

1917 Waddell School Book
Located in Weston Township

Contributed by Vicki Ebert

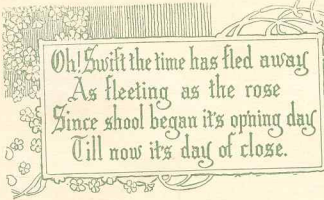
School Souvenir



Compliments of your
Teacher

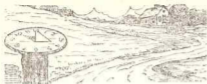


Knowledge planted in youth giveth shade in old age



Oh! Swift the time has fled away
As fleeting as the rose
Since shool began it's opning day
Till now it's day of close.





WADDELL
PUBLIC SCHOOL

District No. 36

Weston Twp., Kay Co., Okla.

CORAL HOUSTON, Teacher
Mrs. Hattie Bush, Co. Supt.

School Officers

Mr. Michael Barthel, Director
Mrs. Daisy Mounce, Clerk
Mr. L. G. Muret, Member

PUPILS

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| Helen Hoy | Lois Hoy |
| Theodore Karstensen | Orval Kiefer |
| Mona Lewis | Oleta Lewis |
| Grace Mapel | Elmer Mapel |
| Mildred McCullough | Gussie Mounce |
| Walter Mounce | Merle Mounce |
| Herschel Muret | Chester Powers |
| Lester Powers | Florence Williams |





"Live to learn and you will
learn to live."

"Good instruction is better
than riches."

"Advance in learning as you
advance in life."

"Kindness is the noblest
weapon to conquer with"

"Education is the chief defense
of nations."

"Acquire not only learning but
the habit of learning."





EDUCATION IS WEALTH

The Close of School

Our school has closed, and at it's close
We turn our minds elsewhere,
And fondly seek a brief repose
From study and from care

And as our school days we review,
Sweet memories they bring
Of kindness and of friendship true,
Which e'er will round us cling

For pleasantly we've spent our time,
And drank at Wisdom's fount,
And tried each day to higher climb
Her steps that upward mount



As time flits by I'll think of you,
Observe you in life's race,
Your features still will come in view,
Your well remembered face.

A fond farewell I give to you,
My wishes best extend,
A love that springs from heart that's true
I give to you my friend.

Your Teacher





School Days

Two merry little tots,
One day in time of yore,
First started off to school,
A mile away or more.

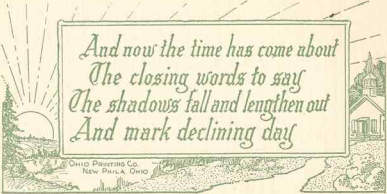
A little basket new,
With dinner in they bore,
And booklets printed thru,
With A. B. C galore

Term after term they went,
And threaded classes thru,
On Wisdoms ways intent,
And her rich prize in view.

And ne'er will they forget,
Their teachers kind and true,
Their memory lingers yet
When school days they review.

On this school's closing day
That boy and girl are here,
(Tho' both grown up are they)
To greet you all with cheer.





*And now the time has come about
The closing words to say
The shadows fall and lengthen out
And mark declining day*

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