



SKIP DAY

By Bob and John

Beaming faces of the seniors made everybody happy. We were off for a big day. Everybody was yelling and preparing to load the two big buses, which drove up about a quarter of eight.

By 8:20 the class was on their way to the Indiana State Dunes where they were to spend the day. We arrived about 9:45. After unloading the good, everyone made a mad dash to the lake for the first time this year.

Although the lake was extremely cold, we found a few of our daring boys attempting to go in. Three boys didn't go in swimming, but were well soaked.

Our chaperones Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Schultz, who accompanied, and I might add were good sports, seemed to enjoy themselves as much as the students.

Shortly after arriving, the food was opened and the hungry campers made an enormous dent in the contents. Some of the contents enclosed in the large bulk of food included potato salads, bean salads, hot dogs, pickles, cokes, etc.

After everyone had filled his pouches, they again started off on the many trails which led from the pavillion to the lake. Not being very experienced themselves, a few of the students found themselves lost in the vast area.

After climbing hills, crossing streams, walking through wooded areas, and pushing each other down sand dunes, the tired and hungry senior class headed for the pavillion to finish off the food left from the afternoon snack.

The rest of the day was spent close to the pavillion except for a wandering few, who didn't show up for the evening meal.

Approximately 6:30 the buses returned to take the weary bunch home. While loading to leave, some of the students made up a searching party to look for those who hadn't returned.

All was fair for the skip day except for an unexpected accident occurred when one of our students collapsed at the top of a hill in hysteria.

So concludes another senior skip day, which I'm sure will be long remembered by everyone in the Class of '48.

SENIORS HONORED BY P.T.A.

By Rose Schiller

Scholarship awards were presented to the following seniors May 6, at the P.T.A. chile supper.

Richard Adams, Commerce; Louis Amato, Commerce and Social Studies; Flora Armour, Vocational; Patsy Bates, Commerce; James Berger, English; Lois Butterbaugh, Commerce; Donald Cornwell, Vocational; Delmar Gardner, English; Mary Koli, Music; Phylis Rinearson, Commerce; Patricia Shoup, Social Studies, Language and Commerce; Martha Virgil, Social Studies; and Harold Webber, Vocational.

Patricia Shoup was also recently honored with the county D.A.R. award.

PERFECT ATTENDANCE

By Theresa Stopinski

Mary Lou Bonebrake, Jean Grabowski, and Bob Landick have maintained a perfect attendance during the last four years of high school.

Anita Kendall had a perfect attendance during her senior year of school.

During their junior year of high school, Patsy Shoup and Billie McIntyre had perfect attendance.

Joyce Lane

Joyce Lane

CLASS WILL

I, Dick Adams, do hereby will my ability to find "graveyards" in Pinhook, to Richard Johnson, who thinks it will make a "good" excuse.

I, Dorothy Aident, do hereby will my ability to know all there is to know about bookkeeping to Mrs. Kearney. Please note her thin soles and gray hair.

I, Louise Amato, do hereby will my ability to make mistakes in bookkeeping to that strong-hearted junior, Anna Toth.

I, Flora Armout, do hereby will my natural colored auburn hair to Dale Walsh.

I, Eunice Augh, do hereby will my ability to keep the food in my locker away from Dick Adams to anyone having trouble with mice.

I, Dick Ault, do hereby will my Pilot license to Mrs. Barber who is always flying off the handle.

I, Nancy Barrett, do hereby will my seat in Journalism Class to anyone who can get along with Mr. Rogers.

I, Pat Bates, do hereby will my ability to smile at everyone to Miss Kegebein.

I, Jaunita Beach, do hereby will my ability to go steady with someone out of school to Evelyn Blackford-- who has done so well this past year.

I, James Berger, in sound mind, do hereby will my short cut to Granger to Jack Brady.

I, Mary Lou Bonebrake, do hereby will my maidenly ability to blush to Jeanette Harbaugh.

I, Verna Jeanne Bybee, do hereby will my borrowed fountain to the one that has it.

I, Kenny Call, do hereby will my typewriter in Miss Bradley's class to any junior who can handle it.

I, Frank Claeys, do hereby will my physics book to anyone with the ability to copy.

I, Richard Clauser, do hereby will my ability of shyness, to Sally Mowers who needs it.

I, J. C. Corley, do hereby will my ability to get along with Mr. Eaton to Dale Walsh.

I, Donald Cornwell, do hereby will nothing because it took all I could scrape up to graduate.

I, Gene Dunnuck, do hereby will my position at Schult's Traylor Company to anyone who thinks he can take it.

I, Ed. Finkenbinder, do hereby will my ability to sleep in class to Dwight Smith.

I, Jacquelyn Forsythe, do hereby will my ability to get my bookkeeping assignments done to that bright little freshman girl, Doris Dahl.

I, Velma Fowler, do hereby will my front porch swing to Donna Howard and Carol Patterson, who I think could make good use of it.

I, Pinky Gardner, do hereby will ability to get along with Dave Gallup of the South Bend Tribune, to Bill Yena who will take over my position on the Colonial next year.

I, Jean Grabowski, do hereby will my chair in Library to anyone who thinks they can stay in it.

I, Bill Graham, do hereby will my ability to get along with all my teachers to any junior who may need it.

I, Lucille Handley, do hereby will my love for motorcycles to anyone who wants it.

I, Norma Hartung, do hereby will my ability to blush to Mr. Olin, who can go through sociology class without changing colors.

I, Jane Huddleston, do hereby will my laugh to Gerald Snyder, as he has enough oil to take care of it.

I, Russ Huss, do hereby will twenty of my hundred ninety pounds of fat to Bobby Leeds.

I, Regina Ivory, do hereby will my determination to be an old maid to any girl silly enough to think it impossible.

I, Nita Kendall, do hereby will my shy and bashful manner to the girl that needs it -- Shirley Holmes.

I, Mary Kohli, do hereby will my ability to get out of Mr. Olin's class to any Junior who wants it.

I, Lorriane Kubiak, do hereby will my ability to go steady with a boy from Niles, to any junior girl willing to take the responsibility.

I, Francis Lenninget, do hereby will my acre at Pinhook to anyone who is capable of handling it.

I, June Lowe, do hereby will my ability to get set on the fountain at a class party to anyone who hates to take a bath.

I, Terry Lucas, do hereby will my temper to anyone who has tact to undo any wrong done by it.

I, Beverly Lusher, do hereby will my typing eraser, that I recommend highly for being honest and faithful down to the last layer, to Sylvia Paskiet because she can sure use it.

I, Pat May, do hereby will my ability to dance on roller skates to Martha Singer, who just can't seem to skate at all.

I, Billie Jean McIntyre, do hereby will my ability to close the door in Mr. Olin's room to any junior who has enough strength.

I, Charles McNerney, do hereby will my ability of being a good boy to Garry Borkowski, a rip roaring sophomore.

I, Jo Megan, do hereby will my naturally curly hair to Mr. Rogers whose last Toni didn't take.

I, Donald Myers, do hereby will my physics book to anyone who can stand to sit nine months in physics class.

I, Loran Miller, do hereby will my ability to play the field to Dick Johnson.

I, Delmer O'Dell, do hereby will my taxi service to the very capable Ricky Miller.

I, Bert Reader, do hereby will my acre at Pinhook to that boy who has

been using it quite frequently, Buck Clobridge.

I, Mary Reed, do hereby will my love for Western music to anyone who wants it.

I, Phyllis Rinearson, do hereby will my porch light to Sally mowers so when she comes home from a date she can see which fellow she's with.

I, Beatrice Robinson, do hereby will Mr. Rogers a recording of "go back to study hall" so he will not have to use his voice as much next year.

I, Rose Schiller, do hereby will my ability to chew bubble gum in Mr. Roger's class, without getting a "black spot", to Carol Thomas.

I, Shirley Schneck, do hereby will my shorthand book to any junior who wants it.

I, Marjorie Schrader, do hereby will my ability to stand on the back porch without my mother turning on the light, to anyone who is quiet enough to get away with it.

I, Pat Shoup, do hereby will my ability to get along with Mr. Ernst in Latin class to that unfortunate sophomore, Jim Haney, who gets a D for one mistake.

I, Theresa Stopinski, do hereby will my unknown vim, vigor, and vitality to Anna Toth who takes double doses of vitamin pills every day.

I, Glen Swift, do hereby will my tumbling ability to Jane Danielson. (Mrs. Kearney told me to will this to her.)

We, Bob Landick and John Thompson, do hereby will our sense of humor to any junior who can get away with it.

I, Gordon Thomson, do hereby leave my ability to declare holiday to any sucker who thinks he can get away with it.

I, Eleanor Thouhey, do hereby will my ability to have just one "heart interest" to my sister, who has so many.

I, Martha Virgil, do hereby will my Oldsmobile to Mr. Olin, who delights in seeing the backend follow the front end around a corner ten minutes later.

I, Mary Alice Wagner, do hereby will my love for music to anyone who wants it.

I, Lois Butterbaugh, do hereby will my Sub-Deb jacket to anyone who can't keep warm on those hayrides.

I, Tom Haney, do hereby will my curly hair to Mr. Olin.

I, Ed Kubiak, do hereby will my sense of direction to anyone lost in Dunes State Park.

I, Mary Lou Haskins, do hereby will my ability to get along without men to the many who need it.

I, Harold Webber, do hereby will my ability to work nights to anyone who can make good excuses.

CLASS WILLS

By J. Berger

In keeping with traditions of Washington Clay, the senior class of 1948 has made ready for publication on the last will and testament of the survivors of the group that started in 1944.

This will cannot be found anywhere but in this issue of the Colonial, therefore it would be nice to have these wills stapled in the back of your 1948 annual. Many thanks from the Colonial Staff to seniors and the rest of the students here at Clay for their cooperation in making the Colonial a success.

SENIOR SCANDAL

By Seniors

Martha Virgil seems so happy lately I wonder why. Come on, Martha, tell us.

Eleanor Touhey and Lennie hasn't set a certain date yet.

Gordon Thompson, your voice is improving considerably since the class party.

SENIOR SCANDAL

By Seniors

Dick Adams is really thrilled about the prom--Her name is Marilyn Foster--She's from Central.

We see Dorothy Aident has been happy lately--her ring is really beautiful.

Louis Amato was seen at the Prom with an alumni -- Ronald DeArmon.

Privacy is wonderful if you can find it-- ask the senior boys who went swimming skip day.

The cemetery at Pinhook was the center of attraction after the senior class party--gads what a drab evening--Ha, Ha.

We see Richard Ault has taken over a junior position. What have you got to say about this, Betty Solbrig?

How is Nancy Barrett getting along with her men. Is it still that senior boy, Nancy?

Jaunita Beach seems to be getting along just swell with her man from Osceola.

We see James Berger's leg got better. Just in time for the Prom, Jim.

What was Mary Lou Bonebrake all broke up about skip day. Were you lost, Mary Lou?

We see Lois Butterbaugh is still keeping the torch burning for Harold Asire.

What's wrong, Kenny Call, you and Chris were doing fine.

I know of a certain senior girl that wanted to go to the Prom with Richard Clauser. You could never guess!

Well, Don Cornwell, is it the real thing this time. We hope so.

Mary Dunivant and J. C. Corley are back together again. This is getting to be a puzzle.

Velma Fowler sure blushes when Anita Kendall starts talking in journalism class. Why, Velma?

What do you think of Pinky Gardner's nice red curl. That is really cute, Pinky.

What happened to your Saint Joe Academy girl, Bill Graham?

Is it true Tom Haney is going to the Rainbow dance?

Norma Hartung's favorite dancing is square dancing now. You are really good at it, Norma.

Believe it or not, it's the end of the school year and Charlie and Jane are still going together.

When is the great day Russ Huss?

We see Regina Ivory is still being paged. Nice new green convertible.

Nita Kendall is looking forward to the great day of matrimony.

Lorraine is still going with the fellow from Niles. Good Luck to you, Lorraine.

I guess Francis Leininger really shut Margie Schrader up in bookkeeping class.

What is this about Bob Landick not going to the Prom. Have you and your Riley girl fallen out, Bob?

Boy, Terry Lucas was having a good time at the skip day party.

Yes, I saw you Terry. Stop beaming.

Say, Willie got home just in time for a prom didn't he Billie McIntyre?

Joan Megan has finally set the date at October 2. We wish you both lots of luck, Jo.

Skip Miller went to the prom with an alumni, too, Norma Hill.

Bert Reader got a nice portable radio from Nancy for graduation.

Could it be you who wanted that senior boy to ask you to the Prom, Phyllis Rinearson?

Delmer O'Dell seems to be settled down now to one girl.

Rose Schiller is happy, too. She has her man for keeps, it looks like.

John Thompson, is still the Romeo he was at the beginning of the year.

Well this about finishes this column for the year and we hope you juniors have a happy senior year like we seniors have had this year. And have a fine skip day too.

JANE OF THE SENIOR CLASS (By "Blondie")

Our Jane of the senior class is that sweet little Korean girl with raven black hair and snappy brown eyes, whose slim figure you see walking through the hall, is none other than the Secretary of the class for the past four years.

Her hobbies are reading and sewing, and as far as sports she likes basketball.

After graduation she is going to work as secretary at the Northwestern Life Insurance Company.
(Anyone need insurance.)

She is head of the advertising committee for the annual and has done very good work.

Courteousness, reliability, cheerfulness, loyalty, friendliness and nice to be around, may also describe our Jane of the Senior class.

Who?????

Eunice Augh

JOE OF THE SENIOR CLASS By Dick Adams

Our Joe for the week is six feet tall and has dark brown hair and he loves basketball.

He hails from Granger and is fond of good sports. His favorite ambition is farming and plans to make this his occupation. He lives on a 200 acre farm and plans to work there this summer.

When it comes to citizenship no one seems to fit the picture more in the minds of all seniors than this boy. He has a good American heritage and hopes to show this American likeness to all his friends.

His favorite hobby is making up new music from his "ears". He also enjoys making new friends and enjoys meeting new people.

Our Joe for this week is that one and only Francis Leininger.

CLASS PROPHECY

By Dick Adams

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is station W. C. H. S., coming to you from the broadcasting room the the Metropolitan Opear House.

This evening it will be my pleasure and honor to point out to you a few of the celebrities as they enter the Met tonight. Tonight will be a night to remember of glitter and society. From our control booth you may see the celebrities entering and where they will sit.

At the door they will be greeted by tall, husky, EDWARD KUBIAK, head doorman and bouncer.

Coats and hats will be checked by that short, snappy number JUNE LOWE, (formerly known as pick-pocket Mae.)

Oh, Oh! Here comes the first car of the evening. Out of it steps lovely MARY KOHLI, escorted by JAMES BERGER, (Miss Kohli is the owner of the worthless diamond). James Berger is that wealthy man about town in Granger.

Here in the vestibule we find many well-known people. On my left is MARY REED, one of the Powers' Models, escorted by DELMER O'DELL, who is the owner of the well-known "Digger O'Dell Funeral Home".

Over to the right is tall, blond, Dorothy Aident. She is working at the delicatessen down the street.

Oh! coming into the door now is that famous singer EUNICE AUGH. Miss Augh is now singing for another year with the Onion and Pineapple Bowl in Cogragm.

Coming behind Miss Augh, is FLORA ARMOUR. Miss Armour is known as the Red Torch here in New York.

In the cocktail lounge we see many familiar faces. At the bar is BERT READER. Mr. Reader has a room rented at the local bar so he can be there when they open in the morning.

In the lounge on my left is JOHN THOMPSON, local man about town.

Hi-ya, Gordon. Folks, that was GORDON THOMPSON. He is my garbage man. Gordon is married to NITA KENDALL, that famour designer in Hoboken.

There in the nearest booth is KENNETH CALL and his wife the former JACKIE FORSYTHE. They have been known to handle the furs of Mrs. Joan Miller. Mrs. Miller was the famous JOAN MEAGAN and is married to LOREN MILLER who is working in the beanery down on Bronx Ave.

Checking his coat at the check room, is GENE DUNNUCK. Mr. Dunnuck will perform tonight. His number is Clare De Lune. I wonder if he brought Clare along to help.

Next in line is Mr. and Mrs. RICHARD AULT. Mrs. Ault was the former LOUIS AMATO. Mr. Ault runs the lights here at the Met.

Don't stare too hard but here comes Mrs. Glen Swift. Mr's. Swift was the former ELEANOR TOUHEY and has been married to the following men: HAROLD WEBBER, RICHARD CLAUSER, and GLEN SWIFT, all who have died of poisoning of some kind.

There entering the golden horseshoe is Mr. and Mrs. EDWARD FINKINBINDER. was the former JEAN GRABOWSKI, famous accordionist with the local concerts.

Here comes different cigarette girls as they come by I see NANCY BARRETT, PATSY BATES, and MARY LOU BONEBRAKE.

These girls have very nice costumes on and they certainly are snappy.

Back in the control booth I see most of the boxes are filled on the sides. Up near the front I see Mr. and Mrs. FRANK CLAEYS. Mrs. Claeys was the former VELMA FOWLER who is part owner of Robertson store.

In the fifth row near the center aisle is Mr. DONALD CORNWELL;

Mr. Cornwell goes with many girls and I see now he is with Miss LUCILLE HANDLEY, who poses for the famous Varga girl pictures. There next to them is CHARLES McNERNEY and his newest bride, the former VERNA BYBEE, who is formerly from Florida.

I wish all of you could see the nearest booth. Into it just stepped ROBERT LANDICK, who is the second Tommy Manville. With him tonight is LOIS BUTTERBAUGH. Others who have been with him are PAT MAY, TERRY LUCAS and many others.

Within a few minutes the show will start. There in the orchestra box is WILLIAM GRAHAM at the drums in the rear. The conductor for tonight is WILLIAM POST. Mrs. Post is the former JANE HUDDLESTUN.

All is quiet now !!! There go the curtains. Listen to that ovation. On the stage is DELMER O'DELL and J. C. CORLEY. The program states that they will do a duet in "The Flight of the Bumble Bee."

I see from my booth that famed singer FRANCIS LEININGER and BILLIE McINTRYE waiting in the wings to come on.

There in the first row I see many of the well-known Dolly girls. Some of them are NORMA HARTUNG, and LORRAINE KUBIAK, MARY LOU HASKINS and REGINA IVORY. These girls can be currently seen in "The Old Gals" on Broadway.

You should have just seen that flash of diamonds. That was JAUNITA BEACH and her friend DONALD MEYER. They have been going together for years and can't decide.

Oh yes, and there is that handsome TOM HANEY who is a wealthy bachelor about town and who doesn't want a wife.

The janitor, RUSSELL HUSS, was just talking to me and he says this is a very big crowd.

The next soloist on the stage is BEVERLY LUSHER, great soprano of Indiana.

As usual all ritzy people arrive late and there comes PHYLLIS RINEARSON and her girl friend NANCY GIESSEL, who is the most talked about girl here in New York, as she has just won the Nobel Prize.

Oh! yes, then is the old maid of New York, MARTHA VIRGIL. Miss Virgil is known as a man hater. Here in the last act are the spring lovers of girls who are MARGE SCHRADER, contralto, ROSE SCHILLER, soprano, and PATSY SHOUP as tenor.

As we leave the Met tonight I see THERESA STOPINSKI in the popcorn stand near the door and over there by the carpet is BEATRICE ROBINSON reporting for the New York Times and SHIRLEY SCHNECK is here in all her glitter, as she will hold a dinner in her penthouse tonight for all the performers. There with Miss Schneck is that Italian soprano-- Mary Alice Wagner, just back from a tour in England. Well the Met is quiet now and all the glitter is gone, except for the janitors broom sweeping the aisles.

Good Nite-- this is Station W.C.H.S. signing off, where 65 seniors have met tonight.

STORMY WEATHER By Richard Adams

The sky was overcast with a deep, murky black, as Jimmy Van Dyke hurried along the railroad tracks that skirted along the back of his grandmother's house in Pineville.

(Continued on next page)

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"SENIOR SPORTSMEN"
 For Coach Hershel Eaton
 By Pinky Gardner

NAME	Varsity	*Basketball	Basketball	Baseball	Softball	Track
Kenneth Call		2-3-4	1	1-2-3-4	2-3-4	2-3
Frank Claeys				2-3-4	3-4	
J. C. Corley		3	1-2	3-4	3-4	
Don Cornwell		3-4	1-2	2	3-4	2
Tom Haney				2-3-4	3-4	4
Russell Huss		1-2-3-4	1	1-2-3-4	2-3-4	
Bob Landick			3	4	4	2-3-4
Francis Lenninger				4		
Charley McNerney		4	1-2-3	2-3-4	2-3-4	
Loren Miller			3	1-2-3-4	2-3-4	
Bert Reader		3	1-2	4	2-4	3-4
Glen Swift						2-3-4
Harold Webber		2-3	1		3	1

Note: Chart just shows individual participating, not necessarily letter winner.

(Continued from page 7)

She had insisted that he should not go in swimming, but the water was so clear and inviting that he just couldn't resist going in for a little while, and anyhow he was a lot stronger, now that he had his yearly spring tonic, tar and molasses.

Still watching the sky as he hurried along, he wondered if "Gram" would have the chickens fed and the eggs gathered. Anything he hated to do was to go out and feed those old chickens. "That old rooster, boy I'll show him someday" he thought as he saw smoke coming out of the kitchen stove pipe in the back of the house.

He sorta hated to go in the house, but as he approached it, there was a cheery, warm feeling about it so he gathered all his strength together and went in the back door, waying, "Sure is stormy weather were having, "Gram", Ain't it?"

12/1/66
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