

Class History

Ole Torvend, '12.

Were I an artist, I would place on a canvas a most interesting scene, and especially so to you, dear friends, and you, my never to be forgotten classmates. Let me tell you the subject of my theme.

It is a bewildered group of long faced boys and girls gathered in the registrar's office, awaiting their fate. Some try to look old and experienced in the world, others have given themselves up to whatever might happen, while some let their thoughts wander back home, longingly thinking of parents, brothers and sisters.

No one, except some young men and women whom they hear called seniors, seem to care for or notice this group. The fact and business like manner in which the seniors go through the registration performance gives the impression that a course at this school certainly is worth while.

Now and then they hear remarks about themselves, by the juniors, or perhaps some unthoughtful seniors. This stirs the sensitive feelings of the immatured minds and some, probably, together with their present troubles, hearing this wish themselves way back yonder on the farmstead. However, the more experienced members of this group attain a different feeling and realize they cannot stand back but dive into the work with body and mind.

But all troubles have an end, which we, as a class, happily realized. We soon became acquainted with our classmates and in taking them as a whole found that we had no reasons for feeling ourselves unworthy of being freshmen. We excelled the other classes in both number and size. In popularity and attractiveness our class seemed to rank first, especially so with the members of our fairer sex.

Beginning to feel more at home, we soon broke into the routine of C. S. A. life. We realized we had to organize to become a successful class. By the assistance of Prof. Harrington, then our principal, our most enterprising members managed to call the class together for the purpose of organizing. Prof. Harrington presided until we had our president elected. He urged the matter of organization and advisability of so doing. In the room absolute quiet reigned. Our responsibilities were increasing. We realized it and felt handicapped and unable to carry them without assistance. However, when the announcement for the nomination for president was made, one of the boys, who had an extraordinary amount of nerve, got up and made a nomination. The person elected was Lula Casselman.

When Lula entered the presidential chair our feeling of responsibility changed to sympathy, but she managed the work wonderfully well, and before our meeting was over we had all our executive officers elected and a committee appointed to draw out a constitution. The report of the committee on constitution showed ability among some members of the class at least. A wonderful work had been accomplished.

Our freshman year, filled as all freshman years are, with events of great excitement and amusement, as pictured by an immature mind, passed smoothly along.

Finally, at the close of our freshman year, the most eventful day, save the first day we were gathered in the registrar's office, was approaching. Nail driving, rope pulling, pole vaulting, and a score of similar exercises were daily events of special interest to the students the two last weeks of school. The faculty had arranged for a "Field Day" pro-