



JUNIORS

'08





Bessie Burnside, Vice-Pres.
Claude Bistline, Pres.

Grace Kerr, Treas.
Ray Bistline, Sec.

Class Roll

Sterling Hyrum Allred,
Myrtle Marie Bethel,
Claude Duval Bistline,
Ida May Bistline,
Ray D. Bistline
Florence Louise Brennan,
Bessie M. Burnside,
Jean Melissa Campbell,
Lillie Ethel Edrington,
Ida Elizabeth Jenkins,
Grace Gertrude Kerr,
Lee Oram Kessinger,
Mora Marie McManis,
Mary Ethel Nielson,
Marshall R. Olson
Harold Elmer Parsons,
Del Sullivan,
Kathryn Belle Tupper,
Clifford William West,
Tobias J. Wedel.

OUR JUNIOR CLASS

'Twas in the year naught-five our Junior Class
Came first to the study at the A. of I.
We were Freshies then, as green as grass,
But we soon grew wise, you bet, Oh, my!

We had heard of the wise Professors,
Of music, and Latin and Greek,
Of science and arts and shorthand,
And so we came to have a peek.

We started out with Levis Ash,
As President of our hand,
He's right handsome, though rather "light,"
He kept us well in hand.

The next year we were Sophomores,
And led a merry chase,
With Woodall as our President,
And forty-eight in the race.

And now at last we're Juniors—
The goal of our Freshman heart;
But still we're looking and hoping
Some day for a Senior's part.

Yet we're glad that we are Juniors,
For we're the strongest class in school,
We have the most popular girls and boys
And the handsomest, too, (as a rule).

We can boast of the "stars" in baseball,
In debating and basketball too;
But now the merits of each and all,
I will briefly tell to you.

First there's Claude, our President,
He's the one who makes things go
In class, or society, or baseball
And he also makes them show.

Then we have Myrtle Bethel,
"Little girl," she's called by some,
Who has the "brightest" Senior Laddie,
Twisted round her little thumb.

Bessie is our silent lassie
Why she never says a word (?)
And to say she shrieks, when mousie
Comes too near, is too absurd.

Olsen is our all-round "star"
In everything but class-room work.
He's so puffed up with his victories
That he cares not for Eva, smirk.

We have two Idas in our class,
The one, so fair and sweet,
The other has dark hair and eyes,
But both are hard to beat.

If asked a question Clifford says,
"W-e-l-l," which means just give him time,
And he **might** answer all the questions
You could ask of Milton's rhyme.

There's Florence, a tall and stately miss,
For this world's pleasures she scarcely cares,
Jean Campbell, in view of future use
Has taken a number of Comstock shares.

Harold Parsons? I think he'll be
A preacher tall and grave;
While Sterling, as a lawyer bold,
Will try the naughty trusts.

Mora, our little sad-faced (?) girl,
She who plays the violin
And has two nice brothers on her string,
A-dancing to the tune—who'll win?

Katie Tupper is a little floweret,
"Sweet Carnation," so they say—
But she's a-drooping, pining daily
For "one" who has gone away.

Lee Kessinger's a baseball man
Who's always on the spot;
Dell Sullivan likes to argue and
For his opponents makes it hot.

We have a literary genius
That the world will sometime know,
In Grace, the rosy-cheek-ed maid,
Who so well the ball can throw.

Ray Bistline is a baseball man
Who translates German Goot—
He said the sun was shining brightly,
Tho' its face was blacked with soot!

Sweet Mary Neilson is the "light"
By which we Juniors live and move;
She's always smiling, as if she were
A sunbeam from above.

There's still one left in this good crowd,
One who tries to live for fun,
And in this person you will find
Yours truly, Lillie Edrington.



THE JUNIOR PROM.

Brightly come to my memory
Scenes that are past and gone,
But brightest of all the pictures,
Is that of the Junior Prom.

And the Gym., the dear old Gym.,
All decked in olive and white,
Stands out from among the shadows
Like a garden fair and bright.

I can hear the swish of dainty skirts,
And the sound of laughter sweet,
The ringing two-step, the dreamy waltz,
And the rhythm of flying feet.

They played a stately grand march,
And in and out we wound our way,
Until at last the music changed,
And "Cherry Blossom" won the day.

Then came the "Dream of Heaven Waltz,"
And on the light, fantastic toe
Tripped many a swain and damsel sweet,
To the music, soft and low.

Then came the dear old "Rye Waltz,"
Dear both to you and me;
And to every lad and lassie
Of our Academy.

"If a body meet a body,
Dancing down the hall,
Was not the greeting made the sweeter
At that merry Junior Ball?

'Mid balls and proms and dances wherever we may roam,
There's none can compare with the '08 Prom.,
Oh, give me that music far dearer than all:

"Prom, Prom, Junior Prom,
There's none can compare with the '08 Prom."

—L. E.