

THE ANNUAL

1914

A YEARLY PUBLICATION BY
THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE
SAULT STE. MARIE HIGH SCHOOL

Dedication

To the Faculty, as a slight mark of appreciation of their friendship and instruction, the Senior Class of 1914 dedicates this "Annual."

A NEW SOO HIGH SCHOOL

Away o'er the sandy desert,
Oases like specks are seen
And to the weary travelers,
What joy and life they mean!

Away o'er the limitless ocean,
The ship-wrecked sailors gaze
With hope, as they see a schooner
Thru the morning's hovering haze.

These oases in the desert,
Like specks against the sky,
Are the wishes that every student
Has for a new "Soo High."

These snow white sails fast coming
O'er the ocean's deep, dark blue,
Are the hopes of some day having
A new High school in the "Soo."

J. R.



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

Foreword

To the students, friends and alumni of the Sault High School the class of 1914 extends greetings with this book. In accordance with the custom set forth in the past two years we have called the book "ANNUAL." In it we will try to give to you a synopsis of our High School days.

We have tried to make the accounts interesting, the stories worth reading, and the jokes funny. If we have not succeeded in your estimation, consider the difficulty of our task. We are sure of one thing and that is that in the years to come as you look over this book which you have found in a remote corner of your book shelves, that it will give you pleasure to review the scenes of your school days or to look upon the faces of old friends.

Here we wish to thank our classmates who, by their contributions, have made the "ANNUAL" a possibility. We also wish to thank the members of the faculty for their advice and criticisms.



JAY SHARPE - ED-IN-CHIEF.
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CLIFFORD ZYLSTRA - LIT.
HAROLD RYE - ATHLETICS.
BESSIE BOYER - JOKES.
GERALDINE BOWEN - SOCIETY.

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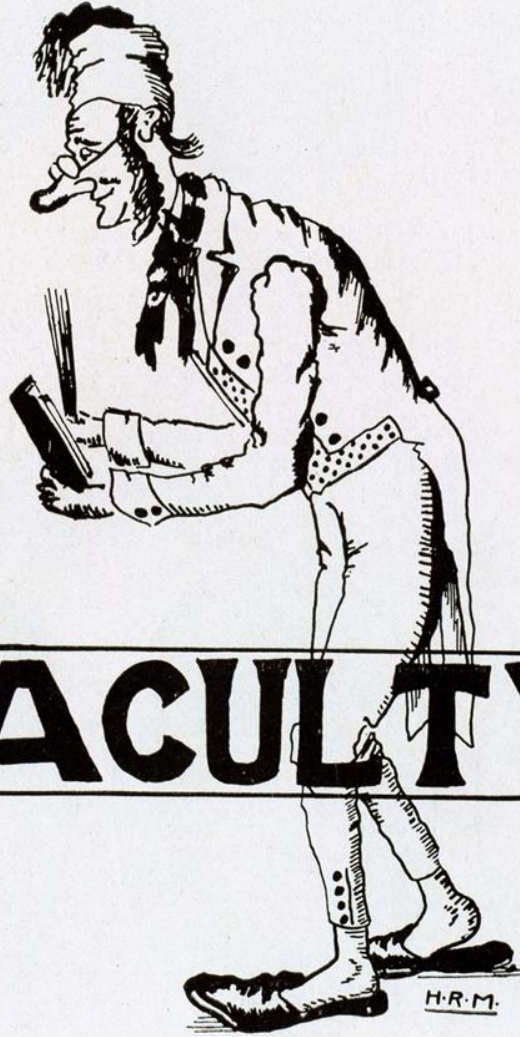


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CHARLES H. JOHNSONCommercial Work	HAZEL REED..Assistant in Manual and Physical Training
GLADYS KELLYLatin	HAZEL BELTMusic
WINIFRED MAHONEnglish	HELEN E. DODGEDomestic Science and Art
ISABEL SCHELLDrawing and Penmanship	





DEAR OLD SOO HIGH

(Air, "Boola Boola")

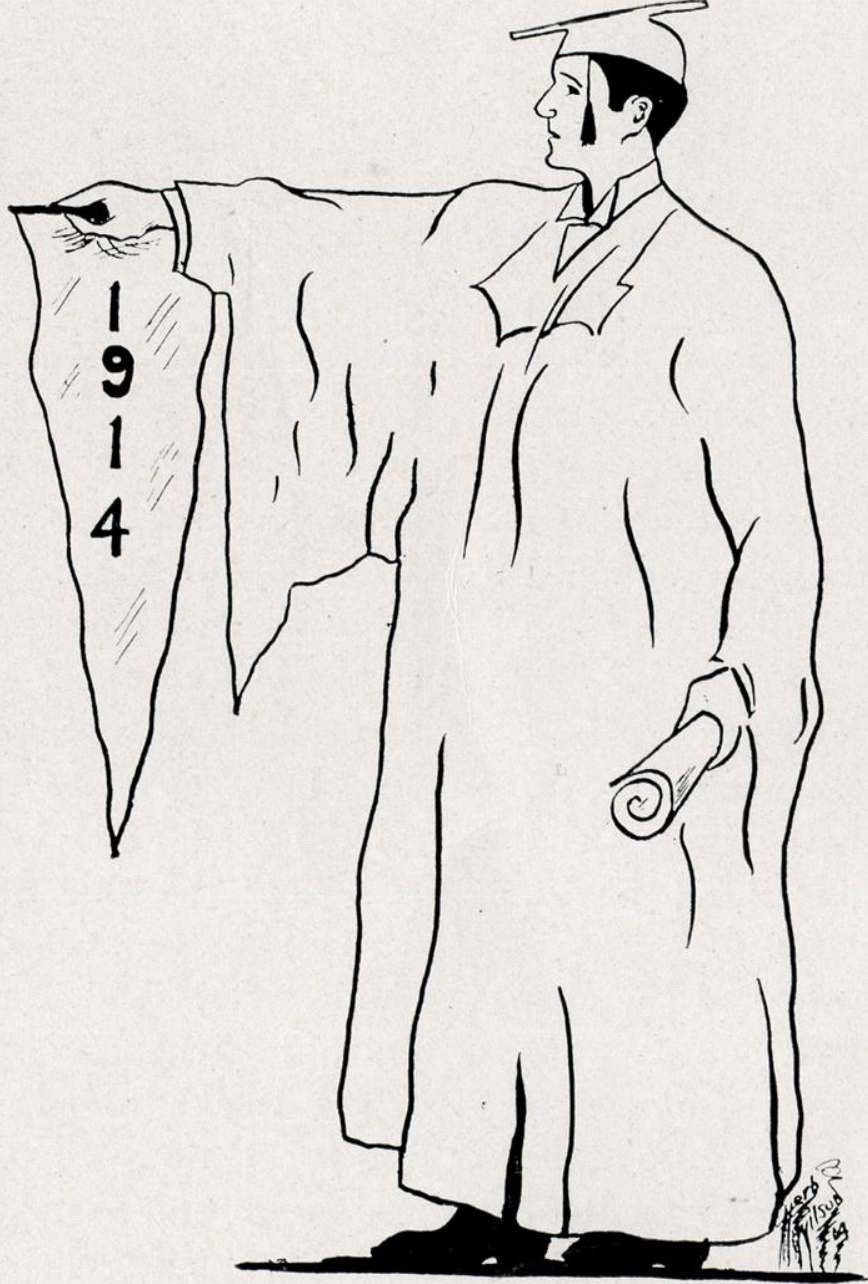
There's a school we love in the dear old Soo,
And her fame has spread thru all the northern clime.
Of her we boast, she's the U. P. toast,
And she's sure to win the honors every time.
To her colors we will e'er be true,
To honor her we'll try,
For her we'll yell, let the chorus swell:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! for old Soo High.

CHORUS:

Dear Soo High School, dear Soo High School,
Happy school days, how they fly!
But wherever we may wander,
We'll remember old Soo High.

Yes, dear old Soo, we'll remember you,
When we leave your halls to join the game of life.
Like the white and blue, we'll be pure and true;
May it help us thru the years of care and strife.
And when the eyes with tears are wet,
And for dear friends we sigh,
We'll think of days that knew no pain,
In those dear and happy days of old Soo High.

H. EARNESTINE GUNN, '15.



Mens omnia regit

Class History

It was in the fall of 1910 that some fifty, trembling, little hearts wended their way to the goal of their desire,—a step further in the realization of their dreams,—the Soo High School.

The awe with which these infants beheld their instructors was such that seldom did they dare to lift their eyes aloft to view them. But this virtue does not seem to have been very deep seated in that these same individuals had this year a plan on foot by which they should appropriate the "crowning glory" of one of the teachers.

Although the majority of the class realized that they had a working proposition before them, still a few labored under the impression that they had entered upon one long party. They paid dearly for this idea later.

During our Sophomore year we had the customary tussle with Caesar and of course were rebellious and sorry for ourselves. But everyday that we get further away from our Latin days, just so much do we see the real benefit of those same hard struggles and realize that they are burned deep down upon our hearts.

I believe that we can truly say our Junior year was remarkable. There were several fine

foot ball games played and basket ball enthusiasm ran high. So high, in fact, that the Junior and Senior boys had a rough and tumble fight in the intermission of a game between the Junior and Senior girls. Nevertheless it ended with the fine, manly picture of the boys shaking hands with a will. The boys of our class have taken the basket ball championship for two years.

Debating was a very popular feature of our English classes during this Junior year, and here, I believe, a genuine love and enjoyment of good debating was firmly implanted in us.

Also, for the first time in the history of the High School, a Latin play was produced by the students and the Latin instructor. This was greeted by an overflow audience. Nevertheless, the play seemed to have some detrimental effect on the Senior for not one in the class appeared at school the next day.

During September of our Senior year, a shadow fell upon the whole class in the death of Harold Larke, one of its most popular members. A few weeks later the class was again in mourning for Harvey Sims, a boy beloved by all, and whom we had every reason to believe was going to turn out a "who's who."

Athletic enthusiasm reached the top notch this year, the school never having shown such a whole hearted interest in such affairs before.

We are particularly proud of our football team, especially since many of the players are members of this class.

Class patriotism was much in evidence this year and many of the Senior boys had thrilling adventures dodging policemen and having hair-breadth escapes from falling from the school roof. Incidentally, some of the Juniors were saved the expense of going to the barber. But these escapades indicate an enormous amount of energy in this class, which, when out in the

world, if rightly started, is sure to lead to advancement.

Regarding our teachers, all I can say is that mere words cannot express the esteem, and in some cases the love, with which we regard them.

Taking everything into consideration, we, as a class, have had a rare good time studying and playing together for the past four years and I do not think it exaggeration to say, "The World shall hear from us."

—Gertrude Robertson.



LAURA SODEN

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."



ALFRED BJARKLUND

"Our thoughts and our conduct are our own."



JANET CRAWFORD

"She who is good is happy."

HERMAN TAYLOR

"I am a man of peace, God knows how I love peace."



GLADYS GAUTHIER,

"Style is the dress of thoughts."



JAMES BATEMAN

"Ain't he a wise old owl?"





GERTRUDE ROBERTSON
"Little, but Oh my."



BURRIS BUCHANAN
"Strike if you will, but
hear me."



MARGARET HUPFER
"Gentle in thought, ben-
evolent in deed."

FRED MOFFAT
"Ambition and ability—
a rare mixture."



GLADYS McBRIDE
"In friendship she was
early taught to believe."



WILLIAM MUNRO
"His word is as good as
his bond."





ROSE BRAUDE

"She is a favorite and
a flower."

JAMES SHARPE

"No man is really a
man who has lost out of
him all of the boy."

ERNA SASS

"A dancing shape, an im-
age gay,
To dance, to startle, and
waylay."

HOWARD BATTIN

"He stoops to nothing
but a door."

DOROTHY SNELL

"Excruciatingly divine."

WENDELL JOHNSON

"Speaks less than he
knows."





HELEN BLAIN

"Social life at home
and abroad."

CARLTON SABIN

"Stately and manly, al-
ways cheerful."

RUTH WESTON

"A real, sure enough
suffragette."

ARCHIE WESTON

"A man of inches, and
every inch a man."

GERALDINE BOWEN

"Capacity for joy."

LEONE RICHARDS

"Ever hear about my
town."





MILDRED BRITZSKE

"Her life was earnest
work, not play."



WILLIAM MacLACHLAN

"Conservation of en-
ergy."



EMMA KELLER

"For she is just the
quiet kind whose nature
never varies."

HAROLD RYE

"A purpose once fixed,
then death or victory."



BESSIE BOYER

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



ANGUS BARTON

"I am a much perse-
cuted man."





JEWEL McDERMID

"A thoughtful, deep-eyed maiden."



ROY McDONALD

"Better late than never."



KATE CRAWFORD

"A shadow of annoyance never near her came."

FORREST MARTELL

"From the land of De-Tour came wise men."



PEARL NOBLE

"Those about her, from her shall read the perfect ways of honor."



GORDON FERGUSON

"Please go away and let me sleep."





ELLA STROEBEL

"A cheerful mind and a willing heart are two essentials of true friendship."



JOHN PATTON

"But music, for the time, doth change his nature."



ELLA FLEMING

"A clear conscience is a sure card."

HOWARD DONALDSON

"For he was more than over-shoes in love."



LOUISE DAHL

"She seeketh diligently after knowledge."



ROBERT McCARTHY

"To be contented is his natural desire."



EDITH BOWEN

"Her mind was far more settled than it should be, for one so young."



EDITH KEMP

"I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me."



ARABELLA BATES

"How pretty her blushing was, and how again she blushed."



MORRIS SCHIFF

"Last, but not least."

IN MEMORIAM

Harold J. Larke

Died August 31, 1913

Harbey Sims

Died December 12, 1913

Class Prophecy

It was a cold, dreary day in November in the year 1925 while living in Chicago, that I received a letter from Mrs. W——, formerly Geraldine Bowen, saying that she would arrive in Chicago the following morning. Geraldine was enroute to Cleveland, Ohio, to attend her parents' anniversary. She spent the week with me in order to meet her husband who was attending the automobile show at Detroit.

Almost the first thing Geraldine noticed when she got into the house, was a stack of Annuals which I had been looking at just a few days before. She immediately suggested that we set aside an evening that week to talk over our good times while we were enrolled at "SOO HIGH." Geraldine arrived in Chicago Tuesday, and Friday was the evening selected.

Friday evening we were contented to stay at home as it was cold and had rained all day. We had raisin pie for dinner that night and when Geraldine began eating her pie, she started to laugh. I asked her what made her laugh and she said, "Oh, don't you remember that spread the 1913 Senior basket ball girls gave us up in the Park school gym?" I certainly did remember it. Geraldine said every time she ate raisin or lemon pie she thought of the spread. The memory of this trivial incident led to others. It was just a year the previous summer that we had our class reunion. We had a glorious time although we

regretted the absence of many of our members. I had the pleasure of staying at Geraldine's home on Park Place at the time. At the reunion the class decided that miracles would never cease.

We noticed during our Senior year that our class president spent his leisure moments with a minister's daughter, but never surmised that he would ever become a minister. The fact that Linton was minister of the Presbyterian church at the Soo greatly surprised the members of the class. A message received from Burris Buchanan, senator from Michigan, stated that he would be unable to attend, because of a special session of congress. Rose Braude, music teacher, and Margaret Hupfer, teacher of English, were teaching in the Soo's magnificent new high school.

Many of our class members had won fame in the musical world. Edith Bowen, Clifford Delmar Everett, and John Paton, America's greatest trio, who have toured the world, rendered several beautiful selections. Howard Battin, who played in the High School orchestra, was then conductor of the orchestra at the Bijou Theatre at the Soo.

The first day of the reunion when the roll was called, two of the members, Jay Sharpe and Clifford Zylstra, were not present but it was not long before they came. When asked why they were late they said the Pickford stage was late in getting in. Jay was school master at the Keldon school, a few miles from Pickford where he had won popularity in the country district. Boys would go miles to attend his school,

because, in connection with his little school he kept a red lunch wagon similar to the one on Portage avenue, which he would frequently visit during his high school days. Clifford was editor of Pickford's weekly paper, and also manager of a stage line running from Stalwart to Pickford. Mildred Britzke and Margaret McLean had undertaken the management of a girls seminary in Virginia.

Three years after graduating from high school, Bessie Boyer married a successful young engineer a graduate of the U. of M. They are living in the west. Helen Blaine, shortly after finishing her musical course, at the New England Conservatory of Music, married the governor general of Canada. This was not a surprise, because while in high school, Helen could never be found on the American side from Friday night until Monday morning. We received a message from Gordon Ferguson, who has prospered in California. He said it was his busy season and being unable to come he would send a crate of oranges in his place. The oranges were acceptable.

William MacLachlan, whom we expected to be football coach at U. of M., married a dressmaker having her apartments in Paris. "Bill" thought it best to remain here and manage their farm, three miles from the city. Archie Weston made his fortune by manufacturing automobile supplies. He has attended all the state automobile shows. Ruth Weston has taken up kindergarten work in Bay City. Harold Rye was not content while attending college, and joined a circus company. He is now business man-

ager for Ringling Brothers. Laura Soden and Della Waybrant are animal trainers for the same circus.

Morris Schiff fell into his father's shoes, and opened a tailor shop in New York city. Frank Goetz has opened a dancing school, for society people, in the same city. Wendell Johnson and Forest Martell have made successful lawyers.

Gladys McBride married a captain who sails the great lakes. We recalled the day she was caught skipping while on the way to see him off, on his trip up the lake. Dorthy Snell began the study of art, but had been gone only a few months when she returned home to the Soo. She said city excitement made her nervous. Emma Kellar is managing a large dressmaking establishment in Paris, and has for designer Erna Sass. They are said to be responsible for the extreme fashions of today. Ella Fleming has been doing successful missionary work in India. Fred Moffat was making his third trip through Africa. Having become acquainted with many of the natives, he took with him on his last trip Arabella Bates, who will endeavor to teach them music.

Russell Stonehouse, who during his school life was one of the pillars of the M. E. Sunday school, is minister of the same church. William Munro, after studying dentistry, decided that it would be more suitable to his peculiar style of life, to take up missionary work in China. We knew a few years before our graduation from high school that Howard Donaldson would remain in the Soo. Howard would have disappointed us if we had not found him manager of

Jordan's new opera house. Roy McDonald, after taking a course in forestry at the U. of M., located in Seattle, Wash. Pearl Noble is said to be the best stenographer in Detroit. Edith Kemp, whom we remember as being a great church worker while going to school, is matron of the Y. W. C. A. in Milwaukee. Jewel McDermid, after graduating from the Trinity Hospital, of the same city, has been doing private nursing there. Louise Dahl has written several popular books of fiction, and Cora Beacom is domestic science teacher at the Soo High School. It had never occurred to us that Robert McCarthy, one of the football squad, would ever become a dentist. But "Bob" as dentist, and Herman as surgeon, opened an office in Minneapolis. Alfred Bjarklund, one of the Algonquin students, was manager of the Soo Five and Ten Cent Store for some time, and then went to Madison, Wis., where he opened a men's furnishings store.

Leone Richards, who, during his Senior year at high school tried to gain a Junior girl's friendship by passing her gum the third hour of the first semester, has a large drug store at DeTour. Ella Stroebel returned to her native city, Chicago, where she took up hair dressing and soon had her own establishment. She took into partnership Janet Crawford. Kate Crawford after finishing at Alma, remained at home,

until her marriage to an Ann Arbor doctor. James Bateman and Angus Barton, who were companions during their entire school life, went to the U. of M. together. They took up the study of chemistry and made many startling discoveries. Angus learned how to make a red headed match in a new and untold of way with the able assistance of his helper, Miss Sass. James learned how to make radium out of blue paint, gold paint and hair.

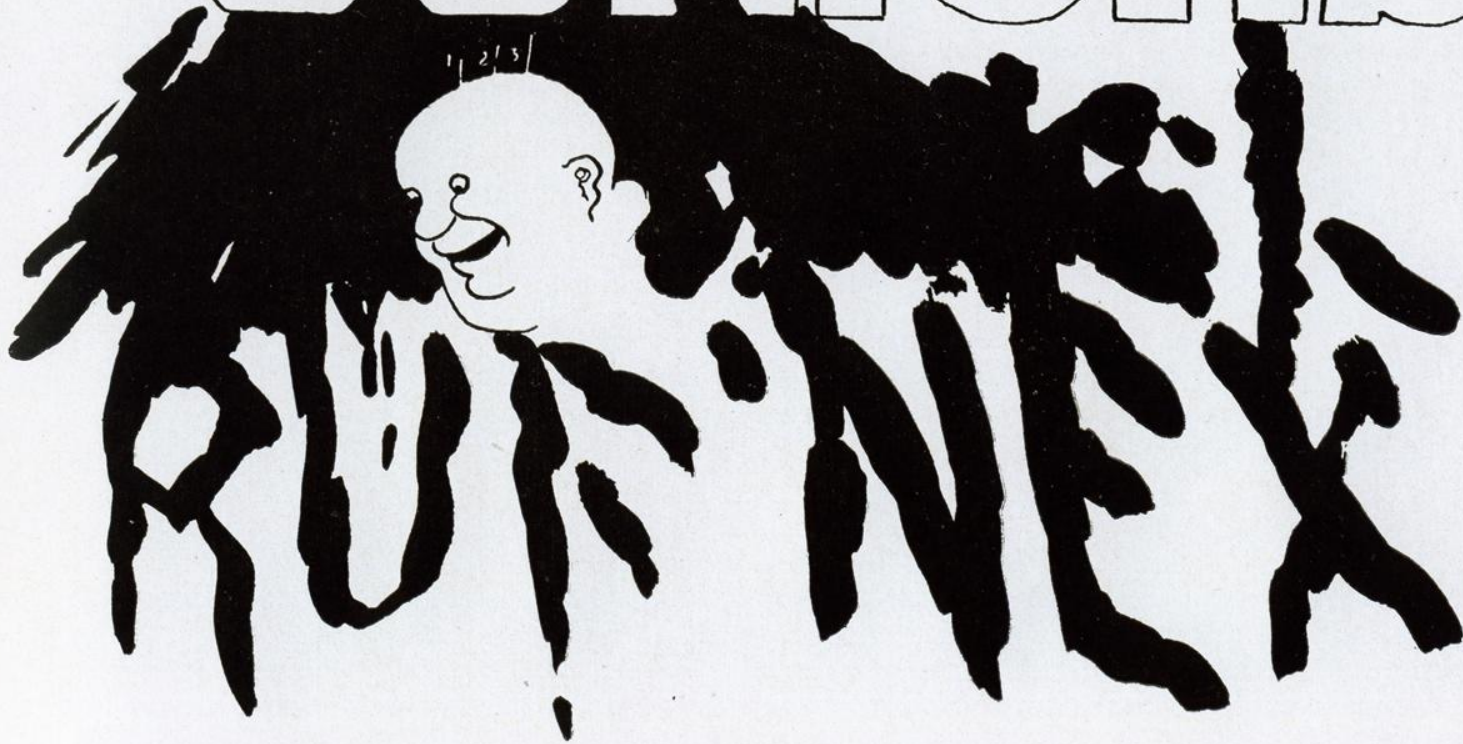
Geraldine said she remembered Angus telling her how often the boys stayed up in the lab. at high school until eleven and twelve o'clock at night. Very often they ran over to the red lunch wagon and after purchasing some sandwiches returned to the school to eat them. Possibly they would add to their refreshments by a raid on the domestic science room.

All this time we had been sitting by the fire-side living again in our high school days. But now there came an interruption. The door bell rang and going to the door I took from the hand of a messenger boy, a telegram for Geraldine. The message was from her husband who said that he would be unable to reach Chicago until two days later. We did not regret his delay as it gave us more time to talk over old times. After discovering that it was nearly twelve o'clock, we had lunch and retired.

—M. Jane Ferguson, 1914.



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ERNEST WAGNER
DELLA WAYBRANT
MARGARET WIRT
RUTH WOODS



AND THEN

Give me a barrel of good black ink,
Enough paper to cover a skating rink,
A ten acre field in which to think,
And then—I'll enter high school.

Give me of pond'rous books a few,
And a mosquito brain or two;
A seventeen on my coat sleeve glue,
And then—I'll be a Sophomore.

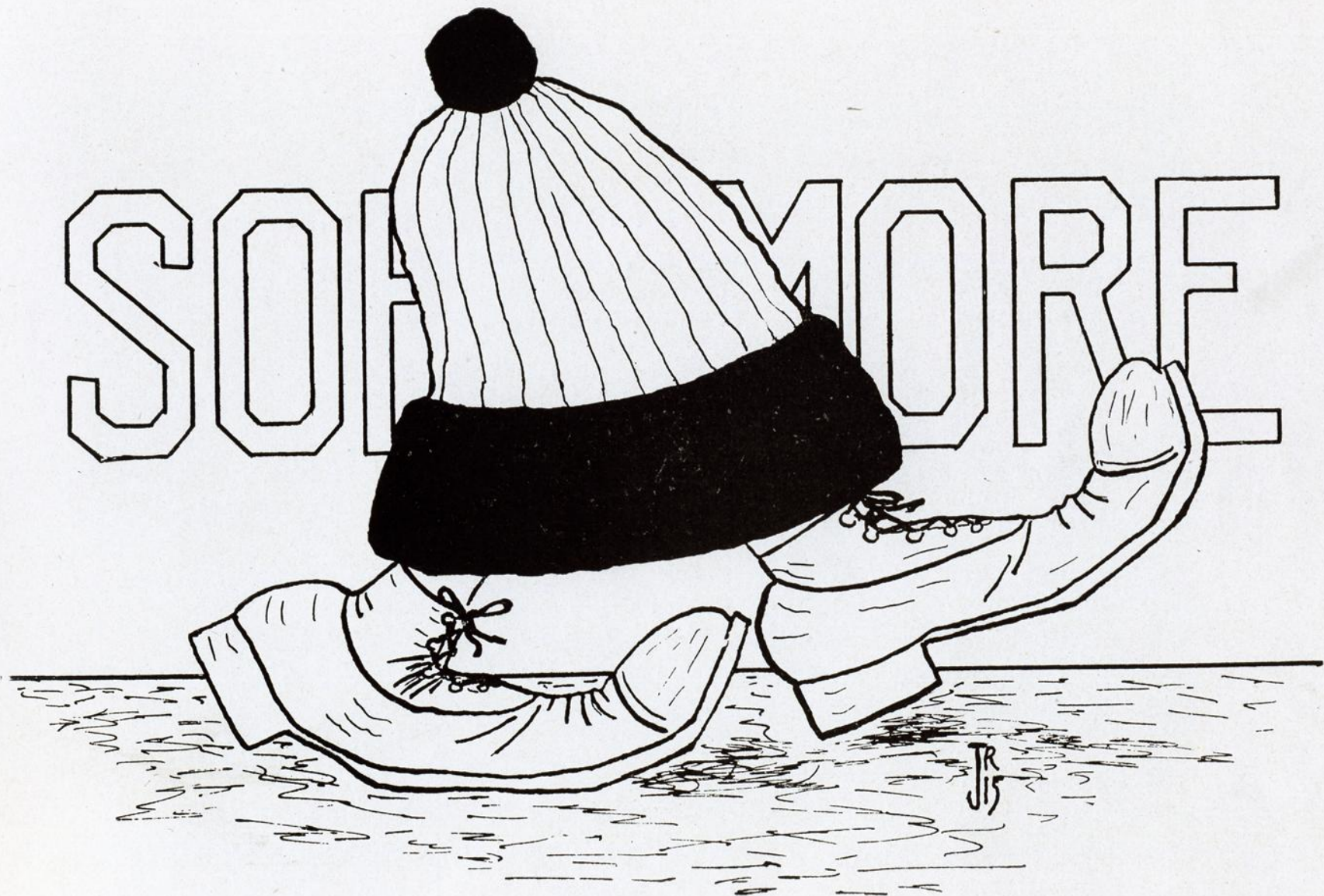
Give me a great big pin of brass,
A smile that seems to say, "some class,"
A strut that no senior can surpass,
And then—I'll be a Junior.

Give me ten dozen units more,
A classy stand-up pompadour,
A look of wisdom to the core,
And then—I'll be a Senior.

Give me a century of peace,
A ton or two of axle grease,
And of the faculty a lease,
And then—I'll graduate.

—James Robertson.

SOH MORE



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IDA WHEELER
PHIL WILLETTE
DOROTHY WOODHALL
MILLARD WOODHALL

DONALD GRANT
Died Aug. 6, 1913.



THE LOAFER'S PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, Oh fellow scholars,
That we ought to put on steam,"
In this strain there are no dollars,
Let us sit around and dream.

For in study there's but sorrow,
Let us fritter time away,
Acting so that each tomorrow
Finds us where we are today.

Tho' our teachers would remind us,
How to make our lives sublime,
Let us act so they will find us
Doing nothing all the time.

If by chance a foolish student
Would rebel or make a kick,
He would find 'tis most imprudent
For we'll smash him mighty quick.

Let us then give up pursuing
Ways and means to graduate,
Sitting round with nothing doing,
Gee, Oh fellers, ain't it great!

—C. E. '14.

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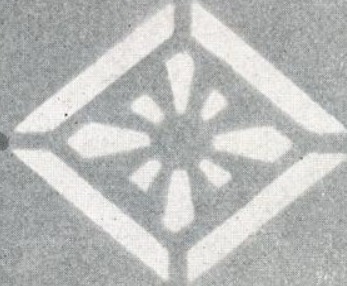
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GLEN YOUNG
RUSSELL YOUNG







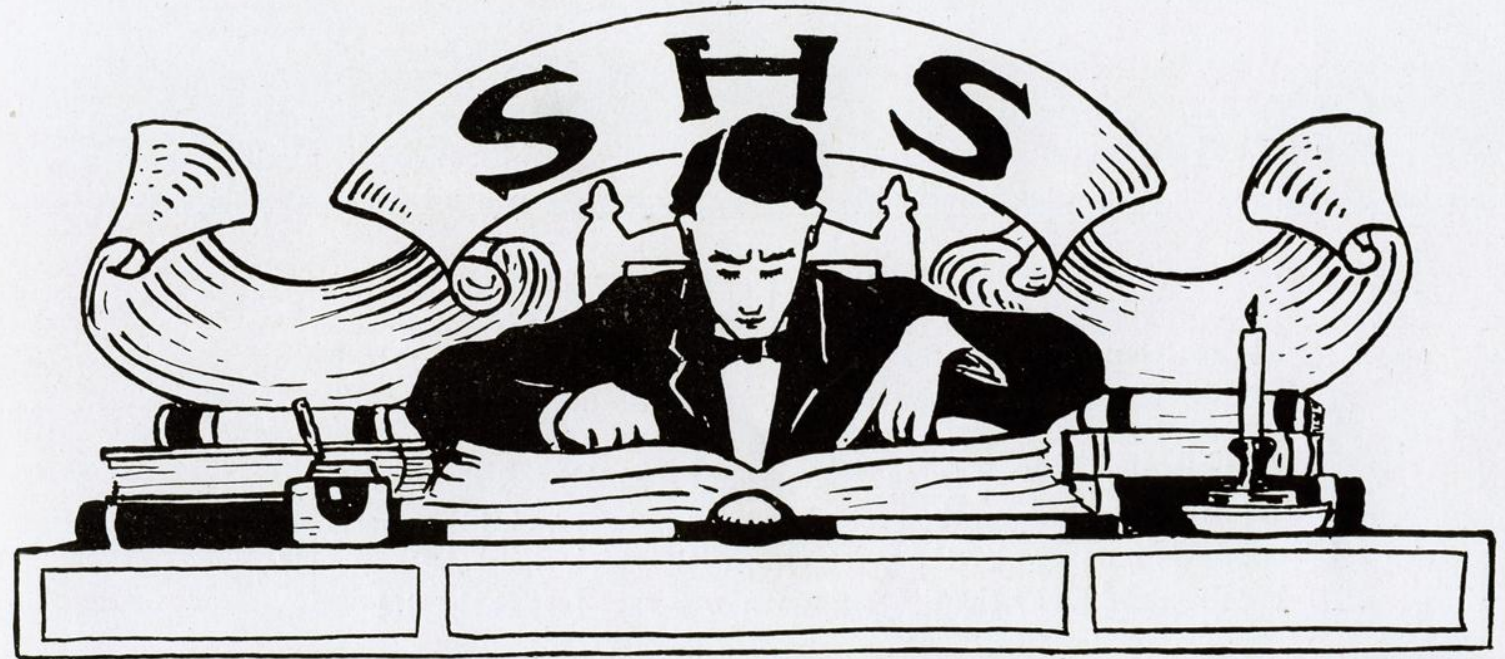
FAREWELL SOO HIGH

For four long years, dear old Soo High,
We've served you with a will.
In later years, old memories,
Will linger with you still;
Old memories, that bring us back
To happy high school life,
When we were young and life looked bright
In spite of all the strife.

But now, the end has come at last,
We're through with you, Soo High;
It's with regret that old Fourteen
Has got to say good-by.
For never in your history
Was there a class more true
Than is the Senior class this year,
To the colors, white and blue.

When June with all her roses comes,
Commencement day comes too;
And every time June comes around,
We'll always think of you.
We'll make you proud of us some day;
We can if but we try.
Good-bye to care-free high school days,
Farewell, dear old Soo High.

—Ruth Weston.



LITERATURE

MEMORIES

When the vernal sunshine wakens all the tender blooms to life,
And the woodland, richly verdant, with the songs of birds is rife,
When the merry brooklet warbles o'er the pebbles through the glade
There's a joy that naught can banish, wandering 'neath the sylvan shade.

While we're thus our footsteps wending, where the bosky brooklet flows,
Ever wondering at the beauty of creation in repose,
Then a thousand recollections weave their bright hues into form
And the peace that broods o'er nature, gently quells all thoughts of storm.

And the woods bear to us memories of a childhood long gone by,
When we stole along the brookside with a merry, childish cry;
Or while musing o'er the mysteries, with which the woodland's rife,
We dreamed away the fleeting morn our care-free early life.

So the fancies fondly cherished, as we tread life's morning way,
Are the one's that e'er inspire e'en the head for years grown gray,
And the thoughts that spring to being, as we reach life's after shade,
Are the thoughts of dear old days, and they're thoughts that never fade.

CLIFFORD D. EVERETT, '14.

First Prize Poem.



It was dark. A north breeze, cooled by its long journey over Lake George, whistled through the pine needles, giving rise to that natural lullaby that only the woods of Sugar Isle can produce. To the east the big red moon slowly appeared, casting long shadows across the crystalline water of Duck Lake. Far to the north, in a swamp, a whippoorwill poured forth its nightly message to the silent universe. A lone muskrat, hunting for his evening meal, swam contentedly out into the moonlit lake and disappeared beneath the surface. Then all was silent.

We sat in silence gazing on the picturesque scene that lay before us. Our trusty shotguns, loaded with number four "chilled," lay nearby ready to pour forth their death-dealing message to the unfortunate mallard that might drop in the lake to rest.

Just three days before we had sat in the church loft of the church and had received, with great ceremony, our diplomas. What a change

had taken place. Soft, rawhide moccasins had taken the place of new shoes. The carefully creased trousers had been replaced by the coarse rough corduroys, and a soft flannel shirt had taken the place of that stiff, cold shirt and high collar.

We were free. Free to roam the earth as we wished. The terrible strain and work of school was over and the thoughts of a long vacation comforted our once troubled brains.

Suddenly, as we lay dreaming of school days, a dark form lighted upon the water, causing both of us to reach hastily for the guns. Jay suggested crawling to the shore and then firing, while I was in favor of immediate action from our position. A few seconds of hasty conversation followed. Jay's plan was adopted and we started our silent journey on hands and knees toward the beach. A low clump of stunted alders offered protection for our advance, and soon we parted the branches and stood on the very brink of the lake. The dark form on the

water had lost its momentum and lay like a shadow on the surface. Silently the two guns were leveled on the unsuspecting bird. "One-two-BANG!" The echo of that deafening report traveled round and round the lake for fully three minutes. The figure on the surface lay motionless—and dead. Quickly securing our boat, we paddled out to the lifeless creature. On examination with a flash-light, the bird proved to be the much sought for game, a black mallard. After a few shrieks of delight, we paddled ashore and again took our positions in silence.

After a prolonged wait of three hours we finally decided to return to the cabin. A row of three miles brought us to our destination where we were greeted by the welcome words of Bill and Harold who had returned but a few minutes previously, having as their trophy a dozen large mallards and a boat-load of bull-

heads. We all sat down around the fire and under the savory flavor of boiling coffee we in turn related some exciting experience of the day's fun.

Soon after this midnight meal we all retired to the blankets to be lulled to sleep by the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" to dream of sweet scenes of old Soo High.

After three weeks of rest, recreation and success with both rod and gun we returned to the Soo. A haircut and shave gave each the appearance of a human being. The night of our return found each fellow at different tasks. Jay "had to work," Bill "couldn't get out," while Harold and I were forced to "haul ashes." Thus ended the happy outing of four former Soo High lads.

—A. Weston.

First Prize Story.

THE JANITOR



The janitor, by force of habit, walked into the principal's office one morning at eighth-thirty, took down the bell rope and started to ring the bell. The bell rope pulled all right but no sound

was emitted from the belfry. The janitor pulled harder and harder, but still no sound. Evidently something was wrong: he would slip up to the belfry and see.

On the third floor finding the attic door locked, he pulled out his ponderous bunch of keys, and selecting one, unlocked the door. What a sight met his eyes! Old desks, chairs, boards, planks, benches and odds and ends of all sorts of articles were heaped and jumbled together in a towering mass at the foot of the belfry stairs. The whole made a pretentious barrier, yet the janitor hesitated not, but with the determination of one who is used to such difficulties, clambered laboriously over, extricating first one foot, then the other, till he reached the stairs.

A tarry smell pervaded the air here, his feet slipped around on the steps, the railing was extremely sticky, however the janitor would not give in. He strenuously dragged his feet up the tarry stairs and at last breathed a sigh of relief, when he reached the landing and saw no tar on the ladder, by which he was to complete his

journey to the bell.

He put his foot on the first rung; it seemed solid, so he began the climb. Slowly he mounted till he reached the sixth rung, then paused. A suspicion began to grow upon him. Was the ladder safe? Had it not been tampered with? He looked up, and there, on one side of the cubby-hole, where he had not seen it before, was a partially tilted pail balanced only by a slender cord. The situation dawned on the janitor and he smiled to think of his narrow escape, when suddenly there came a creak, a quiver, and — crash! The janitor, a sprawling heap of molasses, lay wriggling on the floor, sandwiched between the two halves of the broken ladder.

A few minutes elapsed before the janitor, more like a jelly-fish than a human being, emerged from the wreck and painfully arose. He limped around a little and seeing that he was not hurt suddenly stopped and shook his fist. He had made up his mind.

After scraping the greater part of the

molasses off with a stick, he pulled the bell rope down as far as he could and then started to climb it. Hand over hand he went notwithstanding the tar and molasses, till he reached the ceiling. Then with the agility of an acrobat, he reached out, caught the near side of the cubby-hole, swung himself up to the landing, and stood under the troublesome bell. He immediately saw that cloths had been tied around it's clapper

to muffle it. He ripped these off, then glanced out thru the belfry window. It was just five to nine by the court house clock.

A moment later and the school bell was clanging more fiercely than the Liberty Bell of old peeld it's cry of freedom.

—James Robertson, '15.

Second Prize Story.

LADDIE.

What is that you're saying, Laddie?

Tell me, boy, why you're so gay.

Law me, no, it can't be, Laddie;

You can't graduate today.

You ain't old enough, my Laddie;

Why, 'twas only yesterday

That you had your first long trousers—

Baggy, lad, they was and gray.

You was pompous as a rooster—

Thot the world was made for you;

And you looked long in the mirror,

Sayin', blushin', "Will I do?"

It was then you started sparkin'

Old man Davies' little girl;

And you thot your heart was broken,

When she gave you back your pearl.

Lad-o'-mine—why; how old be ye?

Twenty? 'Twas just yesterday

That you sat beside the river
On a sunny, sparklin' day.

Dreamin', fishin', lovin' nature—

Loved the flowers, grass and trees;

With your straw hat all in tatters,

And your trousers out at knees.

You was just the lad that God loved,

For He knew your heart was true;

And the soul of you was tender,

And your eyes an honest blue.

And tho you have grown to manhood,

Yet the boy is there, my lad,

With the frank blue eyes and tender—

Oh, it makes my old heart glad.

Tho the years have made you older,

Still the true-blue heart of you

Is a-throbbin' as it used to,

And it's sure to help you thru.

—H. Earnestine Gunn, '15.

Second Prize.



It was a most dismal night. Not a star peeped through the inky clouds, to cast a ray of light over the land.

The wind moaned softly but dismally through the trees and its warm humid gusts betokened a coming storm.

It was on such a night that four Soo High School boys received the fright of their lives.

Well on the outskirts of Sault Ste. Marie, in a district known as Chandler Heights, there stands an old three-storied building situated in a pretty lonely part of that section.

It was a rather large structure and so surrounded by giant trees and in such a solitary location that its tendency was to impart to anyone an uneasy feeling even in daylight.

Around the house there is a somewhat extensive lawn on the edge of which stand innumerable giant ash, oak and pine trees and at the back part or portion of the lawn, towards the rear of the house is planted a large orchard, the trees of which are old, large and spreading.

Being closely planted the branches and foliage intertwine to such an extent as to almost completely shut out the sunlight even at noon.

People rarely visited the place, and so, little was known as to what might be found about the premises. There was however, a prevailing belief among the boys of the city that many things might be found in and about that old mansion that would prove of value to them, though none could make any plausible suggestions as to what those things might be.

None of the boys cared to be seen there in day-time for fear of being suspected by people who might see them prowling about the place of being there for no good purpose. They did not care to venture there at night because the house not only had the reputation of being haunted, but on seemingly good authority it was reputed to be the rendezvous of an unscrupulous and treacherous band of thieves who as yet had not been apprehended, and thus the mystery of the place remained unsolved.

On the aforementioned night, which was late in June, these four Soo High School boys, who had been persuaded several days before by an older friend to find out, if possible, if there really was anything, within or about that mysterious old house, that would be of value to them, met for the purpose of making an investigation.

They were not troubled with the fear of ghosts and had little faith in the story current, that the house was the rendezvous of thieves. They therefore decided to go that night, since it was the ideal night for their purpose.

They first met at the Public Library at the hour of eight o'clock, as had previously been agreed upon, and immediately set out from there on their expedition.

In less than half an hour they had reached the path leading through the old orchard to the rear of the house and here paused a few moments to discuss the situation.

The path before them was so embowered by the intertwining of those large and ancient apple-tree branches that at night the obscurity of that orchard path was rendered almost palpably black. And such on this occasion was the awful solemnity and weirdness and sense of insecurity occasioned by the almost supernatural gloom about them that they very nearly decided to give up their quest.

Their older companion however—the one who had induced them to make the venture—laughed at their fears and after cheering them somewhat jokingly bade them follow him. They reluctantly did so and the

little party, with many a dubious protest, finally passed through the inky orchard pathway to the back door of the house.

They immediately entered, though with many misgivings, as they found the door only swung-to, instead of being firmly fastened as it should have been if entirely unoccupied.

Under the circumstances they did not care to exhibit a light, so they cautiously felt their way through the wood-shed into the old-fashioned and dilapidated kitchen. Here was the blackness of the tomb and the silence of the grave which imparted a most uncanny impression to them as their foot-falls echoed and re-echoed through the empty rooms. They were just about to enter the ancient dining-room, when their guide suggested that they light the candle which they had brought along, so that they might more easily and comfortably see their way.

The words, however had no sooner passed his lips than they were startled by hearing a variety of noises, knockings and rollings as of empty barrels tumbling over the floor, also the rattling of chains all round them, while in all other respects the house itself appeared still and dark. This was sufficient for the already highly tensed nerves of the boys who for a moment were paralyzed with fright. Was the "robber" story true after all? If not, what could have produced those wild and extraordinary noises? One of the boys attempted to light the candle, but it fell from his nerveless grasp. Forms darted from a passage way at the back of the room toward them. The boys sprang

toward the kitchen door. The foremost had almost reached it when he encountered human bodies. He was snatched from his feet and hurled to the floor. The other felt unseen hands also bear them to the floor and proceed to bind them into helplessness with ropes.

It was desperate situation and they realized it too, for their faces were blanched and ghastly pale. What was to happen them? How they wished they had never come. How they pleaded with their silent captors for mercy, but all in vain.

As soon as they were securely tied, they were carried to the farther end of the building and were there rudely dumped among the rubbish in an old clothes closet. All but one was placed there, the one who had been their guide.

For a few moments all was still and then there echoed through that old buildings a most blood curdling scream followed by the most heart rending series of moans, screams, pleadings, and call for help, that mortal ears had ever heard. There were sounds of scuffling and blows, a feeble call for help, a fiendish laugh, then all was still. The boys knew that pleading voice, it was their guide.

A moment later rude hands reached among the terror-stricken group of boys and took one of their trembling number from them. He was taken to the next room and there untied.

At the opposite side of the room he could

see the faint outline of a window where the darkness of the room faintly disclosed the exit of an opening. The moment his limbs were untied he sprang to that opening and dashed headlong through the glass. Just as he disappeared through the casement, a hand grasped him by the coat and he felt himself being lifted back through the hole he had made in the window. He yelled lustily for help and finally slipping from his coat, dropped to the ground and ran for dear life over the embankment and down the hill towards home.

Half an hour later a body of policemen arrived at the house and found three badly frightened young men climbing out of upstairs windows. They found it difficult to explain why they had chosen this method of escape instead of using the natural exit. However, after they had recovered somewhat from their fright, and the police had made a vain search of the premises for the boys' assailants, the young fellows explained how they came to be there, what had happened and how they managed to free their hands and escape. And thus ended one of the most mysterious and exciting episodes connected with the lives of any group of boys who ever passed through the high school at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

—Clifford Everett, '14.

Third Prize Story.

BARBER AND HIS MEN.

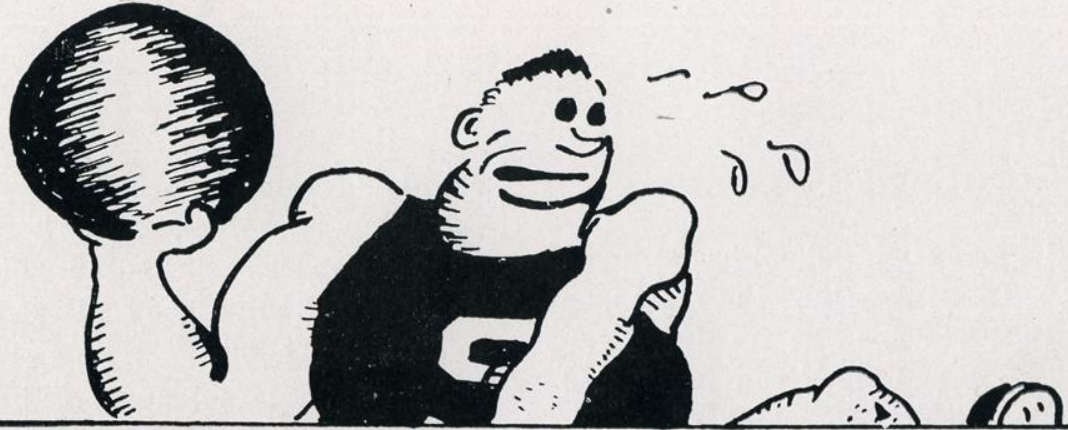
When the long roll is sounded,
On the camping ground of fame,
And each hero of the ages,
Answers "present" to his name,
'Mid the first of all the answers,
That shall ring out clearest then,
Will be heard the steadfast voices
Of Coach Barber and his men.

When they felt the "Central's" line,
Drawing nearer to its prey,
And they heard its growl of thunder,
Growing deeper play by play,
They still fought with hearts undaunted,
Till all hope of aid had fled,
Till they saw their friends and teammates,
Kicked and battered on the head.

They are victors though defeated;
They have to the southland shown,
That the boys of lake and woodland,
Can though dying hold their own;
Let their names be blazoned proudly,
On time's honor roll, and when—
Men shall seek the names of heroes,
Call Coach Barber and his men.

—Will MacLachlan.

Third Prize.



ATHLETICS

HRM



ATHLETICS

In athletics the Soo High School has enjoyed one of the most successful, if not the most successful year in its history. The faculty, students and general public have given unequalled support. The splendid way in which they supported the football team is proof of this.

The football season was the greatest ever, giving the fans many thrilling games on the home grounds. Great credit must be given Coach Barber for developing a team which brought so much glory to the school.

Life was given the baseball spirit last year by Coach Bemer when he turned out a winning team. They did not have a chance to play any but local teams. Some veterans are back this year and a lot of new material is showing up. The management expects to take the team on a

couple of trips in which they will play three teams on each trip. Work was started early so with the promise of a good team and the chances for some good games the baseball outlook is very good.

An interclass league of basket-ball, volleyball, indoor baseball and track was formed and although some good games were played the students did not support this. The girls pulled off some very exciting class basket-ball games. These received fairly good support.

Last year the Soo made a fairly good show in outdoor track work. This year the men are not getting out and the prospects for this year are very poor.

The High School Basket-ball team made a fine record this season. They carried away first honors at the Upper Peninsula Older Boys' Conference, meeting some very fast teams there.

FOOTBALL

On September 5th Captain MacLachlan issued his call for football candidates and received a prompt response of last year's veterans and quite a number of new men. After about a month of hard practice Coach Barber had a team in shape for the first game which was played upon the home grounds with Ishpeming High School.

The game was called at two-thirty o'clock and Ishpeming having won the toss decided to receive the ball while the Soo chose the east goal. Laundry kicked off and Ishpeming's man was downed in his tracks on the fifteen yard line. Ishpeming punted and the Soo received the ball and in the next minute of play scored its first touch-down. At no stage of the game was the Soo's goal in danger while they scored on their opponents at will. The final score of the game was 98 to 0.

On October 11th, the Soo High School team added another victory to its record for this season by defeating Alpena and showing that they were at least in the class with some of the Lower Peninsula football teams. The field was wet but never-the-less the game was fast. Alpena had the advantage over the Soo in weight, but were very weak on passes, seldom making an effective play by this method while the Soo's

greatest ground gainer was the forward pass. The game was hard fought from beginning to end, the Soo finally winning by a score of 24 to 7.

The next game of the season was with Escanaba played on October 18th. Although this was Escanaba's second game they came heralded as prospective Upper Peninsula champions. The preceding Saturday they had played Gladstone and shut that team out and piled up a score of 133 to 0. The Soo went after them in great style and at the end of the game had rolled up a score of 64 while Escanaba had scored but one touchdown and failed to kick a goal. Final score, 64 to 6.

The Friday following the game with Escanaba the Soo High School team journeyed to Newberry determined to mark off scores with their old rivals. The team was accompanied by about one hundred rooters who outyelled the whole Newberry crowd. The game was the Soo's from the start, Newberry scoring its only touch-down in the last quarter by recovering a fumble behind the Soo's line. The final score was 54 to 6.

On November 1st the Soo High School team won its fifth victory, defeating Houghton High School by a score of 25 to 7 and thereby becoming undisputed champions of the Upper Peninsula. The field was covered with six inches

of snow but never-the-less a crowd of twelve hundred spectators turned out for this game. The Houghton team put up a splendid game throughout. Their line bucks were irresistible and would have created havoc with anything but a well trained team. This was the second time that they had been scored on in two years but they took their defeat like true sportsmen. The Soo team put up its best game. Their line was not as heavy as that of the visitors and consequently most of Houghton's gains were made by line bucks. Final score, 25 to 7.

The Soo High School Football team continued its series of victories by defeating Charlevoix by a score of 72 to 0. Charlevoix had been heralded as a wonder and it was evident that they had expected an easy game. When placed in the field the visitors failed to show either the speed or the endurance that the Soo men had been accustomed to and in the last quarter particularly the Soo went through their line with little trouble. The field was very heavy which accounts for the many fumbles made. Charlevoix could not hold the Soo for more than three downs at a time and their back-field seldom penetrated the Soo line. The subs were all tried out in this game and gave a good account of themselves.

Out-weighted but not outplayed and fighting hard against odds the Soo High School team

yielded the championship of the State of Michigan to Detroit Central High School on Thanksgiving day. It is no disgrace, that defeat, indeed the people of this city should be proud of the showing made by their warriors against a team that outweighed them fifteen pounds to a man and whose individual players were better fitted to their positions than the Soo men. Coach Stocking declared that the work done by the Soo men was as good if not better than that done by his own men. The determination and grit shown by every member of the team was only surpassed by the flashes of brilliant playing. The forward pass brought Central most of her touch-downs. Trainer Patterson stated after the game that never had he seen such spirit and pluckiness as shown by the Soo men in the last half of the game. Time was taken out four times for Central and not once for the men they defeated. The final score was 49 to 0. In the last two years the Soo has had practically the same team, playing twelve games and losing but two.

Miss Mahon: "What is a 'coat of mail?'"

Soph: "A knight shirt."

Miss Mauck: "What is your name?"

Weston: "Archie, Turn-around."

NEVERMORE

Once upon a twilight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a curious volume of modern football lore,
As I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping, rapping, at my chamber door.
Then the door I opened quickly, out of doors the fog hung thickly,
And no being could I see before my chamber door;
Then I thought I was mistaken, but e're a step I'd backward taken,
My attention was attracted to a letter on the floor.
From the floor I took the letter to the table, where far better,
Carrying the letter its contents I could explore.
'Neath the bright lamplight I held it, and my error I discovered,
'Twas a telegram that the heading, "Detroit, Michigan," bore.
It was in the chill November, and, "Ah," suddenly I remember,
'Tis the day of the great game between Detroit and the Soo,
And this telegram is surely but a notice of the victory,
Sent to me by some admirer of the rushers of the Soo.
All my hopes were upward flying, as gently, softly sighing,
The envelope I opened, the contents forth I drew.
The score upset my hopes, a score of forty-nine to nothing,
While the cursed piece of paper gave the short end to the Soo.
Not a syllable I uttered, till from out my fingers fluttered,
That dread telegram and settled gradually upon the floor,
Then, returning to my senses, these few simple words I muttered,
" 'Gainst an unknown rival will I bet my wages, Nevermore."

—Millard Woodhall.



Men Receiving S's

WM. MacLACHLAN (Captain), Right Guard.

JAMES SHARPE, Quarterback.

CLIFFORD EVERETT, Left Guard.

A. WESTON, Right Half.

JAY PARSILLE, Right Tackle.

ROBT. McCARTHY, Left Half.

DON BELL, Right End.

HAROLD RYE, Left Half and Fullback.

FRED MOFFAT, Guard.

FRANK GOETZ, Left Tackle.

ANGUS GOETZ, Guard.

FRANK LAUNDY, Left End.

ALEX. CAMPBELL, Fullback.

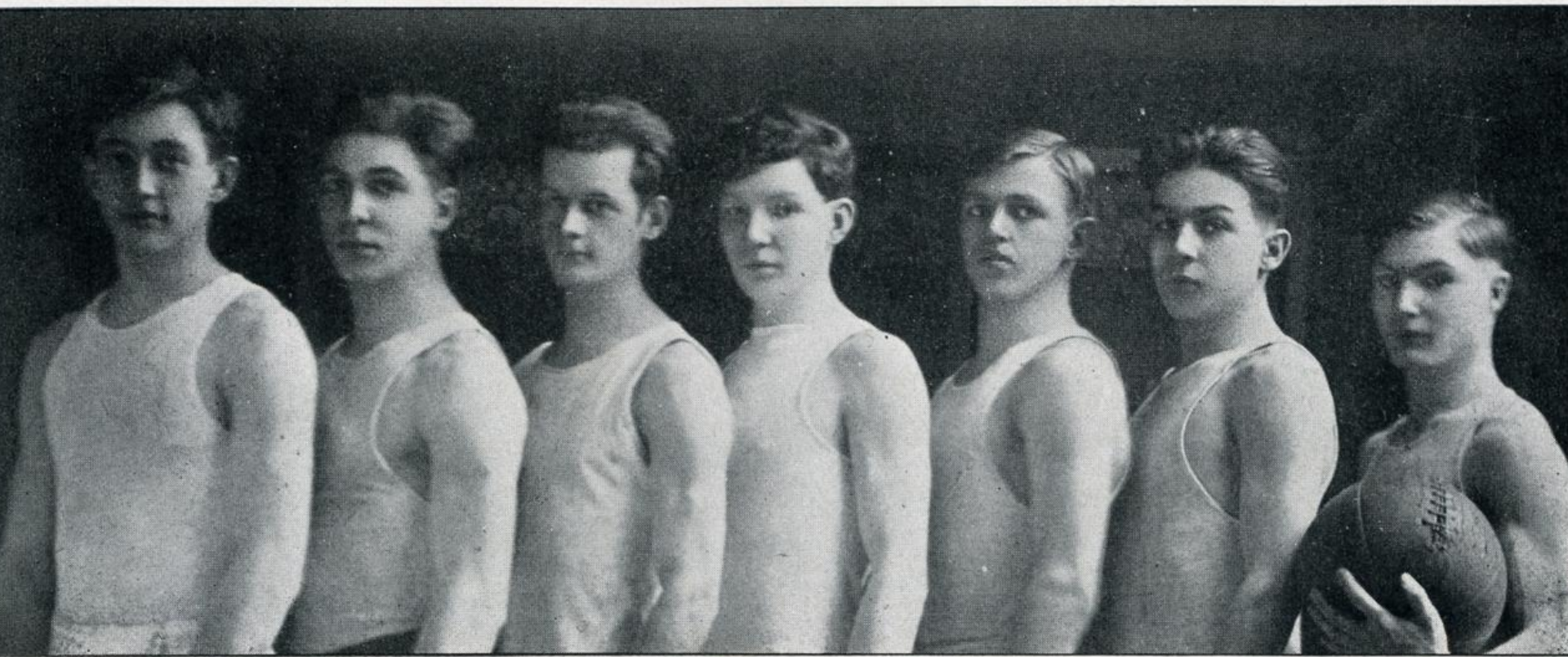
WM. MUNRO, Center.

Men Receiving R's

CHESSER CAMPBELL

EARNEST TATE

WM. NEWMARK



SHARPE

MacLACHLAN

McDONALD

DORAN

RYE

CAMPBELL

WESTON

BASKET-BALL

Shortly after the football season ended, practice was begun in the Park School gymnasium under the direction of Physical Director Koyl and Ward Principal Fraser. After a few weeks of practice the first game was played with the Canadian Soo High School in the Canadian Y. M. C. A. The game was very fast and close the final score being 18-20 in favor of the Canadians. A returned game was played two weeks later in the local Y. M. C. A., the Soo defeating the Canadians by a score of 46-15.

A few weeks later at the Upper Peninsula

Boys' Conference at Escanaba there happened to be among the delegates from the Soo the regular High School team which in a series of games with Marquette, Manistique and Menominee High Schools won the championship of the conference.

Class basket-ball was not taken up with as much interest this year as formerly but nevertheless a series of games was played among the girls and among the boys' teams in which the Senior boys defeated all other class teams. The Sophomore girls' team won the championship by defeating the Juniors by a score of 18-20.



BASEBALL

The baseball season has opened too recently to tell much concerning the ability of our team. But so far the team has shown up remarkably well and we are confident that it will do its share towards keeping up the reputation of the Soo High for true sportsmanship in victory or defeat.

On Saturday, April 2nd the team played the Canadian High School on the latter's ground, having an easy time of it and winning by a score of 12-1. The following Saturday the Canadians played a return game on the local grounds, the Michigan Soo High winning out in the tenth inning by a score of 4-3.

Other games scheduled :

May 16—Wolverine at Soo. Score: Wolverine, 2; Soo, 13.,

May 22—Newberry at Soo. Score: Newberry, 0; Soo, 2.

May 29—Soo at Newberry. Score: Newberry, 7; Soo, 6.

LINE-UP

Catchers—Munro, Parsille, Newcomb.

Pitchers—Tate, F. Goetz.

Infielders — McCarthy (Captain), Laundy, Haerle, Hossack Newmark.

Outfielders—A. Goetz, Comb, Gatiss, Pare, Bolander.

Manager—L. Melvin.



"FORT BRADY FALL SCENERY"

ORCHESTRA

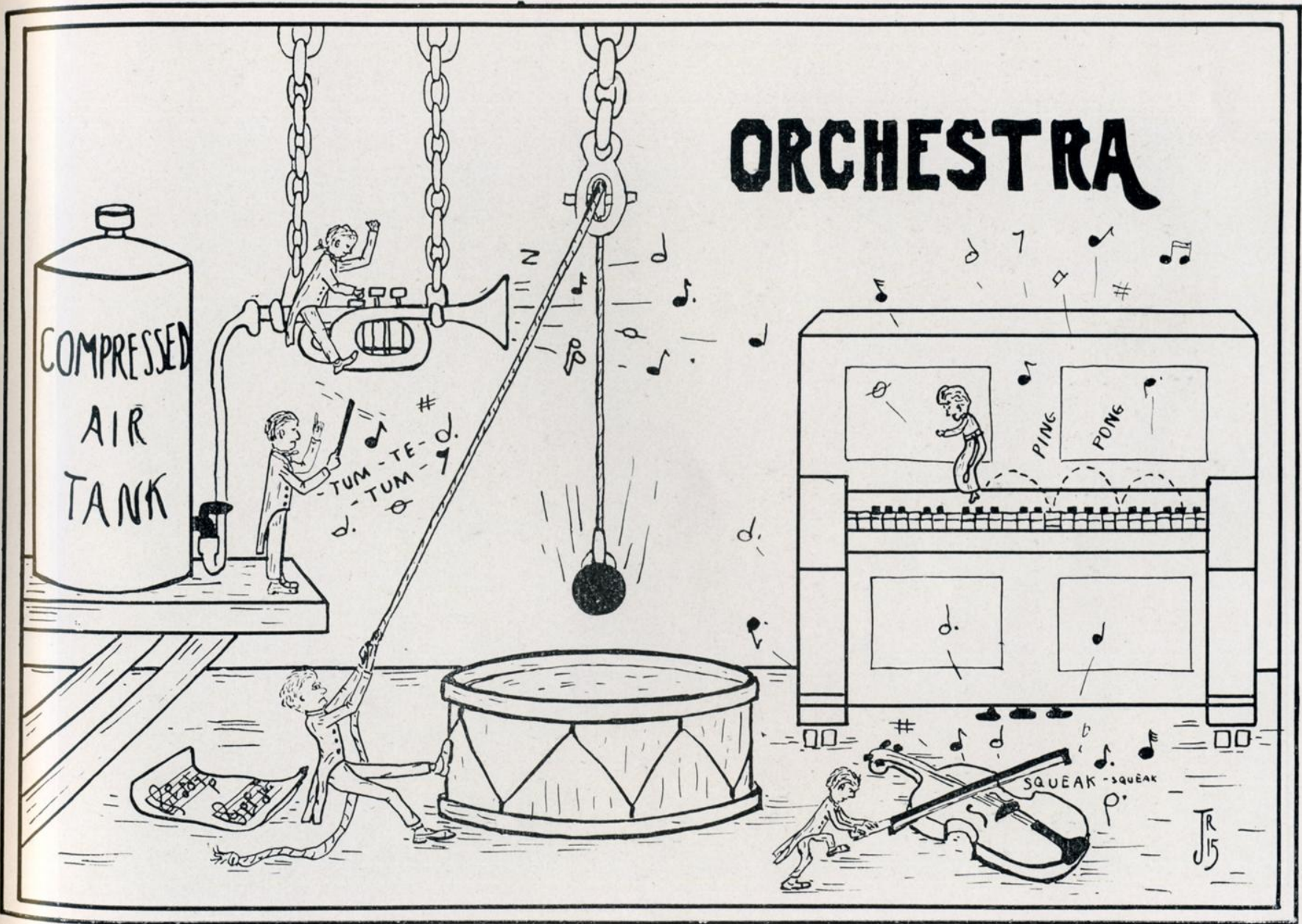
COMPRESSED
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PING
PONG

SQUEAK-SQUEAK

JR
15





HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The High School Orchestra, organized by Mr. Clifford in 1912, and successfully carried on by Mr. Bemer in 1913-14, is in a healthy and flourishing condition and has contributed much to the pleasure of those in it and those fortunate enough to listen to its long and varied program. The membership during 1914 comprises the following: Director, Clarence Bemer; pianist, Helen Blain; cornets, Kenneth Comb, Angus Goetz, (Mr. Bemer); clarinets, St. Clair Bowen, Walter Comb; first violin, John Paton, Ralph Cook; second violin, Wesley Follis, Theodore Handy; horn, Fred Keyser; traps, Howard Batin.

While the orchestra has not yet played be-

fore many assemblies, many expressions have been heard prophesying that Paganinni, Liszt, or even Tineor himself may yet be outclassed by some of the members. Nothing brilliant has ever been accomplished without difficulties, and many a young and tender heart has suffered pangs of torture from indignities thrust upon them by students utterly devoid of musical talent or appreciation who pass through the halls during practice hour with palms crushed to their ears and pained expressions on their faces. "All things come to those who wait," so after the performance of the orchestra at our commencement exercises our heroes' rewards will be all they desire and we expect to see them buried under the honors due them and wearing the laurel which is theirs.



GLEE CLUB

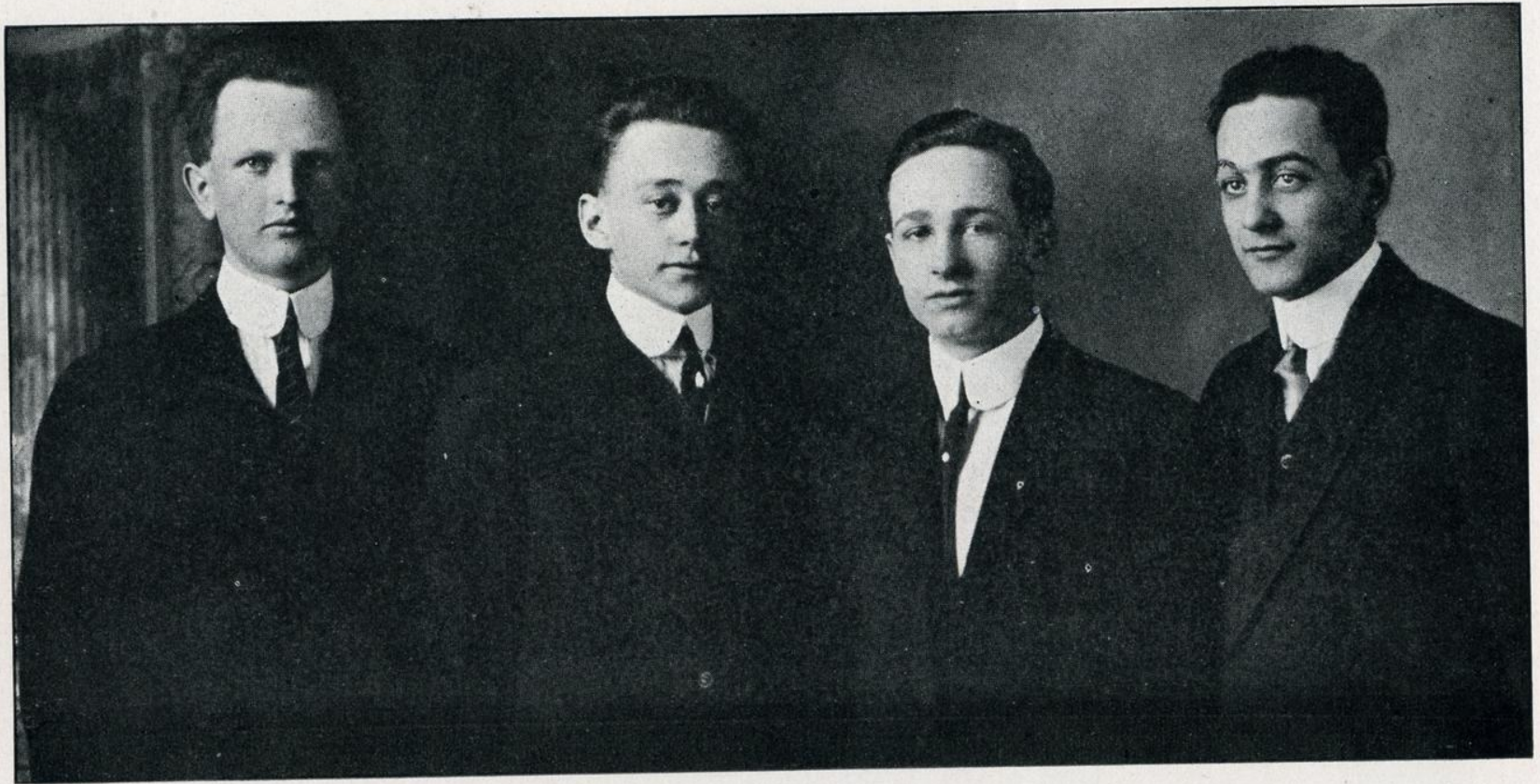
It has been only for the last two or three years that there has been much interest in musical organizations but in that time they have grown into strong and able bodies. Among the foremost is the Girls' Glee Club which has shown excellent results because of the persistent and faithful work of Misses Davis and Belt.

The origin of the Glee Club is not known but some people think they are working on the idea that "music has charms to soothe the savage breast," but the members themselves insist that

it is merely an outlet for their musical souls.

During the past year the Glee Club has sung at the Teachers' Institute, the Woman's Reading Club, the Annual Presbytery, Park School, and the reception to Bishop Williams.

The members are as follows: First sopranos, Opal Clarke, Dorothy Fleming, Miriam Bartlett, Jessie Tapert; second sopranos, Margaret Wirt, Edith Bowen; first altos, Earnestine Gunn, Jane Ferguson, Elizabeth Parsille; second altos, Boadicea Price, Ruth Weston, Allene Stanley, Lucille Crockett; accompanist, Helen Blain.



QUARTETTE

Because of the affection for boys Miss Davis started a quartette of High School boys last year. Although Miss Davis has passed from our midst to wedded bliss, the results of her patient endeavor still live.

The quartette made its first appearance at the 1913 Commencement Exercises. All would have been well if Lockwood's sense of humor had not overcome him in the middle of the performance. After the first explosive, Ha! Ha! the quartette's average was about one singing while the other three laughed. The audience decided in favor of the majority and laughed with them. Without any possible dispute our laughing quartette made the big hit of the evening.

This year the quartette is composed of Morris Schiff, George Lockwood, Herbert McKinney and John Patton. This is the same quartette as last year with the exception of Morris Schiff, the new bass. We hope the quartette will enjoy as much, although not exactly the same, success as they did at last year's commencement, this commencement.

"LE CERCLE FRANCAIS"

The "Circle Francais" is an organization established by our "French" teacher, Miss Guil-

ford, and comprised of "French" students desirous of learning to speak the French language fluently.

The club meets at the homes of different members on alternate Monday evenings at seven o'clock. The members elect a temporary president each week who prepares a simple program for every meeting and all of the members take part. The Society has a permanent treasurer.

After the program the club carries on French reading and conversation. After luncheon the club adjourns.

The club is composed of girls because the boys would not join, whether through bashfulness or inclination, we do not know.

The members are: Dorothy Snell, Helen Blain, Arabella Bates, Dorothy Fleming, Miss Guilford, Thelma Mondor, Emma Keller, Frances Ainsworth, Ella Fleming, Rosalind McClelland.

A POEM BY A GERMAN I. STUDENT

Eine kuh hatte uber das fence ge jumped,
Und hatte das gras ge damaged;
Mein Neighbor hatte so viel ge sagt
Dass ich war sehr astonished.

He who Mrs. to take a kiss
Has Mr. thing he shouldn't miss.

SOCIETY

One Friday evening, the latter part of April, the Junior boys entertained the Junior girls. The evening was spent playing "drop the handkerchief," "wink," "post-office," and singing children's songs. The boys were very sociable, keeping as far away from the girls as possible and finally taking up a collection to send them home on the street car.

The Faculty entertained the Seniors at the Park School gymnasium, Saturday evening, May the sixteenth. The features of the evening were a "bean race," "old clothes race," "play writing" (with Seniors' names), "rag chewing contest," "musical chairs," and several playettes by the Seniors under the direction of some Faculty member, and, a "wax works" exhibit by the Faculty. A fine lunch was served after the program and then some baby pictures of Seniors were passed around to see if they were recognizable. Like the Juniors the Senior boys saw that a few of the girls had escorts, going home.

Friday, May the twenty-second, the Junior girls entertained the Junior boys at the Park School gymnasium. Onions and ice cream were served. All were home by 8:30.

The Seniors had an enjoyable time on Sugar

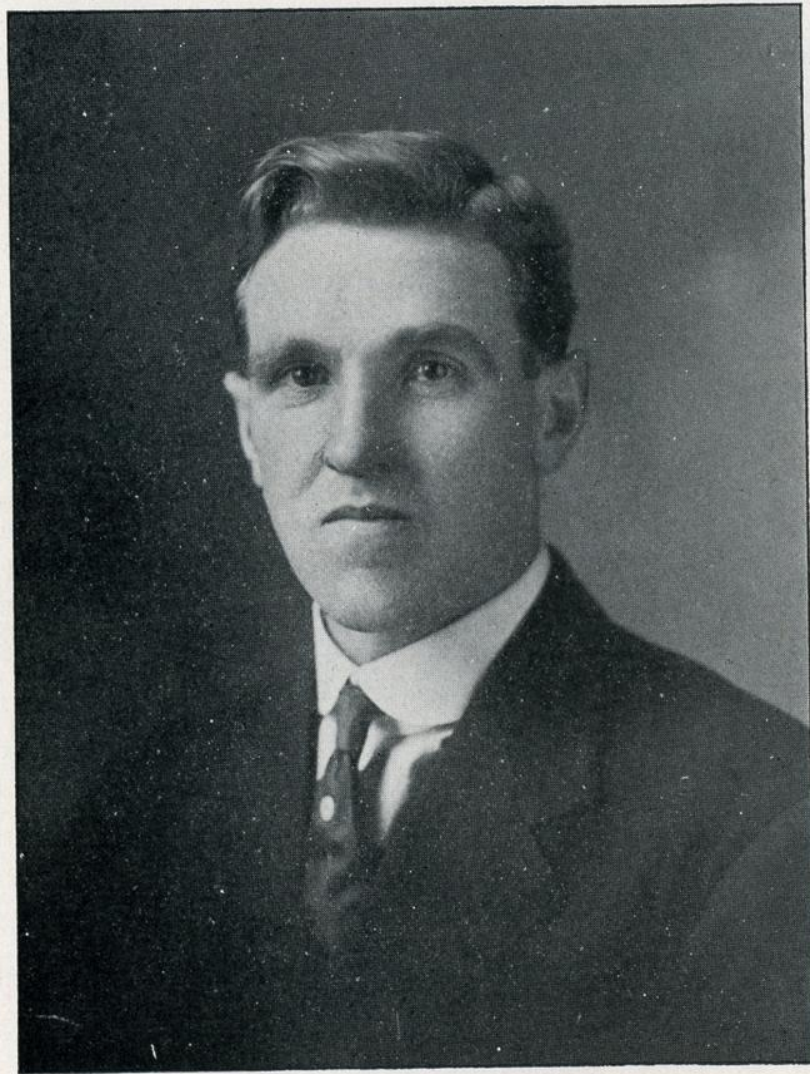
Island, one bright and shining school day. No, it was not a holiday, according to state law, only a holiday for the Seniors of the Sault High. Can you keep a secret? They all skipped.

The Juniors entertained the Seniors with a trip down the river early in June. The trip was made in launches and was a pleasure that will long be remembered by all who went. The day was perfect and everybody turned out. Mr. Barber appeared late in the afternoon with a grease besmeared face, a much-enlarged belt line, and an empty lunch basket which had held enough for six hungry men.

The social event of the year took place Friday evening, June the fifth, at the Armory. The hall was beautifully decorated with the Junior colors, green and gold. There were several neat novelty dances along with well rendered music. An elaborate luncheon was served. Everybody reported a "best" time.

Silently, one by one
On the class books of our teachers,
Blossoms the little zeros,
The forget-me-nots of the students.

Mr. Barber: "Laura, what is an element?"
Laura: "An element is a single substance."
Mr. Barber: "I used to be one of those."



MR. ARMOUR TAYLOR
"A good janitor and a good fellow"

THE UNKNOWNNS

The sunlight flickerfled thru the pane,
Upon the chemist's tousled mane,—
He's a senior working late,
His Chemistry to graduate;
He struggles on at snailish rate,
And mutters in a voice of hate,
Curses on "The Unknownns."
The chlorate took him in the eye,
The acids antics made him sigh,
He worked that day and all that night,
He worked till, say it was a fright,
At those Unknownns.

The H_2S fumed up his nose,
The noxious acid burned his clothes,
He grew to be a sorry sight,
But still worked on into the night;
He worked and swore and stamped the floor,
In sooth he liketh not this fiendish bore;
On, on he worked till moans and groans
Seemed issuing from a wrack of bones;
He made remarks in sulphurous prose,
Till, ah! at length he'd found he knows
The Unknownns.

Miss Walker: "What made the tower of
Pisa lean?"

Fresh.: "It was built in time of famine."

THERE'S SOMETHING COMING.

It's allus been the custum
To hev a dance or two
Between the Junes and Senurs
With the fakulty presunt too.

But this year' some got ta thinkin'
And sez they to themselves sez they,
"A bandquet's thu thing fur the Senurs;
In a nutshell thet's our say!"

Then another group they stumbled
Onta what they tho't quite bright:
It was a river excurzun,
And fur thet them June's did fight.

But now those pesky Senurs
Crawls out their holes and sez,
"Up the Algoma fur usuns!"
Thet's eggsactly what they sez.

And so these booky skolars,
The Junes and Scenes by name,
Invent their cruiked skeemings,
And vote upon the same.

Now I no there's sumthin cummin:
Just tell me when it's cum,
And I'll go no matter whether
It's a trip to Mars and hum.

J. R.



JOKES

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Freshie: "Who was the smallest man in the world?"

Soph: "I don't know."

Freshie: "A Roman soldier who slept on his watch."

Senior (reciting in English): "When Swift was four years old his father died and he was left to support his mother."

Miss Mauck: "Why do they call the Middle Ages the Dark Ages?"

Soph: "Because there were so many knights."

A brilliant Junior to Miss Johnson: "'Robinson Crusoe' was Defoe's best poem."

Miss Dodge: "I think this meat is spoiled."


Butcher: Perhaps so, ma'am, but that meat came from a prize lamb and so it may have been petted too much."

She tried to kill him with a glance

But she was, truth to tell,

So cross-eyed that, by grievous chance,

A poor bystander fell.

 This is a charcoal sketch of negroes shoveling coal at night.

Rye (in Physics): "What is the velocity of a free falling body at rest?"

Mr. Bemer (referring to political economy): "Would a man object to a neighbor borrowing his automobile for a week, and then again for a month, and then another, and——"

An audible whisper from the back of the room: "Whew! His girl must have gone back on him."

Teacher: "Give an example of expansion by heat and contraction by cold."

Student: "Well, in summer when it is hot the heat expands the days and they are long, in the winter the cold contracts the days and they are short."

Miss Kelly (to Freshman): "Translate Rex Fugit."

Fresh: "The King flees."

Miss Kelly: "You should have 'has' in translating a perfect tense."

Fresh: "The King has flees."

Student in Latin (translating): "The Tencteri crossed the Rhine not far from the sea where the Rhine flew in."

Mr. Birdsall: "When was America discovered?"

A voice from the rear of the room: "When Columbus landed here."

Miss Wilson: "When a number is divided by another number what is the result?"

Freshie: "The answer."

Miss Wilson: "Leave the room, you are altogether too smart."

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Jane (blushing): "My face is all on fire."

Clifford: "I kinda thought I smelt paint burning."

Miss Mahon: "Alex, give me an example of a double negative."

Alex: "I don't know none."

English Teacher: "What song did Bond write?"

Frank (absently): "I love you truly."

Miss Chapin: "Have you done your outside reading yet?"

Don: "No, ma'am, Ma said it's too cold to read outside."

Miss Mauck (in Modern History): "Edith what is a Pilgrim?"

Edith: "A holy tramp."

Who said Pearl wasn't Noble?

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Louis (after a football game): "I feel like the Centaurs, I've yelled so hard."

Earnest: "How's that?"

Louis: "Half horse."

If I can't go, can tango?

"Miss Mauck, is Miss Chapin?"

"No, but Miss Loomis."

Mr. Johnson: "Can you write larger please?"

Willis (writing larger): "How's that?"

Mr. Johnson: "That's all right, but what is it?"

Senior: "Why was Noah the first student in geometry?"

Junior: "I give up."

Senior: "He constructed the Ark B. C."

Otto Supe

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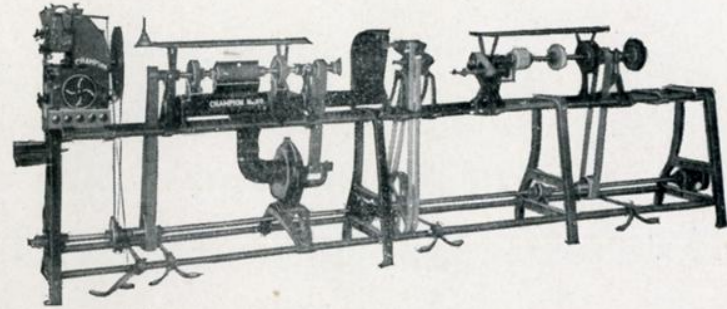
Telephone 128-F2

Weston (making up a problem for the physics class): "If a train goes 10 miles per hour what is its velocity?"

PLAYS

- "The Music Master"—Mr. Bemer.
- "The Midnight Suns"—Senior Boys.
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- "Madame X"—Exam standings.
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- "Barriers Burned Away"—Pony.
- "Love's Labor Lost"—Flunks.
- "Midsummer Night's Dream"—Commencement.
- "Paid in Full"—The day after you skip.
- "Within the Law"—Senior Girl's Joke.

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 6. Mr. and Mrs. Bemer.
 7. "Bill" MacLachlan asleep.
 8. Munroe in Sunday school.
 9. Battin grow taller.
 10. Ferguson at work.
 11. Mr. Birdsall sore.
 12. "Baby" Goetz-Bateman—go ten rounds.
 13. Frank Goetz cry.
 14. "Bob" Brown make a good speech.
 15. Zylstra and Webb battle for the fussyweight championship.
-

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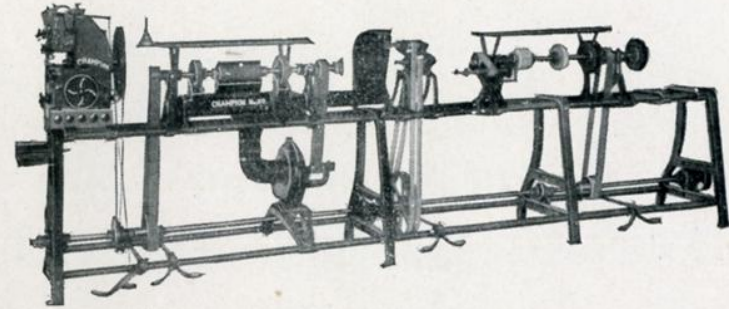
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Teacher: "What are the words most used in class?"

Pupil (after thinking awhile) "I don't know."

Teacher: "Correct, sit down."

Margaret and Mr. Barber had talked long and confidentially on the small numbers at the top of her exam paper.

"But Mr. Barber," argued Margaret, as she moved toward the door, "I'm trying."

"Yes," said Mr. Barber, as she closed the door, "Very."

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"Why-er-r, I don't know," muttered Frank.

Miss Wilson: "What would you do, Howard, if some one really sprung a joke?"

Howard (after deep thought): "I'd laugh!"

Combs: "How do you draw a quadrilateral triangle?"

"What makes you so light?" queried the carbon filament of Miss Mazda.

"Current expenses I suppose," answered the Mazda as the volts ran to meter.

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Miss Dodge: "I want a pound of coffee in the bean."
Grocer: "Next floor, madam, this is the 'ground floor.'"

Freshman (in a geology exam): "It is a McCannicle mixture."

Mr. Weston: "I think I'll start Archie in the flour business."

Mr. Walsh: "Why?"

Mr. Weston: "Because he shows such a fondness for meals."

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Edward: "Well, a lot of the other teachers want to see me tonight. Have you got a date for Sunday?"

Gladys: "I thought I told you to come after supper. It's only six o'clock."

He: "That's what I came after—supper."

Freshman (in geol.): When two sticks of thunder come together it is lightning.

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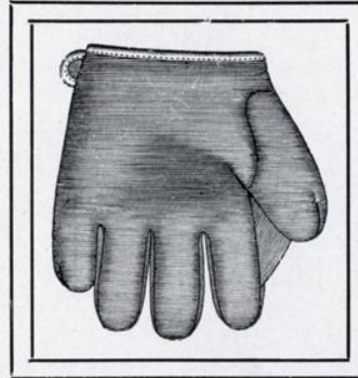
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She's gone to silent hence,
She lit the fire with gasoline
And hasn't ben-zene since.

'Twas at a restaurant they first met
Romeo and Juliet.

'Twas here where he first got in debt,
For Romeo-owed what Juliet.

Could anyone tell Mr. Johnson: "In what part of
wheat Canada grows?"

Scene, Detroit at a table: "What side of the
table would you like to sit on?" asked the waiter.
McCarty: "I prefer to sit on a chair."

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Teacher (to Lucella, who had been yawning all class hour): "You shouldn't stay up late at night."
Lucella: "I couldn't help it, Charlie——" (then blushing stopped).

She wore a psyche and he—lover her knot. Wretch!

Just wait until Everett's Revised Trigonometry is published.

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FAVORITE EXPRESSION

Mr. Birdsall: "The bell's rung."

Mr. Barber: "Oh, not so very awfully much."

Miss Fischer: "Bitte wachen Sie auf!"

Miss Kelly (softly): _____

Miss Mauck (clasping her hands together):
"Aren't you interested?"

Margaret Wirt: "Some head!"

Haerle: "I laughed till I thought I'd die."

Laura S.: "I just know I flunked."

Margaret McL.: "Heavings!"

Bateman: "Well, you know when an irresistible
force meets an immoveable body."

Mr. Johnson: "Now, don't be foolish."

"The problem is," explained Bill Monroe in geom-
etry, "to find how much water is in the cistern when
it is empty."

Mr. Barber: "What is electricity, Clifford?"

Cliff E.: "I did know, but I've forgotten."

Mr. Barber: "Alas! The only man who ever
knew what electricity is, has forgotten."

The Freshmen are silly,
The Sophs are indignant,
The Juniors most brilliant of all;
But what is more striking,
More really appalling,
Than the Seniors,
The best of them all.

"If you want to ask any questions," announced
the English teacher during a test, "ask them of me."
"What is the answer to the third question?" im-
mediately queried Forrest.

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She: "How did you like my singing?"

He: "Oh, it was all right except the words and the tune."

Mr. Bemer (to Goetz, who is evidently thinking hard): "Don't break anything!"

Fred (blowing about Africa): "I killed a lion once, a lion that measured 216 feet long! Some lion (ly'in'), eh!"

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George Washington (to fisherman): "Throw me a fish."

Fishermen: "Why should I throw it?"

George: "I cannot tell a lie and I want to tell Martha I caught it."

SEEN IN BOOKS

He flew to her.

He dropped his eyes.

She fastened her eyes upon him.

He glued his eyes on the picture.

Mr. Walsh (coming on two boys cutting Chesser's hair): "Cut it, boys, cut it."

Mr. Barber to girls' chemistry class: "All that pass the test tomorrow, I will give a new spring hat. (After thought) I didn't mean that, girls, I'm trying to get out of buying one already."

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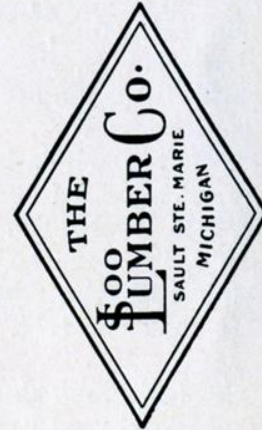
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TWENTY-THREE

Geo. D.,
In chemistry,
Did shirk his work,
His note book work,
He did not mind
If he got behind;
Nor did he care
For the teacher's glare,
But sat in ease
Just as you please.

At last one day,
One fatal day,
Professor B.
Said, "Let me see;
Tomorrow we
Shall try who's best.
We'll have a test."
While George D.
Said, "Let me be."
But with the rest
He took the test.

The following day
George stayed away.
And Professor B.
Said, "Geo. D.
Needs the rest."
For in the test
In chemistry
Geo. D.
Got twenty-three.

Jewel: "Why is a high school career like a hoop?"
Cora: "I don't know. Why?"
Jewel: "Because the end is only the commencement."

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Linton: "Oh, I nailed that over the coal bin."

Doctor (after a foot ball game): "I'm afraid you have broken your radius."

Half back (groaning): "I feel as if I had broken my whole circumference."

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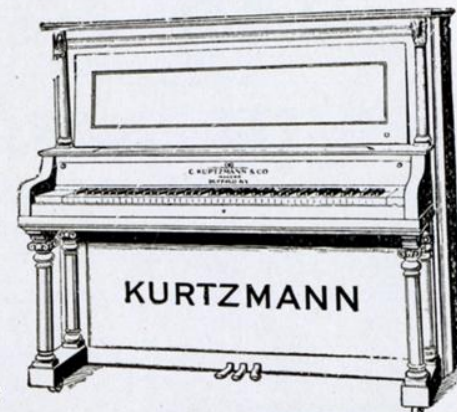
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Miss Dodge (entering Miss Fisher's room): "Is your clock fast?"

Miss Fisher: "Sure, it wouldn't stay on the wall if it weren't."

Miss Mauck: "When was the revival of learning?"

Dorothy: "Before the last exam."

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We keep six honest serving men,
They taught us all we know.
Their names are What and Why and When,
And Where and How and Who.

Teacher: "What is the shape of the Earth?"

Johnnie: "Round."

Teacher: "How do you know it's round?"

Johnnie: "All right then, it's square, I don't want to start any argument."

"No," said Mr. Barber, after the Newberry game, "Newberry isn't on the map any more—I brought the best part of it to the Soo."

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head,
And settled down to drill.
He worked away for half a day,
And finally broke his bill.

Margaret: "I think Bill looks so intelligent with glasses on."

Bob: "That's why he wears them."

Miss Chapin: "Gordon, what was Irving's social position?"

"Gordon: "He was the eleventh of twelve children."

THE CLASS OF 1914

Wishes to Thank the Soo Business Men for Their Hearty Co-Operation in Its Efforts to Make This Annual a Financial Success

SOO HIGH TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt not come late unto the house of learning.

2. Thou shalt not be thrice late without good excuse.

3. Thou shalt not tie the door knob when the Juniors sit in secret session, for yea verily they that so doeth are an abomination in my sight and my wrath shall be visited upon him that offendeth.

4. Thou shalt not be a love smitten "loafer," for yea verily they toil not, neither do they spin.

5. Thou shalt not converse freely with the fuzzy-wuzzys, for they are wasters of time.

6. Thou shalt not commune freely with the demon "rum," for he that so doeth, I shall cause destruction to fall upon him, and he shall be "canned" and sent to parts unknown and there shall be great wailing and weeping, and gnashing of teeth.

7. Thou shalt not talk when thy principal speaketh to thee in the morning, but hearken unto him for the principal is a dispenser of much learning and wise sayings.

8. Thou shalt not go forth from the house of learning before the hours of 11:20 and 3:30 for he who so doeth taketh his "pin head life" in his own hands, for the eye of thy principal is watchful.

9. Thou shalt do the biddings of thy principal and his faculty in all things for him who so doeth shall receive many blessings, but to him who believeth not, his feet shall be full of thorns, and he shall live upon husks and be a companion of intellectual "loafers."

10. Thou shalt not have any clock before my clock for they shall deceive thee and thy principal is a jealous principal and his wrath shall fall upon him who goeth not by his time.

Teacher: "Can you name five domestic animals?"

Pupil: "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher: "Enumerate them."

Pupil: "One, two, three, four, five."

Thelma: "There goes the luckiest girl in High School."

Lilah: "How's that?"

Thelma: "Nothing she eats makes her fat."

What are you yelling at?

At the top of my voice.

Exams are but details in the eyes of the faculty, but for the student they are events.

McKinney: "And I've got Edith's and Hazel's word that she is the prettiest girl in High School."

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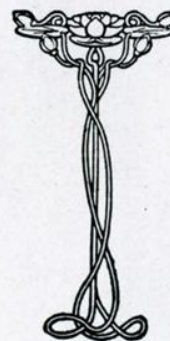
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