

CLASS HISTORY

Esther Pearson, 1916.

In the year of our Lord nineteen hundred thirteen, seventy-nine timid freshmen came to the Crookston School of Agriculture seeking knowledge. With Mr. and Mrs. McCall as class advisors, they began to climb the ladder of success.

With Miss Brown as director, they took part in literary societies, and gave a program every third week in the auditorium. All of these were well attended and closely listened to because such excellent artists are bound to compel attention. Our verdure became more and more subdued as we learned how to apply purity and germination tests to corn, and the important maxim that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

We did not neglect the social side of our life for we entertained the school at a big party. We then proved to be excellent hostesses. At the party given to us by the old students, we had the honor of riding in an American airship, but we were not sure whether we would alight as pole-landers or lap-landers.

The second year we returned to school and enrolled as Juniors. We were no longer bashful and backward, but took part in athletics, won the class championship in basket ball, and when the field meet was held, showed our skill by scoring against the Seniors.

Our class supplied prominent members to debating clubs, and won a number of debates against members of other classes.

During our Junior year we witnessed the erection of the magnificent Senior Hall on the campus, to serve as a boys' dormitory. In the same year a central heating system was installed for our comfort and warmth. We now believed we were living in luxury. In our Domestic Science department, we found Miss Catlin, with her never-to-be-forgotten smile, taking the place of Miss Kadlec, who had decided that if our work should be done accurately we must be given wholesome food. It was in this year also that Miss Hovey, our music teacher, with her winning manner and gentle ways accomplished the work of melting an ice-Bergh.

Miss Olsen and Mr. Sewall had, while we were at home spending our summer vacation, decided that two heads put together were better than one.

It was in this momentous year that a three months' short course was established for the advantage of boys and girls, who do not have the opportunity of taking up the regular three years' course.

After Christmas we were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. McCall who gave us a delightful party, where we took the entrance examination in Forestry. Some of us passed by getting good marks, others by our good looks, and some of us by our reputations. Mr. McCall decided that we were such a nice group of Juniors he would take a flash light picture of us to save for the future when he wanted to have some fond recollections.

Although for a period of two years we were treated as minor characters by the upper classes, we, ourselves, knew what places we were occupying. During this time some of our number were claimed by victories, more by defeats, and others by adverse circumstances, until, at the beginning of the third year, there were only forty-two of us left. According to Darwin and his theory of evolution, those who have survived are the fittest.

We began this year by enjoying with the school, a camp-fire festival. Everyone took part and fried his bacon in true woodsmen style over the glowing fire. We are proud to say that our class carried off the honors in the relay race. On Thanksgiving the students and faculty were served an elaborate dinner at which the Senior boys acted as waiters. They did their work as well as any of the girls who serve in the boarding club could have done. In the evening the world's favorite play, "Kindling the Hearth Fire," was given in three acts in the auditorium.

We, girls of the Senior class, have nourished the faculty this year, giving them 100 grams protein, 500 grams carbohydrate, and 70 grams of fat per person, and as proof of the success of this feat, we boast a corps of teachers who are free from dyspepsia.