



Red River Aggie



Back Row—Steen, Stromstad, Smolak, Gustafson, Volker, Hanson, Vilven, Carlson, Erickson, Erickson, Sitko, Warne.
Second Row—Jacobson, Weckwerth, Thiel, Kirthland, Kirthland, Jacobson, Albertson, Albertson, Thompson, Starnes, Weckwerth, Nelson, Nelson, Strand, Thompson, Olson.
Third Row—Nelson, Nelson, Olson, Wold, Olson, Sargent, Youmans, Newhouse, Starnes, Eeg, Eeg, Larson, Larson, Billberg, Billberg.
Front Row—Eeg, Strand, Hedstrand, Sargent, Youmans, Newhouse, Nelson, Stromstad, Opdahl, Modin.

PARENTS' DAY

There is no happier day on our campus than the Saturday of Indian Summer when our parents visit us. Graciousness and hospitality radiate from everyone, and even the weather man is kindly disposed.

On November 5, rooms in the dormitories were spick and span soon after breakfast; we went to classes hoping our parents would arrive in time to hear us recite, and yet half fearing they would. Each rap at the door sent a little thrill down our spines, and we liked our teachers that day for their company manners.

The dinner convinced our mothers that we weren't starving here at school.

We felt a glow of pride as we showed our fathers about the barns, shop, and the dairy, and we knew they were proud too.

With appreciative smiles and nods, our parents listened to the program of singing, demonstrations, orchestra selections, speeches, and plays, in the auditorium, and afterwards posed for their picture out on the campus.

Steaming coffee and rich cookies awaited them in the gym. Here they might view the floor exhibits, chat with the faculty and their friends, and drink their afternoon coffee before saying goodbye to us who weren't fortunate enough to be going home with them. Some of us persuaded them to forget their chores and stay for the party at night.

Though we never forget what our parents are doing for us, yet we are glad of this day to tell them so at school.