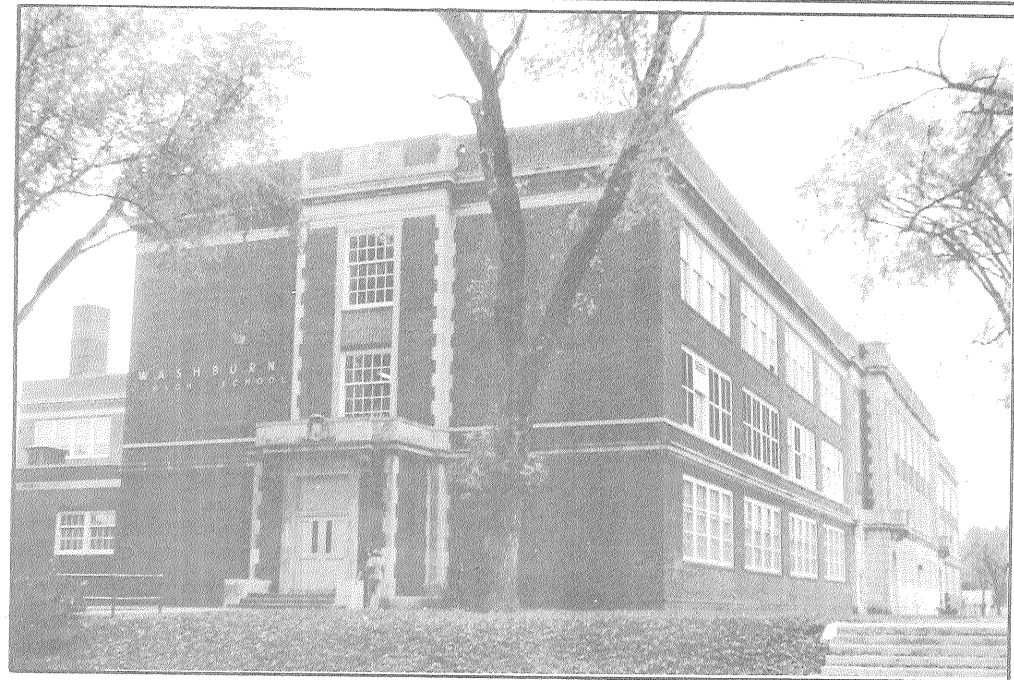


WASHBURN HIGH SCHOOL

*50th
Anniversary
of the Classes of 1931*



Minikahda Club

JUNE 5, 1981

THREE LITTLE WORDS

A Celebration

OUR FIFTIETH - CLASSES OF 1931

Washburn High School

June 5, 1981

Minikahda Club
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Cocktails 6:00
Dinner 7:30
Dancing 9:00 to Norvy Mulligan
Movies from Washburn in the
Thirties - Courtesy John MacGowan

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
Bob Diercks

INVITED FACULTY

Lloyd E. Alwin Hazel Perry
Margaret Brown Lois Powell
Clara A. Johnson Eva A. Reinhold
Margaret Josten Tyrholm Jack Wells
Bessie C. Lowry Mary Alice Suber Wells
Ora C. McLaughlin Mary Wiberg

ARRANGERS

Joe Winslow Bob Diercks
Dorothy Frizzell Moore Corrine Nygaard Green

Dinner Music - Judy Moen

E N J O Y S A V O R

Credits: Bureau of Engraving, Inc. for printing
Program and GRIST

Verse:

Three words in our dictionary
We never could see
But to our vocabulary
We've added those three
Now we're waiting to say them
To say them to thee

Chorus:

Three little words
Oh what we think of this wonderful place
We'd say those three little words
Her honor we'll strive for all of our days
And what we feel in our hearts
They tell sincerely
No other words can tell it, half so clearly
Three little words--12A's now tell you
Which truly mean, "we love you"

Milestones are past
12A's have run all the hazardous race
And won their laurels at last
Three twenty five is an old empty place
But packed with fond memories
Of passing school days
No other class compares with them and their ways
They take the prize -- Washburn High's prize
Seniors of '31

WE'RE IN A CLASS BY OURSELVES

Three Twenty Five
Is where we're from
Some of us are bright
Most of us dumb
There's no one like us
We're in a class by ourselves

Boys: Oh we're the boys
Girls: And we're the girls
Boys: We've got brunettes and some blondes with curls
All: You can't compare us
We're in a class by ourselves

When ever there's been work to do
You've found us ready, we didn't stew,
And now, we're leaving this school of ours
We're not going to die, so don't send us flowers,
We're not right perfect
We do admit
Our faults are many
One is this skit
But don't condemn us
We're in a class by ourselves.