

THE NAUGHT-FIVE BOMB

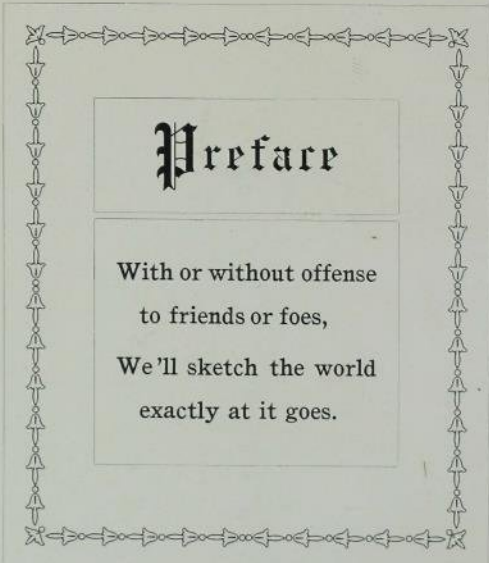




SIGE MOKA

BOMB 1905

JOHN HOOD



Preface

With or without offense
to friends or foes,
We'll sketch the world
exactly at it goes.



DEDICATED
TO
PROF. E. W. STANTON

ACTING PRESIDENT 1902 AND 1903

AS AN APPRECIATION OF

HIS SERVICES

TO

OUR BELOVED ALMA MATER



E. W. Stanton

BRIEF SKETCH OF DEAN STANTON'S LIFE.

Edgar William Stanton was born in Waymart, Pennsylvania, October 3, 1850.

It was here that his early education was secured, first at the public school and then at the Waymart Normal School. He next studied in the Delaware Literary Institute at Franklin, New York, and here met Prof. G. W. Jones, who became the Professor of Mathematics, Civil Engineering and Architecture at the opening of the Iowa State College. In 1870 Dean Stanton also came to Ames and entered as a Sophomore, thus graduating with the first class, the '72's, and as a matter of fact receiving the first diploma given to an I. S. C. graduate.

The day of his graduation he was elected Instructor of Mathematics and took charge of all instruction in this line. In 1877 he was elected Professor of Mathematics and Political Economy, a position which he has held from that day to this. In 1874 he was elected Secretary of the Board of Trustees and has acted in that capacity during all these years, except that he was released of some of his duties on being elected Acting-President at the death of Dr. Beardshear.

In 1877 he was married to Miss Margaret McDonald, who had been a member of the faculty since the founding of the college. At her death in 1895 the new girls' dormitory, then almost completed, was named Margaret Hall in honor of her, the first preceptress. The chimes in our beautiful Campanile were the gift of Dean Stanton to the college in memory of Mrs. Stanton.

In 1899 he was married to Miss Julia Wentch, then his private secretary and an instructor in mathematics. "The Maples," as Dean Stanton's place is known, has ever been a delightful home.

In 1903 he was made Dean of the Junior College.

Ex-Governor Gue, a man long connected with the affairs of the state, says in his new history: "For over thirty years Professor Stanton has been intimately associated with the financial and general business management of the college, with its large endow-

ment arising from the Government Land Grant, and it may be truly said that to his fidelity, unusual business capacity and intimate knowledge of the aims of the college, the institution is more largely indebted for its remarkable development and general prosperity than to any man now living."

Business concerns have noted his ability and offered pecuniary inducements to persuade him to take presidencies. Societies of Mathematics and Political Economy have sought him but he has been far too busy to care for these honors. It is the college that holds his first interest.

Few members of this Junior Class have had the privilege of studying Mathematics under his efficient leadership, but those who have been so privileged say that he is a thorough, patient and successful instructor. But all have been permitted to see and know this man, a man of sterling qualities, sympathetic nature, undying loyalty to the college for which he has given and is giving his life service.



COLLEGE DAYS OF PROFESSOR EDGAR W. STANTON.

In the spring of 1870, among others who entered the Iowa State College, or the Iowa State Agricultural College as it was then known, was Mr. Edgar W. Stanton of Waymart, Pennsylvania. He was then a youth still in his 'teens. The school had then been running for a year or more and certain groups of friendships had been formed among the old students, but it soon became evident that a place must be made for the new comer whose preparation was such that he easily entered the most advanced class in the institution. So among the students his genial nature and evident ability and worth of character soon won him for him a large place.

Natural predilection and environment led him to choose the mechanical course. There were but two courses in the institution, the mechanical and agricultural. In his classes, especially in mathematics, as may be judged from his later life work, he became proficient. A natural inclination combined with application and energy of character made him eminently successful, and so successful that when upon his graduation the college was in need of additional teaching force, he was chosen tutor in mathematics.

Mr. Stanton was one of the leading society men. I mean by that literary society men,—of course I do not mean to disparage his relations to society in general. He, along with the writer and some dozen or more young men, withdrew from the old Philomathean Society which was composed of both young men and women, and organized the Crescent Society for men only. Since that time, however, I understand this society has fallen from grace and become mixed. Mr. S— was one of the keen debaters of that day, but his special forte was oratory and declamation. Under the tutelage of a fellow classman, Mr. T. L. Thompson, he developed into one of the most effective speakers of the society. The change from the mixed to the Crescent Society had a marked effect upon him, for he had rarely ventured to open his mouth in the former,—indeed he always manifested a marked diffidence in the presence of the ladies. It was with difficulty that the writer could persuade him to go down to the evening receptions, when for an hour before supper the young men and women were permitted, under proper supervision to

promenade around in the old chapel and out upon the terrace in front of the old Main. But soon this diffidence wore off, at least he got bravely over his shyness and became one of the most popular young men on these occasions. However, he first came to his own in society work when the Crescent organization was effected and the old Society Hall in the old Main echoed to the rolling sentences of convincing eloquence when he and John Stevens and J. K. Macomber and Millikan Stalker crossed words on great questions of the day.

It will be interesting to many, I am sure, and perhaps an encouragement to some, to know that our hero worked his way through college. He did chores for Prof. Jones, who lived at that time in the house now occupied by Prof. Stanton. He roomed in the little south attic room, in the third story of the present building and went to the big Farm House barn to do the chores and milk the cow, and carried the milk across the campus to the professor's house.

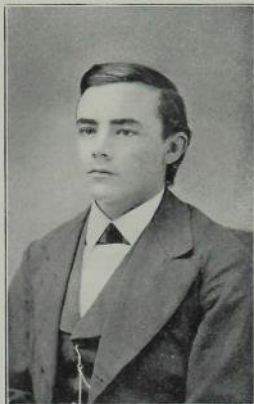
There was one thing, however, the young man could never learn to do: he was always a poor driver and it was usually the terror of the young ladies' lives to go riding with him behind "Old Boney," as the old horse was called for short — Bonaparte was his real name — who was somewhat willful and had the habit of doing about as he pleased. This fact, however, became but an evidence of the hold Mr. Stanton had upon some persons at least, for it was observed that he never lacked company, the pleasure was such that there were those who would gladly risk the peril for the privilege of the ride. Prof. Jones was very solicitous for the welfare of the young student as may be judged from the following: It was the custom of the good professor to use student help, both in the house and in out-door chores; so besides Mr. Stanton he had two student girls to help with the housework. Upon establishing a certain couple of young ladies in these duties, a rather amusing incident occurred. Knowing the popularity and attractiveness of the young ladies, and doubtless knowing also the susceptibility of our hero, after the professor had given the specific instructions as to their various duties, he suddenly changed his demeanor and said somewhat sternly and impressively: "Young ladies, remember I have Mr. Stanton also with me, *no fooling.*" Of course, this injunction had its effect, and proper decorum was observed.

In those days he was always prominent in athletics. Of course, the amusements were somewhat different from those of the present.

Base ball and the old-fashioned foot ball were prevalent, however. He joined a base ball team known as "The Champions." The nine won numerous victories and thus early set the pace which old I. S. C. has since maintained. As present day students can testify his interest in athletics is never wanting, and those who knew him in those earlier days well know that it is from a genuine hearty interest in manly sports.

Seriously, in conclusion, this is the testimony from one who was most intimately associated with him in school life and office work : Edgar M. Stanton was the embodiment of those noble qualities of manhood which have made his maturer years such a benediction to the hosts of students who have gone from old I. S. C. He was never a shirk, but with bouyant hopefulness he did faithfully and well his every task. He worked his own problems, got his lessons well and played only when his duties were done. He was a faithful, conscientious student. It is but the simple truth when I say that he was one of the best beloved and most influential students of those early years, and his later honored career of wide usefulness is no surprise to his friends and associates of the seventies.

O. H. C., '72.



E. W. STANTON,

Taken in '72

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CALC.

For those who have never had the privilege of reciting to Prof. Stanton, we present the following :

"You'll find some nice little algebra in that problem."

"Unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Calculus."

"When you've mastered a problem and go out into the open, doesn't the grass seem a little greener, and the sun a little brighter?"

To a student who was hurrying through a problem so he wouldn't be questioned:

"When you're on thin ice, it's a pretty good plan to skate fast."

Just before the roll call:

"I wonder how the battle has gone."

To a student who was about to give up trying to solve a problem:

"Don't die on third base."

After explaining some point at length:

"You want to pin that fast."

"Well, now, I wonder if Mr. — is thinking analytically."

"Hold yourselves down to the finals. When they are over, you can go out and fling your hats over the Old Main!"

"An educated man is one who can do the things he ought to do in the time they ought be done, regardless of what his desires may be."

To a student who is not using the principles of geometry:

"Mr. — is like the man who comes to a brook with a plank on his shoulder. Instead of putting the plank across the brook, he throws it behind him, and jumps across."

Explaining the theory of limits:

"If you start to walk to the Dining Hall, and go just half the distance; then go half the remaining distance, etc., etc., you will finally reach a point where the distance between you and the doorway is infinitely small. But you can never step inside the Hall if you continue to halve the distance. Nevertheless, when you reach this point, we have no fear that you will miss your dinner."

In '99, after the Iowa game:

"Easy problems are like easy foot-ball games. These little games don't count for so much, but it means something to play a hard game with the team that tied Chicago."

To a student who is apt to wander more or less during a demonstration:

"Be sure you get on the right train before starting for your destination."

A REVIEW AND AN OUTLOOK.

By DEAN STANTON.

The Bomb of '05 is fitted into the life of the College in one of the most encouraging periods of its history. Turn which way we will we find evidence of progress so marked as make even cold figures inspirational.

The total college enrollment in 1897, including short course students, was 542. It now approximates 1400 in the long courses and exceeds 1900 in all. During this same time the instructing force has increased from 54 to 95. This remarkable growth means that the College is no longer one of the smaller but one of the larger institutions of learning. It means for it, added opportunity, a wider field of usefulness, more lives touched by its influence, more workers fitted for their tasks, more true hearts loving the institution and its traditions, and a larger constituency devoted to advancing its interests. For the future it means a larger, better and stronger College.

The growth of the institution in these later years is strikingly exemplified in our department buildings. The unstinted and self-sacrificing efforts of more than thirty years secured for the College a building equipment of less than half a million dollars in value. The first six years of the present century will add three-fourths of a million to this building inventory. We can rejoice too that we have outgrown the low standard of cheap and temporary structures. Thanks to the indefatigable labors of that prince of leaders, Dr. Beardshear, and the wise generosity of the State, our later buildings are of a most substantial character. Expert judges unanimously testify that the Engineering Hall is the finest building for its purpose to be found in this country. The new home of the Department of Farm Mechanics is fire-proof, commodious and unequaled in its line, while the new Green-Houses and Judging Pavilion are models of convenience and utility. The Central Building, when completed, will probably rank among Iowa buildings second only to the State Capitol in architectural design and

durability of construction. All College buildings erected hereafter will be of a like substantial character. The campus of the future will, it is safe to say, be adorned with structures which in design and construction will honor the College and the State and the splendid purposes to which they will be devoted. The present era will be noted for the establishment of this policy.

The College income has not kept pace with the College growth. The institution is however to be congratulated that it has overcome, in the period we are contemplating, a most serious obstacle to the increase of its support fund. The College is at once a National and a State institution. The national law requires the State to furnish the necessary buildings. Somewhat naturally, perhaps, the State came to consider this as the extent of its obligation. Through all the early years of the College the Legislature gave buildings, and buildings only. Not until 1900 was this limitation upon state aid overcome. Without this change in policy the College of today would have been impossible. Already the state aid equals that received from national sources, and before the present year expires will probably largely exceed it. This second adoption of the College by the State is one of the most striking facts connected with the history-making years which lie so close to the college life of the Class of 1905.

The "to-day" of College history is freighted with high hopes for the future. There is not a department in the institution in which the outlook is not full of promise. The students are many and, in general, they are actuated with the spirit that goes with hard and successful endeavor. The work is difficult but the results most gratifying. The College is ever coming nearer to the fulfillment of its mission. As the years pass it multiplies and strengthens the cords which unite it to the industrial life of the state. In its agricultural and engineering experimentation it renders direct aid to these industries. In its class rooms, laboratories and shops it is training men and women who are to be potent factors in the industrial progress of the future, conservators of a high ideal of citizenship, builders of homes, and leaders in the social and moral life of their respective communities.

It is not I believe an unwarranted optimism which paints for the Iowa State College a future in which its sons and daughters may have deep rejoicing. Its work is centered around an enduring

and inspiring educational ideal; it is enrolling under its banners an ever increasing army of the best of the young manhood and womanhood of the State; it is enlarging its faculty and equipment, multiplying its buildings and making material addition to its support fund. It has a loyal alumni, a host of enthusiastic friends, and possesses in no small degree the confidence of the State. The times are auspicious, the tide is with us. Loyalty, honesty and unselfish devotion, and the proud ship that flaunts the cardinal and gold shall fear no sunken mines or treacherous torpedoes, but shall bear down all opposition and in the years that mark the close of the school life of '05 gain greater victories and make more substantial progress than ever before in its history.





PRESIDENT A. B. STORMS.

ALBERT BOYNTON STORMS.

Dr. A. B. Storms was born on a farm near Chelsea, Michigan, in 1862. When old enough he was started to a country school which he attended until he was about fifteen years of age. After finishing the country school studies, he was started to the Chelsea High School. This he attended one year, at the close of which he acted as a teacher for a term in a district school. During this time all his spare moments were spent in the township library. He has always been a great reader.

When he was seventeen years old, his parents rented the farm and moved to Ann Arbor. This was done that their only son might be given the advantages of a city education, and also that he might the better prepare to enter college. At this time Dr. Storms decided upon the ministry as his life work. He entered the classical course at the Ann Arbor High School and at the end of three years received his diploma, when he entered upon the same course at the University of Michigan.

As in the high school, so in the university, Dr. Storms was an earnest student. He was a leader in all college activities, especially so in the work of the Students' Christian Association. He was captain of his class football team, president of a literary society, and a member of the university glee club and choir. On January 3, 1883, one year before his graduation, he was married to Miss Whitcomb, who at that time was studying music in Ann Arbor.

After his graduation he entered the Detroit Conference. His first charge was at Franklin, Michigan. He then went to Hudson, Mich., and from there to the Woodward Avenue Church, Detroit. He remained here for some time, after which he was transferred to the Cass Avenue Church in the same city.

In 1894 Dr. Storms was called to the First Methodist Church of Madison, Wisconsin. He remained here until 1900, when he came to the First Methodist Church in Des Moines.

Dr. Storms was pastor of the Des Moines church until 1903, when he was elected to fill the president's chair at the Iowa State

College. He entered into this work with all the vim and enthusiasm that had formerly been so characteristic of his life. He has caught the I. S. C. spirit, and already has won a warm place in the heart of every student. As to the impression one carries away after even the briefest interview with our new executive, we can do no better than to quote the words of Joseph E. Wing: "President Storms is a great, big, raw-boned man, with a homely, rugged face, reminding you a bit of Lincoln's. You can see in him a heap of strength and a flood of unselfish, loving devotion to his work. And you wonder that so often in America the right men do find after all the right places."

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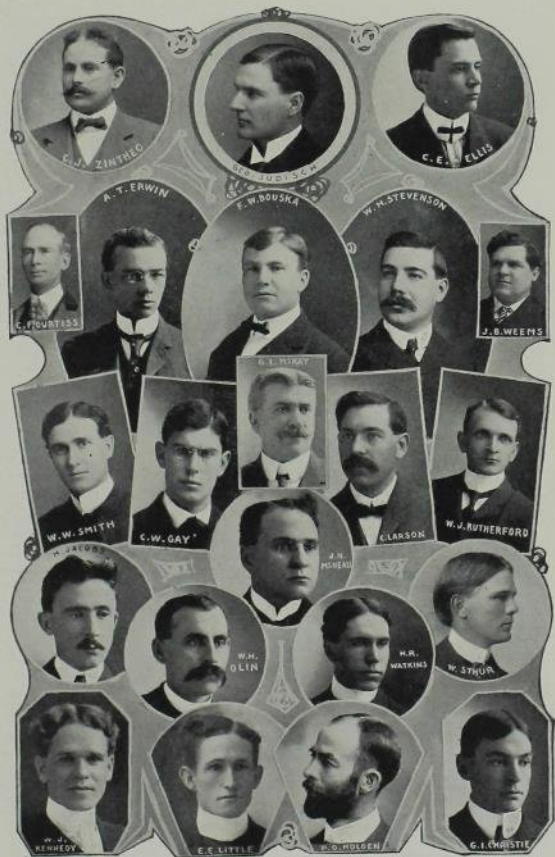
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THE FACULTY OF I. S. C.



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CLASS HISTORY

CANTO I.

O Muse, Thou Goddess of History,
Come down from Olympus and tell to me,
For all things dost thou know and behold,
Whilst we know nothing but what we are told,—
Tell what the Naughty-Fives have done,
Of all the victories they have won,
And that first grand reception, which to themselves they gave
And thus bro't forth the wrath of the Katinas, brave (?).
All your loudest anthem raise,
And sing to all the world their praise —
Sing of thrilling incidents,
Of their established precedents
From the time Fate decreed, they Indian warriors should become
In that glorious fall of nineteen-one.
After fever and fire of the previous year,
To bring to I. S. C. good cheer,
Like a burst of sunshine the Naughty-Fives came,
And gladdened the hearts of the professors again.
That fall the foot-ball victories were few,
E'en after the burning of the dread hoo-doo.
But the Spoor Trophy was ours and the Normal Debate,
While with victory in Tennis, we were favored by Fate.



On September 14th, the Freshmen much despised,
By Dr. Beardshear, into a class were organized
And chosen from out the verdant lot,
For president was our Archie Scott.
For colors we did feel a lack
So chose the cardinal and black,
But waited for the Sophomores to give us the name
Which has since bro't to us such glory and fame.
Our first social stunt was the General Reception,
Which soon was followed by the Joint Literary Session.
At last came the greatest thing of all,
The Sophomore Reception in Margaret Hall.
That night there was music, and speakin', and things,
But the best of all was the dainty eatings.
And tho' we stood round with our hands in our pockets,
Or folded our hands, or fumbled our lockets,
We made up our minds that as sure as the world
We'd some time get into that great social whirl.
Our class in round numbers was four hundred strong,
And in all that first term we did nothing wrong,
But took what the '04's treated us to
With growling, and grumbling, and murmurings few.
And then in October of that glorious fall,
When Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and all
Were gathered together at the Soph-Fresh Meet
To see the green Freshmen go down to defeat,
The Naughty-Fives did lead them a merry good chase,
But just to keep them from being disgraced,
We slackened our pace and, very, very good,
Let the Sophs win the race as all Freshmen should.
The days and the weeks were fast slipping by,
And Christmas time was drawing nigh.
Exams. were over and our trunks were packed,
Our "duds" were brushed and our boots were blacked,
So to our home we went both far and near,
And left the campus most sad and drear.





CANTO II.

The next term when we did return,
And the lights 'till ten-thirty once more did burn,
I'll tell you a secret altho' 'tis a fact
Some by Prexy were asked not to come back.
The first thing to greet us after vacation,
Was that dread question of "Vaccination."
They said, "To the doctor you must hie
Before you can classify."
The new Hort. Building which greeted our eyes,
Had been completed to our surprise, —
And the faculty gave a great house-warming
Which lasted well nigh until morning.
The first thing we did that was worthy of mention,
Was to call a class meeting and have an election,
And just to show how much he was respected
Scotty was put up for chief and duly re-elected.
Some one suggested we had gone quite a spell
Without a very good class yell,
And so at the meeting, the very next time,
The committee bro't forth such a very good rhyme
That the class unanimously did decide
To adopt it for the Class of Nineteen Five.
At our next class meeting we discussed a class reception,
And never once thinking of practicing deception,



In glorious words the speakers painted
The great advantages of getting acquainted.
"We must know each *other*," they all did say,
"Before we try the Sophomores to repay."
So at last a committee was selected
Which met in Margaret Hall, and soon had plans perfected.
Dr. Beardshear was consulted, and most kindly consented
But the Sophomores jealously tho't us demented.
At all our plans they took offense
Which showed their lack of common sense.
They tho't that as we were still in our "salad days,"
That we were not used to all the ways
Of polite society, and would not return
Their *grand* reception of the previous term.
The reception was planned for Friday night,
But the Sophs said, "That recep. shall not come off to-night."
They worked with all their main and might,
Outside the Hall that memorable night,
And e'en the profs., they took a hand
To help the Naughty-Five Freshmen stand.
Inside the brilliant lights which shed
Glory round about, were extinguished,
But the program went on and refreshments were served.
And not a single Freshman was unnerved.
There was a crash of glass, and a spurt from a hose,
And the scent of pepper reached the nose;
When at length, our "Stantie" did appear,
(And as the time was drawing near,)
Bade us bid one another "good-night"
And put an end to the terrible fight.
The very next day our beloved Dr. Beardshear,
Who had just returned from the legislature,
"Stood up and called the tribes together,
And they met in the chapel altogether,
Wildly glaring at each other,"
And vainly trying their anger to smother.
"In their faces there was stern defiance,
And in their hearts the thirst for vengeance."

But the kind, loving words which to us he spake,
Caused our heads to droop and our hearts to ache:
"Be ye kind one to another,
For ye are all children of the same Alma Mater."
He told us of all his anguish and pain,
As he came home that day on the train;
For the warriors he loved, his trust did betray
And far from his precepts had wandered astray.
And then in his persuasive way,
He asked us to sign resolutions that day,
Promising the honor of the college to maintain,
And never to participate in a class scrap again.
When that special chapel ended, all was well
And the tribes altogether gave a rousing college yell.
The troubles were over and peace did reign
Until came the Sophomore-Freshman ball game;
The contest waged hot, and the contest waged long
For both the Sophomores and Freshmen were strong,
But as the game progressed it was plain to be seen
That the '05's were best by 17 to 13.
The Sophomores were badly beaten once more,
And this only made them a little more sore;
Which state of affairs continued at red heat
Until the time of the Annual Home Meet.
For when the race that day was completed
The Freshmen were most cruelly defeated.
But enough of this war and strife
And let us turn to that splendid night,
When unto the Sophs the Freshies gay
Did give a banquet, in order them to repay
For that sumptuous feast of pickles and rocks,
And all the water, pepper and hard knocks.
It certainly was a swell affair
And all the Sophomores were there,
But when it was over their conscience did prick 'em
For they knew we had taken the best way to beat 'em.
These old scores were soon put by
And we joined to celebrate over S. U. I.



For one day our boys played a very fine game
And sent Iowa City home in shame.
That night round the bonfire in front of Old Main
We danced and whooped through a drizzling rain,
While the old cannon down in the middle of the campus,
Booming and roaring helped keep up the rumpus.
Soon after, commencement time drew nigh
When the Seniors said "farewell" with a sigh
And we sighed, too, that Freshman days were o'er
For next year our class would be Sophomore.



CANTO III.

When our school opened that next fall,
A very great sorrow had come over all.
Of our honored president we were bereft
For "God's finger had touched him, and he slept."
On that first Sunday in the college cemetery
Were held the last services sacred to his memory,
And a gloom hung over us all, that year,
Deepening our sorrow and bringing no cheer.
The affairs of our college were soon adjusted,
And the paddling of our canoes to "Stantie" was entrusted,
And so well by him was this manipulated,
That to him our Bomb is dedicated.

For chieftain this term we wanted a good one
 So we elected F. F. Jorgenson.
 And as a motto we had never yet "hed,"
 "Just Hustle" was the one to be adopted.
 If the victories in 1901 were few,
 We more than made up in 1902;
 When the Varsity got Warden and Tener, too —
 To show what the Naughty-Fives in foot ball could do.
 The hoo-doo had long since ceased to be
 And Grinnell was beaten naught to twenty-three,
 But it was all a mistake, that game with Cornell,
 And of it, it will never do to tell.
 The debate with Normal again was won
 And the Spoor Trophy from Chicago was bro't "hum."
 A new band of Freshmen among us had come,
 And as yet they had not been shown much fun,
 So early in October a day was set
 And the Naughty-Sixes with the Naughty-Fives met
 In order with us to compete
 For honors in the Sophomore-Freshmen Meet.
 The Naughty-Five boys from foot-ball were sore
 But they won just the same 66 to 64.
 The '06's so long had gone without a name
 That we began to think it a shame;
 So by December we found one to suit 'em,
 Gave them a banner and called 'em Mewasem;
 Which of all names is most royal
 Since being interpreted means "True-hearted and Loyal."



CANTO IV.

Early, in January, our caps we did spring,
To which all the others, the gauntlet did fling.
Unlike the '04's of white letters on green
Ours were not quite so plain to be seen,
But compared to the '03's it might well be said,
They did not cover quite so much of the head.
At the election that term there were no quibbles,
And the ballot was cast for the Red-headed Civils.
There was no earthly use in stuffing the box
For the vote was unanimous for Crawford, Warden and Cox.
For victories we went in that spring,
And there was not once that we did not win.
In base ball we trounced the '06's once more
Altho' it was close, three to only four:
And with a score of forty-three, we did beat
Seniors, Juniors and Freshies at the Annual Home Meet.
Late in the term and near to graduation
Occurred the Engineering Hall Dedication.
And the old graduates were here to the meeting
And to attend the Banquet of the alumni in the evening.



CANTO V.

By the Junior year, space is well nigh spent,
But in passing we must mention our new president.
Dr. Storms came among us in 1903
And in a short time he has proven to be
A man truly noble and loyal at heart
And one well equipped to do his part.
For chief the first term, we had Warden of the auburn hair—
While at present Ben. G. Budge holds down the chair.
The foot ball season now is o'er
And Minnesota alone did us out-score.

The Normal Debate? Well, we'll leave it with a sigh
Since that is a stunt we had better pass by.
But the Inter-Society Debate! O Muse, tell of this,
For it was won by Garver, Guthrie, Collette and Bliss.
This victory surely doth tickle our pride
For each one of the victors, is a Naughty-Five.
To Chicago went the Juniors, with Kennedy and Dinsmore
And again the Trophy is ours for 1904.
Of the "stunts that we've did" this year, I wot
The best of all was the Junior Trot.
And, while for those that are over we would say, "Alas!",
There are other stunts to come to pass.
There's the '05 picnic, and the Junior play,
And another meet some fine spring day.
And then when the weather is good and ripe
With the Katinas we'll smoke the calumet, the peace pipe.
Now to those with whom we've quarreled, yet love so well,
We will give one sweet and lasting farewell
"For we'll live and love, and meeting once a year,
While life shall last, we'll hold each other dear."

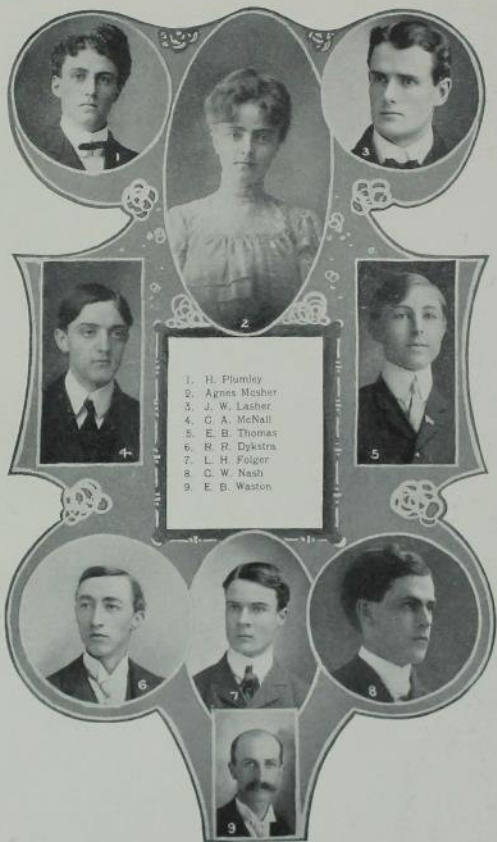




CLASS
ALBUM



D.C.B.



H. Plumley — Electrical Rockford

"Golden hair like sunshine beaming."

Bomb Board.

Agnes Mosher — Science Sioux Rapids

Love, sweetness, goodness in her person.

S. S. Crescent.

J. W. Lasher — Mechanical Ames

"More prone to self communing solitude, than noisy revels."

Pythian.

C. A. McNall — Civil Des Moines

"Swears tersely and with great variety."

E. B. Thomas — Agricultural Green Mountain

"Small bodies with velocities have greater momentum than large ones
without it."

Ag. Club. Welch.

R. R. Dykstra — Veterinary Orange City

"What's in a name?"

L. H. Folger — Science Ames

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."

C. W. Nash — Agricultural Ames

He trudged along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.

Ag. Club.

E. B. Watson — Agricultural Ames

"There have been men who had more wits than hair."

Ag. Club.



1. Frank V. Roy
2. Winifred Thompson
3. A. L. Cook
4. S. S. Nichols
5. E. S. Guthrie
6. B. R. Wallace
7. R. L. Gribben
8. H. S. Rush
9. Merritt Grams, Jr.

- Frank V. Roy — Electrical Ames
 "He says nothing, but chews gum."
- Winifred Thompson — G. and D. Science Cambridge
 "Little, but oh my!"
 Cho.
- A. L. Cook — Electrical Des Moines
 "God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks."
- S. S. Nichols — Mechanical Marshalltown
 "Ye Gods! I am a man after my own heart."
 Class Track Captain. Varsity Foot Ball Team. Councilman.
- E. S. Guthrie — Agricultural Coin
 "Bid me discourse! I will enchant thine ear."
 Debating League. Ag. Club. Drake Debating Team. Y. M. C. A.
 Pythian. Agriculturist Staff.
- B. R. Wallace — Civil Albia
 "An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
 Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within."
 F. F. F. Vice-President class. Bachelor.
- R. L. Gribben — Agricultural Minburn
 "Let me silent be."
 Ag. Club.
- H. S. Rush — Electrical Colfax
 "Of singular learning and integrity."
- Merritt Greene, Jr. — Agricultural Marshalltown
 "He has been Rusty for a long time, but is as Greene as ever."
 Non Avrams. Bachelor. Ag. Club. Captain Co. M. Vice-President
 class. Declamatory contest.



1. Todd J. Patton
 2. Imogene Stevens
 3. R. E. Blackwood
 4. R. S. Scott

5. C. Rheimbott
 6. C. J. Knickerbocker
 7. W. C. Hotsford
 8. P. H. Daniels

- Todd J. Patton — Civil Newton
 "My life is one demmed horrid grind."
 Non Avrats. Dutch Band. F. F. F.
- Imogene Stevens — G. and D. Science Boone
 "A maiden with those nut brown eyes."
 S. S. Cho. C. O. B.
- R. E. Blackwood — Science Newton
 "As merry as the day is long, as busy as a bee."
 Philoleutheroi. Normal Debating Team. Bomb Board.
- R. S. Scott — Mechanical Glidden
 "St. Peter, if entrance requires good looks, I am coming to stay.
 Put me down on your books!"
 Tri-Serps. Bachelor. Glee Club. Track Team.
- C. Rheinbott — Agricultural Grinnell
 Slow in words and earnest in action, thinks before he speaks, and
 speaks what he thinks.
 Ag. Club. Welchman.
- C. J. Knickerbocker — Agricultural Fairfax
 "Much study is a weariness of the flesh."
 Ag. Club. Philomathean. Captain Co. I.
- W. C. Botsford — Electrical Corning
 "Seldom he smiles."
 Major 1st Battalion. Philomathean.
- P. H. Daniels — Mechanical Marion
 "Although 'twill surprise you I wish you to know,
 I was once a theology student at Coe."
 Non Avrats. Captain Foot Ball Team. F. F. F.



1. C. H. Currie
 2. F. E. Woodman
 3. M. L. Mosher
 4. J. S. Cutler
 5. Pearl Overholser

6. James A. Buehl
 7. W. J. Lynch
 8. M. I. Warden
 9. James A. Forrest

- C. H. Currie — Civil Webster City
 "The Lord loveth a cheerful liar."
 Track Team.
- F. E. Woodman — Mechanical Ames
 "As specimens run throughout the land,
 He is quite an intelligent Wood(en) man."
- M. L. Mosher — Agricultural West Liberty
 "His face within our hearts we bore,
 Long after it was seen no more."
 Ag. Club. Oratorical Council. Pythian. Agriculturist Staff.
- J. S. Cutler — Agricultural Orchard
 "He never killed any of his friends."
 Captain Co. D. Tennis Team.
- Pearl Overholser — Science Ames
 "A Pearl of great price."
 Bomb Board.
- James A. Buell — Civil Webster City
 "If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
 The mist is dispelled when a woman appears."
 Nox Avrats.
- W. J. Lynch — Agricultural Green Mountain
 "A sober minded fellow."
 Ag. Club. Welch.
- M. I. Warden — Civil Melbourne
 "An honor to the class of 1905."
 Crescent. Class President and Sergeant-at-Arms. Councilman. Varsity Foot Ball Team.
- James A. Forrest — Civil Garner
 "His equal liveth not. Thank God for that."
 Sergeant-at-Arms. Dutch Band.



1. E. A. Reese
2. Margaret Morrison
3. Victor Grubb
4. G. C. Read

5. T. P. Azz
6. Roy W. Gillette
7. Max L. Kennedy
8. G. P. Labberten

E. A. Reese — Electrical Des Moines

"This young athlete with jet-black curls,
Doesn't care for any but high school girls."

Base Ball Team.

Margaret Morrison — G. and D. Science Hedrick

"Neat, not gaudy."

Philomathean.

Victor Grubb — Agricultural Panora

"Artless, innocent and meek,
Thus you seem, and thus you speak."

Ag. Club.

G. C. Read — Electrical Elburn, Ill.

"Graced with the gift of gab,"

T. R. Agg — Electrical Oskaloosa

"He often burns the midnight oil."

Crescent. Y. M. C. A.

Roy U. Gillette — Agricultural Fostoria

"Nature, when she adds difficulties, adds brains."

Ag. Club. Crescent.

Mae L. Kennedy — G. and D. Science Collins

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."

Clio. Girls Tennis Team.

G. P. Labberton — Mechanical Orange City

"I think my feet will eventually choke my boots to death."



Mildred Cole — Science Ames

"A good student."

F. F. Hofacre — Science Monticello

"Greater men than I may have lived, but I doubt it."

Bachelor. Debating League. Sergeant at Arms. 2d Lieut. Co. I.

C. M. Prather — Electrical Ames

"It is not good that man should be alone."

R. D. Cooper — Civil LaPorte

"I worked this whole thing out by pure originality."

Joe P. Flynn — Civil Belle Plaine

Besides 'tis known he Dutch could speak,
As naturally as pigs could squeak.

H. T. Avey — Mechanical Blockton

No man here but honors you.

Y. M. C. A. Crescent.

Don Fegles — Civil LaPorte

"His chin new reaped showed like a stubble field in harvest time."

Bachelor. Bomb Board.

G. C. Cutler — Agricultural Ames

'Tis pleasant to see one's name in print.

Ag. Club.



1. Theresa Woodruff
 2. C. R. Mahanke
 3. J. F. Curtis
 4. A. R. Boudnot

5. A. K. McCampbell
 6. Stella Hibbard
 7. W. C. Claybaugh
 8. Ralph L. Cox

Theresa Woodruff—G. and D. Science Ames

"A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence."

C. A. Mahanke—Electrical Parkersburg

"If the Bomb's not funny or lacking in wit,
Mahanke 's partly to b'ame for it."

Boards Board, Bachelor.

J. E. Curtis—Electrical Davenport

"The morning light is in his hair, the sunset in his cheeks."

A. R. Boudinot—Civil Davenport

"Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home."

Y. M. C. A. Bachelor. Major 2nd Battalion

A. K. McCampbell—Civil Oskaloosa

"A man who has arrived at such a pitch of self-esteem that he never
mentions himself without taking off his hat."

Six Foot Club. Crescent.

Stella Hibbard—G. and D. Science Paullina

"She was born under a rhyming planet."

Phileleutheroi.

W. C. Claybaugh—Horticultural Valley, Neb.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.

Agriculturist Staff. Grafter. Ag. Club. Welch.

Ralph L. Cox—Civil Geneseo, N. Y.

"'Tis for the good of my country that I should be abroad."

Welch. Class Treasurer and Vice-President. Manager Class Athletics.



1. J. W. Coughy
 2. B. G. Porter
 3. R. C. Fleming
 4. J. G. Wright
 5. Iva Brendt

6. Irving R. Smith
 7. C. L. Huff
 8. J. C. Guthrie
 9. R. W. Atkinson

- J. W. Caughey — Mechanical Ames
 "His cogitative faculties immersed in cubibbundance of cogitation."
- B. G. Porter — Agricultural Centerville
 "Of an inquisitive turn of mind."
 Ag. Club.
- R. C. Fleming — Electrical Storm Lake
 "Content of tomicrow's fate."
- J. G. Wright — Civil Ames
 "In difficult cases do nothing."
- Iva Brandt — G. and D. Science Jewel Junction
 "The world is better, brighter,
 For you having trod its way."
 Clie. S. S.
- Irving R. Smith — Mechanical Milwaukee, Wis.
 "A head that's to be let unfurnished."
- C. L. Huff — Civil Logan
 "I'd leave my happy home for you."
- J. C. Guthrie — Agricultural Coin
 "There is no aristocracy except the aristocracy of industry."
 Pythian Ag. Club, Y. M. C. A.
- R. W. Atkinson — Electrical Castoria
 "An abridged edition."
 Pythian.



1. E. A. Stout
2. Carolyn Gabrielsen
3. C. E. Bullock
4. M. L. Page
5. R. P. Maynard
6. A. C. Epley
7. F. F. Taylor
8. M. E. McGulloch

- E. A. Stout — Agricultural Stout
 "Wise from the top of his head up."
 Bachelor. Stock Judging Team.
- Carolyn Gabrielsen — Science New Hampton
 "A face with gladness overspread,
 Soft smiles, by human kindness spread."
 Student Staff. Clo. Y. W. C. A. Girls' Tennis Team.
- C. F. Bullock — Mechanical Ottumwa
 "I am not in the roll of common men."
- M. L. Page — Mechanical Charles City
 Every man has a right to his opinion, provided it agrees with ours,
 Crescent.
- R. P. Maynard — Civil Traer
 "Men of few words are the best men."
- A. C. Epley — Agricultural Shell Rock
 "In a mood of vague indifference."
 Ag. Club. Pythian.
- F. F. Taylor — Mechanical Algona
 "A truly practical man."
- M. E. McCulloch — Agricultural Humeston
 "A man of solid stuff."
 Ag. Club.



1. G. R. Cassidy
 2. Viola Chambers
 3. C. A. Western
 4. R. S. Curtis
 5. K. W. Stouder
 6. Frank Bothell
 7. B. G. Budge
 8. Fred Wood
 9. G. C. Peterson

G. R. Cassidy — Agricultural Ames

"He loves the merry bowl."

Viola Chambers — Science Waverly

"We do love thee as each flower,
Loves the son's life giving power."

Clc.

C. A. Western — Agricultural Beaconsfield

"His face doth always hatch a grin."

Ag. Club. Welch.

R. S. Curtis — Agricultural Columbus Junction

"A gentleman for a' that."

Ag. Club. Welch.

K. W. Stouder — Veterinary Newton

The Faculty took such a liking to me that they asked me to stay another
year.

Frank Bothell — Agricultural Corning

"A man cannot be judged by his appearance."

Ag. Club.

B. G. Budge — Science Cushing

"Every inch a man."

Philomathean. Bomb Board. Class President.

Fred Wood — Mechanical Sac City

"It must be distinctly understood,
When speaking of brains he is not all wood."

G. C. Peterson — Civil Harlan

"Why is it these little fellows are so brainy?"

Class Treasurer.



1. R. S. Wark
2. J. D. Stillwell
3. Lois Woodman
4. A. B. Scott
5. R. L. Collett
6. J. A. Ellis
7. H. S. Fawcett
8. H. C. White

Ralph S. Wark — Civil Adair
"A bold, bad man."

J. D. Stillwell — Veterinary Ames
"A diversity of knowledge maketh a broad man."

Lois Woodman — G. and D. Science Ames
"Sweet and unassuming."
Clo.

A. B. Scott — Mining Shelby
"Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow Nature had written,
a Gentleman."
Tri Serps. Class President. Councilman. Varsity Foot Ball Team.
Track Team. Bachelor. Glee Club. Y. M. C. A.

Ralph L. Collett — Science Ida Grove
"A noticeable man, with large gray eyes."
Not Avrats. Bachelor. Drake Debating Team.

J. A. Ellis — Dairy Ames
"Of all the jewels and jems from the sea,
A pearl has the greatest attraction for me."

H. S. Fawcett — Science Salem, Ohio
"A meek and gentle sage."
Botany Lab. Instructor. Philomathean. Oratorical contest.

H. C. White — Mining Cedar Rapids
"It will drown, drown, drown, all our troubles and cares and woes."



Zaidie Griffith — G. and D. Science Ames

"A maiden never bold of spirit."

Mary Davidson — G. and D. Science Monticello

"The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers! but they
rise behind her steps, not before them."

S. S.

R. N. Cooper — Electrical Ames

"He loved us, but he moved away."

W. A. Tener — Agricultural Brevard, N. C.

He's just over from the auld green sod,
And he came to Ames to learn to plod.

Varsity Foot Ball and Base Ball Team. Track Team. Agriculturist Staff.
Bomb Board. Ag. Club. Stock Judging Team.

C. E. Howard — Agricultural New Providence

A man whom all are pleased to know, and proud to call a friend.

Ag. Club. Stock Judging Team. Crescent.

C. J. Crawford — Civil New London

I am glad for him for all the while,
When they speak 'tis to praise,
And they praise with a smile.

Non Avrais. Bachelor. Bomb Board. Class President and Treasurer.
Student Staff.

R. K. Bliss — Agricultural Diagonal

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

Welch. Drake Debating Team. Ag. Club. Agriculturist Staff.

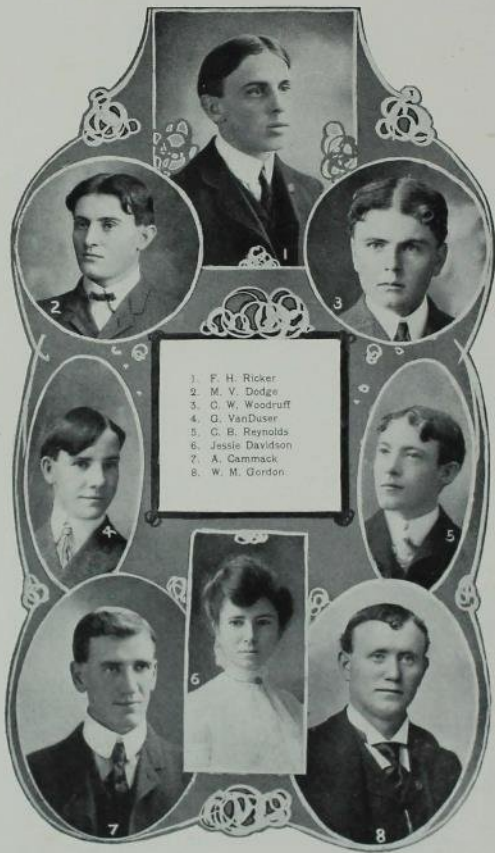
F. J. Rasmussen — Dairy Jewell Junction

"Steadiness is the foundation of all virtues."

H. F. Anthony — Civil Comanche

"His only books are woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught him."

Tri Serp. Bomb Board. Bachelor. Glee Club. F. F. F.



1. F. H. Ricker
2. M. V. Dodge
3. C. W. Woodruff
4. G. VanDuser
5. C. B. Reynolds
6. Jessie Davidson
7. A. Cammack
8. W. M. Gordon

F. H. Ricker— Mechanical Grinnell

"There's only one girl in this world for me."

Tri Serps. F. F. F. Captain Class Track Team. Bomb Board.

Mott V. Dodge— Civil Des Moines

"The book's wrong."

C. W. Woodruff— Civil Glenwood

"For recitations bold and bluffy,

You can place your coin on "Stuffy."

1st Lieutenant Co. K.

Guy Van Duser— Science Ontario

"One science only will one genius fit."

C. B. Reynolds— Civil Council Bluffs

"The man who goes with a current always ends in slack water."

A. Cammack— Mechanical Salem

"Sincere, plain hearted, hospitable and kind."

Jessie Davidson— G. and D. Science Monticello

"The best of all ways,

To lengthen our days,

Is to steal a few hours

From the night, my dear."

S. S.

W. M. Gordon— Veterinary Ames

"The man of wisdom is the man of years."



1. F. F. Jorgensen
 2. J. M. Benson
 3. Opal Gillette
 4. J. G. Adamson

5. Rose Goble
 6. L. S. Fyler
 7. John Anstey
 8. R. S. Stinson

F. F. Jorgensen — Mining Denison

"His principles unquestioned, open as a page,
Features like an Indian, wisdom like a sage."

Class President, Track Captain and Sergeant at Arms, Varsity Foot Ball
and Track Teams, Bomb Board.

J. M. Benson — Civil Gladbrook

"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success."

Opal Gillette — Science Fostoria

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

Crescent.

J. G. Adamson — Civil Iowa Falls

"By chrismus! I thought prof. was going to catch me."

Track Team, Dutch Band, F. F. F., Captain Class Track Team.

Rose Goble — G. and D. Science Ames

"What's in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other name would be as sweet."

Clio.

L. S. Fyler — Electrical Shell Rock

"A father's pride, a mother's joy,
A great, big, bouncing, —— boy."

Track Team

John Anstey — Veterinary Massena

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some know
how to carve."

R. S. Stinson — Agricultural Marion

"An intelligent son of the soil."

Ag. Club, Welsh.



W. E. Deshler — Mechanical Ames

"Perhaps he should have been a sailor, since he is so fond of a Rowe."
Varsity Foot Ball and Base Ball Teams.

Keo Anderson — Science Jewell Junction

The stars of midnight are dear to her.
Clc. Bomb Board.

W. W. Schwarting — Electrical Walcott

"Truly the Gods have made thee artistic."
Bomb Board.

A. R. Horn — Electrical Newton

"This is a goodly sort of fellow."

W. Healy — Electrical Britt

"When found, make a note of it."

N. B. Garver — Civil Farmington

"He, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand,
On honorable terms, or else retire
And in himself possess his own desire."
Drake Debating Team. Class Treasurer. Philomathean.

W. D. Truman — Civil Iowa Falls

"True to his convictions."

W. I. Hunt — Veterinary Ames

"'Tis impious in a good man to be sad."



1. Helen Prouty
2. Paul Robey
3. S. E. Fenstermaker
4. W. E. Madson
5. A. L. Peterson
6. Earl Maharg
7. E. E. Pendray
8. A. J. Secor

Helen Prouty—G. and D. Science Humboldt

"One with a cheerful countenance."

Clc.

Paul Robey—Electrical Ames

"An athlete of renown."

Sidney Erwin Feustermaker—Mechanical West Liberty

"I would to God I knew where a commodity of good names were
to be bought!"

W. E. Madson—Veterinary Ames

"One will I serve."

A. L. Peterson—Dairy Algona

"In the absence of ideal men, the market for real men continues active."

Ag. Club. Crescent.

Earl Maharg—Agricultural Audubon

"A man of pleasure is a man of pains."

Ag. Club. Phileutheroi.

A. J. Secor—Horticultural Melbourne

"Stidious of ease and fond of humble things."

Pybian. Ag. Club.

E. E. Pendray—Electrical Oskaloosa

"He that hath a trade hath an estate."



1. J. B. Ashby
 2. M. B. Williams
 3. B. C. Jacobson
 4. D. H. Fair

5. A. P. Stocum
 6. Lola Stephens
 7. E. E. Handley
 8. W. D. Gilchrist

J. B. Ashby — Agricultural Creston

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

Ag. Club.

Milo Williams — Civil Manly

"The girls all say I am a rare jewel."

Bachelor.

B. C. Jacobson — Civil Walnut

"I never knew a man troubled with melancholy, who had plenty to do and did it."

D. H. Fair — Civil Red Oak

"His heart's supremest ambition is to look Fair."

Bachelor. Student Staff.

A. P. Stocum — Electrical Sanborn

"I hear a hollow sound. Who rapped my skull?"

Lola Stephens — Science Lohrville

"As blithe a maid as you could see, on a spring holiday."

S. S. Clo. Bomb Board.

E. E. Handley — Agricultural Carroll

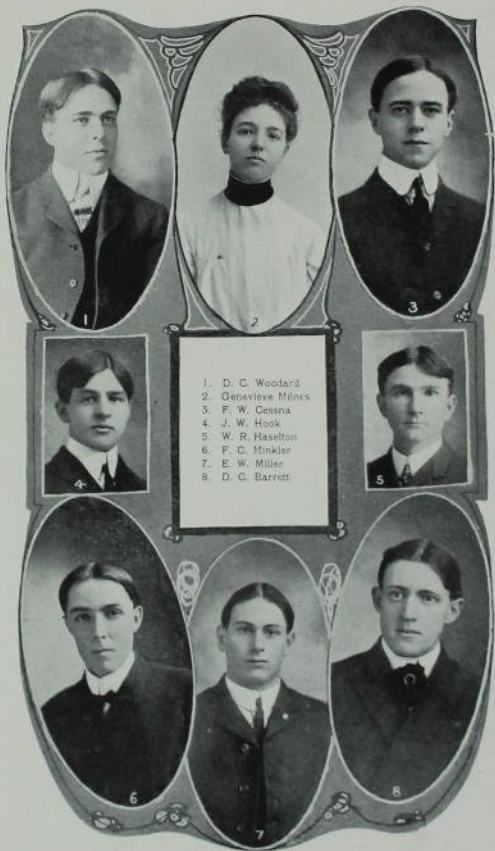
"Wise in his own conceit."

Ag. Club.

W. D. Gilchrist — Veterinary Ontario

"In busy companies of men."

Pythian.



D. C. Woodard — Electrical Des Moines

"You cannot dream yourself into a character, you must hammer and
forge one yourself."

Genevieve Milnes — G. and D. Science Wichita, Kans

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies,"

Clio. C. O. B. Student Staff. Y. W. C. A. Bomb Board.

Frank Cessna — Civil Ames

"I'll visit Margaret Hall no more."

Bachelor. Bomb Board.

J. W. Hook — Mechanical Hedrick

"You'd scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public on the stage."

Bachelor. Bomb Board. Student Staff. Councilman.

W. R. Haselton — Mechanical Glidden

"A progeny of learning."

Bachelor.

F. C. Minkler — Agricultural Nevada

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, and now I know it."

Ag. Club. Glee Club.

E. W. Miller — Electrical Council Bluffs

"I am to myself dearer than a friend."

Welch.

D. C. Barrett — Civil Mason City

"I am not always a man of woe."

Track Team. Bomb Board.



1. P. L. McCain
2. P. J. Walton
3. Erma Wiley
4. C. R. Scott
5. H. M. Smith
6. M. J. Reinhart
7. G. J. Zanke
8. A. B. Coates

P. L. McCain — Electrical Des Moines
"Thou living ray of intellectual fire."

P. J. Walton — Electrical Washington
"His very foot hath music in't."
Bachelor 1st Lieutenant Co. H.

Erma Wiley — Science Castana
"Faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood."
Clic. Girls' Tennis Team. Bomb Board.

C. R. Scott — Agricultural Cambridge
"He speaks an infinite deal of nothing."
Ag. Club.

H. M. Smith — Electrical Nashua
"He knows what's what, and that's as high,
As metaphysic wit can fly."
Varsity Foot Ball Team.

M. J. Reinhart — Civil Anthon
"A gentle boy, with thoughtful mein."

G. J. Zanke — Mechanical Algona
"He went to Nevada the day of the scrap,
And listened to Piel's little four dollar song,
But he wouldn't be caught in that kind of a trap,
So when he came back he brought Mike along."

A. B. Coates — Electrical Ames
"Worthy to be known."
Philomathean. Bomb Board.





LITERARY
SOCIETIES

DC BARRATT



Philomathean



Crescent

PROGRAM

OCT. 16 1903

Devotional	Chaplain
Roll Call	Treasurer
Book Review	Miss Terrill
Medley	Mr Canada
Music by Crescent String Band	
Two Minute Speeches	
Mr Wilkinson	

Debate

Resolved, that Co-education is both desirable and practicable

Affirmative	Negative
Mr Howard	Mr Mc Goshan
Miss Gillette	Miss Clausen

Music	Miss Maryvick
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Society Paper	Mr Mineri
Speech	



Bachelor

Fe
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Society

Clio Literary Society

Japanese Program

Feb 5, 1904.

Devotional

Roll Call

Recitation

Japanese Love Song

History of Trouble between Russia + Japan

Original Japanese Story

Japanese Girls Silloque

Japanese Art

Religion of the Japanese

Scene

Chaplain

Response Original Rhyme

Nellie Brown

Mary Rainsworth

Carolyn Gabrielsen

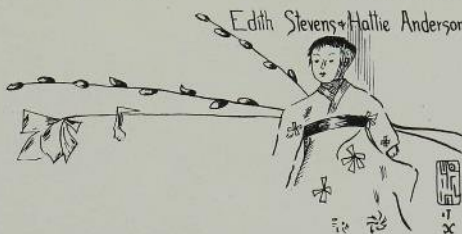
Helen Prouty

Imogene Stevens

Louise Rowe

Edith Entwistle

Edith Stevens + Hattie Anderson





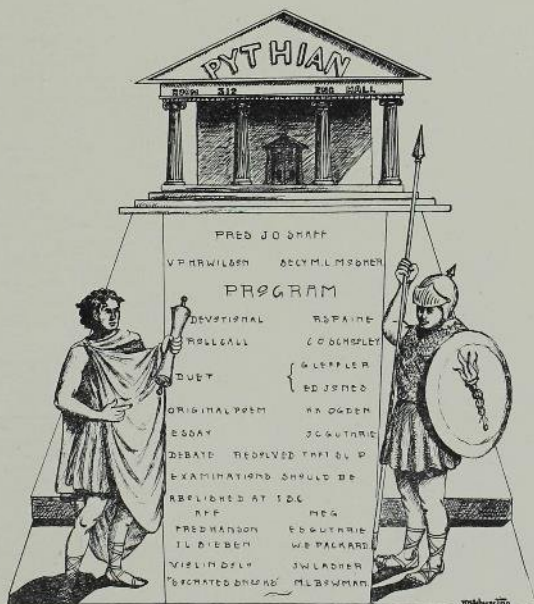
Girls Program
Chapel
7:45 P.M.



Phil Leuthero-Library Society

Boys' Room

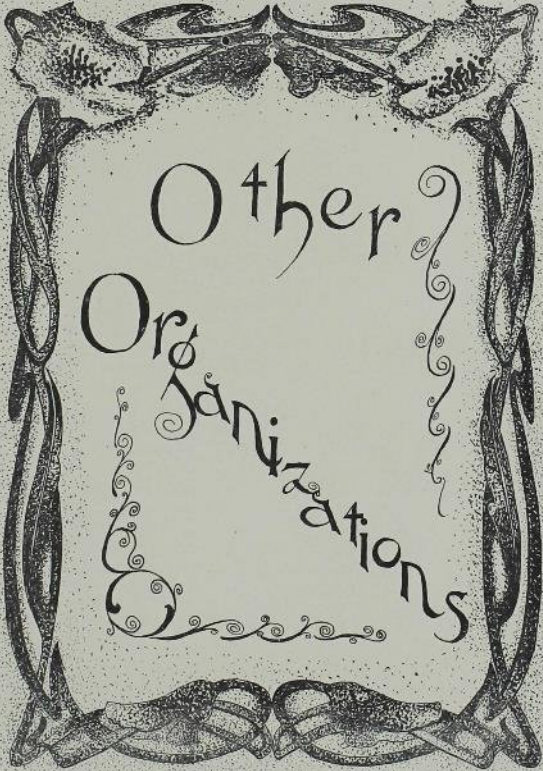






CHINESE PROGRAM
 Fri, Dec., 11 1903

- Welch Yell (we all indulge)
- Devotional - Chaplin - Fester Campbell
- Roll Call - Answered by Chinese Geographical Names
- Reading - E. W. Miller
- Discussion - The policy of American interference
 in eastern affairs
 Shreve Stinson Claybaugh.
 Thomas.
- Chinese Legion - Thomas.
- Recitation - John Woodruff.
- Speech - Chinese contribution to civilization - Santford.
- Debate - Resolved, that Russias attitude towards China
 justifies the interference of the World's Powers
 Aff. C.V. Campbell Neg W. A. Toner
 R. K. Bliss D. W. Eiler
- Scene Boxes troubles in China
 Dale, Smith O.H. Miller
- Welch Song



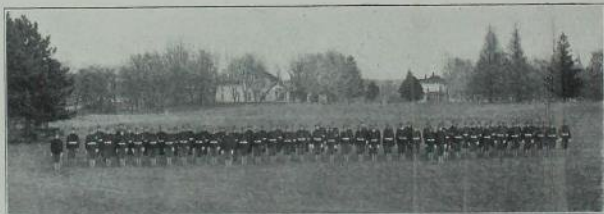
Other
Organizations



GEN. JAMES RUSH LINCOLN.

CADET CORPS.

Major 1st Battalion, Walter C. Bottsford.	Major 2d Battalion, Mark Havenhill.	Major 3d Battalion, Arthur L. Sanford.
Adjutant, A. M. Weise.	Adjutant, A. A. Canady.	Adjutant, S. C. Wachenfeld.
Co. A, Capt., Alfred W. Ireland. Lieut., B. W. Crossley.	Co. E, Capt., Frank F. Hofacre. Lieut., H. S. Ayres.	Co. I, Capt., Roscoe McMillan. Lieut., M. R. Eddleman.
Co. B, Capt., Clarence H. Ford. Lieut., H. A. Lathrop.	Co. F, Capt., Homer E. Turner, Lieut., F. H. Bothell.	Co. K, Capt. Wm. J. Lynch. Lieut., C. W. Lawrence.
Co. C, Capt., J. B. Shenkle. Lieut., B. E. Porter.	Co. G, Capt., A. E. Woody. Lieut., R. E. Jones.	Co. M, Capt., C. L. Armstrong. Lieut., Roy Brockman.
Co. D, Capt., M. L. Mosher. Lieut., E. P. Humbert.	Co. H, Capt., W. A. Gilchrist. Lieut., M. L. Wilson.	





Noit Avrats.

'07.

Ernest A. Pattengill
Ward M. Jones

'02

John S. Coye

'03

William W. Smith
Harry O. Sampson

'04

Fred A. Pielsticker
Leslie M. Hurt
Elden L. Usry

Laurence T. Gaylord
Edward V. Andrews
John W. Jordan
A. Hugh Scott

'05

Preston H. Daniels
Merritt Greene, Jr.
Todd J. Patton
James A. Buell
Ralph L. Collette
Charles J. Crawford

'06

Paul B. Miller
Marshall R. Bowen
William D. Elwood
Earl K. McConnell
Arthur J. Wyman.

'07

Charles E. Brown
Frank W. Mack
Arthur Daniels



Tri Serps.

'04

Thomas H. MacDonald
Clyde O. Dixon
Eugene H. Bruntlett
Arthur C. Holden
Marvin B. Holbrook
Gonzalo Torres
Herbert O. Tellier
Arthur L. Evans

'06

Roy S. Miller
Ernest N. Harris
Clifton E. Scott
Chet. L. Holden
C. Raymond Hodgdon

'05

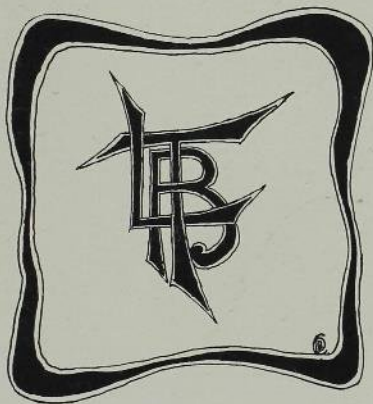
Roe S. Scott
Archie B. Scott
Horace F. Anthony
Frank H. Ricker
Riley J. Sullivan
George J. Adamson

'07

William Hodgdon
A. Earl Packer

'02

Harry M. Parks



T. L. B's.

Dr. A. B. Storms

F. F. Jorgensen

H. J. Brunnier

R. W. Clyde

A. K. McCampbell

H. D. Austin

G. R. Boyd

E. E. Handley

R. J. Greene

A. L. Sanford

H. W. Gray



Kalc Fiends.

F. H. Marsh

E. A. Pattengill

H. O. Sampson

L. T. Gaylord

E. L. Usry

E. V. Andrews

E. H. Bruntlett

T. H. MacDonald

J. W. Jordan

F. H. Ricker

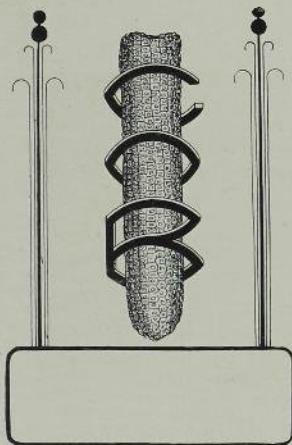
T. J. Patton

P. H. Daniels

G. J. Adamson

H. F. Anthony

B. R. Wallace

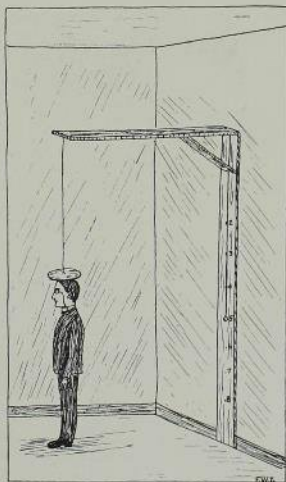


C. O. B. Girls.

Genevieve Shaw
 Winifred Shaw
 Imogene Stevens
 Millie Flynn
 Edna King
 Edith Stevens
 Olive E. Stevens
 Genevieve Stevens
 Ethyl Cessna
 Margaret Stanton
 Genevieve Milnes
 Reine Wells

Five-Footers.

B. M. Frybarger
 H. Tunncliff
 J. C. Peterson
 B. B. Belles
 Burton Carpenter
 E. R. Bowman
 L. H. Linderman
 J. S. Perry
 H. L. Christian
 R. A. Carr
 E. A. Sayre
 Edw. Kibben
 F. F. Hofacre





Gamma Alpha

J. H. Garberson, '04	C. J. Knickerbocker, '05	Mac Mosier, '06
R. B. Newcom, '04	B. G. Budge, '05	W. B. Warrington, '06
A. H. Hoffman, '04	J. W. Hook, '05	E. M. Stanton, '07
F. W. Cessna, '05	P. J. Walton, '05	C. K. Morgan, '07
M. B. Williams, '05	A. L. Sanford, '06	S. C. Wachsenfeldt, '07
D. H. Fair, '05	H. I. Moore, '06	R. E. Huston, Special
R. E. Blackwood, '05		



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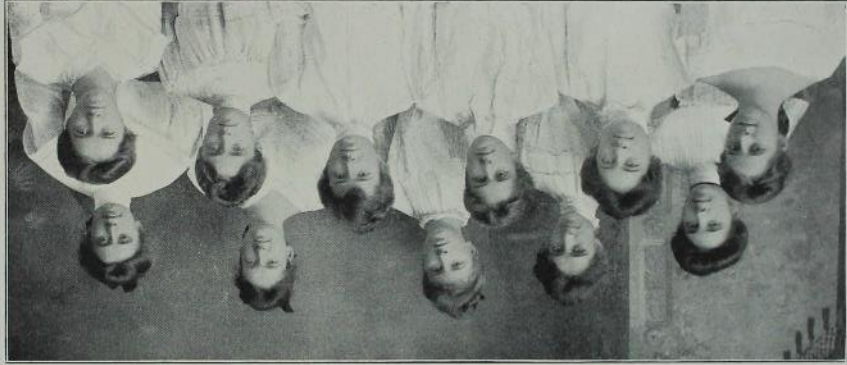
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B. W. CROSSLEY, Secretary.

E. S. Guthrie, Vice-President.
R. S. STINSON, Treasurer.

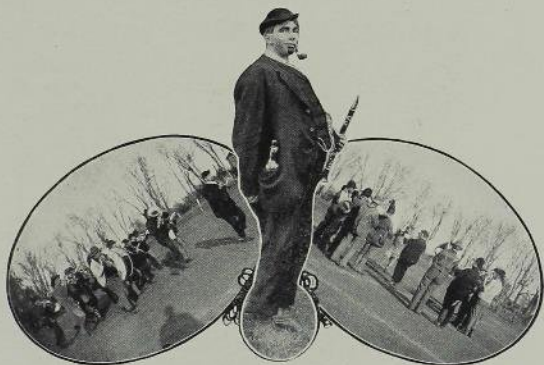


I F's.

The S. S. Girls.



Hattie Anderson Iva Brandt Mary Davidson Lola Stephens Imogene Stevens
Edith Stevens Rachel Mosler Jennie Lund Jessie Davidson Agnes Mosher Ruth Walker



The Little Dutch Band.



Si Plunket's Orchestra.

President.

D. H. Fair.

Vice-Presidents.

J. W. Hook, J. W. White, F. A. Johnson, J. P. Beach.

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1st Tenors.

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A. B. Scott
A. J. Norman
F. C. Minkler
A. W. Thompson
W. L. Wilson

2nd Tenors.

C. O. Dixon
C. L. Huff
I. A. Dreher
J. W. White

1st Bass.

E. L. Usry
F. G. Davie
P. J. Walton
J. H. Burton
F. M. Okey

2nd Bass.

H. F. Anthony
R. S. Miller
A. H. Hoffman
D. L. Way

F. J. Resler,
Director.

Mrs. F. J. Resler,
Accompanist.



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OFFICERS:

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Edna King, Secretary

Carolyn Gabrielsen Vice-President
A. L. Sanford, Treasurer

DECLAMATORY CONTEST—MAY 22, 1903

ORATORICAL.

Bowman - Pythian
Fawcett - Philomathean

DRAMATIC.

Smith - Welch
Green - Bachelor

ORATORICAL CONTEST

H. O. Tellier, "The Man with the Hoe."
Edna King, "The Wages of Sin."
A. Q. Adamson, "Alarms."

The Debating League.

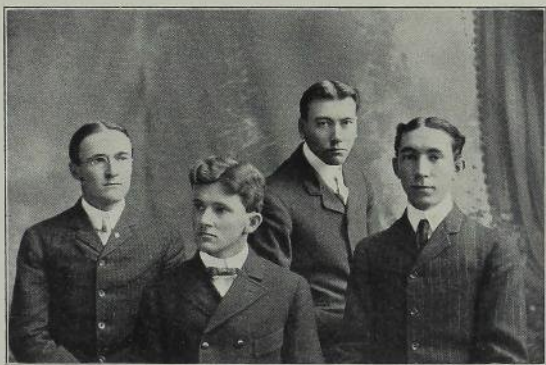
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M. L. MERRITT, Vice-President.

R. K. BLISS, Secretary.

C. E. HOWARD, Treasurer.



M. L. Merrit,

R. E. Blackwood,

F. M. Hansen.

W. J. Wilkinson, Alt.

The Normal Debate.

RESOLVED: That Iowa should adopt, in its essential features, the Michigan system of taxing railways.

Affirmative, I. S. C.

Negative, I. S. N. S.

Decision: Two for negative, one for affirmative.



Jack Prall sees into the future

Young Men's Christian Association.

OFFICERS.

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Corresponding Secretary, FOSTER CAMPBELL.	Treasurer, B. W. CROSSLEY.	General Secretary, J. C. PRALL.

Young Women's Christian Association.

OFFICERS.

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Vice-President, JESSIE FRASER.		





In Song

Scene

and

Story.



ALONG THE "SKUNK."



THE SONG OF THE SQUAW.

I come from haunts of Indian braves
Who made a sudden sally;
Then, having crossed my darkling waves,
Marched on a-down the valley.

By thirty farms I hurry down,
Where once the red men hunted.
But what is this? A little town
By which I am confronted?



The Squaw.

An Indian village—squaws and braves.
To think 'tis called a college!
In olden times 'twere only knaves
And doctors that had knowledge.

Their blankets are a brighter hue,
How different is their cooking,—
But they're Indians—that I know is true,
For the pipe of peace they're smoking.

I murmured to the moon and stars
That olden days were passing—
Yet here are graves of many scars,
Tobacco bowls a-passing.

The Eagles and the Rabbits sit
And smoke 'round glowing embers,
As Xanhos sat and smoked a bit
With other chiefs and members.

So out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river,
For classes come and classes go,
While the Squaw goes on forever.

A JAPANESE WEDDING



HOW CHRISTIE SAVED THE LOWING KINE.

Deep, dark, silent night had slunk away before the scorching eye of day, and men breathed easier, for the murky night had seemed an evil omen. Today many judges were to meet in solemn concourse and pass judgment upon four prisoners.

As the sun mounted upward a great multitude began to crowd the mighty Pavilion. Its vast extent was soon filled by men eager to hear the sentence as it should fall from the lips of the judges. Far upward toward the lofty roof stretched the mighty throng, tier on tier of restless, bobbing heads. Suddenly a deep hush swept over the vast assembly, and far down in the center a man arose and shouted loud—

“Bring forth them who are to be judged.”

A door opened and four meek, sad-eyed prisoners were led in. At sight of them a whisper as of wind sighing in northern pines spread through the excited populace, and as the winds moan then cease, so it rose then fell, for a judge stood forth to judge.

With great solemnity thus he began: “Ye men, lovers of justice and of truth, know ye that whereas—”

There came a terrific crash, which jarred the mighty edifice from corner stone to lofty dome. Great fear seized the multitude, and the prisoners trembled as they stood.

Again the judge began, “Know ye, that whereas—”

Again there came a mighty shock and the sound as of a man's voice, crying, “Open here, for I must enter in.” Great uproar filled the place, while the prisoners trembled all the more.

Another crash jarred the massive doors till the heavy latch could stand the strain no more; then open flew the portals and Professor Christie rushed in, while with toss of horn and wave of tail the prisoners rushed out—saved from a dreadful judgment.

May the name of Christie be widely sung; yea, let mothers whisper the tale to little children of how Christie saved the lowing kine.





THE OL' CHEM LAB.

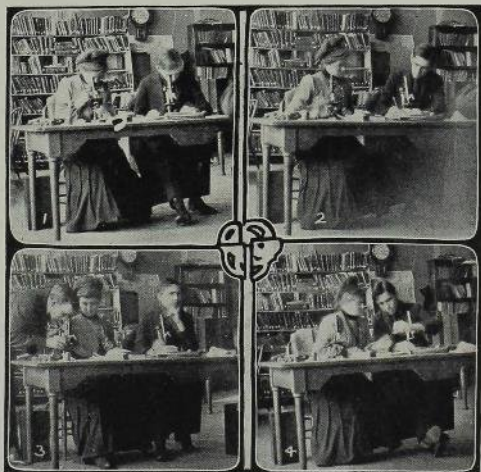
When the evenin' shade is fallin'
At the closin' of the day,
An' a feller rests from study,
Smokin' at his pipe of clay;
There's nothin' does him so much good
As a little sweet confab,
And to do a little growlin'
At the ol' Chem Lab.

It aint a thing of beauty,
In fact, it's quite a scene,
An' it riles a feller's temper,
'Specially if he's feelin' mean.
It brings the wrinkles to his face
And he gives his pen a jab,
Just because he got to thinkin'
Of the ol' Chem Lab.

But when his days of Chem are over
And his mark is all O. K.,
And he sits around a lazin'
On some bright and shiny day,

He's pretty apt, for hat and coat
To make a sudden grab
An' pay a little visit
To the ol' Chem Lab.

An' when his days of college life
Are way back in the past,
An' he sits alone at evenin'
With his old clay pipe. At last
His mind will wander back
To days of flunk or crab,
And he's thankful for his hours
In the ol' Chem Lab.



This is how a busy "prep" saved time by putting in two labs. at once.

THE STORMING OF THE TOWER.

The last race was finished and down on all sides,
The crowd from the bleachers poured;
Many "Sophs" truly bore well their defeat,
Though a few couldn't help looking bored.

The Wus-suck-woucks, not content with the records they'd made
(Their margin being this side of 'leven),
Thought, that by ringing the old warning bell,
To still further fame for '07.

Timidity first held them slightly in check,
But bravery in numbers will tell:
So on with a rush they approached this one spot,
And closed in a mass round the bell.

But the Sophs weren't frightened by this array,
For because of their wrath and "phiz,"
The leaders were able, with short debate,
To settle the troublesome "biz."

Said one to the other, "They're at it now,
On the rope they're beginning to shove;
So up to the top we'll proceed right away,
And anchor the bell from above."

In truth 'twas a fine looking sight to behold,
This crowd all around the one spot;
With some there to see that the clanger should clang,
And some there to see it should not.

But soon in the distance a form did appear,
And while clear overhead and quite warm,
The struggling mass round the tower's sides,
Didn't expect the approach of a "Storm."

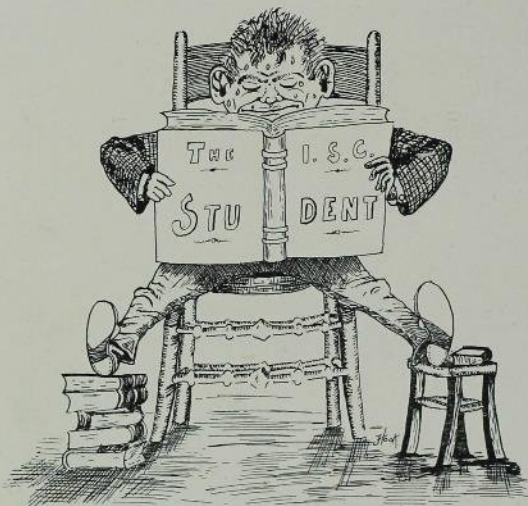
The "Storm" was upon them, though little they knew,
And with uplifted cane he assailed
Their foundations, but finding them built firm as rock,
He, as have others, failed.



He then changed his tactics and cried in a voice
In which pain and displeasure were blended,
"Avaunt there, rash youths, get thee hence, don't you know
That the long looked for meet is now ended?"

'Twas enough, they all heard him and vanished like mist,
Though in numbers they were a great swarm,
Which proved without trouble the weatherman's lore,
Of the sun that comes after the storm.



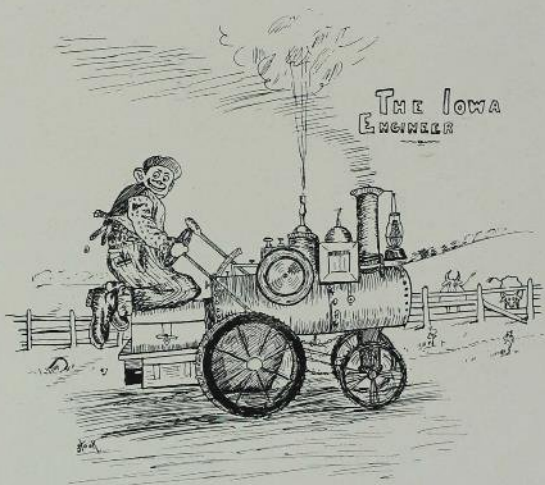


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Departments of the Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.*

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A PROBLEM IN PHYSICS.

If you want to get a good taste of real lab work just wait until after the clouds of sophomore physics, and the strong north winds of calculus have blown over, and you step with enviable pride into the physical laboratory. The first day I wandered into this laboratory I was somewhat mystified to see two dignified profs standing there ready to assign me to an experiment. I knew we Juniors were fairly wise, but it was the first time we had ever been obliged to labor under the supervision of two profs. New things always seem strange, you know.

Well, Prof. Wenner assigned me with several "phiz lab" instruments to find the thickness within four millionths of a centimeter of a piece of tissue paper. I went to a table, sat down and began. I was bending over my instrument, squinting one eye and looking into the glass doodad with the other. My position there must have been a very curious one, for my sweater became all drawn out of shape, and the collar became so much afraid of my neck that it got as far away as possible, leaving an orifice plenty large enough for a bucket of water to splash down with ease.

I thought as I sat there that I heard some one tiptoeing up behind me, but I was so taken up with my interesting piece of work that I deemed it unnecessary to look up. Pretty soon a terrible feeling came over me, and I jumped to my feet to find myself standing in a puddle of mercury. Somebody had poured a quart (I might say a gallon) of this slick-feeling liquid down the back of my neck. Every time I'd move I'd feel as if I were wrestling with a bunch of angle-worms, and although the other kids were smiling to some degree, I could see nothing funny.

Pretty soon Prof. Wenner came around and says, "Tut! tut!" I says, "Hey, there, prof, don't call Tut; I'll compromise with you all right."

Then he says, "What you doin'?"

I says, "Oh, nothin'. Just rakin' the quicksilver off my lookin' glasses."

He says, "How much mercury have you wasted there?"

I says, "I dunno, ask some one with a slide rule."

The prof then looked over at Danny, who was so busy that he hadn't noticed the mercury deal and said, "Figure that out."

Of course, Danny didn't know what the prof was talking about, but took it for granted he wanted to know the age of Ann and bawled out, "Sixteen."

"Sixteen!" says the prof, "Sixteen what?"

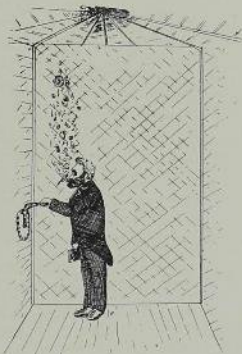
"Sixteen years old," says Danny.

Just then a strange noise was heard on the outside and everybody, profs and all, ran to the door to see what was up. It was the elevator going up with Prof. Lanphear on it. Whether it was the elevator or the prof that made the terrible noise has not yet been figured out. No one ever heard the elevator make such a noise by itself, nor did anyone ever hear the prof give vent to such effusions. Some said it was a combination of the two, but Profs. Wenner and Tuttle told us all to come back to the phiz lab and they would explain the strange phenomenon to us.

One said it would come under the theory of sound waves in a stretched cord, and the other tried to explain it by the theory of Atwoods machine.

Neither was right, however, for just then Prof. Spinney came in and said:

"Suppose we let the sound that Prof. Lanphear made equal L , and the sound that the elevator made equal E . Then by actual experiment $E+L=a$ hideous sound. But we have found since that the elevator makes no sound, hence $E=0$. Now, by substitution $0+L=a$ hideous sound, or $a=L$, hideous sound." However, it is not really known that the above is true, but the theory seems quite feasible.



A REMINISCENCE.

Although my hair is silver gray, and I am growing old and feeble, my mind is ever reverting to those happy college days of nineteen hundred three. Once more I find myself in the old attic, bending over this little brown leather trunk, tenderly examining keep-sakes of those old days. Ah, here is the dearest treasure of all, this little book of Riley's, given to me when I was a junior. It tells a story, dear to me—a sad, sweet story. How I long to see my old school mates, and how I long to be with the giver of this little love token. Yes, little book, you know my secret.

It was a glorious night in the autumn of nineteen hundred and three. The campus was dotted with strollers, returning to the hall. In my room were six hard-working, trustworthy girls, known as "Trig Fiends," who had been laboring and toiling upon the problems for the coming day, all the long afternoon and evening. We could answer "all but one," but we were desirous of a perfect record. Just as the gong pealed out the ten thirty hour and the lights went flickering out, Mae, throwing up her hands, exclaimed, "Girls, I have it! I have it!"

"Good, good," was echoed by all.

"How did you get it, Mae?" inquired Kate. The work was shown to each of us, and the solution was found to be quite simple. I glanced over the problem, but was too tired to solve it myself. I was awakened to realization of the fact that my work for that day was scarcely begun by Helen's exclamation:

"Girls, I've five exams tomorrow, and an English essay to write tonight."

Social and literary duties had made it a very hard week for us. After a seemingly long silence, (in reality about five minutes) Alice made a suggestion.

"I'm just done up, girls. I'll tell you what we will do. Let's go for a boat ride on Briley's pond."

"A boat ride?"

"Yes, boat ride. We can work so much better after a little fun, and I know I will have to work about all night," replied Alice.

"All right, we will go," said Bertha.

Consent was given by all but myself. I remember now how very tired I was; how I longed for quiet and rest instead of a moon-

light ride, but I followed my friends. All being quiet in the hall, we stole to the window, and made our way down the fire escape, and then fairly flew along a seldom used path to the pond, half a mile from the dormitory. Helen Eastman, our leader, discovered upon her arrival at the bank of the pond, a small row boat anchored among the bushes.

"Here we are, girls. Here's a boat," she said to us as we approached.

With her deft fingers she untied the rope, and we helped her push the boat out upon the water.

Beautiful was that night in September! Above our heads was the clear, blue firmament of heaven dotted with the golden stars, and the full round moon shedding its light around us, rose over the tops of the tall poplars, while far in the distance could be heard the night owl with its mournful cry. "Silent night; peaceful night." The water lay calm and quiet. So intense was the silence, so grand was the evening, that to speak seemed out of harmony with all nature.

As our boat floated out into the pond, away from the Hall and the matron, our voices, led by Edith's, sweet and clear, resounded over the water in songs every college student dearly loves.

"Oh, Heidelberg, dear Heidelberg, thy
sons will ne'er forget
That golden haze of student days is
round about us yet."

Today as I sit musing here
that song seems dearer to me than
ever, and truly,

"The thought of you, so good, so true,
Will fill our eyes with tears."

We sang to the night, the stars, to each other but there were other listeners.

Four astronomy students, weary of microscopic study of the planets, had sat down to rest upon the shore of the lake, and to drink in the beauties of nature, with unscientific eyes. They, hearing our voices, and mistrusting what was happening, agreed to



disguise themselves as drunken miners coming from the camp. Their plans completed, they procured at the boat house near by, some old hats and a boat, and launched out upon the water. Weeks later they assured us that they never thought of the company being the "Trig Fiends"—they never thought of accusing them of being guilty of such an escapade.

In the midst of our "Heidelberg" we were alarmed by coarse and brutal voices shouting,

"We wont go home till morning."

"Oh, girls, who is it?" shrieked Kate, almost dropping the oars in her excitement.

"They're coming! They're coming! It is those miners," exclaimed Helen.

"Pull hard, every one. Get out of sight and jump to the shore," said Alice, who was always calm and reserved.

Looking back, I could see the boat rapidly nearing our own. O, the fear, the terror of those few moments. I shudder now to think of them.

As the boat touched the land Lola said, "Jump! jump from the boat. Be careful." I was last to leave the boat, and all but Lola were darting into the woods seeking safety when I, missing my footing, fell. As I went down I could here Alice scream, "Help! Help! Mae's drowned!" and I could hear masculine voices piercing the air with "where? where?"

When I returned to consciousness I was lying by the shore of the lake and Lola and Jack Aldstrand, a good boy friend, were bending over me.

"Was any one hurt?" I muttered.

"No, Mae, no one was hurt; but will you ever forgive me? I was one of those seeming miners. 'Twas we boys."

"You! Jack, you? I'm so glad," I murmured, and that was the last I remembered for several hours.

They carried me home—to my college home—and having told Mrs. Kilbourne all, they begged of her to keep our secret; and the kind, motherly woman never gave one word of reprimand, and our president never knew of that night's escapade.

For two weeks I lay at death's door, waiting for the key to be turned and admittance given, but the good God had a life for me to live, and I gradually recovered.

One bright sunshiny morning in October, Jack Allstrand, my classmate, my friend, my rescuer, entered my room.

With face beaming with delight, I said, "Can it be you, Jack? I'm so glad to see you once more!"

"Yes, it is I. I am so glad you are better. You will soon be your old self again."

"Yes, in a few more weeks, I shall be as lively as ever." But my words were somewhat deceived by my countenance and voice.

"Mae, tell me one thing, can you ever forgive me for what I did? I, alone am to blame for all these many weeks of pain and suffering. Can you forgive?"

"Forgive? There is need of gratefulness rather than forgiveness. You saved my life! Shall I forgive you for that?"

"I never can thank you," he replied, and then began to tell me of class events.

After a few moments he drew from his pocket this little book which I hold in my hand, and smilingly said, "Before I go I will read you this beautiful poem of Riley's, and you will oblige me by falling asleep."

In a deep rich voice he began,

"As one who cons at evening, o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy, 'till in shadowy design
I greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine."

Perfectly content, and happier than I had been for many weeks, I dropped asleep just as he finished reading.

"And the door was softly opened, and my wife was standing there."

When I awoke, I was alone, and upon the table by my bed lay this little volume in which was inclosed, "To Beth."

This was the beginning day of my love for him who for many years was to me a kind, devoted husband.

Many times has he read to me this poem; but never more on earth shall I hear his voice in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." Yet in fancy, I can see Jack standing in the door watching me fondle you, dear little book. He knows of what I am thinking.

It is all a dream of by-gone days. I'll put away this little love token and go down stairs. How cold and dark it is here.

I hear my daughter, Beulah, calling "mother." Yes, dear, I am coming.

Good bye, little book. A few more years, Jack, and I will hear you say once more, just as of yore, "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

ALL MEN ARE GOSSIPS.

A group of men sat discussing the girls of their acquaintance:

"Is Louis Her—mann?" Pammel asked.

"Yes, I think so. And, really, how can Elbert Barret?" Tuttle rejoined.

"Will Samuel Walker Beyer an earl or a count?"

"Perhaps. And then we'll see Carl Warren Gay."

"Yes, I presume so, but I'd like to see Warren Meeker. Now, for a fact I would."

"By the way, what did Sarah Hook?"

"Oh! a fellow down where Henry Elijah Summers."



"And was Rose Abel to get one, too?"

"I saw James Rush Lincoln for her, but I guess it fell through."

"Well, one day I saw Perry Greeley Holden her hand."

"That's nothing, I saw John Mc—Neal down and plead his case in dead earnest."

"Lawsy, didn't Frank Wenner?"

"I don't think so. I heard her talking of Frank and Adrian, Newens they are, you know. And did this Walter Stuhr or even dare to breathe for a while? I guess not."

"She expressed a lot of opinions. She thinks John Starr Coye."

"Is that so?"

"Are we going to hear Helen Gertrude Reed tonight? If so, we better cut this out."

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

I.

Once upon an evening dreary,
Sat a Bomb Board weak and weary;
Wondering o'er the dusty volumes
 that stood before them by the score.
On that night, in mid of winter,
All was still and every thinker
Had no idea that the printer
Stood behind them in the door,
Till in the silence he did roar,
"Copy! copy! give me more."

II.

When the printer's words were spoken,
All the silence became broken,
And as animals in an ambush
 came a rustle on the floor.
And amid an awful bustle,
Tener said, "Come let us rustle
Up some copy. Let a tussle
With the printer come no more.
Get to work as ne'er before,
Give me copy! copy! more!"

III.

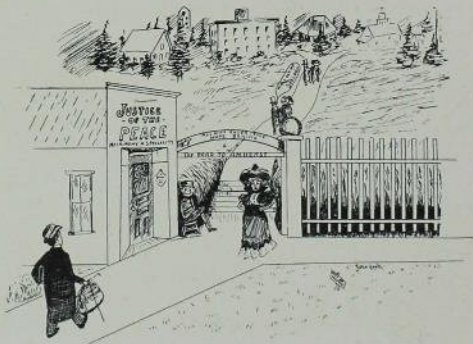
Tener's voice in words commanding,
Gave the Board the understanding
That the Bomb would come up
 lacking if the writers all got sore.
And again he said, "Now, all you listen:
If we allow some intermission
The whole Bomb will come up missin',
Yes, be missin' evermore;
So, get to work and let me roar
For copy! copy! never more."

IV.

Soon the writers got to working,
Finding there could be no shirking;
And with thoughts and new ideas
 rolling from them by the score,
The whole machine began to running,
And many an article lacking cunning
Made the printer stop his dunning
Them for copy any more.
And Tener in his dreams would roar,
"Grind out copy! Grind out more!"

V.

Days passed by and winter dreary
Left us spring-time, bright and cheery;
When a box all packed and heavy,
 was tumbled out at Blackwood's door.
So, quickly taking off the cover,
Blackwood saw it was no other
Than the book we hoped would smother
Out the Bombs of heretofore.
And Tener said, "Whoopee! galore,
We're done with Bombs forevermore."



A RARE PIECE OF BEEF.

On the square, fellows, I just wish you could have eaten with me over at our boarding club one Sunday morning last term. It would have materially increased your taste for Y. M. C. A. principles, and furthermore would have inspired in your minds the need for more well-trained physicians and doctor-books. I haven't been called a hungry-looking guy since, and I heard a little while ago that some of the boarders are yet suffering from a prolonged attack of either lock-jaw or Saint Vitus' Dance.

Now, since only a few of you fellows were there, I'll have to tell the rest of you about it. Well, I rolled out of bed about two minutes after breakfast-time, and after a slap or two at my face with a wet hand, started on a gander lope for the club-house. Got there all right and opened the door to walk in. Such a combination of noises and open mouths I never saw in all my life, and these, combined with a washday odor, came near lifting me from my feet and transplanting me to the other side of the partition.

"What's the matter in here?" I yelled.

No one answered for fear of losing a chaw. Again I yelled, but no one looked up. But after one glance at the middle of the table I saw what was up. There, beckoning me to the table, were the meat plates. I must confess I was in wonderment as to what to do. Finally, my senses coming back to me with a jerk, I decided to lend my aid to the side which was getting the worst of the battle.



No sooner had I seated myself at the table than I was confronted by an enormous slice of the side of George Washington's cow.

I whetted my fork on the sole of my shoe, and with the assistance of the larup pitcher and pickle dish finally succeeded in driving the sharp prongs far enough in to cause the meat to adhere to it. I tried to cut it, but couldn't. I then tried to bite it, but found I might as well try to bite a hunk from off a feather tick. Every time I'd sink my teeth into it I'd feel a sinking spell coming over me, and I knew I hadn't the heart to do it. Once I succeeded in sinking my teeth in quite a ways, but at the critical moment my lower mandibular gave way, and my mouth flew open with such a jerk that I am now wearing a blue spot on my neck where my chin hit it.

I felt sort o' weakened from such an effort, and after a long breath and a few lines from "Home, Sweet Home" turned to the fellow next to me, and because I thought I ought to say something to him to break the monotony, asked him what he was doing.

"Training" said he.

"Training?" I gasped.

"Yes, training. I'm training this meat to settle down and not be so tough."

I kept still from then on and looked down at my feet to see if I hadn't picked the heel off my shoe when I was whetting my fork, and put it on my plate instead of the meat. But that was foolish. I might have known I was biting on harder stuff than that.

A happy thought then struck me, for I remembered that when I was little and my mother wanted me to take something that was bad, she always gave it to me in a spoon. I tried it here, but soon found it wasn't hard enough to withstand such terrible treatment, and after the poor thing altered its shape to that of a miniature breaking plow, I put it in my pocket and later hung it up in my room as a souvenir.

Not being much of a sticker, and seein' as it was gettin' rather late, I mustered up enough courage to ask for the gravy. But, so help me John Franklin, if you could eat that either. It was brown and porous, and reminded me a little of a Coney Island sponge. A little later a fellow happened to upset the dish and it broke and left the gravy standing there like a copper kettle upside down.

I then left the club-house and went to my room and went to bed. I was soon awakened by a fearful sound like that of flat-irons sliding down the roof of a house. Looking toward the corner I saw my room-mate with his stomach in one hand and his head in the other;

I says, "Say, pard, are you sick?"

"Nope," says he.

Then I says, "What's the matter with you, settin' there all humped up like a rooster in a rainstorm?"

"Well," he says, "I've got a little time, and I'm chewin' that meat again."

"Oh, yes," I said, and rolled over and went to sleep.

I guess I'll be able to eat breakfast in the morning.



IMPORTED!



The following reasons have been given why these people should "hold their own."

BECAUSE OF BETROHTAL.

Jorg and Fannigers
 Jess and Bill
 Ike and Auch Louie
 Edna and Walter
 Mae and Fred
 Aggie and Paddie
 Buck and Gert
 Pearl and Sammy
 Phœbe and John

Bessie and John
 Virgilia and Rustie
 This made Budge Sore
 Ely and Bunnie
 Helen and Jack
 Mark and Alice
 Nellie Naylor and Johnny
 Flossy and Jimmy
 Chub and Mattie
 Margaret and O' Pres(s)

BECAUSE OF EXCEEDING GREAT LOVE.

Pheleps — Shreve
 Ethel and Christie
 Rowe and { ——— ?
 { ——— ?
 Dora and Burton
 Knesche — Reed
 Slater — Smith
 Ada and Eva

Ludwig — Huff
 Ira and Hattie
 Mary and Maharg
 Rubel and Laura
 Williams — Minnie
 Dow — Edgetts
 Stella — Houston
 Pearl and Ellis

THE TROUBLES OF YE EDITOR.

One day, late last fall, I was walking lazily down towards Ag. Hall, when all at once something shot by and so startled me that I stopped in my tracks, dazed like, to look around. I was just in time to see the form of a man hurriedly turn the corner of Morrill Hall, heading for the Motor Depot.

"That fellow must have some mighty important business on hand," I murmured to myself.

That same afternoon I called to see the editor of the "Iowa Agriculturist." When I entered the office his back was turned to me. Immediately I recognized the chap who had aroused me from my delightful reverie on that morning. This was the first interview I had ever had with the editor, and so, naturally, felt ill at ease when I noticed that every few minutes he pulled out his watch to see if I were staying overtime.

"What on earth is going to happen!" I thought to myself. "That chap will become a nervous wreck if he keeps on at this rate."

In a day or two I found out the reason for his nervousness. He was getting out the Christmas number of his paper. He was trying to think of a way to get "copy."

The day after this, when I saw him, he looked happy; and a day later, just as the golden light of the rising sun began to blend out across the clear, blue sky, I observed a horse and buggy at the hitching post in front of Margaret Hall. How it happened that I was up so early in the day, I cannot tell, but when I saw the horse and buggy, the first idea that popped into my head was, that someone was sick in the Hall and that the doctor was there. Of course I felt exceedingly sorry, and at once decided to linger awhile on the outside and find out who the unfortunate one was.

I didn't have long to wait, however, for soon I perceived a couple all rigged out in driving uniform, leisurely leaving the Hall. As they neared the buggy I saw, greatly to my surprise, the editor, and, by his side, an auburn-haired damsel of the Hall. How dainty the young editor looked as he untied the horse. His shoes, in the bright morning sunshine, showed from all views the effects of most excellent shoe polish. His clothes hung on him like paint on a wall, and with his lately purchased stiff hat, he looked like a

fit suitor to a second Portia. With the double movement act, now so up to date in New York, he stepped into the buggy, seated himself, adjusted the robes, kissed the air to the horse, and drove off. I sat still and listened as the feet of the horse went pitter patter along the gravel drives of the campus. When all became still again, I decided to hit for a down-town restaurant and get some breakfast.

When I entered the restaurant, I was almost dazed. There, sitting before me, was the very same couple I had encountered a short time before. I sat down to breakfast and listened to their conversation (for they didn't seem to care if I did.) The editor said:

"Yes, it is quite difficult to get out an edition that would come up to one's ideals, but then, I am sure that if we all get down to definite work, and also with the aid of some outside contributions, I can get out an issue that will be favorably read by all the subscribers. Now, I must ask you to write something for me."

"O-h, dear! Me write something? Why, I can't get anything better than B-1^s and B-2^s on my essays. No, I think you had better get some one else to write for you."

A conversation of this tone continued for some time, when the witty little editor got a promise of a good-sized article. One case of an excellent harvest of an early drive.

But this one article would not nearly fill the edition, so some more grafting must be done. In preparation to a second effort, the editor laid in an elegant new supply of collars, shoe polish, etc., and became a regular and paying customer of the college tailor. He learned to dance and got invited to down-town dances, and the fruits of his next attempt were large.

The International Stock Show must surely be written up. So, in view of this fact, he went to Chicago with the stock judging team. His train reached Chicago an hour late, but without stop-



ping for breakfast, our editor bustled off to catch the "L" train for the stock yards. He inquired of the policeman on duty when the stock yards train was due. That worthy informed him that his car had gone, and that he would be obliged to wait fully twenty minutes for the next. He was also cautioned not to crowd near the gate until his train was called. Just then another train pulled in, and our editor, thinking only of copy! copy! and of the valuable moments that were slipping by, made a dash for the gate. The dash he made was not a hundred yard dash, however, for just then the pride of "Auld Ireland" lifted him above the surging throng, and after many vibrations, planted him in a place of safety.

He got to the yards a little late, and, although the managers had a hard time to get along without him, the progress of the International was not marred to any appreciable extent. He got his data all right, and the Christmas number came out all well and good. The only thing we can credit it to, is the perseverance, boldness, and grafting enthusiasm of our never-to-be-forgotten editor of the "Agriculturist."



THE WRECKING CREW.



One year at college, and
Nobody green. Why
Every Wussuckwhorck
can paint a lovely scene.

John Hoot

FRESHMAN I. S. C.

Two years at college -

Why shouldn't one be neat?

Oh, I am a Mewasem, and

I can't be beat



Three years at college,
Here's where you work.
Revive the old time learning,
Eradicate the shirk.
Every Sicemaka must work, work, work

DAILY FOR JUNIOR YEAR	
Political Economy	7-45 AM.
Materials of Construction	8-45 --
Designing	9-45 --
Mechanics	10-45 --
Chapel	11-45 --
Drawing	1-4 PM.
Debating	4-45 --
Oratory	4:30-5 --
Glee Club	5-6 --
Hand Study	6:15-7:15 --
Societies	7:15-9 --
Study	9-10 --



NOTICE
POSITION
WANTED
BY YOUNG MAN
GRADUATE
REFERENCES

Four Years At College --
Oh, Sweet Are Senior Days, For
Union is Their Motto
Ring out Katina Praise



DOWN AT IOWA STATE COLLEGE.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.)



WASN'T it pleasant, O schoolmate of mine,
Those college days in youth's sunshine.
Were there ever such days as our college
days?

Methinks I hear a chorus of "nays";
Those splendid Octobers—those balmy
Mays,

Down at Iowa State College.



I T ALL comes back so clear today,
Those hours of study, those hours of play,
And Emergency Hall—horrid old place;
But it calls to mind voices, soprano and bass,
And many a joke and familiar face.

"Emergency" of Iowa State College.



T SEE it again—'tis the twilight hour,
And the chimes ring out from our loved bell tower.
There's a group of girls out on the green,
And on down the road are some chummers seen
On the campus of Iowa State College.



A ND out on the old "State Field" again,
I see our splendid athletic men.
The games, the races, the struggle, the strife,
That they went through in their college life.
The air with shouts of "Ames! Ames!" is rife
On the field of Iowa State College.



THINK of the girls and of Margaret Hall,
The fudges, the frolics, the scolding and all.
A group of girls seated by the bright fire,
Which burns the more brightly as their spirits
rise higher;
And the music and dancing—Of it all who
could tire?
At Margaret Hall of Iowa State College.



AND OH! my schoolmates, now far away,
This is to tell you she prospers today.
The college, the lessons, the friends, Oh, me,
Wasn't it good for us to see,
And wasn't it good for us to be
Down at Iowa State College?



A STADIUM PARTY.

ST. VALENTINE VISITS THE KLATTER KLUB.

GERTRUDE CURTISS

We all love Gertrude Curtiss,
And we also love her name,
But we've heard that she's dissatisfied
And intends to change the same.

VIOLA CHAMBERS

Viola is a dear girl,
So everyone has said.
But she insists on wearing
So many shades of red.
Red is a gorgeous color,
But we'd a little "rather"
She'd not put quite so many
Shades of red so close together.

LOUISE ROWE

O, Louise Rowe; she had a beau.
His name was "Desh", don't you know.
His hair was dark, her hair was light,
My! but they made a handsome sight.

FLORENCE VORSE

Florence dear, so stately and tall,
We feel that she is above us all.
We see in her the power to rule.
Perhaps, as 'tis Leap Year,
'Twill be over Buhl.

FANNIE ANNEGERS

She has charm, she has style,
She has beauty and rank.
And all that she's wanting
Is just to get Frank.

AGNES MOSIER

"To honor her is to love her",
You've often heard it read.
The other day the self-same thing
About Agnes was said.

Who said it? Not a statesman;
It wasn't Daniel "Web",
But someone with the "Web" left off:
That's who it was that said.

SARAH K.

A bonnie little lassie,
Golden haired and laughing eyed;
And the "Noits" think she's the cutest thing
That ever they have spied.

HELEN PROUTY

When the moon and stars shine out:
"I'm yours, dear Jack, without a doubt."
When the stars and moon shine bright:
"Love me Jack, with all your might."

JESSIE DAVIDSON

When the stars and moon go under,
Nothing us can part asunder.
A "Gay Lord's" alright my dear, till you get him,
But you may regret in the future you've met him.

LOUISE SHULTE

She laughs at her work,
She laughs at her play,
She giggles at everything
That you may say.
Some day, when some man
Asks for her heart,
She'll giggle to think that
From it she must part.

MAE JACKSON

Mae is a jewel from tip to toe.
She is the nicest girl that we know.
Some day, the man she loves
Will kiss her garment's hem,
And say, in accents tender,
You're my little graham gem."

MARGARET ANKENY

Men are deceivers ever;
Their affections often waver.
So, Margaret dear, when "Prest" on Daniels
Causes your cold heart to flutter,
Listen not to his persuasions
But go right home and tell your "mutter".



THE MINERS AT WORK



THE MINERS AT PLAY

CHARLIE OSHGOSH WRITES TO HIS PA.

Ames, Iowa, September 6, 1903.

Dear Pa, — This beautiful Sabbath morn, so still, so calm, that the day seems not yet awakened from its night of slumber, symbolizes the calm that pervades my soul. As in nature, calm follows strife, so in my soul calm follows the burst of love that last night melted my heart; for I won many friends. As I write these beautiful thoughts there rises before me the earnest face of my father, and he says, "Charlie, seek to become the friend of men, and by the seeking you shall find many friends." Pa, even so have I done, and my fame has gone abroad. This morning I am known in the College and in the town, and in the country round about. 'Tis true that a little friendship worketh wonders. I will tell you how I won my friends.

It was night, and men walked upon the street.

"Lo," said I, "I'll hie me forth and seek me a friend." So, forth I hied, to mingle with my fellow men. Floating softly on the balmy night, there came from up the street the sweet harmonies of a band, and thitherward I hastened. It was an Indian band from the "Flaming Arrow," an Indian opera troupe. They played and many men stood round, and among them was a large, athletic youth.

"How do you do?" said I.

"Howde'" said he.

"I suppose you are a new man here?" said I.

"Well, not exactly," said he, "this is my third year."

"I'm a new man," said I.

"You don't say," said he.

"Yes," said I, "and I'm taking military twice a week, and I'm going to specialize in it after a while."

"That's right," said he, "that's right. War is a great thing, and I'm glad to see you interested in military."

"My name's Oshgosh," said I, pleased to have won a friend so soon.

"Glad to meet you," said he, "my name is Jonathan Josephus Johnston. Just wait here a minute, and I'll make you acquainted with some of my friends." The band played a beautiful selection, and my heart responded in perfect harmony when I thought of the

beauty of college friendship. Thus I pondered, and suddenly were my "ponders" broken by Mr. Johnston again at my side.

"This is Mr. Oshgosh, boys," said he.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Oshgosh, happy to meet you," and twelve right hands sought mine. So great was my emotion at such sudden burst of friendly feeling that I was carried away, and when again my wits resumed their normal functions I had been carried half a block.

"Let me down, I'll walk," said I.

"Ha! ha! you say you'll walk? Hear him, he says he'll walk—you let him walk, and when we get through with him, he'll rather walk than sit." Their remarks bordered on the jocular. With great good will they brought me to a quiet street along with other new men, who now offered their aid toward making the occasion a memorable one. One kindly consented to mount a nearby step and regal his auditors with extemporaneous eloquence concerning the Flaming Arrow. Assuming an attitude becoming so great an orator, thus he began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the "Flaming Arrow" is the greatest show on earth. It is—it is—I say it is—, yes, ladies and gentlemen, I say it is the greatest show on earth."

"That's right, you did say it, I heard you," yelled one fellow. Another man stepped up.

"Hold on there, partner," he said, "didn't you tell me that you came from a military school?"

"Yes, sir," replied the orator.

"Then stand at attention! Now, that's not attention—heels together—toes out—hands on the seams of your trousers—that's it! Now speak up fast." He emphasized this last remark with several gentle taps with a strap about the limbs of the orator. At length the speaker ceased, and in the hush that followed his stirring appeal in behalf of the "Flaming Arrow," I was led forth.

"Mr. Oshgosh," began the speaker, "greatly are we grieved and deeply hurt by this thing which you have done. We neglected our lessons that we might this evening provide worthy entertainment for you and your friends, but how have we been treated? When, after Mr. Jonathan Josephus Johnston had introduced us, we pressed our invitation, you smote many of us quite grievously. Lean for-

ward, sir." I leaned, although a broad strap, vigorously applied, made leaning quite difficult.

"It pains us to perform this duty," said one in the crowd.

"It does, that," said I very emphatically.

"Hush, Mr. Oshgosh," said another, "have a care what you say, for men in this school never use such language." I felt heartily ashamed, and thereupon I begged his pardon. The spokesman spoke again.

"Mr. Oshgosh," said he, "because of the great friendship which we feel toward you and all new men, we have decided to overlook your rudeness and send you to the "Flaming Arrow." We have reserved seats for you in the second row." I seized his hand, for his great magnanimity overcame me.

"You ought to have a girl," he continued; "but girls are scarce, so one of your new student friends has kindly consented to be your girl, and even now he is dressed as one and awaits you." This further evidence of the great love they bore me was so touching that sobs of joy heaved my breast.

"Dear Oshgosh," continued the spokesman, "you will be a stranger there, and 'tis only right that you should rise after the first act and introduce yourself. Say to them, "I am Mr. Oshgosh, and I am a Prep."

"No! no!" said I, "I can't lie. I am not a Prep, I am a Sophomore."

"Oh, no! Oshgosh, you're a Prep. All new men are Preps," said the spokesman.

"That's right, Oshgosh, you're a Prep," said several others in the crowd.

Immediately we started for the show with my orator friend walking bareheaded through the middle of Main street, shouting,

"Right this way, men, the big show commences in fifteen minutes."

When we entered the opera house the band stopped playing right in the middle of a selection, and there was much uproar and other friendly tokens on the part of the people. An Indian quartette came out to sing, and right in the middle of a song they stopped, and one said:

"Where did you get that dress?" I felt deeply hurt by his lack of breeding, but he was only a poor Indian.

As the curtain dropped on the first act, I arose, and turning to the people, I said :

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am Mr. Oshgosh." Cheer on cheer greeted this announcement. After the uproar had subsided, I again arose :

"I beg your pardon, friends, but I am thirsty." Here I opened a bottle of pop, which had been thoughtfully provided by my friends, and passed it to my girl. Again the cheers rang out. Still a third time I arose. Said I :

"Ladies and gentlemen, owing to previous interruptions, I forgot to say that I am a prep." Then the crowd went mad—raving mad.



"Ha! ha!" they laughed; "Ha! ha! yes, Mr. Oshgosh, we know you're a Prep."

* * * * *

On this beautiful morning I rejoice that I have so many friends.
Still I am,

Your affectionate son,

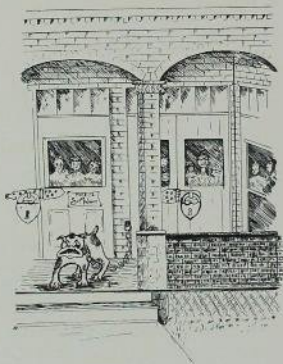
Charlie Oshgosh.



STUDY NIGHT AT THE HALL

'Twas all on Wednesday evening,
In February of 1904.
I'll tell you all about it,
The facts and nothing more.

'Twas before the hour of seven,
A young man came to call,
Came on this Wednesday evening
To call at Margaret Hall.



This man with very "Marshall" mein,
Was told in tones polite,
That callers were not welcome
At the Hall on a study night.

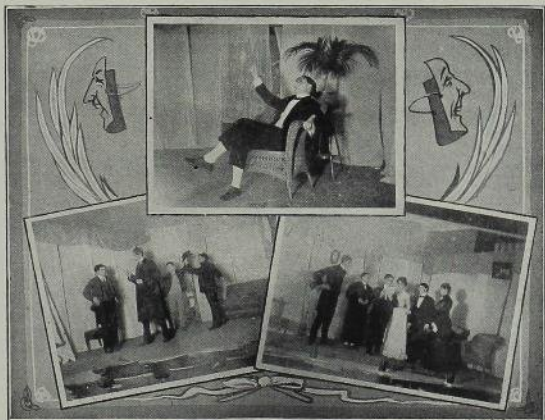
The girl who then received his card,
received a lecture too;
And if you ask Glendora
Perhaps she'll lecture you.

Then, later in the evening,
At about the hour of eight,
"Jorgy" came as usual
For his mid-week tete-a-tete.

And Mr. D. C. Barrett
Came over for a "Rowe,"
And Mr. H. R. Williams came
To see Earl's sister, you know.

Each young man's card, now mark me,
Was a ticket, good for two.
"Two what?" do I hear you ask me:
Two lectures for two people, hear you?

So if in the lecture course line-up
A poor draw was your lot,
Ask any of these men for instructions.
They'll help you to get what they got.



SOPHOMORE CLASS PLAY, "IN FOOTBALL CLOTHES."

THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES.

Years ago, when this mighty institution was in its infancy, when it got its first fifty dollars from the state for pocket money and street car fare, when the wild, untamable red man snared the ferocious hippopotami on the sandy plains, and the roaring, raging bison loped up and down the banks of Squaw Creek, taen was when things happened.

Every one, from the big men to the little ones, had to work, and when the perspiration coursed down their heated foreheads they'd scrape it off with bent forefingers, swear softly, and then labor some more. There was no time for idleness then, for everything had to go without delay or waste of time, and just there came the rub. Clothes had to be washed, but who'd wash them for the poor isolated barbarians here seeking after knowledge. There was no help for it, so each poor fellow had to soak, and boil, and poke, and bend in unpoetic curves over the much belabored washboard. Midst groans and sighs they longed and looked for a happy release from care, and this seed of longing, planted and watched by the numbers, watered with the same soapy suds which gave it birth, finally grew to such proportions that a journeying "chink" got his weather eye on it, and settled in Ames, forming a wonderful industry, glorying in the awe-inspiring title of Fong Laundry.

Business flourished for the Fong, Fong & Fong Company, and many a copper with a square hole in its center went into the coffers of the Rice Eaters. Though their trade was good, modern conveniences were bound to come, and the days of the Fongs passed, bringing in its stead new-fangled steam laundries with machinery warranted to make more holes, tear off more buttons, get out less dirt, and do it in less time than anything that had ever been seen west or east of the 90th meridian.

How serene everything seemed. The birds sang gaily in the tree tops, the gentle zephyrs sighed in the sage brush, and the sun flashed on snowy kerchiefs. People marveled at the tranquility of the scene. But before many days a cloud appeared upon the horizon, and this cloud grew in size until it finally settled over the entire country, filling every possible nook and cranny with what in time came before the people as head agents of other laundries. The



number* of these was immense, but the number of sub-agents could not be calculated by slide rule, neither Maenheim nor Faber.

Now, the people raged most furiously together, but out of the conflict arose serene and scathless three mighty men, great factors in the furthering of a clean business. And who were these three?

* The author will take oath that he has, from the vantage ground of a trunk, counted on a certain Monday morning, no less than 793 different heads of as many different laundries.

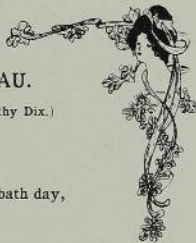
1. Andrew Carnegie Brock.
2. Jno. Rockefeller Doty.
3. J. Pierpont Hofacre.

Mighty men, indeed, and in accordance with their growth of titles, the prices grew; and in proportion to the increase in prices, roaring grew, but roaring at best is only rag-chewing, and what can minor competitors do against a big combination like the 1-2-3 company.

So, gradually, trouble and dissension are being dispelled, and in time to come when we are not so new in the theory of trusts and of being trusted, when the little trust-lets gambol about on the the green sward as the ferocious bison have done before them, then shall magnate and non-magnate walk together, hand in hand in perfect peace and amity. Only one thing will be changed and that change will be to substitute for "Why did you come to I. S. C.?" the equation $(Brock)_2 + 2(Hof_Acre_3) + \frac{1}{2}(Doty_{24}) + H_2O = ?$



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER." PRESENTED BY
THE CLASS OF '04.



THE SUNDAY NIGHT BEAU.

(An application of a theme written by Dorothy Dix.)

Of all the decisions e'er made by a judge,
The one that's most fatal is this:
That a proposal that's made on the good Sabbath day,
Is not binding on man or on miss.

'Tis Sunday that man comes to feel bitterly,
(So testimony has unquestionably shown)
The truth of the words—in the Bible they've writ—
'Tis not good for man to be alone.

Man has never been able to tell with exactness,
The difference between religion and love;
So he think's when he begins to love his fair neighbor,
That he's guided by some power from above.

'Tis on Sunday night that he comes to the point,
That he feels he really must propose.
So the law, I do fear, robs some men of their joy,
And makes spinsters of most girls, I suppose.

For any girl knows, who has noticed at all,
That you can tell by the night that men come
Just what they think and just what they'll do.
Now consider the matter—but keep mum.

The Monday night beau, you may be very sure,
Has some committee meeting in mind.
So, if you see Sanford or Sandy or Mike
At the Hall, a committee you'll find.

The Tuesday night beau is somebody's friend
Who wants him to hunt up some girl.
He talks of the weather, receptions, new music,
And the last fad in society's whirl.



WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

The Wednesday night beau is sure to be a flirt.
Name some? Well, I think I can;
But I have feeling that I ought to forbear,
For I might hit some innocent man.



THURSDAY NIGHT.

The Thursday night beau "is a boy from home,"
And so, on that night you may see
Eiler and Dreher send up their cards
For Agnes and Louise—maybe.

It has often been noticed that the Thursday nighter
At first comes a *sister* to find.
But often it happens, as time passes by,
That she's no longer a sister—to my mind.

The Friday night beau shows the girls a good time.
He comes with candy and flowers.
He is fond of fun and dotes on a lark,
And so pass the happy hours.



FRIDAY NIGHT.

Such are Dannie and Jim and Rusty and John;
You can guess who the other four are—
Florence and Margaret, Virgilia and Bess.
All enjoy it with nothing to mar.



SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Saturday night beau includes most every one.
He comes to the Hall with delight,
For Saturday night, with no care to annoy,
Is lecture and social "stunt" night.



SUNDAY NIGHT.

But the Sunday night beau—he's the sure thing,
Here is the climax be sure.
There are Jessie and Bill and Helen and Jack,
Reuling and King and lots more.

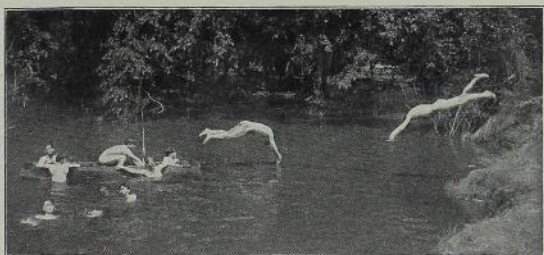
Perhaps he was once a Thursday nighter,
Or a Wednesday night flirt—I don't know—
But now as you stroll with him out on the green,
As fades the last glimpse of red glow.

There's a jumble of songs that crowd to his brain.
First "Under the Bamboo Tree,"
Then "How Can I Leave Thee?" and "Blest Be The Tie"
And _____

And yet the law says that the Sunday night courtship isn't
valid.



A TOUCH OF HIGH LIFE



HYDRAULIC ENGINEERING



Dinsmore: "Mr. Quade, I wish you would take a print from the other side of this negative, so as to show the whole calf."

MY FRIEND JACK

Jack was my roommate, a Junior, and a man of sterling qualities; though how lofty the ideals, how pure the heart, how noble the soul of him, my friend, I knew him not until last Fall. Gentle reader, I would fain be still, but a spirit doth bid me speak that other men of I. S. C. may be spared the anguish of soul that tears the heart of him strayed from the virtuous life.

Bright, sunny days filled with joyful song of birds gladdened the Fall of 1903; but the sun was not brighter, nor the birds more happy than the spirits of my friend, and none sought happiness for the Preps more ardently nor more earnestly than he; and the Preps loved Jack. Yea, when in the night under their windows he sang with tender pathos in chorus with the Sophs and Juniors,

"The night is fair, my loves,
Let us over the Campus roam.
We'll gladden your hearts, my doves,
With paddlings which savor of home,"

then joyfully from their dens came forth the Preps. Ever and anon the playful wind whispered these words to the ear of night:

"Kind friends, crowd not, but wait your turn
To enter the State of Prepdom.
Right well we know your hearts doth burn
To win our proffered welcome.
Lay on, my men! lay on!"

And the merry swish and bang, swish and bang of the paddles wielded by the brawny lads caused many a Prep to think of home and mother, for so touching was the welcome given him by his seniors.

Ah me! there came a change, a dreadful change. No more did Jack's cheery voice awake the night, no more the Preps amuse, and dusky zephyrs sighed the wails of Preps:

"We would go hence, we would go hence to mother,
For the school is tame,
And our hearts are lame,
Since gone is Jack, our brother."

"Jack, my friend," said I, "what terrible grief doth prey upon your mind? Come, cast it from thee, and go paddle thy Preps, for they are desolate and will not be comforted."

Silently he shook his head.

"Jack, my boy, is it a girl?"

Again he answered by shake of head.

"Is it—oh, don't say 'tis true!—shall you 'flunk' E. and M?"

Then burst his heart.

"Would it were that and nothing worse," said he; "but friend, the grief that gnaws me hath deeper cause." Then with the tears trickling down his cheeks, he warmly pressed my hand. Gentle reader, bear with me while I weep, for the memory of that act doth move me greatly.

Many days came and added their mite to the past, but Jack steadily grew worse. Ever and anon his pale face and sunken eyes moved me to fresh tears. Even the Drake Game which was bestowed upon posterity with that cheerful abandon so characteristic of the Ames eleven, was powerless to cheer him.

At last there came a night, a wild night, a lonesome night. The wind howled and howled in the chimney, and a board swayed by the wind boomed and boomed on the house. In a pause that came in the howling and booming, Jack's feeble voice called me from restless dreams.

"Tom, Tom," said he, "I believe I am dying."

"No, Jack, my boy, it cannot be," said I. "Tell me thy hidden sorrow, for by the telling will it depart, and life shall return to thee as gay and as happy as of yore."

"No," he answered, "let my grave contain my secret. It were better so. My honor is at stake."

"My boy," said I, "the grave cannot be more silent than I will be."

"Then hasten," said he, "I grow weak. I feel Death's chill upon me. Plug yon keyhole, lest this howling wind bear my secret out upon the night. Quick! Tom, I weaken fast. Draw near. Lean down thine ear."

Then he whispered, "In other days I knew happiness, I wooed her, I won her, for I tamed the frisky Prep. I stretched him, I padded him, I made a man of him. But, in an evil memory, a truant friend, did call up a grievous sin done in my Freshman year. Tom, draw nearer, I feel Death's hand. That sin was—it was—is the key hole stuffed?" His eyes closed.

"Dead?" I cried, "dead? my best friend dead?"



The wind howled and howled in the chimney, and the board boomed and boomed on the house.

His lips moved. Quickly I bent to hear. "Yes," he whispered, "I 'ponied' in a Library Exam in 1901." I shuddered. My friend lay still in death.



A NATURE STUDY

DER GER MANS.

And it came to pass on the third day that a band of travelers from a far country did appear at the gates of the city of Ames.

And the watchman on the walls did wonder much at this strange caravan, and when he saw them approach with outstretched palms, like unto a rich band bringing choice gifts, did he sheath his sword and lay down his rusty musket and utter a loud shout, which was heard to the uttermost ends of the city.

Then the people of the city went down in a body to welcome the strangers, and there was great rejoicing, and the travelers were taken even into the "dinky," and were thus carried hither to the domain of one Stanton.

Here did the visitors, who were called the Ger Mans, assemble in the place of worship, the Cha Pel, and did sit even on the rostrum.

And it came to pass that these Ger Mans, being high "Moguls" in their own country, did desire to speak to the people on subjects whereof there was great interest shown.

Then they spoke in a strange tongue among themselves, and then after a short time one did rise and orate vigorously in his native tongue.

And it was even so that his eloquence was greater than his "United States."

Moreover, it finally came to pass that one of their number, a certain Stu Dent, stood before this chosen people, and they all cried with one voice, "Hoch! Hoch!! Hoch!!! signifying their condition of exceeding great emptiness.

And as the day waxed late did this people watch the old warriors, and even the "Prep A Demics" drill, thus to increase their stature and their tempers.

However, one among this people who was called "The Count," and did encase his nether limbs in yellow leggings, and was exceeding promiscuous with the one-eyed kodak, did grow very weary of the sameness of tactics, even so much that he did betake himself unto the Ball Grounds, there to watch the men of large stature pursue the small wad of leather.

And this one Much A Count did wax exceeding interested and could not bring himself to leave this bit of the fierce life.



However, as evening approached, did these people repair to the Hall, there to spend the night feasting and rejoicing.

And it came to pass that there they did spend a great portion of the night in jollification, saying among themselves,

“Verily, we must receive unto ourselves the full value of our repast, for we shall each pay even Two Dol Lars and be yet denied our Schnapps, since it hath fallen into the hands of unbelievers and our supply is down at the city of Ames even in our private car.”

And in the morning did this strange people proceed upon their way into the kingdom of Odebolt, there also to teach the people in the ways of “Counts,” “Prosits,” und “Hoch der Kaiser.”



AN ESCAPE.

The clock struck ten. Betty slammed her book on the table.

"I'm not going to study any more, even if I hang for it."

"Hum?" Hattie had one more page to read.

"Let that one page go. 'Tisn't every day that you have a chance to enjoy such delightful society as mine."

"Legal tender in times of peace, as well as war' 'Hoorah! Hooray! State College! Iowa.'"

"Touch down! Ames."

"Betty, let's do something crazy. Oh, say, I'll dare—"

"Hat, don't you dare me unless ——. I'll give you a dare as nearly its equal as I know how."

"I dare you to get out of the Hall through the basement—do you suppose it's locked?—and go to the store and buy marshmallows."

"Well and good. I'll go if you will go and build a fire over there in the north woods—you know where I mean."

"Yes, and you'll have the marshmallows and I'll have the fire—"

"Wait awhile. You are to come back to meet me and we'll go together and toast them."

"All right. Better take our coats?"

"Yes. Are candles allowed? On the square, I never was down there. I don't know the way out."

"Do you suppose we have to go through the fiery furnace room to get out?"

"I don't know. Hurry up and get ready."

They stole down stairs with jackets, matches and candles. All went well until they reached the stair to the basement, when Betty exclaimed:

"I forgot my money."

"Yes, you did!"

"Yes, I did. I'll get caught before I see you again. Farewell, sweetheart."

"Be careful of that chair over near the door."

Even as she spoke there was a crash and a stifled cry. There were moments of breathless waiting and finally Betty returned and sank with a smothered giggle at Hattie's side.

"Better to be born lucky than rich. I just escaped with my life and my money—come on."

"What happened?"

"Shu—"

Noiselessly they crept along in the darkness, penetrated only a few feet ahead by the beam of the candle. Once out of doors they breathed easier. It was a glorious night, clear and crisp. The stars were dimmed by the brighter light of the moon now in its second quarter.

"Well, here goes! Be back at half-past."

"All right, good bye. 'It may be for years and it may be forever.'"

Betty hurried on, feeling more foolish than she had felt for ages. It was so still. It was such a foolish thing to do. But, oh! how perfect was God's out-of-doors at night time. She crossed the bridge and ran down the steep incline and then along the path. How exhilarating! But as she neared the road she saw two men coming from the west.

"Here's to pay for my foolishness," she muttered; but she tossed her head and went on with as careless a step as before, though her knees trembled and her heart beat fast. She entered the door and dropping a coin on the counter aroused the drowsy clerk, who looked at her stupidly.

"Some marshmallows, please."

"How many?"

"A box of those good ones."

The door opened and the two men entered. Her back was toward them, but yet she felt sure that it was Mr. Hillis. What would he think?

She picked up her package and turned.

"Good evening."

"Good evening, Miss Allison."

"Well, Betty," (it was her own brother who spoke), "I didn't know you. What on earth are you going to do?"

"Never mind, Jim. Unless you want to go and help eat these marshmallows."

"I should say we do. What do you suppose Art and I came down here for if we weren't hungry. We'll go, won't we, Rev?"

"I wasn't invited, was I?"

"Well, I invite you. I've a notion that Miss Hattie is in this deal and I want you to take—"

"Come on. We've only ten minutes to get back." Betty was bothered.

So they hurried to the Hall and were a few minutes late; yet Hattie was not in sight.

"Where is that girl? Is that she over by the Hort. House?" Betty watched for Hattie to come over the hill; but if the truth were told it was Hattie, and she was hurrying in the other direction.

"Where has she gone?"

"Over to make a bonfire to toast marshmallows."

"Did she promise to be here?"

"Yes. Do you suppose she's lost or hurt or what?" Betty was almost frantic and started for the woods at an awful pace.

"Betty, she's all right." But other faces than Betty's looked troubled.

They saw a fire in the hollow and Betty called hopefully, "Are you ready?" But the words echoed dimly and then all was still again. On they hurried and there in a shadow, a few feet from the fire, lay Hattie. She had evidently caught her foot, slipped and sprained it terribly. For fully five minutes they worked over her, growing more desperate every moment. Betty was holding her head helplessly. Jim grew impatient.

"Rub her, rub her face or hands hard while I go and get some water."

Then a roguish laugh broke from Hat's lips and rang through the woods.

"You've 'rubbered' enough. Where are the marshmallows?"



— ONE WORE HIS MOTHERS
DIRTIED SHIRTS,
WRINKLED AND
OLD AND GREY.



ONE PINNED HIS
PANTS WITH A
GOURLIN PIN
HE HAD SICKLE FROM
THE C. B. A.



ONE WORE AN ULCER
AND BUCKLE SHOES
HIS PLUG HAT HAD
LOST ITS CROWN



ONE WIPED
HIS NOSE ON THE
SEAL OF HIS PANTS
JUST AS THE SUN
WENT DOWN

John Hoop

HOW IRELAND RIDES THE ELEVATOR.

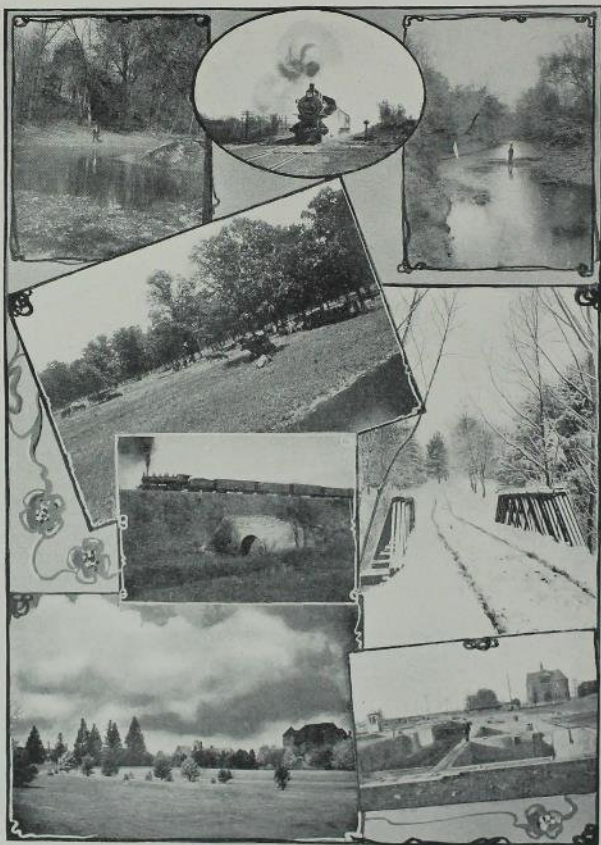
"At last," he exclaimed, "we are alone; the Old Man is gone, and it will be a Rum Go to ride the Machine free of Charge, without Engineer or Fireman." Then they got into the Cage and Started up. It was a cinch, and when they Got Wise to the Machinery they vowed the Whole Bunch a Dead one.

They rode till the Gag got Old and then Stopped at the Basement floor; but after the Willie Gang were out the Flabbergasted Cage started up, and he of the Emerald Isle started up too, only he went by means of muscle, and the stairs, rather than by the aid of wire Cable and Ampere Turns.

It was a close finish at the Third floor, but the Car gave him the Glassy Eye and started down. Then Shamrock got the Hunch and Hurried Most mightily after the Descending Cage, but he was Up Against it, and all his Ringers couldn't side-track It. Without a doubt it was Up to him to Catch the Drag, but the Deal was by, and he got down just in time to See the Man below work the thing All himself.



Then did our Boy Sling English very forcibly for it was the Real Thing, but he couldn't Shake the Jollies the Guys Handed him, and the future Gay Generations who Spot the Sporty Brands will tell their children of how Ireland caught the Elevator.



WHEN UNCLE GILES TOOK IN "THE HARVEST HOME PICNIC."

'Corse we fussed around a good bit 'fore we went, but mother's done so much fussin' around in the last forty years that I don't get excited any more. The invitation was to the hull family an' their grub to come to the Harvest Home Picnic. But mother wouldn't go. She had to stay home and see that the chickens wuz fed, an' that the hired man didn't strain the night's milk in the wrong crocks, an' that the calves' milk didn't scorch, an' so on; so Lizzie, our oldest girl, an' me went anyhow. Mother put up the confoundedest dinner you ever see, ought to had a hoss to carry it. She just would put in the leg of a spring chicken and a gizzard for Active Pres. Stanton, not castin' any insinuations on Mrs. Stanton's cookin', or anything, but stuff from the country allus does taste good to city fellers. Mother said we could hunt him up at noon.

Such a mob as wuz at the Ames depot you never did see. There wuz two acres of 'em 'round the train, an' a long line stretchin' out to a couple of street cars with a toy engine hitched on in front fer looks. Looked to me like the crowd was a whole lot abler to carry the cars than the cars the crowd. Before Lizzie and me could even git started fer the cars they pulled out, people hangin' on the platforms, ridin' on the engine, an' stickin out the windows. We looked fer a hack, but they had all gone long ago. All that wuz left to comfort us wuz a great big sign, WELCOME TO I. S. C. After the motor cars had gone out to the college and had a picnic, they come back. By knockin' down a few folks, Lizzie an me got on, an' what's a mystery to me, stayed on 'till we lit at the college. At eight o'clock that night we run across a fellow down town still tryin' to get to the college.

It would take a year to tell what we saw. Mighty fine lookin' place out there. Trees an' grass all just right to look good. Seems as if the Creator can't be so far away, as if all you could see wuz buildin's of man's makin', an' not a bit of His handiwork.

We ate our dinner on the grass under some big soft maples. Lots of good cow feed goes to waste around the college, but I expect the grass wouldn't look so good if 'twuz pastured. After dinner we went through Engineering Hall an' some other Hall, and the Girls' Hall. Lizzie wuz all took up with the girls' rooms, but they

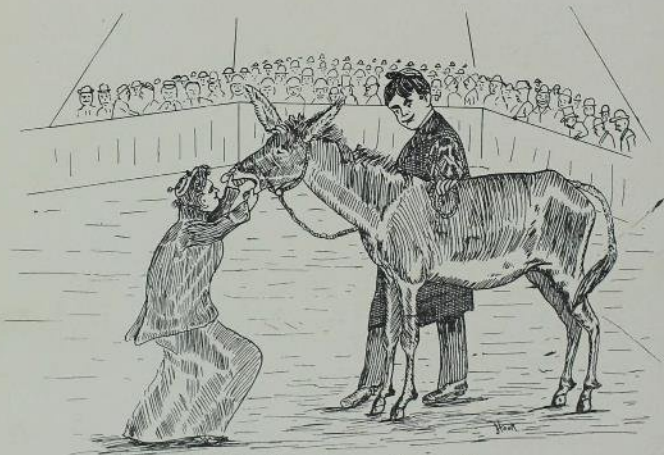
didn't fool her much—she's like her ma, Lizzie is. She 'lowed as how they didn't always look like that,—wash days, fer instance. There wuz a parade, too. Lizzie an' me enjoyed that most more'n anything, only it seemed too bad to walk the milk cows around that way in the hot sun. I'll bet that when Mr. Curtiss milked that night, them cows didn't give nowhere near as big a mess as usual. Fine animals they had, though; a man would go a long ways an' not see as good critters. Then we went to the big tent. Gov. Cummins told how much he wuz interested in the college an' the students. Prof. Stanton told us how glad he wuz to see us an' how welcome we wuz, an' the College Glee Club sung one of the durndest songs you ever heerd. They wuz well meanin' chaps, though, an' we got 'em to sing another.

But 'long towards evenin' wuz the best time. It wuz after the services wuz over, an' we had run 'round till we wuz 'most fagged out, lookin' at the boys drill, an' cut up some more antics, chasin' each other around after a big goose egg on a pasture, which wuz pretty nigh ruined on account of a whole mess o' streaks o' white paint on it—cow wouldn't tech that grass, you know. Lizzie an' me wuzn't in sech a hurry about goin' home when we see the crowd that wuz tryin' to get that train—the boys called it “the dinky.” That tickled Liz. Wall, sir, do you know, the people acted as if the hul o' Klondike was boxed up in them coaches an' every feller wuz tryin' to get his share, er maybe they all happened to think at once that the calves at home needed feedin', an' it wuz up to them to git right there an' stop the poor little critters bawlin'. We thought we'd let them that wuz so anxious to get home ride on the “dinky,” an' we went and sat down near the cannon and the big rocks.

Most of the crowd was gone now, an' except fer a girl's laugh off through the trees, er a boy whistlin' far away, all was still. Things seemed to be settlin' down and kind o' gettin' drowsy for the night. We leaned our backs against a couple of little hard maples an' watched the sun go down. Lizzie thought some of the boys must have queered it when they wuz looking at it through their instruments in the afternoon, for she claims it didn't set in the west that night. I must o' sort o' dozed while that sun set, for I never expect to see anything like that on earth again. The little maples no longer kept the sun off'n us, but old Sol seemed to be

friendly fer awhile, and tender, like the wind. The sunlight just sort o' played around a feller and kind o' kissed the maple leaves,—meby tha's what makes 'em have sich a blushin' look in Autumn. Then the bells rang; sich an' affectin' tune it wuz, too,—one mother used to sing; seemed I could almost hear her voice—"I'm comin', I'm comin'"—I tell you, I wuz mighty glad I could go home when I wanted to.

Ef my boy, Hiram, comes down here an' he hears them bells jist about the time he's good an' homesick, an' them sad, lonesome quavers jist go right down to his heart an' full, meby he'll know then what his mother an' his ole dad are going through at home, even while their glad he's where he can hear the bells an' come under the influence of the things they tell.



O, Well, He's Tener' Leven Years Old!

When the cat's away, the mice will play;
So runs the ancient rhyme.
And when the editor was away,
We thought we'd have a time.

A BIT OF TRAGEDY.



Uncle Silas sat by the fireside,
With Marion on his knee,
And the fire threw its ruddy glow o'er them—
It was here they loved to be.

The old man's face was a study,
Some lines about it were sad;
Time had written many a story
In the face of a handsome lad.

Marion, of seven summers,
Had come for the twilight play.
She was having a talk with uncle
At the close of a winter's day.

She pulled his coat wide open,
Caught a gleam of gold and red.
'Twas a shield with letters upon it,
And as she fingered it eagerly, said:

"Oh, Uncle, tell me, what is it?
I never saw it before,"
And she spelled out "I. S. C., '05."
"Did it come from papa's store?"

First a smile lit up his features,
Then a flush; "My sakes alive,
That's my college pin, I've worn it
Since way back in Nineteen Five."

Then the old man fell to musing,
And Marion listened with joy,
For she loved to hear of the old days
When Uncle Si was a boy.

"How well I remember September
Of nineteen hundred and one;
When I left the old home and started,
When my college life begun.

"I remember when mother kissed me,
Told me to be a great, good man:
"Yes, mother, I will,—and
You'll take good care of Dan?"

"You see, Dan was my playmate;
Only a dog—but then
There are dogs such as he was
That have more sense than most men.

"Well, when I got down to college,
I went to classify;
And I met a man, a great man,
With a warm heart and kindly eye.

"He grasped my hand with a welcome
That thrilled me with the thought,
That to be such a man, great and noble,
Was indeed the thing to be sought.

"The terms went all too quickly.
I remember some hazing—but then
Such hazing as we got in those days,
Was needed to make us men.

"But one term of those years is sacred
To the memory of 'might have been'.
'Twas the first year that I was a Junior
That I committed the unpardonable sin.

"You see this is how it happened:
That Fall I saw a new face,
The daintiest little lady,
So womanly, so full of grace.

"One time, 'twas in Elocution,
She recited as she only could,
Of a great black dog and a little boy,
And I felt that she understood.

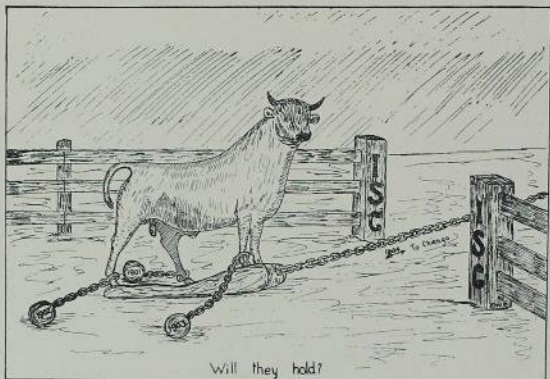
"She had a cousin in school then,—
He was a good friend of mine,
And we were speaking about her,—
I started him out on that line.

"Yes, Marion is a right cousin;
I'm going to lose her too soon.
She goes back East in the summer,
She's going to be married in June.

"I don't know what he told me,
Of how Rex was a dandy good chap—
For I felt as if life wasn't worth living,
As if 'twas all a dreadful mishap.

"So I buried myself in my studies,
With an enegy nothing could tire.
You're the first to know the story—"
He ceased and gazed at the fire.

A pair of arms were about his neck,
"Is that why you named me so?
Do you suppose I can be like she was,
After I have time to grow?"



Will they hold?

THE WINNING TEAMS

'01 — R. J. Kinzer; F. B. Kinnick; H. O. Tellier; E. A. Hall; John Hoover.

'02 — Chas. Gray; W. A. Linklater; Wayne Dinsmore; O. B. Newcom. W. J. Wilson.

'03 — C. E. Howard; W. A. Tener; E. A. Stout; A. E. Ellenberger; F. M. Hansen.



A NEW CURE FOR SNAKES.

STATEMENT OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE CASE.

A Snake came forth from his den, with firm resolve to acquire a knowledge of English. A willing tutor was found in a house near by. However, his visits soon became times of merriment and laughter, much to the annoyance of other occupants of the same house. It was decided that the visits of the wily serpent must cease.

DIAGNOSIS OF THE CASE.

After much research and pondering over the matter it was decided, by the committee in charge of affairs, that said Snake was proceeding beyond the limits of his social status, and that his disease must forthwith be suppressed.



RESULT OF THE EXPERIMENT.

THE REMEDY.

The old and tried systems of Allopathy, Homeopathy and Osteopathy were cast to the winds. A new and simple cure for Snakes would be found. Here it is:

The committee met one evening on the roof of the porch. Each carried a bucket and all kept still. Soon the sound of footsteps came from the stairs, and a minute later, below them on the steps, stood their subject, the Snake.

Impatiently they waited for the "good night." Five minutes passed and a fellow on the roof eagerly whispered: "Let 'er fly." Up went a bucket, down went its contents. Swish! Another, Swish! And then the third. Before the contents of the last bucket reached the ground, the Snake was in the road "working out" on a short dash for the house next the corner. The charming dispenser in English fled up-stairs, shocked with horror.

The Snake remained in his own den. The "P. H." Hydro-pathic Society was then and there organized. The first entry on their book reads:

"Sure cure for troublesome Snakes: One to three bucketsfull of H_2O , applied from a height of eight to twelve feet. One application is sufficient to subdue the subject."



"A bird in the hand is worth
two in the bush."

ASPIRATIONS.

I'd like to be a Freshman
And take Descript and Trig,
Buy two tickets to the lecture course—
Gee whiz! But I'd feel big.

I'd like to be a Sophomore
And learn to bowl and dance;
Play whist and numerous other games,
Including games of chance.

I'd like to be a Junior
And drink champagne and punch;
Get strong over at Mag. Hall
And at the depot lunch.

I'd like to be a Senior;
A sheep-skin then I'd get,
If when I got my marks
I wasn't marked back prep.



THE SENIOR ELECTION.

One afternoon, late in January, the war clouds of class dissension gathered on the horizon, heralding the election of senior class officers, 7:00 sharp. The serene quiet of things was enough to excite suspicion. The straightforward look, the blue-eyed truthfulness of every senior was remarkable on this memorable day, yet the annals of the more eventful night which followed show that underneath this calm exterior political intrigue ran riot. That "times of great need bring forth great men" was proven on this one day. The several factions of the class were managed by certain time-tried men who were abundantly capable. All afternoon they exhorted, threatened, promised, schemed and nodded wisely in closeted councils. The wily representatives of the E. E's. and Ags. found that by adding Ag. votes to E. E's. they held the election in their own hands. A combine resulted; there would be an E. E. president and an Ag. class-speaker. Meanwhile the other trustful classes were assured that the meeting "hadn't been thought about much."

At 7:05 there assembled in the chapel a decorous body of seniors. The respected leaders were surrounded by whispering groups of worthy followers.

7:10. Meeting called to order. Nomination of candidates for president. Sperry and Shreve, E. E's.; Dreher, M. E.; Rowat, C. E.; Miss Slater, Sci., and Hanson, Ag., were nominated.

7:11. Moved that voting be done by ballot, and that at each ballot the candidate having the lowest vote be dropped. Carried.

7:14. Sperry dropped.

7:18. Miss Slater dropped.

7:22. Rowat and Dreher tied.

7:23. Fourth ballot, Rowat and Dreher tied, leaving Shreve, E. E., and Hanson, Ag., highest.

7:26. E. E's. move to vote on the two highest. Carried by Ag's. and E. E's. Excitement runs high. Lobbyists worked fast. All realized that the critical moment was at hand. E. E's. calm, triumphant; victory almost theirs.

7:27. Anything to defeat the E. E's., for the ugly truth was only too apparent — they had a slate. Starzinger, M. E., and Brock, E. E., make stirring appeals, the one demanding a united

effort to crush the monster, the other entreating fidelity from the Ags.

7:31. Cry arose, "Everybody vote for the Ag's!" Ballot; Ag's. forget their afternoon promise of allegiance to E. E's. and Shreve was overwhelmingly defeated. Their careful planning was of no avail; deserted by faithless allies, the head of their slate defeated, the E. E's. sunk, crushed and dispirited. The impromptu combine of C. E's., Ag's., M. E's. and Sci. worked wonderfully.

7:35. Lyford, C. E., elected vice-president; E. E's. nominee left in the cold.

7:39. E. E's. became desperate. They resolved to elect at least one officer of their nomination, left their slate and proposed Merrit, Ag., for treasurer. They were again defeated, however, by the merciless combine, and Gershback, C. E., was elected.

7:42. Miss Kingkade, Sci., unanimously elected secretary.

7:46. In recognition of past merit, Bevan was elected sergeant-at-arms.

7:48-8:59. Speech by retiring president, Buckley, during which the battle-scarred veterans, the conquered and the victorious, were all blended into the harmonious whole, a unity standing for dignity and wisdom.

Adjournment.



A new addition to our Mining Department.

WHY THE MOTOR DIDN'T WHISTLE.

Oh, 'twas on a college campus, far away,
And the motor kept a running every day,
And the hotels kept a hootin',
'Cause the whistle kept a tootin',
And so they tried to suit 'em —
Awful day.

So the motor, it was silent on the track;
Not a single shriek of whistle, nerves to wrack,
Till a certain mogul high,
M. K., you'll know, by and by,
Missed his only motor—My!
He walk back?

Twenty minutes' a short season, do you say,
For a man to change a reason? Nay! oh, Nay!
For a man can change his mind
If his walk down town is timed;
So the motor toots, we find,
Day by day.





CAMPUS FRIENDS

HANK.

Who calls "All aboard!" when the last whistle blows?
Who's the man on the campus that every one knows?

The answer: Hank.

Who punches the tickets and takes up the fares,
And all sorts of joshing with good nature bears?

Of course, it's Hank.

Who knows when a student goes down town at night,
When he ought to be studying with all of his might?

It must be Hank.

Who watched you sprint when the motor was due,
And learned lessons of grace and dignity from you?

Perhaps 'twas Hank.

Who saw the collision as you dashed 'round the corner,
And fell at her feet—without time to warn her?

Most likely 'twas Hank.

Who's kind and obliging, and ready to do
Almost anything or everything that you want him to?

We all say, Hank.

Who misses our meanness when vacation is here,
And after all is glad when September draws near?

I wonder, does Hank?



A "Civil."

THE POSTMAN.

There is a man in suit of gray,
That's seen on the campus day by day, —
Our Postman.

Every one seems for his coming to wait,
E'en tho' by so doing they're sure to be late
To classes, — a thing that instructors hate
Quite thoroughly.

When his step was heard at Margaret Hall,
You'll hear some voices ring out the call:
"Here's the Postman."

Then down to the office the girls 'll troop,
A happy, chattering, laughing group.
Does it not make the hearts of other men droop
With jealousy.

And there's some one goes to the station at nine
That brings the boys flocking there rain or shine.
'Tis the Postman.

And those who at that hour had a class
Hurry out, scarcely noticing whom they pass.
They rush to the office, everyone, enmass,
So anxiously.

Would you know the secret? Why 'tis so?
He carries a bag on his shoulder, you know,
This Postman.

And in this bag — now I know 'tis true —
He carries letters and packages too.
And that's why we watch for him, — always do.
Very longingly.

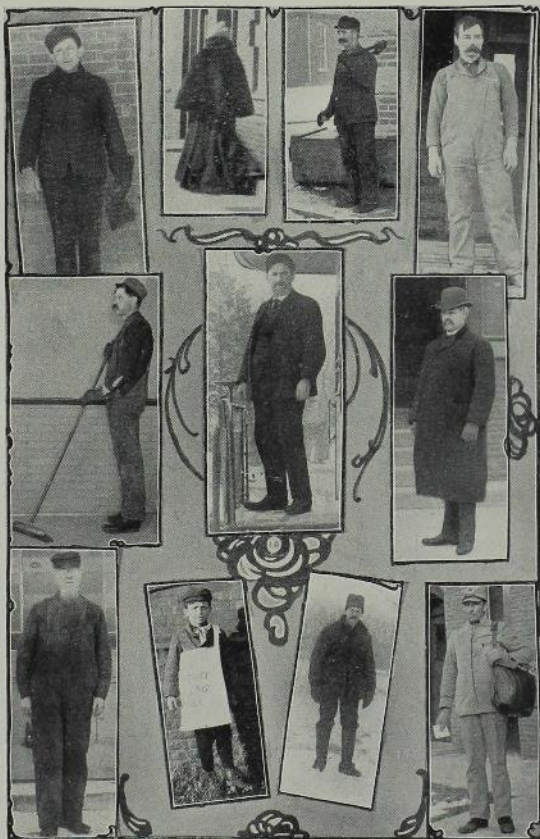
FIRM AND FAITHFUL.

All honor to the man that's true,
Who's ever in his place;
Who does his duty day by day
With willingness and grace.
There is a man who has served here,
For years more than a score,
And while the classes come and go,
He remains here as of yore.
He came in eighteen sixty-eight
When Iowa this school did found.
He saw the "Main" rise in its place,
Then saw it burned to the ground.
He has watched the numbers swell and swell
To fifteen hundred strong;
From the tiny handful of long ago
To this great and earnest throng.
His faithfulness we see and know,
For be it day or night,
He has ever been worthy of the trust
To supply us with water and light.
So here's to Mr. Tripp, in service long;
On him a blessing we'd call:
May the years be filled to the brim with joy,
Leave no room for cares at all.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

What question is most often asked
Within these mighty halls of learning?
'Tis not a simple class-room question,
But one with deep importance burning.

What question is most often heard
As o'er the campus you may travel?
Why, every moment some one's asking,
Asking, asking—where is Cavell?



FAMILIAR FACES ON THE CAMPUS

THE INCONVENIENCIES OF POPULARITY.

Never before was man sought after as was John Franklin Cavell during the three days preceding the Open House at the "Quarters," for brooms, mop-sticks and white-wash brushes were in high demand. Pipes had been secreted in the bottoms of trunks and among many other things, "Dad" decreed that all windows should be left open, and that any man caught smoking until after the "Goin's" would be wise to absent himself therefrom.

Forty-two anxious Cotters dropped forty-two little pink envelopes into the slot at Sta. A, and here is where the trouble began. Girls there are in abundance to fill the "Quarters" to the top ceiling, but some got no bids and one dusky damsel got three. The unequalled joy of being privileged to choose from three intoxicated this blushing brunette, and somehow W's. regrets got in B's. envelope and vice versa. Now when T. read: "My Dear Mr. W. — I regret that another engagement, etc.," he adorned his "phys" with a grin of satisfaction as he murmured, "Poor W.," and W. did ditto, neither dreaming that N., an humble, modest and unpretending Junior had seemed fittest to this popular denizen of "Mag." Hall.



T. and W. were in the parlor when N. handed in his card. "Which Miss —— did you say?" asked the "Madame." She was puzzled, but obeyed N's. request. Just then Miss ——, with a look of a scared rabbit in her deep, dark eyes appeared, and T., W. and N. realized that they were in a circumstance.

A few tufts of hair, small pieces of "fat" and the trampled, blood-stained snow told of the tragic end of this Miss ——'s mistake.

A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

Darkness, impenetrable darkness, such as only Egypt knew, hid from Earth's gaze the terrible struggle of warring elements about to loose themselves before her. A restless wind goaded the trees to furious tossings of their tangled boughs, while ever and anon came the rumblings of the lightning impatiently waiting to leap forth and hurl his fiery bolt.

A man moved with sleepy step to the window of a room from whence a feeble ray struggled to overcome the dark depths of night.

"'Tis a wild night, an awful night," he muttered, and while yet he muttered the vibrant stroke of midnight sounded from out the darkness that overlay the campus. He started at the sound.

"It must be done. I must do it, unhappy wretch that I am." His haggard face became more haggard, and his wild eye more wild. Hurriedly he crossed to the table.

There came a flash of light followed by the roar of thunder, but he heeded them not, so absorbed was he in contemplation of the terrible deed he was about to do. A dash of rain beat against the pane.

"I must hasten," he muttered. Just then a fierce light rent the darkness, and an awful roar caused the scared earth to tremble.

"Hi, Eureka!" cried the man; "I've done it! I've done it!"

"What have you done?" yelled his roommate, awakened from his slumbers.

"Why, my E. and M. Lesson, you idiot."



Santa Wirta Margaret Hall

A PSALM OF TRIG.

Tell me not, Oh Senior maiden,
Trig is one delightful dream;
For my brain is heavy laden,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, Life is earnest,
And my Trig is now my goal;
Thou who art of Senior's sternest,
Tell me how to gain my whole.

Not enjoyment, but great sorrow,
Seems my destined end today;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Finds me farther on my way.

Trig is long and time is fleeting,
And my heart, though stout and brave,
When the term began, is beating,
For our teacher's face is grave.

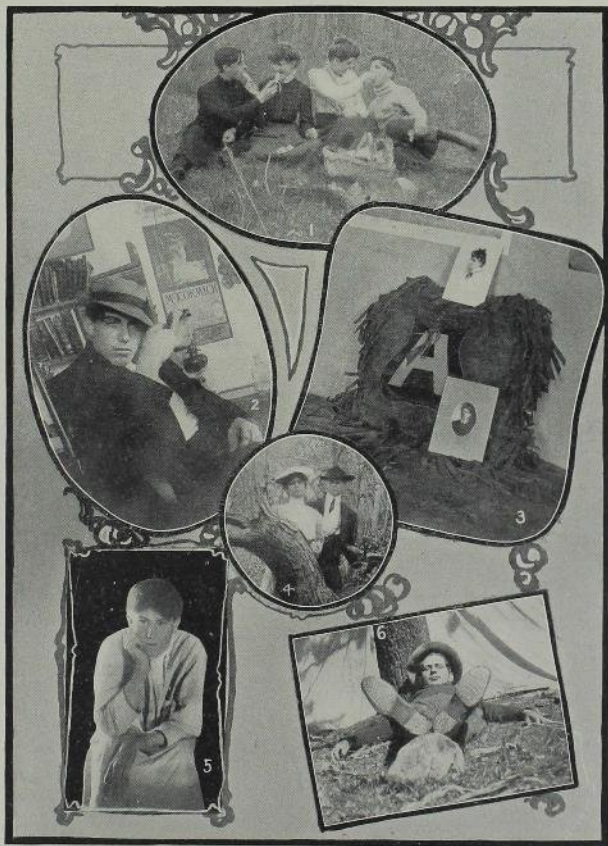
In I. S. C's broad field of battle,
Where mathematics is all of life,
We are like dumb, driven cattle,
We're not heroes in the strife.

Think not of future, fellow-classman,
While Trig exams are o'er your head.
Think, think of a way to pass them,
So that it shall not be said:

Lives of '05's all remind us
We can make our lives sublime, (?)
And departing, leave behind us,
Goose-eggs on the sands of time.

Goose-eggs which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Trig's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing will give up again.

Let us then be up and doing,
Get Prof. Stanty to pass us up;
And then we, our lives pursuing,
Will also win success's cup.



1. Tit for Tat.

2. "He may have seen better days."

3. Puzzle: Find the collar that matches the pillow.

4. Query: Where's the other arm?

5. In midnight garb.

6. A scientific reposal.

A popular vote of the 1905 class gave the following results with regard to instructors:

The best lecturer—

34 Prof. Spinney.	21 Dr. Hibbard.
32 Prof. Summers.	20 Mrs. Harry Parks.

The best joker—

26 Prof. Bennet.	22 Prof. Meeker.
25 Prof. Pammel.	19 Prof. Bissel.

The most eccentric—

25 Prof. Summers.	19 Miss Colpitts.
23 Prof. Lanphere.	18 Prof. Noble.

The most sarcastic—

34 Miss Placeway.	20 Gen. Lincoln.
21 Prof. Lanphere.	18 Mr. Stuart.

Prof. hardest to rattle—

36 Prof. Stanton.	29 Miss Roberts.
34 Prof. Curtis.	23 Dr. Hibbard.

Wisest prof.—

38 Prof. Stanton.	25 Prof. Marston.
36 Prof. Bissel.	21 Prof. Weems.

Most difficult to recite to—

37 Mr. Stuart.	26 Prof. Lanphere.
35 Miss Colpitts.	24 Dr. Cessna.

Best bluffers—

23 Prof. French.	19 Mr. Dow.
21 Mr. Tuttle.	13 Prof. Olin.

Worst rattlers—

26 Miss Allis.	18 Dr. McNeal.
25 Miss Norton.	16 Prof. Byers.

Sportiest prof.—

47 Mr. Pattengill.	23 Prof. Kennedy.
26 Prof. Spinney.	13 Prof. Dow.

The most broad-minded—

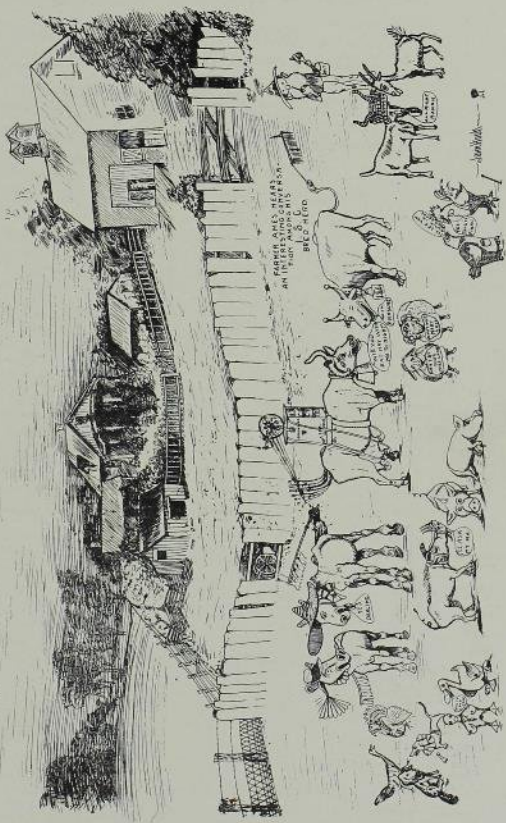
29 Prof. Meeker.	25 Prof. Newens.
26 Prof. Stanton.	20 Prof. Bissel.

Most scientific locator of trouble—

27 Prof. Stanton.	21 Miss Placeway.
25 Prof. Cleghorn.	20 Dr. Harriman.

Who's all right?

Miss Roberts! (Unanimous)



A LEAP YEAR PARTY.

(Leap) YEAR BOOK OF MARGARET HALL.

Room.	Name.	Age.	Room.	Name.	Age.
1			23	Bessie Tiara	16
2	Mrs. Kilbourne	(?) 65		Zella Warden	18
3	Office		24	Winifred Shaw	19
4	Mary Clyde	25		Genevieve Shaw	19
	Jennie Fedson	24	25	Ethel McKinley	22
5	Mrs. Van Zile	30		Mary Ainsworth	21
	Fanny Annegers	26	26	Edith Entwistle	23
6	Bird Slater	22		Pearl Waller	19
	Laura Taggart	24	27	Edith Stevens	22
7	Virgilia Purmort	22		Immogene Stevens	19
	Rachel Mosier	22	28	Louise Rowe	21
8	Vera Phelps	24		Genevieve Milnes	22
	Louise Lewis	20		(Not classified.)	
9	Glendora McCord	19	29	Helen Prouty	21
	Ivabelle Canier	21		Theressa Woodruff	20
10	Jessie Fraser	22	30	Edith Fraseur	20
	Minnie Maharg	20		Mae Jackson	20
11	Blanche Martin	19	31	Gertrude Curtiss	24
	Bess Blackburn	22		Iva Brandt	23
12	Emma Leonard	20	32	Mable Fleming	23
	Stella Anderson	30		Mertie Person	21
13	Hattie Anderson	22	33	Guest Room	
	Keo Anderson	18	34	Guest Room	
14	Nettie Star	20	35	Blanche Miller	16
	Katherine Terrill	23		Mabel Rundall	22
	Nellie Naylor	18	36	Mattie Waggoner	19
15	Winnie Thompson	20		Harriett Wilson	19
	Nellie Brown	21	37	Celestine Pettinger	20
16	Edna King	23		Florence Pettinger	18
	Milissa Flynn	18	38	Laura Smith	18
17	May Kennedy	21		Ruth Walker	22
	Maud Kennedy	18	39	Addie Furman	17
18	Viola Chambers	24		Julia Olsen	25
	Agnes Mosher	21	40	Mary Schlaegel	18
19	Mary Wilson	20		Ella Schlaegel	20
	Eunice J. Terrill	21	41	Margaret Doubet	22
20	J. F. Cavell	? 42		Gurine Anderson	24
21	Kate Kavell	? 38	42	Florence Kimball	18
22	Laura Davenport	20		Dora Claussen	22
	Mary Davenport	20			

43	Ada Smith	17	49	Florence Rea	19
	Nancy Baldwin	17		Mary Sheldon	21
44	Lillian Lister	18	50	Carolyn Gabrielsen	21
	Margaret Morrison	28		Lola Stephens	19
45	Zatha Snow	19	51	Vacant.	
	Lillian Graham	23	52	Margaret Ankeny	17
46	Tom Ludwig	26		Florence Vorse	20
	Ada Hallowell	20	53	Pearl Lewis	19
47	Louise Schulte	21		Sarah Kettering	17
	Ada Harrington	24	60	Mary Davidson	23
48	Opal Gillette	21		Jessie Davidson	21
	Grace Gillette	18			

NOTE: The Business Manager of the Bomb is now ready to receive contributions from the young men of the College for this invaluable information.



A Reminder of "Paradise."

Who's in the Closet?

I'll tell you a story and it's all so,
'Cause somebody tol' me — and so I know.
Wunst they wuz a girl, she has purty hair;
It's light and fluffy and fixed nice, — so there.
Well, onct a man come to visit her
An' stay for a while you know. Yes sir,
An' one night — 'twas Saturday night —
This girl and some more girls — oh such a sight!
This boy was a girl too — er looked like one,
For he had a big apron on — wasn't that fun ?



But anyhow they cook stuff 'an laff,
An was having the most fun, — I can't tell half,
When all at once there was a knock at the door.
I guess they never heard a knock before,
'Cause they all look scared and held their breth,
An' it got so still, jes' as still as def;
An' the boy knowin' sompin' must be done,
Got into the closet like a shot from a gun —
Yur laffin' like you don't believe it for sure,
An' I jes ain't goin' to tell yer no more.
He may be in the closet yet fer all you know,
An' I won't never, never tell yer, — so.



Rock of Ages

WHY WORRY ?

There are four maids—so says, "They Say,"
Winnifred and Nellie and Keo and May—
Each longing for a man in a pitiful way.

There are four men—some think they know
Tommie and Eva and Artie and Roe,—
Each longing for a maid with pitiful woe.

Now doesn't it look foolish to a reasoner when
The remedy is so easy, with just four maids and four men.



Effect of
Indecision

DETAILS OF FIRST CASE.

Charge read:

"Mr. Harry Early, you, the defendant, are charged with disobeying college rules and making yourself generally obnoxious about the campus."

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

(Early.) "I didn't know —"

(Attorney.) "Say not guilty."

(Early.) "Not guilty."

(Judge.) "The prosecution has the floor."

Pros. Att. What is your name?

Ans. Harry Early.

Ques. How old are you?

Ans. 19 years.

Ques. Where are you from?

Ans. Liscomb.

Ques. Mr. Early, what year were you born?

Ans. In 1883.

Att. (Take note of that.)

Ques. What is your father's name?

Ans. J. H. Early.

Ques. How do you spell that name?

Ans. J-o-h-n-s- or E-a-r-l-y.

Ques. Did his name used to be Johnson?

Ans. No, sir.

Ques. What is your father's occupation?

Ans. He's engaged in practical agriculture.

Ques. Mr. Early, what is your wife's name?

Ans. Huh.

(Bailiff: Say, sir, whack! whack !!)

Ques. Mr. Early, were you ever in love?

Ans. Yes, sir.

Ques. What is love?

Ans. I—er—well—I know but I can't tell.

Ques. Do you have any girl friends at home?

Ans. Yes, sir.

Ques. How many?

Ans. About a dozen.

Ques. Which one do you like the best?

Ans. Bessie Hawk.

- Ques. When did you see her last?
Ans. Last Sunday night.
Ques. What time?
Ans. About three o'clock.
Ques. About three o'clock last Sunday night?
Ans. Well, I suppose you would call it Monday morning.
Ques. You say you left her about three o'clock. Are you quite intimate with that girl?
Ans. No, sir.
Ques. How long have you been calling on her regularly?
Ans. About four years.
Ques. What were your last words when you left her?
Ans. Goodbye ————
Ques. Goodbye what?
Ans. Goodbye, darling.
Ques. Are you in the habit of calling people names?
Ans. She didn't care.
Ques. Did you emphasize that word with your hand?
Ans. Yes, sir.
Ques. Did you emphasize it any other way?
Ans. Yes, sir.
Ques. Get down off the table and show us how you did it.
Just suppose the bailiff were Bessie.

(You'd a-died a-laffin.)

- Ques. Mr. Early, you may now define intimacy for us.
Ans. I, —er— well — I think it must be something like love, but I can't just tell what it is.
Ques. Why did you come here to school, Mr. Early?
Ans. To learn about stock and grain.
Ques. Chiefly live stock?
Ans. Yes, sir.
Ques. A queer kind of live stock. Have you not been quite intimate with the ladies who are taking the short course?
Ans. I treat them as friends.
Ques. Do you think you are being fair to Bessie when you consider your recent actions here at Ames?
Ans. Well, she won't know anything about it.
Ques. Suppose she should hear?
Ans. Well, I — hope — she — don't.

Ques. Where had you been this evening when you joined us?

Ans. Down town.

Ques. What were you doing?

Ans. I had to go.

(Bailliff: Answer these questions. Whack! bang!! whack!!!)

Ques. Where had you been?

Ans. I was down town bowling.

Ques. Who beat?

Ans. I got beaten twice.

Ques. How many times did you win?

Ans. Not any.

(Ten strikes for losing.)



— ANIMAL HUSBANDRY —
No Restrictions As To Sex, COLOR, BIRTH.

Ques. Do you think you were doing right to squander your father's hard earned money in that way?

Ans. He wont know it.

Ques. What will you tell him you did with the money?

Ans. I'll tell him I took dancing lessons.

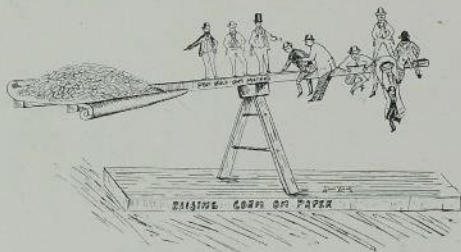
Ques. Tell him what?

Ans. That I took dancing lessons.

Ques. How do you know you can in Ames?

Ans. I saw some fellows taking lessons.

- Ques. How many?
- Ans. Two.
- Ques. Did you hear their names?
- Ans. Yes. One was Rubel and one was Maharg.
- Ques. Well, Mr. Early, there is another point we wish some information on. How many times did you go in and out of the stock pavilion during class this morning?
- Ans. I don't know.
- Ques. As many as five times?
- Ans. Yes, sir.
- Ques. Do you smoke?
- Ans. Yes, sir.
- Ques. Are you in the habit of going about the pavilion with a cigar in your mouth and your hat set on one side.
- Ans. Maybe I did, but I didn't know it was against the rules.
- Ques. What have you learned at Ames?
- Ans. I've learned how to grow corn.
- Ques. Who taught you?
- Ans. Prof. Holden.



- Ques. Have you learned anything else?
- Ans. Well, I s'pose a feller ought to be pretty careful how he acts.

(Pros. Att.: That's all.)

Attorney for defense:

Gentlemen—We do not wish to continue this case further, except in one phase. We are, and we believe the majority of those present are, convinced from the disposition and appearance of the

Sentence:—

Judge: Mr. Early, inasmuch as you have been found guilty of the grave charge brought against you, and in accordance with the recommendation of the jury, I hereby pronounce the following sentence upon you:

1st. You must bowl one game for the assembled crowd. (16lb. shot and sticks of wood and beer bottles.)

2nd. You must discontinue smoking upon the campus.

3rd. You must refrain from wearing a necktie for five days.

4th. You must write a letter to Miss Bessie Hawk, apologizing for your past conduct, and one to your father, telling him you are sorry you squandered his money.

Letter One:

Dear Father—I am awful sorry, but I got with a herd of fellers and went down to town and spent 30 cents boaling. i hoap yew forgive me, and i wont due it any more.

Your repentant son, Harry.

Letter Two:

Dear Bessie—I went out with another girl last nite and i'm so blew i can't help wrighting to yew. i no you will not give me the mitten. i hoap to see yew soon.

from your own loving Harry.

P. S. The S. W. A. K. on the envelope means "sealed with a kiss," and it's the truth.

Harry.

Crowd. Stretch him! stretch him! Y-e-s! y-e-s! y-e-s!
y-e-s!

Early. Oh! I feel weak; it makes a feller dizzy.

Bystander. Well, fellow, would you take ten dollars for what you've gone through?

Early. Well, no, but I don't believe I'd want to go through it again for ten. (Laffin) But say, now, fellers, 'aint I acted the gentleman right straight through?

Crowd. Why, sure.

Judge. Bailiff, swear the prisoner to secrecy.

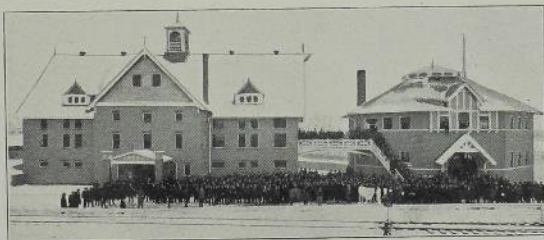
Bailiff. Take hold of this stick.

Mr. Early, do you solemnly swear on your life to keep the proceedings of this meeting and all pertaining thereto secret?

Mr. Early. So help me, John Franklin Cavell.

MORAL.

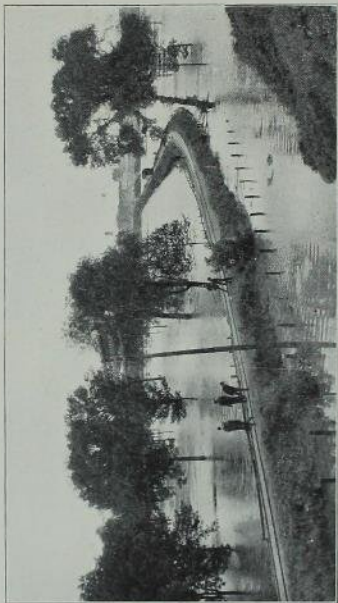
When from home you go, young man,
Be as modest as you can.
Always yield to those in power;
Or you may regret the hour,
When, with spirits glad and free,
You started for old I. S. C.
Some had come ahead of you;
Others came behind you, too.
But, believe me, worthy son,
None had loved as you have done.



IN WINTER



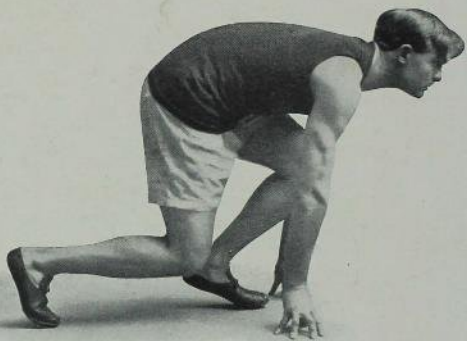
IN AUTUMN

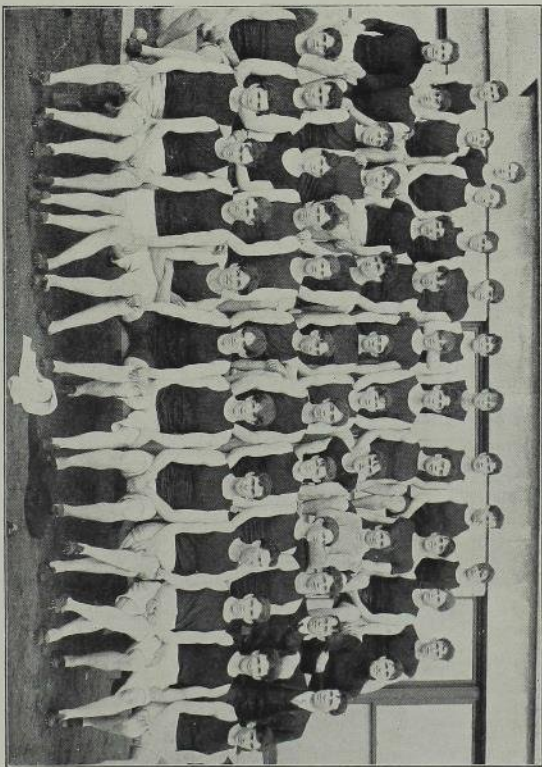


When the spring time comes —!

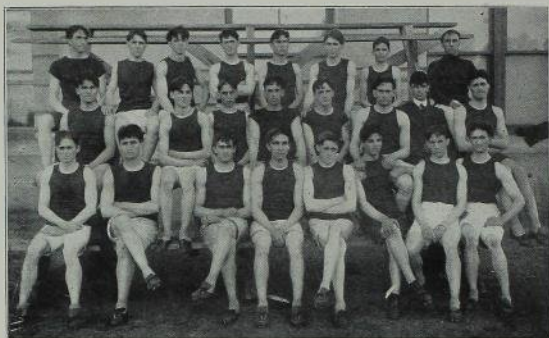
ATHLETICS.





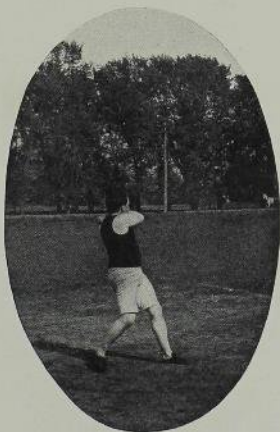


TRACK TEAM.



Home Field Meet April 24, 1903

EVENT	'03	'04	'05	'06	RECORD
100-yd dash			R. Scott, 3rd	{ Busbee, 1st Packer, 2d	10 1-5 sec.
Pole Vault	W. Smith, 1st	Okey, 2nd		Bickel, 3rd	9 ft. 9 in.
16-lb. shot		Eiler, 2nd	{ Mattison, 3rd Fyler, 1st		36 ft. 8 in.
Mile run		Coates, 1st	Warren, 3rd	Heberling, 2nd	4 m. 51 3-5 s.
Broad jump			{ Heisey, 1st Robey, 3rd	Packer, 2nd	20 ft. 7 in.
220-yd dash			Adamson, 2d	{ Thompson, 1st Packer, 3rd	23 3-5 sec.
120-yd hurdle	Kempf, 1st		{ S.R. Smith, 3d Maharg, 2nd		17 3-5 sec.
16-lb. hammer		Eiler, 2nd	{ Jorgensen, 1st Fyler, 3rd		115 ft.
440-yd run		Bevan, 1st	Scott, 3rd	Thompson, 2d	57 2-5 sec.
High jump			{ Mattison, 1st Barrett, 2nd	Lauman, 3rd	5 ft. 3 in.
880-yd run		{ Coates, 1st Ullibari, 3d		Cole, 2nd	2 m. 20 sec.
Discus throw			{ Hook, 2nd Jorgensen, 3rd	Warnock, 1st	101 ft. 10 in.
½-mile relay				1st { Packer, Forsyth, Thompson Busbee,	38 1-2 sec.
220-yd hurdles	Kempf, 1st		{ Guthrie, 2nd Maharg, 3rd		27 sec.
2 mile run		Coates, 1st		{ Austin, 2nd Heberling, 3rd	11 m. 24 2-5s.
1 mile relay		2nd { Wickam, Okey, Ullibari, Bevan,	1st { Ricker, Mahanke, Tener, Scott,		
Total points	15	27	43	37	



Dual Meet with Grinnell May 2, 1903

EVENT	GRINNELL	AMES	RECORD
100-yd dash	Henjou, 3rd	{ Busbee, 1st Adamson, 2nd	11 sec.
Pole Vault	Heald, 2d	{ Smith, 1st Bickel, 3rd	9 ft.
16 lb. shot	{ Fyler, 1st Mattison, 2d Eiler, 3rd	36 ft. 4 in.
Mile run	{ Pingree, 2nd Hinkley, 3rd	Coats, 1st	5 min. 45 sec.
Broad jump	Bair, 1st	{ Packer, 2nd Heisey, 3rd	20 ft. 6 in.
220-yd dash	Templeton, 2nd	{ Thompson, 1st Cave 3rd	24 sec.
120 hurdles	{ Clow, 1st Bair, 2nd	Kempf, 3rd	19 sec.
16 lb. hammer	{ Williams, 1st Jorgenson, 2nd Eiler, 3rd	120 ft. 2 in.
440 yd. run	Evans, 3rd	{ Cave, 1st Hopkins, 2nd	60 2-5 sec.
High jump	Haines, 1st	{ Barrett, 2nd Mattison, 3rd	5 ft. 2 in.
880-yd run	Herren, 2nd	{ Cole, 1st Ullibari, 3rd	2 min. 24 sec.
Discus throw	1st, 2nd and 3rd	{ Conceded to Ames
Mile relay	1st { Denise Jaqua Hinkley Trigg	4 min. 11 sec.
220-yd hurdles	{ Clow, 2nd Bair, 3rd	Kempf, 1st	29 2-5 sec.
2 mile run	Pringle, 2nd	{ Coats, 1st Cotton, 3rd	11 min. 34 sec.
880-yd relay	Won by Grinnell.	1 min. 43 sec.
Points	43	79	



Dual Meet with Drake at Ames, May 15, '03

EVENT	DRAKE	ANES	RECORD
100-yd dash	Barnes, 3rd	R. Scott, 1st Packer, 2nd	10 2-5 sec.
Pole Vault	Chapman, 1st Bunton, 2nd	Smith, 3rd	10 ft. 4 in.
16 lb. shot	Walters, 1st Browning, 3rd	Fyler, 2nd	37 ft. 6 in.
Mile run	Bacon, 2nd	Coates, 1st Austin, 3rd	4 m. 44 2-5 s.
Broad jump	Barnes, 1st Clark, 3rd	Currie, 2nd	21 ft. 2 in.
220-yd dash	Young, 3rd	Busbee, 1st Packer, 2nd	23 2-5 sec.
120-yd hurdles	Chapman, 1st Main, 2nd	Kempf, 3rd	16 2-5 sec.
16-lb. hammer	Burrows, 2nd	Williams, 1st Eiler, 3rd	135 ft.
440-yd. run	Main, 1st Randall, 3rd	Cave, 2nd	54 sec.
High jump	Wall, 1st Peters, 2nd	Barrett, 3rd	5 ft. 3 in.
880-yd run	Jaggard, 1st Thompson, 2nd	Cole, 3rd	2 min. 11 sec.
Discus throw	Walters, 2nd Chapman, 3rd	Cave, 1st	110 ft. 6 in.
1 mile relay		1st Ricker A. Scott Hopkins Cave	3 m. 41 3-5 s.
220-yd hurdles	Main, 1st Clark, 3rd	Kempf, 2nd	26 3-5 sec.
2 mile run	Jaggard, 2nd Sleeper, 3rd	Coates, 1st	11 m. 19 1-5 s.
880-yd relay	1st Chapman Young Main Barnes		1 min. 35 sec.
Total	69	53	





THE GIRLS' GYM.





CHAS. E. BROWN.

CHARLES E. BROWN, known to the sporting fraternity as the "Poet Pitcher," but better to us as "Yank," was born at Prairie City twenty-two years ago. There he fervently admired the skill of Morrison and Clarke, and dreamed of the day when he, too, could win glory in the box.

He learned the rudiments of the game in his home town, but it remained for coaches Hall and Greene to discover and develop his true talent. Ever since coming to us in 1902 he has stood at the head of the pitching force, and this season was the unanimous choice for captain.

But few men have ever come to the institution who have added so much strength to baseball as has "Yank." His remarkable exhibition of speed and control against Drake in 1902, and in the two games with Iowa in 1903 will long be remembered here in the annals of baseball. His equal is not to be found in college baseball circles. His own enthusiasm and love of the sport inspire his men to do their utmost, and his cool head and thorough knowledge of the game give him their confidence and support.

But above all "Yank's" honesty, wholesouled good fellowship and entire devotion to whatever he undertakes make him a universal favorite among his fellow students.



BASEBALL SCHEDULE. Season 1903.

Date.	Game.	Played at.	Ames.	Opp.
April 15	Cedar Rapids League	Ames	8	2
April 20	Des Moines League	Ames	2	10
April 21	Des Moines League	Ames	1	17
April 25	Cornell	Ames	13	0
May 2	Cedar Falls	Ames	7	0
May 15	Grinnell	Grinnell	8	3
May 16	Iowa	Iowa City	5	0
May 18	Cornell	Mt. Vernon	4	10
May 19	Drake University	Ames	5	4
May 22	Iowa	Ames	7	3

EARNEST COTTON, Mgr. "DAD" GREEN, Coach.

NICK-NAMES FOR BASE-BALL TEAM.

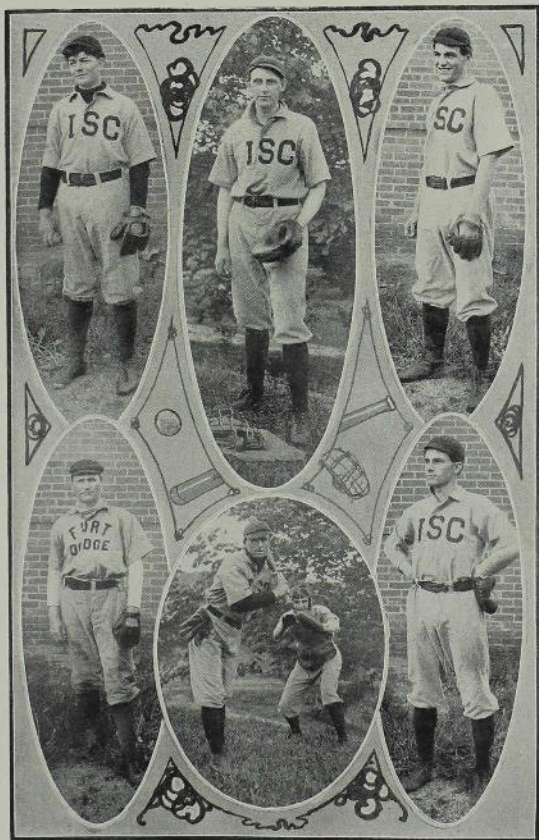
"Yank" Brown	P	"Hello Central."
Reese	P	"Monk."
Cotton	C	"Rip Van Winkle."
Deshler	2 B	"Banana Jim."
Whistler	3 B	"Bennie."
Parsons	S.S.	"Pars."
Smith	R.F.	"Skunk."
Tener	S.S.	"Trotter."
Carrier	R.F.	"Turtle."
Paine	C.F.	"Interurban."
Brunnier	P(Sub.)	"Hank."
Minert	C(Sub.)	"Pigtail" and "Bo," the "Hermit."

"DAD" GREEN.

"Dad" Green, our last year's base-ball coach, will coach our team again this year. His success last season makes all lovers of base-ball look for even better results this year.

"Dad" has played ball for over twenty years, and for the past ten years has been manager or captain of every team on which he has played. His base-ball career began at Millersville, Pa., in 1882. From '83 to '88 he pitched for Sioux Falls, S. Dak., and since that time he has played with Charles City, Elkhart, Ind., Aurora, Ill., Lincoln, Neb., Cherokee, Rock Rapids and Fort Dodge, Iowa.

"Dad" is an A No. 1 coach, and his ability in developing teamwork and strong batters will again place our team at the head of the list.



May 18, 1903.

FRESHMEN VS. SOPHOMORES.

'05.		'06.
Minert	c.	Zirbel
Coffey	p.	Miller
Tener	ss.	Guthrie
Caldwell	1b.	Stickens
Woodman	2b.	Atherton
Cutler	3b.	Brintnell
Leefers	lf.	Pitts
Sifford	cf.	Hauser
Cox	rf.	Cave
4	Score	3

TENNIS.

More interest was taken last spring in tennis than ever before, and the result was that very successful teams, both ladies' and men's, were put in the field. For the ladies, Erma Wiley played singles and Carolyn Gabrilsen and Mae Kennedy played the doubles.

Holbrook and Tellier played singles for the men; also Holbrook and Tellier, and Cutler and Overholser played the doubles. Under the management of "Jimmie" Rowat, tennis, for the first time was made to pay expenses.

At the Home Meet Misses Wiley, Gabrilsen and Kennedy; and Messrs. Holbrook, Tellier, Cutler and Overholser were the winners.

Des Moines College at Des Moines, (April 25.)

Wiley vs. Richardson	6-2, 2-6, 6-2
Gabrilsen-Kennedy vs. Richardson-Besse	6-1, 2-6, 5-7
Holbrook vs. Colvin	6-2, 6-1
Tellier vs. Rice	6-3, 6-2
Holbrook-Tellier vs. Rice and Colvin	6-2, 6-3
Cutler and Overholser vs. Rex and Latimer	6-1, 6-3

Drake at Ames (May 1, 1903.)

Holbrook vs. Coffman	6-1, 6-0
Tellier vs. Morgan	6-2, 6-0
Holbrook-Tellier vs. Morgan-Schulenberger	6-0, 5-7, 6-4
Cutler and Overholser vs. Smith and Ingels	6-0, 6-3

Des Moines College at Ames (May 8, 1903.)

Wiley vs. Richardson	6-2, 6-2
Gabrilsen-Kennedy vs. Richardson-Smalley	2-6, 6-3, 6-4
Holbrook vs. Rice	6-1, 6-0
Tellier vs. Colvin	6-1, 6-3
Holbrook and Tellier vs. Rice and Colvin	6-0, 6-1, 6-4
Cutler and Overholser vs. Rex and Latimer	6-2, 6-1

Drake at Des Moines (May 16, 1903.)

Holbrook vs. Schulenberger	6-1, 6-1
Tellier vs. Jefferson	6-2, 6-1
Holbrook and Tellier vs. Schulenberger and Morgan	6-1, 6-3
Cutler and Overholser vs. Coffman and Ingels	6-1, 6-2

State Tournament at Iowa City (May 23 and 24.)

Singles. (Preliminary.)

Joy (N) vs. Belden (G)	6-2, 6-4
Maxwell (C) vs. Thornburg (P)	6-1, 6-1
Holbrook (A) vs. Maxwell (C)	6-1, 6-2
Bailey (I) vs. Joy (N)	6-1, 6-0

Singles. (Finals.)

Holbrook (A) vs. Bailey (I)	7-5, 6-2, 6-0
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Doubles. (Preliminary.)

Holbrook-Tellier (A) vs. Belden-Blatherwick (G)	6-2, 6-2, 4-6, 6-2
Bailey and Monnett (I) vs. Hoats and Shearer (N)	6-3, 6-3, 6-1
Holbrook-Tellier (A) vs. Howard-Thornburg (P)	6-0, 6-0

Finals. (Doubles.)

Bailey-Monnett (I) vs. Holbrook-Tellier (A)	6-3, 6-2, 6-0
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There are horses — and horses.



P. H. DANIELS

P. H. Daniels, familiarly known here as "Ding," began his football career at Coe College. He was captain and quarter-back there the fall of 1900. The following fall found him at Ames, trying for quarter on the Varsity. Several men were tried at this position, but "Ding" was the only one who was successful. The latter half of the fall of 1902 he was again playing quarter, and at the close of the season was elected captain for 1903.

A large part of the credit for the success of the season of 1903 is due to "Ding." By his cool headedness and good judgment at all times he kept the team from going to pieces at critical moments. The team had perfect confidence in him. If a man fumbled a ball, it was almost invariably his own fault, not "Ding's."

Not once in the three seasons that he has played here has he been compelled to leave a game on account of an injury. To "Ding" belongs the honor of being the first Ames man to ever kick goal from field. Twice during the last season was he successful in this.

The team showed their appreciation of him in re-electing him captain for 1904.



FOOTBALL SCHEDULE, SEASON 1903.

Date	Game	Played at	Ames	Opp.
Sept. 25	Highland Park	Ames	16	0
Oct. 6	Dodge Light Guards	Omaha	18	0
Oct. 10	Minnesota	Minneapolis	0	46
Oct. 17	Coe	Ames	36	5
Oct. 24	Reserves	Ames	18	6
Oct. 31	S. Dakota	Ames	23	0
Nov. 7	Grinnell	Grinnell	41	6
Nov. 14	Simpson	Indianola	11	2
Nov. 20	Cornell	Mt. Vernon	41	0
Nov. 26	Drake	Des Moines	16	0

VARSITY FOOTBALL SQUAD.

FULL BACK

S. B. Scott ✓
D. V. Stoufer

RIGHT HALF BACK

W. A. Tener ✓
J. H. Cave
D. W. Eiler
F. W. Mack
T. Thompson

LEFT HALF BACK

S. S. Nichols
D. W. Eiler and J. S. Coye

QUARTER BACK

P. H. Daniels ✓
W. A. Tener

RIGHT END

M. I. Warden ✓
O. W. Mattison
H. M. Carr

LEFT END

H. O. Tellier
O. W. Mattison
C. E. Scott ✓
H. M. Carr

RIGHT TACKLE

F. Jorgensen ✓
H. M. Smith

LEFT TACKLE

W. Williams
C. E. Henninger
H. M. Smith
P. Goode



RIGHT GUARD

A. R. Buckley
R. A. Lyman
R. W. Bailey
P. Goode

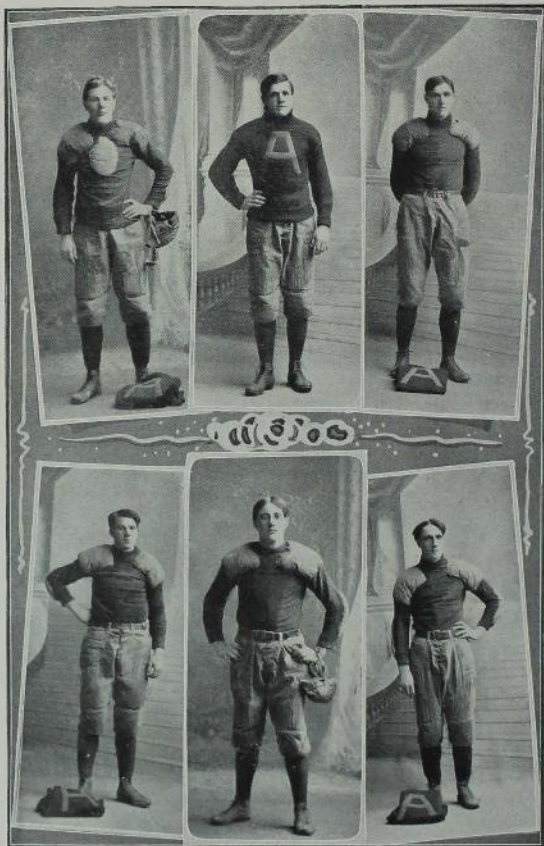
LEFT GUARD

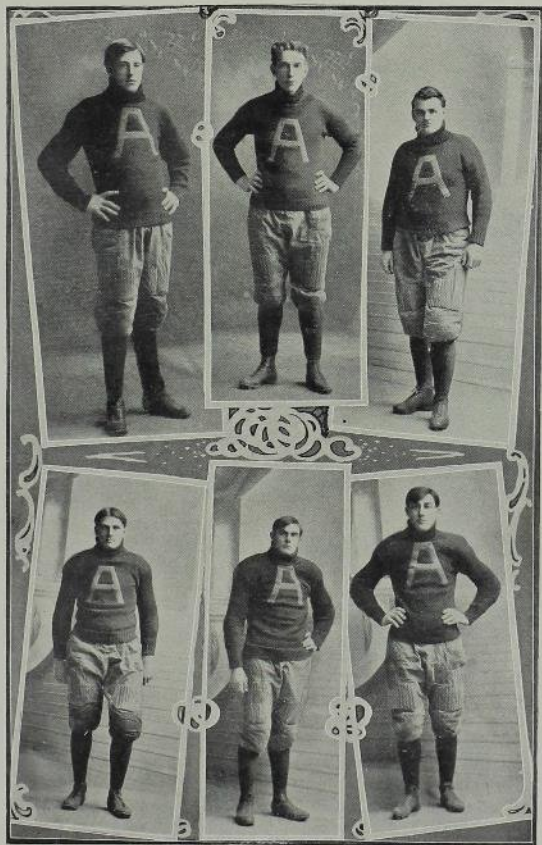
O. M. Ebersole
R. A. Lyman
R. W. Bailey

CENTER

I. A. Dreher
H. M. Smith







ALBERT WELLS RISTINE

Albert Wells Ristine, was born at Ft. Dodge, Iowa, in 1879. He attended the preparatory school at Wabash, Indiana, and while there first showed his proficiency in track athletics and foot-ball. In the fall of '97 he entered Senior class of the West Des Moines High School and played full-back on the eleven that won the State High School championship that year. He was also a member of the track-team that won the State High School Meet in the spring of '98, and took first in several events, including the hurdles and broad jumps.



He entered the mining school at Harvard University in the fall of '98. In his Freshman year he played end on his class team. In his Sophomore year he was sub-end on the 'Varsity eleven, and in his Junior and Senior years played a regular position of half-back on the 'Varsity team. It was during these years that Harvard had the champion team of the country.

Ristine was accounted one of the best all-around half-backs that ever played at Cambridge. In the Yale game of 1900, and in the Pennsylvania game of 1901 he made the longest runs of the day. He was exceedingly fast on his feet, played a heady game, and when once started it was very difficult to tackle him for a down. It was said at Pennsylvania that the only way to stop him was to place three men in front of him and two at his back. This method was occasionally successful.

In track athletics he took a very active part, and in the hurdles and broad jump he won firsts and places at the Inter-collegiate meets, the International games with Oxford and Cambridge, the dual meets with Yale and the Boston A. A. games.

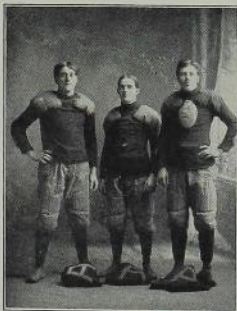
Despite the time devoted to athletics he made a very excellent record as a student, and was one of the most popular men in his class. Mr. Ristine is a member of the Pi Eta Club at Harvard, and of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. At present he is in the employ of a gold mining company, with mines located near Canchero, Chihuahua, Mexico.

FRED A. PIELSTICKER



Fred A. Pielsticker is a resident of Carroll, Iowa. He was left an orphan while very young, and has largely shaped his own career. He entered the E. E. Department of I. S. C. the fall of '99. During 1900 and the spring term of '01 he was not in college, but entered his Sophomore year the fall of '01, and at this time first became identified with college athletics. He acted as assistant football manager till the latter part of the season, when he assumed entire management and performed his duties in a very satisfactory manner.

During the season of '02 the student body was not represented in the management of foot-ball, but the following season, '03, the custom was again adopted, and Mr. Pielsticker was elected student manager. His management of the '03 foot-ball team was in every respect worthy of that team—the best team the present student body has ever seen here.







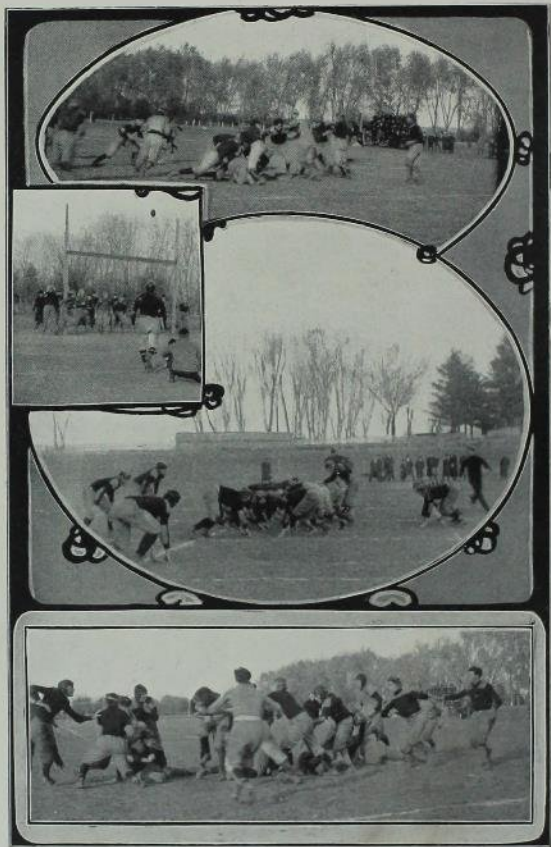
RESERVES SCHEDULE, FALL '03.

Oct. 10 . . . Reserves	11	Des Moines College	0
Oct. 24 . . . Reserves	6	Varsity	18
Nov. 4 . . . Reserves	0	Buena Vista	6
Nov. 6 . . . Reserves	35	Drake's Seconds	0
Nov. 21 . . . Reserves	10	Red Oak	0
Nov. 26 . . . Reserves	10	Ellsworth College	0

CLUB GAMES.

Oct. 24 . . . West Cottage	5	Motor Dodgers	0
Oct. 28 . . . West Cottage	10	Walters	0
Nov. 20 . . . West Cottage	0	Rubel House	6
Nov. 26 . . . West Cottage	0	Jefferson	0
Nov. 26 . . . Rubel House	17	Eagle Grove	0





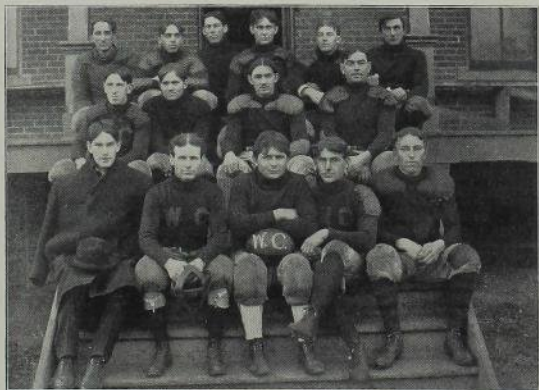


THE RESERVES.

CLUB TEAMS.



CLUB TEAMS.



LINE-UP OF FACULTY TEAM.

Stanton r. e.	Hibbard r. t.
Newens r. g.	Storms c.
Pammel l. g.	Lanphere l. t.
Bennett l. e.	Weems q. b.
Bissell f. b.	Summers l. h. b.
Curtiss r. h. b.	McNeal . Trainer and Surgeon.
Colpitts Mascot	Kennedy Waterboy
Thomas Coach.	Olin Inflator of pigskin.

Adrian Newens hails from Boston. He has spent years in study along oratorical lines, for his highest ambition is to play q. b. on the Faculty Team. However, Coach Thomas says that the peculiar color of his curly hair, naturally adapts him for a place in the line.

Dr. J. B. Weems has sacrificed glory for his love of scientific research. At the opening of the season he was the nimblest q. b. in Iowa, but about October 15th he began to spend his spare moments in examining breakfast foods, and incidentally contracted the breakfast-food habit. He is now utterly useless on the gridiron, for he is as round as an egg. O! See how big he is!

Poor little Georgie Bissell is a living sermon. Cigarettes ended his foot-ball career, and he was put off of the team a physical wreck.

Edgar Stanton has grown up with our school. Nature has endowed him with a pair of the speediest locomotor organs that ever trod our campus. His spectacular end run of 105 yards has won for him immortal fame in the minds of all foot-ball enthusiasts. We regret, however, that "Stantie's" standing in mathematics will not permit him to play next season.

A. "Bud" Storms' gigantic figure gained for him a position on the team before he was well enough known to be trusted, for he was dismissed from the squad for slugging, and will probably never again be honored with a place among our Faculty Huskies.

Alfred A. Bennett plays a heady game, is swift and accurate, but has a very melancholy disposition, and has never been known to crack a joke. During last season's game with Minnesota he was the victim of a sad accident. In a desperate effort to carry the ball across the line he stepped on a mole-hill and was held rigid by the mole-lecular attraction.

Henry Summers was at one time considered the most reliable player on the team. He is now held responsible for the defeat dealt our team by the Drake Faculty; for in a critical moment he failed to act, and Drake won the game on a fumble. It was afterwards learned that Henry had discovered a new bug on the five-yard line.

Foot-ball is certainly an enticing game, for last season Charley Curtiss abandoned his coachers and drag for the gridiron. His accuracy in kicking has rarely, if ever, been equaled in these parts.

Louis Herman Pammel, B. Ag., M. Sc., Ph. D., is a Botanist by trade. Besides being famous in foot-ball circles, he claims to be the discoverer of the Komekio-blub-blub bacillus, the germ which he thinks is responsible for the aroma of brick cheese. He is never allowed to play until after a hard frost, for he is in such harmony with nature that he has been known to allow the tender blades to grow in close proximity to the soles of his shoes.

Benjamin Hibbard can't play football, but there would be an uprising at Margaret Hall were he to be put off the team.

B. S. Lanphere is too well known to need further mention.

Julia Colpitts poses as mascot of the Faculty Team. She has spent so much time with her blue pencil that it is claimed she has neglected her duties as mascot. Some even go so far as to say she is a "Joner," and credit her with the disastrous results of last season's work. She has played sub-center in an emergency.

Dr. McNeal, trainer and surgeon, is an experienced veterinarian, and, excepting an occasional oversight, has served the team admirably. Last season when "Bud" Storms was taken to the hospital with a sprained ankle, it happened that a patient suffering from appendicitis had just been brought in. In his usual eagerness to get to work, Doc got his wires crossed, chloroformed Bud, and went after the supposed troublesome appendix. He learned of his mistake, however, but his cheerful disposition, even in an emergency, was shown on the label which he tied to Bud. The label read, "Opened by mistake."

J. W. Kennedy, waterboy, has his position cinched, for it has never been actually proven that he has furnished the team anything stronger than water.

Coach Benjamin Franklin Thomas took his Janitorial degree at Yale. He is an excellent coach, and could we but keep him another year, we feel certain that he would develop a winning team. He leaves us to accept a position at Madison at a raised salary.

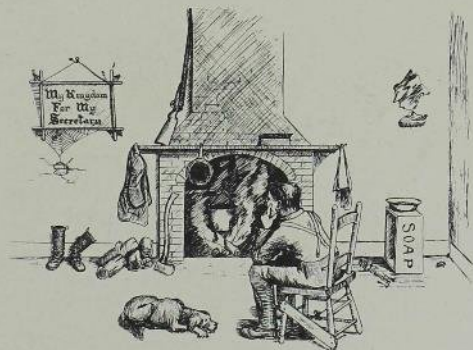
Although Mr. Olin is of unknown origin, Prof. Summers asserts that all biogenic laws go to prove that he received his early training in Kansas. He is probably better equipped for his position than any other man on the team, but will be requested to resign on the grounds of his being the source of an ever increasing expense, for Spaulding has failed to produce a "pig-skin" that will stand the second blast from the Professor's lungs.



THE FUTURE OF THE FOOT-BALL TEAM.



"Red" will devote the remainder of his life to his favorite branch of Engineering,—*Roads and Pavements*.



"Buck": "If, during my football popularity I had only had the nerve, things might have been _____"

THE FUTURE OF THE FOOT-BALL TEAM.

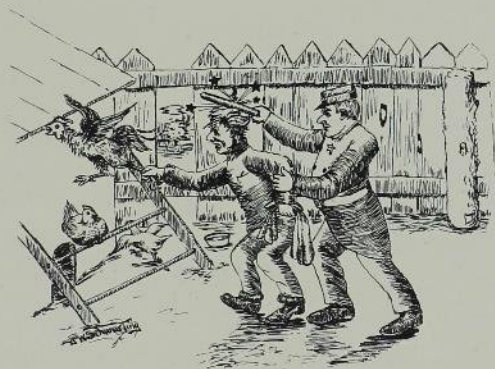


"Dad": "After much experimenting, I have come to the conclusion that Prof. Olin was right when he said: 'I believe *hot air* is the most practicable motive power for farm machinery.'"



"Jorgie": (bound for the Klondike) "I am so happy!"

THE FUTURE OF THE FOOT-BALL TEAM.



Mattie is heavily penalized for fowl tackling.



Hadley was always strong on the defense.

THE FUTURE OF THE FOOT-BALL TEAM.



"Paddie": "Of all my college training, nothing so fitted me for my life's work as foot-ball."

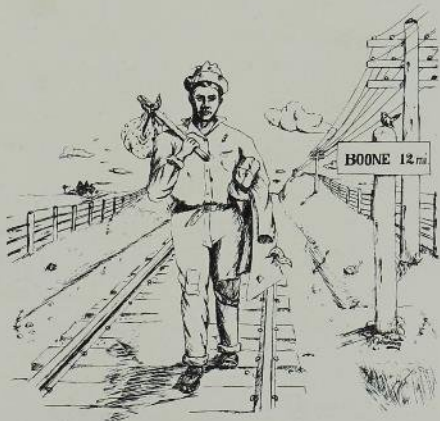


"Papa Dreher": "Now, Ikey, Jr., you pass the ball to Johnny, and Louise if he fumbles, you fall on it and punt to papa."

THE FUTURE OF THE FOOT-BALL TEAM.



"Fat" has secured a lucrative position with Ringling Brothers.



"Archie" has given up foot-ball, but still keeps up his track work.

THE FUTURE OF THE FOOT-BALL TEAM.



"'Dannie' is small, but could always be depended upon in the back field."

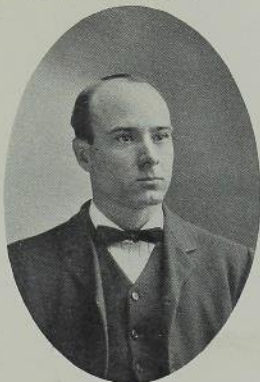


"'Eben' frequently indulges in a line smash."

Grinnell, Iowa, Feb. 20, 1904.

William Marsh was born in Worcester, Mass., about thirty-four years ago. In his tender years he attended the public schools there, but through misfortune, William, in his early teens, was thrown upon his own resources. He left Worcester for Boston, and commenced to speculate in the fish business—hence his nick-name, "Fish." While thus engaged he took to, and showed a natural ability for, athletics.

His first professional appearance was at Albany, N. Y., in the Caledonian games. His success and performances there warranted him a place in the line of the greatest athletes of his country. As an all-around athlete, I say without fear of contradiction, that William Marsh is today without a peer. He holds several world's records, and I know of no other athlete in America who has won as many prizes at Caledonian games as has William Marsh. He is a good sprinter, an excellent hurdler, and a champion jumper. With such all-around ability; and long professional experience, at home and abroad, I, without hesitation, place William Marsh as one of the best trainers in America.



WM. MARSH

JOHN P. WATSON,

Physical and Athletic Director,
Iowa College.



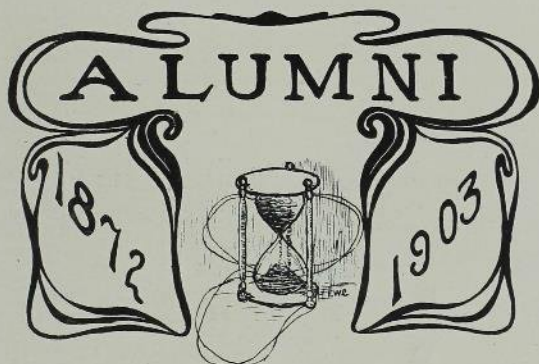
BASKET BALL.

November 10, 1903.

Senior and Sophomore.		Junior and Freshmen.	
Miss Wilson (c)	h		Miss Leonard
Miss Terrill	l. f.		Miss Zimmerman
Miss Stevens	r. f.		(c) Miss Milnes
Miss Prime	c.		Miss Gillette
Miss Starr	r. g.		Miss Smith
Miss Taggart	l. g.		Miss Walters
Miss Koch	g. g.		Miss Pettinger
19	Score		22

May 2, 1903.

Ames;		Boone High School.	
Miss Milnes	h.		Miss Hartman
Miss Stevens	l. f.		Miss Crary
Miss Wilson	r. f.		Miss Hartman
Miss De Klotz	c.		Miss Sager
Miss Taggart	l. b. c.		Miss Holcomb
Miss Koch	r. g.		Miss Ringland
Miss Armstrong	l. g.		Miss Wetzel
Miss Smith	g. g.		Miss Holcomb
9	Score		11



ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

IOWA STATE COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

President—George W. Catt, '82.
Secretary—Miss Annie W. Fleming, '94.
Treasurer—Herman Knapp, '83.
Historian—Mrs. Winifred (Dudley) Shaw, '76.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

President—George W. Catt, '82.
Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Mary (Nichols) Cox, '91.

WASHINGTON ASSOCIATION.

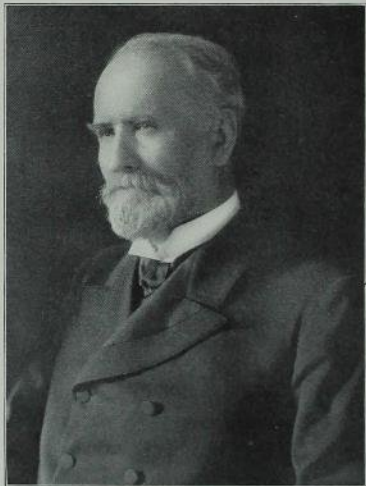
Honorary President—Hon. James Wilson.
President—George M. Rommel, '99.
Secretary and Treasurer—J. S. Chamberlain, '92.

CHICAGO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

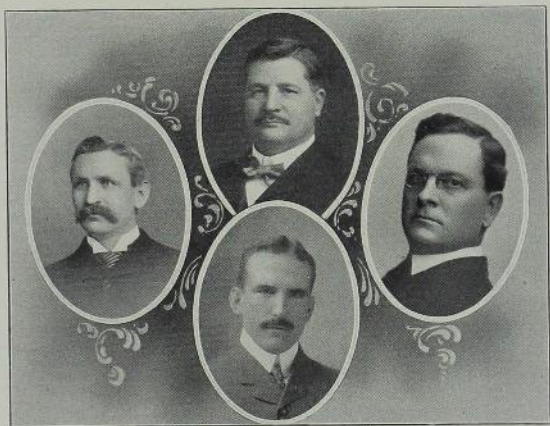
President—S. H. Hedges, '86.
Secretary and Treasurer—J. E. Van Liew, '01.

DES MOINES ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

President—A. U. Quint.
Secretary and Treasurer—



HON. JAMES WILSON,
Secretary of Agriculture.



GEO. W. CATT.

A. U. QUINT
GEO. M. ROMMEL.

S. H. HEDGES.

YEAR.																					
'69	'70	'71	'72	'73	'74	'75	'76	'77	'78	'79	'80	'81	'82	'83	'84	'85	'86	'87	'88		
9	9	10	18	17	18	17	24	24	23	20	23	23	23	282	315	215	306	305	293	265	
No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	No. Faculty	
192	198	220	263	263	295	277	241	260	275	284	263	226	282	315	215	306	305	293	265	No. students	
No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates	No. graduates
26	26	26	15	19	19	20	21	22	21	21	18	20	25	29	32	35	24	38	37	No. graduates	

YEAR.															
'89	'90	'91	'92	'93	'94	'95	'96	'97	'98	'99	'99-00	1900-01	'10-01	'10-02	'02-03
26	25	34	39	43	42	42	51	57	62	65	69	71	84	Faculty	General Science and Agriculture
114	103	8	42	59	51	45	44	49	126	143	174	216	255	No. Agricultural students	No. Science students
43	53	165	149	181	176	198	196	185	137	137	89	148	82	No. Ladies G. and D. S. students	No. Engineering students
66	82	128	179	159	157	143	135	137	186	200	290	378	426	No. Veterinary students	No. Special students
23	32	33	34	26	12	9	7	8	34	48	46	55	48	No. Dairy students	No. Preparatory students
38	35	39	71	75	93	87	90	75	106	110	165	147	103	No. Short Course students	Total No. students
284	336	425	547	620	578	556	543	547	896	930	1,293	1,568	1,672	No. Graduates	Total No. students
43	38	39	56	55	62	69	48	56	85	44	27	65	69	No. Graduates	Total No. students

CONCISE HISTORY OF I. S. C.

- 1858 The bill for the establishment of I. A. C. passed by the General Assembly.
- 1859 Site for establishing the college purchased.
- 1860 An attempt was made to repeal the act providing for the establishment of the college and was defeated largely through efforts of Hon. B. F. Gue.
- 1861 Two of farm buildings were erected.
- 1862 Acceptance of land grants by congress.
- 1864 Effort made to incorporate I.A. C. with S.U.I. Work begun on Old Main.
- 1865 More farm buildings erected.
- 1868 Election of President A. S. Welch.
- 1869 Formal dedication of I. A. C. and inauguration of President Welch. Work begun in earnest.
- 1870 North farm of 190 acres purchased for \$5,200. \$4,600 paid out by the college for labor to students.
- 1871 Course in "household economy" outlined for ladies. Clios organize.
- 1872 First commencement held in West House, down town; 26 graduates. Croquet leading game. Front piazza set aside for ladies only. Gentlemen required to enter Main Building through back door. Chapel roll-book kept. Junior Trot launched.
- 1873 E. W. Stanton became mathematical pilot. Naming of classes started. First appearance of "Aurora" issued by the four societies. Oyster suppers became epidemic among classes.
- 1874 First sham battle. A class in telegraphy organized.
- 1875 First appearance of the "Progressive Farmer." Chemistry building completed. Bachelors challenge Crescents for spelling match.
- 1876 Burial of '76 class rock. "Stand up" collars introduced into college. Establishment of college printing-press.
- 1877 The B. & M. air line in successful operation. Lightning struck flag-staff on south tower.
- 1878 Stanty made full prof. "College Quarterly" started. Football makes its first appearance. Y. M. & Y. W. C. A.

- organized. College military company given first place in procession at Soldiers' Reunion at Des Moines. Horticultural laboratory built.
- 1879 Departments of zoology and geology established. An attempt made to do away with "mock trials." Cadets and band visit State Fair. Anti-slang association formed by ladies.
- 1880 Quarters were built. Freshmen alone required to engage in unproductive labor.
- 1881 North Hall built to be used by botanical, veterinary and agricultural departments. College baseball team defeats down town team; great rejoicing over victory.
- 1882 Two proctors appointed to take care of Main. Cyclone visits college; did damage to extent of \$30,000.
- 1883 Col. John Scott succeeded Gen. Geddes in military department. Volunteer fire department organized.
- 1884 Compulsory student labor abandoned. Gen. Lincoln enters military chair. McHenry of I. A. C. wins State oratorical contest. Baseball association organized. Attempt made but failed to build a "gym." The "Vets," "Ags" and Engineers organize societies. President's office, Old Engineering Hall and "Vet" barn built. Paper known as "Students' Farm Journal" published. Prof. Knapp retires from presidency.
- 1885 Leigh Hunt becomes president. Herman Knapp filled chair of professor of agriculture during his father's absence. Professor Bennett comes as head of department of chemistry. Senior class leaves school for a week, the result of some difficulty with president. Home oratorical contest started.
- 1886 The gym, partially erected by students, sold to pay debt. Pres. Hunt resigned and W. J. Chamberlain elected to presidency. Broom brigade organized.
- 1887 Students required to register at president's office before going down town. Death of General Geddes. Professor Wynn resigned—considered great loss. Chapel exercises changed from 5:15 to 7:00 o'clock.
- 1888 Freshmen and Sophomores engage in "picture scrap." Juniors wear "plug hats." Experiment Station building completed. Welch Electric Society organized. Faction in senior class results in absence of class day exercises.

- 1889 Death of President Welch. Professor Pammel comes "well recommended" to take charge of botanical department. "Pass," "credit," "honor" system instituted to discourage the mere working for marks. I. A. C. athletic association formed. Trustees entertain seniors and are read to sleep.
- 1890 Miss Doolittle takes charge of English and Latin. State Legislature grants I. A. C. \$55,000. "Sub-Freshman" course outlined for benefit of "ambitious preps." Tennis becomes a very popular game. Trustees appropriate \$25 for athletics! I. A. C. wins five points at State Meet. Enrollment, 325. The number of meals on Sunday increased from 2 to 3. Daily inspection of bed rooms and donakers at 7:30 a. m. by Gen. Lincoln and his military officers again came into vogue. Morrell Hall completed at cost of \$35,000. As result of the thesis of Davidson and Bramhall, on an electrical railroad between Ames and College, a stock company was organized, and it was decided to build the famous motor line.
- 1891 Dr. Beardshear succeeds President Chamberlain. Frats abolished. "Tama Jim" comes to fill chair of agriculture. Motor line completed. Another picture scrap instigated. College colors chosen; silver represents the engineers, yellow the "ags" and black the "vets." This was year of "P2" affair.
- 1892 Silver bat came to I. A. C. An aid society of Sophomore girls mend coats for their "braves." Majors both claim victory in a memorable sham battle. Year noted for its numerous receptions.
- 1893 Cadets visit World's Fair. Special preparation drill at 5 a. m. daily. The engineer society publish first copy of the "Iowa Engineer." First Bomb published by "Gourds" of '94. Agricultural Hall built at cost of \$50,000. "Military sessions" were very frequent. Baseball flourished.
- 1894 Welchmen create a sensation and arouse anger of Bachelors by their audacity in holding a session with Clios. \$79,000 secured from legislature. Purchase of Parry Herbarium. First debate with State Normal. Pythians organize. Seniors and Juniors partake of good things intended for

- Sophomore-Freshman banquet, but show their liberality by entertaining the speakers of the occasion. Athletic park surveyed and laid out. Students camp out while Main undergoes repairs.
- 1895 Professors Weems and McKay make their appearance. Sophomores assume responsibility of advertising first Freshman class meeting. I. A. C. Co-eds win doubles at State Tennis Tournament. Pipe organ placed in chapel. Formation of "Liar's Association." Girls move into Margaret Hall (poor boys). Dr. Harriman appears as most scientific locator of trouble. Champion foot-ball team of State. Northwestern University defeated. College closed a week early on account of lack of water supply.
- 1896 Professor Newens takes charge of department of elocution. Weekly receptions given by girls at Hall. Professor Resler and wife came to liven things up in musical department. Greenhouse completed. Bachelor-Cliolian banquet recognized as climax of social events.
- 1897 Water Tower completed. Deep well sunk. Forge and foundry shops built. "Paddling" becomes popular as means of initiation. Ladies become proficient in sewing.
- 1898 Carpenter shop built. Sheep barns erected. Extension and completion of sewage system. One more year added to engineering course. School year changed so as to commence in September.
- 1899 Instituting of monogram system in athletics. Completion of Campanile. Organization of Debating League and Oratorical Association. Pammel, Etcetera, go to "the Ledges" for a day's outing.
- 1900 Stock pavilion and horse barn built. Engineering Hall started. Burning of Main Building. I. S. C. receives writeup in Chicago Tribune. Emergency Hall erected.
- 1901 Experimental barn burns; loss \$13,000. First Excursion Day. Fever epidemic breaks out at college. Burial of '03 "scarecrow." Ag's hold first picnic. Sphoor trophy won.
- 1902 Large appropriation received from legislature. Freshman hold their banquet under difficulties. Memorable special chapel. Death of Dr. Beardshear. "Iowa Agriculturist"

first published. Some few students get hungry for watermelon—Farmer "J." gives chase. Prof. Stanton becomes Acting President.

1903 Dr. Storms elected President. Engineering Hall dedicated. Y. M. & Y. W. C. A. make efforts to raise money for erection of building; efforts very successful—building assured. Chemistry building remodeled. New experiment barn and pavilion built. Farm mechanics department established and new addition built to Agricultural Hall.

1904. Frats re-established. Oak furnishings installed in Agricultural Hall. Wreck on the Dinkey line. Foundation for new Main Building completed.



THE ALUMNI--A RETROSPECT.

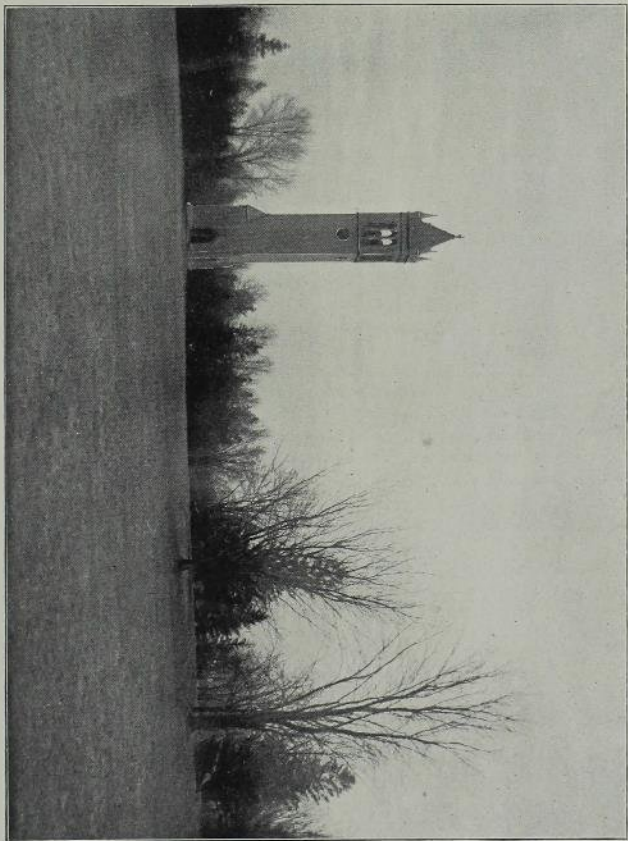
May was nearly over. The campus had never looked more beautiful. The sun scattered its last beams of brilliant light among the green tree-tops and against the face of the stately Campanile, then sank in a bank of fire. A few birds spoke to each other in the pines and then were still with the closing of the day. In their places came the freshly awakened crickets with their monotonous chirping. Nature was brooding over the end of a perfect day. A soft breeze from the south soon added its cooling effect to that of the ever-present green.

It all carried him back into the past; the past held many things he did not see before him now, and the present boasted much that was new and grand; but a sense of personal interest and good comradeship came back unchanged. Many a time had he pushed back the cares and problems of the strenuous life with a gesture of remonstrance, and had returned in loving thought to the joys of those four years that followed the christening of him "prep."

To her, also, the evening breezes brought a train of rehabilitated memories. The day had been one of pleasure in renewing of old acquaintances and the gaining of new. But tonight the glamour of the day had worn away and had left the oft-felt regret that the spirit of student life was not always reflected in the world without.

The flag that pulled gently at the top of the staff added also its share of memory, and long rows of blue stood at salute as it slowly sank to earth to the accompaniment of "The Star-Spangled Banner." All paths lead to the Campanile now, and thus they found themselves at its broad base. And there they found their speech, which neither had cared to use before.

Was her G. and D. S. a winning proposition? Had her husband condescended to live on the first baking in recognition of the collegiate training? Yes, he remembered that she used to make good fudges, but the other stuff was in the college course, you know. Was there not a bit of history connected with her fudges? Let's see, had she not been overheard to tell a certain fellow to let down a box outside her window from his room on the fourth floor, when things got quiet for the night, and there might be some fudges stray therein. If he remembered correctly, the fudges strayed in—to the other fellow's box—yes, she could make good fudges. And the first



man had let down his box, too, but, alas—too late. The goods were gone. But there had been a sequel, he would admit. He intended to propitiate, but his memory served him false. His box of sweetmeats had gone down in front of the wrong window and—well, he got an A₂ on the next essay, anyway.

And thus the four years were lived again. The shades of night have stolen in from the prairies, and the echoing bells above their heads have given notice of the lateness of the hour. Their friends will wonder. A day well spent? Aye. The fact of college friendship is a more potent thing than the commercial friendship of the present day. Here character formation becomes more potent still, for upon the alumni depends the fair fame of our institution. It is well that such take one day each year to place themselves again in touch with their alma mater. It places ambition in the breasts of many a prep. and senior to see, in the flesh, one who has grappled with the mighty 'calc' and gone forth to attain success in the years that followed.

O, reader, our institution expects us to develop that type of manhood, womanhood and scholarship which shall make the alumni of the future, as it has been in the past, a visible influence throughout our land, a gulf stream, its source in the heart of our institution, spreading its warming, brightening influence to all with whom it comes in contact.



THE USES OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

Parents and prospective students have frequently asked the question: "Does a college education pay?" The question is now almost universally answered in the affirmative. There are many "self-made" men who assert that a college training is not advisable and who point to their own eminent success as proof. It is noteworthy, however, that these same men send their sons to college. It is a well recognized fact today, that college men advance more rapidly in business than those who have not had the college experience.

There is another question which is frequently propounded: "Is a college education essential to the highest success in life?" The highest walks in life are in great measure filled by men who have not had college educations, and yet who are successful in all that measures success—fame, power, money, happiness. The fact, therefore, is that success is by no means dependent upon college training. Nor are those "self-made" men correct who argue against the advisability of a college course because such a very great majority of successful men are not college bred. The criterion is not whether the great majority of successful men are college men, but whether the great majority of college men are successful. It is a fact that of all men not having a college training a very small percentage are what we call successful; it is also a fact that of all college men a very small percentage are not successful. This circumstance should establish the fact that college education is efficient. While, therefore, it cannot be said that a college training is essential to the highest success in life, it is true that it insures high success within a very narrow margin.

The elements which the college contributes toward success in life are principally two, training and preparation. The college is a recruiting ground where the student, like the military commander, drills and trains the raw material, teaching thoroughness, care, patience, perseverance, optimism. It also inculcates loyalty akin to the patriotism of the soldier. Here the student learns to marshal his resources of mind, heart and physique for the alliances and the wars of life; for business is warfare and he must know how to negotiate treaties of alliance, as well as promulgate declarations of war. Business men are coming more and more to recog-

nize the fact that college bred men, due to the teachings of class spirit and pride in *alma mater*, attach themselves to the business enterprises with which they affiliate more loyally than non-college men.

Not only does the college train the student's powers in this general and abstract way, but, if he is fortunate enough to have chosen his life task, it prepares him specifically and concretely for his selected work. In law, medicine, engineering, colleges have advanced far in this work of preparation; but as to the great business pursuits, the college lends little or no specific preparation.

Unfortunately, colleges as yet do not assist the student in choosing a vocation; they deal with the students *en masse*, as does the orator with his audience, instead of dealing with them individually as does the physician with his patient. Some day the college will diagnose the case of each student during the early years of his course and recommend the pursuit to which his native powers best adapt him.

Having secured at college the training, and perchance, the preparation, and, of lesser importance, the diploma, what shall the graduate do?

The college trains the man for his work, but tells him not one word as how best to enter upon that work. Some philanthropist should endow a chair of "Business Opportunity," the duty of which should be to teach the student the business conditions surrounding his chosen vocation, so that he may with intelligence determine where best to seek an entry into that vocation, and how to deport himself in so doing.

It might, for instance, teach the student a few of the practical rules of conduct which experience has shown are most conducive to rapid advancement. Some of these might run as follows:

Be meek and modest, though dignified.

Work diligently, be cheerful and optimistic.

Don't parade your diploma.

The young college graduate is apt to overestimate the importance of his diploma. A college does not fit a man to become at once a leader among men. It merely gives him a foundation upon which he may rear rapidly and firmly his edifice, if he but observe the laws of human nature, which are as exacting as the laws of mechanics and the laws of gravitation. All the world hates an

egotist. Therefore be meek and modest. This does not mean that you should be "umble" like Uriah Heep. It means that you should be a self-respecting, self-reliant man, but that you should not brag about what you are, have done, or expect to do.

Most of the employers of men are those who are pleased to style themselves "self-made," and most of your fellow-employees will be non-college men. Any actions, therefore, which imply an assumed superiority because of your more fortunate college opportunity will make you unpopular with your fellow-employees, and may make your immediate superiors attempt to throttle your advancement. Therefore be meek and be modest.

Work diligently at whatever task is assigned you; beware of false pride. Never assume that any task is too slight or insignificant to be well done. It is the men who do the little unimportant things well who get the opportunity to do the great things. Be cheerful at your work; it will make you happy and all those around you. It will also produce good work. Those who know will tell you that the secret of success is to love your work. Be optimistic; believe in your future, no matter how dark the present, or how unfruitful the past. Believe in yourself, and that you can accomplish what you plan. Always think, not so much what you are doing to-day, as what it will lead you to do ten years hence.

Do not conceal the fact that you have a diploma, but to do not parade that fact. If you can forget that you have a diploma for five years, you will find that it has been greatly enhanced in the interval of rest. It is now being urged that the diploma should be withheld from the engineering graduate, until he has had several years of practical experience, and has demonstrated his fitness for the diploma by showing that he can apply in practice the theory he has learned.

In seeking an opening in his chosen vocation, the graduate should bear in mind that that position is, all things considered, most desirable which is nearest the state of proprietorship. First in order of desirability is proprietorship, second, a commanding position with a comparatively small but promising enterprise, and least desirable a position with a large industrial corporation. It is, of course, most difficult to establish oneself as a proprietor; it is more difficult to secure and fill a commanding position in a small company, as, for instance, the head of the sales department, the

engineering department or the manufacturing department, of a manufacturing enterprise, than to fill an available position in a large company, as, for instance, one of a large number of assistants in a department. It is better to link one's fortune with a growing small concern than with a fully grown large concern. If one enters the employ of a large industrial company he becomes, as it were, but one of the cogs in one of the many wheels of the great industrial machine. If he enters a smaller enterprise he may become one of the fewer wheels of the lesser machine. In a large company one must advance slowly in order of precedence, like the officers of the army. He must advance in great measure by displacing others. A small company always grows from the bottom, and one is advanced by being lifted from beneath without displacing anyone. For instance, assume that the graduate becomes the sales manager of a small company. As the business grows, he gets an assistant, then two, three, etc. In time the department is divided into a domestic and foreign branch; his assistants become chiefs of these branches while he remains head of the entire department. Later these branches are divided and again subdivided, and with each growth he ascends higher in the scale of responsibility and remuneration, and eventually becomes a proprietor. If, on the other hand, he enters one of the departments of a huge corporation, his chances of reaching a position of the same importance are very remote, first, because of the great number holding precedence, and second, because his training will not be such as to qualify him to hold such a position. In the large company he becomes like a microscope, mastering some few details and knowing nothing of the great general policies of the business. With the small company he becomes like a telescope, viewing the perspective, being removed farther and farther from the details as the business grows, but always studying the general policies of the business; his powers grow and enlarge with the business, so that promotion does not bring to him new tasks, but merely the familiar tasks, but of larger magnitude and importance. Moreover, the captains of large industrial enterprises are often recruited from the men who have successfully handled the smaller enterprises. What has been said of the sales manager is equally true of the factory employee, the engineer, the lawyer.

Proprietorship should be the goal of every graduate. How to attain the goal is the life task to be wrought each man for himself in his own way.

The chair of "Business Opportunity" should teach the student these and a thousand other things relating to his selected vocation. In the absence of such advice, each student must learn these practical matters by experience and observation. But by all means let him have an object in view; do not drift. As soon as he has graduated, let him get his bearings, decide upon what he wants, and then deliberately set about getting it, directly if possible, by a roundabout method if necessary; but let him have a definite aim and concentrate his efforts to its attainment.

W. CLYDE JONES, '91.



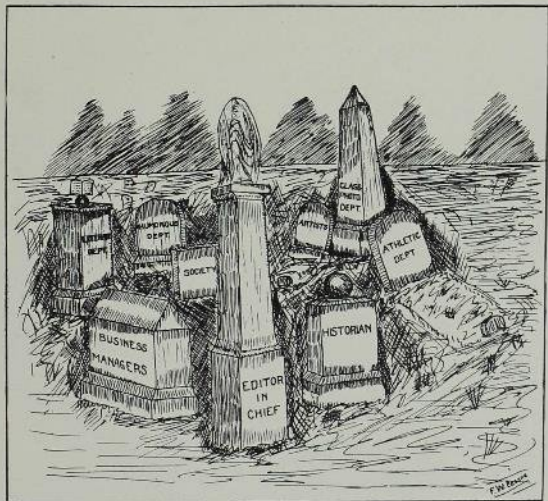
L' ENVOI.

(WITH DUE APOLOGIES TO RUDYARD KIPLING.)

When the Bomb's last tale has been written, and the artist's last
line has been penned,
When the very last roast has been finished, each roasted, be he
enemy or friend,
We shall rest,—and faith we shall need it,—just sleep for a day
and then some.
And wait, wait with fear and trembling, for the time when the
Naught Five Bombs come.

Then those who are roasted will be angry, and those who are not
will be mad.
Each will laugh at the other's misfortune. That roast—well, it
wasn't bad;
But his own—it's a lie, it's treason, to publish a joke on him.
But he'll laugh at the joke on another, till his eyes with tears are
dim.

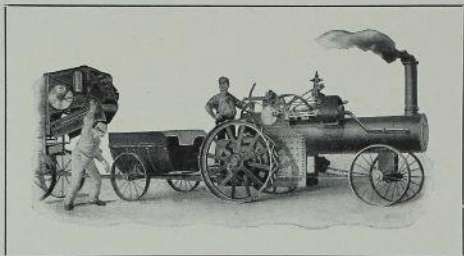
We shall listen when kind words are uttered, pay no heed if they
speak words of blame;
For the Bomb Board has not worked for money; we have not worked
for money or fame.
We have worked for the joy of working, each in his place a star.
We have told every thing we have heard of, told them all just as
they are.





Mark Twain says that no book is complete without some weather. For the convenience of our readers, we herewith present the weather of the Naught Five Bomb in a concentrated form.





THE PARSONS BAND CUTTER & SELF FEEDER CO.

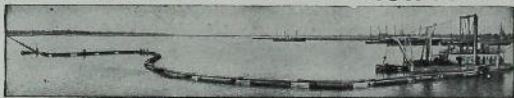
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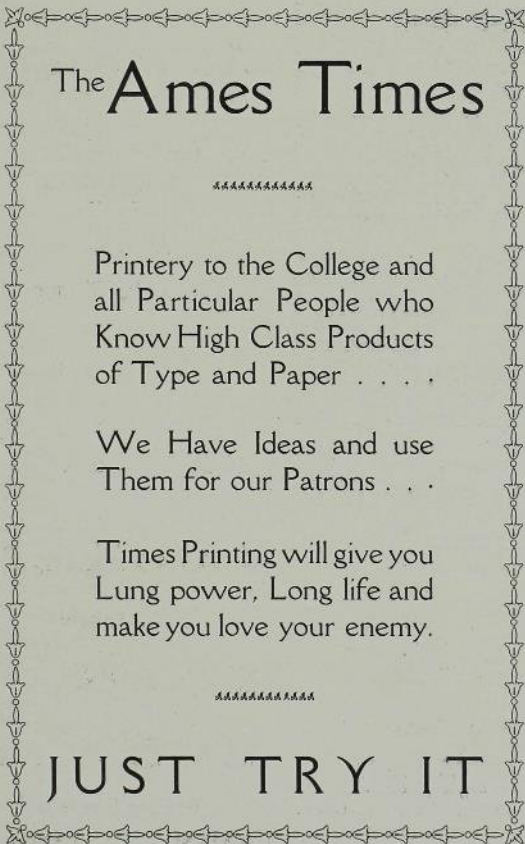
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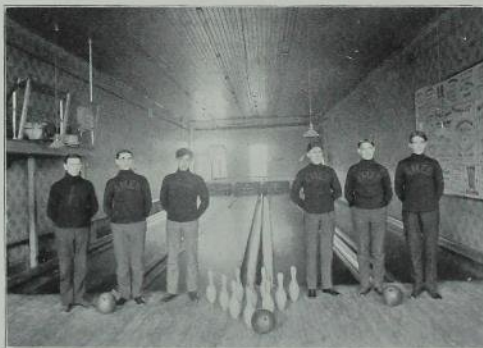
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