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Foreword

ANOTHER year has come and gone and with it our work and play, our joys and sorrows. We have all been striving towards the same goal—success; while we have not attained it in the highest degree, yet we feel highly rewarded for our efforts. We believe in P. H. S., and we hope to raise her standard second to none.

There is a united effort on the part of faculty and students to make the courses more practical, helpful, and efficient for the students.

Many of the graduates of this school enter various colleges and universities; many enter the fields of business; many become farmers and farmers' wives; for these reasons the college-preparatory, the commercial, and the prevocational courses are offered. A new course has been offered this year, in which we take great pride—a course in Bible study. Two of the ministers of our town have gratuitously given their services as instructors.

"America means opportunity." America is becoming synonymous for Democracy. The basis for both is our public schools. Let us, then, make our country safe for democracy and a land of golden opportunities by increasing and strengthening our public schools. To this end we are working for Plainfield High School, the pride of Plainfield and community.

Let this foreword be an appeal to the present faculty, student body, graduating class, alumni, and friends to lend untiring efforts and unlimited energies to this end.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Bruce 6/7/1976

J. Albert Lee

H 3025



Top row, Left to right. BAILEY, HERINGLAKE, E. ELLIOTT, COOPER, JESSUP, JOHNSTON, M. ELLIOTT
 Bottom row. GRIFFIN; FRAZIER, BROWN, MARSHALL, PIKE, SULLIVAN, JUDD.

The Staff

Roy Cooper---Editor-in-chief and artist.

Martha Belle Frazier---Associate Editor.

Elizabeth Pike---Assistant Editor.

Pierre Heringlake	}	Advertising and Business Managers.
Eldridge Elliott		

Mary Lucile Judd---Historian and Treasurer.

Edith Marshall---Prophecy.

Maurice Elliott---Validictorian.

Donald Johnston	}	Jokes and Calendar.
Albert Jessup		

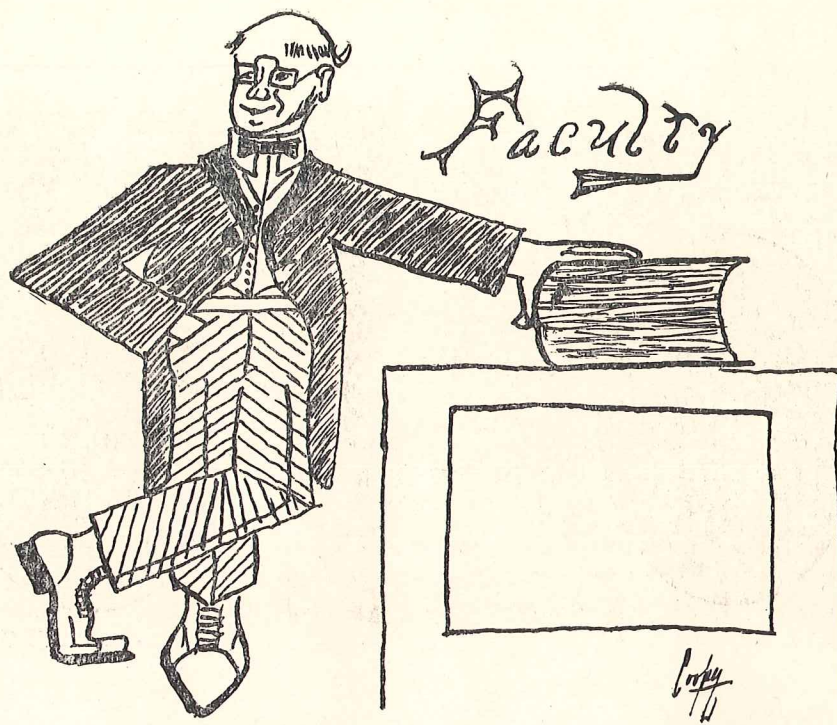
Chester Bailey---Athletics.

Assistants

Esther Sullivan---Junior.

Margaret Brown---Sophomore.

Veva Griffin---Freshman.



DIRECTORY OF P. H. S.

Albert P. Barlow, Trustee.

James P. Snodgrass, Co. Supt.

A. D. Johnson, Superintendent,
Mathematics and Science

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Ora McClain, Ethel McCloud
Domestic Science Music and Art

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Old Testament Bible

Rev. W. L. Hargrave,
New Testament Bible





A. D. JOHNSON



AMOS L. TAYLOR



ORVAL W. BAYLOR



W. L. HARGRAVE



DORINDA G. MORGAN



CORA M. DEWEESE



MARY ETHEL MCCLOUD



EDITH F. BARKER



ORA AGNES MCCLAIN

Nineteen Nineteen Senior Class

A Freshman's Version

Tell you a story--an' it's come to pass.

Wunst wuz a great big Senior class,
An' the boys 'ist stole hearts of Freshies girls,
An' the girls had the lovelist curls.
They knowed just heaps and heaps,
'Cause they could read Latin in 'normous leaps.
An' for them, Algebra wuz simply pie.
An' Oh! they got grades so high!
They could play basket-ball somethin' grate,
An' never had to bring 'n scuse when they wuz
late.

They knowed all 'bout 'lectricity, ec'nomics,
Shakespeare

An' one of our Freshman girls wuz simply
Crazy about the Senior called Pierre.

They could rite stories an' tell 'em too.

I wish't I wuz a Senior, don't you?

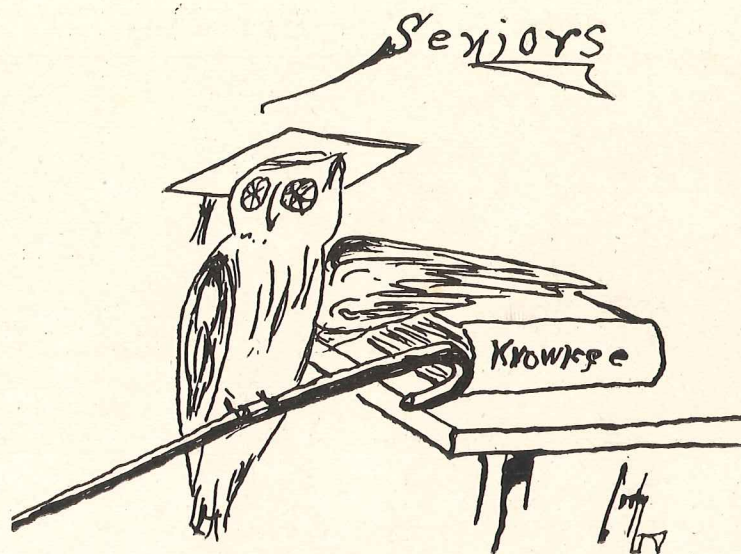
—*Edith Marshall*

The Purple and Gold

The purple and gold!
We loved you of old,
When you led us aright
In daytime or night!

Through joy and through sorrow,
You led us on to tomorrow,
Through victory and defeat,
You're still to beat.

As Freshies we chose you, purple and gold,
As Sophies you fluttered above us so bold,
As Juniors, we carried you blithely on high,
As Seniors, we still your beauty decry.



Class of 1919

Roy Cooper, President
Helen Coble, Secretary

Maurice Elliott, Vice Pres.
Mary Lucile Judd, Treasurer

Class Flower
Yellow Rose

Class Colors
Old Gold and Purple

Class Motto

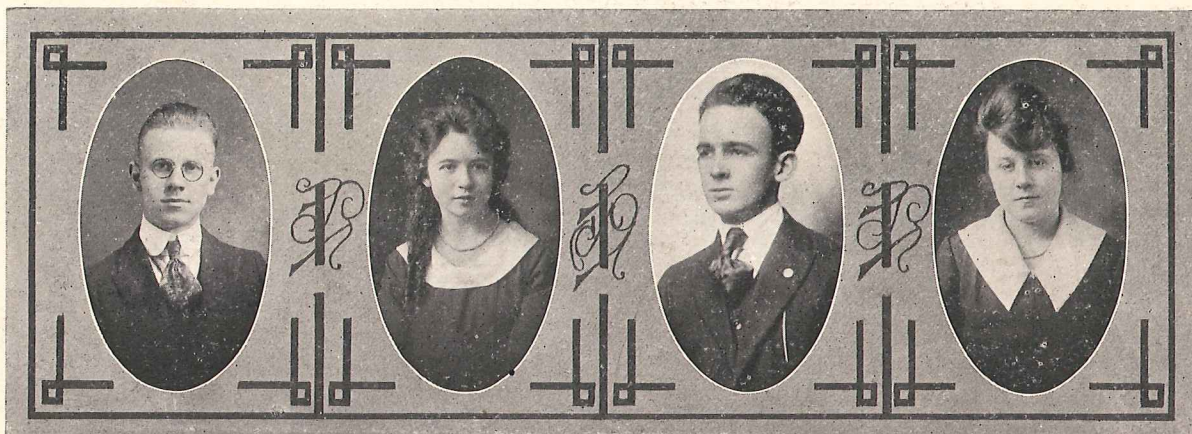
*The elevator to success is not running
Stairs*

*The
Take*



JOHN GRIFFIN

Honorable mention is given to John Griffin who served three years as our class president. He was elected the fourth year, but left us to join the S. A. T. C. at Wash College.



ROY COOPER

Roy is our class president, and is liked by every member of the class. He is an accomplished singer and violinist. He is very long for the shortest in the class.

MARY LUCILE JUDD

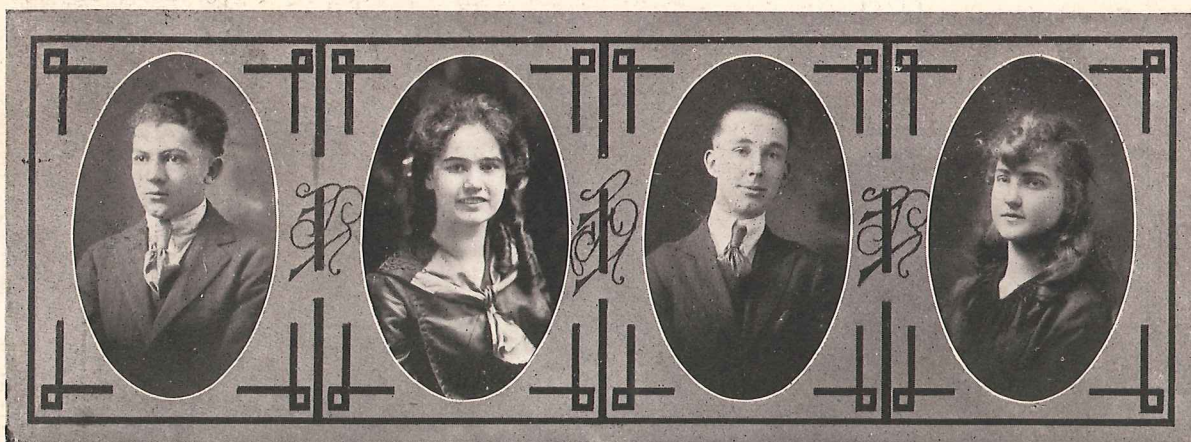
Judy, the midget of our class, is noted for her splendid scholarship and continuous laughter. It is said she has a desire to enter Oxford College for two reasons.

WIBUR JOHNSON

Mutt, is the most ambitious member of our class. He wants to take Guy Cumberworth's place in the Building and Loan office. Wilbur was president of our class for a half year and we all appreciate his services.

HELEN COBLE

Helen is a wonderful girl; she is really a star when it comes to beaming at a certain Junior boy. Helen was born smiling and naturally has kept on smiling till at last she has gained a perpetual smile.



CHESTER BAILEY

Chet is the fun-maker of our class; he is known for his ability as a comedian and as a bluffer. We think he will succeed in the former and we know he has succeeded in the latter.

PORTIA COOPER

A meek little violet who transplanted herself into the senior class at the end of the first semester, Portia is a girl of rare quality, and we are glad she decided to join us.

CHARLES LARKIN

Charley is the most charming member of our high school orchestra.

Sometimes he play
Sometimes he don't
Sometimes he simply
says—I won't

EDITH MARSHALL

The Senior boys are sure that Curly, whose ambition is to be an old maid school marm, will be successful. Edith is quiet, industrious, and very bashful.



ELDRIDGE ELLIOTT

Big Eddie, the Senior dude, believes that going slower makes things last longer—that's the advice he gives his little brother. We find, however, that Eddie's interest in a Junior girl is rapidly increasing.

OLIVE SEAMAN

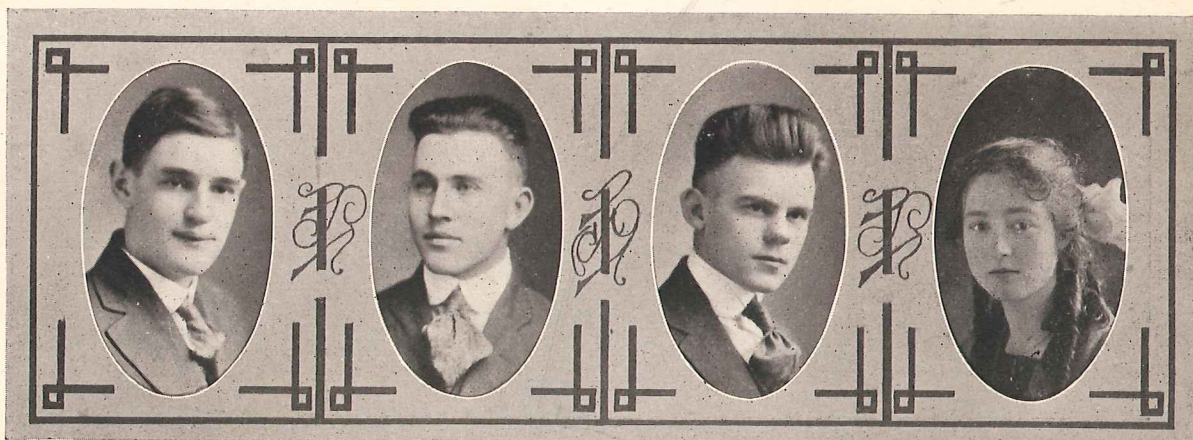
Olive is our country cousin and is noted for her singing quality. She is also noted as a pianist and cellist. She always takes care of her part of the fun besides someone else's.

PIERRE HERRINGLAKE

Pierless is our class poet; he is striving to fill James Whitcomb Riley's place, and we all hope he will be successful. There is one vocation which Pierrie has not tried as yet, and that is love making.—the Freshman girls think he's slow.

LOIS LOY

Tommy, one of our farmerette's who is very tired of the farm, intends to retire, as soon as her high school career is finished, to a parsonage in some Quaker village.



RALPH PARSONS

Ralph's chief occupation is work? ? ? He never writes notes, nor tries to bluff the Faculty; he never whispers when the teacher is looking, really Ralph has but one bad quality and that is flirting.

ROY MOORE

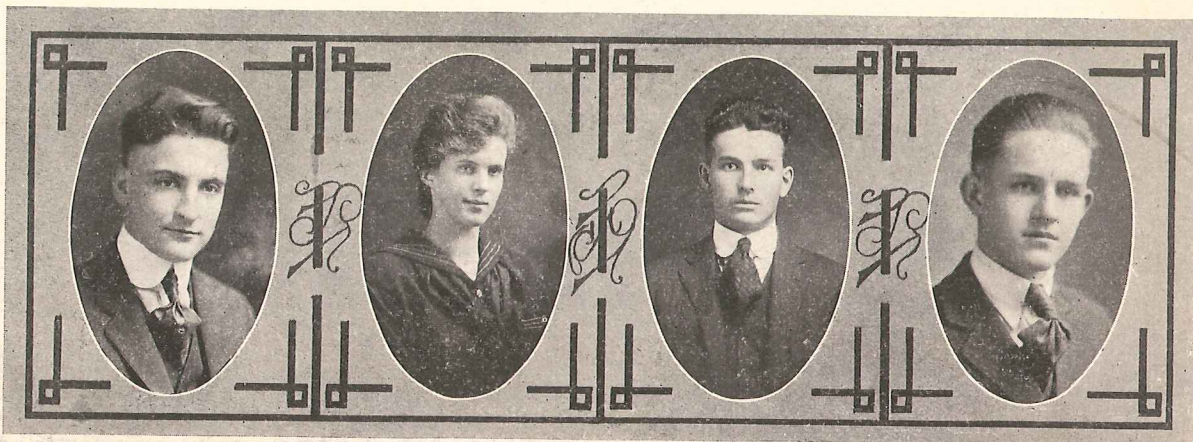
Roy is the true blue member of our class; he fusses with all the Freshies but one; he tells the Sophies their place; and the Juniors—well he simply has no use for them at all.

DONALD JOHNSTON

We are very proud of Don, who is our star athlete. Don believes that a girl is the greatest thing a man can have. The Class believes that his sole affections are for one of our Senior girls.

IDA MAE ROBISON

Ida Mae is the pride of our class. You should see the A's on her report card. She is never out of sorts with anyone. Theodore finds her quite a lovable little girl.

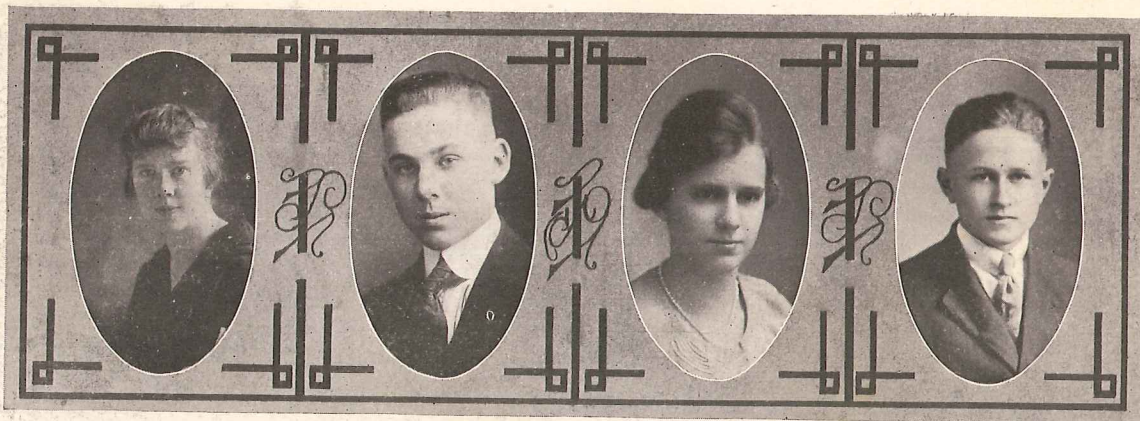


TULLEY JORDAN
Tulley is our quietest senior; he is never seen conversing with the fairer sex. He is a very diligent student. At the last faculty meeting, it was decided that Tulley was the only dignified member of our class.

ELIZABETH PIKE
Elizabeth has made all of us proud of her. She is captain of the girl's basket ball team, and is the star athlete of the whole team. She intends to stay single until the Peace treaty is signed and then—

WILLIE CHANDLER
Willie is a dear; at least Lois Loy thinks so. Nevertheless we are afraid someone is "beating her time," because Willie makes so many visits in Indianapolis.

FLOYD WINSTED
Billy is our brightest English student; he is patiently waiting his chance to take Mrs. Morgan's place in P. H. S. Floyd is usually very quiet, but when fun passes his way, he generally makes good use of it.

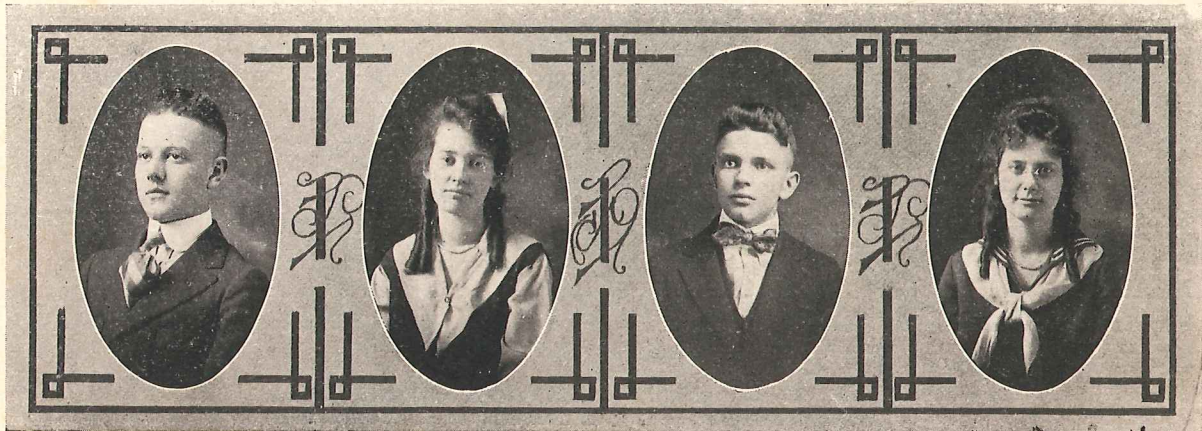


MARY PRITCHETT
Mary is our beautiful blonde. We have not decided as yet just what will become of her; she has two chances—to be a farmer's wife near Plainfield or Avon. Which will she take?

MAURICE ELLIOTT
Little Eddie, though he has tried for three years, is still unable to understand the fairer sex; he is living in hopes. Maurice is our class yell leader and also a basket ball star.

PAULINE SPEAR
She has a great deal of wit; however, she is very shy in using it. She is always happy and we would be at a loss to know what to do without her. Ye farmer boys—she would make a nice little milk maid.

SPENCER STEPHENSON
Rip is a very suitable name for our fellow classmate. He also believes that going slower in school work makes it last longer, but his attempts at flirting with Freshies are quite frequent.

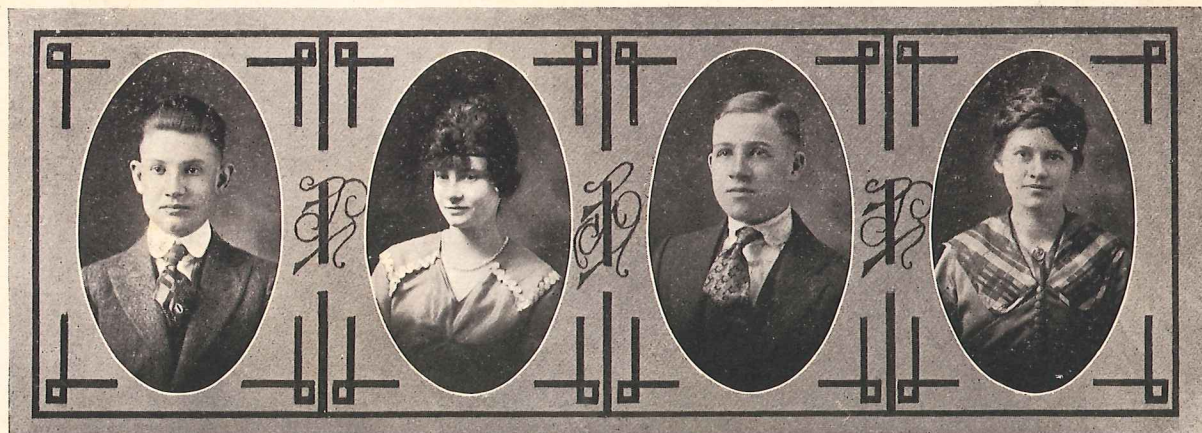


JOHN HORNADAY
John, whose word has to be taken into consideration, is a master mechanic; he is the pride of the P. H. S. manual training department. When his high school career is finished, he intends to retire to a farm near Monrovia.

ESTHER HADLEY
Esther is known for her vocal ability and also for her ability as a violinist. Esther intends to study music, but it has been rumored that she will use her musical ability in housekeeping.

ADNA MOON
Cricket is a lady's man of rare quality, and he feels that if God could love all girls, surely he could love a dozen. In his countenance can be read strange stories of adventures in great cities.

PEARL ALLEN
A sweet little curly head known for her musical accomplishment. Pearl is a diligent and untiring worker. The only difficulty she has found in P. H. S. is how to get past Adna's large feet.

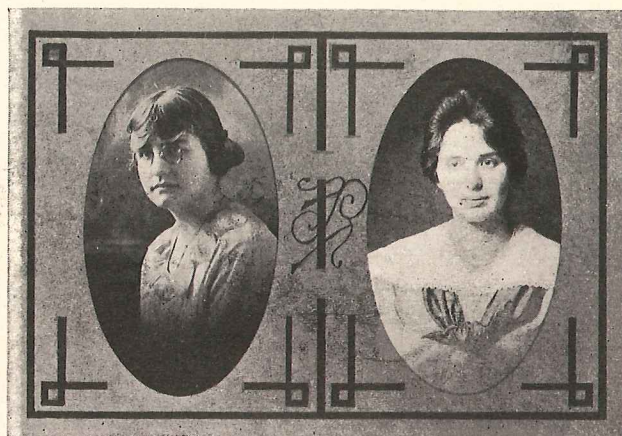


IVAN JOHNSON
Ivan is another of our star athletes. He wants to take up scientific farming if some one will help him—Won't some of the girls volunteer?

EDNA CARR
Ted, our leading pianist, is very pessimistic, but, nevertheless, it is very interesting to listen to her talk. She has already informed us that she will never be molested by the opposite sex, but a Senior boy is hoping.

ALBERT JESSUP
Pete is one of those quiet fellows who never speaks unless spoken to. He never worries about anything except his love affairs. The smile he has acquired is quite attractive—the Freshman girls think so.

DOROTHY WATSON
Dorothy is known for her cheerful disposition and smiling face. It has been said of her: "If she had two ideas in her head at the same time they would fall out with each other."

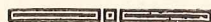


BELLE FRAZIER

The Belle of our class is a student of dramatic art. She has proven herself to be a professional, not an amateur. We feel safe in saying, however, that one of the alumni is planning to have her profession changed.

LILLIE CHANDLER

Lillie is another of our country cousins. She intends to remain on the farm until a certain Soldier-boy returns, and then—well you know the rest.



Reminiscences

ON New Year's Eve, 1925, I happened to be in Chicago, and remembering that my old friend and school mate, Helen Coble, (by that time, Mrs. James Stephens) lived in that city, I decided to call on her. I found her living in a beautiful little bungalow in a good residence district, and we were soon comfortably seated in front of her cheery grate fire.

We chatted for a while about current events, and then our talk turned back to the days when we went to Painfield High School.

"I honestly believe that thirty-two more enthusiastic and more intelligent Freshmen never entered a high school than those who entered P. H. S. in September, 1915," Helen remarked. "But we, like all Freshmen, were actually called green by the upper classmen. We certainly were a peppy bunch though. I remember what a lot of excitement we had at our first class meeting with R. G. Edwards, our dear old superintendent, presiding. We elected John Griffin, president; Wilbur Johnson, vice-president; Mary Lewis, secretary; and Maurice Elliott, treasurer. I remember those officers well, because I wanted an office so very much that year and didn't get one."

"That's too bad," I said consolingly. "Well, I fared slightly better. You know, about sixteen of us entered P. H. S. in January that year, and I think we were almost frightened to death. Why, we were actually afraid to move for fear we would move in the wrong direction. Most Freshmen classes think that they own the whole school, but somehow we didn't have that idea. I remember that we grew dreadfully angry, though, when the Seniors teased us and called us the primary.

"We had an entirely separate class from yours that half year and when we had our first class meeting we elected Adna Moon, president; Olive Seaman, vice-president; Edith Marshall, editor of the class notes; and Mary Lucille Judd, secretary-treasurer.

"The black shadow of the county examination loomed over our heads for the first two months. We were very sure that we had to take that exam and equally sure that we would forget everything we ever knew about grade school subjects before the two months were over. However, we all survived.

"I remember distinctly that we didn't have a single party that half year. We tried to have a Valentine party, but somehow or other our plans fell flat."

"We had parties all right," said Helen. "In fact I think that we must have had eight. At least I know that we started out to have one every month. Our first one was a wiener roast at Black Rock, and we surely had a good time."

"But oh, Helen," I interrupted, "didn't we feel big when we came back to old P. H. S. the next September as Sophomores? We felt as if we could lord it over the whole school. I am sadly afraid that we were pretty hard on the poor Freshies that year."

"Yes," agreed Helen, "we were. But didn't we have a good time? Your class and mine were united and our officers were practically the same as our part of the class had had the year before. I guess that we were too much for our teachers during our Freshman year, because Miss Modrell was the only one who dared to come back."

"And don't you remember, Helen," I interrupted again, "how dreadfully bashful Mr. Binns, the commercial teacher, was, and how he blushed whenever a girl looked at him? Those were good old days when Mr. Johnson taught us about quadratic equations and the binomial theorem; when Mr. Taylor told us all about how the old Greeks and Romans lived, and how Alexander the Great, when he had conquered all of the known world, sat on the fence and cried for more; and when Miss Glidewell corrected our grammar and showed us how to write themes, and also let us read to her about a man named Caesar and about the battles he fought."

"We had some dandy parties that year, too," Helen took up the story where I stopped. "Don't you remember that we tried to have a wiener roast the first week, but it rained so we went to Frazier's and had a good time? But the very best party of the whole year was when the Sophomore girls entertained the Sophomore boys at the Library basement. Of course the boys returned the compliment, but somehow boys never did know how to entertain as well as girls.

"We won honors in the primary contest that year too. John Griffin defeated one of the noble Seniors in discussion and you won in reading.

"You also won second place in the county contest at Danville," Helen went on. "And we did even better things in that line the next year when we were Juniors. John Griffin and you won the primary contest in discussion and reading, and then went to Danville, where John won third place and you won first. Then you went on to Rockville to the district contest and won honors there."

"Well," I said, "don't you think that we did have just about the best Junior class that ever attended a high school? There were about thirty-five of us, including four from the Academy who were as glad to be in P. H. S. instead of C. A. as we were to have them there. Let me see, John and Wilbur were again elected president and vice-president, you were treasurer and I was secretary."

"We had some jolly parties that year," Helen remarked. "Don't you remember the time we entertained the poor, green little Freshmen at a wiener roast and ducked some of the boys? And the time when we grew very patriotic and had a Hoover party at John Hornaday's? Then in the spring, instead of the usual Junior-Senior reception, we gave the Seniors a theatre party because Mr. Hoover said that it was unpatriotic to serve refreshments at parties."

"I surely do remember what a good time I had at those parties," I said. "I also remember that when Miss Dixon resigned because of nervous prostration it was reported that the Junior English class caused it. Then when Miss Hopkins came to take her place, they were afraid to give the Junior English class to her, so they let Mrs. Morgan teach it because they thought that she was the only one who could manage it. Then don't you remember when that same Junior English class studied 'The House of Seven Gables,' Edith Marshall dramatized the chapter on 'Alice Pyncheon' and we were all so proud when we found that we had a real for sure author in the class? Oh, you will have to admit that we were a brilliant class."

"Of course we were. How could we have been anything else?" Helen asked. "And we were even more brilliant when we were Seniors. At last we could look down on everybody. Do you remember how John Griffin came to school for two or three days so that he could be elected president for the fourth time and then went to Wabash in the S. A. T. C. so that he could wear a uniform? Then we elected Wilbur Johnson, president and Maurice Elliott, vice-president; you were secretary and I was treasurer. We certainly had a hard time to keep a president that year. Wilbur became so brilliant that he couldn't stay with us and went to Indianapolis, and then we elected Roy Cooper to take his place."

"We surely had a good time that year at our various parties," I said, "especially at the one at Lois Loy's in honor of John Griffin and the one at the hotel in honor of Wilbur Johnson. And didn't we have pretty class rings? We won honors in more than one thing that year. In the way of athletics, we had four men on the first team, three girls on the girls' team, and we won the class games. In the primary contest Roy Cooper and Pierre Herringlake represented us in discussion, Esther Hadley in voice, and Portia Cooper in reading. Esther and Portia won in the primary and Esther won second and Portia first at Danville. As I remarked before, we were a brilliant class—even our teachers thought so."

"Yes," Helen agreed, "and after we gave such a good class play and had such a fine commencement, I think that everybody, even the alumni, agreed that we were the noblest, most intelligent, peppiest class that ever graduated from Plainfield High School."

"We were a unique class in many ways," I said. "We can claim many honors which other classes can not. When we were Freshmen we had the largest Freshmen class that had ever been in P. H. S. When we were Sophomores we honored the class of '17 by presenting a huge bouquet of yellow roses to them on commencement night. When we were Juniors we presented the high school with a Red Cross service flag and gave the Seniors a theatre party, which was something new in the history of P. H. S. When we were Seniors we published an Annual, being the first class that was game enough to do such a thing. When we were graduated we had the largest class that ever left the doors of old P. H. S."

"Yes," Helen agreed, "the class of '19 carried the purple and gold banner to the highest place in everything we undertook."

Just then we were interrupted by the shrieking of whistles and pealing of bells. I looked up startled, for I could not imagine what had happened until my eye fell upon the clock which was slowly pealing out the hour of twelve, and I realized that a new year was coming in. We had been so interested in talking over old times that neither Helen nor I had realized it was so late.

I hastily said good-night and made my way to the hotel where I was staying, thinking about P. H. S. and wondering where each of the other members of the class of '19 were at that moment.

A Senior's Phantasy

THE snow beat furiously against the windows; the wind howled mournfully around the house; I snuggled closer into the comfortable chair placed before the cozy fire and began to slowly nod as the warmth and delicious comfort of the room gradually stole over me, numbing my senses as some potent wine.

I awoke suddenly; I rubbed my eyes. Why, how funny! I was in an orange grove! While I was gazing about me in bewilderment, I heard a rustle and a low growl, and whirling suddenly, I confronted the most beautiful bull-dog with the most dangerous looking teeth.

"Get out of those oranges, you little rascal," shouted a gruff voice, the owner of which seemed to be entirely encompassed in a large straw hat.

I gazed in wonder at this sudden apparition. The voice! The nose! Who? Where? Could it be possible?

"Are you Pete Jessup?" I gasped in amazement.

"Pete? Why, bless my heart, that's what I used to be called. But how did you happen to know me? I don't recollect of ever seein' you around these parts?"

"Why, don't you know me?"

"No. I never saw you before," he replied, looking at me rather queerly.

At this answer I was more puzzled than ever. Was I temporarily crazy? I decided to keep still and to find out as much as I could without letting Mr. Jessup know that I was entirely bewildered.

"What is the nearest town?" I thought that this was a safe question.

"Redwood."

"California?"

"Why of course. You didn't think you were in Alaska, did you?"

He invited me to go to his house and refresh myself. He spoke of his wife and called her Dorothy, however, I was greatly surprised to find that she was my old school mate Dorothy Watson. I ran toward her and began asking questions.

"I beg your pardon, but I do not believe that I have met you," she said coolly.

I straightened up at this sharp rebuke which made me remember that altho these people were my old friends "grown-up" they did not know me.

After I had quenched my thirst with the delicious drink served by Mrs. Jessup, I became so drowsy that in spite of all my efforts to keep my eyes open I sank into a deep sleep.

Thump! I awoke with a start. Pete, Dorothy and the bull-dog were gone. This was a court room. A light-haired man, whom I at once recognized as John Griffin, was filling the large room with the boom of his great voice. I overheard this conversation.

"A great lawyer," said one man to his elbow neighbor.

"Yes, a great lawyer, with a wonderful future before him. His great success in the Danbury case has won him national fame."

At one of the tables, close by this famous young man, a beautiful auburn-haired young lady was taking dictation. Judge my surprise when I saw that she was no other than Helen Coble.

After a short time I grew tired of the court room and strolled out into the street. This street apparently contained all the prominent business houses of the town. One little shop especially attracted my attention, an antique coffee shop. Its coolness and hint of refreshing drinks urged me to enter. Small menus placed on the little spider-

leg tables announced the fact that Tulley Jordan was the proprietor. I had just enough money in my pocket to pay for my order which was brought to me by Mrs. Jordan, whom I had known as Ida Mae Robison.

I picked up a newspaper with the date June 20, 1930. The first announcement that I noticed was on the society page. "A pretty wedding ceremony was performed last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Allen. The bride, their daughter, was lovely in white tulle and satin and carried a fragrant bouquet of orange blossoms. The groom, Mr. Adna Moon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Moon, is a prominent young farmer of this county. The Reverend Roy Cooper read the Episcopal service. The Mendelssohn wedding march was played by Lois Loy.

Another item of interest was this: "Charles Larkin was fined \$5.00 and costs for speeding in the city last night."

A gaudy advertisement attracted my attention. "See Maurice Elliott and Co. for the very best in retail groceries."

On the literary page an interesting account was given of Pierre Heringlake's recent novel. It also stated that he and his companion, Spencer Stephenson, were going to spend the summer in Alaska in research work.

In the personal items three were of interest to me. The first: "Mrs. Ivan Johnson entertained at lunch Friday in honor of her mother, Mrs. Paul Carr." The second: "Chester Bailey, who has recently purchased a cleaning and pressing shop in Evansville, spent the day visiting old friends here." The third: "Mrs. Donald Johnston received a large box of oranges from her grandfather 'Doc' Smith, who is traveling in the south."

I laid the paper down with a sigh and reluctantly left the lovely little shop. The flashy bill-board of a "movie" theater loudly announced the fact that the most popular "film" star, Mary Lucile Judd, would be shown in the play "Diamonds or Hearts."

The street abruptly stopped and I rather suddenly found myself in front of a little country church. I went in and heard the preacher, John Hornaday, making a most heart rending plea for all sinners to repent and retrace their footsteps before it was too late. A sweet faced lady in the audience watched him with such a look of tenderness that I knew she must be his wife. Yes, it was Esther. Close to the front of the pulpit sat Elizabeth Pike, who bore all the marks of a school "marm."

The voice of the preacher grew softer and softer until it sounded like the low monotonous hum of bees, lulling me to sleep.

Clang! Clatter! Crash! What had happened to the preacher's voice? Oh! but it was not his voice—it was the voice of the streets of a great metropolis.

Some inward sense told me that this was New York! I stood in the lobby of a wonderful hotel watching the hurrying, pushing, jolting crowd. Presently two girls, arm in arm, passed. I rushed out and endeavored to follow them for the glimpse that I had of them revealed the fact that they were Mary Pritchett and Pauline Spear. They were soon lost in the crowd, and I was thankful to take refuge in an open doorway.

After a while a post-man stopped and dropped some letters in the mail chute. I distinctly saw the name of Lillie Chandler on one of these. Then undoubtedly Lillie must live in this building. It was an immense edifice and I knew that under ordinary circumstances it would be very hard to locate the room which belonged to her, but as the events concerning my presence in this place were very strange I thought it only plausible that I would find the right room without any difficulty.

When I found the room, which I thought was hers, I entered without knocking.

A tall woman, anxiously watching the boiling contents of a chafing dish, merely gave a slight nod and a nonchalant "Howdy" at my entrance.

"Miss Chandler." I spoke boldly, "I have been told that you would be interested in a society for helping wounded animals."

"Wounded animals! The idea!" she fairly snorted, "I have spent the last five years of my life in trying to help people who were born in the slums of this city, and if I had any time, money or patience to spare, I certainly would not give it to dumb brutes when there are thousands of human beings in this city who are suffering for the barest necessities of life!"

To my great relief a young girl flew into the room and tossed a bundle of letters into Miss Chandler's lap. One of these she quickly opened.

"Oh! excuse me," she said, "This is from an old friend, Belle Christie, and she always tells me a great deal of news about my home town."

She rapidly pursued the closely written pages.

"Well," she sighed dreamily, "things have certainly changed. Roy Moore and Floyd Winsted, two old school mates, have purchased a large ranch in Montana and are intending to make their fortunes. My brother, Willie, is going to join them if they are successful. Plainfield was greatly surprised at the marriage of Eldridge Elliott and Portia Cooper, and I am too; I was sure that Eldridge would marry Lucille. Edythe Marshall—but you do not know these people and I am only boring you."

After a slight pause, when she seemed lost in thought and I was vainly trying to think of some way to make a graceful exit, she said, "I beg your pardon, for being so cross concerning the wounded animals but my business is to help human beings."

I knew that I was dismissed.

When I reached the street a yellow taxi was awaiting in front of the building. I stepped in.

"Brooklyn?" asked the driver.

"Yes," I replied.

It made no difference to me for I knew that I had no money and I began to search for an excuse to get out and not pay my fare.

The chance came. At a crowded corner I quietly slipped from the machine and was immediately swallowed up by the the crowd. I took a side street and after a short walk came to a great, bare field where several airplanes were stationed. One in particular was attracting great attention. It was smaller than the others and was painted bright red. From the conversation which was carried on, I learned that it was a new type and that it would be a great invention if successful.

Two men, who seemed to be the owners, were preparing to make a trip. I approached them and in spite of all the shocks I had had before I was startled to see Wilbur Johnson and Ralph Parsons.

Mr. Parsons asked me if I cared to accompany him on a little trip. I was delighted with the opportunity and readily accepted.

It was glorious; that wonderful ascension. We slowly arose until we had reached the desired elevation and then began to move swiftly forward. But soon I noticed that the engine was not keeping regular time. Instead of saying chug-chug-chugity-chug as it had been doing, it was crazily chug-chug-chugging without any time whatever.

We began to fall! I screamed! I thought Ralph said, "You'll wake up. You'll wake up. You'll wake—"

"Oh-h-h-."

The fire was snapping as merrily as ever. The wind had lost its violence and the snow was now softly tapping the window.

Haledictory

WE, the Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen graduating class of Plainfield High School, want to say farewell to the people who have made it possible for us to be at the portals that connect the little world we have known to the broader outside world.

We are just in the act of launching our ship of life upon the sea of the outside world of duty and citizenship, having all the anticipations and anxieties of one who wants to put his ship successfully across the sometimes smooth, yet sometimes perilous, water to the unknown land beyond. Our boat will go smoothly, without mishap probably, upon a calm sea, but when the water becomes rough, it is most essential that we should be on the alert as the reliable pilot of our own little ship. To keep it from swaying from side to side, to keep it from being swamped or dashed against the rocks and crushed, will require the utmost precaution, or we shall find ourselves a wreck upon the rocks, witnessing the more carefully piloted ships passing safely into port.

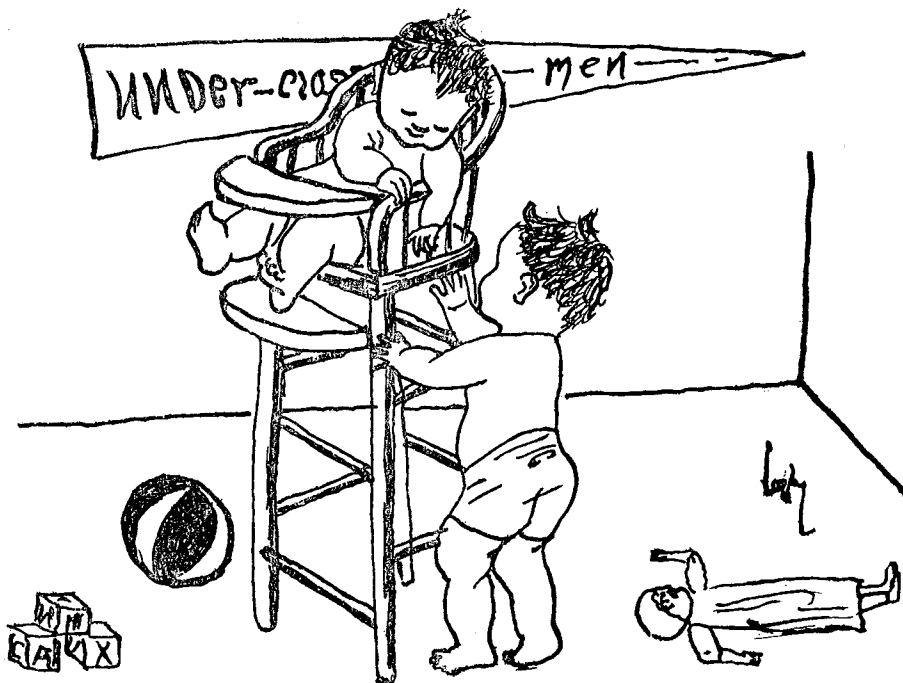
To say farewell to the faculty, the patient and diligent workers who for day after day have been adding something new to our education and life, means a great deal to us. They have been the means in a direct way that have made it possible for us to complete our four years of study and have made us ready to enter a higher institution of learning or to enter directly into the business world according to what our tastes or desires might tell us. To see a class go out is the only real pay that teachers get because they know they have friends in the graduating class and that all the efforts and hard work they have put forth have not been in vain. We want you to know that we deeply appreciate the work that you have so freely given for our benefit and that you are held high in our esteem because we now realize what sincere friends as well as instructors you have been.

To the parents of the students of P. H. S. we say farewell. We want you to know that we highly appreciate the co-operation that you have given us during our four years of schooling. We wish to say that patronizing the different school activities helps the school wonderfully.

We wish to thank the Trustees and County Superintendents for the privileges we have received and to express our deep appreciation for the way in which you attended to our different wants and needs.

Now farewell to our school mates that have through their unflinching co-operation made it possible for this school to carry on its work. We as one of the upper classes wish to give to the two lower classes of Plainfield High School a little advice; study to your utmost, read on the outside, and get out of school everything that you possibly can. If you fail to do those things, and become Juniors or Seniors you will then realize that you should have done those very things. It will help you far beyond what you can comprehend just now. We sincerely regret that we have to leave a school that is so full of fine schoolmates as the one we are leaving now, and we will hold uppermost in our minds the days that have been spent in dear old P. H. S. But since the old saying "the best of friends have to part," is true, we must leave you and Plainfield High School, not because we really want to, but new duties are awaiting us.

Farewell to all! farewell!
To the faculty that served so well
And who helped us
Far greater than we can tell;
To the school authorities
Who have also aided our mental properties;
And to the schoolmates that can't be beat
And the school that is so great.
But it is time, we have to leave
Altho we will surely have to grieve,
Yet in the future we have resolved to do
The things that will best help you
So that at the end of our active day
We can all proudly say,
That "all was well."
But now, we are sorry to tell
We'll have to bid you all a fond farewell.



On the following pages will be found what is commonly known as the understructure of P. H. S. This part has been to a great extent, covered up by the brighter side of P. H. S.—the ones on the preceeding pages.

We leave P. H. S. with the intention of going on in the world, but we are sure that the old school will become stronger in the following years, because we leave P. H. S. in control of the Freshman Class, which contains more students and other green animals than any other class.

We deem it necessary to mention the following classes, and also more important to illustrate them, as they should be known to everyone because it is these students that intend to make P. H. S. better each year. The Sophomores though having made their name in history as knockors, and the Juniors, who are very small in numbers and mental ability, will probably be able to lend some assistance in the future affairs in Plainfield High School, and we leave here knowing, although there will be a tinge of green, that P. H. S. will come to the front, and be brighter in the future years.

Junior Class



Top row, Left to right. BARLOW, CHANDLER, HORNADAY, STEPHENS.
Bottom row. DICKSON, BROYLES, SULLIVAN, WINSTED.

Motto

We will find a path or make one

Flower

White Rose

Colors

Old Gold and Black



THE Junior class was organized September sixth, with James Stephens, president; Paul Barlow, secretary and treasurer, and with an enrollment of twelve.

After two weeks, when all other necessary duties had been performed, we were entertained, at the home of Beatrice Krebs. The evening was pleasantly spent in games. Dainty refreshments were served.

After four weeks of dismissal on account of Spanish Influenza, we returned to school with only eleven members, since Nina Lovette had moved away.

During the next month, we had no time for social affairs, because we were making up the work we missed during the enforced vacation. Sometimes we thought the teachers had it in for us the way they assigned such long lessons, but, since that time has passed, we can forgive them.

On Monday morning, after our Christmas vacation, we came back to school with our hearts full of joy, but upon entering the building, heavy weights seemed to drop on us. The air seemed to be full of distress; everyone had a sanctimonious look, and when inquiring for the reason why, we learned that a lamb was lost from our flock. We searched diligently, thinking she might be out in the cold for the weather was severe. But where do you suppose we found her? She was in Indianapolis with her name changed from Miss Beatrice Krebs to Mrs. Martin Lease.

The old adage, "After the bitter comes the sweet," held true in this case. We were entertained by Bessie Broyles at her country home. One of the main features of the evening was the duet by Mr. Taylor and James Stephens. Most of the evening was spent in games, contests, and fudge-making. Sandwiches and pickles were served for refreshments.

By this time we had successfully completed half of our year's journey. Dortha Carter decided to spend the other half of her journey at the Friend's Boarding School in Barnsville, Ohio. But it is her desire to graduate from P. H. S. so she will be with us next year.

On Thursday evening, February, thirteenth, we gave a farewell party for Dortha at the home of Lucile Dixon. The evening was spent in games and taffy pulling.

With the exception of one or two minors details, we completed our journey without any difficulty.



Sophomore Class



Bottom row, left to right. CALBERT, CALDWELL, HAGEE, OVERTON, SMITH, BROWN.
 Second row, TUCKER, THORNBURG, THORNBURG, COMPTON, COOPER, REES.
 Third row, COOPER, BARKER, HARRISON, MASTEN, REEVE, GARRIOTT, PARSONS.
 Top row, JAMISON, REES, SMITH, SPEAR, OSBORN. ABSENT: GIBBS.



Officers

Hildon Calbert.....President
 Ferol Harrison.....Vice-President
 Clarice BarkerSecretary and Treasurer

Names Withdrawn

MILDRED FOXWORTHY
 IVA SALSMAN

Motto

First the foot hills; then the mountains.

Colors

Purple and White.

Flower

Purple and White Astors.

STOP! Look! Listen! For at last we have arrived. A memorable date for P. H. S. was the entering of twenty-one lads and lassies into the Freshman class in the early fall of 1917. We buried our childish school looks and infantile ideas to wrest fame and knowledge from the heights of Freshmanship; and, at last, P. H. S. we be long to you, to sojourn for awhile in your imposing and, always before, impregnable halls of learning. On the first day we felt that we made a marked impression on both students and Faculty by our knowing looks, and the perfect ease with which we took in every situation; the upper class-men sat up and took notice, and we felt that their mental attitude was, Hail! to this bunch of peppy Freshies. Only a few days elapsed until we finally organized. At a meeting, where of course we were all at a tension, we succeeded in electing the following officers:

President, Hildon Calbert; Vice-President, Margaret Brown; Secretary and Treasurer, Lois Tucker.

As Freshmen we distinguished ourselves in many ways. It was owing to the efforts of the Freshman girls, that a Girls' B. B. Team was organized; four Freshman girls making first team. However the girls cannot claim all the athletic honors, for Hobson Rees, one of the star-players on the boys' first team, was a Freshman. Class night we again entered the limelight; our class being the only one encored after singing the class song, much to the regret of the Juniors, who we learned, had prepared one but were not given the chance to use it. Our class speaker, Ferol Harrison, represented us with great credit on the same night. After a year interspersed with stunts, parties, and wiener-roasts, and a constant wrestling with students' problems, we bade adieu to our happy and pleasantly spent Freshman year.

In the fall of 1918, we hear the tap of the school bell, and again wind our way to P. H. S.

As Sophomores we now climb the old stone steps; we scarcely reach the Assembly till we are aware of the awe that permeates the air; we hear a voice—"Stand back!, the Sophs are here." Yes, 'tis true; we are here with a sparkle in our eye, elasticity in our step, and a determination to win.

Upon scanning the faces of our number, we find that some have come and some have gone.

Again we are battling for knowledge under our able Faculty. Our progress is marked; the honor and fame we so rightly claimed in our Freshman year, goes steadily on.

We are very proud of the school honors we have won as Sophomores: Jewel Rees, Clarice Barker, Margaret Brown, Tressie Reeves are on the girls' basket-ball team, Hobson Rees, Hildon Calbert, are on the boys' team; Sylvia Cooper won first place in Piano and Ferol Harrison second in discussion, at our primary contest; then we also have two representatives, Sylvia Cooper and Margaret Brown on the P. H. S. girls' quartette.

Our social gatherings were all delightful events. We remember one especially which took place the first of the year; the bashful green Freshmen were our guests; they were taken in the dark of the night to a cool trickling stream, and there, under protest, their faces were washed; we can vouch as to the thoroughness of the job. Then another brave episode, which only valorous Sophomores would have dared, was our joyous reception to the new year, 1919.

Our Sophomore days are at an end, thanks to our untiring Faculty for making us Juniors. May we still shine in our Junior year as in days past and gone, and win many more laurels for our dear P. H. S.



Top row, Left to right. WILSON, ATKINSON, GENTRY, PATRICK, BARLOW, MORRISON, HERRING, NEGUS.
 Second row. TUCKER, FIELDS, ATWOOD, ARNOLD, ROACH, CALBERT, BRYANT, HIATT, KIRKPATRICK, VAUGHN, JORDAN.
 Third row. BRAY, GRIFFIN, CAMPBELL, OWENS, PALMER, BRYANT, LARSON, ROTH, CARTER, BLACK.
 Fourth row. CUMBERWORTH, SULLIVAN, HERINGLAKE, DICKSON, GLENN, BOWMAN, BLAIR.

Freshman Class

Class Flower
White Rose

Class Colors
Green and White

Class Motto
Be sharp, be natural but never be flat.

THE "Green and White" is one of the largest classes that has ever entered Plainfield High School. It now has thirty-eight members and has lost only four which is a very small percent.

Early in the autumn the class met in the Science room and formed an organization for the year 1918-19 with the following officers: President, Mager Dickson; Vice-President, Harold Cumberworth; Secretary-Treasurer, Hilda Black. These officers have piloted the Freshman Class across until we are in sight of Sophomore Land which will be greatly improved in 1919-20. Some of the needed improvements will be higher standard in Mathematics, English, History, and general reconstruction. We shall make it a promisingly delightful land.

Our class colors (green and white) show we are not dead, but are alive, and will continue to grow in mind and in body.

Is it important that there should be a Senior Class in Plainfield High School in 1922? Then it is necessary that there be a Freshman Class four years previous—1918.

When it came to selecting a yell leader, the entire school looked to the Green and White, for they saw the great possibilities in the class of '22, and from our number came the yell leader, like Hermes, with colors flying.

In the Discussion Contest the eyes of the judges were turned toward the class of '22 and out of a number of five including two Seniors, two Sophomores, and one Freshman, the Freshman, Bruce Wilson went over the top. We carried away one first in Discussion and one second in Vocal which speaks well for the Freshman Class.

And now, dear Seniors, with strength and might
Comes the Freshman Class with green and white.

We strive to be sturdy, strong and true,
Uniting with other classes so royal but new.

Our efforts are unsurpassed by the sky
Which will cause you some envy as you pass by;

So just forget for a moment, if you please,
We are in earnest and do not mean to tease.

"P. H. S."

SO frequently heard on lips of students, so repeatedly seen on banner, sweater, or cap, there must lie a hidden significance in those letters three—P. H. S.

Founded for the purpose of giving each boy and girl who completes the eight years of elementary training a chance for secondary schooling, the Plainfield High School has been democratic from birth. From a student body of twenty-five and two teachers, we have grown to the number of one hundred and sixteen and nine teachers, in a life of twenty-one years. Instead of a high school room in the grade building, we have had for years a splendid building for the high school alone.

The first commission was granted in 1900 and that spring saw the first class graduated. Our commission has never been taken away and last year was granted to us indefinitely. This year's graduating class is the largest in the history of the school.

The alumni are representative men and women of our community and other localities. They are loyal to their Alma Mater.

With a democratic basis, a progressive past, we may safely expect a prosperous future.

Yet this is only the outer self, the real school is the inner self—the school spirit.

The personnel, students, teachers, and officials, may change, but that intangible something called spirit lives on year after year. It is made of our ideals—fair play, co-operation, industry, clean life, and noble aspirations. This, then, is the meaning of P. H. S.—the letters we love so well.



A Confession

From morn 'till night,
At math, law or typing,
We bluff with all our might,
Some notes we get by swiping.

From night 'till morn
Our lessons nothing scare us
We wend our way to the library gay,
And hope the future will spare us.



Oratorical

Top row, Left to right. WILSON, BARKER, HERINGLAKE, COOPER, COOPER, COOPER.
 Bottom row. BROWN, TUORER, HARRISON, COOPER, HADLEY, SEAMAN.

An Interrupted Romance

Cast of Characters

Philip Burleigh	From New York	Maurice Elliott
Dave Weston	A young farmer	Roy Moore
Amos Goodwin	Owner of Silverbrook farm	Pierre Heringlake
'Bigah Finn	A Jack-of-all-trades	Roy Cooper
Thompson	Servant at the Burleigh residence	Chester Bailey
Flora Goodwin	"Only a country girl"	Mary Lucille Judd
Mrs. Burleigh	Philip's mother	Martha Belle Frazier
Grace Burleigh	His sister	Esther Hadley
Sarah Goodwin	Wife of Amos	Elizabeth Pike
Mrs. Peasley	Who never has a minute to spare	Helen Coble
Delia Slocum	Hired girl at the farm	Lillie Chandler

Argument

Flora Goodwin, a farmer's daughter, is engaged to Philip Burleigh, a young New Yorker. Philip's mother wants him to marry a society woman, and by falsehoods makes Flora believe Philip does not love her. Dave Weston, who wants Flora himself, helps the deception by intercepting a letter from Philip to Flora. She agrees to marry Dave, but on the eve of their marriage Dave confesses. Philip learns the truth, and he and Flora are reunited.

Synopsis

ACT I. The yard at Silverbrook farm, on an afternoon in August.

ACT II. Same as Act I, three days later.

ACT III. At the Burleigh residence, New York City. One month has elapsed.

ACT IV. Back at the farm, a few days afterward.

Class-night Play

WOING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Cast

Mushwell Hill	Eldridge Elliott
Henry, hired hand and suitor,	Albert Jessup
Fredrick St. Paul, suitor and hired hand,	Adna Moon
Mrs. Worthyman, man of Leisure,	John Hornaday
Mrs. Hill, Mushwell's wife,	Portia Cooper
Matilda, the Daughter,	Ida M. Robison
Kittie, Irish servant,	Dorothy Watson

Argument

Who is who in securing the hand of the pretty little Miss Matilda,---the hired hand and suitor or the suitor and hired hand?



Orchestra

Top row, Left to right. JAMISON, OWENS, LARKIN, COOPER, COOPER.
 Bottom row. CALBERT, HADLEY, McCLoud Director, FRAZIER, SEAMAN.



Commercial

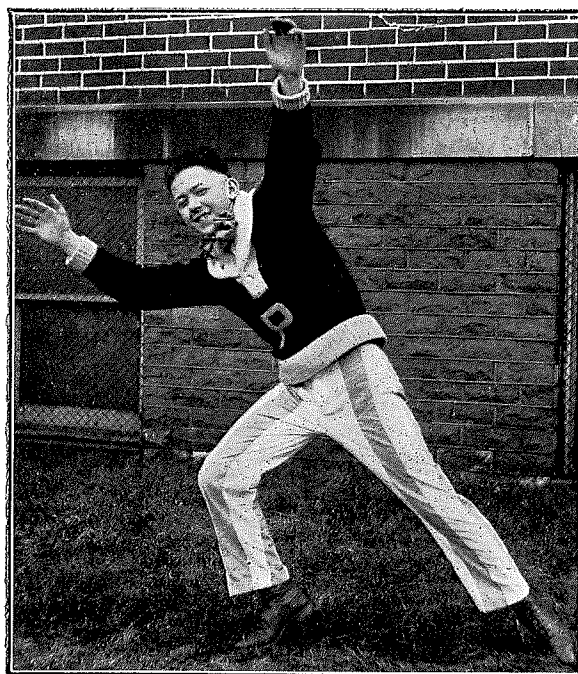
Seated, Left to right. CARR, DEWEESE, Instructor, PRICHETT, MOON, JUDD

Standing, Left to right. COBLE, COMPTON, SPEARS, CHANDLER, ALLEN, HERINGLAKE, MARSHALL, SEAMAN, COOPER, HADLEY, CHANDLER, WATSON, BROYLES.



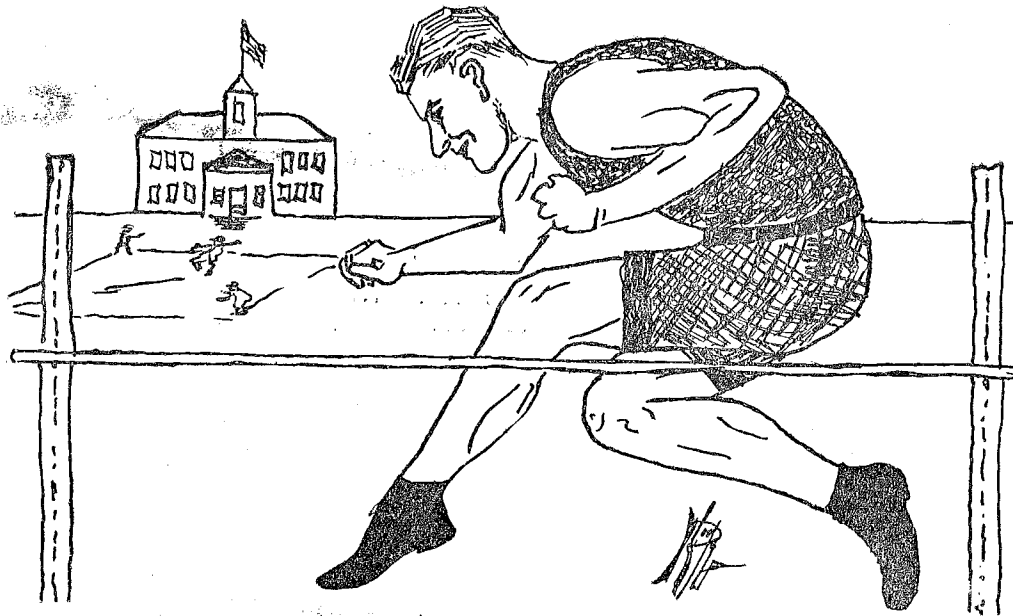
Household Economics

Top row, Left to right. BLACK, HIATT, CALBERT, McClain Instructor, ARNOLD, VAUGHN, GRIFFIN.
Bottom row. CAMPBELL, TUCKER, LOY, CHANDLER, FRAZIER, ATWOOD, PALMER



Our Yell Leader
Mager Dickson

Athletics



ONCE upon a time people in general were opposed to athletics as a regularly controlled part of the school. The change of attitude of the people of America on this subject is one of the proofs that the race is advancing. Certainly the magnanimity of the American soldiers as servants of their nation in the World War toward their fierce and heartless opponents on the sea or in the trenches proved also that inter-scholastic contests breed good sportsmanship and respect for human life. The German nation did not have these contests.

While the United States heads the list of nations in percentage of the universality of these contests, we feel it safe to say that they head the list of nations in supplying the milk of human kindness.

Among forty-eight states, Indiana perhaps is without a peer in the efficiency of her athletic organization among the high schools.

With the wonderful I. H. S. A. A. there were about 476 high schools enrolled in 1918-19. Ten mentally and physically healthy lads were certified to from each school making 4760 wonder lads in Indiana who were taking physical training and who were doing good work in at least three academic subjects. Quite an army we would say.

Plainfield does not lack the spirit that makes athletics successful nor the love of clean sport but they lack a suitable gymnasium. We prophesy that with the passing of a very few years a new gymnasium capable of conveniencing the schools and the public will be theirs.

Retrospection

THE basket ball season this year was not as successful as we desired. The boys at the beginning of the basket ball season started out with the old time pep by defeating Brownsburg, Jamestown, Danville and North Salem. Then the "Flu" ban was put on and the school and gym were closed for about a month. When the gym was opened again for practice there were two of our best players out on account of the "Flu," which handicaped us very much. When the two players came out from under the "Flu" another player took it. This went on about all the season each player taking it at different times.

The team was not in condition to play until about three weeks before the tournament and that was not enough time for them to get together.

Clayton defeated us at Greencastle in the tournament 37-20. However we won the district last year and made a good showing in the state therefore we should have no kick coming.

P. H. S. loses four of their players this year, namely, Jordan, Johnson, Elliott and Johnston. Jordan has played four years on the P. H. S. basket ball team. He made all district back guard twice.

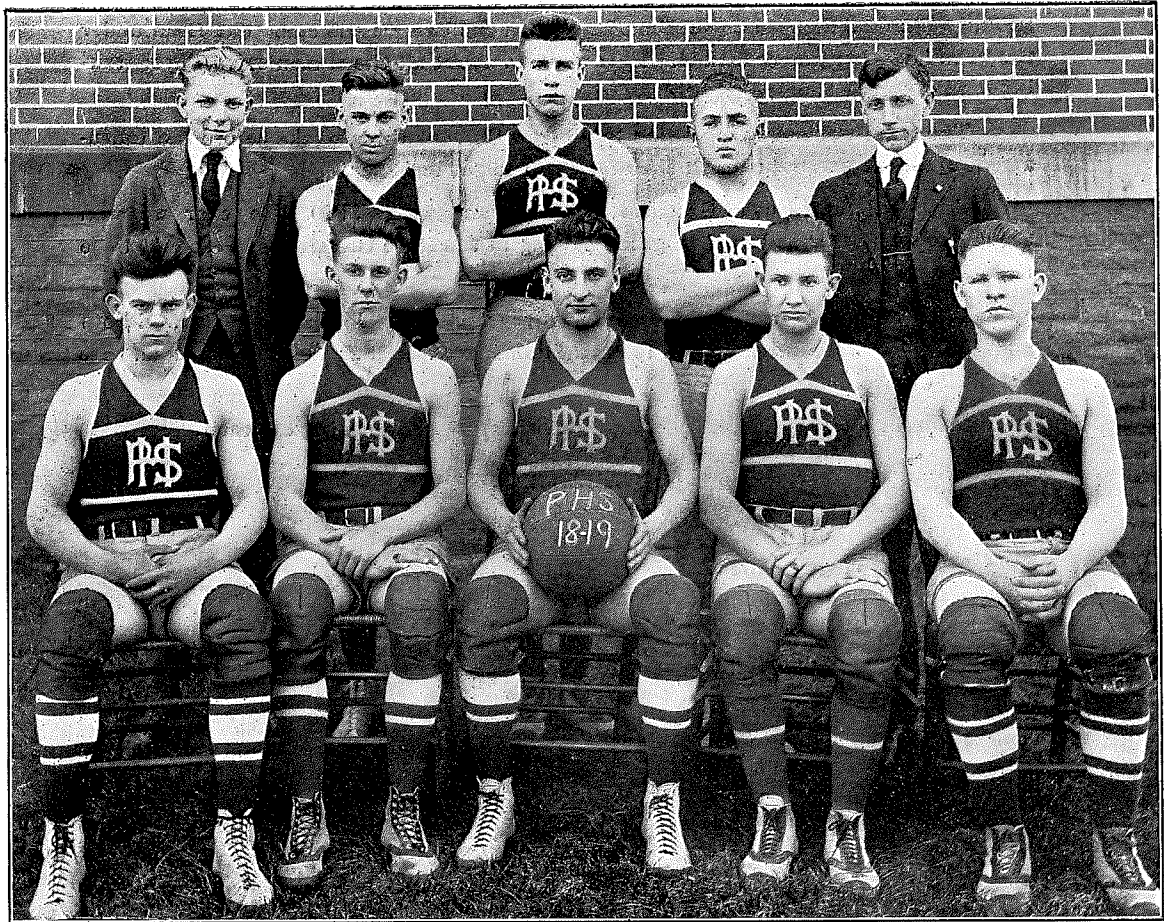
Johnson has played two years and Elliott and Johnston one year each.

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The following are the scores of the games played this year:

| Date    |            |    |              |    | Where Played   |
|---------|------------|----|--------------|----|----------------|
| Nov. 6  | Plainfield | 22 | Brownsburg   | 20 | At Plainfield  |
| Nov. 8  | Plainfield | 20 | Jamestown    | 19 | At Plainfield  |
| Nov. 13 | Plainfield | 23 | Danville     | 15 | At Plainfield  |
| Nov. 15 | Plainfield | 26 | North Salem  | 10 | At North Salem |
| Nov. 27 | Plainfield | 9  | Lebanon      | 50 | At Lebanon     |
| Dec. 18 | Plainfield | 35 | Jamestown    | 24 | At Jamestown   |
| Dec. 20 | Plainfield | 20 | Clayton      | 29 | At Clayton     |
| Dec. 25 | Plainfield | 19 | Arcadia      | 23 | At Arcadia     |
| Dec. 27 | Plainfield | 23 | Lizton       | 21 | At Plainfield  |
| Jan. 1  | Plainfield | 11 | Advance      | 36 | At Plainfield  |
| Jan. 3  | Plainfield | 10 | Danville     | 13 | At Danville    |
| Jan. 10 | Plainfield | 42 | Valley Mills | 19 | At Plainfield  |
| Jan. 15 | Plainfield | 21 | Brownsburg   | 29 | At Brownsburg  |
| Jan. 17 | Plainfield | 28 | Pendleton    | 39 | At Plainfield  |
| Jan. 24 | Plainfield | 21 | Amo          | 24 | At Amo         |
| Jan. 29 | Plainfield | 15 | Advance      | 47 | At Advance     |
| Jan. 31 | Plainfield | 18 | Bainbridge   | 17 | At Bainbridge  |
| Feb. 7  | Plainfield | 23 | Amo          | 42 | At Plainfield  |
| Feb. 10 | Plainfield | 28 | Clayton      | 30 | At Plainfield  |
| Feb. 14 | Plainfield | 16 | Summitville  | 26 | At Summitville |
| Feb. 20 | Plainfield | 31 | Bainbridge   | 35 | At Plainfield  |
| Feb. 26 | Plainfield | 56 | Mooreville   | 26 | At Plainfield  |





Top row, Left to right. OSBORN, Student Mgr ; ELLIOTT, F; BARLOW, C; CALBERT, G; TAYLOR, Coach  
 Bottom row. JOHNSTON, G; STEPHENS, F; JORDAN, Capt., G; JOHNSON, F; REES. C.



Top row, Left to right. COOPER, F; REEVES, G; McCLAIN, Coach; GRIFFIN, C.  
Bottom row. BARKER, F; HADLEY, C; PIKE, Capt., F; REES, G; BROWN, G.

**T**HE Girls' Basket-ball team was invincible this season. They were defeated in but two games at Danville 5 to 3 and at Brownsburg 4 to 1. The "wonder five" line up was as follows: Pike and Barker forwards, Hadley center, Rees and Brown guards.

In the nine games that the girls played they made 98 points to their opponents 13, Pike making 66 of the points and Barker making 31. Rees and Brown played team work to perfection, and with their close guarding and team work their opponents very seldom made a field goal. The following are the scores of the games played:

| Date    |            |    |              |   | Where Played  |
|---------|------------|----|--------------|---|---------------|
| Nov. 6  | Plainfield | 14 | Avon         | 0 | At Plainfield |
| Nov. 15 | Plainfield | 6  | Danville     | 3 | At Plainfield |
| Dec. 27 | Plainfield | 8  | Lizton       | 0 | At Plainfield |
| Jan. 3  | Plainfield | 3  | Danville     | 5 | At Danville   |
| Jan. 10 | Plainfield | 3  | Valley Mills | 0 | At Plainfield |
| Jan. 15 | Plainfield | 1  | Brownsburg   | 4 | At Brownsburg |
| Jan. 31 | Plainfield | 27 | Avon         | 0 | At Avon       |
| Feb. 5  | Plainfield | 8  | Amo          | 1 | At Plainfield |
| Mar. 22 | Plainfield | 18 | Amo          | 0 | At Plainfield |

98

13





Miss Barker:—Albert, why did you laugh out in English?

Albert Jessup:—I was smiling, and the smile "busted."

Miss McClain:—Yes, they had their kitchen fixed up to a gnat's heel.

Mrs. Morgan:—I don't understand your phraseology.

Lucille to Albert Jessup:—Say, Pete—

Albert:—Call me Albert, please.

Margaret Brown:—Hey, Mary, there's a moving picture actress that looks just like me, and she's pretty, too.

Prof. Taylor:—What is the duty of the county clerk?

Belle Frazier:—To issue marriages licenses.

Mrs. Morgan:—Why is the sheep a desirable plant?

Josephine T:—And we only had time for one kiss.

Ruth C.:—Do you mean to say he kissed you on the street?

Josephine T.:—Why no; he kissed me on the mouth.

Miss Barker:—"What does so young and fair, modify?"

A brief pause.

Fred Osborne:—"You."

The Seniors live on choicest fruits,  
The Sophs on pork and beans,  
The Junior class on lengthy words  
But the Freshman class on greens.

Mr. Johnson:—"Frances, what is the use of the divider?"

Frances Garriott:—"To make a round circle."

Miss Barker (talking to Tully)—"Say, have you found that key to Don's jokes? He's lost it and "The Annual" goes to print to morrow."

Miss De Weese:—Chester, it isn't really wrong to mark on the desks, its just the principle of the thing that is wrong.

Chet:—"What interest would it draw?"

Fred Osborne (studying Latin) Oh! how I love that Dative cases.

Pearl:—How could you fall in love with John, before meeting him? Did you see his photo?

Esther:—No, I saw his auto.

Prof Taylor:—Spencer, can you tell me who Christopher Columbus was?

Spencer:—He's the guy that got up America.

Roy Cooper:—Won't you turn your head around this way?

Edythe Marshall:—But you might kiss me.

Roy:—No, I promise I won't.

Edythe:—Then what's the use.

Wanted: School the year around. —Tully Jordan and James Stephens.

Wanted:—A nice fellow.—Miss Barker and Sylvia Cooper.

Lost—A girl on the night of March 22th at the C. A. gym.

Finder please return to Doc.

If Mr. Johnson wanted a new suit of clothes would Amos Taylor (tailor).

### Just Imagine

|                   |                               |
|-------------------|-------------------------------|
| Mr. Johnson       | with a mustache               |
| Mary Lucille Judd | without curls                 |
| Roy Cooper        | not acting important          |
| Belle Frazier     | not writing to Walter         |
| Esther Hadley     | without John                  |
| Gladys Jordan     | playing basket-ball           |
| Spencer Stevenson | without a cigarette           |
| Olive Seaman      | without a fellow              |
| Dorothy Watson    | filling a date                |
| Jewel Rees        | living in Avon                |
| Boots Calbert     | in a bathing suit             |
| Lois Loy          | without Beef                  |
| Mr. Taylor        | not showing authority         |
| James Stephens    | studying                      |
| Maurice Elliott   | staying all night in Amo      |
| Donald Johnston   | without an Olive              |
| A Freshman        | using his brains              |
| Fred Osborn       | with a girl at Depauw         |
| Tully Jordan      | at school every day           |
| Miss Barker       | being engaged                 |
| Mr. Taylor        | voting a democrat ticket      |
| Clarice Barker    | on her first date with Boots. |
| Harold Smith      | not bumming a cigarette       |
| Plainfield        | in the finals at Lafayette    |



# Calendar 1918-19



- Sept. 9 School opens. Hello, everybody!  
 10 Professors Johnson and Taylor admit the Freshman.  
 12 Freshman Mager Dickson has acquired a stride equal to senior Cooper.  
 13 Seniors have first meeting.  
 16 One week gone—No one is sorry, either.  
 17 John Hornaday hoists feet out window and Barnum and Baily circus signs are plastered on said feet, being mistaken for sign-boards.  
 18 Two new girls from Monrovia? ! ! ! ! —?  
 23 Lucille Dickson forgets to count, in walking down aisle, and gets in wrong seat.  
 27 Regular morning lectures by Messrs. Johnson and Taylor.  
 28 Mager Dickson brings hat into assembly. Poor little Freshie.  
 30 Prof. Taylor gets a hair-cut
- Oct. 1 Boys sing Scale—Oh! what noises! ! ! ! ?  
 4 Tulley Jordan visits school.  
 7 Vacation! ! ! !  
 21 Vacation! ! ! ! ! ! ! !  
 30 More Vacation! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
- Nov. 4 School opens again.  
 6 First Basket ball game Brownsburg here. Boys win (22 20)  
 7 Mr. Taylor relieves Jimmy Stephens of a can of Prince Albert.  
 8 Basket-ball boys defeats Jamestown. (20 19)  
 11 Jim buys new can of Prince.  
 13 Boys beat Danville. (23-10)  
 15 Go to North Salem—win (26-10) Bunch gets stuck in truck.  
 18 Vacation! ! ! !  
 25 Vacation, Thanx.  
 27 Boys go to Lebanon, and that's all, score. (50 9)  
 30 Professors Johnson and Taylor continue lectures of Sept. 27th.
- Dec. 2 Earthquake at P. H. S. Gladys Jordan falls down stairs.  
 4 County Fair. Olive Seaman takes first prize with her Bantam Rooster.  
 8 Maurice Elliott laughs out loud and astonishes himself  
 10 Snow———?  
 13 Unlucky Friday.  
 17 Orchestra—wonder where they got the name.  
 20 Everybody writes to Santa Claus. Miss Barker writes: "Oh! just bring me a cute little feller."  
 25 Boys agree that they can't play Basket-ball on Xmas.  
 27 Beat Lizton—(23 21)
- Jan. 1 Advance arrives and takes everything. (36-11)  
 2 Bailey swears off smoking and throws pipe away.  
 2 Boys go to Danville, got beat. (13-10)  
 8 Bailey buys new pipe.  
 10 Eldridge Elliott caught snoozing in attic.  
 13 Don Johnston takes usual afternoon nap.  
 17 Ivan Johnson swallows a chew and faints.  
 17 Exams, Oh! Joy ! ! ! ! ! ———?  
 24 Boys go to Amo. Usual story. (24-21)  
 31 Boys go to Bainbridge and win. Score (24-21)

- Feb. 1 Ivan Johnson severely reprimanded for swearing.  
 2 The Orchestra renders that lard rendering ballad entitled, "When the Bee Backed Up and Pushed."  
 5 Esther smiles at Maurice, result—John faints.  
 7 Root Smith, better known as the "Barber Shop Philosopher" gives his opinion on the "Campaign issues."  
 10 Clayton comes and wins. (29 28)  
 12 Freshman J. Tucker embarrasses Pete Jessup by suddenly smiling at him.  
 15 Get report cards—some grades, take it from us.  
 18 Basket-ball tourney at Greencastle again. Come on boys.  
 20 Bainbridge comes and wins. (35 31)  
 28 Mr. Taylor is peeved, wonder why?
- Mar. 1 We play Clayton first at Greencastle. Oh boy!  
 6 Boys leave for Greencastle.  
 7 Boys try hard but lose. (37-20)  
 8 Greencastle wins meet and will represent this district at Lafayette.  
 10 Mr. Taylor gets another hair-cut.  
 12 Several boys leave for Lafayette.  
 15 Saturday night Eldridge Elliott tries his hand at dancing on the Purdue floor after the big game but, being unable to keep feet off Miss Turley's shoes he was unable to keep his partner.  
 17 New Freshman. What do you say, boys?  
 18 Don Johnston is removed from said premises.  
 19 Big Discussion at P. H. S.  
 20 Took pictures for Annual.  
 21 Doc, Crickert and Little Eddie have all had dates with the new Freshman.  
 24 Orchestra breaks camera, the photographer makes one more attempt.  
 25 Tully Jordan recites in Physics. Mr. Johnson turns pale.  
 26 Mr. Johnson is in good humor. This is pay week, no wonder.  
 27 Class games. Seniors show authority by defeating Freshman, and the Sophomores. Seniors 21—Sophomores 13.
- April 1 April Fool—Everybody has Physic lesson.  
 2 Spencer denounces his love for Mary Pritchett.  
 5 Miss Barker at last informs the Freshies they are green.  
 9 Helen Coble, "Gee I wish I was a boy like Tully Jordan and could play 'hooky', every day."  
 12 Better Babies week. We take Maurice Elliott to show.  
 15 Orchestra practice, Oh, my! what noises!!!  
 16 Seniors wear false hair. Notice Helen's?  
 19 Nothin' doin'.  
 20 Ditto  
 22 Seniors practice on play.  
 23 Another lecture on cards. Thanx, this is the last time for the Seniors.  
 25 Tully Jordan stays home again to help clean house. Mr. Johnson informs Tully that he has been helping clean house for the last two months.  
 28 Annual goes to press.
- May 1 Thursday, Class night.  
 2 Friday, Junior-Senior reception.  
 4 Sunday, Baccalaureate Sermon at Friends Church.  
 8 Thursday, Alumni Banquet at Hotel Hendrix.  
 9 Friday. Commencement Exercises at Friends Church.

Thus we acted, day by day,  
 Whether in work or whether in play;  
 The doin's of the school in the year '19,  
 We've sifted down and given the cream.



## Alumni of P. H. S.

### *In Memoriam*

Alex Allen  
Hortense Reeder Davis

Earle York  
Vernie Smith  
Helen Calbert

Mayme Johnson Humphries  
Helen Hiatt

Earth Life: 'Tis so fragile and fleeting: It seems that in these days of war, epidemics and pestilence we are all hovering near the Door of Death, undecided whether to step out into the World of the Next Life or to remain in this Earth Home a while longer. Some of our dear ones have already gone on. And yet we seem to see and hear them still. To me they are always smiling and glad. Their smiles, their cheer and their kindness will continue to live with us as long as memory lasts.

Yes, Earth Life is so fragile and fleeting:  
Dear friends meet but to part:  
New friends we're continually greeting,  
But the old remain in the heart.

KATHERINE COOPER O'HAYER '10.

### *The Alumni Service Flag*

NO other local organization boasts as many stars in its service flag, as do we on the flag presented to P. H. S. by the Alumni, last year. Now that the armistice is signed and peace in sight we are more than joyful that not a single blue star need be replaced by one of gold. Each boy made many sacrifices and underwent hardships of various forms, but that none was called upon to make the supreme sacrifice, that of his life,—is almost miraculous. It was "altogether fitting and proper" that those of us who remained at home buy Liberty bonds, eat war bread and work in the Red Cross, but surely the man of the hour is the man who was behind the gun. The fact that fifty percent of our alumni boys wore khaki speaks loudly for the standard of our school and the presence of this flag in the auditorium will undoubtedly have its influence on the life and ideals of the P. H. S. boys and girls.

EDITH ELLIS BLY '06.

'01  
Ralph Bridges

'09

Omar Jordan

'10

Chase Smith  
Delbert Vaughn  
Joe Hadley

'11

Irvin Hadley  
Don Little

'12

Stewart Fletcher  
Sam Browning  
Fay Smith

'14

Wendell Barrett  
Harry Spear  
Loren Johnston  
Don Winsted  
Herschel Winsted  
Howard Cramer

'15

Charles Moran  
Don Oursler  
Elvin Marshall  
Lowell Carter  
Harry Pierson

'16

Herbert Tucker  
Ralph Masten  
Maurice Hornaday

'17

Harry Hatton  
Walter Christie  
Jewell Masten  
Edgar Shepherd  
James Morgan

'16

Forrest Caldwell  
Frank Tucker  
Phillip Hagee  
Reagan Lewis  
Earl Pike

## *The Alumni Welcome*

It gives me great pleasure to welcome this class, the largest in the history of our Alma Mater, into the secrets and mysteries involved in the ritual of our organization. These courageous maidens and youths have most worthily passed the test of high resolve and now find themselves well ordained members of the Plainfield High School Alumni. We extend a most hearty welcome to you.

"While you're in High School, you're in clover

But when you commence,—you commence all over."

But in this commencing you have established a foundation that will sustain you in all your attempts to success. As Lincoln has said, "Always bear in mind that your own resolution to succeed is more important than any one thing." And let me assure you that it isn't what you're born into but what you're equal to, that decides your success.

"Life is a blank book—  
Write your theme."

In this new experience, act as one, who expects difficulties but intends to surmount them.

You have shown that you are capable and have made admirable use of your opportunity, for which you may be justly proud. Therefore, we shall expect you, in this age of progress and achievement, to have broad views and visions concerning our Alumni Association, its relation to our school and community. May your present enthusiasm as a class be an inspiration to former classes and may we, with you, catch a new vision of greater things that might be accomplished for our dear old P. H. S.

Then let us pledge loyalty to this cause, and we will rest assured that the fame of our honored school will be fully sustained.

Here's to the class of 1919

Looking decidedly nifty,

You belong to us now, it is plain to be seen,

And we count you right in fifty-fifty.

LENOS HIATT CALBERT '10

Officers for the year 1919: President, Harriett Calbert Raper, '05; Vice-President, Minnie Sims, '06; Sect. Treasurer, Mabel Ellis, '17; Alumni Editor, Lenos Hiatt Calbert, '10.

### Class 1900

|                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Wallace Trotter | Chicago, Ill    |
| Alex Allen      | (deceased)      |
| Carry Swan      | Plainfield, Ind |

### Class 1901

|                         |                   |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Ralph Bridges           | Pittsburg, Penn   |
| Mayme Johnson Humphries | (deceased)        |
| Mary Yeager             | Martinsville, Ind |
| Mable Carter Seaton     | Indianapolis, Ind |
| Elizabeth Crews Dean    | Superior, Mont.   |

### Class 1902

|                          |                   |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| Mabel Hunt               | Indianapolis, Ind |
| Vernie Smith             | (deceased)        |
| Earle York               | (deceased)        |
| Eunice Tomlinson Calbert | Plainfield, Ind   |
| Cora DeWeese             | Plainfield, Ind.  |
| Laura Harrison Ruby      | Lynn, Ind.        |

### Class 1903

|                            |                   |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Nellie Heringlake Norse    | Everett, Wash.    |
| Alta Bridges               | Pittsburgh, Penn. |
| Shields Johnson            | Decatur, Ill.     |
| Marie Hollingsworth Barlow | Plainfield        |
| Lola Jones                 | Greencastle, Ind. |

### Class 1904-'05

|                        |                   |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| Mary Reagan Bly        | Plainfield, Ind.  |
| Ralph Bly              | Plainfield, Ind.  |
| Albert Barlow          | Plainfield, Ind.  |
| Bessie Westlake Dalton | Memphis, Tenn.    |
| Harry Havens           | Los Angeles, Cal. |
| Grace Mattern          | Anderson, Ind.    |
| Georgia Vickory Boyd   | Los Angeles, Cal. |
| Vance Smith            | Springfield, Ill. |
| Artchia Tomlinson      | Plainfield, Ind.  |
| Harriett Calbert Raper | Plainfield, Ind.  |
| Lola Kelley Cliff      | Mt. Carmel, Ill.  |



#### Class 1906

Leona Blair Jordan Plainfield, Ind.  
Edith Ellis Bly Plainfield, Ind.  
Helen Havens Johnson Danville, Ind.  
Joyce Bridges Stone Pittsburg Penn.  
Minnie Sims Simpson Indianapolis, Ind.  
Willie Heringlake Plainfield, Ind.  
Joseph Morgan Seattle, Washington

#### Class 1907

Eva Hiatt Ornbaun Petersburg, Ind.  
Nancy Hadley Eickhoff Indianapolis,  
Minnie Carter Indianapolis, Ind.  
Chester Tilghman Indianapolis, Ind.

#### Class 1908

Mayme Hornaday Plainfield, Ind.  
Georgia Hornaday Macy St. Louis, Ill.  
Ruby Dooley Arnold Indianapolis, Ind.  
Albert Miller Indianapolis, Ind.

#### Class 1909

Bertha Rogers Mercer Indianapolis  
Norris Swearegin Little Greenwood Miss  
Sula Westlake Tilghman Indianapolis  
Jessie Harkleroad Walton Plainfield  
Fred Bryant Indianapolis, Ind.  
Wilbur Brown Sullivan, Ind.  
Omar Jordan Nancy, France.

#### Class 1910

Joe Hadley Canada  
Katherine Cooper O'Haver Plainfield  
Delbert Vaughn Plainfield, Ind.  
Chase Smith Springfield, Ill.  
Gertrude Hollingsworth Marshall Indpls.  
Angie Jackson Bryant Plainfield, Ind.  
Bessie McDowell Hickman Jeffersonville  
Jessie Sims Plainfield, Ind.  
Charles M. Calbert Plainfield, Ind.  
Stella Smith Powner Bridgeport, Ind.  
Mary Barlow McClain Anderson, Ind.  
Hortense Reeder Davis (deceased)  
Gladys Hadley Pike Plainfield, Ind.  
Lenos Hiatt Calbert Plainfield, Ind.

#### Class 1911

Beryl Hadley Plainfield, Ind.  
Frances Jones Plainfield, Ind.  
May Cox Johnson Indianapolis, Ind.  
Willard Bridges Akron, Ohio.  
Madge Merrick Cowing Chicago, Ill.  
Gladys Bostick Spencer, Ind.  
Irvin Hadley Indianapolis, Ind.  
Maude Kellar Indianapolis, Ind.  
Florence Newby Burdge Kansas City Kan

#### Class 1912

Caroline Pike Hunter Milwaukee, Wis.  
Don Little Plainfield, Ind.  
Hubert Garriott Logansport, Ind.

#### Class 1913

Ruth Sims Kassler Washington, Ind.  
Helen Wilkin Indianapolis, Ind.  
Helen Hiatt (deceased)  
Stewart Fletcher Cartersburg, Ind.  
Mary Greenlee Coatesville, Ind.  
Baxter Havens Danville, Ind.  
Sam Browning Indianapolis, Ind.  
Carol Smith Los Angeles, Cal.  
Fay Smith Indianapolis, Ind.

#### Class 1914

Mary Havens Plainfield, Ind.  
Thelma Negus Plainfield, Ind.  
Marie Dooley Plainfield, Ind.  
Edith Osborne Coffey Anderson, Ind.  
Bonnie Jackson Indianapolis, Ind.  
Lorena Lacey Plainfield, Ind.  
Grace Poland Bridgeport, Ind.  
Mabel Davis Fater Cartersburg, Ind.  
Estella Gibbs Smith Plainfield, Ind.  
Wendell Barret Indianapolis, Ind.  
Harry Spear Cuba.  
Loren Johnston Wirges, Germany  
Don Winstead Plainfield, Ind.  
Herschel Winstead Plainfield, Ind.  
Sherman Crayton Plainfield, Ind.  
Howard Kramer Cuba  
Carol Negus Plainfield, Ind.  
Irven Coffey Indianapolis, Ind.

#### Class 1915

Don Oursler Indianapolis, Ind.  
Gertrude Hadley Garriott Logansport  
Mabel Little Clayton, Ind.  
Marjorie Jared Plainfield, Ind.  
Nada Palmer Marshall Indianapolis Ind.  
Harry Pierson Ben Davis, Ind.  
Elvin Marshall Indianapolis, Ind.  
Margaret Walsh Bridgeport, Ind.  
Viola Hill Bridgeport, Ind.  
Helen Calbert (deceased)  
Iva Lou Bryant Camby, Ind.  
Iva Bailey Wright Indianapolis, Ind.  
Margaret Patton Pratt Indianapolis Ind.  
Charles Moran Bridgeport, Ind.  
Lowell Carter Plainfield, Ind.  
Lola Walters Plainfield, Ind.  
Amy Little Plainfield, Ind.

#### Class 1916

Herbert Tucker Plainfield, Ind.  
Helen Baldock Plainfield, Ind.  
Marie Yohler Bridgeport, Ind.  
Nelle Bryant Lake Charles, La.  
Edith Cox Havens Danville, Ind.  
Ralph Masten Plainfield, Ind.  
Mary Hagee Plainfield, Ind.  
Verle Wilson Mooresville, Ind.

Edith Henderson Plainfield, Ind.  
 Maurice Hornaday Plainfield, Ind.  
 Fred Gastineau Brownsburg, Ind.

Class 1917

Mabel Ellis Plainfield, Ind.  
 Walter Christie Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Nona Calbert Plainfield, Ind.  
 Harry Hatton Plainfield, Ind.  
 Loyd Dooley Indianapolis, Ind.  
 James Morgan Plainfield, Ind.  
 Ruth Thompson Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Jewell Masten Tours, France.  
 Leland Winstead Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Wendell Moore Plainfield, Ind.  
 Edgar Shepherd Plainfield, Ind.  
 Nona Lisby Plainfield, Ind.  
 Thelma Osborn Lucas Anderson, Ind.  
 Martha Cox Bridgeport, Ind.  
 Thelma Shoemaker Albuquerque, N. M.  
 Payne Clark Mercer Plainfield, Ind.  
 Doris Roach Plainfield, Ind.  
 Frances Lovett Cartwright Indianapolis

Class 1918

Arline Lambert Plainfield, Ind.

Hildreth Garriott Plainfield, Ind.  
 LaRue Symons Plainfield, Ind.  
 Agnes Campbsll Plainfield, Ind.  
 Flora Stephens Plainfield, Ind.  
 Geneva Edwards Shepherd Plainfield  
 Forest Caldwell Plainfield, Ind.  
 Ethelene Hadley Plainfield, Ind.  
 Guy Krebs Plainfield, Ind.  
 Frank Tucker Plainfield, Ind.  
 Mary Stephens Plainfield, Ind.  
 Norman Jared Plainfield, Ind.  
 Randolph Cox Plainfield, Ind.  
 Maurice Price Bridgeport, Ind.  
 Howard Osborne Plainfield, Ind.  
 Walter Mercer Plainfield, Ind.  
 Earl Almond Plainfield, Ind.  
 Earl Pike Plainfield, Ind.  
 Ruth Hatton Plainfield, Ind.  
 Esther Vestal Plainfield, Ind.  
 Phillip Hagee Plainfield, Ind.  
 Orrell Negus Plainfield, Ind.  
 Louise Beeler Friendswood, Ind.  
 Reagan Lewis Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Lois Brown Plainfield, Ind.  
 Guy Winstead Plainfield, Ind.



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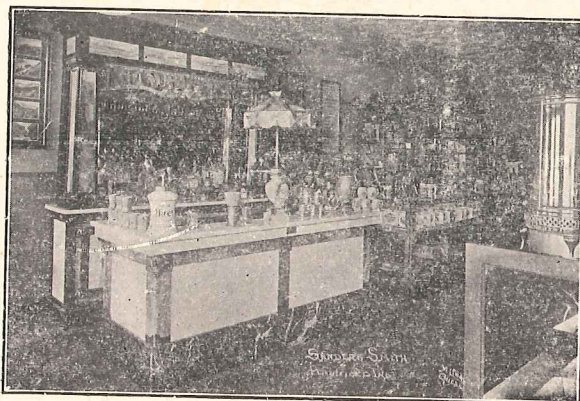
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|               | 7:30 P. M.  |                |            |

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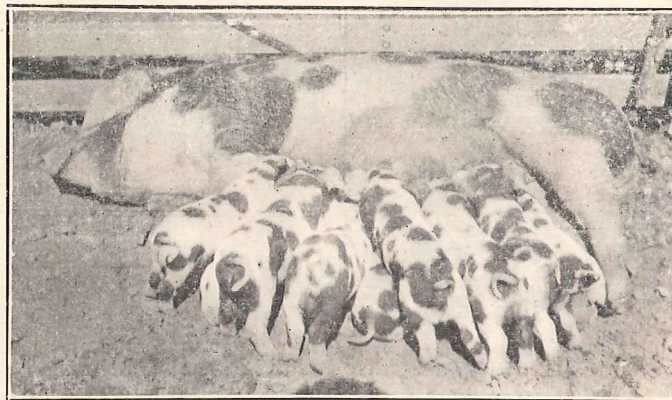
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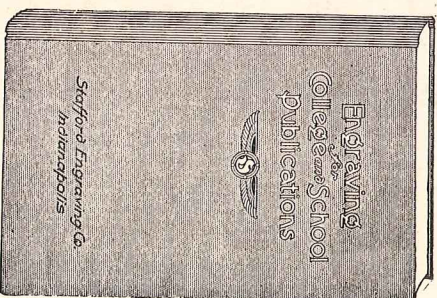
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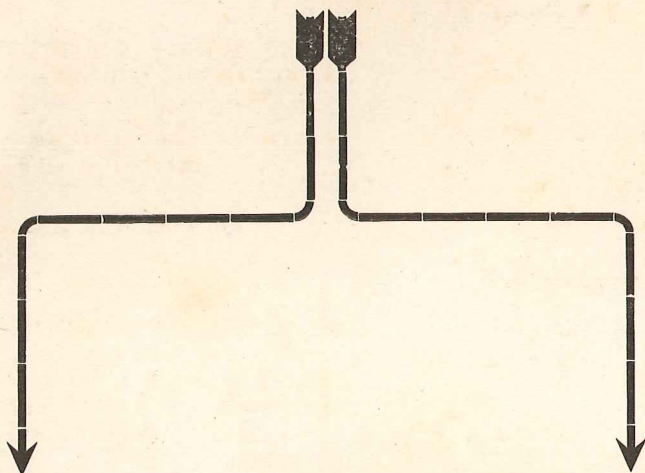




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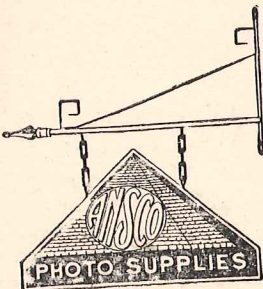
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*Symons  
says:*

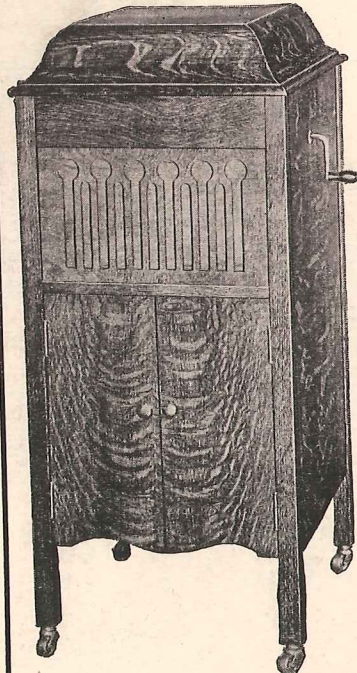
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