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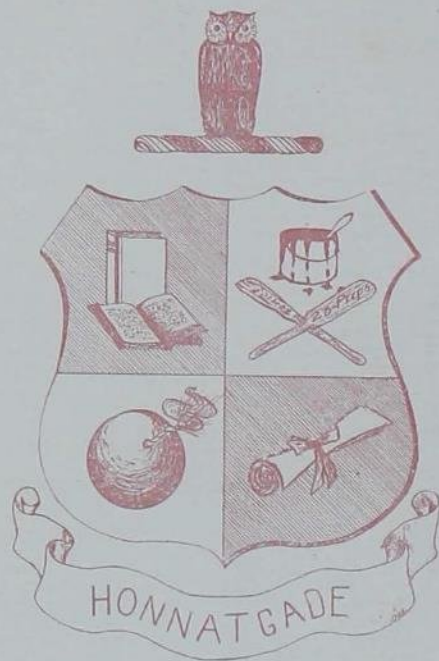
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THE BOMB

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Junior Class of
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Volume fifteen



1909

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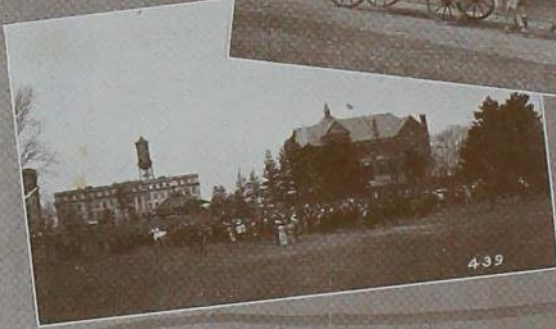
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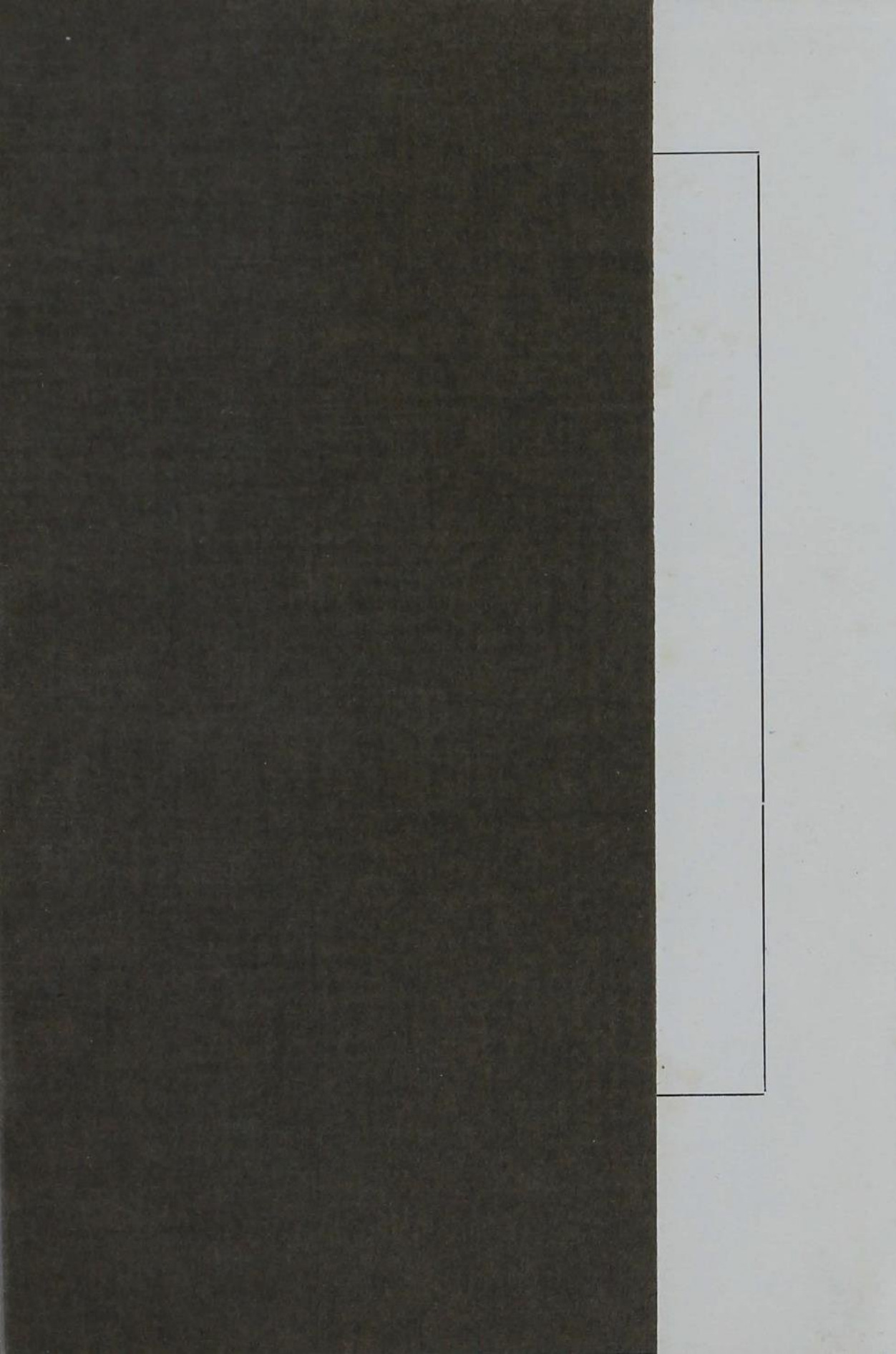


PROLOGUE

*Once more the year of school draws to a close,—
Right kindly, Fortune, patroness of worth
Has dealt with us, and many are the joys
In this brief span, yet, care, with sombre eye
And leaden feet, has stalked among our throng,
Bestowing sleepless nights and gloomy days,
When hearts with stifling aspirations throbbed.
And fleeting time
Has seen a fevered group in toil far spent,
Endeavoring to tell as best they might
Its glories and defeats. Within this book
They've placed the deeds of those whose brain and brawn
Have caused the names of class and school to rise
In cheers, prolonged and loud.
Anon they've roam'd the fields
Of gossip, reaping figs of thorns and grapes
Of thistles,—flavored as grew:—But think,
When jeers assail thy puckered face, doth taste
In fruits recline, or rest in thine own tongue?
Good speed, then, Naught Nine Bomb.—In bursting may
You show the true aspects of college life
At I. S. C. Let wrong result to none
But him who thinks the wrong!*

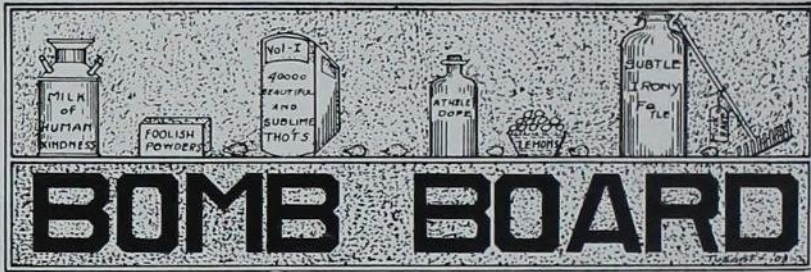


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TO DOCTOR SAMUEL
WALKER BEYER, IN
APPRECIATION OF THE
SPLENDID TYPE OF
SCHOLARSHIP AND
MANHOOD WHICH HE
REPRESENTS, THIS
BOOK IS DEDICATED BY
THE CLASS OF 1909.



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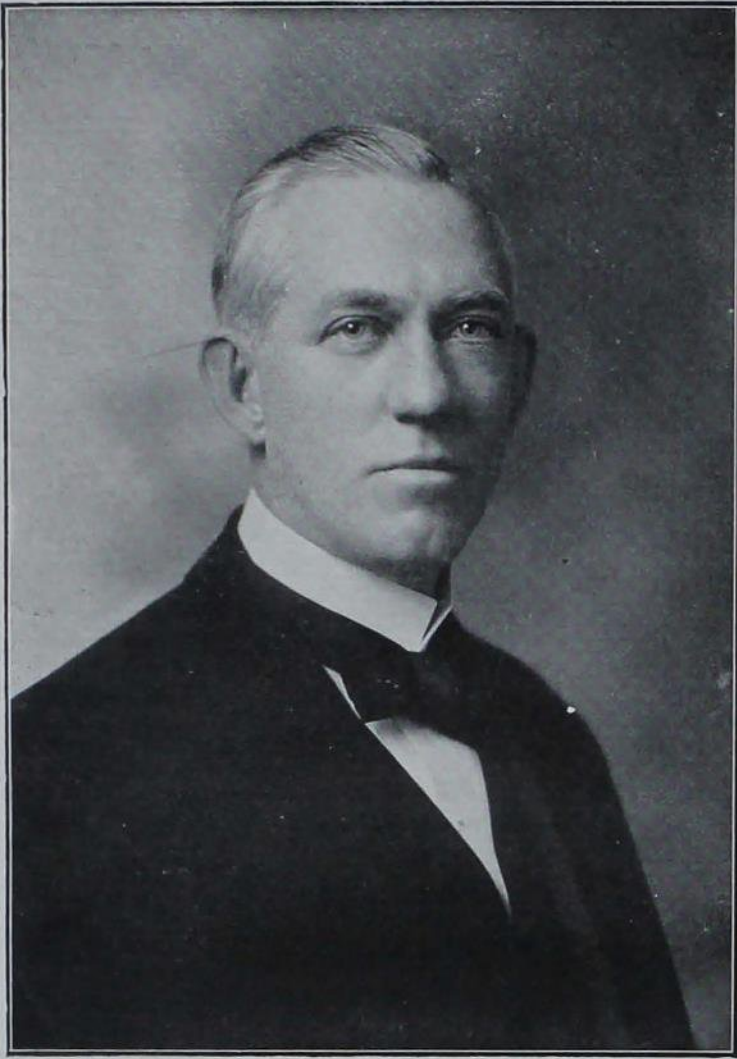
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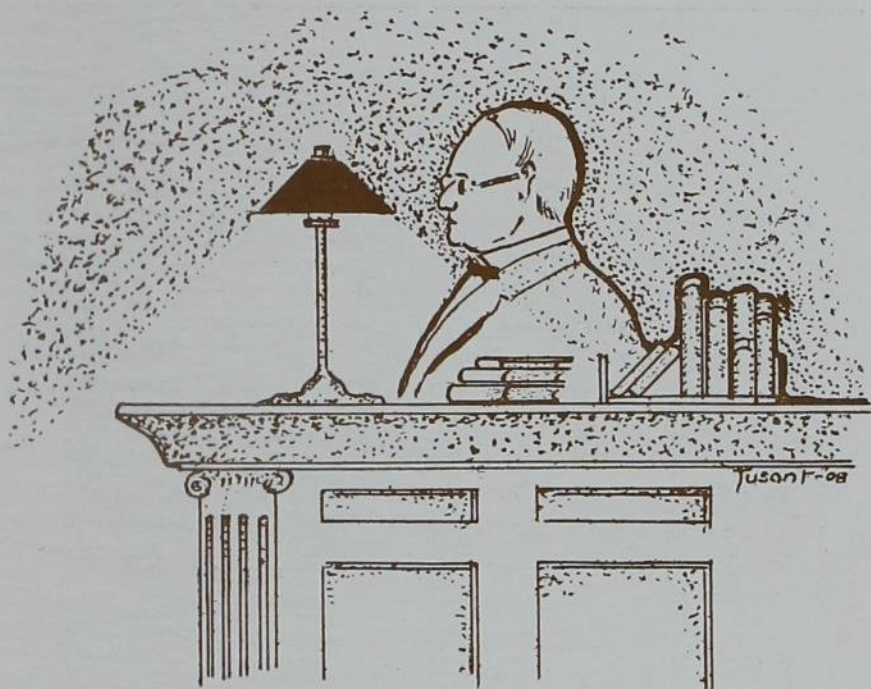
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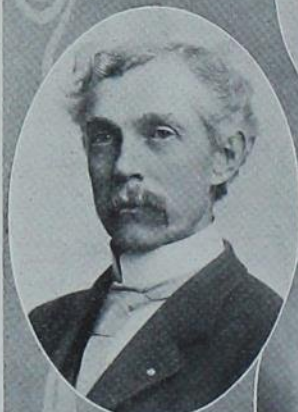
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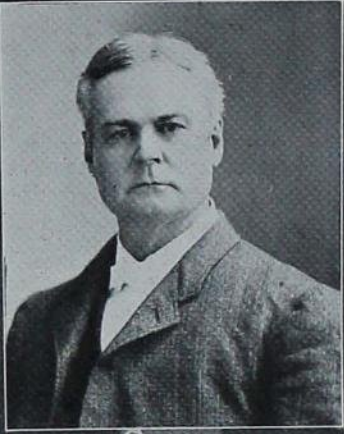
C. E., Cornell University, 1899. Member of American Society of Civil Engineers; Western Society of Engineers; Iowa Engineering Society; Society for Promotion of Engineering Education; Associate Member of American Institute of Electrical Engineers; ΣΞ Has been Dean of Engineering Division since his call to I. S. C. in 1892.

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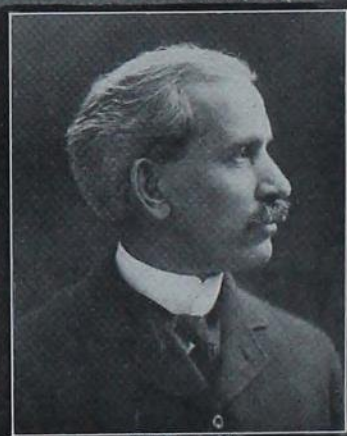
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B. O. Drake University, 1893. Student at Hiram College for a number of terms; Member and 1st Vice-President of National Speech Arts Association. Came to I. S. C. in 1902, has lately resigned to become Official Critic of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau.



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Hubbard



Bennett



Knapp

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Attended Shirley Seminary, Urbana, Md., Landon Military Acad., Frederick Co., Md., Virginia Military Institute, Pa. Military College. Professor of Mining Engineering, Iowa State College, 1883-98. Brigadier General U. S. Volunteers at outbreak of Spanish Amer. War. Commanding 2nd Division 2nd Army Corps. Professor Mil. Science I. S. C. since 1884.

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M. E. in E. E., Ohio State University, 1898. Honorary fellow in Electrical Engineering, University of Wisconsin, 1900-1901; Member Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education; ΣE , $\Phi \Delta \Theta$ Associate Member American Institute of Electrical Engineers. Came to I. S. C. in 1905.

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Student at the Collegiate, Ingersoll, Ontario. Winner of Exhibitor's prize at Kilmarnoch Dairy Show in Scotland. Sent abroad by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture in 1901, to investigate European Dairying. Joint author McKay and Larson's "Principles and Practice of Butter Making". Called to I. S. C. in 1894 as Instructor in Dairying and was made Professor in 1900.

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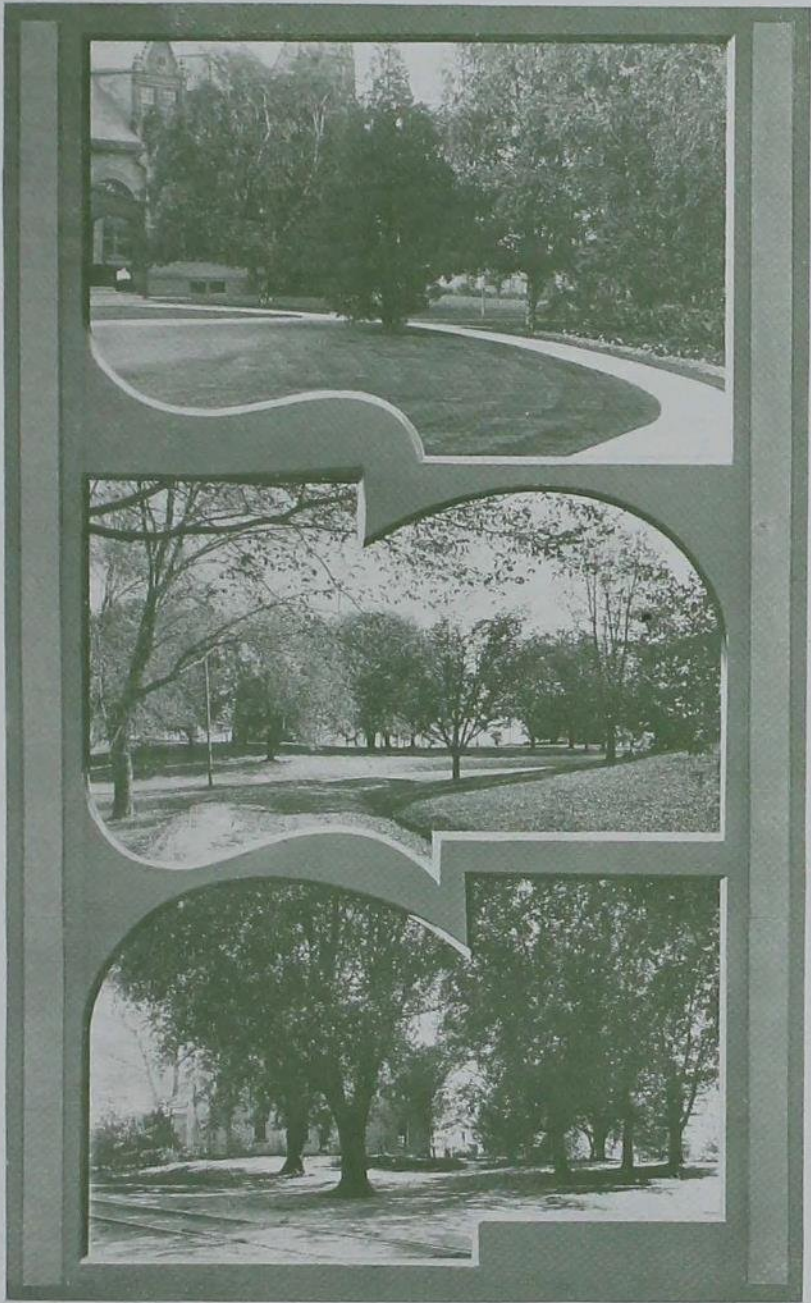
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- M. L. KING, B. M. E.,
Experimentalist in Agricultural Engineering.
- H. C. PIERCE,
Assistant in Animal Husbandry in Charge of Poultry.
- L. C. BURNETT, M. S. A.,
Assistant in Farm Crops.
- L. E. CARTER, B. S. A.,
Bulletin Editor.
- H. O. BUCKMAN, B. S. A.,
Assistant Chemist.
- J. H. CRISWELL, B. S.,
Assistant in Farm Crops.
- R. L. WEBSTER,
Assistant Entomologist.

Engineering Experiment Station.

- A. B. STORMS, A. M., D. D., L. L. D.,
President Ex-Officio.
- ANSON MARTSON, C. E.,
Director and Civil Engineer.
- L. B. SPINNEY, B. M. E., M. S.,
Electrical Engineer.
- S. W. BEYERS, B. S., Ph. D.,
Mining Engineer.
- W. H. MEEKER, M. E.,
Mechanical Engineer.
- A. A. BENNETT, M. S.,
Chemist.
- C. E. ELLIS, M. S. A.,
Assistant Chemist.
- I. A. WILLIAMS, M. S., A. M.,
Assistant in Experiment Station.
- M. I. ERVINGER,
Assistant in Experiment Station.

Iowa Highway Commission.

- ANSON MARSTON, C. E.,
C. F. CURTISS, M. S. A.,
Directors.
- THOS. H. MACDONALD, B. C. E.,
Highway Engineer.
- J. B. DAVIDSON, B. S., M. E.,
Engineer of Road Machinery.



A-M-E-S Rah! Rah!
A-M-E-S Rah! Rah!
Hoo! Rah Hoo Ray!
State College I-o-way!!





The Song of Honnatgade

The Song of Honnatgade.

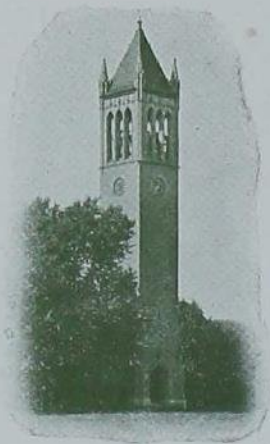
(With Apologies to Hiawatha)



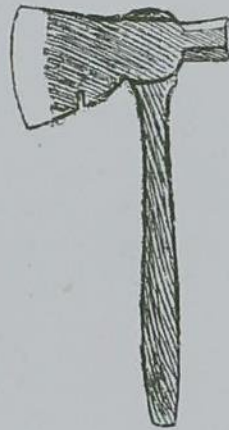
SHOULD you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forests,
And the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations
As of thunder in the mountains;
I should answer, I should tell you,
I repeat them as I heard them,
As I saw their scenes enacted.

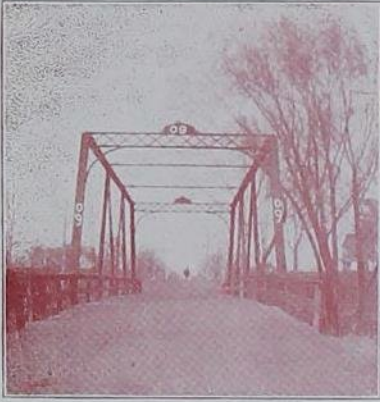
* * * *

From across the rolling prairies,
Thru interminable forests,
And from out the crowded cities,
From the busy marts of commerce,
Even from the southern tropics,
From the land of flowers and sunshine,
Came a tribe of stalwart warriors,
Bringing with them comely maidens,
To the hunting grounds of knowledge.
Pitched their tepees round its campus,
Built their campfires in the shadows,
Of the stately Campanile.
There, just as a day was dying,
Neath the full moon of September,
In the month of golden harvest,
Held a council of their warriors,
Called together all their wise men,
Chose from out among the bravest,
He who was to be their chieftain,
Who should lead them in their conflicts,
With the neighboring tribes around them.
And while sitting thus in council
Came into their camp a runner,
Fleet of foot, and bearing tidings,
Of uprisings 'mongst the warriors,
Of the tribe Witaxaquoia.



Thus he spake unto the meeting:—
“There is hatred in the feeling,
Of my people toward the strangers
Who have lately come among us
Who have pitched their smoking tepees
Where for twelve moons we have hunted
Undisturbed and undisputed.”
Thus he spake, and gave them warning,
Of the hordes of red skinned fighters,
That his nation’s chief could summon,
Boasted of their strength and cunning,
That their young braves had endurance,
Like unto the winds of winter.
Silently he then departed,
Carrying back unto his chieftain,
A message from the tribe of strangers,
That their hearts were not affrighted,
By this challenge of their elders.
Then the chieftain of the strangers,
Called the braves to don their war gear,
Led them down across the valleys,
To the Quaker Church Yard corner.
Hardly had they paused—when loudly
Ringing out upon the night air
Came Witaxaquoia’s war cry.
Then began the greatest battle
That the moon had ever looked on,
That the war birds ever witnessed.
E’en the words of the Great Father,
Mighty chief of all the nations,
Could not quell the bloody conflict,
Could not satisfy the warriors,
In their thirst for blood and vengeance.
Long the contest waged, and fiercely,
Till the tribe Witaxaquoia,
All their warriors sore disabled,
All their mighty war clubs broken,
Fled before the hosts of strangers,
Carrying with them all their wounded.
Then the chieftain of the strangers,





Bade them make their paint pots ready,
And they painted on the fences,
Where'er point of vantage offered,
The sign language of the victors,
Painted crimson '09 numerals,
That the tribe Witaxaquoia,
Or whatever tribe that saw them,
Might recall the bloody conflict,
Save themselves from needless slaughter.

* * * *

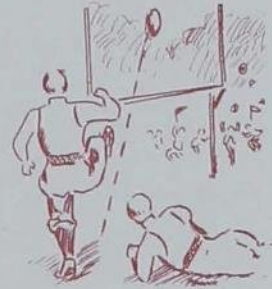
With the next morn's dawn, a runner
From the tribe Witaxaquoia,
Bore a message to the strangers,
Bade them come and try their mettle,
In peaceful sports of speed and daring.
And that afternoon the strangers,
Proved to all the tribes about them,
That their runners were the swiftest,
That their jumpers were not equalled.
Finally to decide the contest,
Each tribe had its strongest warrior,
Throw a weight they called the discus
Here Witaxaquoia's warrior
Threw the farthest and the victory
Thus was wrested from the strangers.
'Twas a custom mongst the nations,
After feudal wars were over,
That the tribe last in arriving,
Should be feasted by the nation
Who immediately preceded;
And that at this feast, the elder
Of the tribes should give the younger,
Some name, of which they were worthy,
To be known by ever after.
Thus it happened that the strangers,
At the feast of song and dancing,
Gained the name of "Honnatgade",
Gained a title meaning "Numerous".
One moon later that same Autumn,

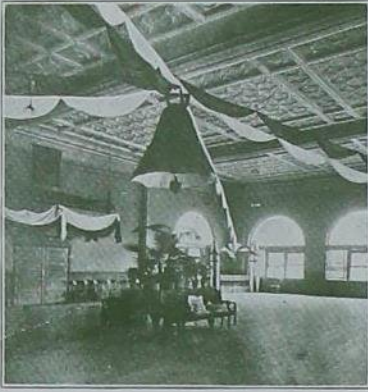


All the tribes about the campus,
 Sought to win the wampum trophy,
 Which was given to the warriors,
 Who, upon the football gridiron,
 Could outplay all their contestants.
 Once again Witaxaquoia
 Fell before the mighty warriors
 Of the tribe of Honnatgade.
 And among the elder nations,
 The Wussuckwhuocks were victorious,
 Outplayed the Mewasem brave men.
 Honnatgades and Wussuckwhuocks
 Then were pitted against each other,
 In the struggle for the trophy,
 For the football belt of wampum,
 For the prize of all the nations.
 Till the game was nearly finished,
 The Wussuckwhuocks were victorious;
 But within the last three minutes,
 Just before the whistle sounded
 That proclaimed the game was over,
 One of Honnatgade's warriors,
 Saw a chance to win the victory.
 To his toe he whispered "Fail not",
 To the football whispered "Swerve not",
 Sent it singing on its errand,
 Straight and true between the goal posts
 Of the tribe of the Wussuckwhuocks.
 Thus it was that Honnatgade,
 Won the '05 football trophy,
 While the hearts of tribes around them,
 Were bowed down with shame and sorrow,
 That a band of untried warriors,
 Should thus vanquish their trained athletes.

* * * *

Five moons later when the south winds,
 Freed the waters of the Squaw Creek
 From the icy grasp of winter;
 When the earth with flowers was verdant,
 Honnatgades' men and maidens,



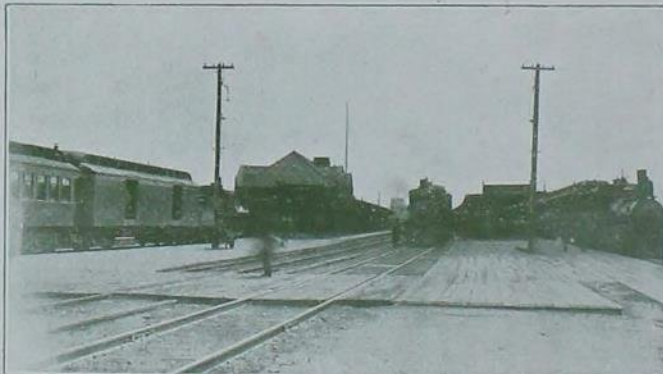


Made a feast for Witaxaquoia
In return for one they tendered,
When to tribes about the campus
Honnatgades were but strangers.
Later when the tribes all gathered
For their games of strength and daring,
Honnatgade's team of athletes
Were defeated by their elders,
Wussuckwhuoocks and Witaxaquoias,
Both defeated Honnatgade.
Hearing which, a tribe called West High,
From a city called Des Moines,
Laughed within themselves, and whispered.—
"Surely from this band of weaklings,
We can wrest an easy victory."
So they brought their fastest runners,
Highest jumpers, strongest throwers,
O'er the trail from Fort Des Moines,
To compete with Honnatgade.
But ere long their pride was humbled,
For their fastest, strongest athletes,
Were no match in speed and cunning,
For the braves of Honnatgade,
And their hearts were sore and heavy,
As they took the trail back homeward.

* * * *



June days witnessed the departure,
Of the tribes about the campus,
To the land of their forefathers,
Each intent upon returning,
To the hunting grounds of knowledge;
All except the tribe Mewasems,
Who were taking the trail westward,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the land of the Hereafter.
Three moons later, tribes returning
Brought with them a band of wanderers,
That the numbers of the nation,
Might in no way be diminished.



visitor to Des Moines last
Thursday

Resolutions.

Whereas, at their regular meeting, Oct. 25, 1906, the class of '09 voted to extend their sympathy to the class of '07 in their recent bereavement, and

Whereas, the undersigned were at said meeting appointed to draw up said resolutions. Be it

Resolved, we, the members of the class of '09, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the class of '07 in their sad bereavement in the loss of their long cherished hopes of class football supremacy.

Signed, J. E. E. KIXE, Chairman.
H. L. THORNTON, Gu-
F. E. TRACY, homr-
Committee. again

S

Chieftain of the Honnatgades,
Rose and named the tribe of strangers,
Called them Mennuksuonk-powerful.
And that fall when tribes assembled,
To again upon the gridiron
Struggle for the football trophy,
For the '06 belt of Wampum,
Mennuksuonk proved the wisdom,
Of the donors of their title,
For their powerful football warriors,
Vanquished all competing players,
Won the belt of polished Wampum.
The last chance of Wussuckwhuock,
For supremacy in football,
Thus became a thing of history,
Vanished thus beyond their vision,
And the tribe of Honnatgade,
Seeing their dejected spirits,
Knowing how their hearts were aching,
Since their cherished hopes were shattered,
Held a meeting of their warriors,
Sent a message of condolence,
To the tribe of Wussuckwhuock.
Still their hearts were so o'erburdened,
So disconsolate their spirits,
Honnatgade sought to cheer them,
Sought to change their grief to laughter,
And a comedy presented,
"Charley's Aunt", by their best players,
Made them so forget their sorrows,
That they thought no more about them.

* * * *

The Sophomore Class
of
IOWA STATE COLLEGE
will present
CHARLEY'S AUNT
at
The Armory
MARCH 30, 1907

With the advent of the springtime,
All the tribes began preparing,
For their yearly games and fieldmeets.
In the field meet, Wussuckwhuock,
Aided by Witaxaquoia,
Carried off the wampum laurels,
And defeated Honnatgade;
While in baseball, Honnatgade



Overcame the Mennuksuonks,
 Fiercely played in final contest,
 Gainst Witaxaquoia's warriors.
 For two years Witaxaquoia,
 Had won all the baseball laurels,
 And defeating Honnatgade,
 Held the trophy in their keeping.

* * * *

Summer days found the Wussuckwhuocks,
 Making ready for departure,
 On the trail of the Mewasems,
 Found the other tribes returning,
 To the land of their forefathers,
 Seeking for a band of warriors,
 That they might build up their forces,
 There they found a tribe "Tyseu",
 Found a tribe "Afraid of Water",
 Brought them with them when returning,
 To their haunts along the Squaw Creek.
 In their yearly Autumn contests,
 For the football prize of wampum,
 Tyseu, playing Honnatgade,
 Carried off the cherished trophy.

* * * *

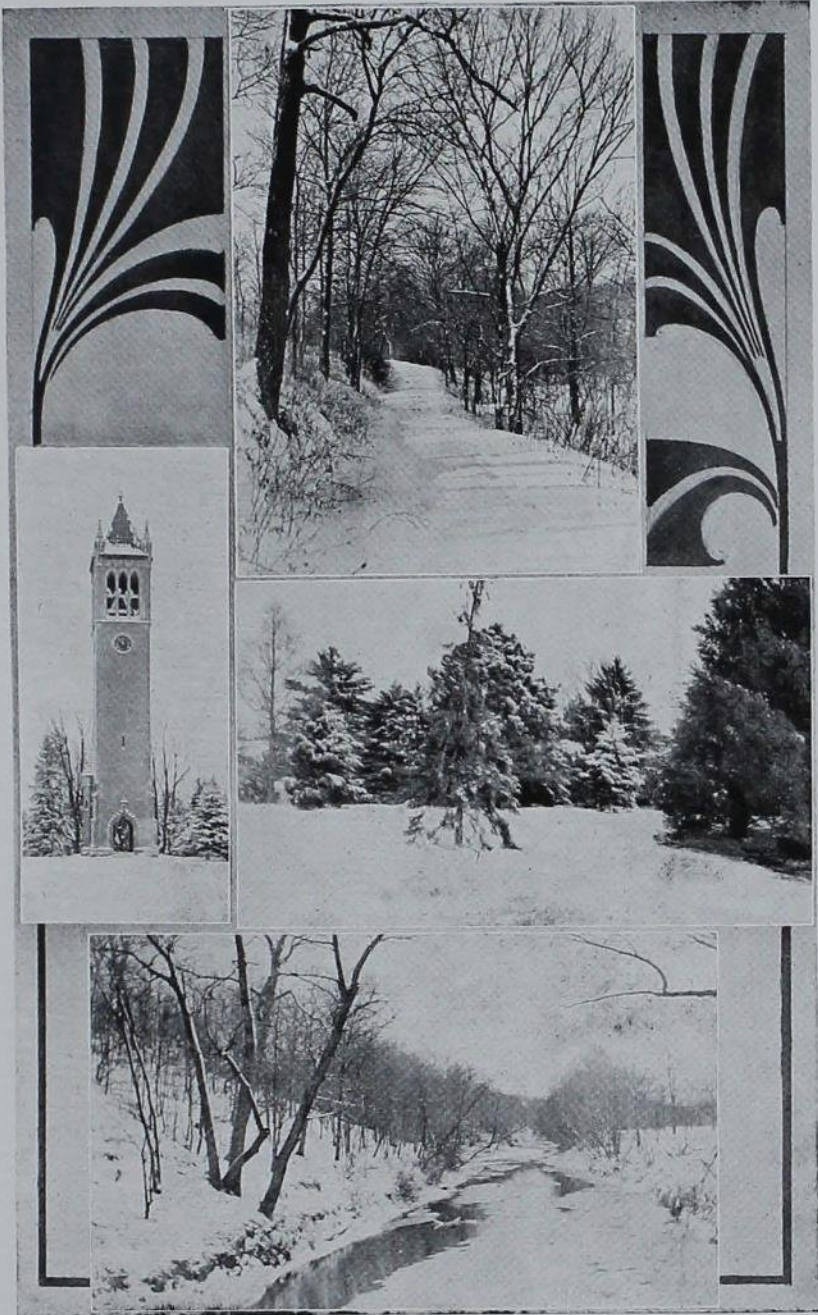
Rumor told the Honnatgades,
 That ere long Witaxaquoia,
 Like all other tribes before them,
 Would depart from out among them.
 And that feuds might be forgotten,
 All hard feelings twixt them vanish,
 So that after they had left them,
 Nought but kindness be remembered,
 Honnatgade planned a pow-wow,
 Gave a final farewell feasting
 To the tribe Witaxaquoia.
 Led them by the light of bonfires,
 To the wigwams of the sages,
 Thence through leafy woodland passes,
 To a spot whereon a circus
 Was made ready for their coming.





Then those who cared nought for dancing,
Listened to a story teller,
From a far and distant country,
Entertain them with his lore-talk.
Now it happened five moons later,
That Wussuckwhuocks and Mewasems
Who a year ago departed
To the land of the Hereafter,
Sent back to remaining nations
A new totem pole, whose grandeur
Towered unto the clouds, and pierced them,
From which was to fly the emblem,
Honored most by all the nations.
Hardly had it been erected,
In its bed of rock made upright,
Till one sunny clear March morning
Fluttering in the springtide breezes,
Waved the flag of Honnatgade,
And so angered was the War God
That he called his braves about him,
And with pomp and ceremony,
Pulled aloft the Nations emblem.
April came, and in the home meet
Honnatgade took the prizes,
Gained ten belts of finest wampum,
Five of deerskin, three of elk hide,
Left but few to be divided
Mongs't the other tribes contending.
Twelve more moons and Honnatgade
Will be taking the trail Westward,
Seeking for new worlds to conquer;
And when their stay here is ended,
And they shall depart from mongs't you,
Who can say that Honnatgade
Hath not won her share of honors?
Thrice the Nations football warriors,
Have been led by Honnatgade's;
Baseball, basketball and track teams
Have won victory neath her leaders.
Therefore let all tribes hereafter
If they seek such grand achievements,
Wisely follow in the footsteps
Of the mighty Honnatgades.





"King Winter, monarch now of all"



"These exams and lectures interfere terribly with my college work."

Officers, 1907-1908.

FIRST SEMESTER

H. H. KILDEE.....	<i>President</i>
W. E. MOORE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ADA HAYDEN.....	<i>Secretary</i>
H. E. ROBINSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
J. A. GIVEN.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
STARR THAYER.....	<i>Athletic Councilman</i>

SECOND SEMESTER

E. F. RENKEN.....	<i>President</i>
L. C. SCHAUTZ.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
FLORENCE KIMBALL.....	<i>Secretary</i>
H. E. ROBINSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
LEONARD PAULSON.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
ALEX. MUTCH.....	<i>Athletic Councilman</i>



"Who said the Junior year was easy?"

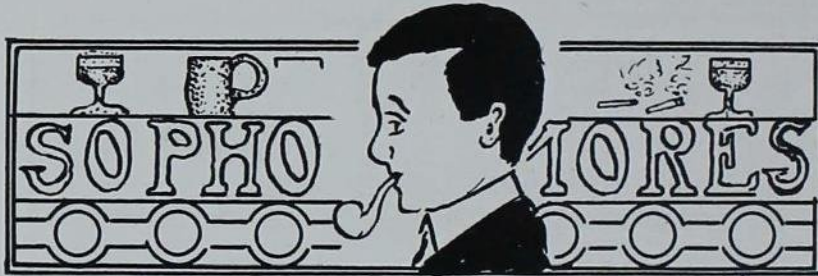
Officers, 1907-1908.

FIRST SEMESTER

H. K. DAVIS.....	<i>President</i>
L. V. HITES.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
LOIS K. BOARDMAN.....	<i>Secretary</i>
F. D. PAINE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
J. F. RIGHTMIRE.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
E. W. LAMBERT.....	<i>Athletic Councilman</i>

SECOND SEMESTER

J. W. DAVIS.....	<i>President</i>
F. D. PAINE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MILLIE GILLETTE.....	<i>Secretary</i>
E. E. BLACK.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
S. A. KNAPP.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
W. M. GREENE.....	<i>Athletic Councilman</i>



"Yes, sir. I was once a prep myself."

Officers. 1907-1908.

FIRST SEMESTER

M. W. TURNER.....	<i>President</i>
R. C. JOHNSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
CAROL CONGER.....	<i>Secretary</i>
J. E. O'LEARY.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
G. M. NELSON.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
GEO. YOUNG.....	<i>Athletic Councilman</i>

SECOND SEMESTER

G. H. TELLIER.....	<i>President</i>
D. W. McELROY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN JONES.....	<i>Secretary</i>
L. G. COVER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
M. W. TURNER.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
M. E. VAN METER.....	<i>Athletic Councilman</i>



"Wait till my new uniform comes."

Officers, 1907-1908.

FIRST SEMESTER

WALTER ROOT.....	<i>President</i>
A. E. NELSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
FLORENCE CRITTENDEN.....	<i>Secretary</i>
W. S. LETTS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
M. E. SULLIVAN.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
H. C. SOWERS.....	<i>Athletic Councilman</i>

SECOND SEMESTER

O. D. BAKER.....	<i>President</i>
F. W. RACINE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
FAY BROWN.....	<i>Secretary</i>
E. P. GIBSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
O. L. DAVIS.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
ROBT NOLAN.....	<i>Athletic Manager</i>
MARIE WALLACE.....	<i>Historian</i>



'09

GLEN L. AGNE.

Tipton, Iowa.

Animal Husbandry.

"Agony."
Ag. Club.

"He lies and dreams of things to be."

"Agony" is one of the olden time motor dodgers. He was a staunch advocate of the cinder path. Quiet and reserved, he seldom gets riotous except when the gas runs low in soils lab.



HENRY CLYDE AMESBURY.

Galva, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Amy."
Reserves.
Class Track Team.

"Enthusiasm is the intoxication of earnestness."

—Lamartins.

"Amy" has chalked it on the slate that he'll be a great engineer. But those curly locks, twinkling, brown eyes, and dimple cheeks could never belong to a successful section boss. They are classic and should wander in the vales of romance. They will probably prove his undoing at a very tender age.



ARTHUR LYMAN ANDERSON.

Ames, Iowa.

Agronomy.

"Andy."

"Yea this man's brow, like to a tragic leaf
Fortells the nature of a tragic volume."

—Shakespeare.

Things taste better to Andy done slowly—doesn't like to catch cold rapidly. *Bacillus Camericus-fendii* warned him into clecting Phys. IX last semester. Thereupon he became Phys. Andy's handy Andy in Photog. General supervisor of the Agronomy section in the summer time,—he hoes the soy beans.

SHIRLEY WALTER ALLEN.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Forestry.

Bachelor.
Mgr. Class Play '07.
Glee Club.
A Z Σ A E
Bomb Editor.

"His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth moving jest."

Shakespeare.

A man with such a wealth of experiences that he converts Bomb Board deliberations into testimony meetings. Studied Greek at Simpson, but it never took hard on him. Always decides momentous questions by what our friend the lumber jack would say. His stay in the Minnesota forests last summer would have made a man out of him if he had only let nature have her way.





DOROTHY ANNA ARCHER. General and Domestic Science.
Archer, Iowa.
Crescent.

"If woman I with woman may compare,
Your works are solid, others light as air."
—Bradstreet.

Always happy but easily excited is this little Miss Archer from Archer. Quite loyal to I. S. C., but is reported to be taking a Junior study (steady) at Grinnell.



H. REAM BAKER. Mining Engineering.
Eldon, Iowa.

"Ream."
"Bake."
Γ Ζ Ψ Α Τ Ω

"The tailor stays thy leisure
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure."

Bake leads a kind of pyrites existence at I. S. C. But the fault does not extend throughout the whole formation. The tunnelings of time will fetch up against many a pay streak in his nature.

ARTHUR LAURENCE BAKKE. Science.
Forest City, Iowa.
Pythian.

"My salad days
When I was green in judgment."
—Shakespeare.

Is fitting himself to be the College Chaplain when that position opens. Can make the worse appear the better reason in the history room. Verily a liar—or a debater—is a terrible thing in a class of ladies. (See '03 Bomb for explanation of quotation.)



VIVIAN DANGERFIELD BEARD. Civil Engineering.
Osceola, Iowa.

"Biddy H."
Pythian.
Oratorical Council.

"Much study hath made him very lean, and pale, and leaden eyed."—Shakespeare.

This man stepped out of the procession late one September afternoon of '05 and sat down to muse. Since then he has been busy delving into the musty volumes of the past for engineering honors,—reports say he has torn out several of them. A pleasant lad, just a little too engrossed in a nook and a book.



JOHN BEATY.

Animal Husbandry.

Madison, S. Dak.

"Pop Corn." "Our Jaw'n."

Ag. Club.

Crescent.

"There goes the parson, illustrious spark."—Cowper.

"Jaw'n" is a prophet and can see the *sun* of a profit very readily. Born to be a preacher or a life insurance agent. Has given a number of illustrated lectures on "The Beaty Library System" and on "Why Corn Pops". Also advance agent for the Beaty Milk Stool Mfg. Co. Says he just can't help liking the girls! No wonder!!!



HUGH E. BEK.

Electrical Engineering.

Seward, Nebraska.

Crescent.

A. I. E. E.

Bomb Board.

T B H

"I profess not talking."—Shakespeare.

Was musing on the "can-do-it" system one day when the interurban car drew nigh. Result—While confined to his room he gave to the world that matchless treatise, "If an irresistible force meet an immovable object". Although from the land of the Platte, Hugh E. thinks Charles City, Ia., is the only place to spend a vacation.



B. B. BELLES.

Civil Engineering.

Fairfield, Iowa.

"Bells."

"But to the world nothing is so great as want of figure * * * * *"—Pope.

After "rubbering" for weeks to ascertain the significance of the B. B., the Bomb Board decided to apply Buster Brown as the two most suitable epithets obtainable. Bells had an awful time learning to see into the transit until the Dean came along and showed him how to straddle his legs* more.



FRITZ BERNICK.

Electrical Engineering.

Buffalo, Iowa.

A. I. E. E.

"Laugh at all things,
Great and small things."—Byron.

Looks like he knew things—comes natural to him. Fritz was once taken for a Chem. instructor. This is the only time on record when his feelings were hurt. A good student, but can see fun,—even in Phys.

*Of the tripod.





MARIANO BILLED0.

Agronomy.

Bangued, Abra., P. I.

"Bill."

Ag. Club.

Cosmopolitan Club.

"Days of absence, I am weary,
She I love is far away."—Rosseau.

"Bill" likes America and I. S. C. first rate but he can't help but dream a little of palm groves (?) across interminable seas. A quiet, hard worker.



ELMER E. BLACK.

Veterinary.

Ames, Iowa.

"Blackmer."

Welch.

Vet. Medic. Soc.

Class Treas., '08.

"I could have laugh'd but lack'd the time."

Notwithstanding his name Blackmer is one of the whitest Vets. It is a very grave question, however, whether his gentle disposition will ever allow him to become a good Doc.

LOIS KNIGHT BOARDMAN.

Science.

Nevada, Iowa.

"Boardy."

Π Ε Φ

Bomb Board.

Class Sec'y, '07.

"Had sigh'd to many, though she loved but one."

When quizzed as to her future prospects "Boardy" is said to have answered, "My smile is my fortune, sir!" Hails from Nevada—wears the Nevada clan plaid—and has been accused of riding freight trains, and even dray wagons back and forth home. However the Board as a body never gave much credit to the last clause of the report.



ROSS EDWARD BODWELL.

Electrical Engineering.

Ida Grove, Iowa.

Beardshear.

"The thing done avails,—not what is said about it."

—Emerson.

A man who works unostentatiously—surmounts obstacles and "bloweth it not". One of the commonality of men who will go out from I. S. C. unwept and unsung to make good in the world of industry.



JAMES FRANCIS BOOTH.
Class Football.
Ass't. Engineering Libr.

Anita, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"I envy the man overwhelmed with the weight of his own leisure."—Voltaire.

James F. would like to know "what's in this grand life and high situation"? Boasts that he has never attended a social function of any sort or condition since he came to I. S. C. Is taking Freshman French as Re-search Work.



LEE ROBINSON BOYD.

Ames, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Lee."
Capt. Class Football, '06.

"I drink to the days that are."

Lee is a bright-eyed lad with a "who gives a care" attitude. A good student of the sprinter type. Says: "Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow, for tomorrow, you may not have to do it." Believes in having his room will piped—Bull dog arrangement preferred.



RAY WESLEY BROADIE.

Waverly, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Steve."
Class Football.
Class Baseball.
Reserves.

"He handles the truth in a careless manner."

Steve is a believer in the "let it soak in" theory of education. Did athletics stunts for the '07s in their coltish days. Uses loose grammatical constructions, he seems to have forgotten the specific adjectives and exact verbs of Eng. III.



ROY F. BURKHART.

Hawkeye, Iowa.

Electrical Engineering.

"Burky."
Class Baseball.
Varsity Baseball.

"Stolen sweets are best."—Colly Cibber.

We might comment on this quotation, but we won't. Burky is fond of foraging, with a transit,—says it increases one's field of operations so wonderfully. Major study—Baseball. Minor—English.



JOHN ARTHUR BURRIS. Civil Engineering.
What Cheer, Iowa.

"Jack."

"Popular glory is a perfect coquette."—Goldsmith.

A man who is working away and making no dust about it. The Bomb Board were out with their little spy glasses looking for famous '09s when they happened to sight him stolidly at work. To their accosting "What Cheer, Jack"? he replies with characteristic Irish style, "Fame only comes after you're dead and I'm in no hurry for it."



CHARLES RANDALL BUSH. Animal Husbandry.
Washta, Iowa.

"Pat." "Anheuser."

Phileleutherol.

Jr. Trot Com.

T. L. B.

Ag. Club.

"Canst thou thunder with a voice like him.—Job XL:9.

Instructor in Public Speaking: "Mr. Bush your voice covers a multitude of sins." But he will probably recover for as yet none of the advanced stages of moral decrepitude such as horse stealing, wife beating and the like have been noted upon him. Has a good working acquaintance with the zoological department, a thing which he used singularly well in the College Day auction.

CARL FREDERICK BIELENBURG. Electrical Engineering.
Keystone, Iowa.

"Bieley."

"Take him to develop, if you can."—Pope.

A tall lad with curly hair and black eyes. Could pose as a second edition of Adonis, but he doesn't care. Passed up Chem, but is still celebrating by retaining much of its phraseology. The stunt that has made him famous, however, is his writing little "heart to heart" expressions on the back of his *blue book* to catch the eye of his instructor.



PAUL CALDWELL CAMPBELL. Civil Engineering.
Clear Lake, Iowa.

"It is our actual work which determines our value."

—Bancroft.

Paul is a man that says nothing and little of that. Indeed it was only by beating up the brush vigorously that the Bomb Board was able to scare him out into the open for a second or two. But he has one of Prof. Stanton's "think tanks" that is always tappable when he is called upon.



CARLISLE CAMPBELL.

Ames, Iowa.

Dairy.

"Carlisel."
"Jocko."
Phileleutheroi.

"No brush had touch'd his chin, or razor sheer."

Jocko lives in the poetic valley of the Squaw where he manufactured herbariums commercially in his prep days. Much inclined toward the dark side. Knocks mightily on the management,—hasn't learned to knock cheerfully yet. Would like to get out in the world and be great, but "dad won't let me". Earnest student.



JOHN ROY CAMPBELL.

Ames, Iowa.

Horticulture.

"J. R."
Welch.
Hort. and Forestry Seminar,
A. Z.

"A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits."

J. R. will crack wise in spite of fuzz and fair weather. Claims to have a *stand in* with the Botany Department, but that can hardly be true. He is now in the employ of the State Pure Food Commissioner. Query: Is this the cause or the result of his being a radical Prohibitionist?



WALTER ROY CARLSON.

Hampton, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Peter."
"Stromberg."

"Men like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest."
—Richter.

Peter is a little inclined to be moody, but he is quite smooth about it. He has a mania for masticating the fabric—when it is made into Whites' Yucatan. Scene in C. E. recitation: "Give the dog some gum, Peter."



ELZA B. CARR.

Swaledale, Iowa.

Electrical Engineering.

"Trolley."
Γ A
Varsity Track.
Class Track.
Capt. Class Football, '07.
Bomb Board.

"As game as he is good looking."

Trolley is an improved edition of Nerve Nat. Nerve wins his races; nerve makes those end runs; nerve warmed him into Bohm Bauerk's smile,—well might we exclaim with the psalmist, "Oh the nerve of some people's children!" But it takes nerve to be a *thoroughbred*.



HAROLD MORTIMER CASE.
Chicago, Illinois.

Horticulture.

"Casey."

Ozark.

Hort. and Forestry Seminar.

Varsity Basket Ball.

"What, keep a week away? Seven days and nights?"

Casey is a Hawkeye by birth but early bled him off to live with Montgomery Ward. The lad is a budding horticulturist, a good man generally, but he has too much chicken heartedness,—he will persist in talking poultry.



MILFORD EDWARD CHAPPEL.
Des Moines, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Chap."

Bomb Board.

"There is scarcely any man who cannot persuade himself of his own merit."—Sewall.

Chap hails from a river town where he used to be sub weather man for this part of Uncle Sam's domain. He frequently goes home over Sunday—this no doubt explains why storm centers usually culminate at I. S. C. on Monday. Claims no relation to Chappel of "Heart Throbs" fame, but shoves a nasty quill in English.



PERRY BENJAMIN CLARKE.
Yetter, Iowa.

Mechanical Engineering.

Beardshear.

"I saw a man by some accounted wise."—Ellsworth.

Cheer up P. B., don't sigh;
You've flunked E. and M. I trow,
But the Technique slough and Chem. LII.
Are things of the long ago,—
Cheer up P. B., don't sigh!

DANIEL W. CLAYTON.
Sibley, Iowa.

Mechanical Engineering.

"To sow a jangling noise of words unknown."—Milton.

Fond of noting the impact of flying chalk. Was once caught paying attention in D. C. class, but he afterwards enclozized. Clayton is a jolly, good fellow, enjoying life and doing his best to help it along—sometimes shoving a little too hard.



JOSEPH HENRY COCKFIELD. Mechanical Engineering.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

"Cocky."
Σ N
Class Track.
Class Football.

"Silence does not always mean wisdom."—Coleridge.
Cocky works hard at times—careful never to get caught at it. Long on social stunts—gathers 'em all in. As a steward he is miles ahead of any other—he claims to have learned how to dodge Hintz with the samples.



EDGAR V. COLLINS. Agronomy.
Marshalltown, Iowa.

"Collins, E. V."
Forum.
Ag. Club.

"Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend."—Pope.
He and Happy Hamilton know more about a gasoline engine than any other *one* man on the campus. After losing a couple of teeth cranking one, he says you should always speak to the critters when you go behind them.



CLIFFORD WILLIAM COOPER. Electrical Engineering.
Blairsburg, Iowa.

"Red."
"How my achievements mock me;
I will go meet them."—Shakespeare.

About the only college honor Red ever took was that of Motor Dodger before the days of the cinder path. Is reported to use too coarse a sieve when looking for opportunities. Always good natured—never gets *red headed* about anything.



LYNN FREEMAN COWAN. Civil Engineering.
Iowa Falls, Iowa.

"Babe."
Γ A
Glee Club.
Dutch Band Drum Major.

*"Seeing the root of the matter is found in me."—Job 19-28.

A whole-souled, free-hearted lad as "boisterous as a lover's bended knee." Has made a rep as a writer and leader of football rooster songs. We might josh Babe some easy enough but we are too tender-hearted after what he has received in times past.

*See Sans Souci, '08 Bomb.



PAUL IRA FRANKLIN COX. Animal Husbandry.
Adair, Iowa.
Ag. Club.

"O name forever sad, forever dear."—Pope.

A long man with a lengthy nomenclatural appendage. His sad countenance and general languor are without doubt due to his having *'Ad air'* when small. He is endeavoring to correct the blunder by assimilating large quantities of White's Yucatan.



DAN S. CRAIG. Civil Engineering.
Ames, Iowa.

"Slip Stick Dan."

Bachelor.
Class Baseball.
Class Tennis.
Vice Pres. Jr. C. E. Society.
T B II

"The smile that is child-like and bland."—Bret Harte.

Computes when to go to dinner by the slide rule. He is the man who, when he slid past the finals, wanted to hang the '09 Bomb on a (h)andy branch of the Phys. plant.

MATHEW OLIVER CRAWFORD. Mechanical Engineering.
Clarion, Iowa.

"Mike."

"Knock and the world knocks with me,
Boost and I boost alone."—Ella Whaler Wheelright.

Mike has the makings for an artist,—he handles a facile pen. If he could only learn to put a little happiness into his characters or at least to choose a sunny day in which to conceive them! A charter member of the Ruff Hauser's Leeg.



NATE N. CRAWFORD. Veterinary.
Waukon, Iowa.

"Myxoedema."

Vet. Medic. Soc.
Dutch Band.
Los Hermanos.

"Better be a sinner than a cast iron monkey or a plaster Paris cat."—Elbert Hubbard.

Evidently quite a wind jammer else he could not manipulate that bass tuba so effeciently. Oh Ikey what a peesness! And sooch a joaker yet. Likes his eatin' tobacker first rate. A man who is smashing out a career for himself—in A. H. furniture.



RALPH CLINTON CROUSE, Electrical Engineering,
Prescott, Iowa.
Bachelor.
Class Football.

"For thy sake tobacco, I would do anything but die."
—Lamb.

Here is a living example of what a college training can do for a man. R. C. has been twice or thrice taken for a preacher recently. Some vile wretch has said his hair is fuzzy but we deny it—it's curly. And that corrugated brow came from peering into a glass too frequently. A good kid, if he'd only *fire* the weed.



ALBERT HENRY CUNNINGHAM, Civil Engineering,
Goldfield, Iowa.
"Cunny."
Varsity Baseball, '06, '07, Capt. '08.
T B II

"Poor prattler how thou talkest!"

Her majesty's ship, challenger, sounded that awful void of words and when down 5297 fathoms the wire broke—evidently it's bottomless. Cunny turns off work if he is noisy about it. About the only thing he ever attempted and didn't make go was the class presidency, but that was altogether the fault of the "ring".



EUGENE DARLING, Animal Husbandry,
Fonda, Iowa.
Ag. Club.
Crescent.

"Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body has come to be called in question by it."—Lamb.

His is a striking personality—you'll look twice when you see him once. Does not stack up very big as a fusser but down along the Des Moines, in the land of the White and Blue, a little lass is singing, "I'm So Fond-a Darling So True".



JOSEPH WALTER DAVIS, Animal Husbandry,
Avoca, Iowa.

"Davy."
Pythian.
 $\Sigma N \Delta \Theta \Sigma$
Varsity Track.
T. L. B.
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.
Sophomore Play.
Class President, '08.

"I trow that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."

Davy is the knight of the long stride on the track and in scholarship. "They'll have swift feet that follow." Takes public speaking honors in big hunks. Likes to sit on the back of his neck in Soils Class.



HARRY KIMBALL DAVIS. Civil Engineering.
Knoxville, Iowa.

"Bull."
Phileleutheroi.
Class Pres., '07.
Varsity Football.
Bomb Board.
Athletic Council.
T. L. B.
Pres. Jr. C. E. Society.
T B H

"And weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous."—Milton.

"Now it occurred to me just for instance" Bull has had adventures in his life. Passed muster for a Drake freshman last fall and was asked to get out and try for the football team. His good nature gives way under strain—the fellows say it was worth the trip to hear him cuss the Swedes in the Minnesota game last fall.



GRACE DAVIS. Science.
Scranton, Iowa.

"Davie."
Varsity Hockey.
Jr. Trot Com.
I. F. Phileleutheroi.

"She quits the narrow path of sense
For a dear ramble through impertinence."—Swift.

"Davie" is a fluent speaker—in public and elsewhere. Scrub Faculty—scrubbed prep algebra. Will not finish with us, having left recently to take work at Chicago University. The paths and by-ways of the campus are already lonesome for Davie and—but we promised not to say anything about it

GEORGIA ELMIRA DAY. Science.
Keosauqua, Iowa.

"George."
Cliolian.
Varsity Hockey.
Class Sec'y., '07.
I. F.

"Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong."—Keats.

George was recently made poet-laureate to the Hall. Acting chief of the M. H. Board of Directors while Mrs. K. was in Europe. Scrub faculty—she scours the mathematical minds of the preps. Query: How can she harmonize poetry and Math?



HAROLD D. DENGLER. Mechanical Engineering.
Ames, Iowa.

"Who thinks too little and who talks too much."—Dryden.

He argues interminably and at times his language is pre-eminently picturesque. Was for several weeks a walking (?) testimony to the efficiency of _____'s Corn Salve. He is the supreme authority on *blow holes*—would be a pretty decent sort if he'd stop casting jokes and stories in green moulds.



BERTRAM LEVERE DORMAN. Civil Engineering.
Eldora, Iowa.

"Yet I do sometimes feel a languishment."—Keats.

Comes to us from a bad boy's town but, is proving a pretty decent sort in spite of it. Apparently, Fate didn't brand him with the genius stamp but he goes slow and gets there by and by. He is quite sure that he will make good when he publishes his original plan to keep "Carbuncles" from forming on piling.



RUTH DYER. Science.
Nevada, Iowa.

"Dates."
Varsity Hockey.
Π Β Φ
Bomb Board.
Soph. Class Play.
Women's Athletic A.

"Another flood of words! a very torrent!"—Johnson.

A jolly good natured girl but in instances of (dire) dyer displeasure those eyes flash fire. Altho a dyer, she's no quitter in any style you spell it. One of "that Nevada bunch".



FRANK DRAGON. Civil Engineering.
Toledo, Iowa.

"Heinie."
Α Τ Ω
Dutch Band.
Class Play, '08.

"Time! I dare thee to discover such a youth and such a lover."—Dryden.

It is doubtful whether the folks would know Heinie now. When he came to us he was just a little fellow about as high as pappy's knee—now they say he is in love. Never was a leader in "slip stick" antics, but he does excellent work *behind the counter*. Filden Bros. couldn't keep house long without him.



VALENTINE VINCENT EBY. Civil Engineering.
Monticello, Iowa.

"Pete."

"Oh keep me innocent, make others great."—

Pete is a quiet, little fellow with just spunk enough left to ask questions. If he only had just a little better opinion of V. V. Eby, it would help some! Has dabbled in politics some—wherefore the quotation. But the G. O. P. will probably attend to that. V. V. Eby, Esq., Co. Surveyor, Jones Co., Iowa.



LYMAN OSCAR EDWARDS. Electrical Engineering.
Dow City, Iowa.

"Unless a man works he cannot find out what he is able to do."—Hamerton.

Edwards is of the quiet sort, noted principally for his ability to keep out of the lime light and off the Dean's calling list. He is counting on making his big strike in the after-while when the conspicuous men of today are sorting rivets for the G. E. Co.



W. V. ELLIS. Venterinary.
Ames, Iowa.
Vet. Medic. Soc.

"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."—Shakespeare.

One of the average students that never flunks.—never stars. Got up early one morning, got himself married, and is now living the simple life. Extremely fond of napping in lectures.

RUTH BRADLEY MAY EWERS. General and Domestic Science.
Wyanet, Illinois.
Chlorian.

"O who does know the bent of woman's fantasy?"—Spenser.

The worst thing about this fair lady is her name—no! an unmitigable evil for she can probably change it to *yours*. Starred in the Junior Trot Circus. Came dangerously near flunking Chem. once but she spunked up and now she comes dangerously near being a shark.



GEORGE EDDY FARMER. Science.
Sioux Rapids, Iowa.

"Deak."
Φ Τ Δ
Bachelor.
Class Play, '08.
Class Baseball.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, on the steps of the campanile a man may even get very close to his ideal."—Farmer.

This man's ultra-decorous appearance gained for him the appellation, Deak,—and to look at him you'd really think he ought to sit in the A-men corner. And the Board prophesies he will, too, after the next Debate try-out. Has a knack for the culture courses that the unknowing call graft.



FORDYCE BARKER FARNSWORTH Mechanical Engineering.
Galva, Iowa.

"Doc."
"Fordy."

"I quote no one but myself."—Farnsworth.

"More authority, dear boy, name more."—Shakespeare.

Doc never became notorious in college—evidently spends too much time watching how the other fellow does it. Possessed of an easy-going drawl that is long on argument—would make a fine debater if he could just convince the other fellow.



EUGENIA FAE FARNUM. Science.
Ames, Iowa.

Chiolian.
Bomb Board.
Scrub Faculty.
I. F.
Jr. Class Play.

"Her lively looks, a sprightly mind disclose."—Pope.

To see her walking across the campus you'd think she was going to a fire-sale. Fae is our co-ed exponent of the strenuous life. Her energy has awed the Board into submission to the following: 1. She is not to be called modest, demure, little maid; 2. She is not to be called "Teacher"; 3. She is not to be called "Irish".



LEE W. FORMAN. Agronomy.
Ames, Iowa.

"Lee." "L. W."

Pythian.

"Si Plunkett's Orchestra, '05."

"Ye rigid ploughmen! bear in mind your labor is for future hours."—Harne.

When asked the object of his college course Lee answered that he was fitting himself to become the President of the Iowa Corn Grower's Association. An upright Ag—six feet and one inch up—who believes in saying to your face what he wouldn't say in front of your back.



FRANKLIN F. FRENCH. General and Domestic Science.
Humboldt, Iowa.

"Bright Eyes."

Chiolian.

Π Β Φ

Bomb Board.

Class Sec'y.

Class Pres.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

"Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike
And like the sun, they shine on all alike."—Pope.

Has attended every class meeting except the joint meeting near the Quaker church, and it is not certainly known that she was not at that. If all women were as thorough and as noble politicians the men would be down and out! Would like to legislate against Phys in a G. and D. S. Course.





LESLIE ROY FRENCH.

Hawarden, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

K Φ Φ Γ Δ

"It is tranquil people who accomplish much"—Thoreau.

French is a good fellow, quiet and industrious. The Board gouged round with their little spades for some time and the only scandal they could unearth was the fact that he went to the reform school (S. U. I.) one year. P. S. It reformed him.



OSROE C. FUCHS.

Odebolt, Iowa.

Animal Husbandry.

"Mr. Fewks."

Philleleutheroi.

"Laughter—the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man!"—Carlyle.

This man laughs like a good feeder. He believes thoroughly (1) in fussing as taught in the Business Course of Morning-glory College; (2) in Short Horn Math. Classes; and (3) in the Ag. Department of the A. H. Course.

CARL GAMRATH.

Ames, Iowa.

Veterinary.

"Gam."

Vet. Med. Soc.
Scrub Faculty.

"Be checked for silence, But never taxed for speech."—Shakespeare.

Gam's early life was spent in a meat-market. Doubtless the love of gore instilled into his early years explains his affinity for Vet. Tells the Animal Husbandry men how to *cut out* Anatomy. A certain '09 co-ed says, "His hair ain't red, neither." He will probably be a great *meet expecter* when he sees this.



DELLA MAY GARNER.

Ida Grove, Iowa.

Science.

"So vain is the belief that the sequestered path has fewest flowers."—Doubleday.

A quiet unassuming exponent of the gospel of hard work. "Oh he's only a cousin of mine."



MILLIE GILLETTE.

Fostoria, Iowa.

Science.

Crescent.
Hockey Team.
Class Sec'y '08.

"My days are swifter than a weavers shuttle."—Job VII-6.

Says the beautiful days were all made for *her* use—the bad ones, for *ab*-use. Was one of the English O instructors when that course was given at Margaret Hall. Acting judge at the dismemberment of the Prep pennant last fall. The bigger the risk, the better the game for her—but there's many-a worse than she.



WILLIAM JONES GILMORE.

Nevada, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Nevada Bill."
"Bill."

Treas. Jr. C. E. Society.

"A lusty reveler was he."—

Bill is the lad who changed from Ag. to the man's course. Charter member of Engineering Ruff Haus Leeg. Chief construction engineer of the Newton and Nowhere, summer '07. Went to chapel once but set 'em up to the crowd afterward. "Dunno" why he was instrumental in sending congratulations to John Berg.



GEORGE W. GODFREY.

Luverne, Iowa.

Animal Husbandry.

"G. W."
Pythian.

"Animals are such agreeable friends."—George Eliot.

Used to be cat catcher for the Cornell College Zoological Department. Picking, getting short, he came to I. S. C. and became acting sup't. of Bill Rowe's department. His wise cracks in chem. got his name up alongside Benny's. Now he's on the high road to be Ag. Kemist. Would break up housekeeping if he got a grade below 93.



BERT EARL GORDON.

Hedrick, Iowa.

Electrical Engineering.

"We rarely repent of speaking little."—Bruyere.

He thinks much, works more, but, lest the world should find out the full extent of each, he says but little. Nothing in his student days has acted skittish with him except chem.—but he and Benny were able, by skillful driving to keep the brute in the beaten course. Helped to herd "preps" last term but found it exceedingly strenuous labor.



MARSHALL LOUIS GRAHAM. Mining Engineering.
Rongis, Wyoming.

"Devil." "Louie."
K Φ
Aztec.
Varsity Football, A. A.

"A merrier man, within the limit of becoming mirth I never spent an hour's talk withal."—Shakespeare.

Always jolly and good-natured. Half his living consists in the opportunity to josh some one, whence his satanic nickname. Louie comes from the land where the mountains and sheep herders flourish mightily—he is thoroughly in love with both (?) A student from the drop of the hat.



ROY B. GRAY. Electrical Engineering.
Des Moines, Iowa.

"Deak."
Σ A E
Class Pres.
Class Track.
Bus. Mgr. Bomb.
A. I. E. E.
Varsity Football.
T. L. B.

"My room is where they clatter."—Webb.

Another instance where, "Appearances deceib dey looks, chile." If he ever had any grounds for being a Deacon they were for that of the Dave Harum type:—"Signed up for an '09 Bomb yet? Yes, they'll probably say something good about you." Never fudges—except chocolate. President and station agent of the Western Onion Telegraph Co.

WILLIAM M. GREEN. Civil Engineering.
Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

"Cupid." "Bill."
Varsity Football.
Class Baseball.
Class Play '07.
Φ Γ Δ K Φ
Athletic Council.

"What should I seek at all,
More than is natural?
What is the use?"—Ellsworth.

Bill started in to get "edicated" at an Eastern "sojer" school but found it too strenuous—he concluded he'd rather stay plain P—green than to become a *general green*. Shady's yell used to get his dander up: "Bill Green, why don't you run?" Says, "I may be lazy but I ain't no fool."



CLIFFORD VERNE GREGORY. Animal Husbandry.
Burchinal, Iowa.

"Greg." "Pope."
Pythian.
State Triangular Debate '07.
Editor Iowa Agriculturist.
Δ Θ Σ
Ag. Club.

"There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends."—Shakespeare.

A pen's mightier than a sword in his hand. He has shoved a ready quill for some time but never handled a sword—didn't get that high in drill. A regular contributor to the magazines of culture, Youth's Companion, Poultry Advocate, Successful Farming, Black Cat, and others.



DONALD THOMAS GRISWOLD. Animal Husbandry.
Montrose, Iowa.

"Grizzly." "Don."
Pythian.
Cosmopolitan Club.
Ag. Club.
A. Z.

"Speak fitly or be silent wisely."—Herbert.

Don chooses words with all the precision inculcated in Eng. III. Believed that in union there was strength—wherefore he called a sympathetic strike of the Ruff Haus Leeg to bring a south side land-lady to terms. P. S. He says not for any body else to try it—it doesn't work out in practice.



DANIEL WEBSTER HANSEN. Electrical Engineering.
Carroll, Iowa.

"Liz." "Dan" "Cool."
Σ A E
Dutch Band.

"He is not pensive—not at all
But smiles, his teeth to show."—Hood.

Got his name up last winter for unwittingly swapping trunks with a co-ed. Has to pull his ears back out of the way when he wishes to smile more widely. Heaved a sigh when the list of senior honor students came out—says he doesn't care much for such things.

"Carroll County where I was born
Raises the biggest men and corn." According to Dan.



HERMAN HALL. Mechanical Engineering.
Ames, Iowa.
Cadet Captain.

"You rascal! limber up your lazy feet!"—Trowbridge.

Herman "lives dot college by out south of dot Dairy Farm and goes him forth and back on dot pusher-cycle." He never gets greatly excited but sometimes approaches that condition as a limit when the preps won't "guide right."

CARL ELMORE HARRIS. Civil Engineering.
Fairfield, Iowa.

"Curly."
Σ A E
Varsity Baseball.
A. A.

"Who never does any thing wrong in his life,
But when permitted to have his own way."—Halleck.

Curly got his start in the Parsons College but a parson's life is too confining to a fellow who was always so *Civil*. Has a right merry cackle that usually arrives just as the joke is going round the corner. Pointed out as a "shark" in Math. and Chem. A loyal friend and a good fellow well met.





WALTER A. HASKIN.

Whitton, Iowa.

Agronomy.

"Doctor."

Phileleutheroi.

"Who climbs the grammar—tree, distinctly knows,
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows."—Dryden.

Painstaking speech and demeanor have riveted upon W. A. the degree of Doctor of Durability in Psychic Analytics. A manipulator of the blue pencil as many a poor prep will C. 2, B 4 long. One of the good little boys—the sort that always sits up close to Teacher's desk. Well liked by every one and a thorough student.



BONNER B. HAUSER.

Ames, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Bee."

"Real worth requires no interpreter."—Chamfort.

"Bonny Bee" never made a very big buzz in class doin's because he sat on the fence too long deciding which field of flowers to tackle. At last a stray grist of wind hurled him into the '09. An authority on "booble division".

FRED DERWARD HAWK.

Animal Husbandry.

Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Royal Stock Judging Team '07.

"Oh, I am stabbed with laughter!"—Shakespeare.

If he were to laugh any harder we should have to call in the state Veterinarian. Can get good grades, but needs to bear down just a little harder. Makes trips to Cedar Falls to see his mother (?). Says "home ain't nothin' like this."



HERVEY H. HAZEN.

Animal Husbandry.

Denmark, Iowa.

"Hazy."

Phileleutheroi.
Debating League,
Cosmopolitan Club.
Ag. Club.

"Inspite of all the learned have said,
I still my own opinion keep."—Frenan.

Doesn't say much but thinks enough to make up the deficit. He talks to a purpose—got the grand Champion sweepstakes prize for roping in victims to the Agriculturist at the last short Course. Has lost out "time and again" in debate but the Board says he'll land the next one.



ROYCE HEATH.

Civil Engineering.

Dow City, Iowa.

Class Tennis.

"My thoughts are on my sorrows bent."—Sandys.

Phys. "shark", book worm, good feeder—the first two may be condoned—the last, never. Fast at tennis and elsewhere, exceedingly, moderate. Does winter field work in an '09 jersey—says he hates to hide it under an overcoat. He started in to be an "ossifer" in the Prep Army but found that was no place for "ossified" material.



EDWARD BAMFORD HEATON.

Animal Husbandry.

Shannon City, Iowa.

"Heater."

Philomathean.

Ag. Club.

Short Horn Prof. '08.

"My rustic muse was rudely fostered."—Marpeth.

Heater's appearance would mark him as good bait for a green goods operator but we guess that individual would get set back some if he ventured. Good natured, easy-going. Loves the management (?) of Simpson first rate. Likes to work for the Extension Department and his experiences in southwestern Iowa surely have the true *ring*.



CECIL MELMOTT HEWITT.

Mechanical Engineering.

Morning Sun, Iowa.

"Hewie."

Varsity Track.

Class Baseball.

Class Football.

"How long halt you between two opinions?" I Kings XVIII-21.

It took Hewie several of the best years of his life to decide on his class. Rumor has it that he started in with '07. He is a victim of the empirical formula: E. E.—Math. X=M. E. But he picked out the right course and year, after a try or two so we'll let him rest.



REX BRENNER HITCHCOCK.

Mechanical Engineering.

Greenfield, Iowa.

"Hitch."

Capt. Class Baseball '07.

Class Football '07.

Class Tennis.

"I am reckless what I do to spite the world."—

Up to the present, Hitch has advocated taking one's campus Lab under competent instructors. For quite a spell he held the undisputed Presidency of the West Side Ruff Hauser's Leeg. Figured pretty largely in the disposition of the prep pennant last fall, it is said.





LISLE V. HITES.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Sandy."

Class Football Capt. '05.

Reserves

Soph Class Play.

Class Vice-Pres. '07.

"Too *Civil* by half."—Sheridan.

If there is any thing doing about the burg you can look for Sandy in the front row. He has more "pep" than a whole rooters meeting and more originalty than the "Clubs". He is a bloated bond holder in the "Western Onion Telegraph Co." We wanted to say something about his pet cuss words but he declares the folks would have their boy leave school and we'd hate to lose Sandy.



ELLA R. HOPKINS.

General and Domestic Science.

Nevada, Iowa.

"Ell." "Big Hop." "Liz."

Π Β Φ

Clollian.

Jr. Trot Committee.

Class Sec'y '06.

Jr. Class Play.

Basket Ball Team.

Athletic Council.

"She sings like one immortal."—Pericles.

The lass has a v(o)ice for singing at unseemly hours if reports can be re-*lied* upon. Has the true spirit of research: "Do you know anything in particular about any body, that you can tell?"

MARY FRANCIS HOPKINS.

Domestic Science.

Nevada, Iowa.

"Ripples." "Little Hop."

Π Β Φ

Clollian

Soph. Class Play.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little *long*."

During the trying exigencies of the course of '07-'08, she held with much credit the exacting position of Short Horn Prof. in Domestic Science. Always keeps secrets—to tell. Her phiz (phys?) is never blank—even a blue book can't hide that rippling smile.



MAUD HORTON.

General and Domestic Science.

Ames, Iowa.

"Do not put me to 't.

For I am nothing if not critical."—Shakespeare.

Here is a person who is a *high roller* in Dough Lab, an honor student in the Kulture Kourses—called graft in the revised curriculum, and a Konfirmed Kritic. She is as sincere as the day is long—She is one '09 co-ed who means for you to *no* (know) when she says "no"!



HOMER COLCORD HUBBARD. Mechanical Engineer.
Ida Grove, Iowa.

Σ A E
Varsity Track.
Class Track.
Varsity Football.
Class Basketball.

"When in doubt take the trick."—Hoyle.

Lest Fame forget her children, we might say that Hub is the man who has stolen the hammer for some years back. A good-natured chap but got pretty "Huffy" at the last State Meet. Is planning a mansion on Quality Hill, Ida Grove—a kennel to house the flock of dogs he has earned by his stories of adventure. A crack athlete and a good fellow.



OSCAR LEE HUFFMAN. Civil Engineering.
Wyoming, Iowa.
Class Football.

"'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face."—Addison.

His stolid expressionless exterior hides a core of golden oak. Very much inclined to make all study hard work. Should be in the employ of the Pinkertons—he successfully managed the capture and conviction of the stile looters—ask Heck, Mike, and Ivan.



MARK T. HUMPHREY. Electrical Engineering.
Marshalltown, Iowa.

"Humpy." "Tubby."
Welch
Class Football
A. I. E. E.

"They who from study flee
Live long and merrily!"—Bernard Shaw.

Tubby is a man upon whose brow study rests lightly. Starred as Knight of the Pitchfork in "The Hereafter" at the Junior Trot Circus. Possess a wonderful inclination to *specialize* in English—but out of respect for his stick-to-it-iveness we'll be lenient.



L. SHELLEY HUTCHINSON. Mining Engineering.
Iowa Falls, Iowa.

"Hutch." "Shelly."
Γ A Γ Z Ψ

"Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach preps to fiddle, and make tutors dance."—Pope.

In the halcyon days of our prepdom Shelly was the patron saint of the Φ Δ Γ and a fusser of such repute that he got himself into the notice of the Big Chief in several instances. But a college course has been to him all that father could wish. Although he still likes to trip the light fantastic, he is becoming very reserved and has all the earmarks of a scholar.





BRYCE HUTCHISON.

Mining Engineering.

Ames, Iowa.

"Bryce."

Γ Ζ Ψ

"Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt."—Byron.

Bryce is confident that his name *is* Hutchison, not Hucheson, or Hutchinson, but Hutchison. He spent some time teaching the Bomb man to spell it *H-u-t-c-h-i-s-o-n*. "Slow and steady," is his motto—says you're liable to strain the timbers if you run the hoist too fast.



JOHN HUGG.

Mechanical Engineering.

Polk City, Iowa.

Class Baseball.

"Mechanic slaves,

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers."—Shakespeare.

John never told very many bad things on himself—it is the Boards policy not to say good things promiscuously! ! ! ! An informal vote unanimously elected the man to be dispenser of the chooing for the Ruff-Haus Leeg. He once startled the college community by wearing a white collar but says he would not destroy his equanimity a second time by such an action.

MAURICE WOOD INESON.

Civil Engineering.

Dallas Center, Iowa.

Ozark.

"All the operations of nature are gradual."—Bacon.

A bad cold has to meet Ineson—he'd never catch it. But he really did stub his toe once in some unaccountable way—he has stayed in o'nights ever since. Dotes (?) on English and reveres (?) the memory of John Berg. Please Mr., don't ask him what he thinks of "electric railway,"—he's liable to explode—slowly, of course!



WOOD CORNELIUS IVERSON.

Animal Husbandry.

Waterloo, Iowa.

"Woody." "Prep."

Philomathean.

Class Baseball Manager '06.

Class Track '06.

Ag. Club.

"Be bolde! Be bolde! and every where be bolde."—Spenser.

Ask, "Woody," and it shall be opened unto you—even the Dean's sanctum. An Ag. with rosy dimpled cheeks and curly hair. Congratulations are in order when he gets to class on time. As a mixer, he can't be beaten by a bar-tender.



MAGNUS SOREN JEPSON. Animal Husbandry.
Moorhead, Iowa.

"Jep."
Philomathean.
Ag. Club.
Δ Θ Σ

"His face was that of doubtful kind,
That wins the eye but not the mind."—Scott.

Jep is a man that never flunks, never flags, never jokes, never brags, never fusses, never chums, never mixes, never bums. What does he do? Smiles and blushes and makes *grade* rushes.



OSCAR W. JOHNSON. Animal Husbandry.
Le Grand, Iowa.

"Ole"
Crescent.
Class Football '07.
Winner Home Oratorical Contest, '07.
Ag. Club.

"They will find me a lion by and by."—Atheniens.

Ole is said to be a Swede by name, a Quaker by trade, and a Frenchman by nativity! He came across lots from the '08's one day and we took him in as a waif—now he promises to become quite a fixture in the establishment. His worst sin is that he's apt to indulge in poetical flights occasionally.



FLOYD DUREN JONES. Civil Engineering.
Ames, Iowa.

"Oh! greatness! thou art but a flattering dream."—Tracy.

Went to *see C sea College*, once and says it helps. Always carries a well-fed look; never worries; works mechanics like an automaton; has little to say and says the most of it—dares to think he can make a big noise when he is handed that roll of vellum tied with the Cardinal and Gold.

RALPH HENRY JONES. Civil Engineering.
Des Moines, Iowa.

"Schones."
"Jonesie."
Bomb Board.
Sec'y Jr. C. E. Society.

"Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting, where
And when, and how thy business may be done."—Herbert.

"R. H." Knows business, when he meets it in the road, whether it be running a milk wagon, handling a transit, or *Chasing* groceries. A joshier who sees both sides of a joke at once and laughs at the front side. Calls regularly at I. B. C., Des Moines. (P. S. This doesn't necessarily mean Iowa Business College, or any thing—the Independant Baking Company has a plant in the city.)





GERTRUDE JONES.

Domestic Science.

Ames, Iowa.

Clivian.

"Neither too young to be wise, nor too old to be careful."

Milady has held various positions of trust and honor in the capacity of "stenographer" in her time. Her note-books would pass for models—even with Bruce Crossley's department. Further than that—she's one of our girls, and we're willing to have a lot more like her. (P. S. The policy of this Board has been, is, and always will be, to encourage co-education at I. S. C.



NEAL JONGEWAARD.

Veterinary.

Sioux Center, Iowa.

"Neal."

Vet. Medic Society.

"Exhausting thought,
And living wisdom with each studious year."—Byron.

We've seen Neal's "awful" name in the directory for some time, but he is such a *student* that otherwise we wouldn't have known he was here. If he'd only get out and chum around the campus, flunk a few studies, and leave his calling card at the Big Chief's Lodge, he'd be better known. Is reported to be very quiet—as Vets diagnose it.

ORPHA ESTELLA KA DEL.

Science.

Ames, Iowa.

"Kadle."

Crescent.

Oratorical Council.

"A mien that neither seeks nor shuns
The homage scattered in her way."—Howe.

Speaks more with her eyes than with her mouth, although she is a veteran on the platform. She is reported to be long on chumming, but a wild guess would put her as "just m(i)(e)ddlin" in that course.



HARRY N. KALE.

Electrical Engineering.

Denison, Iowa.

Los Hermanos, A. I. E. E.

"Wears ever on his tawny face
A sad, defiant look of pain."—Foote.

A tall, lanky lad who looks like he could stow away some eatin's. Easy going—never attempts any grand stands. Quiet to a fault, but a pretty good sort when you get him cornered up. Likes to sleep off the effects of Phys lectures. Got a N-of P-perfect in Chem. once and had to "hurry back."



EARL FOSTER KELLEY.

Civil Engineering.

Hampton, Iowa.

"Pig."
"King."

"Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep."—
Shakespeare.

Pig's proficiency in Engineer's English in a recitation would scandalize the whole essay department of I. S. C. We are unable to state whether this proficiency comes from a short incarceration in the U. of Minn., or from a working acquaintance with the '08's. (P. S. On second thought we've decided to give the cookie to the '08's)



FRANCIS LAMBERT KERR.

Animal Husbandry.

Manila, Iowa.

"Towser."
Phileleutherof.
Ag. Club.

"Every dog has his day."—

Query: Was it because his bark is worse than his bite? Has a reputation for studying during one recitation, the lesson for the next period. Claims to have gotten star grades in English from themes written in soils class. Somewhat of a crank—on a bicycle.



JOE E. KING.

Electrical Engineering.

Ames, Iowa.

"Joe."
Bachelor.
Bomb Board.
Class Football.
Reserves.
Glee Club.
A. I. E. E.

"Greatness, thou gaudy torment of my soul."—Otway.

Those twinkling eyes of Joe's would certainly play havoc among the fair sex if their owner should happen to fly the groove. A kindly disposed chap with class spirit to spare. Honorary Member of Engineering Ruff-Haus Leeg—his operations in the past caused regular explosions of *Mount Peewee*. Says an R is only an aggravation to a fellow.



HARRY W. KING.

Electrical Engineering.

Waterloo, Iowa.

"Hach-Double-You."
Welch.

"Dreading that climax of all human ills.
The inflammation of his weekly bills."—Byron.

Much given to holding little after—sessions with his instructors. Belongs to the I. S. C. Honk! Honk! Club. owns a buzzo-bubble and runs it to the limit. Beat the New York to Paris racers from Marshalltown to Ames and didn't half try. A mechanic from the cradle up.





JOHN G. KIRKPATRICK. Electrical Engineering.
Waterloo, Iowa.

"Little Kirk."
Welch.

"Turning to mirth all things of earth
As only boyhood can."—

Kirk is a joker of the direct connection six phase generator type. Delights in acrobatic stunts. Works under high voltage and every-thing has gone lovely except English—he blames poor insulation for the trouble. Inadvertently caused a short circuit by Ruff-Hausing in the Drawing Room recently—when the smoke had cleared away he says the meter reading had changed from ME XXIII to 23 for Me.

KEMPER AUSTIN KIRKPATRICK. Horticulture.
South English, Iowa.

"Kirk." "Hez."
Philomathean.

Δ Θ Σ
Student Staff.
Agriculturist staff.
Bomb Board.
Hort. Club.
Pres. Cosmopolitan Club.
Scrub Faculty.

"Let Me play the fool—
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."—
Shakespeare.

Behold yer Unkel Hez—Ag. Kirk—the Hort.—the College jester!—and above all the modern Foxy—Quiller. By his (presents) presence ye shall know him—when *pun-gent* playing upon words becomes a penitentiary offence, Kirk will probably be hung.



SEAMAN A. KNAPP. Civil Engineering.

Ames, Iowa.
"Shavin's." "Spindle." "Shorty."

Bachelor.
F A
Glee Club.
T. L. B.
Bomb Board.
Jr. Trot Com.
Class Serg't Arms '08.

"When love so rumbled in his pate no sleep comes in his eyes."—Sir J. Suckling.

Spindle is a fixture on the campus and is looked up to by the big men—even Prexy was heard to remark, "How tall did you say you are?" We bespeak a big future for the lad if he'd just thicken up a little. Inherits great business ability from dad—and A. Bud.



FRANK C. KNOWLES. Mining Engineering.
Kingsley, Iowa.

BO II Γ Z ♣
Class Track.
Varsity Track.

"For, O, for, O, the hobby horse is forgot."—Ibid.

Knowles is master of the cinder path but he set "Larry" Young too slow a pace in the home meet. He not only runs well, but he has learned to ride well for after college days he intends to ride dump cars, hunt for pay streaks and kick up the dust that doesn't lie on the track. Look for the cloud it will have a gilded lining.



ALEXANDER B. KNOX.

Mechanical Engineering.
Cherokee, Iowa.

"Sandy."

B Θ Π K Φ
Varsity Football.

"Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait."—Longfellow.

Sandy is on the highway to become a "fizzisist"—took Phys IV in '06 and is now suffering his second relapse. A job with the Link Belt Co. furnished the background for a summer at Sans Souci and the White City. If there was any fun in that village that Sandy didn't locate, it wasn't advertised.



ALLEN I. KULP.

Adel, Iowa. Veterinary.

"Ikey."

Vet. Medic Society.

"They only babble who practice not reflection,
I shall think—and thought is silence."—Sheridan.

Ikey's recommendation classes him as a broad Vet. He is usually silent, but is a most intelligent conversationalist when he gets limbered up. Has a preacher's weakness for fast horses. A man of wide experience—says there's nothing more uplifting in his whole repertoire than "bronc busting."



GUY MERLTON LAMBERT.

Ames, Iowa. Dairying.

"Guy."

Σ A E
Varsity Football.
Varsity Track.
A. A.

"If aught of ill betide her,
Better I had lost my life."—Byron.

Guy has chosen his course with much care. From long staying in churn lab he has developed some *butter* characteristics—his score is vouched for, too. Especially fond (?) of organic chem, but wouldn't let it interfere with his athletic stunts for a minute.



EVERETT WESLEY LAMBERT.

Ames, Iowa. Mining Engineering.

"SE."

Σ A E Γ Z Ψ
Varsity Track.
Varsity Football.
Junior Class Play.
A. A.
Athletic Council.

"Who imagines prudence all his own."—Sophocles.

Mining Eng.—Mining, English, if you please—e. g. "Telly" 'bout *me* boys, I've been out on the bloody stope." A big husky who can gather a correspondingly large armfull of good grades. Likes to tell stories in Phys. lectures.



EDUARDO F. LAN. Veterinary.
 Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic.
 Vet. Med. Society.
 ΣΥΦ
 Cosmopolitan Club.

"Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men."—Milton.

The great East, Cornell, and the lakes appeal to Eduardo. He is right at home in society's whirls, and vacation finds him seeking the city with its great theatres, surging throngs, and weaving thoroughfares—says he gets lost in a burg the size of Ames. He is an earnest student and trims up excellent grades.



WILFRED G. LANE. Electrical Engineering.
 Mason City, Iowa.

"Bill."
 Bomb Board.
 Ch'm Jr. Trot Circus Com.
 Class Baseball.

"What's clear to me is dim to thee—
 Opinions are divided."—McLachan.

Bill came over in an airship from the U. of Wis. one fair afternoon. Some say it was floated by the inflation of the passenger—vile wretches! We heard him some time before he landed and we've been hearing him ever since. But Bill's a good-hearted fellow for a' that and a' that.

FRANK WALTER LARSON. Veterinary.
 Meltonville, Iowa.

"Lars."
 Vet. Medic. Society.

"Get leave to work in this world."—E. B. Browning.

Lars already has calls and calls. Truth is he's business from start to finish. He is on the Scrub Faculty—scrubs the Bulletin rooms for "Nick" Carter. Evidently a Swede, but he is Irish enough to know that "if you want to keep your head above water, you mustn't let the grass grow under your feet".



FREDERICK W. LAW. Veterinary.
 Keokuk, Iowa.

"Fritz."
 Vet. Med. Society.
 Varsity Track.
 Capt. Varsity Football '08.
 Aztec.
 Varsity Basketball.

"A form more active, light, and strong
 Ne'er shot the ranks of war along."—

In the halcyon days Fritz lived in the quarters and was Proctor Jim Woods' prime minister. Erstwhile, he was commissary general and dispensed barrels and barrels of prep tonic. Will some day be in great demand among the equine persuasion.



WALTER HARLAN LECKLITER.

Civil Engineering.

Corning, Iowa.

"Leck."

Class Football. Scrubs.

"O take away your foolish song,
And tones enough to stun."—Hood.

Leck is a man with a dual purpose mind—sings continually while he studies. Comes from Corning, Adams Co., a suburb of I. S. C. and the nesting place of great men, according to G. R. Bliss and M. L. Bowman. W. H. is a walk over from '08's—walked over Missouri one year as transit man after entering school.



JAMES A. LISTER.

Mechanical Engineering.

Sibley, Iowa.

"Jim."

Welch.

"Ability wins us the esteem of true men."—La Roche-foucauld.

Jim is a quiet, unassuming chap. A great worker, but he doesn't seem to know it. The Board was unable to unearth any scandal about this man's family, except that he has a little of what the profs in English were wanting to call "the artist's touch".



RAY L. LOCKWOOD.

Civil Engineering.

Osceola, Iowa.

"Abe."

Crescent.

"A sense of duty pursues us ever."—Joseph Cook.

Lockwood does not care to have it known that his name is Abe, so keep it mum. He is a man of some experience, has slung hash, batched, and worked on the section, and, at the last reports, was still a gentleman.



LEROY L. LEBROCK.

Mining Engineering.

Elkader, Iowa.

"Brock."

"Few have borne unconsciously the spell of loveliness."—Whittier.

The sum of the Board's knowledge about Brock doesn't foot up very big. The librarian says he's quite a bookman. W. B. says he knows enough to pass up Phys lab. J. C. checked the same question about Calc. He is especially fond of riding the tennis court drag while the preps pull.



EDWARD R. LIDVALL. Mining Engineering.
Dayton, Iowa.

"Lid."
Γ Ζ Ψ
Varsity Baseball.

"The tools to him that can handle them."—Scott.

Lid has been known to get a touch of buck fever way out there on second base but he does pretty well when Cunny is nearby to sic him on—'tis said Cunny and Burky are his foster parents. He is a man well-liked by his classmates who swear that he will some day make diggin's of his own.



HAROLD FREDERICK LUICK. Animal Husbandry.
Belmond, Iowa.

Philomathean.
Ag. Club.
Agriculturist Staff.
A. Z.

"There is a luxury in self-dispraise."—

A man who is righter (writer) than you'd probably think—and the trouble is, he doesn't want to know it. A broad, *normally*—minded Ag. who can turn a skilled hand at any task except idleness.

GEORGE LEVERETT McCAIN. Mechanical Engineering.
Des Moines, Iowa.

"Mick."
Bachelor.
Bomb Board.
Student Staff.
Φ Γ Δ
Jr. Trot Committee.

"Their bright eyes so abound boys
It's hard to choose it's hard to choose."—Moore.

Mick is a Kronic' Phusser and raises *cain* continually but he is withal a good student. Started in a half year behind the class but he is already pushing the old timers down the home stretch. "Please, sir, is that a grin or a smile?"



ALMA BESSIE McCULLA. General and Domestic Science.
St. Ansgar, Iowa.

Ω Δ
Chollan.
Bomb Board.
Basket Ball.

"From a grave thinking mouser, she has grown
The gayest flirt that coaches it round the town."—Pitt.

In the earlier days of her college career, she was much interested in the publication of the I. S. C. STUDENT. (See '07 Bomb). Her fondness for dates secured her appointment on the class history committee. A hail fellow well met.



THOMAS E. McCULLOUGH. Civil Engineering.
Davenport, Iowa.

"Tom." "Irish."

Σ N

A A.

Class Football.

Class Track.

Varsity Track.

Soph Class Play.

"I seek no partners but in pleasure."—Byron.

We have here a select specimen from the Mineveh of Iowa. This may account for his being called distant and beyond earth. But you've got to meet Irish—there isn't a warmer friend or truer companion than he.



RALPH MAX McEHLINNEY. Animal Husbandry.
Waterloo, Iowa.

"Hiram."

B Θ Π

Capt. Varsity Football '07.

Varsity Track.

Capt. Class Basketball '08.

Athletic Council.

"I never think I have hit hard, unless I rebound."—Samuel Johnson.

Slow and easy going both walking and talking; fact is, Hiram never gets on a full head of steam except in a hard game. Not afraid of hard work,—he can live in the same room with it and it doesn't worry him a bit.



HARLEY BOONE McELYEA. Electrical Engineering.
Ames, Iowa.

"Mac." "Harley."

Bachelor.

Bomb Board.

Class Football.

Class Track.

Soph Class Play.

Capt. Cummins Rifles.

A. I. E. E.

"And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Charges to virtue and worthiness."—Shakespeare.

Mac is the delight of General Lincoln's heart. He is a decided success as a collector of "cans" to wit: Thermodynamics, Mechanics, M. E. 25, etc., but he swears it's all Bill Lane's fault. It has been rumored about the campus that Mac is a $\Pi \Phi$ pledge but the Board has been asked to deny the allegation and defy the *alligator*.

JESSE M. McKEENE. Science.
Tama, Iowa.

Glee Club.

Philleutheroi.

Scrub Faculty.

"One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never."—Shakespeare.

Jesse is the great two phase alternator of the school. C. E. to Sci; E. E. to Sci—Sci to D. S. next? Has the physique of a Beau Brummel and looks at home in a dress suit; scares away trouble with the artifice of a happy expression; and takes high C or an extra piece of pie with equal facility.





KENNETH MAINE.

Mechanical Engineering.

Des Moines, Iowa.

"Kenny."

K Φ Σ N

Varsity Football '07.

Scrubs '06.

"Search not to find what lies too deeply hid."—Denham.

Kenny is a hand-out from the '08's and was a motor dodger until he became constitutionally disinclined. He is a splendid worker when he once gets started—but his $I = \frac{0.2}{0.2} F$



FRANK RODNEY MANSON.

Electrical Engineering.

Sibley, Iowa.

Beardshear.

"Thou art in the end what thou art."—Goethe.

Manson is one of those quiet—yet talkative; dull—yet brilliant; studious—yet lazy fellows that beggar all classification. If he ever had a past, he used up a large share of his genius in hiding it from his class mates. His present and future are lost in a haze of uncertainty.

HELEN MARTIN.

General and Domestic Science.

Newton, Iowa.

Clio-lian.

"They the royal-hearted women are
Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace
For needy suffering lives in lowliest place."—George

Eliot.

A quiet, modest maid whose claim to lasting recognition lies in her unbounded persistence—she has fought some of her fiercest battles with German. Her education is one against odds—but if she doesn't grow reckless and run up the true flag, she'll capture that degree of B. S. sure as fate!



CHARLES W. MARTIN.

Animal Husbandry.

Carroll, Iowa.

"Push-button."

Bachelor.

Ag. Club.

Chapel usher.

"How else, said he, but with a good bold face* * * *?"—Spencer.

C. W. brought his sobriquet along in his hat band when he came from Coe to I. S. C.—and he has not entirely lost his *push-butt-in* characteristics yet. He would have made such a splendid bell boy in some metropolitan hotel—but he spoiled it all by becoming a good, loyal Ag.



OTTO E. MATTER.

Electrical Engineering.
Polk City, Iowa.

"Tut."

Dutch Band.

Capt. Class Baseball '07.

"There is music in all things if men had ears."—Byron.

If Tut were the latest importation he could not savor more of the land of the Kaiser. He is not large up and down, but his size around keeps him from falling into his big bass horn. Notwithstanding his foreign descent there isn't much the *matter* with him in the great American game.



RALPH JAY MASON.

Animal Husbandry.
Iowa Falls, Iowa.

"Rudy." "Cupid."

Philomathean.

Ag. Club.

Class Football.

Agriculturist Staff.

"He will not learn the low unfruitful art
Of mean content."—Shakespeare.

Nature did up some mighty good goods in small packages. Rudy's gurgling laugh goes with him every where—"you'd think he was all fun, but his classmates laugh, too, at the work he has done." Every one swears that he gets his hard lessons by rote.



MILDRED MAY MAXWELL. General and Domestic Science.
Ames, Iowa.

K Δ

Soph. Class Play.

"To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays."—Gay.

"Oh girls! Some body, do please read this translation over for me before the car stops!" "Why, yes ma'am, Miss Allis, I just worked all evening on this,—you give us such hard lessons? Sie ist einer grosser Detscher student,—very partial to the works of Heine.

JESSE W. MERRILL.

Animal Husbandry.
Ames, Iowa.

"Jay."

Δ Θ Σ

Ag. Club.

"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—Milton.

Here is a man who never looked very loud like a farmer, but he is a *jay* and he has inherent ability in that line. J. W. is long on singing, etc., and holds a standing position on one of the down town choirs. Furthermore he is a member of the Junior *Lemon-(y)ell-a* quartette. A great mixer and a jolly good youngster.





ROBERT BALLANTINE MILLER. Civil Engineering.
Storm Lake, Iowa.

"Bob."

Class Football.
Class Track.

"Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
To greatness?"—Milton.

Bob doesn't score so big as a leader in fun-making, but he is a most excellent follower along that line. His sunny expression and rosy cheeks hide a few serious thoughts. Uses the Miller brand of English when reciting: "You take this here line and set it over there on that there line."



GEORGE ARTHUR MILLS. Electrical Engineering.
Waterloo, Iowa.

Σ A E

Brotherhood of St. Andrew.
A. I. E. E.

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be!"—Tennyson.

George is a business man with a history. He has mixed in politics, worked in a garage, and has dispensed much knowledge to the Standard Oil Co. A good man to have for your friend, but—Honk! Honk!

IVAN LESLIE MILTON. Electrical Engineering.
Stanwood, Iowa.

"Milt."

"One morning ere my usual time,
I arose about the seventh chime."—Hood.

Milt used to be flunkey for *Clean-up-and-put-things-away*, but now he holds approximately the same position in General Lincoln's armory. One of the "also rans", and he holds an enviable record on the (N. W.) track. Ivan is one of Uncle Sam's crack shots and has been many a West Side feline into the eternal *Catnap* fields.



WARD R. MINER. Animal Husbandry.
Shell Rock, Iowa.

Philomathean.
Ag. Club.
A Z.

"Solicitous for other ends
Tho' fond of dear repose."

Ward is a good student but wants to know if "I shall not take mine ease in mine inn"? His chief sin however is that he is confining most of his talents within the walls of Ag. Hall.



JESSIE MINERT.

General and Domestic Science.
Ames, Iowa.

Crescent.

"Silence has been given to woman the better to express her thoughts."—Desnoyers.

This lady is the fairy godmother of Crescent picnics and she is nothing short of opalescent on the platform. A modest unassuming maid who even wants to fend the brightness of her eyes with the shimmer of her glasses.



MARIANO MARTINEZ MONDONEDO.

Animal Husbandry.

Gamu, Isabela, P. I.

"Mondy."

Ag. Club
Cosmopolitan Club.

"Nor cloud those looks,

That wont to be more cheerful and serene."—Milton.

Mondy is usually serious, but that face out does any Yankee's when there's a practical joke in the air. A hard worker, but likes to use a proxy occasionally.



WILLIAM BUCKINGHAM MURPHY.

Agronomy.

Springfield, Ohio.

"Hooligan."

Ag. Club.

There can be no kernel in this light nut;
The soul of this man is in his clothes."—Shakespeare.

Hooligan started out to be a great man by coming from the land of William McKinley, Mark Hanna, and Tom Johnson. He wanted to get even with his landlady by taking out the light globes and turning on the juice. He is making good, though, at I S. C.



FRED SAUKS NAIDEN.

Civil Engineering.

Woodruff, Iowa.

"Nib."

Class Baseball.
Class Tennis.

"In quest of lawless gain, they issued forth."—Byron.

This eligible to the five foot club is the man who planned a spur from the main line into a farmer's grape patch last fall—the right of way was never secured. Considers the world a huge joke but he can be serious when necessary. Nib is one of the fellows who want to know a thing and then to know why they know it.



ELTON G. NAZARENE. Mechanical Engineering.
Dallas Centre, Iowa.

"Elton."
Dutch Band.
Los Hermanos.

"Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love."—Shakespeare.

A man for pensive moods and dreamy solitudes. He, from discordant intervals, draws the purest harmony and his fingers wandering over the glistening keys create such melodies as force rebellious feet to perfect rhythm.



LAWRENCE A. NELSON. Animal Husbandry.
Harlan, Iowa.

"Bat."
Σ A E
Varsity Football.
A. A.
Royal Stock Judging Team.

"Sport to an observing mind is study."—Beaconsfield.

Bat isn't socially inclined, but when he does go in—as in all else he attempts: G'way chile, min' yo' bettahs." Says *hold fast* is a better pup than *Brag* in any state of the market. A clean, upright lad, lionized by the Preps and respected by the Seniors.

CHARLES S. NICHOLS. Civil Engineering.
Ames, Iowa.

"Nick."

"In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all."—Gay.

A great hammerer but never a knocker when not hammering at his studies he is hammering a typewriter for the Highway Commission. Always on the move, he is the very "Old Nick" when it comes to work.



CHARLES WILLIAM OKEY. Civil Engineering.
Prescott, Iowa.

Bachelor.
State Tri-angular Debate '08.
Class Football.

"Think you a little din can daunt mine ears."—Shakespeare

Some people think this man is married, but do not be deceived—it is his brother. Ladies, we have been authorized to say that he is still open to offers. A man who has a sane conception of education—he says, "College life first, *grades* afterwards."—he's getting both. Instructor. "Do you pronounce it Okey or Okay?" But we say Okey is O. K.



LOUIS E. ORCUTT.

Mechanical Engineering.
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Louie." "Fuzzy."

Bachelor.
Bomb Board.
Student Staff.
Ozark.
Major First Battalion.
Scrub Faculty.
Oratorical Council.
Chapel Organist.

"Great wits may sometimes gloriously offend."—Pope.

"A personal friend of mine in Boston"—"I did not have an office in the Masonic Temple in Chicago for a year and not know that." "They never do that in Council Bluffs." "I tutored that man in English * * * * *" Dr. of Military Science up to the degree of Major and a fellow not more than half bad—to state the worst. But why say more?



HARRY O. ORR.

Civil Engineering.
Waukee, Iowa.

"Shadow."

Los Hermanos.

"Playful blushes that seem'd naught
But luminous escapes of thought."—Moore.

If features and voice mean anything H. O. has evidently missed his calling. That face and singy drawl would put the surplice on Shadow and have him doing the chants. However that would spoil a good engineer so we'll let Nature have her way.



FRANK D. PAINE.

Electrical Engineering.
Algona, Iowa.

"Shorty."

Class Treas.
Class Vice-Pres.
Bomb Board.
A. I. E. E.

"And genius hath electric power,
Which earth can never tame."—L. M. Child.

Shorty is an inventor of some note. Besides his famous slip—stick for balancing chem. reactions, he is the discoverer of the equation for the "paine", the practical unit for trouble. It is equal to 10^{23} c. g. s. units. His efficiency is $99.9178 + \%$ as a prime mover.



GEORGE WILLIAM PATTERSON.

Agronomy.
Burk, Iowa.

"Little Pat."

Philomathean.
Ag. Club.
Corn Judging Team '07.
State Triangular Debate '08.
Short Horn Prof. '08.

"I have found you an argument,
I am now obliged to find you and understanding."—
Johnson.

"Mrs.—our views are the very latest. They have the patent cellulo-carbino-platino finish warranted not to check, crack or fade. And, with each and every dozen, I am giving away, absolutely free, one of these magnificent magni—stereo—ocularoscopes." Pat tried about s'teen times before he made the debating team, says you've got to "butt and keep butting" down here below.





HOWARD FRASER PATTERSON.
Burt, Iowa.

Agronomy.

"Big Pat." "Doc."
Philomathean.
Ag. Club.
Corn Judging Teams '06 and '07.

"The fire i' the flint shown not till it be struck."—
Shakespeare.

H. F. can talk corn right off the cob! He is ring leader of the Philo Phussers—those curly, auburn locks, and snapping eyes mean 'things'. Found I. S. C. a little tame after living as a cowboy, but he is getting bravely over it.



FRED PAULSEN.
Avoca, Iowa.

Electrical Engineering.

"Fred."
Bachelor.

"A rough diamond and must be polished ere he shine."—
Dryden.

Math. shark! Phys. shark! Chem. shark! but *go way English!* Is a hard worker and comes honestly by all he gets. He can't quite get over his German brogue—he knows the real thing and could tell the German automobilists things in the mother tongue.

JOHN HENRY PECHSTEIN.
Keokuk, Iowa.

Mechanical Engineering.

"Peck." "Nagel."
Σ A E

"A mighty hunter."—Pope.

Peck says that if he had a million dollars he would buy himself two Limburger cheese factories and a brewery. Chose Technique English as a Junior elective—passed it up all right and a fellow who can do that surely doesn't deserve any more roasting.



SEYMOUR GUY PLATT.
Oelwein, Iowa.

Horticulture.

"Senator."
Philomathean
Hort. Club.
Class Track '07.

"My soul has rest, sweet sigh! alone in thee."—
Petrarch.

"Well, say, now" he's an enthusiastic Hort. and he believes in applying his knowledge of grafting along other lines. Senator has untold thousands of schemes for money making, but, "say, now, if I was you, I wouldn't pay much attention to them. His unique ability to advise and command probably comes from his having been chief straw-boss and night-watch in the I. S. C. orchards one summer. He is a student of marked thoroughness and ability.



ARTHUR EDWARD QUAIFE.

Ionia, Iowa.

Agronomy.

"Dr. Quaife." "Prof. Holden."

Philomathean.

Ag. Club.

Student Staff '07.

Agriculturist Staff.

Corn Judging Team '06

Short Horn Prof. '07, '08.

Cosmopolitan Club.

"Consider, I'm a peer of the realm, and I shall die if I don't talk."—Reynolds.

"I and Professor Holden and Professor Bowman has told the people a great many interesting things about corn in trips over the state. I am from the Four Seize College and I find it has helped me very much in passing up my Chem. I have sampled several courses at I. S. C. But the corn course is the best!" Next!



PHILIP L. REPPERT.

Electrical Engineering.

Cumberland, Iowa.

"Phil." "Rep."

"Bird-Shot."

Varsity Football.

Varsity Track.

A. A.

A T Ω

"Don't flinch, don't foul, but hit the line hard."—Roosevelt.

Rep is a most practical, hard-headed chap—in fact many of his opponents have gone off the grid-iron wondering of what his noggin is made. Is a great jollier and loves Ruff-Hausing in recitation rooms "pooty good." Claims that every student at I. S. C. should show his interest in good government by registering for exemption from Physz Lab. finals.



ERNEST BURR RHINE.

Eldora, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Ernie."

Bachelor,

A T Ω

"For the apparel often proclaims the man."

Some moons back, when '09 was young, Ernie decided to stop working Uncle Sam and begin working the Engineering Department. He has managed to keep it pretty busy since then—he has taken his M. C. L. with honors and is fast chasing that B. C. E. into a tight corner. A tip-top A1 fellow, 'e is sir.



WILLIAM JULIUS RHOADES.

Oakland, Iowa.

Agronomy.

Philomathean.

A. Z.

Ag. Club.

"Of every noble work the silent part is best."—Story.

Spent one year at S. U. I. but they are too noisy down there. Came dangerously near being a plugger but the doctor has hopes for him lately. He is a great English shark—a thing which probably explains that lean cadaverous look.



R. C. RIEDESEL. Mechanical Engineering.
Charter Oak, Iowa.

"Si."

"Weariness can snore upon the flint."

If Si were as jaded as he looks we'd surely get Dr. Tilden's permission to treat him with Dopeni's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling. He has a droll, drawly, dreamy humor that seems good to a man up a tree—the only time he ever got mad was when he was asked his name for this write up. (The committee man had to leave without saying, "Auf wiedersehn.")



JOHN RIGHTMIRE. Civil Engineering.
Topeka, Kansas.

"Johnny." "Right." "Windy." "K. U." "Kansas."

Class Serg't Arms ('07).

"I hear the wind among the trees

Playing celestial symphonies."—Longfellow.

John is the original package. He is an authority on butter—now don't get excited, don't be misled.—Johnny only does vacation churn lab. to finance a man's course thru college. Fights shy of class honors although he would like to be the power behind the throne. A man of decided likes and dislikes. Problem of the year—what the '08 Bomb hit at in its Confessions of a Goat?

J. FREDERICK ROWAT. Civil Engineering.
Des Moines, Iowa.

"Fritz."

Scrubs ('07).

"Look we for another."

Fritz belongs to a loyal I. S. C. family, being the third Row-at the college. (P. S.—We are looking for another like him.) One of the magnates in Gray, Hites, and Co's Western Onion Telegraph. Put up a neat fight with the typhoid fever in his Sophomore year.



ALBERT CLELAND RUPPEL. Animal Husbandry.
Webster City, Iowa.

"Ruppel, the Ag."

"Judge Ruppel."

Ag. Club.

"Come, now again thy woes impart."—Crabbe.

Recently knighted for his skillful use of the tin pan and the tack hammer. Always fishing for some *succor*. "Have you got them Chem. problems yet?" Author of the beautiful volume. "Why I Haven't My Lesson." A pretty decent lad, but just a trifle prone to tell why things haven't *was!*



HARRY MONROE RUSSELL.

Animal Husbandry.

Sibley, Iowa.

"Russell Monroe."

Ag. Club.

Class Football.

"We grant altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."

You'd-a hardly think it but Harry is said to have captured the prize in a beauty show in his very early days. He credits his thorough recovery to an extensive study of helpful hints and to the use of a well balanced ration. A whole-souled, loyal Ag.



IRVING COFFIN RUTLEDGE.

Animal Husbandry.

Fort Dodge, Iowa.

"Rut."

Varsity Football.

"He was always reading novels
And poetry and such."

Once upon a time Rut was one of Uncle Sam's soldier boys. Came to I. S. C. with the intention of shooting up the works of the engineering forces but he was corralled by a scouting party and he has taken most kindly to Ag. He has tried innumerable times to wipe off that smile but declares its an *impossibility*.



GILBERT SANDERS.

Postville, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Sunshine."

T E II

Los Hermanos.

"And wondering deeply what to do or say."—Chadwick.

This man comes from Postville on the pike—wherever that is. You'd think from the pet names that he and his pal, Orr, carry, that they were opposites. Nay, not so! if their drawls were to get mixed you could never tell where sunshine left off and shadow began. Very deliberate, but the goods usually come to hand with the freight paid.



LLOYD LAWRENCE SCHAEFFER.

Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Horticulture.

"Dr. Schaeffer."

Forum.

Hort. Club.

Class Football.

"Knocking may endure for the night but joy cometh in the morning."

Likes to take a rap at the profs now and then, but for some reason he can't carry the tune and he will burst into a laugh in spite of himself. Market gardener, laundry agent, college student, and nursed a vaccination all in one semester.





ERNEST EUGENE SCHENK. Civil Engineering.
Waterloo, Iowa.
Welch.

"Cling to thy native land, for it is the land of thy fathers."
—Schiller.

The little Dutchman—as he is familiarly called—spent two years at Normal before he realized his possibilities as an engineer. He is an enthusiastic chap and his work in class and literary circles is most creditable. "By jiminy" he can't help it if his name is Deutsch—indeed we believe he rather likes it.



THEODORE SCHJEDAHL. Civil Engineering.
Decorah, Iowa.

T B II

"I cannot tell what the dickens his name is."—Shakespeare.

We are getting used to it, however, since we've seen the *hand* he holds. Likes to visit his prep. school, Luther College, quite frequently. He is the object of much good natured jesting because he is so skillful at passing the joke around.

WILLIAM JOPHIA SCHLICK. Civil Engineering.
Indianola, Iowa.

"Bill."
"Schlitz."
Welch.

"Ability is a poor man's wealth."—Matthew Wren.

Bill is "*pretty slick*"—he passed up Simpson in less than a year. While he's a dandy kid, yet we hardly think he is fitted to wear a white necktie and set himself up for a judge of fried chicken. Says he's taking C. E. to become a *contractor extraordinary*.



WILL SCHMIDT. Civil Engineering.
Avoca, Iowa.

"Bill."
Bachelor.
T B II

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from Learning to be wise."

—Sam'l Johnson.

Although quite a fashion plate, Bill is no fusser. Had to climb a tree, paregorically speaking, to escape a war party of co-eds the night Mrs. K. went to Des Moines. His roomy says "he's the goldurn'dest feller to lay in bed" that he ever saw.



FRED SCHREIBER.

Chariton, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Dutch."

A T Ω

Bomb Board.

"Ye gods, and is there no relief for love!"—Pope.

If the old definition for consistency still holds, Dutch is surely a sparkling jewel. Although he had a wealth of observation he was unable to convince Stantie that he knew all about astronomy. Likes to hit the pipe, is his worst sin. His friendship and fellowship are a clear asset.



LOUISE SCHULTE.

General and Domestic Science.
McGregor, Iowa.

"Liz."

"With a smile on her lips."—Scott.

This lady is willing to believe whatever you say—if you say it with a good, straight face. Liz. has been told that she resembles the head of the D. E. department—a thing probably due to the laws of association, for she has had the misfortune to room on Prep Alley for some time.



FRED G. SCHWORM.

Nevada, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Peck."

Math. Tutor.

"Do you have to schmoke when you work, Mr. Schworm?"
—J. Berg.

Peck is a real man and withal some thing of a shark. Always wears a pleasant smile,—except when his correspondence is overdue. Has been known to pay as much as four cents excess on a letter. Threatens to call Gompers and Mitchell to I. S. C. if the Irish do not quit scabbing in Designing.



THEODORE SEXAUER.

Ankeny, Iowa.

Agronomy.

"Sex."

Philomathean.

A. Z.

Corn Judging Team ('06).

Ag. Club.

"The brow of youth (?), stern, gloomy, and severe."
—Cowper.

"We have here Pres. Sexauer of Iowa State College."—*Institute Announcement*. Is making a name for himself as "a judge of corn, small grain, butter, and—other products of the farm." *Testimonial letters*. A talented lecturer, successful politician, aspiring debater, and inveterate mixer,—don't be sauer, Sex—there's worse to come, and at the end the cap and gown!



PERLE A. SEXSMITH.

Electrical Engineering.

West Liberty, Iowa.

"Pa."

"Sex."

Dutch Band.

"The grass stoops not he treads on it so light!"

—Shakespeare.

You may call him "Hexsmith" if you are agile, otherwise, beware. Perle plays the great "Um-put-put" in the band. He took a week off once and the band had a terrible time. Wears a somewhat ample careless look and clothes of a somewhat ample careless cut,—but he's right there with the feathers.



J. LIONEL SHANNON.

Veterinary.

Barbadoes, B. W. I.

Vet. Medic. Soc.

ΣΥΦ

Cosmopolitan Club.

"An equal mixture of good humor
And sensible, soft melancholy."

Althouh he hails from a British commonwealth and tells English *funny* stories, yet no true Englishman ever claimed such a stride as his. He and Henry Elijah are in a class alone when it comes to walking. An Irishman here has said, "He walks all over himself." Loyal to I. S. C., but says Barbadoes is next door to heaven.

CECIL WESLEY SHANNON.

Mining Engineering.

Grand City, Iowa.

"Come, wilt thou see me ride."—Shakespeare.

Three years of college life have gone hard with C. W. and he is fast entering the advanced stages of decrepitude. Whereas, in his prep days, he could get about by exercising his pedal extremities, when pinched to it, he now has a collection of trained steeds—saw horses, boot jacks, and roller bearing autos—which carry him where angels fear to tread. Has an excellent vocabulary that stands him in good stead to disguise what he knows.



JOHNSTON WILLIAM SHOALES.

Agronomy.

Valliant, Oklahoma.

"John."

Welch.

Cosmopolitan Club.

"But the firm purpose of his heart remains."—Dryden.

John used to coach it for Booker T. at Tuskegee. He carries a cheerful face that hides one of the tragedies of real life. Has fought his way through college against disheartening odds. Appreciates a laugh on himself as well as one on the other fellow. Chief dislike—English. Greatest satisfaction—no more English.



LESLIE E. SMITH.

Jefferson, Iowa.

Veterinary.

Vet. Medic. Soc.
Welch.

"I pray thee cease thy counsel
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve."—Shakespeare.

A man who will undoubtedly make a success at running the Vet. department—whenever it is turned over to him. Has ability—can operate for arytectomy or plane teeth equally well—and thoroly believes that advertising pays!



WILBUR SMITH.

Ames, Iowa.

Veterinary

Vet. Medic. Soc.

"A sort of living oblivion."—Horace Greeley.

"Fate tried to conceal this man by naming him Smith"—and she almost succeeded! Runs amuck of the hurly-burly, bustle, and worry of college but he has become a "strait junior". He is the butt of much good natured chaffing by his classmates, but you can't keep a good man down by naming him Smith. Watch his smoke!



ROY EUGENE SMITH.

Canton, South Dakota.

Agronomy.

Forum.
Δ Θ Σ
Ag. Club.

"Much knowledge is found in books."

Came here to study and is making his one purpose apparent. Went to N. W. University one year but says there's too much flirting down along the lake for him. He has a decided weakness (?) for Chem, having wanted to dedicate the '09 Bomb bodily to the Chem. Department.



HAROLD CHESTER SMITH.

Britt, Iowa.

Electrical Engineering.

"Hee."
"Prep."
Crescent.
A. I. E. E.

"I attend to the business of other people, having lost my own."—Horace.

Hee poses as a star at engineering difficult pieces of literary society legislation. Fame marked him for her own when he became captain of Lincoln's conscripts; ditto, when he ran to make his watermelon patch confession. You've got to get in touch with H. C. to know him thoroughly.



ROY R. SMITH.

Civil Engineering.

Rockwell City, Iowa.

"Smithy."

Varsity Baseball.

"Do not be affronted at a joke. If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou art raw."--Junius.

It is always evident when Smithy is about—that terrible mouth, but we'll be lenient with him for he handles a big mitt mighty well. Has had some narrow escapes—results of teaching the young idea how to give the college yell. A great joker, but can't stand the tables turned. Likes to work *stand-ins* with Profs. Loved (?) the English department so well that he refrained from bidding it adieu until far into his Junior year.



CARL J. SNYDER.

Electrical Engineering.

Dubuque, Iowa.

Class yell master.

K Σ

A. I. E. E.

Junior Class Play.

"He is so full of pleasant anecdote,
So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit,
Time vanishes before him as he speaks."—Baillie.

Snyder is another one of those acquisitions the '09 E. E's have had from the U. of Wisconsin. Like his colleague, Lane, who preceded him, he is long on heated air currents. He was a star member of the Lemon-(y)-ell quartette. Is a shark on theory, but sometimes falls down in practice—according to latest reports.

GUSSIE SONNER.

Science.

Ollie, Iowa.

"Gus."

Clifolian.

I. F.

Oratorical Council.

"The great mind will be bravely eccentric and scorn the beaten road."—Goldsmith.

Gus aspires to be a public speaker, to holler for our country, our flag, and our nation. As original as the girl that floated up stream when she fell into the river and drowned. Says music is only fit for the moon struck! Delights to test the gullibility of her friends on stories that savor of the forty knights.



HARRIS ADELBERT STAFFORD.

Animal Husbandry.

Blairsburg, Iowa.

"Staff."

Forum.

Oratorical Council.

Class Track.

"Agriculture engenders good sense."—Joubert.

Staff is an Ag. grafted on a C. E. stock, but he says the union will have no bad effect upon the product. Is a school-ma'am retired on a competence (?) and attending college. He can entertain (?) you by the hour with stories of good, bad, and indifferent horsemanship. Has an awful *standin* with the Soils Department.



EVERETT L. STEWART.

Washington, Iowa.

Agronomy.

"Stew."

Pythian.

"The deepest rivers make least din."—Earl of Stirling.

Came to us from Knox College,—he is a credit to any school. Almost too quiet and he would run a mile to keep out of a bunch of co-eds. It is well to be wary Stew, they have the privilege this year—and those blushes are mighty fetching!



GROVER C. STONG.

Keosauqua, Iowa.

Veterinary

"Buddy."

Los Hermanos.

Vet. Medic. Soc.

"Think not I am what I appear."—Byron.

Buddy has been accused of being a little inclined to roughness and to looseness in his couplings. A big fellow with a big heart that's in the right place most of the time. Always smiling. Loud talker. Likes to hit the *makin's* pretty hard. May, perhaps need a little moral vivisectioning.



ALFRED B. STREET.

Ames, Iowa.

Electrical Engineering

"From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and a good one."—Shakespeare.

Can knock the insulation off E. and M. in a jiffy, and can wire down honors in any part of the institution. He has to use the telescope to see below 90 in his grades. Married and living happily on the West Side.



RALPH ROLLEN STROTHER.

Hubbard, Iowa.

Civil Engineering.

"Stroth."

"Fox."

Class Baseball.

"What shall he do to be forever known
And make the age to come his own."—Crowley.

Fame could never claim Strothers unless it were on the score of his endeavoring to avoid her wiles. Believes that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy". "Ace low, low deal gentlemen". Did the trip to Chicago in the role of "Billy, the Bup" recently.



JOHN F. SUMMERS. Animal Husbandry.
Malvern, Iowa.
"Jack."
Ozark.

"The devil was piqued such saintship to behold
And long'd to tempt him."—Page.

A devotee of fast horses and fair women,—I. S. C. has not entirely divorced him from his earlier loves. Despite his name Jack has no special affinity for the Zoological Department.



EDITH TROUTNER. Science.
Charles City, Iowa.
"Troutie."
Clollian.

"Amiable people radiate so much of mental sunshine that they are always reflected in all appreciating hearts."

—Ellsworth.

Troutie is ambitious to lead the life of a school-ma'am of science. She thinks bugs and cryptogams are "just lovely". Always bubbling over with enthusiasm, no matter what the subject under discussion.

W. EDGAR TUSANT. Civil Engineering.
Des Moines, Iowa.
"Ed." "Two-cents."
Σ N
Bomb Board.
Student Staff ('07).

"Assurance never failed to get admission into the houses of the great."—Moore.

Ed likes place and power,—he measures himself by the great of the earth and finds himself not wanting. Moreover, he makes good in more than half of his pretensions and therefore we can forgive him for most of the rest—the most of us fail to pretend and the rest of us fail to make good.



JEAN R. UNDERWOOD. Veterinary.
Ames, Iowa.
"Undy." "Jean."
Vet. Medic. Soc.
Class Track.

"Who knows before his life may end
What his share may be of care, man?"—Burns.

Ho good people! here is Vet. that took to fussing and it proved fatal. The records show that he has the matrimonial bureaus "skinned to death" for a speedy courtship. Moral to G. and D. S. fiends: If you want things to move, just "glom on" to a Vet.



LOUISA UPTON.

Fayette, Iowa.

Science.

Phileleutherol.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
Varsity Hockey.
Sernb Faculty.

"The warmth of genial courtesy, the calm of self-reliance."
—Whittier.

Long on experience and a gifted conversationalist is this lady. Used to teach Johnny his A B C's and pick the chewing gum out of Molly's hair. Has scaled the heights of Math. at I. S. C., from Prep. Algebra to Differentials—but g-way Deutsch. Can teach the boys things about energy and vim—look at the stunts the lady does—and she never says anything worse than "O, my!"



HENRY JOHN VAN DE WAA.

Orange City, Iowa.

Veterinary.

"Vandy."

Vet. Medic. Soc.
Class Track.

"Anticipate the difficult by managing the easy."—Lao-Tze.

Van is big enough to escape the kindergarten and just small enough to escape being *landed in* for his short-comings. Hard worker but occasionally takes time to forget it. It is said he intends to doctor shetlands after his graduation.



PEARL VAN DUZER.

General and Domestic Science.
Ontario, Iowa.

"Doozer."

Junior Class Play.

"For brilliancy no gems compare with the eyes of a beautiful woman."—Dr. J. C. Smith.

No other place can equal Ontario for scenery or society—in Doozer's mind. It's the pink of perfection—"it's great"! She *takes the cake* in "Do. Lab", but she says that demonstrating D. E. before a crowd is the worst ever.



GERRITT J. VAN DE STEEG.

Electrical Engineering.
Orange City, Iowa.

"Van."

"These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights."—Shakespeare.

Here is one Dutchman from "up there around" Orange City who didn't become a Vet. However, he is doing the next best, he is rooming with one, Van De Waa. Van is largely known by his long drawl and his ability to hit the pipe.



VERNER R. VELANDER. Mechanical Engineering.
Stanton, Iowa.

"Veneer."

Bachelor.

"Giveth advice by the bucketful; taketh it by the grain."
—W. R. Alger.

Veneer is a man of wisdom and a child of learning. He is sure of what he knows and knows what he is sure of, whether it be so, or not! Is becoming quite an orator, and, if he could only make his speeches as strong as his assurance, his leadership would soon be unquestioned.



FRANK C. VINCENT. Mechanical Engineering.
Shenandoah, Iowa.

"Vinny."

Welch.

T. L. B.

Jr. Trot Com.

"A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity."
—Goldsmith.

If this were a co-ed we could with propriety hurl a C. O. B. at his pate, but that is entirely too gentle an epithet to hang on one of the overall and jumper persuasion. Vinny lived in the cage at the Chem. Lab. for two years—he was the instigator of many violent reactions. Almost an electrical engineer,—he got enough of the course to be sure he did not want the rest. E. E.'s almost went on a strike because he took Math. X and didn't have to pass it up.

HERBERT W. WAGNER. Electrical Engineering.
Calamus, Iowa.

"Wag."

Philomathean.

Student Staff.

Normal Debate ('07).

Oratorical Council.

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

T B II

"A life of ease is a difficult pursuit."—Cowper.

In spite of his nickname this man has quite a serious personage. Wag carried a direct current (courant) that the Normal galvanometer could not measure. He holds second best record as a Philo Plusser, but further discussion of this phase of college activity is tabooed by the tolerably good editor of this book—quarter, please!



HARRY I. WAMBEAM. Electrical Engineering.
Ames, Iowa.

"Wamby."

"I'm thanked enough; I've done my duty, and I've done no more."—Fielding.

How fruitless it is to jar on the great plan of the universe! Because he got a cinder in his eye, Wamby vowed a solemn vow never to ride the Dinky—and he kept it for years—but the "beloved Dinky" kept on running until it died a natural death. H. I. is, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, the most deliberate man at I. S. C.



STEPHEN H. WARE.

Civil Engineering.

Webster City, Iowa.

"Steve."

Manager Class Football ('07).

Bomb Board.

T B II

"Old politicians chew on wisdom past
And totter on in business till the last."—Pope.

Steve is an inmate of 09's Tammany Hall, otherwise known as the Welch House. Good student, rather quiet and reserved, but *wares* well when you make his acquaintance. Has distinguished himself at various times by bucking the Ives Consolidated Transfer Company.



CHARLES E. WARSAW.

Electrical Engineering.

Riceville, Iowa.

Dutch Band.

"But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how."—Hay.

The lad's quite a musician and has curly hair. However, he will probably never reach the heights attained by Paderewski, or the greater masters, because he will persist in having his locks shorn too often. Has the quality of never having been so very, very good, nor yet, so very, very horrid.



RUTH RACHEL WATTS.

General and Domestic Science.

Ames, Iowa.

K Δ

Class Play ('07), ('08).

Bomb Board.

Girl's Basketball.

"One continual play day,
Balls and masquerades and shows."—Swift.

Life rests easily on this maid's brow. Her friends are satisfied with her one tongue, but with Miss Allis' help she's bound to have two. Mighty good girl,—she's so bloomin' cheerful—at making excuses.



ERICK NICOLI WAUGH.

Animal Husbandry.

Rowland, Iowa.

"Johnny."

"Wow."

Ozark.

Ag. Club.

"Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest."—Shakespeare.

Wow is one of those quiet chaps whose acts do the talking. Was one of the Ames Ags who went to New Mexico last summer to help Uncle Sam battle with sheep scab. Stayed long enough to show people he could land a permanent job, then returned to I. S. C.





WALTER T. WELLS.

Electrical Engineering.

Denver, Colorado.

"Prep."

Class Track.

Ozark.

"But I grow womanish again, and must not;
I must learn sternness now."—Byron.

Prep would probably have "gotten his" from the Sifting Committee long ere this if his *C. L.* grades had not brought up his average sufficiently to save his life. Has been called the College Widow-(er). Likes ease a bit too well.



RAY FLOYD WEIRICK.

Civil Engineering.

Ames, Iowa.

Crescent.

Student Staff.

"Gibe me no gibes, but greet me at your best."—Stoddard.

R. F. forms an interesting specimen in the college collection as the man with the petrified smile. Likes *C. E.* first rate, but he is financing the man's course by acting as secretary and chief cat-killer for the Zoological Department. And the wonder of it all is, that he makes only one charge for ether (either)!

WILLIAM T. WHALEN.

Electrical Engineering.

Boone, Iowa.

"Bill."

"Thomas A. Edison."

B Θ Π

"Laziness is like money,—the more a man has of it, the more he seems to want."—Shaw.

Bill is a shark to work—works his instructors! Is a perennial member of Julia's Short-horn Math. classes. Says he is going to get a job as lineman with a wireless telegraph company when he gets his diploma. A pretty good fellow, but he ought to take on a little more "pep",—just a little more!



RAYMOND E. WHITE.

Mechanical Engineering.

Indianola, Iowa.

Crescent.

"Oh thou clever one!"—Anacreon.

He had heard about drill at *I. S. C.* so he passed his up at Simpson. Starred as "strong man" in the Junior Trot Circus. Wise as a barn full of owls. Ask and ye shall know: "Oh Professor — —!" "Well, I had a question I wanted to ask, but I've forgotten it now".



PAUL HOMER WHITE.
Philomathean.

Mechanical Engineering.
Keokuk, Iowa.

"Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild:
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a child."—Pope.

A little Philo, about as big as Bruce Crossley. Might be mistaken for that gentleman if he weren't an engineer and his hair weren't curly. Quite a literary genius. A conscientious student. Would rather watch a light plant all night than do *C. L.* a week!



CHESTER M. WILLIAMS.
"Chet."

Mechanical Engineering.
Parkersburg, Iowa.

"Twixt sense and nonsense daily changes side."—

Chet is a bunch of assorted good humor compressed into one long lank specimen of the genus *Homo*. Likes fun in any form, anywhere, anytime, and is the past Pres. of the I. S. C. Ruff Hauser's Leeg. Works just enough and no more. —is exceedingly well versed on the theory of limits in its relation to work.



LAWRENCE A. WILLIAMS.

Electrical Engineering.
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Bill."

Γ A
Varsity Football.
Varsity Track.

"A glorious devil, large of heart and brain."—Tennyson.

Coming from the land of the Big Muddy doesn't prevent clear thinking in this man. In times past Bill was an '08, but, after thinking the matter over, he decided to wait for a class—and rightly so. Starred in French in bygone ages, but the effects have largely worn off now.



THOMAS K. WILLETS.

Mining Engineering.
Decorah, Iowa.

"Tod." "Father."

Γ Z †
Varsity Football.
Varsity Baseball.

"A fly sat on the hub of a chariot wheel and said, 'What a dust I do raise!'"

Willet! Reppert! Knowlton! Kirk! A veritable tempest in a teapot! Tod followed in the footsteps of Jack Watson by coming from Iowa College to I. S. C. He is a thorough champion of "Short Horn Calc." classes. Believes in speaking emphatically—to Chem. balances.





L. MELVIN WINSLOW.

Animal Husbandry.

Ames, Iowa.

Class Track.

"What is so foolish as the chase of fame?"—Young.

A good natured Ag who claims to be taking A. H. to learn how they drive "animals two by two". Went to Normal one year and has been a book agent—experienced man. Too quiet and stays in too much o' nights to ever amount to much, but he dares to think that he'll don the cap and gown ere long and A. B. will hand his English essays back to him.



STEWART WITMER.

Civil Engineering.

Des Moines, Iowa.

"Wit." "The Ass't Eng'r."

Class Tennis.

Class Treas. ('05).

Class Serg't Arms ('07).

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge."—Job XXXVIII—2.

Wit has had great ambitions during his career. He is the self-instituted proxy for the '09 co-eds in class politics, and his pleas for the Brown-eyed Susan for class flower were nothing short of pathetic. He is of late considering the acceptance of the position of Ass't Eng'r to the Interurban Ry.—if he be asked.

CLIFTON RICHARD YOUNG.

Animal Husbandry.

Ames, Iowa.

"C. R."

Ag. Club.

Short Horn Prof. ('08).

"He hath a lean and hungry look."

Gaze on the man's face and agree with the poet who said, "What's in a name?" A hard worker against odds, and quite a man, but he will probably amount to much more when he once gets his growth.



HERMAN H. ZORNIG.

Electrical Engineering.

Newhall, Iowa.

"Heiney."

Dutch Band.

"Made in Germany"—Adv.

Heiney is a shining exception to the statement that a Dutchman cannot see a joke. No Irishman ever had a truer sense of humor. Beside, he is described as a student and a fine musician. His good humor is carried at a maximum—if there be any ultimate, it occurs in Phys. Lab.



SAMUEL GARVER.

Farmington, Iowa.

Agronomy.

"Sam."

Philomathean.

"I was not born for courts or great affairs,
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers."—Pope.

Most familiarly greeted with, "O Sam! Wake up Sam!"
Sam could be a very great man if someone could only convince
him of the fact. Can furnish some of the finest samples of
dry humor you ever heard. Started into college as a Hort.,
but he says that they do too much *grafting!*



BABINO PALMARES.

Pasa, Iloilo, P. I.

Agronomy.

Cosmopolitan Club.
Newman Society.

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

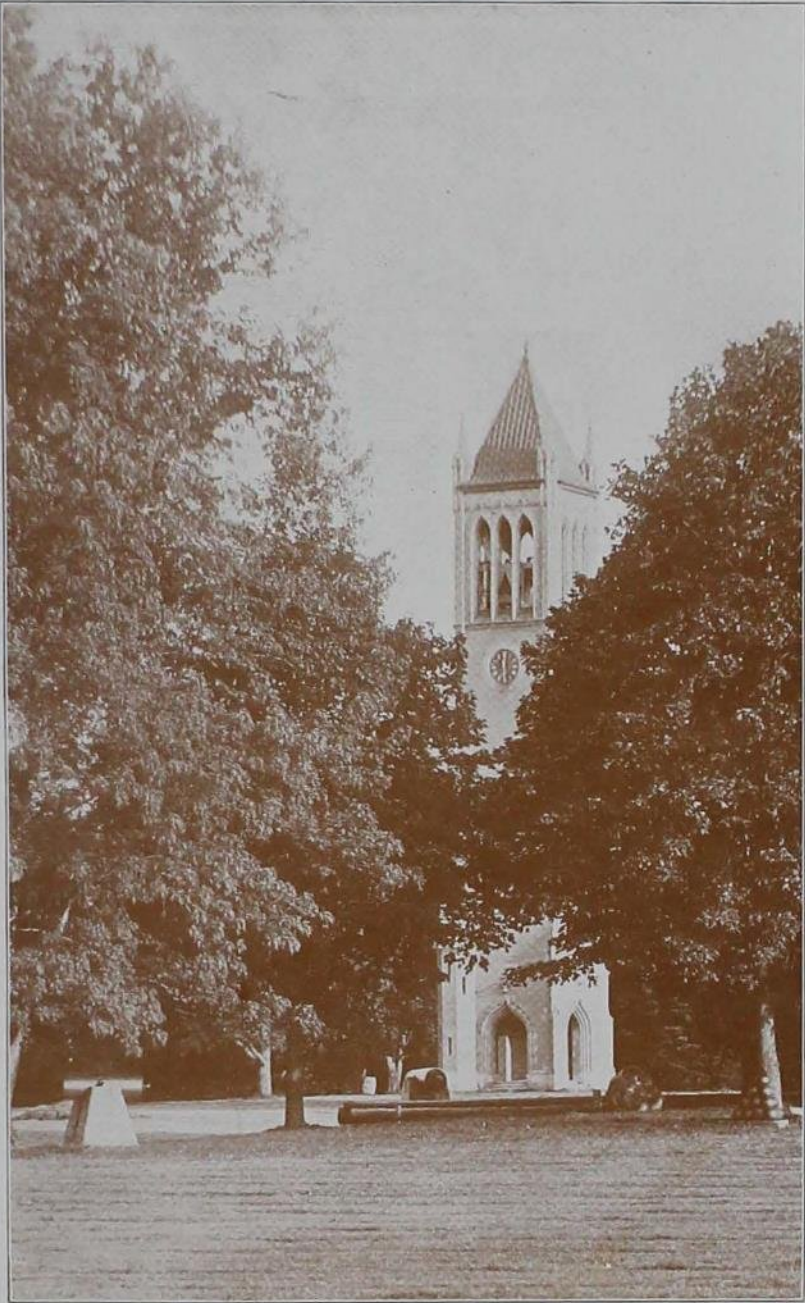
Came to us one morning from Michigan State College
where he had spent two years. A quiet, little, curly-haired
chap who takes—for recreation— "a little more guitar playing,
please".

In Memoriam.

Lou Salmon, D. S., '09
Died September 21, 1907.

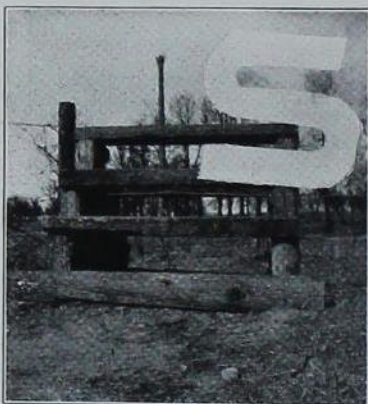
Clarence E. Heninger, C. E., '07
Died September 18, 1907.

A. Irwin Robinson, E. E., '07
Died November 28, 1907.



The Tale of the Also Ran.

BEING A TRUE RECORD OF THE DOINGS ONE NIGHT NOT A HUNDRED YEARS
AGO, IN A COLLEGE TOWN NOT A HUNDRED MILES FROM AMES.



AY fellows! What do you know about that stile the Northwestern is building down there at the foot of the viaduct", said "Hee" Smith at dinner one evening.

"I noticed that when I came in tonight; wonder how long it will stay," answered Milton.

"I'm game to take it down tonight, are you in Mill?" said the first speaker.

"Got you," was the illuminating answer.

"All right! Come up and let's get our A. C. together.

We'll go out about eight or nine?"

"All right."

"All right, are the rest of you fellows in?"

"Can't do it tonight, got an exam in Algebra III tomorrow," said one, and

"This is my busy night," said another.

"Mike Crawford will go, shall we get him?"

"Sure thing, bring him along."

"Can you get a hatchet? I'll bring my pliers."

"Sure, I'll swipe one from the land lady."

"Well!" pushing his chair back from the table, "I'm done, Come on, lets go over and see Mike."

"Be there in a minute."

Then the two conspirators strode down the street, Hee volubly chatting and Milton answering in monosyllables. In the course of the next few hours Mike had been found; the "A. C." problem worked, the tools collected and the trio had started out over the viaduct.

The night was magnificent. A bright full moon shed broadcast its effulgent, silvery light which only accentuated the dense black shadows cast by every post, tree, building and shrub. It was, in fact, just such a night as poets rave about, and lovers choose to plight their troth.

Soon the place was reached and each set swiftly and silently about his allotted task; the wires were cut, an opening was made, and the offending stile was moved from its position. Then a pause ensued while the boy bandits walked to the banks of Squaw Creek, looking for a place to throw the debris. This important point decided, they returned to the scene of their labors; when—

“What the h-ll do you felloys think your doing, broke suddenly upon their startled senses.

Silence for one brief moment, then “Put that stile back and be d-nd quick about it to.”

The three jumped as one man to obey; the task performed; one ventured timorously—

“Is that all?”

“No! Come on this side of the fence.—I want your names.”

“Now for it” whispered Milton and started pell mell up the path, Hec at his heels .

“Halt! or I’ll shoot!”

Bang! Bang!! Bang!!! and the night air, startled from its quiet, roared back the echo, Bang!—Bang!—Bang!

But there was no stop, and as Smith afterwards told it “Milt started up the path ahead, taking the cinder path and forcing me to run in mud up to my shoe tops, *But it didn’t take me long to catch him tho.*”

The chase was soon ended, the leaders setting far too fast a pace for the supposed detective, while Mike, having slipped past him in the heat of the battle, made the mile to the college in startling time.

After breakfast the next morning Milton and Smith walked out together.

“Did you notice who that fellow was last night?” Whispered Hec.

“I’m not sure, but I think it was that book agent Craig that eats at our dump.”

“That’s what I thot.”

“If it is I guess we’re up against it.”

“Well rather. I believe he is a railroad detective, Mill, that book agent business is just a blind.”

“Um hu.”

Later in the day, the now very much subdued bandits met and talked over the matter. As a result Mike *happened* around after dinner that evening, and the three took Craig up town and gave him the treat of his life. On the way, Smith said:

"Craig! Milton says he don't believe you *are* a detective?"

"He'd better. I can show him in a———,

"Oh I do, too." Milton interrupted.

But notwithstanding their varied attempts, the three could learn nothing to allay their suspicions, nor yet but little more to confirm their fears. Thus they were left in that wretched, unnerving state of uncertainty which is infinitely harder to bear than knowledge that the worst has come.

Well toward nine o'clock that evening, Mike heard steps approaching his door, then a knock.

"Come in!" said he in the boldest voice he could muster while visions of manacles, iron bars and steel cages rose before him. The door opened slowly, it seemed ages to Mike's tortured senses before Craig entered.

"I have positive information that you are one of the three fellows who attempted to tear down the stile last night. There is absolutely no use denying it." A short pause and then, "I don't think you realized the gravity of your action. I am young myself and I'm going to make it easy for you as I believe this is your first offense. I have decided that if you fellows pay the cost of replacing the stile and repairing the damage that you will have learned your lesson."

Crawford hastily drew out his pocket book and from it took a ten dollar bill saying:

"Here! Will that do? I wouldn't have the folks know of this for anything."

"Well, I figure the cost will come to about five dollars so your share will be a dollar sixty five."

This amount Mike paid almost joyfully, telling Craig that he was the finest fellow he had ever met, and promising him that he had learned his lesson well.

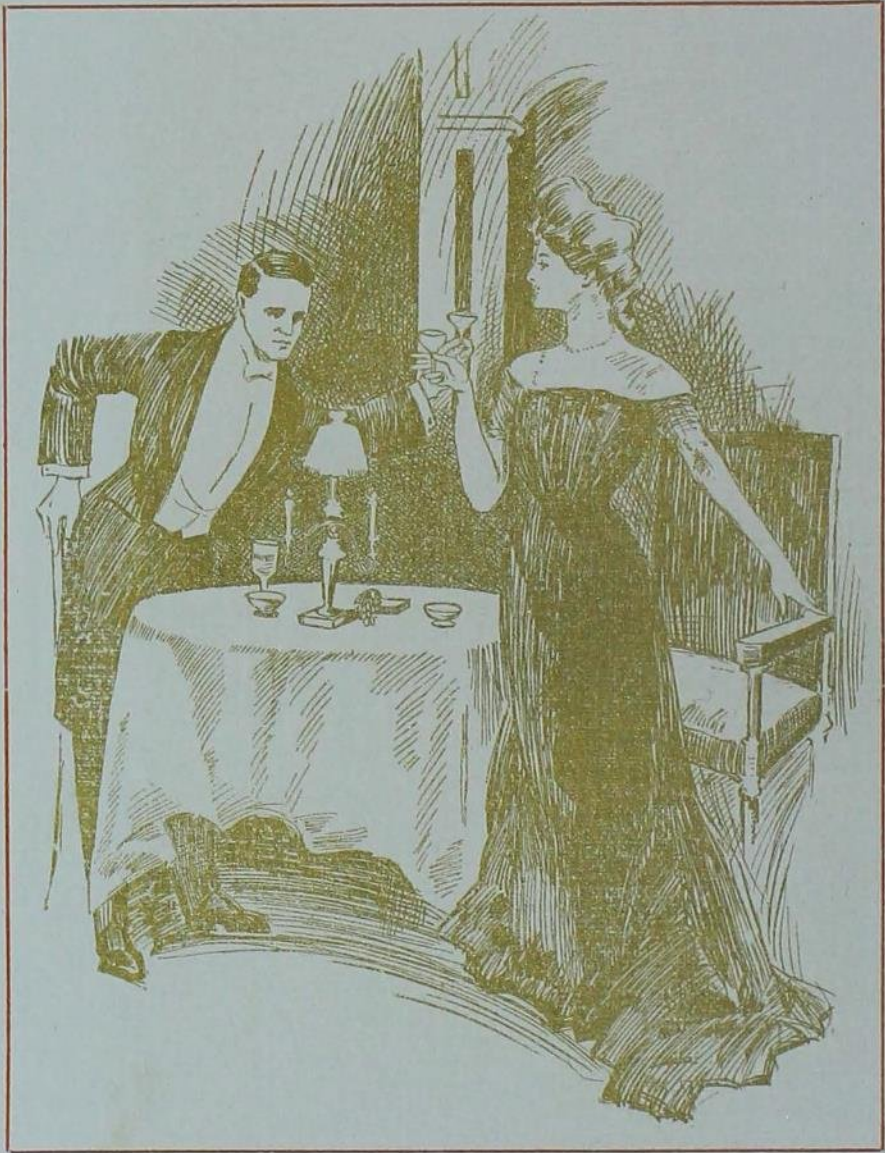
Milton was next seen and he also gladly paid the money, considering the incident happily ended.

Smith was not in his room but was finally found at the room of a friend. When confronted by Craig he said:

"Well I'm mighty glad to get out that easy. I never was mixed up in a deal like that before, except stealing watermelons when I was a kid."

* * * * *

The next Friday night Craig informed the still penitent bandits that the whole affair was a hoax put up by their fellow boarders. Thereupon the crowd adjourned to the cafe and there feasted long and merrily upon the five dollar *volunteer* offering.



A Toast



*Oh, Alma Mater, I. S. C.,
Our toast tonight is but to thee;
To thy great buildings; to the ease
With which thou dost redeem thy flight—
The task of shaping men of might,
We toast thy hist'ry proud and fair;
We toast the great names written there;
We toast thy present strong and sure;
We toast thy sturdy classes four.*



*Thy future too, we toast with zest;
May coming years be much the best
Of those within thy span of life;
May vict'ry crown thine ev'ry strife;
And full achievement of thy goal
Be written on each record scroll.
Oh, Alma Mater, I. S. C.
We toast thee, love thee, live for thee.*

ack!"

ns lack.



Hurry Back.

Recently the term came flying,
Setting proper persons sighing,
For its source they all were tryin to attack
But Prof. Cessna cleared the doubt:
"When Bre'r Noah's dove went out
The old man hove a mighty shout—
"Hurry back!"

Since that time to this there's never
Been a term more surely clever.
Lagging feet are greeted ever by the quack,—
Lazy boys enjoying shirking;
Dagos dallying while working;
Lovers by the Stone Arch lurking.
"Hurry back!"

A prep had never run a step,
But thoughts of drill gave lots of pep
And out he went to win a rej—on the track:
In the first race he was stranded—
In the rear—rear rank he landed,
When to drill A. Bud commanded,
"Hurry back!"

A junior at the Hall was calling
And his courage fast was falling,
Timidness is so appalling—What a smack!
He regained his nerve completely
When she said good-bye so neatly,
Whispering to him most sweetly,
"Hurry back!"

When the students' minds are leaking
Profs all have a way of speaking
More expressive far than shrieking—"Haul in slack!"
When their souls in June unfetter
And they're starting to feel better
"N. P.—Lab Fee," comes a letter,
"Hurry back!"

Knockers, something worse than skeeters
Waits you at the gate—(not Peter's!)
And you'll view the smoke and flames the heavens lack.
When you seek escape a minute,
Knowing that you'll soon be in it,
Satan then will sure begin it—
"Hurry back!"



Acquitted.

DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

(Founded upon the destructive storm of—1908.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

JUPITER DEUS.....	KING OF HEAVEN AND EARTH
MERCURY.....	MESSENGER OF HEAVEN AND ACCUSER
VULCAN.....	ARMORER TO THE KING
EREBUS.....	KEEPER OF THE CONDEMNED
VENUS.....	GODDESS OF LOVE
CUPID.....	VENUS' MESSENGER
ARISTIDES.....	ATTORNEY FOR THE ACCUSED
STORM SPRITES.....	ACCUSED OF MALICIOUS MISCHIEF
GUARDIAN ANGELS.....	Nos. 41144, 933, 1323
	PAGES, MESSENGERS, IMPS, SATYRS AND ELFS

SCENE I.

The Accusation. Court of Jupiter on Olympus. Jupiter is seated on his throne in the center of a magnificent grove of olives and pomegranates. Satyrs dance before him, pages wait on either hand while two messengers sit at his feet. Mercury appears at the left, advancing rapidly thru the grove. He enters and prostrates himself before the King. The Satyrs cease their dance and assemble at the left of the throne.

JUPITER: Arise Mercury, my messenger. Why this haste? What news dost bring me that requires thy fleetest speed and brings thee breathless to my court?

MERCURY: (Rising, salutes the King.) If it please my Lord, the Storm Sprites are again in mischief. They have visited the children of men, thy wards, and have played upon them numerous unwarranted and forbidden pranks; causing thereby much loss and aggravation. They have disobeyed thy most solemn commands and should be restrained without delay.

JUPITER: (To messengers.) Arise my fleet ones, arrest the accused and bring them to my court at once.
(Exit messengers with Mercury.)

The Satyrs begin to dance again and to play upon their pipes.

SCENE II. THE TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL. THE COURT OF JUPITER AS BEFORE.

JUPITER: Bring hither the accused that we may hear the cause and judge it righteously. (Enter thru the grove, Mercury; Erebus, and a company of imps, leading the storm sprites; Vulcan, with handcuffs and tools for securing prisoners, Aristides, Venus, Cupid and Guardian Angels.)

MERCURY: These are the accused, most righteous judge.

JUPITER: What is the specific charge?

MERCURY: That, to a long list of wanton damage of a trifling sort, was added the destruction of the telephone exchange at the Iowa State College, State of Iowa, United States of North America, Earth; that this act caused great loss, much embarrassment and inconvenience and was wholly without warrant.

JUPITER: What plea is entered for the accused?

ARISTIDES: Not guilty as charged.

JUPITER: What evidence have you to combat the charge?

ARISTIDES: We expect to prove that the purposes of Heaven were most surely furthered by this act.

JUPITER: Bring on your witnesses.

(Venus is called and sworn.)

ARISTIDES: What do you know as to the results of this

prank for which the accused are standing trial?

VENUS: As Goddess of Love, it is my duty to bring to each child of earth the highest happiness. This is my commission from thy hand, Oh King. Companionship alone may bring, to two hearts, perfect union. My messenger, Dan Cupid, has no darts that will reach both receivers, and telephone messages have been our heaviest handicaps. I was almost despairing of several cases at Ames when the 'phones were destroyed. With conversation and companionship, in place of 'phone calls, our success was rapid and complete. I hold the prank, complained of, a benevolent act, and plead thy mercy and forgiveness for the sprites whose thoughtless prank has made happy many of thy children.

JUPITER: What further evidence have we to hear?
(Guardian Angel No. 41144 is called and sworn.)

ARISTIDES: Who is your charge?

GUARDIAN ANGEL: I watch the fortunes of Geo. Farmer.

ARISTIDES: Was he in love before the storm?

GUARDIAN ANGEL: He was but found no chance to state it.

ARISTIDES: Wherein found he no chance?

GUARDIAN ANGEL: The 'phone habit was strong upon him, he told her everything over the wire; but feared to tell her this, lest she should listen carelessly.

ARISTIDES: Did the failure of the 'phone advance his cause?

GUARDIAN ANGEL: At their second meeting his ideal he claimed.
(Witness excused.)
(Guardian Angel No. 933 called and sworn.)

ARISTIDES: Who is your charge?

GUARDIAN ANGEL: My charge is Harold Case.

ARISTIDES: What is his occupation?

GUARDIAN ANGEL: June Budding, sir.

ARISTIDES: Is he successful?

GUARDIAN ANGEL: He is. Since the 'phones collapsed he has been Budding constantly.
(Witness excused.)
(Guardian Angel No. 1323 called and sworn.)

ARISTIDES: Whom do you guard?

GUARDIAN ANGEL: His name is Heine Beuck.

ARISTIDES: How fared he when the 'phones were right?
 GUARDIAN ANGEL: He feared to call and spent his time in useless worrying of "central".

ARISTIDES: Did the new conditions bring him courage?
 GUARDIAN ANGEL: Lacking the 'phone he gathered sufficient courage to knock at Margaret Hall and to ask for her whom he sought.

ARISTIDES: Did he meet her?
 GUARDIAN ANGEL: He did.
 (Witness excused.)
 (Cupid called and sworn.)

ARISTIDES: Are there yet other cases of which you care to tell us?
 CUPID: Two more; the first is Charles McDonald.
 ARISTIDES: What difference made the lack of 'phones to him?
 CUPID: Before the havoc of the storm he was hither and yon; at the 'phone; across the campus; into lab, and out again; I could not get one fair shot at him; but, after the storm, the long walks on the cinder path, tamed and calmed him; he spent whole evenings in one place and showed no skit-fish trait. My aim was sure; I bagged his heart; I made his joy complete.

ARISTIDES: Who was the other lucky one?
 CUPID: Seaman Knapp, he too was made happy by the Storm(s).

JUPITER: Enough, the court is satisfied. To bring to men the best earth holds for them is my one aim and purpose. The prank was serious; the result was unforeseen; but, since there did result more joy than sorrow, since Heaven's purpose has been wrought thereby, I do discharge the prisoners. Erebus release them.
 (Curtain)



A HAPPY FAMILY





FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE TUG OF WAR



When John Garton Came To His Own.



JOHN GARTON was a son of toil. He was born in the northern woods where his father, a forest expert, in the discharge of his duty, had been foully murdered by thieving Canucks. The boy had been immediately adopted by Thirty Mile camp as its mascot and he had quickly grown to be the idol of the rough but tender-hearted lumber jacks. Here in the deep pine woods he and his college-bred mother, the ministering Madonna to the chopper's families, lived through his early years and it was here that the youth appropriated the qualities of the stalwart and majestic pines that grew all about him.

John inherited all his father's ideals of integrity and efficient service to his country and dreamed of the time when he should take up his father's work among his beloved trees. As the time came to leave for college only his elation prevented his piercing the counterfeit cheerfulness on his mother's face and noting the careworn and haggard look that had been gradually settling itself there. She was a brave little woman, this nurse of the wilds, and she even laughed a little when her big, brawny son had to stoop quite low in kissing her good-bye.

From the first, Garton got along famously at school. His mind, clear and pure and limpid as his native lakes was able to take on training with an alacrity that astounded the ordinary student. Professors and instructors sought his acquaintance, remarking that they had never seen a man come out so wonderfully. He became a Sophomore and with it came, unknowingly to him, a grave crisis.

Nursed by toil and the rough games of the camps, he made the scrubs in his first month of practice and the Varsity in the allotted time. Every play he made was a star play and his A was assured from the first when he made that sensational end run to goal in the last two minutes of the game. His keen eye and magnificent brawn, schooled by long turns at the ax helve, made him the life of the Nine and another A came to him at the end of that season. On the track that dogged endurance, born of days and days of dragging a cross-cut saw, told the tale and at the state meet he came in first in every event he entered.

All these along with his homely wit, terse and pungent of pine, gave him his choice of the social organizations of the school, and, not without some qualms of conscience, he became a member of the gayest and fastest bunch on the campus. Everywhere he was idolized by men who called him "Gart" or "Garter, old Kid." The girls adored him, from the dashing coquette who had sworn him out of a serious college prank, to the demure little maid who sent him poetical invitations to class functions. He was almost patronized by the professors and instructors who were over-lenient to his growing faults.

The Junior year came and flagged classes, zips, and red C's had lost all their terrors to him. On a beautiful May morning, John, as had become his wont, sauntered into a seven-forty Calc. Ex. just as the eighth stroke came pealing from the Campanile. He simulated the stride of his trainer, "Jack", a habit with him now,



as he walked up to the slips lying on the edge of the table. He glanced furtively over his shoulder. That was a bad one,—he knew that would be in the lot—why hadn't he gone in at nine last night as he had intended? But the campus had been so beautiful and the coquette had been more than usually winning. She was looking at him now and her wink scarcely brought him out of his reverie ere the over-wrought professor's voice, sounding "No quarter", fell like a pall of doom.—

"Mr. Garton, did *you* shuffle those slips?"

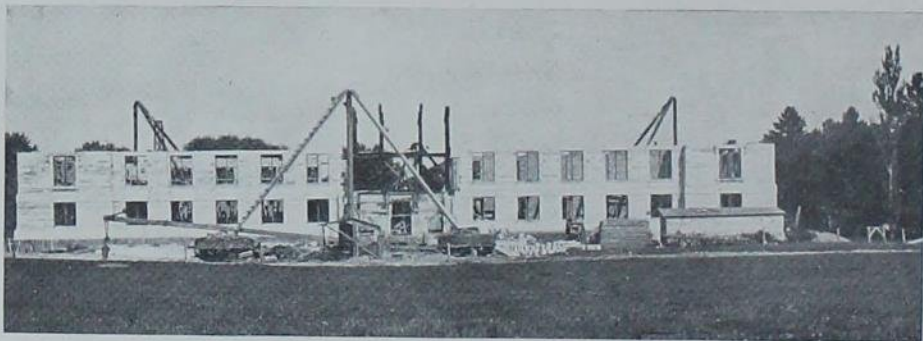
What should he say? The disgrace; the men of camp, rugged and upright; the kindly old boss; the little mother,—why not say the wind blowing in at the open window had turned them? He lifted his eyes,—the coquette's wink met him again.

All this had been but a flash, so swift is thought, but when Garton faced his instructor, purpose and manhood had conquered his flushed face, "Yes, sir, I did."

"You may consider yourself dismissed from this class for this semester," and the young man walked stolidly out from a hushed throng whose eyes spoke a plea for their idol.

As John walked out toward the orchards, past the Interurban platform, he was greeted by "Jigger", one of his chums. "Hello, Gart, whence those sad features? Look like you'd had a death in the family. Got canned from something I'll bet! Ha! Ha!" Receiving no answer, he yelled after the downcast figure, "Cheer up, old head, worse to come! Ha! Ha!" But John didn't cheer worth anything. He was bound for the woods. As a boy he had let the trees settle his troubles and, although the trees here were insignificant compared with his accustomed counsellors, he felt that they would at least be friendly in his present distress.

Across the track and far up the little creek he wandered until he found a safe nook in a screening copse of ironwood bushes. Here he threw himself at length upon the yielding grass and sobbed like a child as he thought of the morning, of the nights of the past week, of the last year of his college career. Then his mind grew calmer and he thought back to the night of his arrival in Ames, of how he had looked, fresh from a lumber camp, of the queer looking cars



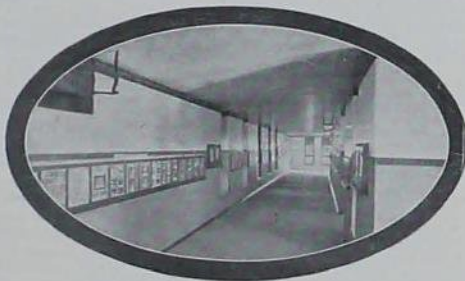
and dummy engine that had almost wheezed itself to death getting him out to the college, and of those first lonesome nights in that little top-floor room of a south-side club house.

Even farther back his reverie carried him; to the great pine woods; to his father whom he could faintly remember as a very tall, stern man; to the staunch timbermen who had nursed him in integrity; to the kindly old boss with his parting, "Weel, lad, dinna let them highfalutin college chaps bamfoozle ye"; and then—to his mother. His heart all but broke in a convulsive sob as he remembered that he had not written to her for more than a month, that he had scarcely thought of her for weeks. He recalled their last night together. How bravely she had said, although her voice broke sometimes, "Well, son"—she always called him son when she wanted to be quite jolly—"we have everything ready and you'll be going early in the morning. If I could only go along with you! but that cannot be. These poor people need me too badly, and,—anyway,—you're a big strong man and you'll always be brave, won't you? And we'll write to each other every week. It won't be very lonesome for us. Goodnight, and she had slipped away to her room. He recalled, too, just how the lump in his throat had felt as he had sat a long time wondering what had made her say *brave* so peculiarly, and that he had thought he detected sobs as he had passed her door on the way to his own.

The reminiscence was almost more than he could bear and he moaned in a flood of anguish, "Oh God, what have I been doing with my life these months!" He lay there a long time just thinking, thinking of his pals and their care-free existence, of the coquette who had been so charming, of the quiet little maid for whom he really cared and who had been only coolly polite to him of late.

The afternoon sun was slanting over the blooming orchards and the myriad bees hummed a hymn of rejoicing to greet him as, head erect, he came manfully swinging down the drive. There was the coquette picking apple blossoms. He saw her begin to sidle toward his path as he approached. He hurried his steps and beat her by several rods to her intended meeting point. Tipping his hat most frigidly and smiling as formally as he could command he passed rapidly by.

John Garton had come into his own.





I've Flunked My Chem.

I stepped from out the Chem Hall old,
My head downcast. My face once bold
Had lost its boldness. Trees were brown
And Fall's rich beauties shone around
Yet I disdained to notice them
As loud I groaned,—“I've flunked my chem”

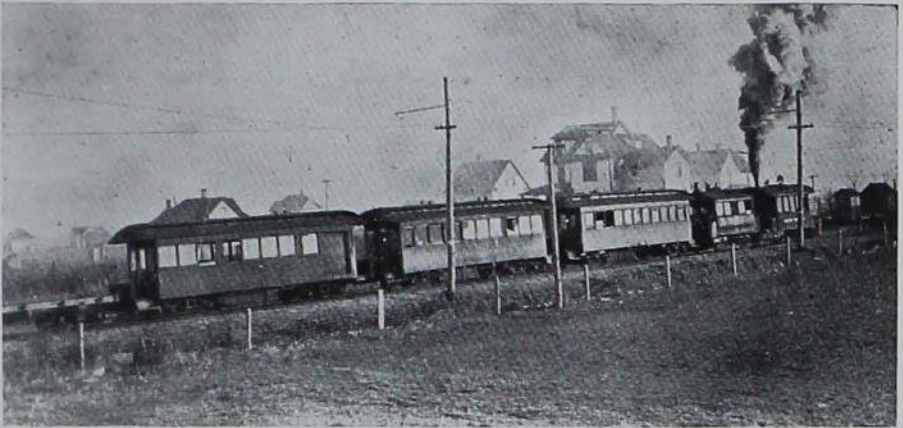
Again I stepped from out that Hall
King Winter, Monarch now of all
Sent down the north wind in its race,
Its icy blast full on my face
I felt it not—for in my mind
Was a colder fact “Chem 69”

I saw no beauty, felt no thrill
Drank in no splendor from yon hill
A million sparkling crystals small
Awoke in me no answering call
I saw a frozen world.—In pain
I mumbled still,—“I've flunked again”.

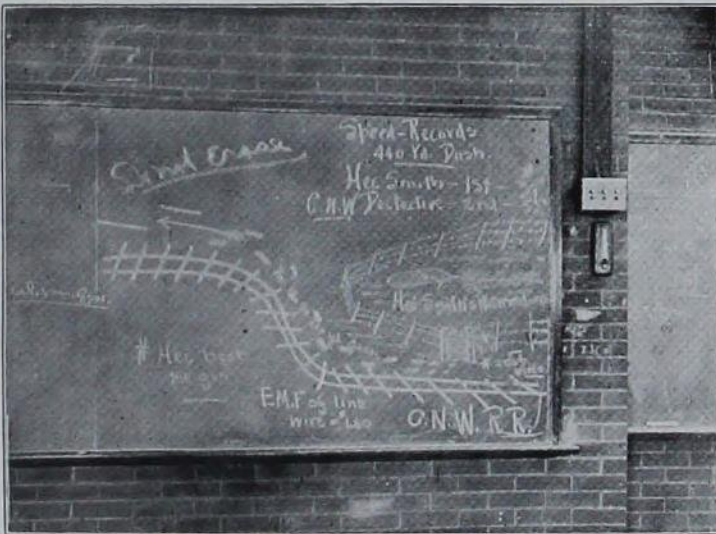
Once more I stepped from old Chem Hall
Deaf to the springtimes Joyful call.
I thought of Maud a-making hay
Knew if the judge'd studied chem he'd say
“Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, “I've flunked my chem.”

O. W. J.





AT LAST



AND HEC WAS SORE

When the Gas Runs Low.



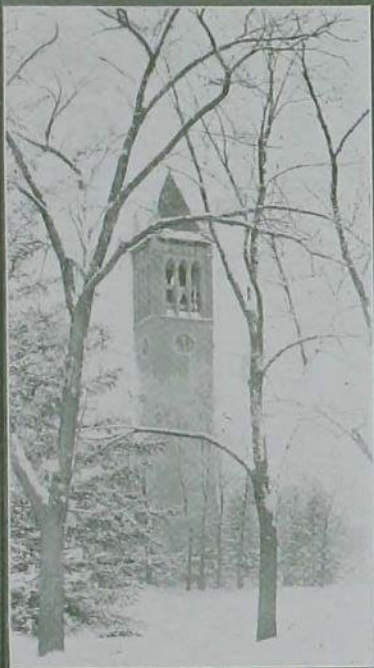
WHEN we're at a prep reception of the Y.M—W—X,
And they've handed out the playthings with a
very fetching text,
"Don't let gass run low,"
Then we all get awful busy just a-talkin' foolish
talk,
Just a joshin' with the prep girls, never lettin'
discourse balk
For we know the other fellow will step in and off they'll walk,—
If the gass runs low.

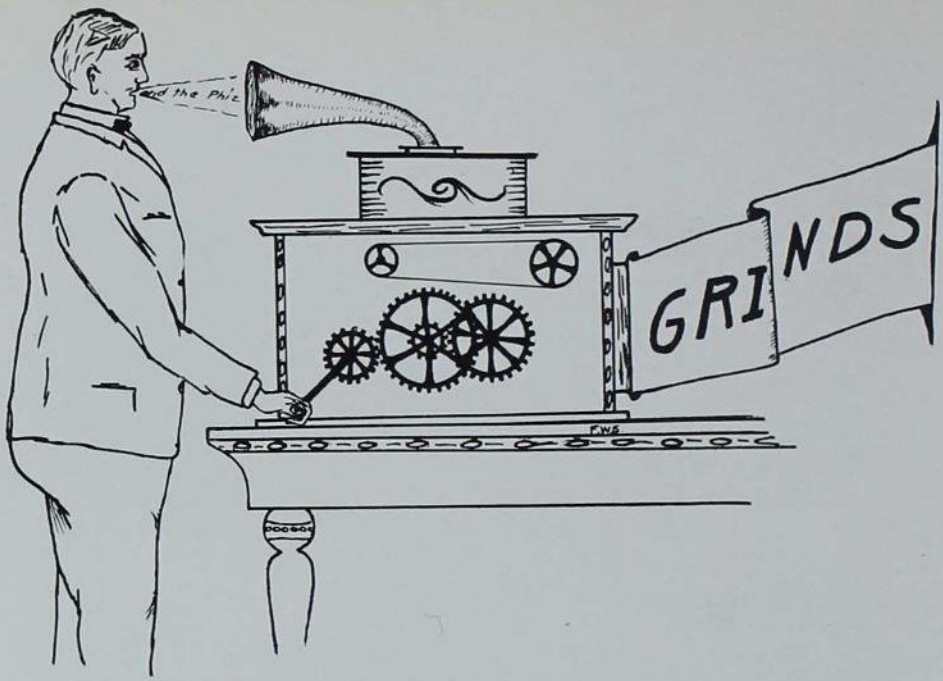
When we're grinding hard to finish, ere the hour, a fierce Lab. Ex.
Beakers break and test tubes vanish, fumes arise our souls to vex—
Then the gas runs low!
"Dis de *lim-ut!*" "Dum it!" "Darn it!" all the angry workers bawl.
"Cheer up, old head, there's worse to come!" hear some cheerful idiot
call,
And, the campus does look pleasing,—but our grades must suffer all,
When the gas runs low.

We were sitting by the big guns down beneath the maple trees,
Each one saying to the other all the things prepared to please,—
Till the gas ran low.
How it happened I can't tell you, for her curls they blurred my eyes;
Years it seemed before her answer, while my heart throbs spoke my
sighs;
Then the Campanile pealed—I had won my greatest prize,
While the gas ran low.

By the fireplace as I'm musing,—cares dismissed, and fancy free,
Toying with my A she whispers: "Papa, tell 'bout ust to be."—
For the gas is low,
And the dying embers cast their fitful shadows on the floor.
Then I tell of Alma Mater, college days, and pranks galore,
Till a feeling as of sadness comes and wraps me round and o'er,
While the gas is low.

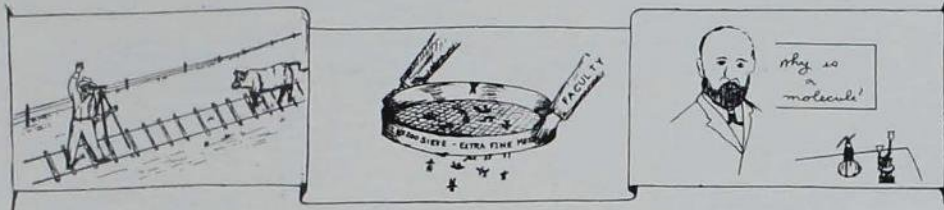
Oh, when the even twilight settles down upon the hills!
And I'm done with books and teachers, and with life and all its ills,
And the gas is low?
When the main dome is all gilded, and the beams through tree-tops
steal;
When I for the Hand unwav'ring in my weakness dare to feel:
Let me hear—the last sound earthly—dear old Campanile's peal,
While the gas runs low.





Periodicals Found at I. S. C.

The World Today.—*A suburb of I. S. C.*
 Masters In Art.—*Histology class.*
 Economic Journal.—*A letter from home.*
 The Critic.—*'08 Bomb.*
 Century.—*Sometimes speared by sharks.*
 Sports A-field.—*Hatless Rah-Rah boys.*
 Chemical News.—*Zip.*
 Kansas State Historical Society.—*Ino. Rightmire.*
 The Horseless Age.—*Hasn't reached Phys Class yet.*
 Electrical Review.—*D. C. Exams.*
 Outing.—*Vacation Math Class.*
 Nevada Twice-a-week Journal.—*Shorty Paine, Clyde Williams.*
 Everybody's.—*The "Blue-book".*
 The Smart Set.—*A newly-elected Bomb Board.*
 The War-Cry.—*"My conscience! What's the matter with that
 third company?"*
 Table Talk.—*Forestry lectures.*
 Gas Review.—*Soils recitation.*

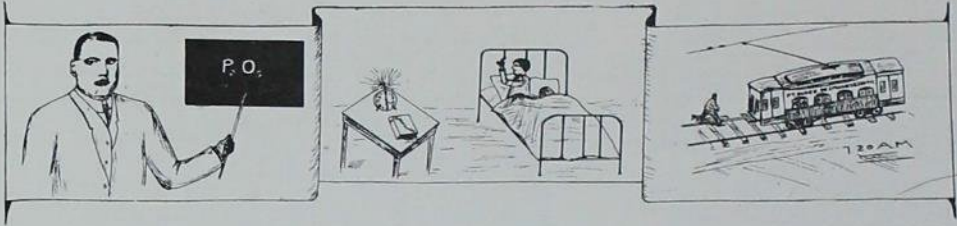


Brought Out on the Stage.

The Sho-Gun—*A prep rifle.*
 The Rollicking Girl—*“Bob” Roberts.*
 The Prince of Pillsin—*Dr. Tilden.*
 Way Down East—*The lower pavilion.*
 The Land of Nod—*Phys. Lectures.*
 Love’s Lottery—*A pair of Lecture Course tickets.*
 The Tenderfoot—*J. C. Godoy.*
 The Forbidden Land—*Campbell’s grape patch.*
 The Chaperons—*We’ve got to have ’em.*
 The Man from Now—*R. G. Andrews.*
 Love will Find a Way—*The Fire Escape.*
 Rubes and Roses—*The Ag. Picnic.*
 Babes in Toyland—*The pledges.*
 Wonderland—*Prep Alley.*
 Babette—*Forsbeck.*



FACULTY NIMRODS, LOOK OUT MY GOPHFR



With the Publishers.

- Gold Bricks of Speculation—*The frat pins she wears.*
 Prisoners of Chance—*When you've drawn the slip.*
 A Walking Gentleman—*G. R. Bliss.*
 Open Hatchways—*From Pierce's Poultry Lectures.*
 The Stuff of a Man—*A spread from home.*
 The Metropolis—*Ontario.*
 The Weight of the Name—*B. Athanassion.*
 The Common Lot—*The Sophomores.*
 The Grafters—*Everybody else.*
 Old Wives for New—*"Germany" Fedderson.*
 The Literature of Roguery—*Accidentally left in Blue Books.*
 The Love of His Life—*Kildee.*
 The Heart of a Child—*Ruth Watts.*
 On a Margin—*76.*
 My Enemy, the Motor—*H. W. King.*
 The Mummy Moves—*C. W. Wagner.*
 The Call of the Deep—*Hoffman's Bass.*
 Side-Stepping with Shorty—*requires a trip to Nevada.*
 Fennel and Rue—*Chapel addresses.*
 Into the Primitive—*Held for English Technique.*
 The Right of Way—*Located by the sifting committee.*
 Soldiers of Fortune—*Milton, Crawford, and Smith.*
 The Millionaire Baby—*Tusant.*
 Before Adam—*Hibbard's stories.*
 The Chatter-Box Series—*Cecile Smith.*

* * * * *

Dr. Pammel to Histology class.—“Now, the organism which is responsible for this disease is one of those ultra-microscopic organisms which cause diseases affecting the human system; take hog cholera for example.”

* * * * *

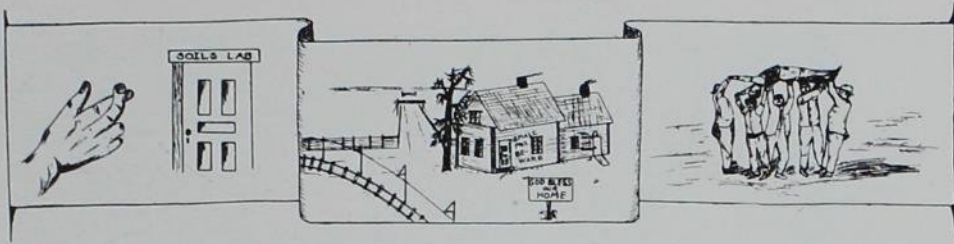
Prof. Pierce calling the roll: “Is this Beatty or Batty?”

Chorus from rear: “Either one prof!”

* * * * *

Conundrum: What is the difference between Louie Oreutt and time?

You can't grasp Louie by the fore-lock.



Answers to Correspondents.

Prof. I. O. Schaub:—No, since the young ladies concerned request it, we will not report that you were seen gambling on the train between Huxley and Ames on the evening of April the 12th, 1908. At least we will not report it to the Cardinal Guild. Our detective has recently informed us, however, that you were seen in your office with *your arm around the waste basket*. We have decided to report this to custodian Edwards.

* * * * *

Mr. A. T. Omega:—Sure, get A T O buckles for your new ox-fords if you want them, they are perfectly proper. Don't mention it.

* * * * *

M. L. Bowman:—The only consolation we can offer you is that there won't be any colonnades out in front of that house on the west side. Maybe the bunch will have to change its name.

* * * * *

Mr. Sig. Manu:—We haven't been able to find out who it was that hauled the neighbor's ashes away on the afternoon of the home meet. He should have been man enough not to have broken into the goods which you had stored there.

* * * * *

Furr Meister:—We have had some trouble getting all the girls of the school together but we have finally succeeded and they all say that they love to hear you talk about your bravery and power as PROCTOR. We have arranged for you to give them a special lecture on the subject soon.

* * * * *

Beta Prep:—There is no doubt at this office about the injustice which you have received at the hands of the Freshman class. It was bold and rude of their representatives to ask you for your dues, and it was altogether proper for you to say that there were no Freshmen in the house, and for you to attend the Freshman-Sophomore. We suggest that you adopt strong resolutions.

* * * * *

Dear Dr. Tilden:—We have taken your advice many times, and have had splendid results from fumigating infected houses with a nickle's worth of coal oil. No, we would not advise you to mix up more than one form of dope for transient hospital patients, a change of medicinal diet would probably be fatal. Never clean the instruments used in vaccinating as this process is very injurious to the instruments, and also very expensive.

* * * * *

Morrison:—That certainly wasn't very nice of Miss K. to tell all the other girls that you gave her a separation sheet when you were working in the dispensing room. She might have known they'd all line up before the window to get them.



The Election.

For Editor-in-chief and Business Manager of the IOWA AGRICULTURALIST for the year 1908-1909 is to be held Thursday, April 30, 1908, from 2 to 6 p. m. The voting will occur in the Animal Husbandry room of Agricultural hall. All subscribers to the Agriculturalist are eligible to vote. Remember the time and place and make use of your privilege.

John Beaty is a candidate for Editor-in-chief. Below is given a list of the journalistic work he has already done:—

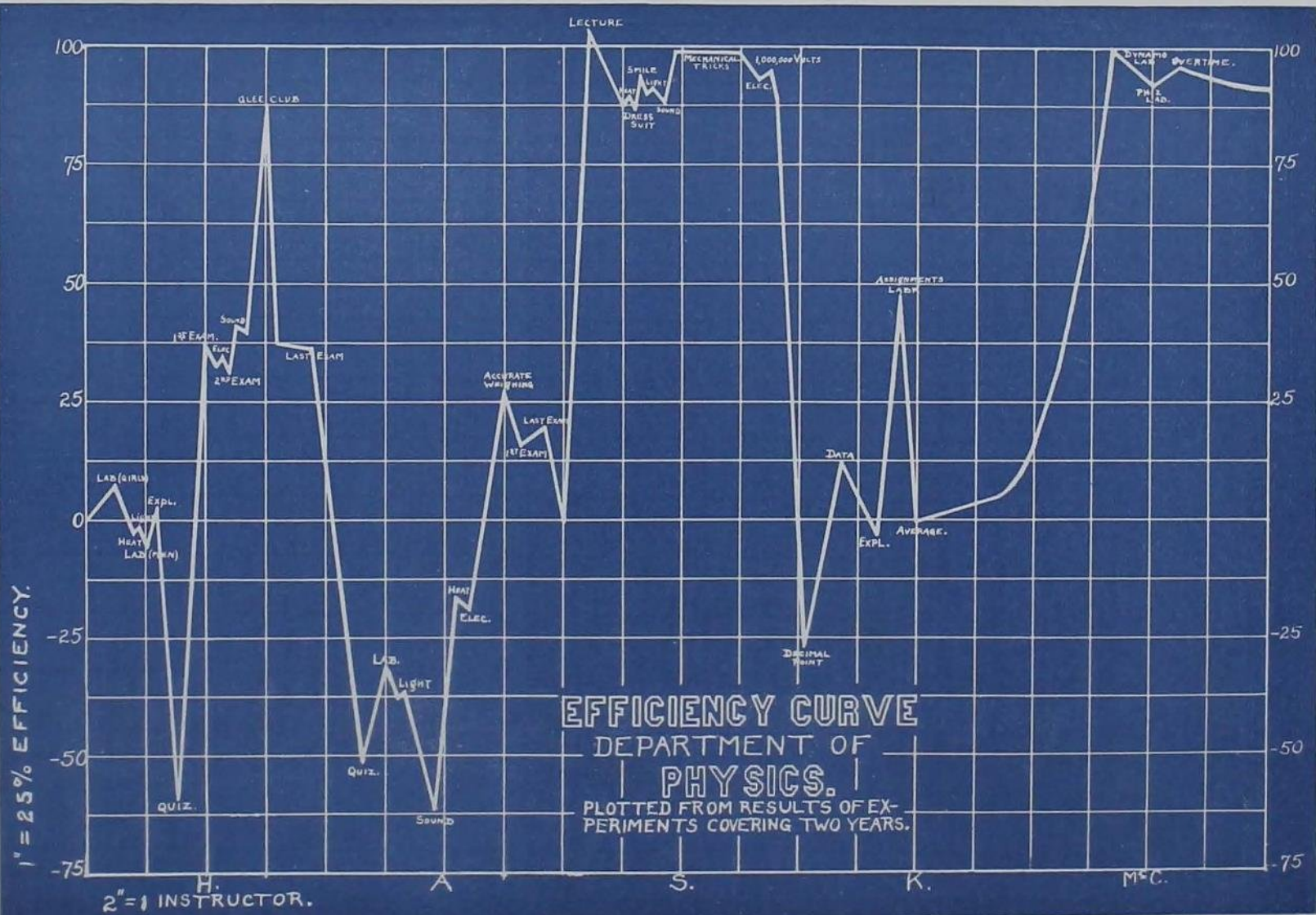
1. He has been writing a column of agricultural notes for the Madison Daily Sentinel each week for nearly a year.
 2. He has been writing a column of agricultural notes for the Rock Valley Bee each week for nearly a year.
 3. He had a one column article in the Duroc Bulletin in July, 1907.
 4. He had a full page, illustrated article in the BREEDER'S GAZETTE for November 13, 1907.
 5. He had a 700 word article in the Iowa Homestead in February, 1908.
 6. He had an illustrated article in the Farmer's Tribune, March 19, 1908.
 7. He had an illustrated article in the Farmer's Tribune of March 26, 1908.
- Etc., Etc., ad infinitum.



Working his unknowns.



Co-eds or Actresses?



English as She is Sometimes Wrote.

"He was a long-bodied man with very short legs. In fact his legs were so short that when he stood up straight his feet just barely touched the ground." Eng. II. Essay.

"She promptly fainted." Eng. IV. Essay.

"She fell spraining her ankle." Eng. IV. Essay.

"I could go on and explain this last statement but perhaps it would be tiresome to my readers. If I should, however, my principal fears would be that the reader might really understand the special cases, which I do not." Eng. XI. Essay.

"The realization has at last found lodgment that he must take his loss more physiologically." Eng. XI. Essay.

"They are the only ones who have a chance to precipitate in social affairs." Eng. V. Essay.

"Smoke is rising in the air that has just left the end of his gun." Eng. V. Essay.

"He was very changeab'e in his climates." Eng. XI. Essay.

"Everyone supposed he would cuss. But Bud didn't cuss. He did not cuss a single cuss." Eng. IV. Essay.

"He supped heartily and concluded with several glasses of more beer." Eng. IV. Essay.

"He took a sup of beer and then peered at the violin, another sup and again the violin. He kept that up for an hour and finally left." Eng. IV. Essay.

"The owner put the money in his pocket and parted." Eng. IV. Essay.

"He often insured me that there was no hurry for me to pay the rent." Eng. IV. Essay.



Verses to a Dimple.

NOTE: The following verses were heard from the lips of the editor of the Iowa Agriculturist, Mr. Clifford Gregory. They may appear in the Agriculturist later, and in such case we wish to say that his page is our exchange column.-ED.



ES I'm captured boys, I'll own it,
By my whistle you'd have known it,
For how could I keep it quiet,
When I'm full of joy within.
Fair in every line and feature,
She's a dainty little creature,
But the thing that caused the riot
Was the dimple in her chin.

I could stand those blue eyes shining
Tho' my heart was often pining,
And I sometimes got to thinking
Of the things that might have been,
But I was won completely
When she smiled at me so sweetly,
And my eyes would keep a blinking
At that dimple in her chin.

(Addenda by friends of the author)

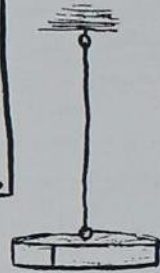
Oh sometime in nineteen 'leven
Earth to Cliff will be a heaven,
Then once more his little village
Will resound with clash of tin;
Past, at last, those years so dreaded,
When at last he shall be wedded
To that Lakeside girl so dainty
With a dimple in her chin.



Not soon, but yet



N.B.
READ
YOUR
NOTES
CAREFULLY.



WABA

SENSIBILITY
24 LB.
DO NOT PLACE
OVER .001 MG.
IN EACH PAN

Q.144



SENSITIVNESS
.0000001
M.M.

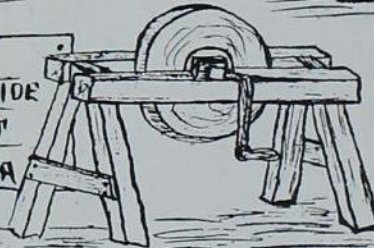


THE HERBARIUM

COUNT
ALL THE
SECONDS



N.B.
DO NOT RIDE
THE
MOMENT
OF
INERTIA



FDP

Inspired by a Lab. Charge of 25c.

Ames, Iowa, January 18,—'08.

Dear Mother:—

Arrived safe for second term's work but find that I can't classify until I pay a breakage fee in Chemistry. It will cost me twenty-five. Please have father send me the money at once.

Lovingly,

Mary.

Carroll, Ia., January 19,—'08.

My dear Daughter:—

Find enclosed check for \$25.00. The next time you buy a Chemistry laboratory, send home beforehand and I will look up Montgomery Ward's price.

Lovingly,

Your Father.

* * * * *

Student in Library—"I'd like to get, 'Gold Bricks of Speculation'."

Librarian—"That's out just now, you'll have to look up some other book along the same line."

Student, after about five minutes search in index, hands in a slip calling for "The Solar Spectrum."

* * * * *

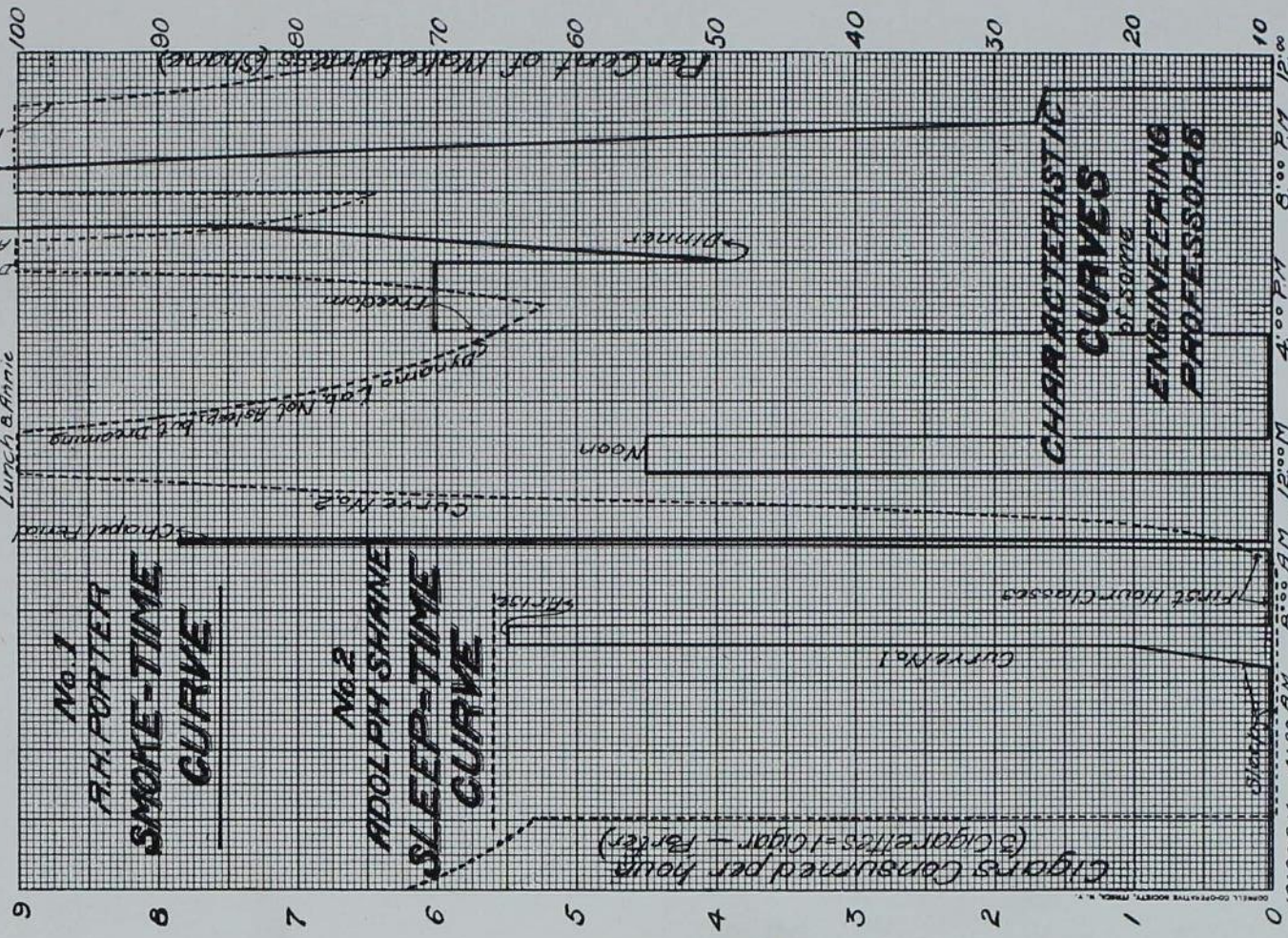
Onlookers have been wondering whether it could be that the '08 Plant Pathology class are Epworth Leaguers, in view of the fact that they recently presented Dr. Pammel with a box of extra choice Flora de Habanas with the appropriate motto "*Smoke up, Pass up.*"

Committee on presentation: G. R. Bliss.

FRESHMEN SOPHOMORE PRAYER MEETING WED. EVE. SEPT. 18-07	
FRESHMEN SOPHOMORE TUG O' WAR THUR. P.M. SEPT. 19-1907	

As it looked on the sidewalk





SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FROM DROVERS' JOURNAL

WAS IT GODFREY OR KILDEE?

interview
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Student Grooms an Iowa Pig.

Visitors in the swine section since the exposition opened watched with interest the attention a big, fat, black hog received at the hands of one of the students. The entry was made by the Iowa Agricultural College.

Dressed in a suit of khaki this student was discovered industriously polishing the tail of this animal. With a sponge and a bucket of warm water and a bar of soap this young scion of a well known Iowa family scrubbed away without paying any attention to the crowds which stood as they passed through the barn.

"Do you like it?" asked one who paused.

The future stockman stopped with his work, smiled, and turned to his questioner.

"Sure," he said. "This pig is going to win first prize, and I am helping him to do it."

safety ar
tell him
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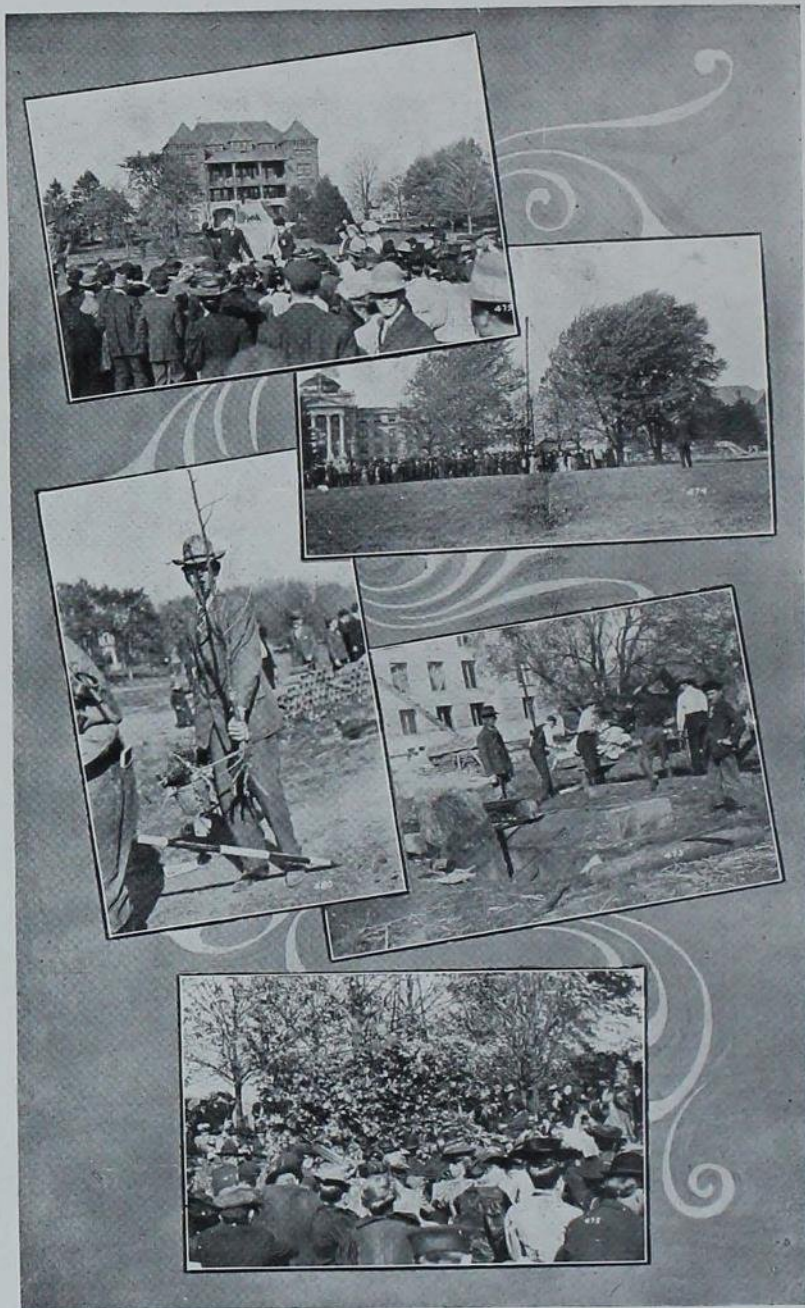
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A HOSPITAL SCENE.



COLLEGE DAY SCENES

A Morning with the Lecturers

Lecture I.

"Come right in Miss—, come right in! Don't you stand outside and waste our precious minutes. (Taking up class book and looking searchingly about the room)—I guess we're all here. Now, let's begin. Miss W.— may read first. (The instructor watches the reader, her face showing a gamut of emotions beginning with indifference, up through impatience, striking high C, in a grand finale pose of hair tearing tragedy.) Pull the word out! Miss W.—, *pull the word right out!* Don't you waste our precious minutes! *Don't let yourself do it! Put poetry into it! It's all in the notes!* What was Hans Liefrink going to do with her? * * * * (Assuming the pose of a mortally wounded swan.) Oh no! *no!* He was going to *carve her*, of course. Now, go on! * * * * Miss K.—, *how many hours did you put on this lesson?—Only two hours!* Well, some of us will *just have* to study harder, that all. We *just must* not slight German. We *just must* not let ourselves do it! (Then follows a lecture on the seraphic character of the German and Swiss youth, managing men, or raising children until the bell strikes the hour. The students begin to rise and go out: the assignment is hurled after the last stragglers through the open doorway.

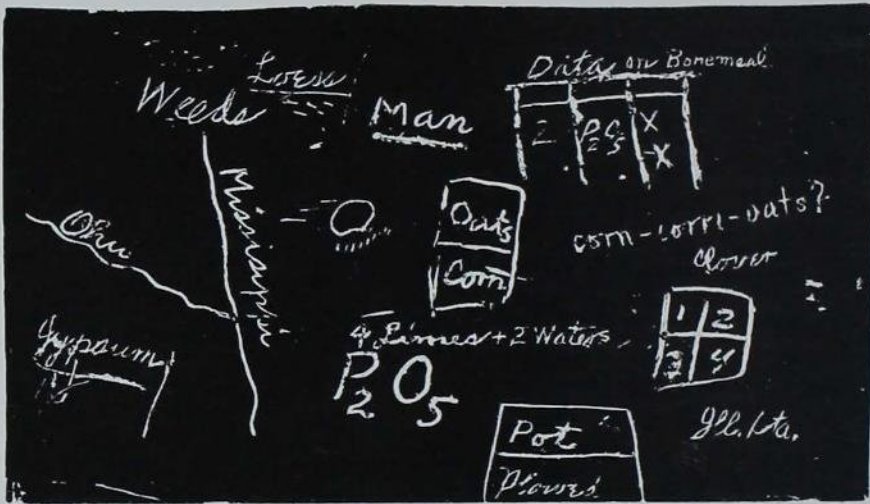
Lecture II.

"Good morning, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting but I had a little experience over at the house that detained me. We wish to take up this morning, Graftage. Mr. A.— what do you understand by a graft? * * * * Yes, now, right along that line the Department had a significant experience recently— — * * * *. Now, taking up the derivation of this term for a few moments, Mr. P.—, how would you spell *cat*? * * * * Yes, that is correct as we ordinarily think of it, but on the other hand, I had an interesting experience right along this line when I was in the Missouri Botanical Gardens * * * *. By the way, Mr. M.—, which end of a graft would you plant upward? * * * * Yes, that is right as we ordinarily practice it; yet, on the other hand, notwithstanding, the finance committee had a rather costly experience right along this line last summer * * * * Yes, sir. * * * * Yes, sir. * * * * We will now step out on the campus for the remaining moments of the hour and note some excellent examples of grafting. (Exit all.)

* * * * *

"*And now abideth Prexy, Stanty, and me but the greatest of these is me.*"—*Swede Paulson.*

"*The only victory over love is flight.*"—*Bill Langwill.*



Lecture III.



YOU will please answer to your names as I call the roll * * * * *. Were there as many of you absent yesterday as there are today (Cries of "Yes"—"More")—Well! I think I shall have to call the roll every morning. Now fellows it seems to me that if I can get up each morning, feed the chickens, build the fire, eat my breakfast, kiss my wife goodby and get over here by 7:40 you should be able to do the same.—Now that's fair isn't it fellows? Isn't it fair?

We have for our consideration this morning some very interesting data. In fact this data which we have collected from time to time, is of *practical* value in a great many instances—Buh-uh-uh. Any questions? Now in my home town where the state institutions were located, the insane asylum, etc.,—Buh-uh-uh, this method was used and I think rightly so. For I believe in fact I am convinced that his method makes for nitrification and in general for a permanent agriculture Buh-uh-uh, any questions? Now fellows this is a subject of considerable importance from the standpoint of the matter under discussion. For we must admit fellows losses must be *comparable*. The amount of P_2O_5 is comparable and I think rightly so.

There are some points covering the data and its interpretation which are of interest I am sure from the standpoint of P_2O_5 . We have here corn, corn, oats and clover which presents to us some very interesting data not only from the standpoint of the food content but from the standpoint of the organic matter and I think rightly so. All the data in fact which we have presented from these various sources substantiates our point that the Missouri loess requires a comparable amount of P_2O_5 Buh-uh-uh, any questions? As an additional assignment you may take the same lesson which you had today. That will be all for this morning.

Lecture IV.



Naw class I wish to take up this morning the, the—I found it necessary to a, to a—naw what I mean to say is, is this—well first let me draw a graft. Naw class supposen',—supposen', (smile)—don't you see what a practicle question this is? Understand me? It is not all theory—we may not get to todays assignment but if I make this one point clear to you I'll feel the hour has not been wasted. Naw make a note of this—I have some good students, they take notes just when I tell them to. As I was about to say Roosevelt has some poor hunches on this subject, he does not agree with me. I have a good opinion of the lad but he is only human,—Ah-h-h.

(smile). There is Fetter too he does not think clearly on this point; same is true with a great many other Economist—just excuse me a moment I wish to read to you—(exit). (Re-enter). I could not find the book I was—but supposen' we have two colyoms on the black board, would you, Mr. Carpenter—naw I wish you all would pay close attention to this if you miss this point you will miss the whole lecture. The facts o' the case is —understand me —(smile). I repeat **THIS IS A PRACTICAL PROBLEM**, we see it demonstrated every day. Is the point clear to you class?—Our time is almost up and we will have to hurry to cover everything, naw supposen'—well for instance I had this very point in mind when I begged to appear on the joint program lately. O sugar! The hour is not up yet but I'll have to excuse you as I have some work which has to be done at once (smile). I hope I have made this first point clear, we'll finish the discussion tomorrow.

* * * * *

"What a heavy burden is a name that has become too soon famous."

—The Boston Prep.

"Hoy day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way."—Velda Wilson.

Lecture V.



“HOW many got that truss designed?” (A few hands go up.) “Well, I guess the ‘Noes’ have it.”
“We’re goin’ to take up this morning the design of a 135-ft Pratt truss. Well, you divide d by h to get $\tan \theta$. But I’ll tell you about that a little later. Now, for the dead load. It is there all the time; works night and day and Sundays and holidays and never changes. Now take moments about the point O . You get,—5 times 3 are 18, 5 times 6—, What! Ain’t that right? Oh, I see! I made a typographical error there, an 8 instead of a 5.— * * * *—an’ you get 679,183 ft. lbs; call it 679,000. You can disregard that 183; it wouldn’t amount to more than the millionth part of a possibility anyway on the size of the beam.”

“Now, you take $\tan \theta$ and sit it off on your slide rule, divide it by 7 and multiply it by w . Now, that’s the criterion for figuring all the chord stresses. You don’t have to think any, you jus’ pick ’em off one by one. Is that all right with everybody?”

“All right, we’ll get the end shear. Prof. Du Bois uses Calculus. Burr uses influence lines and here it is by ’rithmetic. You see that literary mathematics, we haven’t much use for that. But there’s English now. You fellows want to get all the English you can. You’ll think it’s the best thing you ever done. Now, let’s do a little of this by inspection. The stress in that hanger will be about 258,700 lbs. How did I arrive at that? Why, I just guessed at it. If it don’t figure out right I’ll guess again and start over. You see in practical designing you’ve got to use common sense. There’s one thing you can always depend on, stresses never walk slack wires nor do any stunts of that kind so you see a hanger never has a horizontal component. Why, anybody who could pile wood could figure stresses anyway.”

“Now, is all this clear to you? All right next time design a 175-ft railroad bridge, 7 spans, 25 ft, 30 ft high for live load, dead load and impact and next recitation will figure the sections.”





COLLEGE DAY.

Hand-Me-Downs.



'08 To '09

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Clark B. Beard | H. R. McBirney |
| A. C. Stelle | J. L. Murphy |
| F. L. Breeden | H. M. Scholten |
| H. V. Caldwell | Gaillard K. Swift |
| J. C. Ford | C. G. Van Marter |
| Addie Forman | Phoebe Zimmerman |
| J. T. Metcalf | |

* * * * *

If the author was as indefinite as that demonstration I would pity you boys more than I do."—Prof. Wilson.

* * * * *

Well, I'm glad Mr.—got the smallpox, for that is all I know of his getting this term.—Miss Vaultx.

* * * * *

A ladder leans against the wall at an angle of 60° with the ground. Up this a 250 pound man carries 150 pounds, find the stress in outer fiber.—Prof. Cleghorn.

* * * * *

Dr. P.—Last year I had considerable correspondence with a gentleman in Eastern Iowa,—a veterinarian I should say.

* * * * *

Lost: An '09 civil pin and a Hawkeye pin, either at Knoxville or at Des Moines or at both places. Finder please return to Harry K. Davis, Sta. A, Ames, Ia.

* * * * *

*"Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's check."*—Mrs. Thompson.
"Thou wear a lion's skin! Doff it for shame."—A. E. Quaiife.



AT GLEE CLUB PRACTICE.

"Timmie, why do you wrinkle your brow when you take a high note?"

"Oh, those are the added lines above the staff."

* * * * *

Senior girl: "Just look at the bugs around that light! I wonder where they all go in winter."

Prep girl (scratching her head):—"You can search me!"

* * * * *

Prof. C.—"Mr Williams at what temperature is this process carried on?"

Williams.—"It is 285° or 800°, I'm not quite sure which."

* * * * *

AT THE A. I. E. E. BANQUET.

Miss McLean:—"What is a *skoal*?"

Prof. Hoffman:—"A *skoal* is a toast."

Miss McL.:—"How do you know?"

Prof. H.—(sarcastically):—"Why I went to high school a number of years ago and while there, I took a course in *English*."

* * * * *

Phosphorus fusses at 46°.—*Sophomore Chem. paper.*

* * * * *

Prof Beyer:—"Now class suppose we reduce the zip (dip) to zero."

"Nature never makes enny blunders; when she makes a fool she means it."—*Gabby Crawford.*

"The bookish theoric."—*Baldy Pullen.*



Stung.



IT WAS the night before the Iowa game. The old house was full of visitors; brothers from the Iowa Chapter, alumni, high school men and country cousins exhausted the accommodations; every place in which a man could sleep was doing full duty,—every place save one.

Jack Bunting had not been sleepy when the rest retired; something had driven him to wakefulness and he sat over a game of solitaire until the fire crumbled to ashes in the grate, and the November chill began to penetrate his negligee attire.

"I knew I could beat the darned thing" he said, as he slammed down the last king with a crack of his knuckle on the table. "Guess I'll go to bed.—Don't know 'bout that either— —but here goes for an investigation."

"Gosh! Every bed full, every lazy loaded, every spare mattress covered twice,—looks like me for the bath-tub" was his summary of the situation. "Guess all the pillows aren't being slept on anyway,—wonder what kind of a collection I can make this time o'night."

Billy's Cole's room contributed a big cardinal and gold Ames, a generous Omega Phi tribute came from under the head of Jack's room-mate eight more fat ones were secured in as many rooms and finally a brand new "fussy" one from Fred's room, joined the collection. With the other ten as a filling the bath-tub didn't make a bad couch and the "fussy" one was soft and slumbery, just the thing for a pillow.

It wasn't many minutes until Jack's famous falsetto snore was waking unwilling echoes from cellar to garrett.

"Oh,—um—yah—d—darn it all, who the dickens is sleepin' in the bath-room Fred?" said his rudely awakened room-mate, "Fred! are y' awake?"

"Um-d' know."

"Fred! Wake up! Who the devil is it? Aw wake up you darned 'possum'."

"The speaker, Pete, who was now thoroughly awake, stole out

to investigate matters. He returned in a moment choking with suppressed laughter.

"Fred! Jack's in the bath-tub, got it full of pillows."

"What?" said Fred, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. "Let me at him! I have an old score to settle!"

With this he crept stealthily across the hall to the bath-room, gave the faucet handle a good twist and darted back to his room.

"Talk about your floods Pete! This'll rival Johnstown—wish the water wouldn't make so much noise."

"You better crawl in here and be sound asleep pretty sudden, or you won't be able to prove your alibi."

"Be calm, Oh wife of mine—but I just got to take another squint at the babes in the—in the tub.—Gee that's the best this year,—I'll only take one peep."

Swish! bang!! Swish!!! —"Take that! and that! and that! you traitor!"

A water soaked pillow is no mean weapon, especially when wielded by the victim of a midnight prank and the surprised Fred sank to the floor overwhelmed by the sudden rush of retributive justice.

As he fell away from the door a white figure shot past him and into his room. The key turned in the lock. By the dim light from the bath-room window he could see the weapon under whose blows he had fallen.

"Betty's pillow!" he exclaimed. "Ruined! and she was coming over to see it in place tomorrow. Oh yes! I've got Jack's time beaten, I have,—stung!—STUNG!!—STUNG!!!"



The Campanile Speaks.



HAVE held this lofty station
Ever since my dedication
When they told me what my duties here would be.
It has been a situation
Unexcelled for observation
Of the customs round about our I. S. C.

I have watched the regulation
Of the Prepdom aggregation,
As they tried so hard to follow each command.
I have heard each lamentation
And each wrathful exclamation
When they disobeyed the Colonel's quick demand.

I have gazed with consternation
At each class's disputation
Of the other's right to loudly celebrate,
As without consideration
And with dire determination
They have stood, so staunch, so bold, and obdurate.

I have heard the jubilation
And the tintinabulation
When the grand old bell by loyal hands was gripped.
I've beheld the conflagration
When that sturdy delegation
From old S. U. I. was very soundly whipped.

True, it is a big temptation
To attempt a revelation
Of the lovers who escape the Madame's eye,—
But in righteous indignation
They would end my recreation
So I'll let you guess the ardent scenes near by.

Yes it is a situation
Unexcelled for observation
And I keep in touch with all that's going on,
But my greatest tribulation
Is the length of each vacation
For its really, Oh, so lonesome! when you're gone.

Phil's Speech.



THROUGH more than three and a half years of college life, he had known her. They had met at the Clio-Bachelor joint meeting on the first Friday night of their first term. Ever since then she had been always ready to see him; had accepted his invitations with increasing graciousness, had listened to his troubles and exulted with him in his successes. He felt, had felt for some time, that he owed it to her, and to himself, to set their friendship on some more permanent footing; but always, when his opportunity came to speak, his tongue fell strangely silent, all the language that was his seemed to be congealed into one concentrated lump, and that lump was choking him.

It was April; it was no longer necessary to stay indoors and he and she were going walking that very night. He made a great resolution to tell her, before he left her, what he had so long wished to tell her.

As he dressed he rehearsed his speech.

"Mae, ever since that first night, (Gol ding it! Where's that button? Bill! Got a needle and thread? Thank you.) ever since (Darn it, that thing's sharp) that first night, (that's right, get all tangled up) I have felt (Ow! Gee! What in thunder! What's the matter? You run a needle half a mile into your thumb and see what's the matter. Yes, I said half a mile) I have felt that (The fellow who invented buttons ought to have been hung) that possibly you (there that's done) possibly you might care (Um—ch—ch—ch—gurgle—breath; no wonder; trying to put a fourteen and a half collar on a fifteen shirt. Guess I'm dingy) might some day care for me. (Let's see haven't worn that gray tie since last summer, this here blue one 'll do) I want to tell you (Say Bill, come here and tie this bow, will you? What am I fussing up for? None of your business. You won't? All right don't. Much obliged old chap, looks fine. No that's all, much obliged. Yes, this is my new suit. No, I ain't goin' down town. Aw, go long, what do you know about it?) to tell you that I (There, I guess I'm ready).

Mae was waiting for him in the parlor; for his elaborate preparations had delayed him a little. They walked across the campus; circled down back of Prexie's up past the Dairy and again across the central campus. The half moon, about three-fourths high, east

a soft indeterminate light all about them. Mae had never been so brilliant and entertaining. Phil answered in monosyllables; watched for the opportunity to begin his speech; watched in vain; and ever grew more desperate, more nervous, more determined.

He turned their steps toward the north stile.

"Mae, do you remember that first Clio-Bachelor? He had finally made a start.

"Say wasn't that great? George Guthrie told all about how he had done nothing all summer and Emmy Lou told about meeting a lot of men. I thought if ever I could talk like Emmy Lou I'd be educated enough."

"That wasn't what I thought."

"What'd you think?"

"I thought I'd like to be a Bachelor." That wasn't what he meant exactly; and the lump got into his throat again and had to be swallowed seventeen times by actual count.

"Well; nobody'd ever guess you ever intended to be anything else."

"Why Mae! Guess there are worse things than bein' a Bachelor."

"Oh, maybe.

"Say, Alma's engaged again; Ruth's going to be married this summer, Jane's beau is coming down for graduation—"

"Hang it, Mae! I don't care whose beau's coming down. There's one girl I do care about."

"There is? Who?"

"Why Phil! Quit it! No, you can't! Don't you do that again! Of course I do! Well, I don't want to be taken by storm anyway."





Athletic Council.

Professor S. W. Beyer,
Professor C. F. Curtiss, Chairman,
Professor A. A. Bennett,
Professor L. B. Spinney,

EX-OFFICIO :

A. B. Storms, President,
Herman Knapp, Treasurer,
J. P. Watson.

STUDENT MEMBERS :

SENIOR

F. M. Brugger.

JUNIOR

W. M. Greene.

SOPHOMORE

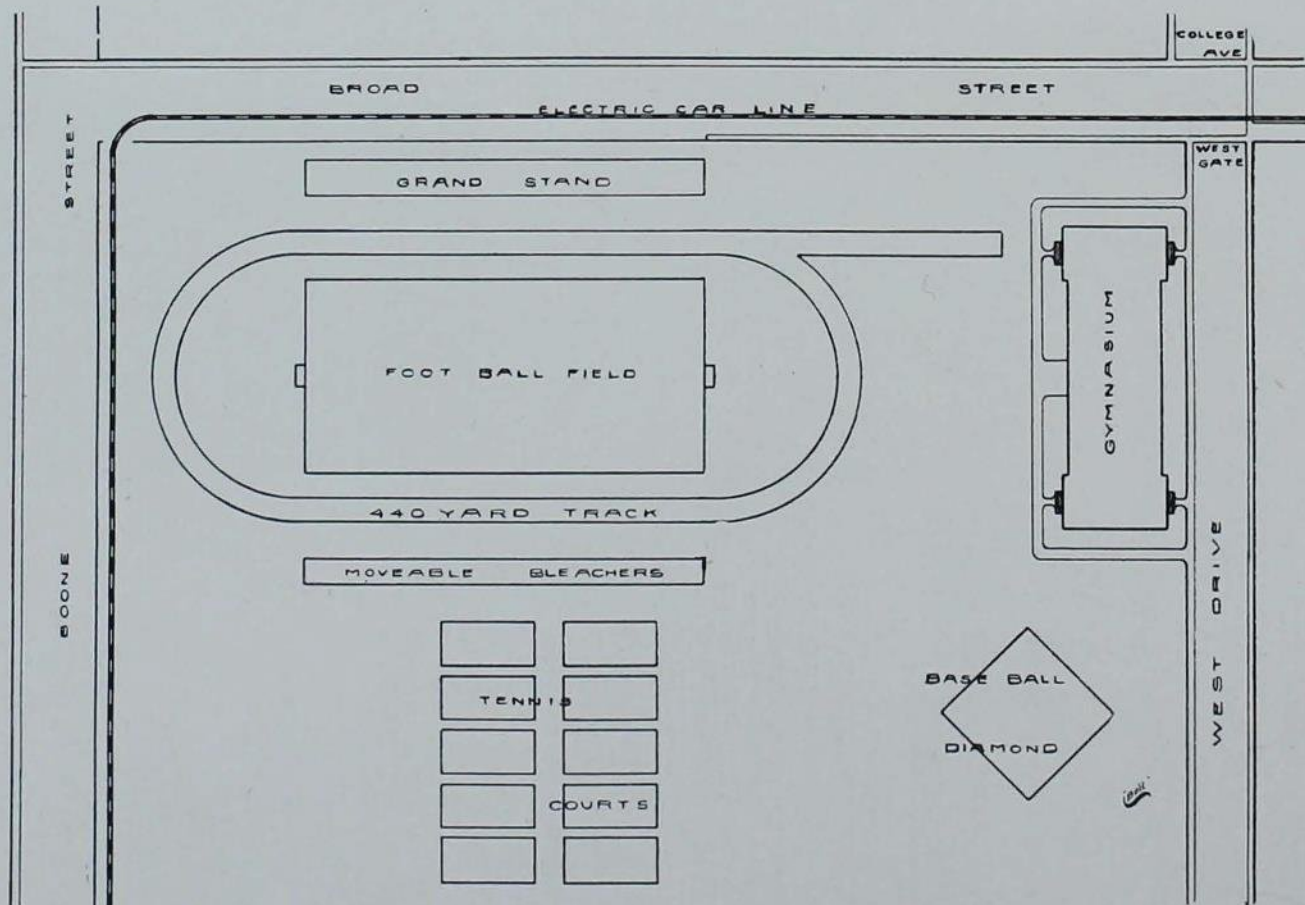
E. E. Van Meter.

FRESHMAN

E. E. Andrews.



Prof. S. W. Beyer
General Manager of Athletics



Map of New Athletic Field.



Williams, coach	Miller	Parsons	Burkhart	Lidvall
Wieland	Fox	Smith	Arnold	
	Harris	Parks	Willetts	
Kruel	Beiter	Cunningham	Mills	

Varsity Baseball Team.

S. Clyde Williams.....	Coach
B. F. Parsons (Capt.).....	2nd base
T. K. Willetts.....	1st base
F. G. Miller.....	3rd base
C. E. Harris.....	} Pitch
Lee Parks.....	
R. F. Burkhart.....	
R. A. Arnold.....	
A. L. Wieland.....	} Catch
G. C. Beiter.....	
Harry Fox.....	
A. H. Kruel.....	Shortstop
R. R. Smith.....	Left field
A. H. Cunningham.....	Center field
M. A. Mills.....	Right field
E. R. Lidvall.....	2nd base



Baseball Season of 1907.

The baseball season of 1907 was one of the most successful ever witnessed at Iowa State College. The schedule was the longest and the hardest that an Ames team has ever had. Out of eighteen games only two were lost and these defeats were partly due to the fact that the regular line-up was crippled on account of the three year rule.

At the beginning of the spring term, Coach Williams had all the candidates out in the training shed "loosening up". When the snow melted the men took possession of State Field where new and old candidates worked out together. Clyde Williams encouraged everyone athletic-

ally inclined, to come out and try for a place on the team. Competition was keen and every position was contested with a do or die spirit.

The Cedar Rapids practice series was to give all likely candidates a chance to make good, and as the dates for these games approached, the intensity of competitive spirit increased.

After the smoke had cleared away, the varsity line-up was found to be as follows: Pitchers: Harris, Parks, Wieland, Burkhart and Arnold. Catchers: Beiter and Fox. First base: Willett. Second base: Captain Parsons. Third base: Miller. Shortstop: Kreul. Left field: Smith. Center field: Cunningham. Right field: Mills and Strickler.

The team was characterized by an abundance of "pep". At no game did an opposing team show the same fighting spirit. Coach Williams has been successful in instilling this element of his own personality into every athletic team with which he has been connected.

At the bat the team was without a peer in Iowa. With one exception it "out-hit" every team on the schedule. When it is evident that games are won by the "batting" team, the coach must again be commended for his constant effort in requiring the team to take all the batting practice possible.

The season closed with the Iowa-Ames game, May 30th, in which S. U. I. won the State Championship from I. S. C.

With such men as Clyde Williams and Jack Watson to train and coach the various teams, the outlook for athletics at I. S. C., must only be the brightest.

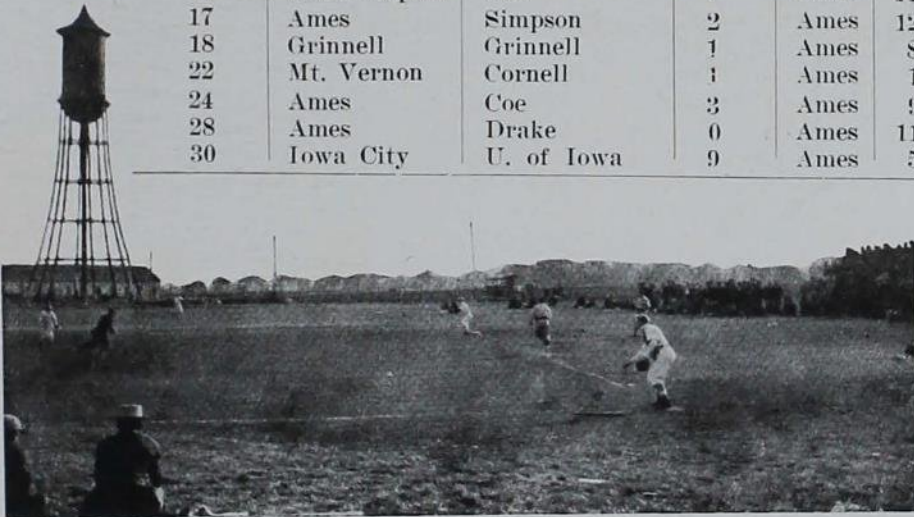


The Last of the "Quarters"



Base Ball Schedule 1907

Date	Where Played	Team	Score	Team	Score
Apr. 16-'07	Ames	Cedar Rapids	3	Ames	4
17	Ames	Cedar Rapids	1	Ames	7
18	Ames	Cedar Rapids	9	Ames	14
20	Ames	Highland P.	0	Ames	13
25	Ames	U. of Missouri	0	Ames	6
27	Indianola	Simpson	2	Ames	8
30	Ames	Neb. Indians	2	Ames	3
May 3	Ames	U. of Iowa	11	Ames	4
4	Ames	U. of Neb.	0	Ames	9
7	Des Moines	Drake	3	Ames	5
9	Ames	Cornell	3	Ames	5
11	Cedar Rapids	Coe	7	Ames	11
17	Ames	Simpson	2	Ames	12
18	Grinnell	Grinnell	1	Ames	8
22	Mt. Vernon	Cornell	1	Ames	1
24	Ames	Coe	3	Ames	9
28	Ames	Drake	0	Ames	11
30	Iowa City	U. of Iowa	9	Ames	5





Class Baseball 1907

Seniors (07) 6

Juniors (08) 7

Sophomores (09) 7

Freshmen (10) 4

FINALS

Juniors 7

Sophomores 5

Varsity Track.



		Law	Laughlin	Warren	Beard	Wood	Tunis	Drennen		
G. Lambert	E. W. Lambert	Luberger	Knowles	Hubbard				Thayer	Van Marter	
		Brugger	Carr	Nichol	Henninger	Jaenson	Uhl			
Lampman	Tracy	Waggoner	Mutch	McCullough	Davis	Packard	Sieben	Jones	McElhinney	Watson (trainer)



CLARENCE E. HENINGER
Deceased

Track Season of 1907.

Probably never before in the history of our school, has a track season opened under such favorable conditions, with such promises of great things, and closed with so heart-breaking a climax of misfortunes.

Training in the shed began the first of February, with a large bunch of fellows, the track and baseball men working together. With very few exceptions, all the old men were back, and the number of "raw recruits" looked very promising. The fact that freshmen were debarred from inter-collegiate contests, by the new ruling, did not interfere with the showing of that class. Under the watchful and

justly famous eye of Jack Watson, the work continued in the shed until the weather permitted the use of the cinder track and the field. The weather, however, was exceedingly variable and forced the squad back to the shed again and again. In fact throughout the entire season the men were handicapped by the additional clothing they were forced to wear.

The home meet on April the 25th, proved to be a very interesting occasion. Every event was hotly contested and some of the "varsity" were rather well shown up by the freshmen. The seniors won first honors, Uhl breaking the state record in the hammer throw. The sophs landed a close second, while the juniors succeeded in capturing third place only after a hard fight. The following week the freshmen entertained the West Des Moines boys to the tune of 70 to 57.

On May 4th, the Cornhuskers came over from Lincoln, and the

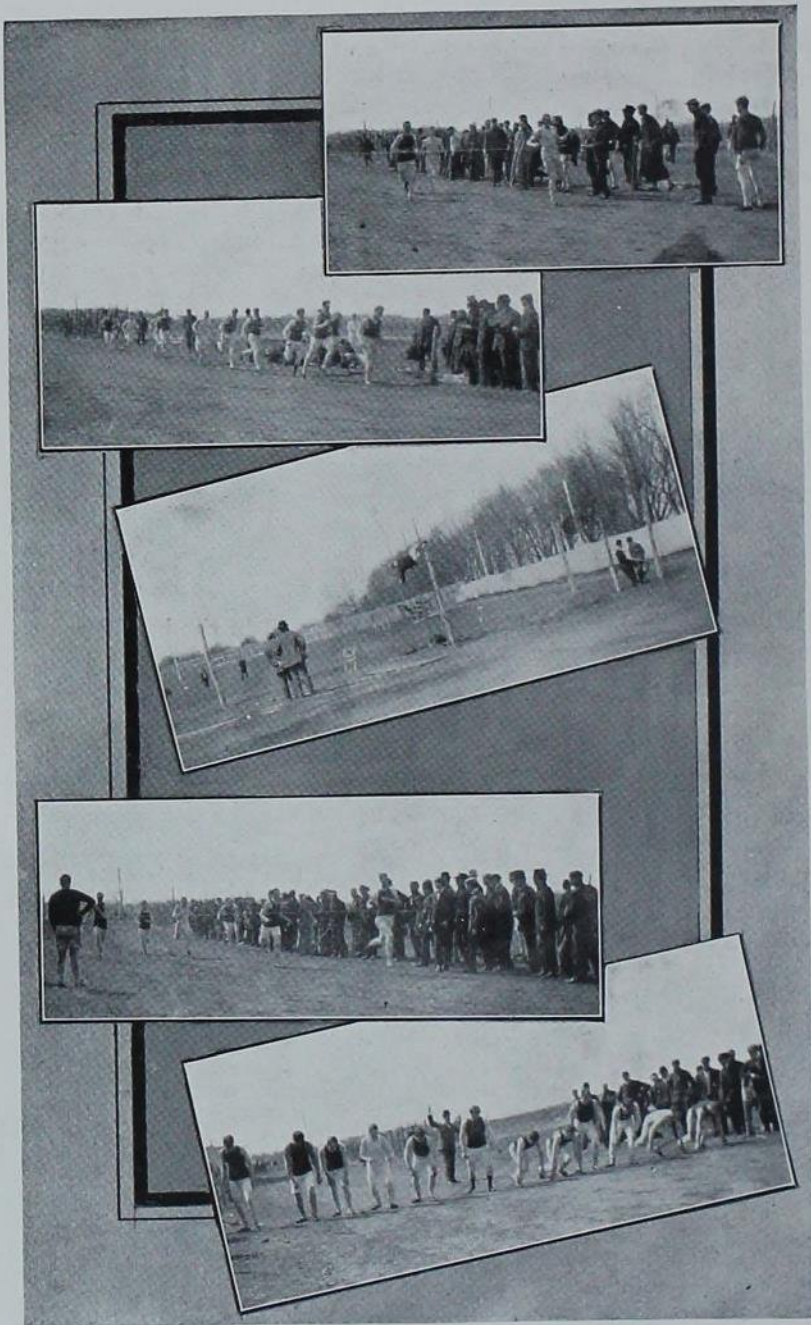
air was filled with dire forebodings concerning our records. Our boys, however, trusting implicitly in "Jack" entered the doubtful contest with the vim so characteristic of their trainer. The meet was close throughout, and at no time was the outcome easy to determine. The features of the day were Waggoner's great finish in the two-mile and "Si" Lambert's hammer throw which again broke the state record. The final score was 89 to 47 in our favor.

One week later we were defeated by Grinnell on their home field by a margin of 2 points. During the following two weeks the team was given its finishing touches, and everyone was rounded into the very best form possible.

The State Meet was held at the Drake Stadium on the 25th of May. Owing to heavy rains the night before, the track was in the worst possible condition. Practically the only dry course was the pole, which course Ames drew but once during the entire meet. This, together with hard luck throughout the contest, threw the former State Champions to third place, Grinnell winning first, with Drake a close second.

In the conference meet at Chicago, the "Varsity Rep" made a good showing, Waggoner winning second in the two-mile, Davis second in the half-mile, and Guy Lambert third in the broad jump.





ON TRACK AND FIELD AT I. S. C.

Home Field Meet, April 20, 1907

Event	First	Second	Third	Record
100-yd Dash	Knowles (S)	McElhinny (S)	Young (Fr)	10½
Pole Vault	McCullough (S)	Witter (Fr)	Walker (Fr)	9½ ft.
Discus Throw	Cave (Sr)	Thayer (Jr)	Laughlin (S)	110 ft. 7 in.
Mile Run	Packard (Sr)	Beard (Jr)	Deakin (Fr)	4:47 3-5
220-yd Hurdles	Henninger (Sr)	Woods (Fr)	Tellier (Fr)	—
High Jump	Henninover (Sr)	Tracey (S) & Laughlin (S) tie		5 ft. 2½ in.
440-yd Dash	Carr (S)	Sieben (Sr)	Law (S)	54 1-5
Shot Put	Lampman (Jr)	Drennen (Sr)	Tunis (Sr)	36 ft. 9 in.
120-yd Hurdles	Henninger (Sr)	Woods (Fr)	Horton (Fr)	28 2-5
Broad Jump	Lambert (S)	Barber (Sr) & Woods (Sr) tie		20 ft. 5½ in.
16 lb. Hammer Throw	Uhl (Sr)	Brugger (Jr)	Wood (Fr)	135 ft. 9 in.
220-yd Dash	Young (Fr)	Wells (S)	Knowles (S)	24
Mile Relay	Sr.	Soph.	Jr	—
2 Mile Run	Packard (Sr)	Waggoner (Jr)	Mutch (Jr)	11.01½
½ Mile Relay	Soph.	Fresh.	Senior	1:37½
¼ Mile Run	Davis (S)	Beard (Jr)	Warren (Sr)	2:04 2-5

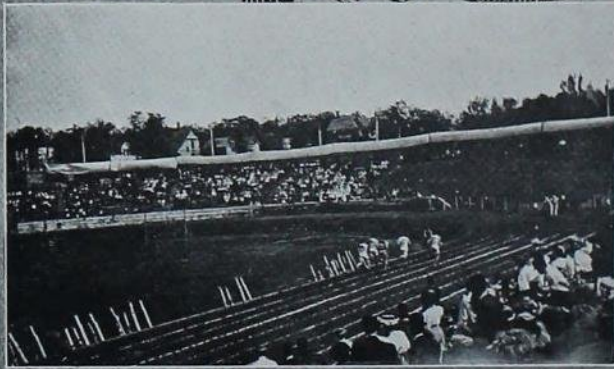
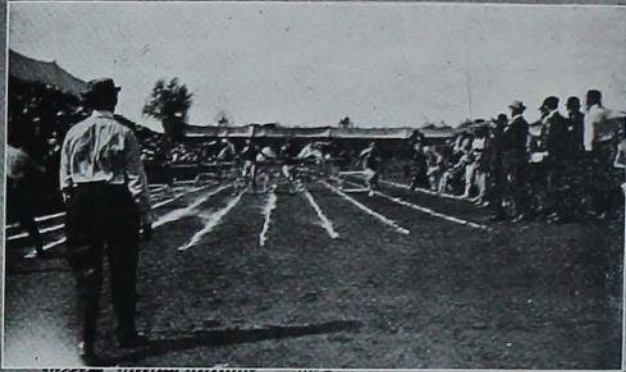
Summary of Points:—Seniors 59, Sophs 46, Juniors 22, Freshmen 17.

I. S. C. Freshmen-West Des Moines High Meet at Ames, April 27.

Event	First	Second	Third	Record
100-yd Dash	Palmer (Fr)	Young (Fr)	Trullinger (Fr)	10 2-5
Pole Vault	Macomber (W H)	Bair (W H) and Trostie (W H) tie		9
Discus	Phillips (W H)	Shrader (W H)	Sheets (W H)	94 ft. 9 in.
Mile Run	Heidt (W H)	Hoffman (Fr)	Osborn (W H)	4:58 2-5
High Jump	Lee (Fr)	Walker (Fr)	Shrader (Fr)	5 ft. 5½ in.
120-yd Hurdle	Horton (Fr)	Hammit (W H)	Tillier (Fr)	17 3-5
440 Dash	Harris (W H)	Kraft (Fr)	Thomas (Fr)	54 3-5
12 lb. Shot Put	Steffen (Fr)	Macomber (W H)	Phillips (W H)	44 ft. 5 in.
220-yd Hurdle	Tillier (Fr)	Horton (Fr)	Woods (Fr)	29 1-5
Bd Jump	Kingman (Fr)	Harris (W H)	Cline (Fr)	20 ft. 2 in.
880-yd Run	Slater (Fr)	Mathias (W H)	Ingalls (W H)	2:15 3-5
12 lb. Hammer Throw	Sheets (W H)	Kelsey (Fr)	Macomber (W H)	122 ft. 5 in.
220-yd Dash	Harris (W H)	Young (Fr)	Palmer (Fr)	24 1-5
Mile Relay	Freshmen won			3:57 2-5
880-yd Relay	Freshmen won			1:40 3-5

Freshmen—70

West High—66



AT THE STATE MEET
220 HURDLES

JACK TELLS IT TO SANDY

THE 440 YARD DASH

START OF MILE

The State Meet.

Event	First	Second	Third	Record
100-yd Dash	Huff (G)	Miller (I)	Turner (G)	:10
1 Mile Run	Riley (I)	Hensleigh (D)	Burkstresser (M)	4:36 4-5
120-yd Hurdle	McCord (D)	Brown (M)	Henninger (A)	:16 (Record not allowed)
440-yd Dash	Huff (G)	Flanagan (G)	Hubbard (A)	:53 4-5
880-yd Run	Davis (A)	Riley (I)	Beard (A)	2.02
220-yd Hurdle	McCord (D)	Bair (G)	Woodrow (D)	:26 4-5
220-yd Dash	Huff (G)	Turner (G)	Miller (I)	:22 2-5
2 Mile Run	Chapman (M)	Burns (S)	Waggoner (A)	10:14 2-5
Mile Relay	Grinnell	Drake	Ames	3:33 2-5
880-yd Relay	Grinnell	Drake	Iowa	1:33 3-5
Pole Vault	Haggard (D)	Tie McCullough (A)	Jeansen (A) Westcott (M)	10 ft. 9 in.
Discus Throw	Jones (D)	Thayer (A)	Woodrow (D)	113 ft.
High Jump	Wells (G)	Slaughter (G)	Haggard (D)	5 ft. 10 in.
16 lb. Shot Put	Conaway (D)	Brugger (A)	Lampman (A)	41 ft. 1 1-3 in.
Bd Jump	Renshaw (I)	Lambert (A)	Bair (G)	20 ft. 10½ in.
16 lb. Hammer Throw	Conaway (D)	Lambert (A)	Uhl (A)	136 ft. 2 in.

Summary of Points:—Grinnell 44, Drake 43, Ames 26, Iowa 18, Morningside 10, Simpson 3.

Grinnell-Ames Meet At Grinnell, May 11, 1907.

Event	First	Second	Third	Record
100 yd	Huff (G)	Turner (G)	Luberger (A)	10 1-5
220 yd	Turner (G)	Huff (G)	Marshall (G)	23
440 yd	Flanagan (G)	Hubbard (A)	Dawson (G)	52 1-5
200-yd Hurdle	Bair (G)	Henninger (A)	Nicholl (A)	26 2-5
120-yd Hurdle	Bair (G)	Henninger (A)	Nicholl (A)	16 2-5
High Jump	Wells (G)	Slaught (G)	Henninger (A)	5 ft. 7 in.
Bd Jump	Boyd (G)	Lambert (A)	Bair (G)	20 ft. 3-5 in.
Pole Vault	Clark (G)	McCullough (A)	& Carter (G) tie	10 ft 9 in.
880-yd Run	Davis (A)	Beard (A)	Van Marter (A)	2:07
Mile Run	Van Marter (A)	Packard (A)	McGrath	4:46 2-5
2 Mile Run	Mutch (A)	Waggoner (A)	Blatherwick (G)	10:43 3-5
Hammer Throw	Lambert (A)	Uhl (A)	Teigler (G)	124 ft.
Discus Throw	Reppert (A)	Thayer (A)	Clark (G)	114 ft. 8½ in.
16 lb. Shot Put	Brugger (A)	Lampman (A)	Teigler (G)	37 ft. 3 in.
Mile Relay	Grinnell won			3:42 2-5
½ Mile Relay	Grinnell won			1:33 1-5

Grinnell 69

Ames 67

Ames-Nebraska Meet, at Ames, May 14, '07

Event	First	Second	Third	Record
100-yd Dash	Burrows (N)	Knowles (A)	Coe (N)	10 2-5 sec.
Pole Vault	McDonald (N)	McCullough (A)	& Jeansen (A) tie	10 ft.
16 lb. Hammer	Lambert (A)	Uhl (A)	Brugger (A)	137 feet 5 in.
Mile Run	Van Marter (A)	Morgan (N)	Davis (N)	4:44 2-5
Broad Jump	Lambert (A)	Jones (A)	Craig (N)	21 ft. 1¼ in.
220 yd Dash	Knowles (A)	Burrows (N)	Coe (N)	23 2-5 sec.
120-yd Hurdles	Henninger (A)	Nicholl (A)	McDonald (N)	16½ sec.
16 lb. Shot Put	Miller (N)	Brugger (A)	Lampman (A)	37 ft. 5 in.
440-yd Dash	Carr (A)	Hubbard (A)	Craig (N)	55 sec.
220-yd Hurdles	Henninger (A)	Nicholl (A)	McDonald (N)	—
800-yd Run	Beard (A)	Davis (A)	Benedict (N)	2:04 2-5
Discus Throw	Thayer (A)	Laughlin (A)	Kroger (N)	122 ft. 5 in.
Mile Relay	Ames Won			—
2 Mile Run	Waggoner (A)	Alden (N)	Mutch (A)	10:23 2-5
880-yd Relay	Nebraska Won			1:38½
High Jump	Knode (N)	Henninger (A)	Burrows (N)	5 ft. 4¾ in.

Summary of Points:—Ames 89, Nebraska 47.



JUNIOR TRACK TEAM
Winners of '08 Home Meet



Williams (coach)	Reeves	Rutledge	Law	Graham	Johnson	Jones (asst. coach)
Davis	Thayer	Reppert	L. A. Williams	Lampman	Gray	Murphy
Greene	Tellier	G. Lambert	Nelson	Willetts	Hubbard	Stouffer
		E. W. Lambert	McElhinney	Brugger	Jaenson	

Positions.

Johnson—End	Stouffer—End
Graham—Halfback	Hubbard—Quarterback
Law—Tackle	Willetts—Fullback
Rutledge—Centre	Nelson—Guard
Reeves—End	G. Lambert—Halfback
Murphy—Guard	Greene—Halfback
Gray—Tackle	Jaenson—Quarterback
Lampman—Centre	Brugger—Tackle
L. A. Williams—Fullback	McElhinney—End (Capt.)
Reppert—Fullback	E. W. Lambert—Halfback
Thayer—Guard	Tellier—End
Davis—Tackle	



Varsity Football.

The football situation at the beginning of the season of 1907 was essentially a puzzle. There was a new coach, a predominance of new men, and many new rules. By defeating both Iowa and Nebraska and by giving Minnesota a terrible battle, the team of 1906 had set the standard higher than it had been for several years. There was much speculation as to whether the team of 1907 could hold the new position which Ames had won in western athletics.

Soon after the opening of school a squad of some one hundred men, of all sizes, shapes, and weights, doffed the overalls and jumper of the machine shop or farm and came out on the State Field in football clothes to boost for I. S. C. Out of this array Coach Williams set himself, with his customary snap, and mastery over the situation, to pick a winning team. Several of last year's Varsity were back on the field sure to do good work, but they so far out-classed the raw material that it was a difficult task to match them in the positions still unfilled. The tireless energy of the coach in trying out new men and shifting old men to new positions, along with the good hard work of assistant Coach Jones, gradually brought out a formidable line-up.

The first test came when Ames met the snappy Coe team on the State Field. The game was a disappointment to many of the onlookers because a larger score was not run up. However, before the season was over it was found that the coach was not playing his men for the amusement of those on the sidelines only. A diminutive score came to be looked upon as one of Clyde's "blinds".

There was some nervousness, even among the players, when the team started for Minneapolis to play the Gophers. Hope ran high for there were no sprained ankles nor broken knees this time. It was apparent from the start that Ames did not come onto the field, a team beaten before the game began, nor was she beaten till the second whistle blew. Capron's toe and lucky decisions of officials won the game for Minnesota and Ames returned bested in score only.

Morningside and Cornell College were next on the schedule. Each of these teams gave the Cyclones a good, stiff practice game.

The game with Nebraska at Lincoln was a battle royal. Outweighed many pounds by the heavy Corn-huskers, the Ames men were out-played only for a short time. In the second half they loosened up and gave Nebraska an exhibition of modern football that was simply bewildering in its virility. Nebraska won for the time but a contested goal eventually made the score 13-10 in favor of Ames.

A fast hard game was played at Grinnell, resulting in the largest score ever made by an Ames team against that spirited little school.

The last real game of the season was played on State Field against the State University for the championship of Iowa. The record of each team was good and for weeks the coming game was the only topic of conversation. The 23rd of November was a perfect day and crowds came from far and near. Iowa brought a team that was probably the best one in her history. Ames certainly had the best that she has ever seen, and the contest that came off in the afternoon was the hardest fought and most evenly matched gridiron battle ever seen on an Iowa field. The Ames Varsity is certainly to be congratulated on winning from such a team as Iowa put into the game.

On Thanksgiving Day the team, sore and battered from the Iowa game went to meet Drake at Des Moines. Team work was poor all through but when it became necessary, Ames pulled herself together and won by a small score.

Too much praise cannot be given Coach Williams for the work he did with the team. His originality, enthusiasm, hard work, and unflinching good humor did fully as much to make the season a successful one as all the playing which the men could do.

SCHEDULE OF 1907.

At Ames	Oct 4	Ames 18	Coe	0
At Minneapolis	Oct. 12	Ames 0	Minnesota	8
At Sioux City	Oct. 19	Ames 12	Morningside	0
At Ames	Oct. 26	Ames 17	Cornell	0
At Lincoln	Nov. 2	Ames (9)	13 Nebraska	10
At Grinnell	Nov. 9	Ames 49	Grinnell	0
At Ames	Nov. 23	Ames 20	Iowa	14
At Des Moines	Nov. 28	Ames 13	Drake	8





The Reserves.



THE Reserves, more familiarly known as the "Scrubs" are a large factor in athletics at I. S. C. Their faithfulness in helping to develop winning Varsity teams is all out of proportion to the credit they receive when the season is ended.

The past season produced a team from among the old Faithfuls and the new Freshmen that could give the Varsity a taste of real football every night. Such material makes the prospect for 1908 especially bright. Freshmen, together with the old Faithfuls, made the Scrubs stronger than usual this year and there should be no lack of Varsity material next year.

The ruling which prevents inter-collegiate games between Freshman teams takes much of the interest out of the season for the Scrubs, but several high school games were obtained as usual this year and some good exhibitions of football were the result.

The strong West Des Moines' High School team which had de-

feated Drake was unable to handle the husky Ames Scrubs, the result being a tie. East Des Moines High School had the necessary team work and spirit to defeat the Reserves by a small margin. Ida Grove always has a strong team and usually gives the Ames Reserves a good tussle, and the game this year was no exception, neither side being able to score.

All honor is due to the faithful and persistent work of the Scrubs and their tireless coach. They were out in good weather and in bad, and under circumstances that would have discouraged any team not well supplied with that indefinable, persistent something, known locally as "The Ames Spirit".

SCHEDULE OF RESERVES—1907.

At Ames	Sept. 28	Ames	0	West High	0
At Ames	Oct. 5	Ames	9	East High	11
At Ida Grove	Oct. 12	Ames	0	Ida Grove	0





Coach Williams.

Clyde Williams was born at Shelby, Iowa, and graduated in 1897 from the Shelby High School. While here he was a prominent member of the baseball, track and football teams of the school, and was intimately associated with several later star athletes of Ames.

In the fall of 1897 Williams entered the State University of Iowa, graduating from the Liberal Arts course in 1901 and from the School of Dentistry in 1903. While at Iowa City he took part in all lines of athletics, proving to be such an all-around star that in his senior year he won the Max Meyer Cup, presented to the most popular athlete in school.

In the fall of 1897 he was playing with the Freshman team. The next year he was varsity halfback. The two succeeding seasons saw him quarterback, and during his senior year, captain also, of the best team Iowa had ever seen, a team which was second to none in the West. It was said that he was the best quarterback ever seen west of the Alleghenies.

Williams was one of the mainstays of the University basketball team during the seasons of 1900 and 1901. He also competed on the track for four years but this was subsidiary to his baseball playing, in which he was a star at catch and shortstop during his entire college course. He acted as captain during the season of 1900.

During the summers of 1902 and '03 Williams played baseball with the Sioux Falls team of the Iowa-South Dakota League, an organization broken up in 1903. During the football season of 1903 he was assistant coach at Iowa City and in 1904 coach for the Marshalltown High School. While at Marshalltown he was drawn into the Iowa State League and played a strong position at third base. After this for three years Williams spent his summers with the Marshalltown team and his winters practicing dentistry either at Marshalltown or Knoxville.

But dentistry did not offer the same opening for a crack young athlete as athletics, and we see Williams ever returning to the field of sports. During the fall of 1904 he coached the football team of Cornell College. In the spring of 1906 he was coach of the Iowa State College baseball team until the Iowa League teams began their tours. When their season closed he was hired as assistant football coach at Ames.

At the end of a very successful season Ames found herself without a coach by reason of the resignation of A. W. Ristine, the former Harvard star who had coached the Ames football men for several years. A new ruling of the "Big Nine" required that the

coaches be hired as salaried members of the faculty rather than by the month or season and as Ames follows conference rules the Athletic Management took the opportunity presented to secure a salaried coach for all the athletic teams.

Though young, still the brilliancy and the varied experience of Clyde Williams strongly recommended him and he was hired. His work during the baseball and football seasons of 1907 and the basketball season of 1908 is too well known to require much mention. His men went against teams coached by old and experienced coaches and former stars of the big eastern schools but in no case did his coaching fail to put up an equal or better showing. His gentlemanly manners and winning ways have won for him thousands of friends and made him the idol of the athletes at Ames. I. S. C. congratulates herself on having Clyde Williams connected with her athletics.

Assistant Coach Jones.



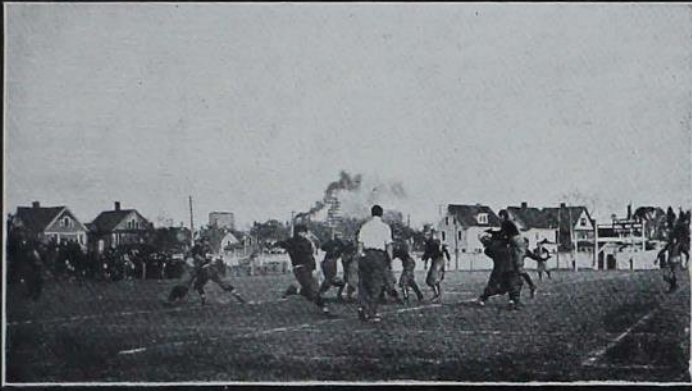
John C. Jones came to I. S. C. originally from Cedar Falls, Iowa. He never had a High School Course but entered the Training School of the State Normal about 1898. After two years in this department he entered the Normal School Proper taking up a science course. For the succeeding three years Jones was prominent in the athletics of the school, winning medals in every event in Track and Field Athletics except the three long runs, and playing halfback on the football team for three years. He played basketball and was eventually named for All Iowa halfback in football.

In 1903 Jones entered Wisconsin University taking general science work. He played football part of the season at regular halfback but was put out of the game by a broken knee before the end of the season. This prevented him from winning his "W".

In the fall of 1904 Jones entered the Science Course at Ames but later changed to Mining Engineering. During the football season of 1904 he played end on the Varsity and made the All Iowa Team. During the two succeeding years he played at halfback and easily made the All Iowa.

Some bad hurts prevented Jones from starring much on the track for I. S. C. but his work in football was of a high order and times without number he has saved the day for Ames by his cool-headed play and complete knowledge of football in all its intricacies. Almost without fail the lightest man on the team, he was relied on most when those few yards were needed, and in spite of hurts he never lost his nerve.

These qualities together with his quiet businesslike manner and unassuming air made him, though still a student, the most desirable man to be had as coach for the Reserves. The men which he developed showed that he was a success. During the season of 1908 he will be in his old place on the State Field.



AT MINNESOTA

CAPERON KICKS

END RUN BY McELHINNEY

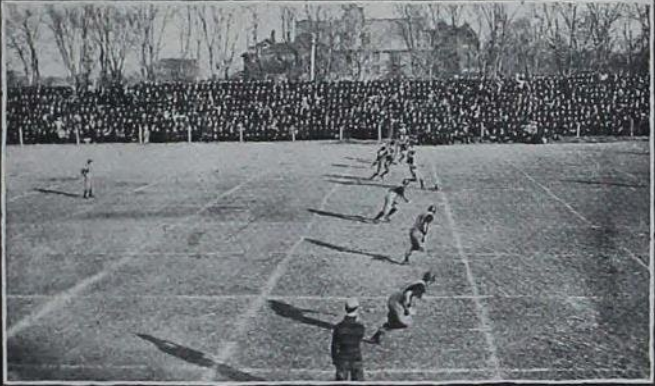
LINE SMASH



KICK-OFF NEBRASKA GAME



LAMBERT KICKS GOAL

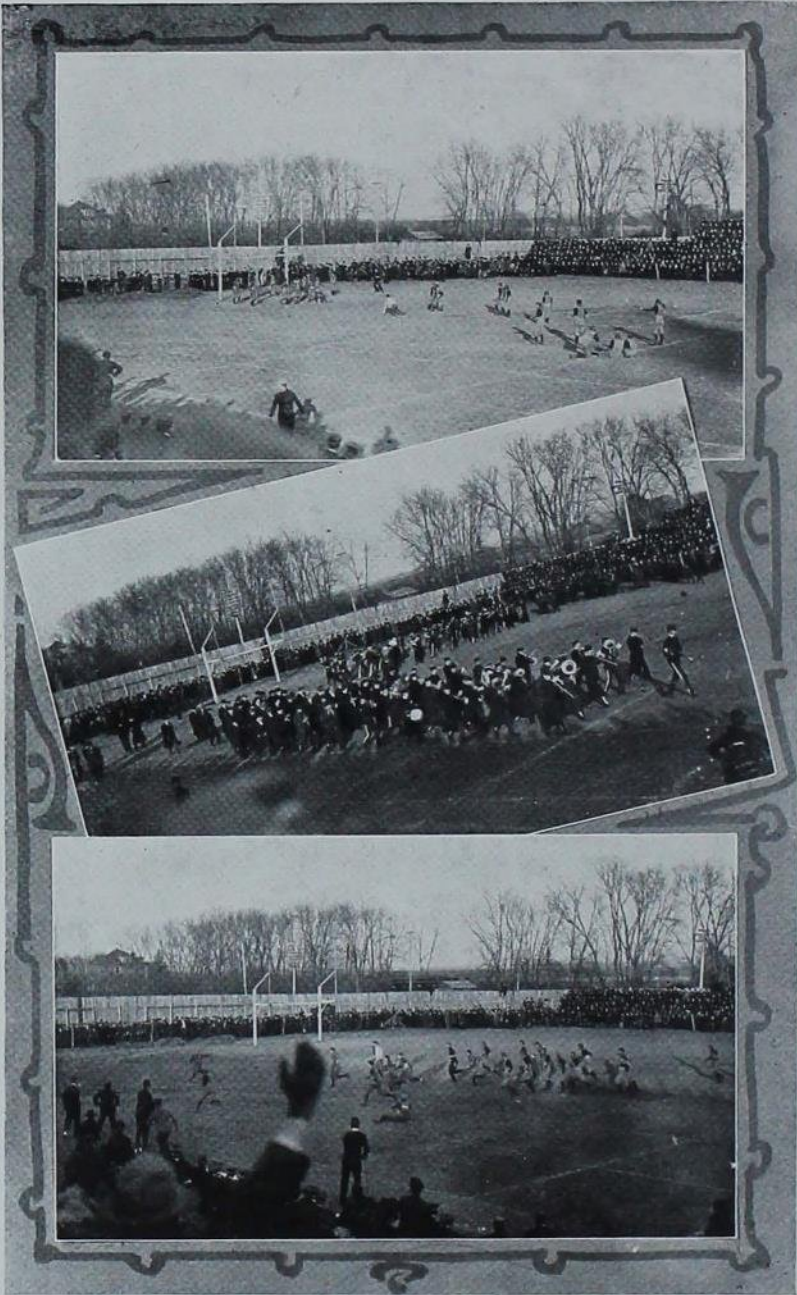


THE IOWA GAME.

LAMBERT PUNTS

AMES KICKS OFF

A FAIR TACKLE



THE IOWA GAME

JOBBY KICKS GOAL

FIELD PARADE

TOUCHDOWN M'ELHINNEY

20-14

“NUF SED”

Class Football,



CLASS spirit is a good thing and nothing so fosters good clean variety of this article as inter-class athletics. It has been the custom at I. S. C. for several years past to present sweaters and class-numerals to the winning class-football team. This has created interest in the games and thus brought out new material for the Varsity. During the past fall a series of class-games were played. Although somewhat one-sided as to ability of teams, they were nevertheless very interesting.

The Juniors won from the Seniors in a somewhat ragged game, but one that was good considering the short time for practice allowed by the Athletic Management. Next the Freshmen with their fast backfield and speedy high school style of play defeated the Sophomores, champions of the preceding year. The victors of the two games met a few days later in the deciding game of the series. It frequently happens that the spirit is stronger and the teamwork better in the Freshman class than in any of the teams of the upper classes. There was no lack of spirit in the '09 team but the championship landed with the 11's.

SCHEDULE OF CLASS GAMES.

Oct. 3	Seniors	0	Juniors	5
Oct. 10	Sophomores	0	Freshmen	9
Oct. 12	Juniors	0	Freshmen	6





JUNIORS



SOPHOMORES



CHAMPIONS



IOWA LINE-UP

NEBRASKA LINE-UP

'09 FOOT BALL MEN

MINNESOTA LINE-UP



FACULTY TEAM

The Faculty-Senior Game.



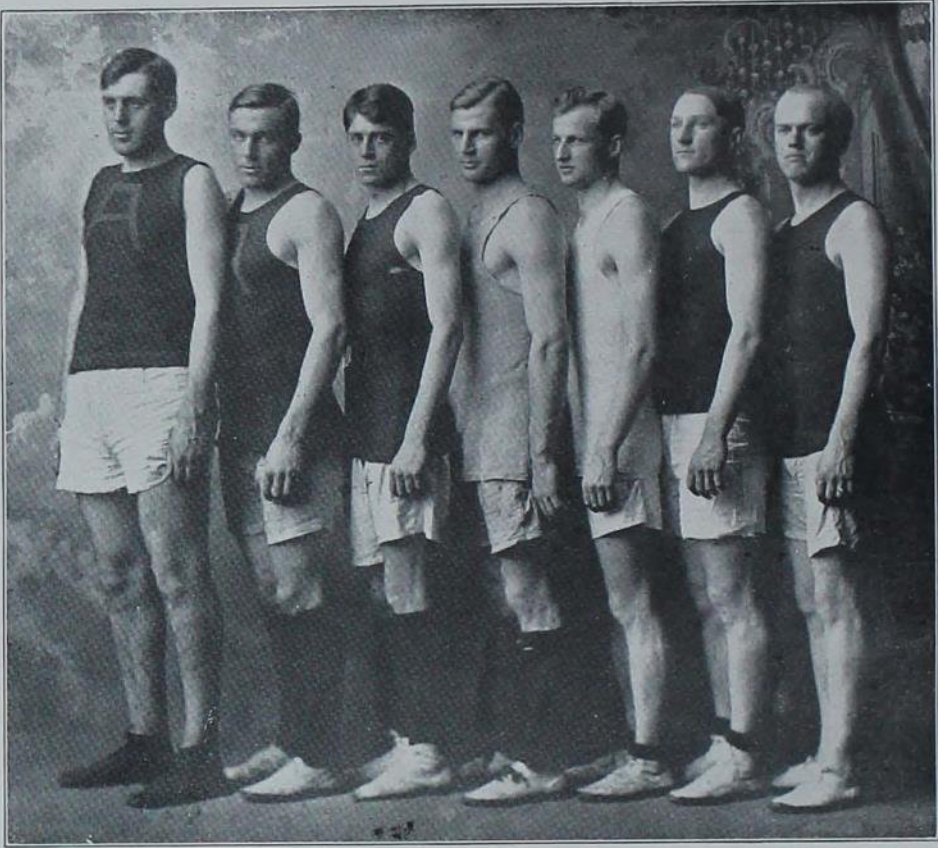
UNDER the auspices of the Cardinal Guild a game was arranged to be played on the afternoon of College Day between the Senior Class team and a team picked from the Faculty. For two weeks both teams practiced hard and the prospects looked poor for the light Senior team. Old "grads" and stars on our faculty from other schools turned out in force and the array would have made the Varsity look small by comparison. But when the day of the game arrived their weight and strength proved to be of little avail because of lack of training. The Seniors, though younger and lighter, were in perfect condition physically and this went far to even up the situation after the first spasm of strength of the Faculty had been spent. The game wavered up and down the field, neither side having been able to score when the whistle blew.



SENIORS CELEBRATE



SENIORS AND THEIR TEAM



Thayer McElhinney Case Law Luburger Fuhrmeister Herbert

Varsity Basketball Team.

H. S. Luburger (Captain).....	}	Forwards
Howard Herbert.....		
R. M. McElhinney.....		Center
H. M. Case.....	}	Guards
F. W. Law.....		
Fuhrmeister		Sub



Basketball at I. S. C.

Basketball for men was introduced during the past winter for the first time in the history of the college.

Adverse conditions had to be grappled with. The most of the men had not played the game for years. The down-town armory was the only available building. The court was rather small and for this reason good passing was almost impossible but the men got together in earnest and played some star ball.

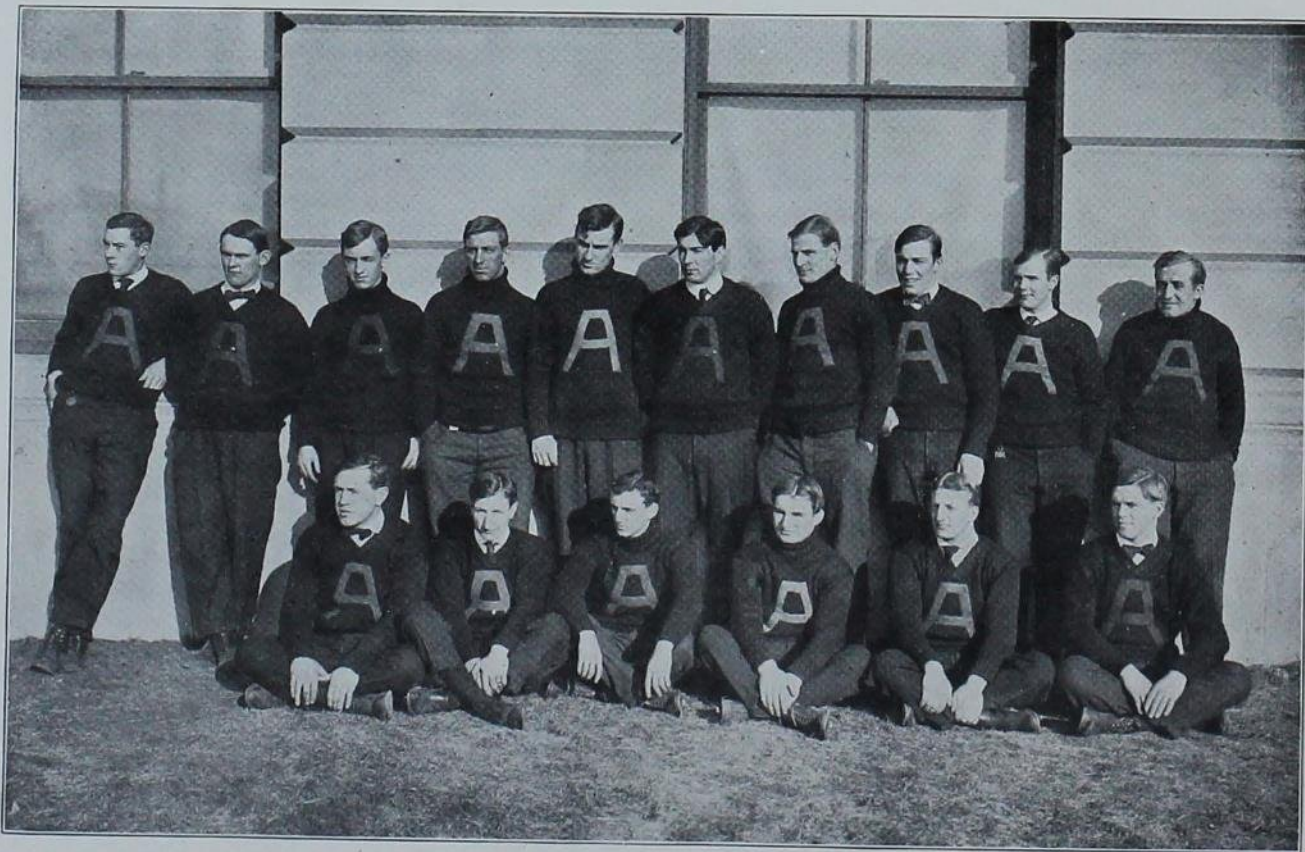
To create interest, class teams were organized under the supervision of coach Clyde Williams. In this way, Clyde was able to get a line on the men. Inter-class games proved mighty interesting but after an exciting series the championship lay unclaimed. The Freshmen and the Juniors tied for first honors. These games developed some good men and the first varsity team was picked.

The strong Kansas University team came to us first with a long string of scalps at their belt. The five Ames men chosen to meet them were as follows:—Center, McElhinney; Guards, Law and Case; Forwards, Luburger and Herbert. In the first half the I. S. C. team seemed to lack confidence, and time was called with the overwhelming score of 30 to 12 in favor of K. U. In the second half our team rallied and the Jay-Hawkers were played to a standstill. The game ended with the score of 53 to 35 in favor of K. U.

During the following week the Drake team met the varsity. Our men were determined to win this game. They went into it with the same fighting spirit that they had shown in the last half of the Kansas game. When time was called Ames had won her first Basketball victory with a score of 36 to 17.

Basketball has made good at Ames. The experiment of the past winter has proven the right of the game for a place in I. S. C. athletics. With such a bunch of players as were developed among the under-classmen this year, the prospects for the 1909 season are exceptionally bright.

'09 A. Men.



J. W. Davis T. K. Willitts
 R. L. Reppert
 Not in picture, T. E. McCullough

C. E. Harris E. W. Lambert F. C. Knowles M. L. Graham F. W. Law R. M. Ehnney A. B. Knox L. A. Nelson
 H. C. Hubbard R. R. Smith A. H. Cunningham Guy Lambert I. C. Rutledge





Girls' Athletics.

Among the many interests of the girls at I. S. C. athletics hold an important place. Practically all of the girls are members of the Woman's Athletic Association and of the various clubs, hockey, basketball and tennis. At present no Inter-collegiate games are played, but class spirit and rivalry are developed in the inter-class contests of the association. In basketball and hockey the Senior-Sophomore and Junior-freshman teams play three games yearly, the winning team being awarded medals or pins of appropriate design. In the tennis tournaments each class is represented by its own team and medals are given to the winners in both singles and doubles. A regulation girls' A sweater is awarded to the winner of three such medals.

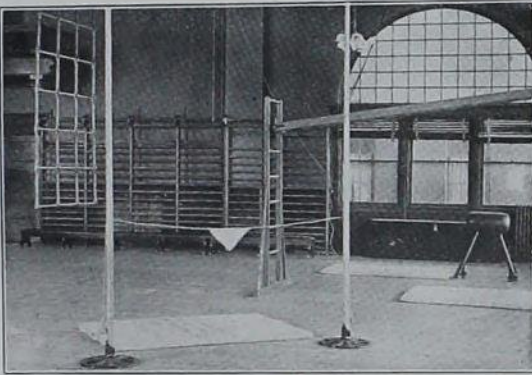
its own team and medals are given to the winners in both singles and doubles. A regulation girls' A sweater is awarded to the winner of three such medals.

During the past year the organization of the Woman's Athletic Association has been further perfected and improved. Miss Winifred R. Tilden the physical director brings much enthusiasm from her eastern Alma Mater and puts spirit and life into all departments of girls' athletics. Under her efficient management the W. A. A. on May 18, '07 gave a May Day Festival in honor of the Senioritas. This was the first affair of its kind ever attempted at Ames and its success will no doubt lead to the establishment of the pretty custom.

One inter-collegiate game was played during the year. The hockey team met Coe College at Cedar Rapids, October 19, 1907. This was the second contest between the two schools and resulted in a victory for Ames. Score: Ames 1. Coe 0.



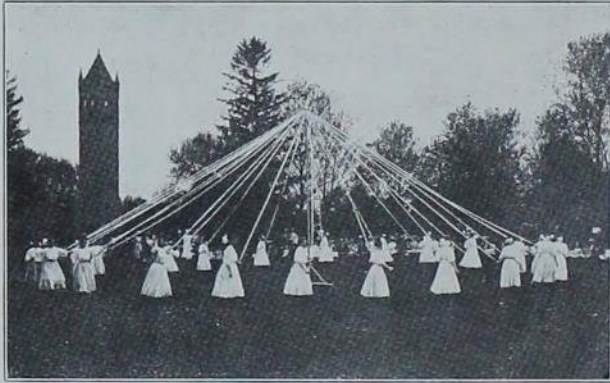
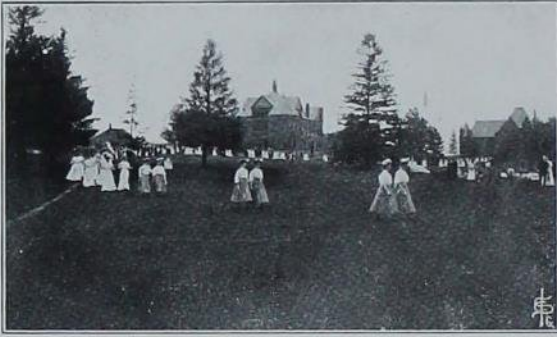
A GYM. CLASS



CORNER IN GYM



GIRLS' TENNIS COURTS



YE MAY DAY

YE CAMPUS

Hockey Team 1907.



Davis (captain) Mirick De Klatz Dyer Day Clark Kimball Watts Tilden (coach) Gillette Everett Roberts Upton Calonkey Miller Dreher

OUR

" 'Tis deeds must win the prize."



"Memory is the only paradise from which we cannot be driven."

ALUMNI

COLORADO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

VIRGINIA H. CORBETT

PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE AND HISTORY

FORT COLLINS, COLORADO, March 13, 1908

To the '09 Bomb:

Your request for a short contribution to the alumni department of the '09 Bomb brings with it many pleasant memories. I was one of the seniors who served as targets for the winged darts of the wit of the first junior annual editors--the makers of the first of the long series of Bombs which have since '93 electrified the campus life at I. S. C.

The strong bond of interest which unites the Ames alumni to each other, and to the college, grows more and more noticeable as the years go by, and wherever we may be the alma mater receives our increasing love and loyalty.

During the last year the circle letter, which visits three or four times annually the homes of the women graduates of '93 contained this question: "What is your opinion as to the opportunities for women students at Agricultural colleges? What advantage do you see as you look back?"

The fourteen answers to this question were full of interest. The college course has now been at least partially tested by experience, and each one spoke with loving memory of the strong helpful influences of the college life and work. Every one who in answer to this question mentioned especially her debt to the influence of certain professors had a word in favor of the lasting benefit derived from the work of Dr. Barrows, whose life work has so recently closed. Other professors who are still with you were mentioned repeatedly with gratitude.

May the college we remember with loyal allegiance long continue its work of training men and women for useful stations in the world of opportunity.

Sincerely,

VIRGINIA H. CORBETT, '93



THE FARMER

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THE LARGEST
AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL
IN THE NORTHWEST
BOTH IN SIZE
AND CIRCULATION

Class of 1909:-

Your request for a word or two from one of the "has beens" comes on stationery proclaiming "The '09 Bomb" and quite forcibly reminds the writer that nearly eight years have gone their way since he first appeared amid the shifting scenes of I. S. C., in the role of a lank and awkward "prep". In those uncouth days the unsuspecting beginner roomed in the "Old Main" usually adjoining a popular highway known as "Paradise Alley", a place whose unhallowed joys and fragrant memories can never be entirely forgotten, he dined where the girls' gym is now located and waxed corpulent on the fat of the land as prepared by one Cavell at the weekly rate of \$2.25 per head; if he deviated from the straight and narrow way he was taken in hand by the upper classmen and given a physical exercise known as "stretching" or else taken to the motor depot and soundly beaten on the nether portion of his trousers. (If such methods now appear primitive it must be remembered that the great and glorious Cardinal Guild organization had not been perfected at that time). Tho necessarily crude, the joys of those days were quite satisfying. Many a sociable game of "penny-ante" was rudely interrupted by the untimely appearance of "Prexy" Beardshear and his firm hand likewise put an end to many a delightful hazing party. Smoking in those days was not an offense for capital punishment and how carefully we hoarded our pennies to purchase a sack of slinters and brown paper labled "Bull Durham", while a real 5-cent cigar was a positive luxury. Also while

speaking of real pleasures did you ever break training with the gang at Des Moines at the close of a victorious season? Of these enough, lest the tales of an old timer grow wearisome.

Take it as the unadorned truth that college days are the best you will ever see. They may bring troubles but they are trivial, and the woes of the unfinished task or the unlearned lesson vanish quickly before the vagaries of the festive night. Don't be a dig for if by so doing you gain the whole world you are apt to lose your own identity. Make lots of friends for they are of more real worth than half the studies thrust upon you. Don't consider the teachers as your enemies for most of them are good stuff and you never can really appreciate them until long afterwards. Above all things, don't knock. If you don't believe that the Iowa State College of Agricultural and Mechanic Arts is the greatest college on earth you had not ought to be there, and if you do believe thuswise, just boost for all you're worth

One thing about the I. S. C., that remains fixed in memory after many others have flown is the natural charm of the place. Nature provided a charming green sward and the founders have builded well. There is no poetry in the soul of the alumnus, who does not occasionally long to lay aside worldly cares for a moment, journey back to the scenes of his youthful endeavors and list' for a moment to the sweet old chimes as they warn some lagging student "lest he forget". Such is the yearning which frequently guides the footsteps of "Dad" Tellier, who was rather doubtfully pronounced a Bachelor of Scientific Agriculture in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and four.
St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 24, 1908.



NEW YORK DAILY CALL

Organ of Socialist Party, Publisht by
WORKINGMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING ASSOCIA'N

J. Chant Lipes, Sec'y

880 Bedford Ave, - - - - Brooklyn, Gr. N. Y.

S O S H A L H A R M O N I K S B U R O

-ov- JOSEFUS CHANT LIPES, B. Sc.

Teecher, Riter, Lekturer

(Akvokate ov REFORM SPELING)

880 Bedford Av , BROOKLIN, Grater Nu York

February 27, 1908

To the '09 BOMB

Junior Annual ov the I. S. C.

Mi dear Bomb-mates:

Yur alumni committee thru its chairman F. D. Paine, haz pleadingli invited me in kind simple wurdz, yet streaming with melted taffy tu giv yu "Bom-ites" (reform speling duz not permit a useles "b" in yur name) "a fu wurdz ov greeting in a short rite-up" --and here it goze:

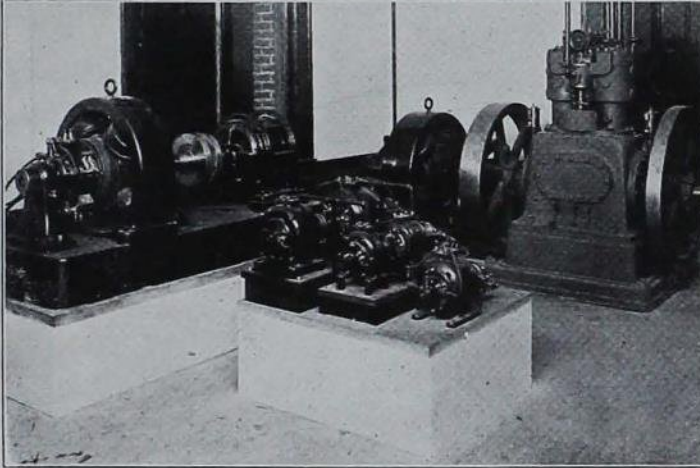
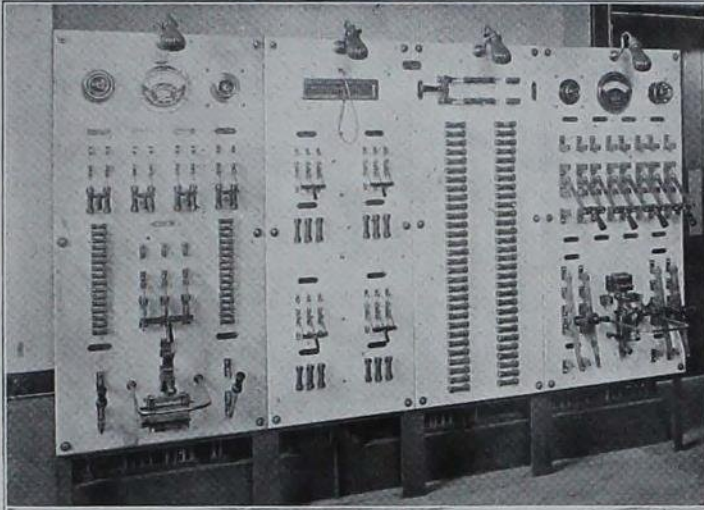
The first thing that pops intu mi mind iz a wish tu see yu Bomites, for I hav never seen a real live "Bom(b)" --tha wer all ded wunz that I hav had the privilej tu diagnoze---ther wun-time life waz blown out forever,-- and I must frankli say that I felt a keen satisfakshun in knoing that thez wer onli harmles toyz fit for the kurius krowdz tu gap at with fasez all askew.

I am no sport.--I never carry a gun for I am on good termz with all kreashun eksepting fleas and mosketoze-- and the onli kind ov "bomz" I have eni use for ar intel- lektual "Bomz" that make S O S H A L I Z M take hold ov the ranez ov government so that ekonomik justis and real liberty may be the politikal allotment ov the peopl ov this Nashun

Yurz for Intellektual and Ekonomik Liberty

JOSEFUS CHANT LIPES

--ov_Klas '85.



LOS ANGELES AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Made and installed by the Automatic Telephone Company, Chicago. W. Lee Campbell, '94, General Manager. Installed by O. C. Howard, '01

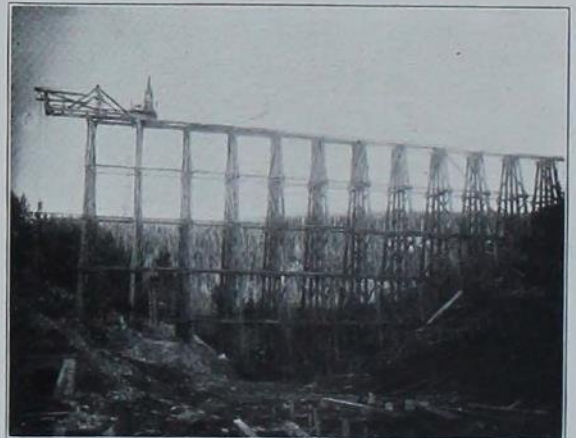
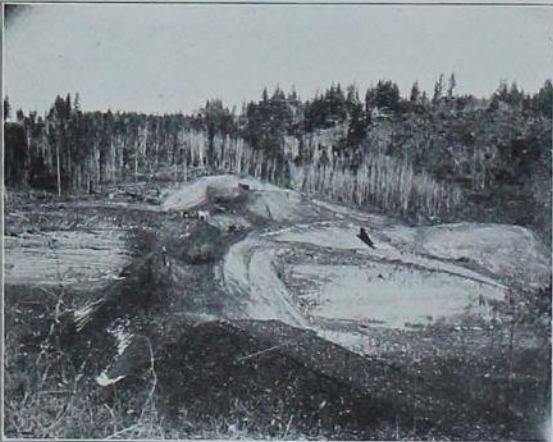
H. J. BRUNNIER
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'09 "Bomb",

San Francisco's fire and earthquake and the experiences that followed brought her people much closer to one another. This spirit seemed to attack the Ames graduates who were in 'Frisco at the time and it was only a few months after the catastrophe that several of them got together and decided that an organization of the Ames boys and girls in California would be welcomed by all. As the result of this inspiration the California branch of the I. S. C. Alumni was formed and like all good things, has steadily grown until now it is an enthusiastic Association of some sixty-four members. Those of us who happen to be in the city on the first Saturday of each month, meet at some hotel or restaurant for an informal luncheon. The main object of these "DUTCH TREATS" is a jolly good time and to promote good fellowship.

From time to time we have rather more formal evening sessions but not so formal but what college yells and songs are an important part of the evening pleasure. New Year's eve being the ONE night of the year in San Francisco, it was decided on to hold our annual meetings at that time. The first of these gatherings was an enthusiastic success and may we have many more like them.

H. J. BRUNNIER,
Sec'y of Assoc.



Scenes on Oregon Short Line. Construction Work in Charge of I. S. C Engineer

History of the Washington Alumni Association.

The Washington branch of the I. S. C. Alumni Association is a child of five years and a good looking boy. This is not an impulsive tribute to the newest recruits, but a premeditated declaration based upon a scientific principle. Assuredly a composite photograph of the forty-eight members could be nothing but masculine in feature. (The adjective needs no defence. Are not all the sons of I. S. C. good looking?) The dainty heads of the ten lady members could not make their influence felt, except possibly in the matter of hair. And many a five year old boy has long hair, therefore—Q. E. D.

The Boy is large for his years but, much to be regretted, not quite so vigorous as could be wished. There is no particular ailment, no disagreement among members,—he is a sweet tempered child—but there is a regrettable lack of interest. So large a Boy should be more enthusiastic and not let any rainy weather or a general disinclination to exert oneself keep him from the annual reunions. It is not an entirely unheard of complaint among the family of Branch Associations, I am told, but one that it is to be hoped will be overcome. The comparative few who give of their time, energies and money feel fully repaid in the evening's pleasure. The others don't know what they are missing.

The Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations occasionally meets in Washington and it was during one of these meetings in November, 1903, that the I. S. C. Alumni here first met. The Washington Alumni had never organized, but the prospect of the presence here of the then new College President, Dr. Storms, and several of the faculty as well as many graduates now connected with other State Colleges, appealed to Mr. G. M. Rommel, '98, as too good an opportunity to lose. He communicated with all the resident alumni of whom he could learn and successfully managed our first banquet. We met in a private parlor of Hotel Barton on 15th St., early in the evening and formed a permanent organization. The Hon. James Wilson was made honorary presi-

dent; Mr. Geo. M. Rommel, '98, acting president; and Dr. J. S. Chamberlain, '90, secretary—treasurer. The attendance was fully forty. Among those present were Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture; Hon. Robert B. Armstrong, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. W. M. Hays who later became Assistant Secretary of Agriculture; Mr. Luther Foster, President of New Mexico Agricultural College; and several well known scientists connected with the Dept. of Agriculture or State Colleges.

In November, 1906, the Alumni were entertained by the president at her home in Takoma Park, Maryland. The twenty members present took much interest in a large collection of recent photographs of our Alma Mater. Music, recitations and light refreshments furnished the entertainment, and the souvenirs were calendars decorated with I. S. C. photographs.

Our organization should properly be called the I. S. C. Society or Club rather than Alumni Association, as it also includes several who were on the faculty and some who were students but not for the full course. Our classes range from '77 to 1907. The membership is constantly increasing and—to return to the first comparison—the Boy is growing rapidly and by next fall we hope he will be as merry and enthusiastic as he is large and handsome.

MABEL OWENS WILCOX,
Class of '95.



Office of
Board of Education
Everett School District, No. 24

D. A. Thornburg, Superintendent

EVERETT, WASHINGTON, MARCH 14, 1908.

TO THE '09 BOMB:

On a hot afternoon in late July, of 1888, a lonely freshman entered "Billy's Bus" at the Ames station and was driven to the college campus, where he marvelled at the size of the "old Main", and drank in the beauty of that matchless campus, then in full-summer glory.

Entering the freshman class at Iowa State College a half year behind time, directly from the farm with only a common school education is no sinecure. Certainly it was not for the new arrival. To make up the back work and teach a four months' term of school each winter to secure the "sinews of war" was the task set for him.

After all, what a happy life it was! How few the responsibilities! How fine and manly the young men, how pure and womanly the young women! As I think of it now, how nearly ideal were the conditions for the best possible results,—a small college, finely equipped; well educated, clean men on the faculty who took a personal interest in the students; a beautiful campus, remote from the diverting influences of the city; the dormitory system where every student had a personal acquaintance with every other student and could actually call him by his first name; no society functions except on Friday and Saturday evenings and these of a nature that was not diverting. Could any environment be better for one to cultivate the student habit and gain high ideals of right living? What a matchless democracy it was with no aristocrat present except him who, by virtue of his splendid powers of application, ranked as a leader in his class and in college, though his recreation hour might each day be spent in the college woodyard with the busksaw or in some other college detail whose toil was just as unremitting. Mammon never sent his empty-headed son to Ames.

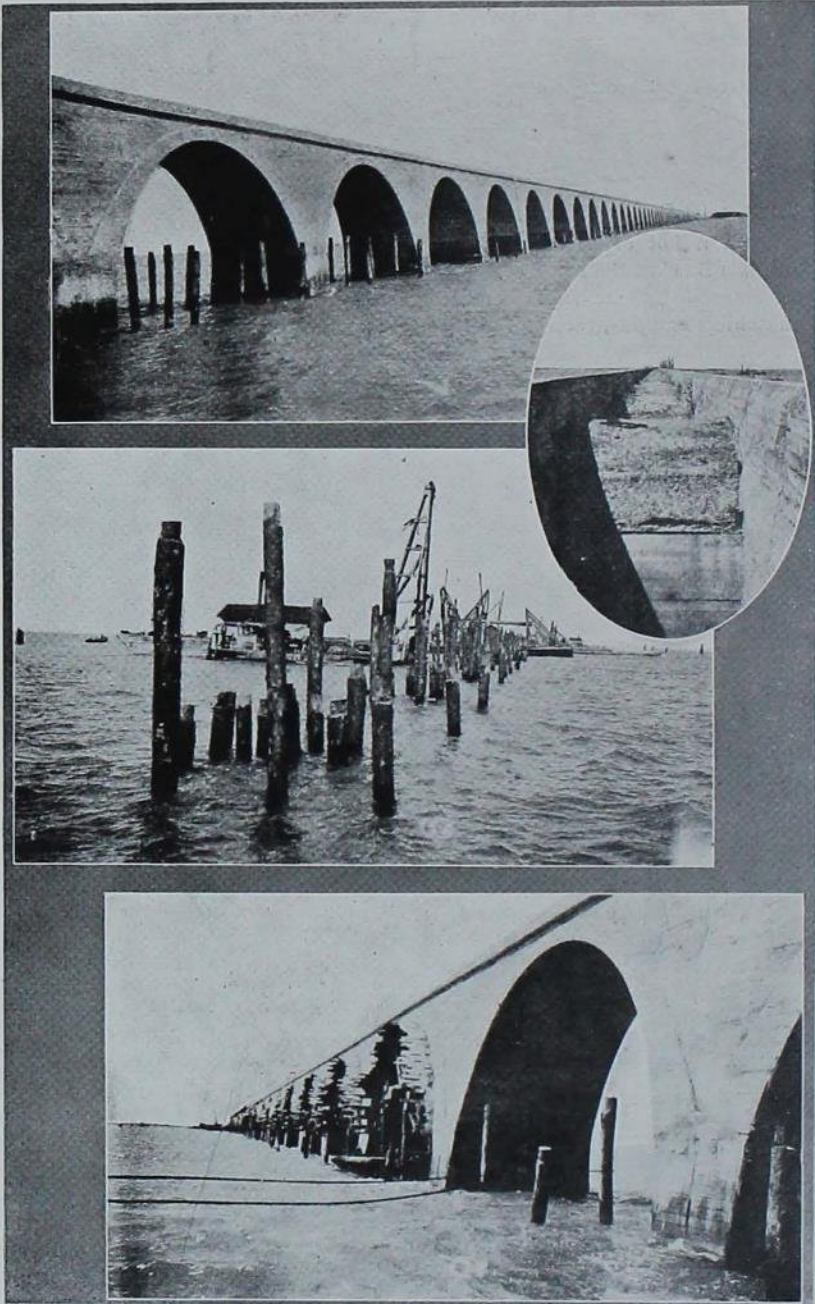
Such were conditions that the "old grads" love to look back upon and dream of and talk over when they meet.

What an education in itself to come into close, almost intimate, contact with such men as Welch, Beardshear, Lincoln, Stanton, Hainer, Osborn and many others of almost equal power in classroom and in personality. As truly fortunate were the men and women who wrought in the 80's and 90's, as are they who are matriculated now and feel how prosaic and circumscribed the student life must have been in the days when the college was hardly known outside its own state, except where some alumnus of the institution was proving his efficiency by work requiring the highest order of knowledge and of training.

Ours, in those days, was a world by itself, narrow perhaps when viewed from the standpoint of the college and university life of today, but certainly ideally pleasant and wholesome when viewed in retrospect after fifteen or twenty years of battling with the vicissitudes of life out in this struggling, grafting, muckraking world.

Sincerely,

D. A. THORNBURG,
Class of 1891.



SCENES ON FLORIDA AND EAST COAST RAILWAY

A number of I. S. C. Engineers, including the Chief Engineer, have been engaged in this work.

SPURRIER, MILLS & PERRY

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W. A. SPURRIER

E. C. MILLS

E. D. PERRY

26TH DAY OF MARCH, 1908.

Fellow Students at I. S. C.:

You are all panting for success in life, and at times you wonder what the future has in store for you. Success in life was being discussed by a little band of senior graduates some ten years ago.

'But first,' said one, 'what is success, and where does it lie; that we may shoot our darts squarely at it and know whether they fall in its direction'

'Wealth is success,' said one.

'Success is power,' asserted a second.

'Nay,' said a third, 'it is neither of these. It is the sum total of a life's achievements; the exploiting of the best that is in one, and the making of the most of one's opportunities.'

But some thought success was to be found only afar off, and was an elusive foreign creature. And as none knew what success really was, they dispersed and separately adventured in quest of it.

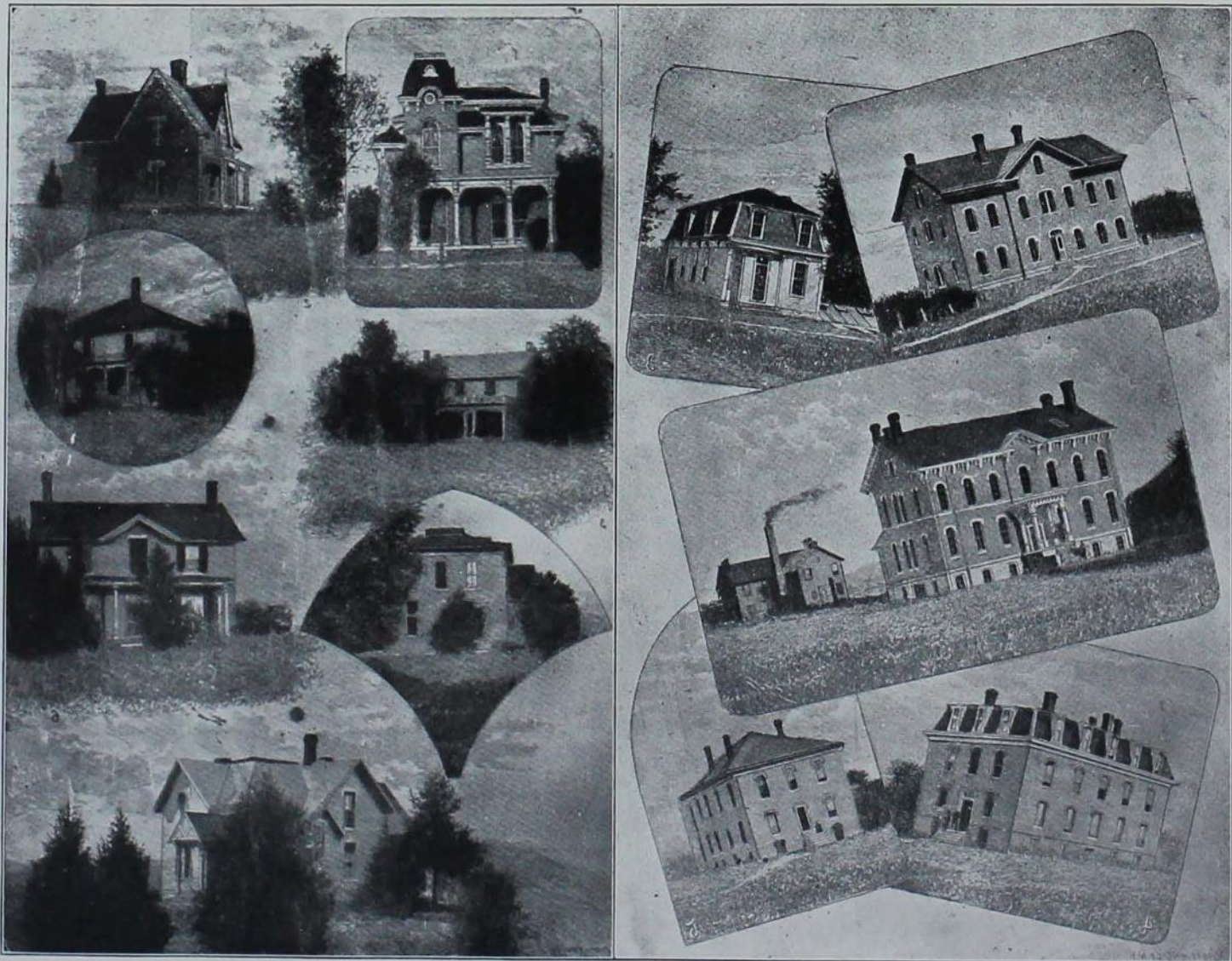
'My greatest struggle,' said a prominent young professional man to me a short while ago 'was to reconcile myself to the inevitable fact that my task was to attend to the little things. I had hoped and dreamed of accomplishing great ends; but as the scales dropped from my eyes, I saw and saw clearly that the great deeds were not for me; but rather mine was the petty, humble task, the inconspicuous labor.' And he cheerfully set himself to his work with a resolute will to do that work well. Before long he will be captain of great undertakings. Without realizing it he has made progress in the path thitherward, for he has learned to be inconspicuously useful.

There is work to be done a plenty; work that cannot wait, but must be done, and he is doing his full man's share of it.

Honesty, sobriety, truthfulness, persistence, love of work and a passion to be useful: these in a young man will bring success. It may be, speedily; it may be only after years of patient effort; but it will come; it will inevitably come to him who works and bides his time.

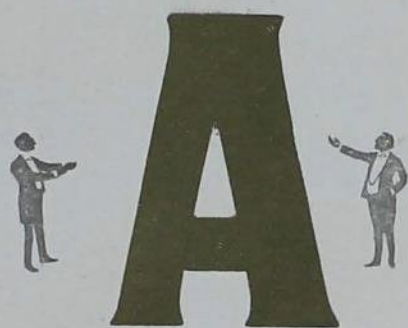
I have come to believe that the success of a man is little or great as the sum total of his usefulness is little or great. Since infinite opportunities for service are open to all, the measure of a man's success depends entirely upon himself. 'Fame,' whatever that may be, is not success; nor is wealth; nor power; nor achievement, merely; but service. And accordingly as yours is a life of service, it is successful, and the extent of its success is the extent of that service.

E. D. PERRY, '98.



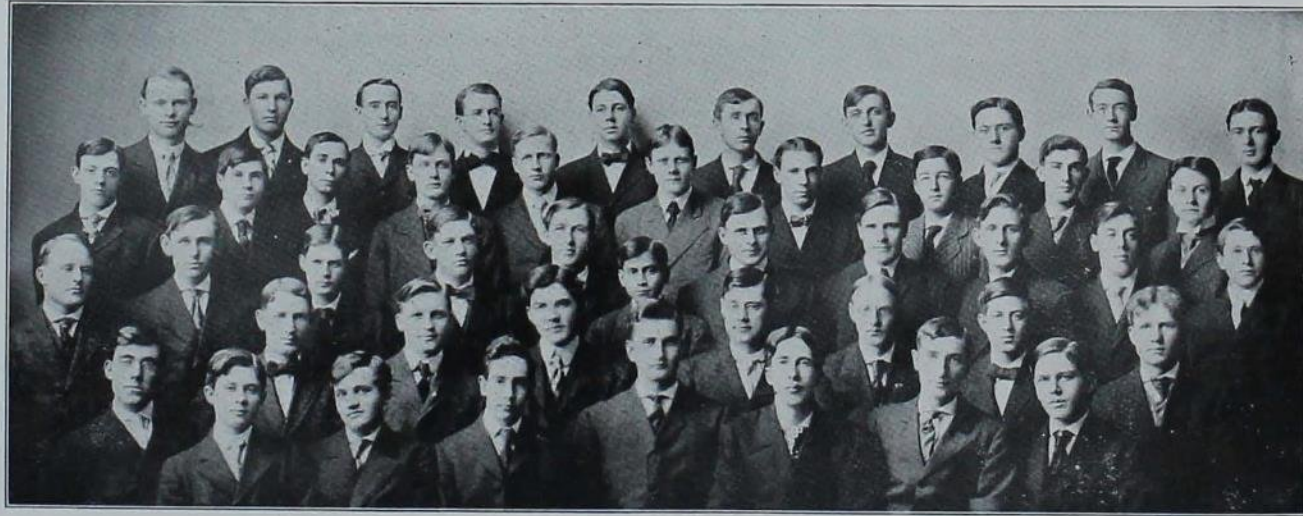
I. S. C. LANDMARKS—FROM OLD TIN TYPES

LITERARY



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1910.

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I. W. Cox	R. S. Middleton
L. W. Cox	G. W. Morrison
C. W. Davis	T. B. Musgrove
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A. O. Dewey	H. H. Meecham
G. C. Frevert	Daniel Scootes

C. R. Shumway

1911.

Fay Brown	Frank Kleppel
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Amy Hoopes	Leah Smith
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	Capper	Campbell	Shoales	Wallace	Emerson	Creel	

Welch Eclectic Society.

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Phileleutheroi Society.

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Beresford

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Barry

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Manson

Haw

Schregardus

Huffman

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Todd

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In ez Vincent Jessie Searle Edna Barker Molly Searle Maude Deal
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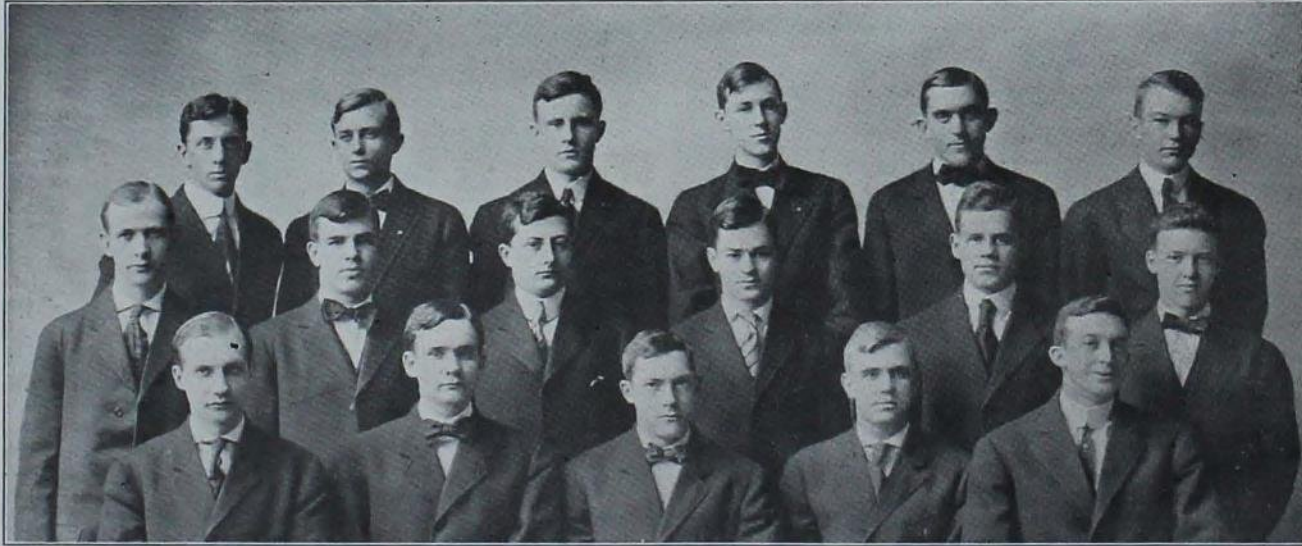


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F. A. Randau	Thos. M. McCall	Howard T. Hill	T. Laughlin	C. Pence	G. K. Noble	H. E. Harpin	
W. S. Davenport	E. S. Estel	S. K. White	V. F. Ferriols	R. D. Clark	Bruce W. Crossley	A. F. Pearson	Albert Weis
F. E. Hatch	H. A. Stafford	L. L. Shaeffer	G. H. Hammond	H. C. Darger	B. A. Stewart	W. H. Simms	
		H. E. McCartney		G. L. Noble			



FRATERNITIES

Sigma Nu.



Hartz	Zellweger	Racine	Priester	Pusch	Schroeder
W. E. Moore	K. Maine	Wagner	Cockfield	Mieckly	Cruttenden
R. S. Moore	McCullough	Davis	H. Maine	Tusant	



Sigma Nu.

GAMMA SIGMA CHAPTER.

The Sigma Nu fraternity was founded at the Virginia Military Institute, January 1, 1869. The Gamma Sigma Chapter originated at Iowa State College in the local organization known as Gamma Tau which was organized in November, 1903. The Gamma Sigma Chapter was installed April 23, 1904, and the fraternity has lived in its present house since that time.

MEMBERS AND PLEDGES.

W. N. Schroeder	Charles W. Wagner
Karl B. Meickley	Kenneth Maine
Alexis H. Cruttenden	Edgar Tusant
Thomas E. McCullough	Joseph H. Cockfield
Joseph W. Davis	William E. Moore
Robert S. Moore	John H. Kraft
Frank W. Racine	Hans W. Hartz
Henry C. Priester	Benjamin F. Burch
Harry E. Maine	Clarence F. Brecht
John H. Zellweger	George W. Pusch

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.



Hubbard Tellier E. Lambert McElroy G. Lambert
 Reynoldson Folker Nelson Blackwell Powers Harris
 Allen Fedderson Pechstein Hansen Trullinger Ray
 Maytag Gray Mill Bei.er Wentworth



Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

IOWA GAMMA CHAPTER.

The Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity was founded at the University of Alabama on March 9th, 1856. There are at present sixty-nine active chapters. On June 1905, the Dragon Fraternity, which was organized in the fall of 1904, became the Iowa Gamma Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. The chapter has occupied its present house for three years.

MEMBERS IN FACULTY.

Professor Winifred Coover	Professor Adolph Shane
Professor Roy H. Porter	John T. Bates
Herman C. Horneman	Edward N. Wentworth

1908

Bert M. Blackwell	George Powers
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1909

Shirley W. Allen	Everett W. Lambert
Roy B. Gray	Guy M. Lambert
Daniel W. Hanssen	Lewis B. Maytag
Carl E. Harris	George A. Mills
Homer C. Hubbard	Lawrence A. Nelson
John H. Pechstein	

1910

Grover C. Beiter	Harry B. Myerly
Marvin H. Feddersen	Frank E. Ray
Ambrose D. Folker	G. Hal Tellier
David W. McElroy	Robert W. Trullinger
W. Allerton Wentworth	

1911

Clinton C. Stirling	Leroy A. Reynoldson
---------------------	---------------------

PLEDGES.

Osman D. Baker	C. F. Gobble
Roy M. Day	R. H. Wilmarth

Beta Theta Pi.



	Dixon	Harte	Tilden	Chase	Forbes	Luberger	R. J. Graham	Steisleder	McDonald	Buell	Brennen	Walker	Gilmore	Knox
Macomber		Campbell		Fobes	Ric.1		Whalen		G. G. Graham	Toms		Hynes		
	Dalby		Henninger		Kingman		Knowles				Kendall		McElhinney	



Beta Theta Pi.

TAU SIGMA CHAPTER.

The Beta Theta Pi fraternity was founded in 1839 at Miami University. Tau Sigma Chapter was installed in November, 1906. In 1899, President Beardshear granted a charter for a local fraternity to thirteen men, all of whom were either Juniors or Seniors. Thus began the Tri-Serps. In 1905, at the National Convention of Beta Theta Pi, a charter was granted to the Ames petitioners and the Tau Sigma Chapter was installed the following November.

MEMBERS IN FACULTY.

Dr. O. H. Cessna A. H. Hoffman T. H. McDonald

SENIORS.

Henry S. Luberger William A. Forbes
Stanley Macomber Guy G. Graham

JUNIORS.

A. B. Knox R. M. McElhinney
F. C. Knowles W. T. Whalen

SOPHOMORES.

Rex W. Kendall Floyd C. Kingman
Wayne Gilmore Robert Graham
W. E. Buell Boyd A. Walker
Floyd H. Chase

FRESHMEN.

Charles MacDonald Robert Toms
Russell G. Fobes Charles E. Brown
Frank Henninger Dayton E. Dalby
Bert Hynes J. L. Brennen
Edwin C. Harte Buell Tilden
Charles Steigleder Donald Campbell

SPECIALS.

Maurice E. Rich G. Hover Dixon

Phi Gamma Delta.



Jordan Greene McCain French Beard Buell
Crawford Rohrer Parsons Stelle Berggren Farmer Seeherger Pattengill Wallace West Jeanson
Cunningham



Phi Gamma Delta.

ALPHA IOTA CHAPTER.

Phi Gamma Delta was founded at Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Penn., May 1st, 1848. There are now fifty-six active chapters, Alpha Iota being the only one in Iowa.

The "Noit Avrats" were organized in May, 1897, living as a local fraternity until the National Convention of Phi Gamma Delta granted them a charter and installed the Alpha Iota Chapter, September 21, 1907. The fraternity has occupied its present house for five years.

MEMBERS IN FACULTATE.

1897

Ernest A. Pattengil

MEMBERS IN UNIVERSITATE.

Clarke B. Beard

Donald H. Cunningham

Merle C. Patton

Walter E. Buell

William M. Greene

R. Frank Jordan

George E. Farmer

Allen C. Stelle

Dorsa E. Rohrer

J. Clyde Ford

Karl D. Seeburger

B. Frank Parsons

George L. McCain

Axel E. Berggren

E. Chase West

Arch R. Crawford

D. Percy Wallace

Robert E. Jeanson

Leslie R. French

PLEDGES

G. C. Sanborn

Paul Simmons

Earl Peiry

Earl E. Andrews

Ralph W. Hanchette

Hilton McRoberts

Walter H. Harrison

Spencer Butterfield



Alpha Tau Omega.

GAMMA UPSILON CHAPTER.

The Alpha Tau Omega fraternity was founded at the University of Virginia, Richmond, Virginia, September 11th, 1865.

The "Black Hawks" were organized in December, 1904, by nine men, most of whom were either Freshmen or Sophomores. On March 7th, 1908, Alpha Tau Omega absorbed the "Black Hawks" as the Gamma Upsilon Chapter. They have occupied their present house for one year.

MEMBER IN FACULTY.

R. W. Crum

SENIORS.

G. K. Swift

H. E. Bemis

JUNIORS.

P. L. Reppert

Frank Dragoun

F. W. Schrieber

E. B. Rhine

H. R. Baker

Platt Wilson

La Rue Prior

SOPHOMORES.

W. E. Keeney

PLEDGES.

Thad Stevens

Ward McGavren

H. O. Crow

H. F. Clemmer

R. A. Taylor

R. E. Edgecomb

E. J. Gilsonen

Samuel Wray

Gamma Alpha.



McFarland
Bliss
Evinger

Cowan
Kruel

Halloway
Andrews
Williams

O'Leary
Schaub
Knapp

W. N. Dickey
Crabb
A. J. Dickey

Bergren
Young

Carr
Hutchinson
Cooper

Frazey



Gamma Alpha.

Organized spring of 1904.

FACULTY.

M. I. Evinger I. O. Schaub

SENIORS.

A. J. Dickey A. R. Cooper
A. H. Kreul

JUNIORS.

L. S. Hutchinson S. A. Knapp
L. A. Williams E. B. Carr
L. F. Cowan

SOPHOMORES.

G. H. Young H. L. Andrews
J. E. O'Leary M. C. Crabb
F. M. McFarland C. F. Bliss

FRESHMEN.

G. W. Halloway W. N. Dickey
H. Bergren H. Frazey

Aztec.



Sowers
Bridges

Barton
Denmead
Graham

Scriver
Crowley
Van Brunt

Law
Vorse
Staufer

Arthur
Scholfield

Bullen
Brown

Boyce
Carpenter

Jones



Aztec.

Organized, December 17th, 1904.

ACTIVE MEMBERS AND PLEDGES.

1908

E. S. Van Brunt
D. H. Denmead

D. B. Stouffer
E. E. Arthur

1909

M. L. Graham

F. W. Law

R. N. Barton

1910

Arthur Bullen
P. W. Crowley

E. C. Carpenter
Clark Souers

1911

S. H. Boyer
S. A. Scriver

R. R. Otis
Charles Vorse

SPECIAL.

R. H. Scholfield

J. C. Jones

C. H. Brown

Ozarks.



Carson Britson Moss Ineson Wearin Hopkins
Sloan Case Orcutt Stuckey Board Hultman Gibson Waugh Robbins Collins
Wells Palmer Summers Prescott



Ozarks.

The Ozark fraternity was organized in May, 1906, with a membership of eighteen men, all of them Sophomores and Freshmen. They have occupied their present house since September, 1906.

SENIOR.

K. M. Hopkins

JUNIORS.

J. F. Summers	L. E. Orcutt
E. N. Waugh	W. T. Wells
H. M. Case	M. W. Ineson

SOPHOMORES.

Verne Moss	H. J. Carson
A. R. Board	E. C. Prescott
M. L. Sloan	G. C. Collins
A. R. Holtman	J. E. Britson

W. H. Palmer

FRESHMEN.

G. C. Stuckey	E. P. Gibson
R. L. Robbins	L. G. Woodford
J. F. Wearin	A. O. Meneray

Los Hermanos.



Orr Blackwell Metcalf Wright Graham Given
Sanders Householder Peek Stong Wilson Nazarene
 Bergman Moses Monroe Crawford Kalb



Los Hermanos.

Los Hermanos was organized in the fall of 1904, occupying a house west of the campus until the fall of 1906, when the present house was secured in the town of Ames.

SENIORS:

D. J. Paul	C. F. Monroe
B. M. Blackwell	W. A. Peek
J. A. Given	

JUNIORS:

N. N. Crawford	H. Orr
G. C. Strong	G. Sanders
E. G. Nazarene	H. N. Kalb

SOPHOMORES:

H. D. Bergman	C. H. Graham
---------------	--------------

FRESHMEN:

H. Householder	T. R. Moses
A. C. Wright	R. D. Wilson

SPECIAL:

J. T. Metcalf

Pi Beta Phi.



	Mills		Hargis		Dyer		Dixon		Rowe		Brennen	
Cameron		Carr	Wakefield		Kilbourne		E. Hopkins		Mirick		Everett	
Gillespie	Jones		Storm		Egloff		F. Hopkins		Boardman		Wilson	
Lillian Storms		Mack		Hungerford		Laura Storms		Armstrong		French		Andre



Pi Beta Phi.

IOWA GAMMA CHAPTER

Pi Beta Phi was founded at Monmouth, Illinois, April 28, 1867. The Iowa Gamma Chapter was first installed in 1877 and remained at Iowa State until 1891, when the charter was withdrawn. The chapter was then re-established on February 27, 1906, with the local sorority known as Iota Theta.

SORORES IN URBE:

Mrs. Ruth Duncan Tilden	Mrs. Norma Haerier Beach
Mrs. Olive Wilson Curtiss	Kittie B. Freed
Mrs. Mary McDonald Knapp	Mrs. Julia Wentch Stanton
Mrs. Lilly Diemont Spray	

SORORES IN FACULTY:

Maria M. Roberts	Carolyn Grimsby
Lola A. Placeway	Keo Anderson
Anna Fleming	Ethyl Cessna
Sadie Jacobs (Iowa Zeta)	Emma Leonard
Mary Wilson	

POST GRADUATE:

Louise Rowe ('04)

SENIORS:

Ruth Egloff	Sophie Hargis
Luella Kilbourne	Lillian Storms
Vera Dixon	

JUNIORS:

Ruth Dyer	Franklin French
Francis Hopkins	Ella Hopkins
Lois Boardman	

SOPHOMORES:

Edna Andre	Maude Mirick
Laura Storms	Alice Armstrong
Edna Everett	Helen Jones
Vera Mills	Helen Wakefield
Josephine Hungerford	

PLEDGES:

Lucetta Cameron	Lillian Mack
Marie Carr	Shirley Storm
Regina Bremen	Velda Wilson
Agnes Gillespie	

Kappa Delta.



Witwer Saberson H. Watts Laurance O. Calonkey Whittimore J. Calonkey Prime
McBeath Kimball Ferguson Stephens Fraseur Knudson Parsons R. Watts Johnson Maxwell



Kappa Delta.

SIGMA SIGMA CHAPTER.
(Installed April 11, 1908.)

The S S sorority was organized in the winter of 1900. Until the spring of 1907 the girls dormitory was their home but since that time they have occupied a house in Ames. On April 11, 1908, S S obtained a charter from Kappa Delta.

COLORS:

Olive green and White.

FLOWER:

The White Rose.

RESIDENT MEMBERS.

Sybil Lentner

Lola Stevens

Jennie C. Fedson

Iva Brandt

Dora Rice

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Florence Kimball

Clara Fraseur

Fay Johnson

Louise Laurance

Vera Prime

Ruth Watts

Mildred Maxwell

Olive Calonkey

Josephine Calonkey

Amy Parsons

Helen Watts

PLEDGES.

Myrtle Ferguson

Ruth Whittemore

Polly Witwer

Verna McBeath

Lula Saberson

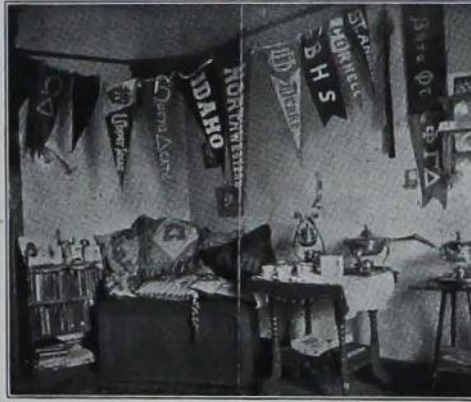
Susie Knudson

Marie Stephens

Omega Delta.



Griffith Smith L. Conger Budd Lowry Olson
McDonald Culp Russell Tellier C. Conger Thomas M. Wallace Crittenden R. Wallace Biller
Kennedy



Omega Delta.

The Omega Delta Sorority was organized in January, 1907, by eight girls living at Margaret Hall. The sorority has now grown to a membership of eighteen.

MEMBERS:

Lena Kennedy	May McDonald
Leta Russell	June Budd
Adah Smith	Bessie Griffith
Athyl Olson	Helen Thomas
Alma McCulla	Corol Conger
Ruth Wallace	

PLEDGES:

Marie Wallace	Laura Lowry
Antoinette Biller	Emma Tellier
Minerva Biller	Opal Clup
Florence Crittenden	

Alpha Zeta.



Allen Barker Churchill Miner Bliss Peters Luick O'Donnell
Stevenson Schaub Davidson Kennedy Crossley Beach Rhodes Wentworth Curtis Drennan Sexauer Robbins
McLean

Alpha Zeta.

WILSON CHAPTER.

The Alpha Zeta fraternity was founded at the University of Ohio, October 28, 1897. There are at present sixteen chapters. The relation of this fraternity to Agriculture is similar to that of Sigma Xi to general Science. Wilson chapter was established, November 26, 1905. Agricultural students of the Senior college who are in the upper two-fifths of their class are eligible to membership. Professor W. H. Stevenson of Iowa State College is at the head of the National Fraternity.

MEMBERS IN FACULTY.

J. F. Barker	J. A. McLean
S. A. Beach	E. T. Robbins
C. F. Curtiss	I. O. Schaub
J. B. Davidson	C. A. Scott
R. E. Drennen	A. H. Snyder
W. J. Kennedy	W. H. Stevenson
E. N. Wentworth	

1908

G. R. Bliss	H. H. Kildee
F. G. Churchill	R. F. O'Donnell
Don Cunningham	W. H. Peters

1909

S. W. Allen	H. F. Luick
J. R. Campbell	Ward Miner
D. T. Griswold	W. J. Rhodes
Theodore Sexauer	

Delta Theta Sigma.

BETA CHAPTER:

The Beta chapter of Delta Theta Sigma was installed in Iowa State College, April 9, 1907. Although young in years the members of the fraternity in East and West are strong in their purposes and are banded as a unit in the promotion of all the factors which will dignify and upbuild the different branches of Agriculture.

Eligibility is determined by excellence of scholarship, the ideals being the stimulation of social culture, the cultivation of intimate friendships with men of ideals, and the development of the greatest efficiency of knowledge combined with ability.

FACULTY:

Prof. Wayne Dinsmore Prof. W. F. Coover
Herman Horneman

SENIORS:

R. A. Arnold C. B. Guthrie
C. F. Monroe E. S. Haskell
A. Mutch W. A. Forbes
L. S. Herron Howard Phillips
R. S. Fuhrmeister C. L. Mitchell
J. O. Rankin

JUNIORS:

J. W. Davis M. S. Jepson
C. V. Gregory R. E. Smith
J. W. Merrill K. A. Kirkpatrick

Tau Beta Pi.



Sanders Ayres Renken Moore Reynolds Given Farmer
Halpenny Dickey Ford

Tau Beta Pi.

IOWA ALPHA.

(Established, December, 1907.)

Tau Beta Pi was founded at Lehigh University in 1885 to supply the long felt want of an honorary society of a purely technical nature. The object of the Association is "to mark in a fitting manner those who have conferred honor upon their Alma Mater by a high grade of scholarship as undergraduates, or by their attainments as alumni, and to foster a spirit of liberal culture in Engineering Schools of America."

Only those students standing in the highest quarter of their class, in scholarship, are eligible for membership to Tau Beta Pi, but good scholarship alone does not insure a man admission. He must be a good fellow, as well,—a man among men.

FACULTY MEMBERS.

H. C. Ford	W. M. Wilson
F. G. Allen	

CHARTER MEMBERS.

Frank Ayres	M. S. Sanders
I. W. Farmer	J. F. Reynolds
J. A. Given	W. E. Moore
R. H. Halpenny	R. F. Renken
A. J. Dickey	A. R. Cooper
	F. Goodrich

INITIATES.

H. E. Bek	Dan Craig
G. Sanders	H. K. Davis
T. Schjeldahl	Will Schmidt
S. H. Ware	H. W. Wagner
A. H. Cunningham	

Kappa Phi.



French Grey Greed Jordan Maine Buel Parsons Macomber Knox Paton
 Robinson Greer Knowles Ford Graham Kelsey

Kappa Phi.

Kappa Phi was organized in 1900 by members of the Junior and Senior classes and called the "Kalc Fiends"; everyone who had passed up Calculus being eligible for membership. The society later became known as the "F. F. F." and in 1904 was changed to Kappa Phi.

MEMBERS.

E. A. Pattengil
T. H. McDonald

SENIORS.

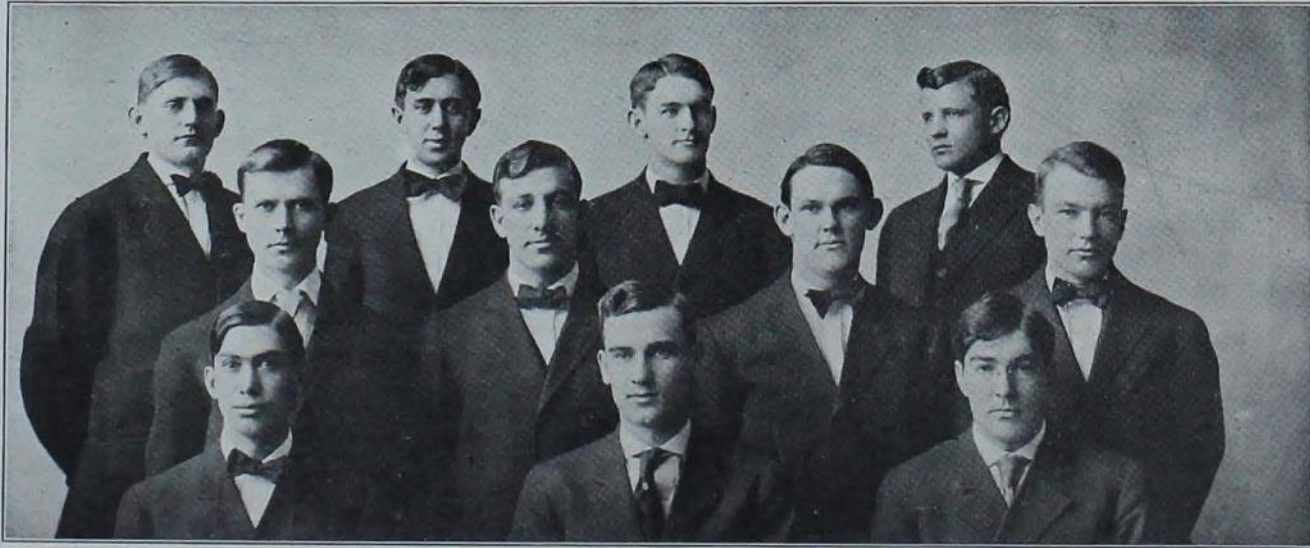
S. W. Greer
H. E. Robinson
L. D. Kelsey
B. F. Parsons
J. B. Gray
W. E. Buell
M. C. Patton
Stanley Macomber
R. F. Jordan

JUNIORS.

J. C. Ford
Kenneth Maine
F. C. Knowles
A. B. Knox
W. M. Greene
L. R. French
M. L. Graham

Gamma Zeta Psi.

Mining Engineering Fraternity.



E. R. Lidvall

B. Hutchison
H. E. Robinson

H. R. Baker

E. W. Lambert

F. C. Knowles

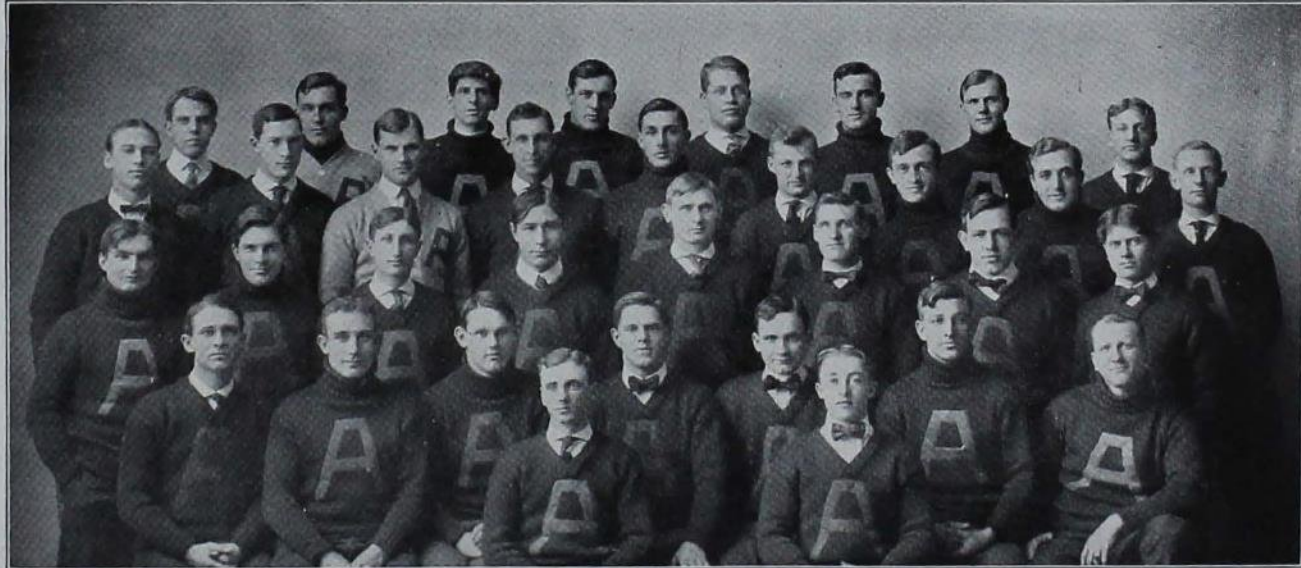
L. S. Hutchinson

T. K. Willets

J. W. Jones

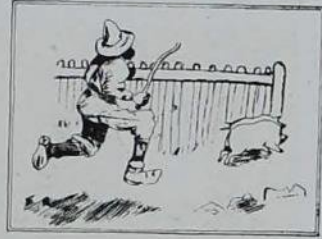
W. N. Schroeder
M. L. Graham

A. A. Fraternity.



	Waggoner	McElhinney	Wilson	Thayer	Lampman	Knowles	Knox	G. Lambert
Parsons	Davis		Law	Kreul	Beiter	Luburger	Harris Nelson	Jeanson
Cunningham	Miller	Hubbard		Brugger	Murphy	Johnson	Reppert	Mutch
	Williams	Stauffer	Willetts	Smith	Rutledge	McCullough	E. W. Lambert	Watson
						Parks		





Et Cetera



Cardinal Guild.



Wills

Waggoner

Fuhrmeister

Schantz

Berggren

Miller

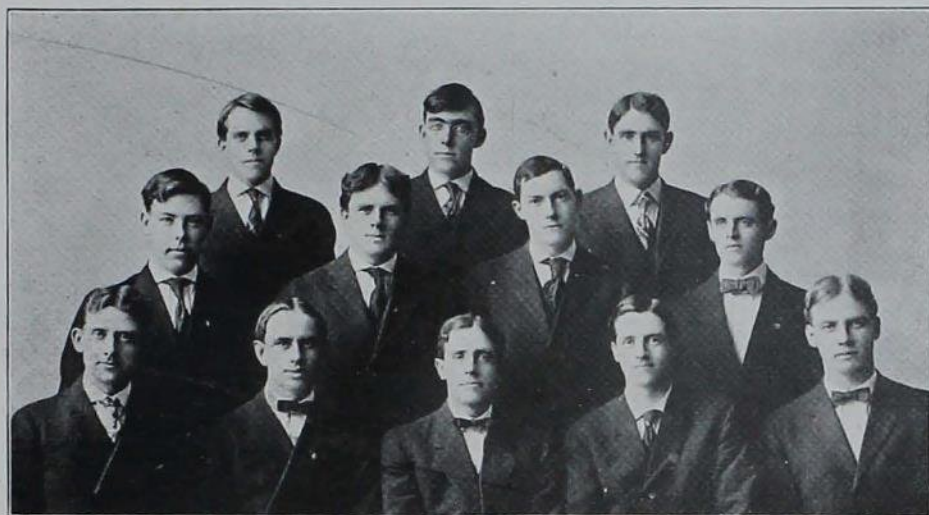
Mutch

Paulson

Langwill

Peters

Bliss



Waggoner
 Atkinson Herron
 Wills Paulson Davis Nelson
 Rail Prall Thompson McDonald Berggren

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

O. E. ATKINSON.....*President*
 G. M. WILLS.....*Vice-President*
 J. W. DAVIS.....*Secretary*
 L. S. HERRON.....*Treasurer*
 J. C. PRALL.....*General Secretary*



Johnson	Pardee	Baker	Kilbourne
Parsons	Wallace	Secor	French
Upton	Dreher		Forman

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

GENEVIEVE DREHER.....*President*
 LOUISA UPTON.....*Vice-President*
 FAY FARNUM.....*Secretary*
 ELVA FORMAN.....*Treasurer*
 MAY PARDEE.....*General Secretary*



Kleis Beecher Folker Walters
 Palmer Stelle Troupe MacKenzie
 Ford Pammel Mills Lincoln Tyson
 Not in Picture: G. K. Swift, A. A. Bakewell, L. C. Clapper

Brotherhood of St. Andrews.

OFFICERS:

G. A. MILLS.....*Director*
 M. F. BEECHER.....*Vice-Director*
 A. D. FOLKER.....*Treasurer*
 R. E. WALTERS.....*Secretary*

Men's Glee Club.



	Handy	Blackwell	Blake	Davis	McElroy	King	
Thomps		Allen	Myers	Knapp	Wills	Cave	
			Cowan	Hoffman	Good	Shaw	Forbes

PROF. ALEXANDER S. THOMPSON.....*Director*
 GEORGE M. WILLS.....*Manager*
 S. A. KNAPP.....*Secretary—Treasurer*

FIRST TENOR:

A. W. Thompson
 D. J. Handy
 Jesse McKean
 L. C. Meyers
 H. E. Davis

SECOND TENOR:

S. W. Allen
 L. F. Cowan
 G. M. Wills

FIRST BASS:

D. W. McElroy
 F. E. Cave
 S. A. Knapp
 F. N. Blake

SECOND BASS:

A. H. Hoffman
 J. E. King
 W. A. Forbes
 J. F. Lindsay
 Don B. Shaw
 B. M. Blackwell

Ladies Glee Club.



Byers	Cessna	Cunningham	Hoops	M. Searles	J. Searles
Tinsley	Wilson	Armstrong	Dreher	Pike	Beyer
Grimsley	Lillian Storms	Laurence	Thompson	Laura Storms	Wood

MRS. CLARA DUTTON THOMPSON.....*Directress*

FIRST SOPRANO:

Carolyn Grimsby
Lillian Storms
Alice Armstrong
Grace Tinsley
Jessamme Byers

FIRST ALTO:

Velda Wilson
Laura Storms
Winifred Beyer
Molly Searle

SECOND SOPRANO:

Ethel Pike
Jessie Searle
Amy Hoopes
Mrs. Clara Thompson

SECOND ALTO:

Mayme Wood
Mrs. Emily Cunningham
Ethel Cessna
Genevieve Dreher
Emma Leonard

Dutch Band.



Skellie	Van Osdel	Smith	Zoring	Knutz	Pollack	Dornbach	Dickey	Wolfe	Stearns	Wieden
Dragoun	Chapman	Moore	Minert	Gockley	Patten	Bombaugh	Finch			
Reese	Hartwell	Middelton	Keruff	Sersmith	Crawford	Forster	Strong	Dorsey		
Cowan	Todnem	Sil er	Reynoldson	Cooley	Beardshear	VanAuken	Wiley			

Department of Military Science.

GEN'L JAMES RUSH LINCOLN,— COMMANDANT.

1ST BATTALION

Major—L. E. Orcutt

Adjutant—J. A. Burgeson

2ND BATTALION

Major—H. B. McElyea

Adjutant—J. H. Zellweger

CAPTAINS

Co A P. H. Ottosen

Co B R. R. Stafford

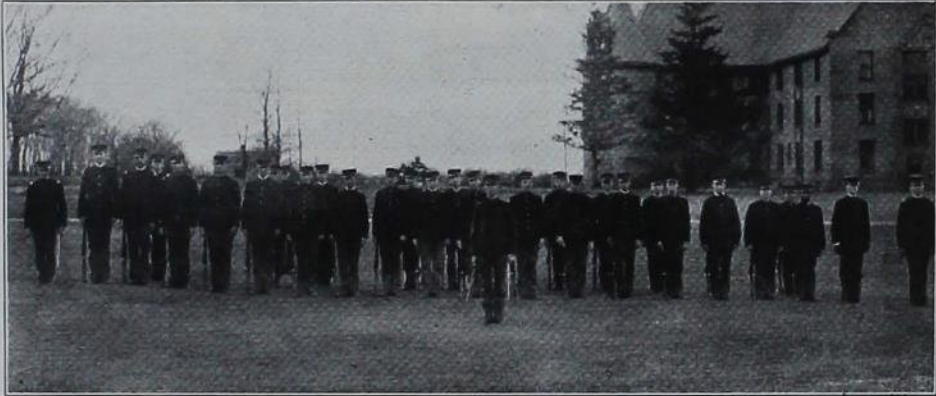
Co C E. L. Hoyt

CAPTAINS

Co D F. E. King

Co E S. W. Stoddard

Co F H. P. Ashby



Cummins Rifles.

Captain—H. B. McElyea

1st Lieut.—L. E. Orcutt

2nd Lieut.—P. H. Ottosen



Ervin Bader Bachelder Canady Laurance
 Egloff Fuhrmeister Walls Lambert Austin

Frenzied Finance.

(Given by Class of 1908, June 3rd., 1907.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

James Howard Blake.....	A. A. CANADY
Burton Black.....	E. B. LAMBERT
Judge Strathmore.....	R. S. FUHRMEISTER
Judge Freeman.....	H. S. BACHELDER
Claude Strathmore.....	LOUISE LAURANCE
Mrs. James Howard Blake.....	JESSIE AUSTIN
Fitzgerald Poget.....	G. BADER
Senator Stevens.....	R. S. FUHRMEISTER
Mrs. Judge Fitzgerald.....	FLORENCE WELLS
Kate Stevens.....	RUTH EGLOFF
Flora—Maid.....	VERNA ERWIN
Drayman Jenkins.....	G. T. GUTHRIE

Sophomore Play Caste.



Pammel
Wentworth

Hyland

Booher
O'Leary

Mirick

Folker

Crowley
Watts

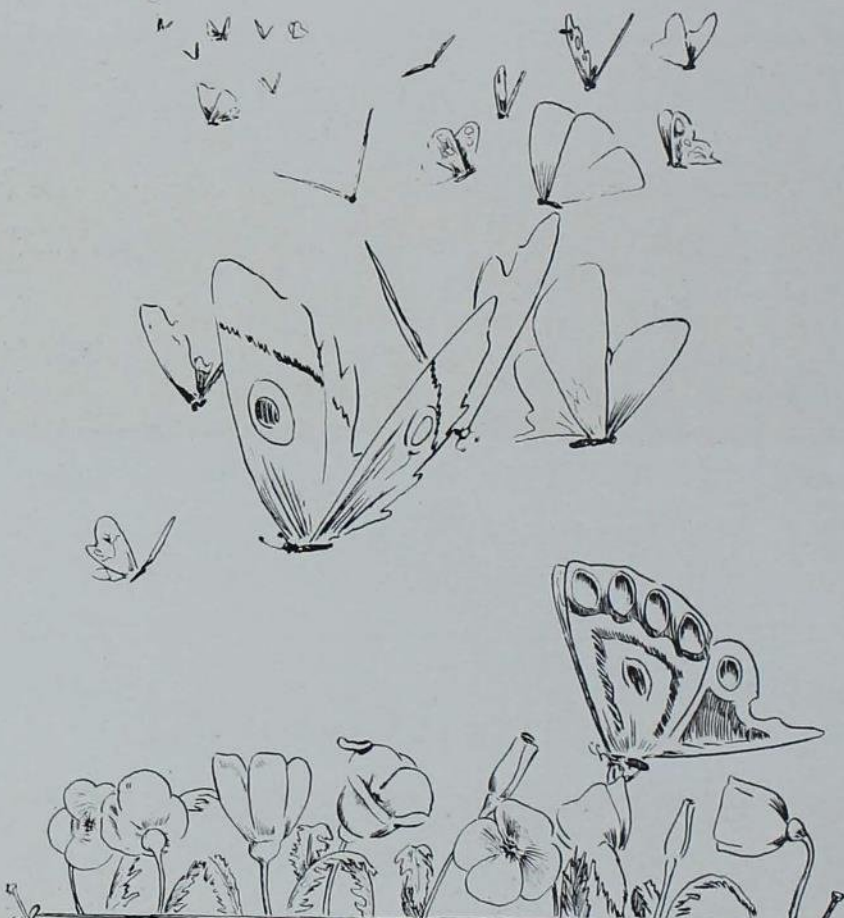
Andrews

McElroy (mgr.)
Joiner

Jones

Semmons

Olsen
Everett



JUNIOR CLASS PLAY

MONE 1ST THE BUTTERFLIES
JUN 1

CRVE

Debating League.



Barry		Burger		Bergren		Hadley		Haskell
Paulsen	Hazen	Scoates	Noble	Storms	Gregory	Knapp	Dewey	Luick

Oratorical Council.



	Sacrison		Stork		Prof. Hibbard		Wills		Black		Beard
Orcutt	Shumway		Stafford		Patterson		Pearson		King		Sonner
Mirick	Forman		Roberts		Gillette		Searle		Deal		
	Atkinson		Rankin		Bliss		Bush		Glidden		Wagner

Forensic "A" Society.

Organized, April, 1907.

SLOGAN: "I. S. C. to the front in forensics."

OBJECT: The promotion of interest and efficiency in public speaking and parliamentary practice. The membership includes all persons representing I. S. C. in inter-collegiate oratorical and debating contests.

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1905.

R. K. Bliss
M. L. Bowman
R. E. Blackwood

1907.

B. W. Crossley

1908.

L. S. Herron	I. D. Hadley
E. S. Haskell	G. L. Martin
G. C. Pullen	W. G. Langwill
J. O. Rankin	Ellis Rail
L. Paulson	L. C. Schantz
G. R. Bliss	Delbert Wheeler

1909.

C. W. Okey	O. W. Johnson
G. W. Patterson	A. C. Stelle
A. G. Thurman	C. V. Gregory
H. W. Wagner	

1910.

A. A. Burger

1911.

Howard Vaughn

1912.

J. G. Emerson

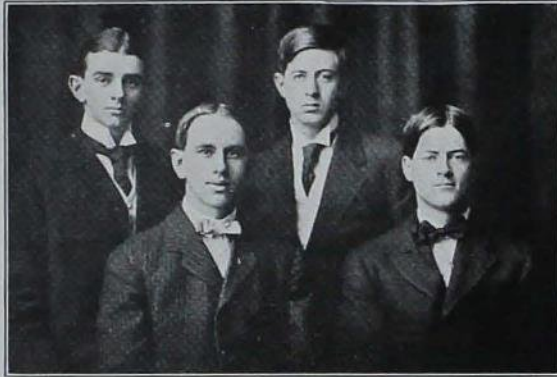
Ames-State Normal Dual Debate.

November, 8—1907.

QUESTION:—*Resolved* that the personal property tax as in general operation throughout the United States should be abolished.

Ames affirmative vs. Normal negative. At Ames.

Decision: Affirmative 2, Negative 1.



Rankin

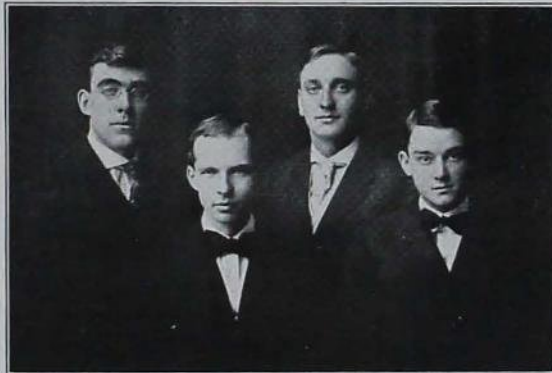
Rail

Wagner

Lyons, Alt.

Ames negative vs. Normal affirmative. At Cedar Falls.

Decision: Affirmative 1, Negative 2.



Herron

Pullen

Wheeler

Ferrin, Alt.

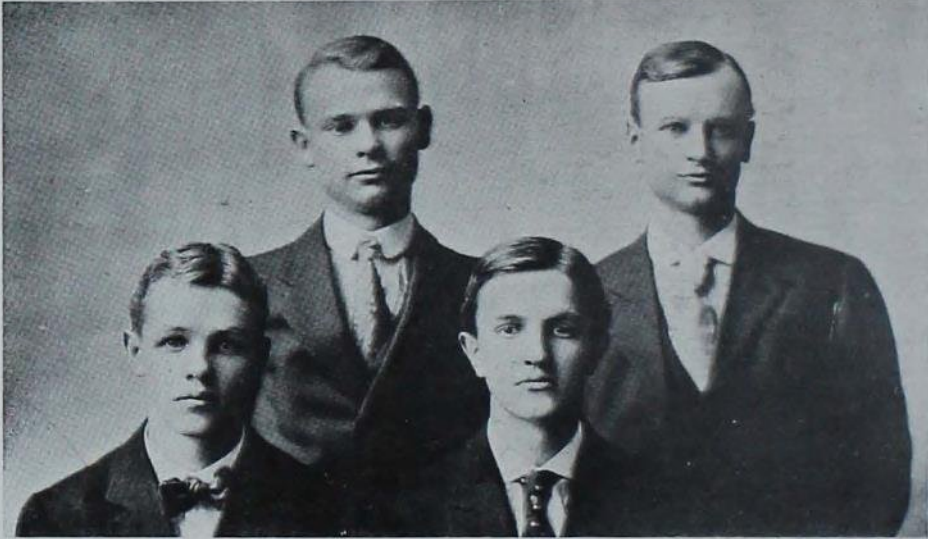
State Triangular Debate.

March 13—1908.

QUESTION:—*Resolved* that the 15th Amendment should be repealed.
The enforcement of the second section of the fourteenth Amendment and the difficulties of repeal are not to enter into the discussion.

Ames affirmative vs. Drake negative. At Ames.

Decision: Affirmative 1, Negative 2.



Andrews, Alt.

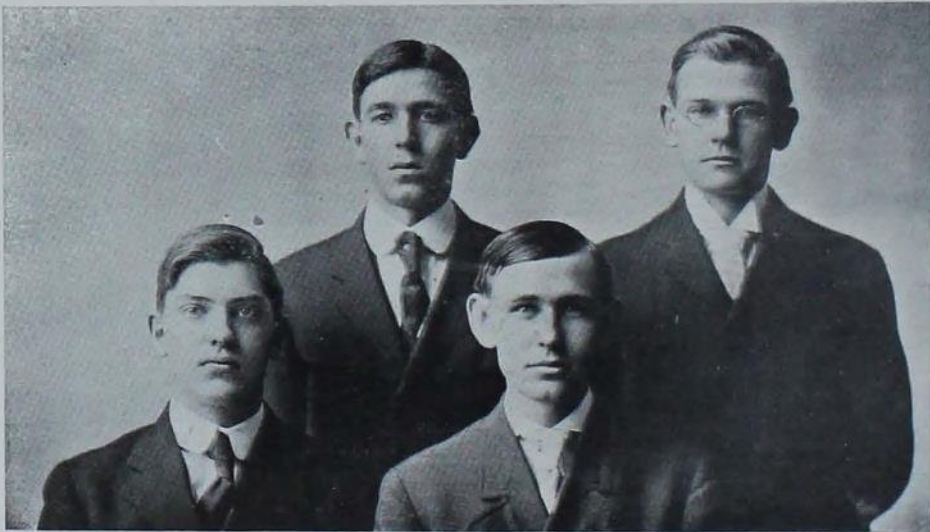
Hadley

Emerson

Thurman

Ames negative vs. Grinnell affirmative. At Grinnell.

Decision: Affirmative 1, Negative 2.



Vaughn

Hazen, Alt.

Patterson

Okey

I. S. C. Student.

Published Weekly by the Student Body

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Published monthly by the Agricultural Club of Iowa State College



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The Iowa Engineer.

Published Bi-Monthly by the Engineering Departments of
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The Alumnus.

Published Monthly by the Alumni Association of Iowa
State College.

WARD M. JONES, '97.....*Editor*
B. H. HIBBARD, '98,.....*Business Manager*

C. O. B.

Composed of Daughters of the Alumni.



Maude Mirick Ethel Cessna Margaret McElroy Harriet Beyer Alice Armstrong
Helen Burling Josephine Hungerford M. Inez Vincent Melissa Flynn



H. K. Davis Gray Sheeman J. W. Davis Vincent
 Diennen Young Knapp Bush
 Wentworth Kreul Storms Sukesdorf

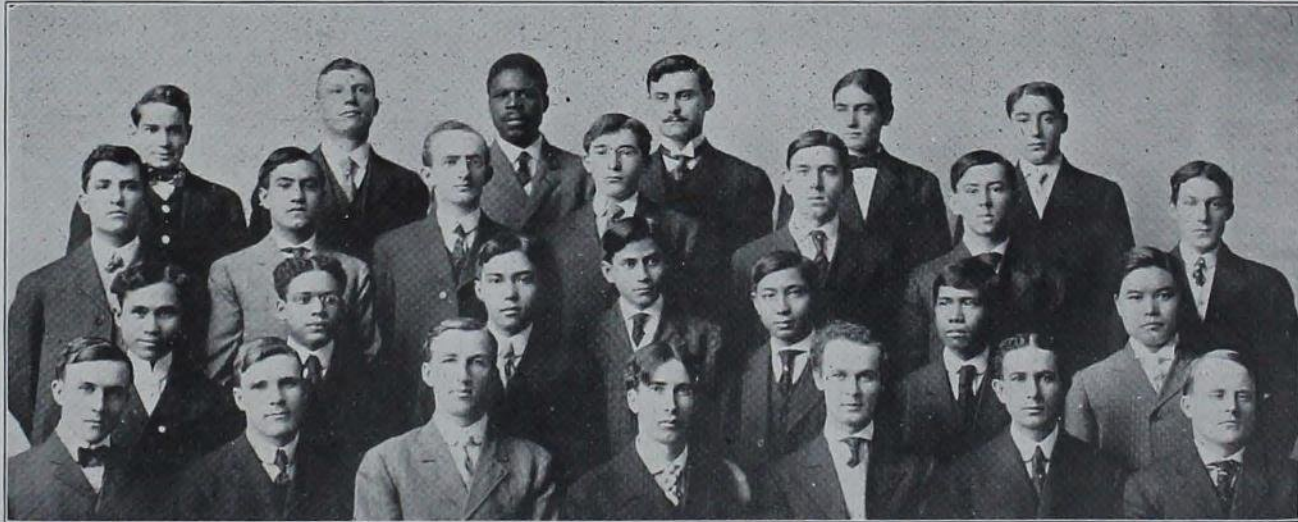
The Six Footers, T. L. B.

The T. L. B's, better known as the "Six Foot Club", were organized in the fall of 1902. As it was the custom of the churches to give receptions to the new students each fall semester, the Methodists held theirs on September 19th of that year. Among the number were several fellows, over six feet tall, who soon gathered into a congenial and unique group by themselves. At a later date some of the long ones met in a student's room and decided to organize a Club strictly social in character. The name "T. L. B's" was chosen, the number limited to thirteen and the Constitution drawn up. Among other eligibility requirements the candidate had to be over six feet tall and of standing in the community.

The first banquet, November 28, 1902, was made notable by the presence of the *shortest* girls in the institution.

The tallest member to date is C. F. Sukesdorf; six feet, six inches without "stretching". The combined length of the present members is 80 feet, 7½ inches.

Cosmopolitan Club.



P. Horcasitas	Bouska	Shoales	Athanassiou	F. Horcasitas	S. Creel	
Salaverria	Bailleres	Pierce	Buhler	Hazen	Gonzales	E. J. Creel
Palmares	Manatou	Ferriols	Cruz	Lorenzo	Elayda	Fujimori
Haberkorn	Bliss	Quaife	Kirkpatrick	Peltan	Shannon	Haefner

Others, not in picture: Dr. Hibbard, Dr. Pammel, Prof. Beach, H. H. Laughlin, James King, Theo. Sexauer, T. Macklin, D. T. Griswold, E. F. Lan' W. G. Langwill, M. M. Mondoneda, M. Billedo, L. Ines, James Troop, Prof. McLean

I. F.



Davis Farnum Meredith Sonner Flynn G. Day Booher E. Day Rush Rundall Robb Hayden Roberts

Colonnades.



	Middleton	J. H. Buchanan	Ferrin	Weirick	Davis	Wagoner	
Forsbeck		Canady	R. E. Buchanan	Arnold	Fuhrmeister	Prouty	McKeen
	Morris		Rankin	Fuchs	Schantz	Churchill	Bek
Batchelder		Bowman		Cowan	Bush	Tyson	Phillips
							Peters

Hawkeye.

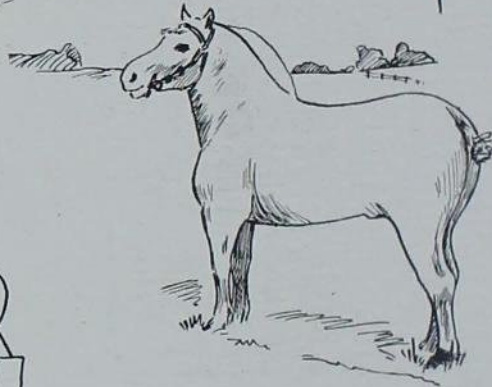


O. E. Atkinson	W. A. Haskin	A. F. Lungren	G. R. Bliss	H. E. Davis	G. M. Nelson	S. Garver
W. McArthur	M. E. VanMeter	W. D. Johnson	M. W. Turner	H. Hurbert	C. H. Morrow	H. A. Wallace
R. H. Jones	H. B. Walker	G. W. Morrison	C. J. Scott	R. E. Welter	L. Tidrick	H. Vaun
R. S. Sturgeon	J. M. Leffler	K. A. Kirkpatrick	R. A. Bonner	H. K. Davis	R. M. Deming	G. M. Wills
	H. Hazen	R. F. VanDeventer	G. B. Houghton	M. W. Joiner		

Junior Mechanicals.



	Shannon	Lister	Nazarene	R. E. White	McCain	Clarke	Hubbard	Riedesel	Hall	Williams
P. H. White			Prof. Cleghorn	Pechstein	Farnsworth	Prof. Meeker		Knox		Clayton
	VeLander	Orcutt						Prof. Wilson		Dengler



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SOCIETY



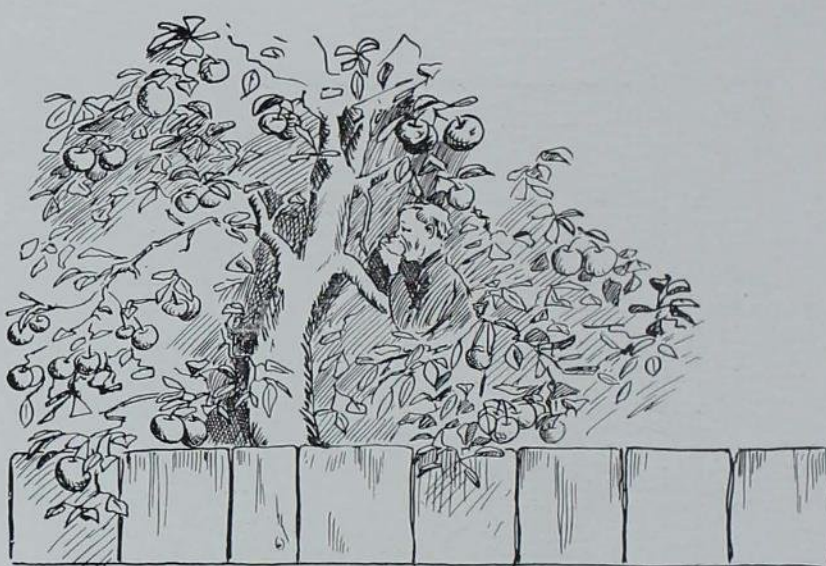
CHAVE

Junior Electricals.



Burkhart	Milton	Edwards	Williams	Reppert	Manson	Wambeam	Van De Steeg
Kirkpatrick	Bek	Carr	Bodwell	Paulsen	J. E. King	Snyder	Smith
Humphrey	Street	Gray	McElyea	Gordon	Hansen	Payne	Cooper
Bernick	Wells	Pryor	Lane	Mills	Zornig	Crouse	Warsaw
				Wagner		Bielenburg	

Not in picture: Matter, H. W. King, Kalb, Sexsmith.



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AND
FORESTAL
SEMINAR



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CRAVE

Junior Civils.



First Row: Stanton, Harris, Huffman, Carlson, Ineson, Weirick.

Second Row: Witmer, Schreiber, Rhine, Okey, Tusant, Schlick, Ware, Crum, Ford, Eby, Beard, Schworm, Strother, Schenk, Jones, Booth, Chappel, Amesbury, Rightmire, Davis, Nichols, Okey, Green, Hites.

Third Row: Schmidt, Campbell, Belles, Dorman, Dragoun, Cowan, Kirkham, McCullough, Kelly, Cunningham, Craig, Jones, Lockwood, Miller, Sanders, French, Naiden, Burris.

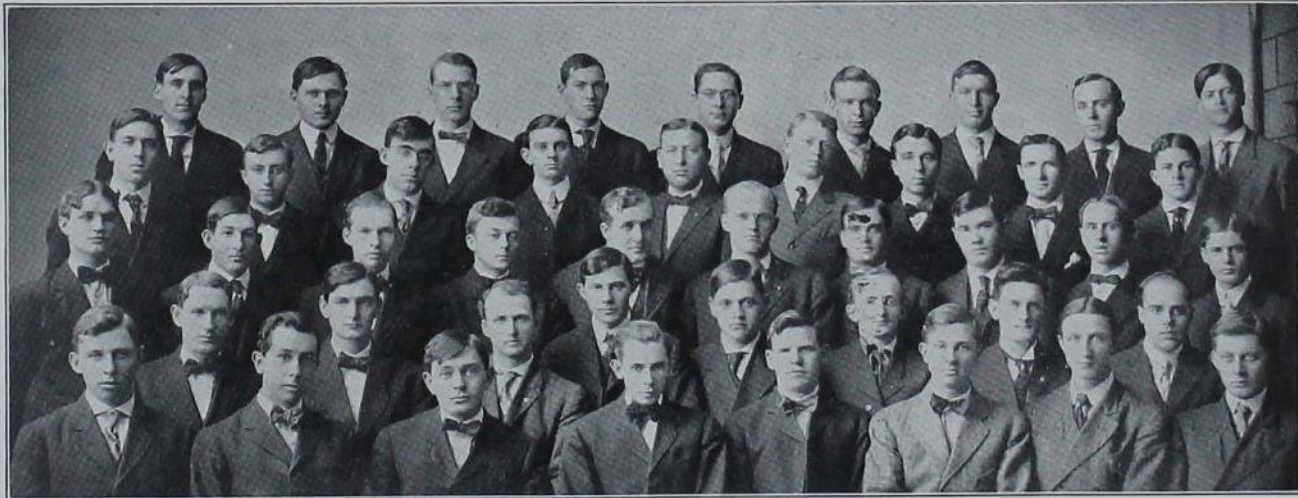


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Iverson	Russell	Pullen	Agne	Nelson	Fuhrmeister	Martin	Potter	Rail	Mason
	Miner	Monroe	Dinsmore	McLean	Wentworth	Pierce	Bush	Gregory	
Johnson	Davis	O'Donnell	Murphy		Metcalf	Forbes	Beatty	Godfrey	

International Stock Judging Team.

Winners of Horse-Judging Trophy at International Live-Stock Show, Chicago, Dec. 1907



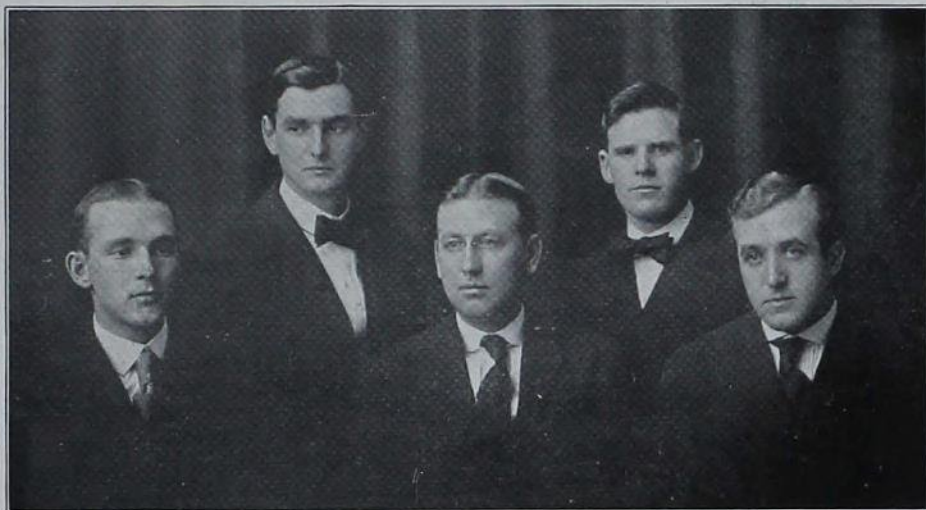
Batchelder
Peters

O'Donnell
Wentworth

Potter
Monroe

Royal Stock Show Judging Team.

Winners of the Silver Cattle Trophy offered for competitive work of Student Judging Teams.



Hawk

Monroe

Arthur

Metcalf

Nelson



International Corn Team.



Arnold

Hadley

H. F. Patterson
Phillips

G. W. Patterson
Kelsey, Alt.

Representing I. S. C. at the Student's International Corn Judging Contest at time of International Corn Exposition, December, 1907. This is the third successive team from I. S. C. to win the Cook Trophy which now becomes the permanent property of the school.

National Team.



H. F. Patterson

Bliss

Hadley

Phillips

McDonald

Winners of first place in the inter-collegiate judging contest at National Corn Show in Chicago, October 10, 1907.

A Few Great and Memorable Events.

August 29-31 '08.—Back again.



September 2.—Classes meet for first time.

Pi Phi's don their Irish plaids (Anyway the *Scotch* won't claim them.)



September 3.—Football practice starts.

September 4.—Preps begin to drill.

September 5.—Dinkey catches fire (not from heated journals.)



"Frozen by distance."—Lower pavilion to Chem. Hall against a nor'wester.

"They that ride so, and ride not warily, fall."—Floyd Chase.

"Sing, riding's a joy! For me I ride."—Bill Lane.



September 6.—Annual blister-board reception.
 September 10.—E. E.—Aggregation put their slate through at the Senior class meeting.
 September 11.—Juniors elect officers; Civils come to their own.
 September 12.—Sophs elect officers. Orcutt kicks (?) the foot ball.



The Preps organize.
 September 13.—First Mechanics exam.
 September 14.—Y. M.—Y. W. Joint reception at Alumni Hall.
 September 19.—Prep—Sophomore tug of war. '08 Cardinal Guild show their ability as policemen.



September 21.—Noits become a chapter of Phi Gamma Delta.
"Of native brass."—Certain Omega Delts.
"Has Somnus brushed your eyelids with his rod?"—Fritz Bernick.

September 24.—First Ag. Assembly at Margaret Hall.
 September 28.—West Des Moines High—0—Scrubs—0.
 October 2.—'09 Electricals don new headgear.—(crime number one.)



October 3.—Seniors hatch fourth Goose-egg—Seniors—0—Juniors—5.

October 4.—Cyclones—18—Coe—(almost)—5.

October 5.—East Des Moines—11—Scrubs—9.

October 8.—Freshmen—9—Sophomore—0.

October 10.—Fall Field Meet—Freshmen—58—Sophs—40—Sophs quit.

October 11.—Student Directories out.—Five cents please.

October 12.—Juniors—0—Freshmen—6. D—n the luck!

Ames—0—Minnesota—8.

Scrubs—0—Ida Grove High—0.

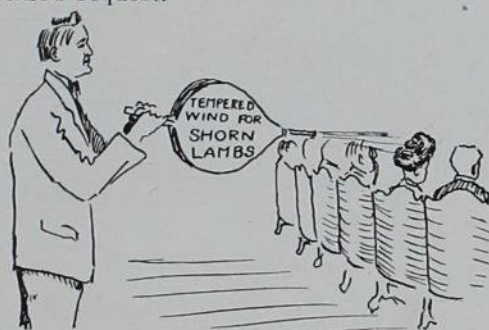
Sophomore—Freshman Annual.



October 14.—Juniors occupy Senior section in chapel. Many tears of rage shed by '08.



October 15.—President "Bull" Davis of '09 class, guards Senior section at Prexie's request.



October 19.—The Junior Trot.

Varsity—12—Morningside 0.

October 20.—Circus grounds swept up by '09's.

"Would entwine itself verdantly still."—Miss Kierulff.

"Soprano, Basso, even the Contralto,

Wished him five fathoms under the Rialto."—Alexander S.

October 21.—College Day, including Barbecue,—Speech by Hon. J. B. Hungerford,—Auction of the Faculty and the great Faculty—Senior game,—Found: One pair goose-eggs.

October 26.—Varsity—17—Cornell—0.

County Fair at Margaret Hall.

German Garden	\$.10
Fine for saying, "Oh".....	.25
Fortune told	5
Squawkers	5
How Old is Anne?.....	.10 and two barked shins
See-saw	5
Museum	0
Red lemonade, etc.....	2.00

Total 2.60 and two barked shins

Dear Papa:—Please remit,—Yours lovingly, Willie.

October 30.—A. I. E. E. Social Session.

November 2.—Varsity—9—(13)—Nebraska—10.

November 8.—Aggies and School-ma'ams debate.

Ames—2—Normal—1 at Ames.

Ames—2—Normal—1 at Cedar Falls.

Hooray!



'09 Ag's commit third crime.

November 9.—Ames—19—Grinnell—0. Revenge is sweet.

College car wrecked at Northwestern cross-over.



November 11.—Line-up for Ames-Iowa game tickets.

November 12.—Proclamation No. 1—Vaccinate!!

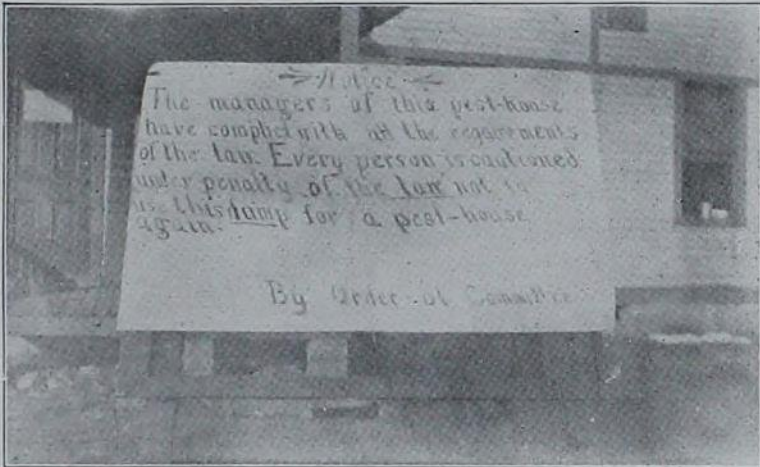
November 16.—Proclamation No. 2—Vaccinate!!!

"A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour."—'08 Bomb.

"A progeny of learning."—Bader



November 18.—Proclamation No. 3—WE SHALL BE FORCED TO ASK YOU TO WITHDRAW UNTIL VACCINATION HAS TAKEN PLACE.



Polit. Class holds I. O. C. R. meeting.
 November 22.—Mass meeting for Iowa game.
 Glee Club Concert.
 November 23.—Ames 20—Iowa 14.
 P. Andy Monium visits I. S. C. campus.
 November 24.—Everybody carries his throat in a sling.
 November 26.—“Dad” Watson Lectures on “The Place of Tennis Balls in the Soils Lab.”

November 28.—Thanksgiving vacation begins.
 Ames—13—Drake—8.



December 2.—Vacation stops.
 December 6.—Inter-society debates.

*“Their tales they tell of what befell
 And the listening groups are dumb.”—Ozarks.
 “Tie up the knocker, say I’m sick, I’m dead.”—Ed Tusant.*

December 7.—Lazarus.



December 10.—'09 Civils produce a pin. (Crime number two.)
This pin is too large to be reproduced.

December 12.—Profanation of the temple. (The civils go to chapel.)



December 14.—Professor Fish gets a hair cut.

December 15.—Fritz Law, '09, elected Varsity football captain for 1908.

December 17.—Examination week begins.

December 18.—Flunk or two.

December 21.—All in.

December 22.—All out (for home.)

December 25.—Merry Christmas.

December 28—Jan. 18-1908—Shorthorn Math. classes.

Short courses in Agriculture and Domestic Science.

Yearly decoction of good resolutions is mixed.

January 20.—First classes of second semester.

January 28.—Senor Creel, Mexican Ambassador, visits I. S. C.

January 29.—'09's elect officers. "Spindle" is "officially stung" as Sergeant-at-arms.

February 1.—Joint reception of Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., in Alumni Hall.

February 8.—Engineering social.

February 15.—Senior College engineer's dance.

February 22.—George Washington's Birthday party at Margaret Hall.

First Inter-collegiate basketball game at I. S. C.—Ames—35—Kansas—53.

February 29.—Basketball again—Ames—36—Drake—16.

March 9.—Black Hawks become a chapter of Alpha Tau Omega.

*"With devotions visage, and pious action
They do sugar o'er the Devil himself."—Hawkeyes.
"For puppies like you there's but few."—Pete.*

March 13.—State Triangular Debate. Ames wins from Grinnell and loses to Drake.

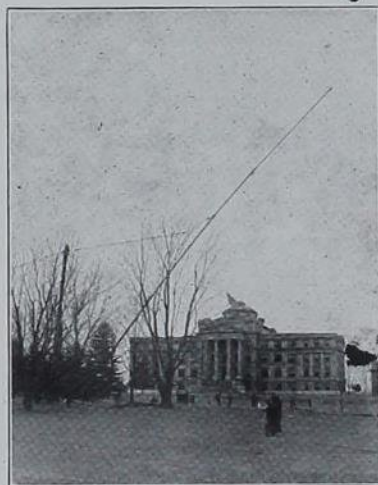


March 24.—Junior Mechanicals commit the last and greatest of the crime series.



April 1.—Soils class fools Prof. Stevenson and has its lesson.

The flag is formally raised on the new pole.



April 4.—Ladies' Glee Club Concert.
 April 11.—Professor Newens appears at Armory in "Glimpses and Visions".
 S S becomes a chapter of Kappa Delta.
 April 14.—First baseball game—Ames—2—Missouri—2.

"Not—'s self ere tells more fibs than I."—Dengler.

"I muse whither at length the girls will go."

—Polly Witwer and Lillian Mack.

"The accident of an accident."—'08 class election

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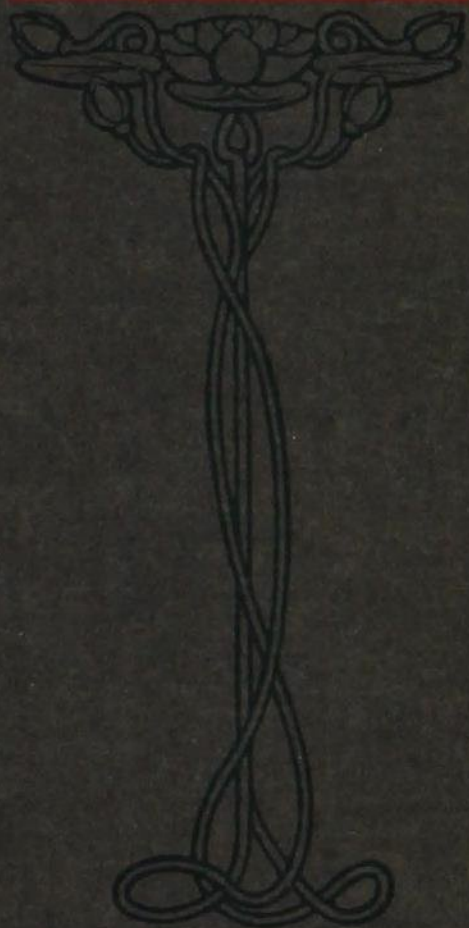
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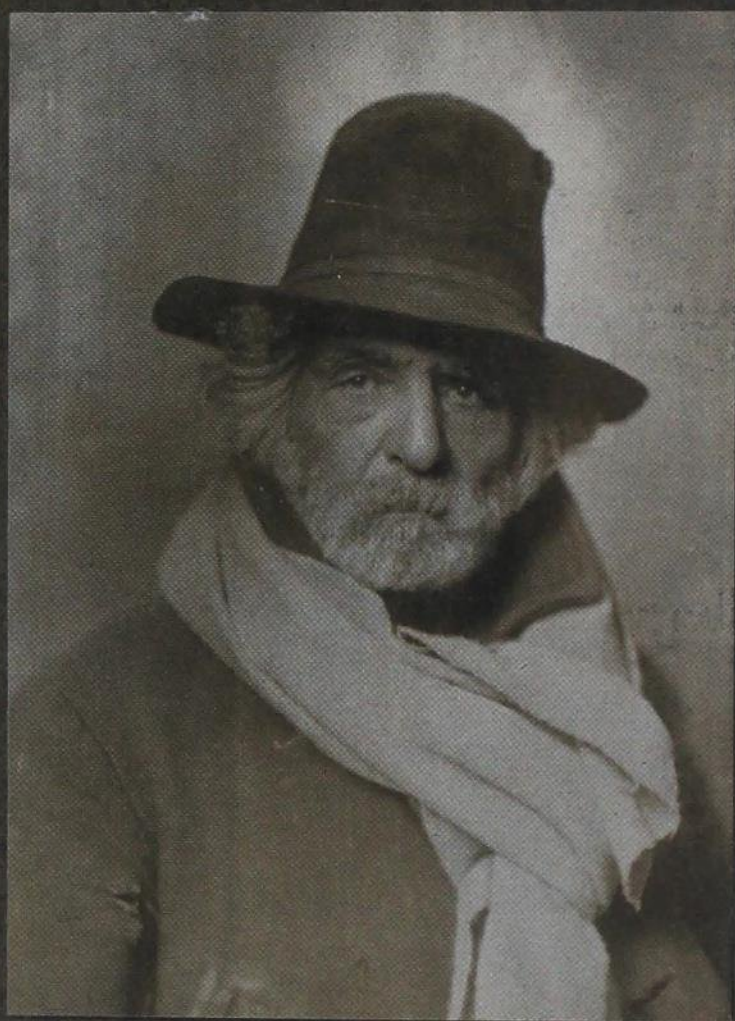
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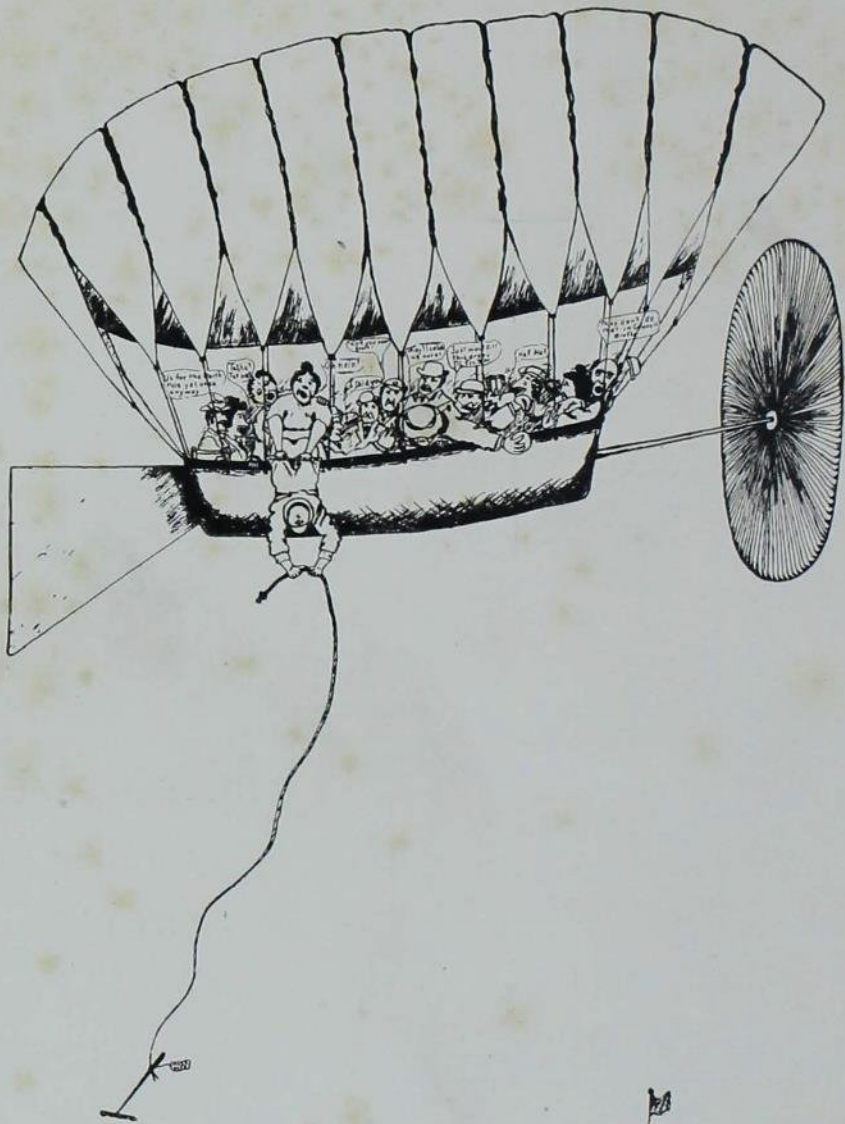
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