

## Advanced Class History

As we stand here on the threshold of the Advanced Year and await the hour when we shall step forth into the world, our minds recall memories of four happy years. Years filled with so much work and so much play, that in looking back it seems almost incredible that so much could have happened in so short a time. Freshman days still linger in our memory as days of dreams and high ambitions, days when every upper classman was our idol, and to be an upper classman was the pinnacle of our dreams. Junior days were still days of hopes—our hopes developed and our dreams came true. We were beginning to be noticed as we entered more and more into the various activities and the life of the school. Senior days and the Senior daze—it all seems like another dream, so many responsibilities and so many interesting experiences—surely this was the best year of them all, we thought, as we reveled in the work of editing an Aggie, being entertained by the Juniors, and the final thrill of commencement week. And now we are Advanced—sitting back in our easy chairs and smiling to ourselves as we watch the present under classmen following the same routine path and thrilling to the same joys and perplexed with the same worries that once were ours.

From this vantage point of the Advanced year we give to the under classmen the joy and responsibility of upholding the ideals and traditions of a school which has been our home and our playground for four happy years. We are leaving you in the best and most capable hands and in the most pleasant surroundings. The friendships we have made here have molded and enriched our lives. May the same joys be yours.

To the faculty, our thanks to them can be no better expressed than our pledge that we shall strive to practice their teachings and be a credit to those who gave of their time and talent to direct us. To our faithful class advisers whose never-failing help has been with us do we extend our heartfelt thanks.

To us our colors, violet and silver, symbolize our hopes. Violet suggesting royal significance made by the perfect blend of the pure red of love and the clear blue of truth, balanced by a wealth of silver. Following this banner we must achieve success. Looking forward we feel confident that the days spent here will linger long in our memory and are assured that the Northwest School will be the familiar harbor to which we will always turn for inspiration and guidance.

*"Ah, never think that ships forget a shore,  
Or better seas, or winds that made them wise  
There is a dream upon them evermore;  
And there be some who say that sunk ships rise  
To seek familiar harbors in the night."*