

THE RED RIVER AGGIE

When the song contest came, in spite of our tune,  
We were given third place; the shock seemed quite soon.  
Those impudent Freshmen had forgotten their duty;  
They tried to win second and did! What a pity!

Well, so much for that, we don't like to speak of it.  
We determined to justify ourselves without covet.  
The next spring in the field meet we were rightfully placed  
When we "bested" the Freshmen and took second place.

This ended the contests of our Junior year,  
We banqueted the Seniors — this settled their fear.  
Then we all left the campus and went to our homes  
To do summer duties and settle from roams.

Then came the first day of our final school year;  
We gathered as usual at this place now so dear.  
We determined to make it the best year we've spent;  
We were joined by new members and began our ascent.

We'd new duties to perform,  
New problems to solve,  
But we've conquered them all —  
How our brains did revolve!

When the Song Contest came, our third and last chance,  
We chose our same director and offered to dance  
To the tune of his leadership; we labored so hard  
That the fine voice of Skatvold became quite marred.

Now the contest this year had contestants four,  
The Advanced too, were singing,  
They numbered a score;  
Now all of us did as we wanted to do.

We each worked our hardest and when we were through,  
We received second rating; we didn't feel blue;  
For we knew we'd done well and had striven our best;  
Then, no matter your winning, you've withstood the test.

The rest of our Senior year quickly passed by;  
We'd no time to think, we didn't just try,  
For we gave to our teachers undivided attention,  
And the lessons were ours without mental tension.

Our "Ag." days are over, no more shall our class  
Be seen on this campus, a brilliant mass;  
But we've done our lessons and had a good time.  
Farewell — for I've come to the end of my rhyme.

STELLA CARLSON.