

# THE CHOTEAU MONTANAN

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## Graduation Exercises of Teton High School

This has been "commencement week" at the Teton county high school, and, as had been promised by the faculty and students, something of interest has been given on each evening of the week. There were nine members of the class of 1914, five girls and four boys, Maisie Crawford Ruby Hodgskiss, Joy Graves, Clara Pinger, Hazel Brown, Victor Parker, Chester Trescott, Lester Cowgill and Denzel McDonald. Six members of this class were born in Teton county, the exceptions being Victor Parker, Clara Pinger and Maisie Crawford. Five members of the class, Joy Graves, Ruby Hodgskiss, Hazel Brown, Denzel McDonald and Chester Trescott started to school together in the primary grade here in Choteau. Lester Cowgill was enrolled in the primary grades at Dupuyer.

Monday was theme and exhibit day. We regret that lack of space prevents us from publishing the themes of the graduates as read by them that evening. All of the themes, however, showed that considerable time and thought had been expended in their preparation. The work exhibited by the sewing class was of a high order and the young ladies certainly deserve considerable credit for the splendid showing made.

Tuesday was class day. The program, which included the class will, prophecy, fables, poem, history, yell, eulogy, confession and song, are herewith published in full.

On Wednesday the class play, "Out of Town," was given at the auditorium, those taking part in this pleasing three-act comedy displaying considerable dramatic ability.

The largest crowd of the week was present at the exercises last night. The Salutatory was given by Chester Trescott, while Victor Parker was the Valedictorian.

As speaker of the evening at the commencement exercises last night, Dr. E. B. Craighead, president of the University of Montana, made a very interesting talk. In opening his speech Mr. Craighead spoke of the beauty of Choteau and its surroundings and congratulated the people upon the luxury of living near the mountains. He next took up some of the difficulties of school administration, urging the patrons to stand behind the school, and the teachers to emphasize accuracy and to look more to the quality than to the quantity of work done. Following this Dr. Craighead spoke of the three classes of men found in any walk of life—those who are looking for a snap; those who will perform a duty if it is not too difficult and the very small class that can be absolutely depended upon regardless of the magnitude and difficulty of the task set.

He then emphasized the value of a college education to the farmer of today, showing how barren the life of the tiller of the soil would be without a good knowledge of his surroundings. In closing Dr. Craighead showed that moral advancement after all was the only real advancement; that a college education did not absolutely guarantee a successful life and that the young man or woman looking forward to college should expect to give something to the school as well as derive benefit from it.

### Class Day Program

#### CLASS HISTORY

RUBY HODGSKISS  
The majority of the class of 1914 attended public school in and

around Choteau. There were more than twenty pupils that entered the freshman class in the year of 1910. Out of these there were five that are now in the senior class. They are Hazel, Maisie, Joy, Ruby and Lester.

We freshies thought ourselves very brilliant. We had no use for the stately seniors who would snub us. At the various parties during the year, we were never invited to the senior parties or the seniors were never invited to ours. However that didn't worry us as we had a much better time by ourselves. One thing our freshmen girls could do and that was to play basket ball. We had a fine team and could beat all the other classes in the games. Of course we had to fight so the upper classes couldn't get the best of us. Our principal would always come and root for us.

Clara, Denzil and Victor joined us in our sophomore year. The boys entered into basket ball, and soon became good players. Our relations with the various classes this year were more friendly than in our freshman year. Many pupils dropped out during this year and never returned to our class.

In our junior year Denzil left us. Victor was now forward on our basket ball team. We gave the class of 1913 a junior prom. It was held in the auditorium of our high school. We had difficulty in getting our principal to consent to this.

The next year became stately seniors, so Denzil joined our class again. Chester also entered and was now one of our rascals. All our boys were on the basket ball team and made very good records. Not only did our boys make good in basket ball, but in track work also. At the Northern Montana state track meet, Denzil got first place in broad jump and tied for first place in the high jump. Chester took second in the shot put and third in the hammer and discus. This concludes the history of the class of 1914. To you it may seem very uneventful, but to us it has been very interesting. Events that were full of excitement become tame in the telling.

#### CLASS POEM

VICTOR PARKER

Hurrah for Teton's classy school. How well we love the very name. It proves exceptions to the rule. It boasts of triumph and of fame. The faculty so tried and true, Are always there to boost you through.

But let us count them one by one, That you may know just what they've done.

Professor Dietrich heads the list, A single day he's never missed, But coaches us and directs us Without a symptom of a fuss.

Miss Breneman the next in line Her mathematics handles fine, And when it comes to sewing well There's hardly anything to tell For the exhibits you have seen Were modeled by her sewing team.

Miss Leech our English teacher fair, Her subject handles with great care; She's always there with heart and hand, She's helped us cross the faulty strand.

Miss Gilman is the last of all, But in our eyes she's not so small, In science, history and Dutch too She's helped us win our pathway through

The freshmen are quite green this year But let's impart to them good cheer,

For only three more years and then They will be our fellowmen.

The junior-sophomore class is small, But they had said "We'll show them all"

And when the junior prom night came They proved good right to the name.

The senior class is best of all, They say pride goes before a fall, But we'll take care of that, of course,

And follow life without remorse. Our president is known to fame, For Chester Trescott is his name. He's won some fame as an athlete As shown in Great Falls School meet.

Vice-president is Hazel Brown, The jolliest girl in all the town. If you would see big sugar lumps, Just look at Hazel with the mumps.

Victor Parker next in line, Is secretary of the nine. Since he is author of this verse, Well you all to think of worse.

Maisie Crawford keeps the dough, We understand its running low. If she should ever run behind A postal clerk she's sure to find.

Denz McDonald jumper high, He can almost reach the sky. He proved it at the last tract meet It won from every one a treat.

Clara Pinger she's a fright, Ring her up most any night. She can tell you of the rank Of every cashier in the bank.

Joy Graves six feet tall, He's the boy for basket ball. As a center can't be beat, And wild with cheers his plays we meet.

Ruby Hodgskiss, so they say, Figures strongly in the play. As a maid she's there you bet, As an heiress better yet.

Joyful Graves, a funny name, Yet we like it just the same. For she's docile as a mouse, Make some man a dandy spouse.

That is all I have to say About the jolly senior's way. And as a farewell word we pass A greeting to each lad or lass.

#### EULOGY

LESTER COWGILL

I will enter upon no eulogium of the class of nineteen hundred fourteen. She needs none. There she stands, judge for yourself. Four upright men and five fair young women. No better class ever stepped upon a platform at commencement time. Nor do I stand alone in this opinion, every member of this noble class will agree with me. Even the teachers will corroborate it. What class has ever gone through high school with so few demerit marks against it? What class has ever graduated with such honors? What class has ever been so popular with the underclassmen and the teachers? Ever since we entered this school in nineteen-ten, the eyes of all have been focused upon us. Our few mistakes have been pardoned, our many triumphs applauded.

During our freshman year exemplary behavior and studious habits won for us the esteem of our instructors and fellow students, and this we carried through our four years of high school work. By the time we were sophomores the attention of the school board had been attracted to us and rumors of this remarkable class were cast abroad. In our junior year, realizing that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," we laid aside

our books occasionally and enjoyed ourselves. The first social event of any note was the junior prom, but even then we were unable to overcome the habits contracted in our freshman year. During our senior year, however, we ventured to put by our dignities and enjoyed the class parties, taking care that our school work did not suffer.

Not only did we shine in the school work and in the social events of the school, but also in the athletics and other outside activities. Twice members of our class won the one declamatory contest and represented the school at Missoula. Call the roll of the basket ball team—four seniors answer, four-fifths of the team taken from our class. Had we had another man we would have supplied five-fifths. At the Northern Montana track meet at Great Falls on May 2nd, Denzel McDonald won first place in the broad jump, and tied for first in the high jump; Chester Trescott, another member of our class, won second in the shot put, third in the discus hurl and third in the hammer throw, winning for Teton, fourteen points and third place in the meet.

And so I could continue for hours, telling of the virtues and achievements of this great class. In spite of all these excellencies and our full knowledge of them, we have not allowed ourselves to become conceited. As a result of this policy—behold! The class of 1914.

#### CLASS SONG

MAISIE CRAWFORD

By the old blue Rocky mountains, 'Tis there that we can see Just a little country high school, Oh how dear she is to me. For the wind is in the pine trees, And the school bells they all say: Come you back, you H. S. student— Come you back to Teton gay. Come you back to Teton gay, Where the black and gold hold sway.

Can't you hear them singing praises of the seniors just away On the road to Teton gay where the freshies lugh and play. An' they strive to be like seniors, More and more from day to day. Their colors was gold and black An' 'er flower was a rose, An' 'er name was 1914—jis the same she didn't pose.

An' we seed her first as freshman, An' a stirring Teton up. An' a waistin' precious hours Kickin' round the drinking cup. Bloomin' drinking cup of tin What had nought but water in. Pesky lot we cared for drinkin When we knew it wasn't sin.

#### FABLES

DENZEL McDONALD

Once upon a time there was a young class president who practised diligently such athletic stunts as the hammer throw, the shot put and discus hurl. This young man once ate too much mince pie for supper and as a consequence felt very cross and decided to lick the whole family. His father being somewhat larger than he, proceeded to turn him over his knee.

Moral—Do not eat pie for supper.

Miss Leech in English IV—"Victor, are there any' archaic words in this poem?"

Victor—"Yes, I found one, it is a very peculiar word too. It is wool."

In a little Montana city there once lived a fair young maid who was very friendly with a postal clerk. Now this clerk was a very good looking youth, and had captured the hearts of many a damsel of the town. One day he sold her

one hundred one cent stamps for fifty cents. The maid, who was very honest, returned them at once, thereby saving the clerk from immediate dismissal.

Moral—Always be honest.

Mr. Dietrich while working electrical experiments rubs the window with cat's fur.—"Put your hand on there Hazel, quick."

Hazel put her hand on window.

Mr. Dietrich—"Do you feel the pane?"

There was once a young man named Victor who very much loved the movies and circuses. While away on the Missoula trip he had a chance, much to his delight, to attend a wild animal show. Before entering the main show, Victor became interested in the picture of several roosters playing upon musical instruments. He said that he had seen many a rooster but he had never dreamed that there were any that were smart enough to play a cornet or violin, so he said that he would certainly have to see that. He handed over his twenty five cents and rushed in to see the musicians. Victor was quite a distance from the musicians during the performance so he could not see that the legs and feet that did the playing were made of painted wood and that someone was behind a curtain turning a crank and playing an instrument. He thought that was about the most wonderful thing he had ever seen so he decided to stay for the next performance. He handed over another twenty-five cents, and this time he was on the front row. A little while afterwards someone saw Vic crawling out under the side of the tent to keep away from the audience.

Moral—A little suspicion is worth twenty-five cents.

Miss Leech in English IV.—"Joy, name the words that rhyme in this poem."

Joy—"Well, 'joy' goes with 'boy'."

Among the seniors of Teton county high school there was one girl who had a great curiosity concerning many things. One time her curiosity led her into trouble. She went to visit one of the girls who had the mumps, to ask her how they felt. She found out about three days later. One morning when she awoke she found that her face had swollen so large that she could not find a looking glass in the house that was big enough for her to see herself in.

Moral—Curiosity killed a cat.

The boy—"If you saw a worm crawling along the floor would you pick it up?"

Ruby—"Well I should say not."

The boy—"Then you are no chicken."

One of the boys of the senior class has a bad falling. This falling is his fondness for the ladies. During his school life he is known to have escorted one girl to her home. We are afraid so much dissipation has been a hindrance to his school work.

Moral—Do not indulge to excess.

A certain girl of the senior class, while in the junior year, it seems, was not allowed by her parents to have a beau. She said in a boastful way, "You just wait. I'll be eighteen next year and they can't stop me. I'll go with the boys just the same as the rest of the girls." O Joy! She has at last reached the desired age, but with all her beaux she seems to be no happier than before.

Moral—All that glitters is not gold.

"Hello central. Is that you Clara? Are you going to work tonight? O, you are! Wont you go riding with me?" Whenever

a certain young gentleman knew that Clara would have to work he was sure to call her up and ask her to go riding. We are wondering why Clara didn't let someone else do her work and take advantage of the invitation.

Moral—Put off work until tomorrow, but never pleasure.

We have one girl in the class who is an excellent chauffeur even though she often does get the car stuck in the mud. One day she went driving down Love's lane. In turning around she backed the car into the ditch. While trying to get the car out she fell into the muddy ditch. She had a fine long walk home then, and when she had arrived the whole family was in danger of their lives.

Moral—We should laugh in the face of bad luck.

One of the boys, while taking a short cut to school to avoid tardiness one day, tried to jump a fence and met with an accident. Since then he has not worn his class ring nor jumped any fences.

Moral—The longest way round is sometimes the shortest way to school.

#### CONFESSIONS

HAZEL BROWN

One of the most interesting types of that form of literature called "personal," is the confession. From the time when Rousseau put forth his famous book, down to the year when Mary MacLane wrote her human document, confessions have been devoured by the public with the greatest interest. Sooner or later, all geniuses are seized by a strong desire to reveal themselves as they really are. This has been the case with the class of nineteen fourteen; pledging themselves to the utmost candor and openness, they agreed to set forth their secret woes, their innermost hopes, and their real opinions of themselves. This mutual confession they have handed over to me to present to the public. Perhaps my audience will not be able to understand altogether; but that they must distribute to the fact that the souls that are hereby revealing themselves are of an original and superior order. They do not feel that they are made of "common stuff." But now we shall leave you to judge the class for yourselves. The only authorized edition of these confessions is the one I hold in my hands. It reads as follows:

No. 1. Lester Cowgill: "I am a young man of excellent ability, but you would never think it to look at me. For all my life I have been in the clutch of a dark-blue demon, whose name—at least one of them is shyness. But I am really not timid; why when I am alone I can imagine myself doing all sorts of bold and reckless deeds. I have even pictured myself advancing to a young lady and asking if I may escort her home. Not that I would care in the least about escorting them home, but I should enjoy showing them that I am not in the least afraid of them. They imagine that I stand in the greatest awe of them; but if they could only know my real opinion! My secret hope is that I may some day be governor of Montana, so that I may be called upon to preside over a woman suffrage meeting, an invitation that I shall refuse with scorn."

No. 2. Maisie Crawford: I feel sure that you must have noticed me, for I am a really remarkable young woman in every respect. I am one of the natural born leaders, and by making only the slightest effort I have exerted the greatest influence upon my classmates. I have long felt that

(Continued on Page Four.)