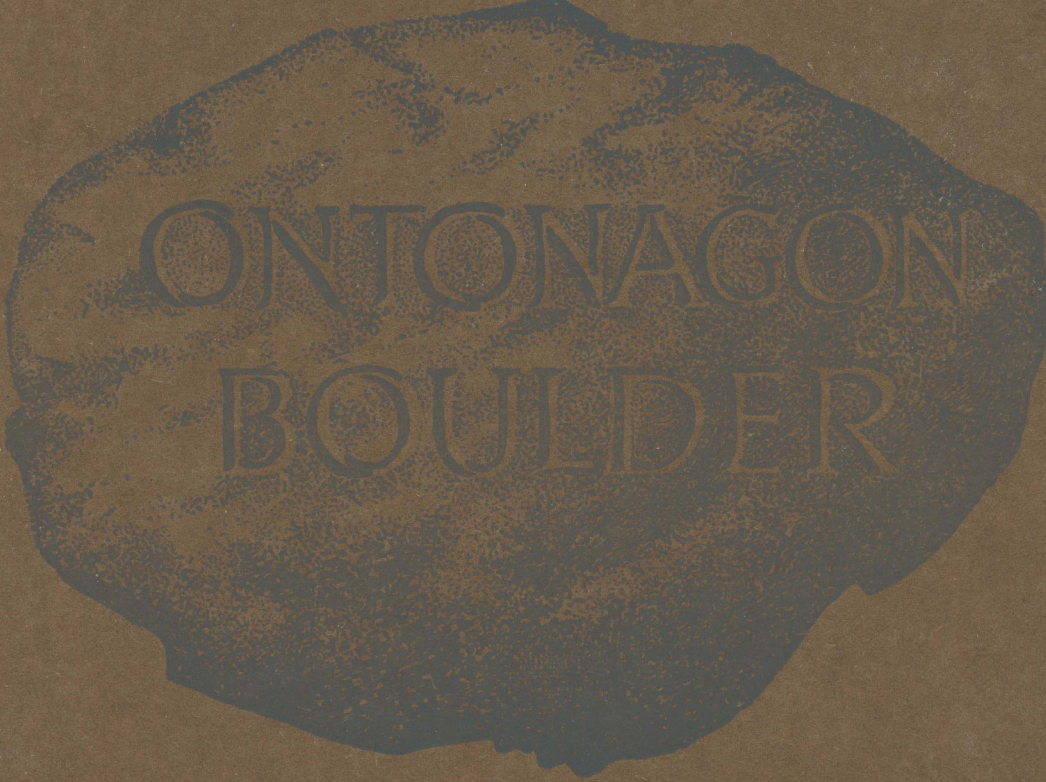


Boulder

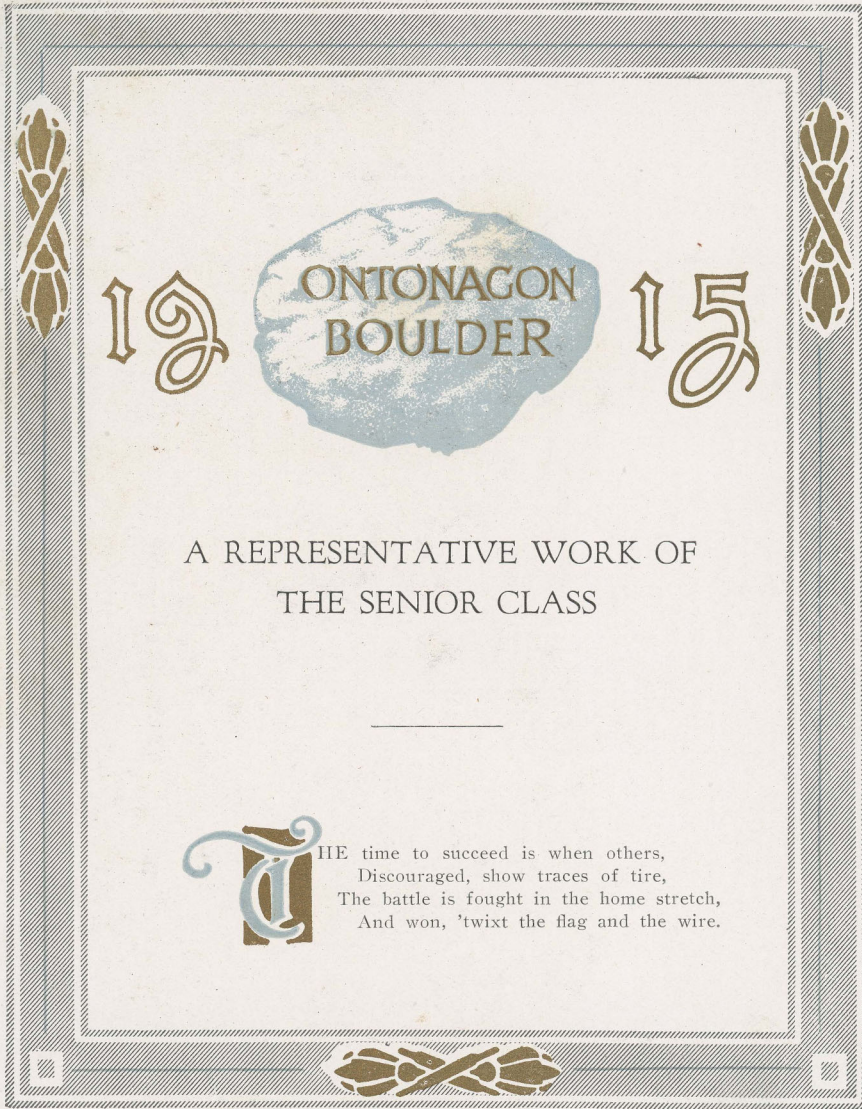
1915



ONTONAGON
BOULDER



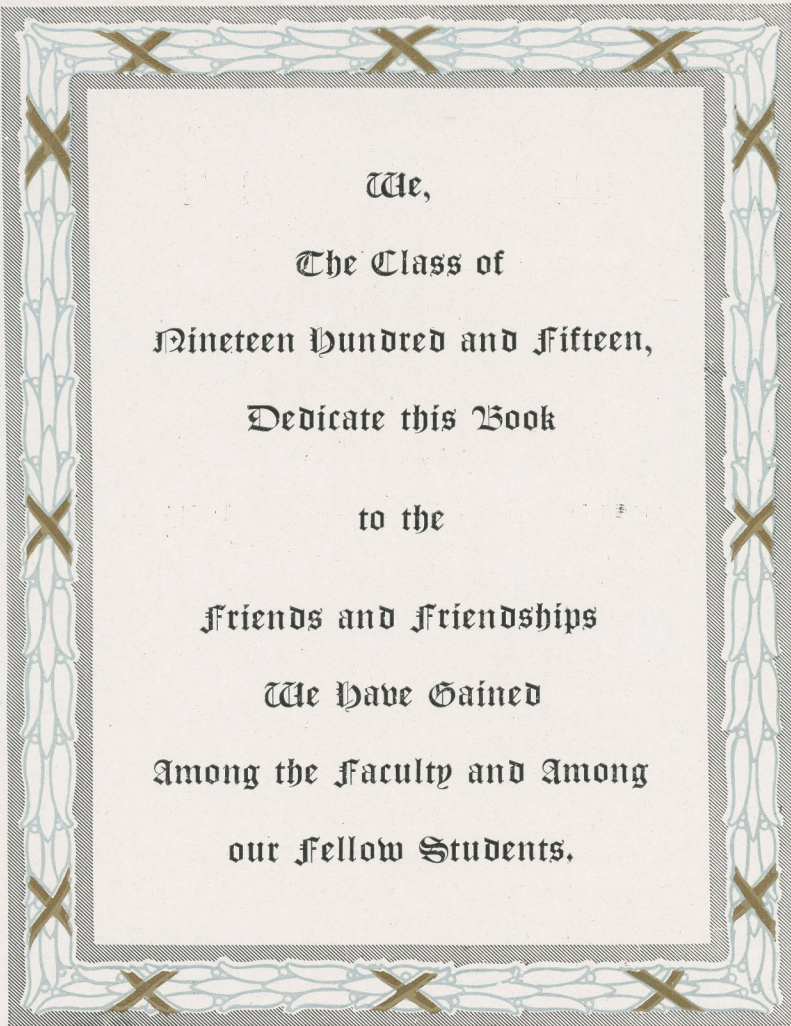
ONTONAGON HIGH SCHOOL



1915
ONTONAGON
BOULDER

A REPRESENTATIVE WORK OF
THE SENIOR CLASS

THE time to succeed is when others,
Discouraged, show traces of tire,
The battle is fought in the home stretch,
And won, 'twixt the flag and the wire.



We,
The Class of
Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen,
Dedicate this Book
to the
Friends and Friendships
We Have Gained
Among the Faculty and Among
our Fellow Students.

Editorial



IN presenting the second volume of the ONTONAGON BOULDER to the public, the class of 1915 wish to say, that we know it might have been much better. It has not the novelty of being the first BOULDER that was rolled from the Ontonagon High School, and we hope it will not be the last. However, we have done our best under the circumstances.

When we first discussed the publishing of an Annual this year, it seemed a most formidable undertaking. We were without funds, and we asked each other the question, "Can we count on the co-operation of the business men?" It seemed a good deal to ask, for on every hand we were reading and hearing of business depression. Nevertheless we decided to try, so we sailed forth to solicit ads. And right here we wish to thank all who so generously assisted us, both with funds and encouraging words. We met with so much courtesy and generosity that our task was changed to pleasure.

While expressing thanks, the Class of 1915 feel it may not be amiss to say that now that our public school days are nearly over in Ontonagon, we are just beginning to realize what happy days they have been, and to dimly comprehend how much has been done for us. Ontonagon has given generously to her children, only asking that we accept her gifts and profit by them. We wish we had space to say more, but we are thankful to all parents, taxpayers, school board and teachers. Mr. Townsend has the grateful thanks of the Senior Class for his untiring aid in putting forth this book.

In conclusion we wish to say, we hope you will not be disappointed, and that through our efforts all may be thrown in closer touch with our school.

LEAH M. SCHOCH.

Editorial Staff



Editor-in-Chief	Leah Schoch
Business Manager	Stella Gorney
Art Editor	Ethel Garvin
Literary Editor	Lola Wolfe
Distributing Manager	Hiram Muskatt
Joke Editor	Eleanor Spellman
Picture Manager	Douglas Francis
Advertising Manager	Fay Robinson

ONTONAGON BOULDER

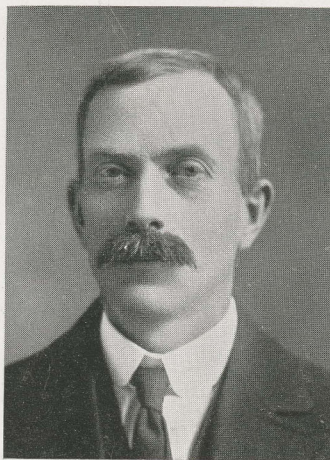
School Board



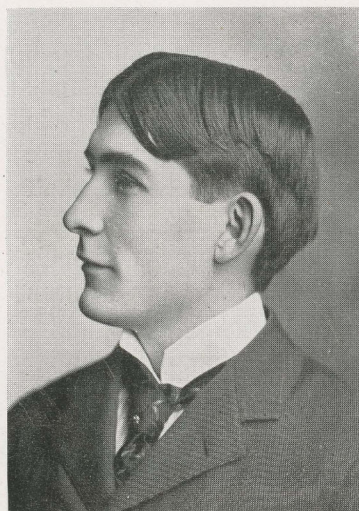
C. M. BREITENBACH,
Secretary



ELLEN HAWLEY



C. F. EICHEN
President

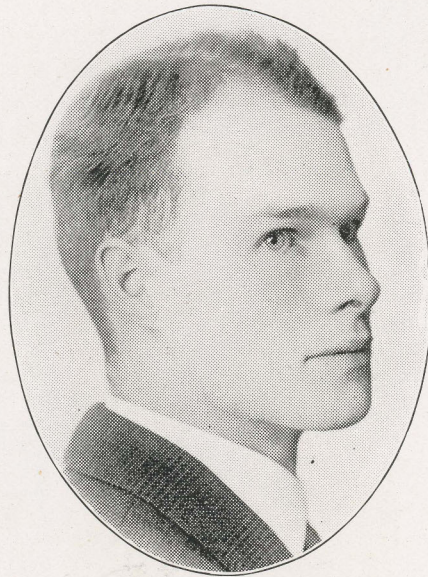


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EDWARD CARROLL
Treasurer

Faculty



JAMES K. JAMISON, A. B., U. M., C. S. N. S.
Superintendent

Faculty



LAURA P. CRAIG, Milwaukee
Downer College, M. S. N. C.
Domestic Science

NORINE LEARY, A. B., U. M.
History



KATHARINE MACAULAY, A. B., U. M.
Principal of High School
Latin and German

Faculty

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Cleary Business College
Commercial



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General



HELEN S. TOUSLEY, A. B., U. M.
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GEO. R. SHEPARD, W. S. N. S.
Manual Training

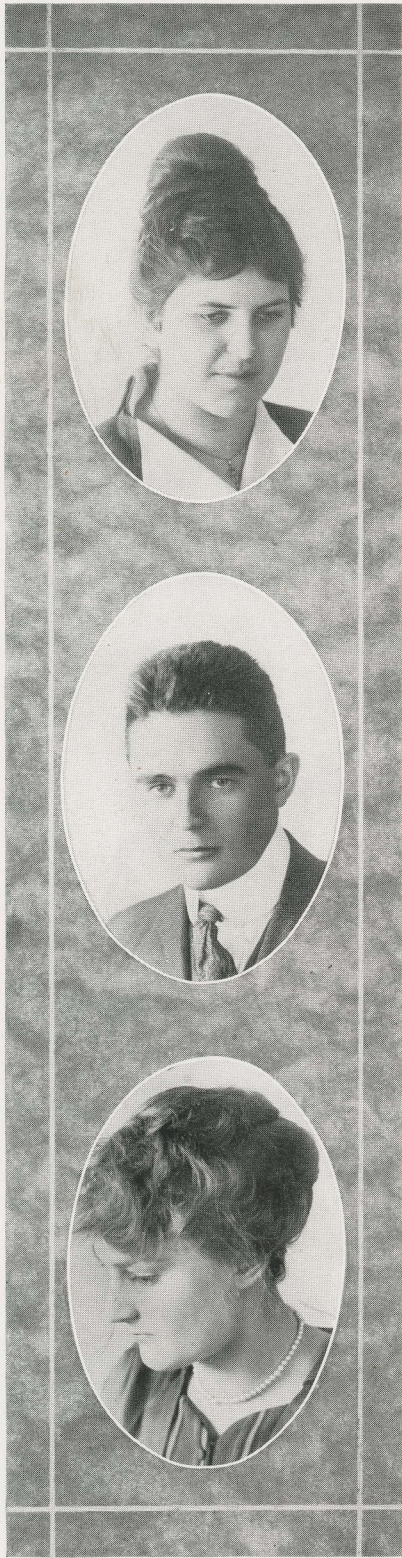


G. A. TOWNSEND, C. S. N. S.
Agriculture



SENIOR

ONTONAGON BOULDER



LEAH SCHOCH Editor-in-Chief

*"Good humor only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests and maintains
the last".*

DOUGLAS FRANCIS President

Picture Manager

*"Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe."*

ETHEL GARVIN Art Editor

Basketball Team

*When you do dance, I wish you
A wave O' the Sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."*

ONTONAGON BOULDER

ELLA MOLANDER

*"Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough."*

HIRAM MUSKATT Basketball Team,
Distributing Manager

"The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."

BERNIECE McMILLAN Secretary

*"The dimple that thy cheek contains has
beauty in its round
That has never been fathomed yet by
myriads thoughts."*



ONTONAGON BOULDER



FAY ROBINSON . . . Advertising Manager

*"But woman's grief is like a summer
storm,
Short as it violent is."*

BEN HUNTLEY

*"In general those who nothing have to say
Contrive to spend the longest time in
doing it."*

ELEANOR SPELLMAN . . . Joke Manager

*"She'll listen with patience and let you
unfold
Your bundle of rags as 'twere pure cloth
of gold."*

ONTONAGON BOULDER

KATHERINE SCHRAMM

"A safe companion, and an easy friend."

MAY SCHAFFER

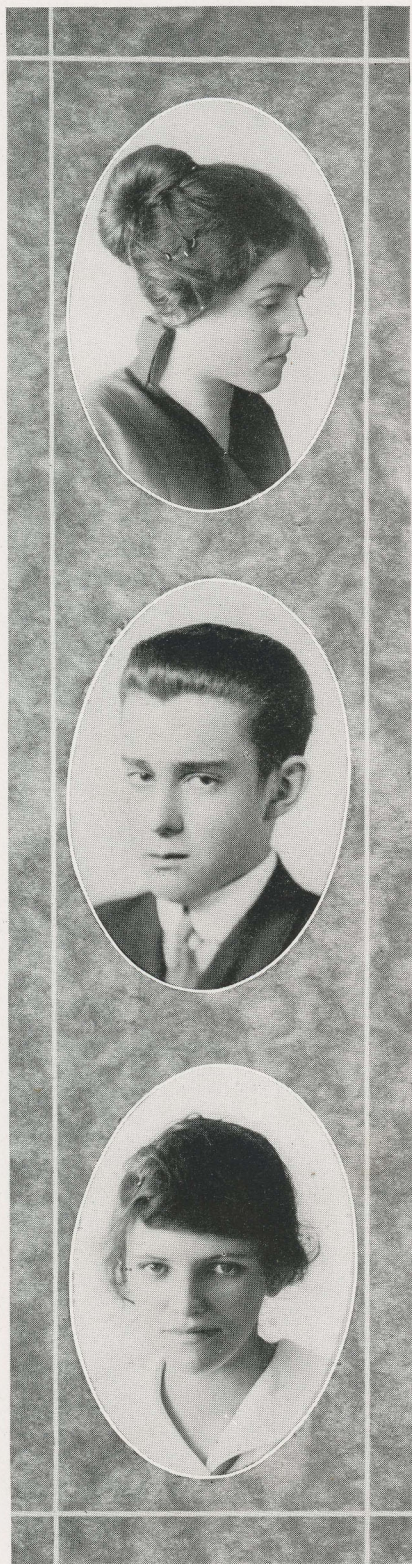
*"And beauty draws us with but a single
hair."*

STELLA GORNEY . . . Business Manager

*"Humility that low sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot."*



ONTONAGON BOULDER



ELSIE BAXTER Treasurer

*"She is most fair, and there unto
Her life doth rightly harmonize."*

EARL DONNELLY Vice-President

*"Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes
Error a fault and truth discourtesy."*

LORETTA DUCLEAUX

*"All's one to her—above her
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban."*

ONTONAGON BOULDER

LOLA WOLF Literary Manager

*"God hath sworn to lift on high
Who sinks himself by true humility."*



MARY URBIS

*"Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favors
call;
She comes unlooked for, if she comes
at all."*



LOTTIE FISCHER

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—.
An excellent thing in women."*



Statistics

	NICKNAME	FAVORITE SAYING	WHERE THEY SHINE	WHAT LIKE BEST	WHEN ALONE	AIM	DISTINCTION
BAXTER, ELSIE	Eschie	I don't know anything	Shorthand	Primp	Works	Stenographer	Neatness
DONNELLY, EARL	Hank	Oh Bugs!	Correcting Mc. in German	Woods	Play with dog	Go to Mexico	Pompadore
DEUCLEAUX, LEUPETTA	Patsy	Oh Pete!	Class meetings	"Toads"	Plays piano	To be a Nun	Psyche
FISCHER, LOTTIE	Lott	I don't know	Delinquent	Leisure	Day dreams	Commercial teacher	Gold tooth
FRANCIS, DOUGLAS	Scharkie	I lost my book	Bluffing	Chickens	Sleeps	Doctor	Freckles
GARVIN, ETHEL	Eck	Hick of a thing	Dancing	Eats	Lonesome	Marry a millionaire	Fairness
GORNEY, STELLA	Stell	My land	Getting "E's"	Deutsch	Making candy	Travel	Size
HUNTLEY, BEN	Sylvia Pud	Oh Rats!	Trousers	To be heard	Thinks of Grace	Be funny	Black hair
MC MILLAN, BERNICE	Toots	Say! Kids	Cooning cabbage	Flirting	Never alone	Red Cross Nurse	Dimples
MOLANDER, ELLA	Mollie	John who?	Telling jokes	Playing Jacks	Write in diary	Wear a solitary	Quiet manner??
MUSKATT, HIRAM	Jake	I feel bum	Getting Deutsch	Mass City	Regrets it	Smooth face	Whiskers
ROBINSON, FAY	Fizzel	O Goodie!	Making fudge	Sunday nite	Sweeps	Grand Opera	Selling tickets
SCHOH, LEAH	Schockie	The dickens	Wearing flowers	Chocolates	Tats	To get thin	Her smile
SCHAFFER, MAY	Mall	Hey?	Asking questions	Odd shoes	Sews	Acquire knowledge	Curls
SCHRAMM, KATHYRENE	Katie	Gee! I don't know	Skating	Music	Studies	Dancing teacher	Dimpled hands
SPELLMAN, ELEANOR	Fuzzie Wig	My conscience	Walking	Sleigh rides	Telephones	Good	Her laugh
URBIS, MARY	Mizzie	Gee whiz	Singing alto	BOYS	Read novels	Nothing much	Pretty teeth
WOLFE, LOLA	Jim	Gosh hang it	Epworth League	Coffee	Cranky	To marry	Walk

JUNIORS



ONTONAGON BOULDER



Junior Officers

President	Alice Parker
Vice-President	Earl Wolfe
Secretary {	Florence Winters
Treasurer }	

Our Junior Class

Alice Parker is the president of our Junior Class;
She's a bright scholar, a very pretty lass;
She has brown eyes, a very pretty smile,
And she sticks at her work nearly all the while.

Margaret Scovia is the one who tends to her own work,
And in her studies she's never known to shirk;
Her sole object in the High School is the getting of E's,
She'll reach the golden ladder if she continues by degrees.

In Chemistry Alta is a shark;
She always gets a high mark,
For she studies night and day
And never fools her time away.

A very pleasant girl is Alice Gerard,
She is known to study very hard;
Her mind is on her books, on her studies,
don't you know,
She's not looking for mischief nor flirting
with a beau.

Margaret Nightengale is the one with very dark hair,
But even for that her face is fair;
She hasn't a beau or fellow on the brain,
But still she is liked, yes loved, just the same.

Mike O'Rourke is the captain of the Basketball Team,
And at every game he's sure to be seen;
He doesn't love the ladies, too bashful, you see,
But Mike will never a bachelor be.

Willard Heard is the boy from the "New Elk Hotel,"
He's always at school before the first bell;
A favorite among the boys all the time,
But around the "women" he's never seen to shine.

Henry Rousseau don't care much for any kind of text,
But he has a decided weakness for the fairer sex;
In Miss Craig's eye Henry sure does shine,
Because in Chemistry class he studies all the time.

Josephine Valley is not one who will study to death
Reading Ivanhoe or Macbeth,
But she wants to know a thing or two
For after life, now wouldn't you?

Florence Winters is one of the brightest in our Junior bunch,
She's always ready with an answer without any hunch;
She's a cute kid and ne'er, ne'er will spoil
While she's well protected by young Mr. Royal.

Bessie Davison is the one who stars in English X,
She hasn't missed a question since I don't know when;
She sits there very quietly and never says a word,
But when Miss Tousley questions her she's sure to be heard.

There is one mischief-maker called Benettie Cane;
She's always having fun, but gets her lessons just the same;
She's never been absent, surely never late,
And she gets along so splendidly with our Principal, "Miss Kate."

Earl Wolf is the smallest in the Junior crowd,
And of our smallest boy we are very proud;
In Geometry he's a dandy, in English he's a trump,
He's all time a 'logging right off from the stump.

James Burneau has a case on a young girl named Lauretta,
I wouldn't be surprised if he'd be sure to get her.
Their eyes have met, their lips not yet,
So spake James, "I'll get you yet."

Rose Ross is quite a moss,
Yet she thinks a lot of her class;
Basketball is her favorite game—
That is what will bring Rose up to fame.

Winnifred Van Oss is not very cross,
And she likes to see every one smile;
She's no fool, she loves her school,
But likes to skip once in a while.

Charles O'Rourke is the angel of a class of eighteen,
With the ladies he's seldom seen;
He was cut for a minister, but missed his Vocation,
And now he's looking for a more suitable occupation.

Last but not least is Tresa Moran,
One of the sweetest ones of them all;
Her serene sweetness reminds me
Of some great big beautiful doll.

SOPHMORE.



ONTONAGON BOULDER



Sophomore Officers

President	Stephen Loranger
Vice-President	John Adams
Secretary	Francis Ferguson
Treasurer	Dorothy Follansbee

ONTONAGON BOULDER

Sophomore Class 1915

- JOHN ADAMS March 30
Occupation, Druggist
Must be handled carefully. Nervous, sensitive, industrious, and exceptionally economical. Fond of argument.
- LILIAN ANGLIM September 13
Occupation, Nun
Purity and beauty. Honesty and generally fortunate through life. Her brain is active and her tongue witty.
- DOROTHY BURNS September 16
Occupation, Beauty Doctor
Love and purity and high-mindedness. Apt to be critical. Always kind.
- TOM CORGAN August 10
Occupation, Lecturer
Gives a fine spiritual, chaste nature. But in low types the inward powers go to the other extreme.
- LORETTA CORTURE April 26
Occupation, Actress
Gives a strong will, but at times fearfully stubborn. Strong persistence with a tendency to go to extremes.
- DORIS McKINNON August 6
Mathematician
Conscious, talent for exact and mathematical attainment. Exacting and bull-headed. Hard to convince.
- FRANCES FERGUSON October 7
Actress (some day)
Somewhat sensitive. Very conscientious and reliable in business matters. Her nature is somewhat overanxious about safety of others.
- DOROTHY FOLLANSBEE February 3
Musician
Somewhat selfish and a hard bargainer, quick tempered and often revengeful. Ideas are conservative.
- GUY HEARD August 11
Manual Training Teacher
A sense of material order. He is usually given to study. An excellent mechanic.
- KENNETH HILLIER February 22
Soloist
Very idealistic, economical and industrious. He always has one eye on the future.
- ADA ROYAL March 31
Domestic Science Teacher
This position gives clearness, brilliancy, intellectual independence.
- LOUISE SAVAGE August 21
Dressmaker
Usually given to study. Very humorous, she has a sense of material order.
- FRED HALL August 12
Dancing Master
Positive, restless, active, and apt to be dissatisfied with surroundings.
- ALBERT ROYAL June 10
Athlete
Clear headed, well balanced, little sympathy for others. Conceited; clever; cheerful.
- ERNESTINE ROOSEN March 7
Scientist
Clear headed and logical. Makes a fine mathematician and scientist. Apt to be a little selfish.
- LYLE ROEHM November 28
Agriculturist
Orderly, keenly appreciative of beauty and music. Considerable artistic ability.
- MINNIE PETERSON February 24
Authoress
Hard to handle, self-willed, obstinate, self-control. Great seeker after knowledge.
- FRANCIS McGUIRE March 21
Pessimist
Makes people conservative and shrinking. Lacks "go." Apt to be morbid and despondent. Needs healthy ideas and pluck.
- SADIE DRISCOLL March 31
Hair Dresser
Gives sense of responsibility, clear reasoning power, apt to be overanxious, money-maker.
- SADIE ROYAL June 22
Nurse
Gives good intellect. Bright, cheerful, active, strong intuitions. Very independent.
- STANLEY MANNAN August 15
Aviator
Love of travel and moving about. Often dislikes the restraint of home.
- STEPHEN LORANGER November 6
Speaker on Woman Suffrage
Critical, active. When roused, gets very angry. Apt to be unfeeling towards others.

FRESHMAN



ONTONAGON BOULDER



Freshman Officers

President	Mac Green
Vice-President	Lloyd Johnson
Secretary	Grace Corvillion
Treasurer	Mary O'Rourke

Freshies

Fay Brown, the one with good looks,
Shocks us all by being an elegant cook;
She prepares all the luncheons the cooking class gives,
And eats dainties upon which she lives.

Then there's wee Mary U. Le Moine,
The thinnest of all.
She reminds us of a baby doll,
She never forgets the U in her name,
And if she did it would be a shame.

Stanley Cane, the bashful boy,
Is not very good or not very bad,
In history class he excels all the rest,
Except another who is the best.

Lloyd Johnson is a bright one indeed,
In all of his classes he takes the lead
His Latin he knows by heart every day,
And it seems he never takes time to play.

Edward Sommers is another bashful lad,
He never whispers or "Talks out loud;"
And of him, the teachers are very proud.

Catherine Corgan is a good little maid,
And tends strictly to her own trade,
In cooking she can beat them all,
And it surely is true that she's stuck on Paul.

Gladys Watt, who lives on the west side,
Is a girl that takes very much pride
In doing her work just as neat as she can,
And that, we know, is a very good plan.

Louise Belland, the one with red hair,
She certainly is a little terror,
Especially down in cooking school,
Where every one has to sit on a stool.

There's one girl in our class, I guess you all know,
That is Marion Shoch,
She usually gets her work all right,
She ought to because she studies so late at night.

Francis McMullin, the little tot,
Whenever he whispers, he is sure to be caught,
But to be sure I really declare,
I don't think some of the teachers use him fair.

Maryon Langille, the quiet lass,
In English she is certainly fine,
I couldn't say she is the best in the class,
But we all know that she is a dear little lass.

Frances Weigle, the sweet-voiced child,
Really her singing just sets you wild,
She can play a piano or drum a tin pan,
Better than anyone else—Woman or Man.

Whichever way the wind may blow,
Grace Cochran, as you all know is very slow,
Whether it be early or late,
She always walks with the same gait.

Now our little Minister Paul,
He actually is the cutest of all,
With surely no time to interfere,
With other girls who have a "dear."

Lyle's slender form and wary curl
Attracts the eye of a Wisconsin girl;
I am sure if she could see his knowing smile,
She sure would think writing letters worth while.

Helen Guzek, the smallest of the crowd,
Is not very bright, but is very proud;
Her hair she wears in a pretty long braid,
And makes her look like a young little maid.

Grace Corvillion, her mother's pet,
Is considered by all a little brunette;
She keeps her big black eyes on Fred,
But surely doesn't come out ahead.

Mary O'Rourke yells for the High School Team
Because in the Senior class
There's a merchant's son called Hiram,
Who has attracted this Irish lass.

But Doris, who is Mary's chum
Likes Francis McGuire quite well,
So it is rather hard to tell
For which Basketball team Doris decided to yell.

There's Edward Millard, a bright young boy,
Never idle or trying a teacher to annoy;
In Algebra and English he is fine,
He usually is in anything along that line.

Merlin Roosen's greatest delight
Is that of hurting Miss Leary's eye-sight;
He sits in the front seat and wiggles his head,
Till Miss Leary hollers out, "Ye gods, I'm just about dead."

There's Harold Hessell, the low voiced lad,
He talks as though he had a cold very bad,
But anyway he does work real well,
That's what we have heard the teacher tell.

Roy Shramm never hangs around the halls at school,
But there is one hall that he sticks to like goal,
That's where he practises basketball till late at night,
And the next day never gets his lessons right.

Willie Lenniville is a small lad,
In Agriculture he gets Goddie mad
When he is asked a question he never does know,
And he can never see why his mark is so low.

Mary McClean is a winsome lass,
The greatest of her cares is going to class;
In Domestic Science she always is joking,
Miss Craig thinks this very provoking.

Mac Green is a good little lad,
In school he knows all his things;
This winter he left for the south with his dad,
He expects to return in the spring.

Irene Rehfus, a tall young girl,
In Algebra she is certainly a whirl;
I've been told she is amongst the best in the class;
I wouldn't doubt it, she is such a studious lass.

Martha Tahtmen, the blue-eyed lass,
Is the dish washer in the cooking class,
She never complains, but goes to work as tho fun,
And washes and wipes till they are all done.

Norman Livingston takes the world as it goes,
Never worries if his lessons he knows;
He walks real contented from room to room,
And never thinks of being a groom.

Bertha Macla is a dear little lass,
She always comes in late from the D. S. class;
When Miss Macaulay says, "Take your seat,"
A little pink coloring comes in her cheek.

Walter McKenzie is a light haired boy,
He plays with his Algebra text as though it were a toy;
In Mr. Ranger's class he is very still,
And is taught Algebra against his will.

Hilda Geist is the girl right off the farm,
And over the boys she casts her little charm;
She flirts with the boys but keeps them all a-guessing,
And when at school she always has her lessons.

ONTONAGON BOULDER



Second Year Class Officers

President	Margaret Loranger
Vice-President	William McFarland
Secretary	Hazel Baxter
Treasurer	Jack Garvin

ONTONAGON BOULDER



First Year Class

"Students Council"





“Play Cast”



A
T
H
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S



Boys' Basketball Team



Girls' Basketball Team

What Happened On Earth

By BERNIECE McMILLAN



HIS will seem strange to you who live on earth to read a story written by a person away up here on a cloud. Yes, I live on a cloud; it doesn't seem possible to you, I suppose, and I am only taking a chance that someone will find this when I drop it down to earth. Even then, perhaps, you won't like the way I write it and then won't read it. It would be rather hard for me living up here on a cloud to know what kind of stories you like to read.

First I will tell you a little about my cloud home. It is a very beautiful place to live in because no one ever has any trouble and no one ever gets tired. We do not work around as you do, but we have wings and just drift along. You will think it strange that anyone with wings could fall off from a cloud, but it is possible.

We have a Hallowe'en here just as you do on earth, and we play tricks, too. This little incident which I will tell you happened on Hallowe'en.

My friend Guglielmo and I were out playing tricks on our friends. Of all the people on this cloud Guglielmo seems the most important because he has had more thrilling experiences than any one on Gold Cloud, and if he hadn't always been trying to do something different from what others do I couldn't be writing this.

For days before Hallowe'en Guglielmo had been planning his stunts, and we were just getting away from the last house when three men started chasing us. As Guglielmo was running around the corner of a house that was built very near to the edge of the cloud he lost his balance and fell—I ran to get a rope to throw him, but he was going too fast. I could see him falling, falling, falling for hours it seemed. Then I went sadly to tell the other inhabitants of the cloud and when they heard my story there was great sorrow. The loss of one person is more than you can imagine because there are only fifty people on this cloud and Guglielmo was a favorite.

For three days everyone on Gold Cloud mourned his loss but on the fourth day the mourning ceased and there was great excitement for we saw a strange looking bird coming. It seemed far away and yet very large for a bird and it kept coming closer and closer. Finally it came directly toward our cloud and it was no bird at all but a machine that made a peculiar whirring noise. When it came near enough to our cloud so we could see it plainly we heard a shout and it was Guglielmo in the machine. He stood up and to our surprise his wings were gone and he looked just like the other man in the machine. Guglielmo seemed very happy to have found Gold Cloud again, and turned to say good-bye to his friend of the strange machine. He was just about to step off when he suddenly became very pale and looked very frightened, "I can't live here without wings," and again he lost his balance and as soon as his feet left the machine his wings reappeared and the machine started to make the whirring noise again and was soon out of sight.

This is the story of what happened to Guglielmo from the time he left the cloud until he returned, just exactly as he told it to me:

"When I was falling from the cloud to earth I thought I must be dying,—I didn't know where I was going but after I had been falling a long time my wings seemed to be growing smaller—then suddenly I bumped against something and then I didn't know anything until I felt something pulling me up. I opened my eyes and a strange being asked, 'Are you hurt?' and I said, 'I don't think so,' and then it occurred to me that I must be on earth and there was nothing for me to do, but to make the best of the situation.

"'Just the man for the part, if you will only do a fellow a favor now, hop in,' and he motioned to his terrible charist—I can't remember what mortals call it.

"I jumped in, not knowing what would happen to me, the other creature climbed in also and started the automobile.

"He called himself Howard Lang. He had been looking for a man to help him. His friend who was supposed to come from a neighboring town missed his train and no one else would help him.

"He then told me his predicament: His sister and her chum were five miles out in the country visiting a girl friend and they wanted to catch the nine o'clock train to get to

ONTONAGON BOULDER

Milwaukee. They had been appointed representatives to a meeting of the M. B. R. Club, and if they were there and voted on a plan that Howard and his friends did not want, their votes would make it a law because that was all that was needed to make a majority against it. So all that he had to do was to prevent them from being there and he couldn't do it alone. By this time we arrived at Howard's home in the village of L——.

"He took me in and got me a pair of overalls and old coat and a hat that came down over my eyes and a big revolver and he told me to come along, I went but I wished afterward that I hadn't.

"We were spinning along the road when we came to a high gate and he stopped the car. 'I will be back here in an hour with the two girls and when we get almost to this gate, you jump out in the road and yell "Hands up."

"Well he left me there sitting on the gate counting the stars and I had just counted one hundred thousand when I heard a buzzing noise and saw a light coming in two different directions. I jumped from the gate and got my revolver ready and when the car was about twenty feet away I shot twice and yelled 'Hands up.' The car stopped and Howard's sister jumped up and one blood-curdling yell was the last I heard of her, and the other girl never moved, but I imagine she fainted because no girl on earth or in Gold Cloud could have sat quietly through that.

"I was just about to search Howard's pockets when the automobile behind the other light came up.

"Then Howard groaned, 'The game is off, but whatever they get you into, old man, I'll get you out.' I couldn't imagine what he meant then but I soon found out. The other automobile stopped and six men jumped out and one of them grabbed my arm and took my gun and the others pushed me into the car and tied me up before I had time to realize what was happening.

"I could hear Howard telling them to let me go, that I had done no harm but they said, 'What a fellow would do once he would do again, and jail was the place for me,' and then I wondered what a jail was.

"Soon the men jumped into the car and I was on my way to the jail, whatever that would be—and I was hoping it was a place where they would give me something to eat, because even people that live in the sky get hungry.

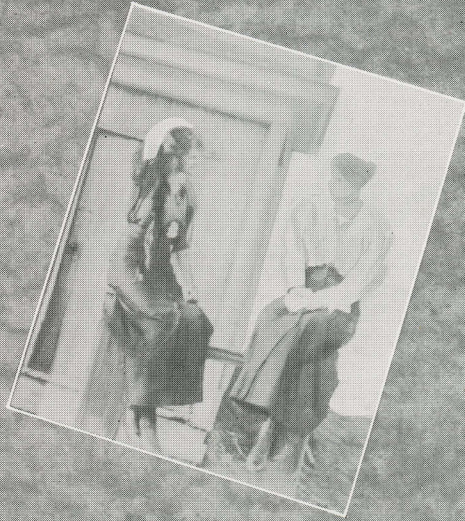
"Soon we arrived in the village of L——, and they drove to a big red brick building and took me in. The warden (I think that is what they called him) met us at the door and pushed me into a dirty little room with iron bars on the windows and a little cot in the corner and a stone floor.

"I didn't think they would leave me there; anyway they did, and they didn't give me anything to eat, and I made up my mind that the earth wasn't a very good place to live, but when morning came and I saw many people walking around I thought it must be because I came from a cloud that they locked me in that room. I stayed there three days and the Warden told me that I would have a trial but I didn't even ask him what it was. While I was thinking all sorts of hard things about Howard for getting me into such a place I heard tapping at the window and I looked out and it was Howard. He motioned to me to come over to the window, I raised it and he gave me a little file and told me to file one of the bars and he would be back to get me just as soon as it was dark. He told me to be very careful not to let anyone see me near the window.

"I succeeded in getting the bar filed and was patiently waiting for it to be dark when I saw a big machine with wings fly by far up in the air and it kept going around in a circle until finally it grew so dark I couldn't see it any more. Soon I heard a noise in the yard and I looked out and the machine with the wings was near my window and Howard was climbing out and then I started to climb out of the window. I jumped to the ground and ran toward Howard and he said, 'Hurry they will be after us,' and sure enough the Warden was looking out of the window from which I jumped. We jumped into the aeroplane and started up. Soon the Warden was in his aeroplane following us, but we put out our lights and he couldn't see us.

"We were going along enjoying our ride when we turned and saw the light of the other aeroplane, and then we had to go faster, and we sailed through the sky all night, breaking up homes in the clouds and knocking the stars down until this morning when we reached Gold Cloud and I said good-bye to my friend from the earth. I want to fall off again some time."

Snap Shots



Will of Senior Class

By STELLA GORNEY



Be it remembered, that we, the Senior Class of 1915, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this frail existence, do hereby make and declare this to be our last will and testament, that is to say:

After the payment of our just debts, we give, devise and bequeath all of our various possessions as follows:

Our seats in the Assembly room to the Juniors provided that the last two in the Senior row be reserved for Margaret Scovia and Henry Rousseau. We hope that these seats will be occupied with the same dignity with which they have been heretofore.

Our text books also to the Juniors. Handle them with reverence and care, for therein is stored a vast amount of knowledge.

The Physics note books to the future Physics Class so that they will not be bothered with such a trifling thing as writing up experiments.

The dispute in German Composition as to whether "I went and I was going" is "Ich ging" to the German class. It is to be carried on by Florence Winters and the teacher of German; she taking the negative and the teacher the affirmative. We refer her to Earl and Hiram to get all of the points they have on her side of the argument.

Hiram's ability of keeping his head above water, while carrying six subjects and seldom opening a book, to all those students in the High School who have to carry more than the regular course of subjects.

The meter sticks which we have been using in the laboratory to the students of the High School. They can be used by them to push the clock ahead. This is quite an impossible feat since it has been moved almost to the ceiling. To try to do such a thing at the present time would bring on a nervous prostration for one must jump up about ten feet in the air to reach the clock. At the same time all noise be avoided which would cause the appearance of a teacher or the janitor.

Earl's ability to talk as a lawyer to John Adams so that in the future there will be some sense to what John says. We are sure the teachers, especially Miss Leary, will be glad to hear of this.

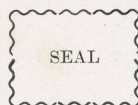
Douglas's punctuality to James Bruneau to keep him from missing the first or essential part of things. Also his ability of getting "admits" without causing the "ghost" of a suspicion to lurk in the mind of the principal.

Lottie Fischer's silence to Mary O'Rourke and Doris Loranger. It is not a wise plan to try to be heard above all the rest. May it give them the same wise air which it gives to the owl.

The industrious habits of Kathryn and May to all the "laggards" in the High School so that in the future they will not worry and fret the teachers by coming to classes without having their lessons prepared.

Our intellectual abilities as a class to the Juniors. They are apt to think that, it being the last year of High School, it is not necessary to study an more. But let us, since we are older in years and wiser in experience, tell you that, to our sad misfortune, we have not found it to be so.

We hereby revoke any and every will which heretofore may have been made by us.



In testimony whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal, this 8th day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

SENIOR CLASS.

On this 8th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, the Senior Class signed the foregoing instrument, and declared this to be their last will and testament, in the presence of us as witnesses, and we, not being interested therein, at the request of said Senior Class, did thereupon on said above mentioned day subscribe our name hereunto as witnesses thereof.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL.

School Calendar for the Year 1914-1915

- Aug. 29. School opened. No improvement in beauty of teachers.
- Sept. 2. Search-warrant issued for Neal Black and Ray Hales, lost under their desks.
- Sept. 7 and 8. No school (home coming). Hurrah for our side.
- Sept. 12. Faculty picnic—water soaked??????
- Sept. 20. New case—Macaulay and Shepard.
- Oct. 6. Jamison's new shirt and hair cut.
- Oct. 21. Jamison starts eighth period for those who take life easy.
- Oct. 23. Caucus.
- Oct. 25. Election.
- Nov. 5. Minstrel boys get cold feet, so girls take it up.
- Nov. 20. Show pulled off—appreciated by some. Thanks to Clark and Gallagher??????
- Nov. 25 and 26. Thanksgiving vacation.
- Dec. 6. Ben delivers a lecture in English on habits and emotions of Indians "as a whole."
- Dec. 9. Dug steals a snooze in German.
- Dec. 18 to Jan. 2. Christmas vacation.
- Jan. 1. Seniors decide on play.
- Jan. 2. Mass entire population comes to Ontonagon, 25 people in number.
- Jan. 10. Freshmen lean and hungry looking. Exams ahead.
- Jan. 17. Ontonagon becomes religious and goes to Mass (City).
- Jan. 25. Townsend minus his appendix.
- Jan. 29-30. High School pale, awaiting the verdict (exams).
- Feb. 5. An awful shock—a new skirt appears (Miss Towsley's).
- Feb. 10. Seniors refuse to commit a scrap of paper. Miss McWild.
- Feb. 17. Senior play. Success.
- Feb. 18. Seniors "look for the Birdie." Posing a specialty.
- Feb. 21. Everybody sneezing. Who brought the snuff?
- Feb. 22. High School attempts to sing—fatal.
- Feb. 26. Henry and Ranger fail to agree.
- Mar. 1. Dug and Charles both have a new pair of shoes; Mr. Ranger a hair cut—signs of spring.
- Mar. 3. John's quarters changed; Miss Macaulay's room changed to private office.
- Mar. 5. Ray Hales layed out; dropped his Geography on his toe.
- Mar. 7. Half the chemistry class fired.
- Mar. 10. Washington and McKinley masked as Mary and Hiram.
- Mar. 17. High School strong on Green.
- Mar. 19. Great excitement among Freshmen—Lyle Weir receives a letter from Jessica Knowell.
- Mar. 28. Times picking up. Miss Macaulay and Miss Craine have new dresses.
- April 1. BIG DAY! Shepard receives a registered package; what was in it?



Prophecy of the Senior Class of 1915



IGHT after night I had been pondering upon the future of the members of the class of 1915, trying to foresee what illustrious career the gods had prepared for each. Earnestly I besought them to bestow a vision upon me, that I might be, in truth, a prophet—but seemingly, such was not to be my reward.

Almost distracted with worry, I began painfully searching through some weird Egyptian lore, with a vague hope that from it might come help. There to be sure, I found the names of famous Seers, but of their secrets of disclosing their power of penetrating the future, there was nothing.

Almost in despair, I was about to close the book and give it all up as an utter failure, when my attention was called to the name of Esarbaddon, a prophet who would agree to disclose the future of people in distant lands, on condition that a description of the personal appearances of these people should be submitted to him, together with any striking peculiarities, which they might possess.

I instantly saw the solution of all my difficulties. After doing a highland fling and breaking the silence with a great shout of joy, I started my long letter to him, and yesterday I received an answer to my letter, and I am now going to disclose the future of my class as prophesied by this great man.

“Hiram Muskatt in 1925 will be a prosperous merchant in the city of Rockland, selling all kinds of dry goods at ridiculously low prices. He will later tour the world in a ‘Ford.’

“Who would ever think that Elsie Baxter with her quiet ways would in 1925 be queen of the ‘Movies.’ She is destined to play a thrilling and sensational part, which will make her name be on every tongue as they enter the ‘Movie’ show.

“In 1925 Katherine Schramm will be chief cook at the ‘Hotel Marcella’ at Ewen, and later a most adorable Dutchman will come along and then she will cook for him only.

“In 1925 Lottie Fischer will be the court stenographer for the Supreme Court of Michigan, showing her ability in writing 150 words per minute.

“In 1925 Loretta Ducleau will be happily married and living in Greenland, where she and Cyril C. will be vaudeville performers.

“In 1925 Fay Robinson will be living on a farm two miles from nowhere. (alone?) raising chickens and making use of her knowledge in agriculture.

ONTONAGON BOULDER

"In 1925 Berniece McMillan will be touring the U. S. in an engine. She will become tired of the pleasures of life and will become a Red Cross nurse.

"In 1925 Earl Dcnnelly will be author of the 'funny story' section of the *Saturday Evening Post*. He will cause many an old crab to forget his grouch and smile.

"In 1925 Ethel Garvin will be a fancy dress model in Paris and will pose for the Pathe Weekly Moving Picture Company. She will later become chief designer for the Queen of England.

"In 1925 Leah Schoch will be teaching a kindergarten in Indiana. She will later leave this work and go traveling as a lecturer, using as a topic, 'The injurious effects of tobacco.'

"In 1925 Douglas Francis will be sitting on the top of the highest sky-scraper in the world with a telescope in his hand trying to find out if the moon is really made of green cheese. Not being successful as an Astronomer he will finally become a great Entomologist.

"In 1925 Elenore Spellman will have gained considerable fat and will be posing with John Bunny in the Ringling Bros. circus.

"In 1925 Ben Huntley will have finally reached Duluth after walking for ten years. He will be united with his old 'chum' and under her influence will become president of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co.

"In 1925 Stella Gorney will be Dean of Women at Vassar. She is destined to become one of the most learned women of the time, and will devote her entire life imparting her knowledge to others.

"In 1925 Mary Erbis will be the Alto leader of the Woman's Chorus in New York City. Her great talent will be recognized by the world's greatest musicians, especially Enricho Caruso, whom she will later wed.

"In 1925 May Schaffer will be a noted dressmaker established in New York City, making fashionable gowns out of lace curtains.

"In 1925 Lola Wolf will be stationed on Pikes Peak still trying to solve the experiment that 'Water will boil at a lower temperature on the top of a mountain than at the foot.' She will later become a great physics teacher.

"Of the writer of the letter I cannot say much as she gave no description of herself, but my impression is that she will die at an early age of heart failure."

ELLA J. MOLANDER.

Jokes

A FUSSERS LIFE HISTORY

In Four Spasms.

DEC.

Mr. Bruneau Miss Corture

JAN.

James Loretta

FEB.

Dearheart Love

MARCH.

Mr. Bruneau Miss Corture

IN CIVICS

Miss Leary—What are some of the duties of the Governor?

Ethel—Well, he has to execute the Legislature.

Loretta C.—I don't see why a cabbage is a biennial.

Mr. Townsend—Why not?

L. C.—Why, if you plant a cabbage in the spring, it is a cabbage in the fall, isn't it?

An optimist is one who, when choking on a fishbone, thanks God he is not an ostrich.

Ethel G.—Wculdn't you leave your home for me, John?

J. Adams—I'd leave a basketball game between the Independent and the H. S. with the score a tie.

Miss Tousley—Who made that song entitled, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," famous by singing it last year?

Hiram.—Ontonagon High School.

Mr. Townsend—Have any of you people studied physiography?

Lillian Anglin—I've studied physiology.

Grace in D. S.—Miss Craig, the soup is almost gone.

Miss Craig—Add a little more water.

Miss Tousley—Ben, name one of Hawthorne's most famous books.

Ben—Moses in an Old Manse.

Miss Tousley—John, what is an anecdote?

John—An anecdote is a short funny tale.

Miss T.—That is correct, now give me a sentence using the word.

John—The rabbit has an anecdote.

ONTONAGON BOULDER

Mrs. Wilson—Children, we will now have an example in division. Now Margaret, if your father brought home \$10 to divide with your mother, how much would she get?

Margaret—\$10.

Miss W.—Margaret, you don't know your lesson.

Margaret—No ma'am, but I know my mother.

Douglas, where are your books?

Douglas, (who never studies)—When notices appeared that books were wanted for the wounded, I gave mine to them.

Miss Leary—Do you know Shakespeare well?

Junior—Go on, you can't fool me, Shakespeare is dead.

Miss Cane—Joe, do you know what this word is?

Joe Davis—No.

Miss C.—What is your coat made of?

Joe—"Dad's" old pants.

Now, said the teacher to a little girl, "Can you tell me what a panther is?"

"Yeth ma'am," lisped the child, " a panther ith a man that makths panths."

Miss Craig—Williard, how do we test for the presence of carbon-dioxide in the air?

Williard—With a test tube.

English Teacher—Tom, why is an eagle a poor emblem for a nation?

Tom—Because it is bald-headed.

Hiram in German 12—What did you say last?

Miss M.—Oh! Damn'it (damit).

Miss T. in English 12—What makes a good critic?

Fay—Poor works.

FAMILIAR EXPRESSIONS OF OUR TEACHERS

Miss Macaulay—"Bring that door knob back."

Miss Tousley—"Something more definite."

Miss Craig—"You will have to rip that out."

Mr. Townsend—"How, where, and why."

Miss Cane—"Quit your fooling."

Miss Wilson—"I don't want any more of this now."

Miss Crain—"No talking in the typewriting room."

Miss Leary—"You act like kindergartner's."

Mr. Ranger—"Let us assume it is so."

Mr. Shepard—"Put away that magazine."

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Ira Dowd
"The Midway"

C. H. O'Rourke

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Wm. McFARLANE

## Lost

I was wandering alone in a great, dark forest. The trees were tall and grim like ancient warriors. Their tops pierced the heavens, and the branches intermingled so that it was impossible for the sun to penetrate the woods. Night was approaching, and soon her dark mantle had enveloped the universe.

I stumbled along aimlessly, filled with a great horror at being alone in such a dismal place in the dead of night. At last I sank exhausted at the foot of a great moss-grown tree. Thoughts of my pleasant home came to me. Home! What wouldn't I give to be there now!

A low growl arrested my attention. Two glassy, green eyes stared at me from a thick undergrowth of trees. I shivered; a cold chill ran up and down my spine. A huge form hurled itself upon my prostrate body. I felt the creature's soft claws fasten in my unresisting flesh. My arms were pinned to my sides and I struggled helplessly. I quivered with pain as the great beast tore my flesh in shreds.

Struggling, I freed my right arm and struck out, blindly. I hit the beast. Did I say beast? Well, rather it was my pillow. I awoke to find my terrible adventure only a dream, and myself safe at home in bed.

FRANCES FERGUSON.

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