

JUNIORS



'08.

The Junior Class Officers



NONA F. FARIS, Pres.

WILLIAM N. BRASHEARS, Vice Pres.

EARL W. OLIVER, Sec'y. Treas.

CLASS FLOWER—Violet

CLASS COLORS—Blue and White

MOTTO—"Over the Alps lies Italy"

CLASS ROLL

William H. Brashears
Ray D. Bistline
Nona F. Faris
Emma J. Hays
Earl W. Oliver
Howard F. Parsons
Del L. Sullivan

YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Juniors! Juniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

CLASS HISTORY



IN September, 1904, fifty-nine Freshmen of the freshest variety entered the portals of the Academy of Idaho with the grim determination of pushing on for the four long years until they at last reached the goal for which they had striven. A few, a very few, fell by the wayside and in September, 1905, forty-eight faces showed how many had survived and (some were students of the year before, others having just entered), worked with a will to hold on high the banner of '08. Success, however, would have been impossible without Mr. Retherford's kind assistance. He has worked patiently, stirring up class spirit and always being ready to help carry out any undertaking connected with this class. The class of 1908 certainly heartily thanks him for his efforts.

The class had several little conflicts during the year 1906 in which they always came out victorious and in every respect were an honor to the school. But, alas! such a tragic end! Where they have gone no one knows. Some secured positions — others — **didn't pass!** but they have all departed, for in September, 1906, they could truly say, "We Are Seven," and like the little maid of old, though four of the number have left, some gone one way, some another, they still insist that "We Are Seven."

Notwithstanding the smallness (in number only) they have competed with the other classes of the school in assembly programs, etc., and have once more come out with flying colors.

When this class has done so much in the past as Sophomores and Juniors, what a glorious Senior class they will be!

Items.

The Junior Class hopes to be able to give a ball for the Honorable Seniors sometime in the near future (if the class does not entirely disappear.)







Of all the class programs that ever have been or ever will be, the "Whitcomb Riley Day," given by the Juniors was surely the most original, entertaining and instructive. The Freshman class tried hard to compete with it, but as they have not yet learned the meaning of good literature they selected "Everybody Works But Father," which was very amusing (to those taking part).



On the morning of the arrival of the Albion baseball team, the Senior banner was seen proudly floating on the breeze, but not for long. What was the consternation of the proud and haughty Seniors as they came from their early repast, to find that the '07 banner no longer waved. They soon spied the Juniors and Freshmen flying toward the cemetery (a fit place for it), and began the chase. They returned, fondling and kissing it and loftily ascended the stairs and soon Orville Faris appeared on the roof smoothing out the precious folds, and we are sorry to say that a morning breeze unintentionally displaced one of the proud Senior's hair and he has been indisposed ever since.





The Class of '08



It was the class of 1908,
Which started out with pride,
With Sullivan as president,
Whose duties were well tried.
But Del at Christmas season went,
And left us to our fate,
When Nona took the reins in hand,
And tried to keep us straight.
The class they champed the bits, and
pulled,
And tried to break the reins;
But she held on till some pulled out,
Which seemed to ease their pains.
Then Emma left to stenograph;
And this was in the line
Of Ray, who likewise got a job,
And now is doing fine.
This leaves our class with only four
To struggle in the race;
But when it comes to programs,
We'll set them all a pace.
Although the smallest class in school,
We're bound to stay and win
Such knowledge as will with us stay,
And help bring in the tin.
Now, Billy is the smartest boy,
With soft and gentle voice,
And always spring something new,
To make the class rejoice.
Earl Oliver, the quiet one,
Who studies hard all day,
When asked the hardest questions,
Knows always what to say.
Last comes your humble servant,
To be excused this time,
For making such a bad attempt
To write a bit of rhyme.

—Howard Parsons.



P. S.—
[But now that "humble servant"
Has likewise gone away,—
They offered him a shorthand job,
And he couldn't say them nay.—Ed.]