

THE AMAZING HISTORY THE CLASS OF '24

The fascinating history of this class dates back to 1912. In the month of September of this particular year an exceptionally ambitious group of youngsters gathered in front of the Webster school, waiting to be admitted to the first grade. This began the educational journey for a number of children, and now after twelve years of concentrated study they have completed the foundation of their education.

In the first grade Miss Fisher taught the pupils to answer "present" when she called the roll: Saxe Roberts, Frankie Motycka, Edward Therrien, James Poerl, Gertrude Sommers, Mary Hurley, Ellsworth Madden, Mayme Neubauer, Louise Grant, Florence Glassow and so on down the list.

The following September these pupils took possession of the second grade room with Miss Anderson as their teacher. Saxe, who had not yet passed the mischievous age, by Miss Anderson's orders had to sit under the teachers' desk. He looked like a "Jack in the Pulpit" only that he lost his dignity by making faces at his fellow students. It was this year that a little red-haired lad joined the class. It didn't take the pupils long to get acquainted with Lester Hagen and they found that he was a very nice boy and decided to take him with them on their journey through school.

In the third grade Miss Williams was their first dramatic teacher, and before the end of the year they were excellent dramatists. The end of the term came and they were forced to travel on.

Their fourth grade teacher, Miss Meister, devoted all of the spare time to singing. The favorite song was "Rags, Old Iron." They sang it in such perfect tune, that the women who heard the song as the children passed, ran to weigh the rag bag, thinking it was the rag man. Several of the boys were affected with heart trouble and the teacher's punishment was to make them sit with the girl to whom they insisted on talking. Some of the senior boys can, no doubt, remember this punishment.

In the fifth grade things began to be more serious. Miss Schade began with decimals and geography. Those decimals were such awfully funny things that the children spent the whole year trying to find the man who invented them and to see if some punishment could be inflicted for committing such a crime. The Geography class spent much time looking for African cities in South America. Ellsworth Madden, Mary and Alfred Hurley were attracted to the North Pole and went as far that way as Hibbing. Jimmy Poerl was gazing out of the window told the classes to pass so the

when they left for the sixth grade so they left him behind.

In the sixth grade Miss Wright, who did not believe in sparing the rod and spoiling the child, had her daily exercise of applying the yard stick to Cecil and Harry. Those were two new members who they found in the sixth grade. The third was Herbert Cherrrier, but he was a member for only three years.

In the seventh grade Miss Wahl and Mr. McAdam were kept busy punishing the students for their naughty pranks. Miss Goodwin was their dancing instructor and many a pleasant hour was spent dancing in the Normal room. The seventh grade year was one for entertainment. Two parties were given in the gymnasium and a spring picnic at Rock Lake closed the term.

CECIL BLANCHARD



President of Class of '24

They found Carol Kelley in the seventh grade, so they took her with them on their journey.

In the eighth grade Miss Towne took charge of the class the first semester and Miss Siggard the second. When they were not busy multiplying, adding and subtracting the number of bricks necessary for a house they were conjugating verbs or sending notes. Grammar was their stumbling block, but their motto was, "We ain't going to use bad grammar."

During their summer vacation they had made a thorough investigation of the country and found some very intelligent looking children spending their valuable time milking cows and planting spuds, so they brought the following persons with them to school: Virginia Holt, Sture Carlson, Hazel Heath and Katherina Becvar.

In the fall of 1920 these pupils were welcomed to the High School by Miss Kohl, principal, and Mr. Brown, superintendent. After the schedule was made out Miss Kohl

Freshies left the assembly singing under their breath, "Where do we go from here boys? We're the Algebra class." After spending half an hour examining the rooms to see which one looked like an algebra room they returned to the assembly where Miss Kohl was waiting for the Algebra class, which she was to teach there. The first year was an exciting one but it soon came to an end and they were called Sophomores.

In their Sophomore year they initiated four new members. Eva Blot from Maplewood Academy, Stazie Polivka from Willow River, Marie Dyrland from Hinckley and Galen Weinberger, who had played truant, was forced to fall back into this class. Miss Kohl taught them the complicated subject of Geometry and Miss Miller gave them instructions on how to write good compositions. The year was closed with a picnic at the Dam.

To begin with the Seniors chose Cecil Blanchard for their President and Mr. Grinnell for their advisor. During the first semester all the time was devoted to books. With the beginning of the second semester the senior play was introduced, the cast chosen and practice was begun. On the 25th of April the cast with the aid of the other class members presented "When a Feller Needs a Friend" to the town folks. The Junior-Senior Banquet and Prom will long be remembered by the class because they were so magnificently entertained by the Juniors at the Hotel Agnes. Now that the Seniors are to leave, the lower classmen have no perfect specimens of high school to follow so they will need to be watched more closely by the instructors. For this reason the Senior Class is having a platform and desk installed in the assembly for the principal.

But every story must have an end, though history like time, goes on.—With commencement night this story ends—not so with the history of the class of '24.

From the Newest Class

We Freshies do not realize how much longer we may see you in old P. C. H. S. Just three days, and then dear Seniors we will be unable to look at your happy faces and converse with you in this school.

We want to thank you for the respect you have shown us "Green ones." Especially, we thank you for that party you gave us. There aren't many seniors that would do that for the lowest class. You've been kind to us and not treated us as though we were green and growing, but we should stand for that even if you had done so.

When we get to graduate like you will do in a short (Continued on Page Five)

PUPILS WHO HAVE HAD PERFECT ATTENDANCE DURING YEAR 1923-24

First Grade:

John Kodym

Second Grade:

Nick Perkins

Third Grade:

Francis Anne Sauser

Forest Stapel

Eunice Hanson

Fourth Grade:

Eleanor Benda

Hally McKusick

Leslie Tate

Fifth Grade:

Catherine Borchers

Donald McKusick

Sixth Grade:

Kenneth Cox

Albert Gardner

Glady Glasow

Ada Larson

Seventh Grade:

David Hoefer

William Houdek

Florence Kunz

Elsie Larson

Aletha Larson

Lorena Wilcox

Eighth Grade:

George Ballata

Olga Holetz

Wesley Lowe

Ione Sobotka

High School:

Edwin Borchers

Sigurd Dyrland

Muriel Heath

John Holmberg

Bernard Trollen

George Wiseman

Beth Appleby

Clara Korbel

Margaret Lowe

Lucille Valley

Dorothy Carlson

Edith DuVall

Grace Hawkins

Eva Blot

Katherina Becvar

Carl Holmberg

Frankie Motycka

BACCALAUREAT SERMON

The baccalaureate sermon delivered by Father Leo at the Church of Immaculate Conception on Sunday evening, May 25, served as a fitting farewell to the seniors of '24.

For the foundation of his sermon, Father Leo took the famous saying of George Washington. "Knowledge and virtue are essential to a great nation." He gave his congregation some very good thoughts concerning the value of the right kind of education.

He said that along with education one must educate his mind, his conscience and his will power. A person may have gone through college but yet he had not received a moral education and so cannot succeed. He stressed the importance of a good, clean character, to attain a noble manhood or womanhood.

The service was very well attended, and enjoyed by all. The seniors wish to express their sincere thanks in appreciation of this fitting ceremony.

AS THEY ARE KNOWN
CLASSMATES OF '24

KATHERINA BECVAR
"Katrinka"

Katherina has always been called "The Vamp" of the class but that was an injustice, for she is as modest and unassuming as any other member.

Type awards.

CECIL BLANCHARD
"Tete"

He's small but—convincing. Tete, why not hire a secretary to answer all your private letters? "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

Basket ball '21-'23-'24.

Ass't. Business Mgr. Pinnacle '24.

Senior Play '24.

President of Senior Class.

Base ball '23-'24.

Track '23-'24.

EVA BLOST
"Eve"

Adam? No, Andrew! Eva's dignity and quietness has enshrined her in the hearts of all her classmates and friends.

Type awards.

Reporter, Pinnacle '24.

STURE CARLSON
"Stuie"

The most dependable and best committee worker in the Senior class. One of the reasons for the success of our parties.

Circulation Mgr. Pinnacle '24.

Senior Play '24.

MARIE DYRLAND
"Maree"

Marie's demureness and her smile are a cure for all blues. Rather bashful at times but popular just the same.

Basket ball '23-'24.

Reporter-Pinnacle '24.

LESTER HAGEN
"Les"

Just Les, the model of naturalness. He always gets what he wants. Keep on aiming high and you'll get your Scarlet Tanager.

Basket ball '22-'23-'24.

Senior plays '23-'24.

Track '24.

GRACE HALSTROM
"Strommie"

Easy going without a care in the world. "Carl, er—Harry, oh I mean Alvah, I love you best."

Basket ball '24.

Senior play '24.

Treasurer of Class.

HAZEL HEATH
"Shorty"

You are the Pollyanna of our class. Keep your cheer and "To thine own self be true" as you are now.

Type medal and bar.

Senior play '24.

Literary Editor-Pinnacle '24

Secretary of class.

VIRGINIA HOLT
"Virg."

Embarassingly direct with a fast fund of curiosity and confidence. Now you know her; now you don't.

Type medal '23.

Basket ball '22-'23.

Senior play '24.

GALEN WEINBERGER



Valedictorian and
Winner of Boys' Declamatory

CAROL KELLEY
"Kelley"

Dignified? Well, perhaps, but until you see her at a Friday night party out in the country. Oh-boy!

Senior News Reporter '24.

HARRY LARSON
"Lars"

The Don Juan of our class. Every day we hear, "Say did you see the swell jane I had out last night?"

Senior Play '24.

Pinnacle Reporter '24.

FRANKIE MOTYCKA
"Frank"

No, Frankie, we know you are not one particle like "Liz" in real life. Common sense is your middle name.

Senior play '24.

Associate Editor '24.

STAZIE POLIVKA
"Staz"

"If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,

But the charm of her presence was felt when she went."

Salutatorian.

Senior Play '24.

Editor '24.

Basket ball '24.

SAXE ROBERTS

S-G-L-R

Saxe is developing his brain power this year. He didn't know before that books were for anything but to draw pictures in.

Basket ball '24.

GALEN WEINBERGER

Geke, Ph. D.

"Socrates, What makes the world go round?" asked a youth."

Galen answers, "Love, my son, love."

And he has exemplified it in the broadest sense, too.

Valedictorian.

Sports Editor '24.

Basket ball '22-'23-'24.

Plays, '23-'24.

Base ball '22-'23-'24.

Track '22-'23-'24.

Boys Declamatory '23-'24.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS
"THE RULING POWER"

Ladies and gentlemen, members of the Board of Trustees, Members of the Faculty, Classmates, Schoolmates, Friends One and All:

On an occasion like this, the question that is uppermost in everyone's mind is one concerning the future of the class that is about to graduate. Every year this same question arises; afterwards it is forgotten, or finds expression in work and dreams. Will the members of the class become what they wish? Surely in a measure. But it will be in a most roundabout way. There is a power, supreme and subtle, that maps the course of every individual.

As Shakespeare expresses it, "Fate makes puppets of us all." It is Fate that makes people stumble along, not knowing why they do this or that or the other, and having no idea why they are forced to endure what they consider unjust difficulties. Fate is an infinite number of laws, unwritten and unchangeable, but it can be aptly expressed in these well known words; "as ye sow, so also shall ye reap."

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, it is due to your silent influence on our work that we are able to reap our partial reward tonight. We realize that without your efforts we would never have attained the knowledge we have striven to gain; that it is through you we were able to possess the opportunities that were given to us. Whether or not we will build upon these foundations is our question and we must answer it. We hope that we may be deserving of your work for us in the past and thus continue to enjoy the fruits of a golden harvest, whose seeds were planted by your hands.

Members of the Faculty, when we stop to consider the ever vigilant law, we understand the value of your work in installing into our minds a few of your own noble principles and ideals. Our life will be what we make of it. Fate will give us our dues. Let us hope that we have stored some of your good teachings in our minds; that when we start to sow them we will find none of them lacking.

Members of the lower classes, we are leaving you in good hands. Yet we feel it our duty to remind you of the old truth: "Sow a thought—reap an action; Sow an action—reap a habit; Sow a habit—reap a character; Sow a character—reap a destiny."

How important it is that you should sow with utmost care from the beginning, for you will in one way or another, pay for the smallest, idlest thought. For every task left

undone or neglected, you will suffer by inferior development or defective memory. Everything you get you will purchase at the price the ages ask for it.

Classmates, what a colossal thought it is that from now on we have our lives in our own hands. For the last twelve years we have been taken care of by our good teachers; now we must advance and get things for ourselves. Our days of receiving gifts are over and beginning now we must buy what we wish to have. There will be no one to help us to sow the seeds of a good character. We now stand ready, prepared by years of instruction and guidance, for the struggle with the problems that await us.

As we look back, can we measure the value of the things we have received during our course of studies in school? The time is here when the scale swings the other way and we must pay our debts. The more value the things we gained are to us, the more we will have to pay. We must put back in the world's granary the host of seeds that were sown for us and which we will harvest. Life will never once let us forget the debt that must be met.

But let us not look at it in this seeming hard way. For us it should be a willing act. We know what is expected of us and surely we realize equally as well that we are capable of meeting the requirements. Let us resolve to keep our record stainless, our ideals elevated, and our accounts balanced.

And now, dear classmates farewell. It is with a heavy heart that I say that word. One little word, but a world of meaning. How shall the morrow find us? We know not; but let us endeavor to "Carry On;" to gather the fruits of harvest. As we part tonight, not with sadness, but with bright hopes for the future, may we never regret our days together; may we go forth, always,

"One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate,
But strong in will to strive, to seek,
To find, but not to yield."

Freshmen Write to Seniors

(Continued from Page Three)
time, we're sure we will think of the Senior Class of '24.

So Goodbye dear Seniors!
May you be happy and prosperous in your future life.

The Freshmen

Restraint.

"Before we were married you called me an angel!"

"I know it."

"And now you don't call me anything."

"You ought to be sincerely glad that I possess such self-control."

UNTO THEIR FRIENDS WILL THEY BEQUEATH

Cecil Blanchard bequeaths to Florence Greig his power to argue.

Galen Weinberger bequeaths to Carl Holmberg his ability to achieve success in love.

Grace Halstrom dedicates her new beau to Inger Jensen.

Carol Kelley bequeaths the back seat in the assembly to Laura Sward.

Frankie Motycka bequeaths part of her appetite to Dorothy Carlson.

Marie Dyrland bequeaths her ability to study to Howard Burge.

Virginia Holt bequeaths to Cecilia Gallick her power to "grab 'em."

Sture Carlson bequeaths his cunning ways to Alice Petschel and his ability to sing without being heard in the assembly to Gertrude Sommers.

Katherina Becvar bequeaths to Lorenzo Dane her "Coquettish eyes."

Lester Hagen bequeaths his entire clown paraphernalia to Mary Mack, and his front seat to Carl Holmberg.

Harry Larson bequeaths to Sylvia Plessel his ability to make up love songs in dictionaries.

Eva Blot bequeaths to Lambert Beery a jar of pickles (in love).

Saxe Roberts bequeaths to Ella Stelzner his ability to blush, and his latest "mash" to Edward Peterson.

Grace Halstrom bequeaths to Robert Dippry her gracefulness.

Hazel Heath bequeaths to Herbert Cherrier her strong will power and one dimple.

Marie Dyrland gives Mildred Olson permission to bob her hair.

Virginia Holt bequeaths to Ida Kubat two-thirds of her "push."

Stazie Polivka bequeaths to Merrill Daniels twice as much speed as at present in driving his Ford, also in typewriting.

Sture Carlson bequeaths his red jacket to Eddie Erhart so that the assembly may see him when he enters.

Harry Larson leaves his ability to send notes without being caught to Alice Petschel. He ought to leave his mail-carier.

Virginia Holt bequeaths her knack of remembering to Ed Therrien.

To the School and Faculty

We, the Seniors of the P. C. H. S. do hereby bequeath to the Juniors, all the cut glass dishes in the Chemistry Laboratory, on condition that great care be taken of them.

To the Sophomores we bequeath a library of books on, "How to Appear in Public."

To the Freshmen we bequeath a bottle of dye, which, if carefully used will take away the greeness, but beware how much you use!

To the Juniors, we bequeath

SALUTATORY ADDRESS "BE SQUARE"

Friends, I hardly know how to begin. I feel somewhat like Tennyson did when he said, "I would that my tongue could utter; The thoughts that arise in me."

Words are lame and impotent when I try to welcome you here tonight. The fact that so many people are interested in us makes me feel as if we must succeed, if for no other reason, to keep from disappointing our many friends.

Classmates and upperclassmen, graduates of years to come, in this my first, and probably my last, formal appearance before you I want to leave you one thought worth thinking and living. One principle that will make your school life happy and useful. One truth that will sweeten life. Like all other valuable things it comes in a small package—three small words—be four square. How full of meaning. How charged with the trust and greatest of great lives. How great and yet how humble and easily understood Square—Four square. Let us look at our square of life. To be square does not only necessitate telling the truth but living and acting the truth every day. More lies are old by silence and by deeds than by words.

First of all, we must be true to ourselves. Shakespeare says, "This above all: To thine own self be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man." A person cheats himself when he does things from which he derives no benefits or confers no benefits on others. Rather in so doing, delays his progress and detracts from his happiness. One can be square in any walk of life, in the home, in the school, anywhere out in the world.

The expression "Oh he's too honest to make any money" is heard very often. This may be

all our old note-books and the favorable seats near the windows.

To Miss Olson we bequeath a King Tut bob with a "beau" on each side.

To Miss Bender we bequeath a small stove, two skillets, one spoon, one small negro boy to accompany her on her hikes and an alarm clock.

To Mr. Grinnell we bequeath a turn of the wheel of fortune which will procure for him a more studious and obedient senior play cast in the next place he teaches.

To Mr. Morrow we bequeath a new Ford, Cadillac design.

To Miss Bingenheimer we bequeath a radio set connected with TC broadcasting station. (Typewriting Class).

To Mr. and Mrs. Brown we bequeath all the cups and spoons, to begin housekeeping for themselves.

STAZIE POLIVKA



Salutatorian Class of '24

true, but after all, money counts for little in the long run. Real happiness or character cannot be gotten with gold. So probably the poor man is far happier than he who robs his fellow men to add a few paltry coins to his lifeless money bags. And how much more the poor man is respected by what the money grabber has not, friends.

Broken promises are like withered flowers; they can never be brought to life again. Each promise, no matter how small, that is broken decreases the dependability of a person. To quote Shakespeare again, he says, "Trust not him that hath once broken faith." It is a greater compliment to be trusted than to be loved.

In one sense of the word, one.

squareness indicates service. We cannot be really honest if we do not pay our debts. What debts, you may ask? The debt to our nation, to our state, to our community. We could not enjoy the privileges we now do if it were not for the work of those who had gone before. Therefore we must do something that will aid the coming generation. We were not put here to fold our hands and do nothing, but rather to do our best to make the world a little better, to do our best to make someone else a little happier. Nor can we be truly honest if we do not help in the work of the world about us. We profit by the labor of hundreds of people, therefore, we must labor in order to help these people.

The most desirable thing in the world is a commendable character. Without truthfulness, character is sadly deformed.

Tonight I want to leave you one thought, dear friends, classmates and underclassmen. Be honest and true in all that you do. Let it also be said of you, he was

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph."

Now I want to tell you again how glad we are to have you with us tonight. We will never forget this, our graduation night, nor you dear friends, who helped to make it a happy

We Thank You

The Staff of The Pinnacle ex-

tends its thanks to our

Advertisers

Subscribers

And Patrons

For the splendid support and co-operation we have had during the past year.

**COMMENCEMENT TO BE
HELD WEDNESDAY EVE**

Following is the Commencement program of the Pine City High School to be held at the Family Theatre, Wednesday evening, May 28, 1924.

Selection Orchestra
Salutatory—"Be Square" Stazie Polivka

Vocal Solo Frank Gottry
Valedictory—"The Ruling Power" Galen Weinberger

Commencement Address Prof. O. C. Burkhard

Presentation of Class Supt. T. D. Brown

Presentation of Diplomas Mr. S. G. L. Roberts

Selection Orchestra
Musical numbers will be furnished by Sobotka's orchestra.

The students to receive diplomas are as follows:

Katherina Becvar
Cecil Blanchard
Eva Blot

Sture Carlson
Marie Dyrland
Lester Hagen

Grace Halstrom
Hazel Heath
Virginia Holt

Carol Kelley
Harry Larson
Frankie Motycka

Stazie Polivka
Saxe Roberts
Galen Weinberger

**AMONG OUR LEGAL MINDS
THE BATTLE STILL RAGES**

Mr. Spike Therrien,
Attorney at Law,
W. 2nd Row,
12 Seat Front,
P. C. H. S.

Dear Sir:

Because of the fact that you are a lawyer, and also a noted sport critic, I think that you are capable of deciding an argument between me and that foolish Spickler boy.

The other day, because of severe handicaps which were shoes that were too small and a charley horse in my right leg, also a poor court, I was unable to play my usual game of tennis and Mr. Donald Spickler gave me a severe beating, thus giving him the championship of the town.

And now, My Dear Mr. Lawyer, these handicaps are removed and I asked the said Spickler for a return match but the beastly bum refused and gave for a reason that I was an unfit opponent.

So now I sincerely ask you to tell that said Spickler that I am a suitable opponent. Have the match set for Friday at 1:00 P. M. If he does not accept I suggest that you suspend him for about thirty days.

If he accepts the match and I win I shall pay for your trouble the liberal sum of (05) five cents.

I know that your ability plus your fluency of words will make Spickler look like a

**A DIP INTO THE FUTURE
OF THE CLASS OF '24**

Kathryn Becvar. Ten years from now we see Kathryn just preparing to sever her connections with Armour & Co. where she has been employed as stenographer for the past ten years. We understand that she is going back to the farm where a certain young man patiently awaits her arrival. They plan on raising chickens and cucumbers.

Eva Blot. We find that Eva has changed considerably since she left Pine City. She is great sport enthusiast. One can see her as one of the enthusiastic rooters at the world series. As usual, her smile cheers the athletes and of course makes them able to do their utmost to win.

Cecil Blanchard. As we step off the south bound limited in Vera Cruz, Mexico, who should meet us at the depot but our former class president, Cecil. He is noted as the second "Sherlock Holmes". We understand that since he has made Vera Cruz his home he has shown those Mexicans that he was running things. Cecil, with his usual obliging ways, escorts us through the town to his bachelor headquarters, for he sagely informs us that he is a confirmed woman hater.

Sture Carlson. He has devoted five years of his life to globe-trotting in Minnesota. At present he is the famous editor of "The Photoplay." He contemplates a trip to Hollywood soon. Do watch out, Sturie, it might prove fatal.

Marie Dyrland. At present Marie is working her way to fame in Philadelphia, as a Bread Making demonstrator. But we understand that Marie is tiring of this occupation and she is seriously contemplating becoming a missionary to the deep wilds east of Hinckley.

Galen Weinberger. The curtain of Galen Weinberger's future is drawn aside—he has finished college and we see him standing on a narrow platform debating, "Tin-cans and the Disposal of Same." The place is Robinson Park in Pine City. Nearest the platform stands a tall, slender, dark-haired girl gazing with pride upon him. Her name shall not be disclosed but they attended H. S. together.

Virginia Holt. We find Virginia has finished college and is a teacher in one of our universities. She specializes in lying pavaracator.

Do this will you? If you refuse I will say before hand: "Parson me—I will not say anything to you."

As I was or never am,

Joseph T. Engel.

Ex-champion to-day—but this lies in your hands; but champion tomorrow.

**EASTERN MINNESOTA
POWER COMPANY**

**Lights
and
Power**

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

PINE CITY, MINNESOTA

Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

\$1.00 Starts an Account

PARRISH-BOO LUMBER CO.

Serviceable Lumber

Phone 63

THE PINE POKER

BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM
In Pine County

Fine Job Printing

Calling Cards, Stationery
Invitations, Announcements, Etc

We Print
THE PINNACLE

Chemistry. Just now we understand she is exceedingly fond of reading. The book she enjoys most is the cook-book, a very surprising fact. We wonder why she studies that so intently, but she merely smiles and says, "Oh, wait and see."

difference we find in her. Her will power is broken. Her short bobbed hair is now her crowning glory. She sighs with regret when she says, "Oh how comfortable, why didn't I have it cut when I was a senior," and then she introduces us to her husband.

Lester Hagen. Lester's brilliant chemical career in P. C. H. S. inspired him to take an advanced medical course in college. He has accepted a position as a physician at five thousand dollars per year at Keokuk, Iowa. He still carries his large bump of humor and keeps his patients smiling; nor has he lost his love for red hair.

Frankie Motycka. Your love for the outdoors will lead you from all thoughts of further thoughts of education. For a few years tourists, campers, and sportsmen have found Frankie a willing and accurate guide on Cross Lake. She soon tired of this and now has a beauty parlor in Paris. She specializes in marcelling bobbed hair. As soon as Frankie had her hair bobbed, her talent for curling was discovered.

Grace Halstrom. Of course everyone wonders where our smiling classmate Grace is. Come with us back to P. C. H. S. As we enter the cooking room we see the Domestic Science teacher just putting the butter and milk on the table. The class is going to make griddle cakes to-day. The figure looks familiar, and we soon realize that it is Grace.

Harry Larson. Come with us back to Pine City and we will visit the H. S. laboratory. We see a solitary figure occupies the extreme corner of the room. We do not disturb him but await developments.

BANG!! A loud explosion then oblivion.

Harry has perfected his powerful explosive, and though we are somewhat the worse for our experience, we congratulate him upon the success of his experiment.

Hazel Heath. We all remember that Hazel left for North Dakota after graduation. The saying that girls can soon find a husband in Dakota is a true one. We find Hazel the mistress of a large cattle ranch. But oh, what a

Saxe Roberts took a trip to California immediately upon finishing his school career. He became so enamored with the country that he decided to make it his permanent home. He is at present industriously employed raising grapes on one of the hillsides of sunny California. His happy grin tell us that the world is treating Saxe well.

Stazie Polivka has smiled her way up the ladder of fame. She is at present head pharmacist of a large New York Pharmacy. She achieved great honor by inventing a method whereby it is possible to work while you sleep. She wears an expensive diamond and she informs us that "it won't be long now."