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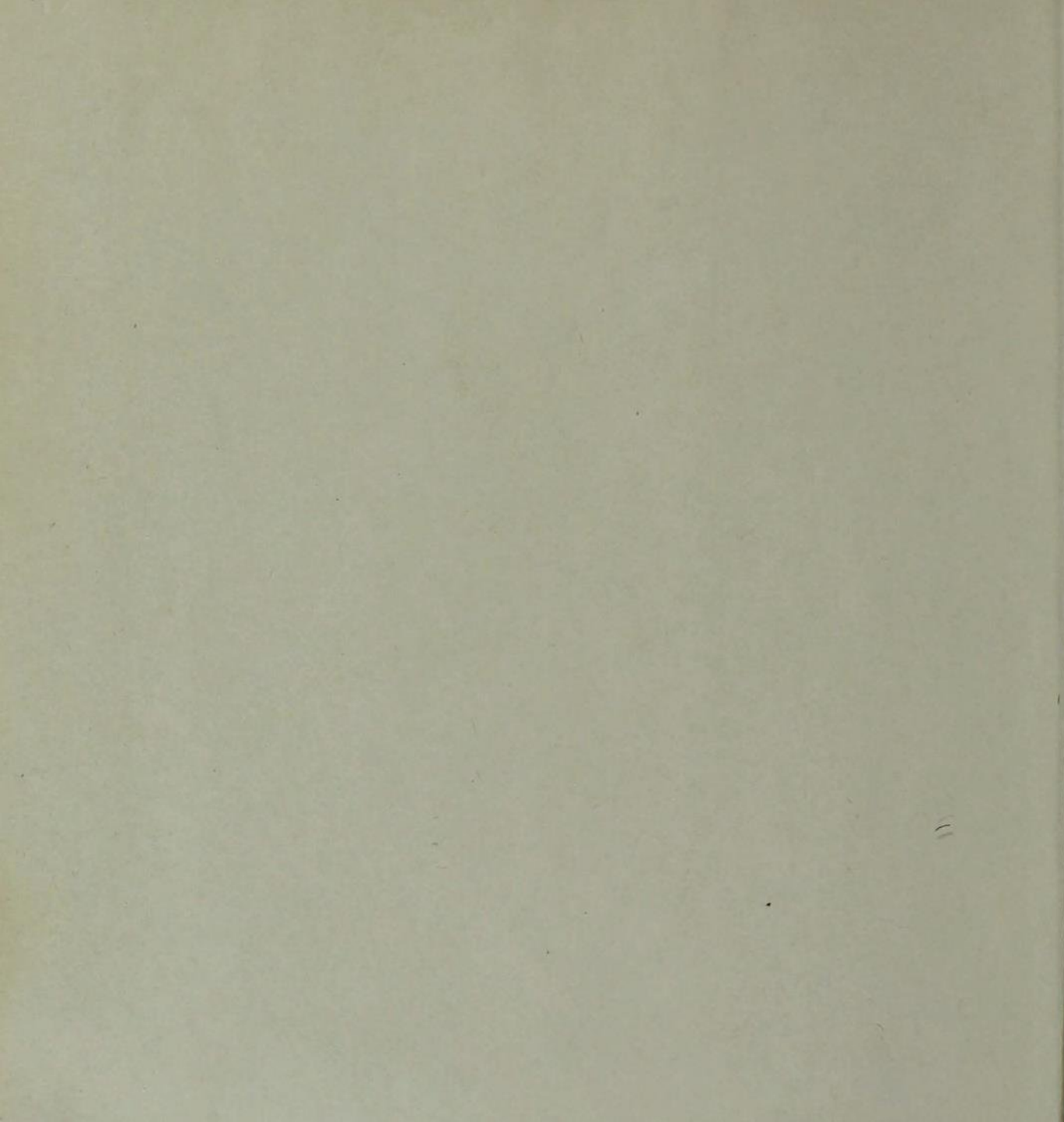
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'06 Bomb



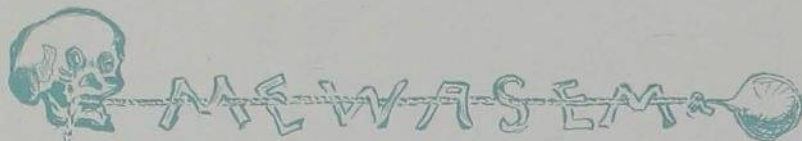
The '06 Bomb

*The Book
of the Junior Class*

VOL. XII

Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa

MCMV



To the College Spirit in Dedication

I
O
W
A

inspiration! True *and* noble,
open now our hearts to do
whole-souled deeds *of* honest valor;
aim our efforts; aim them true.

S
T
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E

tudents, proud! Oh, loyal students,
make our Spirit far *and* near;
aim to ever, ever keep it
rusty, truthful, clever, clear.
ever lovingly revere it.

C
O
L
L
E
G
E

College days will live for aye;
old ones love *and* new ones learn to
love our Spirit every way.
Live through years *of* earnest labor,
'en though life-long it may be,
greatest, grandest College Spirit,
ever best at I. S. C.





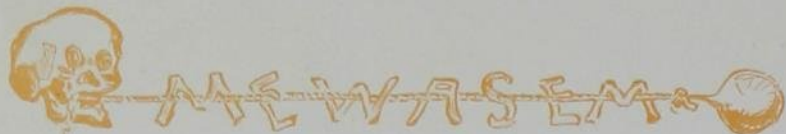
College Spirit




AN INSTITUTION *of* learning comes, after a time, to have a soul, a spiritual evolution through a history *of* development. *The* "storm and stress" period, analogous to dentition *and* measles, usually leads to the definition *of* ideals *and of* purpose; self-consciousness ensues, *and* the strength *of* maturity. *The* "period of expansion," as it is usually called, *of* an institution *of* learning is coincident with this self-development *of* consciousness *and* power. "College Spirit" is something more than an artificial *and* manufactured loyalty. It is the soul *of* the institution, breathing life, intellectual *and* spiritual, into its foster children. "Alma Mater" is a sweet word in the ears *of* every collegian, be he an old alumnus or a newly classified academic.

The Iowa State College has passed through, at least in part, the period *of* "storm and stress" *and* has come to a clear definition *of* ideals. It is a school *of* science, *and of* the sciences as applied to the industries. It builds into its curriculum the things that most vitally concern life. It does not forget that among the sciences are History--the transcription *of* life in deeds, and Literature--the transcription *of* life in expressions *of* power *and of* beauty and that among the arts, *and* chiefest *of* all, is the art *of* right living, *and* our college believes in sending men and women forth prepared for intelligent *and* earnest *and* efficient work in the world. This is the spirit *of* I. S. C.

As a by-play and a suitable expression *of* this spirit we have the contests *of* the rostrum *and* the gridiron. These should be the adequate, whole-souled *and* earnest expressions *of* college life *and* ideals in athletics or oratorical work. Our representatives should feel the high duty *of* incarnating the spirit *of* the college *and of* worthily expressing it, *and* every member *of* the faculty *and* every student enrolled, every organization *and* society should feel likewise the privilege *and* the duty *of* loyal support. Selfish individualism *and* clannish indifference should be frowned upon *and* considered unworthy.



A NEW SEM



A college course does not consist alone in the study of books and the work of the laboratory, or in listening to lectures, although worthy college life must always mean honesty and excellence of work. College life consists, in some large measure, in the intellectual or academic atmosphere, in the generous social life, in the intimate and splendid fellowships, in the royal-hearted living of young and enthusiastic men and women. Looking back to their college days, the veterans of the world's doughty conflicts are saying

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

A. B. Storms.





In Prospectus



The '06 Bomb being a college book published with the sole purpose *and* intent of recording facts, fun *and* fiction of the Iowa State College *and* her students, is devoted in certain portions of its pages to

Frontispiece

Dedication

"College Spirit"

Bomb Board Roll

Trustees

Faculty

Junior Album

Agriculture

Engineering

Science

Veterinary Medicine

Junior History

Literary *and* Debating

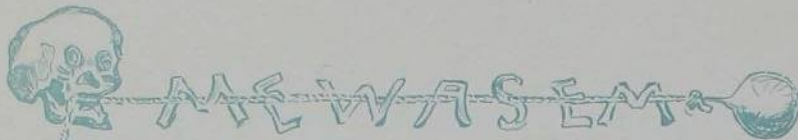
Fraternities

College Publications

Alumni

Athletics

The "Cyclone"



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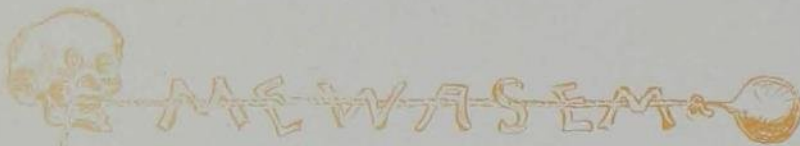
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Albert B. Storms.



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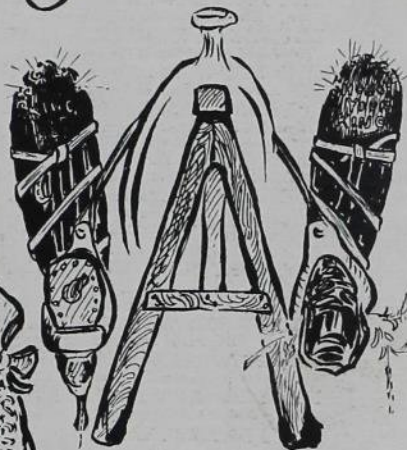
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Professor of Dairying.

NEW ASEM



G. WELDON

AUNT JULIE

DEAN ANSON

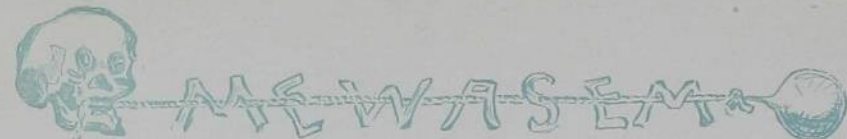
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LOUIS B.

A. BUD



I. A. C.



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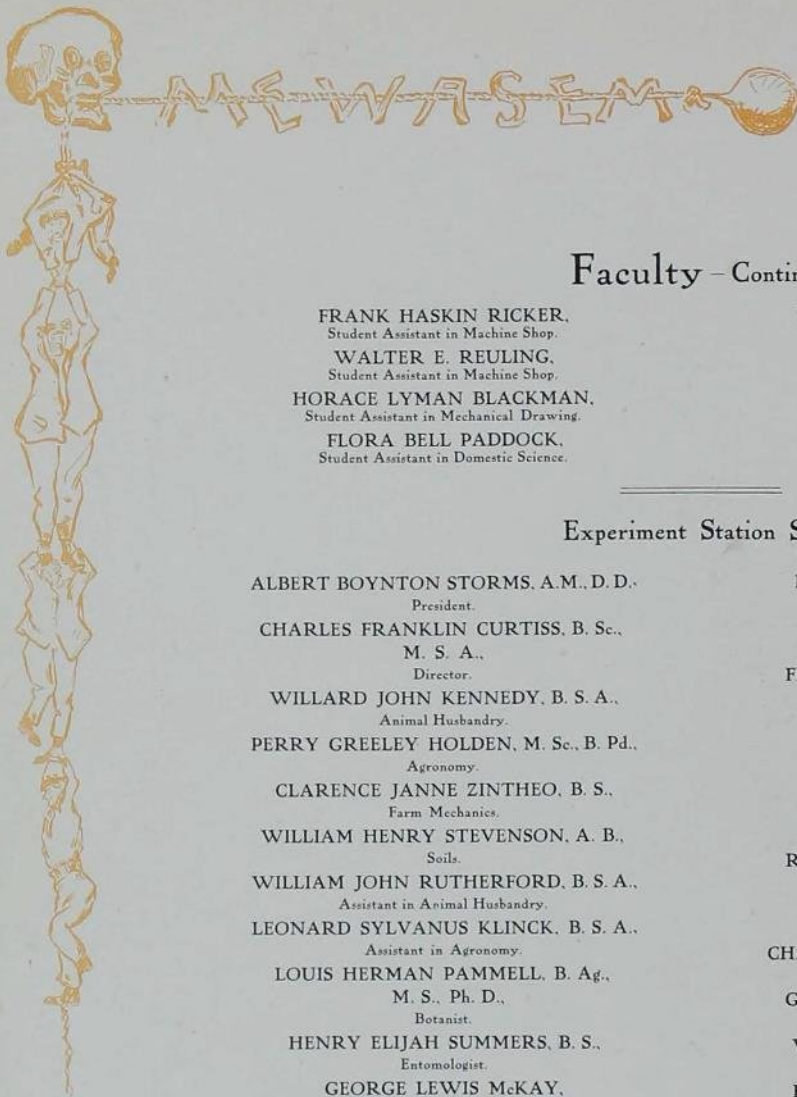
*Granted one year's leave of absence to study agriculture in Europe.

†Granted leave of absence.

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Artist. |

JUNIORS



EM



AGRICULTURE CM

NEW SEM



JAMES EDWARD BACCHUS—"Ed," "Bac"

Des Moines, Iowa

Phileutheroi
Normal Debate

Animal Husbandry

"Great thoughts, great feelings, come to him,
Like instincts, unawares."—*Milnes.*

Says he can get good marks if he just wants to. Quite an elderly gentleman.
His worst question is how to get along with the fairer sex. Hard to foretell his future.



J. E. Bacchus

❧ ❧ ❧

EARLE P. BRINTNALL—"Brint"

Winthrop, Iowa

Base Ball Seconds ('03-'04)
Bomb Board, Welch

Dairy

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Always "Johnny on the spot." Has clear sailing for honorship next spring?
Ambition: "To own an 80 acre farm, etc., etc." Although he may look sleepy, he passed up Organic Chemistry. More could be said.



Earle Brintnall

A NEW WASEMA



H. O. Buckman.

HARRY O. BUCKMAN—"O! Harry" "Buck"

West Liberty, Iowa

Pythian

Agronomy

"You're uncommon in some things,
You're uncommonly small."

An Ag. scion grafted on an E. E. stock. Never gets below 3.90. Assistant in Farm Mechanics. A soil fiend. Sober for such a lad. Was never known to "mix."



FOSTER CAMPBELL—"Bridget," "Tot"

Newton, Iowa

Welch Society
Class Treasurer ('04)

Animal Husbandry

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.—*Shakespeare.*"

A quiet boy. Likes to eat with civilized people. Is studying agriculture to do it up right. Honest convictions govern his actions.



Foster Campbell



ROY ALBERT CAVE—"Zygote"

Ames, Iowa

Phileutheroi
Baseball Class ('04)

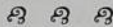
Animal Husbandry

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

Short in stature, good natured, and generally liked. Especially fond of Zoo. Strong with the Profs. Worked one summer with Zintheo, which no doubt accounts for his being such a good grafter.



Roy Cave



JOHN CHARLES CHALUPNIK—"Cop" "Choppie"

Traer, Iowa

Philomathean

Animal Husbandry

"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."

Has had to learn under difficulties. Heaviest burden is his name. Has a noble stride. One of I. S. C.'s cosmopolitan student body. All in all, a good student and a steady lad.



J. C. Chalupnik



BRUCE WILLIAM CROSSLEY— "Bruce," "Little One"

Council Bluffs, Iowa

Philomathean Sec'y ('04)

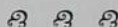
Ag. Club Sec'y ('04)

Treas. Y. M. C. A., ('04), Bomb Board

Animal Husbandry

"Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps."—*Edward Young.*

A little fellow, but a good one. Judged stock in St. Louis. Never flags. Goes to chapel daily. His specialty, Angora goats, and from intimate association has developed some of their characteristics. Takes elocution. Has developed a large amount of gray matter and energy through a continued use of breakfast foods. Visits Margaret Hall regularly.



B. W. Crossley

RALPH WALDO CROUSE— "Susie"

Dike, Iowa.

Animal Husbandry

Phileleutheroi

"And the grey mare will prove the better horse."—*Prior.*

Played some on the scrubs. Went to Normal one year. Favorite expression, "What in Texas is the matter." Not responsible. An original grafter. Has many conflicts with his campus lab., but never flags it. A good judge of horses. Likes to play in mud lab. "Ole Buoy."



Ralph Crouse



FRANCIS GAGE CUTLER—"Narrow Gauge"

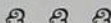
Vice Pres. Prohibition League Ames, Iowa Animal Husbandry

"His faith in some nice tenets might be wrong, his life I'm sure was in the right."—*Shakespeare.*

A rising politician. Claims to have carried the precinct for Prohibition in recent election. Said to be a hard worker and a faithful student. Expects to "specialize."



F. G. Cutler.



WILLIAM RAYMOND EASTMAN—"Easie"

Nashua, Iowa Welch Literary Society, "Much labor is in trees." Horticulture

"Well must the ground be digged and better dressed,
New soil to make and meliorate the rest."—*Dryden.*

An ambitious little chap. Never seen chumming. Has a standin with Erwin and Summers. Never drinks, but always carries a bottle—to kill bugs. Leads a strenuous life keeping the campus free from insects.



W. R. Eastman

THE NEWSPAPER



ROSWELL ABNER FARNUM "Red" "That's all"

Spencer, Iowa

Animal Husbandry

"Eternal Sunshine settles on his head."—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

"Never done no society stunts." An "expert" farm mechanic. Greatest second term "Chem. fiend" ever at I. S. C. From one who knows,— "He should go to church more." Never gets sore. His innocent eyes have saved him many an unpleasant calling down. His hair's not red. It's cardinal.

R. A. Farnum.

❧ ❧ ❧

DON ELLSWORTH FISH—"Pisces," "Lobstrutio Crustaceae."

Adel, Iowa

Center on the Reserves, Bachelor
Sergeant at-arms of Ag. Club

Agronomy

"Some men are wise, a few are muckers,
But all the world is filled with suckers."—*ANON.*

For sure no girl could ever wish
A happier fate to her befall,
Than for a line to hook a fish
And land him safe at Margaret Hall



D. E. Fish



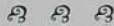
SAMUEL A. FRY— "Sam."
Corydon, Iowa.

Ag. Club
Crescent Society

Animal Husbandry

"Who is this that darkenth counsel by words without knowledge?"—*Job.*

In times past a frequent caller at the Hospital. Allows no duties to interfere with his pleasure. Has not yet entirely left off the ways of a child. Of Deutsch extraction.



CHARLES JESSE HEISEY

Monticello, Iowa

Welch Society
Track Team ('02.) ('03)

Animal Husbandry

"To astonish as well as to sway by his energies, became the great aim of his life."—*Channing.*

Never fails to say something when called upon in class. Has a notion to go west. Something of an orator. A great horseman, so he says.

THE NEW ASSEMBLY

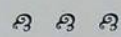


Eugene Humbert.

EUGENE PETER HUMBERT-- "Sonny," "Skunk," "Frenchman,"
Corning, Iowa ["King Humbert," "Prince"]

Phileutheroi,
State Normal Debate ('04)
Vice President Debating League ('04) Agronomy
"He op'd his mouth and all did vanish."

A mighty debater. Would rather debate than farm. Makes good use of his gift of language at the Hall. Took special course in Campanile Lab Was in love but recovered. Next!

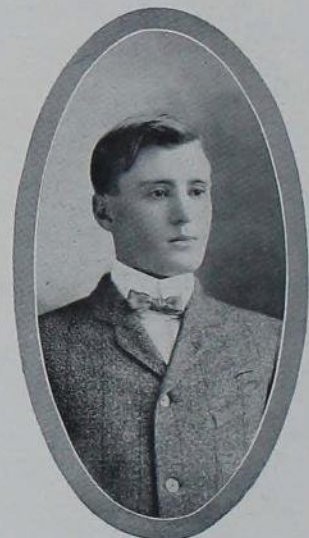


IRVING W. HUTCHINS-- "Hutch"

Crescent Algona, Iowa Animal Husbandry

"Who does the best his circumstances allow."
"Does well, acts nobly--Angels could do no more."--Young

Particular about his appearance. Never flags. Has a promising future in the line of public speaking. A practical man. Will make the best farmer in Iowa.



I. W. Hutchins.



JAMES FREDERICK INGELS

Meriden, Iowa

Crescent

Animal Husbandry

"Thought is deeper than all speech."—Crotch.

Camera fiend. Seen at Margaret Hall but seldom. Likes work better. Was at Drake two years, but says there's too many girls there for a man with a weak constitution. All in all, Ing. is pretty well balanced.



J. F. Ingels!

❧ ❧ ❧

ROYAL EDGAR JEFFS--"Jeff"

Ames, Iowa

Horticulture

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."—Byron

A minus quantity in society and athletic stunts. Works to learn, but as he takes Hort., learned to graft early in his course. Practices it on his instructors so as not to forget the hang of it. A good student in spite of his one fault, grafting.



Royal Jeffs!

MEWASEM



CARL JENKINS--"Karl," "Jenk"

Ames, Iowa

Animal Husbandry

"A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began."

Is a western son. Sober and staid (till 6 p. m.) in Lab. work. At school for
what it has to give him. Nothing funny about him, only the lack of it.

S. Carl Jenkins

❧ ❧ ❧

LEWIS ELDON KELSEY--"Kels"

Iowa Falls, Iowa

Crescent, won his "R" in fall of '04, class track team ('04)

Agronomy

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."--*Coleman*.

Came from Ellsworth College. In his studies as well as in athletics he smashes
all interference.



Lewis E. Kelsey

NEW ASSEM



ALFRED R. KOHLER--" Professor "

Marshalltown, Iowa

Phileleutheroi

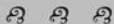
Horticulture

"The greatest joke that has been joked was joked upon the joker."

Assistant Grafter in Hort. Lab., but began in lower ranks. Has no bad habits.
Trade Mark, " Joker."



Alfred R. Kohler.



CLARK WILSON LAWRENCE--" — " — "

Ames, Iowa

Pythian, Ag. Club

Animal Husbandry

"Large was his bounty and his soul sincere"--Thos. Gray.

A special "driller." Has troubles of his own, but always smiles. Never known to flunk. Generally knows what he is talking about. Got "bawled up" only once and that was in his Freshman year. No grafter, and has reached his Junior year through hard work.



C.W. Lawrence.

THE NEW WASEMA



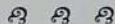
H. L. Lundeen.

LEONARD HENRY LUNDEEN--"Lundy"

Phileutheroti Paullina, Iowa Animal Husbandry

"Where more is meant than meets the ear--*H. Penseroso.*

An ideal student. Never gets below 3.75. Never late or misses a class. Speaks more with his eyes than with his mouth. Never has a kick coming. Came here to study and is living up to it. Too bad the "good die young," for his life is almost over. Here's hoping he may change and yet enjoy life.



BEN ADOLPH MADSON--"Benny"

Ag. Club Ames, Iowa Animal Husbandry

"Look in my face, my name is--*Might Have Been.*"--*Rosetti.*

A bunch of nix. Loves standard fiction, especially love stories. Never says much. Has a smile equal to infinity. Wise in classes. Never in love. Specializing in Zoo. Likes "bugs." A good fellow, but too quiet for an Ag.



B A Madson

OMEWA SEM



FRANK MEISER--"F-r-a-n-k"

Solon, Iowa

Philomathean door-keeper

Dairy

"He had a face like a benediction."

Always on duty. Somewhat of a debater. Usually full of practical (?) suggestions. Will do much for the dairy interests of the state. "Ach, Louie, what a peeseness."



Frank Meiser.

❖ ❖ ❖

ALVAH J. NORMAN.

Omaha, Nebraska

Glee Club

Agriculturist Staff

Horticulture

"When I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone, while hope and fear
With variety of pain distract me."--Addison

This lad grew on an Iowa farm, but for some unknown reason left the state. He died of consumption ten years ago, but his spirit is with us still, and will doubtless graduate.

During the past summer Mr. Norman had the distinction to serve as a slave to David R. at the Expositionne a la Universaille. (He dug up weeds down by the Filipino village).



Alvah J. Norman

ALL WASEMA



Paul Pechstein

PAUL THEODORE PECHSTEIN--"Stein," "Peck"

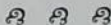
Keokuk, Iowa

Class Football '04,
Bomb board

Animal Husbandry

"Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it."--*Franklin.*

A man of ability. Usually sleepy in class. Likes to do social stunts. Has a jowl of the most improved type. Hits the pipe too frequently. Has many friends. A strong advocate of brewer's grain as cattle feed.



ARCHIE LEE POWELL--"---" "---"

Camanche, Iowa.

Ag. Club

Animal Husbandry

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."--*Henry Taylor.*

The quietest fellow in the Junior class. The cause is said to be misfortunes in love. Never grafted at all, nor worked a bluff. The Agronomy department tried to make him a dispenser of hot air but failed.



A. L. Powell

OMEWASEM



FRED C. RIEKE--"Fritz," "Rukee"

Pythian Sergeant-at-arms Blairstown, Iowa Animal Husbandry

"If I have one virtue it is gracefulness."

A "sticker," especially in Soil Physics. Elocution, his strong point. Perfectly composed (?) before an audience. Has been a debater. Couldn't mix. Pretty old.



Fred C. Rieke.



GEORGE ARTHUR ROBERTS--"Bobbie," "G. A."

Welch Society Marathon, Iowa Animal Husbandry

The rank is but the guinea stamp.
The man's the goud for a' that.--Burns.

An honest, steady-going boy. Generally manages to keep busy. Success depends largely upon being able to understand and handle men. Enjoys the Ag. Course.



Geo. A. Roberts.

NEWSPAPER



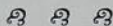
ARTHUR FRED SCHIELE--"Spike," "Dick," "Doc"

Welch Society, Class Football
Montpelier, Iowa

Agronomy

"Like feather bed betwixt a wall
And heavy brunt of cannon ball."--Butler.

Is known by the unusual name of "Spike," but is too wide to be a good one. Often helps in a "rough house," and is the biggest duck in the puddle. Takes Agronomy because he needs it in his business. Says he isn't Irish.



A. F. Schiele

WILLIAM HOWARD SMITH--"Tennessee," "Squire,"

Prattville, Ala.

Ag. Club, Dragons,
Junior Football Eleven

Animal Husbandry

"He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man."--James Beattie.

Came here from Tennessee University. In love with a southern lass. Wise to the extreme degree, but never tells all he knows for fear of embarrassing the other fellow. A good fellow to sit beside in class. His curly hair adds to the beauty of his eyes. "He-ah."



Wm Howard Smith



LEROY STUART--"Highball"

West Branch, Iowa

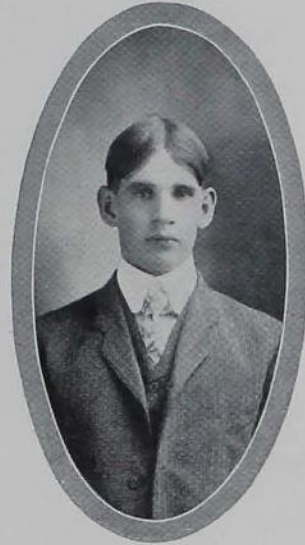
Ag. Club.

Class Track Team ('03-'04)

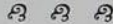
Horticulture

"God never had a house of prayer,
But Satan had a chapel there."

From his course he is naturally a grafter. Celebrated the first term of his Junior year with the small pox. Full many a weary mile has he run for his class. A blustering, boisterous Ag.



Leroy Stuart



THEODORE THOMPSON--"Tommy," "Scurvy."

Grand Forest, N. D.

Track Team ('03, '04)

Varsity Football ('03)

Animal Husbandry

"That old man eloquent."--*Il Penseroso.*

Scurvy hails from far-off North Dakota. There's many things he likes, such as sheep—He's often found at the sheep barns—yet there's many things he doesn't like. He doesn't like a dog; he doesn't like patent medicine, and he doesn't like friendly sympathies when his chin has been hurt by his falling over boilers. He's a grafter in mathematics.



Theodore Thompson

NEW SEM



L. E. Troeger.

LESLIE E. TROEGER--"Trigger"

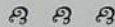
Welch

Storm Lake, Iowa

Animal Husbandry

"Knows a lot but can't think of it."

An unassuming lad. Has developed wonderfully at I. S. C. Judged sheep at St. Louis. Delights (?) in Chemistry. His Motto: "Better late than never."



GEORGE WILLIAM TROSTEL--"Tros"

Des Moines, Iowa

Animal Husbandry

"His bark is worse than his bite,"--Herbert.

"Have you seen George?" "Well, Yes." "How about it?" "Fine Business." Takes to Animal Husbandry like a fish to water. Says Des Moines is the best town in the state, yet now we doubt it. Never known to "crack wise," but is always willing to try. Don't like club grub.



George W Trostel.



ENGINEERS



THE NEW ASSEMBLY



J. L. Anderson.

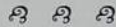
JOHN L. ANDERSON--"Andy," "J. L."

Komstad, So. Dak.

Electrical Engineering

"Syllables govern the world."--Selden.

A quiet boy is he. Spends his spare time in looking forward to the day of graduation. Perhaps Cupid knows.



HARRY CHESTER AUSTIN--"Egie"

Des Moines, Iowa

Track Team ('03-04)

Secretary Athletic Council, F. F. F.

Mining Engineering

Not very large, but a two-miler of note. One of the good boys of West Cottage. Rests his hope of fame on the fact that he earned (?) a "credit" under Prof. Wenner.



H. C. Austin.



HENRY KEEPERS BABBITT--"H. K." "Happy Hank," "Bobbet"

Ames, Iowa

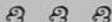
Civil Engineering

"And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."--*Goldsmith.*

Babbitt--and he's the unadulterated metal. Claimed, yet also doubted, that he enjoys working Physz. Lab. Another one who failed to make an honor in E. and M., but he passed. A quiet fellow, and one who will "tell you no questions if you ask him no lies."



Henry K. Babbitt.



RALPH LEE BAKER--"Babe"

Columbus Junction, Iowa

Mechanical Engineering

Class Football ('04)

"Meantime he smokes and laughs at merry tales."

Has the appearance of being a "bold, bad man," but isn't as bad as he looks. Is fond of athletic sports, and usually has a place on his club or class team. Is reputed to be a horseman. (No reference to ponies).



R. L. Baker.

THE NEWSPAPER



ALBERT ELVIN BECHTLEHEIMER--"Beck"

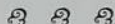
Anthon, Iowa

Crescent

Civil Engineering

"He is his own trumpeter."

He may be an Irishman—look at his name. A busy man is this good natured Bechtelheimer of ours. In his spare moments he does literary work, and has been known to do a little trackwork both on the cinder path and over on the North Western.



A. E. Bechtelheimer

WILLIAM DEE BEISELL--"Sandy"

Traer, Iowa

Scrubs ('04), Junior Class Team

Civil Engineering

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

Sometimes taken for an Ag. Has quite a pull with "Stanty." General Lincoln's instructions had no effect on "Sandy's" walk. Swell dancer. A hot air merchant of no mean ability. Never thinks of himself. Works (?) in Pittsburg in vacation.



W. D. Beisell



GEORGE RAY BOYD--"Boydie"

Red Oak, Iowa

Bachelor, Six-footer, Bomb-board
Wears a Foot-ball "R"

Civil Engineering

"Women inspire us to do great things but prevent us from carrying them out."--*Ali Baba.*

A big fellow and a mighty one on the "Scrubs." Flirts shockingly. Quite a jollier, but makes others think he is sincere. Says "Force" is responsible for his brawn and muscle. Able to pass up "Phiz" without an automobile. Stands in with the Prof., but studies just the same.



Geo. R. Boyd.



EARL FRANKLIN BRIDGES--"Swede"

Oskaloosa, Iowa

Played end on Class Foot Ball Team

Civil Engineering

"I'm a sport, and every time I spit, I spit a brick."--*Nick Carter.*

His term in Prof. Wenner's fire company expired this year, but, under pressure, he has consented to remain with Prof. Wenner another year.



E. F. Bridges



FRANK FERDINAND EMIL BROWN--"Brownie," "Fattie"

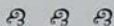
West Side, Iowa

Class Foot-ball ('04)

Civil Engineering

"I would that thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought.—*Shakespeare*

Quiet and reserved, but of a happy disposition. A hard worker at any thing he undertakes. Seldom fails to make a gain when he gets the ball.



Frank F. E. Brown

GUY RANDOLPH CAMPBELL

Manilla, Iowa.

Civil Engineering

"An honest man is the noblest work of God,"—*Burns*.

"Guy R." once lived on a farm. Too conscientious for I. S. C. A chronic growler. E. and M. Shark. Has never been in Margaret Hall—not yet. Completely wore out his prayer beads last summer while wading swamps. Eminent authority on "Iowa Lake Beds," also on "Muskrats and Mud Hens." Don't believe it? Ask "Dingle."



Guy R. Campbell



GEORGE SCOTT CHILES--"Divy."

Clarinda, Iowa

Reserves ('02)

Dutch Band

Class Track Team ('02-3-4)

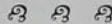
Mechanical Engineering

"None but himself can be his parallel."--*Theobald.*

A boy without a forward disposition. Has known the ice wagon but is now bending his energies to become master of an engine. Likes to spend Sunday evenings down town.



G. S. Chiles



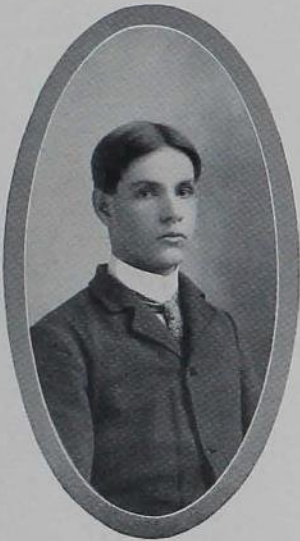
CARL WILLIAM CLEMENTS--"Clem," "Abraham Lincoln the [Second]"

Ames, Iowa

Mechanical Engineer

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

Mr. Clements has usually done his part, has a very intimate knowledge of the boiler room to which he owes his education. Incidentally, he likes apples and has a traveling acquaintance with the top of Number 10.



C. W. Clements



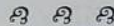
LESLIE E. COATES

Eagle Grove, Iowa

Electrical Engineering

"It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood"

Coates made his start by volunteering to work a problem in Physics and then, contrary to all expectations, failing in the attempt. Has the faculty of worrying the professors with many perplexing questions.



Leslie E. Coates

DON HARRY COGSWELL--"Peesley No. 1," "Nawthin' doin'"

Le Roy, Minn.

Electrical Engineering

"His very foot has music in't as he comes up the stairs.--" *W. J. Mickle.*

Loves his wife, Weise. Of great service to the '06s as an international spy during the painting stunts of the '07s. Never lifts his feet, says the duck. Quit drill as the new drill required the feet to be lifted four inches from the ground. Says horse shoes are lucky. Likes Descript.



Don H. Cogswell.

MEMORIAL

WALTER BELT COLE,—“Walt.”

Ames, Iowa

Mining Engineering

“It is not that I love you less
Than when before your feet I lay,
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.”—Walter.

Has flunked five terms of campus lab. Almost a hopeless case. Took the short course in 1905 (after dark).



W. B. Cole.

❧ ❧ ❧

HARRY EDMOND COTTON—“Rip,” “Cot.”

Cedar Falls, Iowa

Noit Avrats

Varsity Base Ball Team (03-04)

Civil Engineering

“To live, to love, to be glad, give and be given.”

Harry came to us from the Normal, and rightly did he do so, for, one glance will convince you that he has the making of an engineer in him, and that he is not a ladies' man. A confidential backer, especially of “Yank” and “Monk.”



H. E. Cotton.



WILLIAM DRENNAN ELWOOD - "Bill." "Whittie"

Sac City, Iowa.

Noit Avrats, F. F. F.,

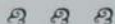
Assistant Foot Ball Manager ('03),

Foot Ball Manager ('04), Bomb Board

Electrical Engineering

"Wisdom he has and to his wisdom courage."

The same old Bill all of the time. Fond of his banjo. Never known to accept a statement without its proof. Although he blushes profusely it is not from bashfulness.



W.D. Elwood

MORRIS IRWIN EVINGER—"Evy."

Ames, Iowa

Gamma Alpha

Bachelor

Civil Engineering

"True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun" - Barton Booth

A quiet chap of the manliest kind. Likes hard work but never falls in love with Astronomy or E. and M. Too unlucky to flunk the latter. A loyal Bachelor, yet doesn't object to an occasional "mix."



M.I. Evinger



CLARENCE HENRY FORD

Estherville, Iowa.

Welch.

Class Track Team ('03)

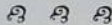
Civil Engineering

"With necktie bright and happy smile
He goes his weekly call to make."

A steady boy is Ford. Six days does he labor and do all his work, so who cares
if he goes visiting on Sunday evenings.



C. H. Ford.



WALTER LOUIS FOSTER—"Walt."

Agency, Iowa

Class Play, Reserves ('04)

Class Track Team ('04)

Civil Engineering

"Ruined again," a pet expression.

"The better part of valour is discretion."—Shakespeare.

As evidence of his fear of proctors he wears a scarred nose. An Eng. VI grafter, chess fiend and football enthusiast. He even does society stunts occasionally—going after the mail on moonlight nights. As a side issue he took in the short course last winter. A good fellow is "Wally"



W. L. Foster



WILBUR LEIGH FULTON

Crescent Literary Society Fairfield, Iowa Civil Engineering

Single, but thinks he really has some prospects. Hopes to acquire fame either as a cement tester or as a section hand. The cause of his wonderful celebrity is that he once classified '05. A man of great experience in the backwoods.



W. L. Fulton

HARRY LESLIE FURROW. — "Curly"

Class Football Team ('04) Tripoli, Iowa Civil Engineering

"These are times which try men's souls." — Paine.

Calls "Fat" the "Kid." Another of the Underground Railroad Surveyors. When everything goes well he is of a jovial disposition, otherwise ———. Became a football enthusiast in days of Cole House club team. Started out in life to be a pedagogue, but changing his mind he left Cedar Falls and began his career here as a "civil."



H. L. Furrow



RAY ARCHIE FURROW—"Fat."

Tripoli, Iowa

Class Football ('04)

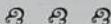
Civil Engineering

"He was a man, take him all for all.
I shall not look on his like again.—Shakespeare.

Has a fondness for taking the pig skin under his arm and smashing the opposing line. In ordinary society, however, he is perfectly harmless. He commonly wears a goodnatured expression on his broad countenance and is content to take things as they come.



R. A. Furrow



HARLEY JOSEPH GOULD—"Harley," "Jay"

New Sharon, Iowa

Bachelor, Bomb Board,

Class President ('04)

Lecture Committee ('04, '05)

Civil Engineering

"So wise, so young; they say do ne'er live long."

He believes in the strenuous life. He works hard, studies hard, plays hard. Even loafs hard when he is at it, and can waste more time in half an hour than most people can in twice that long. Is something of a ladies' man, and is especially good at trading for pennants which sometimes have initials on them.



Harley J. Gould



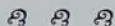
ROBERT SHERIDEN GOULDEN—"Bob."

Council Bluffs, Iowa

Mechanical Engineering

"The palpable obscure."—*Milton*

The man who looked forward to the Junior Trot as the night of initiation into the mysteries of Campus Lab. Works hard but has no love for Deutsch.



Robt. S. Goulden

HARRY WOY GRAY—"Dolly"

T. L. B., Bachelor
Bomb Board

Sioux City, Iowa

Civil Engineering

"Yet she, being coy, would not believe
That he did love her so."—*Shakespeare.*

Too pious for an engineer. Never "ponied" in a Phys. exam. Tall but condescending. Good natured and too innocent to see a joke. Harry likes to help his "friend" hunt diamonds when on hay rack parties to Nevada. He is now thinking of changing from an I. S. C.-E. to a Nebraska Ag.



H. W. Gray



OSCAR EUGENE GUIBERT—"Oh Gee!"

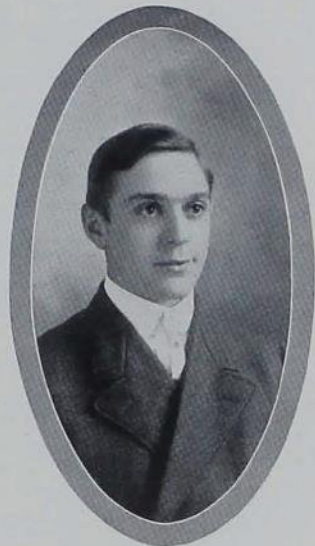
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Civil Engineering

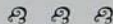
Called "Gibbert," "Geebert," "Gubear," by the Profs. Known as the jumping-jack" by the Sophs. Water boy for the Juniors.

"'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild." *Wm. Collins.*

An unanalyzed compound of kinetic and potential energy. Came west to get civilized. He sparks sometimes. Does "stunts" to a finish. Frequently found on the campus after hours. Has a pull with the C. E. Dept.



O. E. Guibert.



HARRY B. HANSEN—"Happy"

Stacyville, Iowa

Mechanical Engineering

"'E'en to be happy is a dangerous thing."—*Earl of Sterling.*

One of Pete's specials is Dutch. Claims to have no middle name. He can relate numerous strange experiences of the time he spent in the Osage Seminary. Always sees the humorous side of things.



Harry B. Hansen

THE NEW WASEMA



HENRY M. HANSSEN—"Heinie," "Whitie"

Bachelor

Carroll, Iowa

Civil Engineering

"For rhetoric he could not ope his mouth, but out there flew a trope."—*Samuel Butler*.

A jolly good fellow. Never gets sore. Has wonderful control of language. Would make a good mate on a Mississippi packet. Not a Swede. A bachelor now, but not for long. Has a copyright on the smile that wont come off. Lost in Des Moines one night after the football game.

Henry M. Hanssen

❧ ❧ ❧

ERNEST NYE HARRIS—"Ernie"

Tri Serp., F. F. F.

Montezuma, Iowa

Bomb Board

Mechanical Engineer

"My mind she has mated and amazed my sight; I think, but dare not speak."—*Shakespeare*.

"Tidy Teddy keeps his clothes so clean." Never leaves his room without a clean collar. Has a wonderful stand-in with the girls. Taking special work in campus lab. Shoveled snow once for the Tri Serps. Seldom works harder than necessary. Too quiet to amount to much.



Ernest N. Harris



CLYDE ANDREW HEBERLING—"Heb."

Atalissa, Iowa

Phileutheroid

Class Track Team

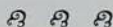
Civil Engineering

"A scorn for falsehood and a zeal for truth."—Pope.

A hard worker, a good student, respected by all. Were we all like him, E. and M. exams would have no terrors.



C. A. Heberling



L. L. Hidinges

LEROY LEMAYNE HIDINGER—"Hi."

Prescott, Iowa

Bachelor, Class President ('03)

Captain '06 Football Team

Bomb Board, Sophomore Play

Civil Engineering

"To football lore, what's Physics, or Political Economy."—Anon.

"Hi" is one of the most enthusiastic of the '06's. He is always so busy that he has forgotten how to be cheerful. Holds a captain's commission for "Prep" military drill.

"Our pride is not so much that we have won the crown (sweaters), but that the power to win it is ours."



LYNN S. ICKIS - "Ick."

Class Football Team ('04)

Creston, Iowa

Electrical Engineering

"Aint he a wise old owl?"

A generous, good hearted fellow. Much sought after by his classmates when extra problems in Mechanics are assigned. Ick and his brains will some day become great.



Lynn S. Ickis

JOHN WILLIAM JOHNSTON - "Johnny"

Marshalltown, Iowa

F. F. F., Dutch Band

Noit, Bomb Board, Class Treasurer

Civil Engineering

"This life is all a fleeting show,
And soon grim death will jerk us.
So, let's be happy as we go,
And all enjoy the circus."

Mr. Johnston has a very weak voice, which is a great source of annoyance to him. However he has so far recovered as to be able to play a little Junior football and can make "dat good moosick" when assisted by Si Plunkett's Orkestry. He can also break a few mandolin strings.



J. W. Johnston



FRANK ARTHUR JOHNSON—"Johnnie"

Marcus, Iowa

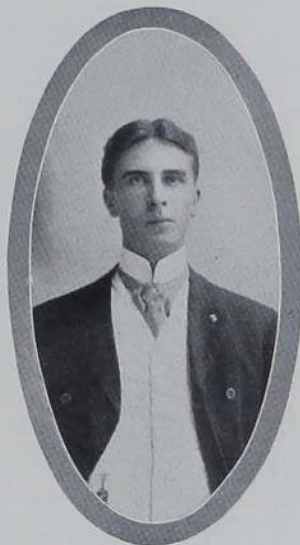
Class Baseball ('04)

Captain in the Cadets

Electrical Engineering

Company! Attention! Right Dress!!!

Blue coats and brass buttons look good to F. Arthur. He may be a second "General" some day. He has something of a "rep." in baseball. It is believed that his talk about calling on a D. T. girl is all a bluff.



F. Arthur Johnson

❧ ❧ ❧

EDWIN NICHOLAS JORY—"Sleepy," "Piper," "Jory"

Galva, Iowa

Junior Football Team

Chaplain Angelic Seven

Electrical Engineering

"His study was but little on the Bible." *Chorus.*

The son of a minister. Specializing in English VI. Generally found asleep. Thinks much of Ames High School girls. Talks about "H E R" while sleeping in other fellow's dives. Can tell a Prep with his eyes shut. A great "piper." Badly affected by the environment.



Edwin N. Jory

THE NEWSPAPER



GUY R. KENNY "Irish."

Storm Lake, Iowa

Electrical Engineering

"None but himself can be his parallel."—Theobald.

Wears the green on St. Patrick's Day. Would have been an Irishman had he not been born in this country. Expends his excessive energy in class football and in defending his native land. Expected to let Campus Lab slide till his senior year, but was lucky at the Junior Trot, and has changed his mind.

G. R. Kenny.



GEORGE W. KIMBALL "Frank," "Jim"

Waterloo, Iowa

Mechanical Engineering

"I don't care what teacher says.
I can't do that sum."—Babes in Toyland.

George Washington hails from the "factory city." He says he never told a lie but when he had a hatchet in his hand. If all saints were made like him we'd never long for "There." Phys. and Drill are no longer his friends.



Geo. W. Kimball



MATTHEW LEANDER KING—"Mat"

Ames, Iowa

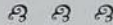
Bachelor, Athletic Council

Mechanical Engineering

Notwithstanding his literary affiliations, "Mat" is married and of course he married a Clio. Instructor in carpenter shop. Architect of the new training shed. A hard student and a fine fellow. We are proud of our "King."



M L King



WALTER HENRY KNOX—"Knoxie"

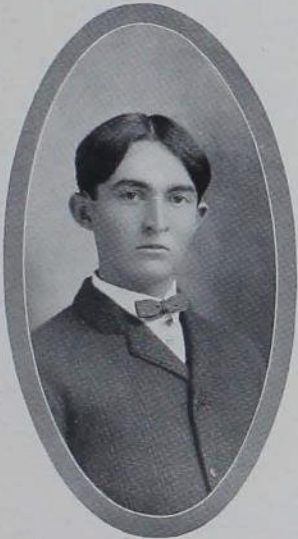
Marcus, Iowa

F. F. F.

Mechanical Engineering

"Let's make a sketch"

Very fixed in his opinions and not afraid to state them. Claims a Mechanical Engineer's equipment consists of a "Kent," a pocket slide rule, a steel scale and a fountain pen. An ambitious fellow, who no doubt will become famous for his pen sketches. Seldom does any society stunts, especially *not* at Margaret Hall. Said to have cold feet.



Walter H. Knox



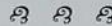
ORLANDO LESLIE LE FEVER—"Ollie"

Hampton, Iowa

Electrical Engineering

Dispatch is the soul of business."—*Chesterfield.*

One of Hampton's representatives. Knows a good thing when he sees it. Enjoys his work, but takes little stock in English. Follows his inclinations.



O. L. Le Fever

HERBERT AUSTIN LATHROP—"Herb."

Estherville, Iowa

Civil Engineering

Welch

"A wise head makes a close mouth"

He is of a very practical turn of mind. Yet for good old fashioned star gazing his equal is not to be found. At least so say the astronomy people.



H. A. Lathrop



OSCAR EDWIN LUNGREN—"Oyster," "O. E.," "Lundy"

Gowrie, Iowa

Philomathean

Y. M. C. A. Pianist

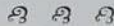
Mechanical Engineering

"Villain and he are many miles asunder."—*Shakespeare.*

The opportunity of a lifetime, Mister. Our views are the latest. They possess the new patent platino finish, and combine with the highest degree of art, the most lasting qualities of any goods on the market. "Oyster" is a combination of lofty ambitions and a jovial good nature. He carries a studious look, but grins luminously when his pet name is mentioned.



O. E. Lungren.



RAY A. LYMAN—"Rusty Ananias."

Oskaloosa, Iowa

Varsity Football Squad ('03 and '04)

Sigma Nu.

Civil Engineering

Has to fold up his ears to walk. Worked for an "Honor" in Wannerism, and succeeded in drawing a "Pass." Has very pretty, curly, red hair. Principal virtue—"Never Overworks." Principal Fault, "Lazy."



Ray A. Lyman



IRA PETER MABIE—"Ike."

Mason City, Iowa

Varsity Football, Sigma Nu
Bomb Board

Mechanical Engineering

"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."—*Goldsmith.*

One of the prominent men in the Football squad. Known by all and liked by all who know him. Being in the downtown fraternity he enjoys a good time along with the rest.



I. P. Mabie

WILLIAM ARCHIE MARSDEN—"Tub."

Columbus Junction, Iowa

Class Football Team ('04)

Electrical Engineering

"Thou wouldst be great; art not without ambition, but without the illness should attend it."
—*Shakespeare*

Though a Junior he is still a boy. Would rather play than work. Never rushes to classes. "Jonny on the Spot" when there's something doing. Never seen at Chapel except at mass meetings. His voice is quite a factor in rooting at football and baseball games. His ideal does not live at Mag. Hall.



W. A. Marsden



WAYNE DICKSON MAXWELL—"Max," "Mack."

Bomb Board

Des Moines, Iowa

Civil Engineering

"I am not any social star.
But then, within my certain knowledge,
Like me, unknown to fame, there are
Some eleven hundred men in college."—*Anon.*

One of those quiet unassuming, serious fellows, who take life dreadfully in earnest. Is a faithful attendant at East Des Moines High football games. Why (?) A good student (so they say), and liked by all who *know* him.



W.D. Maxwell

❖ ❖ ❖

EARL KNOX McCONNELL—"Blondy," "Mac,"

Noit Avrats

Des Moines, Iowa

Civil Engineering

"But thou bringest valour, too, and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit."

A patronizer of good times. One of the famous party of engineers that surveyed the great overhead sewerage system and is still living, though much broken down in health.



E. K. McConnell

NEWASEM



CHARLES MECHLIN McCORMICK—"Cholly," "Mac."

Memorial Society Tipton, Iowa, Electrical Engineering

"While there is life there is still hope, he cried."—Gay.

A good fellow. Is always in on everything that happens among the boys. Has good faith in the prospects of tomorrow. Procrastination and he are on good terms.

❧ ❧ ❧

C. M. McCormick

HERBERT AUSTIN McCUNE—"Mac," "Herbie."

Sergeant in Cummins Rifles Ames, Iowa Electrical Engineering

"When I did well I heard it never,
When I did ill I heard it ever."

An outspoken youth who doesn't mean all he says. Is usually to be found hard at work trying to fix up something or other which has gone wrong. If there's anything he takes especial delight in it's "hepping" with the special "preps."



H. A. McCune.

MEWASEM



GEORGE FRANCIS McEWEN—"Bird Centre Mac." "Gloomy Gus."

Manchester, Iowa

Civil Engineering

"A very unclubable man."—*Johnson.*

Naturally given to close study. He dreams calc. he thinks calc. he talks calc. Lately become rich, having gone in partnership with Money. Very particular who uses his notes in lab. One of the "great underground railroad" surveyors, on which trip he registered from Bird Centre, Ill.



Geo. F. McEwen.



ANDREW HENSINGTON McGREGOR "Andy."

Rockford, Ill.

Mechanical Engineering

"Ye shall know him afar."

"Andy" is not a society man, but a thorough student. The greatest dissipation he allows himself is the attendance at chapel once a term. Has light hair, which the girls all claim is artificially curled.

Andrew H. Mac An got



ROBERT W. McPHERSON—"Issey," "Tis," "Mac," "Bob."

Council Bluffs, Iowa

Junior Football Team
Dragons

Civil Engineering

"No more: where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."—*Thos. Gray.*

A winner. The Holmes Club goat. Much admired by down-town girls. Thinks lots of "Hello" girls. Has a system patented by which it is possible to pass up Chem in two terms. The system does not work in Library. Does not eat fudges, and has never been seen at a "joint reception."



R. W. McPherson

HARRY MAYNARD MILLER—"H. M." "Milly," "Ike."

Council Bluffs, Iowa

Bomb Board, Bugler

Mechanical Engineering

"Dark but excessively bright."—*Milton.*

A boy from Bluffs, but he never uses them. One who believes that the artist's "pen is mightier than the sword." Would almost as soon draw pictures as smoke, even if his "Frau" furnishes the "makins." Enjoys playing tennis on a court cleaned by youthful and inexperienced students.



Harry M. Miller



PAUL BERTOLET MILLER—"Peg"

Des Moines, Iowa

F. F. F., Noit, Bomb Board
Ringer of the Chimes

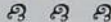
Civil Engineering

"How soft the music of the campus bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on."—*Cowper.*

Mr. Miller has never committed any deeds of blood, yet the tribe have elected him chief for this our best term. He is inclined to be quiet, yet he usually sees what is going on in the neighborhood. Mr. Miller is preparing a rather extensive system of testimonials regarding the merits of certain brands of Hair Restorer.



Paul B. Miller



McHENRY MOSIER—"Mac."

Des Moines, Iowa

Phileutheroi, Gamma Alpha
College Orchestra

Mining Engineering

"Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps."—*Shakespeare.*

"The red-headed boy that plays the violin." He's a jolly good fellow and loves a "huge joke." A great lover of E. and M. Says that "Bugs" never saw such a ——— fault as he gives in his problems. A champion of the mixed literary society, and a pronounced favorite on geology excursions.



Mac Mosier.



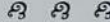
FREDRICK BIXBY MONEY

Humboldt, Iowa

Civil Engineering

"Money is the root of all evil."

Has had a varied experience, getting his start in life, as a London newsboy. S. U. I. is partially responsible for his learning. Keeps Bachelor Hall, but is seeking a housekeeper. A good student, and one the girls should be glad to get, if they want money.



F. B. Money.

HARRY IRVIN MOORE—"Chub," "H. I.," "Stuffy," "Harry"

Hedrick, Iowa

Bachelor, Declamatory Contest ('04)

Class President ('04), Sergeant-at-Arms ('05)

Gamma Alpha, Oratorical Council

Sophomore Play, Bomb Board

Civil Engineering

"Matie wants little here below,
They tell us o'er and o'er;
But just the little that she wants
Is just a little "Moore!"—Anon.

Very popular at Margaret Hall. Portrait graces Gamma Alpha dining-room.
Anxious to please every one.



H. I. Moore



MAXIMILIAN NELSON—"Max," "Maxie," "Millie"

Pomeroy, Iowa

Class Football ('04)
'06 Baseball Team

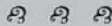
Electrical Engineering

"A lad of mettle."—*Shakespeare.*

He is a quiet fellow, but he evidently thinks a lot, for he says he would like to exchange photos with all the Junior girls. Perhaps this is why he so often has a melancholy look on his face. Made a reputation for himself in class football last fall, and has had a reputation as a good student for a good while.



Max Nelson



HENRY VINTON NYE—"Bill"

Nevada, Iowa

Mechanical Engineering

"Who are a little wise the best fools be."—*Donne.*

A preacher's son, who thinks he has not gone far wrong. With him the world goes on very uniformly, except when his temper jumps the tracks—then don't say anything.



Henry V. Nye.

ME WAS EM



KARL RANDALL OGDEN—"Oggie," "Prep," "Og"

Pythian, Oratorical Council New Sharon, Iowa Electrical Engineering

"Modestly bold."—*Pope.*

A good Duffer, except in English. Roughhousing and dancing his greatest pleasures. Said by the girls to be nery. Life at the college becoming too strenuous, he moved down town. Enjoys flinch in some crowds. Generally can tell where fudges are cooling.

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Karl R. Ogden.

RAY R. PALMER—"Bienny"

Right End on the Scrubs ('04) Tripoli, Iowa Civil Engineering

This youth succeeded in passing up Phys. the first time he tried. An advertisement of his pony will be found in the advertising section. Favorite motto:

$\frac{R^I}{c} = M$



R. R. Palmer



JAMES WILLIAM PATCH—"Dan," "Jimmie"

Perry, Iowa

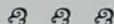
Electrical Engineering

"Spreading himself like a green bay tree."—*Psalms*.

A man well modeled after his own mind. Never allows the strings of his purse to become slack under any conditions. Good enough to come forth in athletic events. "I'm getting tired of working."



J.W. Patch



Carl A. Peterson

CARL AUGUST PETERSON—"Pete"

Red Oak, Iowa

Philomathean, Student Staff
Bomb Board

Electrical Engineering

"Gladly would he learn and gladly teach"—*Chaucer*.

This is "Pete." Lays claim to eighteen years of age, but acts as though he were sixteen. Teaches the young Preps to shout "auf Deutsch."



MAX ALBERT PISHEL—"Dutch"

Laurel, Iowa

Mining Engineering

"Du bist wie eine Blume."—Schiller.

From his name you might take him to be Irish, but not when you look upon his face, for he is Teutonic all over—good natured, diligent, and of sterling character. At the age of fifteen he landed in this country, his first words being, "Wo ist ein weimer-wurst." Thus early did he show his liking for E. and M.



Max P. Pishel

JOHN HENRY PLITT—"Jonnie."

Wapello, Iowa

Civil Engineering

Welch

"Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer."

Jonnie went to Iowa Wesleyan for a while, but thought an M. E. school didn't suit him, so came to I. S. C. to join the quiet, well-behaved (?) class of '06 Civils. He and "Stew" work well together on field parties. He's all bustle, Jonnie is. Wise but easily embarrassed.



John Plitt.



WALTER EDWARD REULING—"Walter"

Muscatine, Iowa

Phileleutheroi, Subject of a King
Machine Shop Instructor

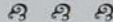
Mechanical Engineering

"How sad he looks! Sure, he is much afflicted."—*Anon.*

Not so bashful as he seems. His trump is the King of Hearts. Passed up campus Lab. in a term and a half with an "honor." An engineer, yet he overstepped all previous bounds and impartially gave his time to the science of Bacteriology.



W. E. Reuling



FRANK THOMAS ROWAT—"Pike"

Des Moines, Iowa

Bachelor, Glee Club

Electrical Engineering

"By Heck, on the square, ain't that a beaner!"—*Ibid.*

Through his sweet lips the music flows
Like honey and, sure, "Daddy" knows
Enough to place him on his band
Of seraphs without wings who stand
Before us on the Sabbath days
And soothe our hearts with solemn lays.



Frank T. Rowat.



WALTER GUY RUBEL—"Rube," "Walley"

Ames, Iowa

Phileleutheroi,

Class Football ('04)

Electrical Engineering

"In mirth, that after no repenting draws."—*Milton*

This is Rube, and every one knows he has an eye open for fun at all times. Has not as yet made any strong ventures at the Hall, but says he's going to soon. "Ach Ja, we'll go at it."



Walter G. Rubel

ARTHUR LEVERETT SANFORD—"Sammy."

Council Bluffs, Iowa

Mechanical Engineering

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED

My Publisher, "The Ames Times"

Height, Under 8 feet.

Weight, over 10 pounds.

Complexion, "Sandy"

Size of Hat,	10 1-32	Size of Gloves	4 1-64
" Hose,	9 1-2	" collar	12 1-8
" Shoes,	12 3-8	" coat	26 even
" Pants,	28 by 61	" Under clothes one size Larger than suit	

"By his works ye shall know him."

Stenographer
 Chapel Usher
 Member Bata Allics
 Member Welch Soc.
 Sec'y Spanish War Vets.
 Member Y. M. C. A.
 Member 6 foot club
 Bus. mgr. Student

Bus. Mgr. '06 Bomb
 captain Special co.
 Major 2nd Battalion
 Mem. Orat. Assoc.
 " Debating league
 2nd Base 6 foot Ball Club



A. L. Sanford



EDWARD AGNEW SAYRE—"Eddie," "Banty"

Perry, Iowa

Phileutheroi, Five-Footer

Debating League, Sophomore Play

Mining Engineering

"He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit."—*Shakespeare.*

"Clever, witty and wise; that is Eddie." Very fond of cake. One of the committee men of the college. Travels extensively during vacations. He weighs just one-two-thousandth of a milligram.



E. A. Sayre



ERNEST LOUIS SECOR

Melbourne, Iowa

Philomathean

Electrical Engineering

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."—*Colman.*

A knocker on the Profs. Says much quite seldom. A hard worker, having no time for society stunts, believing good lessons to be more important. Inclined to look on the more serious side of life.



E. L. Secor.

MEWASEM



FRED M. SLOANE—"Tod"

McGregor, Iowa

Dragons

Civil Engineering

"Content to let the world wag on as it will."

Tod was ever a quiet boy. He studies enough to pass up his work, and lets some more ambitious person do the grandstand work. In society he doesn't aspire as high as some of his brother Dragons.



F. M. Sloane

GEORGE HAROLD STEWART—"Stew," Here !!!

Packwood, Iowa

Civil Engineering

"Gives his thoughts no tongue."—*Shakespeare.*

On George Harold's shoulders sits as wise a head as ever a man owned, but it does take him so long to say things. However, give him time and he'll be there at the finish. Society is too brisk for him.



Geo. H. Stewart.



CHARLEY GROSS THROCKMORTON—"C. Gross,"

Chariton, Iowa

["Throck," "Doc"]

Bachelor, Varsity Football ('01, '02)

Class Athletic Manager ('04)

Electrical Engineering

"His hair just grizzled, as in green old age."—*Dryden*.

C. stands for Count. Throck believes in Co-education, and sometime hopes to be able to free Poland. He's wonderfully and fearfully endowed with a tiny deep-seated voice. He loves to work reforms, and dreams of reward in a land as fair as a boiled shirt from The Des Moines Laundry. There he'll whisper (?) "Here." "Nuff said."



Charley Throckmorton



GEORGE WARREN TINSLEY—"Dink Potts," "My Own Little

[Dinky Dink," "Tink," "Tinny"]

Ames, Iowa

Class Track Team ('04)

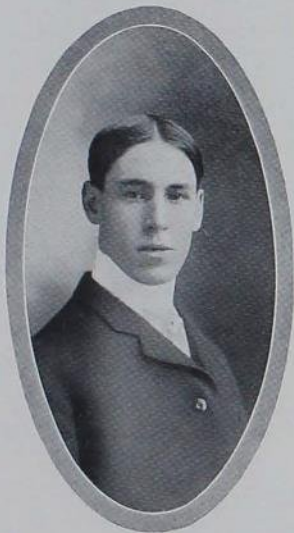
"Motor Dodger's" Football Team

Dutch Band, F. F. F.

Mechanical Engineering

"With songs and dance we celebrate the day."—*Dryden*.

George starred in "Because I Love You." Professor of Dancology, instructing "Preps" in "Mysteries of the Light Fantastic." Has had varied and exciting experiences in this line of work, especially on Saturday afternoons.



George W. Tinsley

ME WAS EM



PAUL BRITTEN TRACY - "The Bandit," "Mamma's Darling,"
Ames, Iowa ["Cornerstone Tracy"]
Mining Engineering

"He only lacked some vices to be perfect."—*Madame Sevigne*

Government locator (?) of cornerstones. Hero of the Miners' Summer Camp of '04. Currently reported to have discovered a cornerstone 257 feet below the surface in a mine near Boone. Has never been in love.

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Paul B. Tracy

CARROLL INGRAHAM WARREN - "Six."

Ames, Iowa

Bachelor

Track Team ('03), Debating League

Civil Engineering

"Of easy temper, naturally good."—*Dryden*.

Carroll was a very quiet boy. Has "cut out" the girls on general principles. Says he doesn't enjoy "stand around" receptions and joint programs. A Bachelor, all wool and a yard wide.



C. I. Warren.



LEO CARL WAY

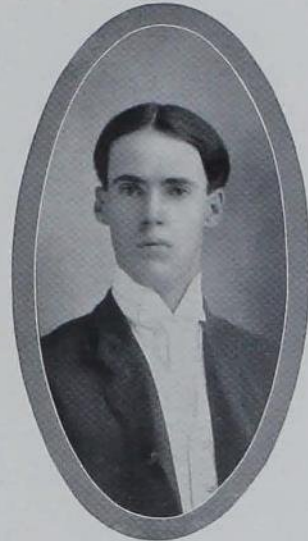
Bachelor Debating Society

Carson, Iowa

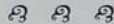
Mechanical Engineering

"Learning, thy talent is, but mine is sense."—*Prior*.

Laundry magnate. Closely associated with No-Count. Believes in himself and only himself. Sometimes wise but generally otherwise. Unusually happy on excursion days. Is usually satisfied with the letters he receives from her.



L. C. Way.



Alfred M. Weise.

ALFRED MILES WEISE—"Peesley No. 2"

Le Roy, Minn.

Electrical Engineering

"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause of wit in other people."—*Shakespeare*.

Sometimes called "Weesley" to distinguish him from his twin "Peesley No. 1." Cogswell's assistant in all important matters. Father of Time—slips In love with his instructors—especially those of the shops. Played baseball on the '06 team. Keeps Margaret Hall warm. Talks continually, but says nothing. His highest ambition is to get his instructors bawled up.



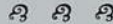
JOHN WICHMANN—"Dose"

Davenport, Iowa

Electrical Engineering

"How very sad it is to think.
Our quiet, thoughtful brother,
Should have his head upon one end,
His feet upon the other."—*ANON.*

This man who seldom says a word has been able to tear up great holes in the Varsity by his scrub efforts. While he can easily get "through" yet strange to say he is always full "back."



John Wichmann

LAURENCE JOHN WILKINSON—"Wilky"

Milford, Iowa

Crescent

Normal Debate ('03)

Mechanical Engineering

"As when some writer in a public cause,
His pen to save a nation draws,
While all is still his argument prevails."—*Pope.*

This man has taught school, has clerked in a store, has been a book agent and has seen the greater part of the routine of life, therefore we predict success for him. He doesn't "stunt" very much any more.



L. J. Wilkinson



THOMAS RICE WILLIAMS "Tommie," "Willie"

Sutherland, Iowa

Phileleutheroi

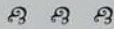
Electrical Engineering

"Oh, how full of briars is this weary world of ours."

Tommy has more trouble than any other man in the "institootion." His pleasures are few. He dances when he gets a chance, and he enjoys the society of girls. Fourteen is a lucky number with him. Best of all, he likes to have his friends stack his dive with him at the bottom of the pile.



Thos. R. Williams.



LAWRENCE WAYNE WILSON

Denmark, Iowa

Welch Literary Society

Mechanical Engineering

Glee Club

Came to I. S. C. as beginning Prep and has nearly caught up with his class. Assists the choir to drown the organ every Sunday morning. Is thinking of taking up Phys. Lab. as a vocation.



L. W. Wilson.



LUCIAN GEORGE WRIGHT—"L. G."

Chariton, Iowa

Civil Engineering

"He makes a solitude and calls it—peace."—Byron

Quiet as a monk. Dark—"but behind the cloud the sun's still shining."
"Nothin' to say," yet has a splendid vocabulary when he goes in over his high
boots in a swamp. Would rather wade a pond ten feet deep than enter Margaret
Hall alone. An ex-Calc and Phyz fiend, yet still remains quite passive.



L. G. Wright

ARTHUR HATCH WYMAN "Art"

Des Moines, Iowa

Noit Avrats

Mechanical Engineering

"As we journey through life let us live by the way."

A quiet sort of a lad. Never allows himself to get appreciably excited over
anything. Likes to dance and to go to Margaret Hall.



A. H. Wyman

SCIENCE





H. L. Doty

HARLEM LINN DOTY—"M. C. L." "Beaumont"

Webster City, Iowa

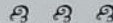
Crescent, Class Football ('04)

General Agent Beaumont Laundry

Science

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."—*Shaw*

A lad of vast ambitions. He does considerable society work, is something of an orator, and can do hard studying when necessary. Is a Napoleon in laundry business and what's more, isn't afraid to call at Margaret Hall on occasions. Has even been known to journey far out toward the setting sun on a society stunt.



JENNIE CHRISTENE FEDSON

St. Ansgar, Iowa

President Y. W. C. A.

Clio, S. S., Bomb Board

Declamatory Contest ('04)

General and Domestic Science

"So well to know

Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."—*Milton*.

A fair young woman of the nobler sort. Has an earnest desire to make a success of all she undertakes, and usually does it. Always wears auburn, but combined with a cool, calm nature, is very becoming. Always works hard but is never "grouchy." Holds two positions on the Bomb Board.



Jennie C. Fedson

NEW ASEM



MELISSA GENEVIEVE FLYNN—"Millie," "Pat"

Postville, Iowa

C. O. B., Phileutheroi
Basket Ball, I. F.
Class Secretary

Science

"Hair was bright red, and her eyes were dull blue,
And her cheeks were so freckled,
They looked like the speckled
Wild lilies that down in the meadow-land grew."
—Anon

"Millie" is a hard worker. The strenuous life of an older sister has shadowed her otherwise merry disposition. Her grades all require a telescope to see 3:25.

"It is only good children the angels call fair."



Millie G. Flynn.

~ ~ ~

EDITH ALBERTA FRASEUR

Tipton, Iowa

S. S., Clio, Sophomore Play
Bomb Board
Captain of Fire Company on third floor,
Margaret Hall

General and Domestic Science

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair." —Tennyson.

She is full of talent, enthusiasm and fun. She is a friend worth having at all times. She is interested in all athletics, particularly in football, but I can't "Tell-i-er" why.



Edith Fraseur.

ME WAS EM



MARY EDITH GEORGE—"Ich"

Ames, Iowa

General and Domestic Science

"A foot more light, a step more true
Ne'er from the hearth flower danced the dew."

Studies German, thinks in German and dreams in German. A pensive maid.
Blond, with many admirers. Works hard, but likes a good time.

Edith George

❧ ❧ ❧

FLOY ETHEL GREER

Ames, Iowa

General and Domestic Science

"My sister, thou art one of us, be proud."—Mrs. Browning.

Her life and actions are shrouded in mystery. There is nothing she likes quite
so well as a "Hunt" in the vicinity of the "Vet" Barn.



Floy E. Greer



GEORGE BOARDMAN GUTHRIE—"Guthriewiski"

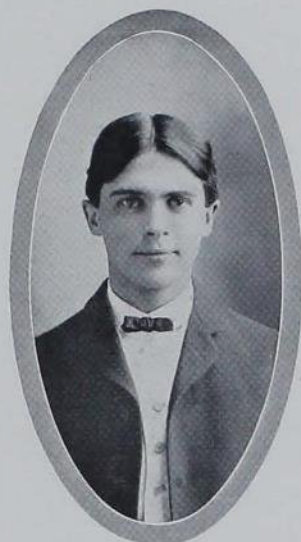
Winthrop, Iowa

Glee Club, Bachelor,
Oratorical Contest ('04)

Science

"Cheerily, then, my little man, live and laugh, as boyhood can."

Chief entertainer for short course students. Stantie's errand boy. Witty and sarcastic. Continually smiling. At what? Nobody knows. Never misses a botanical excursion. Has more ability in running down Preps than any ten Sophs. Gets sore—sometimes. Great spicler. Used to blink one eye continually in elocution.



Gro. B. Guthrie.



MAE LYDIA JACKSON—"Hunky"

Wood River, Nebraska

Clio, Bomb Board, Iota Theta
Sophomore Class Play

Science

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Loves I. S. C. because of its broad campus and pretty shady lanes. Returns early to school and enjoys a visit with Dr. and Mrs. Cessna. Becomes the stage, yet looks "cuter" and loves better to go on a geology excursion. Sometimes gets home before 9:30.



Mae L. Jackson.

THE NEW ASSEMBLY



OLLA VICTORIA JOHNSON—"Toots." "Hun"

Ames, Iowa

General and Domestic Science

"Precious things come in small packages."

Johnnie is a modest, gentle little maid; yet, despite her quiet disposition, she is not without many friends. "To know her is to love her."



Olla Johnson

IRVING ENER MELHUS—"Irvy," "Dr." "Smut"

Jewell, Iowa

Science

"A lazy, lolling sort,
Never seen at church."—*Pope*.

For obvious reasons Mr. Melhus lives down town, and once in a while is said to walk home not altogether alone. He is afflicted with a strong sense of duty and never has been known to flag a class or laboratory. He has ambitions, like our football team, of preparation for Iowa.



Irving Melhus

NEWASEM



GENEVIEVE WELCH SHAW—"Oh Shaw," "Peggy"

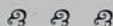
Clio, C. O. B. '76
Des Moines, Iowa
General and Domestic Science

"Only a rosebud she wore in her hair."—ANON.

She claims to be older than her sister. Of an argumentative turn of mind. She cannot resist the attractions of the Philomathean literary sessions.



Genevieve W. Shaw



WINIFRED ANNA SHAW—"Fred"

Des Moines, Iowa
Clio, Oratorical Council
Bomb Board, Basket Ball ('03)
C. O. B. '76
General and Domestic Science

"When singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."—ANON.

Winifred is a loyal and conscientious '06. Life is too short for chumming when there are more serious things at hand. One of Mrs. Kilbourne's board of advisers.

"If off her dignity she should be,
The end of the world you'd look to see."



Winifred A. Shaw



RUTH WALKER—"Rufus"

Osage, Iowa

S. S. Bomb Board
Clio

Domestic Science

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her." *Tennyson.*

No more loyal '06 than this fair maid. She never gets excited nor worried. Even before a Chem Exam she is perfectly calm. Popular with the opposite sex. She is especially devoted to Domestic Science, which she put into practice during the short course. Dotes on brown eyes.



Ruth Walker

LORETTA FLORENCE WILLIAMS—"Dodo"

Ames, Iowa

General and Domestic Science

"Measures, not men, have always been my mark"

Flaxen hair and snapping blue eyes. She is gifted with a voice. She is fond of her studies, taking especial delight in "Phyz."



Loretta Florence Williams



MARY MITCHELL WILSON

Cincinnati, Iowa

Philomathean, Iota Theta
 Class Historian, Bomb Board
 Extemporaneous Speech Maker
 Captain '06 Basket Ball Team

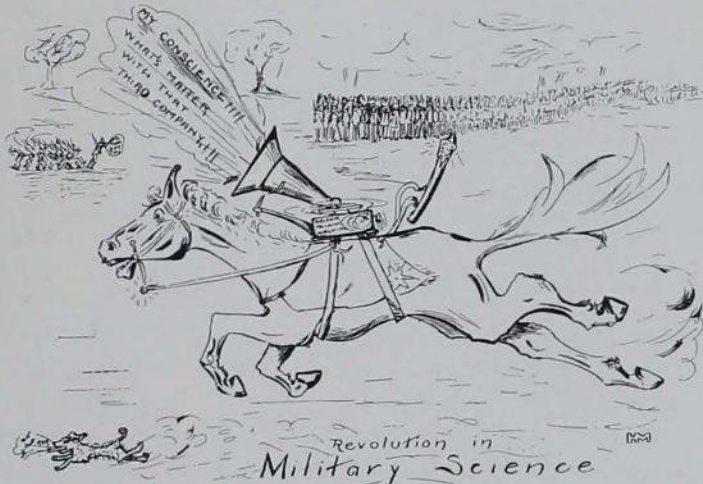
Science

"Her gifts and talent the world may not see;
 But, at home, what a blessing she will be."—Postal Card.

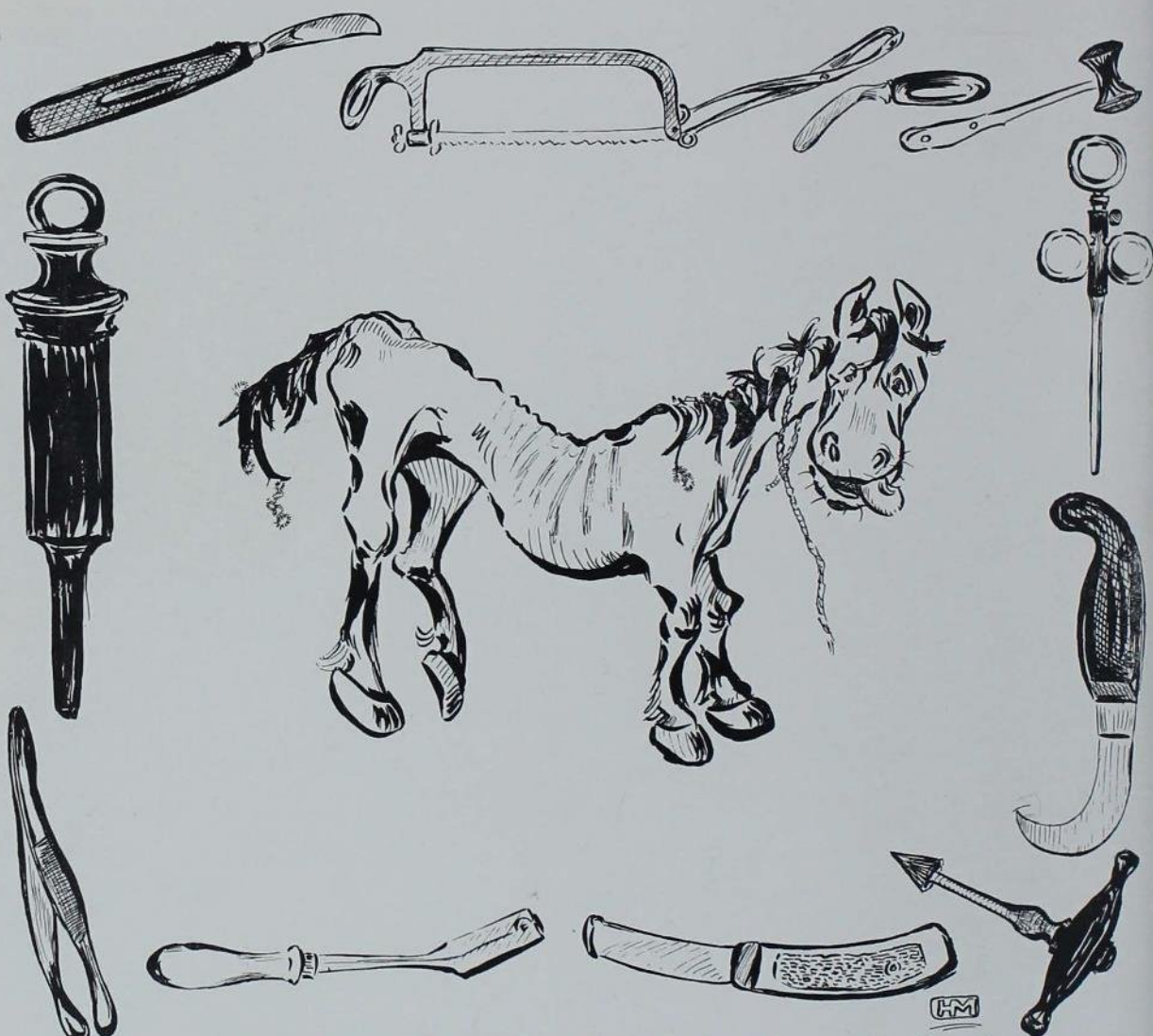
Class loyalty is a second nature with her. She could teach a great many of the boys things about class spirit. In Analyt and Calc she was a bright oasis of femininity in a weary desert of boys.



Mary M Wilson



Revolution in
 Military Science



VETERINARY

NEW SEM



CLARENCE G. COLE—"Dig"

Ames, Iowa

Track Team, '03
Varsity Football

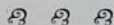
Veterinary

"A man's best things are nearest him.
Lie close about his feet—*Milnes*

He's vet. to the knife. Used to be fierce, but is now a pretty quiet fellow.
Will make a good U. S. Government Meat Inspector.



Clarence G. Cole



FREDERICK PAUL COLLISON—"Doc"

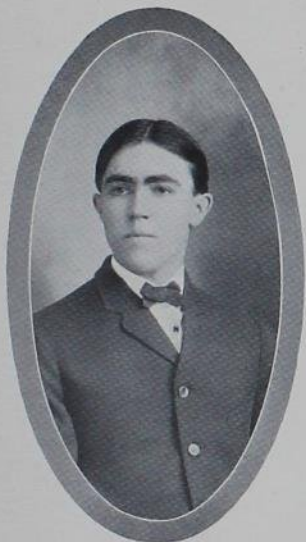
Carroll, Iowa

Vet. Society
Dragon

Veterinary

"There is no man suddenly either
excellently good or extremely bad."

The only Vet. who ever "mixes." Looked up to by his chums. Has shown
what a Vet. can do. An all around good fellow.



F.P. Collison

ALL WAS EM



JAMES PETER JOHNSON—"Doc." "Vet."

Veterinary Medical Society Kimballton, Iowa Veterinary
"No man can lose what he never had."—Walton

A rough and ready boy. Ex-farmer. Is now on the high road to horse doctoring. Is sure to be on hand in any fistic encounters.

J. P. Johnson



RAY JOLLS—"Jolly"

Vet. Club "Of his early life few particulars are definitely known." Veterinary

Spends most of the time dodging "Profs." Hasn't enough brass to make a good Doc. Hurts him to smile. Young; hardly knows he's a junior.



Ray Jolls

MEMORABILIA



LEO WASHBURN — "Warse"

Greenwich, Ohio

Vet. Society

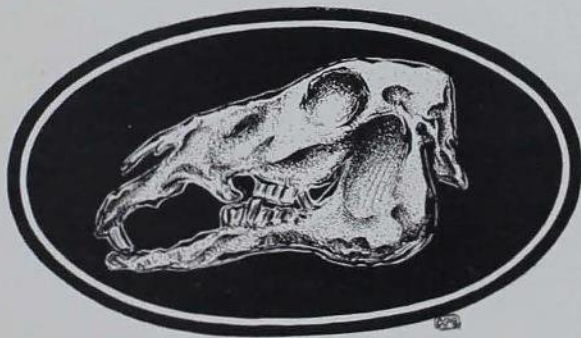
Veterinary

"He does a willful stillness entertain."

Says that he has never done anything of note, but has had the measles and mumps. Quiet but ambitious. Came a long way to carve horse-flesh. Seems to enjoy Zoology.

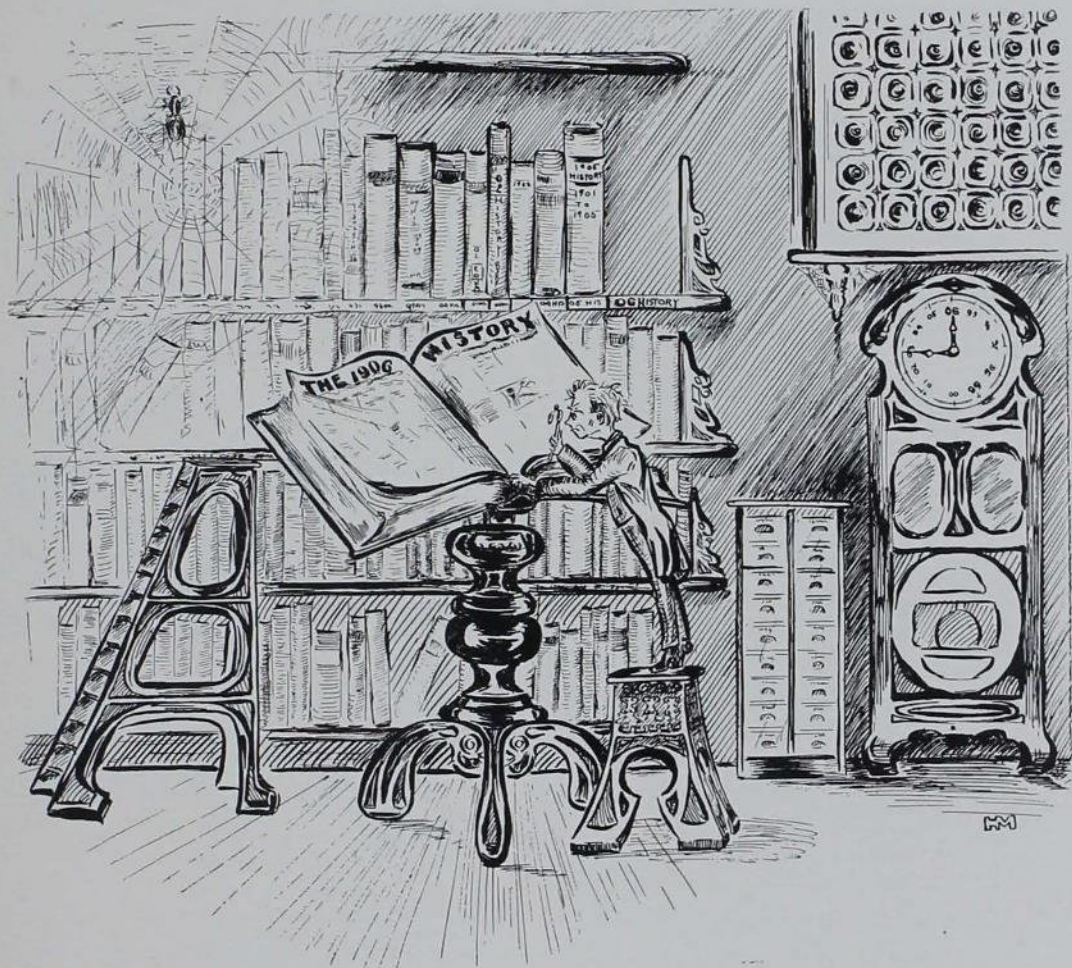


Leo Washburn




AEWASEMA







Class History



Should you ask us whence these stories,
Whence these jokes and loving memories,
With the odor of the olives,
With the dew and damp of campus,
With the curling smoke of bonfires,
With the echoes of great rooting,
With their frequent repetitions
And their wild, glad exultations,
When in glad and glorious victory,
We should answer, we should tell you,
" From the campus, from the club-house,
From the great and famous Squaw creek,
From the land of the Mewasem,
From the land that we now live in,
From the trees, and flowers, and sunshine,
Where we live and work together
Over many, many mysteries."

We repeat them as we heard them,
From our daily life among them,
From the lips of mighty warriors,
From the songs of glorious singers,
Ye who love the haunts of nature,
Love the sunshine on the green
Love the shadow of the pine trees,
And your honored Alma Mater,
Love the days you spent at college,
And your friends of college days,
Love to hear of fun and struggle,

Listen ye to these old stories,
To the life of the naught-sixes.
Ye who love our dear old college,
Love the legends of her people,
Which like voices from afar,
Speak in tones so plain and friendly,
That the years roll back as one;
Listen to this jumbled story,
To this History of Mewasem.
Ye whose heads are wise with learning,
Your diplomas now in view,
Who have made a pompous history,
Grander than our expectations,
Listen to our humble efforts,
Listen and do not complain.

O, ye juniors of our college,
O, ye class-mates tried and true,
Hearken now unto our story
To the memoirs of Mewasem
Ye, with heads too big to carry
As ye struggle with your paint
Take a lesson from our efforts,
For your time is soon to come,
Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have lately come to college,
Read this true but complex story,
Of your worthy predecessors.



TIME must create many changes. For years the campus had welcomed new friends and had seen old ones pass away. The old Main had bound the students closely in ties of friendship, but in September, 1902, she stood no longer to welcome new friends to the campus.

Time must create changes. For years, Dr. Beardshear, with his welcoming smile and warm handgrasp, had extended the felicities of Iowa State College, but even he was called away and in his stead the class of '06 found Dr. Stanton, a wholesouled man, ready and willing to guide and direct them in their early efforts. Many were the trials which met these newcomers. Examinations must be taken, essays written on "Who I Am and Why I Came to I. S. C.," but after a short time all the clouds of doubt passed away and with "Stantie's" guiding hand, the class of 1906 started

on its "still hunt" for knowledge.

This class was not far different from the classes which had preceded it, and by different undertakings they soon found means of becoming recognized. Among their early exploits was the patrolling of the campus on the evening before Excursion Day and the painting on every stone and walk, the '06 numerals in flashy gold and purple colors. On fences and water-towers miles from Ames appeared the words, "The class of 1906 Welcomes You to I. S. C." Excursion Day passed. A few days later a steer carefully

BEGINNING

FIRST PAINTING

decorated in these selfsame Freshmen colors, appeared on Central Campus, quietly browsing around the flag pole. Where did it come from? Only a few Sophomores can tell, but when last seen it was headed toward the Vet Barn accompanied by John Franklin Cavell.

ORGANIZATION

Other exploits must be undertaken and the class felt that the most honorable way to accomplish them was through the class as an organization. Consequently at this first meeting, Tommy Jacobs, "the best running candidate," was chosen to lead the class. Mainly through his efforts, great honor for '06 was won in the Field Meet a few days later.

Now the nights grew frosty, and on one of these, when the moon was hiding, a few class worthies, among them Bailey, Newcom, Rowell and Weeks, started out for a "chicken roast" in the woods. And of course it was absolutely necessary that chickens be procured, so several "fry" were soon discovered in the willows along the creek just west of Prexy's house. It was but the work of a minute for one of the party to "shin" up a tree after the birds. But, alas, a limb broke, the marauder lost his hold on the branches, and fell into the creek, his prey flying, with great

squawking, in all directions. Instantly, at this alarm, Mundhenk ran down the hill with gun in hand to see "what could the matter be." The Freshman soon extricated himself from the brush and explained how he had been pursued by a party of Sophomores and in attempting to cross the foot-bridge, had, in his hurry, fallen, etc., etc. By this reasonable explanation his life was saved and he escaped to the woods, there to meet his comrades with eggs, fruit, etc., all ready for the feast.

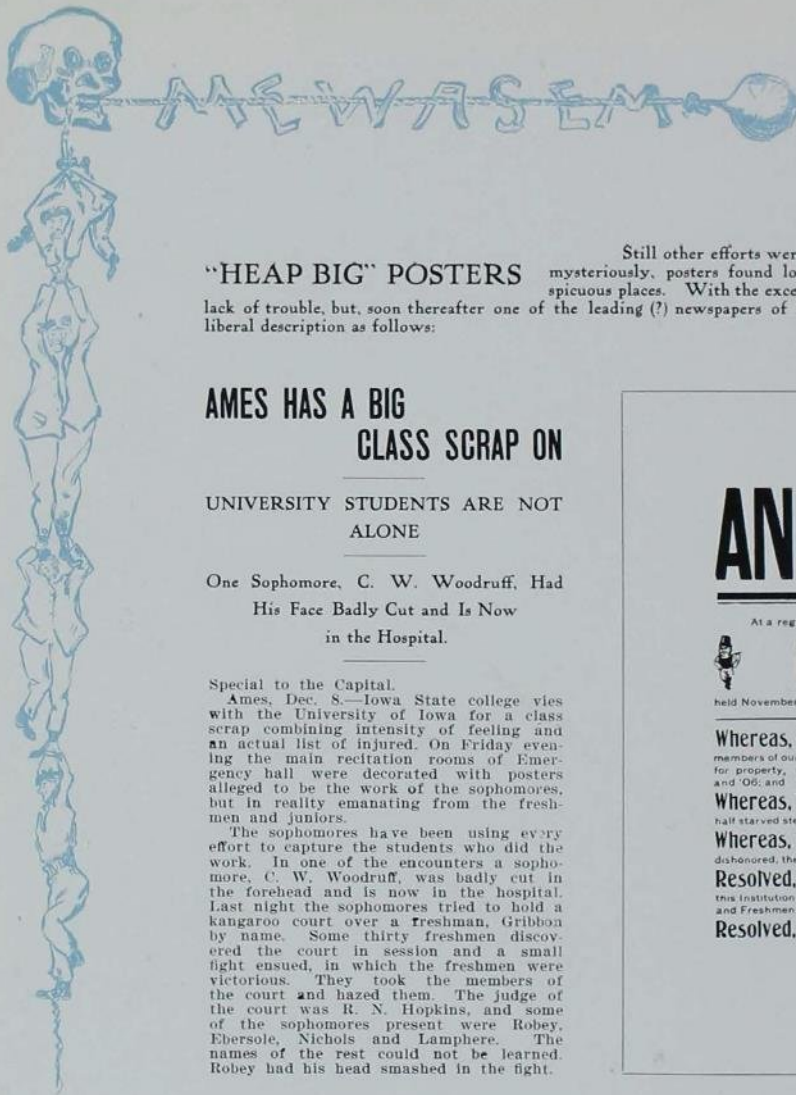
The term was nearly over when the '06s were invited to a banquet given by the Sophomores. In a new and original manner, Mr Blackwood christened them somewhat as follows:

"If anxiety be so great, that to hear you cannot wait,
Take from out the alphabet, letters just this little set;
For your king take out 13, to this add 5 so often seen;
If the next you wish to see, stop on number 23;
Now to fill the coming space, take the middle out of grace;
Increase the length of this short line by adding number 10 plus 9;
Repeat old 5, your second one, and now your guess is almost done.
A second use of 13 here and surely you are drawing near,
So near that if you've followed through,
The Freshmen name is old to you."

MEWASEM

No longer were they to be merely '06s but they were now Mewasem, the class of the brave heart.





"HEAP BIG" POSTERS

lack of trouble, but, soon thereafter one of the leading (?) newspapers of Des Moines gave I. S. C. and its troubles a very liberal description as follows:

AMES HAS A BIG CLASS SCRAP ON

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS ARE NOT
ALONE

One Sophomore, C. W. Woodruff, Had
His Face Badly Cut and Is Now
in the Hospital.

Special to the Capital.

Ames, Dec. 8.—Iowa State college vies with the University of Iowa for a class scrap combining intensity of feeling and an actual list of injured. On Friday evening the main recitation rooms of Emergency hall were decorated with posters alleged to be the work of the sophomores, but in reality emanating from the freshmen and juniors.

The sophomores have been using every effort to capture the students who did the work. In one of the encounters a sophomore, C. W. Woodruff, was badly cut in the forehead and is now in the hospital. Last night the sophomores tried to hold a kangaroo court over a freshman, Gribbon by name. Some thirty freshmen discovered the court in session and a small fight ensued, in which the freshmen were victorious. They took the members of the court and hazed them. The judge of the court was R. N. Hopkins, and some of the sophomores present were Robey, Ebersole, Nichols and Lamphere. The names of the rest could not be learned. Robey had his head smashed in the fight.

The term drew nearer to a close now, and but a short time was left in which honors might be won for class and college, yet much was done in that short time. Simpson's warriors came and met defeat on Thanksgiving Day, and who was then the hero but Knox, the '06 lad? The Normal men came and in the contest were forced to bow to the mightier arguments of the men from I. S. C. The lusty Ags. went to Chicago and returned again, crowned with honors and with the Spoor trophy won a second time for Ames.

Still other efforts were made to win notoriety for '06. One night, all mysteriously, posters found lodgment on windows and walks and in all conspicuous places. With the exception of a little carpet walking there was a decided

lack of trouble, but, soon thereafter one of the leading (?) newspapers of Des Moines gave I. S. C. and its troubles a very liberal description as follows:

AN APOLOGY!

At a regularly convened meeting of the Sophomore Class



held November 17, 1902, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, On the morning of Excursion day, October 10th, 1902, between the hours of twelve and six, certain disorderly members of our class took paint and brushes, and did, without regard for property, paint on various walks, buildings, etc., the figures '04 and '05; and

Whereas, Certain members of our class did, on the 16th day of November cruelly and maliciously paint a sickly and half starved steer all over with stripes and the figures '04 and '05; and

Whereas, The student body was thus insulted, and the good names of the Junior and Freshman classes were thus dishonored, therefore be it

Resolved, That we deprecate the actions of our unscrupulous fellow classmen and humbly apologize to the Faculty of this Institution and to the students thereof, especially to the Juniors and Freshmen.

Resolved, That printed copies of these resolutions be transmitted to the Faculty and to the students of this institution.

Committee



own office, honored the classes with his presence. The Freshmen received their name on this occasion. According to previous custom the Sophomores looked high and low for a suitable Indian name. They finally hit upon the unspeakable one of Wussuckwhouk, which signifies "The Painters." (Since receiving the name the "'07s" have been so busy trying to learn the pronunciation that they have not had time to do any painting.)

THE PAINTERS

Soon after the banquet came the Thanksgiving vacation, when each one who could possibly get away either went home, or went to Des Moines to get a piece of Drake. After Thanksgiving it was but a few days until Christmas, the only break in the weary monotony of examinations, except the scarlet fever scare, being the presentation of the Sophomore class play "In Football Clothes," on December 19. This was the first play ever attempted by a Sophomore class at I. S. C., and the work done by the boys and girls under the direction of Prof. Newens showed that Sophomores can sometimes succeed in doing other things besides passing up Physics.

But when I am an old man,
My babies on my knee,
I'll teach them that the alphabet
Begins with I. S. C.

By the evening of that day books were buried deep in the closet, to remain until January 19, and the Mewasems were joyfully hastening toward a good old-fashioned meal in mother's dining room.

During this term a number of important things had happened which showed the progressiveness of the College. The foundation for the new main building was completed, and the new stock pavilion and farm mechanics building were finished. The debaters lost to Normal by only a narrow margin, the football team made a splendid record, the one regret being that it did not meet the S. U. I. team, and the Spoor trophy now came permanently to I. S. C.

By January 20, 1904, most of the Mewasems were back in school. This time it did not take long to get to work, and in a very few days things were moving as in the previous term, except that the mathematical "sharks" were losing sleep over "Calk" instead of "Analyt." This term a little Moore was chosen "Chief Big Injin."

About the first of March the class hats and jerseys appeared, and the faded scarlet and black of the '05s, a year old by this time, was outshone by the brilliancy of the '06s old gold.

On March 9 the State Legislature visited the College and some of the members learned, evidently for the first time, that such an institution as I. S. C. really exists.

EASTER VACATION

The Easter vacation, hitherto unheard of at Ames, became a feature this term. As warm weather opened up, track and baseball work commenced. It was early predicted that the College ball team would be a winner, and subsequent events fulfilled this prediction. At the home field meet, held April 29, the '06s took second as usual, this being the position they have held in every meet since they entered school. In baseball, however the class achieved greater success. Under Captain Brintnall the team won from the Freshmen by a score of 10 to 7, and from the Seniors by a score of 17 to 7, thus winning the class championship for 1904.

The Freshmen were late with their banquet this term. A few people were afraid they had forgotten it, but "The Party" took place May 14, and the lateness of the date did not detract from the good time.

The commencement program lasted until June 9, but examinations were over by June 3. Since Sophomores do not graduate; most of them quickly packed their trunks, and with a feeling of relief, tinged somewhat with sadness, turned their backs on another term's work at I. S. C.

COMMENCEMENT

For the College as a whole, this term was remarkable chiefly for its athletic events. The tennis championship came to Ames. The silver bat was again won. Dual field meets were won from Grinnell and Drake, and second place was secured in the state meet at Des Moines.

Gradually, with September first, the new Juniors slowly wandered back to college. Two years had taught them to regard haste as a useless expenditure of energy, hence they did not hasten to leave home. There is a certain sort of pride peculiar to upper classmen when the late arriving Junior sees himself attracting the interest of a crowd of envious gaping Freshmen. The new upper classman feels for the first time, his new dignity, and holds his head a little higher, and swings his suit case a little harder, than ever before.

JUNIORS

The Mewasems took up their new role proudly, yet with becoming dignity. They at once classified in seventeen hours of work and proceeded to make preparations for the "Junior Trot." They even planned to have it the third Saturday of the term. But the time was short and after a consultation with "Madame K" the Juniors decided they were "rushing" things a little too much. So the girls wiped away their tears of disappointed expectancy and ceased for awhile the question, "Whom shall I take?"

M E W A S E M



This term the Juniors elected H. J. Gould, a wise and popular youth, to be their leader. Chosen from the ranks of the Civil Engineers, he was certainly able to pilot the class with unusual ability.

Soon the Athletic Council announced that sweaters would be awarded to the champion class football team. The Seniors started in and spent many hours in preparation for winning these rewards. The Juniors kept still, but practiced hard.

SWEATERS

Wednesday, October fifth, nineteen hundred and four, a band of amateur journalists met for the first time. It was the '06 Bomb Board. This was the beginning of six months of hard, earnest work.

Three days later the "Junior Trot" Committee met and chose the eighteenth of October for this great event. A week was soon past, and the girls had all drawn their partners. The next Friday two Junior boys seemed peculiarly affected. One, who was a "Math Shark," worked three hours to solve a problem, which he was asked only to analyze; and another made three trips to Margaret Hall to find out who had drawn his name.

The night of the "Trot" was cloudy, and threatened rain. With a few sighs for the promised moonlight three hundred and fifty people boarded the trolley (?) and went to call on the "down town Profs." Some people may say that the crowd got lost in the "city," but they were all able to catch the motor back, which carried them to the banquet hall, and afterward the dance.

JUNIOR TROT

The twenty-eighth of this month the Seniors and Juniors had their first class football game. The outcome was 0-0.

This term the Mewasems were simply "servants" at the "Sophomore-Freshman" banquet, yet their only regret was that a certain crowd of Junior boys arrived at the window "a moment too late."

November twenty-second the '06's and '05's again matched forces on the gridiron. This was a red-letter day for the Mewasems. They won the game 6 to 5, and victory tasted sweet. The Seniors '05 VS. '06 bound up their wounds and broken hearts, and began to coach the sophomores.

Two weeks passed and another great struggle was at hand. This time it was the Sophomores and Juniors fighting for the championship. Time and again the '06's approached dangerously near the '07's goal line. The Sophomores held them with stone-wall perseverance. They were not trying to make a touch-down, what they were after was to keep the Juniors from scoring. It is reported that they carried the ball five yards once, but no further distance could be gained. The second half closed, neither side having scored. Then the Sophomores, contrary to agreement, "quit" the game and consequently the grand prize was forfeited to the Juniors, and the '06 football team disbanding in joy, dreamed of a heaven where football sweaters are the reward.

PRIZES WON

Christmas came before they knew it, and the Mewasems bade farewell to one of the happiest terms they had ever known at I. S. C.

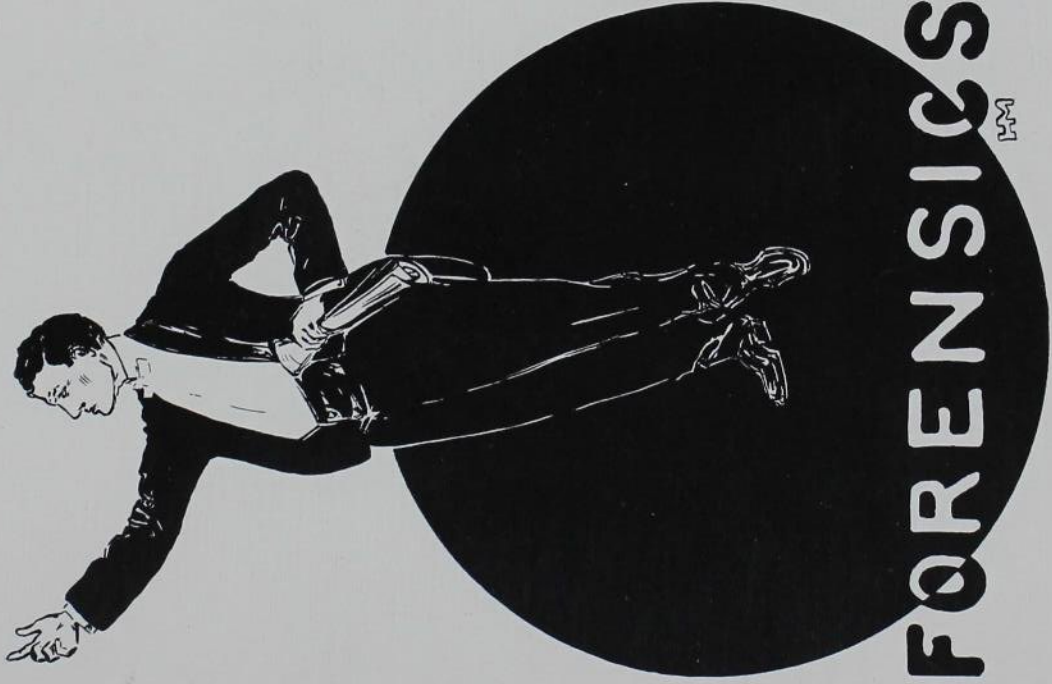
The "Cyclones" had "downed" every opponent except "Minnesota" and "Iowa" and was certainly a team of which to be proud. The standard of Ames was again held high in Chicago at the "International Stock Show." The College had indeed many things to celebrate, and but few to regret. That renowned "Ames Spirit" that glows alike in victory and in defeat, was more triumphant than ever before.

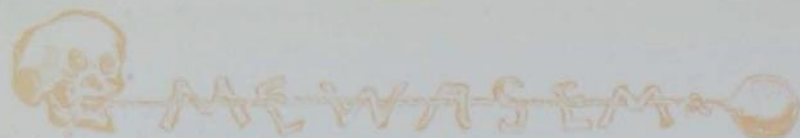
Kind reader, the Mewasems beg you to profit by their mistakes, and trust that at the same time you may find much to emulate.

"Thus they say, "Farewell forever!"
Say, "Farewell dear Freshmen days!"
Bid adieu to Sophomore pleasures,
Sighing say, "Farewell, Farewell!"

ME WASEM







Crescent Literary Society

ORGANIZED SEPT. 17, 1870

Society Colors--Purple and White

MEMBERS

M. L. Page

H. L. Doty

Nellie Naylor

I. B. Shinkle

Roy Gillette

Opal Gillette

Anna Madson

H. P. McKibben

A. E. Becktelheimer

C. E. Howard

Fred Ingels

A. L. Peterson

T. R. Agg

I. W. Hutchins

Ada Hallowell

L. E. Kelsey

M. D. Kelso

S. A. Fry

M. I. Warden

H. T. Avey

J. A. McLean

W. Dudgeon

Emma Madson

Bessie Tiara

Addie Furman

J. A. Hawn

E. Hurd

A. K. McCampbell

Zaidee Griffith

Otis Terrill

Frank Tiara

Jessie Austin

F. S. Dewey

C. R. Shumway

J. L. Murphy

Olive Hills

Millie Gillette

H. Loudermilk

S. Skelley

L. J. Wilkinson

W. L. Fulton

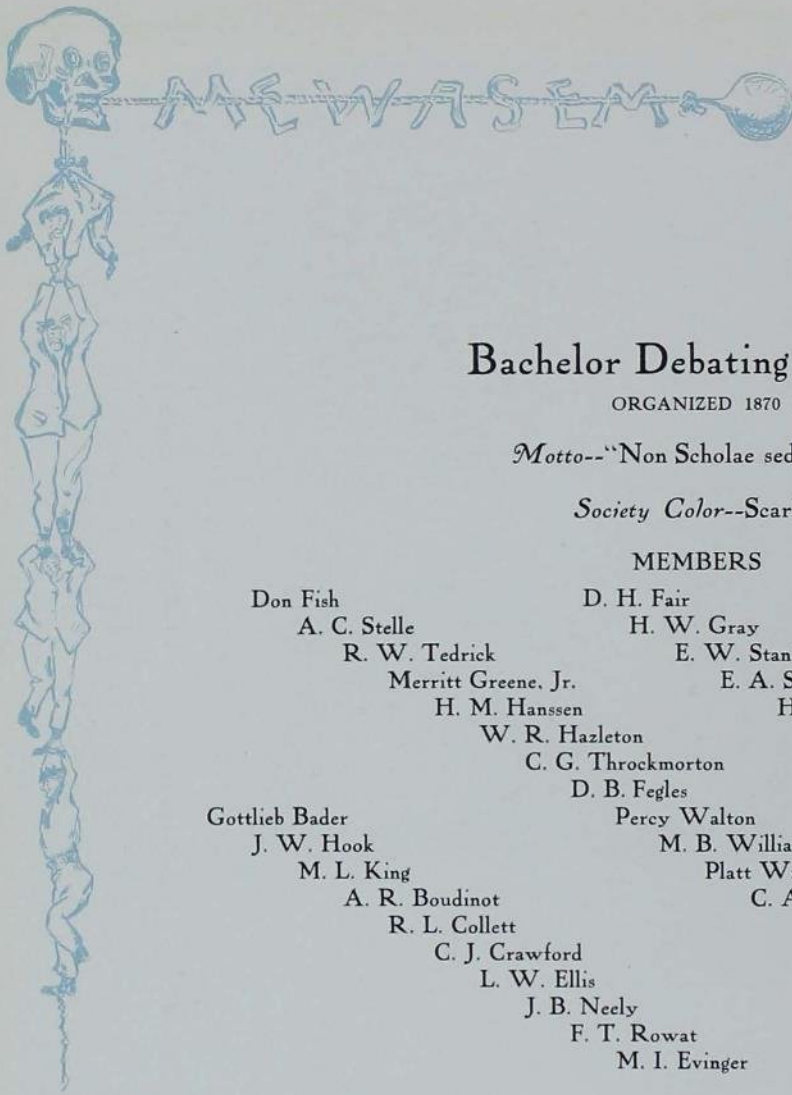
E. H. Hamilton

Gurine Anderson

NEWA SEM



Hallowell Naylor Gillette Shinkle Shumway Doty Avey Kelsey Hamilton Fry
 Hurd Dudgeon Skelley Bechtelheimer Page Loudermilk McKibben Tiara
 Hawn Tiara Rasmussen Anderson Austin Madson Madson Howard Gillette
 Dawson Terrill Ingels Peterson Furman Hills Gillette McCampbell Agg Kelso



Bachelor Debating Society

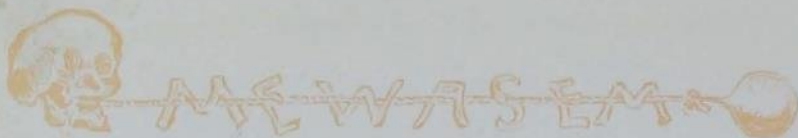
ORGANIZED 1870

Motto--"Non Scholae sed vitae."

Society Color--Scarlet

MEMBERS

Don Fish	D. H. Fair	C. M. Reading
A. C. Stelle	H. W. Gray	C. R. Scott
R. W. Tedrick	E. W. Stanton, Jr.	
Merritt Greene, Jr.	E. A. Stout	
H. M. Hanssen	H. J. Gould	
W. R. Hazleton	G. B. Guthrie	
C. G. Throckmorton	L. L. Hidingar	
D. B. Fegles	F. F. Hofacre	
Gottlieb Bader	Percy Walton	C. J. Warren
J. W. Hook	M. B. Williams	B. R. Wallace
M. L. King	Platt Wilson	L. C. Way
A. R. Boudinot	C. A. Mahanke	
R. L. Collett	G. R. Boyd	
C. J. Crawford	H. I. Moore	
L. W. Ellis	F. W. Cessna	
J. B. Neely	R. L. Cooper	
F. T. Rowat	A. J. Dickey	
M. I. Evinger	G. S. Pitts	



Phileleutheroi Literary Society

ESTABLISHED 1890

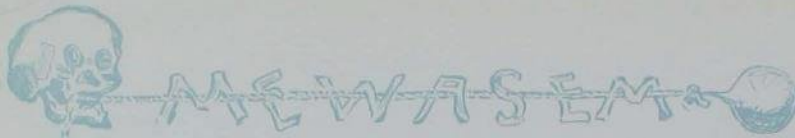
Society Colors--Royal Purple and Old Gold

MEMBERS

J. H. Packer
Flora Paddock
J. E. Bacchus
J. W. Coverdale
R. Crouse
Lora Davenport
Millie Flynn
H. Phillips
W. E. Reuling
Jessie Fraser
Mrs. R. Rueda
F. C. Sampson
Stella Hibbard
John Lage
Adah Smith
I. J. Welch
L. H. Luhman
Minnie Maharg
Earl Maharg

Mac Mosier
Wm. McBurney
E. C. Naylor
Ella Adams
R. E. Blackwood
R. A. Cave
Mary Davenport
Ralph Drennan
Myrtie Person
C. D. Forsbeck
R. E. Reuling
Walter Rubel
C. A. Heberling
R. Rueda
A. R. Kohler
R. M. Elliott
E. A. Sayre
Tom Watts
T. R. Williams

J. E. Waggoner
Louise Upton
H. L. Lundeen
Gilbert Guthrie
T. C. Nichols
Ruth Meyers
Boza de Kleniewska
Wm. Peterson
C. R. Bush
Eugene Humbert
O. C. Fuchs
Laura Miller
Thalia Bishop
Genevieve Dreher
H. A. Arnold
Wm. Miller
Osee Wilson
Elizabeth Farnsworth
C. A. Kupfer



Cliolian Literary Society

ORGANIZED MAY, 1871

Motto--"Friendship, Culture, Virtue"

Society Color--White

MEMBERS

Carolyn Gabrilsen
Viola Chambers
Iva Brandt
Mary Clyde
Lillian Storms

May Kennedy
Helen Prouty
Sophie Hargis
Ethel McKinley
Florence Pettinger

Winifred Shaw
Jeanette Bartholomew
Luverna Walston
Blanche Field
Luella Kilborne

Edith Fraseur
Florence Kimball
Lillie Lister
Jennie Fedson
Emma Leonard

Mabel Campbell
Clara Fraseur
Rose Goble
Mabel Rundall
Florence Rae

Maude Campbell

Mary Sparks
Stella Anderson
Winifred Thompson
Lucy King
Lois Woodman

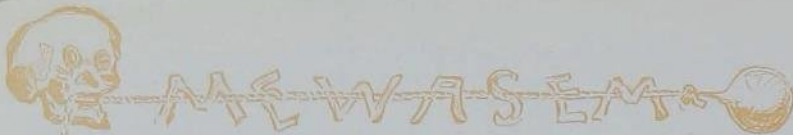
Genevieve Shaw
Luella Robb
Erma Wiley
Mae Jackson
Maud Kennedy

Ada Harrington
Phoebe Zimmerman
Jennie Bechtle
Gertrude Herr
Dora Rice

MEWA SEM



OTO



Pythian

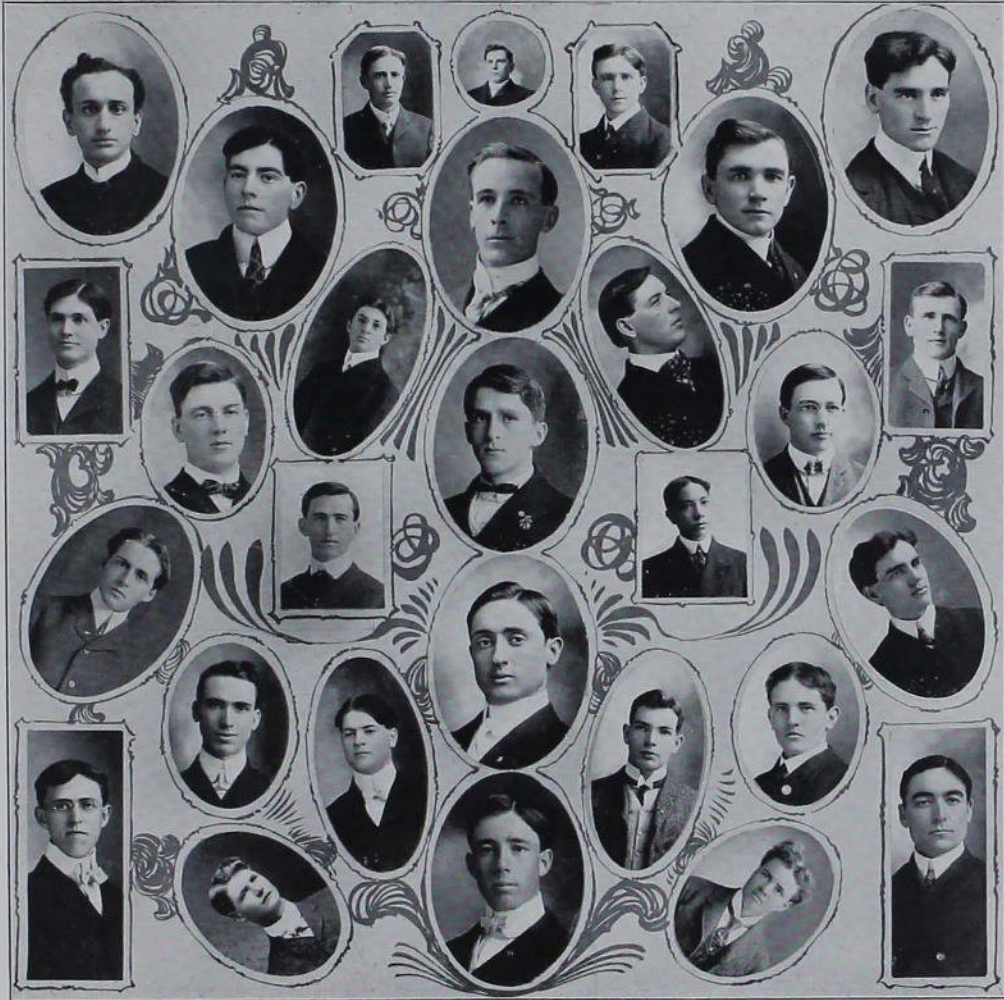
ORGANIZED 1895

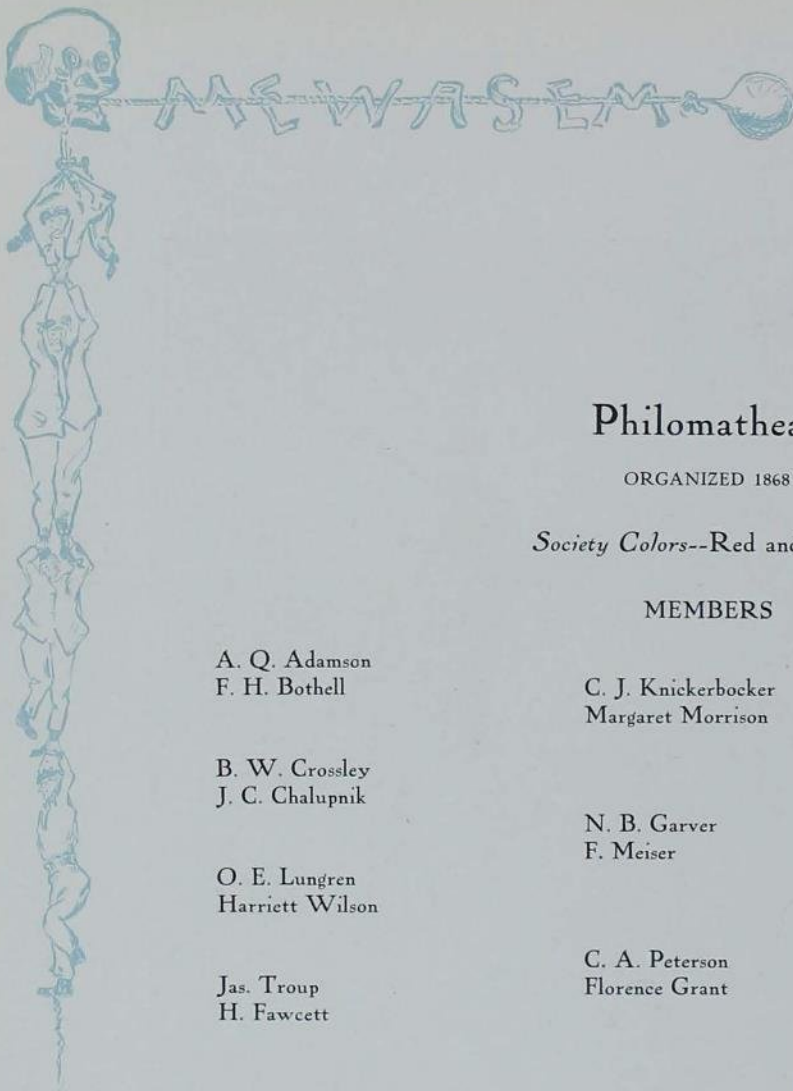
Society Colors--Scarlet and White

MEMBERS

M. S. Barclay	A. Magsaysay
A. A. Bourrasa	M. L. Bowman
K. R. Ogden	L. W. Chrestenson
F. L. Overly	E. S. Guthrie
Walter Packard	R. A. Arnold
F. C. Rieke	J. A. Chambers
H. O. Buckman	Ed. Jones
A. J. Norman	C. W. Lawrence
F. O. Nelson	R. T. Lyons
A. T. Mosher	John Chambers
L. W. Forman	J. F. Reynolds
M. Gilchrist	M. S. Sanders
W. D. McLaughlin	J. S. Elliot
M. L. Mosher	A. C. Epley
C. B. Guthrie	R. Oppenheim
D. T. Griswold	A. J. Secor
E. G. Templeton	I. L. Sieben
P. H. Ottosen	N. J. Nicholson

NEW SEM





Philomathean

ORGANIZED 1868

Society Colors--Red and Green

MEMBERS

A. Q. Adamson
F. H. Bothell

B. W. Crossley
J. C. Chalupnik

O. E. Lungren
Harriett Wilson

Jas. Troup
H. Fawcett

C. J. Knickerbocker
Margaret Morrison

N. B. Garver
F. Meiser

C. A. Peterson
Florence Grant

Mary Wilson
Jennie Williams

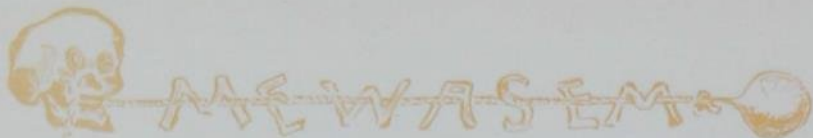
J. R. Green
K. A. Kirkpatrick

E. L. Secor
W. Schnaidt

B. M. Frybarger
A. L. Secor

NEW SEM





Welch Eclectic Society

ORGANIZED 1888

Motto--"Truth is law"

Society Colors--Light Blue and White

MEMBERS

Chas. Reinbott	R. Kirkpatrick	M. Templeton
O. E. Atkinson	H. A. Lathrop	W. A. Tener
A. E. Bobst	G. Lodwick	E. B. Thomas
E. Brintnall	L. Paulson	O. G. Werts
R. K. Bliss	W. C. Claybaugh	J. Plitt
R. S. Curtis	R. Crum	Ellis Rail
W. J. Lynch	W. R. Eastman	G. A. Roberts
O. A. Cobagen	C. H. Ford	A. L. Sanford
L. E. Troeger	A. G. Hall	A. C. Schiele
R. S. Stinson	C. D. Heisey	W. Shoals
F. Campbell	J. R. Hughes	C. G. Taylor

NEWSPAPER



Reinbott	Brintnall	Wilson	Atkinson	Troeger	Schiele	Stinson	Woodruff	Shoals
Lathrop	Cohagan	Bliss	Paulson	Curtis	Tener	Plitt	Rail	Eastman
Roberts	Campbell	Werts	Sanford	Ford	Western	Crum	Lynch	



ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION

President--A. Q. Adamson
Secretary--Angie McKinley

Vice President--A. L. Peterson
Treasurer--A. L. Sanford



DEBATING LEAGUE

President--E. S. Guthrie
Secretary--R. K. Bliss

Vice President--N. B. Garver
Treasurer--C. E. Howard

Historian--C. A. Kupfer



Oratorical Contest



W. A. TENER

I. S. C.'s Representative in the State Oratorical Contest

- | | | |
|-----|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1st | "Man of Eloquence" | W. A. TENER (<i>Welch</i>) |
| 2d | "The Safe-Guard of our Nation" | G. B. GUTHRIE (<i>Bachelor</i>) |
| 3d | "The Immortal Dollar" | A. Q. ADAMSON (<i>Philomathean</i>) |

Declamatory Contest

- | | | | |
|-------------------|-----|------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>Oratorical</i> | 1st | JENNIE C. FEDSON | (<i>Chio</i>) |
| | 2d | A. Q. ADAMSON | (<i>Philomathean</i>) |
| <i>Dramatic</i> | 1st | H. I. MOORE | (<i>Bachelor</i>) |
| | 2d | MABEL FLEMING | (<i>Phileleutheroi</i>) |

ME WAS EM



R. L. Collett

E. S. Guthrie

N. B. Garver (Alt.)

R. K. Bliss

Ames-Drake Debate

Drake University, May 13, 1904

QUESTION

"Resolved:--That for the government of a free people, the English Cabinet System is preferable to the Presidential System of the United States."

Affirmative

Chas. Taylor

Loren Atherton

W. E. Brandenburg

} D. U.

Negative

R. L. Collett

E. S. Guthrie

S. K. Bliss

} I.S.C.

Decision

One for the Affirmative

Two for the Negative

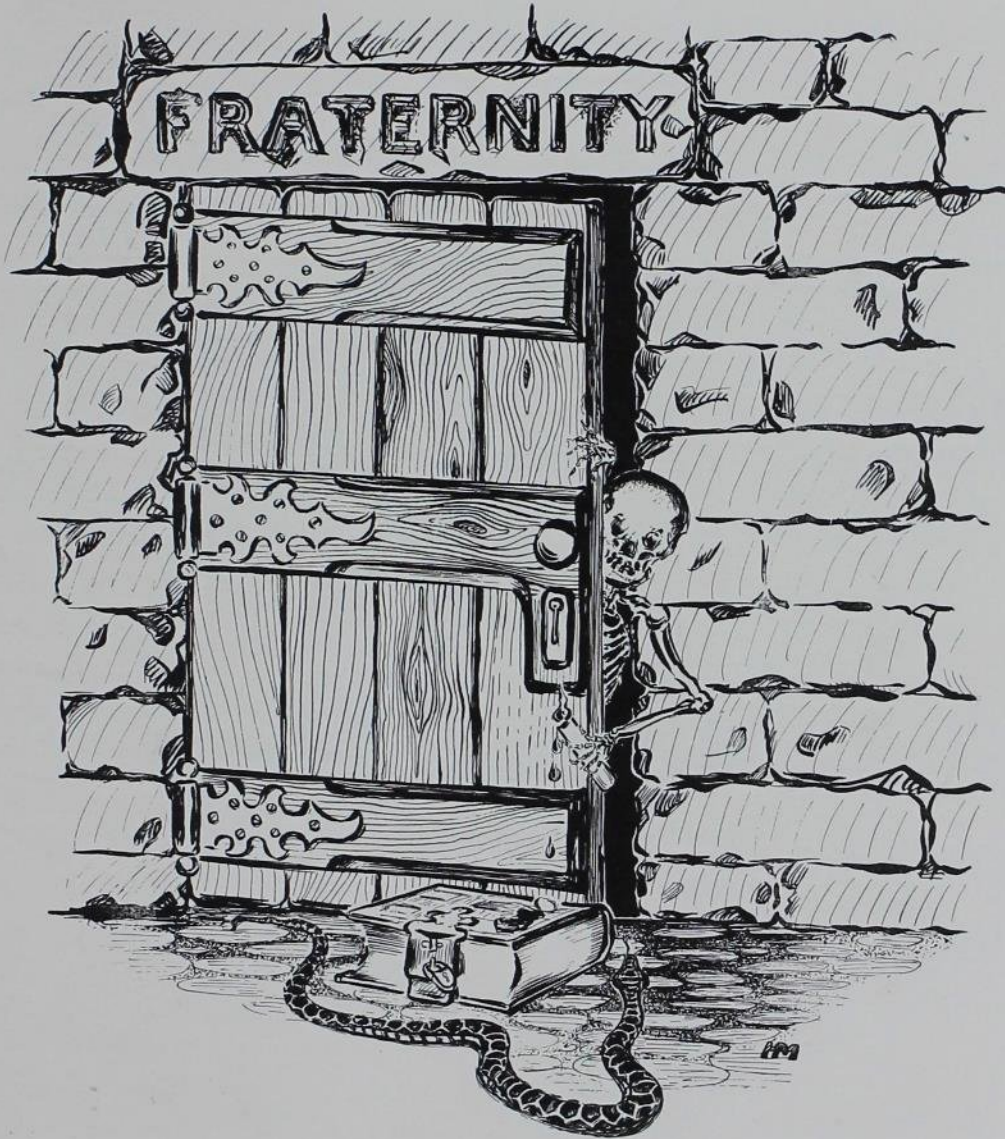
ME WAS EM



Have you ever heard of water
In the spring.
That wouldn't run where it'd oughter
In the spring.

How the "Prof" was shelter seeking,
For that roof is always leaking,
On the class in Public Speaking,
In the spring?

FRATERNITY



Dragons

ORGANIZED 1904



Gus J. Scherling Fred P. Collison Fred M. Sloane Clarence A. Mahanke George C. Read Miles O. Bolser
 Adolph Shane William H. Smith Guy R. Kenny Samuel S. Nichols Ralf D. Robertson Lyle J. Hicks
 * Roland E. Richeson Jay S. Lambert Donald B. Fegles Karl D. Bickel George C. Sterling William B. Barney
 Robert W. McPherson Harry M. Hanssen * Frank Tiara John F. Travis Robert T. Lyons
 * Pledges Others—Winfred F. Coover, William J. Kirsher



Gamma Alpha

ORGANIZED 1903



C. J. Knickerbocker	F. W. Cessna	* A. H. Kruel	A. B. Johnson	* Oscar Lau	J. W. Hook	J. B. Neely
A. J. Dickey	M. I. Evinger	A. L. Sanford	M. B. Williams	Mac Mosier	R. E. Blackwood	
H. I. Moore	R. L. Cooper	C. B. Huff	D. H. Fair	P. J. Walton	B. G. Budge	R. S. Curtis
	E. W. Stanton, Jr.	Earl Maharg	C. K. Morgan			
* Pledges		Others--* Rex Greene	* Leonard Mason	* A. R. Cooper		

AEWA SEM



ORGANIZED 1904

Keo Anderson
Helen Prouty
Winifred Thompson

Carolyn Gabrielen
Mary Wilson

Florence Pettinger
Celentine Pettinger

Emma Leonard
Erma Wiley
Max Jackson

OTHERS

Viola Chambers * Vera Dixon * Sophie Hargis * Luella Kilborne * Grace Chenoweth * Frances Allen * Lillian Storms * Jennie Bechtle
* Pledges

NEWA SEM



Noit Avrats

ORGANIZED 1897



Paul B. Miller Arthur Daniels Arthur H. Wyman Todd J. Pafton William Smith Ernest A. Pattengill Tom Burke
Earl H. McConnell Leslie M. Hurt Frank W. Mack Irving Grimm Charles J. Crawford William D. Elwood
Don H. Cunningham Charles E. Brown Ralph L. Collett Harry E. Cotton James A. Buell Merritt Greene, Jr.
John W. Johnston Marshall R. Bowen Frank G. Miller Preston H. Daniels Clark B. Beard

OTHERS

Ward M. Jones, *Charles D. Elwood, *Clyde Ford, *Robert E. Jeanson, *Merle C. Patton, *Walter Buell, *Frank S. Jordan

*Pledges.

AEWASEM

Phi Delta Gamma

ORGANIZED 1904



MEMBERS

Blanche Martin

Florence Vorse

Pearl Lewis

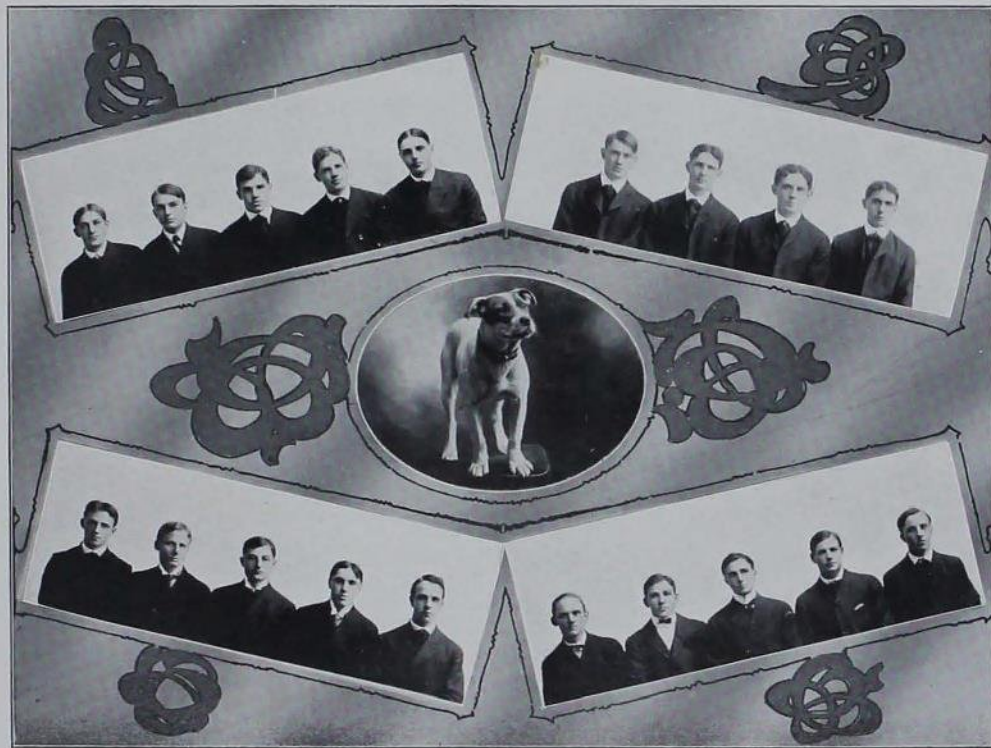
Sarah Kettering

Margaret Ankeny



Sigma Nu

INSTALLED, APRIL 20, 1904



MEMBERS

O. L. Leefers
Harry C. White
L. W. Shotwell

C. H. Frechtling
J. W. White
W. N. Schroeder

J. H. Galley
J. L. Cutler
I. P. Mabie

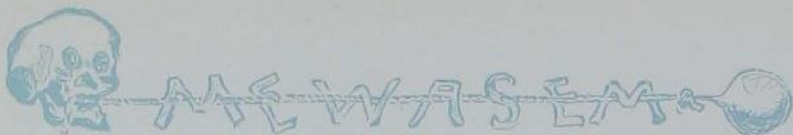
G. C. Peterson
R. A. Lyman
D. H. McFarland

*C. W. Wagner
*J. B. Gray
*H. Worden

*K. B. Meichley

*K. Maine
*J. A. Goodrich
*R. G. Crowder

* Pledges



S. S.

ORGANIZED 1900



Theresa W. Woodruff

Bess Blackburn

Ruth Walker

Lola Stephens

Agnes G. Mosher

Iva L. Brandt

M. Imogene Stevens

Angie McKinley

Mary Davidson

Edith A. Fraseur

Ethel E. McKinley

Jessie G. Davidson

Jennie C. Fedson

Florence L. Kimball

MEMORIAL



Tri Serp

ORGANIZED 1900



MEMBERS

T. H. MacDonald
C. O. Dixon
H. F. Anthony
A. B. Scott
F. H. Ricker
G. J. Adamson
R. S. Scott

W. E. Packard
L. W. Ellis
E. W. Johnston

D. C. Barrett
A. N. Carstenson
E. N. Harris
H. M. Howard
I. L. Sieben
C. E. Paine
J. H. Rosenstiel

*H. S. Luburger
*A. B. Knox
*L. G. Hammer

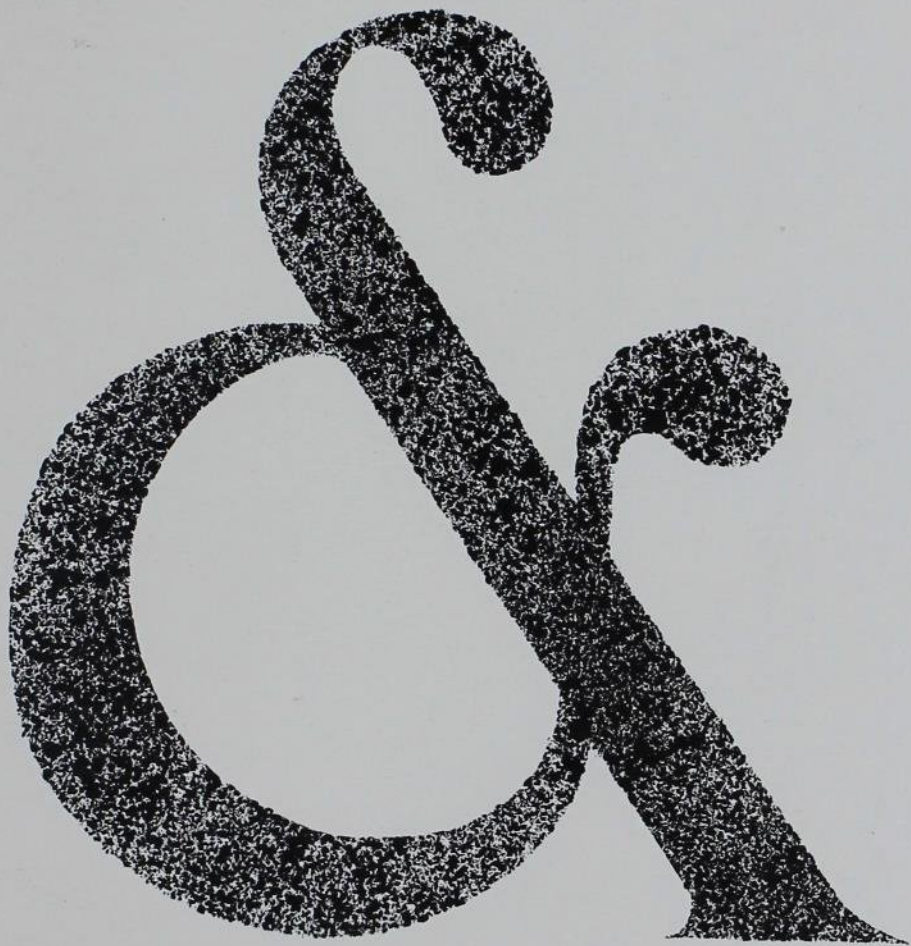
*Pledges

*C. E. Henninger
*R. McIlhinney
*W. G. Dunkle

NEWS



MEWASEM



NEWASEM

Six Footers

Dr. A. B. Storms

A. B. Johnson

C. E. Henninger

A. K. McCampbell

G. R. Boyd

H. W. Gray

R. W. Clyde

E. C. Naylor

R. J. Greene

F. F. Jorgenson

A. L. Sanford



Five Footers

F. F. Hofacre

B. W. Crossley

L. H. Linderman

E. Kibby

J. Plitt

H. L. Christian

R. E. Cave

E. A. Sayre

J. S. Perry

B. M. Frybarger

H. Buckman

B. B. Belles



ORGANIZED 1901

Composed of Daughters of Alumni

MEMBERS

Ethyl Cessna '72

Genevieve Shaw '76

Winifred Shaw '76

Harriet Beyer '76

Margaret Stanton '72

Melissa Flynn '83

Genevieve Milnes '77

Olive Stevens '72

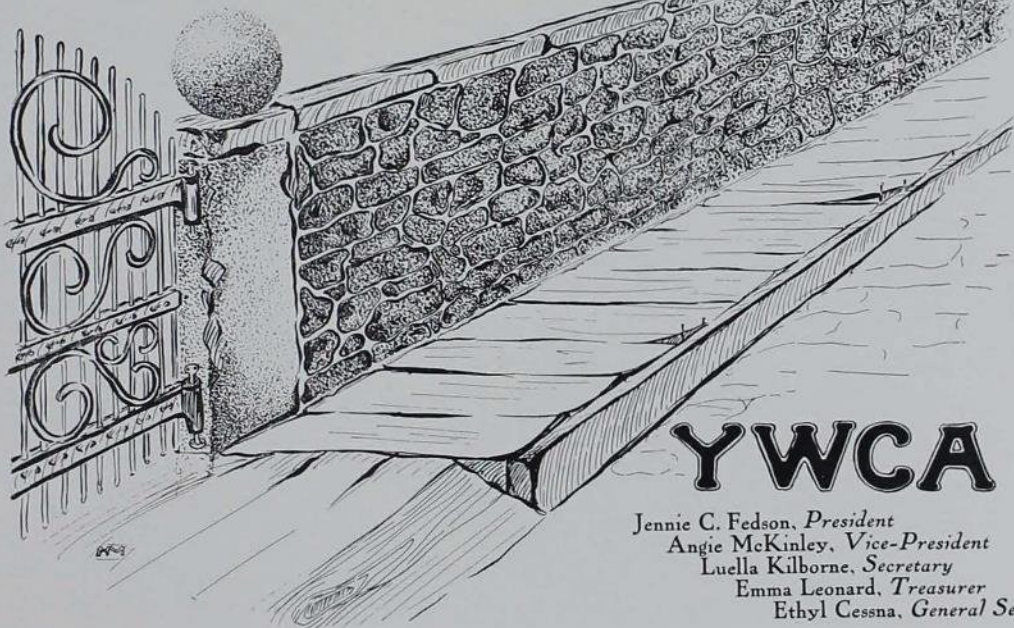
Imogene Stevens '72

OMEWASEM



YMCA

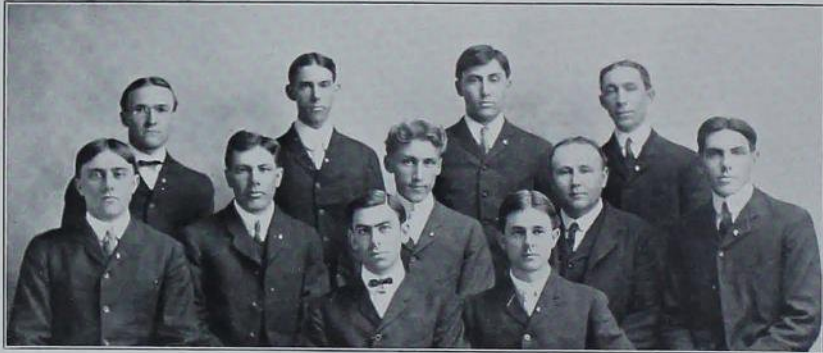
R. W. Tidrick, *President*
J. R. Hughes, *Vice-President*
Ellis Rail, *Recording Secretary*
G. A. Roberts, *Cor. Secretary*
O. E. Atkinson, *Treasurer*



YWCA

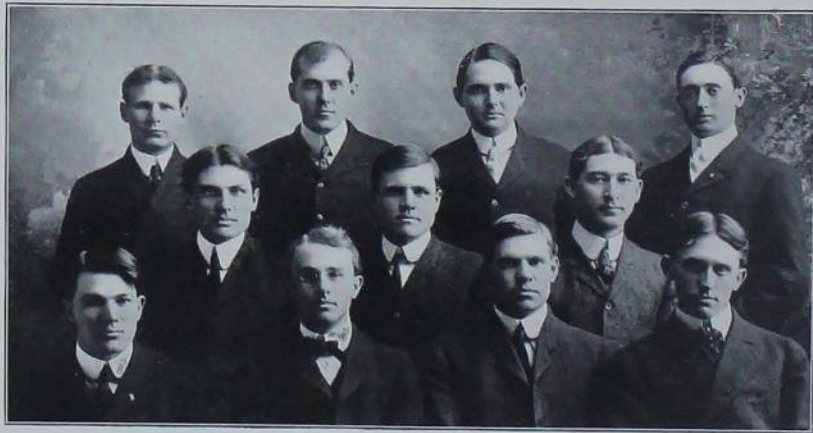
Jennie C. Fedson, *President*
Angie McKinley, *Vice-President*
Luella Kilborne, *Secretary*
Emma Leonard, *Treasurer*
Ethyl Cessna, *General Sec.*

Cardinal Guild



1904

M. L. Merritt W. A. Bevan D. W. Eiler F. M. Hansen
 I. Dreher A. R. Buckley H. J. Brunner W. I. Brock E. O. Shreve
 J. W. Jordan L. L. Lyford



1905

T. R. Agg B. R. Wallace R. K. Bliss M. L. Bowman
 F. F. Jorgenson W. A. Tener N. B. Garver
 M. I. Warden B. G. Budge C. E. Howard C. J. Crawford



Cardinal Guild *of* the Iowa State College



THE '04 Class, recognizing the lack of a student organization, whose duty it was to preserve college traditions, promote reforms, and to act as a bond of union between students and faculty, conceived the idea of establishing such an organization as now exists in some of the larger institutions. The Cardinal Guild was the outcome of this idea. The object and constituency of this body are set forth in the constitution as follows:

OBJECT

The object of this organization shall be:

- (a) To preserve and promote desirable traditions and customs.
- (b) To suggest and advocate such changes and reforms as it may deem advisable.
- (c) To foster and promote a healthy and democratic college spirit at all times.
- (d) To welcome and extend the courtesies of the College to visitors from other colleges and to other visitors whenever such welcome may seem advisable.
- (e) To bring into close touch and harmony the various branches of college activity, serving as a medium of communication between students, alumni and governing bodies of the College.
- (f) To promote the welfare of and protect the good name of the Iowa State College at the College and elsewhere.

CONSTITUENCY

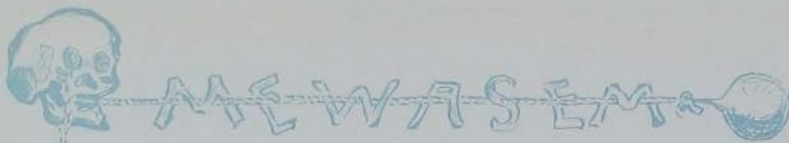
Sec. 1. This organization shall be composed of eleven men elected from their class at the end of their junior year.

Sec. 2. This organization shall be self perpetuating and the first members chosen by the faculty committee are the charter members. (*See opposite page.*)

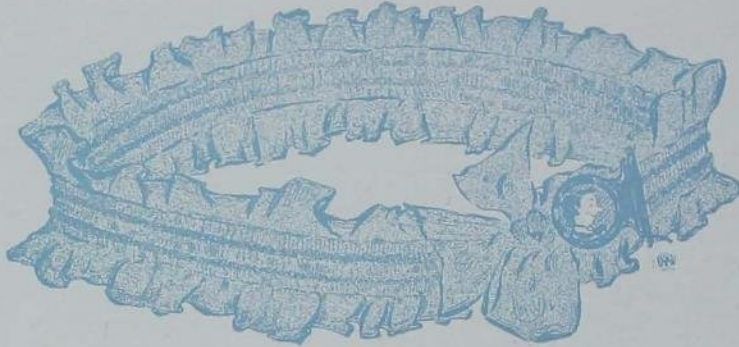
Sec. 3. Anyone eligible for membership must meet the following requirements:

- (a) He must be fully classified with the junior class and must meet the College requirements for such classification.
- (b) He must be a man of exceptional ability, good character and of high scholarship.
- (c) He must be a man who is well liked and respected by his fellow students.
- (d) He must be a man who has shown an interest in college activities and if possible shall have participated in some inter-collegiate contest or has in some other way distinguished himself for the College.
- (e) He must have shown some ability for leadership or must have a reputation for mature judgment.
- (f) He must be a man who has shown himself to be broad minded and not prejudiced to any faction or crowd.

Sec. 4. No man shall be refused election because of membership in any club, society or fraternity which may exist at the College.



Little Dutch Band



Director - - - - Chas. Mundhenk

MEMBERS

<i>Eb Clarinet</i>	<i>Cornets</i>	<i>Altos</i>	<i>Tubas</i>	<i>Drum Major</i>
W. J. Saul	L. C. Winklehaus	G. S. Chiles	M. B. Craig	M. C. Patton
<i>Bb Clarinet</i>	G. B. Pray	R. W. Richie	P. A. Sexsmith	<i>Piccolo</i>
L. R. Gillespie	G. T. McClean	J. H. Kruse	F. W. Wilson	W. E. Brown
F. S. Smith	O. Hoebel	L. J. Moore	<i>Snare Drum</i>	<i>Trombone</i>
L. W. Burkhart	G. McCollough	<i>Baritone</i>	L. Doggett	L. Fuller
G. W. Tinsley	R. F. Wolfe	James Forrest	<i>Bass Drum</i>	O. H. Todman
G. J. Adamson	H. G. Semmons	<i>Bb Bass</i>	J. W. Johnston	A. E. Randall
E. Waycott	<i>Tenor</i>			
C. H. Jones	H. E. Bemis	A. H. Krueh		

Si Plunkett's Orchestra

(Revised)

Senor Charles Bryant Huff	-	<i>Leader</i>
Jimma Walton	- -	<i>Sande Papiers</i>
Willietta Forman	- -	<i>Guitarra</i>
Bella Johnson	- -	<i>Mandoline</i>
Willa Hook	- - -	<i>Hearpe</i>
Alfa Bourassa	- -	<i>Rattlerio</i>



NEW ASEM

Glee Club



Director--F. J. Resler

Accompanist--Mrs. F. J. Resler

First Tenors: R. S. Scott A. W. Thompson
A. B. Johnson Alvah Norman

L. W. Wilson G. M. Wills
Frank Rowat

Second Tenors: C. B. Huff C. O. Dixon A. B. Scott
F. S. Smith J. W. White

Baritone: A. N. Carstenson A. J. Dickey
F. E. Cave Geo. B. Guthrie

P. J. Walton

Bass: A. H. Hoffman Frank Zentmire H. A. Hubbard
C. G. Throckmorton H. F. Anthony

SOLOISTS



C. B. Huff, Tenor

H. F. Anthony, Basso

Mrs. F. J. Resler, Organ

Prof. F. J. Resler, Mus. Director, Tenor

McHenry Mosier, Violin



Y. M. & Y. W. C. A.

LECTURE

1904
Oct. 1st Father Vaughan
Oct. 11th Dr. Thos. Green
Nov. 12th T. B. Robertson
Nov. 19th Bostonia Orchestra
Dec. 10th Bertha Baker

1905
Feb. 18th W. E. B. Du Bois
Feb. 25th Kath Ertz-Bowden
Mar. 18th Redpath Recital Co.
Apr. 15th Heland Powers
Apr. 29th Edw. H. Steiner
May 13th I. S. C. Glee Club



COURSE



Program

For Commencement Week, Nineteen Hundred Four

Thursday, June 2

7:30 P. M.--Peace Pipe

Friday, June 3

3:00 P. M.--Base Ball, Ames vs. Grinnell

8:15 P. M.--Society Graduation

Saturday, June 4

7:30 A. M.--Senior Breakfast

3:00 P. M.--Base Ball, Professors vs. Seniors

8:15 P. M.--Term Recital

Sunday, June 5

10:30 A. M.--Baccalaureate Address

Monday, June 6

9:30 A. M.--Band Concert

10:30 A. M.--Exhibition Drill by Special Company

2:30 P. M.--Inauguration of President Storms

8:15 P. M.--"The Merchant of Venice," presented by the Junior Class

Tuesday, June 7--Class Day

10:30 A. M.--Choosing of Cardinal Guild.

2:30 P. M.--Class Day Program

7:00 P. M.--Alumni Business Meeting

8:30 P. M.--Senior Promenade

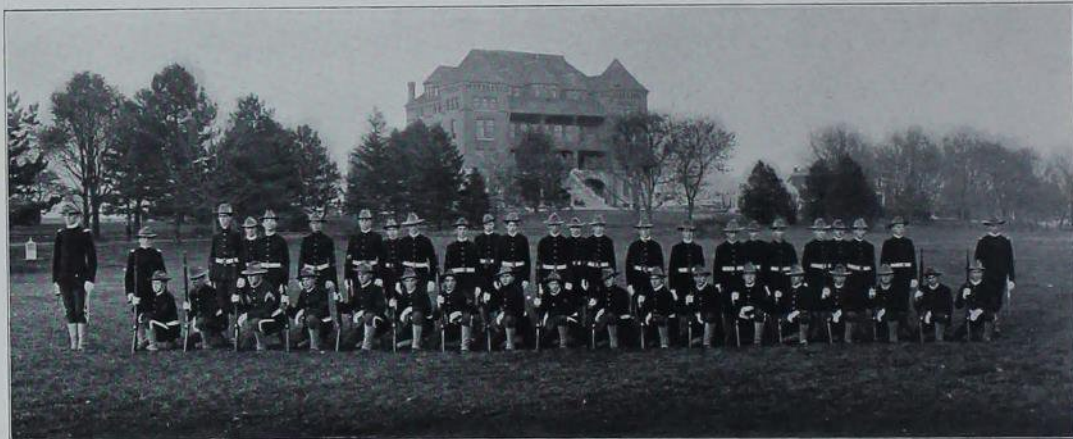
Wednesday, June 8

10:30 A. M.--Graduation Exercises; Commencement Address "Our Century of Action," by President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford Junior University

1:00 P. M.--Alumni Dinner

8:00 P. M.--President's Reception

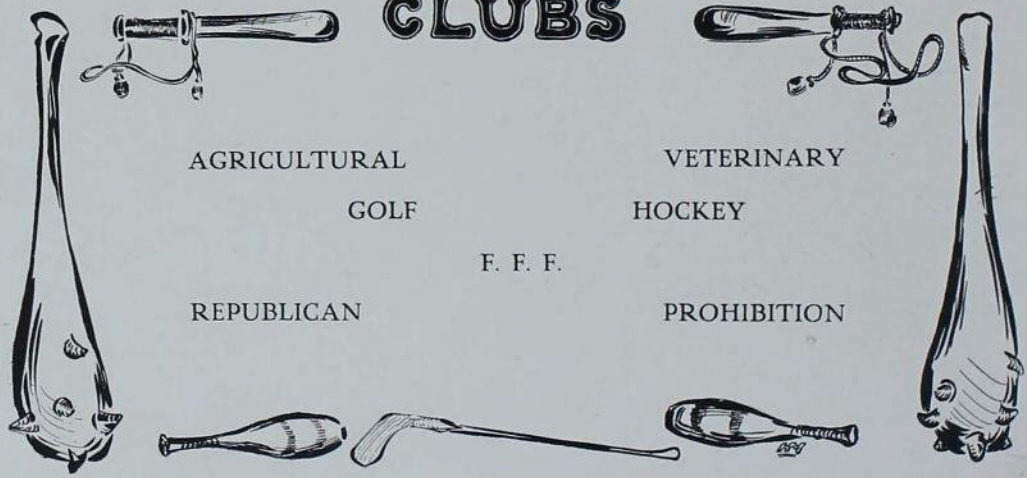
THE NEWSPAPER



Cummins Rifles

F. F. Hoface, *First Lieutenant* A. L. Sanford, *Captain* C. M. McCormick, *Second Lieutenant*

CLUBS



AGRICULTURAL
GOLF

VETERINARY
HOCKEY

F. F. F.

REPUBLICAN

PROHIBITION



PRAY

HM

Merchant of Venice

PRESENTED BY '05 CLASS.

JUNE 6, 1904



<i>Shylock,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	M. L. Bowman
<i>Bassanio,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Merritt Greene, Jr.
<i>Antonio,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	H. F. Anthony
<i>Gratiano,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	D. H. Fair
<i>Duke,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	E. W. Miller
<i>Lorenzo,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	W. J. Lynch
<i>Old Gobbo,</i>	}	-	-	-	-	D. C. Barrett
<i>Salarino,</i>						
<i>Launcelot Gobbo,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Benjamin G. Budge
<i>Salanio,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	W. A. Tener
<i>Portia,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Jessie Davidson
<i>Nerissa,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Helen Prouty
<i>Jessica,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Iva Brandt

OMEVA SEM



The Elevator

Presented by '07 Class, December 15, 1904



CAST OF CHARACTERS

<i>Mrs. Roberts</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Harriett Beyer
<i>Mr. Roberts</i>	-	-	-	-	-	C. A. Kupfer
<i>Dr. Lawton</i>	-	-	-	-	-	John Woodruff
<i>Miss Lawton</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Gertrude A. Herr
<i>Mr. Bemis</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Elmer S. Hurd
<i>Mr. Bemis, Jr.</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Ira L. Sieben
<i>Mrs. Curwin</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Emma Leonard
<i>Mr. Curwin</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Henry A. Hubbard
<i>Mrs. Miller</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Blanche Walters
<i>Mr. Miller</i>	-	-	-	-	-	R. W. Crum
<i>Mrs. Crewshaw, "Aunt Mary"</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Ada Hollowell
<i>Mr. Campbell, "Willis"</i>	-	-	-	-	-	L. W. Ellis
<i>Elevator Boy</i>	-	-	-	-	-	S. W. Greer

NEWASEM



International Stock Judging Team



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J. L. Cutler

R. K. Elias

J. A. McLean

E. B. Thomas
C. R. Scott

Iowa Agriculturist

Published Monthly by the Agricultural Club
of the Iowa State College

Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Year

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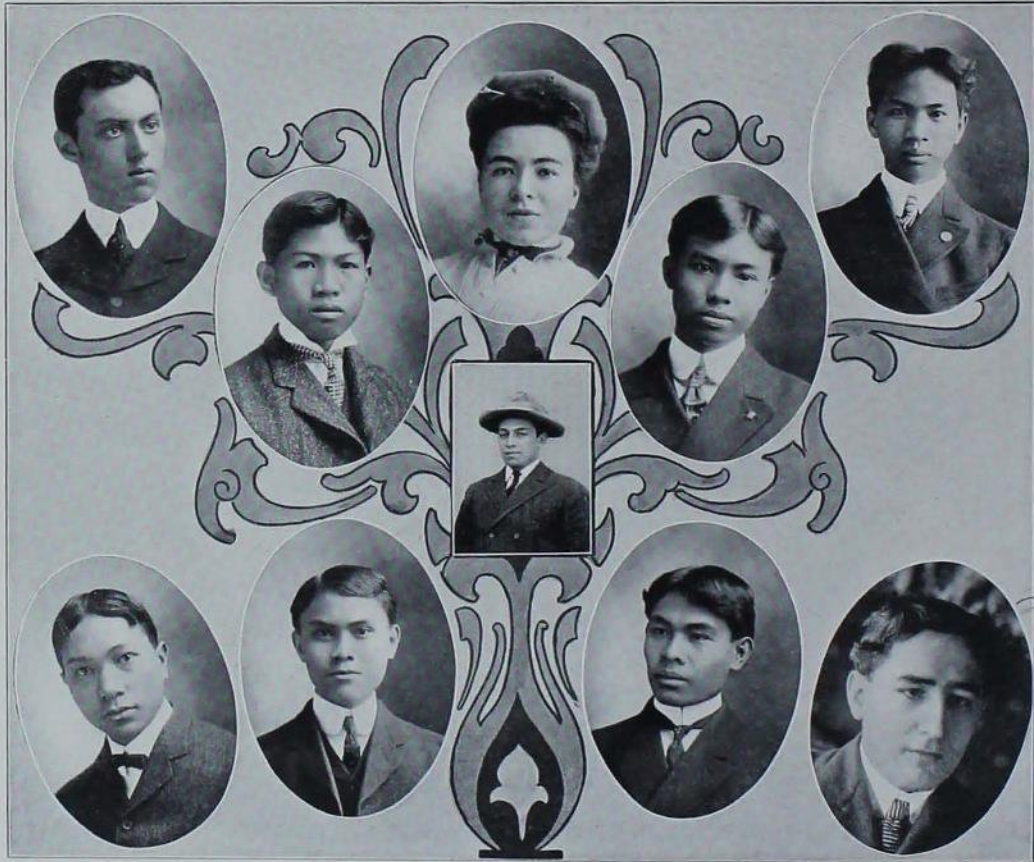
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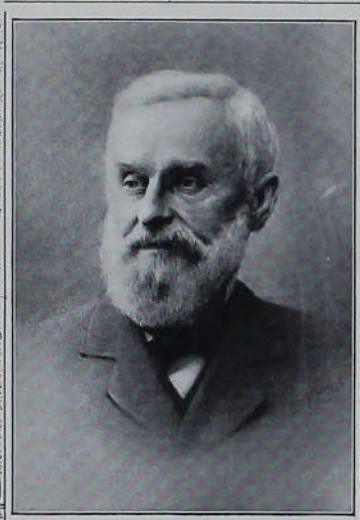
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I. W. SMITH,
C. P. WELLMAN,

Early Days of I. S. C.



THE first years in the history of any great enterprise are naturally years filled with the beginnings of things.

It was so with our Alma Mater--plans were made, tested, approved or discarded. Courses of study were drafted, the departments were organized, methods of discipline were formulated, plans for social life laid out, literary societies first saw the light, in fact the foundations of this great school were laid during the years from '68 to '78. How well they were laid, the fair superstructure testifies.

You who are of this later period, the days of motors and campanile and excursionists by the thousands, may be interested in some stories of the times when Maxwell's 'bus alone traversed the muddy ungraded roads between Ames and the College, when the old College bell, now reserved for baseball and foot ball victories, regulated all our days from 5:30 in the morning until 11:00 at night, when visitors were so few that everyone was invited to take a meal or spend a night with the President's family.

Each time, in these later days, when I look across the campus and feast my eyes on its wonderful contrasts of light and shade, its glorious combinations of color, its stretches of turf, its well-kept drives, its stately buildings, I see in memory the expanse of rough prairie, cut by ugly fences, bare of trees and littered with the debris of building, that greeted my childish eyes the 5th of September, 1868, the day when the first President brought his family from sunny Florida, to make a home and build a college in the then far west.

Your President has his problems now, and they are many and perplexing. This school has ever been a pioneer along the lines of industrial and scientific education, but the questions which loomed up before the devoted members of that first faculty have been settled long ago by them, and men like them.

It was no small matter to frame a course in which science, modern languages and mathematics were to give the mental training and culture which Latin and Greek supplied in all the old, successful curriculums. The most eminent educators of the day declared it impossible.

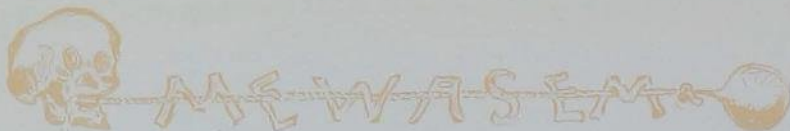
Even a more strenuous warfare had to be waged to induce people to believe it possible, practical, even respectable, to educate young men and young women together, and especially in an industrial school such as ours was to be.

From the 11th of May, when President Welch was elected, until October 21st, the day when the doors of the old main building swung open to its first students, constant advertising and the most strenuous efforts on the part of the Faculty, Trustees, and friends of the enterprise resulted in gathering together sixty-eight students, sixty-four boys and four girls, with a teaching force of four Professors.

You cannot even imagine the discomforts of that first bitter winter. The college building was only half completed, not half heated, and was lighted by tallow candles! The President's children wore their overcoats, overshoes and mittens during most of their waking hours, and often went to bed in the daytime to get warm, while the students shivered and the teachers shook during many a recitation.

The College was pledged to arrange a system of manual labor by which each student was to pass a part of his day, and pay a part of his way in the actual operations of the farm, the dairy and the kitchen. The great demand for this came from the farmers of the state, who in the early days claimed this school





as their exclusive property, fought every additional study that was not directly connected with agriculture, and feared every tendency that might draw their boys and girls away from the farm. The experiment was undertaken in all good faith by those in authority, and an honest trial of its possibilities made.

I need not say that the experiment was not a success. While the rough work of getting the farm in order, making roads, cleaning up the grounds, leveling lawns and planting trees was being done, it was possible for the College to furnish work for the students. But even then it was expensive for the College and unsatisfactory to the students. It was then thought to be the only way of carrying out the College motto, "Science with Practice." Only the faintest idea of the great system of laboratories which has grown up in every department, so that even "Campus Lab" is a part of the course, then glimmered in the minds of students or teachers.

When all of the Botanical Department was represented by a little text book, "How Plants Grow"--by Gray--which would now be considered elementary for kindergartens, when Chemistry had but a half a dozen test tubes, and physics a vacuum pump and some distorted mirrors, when the museum contained only a case of stuffed birds from Michigan, and Applied Electricity had hardly been thought of--those were in truth the days of the beginnings of things!

In those days the student family was so small that each one knew every other and felt that the members of the faculty were his own particular friends. Now there is no room large enough in which to gather the entire body of students together, but in those days every student was in his own seat in chapel every day, and each Professor sat in a dignified manner in his own stiff, red velour chair upon the rostrum, or knew that the state of his health, or his business at that hour would be solicitously inquired into by the president at their next meeting.

Many have often wondered why the old college year extended from February until November, and how the students could ever have been satisfied with no summer vacation, and with the long winter months out of school. Look back with me to the early conditions and you will understand. As I said before, the College was claimed altogether by the farmers and the idea of manual labor most strongly insisted upon. Its agricultural operations could not have been carried on in the winter, hence summer sessions were a necessity.

Practically, the plan worked well for many years. You must remember that Iowa was a young state in those days, strong in courage, capacity and resources, but her industrial classes, from which our students were chiefly drawn, were poor in purse. Not one student in fifty, boy or girl, came here with money enough to pay his way. All were more or less self-supporting, helping out expenses by labor while in school, and teaching during the winter holidays. In remembering the men and women who comprised the first ten classes, I am convinced that, had the terms been differently arranged, very few of them would have been able to come here for their education.

Conditions have changed in Iowa since '68, and the girls at I. S. C. no longer have to cobble their own shoes as did the girls of '72, and most of the bills go home for liquidation instead of being wrestled with by the students themselves. But the influence of those times of sturdy independence and honest, uncomplaining, industrious poverty is still to be seen in the simple standards of living, the inexpensiveness of pleasures and the lack of ostentation and extravagance in dress of the student body as a whole.

We of the earlier time, who love the old traditions, and who look with anxiety on the changes, the inevitable changes of years, have felt, down in our hearts, that, in spite of storm and stress, of disappointments, losses and changes, year by year, our beloved College makes a strong and steady growth.



Now, as in the '70's, we are sending out well trained, well equipped, self-poised men and women who are taking responsible places in the busy world.

In the hands of her new President, that good, strong man, whom to know is to honor and to trust, we of the Alumni may safely leave our beloved Alma Mater, with a hearty "God bless you," for both.

Des Moines, Iowa.

WINIFRED DUDLEY SHAW.

Class of 1876.

Later Days of I. S. C.

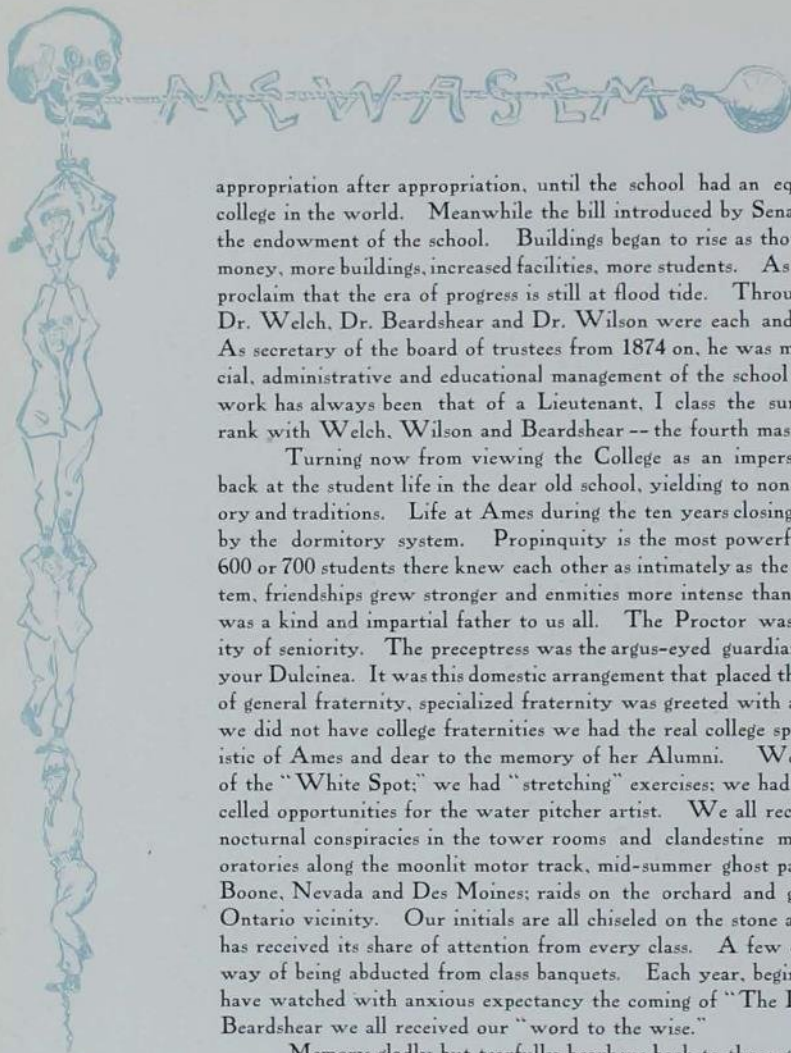


COLLEGE life in later days of I. S. C., with something of the main events in our alma mater's development during that period--all this is to be my theme for brief review. Gladly the task is accepted, but with its performance comes something of sorrow, and something of regret at the swift passing of time, though bringing with it much compensation because of the national, even world-wide reputation which has been won by the great state college of Iowa.

From this little valley among the Rockies, I have watched closely for comments upon its growth. I have found the popular judgment crystalized and expressed in a single line from the pen of Judge C. C. Goodwin, of Salt Lake City--"Iowa has but one educational institution of national reputation-- the Agricultural College at Ames." This from the brain of the Nestor of Western journalism, the fearless old man who for forty years fought Mormonism in its very citadel when life itself was in danger--this from him is worthy of remembrance.

The national reputation of the Iowa State College was won chiefly by four men, each one of whom was a distinct personal force entering into the life of the decade from 1886 to 1896. First among the four was Dr. A. S. Welch, who in 1868 stepped from a seat in the United States senate, where he represented the state of Florida, and accepted the presidency of the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames. His labors there ended with his death in 1889. Agricultural colleges were the concrete expression of an idea new in those days. The idea was still somewhat hazy and indistinct, and as a result, the work of establishing the college was largely creative. Dr. Welch visited the few agricultural colleges which had then been established in Europe, and before his death the school at Ames had fused the best principles of the European schools, with many results of progress unknown to the old world. The Agricultural College was an experiment in 1868; its success and permanency were firmly established before the remains of Dr. Welch were laid to rest in the little cemetery northwest of the college, in the spring of 1889.

The agricultural college idea had grown with wondrous rapidity in that twenty-one years. With two courses in agriculture, several engineering courses, a scientific department equalled by few colleges in the world, and a dairy school without an equal, it needed more buildings, more equipment, more instructors and more students, else it could not properly perform the educative functions for which it was designed. The year 1891 brought to Ames the two men who could secure for the school what it then lacked, Dr. W. M. Beardshear and Hon. James Wilson, familiarly known to the people of Iowa as "Tama Jim." By their efforts in the next five years they secured for Ames



appropriation after appropriation, until the school had an equipment second to that of no agricultural college in the world. Meanwhile the bill introduced by Senator J. S. Morrill had materially increased the endowment of the school. Buildings began to rise as though by magic. Every year brought more money, more buildings, increased facilities, more students. As I write, tidings of the present day joyously proclaim that the era of progress is still at flood tide. Through every phase of this campaign of progress, Dr. Welch, Dr. Beardshear and Dr. Wilson were each and all ably seconded by Dr. E. W. Stanton. As secretary of the board of trustees from 1874 on, he was more familiar with every detail of the financial, administrative and educational management of the school than any other living man. Though his work has always been that of a Lieutenant, I class the sum of its accomplishment as entitling him to rank with Welch, Wilson and Beardshear -- the fourth master mind in the life of Ames.

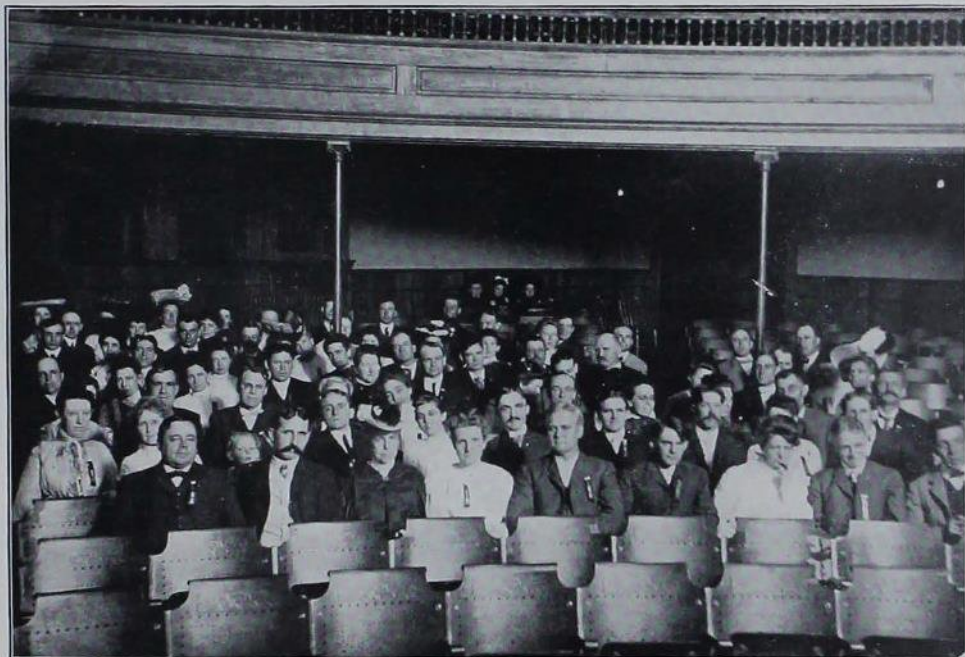
Turning now from viewing the College as an impersonal factor in the commonwealth, I look back at the student life in the dear old school, yielding to none in loyalty and undying love for her memory and traditions. Life at Ames during the ten years closing with 1896 was given a distinctive coloring by the dormitory system. Propinquity is the most powerful social leaven known to humanity. The 600 or 700 students there knew each other as intimately as the members of a large family. Under the system, friendships grew stronger and enmities more intense than were possible without it. The President was a kind and impartial father to us all. The Proctor was just a big brother, clothed with the authority of seniority. The preceptress was the argus-eyed guardian of decorum. Each girl was your sister or your Dulcinea. It was this domestic arrangement that placed the ban upon the "frats." Under this system of general fraternity, specialized fraternity was greeted with a frown. But through those years, though we did not have college fraternities we had the real college spirit and several other institutions characteristic of Ames and dear to the memory of her Alumni. We had picture scraps; we had the mysteries of the "White Spot;" we had "stretching" exercises; we had two spiral stairways each offering unexcelled opportunities for the water pitcher artist. We all recall midnight revels in "Freshman Heaven," nocturnal conspiracies in the tower rooms and clandestine meetings on Senior floor, astronomical laboratories along the moonlit motor track, mid-summer ghost parades, "side-door Pullman" excursions to Boone, Nevada and Des Moines; raids on the orchard and grape-patch, not forgetting the henneries of Ontario vicinity. Our initials are all chiseled on the stone arch west of the College. The big chimney has received its share of attention from every class. A few of us have enjoyed special sensations in the way of being abducted from class banquets. Each year, beginning with the first of its name in 1893, we have watched with anxious expectancy the coming of "The Bomb." During the administration of Dr. Beardshear we all received our "word to the wise."

Memory gladly but tearfully hearkens back to those good old days. The boys roomed on the two upper floors in Main building and the girls on the two lower. The steam pipes were a convenient medium of telegraphic communication. The "air line" easily transported food or letters from floor to floor. Then Margaret hall arose, the girls left the Main and a new social order was the vogue. Who is there who forgets the revival of the Junior trot in 1896? Who is there of the classes of '94, '95, or '96 who forgets the Junior banquet at Boone the fall of 1894? Ah, our memories are tenacious of these incidents of college days. Perhaps there are some who even remember "the three cheerful idiots" and the hilarity of "Cracker Jack Alley." I remember once--but there goes the "jingle."

Hamilton, Montana.

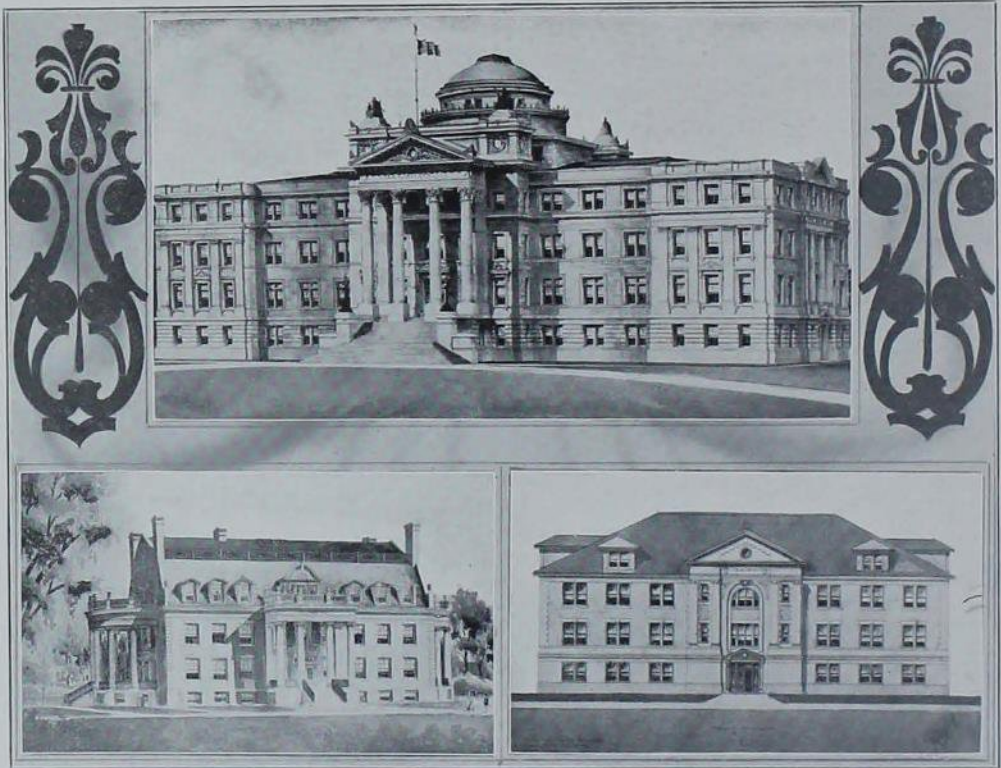
E. A. SHERMAN, ("Chaucer" 1896.)

NEW VASA



*Business Session of the Iowa State College Alumni Association,
College Chapel, June, 1904*


Our New Halls



Alumni and Y. M.-Y. W. C. A.

Central Hall

Dairy



ATHLETICS

Athletic Management

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M. I. WARDEN,

Track Manager

W. D. ELWOOD,

Football Manager

H. F. ANTHONY,

Base Ball Manager

HERMAN KNAPP,

Treasurer Athletic Association

"JACK" WATSON,

Physical Director and Track Coach

A. W. RISTINE,

Football Coach

A. V. GREENE,

Baseball Coach



John P. Watson

Physical Director

As a physical director Jack Watson needs no introduction. We all know of his work at Grinnell, where for seven years with young and limited material he turned out teams that made Iowa College famous in athletics throughout the West.

Very few however have had the privilege of becoming acquainted with his career as a professional athlete. From early boyhood "Jack" was a champion in local athletics. At the age of eighteen he took part in his first professional contest, placing in six events. His records for this contest were 40 feet 9 inches in the hop, step and jump, 20 feet 5 inches in the running broad jump, 9 feet 7 inches in the pole vault and 5 feet 5 1-2 inches in the high jump. He also won second in the quarter mile hurdles and third in the hundred yard dash.

From 1889 until 1901 Jack was actively engaged in professional athletics during which time he was a regular participant in the Scotch Caledonian games held each year at Boston, New York, Philadelphia

and other large eastern cities.

In 1893 he won the professional jumps in the World's Fair games held at Chicago.

The following list of records, some of which stand today as world's records, shows he has had no equal as an all around athlete:

Running broad jump, 23 feet 5 inches, made in Lancashire, England; running hop, step and jump, 49 feet 1 inch; running two hops and jump, 50 feet 4 inches; all of which were made on a hard cinder path with no take-off. Pole vault, 11 feet 3 inches, made at Powderhall grounds, Edinburgh, Scotland; running high jump, 6 feet 1-2 inch, made at the Philadelphian Irish games; putting 16-pound shot, 39 feet 1 inch, made in Boston; one quarter mile, 53 1-5 seconds, made at Toronto, Canada; running hop and jump, 35 feet 7 inches, made at the Boston out-door gymnasium; hopping 100 yards, 13 2-5 seconds, made at Manchester, England.

A little less than a year ago Jack came to Ames to accept the position of physical director in the Iowa State College and already there has been a decided improvement in our athletics. Our foot-ball team was in better condition last fall than ever before and the number of the men trying for the team was the largest in the history of the college. This spring our baseball and track squads are larger than any other in the state, and for the future even now we look forward to the time when under Jack's able direction the wearers of the Cardinal and Gold will take their place the equals of any in the West.



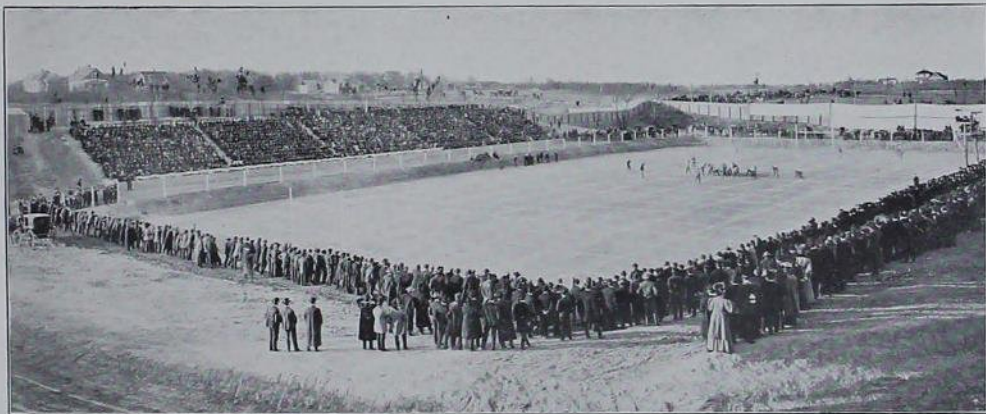
Professor S. W. Beyer

GENERAL ATHLETIC MANAGER

Professor S. W. Beyer is a graduate in the science course of I. S. C., class of '89. In 1901 he was elected to the professorship of Geology and assistant in Zoology. Since then he has been gone a part of the time studying along the line of his chosen profession. During his college course he was prominent on the diamond; baseball being the only branch of athletics supported at our institution at that time. Under the old system of athletic management, he was a member of the athletic board which was composed of two members of the faculty and about eight students. Upon the payment of fifty cents every student became a member of the athletic association, from which at mass meetings, the student members of the athletic board were elected.



In 1898 a committee of which Prof. Beyer was a member, was appointed to draw up a new constitution, the result being the present system of management. Prof. Beyer was elected treasurer for the first year, then chairman of the games committee which was practically the position of general manager which he has held since the fall of 1903. To those who are familiar with the athletic department of our college it is needless to speak of his ability and untiring efforts to advance the cause. To those outside it is only necessary to point to our growth in athletics to show that we have an efficient and stable management.





Watson (trainer)	Jones	Tedrick	Tener	Scott	Jorgenson	Ristine (coach)	
Brugger	Thompson	Henninger	Watts	Stoufer	Mack	Billar	
Drennen	McElhinney	Lyman	Cave	Daniels (captain)	Smith	Warden	Jeanson

Varsity

The football Varsity of nineteen-hundred-four was chosen from a squad of about one hundred men. Several of the old regulars were absent but their places were filled with new men who were abundantly able to demonstrate the fact that they were "in the game." The new additions were Jones, Biller, Tedrick, Watts, Drennen, Jeanson, Brugger, McElhinney, Thompson, Mills and Dunn. Of these the first six received the A.



CAPTAIN DANIELS

Of the men who played on the '04 Varsity, Scott, Jorgenson, Warden, Tener, Daniels, and Nichols have played their last game of football for I. S. C. They were men who could always be depended on when our goal line was in danger, and it is needless to say that they will be missed when another September rolls around.

Daniels, especially, will be missed from the back field, having held the position of quarterback for four years, during two of which he was Captain of the team. "Danny" is a man who could always be depended upon in a tight place and one in whom the men had implicit confidence.

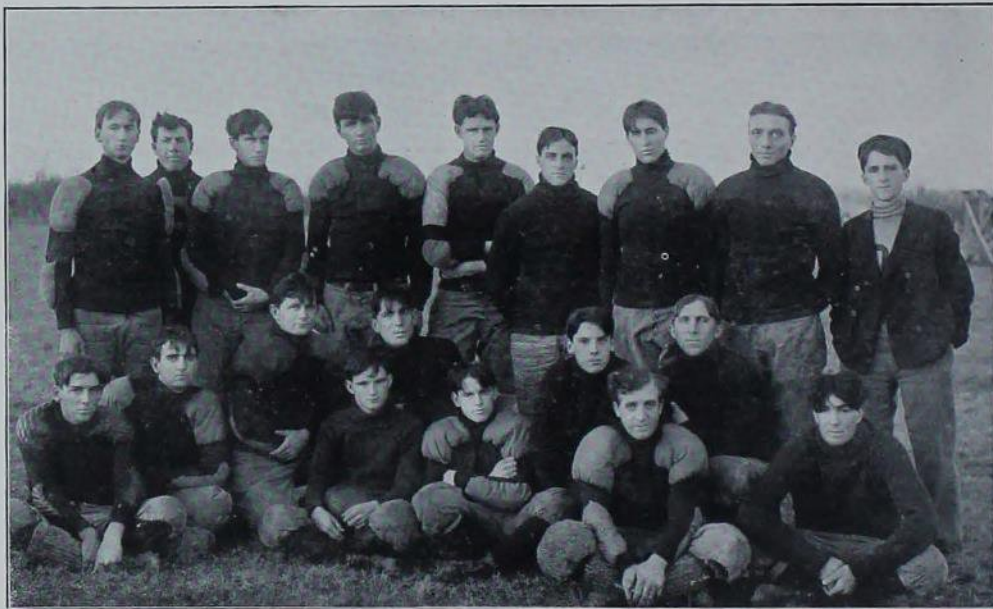
The work of Watson as trainer and Ristine as coach cannot be over estimated, as their efficient work was the main factor in producing the well balanced team we had last fall, and we are sure that under their direction we will have winning teams in the future.

DATE	OPPONENTS	PLAYED AT	OPP.	AMES
October 1..	Coe.....	Ames.....	0	22
October 8..	I. S. N. S.....	Ames.....	0	17
October 15..	Minnesota.....	Minneapolis..	32	0
October 22..	Simpson.....	Ames.....	0	87
October 29..	Iowa.....	Iowa City..	10	6
November 5..	Grinnell.....	Ames.....	0	40
November 12	Des Moines Col.	Ames.....	0	16
November 18	Cornell.....	Ames.....	6	41
November 24	Drake.....	Des Moines..	0	19



COACH RISTINE

NEWS



Lehfeldt Buckley (ass't coach) Palmer Hoffman Wilson Lodwick Alyea Boyd Packard (manager)
 Achatz Carlson Fish Daniels Foster Burke Nichols Nelson Zirbel Graham

Reserves

The first week of practice of the season of 1904 saw, beside the varsity, a hundred or more other men upon the field. From these, coach Ristine selected those who had played on the 1903 reserves, and those heaviest and most promising of the newcomers, and placed them under A. R. Buckley, familiarly known as "Buck," for instruction.

Owing to the efficiency of the coach, the season was one of almost uniform success for the Reserves. They started the season by defeating Des Moines College on Excursion Day by a score of 5 to 0--a very creditable performance as was shown by some of the later games which Des Moines College played. Shortly after this the Reserves met their only defeat of the season, being unable to score on

NEWSSEM



Ida Grove High School, losing by a score of 12 to 0. This defeat, however, was excusable as they had the day before lost several of their best men to the varsity and team work had not yet been re-organized. After this came a series of unbroken successes, the Reserves winning from Memorial University at Mason City 6 to 5, Drake seconds 18 to 0 and Ellsworth College at Iowa Falls 5 to 0.

Too much cannot be said for the Reserves, as it is owing to their loyalty that it is possible to make a strong Varsity. Every night of the season finds them in their places taking the hard knocks from a team much stronger and heavier than they. And yet very little honor comes their way; when the Varsity wins, few think of the part the Reserves played but the "scrubs" feel and know that they have their part in the victories as well as the defeats and so work that much harder the next time.

Last season for the first time recognition was given the Reserves, the athletic council awarding them sweaters and the R.





Kesney	Baker	Schiele	Ickis	Fry	LaFever	Jory	Furrow	
	McPherson	Nelson	Doty	Pachstein	Moore	Marsden		
	Healy	Brown	Hidinger (captain)	Furrow	Bridger	Johansen	Brissell	Rubel

Class Champions, 1904

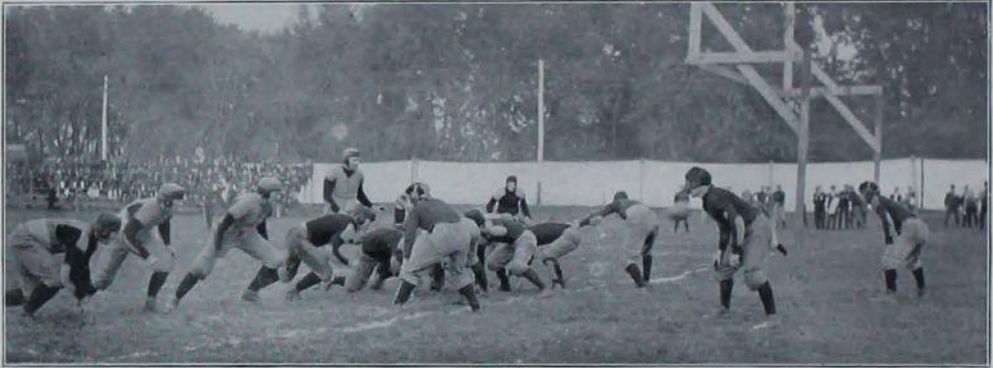
To encourage more men to play football, class games were proposed last fall. The '06 first took it up, and were soon followed by the other classes. The practice games showed the '05's and '06's to be the strongest teams. Their first schedule game resulted 0 to 0, and when the tie was played off '06 won by score of 6 to 5. '06 then had only to beat '07 to win the series, '07 having already beaten '08 by a score of 6-0. A hard fought game between them resulted, after two halves, in 0 to 0. The '07's refusing to keep their agreement to play fifteen minute halves until one side won, forfeited the game as decided by a committee from the faculty. This then made the '06's winners of the series, due to the consistent training of the men as well as the efficient coaching of Prof. Coover. He kept the men working hard, and taught them plays that surprised the confident '05's. We are very sorry not to print a picture of this '05 team but they were so humiliated at their defeat that they refused us the privilege.



NEWSPAPER



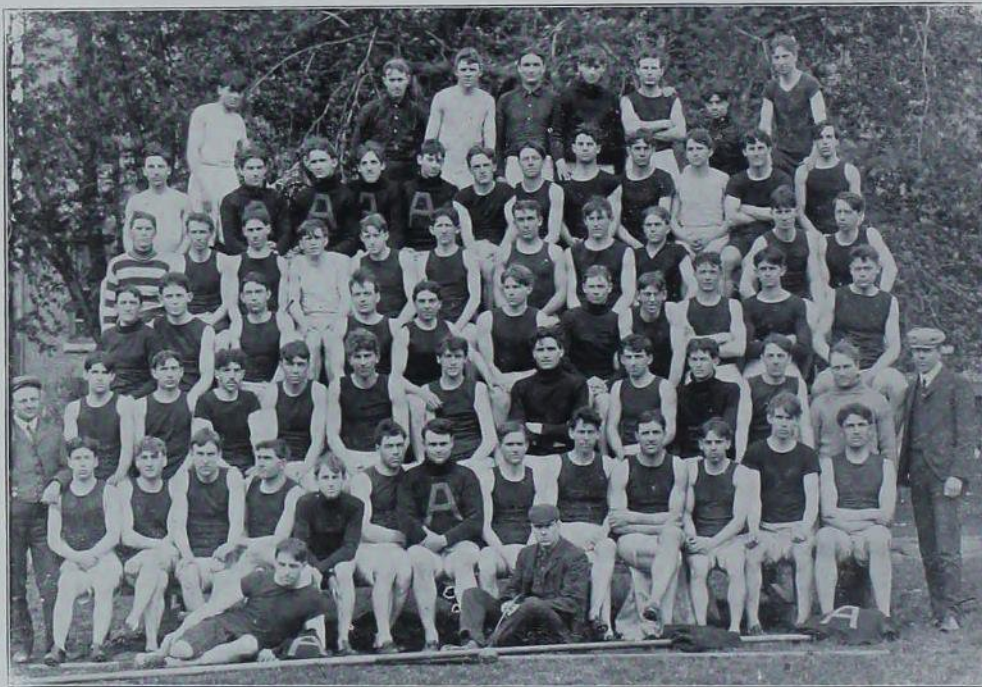
THE WASEM



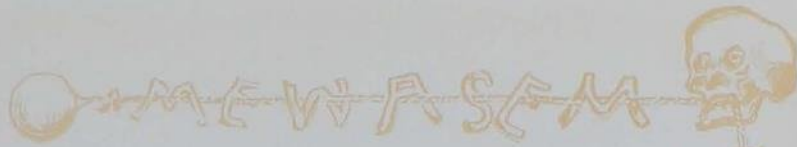
SCRIMMAGES



AEWASEM



Track Squad, 1904



HOME FIELD MEET

EVENT	'04	'05	'06	'07	RECORD
100 yd. dash		R. S. Scott 1st. Adamson 3d	Thompson 2d		10 2-5
1 mile run		Curtis 1st Williams 2d	Austin 3d		4:54 3-5
Shot put		Fyler 2d	Cave 1st Stoufer 3d		37 ft.-7 in.
Pole vault	Okey 3d			Russell 1st Henninger 2d	9 ft.-4 in.
Broad jump		Currie 1st		Barber 2d Hewitt 3d	20 ft.-7 in.
220 yd. dash		R. S. Scott 2d Adamson 3d	Thompson 1st		23 4-5
120 yd. hurdle		Maharg 1st		Henninger 2d Russell 3d	17 1-5
440 yd. dash	Ulibarri 1st		Cave 2d	Packard 3d	54 4-5
Hammer throw		Fyler 1st Jorgensen 2d	Peck 3d		110 ft.
High jump		Barrett 2d	Lyman 3d	Henninger 1st	5 ft. 6 in.
Half-mile run	Ulibarri 1st		Cave 2d Kelsey 3d		2:22
Mile relay		3d	1st	2d	3:52 2-5
220 yd. hurdle		Maharg 2d Guthrie 3d		Henninger 1st	28 1-5
2 mile run		Curtis 1st	Austin 2d Tinsley 3d		11:36
Half-mile relay		1st	3d	2d	1:38 3-5
Discus		A. B. Scott 3d	Cave 1st Stoufer 2d		111 ft. 2 in.
Total	11	52	37	28	



NEWS SEM



'06 Track Team



O-M-E-V-A-S-E-M

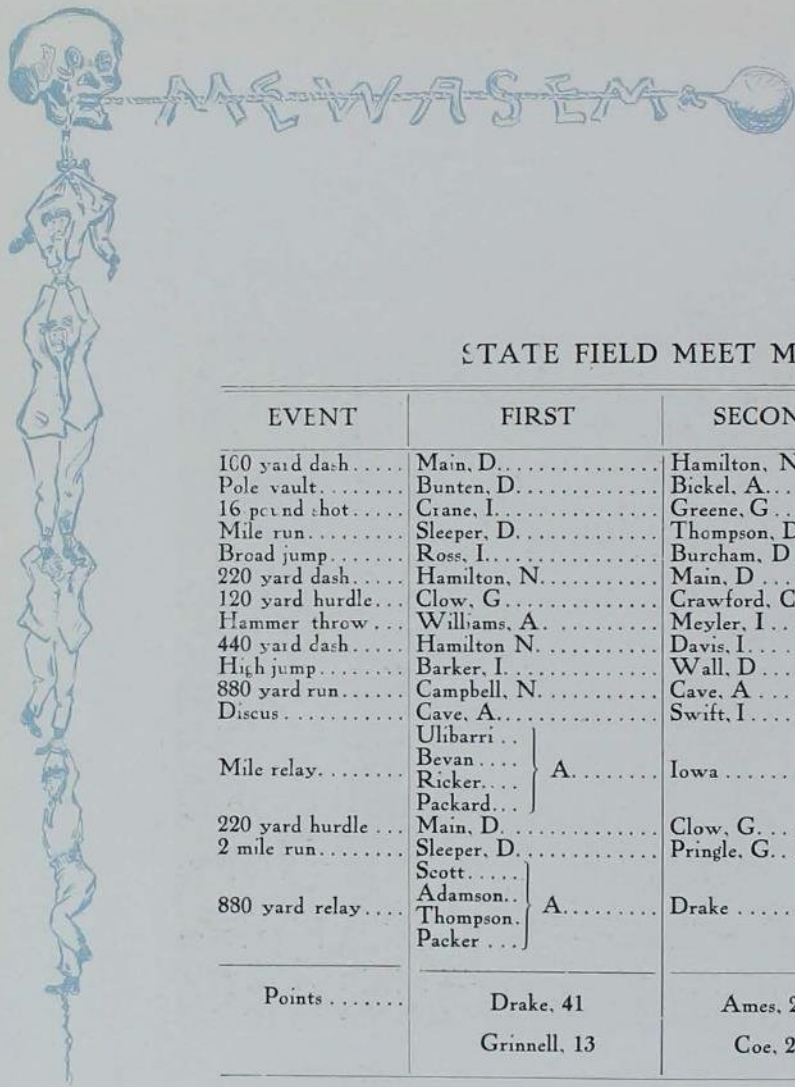


DUAL MEET WITH GRINNELL AT AMES, MAY 14, 1904

EVENT	GRINNELL	AMES	RECORD
100 yard dash	Templeton 2d	Copeland 1st, Scott 3d	:10 2-5
Pole vault	Walleser 3d	Russell 1st, Bickle 2d	9 ft. 6 in.
16 pound shot	Green 1st	Fyler 2d, Mattison 3d	39 ft. 3 in.
Mile run	Mellrath 2d	Curtis 1st, Austin 3d	4:44 4-5
Broad jump	Spencer 2d	Barber 1st, Currie 3d	21.9 ft.
220 yard dash	Templeton 1st, Longshore 3d	Packer 2d	:22 3-5
120 yard hurdle	Clow 1st	Henninger 2d, Guthrie 3d	:17
Hammer throw		Ames by default	
440 yard dash	De Haan 3d	Packard 1st, Ulibarri 2d	:54 3-5
High jump	Slaght 3d	Henninger 1st, Barrett 2d	5 ft. 7 in.
Half-mile run	Hessau 3d	Scott 1st, Cave 2d	2:10
Discus	Green 3d	Cave 1st, Stoufer 2d	110.3 ft.
Mile relay	2d	1st	3:42 1-5
220 yard hurdle	Clow 1st	Maharg 2d, Guthrie 3d	:26 2-5
Two mile run	Pringle 1st	Curtis 2d, Williams 3d	10:37 1-5
880 yard relay	2d	1st	
Total points	37	85	

DUAL MEET WITH DRAKE AT AMES, MAY 21, 1904

EVENT	DRAKE	AMES	RECORD
100 yard dash	Randall 3d	Copeland 1st, Scott 2d	:10
Pole vault	Haggard 1st, Burcham 3d	Russell 2d	10 ft. 3 in.
16 pound shot	Kintz 3d	Cave 1st, Mattison 2d	38 ft. 2 in.
Mile run	Sleeper 1st, Thompson 3d	Curtis 2d	4:42 1-5
Broad jump	Williams 1st, Burcham 2d	Barber 3d	21.85 ft.
220 yard dash	Main 1st, Randall 2d	Packer 3d	:22 3-5
120 yard hurdle	Burcham 2d	Henninger 1st, Maharg 3d	:16 4-5
Hammer throw		Williams 1, Fyler 2, Jorgensen 3	132.2 ft.
440 yard dash	Randall 1st	Ulibarri 2d, Packard 3d	:54 4-5
High jump	Wall 1st	Barrett 2d, Henninger 3d	5 ft. 9 in.
Half-mile run	Jaggard 1st	Cave 2d, Scott 3d	2:5 1-5
Discus	Wall 2d, Kintz 3d	Cave 1st	118.3 ft.
Mile relay	2d	1st	3:37 4-5
220 yard hurdle	Main, tie for first	Henninger tie for 1st, Guthrie 3d	:27 4-5
Two mile run	Sleeper 1st	Williams 2d, Smith 3d	11: 7
Half-mile relay	2d	1st	1:35 1-5
Total points	Drake 56 1-2	Ames 65 1-2	

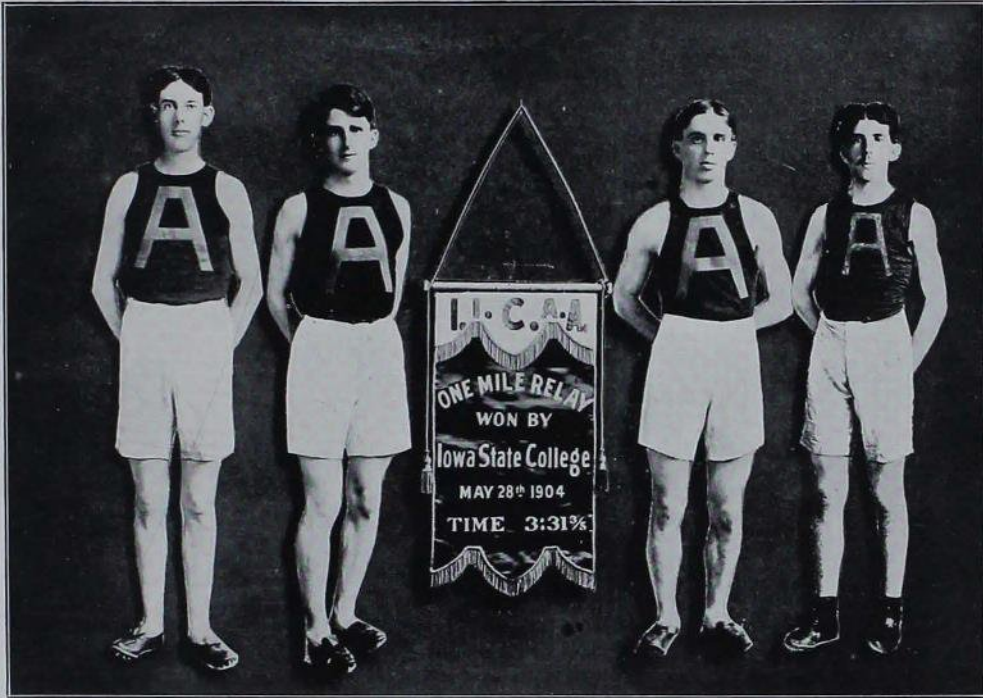


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STATE FIELD MEET MAY 28, 1904

EVENT	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	RECORD
160 yard dash.....	Main, D.....	Hamilton, N.....	Copeland, A.	10 1-5
Pole vault.....	Bunten, D.....	Bickel, A.....	Vanburen, C.....	10 ft. 9 in.
16 pound shot.....	Crane, I.....	Greene, G.....	Cave, A.....	39 ft. 9 in.
Mile run.....	Sleeper, D.....	Thompson, D.....	Mellrath, G.....	4:35
Broad jump.....	Ross, I.....	Burcham, D.....	Williams, D.....	22 ft. 8 1-4 in.
220 yard dash.....	Hamilton, N.....	Main, D.....	Randall D.....	23 1-5
120 yard hurdle.....	Clow, G.....	Crawford, Coe.....	Henninger, A.....	16 1-5
Hammer throw.....	Williams, A.....	Meyler, I.....	Burrows, D.....	126 ft. 2 in.
440 yard dash.....	Hamilton N.....	Davis, I.....	Randall, D.....	52 1-5
High jump.....	Barker, I.....	Wall, D.....	Barrett, A.....	5 ft. 10 1-2 in.
880 yard run.....	Campbell, N.....	Cave, A.....	Thompson, D.....	2:01
Discus.....	Cave, A.....	Swift, I.....	Kintz, D.....	115 ft. 10 in.
Mile relay.....	Ulibarri .. } Bevan } Ricker... } A.....	Iowa.....	Grinnell.....	3:31 3-5
220 yard hurdle.....	Packard... } Main, D.....	Clow, G.....	Jones, N.....	25 3-5
2 mile run.....	Sleeper, D.....	Pringle, G.....	Jeffers I.....	10:10
880 yard relay.....	Scott..... } Adamson.. } Thompson. } A.....	Drake.....	Iowa.....	1:32
	Packer... }			
Points.....	Drake, 41 Grinnell, 13	Ames, 28 Coe, 2	Iowa, 25 Cornell, 1	Normal, 18

NEW SEM



Bevan

Packard

Ricker

Ulibarri

ALL WAS SEM

Half-Mile Relay Team

TIME, 1:32



Thompson

Adamson

Scott

Packer

MEMORABILIA



HARRY E. COTTON



Champions 1903-4



Greene (coach)
Cutler Reese

Smith
Cotton

Deshler
Brown

Paine
Miller Parsons

Wilson (Mgr.)
Evans



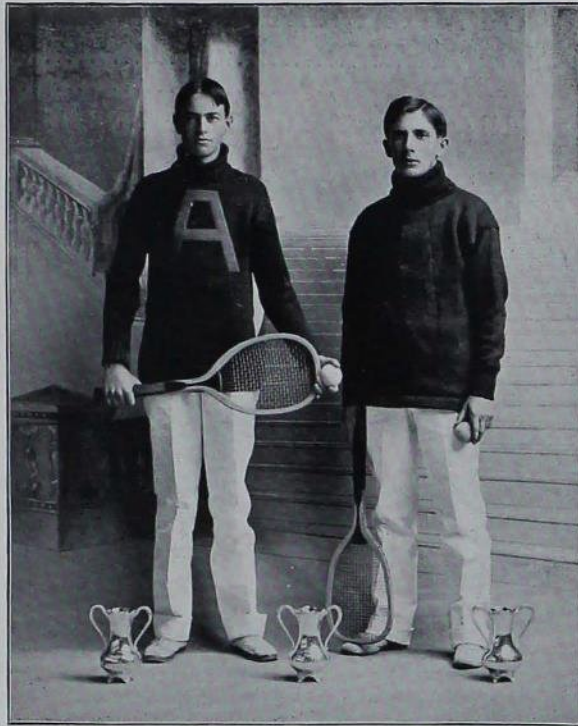
Baseball Schedule

SEASON 1904

DATE	GAME	PLAYED AT	SCORES		WINNERS OF SILVER BAT	
			AMES	OPPO- NENTS	YEAR	COLLEGE
April 13	Highland Park	Ames	3	1	1893	I. S. C.
	Marshalltown High	Ames	4	0	1894	I. S. C.
April 18-22	Cedar Rapids League	Ames	Won 2	Won 3	1895	S. U. I.
April 26	Simpson	Ames	14	0	1896	Grinnell.
April 30	I. S. N. S.	Ames	18	3	1897	Grinnell.
*May 3	Grinnell	Ames	11	0	1898	Cornell.
May 6	Iowa	Ames	7	6	1899	Grinnell.
May 10	Coe	Cedar Rapids ..	5	1	1900	S. U. I.
May 13	Grinnell	Grinnell	4	0	1901	S. U. I.
May 14	Simpson	Indianola	4	2	1902	Grinnell.
May 20	Cornell	Ames	4	3	1903	I. S. C.
May 27	I. S. N. S.	Cedar Falls	6	0	1904	I. S. C.
May 30	Iowa	Iowa City	1	0		
May 31	Cornell	Mt. Vernon	11	4		
June 3	Grinnell	Grinnell.	2	1		

Baseball, the earliest form of athletics supported at our institution, is still one of the most important events of the college year. Our teams in the past, have on the whole, been successful, as shown by the number of times we have held the silver bat. Bad weather kept the 1903 season from being finished, and one game was played last season to settle the championship. This resulted in an Ames victory, and occurring as it did, among the first of the college series, gave baseball a good start for 1904. The team was nearly the same as the year before, Whisler and Carrier being out, Miller taking the former's place at 3d base, Brown and Reese alternating in the box and the left field. This gave us a strong team, one which had already played a successful season, and hence soon got in practice for another series of games. The season of 1904 was most satisfactory, our team winning all the games in the college series. This success was largely due to "Prairie City" Brown, who is undoubtedly the best college pitcher in the west. His popularity with the team is shown by his being re-elected captain for the season of 1905. His remarkable control, his cool head, and knowledge of the game often pulled the team out of tight places, giving the players and student body thorough confidence in "Yank." Cotton's ability behind the bat is also one of the strong features of our team. Few college men are able to catch for so speedy a pitcher as "Yank," and we are to be congratulated on having at one time two men of such ability.

* 1903 Championship Game



Tennis

COE *vs.* AMES AT AMES

Tellier-Smullin	2-1*
Stanton-Johnston	0-2
Tellier-Johnston	3-1
Tellier-Stanton <i>vs.</i> Smullin-McCormick	2-0
Rowat-Cutler <i>vs.</i> Johnston-Goodyear	1-2
Tellier-Stanton <i>vs.</i> Johnston-Goodyear	3-0

*NOTE—Scores by sets.

THE NEW WASEM



IOWA vs. AMES, AT IOWA CITY

Stanton-Monnett	0-2
Holbrook-Baily	0-2

GRINNELL vs. AMES AT GRINNELL

Stanton-Blatherwick	1-2
Holbrook-Belden	2-0
Holbrook-Stanton vs. Belden-Blatherwick	3-0

STATE TOURNAMENT AT CEDAR RAPIDS

Holbrook-Stanton vs. Monnett-Cushing (I)	2-0
Holbrook-Stanton vs. Smullin-McCormick (Coe)	3-0
Holbrook vs. Smullin	2-0
Holbrook vs. Monnett	4-1

SIMPSON vs. AMES AT AMES

Stanton vs. Goble	3-6
Stanton-Cessna vs. Nye Bros	3-1



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P. G. HOLDEN.

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(Signed)

C. J. ZINTHEO.

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(Signed)

THOS. H. McDONALD.

Later: - I have used another dose and I am City Engineer of Ames, on the side. Thos. H. McD.

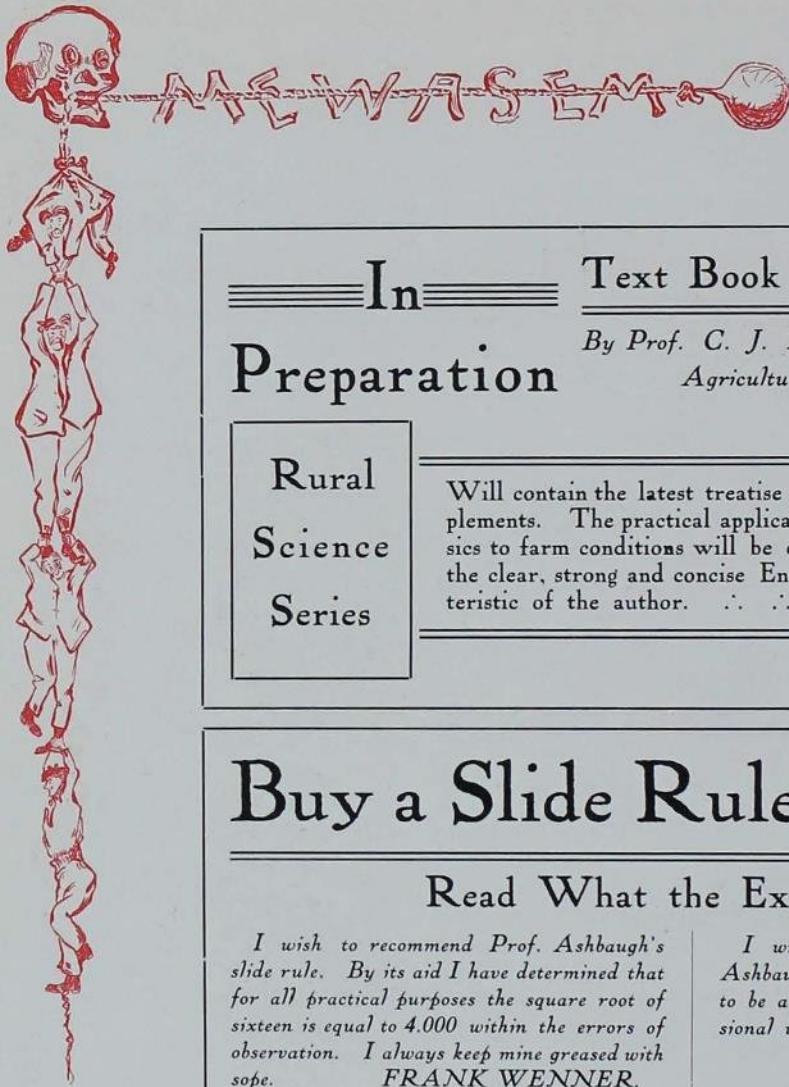
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The publishers take pleasure in announcing this volume, feeling that it will fill a long-felt want from the students of this timely topic. Now that it is spring, they feel that every southern zephyr will only reiterate the thoughts expressed by this charming authoress. Never before has she expressed herself so freely concerning her life-work. She devotes considerable attention to the stars, having located them by Spherical Trig. Some time is taken up with moon-light. Her knowledge of Physics is of great assistance to her in this chapter. The falling leaves, campanile shadows, tall pines and verdant pastures are each given special attention--any one of which would be good material for meditation on a Sunday afternoon or evening. Those sincerely interested in this subject may obtain private lessons provided all dates are not taken.

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cure gave me a new
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wonderful discovery, I
was sleepless, restless and
given to hysterical weep-
ing. I now feel like a
new woman.
Mary Davenport.*



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I have taken one
bottle of your rem-
edy for heart trouble
and it has cured me.
Before taking, I
could not rest day
nor night.
Bess Blackburn.*

*Dr. Ames:--
I have heard of your
great heart cure. Please
arrange to send me six bot-
tles at once.
Genevieve Milnes.*



Do Not Delay

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NEWSPAPER



The Ringing of the Chimes

When the evening sun is setting
And the air is warm and still,
And all nature seems to pause to rest
O'er woodland, field and hill;
While we listen almost breathlessly
And sometimes think in rhymes,
There comes to us distinct and clear
The ringing of the chimes.

Those dear old bells, how old, yet new,
Their solemn, measured tones;
How old the longings, new the hopes
That their sweet singing loans
To us who think of the world's rough path
Ahead of us sometimes,
Where we shall hear in memory's dreams
The ringing of the chimes.



The Cyclone

OF 1906



Two Senior Proms.



T was Senior prom. night. The many windows of the buildings surrounding the central campus were bright with light. Little incandescents flickered merrily in the dark corners of the road, while over all the moon shed a soft glow. Happy strollers wandered here and there, or sat apart in couples and groups. A painful thrill of reminiscence passed through the mind of Robert Davis as he sauntered aimlessly among them.

"Its just as it used to be," he reflected, as he watched the gay groups that dotted the campus about him, but he sighed as the cheerful laughter of women mingled with the deeper tones of their escorts came to his ears.

Davis had not been back to the old college for the closing exercises since his own commencement ten years before, and now brought back by something, he knew not what, he found himself once more at his Alma Mater recalling old memories, long forgotten, and reviewing scenes half-remembered.

Yes, it was the old crowd, yet how different. They were all strangers to him now. The "old Main," his home, was gone and in its place they had that very day been laying the corner-stone for the building that was to be erected on its site. And it was to be dedicated to the one whose memory was still so loved and honored, and whose presence was missed by those who had known him and had been guided by his inspiration. He was lonely—as lonely as he had been on his own Senior prom evening when Isabel Morris had been monopolized by his rival—that tall Civil.

Somehow he did not care for the music that night. He would circle about the campus a bit here and there. He found himself going down underneath the white birches that overhung the walk, across through the clump of pines, up the path in front of Morrill Hall. Here he was suddenly awakened from his reverie at seeing a figure sitting on the stone steps, back in the shadow of the building. Even after these years it looked familiar and he stopped to look again. He spoke her name—"Isabel." She started out from the shadow as she heard her name

THE NEW SEM

The Cyclone



spoken. The light from above now shone directly on her face.

"Why, Rob! Rob Davis! is it you? I am so glad"—she stopped suddenly.

"So am I," he replied. "I did not know you were here."

"I came to please Bess. She is a Senior this year and wanted me to come."

"Bess, your sister Bess; is she a Senior so soon?"

"You forget that it is ten years ago since we graduated."

"So it is. Ten years is a long time, isn't it? How is Dad. He is here tonight, I suppose?"

"Dad, Dad Osborne?" she said, leaning back into the shadow again. "I do not know," and then, hesitatingly. "You did not know that our engagement was broken soon after we left school?"

"No," said he. "I have been in Mexico ever since I left school—entirely cut off from the old crowd,

and have lost track of most of the people. Tell me about yourself."

"Oh, I am at home, just an old maid, Bess says," she replied gaily.

"How things have changed, haven't they? Do you know the Seniors seem so much younger than we were."

"Yes," she answered, "but you must remember that we are getting old!"

The tinkle of mandolins coming from the balcony of Agricultural Hall suddenly sounded very sweet to him. It had gone unnoticed before.

"Shall we go down on the campus?" he asked.

"I am waiting for Bess."

"Bess? As I remember that young lady, she was perfectly capable and willing to take care of herself. We can look her up later."

"She was in the center of a group of Seniors the last time I saw her, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if she had entirely forgotten her sister," said Isabel, laughing as she arose and descended the steps.

He drew her hand through his arm and again started down the walk underneath the bushes, but now Isabel was at his side. He found that she had not changed in these years except that the girl of twenty had matured into a noble woman. He had forgotten that he had intended to leave. He was a part of the gay crowd now. His resolves of a few moments before were re-made. He would make this the happiest evening in ten years. Yes, it should be a happier evening than the evening of his own Senior prom had been. It should be as he had planned that evening to be.



NEW SEM

The Cyclone

As he led her down across the green to the little clump of trees near the campanile, the voices of the glee club came to them. The tenor pealed out, "Go, pretty rosebud. Tell her of love."

Reaching the little spot he had chosen, they sat down together under the trees.

"Do you know what I have planned?" he said. "It is to make this evening what I had planned ten years ago tonight to be. I had planned that we should spend it out on the campus just as tonight. Here at this very spot, I had planned to tell you something. I was sitting up in my room in the old Main, the tower room, you remember, thinking over the many happy hours we had spent together during our four years here, when I saw you go across the campus with Dad Osborne. I will not tell you how I passed that evening. I do not like to think of it myself."



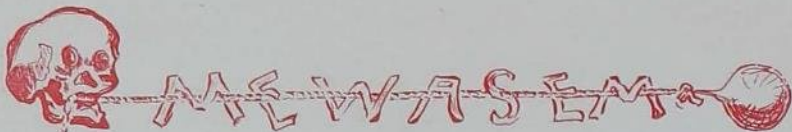
"I knew you were going home the next morning. I went to the station to bid you goodbye and took with me some roses. As I came up the platform, I saw you standing on the car-steps with your arms full of—and I heard you exclaim, 'How did you know that I loved red roses better than white ones?' Mine dropped to my side for they were white. I went up to you and said 'good-by' but that was all."

"But, Rob, I did love white roses and I wanted yours. And I didn't think you cared to be with me ten years ago tonight."

"Isabel, can't we forget the years and,—will you make this my happiest night?"

"Yes, if you can forgive me for ten years ago tonight."





The Cyclone

The Old "Phiz" Lab.

When the western sun is hanging low
And my work for the day is o'er,
I take my pipe from the mantle-shelf
And sit me down at the door.
And tho' my school-days long have gone,
(The best I ever had)
A thought creeps in to make me smile,
'Tis a thought of the old "phiz" lab.

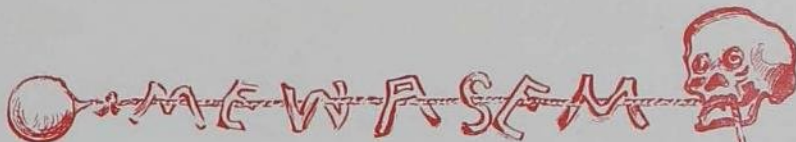
Yes, I see them all, in mem'ry's dream
The fellows I used to know,
"Tommy" and "Rube" and "Peaslie" and "Ick"
And a lot of the *good boys*, too.
There's only a small piece of ice in the sink
It's all there is to be had
The other has gone to a warmer place,
Down our backs, in the old "phiz" lab.

But that was only a little thing,
If it wasn't ice, it was shot,
'Twas only a part of the life we lead
In determining "specific hot."
They required us to go by Wengers' rule
Or by "rut's" when no "slide" we had,
For there was to be no "buggerin" done
In the work at the old "phiz" lab.

Oh, the stunts were many and practical, too,
There was one where we used to weigh lead,
And correct for density and pressure of air
Compared with the weights we had,
And got a correction of ten oughts, nine.
It really makes me sad
To think how roughly I've guessed at things,
Since I worked in the old "phiz" lab.

'Twas cheap at the price, five plunks per term,
And a Junior hat to wear,
That's all was required to enjoy the stunts
And know the mysteries there.
Our "Hastings-Beach" we used to love
When we were Sophomores glad,
It's only for reference now, you know,
We read Dutch in the old "phiz" lab.

And when at last the sun is gone
And night with owly wings
Shakes dew-drops from the rosy skies
And my thoughts to the present brings
I pause a moment ere I go
To wonder if they are sad,
My old class-mates of "naughty-six,"
When they think of the old "phiz" lab.



Equal Claim



WELL, Himmel!" said Bud, as the door slammed and Jack, his room-mate was gone. "That kid's the best friend I have on earth, but it's strange how our tastes always run in the same line."

Most of the boys were away and the house was unusually quiet. He decided he would study—just for a change, but this seemed to be impossible for though he turned from one book to another his thoughts wandered back to the same old story—a girl. Why should sine over cosine be equal to golden hair over brown eyes? He must give it up. As a last resort he turned to solitaire. He succeeded in appearing engrossed in the game when, two hours later, Jack burst in with "Old fellow, she's the best ever."

"Well, I know that," was the blunt reply. "I hope you feel better now, since you've butted in."

"Butted in? How's that?"

"Easy, it seems for you."

"Well, I can't see how you have any better right. Didn't we meet her the same night?"

"I guess we did, but who said anything about being first?"

"You spoke as though *you* did, but if my memory serves me correctly, we were both of the same opinion. But cheer up, old man, you've got as much of a show as I have. Get into the game. The best man wins out."

* * * * *

A month—two months had elapsed. The Junior trot had passed and Bud had been the lucky one. The Drake game was passed and Bud's glorious touch-down was rewarded the following day by a box of candy. It was all too good to be true and again Bud was storming because it was Jack and not he whom she was entertaining at the sorority dance that evening.

Downstairs, the boys who were left in the house that evening, were singing, playing and having a good time. But this was not nearly exciting enough to satisfy their glorious good humor, and they began to look about for something else.

"Say, is Bud upstairs?" asked Shorty Armstrong. "Yes," replied another, "but you'd better leave him alone. He's grouchy tonight."

"Sue Arnold asked Jack to their frat dance tonight," said Shorty.

"Yes, its queer the way she is equally nice to each of those fellows. If it doesn't change before long, what will happen?"

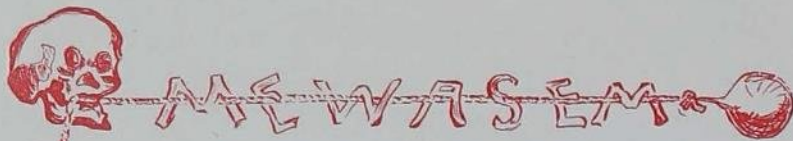
"Well, let's get it out of him."

This bade fair to be the sport they were looking for and away they went after poor Bud. A few moments later found the dejected Bud Baldwin seated on a throne of stacked chairs in the parlor.

"In sooth we know not why you are so sad?" said Shorty, addressing the throne. "It wearies you, it wearies us, but how you caught it, found it, or came by it; what stuff is it made of, whereof is it born?"

"And such a wan wit it makes of you," joined in another, "we have much ado to know you."





The Cyclone

"Believe me," said Don, "'tis not your fortune that worries you."

"Dead broke?" chimed in Shorty.

"Why, then," continued Don, "you are in love."

"Oh, give us a rest," growled Bud.

"Rest? Why its society you're wanting."

"What do you say to having a little social stunt right here. Shorty you be the lady. I'll furnish the music," said Don, picking up Jack's mandolin. "We'll give him a chance to go through some of those dances he's languishing for."

Soon Shorty appeared in a bath-robe with a false face and simpering behind Sue's fan, which Bud had brought home from the Junior trot, and began to waltz the rebellious Bud about the room to the tune of "Oh, if I but knew your heart were true."

They were in the height of their excitement when Jack came into the room. They called to him, but he passed on up to his room without a word.

When the boys were through with their sport they let Bud go. He dragged himself upstairs wishing he were dead—anything but to hear Jack tell of the good time he had had. Didn't he know without his telling over again everything that had happened, that he had had a good time. Why, he had been there.

When outside the door, he stopped and listened—not a sound. Jack was either asleep or in another room telling some one about Sue's charms. If this were the case, he would get to bed and asleep before Jack returned.

With a melancholy expression, Bud turned the

knob and entered. Much to his surprise Jack was neither asleep nor absent, but sitting in a chair smoking, his eyes pinned on a spot on the carpet.

Bud went to the dresser and began to remove his collar, tie and cuffs. The silence was beginning to be painful. Bud thought over many things. Could Sue be angry? Oh, no, she never would get angry. Was Jack sore because it would be *his* turn next? No, it couldn't be that. He must know and so ventured to speak.

"What's the matter, fellow? You're looking rather glum. You're not sore because it will be my turn next, are you?"

"Well, no," was the reply. "Sue sprung a new frat pin tonight."



NEWSSEM

The Cyclone

Hall Cradle Song

Hush, my child, lie still and slumber,
Sleepy girls are overhead,
And their blessings without number
Rain upon thy frowsy head.
Sleep, my babe, thy father's singing
Is enough to keep thee still;—
But his music upward ringing
These same girls will almost kill.

Calm and sweet thy sleep extendeth
Through the long, long afternoon;
But at night thy wail ascendeth
With the rising of the moon.
Mays't thou live to know and fear them
These the girls who lay awake
Listening to thy midnight anthem—
And thy father's—for thy sake.



Prof. Pammel's Summer Resort

Prof. Stanton told a prep to get his time-card, and bring it with him if he wished a change in classification. The prep returned with the latest folder of the Ames and Dinkey.

Miss Allis (to class in Wilhelm Tell): "I would be pleased to have you all come over to my house

this evening for a little social time. One thing I would like to ask of you, however, and that is that you all wear your rubbers."

Miss P. (at dinner table): As a general rule I think light-haired people lack affection."

Miss K. A. (decisively): "Oh, no, they don't."





Visited by Presidents of Agricultural Colleges



AND the time came when the Ag. Profs. of all the world were to congregate in Des Moines for convention. And the idea did occur to them to visit Ames, of which they had heard so much spoken. And thus did they send a few of their number ahead to prepare the way for the other



dignitaries. And when chapel time came, these "heralds" were asked to grace the rostrum, and to address the assembled body.

And the first to speak did very eloquently bring

a message from the Agricultural College of Missouri.

And the second did speak "from the press," and very humorous was his speech.

The third did speak from the view point of a trustee, while the fourth blushed abundantly, but declined the honor of addressing the congregation. And the fifth, who declared himself to be neither "Gunn or a son of a Gunn," did bring a message from Michigan.

While the sixth was so "overcome with solemn and sad recollections" when he stepped upon the platform, that he could do nothing but crack jokes, and call his companions "King, Queen, Ace and—the silent one," which made the last one mentioned blush.

And a short time after noon, the motor did bring the many other wise men; and these did spend a very profitable afternoon going from building to building upon our campus.

The young women did smile when the professors expressed their wisdom and ignorance equally well in the Domestic Departments.

And when evening came these sages were feasted in the big dining room, waited upon by the young women of the Domestic Department.

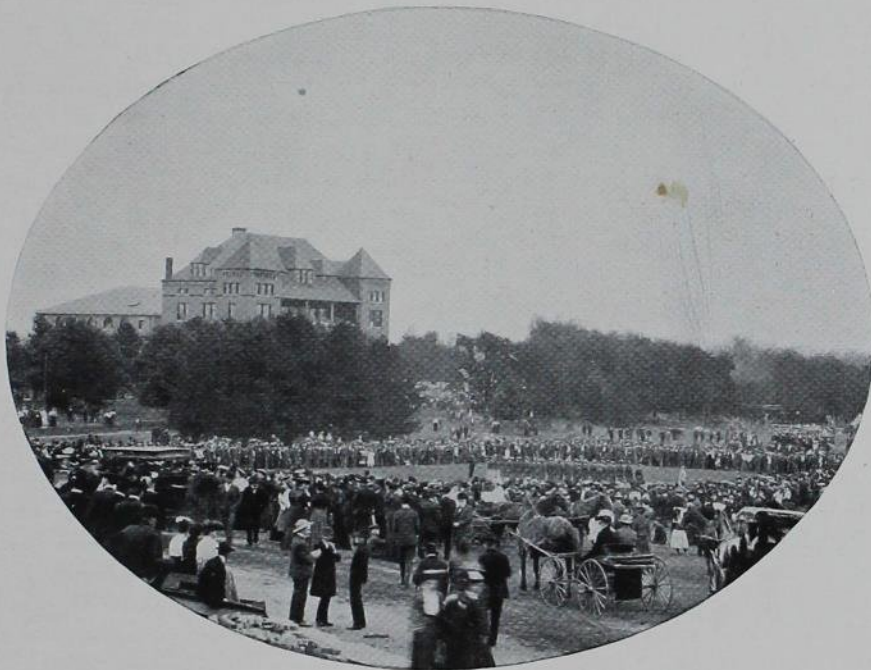
And when the time for toasts came, many wise

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words fell from the lips of Dr. Storms and others. these wise men took their leave, to go upon the journey to their several homes.



Excursion Day

The Cyclone

A Tribute to Ex-Governor B. F. Gue



T seems fitting that a word of tribute should be paid here to the memory of that great and good friend of the College who fell asleep last summer in Des Moines, full of years and honors. To no man does this institution owe more than to Benjamin Franklin Gue, who, from the first proposal of its establishment till the day of his death, was true and unfaltering in his devotion and interest.

He was Governor of Iowa in the early days of its history. He saw its needs, realized its dangers, fought its battles, and helped and encouraged its President and Faculty, as did no other. Had it not been for him in 1860 the Legislature would have repealed the act accepting the national land grant

and establishing the College. Again in '68 a determined effort was made to make the College a department of the State University, and he successfully fought that movement and secured the independence of the school. With Governor Kirkwood and Senator Clarkson, he devised the wise system of leasing college lands until they were valuable enough to sell, giving us thereby the largest income of any similar school in the country.

To him was due the admission of young women to I. S. C., and the selection of its first President. Many of the foundation plans of this great enterprise were either the product of his own wisdom or were assisted by him to practical fulfillment.

Peace to his ashes, and may the institution which he helped to found grow ever more worthy of his memory.



Samantha at the World's Fair



SEZ, I, to Josiah, sez I, Josiah, we must make preparations to attend the World's Fair again. Why, Josiah, we hain't been to a Fair since the one they had for Christopher Columbus, and that's nigh on ten years ago. And, besides, Sarah Ann would be powerful dissapinted if we didn't come. (Sarah Ann is our granddaughter.)

Wall, Josiah, he acquiesced. Josiah has always been a faithful partner, although at times he is terrible sot in his ways.

The Fair wuz to open on the seventh of May; and in order to get there on time, we left our beloved Jonesville Saturday morning (Washington I. brung us to the depot and saw us off) and we arrove in Ames on Saturday evening.

Sarah Ann met us, as she wuz off duty for a few minutes. She wuz powerful happy to see her fond grandparents, and her fond grandparents wuz happy and proud to see her. She brung us at once to the motor which was to convey Josiah and me to the Fair Grounds. I had some misgivin's as to the ability of this conveyance, and I sez to my pardner, "Josiah, shouldn't you think them professors would feel humiliated to send down such a conveyance for all their company?" But Josiah, man-like, sez, "What is the use of expense when this will answer the purpose?"

But to resoome.

Anon, or sooner we arrove at the Fair. Sech

splender and aluminatation as lumed up before us! From end to end of the Fair Grounds wuz dazzlin' lights! I had several emotions as I looked on the sight.

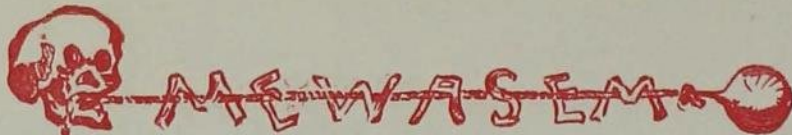
Wall, my faithful pardner and me went direct to Margaret Hall with Sarah Ann. The Fair wuz waiting for her. She had duties to attend to, but she sez we should take in all the sights, and we would be treated right. And we wuz.

I had been some dubious about the Fair, owing that it had been all worked out by my sext. Not that I am not proud of her, but Josiah had insisted that wimmen hain't the strength, even if they have ability to plan, to do much. But all such fears wuz dispelled as the mists befor' the sun when we entered the main court, as it were.

Right in the center wuz a beautiful canopy beneath which wuz several of my sext charmingly selling sweets—the base of which wuz about the size of our hen-yard to hum.

Josiah see a big bill posted down the end of the court and betook himself here, so I follered. There wuz a





The Cyclone

side-show here, and I see by my pardners' liniment that he wanted to see that. I had as many as seventy emotions in this place. Anon or oftener one of them comes back to me. There stood a most beautiful creeter, but horrors!—around her charming form wuz wound the most horrible serpents it has been Samantha Allen's lot to see. I had other emotions but this wuz the strongest.

While Josiah and me wuz saunterin' back amidst the immense throng, imegiately and to once a great camel riz up before us. My Josiah wuz so took up with the two Arab drivers that he declared he would get a suit like theirn and wear it to meetin'. It took much persuadin' to disincline him. He sez I always wuz ruled too clost by etiket.

Wall, anon as Josiah and me was resooming our way, we glanced up, and—oh! the admiration for my sext! Would you believe it? The young wimmen had actually fetched the moon with its beautiful occupant down closter to earth. I had always doubted as to whether I should address the moon as him or her. But there wuz no more doubt. There wuz the beautiful female as glorious as a summer sunset. (Only her flutterin' robes wuz blue, while the sunset is generally red and yellow.) And the stars back of her made an impressiv' sight.

I expressed my appreciation to my pardner for the noble help the band give their sistern. It wuz real genteel and polite on 'em.

Soon we come onto a southern plantation carried bodily from the land of shades (by that I mean negroes). There wuz the mammy asetting' in front of her log-cabin. My mind took several steps back in the path of time, and rested upon Harriet Beecher

Stowe, Uncle Tom, Aunt Chloe and Abe Lincoln. But Time and Josiah cut these reflections short.

My pardner wuz dretful took back when we entered the next place. It wuz mystifying in the extreme. Dim, but when our eyes got ust to the dimness, we beheld a bewitzing fortune teller. When Josiah see her, he wanted to leave my side, but I looked at him sternly and cold, and he remained.

The Palm Garden wuz a place of wonder. How my mind traveled over ocean, sea and mountain—way to the country that the little wimmen who sot under the palms call their Home. I had a good many emotions. I know how my pardner and me would feel if our Sarah Ann should be took and set down in Japan, even if under a soft maple.

Anon we come to the biggest pie I ever seen. It wuz more'n 5 feet acrost. Josiah's liniment brightened. Sez he, "Samantha, I haint no fault to find with your cookin', but I always did feel that your pies warn't any too big." But when he saw that this wuz made of saw-dust, and it cost 5 cents to fish for a piece of candy, etc., etc., his liniment fell a considerable—say several feet.

But who can discrib' my feelin' when we come face to face with the Goddess of Liberty! Emotions, many and turbulent, roused up in me. I thought of all the blood that had been spilt in her name! How many had given their lives for her, etc., etc., etc., and so forth. I thought of Washington, Grant, etc., etc.

But I am indeed a-eppisodin'.
But to resoom.



MEMORANDUM

The Cyclone

Josiah always wuz a vain creeter, so when we came to a photograph gallery, he had to have his picter took. "It would be sech a nice present for the little ones," sez he, meanin' our grandchildren. Wall, I never see a man turn out picters at the rate them wimmen did. I felt real riz up about my sext. It wuz a real good likeness, but Josiah sez it didn't do him jestic.

I wuz fearful agitated when we come to the next place. We looked down into a place "as dark as a black broadcloth pocket in a blind man's overcoat." Oh, horrors!—when our eyes had penetrated the intense darkness they lit upon the orful figger of the very D—I himself. How the wimmen ever got him to come here, I don't know. And Josiah don't either. But there he wuz, the fire from behind alightin' him up to view.

I had quite a good many emotions when we come to the Museum where the old relicks wuz kept. The little basket in which Moses wept went straight to my mother heart, and to Josiah's fur all I know. Although this lantern of Paul Revere's wuz different from the one they had at Columbus's Fair, I presoom Paul had more 'an one lantern.

Anon or a little later we beheld the exhibits of the different departments of I. S. C. College. If ever I wuz riz up in my feelin' to think I wuz-an Iowan, a U. S., it was then and there. Sez I to my pardner with feelin', sez I, "We made no mistake when we sent our own flesh and blood to

this institution." Josiah was completely overwhelmed with emotions when he beheld the ideal farm all laid out jest rite. I had no doubt ourn would be improved by the lesson.

But how my own feelin's riz when I beheld the perfect housekeepin' being enacted rite before me. I had no doubt Sarah Ann could make over my mantilly when she come home. I haint worn it more'n seven years and when I speak of gettin' a new one, my pardner always declares I look so beautiful in this one that I can't bear to press the pint.

The electrical display wuz dretful interestin', too, to some.

The Art Gallery brung me quite a few emotions. It seemed as if Rosa Bonheur, Millet, Ruebens, etc., etc., stood by my side and neighbored with me as I know they'd have like to done in their real life. I am dretful fond of art.

When Josiah see some other men a playing for cigars, etc. (they do say they wuzn't real), by hittin' rag dolls, he wanted to try too, but sez I, in stern axent, "Josiah Allen, remember you be a Deacon of Jonesville church."

But to resoom.

Anon we come to the Museum (Zoo) and I do believe every kind of animal wuz there, and more too. It wuz impressiv'. The Indian village filled my tired out brain with aw' and wonder and admiration. I could now understand the love Longfellow and Hiawatha had for Minnehaha, for her image stood before me. I had quite a number of emotions.

But as we stood there my faithful pardner cries out, "Samantha, there goes my scare-crow!" And



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to think that she who wuz onst Samantha Smith should live to see the day when scare-crows really exist! I wuz by the side of myself with wonder.

One thing that wuz powerful comfortin' wuz the fact that no intoxicants wuz sold at this Fair—nothin' stronger'n lemonade. Sez I, to Josiah, sez I, "See how much sorrow and sufferin' would be spared and elevated if wimmen made the laws all over as they do here." "Samantha," sez he, "are you goin' to give one of your W. C. T. U. lectures agin?" "No," sez I, "but I'd like to." And I knew that the Salvation Army would've asked me if they'd know they could git my service.

Josiah wanted to try the fortune-wheel, but when he found that it cost 5 cents, he hardened his heart most as hard as Pharo, and, sez he, "I am as tired as a dog."

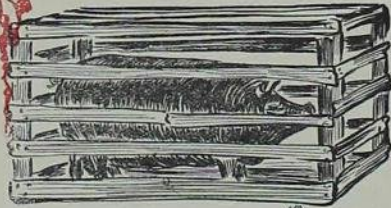
What faculty my sext has of gettin' things! My pardner had tried so hard to kiss the Blarney Stun when we wuz in Europe but becus I wouldn't let him use my mantilly for a rope he had to gin it up. But here wuz that Stun, and rite reverently and fervently did my pardner kiss it.

I wanted to buy a doll for the children but Josiah is very economical. Sez he, "Samantha, them dolls you make out of bits left from your dress are very beautiful, and fur more lastin' and cheaper. I wuz real tickled that he appreciated my talent.

But anon or a little later Josiah sez, "Samantha, I have decided to buy you a little souvenir of our trip." I wuz dumbfounded. I never knew him to propose any outlay of the kind before. I wuz powerful touched by his thoughtfulness and I sez, "Dear Josiah, what are you going to buy?" And he sez he thought a couple of pancakes would be as good as anything. Mekanically, and like sheet-lightnin' I turned my back on him. I see through it. Josiah was always thinkin' of his stumick. A mammy and her daughter baked 'em and I haint a doubt but what they wuz good ones. But another thing I didn't like wuz that the youn' gal made ayes at my Josiah. I haint a doubt but what that wuz the reason he wanted to stay here. Man is so vain.

But to resoom.

We had noticed so much about a haunted house, so we betook ourselves in that direction. When we come within a short distance of it (a few ft., I think; I didn't take my yard stick with me), I felt queer as a dog and so did Josiah. The earth wuz appearin' to gin way under us. But anon we reached the House. Large sized emotions lifted me up quite a good ways. There truly wuz three real live ghosts. I thought of Shakespeare a great deal as I stood there. But my pardner wuz that dretful impressed that he would not stay long enough for me to go very fur in my thoughts.



A GUIDE

THE NEW SEM

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Travelin' and sight seein' is tiresome, and it wuz with delight and grateful hearts that we come to the exquisite German Garden where we could set down and rest a spell. Our own grove to Jonesville never seemed so refreshin' as this.

Just after we got sot, a quartette (about the best lookin' I ever see of that shade), come in and sung melodiously. I wuz quit' overcome by feelin' and wuz glad that I had a kerchief in my left hand; in my right wuz my faithful umbrell.

It wuz real impressiv' a settin' here awatchin' the goin's on. Two clowns must of got loose from the circus, and I do believe my pardner would have folloed 'em if I hadn't reminded him that the circus wuz no place for a Deacon from Jonesville, and the pardner of Samantha Allen who was onst Smith.

There wuz all sorts of people there, some lackin' a little in etiket perhaps (I refer to a couple or

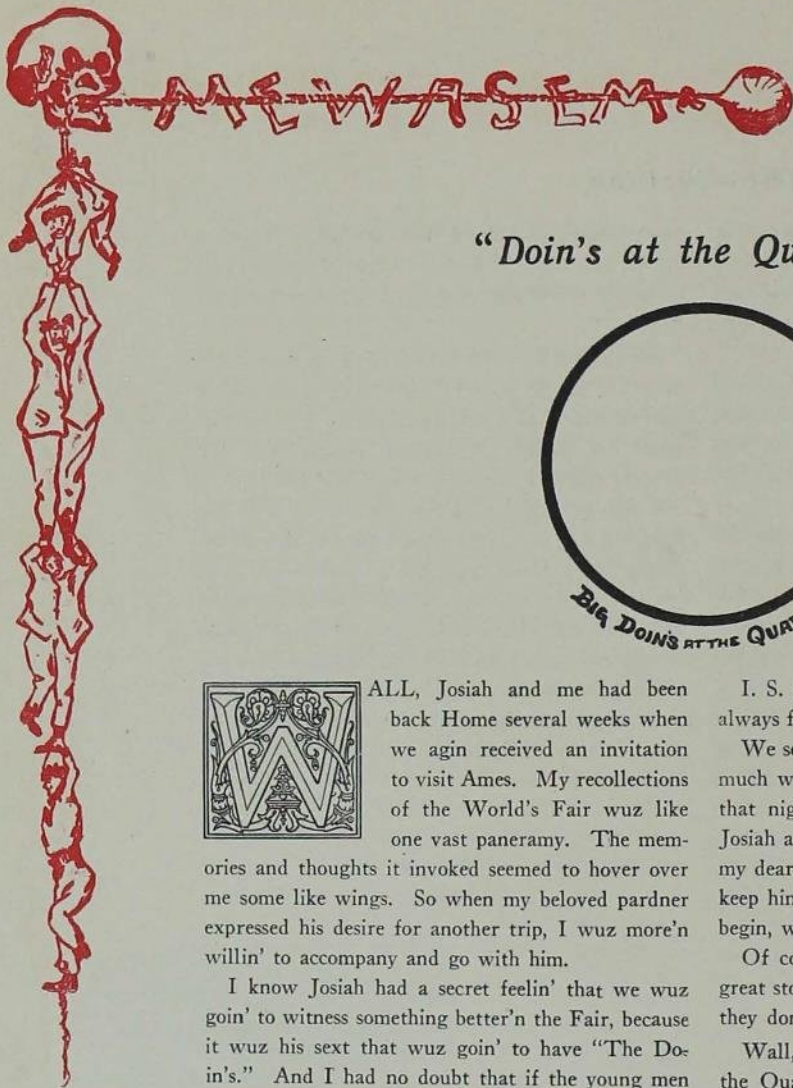
two). But sech order I never see before in sech a crowd, and I sez to Josiah, "What a peaceful and contented world this would be if wimmen ruled all over."

All the Police Force here wuz of my sext and I never see any so good before. "You can't bribe a woman with liquor, etc., etc.," sez I, "but she will stand for Jestice, Right and Humanity." My pardner couldn't gainsay it, albeit he'd like to.

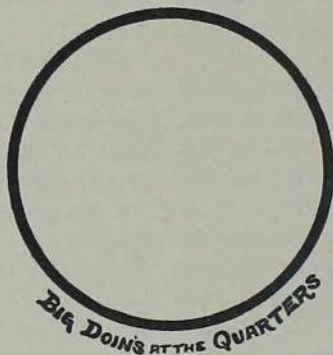
I wuz powerful glad that we had come to the Fair, and so wuz Josiah. And I am sure that all the people wuz glad we come, too. I had noticed during our whole stay they always smiled agreeably at my devoted pardner and me, some turning around to look and smile agin after they had past.

We had seen many unEEK spectacles and inspirin' sees which we could carry home to Jonesville to relate on to our neighbors.





“Doin’s at the Quarters.”



ALL, Josiah and me had been back Home several weeks when we agin received an invitation to visit Ames. My recollections of the World’s Fair wuz like one vast paneramy. The memories and thoughts it invoked seemed to hover over me some like wings. So when my beloved pardner expressed his desire for another trip, I wuz more’n willin’ to accompany and go with him.

I know Josiah had a secret feelin’ that we wuz goin’ to witness something better’n the Fair, because it wuz his sext that wuz goin’ to have “The Doin’s.” And I had no doubt that if the young men did as well in their quarters as in the athlectick field, it would be worth our while. I always have heaps of emotions after all their victories, and Josiah is dretful proud on ’em, dretful.

I. S. C. is beautiful for situation, dretful, and I always feel riz up when I go there.

We see when we come on this particular day that much wuz to take place and ensue at the Quarters that night, for at every turn, big placards stared Josiah and me in the face. I had quite a trial with my dear, but too ardent and impressible pardner, to keep him from going before time. He wanted it to begin, wanted it like a dog.

Of course we took Sarah Ann along. She sets great store by the young men, and appreciated what they done at her Fair.

Wall, the time come, and Josiah led the way to the Quarters. We entered. We looked around. I could see by my pardner’s mean that he wuz disapinted. But we moved on and on, expectin’ the unexpected. I sez to my Josiah that mebbey we had better set down and recooperate and then search

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agin; but men have such doggy obstinacy and he wuz bound he would find what he come to see. He felt cheaper than dirt.

Sarah Ann sez she couldn't see where all the sights wuz. That wuz a question I couldn't answer, nor Josiah.

Finally we come back to the entrance again and Josiah turns to me and sez, "Samantha Allen, I ex-

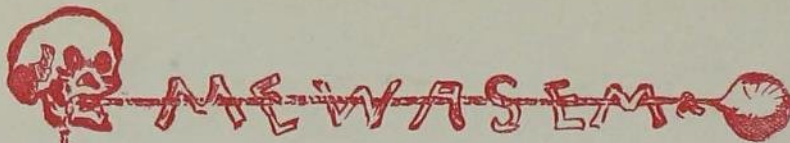
pect you'll lord it over me from now on jest because your sext had a little better show than mine. But tenny rate, mine can play better football than yourn." I didn't dispute him. "Dear Samantha, I want you to promise that you will never menshun this when we get back to Jonesville." I see he wuz in earnest, dretful, and I wuz real touched with his "Dear." So I hang up a thick curtain (chenille) between my readers and myself and retire behind it.

"O-le-Ile-oh-le-au!

Zip!! Haw!! Biff!!

Bangety!! Bang!!

(Chorus) "Here comes Throckmorton."



The Cyclone

An Appreciation



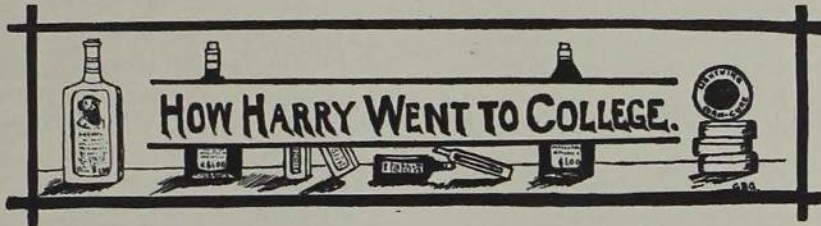
HOOP! Whoop!! Hurrah!
Well, yes!! We, the Junior
Civils of the Iowa State College,
having passed up "Electric Rail-
way" and "Phys Lab," do here-
by declare ourselves to be once
more, free and unlimited American citizens. For
four, long, weary, grinding, sweating, toiling
months we have delved, torn, and wandered about
in the mysterious depth of what was supposed to be,
physical knowledge. In the inky blackness of this
underground-world, we struggled for many months,
seeking ever a sure foothold, that we might mount
to higher things. Helpless and alone in a strange
country, we wandered about, putting in our time,
getting nowhere, attaining nothing, while no help-
ing hand, from those who really knew the land, was
stretched out to help us. Buffeted about, driven
here and there, by those who had neither knowl-
edge, aim, nor goal, we suffered in this region of
darkness.

In this land of Electric Railway, which we were
forced to enter three times each week, the Spirit
of Physics pursued us around huge armature coils,
relentlessly drew us hither and thither with great
magnets hurled volts from concealed batteries
upon us, and confined us around about, with
monstrous lines of force. Great fires were built
on all the hills, to torture us, and, save for our
almost superhuman efforts, we had been consumed
by their fury. But physical forces were not all
that were used against us. By virtue of a certain
knowledge of the black arts which he possessed,
the Ruler of this land, used insidious and diaboli-

cal means to effect our overthrow. Microbes of
disease, which no man can fight, bearing a re-
pulsive death in their wake, were sent among us.
We were confined in closed rooms, into which
small-pox germs, large as lions, were brought un-
chained, and locked in with us. We were of a
sturdy race, so that at the price of eternal vigil-
ance, only one of our number was laid low by
these ferocious beasts. Being doomed for a time
to this dark land, we, with courage and determi-
nation attempted to make the best of a bad matter.
We followed the Ruler of this subterranean
region upon many devious journeys. Sometimes we
crossed great chasms, in the dark, at a single bound.
Sometimes we spent many painful days, surmount-
ing a mole hill. Often after days of journeying
we came up against a stone wall, and so had to
conclude that our starting point, the original
equation, was wrong. Aside from the physical
effort, the mental strain of each trial and the sub-
sequent disappointment of these fruitless sallies,
was intensely severe. Some of our number could
not stand this strain, and fell, by the wayside, but
the most of us came through, battered and torn,
hit with the like-spark, not entirely extinct.

The strength and endurance of ancient times is
not yet dead when men may go through ordeals
like this, and still live. The blood of our Puritan
forefathers is not yet extinct, since men still sur-
vive the wanton attacks of savagery. The whole
world is to be congratulated that there are men,
who have withstood such heroic tests as this, the
greatest frost that ever visited the campus.

A NEW ASYM



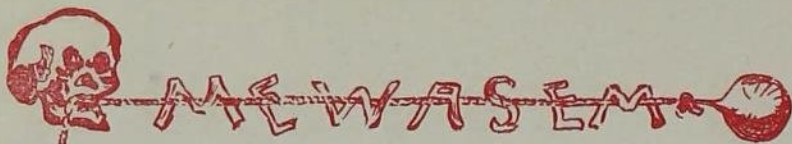
In the early days of Autumn,
The warm days of last September,
From the shelves of lemon-extract,
From the bottles filled with Cough-Cure,
From the unexplored trackless
Of his father's "lab'ratory"
With his father's secretary,
Boldly came our noble Harry
Also came the big-pill maker
Came to start his boy in college
For this lad had been in high-school
One whole year and studied Latin.

First, the "doctor" talked to Prexie,
Told him how the boy knew Latin,
How he'd have to go to college
Or he'd learn to chew tobacco,
Drink and smoke and go to heaven.
Prexie frowned and recommended
Him to further preparation.
But for high-schools, Harry cared not
Now, since he had one attended
For a year and studied Latin.

So, the profs the "doctor" hunted,
Told them how his boy knew Latin

And would learn to chew tobacco
If he could not go to college.
Harry tried examinations
One in Math and one in English
While the private secretary
Frowned and scowled out in the hallway
While the red-faced pain-reliever
Chewed his mustache in the door-way
In the door-way of the hall-way
Where the private secretary
Frowned and scowled through heavy glasses
Heavy as the heart of Harry
Working problems in a room there.
Thus he classified with Stanty,
Classified in English zero,
Classified in Algebra zero,
Classified in History I, for
He had gone one year to high-school,
One whole year and studied Latin.

On the South Side, board and lodging
For them both the "doctor" bargained,
Harry was to get his lessons,
If he could, and if he couldn't
Then the private secretary



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Must turn in and get them for him.
To the private secretary
Regulating Harry's welfare
Said the florid corn-salve mixer
On the eve of his departure
"When the evening shades have fallen
When the western glow has faded
Keep him safe inside the door-way
Lest a Sophomore should nab him
Paddle him or maybe stretch him;
Keep him safe inside the door-way."

When the first long week was ended,
On that well-remembered evening,
Of that ne'er-forgotten Friday,
Cherished by the "preps" and Freshmen,
Southward went a delegation
To the lodging-place of Harry
And his private secretary;
Halted there outside the door-way
While the leader asked for Harry
So that they might "introduce him"
To the other "preps" and Freshmen.
Said the private secretary
Standing safe inside the door-way
"With the Cough-Cure of his father,
With the sugar-coated tablets,
With the German Panacea,
Of his father's lab'ratory
Shall he stay inside the room here.
Get you hence you sons of Satan,
Take your shadows from this threshold
Or you'll need a box of Ointment

To patch up your busted eye-brows."
And the sturdy delegation
Took their shadows from the door-way
But climbed high up on the porch-roof
On the roof by Harry's window
And poor Harry sitting, waiting
Saw the window quickly opened,
Opened by a hand he saw not
Heard the voice of some-one calling
Calling in a tone he knew not
"Come you patent pain-reliever,
Come with us and get acquainted
With these other "preps" and Freshmen."
"But," said he, "I do not know you,
Who is this that I hear calling,
Calling to me in the darkness?"
Answered voices in the darkness,
"We are Sophomores, Wus-suck-whouks
Of the class of Nineteen-seven,
We are now your lords and masters.
Therefore hurry and come with us,
Come with us and get acquainted
With some other "preps" and Freshmen."
Though the evening "shades had fallen"
Though the "western sky had faded"
Harry went out through the window,
Through the window to the porch-roof
Went with them to the camp-meeting,
Went along and "got acquainted"
For had he not been in high-school
For a year and studied Latin?
On the eve of the excursion

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The excursion of the people
Of the people to the college
All the Sophomores, Wus-suck-whouks
Guarded well the college campus
From the paint-brush of the Freshmen
Fearing lest perhaps these new men
Should prove to be more successful
In the art of painting side-walks
Than themselves the year before had.

But the nifty prep named Harry
Started out with brush and bucket
Painted "naught-eighths" on the side-walks
Painted on the heating station
Just beyond the dinkey platform
Big "naught-eights" as high as he was,
Till the proctor found him painting
Took away his brush and bucket
Asked him where he roomed and boarded
Told him to "go home and stay there."

When the Sophomores, Wus-suck-Whouks,
Saw the paint-brush and the bucket
Found out where he roomed and boarded,
They sent out a delegation
To the house where Harry boarded.
Quickly climbed they to the porch-roof,
And the window quickly opened
Grasped the soundly-sleeping Harry
Shoved him safely through the window
Took him to the heating-station
Made him take the brush and paint-can
Made him paint big streaks and splashes

Till the boards were nearly covered
And "naught-eight" was gone forever.

All the long and lovely Autumn
Harry went to classes daily
Though he went there, yet he learned not
Flunked examinations surely
Often stood he on the carpet
Telling Prexie, telling Stanty
He was "taking too much music"
He would drop a little next week
And he "surely would do better"
But the private secretary
Seemed to know no more than he did
For *he* had gone one year to high-school
One whole year and studied Latin.

When at last the term was ended
Harry went home for vacation
With the private secretary
Went he home upon the railroad
To his father's "lab'ratory."

* * * *

In the cold days of vacation
Of the long and lonely winter
Of that ne'er-forgotten winter
In December Nineteen-four. Then
Harry's father got a letter
Harry also got another
They "were sorry to remind him
Of the work that he had failed in
And though very much regretted,
Still, his absence was requested."
By the shelves of lemon-extract,



BE A NEW WASEM

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By the bottles filled with Cough-cure,
By the German Panacea,
By the twenty-five cent Ointment,
By the lightning pain-reliever,
By the boxes filled with corn-salve,
In the unexplored trackless
Of his father's "lab'ratory"
We may find our noble Harry,

Who would learn to chew tobacco
If he could not go to college,
And the private secretary,
Scowling, frowning through her glasses,
Sticking labels on the bottles
Of the red-faced big-pill-maker,
For this boy had gone to high-school
One whole year, and studied Latin.





THE SHORT COURSE

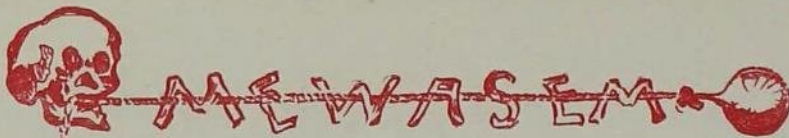


CHRISTMAS time, while the students of I. S. C. were home on their vacation, enjoying mother's pies and cakes once more, and renewing old acquaintanceship with their brothers and sisters and cousins, and some who were not their cousins, the campus was invaded by a horde of visitors. It was the annual meeting of the Short Horns. This year, as usual, they came 600 strong, marching with proud, self-conscious steps, for were they not going to college? In the daytime they would congregate in the corn laboratories or in the judging pavilions. In the evening they would gather in the Chapel and go to sleep listening to the learned discussions of the professors, but during the intermissions, would wake up and applaud with loud stamping of hoofs the vaudeville performances of the Woodruff-Bowman-Guthrie Comic Opera Co.

From one who has witnessed these annual migrations for several years, we find that the characteristics of the Short Horns are almost unchanging, their distinguishing marks being a fur overcoat, a fur cap, and an unquenchable desire to impart information. It is not strange, therefore, that with these proclivities, occasions of serious disagreement should arise, and to meet exigencies of this sort, the Short Horn Division of the Supreme Court was organized one year ago. As the Court convenes but two weeks every year, its docket is usually overcrowded.

This year the principal case before the Court was one entitled *Vacation Grafters vs. John Randsume*. The Grand Jury indicted him on five charges, to-wit:

1. That he was a Short Horn.
2. That he was a butinsky.



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3. That he neglected to kiss his sweetheart goodby before coming to Ames.

4. That he refused to subscribe for the Iowa Agriculturalist.

5. That on the evening of Jan. 6, 1905, he smoked a cigarette in Chapel.

To avoid the watchful eyes of that most vigilant of all scrub proctors, "Red" Warden, the Court was convened in the rear room of the Horticultural building. No one who was present that night can ever forget the opening speech of the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Hotspieler.

Mr. Hotspieler: Will the gentleman please mount the table where all can see him? Gentlemen of the jury, we have with us this evening a gentleman who is a surprise to us all. He is facing the charge that he did not kiss his sweetheart goodby. Look upon his form and consider the gravity of the charge. He takes long steps as you know. He is slightly bow-legged, round at the shoulders, tipped at the ears, and has a grin that is most ungodly. Your Honor, please have the prisoner douse that grin.

Judge: Bailiff, see that the prisoner removes that smile.

Bailiff: Here, take your handkerchief, wipe it off, and stamp on it. That's right. Now, chin up, stomach in (whack! whack!!). Here, cut out that grin, can't you?

Juryman: Your Honor, as it seems impossible for the prisoner to close his mouth; perhaps he could hold something before it that would cut off the

view and prevent his grin from jarring upon our esthetic nerves.

Judge: The prisoner will remove the No. 10 rubber from his foot and hold it before his mouth. No, not up and down before it. Horizontally—that's the way your mouth extends.

It was indeed touching to hear the young man's story of "Who I am, and Why I Came to I. S. C." As he told us the history of his life and how for once he had neglected to kiss his sweetheart goodby, he struck a responsive chord in the hearts of all his auditors. Ah, Sallie Waters! you little 140 pound girl, with blue eyes and dark brown hair, living in that far off Colorado village, nevermore will your fond John Randsome leave without kissing you goodby.

Another thing that lingers in the memory is the hot, impassioned speech of Mr. Coldspieler, the attorney for the defense, in his plea for leniency. It brought tears to the eyes of those present as he pictured the verdancy of the young man and touchingly referred to the spark of genius in his soul that would cause the young man to come to this great school of agricultural learning. But it was unavailing. Under the tutelage of the bailiff, the youth learned the art of spelling and whistling, of rowing and singing, of rolling a toothpick in a straight line, but lastly when he mounted a broncho in true western style and spurred it on a dead run, and banged away at the pursuing Indians, he brought down the house. The next day Prof. Erwin wanted to know what had scratched all the paint off the radiator in that room.

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Justice is sometimes harsh but is needed. When we see the beneficent results brought about by such a court as this, we must admit the wisdom of the founders of the system. We all deplore mob violence—the removing of the administration of justice out of the hands of the courts—and it was to overcome this evil that the Short Horn Division of the

Supreme Court was established. Before this tribunal the prisoner has a fair chance to prove his innocence, he has an attorney to defend him, and he is tried by a jury of his peers. Thus to insure the eradication of the mob spirit, all should assist in the carrying out of the decisions of the Court. All should unite in upholding the majesty of the Law.



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It's Up to Pat and Erwin

Way down at Ames, there are three names,
That are always linked together;
Pat, Erwin, Spinney, these the three,
And nothing these could sever.

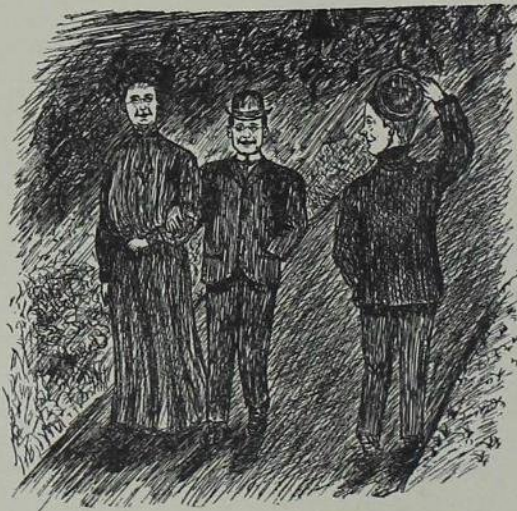
But summer last, the days went past
And Spinney to keep things stirrin',
Took to himself a bonnie lass.
Now—it's up to Pat and Erwin.

Now Pat, my boy, cheer up have joy,
Don't run away like Olin

But when you wish to catch the fish,
Don't let your Hook get stolen.

And Erwin, too, though timid, you
Know peaches are nutritious.
But to be fair, you'd say a "pair"
Was ten times more delicious.

And so, my friends, when your searching ends
And the girls have said they'd try you,
Just hustle 'round until you've found
Our Prexie Storms to tie you.



Passing Forge and English

When English and Forge were combined,
The love of two people entwined
The English lagged
And the forge was flagged
And they both together you'd find.

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The New College Windmill

How dear to the heart of the college Alumnus,
When fond recollections present them to view,
Are the orchard, the campus, the long winding cow-
paths,
And all the loved spots which in Prepdom he
knew:
The wide spreading birches, the campanile by them,
The bridge, and the willows, where the rivulet
fell;
The homes of the Profs., and Prexie's house by
them,
And e'en the new windmill where there was no
well.
The new college windmill, the iron gray windmill,
The flag-bearing windmill, where there was no
well.

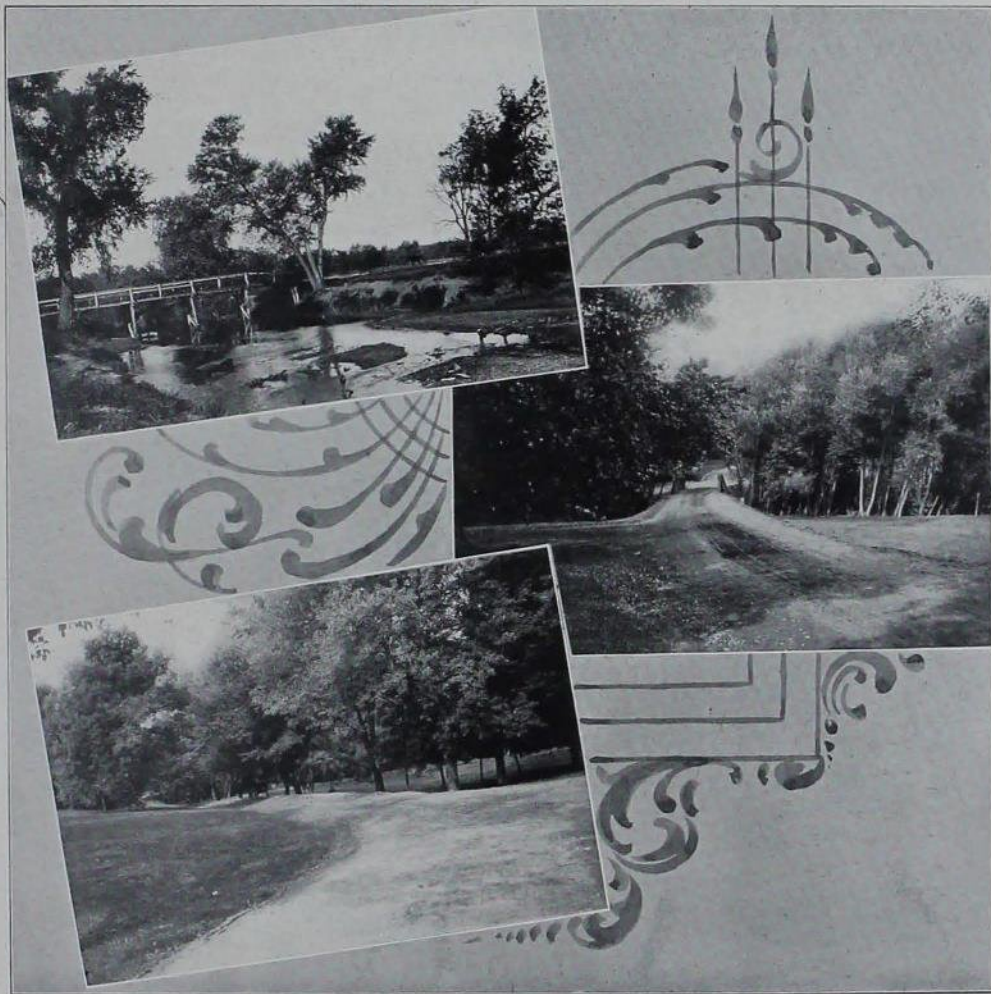
How sweet from the green, mossy campus to view it,
As prone on the turf, it reclined at his feet;
For the wind had blown fiercely, and thither had
brought it,
Through the darkness of night in a manner dis-
creet.
And now far removed from this loved institution,
With sighs of regret we instinctively fill
That his thoughts have gone back to the college
plantation,
And longs for the windmill to stand on the hill.
The new college windmill, the I. S. C. windmill,
The flag-bearing windmill, which is not on the
hill.



NEWASEM

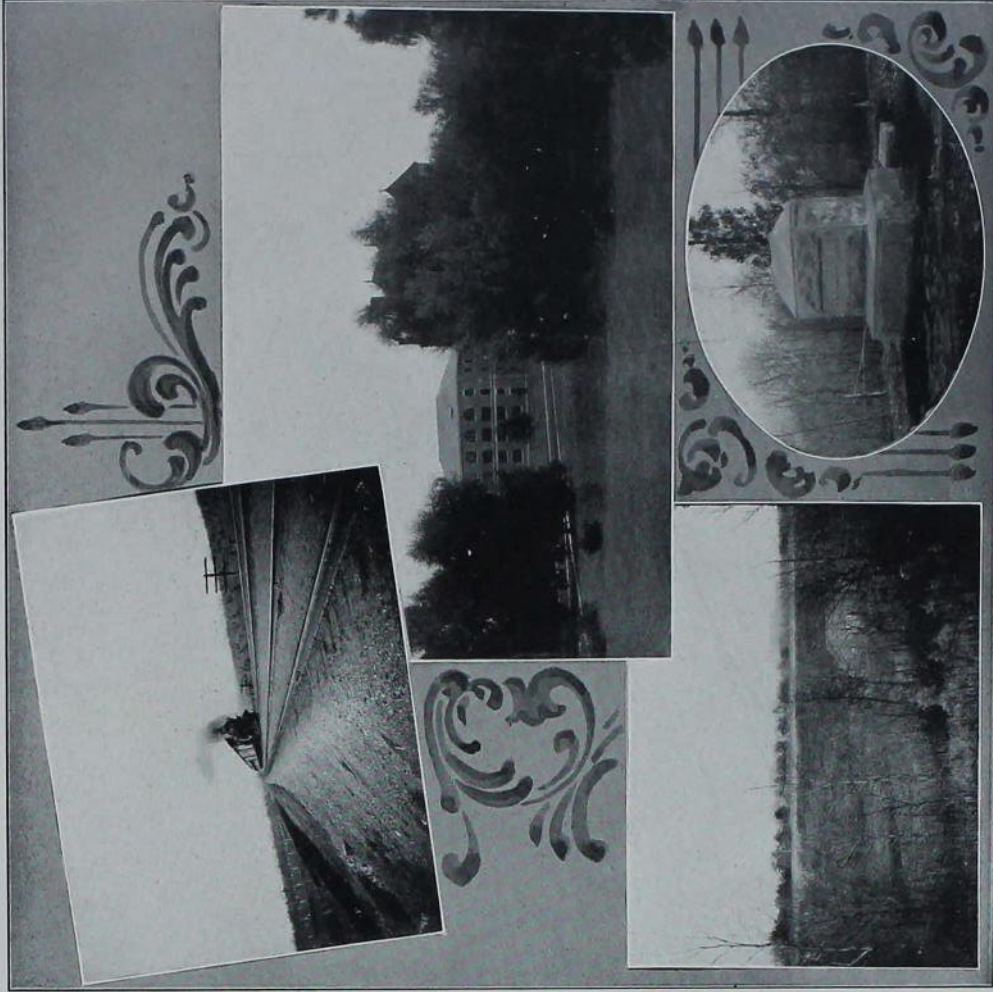


NEWASEM



Summer

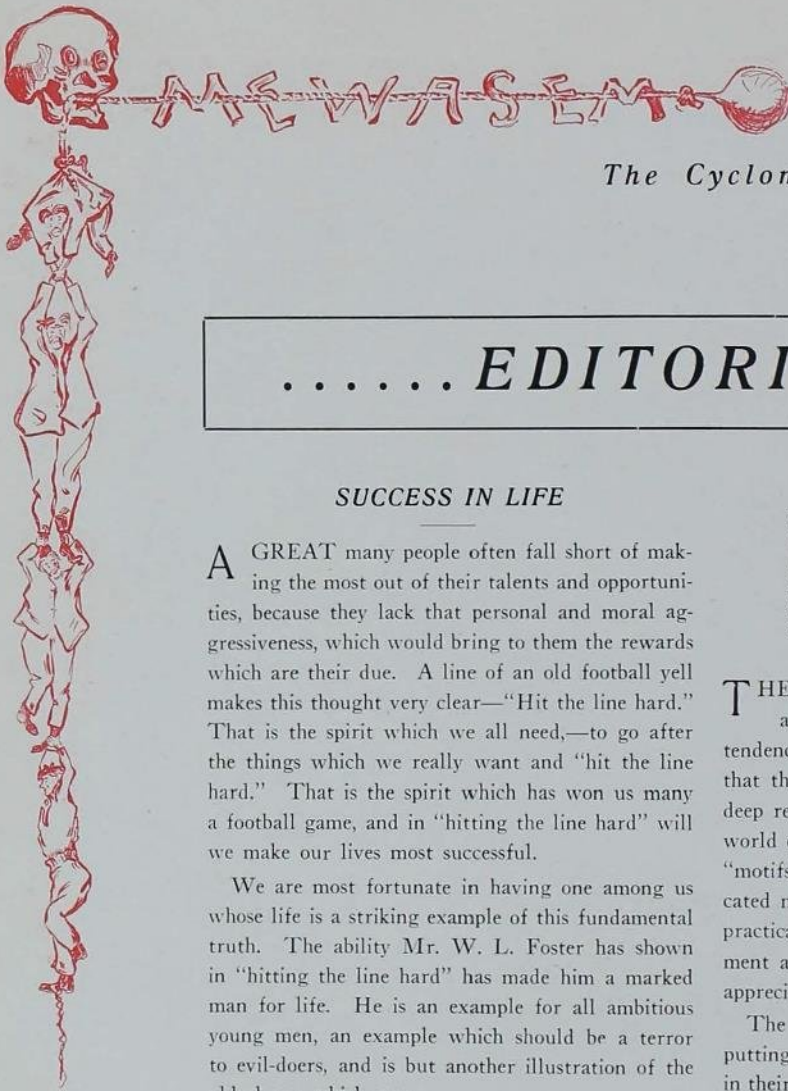
Autumn



NEW SEM



Winter



AMEWASEM

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..... EDITORIALS

SUCCESS IN LIFE

A GREAT many people often fall short of making the most out of their talents and opportunities, because they lack that personal and moral aggressiveness, which would bring to them the rewards which are their due. A line of an old football yell makes this thought very clear—"Hit the line hard." That is the spirit which we all need,—to go after the things which we really want and "hit the line hard." That is the spirit which has won us many a football game, and in "hitting the line hard" will we make our lives most successful.

We are most fortunate in having one among us whose life is a striking example of this fundamental truth. The ability Mr. W. L. Foster has shown in "hitting the line hard" has made him a marked man for life. He is an example for all ambitious young men, an example which should be a terror to evil-doers, and is but another illustration of the old rhyme which says—

"He who runs away
Will live to fight another day."

"Among those present at the performance of 'Earsifal,' were the following * * * : Box L, a party from Ames, consisting of Miss Chenowith, in black net over taffeta; Miss Prouty, in white silk crepe; Mr. Anthony and Mr. Adamson."—*Register and Leader.*

THE editors have taken the above clipping as a text for a little preachment upon a growing tendency at Ames. We are glad, indeed, to note that there is springing up within this institution a deep regard and appreciation of the best things the world can offer in music, art and the drama. The "motifs" of Wagner mean very little to the uneducated man, or to him who is equipped with only a practical education. But what fields of enchantment are open to those who really understand and appreciate good music! !

The spirit shown by these, our young people, in putting behind them all thoughts of college work, in their determination to take advantage of this great opportunity, is worthy the highest praise. Such efforts should receive all possible encouragement from both faculty and student-body, for these are the

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things which show that the Iowa State College develops not only the technical and practical side of her students, but the ideal and esthetic, as well.

We take pleasure in noting that the following have received long term commissions during the past year:

L. B. Spinney.	J. E. Guthrie.
H. W. Dow.	H. P. Baker.
W. T. Coover.	W. J. Rutherford.
Marcus Havenhill.	

The following have been granted an honorable discharge:

Jim Deshler.	W. A. Tener.
Ira Williams.	W. J. Kirsher.

One year leave of absence has been given:
Merritt Greene. Mae Kennedy.
Winifred Thompson. Bess Blackburn.
Rose Goble. F. F. Jorgenson.
Agnes Mosher.

Two years' leave of absence given:
H. I. Moore. Edith Fraseur.
W. E. Reuling.

Extended for another year:
Keo Anderson. Archie Scott.

We take especial pleasure in noting that the Victoria Cross has been granted the following in recognition of their meritorious service in the past:
C. G. Throckmorton. H. W. Gray.
A. K. McCampbell. Prof. French.



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Remember

To keep out of the paths.
To laugh when the Prof. does.
To get your lesson once in a while.
That two cents is enough to send you home.
That there are nine boys to every girl at I. S. C.
That some of the Profs. never give "honors" to students.
That there was a Junior-Senior football game last fall.
That the fire escapes are supposed to be used in case of fire.
That there are others.
To come in when it rains.
The daily chapel is at 11:45.
That your way is not always the best way.
That our Ag. Profs. like to entertain occasionally.
That the I. S. C. Student is always hard up for news.

Short-course Farmer (one evening on the campus): "Wal, air yo' larnin' enny thing 'bout co'n?"
Prexie (out for a walk): "Yes, a little, thank you."

First Short-course Farmer: "Say, Bill, listen to the chimes."

Second Short-course Farmer: "What?"

First Short-course Farmer: "Why, they're pretty near playing a tune."

Freshman Girl at Junior Trot: "Are all Seniors wise?"

Senior: "Oh, I don't know. Why?"

Freshman Girl: "Oh! They say quiet people are always wise, and,—you're so quiet."

Pastor of country church, to Junior visiting in neighborhood: "You have a seminary in connection with the college at Ames, of course."

(Mr. Sayre doing stenography for the Botany Department): Enter. Miss King:

"My dear child, it's time for dinner."

Reed-Knesche, taking morning constitutional, Junior comes around corner.

Knesche: "Did you observe that beautiful cloud above the campanile, Miss Reed?"

Miss Reed: "Yes, let go my arm."





The Cyclone

Overheard at the Hall

Prep Girl to Mrs. K.: "Did you hear that Mary Wilson was angry?"

Mrs. K.: "No; why?"

Prep Girl: "Because I understood that Edith had gone to tell yer that she overheard Mary talking crossly to a whole bunch of girls."

Prep Girl to another: "Are you taking any Math this term?"

The Other: "Yes, and I've got Travis, too."

Prep Girl: "Is that so? How do you like it?"

Johnson (comes to Polit 15 minutes later than usual. General shuffling of feet accompanies "Jenny" to his seat).

Dr. Hibbard: "Well, really, after all, there seems to be much ado about nothing."

There was an artist named Hook,
Who drew for the '05 book.
The pictures were bad,
But he was glad
To draw for a college book.

Prof. Resler was a bowler
Was really quite a roller,
His highest score
One twenty-four
Was below the other bowlers.

New Joke

Why is the I. S. C. Student like an empty box car?

Poor Junior Richard's Philosophy

Exams level all ranks.

Campus-lab is the thief of time.

Never look a gift pony in the mouth.

A friend in need is a friend in exams.

Fours make the heart grow fonder (toward the instructor.)

A man is known by the course he takes.

The proof of the problem lies in Stanty's head.

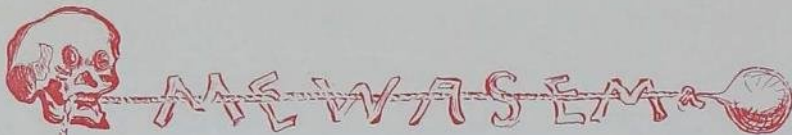
One term of prepdom makes the whole college kin.

A little flunk now and then is a good experience for the wisest prep.

Take care of the inter-terms and the finals will take care of themselves.

Nine Points in College Life

1. A good hazing.
2. A good pair of lungs.
3. A good graft.
4. A good stand-in with the profs.
5. A good spieler.
6. A good friend (who does the studying.)
7. A good fellow.
8. A good jollier.
9. A good time.
- (10.) A good-bye.



The Cyclone

The Senior Football Team

Have you heard of the Senior football team,
That was made on such a logical scheme?
It played a hundred games in its dreams,
And of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
It scared the Captain into fits,
Frightened the Seniors out of their wits,
Have you heard of that, I say?

Now in choosing teams, I tell you what,
There's always somewhere a weakest spot,
In left half, center, in tackle, or end,
In quarter, or full, who the goal defend—
Find it somewhere, you may depend,
In front, or back, within or without,
And that's the reason beyond a doubt,
That a team breaks down, and fails to win out.

But the Seniors swore (as Seniors do),
With a great deal of "gusto," and much ado,
That they'd have a team to beat the town
The Freshies and Sophs, all the classes around,
It should be made so strong, that it couldn't break
down,
"For," said the Seniors, "its mighty plain
That the weakest spot must stand the strain
And the way to fix it we'll maintain,
Is to get the best,

Make each place as strong as the rest.
So the captain inquired of all the class folk
For a Senior as strong as a sturdy oak,
That couldn't be "Budge-d," or bent a stroke;
That was center, and Dodge was found,
And for guard Bothell came with a bound—
He chose for ends, Woodman and Cox,
Both of whom were proof against knocks.

Agg and Stinson, McCampbell and Cammack,
Scott for half, Buell for full-back,
That was the way he put it through
"And, now," said the captain, "I guess they'll do."
"Do!" I tell you, I rather guess
It was a wonder and nothing less.
"Now they'd see the games they'd play"
Day after day they practiced away,
Freshman and Sophomore, where were they?
But there were the Seniors, eager to play
As fresh as they were on the very first day.

But the very last game in nineteen-four
The Seniors tried their luck once more.
Now, small boys, get out of the way! !
Here come the Seniors, ready to play,
Led by the quarterback, Mr. Pendray.
"Play," said the umpire. Off went they.
The Captain was thinking of the signal next
When all of a sudden he stopped perplexed,
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the team stopped still,

THE NEW SEM

The Cyclone

Something decidedly like a spill,
What do you think the Captain found,
When he got up and looked around?

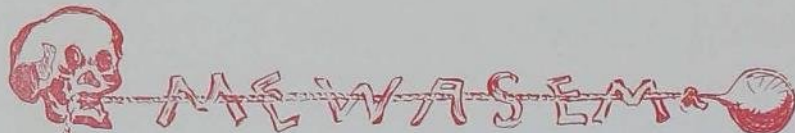
The poor old team in a heap on the ground,
As if it had been to the mill and ground

You see, of course, if you're not a dunce
How it went to pieces all at once.
All at once and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst.
So come the end of the football team
That was built on such a logical scheme.



Serp. No. 333





The Cyclone

The following decisions have been handed down by the Supreme Court in its latest session respecting the class of girls about to graduate.

SENORITAS	WORST FAULT	BEST VIRTUE
Anderson.	Inexperience.	Timidity.
Bartholomew.	Seven letters a week.	Hospitality.
Brandt.	Sense of humor.	Those dreamy eyes.
Campbell.	Quasi-idealism.	Domesticity.
Chambers.	Extreme candor.	Ability to get Fours.
Cole.	Flippancy.	"Liberty or death."
Davidson, J.	"Bill."	Cheerfulness.
Davidson, M.	Dignity.	Earnestness.
Fraser.	Harmlessness.	Innocence.
Gabrilsen.	To all-fired busy.	Quaker-Oats countenance.
Gillette.	Emotions.	Serenity.
Goble.	"Taken."	Willingness.
Griffith.	Sobriety.	Heavenward-bound.
Hibbard.	Spinsterity.	Total abstinence.
Kennedy.	Diamond-spark.	Consistency.
McKinley.	Persistent good-nature.	Sincerity.
Milnes.	Poor fisherman.	Loving-kindness.
Morrison.	Attempting jokes.	Clear conscience.
Mosher.	Graduates this year.	Hero-worship.
Overholser.	Roaster.	"Taken."
Pettinger.	Quit '06s.	Studiosness.
Prouty.	Irreverence.	Sentimentality.
Stephens.	Cynicism.	Appearance.
Stevens.	Her eyes.	Pedigree.
Thompson.	Contentment.	Faithfulness.
Wiley.	Non-get-sore-ability.	Cordiality.
Woodman.	Charity.	Ag'culture.
Woodruff.	Those ruby lips.	Such pretty hair.

THE NEW SEM

The Cyclone

The Ags

(By one of them.)

The fervent Ag. with eager mind
Strolls round the barns and pastures fair
And searches everywhere to find
Some live stock to survey with care.

He judges them with scholarly grace
Where'er he chances these beasts to meet;
He then assumes dignity apace
As he saunters back to his boarding place.

There once was a Prof named Shane,
Who loved the young mind to train,
He smoked cigarettes
And paid all his debts,
But none would admit he was sane.

Prof. Pattengill (in geometry): "Now, what is
the matter with this young lady's figure?"
Class: "Its all right."

Prof. Hibbard (10 minutes past closing time):
"Now, that is all for the most part. One thing
more I would like to say——"



Poor Old Iowa



NEWSPAPER



The Cyclone Another "Life Lesson"

There! little girl; don't cry!
Don's friend has come here, I know,
And your chumming days
And your "lovey" lays,
Are things of the long ago;
But her visit here will soon pass by—
There! little girl; don't cry.

There! little girl; don't cry.
Mrs. K. will console you, I know;
Through your glad, free ways
Of your college days,
Are things of the long ago;
But another love will soon pass by—
There! little girl; don't cry.

There! little girl; don't cry!
He has broken your heart, I know,
And the happy gleams
Of your college dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But another holds all for which you sigh—
There! little girl; don't cry!





The Cyclone



The '05 Class Hand

(Monsieur M., Clairvoyant.)

Line of the Head.—Shallow and short, but very thick.

Line of the Heart.—Deep and tortuous, crossed and recrossed by many deep creases.

Line of Life.—Very crooked, and unfortunately long.

Bracelet of Business.—Almost entirely absent.

Mount of Mars.—Atrophied, showing lack of sand.

Mount of the Moon.—Highly developed, showing intense lunar proclivities.

Thumb.—Broad and thick, indicating stubbornness, arrogance, and unwillingness to admit error.

First Finger.—Short and clubby, indicating cruelty. In fact the paddle shape is very noticeable.

Second Finger.—Long and slim, indicating grafting tendencies and adaptation.

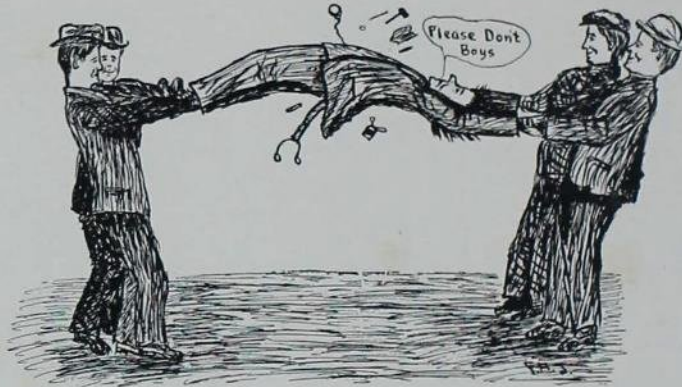
Third Finger.—Pointed, indicating love of dress, and especially an inordinate desire (which has never been gratified) for hats with old gold numerals.

Fourth Finger.—Very crooked, indicating dishonesty, probably caused by the constant grip on the bridle reins of a pony, or more than likely, a charging war-horse.

Callous spots are conspicuous by their absence.

AEWASEM

The I. S. C. Primer



Lesson 1.— Oh, Teacher, what is this? It is a Prep. They are stretching him. What will he do? He will grow up to be a good man, and stretch some one else.



Lesson 2.— This is Rex. It is nothing, because it is a Freshman? How do you know it is a Freshman? Because it is Green? Green is very pop-u-lar with Freshman girls. It would like to use engraved cards. It en-gin-eered the Fresh-man blow-out.



The Cyclone

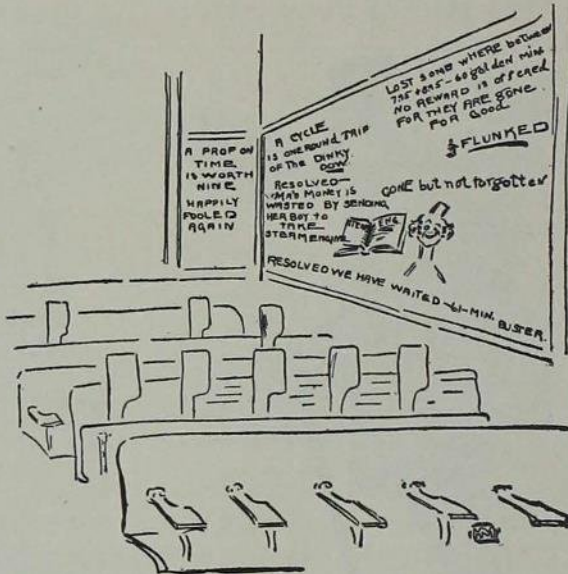


Lesson 3.—Oh, children, come quick and see the old man. He is about to Fall. What is the matter, Teacher, is the Old Man sick? Oh, yes, children; he is pocket-book-broken. Why did his pocket-book break? Because his son is a Soph-o-more now.

Lesson 4.—What is the baby, Teacher? It is a knocker. Why does it sit on the Floor? So it can knock on it. It will knock on its Breakfast and then give it to the cat. Then it will knock on the cat. It will knock on people and everything when it grows big.

THE WASEMA

The Cyclone



A PROPON
TIME
IS WORTH
NINE
HAPPILY
POOLED
AGAIN

A CYCLE
IS ONE ROUND TRIP
OF THE CHICKY
COON

RESOLVED—
WASTED MONEY IS
WASTED BY ORNAMENT
HEAR BOY TO
TAKE
STORMMENT

LOST SOMB WHERE BECOM
THE FENZ—40 GOLDEN MIN
NO REWARD IS OFFERED
FOR THEY ARE GONE
FOR GOOD

FLUNKED

COME but not forgotten

RESOLVED WE HAVE WAITED—L-M-MIN. BUSPER.

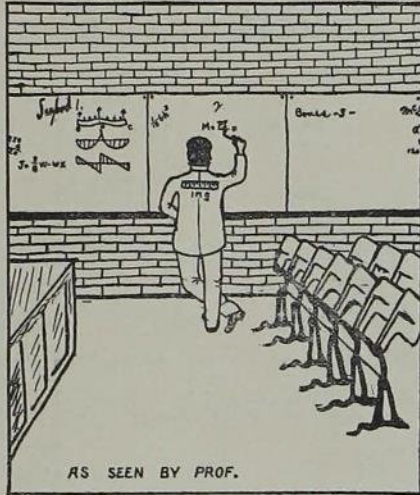
Lesson 5.—What is the matter with Prof. Dow? He is sore because his flock has des-er-ted him. Why did they des-ert him? Because they do not believe in Dow-izm. It will be a miracle if this flock gets a Pass in Steam Engine.



Lesson 6.—See the two old spoons! What are the Old Spoons doing, children? They are spooning, teacher. Are they having a Nice Time? Well, yes, Teacher. How do you know, dears? "Dad" said so.

THE NEW SEM

The Cyclone

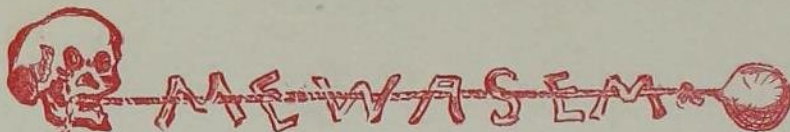


Lesson 7.—What is this man doing, Teacher? He is Reuling, children. Some day he will get a King. Then the king will be Reuling two.



Lesson 8.—*First German Lesson.*—Where is this fast man going? It is Prof. Shane trying to get to class on time. What will his class do if he is not on time. They will say "Danke-schon."





The Cyclone Character Sketches

	SMILES	SCOWLS	SINGS	SWEATS	SWEARS
DESHLER	If he has something to sell	Because he's built that way	Every once in a while	On a scratch hit . . .	After he tries to kick goal.
JOHNSTON . . .	From force of habit.	When no one sees him	Half the time	On the "carpet" . . .	With great variety.
K. ANDERSON	At all the boys	At the mirror	Very softly indeed.	Climbing fire escapes	When necessary .
ALLIS	About once per week	If you haven't your lesson	On Sundays	To get to class in time	In German.
FRENCH	When he dreams . .	For a bluff	Out of tune	Over Astronomy . . .	At the boys.
MILNES	Indiscriminately . .	Over her luck	Tenor	Over exams	She'll try again.
HIDINGER	Because it's right . .	If he makes a mistake	At Summer-camp . .	When he's warm . . .	When you say strawberries.
THROCK-MORTON . .	At the other fellow	When he's the fellow	Like a fog horn . . .	Like a Count	At the "Preps."
HUFF	At Adah	When he doesn't see her	Like a nightingale . .	Under the collar . . .	When he loses out.
WOODRUFF	Like a chimpanzee . .	Between the eyes . .	I've a longing in my heart for you, Louise	In order to live	Naturally.
KNESCHE	About his prospects.	At the table waiter	Under the window	For her sake	By the English Dep't.
KUPFER	When he sees "Herr"	If he doesn't	Sunday evenings . . .	Walking back	To relieve his feelings.
MOORE	When his Primghar letter comes	When it's delayed .	While he reads it . .	Writing a good reply	At the price of diamonds.
STANTY	Whether you smile or not	If he has to	Lullabies	For I. S. C.	By the student-body.

THE NEW SEM

The Cyclone

D. S. Department

My nose is red, my eyes are blue,
I'll smash my skillet on top of you,
I'll tap you lovingly under the chin,
And spoil your face with my rolling pin,
Your smiling face with my fist I'll meet,
For the whole world lies beneath my feet,
And I'll read you the law from out my book,
For I'm a Domestic Science cook.



THE NEWSPAPER

The Cyclone



The Ames Pear Tree

Dreaming Ahead



MIDDLE-AGED man was sitting in a large, easy chair in the lounging room of a club in an Eastern city. The rain beat against the windows, as he gazed into the brightly lighted, but almost deserted streets. He puffed thoughtfully at his cigar and was evidently enjoying the unusual quiet of the club and the streets.

Presently, however, he was roused from his reverie by another member, who, coming up, slapped him on the back, and said: "Hello, Jack, I thought I should find you here!"

The man in the chair turned quickly and extended his hand, saying, "Hello, Jim! I'm glad indeed, to see you. When did you get back?" "Oh, last night! Seems good, you bet, to get back to civilization again after being out on those Arizona plains for a whole year," answered the other.

"Did you get that job done?"

"All done, and the work has been accepted. Its as nice a piece of irrigation engineering, too, as you ever saw, if I do have to tell you myself. Arizona will now have about twenty thousand acres of as good land as any you can find in Iowa. By the way, I stopped off at the College as I came through."

"Did you? I was just dreaming about those old college days when you came in. How does everything look? Changed a whole lot, I'll bet!"

"Well, I should say so! You wouldn't believe it was the same old place! Stone buildings everywhere—new Chem Lab, new Auditorium, another Ag Hall, and would you believe it? three dormitories for girls. Then the Vets have a new building, and there's a Gym, that beats the old training shed all hollow."

"You don't say! Somebody must have stirred them up out there, to loosen up in such fashion."

"Something did! and something stirred up the Dinkey, too; as they have an electric line from Ames to the College. The College is in town, now."

"Did you see any of the old Profs., or have they all gone?"

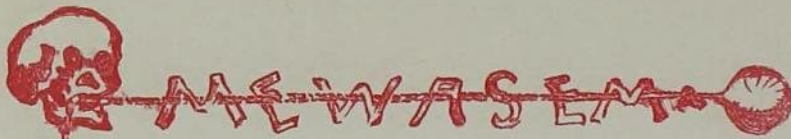
"Stantie still trains his analytical team on the plains of Reason, and Benny still cracks the same old jokes to his classes, passing up everyone who sits on the front seat, and those who never forget to laugh at his jokes. Spinney's still doing his stunts in Phys. Curtiss has gone and Doc McNeil has got the Vet. Department in fine shape."

"Have you run across any of the old fellows lately?"

"No, I haven't seen anybody for years, except—oh, yes, I found Ed. Raemer on the works one day."

"On the works! Why, he took Ag when he roomed with me."





NEWSPAPER

The Cyclone

"Yes, I know, but that's where he was. On the bum! Gone clear to the dogs."

"The deuce he was! What was the matter?"

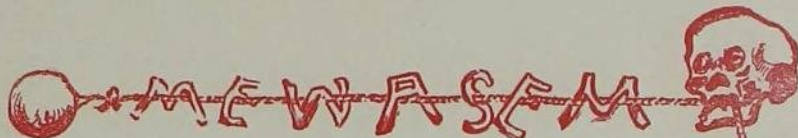
"Give me a light, Jack, and I'll tell you. Thanks. I was out where we were doing some ditching one day, when suddenly I heard the old frat whistle behind me. I turned around, as though I had been shot, for its coming was so unexpected. I thought at first that I must have been mistaken for no one was in sight except the dagoes and half-breeds. Then, as I looked, I heard it again. This time I saw from whom it came, a big broad-shouldered, gray-haired old man, and so I walked over to him. 'Where did you learn that tune, my man?' I asked. 'Iowa State College,' he answered. 'What year?' 'Ought-six.' 'Mine!' I exclaimed. 'You're not—' 'Raemer,' he said, taking the word from my mouth. 'What are you doing here?' I asked. 'I thought—' 'Oh, I know what you thought, but it's too long a story to tell out here,' he said. I asked him to call on me that night at the office. He came and after talking about the old College days for awhile he told me his story. Do you want to hear it? All right; here goes:

"You remember when we were at school he used to be very much in love with a girl by the name of Marie —, oh, I've forgotten her last name. We used to call her Mame. The gang used to jolly him about her, but we never thought it was very serious. Short Stevens used to go with her, too, and between the boys there was all kinds of rivalry. Well, it seems Raemer was pretty hard hit and they

were engaged before they left school. When he graduated he went West to the cattle country, and had a good ranch fitted up in a few years. Then, his father died and left him quite a bunch of money and he came back to his old home and to his old girl. He had been writing to her all the time he had been in the West, and he was mighty pleased to think that now he had a place to take her to. When he called upon her, she turned him down cold. Told him that she never could live out there in the wilderness, with no one but him, and a lot more stuff. She broke the engagement, and in two months married another fellow.

"You remember what kind of a fellow Ed. was— always mighty blue whenever he had a little trouble or when things didn't go right. Well, after she turned him down he went back West, sold the ranch he had worked on so hard for her, and with the money he got for it, and his father's, he began speculating. He lost. He had become restless and having no place to call home he traveled. His money was soon gone and he started on the bum—working here and there just long enough to keep him going. This way he has lived for a long time now, and when I offered him a good, steady job, he said: 'No, Jack, its no use. I wouldn't keep it. I made a home once and thought it was to be my home for the rest of my days. It didn't happen that way, though, and now my home is anywhere under the blue sky.'

"I tried to make him see it in a different light, but for all my arguments he had one answer: 'I



The Cyclone

have aged, Jack,' he would say. 'I have grown awfully old in the last ten years. This hit and miss life has almost got me, and it won't be long before my home's in the ground.' 'Oh, get out! Go East, enjoy life and forget it,' I would say 'Can't,' was his only reply.

"He would come down to see me quite often, two or three times a week, when we would talk about

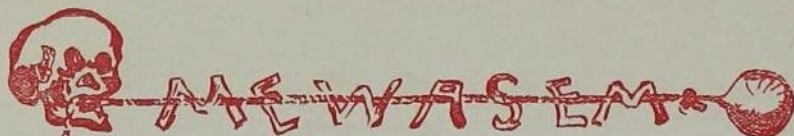
the old school life and the good, old times. One week he did not come at all, and I looked him up. When I asked the boss of his gang about him, all I could learn was that he had drawn his money and left. That's all!"

"That's enough, though, to tell *me*, Jim, don't you think, since it was I who married Mame?"

There once was a Prof named Wayne
Who was exceedingly vain,
He talked and he talked,
And still he talked,
In a way that gave one a pain.

The wonderful class of Naught-Fives
Simply swore by the shades of Dave Ives,
That in their conceit
In football they'd beat
Out of the Juniors their lives.





THE GEORGE

Dramatic Company

The Headliners The Chautauqua Leaders

SCHOOL HOUSE DATES ALMOST FULL

PRESS NOTICES

"Geo. Bertram Guthrie, a model in his profession, has a wonderful fluency, and no audience can resist the charms of this rising young reader and soloist."--*Jonesville Weekly*.

"Professors G. R. Boyd and G. B. Guthrie, with their troupe, appeared in the Dehlonga schoolhouse last evening, presenting the most vivid and life-like scenes ever beheld in Bunko County. Professor Guthrie was nobly assisted by Mr. J. A. P. Linderman in the rendition of selections from Parsifal. Mr. Linderman trilling the most touching parts, while Professor Guthrie held his audience spellbound by his pantomimes."--*Dehlonga Democrat*.

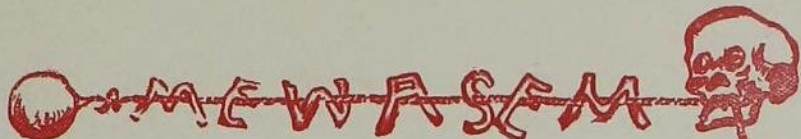
"Mr. Boyd's Picnic Tales are most touching."--*Prof. Fedson*.

"The performance kept the audience in tears."--*Chicago American*.

A RAVING SUCCESS

MAKE YOUR CHAUTAUQUA A MARVEL BY ENGAGING THESE,
"THE STEMWINDERS."

Address Geo. R. Boyd, Mgr., Beloochistan, Mo.



BILL OF FARE

Herman Knapp's Cafe

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

FRESHMAN SOUP

Janitor Fee, - - - - -	\$10.00	Corn Judging (dried), - - - -	\$ 6.00
English (very fine), - - - - -	11.00	An. Husbandry (choice), - - - -	4.50
Botany, - - - - -	3.00	Bugology (selected), - - - - -	1.00
Shop (without dressing), - - - - -	10.00	Prep. Fee (with dressing), or - - - -	} 16.50
Hort. (to taste), - - - - -	1.50	Athletics (undressed), - - - - -	
Dough Lab, - - - - -	5.00		

SOPHOMORE MEATS.

Jan. Fee (with long greens), - - - -	\$10.00	Chemistry (best color), - - - -	\$10.00
Farm Mechanics (well done), - - - -	6.00	Zoology (preserved), - - - - -	3.00
Surveying (extra long), - - - - -	4.00	Shop (extra black), - - - - -	10.00
English (pre-digested), - - - - -	1.00	Class Dues (very best), - - - - -	2.50

JUNIOR SALADS.

Jan. Fee, - - - - -	\$10.00	Phys Lab (roasted), - - - - -	\$ 5.00
Farm Imp. Design, - - - - -	3.00	Engineering Lab, - - - - -	5.00
Shop (imported), - - - - -	10.00	Railway Surveying, - - - - -	5.00
Soils (with yellow gravy), - - - - -	8.00	Polit, - - - - -	.30

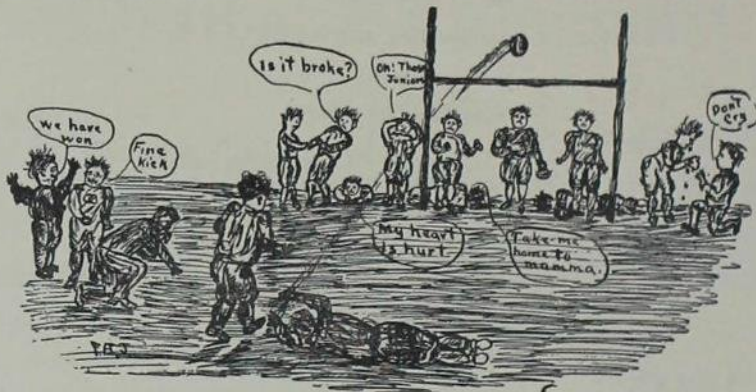
SENIOR DESERTS.

Jan. Fee, - - - - -	\$10.00	History (nicely bluffd), - - - - -	\$ 6.00
Physiology, - - - - -	.50	Geology - - - - -	5.00
Alternating Currents - - - - -	10.00	Seminar, - - - - -	1.00
Thesis, - - - - -	10.00	Diploma Fee (very foxey), - - - - -	25.00

N. B.—Free Tuition is served with all courses owing to the generosity of citizens of the State.



How to Play Football



EMBRACES everything that the beginners know, and many points experts would be glad to learn. As an introductory chapter, the history of many famous games are given, as:

"How we defeated the Sophomores;" "How we managed to score on Charles City Uni.;" "When the Seniors were defeated by the Juniors," etc., etc.

How to play the different positions will be told by the several managers of the Senior team:

Chap. I.—"How I Hit the Line," by Jimmie Buell.

Chap. II.—"How I Kick Goal," or, "What I think of Fat Furrow," by Jim Deshler (especially blood-curdling).

Chap. III.—"How I Soak the Big Sponge," by Hooley McCampbell.

This book is a text-book for the class of '07, for it tells all that the '05 class knows about playing winning football.

E. E. Pendray, Editor-in-Chief

NEWSPAPER

Stellar Riding Exhibitions

Since the powers that be, have decided that I am too young
to visit Margaret Hall, for the

Benefit of my Lady Admirers

I will give exhibitions of fancy riding every afternoon
in front of Margaret Hall on

Prof. Curtis' Horse, Charley

LATEST CALIFORNIA METHODS

(Signed) Allen C. Stelle

Artistic Decorating and High-Class Painting

We have none but experienced painters
in our employ. Our work speaks
for itself. See the motor-
bridge and the back-stop.

OUR WORK LASTS DEFIES THE ACIDS
A LIFETIME OF THE JANITORS

Figures a Specialty. Good work on numerals, also
SOPH. O. MORES, 1907, AMES, IA.

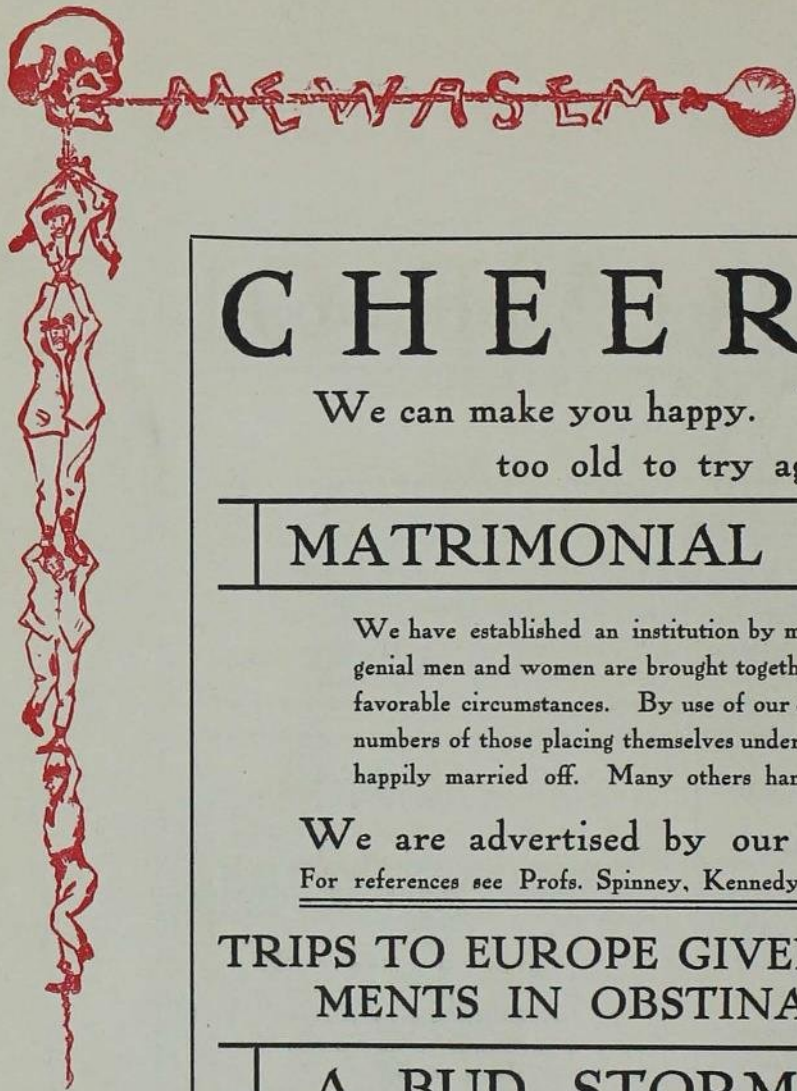
NOW IS THE TIME
TO SET OUT

Strawberries

I have some choice sample stock
personally selected from the
Jehosaphus Nursery, Luther,
Iowa. ? ? ? ? ?

See Me About It
H. I. DINGER





CHEER UP

We can make you happy. You are never
too old to try again

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY

We have established an institution by means of which congenial men and women are brought together under the most favorable circumstances. By use of our own special system, numbers of those placing themselves under our care have been happily married off. Many others hanging on the verge.

We are advertised by our loving friends
For references see Profs. Spinney, Kennedy, Coover, Baker, Etc.

TRIPS TO EUROPE GIVEN AS INDUCE-
MENTS IN OBSTINATE CASES

A. BUD. STORMS, PRES.

N. B.--This agency will be closed during Fourth of July week for the Reed-Knesche celebration

NEW HAIR-O

Have You Tried It?

READ THE TESTIMONIALS OF THOSE WHO HAVE
GIVEN IT A TRIAL

From P. B. Miller, Ames, Iowa:

"Once my hair was short and straight; now it is long and curly."

From P. H. Daniels, Ames, Iowa:

"My hair had begun to fall out till I applied your new Hair-O, when next morning it adhered tightly to my head. I can not sing your praises too loudly now."

HELP KILL THE DANDELIONS

"The best way to kill dandelions is to tramp them out"--Prof. A. T. Erwin

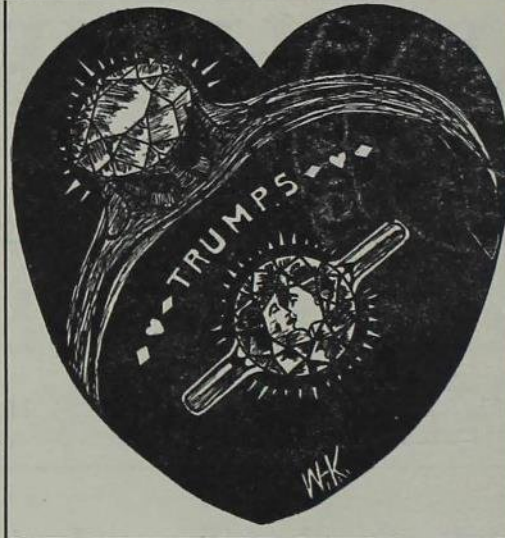
This method has the merits of being convenient, effective and pleasant to take. Those wishing to assist in this noble work of improving the condition of horticulture in Iowa, will please apply at
MARGARET HALL

The undersigned gentlemen desire to engage a good Carpenter during the next few months

G. I. Christie
P. L. McCain
W. W. Schwarting
W. L. Foster
Sidney Fenstermaker
R. L. Cox
A. L. Cook



Have you
learned
how to
play the
national
game?



Hearts and
diamonds
are
both
trumps at
Ames



This great game has been pronounced by many authorities as the most fascinating, attractive and exciting game ever offered to the public. There are a few excellent opportunities along this line at Ames. You can get private instruction if you wish, but if you prefer you may learn many of the fine points of the game by watching the free daily demonstrations by the artists, *Templeton and Schlegel*.

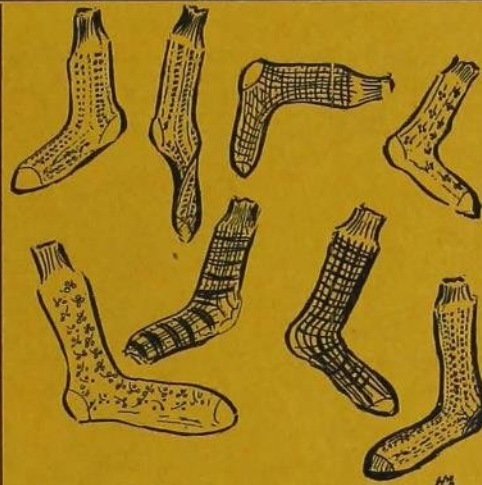
Demonstrations made in the library, chapel sidewalk, Emergency hall and about the campus--even to West Gate. This game is easily played if you know the rules.

You may hold each others hands!

Delineator

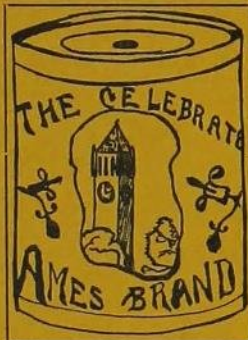


If in the latest style you'd be,
Watch the styles of young Stantie;
He wears the latest socks you know,
And loud ones, too, are all the go.
From pinkest pink to greenest green
Every day these socks are seen
On tennis court or chummer's lane,
And now they have a world-wide fame.
Let "Ed" delineate your style;
Follow it, or all the while
You'll be a chap that hardly knows
What color best becomes your clothes.



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Green goods a specialty. We also prepare a few kinds of Fish--notably sharks. Our brand of soft pears is superb. None genuine without the signature of the president. . . .

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Customers

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run on
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occa-
sions.



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This great East and West Thoroughfare is an
Education in Itself. Magnificent, palatial
trains run hourly over the finest road-bed in
the world. ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ ㄹ

*A trip on the A. & C. is a picturesque reality.
You can smell real smoke and breathe live cinders into
your lungs. Our system of coach lighting produces
more solid smoke than any other system ever invented.*

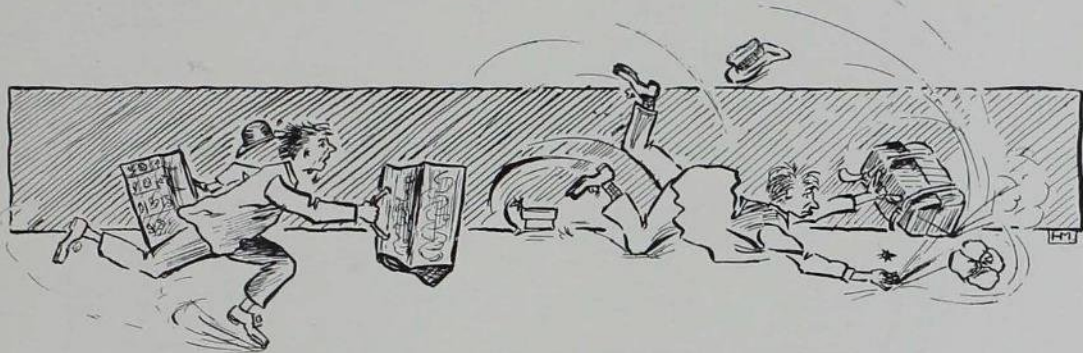
*There is no extra charge if you have to
to stand up or hang on to the rear
end. It is a distinct pleasure to ride
over this great trunk line, where busi-
ness-blocks, city-parks, railroad-yards,
forests, rivers, fields and pastures blend
into a harmonious whole on account of
our smoke.*

See that your ticket reads
via The A. & C.



Ephemeris

'05 AND '06 MOTTO, "LOSE IT"



September 1, 1904 — School opens with the usual run for the classification line.



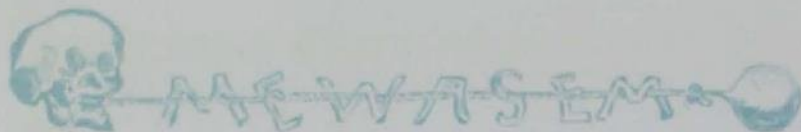
September 2 — The "prep" lands.

September 3 — "Prep" inquires for Janitor's office to pay Janitor's fees.

September 4 — The Freshman attends chapel for the first time.

September 5 — The Junior arrives.





It is Difficult to Estimate
the Value of an Advertisement
This Space Cost Us \$10.00

The same amount of space in the Ladies Home Journal would cost us a great deal more but we are of the opinion that this "ad" will bring us more customers than it would in the Journal, so perhaps we have made a good investment.

You will surely make a good investment if you buy one of our H. S. & M. suits.

Tilden Bros. & Co.

Dry Goods Clothing Shoes Furnishing Goods

Track *and* Baseball Goods

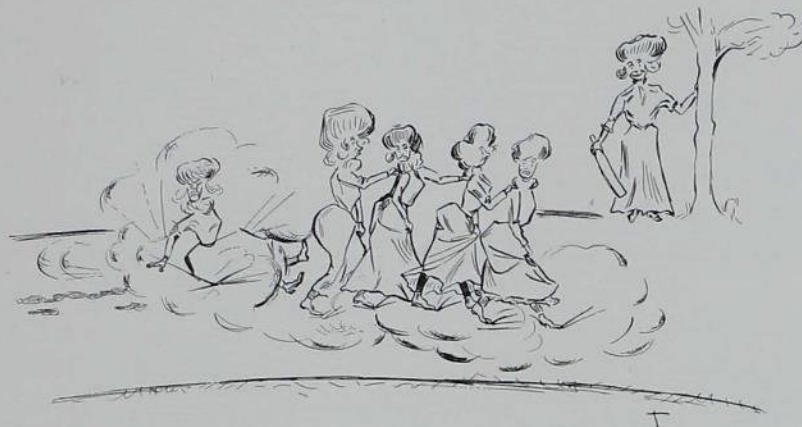
Track Shoes, \$2.50 and up; Baseball Suits, \$3.75 and up; Track Suits, \$1 and up.
Football, Golf, Tennis, Camera Supplies. All Sporting Goods. Largest line
of Edison Phonographs in the State; all the late *and* popular records. Send
for 100-page Catalogue *and* Discount Sheet. Mail Orders a Specialty.

Hopkins Bros. Co.

Des Moines - - - - - Iowa

OMEWA SEM

September 6 — Jennie Fedson, Junior, gladdens the hearts of her Professors with the sunshine of her presence.

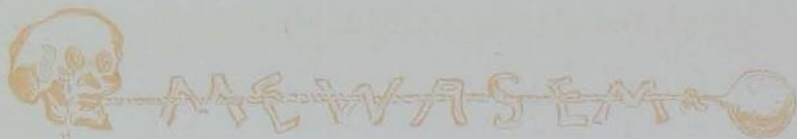


September 7 — Five new Iota Thetas take to the road.



September 8 — Tommy goes to court.





The Ames Times



☞ Printery to the College and all Particular People who Know High Class Products of Type and Paper.

☞ We Have Ideas and use Them for our Patrons. :: :: :: :: ::

☞ Times Printing will give you Lung power, Long life and make you love your enemy.

Just Try It

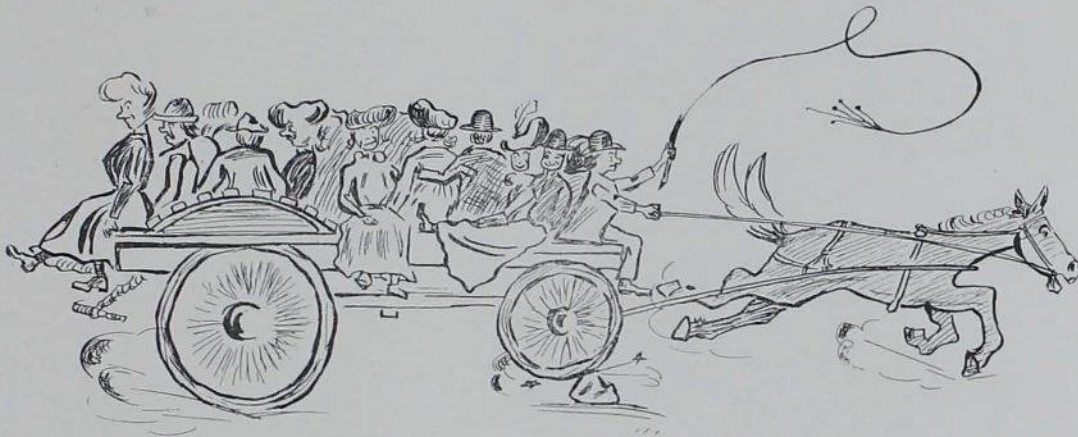


MEWASEM

September 9 — Tom Watts is seen hovering about the History room. (At last reports he is still hovering.)

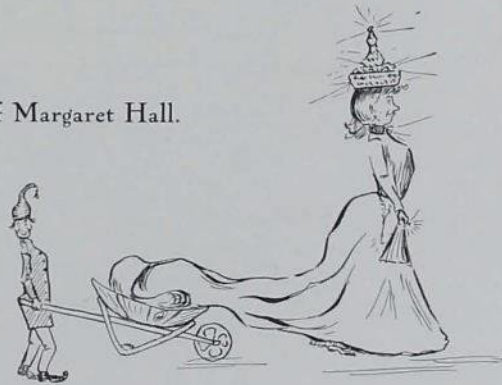
September 10 — General Reception.

September 11 — Dr. Cessna speaks.



September 12 — Senorita hay-rack ride.

September 13 — The Countess becomes a resident of Margaret Hall.



NEW WASEMA



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L.
P
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Sporting Goods

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a well made Suit or a pair of
Trousers, and anything in
GENTS' FURNISHINGS

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95 YESLER WAY, SEATTLE, WASH.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLAND

NEWA SEM



September 14 — First exam in Spherical Trig.

September 15 — Junior Trot Committee meets with Mrs. Kilbourne.

September 16 — “Chub” Moore gives up all hope of pleasing the girls in regard to the Trot--Miss Pl-w-y forgot to ask her class the number of atoms in a molecule of HNO_3





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GROUND FLOOR

Students' Headquarters for High-Grade
Photography

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PHOTOGRAPH THAT CAN BE MADE

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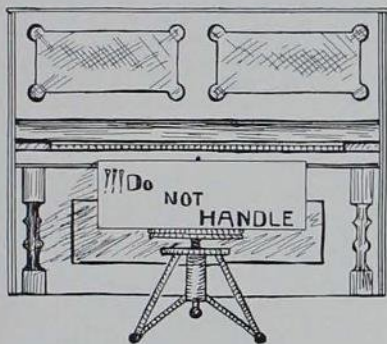
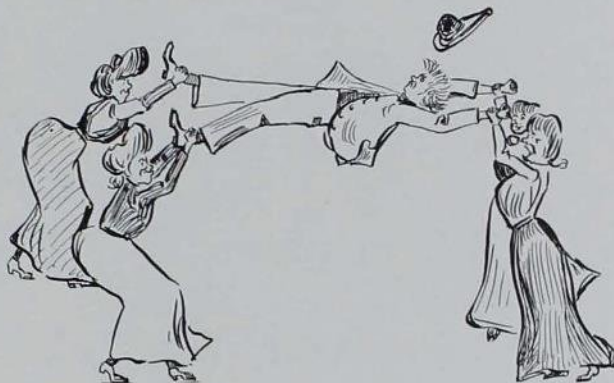
Official Photographer for the Senior Class of 1904 and 1905, and Junior Class of 1905

MISS ESTHER MARCROFT, Graduate of I. C. P., 1902, Ladies "Pose"

C. F. LARSON, I. C. P., 1903, Retoucher

My Prices are Always Reasonable; My Terms
to Suit Your Convenience

September 17— Iota Theta picnic on the banks of the "Squaw," shared by a surveying party. "Hi" enjoyed it, so 'tis said.



September 19— New piano installed at Margaret Hall --very, very fine.

September 20— Junior Class meeting.



September 21— Nellie Naylor falls off her chair in Physics class.



ME WASEM



The
**Armory
Opera
House**
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with good dancing floor. Reasonable rates to parties wishing
to give entertainments. :: :: :: ::

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in Draft and
Carriage Horses

E. H. Knickerbocker
FAIRFAX, IOWA



BELGIAN STALLIONS
A SPECIALTY

NEW SEM



September 22—Scrimmage begins on the football field.

September 23—Joint Literary Society Program--
Doty speaks on "Campus Lab"
--Mass Meeting.

September 24—Drawing for Lecture tickets--Big time at the Quarters--I. F. Hay Rack Ride--H. W. Gray loses his ring.

September 25—Professor Barrett speaks



Scientifically and Mechanically Perfect in Every Feature



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Have you ever wondered why Tubulars always excel for light running, clean skimming, perfection of cream, few repairs, small consumption of oil and great durability? **Here is the reason:** Tubulars are the only cream separators that conform --in all respects--to science and mechanics.

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Only perfect construction gives perfect satisfaction. If you want perfect satisfaction insist on getting perfect construction. As we have been making separators over twenty years, we ought to know what we are talking about--and we say we believe a Tubular will give at least twice the satisfaction you can get out of any other separator. Write for our handsome 1905 catalog.



OILING THE DAIRY TUBULAR

The Sharples Separator Co.

Toronto, Can. WEST CHESTER, PA. Chicago, Ill.



September 26 — '08s organize.

September 27 — Harriet Wilson
gets "huffy."



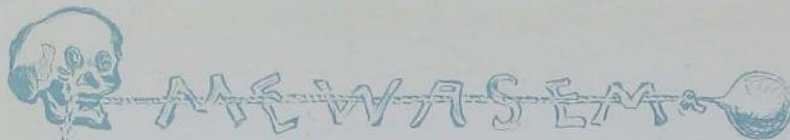
September 28 — Junior Class dues are heavy.

September 29 — Mass Meeting before Excursion Day. Fresh-
man Class Meeting.



September 30 — Excursion Day, number one
--Ames, 5; Des Moines, 0.





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and

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Ames, Iowa

THE NEW SEM



October 1 — Excursion Day, number two--New use for drain ventilators--Pi Beta Phi picnic--Basketball, I. S. C., 16; A. H. S., 6--Football, Ames, 22, Coe., 0--Father Vaughn lectures.

October 2 — This was Sunday.

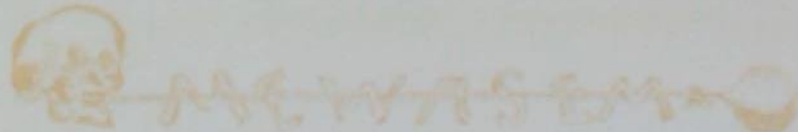
October 3 — Mae Jackson becomes of age--Wonder if she will take chloroform.

October 4 — Sophomore and Freshman class meetings--Junior football team reports for practice.

October 5 — First Bomb Board meeting.



October 6 — Gypsy fortune tellers interview the girls.



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---	---	---

O-A-M-E-W-A-S-E-M



October 7 — Too muddy for the field meet--Dance in Hort barn.

October 8 — Ames 17, Normal 0--Tri Serp dance --Senior Ag. dance.

October 9 — President Bradley of Grinnell speaks.

October 10 — Ags. request that the date for the Junior trot be changed.



October 11 — Sophomore-Freshman field meet.

THE NEWSPAPER



Star Engraving Co.



Half-Tone Wood Engraving
 Zinc Etching Electrotyping

— OUR MOTTO —
 NOT THE CHEAPEST BUT THE BEST

507-9 LOCUST ST — DES MOINES · IOWA



October 12 — "Why, how yellow this honey is!"

Bessie--"Oh, my honey's 'Brown'."

October 13 — Junior C. E's. bid farewell to Spherical Trig.



October 14 — Guthrie works three hours to solve a problem that he was asked only to analyze.

October 15 — Ames 0, Minnesota 41; Junior 16, Freshmen 0; Senior 29, Sophomore 0--Celestine Pettinger becomes enthusiastic over football--Lecture by Dr. Green.

October 16 — Sermon by Dr. Green.

October 17 — Sophomore boys instructed as to behavior at the Junior Trot.

October 18 — Junior Trot--Prof. Pammel is the only one who treats the crowd.



JONES
ONES

ICE CREAM, CANDY, SODA
WATER, CIGARS, CATER-
ING FOR BANQUETS AND
PARTIES A SPECIALTY. ☉ ☽

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H. L. MUNN & SON

Dealers in Lumber and Building Material
The Miracle Concrete Building Blocks



Cheaper than Brick or Stone and more durable. Notice the double
air spaces. Frost or moisture cannot penetrate this block.

Manufactured by H. L. MUNN & SON, Ames, Iowa

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Does the Laundry work for
the I. S. C. Students because
it is the best. ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺

Dixon & Son, - - Prop.

SAY, Go to Canier Bros. &
Herman
for
FINE SHOES

The Students like our Shoes. Try then
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\$105,000

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Henry Wilson - - - Cashier

A Savings Department in Connection
Does a General Banking Business
Reliability Assured

MEMORANDUM



October 19 — "The day after"--Tommy W.--You know I can't see very well at night--well, going in she had to guide me, and coming out I ran into a tree three times. I thought I was in an impenetrable forest.

October 20 — Y. W. C. A. delegates arrive, and convention opens.

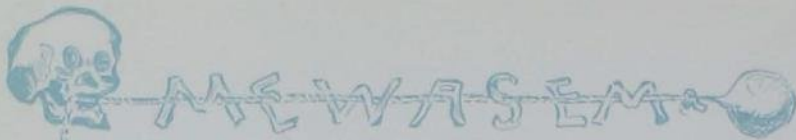
October 21 — First day of convention--Lecture by Miss Paxton-- Fine weather and the number of chummers increases rapidly.

October 22 — Ames 87, Simpson 0--Lower pumping station burned.

October 23 — Dr. Storms speaks.



October 24 — Republican Rally and organization of Republican League--Margaret Hall Democrats stretched.



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& JACOBSON**

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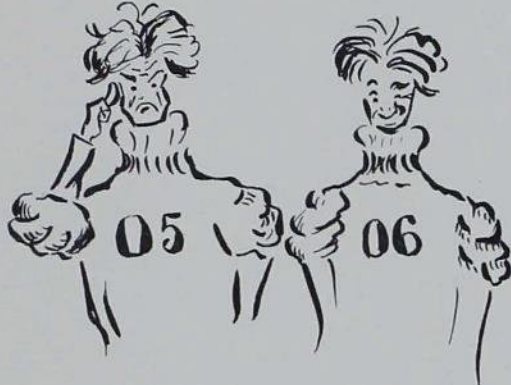
Watches, Diamonds, Clocks, Musical Instruments
First-Class Repair Work Done

J. E. JUDGE. - - Proprietor

MEWASEM



- October 25 — "Tight wad, moocher, swiper!!!" "Is this a common crook abusing his pal?" you ask. No, it is only a college girl speaking of one who has stolen her pennant.
- October 26 — And the Bomb Board met once more.
- October 27 — Prof.--"What book are we using this term?"
W. D. M.--"I-I-don't know."



- October 28 — Class football: Junior 0, Senior 0--Monster athletic rally.
I. S. C.--"I shall conquer."
S. U. I.--"Snowed under ignominiously."
- October 29 — S. U. I. 10, I. S. C. 6--S. U. I. prep taught Ames yell by those who stayed at home.

THE AMES & COLLEGE RAILWAY



Hank's



Our Only Competitor



Night Owl



THE AMES & COLLEGE RAILWAY

desires to again thank the students and faculty of Iowa State College for their patronage, and would particularly call your attention to the "seens" on it's right-of-way.



Respectfully,

M. K. SMITH,

Manager.



It is Lovely—(A. & C.)



It is Fine—(A. & C.)



It is Beautiful—(A & C.)



It is Out of Sight—(A. & C.)

AMEVASEM

October 30—"Nobody knows how sore I am."

October 31—Class Football: Sophomores 6, Freshmen 0—Dolliver speaks down town.—
Gray loses his team at a Hallowe'en party.

November 1—"Egg sandwiches in the Gym."

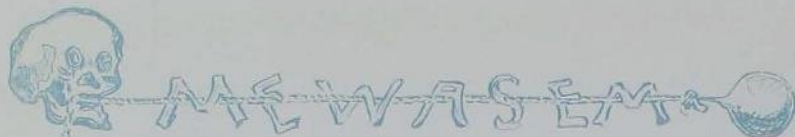
November 2—Junior Railway Class dismisses itself by the rear exit.

November 3—College Presidents visit I. S. C.—Junior Civils go to Belle Pla'ne—Prof.
Johnson insults Senior "Petie" by asking him if he is a Junior.

November 4—Republicans go home to vote—Normal wins debate.



November 5—Ames 40, Grinnell 0—Excitement on the bleachers.



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NEW SEM



November 6— Iota Thetas celebrate.

November 7— More Republicans go home to vote.

November 8— Election at Margaret Hall.

November 9— Republicans celebrate.



November 10— "Junior College Doin's"— Refreshments at rear door for favored ones.

November 11— Stock judging team goes to Fairfax and Marion.

November 12— Ames 16, D. M. C. 0— Dr. Roberson lectures— Mrs. Kilbourne inquires about special cases.

November 13— Laura— "Hold on to me, John."

November 14— Dr. Cessna (calling roll)— "Miss Naylor" Miss N.— "Come."

November 15— Stock-Judging team chosen.

November 16— "Georgie" proves faithful to his mathematical friends.



November 17—"Silver" conducts chapel. He forgets himself and commands the angels to give the College yell.



November 18—Ames 41, Cornell 6—Junior Civils home from Belle Plaine.

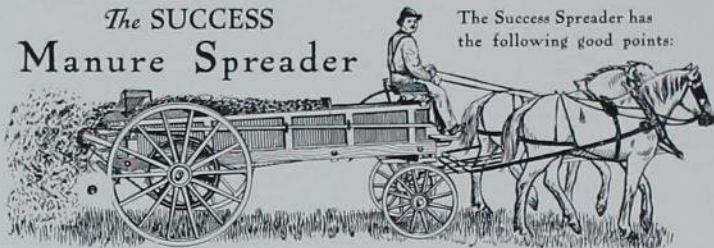
November 19—D. U. Seconds 0, Ames Seconds 18. "Small chip off a big block."

November 20—"Quack."



November 21—'06 class Meeting.

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The Success Spreader has the following good points:

DIRECT, STEEL PINNED BEATER DRIVE. This dispenses with complicated gears and pinions, and substitutes a simple chain drive, strong and durable. This change alone has reduced the draft 20 per cent below any other machine on the market.

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Real Estate
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Bargains in Residences
and Vacant Lots
Near the
College

Ames, Iowa

MEWASEM



November 22 — Juniors 6, Seniors 5.

November 23 — Away, for Thanksgiving.

November 24 — Thanksgiving day — Ames 19, Drake 0 — Team breaks training.

November 25 — Vacation.

November 26 — A vast amount of quietness.

November 27 — Flag staff meets an untimely end.

November 28 — Iota Theta dance.



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Singing the Praise of the Junior Class Play

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MADMOISELLE La FRAESEUR as - - Leading Lady
OSCAR E. GUIBERT - - - - - Hero
CHUBINUS MOORE, Lately from the Pocahon-
tas County Swamps - - - - - Villian
Assisted by Fourteen Others



Armory, Monday June 5th

OMEWASEM



November 29—“Prep Alley” and “Frog-Town” hold a convocation in Mrs. Kilbourne’s room behind closed doors.

November 30—“Polit” class sent home.

December 1—“Stantie” dines with the Dragons.
“Better late than never.”

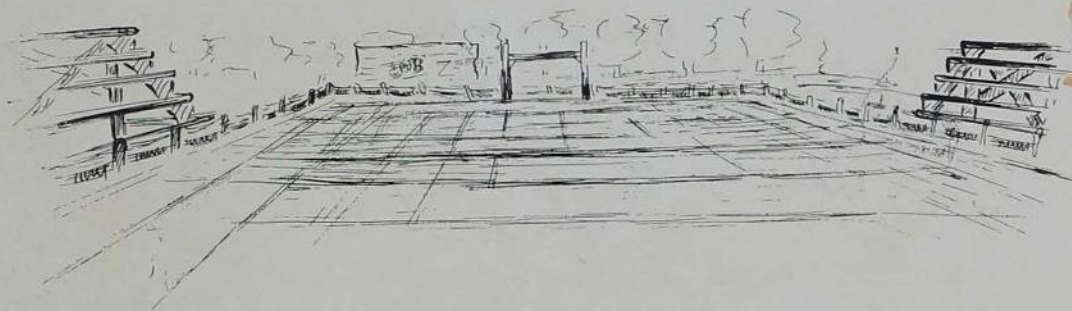
December 2—Clio-Bachelor banquet—Gottlieb arrives late.

December 3—T. L. B. banquet—T. L. B. girls praised by Mrs. K—Resolved: that red-headed, blue-eyed pigeon-toed clubs be formed, and that a week at the end of the term be set aside for banquets.

December 4—Varsity men tell two girls the football signals.

December 5—Girls hold a mass-meeting previous to '06 and '07 football game.

December 6—Last class football game—'07's carry the ball a total of five yards—“Count” Throckmorton takes the Junior girls home.





MEWASEM

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LADIES

Call on any *live merchant* if you
want a

Sheuerman Skirt

OMEWA SEM



December 7—Football field wears a deserted appearance.

December 8—

Shall the "Passion of Friendship" prove "The
Safeguard of our Nation?" ? ?

December 9—Oratorical contest.

December 10—Bertha Kunz Baker reads "If I were King."

December 11—Rev. Conley of Omaha, speaks—First snow
of the season.

December 12—A's awarded.

December 13—Class meeting.

December 14—Sayre (In E. and M. class.)—"I think if the C. & N. W. railway used
the third rail system there would be lots of sparking over on the tracks."

December 15—Sophomore Play—Supply of posters seems limited.

December 16—More snow.

NEWSPAPER



December 17 — Sleigh rides the order of the evening — Mrs. K. treats the girls who were so good as to stay at home.

December 18 — Last Sunday of the term.

December 19 — Four finals in the morning.



December 20 — } — More Finals.
December 21 — }

December 22 — The joy of going home.





ONE W A SEM

THE '06 Bomb desires to thus publicly thank its advertisers, and trusts that its subscribers will make it a point to patronize those who have thus aided the College.

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☞ Not to find our imprint on a good job of printing is proof positive that it could have been better done. * * * * *

☞ "Touchdowns" are made in our office every time an order is entered. * * * *

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