

RED RIVER AGGIE



Nineteen-Sixteen Junior Class Song

Tune: In the Prison Cell I Sit.

I.

Jolly Juniors are we all,
And although our class is small,
We can fill this place with sunshine warm and bright.
Never in their play or work,
Junior "Aggies" lag or shirk;
But they meet their duties promptly and with cheer.

Chorus:

Sing! Sing! Sing! O Junior "Aggies"!
Springtide of life is filled with joy.
We have set our mark up high;
Yet we'll reach it by and by.
We shall be our Alma Mater's pride and joy.

II.

Let us then with vim and zest,
Do our very level best,
Learn our lessons, mind our business and the rules
So at last when we depart,
This conviction swells our heart;
We have filled our lives with strength for coming years.

Chorus:

IN MEMORIAM

Of an Institution That is No More.

HALLOWE'EN FUN

Time and place of birth unknown
Died at the Northwest School of Agriculture
October 31, 1916.

"Gone but Not Forgotten."

Junior Quibs

First Aggie—Were the Juniors in this?

Second Aggie—Maybe. The only thing which indicates it is boasting without boasting.
"A straw shows which way the wind blows."

Where's Sam?—Herbert Anderson.

Ya, A tank so, too.—Oscar Gigstad.

I think I'll go and tell that story to Mae.—James Porten.

Instructor (calling roll)—Clarence Lee.

C. L.—Yes, I'm here, but I must be in the wrong place.

How much are you worth?—Maja Peterson.

Got any candy?—Walter Peterson.

I like you now, I do.—Josie Imsdahl.

What's the idea?—Magnus Spjut.

Ay tank you're the only bright one in this class.—Fred Johnson.

Yames, are you convinced?—Sam Anderson.

Sam, gibe us some coffee.—Charles Auburg.

My! I wish I had the nerve to go to Robertson Hall.—Birger Hagglund.

Well, I'm through; let's beat it.—William Bydal.

19 16

