

The opening of our senior year we, 23 strong, rounded the last turn, went in for the home stretch, that landed for graduation.

We had anticipated this to be the easiest year of the course, but found it harder than either of the two previous years, especially the extra work which came on for the preparation of graduation.

It is strange what a large amount of work one can cover when spurred on by necessity and by absorbing interest in the results. The necessity became more apparent and the interest more intense in clearing up the work left over from previous years, as well as successfully completing this year's schedule. That we have accomplished our task is apparent from the fact that we are here.

Among the many humorous occurrences that helped to enliven the school year were these, that our able "Sergeant at Arms" trying to occupy the shifty position of forward in our fast senior basket ball team.

The incident which caused one of our girls to decide that to foolishly twist one's knee isn't necessarily a monkey wrench.

Our attempts to be generous and the evasive replies we received in attempting to distribute the results of our second and following cooking classes, became funny even to us.

The "Bill of Fare" sent to the dining hall by some of the seniors of the hospital squad would have been funny had they not been sent with such serious intent. But the combination of proteids and carbohydrates and the startling unbalanced ration should be handed down to generations. Even an agricultural school graduate ought to have known that such a combination was not good even for a strong and healthy body, to say nothing about invalids. It is strange how suddenly so many become indisposed upon observing the sumptuously laden trays carried to the sick ones. In this lies a hidden suggestion to the nurses hereafter.

I must not forget to mention the "tip-over" our stock judging class had on their trip to a stock farm. This was done to the tune "I'm coming, my head is bending low." Whether it was caused by the sense of the words, or the heavy tones of the boys on that side, we will never know, but after Mr Baxter came back from the next township where he landed, Edward Johnson got the most of him, that is, his feet, out from under the box, and Carl Berg decided it wasn't time yet to block up the county ditch. The bus was ready, and we started on our way. All this to music, for it wouldn't do to let a little thing like a tip-over interfere with anything the seniors had started to do.

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Other things we will cherish and carry in memory for life. The unselfish devotion and untiring efforts of Superintendent Selvig and faculty in making it possible for the year to be a success, to Mr. and Mrs. Selvig for their pleasant and enjoyable evening, and to the Juniors for their sumptuous, yet dainty, reception.

These are the things which make life pleasant and gives us memories which we will cherish in days to come.