

N. W.

1914

S. A.

Cora Petterson comes next in our class,
She's a studious and bright little lass.



Lutness, a musician surely will make,
And the dollars he earns, his wife will take.



Harris comes next; he's a bully old buck,
The boys and faculty, all call him "Chuck."



In weight and proportions, Grothe doth lead,
The cause, at meal time, is easy to read.



In our class is a maiden named Miss Grace,
And when she does smile, you should see her face.



Albert Anderson from Canada came,
Playing his mandolin always the same.



In the Junior class we have a Grandy,
Look at his drawings, they sure are dandy.



Richard Samuelson is the the best of his kind,
You'll have to look far, such another to find.



A jolly good girl is our dear Gertrude,
You'll never find her in a sulky mood.



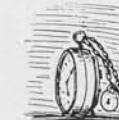
Rexroat at this school is a famous name,
At the skating rink he has won his fame.



Willie Rud makes his accordion ring,
And the Juniors his praises will sing.



When Dunton's around, the cows all smile,
And the milk comes flowing in quarts the while.



Crandall Atwood has owned three clocks,
One he has kept by a system of locks.



The Juniors, the Juniors, forever!
Who'll dare to deny we're most clever.
You may go far and wide,
But you'll always decide,
That you'll find none like us, no never.