



NORTHWEST SCHOOL

CROOKSTON

Getting into the Dairy Game

Arthur H. (Preparing Senior Thesis): "One should take great care to obtain blooded sires and dames. Then you have a herd. Next comes spring calves—
Miss W.: "But that's not right."
Art: "Well, what did you expect, chickens?"



Helen Naplin: "I've skated for hours on end."
Rose Naplin: "Gee—that must be painful."



If college bred means four years loaf, (some people say 'tis so)
Oh, tell me where the flour is found, by one who needs the dough.



Mr. McCall: "Well, why don't you answer me?"
Dumb: "I did. I shook my head."
Mr. McCall: "Well, I must confess I heard something rattle."

Non-Sensia

In promulgating this chimerical series of cardivorrhesis and cerebral disturbances, we wish to allege that these cursory sentimentalities are the result of philosophical perceptions.

The ensuing esoteric cogitations are principally aggregated from the colloquy, confabulation and converse of the studentry of this corporate body, and as will be connotated, are embued thoroughly with a perspicuity, a comprehensive conciseness, a cogency and an inevitable coherence, which inclines the eschewal of ostentatious verbosity, and asinius pharisaism, averting at the same duration all platitudinous ponderosity. All of the unpremediated expatiations and impromptu supernatant herein manifested, will show a deficiency in all abstruse ceremonious verbosity, and circumgyration.

We have therefore logically evaded all facetiousness and turbid and enigmatical insipidity, obscurent or apparent.

In other words we have refrained from attempting the jocular.