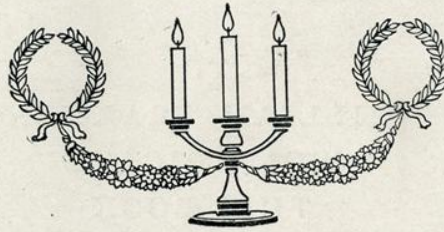


ANNUAL '12



PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
OF THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL
OF SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN

TO
WILLIAM PRAKKEN
WE DEDICATE
THIS BOOK



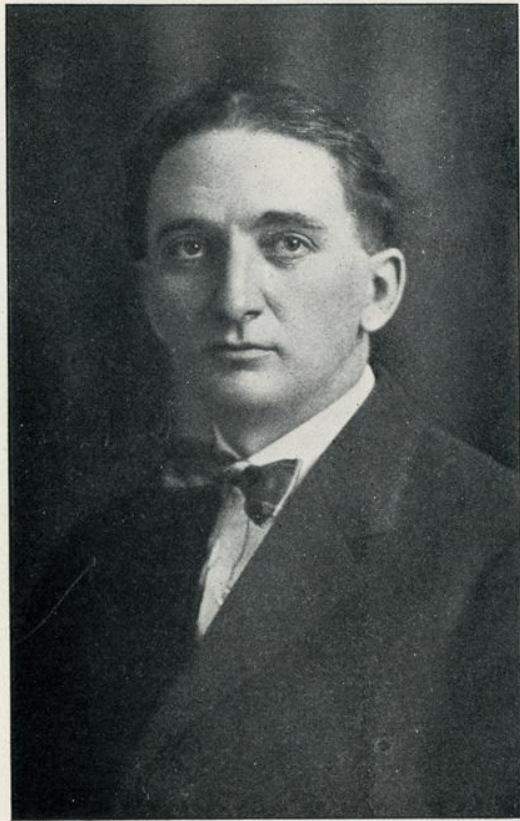
William Prakken

In Mr. Prakken the pupils have a teacher seldom feared, but always admired, a scholar who is many times a man, a friend whose sympathy is most profound. For eight years he lent the highest influence to student life in Sault Ste. Marie.

With his departure the high school will lose one whose place will be hard to fill.

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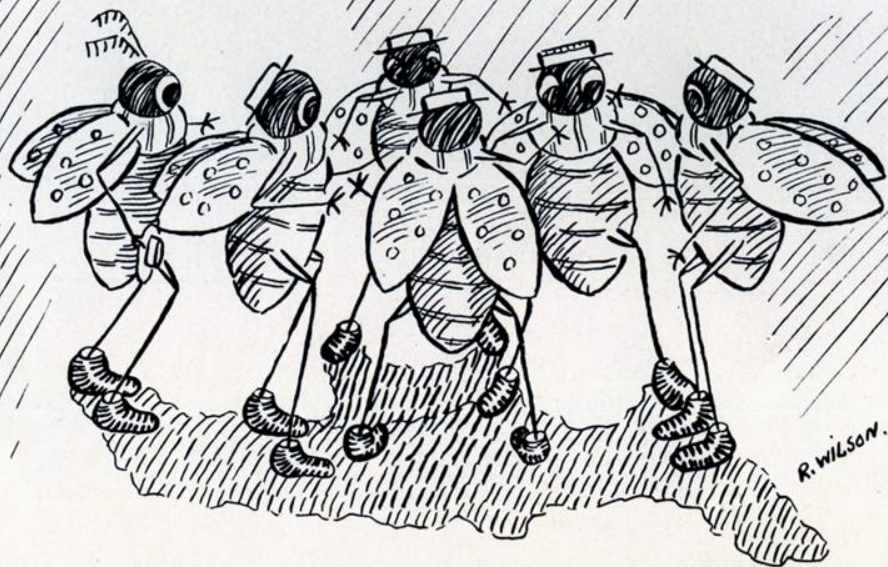
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CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

SOO HIGH RAH! RAH!
SOO HIGH RAH! RAH!
HOO RAH! HOO RAH!
SOO HIGH RAH!!



EDITORIAL

Upon graduating from the high school a student congratulates himself upon the fact that he has been able to complete the four year course. This, in most cases, has meant a struggle, sometimes by the parents, sometimes by the pupil, often by both. This is true especially of the boys. "Is it worth while?" he asks himself and is often asked by others, "What value have you received from your time and work?" For several reasons the boy believes that his time has been well spent.

First, he has developed the desire for more education. He is ambitious to carry his studies further and specialize in some line of work. This desire alone is priceless. The extent of his ambition decides his future. He may not be able to carry on his education immediately, but if the desire is strong enough he will find a way.

In the second place, he has begun to learn how to think logically. He is given a few facts and is able to reason from these to a sensible conclusion. The ability to think clearly and consecutively is one of the most important requirements for a successful business man. Constructive thinking is an art and perhaps a science. For the pupil it is an art and an art is learned by practice. Constructive thinking, therefore, is the result of practice. It represents a habit of concentration and habits are formed by repeatedly doing some one thing. The high school is a place where one is put in such positions that concentration and constructive thinking are necessary.

An education also trains the will. Every problem which is tackled and solved strengthens the will power for the next. Every geometry exercise is a scrimmage for the will. The men who are fit to assume responsibility, the men who do things in the world, are men of strong, well-controlled wills.

Mr. John T. Stone, president of a prominent insurance company says: "No matter what calling a lad may

wish to follow, it is a great pity to stop his education at the grammar school. When that is done he enters life as heavily handicapped mentally as an infant enters it physically. They may both survive and splendidly succeed, but the odds are heavily against them, and their success is in spite of their start, and not because of it." The high school graduate is not so handicapped. He is four years older than the grammar school boy. He has been introduced to foreign languages and through them he has learned something of the structure of his own. Higher mathematics have trained him in orderly thinking. He also has dipped into biology, chemistry and physics. Through these sciences he has learned something of the processes of nature but he has likewise learned to systematize his work and thus increase his efficiency.

After such a course of study he still is young enough to start at the bottom of the ladder and work to the top before he is too old to enjoy the results of his labor. Parents realize that when an uneducated man has attained success he either is too old to enjoy success or his lack of culture leaves him unable to enjoy the finer pleasures of life. One of the strongest arguments in favor of a high school education is the fact that fathers who have not secured a higher education insist upon this education of their children.

One of the richest rewards afforded by mental training is the ability properly to enjoy one's self. The mission of education is not to teach men how to gain riches quickly but how to use riches when they are gained; not how to get honor and position but how to bear the responsibilities which come with honor. A graduate may feel satisfied if he is made fit to appreciate with Matthew Arnold:

"How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still."

THOMAS LE BLANC.

CLASS HISTORY

It was in 1908 that our class of 1912 first entered upon its famous career. We were ushered into High School with the customary exercises, but we came in with the purpose of making ourselves known. What green freshmen we were! We shall never forget the first day. Mr. Prakken would come along and point out the way, but it took us at least a week to know where we were going to land when we started for a class.

There was a decided change in our Sophomore year. We walked sedately through the halls, with a "know it all" expression on our faces. We laughed at the little Freshman and wondered how anyone could be so green.

It was in our Junior year that we found out the smallness of our knowledge. We started to work then, and were at the school from 7:30 in the morning until 5:00 at night. We astonished the teachers with our brilliant recitations, and were never known to fail in a subject; but, we weren't so busy that we never thought of any stunts to do. The girls decided to start a new style of hair dressing. We all came to school with our hair hanging in curls. Mr. Prakken was so pleased that he made a little speech, telling us how much better we looked. The boys showed their approval by applause, but the fad soon lost its popularity.

The girls' basket ball team was organized and exhibited its athletic ability in the games played from time to time. The party given by our class in honor of the Seniors of that year was a howling success. The Country Club was beautifully decorated in the Senior colors, gold and white. We had no accidents whatever, such as having our ice cream stolen, which showed how well we were prepared for such escapades.

Our Senior year has been most eventful. What an honor it is! When we were first organized, a new rule was made, which stated that we were not real Seniors unless we were up to date in our work every month. A list of such Seniors was to be posted every month, and

only these students could take part in the work of the class. This keeps us hustling "some" but, in spite of the fact that we might be on the list one month and off the next, we have done very well. There was a successful season of football. The Soo fairly shook with the football songs and yells. Mass meetings were held at night around a big bonfire. Stump speeches were made, songs were sung, and cheers were given. Then on the day of the game, how our boys played! What glory they won for themselves! The "Soo" soon found out that the "Class of 1912" was not dead in the football line.

We have made great progress in a literary way. Two societies, the Ciceronian and Athena were organized. We have had debates, orations, original poems and stories. We never realized before that our class had such brilliant orators and poets. Talents that were buried before have been brought to light and developed.

We have some musicians, too. The orchestra, although still a young organization, shows the decided musical talent of all the members.

We shall never forget with what patience Mr. Prakken tried to teach us to use our "Common Horse-Sense" in geometry. We highly appreciate the untiring efforts of every teacher in helping us to reach the goal. They were always ready and willing to aid us in every possible way. We remember how we all enjoyed the address given by Mr. Ferguson, our ex-superintendent, and what illustrious men and women we should be in the future if we would follow his advice. We have had but one year's acquaintance with Mr. Walsh, but he is a favorite with every one of us. We feel that he takes a personal interest in each of us and is working for our advantage.

We, as a class, have worked earnestly and faithfully. We feel that we have done our best in everything and that we are going to end gloriously.

JESSIE ROSBOROUGH.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Fellow Seniors.—It is some four years since first we responded to roll call in this venerable building, and yet, when we recall how wondrous it all was, how it filled our frivolous hearts with pride and at the same time with a feeling of awe, it seems that it all happened only yesterday.

During that period we have coped with numerous difficulties, the unpleasant memories of which, time will no doubt expunge from our minds. But the experiences and lessons that they have taught us have been moulded into our characters. It has been a struggle that has meant a great deal to all of us; but it has strengthened and forearmed us against the obstacles that lie in the path of our next goal, "Success in Life."

Commencement, which we have been slowly approaching for the last twelve years, is now at hand and the proximity of that event naturally leads us to indulge in visions of success. Moreover these visions are greatly stimulated by the bright prospects for the class of 1912. But for the time being let us consider something more substantial than dreams.

To many our class graduation means that school days are not over and that college life will soon begin. These realize how success has come in their high school work and that the same energy and application will bring them success in their college work. Others are planning business careers and these have learned that one's success is in proportion to his effort and that only steady, faithful performance of each duty as it arises will bring

the right rewards, no matter what the line of work may be.

In either event, commencement is the turning point and in later years it will be a land mark. From now on our paths lie in different directions and moreover we must rely wholly upon our own judgment. Although we do not realize it, the future depends to a great extent upon our accomplishments during the next few years. In view of this fact let us consider that gigantic word, SUCCESS. In material terms it means honor, wealth and fame to him who attains it. But rather it should mean "a life's work well done." Analytically it is merely a compound and its main constituents we can discover in the character of any successful man or woman. They are ability, stability and reliability; qualities which every one of us can combine. At any rate it costs nothing to "try" and so let each one of us make a vigorous attempt to combine these elements of character; then mix with these a few ounces of tact, optimism, courtesy and sympathy for our fellow man and in due time regardless of the obstacles and opposition that may appear, we will have gained that universally-desired possession, the emoluments of which need not be repeated.

"Your destiny is within you. You can be what you will."

Let us resolve, therefore, a high purpose and long ere the ambition of our souls is spent we too will have made our life work a success.

ROY GRIERSON.

Seniors



HERBERT TAYLOR

"A fountain of ambition and
bright hopes."



ESTHER BRAUDE

"Faithful to all duties and work-
ing with a will."



ERNEST BOLDUC

"He wears the rose of youth
upon him."



OLIVE COMB

"Good nature—what a blessing!"

ROY GRIERSON, President

"Behavior, what wert thou till
this man showed thee?"



BESSIE PURVIS

"To those that know thee not,
no words can paint;
And those that know thee, know
all words are faint."



THEODORE McKINNEY

"Versatility, thy name is Ted."



MARVEL McKINSTRY

"A maiden never bold of spirit;
So still and quiet that her motion
blushes at himself."





JOHN MORRISON

"A youth, to fortune and to fame
unknown."

MARGARET SUPE

"Diligently she seeks after
knowledge."

NORMA CLARKE

"Happy I am: from care I'm free.
Why aren't they all contented
like me?"

OLIVE McCLINCHEY

"A Puritan maid, sober and se-
date."

BEN DAVIDSON

The logical successor of Edison.

LEOLA ROYCE

"She says in verse what others
say in prose."

ROSS WILSON

"Bright as his hair and never
angry."

MATILDA GOETZ

"The glory of a firm, capacious
mind."





LORNE ROYCE

"Both of his legs are longer
Than they really ought to be."



RUBY COMB, Vice President

"A rare compound of oddity,
frolic and fun."



MAITLAND COMB

"A long, thinking individual of
few words."



RUTH PARSILLE

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle
and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

GEORGE JOHNSON

A silent lad who wore a look of
wisdom from his birth.



SUSIE MCKENZIE

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of
mind."



PURL WESTON

"There is a pleasure in the path-
less woods."



JESSIE ROSBOROUGH

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped
flower."





JOHN FERGUSON

"He's light and white, but promising."



EDNA ROESELER

"A new thing and a good thing."



THOMAS LEHMAN

"Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?"



DACEBELLE APPLETON

"Blest with health and peace and sweet contentment."

PERCY TATE

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."



ESTHER PENMAN, Secretary

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."



LILLIAN CAMPBELL

"A pleasing one to meet and as pleasingly genuine."



SARAH McDONALD

"Man delights me not, nor woman either."





JAY EDWARDS

"All the merry sounds of nature
borrow sweetness from his song."



ALICE HARRISON

"Veins of diamonds in her eyes."



THOMAS LE BLANC

"Arguments sprouted with him
and twinkled in his eye.
He lay and calmly debated when
the average baby cried."



EVA FIELD

"A maid of gentle nature."

STANLEY KEARNEY

"Listening senates hang upon
my tongue."



ROSINA DE LISLE

"And gladly would she learn and
gladly teach."



LLOYD CRAWFORD, Treasurer

"I am not in the roll of common
men."



RUTH MURNER

"Her very step hath music in it
As she comes up the stair."



CLASS PROPHECY

It was during the Christmas vacation in the year of nineteen hundred and twenty that I received a letter announcing a reunion of the class of 1912. Somehow or other the letter had been delayed, and it was now too late to go, as the reunion would be over before I could reach the Soo.

A few days later my disappointment was lessened when I received the following letter:

"Dear Classmate:—As you were not able to attend our reunion, I am writing you a brief account of all that happened. You will be surprised when you learn how successful the members of our class have been.

"The first person heard from was Roy Grierson. Since he has been British ambassador he has spent most of his time in the United States working faithfully for his country. We received a telegram from Herbert Taylor, now president of a large railroad company, and a cablegram from Count LeBlanc, who is now a noted singer in Paris. Susie McKenzie and Lillian Campbell are now members of the faculty of the Ypsilanti Normal, while Esther Penman is head librarian at the Carnegie Library in our home city.

George Johnson is now assistant in the Edison laboratories and hopes some day to finish the work which Mr. Edison has started. Ben Davidson is dean of the electrical engineering department at the University of Michigan. Two of the girls are following their musical inclinations, as Bessie Purvis is supervisor of music in the Boston public schools and Ruth Murner is teaching in the New England Conservatory of Music.

Stanley Kearney came to the reunion in an airship of his own invention. He wore several medals which he had received for record-breaking flights. Ernest Bolduc is leader of the Star orchestra at Sault Ste. Marie, and Thomas Lehman is Mayor of DeTour, which is today a prospering city.

I suppose you have read of Sarah McDonald's work

for the cause of woman's suffrage. She is a valuable addition to the suffragettes of our country. Lloyd Crawford has taken up the work of a scientist. His latest work, as you must know, is a "Treatise on Organic Chemistry." One member of our class, Matilda Goetz, is abroad. She is teaching English in a girls' boarding school at Berlin. Of course, you know that Jay Edwards is editor-in-chief of "The Outlook." He recently displayed his old-time ability by a speech such as he made at the High School when he, as a member of the football team, was presented with a sweater.

You must remember Ross Wilson who designed our Junior pins. Well, he is now an architect and Lorne Royce is superintendent of the Panama canal. Purl Weston is doing excellent work as a botanist and rapidly rising to fame as great as that which Luther Burbank has attained. Do you remember Alice Harrison whom we used to call "Giggles?" She is now a missionary and deeply interested in her work. She is assisted by Rosina DeLisle, whom you will recall as also a rather jolly girl. Olive Comb is happily married to a prosperous young man in the northwest, while Ruby thought it best to remain home with her mother. Their brother Maitland is serving his state well as United States senator.

Many of our classmates have settled in Detroit. Percy Tate is principal of a high school there, Edna Roessler teaches German in the same school and Marvel McKinstry and Leola Royce are two of the most efficient nurses at Harper's hospital. And to think that Margaret Supe paints pictures worth hundreds of dollars and Eva Field writes books which are read the world over, while little Jessie Rosborough is braving the dangers of aviation to prove to the world that the air can be conquered.

I need not tell you that John Ferguson has become a very successful lawyer for you doubtless have read the account of his work which recently appeared in the Who's Who page of the "Saturday Evening Post." Olive Mc-

Clinchey has directed her aims towards improving the tenements of New York City. Ruth Parsille and Norma Clark have become actresses of great ability. You will remember Ted McKinney as always interested in athletics and will be surprised to learn that he is now athletic coach at Harvard. John Morrison was always a religious boy and is now "making good" as a minister.

And now, perhaps, you would like to know what I am doing. Since leaving high school I have been studying music and recently have composed several instrumental pieces which I am hoping may make a hit.

You have now heard what has become of every member of our glorious class of 1912.

From your Classmate,

DACEBELLE APPLETON.

After reading the letter I was indeed sorry that I had not been present, but resolved that should there ever be another reunion I would surely be there.

ESTHER BRAUDE.



ICE CREAM
CANDY

BILLIARDS
&
POOL

FATIMA

DRUGS

R. WILSON

n.w.



JUNIORS

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

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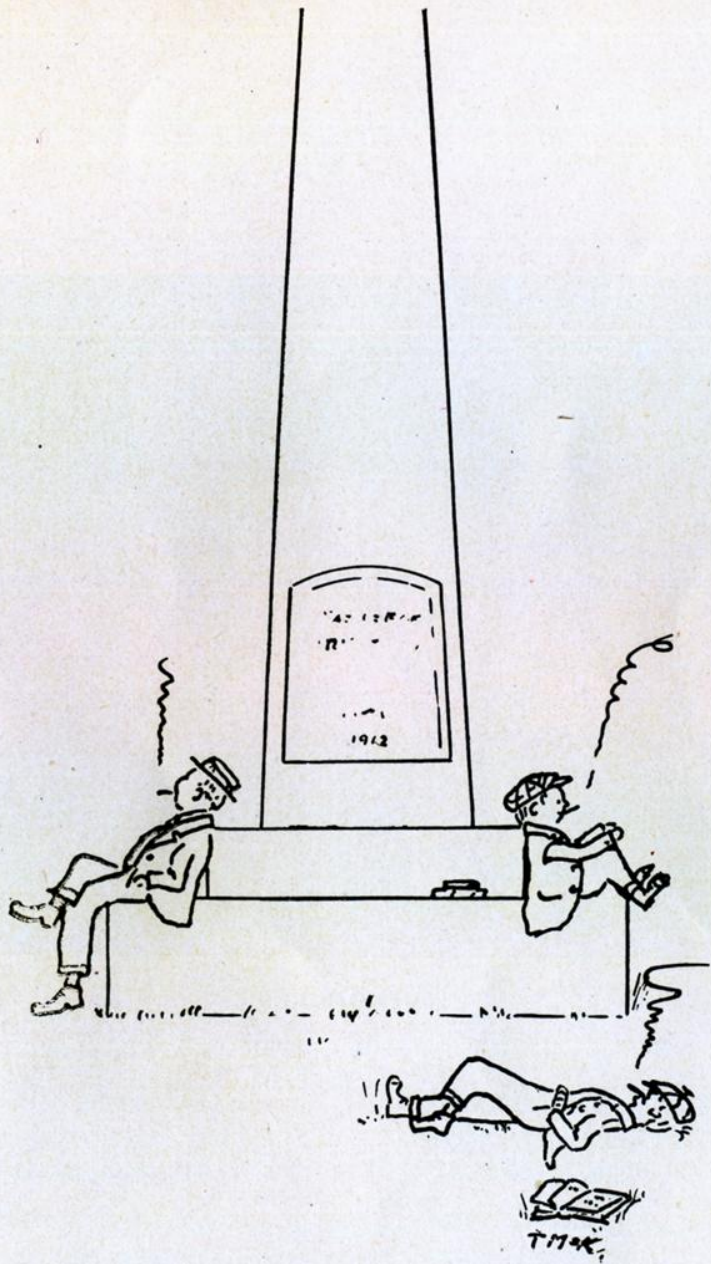
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ATHENA

THE ATHENA LITERARY SOCIETY.

On December 5, 1911, a meeting of the junior and senior girls was called by Miss Catton and Miss Chapin for the purpose of organizing a girls' literary society. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution and on December 8th this committee reported a constitution which was adopted with a few amendments.

Twenty-four girls were enrolled as charter members of the society and the name Athena was chosen. The following officers were elected:

President—Susie MacKenzie.
Vice President—Beatrice Schweitzer.
Secretary-Treasurer—Margaret Supe.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Ruth Weston.

Interesting debates, papers and readings have been given at the meetings, which are held every second Thursday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock. One special meeting for visitors has been held and it proved to be a success. The Athena Society has made a splendid beginning this year and we hope to see it grow in strength and efficiency each year.

THE CICERONIAN SOCIETY.

On December 8, 1910, was organized the Ciceronian Society, a literary club for senior and junior boys. The purpose of the organization is to acquaint its members with parliamentary law and to train them in oratory and public speaking:

Meetings are held every two weeks and at these a regular program is carried out. A debate upon some topic of the day, followed by extemporaneous speeches, a humorous declamation, a serious declamation and budget, constitutes the usual program.

A competent critic comments on the form, language and delivery of the various numbers. The benefits of the society cannot be over-estimated as can be seen by the gradual disappearance of the nervousness and hesitancy of the new members. Some members of the faculty always attend, no meeting being held without at least one member being present.

There is a bright outlook for the coming year. The Ciceronian Society extends its most hearty welcome to the new juniors of next term. The present officers are:

President—John Morrison.
Vice President—Jay Sharpe.
Secretary—Ross Wilson.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Herbert Wilson.



ORCHESTRA

VIOLINS—

THOMAS LE BLANC
JOHN PATTON
MAITLAND COMB
ERNEST BOLDUC

CLARINETTS—

MR. CLIFFORD
FIRMAN BISHOP

PIANO—

TED MCKINNEY

TRAPS—

HOWARD BATTON

A MOONLIGHT PLUNGE.

One evening in the late autumn, Jack Norton and I were sitting on a log beside our campfire, going over the incidents of the day.

We were encamped on the lower end of Sugar Island, at the portage between Big and Little Duck lakes, having arrived in canoes the previous afternoon.

On this particular evening, after the supper dishes had been washed and the night's supply of firewood brought in, we sat in the open side of our lean-to, the hot campfire fanning our cheeks with its steady glow. We soon had our pipes going merrily, and Jack suggested that we go on a moose hunt, when the moon came out. A short time before it appeared we gathered our guns, paddles and dark-lantern together, and, after stowing them away in the canoe within easy reach, we jumped in and pushed off onto the dark waters of Duck Lake.

As we glided swiftly and noiselessly away, nothing could be heard but the steady dip, dip of the paddles, and the swish of the water under our bows. We kept well within the shadow of the north bank, and at about eleven o'clock, as we were rounding Loon Point, I heard a slight crashing sound in the woods at our right. We stopped paddling immediately and drifted along silently for a few minutes. We could hear nothing but the pounding of our hearts against our ribs, and the occasional call of a whip-poor-will. Again we heard the crackling sound in the bushes. This time, however, the disturbance seemed very close to where we were kneeling in wait.

I slid my hand cautiously along the slippery wet gunwale to where my rifle lay under a flap of canvas, procured it, and made ready for action. Just then Jack opened the slide of his lantern and immediately a blind-

ing shaft of yellow light revealed about five yards of the overhanging bank. In sharp relief against the shore line stood a large bull moose, staring at us with bleared, bloodshot eyes.

I levelled my rifle at him, but my shot, which wounded him in the left shoulder, only served to make him furious. With a terrible roar, he lowered his huge head and came charging down to the bank, brushing the small trees aside like grass with his antlers.

I pumped another cartridge into the magazine and let go at him again, but the bullet went wide. One minute and he would be upon us! It was then that Jack hurled his lantern full into the face of the oncoming beast, and, snatching up his paddle, gave a quick shove to turn the canoe out into the lake. The unexpected turn sent me headlong into the icy water, just as the moon peeped out from behind a dark cloud.

I came up spluttering, with my mouth full of water, and heard sounds of splashing out toward the open lake. Holding my gun out of water with one hand, I struck out for the shore, which I reached only after a hard pull.

The first thing I did after climbing the bank was to try to fire the rifle as a signal to Jack, but everything was completely soaked and would not work.

After a blind tramp through the dew-drenched underbrush I reached camp, where Jack had arrived before me and was sitting before the fire, swaddled in a heavy blanket. His wet clothes were hanging on an improvised clothes-line and were steaming like a Thanksgiving pudding.

The next morning we found the canoe beached at the other end of the lake and the moose lying dead on the opposite shore.

WILLIAM McLACHLAN.

THE CAMP.

Although the frost had long since colored the group of maples back of the cabin with rich tones of crimson and yellow, we still lingered at camp, delaying our departure from week to week. The nightly fogs and crisp twang in the north wind, warned us that the perfect weather would not hold out much longer. As we had decided to leave that very day, we were all awake early, in order to pack our simple camp equipment before the launch called for us.

As I stepped from the door of the cabin, the fragrant aroma of coffee and sizzling bacon was wafted to me from the cook-tent. The river, which lay before me, was enveloped in a thick fog, through which the birches on its bank glimmered like wan ghosts. The sun was not yet visible, but even as I stood there, it rolled up over the tops of the pine trees, a huge red ball, whose beams pierced the fog blanket and sought out the dancing ripples which lapped the tree-clad shore. A slight breeze came up, soon scattering the fog, sending it in misty wreaths to join the white clouds which dotted the intense blue sky.

Far out on a sand bar, a statuesque crane stood on one leg, waiting patiently for the appearance of unwary fish. A gull screamed overhead, swooping now and then, as it caught the gleam of a fish, too near the surface.

Walking over to the spring, which was hidden behind a veil of underbrush, I surprised a bushy-tailed squirrel, who scampered up a nearby oak, scolding angrily at the interruption of his breakfast. The clearing, the smoke arising from the cabin, the cabin itself, were all evidences of civilization, but I knew that if it were left unoccupied for many summers, the forest would reclaim its own. The clearing would become choked with a growth of young trees and underbrush, "the cabin" would fall into decay and the logs of which it was built soon become overgrown with clinging mosses.

As we left the dock later in the day I glanced back and saw that the squirrels were already invading our kitchen in search of stray scraps.

BEATRICE SCHWETZER.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Hamburg Sandwich—A small mass of granulated bovine is allowed to escape in a quantity of fat at a high temperature. It is left for varying lengths of time but in the end it is captured and secured firmly between two slices of bread along with other offenders of a questionable age, such as pickles and onions. The whole is then served to the victim under cover of a rapid fire conversation.

Vegetable Soup—A liquid boiling at 100 degrees C. and having a very distinctive odor. It has almost a crystal-like transparency, although here and there, a small piece of vegetable may be seen, probably due to some oversight of the cook.

Lemon Pie—A jelly-like mass with the color of a dreamy waltz surmounted by a dead sea effect. This is on probation and is kept within bounds by a composition called "crust." The formula for this was accidentally discovered in the search for artificial rubber.

Dough-Nuts—A strip of dough of any description, is wrapped around a hole of the required size. This is treated much the same as an ordinary Hamburg sandwich. It emerges from its bath with a ruddy glow and a specific gravity of about 200. In this condition it is very dangerous and must be swallowed quickly with a glass of milk. It may be well to state that the consumer is charged for the holes whether he uses them or not.

REHEARSING A FRENCH PLAY.

Mr. Clifford: "You see, John, this is the place where your daughter comes in and embraces you."

John (all fussed): "I think we ought to practice this a little first."

"What's the most nervous thing in the world, next to a girl?"

Taylor: "Me—, next to a girl."

SENIOR DICTIONARY.

Candace I. Appleton—A promising "Bud."
Olive Comb—One who is domestically inclined.
Ruby Comb—Mother of the class.
Esther Braude—A member of the British nobility, next to a "Count."
Esther Penman—"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."
Jessie Rosborough—"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."
Margaret Supe—A worthy sister whom any boy would be glad to acknowledge.
Bessie Purvis—Practical economy.
Roy Grierson—Father of the class.
Ted McKinney—An intellectual abnormality.
Herb Taylor—"Macaroni."
George Johnson—Fair, false and fickle.
Stanley Kearney—Gunpowder.
Purl Weston—A "Freshie's" affinity.
Ernie Bolduc—Advocate of women's rights.
Leola Royce—Peace, quiet and simplicity.
Rosina DeLisle—The paradise of a henpecked husband.
Lillian Campbell—One not giddy.
Ruth Parsille—A worshiper of the god of thunder, "Thor."
Ruth Murner—A donation to society.
Marvel McKinstry—A blue "Jay."
Alice Harrison—Smiles.

Ben Davidson—"The lover sighing like a furnace."
John Ferguson—A heart smasher.
Lloyd Crawford—"The greatest pleasure in life is love."
John Morrison—Reckless John from "Woolly Pick."
Norma Clarke—A demure young maiden.
Thomas Lehman—All alone in "Deutschland."
Mait Comb—Paddle your own canoe.
Eva Field—A minister's helpmate.
Percy Tate—The "Lillies" in the pond weren't meant for me.
Lorne Royce—Concentrated ginger.
Ross Wilson—The light shining in our midst.
Jay Edwards—All the world's a "Marvel."
Sara McDonald—An emphatic negative to the question "Shall the women vote?"
Thomas LeBlanc—Saw-bones.
Edna Roeseler—Lydia Pankhurst.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE S. H. S.

1. Jay Edward's oratory.
2. Weston's Auto.
3. Brown's Feet.
4. Mr. Barber's beard.
5. Mr. Clifford's derby.
5. Robert Moore's "line of talk."
6. Lorne Royce's walk.
7. Ben Davidson's arguments.



FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1911.

As soon as school was well under way in the fall, the football hopefuls were out on the athletic field going through the regular grind of punting, falling on the ball, and bucking the line. We were unfortunate in having lost nearly all the previous year's players, the only veterans being O'Donnell, Hughes and McKinney; but nevertheless, under the competent coaching of Mr. Barber and Arlington Joseph, last year's coach, the raw material was rapidly drilled into shape. As there was nearly always enough material on the field for two teams, practice games were played when the candidates became experienced enough to know their positions, and with "Get 'Em Off" Barber and "Get-That-Man" Joseph behind their respective teams, some very exciting as well as beneficial practices were held.

The first game arranged for was at Newberry on October 7. The afternoon was a beautiful one for our first defeat. The feature of the game was the long quarter back runs made by Smith, the Newberry quarterback. When the smoke cleared away, the score stood 23 to 0 in favor of Newberry. In the evening the Soo bunch was entertained at a dance at which all had a most enjoyable time.

Nothing daunted by this defeat the team set to work to get ready for the return game. Although realizing that they were up against a bunch of old timers, they determined to do their best. In the meantime Mr. Clifford awakened the High School spirit as it was never awakened before by his innovations of yells and songs, and everything looked bright for the game here on Saturday afternoon, October 21.

Major Cloman of Fort Brady very kindly allowed us to set up goal posts and use the parade grounds to play on.

A large crowd turned out to see the game, as all knew it would be a hard-fought contest. The Newberry

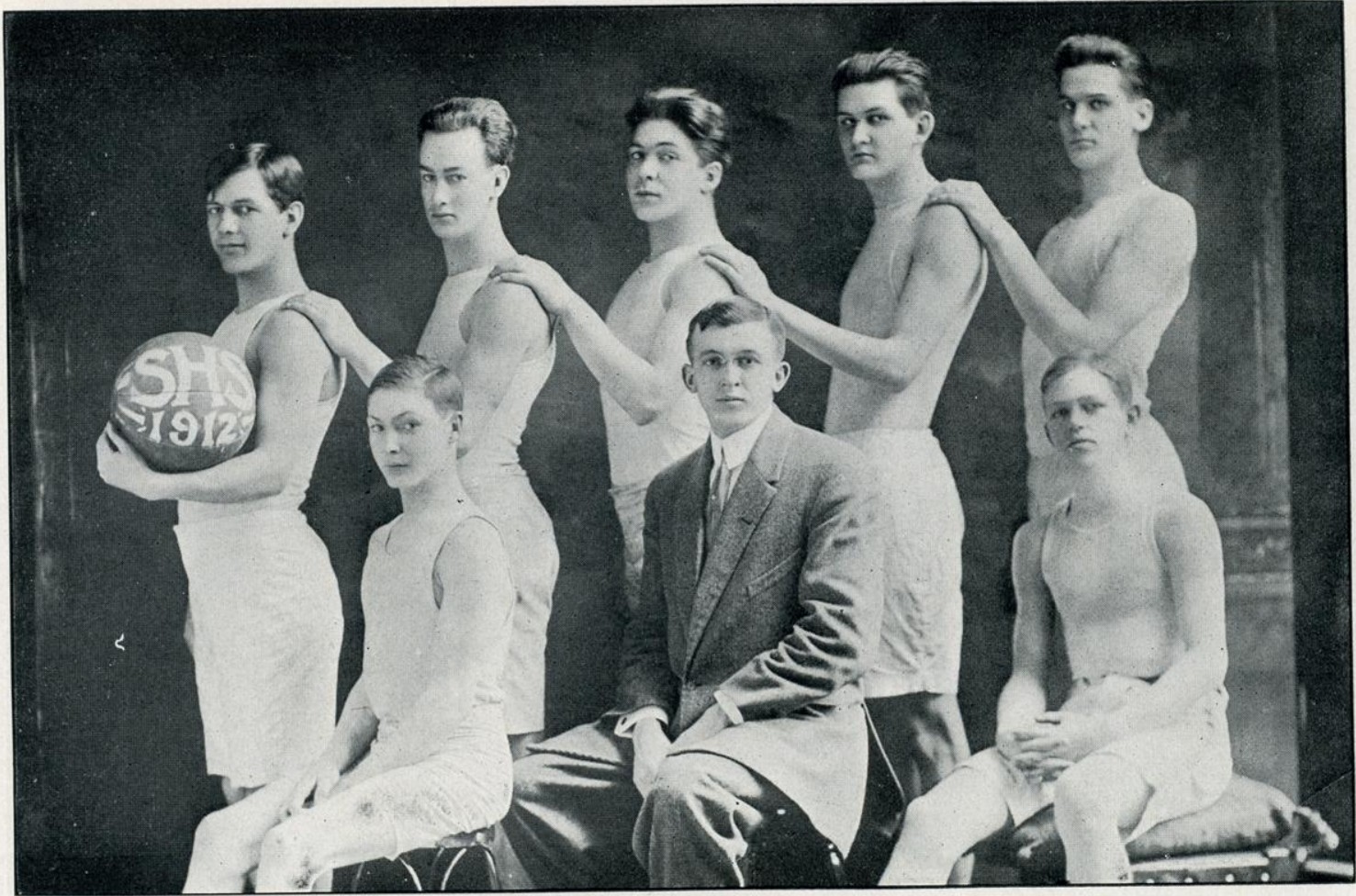
team was somewhat over-confident and at the end of the first quarter we had forced them back to their five-yard line. At the beginning of the second quarter they rallied, however, and by a series of trick plays scored a touchdown but failed to kick goal. In the third quarter O'Donnell received the ball on a fumble and scored a touchdown and the goal was kicked. This placed the Soo in the lead, but in the last quarter Newberry made another goal and the game ended 11 to 6 in their favor. The features of the game were McKinney's accurate passes and LeBlanc's long run on the fake forward pass. In the evening there was a dance in the armory and the Newberry team returned home the next morning.

On November 4 Manistique played at the Soo. In this game the old style of play was used to a greater extent by both teams with the result that only one touchdown was made by each side and the score stood 5 to 5. The Manistique players returned home the same evening.

Aside from the standpoint of scores, the season was distinctly a success. Thanks to the hustle of the students and the patronage of the citizens, the financial end, which is usually one of the greatest problems in High School athletics was made a success. At the close of the season the money left over was used for the purchase of sweaters for the men who had played on the team. Athletics have heretofore had a hard struggle in this school, and with this in mind, it is with a great deal of gratitude that we express our thanks to Superintendent Walsh for his support.

The lineup of the team was as follows: Ted McKinney, quarterback; Thomas LeBlanc, full back; Bill McLachlan, Alfred Roberg, halves; Isaac Hughes, center; Ben Davidson, left guard; David Brown, right guard; Ed. Roxbury, left tackle; Jay Edwards, right tackle; Otto O'Donnell, left end; Roy McDonald, right end.

BEN DAVIDSON.



BOYS' BASKET BALL

JAY EDWARD TED MCKINNEY
ARCHIE WESTON

BILL MACLACHLAN
MR. WESTERMAN

LORNE ROYCE MAIT COMB
HAROLD RYE



GIRLS' BASKET BALL

RUTH MURNER, SUSIE MCKENZIE, DACEBELLE APPLETON, RUBY COMB, LEOLA ROYCE, BESSIE PURVIS



DAFFYDILS.

If Mr. Mooney is worth two cents, how much is Margaret Ainsworth?
If Miss Brown turned Grey, would Prakken Dyer?
If Roy brushed his hair, would Ruby Comb?
If Oliver twists, will Clarence Koyl?
If a "Fox" swims a stream, will Clif-ford?
If a prize was offered would Hazel Baldwin? No, but George Lockwood.
If most of the Juniors are dull, is Jay Sharpe?
They say a knife and fork can't spoon, but a napkin.

O'DONNELL'S PRAYERS BEFORE EXAMS.

Now, I lay me down to sleep,
In my little bunk;
Hope to die before I wake,
And thus avoid a flunk.

TALKING OF PEACE.

Miss Babcock: "Lloyd, what is an olive branch the sign of?"
Lloyd: "Olives."

AT THE LIBRARY.

Bateman: "What can I do for you this evening?"
Ted: "I would like an ancient history."
Bateman: "What do you think this place is, an Egyptian museum?"
Ted: "Well, yes. A mummy wanted to wait on me."

CLASS FLOWERS.

Freshman—Milkweed.
Sophomore—Thistle.
Junior—Bleeding-Heart.
Senior—American Beauty.

Teacher: "Ben, what is your favorite flower?"
Ben: "Marguerite."

FOR BOYS ONLY.

(Read Backward)
Didn't you if girl a be wouldn't you, this read would you knew we.

IN GEOMETRY CLASS.

Mr. Prakken: "Clarence, what is space?"
Clarence: "Space? Space is—space—space is; I know it; I have it in my head, but I can't explain it."

JOKES.

Question: "When is a joke not a joke?"
Answer: "Nine times out of ten."

Mr. Prakken speaking to some Senior boys: "All who intend to go to heaven, stand up."
(All stand up except Thomas Lehman.)
"Why, Thomas, don't you want to go to heaven?"
Thomas: "Not if this gang goes."

Before the Exam.: "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."
(Friend passes over plug of tobacco.)
"What are you giving me this for?"
"Why, didn't you call for a plug?"

Last night I stole a kiss,
Today my conscience hurts me some;
Tonight I think I'll take it back
And put it where I got it from.

Bessie: "My, I got zero in physics this morning."
Ruth: "That's nothing."
Bessie: "What's nothing?"
Ruth: "Zero."

"What did you have for dinner?"
"Oh, everything."
"I had hash too."

Mr. Prakken: "Gordon, prove the Pythagorean Proposition."

N. B. Gordon: "I pass."

Mr. Barber: "Helen, what is it do you suppose that holds the moon in place and keeps it from falling?"

Helen: "I think it must be the beams."

Mr. Oster: "Something the matter with your glass of water, Huh?"

Herb: "There's a hair on the ice."

Mr. Oster: "Impossible! I shaved that ice myself."

Mr. Prakken meeting Ben on the street at 4 p. m.

Mr. Prakken: "Well, Ben, why weren't you in school today?"

Ben: "Well, I declare, I just knew I forgot something."

LeBlanc on the way to school, before exams, whistling joyfully, "Pony Boy."

Lloyd: "I did every sixth problem, and got tired at the sixth."

For pointers on coiffures, chamois skins and Princess gowns, apply to Harry H.

"Hello, Chase, what's the matter, got a weak back?"

"Yes."

"How long have you had it?"

"A week back."

Mr. Comb, looking at Mait's report card: "What does this writing on here mean, Maitland?"

"Those are the things I am best in, father."

George: "What makes your hair so red, Ross?"

Ross: "You see it's very wiry and every time I wet it, it rusts."

Miss Phillips: "What happend to Babylon?"

"It fell," cried a pupil.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured."

Mr. Dyer: "What is the national court of America?"

Small Boy: "The national court of America is the police court."

Dear Teacher (wrote little Johnny's mother): "Kindly excuse John's absence from school yesterday as he fell in the mud. By doing the same you will kindly oblige his mother."

Mr. Barber (In chemistry): "You'll have to be very careful with the concentrated H_2SO_4 . You see what I did to my shoes. There's \$2.50 all gone to pieces."

Mr. Dyer: "Miss Ferguson, what is a reprieve?"

Miss Ferguson: "A reprieve is, er, er, well a reprieve is an extension of a life sentence."

Teacher: "Beatrice, have you chosen your history topic yet?"

Beatrice: "No. But I think I'll take a man's life. It's easiest."

Miss Phillips: "Dacebelle, will you please recite on your topic now?"

Dacebelle: "Well,—let's see,—before I say this I want to say something else."

Mr. Barber smoked some glass today; I wonder if he ever tried Prince Albert.

Lloyd: "What is your favorite stone?"

Roy: "Ruby, of course."

John gave Mary a kiss
To She
keep promptly
it gave
it
seemed back
unfair again
Mary was on the square.

“Who’s there?”
Senior: “It is me.”

Ask—
Red what “Flusium” is.
Ed. Mooney to let you into the typewriting room.

The Mystery of the Domestic Science Room, or
“Where did all the Canned Fruit go to?”

Visitor at S. H. S.: “Why is the bell ringing?”
Fresh: “Because Mr. Prakken is pressing the button.”

Pewee: “I’m indebted to you for all the trigonometry I know, Miss Babcock.”
Miss Babcock: “Don’t mention it, Jay, it is a mere trifle.”

Thomas Lehman: “Are you raising those shades to let in the light, Mr. Barber?”
Mr. Barber: No, certainly not. I am doing it to let out the dark.”

Charlie’s each night,
Lessons—all punk
At the end of the term,
He gets a flunk.

A wad of gum lay on a walk,
’Twas sat on by a bum;
The chewing stuck him to the walk
So he was stuck, by gum.

Ah, see what comes with pompous gait,
Approaching with an air of state;
And all do bow as he goes by,
With look of envy in their eye.
(Hush, He’s a Senior.)

Taylor, hitting a ball at Lorne, who jumped away.
Taylor: “What’s the matter, Lorne, afraid of your face?”
Lorne: “Yes, but I wouldn’t be if I had yours.”

There is meter in music,
There is meter in tone.
But the best place to meter,
Is to meter alone.

The Mystery of the Two Classes, or “Why did Moore Paint his own Portrait?”

The Mystery of the Cough Medicine, or “Who Added the $MgSO_4$ ”

“There’s enough I-Irish in me so that if I get r-riled up there will be something doing.”

A blue “Jay” in the winter time. How “Marvel”ous.

Just wait till Davidson’s Algebra is published.

Ross: “I am ready, but they call me rusty.”



"ED." MOONEY

"Didn't ye hear that bell!"

"You'll jest have to get out, 'cause Prakken
gim'me strict orders not to let nobody in."

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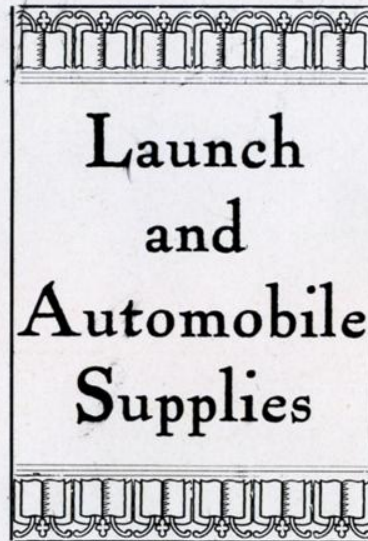
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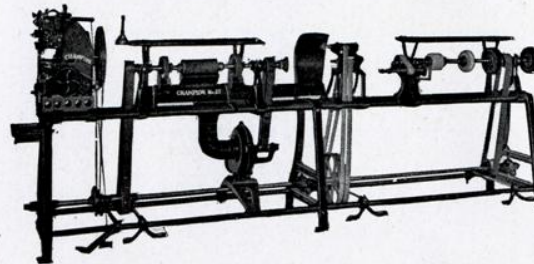
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