

upholding the tradition that the upperclassmen take the first three places. We practice long and lustily for the song contest, even to the point of practicing what we will do when awarded fourth place. Imagine our surprise when we are announced as winners of third place.

We go home for the holidays and forget to take our trunks, besides the juniors sort of inferred that if we're good we might get to serve their banquet for them. (We did and felt grand, all dressed up like George and Martha Washington; we also got a

few pointers on how banquets should be run because they tell us that next year we will have to entertain the seniors.)

Throughout the year we enter into class football, basketball, debate, glee clubs, declamatory, operetta and field meet. We don't win much but we are told we are "promising material."

School is out. Our instructors have been kind and we have a little note that says when we come back next year we will be Juniors.

BOOK II

OCTOBER, 1932—

Again it is October and with a joyful feeling we are back on the campus, greeting old classmates and friends. We miss the Advanced class who left us last spring. We also soon discover that many of our own class are missing and we are sorry to lose them. However, our first class meeting reveals several additions to the fold. Altogether we number thirty-three.

We decide to let Clarence Clementson be president of our class. We think he looks very dignified and elegant and that's sort of the effect we are trying to produce. Roy Rynning is vice president, Helen Krogstad secretary, and Helen Carlson treasurer. (We chose her because we thought with her attractive manner, it would be impossible for the boys to refuse her when she asked for money.) Willard Kimmel is sergeant-at-arms.

Everybody is sitting in the center section at Assembly so we take our places, second section back, where we can look down on the freshmen.

We build the bonfires for the Outdoor Festival and yell ourselves hoarse while we bring in third place at this event.

Song contest and another third place. (It's getting to be a habit with us.)

Christmas vacation and when we return we find that both our president, vice president and pepster have deserted the ship and left school. Looks like if we stayed long enough there'd be a chance for all of us to get to be president. Lester Lerud, with his charming sincerity, is elected to lead the class through the next three months, and Willard Kimmel, who in three months has proved himself a loyal junior booster, is elected vice president.

The junior-senior banquet is our chief concern at this time. With a depleted treasury and old man depression at our heels the task seems mountainous, but after weeks of preparation on March 7th when spring suddenly blossomed and we were hosts to the seniors we were proud of our achievements. (Note—Other persons besides ourselves remarked it was a nice banquet.)

All through the year, individually and collectively, we have entered into all events, taking our place in the life of the school. We are considered more promising but we still let the seniors and Advanced take the higher honors.

We've had a good time and like the jolly junior stage.

BOOK III

OCTOBER, 1933—

We are the Seniors! We have to keep reminding ourselves of the fact and make a conscious effort to change from the jolly junior to the dignified senior. There's another batch of freshmen! Can it be possible we are at last sitting in the senior section at Assembly? We look with encouragement at the juniors on our left and with respect to the Advanced on our right just across the line of demarcation.

We unanimously return Lester Lerud to the position of president of our class and Harold Clow is vice president. The two Helens still take care of the books and Bill Johnston maintains order (as much order as can be maintained in a senior meeting). The "promising material" of former years is now an important element in all school activities. Our achievements have not been spectacular but we believe they are average.

Under the able leadership of Willard Kimmel certain members of our class are laboring long and earnestly over the publication of our memorial to the days spent here.

Another group presented our class play, "Captain Applejack," on Feb. 26 and 27, with a great deal of success.

Our class colors are silver and violet. Our class flower is the Narcissus. When early in our freshman year, we chose this flower, few of us knew what it really looked like. Some of us don't yet. But the name sounded distinctive, so we selected it.

Someone told us a story the other day in which we are interested. A Greek legend tells us that a wandering god, Narcissus, became enamoured of his own reflection in a pool. He lingered so long, gazing upon his own likeness, that he turned into a white flower. We must go out to the Rock Garden and have a good look at ourselves in the pool one of these days.

Our class motto is "Spend all you have for loveliness." We don't know exactly what that means either, but we've spent a lot of energy, a lot of patience, the better part of three years, about all the money we had and we've had a lovely time.

On March 30 they are going to graduate us. We hope we will all be here next October to write Book IV, the closing epoch in our life at the Northwest School. In sincerity, we can conclude that about the memory of our years together in school there will always linger the poignant beauty of the white Narcissus; for the loveliness of our friendships, our loyalty has been wisely spent.