

gram on March 21st. Some very glittering prizes were offered for the winning contestants, which caused the students to put double effort in perfecting their favorite performances.

Field day dawned with a clear sky and continued the same. The freshman class was well represented. Although our boys weren't able to get their feet far enough away from the ground to win the medal for "high kick," still when they were put on the rope, or what is generally termed "Tug of War," both the senior and junior classes realized the freshmen had it coming their way and had to be contented with being "led" by their lower classmen. The best of it all was a basket of fruit which was given to the victorious class in the "Tug of War" contest. In the evening when the freshmen were gathered in the class room to enjoy the feast, we found ourselves engaged in another war, without "tugs" trying to keep out some members of the upper classes whose mouths were watering badly.

This finished our freshman year. The seniors naturally had the most exciting, as well as eventful days of their school course, confronting them, but we, the freshmen, felt our term's work was over and were looking forward to our vacation. What would our vacation be like? How many picnics, spreads, entertainments, etc., we expected to attend. And most of all, reminded each other of the fact that when we returned in the fall we would be juniors.

In the fall at the opening of our junior year we found a large number of our classmates on deck. However, to our disappointment our class had decreased greatly in number. Our greatest pride as a class had been our high membership. In our class, as in all others, there were members who despairingly dropped by the wayside, and this class is another illustration of the survival of the fittest. Nevertheless, we were the largest junior class that had yet appeared on the campus. Receiving a few members from the upper classes helped in increasing our membership, and we all receive any such member with welcome greetings if he proves to do his best and is loyal to our class.

The junior year is never, in any school, quite as eventful as other years. True enough we had our ups and downs. However, there was one great event which is vividly impressed upon our minds. This event I shall discuss briefly.

In accordance with previous customs, we, when the time came for the juniors to banquet the seniors, arranged a banquet far surpassing any previous affair of like nature.

The junior banquet, as we hoped, turned out a success, due largely to the careful supervision and persistent effort of our class members and faculty. A variety of excellent toasts were given on the seniors, juniors, school and faculty. There were also toasts on "Woman," "Bingo," "The Old Swimming Hole" and the "The Anvil Chorus;" illustrating both the serious and happy sides of life. Thoughts which pictured in our minds the character building days of childhood. They inspired us with strong hope and high ambitions for the future. For the present, our thoughts were whirled above the atmosphere of every day, cares, and responsibilities. Only a short period and it was all over, leaving only the good thoughts and happy memories of the festival with us as we spurred on towards the end of our junior year.

When the close of our junior year was near at hand, we realized that we must soon bear the responsibilities of seniors. As we slipped into their responsibilities, we realized we must do our utmost to maintain their standard and, if possible, raise it to a higher plane.