

THE CLASS PROPHECY

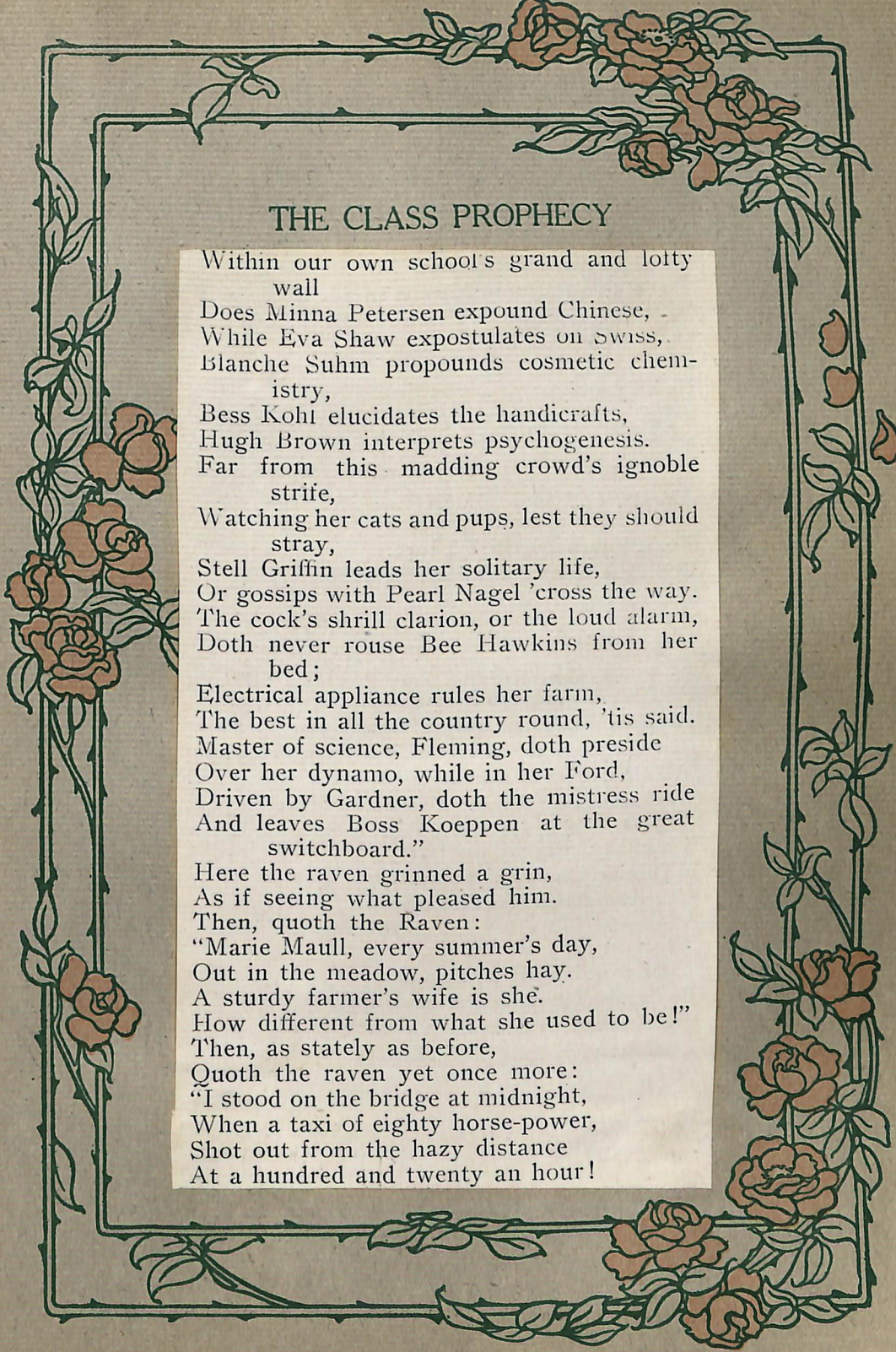
Waldo Russell, champion hurdler,
Coached the winning team of Harvard,
Of that Harvard where Nat Lewis
Teaches profound metaphysics;
While in Chemic Laboratory
Gravely stands Anita Robrock,
Warning her freshies 'gainst explosions."
Then, more solemn than before,
That weird bird began once more:
"The shades of night were falling fast
As through a country village passed
Neil Brown, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device,
Bromo-Seltzer.

A speedy and reliable remedy for coughs,
colds, catarrh, cuts, burns, bruises,
sprains, wrenches, headaches, neuralgia,
sleeplessness, etc., etc., sold only
by the

P. L. Siteman Wholesale Drug Co. Take
No Substitute.

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands;
Though now it's turned to a garage,
As modern change demands,
And Homer Buescher fixes cars
With large and dextrous hands.
Somewhat back from the village street,
Stands the old-fashioned country seat,
Where Kirchner and Toenges, artists great,
Receive their guests in solemn state.
Within that low and ivy-mantled wall.

Wielding the rod with such despotic rule
As doth the rural children all, appall,
There Louise Jackson teaches village school.
Let not ambition mock that useful toil,
For many others are engaged therein.



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Within our own school's grand and lotty
wall
Does Minna Petersen expound Chinese,
While Eva Shaw expostulates on Swiss,
Blanche Suhm propounds cosmetic chem-
istry,
Bess Kohl elucidates the handicrafts,
Hugh Brown interprets psychogenesis.
Far from this madding crowd's ignoble
strife,
Watching her cats and pups, lest they should
stray,
Stell Griffin leads her solitary life,
Or gossips with Pearl Nagel 'cross the way.
The cock's shrill clarion, or the loud alarm,
Doth never rouse Bee Hawkins from her
bed;

Electrical appliance rules her farm,
The best in all the country round, 'tis said.
Master of science, Fleming, doth preside
Over her dynamo, while in her Ford,
Driven by Gardner, doth the mistress ride
And leaves Boss Koeppen at the great
switchboard."

Here the raven grinned a grin,
As if seeing what pleased him.
Then, quoth the Raven:
"Marie Maull, every summer's day,
Out in the meadow, pitches hay.
A sturdy farmer's wife is she.
How different from what she used to be!"
Then, as stately as before,
Quoth the raven yet once more:
"I stood on the bridge at midnight,
When a taxi of eighty horse-power,
Shot out from the hazy distance
At a hundred and twenty an hour!

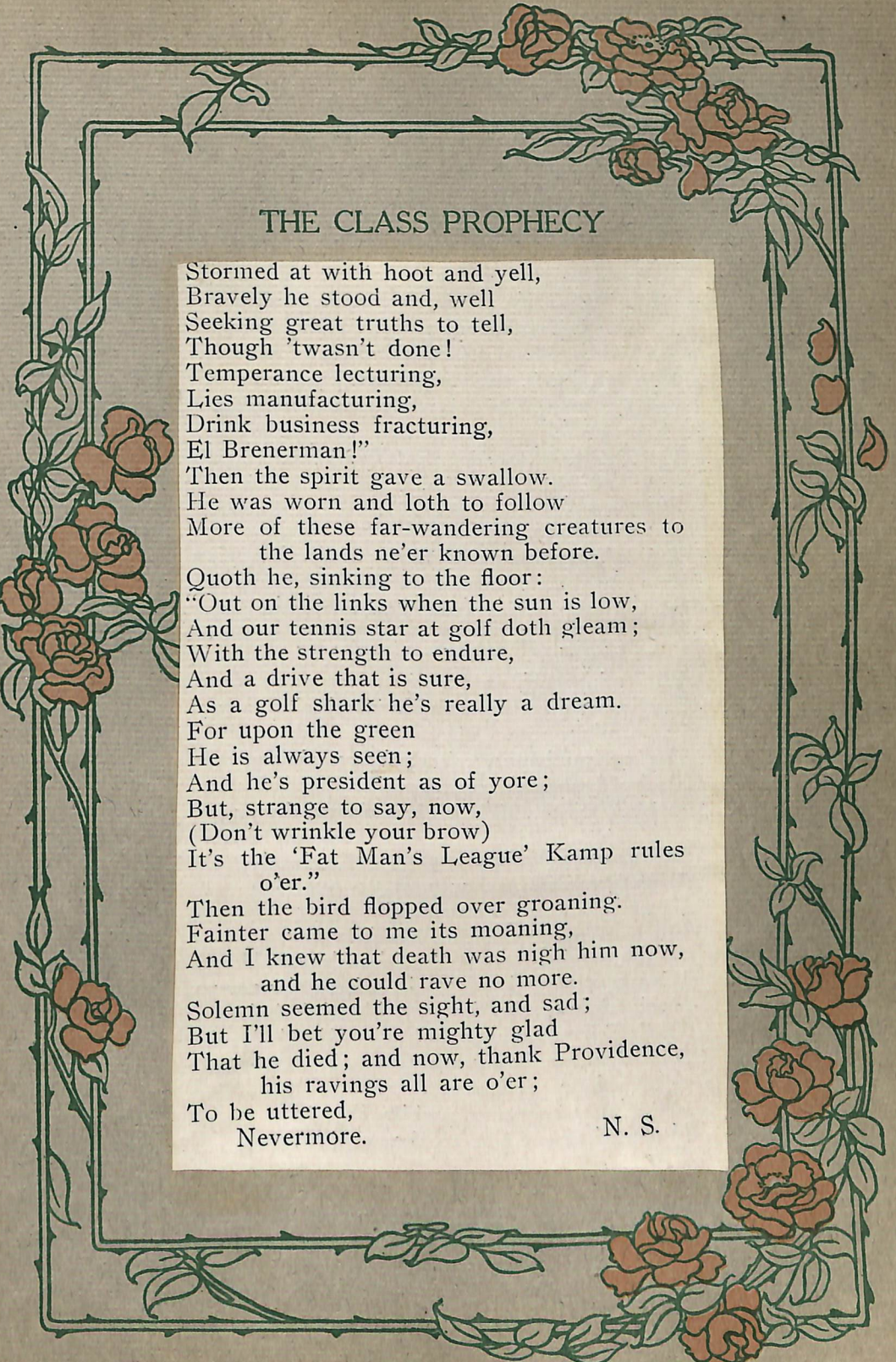


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How often, oh! how often,
Such things have happened before!
A nasty, naughty nail
Right into a tire tore.
'Pashoosh!' said the angry tire.
'Blank, blank!' said the chauffeur, mad.
'Oh, piffle,' said Cora Herter.
Rose Hameister said, 'How bad!
And the night was filled with music,
With the music, low and sweet,
Of Mary Noonan's remonstrance,
While Kate Higgins stamped her feet.
Over the hills in the poorhouse
Another music is heard.
Where Marguerite Grace plays the fiddle

And Helena sings like a bird."
Here the raven, dark eye gleaming,
As if he were dreaming, dreaming,
Of some visionary object on a long-forgot-
ten shore,

Quoth once more:
"There, there is Winus,
Winus, the trusty,
There in Beluchistan,
Guards he the signet;
Keeps he the records
With watchfulness lusty."
Then again, with gleeful croak,
That prophetic spirit spoke:
"Bad eggs to right of him,
Onions to left of him,
Lemons in front of him,
Spattered and sputtered.
He doffed his coat and vest,
Fuming with ardent jest;
Yet, though he did his best,
Stammered and stuttered,



THE CLASS PROPHECY

Stormed at with hoot and yell,
Bravely he stood and, well
Seeking great truths to tell,
Though 'twasn't done!
Temperance lecturing,
Lies manufacturing,
Drink business fracturing,
El Brenerman!"
Then the spirit gave a swallow.
He was worn and loth to follow
More of these far-wandering creatures to
the lands ne'er known before.

Quoth he, sinking to the floor:
"Out on the links when the sun is low,
And our tennis star at golf doth gleam;
With the strength to endure,
And a drive that is sure,
As a golf shark he's really a dream.
For upon the green
He is always seen;
And he's president as of yore;
But, strange to say, now,
(Don't wrinkle your brow)
It's the 'Fat Man's League' Kamp rules
o'er."

Then the bird flopped over groaning.
Fainter came to me its moaning,
And I knew that death was nigh him now,
and he could rave no more.
Solemn seemed the sight, and sad;
But I'll bet you're mighty glad
That he died; and now, thank Providence,
his ravings all are o'er;
To be uttered,
Nevermore.

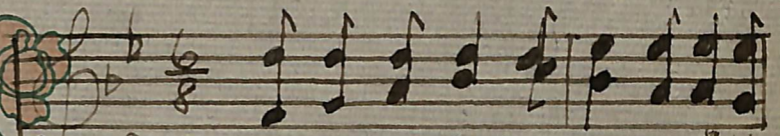
N. S.

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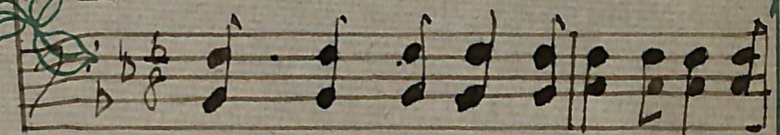
THE CLASS POEM

THE SONG OF JUNE '14

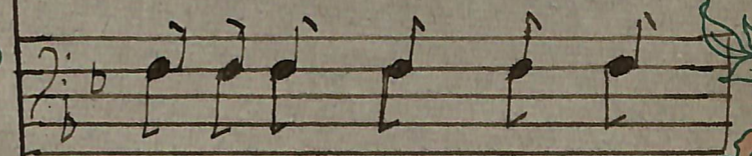
KEIT BROWN



I. OUR BON-NY FLAG IS FLOAT-ING HIGH, ~~HOPE~~
II. WITH OTH-ER CLASS-ES WISE + STRONG ~~IN~~
III. BUT COM-RADES THERE WILL COME A-SHINE, WHEN



RAH FOR THE VIO-LET AND
FEL-LOW - SHIP WE'VE
LA - DEN YEARS HAVE



THE CLASS POEM

CORN ITS BRILLIANT COLORS
VIEWED AND STRIVEN HARD THROUGH
PASSED AND JUNE '14 FROM

FLAUNT THE SKY AND
TRIUMPHALS LONG TO
DISTANT CLIME WILL

ON THE BREEZE ARE BORNE. NOW
HOLD OUR PLACE WITH PRIDE. KIND
HOMIE-WARD TURN AT LAST. THERE

THE CLASS POEM

AS IN STURDY
MORE HAS EVERY
OTHER BANNERS

RING WE STAND THEIR
STOOD OUR FRIEND THROUGH
WAVE IN AIR AND

GOLDEN VIOLET
STORM AND TROUBLED
OTHER WREATHS ARE

THE CLASS POEM

SHEEN AND RE-GAL SPLEN-DORS
SEA AND WE HAVE KNOWN AT
GREEN THEN MEM-RY TO OUR

TELL THE LAND THE
JOUR-NEYS END OUR
HEARTS WILL BEAR THE
TIE

FAME OF JUNE '14 -
MEED OF VIC-TO - RY
SONG OF JUNE '14

Class Song

I.

Our bonny flag is floating high,
Hurrah for the violet and corn!
Its brilliant colors flaunt the sky
And on the breeze are borne.
Now as in sturdy ring we stand
Their golden-violet sheen
And regal splendors tell the land
The fame of June, '14.

II.

With other classes wise and strong
In fellowship we've vied,
And striven hard through trials long
To hold our place with pride.
Kind hope has ever stood our friend
Through storm and troubled sea
And we have known at journey's end
Our need of victory.

III.

But, comrades, there will come a time
When laden years have passed,
And June, '14, from distant clime
Will homeward turn at last,
Where other banners wave in air
And other wreathes are green.
Then mem'ry to our hearts will bear
The song of June, '14.

N. B.