

MUSINGS OF STUDENTS AND TEACHERS



SPRING FEVER

When somehow you've a funny feelin'
And you wantta stretch yourself
An' leave the school room, I'ma believin'
That's a sign that Spring has come.

When a shade an' pool invites you
And you hate such things as English
When your blood is all anew
You've a case of pure Spring Fever.

When the long road calls us
And we long for fishing rod
Don't think us mean; don't fuss
It's just the natural Spring Fever.

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THE POND

There is a little green pond
Which we call Wink High School
Along the banks there is a shallow place
Reserved for the tiny, little tadpoles only.
Just outside this shallow place
Is the place for the pollywogs.
Though the pollywogs' water
Is deeper than that of the tadpoles',
The little spotted frogs
Swim in even deeper water.
But right in the very middle
Blinking in the light of wisdom
Sits the big, green frog.

Thus in our little pond of High School
Do we class our students,
The Freshmen, the Sophomores,
The Juniors, and the Seniors.

H. H. SHELL and SON

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

LUBBOCK, TEXAS



Contractors and Builders of Wink Public School Building

TO MR. JOHNSON

My wife's made an awful discovery
And you'll agree it's the worst
She's learned that I get paid on the 15th
The same as I do on the first.



Lawrence Rush: "There's an awful lot of girls stuck on me."
Charles Wight: "Yeh, it must be an awful lot."



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