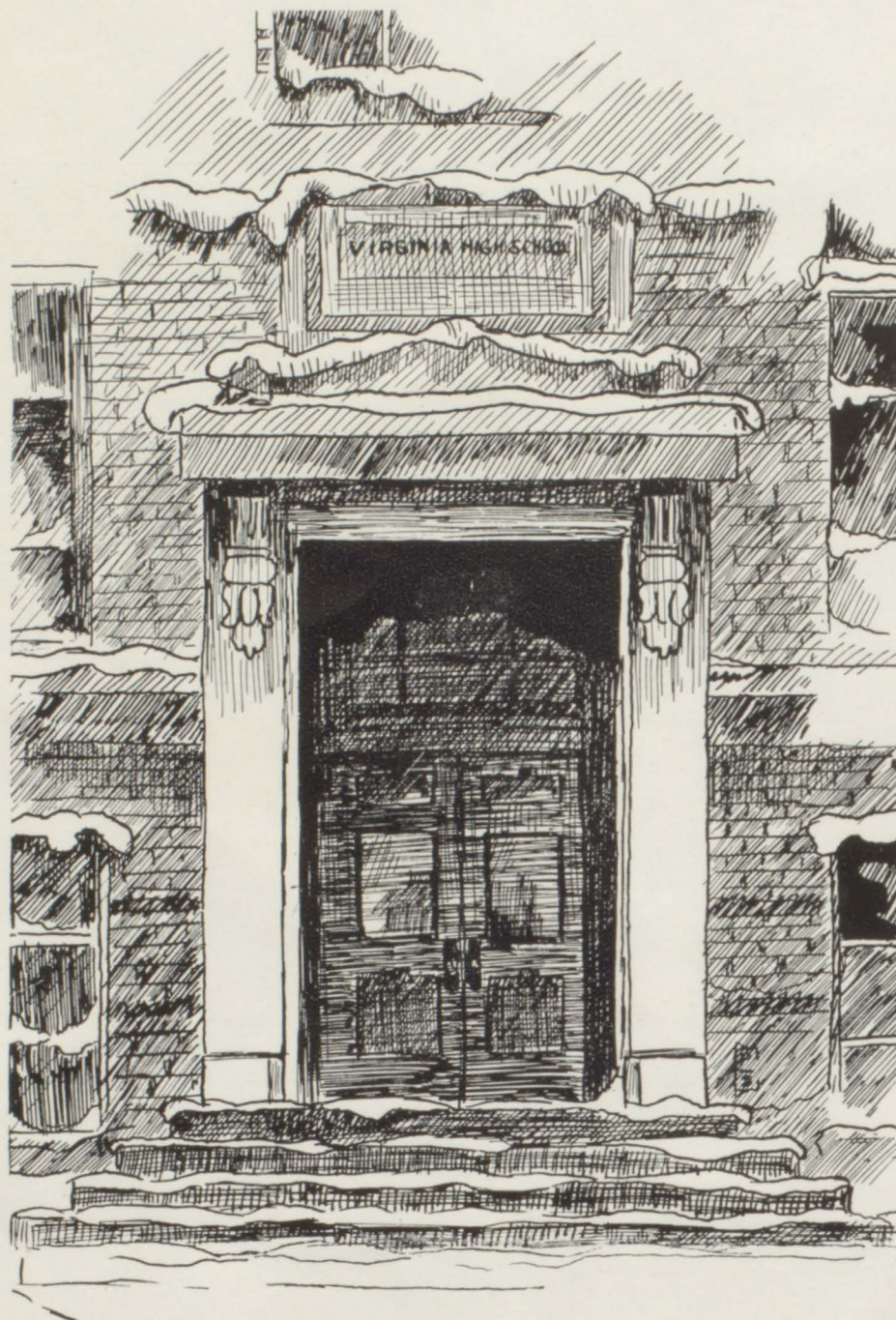


STAR OF THE NORTH

MID-YEAR ISSUE


1928

Published by
SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL
VIRGINIA, MINNESOTA



The Doors That Opened and Closed Upon Our High
School Career

Foreword

UR high school days have been pleasant days which began in the beautiful Winter and which will also end in that season. In this annual we have made a review of our activities and achievements as a class. We hope that this little annual will be of pleasure to you, dear reader, and to us as we look through its pages.



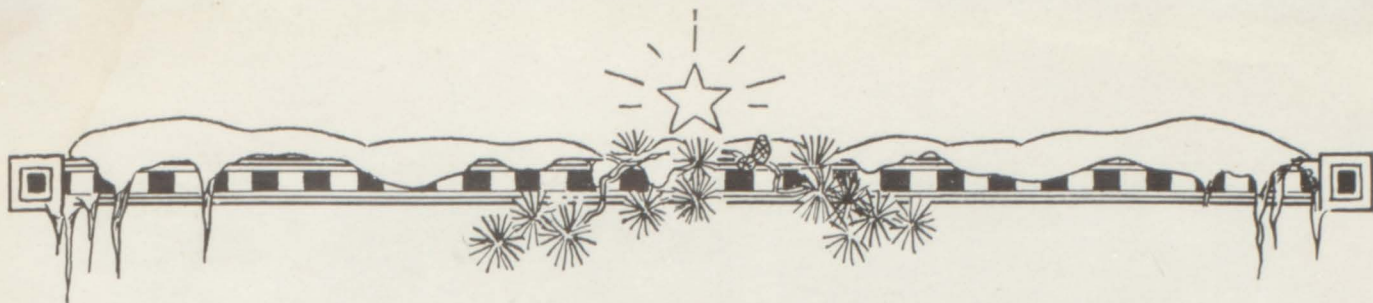
Dedication

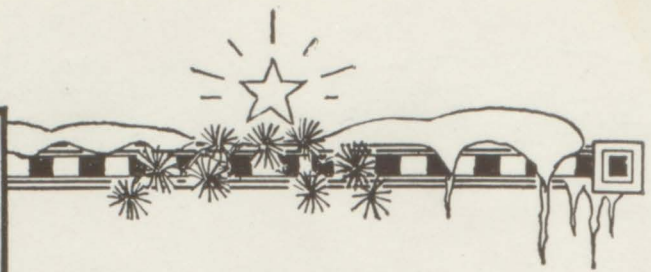


O THOSE who love the
White Winter of the North
and know its beauty, its
bitterness, and its resist-
less power; and to the Spirit of
Winter itself, which comes out,
not only in the earth but in the
innermost being of man, we, the
Mid-Year class of 1928, dedicate
this, our Annual.



MODERN ATLAS





FANNIE ABRAMSON — Faga
Personality, brains, and pretty hair,
This is the load our Fannie doth bear.

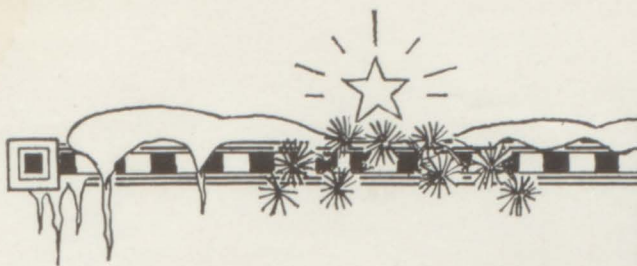
AYLIE AKOLA — Peggy
Pep is the spice of life.

CARL ANDERSON — Calliope
A lad so stately and so tall,
But — sh ! — that isn't all.

CATHERINE ANDRICK — Katty
A little work — a little play,
To keep us going — and so say good-
day.

SOPHIE BODOVINITZ — Soph
With eyes as brown as hazel nuts,
And nature as sweet as their kernels.

PAUL BONICATTO — Polly
He's always up and doing with a
heart for any fate.



VIOLA CORNELL — Bud
She likes to laugh, to dance, to play.

JULIAN DAHL — Jog
A man who blushes is not quite a
brute

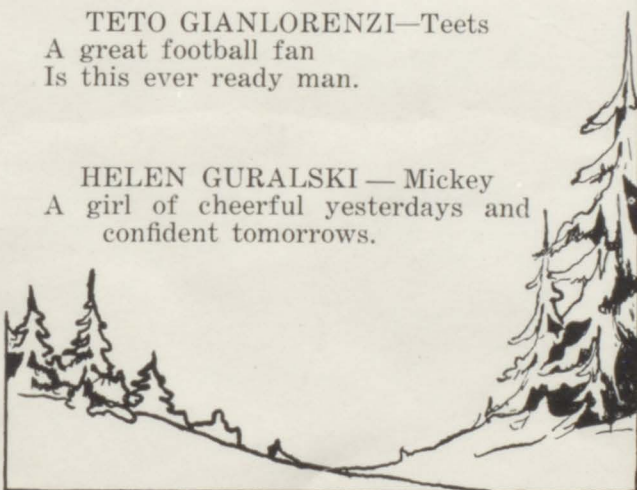
MARGUERITE DOTO—Maggie
What sweet delight a quiet life
affords.

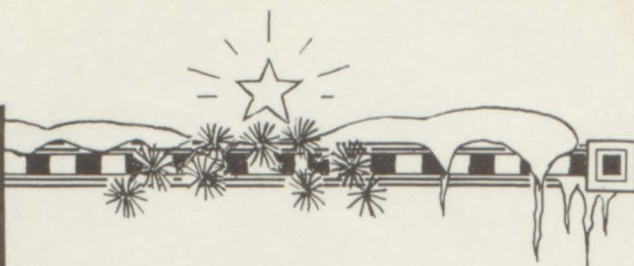
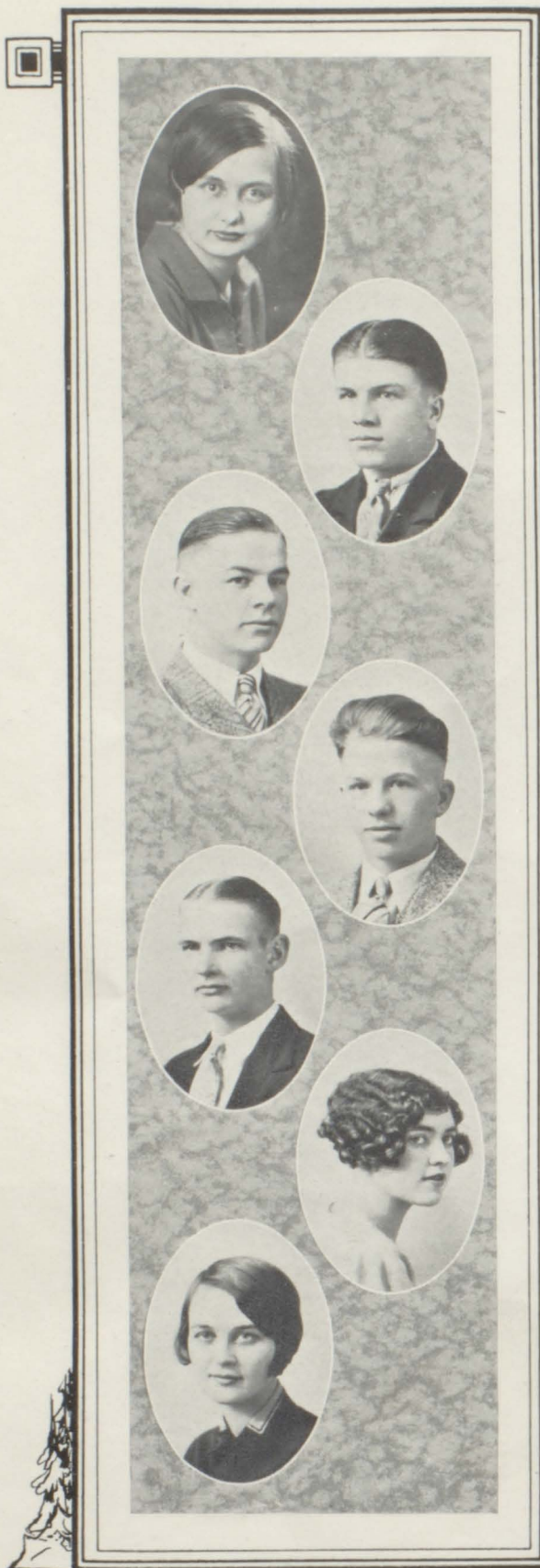
MIKE GAELOSKI — Spitz
Hang sorrow, let's be merry.

MARCELLA GETZEN — Marcy
Modesty and friendliness are her
great virtues.

TETO GIANLORENZI—Teets
A great football fan
Is this ever ready man.

HELEN GURALSKI — Mickey
A girl of cheerful yesterdays and
confident tomorrows.





ESTHER HAAPANIEMI

Her heart is as light
As her eyes are bright.

CLYDE HELMER — Happy

Never do thoughts of fear,
Come to this leader of cheer.

DAVID HILL — Cuggo

Agriculture is the fundamental in-
dustry.

GEORGE HORNE — Horn

A happy fellow is Mr. Horne,
He never stops to weep or mourn.

CLIFFORD HUNTER — Bud

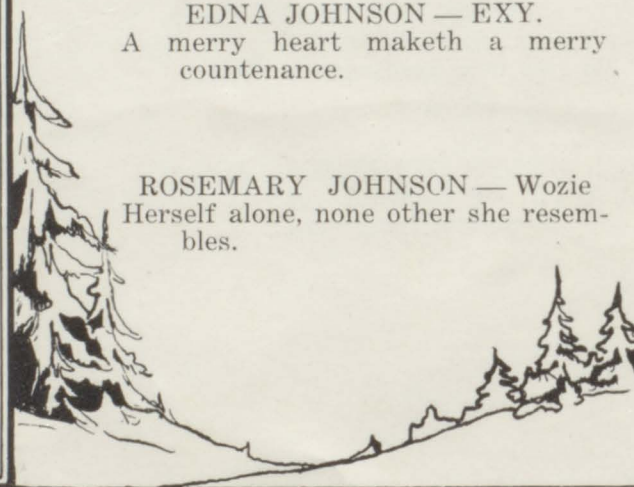
A likeable fellow in his way.

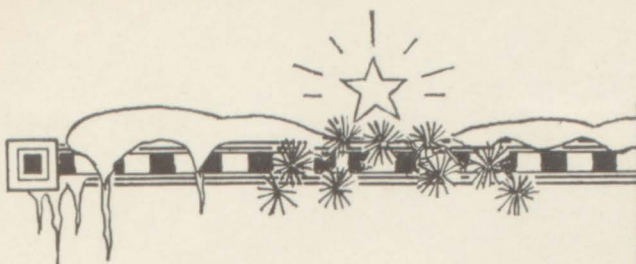
EDNA JOHNSON — EXY.

A merry heart maketh a merry
countenance.

ROSEMARY JOHNSON — Wozie

Herself alone, none other she resem-
bles.





MARGUERITE KETOLA — Muggs
I'll find a way or make it.

WILLIAM KISHEL — Bill
A basketball and football shark,
He can always hit the mark.

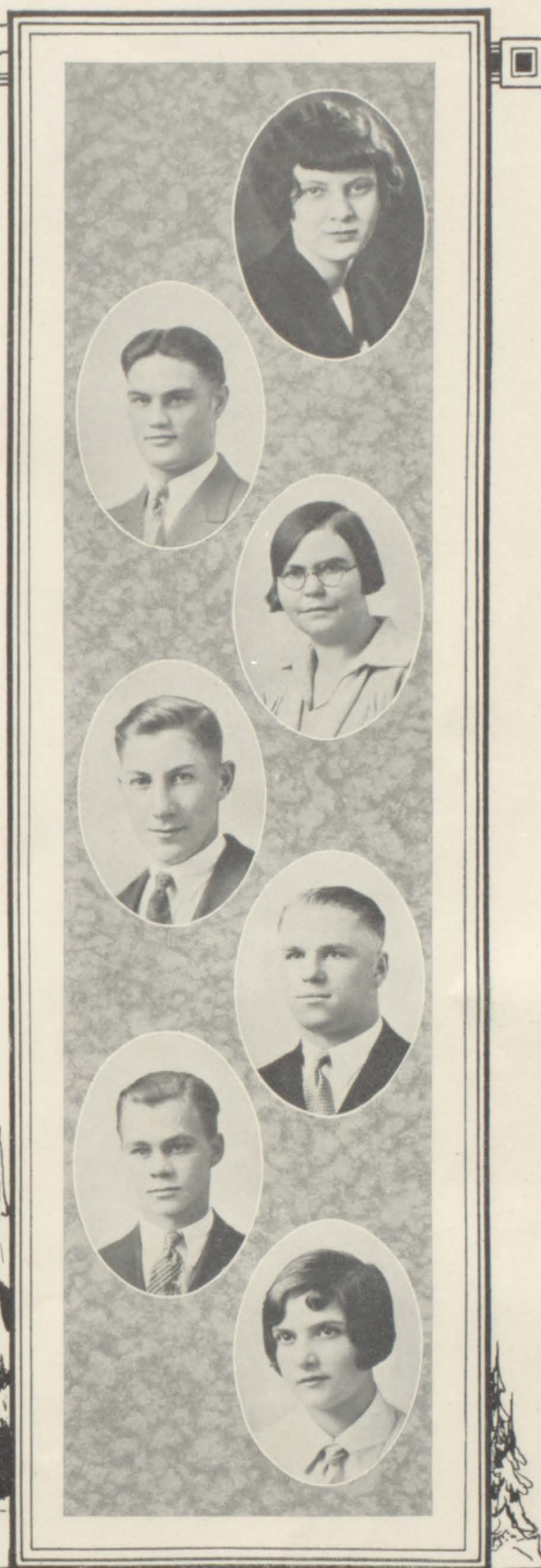
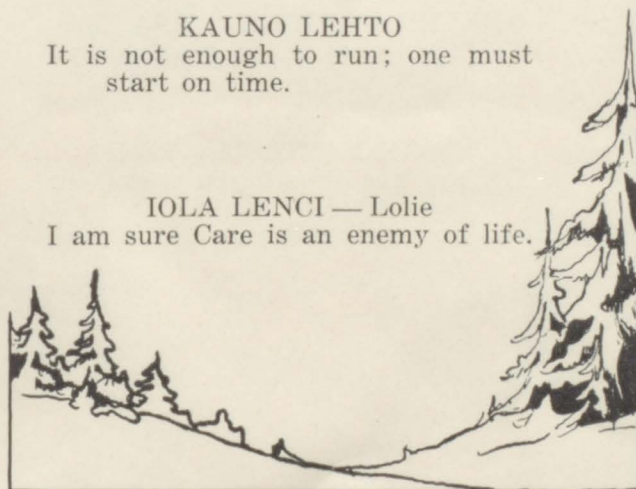
ELLEN KORPY — Korky
Where in all the world can we
ever find
Another such a fine friend and such
an alert mind.

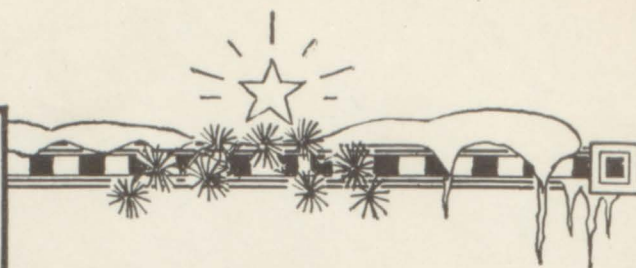
WILHO LATVALA
I awoke one morning and found
myself famous.

HAROLD LEAMON — Zibby
Persistence will carry you anywhere
if you use enough of it.

KAUNO LEHTO
It is not enough to run; one must
start on time.

IOLA LENCI — Lolie
I am sure Care is an enemy of life.





ELIZABETH MAKI — Betty
Bonnie and gay and blithe is she.

RAYNO MAKI — Reggie
A little mischief by the way,
A little fun to spice each day.

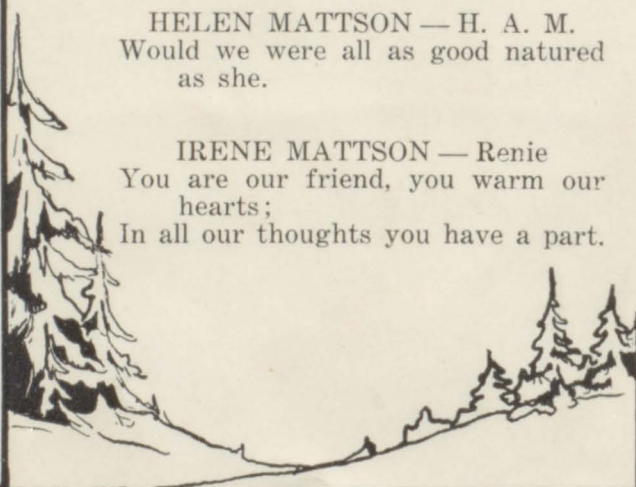
VIENNA MARLINE — Vi
An earnest mind, a heart of gold;
Always busy, never bold.

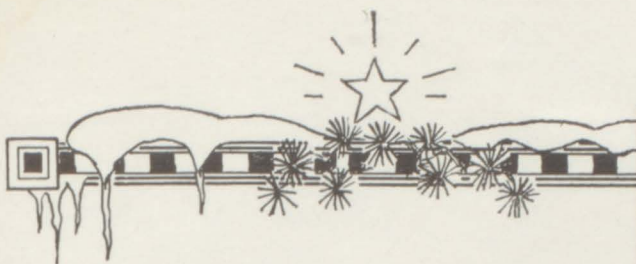
ERMA MARTIN
Though she's somewhat of a vamp,
Yet she is our own state champ.

MERNA MARTIN — Marty
Her music speaks for her, and how
it speaks!

HELEN MATTSON — H. A. M.
Would we were all as good natured
as she.

IRENE MATTSON — Renie
You are our friend, you warm our
hearts;
In all our thoughts you have a part.





EUNICE MCKENZIE — Mac
The thing that goes the farthest
towards making life worth while,
That costs the least, and does the
most, is just a peasant smile,

FINGAL MELIN — Ching
A gentleman of worth
And worthy of estimation.

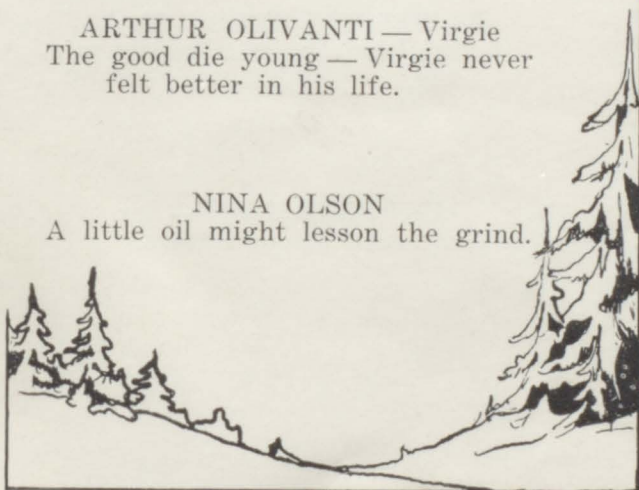
KATHERINE MILTICH — Kaddy
Her happy carefree manner
Helps to cheer many a matter.

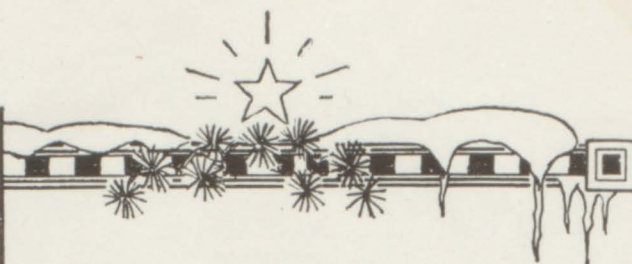
VIRGINIA MORRISON — Gina
Although she really is quite small,
She's a true friend taken all in all.

ANAR NIEMI — Paavo
He is going out into the world
To make his mark.

ARTHUR OLIVANTI — Virgie
The good die young — Virgie never
felt better in his life.

NINA OLSON
A little oil might lesson the grind.





CHARLOTTE PEARSALL—Chaddy
She hides herself behind a busy
brain,
For results come from hard work not
wind.

MARY PECARINA — Mary Pec.
To those who know thee not, no
words can paint
And those who know, know all words
are faint.

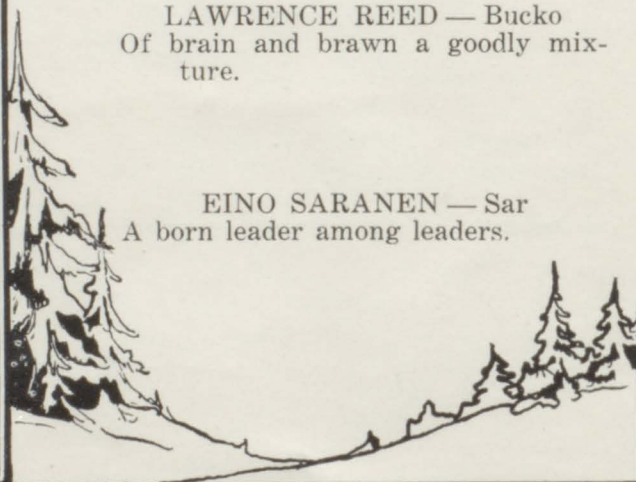
EDWIN PETERSON — Ed
He's silent as the famous Sphinx
Will we ever know what he really
thinks.

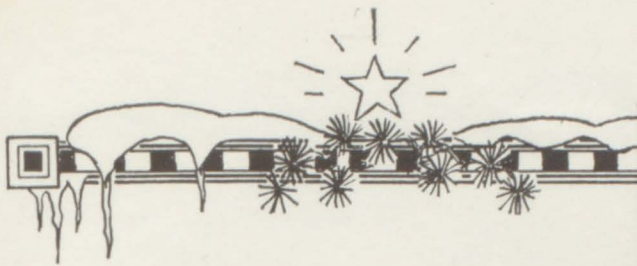
VIRGINIA PETERSON — Ginny
Smooth runs the water
Where the brook is deep.

ESTHER RAJALA — Essie
She is of spirit so still and gentle.

LAWRENCE REED — Bucko
Of brain and brawn a goodly mix-
ture.

EINO SARANEN — Sar
A born leader among leaders.





EDWIN SKARP — Eppie
His limbs were cast in manly mould
For hardy sports and contests bold.

LILLIAN SODERVICK — Lil
A rose with all its sweetest leaves
yet folded.

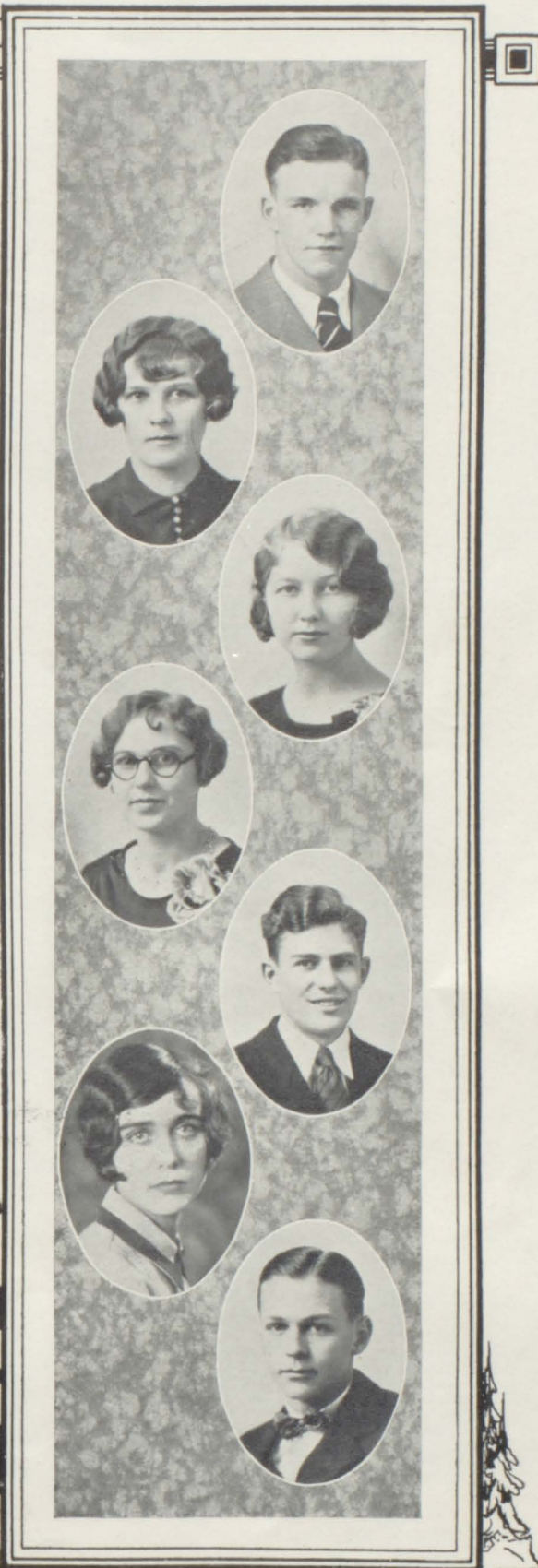
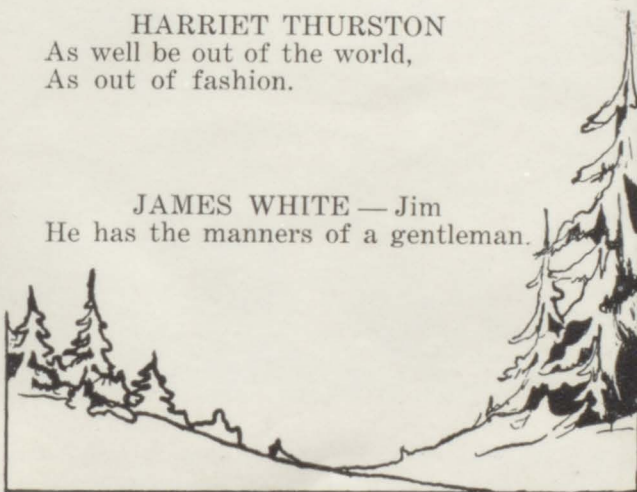
NORMA SOLBERG — Nono
Modesty is an ornament of this
maiden.

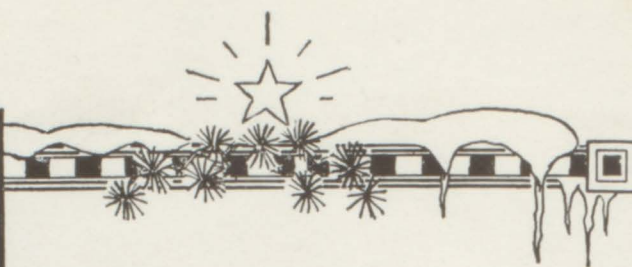
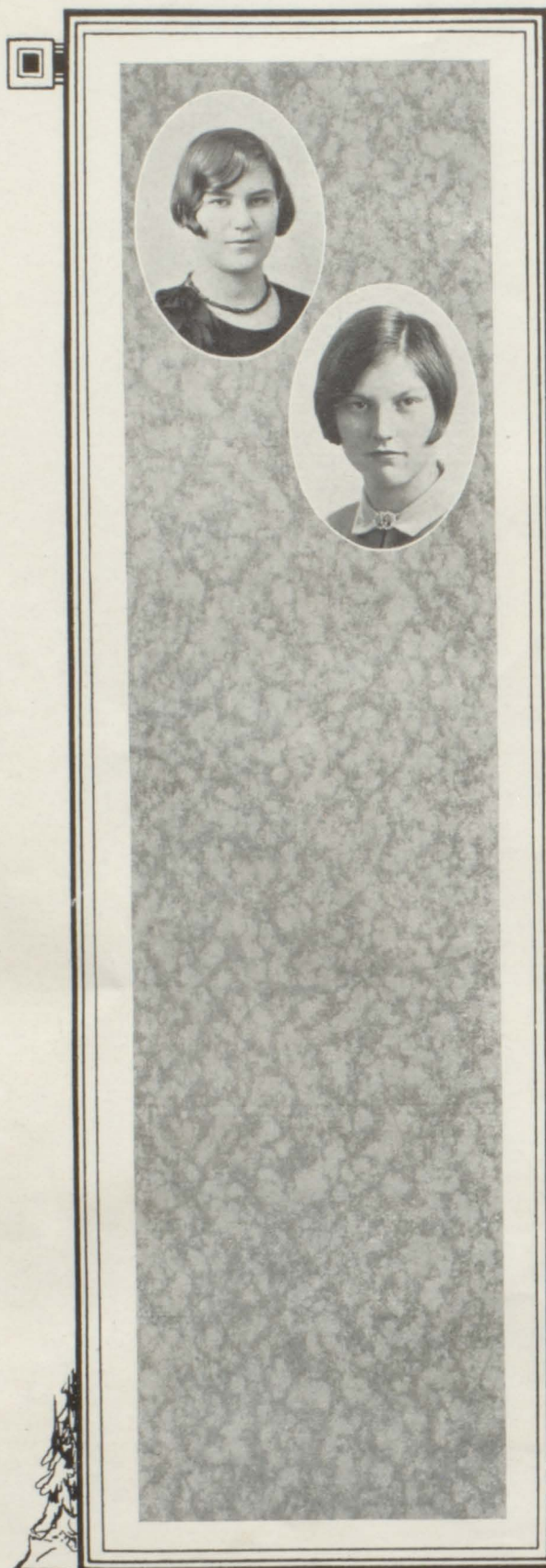
RUBY SVEDBERG — Kitty
She moves about with a quiet grace,
This maid with calm and studious
face.

LLOYD SYMONIAK
We like him; he was one of us.

HARRIET THURSTON
As well be out of the world,
As out of fashion.

JAMES WHITE — Jim
He has the manners of a gentleman.

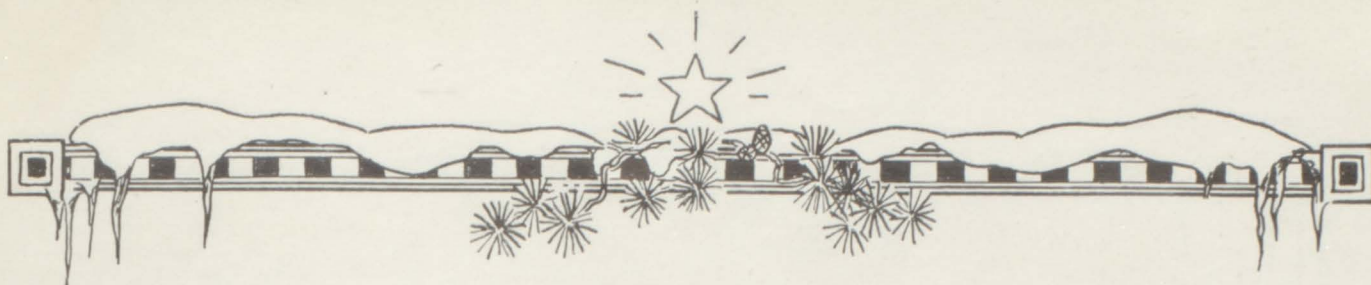




IRENE WILLING — I. M. Willing
Meek and modest is our Irene.

DORIS DOWNEY
She's full of knowledge and surprise,
From sole to her long-bobbed hair.





HONOR SOCIETY



FANNY ABRAMSON

EUNICE MCKENZIE, V. Pres.

EINO SARANEN

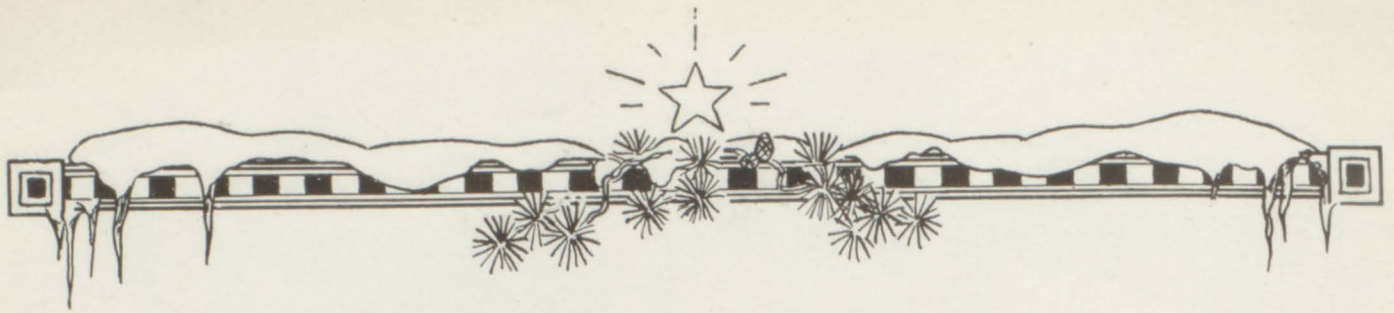
CARL ANDERSON

CHARLOTTE PEARSALL

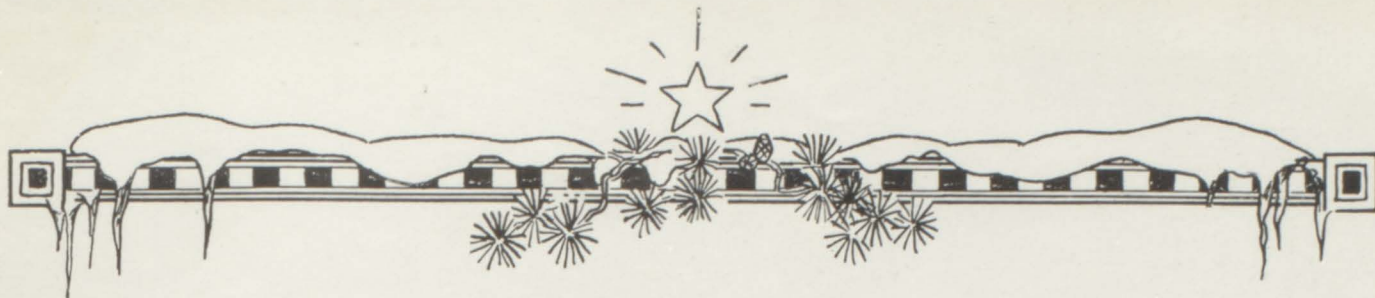
ELLEN KORPY, Sec.

KATHERINE MILTICH

LAWRENCE REED, Pres.



*Hurrah! for the jolly old Winter,
The king of the seasons is he;
Though his breath is cold and icy,
His heart is full of glee!*



LITERATURE

INVICTUS

With Apologies to Wm. Henley

I am the master of my fate;
I shall not bow my head and
sigh,
"It is the fault of fate that I
should sin."
With shoulders back and head
held high,
My earnest purpose is to try
To overcome fate's obstacles
and win.

For though I steer my soul
aright,
Through paths that travel wide
and straight,
It matters not how steep the
hill,
How heavy fortune's toll and
great,
I am the master of my fate
For God has given me my will.
Mary Pecarina

A NEW DAY

(An Artistic Description)

I am an interval of time
during which I inspire others to
do a lot of things. By some
I am consumed for a good pur-
pose, for others I am just a
pastime. By some, my arrival is
eagerly awaited; it will mean
the fulfillment of some dream.
By some, my inevitable approach
is anticipated with dread and
fear. To some I appear clear
and cloudless; to others I seem
gloomy and uninspiring. To all
I have some meaning and ful-
fillment, good or evil, for I am
a new day.

Lillian Sodervick

A NEW DAY

(A Scientific Description)

I am twelve hours long. Half
of me is called A. M. the other
half P. M. The Chinese divide

An Evening with Chemistry

The field of modern chemistry
is altogether too large and com-
plex to be wholly treated within
the limits of this theme. Vol-
umes have been written on this
subject. Furthermore, it is
beyond my meager ability to
discuss chemistry in a scientific
manner. To treat chemistry
technically, would require years
of study and experiment. There-
fore, I intend merely to list and
discuss some of the remarkable
facts of modern chemistry.

This paper was once yellow
wood pulp, but through treat-
ment with various chemicals it
has been bleached to a perfect
whiteness. One of the chemi-
cals used might have been
chlorine gas the deadly gas first
used in the World War. The
tools man uses to destroy him-
self in times of war may be put
to some useful purpose during
peace. It is facts like this I
intend to treat in this theme.
Everyday facts, that are so
common we are almost unaware
of their presence.

I had just laid down a news
paper in which I had read of a
train robbery being detected by
means of chemistry, when I was
called to supper. On my way
to the dining room I decided to
spend the evening thinking only
of chemistry.

The menu that evening was:
fruit salad, steak, mashed
potatoes with brown gravy,
creamed onions, baked apples,
and ice cream. This was a well

me into twelve parts. The Baby-
lonians began me at sunrise,
the Jews at sunset, the Egypt-
ians and Romans at midnight,
and the English at noon. How-
ever, I am the inevitable time.

Helen Mattson

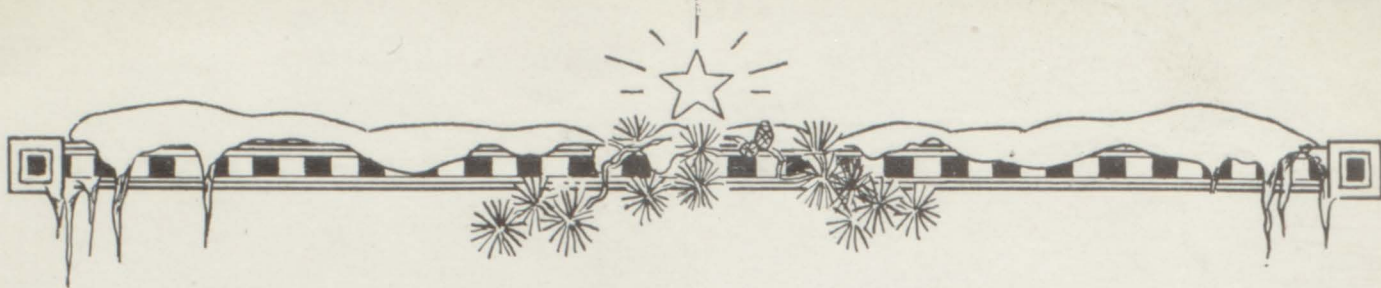
balanced meal, and I enjoyed it.

I would like to show you some
chemical facts that prove this
to be an ideal menu. First we
must decide what elements are
necessary in the body. To do
this let us consider the Ford.
We all know something about
Fords. Yes, quite a few of us
know more about them than we
do about our own bodies. The
car, itself, is made up of many
different materials, some ele-
ments, other compounds of
various elements. A few of
these are steel, iron, copper,
brass, carbon, leather, etc. But
before your car will run we
must have water, air, and fuel.

Now, we ourselves are in
many respects similar to a Ford.
Our bodies are made up of
common elements. To run we
need water, air, and fuel. There-
fore, to build up our bodies, and
to produce the necessary energy
to keep them going we must
consume a number of different
elements.

Did my meals contain these
elements? We will see. The
average elementary composition
of the human body is oxygen,
about 65%; carbon, about 18%;
hydrogen, about 10%; nitrogen,
about 3%; calcium, about 2%;
and phosphorous, about 1%.
There are others but they are in
too small quantities to be con-
sidered here. Of course most of
the oxygen comes from the air
we breathe. The onions and the
potatoes in my meal furnished
the carbon and hydrogen as well
as some other elements. The
nitrogen came from the meat.
The calcium and the phosphorous
were produced by the vegetables
and fruits. The fruits, being
raw, also contained vitamins,
which are so necessary to life
and health.

I finished my meal with a dish



of ice cream. I noticed that the cherries on the ice cream were of a very bright red color, a brighter red than cherries usually are. It is not hard to explain this. In the factory the cherries were first bleached with sulphur-dioxide. This took all the natural color out of them. They were then dyed bright red. It is not hard to see that the digestion and assimilation of this food is also merely a chemical process.

This chemical scheme of things is very important; it cuts a large figure in our everyday life. Civilization did not progress so very fast until it learned something about chemistry. These are the thoughts that cluttered my mind as I left the table, and went up to dress for the evening.

Have you ever stopped to think how different the wool of a suit is from that on a sheep's back. It seems almost magic the way the wool is changed by the aid of chemistry. The wool must go through a bleaching and dying process something similar to that which the cherries went through.

Although imitation leather can be made, the shoes I wore that evening were not made of it, for they fit well; they were soft and comfortable. There must have been a number of chemicals used in tanning the leather they were made of.

I had already seen how the necessities of life depend on chemistry; how our food and clothing are produced through chemical means. But before the evening was over I also found that chemistry played a large role in our recreation and entertainment. Moving pictures would be impossible without a vast knowledge of chemistry and other sciences. The dazzling lights, the film, the machinery, all have a relation to chemistry. Here is a chemical definition of the movies:

"Every week sixty million people go to the movies and see life as represented by the shadows cast by deposited metallic silver in a gelatin medium on a nitro-cellulose film."

As I walked home from the movies that evening my mind would not leave this gripping subject. The very stars seemed to be related to it. This idea is set forth in the following quotation:

"It is probable that the same laws which regulate the movements of electrons within the atom also determine the paths of planets in their orbits; a complete understanding of the simplest phenomenon may enable us to explain the Universe."

Chemistry is the science of matter, and matter is the substance of the Universe. Therefore, chemistry is the foundation of the Universe.

—Lawrence Reed

AN ESSAY ON CLOCKS

As I sit here now, I can hear the clock ticking. How strange to think that many dread that ticking and would give a great deal to have that ticking stop so that some dreaded time would not come.

Again, another, may be watching some clock somewhere in this world, eager and waiting, in anticipation of a coming hour.

Thus we go on, each of us have some sort of a clock or watch, sometimes dreading the hour, again longing for some hour past. But time with its agents, the clocks, is heartless. We may long or dread but still they go on ticking away the time.

How many varieties we have of our time-keepers: the great chiming clocks in towers, the large electric one that governs our life in school and later in offices, the small cheap fob watch of the "newsee" on the corner, and the dainty diamond wrist watch on the hand of a "grande dame." But the "grande dame" or the little "newsee," all must watch their respective time keepers to see what the hour is and what they must do next.

And so we all go on, calling ourselves free men, but we are after all slaves in the yoke of time. Life is a funny proposition, isn't it?

Doris Downey

SENIOR REST!

Senior, rest! Thy studies o'er;

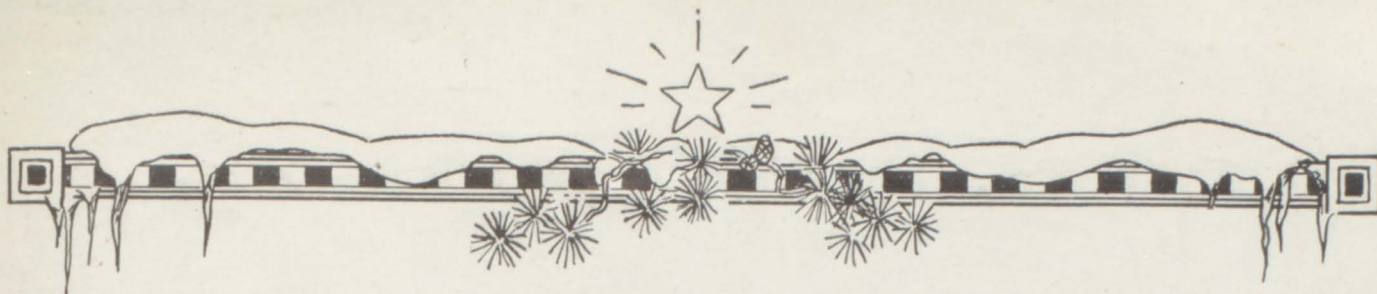
Rest the rest that knows no tests:

Dream of A's and F's no more,

Days of joy and days of sorrow;

Senior, rest! Thy worries are o'er.





WHO'S WHO



Teto Gianlorenzi is the big, bashful, shy lad, seldom heard except for an occasional outburst of noises which, upon observation, turn out to be his natural laugh. On the football team this gentleman made his name, being captain in his junior year. Teto was a terror on all grids—a four stripe man.

We have in our midst a gentleman under the cognomen of Clyde A. Helmer who has held the honorable position of cheer leader in our high school for the past year. Happy, as he is generally known, is a peaceful old soul with a circumlocutionary mind which permits him to wander off into a coma of absent-mindedness. "Come what come may, time and hour run through the roughest day."

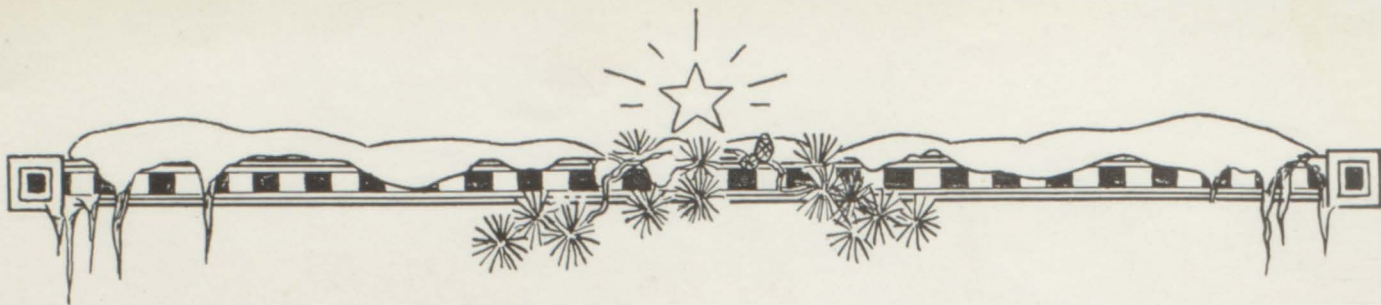


Along with Teto goes our second four year contribution to the football team. A tall, handsome fellow with sideburns, whose fame has kept the name of William Kishel on the tongues of men. For the past four years Bill has tenderly raised and cared for those sideburns which have now reached the height of perfection. The only thing he needs now is a moustache and Lew Cody will be pushed off the map of filmdom.

"Oh! Woe be unto him who has been the influence behind my choice into the class play—but—a moment—a voice within tells me, 'Do not flinch; it is for your class—do as you are told.' Alas! Must I submit to this wicked thrust that fate has brought upon my soul—submission? It is but the path of suspension—" And thus did Julian Dahl spend one night, tossing restlessly from side to side in his wee trundle bed. Moments of anticipation and moments of doubt had the hand of fate swept upon him—fate, the maker and breaker of men. But now it is over—a thing of the past—and only fond memories remain of a pleasant experience.



Accompanying this little description is a portrait of the blithe visage of Clifford Hunter. One glimpse at the mornful looking features of said clock at once gives the impression that Bud's life work should be that of a minister. The sinister gaze of those beautiful optics, the sweet incense given off by the dainty flower inserted in his hat—that's Bud.



CLASS HISTORY

January 1924 ushered in a group of elated students eager to experience the trials and tribulations of a high school career.

Not realizing our abilities we did not do much during our sophomore year. However, we organized into a group with Miss Mildred B. Johnson as our adviser. As spring advanced our thoughts turned to a class picnic, and as a result June 6 found the Sophomores enjoying an outing at Sand Lake. In spite of the intermittent rain the picnic with its refreshments, games, and water sports, was declared a success by all.

The following January found this same group enrolled as Juniors. Before the class was organized the annual basketball tournaments rolled around and we were called upon to take part in the rally. As it was our first opportunity to show our growing spirit, we responded — one and all.

Soon after this, the election of officers was held. This resulted in the election of Fanny Abramson as president; Eino Saranen, vice president; and Charlotte Pearsall, treasurer.

The first classmate to gain recognition that year was Clifford Hunter. He was elected Rooter King.

Our annual class picnic was held on May 25 at Bay View Inn. That day Old Sol failed us too, for it rained again.

At the opening of the second semester the regular call for football men found many of our stalwart lads on the field. Likewise, in swimming and hockey, were we represented.

We were given much pleasure when we were permitted to decorate the gym for the Junior-Senior Prom. This was the biggest task undertaken by us, so far.

As we came into the year 1927 and found ourselves 12B's,

the first move was to elect officers. The duties of the president fell upon Eino Saranen, while Fanny Abramson, Katherine Miltich, and Julian Dahl were elected vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, respectively.

This executive group was called on to appoint committees to take charge of social hours, assemblies, class colors, rings, and class motto. A booster committee and an annual staff were also appointed.

After our first social hour, held February 25, 1927, the deficit in our class treasury was obliterated. The booster committee presented an assembly program for the District Basketball Tournament. Clyde Helmer was that year elected cheer leader.

With great deliberation the ring committee chose four rings which were presented to the class for elimination. Six weeks later we displayed with pride the ring which we had chosen.

A great honor was conferred upon the class that year when Erma Martin won the state declamatory contest with her selection "Peter and the Angels."

Our last high school picnic was held June 3 at Gage's Landing, Vermilion Lake. Practically the entire class turned out, and evidently King Sol realized that it was our last picnic so he softened and gave us ideal weather.

Fifty-eight seniors came back after vacation and found many new duties. The annual staff renewed its efforts. "Woolley" gave many students the "woolies" as did the checking of credits. Nevertheless, we, fifty-eight Senior A's, survived.

An unusual feature of our athletic record was that the football team of this year comprised nine of our boys.

After ordering our invitations and cards we then devoted our

attention and efforts to the class play, "A Tailor Made Man." This was coached by Mr. Fetherston, the new public speaking instructor. The rehearsals for this play afforded much amusement to the entire cast, and did much to create a better class spirit. The abundance of varied talent resulted in a class play of high caliber.

Now our high school career is almost over. Commencement will mean our first run which will land us safe on first. We have yet to score.

OUR DEBATER

During the year 1926-27, Iola Lenci was a very valuable member of the team which debated the question, Resolved, That a department of education with a secretary should be established in the President's Cabinet. That year Virginia won from Coleraine, but lost to Grand Rapids by a two to one decision.

HONOR ROLL

Ellen Korpý
Charlotte Pearsall
Fanny Abramson
Carl Anderson
Ruby Svedberg
Eunice McKenzie
Lillian Sodervick
Erma Martin

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Eight of our members have been honored by election into the Lafayette Bliss Chapter of the National Honorary Society. The requirements for such an election are character, leadership, service, and scholarship. To be elected into this society is a great honor and these eight classmates can justly be proud of the fact that they have thus qualified for membership.

WHY FATHER WALKED THE FLOOR



IRENE
WILLING



ESTHER
HAAPANIEMI



TITO
GIANLORENZI



MARCELLA
GETZEN



MERNA
MARTIN



PS.
IRENE
MATTSON



LEOYD
SYMONIAK



ESTHER
RAJALA



IOLA
LENCI



EUNICE
MCKENZIE



ERMA
MARTIN



HELEN
MATTSON



PAUL
BONNI-
CATO



EDNA
JOHNSON



ROSEMARY
JOHNSON



AYLIE
AKOLA



RUBY
SWEDBERG



VIRGINIA
MORRISON



VIENNA
MARLIN



MARY
PECARINA



LILLIAN
JODERVICK



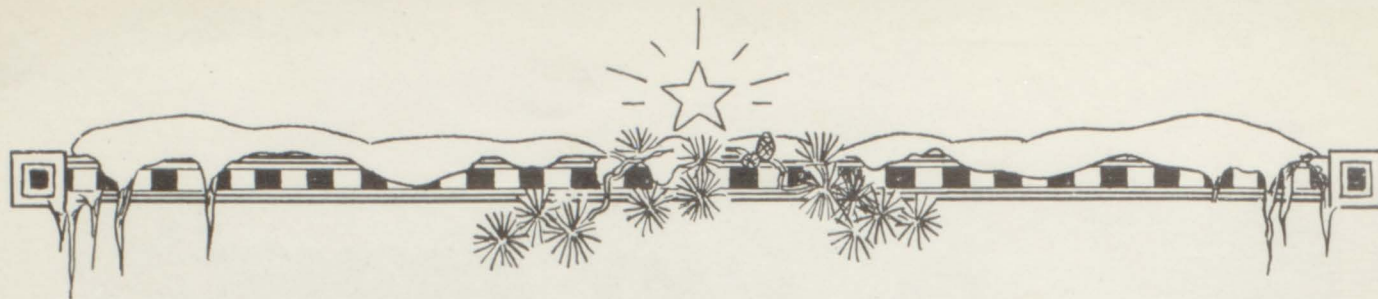
C.P. VIOLA
CORNEL



ELLEN
KORPY



NORMA
SOLBERG



ACTIVITIES

CLASS PLAY

The crowning success of our class achievements was the class play, "A Tailor-Made Man," given on November 18, 1927. Comment on the play says that it was one of the best plays given by a senior class in this high school, both as to plot and the manner of presentation. The auditorium was filled to capacity.

To Julian Dahl, as John Paul Bart, the tailor-made man, goes the greatest amount of credit for the success of the play. His was a very difficult role not only because of the particular type of talent necessary but more because of the hard work required to put that part across. In practices Julian worked as no other person in the cast worked.

Tanya, played by Eunice McKenzie, drew much favorable comment from the audience. Her part was not one which was aimed to give humor but one that added a certain atmosphere, and one that is not the easiest type of character to represent.

Eino Saranen, in the part of Mr. Huber, the tailor, delighted the on-lookers with his "Ach-himmels," and his changeable nature, talkative and furious, but kind-hearted.

The biggest laugh of the evening was drawn by Mike Gaeloski with his "Pickin' up the empties." This part could not have been more ably carried by anyone in the class.

Lloyd Symoniak and Teto Gianlorenzi must be credited with having played parts that were strange to their natures. Dr. Sonntag, as a sarcastic writer, and Pomeroy, the sporty valet, have both received much praise.

The person best suited to his part was perhaps Edwin Skarp. It is said that half of a business man's ability is his looks. Edwin sure looked his part.

Mrs. Kitty Dupuy, the flapper-mother and Bessie, the mother's daughter, were creditably carried by Erma Martin and Katherine Andrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanlaw, and their daughter Corine, the parts being taken by George Horne, Doris Downey, and Rosemary Johnson, respectively, played a very prominent part as hosts at reception. The guests at the reception were Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmorris, taken by Lawrence Reed and Charlotte Pearsall; Bobby Westlake and Mr. Carroll, by Kauno Lehto and Fingal Melin; and, not to omit, Norma Solberg and Marcella Getzen—all of these were handsome figures to look at, the boys in their dress suits and the girls "dolled up" in their formals.

The labor delegates, Anar Niemi as Mr. Russel, Clyde Helmer as Mr. Cain, and Arthur Olivanti as Mr. Flynn could not have acted any more naturally in their own homes than they did in the play that night, a fact which in itself means good acting. A typical business man was David Hill, who also played the part of a butler at the reception.

Clifford Hunter, in the shoes of Mr. Rowlands, turned out as excellent a performer as there was on the stage. The news hunter was right on the job.

A very able assistant to John Paul Bart, was Miss Shayne, who, as his stenographer instinctively sensed his wishes before he, himself, had scarcely

thought them. Miss Efficiency, that was Aylie Akola.

The stage management and the business end of the play were ably taken care of by Fanny Abramson as business manager, Katherine Miltich as property manager, and Carl Anderson as stage manager. These workers, with their assistants and the unlimited efforts of each and all of them, meant a great deal towards the success of the play.

Last, but by no means least, we come to Mr. Roy Fetherston, the coach. To put on a play with twenty-seven characters was no mean undertaking, especially since the cast were more or less strange to him. We take off our caps to Mr. Fetherston.

The Seniors and Athletics

In the Mid-Year class of 1928 there are many athletes whose loss will be very difficult to replace. In almost every branch of sports we have representative men whose performances under the colors of the Virginia High School will long be remembered.

Football will probably be the hardest hit of all the sports. Nine members played their last game for the Blue and the White this season. Two captains, Teto Gianlorenzi of the 1926 squad and William Kishel of the 1927 squad finished their football career in a blaze of glory. Teto, a four year man, has played center, guard, and tackle and has been mentioned on many All-Range selections. Kishel's greatest ability is punting. He is thought to hold the national interscholastic punt record as he has an eighty-five yard boot tucked under his belt. Horne, as a backfield man, has



Bill Kishel
Football - '25, '26, Capt. '27
Tackle
Basket Ball - '25, '26
Center



GEORGE HORNE
Football - '26, '27
Backfield
Basket Ball - '26
Guard



Telo -
Gianlorenzi
Football - '24, '25,
Capt. '26, '27
Tackle, guard
Hockey - '25, '26,
Goal yd.



Virgie Olivanti
Football - '25, '26, '27
End of Halfback



Busko Reed
Football
'25, '26, '27
Halfback
Guard



Chung Melin
Football '27
Center



Spitz Galeaski
Football
'26, '27
Quarterback



Cuggo Hill
Football '26, '27
Fullback
Basketball '26
Guard



Paavo Niemi
Football '27
Guard



Polly Bonnicate
Football - '26
Line



Eunice McKenzie
Swimming
'27 -
Plunge
&
120 yd. Free

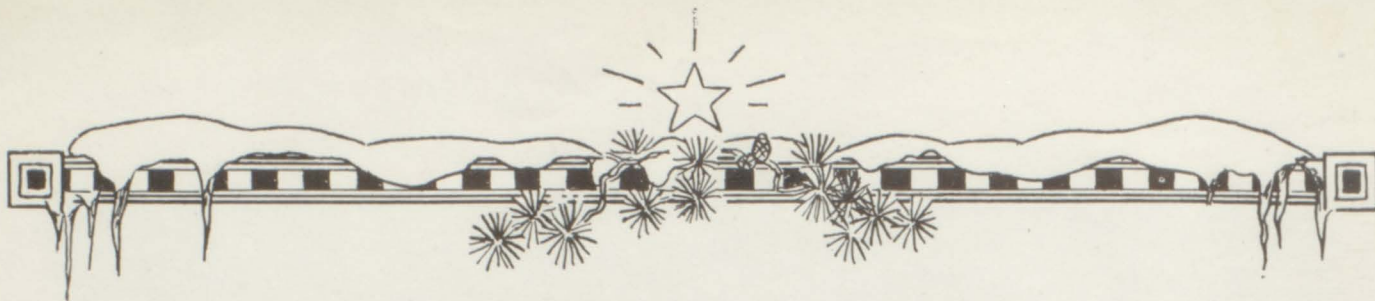
Eppie Sharp
Football
'25, '26, '27
Center



Kouno
Lehto
Swimming
'27 -
120 yd.
Free Style



Reyno Maki -
Swimming
'27 -
Back stroke



done brilliant work all season, as has David Hill, our plunging full-back. Dave was instrumental in making three touchdowns during the past season. Arthur Olivanti, our fleet-footed half-back, also will long be remembered for his speedy runs and long gains. Mike Gaeloski played a good game at quarter for two years. Lawrence Reed has played consistent football on the line for three years, playing end, tackle, and guard. Paul Bonicatto who played in 1926 was injured early this season and, therefore, unable to participate in any games in his senior year. Anar Niemi and Fingal Melin could always be depended upon to replace any regulars at any time. With these men leaving the squad, coaches Hurst and Micheals will have a difficult task in developing football material for next year's aggregation.

Basketball will be robbed of three star performers, namely, William Kishel, David Hill, and George Horne.

With the loss of Kauno Lehto and Rayno Maki, two gaps will be left in the boy's swimming team. Coach Boardman will miss these two men when it comes to winning points in their respective splashes.

In the girl's swimming team two important members, Eunice McKenzie and Marguerite Ketola, will be missed when Miss Healy sends her proteges, again, into meets.

In Hockey, only one vacancy will have to be filled the coming season. Teto Gianlrenzi, who played goal guard last season, under Coach Eide developed into a guardian of the nets of high caliber.

Thirteen in our class have taken part in the athletic activities of our school. Two have been captains and five have been mentioned on All-Range Teams.

Events of Commencement Week

January 15, Sunday.

Seniors attend the baccalaureate services in the auditorium at two o'clock. We were given a last farewell sermon, the contents of which we shall long remember.

January 17, Tuesday.

The feast of the Babylonians had nothing on the Senior Banquet held at six thirty o'clock in the cafeteria. After the entertaining program, we were the guests of the Junior A's, at a promenade held in the gymnasium. A combination of good music and pretty decorations made the evening a decided success.

January 19, Thursday.

The Seniors gave their class night program in the auditorium at eight o'clock. The program was varied, consisting of the usual class night features combined with some musical numbers and an original skit, My Fleischman Year. Edwin Skarp, the author, has combined comedy and tragedy in this trial scene. The playlet was prophetic for many members of the class and, for the other class members, their futures were predicted in an "Extra," a news leaflet, that came out after the trial. The class song, sung by the class, brought the program to a successful close.

January 20, Friday.

Picture, if you can, the large, round, red sun rising out of the sea in the east, and a man, standing on the shore, his back to the sun, with his eyes fixed on a mountain peak one day's journey to the West. Imagine the man traveling all morning across plains through woods and rivers. Watch him stop at noon at an inn where others are making merry. Then see him pass on during the long afternoon up over the foothills and up the mountain itself. While the sun is sinking behind the

hills in the West, see him stop at the peak, before going on down into the darkness of tomorrow, and turn back to look at the ground he has just covered. It is growing dark, and in the haze he does not see the entire trail he has blazed. Certain things stand out, the woods, the rivers, the inn, and the hills.

We, too, on reaching the summit of the years, will turn, and look back over our lives. Memory will not be clear. Only important incidents will come back to our minds. One of those, which we will remember most clearly, is commencement, the diplomas, the excitement—it all will come back not like a dream but clearly. We will recall the speeches. We will see how the impetus given us that night has carried us on to the peak.

OUR STATE CHAMPION

At the outset of our four years of high school, little did any one think that one of our classmates would win the state declamatory contest. Last spring on April 15, Erma Martin had that distinction. Critics pronounced her rendition of "Peter and the Angels" as being almost perfect. Her choice of selection was particularly suited to her. The variety of characters used in the reading gave an excellent opportunity for Erma's dramatic ability. She has brought honor to herself, and we, as a class, are proud to claim her as one of ours.

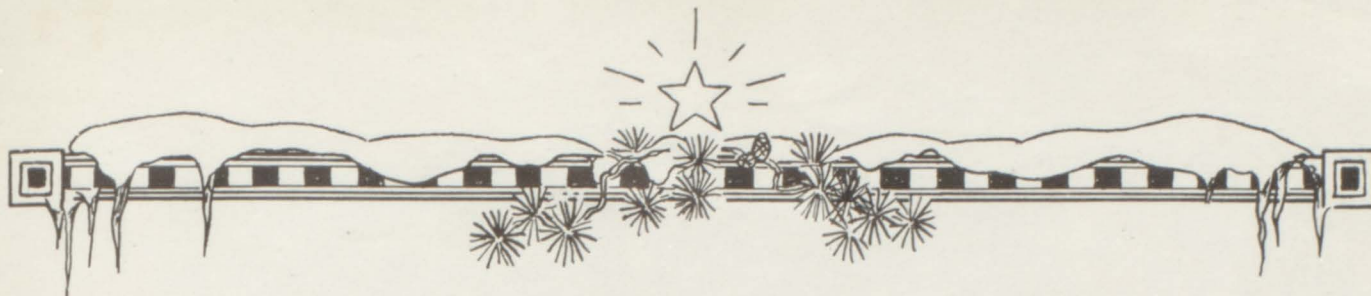
WHY WE CELEBRATE

Nov. 11 — Aylie Akola's Birthday.

Dec. 25 — Iola Lenci's Birthday.

Jan. 19 — Class Night and Eunice McKenzie's Birthday.

1928 — Graduation, Presidential Election, Leap Year.



CLASS WILL

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the Mid-Year Class of one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight, do hereby duly grant and bequeath to our struggling under-graduates some of our coveted and famous achievements, which we have labored so diligently these four hard years to attain. In scaling the walls of life so rapidly as we have done, and in rising to the height which can be found only in the halls of learning, we feel it our duty to distribute some of our talents to our under-classmen in order that they may have an equal or even a better opportunity to rise to similar heights. We hope they will accept these and use them wisely. With absolute trust in the under-graduates of this school, we the mid-year class of one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight do hereby grant the following:

To the 11A's, we bequeath: the joys of room 117, the privilege of holding numerous class meetings, the excitement of those anxious days when you will be having your credits checked, and all the other thrills that go with preparation for graduation.

To the June Class, we bequeath our Woolley's. We have them well trained, so handle with care.

To Miss MacFarlane, the right to install the wearing of straight jackets for the students so they will not slouch when they come for excuses.

To Miss Ruthven, all our old pass-slips.

To Mr. Armstrong, the right to paper his walls with all the future Heralds, Examiners, Tribunes, and Enterprises.

To Miss Gulbrandson, our adviser, memories of happy hours spent in Room 117.

To Mr. McIlivena, the power

THANK YOU

To Mr. B. O. Pederson, for the photographic work; to Paul Seeke, for the sketches and the cartoons; and to Mr. Mueller, for the printing: we the Mid-Year Class of 1928 extend our thanks for the work you have done in this Annual. We appreciate very much the kind spirit in which you have worked with us.

of punishing any student who disregards his margin rule.

To Mr. Brown, the power to convert the hot air of the combined members of our class into a power that will move the student body of our high school to greater things.

To Mr. Lampe, all the money left in the treasury for the purpose of buying a vehicle in which to transfer himself to and from Eveleth.

The following individual bequests are to be granted:

I, Charlotte Pearsall, will to Mable Rorvek my ability to have explosions in Chemistry.

I, Teto Gianlorenzi, will my ability to play football to "Sliver" Woods.

I, Eino Saranen, bequeath to Lester Ketola, the presidency of the Girl Reserves.

I, Ellen Korpy, bequeath to Lyle Staff my marks.

I, Kauno Lehto, will to "Fritz" Tramz my ability to get along with "Bozo" Watson.

I, Marguerite Ketola, will my old shoes to any climbing Freshman who may wear them.

I, Aylie Akola, bequeath to Helen Maki my ability to collect index finger rings.

I, Norma Solberg, bequeath to Aileen Mikkila my naturally wavy hair.

I, Clifford Hunter, grant to Kenneth McGhee the right to carve his initials on all desks in 229.

I, Edwin Skarp, bequeath to

Clarence Viitala my convict's hair cut.

I, Mary Pecarina, will to Ida Canossa my ability to enter the building at one minute to eight and get to class on time.

I, Katherine Miltich, bequeath to Joe Harvey my front seat in Mr. McIlivena's room.

I, Erma Martin, bequeath to Hugo Watson my ability to sneeze.

I, Virginia Peterson, bequeath to Marguerite Hamland my ability as a swan diver.

I, William Kishel, will to Albert Lazella, my ability to raise a beard within short notice.

I, Marcella Getzen, will my plumpness to Alice Larson.

I, Paul Bonicatto, bequeath to Alderico Agamemnoni my right to give to some football player, rubdowns—as I have done to Teto Gianlorenzi.

I, Clyde Helmer, will to some poor undergraduate, my ability to bluff.

I, Helen Mattson, bequeath to some bold June graduate my shy and bashful manner.

I, Irene Willing, bequeath to Eleanor Bakke my ability to talk in a whisper and be heard.

We, the Mid-Year graduating class of 28, give this as our last will and testament and do hereby consider all other requests made by us, null and void.

We name Professor Lampe and Professor Armstrong as the sole executors of this document.

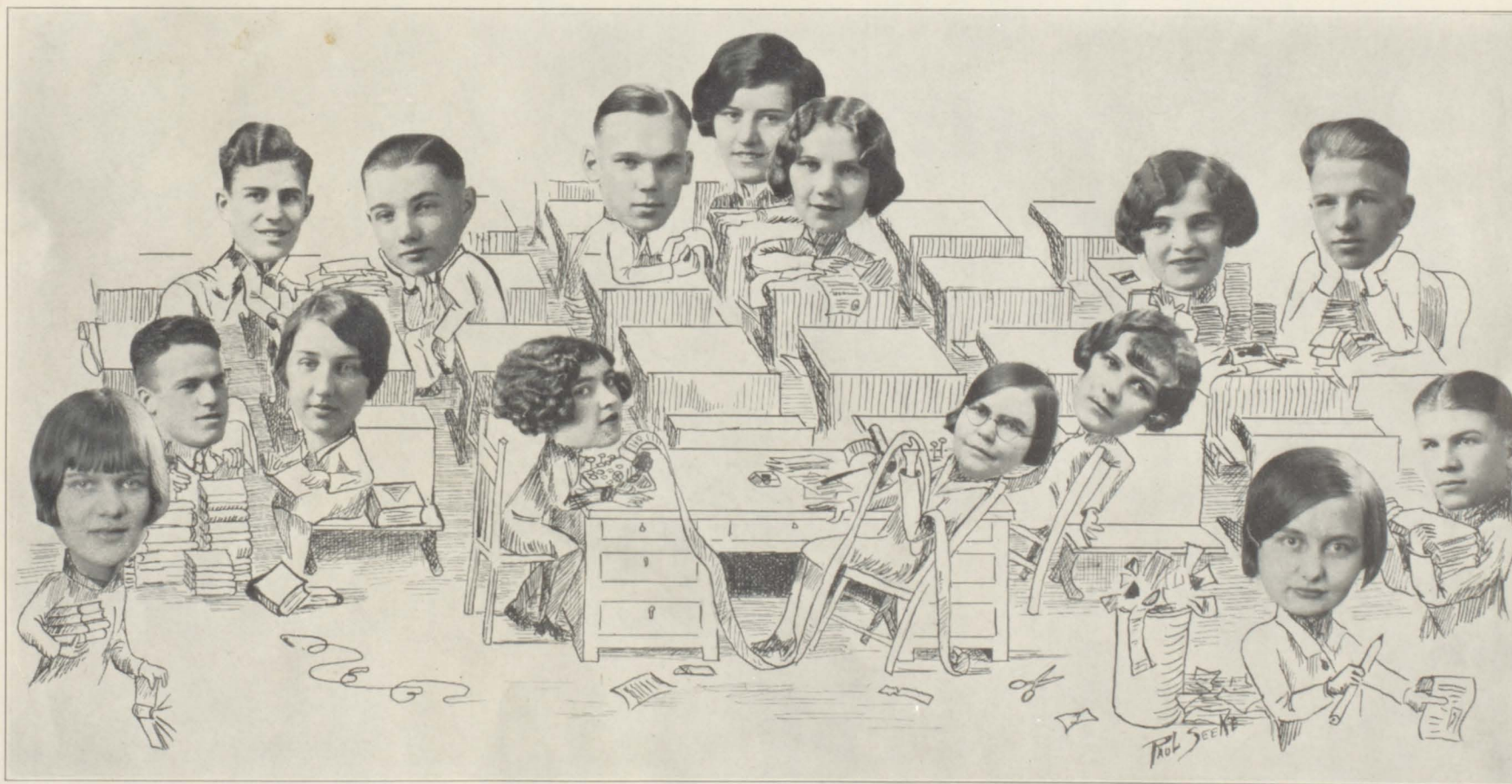
Argument after Lindberg Flight

Erma (Swedish) to Clyde (Norwegian): I suppose now that Lindberg won the flight the Norwegians will use sugar in their coffee.

Kauno: Have you heard the Lazy Lover's Song?

David H.: No, what is it?

Kauno: Moombeams, Kiss Her for Me.



THE STAFF

Top row: ART—Lloyd Symoniak, Carl Anderson

HUMOR—Eino Saranen, Mary Pecarina, Irene Mattson

PICTURES—Ailie Akola, George Horne

Bottom row:

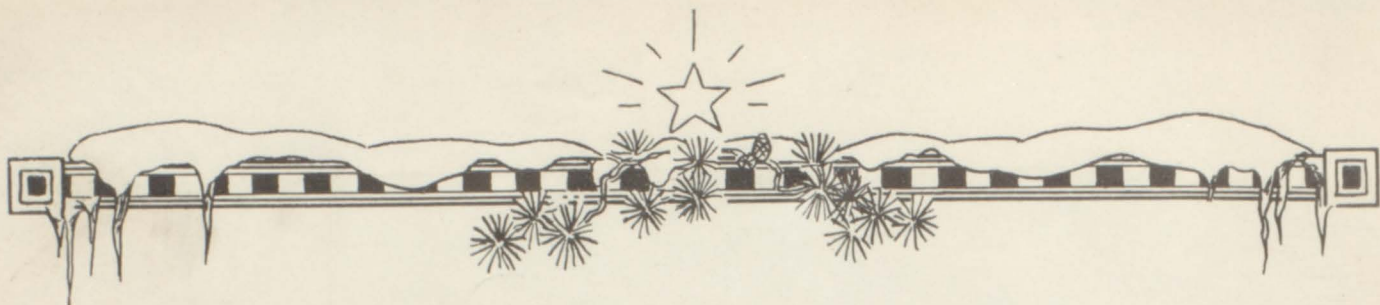
LITERARY—Eunice McKenzie, Lawrence Reed, Charlotte Pearsall

Edna Johnson,
Typist

Ellen Korpy,
Editor-in-Chief

Lillian Sodervick,
Typist

ACTIVITIES—Esther Haapaniemi,
Clyde Helmer



CLASS SONG

Tune: The Chorus of Honolulu Moon

Dear Virginia High,
With us no other ever will
Possess the place you rightly
fill.
With your guiding hand,
You've helped us to the end;
Other schools so fair will never
seem so dear.
We'll consider these
The best, in passing years to
come,
Days we spent with dear Vir-
ginia High.
Memories will come to us
a-haunting,
Of the days we spent with you.

FAVORITE QUOTATIONS

Our todays and yesterdays
are the blocks with which we
build.

—Sophie Bodovinitz

Don't bother to explain;
Your friends don't need it
and your enemies won't believe
you anyway.

—Doris Downey

We cannot always oblige, but
we can always speak obligingly.

—Helen Guralski

Let the heart have it say:
You're man enough with a
tear in your eye,
That you will not wipe away.

—Irene Mattson

'T isn't the thing you've done,
dear;
But it's the thing you've left
undone,
That gives you a bit of a heart
ache,

At the setting of the sun.

—Ellen Korpy

Come what may come may
Time and hour run through
the roughest day.

—Eunice McKenzie

CLASS "IF'S"

WHAT:

If Lawrence were a straw
instead of a Reed.

If Verne were a woodsman
instead of a Coleman.

If Julian were a teddy-bear
instead of a Dahl.

If Doris were feathery in-
stead of Downy.

If David were a mountain
instead of a Hill.

If George were a bugle in-
stead of a Horne.

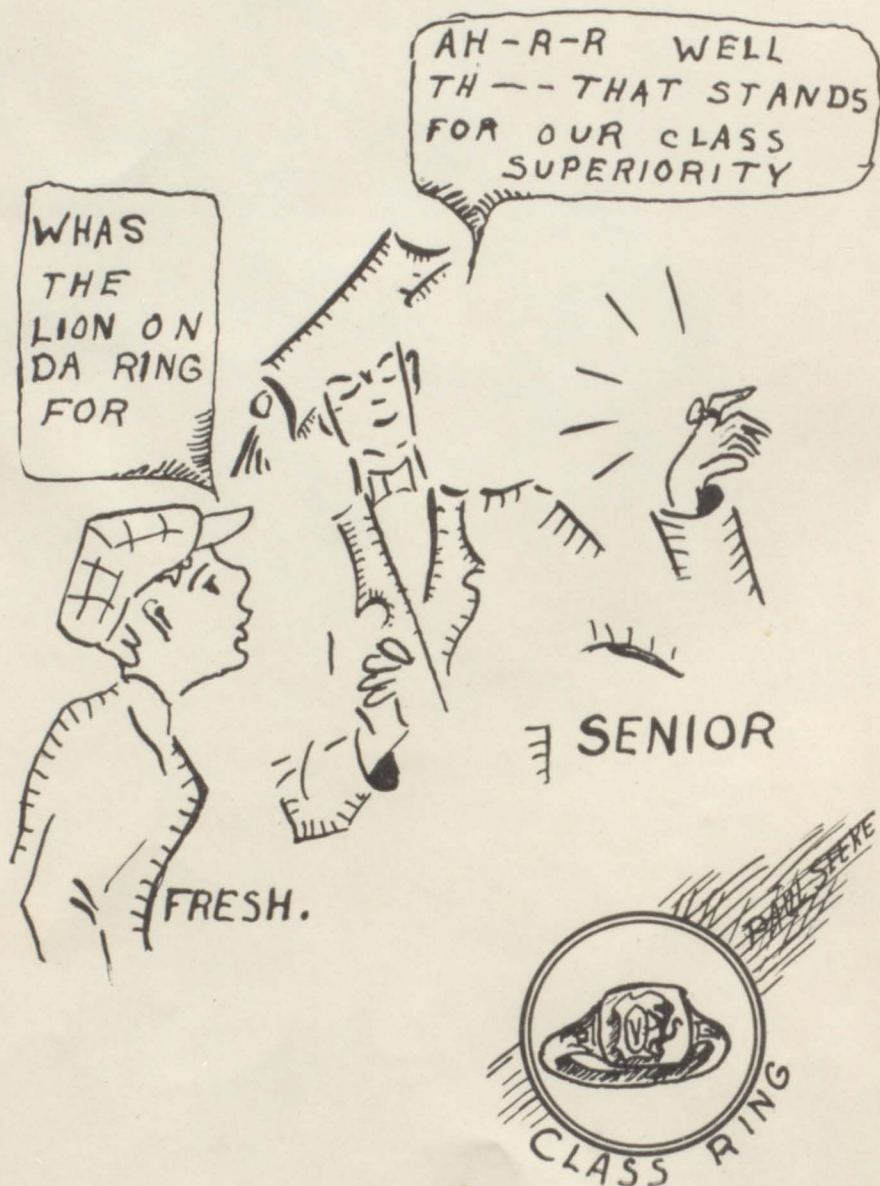
If Clifford were a soldier
instead of a Hunter.

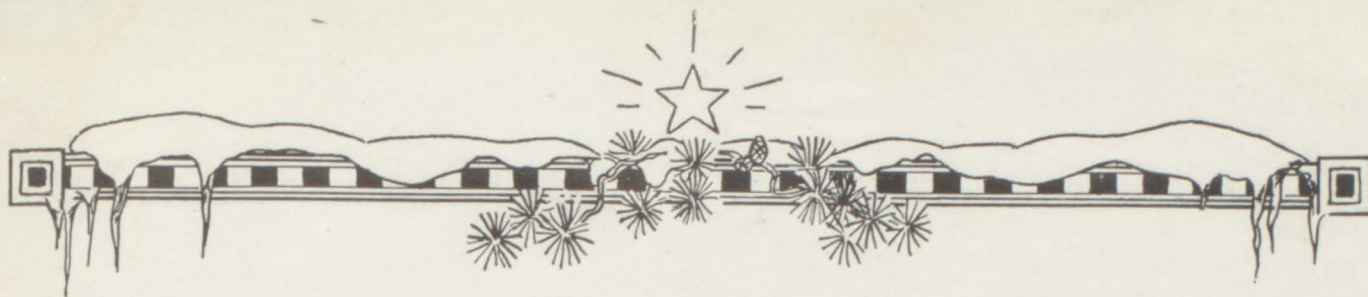
If Merna were a sparrow in-
stead of a Martin.

If Charlotte were an umbrella
instead of a Pearsall.

If Irene were unwilling in-
stead of Willing.

The eye of a master is more
powerful than his hand.





HIS FLEISCHMAN YEAR

Time—January 1948—9 A. M.

Place—Virginia. The Stamping Ground of the Class of '28.

As the scene opens the court rises to the coming of his honor, Judge Carl Anderson, who enters and takes his seat upon the bench. He hasn't changed much in the twenty years. He still has that same sleepy look he had when he graduated. Rumor has it that this is his first real case, but no one can tell me that, for if the judge hasn't been in a case in these last twenty years with all the stuff the federal agents are taking in, he is slower than he looks.

The Judge (seated)—Now Ladies and Gentlemen (introducing the jury): first, we have Viola Cornell; the last twenty years have been very kind to her and she is now Chief Captain for the Women's Benefit Association of Port Huron. Our second juror is Wilho Latvala and, of course, you all know that Wilho is with Ted Shawn, the ball room dancer de luxe. Next is Mary Pecarina, President of the Woman's Suffrage League at Mt. Iron. Next, we have Edwin Peterson, bashful Ed, who, as every one in the United States and Gilbert knows, has taken Red Grange's place in the movies. Then comes Esther Haapaniemi, the well-known author of the thrilling tale, "Blaming Youth." Anar Niemi is next; of course, you have all heard of Paavo, the great linesman of Ernie Nevers Eskimos. Then comes Marguerite Doto. Maggie now, if you please, is running a Chapeaux Shoppe in Eveleth. Now comes Julian Dahl, who unlike his classmates, has stayed in Virginia and is coaching the Franklin Tigers, a basketball five. Then we have Edna Johnson, a stenographer to Henry Ford, and she says her life is like a nursery, just full of rattles.

Verne Coleman is the next jury man and he has just accepted a position as testimonial writer for the Non-Stop Fliers. And last of the jurors are Esther Rajala and Clyde Helmer, respectively; Esther is married and has the position of nurse girl to five children, while Happy is cheer leader at the Olympic Games. Now as the tailor says, "On with the suit."

Court is brought to order.

Clerk of Court, Paul Bonicatto, swears in Kishel. Do you hereby swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth? So help you Paul Bunyan.

Counsel for the Plaintiff (Bucho Reed)—Your Honor, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury. We bring this suit for ten thousand dollars against the School Board of Virginia to pay him in part for his deformed condition due to compulsory eating of yeast during the year 1923. That year should not have been called his Freshman Year but would have been more fittingly entitled, "His Fleischman Year."

Counsel for Defense (Clifford Hunter)—Your Honor, I object; how can the plaintiff swear that it is Fleischman's Yeast? The wrapper had been removed and it could have been Red Star.

Judge—Objection sustained.

Counsel for Plaintiff—As I was saying when that Red Star salesman interrupted me, the School Board forced this yeast upon my client. They claimed he was undernourished; but was he? The answer is "No." He was just the right weight for his years and inches. All these charges we intended to prove through our witnesses. And now, Jury, look at him—I beg you look at him—and I know you will all agree that ten thousand dollars is not nearly enough. That's all.

Lawyer for Defense—You say this yeast was forced upon you?

Plaintiff—Yes, Mr. Bosshardt

and Miss Mcfarlane administered the yeast by force. I was called down to the office and overpowered by the faculty, and two yeast cakes a day were given me.

Lawyer for Defense—Can you prove this was yeast?

Plaintiff—Yes, every time I was given a cake it got a rise out of me.

Judge—The Plaintiff may call his witnesses.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—Your Honor, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury. I have three witnesses. May I present them?

Judge—Proceed Mister Reed

Lawyer for Plaintiff—Mr. Kauno Lehto.

Clerk swears in Kauno Lehto—Do you hereby swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth? So help you Doc. Empie.

Lawyer for Defense—Where are you from?

Kauno Lehto—Biwabik.

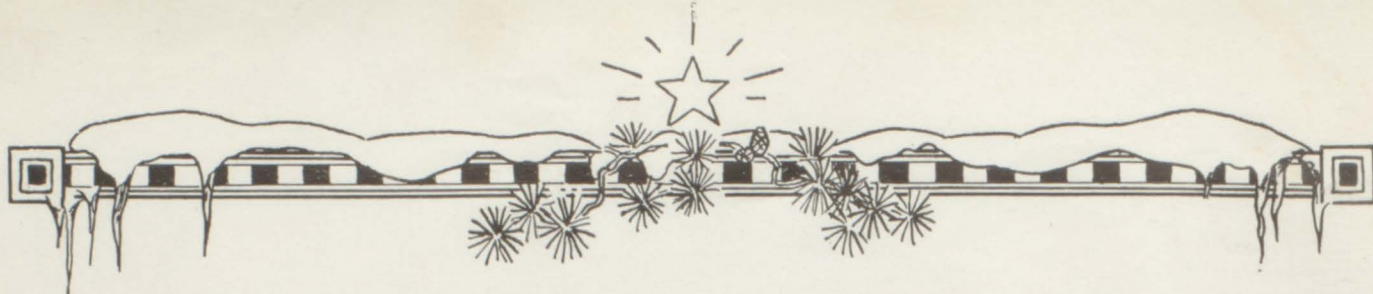
Lawyer for Defense—And what do you do in such a big city?

Kauno Lehto—I am the largest dealer in Chevrolets in the business district of this city.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—Now, Mr. Lehto tell the Jury just how yeast affected you.

Kauno Lehto—Your Honor, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, mine is a very sad, heart breaking tale. I was also a victim of compulsory yeast eating, but unlike Mr. Kishel I was fortunate in having to eat yeast for only one semester. While I did take it, I was a complete nervous wreck; my heart beat faster and my pulse quickened. Not only that, but I became so short sighted I could not tell my wife when I saw her. Two years after I had taken yeast I was completely down and out for nine years, nine months, and nine days.

Lawyer for Defense—I object, your Honor; it was not because of yeast that his heart beat



faster, but because of a slender blonde in Gilbert.

Judge—Objection overruled.

Lawyer for Defense—Have you any other proof that yeast had been given to you in 1923.

Mr. Lehto—Yes, sir. I have made an extensive study of this in my laboratory and found that yeast administered during the year 1923 for a period of five months at two cakes a day for five days a week would cause a person's anatomy to become bloated and deformed within twenty years.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—Miss Marcella Getzen.

Clerk swears in Marcella—Do you hereby swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth? So help you "Stocko" Meehan.

Lawyer for Defense—Where are you from?

Marcella—Chicago.

Lawyer for Defense—What do you do?

Marcella—I answer all the love and beauty questions for the Chicago Tribune and I have been called upon to answer questions pertaining to yeast.

Lawyer for Defense—Name a prominent person that asked you about yeast.

Marcella Getzen—Iola Lenci asked me if it was good for halitosis as her husband had it very badly.

Lawyer for Defense—What did you answer her?

Marcella—Well, I wrote back and told her "Yes, to try it as it is just as good for halitosis as it is for rheumatism."

Lawyer for Defense—Did she ever write back?

Marcella—Yes, she wrote back and said, "Yeast helps halitosis all right, in fact it helps it to become stronger. She roasted me plenty, Iola did, but I wrote back and told her she was lucky that it was only her husband that had it, and to try giving him Listerine."

Judge—Call your next wit-

ness, this one talks too much.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—Mr. Teto Gianlorenzi.

Clerk swears in Teto—Do you hereby swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth? So help you Ben Turpin.

Lawyer of Defense—Well big boy, what do you do for your bread and butter, if anything?

Teto—I am stage carpenter for that famous road show "Uncle Tom's Cabin" owned by Rayno Maki.

Lawyer for Defense—What have you to say about yeast?

Teto—I have several testimonials to read against yeast.

Lawyer for Defense—I object, your Honor, testimonials are illegal.

Judge—As we must have every bit of evidence to give justice we will hear your testimonials.

Teto—Well, Catherine Andrick, who has been taking the part of Eliza in the show, has suffered untold agonies because her best friend, Doris Downey, who portrays Eva's mother, told her that yeast would aid her beauty. Helen Guralski or Topsy has also been very ill due to her Fleischman Year. Then comes Art Olivanti, alias Uncle Tom; he is waiting to place a similar suit if Kishel wins this one.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—Now, tell the Jury how yeast has affected you.

Teto—Well, before I began to eat yeast I had a tall, slim, athletic figure but now look at me; then look at Kishel. Yeast never affects two people the same way.

—Let the defense begin.

Lawyer for Defense—I have witnesses for the defense. The first is Miss Katherine Miltich.

Clerk of Court swears in Miss Miltich—Do you hereby swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. So help you Julius Caesar.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—And

what do you do for a living?

K. Miltich—I have taken Edna Hopper's place in writing testimonials.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—Tell us briefly just what yeast has done for you.

Miss Miltich—Fleischman's Yeast is my bosom companion. (Holds up a cake) If I couldn't get another, I wouldn't part with this one for a hundred dollars. It has helped my beauty and health a hundred percent.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—Your Honor, I object. It is not beauty but brains that are needed for school work. Look at my client. Need a handsome man like him seek beauty?

Judge (Sleepily)—Objection sustained. Proceed.

Lawyer for Defense—Next, Harold Leamon.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—Where are you from?

Harold Leamon—Sing Sing.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—And what is your profession.

Harold Leamon—I am head football coach at the home of the innocent.

Lawyer for Defense—Give you testimonial, Mister Leamon.

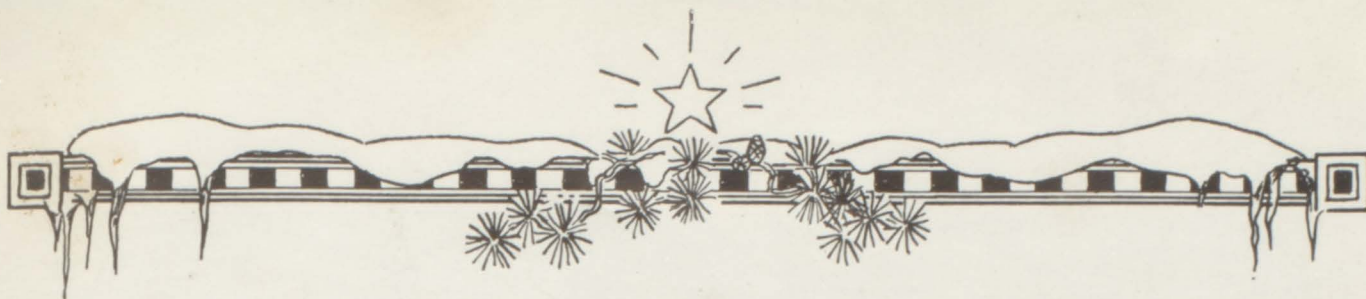
Harold L.—I was broken down in spirit due to my strenuous job, when Lloyd Symoniak, the author of "Why Girls Leave Home" told me about Fleischman's Yeast and gave me one of his cakes to try. I tried it and it made a man of me and I owe my position as Coach at Sing Sing to Fleischman's Yeast. It made me rise to the top.

Lawyer for Defense—That's all for defense.

The Defense rests.

A bustle is heard in the back of the court room and a gentlemen steps up. It is Eino Saranen.

Eino—Before you give your charge, Judge, I would like to read a few telegrams that just came and that pertain to the case in hand. This trial is



already world famous. Being unable to attend in person the authors of these telegrams have sent their testimonials to witness as to the benefits they personally have received from yeast.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—I object; testimonials are illegal.

Judge—True, 'tis illegal; but in such an important case we must hear every testimonial that will have any bearing on the case. You all know justice is my motto. So proceed Mr. Saranen.

Eino Saranen—Thank you, Judge, thank you. I am not here to deliver a long speech, but as I said before just to read a few testimonials. First of all I present the word of a great statesman Mike Gaeloski. It reads: As senator I must keep in tiptop condition. I became miserable, good for nothing. Yeast put me back to where I was. Yours truly, U. S. Senator Mike Gaeloski. Next is from that famous teacher of zoology, Norma Solberg, now teaching in Hurley, Wisconsin, where man descended from beast. It is as follows: Dancing and parties each night, I was naturally rushed to keep up in my school work; I was pale and run down till yeast toned me up. Yours for yeast and more yeast, Norma Solberg.

The Counsels for the Plaintiff and for the Defense proceeded with their pleas after which the jury went to the jury room to make its decision. However, the evidence not proving satisfactory enough for a verdict, they returned to make closer examination of the consistency of the fat of said plaintiff's body. One puncture satisfied them and the case was dismissed.

So famous had the case become that within a few minutes an extra edition of the newspaper came out giving all the particulars of the case as well as several other particulars.

Mr. McIlvenna: All right, Erma, what is it?

Erma: I wasn't going to say anything.

Mr. Mc.: I see you had your mouth open.

YE GOOD OLD DAYS

Remember the good old days we had?

When we were Freshies, wern't we bad?

How we would skip old gym and swim.

Our actions catered to every whim;

Happy were we, joyous and free
For we had no make-ups, don't you see?

But we know that every rule
Helps to make a better school:
And as we tread along the way
Happy memories each will recall,
And unknown future to us will call;

But school days will be the good old days.

Clyde as Mr. Cain in the Class Play could raise Cain if he were able.

The traveler o'er the desert wild
Need not let want confound him,

For he at any time may eat
The "sand-which-is" around him.

You may, perhaps, think it quite strange

That he should find such pleasant fare;

But you forgot the sons of Ham
Were "bred" and "mustered" there.

A Chinese family, Mrs. Hop of Chicago, announced the birth of a baby on the same day that Lindberg landed in Paris. They wanted to honor the hero but no one could pronounce Lindberg, and the neighbors didn't think just "Lindy" or "Berg" suitable so the baby was named "One Long Hop."

AN ESSAY ON EYES

If eyes are the windows of one's mind through which he may look out upon the world; then eyes are the windows through which we may look upon that mind.

A partridge, sitting on a bed of brown leaves crouched low waiting for a hunter to pass, keeps watching the hunter's eyes. The moment the hunter glances the bird is off, with a whirl of wings, way over the tree tops.

A card player watches closely the deep set almost unchangeable eyes of the poker face across from him to see if there isn't just a little light or a cloud when that man picks up his card.

What would a face be without eyes? Have you ever seen a mole, the little, furry animal which has no eyes? How blank and abrupt its head looks. Without eyes a face would be blank.

There are dark brown almost black eyes that become liquid and flash with fire when the person becomes angered. But those same eyes can show the greatest love and affection.

They can be the kind eyes of a mother. They can be the confidential eyes of a friend.

Then there are the large, dreamy, blue eyes of a lover, surrounded by golden curls and soft pink skin. A tear in these eyes would reach even the hardest and coldest of hearts.

Last are the steel grey "business man's" eyes which drill holes wherever they look. They are able to scrutinize things in the heat of excitement, and to pick out the small details and defects. And in catastrophe they do not change, but still are cold yet understanding.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage; half shut afterward.



Iola Lerei
V.H.S.
Debate
Team
- '27 -



Ermo
Martin
State
Deckhand
Chomp
- '27 -



Cost of -
"The Tailor-Made Man"

- Joy -
alias - The Tailor's
"Maid" man.

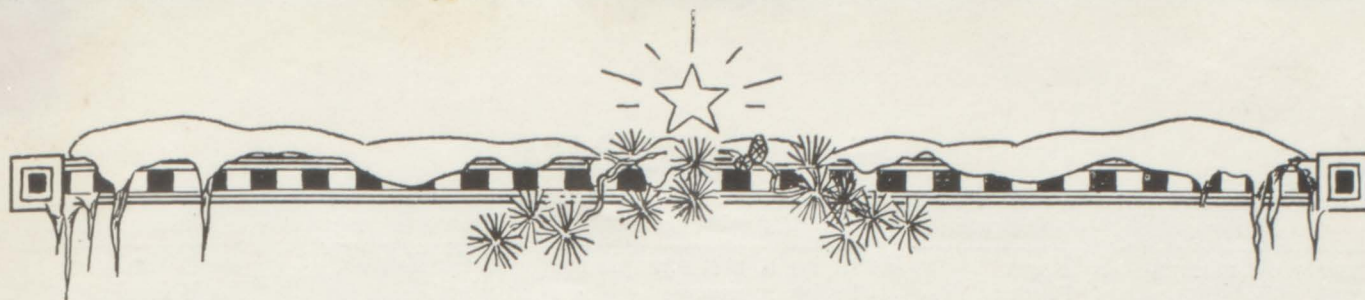
Our New Catch on -
"Speak the speech -
I PRAY - U -"

Two Good Smiles
that keep
our system
a-rollin' -

The One man whom
we think can put it
over on "Chi's Big Bill"



"Mac"



HUMOR

A FRESHMAN'S DIARY

- Sept. 6 — furst day of scool and the seenyours sed we waz dum cuz we din't no wer ta gow.
- Sept. 7 — me an a frend got lost but before we 'ed bin lost very long we wuz found in won corder by mister Bozhard.
- Sept. 8 — today we kids got a ridmetic book, spelling book, geeogerfee book an more books then i ever hed before.
- Sept. 9 — i hed ta carry all of em books. i thot it wuz fun to have so many books but i don't think so no more.
- Sept. 10 — me an Jim hed lots of fun wen we com to scool
- Sept. 11 — i went ta sonday scool and my ma woodnt let me put my overhals on wen i com home. i must o ben pretty mad cuz i even cried.
- Sept. 12 — i wuz late for scool this mornin cuz i din't get ther in time, so i had to go to room 7.
- Sept. 13 — my ma gived me a licken cuz i went to play fotball in the alley — but i din't kair cuz i shoor hed fun.
- Sept. 14 — After scool i an the gang went into the woods crost the railroad tracs and i got somethin we all lookt for but cudnt find, then i found it an we dint kair for it so i threw it away — cuz it was only a sliver.
- Sept. 15 — Seenyours hed a party in the gim they sed they wuz gonna hav a hot time but they tell lies cuz my brudder was ther and he sed they hed to leave ther coats on.
- Sept. 16 — i hed to goan see my ant cuz she wuz sik. she

gave me a kwarder an i cud buy anythin i wanted ta with it — so i dint put it in my elfant bank but bot some jelly beens.

Sept. 17 — Since it is saderday i haffta carry lots of wood in so i dont hafta carry it toomorrow.

Sept. 18 — i wenta sondays scool agin i tol my ma i waznt feelin very good but i hed to gow anyhaw an wen i com home she put me ta bed.

Sept. 19 to 24 — all week i wuz so bizy in scool thet i dint no wer i wuz haf the time.

Oct. 3 — we just got thru havin some tests.

Oct. 4 — i went to see a play named the Cat an the Canaree at the hi school but i dint see any cat or a canaree so i didnt kair for the play.

Oct. 5 — me an John sneekt into the seenyours assem-blee an some girl i ges it wuz Elnor Bakee begin ta holler lets make the rof com rite off. — o those girls think ther smart.

Oct. 6 — Babe sed in the assem-blee thet they wuz gonna hav a snake dance next week an he wanted evryone ta be ther. i ain't goin cuz i don't bleeve a snake can dance cuz i havnt ever seen won.

Oct. 31 — me an jim wuz to a haloween party an we hed lots of fun.

Nov. 1 — the fire bell rung an we all went runnin down stars wen we com in agin ther wuz no fire.

Nov. 2 — hav you ever bin to a nock out assemlee? well the seenyours are up ta somethin funy agin cuz they say ther gonna hav a

nock out assemlee fryday. Nov. 3 — in scool my gim teecher tol Bill an me to get the horses from the back room so we kin do some tricks an wen i went ther i cudn't find any horses at all.

Nov. 4 — Evrywone wuz xsited cuz it sed the Big Parade wuz comin here. i wuz waitin for it meny days

Nov. 5 — well kin ya beet it Mary Pecareena sed the Big Prade wuz swell and hear i hed bin evry day down in front of Reeds on the street ta see it an it wuz a show.

Nov. 6 — they sed that Ben Hur the show wuz comin hear but i ain't gonna gow an see it cuz i don't kair how they make soap.

Nov. 7 — today won boy sat on a tak in scool an he hollered so laood thet the teecher an we all herd it.

Nov. 8 — it begin ta snow this mornin but it must of bin to warm cuz it dint stay very long.

Nov. 9 — we hed a semble an it wuz very good.

Nov. 11 — it is armistice day and we hed to stand about 2 minutes with out takin an then Fanny Abramson begin ta laff then some other boys and girls.

—Aylie Akola

TOUGH LIFE

He beat her, he struck her, he hit her against some hard object, he knocked her head against the pavement, he cursed at her; but she uttered not a word. She did not struggle or cry for help. Suddenly, she sputtered with anger and burned with rage, for she was only a match.

HOROSCOPE

Name	Nickname	Ambition	Reminds us of	Noted for
Fannie Abramson	Faga	to be a stenographer	E. W. Hopper	curly hair
Aylie Akola	Peggy	to be a nurse	Juliet	high heels
Catherine Andrick	Katie	to be an actress	Dorothy Gish	winning way
Carl Anderson	Calliope	to be a printer's devil	Ichabod Crane	neatness
Sophie Bodovinitz	Soph	to be a bareback rider	Mona Lisa	fast driving
Paul Bonicatto	Polly	to drive a stage coach	himself	Hurst's Shadow
Verne Coleman	Vernie	to study law	Mr. Lampe	being happy
Viola Cornell	Bud	to enjoy life	the Queen	mischievous look
Julian Dahl	Jog	to hunt treasures	Mr. Brown	his voice
Marguerite Doto	Maggie	to get fat	a nut brown maid	typing
Doris Downey	Doris	to find more time	Age of Innocence	her script
Mike Gaeloski	Spitz	to grow	Wash Tubbs III	his manly stride
Marcella Getzen	Marcie	be a Parisian designer	a puritan maid	sewing
Teto Gianlorenzi	Teto	to play a piano	a chef	he's different
Helen Guralski	Mickey	to be an aviatrix	Miss Ruthven	bookkeeping
Esther Haapaniemi	Esther	to be a nurse girl	Star of the North	big eyes
Clyde Helmer	Happy	to be a reporter	Ezra Q. Hicks	a Hi-Y member
David Hill	Cuggo	to be a stock raiser	Mr. Elmwood	our Football Star
George Horne	Hornie	to canoe	William Tell	hate to tell you
Clifford Hunter	Bud	to be a sailor	Andy Gump	writing wills
Edna Johnson	Exy	to be a 'champ stenog'	Tillie, the Toiler	marcels
Rosemary Johnson	Wosie	to ride in a truck	Eddie Fleck	we won't tell
Marguerite Ketola	Mooshie	to live in Eveleth	Hope	we should worry
William Kishel	Bill	ask him	an Arab	a good punter
Ellen Korpy	Korky	to be an interpreter	a Finlandian	curiosity
Wilho Latvala	Wilho	to own a Ford	Farmer Jones	his grin
Harold Leamon	Zibby	to be a bluff climber	Irishman	salesmanship
Kauno Lehto	Kauno	to fly over Bering St.	Mon. Beaucaire	you'd be surprised
Iola Lenci	Lolie	to sing in Zim	Galli-Curci	debating
Eunice McKenzie	Mac	to be a society leader	Gertrude Ederle	all-round girl
Elizabeth Maki	Betty	to have black hair	a Follies' Girl	her quiet ways
Rayno Maki	Reggie	to tease girls	Mr. Boardman	swimming
Vienna Marline	Vi	to visit Helsingfors	all that's good	happiness
Erma Martin	Peter	to be a Public Speaker	a picture	innocent look
Merna Martin	Lean	to be an Opera singer	Moon Lady	her voice
Helen Mattson	H. A. M.	to finish school	any quiet girl	shyness
Irene Mattson	Rene	to be a farmerette	Mary Pickford	field hockey
Fingal Melin	Ching	to teach dancing	a count	ask somebody else
Katherine Miltich	Kaddy	to win favor	Mrs. Washington	most popular girl
Virginia Morrison	Ginny	to design costumes	Pola Negri	handbags
Anar Niemi	Paavo	to write a book	Paul Bunyan	his own ideas
Arthur Olivanti	Virgie	to run 40 yards	Mr. Eide	you know
Nina Olson	Nina	to be a nurse	our school days	silence
Charlotte Pearsall	Chaddy	a Medical Missionary	ambition itself	long hair
Mary Pecarina	Mary Pec	to own a circus	a certain one	modesty
Edwin Peterson	Ed	to join the I. Y. Club	a president	honesty
Virginia Peterson	Gina	to go to normal	Statue of Liberty	her twin, V. M.
Esther Rajala	Saddles	to have fun	don't ask us	being herself
Lawrence Reed	Bucko	to be a great athlete	Red Grange	originality
Eino Saranen	Sar	to motor to Europe	little but oh my	speeding
Edwin Skarp	Eppie	outrag the Ragadours	See for your self	makings of a man
Lillian Sodervick	Lil	to drive an omnibus	American Girl	her Chevrolet
Norma Solberg	Nono-Sosi	to go on the stage	an authoress	clothes
Ruby Svedberg	Kitty	to go West again	a stenog	personality
Lloyd Symoniak	Lloyd	to see Blanche	Prof. Romieux	his tact
Harriet Thurston	Harriet	to be a Prima Donna	Cosmetics	her Cara Nome
James White	Jim	to idle a while	a gentleman	looks
Irene Willing	I. M. Willing	to grow some more	any little girl	eyes



5 LITTLE 'PEP-STIRS'



"SARR"



"HORNEY"

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT



When
"Two
is
One"



CAUGHT



"JOG"



YEA-BO!
"Happy?"



"EPPIE"



NORMA



Hic! or Hip!



"SPITZ"



"CHADDOY"



LITTLE ITALY



- THE BIG FOUR -

The Mid-Year Class of 1928 Now Signing Off:

Fanny Abramson
 Fyllie A. Akola
 Paul Bonicatto
 Catherine Andrick
 Sophie Bodovinski
 Carl Anderson
 R. V. Coleman
 Viola E. Cornell
 Julian Dahl.
 Marguerite Lato
 Louis J. Dourney
 Mike Galloski
 Myroslaw M. J. Eiten
 Leo Sianlorenzi
 Helen Guxalski
 Esther M. Haapaniemi
 Clyde A. Helmer.
 Dave Hill
 George Horne
 Clifford Hunter
 Anna Johnson
 Rosemary Johnson
 Marguerite Ketola
 William Kishel
 Ellen Korpy
 Wilho Latvala
 Harold Leaman
 Kauno Lehto
 Julia Lencer.
 Elizabeth Maki

Rayno Maki
 Venna Marlene
 Emma Martin
 Merna Martin
 Helen Mattson
 Irene Mattson
 Eynice McKenzie
 Lingel Melin
 Katherine C. Milteck
 Virginia Morrison
 Omar Niemi
 Arthur Olivanti
 Nina Olson
 Charlotte O'Connell
 Mary Pecarena
 Edwin Peterson
 Virginia Peterson
 Esther V. Rajala
 Lawrence L. Reed
 Eino Savanen
 Edwin Skarp
 Lillian Soderwick
 Norma Solberg.
 Ruby Svedberg
 Lloyd Symonjak
 Harriet Thurston
 James White
 Irene Whilling



AUTOGRAPHS



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