

SCHOOL SOUVENIR



LEARNING
PASSES FOR
WISDOM FOR
THOSE WHO WANT
BOTH

15

We feel both glad and sad to-day
And scarce can hide the rising tear
We're glad for changes on life's way
Yet sad to part from schoolmates dear



Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more.
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and ride to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgements seal the past dead with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep,
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can."
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man.

WALTER MALONE.

GLENDAL SCHOOL

District No. 3

Center Twp., Howard County, Ind.

EVELYN DUNKIN, Teacher

PUPILS

Beatrice Weathers

Otto Byrd

Ruth Weathers

Dossen Byrd

Floyd Byrd

Etta Byrd

Harry Crume

Claud Byrd

Marie Vonderahe

Francis Vonderahe

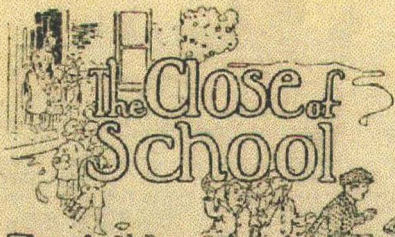
Brower Edwards

Henry Edwards

Lela Byrd

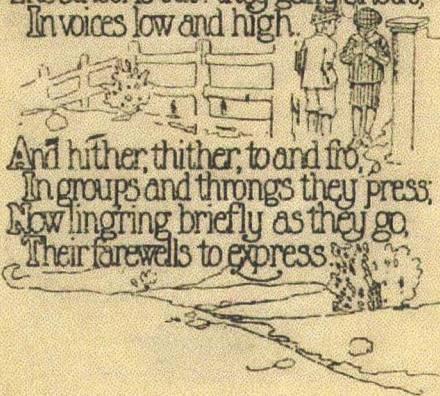
A. F. Huton, Co. Supt.

Chas. Jackson, Trustee




The Close of School

The school is out! The school is out!
The scholars rush and cry;
The school is out! they gaily shout,
In voices low and high.




And hither, thither, to and fro,
In groups and throngs they press;
Now lingering briefly as they go,
Their farewells to express.



Around the teacher now they're seen,
And complimenting say
That pleasant have their school days been,
Throughout the term each day.

And for the progress they have made,
The good results attained,
They thank the teacher's kindly aid,
For all improvement gained.

"My pupils dear," the teacher says,
"I leave you with regret,
We tried to teach you Wisdom's ways,
And hope you'll not forget."





"My thanks for all your favors shown,
For cheer which toil beguiles,
For roses in my pathway strewn,
For all your love and smiles."

"And now Good By! Sweet be your weal,
Good By, until time when
The school bell rings its next appeal,
To bring us back again."



Now homeward forth their steps they wend,
And go their several ways;
All deeply musing how they'll spend
Their sweet vacation days.

