

PUBLIC SCHOOL NOTES

Rosalie Amle, Reporter

Pupils receiving the highest averages for the seventh month of school:

First Grade

1. Joel Goplen and Ernest Dahlin.
2. Sylvester Jacobs and Robert Krogfoss.

Second Grade

1. Arne Goplen and Agnes Heland.
2. Dolores Osen and Leonard Oerby.

Third Grade

1. Kathryn Asmus and Florence Dahlin.
2. Vernon Peterson and George Moore.

Fourth Grade

1. Cleo Knapp and Jeanette Burseth.
2. Raymond Bruns and Adeline Tweed.

Fifth Grade

1. Geraldine Riggles, Thelma Bakken, Maynard Goplen.
2. Edith Asmus, Bernice Alfson.

Sixth Grade

1. Angeline Dahlin.
2. Marie Jacobs.

Seventh Grade

1. Gladys Standal.
2. Donna Moore, Markus Halling.

Eighth Grade

1. Cecelia Jacobs.
2. Herman Asmus, Norma Thorn.

High School

Freshman—Robert Cafroll; Sidney Bakke.

Sophomore—Evelyn Alfson.

Junior—John Hagberg.

Senior—Howard Lewis.

A POEM OF SPRING

By Sidney Bakke.

Spring comes but once a year,
With all its gloom and all its cheer,
Which no doubt to all doth bring
A sense of joy that follows spring.
As we wander thru the wood,
The trees are budding, and all seems good.
The birds are twittering in the tree-top,
And all small creatures are on the hop.
The noisy brook awakened from its sleep,
Joins in the fun with many a leap.
Over the floor of its rocky bed,
And resumes its journey with noisy tread.
A woodpecker soon comes on the scene,
And all our long winter seems a dream,
For he now is busy drumming trees
And his prey drifts by with every breeze.
A rabbit now scurries thru the trees,
Throwing all caution to the breeze
For his soul is filled with joy and good cheer,
'Cause the sly little creature knows spring is here.
As we saunter thru the field,
All the grass is growing green,
And the flowers nodding their heads
Dance and play with the little sunbeam.
Gaily the meadowlark chants her lay,
While guarding her eggs in the deep dry hay.
From some distant hill her mate doth sing,
And the whole glad world proclaims it is spring.
So let us then begin to say,
We hope that spring is here to stay.
But when summer rolls on anew,
Look with joy toward this season too.