



WASHBURN,  
EDSON D.

*Crookston*

Glee Club, '34; Mixed Chorus, '34; Class Basketball, '34; Football squad, '33; A Club; Aggie Board, Senior Class Play.

Ask the first person you meet if he knows "Edson" and you'll be talking to one of his friends. Always good natured, always obliging.



WERMAGER,  
JEROME R.

*Crookston*

Glee Club, '34; Mixed Chorus '34; Senior Class Play.

Attractive, nonchalant, friendly; he sings "oh" and the girls sigh "ah"; to be seen carrying chairs across the campus—or a guitar.



WIDNER,  
CLARENCE E.

*Argyle*

Class Basketball, '33.

Led by simplicity divine,  
He pleased but never tried to shine,  
Always happy, cheerful and smiling.

## CLASS HISTORY

### BOOK I

OCTOBER, 1931—

Fifty-three new students straggle in throughout the day and are buffeted about from library to accountant's office; from Robertson and Stephens to the dining hall, and by evening older students refer to us as a new crop of freshmen.

We go to Assembly and are assigned the east section of the room, from which vantage point we watch with admiration and awe the worthy seniors and Advanced, and with great respect, the juniors.

During the week Mr. Mlinar herds us all together and tells us to get organized. The person who attracted the most attention was elected president. We aren't sure yet if it was Lenning Aubol's snake pants or his bold manner which secured for him the position of freshmen class president. Helen Carlson is a good-looking girl so we get her for vice president; Gladys Quantock and Helen Krogstad

are likewise elected to the duties of secretary and treasurer. Floyd Tack is already telling us what to do, so we station him at the door and label him sergeant-at-arms. We decide to let Miss Kingston and Mr. McGenty guide our destiny for the next four years.

During the first few days we each secretly decide that fate has pulled a trick on us and we don't like it here anyway, we get lost, we get homesick, and we get hungry; we had decided to quit Saturday night but our parents didn't come for us so we go to the mixer.

We meet a lot of nice students (one or two especially nice ones) and practically all of the faculty (who really seem quite human). We decide we'll stay another week, and by that time we have decided we might as well stick it out until Christmas.

Life gets more interesting, we get a hundred sticks for the Outdoor Festival and do our part in