

School Days

*As the Fall has turned the corner
And Winter is drawing nigh,
We begin our happy school days
And bid our homes goodbye.*

*We go to jolly Crookston,
There stands the old A. C.
Where it welcomes many others
As it welcomes you and me.*

*"Andy" comes to meet us,
He's a good old scout that way,
But when we're ready to scramble out
He says, "You'll have to pay."*

*We then meet Mr. Mlinar,
He's jolly as a kid.
Just try and break a rule though
And you'll be sorry that you did.*

*Miss Coss then fills the order,
Mlinar fills the chart,
Miss Bedard then takes our money,
For with us it has to part.*

*Then we go to supper,
Miss Lippitt's right on deck,
If we get a little too robust,
She'll have Mlinar on our neck.*

*The football boys have tables
Where girls may not attend.
That's to keep them good boys
So the "Coach's" hair won't stand on end.*

*Next we meet our roommate,
He's quite a good-sized fellow.
He's not a playing football though,
I hope he's not too yellow.*

*Then when we get our things arranged,
We crawl into our bed.
We're up next morn at five o'clock—
From lack of sleep we're almost dead.*

*Classes start at eight-fifteen,
Oh boy! do we feel funny—
As though we were dropped into
another world
And robbed of all our money.*

*The days roll by into a week,
And we all get acquainted.
We form our friendships strong and true.
They never shall be tainted.*

*The winter comes with all its snow
To keep us off the campus?
The lovers stroll their nightly beats
Though faculty groups do haunt us.*

*Sometimes we're cold and freezing,
And sometimes we do perspire,
When Sunderland in the power house,
Plays Rip Van Winkle at the fire.*

*George Hillmon carries sticks of wood
He picks up along the way.
Of them he builds a wood pile
(It'll be hot for George some day).*

*Other things we well could mention
In our lives from day to day,
But we're really very busy
And must hustle on our way.*

*Three years of fun and glory,
Of studies and worry, too.
But we'll always try to remember
To be faithful, kind and true.*

*We'll meet again in Springtime,
When Graduation comes.
We'll march down the aisle together
To the beating of the drums.*

*When we've all received diplomas,
We'll then be on our way.
The last sad word of parting is:
"We hope to meet some day."*

*The portals and the pillars
We have to leave behind.
But many cherished memories
Still linger in our mind.*

*Now my story's almost finished.
Its meaning is almost done.
But remember this, my dear friend,
Real life has just begun.*

—NOEL HANSON