Senior Class Organization

C. B. SMITH, President
CLYDE JONES, Vice President
JOHNNIE REED, Treasurer
RUTH SPICER, Secretary

Roll

CAVINESS, TROY
BICKHEAD, VESTAL
BIRKHEAD, VESTAL
BIRKHEAD, VESTAL
BURTON, JOSEPH
CAVINESS, TROY
CAVINESS, TROY
CLARK, RUSSELL
CUMMINS, LEVI
CUMMINS, LEVI
DAVIS, VERA
DAVIS, VERA
DESHAZO, ORIS
DESHAZO, ORIS
EDWARDS, DUDLEY
EDWARDS, DUDLEY
GRAHAM, FLORENCE
GRAHAM, FLORENCE
HATCHETT, VERNER
HATCHETT, VERNER
HILL, RICHARD
HILL, RICHARD
HESTER, LYNN
HESTER, LYNN
LACEY, ELMO
LACEY, ELMO
MAGNESS, CLYDE
MAGNESS, CLYDE
McCUTCHEON, BERTHA
McCUTCHEON, BERTHA
MOORE, JERRELL
MOORE, JERRELL
OVERBY, VARNELL
OVERBY, VARNELL
OVERBY, HAROLD
OVERBY, HAROLD
PAXSON, HELEN
PAXSON, HELEN
REED, JOHNNIE
REED, JOHNNIE
SANDS, TAD
SANDS, TAD
SPIKER, RUTH
SPIKER, RUTH
SULLIVAN, DOROTHY
SULLIVAN, DOROTHY
WARD, JUNIUS
WARD, JUNIUS
WILKINS, LILLIE
WILKINS, LILLIE
YATES, MILDRED
YATES, MILDRED
JOHNNIE REED
Bigelow, Ark.
Treasurer of Class; Dramatic Club; Arkco-Agrian; Music Club; Science Club; Maid of Honor Dad’s Day; Beginners’ Orchestra; Y. W. C. A.; basketball.
“What manly eloquence could produce such an effect as her silence?”

JOHN EMMONS
Scotland, Ark.
Arkco-Agrian Society ’24; Dean of the Question Askers and King of the Answers.

ALVIN LONGSTRETH
Little Rock, Ark.
Periclean Society ’23, ’24; National Guard. This big piece of dynamite rolled down from Bishop street, years ago and was exploded at the Arkansas Polytechnic College.

VARNELL OVERBEY
Lamar, Arkansas
Dramatic Club; Periclean Society; basketball, ’23, ’24; Science Club ’24. However hopelessly in love, we believe in time she will be a leading lady of the state.

LYNN HESTER
Lonoke, Ark.
Arkco-Agrian ’24; Agri Club ’24; Y. M. C. A. ’24; basket ball ’24; Tennis Club ’24.
Lynn is making for the school another good student and basketball player.
MAY VANCE
Russellville, Ark.
Arkco - Agrarian Society '24. Her nature is so far from doing wrong she suspects none.

JUNIUS WARD
Optimus, Ark.
National Guard; Choir '23, '24; Glee Club '23, '24.
Junius has a passion for fat women. He has found time between six and eleven to slip into society a little.

HAROLD OVERBY
Lamar, Ark.
"A" Association; Agri Club; Periclean Society; basketball '21 and '22; National Guard.
"Oh! where, oh where can we find one just like him. There are none.

RUTH SPICER
Scranton, Ark.
Secretary of class; Arkco-Agrarian Society; Dramatic Club; Debating Team and Y. W. C. A.
Yes, if loveliness, modesty, and intelligence mean anything, our school should be proud of this her daughter.

ORIS DESHAZO
Calico Rock, Ark.
National Guard '23 and '24; Agri Club '23 and '24. Beware of the man who never talks and a dog that never barks.
ALCIE OLDHAM
Fort Smith, Ark.
Arkco-Agrarian Society; Y. W. C. A.; Choir '23, '24; Glee Club; Music Club; Dramatic Club; Science Club.
Her generous soul is a sunshine to every mind.

J. T. HODGES
Hantley, Texas
Periclean Society; Agri Club; Tennis Club.
J. T. is out of luck with English. He tried it thru the center, round the ends, forward passes but still was four downs and goals to go. Finally a special cramming formation got him by.

CLYDE MAGNESS
Lead Hill, Ark.
"Kinetic" takes his own good way, breathes thru his nose and says nothing. He has made an enviable record and has never found time for athletics or girls.

PAULINE EDWARDS
Altus, Ark.
Dramatic Club '22, '23 and '24; Arkco-Agrarian Society; Y. W. C. A.
We are compelled to say when we see Charity, "Dignity, Dignity, where art thou?"

DUDLEY EDWARDS
Altus, Ark.
Agri Club and Arkco-Agrarian.
Dudley is handsome and a brother of Pauline.
FLORENCE DEAN
Russellville, Ark.
Dramatic Club '23, '24; Arko-Agrrian Society; beginners' orchestra '24.
Gentle in mind, firm in reality.

CHAS. B. SMITH
Judsonia, Ark.
President of Class '25; Arko-Agrrian; Agri Club; football; Y. M. C. A., and A. N. G.
"Oh! that I had a title good enough for that little girl," C. B. has made a worthy leader for once and for all, a booster for his school.

JERRELL MOORE
New Blaine, Ark.
Arko-Agrrian Society; Agri Club.
Sleepy is an admirable example of the sobriety and lofty something that is supposed to adhere to a senior.

FAYE McCULLOUGH
Batesville, Ark.
During her stay at Aggie she has accomplished very much, especially in the Y. W. C. A.

MURIEL EIKLEBERRY
Havana, Ark.
"Red" has made a good student in his prolonged stay here.
HELEN ROBERTS
Russellville, Ark.
Periclean Society.
Loved, respected and admired by all of her friends.

OSCAR SAXTON
Heber Springs
Arkco-Agrarian
A blond-top fighter from a good town. He's been a first rate student.

JAMES CHANCE
Charleston, Ark.
James is our tall and stately man.

FLORENCE GRAHAM
Russellville, Ark.
Dramatic Club '23, '24; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.; Arkco-Agrarian; basketball '22, '23, '24; Beginners Orchestra.
"She hears merry tales but smiles not."

ELMO LACEY
Russellville, Ark.
If you don't want to be shocked stay away from him. He is an electrician that will shock anything from modesty on up.
ALINE KRIPKE
Lamar, Ark.
Arko-Agrian '24; Dramatic Club '24.
"Kink" is another member of the class whose most peculiar characteristic is that she treats all men alike.

RUSSELL CLARK
Little Rock, Ark.
Arko-Agrian Society, '23 and '24; Science Club '24.
He's quiet, thinks deeply and is energetic.

JESS HICKS
Shamrock, Tex.
Although a new member of our class he has shown himself worthy.

RATHA HAMILTON
New Blaine, Ark.
"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

LEVI CUMMINS
Prairie View, Ark.
Arko-Agrian '24.
If steadiness, good will, determination and purpose means anything Arkansas should be proud of him.
BERTHA McCUTCHEON
Bass, Ark.
Dramatic Club '23, '24;
Music Club; Y. W. C. A.;
Periclean Society; Ex­
pression Medal '22.
"Love is the wine of ex­
istence."

CARL WARD
Optimus, Ark.
National Guard; Agri
Club; Y. M. C. A.
Nature gave him brains
but denied him beauty.

LOIS CAMP
Aplin, Ark.
Choir; Glee Club; Music
Club; Periclean Society
'24; basket ball '22.
"If you want a thing
done; ask some one else
to do it."

VESTEL BIRKHEAD
New Blaine, Ark.
Arkco-Agrian Society;
Dramatic Club; Y. W. C.
A.; Maid of Honor Dads'
Day; Music Club.
"The force of her own
merits makes her way."

CARL ROADY
New Blaine, Ark.
In every respect the fu­
ture of this man is bright,
for he is always willing
to work at anything worth
while.
SERENA WRIGHT
Subiaco, Ark.
Arkco - Agrlan Society '22, '23 and '24; Dramatic Club.
Serena has been a booster of our school since she entered here.

VERNER HATCHETT
Scotland, Ark.
Agri Club; Periclean Society; Y. M. C. A.; National Guard.
Three years ago from Scotland, there came to Arkansas Polytechnic College, a boy with the roundest, biggest and loudest mouth that ever burdened a human face.

RUPERT BONDS
Russellville, Ark.
National Guard; Arkco-Agrlan Society '24; Agri Club.
Rupert is one of the most conscientious and hardest working men of our class.

MILDRED YATES
Scottsville, Ark.
Dramatic Club '23, '24; Arkco-Agrlan Society; the Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.
"Winning disposition and a true friend."

KENNETH NORTH-WANG
Little Rock, Ark.
National Guard; Agri Club; Periclean Society.
Ancient History will reveal his name on the first page, all his life he has dogged A. P. C. for a diploma. This is Kenneth's last year of grace.
VERA DAVIS  
Branch, Ark.  
Dramatic Club '22; Glee Club '23; Expression Med­  
al '23; Periclean Society.  
Altho a Senior in high school she likes a Senior in college.

CECILE STANFORD  
Russellville, Ark.  
Dramatic Club '23 and '24; Arkco-Agrian; Maid of Honor Dad's Day;  
Glee Club; Music Club; Basket Ball.  
By her winning manners and lovely disposition she has won the hear­t of all around her.

CLYDE JONES  
Hope, Ark.  
Agri Club; Arkco-Ag­rian; Sergeant National  
Guard.  
His greatest ambition is to be a real golf player.

BOYD KEATHLEY  
Danville, Ark.  
Agri Club; Science Club;  
Periclean Society; Y. M.  
C. A.; "A" Association;  
Baseball; Tennis Club;  
National Guard.  
Witty, honest, likeable. He has during his sojourn in our midst carved out for himself an enviable place in our hearts and a respect of faculty and students.

DOROTHY CROUSE  
Milan, Mo.  
Arkco-Agrian Society; Choir; Glee Club; Dram­atic Club; Maid of Honor Dad's Day; Music Club;  
Tennis Club.  
"Oh! she has a beauty that might ensnare a con­queror's soul."
DOROTHY SULLIVAN
Little Aock, Ark.
Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Music Club; Tennis Club; Choir; Periclean Society.
Dot is loved and admired by all who know her.

RICHARD HILL
South Bend, Ark.
National Guard; Agri Club; Arkco-Agrlan.
Just one of those Jelly kops who is wild about women, he parts his hair in the middle, shines his shoes occasionally and shakes a wicked foot.

TROY CAVINESS
Gravelly, Ark.
National Guard '23 and '24; Agri Club '23, '24.
Altho Pete hailed from afar he is well known within our ranks.

LILLIE WILKINS
Russellville, Ark.
Arkco-Agrlan Society; Dramatic Club; Science Club; Y. W. C. A.
Lillie's belief is in the maxim, Silence is Golden. Her most intimate associates are her books.

ANTHONY WAYNE SANDS
Charleston, Ark.
National Guard '23 and '24; Agri Club.
"Tad" is a remarkable character and has left an interesting record.
JOSEPH BURTON  
Hickory Plains, Ark.
Arkco-Agrian '24; Y. M. C. A. '23 and '24; Agri Club '23 and '24; National Guard '23 and '24.
Joe is steady, solid, business like and a real man from the ground up.

G. E. CHEATHAM  
Russellville, Ark.
Agri Club; Band; Orchestra; Cheer Leader '22 and Galinapers.
"Gussie" is good natured, jovial and a friend of everybody.
Senior Class History

 Years ago when we first entered High School, we felt somewhat like the Eskimos whom a gentleman had brought to New York. Wishing to amuse, and also, astonish them, he dressed them out for a walk through the streets of the metropolis. When their walk was ended the only words they could be brought to utter were, "Too much smoke, too much noise, too much men, too much everything."

 By the cooperation and guidance of our loyal Faculty, to whom we wish to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation, each member of the senior class of 1924-25 feels that he has turned the smoky trail of academic life into a stairway leading to success.

 In our studies we got along "fairly well." We had imbibed the impression that a long list of subjects is apt to produce good scholars. When we discovered the error of our ways, it was too late to make any worth while changes. So we continued the study of chemistry, agriculture, algebra, geometry, English, and a long list of other subjects, with the result that we now have a smattering idea of each, without having mastered the fundamentals of what is now called a practical education. This, however, is neither surprising nor discouraging. Nearly all people sooner or later experience that what they know they cannot use, and what they can use, they do now know.

 Fortunately, no serious sicknesses befell our ranks. Only one or two maladies made their appearance, and these were some sort of a fever, the main symptoms being a constant tendency to play football or basket ball, accompanied with a disinclination to study. Fortunately, we gradually got over the attack, although some of its effects are still lingering in our systems.

 The Freshman and Sophomore years were without any events of note. They went along smoothly, without discord,
without strife, without rivalry. But as soon as we entered the Junior year things became more interesting, and we began to look about us for a class to succeed the seniors of that year and to be the graduates of 1925. A class meeting was held and a Junior roll made out. A few names were added to it during the year, making a total of forty-five students, namely: Vestal Birkead, Rupert Bonds, Joe Burton, Troy Caviness, Russell Clark, George Crager, Levi Cummins, Dorothy Crouse, Muriel Elksberry, John Emmons, Florence Graham, Verner Hatchett, Richard Hill, J. T. Hodges, Clyde Jones, Boyd Keathley, Elmo Lacy, Alvin Longstreth, Clyde Magnes, Fay McCullough, Bertha McCutcheon, Jerrell Moore, Kenneth Northwang, Alcie Oldham, Harold Overby, Varnell Overby, Helen Paxson, Johnnie Reed, Helen Roberts, Tad Sands, C. B. Smith, Ruth Spicer, Cecil Stanford, Dorothy Sullivan, Ray Taylor, May Vance, Carl Ward, Junius Ward, Lillie Watkins, Serena Wright, and Mildred Yates.

The final examinations were passed by “the skin of the teeth” and we are ready to greet the next school year with a feeling of seniority.

After returning to the College in the fall of 1924 a class meeting was held and the senior roll was called. We were delighted to find that nine new members had joined our ranks, namely; James Chance, Dudley Edwards, Ratha Hamilton, Lynn Hester, Jess Hicks, Alline Krepke, Robert Moore, Gerry Orr, and Carl Roady. The class organized, and we started on our conquest of all the obstacles lying between us and our High School diplomas. As to our success we shall leave it to the judgment of our various teachers.

While we have thus given a brief historical sketch of our High School career, we trust that the ending of this “our first lesson” will be the beginning of another life that will enable us to build upon the foundations laid while students of this institution.—J. W. BURTON.
The fact that I was chosen to write the class prophecy for our distinguished Senior Class of 1925, gave me considerable work and knowing that there was very little of the prophetic in my make-up, I began giving my undivided attention to the task.

When I had puzzled over the matter for some time I grew desperate from trying to delve into the intricacies of the subject and realized that I must go to some secluded place, where solitude reigned and where by deep meditation I might be able to pry into the future of my classmates.

The only suitable place that presented itself was the picturesque Cagle's Rock. I was so obsessed with the idea that I lost not time; but jumped into my tin flivver began a hasty journey toward this point.

When I had climbed to the highest pinnacle of the noble boulder, I lay down underneath a shelf of rock; only to discover that I was in very little mood for deep meditation. My eyes roved over the panorama spread out in the valley beneath me and lingered on the golden tints that the fast dying sun gave to the many colored leaves. In the balmy air my brain became dull and I fell asleep.

I awoke about an hour later and saw standing before me an Indian Chieftain. He was very tall and straight; but his innumerable wrinkles and weather-beaten countenance proclaimed him to be of great age. He was dressed in a full suit of beaded buckskin and wore an eagle headdress to match. Around his waist was a belt of wampum, in which were thrust several bowie knives and a tomahawk. In one hand he carried a capable looking bow and a beaded quiver filled with arrows. Last, but not least, what attracted and held my attention was a string of fully fifty scalps that hung from his belt.

Before I had time to recover from my panic and surprise he beckoned me to follow him, then turned about and disappeared around an angle of the rock. Thinking that he might be about to lead me to the hiding place of the vast amounts of treasure, which tradition and gossip have reputed to be hidden near Cagle's Rock; I arose and followed in the wake of my guide. When I passed the angle of the rock he was nowhere in sight; but upon taking a few steps forward I felt something give and I was precipitated into space, down, down, through a hole in the very middle of the gigantic mass of rock. I fell so long that the thought occurred to me that surely I was destined to reach Hades before my time. This thought caused a snicker of pure glee at the thought of how surprised old Nick would be to have me arrived in such a hurried manner; when all at once I lit with a terrific splash and found myself imbibing pure Adam's Ale by the gallon. Crawling out upon a ragged shelf of hard stone I ascertained that no injury had been done by the fall.

Across one end of the cavern an enormous book was standing open. It was easily fifteen feet wide by twenty feet long, and standing directly in front of it was the Indian Chieftain. He opened his mouth and said in broken English but with the guttural tones customary to his race: "This is the Book of Fate, which tells of the lives of all people, past, present, and future."

I crept up close to the book and saw that by each name was a picture of that person at the time the height of his ambition was reached. I gazed with awe and
reverence upon such names as Caesar, Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson. Then while trying to find my own name I ran across those of my classmates. After I had read the fates of my classmates I again sought for my own name; but not seeing it I decided to turn to another page, and as the book was not very well braced it tilted over and fell on me. To my surprise I found myself back on top of the Rock, from where I made my way back home. I immediately undertook to transcribe the contents of the book on paper; but to my disgust I could not remember a single line. Soon I put up my work and went to bed to dream of the events of the day.

While wandering in the jungles and valleys of dreamland the future of my classmates came back to me with greater reality and I began to wander with them in their different vocations of life.

First I was in the town of St. Louis and looking into the principal bank of the city, saw the president at his desk. He turned to speak to the cashier and I recognized the beloved president of our Senior Class, C. B. Smith. Then I remembered that he had acquired a very valuable "Stone" soon after his graduation.

The scene now changed. I was walking in the residential section of Philadelphia and chanced to fall into step with a beautiful and well dressed lady, whom I saw was my schoolmate Vera Davis. She had become the most eminent novelist of her time. We began talking over old times and I found that she had kept track of several of our classmates. Roy Taylor had graduated from West Point, with many honors. Helen Paxson chose the stage for her profession and has more admirers than any other actress. It seems that Verner Hatchett has become an enterprising salesman of Bibles, wigs, false teeth and chewing gum. When he shows his gold teeth in a fascinating smile there is no resisting him. Black-haired ladies buy red wigs and infidels buy Bibles.

I next found myself at a great Woman Suffrage Convention. The woman chairman and speaker was Alcie Oldham. Looking over the large audience I saw a great many of my old schoolmates and after the day session we gathered at Delmontico's restaurant, where we staged a great banquet and where we were to regale one another with our different experiences since our school days were over.

We were beginning to do full justice to the repast, when Reverend Tad Sands stood up and called upon his brother Evangelist Reverend Troy Caviness to return thanks. After we were all well stuffed, each began to elucidate as to the different vocations they were following.

Cecile Stanford was the most celebrated poetess of her day. Boyd Keathley was the best baseball player in America. Lois Camp had become the leading lady in a great many wild West scenarios. Serena Wright was proprietor of a large and prosperous line of hotels. Pauline Edwards, the proprietress of a home for stray dogs and cats and henpecked husbands, told me that Alvin Longstreth had become a particularly daring aviator and was then on a trip to Mars; but the general opinion of his friends was that he would never return, for the simple reason that he might never again be in such close proximity of Heaven.

Elmo Lacy, the owner of a large dairy farm, had brought his bookkeeper, George Crager along. Oris Deshazo was the most prosperous farmer in Arkansas and Carl Ward a learned scientist were also present. Johnnie Reed was the winner of the late International Typewriting Championship. We were entertained by Dorothy Crouse, the latest in Primma Donnas, while Vestel Birkhead, the ballet dancer, gave a wonderful exhibition of her skill.

Ruth Spicer was married and happy; but her prosperous family prevented her from being present. I found Bertha McCutcheon's excellent World History in a display in the next store window.
Richard Hill, who sat a little apart from the rest was assiduously cultivating the dozen or so remaining hairs on an otherwise smooth dome. He said that he had studied too hard while at school. Kenneth Northwang had gone west and carried "West" with him. He established a fruit ranch in California. The wonderfully absent minded professor of Entomology, James Chance, now stood up and began to repeat backwards the life history of a green and gold bug that he had found in his vegetable soup. Carl Roady, who was an income tax expert, showed us how we might cheat Uncle Sam out of fifty cents on the dollar. Alline Kreipke, the dramatist, told us that she had just finished her world famed drama "Then why should I cry over you?"

The greatest electrical engineer of all ages, Russell Clark, had brought his able assistant, J. T. Hodges with him. Levi Cummins, a learned math professor, exclusive product of Arkansas and resident of Ouita, now began to compute the number of men it would take, falling from the planet Mars, to knock the Atlantic ocean dry. Clyde Magness, a noted live stock breeder, developed a terrific headache from eating some of his own cast iron beef and since Faye McCullough, a wonderful chiropractor, was present, she proceeded to demonstrate on him and accidentally effected a cure. She says she can cure anything from a broken heart to a broken engagement. Just before our gathering broke up we had our fortunes told by the palmist, Mildred Yates. The feast being over, the modern Rockefeller, Jess Hicks, opened his heart and footed the bill.

The scene changed and I found myself in the Hall of Congress. The silver-tongued Congressman Joe Burton was delivering the greatest masterpiece of oratory ever heard in that magnificent building.

Now the scene shifted to the pyramids of Egypt, where I saw the famous archaeologist, Janius Ward (P. H. D., B. S. C., B. A., P. D. Q., S. O. L. etc) on terms of intimacy with the skeletons of ancient Pharaohs. I next took a peek into the missionary districts of China, where I saw John Emmons, a worthy sky-pilot getting an introduction into the art of eating with chop sticks. The cadaverous expression on his benign countenance gave evidence of many weary hours of hard labor in trying to satisfy his growing hunger.

The desire suddenly possessed me to return home and visit the Arkansas Polytechnic College, the scene of many hours of labor. While crossing the Rocky Mountains I saw a gloomy castle situated upon an almost inaccessible plateau, which was surrounded by frowning walls. Upon inquiry I found that this was the private harem of the modern Shiek, Clyde B. Jones.

I found that the old school had changed somewhat. It has become the largest college in the South. Harold Overby, the football coach, thinks his team will have an easy victory when they meet West Point and Notre Dame. On looking over the institution I found that several more of my classmates had refused to leave. Lillie Wilkins is the efficient office stenographer, while Varnell Overby pilots the basket ball team to victory. Jerrell Moore, successor to Mr. Dean, takes a delight in torturing the drawing students. Florence Dean, the modern yell leader, and Ratha Hamilton, the accomplished music teacher, are also valuable assets to the institution.

I found myself riding the waves of the Pacific ocean and vainly endeavoring to catch the golden haired mermaids as they swim lazily past. Here my pleasant dreams were interrupted by the welcome voice of my father: "Get up from there, you lazy scamp, if you want any breakfast." It seems that someone is always taking the joy out of life, for I nearly caught the prettiest mermaid the last grab.
Class Will and Testament

We, the dignified, illustrious and notorious Seniors of '25 do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

To the faculty members we leave the right—
To do anything they think will spite the "Freshie"
Who is so green and loud.
Unlike the Seniors so dignified and proud.

Unto the Juniors we hand down
The honor and privilege of going to town
That is, if they have permits filled out in ink,
And signed by matron and dean without a blink.

Of personal bequest we have many;
Some are large, some are small, and some are rather skinny—
Our mighty president tops the list alone,
For what he leaves is a precious "Stone."

Next in order may I name
One whose reading has brought her fame,
The thought she leaves, is not on lamb
But her advice no how to cure "Hamm."

The two Dots and Boyd will come in a row
Because of the knowledge they can bestow
Upon the simple subject of a physique,
No, I am mistaken, I mean Physics.

Clyde's and Richard's rapid rate
Of making calls and telephone dates,
While Gerry and Tad have demerits to let,
And all who can bear them are welcome, you bet.

Pauline's and Ratha's advice on how to care
For a mass of long brown, wavy hair,
Along with this Alcie should boast
The rays given off from her own lamp.

Cummins and Magness, two brilliant scholars,
Leave what it takes to draw for the dollars,
While Emmons and Cruger two gallant courtiers,
Their courage and boldness and lack of fears.

Florence's and Johnnie's contribution
Leaves high music to the institution
We hope that Howard won't think it a snare
As for him, Johnnie will keep a share.
Rupert's skill in writing prose,
And plenty of time to tell all he knows.
Northwang's power as a shiek he bequests
As it will be of no need when he gets out west.

May's advice on making hamburgers with skill,
Is of no little importance in making this will,
Also Florence Graham's ability in serving the sick.
That is, if they don't die they get well quick.

As to Hatchet such a shy little bashful boy
Leaves his ability to turn sorrow into joy,
But when it comes to hitting the mark
Taylor is there as gay as a lark.

Varnell's knowledge of a football player,
One who is kind and will always obey her,
Lois' ambition to be a school ma'am
Or to be an old maid and live on the farm.

Clark and Caviness, two Physics sharks,
Leave the exact length of electric sparks
While Junius and Carl both know right well
What it takes to make a Bichromate Cell.

Alinne to any deserving one,
Her ability to read and have her fun,
While Lillie leaves her vampish ways,
To be used sparingly on Saturdays.

Long and Eiklebury, both talented musicians,
Leave their advice not to rush when finishing
As it is too much for the ordinary man,
The tax on the brain is more than he can stand.

Bertha and Mildred their ability as readers,
Also share of their skill as feeders.
Ruth and "Patchel" bestow on those
Who wish quiet, peace, and sweet repose.

Helen's right to use any pretentious name,
Especially if there's any chance of her winning fame
Faye's ability to put in rhyme
Anything that is well worth her time.

Hester's oratory and basketball talent
And Oris Deshazo who also is gallant.
Both young men are promising chaps
And will be an inspiration to you, perhaps.

Knowledge in football we have galore.
In Overby, Streets, and Bobby Moore,
May we always be as we are at this date,
The Wonder Boys from the Wonder State.

Now, Juniors, you won't think I am selfish I hope,
For before I got to the author I ran out of dope.
I have studied and studied on the task I have dreaded,
Until I am gray,—no, red headed.

CLASS '25.