



The Appeal To Reason

If you lose at basketball,
 It's the flu.
 If you're blamed by Coach McCall,
 It's the flu.
 If it's Fosston wins the game,
 Or if Fisher does the same,
 You haven't lost your fame,
 It's the flu.

If you're late on Sunday night,
 It's the flu.
 If your room is not just right,
 It's the flu.
 If you see a red mustache
 Looking through the transom sash,
 Can't avoid the coming crash,
 It's the flu.

If your marks are rather low,
 It's the flu.
 If your make-up work is slow,
 It's the flu.
 If the teachers see your ruse,
 There's no use to make excuse,
 You are bound to catch the deuce,
 It's the flu.

If the bus is out of whack,
 It's the flu.
 If you have to walk the track,
 It's the flu.
 Are the roads a sea of mud,
 Does the driver chew a cud,
 Don't let temper heat your blood,
 It's the flu.

If your love affairs aren't smooth,
 It's the flu.
 If her temper you can't sooth,
 It's the flu.
 If your partner you must coax,
 When the gym is full of folks,
 Playing games and cracking jokes,
 It's the flu.

If on Monday we have school,
 It's the flu.
 If quarantine is made the rule,
 It's the flu.
 If a mask you must apply,
 Do not ask the reason why,
 It's a task to do,—or die,
 X ! X ! the flu!

WE HAD THE FLU!

Part of a page from the nurse's record for one day.

	Temperature	Pulse
Benjamin Bendickson	101	91
Henry Waale	103.6	85
Martin Anderson	104.2	95
Joseph Johnson	104.5	99
Joe Thorkilson	104.4	75
Raymond Olson	104.1	99
Clarence Tucker	104	100
Christ Hanson	102.8	100
Morris Bursheim	102.6	100
George Snustad	102.2	88
Hilda Olson	104	98

Miss Newhall, Nurse.