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VOLUME XIII.

THE '07

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The Book of the
Junior Class

Iowa State College
1906

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To Herman Knapp, a common, big-hearted, lovable man—who, disregarding fame and fortune and place and power, has given the richest years of his unselfish life in loving labor to the upbuilding and advancing of our Alma Mater, we, as a token of our esteem and admiration dedicate this volume.

The '07 Class.

Foreword.



PF LATE years it has been the purpose of the Junior classes to annually publish a book giving their impressions of student life; and we beg to plead that like our predecessors we are only human. Our endeavor has been to tell this history in song and story, in prose and poetry—at times in jest but more often in earnest—with something of our trials and triumphs, of our deeds and ultimate place in college annals, judgment on all happenings and personages as they appear to the Wussuck-whoucks.

It may have happened that expression is given only to those things of present interest—the objects, incidents and fancies our tribe has learned to love; and that those associations of by-gone days which the Alumni are accustomed to recall in leisure moments, amidst the sweetened recollections of the twilight hour, are ignored or forgotten. If so, this is to be regretted. But no matter—in making permanent one period of college experience, we have builded for the future. To the following classes we leave this heritage; for ourselves we reserve the satisfaction of having fashioned after our own minds a picture of our Alma Mater that we hope will stimulate student loyalty and bring to a newer appreciation her lasting influences.

We desire here to make acknowledgements to Mr. Will H. Ogilvie for his excellent literary contributions; to the "Native" for a prose article that speaks in its own peculiar way, and to Mr. C. E. Gray for his exceptionally artistic view of the Campanile, all of which add greatly to the worth of this publication.





Herman Knapp, B. S. A., '83.

HERMAN KNAPP was born at Poultney, Rutland County, Vermont, December 28, 1863. His father was vice-president of the Troy Conference Academy until 1866 when ill health drove him westward to Iowa. After three years of farm life he was elected principal of the State College for the Blind and in February, 1880, he assumed the duties of Professor of Agriculture at the Iowa Agricultural College.

Herman entered the college in the same year and graduated with honors in '83. He became at once deputy treasurer of the college and in the following year was made Assistant Professor of Agriculture. He had full charge of the department in 1886. In 1887 he became treasurer and land agent of the college. The mere enumeration of the duties which have fallen upon his shoulders since then shows how intimately he has been identified with the college in its every interest. Besides being treasurer and registrar he is Lecturer on Accounts, member of the Purchasing Committee, Superintendent of the College Book Store, chairman of the College Catalogue Committee, Secretary of the Faculty, member of the Board of Directors of the Y. M. C. A., Treasurer of the Building Committee of Alumni Hall and Treasurer of the Alumni Association.

Prof Knapp's worth has been recognized outside of college circles also. He is a leading citizen of Ames and has been honored with many positions of trust in city affairs. He is a member of the School Board and Library Board of the city of Ames and has recently been chosen captain of the local militia company. He has also been honored with the Presidency of the Sons of the American Revolution.

In 1885 Professor Knapp was married to Mary W. McDonald of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, who was also a member of the class of '83. They have a beautiful home upon the campus and have a happy family of four children, two boys and two girls.

The Knapps are greatly beloved by faculty and students alike and the dedication of this work to Professor Knapp is a well merited honor and a fitting tribute to the worth of a noble manhood.

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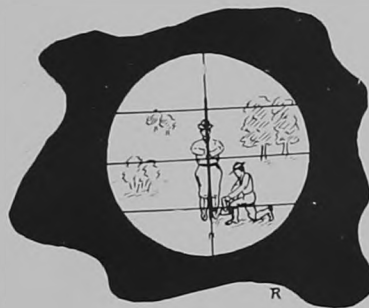
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ARTHUR QUINTIN ADAMSON "A Q" "Adam"

Ankeny, Iowa

Civil Science

"As merry as the day is long, as busy as a bee. "One of nature's noblemen.

President Oratorical Council—Philomathean—Bomb Board—Student Staff—State Triangular—Junior Trot Committee.



LYLE JEWETT HICKS "Chief Hickey" "Bowlie"

Monticello, Iowa

Electrical

Six feet tall without a doubt,
If his legs were straightened out.

Σ A E



OLIVER ELWOOD ATKINSON

"Fat"

Laurens, Iowa

Electrical

"A face with gladness overspread."

Welch

Treasurer Y. M. C. A.



ALBERT BOYNTON STORMS

"A Budd" "Prexie"

Ames, Iowa

Diplomacy

"Greatness appeareth in his face."

First Class President—Sifting Committee—Debating League—Oratorical Council—Six Footers—Iowa State College.



GUY GARDNER BAKER

"Friday" "Paw" "Dinsmore's Pet"
Rockwell City, Iowa. Vet.
A good student who likes to keep things moving.
Vet Club



RUSSELL FOREST BALTHIS

Des Moines, Iowa.

"Bally" "Russ"

Forestry

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like
a colossus."

Σ A E—Varsity Foot-ball—Pres. Hort. and Forestry
Club



WALTER RICHARD BARBER

Central City, Iowa

"Walt"

Civil

"Pure gold, yet true as steel."

Bachelor—Varsity Foot-ball—Track Team—Bomb
Board

HARRIETTE NEWELL BEYER

Ames, Iowa,

G. & D. S.

"Is she not more than painting can express or youthful
poets fancy when they love?"

Clio Φ Δ Γ Sophomore Class Play



DAVID HOWARD BILLER

“Doc” “Bloody Blooming”
Cherokee, Iowa. Animal Husbandry
“A friend worth having—a man both brave and true.”
A Z - Class President—Varsity Foot-ball and Track
Teams

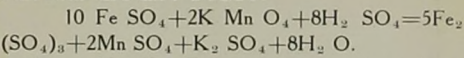


HORACE LYMAN BLACKMAN

“Blackie”
Kenosha, Wisconsin Mechanical
“Now whether he kill Cassio, or Cassio him, or
each do kill the other, every way makes my gain.”
Σ N M. E. Instructor.



ALFRED ERNEST BOBST.



Name: - Hon. Fritz E. Bobst. Address: - Ames, Iowa.
Occupation: - Associate "Kemist" to "Our Benny."



MILES ORTON BOLSER

LeMars, Iowa. "Milesy" "Bolse"
Electrical
"Speaks Faber and Steinmetz with greater ease,
Than a snuffer with snuff can snuff up a sneeze."
Σ A E Ag Club



HERBERT BOYDEN BONEBRIGHT

"H. Napoleon Bones"

Ames, Iowa (?)

Agronomy

"Good student; Good joker; Good knocker; Good shot; Therefore,—a good fellow."

Zintheo II Short Course Prof. Los Hermanos



JAMES WESLEY BRANDT

Ames, Iowa.

"Jimmy"

Civil

Give me a quiet place and plenty to do and I am content.



HARRY CARLETON BURBRIDGE "Burby"

Manchester, Iowa

Civil

"Though he be pocketless of dimes, he may purchase the pick of the earth."

A. W. STEBBINS

Ellsworth, Iowa

Mechanical

Of such clay men are made.



ERNEST ALLEN CAMERON

Keswick, Iowa

Electrical

"From the land of Chief Keokuk, comes our comrade
'Cam Von Keswick'; Comes with math. and divers Eng-
lish, well stored up for future reference."



J. C. CARPENTER

Cresco, Iowa

"Carp"

Civil

Content to live the humble life, doing his duty.



LOUIS EDWARD CARTER

South Carolina

"Nick"

Dairy

A true son of the south—her blood flows hotly
through his veins.

Phileleutheroi—Agriculturist Staff—Bomb Board—
Oratorical Contest '05—Southern Club—Ag Club.

J. HARLEY CAVE

Correctionville, Iowa

"Old War Horse" "Daff"

Civil

Devoted to a steadfast purpose; a man clear through;
ever treading the paths of duty.

Winner of Football, Baseball and Track A's.





JOHN ARTHUR CHAMBERS

Corwith, Iowa Animal Husbandry

"Too fond of right to pursue the expedient."

Ag Club - Pythian—Debating League



LELAND CLAPPER

Ames, Iowa

"A little slow but always there."

"Biddy"
Civil



JAMES CAMERON CLARK

Ames, Iowa

Electrical

"A tar who sticks like pitch to his duty. He hustles while he waits."

Phileleutheroi—Bomb Board



CHARLES CORNELIUS CLAUSON

Forest City, Iowa

Mining

"We've got to lick those freshmen next year."

Philomathean—Declamatory Contest—State Triangular—Oratorical Council

ROBERT IRL CLAXTON

"Bobbie"

Randalia, Iowa Animal Husbandry
Blessed with plain reason and sober sense.
Phileleutheroi Ag Club



ORVILLE AUSTIN COHAGEN "Ichabod" "Orvy"

Blakesburg, Iowa. Agronomy

"Oh, were I seated high as my ambition;
I'd place this naked foot on necks of monarchs."

A Z—Welch—Corn Team '05—Debating League—
Sec'y. Ag Club—Agriculturist



ALLYN RANFT COOPER

"Coop"

Sturgis, South Dakota. Electrical

"He seemed for dignity composed, and high exploit."

F A—Varsity Track Team '05



ARTHUR EVERETT CAMERON

"Mickey"

Ames, Iowa. Athletics

Mascot

Varsity Base-ball—Varsity Foot-ball



RALPH LOWRIE COOPER

Winterset, Iowa.

"Curly"

Civil

"I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap, and deck my body in gay ornaments, and witch sweet ladies with my words and looks."

Gamma Alpha Bachelor Glee Club Class President



STANLEY TOWNE CORNING

"Golpear" (Spanish for knocker)

Hampton, Iowa.

Animal Husbandry

Remarkable only for his ability to administer the "prep tonic."

Los Hermanos Ag Club Corporal Sanford's Lancers.



ROSS V. COUTTS

Grinnell, Iowa.

Mechanical

Worries over his work and underestimates his ability.



ROY WINCHESTER CRUM

"Wau-Lee"

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Civil

Departed from the ranks of journalism to become a civil engineer.

Class President—Sophomore Play—Bomb Board

ROBERT BURDETTE DALE

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Mechanical

"He speaks an infinite deal of nothing."
Welch.



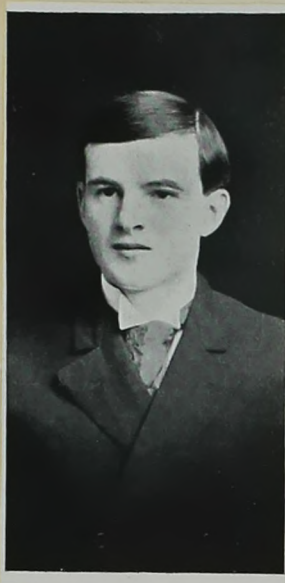
ARTHUR DANIELS

Marion, Iowa

"Little Ding" "Runt"
Civil

"Quiet and retiring, but a man of true worth."

Noit avrats—Reserves '04—Class Base-ball manager
Bomb Board—K Φ.



WILMOT ALFRED DANIELSON "Danny"

Des Moines, Iowa

Electrical

"Work is the only Capital that never misses dividends."

Bachelor—Class Treasurer—Captian Special Com-
pany.



RAYMOND MARK DEMING

Arlington, Iowa

"Polly"
Civil

Neither eats, nor drinks; smokes, nor chews; gambles,
nor bets; plays, nor works in excess.



WINFRED HAROLD DOUGLASS "Doug"
Ames, Iowa Civil
"Believes in co-education. Admits he got as much as
he deserved in astronomy. A hard worker.
Smoko-Gato—Married - K Φ



RALPH ELBERT DRENNAN "Paw" "Dad"
Mt. Etna, Iowa Animal Husbandry
The noblest work, a man.
Phileleutheroi—Ag Club—Varsity Foot-ball



WINFIELD SCOTT DUDGEON "Bill Dugan"
Hedrick, Iowa Science
Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow, nature
had written, "A Gentleman."
Crescent—Bomb Board—Botany Assistant



JESSE SHARPLESS ELLIOTT "Rastus"
Woodward, Iowa Dairy
"He'll make a proper man."
Ag Club—Secretary Jr. 'Ags.

LYNN WEBSTER ELLIS "Paw" "P. G. the II."
 Anamosa, Iowa. Agronomy

He saw the "windmill" get mixed up with a Kansas zephyr.

BO II—Bomb Board—Student Staff—Glee Club—
 Jr. Prom. Committee Corn Team '05.

NELLE FENTON

Ames, Iowa.

G. & D. S.

Her mind surmounts far loftier heights than others of
 her class.

Motor Dodger.



CARL D. FORSBECK

Gray, Iowa.

"Frosty"

Civil

"Ye Gods! I am a man after mine own heart."

Phileleutheroi



WILL FRANCIS

Earlham, Iowa

"Bill"

Civil

"He has a great big soul,—'tis worth your while to
 know him."

Phileleutheroi.



IRVING GRIMM

Clear Lake, Iowa.

"Pee Grimm"
Civil
"Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath
all those requisites within him that folly and green minds
look after."

Noit avrats

Class Base Ball

K Φ



RICHARD ADAM GROVE

"Rag" "Molly Cottontail"
Rockwell City, Iowa. Electrical
"One may smile, and smile, and be a villian."



FRANK CHARLES GEARHART

Ellsworth, Iowa.

A Civil who saw the error of his ways.
Vet. Society.

"Doc" "Sweetheart"
Vet.



PAGE LOVELL GILBERT

Monona, Iowa.

How on earth will "John Henry" "square for it."
Aztecs

"K I"
Vet.

Vet Society

CUTHBERT BURRELL GUTHRIE "Bert"
 Coin, Iowa Dairy
 A diamond in the rough. Likes buttermilk better than
 cider.
 Pythian—Ag Club.



ARTHUR GARFIELD HALL "Ag Hall"
 Moravia, Iowa Civil
 A countenance not ill-becoming to a philosopher.
 Crescent.



ADA EUNICE HALLOWELL
 Dow City, Iowa G. & D. S.
 Persists in balancing chem reactions. Stayed out a term
 in order to keep busy when she returned.
 Class Play—Y. W. C. A.—Crescent—Class Sec'y.



EVERETT WALTER HAMILTON "Happy"
 Hawarden, Iowa Agronomy
 "There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable that I
 would not rather know it than not."
 Crescent—Debating League—Sergeant at Arms
 Junior Ags.



CLARENCE ERNEST HENNINGER "Shanks"

Council Bluffs, Iowa Civil

Gentle by nature. The glory of young men is their strength.

B O II—Varsity Foot-ball—Captain Track Team



HENRY HENNING HENNINGSON "Henning"

Ellsworth, Iowa Electrical

Fair of face and fine of figure; a thorough man.

Phileleutheroi—Class Football



GERTRUDE HERR

Ames, Iowa

Science

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."

S. S.—Clio—Sophomore Play—Bomb Board



ALBERT CHANDLER ATHERTON

Ames, Iowa

Electrical

"Thinking and working are inseparable evidences of a complete life."

Farm Mechanics Prof.

OTTO LEWIS HOEBEL

Blairtown, Iowa

"Too busy" An accomplished loafer.

Black Hawk—Dutch Band

"Dutch"

Civil



HAROLD MARSHALL HOWARD

Red Oak, Iowa.

"Marsh"

Civil

"Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul: I think the Romans called it stoicism."

BØII—Student Staff—Bomb Board—Junior Prom Committee—K Φ—Scrub Faculty.



JAMES RIPLEY HUGHES

Strawberry Point, Iowa.

"English"

Electrical

"Unstained by envy, discontent and pride."

Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A.—State Triangular—
Class Base-ball—Welch.

JOHN JENKINS

Columbus Junction, Iowa.

"Jenk"

Agronomy

"His heart is far from fraud as heaven from earth."

Corn Team '04—Ag Club.





LEWIS DE COU KELSEY

Des Moines, Iowa.

"Luke"

Civil

"But we are all men, in our own natures frail, and capable of our flesh, few are angels."

ΦΚΣ



ELMER HURD

Cherokee, Iowa.

Electrical

A practical, steady-going fellow.
Crescent—Sophomore Play.



MAUDE OCTAVIA KENNEDY

Collins, Iowa

Domestic Science

Tiny, emphatic and gay, with a laughter that trills off in ripples and rills, and floods the dreariest day.
Clio-Y. W. C. A.



PETER MONK KING

"Pete"

Bagley, Iowa.

Mechanical

In the village of Charles City lives a maiden called
Miss Hickocks,

And if you should wish to know her ask our friend
"Pete;" He will tell you.

RALPH ZENAS KIRKPATRICK "Kirk" "Pat"
 Winfield, Iowa. Civil
 Believes that with youth there is hope. Cannot be
 solved unless you know his "Wind Load."
 Philomathean



CARL ALBERT KUPFER "Kup"
 Des Moines, Iowa. Forestry
 "And I was glad to think that in our oft ransacked
 world: Still so much gold was left."
 Σ A E—A Z - Bomb Editor - Phileutheroi - Debat-
 ing League—Student Staff—Sophomore Play



JOHN LAGE "Leggy"
 Manning, Iowa. Civil
 He keeps a little cozy corner in his heart "Fur-man."
 Phileutheroi



CARL CUNNINGHAM LANDES
 Keosauqua, Iowa Electrical
 Specialist in Library exams. Cusses and discusses free-
 ly, but doesn't mean anything.
 Not a Clio



EMMA LEONARD

"Emmy Lou"

Waukee, Iowa

Domestic Science

"I blame her not, the young athlete, who plants her
womans' tiny feet,

And dares the chances of debate, where bearded men
might hesitate."

II B Φ—Clio—Bomb Board—Treas. Y. W. C. A.
Sophomore Play—Si Plunkett's Sister



LOUISE LEWIS

"Louie"

Scranton, Iowa

G. & D. S.

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

S. S.—Clio—Bomb Board



LILLIAN MABEL LISTER

Newton, Iowa

Science

Larger of heart than of stature. Modest as a violet, as
a rosebud sweet.

Clio—Bomb Board—Y. W. C. A.



GWYLLIM LODWICK

Ottumwa, Iowa

"Taters"

Mining

Quiet, inoffensive. Says the world was not all made
in one day.

Reserves—Welch

LOREN LONG

Ames, Iowa

Animal Husbandry

Always wears the sad, sweet smile becoming to a sport.

"Ike" "Laura"



DAVID LUDENS

Ames, Iowa

"Dave"
Civil

Always generous. Generally sober. Lives for the joy of living.



LELAND HOWE LUHMAN

Postville, Iowa

"Jeremiah"
Electrical

Always long on theories and short on cash.

Phileleutheroi - Los Hermanos

LEWIS CHRISTIAN LYDER

Ellsworth, Iowa

"Puss"
Mechanical

Would hurry but is afraid to start for fear he could not stop.





FRANK WESLEY MACK

Storm Lake, Iowa

"Si" "Stub"

Electrical

"The man worth while, is the man who can smile,
when everything goes dead wrong."

Noit Avrats—Varsity Football—K Φ



EMMA MADSON

Ames, Iowa

Science

Genius is the infinite art of taking pains.

Crescent



FRANK MARESH

Iowa City, Iowa

Civil

He wears the smile that wont come off--sometimes.



GEORGE LESTER MARTIN "G L" "Marty"

Spencer, Iowa Dairy (for the present)

Not a school marm, nor a forester, nor a corn spieler.

"Why may not this be the skull of a cheese-maker?"

Phileleutheroi—Agriculturist—Ag Club

FRANCIS DANA MASON

Adair, Iowa

"Mace"

Mechanical

An industrious youth whose sphere of activity is bounded on the east by the motor station, north by Engineering Hall, south by Emergency, west by Madson's.



MILO G. MATHER

Clarksville, Iowa

"Cotton"

Mechanical

Discovered a satellite of the moon with the Phiz Department's three-inch refractor.



GEORGE KING McCULLOUGH

"Mac"

St. Ansgar, Iowa

Civil

McCulla or McCullough, what's in a name?

Bomb Board—Bachelor

ANGIE McKINLEY

St. Ansgar, Iowa

G & D. S.

"From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks, ten thousand little loves and graces spring."

S. S.—Bomb Board—Clio—Jr. Trot Committee—
Oratorical Council—Declamatory Contest





GEORGE THOMAS McCLEAN

Washington, Iowa

Civil

Why should men be compelled to work?



THEODORE TAYLOR MEYLING

"Short"

Keokuk, Iowa

Mechanical

"Nature hath found some strange fellows in her time."

Σ Α Ε



MARVIN ARTHUR MILLS

"Job"

Central City, Iowa

Civil

"Job" always on hand when a good time is in sight.

Always "delivers the goods."

Varsity football



ROBERT DAWSON MOLES

"Bob" "Irish"

Central City, Iowa

Civil

Has not yet freed his native land, although Irish, but proposes to do so in the future.

Reserves—Class Football '04

JOHN ALEXANDER MOOREHEAD "Jack"
 Ida Grove, Iowa Electrical
 Fresh as a bride groom, and his chin new reaped
 Showed like a stubblefield at Harvest time.
 Class football '05



REUBEN JACINTO MORENO "Jape"
 La Plata, Argentine Republic Vet
 "Great works are not performed by strength, but
 by skill and perseverance" Vet Society



CHARLES KIVETT MORGAN "Morg" "Pierp"
 Goodline, Minnesota Civil
 "Thy deep eyes, amid the gloom
 Shine like jewels in a shroud." T A—Bachelor



DELLA MORRIS Domestic Science
 "She doeth the little kindnesses, which most leave
 undone, or despise."—Bomb Board—Agriculturist.



EVAN LLOYD MORRIS

Linn Grove, Iowa

"E L"
Agronomy

A very proper man. Can always be depended upon.

Phileleutheroi—Ag Club—Class football—

"Manager Short Course"



HARRY ELBERT MORROW

Conrad, Iowa

"Dad"
Horticulture

Never do today what you can do to "Morrow".

Phileleutheroi—Ag Club—Hort Club



LAURANCE JOHN MURPHY

Davenport, Iowa

"Pat"
Mining

Busy all the time, even though the boss isn't looking.

Black Hawk—Tennis



ERWIN CLAIR NAYLOR

Stratford, Iowa

Animal Husbandry

"I have neither wit, nor words, nor utterance, nor the power of speech."

Phileleutheroi—Ag Club

JOHN BURCHFIELD NEELY

Wayne, Nebraska

Civil

This world is full of good fellows, "Watch Me."

T A—Business Manager Bomb — Bachelor — Class
Vice-President (5 terms)—Student Staff.



ARCHIE LAWRENCE O'BANION

"Arch"

Storm Lake, Iowa

Vet

Quiet and determined. Strong with the Blister-board.
Vet. Society.



OSCAR A. OLSON

Linn Grove, Iowa

Mechanical

Is as much at home in the realms of E and M and
Mechanics as a bee in a clover field.



WALTER EUGENE PACKARD

"Pack"

Oak Park, Illinois Animal Husbandry

"A good tree bringeth forth good fruit."

BØII AZ — Pythian — Bomb Board — President
Y. M. C. A. — Varsity Track Team — State Triangular.



JOSEPH HOWARD PACKER

"Joe"

Marshalltown, Iowa—Animal Husbandry

"Loved by my friends, I spurn the love of fame."

Phileleutheroi—Class Foot-ball—Ag Club



CLARENCE EDWARD PAINE

Ames, Iowa

Civil

"Never known to kick; that's too much like work.

May make a "hit" sometime.

B Θ Π-K Φ-Varsity Baseball—Athletic Council



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PARSONS "Parse"

Columbus Junction, Iowa Mechanical, Electrical

"Cut out everything but his cob pipe as an example to his men."

Captain Varsity Base-ball Team—K Φ



ARTHUR COBY PERRIN

"Commodore"

Castana, Iowa

Mechanical

"At whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads."

Varsity Football—Bachelor.

FLORENCE PETTINGER

Cumberland, Iowa

"Pettijohn"

G & D S

'She sits like beauty's child whom nature gat, for
men to see and seeing wonder at.'

Π B Φ—Clio—Basket Ball Team.



FRANK PERRY

Ames, Iowa

Science

Is a hard worker. Always gets his money's worth.



WILLIAM HARPER PEW

Youngstown, Ohio

"Chauncey"

Animal Husbandry

"His head's as full of schemes as an egg is full
of meat."

ΔΥ-ΑΖ—Ag Club.



BERT GARFIELD PORTER

Ames, Iowa

Animal Husbandry

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as
stillness."

Ag Club.



LENA POTTER

Ames, Iowa

G & D S

Sweet, be not too proud of those dark eyes,
Which starlike sparkle in their skies.



VERA PRIME

Ames, Iowa

G & D S

The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed.
S. S.



LA RUE F. PRIOR

Marion, Iowa

"Screw"

Mechanical

Was once caught studying, but has almost succeeded
in living down the disgrace.

Black Hawk—Dutch Band—Class Sergeant-at-arms



JAMES BURROWS

Des Moines, Iowa

"Jimmie"

Civil

A little man with cheery face,
A power in the human race.

Σ N—Varsity Football—Varsity Baseball.

FLORENCE IRENE RAE

"Flossie"

Holstein, Iowa

G & D S

Doesn't worry about the weather, in fact, likes
"Stormy" the best.

Clio



CHARLES MARVIN READING

"Charlie"

Churdan, Iowa

Agronomy

Studious, at ease, and fond of humble things.

Bachelor—Debating League—Reserves—Ag Club



BOYD SCOTT REMINGTON

Neola, Iowa

Civil

"A flattering painter, who made it his care,
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are."

CHARLES ARTHUR ROBY

Waterloo, Iowa

"Count"

Civil

Surely this man must be a dyspeptic.
He never saw the sun shine.





MABEL IRENE RUNDALL

Rodman, Iowa

Science

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Clio-Bomb Board-Student Staff -Sophomore Play



HERBERT ATKINS SAYRE

Perry, Iowa

"Sober"
Mechanical

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer
than the staple of his argument.

Phileleutheroi-Debating League-State Triangular



GUS JOHN SCHERLING

Parkersburg, Iowa

"Gussie"

Electrical

Never moves with undue velocity. Seldom becomes
serious.

Σ A E—Bachelor



WALTER NICHOLAS SCHROEDER

"Nic"

"Harold"

Mining

Rock Island, Illinois

Not afraid to work but not in sympathy with it.

Σ N

WILLIAM JOHN SCOFIELD "Sco" "Rubber Bill"

Strawberry Point, Iowa

Civil

Never heard to speak above a whisper,

Addresses himself as "Mr."

HARRY GUY SEMMONS

Ames, Iowa

Electrical

Likes an argument and knocks without effort.

Dutch Band.



IRA LEONARD SIEBEN

"Sieb"

Geneseo, Illinois

Animal Husbandry

Never flunked. Looks like a hair oil vender when on the stage.

B Θ Π—Pythian—Class Football Captain

Class Play—Bomb Board.



HENRY HERMAN SIMPSON

"Simp"

Knoxville, Iowa

Animal Husbandry

And he has learned to study, I know not why for this in him seems strange of mood.

Ag Club



FRANK VERNON SKELLEY

Mt. Washington, Missouri Mechanical

"A man's a man for a' that."

Crescent - Lecture Course Committee - Declamatory Contest



BENJAMIN BAKER SKINNER

"Skin"

Osage, Iowa

Civil

"He hath heard that men of few words are the best men."

Bachelor - Class Football



EARLE DUNLEAVY SMITH

"Smithie" "Buttermilk"

Galva, Iowa

Dairy

Never happy when he is not working. Is always happy.

Varsity Track Team



WILLIAM ARTHUR SNAVELY

"Deacon"

Tiffin, Iowa

Electrical

Studies well—Recites well. Generally too happy to smile.

Bomb Board

DAVIS CHAMBERLAIN SNYDER

Center Point, Iowa
An embryo botanist. Wears a smile.
Does things.
Crescent.

Science



EDWARD SOUKUP

Cedar Rapids, Iowa
He made no outward stir. His goal lay straight
before him.

"Eddie"
Electrical



CARL JOHANNES FREDERICK STAHL

Walnut, Iowa
Life would not be worth living without one "Rae"
of hope.
Bachelor—Bomb Board.

"Stormy"
Electrical



CHARLES HENRY STANGE

Lowden, Iowa
"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil o'er books
consumed the midnight oil?"
Vet Society—Agriculturist.

Vet



EDGAR WILLIAM STANTON, Jr., "Stantie"

Ames, Iowa

Civil

Why do men hurry? Every day has twenty-four hours.

I' A—Bachelor—Varsity Tennis.



WALTER CLARE STEWART

"Stew"

Maynard, Iowa

Vet

Good natured. Always has a sunny smile and plenty of friends.

Vet Society—Class Football



DONALD BEALL STOUFER

"Stouf"

Marion, Iowa

Mechanical

Achilles, with his power and might, saw "Stouf" and dwindled out of sight.

Aztec—Varsity Football—Captain '05 Varsity Track Team.



PAUL PIERRE TAYLOR

"Pat" "Pablo"

Randalia, Iowa

Vet.

In him a good philosopher was lost.

Vet Society—Varsity Track Team.

EARL GRANGER TEMPLETON "Doc",
 Ames, Iowa, Animal Husbandry
 Whatever else he lacks he has that valuable sixth
 sense, namely, "horse sense."
 Pythian—Ag Club.



OSKAR H. TODNEM "Tod"
 Humboldt, Iowa, Electrical
 I have neither wit nor words; I only speak right on."
 Dutch Band—Class Football and Baseball



FLOYD CHARLES TRIPP "Maw"
 Ruthven, Iowa, Agronomy
 One of those unfortunates to whom sarcasm is nat-
 ural.
 Phileleuroi—Corn team '05—Ag Club



LEONARD ELLSWORTH TROTTER "Trot"
 Ainsworth, Iowa, Electrical
 We know how much we liked him when Yank
 found him.
 Class Football—Class Baseball.



F. L. TUNIS

Ames, Iowa

Electrical

"Odd fellow" as his initials indicate. Never speaks of himself without removing his hat.



WILLARD FRED UHL

Mitchellville, Iowa

"Short"

Electrical

Loves a good joke. Not too tall to be called "Short."

Philomathean—Class Football.



ROLLAND SCHANEL WALLIS

Ames, Iowa

Electrical

A born dynamo manufacturer by profession
Bomb Board.



HOWARD LAWSON WALTERS

Keokuk, Iowa

Electrical

When once his mind was set, well—"Her name was Maude."

HARRY FARLIN WATT

Hawarden, Iowa

Science

I've scanned the actions of his daily life with all the industrious malice of a foe and nothing meets my eye but deeds of honor."



VERNON GREGG WATTERS

West Liberty, Iowa

"Wat"

Civil

Strictly a man's man. Works as he lives—Seriously.



EDWARD MORRIS WENTWORTH "Goliath"

State Center, Iowa

Animal Husbandry

"Turn him to any cause of policy, the Gordian Knot of it he will unloose familiar as his garter."

ΣΑΕ—ΑΖ—Agriculturist Corn Prof—Pres. Junior Ags.



PAUL WHALLON

Battle Creek, Iowa

"Paw"

Electrical

"No one knows what he can do until he tries."

Class Football.



ROY DANIEL WHITACRE

"Whit" "Stub"

West Liberty, Iowa

Electrical

A gentleman not overbold. Makes his college days enjoyable as well as profitable.

Σ A E—Smoko-gato.



FRED WHITE

Keosauqua, Iowa

Civil

"Why man! why waste your time in play when there is work to do?"

Class Football.



DUDLEY VINCENT WHITEHEAD "Whitey"

Pipstone, Minnesota

Civil

Always enjoys the end of an exam better than the beginning.

Class Football



JOSEPH RADFORD WILLIAMS

"Tige"

Postville, Iowa

Animal Husbandry

Made the record of seven minutes flat from the melon patch to the Savery Club.

Los Hermanos—Lincoln's Fusileers.

EARL VINING WILLITS

"E V" "Willie"

Union, Iowa

Animal Husbandry.

To be merry best becomes him.

Class Football—Ag Club.



LOUIS ARTHUR WILSON

"Lew"

Storm Lake, Iowa

Civil

Quiet and dignified as becomes a real man

Bachelor—Class Historian—Bomb Board—

Class Football.



MILBURN LINCOLN WILSON

"Tama Jim"

Ames, Iowa

Agronomy.

The subject of his song both night and morn,

The inspiration of his being—Corn! Corn! Corn!

Ag Club—Corn Specialist.



PLATT WILSON

"Willie"

Montezuma, Iowa

Civil

All the world's a stage; and I'm a player on it too,
mark that.

Black Hawk—Bachelor—Class Baseball.



LEWIS CHRISTIAN WINKELHAUS "Wink"

Clinton, Iowa

Civil

He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Philip-pines.

Dutch Band—College Orchestra.



WARREN WELLS WINSLOW

"Winnie"

Ames, Iowa

Civil

Dark, handsome, stout. A landlord on the West Side.

Class Football—Class Baseball.



JOHN DODGE WOODRUFF

"Jack"

Storm Lake, Iowa

Science

"What he says is good, the way he says it is better, and he himself is best. "For reference see my folder."

Welch - Sophomore Play.



JAMES FERGISON WOODS

„Jim" "Skin"

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Electrical

Jimmie and a dope-sheet look lonesome when not together.

Varsity Track team—Class Track Captain.



The Legend of the Wussuckwhoucks.



NE morning, when the old men of the Mewasems awoke, they beheld a sight which filled their hearts with fear. The bluffs over against the Squaw were covered with a host of strange tepees. It was about the ninth moon and they thought it might be some roving band or perhaps a strong hunting party; but soon their scouts returned and reported that the warriors were as the leaves of the forest and their faces were covered with war paint. Then were the Mewasems indeed fearful for their young men

were few and their old men feeble, so they dared not do battle with the intruders. Then they called their braves together into the council chamber that they might advise each other. One after another their old men and chiefs arose and declared that it would be better to make peace with the new comers, if possible, than to make war and be exterminated. So the head chief of the Mewasems advanced 'till within a hundred steps of the tepees, then laid down his weapons and walked toward the council house of the strangers. A lone, unarmed chief advanced to meet him, and the Mewasem spoke.—

“Chief! Many moons have we dwelt along the Squaw. Our young men have hunted the deer along its banks. Our young women have watched the moon as it slept on the bosom of the waters, and all was well. Our young men are strong and powerful and their weapons sharp; but we do not wish to harm you; you shall make this your home. We will live in peace with you, you shall be our brothers the Wussuckwhoucks!”

The chief of the Wussuckwhoucks replied,—

“Our young men are as the stars in the heavens. They are strong and swift and many scalps hang in their wigwams. There are none we fear, but it shall be as you have said. Your Gods shall be our Gods. Our young men and your young men shall hunt the deer together, and they shall be as brothers. I have spoken.”

Then was there great rejoicing and feasting in the tents of the Mewasems, for they had greatly feared the strangers and their hearts were glad again. For a time the young men of the Wussuckwhoucks roamed through the forest and pursued the game which abounded there and many were the deer which fell



victims to their arrows. Now and then a warrior returned with the scalp of an enemy who had disputed his path, but they went not upon the war-path.

Now the old men of the Mewasems boasted of the strength and swiftness of their young men; how they were cunning as the foxes, and in endurance like unto the wind.

One day out of the pride of their hearts they invited the Wussuckwhoucks to a friendly trial of skill and strength. Gladly the Wussuckwhoucks accepted, and began to train their warriors for the contest that they might show to their elder brothers their speed and endurance. Belts made of finest deerskin and wampum were to be given to the victors and the young women spent many days in making these.

The Mewasems scorned to train their runners, thinking it impossible that their young brothers were able to overcome them. Great was their surprise when they found the Wussuckwhoucks had so many men for each race that they were forced to draw lots among themselves; while the Mewasems had but a few who were swift enough to enter the contest. The hearts of the Mewasems were sad when they saw this, but they boasted that a handful of their braves could defeat a multitude of their brothers.

As the games went on and they found that their young brothers were stronger and swifter than they their hearts became very bitter. When the games were over and the Wussuckwhoucks had carried away most of wampum belts, the Mewasems went sullenly back to their wigwams; and there was hate in their hearts against their brothers, the Wussuckwhoucks. In the tents of the victors, however, the feasting and dancing continued, for their hearts were glad, but the Mewasems became more sullen and their hearts more bitter against their brothers.

Now the Mewasems kept great herds of ponies with which to follow the chase for they were not strong enough to follow on foot. Then they began to miss some of them; in their hearts they blamed the Wussuckwhoucks, though well they knew that a tribe called the Professors had captured them.



About two moons later the snows came and the game went farther south. In the tents of the Wussuckwhoucks there was plenty for they had guarded well against the snows and had great stores of corn and venison.

In the spring when the rains came and carried away the snow, and the birds came back to sing, the hearts of the Wussuckwhoucks were glad for they were strong and well. Not



so the Mewasems, their hearts were heavy and their faces sad for they had not fared well. And when the Wussuckwhoucks and their kindred tribes the haughty Katinas and the powerful Sicemakas invited the Mewasems to take part in the grand games they found they would be utterly unable to win.

Now the Wussuckwhoucks, seeing that the hearts of the Mewasems were sad, sought to pacify them by a great feast given in their honor, but to no avail. The Mewasems, having eaten, went back to their wigwams to nurse their wrath in secret.

After a while when the sun became thirsty and drank up the waters of the Squaw, so that the deer came no more to its banks to drink, the Wussuckwhoucks went north on a great hunt and left only a few of their old men to guard their wigwams. In the fall when the Wussuckwhoucks returned to their home on the Squaw several of the strongest warriors of the Mewasems returned with them and went not back to the tents of their people.

Upon their arrival, the Wussuckwhoucks found that their kinsmen the Katinas had taken the trail toward the setting sun and had not returned. Also the Mewasems had gathered together a few broken families and roving bands. They named them the Witaxaquoias, and adopted them; hoping to upbuild their own tribe. Although the Witaxaquoias were stronger than the Mewasems, they were no match for the powerful Wussuckwhoucks who defeated them easily in a friendly trial of strength and skill.

Now the Wussuckwhoucks having their wigwams full of game and corn began to long for something to do; so when their friends, the Sicemakas from the head waters of the Squaw, told them of the new game of football, they rejoiced greatly and set about to learn the game. They easily defeated the young Witaxaquoias and then challenged the Mewasems who had long been practicing in secret in the hope that they might be able to overcome their stronger brothers; but on the day set for the game the Mewasems plead that their warriors were away on a hunt and could not play. The Wussuckwhoucks were generous. They would not compel their brothers if they were not ready.

Some days later, the Mewasem hunters returned and their old men said they were ready. Meanwhile a pestilence had stricken the Wussuckwhoucks and many of their warriors were sick. The Mewasems, though, complained that the snows might come again and the Wussuckwhoucks crippled as they were, went forth to meet them.

All afternoon the game went on, and when the Great Spirit hid the sun the Mewasems had been unable to overcome the crippled Wussuckwhoucks. But as a drowning man sees a bubble and takes heart again so the Mewasems sang their own praises. They had been unable to conquer but had themselves not been overrun and their hearts were glad for men could not say they were defeated.

Loudly they sang of their own strength and cunning and how they had conquered. They made themselves belts of skins and wampum and rejoiced among themselves. The snows came again and the Wussuckwhoucks, their wigwams filled with plenty, basked by the fires and listened to the old men sing the songs and recount the traditions of their tribe. When the Great Spirit again gave the sun power over the snows, the Wussuckwhoucks went abroad with happy hearts for they were happiest when hunting or fishing.

In the spring when the young Witaxaquoias feasted the Wussuckwhoucks, the Mewasems being hungry and famishing thought to disguise themselves as Wussuckwhoucks and come to the feast. Their wan and sorrowful faces betrayed them, however, and they were thrown into the outer darkness and departed wailing and gnashing their teeth. Then their hearts became bitter at their young friends the Witaxaquoias for they had been disgraced and for a time they kept apart from all the tribes.

When the great field games were held and the powerful Sicemakas came down to enter, the Mewasems were unable to win a single belt. Their runners were outclassed in every way and seemed as children in the presence of men.

Then again the river lost itself in the north and no water came down to refresh the Wussuckwhoucks. So they bade farewell to their friends the Sicemakas who were preparing to take the great trail toward the mountains and went north that they might not be burned by the power of the sun. When the cool rains came again in the fall they came back to gather in their ripened corn. They brought with them a young tribe called the Honnetgades, meaning the "Numerous Ones," which they had discovered in the deep forests of the north where few had ever been. These they conquered, then adopted and brought with them.



When the Witaxaquoias wished to take the Honnetgades for slaves the Wussuckwhoucks taught them how to withstand the blister-board, how to use the paint brush and how to fight with barrel-staves; so that in a short time they were able to overcome the Witaxaquoias.

The Honnetgades soon learned how to play football. They took great pride in their own strength and skill, and soon became so swift and strong they were easily enabled to defeat the Witaxaquoias.



The Wussuckwhoucks again challenged the Mewasems and they dared not refuse to play. Fear was written on the faces of the Mewasems when they saw the lithe, powerful young men of the Wussuckwhoucks ready to meet them. Well had they feared for thirteen times were they trampled upon and made to bow down in defeat before their old men cried "Enough!" Then were they sad indeed for their vaunted victory was as nothing and all men saw them as they were.

Now the Wussuckwhoucks knowing that the hearts of the Mewasems were bitter against them, sought to make peace with their brothers. They invited them to a friendly feast and dance and sent their young men to bring the young women to the feast. But the old men of the Mewasems complained that their traditions bade the young women seek the young men and they said they could

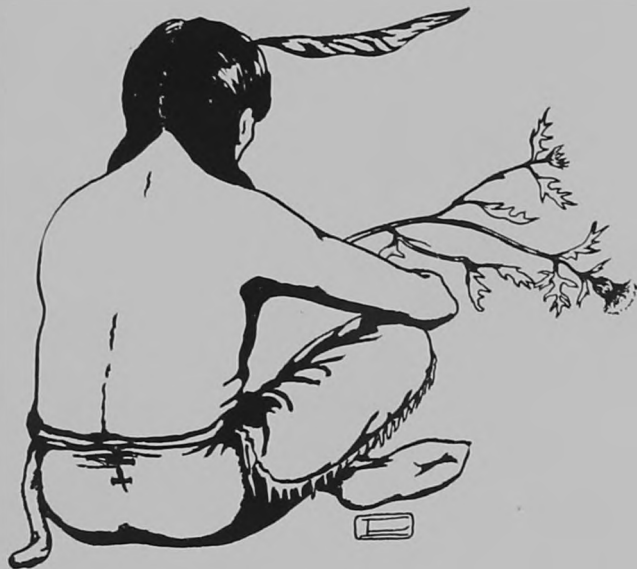
not partake. The Wussuckwhoucks replied, "Our young men will accompany our young women. If you cannot come we are sorry. The feast is ready. We shall eat!" Then the Mewasems buried their traditions and came for they were very hungry.

When the spring came the old men of the Mewasems sought their young men that they might look upon their youth and strength and their own hearts be renewed. But it was not to be. There were none to be found. Then a great council was called and the old men asked each other, "Where are our young men? Why is it that they come not back to their tepees?"

Then an old chief arose, looked sadly around the circle and spoke:

"Men of the Mewasems; my heart is sad as I look around on the faces of my people, I see many whose heads are streaked with snow. They are crafty and cunning and our medicine men are wise, but the faces of our young

men are not here. Some have gone away into the great forest and have not returned, some have been taken into the tribe of the Wussuckwhoucks and the Great Spirit has called some to the Happy Hunting Grounds. There was a time when our people were strong and mighty and the war cry of the Mewasems sent fear to the hearts of their enemies. Our nation was as the sun at its height; none dared face it. But even as the sun is driven across the sky and darkened by the Great Spirit so has our splendor waned. Even now the Wussuckwhoucks are beginning to pitch their wigwams where the tents of our people stood. They feel that our hearts are bitter against them. So let us ask them to a grand feast and pass the pipe of peace among them that they may think of us as friends. Then when the tribes go north



let us strike the trail toward the setting sun that we come not back again lest we be driven in disgrace from the graves of our fathers."

The old men listened in silence for they knew that the chief spoke the truth. They could not resist the Wussuckwhoucks and none rose to dispute him. When the coo-stick was passed among them none was found to strike it on the ground.

Then they invited the Wussuckwhoucks to a feast and passed the pipe of peace among them so that all smoked it and the hearts of the Wussuckwhoucks and Mewasems became warm toward each other again. After this the Mewasems began to prepare for their departure that they might take the western trail never to return for they had at last learned the strength of the powerful and victorious Wussuckwhoucks.









Athletic Management.

Few students go through school without becoming more or less deeply interested in college athletics. But, although the teams are enthusiastically supported by a loyal crowd, little thought is given to the management, upon which a great deal of the success of athletics depends. It is generally vaguely known that the athletic council is the controlling force, but few know how this body is organized or what it does.

The object of the athletic council is to promote and control athletics. It is composed of one man from each class, who is elected for one year, four members from the faculty, two members from the alumni and two members from the town of Ames. The president of the college and the general manager and secretary are "ex-officio" members of the association. The general athletic manager and the managers of the various teams are elected by the council and, through them the council keeps track of the time, place, score and expense of each contest and the names of the contestants. To the general manager, Prof. Beyer, is due a great deal of the success of the financial end of athletics.

The awarding of the honor "A" is one of the special duties of the council and such award is governed by the following rules in Article 15 of the constitution:

Any candidate who shall attain eminence in any department of athletics, shall be considered eligible to the award of the letter A provided,

That he shall have the unanimous endorsement of his manager, coach and captain and provided, that he shall meet the following requirements:

FOOTBALL.

Anyone playing in one-half or more, of at least two, and winning one, of the following games: U. of Iowa, Minn., Neb., Drake, Grinnell, or schools of equal grade.

BASE BALL.

Anyone playing seven or more innings, in at least four, and winning two of the following games: U. of Iowa, Minn., Neb., Kan., Ill., Chicago, Drake, Grinnell or schools of equivalent grade.

TRACK.

Anyone winning one or more points in the I. S. C. A. A. or two points in two dual meets with the following: U. of Iowa, Grinnell, or schools of equivalent grade.

TENNIS.

Anyone winning one Inter-Collegiate Tennis tournament, or two or more dual meets in either singles or doubles, in meets with Iowa, Grinnell, Drake, or schools of equivalent grade.

The awarding of the "A" is entirely at the pleasure of the council and all recommendations may be waived, should the candidate in their judgment fail to merit the distinction.

Baseball, '05.

The base ball enthusiasts were greatly elated last spring over the bright outlook for a most interesting and successful season. If the team had again carried off state honors, the longed for "Silver Bat" would have been ours. With Yank in the box and nearly every old man back, prospects were good. Every afternoon saw the candidates working hard in the new shed, and good weather made possible very early outdoor practice. "Dad" Green took the men in charge in April and before half of the early season practice games were completed the team played in fine form.

Clouds gathered in the base ball sky quite early in the season. At the first meeting of the managers on Feb. 25, Iowa suggested adopting conference rules, which prohibited professionalism of any kind. The State regulations allowed "Summer ball" and every college team was made up more or less of men, who had played in some minor league. In a late meeting Iowa said she would withdraw, if Capt Brown were allowed to play. Several of the Iowa men had been protested on the same grounds, but their plea was that men such as Yessler who only played for Marshalltown in the Iowa League were not classed with Brown who could be drafted into a major league. He was too "big." Cornell then stood with Iowa and withdrew from the league, leaving Grinnell and Ames alone to fight for the championship. The Iowa management, it is believed, were sincere in their efforts to clean up athletics, but it is best to start at home. Some of the Ames men had played summer ball and had admitted it, for there was nothing in the rules prohibiting it, while Iowa men played for money, but would not confess it.

The withdrawal of Iowa and Cornell lessened competition so much, that a great deal of interest in the game was lost, for both player and "fans." The real strength of the team was shown, when Ames met and defeated the strong Nebraska nine, in an almost errorless game. Capt. Brown's sickness kept him from nearly all of the important contests, which of course was a most serious loss, but he was ably replaced by "Monk" and Reilly. The final game with Grinnell, when Ames met defeat, brought great disappointment to the Ames camp, for it meant a season to be settled this spring.





Baseball Schedule 1905.

<i>Game</i>	<i>Played at</i>	<i>Ames</i>	<i>Opp.</i>	<i>Batteries—Ames</i>
Highland Park	Ames	1	3	Reese, Brown, Cotton
Boone League	Ames	0	5	Brown and Willett
Boone League	Ames	0	6	Reese and Cotton
Normal	Ames	6	1	Miller and Cotton
Nebraska	Ames	1	0	Brown and Cotton
Grinnell	Ames	5	2	Riley and Willett
Coe	Ames	1	0	Reese and Cotton
Highland Park	Des Moines	5	1	Riley and Willett
Coe	Cedar Rapids	5	0	Reese and Cotton
Normal	Cedar Falls	11	1	Riley and Cotton
Highland Park	Ames	3	2	Reese and Cotton
Simpson	Ames	5	2	Reese and Cotton
Grinnell	Grinnell	1	4	Brown and Willett

Order of Men in Batting Strength.

Deshler, 2b,
Jaenson., 3b,
Riley, p,
Dunkle, rf,
Brauch, lb,
Brown, p-lf,
Reese, p-lf,

Willett, c,
Parsons, ss,
Cave, cf,
Cotton, c,
Paine, cf-rf,
Miller, 3b.

Class Baseball 1905.

THE class base ball games of the season of 1905 were played without any great demonstration, but for the fans the contests for championship were full of interest and excitement. This was especially true because the teams were all composed of practically untried material and in no instance was a game won before it was played.

In the first game the Seniors crossed bats with the Juniors. The score ran high on both sides, the final tally showing the Juniors to be in the lead. The contest between the Sophomores and the Freshmen eliminated the former from the race, for, with the loss of their captain they were unable to do more than hold the score to a low figure.

The final contest brought to a climax the interest of the four classes. The Juniors worked hard to block the fast, consistent game of the Freshmen, but the youngsters were too active for their older brothers. They won the game easily and the '06's, champions of the year before, were compelled to surrender the championship of '05 to the deserving '08's.





Horace F. Anthony.

MANAGER BASEBALL '05.

Prominent among the men who have aided in placing athletics in the college upon a sound basis, financially and otherwise, stands H. F. Anthony. "Mike," as he is commonly known, first became identified with college athletics in the memorable fight between the Katinas and Sicemakas. Here he took such an active part that it became necessary for the Katina braves to transport him to Nevada.

In 1904 he was elected assistant baseball manager and in 1905 the entire management was placed into his hands. Owing to the unfortunate circumstances which caused the disruption of the Big Four League and the con-

sequent slump in baseball, the good work which he did was more or less obscured. He was capable and energetic and his inspiring genius and optimism were reflected to both the team and its supporters.

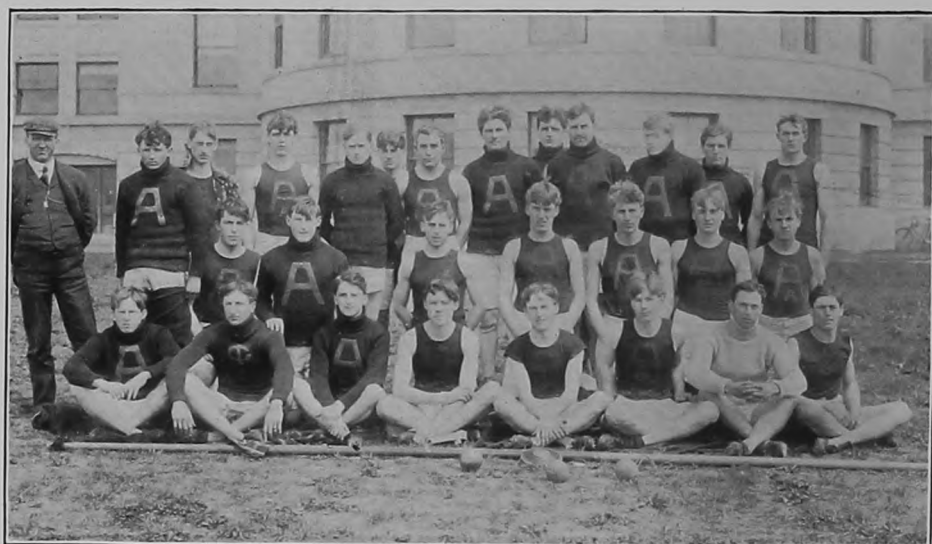
Track Season, '05.

Athletics for the spring semester of '05 opened with a great deal of interest centering in the track squad. Enthusiasm ran high, not because of any abundance of old and tried material, but because of the bright prospects with a wealth of new men under "Jack" Watson's charge. The work began in the new shed, which proved to be rather cramped quarters for the hundred and fifty men in training. Rivalry was keen among the men and interest never waned, even after the "Varsity" had been selected. This resulted in a well-balanced, strong team with no outstanding stars. "Jack" deserves much credit for his capable handling of so large a bunch of men and those who understand conditions know that it was through no fault of his that the final outcome of the season was not what we expected.

The team was made up largely of old material, but in every even good new men were ready to replace the "Regulars" and these should this year develop into winners. The work of Beard, Williams, and Curtis deserves special mention. Never before has Ames had a more all-around, well-conditioned and trained team, and too much glory can not be given the men for their earnest effort and determined spirit.

The result of consistent training was shown in the dual meets. Ames met and defeated Drake on the State Field by a score of 96 to 40, and then defeated the State University men on their own grounds by a score of $71\frac{1}{2}$ to $61\frac{1}{2}$. In these meets not a few State records were equaled and surpassed and new college records were established. Although Ames had shown her real merit in these contests luck turned the tables at the State meet and the championship went to S. U. I.





"THE VARSITY"



"THE FAITHFULS"



M. J. Warden.

"Red's" athletic history is well known. His ability and judgment at end saved I. S. C. from defeat in many hard fought games. The fact that he made the "All Iowa" team in 1904, makes further comment unnecessary.

As track team manager in 1905, his cool enthusiasm and perseverance had much to do with the season's success. He filled his important office to the satisfaction of both coach and men. If his ambition as manager could be expressed, it would be, "I. S. C. at the Top."



Jack Watson Dreams of his Son's Future.



The Home Meet.

THE Home Meet at I. S. C. is the culmination of what is distinctly known as the class track season. Prior to this time, in fact extending back to a few days after the preceding home meet, one might be justified in saying that the different classes were keeping tab on their various men, for possible point winners in the succeeding year.

The season of 1905 opened with each class feeling that they would be "There with the goods;" but at the same time wondering just what the other fellows had up their sleeves. The '08's, stinging from defeat at the hands of the '07's the fall before were rampant and anxious for the time to come when they could be avenged. The '07's casting anxious glances at the Silver Cup began a systematic endeavor to land it in their camp. The '06's at this particular stage of the game, with their usual "consistency and conservatism" were making no rash estimates. They mysteriously said that they were not given to "letting their right hand know what the left was doing," but as a quietus gave out the impression that some "dark horses" were to be sprung when the proper time should come. The '05's, with their Senior dignity condescended to lower their sights just a little to see if any one had the audacity to dispute the title which they had so successfully defended in the past two years.

The time rapidly passed and the day of final reckoning came. There were no visible changes save that the Freshmen became more rampant; the Sophomores more covetous; the Juniors more mysterious and the Seniors more dignified. But why should we waste words on description. From the first crack of the starter's pistol, until the last tape was breasted, there was a series of surprises which showed that our trainer had been doing things with his men. At no time was the cup lost or won until the very last points were given in. When the final tally was made, the Seniors had successfully defended their title, outstripping the Sophomores at the very last, while the Freshmen, with the spirit of desperation, all but closed the gap between them and second place.



THE '06 VIEWPOINT

The Home Meet.

<i>Event</i>	'08 <i>Fresh.</i>	'07 <i>Soph.</i>	'06 <i>Junior.</i>	'05 <i>Senior.</i>	<i>Record.</i>
100 Yd. Dash	Luberger, 1st	Barber, 2nd			10:2
Pole Vault	Gray, 2nd	Henninger, 3rd Russell, 1st			10:2
Shot Put	Brugger, 2nd			Cutler, 3rd Fyler, 1st	39:3 ⁴
Mile Run	Beard, 1st			Curtis, 2nd Williams, 3rd	4.55
Broad Jump		Woods, 3rd		Currie, 2nd	22:2
220 Yd. Dash	Wood, 3rd	Barber, 1st Barber, 1st		Scott, 2nd	22.4
120 Yd. Hurdle	Luberger, 2nd Latimer, 3rd	Henninger, 1st			17
16lb. Hammer	Brugger, 2nd	Uhl, 3rd		Torgenson, 1st	116
440 Yd. Dash	Hubbard 1st	Cooper, 2nd Packard, 3rd			54.
High Jump		Henninger, 3rd		Currie, (Tie Barret)	5:3
$\frac{1}{8}$ Mile Run	Beard, 1st	Biller, 2nd		Scott, 3rd	2:13
Discus	Thayer, 3rd			Fyler, 1st	101
Mile Relay	Third	First		Scott, 2nd	3.59
220 Hurdle		Henninger 1st Woods, 3rd		Second	
2 Mile Run	Mutch, 3rd			Maharg, 2nd	28
$\frac{1}{2}$ Mile Relay	Second	Third		Curtis, 1st Williams, 2nd	11:35
				First	1:39 $\frac{2}{5}$
Total	Fresh 40.	Sophs. 46	Junior 0.	Senior 57	



Dual Meets, Spring 1905

EVENT	IOWA 61 1-2	AMES 72 1-2	RECORD
100 yard dash.....	Renshaw 2d, Davis 3d ...	Copeland 1st.....	10:3
220 yard dash.....	Renshaw 3d.....	Copeland 1st, Heisey 2d..	24:3
1 mile run.....	Riley 2d.....	Curtis 1st, Beard 3d.....	4:35 3-5
120 yard hurdle.....	Parsons 3d.....	Henninger 1st, Jones 2d..	17:1
440 yard dash.....	Davis 1st, Coyle 3d.....	Cooper 2nd	51 3-5
220 yard hurdle.....	Murphy 2d.....	Henninger 1st, Maharg 3d..	28 4-5
880 yard dash.....	Young 1st, Shaw 2nd	Beard 3d.....	2:05 3-5
1 mile relay.....	First.....		3:39 1-5
2 mile run.....		Curtis 1st, Mutch 2d	11:00
1-2 mile relay.....	First.....	Williams 3d.....	1:35 3-5
Pole vault.....	Smith 1st, Clark 3d.	Bickel 3d, Russell 2d	10-6
Discus.....	McMahon 1st.....	Cave 2d, Stoufer 3d.....	108-8
High jump.....	Kent 1st, Parsons 2d.....		5-5 1-2
	Barker 3d.....		38 ft.
Shot put.....	Durkee 2d.....	Fyler 1st, Brugger 3d	
Broad jump.....	Barker 2d, Parsons 3d....	Barber 1st.....	21-3 3-4
Hammer.....	Chalmers 2d, Schwinn 3d..	Fyler 1st	129-8
EVENT	DRAKE 40	AMES 96	RECORD
100 yard dash	Scarr 1st.....	Copeland 1st, Heisey 3d...	10:1
Pole vault.....	Bunten 2nd.....	Bickel 1st, Russell 3d.....	10:4
16 pound shot.....	Kintz 2nd Conway 3d.....	Fyler 1st	41-3
Mile run		Curtis 1st, Van Marter 2d ..	4:43
		Beard 3d.....	
Broad jump	Williams 1st, Burcham 3d ..	Barber 2d	23-1
220 yard dash	Scarr 1st	Barber 2d, Copeland 3d. ...	23-
120 yard hurdle ..	Clark 3d	Henninger 1st, Maharg 2d..	17-
16 pound hammer..	Kintz 2d, Burrows 3d.....	Fyler 1st	135-5
440 yard dash.....	Barnes 3d	Hubbard 1st, Cooper 2d....	52 3-5
High jump	Stockham 2d.....	Barrett 1st, Currie 3d	5-2
880 yard dash.....	Teeter 2d	Beard 1st, Scott 2d	2:08 2-5
Discus	Kintz 1st.....	Cave 2d, Stoufer 3d.....	111 1-2
1 mile relay.....		First	3:51
220 yard hurdle ..	Woodrow 3d	Woods 1st, Maharg 2d....	28;
2 mile run.....		Curtis, Mutch, Williams...	10-36
880 yard relay.....		First	1:30



State Field Meet, May 27, 1905.

Event.	First.	Second.	Third.	Record.
100 Yard Dash	Hamilton, N.	Huff, G.	Copeland, A.	10:1
Mile Run	Thompson, D.	Riley, I.	Curtis, A.	4:36
120 Yard Hurdle	Clow, G.	Brown, I.	Burcham, D.	16:1
440 Yard Dash	Hamilton, N.	Davis, I.	Cooper, A.	50:2
220 Yard Hurdle	Myler, I.	Jones, N.	Clow, G.	27
880 Yard Dash	Beard, A.	Young, I.	Bleamaster, G.	2:05½
220 Yard Dash	Huff, G.	Hamilton, N.	Scarr, D.	23:2
1 Mile Relay	Iowa	Grinnell	Coe	3:34½
2 Mile Run	Williams, A.	Correll, N.	Thompson, D.	10:16½
880 Yard Relay	Grinnell	Normal	Iowa	1:32¾
Pole Vault	{ Bunton, } D. } Tie			10-6
	{ Burcham, }			
	{ Smith, I. }			
Discus	McKean, G.	Kintz, D.	Cave, A.	121-9
High Jump	Barker, I. } Tie	Parson, I. } Tie		5-8
	Engleman, N. }	Wilder, G. }		
16 Pound Shot	Kintz, D.	Chalmers, I.	Fyler, A.	40-½
Broad Jump	Barker, I.	Burcham, D.	Barber, A.	22.8
16 Pound Hammer	McKean, G.	Conway, D.	Fyler, A.	123
Iowa 38½.	Grinnell 33½.	Drake 28.	Arres 17.	Coe 1.



7 a.m.



9 a.m.



11 a.m.



1 p.m.



2 p.m.



3 p.m.



4 p.m.



5 p.m.



IT HAS been the custom at I. S. C. to allow each member of a class to wear the class numeral, after the first term of the Sophomore year. This system was good so far as it went, but it provided for no special monogram or numeral for class members who are prominent in athletics. The '07 class realizing that it was high time to make a much needed change, adopted a new system, which still allows every classified '07 to wear the regular 1907, but reserves the privilege of wearing the large '07 to those who fill the following requirements:

I. FOOTBALL.—Anyone playing on the 'Varsity squad or Reserves, or playing on a championship class team.

II. BASE BALL.—Anyone playing on the 'Varsity squad or scrubs, or playing on a championship class team.

III. TRACK.—Anyone competing in any inter-collegiate, dual or state meet or winning a point in the annual home meet.

IV. TENNIS.—Anyone playing in an inter-collegiate tennis tournament, or winning in any inter-class tournament.

V. BASKETBALL.—Anyone playing in any inter-class game of basketball.

This new system was put into effect by the '07 class in the spring of '04 and has proved very successful. The other classes have adopted the same requirements and the custom of awarding athletic honor numerals will no doubt remain fixed.





Home Meet==Spring, 1906.

'09 Freshmen	43
'08 Sophomores	48
'07 Juniors	53
'06 Seniors	0

The Winning Team.

100 yard Dash	Barber
Mile Run	Packard-Gearhart
120 yard Hurdle	Henninger-Woods
440 Yard Dash	Sieben-Packard-Cave
220 yard Hurdle	Henninger-Woods
380 yard Run	Biller-Moles
220 yard Dash	Barber
1 Mile Relay	Gearhart-Neely-Cave-Woods
880 yard Relay	Stoufer-Henninger-Sieben-Barber
Discus	Stoufer-Mills
High Jump	Henninger
16 lb. Shot	Tunis- Stoufer-Cave
Broad Jump	Barber
16 lb. Hammer	Uhl-Mills







Tennis.

TENNIS at Ames has a small but enthusiastic following. In addition to the students who enjoy handling the racket, a number of the faculty are ardent lovers of the sport.

The college was represented last year in the inter-collegiate games by Edgar W. Stanton, Jr., in the singles and by Frank Cessna and Stanton in the doubles. Four tournaments were played with Simpson, two with Grinnell, one with Des Moines College, and one with the University. The college won in both

singles and doubles in all of these contests except in the one with the University. The score in this tournament stood as follows:

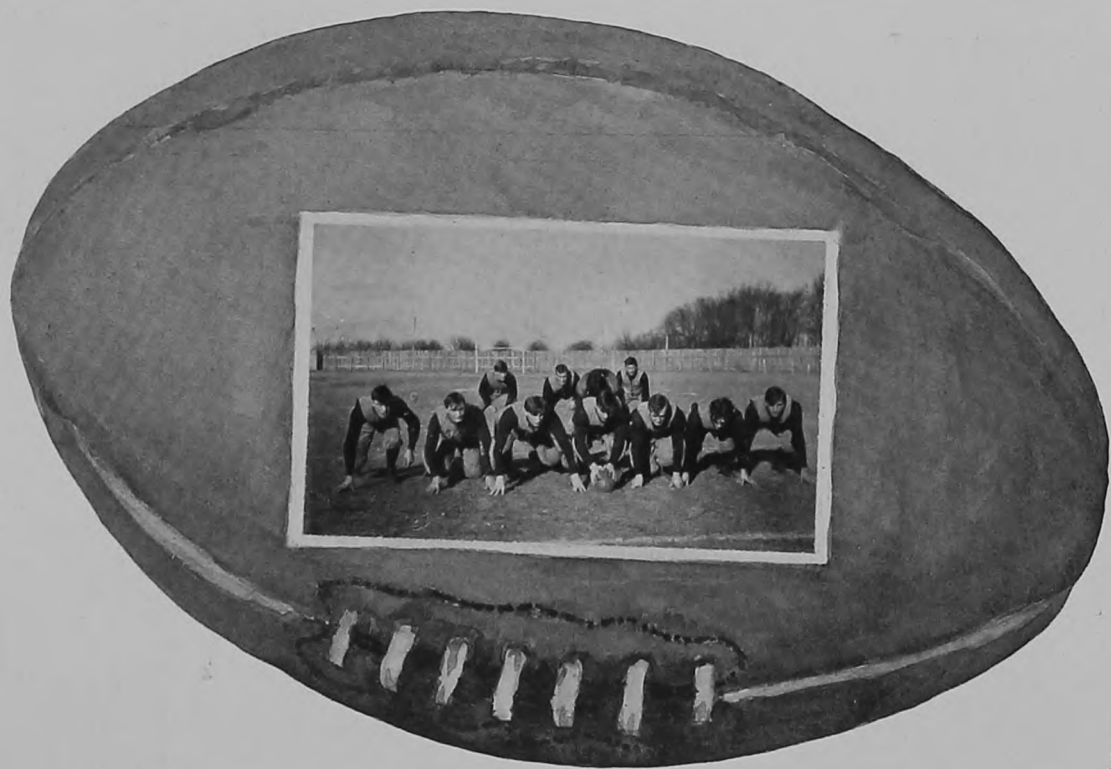
Singles — S. U. I. vs. I. S. C., 3-6; 6-4; 7-5.

Doubles—S. U. I. vs. I. S. C., 6-4.

In the State Tournament the college was victorious over other competitors but was again defeated by the University, losing the singles, however, only after a long and close contest.

Thus far this school year, Ames has played four inter-collegiate tournaments two with Simpson College, and two with Coe. In the first tournament Ames was represented by Stanton in singles and by Stanton and C. C. Van Marter in doubles. In the second, third and fourth tournaments, VanMarter was replaced by E. A. Sayre. Sayre also played singles. The College won easily in all these contests. It is the hope of the tennis enthusiasts, as it is of the college as a whole, that a team may be developed this spring which shall win additional honors in inter-collegiate tennis contests.







1905 Varsity.

At the beginning of the football season the prospects for a winning team were the brightest in years. Notwithstanding the fact that seven regular players had graduated and that this was the first year of the Freshman rule, Ames expected a wealth of material for her Varsity.

The first week of school brought many disappointments. Tedrick, Watts, Thompson, Lyman, Dunn, and Hoffman failed to return. Following this the disqualification of Jeanson, of whom much had been expected, placed Ristine face to face with the most difficult problem he had ever encountered while at I. S. C.—namely, the breaking in and training of a team composed almost entirely of new men.

As was expected the game with Minnesota brought defeat but the next few ensuing games proved to be easy victories for Ames. As a result of these victories hope ran high in the Ames camp in anticipation of the Nebraska game, for it was thought that this game would in some way indicate the true worth of the

"Cyclones." However inclement weather and a wretched field conspired to make the game really indicative of nothing as far as the merit of the team was concerned.

Following the Nebraska game came the games with Grinnell and Coe, both of which were won by time, and both of which proved rather a disappointment to the supporters and coaches in that Ames did not play in the form which would give rise to hopes of victory or even a low score in the Iowa game. Now came the crowning event of the football season—the game with Iowa—acknowledged by all to have been the greatest gridiron battle ever fought in the state. Although greatly outweighed and with but a slender hope of victory, the fighting spirit of the men enabled them to withstand the fierce onslaught of brawn and weight of their

opponents in a way which brought joy to the heart of every rooter. Although defeated, Ames could not have been more proud of her Varsity if they had been victorious. By defeating Drake on Thanksgiving day Iowa State College secured second place in the state championship race.

Too much credit cannot be given to Coach Ristine for the showing made by the "Cyclones" during the fall of '05. Every Ames man has full confidence in him, and on account of the difficulties surmounted, it can truly be said that this was Ristine's most successful year. We are all looking forward to the season of '06 when we are sure "Shady" will place the cardinal and gold as the first team in Iowa.



1905 Schedule.

September 30—I. S. C., 29; Coe College,	0.—State Field
October 7—I. S. C., 28; State Normal School,	0.—State Field
October 14—I. S. C., 0; Minnesota,	42.—Minneapolis
October 21—I. S. C., 63; Simpson,	0.—State Field
November 4—I. S. C., 0; Nebraska,	21.—Lincoln
November 11—I. S. C., 38; Grinnell,	4.—Grinnell
November 18—I. S. C., 28; Coe College,	6.—State Field.
November 24—I. S. C., 0; Iowa,	8.—State Field
November 30—I. S. C., 17; Drake,	12.—Drake Stadium





William Drennan Elwood.

When in our memories we witness again the games and praise the veterans of the past season, let us not pass too lightly the hard but quiet work of the manager. It is he who usually receives the complaints and withstands the attacks of the dissatisfied few, but seldom, if ever, does he receive a word of praise or thanks. The manager is the man who arranges the games, puts the field in order, cares for the financial side of athletics. It is to him that much of the success of the season is due.

"Bill" Elwood has been connected with the management of football for the past three years and has made an enviable record in this capacity. It is rumored that "Bill" was out in a track suit when a Freshie, trying vainly to win honors. He was

born to be a manager and found his place early. When a Soph he was elected assistant manager taking full control in his Junior and Senior years. Last year the schedule was one of the best Ames has ever had and from the standpoint of the manager the past two seasons have been very successful.





Watson (<i>Trainer</i>)	Mills	Thayer	Drennan	Stuart	Mack	Cave	Furrow	Perrin	Jones
Balthis		Barber	Reppert	Henninger	Nelson	Carr		Murphy	Hubbard
Knox	Smith		McElhinney	Stoufer (<i>Captain</i>)	Mabie	Billie			Ford

The 'Varsity.

(As seen by Jack Watson.)

DON STOUFER, F. B., CAPT.

"A powerful defensive player at all times."

"SIOUX" JONES, L. H.

"A heady player—ever alert to take an opening."

"JOB" MILLS, L. T.

"Conscientious, and sure of a short gain every time."

HADLEY SMITH, R. H.

"The best defensive half Ames ever had."

R. F. BALTHIS, R. G.

"Started late and in poor physical condition but developed wonderfully."

R. E. DRENNAN, R. T.

"A tower of strength at tackle, both offensive and defensive."

RALPH McELHINNEY, R. E.

"A new man at this position but a marvelous defensive and sure offensive player."

"SHANKS HENNINGER, L. E.

"Also a new man at end, but steady and consistent."

H. C. HUBBARD, Q.

"Fast, a fighter, good with the stiff-arm, and an inspiration to the team."

L. A. NELSON, L. G.

"A tremendously hard charger for his size; a sure ground gainer."

"IKE" MABIE, C.

"New at his position, but conscientious and good at using his hands."



The "Scrubs."

Too much praise cannot be given to the work of our Varsity last fall, but when we go farther back, when the finished product resolves itself into elemental causes, prominent in the foreground lies the work of the "Scrubs." These fellows daily withstand the attacks of the regulars, receive their portion of criticism and patiently toil on in the hope of ultimately winning an "A". Too much cannot be said in regard to their faithful and persevering work.

The fall of 1905 brought forth a squad of men for the reserves stronger by far than any in recent years. Two or three high school stars, some class team material from the previous fall and a few of the men, large of body and earnest of purpose who ultimately developed into our best material; gathered together for the first month's practice. They met the "Drake Ducklings" on the first Excursion Day and although outplaying them were unable to prevent the final result 0-0. Later on in the season by a "mistaken signal" they defeated the strong Ida Grove High School team, champions of the state, by a score of 11-6. A few weeks later 6-0 expressed the ratio of efficiency between our own team and Eilsworth college. But, the crowning glory of the already successful season came when the vaunted Hawkeye scrubs, in spite of their dope of two hundred pound linemen and whirlwind full back, were ignominiously defeated, 17-6.

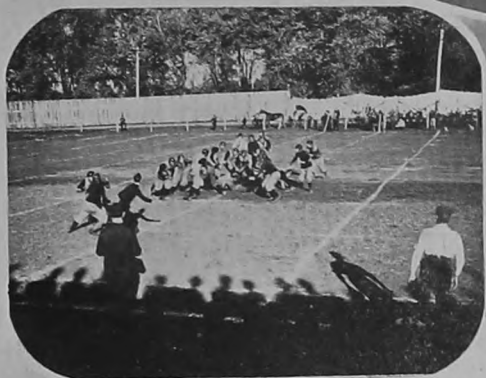
This strength was undoubtedly due to the application of the "Freshman Rule." The men trained faithfully with no hope whatever of being taken over, and to them is due the full measure of credit. When the yells are given for the Varsity, let the meaning reach farther back to the scrub and give cause for a fuller and better "Ames Spirit."





Jean on	Palmer	Law	Scott	Thayer	Pinkerton	Lambert	Randall	Burke	Furrow	Greene
Stuart	Plager	Reading	Brugger	Thompson		Barber		Moles	Alyea	
	Lambert	Fish		Buckley, (Coach)						





GROUP OF SCRIMMAGES



Class Football.

THE fall of '06, the second for class football, was in every way successful and brought to light many good players who will no doubt in the future occupy places upon the 'Varsity. A great deal of interest and enthusiasm were shown in every game, even more than in some of the minor inter-collegiate contests.

In the first game of the series, the confident '06's ran up against the determined '07's and the '06's were put to flight by the score of 13 to 0,—the '06's being so used to receiving 0 that they took it in the very matter of fact way which was so much in keeping with their senior dignity. '09 defeated her rival '08, by the score of 25 to 0.

The last game of the series to decide the class supremacy was between the '07's and '09's. Both classes claimed a most mighty team of warriors. This game was one of the most interesting and heart breaking contests viewed on the State Field last fall. Up to within the last three minutes of play the score stood 6 to 5 in favor of the '07's. Then Heggins, '09's quarterback, made a place kick from the field and won the game and class championship by the score of 9 to 6.

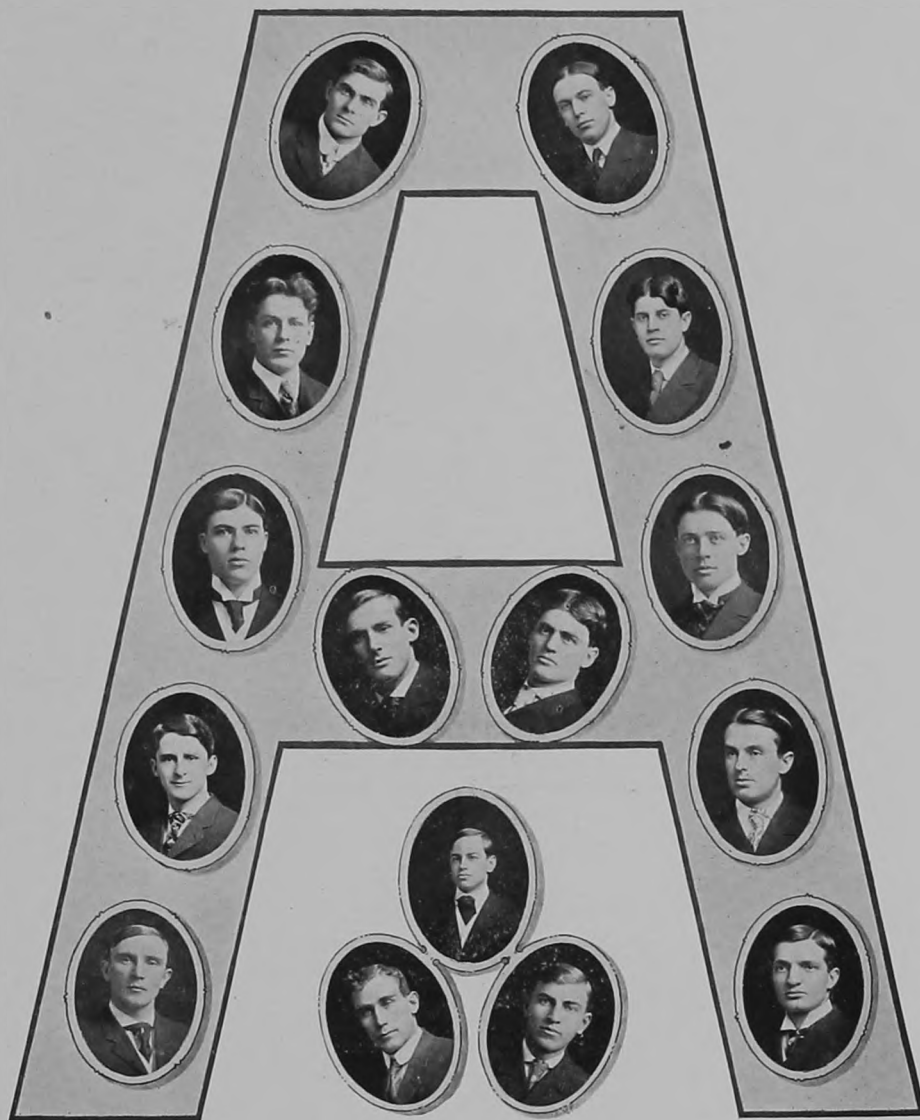




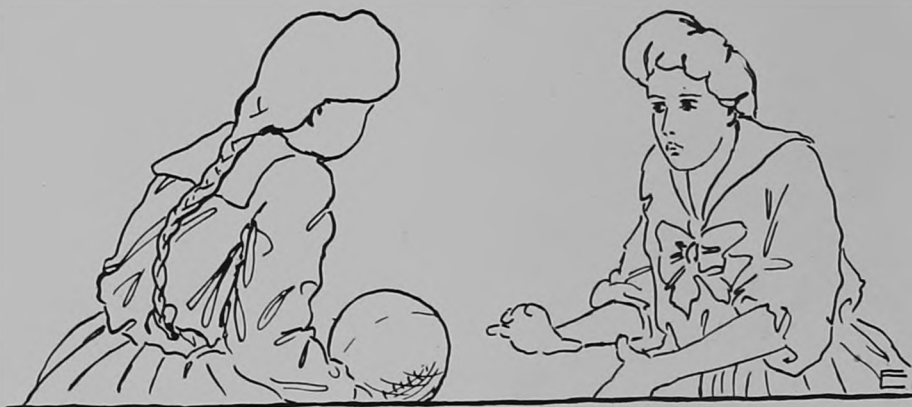
A HOWLING SUCCESS



'06 "A-MEN"



'07 "A" MEN



GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

ATHLETICS, among the young ladies at I. S. C. is promoted and controlled by an athletic association. Miss Tilden, the president, coaches the teams and has general charge of the various lines of work, while the other officers and members are supposed to arouse interest and enthusiasm.

Last year interest in tennis seemed to be revived to some extent for a number of local contests were held and the Misses Gabrielson and Anderson went to Simpson for an Inter-collegiate contest. Owing to continued bad weather the games could not be played and no others were arranged for.

Basketball was entirely dropped, for some unknown reason, although some inter-class contests had been arranged. The new game of hockey attracted some real interest. Fifteen or twenty of the "Crushers" and "Rushers" were out on the campus every practice night, working in a most strenuous manner. The few games that were played were interesting and lively and it is hoped, that more may be done in the future, not only in hockey, but in the other lines of girls athletics.



"Stantie"



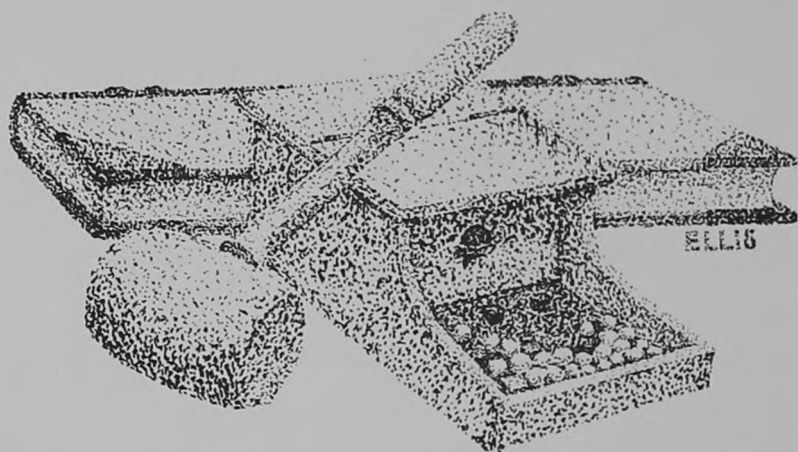
"Pars"



"Shanks"



"Jobby"



SOCIETIES.

Bachelor.

ORGANIZED 1871



G.B. Guthrie

G. Boyd

M. Evinger

Don Fish

H.W. Gray

Harley Gould

H.M. Hanssen

Matt King

H.I. Moore

L.L. Hidingar

Max Nelson

C.G. Throckmorton

L.C. Way

W.R. Barber

J.W. Brandt

R.L. Cooper

John Jenkins

G. McCullough

A.C. Perrin

Chas. Reading

Edgar Stanton

Gus Scherling

W.R. Scott

B.B. Skinner

Chas. Stahl

L.A. Wilson

Platt Wilson

W.A. Danielson

G. Bader

A.E. Berggren

F.E. Cave

Rex Green

S.A. Knapp

R.S. Moore

D.L. Way

Geo. Wills

H.C. Burbridge

Shirley Allen

L.E. Orcutt



Philomathean.

ORGANIZED 1868



A. Q. Adamson, W. H. Peters, C. C. Clauson, W. F. Schnaidt, M. C. Crabb, H. S. Batchelder,
Frank Meiser, W. H. Sawhill, L. S. Herron, A. F. Lungren, R. E. Winegar, F. E. Tracey, G. R. Bliss,
E. G. Engle, O. E. Lungren, W. F. Uhl, J. C. Chalupnick, R. A. Kirkpatrick, Theo. Sexauer.

OTHERS.

E. G. Beinhart, Samuel Garver, C. E. Harrison, Loren Jolley, Wm. Koch, Ward Miner, A. E. Quaife, E. J. Secor, J. L. White.

Philomathean Literary Society.

HE Philomathean Literary Society has the honor of being the oldest organization of its kind at I. S. C.

One Monday night in November, 1868, a meeting was called to consider the formation of a literary society. Professor Townsend of the Agricultural Department acted as chairman. The only thing done at this meeting was to appoint a committee of three, composed of Thompson, Mullen, and Talbot, all of the class of '76, to draw up a constitution. Another meeting was held the following Saturday, when the constitution was adopted, and permanent officers elected.

For two years, the society met in the old college chapel. Then they moved to the Freshman room. The burning of the north wing of the old main, forced the society to move into Professor Stanton's recitation room. In less than two years they were forced to move again, and for three years, they met in the old dining room in Margaret Hall.

At the present time, they meet in Engineering Hall, but hope to soon be at home permanently in the new Central Building.

Though the locations of the Philomatheons have been various and unfavorable for the past few years, they have been unwavering in their support of literary interests. This is the society which is known as having "all star programs every meeting."

Crescent.

ORGANIZED 1870



"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman."

— Longfellow.



Crescents.

COLORS—*Purple and White.*

YELL.

Zippity Zip, Zippity Zee,

Crescent, Crescent.

I—S—C.

Crescent Literary Society.

SENIORS.

I. W. Hutchins,
I. F. Ingels,
L. E. Kelsey,
Matilda Madson,
H. L. Doty,
S. A. Fry,
L. J. Wilkinson.

SOPHOMORES.

Jessie Austin,
A. A. Canady,
F. S. Dewey,
Addie Furman,
Grace Gillette,
O. W. Johnson,
H. B. McKibben,
Gurine Anderson.

SPECIALS.

G. W. Morrison.
Leah Smith,
Ethel Grimes,

JUNIORS.

Elmer Hurd,
Winfield Dudgeon,
E. W. Hamilton,
Ada E. Hallowell,
Emma Madson,
F. V. Skelley,
D. C. Snyder,
P. M. King.

FRESHMEN.

Millie Gillette,
Edith Hunt,
Orpha Kadel,
Will Langwell,
Jessie Minert,
Edith Nicholson,
Zella Warden,
G. W. Alexander,
Florentine Oliver,
Dorothy Archer.

ACADEMICS.

Daniel Scoates,
A. O. Dewey.

Clolian.
ORGANIZED 1871



Clolian Literary Society.

ORGANIZED MAY, 1871

MOTTO—"Friendship, Culture, Virtue."

COLOR—White.

MEMBERS.

Angie McKinley,	
Loretta Williams, Dora Rice,	
Mary Lister,	Edith Fraseur,
Emma Leonard,	Florence Rae,
Mae Jackson,	Jennie Fedson,
Helen Martin,	Maude Kennedy,
Halle Wilson,	Mabel Rundall,
Winnifred Shaw,	Lillie Lister,
Florence Kimball,	
Lillian Storms,	
Florence Pettinger,	
Clara Fraseur,	
Ada Hayden.	
Sophie Hargis,	
Gertrude Herr,	Irene Leffler,
Verna Erwin,	Elva Forman,
Florence Secor,	Alma McCulla
Georgia Day,	Edith Troutner,
Gussie Sorrer,	Franklin French,
Luella Robb, Lucy Anderson,	
Phoebe Zimmerman.	

Welch.

OFFICERS.

H. A. LATHROP.....	<i>President</i>
EARLE BRINTNALL.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
L. W. WILSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
C. H. STANGE.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
L. D. GARBERSON.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
J. G. KIRKPATRICK.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

MEMBERS.

O. E. Atkinson,	M. F. Humphrey,	Geo. A. Roberts,
E. D. Burrows,	J. G. Kirkpatrick,	Arthur L. Sanford,
W. G. Baxter,	R. Z. Kirkpatrick,	Ernest E. Schenk,
A. E. Bobst,	J. E. Kirstein,	A. F. Schiele,
Earle Brintnall,	E. C. Langlois,	J. W. Shoals,
O. A. Cohagan,	H. A. Lathrop,	E. D. Smith,
Edward Cruel,	J. A. Lister,	C. H. Stange,
R. Burdette Dale,	Gwyllim Lodwick,	Rush M. Templeton,
N. L. Dewell,	Wm. McArthur,	Allan G. Thurman,
B. L. Durell,	P. H. McEwen,	L. E. Troeger,
W. R. Eastman,	Leonard Paulson,	H. E. Tunnicliff,
C. H. Ford,	John H. Plitt,	Frank C. Vincent,
Geo. D. Frye,	G. C. Pullen,	Delbert Wheeler,
L. D. Garberson,	Myrick W. Pullen,	John D. Woodruff,
A. G. Hall,	Ben. Putnam,	Wayne L. Wilson,
C. J. Heisey,	Ellis Rail,	L. W. Plager.
James Hughes,		

Welch.

OFFICERS.

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EARLE BRINTNALL.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
L. W. WILSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
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O. A. Cohagan,	H. A. Lathrop,	E. D. Smith,
Edward Cruel,	J. A. Lister,	C. H. Stange,
R. Burdette Dale,	Gwylim Lodwick,	Rush M. Templeton,
N. L. Dewell,	Wm. McArthur,	Allan G. Thurman,
B. L. Durell,	P. H. McEwen,	L. E. Troeger,
W. R. Eastman,	Leonard Paulson,	H. E. Tunnicliff,
C. H. Ford,	John H. Plitt,	Frank C. Vincent,
Geo. D. Frye,	G. C. Pullen,	Delbert Wheeler,
L. D. Garberson,	Myrick W. Pullen,	John D. Woodruff,
A. G. Hall,	Ben. Putnam,	Wayne L. Wilson,
C. J. Heisey,	Ellis Rail,	L. W. Plager.
James Hughes,		

Phileleutheroi.

ORGANIZED 1890



Naylor,	Claxton,	Guthrie,	Davis,	Miller,
Hall,	Drennan,	Walls,	Nelson,	Tripp,
Bush,	Booher,	Kohler,	Farnsworth,	Bishop,
Packer,	Mosier,	Roberts,	Sayre,	Gilbert,
Flynn,	Lundeen,	Waggoner,	Schantz,	Iverson,
McBirney,	Henningson,	Troutner,	Martin,	Williams,
Clark,	Morris,	Forsbeck,	McDonald,	Morrow,
Bacchus,	Salmon,	Wilson,	Lage,	Reuling,
Sayre,	Forbes,	Crouse,	Gibson,	Hazen,
Kupfer,	Anderson,	Cave,	Humbert,	Adams,
	Landes,	Carter,	Francis,	Dreher.



A Bit of History.

Twas the fall of eighteen ninety,
And above our lovely campus
Hung a storm-cloud, black and heavy
Black with strife and revolution,
Social difficulties many
Caused by secret orders, mainly.

Then the literary people
Rose in arms, and spake in this wise:
"He who wears the Greek initials
Of a secret institution
Cannot sit with us in council:
None can join a secret order
And maintain his place among us,
Save in this much—That this ruling
Shall not hinder present members
Of societies forensic."

Then it was that all the members,
Who belonged to secret orders,
Bolted from their fellow workers,
Out of feeling for their brothers.

And before the week was ended,
'Ere the moon had changed her quarter
These resigning men and women
Met within the college chapel
And uniting, formed a compact—
Not a meeting place of chapters
Only a forensic union.

Chose a name that stands for freedom,
And a motto claiming labor
As the only cost of honors,
Called it Phileleutheroi—
Lovers-of-Liberty, they called it.

And it grew, this new-born Philo,
With such mighty strides it progressed,
That, 'ere time could mark its passage,
It outstripped its parents wholly.

Greater now in art and letters,
Larger and in speech more fluent
Than the ones from whom descended,
Is this Phileleutheroi band.

Bright indeed has been its record,
Brighter yet its future outlook.

Pythian.
ORGANIZED 1895



Pythian Literary Society.

ORGANIZED 1895

COLORS—*Scarlet and White.*

MEMBERS.

R. A. Arnold, H. O. Buckman, J. A. Chambers,
R. M. Deming, J. S. Elliot, L. W. Forman,
D. T. Griswold, C. B. Guthrie, J. C. Guthrie,
C. Kinnebrew, P. H. Ottosen,
C. W. Lawrence, R. H. Paine,
A. Magsaysay, J. F. Reynolds,
F. C. Rieke, E. J. Phillips, W. E. Packard
M. S. Sanders, R. Van Deventer, S. E. Barber
E. S. Haskell, F. A. Osborne, E. W. Westfall,
J. W. Davis,
V. D. Beard,
N. J. Nicholson,
K. R. Ogden,
R. T. Lyons,
Irving Melhus.

I. S. C. Debating League.

OFFICERS.

L. PAULSON *President*
 E. A. HUMBERT.....*Vice President*
 O. A. COHAGEN.....*Secretary*
 C. E. READING.....*Treasurer*
 C. A. KUPFER.....*Historian*

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

PROF. NOBLE,
 PROF. NEWENS,
 DR. HIBBARD.

MEMBERS.

BACHELOR.
 Reading ,
 King.

CRESCENT.
 Dewey,
 Hamilton.

PHILELEUTHEROI.
 Humbert,
 Kupfer.

PHILOMATHEAN.
 Schnaidt,
 Meiser.

PYTHIAN.
 Chambers,
 Guthrie.

WELCH.
 Paulson,
 Cohagen.





Debating.

TENTH ANNUAL DEBATE, DECEMBER 10, 1905.

IOWA STATE NORMAL VS IOWA STATE COLLEGE.

AFFIRMATIVE—B. W. Crossley,
H. A. Lathrop,
Eugene Humbert,
Gilbert Guthrie, Alternate.

QUESTION—"Resolved, That the demand of organized labor for a closed shop is justifiable. The union does not deny membership to any worthy applicant."

DECISION—Affirmative 0, Negative 3.



First Triangular Debate.

DRAKE VS. AMES. AT AMES.

FRIDAY, MARCH, 16, '06.

Question:—"Resolved, that whenever an Interstate Commerce Commission shall find a railway freight rate unreasonable, or unjustly discriminating, it shall have the power to prescribe a just, reasonable, and equitable rate. Prescribed rate shall take effect at once, and shall remain in effect until and unless reversed by the federal court. Constitutionality waived.

AFFIRMATIVE—A. Q. Adamson,
C. C. Clauson,
H. A. Sayre,
Ellis Rail, Alternate.

DECISION—Affirmative 3, Negative 0.

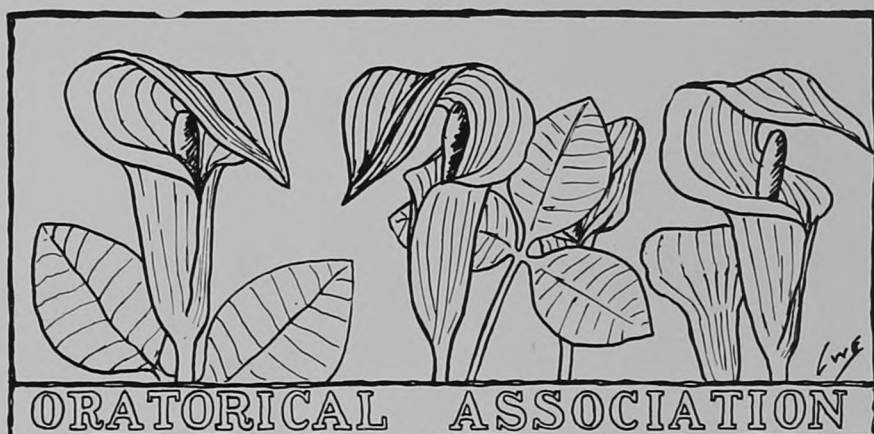


Grinnell vs. Ames

AT GRINNELL.

NEGATIVE—W. E. Packard,
J. R. Hughes,
E. A. Sayre,
G. A. Roberts, Alternate.

DECISION—Affirmative 3, Negative 0.



G. B. GUTHRIE
*Representative at State Oratorical Contest
 Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 23, 1906*

Home Contest, Dec. 15, 1905.

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| 1st—Crowning Influence of True Government..... | G. B. Guthrie |
| 2d—Mission of the Reformer..... | Jennie Fedson |
| 3d—The Scholar in Politics..... | H. L. Doty |

Declamatory Contest.

DRAMATIC.

- 1st—C. C. Clauson, Philomathean
 2d—J. D. Woodruff, Welch.

ORATORICAL.

- 1st—F. V. Skelly, Crescent.
 2d—C. R. Bush, Phileleutheroi.

Members of Oratorical Council.

BACHELOR.

H. I. Moore, *Vice-Pres.*
R. L. Cooper,
G. M. Wills.

CRESCENT.

H. L. Doty,
E. W. Hamilton.

PHILELEUTHEROI.

J. E. Bacchus,
C. R. Bush,
Laura Miller.

WELCH.

A. L. Sanford,
J. D. Woodruff,
L. D. Garberson.

CLIO.

Winifred Shaw,
Angie McKinley, *Sec.*,
Clara Fraseur.

PYTHIAN.

K. R. Ogden,
R. J. Lyons,
R. M. Deming.

PHILOMATHEAN.

A. Q. Adamson, *Pres.*,
C. C. Clauson, *Treas.*
W. F. Uhl.

FACULTY.

Prof. A. M. Newens,
Dr. B. H. Hibbard,
Dr. A. B. Storms.



Y. M. C. A. = Y. W. C. A.

LECTURE COURSES

FALL TERM.

COURSE NO. 1.

Kryl Concert Co.
Jack London.
Dr. F. G. Gunsaulus.
Kellogg—Bird Man.

COURSE NO. 2.

Gov. Robt. LaFollette.
Frank R. Roberson.
Rabbi Leon Harrison.
Cleveland Ladies Orchestra.

SPRING TERM.

Bertha Kuntz Baker.
Mozart Symphony Club.
Gillilan—Humorist.
McDowell.
E. B. McDowell.

Walter M. Chandler.
Katharine Ridgeway.
Isabel Gorrhill Beecher.
Alton Packard.

RECEPTIONS

February 16.

February 17.

Y. M. C. A.

ORGANIZED 1892



Cabinet for 1905-1906.

W. E. PACKARD.....	<i>President</i>
J. R. HUGHES.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
O. E. ATKINSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
G. A. ROBERTS.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
ELLIS RAIL.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>

PRESENT MEMBERSHIP, 330
BIBLE STUDY ENROLLMENT, 650
MISSION STUDY ENROLLMENT 125

Cabinet for 1906-1907.

W. E. PACKARD.....	<i>President</i>
B. W. CROSSLEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
O. E. ATKINSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
L. E. ORCUTT.....	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>
C. H. STANG.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
W. S. McARTHUR.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>

P. W. C. A.
ORGANIZED OCTOBER 25, 1892

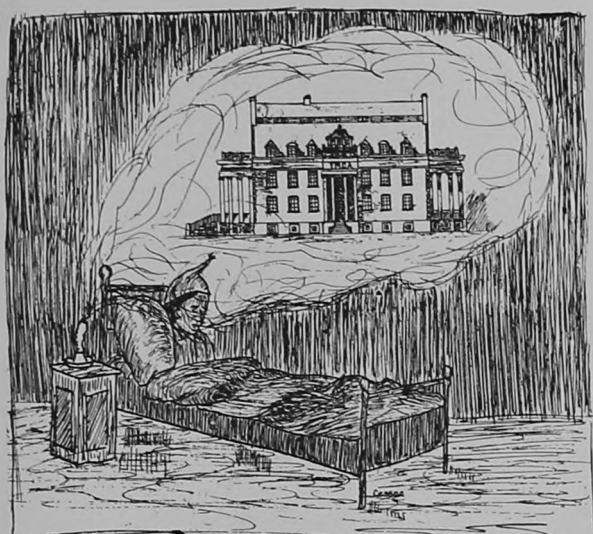


Cabinet, 1905-1906.

JENNIE FEDSON	<i>President</i>
ANGIE MCKINLEY	<i>Vice-President</i>
EMMA LEONARD	<i>Treasurer</i>
LUELLA KILBORNE	<i>Secretary</i>

Cabinet for 1906-1907.

ANGIE MCKINLEY	<i>President</i>
EMMA LEONARD	<i>Vice-President</i>
LOUISE LAURANCE	<i>Secretary</i>
GENEVIEVE DREHER	<i>Treasurer</i>



Jack Prall sees into the future

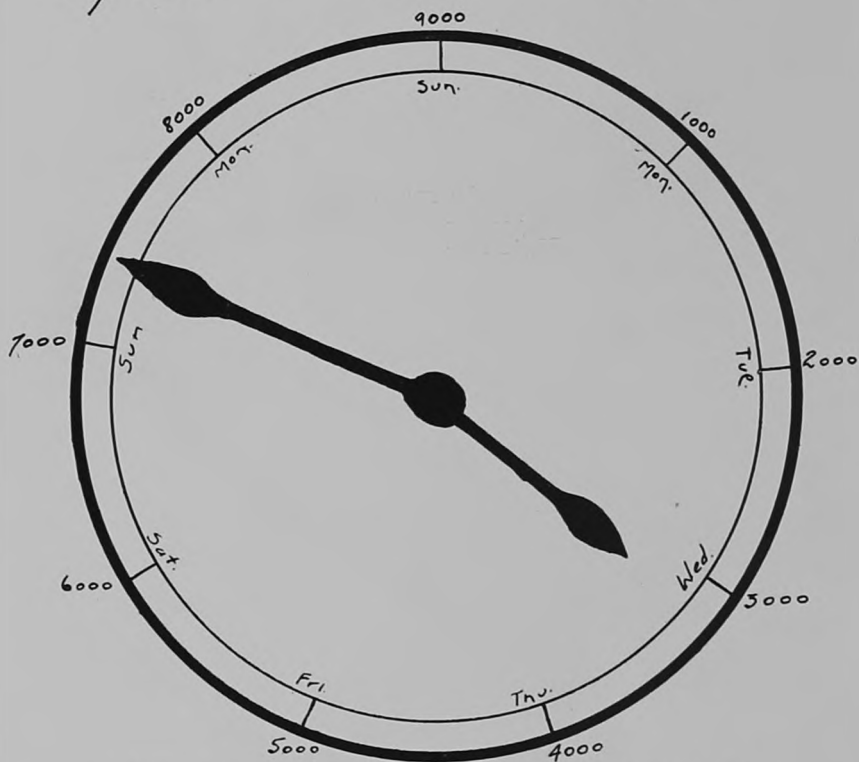


But the Alumni get busy



SNOW SCENE
Alumni and Y. M.-Y. W. C. A. Building

\$9000 IN NINE DAYS

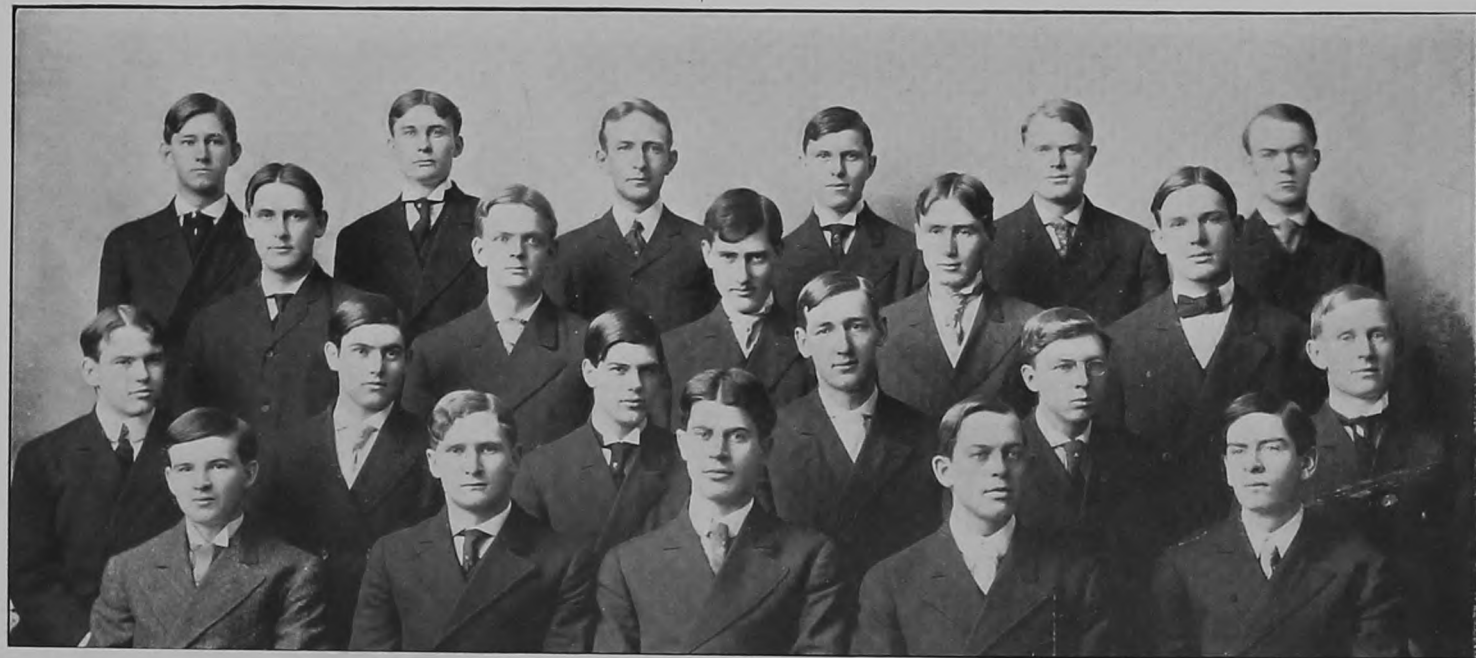


WATCH THE BIG HAND



FRATERNITIES

Noit Avrats.



Noit Abrats.

FOUNDED IN 1897.

IN FACULTATE.

E. A. Pattengill,

L. M. Hurt.

1906.

P. B. Miller,

M. R. Bowen,

W. D. Elwood,

E. K. McConnell,

A. H. Wyman,

J. W. Johnston,

H. E. Cotton.

1907.

A. Daniels,

F. W. Mack,

T. F. Burke,

I. Grimm,

B. F. Parsons.

1908.

C. B. Beard,

D. H. Cunningham,

M. C. Patton,

W. E. Buell,

R. F. Jordan,

J. C. Ford,

A. C. Stelle,

R. R. Brubacher,

W. M. Randall.

PLEDGES.

R. E. Jaensen,

G. E. Farmer,

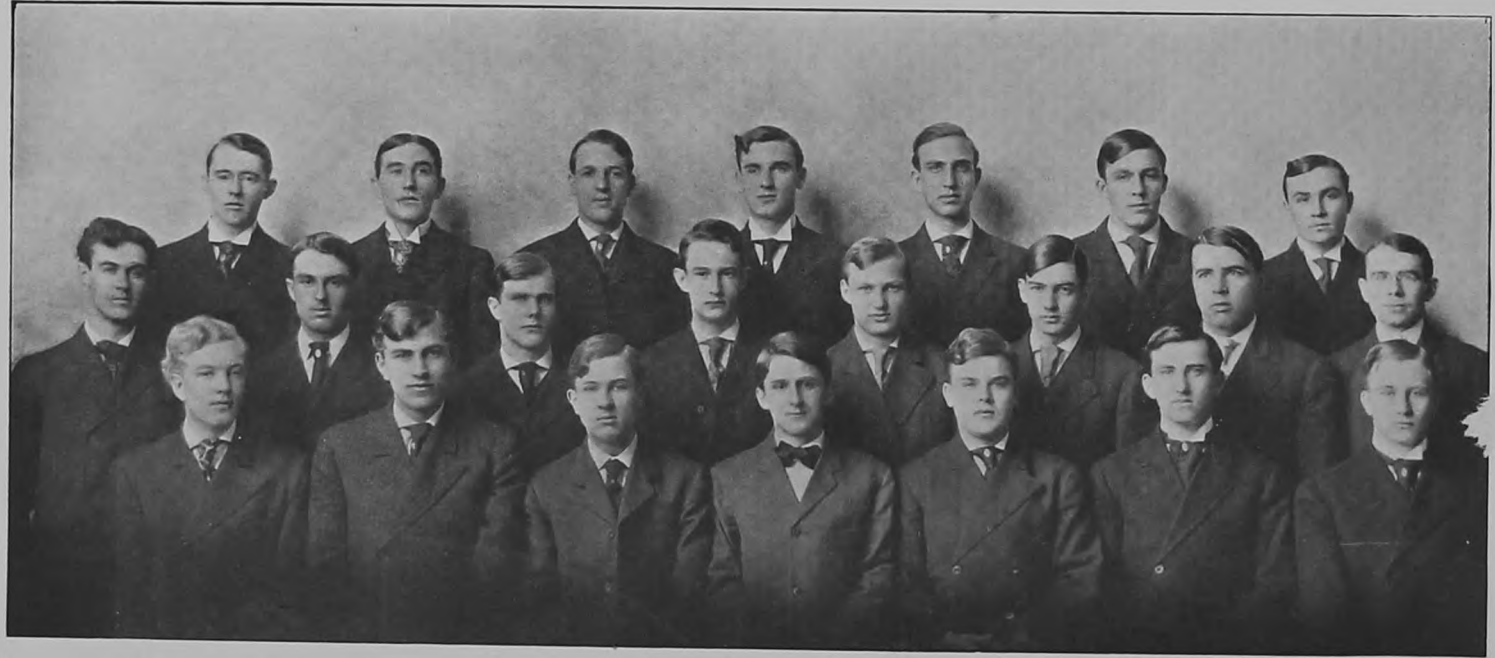
K. D. Seeberger,

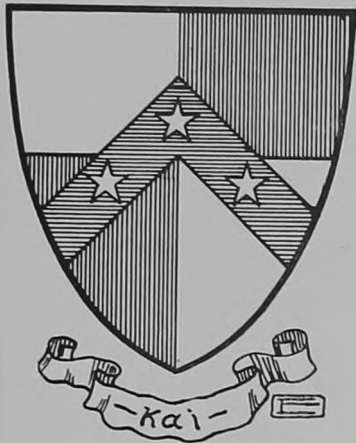
D. E. Rohrer,

W. M. Greene,

A. Heggins.

Beta Theta Pi.





Beta Theta Pi.

FOUNDED AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY, 1839

THE TAU SIGMA CHAPTER

ESTABLISHED NOV. 25, 1905

COLORS—*Pink and Light Blue.*

FLOWER—*Old Rose.*

MEMBERS IN FACULTY

O. H. Cessna, P, '84,

T. H. MacDonald, TS '04

A. H. Hoffman, AS '97.

POST GRADUATES.

Harry B. McClure, TS '02.

SENIOR.

Earnest Nye Harris.

JUNIORS.

H. Marshall Howard,

Clarence E. Henniger.

Clarence E. Paine,

Walter Eugene Packard,

Ira L. Sieben,

Lynn W. Ellis,

SOPHOMORES.

A Earle Packer,

Clifford E. Scott,

Alfred N. Carstensen,

Henry L. Luburger.

FRESHMEN.

Alexander B. Knox,

Warren G. Dunkle,

Ralph M. McElhinney,

Chas. D. Penfield,

Warner K. Thomson,

W. L. Whalen,

Rex Kendall,

Frank Knowles,

Wayne Gilmore.





Πi Beta Φhi.

IOWA GAMMA CHAPTER

RE-ESTABLISHED FEB. 24, 1906.

FLOWER—*Wine Carnation.*

COLORS—*Wine and Silver Blue.*

PUBLICATION—"*Arrow.*"

SORORES IN URBE.

Mrs. Julia Wentch Stanton,
Mrs. Mary McDonald Knapp,
Mrs. Olive Wilson Curtiss,
Mrs. Norma Hainer Beach,
Mrs. Lilly Demont Spray,
Mrs. Ruth Duncan Tilden,
Lola A. Placeway,
Maria M. Roberts,
Anna Fleming,
Kittie B. Freed,
Margaret M. Stanton.

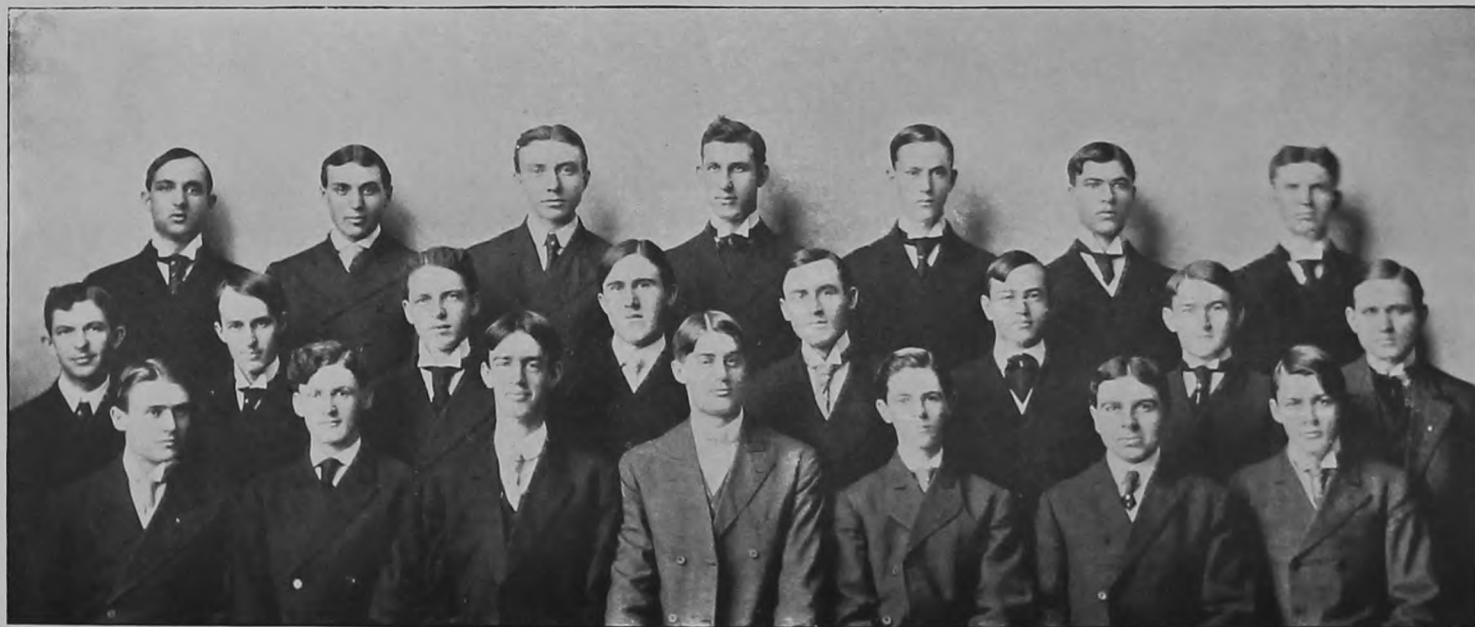
PLEDGES.

Franklin French,
Edna Andre,
Lucy Anderson,
Georgia Walker,
Frances Hopkins,
Ella Hopkins,
Ruth Dyer,
Lois Boardman,
Ruth Egloff.

YELL.

Ring—Ching—Ching
Ho—Hippi—Hi
Ra—Ro—Arrow,
Π—Β—Φ

Gamma Alpha.





Gamma Alpha.

ORGANIZED, 1903

IN FACULTY.

I. O. Shaub.

POST GRADUATE.

R. S. Curtis.

1906.

G. R. Boyd,
Mac Mosier,

H. I. Moore,
A. L. Sanford,

M. I. Evinger.

1907.

J. B. Neely,
E. W. Stanton,

A. R. Cooper,
C. K. Morgan,

R. L. Cooper.

1908.

A. H. Kruel,
L. A. Williams,

R. S. Green,
L. D. Garberson,

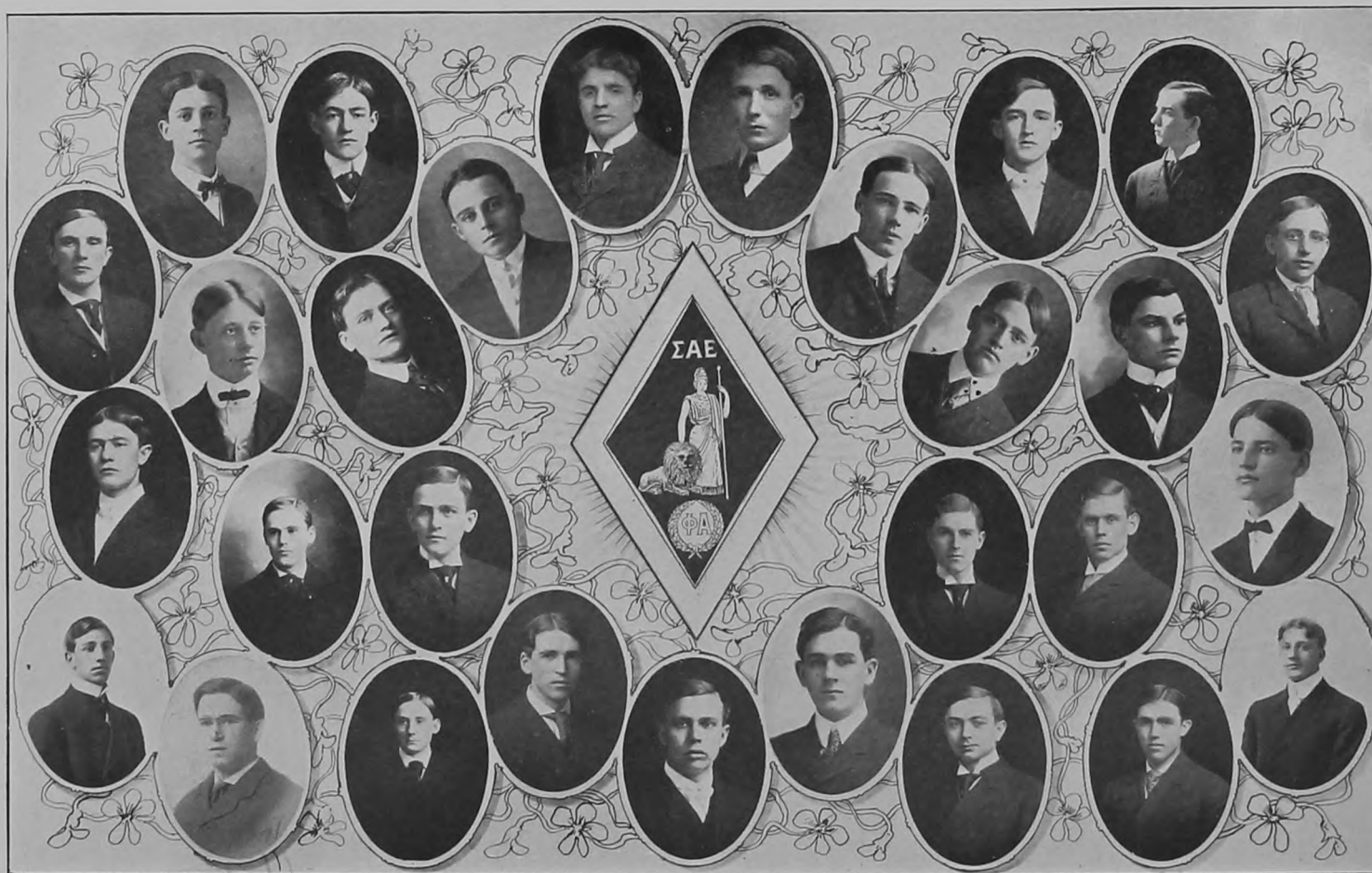
S. A. Knapp.

PLEDGES.

Shelly Hutchinson,
E. B. Carr,

L. F. Cowan,
J. D. McFarland.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.



Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

FOUNDED AT UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, 1856

IOWA GAMMA CHAPTER

ESTABLISHED JUNE 3, 1905

MEMBERS IN FACULTY.

W. F. Coover,

Adolph Shane.

POST GRADUATE MEMBERS.

M. P. Jarnagin,

C. L. Davis.

1906.

F. M. Sloane,
F. P. Collison,
W. H. Smith,

H. M. Hanssen,
G. P. Kenney,
R. W. McPherson.

K. D. Bickel.

1907.

M. O. Bolser,
R. D. Whitacre,
L. J. Hicks,
R. F. Balthis,

T. T. Meyling,
C. J. Scherling,
E. N. Wentworth,
C. A. Kupfer.

1908.

C. E. Frudden,
W. B. Barney,
J. S. Lambert,

George Powers,
J. A. McIntyre,
John Connell,

Bert Blackwell.

PLEDGES.

R. L. Fenton.
D. W. Hanssen,
L. B. Maytag,
W. A. Wentworth,
J. C. Robinson,

R. D. Berry,
R. W. Gray,
H. A. Walker,
I. H. Pechstein,
Guy Lambert,

Everett Lambert,

YELL.

Phi Alpha! Allicazee! Phi Alpha! Allicazon!
Sigma Alpha! Sigma Alpha! Sigma Alpha Epsilon!
Ruh Rah Bon-Ton; Sigma Alpha Epsilon!
Ruh Rah Bon-Ton; Sigma Alpha Epsilon!
Ruh! Rah! Ruh! Rah! Ruh! Rah! Ree!
Ruh! Rah! Ruh! Rah! S-A-E!

Aztecs.



Aztec Fraternity.

ORGANIZED DEC. 17, 1904.

Paul T. Pechstein, '06,

Charles J. Heisey, '06,

Hadley M. Smith, '06,

Oscar E. Guibert, '06,

Earle F. Bridges, '06,

Donald B. Stoufer, '07,

Page L. Gilbert, '07,

Wilson D. Beissel, '07,

E. Stanley VanBrunt, '08,

Dwight H. Denmead, '08,

James B. McMillan, '08,

Kenton Parkinson, '08,

Fred W. Law, '09,

Glen Carson, '09,

Delmar S. Patton, '09,

Will Ramsey, '09,

Emory E. Marshall, '09,

Charles Platner, '09,

Clinton C. Carpenter, '09,

Marshall L. Graham, '09,

N. Allen Hall, '09,

John C. Jones, Sp.,

W. Burton Wallis, Sp.

Sigma Nu.



Sigma Nu.

GAMMA SIGMA CHAPTER.

INSTALLED APRIL 21 1904.

C. H. Frechtling,

I. P. Mabie,

L. W. Shotwell,

J. W. White,

W. N. Schroeder,

H. L. Blackman,

R. G. Crowder,

K. B. Meickley,

C. W. Wagner,

J. M. Slaught,

Kenneth Maine,

J. M. Burrows,

H. R. Worden,

W. E. Tusan,

H. J. Cockfield,

Harry Fox,

A. H. Cruttenden,

T. J. McCullough,

R. B. Henderson,

W. T. Smith.

S. S.



Edith Fraseur Jennie Fedson Ruth Walker Gertrude Herr Angie McKinley Louise Lewis
 Vera Prime Clara Fraseur Florence Kimball Louise Laurance Fay Johnson Grace Campfield Louise Maytag
 PLEDGES—Dora Rice, Mabel Bentley, Minnie Cedargreen

Phi Delta Gamma.

ORGANIZED 1905



Mary Smalley,

Erma Hopkins,

Fay Reigard,

Dell Mills,

Harriette Beyer.

Alpha Zeta.



E. N. Wentworth	Don Cunningham	Campbell	W. H. Pew	L. E. Troeger	O. A. Cohagen
H. O. Buckman	I. O. Schaub	W. H. Stevenson	V. R. Gardner	Snyder	C. A. Kupfer
	D. H. Biller	B. W. Crossley	W. E. Packard	R. C. Kibbey	Don Fish
		<i>Not in picture—W. J. Kennedy</i>			

Alpha Zeta.



THE years have come and gone, nearly a full decade, since the first chapter of Alpha Zeta was organized in Ohio State University. With the passing of the years new chapters have been added to the list; more than a half score of them.

The members of these chapters east and west, north and south, are strong, enthusiastic fellows, who are unreservedly devoted to all things which make for world-wide agricultural progress. Alpha Zeta men are young, their fraternity is young; but her members who have gone forth from college halls are even now found in the front rank of agricultural workers; in the bureaus of the Department of Agriculture, in our agricultural colleges and experiment stations, in editorial chairs, on well managed farms, they stand for progress and earnest endeavor.

The training and symmetrical development of this class of agricultural workers is in truth the mission of every chapter of Alpha Zeta. No organization among college men could have a more exalted or nobler mission.

Fraternities stand for different ideals; one stands for athletics, another for good fellowship and social enterprise, a third for excellence in scholarship. Alpha Zeta places emphasis upon the fact that a full-rounded fraternity standard cannot be founded upon any one, or even two of these lines of activity; there must be built into such a standard all that is true and good and ennobling in all of these various lines of college work and college play.

The members of Alpha Zeta are earnestly endeavoring to upbuild a unique fraternity; an earnest group of agricultural fellows, who are banded together for the purpose of man-building and who are forever mindful of the fact that this end is most easily achieved by enlisting all of those forces and accessories which develop a wholesome, sympathetic, all-round man.

—W. H. Stevenson.



*J. E. Stevens, '09

I. E. Melhus, '06

R. S. Goulden, '06

C. L. McKemey, '08

BLACK

ORGANIZED

M. C. Hilliard, '08

D. V. Whitehead, '07

*F. Schreiber, '09

J. C. Carpenter, '07



*Pledges



G. K. Swift, '08

Platt Wilson, '07

L. J. Murphy, '07

P. L. Reppert, '08

HAWKS

1904

L. F. Prior, '07

*E. B. Rhine, '09

O. L. Hoebel, '07

R. W. Crum, '07





L.H. Luhman
Gilbert Sanders
J.R. Williams

H.N. Kalb
Stanley T. Corning
G.C. Stong
Harry O. Orr



Welton A. Peek
J.T. Metcalf
J.A. Given

Bert M. Blackwell
N.N. Grawford
Herbert B. Bonebright
G.F. Monroe
Elton G. Nazarene



LWF



66

ETAL.

99

Cardinal Guild.



Carl Larson

Don Fish

I. W. Hutchins

L. J. Wilkinson

G. B. Guthrie

H. J. Gould

Harry Gray

Mac Mosier

L. L. Hidingar

Matt King

Geo. Boyd



Military.



Jas. Rush Lincoln.....*Commandant.*
 A. L. Sanford.....*Lieutenant-Colonel.*
 F. G. Biggs.....*Major First Battalion.*
 W. A. Danielson.....*Major Second Battalion.*
 J. C. Gilbert.....*Adjutant First Battalion.*
 P. Sacrison.....*Adjutant Second Battalion.*

CAPTAINS.

S. A. Knapp, Co. A.
 F. S. Dewey, Co. B.
 F. M. Allen, Co. C.
 L. E. Orcutt, Co. D.
 P. Ottosen, Co. E.
 R. E. Reuling, Co. F.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

H. C. Smith, Co. A.
 H. B. McElyea, Co. B.
 F. E. Marsh, Co. C.
 E. F. Henderson, Co. D.
 W. Langwell, Co. E.
 T. T. Harris, Co. F.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

L. D. Garberson, Co. A.
 F. L. Breeden, Co. B.
 M. E. Packman, Co. C.
 A. Magsaysay, Co. E.





Horticulture and Forestry Seminar.

Active Membership.

Prof. S.A. Beach.
 Prof. A.T. Erwin.
 Prof. H.P. Baker.
 Prof. E.E. Little.
 Mr. V.R. Gardner.
 Mr. Julius Erdmann.
 W.R. Eastman.
 R.E. Jeffs.
 A.J. Norman.
 C.A. Kupfer.
 H. Haefner.
 G.R. Bliss.
 S.G. Platt.
 S.W. Allen.
 E.C. Langlois.
 E.G. Beinhart.
 Samuel Garver.
 John Beaty.
 H.M. Case.
 J.M. Leffler.

Officers.

Pres. - A.R. Kohler.
 Vice Pres. - H.E. Morrow.
 Secy. - W.G. Baxter.
 Treas. - K.A. Kirkpatrick.
 Sgt. Arms - R.F. Balthis.



Veterinary Medical Society I. S. C.



Stewart Gearhart Gilbert Jolls Johnson Collison O'Banion Stange Cole



Lau Seeley Bemis Pierce Buck Breckerbaumer Baker Black Hunt



Lent Graham Shannon Smith Youngerwood Van de Waa Frum Ash

Veterinary Medical Society.

The Veterinary Society of the Iowa State College was organized in 1884 for the purpose of discussion and investigation of subjects relating to Veterinary Science. All matriculate students of the four classes are members and the society confers diplomas upon its graduates. The Senior Alumni Banquet to which prominent veterinarians are invited, is held annually at Des Moines.

Officers of the Society.

DR. J. H. McNEIL, V. M. D.	<i>Honorable President</i>
DR. R. R. DYKSTRA, D. V. M.	<i>Honorable Secretary</i>
CLARENCE G. COLE, '06	<i>President</i>
J. P. JOHNSON, '06	<i>Vice-President</i>
FRANK C. GEARHART, '07	<i>Secretary</i>
C. J. SCOTT, '08	<i>Treasurer</i>
F. P. COLLISON, '06	<i>Critic</i>
ARTHUR M. BUCK, '09	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>



I. S. C. Student.

JENNIE FEDSON, '06, Editor-in-Chief.
 C. W. WAGNER, '08, Local Editor.
 L. W. ELLIS, '07, Athletic Editor.
 LEONARD PAULSON, '08 } Forensic.
 MABLE RUNDALL, '07, }
 CAROLYN GABRIELSON, Alumni Editor.
 FLORENCE KIMBALL, Society Editor.
 ELLIS RAIL, '08, }
 MARY WILSON, '06, } Reporters.
 R. Z. KIRKPATRICK, '07, }
 W. K. THOMPSON, '09, }

G. R. BOYD, Business Manager.
 A. Q. ADAMSON, Assistant Business Manager.
 K. R. OGDEN, Assistant Business Manager.

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The Alumnus.

MRS. S. W. BEYER, Editor.
 DR. M. JONES, Assistant Manager.
 DR. BENJAMIN HIBBARD, Business Manager.

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 State College.



Iowa Agriculturist.

D. E. FISH, Editor-in-Chief.
O. A. COHAGEN, Bus. Manager.

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G. L. MARTIN,

E. N. WENTWORTH,
L. E. CARTER,
A. J. NORMAN.
DON CUNNINGHAM,



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First Published, Oct. 1901.

First Edition, 1,000 copies.
Present Edition, 1,400 copies.

Iowa Engineer.

EDITORS.

G. W. BISSELL,
A. MARSTON,

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S. W. BEYER,

A. L. SANFORD, Business Manager.

Published Bi-Monthly.
First Published, Jan., 1901.

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Present Edition 500 copies.

Stock Judging Team, 1905.



	R. A. Cave,
R. W. Crouse,	C. F. Coverdale,
R. L. Gribben,	L. E. Troeger, Alternate.
	S. A. Fry.

Corn Judging Team, 1905.



WINNERS OF COOK TROPHY.

D. E. Fish,	O. A. Cohagen,
E. P. Humbert,	F. C. Tripp,
L. W. Ellis,	H. P. Ashby, Alternate.



Dutch Band.



PICCOLOS—W. E. Brown, F. Dragoun.

CORNETS—George McClean, L. C. Winkelhaus, R. L. Wolfe, O. L. Hoebel, A. E. Bobst, H. G. Semmons, L. C. Wyse, H. G. Singer.

CLARINETS—W. Moxly, H. H. Zorning, F. Clyde, D. W. Hansen, F. L. Kingsbury, G. W. Tinsley, B. B. Hauser.

ALTOS—G. S. Chiles, L. J. Moore, N. L. Dewell, M. Steele.

TROMBONES—Matt Luckiesh, R. R. Brubacher, O. H. Todnem, L. F. Cowan.

BARITONES—C. E. Wright, E. D. Nazarene, T. Schjeldahl.

BASSES—P. A. Sexsmith, N. N. Crawford.

DRUMS—Lou Doggett, W. Beardshear, R. F. Jordan.

DRUM MAJOR—Mose Patton.

DIRECTOR—Chas. F. Mundhenk.

Glee Club.



Cave	Rowat	Kendall	Carstenzon	Ellis	McFarland	Hoffinan	Way
Penfield	Cooper	Gilmore	Mrs. Resler	Norman	Wilson	Thompson	Guthrie
				Prof. Resler	Wills		



"HOME"



**JUNIOR
PLAY**

“THE RIVALS”

LYNN W. ELLIS



The Lady of Lyons.

Presented by the '06 Class, June 5, 1905.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Claude Melnotte.....	O. E. Guibert
Colonel Damas.....	G. B. Guthrie
Beusant.....	H. I. Moore
Glavis.....	E. A. Sayre
Mons. Deschappelles.....	H. L. Doty
Landlord.....	P. T. Pechstein
Gaspar }	
Notary }	B. W. Crossley
Pauline.....	Edith Fraseur
Madame Deschappelles.....	Jennie Fedson
Widow Melnotte.....	Ruth Walker
Janet }	
Marian }	Mary Wilson



A Night Off.

PRESENTED BY '08 CLASS MARCH 26, 1906

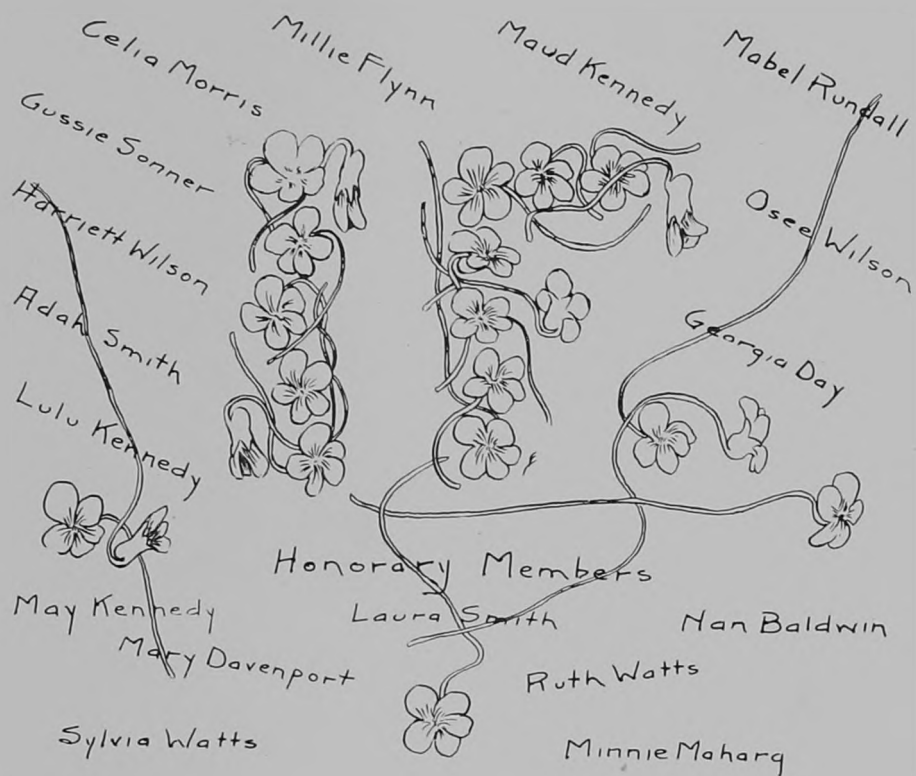
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Justinian Babbitt.....	Don Cunningham
Harry Damask.....	C. W. Wagner
Jack Mulberry.....	A. N. Carstenson
Marcus Brutus Snapp.....	Frank Cave
Prowl.....	J. E. Waggoner
Mrs. Zantippa Babbitt.....	Clara Fraseur
Nisbe.....	Jennie Bechtle
Angelica Damask.....	Jessie Austin
Susan {	
Maria {	Mary Sparks

TAKE
"A
NIGHT
OFF"
ARMORY.
MARCH
TWENTYSIXTH.



L.W. ELLIS



TLB

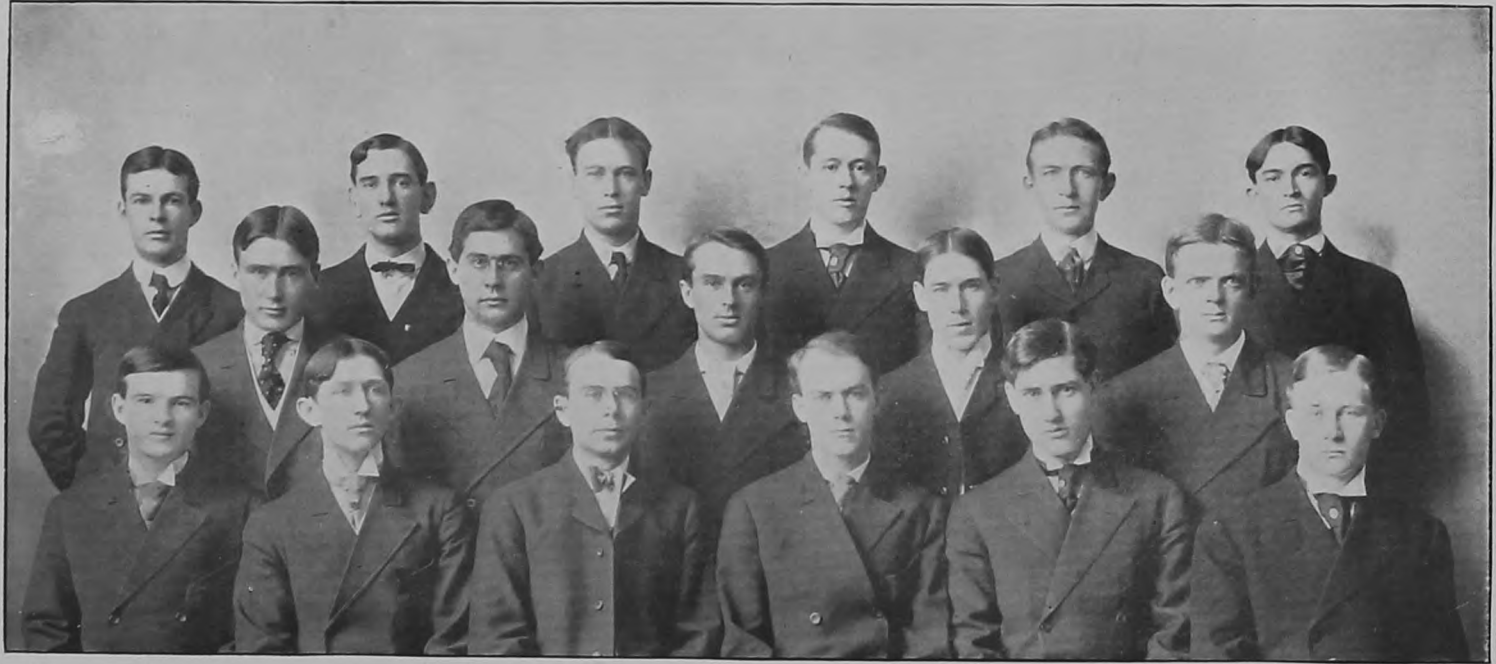


HM

T. L. B.

F. C. Vincent, "Kid," 6 ft. 2½ in., High Mogul.
H. W. Gray, "Dad," 6 ft. 2½ in., Vice Mogul.
G. R. Boyd, "Buster," 6 ft. 1 in., Typo.
A. L. Sanford, "Shorty," 6 ft. 4½ in., Yeast.
Pres. A. B. Storms, "Prexie," 6 ft. 4 in.
R. E. Drennan, "Joe," 6ft. ½ in.
E. C. Naylor, "Fat," 6 ft. 2 in.
L. D. Garberson, "Garb," 6 ft. 2 in.
S. A. Knapp, "Spindle," 6 ft. 3½ in.
Linn Beatty, "Slim," 6 ft. 5 in.
Ward E. Hall, "Lengthy," 6 ft. 4 in.
A. C. Perrin, "A. C." 6 ft. ½ in.
W. H. Pew, "Chauncy," 6 ft. 1 in.

Kappa Phi.



Kappa Phi's.

HE Kappa Phi's, popularly known as the "Kalk Fiends" or "F. F. F.'s," is an engineering fraternity organized in the fall of 1896. The membership is drawn from the two upper classes in the engineering courses. The object of the fraternity is twofold; to further research work in engineering and scientific lines, and to provide for the proper celebrating of the burning of the Calculus books as soon as each class completes the subject.

MEMBERS IN FACULTY.

Thos. H. MacDonald,

E. A. Pattengill.

CLASS OF 1906.

P. B. Miller,
E. N. Harris,
G. W. Tinsley,
F. F. Rowat,

W. D. Elwood.
W. H. Knox,
J. W. Johnston,
H. C. Austin,

CLASS OF 1907.

I. Grimm,
J. W. White,
C. E. Paine,
A. Daniels.

W. H. Douglass,
B. F. Parsons,
F. W. Mack,
H. M. Howard,

Colonnades.



	M. E. McCulloch	R. E. Drennan	E. C. Naylor	H. E. Phillips	John Lage	R. W. Crouse	E. H. Hawbaker
T. R. Williams	R. E. Reuling	J. E. Waggoner	M. L. Bowman	H. A. Sayre	H. V. Nye	E. P. Humbert	R. E. Buchanan
C. D. Forsbeck	L. C. Schantz	C. C. R. Bush	G. B. Guthrie	T. T. Harris	E. F. Davis	H. O. Buckman	
E. A. Sayre	S. A. Fry	H. B. Myerly	M. A. Pischel	F. G. Churchill	M. M. Luckiesh	R. E. Weirick	

THE SMOKO-GATOS

THE DEITY
GRAND HIGH BAND-TEARER
SERENE HIGH CLIPPER
EXALTED KEEPER OF THE TRAY
PROVIDERS OF THE MATCH

"CHANCELLOR" OF "THE EXCHEQUER"
THE MOGUL
SUPREME HIGH CONSUMER
FREQUENT " "
OCCASIONAL " "
EXCEEDING " "
TOTAL ABSTINENT

NON-RESIDENT - C.H. CURRIE - R.W. TEDRICK -
PEACE TO THEIR ASHES.

* TWICE INITIATED

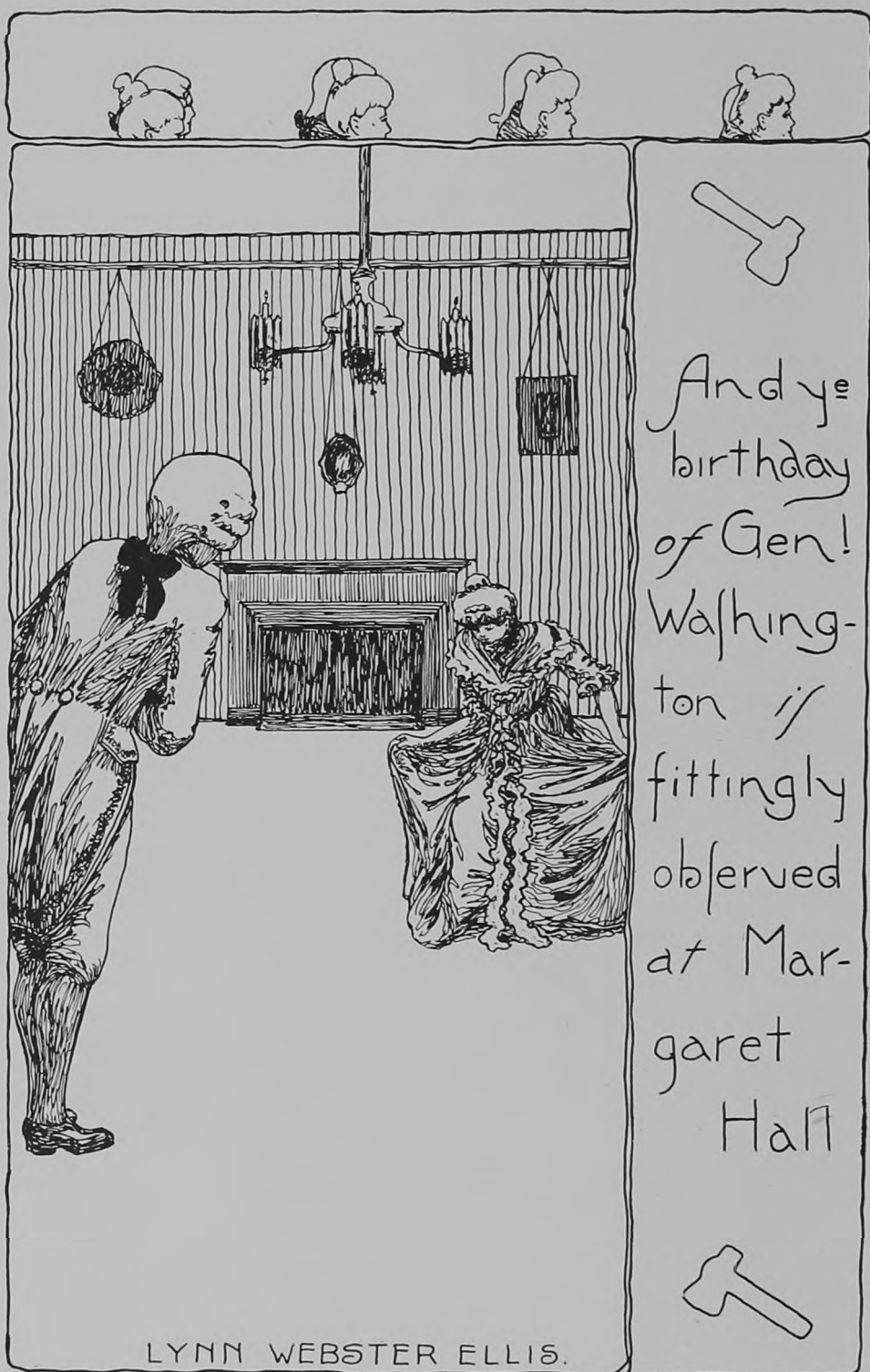
ROSE ABEL*
ELIZABETH MACLEAN
BESS DUNHAM
LOLA STEPHENS
{ EDITH STEVENS
SYBIL LENTNER
GERTRUDE MERENESS
ADOLPH SHANE
WINFRED H. DOUGLASS
ROYD. WHITACRE
GAILLARD K. SWIFT
ALFRED SCHIELE
HARRY C. AUSTIN



ORGANIZED 1902

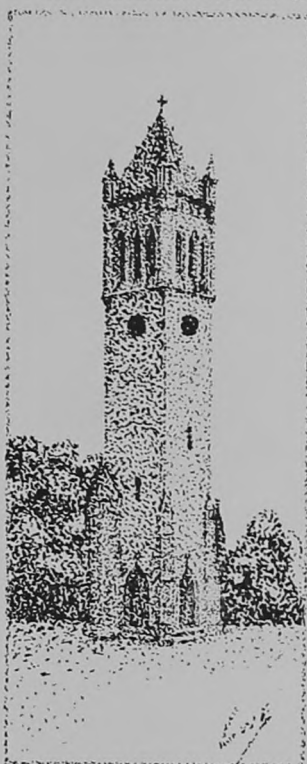
COMPOSED OF DAUGHTERS OF GRADUATES OF I. S. C.

Margaret Stanton, '02,	Genevieve Shaw, '06,
Edith Stevens, '04,	Melissa Flynn, '06,
Ethel Cessna, '04,	Winifred Shaw, '06,
Edna King-Reuling, '04.	Harriette Beyer, '07,
Inez Vincent, '09.	



And ye
birthday
of Gen!
Washing-
ton is
fittingly
observed
at Mar-
garet
Hall

LYNN WEBSTER ELLIS.



Lord, God of Hosts,
Be with us yet,
Lest we forget—
Lest we forget."

Echo

A
L
U
M
N
I

IOWA STATE
COLLEGE



Geo. W. Catt

Born March 9, 1860, at Davenport, Iowa.

Died October 8, 1905, at his home in New York City.

Tributes Paid to Geo. W. Catt by I. S. C. Faculty.

DR. G. W. CATT entered the Iowa State College in 1879 as a student in Civil Engineering, graduated B. C. E. in 1882. In common with many another before and since, he worked his way through college by doing janitor work and other chores. He was thus employed up to his graduation.

He was not long in securing work in his profession, and ultimately became President and Consulting Engineer for the Atlantic Gulf and Pacific Co., a corporation engaged in harbor improvements, dredging, etc. In 1902 the company had contract work in hand to the value of \$6,000,000. Mr. Catt was also Consulting Engineer for the Puget Sound Bridge and Dredging Co. of Seattle.

The characteristics which won him success were business and engineering ability, tact, and honesty beyond suspicion. He evidently appreciated this value of technical education, because his staff was recruited largely from the engineering schools, including his own Alma Mater.

Although a very active man and in charge of large interests, he always had time for his friends and time to make acquaintances. His death, while yet in the prime of life, is untimely for the profession to which he belonged, and for all who were privileged to know him.

PROF. G. W. BISSELL.



Mr. Catt was a representative of the highest type of American manhood. His life was a proof of the possibilities that are within reach of young men of ability, energy and character. He came to Ames in the early 80's from an Iowa farm, lacking in means, but rich in courage, and with a heart full of noble purposes. He worked his way through college. His was no time service. What ever the circumstances he was always at his post of duty.

I met him on the morning of his graduation day with his work clothes on attending diligently to the work he had in charge. Faithful, able, tireless, always trustworthy, he came with the years to the command of great enterprises where he handled many men and much capital. He won his high position in the business and engineering world on his merits. Sturdy, true-hearted, honest, the work he had in hand can ill spare him.

He was in the prime of life, confident of his powers, enjoying the heavy responsibility which success had brought him. In the world of affairs he was modest, unassuming and genuine. In private life he was unselfish, generous to a fault, true as steel to his friends. The college mourns one of her noblest sons and the business world one of the highest type of successful men.

DR. STANTON.



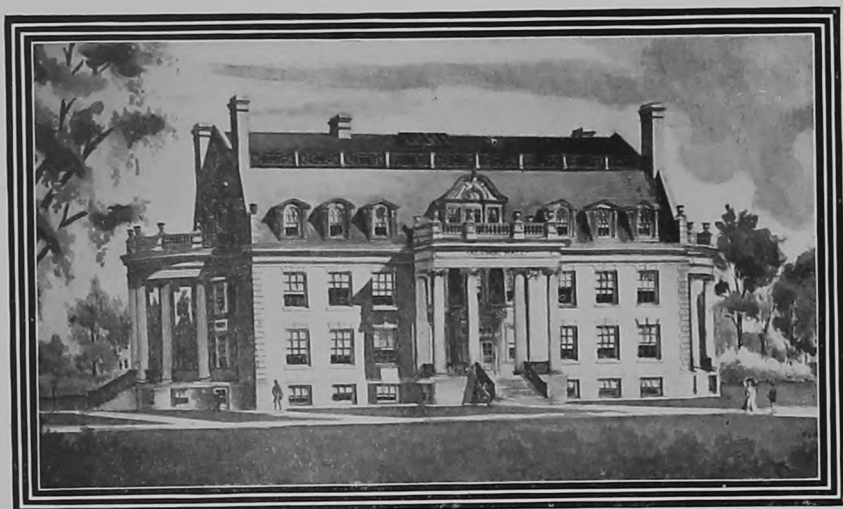
Mr. Catt was a true business man in every sense of the word, very progressive in methods, painstaking in the planning and pushing in the execution of his work.

The large contracts which he carried to a successful finish, he did by such improved methods as to net him more than the usual income.

He was always approachable, and very kind and considerate of the feelings of others. He was more like a brother than a fellow alumnus.

The college interests have suffered in his death a great loss, and the alumni and friends, a leader.

PROF. KNAPP.



Alumni Associations.

<i>Honorary President</i>	E. W. STANTON, '72
<i>President</i>	T. L. SMITH, '77
<i>Secretary</i>	JENNIE MORRISON-BEYER, '92
<i>Treasurer</i>	L. C. TILDEN, '88
<i>Historian</i>	MRS. WINIFRED DUDLEY SHAW, '76

LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS.

DES MOINES.

<i>President</i>	A. U. QUINT, '85
<i>Secretary</i>	MRS. ERA (PAUL) VAN SLEYPE, '74
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	MRS. WINIFRED DUDLEY SHAW, '76

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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<i>Secretary</i>	JOHN I. SCHULTE, '95

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Our Alumni in Foreign Lands.

- CALDWELL, E. P., B. S., '75,
Manila, P. I.
- BUDROW, W. B., B. S., '89,
Calli De Morelos,
103½ Guadalajara, Jalisco Co., Mexico.
- GEDDES, DR. J. A., D. V. M., '90,
Care U. S. Consul,
London, England.
- MALLEY, C. W., B. S., M. S., '92,
Cowie St., Graham's Town,
Cape Colony, South Africa.
- BRYAN, WM. A., B. S., '96,
Bishop Museum,
Honolulu, H. I.
- LANDON, BOB., B. M. E., '96,
Bryan, Landon Co.,
Manila, P. I.
- RICE, AMBROSE C., B. S., '97,
Baptist College,
Rangoon Burmah.
- NESOM, GEO E., D. V. M., B. S., '98,
Manila, P. I.
- ELLIS, SADIE, B. S., '98,
30 Koun, Meta Shiba,
Tokyo, Japan.
- GLAISYER, A. R., D. V. M., '99,
143 Calli, Cabildo,
Manila, P. I.
- NICHOLS, FAY I., B. C. E., '99,
City Engineer's Office,
Manila, P. I.
- HOPKINS, A. G., B. S. A., '99,
191 Bannatyne, Ave.,
Winnepeg, Manitoba, Canada.
- CUMMING, MELVILL, B. S. A., '00,
Truro, Nova Scotia Co.,
Canada.
- PADDOCK, A. ESTELLA, B. S., '00,
Shanghai, China.
- SHEALY, A. S., D. V. M., '03,
Manila, P. I.



- BLAIR, ROBERT A., B. C. E., '03,
Tuguegarao, Prov. of Cagayau,
Manila, P. I.
- MORRIS, LESTER, B. C. E., '04,
Bureau of Engineering,
Manila, P. I.
- BISHOP, H. T., B. M. E., '04,
Waiad, India.
- TORRES, GONZALO S., B. S. A., '04,
Honda No. 2 Leon,
Guanajuato, Mexico.
- ULIBARRI, RICARDO B., B. S. A., '04,
Pacheos 63 Leon,
Guanajuato, Mexico.
- AVEY, H. T., B. M. E., '05,
Presbyterian College,
Allahabad, India.
- CLYDE, RAY W., B. C. E., '05,
Gatun C. Z., Panama.
- PATTON, T. J., B. C. E., '05,
Tabernilla, Panama.
- PETERSON, G. C., B. C. E., '05,
Tabernilla, Panama.
- FEGLES, DON B., B. C. E., '05,
Gatun C. Z., Panama.
- MERRITT, M. L., B. S. A., '04,
Care Bureau of Forestry,
Manila, P. I.
- RUEDA, REMIAGIO, B. S. A., '05,
Tiscaman, Argentine Republic, S. A.
- HUME, H. H., B. S. A., M. S. A., '99,
St. Ann De Bellevue, Quebec.
- BEVAN, W. A., B. S. in E. E., '05,
Cavite, P. I.





NORTHEAST FROM OLD MAIN—1886



WEST FROM OLD MAIN



SOUTHEAST FROM OLD MAIN



TO THE WEST FROM OLD MAIN—LATER



NORTHEAST FROM CENTRAL BUILDING—1905



REAR OF OLD MAIN



OLD MAIN AND MORRILL HALL



NEW MAIN AND MORRILL HALL



APPROACH TO CAMPUS



Extracts from Letters of an Alumnus of 1893.

2/27/1890.

On arrival at I. S. C.

We had just arrived at the main building, gone up the front steps and into one of the central halls, when we heard the gong from the regions below announcing supper. We hung our wraps up, and descended a winding stairway into a basement hall, and then into the dining room.

As we entered we saw a man wearing a black skull cap and a blue uniform with a colonel's shoulder straps, standing in the room about ten feet from the door. He was fingering some keys, and was there to direct students to seats if the room was crowded. We concluded this was Col. or Captain Lincoln. He is about 50 years of age, somewhat bald, rather large, light brown mustache and gray eyes. He is not at all talkative nor very pleasant looking, but is courteous as we have found.

By the way I am not following out my intentions. When I got here I found that those who roomed in the cottages have to saw, split, and carry in their own wood. They always have to build their own fires and have to get up pretty early too, in order to get ready for breakfast at 6:30. I decided to room in the main building. We are in room 57, fourth floor, in "Freshman Heaven," as it is styled by those who have been here but now room below.



3/9/1890.

Eight of us boys sit at one table. When we went in today noon another chap was there alone, and he informed us very politely that they had "Organized" that table. "To organize" a table, eight boys and girls agree to sit at the same table and have the dining-room proctor reserve it for them. The boys generally come to meals first and pour the tea, etc., and then hold on to the backs of their chairs and look anxiously toward the hall door for the girls. Today the boys who took our table stood up until the rest were nearly through, and then sat down. Finally two of the girls came in. One of the others was sick and the others stayed with her.

July 25, 1890.

An order was posted on the bulletin board last Saturday, saying that there would be military inspection of the students' rooms every week day at 7:30 A. M.

Aug. 1, 1890.

A. M. Harvey was elected president of the Freshman class for this term, in our meeting last night. It takes a chap who can command a majority of the girls' votes to be sure of election.

Sept. 7, 1890.

Our new chapel of which I send you a picture is growing nicely. It is going to be a fine building.

Sept. 26, 1890.

A young fellow, W. E. Harriman by name, from Hampton is at our table this term. He is a smart, quick witted, always self-possessed fellow, and I like him very much. He intends to study medicine after graduating here, and also intends going to Brazil to practice medicine and grow up with the country.



Oct. 3.

Everything is about the same at I. A. C., with the exception of the new rules just made, making it grounds for immediate expulsion to be in Ames after 7 o'clock in the evening, or to be out of the building after the lights are out. That is getting pretty strict, I think.

Nov. 6.

The boys who were of the proper age, went to town and voted Tuesday. Someone proposed that they elect Prexy road-boss in this district, and as this district is wholly in the country there were enough of the boys to do it, and so Pres. W. I. Chamberlin of the Iowa Agricultural College is elected road-boss in the 2nd district by 19 majority. The boys telegraphed the news to the Register, and I suppose the world will think it is very practical and proper that the President of an Agricultural College should be road supervisor in his neighborhood. The best thing he can do, I think, is to make the boys put in their Saturdays at hard work until their tax is worked out.

Apr. 6, 1891.

Y. M. C. A. was organized a year ago, and now has the second largest membership of all Iowa colleges. Our room was reported best four times last week. They paste the numbers of the best, as well as the others, on the bulletin board.



May 1, 1891.

The Juniors had a banquet and promenade one evening not long ago—They formed columns of two, and promenaded around the campus for an hour, then had a social and supper in the building.

The Inter-State Oratorical Contest is to be held in Des Moines, Thursday evening. 125 seats were engaged for I. A. C., and we will telegraph for more as 150 have promised to go.

Aug. 3, 1891.

We have about 100 new students, and our professors are beginning to wear silk hats to keep pace with the general prosperity, I suppose.

Aug. 14.

I am eating at a mixed table now.

We have 398 students enrolled—the largest number ever enrolled.

Oct. 4.

The creamery being built here, will, when completed, be the best and most thoroughly equipped creamery in the world.

Nov. 2, 1891.

The seniors have asked and obtained permission to use the \$5.00 which graduates have to pay for their diplomas towards buying and erecting a fountain in a triangle formed by the cement walks north of the building. The digging was begun Saturday.

March 6, 1892.

Well, we are at I. A. C. once more. The elevator has been completed and is an easier method of bringing up trunks, but slower.

Prof. Marston is the new C. E. professor. Prof. Bissell who was assistant last term is now at the head of the M. E. department.

S. U. I. vs. I. A. C.

On I. A. C. diamond, June 11th, 1892.

10 to 2 in favor of I. A. C.

The silver bat and state championship are ours, "Hip, Rah, Rip, Rah," etc.

July 24, 1892.

The motor depot and P. O. have been begun and also Agricultural Hall.

Aug. 21.

Old rules are being taken away. Students may have all the apples they want from the orchard this year, provided they don't pick or shake them from the trees.

The girls who drill wear blue dresses and white military caps and carry long spears. They are Co. G.

September 24, 1892.

The cadets and the girls arrived from the Chicago World's Fair about eleven o'clock today; tired and dusty, but real sure that they enjoyed the best the world can show.

The Juniors will have a banquet in Boone, October 7. We will go up on the 6 P. M. train and return at 2 A. M. I toast "The Junior girls."

Apr. 23, 1893.

I. A. C. has just received an acquisition to her student enrollment from S. Dak. Agricultural College at Brookings. Had a difficulty, and all but 40 out of 250 students left. Senior class is coming here this term.

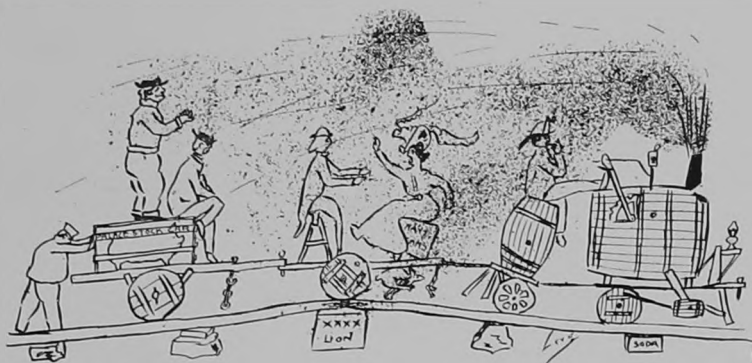
Aug. 13, 1893.

Our class has been having meetings this week electing class day speakers.

Oct. 8, 1893.

The Seniors were invited to a reception at "Prexy's" Thursday night. We had a very pleasant time. Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen stacked every Senior's room while we were gone. Now some of them are wishing they hadn't.





Data Concerning "Dinky."

Nov. 12, 1890.

A proposition to construct a horse car railway between Ames and the college.

REFERRED TO A SPECIAL COMMITTEE.

COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

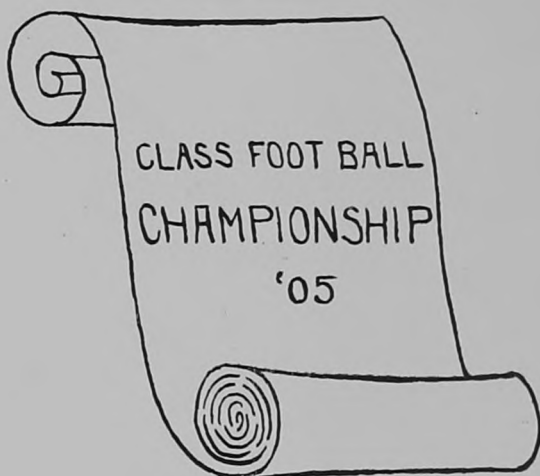
We do not believe a horse-car railway will meet the demands for rapid transit. We believe some means of rapid transit by electric or other railway would greatly benefit the college in various ways and our failure to recommend the railway proposition is not because of opposition to the plan proposed but with the hope that something better may be secured.

AGREEMENT OF COMPANY.

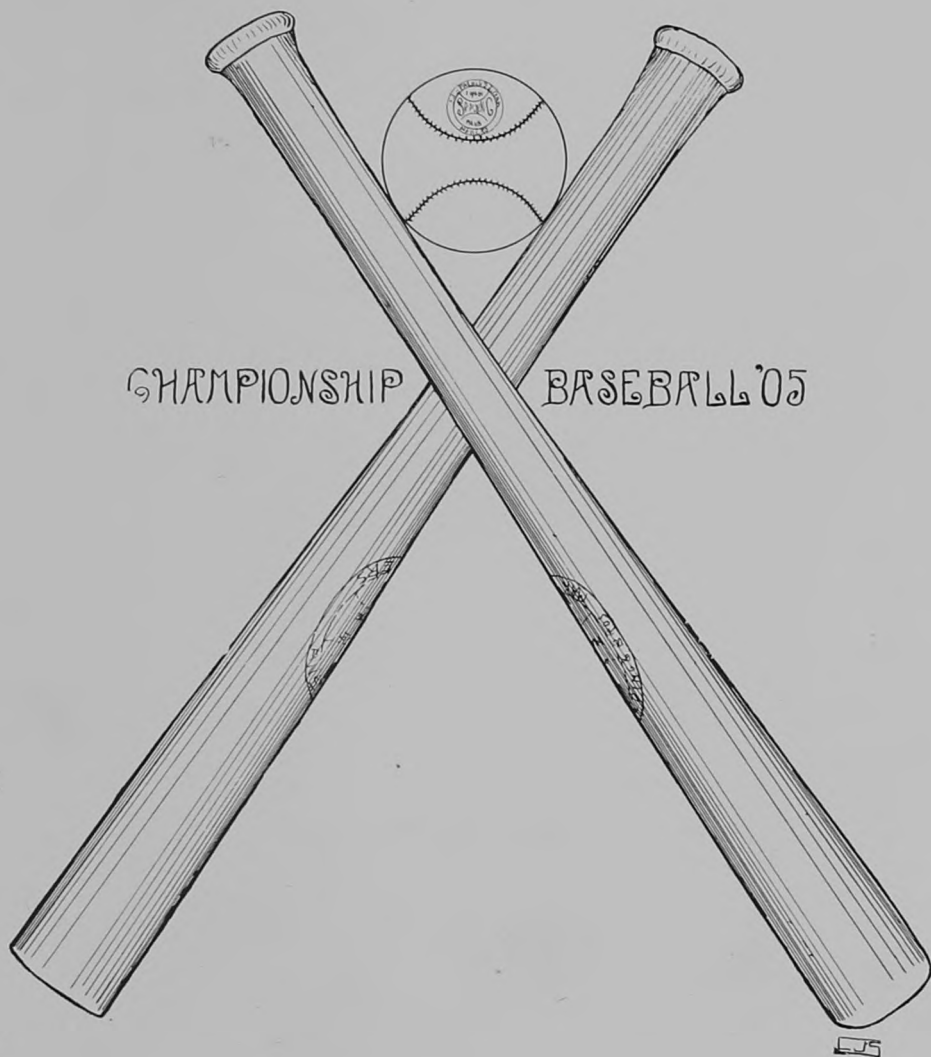
That said company will provide comfortable and suitable passenger cars for the transportation of passengers between said college and Ames.

The said Ames Street Railway Company hereby agrees to construct and have in operation a standard gauge railway to be operated by steam motor or other improved motive power as may be determined. Animal power is hereby expressly prohibited. Said railway is to be completed and in operation on or before Nov. 1, 1892.

FRESHMAN



08 HISTORY



CHAMPIONSHIP

BASEBALL '05



NEWASEES

"BY THEIR WORKS
YE SHALL KNOW THEM"

BORN SEPT, 1, 1901

DIED JUNE, 1906

Victories

FIELD MEET 03

06-50

07-69

FOOT BALLO4

06-0

07-0

FOOT BALLO5

06-0

07-13

FIELD MEET 05

06-0

07-38

Receptions

Attended.

SOPH-FR02

FR-SOPH 03

SOPH-FR03

FR-SOPH04

~~SOPH-FR04~~

Traditions Preserved

J-----T--t.

OF ALL SAD WORDS OF TONGUE

OR PEN

THE SADDEST ARE THESE

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

The Western Line.

DO YOU ever look North when the trains go by
Trailing their smoke-flags over the sky,
Changing the East and its frenzied strife
For the glamour and glow of the Western life,
For the stars on the sage brush soft and gray
Where the coyotes creep at the heels of day?
Are you rover enough to understand
The voice that is calling from Cowboy Land?

The heart of the rebel is mine, I doubt,
For I stand by the track as the trains go out,
And I follow them far as the sight can go
Over the grade to Ontario,
Then further, in fancy, across the plains.—
Ah! I wish I could go with you, Western trains,
Right to the mountains grim and grand
And away and beyond into Cowboy Land.

My heart beats high as the wheels draw near,
And I envy that coal-grimed engineer,
For naught but a king is the man can ride
On that royal route into Sunset-Side,
A prince whom the fates have tonight assigned
A crossing of swords with the mountain wind.—
I wave him God-Speed and I kiss my hand
To the Dream Girls riding in Cowboy Land.

I can feel the pulse of the West that stirs,
I can hear the clink of the trailing spurs,
I can see the dust in the grey corral
Where the quick hoofs stopped when the long loop fell.
I can hear the oath and the careless jest
All the warm, wild life of the wayward West.—
Then my wandering thoughts like a troop disband,
And the cars roll on into Cowboy Land!

WILL H. OGILVIE, Iowa State College.





The Hole in the Hill.



HE SAT at the high drafting table in the Dean's office, elbows on desk and head in hand, gazing dreamily out far across the campus to where the blue grey clouds of a dreary spring afternoon were edging slowly southward over the horizon. He was just returning from the far Southland to the neglected tracing on the table when a cheery voice from the adjoining room called, "Oh, Hank, come out of it! Hurry up with your drawing, for there are only a few of these cards left."

A glance through the open door showed the back of a blonde head bent over the filing case while the hands fast sorted the colored cards. As Helen McGill turned to reach the farther drawer she turned her face square towards the door. The large grey eyes looked out from under the heavy

lashes with a twinkle, half serious and half humorous. The square cut chin supported a straight narrow mouth, her nose was just a trifle large. One wouldn't count her a handsome girl; but there was about her a hidden force, a compelling strength. From time to time she would call out to the boy working in the next room, but he rejoined only with grunts and monosyllables.

At last he flung himself down from the high stool and stalked over to the door. "Well, thought you were going to beat me through. Here, give me a handful of those and let's get out."

She handed him the cards and they silently sorted and filed, shifted and suffled until the task was done. Then Hank found his '07 cap while Helen pinned on



what he always termed the "blue bunnit" and they started out from Engineering Hall towards the old North Woods.

"Come on, Helen, I've got 'em again. Let's hit out for the hole-in-the-hill and get rid of 'em," and so saying they started out the north drive, past the Hort Barn, past the spindly little forestry experiments, and across the stile and up the track. Helen kept up a gay chatter all the way, but Hank's remarks were mostly "yes" and "no," with savage kicks at the gravel for emphasis.

As they were climbing the fence for the North Woods Helen exclaimed, "Oh, Hank, see that bit of sky, there where the blue shades off into the old rose and then down into the deep red. Wouldn't that make a picture?"

"Humph!" he growled, "Make a good picture for a 'Putnam Fadeless Dye' ad. Looks as though someone had spilt red ink over a dirty tablecloth to me."

But Helen didn't answer. She knew his spell and knew, too, that he really saw all the beauties as well as she; but that he wouldn't acknowledge it while he "had 'em," as he expressed it.

The hole-in-the-hill was not a particularly romantic spot. Most people would pass it by without giving the little gully a second thought; but the old gnarled oak with the jagged roots climbing out on the bank, the great log making a seat, the grassy slopes,—this was Hank's own spot. No sooner had Helen seated herself on the old log, while Hank sprawled in the grass at her feet, than she inquired, "Well?"

"Oh nothing" he grumbled, as fishing for his pipe he gave her a questioning look.

"Sure," she answered to his unasked query, "you know I don't mind."

Silently he puffed while Helen marked little squares on the moss. At last with a particularly petulant jab at a clump of grass Hank ejaculated, "Do you know, Helen, I'm a big fool?"

"'Honest confession' is good but I'd never suspect it if I didn't know you so well. What particular brand of foolishness has driven home the great truth?"

This sally went by unheeded. Silently the pipe was emptied and refilled while more crosses were marked on the moss. Hank rolled over on his back and sent several rings of smoke floating in the air.

"I might better be selling ribbons in a department store than going to college," he finally burst out, "What am I doing here? Just passing up enough work to keep from getting canned."

Helen started to speak, but he went on, "And what is there to it all? Supposing I do graduate next year—then comes the railroad camps—no home—hiking from one place to another—out of a job half the time and the other half worrying for fear I will be—ending up gray haired, maybe, as chief clerk to some assistant engineer—all the best years of my life spent driving

stakes and cussing dagos. I'd make a pretty engineer, wouldn't I? I tell you right now, Helen, it isn't worth the game. I'm going to cut it all some of these days and get so far away that I can forget myself and everything I've ever wanted to do or be—Oh, yes, I know I've had the rosy dreams, lots of them, but they don't ever pan out. I'm going to get a job and quit this worrying about Mechanics and all the rot they pass out to you here."

Helen looked at the boy intently, but he was watching a bird in the top of the old oak above him.

"Hank," slowly came from the girl as another chunk of moss fell, "you've always talked square to me and I have to you; we've never had any of the beating around the bush in ours. Now I'm not going to scold you, I never do you know, but I do want to tell you some things just as I would to my own brother, if I had one. I want to tell you some things you know yourself, some things you're trying to dodge and lose sight of. You're not wasting your whole college course—you're doing some things *well*; but you *are* falling far short of your possibilities. You could stand at the top of your classes if you wanted to, instead of at the middle; you could have anything the college course has to offer if you would go after it; you have good times, lots of them. You want to and I want you to, you ought to; but don't lose sight of the really truly things, those that count. Now about your work afterwards. That isn't the real boy saying those things. You like power, you enjoy authority, there is a satisfaction to you in planning work and then making it go through. You've had experience in railroad work and you can and will get ahead. Oh, I wish I was a man! Think of the new country, the strange people, the unknown conditions you meet! Isn't it something to go into an unsettled country, build your railroad on paper, drive your stakes, and then eat through the hills, to fill up the valleys, to change what was wild land into cities and homes, to do something that will last? Probably your name will be forgotten, but you will know that you have done something in the world, that *your* brain has planned it and *your* will has carried it out."

Hank's pipe lay on the grass beside him and he was looking far out from the little hole-in-the-hill, seeing things more as they really were. Slowly he hunched himself up on one elbow and started to speak, but Helen motioned him to be quiet with, "Just one moment more." The crosses on the moss were again retraced as she hunted for the words. After a pause she continued, "I don't like to think I'm narrow, I don't believe I am,—but the night after the Grinnell game, well, you know I've never claimed a fellow was doomed if he took any more than lemonade, but, Hank, those things hurt your friends when you do them. I don't want you to be a prig. I hate prigs. But you're a man and know what's what. You know that such things steal your better self and that is the real self. There are some things you owe your friends, there are some things you owe your mother, and, Hank, there are some things due the little girl in St. Louis.—But there go the chimes, we'll have to hurry or you'll make me miss my supper."

As Helen scurried up the bank Hank followed more leisurely, stuffing his pipe in his pocket and sticking his cap on the back of his head. She was waiting for him at the top with an admonition to "hurry," but he paused and taking her hand murmured, "Helen, you're the best fellow ever lived. I wish you were my sure-enough sister."

She only laughed, "Oh you don't need to do that, Hank. You know I'll sew your buttons on for you. You're just trying to work me to mend your sweater again." But as she saw the serious look in the lad's face she said, "So do I."

As the boy and girl strolled in towards the campus through the wooded College Park, their gay laughter flitted on ahead of them. The latest lecture, the coming Junior Prom, the class play, all were discussed and settled. Just when they reached the old burying ground gate the chimes pealed out "Lead Kindly Light," and pausing for a moment the two watched the last long shafts of the setting sun light up the windows in Engineering Hall. Then as the rays shifted to the dome of the New Main the soft shadowy gray clouds rolled away to the east and over the evening stillness came:

"Lord God of Hosts,
Be with us yet,
Lest we forget—
Lest we forget!"



NOTHER spring had gone and half the summer too. The table over which Hank leaned was littered with specifications and estimates, the walls were plastered with plans and blueprints, while the pigeon holes above the desk were stuffed with pay rolls and profiles. Far out through the little dirt-grimed window puffed and chugged the great steam shovel, gnawing gigantic chunks from the hill, swinging with the creaking of cables and the jangling of chains to drop its mawful on to the string of waiting flats, cars which

were twisted and turned and came creaking down the incline to the dump. Here the little dinky engine tugged and jerked until the train was again clanking back for another load. Orderly confusion reigned everywhere; empty spike kegs and barrels lined the sides of the track; the hoarse curses of the straw boss came clearly above the steady "yo-heave-ho" where a gang was pulling



a derailed car from the ditch. Out through the door showed the long cranes and booms of the bridge gang; donkey engines were spluttering at the windlasses; the steady rattling of the riveters on the skeleton-like steel frame-work kept up a deafening din.

Smoke belched out in black rolls from the shovel; joined with the fluttering wisp of white from the engines, and together they rolled down across the camp until, gathering up the spasmodic puffs from the hoisters, the great gray pall settled down like a cloud over the toiling hundreds, shutting out the sunlight and leaving a huge ball of red fire hanging in the sky to burn down upon the bared shoulders of the men.

A shadow fell across the door and Hank looked up from the estimates to see the spindly time-keeper, boots caked with dried clay, flannel shirt open to show the lean brown neck, belt cinched up in a despairing hope of holding the corduroys to the waist.

He leaned against the desk and drawled, "Here's the morning's mail. There were two telegrams. The G. M. is coming in on Number 16 tomorrow and wants you to meet him. Station agent says St. Louis has wired that carload of spikes will be here at noon." And the time-keeper laid the battered time book on a little table in the corner and hitching up the wrinkled trousers started for the door. Hank called after him, "Tell Tom to take his gang from the material yard for unloading those spikes. I'm glad the General Manager is coming for I want him to see that last span. Oh, by the way, have you seen anything of Agitator Foley? Is he on the work?"

The time-keeper leaning against the door answered, "Guess not. The

water boy says he saw him catch the six-thirty freight for St. Louis last night. He must have given up his union scheme as a bad job."

Turning to his mail, Hank rejoined, "I hope so. We can't afford to have any trouble with labor when the steel is coming in as it is now." The mail contained long lists of material cars, bills of lading, a curt letter from a clerk in the Chief's office who didn't see why the receipt of a car-load of fish plates hadn't been acknowledged, and also noted that a car of angle iron had been received which was never billed out. "Would the construction office please be more careful of these details in the future?" These letters were pigeon-holed and hung on hooks for future attention.

One letter in a square gray envelope was saved for the last. Hank filled his pipe and tilted back in the chair, feet on desk, before he slowly tore it open. There was only one page but that one page took away more lines from his face than all the morning's worry had put in. Hank spread the sheet out on the table and as he refilled his pipe he read again:

"My dear Henry:

Uncle Hiram has asked me to go out on his next inspection trip. We will arrive at Clay Rock sometime Thursday morning. This is just a note. Will answer your last letter when I see you. Until then, I am as ever,

Yours,

Margaret Maxwell."

1767 Cook Boulevard,
Monday morning.

He kicked back the hasps on his trunk and then rumaged through the assortment of clothing, cramming his sweater and dress suit together in a pile in the corner while he pulled out a light gray negligee shirt and looked over his assortment of collars, musing to himself all the while as to how his neck would appreciate the novelty of a real boiled collar. He whistled a rollicking air as he honed and stropped his razor. The gray letter meant to him a whole lot more than it said, for "Uncle Hiram" was the "G. M." and on the next day the little girl, as he always called Margaret to himself, was to come to the camp. She had never seen the engineer in the boy; she could never sympathize with him in his work; she always thought his idea of wanting to railroad a rather queer one and wished him to settle down to something "a little more civilized." But the boy's mind was now filled with plans for the morrow, for then he would go with her over the work, his work, and he would explain until she should appreciate and understand. Then she would see those things of which he had told her so much and of which she understood so little. After tomorrow she would know something of the fierce delight of the builder, something of the thrill that comes from the direction of large forces of men. As he started towards the mess tent and supper, he hummed a merry song for his heart was filled with the thoughts of the morning, and of the little girl, and of what in his heart was next dear,—his chosen work.

Number 16 had scarcely stopped when Hank swung up on the rear platform of "301," the General Manager's car. Maxwell himself was standing

in the door, and after shaking hands the two turned to Margaret who was in the drawing room compartment. While the boy lingered over the hand-clasp the girl's eyes took in every detail of his dress, the grimy boots into which were stuck the wrinkled trousers, the lean browned face, and the scarred and roughened hands. In his boyish delight he didn't notice the mental comparison she was making with the sleek, well tailored secretary sitting at the table. After short discussion the party of four started out for their inspection of the work. The steam shovel was visited first and Hank's estimate of the next month's yardage was mentally figured and checked by Mr. Maxwell. A few minor changes were suggested and settled. All the time the boy could spare from his manager he spent in explaining to the little girl the intricacies of the system, the purposes and causes of all the bustle and confusion they were witnessing; but Margaret's studied attention resulted only in her confession that she didn't see how he could stand it to live in such a dirty place and associate with such rough men as the laborers undoubtedly were.

As the party started down the rough track toward the bridge, Miss Maxwell declared that her headache could not stand the smoke any longer and the polite secretary was glad to accompany her back to the car; while Hank, trying to cover his disappointment, kept on with the General Manager towards the water's edge where the long steel spans were slowly feeling their way across the river.

Climbing the false work they watched the different gangs crawling like ants over the beams and girders; they followed the crane as it lifted the long spans each into its place, there to be held until the riveters, catching their white hot chunks of metal from the forge below, clamped the pieces together.

"Who is that fellow?" queried the General Manager, pointing to one of the gang who, with legs twined around the brace, was plying his air hammer.

"That's Foley—'Agitator' they call him—one of the fastest workers on the job, but his name is trouble. He used to be a walking delegate in the St. Louis union, but lost out. He may try to start something here, but I am watching him."

"Thought I'd seen him before," answered the G. M., as Foley twisted around and showed his face with the long scar over the eye.

During the walk back to the car the old man put his hand on the boy's shoulder with, "Hank, you've got them coming. I was afraid when I put you in charge down here that you were too young, but you keep up the pace and we'll have through trains running by Thanksgiving. It's up to you. I'll see that you don't have any more trouble about material.

Hank's rejoinder was interrupted by a contradictory, "There, there, I knew you had it in you all the time. Keep it up. And remember I'm depending on you."

Margaret was reading a book which she left in the chair as the two railroaders, tired and hungry, made for the dining table; and Hank strove to

forget his work and join in the merriment of the meal. He couldn't help noticing Margaret's half apologetic manner as she unconsciously tried to defend his garb to the secretary. Lunch was no sooner finished than the young engineer announced that he would have to go back down to the bridge. So, with a promise to the little girl that he would return by two o'clock, he left the car.

Half way to the river Hank met Jerry, one of the straw bosses, running towards the office. "Sure, Mr. Hank, an' there's the devil to pay. The boss did get his hip banged wid de fall line breakin' an' its a dummed thing I can do wid de byes. That Dago of a Foley has got 'em so roiled up it's talkin' of strikin' they are. You'll have to come down yoursilf an' line 'em up fer sure."

The two hastened to the bridge and coming up quietly heard the last of Foley's harangue, "Yes, and they're a suckin' of the life blood out of our hearts, them white collared dudes from the colleges, that thinks a laborin' man's a dog. What do them aristocrats that works you to death do? Rides around in their autymobiles, a killin' our own families, they're robbin' us they're starvin' our women and children, so they can sit in the lap of luxury. Men, the only way we will ever get our rights as free men is to organize and dictate to them. They—" but catching sight of the engineer he lamely finished and started to slink for the bank.

Hank walked out on the false work to meet him. The Agitator, with an air of bravado, started to bluff but seeing the men with shamed faces starting to their work again, he realized the hopelessness of resistance. The presence of the "boss" is a wonderful quieter of trouble in a gang.

Hank caught the cowering figure and shoving him to the edge of the plank muttered between clenched teeth, "You filthy pup! if it wasn't for dirtying the water I'd kick you off into the river."

Then leading the cringing coward to the bank, he pointed down the track and said, "Now get! and if I ever see your face again I won't be so careful of the water."

Foley wasn't slow in taking his chance and he quickly disappeared over the hill. Turning back to the gang and looking each man square in the eye Hank slowly said, "Now if there are any more Foley's in this outfit, just chase your leader."

"All right, boys, now rig up that fall again while I fix this block."

The damage to the tackle was soon repaired and plunging down into the water he called, "Now all together, boys, and we'll soon have this girder where she belongs. Yo-heave-ho! once again and she's up. Yo-heave-ho!"

All that afternoon he stayed at the bridge walking about on the narrow spaces as though he were on the ground, eyes everywhere at all times, never losing one detail of the work, a nod here and a word of encouragement there. By the sheer force of his indomitable will he put new energy into every man.

As one gaunt old fellow exclaimed, "Sure an' our boss may be a bye but it's a devil for eatin' up work he is."

The lengthening shafts from the afternoon sun were slanting through the smoke and casting a weird shadow far out on the water when the boy pulled out his watch and with a start remembered his engagement with Margaret for two o'clock. His hair was matted on the grimy forehead, the whole shoulder of his shirt was torn, and his hands were covered with iron rust, yet with never a thought of this he hurried to the car. The smoke from Number 7 which was to take "301" back to St. Louis, was already showing in the distance.

He bounded up the steps and found the girl with her book again. "Margaret, little girl" he exclaimed, "You don't know how sorry I am; but we had some trouble down at the bridge and I couldn't get away. You see that one span had to—"

"Well, I see one thing. You look worse than any tramp in your gang. And it appears to me, too, that if you had wanted to so very much you could have let someone else look after your precious bridge for one afternoon."

Already the switch engine was tugging at the car to couple it on to Number 7, "But, Margaret, you know I wanted to be with you, you see it was this way—" and again the boy vainly tried to explain but the girl interrupted with, "Anyway, Henry, why don't you ask Uncle Hiram for a place in the St. Louis office? You know he would give it to you. You certainly don't ever expect me to drag around after you in such places as this, do you?"

Hurt by the sting in her words, he didn't try to reply. The train was now starting. "I'm coming up to St. Louis the 15th with the estimates. I'll come out that night."

"I'm sorry," she answered, "but I'll be in Kansas City all that week." With a hasty goodbye the boy swung from the car and started back down the tracks for the camp.

Long after the sun had settled behind the hills, after the glow of the twilight had gone, and until the glimmering lights from the bunk houses and the flaming lamp of the mess tent were all that pierced the evening blackness, did Hank sit at his desk. Vainly he tried to find solace in his pipe, but in his heart was disappointment. He was bitter, not at Margaret, but at himself. He didn't blame the girl at all. Today he had had his chance to bring together the two dearest parts of his life,—the girl who had promised to marry him, and the work which had fired his blood since he was a child. And he had failed, failed utterly!





his welcome now was to an old "grad."

AZY autumn had come and gone and with it the bridge at Clay Rock was finished. Winter had rolled around and spring found Hank on new work. A lull in the contract had given him a week's time and he was back on the campus again after just a year. The day before Commencement he had spent visiting with old friends and trying to realize that he was no longer a student, that

Tomorrow Helen was to graduate and tonight the two were sitting out under the little clump of hard maples in front of the New Main. The band was playing the old tunes on Ag Hall steps and the joyful sound of the rollicking college songs came gently across from the chapel balcony. All about them flitted the gay Commencement throng, all one happy big crowd of boys and girls content with the night for it was theirs, tomorrow might take care of itself.

The music stopped after awhile, the crowd started to drift, and Hank broke the silence in which they were musing. "Helen, it's just a year tonight since I have been out to the hole-in-the-hill. Let's go out. Have you been there lately?"

"Not for a year," she smiled. "We'll have a reunion tonight."

Out the same old paths they strolled. A year had made no change. Helen took her old place and Hank again sprawled in the grass. They talked of many things. He told her of his work, its struggles and trials, and yet how it *was* his work and he was happy in it. The year was lived over again in her appreciation and sympathy when the clock in the campanile called them from the bridges and railroad camps.

On the way back from the woods they talked of the college, of their college, and the four years where the college was their whole life. He told her how he wished he could live the years again, how he did live them over while at his work, how it was only the happy and good and true remembrances that lasted. As they passed the Hort Barn and came down through the old maples, the clock struck the three-quarters and they heard a jolly hayrack party singing their way home from a moonlight picnic.

But when the two came out on the open campus there was no one in sight. The moon lighted up the whole view and they both drank in what they realized was the last night upon the old grounds. As they were parting Hank took both her hands in his and said, "Helen, this has been a night of memories for

me. Do you know, you pulled me straight one other time out at the hole-in-the-hill? You put me straight then and you've kept me there since. If I ever do amount to anything you're the cause of it."

Her hands trembled as she answered, "Hank, I didn't do it. You did it yourself, but if I have made it easier I'm glad. I wanted to help you."

She looked far out across the campus while he gazed at her. Slowly came, "And, Helen, I need you yet, I need you always. We both of us care too much to part this way. You know, tell me you do, Helen."

Her hands tightened in his and she wavered as she started to answer, "Hank, boy, you know how—" when the chimes pealed out solemnly across the moonlight:

"Lord God of Hosts,
Be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—
Lest we forget!"

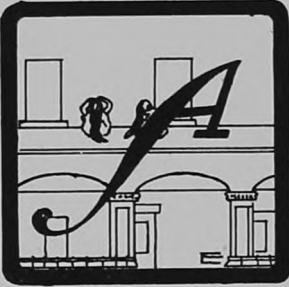
Slowly and silently she withdrew her hands and with tremulous voice continued, "Don't, Hank, please don't! You must not say such things to me, you must not. You have no right to say them and I have no right to listen. You must forget you ever imagined them. You will, won't you? Good night." And she left him standing on the steps.



Slowly and as one in a dream he crossed the campus. He paused at the little bridge and watched the moon in the stream below. He leaned against the rail and listened to the tinkling of the creek dashing over its stony way. The waters mocked him and laughed at him for a fool and then ran on down the stream; now they talked seriously, almost cheerfully, telling him where his duty lay; again with a splash and a cry calling

out to him that the other way was right—not to doubt it for a moment; and then sneering and reviling him only to break with repeated appeals, "This is right," "That is right," "Do what you know is right." As he listened the waters dropped to a low song murmuring peace and happiness—the song of right. And the pale moon sank from sight behind the wooded hill and the gray rose of dawn flooded the sky.

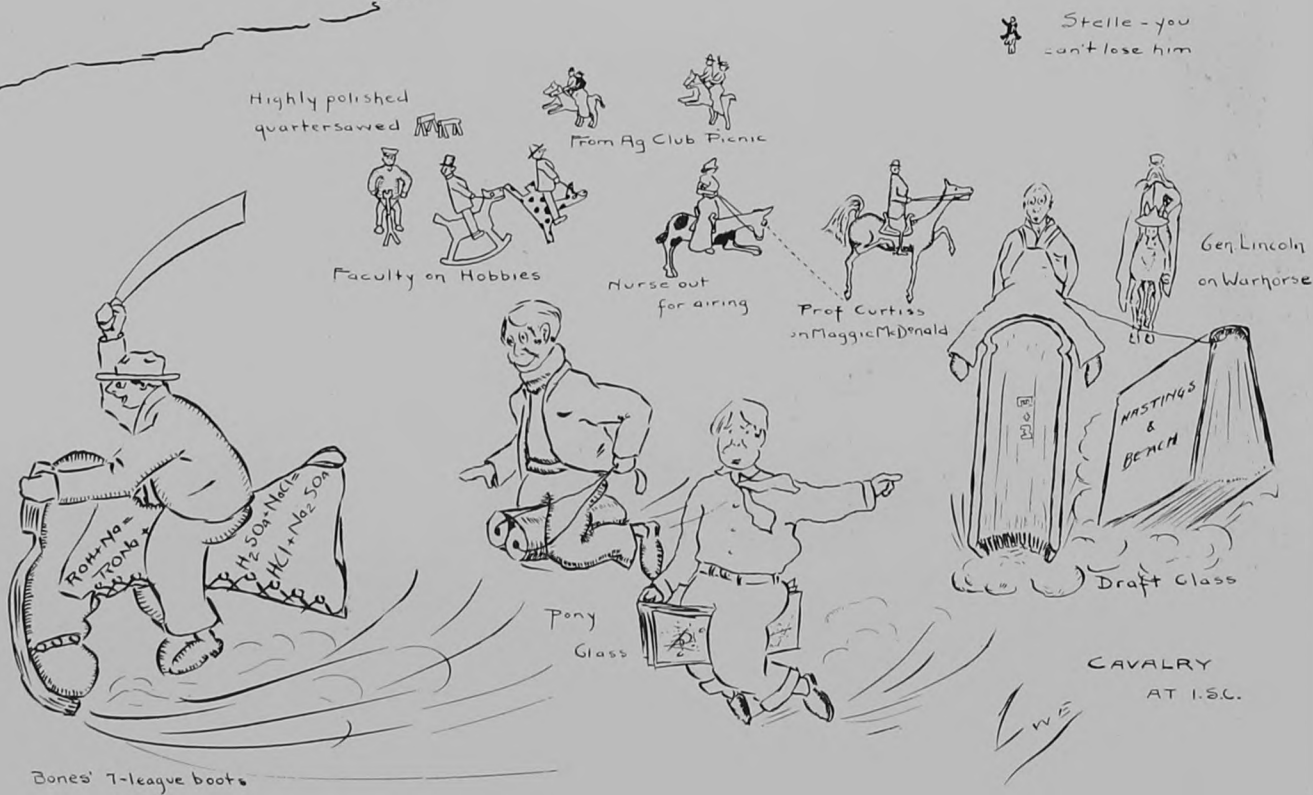
A Balcony Ballad.



T first you wonder why they sit
On such a lofty perch;
'Tis not to study—not a bit!—
Nor are they met for church;
But soon you see what brought them there
And why they sit so high:
'Tis Saturday—they've washed their hair
And now it needs must dry!

They say that mermaids on the sands
Outside their deep-sea homes
Set loose their locks with snow-white hands
And comb with coral combs;
But on that sunny southward wall
My heart lies tangled where
The mermaids up in Margaret Hall
Comb out their golden hair!





Stelle - you
can't lose him

Highly polished
quartersawed

From Ag Club Picnic

Faculty on Hobbies

Horse out
for airing

Prof Curtiss
on Maggie McDonald

Gen. Lincoln
on Warhorse

Pony
Glass

Draft Glass

CAVALRY
AT I.S.C.

Bones' 7-league boots

A Serious Omission.



HE blacksmith's hammer we have swung;
The veil from History's face we've flung;
We've gurgled in the German tongue.

Our heads with Algebra are filled;
They've shown us how alfalfa's tilled,
And clause and culvert how to build.

We've learned of every grain that grows,
Of ensilage and English prose,
Of dairy cows and dynamos.

We mentally have learned to mix
French verbs and veterinary tricks,
And Percherons and politics.

We've learned to lay out sylvan scenes,
And under teachers, profs and deans
Have studied civics and soy-beans.

All this we've learned; but still we sigh,
For no one yet has taught us why
There's nightmare in the average pie.





The "Native" on Campus Lab.,

OR

The Evolution of the Kiss.

SINCE my time a new course has been instituted. No special chair is dedicated to this science, which, however, might better be nominated a liberal art, for any seat will do, or the stile, or a verdant bank, or the steps of the Campanile. Evening classes a specialty. This science that worries the Freshman is "campus lab."

That reminds me—odd thing, kissing, isn't it? Ever meditate on its absurdity when watching others do it? Why not rub noses after the manner of the benighted Hottentots? Whence doth the custom come? Whither doth it list? We surely hear the sound there of. Sam Slick says kissing is like creation; made out of nothing and—not so bad. It is in shape, elliptical; in sound, "u-funny-us;" in substance ethereal.

I recall a maiden aunt's description of the first time she was ever kissed by a real, "live," male man. She said she felt like a chocolate eclair swimming in a bowl of honey. No. That wasn't quite it, either. She said she felt as if she were being drawn in a chariot of diamonds by four-winged cupids, attended by a choir of cherubim, whizzing at giddy speed down the steep side of a rainbow. There!



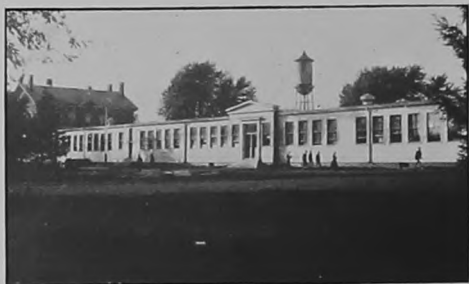
Wise heads that most of the time ache over social problems have attempted to explain the origin of the kiss.

A pretty Greek myth tells us how a graceful god from Olympus gave a kiss to a charming maid of Thebes. An epidemic followed many men catching it from the maiden. It spread rapidly. No casualties.

In the far East, firm is the faith that reverent worshippers of the heavens at Babylon, mounting the terraces of silver and of gold, offered up their incense and prayer to him above. One day one of their number more devout than the rest after having exhausted the vocabulary dedicated to El, after saying all he hoped or dared to dream, touched hands to lips and with outward gesture, in lieu of words, wafted the emotion of his inmost soul to Bel. Pretty, isn't it? After all, kissing is a manifestation of worship. Transitory, mayhap, but no less deep and real.

Enough of myth! cold facts, come forth! Listen to Darwin. This exponent of evolution in other lines claims that kissing is also evolutionary. "Observe," says he, "a dog at play. See how he fondles his master's hand without the infliction of a wound. Or notice how fang meets fang when beasts indulge in sport. This is the brute's caress, the toothless bite—the first step toward the kiss." Maybe so.

Whatever its origin, it is positive that the kiss was not ever such an "is-er" as it is. There are certain people to whom kissing was unknown, until introduced as an exotic by their more highly civilized neighbors. Indeed this was the very status of affairs in Britain at the coming of Hengist the Jute, for at the banquet at which he gave his daughter to Vortigern, that worthy was astounded when upon presenting him with a horn of wine, the fair Rowena smacked him with her lips. He recovered, and next we hear his recommending the salutation to his people. The Jutes received the custom from the Saxons and the Saxons borrowed from the Franks, who received it from the Romans.



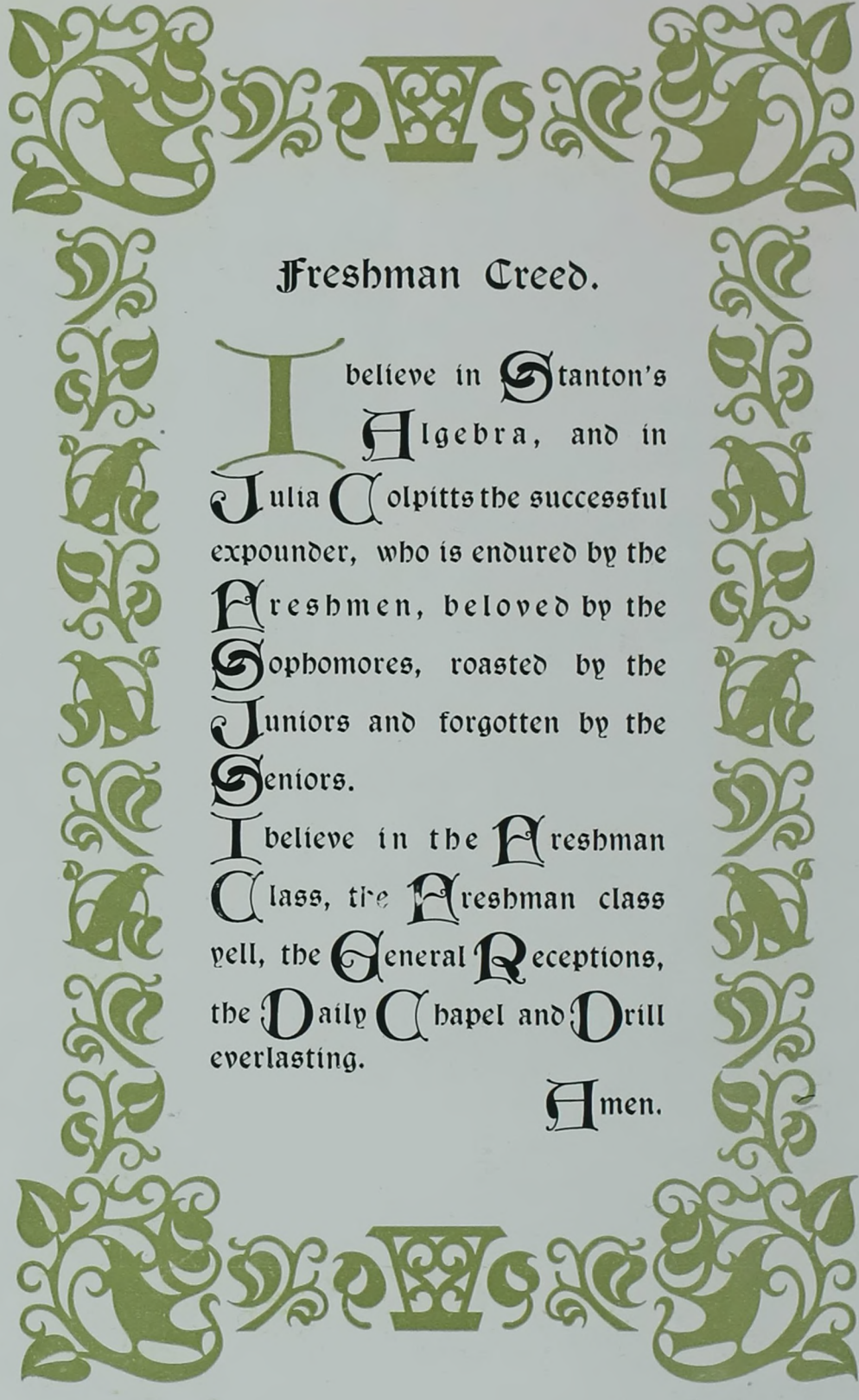
Osculation has marked the crest of civilization as surely as the crests of ocean waves kiss their pebbly shore. As civilization has surged onward, so this attribute has been bequeathed with religion and law by the conquering races to those peoples whom they have vanquished. In religion the kiss has ever been a holy salutation. It appears in law through the early inscriptions of the Romans on their tablets of bronze forbidding the exercise of the custom on public streets.



In this age of fact that Greek myth sounds overdrawn. The truth might be settled upon by a tossup between Darwin and Babylon, with odds on Darwin. The truth of either of these theories has no crucial import. The fundamental principles underlying the art have remained unchanged during the circuitous peregrinity by which the custom has come down to us. The method alone has been varied. Method is always subject to opinion—personal or otherwise. Hence the extensive almost exhaustive researches being constantly conducted on methods.

“Science with Practice.”





Freshman Creed.

I believe in Stanton's
Algebra, and in
Julia Colpitts the successful
expounder, who is endured by the
Freshmen, beloved by the
Sophomores, roasted by the
Juniors and forgotten by the
Seniors.

I believe in the Freshman
Class, the Freshman class
yell, the General Receptions,
the Daily Chapel and Drill
everlasting.

Amen.

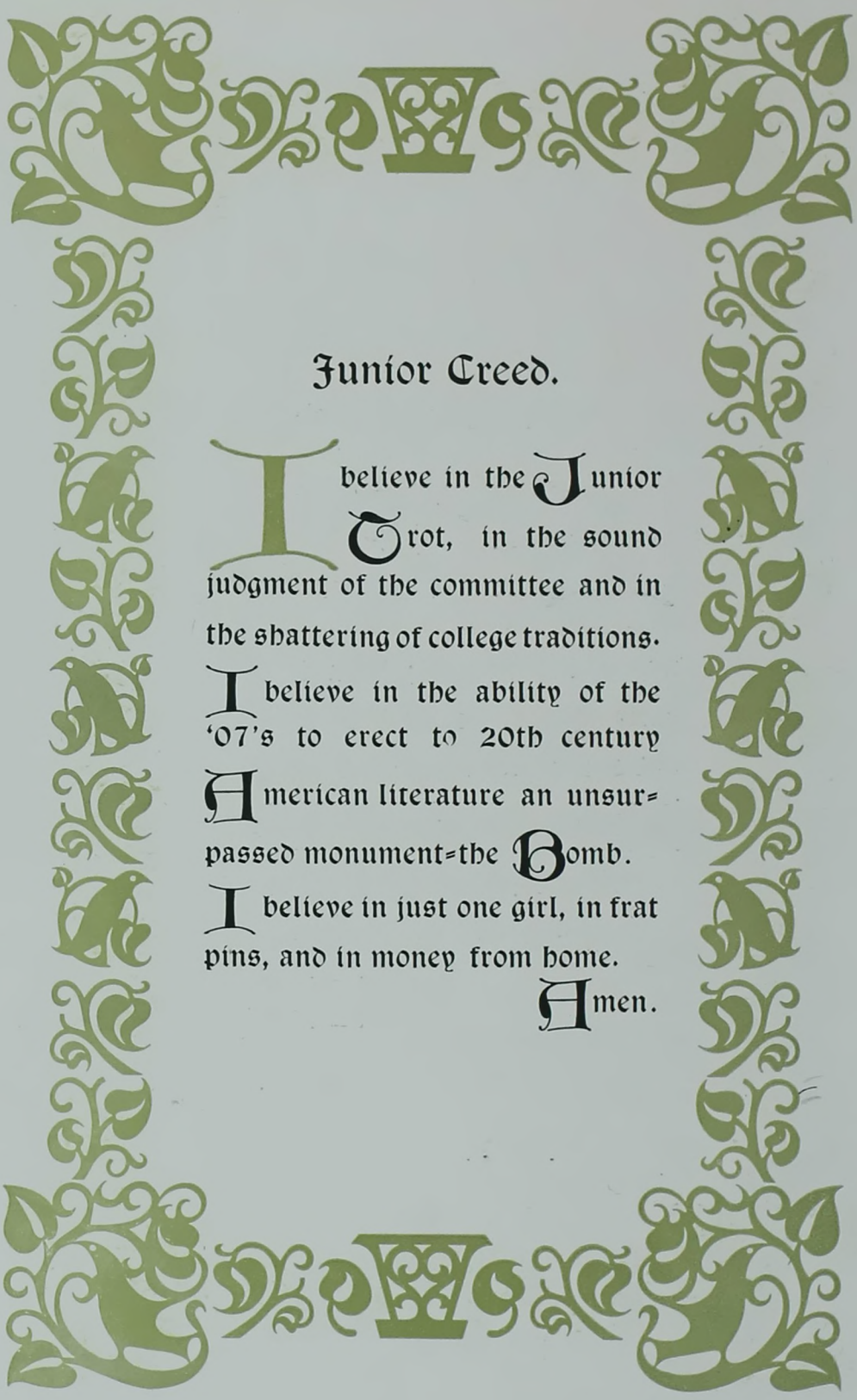


Sophomore Creed.

I believe in Sophomore
Class Spirit, maker
of loyalty and enthusiasm, and in
my cap and sweater; born in the
early spring, exposed to storms
and sun, worn, soiled and faded.

I believe in Margaret Hall,
in the wisdom of the Dean of
Women, and in my own wisdom.

Amen.



Junior Creed.

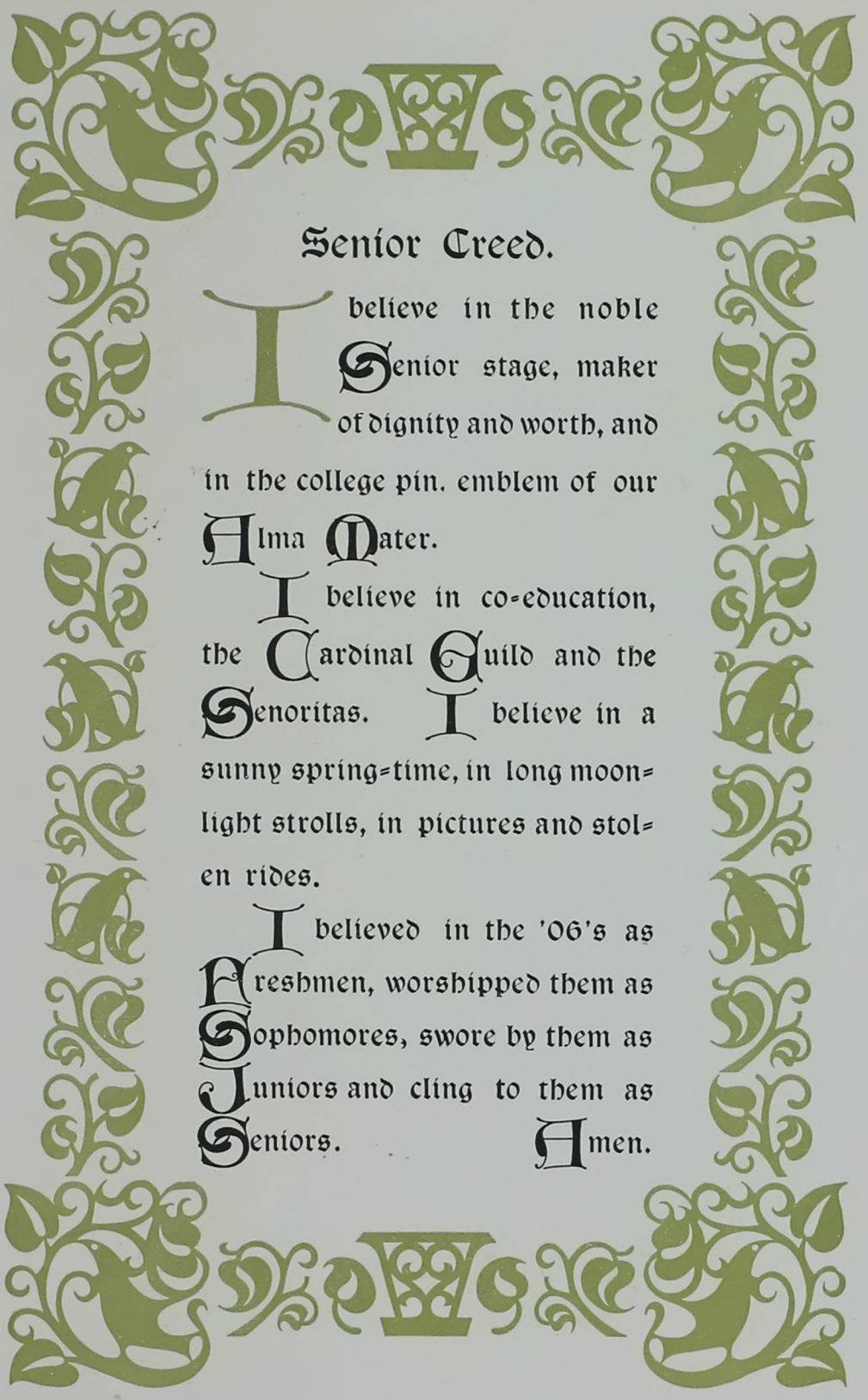
I believe in the Junior
Crot, in the sound
judgment of the committee and in
the shattering of college traditions.

I believe in the ability of the
'07's to erect to 20th century

American literature an unsur=
passed monument=the Bomb.

I believe in just one girl, in frat
pins, and in money from home.

Amen.



Senior Creed.

I believe in the noble
Senior stage, maker
of dignity and worth, and
in the college pin. emblem of our
Alma Mater.

I believe in co-education,
the Cardinal Guild and the
Senoritas. I believe in a
sunny spring-time, in long moon-
light strolls, in pictures and stol-
en rides.

I believed in the '06's as
Freshmen, worshipped them as
Sophomores, swore by them as
Juniors and cling to them as
Seniors. Amen.

The Violet Patch.

NORTHWARD from the campus the way lies and westward over the fields, across the old wooden bridge, and then following the creek up its windings until a fallen tree for a bridge, leads you to where, snuggled within a bend of the stream you will come upon the violet patch. Just a little woodsy dingle it is, strewn over with sticks and mossy logs, but violets, violets everywhere, so thick you cannot step without treading them underfoot. And such violets they are! Great velvety blossoms of royal blue with hearts of

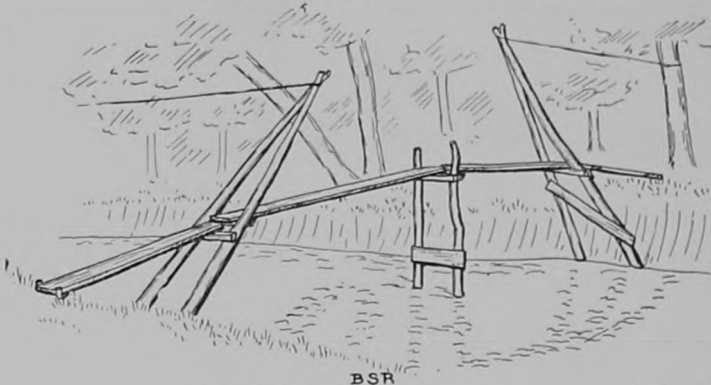
gold, and lifted on long thick stems from out the glossy leaves that carpet the ground with green. Where did they all come from. Why was this spot so favored above others?

This is how it all came about. Once in the long ago when the world was new, Spring, that wilful, winsome maiden, went trip-

ping lightly over the earth, wooing it back from Winter's cold embrace with her tender, capricious smiles. The fitful winds blew her sunlit hair out behind her and frail blossoms dainty as herself trailed carelessly from her filmy skirt, which she held caught up in one hand. Pale-faced anemones and hepaticas "wrapped in fuzzy furs," spring beauties, all in pink and white, blood-root in its frail fleeting loveliness and the deep-cupped pasque flowers dropped by twos and threes and dozens as she passed, and everywhere they starred the brown fields and woods with tender bloom.

Violets too she had scattered but her skirt was still heaped with them for spring dearly loved the violets; they were the color of her own merry eyes.

A meadow lark on a wind swept knoll caught sight of Spring's misty drapery among the trees on the next hill and caroled, "Oh, Spring is surely near!" But a bevy of hoarse-voiced crows mocked him to scorn and the



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North wind rushed out boldly to blow lowering clouds across the sky. So the meadow lark hung his head for shame and crept away in the brown grasses.

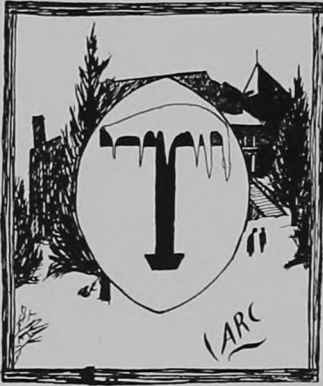
Then Spring paused pettishly on the edge of the woodland. "They will not believe me!" she cried pouting. "The birds will not sing; the streams lock up their waters as fast as I set them free and the North wind is rude to me. I will not give them my violets. I will take them and go away." She gathered the mass of blossoms up in her arms and buried her pretty face in them.

Just then a little brown bird flew out of the thicket and darted straight into the mass of bloom. There it hovered for a moment close to the maiden's heart, then darted out again and lo! it was blue as the bluest violet except its breast, where it had pressed the heart of Spring, and wore a ruddy glow. This first blue bird soared away over the earth warbling "trually! trually!" so that no one could help but believe. The meadow lark started up, showing his gay, yellow breast and caroled joyously, "Yes Spring, sweet Spring is here!" and the North wind slunk back into his icy caverns.

Straightway Spring let fall her lapful of flowers and looked up with so bonny a smile that the creek dashed free of its icy fetters and went dancing on with a merry song. Even the sky could sulk no longer but smiled down to see the dainty, blue-eyed maiden standing there with violets heaped all about her feet like a bit of beauty dropped out of its own sunny depths.

The little spot in the bend of the creek where spring dropped her skirt with its wealth of bloom is our Violet Patch. It is there that you may hear the blue birds earliest in the spring-time as they flit from bush to branch and warble "Trually! Trually! Spring is here!"





A Prayer to Sleep.

HERE is never a full-throated minstrel that sings
Where the shades of the maple lie deep—
There is never a bird in God's Garden that brings
Such a balm for man's spirit to keep
As the music that falls from thy whispering wings.
Oh! my beautiful grey dove of Sleep!

It is long since with passion a-tremble the star
Bade his golden good night to the rose;
Every moonbeam that slants to the earth is a bar
On the amethyst gates of Repose,
On the gates that the fingers of Dawn set ajar
For the hand of the Darkness to close.

It is long since the shadows of Silence and Rest
Drooped their wings on the sky in the sea;
It is long since the breezes drew rein in the West
With their tired steed turned loose on the lea;
There is never a bird that is out of its nest
And abroad in the darkness—but thee.

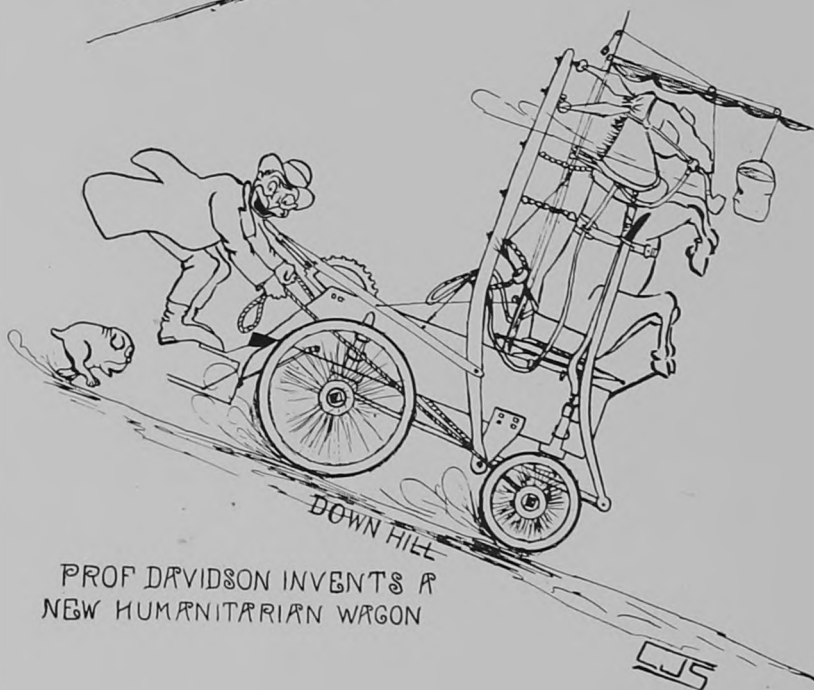
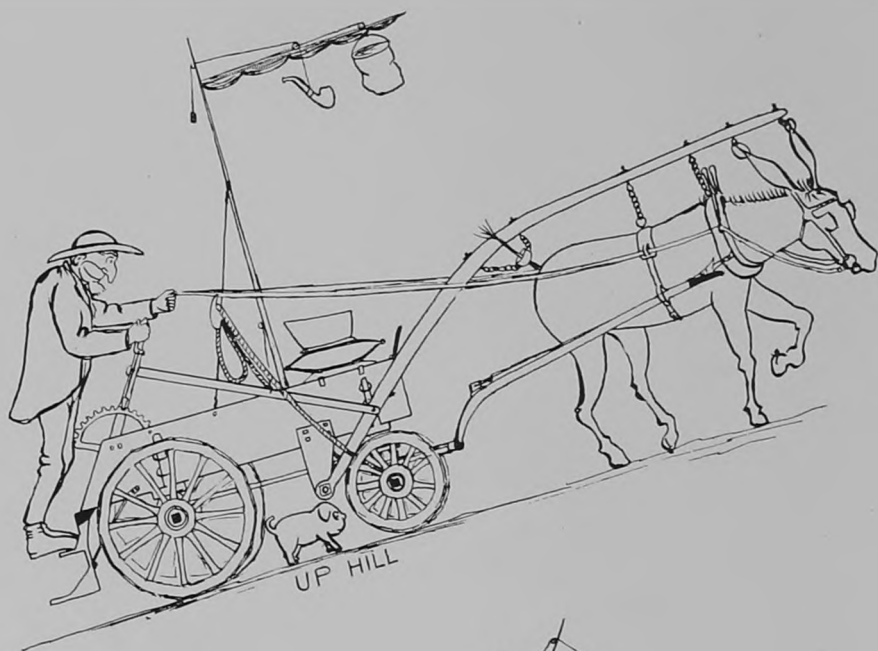
Happy lovers lie sleeping. Full stars light the way
Far a splendor of home-coming ships
That have gathered the opaline dreams of the day
To bring down on their rudderless trips.—
I, too, would be dreaming.—Ah! Little bird, lay
But a moment your beak on my lips!

WILL H. OGILVIE, Iowa State College.

Saint Peter Met Them At The Gate And Spake Unto Them Saying,
 "The Hour of Judgment Is At Hand. What Have You to Say For Your-
 selves?" And They Answered Him With These Words:—

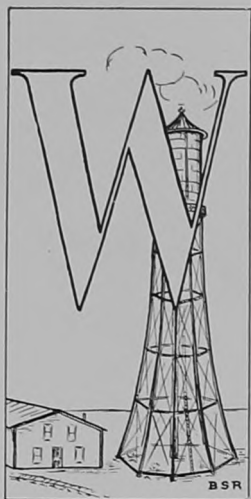
Jean Given } Well, listen to the worst ever!
 } Whoopee! Pete!
 Lillie Lester Well, I'll tell you.
 Fay Reigard I would fain gegangen sein.
 Ella Adams Oh, do you think so?
 Genevieve Dreher . . . Did you say you did?
 Olive Calonkey . . . Hush!
 Mary Smally That make a hit with me.
 Mae Jackson Ding it!
 Vera Dixon Give me more water.
 Adah Smith We don't own it.
 Fae McCracken . . . You idiot!
 Florence Kimball . . . Or no, you don't, Dearie.
 Grace Campfield . . . I think its awful, don't you?
 Edith Troutner Are you making fudges? Oh!
 Erma Hopkins Oh, honest, girls.
 Fay Johnson Well, that's all right, too.
 Dell Mills } I don't care what you say.
 } It's policy to do it girls.
 Louise Laurance . . . Well, I'll see you later.
 Ruth Walker Well, for cats sake!
 Franklyn French . . . Oh you old smarty!
 Celia Morris What does it look like?
 Celia Morris What does it look like?
 Edith Fraseur Is it seven yet?
 Mary Sparks Nay, nay.
 Vera Prime Oh that's a pipe!
 Jennie Fedson May I see you in the hall?
 Harriet Wilson Ye gods and little fishes!
 Bussie Sonner Why he looks just like a man at home. Really and truly
 he does!
 Phoebe Zimmerman . . Things are different now.
 Bess Griffith Oh, I don't know.
 Louise Lewis Sweet, lovely, kind Mr. Saint Peter!
 Georgia Day Feel like I was going to study, I reckon.
 Osee Wilson An eye for an eye and a picture for a little red wagon.
 Anna Mead Oh, I can't, I have a date with the S. A. E's.
 Mary Wilson Somebody's swiped my clock key.
 Milly Flynn Do you serve jelly here?





PROF DAVIDSON INVENTS A
NEW HUMANITARIAN WAGON

EJ5



Queries.

HEN assignments were made upon the following, many conjectures and some wild guesses were offered; but we positively can not find out—

- 1—Why Lizzie May wears ear tabs in September.
- 2—Why Prof. French doesn't have a Mutual Phone in his house.
- 3—How Dr. Cessna found out that a Royal Flush beat Two Pair.
- 4—Where Miss Maclean learned those gestures.
- 5—Why {Dr. Beyers } told his wife he had "to
{Dean Marston }
meet" {Dean Marston } down town the night of
{Dr. Beyers } the wrestling match.
- 6—Where Keo Anderson got that Quaker Oats smile.
- 7—What Stanty really did name the baby.
- 8—Why Stell and Waycott quit school.
- 9—What the Soph's class colors are.
- 10—Why Prof. Shane wears rubbers when he dances.
- 11—Why Denmead should mistake Dinsmore for Jaenson.

Things We Found Out.

- 1—Why there are such good roads around Greene.
- 2—How Roseable's desk got scratched.
- 3—Why Prof. Fish quit smoking.
- 4—That one K. O. was initiated who didn't get a "4" in Kalk.
- 5—That Benny H. isn't as simple as he looks.
- 6—That it was only a sample package of No-To-Bac that Pat was trying.
- 7—That Doc. McNiel didn't attend that Medical Meeting at all.
- 8—That Dr. Storms isn't a D. V. M.
- 9—When the Soph class play is to be.
- 10—Why Prof. Beyer was anxious to be on time at the Brick convention.
- 11—That when Prof. Shane was showered with rice it was "no joke at all."
- 12—Who caused the trouble in the Faculty Club.



The Last Call.

"The motor has whistled twice." (Every day remark.)

GENIAL professor bent
 Above his bowl of breakfast food,
 His short half-hour was nearly spent
 —But oh! That shredded wheat was good!
 He heard a whistle, rose half-fed,
 And took his napkin from his knees
 And folded it, and sadly said,
 "The motor." Then, "Excuse me, please!"

A love-sick student knelt before
 The beauteous lady of his choice;
 He pleaded, as brave men before
 Have plead with eye and hand and voice.
 He pleaded with such winning grace
 That long ere now those twain had wed
 Had not the Be'te Noir of the place,
 The motor, whistled. Romeo fled.

When earth and sky dissolve in flames
 And darkness creeps across the sun,
 Still facing down the track toward Ames,
 All ready for its last long run,
 We'll see the dim-re-fed dinky stand
 And hear King Death forbid delay
 While beckoning with grizzly hand—
 "The motor's whistled! Come away!"

Students' Recital.

PROGRAM.

1. Intermezzo—Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
MISS MAY JACKSON.
2. Solo—Come out, come out, my dearest Maude.
MR. ERNEST NYE HARRIS.
3. Duet—O happy day that fixed my choice.
MISSES BECHTLE AND McMULLEN.
4. Solo—I need thee every hour.
MR. GEORGE McCULLOUGH.
5. Piano Duet—U and I waltz.
MR. SHOTWELL AND MISS REIGARD.
6. Violin Solo—In the shade of the old Campanile.
MR. EARL KNOX McCONNELL; accompanied by MISS DELL MILLS
7. Solo—Grace, what a charming sound.
MR. LYNN ELLIS.
8. Chorus—I've a longing in my heart for you Louise.

ADMISSION, 25 cents.

CHILDREN, 15 cents.

Doors close promptly at eight o'clock.





E. N. H.'s Reveries.

(With Apologies to Tom Hall.)

PIPE, a book.
A new girl,
A fire, at least an ember;
A dog, a glass,
Such hours we oft remember.

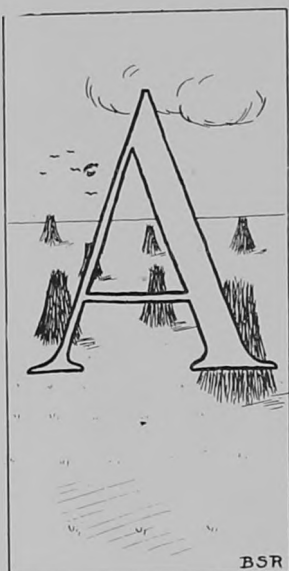
Who'd wish to wed
A new girl?
These thousand years I wager,
The new girl
Has been a jade
Not worth the time to cage her.



In silken gown
A new girl
Has but one ambition:
What good is she,
The new girl,
When we're not in position?

So let us drink—
"A new girl"
And "him who gets to keep her,"
But we can't retain
A new girl.
And anyway it's cheaper.





Traditions.

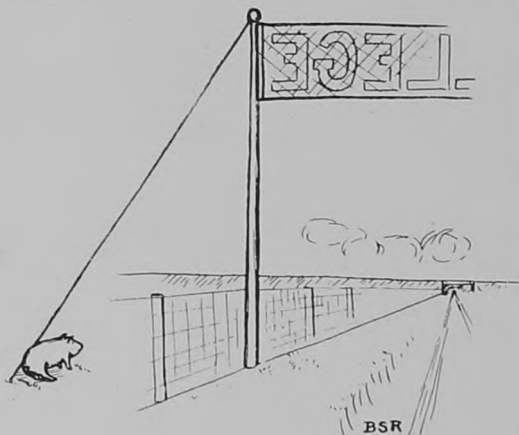
H! Juniors, Juniors, can it be
That you our atmosphere would free
From those things highly dear to me—
Traditions?

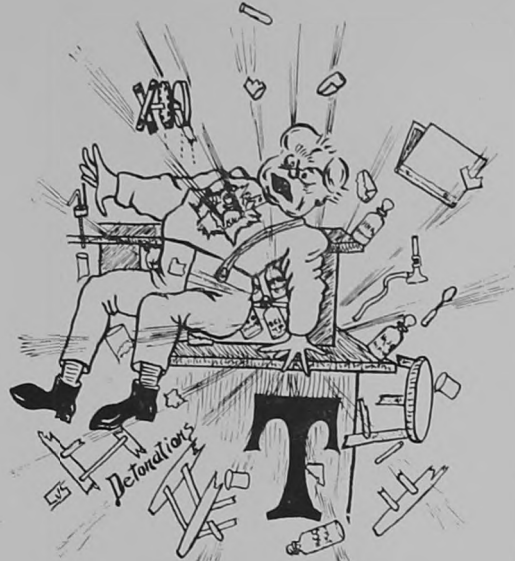
As you with plan deliberate
Each revolution contemplate,
Think you that you ameliorate
Conditions?

Be watchful, careful what you do.
The old is better than the new,
So be content with just a few
Additions.

Why should you new patterns mould?
Were it not better that you hold,
As menial underlings, your old
Positions?

Complain not of a trying load,
The rut is better than the road,
Stay there! 'Tis what you owed
Traditions.





A Trip to Infinity.

THE other night I had been studying on a certain geometry proposition, but without success. At last, I threw myself upon the lazy and was about to fall into an apathy of despair when a still small voice said:

"Come with me to Infinity!"

I dropped my book and prepared to go there instead.

Just before we started, I began to wonder how we were going and how we would know when we got there so I asked.

"Well," said the voice, "You see, here are two parallel lines. You are to follow one of them; I shall follow the other, and when we meet, we'll know we are in Infinity."

We started. The line was awfully straight but it was made so plain that it wasn't hard to follow. The first thing I saw in it was a point. This surprised me.

"Why haven't I seen the point before?" I thought. I had no time to examine it, however, and as I went on, I saw that the line was full of them.

Few people were going my way and I met but one coming back. This was in the person of a short, fat boy. Instead of his body being upright, it was making revolutions backward, so that it looked like a circle. But as it drew nearer, I saw what it was and called to the youth to stop.

"All right pal, I shall if I can," he replied. He finally succeeded in revolving round in one place but seemed powerless to stop whirling altogether. I forgot my rush and stopped to talk to him.

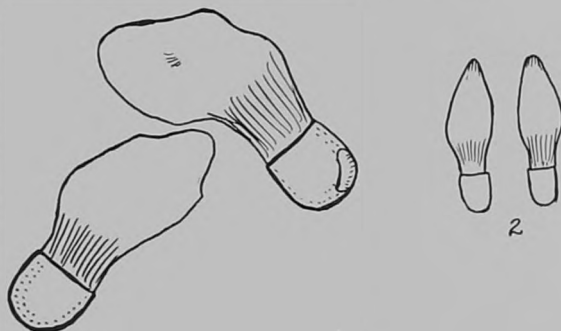
"Why do you travel in this manner, my boy?" I asked.

"Well, he answered, "you see it is not from choice. When I started out I found that this line is tangent to thousands and thousands of circles. This so amazed me, that I began watching them revolve and, all of a sudden, I was switched onto one of them. The motion was so rapid, that I couldn't get back to this line and I was so far away from earth that the power of gravity could attract only my attention, so now I must revolve forever." Then he started on, and, as he did so, shouted back,—

"I say, if you're going to Infinity don't fail to call on Prof. Know-it-all, 3.91 Rectangular Avenue. He's a bat—you'll like him, I'm sure!" I thanked the boy and started on at a faster pace to make up for lost time.

The next thing I encountered, was a line drawn perpendicular to the one I was following. This caused me almost to turn at right angles and thus get off the straight and narrow way; but just then I was caught by a chord that was being drawn through a circle at that place.

No sooner had I escaped this danger, than a sharp point came traveling at full speed.



"I'm bisecting every circle on this line," it cried as it whizzed along.

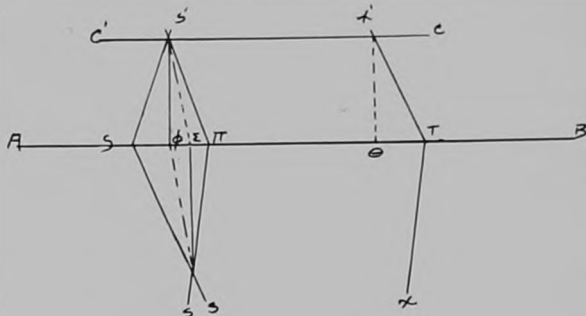
I should have been killed then and there, had I not jumped aside just in time to escape it. I looked back to see where the point had struck and saw that the poor little boy, who was moving in circles had not received the warning and had been bisected so that his body fell exactly perpendicular to the two parallels. My only consolation was, that he was at last in "piece."

I had gone such a long distance now that I was very, very tired and longed to rest. Just then an arc came along. A man was in it, but I don't think it was Noah.

"Want a ride?" he asked, "Sure," I replied and climbed in.

What was my surprise to find that, instead of going straight on, we started up into the air—the arc was a part of a circle!! O, why had I not been more careful? Would my fate be the same as that of the boy? Woe!!

"Let me out!" I cried.



"I can't now," said he. "This circle doesn't stop 'till we reach Infinity."

We kept on whirling. I had to sit on the diameter and it was far more tiresome than walking. Finally though, we reached a gate.

"This is where you get off," said the circular. "There is Prof. Know-it-all, he'll show you around." I was glad of the chance

and got off at once.

At the entrance was a large bulletin board which had all the solutions for the next day's problems written upon it. This was my opportunity, and I took my note book to write them down. I asked the professor to lend me a pencil. He handed me the little end of nothing, whittled down to a point.

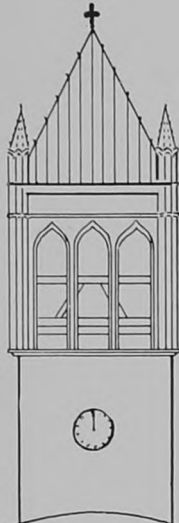
"This is what we use for writing here," he said.

After I had copied all the solutions, the Professor went with me in search of my fellow traveler. In going around a corner, I struck the end of time. This paralyzed me for an instant and then, as I was recovering from the shock, something—I think it was parallelo piped gave me a terrible push. I fell down, down, down, over triangles, polygons, spheres and cones. My head seemed to be in a bottomless pit and the pit was filled with water. Then—

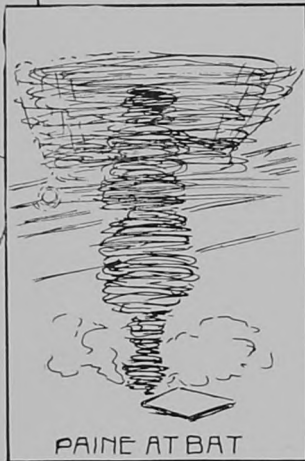
"Well, heavens, kid! aren't you going to bed tonight?" There stood my room-mate by the lazy with empty glass in hand and I knew by the dampness in the atmosphere, that there had been another deluge, and my dreaming of the arc had been a forewarning.



BEFORE THE
GREELEY
AGT



FAGULTY GLASS
UNDER PROF. RYAN



PAINE AT BAT



STRIKING
PICTURES

W

Historically Speaking.

STUDY hours were observed as usual in Margaret Hall on the evening before excursion day, September 29, 1905. We know study hours were observed because the notice posted on the Dean's office door *announced* that they *would* be observed. But the instructors, out of the extreme kindness of heart which always manifests itself on such occasions, had assigned such short lessons for Monday that the Sophomores completed their studying at an early hour and wandered about the corridors with distressed faces, absolutely at a loss for something to do. From out on the campus there sounded strange hoots and calls and whistles. The Freshmen were out labeling the world " '09" and the Sophomores were hot on their trail. All this excitement—and in the Hall study hours were being observed!



The Freshmen girls finished their studying a little later,—not having yet acquired the power of concentration to which the Sophomore mind had attained. They perceived the pitiful plight of the Sophomores in their enforced idleness and it troubled them deeply. Freshmen are noted for the great sense of responsibility toward their fellowmen which

weighs them down. They counseled together with anxious brows. This was their decision.

"The Sophomores have nothing to do. They want to make us efface the '09's which we have painted, but we have painted no '09's. We must do so at once."

Magnanimously they set to work. It required much toilsome effort, muffling of transoms and hiding in closets when suspiciously gentle raps sounded on doors, but they persevered, and by the middle watch an artistic '09 was wasting its sweetness on the nocturnal air. All night it hugged itself and waited for the morning.

But the Sophomores were not sleeping well. Whispers of dire disaster came to them, borne on the night breezes, and they were moved to investigate. By the unearthly hour of six o'clock—six o'clock on a holiday morning!—a Clio Hall window had been raised, the luckless '09 confiscated and a vaunting '08



hung in its place from the head of the fierce dragon which guards Margaret Hall. The Sophomores had found something to do.

A little later a band of mighty '08 warriors came by. All night they had been on the trail of the multi-headed '09 but the scalps at their belt were few and they still thirsted for gore. Their eyes were dazzled with '09s till they could see nothing else so when they caught sight of the Dragon's floating drapery they shouted,—“There is one! Haul it down! Down with it! It must come down!” But the next question was how to get it. In solemn conclave they put their heads together and considered while their war clubs trembled with eagerness. A group of Sophomore girls were taking an after-breakfast stroll and they broke in upon the council of war with—“Why that's an '08 banner—can't you see? We put it up ourselves.” The warriors rubbed their eyes and disbanded.

Now it dawned upon the Freshmen that it was time for them to act again. Something seemed to be expected of them and they must not disappoint an expectant world. A certain Senior window opened upon the porch roof and through this window crept three valiant '09's. The Seniors were busy and couldn't help it. Their minds do not readily turn to such frivolous concerns. They were darning stockings. It is rumored that recollections of a certain Freshman-Sophomore banquet when Junior boys were not invited made these Seniors still more dignifiedly oblivious to what the Freshmen were doing. Down came the '08 banner and a Freshman, standing aloft on the housetop, cut it into a thousand pieces and with what seemed to the Sophomores, fiendish glee cast them on the ground beneath. The Sophomores groaned but they were not idle. There were other windows higher up and there was water in the well. The Freshmen on the roof borrowed umbrellas and waited for the clouds to roll over.

The tallest Sophomore—she had come from the south campus to the aid of her sisters—clambered through that convenient Senior window. She was laboring under the impression that she had in her possession a brand new Sophomore banner but when she gained the roof her hands were empty and a joyous Freshman inside was calling mockingly—“Hang it high! Hang it high as you can!”

As stated before, the Seniors were busy. It was most inconvenient to have the room crowded with Sophomores. By a series of skillful strategic movements they succeeded in clearing the room and though water came dashing through the transom by pitcherfuls the door refused to reopen.

Now the fray raged in all quarters. Upstairs and down there was plotting and action. But ah! from the garret window in the east tower floated an '09 banner of enormous size. It covered half the window below. “Oh!” cried the Freshmen in rapture. “It is grand! It is beautiful!”

The Sophomores said never a word. In one body they rushed to the room whose window was shaded by the monster banner.

It was a Junior room. The best light for her dresser was obtained when said dresser was against the door. If the truth be known there were two

dressers against the door and the Junior failed to see sufficient reason for removing them. She was busy and it was not visiting hours. The Sophomores raged to the garret only to encounter determined guards. Ah woe! woe! What should be done? The banner flapped lightly in the morning air. The Freshmen were smilingly complaisant; the Sophomores were frantic. One doughty '08 brought a step-ladder, placed it against the wall directly beneath the banner and looking up muttered desperately,—“It must come down! It must come down!”

But now a new Force entered upon the scene of action—a Force in a red sweater and some say vested with martial (marshal) authority; but if so it did not declare itself. Indeed it did not declare at all. It only acted, failed and vanished. First the force hurled itself through the corridors and against the door which had two dressers against it,—then hurled again.

A broom-stick, a door jamb, a dresser have bills of damage to present but the door prevailed. The Force finding itself inadequate meekly inquired if the Junior would let him in. The Junior said she thought not. Thereupon the Force sped to the garret. The guards melted before it and it confidently reached out a hand for the troublesome banner. But the banner floated gracefully downward and was drawn in at the Junior's window. It was then that the Force vanished and whence and why it came and whither it went we know not.

The banner again ascended and waved in triumph while the Sophomores wailed and gnashed their teeth. The Freshmen had had their fill of glory. They had learned their power and they were content so they folded up their banner and peacefully went their ways.

All day the Sophomores had fumed and vowed revenge but when the next morning a big black '09 stared from each Sophomore door, the limit had been reached. The Sophomores held consultation and each came out wearing a band of black encircling her left arm. It was rumored that there was to be a funeral but the Freshmen jeered saying “They had better kill us before they bury us.”

The Sophomores, however were resourceful. If they could not get the real thing, they were good at make believe. At eight o'clock a procession formed bearing at its head a white-robed effigy of the Freshmen and weeping and wailing and singing mournful dirges the sad company wended its way to the central campus where the corpse was disposed of with great ceremony and solemn rites. When the mourners re-entered the Hall comforting words greeted them from the bulletin boards—“Oh death where is thy victory; O grave Where is thy Sting?”

“The Body Dies but the Spirit Lives Forever.”

And it was thus that the conflict ended but the Spirit of the '09's lives and waxes strong and oft do the '08's devoutly wish they had let the body live for then they could combat at least for as it is the spirit works on unseen and unconquered.



College Day, 1905.

Anniversary of the formal opening of Iowa State College, October 21, 1868.





The Tale of the Pig.

TWAS Hallowe'en night and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The watchman passed by on his usual beat,
And I listened long to the sound of his feet,
As they crunched along the gravel path,
Then I wearily sighed and returned to my Math.
An exam the next day was the reason, dear friend,
Why my evening's studies were not yet at an end.
But at last the old clock in the tower struck twelve
And I made up my mind no longer to delve
In the intricate mysteries of *X* and of *Y*.
So I closed my book with a yawn and a sigh
And went to my rest with my head in a whirl,
A very bewildered, perplexed sleepy girl.
I slept—but how long, I'm not able to say,
It couldn't have been very long—anyway.
When all of a sudden there rose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter,
I opened the door and what did I see?
A pig directly opposite me!
The poor little fellow was frightened to death
He trembled, and shook and panted for breath,
For one very brief moment we gazed at each other—
No doubt the poor pig thought of home and his mother—
But I stood dumbfounded—too astonished to call,
The pig gave a squeal—then dashed down the hall.
To each foot and the tip of his short curly tail
Was tied a tin can which it seemed could not fail
To waken e'en those who slept the most soundly.
The noise thru the corridors echoed profoundly,
Doors opened quickly,—frowzled heads were put out
And voices asked sleepily—"What's the racket about?"
Just then Mrs. Kilbourne appeared on the scene,

Like Liberty enlightening the world she might seem,
 For in her left hand a candle she bore
 She cried—"Girls what's the matter," but said nothing more
 For her glance fell on the pig who just then thought he'd try
 To get by her,—She squealed—So did I.
 A mad race was commenced—we hunted him down
 Mrs. Kilbourne "Shooed" and shook her Japanese gown
 In his poor porkey face but 'twas all no avail
 The cans rattled loud on his feet and his tail.
 We tried hard to catch him to show him the door
 But each time he'd slip by us the same as before.
 At last the poor piggy was well nigh "run out"
 He'd been chased into a corner—we crowded about
 And Emmy Lou quickly grasping, had him by one leg
 He squealed with great fervor but 'twas no use to beg.
 Emmy Lou clasped him tightly, with both arms you know
 While we untied the cans which had bothered him so.
 Then out thru the window he went like a flash
 The tin cans which followed him fell with a crash
 Low muffled laughter wafted in on the breeze
 And three dark shrouded forms glided off 'mongst the trees.
 We crept back to our cots and were soon fast asleep
 And till seven next morning we ne'er heard a peep.



Youth.

A GOBLET brimmed over with wine,
Whose rubies the sun sets a-sparkle with fire!—
When the Gods hold this cup to us who shall decline
To drink deep as the Gods may desire?

A crystalline mirror of truth
Flashing back to us thoughts that sere age shall reprove!—
Ask the breeze! Ask the butterflies!—They know that Youth
Is the banquet and ball-room of love!

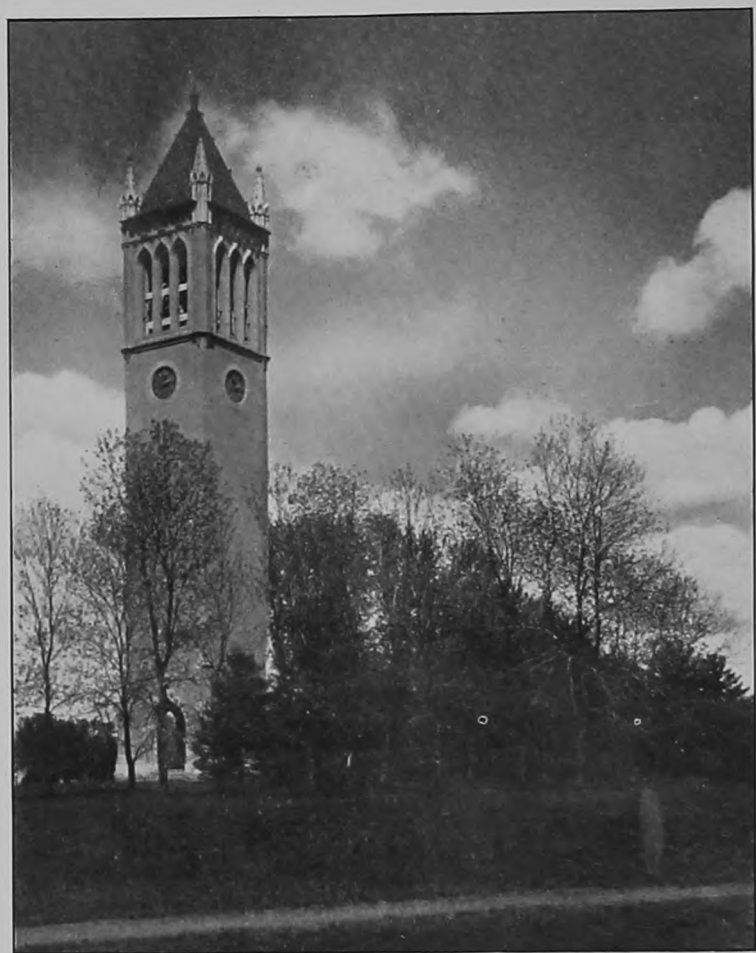
A scepter the high Gods have set
In the hand of each slave for a season too brief,
Er'e old Time whirl it down to the pools of regret
As the winds whirl a wandering leaf!

WILL H. OGILVIE.





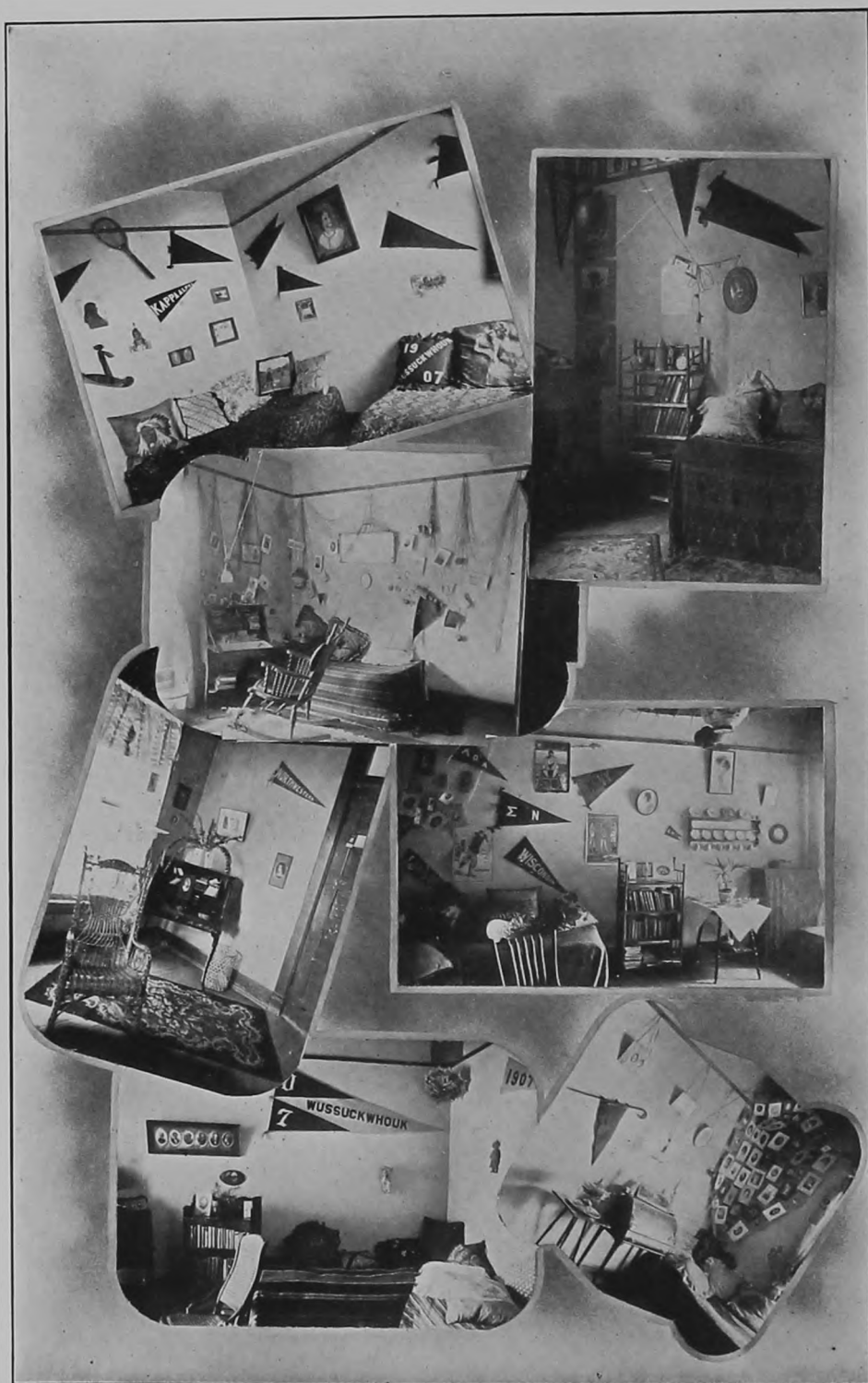
Mr. Will H. Ogilvie, head of the Department of Agricultural Journalism, has done much to infuse a love of literature into those of us engaged in making up this Bomb. In addition to contributing some excellent pieces of poetry he has been kindly liberal with his time and with helpful suggestions.



CONSCENCED among encircling trees, towering above their cool, green embrace, cradling the most persistent, most potent memory of our lives, it stands erect, four square and proudly straight, to melt in music into the blue above.

Winsomely it ushers in each budding day, nursing the tiny minutes, hour by hour, to high noon's bloom and evening's petal-fall. Warmly its voices welcome us at dawn. Rich throated, gently solemn, all day long it speaks—speaks tenderly, the speeding hours with no return; the opportune now; the irrevocable past; and, as we close our eyes, its bells ring out the promise of a morrow. We fall asleep, its clear, resounding notes our lull, and waken at its touch all subtly conscious that throughout the night it stood alone against the winter's blast, the lashing of the rain; and tolled away the darkness.

The keynote of our student days, it lures us to our task with joyous sound and crowns the close of labor with its melody—a hymn of praise, a benediction. Through four bright, happy years our friend it modulates its notes to every mood,—glad peals or somber tolls, or tintinnabulations almost gleeful—a mother's lullaby to her nestling babe, the Angelus' sweet call of respite to the toiler in the field, the bell clear signal to the sailor watching out at sea, the bugle's "Forward" clarion, the sunset gun to weary troopers near their journey's end. And after we have passed the campus bounds—out to maturing years—the echoes bind us to those golden days when beneath thy spell our Campanile, we grew erect like thee.



When Guthrie Speaks.

A 'WAY and quit dat noise you othahs,
Put dose speeches all away.
What's de use to keep on tryin' ?
If you practice till yo' gray
You can't make no el'quent 'spressions
Like de one dat soars and reeks
Fum de chapel to de big woods
When dat Guthrie speaks.

You aint got no na'chel o'gans
Fu to make de sounds come right.
You aint got no twists an' gestures
Fu to make you polished bright;
Tell you one thing, now, you othahs,
An' I'm tellin' you fu true,
When it comes to real oratin'
'Taint no easy thing to do.

Easy 'nough fu folks to hollah
Wave dere arms high in de air,
Stamp dere feet across de plafo'm,
Roll dere eyes an' tyeah dere hair;
But fu real an' earnest speakin'
Dat clings in yo' hea't fu weeks,
You jist sit an' listen wif me
When dat Guthrie speaks.

Aint vou nevah hyeahed dat Guthrie?
What ill did you' pathwav cross
When he spoke dat day in chapel?
Well—you don't know what you've los'.
You ought to hveah dat "coon" a talkin',
Not a sound nor any creaks
Can be hevahed aroun' de places
Where dat Guthrie speaks.

He 'es' sreads his mouf an' hollahs
'Bout de gove'nment dat's true;
How it helps its little sistahs,
Out across de ocean blue.
Den he says w'at makes true gove'ment
Am strong citizens, not weak,
An vou know vou've hyeahin' true things
When dat Guthrie speaks.

The Parsifal Ball.

HAVE you heard of the Parsifal Ball,
Once given at Margaret Hall?
On a staid study night,
Do you think it was right
To indulge in a frivolous ball?

But 'twas jolly, that Parsifal Ball,
With music and laughter and all!
With the Dean far away
At the Parsifal Play
There was no one or caution to call.

But at length from that Parsifal Ball,
Three couples stole up the dim hall;
To third then they sped
To a sumptuous spread
'Twas this lured them far from the ball.

Alas! during that Parsifal Ball,
Their neighbors had heard of it all;
The room it was stacked
And tumbled and packed
In a way that would simply apall.

These wand'ers from Parsifal Ball,
Right nobly to work they did fall;
The room was set right
Spic and span again quite
While their appetites grew far from small.

But hark ye what now did befall
These deserters from Parsifal Ball,
As they feasted in glee
These gay couples three,
Strange whispers were heard in the hall.

A bevy of girls soft did call,
"We'll fix this much of Parsifal Ball."
They had all had their fill
Of fire practice drill,
And the hose each one knew how to haul.

What an ending to Parsifal Ball!
Who'd have thot it of Margaret Hall?
Though to hide they did try
Barnev, Waycott and Frye,
The water in torrents did fall.

Down again to the Parsifal Ball
With its music, its laughter and all;
The poor lads wildly fled.
Wet from heels to their head.
And declared that the heavens did fall.

Department of Domestic Science.

STUDENT'S SCORE CARD.

FAT BABIES.

	<i>Scale of Point.</i>	<i>Perfect Score.</i>	<i>Student's Score.</i>	<i>Correct Score.</i>
1	Age—From 3 days to	5		
2	Voice—Soft, sweet, somewhat sad.	3		
3	Form—Level, deep, shallow, round rather than square	7		
4	Temperament—Fierce, ferocious, frightful.	6		
5	Quality—(a) Bone—Clean, coarse. (b) Hair—Silky or absent. (c) Skin—Soft, pink, velvety.	8		
6	Nose—Fate, red, wrinkled.	7		
7	Eyes—Soft, sad, limpid.	1		
8	Ears—Large, thin, pink, popery, erect. . .			
9	Face—Fat, full, freckled.	4		
10	Neck—Long, lean, lank.	2		
11	Arms—Long, fat, flaby.	3		
12	Chest—Narrow, neat, nearly hollow. . . .	3		
13	Back—Bent and bowed.	7		
14	Feet—Large, wide, flat with at least 3 toes	13		
15	Ankles—Fat, short, inclined outward 39°.	9		
16	Great Toe—Soft, fate, well sucked.	20		
17	Small Toe—Tiny, free from corns.	1		
Total		100		

Date.

Name of Baby Scored.

Name of Student Scoring.

The fact that assistants in the Domestic Science Department have recently been called upon to act as judges at a baby show has called forth the suggestion that the above score card might be practical.

Grinds.

FOUND HERE AND THERE.

Ames, Ia., Oct. 19, '05.

DEAR CHERUB:—

By decree of the fates I am to ask you to went to the hop tomorrow night. If I make a noise like Adolph will this be all right,—me asking this in all humility.

Sincerely,

F. C. FRENCH.

Ames, Ia., Sept. 14, '05.

DEAR FATHER:—

I am finding things agreeable here this term. Will need some more money soon. Saw Stouffer the famous football player today. Gee but he's horrely.

Lovingly yours,

BOB ———



Scraps.

Prof. Bennett—Why is iodine found in the sea, Miss Herr?

Miss Herr—For prehistoric reasons of Geology.

Prof. Bennett—Mr. A. how do we recognize an element?

Mr. A.—By its properties.

Mathematics Instructor—Miss A. please give me the definition for space.

Miss A.—(After a moments thought)—I can't express it, but I have it in my head.

Mr. Thompson in Polit.—Discoursing on infant industries and slightly frustrated)—“The infants”—laughter by class—As the infant industries grow they begin to cry for higher tariff and— No proceeding possible.

Miss Placeway—Now if I were to tell you to weigh a certain volume of a given gas how would you go about it?

Student—Aw that's easy enough. You just weigh a pound of the gas and then see how much it weighs.

Prof. Stevenson—Will water percolate more rapidly through fine soil than it will through coarse soil or is the reverse true?

“Happy”—From what I have been able to read up from the most reliable authorities, I am convinced that in most cases, all things being equal, in all probabilities the reverse would likely be to the contrary.

Prof. Stevenson in Agronomy V—“Now, if during the course of the hour, anything, of any interest, to any one of you, should come up, please raise your hands that my attention may be called to the fact.”

Student—“How much larger are these drills of which you speak?”

Prof. Bugbee (Absent mindedly)—“Oh hundreds of tons, hundreds of tons.”

“Ag. Club Meeting”—Motion—“I move that we get an Ingersoll watch to keep the minutes of this meeting with.” Silence.

President—“The motion is lost for want of a *second*.”

THE PRAYER OF THE CORN CRUSADER.

Now I lay me down to sleep
I've got my seed corn where it'll keep
If I should die before I wake
How many bushels would it make!

One of our prominent post graduate students, Dr. Deederick Von Bubernieckle has made a careful analysis of several samples of water used about the capus. The following is a fair sample of the results which he obtained:

Sample No. 7693—

Where obtained—*From distilled water storage tank in the I. S. C. chemical laboratory.*

Name of impurities.	Per cent of impurities.
Salivates Battleaxes.....	28.3
Heidsieck Piperius	9.2
Juiceus Climaxius.....	1.7

REMARKS.—*The storage tank is situated near to the laboratory where the Veterinary students work Chem.*

Prof. Newens—The sayings of great men (and women) are quoted twice to their written words once.

Prof. Suter—Oh that's bad! bad! Rub it out quick, the janitor might come in after class.

Miss McLean—Well, children!

Prof. Stevenson— $P_2 O_5$.

Prof. Dinsmore—Er-r-r-r-r-r.

Prof. Cessna— $P_2 O_5$. He soared on eagle's wings and landed in Daddy's woodpile. Rome rose and fell, but China goes on forever. We are sailing along here with our wings flapping on the earth when we ought to be soaring high in the air. The following are the announcements to be made at this time.

Prof. Summers—Science is Why. And there's a reason for it.

Miss Moore—What are you giving us?

Prof. Holden—Q.—If I were to ask you what you would do to increase the profits on my farm next year, what would be your first move?
A. Test your seed corn.

Prof. Bennett—"Always" has never come to you yet, but you have a little piece of it now. Our dilemma has two horns and we have hold of both of them. Oh proportion, what is done in thy name! Well, you see you let go of your mind right there. Did you hear it drop?

Prof. Bugbee—"Now this drill which you see weighs two thousand pounds. It is the largest drill used in ordinary prospecting work. In some cases there are slightly larger drills."

Miss Allis—It's all in the notes.

Miss Lucas—N'est pas?

Rutherford—Ain't that so? Ain't I right?

Mrs. Kilbourne—Gentlemen let us say good night. You are not a New York society belle.

Prof. Hibbard—The invention of boys was as great as the invention of the cotton gin. You can't miss it.

HALL MEETINGS.

MAXIMS.

"It is not one of the rigid rules of this school that every girl in Margaret Hall shall have a caller every Sunday evening."

"After dark is not the best time to commune with nature, nor with human nature."

"I believe this is all I have to say to you tonight but—I have a box of marsh-mallows here—."

"Eating is not a beautiful art at best."

"Toothpicks and gum should be used only in one place—behind the door."

"Girls, after this it will cost ten cents to obtain the master-key and twenty-five cents if you climb the transom. It costs me more than that to get over my transom."

Extract from a Freshman girl's note book after her first hall-meeting:

"We mustn't have callers on study nights unless they come from a distance. I wonder if half a mile would be called a distance?"

"We musn't get acquainted with anyone unless we know them."

"We musn't go down town Sunday night unless we are going somewhere."



CAN YOU IMAGINE—

"Stanty" pole vaulting?
Jack Watson in a dress suit?
"Shady" Ristine teaching a Sunday school class?
"Daddy" Ressler hauling coal?
Pattengill leading chapel?
Prof. Holden meeting his classes?
Prof. Newen's pompadouring his hair?

RUBS AND DIGS.

"Much ado about nothing"—Sophomore class meetings.
Eugene Humbert—Characterized by the Short Horns as "The curly headed boy that looks like a girl."—"Hard luck girls!"
"Review of Reviews"—Mrs. K's Hall Meetings.

Oh Pattengill! name of worth,
How sweet for thee to know
Prexy, who never smoked on earth
Is smoking down below.

A right Prof. named Stuhr,
Whom none thought a buhr,
Was always quite truthful,
As well as some youthful,
And at making excuses not puhr.

An English teacher named Vaux
By repute was said to be craux.
Tho' such was her fame,
When they mentioned her name
To pronounce it they were at a laulx.

The chamois lives among the Alps
And sips the morning dew.
He loves to jump from jag to jag,
Do you? J. V.

A curly haired Prof. named Beyer,
Boosts athletics heyer and heyer,
Tho' not fond of breyer
He's Stuck on a feyer
For it makes a clay brick all the dreyer.

A wise English teacher named Beth,
Nearly talked all her students to deth,
When she taught English IV
They would stand for no MIV
Till she gave them a chance to draw breth.



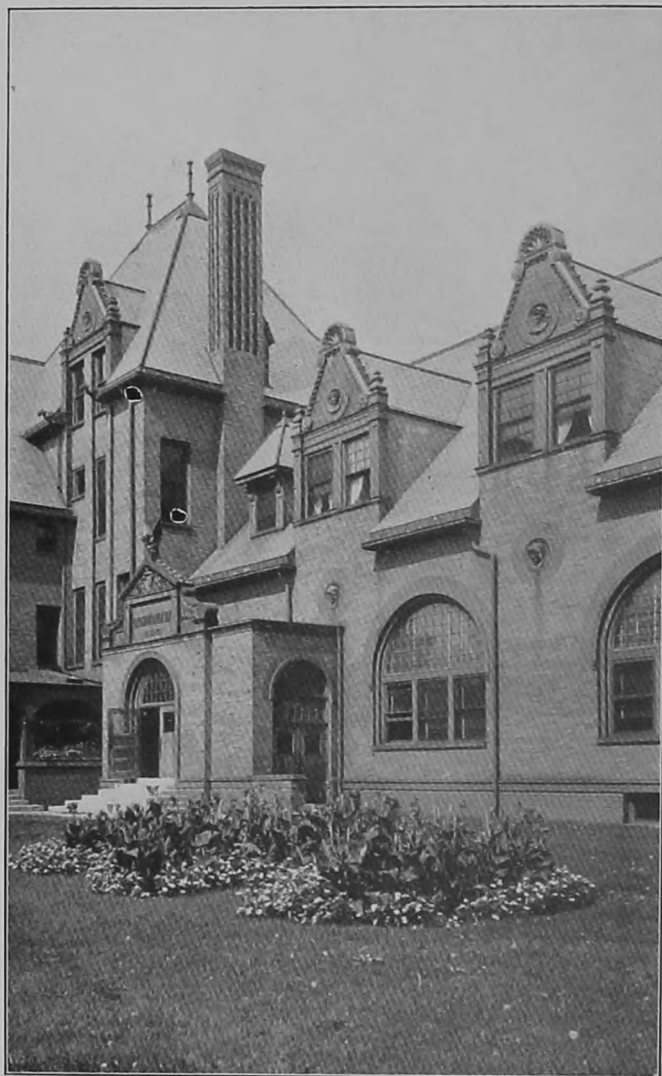
Our Editor - in - Cheap

Miss Genevieve Dreher came home last Saturday after spending some two weeks both profitably and pleasantly at the I. S. C. short course in Ames. She brought a trio with her. Her roommate, Miss Ella C. Adams, of Sigourney, Iowa, Mr. Carl Kupfer, of Des Moines, and Mr. Eugene Humbert, of Corning, Iowa. This constituted a lively quartette. Miss Adams is an accomplished and refined lady. Mr. Kupfer for natural endowments and literary attainments is a two edged sword. To all appearances he is supplied with a never failing fountain of wit and sarcasm—he is a bright young man and seems to stand upon a solid foundation of character. Mr. Eugene Humbert is cool and calculating and will never rush in where angels would hesitate to tread. He can see as far into a millstone as Mr. Kupfer but would not be able to clothe it in as rhetorical a manner. The gentlemen returned Monday, while the ladies remained until today.

Scranton Journal



ELLIS





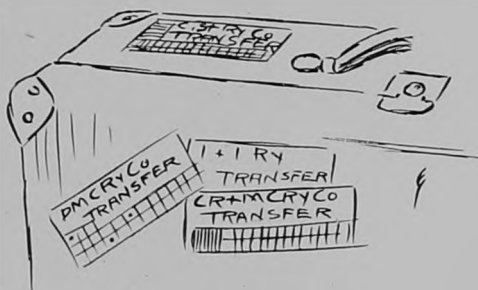
September 1—Faculty prepares to welcome preps.

September 2—Grand reception, Room I, Emergency. Y. W. C. A. "at home." Y. M. C. A., "open house."

September 3—Reunions at Margaret Hall.

September 4—First football practice.

Street car transfers on
prep's suitcase in
dicate wide travel.



September 5—First convocation.

Drs. Storms, Cess-
na, Stanton, Cur-
tis, Marston and
Bissel on rostrum.

September 6—"Student" makes its first appearance.

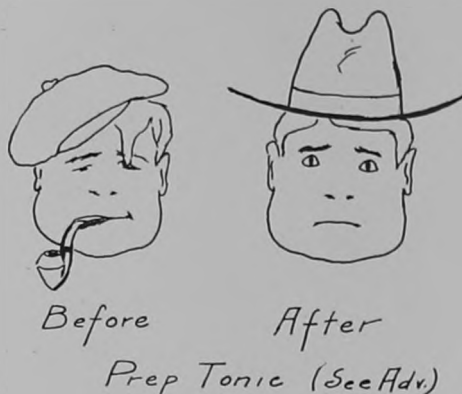
September 7—Knights of Ye Barrel Stave hunt up ye rusty weapons.

September 8—Knights sally forth.
Clios entertain.

September 9—Y. M. C. A. and Y.
W. C. A. receive.

September 10—Pres Storms, "Wel-
come, thrice wel-
come, and always
welcome."

September 11—The Seniors begin to
arrive.



September 12—"P. G." begins to deal out corn gospel.

September 13—"Our John" runs something into his eye.

September 14—Perrin, "a heavy Junior," joins the
squad.

September 15—First exam in "Spiritual" Trig.

September 16—Harriett Wilson excused from drill.
"Not room enough for her in the
gymnasium."

September 17—Genevieve Dreher falls through seat in
chapel.

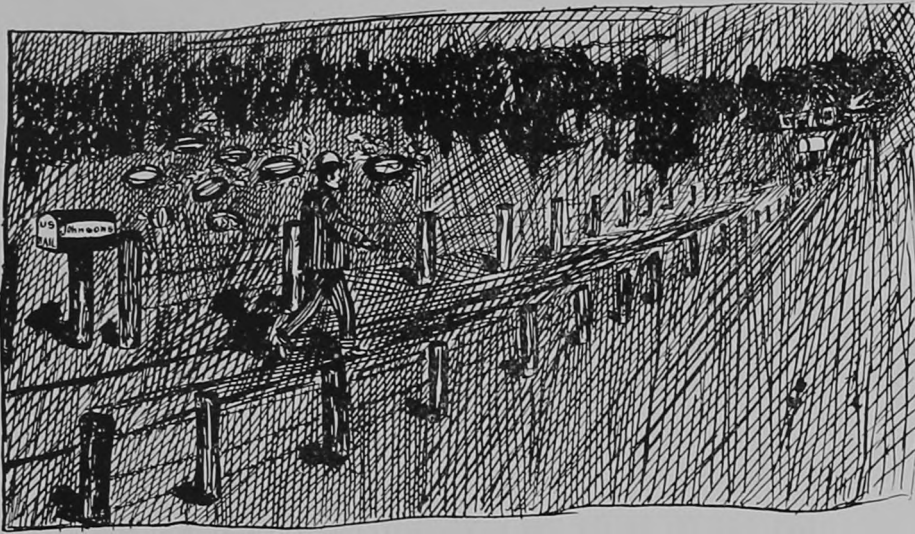
September 18—Ada, "Oh, dear! I'll answer that
'phone in a minute! I must comb my
hair first!"

September 19—"Prof." Hoffman, as motor whistles,
"now don't be in a hurry, girls. I'll
only hold you a minute longer."



September 20—Motor kills a canine.

September 21—Neely starts for "the country."



September 22—Joint Literary Program.

September 23—Athletic Concert.

September 24—Dr. M. M. Parkhurst speaks.

September 25—"Rose Maiden" chorus takes
first tryout.

September 26—McCullough introduces "sister"
to friends. Neely returns.



September 27—Bomb Board gets
busy.

Social and Athletic
Committees hold
joint meeting.

September 28—Campus swept and
dusted.

Preparations for "Big
Show."



September 29—Excursion Day.

Goslings and scrubs hatch a
goose-egg apiece.



September 30—More Excursion Day.

Ames, 29; Coe, 0.

La Follette lectures.

Sophomores urge arbitration.



October 1—Chub Moore entertains the "Orioles."

October 2—Douglass stars in E. & M.

Junior Electricals Celebrate.

October 3—General Convocation. Address by J. G.
Olmsted, Des Moines.

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October 5—I. O. C. R. meeting.

October 4—McCullough observes two
time cards.



October 6—Fall meet. Sophs, 66; Freshmen,
61. Hubbard steals hammer.

October 7—Cyclones, 39; Normal, 0.

Scrubs, 11; Ida Grove, 6.

Sophomore-Freshman Banquet.



October 8—Rev. SecCombe, of Waterloo, speaks.

October 9—Junior Trot Committee meets at 5 A. M. on steps of Central
Building.

Canier Bros. & Herman.

October 10—Dinky equipped with new bell cords. No receiver appointed.

October 11—Storms, Bissel and Beyer return from the chase with "one duck and two birds."

October 12—Seniors discover Juniors departing from traditions.

October 13—Packard, "I insist, Mr. President, that this motion is not an amendment, but a substitution."

October 14—Minnesota, 42; Ames, 0.

Seniors reject invitation to Junior Trot and become "defenders of traditions."

October 15—Sacred Concert.

No traditions broken.



October 16—Junior and Senior Class meetings.

"War of Tradition" waxes warm.

October 17—Seniors throw up "traditional" sponge.

Boys draw partners for Trot.

October 18—Girls receive invitations to Trot. Fellows in suspense. (Frequent, not traditional.)

October 19—Junior Trot. Traditions forgotten.

October 20—The "Count" suffers from contact with cyclones.

October 21—College Day.

Cyclones, 63; Simpson, 0.

I. S. C. defeats Simpson in tennis.

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"But not expressed in fancy"

Shakespeare

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October 22—Sunday rush for mail.



October 23—Benny springs joke No. 10, series III.



October 24—I. O. C. R. meeting.

October 25—Bomb Board again.

October 26—Hallowe'en. "Doff sees ghosts."



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October 27—Ghosts possess Clio and Phileleutheroi Halls.

October 28—Jack London lectures.

Sub-varsity vs. Scrubs and Seniors and Juniors.

Nevada, 5; Freshmen, 0.

October 29—Jack London again. "Yours for the revolution."

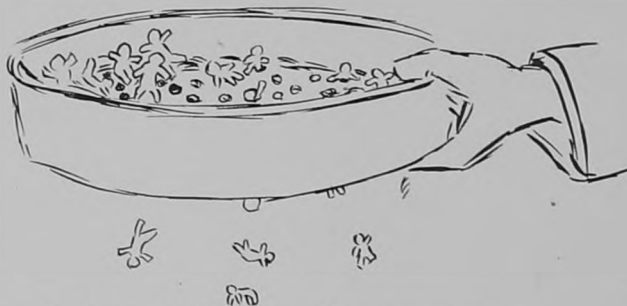
October 30—I. O. C. R. do a few stunts.

October 31—Mass meeting.



November 1—Wedding bells for Dinsmore.

November 2—Sifting committee gets busy.



November 3—I. O. C. Tooters invade mass meeting.

Juniors, 13; Seniors, 0 (traditional).

Tennis—I. S. C. beats Simpson.

November 4—I. S. C. fails to find scores in mud; Nebraska lands 21.



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November 5—Roberson lectures on Russia.

Throckmorton lends "wee tiny" voice to Simpson.

Prof Newens orates.



November 6—Freshmen, 22; Sophomores, 0.

The classes mix.



November 7—General Convocation.

Prof. Bissell tells of Europe.

Dr. Hibbard lectures on Socialism. "Yours for the Revolution" all the time.

Senioritos have doll party.



November 8—Dr. F. K. Cameron lectures on "Chemicals of the Soils."

November 9—Prof. Erwin entertains Margaret Hall at chrysanthemum show.

November 10—Ames-Normal Debate; schoolmarms carry off scalps.

November 11—Cyclones, 38; Grinnell, 4.

Scrubs, 6; Ellsworth, 0.

Coe loses to I. S. C. in tennis.

Shane trips light fantastic with rubbers on and wonders why floor is sticky.

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AMES TIMES PRINTERY

AMES, - - - - - IOWA.

November 12—Address by Rev.
Smith, of Sioux
City.

November 13—Track men receive
A sweaters.

November 14—Tamworth occu-
pies judges
stand in pavil-
ion.



November 15—George Boyd expresses a few opinions to his sub-
ordinates.

November 16—Freshmen, 9; Juniors, 6.
“Darn that Heggins.”

November 17—Clio Public—Si Plunkett's Sisters' Orkestry.

November 18—Kellogg, Bird Man, warbles.
Cyclones, 28; Coe, 6.

November 19—Address, Dr. Smith, of Webster City.

November 20—Senior Civils don new headgear.

November 21—Dr. Gunsaulus lectures—“Gladstone.”

November 22—Glee Club Concert.

Date of Sophomore class play *announced* as
December 14.

November 23—Great Mass Meeting.
“On to Iowa.”



November 24—Iowa, 8; Cyclones, 0.
We will beat Drake.

November 25—The Tri Serfs become Beta Theta Pi's.
I. S. C. defeats Coe in tennis.
First dance by Senior College Engineers.

November 26—Sacred song service.

November 27—Alpha Zeta installed. First National Honor Fraternity at
I. S. C.

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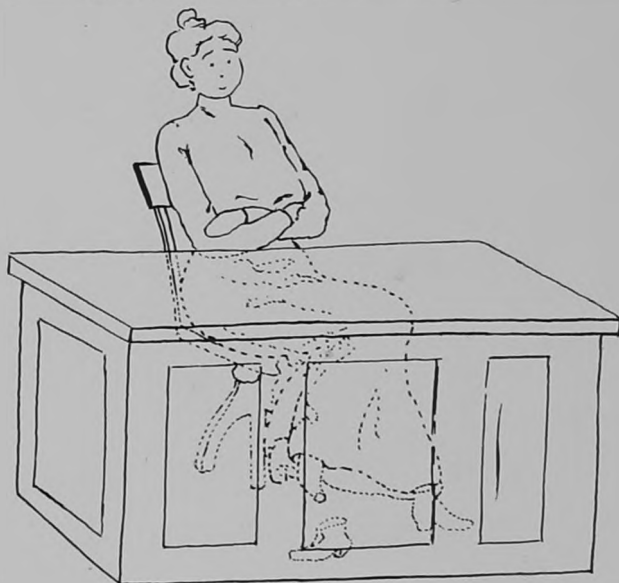


Suite 712 Crocker Building.
Des Moines, - - Iowa.



November 28—Stock Judging Team chosen.

Miss Roberts asks for desk with closed front.



November 29—Mass meeting. "Quack-Quack—Quack."

November 30—Cyclones, 17; Drake, 12.

December 1—Annual Flunk Day Instituted. "One Strike."

December 2—Flunk Day number two.

December 3—Rest after strenuous flunking.

December 4—Jaensen elected captain of 1906 'Varsity.

December 5—General convocation. Dean Stanton creates enthusiasm.

December 6—"Rose Maiden" presented.

Japanese Consul at Chicago visits the College.

December 7—Rabbi Harrison lectures. "Shylock the Jew."

Plans for new "Ag" Hall approved.



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December 8—Inter-society Debates.

Soph class play postponed to February 2.



December 9—Bachelor-Clio Banquet.

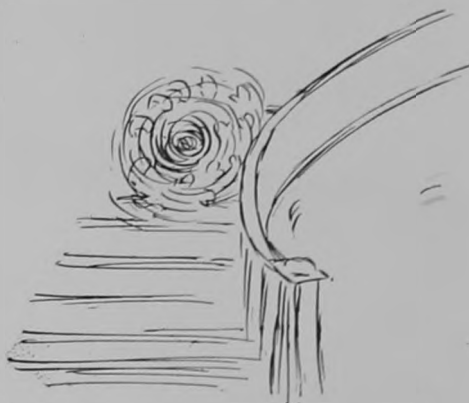
Corn Judging Team chosen.



December 10—Pres. Main, of Grinnell, speaks.

December 11—First preliminary to State Triangular brings out eighteen aspirants.

December 12—Maude Kennedy makes a flying trip down stairs in Engineering Hall.



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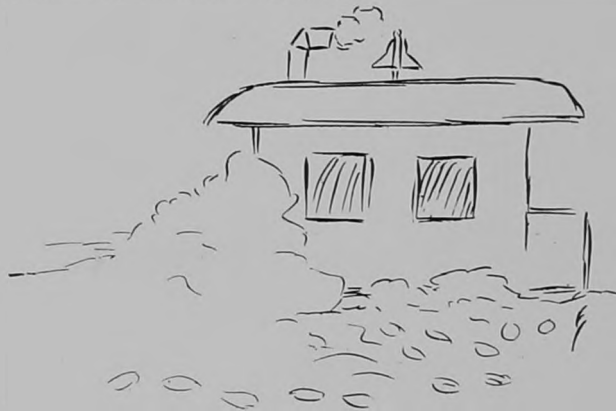
95 YESLER WAY, SEATTLE, WASH.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

- December 13—Judging teams lave for Chicago.
 December 14—Prof. Resler's pupils appear in recital. Aqs elect officers.
 Board of Trustees meet.
 December 15—Guthrie wins college oratorical contest.
 Glee Club serenades the hall girls.



- December 16—S. S. Party.
 Cleveland Ladies Orchestra.
 December 17—Sacred Concert.
 December 18—Xams.
 December 19—More Xams.
 December 20—The Dinky is snowed in.



- December 21—Everybody walks down town.



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January 18, 1906—Freshmen classify.

January 19—Sophomores classify. (Stelle doesn't.)



January 20—Junior's classify.

January 21—Rest for the wicked.

January 22—
January 23—} Seniors begin to get ready to classify.

January 24—Womens' Athletic Association organized.

January 25—First track meeting.

January 26—Balthis spends an hour trying to pronounce
"Wussuckwhoucks."





I SAY, STAY

AND SEE

The Junior
Class Play

The RIVALS

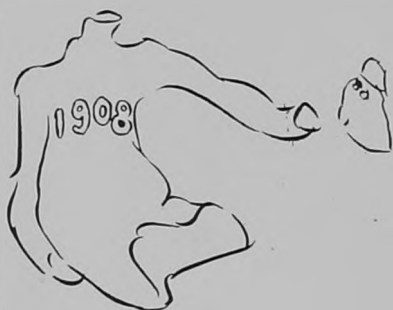


January 27—Anti-hazing Bill
passes the House
Ogden, Throckmor-
ton and Shane, in
chorus, "It wasn't
Me."



January 28—Colton speaks on
"Selfishness."

January 29—First base ball meet-
ing. "Our John"
suggested as
Yank's successor.



January 30—Prof. Pammel moves into new
quarters.

Prof. Knapp's smile begins to
broaden.

February 1—All-American Program by
Ag Club.

February 2—'08 class meeting.

Groundhog fails to see his
shadow.

February 3—Bertha Kuntz Baker. "Cyrano
de Bergerac.

February 4—Y. M.—Y. W. joint meeting



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C. R. QUADE

Artist Photographer.

February 5—'06 class gives Mae Jackson permission to change her name. Apropos of this, did anyone notice Mae's trunk when she returned last Fall?

February 6—General Convocation.

February 7—Seniorites elect officers.

February 8—Cement Users Convention opens.

'07's elect officers.

Junior Prom. committee appointed.



February 9—Joint session, literary societies.

Stork visits the Beta House.





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February 10—Walter M. Chandler lectures.

February 11—Beta baby dies.

February 12—Lou Wilson throws bouquets at Prof. Bissell.

February 13—Dinky again snowed in. "Whatta-whatta-we-care?"

February 14—St. Valentine's Day. Date for Soph class play changed to March 14th.

February 15—Legislators flounder in mud and water incident to thaw at I. S. C.



February 16—Phileleutheroi's present, "The Irish Linen Peddler."

February 17—Y. M.—Y. W. reception.

February 18

February 19 } Everybody dead to the world.

February 20 } "Funny Bones" acts as "Humorous Editor."

February 21

February 22—Washington's Birthday. "And ye birthday of Genl. Washington is fittingly observed at Margaret Hall."

February 23—State Oratorical Contest.

A. & C. Ry. becomes part of the Newton & Northwestern.

February 24—¹⁰ formally adopted by ¹¹²¹ Mozart Symphony Club.



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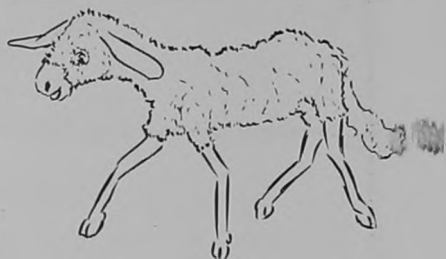


February 25—Pres. Shankland, of U. I. U.,
speaks.

February 26—New Compendium out.

February 27—Supply of Compendium's ex-
hausted.

February 28—February goes out like a la-
um— Senior.



March 1—Capt. C. L. Watrous lectures.

Art Editor's right hand is:

"Broken playing ball;"

"Bitten by the Beta dog;"

"Injured by a gasoline engine;"

Afflicted with a boil.



March 2—Art Editor is stamped with the brand of Ananias.

March 3—Katherine Ridgeway.

March 4—"Pete" goes to chapel.



March 5—Miss Allis' grab basket meets with an
accident.

March 6—General Convocation (not really held)

March 7—Soph class play March 26, sure.

March 8—Bomb goes to press.

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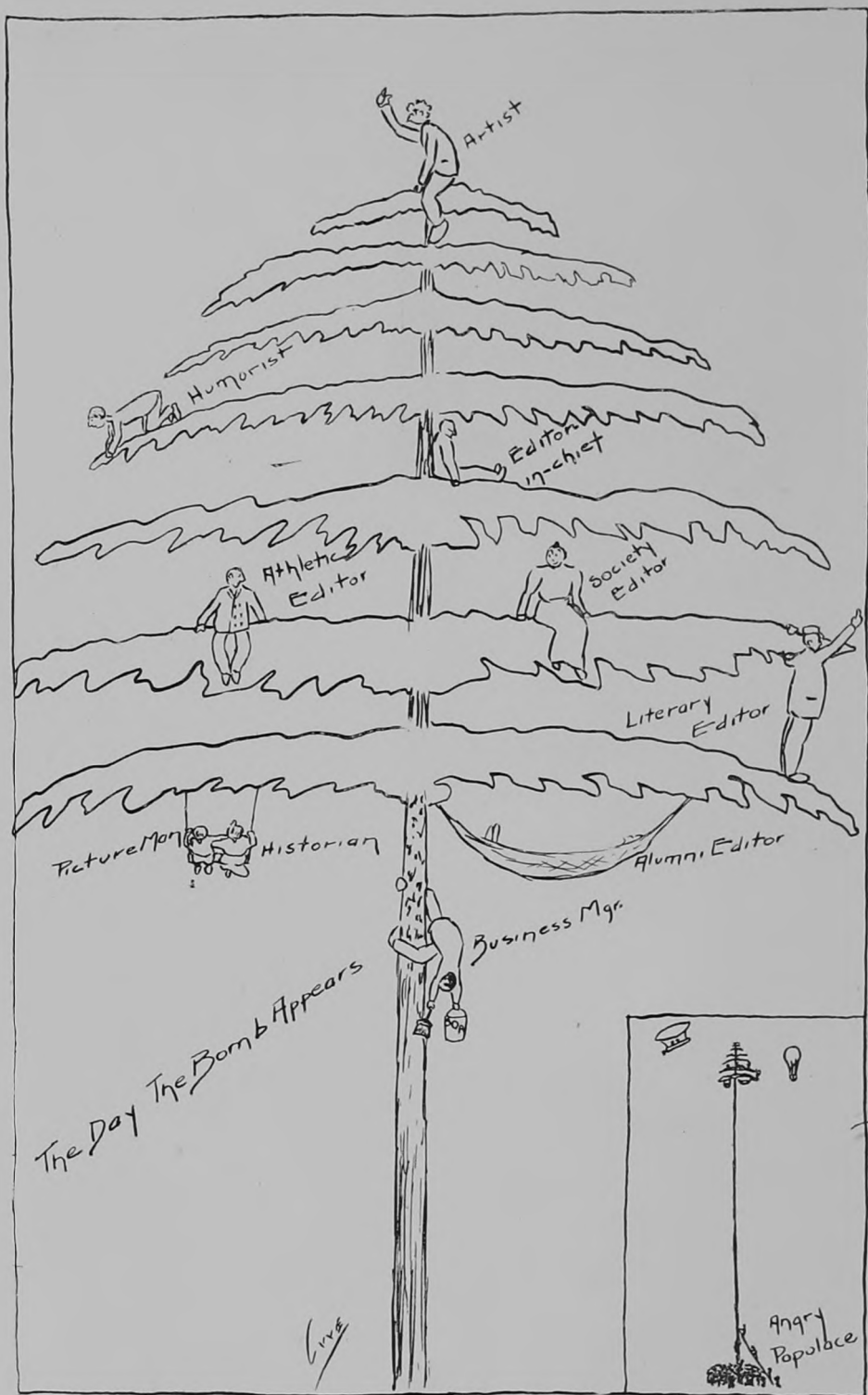
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THIS SEASON

"Quax"
"Nugget"
"Orange and Black"
"Zenith"
"Oracle"
"Tatler"
"Bomb"

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Ideas carried in
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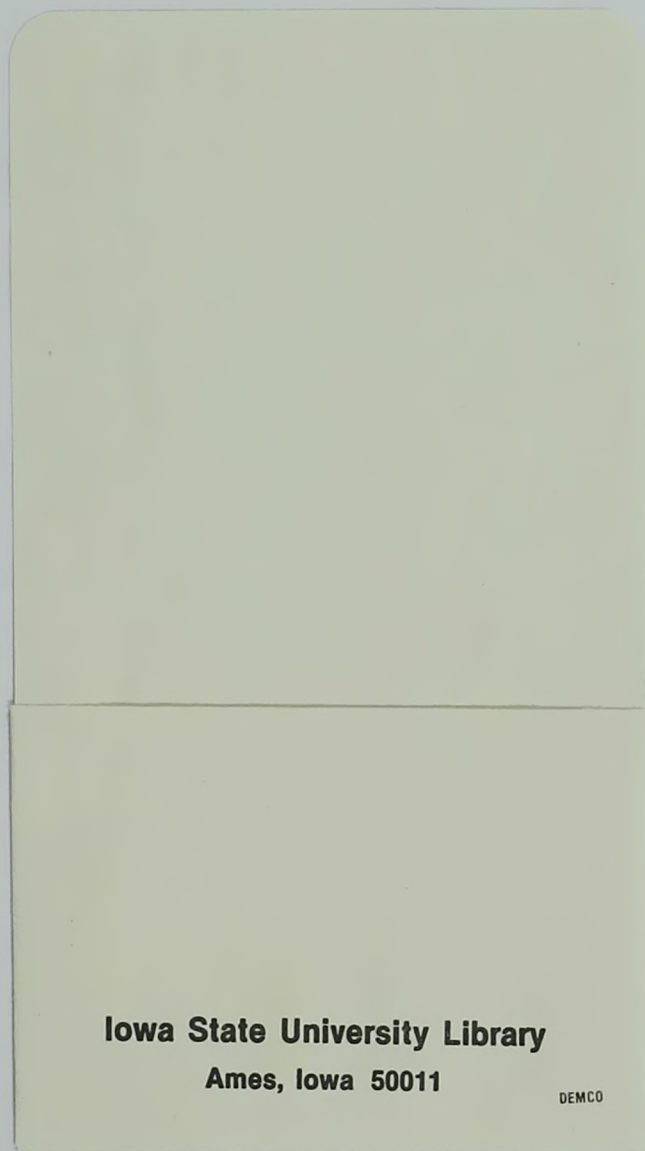




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