakening consciousness. Cal muttered something unintelligible.

Toward midnight, the stretcher bearers found them. Cal and Algy were





conscious but weak. Jimmy did not move. One of the stretcher bearers made a hurried examination.

"He's gone," he said briefly.

Silent tears coursed down the dough-boy's brown cheek. "Tuh think I called him a slacker!" Algy turned away sobbing.

The moon came out from behind a cloud and shone on the Three Musketeers. On the forehead of one clung a gorgeous purple and gold butterfly.

My Ideal Boy

Sitting in a big, comfy, chair near a window, watching the sunset and thinking of my tomorrow's tasks, a friend of mine appears. He is not handsome but a goodlooking chap of eighteen.

Jack is not a goody-good fellow but an all around clean moral boy.

Opportunity never knocks at your door but once and when it knocked at his, he opened it to find that he was captain of the football team, president of the Y. M. C. A. and salutatorian of his class. His popularity among his fellow students did not turn his head but tended to make him more popular.

Jack is never too busy to attend a "pep" meeting for the coming football game or track meet but always ready to shake the pepper from the can.

Jack respects and honors his parents. He is proud to be seen on the streets or at any place of amusement or entertainment with his mother or father.

Jack never waits until the last minute to ask for my company to any social function.

Jack comes and goes but never has to be reminded by mother that the tenthirty air is too freezing nor does he ask for a good night kiss as many Jacks do.

But alas! Mother turns on the lights and my tomorrow's tasks are yet undone and Jack was merely the ideal boy of my dreams.

There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us, that it behooves all of us to be kind to the rest of us—but my ideal boy is just a common ordinary every-day boy,—not very bad or not very good, for I can not tolerate either extreme.

Of course he must have several requirements, but many boys have them. He must be tall, and have auburn hair and brown eyes; he must not smoke cigarettes; his name must not be Jones; and he must be able to converse intelligently on standard subjects and—I think that's about all.

My ideal does not necessarily wear a khaki uniform, but he may, and if he does he must be "a little brown boy in a little brown suit, who grew up in Kansas and knows how to shoot."

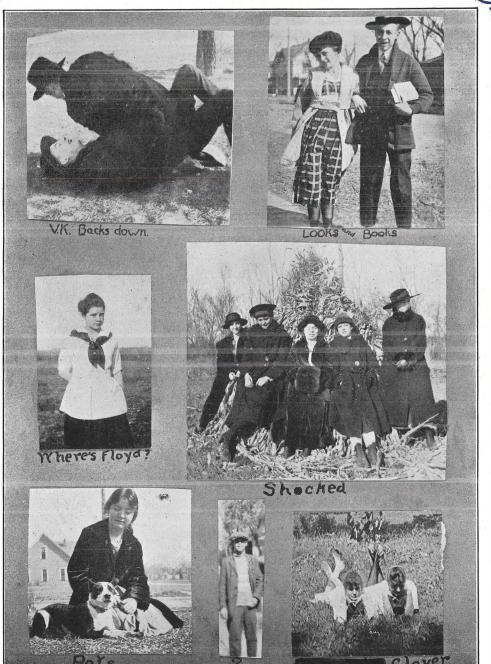
Goodness! What can I say about my ideal boy? I've never seen him and I really never expect to, and if I did it would do me little good for—me for a life of single blessedness, and now—I've finished!







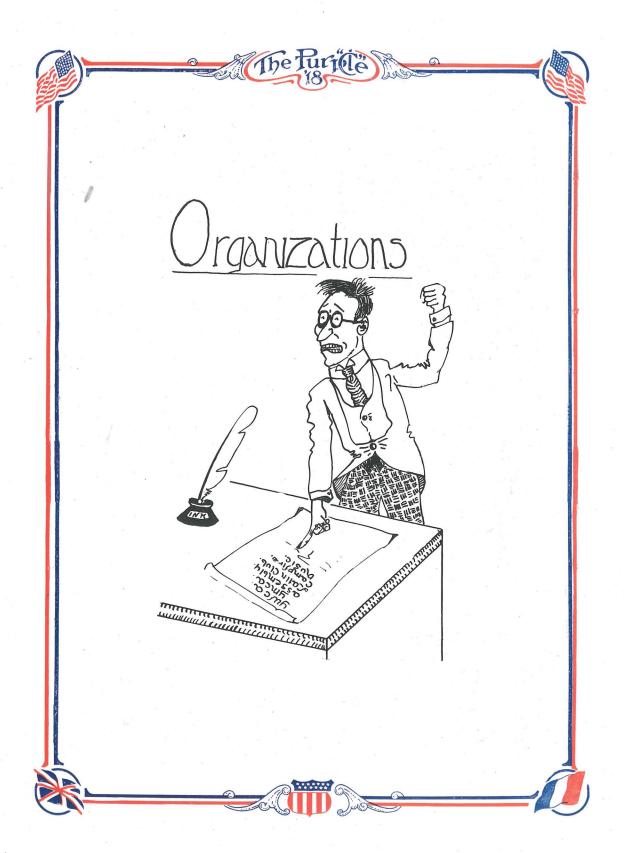
















AOKIYA

When we began to think of organizing our Camp Fire, one of the first things we had to do was to choose a name. We named it "Aokiya," for that means banded together for a purpose—the purpose being to enjoy ourselves to the fullest extent and to become the best Camp Fire in all the world! We have accomplished the first and think we have accomplished the second.

We have eleven members and an exceedingly nice guardian and we are all very enthusiastic. We have sought beauty, (?) pursued knowledge, given service, glorified work and tried to be trustworthy, so altogether we have been very happy.

Although we have only had our charter since the middle of December, five of our members are Wood Gatherers, and all of these five expect to become Fire Makers quite soon, and those who are not Wood Gatherers are to be initiated at our fourth Council Fire in April.

We are not slackers, for we work at the Red Cross one night each week and we are making a quilt for the soldiers—we are knitting it. Goodness, will we ever get it done?

During the short life of our Camp Fire, we have had hikes, spreads, line parties, and all sorts of good times. How we wish they could endure forever!











Kamshumata

One calm evening in October-In the brilliant glowing autumn Round three candles brightly burning Rose the Camp Fire Kamshumata Sixteen maidens pledged in friendship, As the solemn vows they uttered, Swore to cherish, guard each other Obeying solemnly "Wohelo" They named the Camp Fire Kamshumata For the meaning "clover-land" Was to them a pretty symbol-Bringing thot's of pretty four-leaves Which might win Dame Fortune's smiles "Work" the girls have all accomplished "Health" is theirs in all its glow "Love" has bound the band together "Joy" is their's in fullest measure Camp Fire life brings happy hours.









LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club was organized January 30th, and promised at the start, by the large enrollment and enthusiasm of the members, to be a successful club. A large per cent of the club are of the under classes, who are to be commended for their pep and interest shown in the meetings of the Club. In most every High School, the Latin Club is held to be a dry and uninteresting organization, but in this case the conditions are just reversed. Efforts are made to make the meetings entertaining and at the same time instructive and conducive to more investigation of the Roman people; their life and characteristics.

The Club has two Consuls, an Administrator Rerum, a Scribe, and a Quaestor. Meetings are held every two weeks in the Latin room and there is no hesitation in saying that all the members look forward to these gatherings with pleasure.







MUSIC

Last fall the Coffeyville High School went to Nowata and contested against the Nowata Orchestra. Both orchestras were lead by Prof. Scoville. The Coffeyville Orchestra came out victorious, winning a silver loving cup and twenty-five dollars in cash. The Orchestra also went to Independence on the twenty-second of February and entered the contest with several other schools. Parsons took first place and tho' we lost the cup, we did not lose our spirit, for we can not win always as there must be a little competition to make the contests of interest. Our Orchestra added three silver loving cups to the school's collection.

Our mixed chorus this year was exceptionally good for the amount of instruction and practice they had. Our chorus went to Independence for the Southeastern Kansas Teachers' Association and won third place despite the fact that they only had three weeks of practice previous to going.

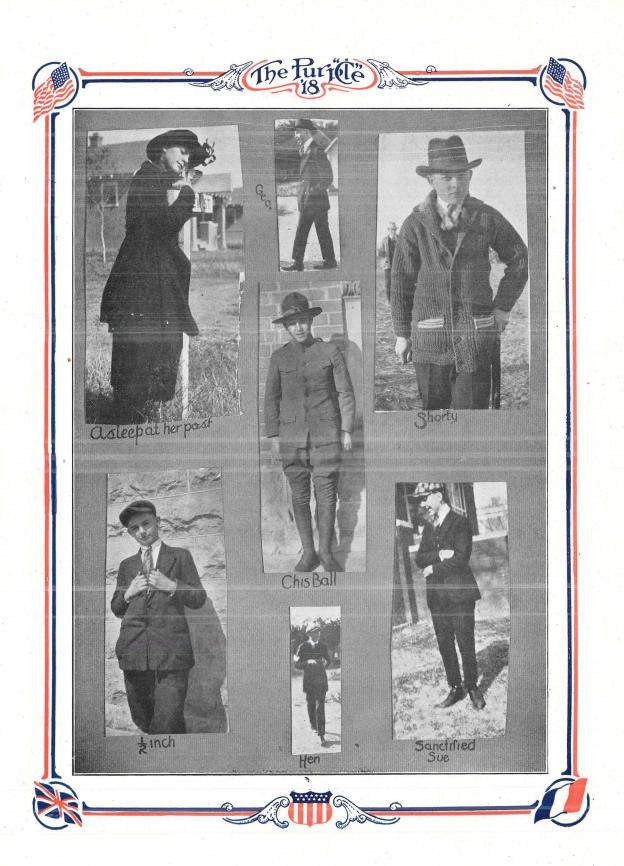
Then, the Girls' Glee Club is to be complimented on their splendid efforts. They took third place in the S. E. K. T. A. this year, which was a good record considering the fact that they defeated six other schools.

Every member of Coffeyville High School appreciates very much Prof. Scoville's work in the school and the enthusiasm he has shown toward the musical possibilities here. If we had Mr. Scoville as a musical instructor all the year around, we would do wonders.









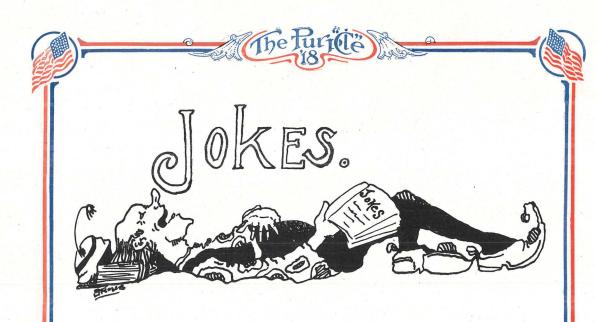


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Natalie — "Why were you absent from Sunday school?" Fat Cook—"I was out doing the heavy."

Natalie—"What? Gathering eggs?"

Aline R.—Oh Goodie! Give me some of that candy.

Georgell D .- Say! I'm not furnishing you candy any more, you will have to see Vern.

Mrs. Price-Miss McNulty, what is

the unit of power?

Susie M. (Suddenly waking up)—
The what? (The Watt). Mrs. Price—Quite right.

Poor Ralph (F), he cannot take a bath He is so awful stout For when he gets into the tub-The water splashes out.

* * *

Mr. Kennedy in Psychology—"What kind of chickens are non-setters?" Lola Roberts—"Roosters."

Francis Martin (in Cicero)—"Hepo-hipo-hi—?"

Miss Hancock (loudly) — "No-no e'ras!" (I Pass).

Loren H (who has been asleep)— "Then I'll make it three, in spades."

Miss Harner (after reading a passage from the Bible)—"It tells here about the evil spirit entering the swine."

Wilbur P—"Then is that where they first got deviled ham?"

Cordelia Penn came to school one morning very excited.—"Last night I saw the biggest ghost in the moonlight; it looked like a big donkey."
R. Y.—"Nonsense, you probably saw

your shadow.

Miss Pampel-The three bones of the ear are: The anvil, the hammer and stirrup. There you have them all in a nutshell.





Wanted: Maxime Silencer. Lucile Robey.

Wanted: A trellis. Clyde Wharton.

Wanted: A vacuum cleaner, as I have a headache. Vern Kiddoo.

Wanted: Dimple remover. Bill Maguire.

Wanted: A remedy for inflamed vocabulary. Sid Rugh.

Wanted: Method to bluff Mrs. Price. Physics class.

Wanted: Cure for blushing. Crack Graves.

Wanted: Cure for swelled head. Anna Mosely.

Wanted: Chemistry knowledge. Signed: Gladys Carey, Aline Robinson.

Wanted: Fat reducer. Evangeline Tate, Catherine Welker, Leila Reich.

Wanted: A receipt for vamping boys. Carmen Weiland.

Wanted: Some one to keen the girls from chasing me. Carey Williams.

For Sale: Any kind of snorting togs including football suit and trimmings and a track suit, size 36: they being too large for me. Ralph Florea.

Mildred Brunner — Do you use slang?

Violet A—Nit, my maw would biff me on thu bean, if I ever made a stab at any of that dope.

Sayings:

Viola Sherwood—"His hair is not red!"

Anna Mosely-"And so."

Georgell Douglas—"Dern Fiddoo did it."

Myron Henderson—"And I walked in the Postoffice and-d-d-."

He failed in Latin and flunked in English,

We heard his hiss, I'd like to catch the guy that said, That ignorance is bliss!

Stuttering John in a patriotic five minute talk in Chapel: "N-n-now wha-what we w-want is t-t-t-to get s-some pep wor-worked up in th-this Hi-hi-high School. If we d-do this and let it get in-in-into the pa-per-pers it w-w-will n-not be-be long until the-they will b-b-be voting bonds f-f-for a new H-Hi-High S-School.

Frank S.—"Why are some Senior girls at the breaking up of a party like arrows?"

Lockridge M.—"They can't go off without Beaux and are in a Quiver 'til they get one."

Mother—Did you have any company last night?

Gretchen K—Well yes, one of the girls.

Mother—Well, tell her that she left her tobacco pouch on the couch.

Crack Graves—Do you see my two strong arms and large fists? I'd just as soon start something as not.

Sidney R—Alright what will you charge for starting my Ford?

Margaret Welsh—Do you keep stationery?

Ray Ensch (in the Junction Drug Store)—No'm I move around and answer questions.









George B—When is the best time for a man to get home at night?

Jim Parker—When his wife is asleep.

Miss Henry—Earl, did you throw any of those paper wads sticking upon the wall.

Earl E-No'm, mine didn't stick.

Miss Kerston—What are you doing back there, learning anything?

Natalie and Harry G (in unison)— No'm we're just listening to you.

Albert Shaner so they say Goes a courting every day Driving Dodges by with pride To make Mildred Neal his bride.

Miss Powell—I'm going to send this paper home to your mother and let her know how shocking your themes are. Albert N—I should worry, she wrote

it herself.

"I is—," began Bill McCoy.
"I am, not I is," corrected Miss

Bill McCoy—"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."

Vern Kiddoo—"I think I broke my

leg."
Miss Pampel—"I've been taking lessons in first aid and need the practice."

Miss Lapp—William can't you be still at all?

Wm. Carpenter—Someone put a tack in this chair and it kinda took me by surprise.

Four boys had dates one night and agreed on meeting in the morning, the word "morning" to be used for each time they had kissed their girls the night before.

As Harmon B who had been with Bonnie met Myron who had been with Crystal (or Madeline U we don't know which), Harmon said "Good morning, pigo morning this morning?"

nice morning this morning?"
Myron replied, "Good morning, nice
morning this morning, nicer morning
this morning than we had yesterday
morning."

Just then Bill Nelson walked up and

said, "Good morning."

Georgell came dragging up with a glum, "Hello." (Lucky Boy).

Carl Eagle—"What is Miss Kennedy cutting the tails off those fowls for?" Melvin Woods—"She's giving a din-

Melvin Woods—"She's giving a dinner today and she said that it was swell to have cock-tails upon the table."

W. E. (Reading Virgil)—"Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck and—, that is as far as I got."

Miss Hancock—"That is quite far enough, I think."

Miss Ringburg—"Ralph, what does zero mean to you?"

Ralph F .- "Nothing."

John S.—"Natalie, those bangs look just like our Shetland pony's."

Georgell D.—"Do you remember Horatius at the bridge?"

Margaret M.—"I don't think I ever met him, you know we invite very few men to our card parties."



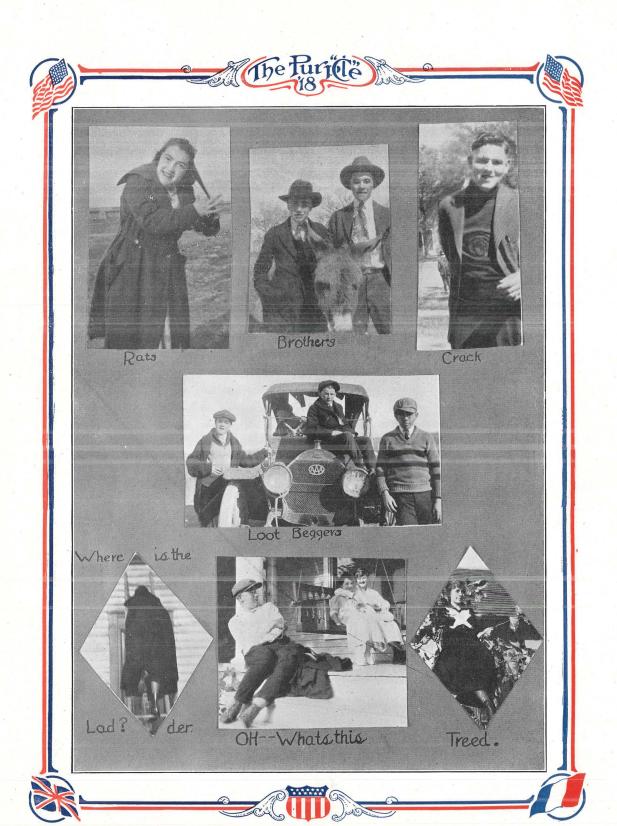




The Furjeie









Anna Mae M. (in expression)—
"Aline, keep your shoulders still, I'm
getting sea sick."

Miss Harper—"What town has the densest population?"
Wm. Maguire—"Osawatomie."

Aileen Robertson—"What tense do you use when you say, I am beautiful?"

Miss West—"Oh! The remote past."

Clyde K.—"What must a soldier do to be buried in military honors?" Joe Welker—"A general." Clyde K.—"No." Joe W.—"An officer." Clyde K.—"No, he must be dead."

Miss Brown, (to Wilbur Padgett who is pretending to study)—"Wilbur do you know what the new tense in English is?"

Wilbur P.—"No. What is it?" Miss Brown—"Pre-tense."

Miss Kennedy—"What is pasturized milk?"

Crystal Cooper—"Milk from cows that run in the pasture."

Miss Pampel—"Can anyone tell me where the Declaration of Independ-

ence was signed?"

Joe Turner—"Yes'm I can. It was signed at the bottom."

Mrs. Johnson—"What are you doing, Vern, copying Sid's problems?"
Vern K.—"No'm, I'm just looking over Sid's to see whether he copied mine right or not."

Virginia L.—"What put the stir in Easter?"

Wilma B.—"The rustle of the new glad rags."

Florence N.—"May I pull down the blind, the sun is shining on me?"
Miss Ringburg—"No, the sun is good for green things."

Miss Harper—"State the difference between Results and Consequences."

between Results and Consequences."

Myron H.—"Results are what you expect and Consequences are what you get."

Clarence, (as Clarence C. and Albert S. were walking down the street together)—"Did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

Albert—"Oh, that's nothing, the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

R. Y. Kennedy—"When one irresistible body meets another irresistible body, what is the result?"

Alice N.—"They get married."

Miss Kerston—"What is that noise in the hall?"

Clyde W.—"Oh, it's W. E. winding his wrist watch."

Miss Dolbee—"Why did the Indians put a fish in each hill of corn they planted?"

Marion R.—"So the fish could eat the bugs and not kill the plant."

Anna M.—"You should save your money, everything is going up."
Goldie D.—"Then, why save it? The longer I save the less I can buy."











W. E. Ziegler-Why is Scoville the fastest man in the world?

Lila Graham-I don't know.

W. E.—Because time flies but when Scoville leads our High School Orchestra he beats time.

Wm. Maguire-If a man saw his sister fall overboard why could he not save her?

Wilbur P.—Don't know.

Wm. Maguire—Because he could not be a brother and assist her too.

Lila Boyd-What vegetable product is the most important in history?

Lula Amick-Never gave it a thought.

Lila Boyd—Why, dates!

Harry Duemcke-Can you tell me why girls kiss each other and men

Louise Exner-Because girls have nothing better to kiss and men have.

Clyde Whorton-I hope your father doesn't object to my staying late.
Aline Robinson—Oh, dear no. You

save him from buying a watch-dog.

Harry Gabler-Who is an old chief that has stood many hard blows, and has often been round the horn?

Viola S.—Chief Littlebreeches? Harry G.—No, the Handkerchief.

Myron H (in Physics)—Do you know what makes a slot machine work when you put a nickel in?

Mrs. Price-No I don't. Myron H-The nickel of course.

Blanche Abston-Have you ever been on the firing line?

George Beechwood-Sure, only last week my boss stood us all in a line and I was the first one to be fired.

Mildred Brunner-Ed Wolcott just passed and didn't seem to recognize

Stanley Jay-Well he's English and it is hard for an Englishman to see a joke.

Earl Rook-If you want anything

done well do it yourself.

Elliot Morris—But suppose you wanted a haircut?

Madeline Upham-Camphine is so unpopular with the girls this winter.

Albert Shaner—Is that so, why? Madeline-Because it keeps (Chaps) from the lips.

Bill McCoy-Mamma, did you hear me pray to God to make me a good little boy?

Mrs. McCoy-Yes, dear, why? Bill-Well, he aint done it yet.

John Heckman-I asked her if I could see her home.

Lila G.—And what did she say?

John H.—Said she would send me a picture of it.

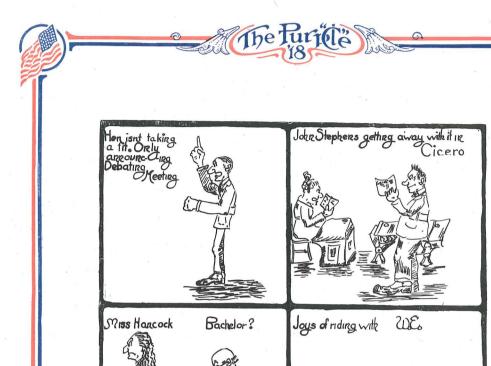
Marjorie Miller-What has man to recommend him anyhow?

Clarence Crumpacker-He was created first.

Marjorie M .- Yes, but are not first attempts always failures?



















Charles Graves-Don't you really think that marriages are made in Heaven?

Madeline Upham-Well, if all men were as slow as you they would certainly have to be.

Here lies a man of many lies His name was Rocky Jim He used to dig all day for worms The worms now dig for him.

John Stephens-Why is it that conductors on a train always punch a hole in your ticket?

Vance Edwards—Give it up. John Stephens-That's to let you pass through.

Ray Ensch-Say, I came very near selling my shoes today.
W. E. Ziegler—How's that? Ray E.—I had them half-soled.

Earl Rook—Is that a full orchestra? Lock Masters—They play as if they were.

Mr. Kennedy-What work do you

Bill McCoy-Lineman for a wireless, or picking flowers from century plants.

Aline R .- Why it is only six o'clock. I told you to come after supper. Vern K.—That's what I came after.

First Kid-My father has a hick-

Second Kid-That's nothin', my mother has a cedar chest.

A student from C. H. S. knocked at St. Peter's gate. Old St. Peter opened the peep hole and asked:

"Who are you?" "A student from C. H. S." was the answer.

"Good!" said St. Peter. "Did you purchase The Purple C?"

"Yes sir."

"Good! Did you patronize its advertisers?"
"Er-no, I forgot."
"Sorry," said St. Peter. "Just step

below."

Loren Dick—That girl is a live wire. Hilton Douglass-I thought, yesterday, that she was trying to shock me.

Francina B. (in the library)-Where will I find "Romance?" Bonnie Plunkett-I found it in a

Eva Jones-What is a ground-hog, anyway? Wayne Mc.—It is sausage.

Miss Pampel-Elliot, what is the heart?

Elliot Morris-It is a very troublesome organ.

Mule in the barnyard lazy and sleek, Boy with a pin in the end of a stick Creeps up behind him sly as a mouse Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.

George B .- Say, Mr. Davies, tell us a joke on yourself. Mr. Davies-Sh! I'm married.









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GEORGELL DOUGLASS
in the heart-rending drama
"THE IDOL OF HIS EYES"



20 nasters Juhan .



Robt. Murray—Gen. Pershing has ordered that 25,000 watermelons be sent him as soon as they are ripe.

Joe Turner—What's that for?

Bob M.—So that he can feed the soldiers on the Rhine. (rind).

Ed Wolcott-What was the score at Nowata last night?

Miss Lapp—Oh, they beat us but all the boys said that we had the best looking team that they had played this year.

Sidney Rugh—I don't feel comfortable sitting in a picture show any more.

Gladys Carey—Why not? S. Rugh—Because there is a tax on every seat.

What! Snarled a guest in the rapid fire restaurant. "Seven pale, warty little strawberries for a quarter?" "Sure," cheerily answered the waitress, "Seven aint enough to hurt you much."

"Some one broke into the high school room of the City School build-ing at Munden and stole all the German books," says the Belleville Telescope. Good, take the Latin books while you are about it, Mr. Thief.

Wilbur P.-If I stole a kiss would you scream for your father?
Olivia F.—Heavens, do you want to kiss the whole family?



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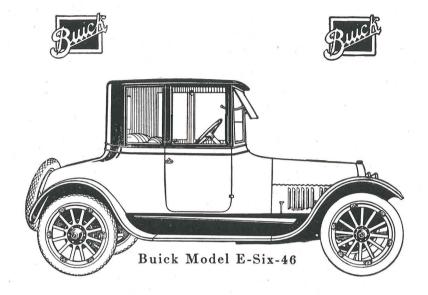
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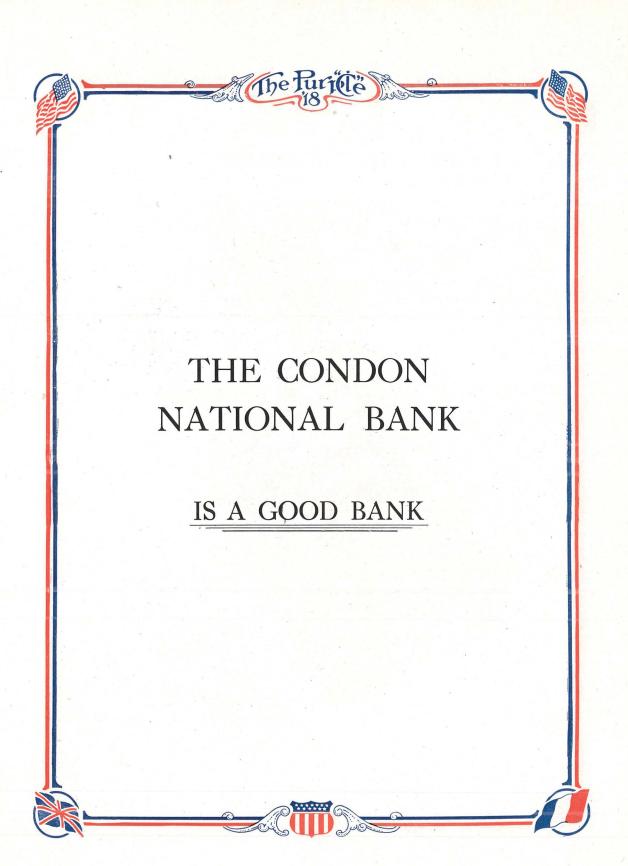
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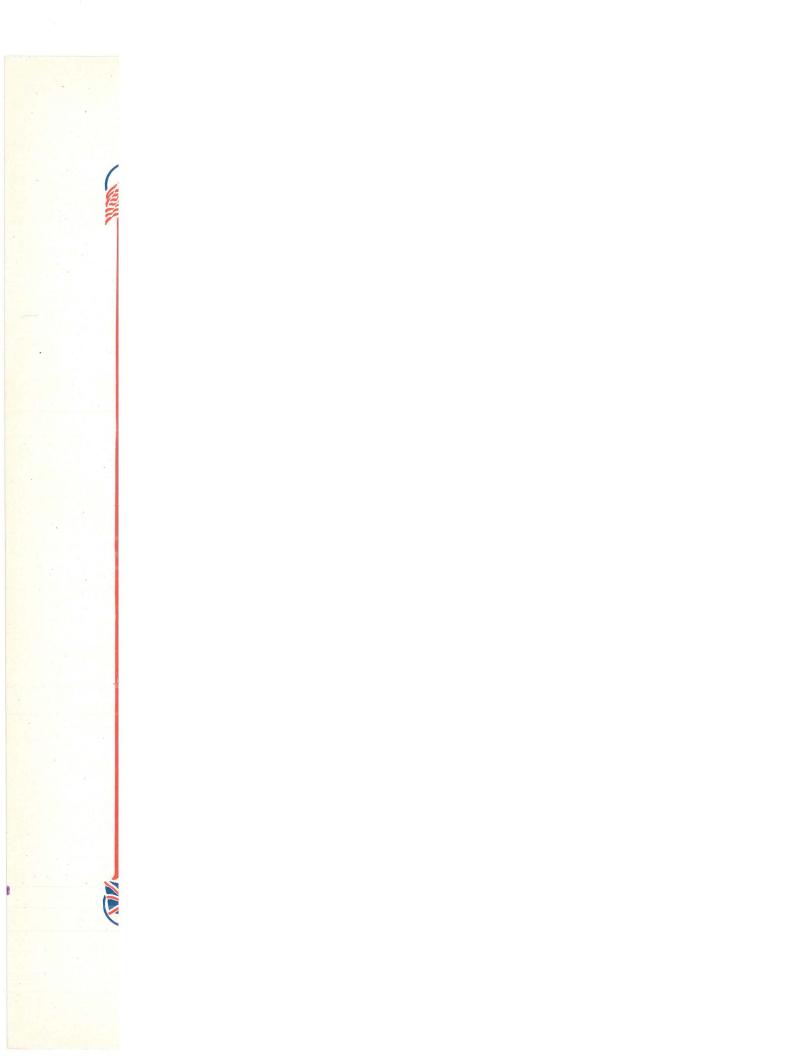
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Columbia Theatre

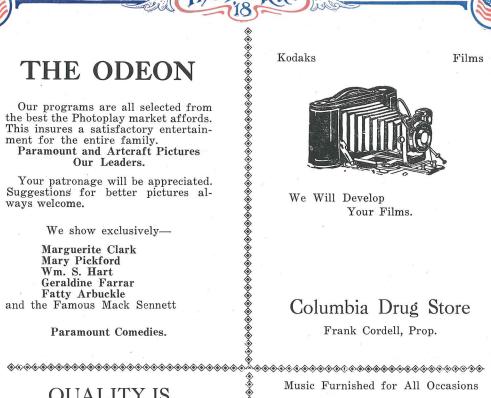
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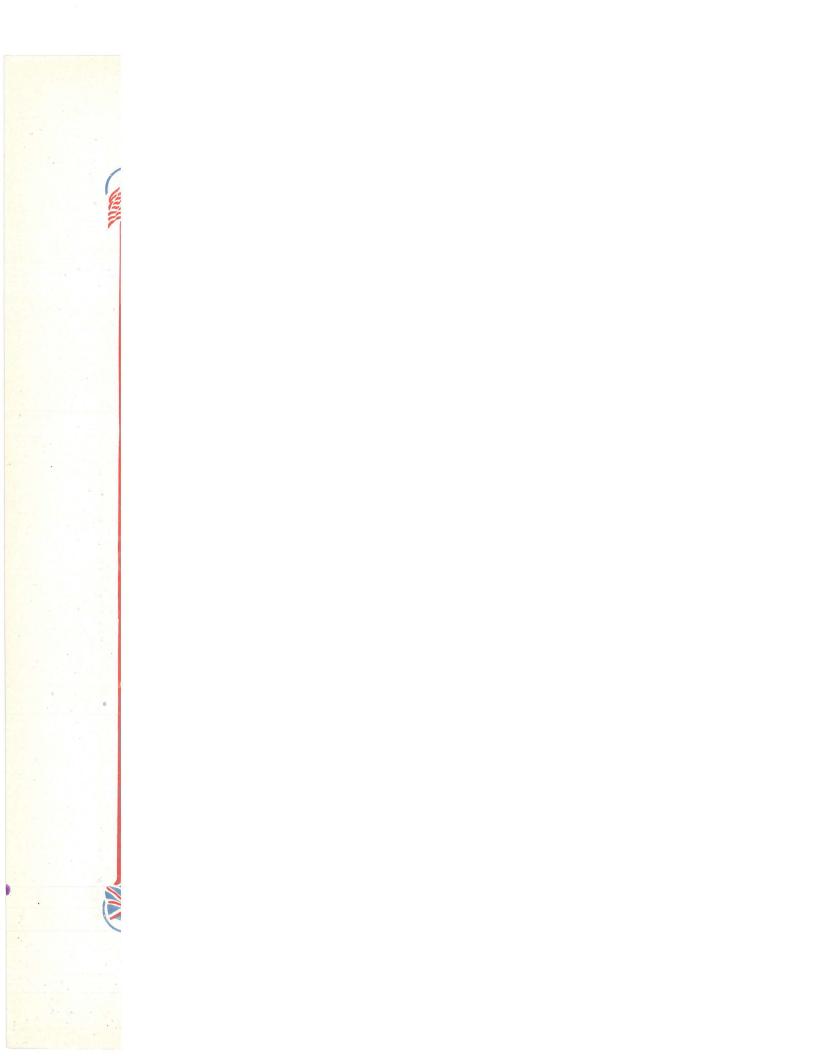
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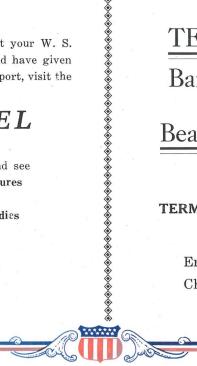
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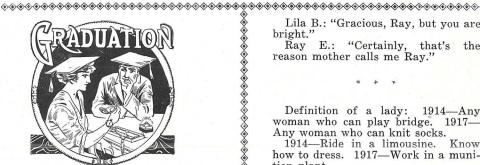




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1914—Ride in a limousine. Know how to dress. 1917—Work in a munition plant.

He met her at the pasture gate, She bore a pail of milk, They were as smooth as silk.

"How is the sweet milk maid?" he asked.

She puckered up her brow, "The milk ain't made, you boob," she said,
"We get it from the cow."







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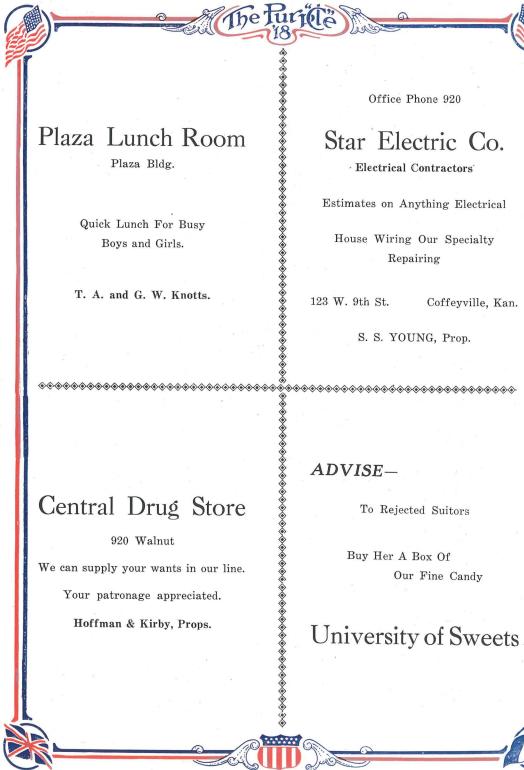
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The home of high class Cleaning, Pressing, fine Altering and Repairing of gents' and ladies' garments.

Garments cut and made-to-order. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

Quickest and best service assured.

106 W. 10th St.

Phone 544

Skin Color.

A colored woman went into a drug store and asked for some flesh colored courtplaster. The clerk, glancing at her complexion, handed her a package of black. The woman looked at him for a moment and said, "I asked for flesh color. Dis here is skin color."

Shocking Dissipation.

"My dear, you musn't let anybody read that letter from cousin George at the front. I'm surprised that he'd write such things."

"What's the matter with his letter?

It's mighty interesting."
"Some parts of it are, but his confessions of his disgraceful conduct are dreadful. I wouldn't for the world have anyone know of his do-

ings."
"Didn't you read that part of his letter where he says he was out with a British tank last night, and they rolled all over the place?"





Good Groceries Good Meats

Huggins & Son

Phone 766

Phone 767

Studio Grand

The whole story of quality is told by our Photos.

The superior quality of our work is shown in the photos in this Annual.

When you want photos see us. Lowest prices for best work made in the city.

We rent kodaks, sell films and finish all work promptly.

Kodak prints, any size, 3 cents each. Try us once with an order.

All studio work finished on Artura, finest paper made. Call and see our photos and get prices.

STUDIO GRAND

Phone 441.

8181/2 Walnut

End of a Meatless Day.

I have eaten a bale
Of spinach and kale,
And I've never raised a row.
I have swallowed a can
Of moistened bran,
And I feel like a brindle cow.

I am taking a snack,
From the old haystack,
In the evening shadows gray.
And I'm glad, you bet,
At last to get
To the end of a meatless day.

And I'm on my way right now to where the best meat in Coffeyville can be found.

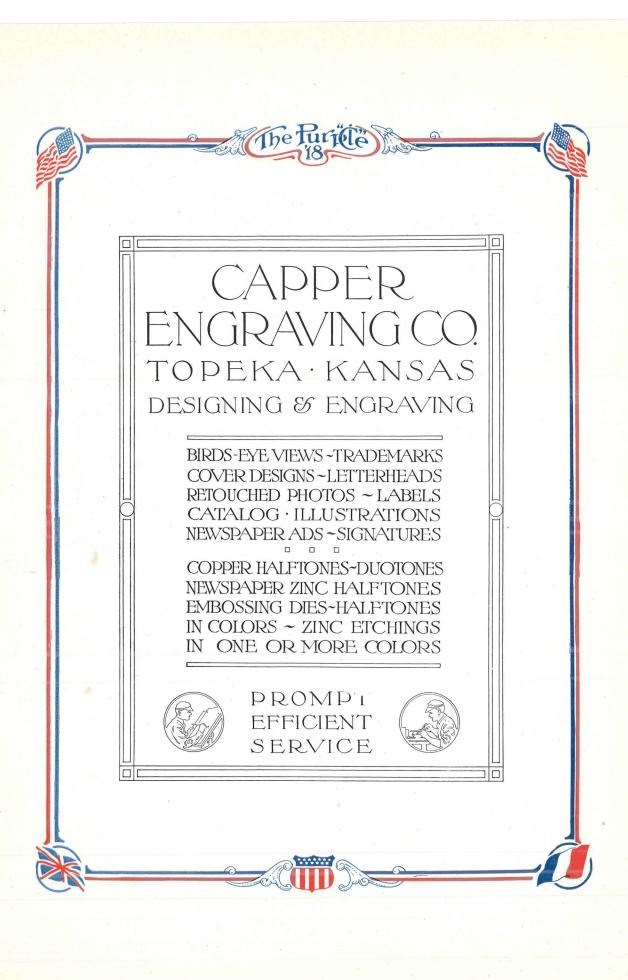
H. D. Barnett's Cash Market

5 E. 9th

Phones 721-723













The

CHAS. H. ELLIOTT CO.

The Largest College Engraving House in the World

Wedding Invitations, Calling Cards

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Menus

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Fraternity and Class Stationery

Seventeenth Street and Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia

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The Wonder Car

We're Strong For Valve-In-Head You'd Be Too—If You Only Knew

Oakland

The Sensible Six

The Sensible Buy

WORKMAN & ROSS

Reliability

Durability







GRADUATION TIME

is one of the early important events in the lives of boys and girls. It marks the passing of their school days and their entrance into higher branches of learning and usefulness as young men and young women. It's an occasion for pride.

The proud young man graduate will look his best in a suit of

KUPPENHEIMER QUALITY CLOTHES \$20 to \$45

or

BELT'S SPECIAL CLOTHES \$15, \$18, \$20

Smart, form fitting, military styles, skilled tailoring, dependable fabrics, lasting fit.







-

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

With the dark war clouds hovering over us and our thoughts turning to the battle grounds of Europe and dwelling upon the horrors, dangers and suffering which threaten our boys "over there," we feel the need of a ray of sunshine, of a glimpse of a happy time. For this reason, the Class of 1918 decided upon staging a play which would give a picture of a contented, peaceful people, where Kaiserism is unknown, before the world was forced to fight the barbarism of Germany that democracy might live.

"Pomander Walk" is the play chosen. It takes its name from a little street in London during the reign of George III. On this quaint thoroughfare are several houses all alike and being the happy domiciles of families who have the faults, virtues and all of the other attributes to which humanity is hair. Into the lives of the characters are woven incidents which are as interesting and amusing as the most critical could ask.

"Pomander Walk" is one of those comedies that send you from the theatre thinking that after all life is worth living and that the stage is not on the decline. It is delightfully well written, full of clever lines, interesting situations and charming comedy.

ACT I-Saturday afternoon 25th May 1805.

ACT II—Saturday morning 1st June 1805.

ACT III-Monday evening 3rd June 1805.

The following members of the Senior Class comprise the cast:

Boys
Harry Cook
Georgell Douglass
Sidney Rugh
Joe Turner
Myron Henderson
Clyde Wharton
Albert Shaner
Chadwick Ogden
George Beechwood
John Stephens

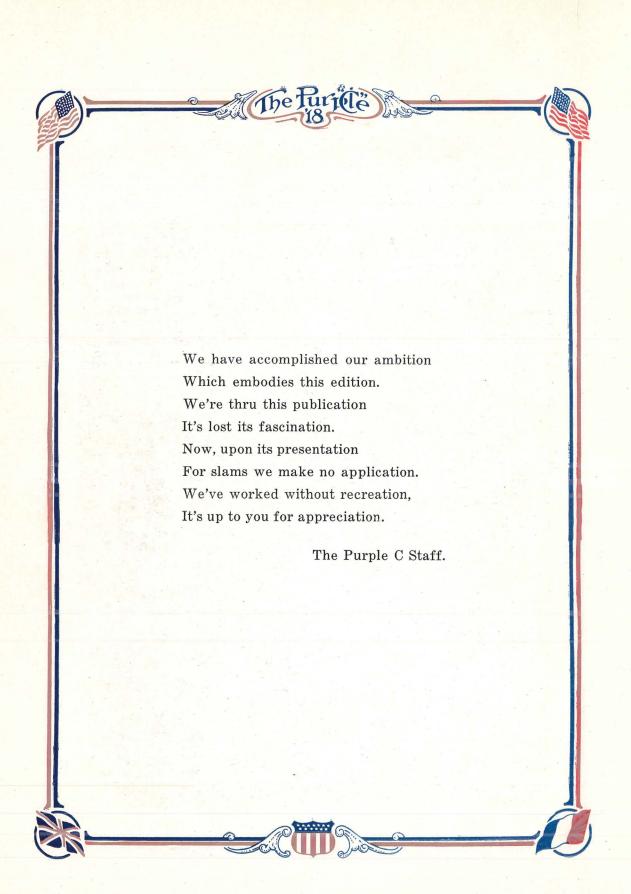
Girls

Mildred Brunner
Susie McNulty
Madeline Upham
Marjory Miller
Viola Sherwood
Anna Moseley
Marguerite Raemhild
Aline Robinson









The Turitle 100

