

L'Envoi from the Seniors to the Underclassmen

(With apologies to Kipling.)

When the school's last roll is called,
And the ink-wells are blackened and dried,
When the slowest teacher has vanished
And the books have been laid aside,
You may rest, and in faith, you will need it —
You may rest for a month or two,
'Til early in blue October,
You are called to your work anew.

Then those that passed shall be happy;
They shall sit in a higher room
And cope with the world's greatest problems,
Their faces enveloped in gloom.
They shall find new Freshmen and haze them
Down in some lower hall,
And study them from morn till night
And never be tired at all.

And all the school shall then envy,
When on the honor roll
There 'pears on the list some Freshie,
Whose "A's" were unforetold.
For each in his phase of school-life,
And each in his separate class
Is helping to make OUR Ag School
The one which none can surpass.



In Parting

As members of the Senior Class, we
Regret the parting which must be;
But as we tread our separate paths in life;
E'en though there are hardships and strife,
We shall recall the words of the Prophet kind
Which urge us leave the worst of life behind.
O, fellow Students, may Success be yours
When we tread no more through the school house doors.

T. F. N.