



MARION L. COLBY,
"A girl was she, of quiet ways,
A student of our books and days."



PHILENA H. LANCE,
"For she was the quiet kind, whose
nature never varies."



FREDA L. BENNETT,
"For if she will, she will you may
depend on't.
And if she won't, she won't; so
there's an end on't."



CATHERYNE E. FINCH,
"And as for me, tho that I knowe
but lyte,
On bokes, for to rede I'me delyte."

Here's to a class
The classiest class,
A class in a class by itself, by hen,
For this classiest class of all classy-classes,
Is the classy class of Nineteen Ten.

Seniors, did you say? Why, you can't find their equal anywhere else on the face of the green earth. There never was such a class before and there never will be one. Of course there is none of them perfect but take them all together, you couldn't find another bunch that would come so near it. You can just look that class over and find most anything that's good.

You will not have to look at them more than once before you see they are good natured and bright, too. Why some of them are orators, some artists, musicians, poets, writers of fiction, mathematicians, bookkeepers, in fact anything you could ask for, even housekeepers. They are an ambitious lot, not a lazy one among them. They don't lack persistency either. I might go on forever, telling about their good qualities and then only be half way through, so all I'll say more is that they can't be beaten.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Seniors.

Class Song

Tonight we'er launching
Out from the high school true.
We have strength and courage
To last the journey through,
White from our Alma Mater,
Our thoughts will never stray,
And with our school mates near us
To you we softly say:

Chorus:

Farewell, dear schoolmates,
Faithful and true,
Ne'er more we'll meet.
Within the old high school;
Farewell, we're going,
Forward our cry,
Onward to vict'ry,
With our last Good-bye.