

Class History

Fellow-students, faculty, and friends so dear,
Grant me a gracious and listening ear
While I relate to you in accents alive,
The Senior class history of 1925.

It was in October, 1922, we began our existence and first came to view.
We were "Freshies" and green;
We felt lost. In despair
We nearly resorted to tearing our hair.

We were noisy in the library, we swarmed all through Kiehle.
The office force joyed when we went for a meal,
Till at last Mr. Larson cried, "This will not do!
Those Freshmen are acting too freely, clear through!

Mr. Selvig, the thoughtful and generous man,
Soon came to the rescue as only he can;
He grouped us together, a bright mass of green,
The brightest young class, this school has yet seen.

He organized our forces and made us a class;
He told us our duties, each laddie and lass;
He said we must have class advisors who'd steer
Us and guide us through every class year.

So we chose us the Kisers, who accepted the task
And thus we were launched without falsehood or mask.
As Freshmen we did just what this class should do;
We accepted third place in each strife we went through.

We won third in singing; I'll not say we *lost*
And in contests and such in the field meet we tossed,
But we "worsted" our betters; our victory was blurred,
There were two other classes, so of course we took third.

Still our hopes were not blighted; in October, '23,
We came back as Juniors, with gay jollity.
We had high hopes for the future; yes, we had ideals,
We possessed splendid talent, our genius was real.

For example, we had Loven, the accordion king,
Who also directed our annual sing,
And Miller, the famous debater and talker,
Who later became charmed by Nels Thompson's daughter.

So much for our talent; this sketch is but brief,
But we progressed each year we turned o'er our new leaf.
Strange to say, the other two classes were bold,
And dared to make progress beyond us, four-fold.