

# ECHOES

FROM

# The Mount

VOLUME 1

Published by

The Senior Class

June 1916

SACRED HEART ACADEMY

Mt. Pleasant, Michigan



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# Preface

It is our privilege to make the initial effort to edit an Annual. Within these pages, we have attempted, in a humble way, to record the joys and sorrows which go to make up a school life. It is a collection of events, trivial to those, not intimately concerned; but for us who have been the heart and soul of the happenings, herein set down, it will never cease to possess a fascination.

The title "Echoes from the Mount" was chosen to serve a two-fold mission.

We wish the "Echoes" to pass out into the world and to reach all who, in any way, have been connected with our High School; especially those who have already passed from the Academy, and whose attachment to their Alma Mater is gradually being weakened by the cares and duties that come with years. We believe that strong ties should exist between the Alumni and the student body, and in our feeble way have endeavored to bring this about by the publication of an Annual.

The second purpose is the assurance of future pleasures to those who still are members of the High School. If we trust to Memory alone, most of the joys and sorrows, successes and failures, even the sweets of friendship will pass into the realms of the forgotten, but in the "Echoes", the murmurs and whisperings of the class room will live on, and keep fresh "those joys of youth that visit us but once."

THE SENIOR CLASS.





## SACRED HEART ACADEMY

Mt. Pleasant, Michigan.

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### VALE, ALMA MATER

Dear old Academy, of study and fun,  
Dear old School, of delight and song;  
As memories cling to thy stately walls,  
So to my mind they crowd in busy throng.

#### II.

Four short years of our lifetime,  
Spent beneath thy tender care;  
Years of sunny days and happy thoughts,  
Can any joys of life with these compare?

#### III.

Oh! must we leave you dear old School?  
Must we leave those joys behind?  
Will we, Alma Mater, tell us,  
Again those joys in this world find?

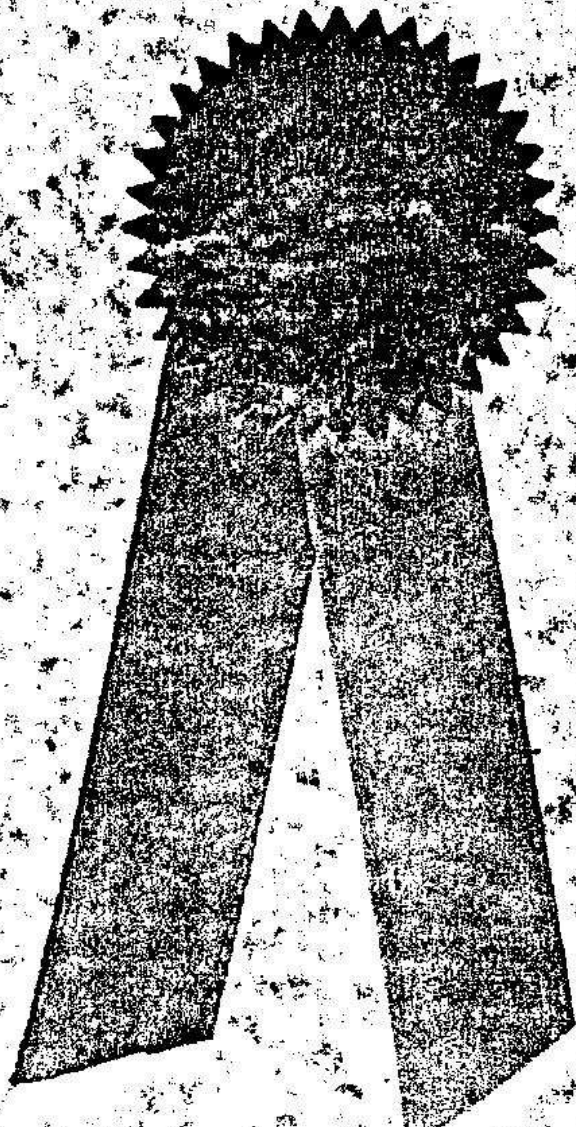
#### IV.

So Alma Mater we must go,  
May our lives and deeds both tell  
Of the true blue love we bear thee,  
Dear Alma Mater, now Farewell.

MARIE CALHOUN, '16.

CLASS MOTTO

Nulla Victoria, Sine Labore



THE WHITE ROSE

SENIOR NOTES

Officers

Leo Carey.....	President
Edward FitzGerald.....	Treasurer
Mayme C. Coughlin.....	Secretary

Class Flower

WHITE ROSE

Class Colors

PURPLE AND GOLD

Motto

NULLA VICTORIA SINE LABORE

Sentiment

HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE IUVABIT

Classical Course

Kathleen J. Sweeney.....	Marie Calhou
Irene M. Casey.....	M. Lucile Johnso

Scientific Course

Mayme C. Coughlin.....	Burnedette C. Barre
Helen J. Kane.....	Edward FitzGera

Leo Carey

Elective Course

Catherine Ryan.....Eloise Johns





**KATHLEEN J. SWEENEY**

"Her modest answer and her graceful air  
Shows her wise and good as she is fair."



**CATHERINE RYAN**

"Serenely moving on her way,  
In hours and trials of dismay."



**MAYME C. COUGHLIN**

"A tender heart and loyal mind."



**ELOISE JOHNSON**

"Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are."



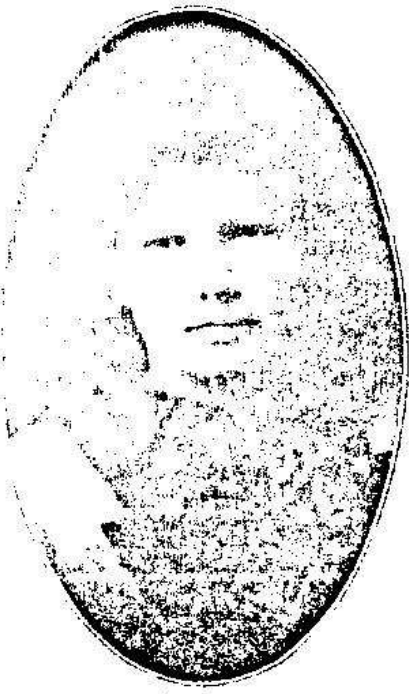
**HELEN I. KANE**

"You'd have known her by the merri-  
ment that sparkled in her eye."



**MARIE CALHOUN**

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall  
and most divinely fair."



**IRENE M. CASEY**

"A quiet conscience makes one so serene."



**M. LUCILE JOHNSON**

"Haste not! Waste not! Calmly wait!"



**BERNADETTE C. BARRETT**

"Whom neither shape of anger can dismay  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray."





## EDWARD FITZGERALD

"Nature might stand up and say to all  
the world 'This is a man.'"

## LEO CAREY

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
and confident tomorrows.



## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in General.....Kathleen Sweeney  
Ass't Editor.....Catherine Rya  
Business Manager.....Mayme Coughli

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Helen Kane.....Eloise Johnso

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Irene Casey.....Edward FitzGera

## ADVERTISING COMMITTEE

Marie Calhoun.....Bernedette Barre  
Lucile Johnson.....Leo Care

The sun is bright—the air is clear,

All things are glad and wish to sing;  
And from the vale a call I hear,

It is the proph'ying voice of Spring.

The Spring of life, it now is ours

With all the joy of youthful splendor;  
And well we know in saddest hours,

These things we'll be pleased to remember.

Then let to-night be void of care,

And may our simple heart-felt lays,

Be as the strains of silent prayer,

After which follow happy days.

And now our Alma Mater fair,

Our life and way we know you'll light;

The sign of truth—there's none so rare,

As in our hearts the rose of white.

# IN CLASS HISTORY

Soft from the dusky twilight, the sweet voiced somber Remembrance.

Speaks, and in accents tremulous, sweet, answers the call for a story:—

Ye who delight in the details that tell of our struggles and hardships—

Ye who believe in the glory and strength of good education,  
List to this sunshiny history, close kept in the hearts of its actors,  
List to these annals of school-life glowing and gleaming with gladness.

Picture a beautiful town, on the banks of a gurgling streamlet  
Pretty, secluded and still a place to be lovingly cherished.  
Here had the seasons approached when the schools wide open fling their portals,

Handsomely structured is one where the scene of this tale will be centered.

Blue was the sky and as bright as the day were the hopes of those, who

Ardent once more to begin the pursuit and quest of their studies  
Into the wide open doors of the great majestic Academy,  
Hurried, so eager to be in the grade for which the past year they labored.

Finally the bell rang out, changes took place, but the greatest was when the

Eighth grade was led up the broad and polished stairway.  
The Study Hall smiled at the frightened and green expression,  
Worn on the faces of those to be classed as the ninth grade, the Freshmen.

Various classes were called, were given lessons in new subjects  
Strange and alluring, yet promising troubles and trials without number.

Three-thirty marked, the climax of all, the culmination of their hardships.

Then, on all sides, 'mong the Seniors, gay smiles and shy nods were observed.

Signs of this nature mean always but one thing—initiation—  
The Freshmen in due course were acquainted with what was expected of them

Written on paper, minutely detailed, every step for the morrow.  
Morning arrived. But a change in the plans for the day had been made.



News of the matter soon spread far abroad to the ears of the  
ims,

Save one of them. For at eight she appeared, having followed  
ctions—

Hair in ten braids, each arrayed with many colored ribbons.

Girting her waist was an apron, much patched. Hung on her arm  
a basket,

She was already quite near to the building when spied by a classmate,  
Who, as she lived, but a block from the school hurried her thither.

Kathleen was forthwith informed of the alterations in the pro-  
m.

Smoothly, the course of school-life flowed along, after waiving this  
cal.

Latin, and English, Geography, History, Algebra took all their free-  
te.

That one pertaining to matters of science, however presented,

Longingly wished for, the key to a holiday some bright afternoon.

For opportunely, some oil had emerged from its captor mother earth,  
Springing and coming to view so they heard, 'bout a mile from the

This they proposed they should visit.

Permission was gained and they started.

Blossoming flowers and trees and songsters gaily bowed to the  
ants.

Merrily, happily walked the way to the goal—what a sight! then—

Having been quickly constructed it somewhat resembled a ruin,

That is, the shack, that was all there was to prove the existence of  
wells.

Within machinery buzzed, but the oil which they sought, that rare  
ht

Rudely was covered. So ended that fruitless yet interesting event.

Time swiftly passed and at length there arrived the last day of  
e school year.

Final reports were received a promotion awarded the Freshmen.

Even so great an achievement grew small compared with the  
orrow,

For on that day a farewell celebration was planned in the country,

Held at the home of a member to one of the class who was leaving.

Rain, gently pattering, fell on the roof and awoke the joy seekers.

But nothing short of an earthquake could stop their intention to  
enie.

For as the time neared to go, though the rain was descending in  
rents.

Ev'ryone came with their baskets, umbrellas and so forth.

Then blew the whistle which heralded the coming conveyance—the

gaily.

Soon they reached the end of their journey—then lunch was partaken

Of, close to dripping and rustling green leaves and to diamond starred blossoms.

Riding to town in the soft summer air made a fitting conclusion.

## II.

Autumn again. But the class was depleted by four or more per haps.

Standing out foremost among the occurrences two are remarked;

First was a sleigh ride. The snow creaked beneath the bright runners

Which bore the sleigh load o'er glistening white snow out to Leo's

Balmy, mid-June was the month, when they first entertained for the Seniors,

Lavender, white dimly floating about, into silence merged with the year.

## III.

Juniors they come the third year, but one step from the goal—from completing

Something entirely new to the former but similar subjects—

Chemistry—acids and bases began to corrode in the minds of the students.

Laboratory experiments twice a week did demand their attention

What a peculiar sensation when they slipped on the aprons of oil cloth!

Began to use such terse technical terms, this  $H_2O$ —even making it too!

When they examined for arsenic when an explosion was dreaded

But they were sound and all whole when the weather foretold of vacation.

Just at the close of their Junior school year there was given banquet.

Theirs to the Seniors, the second and last time to occur for them

Kathleen's home presented the scene of the festival, when all were gathered.

So mid gay laughter and good wishes closed that bright chapter of this story.

## IV.

Dignified Seniors sedately appeared on the stage next in order—Fourth year and last, they accepted with pleasure the duty of study.

But intertwined with their lessons were works somewhat social in nature.

That of the Mid-Winter Luncheon, to aid in enlarging the Library

Then as the season advanced with its cold cutting days and keen nights.

Sleighs swiftly fleeting, suggested that popular winter amusement.  
Which at length called to the class, and again they were borne out  
Lacey's.

Hang o'er the moon was a curtain of clouds, and beneath shone the  
night.

Air not too warm, not too cold, just the state for a sleigh ride.

But a few months and all pleasures replaced were in preparing

Writing an Annual. Pictures were taken of one and all Seniors

Juniors,

Sophomores and Freshmen, each made an attempt and at last  
access.

Murmurs of class pins were floating about and the tones of the  
aker

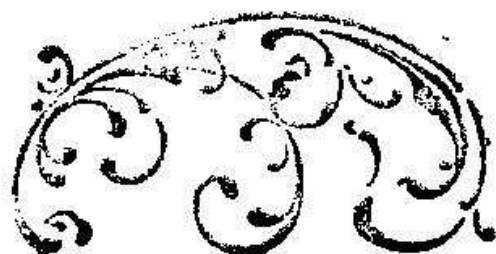
Stilled. But this little tale has only begun, this is merely a pre-

For as history from the beginning of time is unfinished,

So to these chapters always can be added and added a postscript,

Till when—the sun fails to shine, and the world revolve—Time  
no more.

CATHERINE RYAN, '16.





... your living wish to earn,  
The A B C's then you must learn;  
But I, you see, have spent much time,  
In trying to set them down in rhyme.

- A for Adieus, so soon to be spoken,  
But listen my friends, ere these ties are broken.
- B for Botany which only five took,  
If you question, you'll find we know all the book.  
Also for Bernadette, one of the five,  
To keep the love of nature ever alive.
- C is for a bright, quiet girl,  
'Tis Catherine, you'll know her by her curl.
- D for Duty which has always been done,  
A glance at our reports tells "Perseverance has won."
- E for the maid with the big machine,  
For it is in this that Eloise is oft to be seen.
- F stands for Failure, which ne'er shall be,  
The Fate, dear classmates of such as we.
- G is for Gratitude, fond and true,  
Which we, dear teachers, extend to you.
- H stands for Helen, hardy and true,  
Always is joyful and never feels blue.
- I is for Irene, a modest little lass,  
The star you know of the Latin class.
- J that's for Juniors, who today are glad,  
O'er the selfsame joy which makes us sad.
- K is for Kathleen so regal and tall,  
A friend tried, and endeared to all.
- L is for Leo, true to his name,  
Always in trouble but never to blame;  
Then, too, for Lucile, just give her a theme,  
And she'll weave it into a Sonata, Rhapsody or Dream.
- M is for Marie and Me,  
A great little pair are we.
- N is for Nothing which we cannot do,  
From a geometry problem to an oyster stew.
- O stands for Order, which will ere abound,  
In haunts where the Seniors are to be found.
- Q is for Questions given every day of the year,  
But on the last Friday  
Too oft demand the passing tribute of a tear.
- R is for the Rest, earned and needed,  
But by the Seniors little heeded.
- S H. A. and Seniors, too,  
The Seniors of '16 will be loyal to you.
- T is for Treasurer, whose worries were few,  
Save collecting our fees which were always due.  
But in the years to come there'll be a faint recollection,  
Of Edward taking the Sunday collection.
- U That's for You who are listening,  
If you are tired I am nearly thru.

For Virtue, pure and fair,  
May the class of '16 have its share.  
Stand for "We" in great big letters,  
Where'er you search you'll find no betters.  
Stand for Ten, the mark so dear,  
Which we seldom got thruout the year.  
Stand for the year, which as Seniors we spent,  
A year full of joy and real merriment.  
Let that be for Zeal,  
And that which we possess;  
This old world of ours  
Has yet to feel.

—MAYME C

## TO THE ROSE

A silent bud reposing 'neath the sod,  
No better could you find;  
The roots were placed by the hand of God,  
To cherish all mankind.

### II.

But now 'tis budded to full bloom,  
No hope, nor thought of fear;  
At night, it sees the gentle moon,  
Who keeps it company here.

### III.

All through the day the lazy brook,  
Babbles to and fro;  
But the rose alone in its cozy nook,  
Is contented to live and grow.



# CLASS PROPHECY

A few pages from my Diary kept during my vacation trip to New York from August to September, 19——.

August 24:

I have a wonderful secret, I know the future of each member of the class of 1916. I feel as though I could not keep it to myself, so I am going to write it on your pages. Guard it well because if you do not some of the Fates might become angry and tangle the threads of life, and their future might be far from happy. This is just how it happened.

Yesterday as I went down Fifth Avenue, I stopped before a moving picture theatre. Suddenly my eyes rested on a large poster, and were riveted to the paper, for this is what I saw:

## TONIGHT

### Special Attraction

### Glimpses Into the Future of the Class of 1916 of the City of Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

You may be sure, I hurried into the theatre, the place was deserted save for an old lady and gentleman. And the old never tell secrets you know. After an impatient wait of about thirty minutes, the theatre was darkened, then suddenly there flashed upon the screen the introduction of a strong drama:

## THE FUTURE

The Cast.....Members of the Class  
Author.....Dame Fortune  
Directors.....Three Fates

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The first picture:

The exterior and interior of some of the principal buildings of Columbia College were shown. It was after class hours, because the rooms seemed deserted save here and there a stray student. In the large chemical laboratory, a teacher clad in an apron was working some experiment with her class. Given a closer view I recognized Mayme, she looked very little different from the Mayme of today, save that she wore glasses and had added a few inches to her stature. So Mayme's future fifteen years from now will be as science teacher in Columbia College.

The next picture was a field crowded with all kinds of air machines these were being sold for practical uses. One especially large machine was being prepared for ascension, when a lady approached and explained various points about the machine; she then stepped in and was soon sailing through the air. When she returned, and removed her cap and glasses I saw it was no other than our—Helen. So our happy Helen, in future years, will spurn the earth, and ride amid the clouds.

The following scene was laid in the far west. It was beautiful, in the background were stately mountains, at the base of these nestled a pretty village. In the very center was a small, white building, the tiny belfry of a school house. The school

se is then shown as a detail from the first scene. The teacher is about dismount from a frisky little pony, the teacher is Irene, imparter of wisdom to some thirty or forty western boys and girls.

I was very much interested in a church wedding, which was next on the screen. There were flower girls and bridesmaids, daintily dressed, who moved slowly up the aisle of a beautifully decorated church. The bride, however, demanded my attention, the tall regal form seemed so familiar; soon I recognized Marie in the trailing white gown, but the fortunate groom was a stranger to me. Well, Marie's future will not be as brilliant as Helen's, but it will be a happy one, as she will be mistress of a charming little home in the city.

A short space of time was taken here to change the film. Oh! dear, it seemed so long as I was so anxious to see the futures of the other members. Now we saw a "Hat Shop" in busy London. The exterior was very modern, with large French plate glass windows. A view of the interior was given us. It was during a lull in business, for the proprietor, a tall, dark haired lady, gowned in rich black, was arranging her stray locks before a handsome show case, filled with wonderful millinery creations. The position and attitude of the lady seemed strangely familiar; just then a customer entered, and as Mademoiselle turned to speak to her patron, I saw Eloise's face. She seemed to be more than enjoying the effort to please her fickle customer, and here I left her.

We witnessed a court in session, the offenders were a number of street urchins. The judge seemed very much like Catherine, for the lady in the black gown had dark curls. A newspaper clipping shown afterwards proved it, for it gave the announcement of her appointment to the bench, Judge of the Juvenile Court of New York.

What was that I saw!

#### Spinster in Comfortable Circumstances

Now who could that be, I thought. A neat little home was shown with a sign in the window, "Rooms to Let." A grey tabby was sunning itself on the little porch. In back of the house was a neat little garden, and under the shade of a tree sat a lady sewing; when she looked up I recognized Bernadette.

Its only fifteen years, Berndette, so do not be disappointed

It seems that during the "War of the Nations," the Panama Canal was totally destroyed. The United States then made use of the land they had acquired for in Nicaragua, this was done while we were yet in school. The government appropriated money for building a canal in this territory. You should have seen the crowds of people cheering and waving their hats when "Ed," our Ed, was appointed General Engineer of the great undertaking. Several scenes were shown of the canal in the process of construction and the final picture of the completed canal. In each one we saw the same figure, a tall, straight, manly form, with his hands in his pockets.

I then counted to myself only three pictures left, now who will be next? Such a picture as was flashed upon the curtain! A magnificent theatre, filled with bright, happy, expectant faces; wealth and nobility thronged in the boxes, all waiting impatiently for the great pianist to appear. The manager appeared and after a few remarks introduced our own Eloise, the great American Pianist and Singer. She held the audience



smiled, bowed and departed amidst the applauding of one of the most appreciative audience of all Europe. Here we left her just beginning a career that will enable her to do much for religion, the poor, the art of music and herself.

I was surprised, most of all, I think, at the next picture of the future. It was in Mt. Pleasant. The city had changed greatly, especially the Academy. Several new buildings had been erected, one beside the original building, two across the street, these consisted of gymnasium, science building, manual training building and music department. A new city hall had been erected and here was the scene of action. It was the day after the election; the mayor-elect was Leo, who had been elected by the Suffragettes of the city. Just at this time Leo was holding a public reception receiving the congratulations of his many friends. He was wearing his many honors very well, I thought.

My future was also shown, but I will not even trust that to your pages. I will tell this much that I am going to like it. Last of all the picture flashed on the curtain.

Passed by the Academy Board of Censorship and the pictures came to an end.

In fifteen years, 1931, these will be our occupations, if the fates are true, and nothing unforeseen happens. With these futures the class of 1916 will make its own mark.—Finis.

—KATHLEEN SWEENEY, '16.

### Acrostics

C—Class of 1916, Good-By,  
L—Let our banners always wave on high.  
A—Always be ready to do our best,  
S—Singing and happy e'en while at rest.  
S—Sober and sedate some have thought us to be,

O—Our future life calls for this you see.  
F—Firm of purpose, firm of heart,

N—Now forth we go to play our part.  
I—In class we've all at some time won praise,  
N—Nor never missed a Latin phrase?  
E—Evening came at the close of day,  
T—To call us from our books away.  
E—Eager to school we went next morn,  
E—Eager to play, to study? and learn.  
N—Nor seldom a lesson did we miss,

S—Save when our names were off the list.  
I—In exams, too, were we at our best,  
X—X's did we get in every test?  
T—'Twas then, if we did, that we were delighted,  
E—Even our cares for awhile were blighted.  
E—Each one of the Seniors bids a fond adieu,  
N—Now passes the portals of the Academy thru.

—IRENE CASEY, '16.



## TO THE ROSE

Not as the poet do I sing,  
Of thy beauty so frail and sweet;  
But of thy place mid living things,  
Of which the scientists treat.

### II.

I leave the theme of thy many charms  
To the creative power of the poetic mind;  
But into the realms of research I pass,  
And there my theme I find.

### III.

To division four thou dost belong,  
Spermatophyte by name;  
For from a seed thou indeed hast sprung,  
And thy fruit dost bear the same.

### IV.

Choripetalous is thy corolla fair,  
For sweet flowers, when you fade and die;  
And thy nectar is spent on the dew-laden air,  
Far beneath thy green calyx thy petals lie.

### V.

Dear little wildrose, thy petals are five,  
That slumber amidst thy nettles;  
But man has used his god-like art  
And turned thy stamens to petals.

### VI.

As all frail things of this earth are hidden,  
And protected from slightest harm;  
The thorns on thy stem from the touch unbidden,  
Are but to preserve thy virginal charm.

### VII.

Tell me, how can one study thy structure,  
Thy beauty, and then deny,  
The existence of the God who made thee,  
And the gardens where flowers never die.

EDWARD FITZGERALD, '16.

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## THE VIOLET

The violet is the sweetest flower  
That blooms on earth's green breast;  
For in its sweet simplicity,  
It far outshines the rest.  
It hides beneath a broken log,  
Or huddles near a stone;  
And seems to find complacency,  
In being all alone.  
The moral that this flower breathes,  
Is one that seems to be

## CHARACTERISTICS OF CLASS OF '16

### Catherine Ryan

Disposition—Quiet.  
Favorite Saying—"O My."  
Occupation—Using big words.  
Ambition—To write a dictionary.  
Likes Most—Peace.  
Hates Most—Noise.

### Kathleen Sweeney

Disposition—Ideal.  
Favorite Saying—"You know."  
Occupation—Reading good books.  
Ambition—To be an Actress.  
Likes Most—To stay at home.  
Hates Most—Taking part in a play.

### Marie Calhoun

Disposition—Coldly Refined.  
Favorite Saying—"Oh Pooh!"  
Occupation—Gazing down third aisle.  
Ambition—To be a hair dresser.  
Likes Most—Gum.  
Hates Most—To Study.

### Lucile Johnson

Disposition—Easy Going.  
Favorite Song—"My Glory."  
Occupation—"Looking in the Glass."  
Ambition—Go to Panama Exposition.  
Likes Most—Good time.  
Hates Most—To dance (?)

### Irene Casey

Disposition—Who knows?  
Favorite Saying—"Goin' to show to-night?"  
Occupation—Studying.  
Ambition—To be a Mary Pickford.  
Likes Most—Vaudette.  
Hates Most—The phrase "I should worry."

### Bernedette Barrett

Disposition—Mysterious.  
Favorite Saying—"Oh Heavens!"  
Occupation—Popping Corn.  
Likes Most—Not to be called on.  
Hates Most—Test Day.

### Leo Carey

Disposition—Like the weather.  
Favorite Saying—(Guess.)  
Ambition—To write a Botany.  
Occupation—Trying to act wise.  
Likes Most—Not to be scolded.  
Hates Most—Compositions and Note Books.

### **Edward FitzGerald**

Disposition—Argumentative.  
Favorite Saying—"O Go On."  
Ambition—To be a John McCormack.  
Likes Most—Note Books.  
Hates Most—To Sing.  
Occupation—Selling Shoes.

### **Mamie Coughlin**

Disposition—Amiable.  
Occupation—Consulting Encyclopaediae.  
Favorite Saying—"I should fret."  
Ambition—To be a Teacher.  
Likes Most—Sleigh rides.  
Hates Most—To miss a lesson.

### **Eloise Johnson**

Disposition—Sunny.  
Occupation—Burning gasoline.  
Favorite Saying—" 'S Matter."  
Ambition—Just to be happy.  
Likes Most—Life all sunshine.  
Hates Most—To Argue.

### **Helen Kane**

Disposition—Jolly.  
Favorite Saying—"So am I."  
Ambition—To be a nurse.  
Occupation—Writing letters.  
Likes Most—To go to Merrill.  
Hates Most—To come home.



# THE BLUE DAY

## I.

The azure sky now tinted was  
    With a color as pretty as gold;  
While the clouds like a wandering visitor,  
    Across the canopy strolled.

## II.

The day seemed as blue as the far away sea,  
    The blue bird chirps from the time it arrives,  
All nature seems so happy to be,  
    But a "Blue Day" comes to sadden our lives.

## III.

Blue is the day, and blue is the sea,  
    Soft blue is the flower in the wood;  
But an ugly blue is the coat he wears,  
    The imp who never brings good.

## IV.

Early in the morning e'er I awake,  
    About my brain he lurks;  
His melancholy presence is felt,  
    In all my thoughts and works.

## V.

In the school room where we linger,  
    Truest friends all seem disloyal;  
For the Blues, the imp does whisper,  
    In my ear, "No friends have you," "Why Toil?"

## VI.

But why does his presence always remain,  
    To darken our daily life?  
But let us hope we may never meet  
    The little blue imp in the "Strife."

## VII.

May he never be welcomed in the Academy,  
    And there may he never dwell;  
As each scholar works for his own success,  
    And the imp perceives it well.

# CLASS WILLS

For the past four years our unceasing efforts have been spent to gain the required knowledge by which we could reach the goal now attained.

We have struggled on undaunted by great obstructions, such as Geometry propositions and questions in Theology, suggested to the teachers by Perry's Instructions. We have conquered the much dreaded Chemistry and have escaped the deadly gases of the laboratory unharmed.

To-day we stand conquerors and wish to leave something which will help our successors over their rough journey.

Some things are ours and can be taken from us by no earthly power; the others we leave to succeeding classes of the Academy.

So be it remembered that we, the class of 1916 of the City of Mt. Pleasant, County of Isabella, State of Michigan, being of sound mind and memory, but realizing that we are soon to depart from your midst, do hereby make, execute and declare this to be our last will and testament, that is to say:

After the payment of our just debts and graduating expenses, we give, devise and bequeath all our high school properties and privileges as follows:

First—To our Alma Mater we bequeath a set of books for the library, hoping that they will help the remaining classes in the cultivation of choice literature.

Second—We do freely give to the Juniors the Physical laboratory with the injunction, "Thou shalt be quiet, when in said laboratory or suffer banishment."

Third—To the Sophomores we freely give all our prized Senior conceit.

Fourth—To the Freshmen we leave our manuscripts on Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" to give them some new methods of book making.

Fifth—Lucile Johnson and Marie Calhoun bequeath to Catherine McNamara and Rose Larkins their share of the library cases.

Sixth—Mamie Coughlin bequeaths to Frances Ryan the occupation of "encyclopedia consultor."

Seventh—To the Juniors the Latin class leave the thumb worn Vergils and the poetic muse to aid them in translating the "Lingua Latina."

Eighth—Edward Fitzgerald freely gives devises and bequeaths to Lawrence Shanahan his famous yawns and sighs.

Ninth—Leo Carey freely gives to Daniel Gallagher the privilege of singing at all the early masses with the advice that he may allow his bird-like voice to make happy the hearts of those we leave behind.

Tenth—One of our dearest treasures, that which it costs us great pain to part with, we leave to our studious successors, this treasure is our Literatures written by Jenkins. We feel that as they have actually possessed this said volume for the past ten months (with-



**Eleventh**—Catherine Ryan gives her sweet ways and charming disposition to Irene Garvin, hoping she will make good use of it in the future.

**Twelfth**—To the Sisters we leave peace and joy for years to come, hoping they will remember only the good in the class of '16.

We advise that all our Themes, Essays and Poems be left to be used by future English classes as models of modern work in mother tongue.

To this, our last will and testament, we, in the presence of witnesses, affix our hand and seal on the 16th day of June, in year of our Lord, Nineteen hundred Sixteen.

—THE SENIORS, '16.

Witnesses: The Faculty.

—HELEN KANE, '16.



# To Our Parents

Often, that which lies nearest the human heart is hidden away the more carefully from view. So it is today, were we to search the hearts of the graduates—one thought—the cause of so many fond throbs would be uppermost. It is the remembrance and filial love of each graduate for the ones who have made this day possible—our parents.

As the traveler across the arid sands of the desert, hails with delight the fertile oasis, and in weary hours looks back upon the green spots, so with us, as we have reached this goal in life we look back; back to what? Love. Love, the very deepest and purest this old world knows. This has made the oasis through our school life.

Which of us does not recall the first day of school? The first parting, not from home, but from parents. Had we not been with them constantly through the live long day?

But that sadness and longing wore off; not that we loved less, but we were growing older, and we learned that no space exists through which your care, dear parents, could not penetrate.

For twelve years we have gone forth each day with your benediction upon us and have returned to be greeted by your smile of welcome.

What would we have done without you? Ah! our minds are too finite to grasp the impossible.

Yours were the words that cheered, yours the lips that taught us to lisp our baby prayers; taught us the lessons of our Faith, lessons that shone more brightly in your deeds than in words. Yours is the hand that has soothed us, in hours of sickness and pain; and I smile to say it, have punished our youthful sins. Were love a quantity to be measured I know well, greater was the love that prompted the punishment than the caress.

It is not for the present alone that these remembrances are gratifying; our entire lives will be made up of memories of our parents. Bright pictures that we will have and cherish through the coming years.

We can only look back to these days as sunny spots amid the lights and shadows of the past.

Dear Parents, as we are severing all ties, breaking away from old environments, our school, our teachers and companions, a feeling comes that we are nearer to you. Nearer today than in all times past.

We are on the threshold of life, now comes the choice.

Of no prayers and good wishes are we more assured than of yours. And the last prayer of the class of '16 breathed within the walls of the Academy will be for you our dear parents, a fervent "God bless you and spare you to us for many, many years."

—BERNADETTE BARRETT, '16.

# To My Desk

"We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those  
That tell of saddest thoughts."—Shelley.

In June we bid farewell to our school. But now we look forward the future with brightest hopes. Perhaps when we have grown older will please us to look back upon our school days as our happiest and most care-free. It may be, that we will wish for those days again, although now all our expectations lie in the future.

But in leaving the school our hopes and joys are not unmixed with the pain of leaving old associates and familiar objects. Among the latter the one most endeared to my memory is the desk that knows all my school girl trials.

Let me now bid farewell to you, my companion of perhaps the very happiest years. Many times, my desk, have I come to you weary and discouraged to be supported and cheered by your silent friendship. I must confess there were times after vacation, when I did not think so much of you. I suppose you think I should be glad to return to a dear friend after being parted from him so long, but really your rules are quite different from the delights of vacation. Are you offended? There, do not look cross. A few weeks suffice to reinstate you in my favors. But, of course you cannot understand me, I should have remembered what a hard, thoughtful head you have.

Next June I will leave you forever. And will you miss me? You may wonder at the strange face in my place, but you will not question what has become of me. Probably by that time I will be launched on the great sea of joys and sorrows, but you will still be in your old place and will stay there until you grow old and must make room for a new and more prosperous fellow-desk. But that will be after many years and you will have grown weary of your place and be ready to resign it to another. I need not warn you, thou Stoic of the Study Hall, to keep my secrets, never have you disclosed to me in the days of our companionship the secrets of my predecessors.

In future years I may come back to visit you. I wonder if you will remember me. Now you may think you will, but I know you will have forgotten me. Therefore before I leave you in June, I will bid you a last farewell.

You who read this and are still the happy owners of a class-room desk, mark well these lines, and learn to appreciate your hard-used desk for the time it still remains to you.

# Our President's Farewell

My dear Classmates:

A poet has said, "When friends part they should lock up each other's secrets and exchange keys." Soon, dear classmates, we part, each in a separate way. Let us, before the farewells are spoken, lock up in our hearts all the joy and sunshine of the happy years now drawn to a close, then let us exchange keys.

Before the ties of companionship are broken, one's mind delights in thoughts of the future; to the time—be it far away over long intervals of time, or be it near, when the broken ties will be united, and the thread of old comradeship be taken up and woven again into one's daily life.

To-day let us look out into that happy time in the future when we will meet again, what a pleasure it will then be to take out those little keys and turn them in the locks that will open for us a wealth of happy memories. Memories that will seem all the brighter after having entered life's struggles where the hard grind of toil and whirlwind of absorbing events have taken our attention.

I fear I am beginning to prophesy and that would never do, for I do not wish to supplement what our class Prophet has told us. Those are bright futures indeed, that have been woven for us. Whether we will fare as well I do not know, but this I do know, that the past has been a great help to future success. And, in the name of the class of 1916 I wish to thank our pastor for his untiring zeal which has made the blessings of the past a possibility. Through all the years you have made every effort to give to the youth of the Sacred Heart Parish, every means for obtaining an excellent grammar and high school education. As the years go by, dear father, we hope to show in our lives the appreciation which today we can express only feebly in words. You have given us that spiritual training without which secular training is not only incomplete, but also dangerous.

To you, our teachers, Sisters of St. Dominic, we extend our thanks for the interest taken in our welfare, a pure interest forgetful of self. We bid farewell with the assurance that through life we will never find truer friends, or none whose life and personality will influence us as yours have. We hope, although many classes will come under your guidance, that you will never quite forget the eleven members of the class of '16.

Dear Classmates, we are soon to leave the Academy and another class takes our place as Seniors. Some of us leave to join classes in institutes of higher education, but will we not always be the eleven of '16, and will we not always carry the key to the treasure house of the memories of our high school days?

With this assurance, and the prospect of happy meetings during the years to come, I, as your president, bid farewell to each member of the Class of 1916.

—LEO CAREY.



Words by  
Catherine Ryan.

# Class Song

Music by  
E. W. L. Tol

The' this day is so bright and so fair,  
'Tis the light that precedes the dark night,  
Like the heart of

rose that we wear  
It is pierced by a thorn 'neath the white.  
Then farewell to our school and the friends

For we lovingly cling, But the solace which memory sends,  
Is some day to remember these things

## I.

Though this day is so bright and so fair,  
'Tis the light which precedes the dark night;  
Like the heart of the rose that we wear,  
It is pierced by a thorn 'neath the white.

## II.

Though we never again may all meet,  
In our hearts undivided we'll be;  
For we all in our motto will trust,  
That for Victory, labor we must.

## CHORUS

Then farewell to our school, to the friends  
To whom ever we lovingly cling;  
But the solace which memory sends,



# Academic Notes

The first literary meeting was held in September and the following officers were elected:

Edward Fitz Gerald, '16.....President  
 Leo Carey, '16.....Vice-President  
 Irene Garvin, '17.....Secretary  
 Catherine McNamara, '17.....Treasurer

The regular study of the Society did not begin until October. The Society met on Columbus Day, October 12. The program was opened with an address from the President, Edward Fitz Gerald, and was followed by Essays, Recitations and Instrumental Solos, by the members.

The study of the Society for October was a day with Edgar Allan Poe. Recitations and readings were given from the melancholy poet. The Secretary, Irene Garvin, gave a very excellent paper on Current Events.

Beatrice Johnson gave the Society some excellent thoughts from the Life of St. Cecelia.

On December 21, we celebrated the feast-day of our beloved pastor. The following program was given in the Sacred Heart Hall:

Opening Chorus—Hymn to St. Thomas.....High School Pupils  
 Far Away March:

Violins.....Gladys Burns and Imogene Quinlan  
 Piano.....M. McNamara  
 Address.....Edward Fitz Gerald  
 Instrumental Solo—"Silver Stars" (Bohm).....Eloise Dondero  
 Santa Claus.....Chorus of Little Ones  
 Piano.....Lucile Johnson  
 Tribute to St. Thomas.....Mayme Coughlin  
 Cupid's Dance (Wenrick)

Violin.....Gladys Burns  
 Piano.....Mary Kaiser  
 (a) Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.  
 (b) I Can Hardly Wait to Be a Man.

Choir Boys. Piano.....Eloise Johnson  
 Selections from Christmas Carol (Dickens)

Paul Duhamel, Raymond Sweeney  
 Instrumental Solo—"Polish Dance".....Eloise Johnson  
 Our Pastor.....Catherine McNamara  
 Instrumental Solo—"Polonaise" (Chopin).....Lucile Johnson  
 Good-bye Sweet Day. Quartette (K. Vannah)

Daniel Gallagher, Lawrence Shanahan, Paul Duhamel,  
 R. O'Sullivan  
 Piano.....Rose Larkins

The Society studied Tennyson in January, the members responded to roll call with choice quotations from the poet who is always a favorite with High School pupils.

"Tennyson's Ideal Womanhood" was given by Catherine McNamara, while Beatrice Johnson brought out the lesson taught by the "Idylls of the King." A series of stories from the Idylls was given by other members of the Junior Class. These proved very interesting, especially to such of the younger members of the Academy, who have not as yet studied the Idylls. The program was closed with the choruses "Swing Song" and "Sweet and Low."

In February we celebrated the birthdays of our beloved heroes, Washington, Lincoln and Longfellow.

A Tribute to Washington.....Marie Calhoun  
Wreck of the Hesperus.....Katherine Sweeney  
Day is Done.....Helen Kane  
"An Appreciation of the Personality of Lincoln" (Paper), Catherine Ryan  
Chorus—"Mt. Vernon Bells"

are a few of the numbers of the interesting program.

Of course the S. H. A. wore its green for March 17, when we celebrated the feast of the fatherland. The Study Hall was a happy surprise to the pupils, when on entering it in the morning we beheld, Erin's green flag hanging beside our beloved Stars and Stripes, and a large drawing of Blarney Castle on the Study Hall board. Choice quotations from Moore were about the old ruin to fix more deeply the beautiful thots of "Ireland's Sweetest Singer."

#### Program

Chorus—"Come Back to Erin".....High School  
Instrumental Solo.....Rose Larkins  
Reading—"St. Patrick".....Catherine Ryan  
Solo and Chorus—"The Shamrock, Thistle and the Rose"....Leo Carey  
Piano.....Eloise Johnson  
Recitation—"My Rosary".....Isabel McRae  
Medley—"Irish Airs".....School Orchestra  
Piano.....Eileen Rush  
Solo—"Dear Little Shamrock".....Mary Kaiser  
Piano.....Eloise Johnson  
Why We Wear the Green.....Kathryn McNamara  
Instrumental Solo.....Eloise Dondero  
Solo—"Last Rose of Summer".....Raymond Sweeney  
Piano.....Rose Larkins  
Reading—Emmett's Grave.....Mayme Coughlin  
A Dead Man With Life in Him (an O'Connel Story)...Lawrence Shanahan  
Orchestra Selections from Moore  
Instrumental Solo.....Eloise Johnson  
Vocal Duet—"Ireland, Dear Ireland".....Paul Duhamel, Daniel Gallagher  
Medley of Irish Airs.....Lucile Johnson  
Hymn—"St. Patrick"

This of course ended school for the week and the next day, Friday, was ours to do with in the manner we thought best.

#### Trial—Civics Class

In November the Juniors held a Trial, all members of the Civics Class taking part.

The Study Hall was converted into a Court Room for the

O'Hara as Sergeant at Arms, Rose Larkins as Plaintiff, Lawrence Shanahan as Attorney for Plaintiff, Irene Garvin as Attorney for Defendant.

An innocent law-abiding Sophomore was arrested and brought to trial.

The witnesses from various classes of the High School, testified for and against the poor lad. Many of them were made rather nervous and as a consequence gave a laugh to the spectators, and all on account of the shrewd cross-examining of Lawrence Shanahan.

The Judge was obliged several times to interpose when the two Attorneys met at variance.

Miss Garvin won for herself a lasting applause, as a pleader for the cause of justice and fairness to the oppressed.

Viewing the Attorneys in the Court Room one would regard them as bitterest enemies, but that was only the "professional air" that each had assumed.

Miss Garvin's plea to the Jury, (which consisted of the wisest members of the Academy) was so touching and convincing that after an adjournment of only ten minutes they returned with the much welcomed words "Not Guilty."

A year before the 1917 Annual appears we can tell you a few things that will appear in it; for after this proceeding in November, we know what L. G. will be aspiring to and what the fates have in store for L. S. and K. McN.

We wonder if C. K. distributes any more hand bills? and if R. L. owns a Perry's Instruction Book? if W. F. likes to be on the Jury?

And—if L. S. knows as much about Law as he pretends he does?

Nevertheless, the trial was a success; may all future Civics Classes do as well.

### **"Bell in the Forest"**

The boys of the High School showed their dramatic ability March 7th in the Operetta "The Bell in the Forest."

The cast was exceptionally good and their work was enjoyed by an appreciative audience.

Leo Carey appeared as Prince Percival, a proud, self-sufficient nobleman, whose forest reserves were being molested by poachers. Suspicion falls upon young Alex Foster, son of the old game keeper, who, years ago, had been unjustly accused of poaching. As the hero Alex Foster, Daniel Gallagher won the sympathy of his hearers, first when nobly resenting the insult of accusations against his starving father, and later when forced to bear the sting of a blow from the hand of the Prince.

All the pent-up grief and mortification of his soul breaks forth in his plaintive song " 'Tis So Ordained." At the close, Karl Krag impersonated by Lawrence Shanahan, enters. Knowing the grief of the young boy, tempts him to join a band of outlaws, of which he, Karl Krag, is the leader. Alex is about to succumb to the awful temptation when, the sweet notes of "The Bell" break upon their conversation, and Alex knowing the legend of the bell, conscious stricken, refuses to be a party to the compact.

The legend runs thus:

Many years before the opening of the story of the play, on a dark



night a priest while on the way to administer the Last Rites of the Church, was attacked by a highwayman. The missionary besought his assailant to desist in his cowardly act, explaining to him the nature of this errand; at the same time calling his attention to the enormity of his crime and its consequence.

The culprit, overcome with fear and repentance, sought pardon from the good priest on the spot and thereafter led the life of a recluse and hermit in the forest. He built a log cabin on the site of the present chapel, and suspended a small bell from the limbs of a giant oak in front of his hut. This bell he tolled, so the saying goes, by divine intuition, whenever any one was in danger of temptation or temporal harm. The custom still exists to the present day—the good monks in the chapel having inherited the same instinct that the hermit possessed.

The heaviness of the scene immediately after the temptation was relieved by the appearance of the police commissioner who was no other than our witty Paul Duhamel. This worthy exponent of law and order caused many a harty laugh, by his expressions of bravery which were ever contradicted by his actions, when he pleads for his life at the hands of the man whom he had attempted to arrest. This man, Karl Krag, ties the hands of Bluster the commissioner, gags him and sends him roaming thru the woods.

Clarence Keenan enters as a wealthy adventurer, who has returned to the home of his youth. His yearnings for home are told in the sweet song, "The Scenes of My Childhood." Weary from travel, the wanderer falls asleep in the woods. The starving Alex chances by and sees upon the sleeper's finger a brilliant diamond, the temptation to take the jewel is strengthened by the remembrance of a ruined home and a starving father. As Alex is softly drawing the ring from the finger, the bell in the forest rings out, in clear accusing notes. The boy stops and breathes a prayer of thanksgiving for this deliverance from sin.

The actions of Alex, however, have been viewed by another, Karl Krag the poacher, who now thinks he has the youth in his power. He again tries to induce him to join the party of poachers, when the boy indignantly refuses, the poacher strikes him, felling him to the ground. Krag then makes away with the valuables of the unconscious sleeper, and secretes the wallet on the person of the boy, to throw suspicion upon him.

The Prince returning from a hunting party, enters to meet this scene. Upon investigation the wallet is found on the person of Alex who is then ordered to be led away. The roaming commissioner appears, having viewed the entire proceedings from behind the bushes, now after searching Krag all evidence is turned against him, the real culprit, who repents of his past life, and intends to spend his remaining days in penance.

The Prince now understands from the confession of Krag that the accusations against the old game-keeper were false, having been fabricated by the poacher himself. In recompense the Prince appoints Alex as game-keeper of the forest reserve. A chorus of happy voices ends the little drama.

Other characters were:

town Crier.....	Raymond O'Sullivan
the Tailor.....	Elias Kaiser
catcher.....	Eugene Fitzgerald
shoemaker.....	William Foley
maker.....	James O'Brien
sides villagers and tradesmen.	

### Shakespeare Program

The Freshmen upon finishing their study from Shakespeare gave short program, April 10:  
Roll Call.

#### From Scene II. Act I.

Portia.....	Loretta Dillon
Brissia.....	Mary Kaiser
Story of the Merchant of Venice.....	Bernadette O'Brien
Recitation.....	Mary Tuohy
Court Room Scene (Paper).....	Raymond Sweeney
Recitation.....	Charles Casey
My Favorite Character.....	Thomas Manley

Synopsis of the play:

Act I.—	Wm. Foley
Act II.—	Anabel Fitzgerald.
Act III.—	Christine Murray.
Act IV.—	Jeanette McKinnon.
Act V.—	Geraldine Quinlan.

Life of William Shakespeare.....Elizabeth McDonald  
April 16 the Tenth Grade entertained the Freshmen with study of  
"Julius Caesar."

### Program

A tribute to the "Bard of Avon",.....	Bernadette Kennedy
Conversation of Two Roman Ladies:	
Calpurnia.....	Helen Gravenstein
Portia.....	Helen Gravenstein
Roll Call by Artemidores.....	Helen Barrett
Answered by characteristic quotations.	
Recitation—"Portia's Speech".....	Helen Larkins
The Story of the Tragedy.....	Beatrice Dillon
Recitation from Act III.....	Josephine Kohler
Quarrel Scene from Act IV.	
Cassius.....	Daniel Gallagher
Brutus.....	Paul Duhamel
Some of the Sweetest Songs from Shakespeare:	
Under the Greenwood Tree.....	Clarence Keenan
The Blind.....	Alethe Taylor
The Sweet of the Year.....	Elizabeth Keith
It Rains it Raineth Every Day.....	Frederick McDonald



## Parting

The little road says Go,  
The little House says Stay;  
And oh it's bonny here at Home!  
But I must go away.—(Josephine Peabody.)

In a little house by the side of the road, shaded with stately trees, lived a happy, happy family. There was a father and mother, just the very kindest of mothers and fathers, and three children, who were as children ought to be, good and kind and thoughtful to all. At first they were wee little tots, just learning to walk, but before many years had elapsed, they were attending the school nearby. From grade to grade they advanced, until the eldest of the three had received all the little school-house could give, and the awakened energies and imagination longed for realms beyond the little house by the side of the road, and sought for wider opportunities.

Yet, everything called to him to stay, even the stately trees whispered tempting stories of the happy days to come if he would only remain with them. From his window he could see the school of his boyhood days, could see the familiar road he had traveled day by day. He thought of the winters when the snow was very high, of the joy of winter sports; now the thought of spring and the dear old brook behind the school-house. But upon all crowded the picture of the city with its many opportunities, and above all the hope of making a great name for himself, so that the dear ones in the little house by the side of the road, and in the school-house nearby would be proud of him.

The little road like me  
Would seek and turn and know,  
And forth I must to learn the things,  
The little road would show;  
And go I must my dears,  
And journey while I may,  
Though heart be sore for the Little House,  
That had no word but stay.

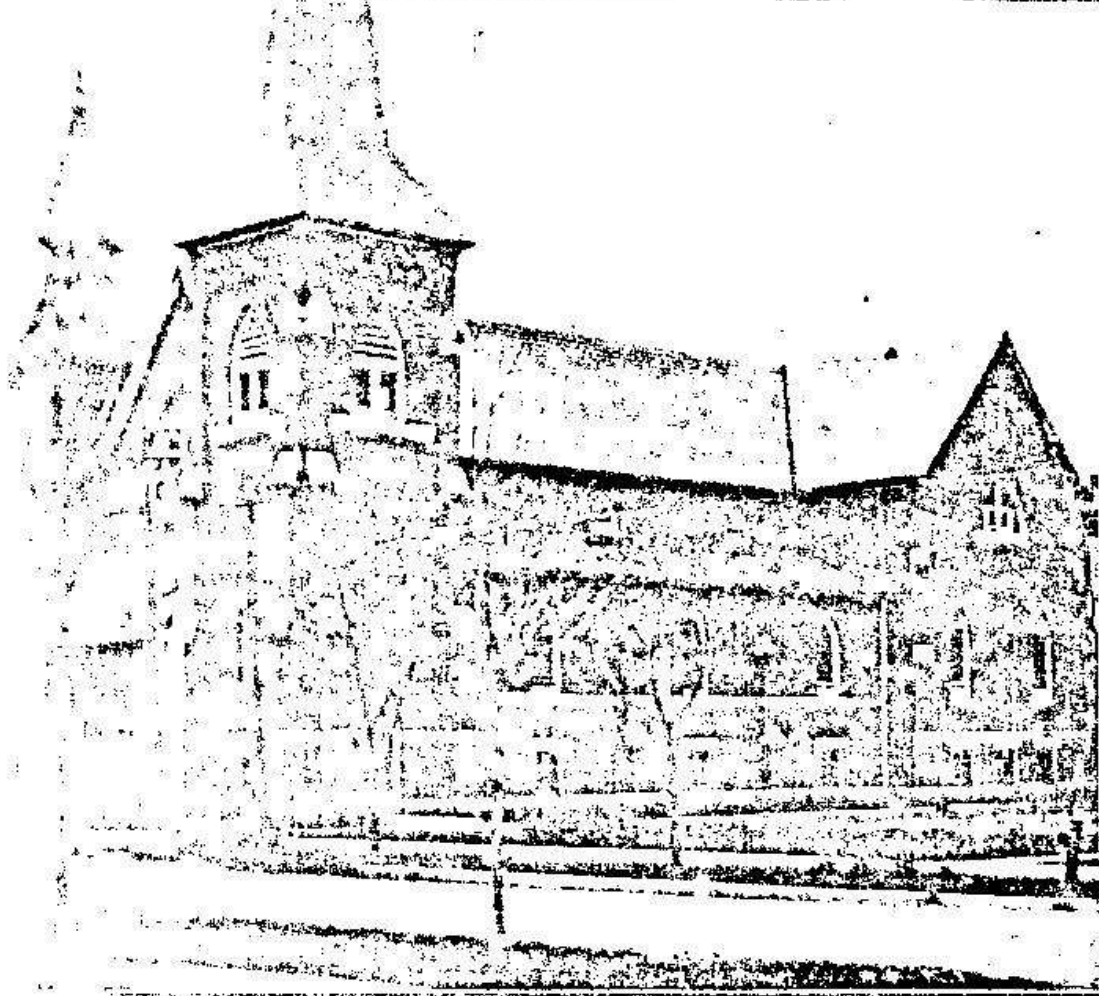
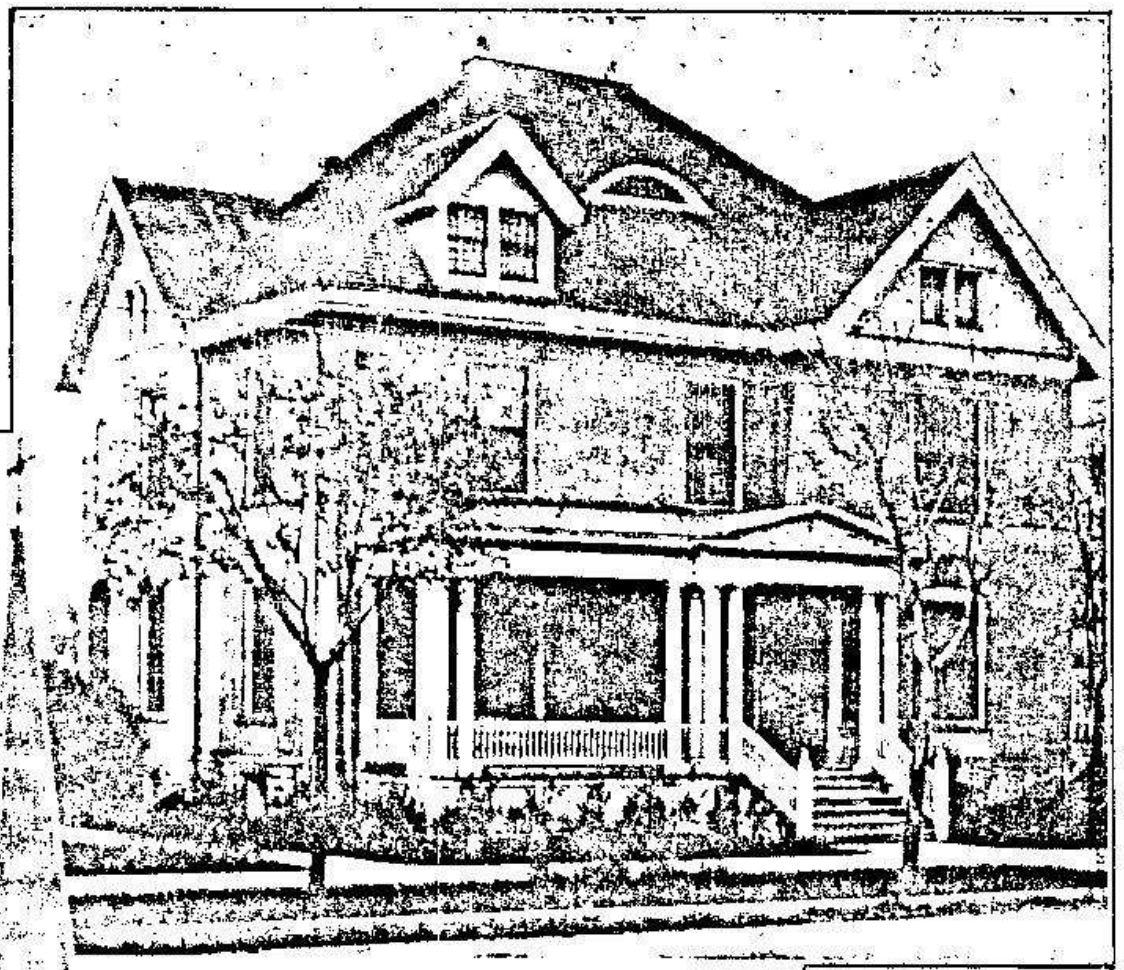
With these thoughts he turns his mind from the whispering counsel of the trees, and thinks of nothing but the wider road of knowledge that he is to follow. So he leaves everything dear behind him, and he and Hope and Opportunity traverse the road to Success.

It is the same with you dear Seniors, after years and years of careful training you have learned all the Academy has to give you; and made use of all the opportunities, kind parents and teachers have given you.

You have outgrown all that the little house by the side of the road can give; and although everything calls to you to stay, you must go.

You see many roads spread out before you. Some will be wide and filled with pleasures and others hard and toilsome, but if in your wanderings and course of life, you do not forget what the little house, the school, your religion has taught you, if you do not forget these you will be a honor to the Sacred Heart Academy.

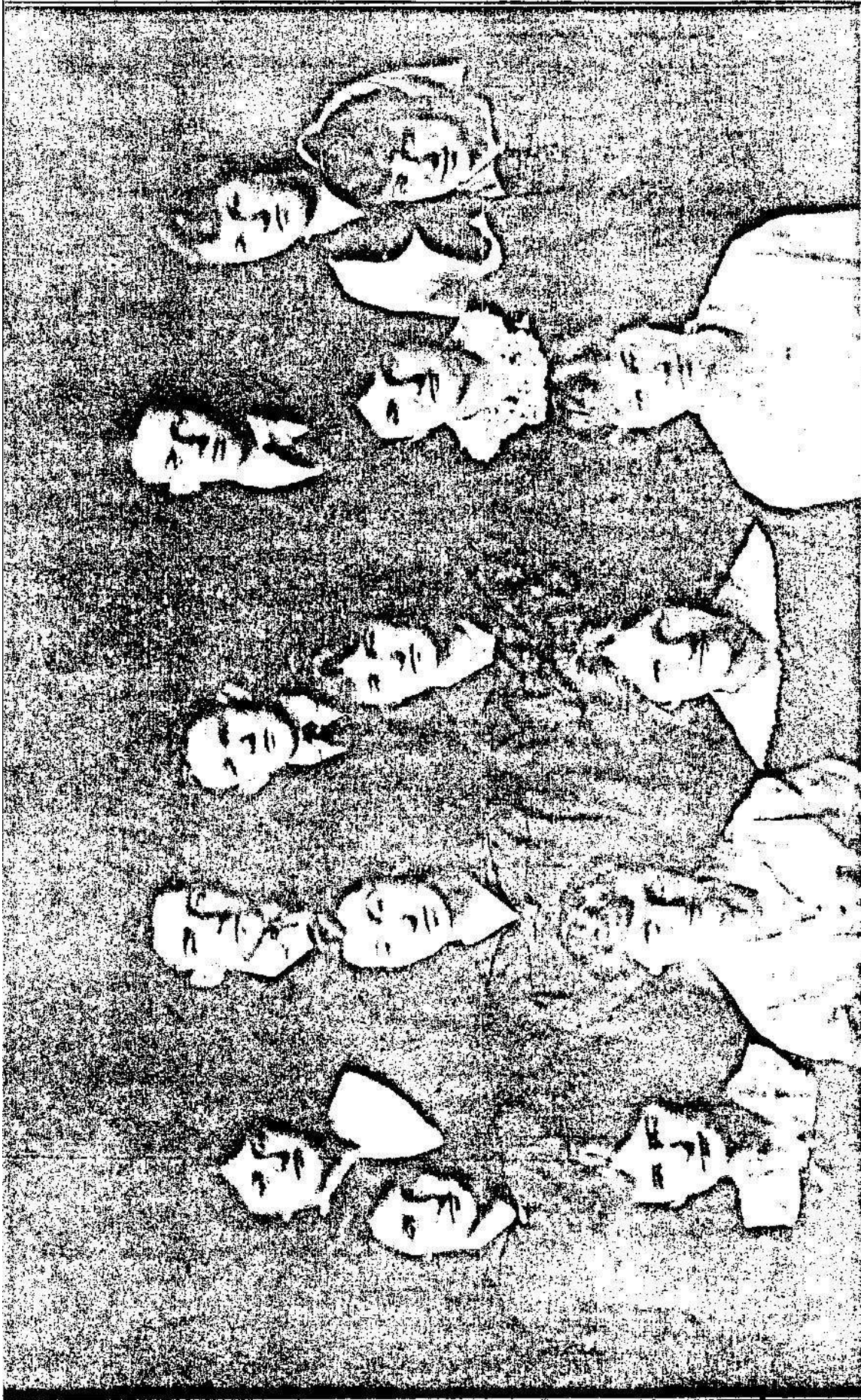
We wish you all the success a friend could wish, and we hope you leave the Alma Mater fully equipped to fight the battles of the world, fully equipped to make a name for yourself. It has neither to be a great name or widely known, but let it be the name of a true Christian, and we



SACRED HEART CHURCH AND PASTOR'S RESIDENCE

**Class Notes**  
**of the**  
**Academy**  
**1915—1916**





JUNIOR CLASS, '17

# The Juniors, '17

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## Officers

Lawrence B. Shanahan.....	President
Daniel P. Gallagher.....	Treasurer
Christine A. Donovan.....	Secretary

## Class Flower

TEA ROSE

## Class Colors

SEA GREEN AND SILVER

## THE CLASS

Frances Ryan	Bernedette F. Marthy	Mary L. Kinney	Kathryn E. McNamara
Beatrice H. Johnson	Irene C. Garvin	Margaret T. Carey	
Rose M. Larkins	Christine A. Donovan	Florinda M. Steele	
Edward J. O'Hora	Daniel P. Gallagher		
Lawrence B. Shanahan	Alice M. O'Hora		

## TO THE JUNIORS

You are a happy class we all must say,  
A happier one, indeed, 'tis hard to find;  
To pleasure oft the paltry tithe you pay,  
To leave the gold of knowledge too oft behind.  
You've studied, worked and played,  
You've flung the "Don't Care Banner;"  
Friends many and tried you've made,  
By your happy, kindly manner.  
Juniors to you we give  
All the joys that once were ours;  
May your mirth forever live,  
'Neath our beloved academy towers.





SOPHOMORE CLASS, '18

# Sophomores, '18

## Officers

Paul Duhamel.....	President
Clarence Keenan.....	Secretary
Alethe Taylor.....	Treasurer

## Class Colors

BLUE AND GOLD

## Class Flower

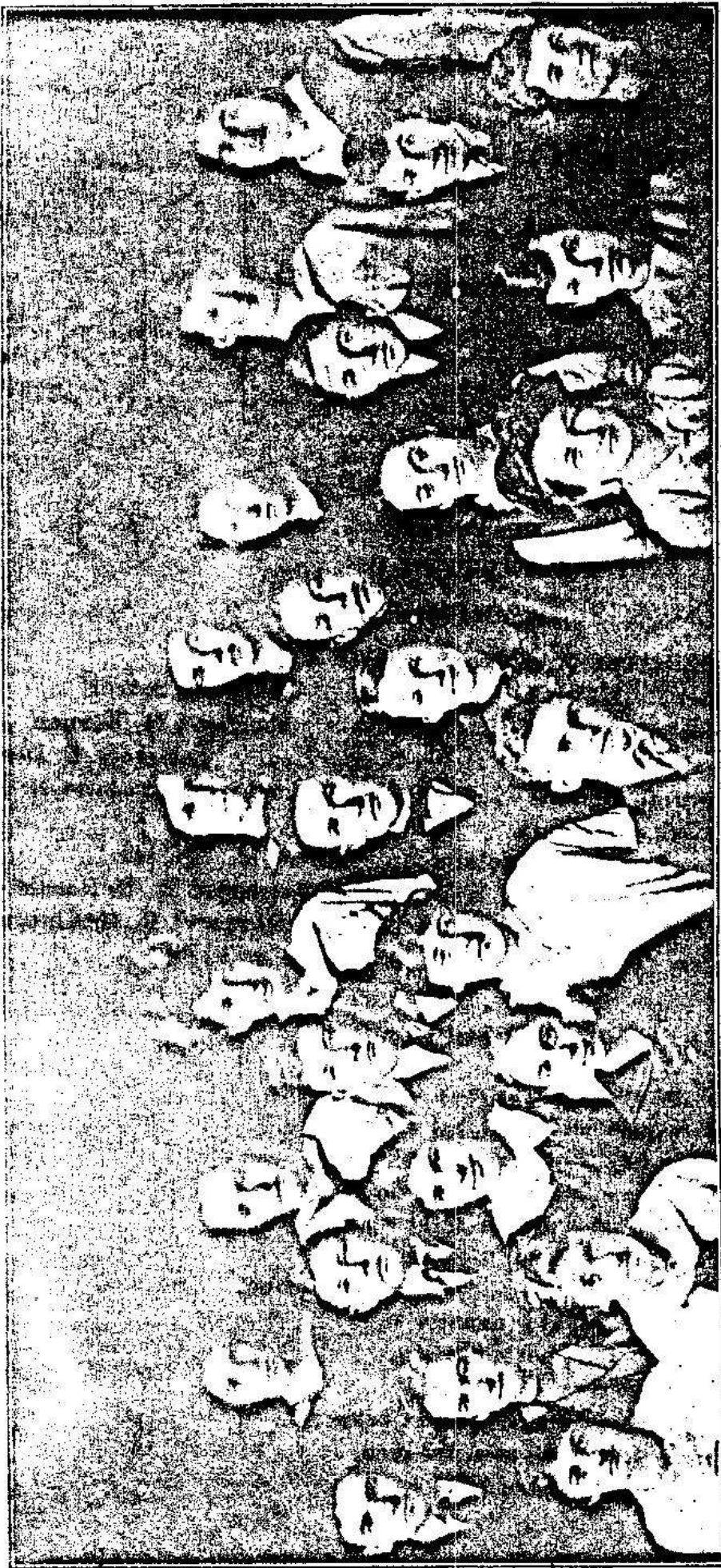
SWEET PEA

## THE MEMBERS

Beatrice M. Dillon	Elizabeth M. Keith	Isabel A. McRae
Josephine M. Snitzler	Helen L. Gravenstein	Helen M. Barrett
Josephine C. Kohler	Beulah L. Manausa	Margaret M. Keenan
Catherine M. Schnitzler	Helen N. Larkins	Lawrence E. Dondero
Veronica M. Murray	Paul W. Duhamel	Bernedette B. Kenned
James A. Kennedy	Cecil N. O'Hora	John Tuohy
Alethe M. Taylor	Joseph H. McDonald	Marie M. Quinlan
James F. O'Brien	Helen E. McDonald	Frederick R. McDonald
Margaret J. Keith	Clarence Keenan	Margaret R. McKinnon
Eugene T. Fitzgerald	Raymond J. Keith	

## ..TO THE SOPHOMORES

The Sophomores! long may they remain,  
A 'top the ladder still called Fame;  
All poets gay will truly sing,  
Of blithesome maids whose voices ring;  
With song and laughter light as Spring,  
And banish worry as a thing  
They ne'er should to the schoolroom bring,  
Of boys who royally saunter in  
A little late but that's not sin;  
Each one is every inch a king  
And with them kingly graces bring;  
If fame is f'ome, and men are men,  
'Tis they that'll noted be, I ken.



*P* FRESHMAN CLASS, '19

*Under*



# The Freshmen, '19

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## Officers

William J. Foley.....President  
Elizabeth McDonald.....Treasurer  
Raymond J. Sweeney.....Secretary

## Class Flower

LILY OF THE VALLEY

## Class Colors

GREEN AND WHITE

## The Class

Mary L. Kaiser    Geraldine U. Quinlan    Teresa Smithers  
Loretta B. Dillon    Carrie M. Simmer    Bernice M. Duffy  
Viola A. McCormick    Gladys V. Gimney    Irene H. Haley  
Bernedette L. O'Brien    Anabel G. Fitzgerald    William J. Foley  
Marie Morrison    Christopher F. Torpey    Jeanette A. McKinnon  
Elias A. Kaiser    Marie B. Kenney    Clarence E. Gorman  
Mary E. Paisley    Thomas A. Manley    Agnes C. Gallagher  
Ivo C. Casey    Elizabeth C. McDonald    Charles E. Casey  
Mary E. Tuohy    Raymond J. Sweeney    Christine A. Murray  
Margaret Paisley

## TO THE FRESHMEN, '19

On knowledge's deep blue sea,  
Lately embarked crafts ten times three;  
Sturdy crafts by valiant captains steered,  
And thus far every reef have cleared.  
They are the Freshmen of the Academy,  
Who ne'er undaunted by storms shall be;  
Sail on, Oh Mariners, 'til the port is seen,  
And you reach the shores of fair '19.



**REV. WM. McCANN**

Class 1902



**REV. JAMES P. KANE**

Class 1908





# Alumni-Notes



## Officers

Miss Loretta McDonald, '96.....	President
Miss Helen Dittman, '96.....	Vice-President
Miss Anna Kenney, '03.....	Secretary
Harold Donoghue, '13.....	Treasurer

## To the Alumni

Turn back, the pages slowly,  
Memory's pages; let the past  
With the present joys so holy,  
In our hearts be ever clasped.

### II.

Memory's pages as we're turning  
Let us stop and breathe a prayer,  
Drop a tear to soothe the yearning  
For the souls who God's day share.

### III.

O'er these pages let us linger  
Here are hearts with youth's fervor aflame,  
Two souls "touched by God's own finger,"  
Called to labor for His Name.

### IV.

In the hearts of some there dwelt,  
Longings of the noble souled,  
In them the Master's call was felt  
They as daughters of St. Dominic enrolled.

### V.

There are those who are daily teaching  
By their words and by their deeds,  
May their efforts be far reaching  
To supply a nation's needs.

### VI.

It is the dearest word that tongue can speak,  
For it is "home" that some have made;  
Unselfish fathers, mothers gentle, meek,  
May God's choicest blessings on your heads be laid.

### VII.

Dear Alumni you have taught  
In this life to do our share,  
In our lives there must be wrought,  
Works of labor and of prayer

# ALUMNI

1893

Louise Garvin (Farrel).....Owosso, Mich.  
Lilian Flood (McMahon).....Toledo  
Catherine Fraser.....Mt. Pleasant  
Mary McCue.....Mt. Pleasant  
\*Nettie McRae (Blondheim).....

1896

Rose Garvin (Pendergast).....Owosso  
Catherine O'Boyle (Sr. M. Liguori O. S. D.).....Grand Rapids  
Fanny Sweeney (Huber).....  
Margaret Munro, Teacher.....Grand Rapids  
Clara Maloney.....  
Loretta McDonald.....Mt. Pleasant  
Helen Dittmann.....Mt. Pleasant

1897

Nellie Garvin (Carey).....Temple, Mich.  
Bessie Garvin.....Mt. Pleasant  
Nellie McCue, Teacher.....Detroit  
May Kane (Ryan).....Merrill  
\*Agnes Donovan (Rutherford).....  
Margaret Battle, Teacher.....Allegan

1898

Nellie Kane (Gee).....Plainwell  
Mary Rush.....Mt. Pleasant

1899

May Davis (Sheehan).....New York City  
Mary McRae (Bossinger).....Auburn, Mich.  
Catherine Shanahan (Garvin).....Owosso  
Mary Sullivan (Tobin).....Frankfort, Mich.  
Elizabeth Sullivan, Teacher.....Flint  
Elizabeth McCue, Teacher.....Minneapolis  
Elizabeth McKinnon, Teacher.....Minneapolis

1900

Frank McCann, Merchant.....Sturgis  
Madge Davis.....Mt. Pleasant  
Mary Shanahan.....Mt. Pleasant  
Mabel Sullivan (Frost).....Jackson  
Catherine Powell, Teacher.....Great Falls, Mont.  
Lena Gallagher (Somerville).....Mt. Pleasant  
Nellie Wilmot (Scully).....

1901

\*Eva Sweeney .....  
Helen Davis (Sr. M. Perpetua O. S. D.).....Grand Rapids  
Catherine McGuire (Gannon).....Mt. Pleasant  
Mary McGuire, Teacher.....Akron, O.  
Nellie Quin (Carey).....Toledo  
Theresa Lynch (Hagen).....Mt. Pleasant  
Bessie McCann (Conley).....Mt. Pleasant

1902

Rev. Wm. McCann, Grand Seminary.....Montreal, P. Q.  
Mabel Garvin, Teacher.....Saulte Ste. Marie

May Garvin, Teacher.....Detroit  
 Cloris Sweeney (Kane).....Mt. Pleasant  
 Nellie Kenney (Sr. M. Geraldine O. S. D.).....Grand Rapids  
 Margaret Logan (Hackett).....Mt. Pleasant

1903

\*Harry Kane.....  
 Alex Murphy.....Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Viola O'Hora (Murphy).....Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Anna Kinney.....Columbus, O.  
 \*Margaret Duffy .....

1904

Andrew Donovan.....Mt. Pleasant  
 A. J. McCarthy, Druggist.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Nellie Ballister, Teacher.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Agnes Shanahan, Teacher.....Lansing  
 Mary Kenney (Donoghue).....Mt. Pleasant

1905

Louise McCarthy (McMahon).....Petoskey  
 Agnes Battle.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Sara Smithers (Sr. M. Jerome O. S. D.).....Grand Rapids  
 Mary Breidenstein, Teacher.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Elizabeth Duffy, Teacher.....Akron, O.

1906

Sabina Kane.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Agnes O'Hora (Lynch).....New York City  
 Margaret McCarthy, Teacher.....Sault Ste Marie  
 Agnes Welsh.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Beatrice Dondero, Teacher.....Minneapolis

1907

Zita Carey, Teacher.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Eva Carey (Webb).....Cadillac  
 Nellie Welsh, Teacher.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Mary Sullivan (Sr. M. Euphrasia O. S. D.).....Grand Rapids  
 Margaret O'Hora, Teacher.....Lansing  
 Jennie Murray (Finnigan).....Detroit  
 Lenore Summers (Quinn).....Huntington, W. Va.

1908

Rev. Jas. Kane, Grand Seminary.....Montreal, P. Q.  
 Mary E. Sweeney, Teacher.....Lansing  
 Mary E. Fraser (Sr. M. Grace O. S. D.).....Grand Rapids  
 Marie Flood (La Goe).....Marion  
 Theresa Murphy, Nurse, Mercy Hospital.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Sibbie Sullivan, Teacher.....Midland  
 Anna Sullivan, Teacher.....Flint  
 Rose Walsh, Teacher.....Flint  
 Brigetta Murray.....Student at Normal  
 Angela McCarthy.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Hazel Carey (Baker).....Boyne City  
 Eleanor Sheridan.....Marquette

1909

Namara.....

May McDonald, Teacher.....Akron, O.  
 Rose Kenney, Teacher.....Petoskey  
 Mary Walsh.....Student at U. of M.  
 Alice Fitzgerald, Teacher.....Detroit  
 Ethel Garvin, Nurse.....Big Rapids

# 1910

Joseph Kane.....Detroit  
 John Sidley.....Detroit  
 Roy Dondero.....Student at U. of M.  
 Frank Young.....Detroit  
 Ethel McDonald, Teacher.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Retha Doris (Sr. M. Eucharista O. S. D.).....Grand Rapids  
 Margaret O'Brien, Teacher.....Wenatchee, Wash,  
 Vera Welsh, Teacher.....Coleman  
 Bernedette Garvin.....Mt. Clemens  
 Rose Donovan.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Mae O'Hora, Teacher.....Lake City  
 Rose Sweeney, Teacher.....Ionia  
 Ethel McRae, Teacher.....Detroit  
 Agatha Kaiser (Sr. Florian O. S. D.).....Grand Rapids

# 1911

Liguori Carey.....Student Detroit University  
 Leo McDonald, Teacher.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Aloysius McCann.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Hayden Gallagher.....Student Central State Normal  
 Ellen McNamara.....Detroit  
 Josephine McNamara, Teacher.....Traverse City  
 Sara Garvin (Barnes).....Gardena, Cal.  
 Ursula McDonald, Teacher.....Mesick  
 Loretta Battle, Teacher.....Newberry  
 Susie Manion, (Fraser).....Traverse City  
 Rosella Murray, Teacher.....St. Johns  
 Agatha O'Hora.....Mt. Pleasant  
 May Young, Teacher.....Ray City  
 Blanche McCormick.....Sherman City  
 Anna Mitchell, Teacher.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Tilla Kaiser, Teacher.....Benton Harbor  
 Margaret Barry, Teacher.....Minneapolis  
 Mary Houlihan.....Mt. Clemens

# 1912

Wm. Fraser.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Leon McRae.....Virginia, Minn.  
 Vincent McRae.....Toledo  
 Frank Sullivan.....Ann Arbor  
 Clara O'Brien, Teacher.....Boyne City  
 Pauline Peck.....Mt. Pleasant  
 Margaret Snitzler, Teacher.....Frankfort  
 Marie Leahy.....Detroit  
 Margaret Garvin.....Mt. Pleasant

Agnes Mitchell.....	Rosebush
Beatrice Mahoney, Teacher.....	Saginaw
Mary Campbell, Teacher.....	Mt. Pleasant
Carrie Corcoran, Teacher.....	Mt. Pleasant
Ruth Ferrigan, Teacher.....	
Mary Murphy, Nurse.....	Grand Rapids
Elizabeth Murphy (De Wale).....	Grayling

#### 1913

Leo Casey, Postoffice.....	Mt. Pleasant
Harold Donahue, Postoffice.....	Mt. Pleasant
Mary Donahue (Sr. M. Robert O. S. D.).....	Grand Rapids
Eleanor Marthy, Nurse S. Mary's Hospital.....	Saginaw
Blaid Sweeney, Teacher.....	Manistique
Ruth McDonald.....	Mt. Pleasant
Anna McCarthy (Sr. M. Veritas O. S. D.).....	Grand Rapids
Mabel Summer.....	Student at Normal
Mamie Carey (Gaudard).....	Mt. Pleasant
Katherine Sheehan (Bollmann).....	Mt. Pleasant
Rose Engler, Teacher.....	Mt. Pleasant

#### 1914

Hoyt Taylor, Student.....	Kirkville, Iowa
John Battle.....	Mt. Pleasant
Cletus Murray.....	Mt. Pleasant
Florence Carey, Stenographer.....	Alma
Mabel McCormick, Teacher.....	Mt. Pleasant
Rosella O'Brien, Teacher.....	Cashmere, Wash.
Grace Evans.....	Mt. Pleasant
Rhea Gorman, Teacher.....	Mt. Pleasant
Lenore Murray.....	Student at the Normal
Lena Kohler.....	Student at the Normal
Loyola Gallagher.....	Student at the Normal

#### 1915

Chas. McDonald.....	Student Central State Normal
Frank Quinlan, Teacher.....	Mt. Pleasant
Thomas O'Hora, Student at Normal.....	Mt. Pleasant
Joseph McIsaac, Student Campion College, Prairie Du Chien, Wis.	
Colin McRae.....	Detroit
Marie O'Brien.....	Student Central State Normal
Loretta McDonald.....	Student Central State Normal
Anna O'Hora.....	Mt. Pleasant
Rose Mitchell.....	Student Central State Normal
Agatha Manausa.....	Student Central State Normal
Margaret Powell.....	Student Ceneral State Normal
Margaret Brust (Sr. M. Walburga O. S. D.).....	Grand Rapids
Evelyne O'Brien, Teacher.....	Remus

\* Deceased Members.



# POINTED-PARAGRAPHS

Lucile: "I wonder why Sister——holds up her dress that way."

Marie: "Its just a 'habit'."

(A freshman searching for paper which has disappeared): "There must be a Miss—take here."

Sec.: "We hope to make our next Literary extremely interesting."

Leo: "Must be going to serve refreshments."

C. Ryan: "I have a fine sense of the humorous."

Helen: "Yes so fine that one needs a microscope to detect it."

Ed.: "Just look around and see all the girls that aren't here."

Junior: "I'm trying my best to get ahead."

Senior: "Every one knows you need one."

Maymie (12th Eng.): "O by the way, I found something in the encyclopedia today I never knew before."

Sr. to Bernadette in Physics: "32 F is the freezing point of what?"

Bernadette: "O! of melting ice."

Freshie: "I thought you took Algebra last year."

Irene G.: "I did, but the Sisters encored me."

## Chemistry—

Object: To show effects of  $H_2O$ .

Material:  $H_2O$  and a tooth brush.

Result: Wonderful!

Teacher in Arith.: "Marie, reduce your feet."

Marie: "I can't."

Fresh.: "At our banquets we toast the absent members."

Senior: "Funny! at ours we roast 'em."

Ed.: "I've been reading 'A Man Without a Country'." Sad, isn't it?

Eloise: "Oh, I don't know," a "Country Without a Man," would be sadder."

Bill F.: "Have you the confidence to lend me a quarter?"

Marg. K.: "I've got the confidence but not the quarter."

"Late to bed, early to rise,

Makes the Seniors rub their eyes,

Late to bed, late to school,

Makes our teachers enforce the rule."

Helen: "Wouldn't you like to have 'time out' for lunch after every class, a week's vacation every other week, your teachers as lazy as you

are, and no tests—no book reports—no nothing?"

To Sophs and Freshies:

When you're foolin' in the Library,

And having lots of fun,

A-laughin' and a-jabberin'

As if your time had come;

You'd better watch your courses,

And keep kinder lookin' out,

Er the Sisters will ketch you,

And make you wish you're out.

Can You Imagine:

Academy with a basketball team.

Marie Calhoun with black hair.

Catherine Ryan dancing the "Charlie."

Seniors agreeing at a "class meeting."

Lucile Johnson in a hurry.

Frances Ryan fussing.

Irene Garvin remaining silent.

Kathleen Sweeney not posing.

Juniors Giving a J-hop:

Wanted?—A rest—Seniors.

Something exciting to happen—Lucile.

Private "Lessons in German"—Eloise.

More sleep—Edward.

Some gum—Marie Calhoun.

My own way—Leo Carey.

A strong chair—Christina M.

We Wonder:

What C. Keenan's second name is?

If there is a Senior (boy) with the middle name of Adam?

Where L. D. stores all he gets out of story books?

How such marks happen to appear on the test papers?

Where notes go to?

Why all the kings of England and Queens, too, did not have the same name? So much easier to remember.

Why E. O. H., '17, does not write a Geometry?

Time and tide wait for no man.

Neither do the teachers for Note Books.

## Advice

Oh! yes we were a careless crowd,  
As careless as could be;  
We never tried to learn our tasks,  
But work did always flee.

### II.

We lost much time at dreaming dreams,  
And thinking life just play;  
And when at night sweet slumber came,  
Had wasted one more day.

### III.

We dressed and frisked and won applause,  
But studied not a word,  
To think that we will pass in June,  
Is really quite absurd.

### IV.

So all you wise at S. H. A.,  
Come, whisper close around;  
Don't ever, ever foolish be,  
But just sit down and pound.

### V.

Just work and push and plug along,  
Until at last in June,  
With flowers blooming everywhere,  
You won't be filled with gloom.

### VI.

And when at last the notes are read,  
How happy you will be,  
To hear that you have passed ahead,  
Take our advice and see.—I. G., '17.

## Academy Library Table

Pride and Prejudice.....	Catherine McNamara
The Tatler.....	Raymond
The Spectator.....	Fr. Brogger
The Guardian.....	Sister
Pippa Passes.....	Eloise
The Excursion.....	Sent out of Class
All's Well that End's Well.....	June 21
Virtue Rewarded.....	Report Day
Paradise Lost.....	Free Day
Paradise Regained.....	Never
Vanity Fair.....	Catherine Ryan
Night Thoughts.....	Tomorrow's Lesson
The Princess.....	Kathleen
Cry of the Children.....	Often Heard
The Recluse.....	Edward
Tales of the Hall.....	Without Number

## Things that Count

Talent .....	Health
Training .....	Purpose
Environment .....	Work
Tact .....	Love of Art

## To the Juniors

(A Reply.)

### I.

Your time will come next year let's hope,  
So don't be blue and start to mope;  
Because you know it is the rule,  
That Seniors always lead the school.

### II.

In fact your knowledge does excel,  
The lower classes—that's very well,  
But when it comes to Seniors true,  
To try to beat them—don't ever do.

### III.

When Privileges to us are given,  
Just remember we are—"The Eleven,"  
And if you work as we have done,  
You'll be entitled to our fun.

### IV.

O yes! you're envied?—that's alright,  
But when June 21st, that eventful night  
Comes 'round with all its honors true,  
Who'll be envied then?—Not you!

### V.

As Seniors we will say you're rare,  
And so, our criticism we will spare;  
For life and brains we know you lack,  
But study hard—you'll get them back.

—JOKE EDITORS—E. J. & H. K.

## Popular Song Hits

- "He Comes up Smiling,"—Ed.
- "Beatrice Fairfax"—Marie.
- "If You Only Had My Disposition"—Kathleen.
- "Chinese Blues"—Irene Casey.
- "Cutie"—Catherine Ryan.
- "I Wonder if They Think of Me at Home?"—Leo.
- "What is Love?"—Lucile.
- "I'm a Lonesome Melody"—Eloise.
- "Pretty Little Firefly"—Bernadette.
- "Memories"—Mamie.

Geometry is a mystic mix,  
That set our heads atwirling;  
We sit in class bewildered quite,  
Our pencils all awirling.  
Theology is bad enough,  
It haunts our dreams alright;  
But goodness, gracious, it isn't as bad  
As geometry day and night.