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HALL DISPLAY

Ethyl Cessna, 04
D.S.C.



“ Forenoon and afternoon and night,—
Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night, —
Forenoon, and — what !
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life : make this forenoon
sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a
prayer.
And time is conquered, and thy crown
is won.”

“ SILL.”



WILLIAM M. BEARDSHEAR



Born November 7, 1850

Died August 5, 1902

By S. H. M. Byers

Good-bye, dear friend, your voyage new begun,
We stand and watch you sail out on the deep,
Beyond the rim of yonder setting sun,
Where other worlds in vaster circles sweep.

Far, far, and yet your pilot knows the way,
Where all to us seems shadowland and dim,
To you, one sudden, glorious, burst of day,
Because on earth you lived and loved with Him.

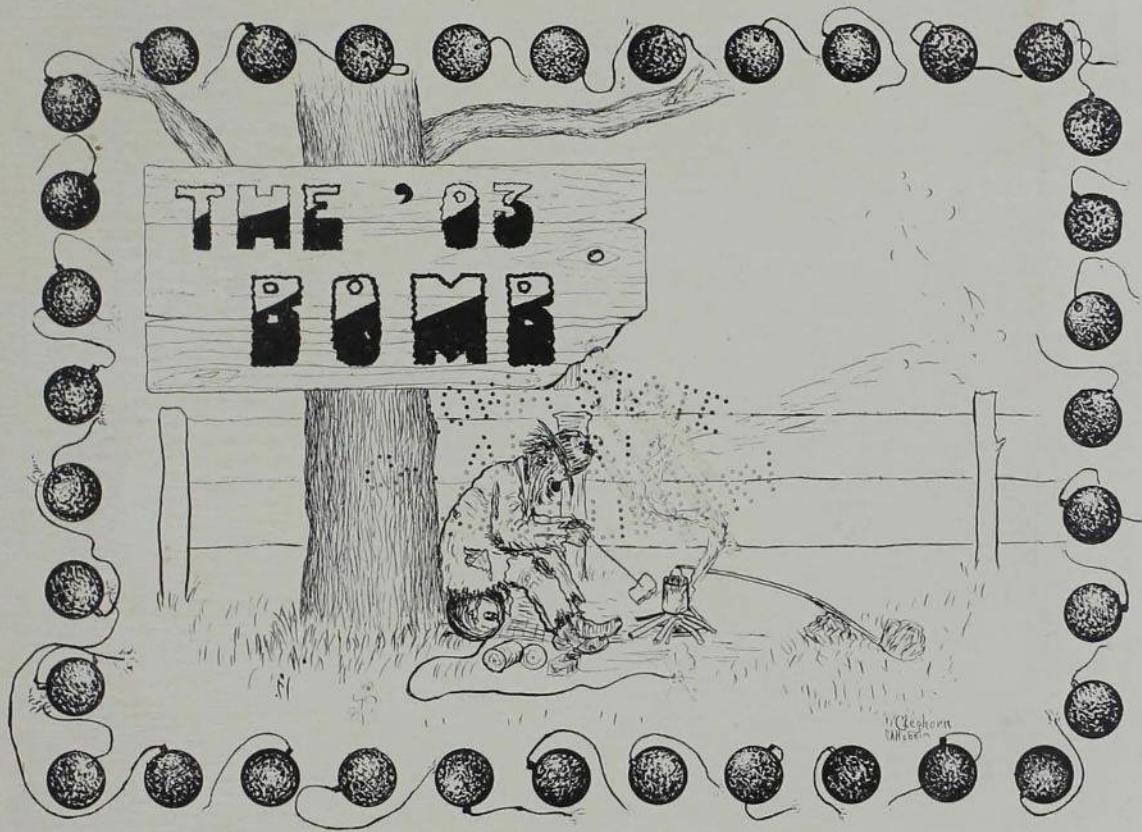
Now, free to soar the viewless paths of space,
Wings of content will bear you everywhere,
Sometimes — who knows — to the familiar place
Where earthly loves and life's endearments were.

Good-bye, not long — the shadow will return,
The shadow-ship to us will turn its prow.
Pray, pray, that somehow we at last may earn
Sure anchor-place where thou art harbored now.

In voice of bird, or music's soft'ning strain,
Or in the rose when all beteaured with dew,
Your heart will throb to our heart-throbs again,
We may not see you, but will know 'tis you.

Then will we think of that hand clasp of old,
The kindly words, the ever tender smile,
The great, broad heart that was as true as gold
Of him who left us just a little while.

The lofty mind that strove for human good,
That saw all men as brothers and as kin,
In storm or sun, an oak that ever stood
Strong-limbed without, a heart of oak within.



THE '03
PUMPKIN

V. Cleghorn
1903



DEDICATION

TO THOSE WHO HAPPILY POSSESS
THE NECESSARY ONE DOLLAR
AND FIFTY CENTS, & WHO HAVE
BEEN IN ANY DEGREE MORE OR
LESS JARRED OR DISAPPOINTED
BY THE EFFORTS OF PREVIOUS
JUNIOR CLASSES, THIS VOLUME
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED BY THE
'03 BOMB EDITORS



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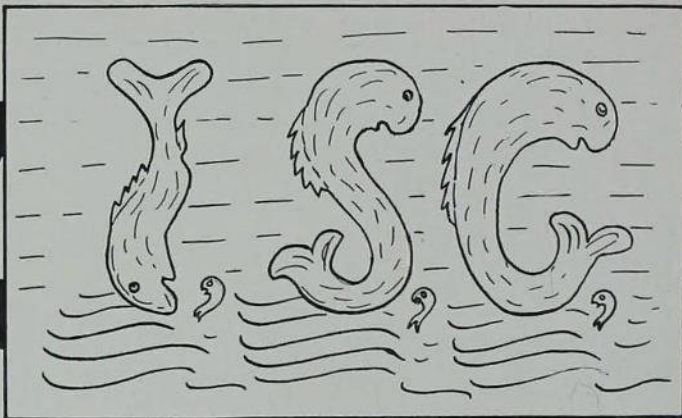
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Professor of Horticulture and Forestry.

*Granted an indefinite leave of absence as U. S. Secretary
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WHO WE ARE



"The pair man that has patience to mak a book, has some claim to the patience of him who only reads it." — Warburton.

IN PRESENTING THIS VOLUME we have but followed a custom established long before our time. Our aim has been simply to present to you, in as accurate and pleasing a manner as possible, that view of our college life which may be given by chronicling events with pen and pencil, recounting those tales where wit or the lack of it, have offered innocent diversion, faces of classmates and friends, and records of triumphs and defeats, that have been ours together.

But lest the reader, who may not be one of us, conceive from these pages, a view that

is one sided, due to the large amount of space devoted to the frivolous, it is meet that we should say a word that will in truer sense, show just what we are.

"WHAT WE ARE."

In the midst of this season of fair breezes and bountiful showers, there are come many of the youths of this broad land to dip at the fount





of wisdom and float in the flood of learning which emanates from I. S. C. The student body is composed of young folk of various aspirations and different mental qualifications.

In the matter of caps the class of '04 have found theirs too small, the '03s had lost some of their conceit and so their caps were too large. Even the class of '02 encountered difficulties when first they attempted to wear caps.

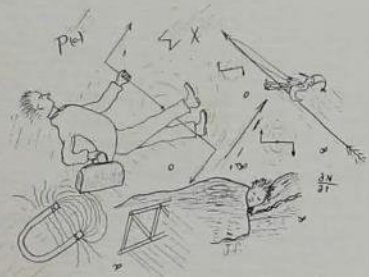
The engineer dreams of the wonders of the earth as he looks above or delves beneath. Daily we find him far afield with his goodly instruments and his keen eye, or living the strenuous life in pursuit of his thesis, or performing some remarkable feat, such as descending into and surveying the heating tunnel guided only by the fitful glow of the miner's lamp.

The veterinarian loves to quote long and meaningless terms and discourses wisely for the benefit of the uninformed. He is generally known by his note books and dignified professional air.

The agricultural student, like those who followed the calling of old, is known by the calmness with which he pursues the even tenor of his way. No misfortune can oppress him. He never crams and when he has flunked Trig. for the third time is happy in the thought of taking it again. He wins the trophy and modestly hides it away.



A TRANSIT FACE



The Engineers DREAM.



Old time skill in cooking and serving, dignified by the name of Domestic Economy, is much sought after by young ladies marshaled in white aprons and ribbons in their hair. Many and wonderful are the concoctions they contrive, some of which they are even brave enough to attempt to eat.

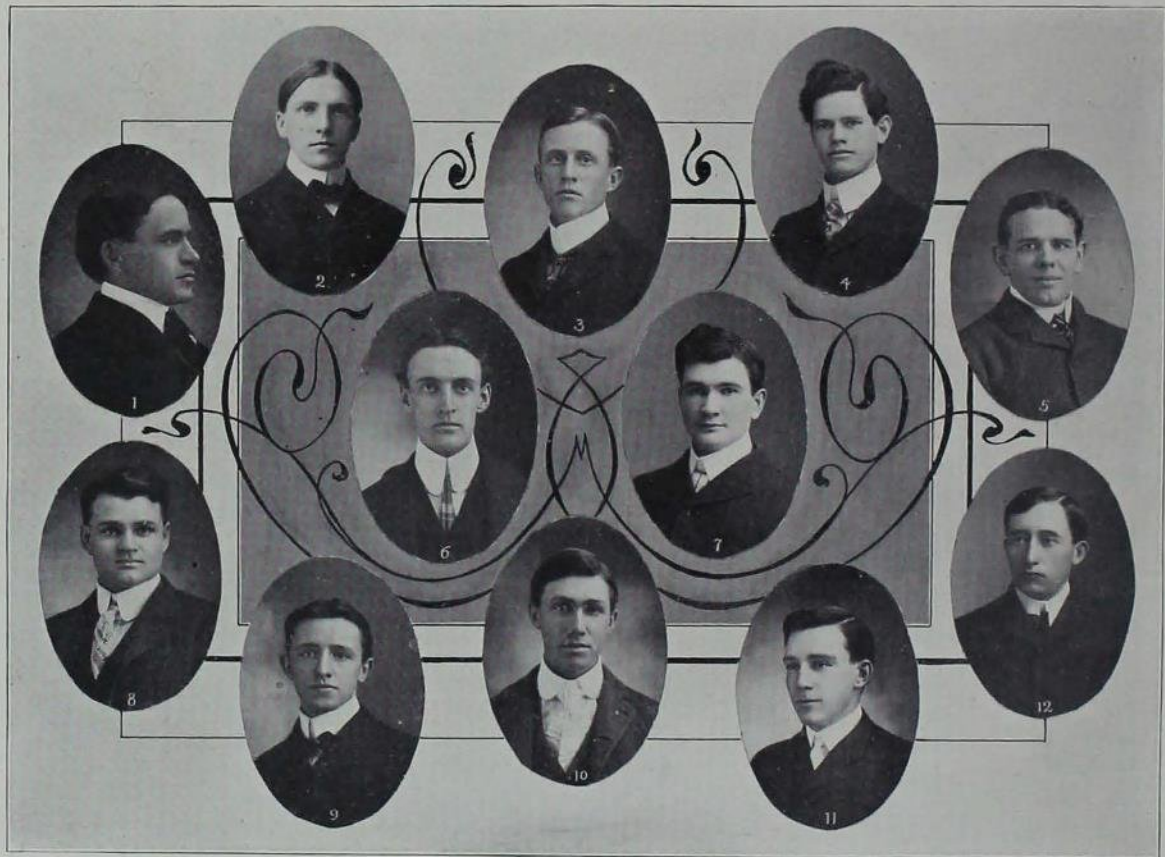
The science student thinks on mighty themes, the deeds of masters of men, the Renaissance, modern socialism, the eradication of trusts and noxious forms of life. Daily he ponders over schemes that would transform this wilderness of troubles into another Eden, where he and his friends would "roam the daisied fields together," searching after — bugs.





JUNIORS







Juniors



1. E. G. RITZMAN,

Spanish-American war veteran. Lives at Maquoketa. Graduated in '97. Played baseball and football in high school. Buttermilk or Agricultural course. Lieutenant, Captain, Ranking Major. Bachelor. President Agricultural Club.

2. O. B. MOORHOUSE, M. E.,

Is a very good boy, never having been known to depart from the even tenor of his way. His home is in Glidden, Iowa, where he graduated from the high school in '99. Entering I. S. C. in '99 he became class treasurer and a member of the B. D. S., and has for some time been a lieutenant-acting captain.

3. *T. F. CROCKER, "Tammany,"

Perry, Iowa. '96 graduate. Played baseball in high school. Philomathean president. Member of debating league; always on triangular debate. "Tammany" has an eagle eye, having been seen to shoot a swallow on the wing with an ordinary 22-calibre revolver.

4. *G. M. LUMMIS, Ag.,

Born in Illinois, raised in Missouri, came to I. S. C. to be showed in spring '00. Graduated from Pleasant Hill High School. Member Agricultural Club. Iowa Agriculturist staff. Philomathean Literary Society. Oratorical Association, Known as "Limber Jim." Hunting for cryptogams. Been out west.

5. HUGH G. VAN PELT,

Is a practical agriculturist of Des Moines. Left Indianola High School after two years for several reasons. Entered I. S. C. '98. A member of Philomathean Society and Agricultural Club. Since entering school he has won an enviable reputation as a feeder of fancy show cattle.

6. *F. H. MARSH, C. E.,

Ames. Humboldt High School '98. Captained baseball team of that year. Lived in retirement until he appeared at I. S. C. fall '99, with an exceeding thirst for knowledge. A member of the B. D. S., F. F. F., I. O. C. R. Lieutenant, fourth term. Class treasurer, fourth term. Under graduate instructor in C. E. department.

7. RICHARD (JEREMIAH) HOPKINS, C. E.,

Nevada, Iowa. Class poet of '97 Nevada High School. President of the Erehas in '01. Trackman of '02. A Philomathean and a member of the awkward squad military. Student Staff. A reader of repute, masterpiece "The Jabberwock." Sober and industrious, with a well developed bump of humor. May become either a vocalist or a lawyer.

8. W. H. WILLIAMS, E. E.,

Ida Grove. Left Ida Grove high school for the honorable pursuit of agriculture. Grew ambitious and entered I. S. C. in '99. Varsity football '00-'01. Track '01. A coming man with the hammer. A Philomathean.

9. †ARTHUR KRATZ,

of Sioux City, Iowa. Graduated from the Sioux City High School as class orator in '99. He entered the Mining Engineering course at I. S. C. in '99. He was tennis manager during '01 and '02, and was a representative to the tournament at the state tennis meet at Cornell in 1901. He also has the honors of high private — first sergeant and color bearer. Bachelor, recording secretary. First scribe I. O. C. R. A good worker and never (?) got "ducked."

11. ALBERT A. MILLER,

Ogden, Iowa. Taking the course in agriculture and making a specialty of horticulture. He is a conspicuous member of both the Philomathean Society and the Agricultural Club. Second sergeant in the spring of '01.

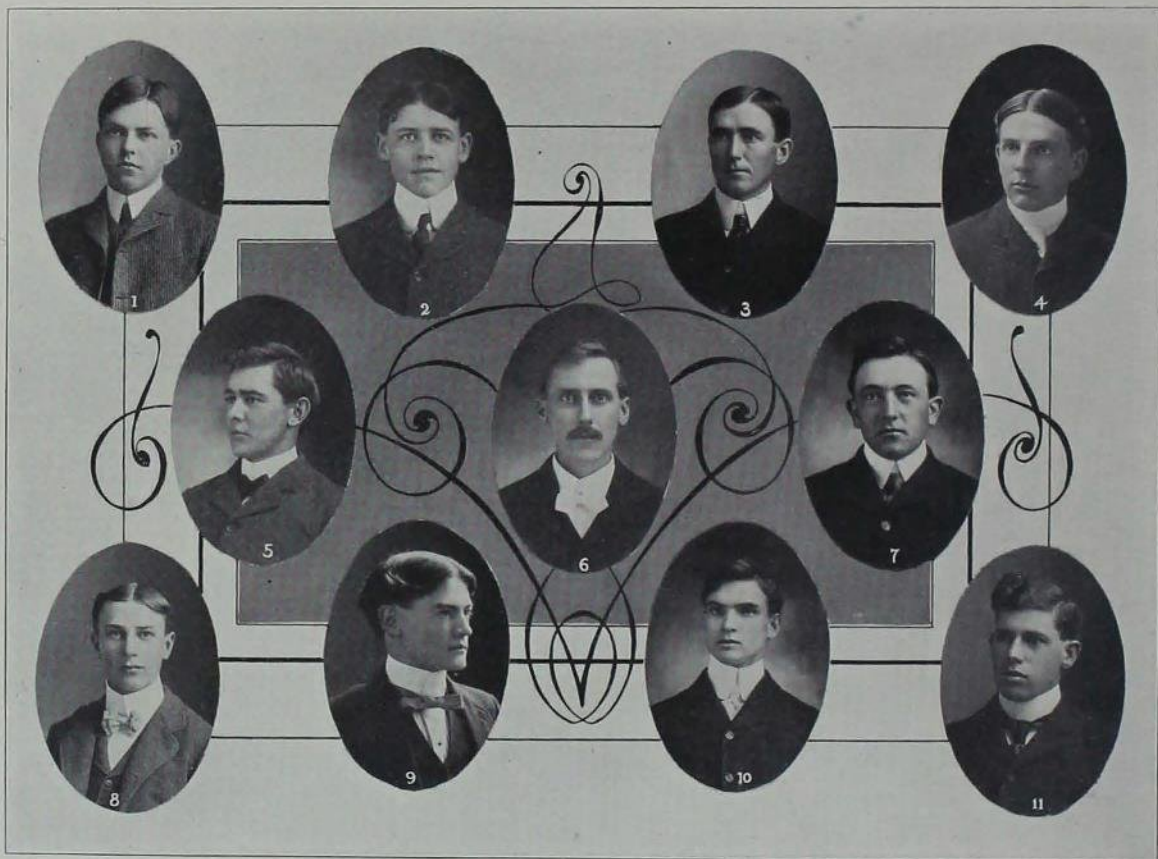
10. PAUL BROWN,

A little but mighty Ag. Is usually found about some large cattle ranch. He entered I. S. C. the spring of '98. Besides gaining an enviable reputation as a student, he has also established himself as a crack feeder of fancy cattle. The present finds him on a large cattle farm in Texas.

12. ††FAY McCLURE,

Ferry, Iowa. Graduate of the Oskaloosa high school. Since entering I. S. C. he has successfully pursued the Civil Engineering course. He is prominent in literary work, being a member of the Philomathean Society and the Oratorical Association.

*Stands in with the Profs. †Strong at Margaret Hall. ††Nice boy.



1. ††CHARLES A. HOBEIN, JR., E. E.,

Estherville, Iowa, graduated from Estherville High School and entered I. S. C. as Freshman in fall of 1899. Class treasurer fall term, 1900. First lieutenant fall '01. Tri-Serp. Member mandolin club, student staff and Bomb board. A fair student, popular with the ladies, and very fond of visiting Des Moines on Sunday. That's "Cholly."

2. †GEO. P. KEMPF, M. E.,

Victor, Iowa, otherwise known as "George Peter," graduated from Victor High School, '98. Entered I. S. C. fall '99 as Freshman. Won third in low hurdles at state meet '02. Right fielder second baseball team '02. Knows all the dark places around East and West Cottages, and also a few more things.

3. R. A. NORMAN, M. E.,

Graduated from the Logan, Iowa, High School in '97. He entered I. S. C. in '99 and is an original member of the Texas House gang. He, too, is the proud wearer of an "excellence in drill" button, having been high private in the rear ranks of General Lincoln's band of warriors.

4. †EDWARD B. SPAULDING,

Of Sioux City, a member of the electrical engineering class, began his college career at I. S. C. in 1896, but after one term returned to the high school, re-entering college in '99. Usually known as "Bill the Tourist."

5. J. R. CAREY

Is an agricultural student who lives nearer Ames than W. W. S. He is distinguished by an untiring energy. For the past three years he has attended school and managed a large farm, all at one and the same time.

6. ††A. B. CHATTIN,

Anthon, Iowa, graduate of Western Normal College, Shenandoah, completed his Sophomore year at I. S. C. in '93, but got married and settled down as a farmer. Returned to take up his work in the C. E. course in the fall of '01. He and "Rube" are to work thesis on "Good Roads."

7. J. C. NELSON,

Harlan, Iowa, will be a C. E. some day if nothing happens. Finished home high school in '95. A sedate school lad. Entered I. S. C. in '98. Sick with fever in '00. For the past two years has been inspector of the new Engineering Hall.

8. HARRY L. TILLSON,

An E. E. who spends vacations at Boone, Iowa, (H. S. at Boone three years.) entered I. S. C. fall of '99. Never did much of any importance, but hopes to make Thomas A. look to his laurels.

9. C. E. BARTHOLOMEW, SC.,

Formerly of Creston, Iowa, now resides in Ames. Bart is a real good boy, and is often seen strolling through the fields acting very much like our dear professor in bugology. He has no fear of the (cimex lectularius.)

10. D. JAY BUTTS,

Van Wert, Iowa. Years ago when still a youth he held the important position as page at the Iowa State Capital. Before entering college worked at the carpenter trade. Now is an electrical engineer.

11. R. SNYDER

Came from Dixon spring of 1900 to study veterinary medicine. Known for his pleasant countenance and disposition to hard work. Carries farming as a side line (vacation). I. O. C. R.

††Nice boy. †Strong at Margaret Hall. †Member of Tourists Union. ††Taken.



1. ROBT. A. BLAIR, C. E.,

Humboldt High School, '98. Farmer and school dad. Entered I. S. C. fall '99. Chaplain of B. D. S. spring of '02. President F. F. F. I. O. C. R. Lieutenant '01 Student Staff.

2. OSCAR L. LAWSON,

Carson, Iowa, graduate normal course Highland Park College. He is successfully managing a large stock farm, at the same time earnestly pursuing the agricultural course at I. S. C. Member of the Agricultural Club, Bachelor Society and Glee Club.

3. C. GROSS THROCKMORTON, "Old Throck," E. E.,

Chariton. Graduated Chariton High School '97 without attracting attention. Simpson '97-'00. Left Chariton P. O. for I. S. C. fall '01, Simpson football '00. I. S. C. varsity '01. Represented B. D. S. in triangular debate. A modest and unassuming member of the Glee Club.

4. FRANK E. ALLISON, Alias "Senator,"

Is one of our popular Agricultural students. Lohrville, a thriving city on Iowa map, claims his residence. Left high school when Junior to enter I. S. C. in '99. Philomathean Society and Agricultural Club.

5. EDGAR L. TENNEY

Was formerly one of the elect. He is an M. E. His past history is surrounded by a labyrinth of mystery.

6. ALBERT E. ELDER, "Deak" (earned in army).

Home formerly at Allerton. Allerton High School '94. A debater, schoolmaam and clerk. Intends to be a lawyer. Entered I. S. C. '97. Philippines '98-99; record (see nickname). President B. D. S. Tri-Serps, F. F. F., I. O. C. R. Lieutenant and battalion adjutant '00, captain and acting major '01, major '02. President Debating League, Triangular Debate. Resident representative Royal Tailors. Nightwatch. Loves his little joke. Bus. Mgr. Bomb.

7. *OTTO STARZINGER

Of Des Moines, Iowa, in Electrical Engineering course, graduated from the East Des Moines High School in '99. Was president of his class. Played football four years and was captain the last year. He is a wearer of the A. Played football at I. S. C. '00 and '01. Also has "Excellence in Military Drill"—high private four terms. Won second prize in his company in target practice. Bachelor. Member of I. O. C. R.

8. W. R. BATTEY

Lives at Dexter. Graduate of Dexter Normal in '97. Mechanical course. Bachelor. Plays in band.

9. ††ALBERT E. PRIEM, Sc.,

His pa lives at St. Ansgar. A versatile genius. Graduate commercial course St. Ansgar Seminary '96, Nora Springs Academy '98, philosophical course Northwestern College '99-'00. Entered Sophomore I. S. C. 1900. An economist—especially of time. Football from a sense of duty. B. D. S. Y. M. C. A. Oratorical representative '01. Debating League.

10. ††FOREST E. OVERHOLSER, E. E.,

Residence, Ames, Iowa. Attended Shenandoah High School for quite a while. Western Normal College graduated him in '95. Diverted himself with football in school, afterward as clerk in lumber yard. Entered I. S. C. in '97. Elected class historian. Served Uncle Sam in Philippines, rising from sergeant to lieutenant. Re-entered I. S. C. in '00. Bachelor. Secretary of Oratorical Association. Historian of '03 Bomb.

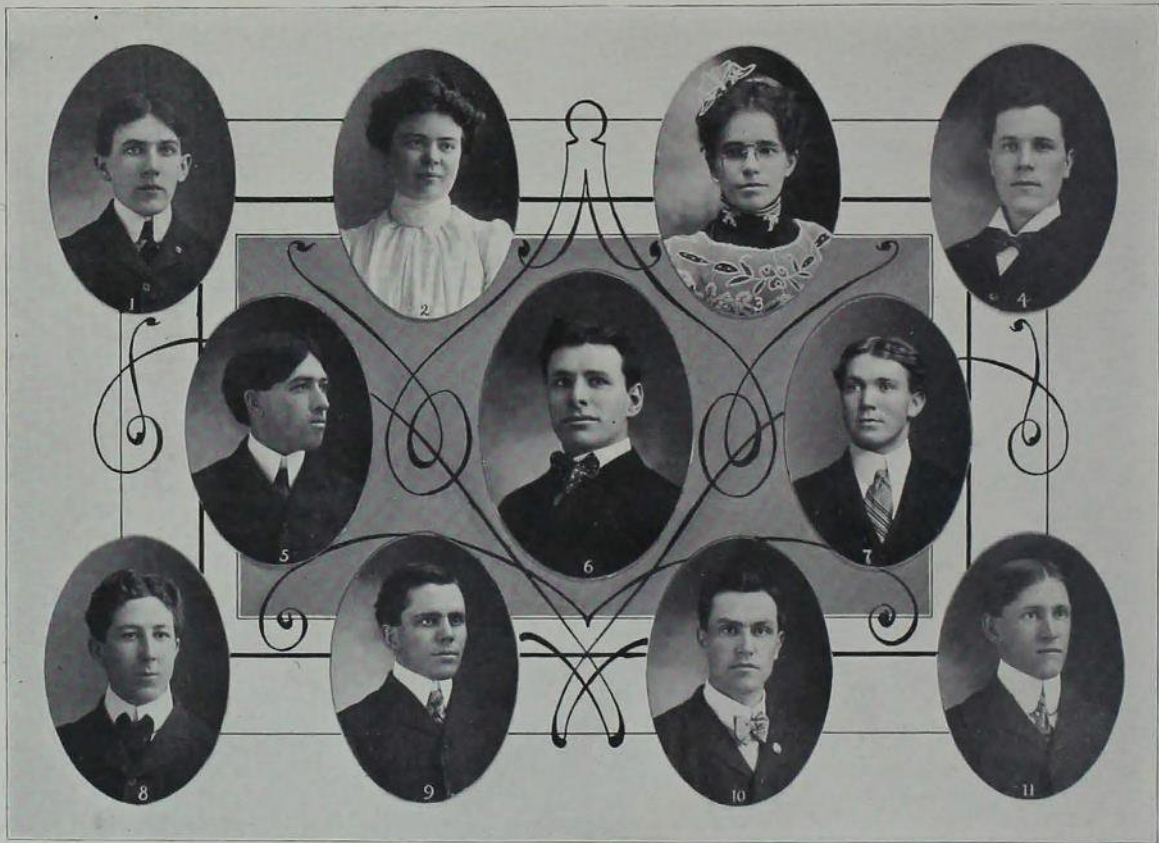
11. JOHN S. JONES,

Manchester. Fine honored professor of agriculture from scientific standpoint. Graduated from Manchester High School '99. Cares for nothing but the best, hence B. D. S. and Ag. Club.

12. †FRANK L. McCLAIN,

Fairfield, Iowa. Student of Electrical Engineering. Graduate of Fairfield High School. Attended Parsons College for a year before entering I. S. C. Class president in the spring of '01. He has shown a marked taste for literary work. Member Bachelor Society and a Tri-Serp.

*Stands in with the Profs. †Nice boy. †Strong at Margaret Hall.



1. †M. B. HOLBROOK, C. E.,

Onawa, Iowa, graduated from Onawa High School and entered I. S. C. fall '99. Treasurer class of '01. Assistant manager of Bomb. Member of Phileleutheroi Literary Society. Tennis team spring '01, fall '01, spring '02, fall '02. Won in singles from Cornell fall '01. I. S. C.'s best tennis player. Quiet. Likes ladies and watermelons.

2. *MISS MAUD VANATTA

Belongs to the class of General and Domestic Science. She lives in Newton and graduated from the Newton High School in the class of '98. Since her entrance in college she has been secretary of the class in the year '99. Miss Vanatta is now president of the Young Women's Christian Association and on the present Bomb board. She is a member of the Phileleutheroi Literary Society.

3. *LEON BUCK,

Moulton, Iowa. Course of General and Domestic Science. Graduate of high school in '98. During her course won three first places in declamatory contests. Entered college the fall of '99. A member of Phileleutheroi Society. Secretary of Class '01 and of Y. W. C. A. Bomb board.

4. †J. W. BEHEL, JR.,

Marshalltown, Iowa. Since graduating from the high school '91 he has spent his time "doing everything," making the gas a specialty. Entered college '00, course of Mechanical Engineering. Member of Welch Society. When not a private held the office of sergeant in military drill. If his dreams are true he will become professor of German.

5. B. ARTHUR WHISLER, E. E.,

Fairmont, Prairie City High School '98. "Played baseball principally." Farmed between times. Entered I. S. C. '99. Baseball, varsity '01-'02. Welch. I. O. C. R. Athletic Council '01.

6. §F. M. BYL, M. E.,

At home wherever his hat hangs. Entered I. S. C. in '98. Center of football team of '98. In the class has held offices as sergeant-at-arms

and vice-president. Member of W. E. S. and Debating League. Responsibility of these positions was so great he rested up one term and a half. Since returning has become proctor of campus. Member of '03 Bomb board.

7. H. G. DIMMITT, M. E.,

Hails from Ottumwa, Iowa. A self-confessed bad boy of the country school, though now he is fairly well behaved and has a stand-in with the proctor. Entering I. S. C. in '98 he became a member of the W. E. S. and identified himself with track athletics.

8. †HOWARD N. EBERSOLE (Bugs),

Keokuk, Iowa. Mechanical Engineer. A Phileleutheroi and a popular debater. The possessor of chestnut curls and remarkable pedal ability. Very quiet in the presence of the ladies, otherwise jolly.

9. H. I. WAGGONER, E. E.,

Makes Primghar, Iowa, his home. Possesses sheep-skin from Primghar High School dated '98. A baseball enthusiast. Left college to assume dictatorship of ye country school. Now a full fledged Ereha. Member of Pythian Society. Baseball team '02.

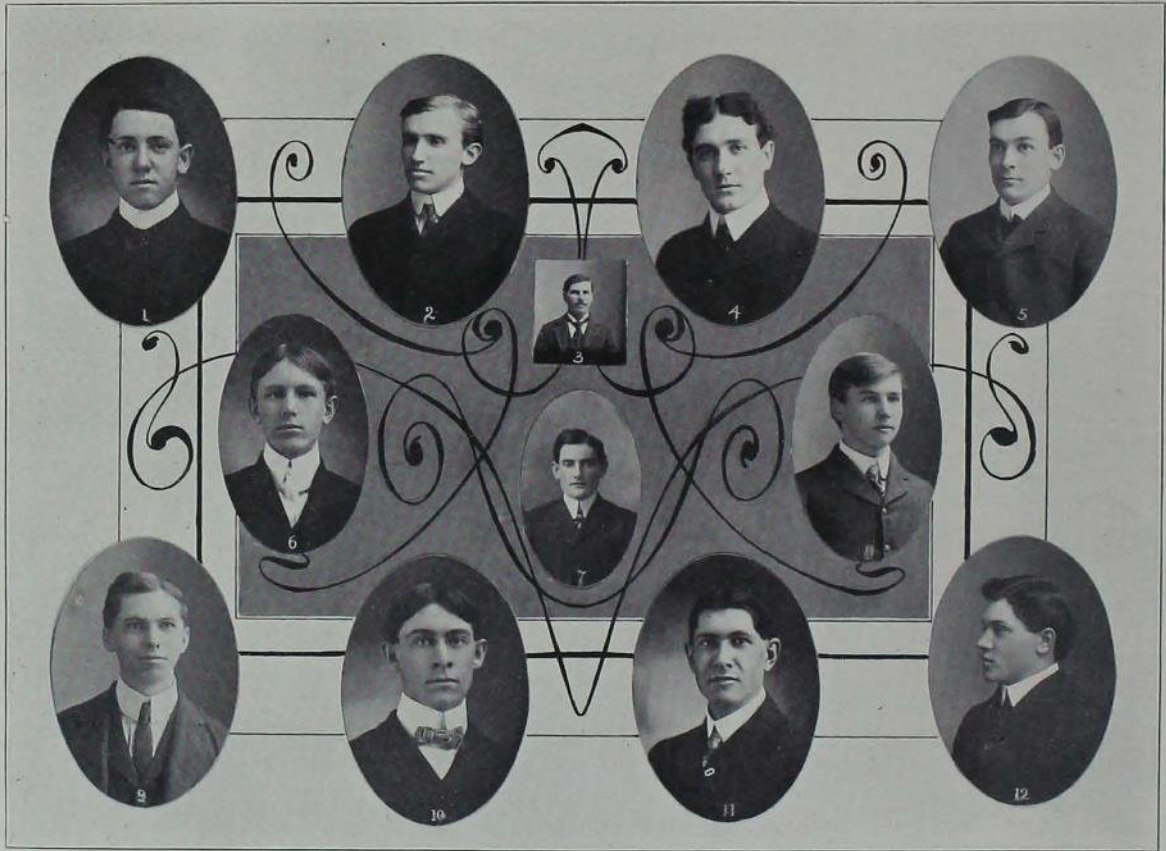
10. H. K. DODGE

St. Ansgar, Iowa. C. E. course. Before coming to Ames he attended the State Normal for one year. Was a school teacher and also a telegraph operator. Member of the Phileleutheroi Society, '01 debating team, society editor of Bomb. Not hilariously inclined, but surprised his friends by the amount he got away with on his Chicago trip.

11. ††H. A. ROBERTS (Sometimes called "Hay"),

Residence, Marathon. The dullest one of four brothers who have been enrolled as students. Looks like the typical granger of a decade ago. Member of the Phileleutheroi Society and the Y. M. C. A. Temporarily insane on the subject of osteopathy.

† Strong at Margaret Hall. * Stands in with the Professors. † Hopelessly back in Campus Lab. § Friend of the Proctor. †† Nice Boy.



1. H. B. ELLENBERGER,

Norman, Oklahoma. Ag. Attended Ames High School one term. Entered I. S. C. fall '99. Member of Agricultural Club, Crescent Literary Society. Conducting a valuable experiment in pig feeding. Liable to marry any time.

2. *THOMAS SWANZEY HUNT,

Ackley, Iowa. An enthusiastic Agricultural student. A member of the Agricultural Club and sub-sub-professor of bacteriology. In athletics for three years — pole vault. A Crescent. Classified in campus labs. during the last year only. Known to the ladies as a pretty blonde boy.

3. E. C. HOUCK

Of Bedford, Iowa, left the joys of a farmer's life behind him and came to take the Electrical Engineering course in 1899. Since that time he has survived the fever, raised a successful mustache and made a reputation as a student.

4. ††W. W. SMITH

Is a delver of the soil. Popular at Margaret Hall. Gets his mail at Nevada, Iowa. Nevada High School graduated him in '99. Entered I. S. C. in '99. A prominent athletic both in high school and college. On track team '99, '00 and '01. Member of council. On agricultural staff. Noit Avrats.

5. *GUY (LUCIFER) GEARHART,

Jewell Junction, Iowa. A Mechanical Engineer. Entered athletics at the fake meet. A Crescent. Extremely popular at Cedar Falls last winter. Wears the badge of "Excellence in Drill."

6. ††E. R. T. HOWARD, Ag.

Ames, Iowa. Mr. Howard, like the Declaration of Independence, was born on the Fourth of July. Before entering college he attended New Providence Academy for three years, but did not graduate. He is a member of the Agricultural Club and the Philomathean Literary Society.

7. *T. W. DODD (Alias "Worthington," also "Tiddledy-Winks),

Originally from Gladbrook, but now resides at Traer. Was an honest, hard-working boy until he started to college. Member of the Phileleutherol Society. Alternate on the '01 debating team. Made an enviable reputation as track manager for the Junior Class. Generally acknowledged to be the most polished and accomplished "hot air specialist" in the institution.

8. J. G. BRANCH

Lives at Gladbrook. Graduated from Gladbrook High School in '99. Mining Engineering course. Took track work. Bachelor. Passed up drill.

9. FRANK REW,

Corydon, Iowa. An Electrical Engineer. A graduate of Corydon High School. A grocery clerk and a winner of trade. Belongs to the Crescent Literary Society. He enjoys picnics immensely and likes to make ice cream for the ladies.

10. ††WALTER W. HENDRIX,

Letts, Iowa. Civil Engineering. Past life a mystery. First president of the class. Member Bomb board. Prominent in debating and oratory. Member Crescent Society. President of Oratorical Association and member Student Staff year '01. Third in oratorical contest fall '01 and on winning team triangular debate spring '02.

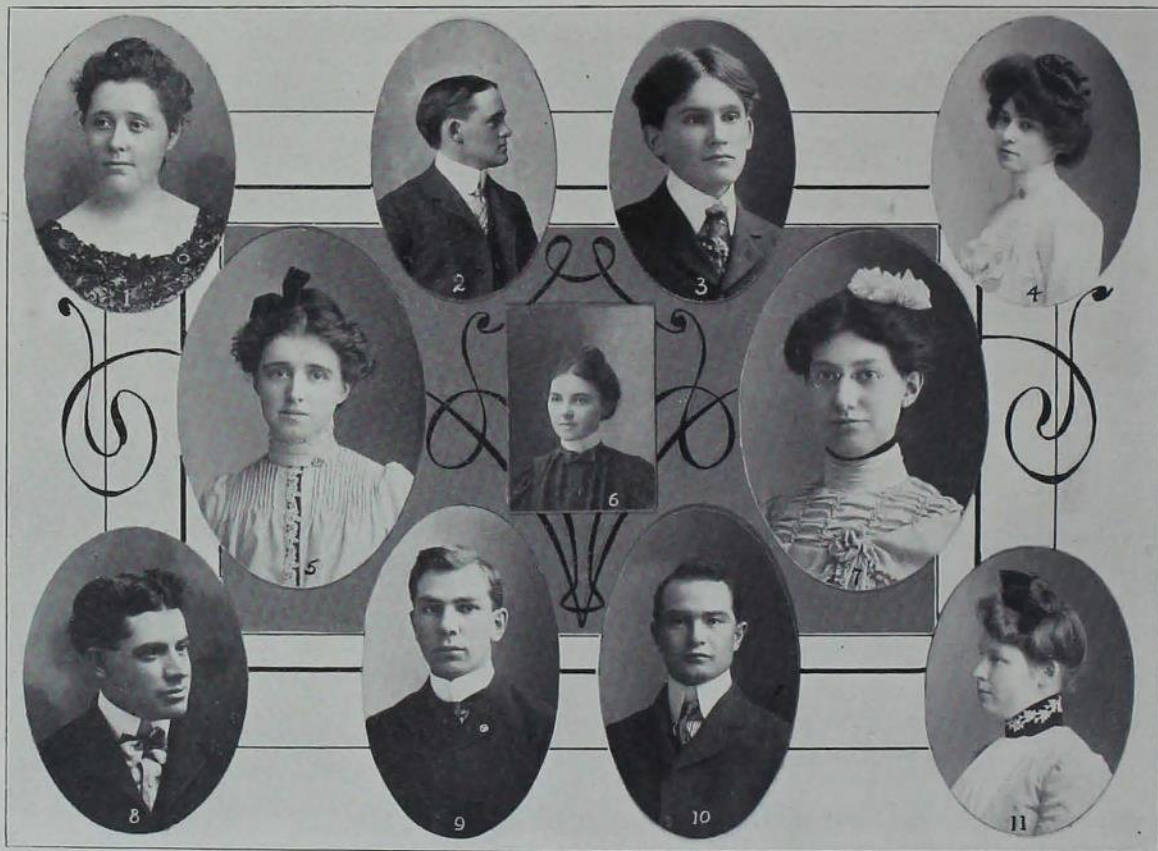
11. H. W. READ, E. E.,

Claims Des Moines as home. Sent adrift from East Des Moines High School in '96. Long winded athlete. Entered mile and half-mile runs. Entered I. S. C. in '97. Shouldered a musket in '98. Philippines '98 and '99. Re-entered I. S. C. in '00. Member of Crescent Society. Lieutenant in '00.

12. CARL W. NORTON, Ag.,

Wilton, Iowa. Graduate of Wilton High School and business department of Wilton College. Entered I. S. C. as Sophomore fall term, 1900. Member of Crescent Literary Society. A round faced jolly, roly-poly fellow. A good student, but too fond of admiring the girls from a distance.

* Stands in with the Professors. †† Nice Boy.



1. NELLIE GRANT,

Rolfe, Iowa. A Domestic Scientist. Attended at Albert Lea before entering I. S. C. A Philomathean. Possesses good musical and artistic talent. A spasmodic roaster.

2. J. F. BROWN

Resides at Shelby, Iowa. Civil Engineer. Shelby High School graduated him in '98. A farmer by parental descent. Member of Phileleutheroi Society. Lieutenant, acting a captain of College Cadets '01.

3. ††A. L. LANDSBERG, E. E. (Known as "Lany")

Comes from Iowa City. Entered I. S. C. in spring of '99. Has drill passed up and is a member of the Phileleutheroi Society. In this, the latter part of his Junior year, he received a letter from Prex, charging him with being a classified prep.

4. **MAE BOWER,

West Union, Iowa. Graduated from West Union High School in '98. Staid out a year and had a good time. Clio; was treasurer and vice-president. Bomb board. Student staff. Member of Oratorical Association. Class secretary. Member of the S. S.

5. JOSEPHINE BROWN,

Shelby, Iowa. Shelby High School, '97. Took special work at Highland Park before coming to Ames. G. & D. S. course. Phileleutheroi Society. Has had some experience as a school teacher. Rather small, but claims to weigh 110 pounds.

6. MARY ETHELDA MORRISON, SC.,

Ames, Iowa. Phileleutheroi. Was a country schoolma'am till one hot July day in 1898, when she arrived on the campus a Prep, and remained a loyal Ereha till June, 1902, when she got in a hurry and asked for her diploma.

7. MARIE MALLEY, G. and D. S.

Is at home in East Des Moines. Prior to entering I. S. C. she graduated from Woodside Academy, and was a student of the Des Moines Conservatory of Music for three years. Her favorite occupation has been that of music teacher. In the class her office has been recording secretary, and in the Phileleutheroi Society corresponding secretary. At Margaret she takes your card and seldom has to ask where it is to go.

8. ††W. A. IRELAND, E. E.,

Rolfe, Iowa. Graduate of Rolfe High School. Member Philomathean Literary Society. Ranking first lieutenant 1902. A fair student who never flunks. Admires a good uniform first and a pretty girl next.

9. ††C. W. ROLAND, C. E.

Adel, Iowa. Adel High School '94. Spent the next four years luring the deceptive dollar through the agency of groceries and hardware. Entered I. S. C. fall '99. B. D. S. I. O. C. R. Mandolin Club. Class president sixth term. Captain undergraduates. Instructor in surveying and descriptive geometry.

10. C. C. BUCHANAN

Is a would-be E. E. from Marshalltown, Iowa. High school of aforesaid city passed him out in '97. Member of that noble profession, schoolma'ams. Also chief assistant and handy man around a lighting plant. Entered I. S. C. spring of '00. Pythian. Triangular Team '01.

11. **ETHYL YOUNIE,

Odebolt, Iowa. Odebolt High School '97. Taught school two years. Elected '03 class historian when first term freshman. Phileleutheroi Society. Historial editor Bomb. Class secretary for spring '02. A pensive maiden, blond, with many admirers, a few of them devoted.

†† Nice boy. ** Locked out more than three times last term.



1. ††JOHN C. CLEGHORN,

Onawa, Iowa. Graduate of High School, '99. Valedictorian of the class. Entered college, '99. Flunked one term drill on account of absences. Still back in Campus Labs. Designer of track monogram. Artist of Bomb board.

2. M. C. REYNOLDS, E. E.,

Sometimes called the blacksmith. Comes from Carlisle, Iowa, where he graduated from the High School in '98. His chief ambition was then to make life miserable for his instructors. Entering I. S. C. in '99 he became a lieutenant, acting as captain. Though still young, he expects to graduate in '03.

3. GEORGE W. MILLER, C. E.,

Ames. Graduate from Montezuma High School '98. Was noticeably inclined toward out-door pursuits — especially during school hours. While in high school he was conspicuous by his absence. Became intensely interested in engineering and entered I. S. C. '99. Engineering for recreation.

4. §C. H. STREETER

Is a member of the class of Civil Engineers. He resides at Cedar Falls and is a graduate of the Cedar Falls High School. He afterward attended the State Normal School for two years. He is chief engineer at the summer camp and a good singer.

5. ROBERT F. MCKINNEY,

Des Moines, Iowa. Entered college during the year '99. He has spent much of his life on the farm. Our famous men have come from the farm, therefore he is on the high road to success. An electrical engineer and member of the Pythian Society.

6. ¶MISS ELIZABETH MCCLURE.

Is a member of the General and Domestic Science class. Her home is in Bloomington, Ill. After finishing the Bloomington High School, she entered the Illinois Wesleyan University. She entered I. S. C. as a member of the Junior class.

7. NINA STARR.

Sept. 1, 1899, another Starr was added to the already brilliant constellation of the Erehas. Astrologers named her Nina. A graduate of Ames High School in the class of '96. Before entering college she was at home where "silence is golden." At present her course is general and domestic. Member of the Bomb board.

8. H. DANA GOSS,

An electrical engineer, who comes all the way from Windom, Minn. Completed Windom High School sometime before entering I. S. C.

9. L. H. MOORE, M. E.,

Ames, Iowa. Tri-Serps. Removed with his parents from Bloomington, Ill., to Ft. Madison, Iowa, in '89. Entered I. S. C. in '98. Was out during '00, re-entering in '01. Loyd has ever been a faithful member of the college Glee Club.

10. EDWARD HYDE

Is a member of the agriculture class. His home is in Washington, D. C. Since his entrance at I. S. C. he has made himself famous as a member of the Agriculture Club and a member of the Mandolin Club.

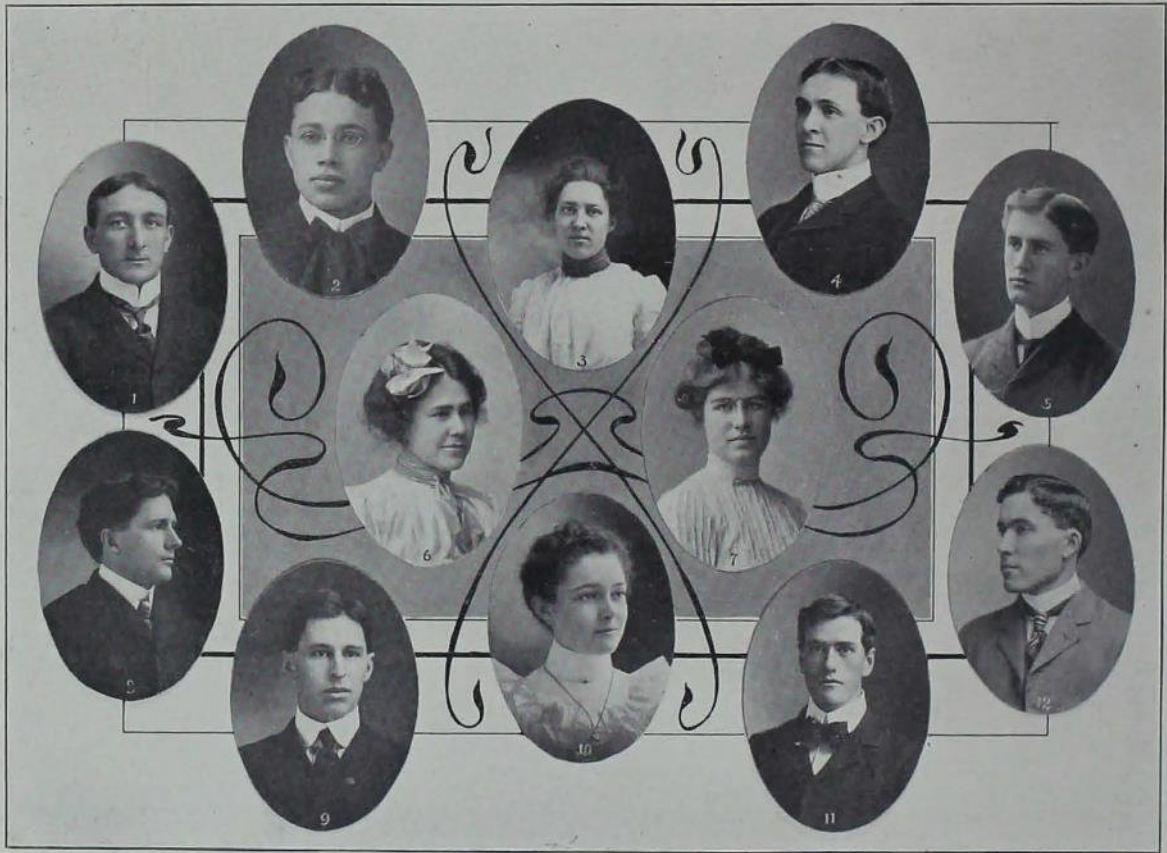
11. MR. J. H. LAWTON

Is a member of the electrical engineering course. His home is in Newell and he graduated from the high school of that place in the class of '98. He is not a member of any society.

12. T. T. FITCH, C. E.,

Sac City, Iowa. Graduate of Sac City High School. Also attended Sac City Academy two years and S. U. I. one year. Entered I. S. C. as Sophomore fall term '00. "Tit for Tat" is a good student and therefore shuns the girls.

††Nice boy. § Friend of the Proctor. ¶ Hopelessly back in Campus Lab.



1. WM. J. WILSON,

Of Earlham, Iowa, has been classified an Ag. for some time. Earlham High School graduated him in '97. Strong home attractions restrained our subject from embarking on a rigorous college life till '99. Pythian Society. Agricultural Club. Football squad '99 and '00.

2. **ED. ANDREWS, M. E.,

Marshalltown. Marshalltown High School '99. Entered I. S. C. fall '99. A gentle youth, noted for his social qualities. B. D. S. F. F. F. Noit Avrats. "Eva." Curliest head among the Pickaninnies.

3. ALICE WARDEN,

Of Newton, Iowa, graduated from high school in '97 with highest class record. General and Domestic Science Course. A member of the Clitolian Literary Society, of which she is now president. Studious, and loves to give toasts.

4. ††D. DE LA SHELDON,

Ames, Iowa. Graduate Maxwell High School. Agricultural Course. Editor in chief of the Iowa Agriculturist. A strong debater and an earnest literary worker. One of the winning team in Normal-I. S. C. debate fall '99. Member Agricultural Club, Philomathean Society, Debating League and Oratorical Association.

5. ††DUDLEY W. DAY,

Of Ames, Iowa. Of the Science Course. Graduated in '99 from the high school of Pocatonia, Ill., with highest class record. Bachelor. Member of B. D. S. Triangular debating team for two terms. Military "Excellence Drill." Noit Avrats. Hard-working student and fine dancer.

6. BERTHA PIERCE

Is enrolled as a G. & D. S. Attended Perry High School and was known as the belle of the class. Entered I. S. C. fall of '99. A member of Clitolian Society and S. S. Club.

7. **LILLIAN E. HANSON.

Of Odebolt, Iowa. Graduated from high school in '99. Was president of her class. A member of Clitolian Literary Society; vice-president the spring of '02. General and Domestic Science Course.

8. †I. W. JONES

Lives at Allison. In winning team that debated against Cedar Falls in '02. Won in triangular debate in spring of '02. Vice-president and treasurer of Bachelor Debating Society. On Varsity football team of '00. Science Course. Won first in inter-society declamatory contest.

9. †OSCAR ROYCE,

Monticello, Ill. Taught school a couple of years. Graduated from Dixon Business College in '98. Takes the Agricultural Course. One of the conductors of an important swine-feeding experiment. Member Pythian Society. Treasurer Debating Council. Achieved considerable notoriety trying to keep step with Miss Paddock.

10. ††EFFIE M. MCKIMM,

Of Ames, Iowa. is taking the General and Domestic Science Course. Clitolian. Works hard, but does not object to a good time.

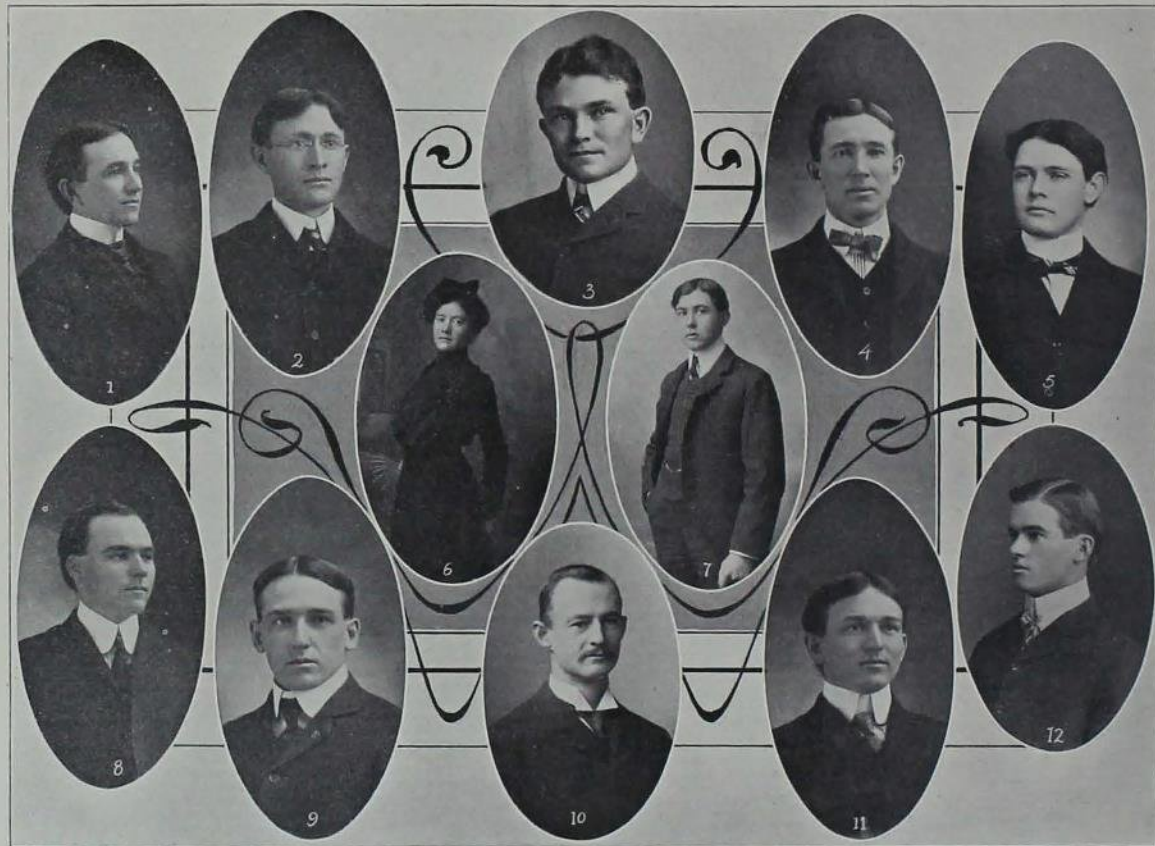
11. A. C. LASHER,

Union Grove, Ill. Was originally a school teacher, but gave up this noble profession to take up engineering. Wears a little button that reads "Excellence in Drill." Member of the Pythian Society and one of the stockholders in the Metropolitan Club House.

12. J. E. REYNOLDS

Is a student of practical farming. Williamsburg is his home. But little can be known of his life history. Pythian and Agricultural Club.

** Locked out more than three times last term. †† Taken. †† Nice boy. † Strong at Margaret Hall. † Hopelessly back in Campus Lab.



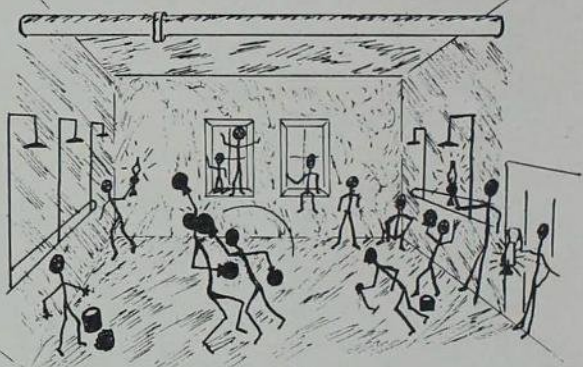
1. ††WALTER H. MARTIN, Vet.,
 Graduated from Mitchellville High School. Entered I. S. C. fall '99 and classified E. E. Classified Veterinary fall '00. Member Veterinary Medical Society. Always wears a pleasant countenance. Liked by everybody.
2. D. E. DONOVAN, C. E.,
 Waverly, Iowa. A very retiring young man. Charter member of Bachelor Hall. Attended home high school. Carpenter by trade. Entered I. S. C. spring of '99. I. S. C. Cadet lieutenant '01, captain '02.
3. F. B. KINNICK, Ag.,
 Adel, Iowa. Entered I. S. C. spring '00, left fall '01. Member of Agricultural Club. Students' Stock Judging Contest fall '01—Spoor trophy. Curly hair. A fast friend. Will make best farmer in Iowa. Probably married.
4. F. H. McDONALD,
 McKinney, Texas. A graduate of the Mechanical Course, Texas Agricultural College, '97. Spent several years in practical work on the engine. Played two years on the college baseball team. Entered this college 1900. Now a Mechanical Engineer. Vice-president of Junior class. S. A. W. 1st Lieut., 1st Texas.
5. *HARRY O. SAMPSON
 Is now struggling with science. His home is in Mason City and he graduated from the high school of that place. But Sammie is an industrious boy. After his graduation he was employed as clerk, school teacher and blacksmith. At one time he was a member of the Welch Society. He is a strong fraternity man, being a member of the Noit Avrats and F. F. F. He is also a member of the Pickaninny Club and postmaster of I. S. C.
6. DORA E. JOHNSON, "Doad,"
 Ames, Iowa. Takes General and Domestic Science. A quiet maid who always has a stand-in with the Domestic profs. Is noted chiefly for her splendid housekeeping abilities. Likes to roast boys who come late to "Do" luncheons.
7. R. D. WOOD,
 Prairie City, Iowa. Graduated from the high school in '98. Entered college in '99. During the summer puts up ice and paints in the winter. Science course. Member of the Oaks.
8. JAMES LEWIS, B. S. A.,
 McKinney, Texas. Graduated from Agricultural and Mechanical College, Texas. Entered I. S. C. fall '01. Member of Veterinary Medical Society.
9. ALFRED HOLLIS,
 Des Moines, Iowa. Entered I. S. C. fall '00. Classified Veterinary. Attended East Des Moines High School. Highland Park College one year. Member of 51st Iowa Volunteers in late war. K. P. Athletic Council '02. Baseball catcher team '01; catcher and captain of team '02. Can play baseball on crutches.
10. WILLIAM MITCHELL CUMMINS
 Is a Yankee from down east. Entered the Veterinary course spring of '00. Gives his address New York City. Attended Hackettstown Seminary, Hackettstown, N. J. Was graduated from University of Wisconsin in agriculture, '99. He's one of the boys.
11. MAYNARD ROSENBURGER, Vet.,
 Graduated from Mitchellville High School. Entered I. S. C. fall '00. Member Veterinary Medical Society. Wears a mysterious smile. A good feeder. Would correspond with a lady with good moral character and home-making qualities, provided her family consists of not more than three.
12. PORTER EVELAND
 Of Garden Grove, Iowa, entered I. S. C. in the spring of '99. Was graduated from home high school with honors fall of '98. Matriculates E. E. Eligible for Junior contest. Football squad '02. Wears an "Excellence in Drill" for four terms drilling in I. S. C. cadet band. Has been known to cross swords with the proctor.

††Nice Boy. *Stands in with the Profs.

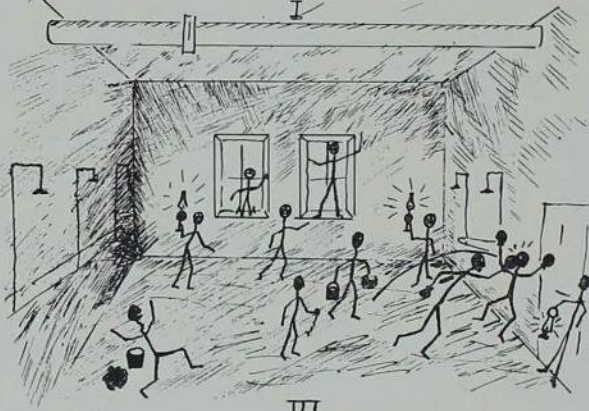
Settling a Point of Honor - Jeremy & T Worthington



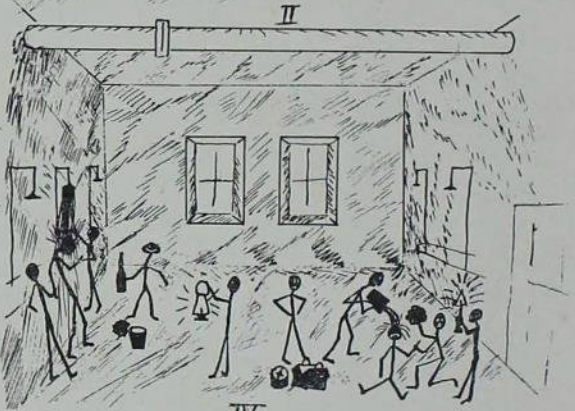
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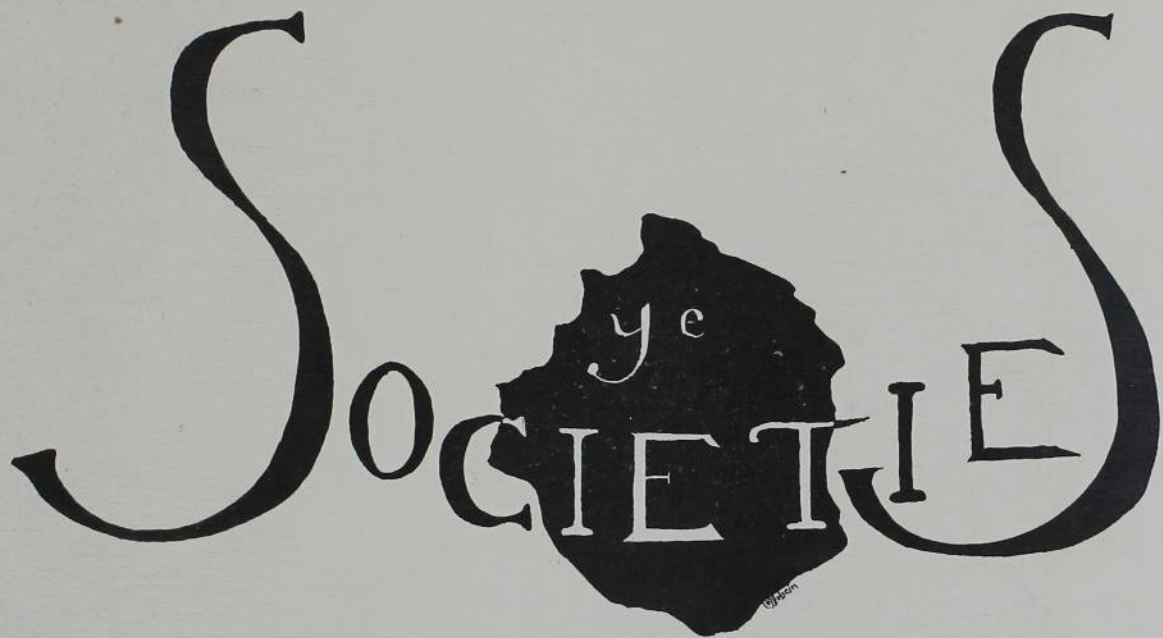


III



IV

SOCIÉTÉ



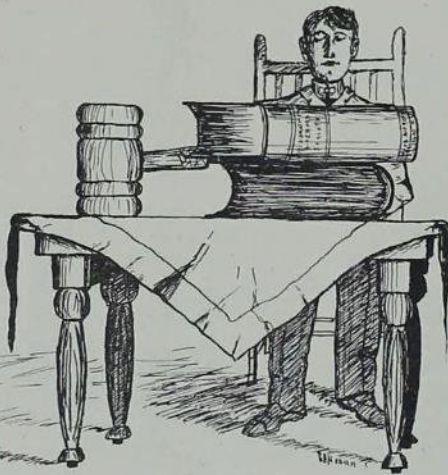
PHILOMATHEAN

Officers

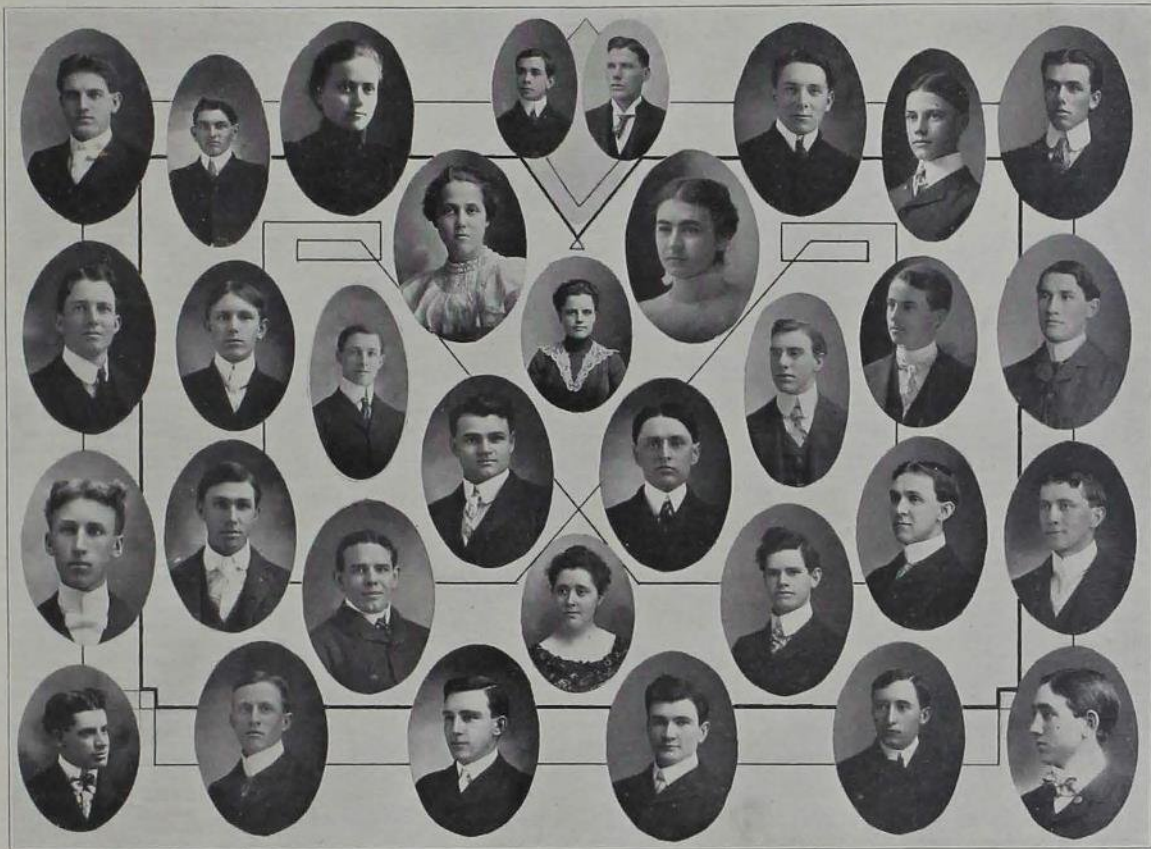
S. M. HANGER *President* P. C. PARKS *Treasurer*
 F. E. ALLISON *Vice-President* GRACE BROWN *Recording Secretary*
 MARY M. WILSON *Corresponding Secretary*

Members

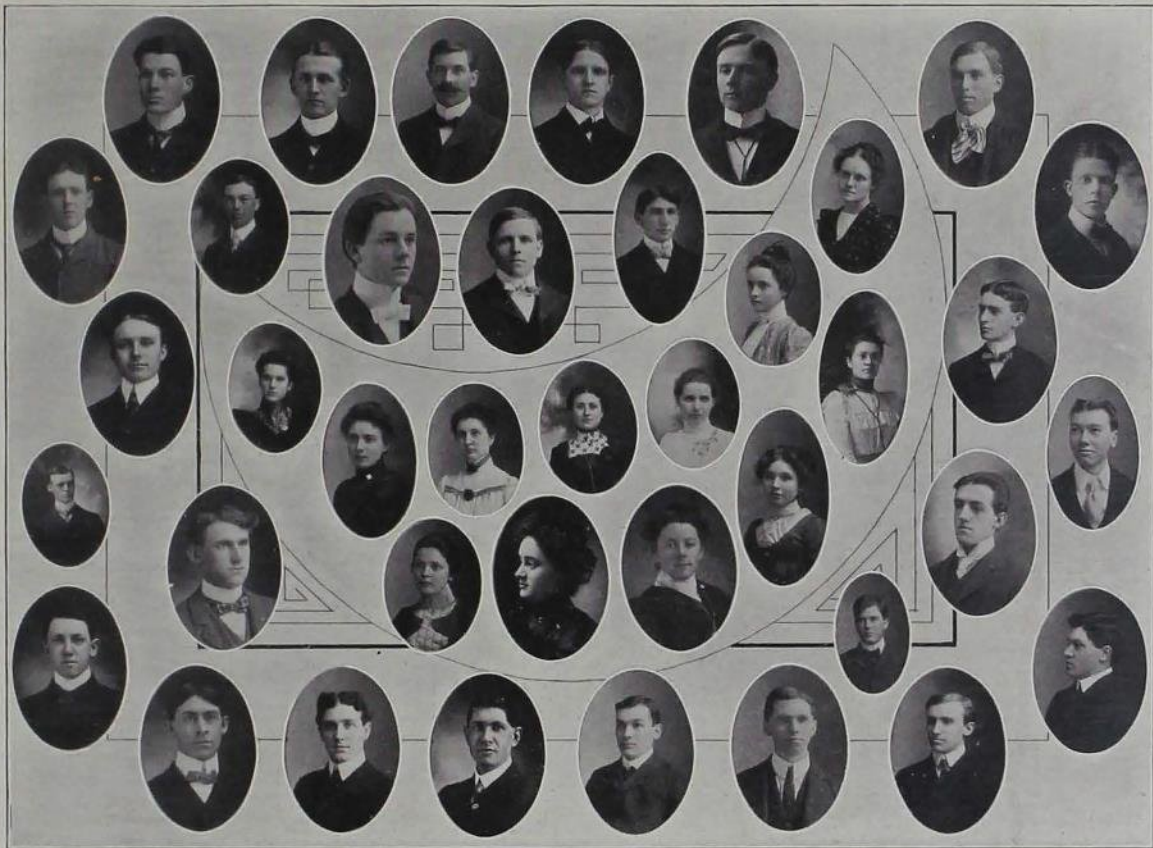
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|-----------------|----------------|---------------------|------------------|
| S. M. Hanger | W. H. Williams | C. J. Knickerbocker | Emma Ludemann |
| T. F. Crocker | Henry Brunner | Hugh Van Pelt | Martin Stageberg |
| F. E. Allison | R. E. Buchanan | P. H. Brown | F. J. Downie |
| E. R. T. Howard | Charles Hoag | Walter Bolsford | Howard Fawcett |
| Nellie Grant | A. L. Illian | J. Q. Wickham | L. P. Johnson |
| W. A. Ireland | L. H. Morris | H. J. Burton | B. G. Budge |
| G. M. Lummis | P. C. Parks | R. Hopkins | R. S. Work |
| F. C. McClure | M. A. Pishel | Grace Brown | W. J. Eikelberg |
| A. A. Miller | A. J. Smith | Mary Ellis | O. E. Lungren |
| E. L. Tenney | A. Q. Adamson | Margaret Munson | Horace Ashly |
| | Grace Ellis | Margaret Morrison | |



"A college is not a college without a literary society," said our farmer boys one to another as they came from the prairies of Iowa in the spring of '68. The declaration speedily crystallized into a plan, the plan prompted vigorous action and before the year ended the Philomathean Literary Society was an established fact. It was then, has been, and is still a success. Kept pleasant by the excruciating effort of "Jeremy Hop", done to a delicious brown by the gentle roasting of "Tammany," dignified with the splendid dignity of "De La" and— and kept mellowed and tempered by the active efforts of two score or more efficient members, the society is today a testimony of the wisdom of its founders, and a credit to the institution. It includes both sexes in its membership, and the programs given will well repay one for spending an evening with them.



PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



CRESCENT LITERARY SOCIETY



BACHELORS




History

The Bachelor Debating Society, the third society organized in the institution, originated in eighteen hundred and seventy. It had many important objects, but the one that after all these years, stands out in bold relief is, "To cultivate a spirit of devotion and zeal for that great principle—"Bachelordom'," and withstanding the fact that originally this principle was only a side issue. The bachelor is very enthusiastic and can be recognized at any time or in any place. This society is especially noted for its talent along the lines of debating and oratory. They speak distinctly and with a logic that directs the hearers to the point, but they never stop when that place is reached. They are fond of talking. It is only a question of time until the names of Mr. Otto, Mr. Priem and Mr. Jones will be recorded among the nation's orators.

Mark Cleghorn
Ernest E. Lee

Walter R. Battey
Robert A. Blair
E. V. Andrews
F. E. Overholser
Otto Starzinger

I. W. Brock
E. H. Bruntlett
A. R. Boudinot
W. A. Beran

Frank Cessna
Ralph Collett

Members of Bachelor Debating Society

SENIOR

N. C. Rew
John O. Hawk

W. W. Otto
Charley Morgan

W. T. Kelly
Roy E. Peshak

JUNIOR

Dudley W. Day
Albert E. Elder
I. W. Jones
Arthur Kratz

Albert E. Priem
C. G. Thorckmorton
J. H. Lawton
J. G. Branch

F. H. Marsh
Frank McClain
O. B. Morehouse
C. W. Roland
E. G. Ritzman

SOPHOMORE

Hans Borsheim
E. V. Larson
Fred A. Pielsticker
Percy Gray

J. A. Rowat
C. J. Roup
H. O. Tellier
Merritt Green

Eldon Usry
C. H. Smith
Ricardo Ulibarri

FRESHMAN

F. F. Hofacre
A. H. Scott

C. W. Larson
R. S. Scott

F. A. Stout
Horace Anthony

Officers

A. E. ELDER *President*
F. E. OVERHOLSER *Vice-President*
C. J. ROUP *Recording Secretary*
CARL LARSON *Corresponding Secretary*
E. H. BRUNTLETT *Treasurer*
MERRITT GREEN *Sergeant-at-Arms*



CLIO LIAN

Members of Cliolian Literary Society

History

SENIORS

| | | |
|-------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| Emma Hancock | Mae Miller | Josephine Barclay |
| Florence Barber | Margaret Stanton | |
| Luella Rautschler | Grace Campbell | |

JUNIORS

| | |
|-----------|----------------|
| Mae Bower | Lillian Hansen |
|-----------|----------------|

SOPHOMORE

| | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|---------------|
| Katherine Dickens | Edith Stevens | Bertha Pierce |
| Laura Taggart | Nellie Brown | |
| Martha Pattie | Reine Wells | Ethel Cessna |
| Hattie Anderson | Myrtle Cretsinger | |
| Louise Rowe | Mable Sterns | |

FRESHMEN

| | | |
|-------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Jennie Lund | Winford Thompson | Lena Kennedy |
| Ruth Walker | Rachel Mosier | |
| Viola Chambers | Lola Stephen | Mrs. Lucy King |
| Winford Shaw | Genevieve Milnes | |
| Iva Brant | May Kennedy | Helen Prouty |
| Carolyn Gabrilson | Erma Wielej | Mabel Campbell |
| Genevieve Shaw | Julia Marsh | |

The Cliolian Literary Society, which is the only exclusive woman's literary society, was organized in eighteen hundred and seventy-one. Early in their history they met with great difficulty in securing a room in which to hold their meetings, but with courage and perseverance they have secured the most elegantly furnished society hall on the campus. Their programmes in the past year have been on special subjects. They have many social features in company with the Bachelor Debating Society. Their Freshmen enrollment is larger than any other society and they promise great things for the future.

Officers

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ALICE WARDEN | <i>President</i> |
| MAY BOWER | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| MAY KENNEDY | <i>Corresponding Secretary</i> |
| NELLIE BROWN | <i>Recording Secretary</i> |
| LENA KENNEDY | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| WINFRED SHAW | <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> |



CLIO LITERARY SOCIETY



hileleutheroi

Officers

Clyde Slifer *President*
 H. N. Ebersole *Vice-President*

Gertie Severance *Recording Secretary*
 Marie Malley *Corresponding Secretary*

T. W. Dodd *Treasurer*
 A. F. Jenkins *Sergeant-at-Arms*

History

The Phileleutheroi Literary Society dates its history back to the year eighteen hundred and ninety. With such charter members as Misses Minnie Roberts and Elmina Wilson the future prosperity of the society was certain. They rapidly increased their membership by asking their candidate to appear before the officials and in the presence of other members of the society solemnly say, "I will," in response to the regular ceremony. The debate is one of the leading features on their programs. The orators on the subject of "Shall mixed clubs be continued," are especially worthy of praise. Their present membership is like some of the sister societies of this day, "quality instead of quantity." This is shown by the fact that among its members are three of the student staff, six of the present Bomb board, two members of the Debating league, and I. S. C.'s fastest runner. With such a foundation, who can question the future prosperity of the society.

Membership of Phileleutheroi Society

SENIOR

A. F. Jenkins D. C. Peck W. C. Donelson Alice Merritt
 Clyde Slifer Ethelda Morrison N. G. Skinner

JUNIOR

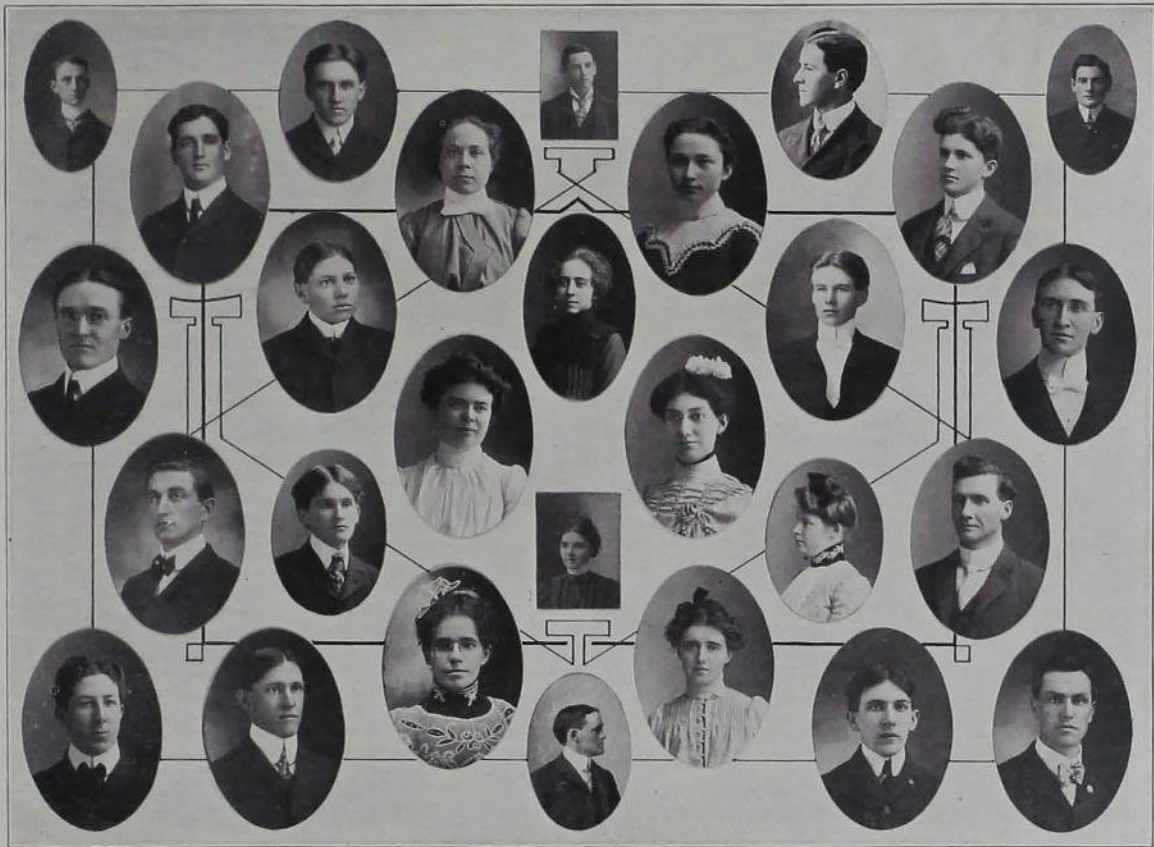
Maud Vanatta Arthur Buckley Leon Buck Marie Malley
 John Brown Josie Brown F. W. Dodd
 Ethel Younie A. L. Landsberg H. K. Dodge H. N. Ebersole
 M. B. Holbrook N. A. Roberts

SOPHOMORE

Melvin Merritt Lela Blaine F. W. Fletcher A. McCorkendale
 Alice Overholser Elsie Titus L. B. Raymond
 G. L. Porter Ira J. Welch

FRESHMAN

R. E. Blackwood Mr. Crouse B. T. Morse T. M. Green
 G. A. Dodge Jessie Fraser
 E. Maharg Gertie Severance Stella Hibbard E. C. Naylor



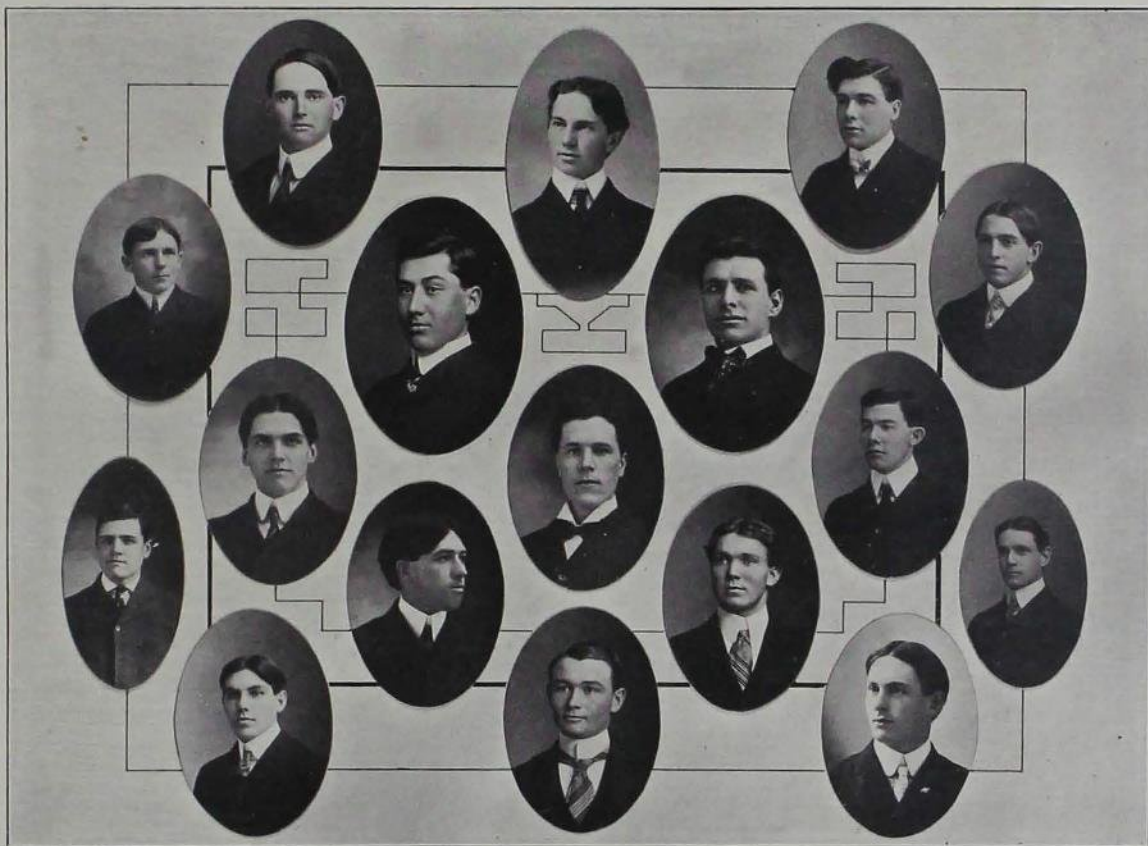
PHILELEUTHEROI LITERARY SOCIETY



Officers

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| F. M. BYL | <i>President</i> |
| WAYNE DINSMORE | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| A. B. WHISLER | <i>Secretary</i> |
| JOHN COYE | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| H. B. McCLURE | <i>Chaplain</i> |
| W. A. FENER | <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> |

The Welch Eclectic Society was organized in 1888, and took its name from our former college president, Dr. Welch. Since its founding it has shown itself to be one of our strongest and most active societies. Periods of rapid advancement sometimes makes us less careful for the future than we ought to be. The recent depression along society lines caught our friends, the Welchmen, in this condition and gave them a severe twist. That the society lives today shows an amount of pluck and energy in its members that makes us proud of them, and glad that we have their fellowship. Their work is again up to the old standard, and we expect them to again turn out winners in debate and oratory.

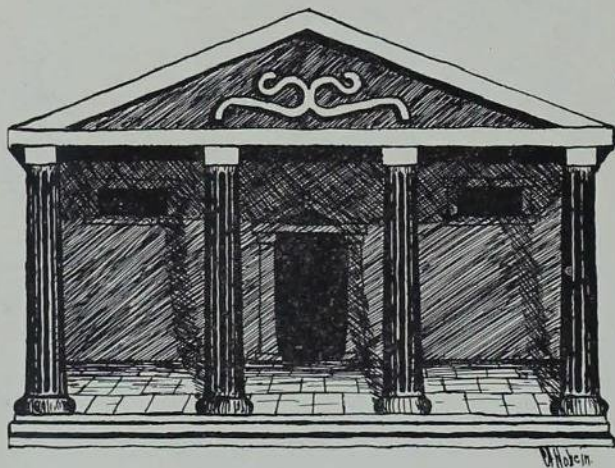


WELCH ECLECTIC LITERARY SOCIETY

FRED HANSON *President*
 J. O. SHAFT *Vice-President*
 E. S. GUTHRIE *Recording Secretary*
 CLYDE BAKER *Corresponding Secretary*
 OSCAR ROYSE *Treasurer*
 W. J. WILSON *Sergeant-at-Arms*
 J. C. GUTHRIE *Chaplain*

ALUMNI NOW ON ROLL

C. M. Perrin, '00 F. R. Marshall, '00
 C. E. Gray, '00
 W. M. Wilson, '00 I. A. Williams, '98

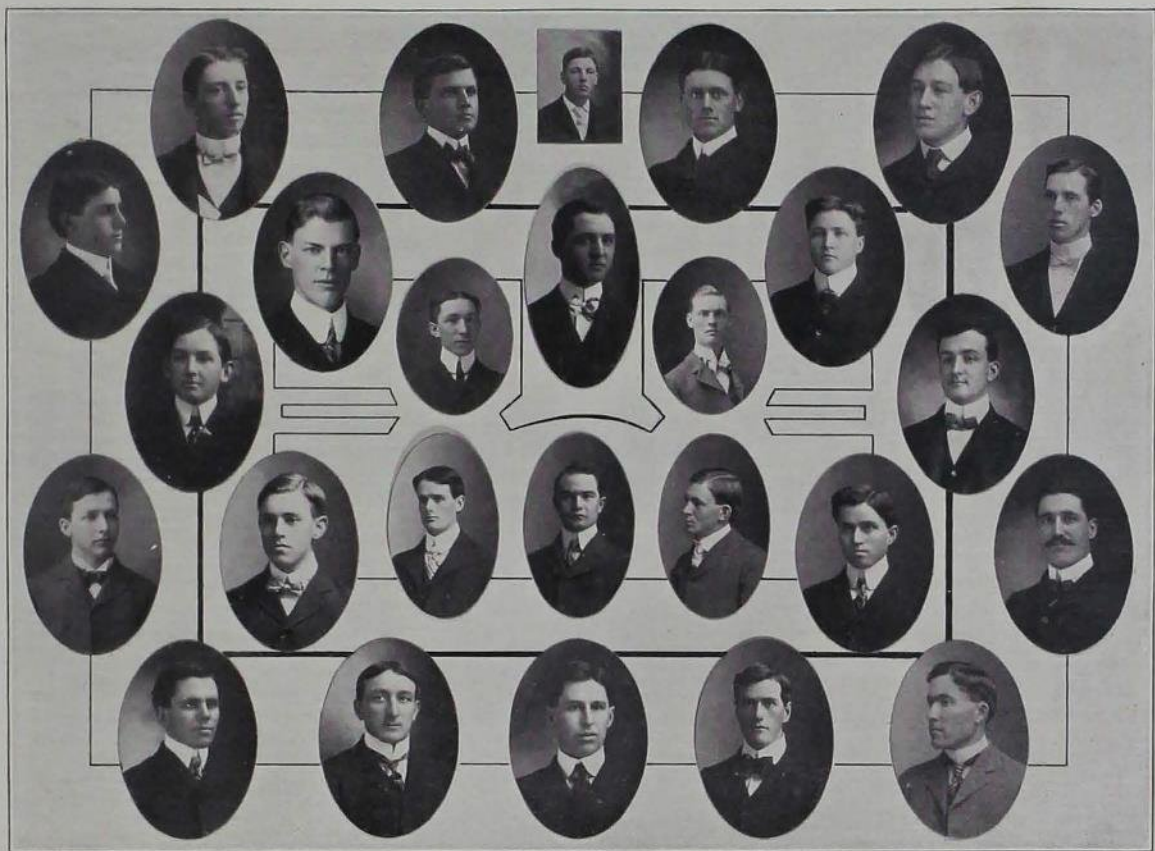


Pythian Society

"New things are vastly interesting. The Pythian Society, being the newest society, is therefore vastly interesting."—From a Pythian debate.

This society, organized in 1895, has certainly done much to make us believe in the quotation given above. Although the past year has been a trying one for all our societies, the Pythians have shown their ability to live and grow in spite of difficulties. We do not need to single out any one for particular mention, or call the roll of heroes, or to publish the black-list, but will append a list of officers and members, leaving you to pick and choose for yourselves:

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 Brown, Franklin, '02 | 11 Guthrie, E. S., '04 |
| 2 Buchanan, C., '03 | 12 Guthrie, J. C., '04 |
| 3 Baker, Clyde, '05 | 13 Hanson, Fred, '04, |
| 4 Austin, H. D., '04 | "Fritz" |
| 5 Ashby, John, '05 | 14 Hoffiman, R. C., '05 |
| 6 Carlson, H. E., '05 | 15 Handley, E. E., '05 |
| 7 Coats, A. B., '04, | 16 Kibby, A. S., '06 |
| "Coatsie" | 17 Lasher, A. C., '03, |
| 8 Epley, A. C., '04 | "Old Lady" |
| 9 Gilchrist, W. D., '04, | 18 Lasher, J. W., '05, "Kid" |
| "Gil" | 19 Labbarton, G., '04 |
| 10 Gray, Chas., '04, "Gay" | 20 McKinney, Roy, '03, |
| | "Mac" |
| | 21 Nelson, Fred O., '05 |
| | 22 Newell, Hugh, '04 |
| | 23 Packer, C. R., '05 |
| | 24 Packer, W. T., '04 |
| | 25 Prather, R. C., '05 |
| | 26 Jones, Ed., '04 |
| | 27 Reynolds, James, '04 |
| | 28 Royse, Os'r, '03, "Osca" |
| | 29 Ross, E. L., '04 |
| | 30 Smith, Stewart H., '05 |
| | 31 Shaff, J. O., '04 |
| | 32 Tourgee, C. H., '04 |
| | 33 Waggoner, H. I., '03, |
| | "Wag" |
| | 24 Waggoner, Geo., '04, |
| | "Wag 2" |
| | 35 Wilson, W. J., '03 |
| | 36 Sumner, W. D., '04 |



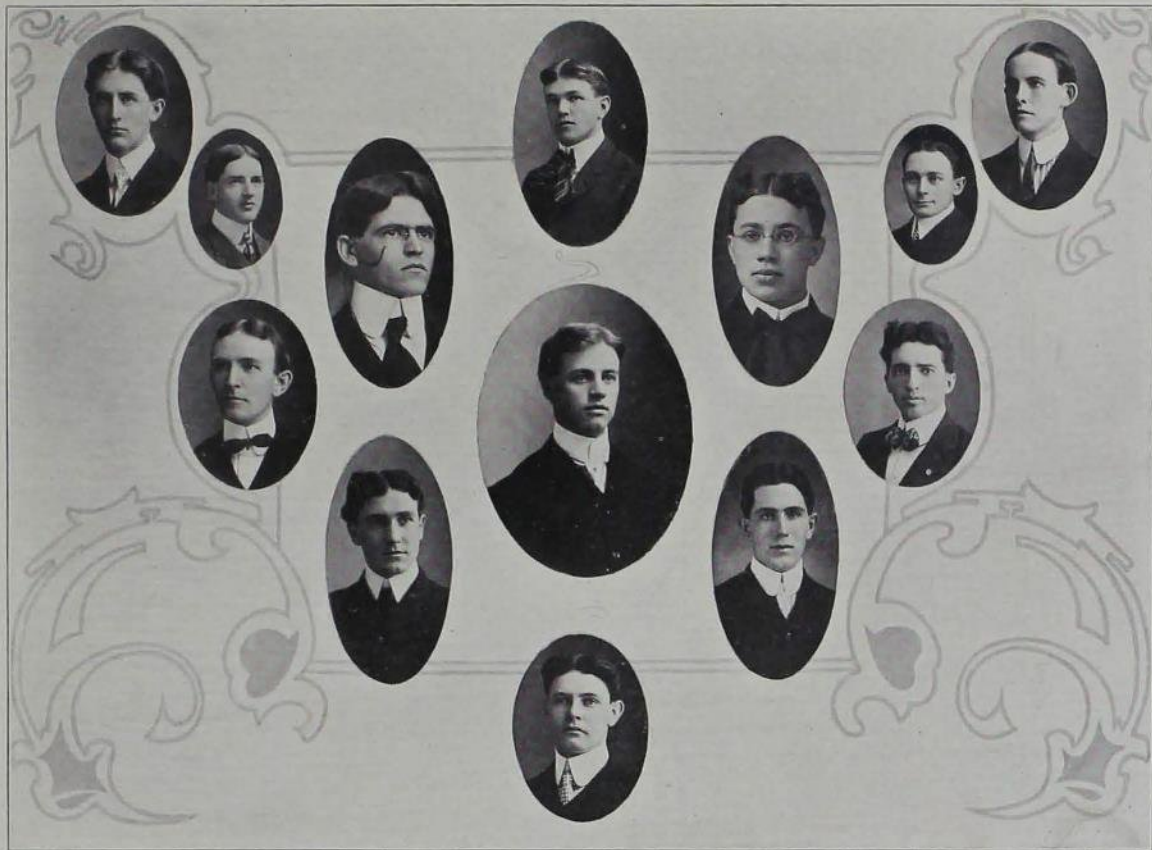
PYTHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Noit Avrats

The Noit Avrat organization had its origin in the days of famine, when everybody boarded in the college dining hall and subsisted upon what edibles they could obtain from other sources. It was in the spring of '97 that the first meeting was held. A few days later, as a result of this meeting, the first banquet was held. The organization is composed of Sophomore, Junior, Senior and Alumni members. With no sentiment of factionalism or strife the Noits stand for scholarship, social culture and good fellowship. The semi-annual banquet is looked forward to by the members as one of the events of the term. The first and several following were held in Ames. The last three have been held at the Victoria Hotel in Des Moines. Those in attendance at last banquet April 18, 1902, were:

| | | | | | |
|------------------|--------------|---------------|-------------------|---------------|---------------|
| E. A. Pattengill | G. S. Brewer | G. A. Smith | D. A. Wallace | R. A. Walker | J. S. Coye |
| R. J. Campbell | W. W. Otto | H. O. Sampson | E. V. Andrews | L. T. Gaylord | E. L. Usry |
| L. M. Parker | D. W. Day | L. M. Hurt | F. A. Pielsticker | J. W. Jordan | P. H. Daniels |

Admitted since the banquet: Merrit Green, Jr., T. J. Patton.



NOIT AVRATS SOCIETY



Tri Serps

With the feeling that there were certain social pleasures enjoyed by others which were as yet unknown to them, and with a longing for a closer fellowship than had up to that time been possible, a dozen seniors and juniors met together late one night in September, 1900, in old 202 in the

creamery. After much discussion and planning, a permanent organization was completed, and a committee detailed to see the president and secure permission for the existence of the infant society. Deming, skilled in the wisdom and mythology of the ancients, proposed the name Tri-Serps, and it was unanimously adopted. The favorable report of the committee was joyously received a few nights later, and when Billy

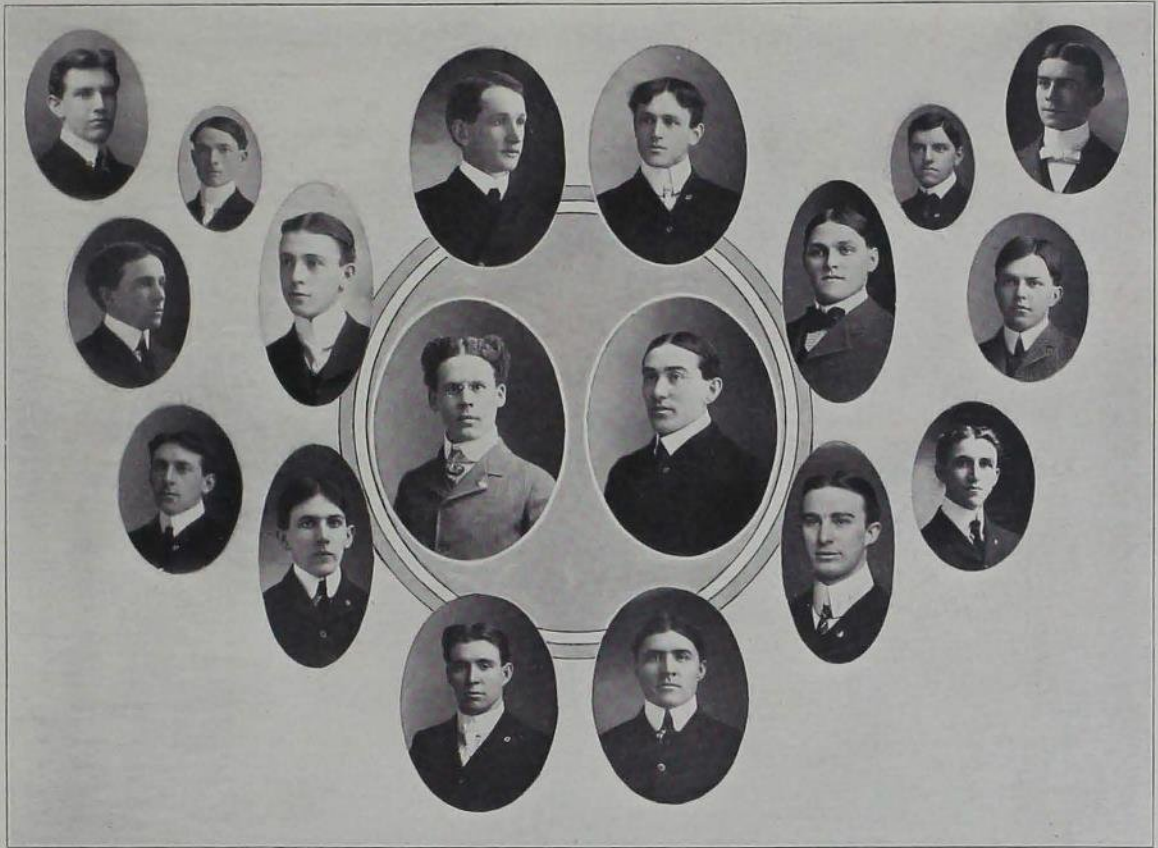
Mason was admitted as the "thirteenth man" the organization was complete. The members present at that first meeting were "Ira J.," "Bunk," "Demie," "Hop," "The Old Lady," "Charley," "Parky," "Bobbie," "Bob," "Ward," "Bennie," and "Joe."

Frequent meetings were held during the next two months in various out of the way places, and always late at night, for as yet the organization was a secret, and it was deemed best to keep it so until after the first banquet. That affair came off most auspiciously late in November, and all the early Tri-Serps cherish fond memories of the old "Tremont" Hotel in Marshalltown, where that first banquet was held. The fever was with us that fall, and kept three of our members at home. Day, '00, was added to the membership shortly before the banquet. Since that time the banquets have been held regularly once each term at Marshalltown, and of course each member of the society is accompanied on these occasions by one of the fair sex.

The object of the organization is to promote a love for the college, bind its members in a closer friendship, and supplement the social life. The Tri-Serps now number twenty-nine, but the active membership always remains at thirteen. The honorary members are widely spread, one being in Oregon and one in New York, while the others are located in eight states between. There is no constitution, and whatever of rules and regulations there may be are handed down from year to year by the members. The present active membership includes:

H. A. BENNETT, '02 C. O. DIXON, '04 C. A. HOBEIN, '03 M. B. HOLBROOK, '03
R. R. KEITH, '02 W. T. KELLEY, '02 E. E. LEE, '02
L. H. MOORE, '03 C. M. MORGAN, '02 T. H. MACDONALD, '04
H. B. McCLURE, '02 A. B. SCOTT, '05 C. W. WARBURTON, '02

The following will become active members in the fall of '02:
H. F. ANTHONY, '05 E. H. BRUNTLETT, '04 A. E. ELDER, '03 A. L. EVANS, '04
F. L. McCLAIN, '03 F. H. RICKER, '05 R. S. SCOTT, '05



TRI-SERPS LITERARY SOCIETY



IOWA AGRICULTURIST



The "*Iowa Agriculturist*" is a monthly magazine published by students identified with the Agricultural Club. It differs from other agricultural magazines in that it not only distributes agricultural information but further endeavors to create a "mutual benefit" tie between the farms and the school. Its space is devoted to six interesting phases of agricultural work thus giving to its reader a diversified class of reading — it further attracts the "home-makers" attention in the domestic department giving in each issue many new ideas and suggestions regarding the preparation of food and care of the home. This department is a strong one and should rightfully be so, since each and every paper as well as every man should endeavor to render assistance to her who makes life worth living. While at present the magazine is in its infancy, yet its reception by the people at large assures us of its need and it is the determination of the present staff and members of the Agricultural Club to make it a permanent feature of the school work and thus supply to the friends of the school a long felt want.





AGRICULTURAL STAFF

U M C A

AND

U W C A



Christian Associations



The main part of the religious work in the college is done by the student religious organizations. Since 1877 the number of institutions in the United States having organized Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations has increased from less than thirty to six hundred and seventy. This growth has spread so as to include the college students of thirteen other nations.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Iowa State College was organized in 1890 and was soon followed by the Young Women's Christian Association. From the first these organizations have been prominent in student life, being aggressive in religious work, having the sympathy of nearly all of the student body, and including leading young men and women in membership.

Both organizations have grown in numbers and efficiency. The present membership of the Young Men's Christian Association is 260, that of the Young Women's 80.

A general secretary was employed in 1899. The faculty advisory committee was organized in 1900. The need of much better material equipment has been felt for some time. In the fall of 1901 a movement began for a building to cost not less than \$25,000. The college trustees liberally granted site, heat, light, water, and janitor service. At a banquet given in March, 1902, the movement was heartily endorsed by Secretary Jas. Wilson, Gov. A. B. Cummins, the faculty and citizens of Ames. Subscriptions were readily made, those of students being notable. Other buildings of the campus have been given to the culture of the head and hand; the Christian associations will soon add another to be dedicated to the culture of the heart. The officers are:

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

A. B. SCOTT *President*
 H. K. DODGE *Vice-President*
 T. S. HUNT *Recording Secretary*
 A. R. BUCKLEY *Corresponding Secretary*
 A. E. PRIEM *Treasurer*



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

MAUD VANATTA *President*
 CAROLYN GABRILSEN *Vice-President*
 RUTH WALKER *Secretary*
 ALICE WARDEN *Treasurer*



Oratorical Association



This is an intercollegiate association of sixteen schools, namely: Penn, Parsons, I. S. C., Upper Iowa University, Iowa College, Grinnell, Cornell, Des Moines College, Coe, Lenox, Drake, Western, Central University, Tabor College. The officers for the year 1902-03 are:

A. R. KENT, Cornell College, Mt. Vernon *President* LUTHER V. CARTER, Penn College, Oskaloosa . . . *Vice-President*
G. W. STEVENS, Iowa Wesleyan, Mt. Pleasant *Sec'y-Treas.*

I. S. C. is represented by three representatives from each literary society. They have chosen the following as officers:

OSCAR ROYCE, Pythian *President*
DWIGHT DAVIS, Welch *Vice-President*
F. E. OVERHOLSER, B. D. S. *Secretary*

I. S. C. has held membership in this association since man knoweth not to the contrary. But at no time in her history has such interest been taken in oratory as during the past year. Our record for 1902 was second in thought and composition; fifth in finals. The chances for 1903 are especially promising.





Spanish-American Veteran's Society



That our Spanish-American war called forth the best brain and muscle of our young manhood is amply attested by the large number of these young men who are now enrolled in our colleges. The State College has a goodly number of these boys on her roll of whom she is justly proud. The society holds a banquet each term, at which stories of the past days, as well as good things of the present, help to pass a pleasant evening. The roll is as follows:

LIEUTENANTS

H. F. McDonald
F. E. Overholser

SERGEANTS

E. B. Tuttle
W. D. Sumner
C. L. Tibbets

MUSICIANS

N. C. Rew
R. L. Barrett

PRIVATES

W. I. Brock
J. C. Wall
C. E. Bartholomew
H. W. Read
G. S. Gearhart
J. H. Gould
F. C. Robey

GUNNER'S MATE

C. P. Butler



PRIVATES

E. H. White
Alfred Hollis
Roy Campbell
W. E. Phillips
J. C. Shields
A. E. Elder
E. G. Ritzman

CORPORAL

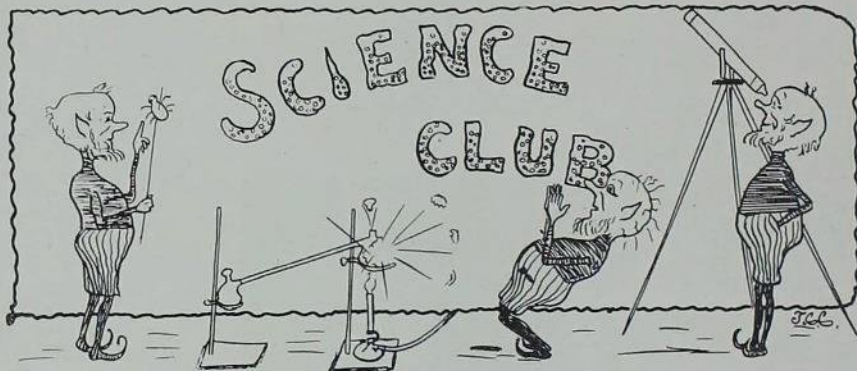
G. W. Blanche



THE SCIENCE CLUB



A club organized for the purpose of exploring the mysteries of the heavens above and the earth beneath and for inquiring into the why and wherefore of the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, the leaves of the trees and the blades of the grass. Numbers among its members some of the profs., sub-profs. and a few of the more advanced science students.





The Golf Club



C. F. CURTISS *President*

H. A. KNAPP *Vice-President*

MISS LOLA PLACEWAY *Secretary*

MARIA M. ROBERTS *Treasurer*

Members

A. A. Bennett
G. W. Bissell
I. C. Brownlie
J. F. Cavell
Mrs. J. F. Cavell
Vina E. Clark
Ida Craig
C. F. Curtiss
A. T. Erwin
Anne Fleming

Gertrude Harlan
Herman Knapp
Seaman Knapp
Mrs. Kilbourne
G. L. McKay
George McKay
A. B. Noble
Lola Placeway
Maria M. Roberts
L. B. Spinney

H. Summers
Mary E. Sabin
Mrs. Stanton
Mr. Stanton
Olive Stevens
Elmira Wilson
Chas. Mundhank
Helen Reed
Julia Calpitts
Charlotte King

Grace Morton
Alice S. Lyman
Patience Wormty
Mr. Guthrie
O. H. Cassna
H. C. Price
W. J. Kennedy
C. Gay
F. R. Marshal



WATERMELON

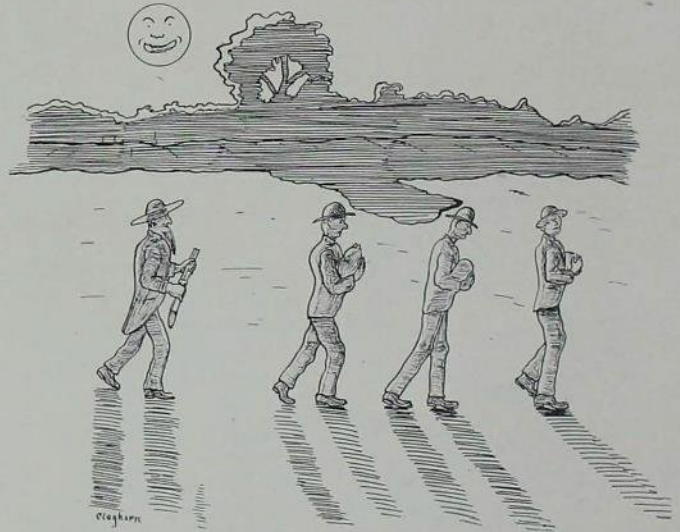


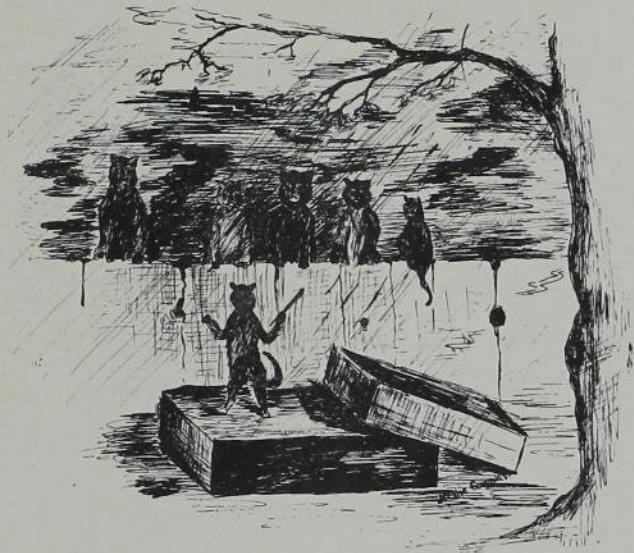
Clubbing has been the fashion during the last few terms in our college, so not to be outdone, a number of youths whose appetites far outran their pocket-books, and whose palates were particularly sensitive to the luscious red core of Farmer J—'s melons and whose consciences were somewhat dulled by much feeding, bound themselves with a great oath to eat no more melons forever that they had to buy.

This club met as often as they saw fit, and quite as often appointed certain members to furnish necessary refreshments. To secure these without money and without price, called for considerable ability and engineering skill, but the club had an abundance of such things. Only once did they come to grief, when Farmer J—'s shotgun persuaded them to march back to see Prex. they survived the ordeal however and finished the melon season with a happy feast.

Motto— "Get a plenty while you're getting."

Oath—" We'll eat no melons forever that we have to buy."







GLEE CLUB



The Glee Club



Although the catalog may be a good index of the strength of a college, there is nothing that shows the real character of the student body more clearly than the volunteer student organizations that are maintained there. When the Glee Club was given a place on our lecture course last term, the wise-acres declared that a club could not be organized and trained to do good service in so short a time, but when Professor Resler brought his men onto the platform again and again in response to repeated encores, the wise-acres went way back and sat down. This term has seen a marked improvement in the quality of music recitals. The program given in Marshalltown, in conjunction with the Mandolin Club, was very highly spoken of. The membership is as follows:

Leader: PROF. FRANK J. RESLER.

FIRST TENORS

Roe Scott

Archie B. Scott

Lloyd H. Moore

Ludwig P. Johnson

Arthur Johnson

SECOND TENORS

Frank Okey

Clyde O. Dixon

Stuart H. Smith

Charles Heisey

Irving Drehr

BARITONES

Eldon Usry

Harry Thomas

Dudley Day

Ernest E. Lee

Harry Burton

Oscar L. Lawson

BASSOS

Horace Anthony

George L. Porter

James G. Minert

F. E. Sullivan

Gross Throckmorton

Don Sterns



The S. S. an exclusive girl's organization, was organized the fall of '00. A semi-annual banquet is given from which the sterner sex are strictly excluded. As yet the banished ones have been unable to solve the meaning of S. S. — the latest solution being Sally Slicks. They got so anxious last time as to have a "sly reporter" ride out from town with the carry-all driver. Had the organization recognized the fact they would have tried to offer him a few suggestions and shown him a bright time.

Members

Birdie Kegley '00

'02

Luella Rantschler

Emma Hancock

Grace Campbell

'04

Katherine Dickens

Myrtle Cretsinger

Ruby Patton

Edith Stevens

Harriet Anderson

Bertha Pierce

'03

Mae Bower

'05

Jennie Lund

Mabel Sterns







The Mandolin Club



The Mandolin Club is one of the volunteer student organizations of which we are justly proud. The past year has seen it develop from a few members who met for practice to a permanent organization capable of rendering difficult music exceedingly well. Their concert given in the chapel this term was one of the best musical numbers that appeared on our platform, while the joint program by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs given at Marshalltown elicited nothing but praise from the Marshalltown people. The presence of Victor Ettinger, mandolin soloist, adds materially to the strength of the club. C. C. Jones is the efficient director, assisted by the following members:

FIRST MANDOLIN

R. E. Buchanan
W. R. Chittenden

F. M. Okey
Victor Ettinger

SECOND MANDOLIN

C. A. Hobein
George Langland

F. M. Weakley
C. B. Williams

THIRD MANDOLIN

A. K. McCampbell
W. W. Steiner

F. W. Cessna

GUITAR

J. H. Galley
H. K. Denmead

W. C. Bachman
D. D. Smith

R. E. Rowell
W. E. Phillips

MANDOLA

W. C. Warrington

VIOLIN

W. L. Smith

FLUTE

F. E. Hill

CELLO

G. E. Frost

MR. C. C. JONES, Director and Accompanist



MANDOLIN CLUB



Agricultural Club



Officers

| | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| C. LARSEN | <i>President</i> | J. S. JONES | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| T. S. HUNT | <i>Vice-President</i> | M. L. MERRITT | <i>Secretary</i> |
| | F. HANSEN | | <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> |

The Agricultural Club organized in — has grown to be one of the strong features of the Agricultural department. During the past year they have organized and published the *Iowa Agriculturist* under the editorship of De La Sheldon, who is ably assisted by a large corps of editors. The purpose of the Club and of its official organ, the *Agriculturist*, is to aid in placing the Iowa farmer in the forefront of the battle against ignorance, carelessness, and general negligence concerning scientific truth so prevalent in our western states.

Members

| | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|----------------------|----------------|
| G. C. Cutler | R. E. Wilson | J. R. Campbell | Prof. McKay |
| E. G. Ritzman | C. W. Norton | O. S. Lawson | Franklin Brown |
| M. G. Glonberg | T. S. Hunt | Prof. C. F. Curtiss | G. A. Roberts |
| D. W. Eiler | V. H. Grubb | Prof. J. B. Weems | Prof. Price |
| E. R. F. Howard | F. L. Merritt | Prof. H. E. Summers | A. A. Miller |
| H. B. Ellenberger | F. G. Hirons | A. T. Erwin | F. R. Marshall |
| R. C. Hoffman | W. R. Eastman | May Loughran | E. A. Stout |
| R. S. Stinson | E. A. Hyde | E. C. Myers | C. R. Scott |
| W. S. Tener | H. B. Williams | Prof. J. J. Edgerton | Chas. Findley |
| R. K. Bliss | Hugh Van Pelt | Jim Carey | Joseph Ostrus |
| E. B. Thomas | F. H. Crouse | D. C. Peck | W. J. Bogwell |
| J. O. Schoff | S. H. Smith | Prof. S. H. Pammel | Glen Boardman |
| A. J. Secor | C. Campbell | J. C. Elly | Fred M. Hanson |
| J. H. Frandson | E. Maharg | M. J. Packer | Mark Haverhill |
| E. S. Guthrie | I. W. Decky | E. B. Watson | Frank Dalmage |
| A. S. Peterson | F. Ressussim | W. J. Wilson | Charles Gray |
| R. A. Farnum | Charles Renbott | O. Royse | H. P. Ashby |
| P. E. Adams | Clyde Bakwell | W. Dinsmore | P. C. Parks |
| P. D. Cutler | D. W. Van Pelt | C. J. Heisey | Jno. S. Jones |
| H. O. Tellier | W. F. Mossier | H. G. Skinner | Paul Brown |



AGRICULTURAL CLUB



The Little Dutch Band



Members

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| "Shak," Leader, | Solo Cornet |
| D. C. Thomas, | Solo Cornet |
| F. G. Hiron, | 1st Cornet |
| Earl Lee, | 2d Cornet |
| C. E. Shipman | 1st Alto |
| Frank Brown, | 2d Alto |
| L. M. Hurt, | 1st Trombone |
| Jas. Forrest, | 2d Tenor |
| L. R. Gillespie, | Solo B \flat Clarinet |
| Guy Noble, | 1st B \flat Clarinet |
| G. J. Adamson, | 2d B \flat Clarinet |
| C. F. Jinderlee, | E \flat Clarinet |
| H. Dean, | E \flat Saxophone |
| F. W. Wilson, | Tuba |
| O. A. Tosse, | Tuba |
| R. R. Keith, | Bass Drum |
| Harriss Thomas, | Snare Drum |

Shak's "Little Dutch Band" can be traced back to the early part of the fall term, 1901, when Shak and Nibs were accustomed to meet

after supper and discourse in sweet tones on the cornet. Soon other musicians were interested, dropped in to practice, and on November 17, 1901, the "Little Dutch Band" was organized with five charter members, R. E. Peshak, L. M. Hurt, I. W. Peshak, M. Brinkerhoff and L. R. Gillespie, under the leadership of R. E. Peshak.

The organization was voluntary, the sole aim was and is to develop genius. Frequent rehearsals followed during the first semester and in the spring of 1902 the band made its debut and won, by a musical storm, the approval of all. The members did such efficient work that their services were in demand. The I. O. C. R. requested the pleasure of their company to the State Meet where, although postponed for a few days, the band played valiantly. Successful concerts have been given in Ames, to say nothing of their music at games on the home field.

The band now consists of seventeen members, who are separately and collectively to be only commended. May the "Dutch Band" live long and prosper, and continue to fill, as it now fills, one of the crying needs of a college community — a good band.

P. S.—The name of this organization is *no* index as to the nationality of its members.



THE LITTLE DUTCH BAND.

NOTICE

All gentlemen of
dedicate sensibilities
will avoid

Cowless Alley.

this evening
after 8 o'clock



HISTORICAL





History



Looking Backward



Prep. Senior.

With the pleasure of describing the things that are, comes also the duty of accounting the things that were. Past experiences, old joys and old sorrows, are alike instrumental in the development of a college student and equally necessary in anything which aims to give a glimpse of college life as it is or as it was. And then soon will come the time when all that remains of those days, wherein were shaped our destinies, is the memory of those experiences, little thought of at the time, but now grown to a fuller significance; honors and demerits, anticipations and disappointments, pleasures and trials, joys and griefs, mellowed and blended alike into the joys that come out of the past.

As we seek for a means of expression, and read the pages that chronicle the deeds and misdeeds of the Pigmies, Ishkoodahs, Chinooks, Too Hoos, Xanhos and others of the fierce and warlike tribes of old, now grown into sedate and dignified citizenship, we conclude that the story is best told which gives, not the deeds merely, but the words and thoughts of those who were a part of the times they describe. It is thus that we present to you these few extracts from letters which recount events that live in memory with the class of 1903.

I. S. C., August 2, 1899.

Dear Auntie,—

I will write you a letter and try to describe my experiences here. When I reached the town I inquired for the car to the college and soon found a sort of little train that looked as though it ran to some coal mine. It soon started with a great clatter and leaving town ran out into the country. I began to think I had been fooled, for there were no college people in the car, only a lot of young fellows, some of them in working clothes, who were talking with a man with tousled yellow hair and beard who was carrying a bunch of mint or some kind of weed. I feared they would guy me for being a schoolboy, but they didn't. They only looked at me when one said something about "Preps coming in." Pretty soon the college came into view and we ran right up through the grounds. It is a very pretty place with great grass plots, flowers and trees. The buildings are nearly all built on a great circular drive.

I asked the man with the tousled hair where I should arrange for my lodging and he directed me to the building the catalogue called Ladies Hall. It was all right, however, simply the steward's office. The steward gave me a room and I went up to look at it. It is a white walled room — or was before it was pasted over with colored posters. There are two little iron cots like those in a jail only they are arranged one above the other, like the second class berths in a steamer. The room is heated in winter by a small wood stove, and in one place a hole has been burned through the floor with a hot poker. That was so they could pour down water onto the fellow below. I am glad I am on the top floor.

August 3d.

I will continue my letter. My room-mate came this morning. His name is Hiram and he is awfully green. We were going down town this morning to buy some furniture and carpet for our room, but some fellows called on us and wanted to sell us everything we needed. The goods did not look very new, but they seemed to need the money so badly I took pity on them. They are no doubt poor students working their way — the better class of students have not yet come back. But Hiram was slow. He didn't see the thing as I did and asked why they didn't keep the things for themselves. One of the fellows flushed and then explained how they were now juniors and had to live differently so they were compelled to sell off some of their furniture. So we now have all our furniture, carpet, mattresses and all. I must close now as I am going over to classify.

Most Respectfully Yours,

JOHN.

I. S. C., August 5th.

Dear Auntie,—

I was awful glad to get your letter. It seems to be getting so lonesome here. I kept thinking of you at home all through my algebra examination this morning. By the way, they did not treat me fairly. I tried to tell them I had studied algebra and English and that sort of thing in high school you know, but the little fat Prof. and the little lean one said I must take examinations. I took the things, but I had forgotten some I suppose, for I failed to get a passing grade. My room-mate got through all right. They sympathized with him, I think, because he is from the west. Isn't it funny, he seems to know all about farming, the very thing I am here to learn; yet he is going to study civil engineering, while he has never even been in a city.

* * * * *

JOHN.

I. S. C., Aug. 10, 1899

My Dear Mother,—

I suppose you have been waiting to hear how I have been getting on in "college," how homesick I have been, all about my room-mate, and a thousand other things. Well, I'll tell you all about it before I get thru, if I have time and paper enough.

This is one of the prettiest places I have ever seen—drives, shaded by different kinds of trees; green grass with no "Keep Off" signs, and flowers planted in just the right places. The place seems to me an education in itself.

I have met all kinds of girls. You can tell the old ones from the new by a sort of independent way they have; they go out walking with boys and everything like that—but the new girls stand around in groups, wide-eyed and wondering, or sit in the parlor and look wise even if they're not the least bit. I have met some of the boys and they all seem real nice. My room-mate is a Sophomore and knows a great many of them—the nice ones. She is a jolly girl and has kept me from being homesick so far. In fact, all of the girls have been lovely, but some of the new ones say they have heard there is an initiation in store for us.

The worst thing about this place is the dining room. I can't get used to eating where there is such a clatter. No one makes too much noise but altogether there is an awful din. All the students eat in one room here in the Hall, but the girls generally eat at tables by themselves they say.

I have attended one college "function," a reception given on Friday evening, last, to all the students. It seemed to be lots of fun to the old ones, but to us new folks it seemed pretty stiff. Each one has his or her name pinned on so as to be "informal" in the matter of introductions, but I do not remember a half dozen now.

The Freshman class is a big one. We meet to organize next week some time, elect officers, select colors and a yell, and so on; we have to wait though for the Sophomores to name us.

Well, I ought to close now and study algebra. They keep us pretty busy here, in mathematics especially. The Specials are the ones who have an easy time, they just take whatever they like. I'd rather be in a straight course any day.

Write soon. I'm not homesick, but I'd like to see you awfully well.

Your daughter,

NAN.

Dear Tom,—

I. S. C., August 14th.

I must write you a few lines or you will think I have been killed out here by the Indians. Well I was—pretty nearly. I thought they were slow out here but after they had called on us and we'd been up against the "window," the chalk business, been torn limb from limb, and had our dive stacked, I wished they hadn't been so fast.

Well, we're all good friends now and I manage to have some fun if everything is different from what it is at home. Its just like being out to the farm with cattle and fields and orchards, only the apples are better, 'cause you have to steal 'em. Every kid has a sack in his dive. Pretty hard on hospital fees, for they're green.

Went up to the Y. M.-Y. W. C. A. reception. It's supposed to be one of *the* functions of the term. You are supposed to get acquainted with everybody, but all you do is stand round and shake hands with the fellows you know while the old students talk to the girls. When they have shaken every girls hand four or five times its time to leave. Last night there was a joint program by the literary societies. They don't have any "frats" here, but the societies amount to the same thing. They always pull together, have late secret sessions, etc.

Since nothing seems to be doing I guess I'll turn in and study a little. A fellow's got to humor the profs some.

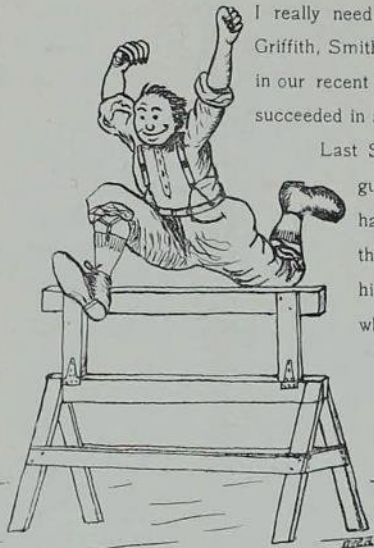
Yours,

JACK.

Dear Auntie,—

I. S. C., August 28th.

You must pardon me for not answering your letters—yes I got them every one, but I've been so very busy. I am taking the full course with the exception that I am back a little in English and mathematics, so I have a great deal of work. I think I shall try for the football team.



I really need the exercise, and then it gives one such a standing among the students. Every one fairly worships Griffith, Smith and others of the first team. I think I am getting a good standing in my class from the part I took in our recent election of class officers. I didn't take a place myself, but I was one of those who stood for and succeeded in securing the election of a class chaplain.

Last Saturday the botany students went on an expedition to Soper's Mill. We had a splendid time and I guess everybody got all the plants he wanted; certainly more plants than dinner, for the surveying party had traded lunch with us and left us half an egg and a little bread apiece, while they feasted off our good things. A funny thing happened today. A gentleman came here looking for his son, but no one knew him. He had hunted and hunted and just about concluded that the boy had never come to school at all, when he happened to mention his nickname. Everyone knew him then. It was "Jiggers."

* * * * *

JOHN.

I. S. C., September 1, 1899.

Dear Chum Meg,—

Your letter came in time to rescue me from the very depths of the blues. You dear, sweet girl—what would I do without you? I miss you every day and wish you were here. If you only were we could have oceans of fun. Some of the girls here are slow, but you and I together would make up for some, wouldn't we? They are not really so strict here as I had expected,—all you have to do is work a stand-in with the Preceptress and then be careful not to have her catch you in mischief more than once a week. When she comes around to call, the girls scoot for the closet and most ungraciously leave the girl they have been visiting and chattering with to account for the racket.

Night before last the Athletic Association gave an ice cream social. I can't tell you now about "my man" but will wait till I see you.

The alumni have been having their biennial celebration here the last two days. The Des Moines members bought a lion for the space over the fireplace in the parlor.

Well, sweetheart, I must close and write home or they'll think I'm gone up sure. Tell C. J. that he may be left yet. There are lots of dandy boys here. With bushels of love,

NAN.

September 23, '99.

Dear Mother,—

I have just come from the field meet, but will write at least a short letter to go on the five o'clock mail. We Freshmen are a little bit downcast at being beaten by the Sophomores, but it was only a small score and we'll beat them next term or die in the attempt. You see we can't feel very badly because it was only last night that they gave us a reception and named us "Erehas." The program was given in the chapel and there was a reception afterwards here in Margaret Hall.

For this coming week there is nothing especial except the football game with Nebraska. Our boys are pretty sure of beating for you know they are the "Cyclones." So much for the football boys. For the rest of us there will be the entertaining round of lessons in English, algebra, and botany. The first two are hard but the last always seems easy to me. Lots of the people here look upon botany as a sort of a practical joke.

* * * * *

NAN.

I. S. C., September 25th.

Dear Auntie,—

This seems to be the time for hard work; nothing much has happened since the Alumni were here. What a time they had! I believe it pays to go to college just to be an alumnus. We all gave up our rooms to them while they played school for one day. It was fun to see an old gray-haired lady run to the window to work the air line when she heard a rap on the radiator pipes. What stories they tell of meanness perpetrated under the guidance of "Stanty," Stalker and others.

The football season opened the other day when Ames beat Panora 23-0. I did not quite get on the team, but everyone says my chances are good for next year, so I still go out for practice. The Freshman-Sophomore reception was held last night and our class was named "Erehas," an Indian name which means something good, I believe — nobody remembers now.

Today was the greatest excitement I have ever seen here. The classes competed in a field meet which was won by the Sophs, 76-59. They were so delighted over their victory that some of them spent the night painting the record on the backstop.

I. S. C., October 30.

Dear Tom,—

Just a line before I go to the concert. Our military band gives a concert tonight and you bet I don't miss it, if I have just come back from a football game. Tell you, we've got the swellst little football team out. Beat Panora 23-0, Nebraska 34-0, South Dakota 11-6,



Simpson 18-0, and only lost to the great big duffers of Minnesota and they scored but once. Don't we have a time on these trips! I always go whether I am broke or not. The other week coming back from Simpson, several of us were in a car when some one tried to come in from outside. We thought it a bum, but found it a student who wanted help to bring a partner, who was freezing, down from the top of a car. We got out and hauled him down by the heels, when lo, it was our class president.

The Athletic Council have decided to give A sweaters to all varsity players and winning track men. If they had seen me helping put out a fire at Prexie's the other day they'd give me one as champion all round man.

The cadets had a sham battle the 28th. One battalion marched out into the country and when they had been out a couple of hours the other went after them. It was like real war in two respects — lots of hiking and nothing to eat. I was captured but escaped by getting into a farmer's wagon coming toward college. I wouldn't have traded places with the victorious commander. I got my supper — he didn't.

* * * * *

Yours truly,

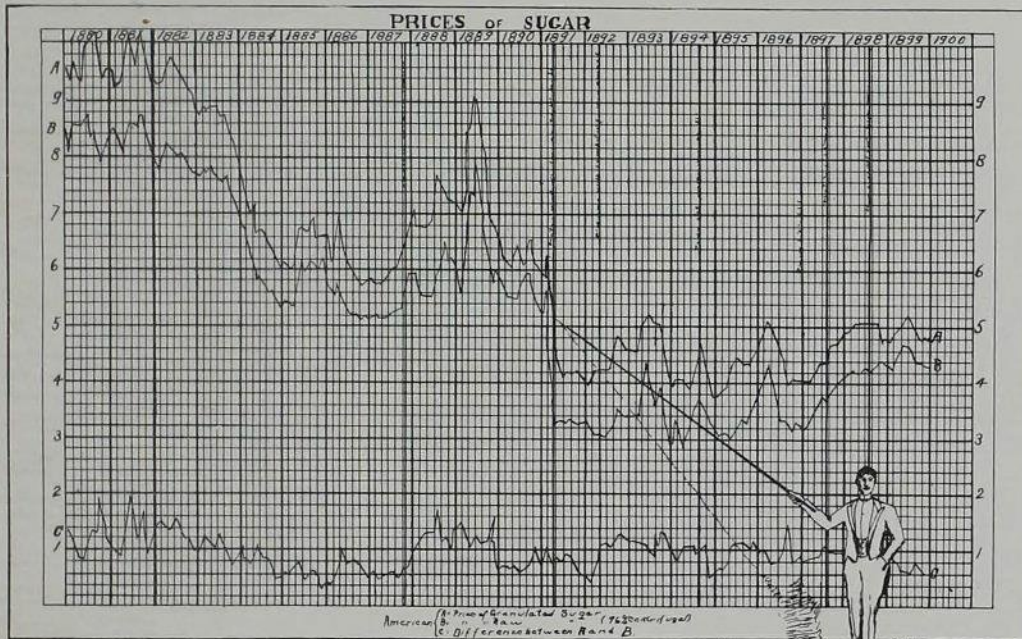
Jack.



Dear Old Chum,—

November 19, '99.

Your letter just came and I am going to answer it right away, mainly for the reason that there is nothing especial to write about. I am going to Baccalaureate this P. M. too, so this will not be very long—not so long, at least, as Baccalaureate, if all that I hear is true.



See Dor Falls—De Bat
One of the charts as seen by the Normalites.

Of course, Meggie dear, you've heard of our victory over I. S. N. S. in debate last week, so I won't repeat. Don't you wish your affections were centered in Ames now instead of Cedar Falls? This glorious victory adds greatly to our reputation (I have been here *one long term*, so now I say "we" and "our," as you may notice).

We've had another lecture, too—one by Dr. Willitts on "Sunshine." I didn't feel very sunshiny myself, for the boy I went with was just horrid—the

last time, you can bet on that. Commencement comes next week and then I'll be going home. Meantime I'll expect another of your jolly letters.

Must stop and hunt up a comrade for services. Win has gone chumming and won't be here.

Au revoir,

NAN.

I. S. C., March 10, 1900.

My Dearest Mammy,—

Don't you blame your honey for not writing sooner, because I have been so busy getting finished with the "straightening" that I haven't written a single letter for nearly a week. Now, however, our little bower is complete and my wife and I are as snug as "two bugs in a rug." We have moved from third floor, where we lived the first two weeks, down to first. Now we have no stairs to climb, and what is more we escape the "man in the hall" ordeal which is so apt to occur on Saturday morning in the long hall on third floor.

But we have to be on good terms with the preceptress. She is real nice to us anyway; she let a dozen of us girls go for a bob-ride the other evening. Jolly, too, but we had to study harder afterward.

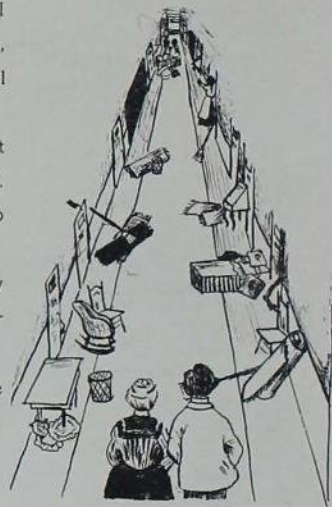
Since the ice storm yesterday there has been sleighing, or rather coasting, on Main steps. So many have tumbled and slid down there today, and it's dreadfully funny to see anyone *else* do it.

We are to have the honor of entertaining the legislature soon. Just think of it. Everyone will try hard to make an extremely good impression, then we will be very much more likely to be voted our appropriations.

Mamma, please send my new dress in time for the lecture next week. All the other girls are "sporting" new things.

* * *

NAN.



"Man in the Hall!"

I. S. C., March 21, 1900.

Dear Aunt,—

Have I told you that the chimes are completed? Almost the first thing to welcome us on the campus this spring was the deep voice of the great bell as it looked down over all and tolled the hours prefaced by the refrain from Kipling's recessional. Though the world as yet is

black and drear, it seems to herald the coming of fuller, pleasanter and happier days. Another of the new things this term is a directory of all students, gotten out by "Jiggers." All hail him as a public benefactor.

The Legislature was up yesterday, so we had a show day. All students having no friends to entertain were supposed to work in the shops and labs. Most seemed to have friends. Most of the old boys forget we have a school here until we pull for more coin, then they investigate. They come with their wives and secretaries, take a peep into the foundry, look at the cattle, watch the Preps. drill, take luncheon with Cavell, and go back declaring this the greatest of schools.

I must close now and go to the concert. Max Bendix Company entertain tonight.

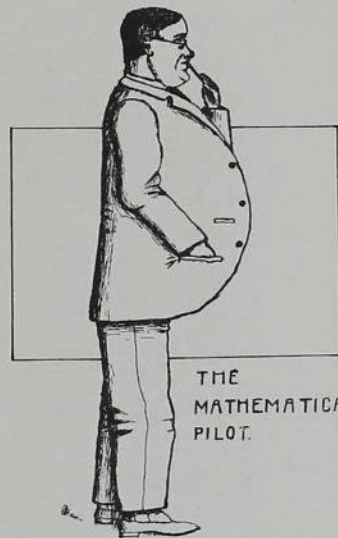
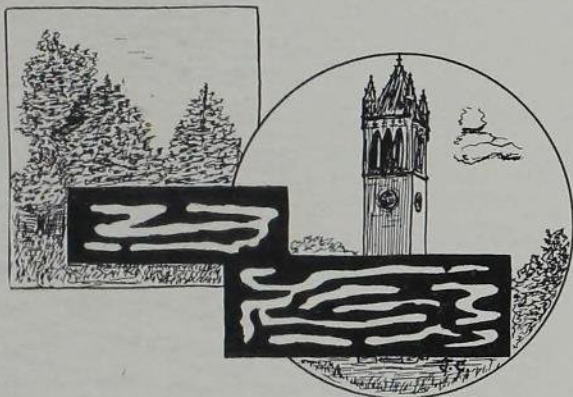
Most respectfully yours,

JOHN.

April 14, '00.

My Dear Old Meg,—

What do you think I am doing; what awful sin I am committing in order to answer your letter? I am actually flagging a Margaret Hall reception! Which reminds me that I have not told you about this feature of college life,—warm feature I can assure you, for the parlor is not ventilated in the very best style, consequently it gets horribly warm. Everybody dresses up and feels inexpressibly uncomfortable. Of course everyone enjoys these events — oh, yes. Then, to add to the comfort (?) of the victims, the refresh(?)ments consists of a wafer and a cup of red-hot tea. The tea you sip in burning drops, and smile (or all is lost) at your own execution, assassination, suicide! Now, all this pleasure I am foregoing to write to you, Meg. But then, there is a lecture tonight. I am going with Jack Willowby, a boy I met not long ago, and I must be as bright as a daisy. C?



There isn't any news to write that I remember now. Oh, yes, eight of us girls ate supper in Bacteriology Laboratory the other evening,— a sort of picnic affair and lots of fun. We consider it a great treat to eat anywhere outside the Dining Hall. But the time is coming when there will be fewer to eat there. One club, of boys only, has started the change. It is known as the Alpha Club, and the boys say it is a great success.

Meggie dear, we lost the baseball game to I. S. N. S., 11 to 2. Now isn't that a shame; after I had bet my pie for a week on it, too. The return game comes next week and we'll beat them; you see if we don't. I'm ready to bet another week's pie with anyone who wants a wager. Mailtime and I must hang out the close.

Your

NAN.

P. S.—I have stopped wearing my little red cap — it is forever disgraced in my eyes — the Sophomores have sprung caps just like mine, except for their class number, '02, on the front of theirs. You can tell Sophs now the same as "lady bugs"—you see a red cap and that's "it"

or part of it.

P. S. No. 2.—We have begun trigonometry and I have the best professor that ever happened. He inspires us all with zeal to "be up on the firing line."

I. S. C., May 7, 1900.

Well, Tom, almost forgot you, didn't I? After all it's the same old story; the same old round of literary programs, receptions, lectures, etc., with a — just a slight difference — you know we're better acquainted now.

You know I thought of changing my room-mate this term; well, I decided I wouldn't. The lad is so deuced good in mathematics — and then I didn't like to offend his sister.

One of the fine things this term was Prof. Newens' readings from "A Singular Life."



We may be a bit slow out here but we're "strenuous" enough when once we start. Well, we've got a golf club. All the sub-profs are in it. You stand and fan the air with a club, and when you've finally hit the ball by accident you go off alone and finish the day hunting for it.

Our first eating club, the Alpha, was formed last week. Every one asserts this but marks the beginning of the end of the old dormitory "boarding school" system.

Say, you should have seen the scrap. It began in this wise: The '02s, forgetting their old time dependence on Prexy, conceived an idea of their own. This, from the usual springtime ebullition of spirits and as an outgrowth of their own childish natures developed into the adoption and untimely display of certain little red caps. The '03s objected and removed certain of the caps and were only prevented from getting the rest by the timely arrival of Prexy, who asked that the caps be returned and made the '02s promise they would never do such a thing again. After this display of their weakness we didn't suppose they would attempt much in the annual field meet, but they did and so scored another defeat at the hands of the Freshmen. But you should have been here the night of May 5th, when we defeated Grinnell 13 to 12 at baseball. Everything burnable on the campus was sacrificed to the Gods of Victory. Everyone spoke in whispers next day, even the profs had some of them a suggestion of hoarseness.

I. S. C., May 12, 1900.

Dear Mother,

I intended to get a letter off to you on this afternoon's mail, but owing to the meet here I have failed to do so. It was the dual meet with Drake, and of course, there was the usual roasting and quarreling. "Drake" seems to be a sign for that. The meet was very appropriately closed by Hank's being left when the motor started, causing him to make a rapid 100-yard dash after the receding car. Only a privileged few witnessed the event, but we who were so favored thought it worth fully a quarter at least.

Today saw the Century Bomb appear, edited by the worthy Too Hoos. We were not disappointed either in size, form or constitution of said volume.

We are to have a new building in the near future, Engineering Hall. The Board of Trustees made plans for the same at their meeting just the other day. We Freshmen hope that it will be finished in "our day," but will, of course, extend our congratulations to later classes even if it is not.

Joe is going home to visit over Sunday next week, and of course you will see him. He said he was very willing to bring any "eatins" to me that you wanted to send. He will tell you all the news I may chance to omit, so for a short time goodbye. Your own,

NAN.

May 20, '00.

Dear Father,—

The State Field Meet comes this week and you can guess how *awfully* I want to go. But I'll have to have some "wherewithal" if I go. Now, Papsie dear, I know you'll see the point. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Your loving daughter,

NAN.

May 20, 1900.

Dearest Meg,—

What would I ever do if I did not have you, Meg, to whom I can open my maiden-heart and pour into your little ear all my joys and woes. At present, Meggy, I'm in an awful pickle. There is to be a ball game and I have received six invitations — two verbal, the remainder set down in black and white. I have deferred them all, but this night, Meg, *this night*, must I make up my mind. They're all nice boys — now how shall I ever decide without — I'll have to draw cuts I suppose, and leave the rest to my guardian angel.

Our class followed a time-honored precedent by giving the Sophs. a reception night before last. It was a little stiff; they wouldn't let us dance, but the Xanhos were pleased and that is all that is necessary. Not that it was not swell and all that; our jolly little president, Tommy, presided.

In vain do I endeavor to cast off this melancholy (doesn't that sound tragic, poetic, ghostly, Shakesperian?). I must close this letter and settle this invitation affair. Write soon to

Your own despairing

NAN.



Which?

(All are not troubled that way)

P. S.—There has come before the admiring public a "Margaret Hall Song" (tune Sweet Genevieve), a most charming little production, in which we girls are represented as a species of little dovey-doves reposing sweetly under the slate roof of this domicilium. I will reserve a rendition of it for you when I get home.

N.

My Dear Aunt,—

I. S. C., May 29th.

* * * * *

We Ags. are beginning to think everything is going to the Engineers. The plans for their new Engineering Hall have been submitted and the building will be one of the finest in the state. Bedford stone for the Engineers; wooden sheds for the Ags.

Yes, I went to the state meet. I think it a very profitable excursion. Everyone goes, and you meet so many people from other schools. Then everyone has friends at Des Moines, so we all came home happy though we did get but third place. But for genuine fun, nothing can compare with the "fake meet." No one was eligible for an event if he had trained for it. The girls participated in the nail driving and needle threading contests. Their proficiency was about as noticeable in the one as in the other. We also laid aside our studies long enough to teach the '02s how to play ball. Poor little Sophs. They get beaten in everything. They are beginning to recover their lost caps, so it is not unusual to see one being worn.

Don't expect another letter this term. If I am to be a Soph. next term it behooves me to think of other things than sports for the next week or two.

From busy,

JACK.

My Dear Parents,—

June 10, 1900.

Just a short letter to tell you that I will be home day after tomorrow on the afternoon train. I am so jubilant with expectation that I can hardly wait. Commencement comes tomorrow, then ends all, and everyone will be going. I hate to leave the old place but you know how homesick I always get. Expect me at 3 P. M. on Thursday.

NAN.

I. S. C., Sept. 15, '00.

Dear Aunt Margaret,--

How glad I was to get back upon the old campus again. The hot weather is gone and everyone's spirits have revived. What crowds around the old motor! Everyone seems to have been waiting for you. You shake hands with the fellow you didn't know last year and ask him how long he has been in. And when he says yesterday, you feel you have lost a world of pleasure in being so late. What a racket! Every fellow fixing up his room, swiping beds and tables and breaking up old chairs, until as compared the Board of Trade would seem like a rest home.

The enrollment this year is the largest in the history of the school. The usual social events are over and all are at hard work. There's nothing else but football practice, and that's hard work too.

* * * * *

JACK.

I. S. C., September 24, 1900.

My Dear Parents:

It seems like a great deal more than four days since I saw you here at the Harvest Home. And then, too, it seemed as if I just barely saw you and then you were gone again. There were so many people here that everything, even though as orderly as possible, seemed somewhat in a muddle. Everyone was tired after our visitors had left and just "tumbled in" as soon as possible. However, there were *a few* spreads from the provisions that came to the campus in baskets that day. Of course you can't begin to realize how we appreciate home made "eatins" nor what fun spreads are. We know all about it.

The Student, which came out today, contained an article which is of some note to us Sophomores. (Thanks to having passed up Physiography and Histology.) The said article is to the effect that an official announcement is made of the Junior Ex-Abolition. There is to be instead a Junior Contest wherein prizes are given for the best written and best delivered orations. You know something about my powers (?) of oratory,-- much as I would be pleased to secure a prize, I have many secret fears that such an event will prove impossible. Back work also excludes from the race.

Library work has been introduced again this term and now the Preps and Freshmen all try to keep track of which month it is that they go to class. But I must close or you will have library work in pursuing this epistle for its getting rather voluminous. Good-bye,

N.

P. S.—I forgot to ask you what your opinion is of our new (matron) Dean of Women. The girls are more pleased every day.

Oct. 15, '00.

Darling Meg,—

My last letter to you just preceded the all-famous Trot, didn't it? Now I *succeeded* and will tell you something of it. It was not such a "fast" trot this year as last, on account of the sick people, you know. There is a sort of gloom over the place this term, which we all feel but cannot escape. As Dr. B. says, we just "stick to it and work on." It has not been established yet — the cause of the sickness I mean — but I myself do not feel the least bit afraid.

But there, Meggle, dear, I have left the Trot far behind. I started out to tell about it and stopped midway. Don't you care; you know I am sort of a fly-away anyhow.

We have a new improvement on the campus consisting of lights at the farmhouse landing and at the bridges. I think —

[The remainder of this letter was lost somewhere in its wanderings. We are doomed to forever conjecture, but never prove what the "think" was.]

Oct. 21, 1900.

My Dear Parents,—

I meant to write last evening, but yesterday, just at the last minute, I decided to join Prof. Pammel's excursion to Moingona. Then after we had returned, I was too tired to think of writing and deferred it till today. And came near failing today! too, for the inter-class meet came off this afternoon. I told you last year that the Erehas would win this time, and behold the truth is now vindicated — 73 to 36 was the score. Our victory is credited to the noble '03s, especially Hopkins, Coates, Hunt, Needham, Roberts and Kempf.

The Erehas were as quiet as possible in celebrating on account of our patients. The cause of the prevailing sickness and the nature of it have been officially announced. Nothing that can help those who are sick is left undone — all are well cared for. Do not worry about my getting the fever. I will remain well just to be original.

Write straight off to your,

NAN.

Nov. 3, 1900.

My Dear Meg,—

It seems such a long time since your short visit here, and I'm not going to wait any longer for you to write. I was specially sorry that you could not stay for our Halloween. The girls entertained themselves at an "old maid" party and some of them made such admirable

spinsters. I always wear such a huge "grin" that I was a complete failure in trying to represent a forlorn maiden lady. Late in the evening we toasted marshmallows, popped corn and roasted apples. In fact we had a general good time as only girls know how to do.

Yesterday morning we had a greeting from our Junior friends in the way of a sign "Xanho" on the guy ropes of the new derricks. Its chief interest centers in the fact that it proves the last approach of the '02s to be nearer heaven than at any previous attempt. Long live their noble upward aspirations.

The girls have come in to study "Dutch" so I must close this letter for just now. Write soon or I perish.

N.

Dec. 9, 1900.

My Dear Parents,—

Things are more exciting here today than they have been for some time past, and without preliminary I will tell you the news. Main burned early this morning, or rather the north half of Main, and now what is left does present the most forlorn and lonesome aspect of anything on the campus. Very fortunately no one was hurt, but now we are so cramped for class rooms, and the boys are minus their rooms, also a great majority of their stock-in-trade of clothes. The people hereabout and in Ames, have been especially kind so that all the boys will no doubt find rooms till the end of the term. People are beginning to recover their senses now and to see the brighter side of the affair. It has been productive of some really humorous things which are now beginning to come to light. But I must not write longer.

Hastily,
NAN.

P. S.—One week and then *home*.

I. S. C., Dec. 12, '00.

Friend Tom,—

Please excuse a blue letter. This term has been our era of troubles. Typhoid came and all else vanished. We have been exemplary students, sticking to the old school, come what may. Our patience has been sorely tried but we have come out nobly through it all with, indeed, a bit of pleasure even, when conditions would permit. The field meet fell as usual to the '03s, but in football our star of hope sank forever when the fever claimed most of our best men. Yet we played the season out and met our defeats with that rare courage so much in evidence this term.

The irrepressible '02s bobbed up again in an attempt to revive the old and obsolete picture scrap — not that they desired a scrap, the cap affair was still alive in their minds. The word XANHOS was found one morning swinging to the breeze from the derricks over Engineering Hall. The '03s, having promised Prexy to let the '02s alone, smiled, complimented the Xanhos on their remarkable fertility of mind, and went their way, while the '02s flagged classes and spent many long weary hours of the night watching their treasure.

But the crowning day of sorrows was the "passing of the old Main," December 9th. What a rueful spectacle was presented by those two hundred students, as the clear, cold dawn, found them crowding in groups about the dying embers, seeking that warmth and protection which their varied and hasty toilets could not afford.

Yet despite these troubles, we held our Freshman-Sophomore banquet that evening, where assembled as gay and motley a crowd as ever graced I. S. C., even in the days of which the alumni tell.

Yours truly,
JACK.

I. S. C., March 2, 1901.

Dear Mother,—

We have this day put the finishing touches of art (?) upon our room and are now as cozy as one could not have imagined our being a week ago, so I sit down to write to you.

The term has opened much in the usual style. There were the usual greetings, the usual long, long wait at classification, and the usual muddle of trunks, boxes, brooms, mattresses, etc., in the halls. Last night the General Reception was given and tonight is the Joint Session. I am going with Jack tonight. He has been very kind this term. He was one of the first persons I saw when I came and was perfectly angelic in helping me with my baggage. After that I could not refuse him for this evening.



I'll send you a copy of the *Student* as it is now edited, in new form. The change is a decided improvement, the only fault being that it still comes only once a week.

I did not, on coming, evade the general fate of vaccination, and I almost believe I would rather have had smallpox.

NAN.

I. S. C., April 8, 1901.

My Dear Chum Meg,—

At last, at last, are my lessons prepared for tomorrow and I "take my pen in hand," as the poet says, to write to you. I might have written yesterday, but yesterday you know was Easter and altogether too fine (?) a day to stay in and write letters. Wasn't it jolly that it snowed so people could not spring spring duds? I intended to be original by not getting an Easter hat, and, lo, I was not original at all for no one wore a new creation.

You see I am still not quarantined even if you were afraid I would catch "it." Nevertheless there are four Margaret Hall girls under quarantine — rumor says that they are immensely enjoying their holiday; no classes to attend and nothing to do but entertain each other.

There is to be a lecture by Hopkinson Smith next Friday. Of course I am going with the incorrigible Jack. He was mightily offended at my refusing him last time, but I had promised Mr. Ashland first. Jack was grouchy for a week, but we're as good friends as ever now. I wonder what he'll say when he finds I have promised the Schubert concert to Mr. Harlan.

* * * * *

Your devoted

NAN.

I. S. C., April 22, 1901.

MR. THOMAS J. WALLINGFORD.

Well, Tom, we seem to be still under the evil eye. We no sooner recover from one plague than there appears another. This term it is smallpox, and, although it isn't producing any devastation to speak of, it has caused a fall in the social outlook. On every hand can be seen signals hung out aloft on poles and kites by despairing folk who are doing time at the instance of Dr. H———. A group of the worst are condemned to languish in a hut in the orchard with nothing to do but play poker without money.

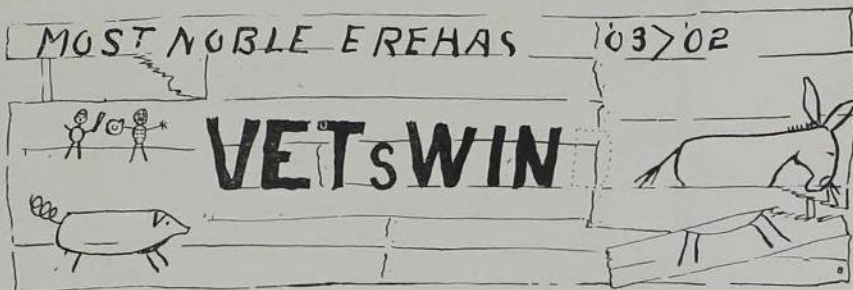
Since the kindly snow has gone the campus, too, is much in keeping with our condition. The old Main still stands, a misshapen thing, scarred and discolored, surrounded by heaps of brick and debris, and the ghastly holes where once Prof. Pammel reared the gentle microbe, and the Weinerwurst club held their nightly orgies. Huge fissures have opened up in the earth leaving great heaps of black earth, the motor siding stands full of cars and the earth groans beneath its load of stone and steel. The new "Emergency Hall" was planned, contracted for and built during vacation. While not a model of architecture it serves the purpose very well.

There was a slight flutter of excitement the other night over the burning or attempted burning, of the Katinas in effigy. Many there were

who had come forth dressed for evening functions, who found it necessary to return to their respective dives for repairs. And this night also did the survivors of Cuba and the Philippines assemble to eat, drink and swap specialties.

The Vets have just defeated the C. E.s in a little game of ball. The back stop looks like this:

The home field meet was held the 19th of April. The honors fell to the '02s. For the first time in their history



the Erehas found themselves looking from about such a point as I observed the services last Easter.



How Can We See the Preacher?

one—one suited to their noble and towering aspirations—the loftiest name we could choose. It is an Indian name, of course.

[Unfortunately this is but a fragment of Nan's original letter. The remainder was not to be found and could not be "made up" even from the editor's fertile brain.]

My Dear Mother,—

May 12, 1901.

I am quite in the mood to write stacks of letters this P. M., so I will begin the stack with yours. I think the above unaccountable mood is owing to the extraordinary fact that we listened to a lady minister this morning. Of course such an unexpected event has produced its own influence upon me, and lo, I am anticipating *pleasure* in writing these letters. My letters at best are poor affairs, but they are just like me.

As to news, not much to mention. The Erehas will name the Freshmen at a reception given this week. If it were not such an awful secret I would tell you what they are to be called but that can be as well later. Sufficient it is to know that it is a good

Dear Aunt,—

I. S. C., June 1, '01.

* * * * *



Getting Experience.

HERE is a revival in tennis. More courts are being prepared and there were enough players this year to make a spirited tournament. Though we haven't a winning team, we have a promising one. We are jubilant over our field meet with Simpson and the good showing we made in the triangular meet. The late social events were the Slayton Jubilee Singers, Katina-Ereha banquet, and the declamatory contest, won by Ira W. Jones, of the B. D. S.

We have also had another excursion. Osceola county came down on the campus en masse, and we poor students were made to feel like freaks in a side show under the observing eyes of these people from the north.

I have decided not to come home this summer. I need practical farm experience so badly that I am going home with Hiram to spend the summer on the farm.

June 5, 1901.

Dear Meg,—

This is just the shortest kind of a note to tell you that I will be home next Wednesday. I am so anxious to see you, and have oceans, just *oceans*, to tell you. Nothing is going on here except the Alumni meet — that is nothing but exams in Analyt, German and everything else.

Yours always.

NAN.

My Dear Folks,—

I. S. C., September 5, 1901.

Back again and as hard at it as ever. But then we're used to that now that we are Juniors. It does not seem possible that I am beginning the third year. This is such a place to make time fly.

We notice a few improvements this term, as always. One change—but I am not sure of its being an improvement—the campus itself. Everything looks thirsty here and the grass is too dry to be pretty now. Engineering Hall grows slowly but surely. It will be ready for occupation

before the Erehas go out into the cold, cold world. Even the *Student* has been changed to fit the new needs of this term. It will be issued hereafter twice a week for the abnormally small sum of "six bits" (75c).

The term is not really started yet, since we have not had the general reception yet. It comes on Friday evening of this week.

I hear we are to have the usual excursion here some time this month and you must be sure to come then. It seems such a long time since I saw you; only a week ago.

Your homesick

NAN.

I. S. C., Sept. 20, '01.

My Own Meg,—

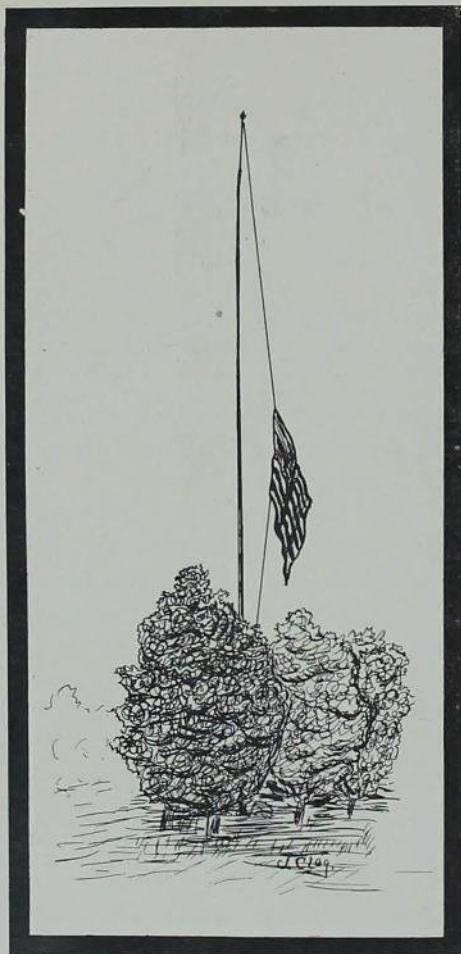
I was sorry not to see you at the excursion day before yesterday, but the folks told me you had more business than a cranberry merchant these days. So have I, Meggie, so let's "shake on that." The excursion was a crowded success as usual. We were all very good as Dr. B. told us to be, and our papas and mammas still think us models.

But to tell you of what "doins" we have been having. Thursday evening the football squad received at their newly ordained quarters in old East Cottage. All the girls took "tokens of affection" to fix up a room for the boys as a sort of sitting-room. Refreshments were served and we girls were allowed to go all thru the quarters to see the boys' dumps. We seized upon some new ideas in "house decoration."

Tomorrow evening the girls are going to dress up so as to look as infantile as possible, and will give a "Baby Show." Some of us are afflicted with too much avoirdupois to make very good infants — we will advise people to stretch their imaginations to the fullest extent. Prizes are offered for the prettiest, fattest and smartest.

The girls have voted an entertainment which is to come next month — a musicale to make money for the piano fund. You know how much we need a piano in the parlor. We girls are to sell the tickets to the musicale — who will dare demur when we say "Come and buy."

NAN.



I. S. C., October 1, '01.

Dear Aunt,—

* * * * *

The last year has brought us our share of sorrows, but the saddest day was the morning of September 14th, when the stars and stripes were found swinging at half mast from the flagpole, announcing that we were a nation without a leader. None of us will ever forget the services in the crowded chapel—McKinley, the man, the soldier, the statesman—or the willing crowd that stood uncovered in the rain about the flagpole for the last sad words ere the flag again floated from the top of the pole.

The football season has opened with a 0 to 0 game with Grinnell, and the burning of the hoodoo, the supposed mythical author of all our troubles. The ceremony was well attended, but some doubt is expressed as to the fairness of the trial.

The final preliminary debate resulted in Jones, Dodge and Otto being chosen as the team to meet the State Normal in the debate next month. Thanks to the English department, this phase of school work is very much improved. We are going to win.

* * * * *

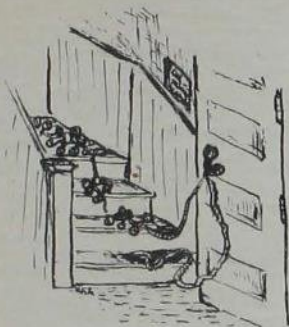
JACK.

Oct. 20, 1901.

My Dear Mother,—

This letter is like the directory this term,—long delayed but coming in full splendor at last. Which is to say that that august little volume is "with us once again," and whenever we forget people's names or where folks live we "rush to it as though we could embrace it." Sounds very dramatic, doesn't it; but you know I am taking *Junior* elcution this term.

Prof. Pammel gave his lecture last week on his "Western Trip." It was given in the Professor's own style, and like the Professor was enjoyed by all.



Night before last we enjoyed a very pleasing program : readings from " Kentucky Cardinal." You know I think it a splendid little story anyway, and the interpretation of it the other evening was fine.

* * *

The latest joke is on a few Margaret Hall girls. People quite frequently ask : "Who carried the dumb-bells upstairs from Madam's door the night after the Marshalltown game?"

November 1, 1901.

Dear Old Chum Meg,—

I suppose you are feeling "spooky" to the proper degree, seeing that today is the first after Halloween. I am beginning the month well by answering your letter on time. Last night the Hall here was



haunted. The ghosts and shades of the departed inhabitants returned to their old abode. There were all sorts of ghostly noises around, and finally, at a late hour, the spirits assembled for a solemn ghost dance. Imagine the surprise of the wide-eyed spectators when, a little later, the *ghosts* began to devour apples and marshmallows toasted at the fireplace. Promptly at twelve they all disappeared to rest quietly in obscurity for another year.

* * *

A very successful expedition of the geologists was made to Marshalltown recently. Miss Barclay unearthed "a ride," and Deak found his prehistoric lighting utensil. * * *

Write soon to NAN.



I. S. C., Dec. 7, 1901.

Tom,—

* * * * *

While in football luck seems to be against us, we are more fortunate in tennis, winning easily over Cornell. In debate and stock judging we also have the honors, honors which we hope will rest with us many a year.

Another tribe of Indians has been received into the federation. They are known as Sicemakas, from a word meaning the rabbit. There is some doubt as to whether this is in reference to their "speed" or their timidity. We will be represented in the state oratorical contest next spring by Priem of the B. D. S., who won with "America's First Envoy."

JACK.



I. S. C., Feb. 28, 1902.

* * *

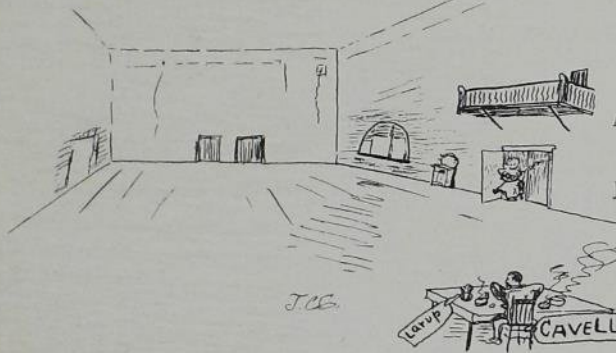
The new Horticultural building was opened last week with a sort of a house warming by the faculty. It is one of the few buildings of its kind in western colleges, and we are all proportionately proud of it.

Everybody still groans over vaccination,—we all had to pass in review the first of the term. At that time there were only two questions on people's tongues all the time. They were, "Have you been vaccinated?" and "Are you married?"

This letter must be cut short soon for the S. S.s will soon begin to quietly prepare for their banquet, which is to be given tonight. Its all right for me to write about it now to you, but around here it is the biggest kind of a secret. But I must close and get ready to go. We will have a "large time" as usual. Yours,
NAN.



I. S. C., March 2, 1902.



Dear Meg,—

I am going down town for supper so cannot stay to write a real letter. Just to tell you to be sure and write me a dear long letter Sunday. I am well as ever. The dining hall has been closed by the board (Trustees). Aunt Kate and Uncle Frank keep house now. A basket ball team has been organized. Parker Fountain Pens are still for sale.

Au revoir,

NAN.

March 20, 1902.

* * * * *

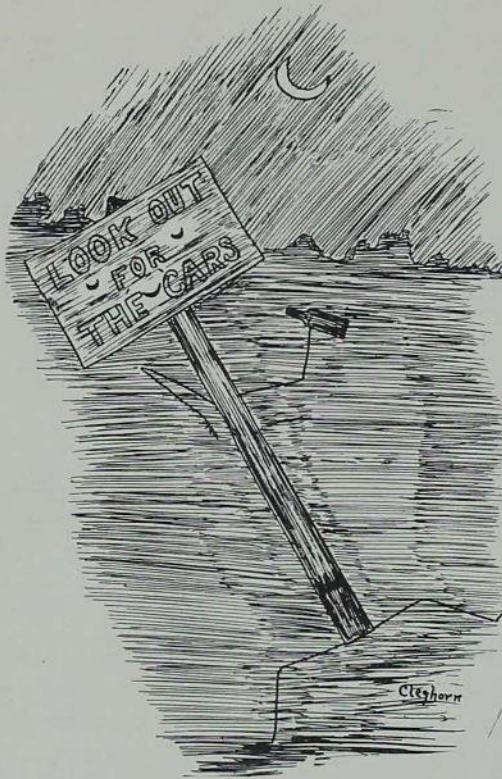
In times of excitement, revolution and all that sort of thing, you must pardon me if I do not write a firstclass letter. Such a time is today, for there are rumors of wars and tomorrow will probably see the real article. It is this way. The Freshmen and Sophomores are "out" and we upper classmen are duly interested in the fray. The Sicemakas propose to banquet themselves before extending hospitalities to the Katinas. Such a proceeding is breaking a precedent and the Sophomores feel hurt about it, to such an extent that they propose by a proper campaign to entirely prevent the affair from coming off tomorrow evening. Time will tell which class has the greater persistence.

* * * * *

And the "Look Out" sign has gone on a spree. It had been quietly reposing near the A. & C. R. R. right-of-way ever since the excursion last term. Who dug it up and who planted it on Prexie's right-of-way?

The student body met in mass meeting day before yesterday to raise funds for a new Association building,

which is one of the crying needs of our college. Gov. Cummins came to meet with the advisory committee and was banqueted by the Y. M.s last night.



The Slayton Grand Concert Company

The first number on the lecture course came last week, a concert by the Slayton company. The petite pianiste was (to my notion) the star of the evening, although the contralto, with the deep sea-green voice, has her admirers.

* * * * *

Good-bye and write me a big letter soon or I will find it hard to forgive you.

NAN.

I. S. C., April 11, 1902.

* * * * *

Now *this* letter is no April Fool joke, but the real article, as you see it in black and white. However, there were some good April Fool jokes this year played upon various people about here. A crowd of the girls invited some boys for a supper, and the unsophisticated youths supposed, of course, that it would be down town. They all boarded the six motor, but the girls brought them back like 30 cents on a special motor five minutes later. Our preceptress heard of it and called the girls down for going down town for supper without permission. When the girls

RULES OF THIS LIBRARY.

1. Books may be taken out at the rate of five cents for ten minutes. If not returned promptly a fine of one cent for every minute over time will be charged.
2. A book may be renewed at the same rates, provided it is not spoken for.
3. No books taken from the library without written permission from the "Prof."
4. Books must be brought back in perfect condition. If defaced or harmed in any way a fine of \$1.00 will be charged.
5. Books must not be loaned.



explained that they were *not* down town for supper, who was fooled then? A new organization has appeared in the form of the "Little Dutch Band." They have practiced faithfully and deserve the prominence now given them.

We girls have planned a scheme for making money and will make the trial of its popularity this evening. We propose to give a library opening, where titles will be represented by the demoiselles of the Hall. The young gentlemen will pay the abnormally small sum of five cents for the privilege of holding (?) a book for ten minutes.

My Dear Meg,—

I. S. C., April 26, 1902.

The game is over and our team scored against your Normalites 15 to 0. It's my turn now, you see—but I could have told you a week ago that victory would come to us—we have beaten, we now beat, we shall beat—Drake, I. S. N. S. and Kansas, respectively.

You asked if the readings by Opie Read and Amsbary were good. Decidedly, and if you have a chance to hear them you must not miss going. Amsbary's little French dialect poems are too cute for anything.

Lots of attractions next week. First, the mandolin concert, then the dual meet with Simpson here on the home field. The great trial will come with the Δ meet now not far off. There, I had nearly forgotten to tell you about the home meet, and thereby hangs a tale, or rather, a donkey. The meet was won by the Sophs (unjustly, so the Freshmen say). To make remuneration for any remissness on their part, the Katinas have presented the Freshmen with a new member in the shape of an old black donkey, duly labelled to prevent there being any mistake thru the unfortunate animal's resemblance to the said Sophomores. Morning dawn today and found the ornery member tied in front of the Hall. Kind hands have since transported the poor beast to fields Elysian down near Vet. barn.



* * * * *

NAN.



"Yes, I'm taking Domestic
Economy with a special
purpose in view."





New Books



" MODERN AUTOMOBILES "

By T. Lennox

" CHUMMING WITH CHUMMERS "

By Dad Muhs

" TRACING A CULPRIT " or " WHO SWIPED THE SHOES "

By Dad Williams

" OUR NEIGHBOR'S DAUGHTER "

By E. V. Andrews

" FOUR LEAF CLOVER PARASITES "

By G. M. Lummis

" THE DESCENT OF WOMAN "

By C. E. Bartholemew

" TRUE TO THE LAST "

By Jasper Kelley

" BEAUTIFUL BUT UNTRUE "

By John Coye







'03 Roll Call



ALLEN, R. M.

He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

ANDREWS, E. V.

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.

BARTHOLOMEW, C. E.

Love me little, love me long.

BATTEY, W. R.

Another lean unwashed artificer.

BENNETT, A. F.

God helps those who help themselves.

BEVERLEY, MABEL

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

BLAIR, R. A.

He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament to society.

BOWER, MAE

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

BRANCH, J. S.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

BRHEL, JOHN

If eyes were made for seeing,
When Beauty is its own excuse for being.

BROWN, JOHN

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.

BROWN, JOSEPHINE

Her air, her manner, all who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired.

BUCK, LEON

Infinite riches in a little room.

BUCHANAN, C. C.

A merry heart goes all day.

BUCKLEY, A. R.

He was ever precise in promise keeping.

BUTTS, D. J.

I do but sing because I must.

BYL, F. M.

All mankind loves a lover.

CAREY, J. R.

With a smile that was childlike and bland.

CLEGHORN, J. C.

Life is short and the art long.

CROCKER, THOS. F.

"Barkis is willin'."

CUMMINS, W. M.

New loves you seek,
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.

CHATLIN, A. B.

And yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

DIMMITT, H. G.

A good gray head which all men knew.

DODD, T. W.

How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how expressive and admirable, in comprehension how like a god.

DODGE, H. K.

If fun is good, truth is better and love best of all.

DONOVAN, D. E.

A man after his own heart.

EBERSOLE, H. N.

The price of wisdom is above rubies.

ELDER, A. E.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast.

ELLENBERGER, HOWARD

I escaped by the skin of my teeth.

EVELAND, PORTER

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

FITCH, T. T.

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man write my epitaph;
no man can write my epitaph.

FOGG, MAURICE

I was not always a man of woe.

GEARHART, G. S.

God made him and therefore let him pass for a man.

GOSS, DANA

Scared out of his seven senses.

GRANT, NELLIE

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

HANSON, LILLIAN

Fain would I climb, yet I fear to fall.

HENDRIX, W. W.

O wearisome condition of humanity.

HOBEIN, CHARLES A.

And thereby hangs a tale; my cake is dough.

HOLBROOK, M. B.

With just enough learning to misquote.

HOLLIS, ALFRED

We have met the enemy and they are ours.

HOPKINS, R.

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony, but organically I am incapable
of a tune.

HOUCK, E. C.

Too much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

HOWARD, R. T. E.

The most senseless and fit man.

HUNT, T. S.

He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

HYDE, EDWARD

None but the brave deserve the fair.

IRELAND, W. A.

That unlettered, small-krowing soul.

JOHNSON, DORA

How far that little candle throws its beam.

JOHNSON, PEARL

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

JONES, IRA A.

A bold, bad man.

JONES, JOHN S.

His tribe was God Almighty's gentlemen

KEMPF, GEO. P.

Who thinks too little and who talks too much.

KINNICK, F. B.

Above any Greek or Roman name.

KRATZ, A. M.

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch; a living dead man.

LANDSBERG, A.

The multitude is always in the wrong.

LASHER, A. C.

He never says a foolish thing, nor ever does a wise one.

LAWTON, JOHN

Whistling to keep himself from being afraid.

LEWIS, JAMES

I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.

LUMMIS, GEO. M.

Whatever I have done is due to patient tho't.

MALLEY, MARIE

Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds.

MARSE, HERBERT

Comparisons are odorous.

MARTIN WALTER

A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day.

MILLER, A. A.

Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over.

MILLER, GEO. W.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.

MOORE, L. H.

He will give the devil his due.

MOORHOUSE, O. B.

True greatness is sovereign wisdom.

MCCLAINE, F. L.

Knowledge and wisdom far from being one, oftentimes have no connection.

McCLURE, ELIZABETH

My life is one horrid grind.

McCLURE, FAY

Then he will talk—how he will talk.

McDONALD, H. F.

The common run of mankind.

McKIMM, EFFIE

With what a graceful tenderness she loves,
And breathes the softest and sincerest vows.

McKINNEY, R. T.

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.

NELSON, J. C.

A taste for plain strong speech.

NORMAN, ROY

I know that gentleman to be of worth and worthy estimation.

NORTON, C. W.

Oh, help my weak wit and sharpen my dull tongue.

OVERHOLSER, F. E.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.

PRIEM, A. E.

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

READ, HOMER

A firm yet cautious mind,
Sincere, though prudent: constant, yet unresigned.

REW, F. A.

Air and manners are more expressive than words.

REYNOLDS, M. C.

There is nothing insignificant—nothing.

REPP, G. E.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

RITZMAN, E. G.

I've lived and loved.

ROBERTS, H. A.

Too much of a good thing.

ROLAND, C. W.

Talents of the highest order.

ROSENBERGER, M.

Learned he was in med'c'nal lore.

ROYCE, OSCAR

Plain and rough nature left to itself is much better than an artificial
ungracefulness.

RUSSELL, L. W.

The mock authoritative manner of the man.

SAMPSON, H. O.

Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold.

SHULTIS, FRANK

Every man has as much vanity as he wants understanding.

SMITH, W. W.

Everybody is as God made him and ofttimes a great deal worse.

SNYDER, R.

Love and you shall be loved.

SPAULDING, ED

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

STAGEBERD, MARTIN

Youth on silent wings is flown ;
Graver years come rolling on.

STARR, NINA

As merry as the day is long.

STARSINGER, OTTO

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most,
T'is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

STREETER, CLARK

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.

TENNEY, E. L.

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.

THOMAS, D. C.

The virtuous man meets with more opposites and opponents than any other.

THROCKMORTON, E.

My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases ; but enduring as marble
to retain.

TILLSON, H. L.

Much tongue and much judgment seldom go together.

VANATTA, MAUD

Neat, not gaudy.

VAN PELT, H. G.

Thou art such a touchy, testy, pleasing fellow.

WAGGONER, ISOM

A great, a good and a right mind.

WARDEN, ALICE

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.

WELCH, IRA J.

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.

WHISTLER, B. A.

Though 'learned, well bred.

WILSON, W. J.

He was six foot o'man. A-I.

WOOD, R. D.

Life is a jest and all things show it,
I tho't so once, but now I know it.

WILLIAMS, W. H.

Speaking much is a sign of vanity.

YOUNNIE, ETHLYN

I have none but a woman's reason ;
I think him so because I think him so.

BIG TIME AT AMES

Iowa State College Literary Club
Holds Annual Meeting
at Ames.

(By a Special Correspondent.)

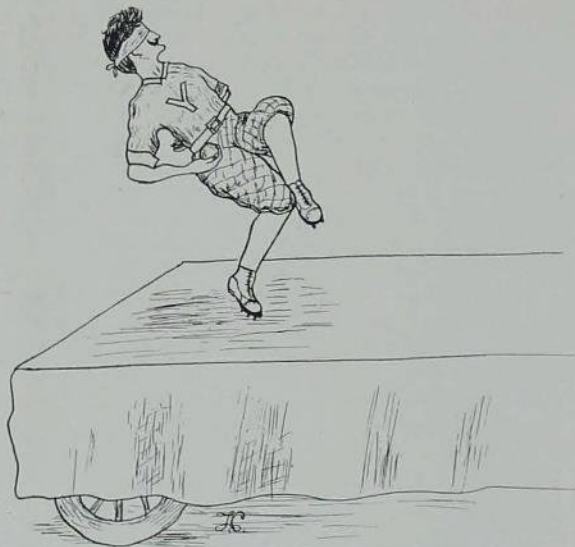
AMES, IOWA, May 10.—The tenth annual meeting of the Iowa State College Literary Club was held here today. Even as early as 6 A. M. it needed no very observant person to tell that there was something out of the ordinary on the calendar. Prim maidens sallied forth into the morning air, greeting everybody with welcoming smiles, while hundreds of preps donned their military suits and were at ease in front of the dining hall fifteen minutes before the jingle rang. Their weather-beaten faces and their "Excellence in Drill" buttons showed that they had seen much hard service. Wearied profs met no classes today. The library was closed and those who wished to flirt with the librarians had to seek them elsewhere. Book-store patrons found themselves in the same fix. The chimes at an early hour were heard to send forth that sweet melody, "Ta-ra-boom-de-ray," and this was followed by seven other joyous ragtime pieces. From 7 to 10

A. M. special trains arrived every ten minutes. The cheers were especially loud when the delegation from Minneapolis and St. Paul arrived at 8:30 and the Chicago delegation at 9:15, but the enthusiasm was spontaneous when Rudyard Kipling and Burt L. Standish walked arm in arm to where Lennox's automobile stood, and many a small boy was perched on his father's shoulder so that he could catch a glimpse of the author of the "White Man's Burden," and the man with the greater genius still, the author of the Frank Merriwell series. A great number of the guests dined at the Waldorf-Astoria in Ames, but a much greater number looked over John Franklin Cavell's bill of fare.

THE PARADE.

One of the most entertaining as well as instructive features of the days' program was the parade which started in front of the "Vet." barn at 1 o'clock. An autocab carrying four young members of the club, who were smoking Yale Mixture and reading the last number of the Police Gazette headed the procession. Immediately following this was a scene in which Nick Carter was marching five bold safe-blowers ahead of him at the point of a 15 cent toy pistol. After this came a representation of Frank Merriwell pitching a game of baseball for Yale. He was blind-folded and had one arm tied behind him, but had no difficulty in sending his





double-shoots over the center of the plate. Ben Bright receiving a present of \$750,000 in gold from an old Indian Chief, and Diamond Dick planting the Ereha colors on the state house at Des Moines, were other important features.

PROGRAM AT THE AUDITORIUM.

An auditorium with a large seating capacity has been erected southwest of Prof. Curtiss' residence. It was here that the afternoon and evening programs were

held. Hundreds of eyes were turned on the president of the association, who is known to his student associates as Frank Merriwell, when he arose to speak. The audience looked upon a man who was not born in the lap of luxury, but who learned early in life of the uses of adversity. It is said that for four years he made his living stealing onions. His keen eyes and flowing mustache denoted power, and his easy graceful manners early captivated his

audience and he had their undivided attention during the hour and a half in which he was speaking. He said in part:

"*Friends*.—Nine years ago the I. S. C. Literary Club was organized for the purpose of a study of the literature intended for the American youth. Rooms were provided in which the members could enjoy themselves socially. In those days the more popular periodicals were the thrilling raids of the James boys, Young Sleuth and Nick Carter. One of the professors took subscriptions for Nick Carter. All the students subscribing for one year got straight fours. Outsiders who desired to read could find Young Sleuth in the library and any of the publications could be bought at the book store for ten cents a copy. In the lecture course that term by far the most popular number on the course was that given by Chauncey Depew on "The James Boys' Narrow Escape" or "How Jesse got Half Shot."

A FEW YEARS BRING A CHANGE.

"Time has wrought great changes. Things are not now as they were then. The periodicals that use to cost 10 cents can now be purchased at the book store for 5. A great many new ones have been added, chief among which is the "Frank Merriwell Series," which has a weekly sale of over nine hundred copies.

In the club rooms the highest priced brands of the weed are the only ones that are popular and among the other things the kind that made Milwaukee famous is considered none too good.

"The club is now in a flourishing condition and we, as members of the club, trust that all our visitors will profit by our humble experience and that each one of you will go away from here today feeling deep down in your heart that you have a mission to perform, feeling that in this onward and upward march of our American civilization none of us can rest content until every village and hamlet throughout the length and breadth of our land contains a reading room organized for the grandest and most noble purpose imaginable: The proper education of the American youth."

When the president finished there was a tremendous burst of applause that lasted five minutes.

The program as was carried out for the rest of the afternoon was as follows:

MusicGlee Club
 Character Building by means of Hazing.Haz em Good Priem
 Nick Carter as Viewed from a Paradise Alley StandpointJimmy Burrows
 The Last Hours of Jesse James
 Rudyard Kipling
 Frank Merriwell's Method of Killing Canadian ThistlesDeak Elder
 A Thousand Missionaries....H. K. Dodge
 Mr. Kipling's effort and that of Monsieur Priem, the gifted young Parisian who is lecturing all over the country on the benefits resulting from hazing, were certainly

worthy of the highest commendation. Mr. Dodge's plea for a thousand more missionaries to enter the righteous cause, was a most earnest one.

At the business session in the morning, the following were elected honorary members: Rudyard Kipling, David Ives, Pres. Roosevelt, Burt L. Standish, J. Gordon Sly, Winston Churchill and John Baughman. It was unanimously decided that the club should endorse the same publications it did the year before. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Deak Elder; secretary and treasurer, O. B. Moorhouse; grand high moocher, Sandy Beisell; assistant moocher, Tom Hunt; pipe dreamer, Bow Minert; orator, W. W. Otto; grand high grafter, L. M. Hurt; chaplain, Tub Williams.





My Political Platform



(Attributed to the Pen and Power of the Narrow-Gauge Surveyor.)

Inasmuch as my political aspirations have led to my nomination for county surveyor, I hereby promise that upon my ascension to the chair of that *High Office* which my many loyal followers would have me occupy, to fulfill to the best of my ever evident ability, the following promises:

I. In order to overthrow the Nation's *curse* (*Carrie Nation*) I will not so much as drive a stake upon the premises of a man who clears his head with "*Red Raven Splits*."

II. In order to lessen the incurrance of enormous county expenses (a) I shall confine my surveying tours to within a short radius of "*Sunny Side*," and furthermore (b) let it be known that livery bills and car-fares shall be greatly diminished by my using "*My Own Private Auto-Mobile*," and furthermore, (c) upon acquiring the art I shall become my own stake-artist.

III. In order to do away with the nefarious practice of following the adage: "*To the victor belongs the spoils*," and being as I am, highly educated along the lines of "*Classical Agriculture*," (a) I shall endeavor in the pursuance of my duties to not trample upon or otherwise "*Spoil*" *Lawn-Grass* or herbage, the property of any *Grass-Widow*.

IV. In order that they may receive just compensation for their services to me, (a) my faithful followers and loyal supporters, shall, upon vacancies occurring at "*Sunny Side*," be accorded special privileges within its domain.

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PROF. BEYER—"Miss Morrison, what is the composition of quartz?"

MISS MORRISON—"Quartz is made up of feldspar and——"

PROF.—"Mr. Barrett, you may answer."

BARRETT—"Quartz is pure SO_2 ."

HOPKINS—"Say Prof., somebody told me that the dark-colored rock out in front was a specimen of gypsum, but it doesn't look like this specimen you are showing us."

PROF. BEYER—"That was obtained from the brick factory out west. I guess some freshman must have been imposing on you."

BILL LYTLE (who has taken an overdose of canibus indica)—"Fellows, I've been sitting on this chair for thirty years."

DODD (reciting in E. and M. about the polarized relay)—"It will be seen by glancing at the figure, that the figure is one of a horse-shoe magnet with two views shown. I do not remember the author's exact discussion, but this part marked 'm' is for the purpose of—— is for the purpose of—— well, it plays a very important part. This here shows a sectional view of a bar, a slender bar. Its function is also important. Further than that I do not understand the apparatus."

JUNIOR E. E. (reading aloud about induction coils)—"The following type of induction coil is for the production of oscillatory sparks of high frequency—— Say! I don't care much for oscillatory sparks, oscillatory sparks are much better."

BANT BOWER (to room mate)—"Our club is going to the concert in a body tonight, fourteen couple, twenty-six of us."

Crowd of Seniors discussing the hereafter. KELLY—"I think I'll go to heaven. What about you, Coye?"

BENNETT—"I guess John will go to Manchester."

COYE—"Well, that would be heaven, wouldn't it?"

ROWAT—"I'm writing to a girl that I think is engaged."

GIDLEY—"I'm corresponding with two or three that seem to think they are engaged."

GEN. LINCOLN—"Hoffman, how would you like to be one of my officers?"

HOFFMAN—"Alright, but I will have to associate with my inferiors."

GEN. LINCOLN—"Well, there will be a few of them."

BOARDMAN (in library, addressing a Prep.) — "Give me the time, will you?"

Prep., misunderstanding and taking Boardman for a walking delegate of the Tourist Union, pulls out his pocket-book and gives him a dime.

Landsberg shows Miss Harlan a letter from Prex, telling him to come down and classify.

MISS HARLAN — "So you haven't classified yet?"

LANDSBERG — "Why, I think I have."

MISS HARLAN — "Let's see, you're an academic, aren't you?"

PROF. MEEKER (after explaining that no work is done in horizontal translation, says to class) — "Why then do I become tired when I walk?"

STARZINGER — "Because you lift your feet."

MISS McCLURE (in history; reciting on life of Martin Luther) — "Born 1483, parents wanted him to study law, but he got on to religion instead."

KRATZ — I know of two large wholesale houses in Sioux City and Mr. Walker's entrepreneur theories won't hold in regard to them."

PROF. STANTON — "You must remember that conditions are not ideal in Sioux City."

PROF. BEYER — "Who will volunteer on this sketch."

DODD — "I think I can draw the picture."

PROF. — "You will notice Mr. Dodd's usual modesty."

STOUT (to girl in Chicago department store) — "Have you any candy pigs?"

PROF. STANTON — "Mr. Blair will you discuss the mortality of the people of different nations?"

BLAIR — "As to morality, the Irish rank lowest."

PRIEM — "The plan was to fall on them at once from all directions."

PROF. CESSNA — "Yes, yes, but what directions."

PRIEM — "Oh! Oh! north, east, west, south."

MISS LARRABEE — (talking to class about arguments on the question of gas lighting) — "Now let everyone do his best and not forget what the question is about."

GAYLORD (suddenly waking up) — "Is that all gas?"

DODD (to a mason, who is laying roof tile) — "Say, a man can lay a whole lot of those in a day, can't he?"

MASON — "Yes, if he is a mind to work. I don't suppose you would lay very many of them though."

PROF. NEVILLE — "Mr. Okey, what result did you get in rating the current meter?"

OKEY — "I haven't worked it out yet."

PROF. N. — "What result did you get, Mr. Blair?"

BLAIR — "The same one Okey did."

PROF. N. — "Well, I see your work checks nicely."

A Side Track, Such as Frequently Occurs in the French Class

Professor Allis seated at desk; class of seven seated in their accustomed widely scattered positions, with one or two exceptions.

Miss S. (aside to Miss J——) — "I don't know a thing about this lesson."

Miss J. — "Then you know more than I do. We'll have to get her talking today. Here's Mr. H——, and if he hasn't it, he will side-track her, and when M—— gets here she'll help. (To Mr. H——, who enters). If you want to help a couple of friends, just turn the current of the dear teacher's thots into channels foreign to French."

Mr. H. — "I'll do my best. I haven't read a word of it."

Prof. A. — "Mr. H——, the review, please."

Mr. H. — "I don't know where it begins."

Prof. A. — "Miss Y——, you can tell him."

Miss Y. — "Page twenty, I think."

Prof. — "Correct; Mr. H——, go on."

Mr. H—— starts, does real well for a while, then remarks: "I don't know what 'vous-etes' means."

Prof. — "Now, Miss J——, you may take it up there."

Miss J. — "I have lost the place."

(Miss Allis smiles, picks up her pencil and seems to think that the ignorance of Miss J—— in regard to the place so rare an occurrence that it deserves memorandum.)

Prof. Allis tells her the place.

Miss J. — "I don't believe I can read it."

Prof. — "All right, we'll take your word for it. Now, Mr. M——, you may continue."

Mr. M. (reading) — "The rich man, accustomed to enjoyment, is more difficult to amuse; he must have time and all the comforts of life to consent to be happy."

Prof. — "How many think that this is so?" Several hands go up. "Miss S——, don't you agree?"

Miss S. — "It seems to me the statement is a little too strong, don't you think so?"

Prof. — "I fear we are getting into a discussion that will lead us off the lesson."

Miss S. (to Miss J——) — "I sincerely hope so."

A half hour's discussion follows.

Prof. — "I think we have spent as much time in discussion as we profitably can. Miss S——, you may read."

Chimes are heard striking.

Prof. — "You need not begin, Miss S——. I hope the recitation period has not been wasted, altho' we have not read much of the lesson."

Miss S. — "I really think, professor, that these discussions are sometimes more profitable than the translation."

Prof. — "I think that is very true. Take six pages in advance, and review yesterday's and today's lessons." Excused.



Crammin'



It was in the ruins of the "Main,"
Whose memories we hold dear,
In a third floor room that fronts the East,
The fall exams were here.
Two boys with Malice in their hearts
And Polit. notes on the brain
Did work a deal on some comrades dear
Who studied that night in vain.

In a very plageristic way,
With Stanty's tho'ts in view;
They wrote an exam with questions hard,
Whose answers no man knew;
And then to a Prof.'s typewriter hied
And printed like Stanty's own,
With "discuss fully," "answer in full,"
Till even he wouldn't have known.

With a "hard luck tale" of a tyrant bold,
Whose exam was most unfair,
They sought some friends and did unfold
The slip and then did swear
That "by all the gods of bloody Rome"
They'd ought to cheat a Prof.
Who'd spring an exam as hard as that,
And try to kill them off.

The first boy opened wide his eyes
And said, "I think you're right;
I'll copy these questions right down now
And work, though it takes all night,
Till I get the answers learned by heart.
We'll fool him at his trick."
He then rushed off to get his book
And work like the very "old nick."

The next boy said, "Not I, my friends,
Before I'd cheat the Prof.,
I'd flunk the stuff and take it over;
So you'd better hurry off."
It was a noble speech he made;
Respect their heads did bend,
Till with an afterthot he said,
"What is it's general trend?"

The third boy wildly seized his text,
And looked for No. 1;
It's absurdity he never saw
As through his head it spun.
With meditation then he said,
"I will not cheat no more,
And I should think you boys would feel
Most awful cheap and sore."

The fourth boy, when they reached his room,
Had just retired to rest,
But when he heard the tale of woe
He crawled out from his nest.
And begged that he might get his pad
And make the exam his own.
He copied them and thanked them as
They left him all alone.

That ere the midnight oil was burned,
In many a weary dive;
And they cursed the Prof. as again they tried,
Their answers to contrive;
Yet praised the boys who'd "put them on,"
Nor tho't they of their sin,
But went to rest a thinking of
The "home that they would win."

When morning dawned and the class had met,
It was distinctly seen
That the chosen few now felt secure
And took their places, all serene.
But what is this that meets their gaze
As they their slips examine;
It was a fake; they wasted time
A crammin' and a crammin'.



The Fable of the Proctor and the Quartet



There was once a crowd of Engineers that went to Chicago when the Ag. team was pulling down the Spoor Trophy along with Big Chunks of the Yellow Metal and Rolls of the Long Green. These Wise Engineers got to thinking that Paine's Celery Compound was the Real Thing

and that it would cure anything from Love-sickness to Spinal Meningitis. So a couple of the Wisest knocked something out of their Heads that they called a Beautiful Ballad and set it up to the tune of the "Doxology." It made a decided Hit with the Waitresses and Policemen in Chicago and the Quartet that had been selected to produce the Noise began to have Visions of Starring the Country at Five Hundred per Night.

One Evening, after they had gotten back to the Metropolis of Learning, they thought a Call on the Proctor would be Strictly in Order. So when the Proctor lets down the bars of his Sanctum Sanctorum, in stalks the Quartet and lines up on one side of the

room. The first Tenor gave his Gang the Pitch and they had just begun to Launch the Song when the Furniture began to be launched in their direction, and each was handed a Chair from a Distance. None of the Injuries proved serious.

MORAL — Don't monkey with a man when he is on duty.





A Local Drama



SCENE I.

Danforth's restaurant. Coye buys a Tom Moore and starts to smoke it.

SCENE II.

He gets on the motor and seeing some girls he wants to talk to, holds the cigar in one of his coat pockets.

SCENE III.

An odor of burning cloth. Tal Lennox and Prof. Meeker tumble as to where the smell comes from and burst into laughter. A few blushes; general confusion. Exit John.

Mr Arthur Woods

Ames

Iowa

*in lease of the college where they cut up
horses and things.*



The Fable of the Fat Boy and the Lawn Mower



Once there was a Fat Boy who wished to be Thin. One day he got weighed and a Friend with him slid one of his No. tens on the Scale. Glad Tidings of Great Joy in the Shape of a fifteen Pound Increase in two weeks gave him Palpitation of the Heart. His Anti-Fat Remedy was shoving a Lawn Mower, which he did on a Double Quick for four hours a day.



After two more weeks he weighed without the No. ten Accompaniment, and the Scale showed a Twenty Pound Loss. He went out on the Campus and yelled, "Hurrah for Hurrah," and told Everybody he met that they could come up to the Room and fill their coffin-nails out of his Tobacco.

MORAL. There is much consolation in a good imagination.



The Fable of the Fake Exam in Polit



Prof. Stanton told his Junior Polit Class that he would shove an Exam at them on Monday on the subject of Distribution and that it would be a Good Place for the Worthy Few whose Indicator pointed on the Wrong Side of the Pass Mark to hike around and scare up some Information that they would be able to sling onto their Little Yellow Pad. Some thought it would be Swell Doings to cut out the Rent, steal the Capital, and make the entrepreneur carry his own Brick up to Fourth Story and make him do the Labor Act for the Benefit of the populace.

All of the Plans Trotted out were on the n. g. Order and Flunks began to loom up on the Economic Horizon. Prof. Blair, though learned

beyond his years, couldn't find anything among Herman's Records about his Proficiency in Polit., so like the rest he received the Topic for his Spiel by the Magic of the Spots on the Paste Boards and shot Hot-Air at the Prof. after the Fashion of Daniel Webster. This Wise Man had a dead stand in with certain members of the Botany Department who could run a typewriter, and he and the Veteran Church-man, who also stacked up on Midway, bunched a lot of questions and had them punched out on the Morphological Typewriter. Bobby (such was he known among his student associates) glided out of his Glad Rags into an Outfit that would make Sherlock Holmes looked like Thirty Cents, and slipped around to see his Pals and tell them how they were sure to get it passed up.

He gave them a Con Talk about how he had invited the Janitor of the Office to have one with him and how he had fixed up a dose of Burgundy that had done the biz. Says he, "Why, fellers, talk about Tings being easy. After he begins to do the Sleeping Act, I swipes his keys and makes my Git-away to the office. Find de right exam? Well I should guess. Dere was a Stack of 'em six inches high, out in plain sight. I got de right Exam, with de right Date and I got a couple of Vets pumping Life into the poor Janitor.



When he quit throwing out these chunks of Wisdom, some of his Pals glauemed on to the Exam and found out how to study systematically. Others put on a Long Face and began to throw out Chaff about "Horrible Practices" and Deceiving our Dear Professor. The Fat Boy with a Glad Smile and a Front Name of one of the characters in Uncle Tom's Cabin said it was a Rank Outrage, but asked what was the general Trend of the Exam. The Little Boy from Sioux City dumped his books out of the Safety Vault which the Gang had sealed with ten-penny nails and started to shoot out a few of Bob Evans' choicest. They all had scruples but curiosity turned their eyes on the Fatal Exam. Poets, scientists and ex-night watchmen did not douse the Glim until about 3 A. M. Next morning News of the Fake was circulated. The Gang took the second course in the Art of Expression and called Quits.

MORAL. — Don't believe everything you see on paper.

Grand Free Exhibition

AT THE MARGARET HALL PLAZA

THE CLASS OF '02

Assisted by the

NOBLE KATNAS

Will appear in a farewell greeting to

Erahas and Sicamakas

Saturday Morning, June 7, 1902, at 8 o'clock sharp.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

By order of

COMMITTEE.



Wise Sayings of Wise People



KRATZ.—“The wheels on the fire wagons in Sioux City run backward when they get to going fast.”

PIELSTICKER.—“Gentlemen, four dollars is the money bid.”

HAWKS.—“There is just as much harm in using ‘Ponies’ in Physics as there is in Mathematics.”

RUBE McCLURE.—“A little moral training doeth a great good.”

MISS B.—“Get in the game, Deak.”

PORTER.—“Say, boy, she’s a perfect dream. Her laugh sounds like bubbles.”

ROBERTS.—“She states that a previous engagement prevents her acceptance, and that leads me to believe that ‘the early bird catches the worm.’”

C. M. PERRIN.—“Try to get your orations in before the next series of holidays.”

GEO. BLANCHE.—“Talk about class baseball games arousing a spirit of rivalry, if you want good wholesome rivalry we ought to arrange a game between the Vets and the Y. M. C. A.”

EFFIE MCKIM.—“Most people try to avoid injuries, but I don’t mind getting Hurt.”

UNKNOWN PREP. GIRL.—“I find that rates are more reasonable down at the Cottage, I think I will room there.”

ARCHIE SCOTT.—“I know that Ebersole and I were out late last night, and that the printer was hunting for Ebersole, and that there was white paint on my knife, and that neither one of us are very good spellers, but that is no reason you should draw hasty conclusions and think that we printed the ’02 and ’04 on the pigs and got out the “Grand Free Exhibition” circulars.”



Questions and Answers



- QUES. 1. Who wrote "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder?"
 2. As a rule, are Seniors much affected by this sentiment?

STAR HALF-BACK.

- ANS. 1. Major Dunphy.
 2. Yes.

- QUES. 1. Where should I go to buy a second-hand military suit?
 2. Is that a joke about English III?

FRESHMAN.

- ANS. 1. See R. D. Wood.
 2. English III is no joke.

- QUES. Where could I get some information about Coon Rapids?

ANON.

- ANS. Write to M. P. Cleghorn.

- QUES. 1. What would be a good thing to keep the boys from tying my door and thus locking me in?

2. Do you think a Junior Civil would be liable to be the culprit?

OLE.

- ANS. 1. See Mr. Kratz; he will have a good method.
 2. No.

- QUES. 1. Who is considered the highest authority on Steam Engine Design?

2. Who has made the largest number of tests with freight trains?

MECHANIC.

- ANS. 1. John Brhel, Jr.
 2. Bugs Ebersole.

- QUES. What is the origin of the word "Genevieve"?

- ANS. A full history of this and eighty-seven other proper names can be found in Bow Minert's Word Analysis.

- QUES. 1. Should a young man josh the librarian?

2. Would you consider it all right for a homely man to play football?

THROCK.

- ANS. 1. It is very proper but should not be done incessantly.
 2. Yes; he runs no risk of making his face any worse.

- QUES. What is the best remedy for those sinking spells that come on when you see the little girl eating oysters that some other fellow is paying for?

- ANS. Hood's Sarsaparilla may help you.

DINGLE.



Did You Know That



Things are never dead around here ; something is always going on.
The Vets begin to raise whiskers when they begin to look up a location.

It is a good plan to get upon the firing line when you are taking Analyt and Kalk.

Some people get 2:80 in chemistry.

With the Engineers, English V and VI run through the Sophomore, Junior and Senior years, and with the Ags., Trig runs through all four years.

The water soaked out of the artificial ice pond.

The football team wins a game once in a while.



A couple of students while at the Live Stock Show in Chicago stole a beer sign.

A few of the more curious went around to 91 to take a look at a pre-historic lighting utensil that was found by a Geological party.

Sandy Beisell tried a place-kick on what he thought was an empty box, but he was unable to get good distance because there were several bricks in it.

Major Dunphy stops off at Ames occasionally.

McCorkindale was reported to have a pair of shoes in his room that were very much sought after.



A couple of janitors furnished a little excitement one morning by an argument over the aforementioned shoes.

Deak Elder thinks that good music is not always appreciated.

Sol Elliott and Jay Gould are always ready to help their friends out of a hole.

Cowbell Alley furnishes its share of excitement.

The boys at the Quarters get a lot of good exercise hauling up wood.

The window at the Motor Depot has not been used for two or three terms.



The noise at the dining hall is a thing of the past.

Doc Harriman's signature was much sought after at the beginning of the spring term.

The E. E. Profs. try to make things as pleasant as possible for the girls the afternoon they work Phys. Lab.

Scholtz found out that the report that the little girl had settled down for life was untrue.

Benny was a few hours late getting to Marshalltown one night. He reports a pleasant time at Ontario, however.

Overholser studies each play carefully in whist.

John Coye had a far-away look in his eye last term.

Archie Scott is soon to write a book on "The Efficiency and Convenience of the Mail Service."

Bill Brock says things when a prep takes him for Doc Harriman.

Pielsticker is prejudiced against the telephone.

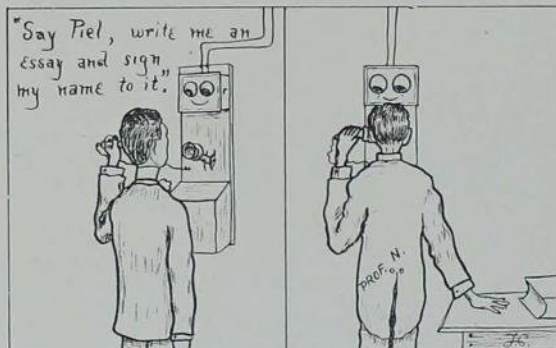
You want to watch for the next proclamation of King Waddle "The Good."

Deak went down the hall one day muttering something about he could lick the mick that stole those bricks

The boys helped Kratz pack up before he was ready to go home.

Prof. Spinney and Miss W—— made a pleasant call at Story City? ? ? Ha! Ha!

The Humorous department has grown serious of late.





Another Local Drama



SCENE I.—MOTOR PLATFORM.

An elderly gentleman, evidently a member of the G. A. R., addresses a young friend: " Bless me if here is not my neighbor's son, Tom White."

WHITE.—" Mr. Hamstring, I am indeed glad to see thee."

MR. HAMSTRING.—" Can thee tell me why my son Edward meeteth me not at the train this evening? 'Tis now two days since I wrote him."

WHITE.—" I know of no reason unless he did not receive thy letter. Our mail service here is very poor and letters are sometimes pigeon-holed for a whole week. Perchance Bill—I mean Edward—has not yet received it.

SCENE II.—SAME PLACE, TWO MINUTES LATER.

WHITE.—" Snyder, go tell Charlie Holstein, Bill's room-mate, that some story must be invented because Bill's parent is here and craves to see his son."

SCENE III.—CHARLIE HOLSTEIN'S ROOM AT THE BAKER CLUB HOUSE

WHITE.—" Mr. Hamstring, this is Charlie Holstein, Edward's room-mate."

MR. HAMSTRING.—" I am glad to make thy acquaintance. Edward will, I suppose, be here by meal time."

WHITE (aside to Holstein)—" Bill is off for a good time as a member of the Tourists' Union, is he not?"

HOLSTEIN (to White)—" Yes; but my fairy tale is all ready." (Turning to Mr. Hamstring) " It is indeed too bad that Edward did not receive thy letter before he left, but he and three of his classmates are today testing an electric light plant at Marshalltown."

MR. HAMSTRING.—" Let's see, did he not test a plant at Marshalltown once before this term?"

HOLSTEIN.—" Methinks he must have written you about a very important test that he made upon the plant at Boone."

MR. HAMSTRING.—" Boone, Boone, yes, that's the name. Two tests in one term—that seems like a great deal, but I suppose that the practical work is very essential, is, in fact, just what you need."

HOLSTEIN.—" Thou hast spoken rightly. The theory doeth great good, but we must need know the practical before we can earn our pittance in the profession."

MR. HAMSTRING.—" It brings joy to my heart to know that Edward is growing practical. I am sorry not to have seen him, but tell him to come down to the 10:30 train Friday morning as I will then be returning home. Farewell, gentlemen, farewell."

SCENE IV.

Business meeting of the Ancient Order of Colossal Fabricators. Election of officers; Charlie Holstein chosen for president; no opposition

The Fable of the Sophomore Chief and His Thirty Braves

There was Once some Freshman boys who longed to do the Society Stunt. They figured that a good way to get some Preliminary Practice would be to have a Strictly Freshman Banquet with nobody there but their own dear Selves and their light-hearted Freshman Guineas. And so it Happened that one Night after Chapel, the Whole Freshman Class met together. They discussed their own importance for a Little While, and then the Main Spieler told them that if they Really wanted to make a name like Ward McAllister, they would have to begin Trotting to Banquets. The Class saw wisdom in his Words and unanimously voted to Break into Society by the Pathway suggested by the Main Spieler. So they appointed a Grub committee and one on entertainment and Preparations for the big Event went on.

As soon as it became Generally known that there was going to be Something doing on the following Friday night, some of the Sophomore Braves figured that it was their Duty to help the entertainment as much as possible. Thirty of the more Daring Braves met together one evening and discussed Ways and Means of making the Freshman Banquet a Minus Quantity. They finally concluded that the Proper Way would be to hire a couple of Rigs, so that they could swipe Archie, Mike, and Long Greene and take them on a visit to their Country Friends. They counted on the Sophomore Inmates of Margaret Hall being able to do enough Swiping of Wearing Apparel to force the Fair Freshman Damsels to appear in large Sun Bonnets and Red Calico Tailor Mades. If all of these plans failed, they were to cut the electric light Wires, dampen the freshman Enthusiasm, with a Stream of water from the Fire-hose, scatter Red Pepper Broadcast, and loosen up the H₂S Generator.

Amid all the Solemnity of the Occasion, an ex-chief who was good on telling Long-Winded Stories around the Camp Fires, arose and he with his Thirty Immortals vowed that if they failed to break up the Little Gathering, they would throw their Belongings into a Grip and hike Home and tell Pa they believed they would work on the Farm this Year.

The Morning of the Banquet, "Archie," the High Mogul of the Freshmen, received a telegram from a Friend saying that he was starting for Honolulu and would be gone Thirty-Five Years. He would Pass through Ames at 10 A. M. and would like to see his old Pal Archie once more. He swallowed the Bait, but took along a guard of four Homely Looking Creatures who got their Rep chasing the Pig Skin when the autumn leaves were falling.

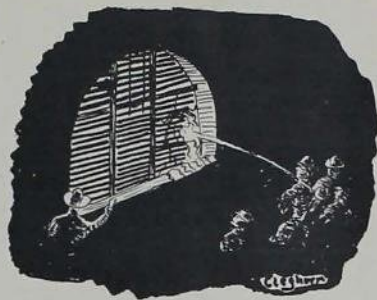


When it came to the Show down, and he Wily Sophomores tried to load him in their Rig, they found that Brute Strength was to their Science what a Five Card Flush is to a pair of Deuces. In the Struggle to capture Long Greene, nothing was injured except his suspenders, but Mike, "Sweet Singer Mike," was captured and Taken to Nevada to fill an engagement at the Bowling Alley in the Afternoon. The Nevada Entertainment was scarcely started, when a crowd of Freshmen rolled in, and claimed Mike was jumping a contract to sing at Ames, and that it was up to him to climb in and ride back with them. The manager of the Nevada Entertainment offered Inducements to the Amount of Four Dollars, but they were indignantly refused.

In the evening, the Freshmen began to do the Banquet Stunt. They told the ladies what a Pleasurable Anticipation the Banquet had been to them and what a lovely Time they were having now. This sort of Con Talk was cut short when the lights were cut out. Water was turned into the Banquet Hall but was turned off before any Shines were spoiled. The fair Maidens hurried to their Rooms and brought down a few of those cute, little $\frac{3}{4}$ candle power Lamps. Archie and another Boy called Sammy told the crowd that everything was over except the Banquet, which was to continue a While Longer.

The Sophomore Chief and his Thirty Braves felt bound to keep their Vow and began to take their Pictures down. The Student Body rose en masse and said, "True Bravery must be rewarded, not Humbled." And when they saw that the Whole Push wanted them to stay they stayed.

MORAL. — Never let a good man go, when you can persuade him to stay.





F. F. F.



(Formerly Independent Order of Kalk Phiends.)

MOTTO: Unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of calculus.

Roll made up of six Juniors, six Sophomores, besides the honorary members.

Officers

| | |
|---|-----------------------|
| Chief Gunner on Firing Line | EVA ANDREWS |
| Dean of Department of Strong Language | CLAY PIPE BUTLER |
| Chief Equation Slinger | BINGO BENNETT |
| Integral Beauty | BOB BLAIR |
| Master Mephistopheles | DEAK ELDER |
| Deferential Divinity | REV. F. HERBERT MARSH |

New Members

Bill
Larry

Ellen
Brunt

Jordan
Tommy

Honorary Members

Sammy

Prexy

Prof. Pat



One of Our Young Societies



We the undersigned hereby agree —

1. To be called the Amalgamated Association of Botanical Demons.
2. To have a high and lofty purpose, that is —
 - (a). To flag class at least once a week.
 - (b). To see that the members of the Cryptogamic Botany class enjoy themselves.
 - (c). To mutually aid each other in laboratory work.
3. To be satisfied with any grade above 3.00.

Tommy Athine

Jane Jones

Matildy Smith

Josannah Breesly

Maria Huckleberry

Billy Bullfrogasen

Billy Jobberson

H. O. Tellier

Wayne Dinsmore

Horbilaceal Albaceal Ronunculaceal

Hans Anderson

Cassandra Dennis

Samantha Allen

Erastus Aulfilas

Shorty

Wheezy Wheeler

Willie Wilson

D. W. Eiler

Jessie James



Anarchy Club



Organized during the fall of '01 for the purpose of showing the world that all government is useless. Made a hit right in the start; exploded three dynamite bombs that shook the foundation of Prexy's chicken house, and made the Parker House rock back and forth like a suspended hammock, and that made the night watchman and the Proctor rush down to the office to see if Herman Knapp's safe was being blown up. Holds stormy sessions in which the business methods of Pierpont Morgan and Dave Ives are indignantly condemned. They are capable of acting as well as talking and some day hope to succeed in blowing up the rain-gauge back of Ag. Hall.

Officers

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------|
| Chief Haranguer | BUGS EBERSOLE |
| Waver of the Bloody Shirt | C. A. HOBEIN |
| Inspector of Dynamite | GUY GEARHART |
| Fuse Lighter | BILL SPALDING |



Weinerwurst Club



MOTTO: We live to eat.

YELL: Weeny, Weeny, Weeny,
Wurst, wurst, wurst,
Weinerwurst, weinerwurst,
Wurst, wurst, wurst.

Officers

| | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|----------------|
| Commissary General | PEG SCHOLTY | Babe Stevens |
| Minister of Finance | D. C. PECK | |
| Pure Food Commissioner | ROSS BRISTOL | |
| Toastmaster | HARRY BIRCHBARK McCLURE | |
| Chief of Police | OTTO STARZINGER | |
| Reporter | TOM RANNEY | Several Smiths |
| Musical Director | TUB WILLIAMS | |

Members

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------|
| Dick Reinicke | Jack Horner |
| Frank Elwell | Jiggers Moreland |
| Jack Frost | |
| Yank Bremner | Doc Shealy |
| George Blanche | |
| Jimmy Burrows | John Coye |
| Honorary Member, Prof. Pammel. | |

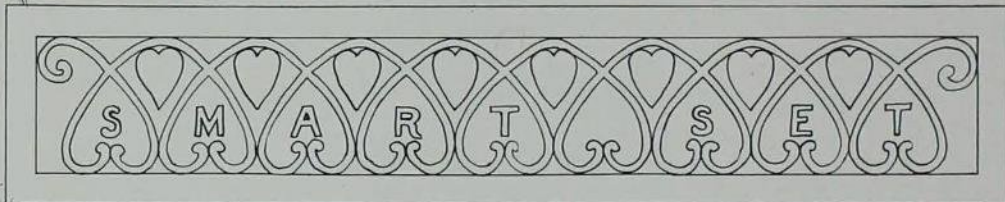
In order to be a member in good standing one must be thoroughly conversant in the history and derivation of the word, "Weinerwurst," and must have an enormous appetite and be a faithful follower of Terpsichore. All members are required to take Public Speaking.

MOTTO: — We Set the Pace.

EMBLEM: — The Smart Weed.

Officers

| | | |
|---|---|-------------------|
| Leaders of the Grand March | { | KATHERINE DICKENS |
| | { | TOMMY GIDLEY |
| Custodian of Foreign Noblemen | | EDITH STEVENS |
| Chancellor of the Exchequer | | F. HERBERT MARSH |
| Chief Inspector of Pedigrees | | MIKE ANTHONY |
| Lord High Executioner | | R. A. BLAIR |
| Chaperone | | MRS. KILBOURNE |



Instructors

| | |
|---|--------------------------|
| Corrector of Essays | WEARY WALTER HENDRIX |
| Dean of Department of Oratory | ETHELDA MORRISON |
| Professor of Music and Instructor on Tin Horn | ROSSWELL JACOB McCLELLAN |
| Instructor in Posing | REINE WELLS |
| Professor in Etiquette | IRA WINSOME JONES |

All instructors are regular members and serve without pay. The object of the organization is to instruct its members in the social arts



PREAMBLE : We believe in the free and unlimited use of the other fellow's tobacco.

PASSWORD : What's the matter with Duke's Mixture.

YELL : Cob pipe, clay pipe, Climax, Star,
 What's the matter with Jolly Tar.
 Hip ha, rip rah, rub a dub dub,
 We'uns are the Nicotine Club.

Officers

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------|
| Main Spieler | HANK STREETER |
| High Mogul | MOXIE CURTISS |
| Gallant Knight | C. G. MARTIN |
| Most Noble Moocher | AMMIE BENNETT |
| Slinger of Hot Air | SANDY BEISELL |
| Office Boy | BOBBY MOFFATT |
| Chief Liar | OLE LARSON |

SENTIMENT : You must keep the Golden Rule and mooch tobacco while at school.

A View of a Cross Section from a Bacteriology Class

Prof. Pammel comes in late and between pauses for breath commences roll call. Mr. H—— does not respond. "Is Mr. H—— ill?"

Mr. C.—"No, he is sick."

Mr. Pammel takes up about ten minutes in an *instructive* discussion of the difference between ill and sick. "Now, Mr. B——, you may tell us where the lesson is?"

Mr. B.—"Really, professor, I wasn't here last week and don't know."

Mr. W.—"We took Bacillus Diphtheræ."

Mr. G.—"We didn't either. I studied Bacillus Mallei."

PROF. P.—"Miss McK——, you may tell us where the lesson is."

Miss McK.—"I studied Bacillus Typhosus."

PROF. P.—"How long did you say you studied?"

A smile is seen on every face as she replies, "two hours."

PROF. P.—"Now, Mr. D——, you may tell us about the Bacillus Typhosus."

Mr. D.—"It produces typhoid fever."

PROF. P.—"And what is the Widal test?"

Mr. D.—"You take some of the germ and stain it with methylene blue and it colors blue."

PROF. P.—"Guess that is the D—— test. Now, Mr. H——, what is the Widal test?"

Another random guess.

PROF. P.—"No that is the N—— test. Now Mr., N——, you tell us, and if you don't know, Miss S—— will tell you."

Mr. H—— commences to reply.

Prof. Pammel, noticing that Mr. V—— looks very uncomfortable and frightened, with his hair "standing on ends," suggests that he change his seat. But in sitting down in the next seat Mr. V—— meets with the point of a pin and almost wishes he hadn't moved.

PROF. P.—"Mr. R——, how is Bacillus Typhosus distinguished from Bacillus Coli Communis?"

Mr. R.—"I know, professor, but the motor has whistled."

PROF. P.—"Thank you."

CLASS—"Good bluff."



C. E. Summer Camp



Banks of Des Moines River, Four Miles from Luther, Eight Miles from Boone.

(Notes from the Diary of C. Hank Streeter, Chief Engineer.)

June 6th — Left Ames at 8 A. M. Had a long weary trip over here on a Studebaker wagon. Got the tents up all right, but Dodd, Morris, Prof. M. and myself were as hungry as bears tonight.

June 7th — Rest of crowd got here from Ames today. Awful noisy; all big eaters. Everybody adjusting instruments today. Freshmen begin to look wise and volunteer information on important points; Sophomores worked diligently, Juniors somewhat lazy.

June 8th, Sunday — A day of rest, but still one of worry. Hendrix was around early and made a kick because our commissary general, Rube McClure, ordered Duke's Mixture instead of a better brand. Rube defended his purchase on the ground that it would be a good moral training to smoke a cheap brand for two weeks. The boys sent to Boone after some — today. I don't mind their having a time, but I'm afraid they won't feel like working tomorrow.

June 9th — That boy Moxie Curtiss is irrepresible. He's bound to make a mark in the world. I even hope to see him Proctor of the Main some day. This morning he claimed that his "optical axis"

had fallen in the sand and that his Freshmen had gotten the "line of collimation" tangled up in the bushes. Tonight when he got back with his stadia party, he had drawn in about four square miles of scenery. Prof. M. complimented him on his speed, but suggested that the country might look slightly different from the way it was indicated by his contours.

June 10th — Rain.

June 11th — Rain, rain.

June 12th — Alphabet Chattin and Bobby Moffitt have been running precise levels. Chattin calls Bobby "his boy" and Bobby calls Chattin "his man." I overheard the following conversation today as they were leveling down a hill:

Chattin — "Say, boy, I can't get you now my machine is too low."

Bobbie — "Can't you raise it a little with the leveling screws?"

Chattin — "No; drive the d—n stake down an inch."

June 14th — Old farmer got sore at Evinger for whistling when his wife was around. He said he wasn't going to let any kid flirt with his wife.

June 16th — I was horrified to find that a man with as much real ability as Dodd has, recorded his monuments with their reference trees by magnetic bearing instead of by azimuths. If it wasn't for this error his work would have been perfect, because his descriptions were excellent. His best description was something like this: "The exact spot is indicated by a cross cut by a chisel made by Eddie Boutelle in a limestone, which while not absolutely, may for all practical purposes be called a parallelepipedon, the dimensions of which are 18 inches by 12 inches by 9 inches. Two reference trees — 41 ft. 38° N. by E.

to a cherry tree 4½ inches in diameter. 29 ft. 72° S. by W. to a weeping willow tree 3¼ inches in diameter."

June 18th — Worked hard today.

June 20th — Breaking camp today. Prof. C. W. J., with his usual spark of humor, brought his boots to my office this morning. There was a card attached, "Willing and bequeathing to Mr. C. Hank Streeter, with clear title, all parts of a certain pair of boots." Well, we've given our friends the glad hand and are bound for home.

June 16th — C. Hank Streeter, chief engineer, celebrated.





L I T E R A R Y



Old Main Building



To write the history of a remarkable era is to write the history of a great man. To write the history of our college is to write the history of Old Main Building. Old Main Building is the cradle in which have been nurtured all the cherished hopes and plans for the advance and development of Iowa State College, and well has it performed its part.

On March 22, 1858, an act providing for the establishment of a State Agricultural College and Model Farm, which should be connected with the entire agricultural interests of the state passed the legislature of Iowa by a large majority. And, consistent with our American policy of development, the Farm house was erected first. But time is a most important factor in the germination and development of any growing thing, so for several years our State Agricultural College and Model Farm was in the germination stage as an Experiment Station.

During this stage our nation passed through the crisis which determined once for all that union not dissolution should prevail in our national affairs. In the summer of 1864, the year following the publication of the Emancipation Proclamation, by which a race, still in darkness, was freed from the terrible bondage of slavery, the foundation of Old Main Building was begun. As there is a tide in the affairs of men and nations that shapes their destinies so there is a tide that shapes the destiny of a building, and Old Main Building felt that tide. The defects in the foundation laid that summer were, for her, the flood and not the ebbing tide, for a new architect was engaged and the original plans so changed that the completed structure was much more adequate to the needs of an institution destined to grow.

Main Building, completed in the fall of 1868, was formally dedicated March 18, 1869, to the cause of the new education — the education of the mind to conceive, the heart to feel and encourage, the hand to do, "science with practice."

As Governor Merrill delivered the charter and seal of the college to President Welch, he said: "The hopes and good wishes of the people of the state are centered on you, eager for your success. Your connection with this institution dates from its opening chapters, and its policy is yours to originate, shape and establish, with no errors of the past to redeem by the success of the future. Here, then, let the utility of scientific labor be demonstrated. From this institution let there go forth in annual procession a line of educated, intelligent men and women trained in the secrets of Nature which underlie their profession, and filled with earnest enthusiasm for their work."

When President Welch received the keys which unlocked her doors he and Main Building became partners in a grand cause, the education and protection of the sons and daughters of the beautiful state of Iowa. This was for them the opening chapter of the history of an

Institution which shall live as long as liberty, law, and education are the watchwords of our nation. Proudly they entered upon their work, the one as educator, friend and teacher, leading the way to the mysteries which Nature discloses only to those who become her lovers; the other a shelter, protection from the elements, a confidante of youthful hopes and fears, follies and aspirations. Although meagerly equipped, these partners bravely began their duties and one by one took up and disposed of the difficulties which confronted them.

In obedience to the precept of the old philosopher to "Explore Thyself," young men and women filled with that spirit of unrest characteristic of an ambitious and progressive people, came from the broad and fertile prairies of Iowa to make their home in Main Building that for four years they might feel the influence that emanates from college walls and gather fruits from the lowest to the topmost branches of the tree of knowledge cultivated in the college garden. It is true a few have had, and some still have, the bitter though chastening experience of gathering the fruits which are "the windfalls of an unripe experience."

After a few years, Old Main Building felt twinges of growing pains, premonitions of a new growth, and in 1871 and 1872 her wings appeared. These additions to her body corporeal not only lent strength and dignity to her position, but brought "heaven" so near that many youths with high aspirations have reached it climbing the ladder "round by round." These additions also furnished new territory for exploitation by air-line companies who sought concessions from lower windows. Transportation over these lines was usually very rapid and as the rates were low they afforded a valuable means of communication, bringing the upper and lower regions of the Main into close sympathy with each other.

For a few years an atmosphere of peace and work settled over Main Building, then came a period of change, of rapid growth and development. President Welch went to receive the reward of a work well done. Dr. Beardshear came to take his place and be first in the hearts of his students. The curriculum was enlarged, and several new buildings were erected to meet the growing needs. Main Building began to feel her limitations. Her walls became all too narrow and reluctantly she saw the chapel and library go to Morrill Hall. Then she clung closer to her boys and girls, but Margaret Hall was soon finished and she parted with her girls forever. They went, not even to return at meal time, for they had taken the Dining Hall with them. She had no time to cherish her grief, however, for her heart was filled brimful by the demands made upon it by the boys who had come to fill the rooms left vacant by the girls. Only occasionally was a pensive sigh heard as she thought of the good times they "used to have."

Ah, Old Main, if walls were but gifted with tongues, what wonderful tales you might relate of what your ears had heard or your eyes had seen. You could tell of frolics and midnight revels, where youths in blissful fright sat eating cake and pickles by a very dim light; stories of sheeted ghosts who walked your halls at the midnight hour; boys and girls who wearisomely toiled at Polit, Analyt or Kalk, and some who didn't, all hoping to make, according to aspiration, a four or "a pass."

Dear Old Main, every year for thirty years you have sent into the world your gift of human life, intelligence and love from the hundreds of young men and women who have annually sought your halls in search of Truth and Duty. From your doors have gone statesmen and teachers, mechanics and agriculturists, noble minded men and women fitted to enjoy the duties as well as the beauties of life ; men and women of sympathy, knowledge, ability, having an earnest desire to do their share of the world's work.

In your first gift, the class of 1872, the world received twenty-six earnest, hopeful, helpful men and women, one of whom is our own beloved Professor Stanton, who has so patiently taught us all the way from negative to positive infinity, and so cheerfully guided us through the problems presented by land, labor and capital. Another is our kind and genial Dr. Cessna, who takes us from the genesis to the revelation of civilization. Twelve others fill various walks of life, but all are a credit to their alma mater. Twelve with eyes of love look upon us from above and as visiting angels their spirits will come to view their old home till the walls shall crumble to ruins.

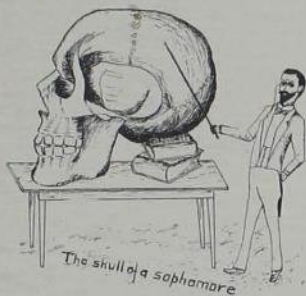
Old Main Building. There she stands today, the half of her gone down, shorn of her strength, her might, her power, her remaining walls blackened and grimed with smoke, scarred by time and blows and fire, pathetic reminder of the time when she, the central figure of our campus, was a beautiful building whose towers majestically pointed skyward, appealing to each youth on whom she looked to "Look up, lift up." Noble old building, our hearts go out to you in sympathy and love. You have felt the glow of a vast, warm heart in whose affection there was always room for one more "young friend." You have felt the thrill of every emotion that has throbbled and pulsated through the human heart. You have felt the despair of failure, the joy and exhilaration of success, and the calm delight which comes from the knowledge of a work well done, You have thrilled with the echoes of "Thrice welcome," "A word to the wise" and "Be a man."

It is the law of Nature that all things shall wear out, even wood and stone ; yet it is with sadness we see the walls of Old Main Building crumbling to ruin. But the law of creation is as inevitable as the law of decay, and may the New Main Building be a " Hall to Truth and Learning " given.

Pledged to the Right before all earth and Heaven,
A free arena for the strife of mind,
To caste, or sect, or color unconfined ;
May she thrill with the echoes which have resounded from Old Main
Building which will ever live in hallowed memories.



The Ogre's Story



Yes, I am the ogre or goblin or anything else you wish to call me. I can change into any shape which pleases my fancy, therefore I change into many fanciful shapes. The other day I changed into a can of baking powder and the cooking class used me to make light biscuits. Of course I had a jolly time. I flew around like fun — made the girls so lightheaded that they all felt quite faint. One black eyed girl had to hold her hair on for it tried to float around the room just like a balloon. I made those biscuits rise until the instructor asked the girls what new form of experiment they were performing. "Gee whiz," thought I, "is that what they do here all the time?" Well, it was lovely until I was mixed up, but when those poor biscuits were placed in the oven the temperature became too high for my spirits, so I let it drop a little. It was too late, however, for my spirits fell and of course the biscuits went down an inch or two.

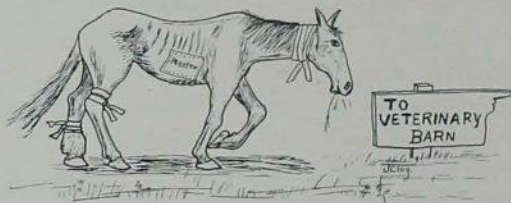
That was awful, so I came clear out and when those experiments were baked they looked like a purse after a trip to Boone.

Then I changed into thin vapor and flew out of the room down to the shops. I made a fellow at the forge drop a red hot iron on his toe by whistling at him through the window. When he came out I gave a goblin laugh and ran up to the drawing room. I saw a fellow there who didn't keep the cork in his ink-bottle so I ran into the bottle to hide. When he tried to use me for ink, I wouldn't dry up — 't isn't my nature to keep quiet. Well, he was unkind enough to lay his T-square right on top of me, and in trying to creep out I got lost and just wandered around everywhere. My! but I was glad when he let me out. He talked real nice about me, too, though I didn't understand all the big words he used.

This was not so jolly as my former experience, so I jumped into a milkman's cart which was going toward the creamery. I climbed into a can of milk and before long was poured through a long trough into a machine which whirled around so rapidly that it made me dizzy. I climbed out of it at once and ran down into a cream vat with a lot of cream. Several fellows were standing around in white suits and I soon saw that if I didn't want to be dashed into a little pat like one who was standing there, it would be wise to get out of there. Just as I was about to leave, I glanced into the cheese room and the thought occurred to me: "Why not be a whole cheese." It was so simple that I at once decided to do so. Walking into the room I changed into a big grass-hopper — bigger than the kinds which grow in Kansas — and then I took a big kick at an

ill-natured looking cheese. He flew into a rage at once and of course that ended him for he fell into such small pieces that they quickly dried up into thin flakes and a passing breeze blew him out doors. Well, I took his place and also his form. The other cheese declared I was a Freshie and of course green, but I told them I would be as strong as any of them in a week. It was a long wait and so while the boys thought they had us all turned over and locked up securely I ran away one night to see how those baking powder girls were getting along. To my surprise they were all out of sorts and I heard one of them tell her room mate that the boys who had helped eat those biscuits were sick too. I'm quite sure it was the larup they ate with them and not the biscuits alone. Of course, though, they must have required plenty of sweetening. Well, I went back, but on my way met some boys and put the idea into their heads of visiting a near-by melon patch. They were real nice boys and hesitated so long that I was just in the nick of time to climb back into my place when a man came in to buy a cheese and I was selected. He put me into his wagon and on his way home took a bite because he felt hungry. I was so strong that he immediately dumped me out to walk, at the same time passing a compliment on the cheese maker. It was great fun! I ran along behind the wagon, pushing a little, and we soon reached his home. He thought he'd better tie me up, but his wife laughed so heartily at him that he put me into the ice box and fastened down the lid. That night on the table I listened to him and the hired man talking about lying in wait to catch some melon thieves. I agreed with them until I heard one of the girls remark that it was probably some of the college boys who were so fond of melons. That made me feel so conscience-smitten that my spirits became quite heavy and when, after the old musket had been charged with beans, both men felt suddenly indisposed and remarked that they didn't think that new cheese was good for them. I agreed and felt that I had been about as badly abused as possible too. My strength availed me nothing and I had been so carved and mutilated that I could hardly change my form. They threw me out doors and I managed to change into a horse. Not like the ones you delight to admire and ride behind, for I was a fit subject for the veterinary hospital.

That's what the fellow thought who found me next morning for he brought me back to the Vet. barn and all the boys took a grin and looked at me. A big fellow who looked like a football man said, "He's got a Charlie horse;" but another fellow taller than he said, "Oh, no, he's just run in the pasture and over the roads until he's about run down and some farmer has passed him up. I looked gratefully up into his face, for he was a tall fellow, and wondered what "passing up" meant when applied to horses. A little fellow remarked that I must have been a stylish



horse one day, but another swell guy just stood off and said, "Well, well, well!" "How many did you say?" asked his chum, with a mischievous look. They all burst out laughing and then some one said, "Come on, fellows, let's eat something." They were soon eating as ravenously as the biscuit girls, and, limping up a little nearer, I saw that course one was watermelons and number two was muskmelons. That tickled me so that I laughed right out, and, lying down, I just laughed myself into little pieces, which the boys afterwards dissected still further.

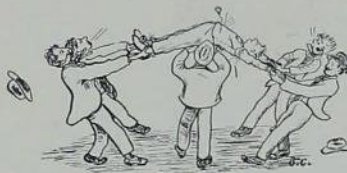
Part of me is buried now, the rest will be in a few days or months. Until then I shall enjoy myself strolling around the campus watching

THE CHUMMERS CHUM.





The Freshie



I am only a little insignificant Freshie, but I've had enough experiences to make those of Jules Verne seem tame indeed. My Maternal Ma made me a new suit of Knickerbockers, and my Paternal Pa sent me to college to get an education. When I came here I wanted to take both mining engineering and electric lighting, but the president said one course was enough for me, so I went down to interview the professor of Animal Husbandry. He instructed me fully on how to join the Y. M. C. A. and the Agricultural Club, but said I would have to make a deposit before I could classify. I forgot to ask where till after I had come out, but seeing a studious-looking student passing by I asked him. He handed me a card and gave some further instructions, but gave a grinning grin meanwhile.

Now, some people call me a sorghum and maybe I am, but there is so little of the genuine article here I can't remember how it looks. I followed directions anyhow and went over to see the teacher about joining the cooking class, but a tall lady came to me and very kindly said that only girls were admitted. I told her the boy had directed me there, but she said he was joshing. That's my Uncle. I got right out of there and on my way from the building stepped into an office where a lady was busily lecturing some rather mischievous looking girls. They all looked rather queerly at me and I didn't know whether to retreat or not. When I hesitated they began to giggle. That made me brave, for Hulda Hopkinson used to giggle always when she was very much pleased about something. Well, I walked right up to the desk and showed my card upon which was written: "This entitles Mr. Billings to all the privileges of Margaret Hall when properly signed below." The lady looked sorry and asked what privileges I desired. Her manner was quite kind, but I heard another laugh brewing among the girls, so I said, "All of them, but the right to get out of here at once will be prized above all others." She said that would be the easiest of all to grant, so I scooted.

Well, I joined seven or eight organizations, including the Student Staff, Funnel Gang, Bomb Board and two literary societies. If my membership in all of them was worth a bag of peanuts I'd think myself making a lucky trade. I'll take less than half a bag for my place on the Bomb Board, for the editor is going to murder me. I know. That's why I am making this confession. My last word is one of caution to new students: "Don't take a Junior's word for anything, for verily they are awful sinners."



The Swell Guy at I. S. C.



Once upon a time there came a swell guy to I. S. C. with his crainial extremity abnormally monstrosified. His old man had plenty of "dough" and this guy knew it and delighted to show the other guys that he was right there with the goods. So he paid his laundry bills with V's and "bucks," and flashed checks at "Hank" every time he went down town to buy "smokin." This was intended to show the other guys what it meant to be a dead game sport.

John Franklin gave him a dive on "Paradise." The guy he dived with was of the type generally designated as a "Rube" by such as our swell guy who, by the way, was always called James by his fond Mamma. That is the Father's Wife's Husband of the guy with whom James "stacked up" was a hayseed, and his (James') room mate's previous existence had been spent in cutting corn in a shocking manner and stacking "fall plowin." Then he was taking the "Ag." course, went to "score card" twice a week and received his mail addressed I. A. C., which further minimized his claims to respectability in James' mind.

James was taking the Civil Engineering Course and taking special work along the lines of "Bumology" and "Campus Labs." He began to eat with Cavell and before long became an inveterate user of "larup." He also developed into a good shot with a baked potato, having the record of "smashing" the proctor and three other guys during one session, while he could throw as much bread as the next one.

Studying was against his principles. It was one bad habit which he never acquired. His room mate had it bad though, for he spent every evening from 7:00 till 10:30 studying his "botany" and "live stock." James, however, preferred "Snipes of Duke's Mixture" in the "dive" of one of his "pals" or a volume of "Frank Merriwell."



The swell guy had a fine stand in with the English department. He was a smooth looker, a good grafter and a clever spieler, then also he always spieled and asked questions in class. Writing essays was hard upon his constitution, but then there was another guy on "Paradise," who would write all the A1's he wanted for two bits apiece. So he always had A1 on his essays.

Mathematics was too rich for his blood so he always "flagged" as much as possible and fought shy of Trig. and Solid.

He "passed up" all his "stretching" when he was a Prep., and was ever ready to see that the new Preps., who came in late, received a royal welcome. After "lights out" he amused himself by rolling barrels of tin cans down the back stairs, making tours to orchards and melon patches near the campus, or yelling down the corridor through his Megaphone. All these things had to be done without the knowledge of the proctor, but then that only made things more spicy and interesting.

Everything went well until time came for exams. James flunked most of them and did not try the others, but then that is all in a lifetime and you can't expect to be a sport without flunking. When it came time to go home he returned to his fond parents like a conquering hero and many were the stories of I. S. C. he had to tell the "guys" in his town. About the middle of vacation his father received a letter from "Prexie" stating that his son's presence was no longer required or expected at I. S. C. Thenceforth James told the "guys" in town that he considered the equipment of the college and the calibre of the profs. entirely inadequate to the task of looking after his mental development.

MORAL. — If in this world you wish to win,
And rise above the common chump,
Take off your coat and pitch right in ;
Don't wait — lay hold — hang on and hump!

The Flunkers' War Cry

Will we be here ?
Well I should smile !
We'll be here
For a long, long while !





Stages of Metamorphosis



Freshmen



Once there was a Freshman green,
So very brilliant was his sheen
That his class mates oft times would smile
And say, "He's straight from the 'Emerald Isle.'"
For he would study — now this is straight —
He doubled to better a "3:98."
His Profs just smiled a knowing smile,
And said: "It'll be only a little while
Till he's as smart as any Soph.
And do nothing but 'chum,' 'flag' and 'work' the Prof."

Likewise a maiden quite sedate,
Who never came to classes late
And always answered the roll by "all,"
Was passing one morning through the hall,
When this awkward Freshman with the shaggy hair,
Was passing with rather hurried air
In the self same way as the maiden fair.
Said she: "Mr. Green, how do you do?"
Said he: "Fair to middlin'; how be you?"
And this is the way these Freshmen met.
They talked about lessons hard to get.
That is all — they were only Freshmen yet.





Stages of Metamorphosis



Sophomores



A pretty maid with a troubled brow,
Sat in the window and wondered how
To figure out those dreadful curves,
Which duty, the teacher said, was her's.
She had an engagement that night to chum,
But knew she ought not away to run
Out on the campus. Where Prexie could see
Just as plain. And X. B. G.

Had never been solved to find how B
Could never be seen. While X and G
Were always found when they'd rather not be.
A young fellow who should have been studying "Kalk,"
Came to chapel that night just for a walk.
She was there! "Why of course.
And they did not return
Till too late. But then they would soon learn.

EREHAS





Stages of Metamorphosis



Juniors

A Junior girl, quite fair and tall,
Invested in racket, net, and ball;
To learn the mysteries of tennis you see:
For an "Athletic Woman" she wanted to be.
Football, baseball, tennis and track;
She knew all the fellows from "John Star" to "Mack."
I'm afraid she didn't study much,
But Juniors are never guilty of such.
A certain young fellow upon the team
Played the best she had ever seen.
So she told him one day — Sunday I think :
With down-cast eyes and cheeks so pink.
He felt like a lion. She assured him he was;
But an imp passing by said : " He aint got no claws."

EXANHOS



Stages of Metamorphosis



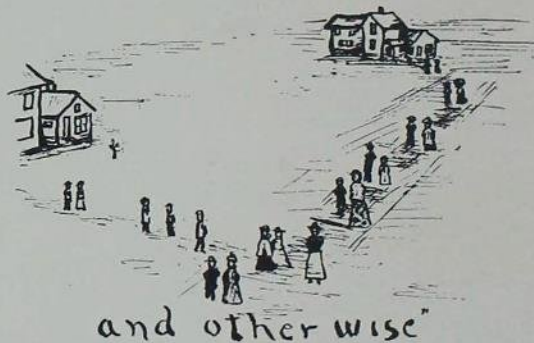
Seniors



"A hint to the wise

Just like Seniors to join a club.
This couple did because the grub
Was so much better. That may be true ;
But nevertheless they both felt blue
When Prexie said in chapel one night
That to " change companions " was both proper and right.

So they swapped for a meal about once a week,
But 'twas always for breakfast or when Prex could see't.
They made no new paths to kill out the grass,
But wasted much valuable time, alas !
Now all is changed. Odes compositive — comparative
Have made way for the era of Joy Superlative.



and other wise"



The Baby Show



It was Friday afternoon. The last wearisome laboratory was over and I toiled up the stairs, glad that the week's work was done, and ready to throw books to the winds. As I reached second floor, the flaming poster shown herewith was tacked to the bulletin post.

About every so often we girls had to have a regular "tear" up in the Gym, then Hall life would jog along in the same old way until another mighty disturbance broke in our usual (?) calm.


About nine-thirty that night, amid noise, yells and shrieks of laughter, all the babies came trooping in to the show; babies so fat they could hardly waddle, others had to be hauled in in go-carts—pretty babies, homely babies, crying babies, twin babies, nigger babies and all, came to the show, carefully guided and watched over by servants, matrons and nurse girls.

Katherine struck up the grand march and the kids all "fell in."

Three of our sedate sub-faculty up on the old piano as grand-stand acted as judges. They called for a march of the

fat babies. So round and round they waddled. Next came the pretty ones, then the smartest, and lastly the homeliest. When the march was over the babies amused themselves by fighting, yelling, or crying when the nigger baby came near, or else watching the homely babies who came, dirty little urchins,

much besmeared with bread and larup. Meantime, the three judges had taken the high jump from the piano and gone to Madonna Parlor to




BABY SHOW!

☐☐☐

Warmest Babies in the Hall will Assemble in
the Gym at 9:30 this evening.

Prizes Given as Follows

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Handsome Baby, four weeks or Under. | Fattest Baby, six months |
| Smartest Baby, any age. | Handsome Baby, under five years |





decide the prizes. Returning, they awarded prizes as follows: Handsomest baby, four weeks or under, to the twins, Helen and Louise; homeliest baby, under five years, Mary R., otherwise known as "Your Sister Lizzie;" fattest baby, six months, Josephine B., our sedate senior; smartest baby, any age, Tommy H.

Congratulations were showered upon the fortunate kids until a well known jingle of keys sent the babies on a run to their rooms.

And thus it ends.

Wouldn't you like to see the flash-light?

The Pink Shirt Waist

The light is growing dimmer,
And night is coming on,
While I sit alone dreaming
Of happy days long gone.

'Twas when I was first term Junior,
Years fly by in such haste
That she flitted into my life
In that pink shirt waist.

Methought I was quite invulnerable
To all of Cupid's darts;
But she of the pink shirt waist,
Was one who played at hearts.

I tried my best to meet her,
Teased every girl in the Hall,
But the girl in the pink shirt waist
Did not see it that way at all.

I would meet her going to Chem,
But when I passed her by,
She was gazing away at the tower,
A twinkle in her eye.

The days of spring came on,
The evenings longer grew;
I could not get my Polit
For all was of pale pink hue

I flunked each day in Calc.,
And flunked each day in Lit.,
What was the matter? Oh, guess!
I think I was surely "hit."

But at last; oh happy Fate!
While strolling in the park,
I saw her hurrying homeward,
For clouds hung heavy and dark.

I was prepared for the rain,
And leisurely watching the storm;
But thoughts of the elements left me
When I saw that fleeting form.

I hurried to overtake her,
 'Most breaking my neck in haste,
And begged her put on my coat —
 Not a drop hit that pink shirt waist!

The rain was dashing about us,
 The thunder rolled and crashed;
But we reached the Hall in safety,
 And she was my friend at last.

Then I was last term Senior,
 The days flew by in haste,
And — yes, much better acquainted
 With the pink shirt waist.

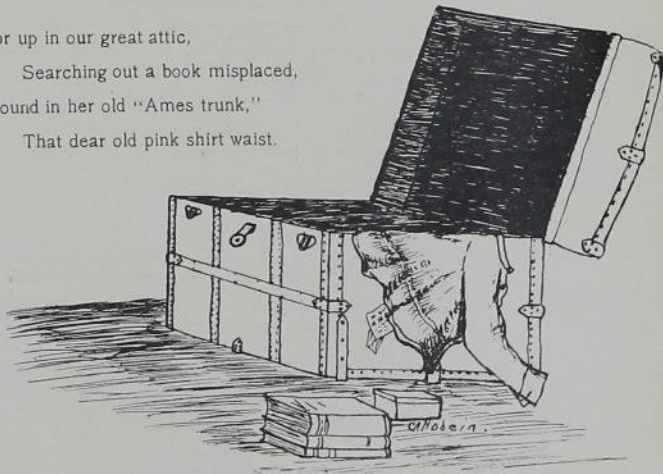
The park was lovely by moonlight,
 And many a couple there paced

The — but hush, it did not crush
 That one — the pink shirt waist.

That was in days long gone,
 When I was '02 at Ames;
Memories come crowding up fast,
 But hark! I hear soft strains.

I think I shall go and tell her,
 My wife these many years,
Of what I found today
 That moved my eyes to tears.

For up in our great attic,
 Searching out a book misplaced,
I found in her old "Ames trunk,"
 That dear old pink shirt waist.







The Charge of the Light Brigade



(With Apologies to Tennyson.)

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward!
Out on the old college campus,
Dashed the "six hundred!"
"Forward, the Light Brigade;
Charge for the badges!" she said,
Into the midst of the grain dealers
Ran the "six hundred."

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a girl dismayed?
Not tho' the girls all knew
The red headed fellow had blundered;
Theirs but to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to grab or die;
Into the midst of the grain dealers
Ran the "six hundred."

Dealers to right of them,
Dealers to left of them,
Dealers in front of them
Volley'd and thundered.
Stormed at by sedate profs,
They were not to be bluffed;
Into the midst of dealers
In spite of astonished gaze
Rushed the "six hundred."

Flashed all hands here and there
Flashed as they grabbed his hair,
Stripped of his badges rare;
Charging an army, while
All the boys wondered;
Plunged in the motor smoke,
Right through the line they broke,
The Chicago Exchange men
Reeled from the Hall girls' stroke.
Shattered and torn, but triumphant
Then they all stroll'd back, yes,
Yes, the whole six hundred.

Dealers to right of them,
Dealers to left of them,
Dealers behind them
Laughed or thundered.
Stormed at by reporters and cranks,
Dishevelled hair — tattered gowns —
They that had fought so well
Came back from seeing them off,
Back to Margaret Hall
All that was left of them —
Left of "six hundred."

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the college wondered.
Honor the badges they "swiped,"
Honor the dealers who "hiked,"
Noble "six hundred."

12-12-1801

Prof Binell

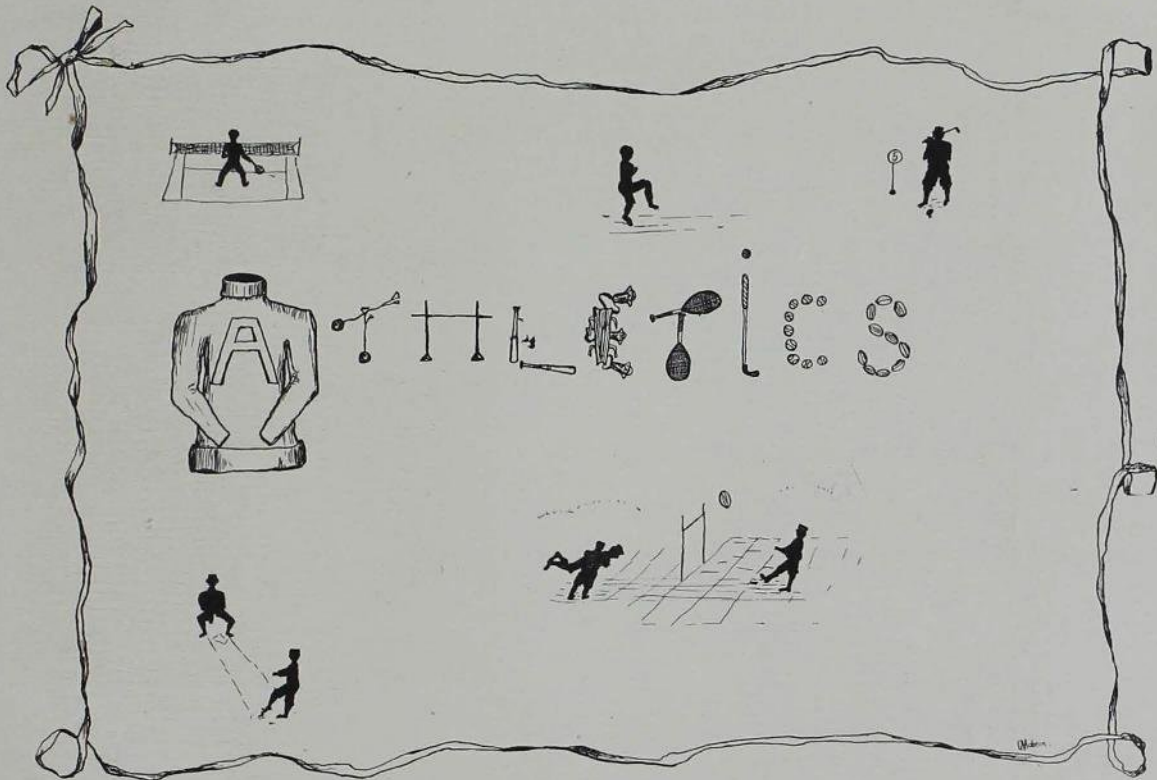
Please find

two more
lights in net

Hospital as di-
rected & placed by
Dr. McNeal

Wm. Binell







I. S. C. Athletic Council



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ERNEST COTTON, *Secretary*,

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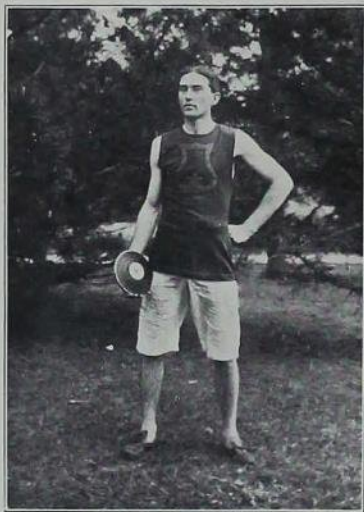
F. F. Jorgensen

No man is a man in the full sense of the word who does not possess strength. Ideas of a perfect man may differ in minor detail, but all hold up as the ideal man, the individual of moral, intellectual and physical strength. Strength does things. It is the element in every undertaking that wins. Strength of mind and body is possessed nowhere as universally as at the college and university of today. In most institutions of learning, physical training, for both men and women, has become a part of college life, and a feature of which no institution would be deprived. To Athletics is due the credit of transforming the pale faced, round shouldered college man of twenty-five years ago, into the bronze faced athlete of today.

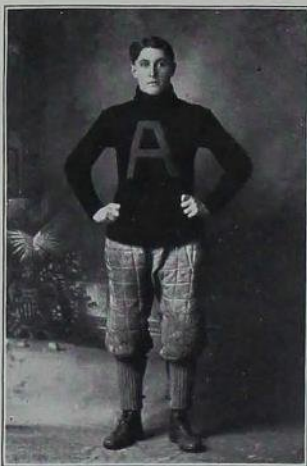
Reviewing, in a general sense, athletics at I. S. C. during the past year, many phases of development can be noted. The institution and establishment of permanent training quarters at the East Cottage has done much toward placing training within the reach of all those wishing to take active part in athletics. The cottage is occupied in the fall by the football men, and by the baseball and track men in the spring. Training tables are provided and all is conducted as the athletic club.

The financial condition of our athletics shows a steady development. The idea of selling season tickets, which admit to all scheduled athletic events of the season, has proven practical and a success. The financial system can only improve as athletics in general show development — unless we receive donations or appropriations. Although the athletic council is still hampered by want of funds, liberal measures have been adopted so far as possible. Prof. Beyer has charge of the finances of the association, and his dealings are always conducted on a sure business basis.

Another new and welcome feature of growth is the number of men who get out and get into athletics of some kind. Competition is bound to bring out the best efforts, and the time has come at I. S. C. when a candidate, whether he be trying for a position on the football or baseball teams, or working for a place on the track or tennis teams, must get out and put forth the best efforts in him.



HARRY McCLURE
Captain Track Team of 1902



H. C. SCHOLTY
Captain Football Team of 1901



ALFRED HOLLIS
Captain Baseball Team of 1902

FOOT BAWL



SCORES

| | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------|--------------|
| Marshalltown, Sept. 28th | Grinnell, 0 | I. S. C., 0 |
| Ames, Oct. 5 | Still College, 0 | I. S. C., 23 |
| Cedar Falls, Oct. 12th | I. S. N. S., 0 | I. S. C., 0 |
| Iowa City, Oct. 18th | S. U. I., 6 | I. S. C., 0 |
| Lincoln, Oct. 26th | Nebraska, 17 | I. S. C., 0 |
| Ames, Nov. 2d | Grinnell, 23 | I. S. C., 0 |
| Madison, Wis., Nov. 9th | Wisconsin, 45 | I. S. C., 0 |
| Ames, Nov. 16th | Drake, 12 | I. S. C., 5 |
| Ames, Nov. 21st | Cornell, 12 | I. S. C., 28 |
| Indianola, Nov. 28th | Simpson, 12 | I. S. C., 0 |



Football Management



Captain, W. C. SCHOLTY, '02.

Coach, EDGAR CLINTON

Manager, ROY CAMPBELL, '02

Assistant Manager, F. A. PEILSTICKER, '04

Varsity Players of 1901

| | | | | | | |
|------------------|---------|---------|--------------|-----------|----------|---------|
| ENDS | | | | | | |
| Starzinger | Tener | | Throckmorton | | Keyser | Warden |
| HALVES | | | | | | |
| Coye | Schuler | Deshler | Tener | Cave | Lytle | Cole |
| QUARTERS | | | | | | |
| | Daniels | | Keyser | | Scholy | |
| FULL BACK | | | | | | |
| Scholy | | Deshler | | Cave | | Lytle |
| TACKLES | | | | | | |
| | Scott | | Jorgensen | | Williams | |
| GUARDS | | | | | | |
| Ebersole | | Scholy | | Jorgensen | | Tellier |
| CENTER | | | | | | |
| | | | Stevens | | | |



The Football Team of '01



The football team of 1901 was chosen from the largest number of aspirants that ever sought honors on the gridiron at I. S. C. Not less than thirty-five men were out every night during the early part of the season. Most of these men were new, however, and unacquainted with college football. Only a few of the team of 1900 were back, so that about one-half of the team as finally chosen, was composed of Freshmen.

The first game of the season was played with Grinnell at Marshalltown. The team was accompanied by a trainload of expectant and loyal rooters, and enthusiasm ran high. The game ended in a tie, neither side scoring. Following the game at Marshalltown, a week later, Still College was played on our home grounds and defeated by a score of 23 to 0. The next game, State Normal, was played at Cedar Falls. Our team went down feeling that a fairly hard game was in store for them. The game proved hard enough, for the condition of our men was very bad, and no points were scored by either team. Probably the best game of the season was played with the University at Iowa City. The team was in better physical condition than at any other time during the season, and every man played with fierce determination. Our tandem worked havoc in Iowa's camp during the first half for seventy-five yards. The play was soon solved by Williams, however, and after that consistent gains could not be made. Here was manifest the greatest weakness of our team; when the tandem formation failed to make gains for us, no other plays could be substituted with telling effect.

At Madison, Wis., our men were entertained by a great exhibition of football playing. The trip was a pleasant one, nevertheless, for the team and they all enjoyed it. The next week we bumped heads with the heavy men from Drake, and were beaten by a score of 12 to 5, although Drake was evidently aware of having been in a game when the last whistle blew. The next game was played with Cornell, and I. S. C. won the game, the score standing at the finish 28 to 12. The season ended a week later when we were defeated by Simpson, who scored two touchdowns.

With the prospects what they were at the beginning and a long array of defeats against us at the close, the season could not be anything but disappointing. But with a team constantly battered to pieces and overworked, with but one or two plays as the main reliance, with an insufficient amount of team work practice, nothing else should be expected. Our team had in it some of the best material in the state, and to every man who played on the varsity of 1901, the highest praise is due.



Drake's Punter



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Grinnell vs. I. S. C.

MARSHALLTOWN, SEPTEMBER 28, 1901.

| GRINNELL | | I. S. C. |
|-------------|----------|------------|
| W. D. Evans | l. e. | Starzinger |
| McKeag | l. t. | Williams |
| Dunn | l. g. | Jorgensen |
| Baggs | c. | Stevens |
| Smith | r. g. | Ebersole |
| Collins | r. t. | Scott |
| Marsh | r. e. | Tener |
| Fiske | q. b. | Scholy |
| E. D. Evans | r. h. b. | Schuler |
| Welker | l. h. b. | Coye |
| Lyman | f. b. | Deshler |
| 0 | SCORE | 0 |

OFFICIALS

Umpire—M. Ferrin Referee—Bremner
Timers—Whiteley and Stanton

State Normal vs. I. S. C.

CEDAR FALLS, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

| I. S. N. | | I. S. C. |
|-----------|----------|--------------|
| Chantry | l. e. | Starzinger |
| Sheff | l. t. | Scott |
| Slick | l. g. | Ebersole |
| Clark | c. | Stevens |
| Dunkerton | r. g. | Jorgensen |
| Stoakes | r. t. | Williams |
| T. Jones | r. e. | Throckmorton |
| Seerley | q. b. | Daniels |
| Wallace | l. h. b. | Coye |
| Wolfe | r. h. b. | Schuler |
| S. Jones | f. b. | Scholy |
| 0 | SCORE | 0 |

Still College of Osteopathy vs. I. S. C.

AMES, OCTOBER 5, 1901.

| STILL COLLEGE | | I. S. C. |
|---------------|----------|--------------|
| Atkinson | l. e. | Starzinger |
| Clark | l. t. | Scott |
| Arnold | l. g. | Ebersole |
| Hicks | c. | Stevens |
| Engleke | r. g. | Jorgensen |
| Wallace | r. t. | Williams |
| Bates | r. e. | Throckmorton |
| Woody | q. b. | Daniels |
| Gamble | r. h. b. | Deshler |
| Skinner | l. h. b. | Coye |
| Hall | f. b. | Scholy |
| 0 | SCORE | 23 |

OFFICIALS

Umpire—J. C. Prall Referee—Prof. Hulsizer
Timers—Keyser and Burd

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

IOWA CITY, OCTOBER 18, 1901.

| S. U. I. | | I. S. C. |
|------------|----------|--------------|
| Seiberts | l. e. | Starzinger |
| Coulthard | l. t. | Scott |
| Hollenbeck | l. g. | Ebersole |
| Briggs | c. | Stevens |
| Smith | r. g. | Scholy |
| Burrier | r. t. | Jorgensen |
| Herbert | r. e. | Throckmorton |
| Weiland | l. h. b. | Coye |
| Watters | r. h. b. | Cave |
| Macey | f. b. | Tener |
| Buckley | f. b. | Deshler |
| Williams | q. b. | Daniels |
| 6 | SCORE | 0 |

OFFICIALS

Umpire—T. L. Buckland Referee—Ralph Hoagland

University of Nebraska vs. I. S. C.

LINCOLN, NEB., OCTOBER 26, 1901.

| NEBRASKA | | I. S. C. |
|-----------|----------|--------------|
| Shedd | l. e. | Starzinger |
| Kingsbury | l. t. | Scott |
| Tobin | l. g. | Ebersole |
| Kochler | c | Stevens |
| Brew | r. g. | Scholy |
| Voss | r. f. | Jorgensen |
| Cortelyou | r. e. | Throckmorton |
| Crandall | l. h. b. | Coye |
| Eager | r. h. b. | Cave |
| Drain | q. b. | Daniels |
| Pillsbury | f. b. | Deshler |
| 17 | SCORE | 0 |

Umpire—Mason

OFFICIALS

Referee—Pixley

Grinnell vs. I. S. C.

AMES, IOWA, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

| GRINNELL | | I. S. C. |
|----------|----------|------------|
| D. Evans | l. e. | Starzinger |
| Gord | l. t. | Scott |
| Dunn | l. g. | Tellier |
| Baggs | c | Stevens |
| Smith | r. g. | Scholy |
| Collins | r. f. | Jorgensen |
| Marsh | r. e. | Keyser |
| Fiske | q. b. | Daniels |
| Lyman | l. h. b. | Coye |
| E. Evans | r. h. b. | Schuler |
| Clark | f. b. | Cave |
| 23 | SCORE | 0 |

University of Wisconsin vs. I. S. C.

MADISON, WISCONSIN, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

| WISCONSIN | | I. S. C. |
|------------|----------|------------|
| Daum | l. e. | Starzinger |
| Haumerson | l. t. | Scott |
| Lerum | l. g. | Tellier |
| Skow | c | Stevens |
| Schreiber | r. g. | Scholy |
| Cu tis | r. f. | Jorgensen |
| Juneau | r. e. | Warden |
| L llequist | q. b. | Keyser |
| Driver | f. b. | Cave |
| Moffatt | r. h. b. | Ebersole |
| Cochem | l. h. b. | Schuler |
| | | Coye |
| 45 | SCORE | 0 |

Umpire—Pyre

OFFICIALS

Referee—Clinton



Rooted but not Routed

Drake University vs. I. S. C.

AMES, IOWA, NOVEMBER 16, 1901.

| DRAKE | | I. S. C. |
|----------------|------------|--------------|
| Larson..... | l. e. | { Starzinger |
| Bates { | | { Keyser |
| Stewart { | l. t. | Scott |
| Boyer..... | l. g. | Ebersole |
| Hazelwood..... | c | Stevens |
| Kinne..... | r. g. | Tellier |
| Reese..... | r. t. | Scholty |
| Jordan..... | r. e. | Warden |
| Main..... | l. h. b. | Coye |
| Pell..... | r. h. b. | { Deshler |
| Sharpe { | | { Schuler |
| Bacon { | q. b. | Daniels |
| Walters..... | f. b. | Lytle |
| 12..... | SCORE..... | 5 |

Simpson vs. I. S. C.

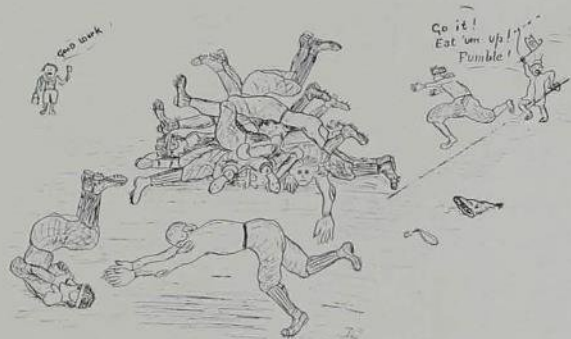
INDIANOLA, IOWA, NOVEMBER 28, 1901.

| SIMPSON | | I. S. C. |
|---------------------|------------|-----------------------|
| Smith..... | l. e. | Starzinger |
| Kennedy..... | l. t. | Scott |
| A. Rogers..... | l. g. | Ebersole |
| Picken..... | c | Stevens |
| Braucht..... | r. g. | Jorgensen |
| E. Rogers..... | r. t. | Williams |
| King..... | r. e. | Keyser |
| Dean..... | q. b. | Daniels |
| Morrison..... | r. h. b. | Schuler |
| Mann..... | l. h. b. | Coye |
| Weaver..... | f. b. | Scholty |
| 12..... | SCORE..... | 0 |
| <i>Umpire—Stipp</i> | OFFICIALS | <i>Referee—Graham</i> |

Cornell College vs. I. S. C.

AMES, IOWA, NOVEMBER 21, 1901.

| CORNELL | | I. S. C. |
|-----------------------|------------|----------------------|
| Dobson..... | l. e. | { Starzinger |
| Day..... | l. t. | { Warden |
| Carhart..... | l. g. | Scott |
| Mills..... | c | Ebersole |
| Sturtevant..... | r. g. | Stevens |
| Moore..... | r. t. | Tellier |
| Mathews } Carvan } | r. e. | Jorgensen |
| Hayward..... | l. h. b. | Williams |
| McIntire..... | r. h. b. | Keyser |
| Miller..... | | Coye |
| Hayward } Kerr } | f. b. | Lytle |
| 12..... | SCORE..... | 28 |
| <i>Umpire—Sanders</i> | OFFICIALS | <i>Referee—Young</i> |





Scrubs



The man that is found on the football field every night, faithfully standing the onslaughts of the heavier varsity man, whether he be actuated by hopes of making the first team or drawn into the fray by the love of the "rough," or whether he be out merely for physical development, is deserving of more credit and estimation than usually falls to his lot. The scrubs are the life and backbone of the varsity, and without them, no team worthy of the name can be developed. With due credit to the varsity men and honor for their sacrifices, let us not forget as we are apt to do, that a goodly share of the glory is due to the scrubs.

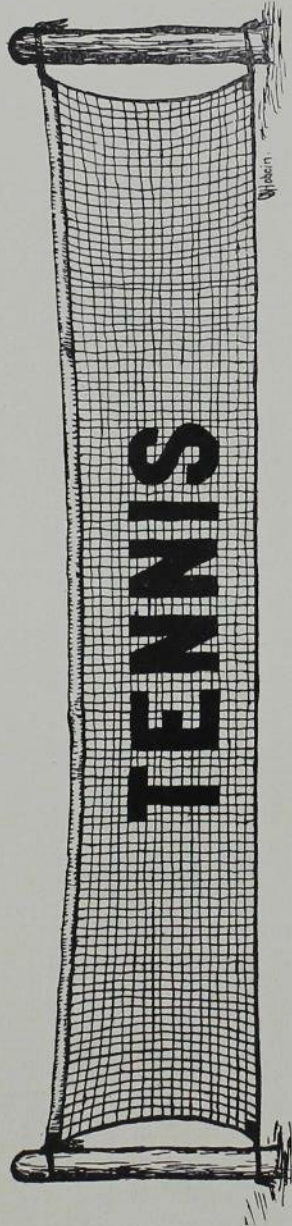
Bristol, *Captain*

| | | | | | |
|--------|---------|------------|----------|---------|-------|
| Dreher | Smith | Tibbits | Hopkins | Burrows | Robey |
| Miller | W. Peck | D. C. Peck | Nichols | Eveland | |
| Sterns | Ausburn | Sperry | Tenney | | |
| | Booth | Thornburg | Eshliman | | |
| | | Roberts | | | |

Games

Ames, October 19—E. D. M. H. S., . . . 0. Scrubs, . . . 12.

Humboldt, November 16—H. H. S., . . . 10. Scrubs . . . 5.





With the Tennis Players



A. M. Kratz, Manager

It is gratifying to note the rapid progress that has been made in tennis during the past two years at I. S. C. This is a branch of athletics which is particularly adapted to the demands of a student, and one that is deserving of a high rank in college athletics. I. S. C. can well be proud of the showing made by her tennis teams during the last year. With some of the best courts in the state and all our old players returning, great things are expected in tennis for the coming year.

Early in the fall of '01 a handicap tournament was run off for the purpose of picking the men to be pitted against Cornell in the dual meet to be held on our own grounds. The finals showed Holbrook easily the best man, with Tellier and Sterns evenly matched for second and third places. Cornell was represented in the singles by Ferris, state champion in singles in 1900, and by Yoran and Wade in the doubles. The Cornell men came down confident of winning the singles, but a little dubious as to the result of the doubles. The day was ideal and much interest was enlisted, as our tennis team the season previous, had meet defeat at the hands of the Cornellians.

The singles were played first, and Holbrook and Ferris played their best tennis. Holbrook played for Ferris' back court continually, forcing him back and then holding the net. His net plays were especially good, and most of his points were won in this way. Holbrook won out quite easily by the scores 6-3, 6-3, 6-4.

In the doubles, Tellier and Sterns were a surprise as they played together but little. Tellier played in the back court, while Sterns did good work at the net. Tellier was strong in his serves, and returned speedily. Yoran and Wade both tried lawfords, but made no points by the operation. In the third set the Cornell men took a brace, but were beaten out by the scores, 6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 9-7.

In the spring of '02 the home tournament showed Holbrook and Tellier the two best men to represent I. S. C. in the dual meet with Cornell and in state tournament at Oskaloosa. Holbrook played the singles, while he and Tellier represented us in the doubles. In the dual meet Cornell was represented by Ferris in the singles, and by Yoran and Maxwell in the doubles.

In the singles, Holbrook had Ferris at his mercy most of the time. He played a fine net and placing game, and repeatedly won points by playing to Ferris' left side, winning out easily. The doubles were much closer, and at several places a point would have won the game for either team. Yoran and Maxwell tried lawfords with good results at first but they were soon solved by our boys who finally won out.

At the state tournament I. S. C. was first brought up in the doubles against Cornell. Holbrook and Tellier won out easily by the score 6-1, 6-3. This brought our boys against the Bailey brothers from S. U. I. Although we lost the game 6-4, 6-4, our team played a fine game and kept the Baileys guessing. In the singles, Holbrook was matched against the elder Bailey, champion in '99. "Holly" put up a fine quality of tennis but was beaten 6-3, 6-2, 6-3. Holbrook was easily second high man in singles, although Seerley of the Normal played him a good game. Tellier proved to be an able partner in the doubles and is credited with second place.



HOLBROOK AND TELLIER
Tennis Team of '02



Tennis Scores



State Tournament

Oskaloosa, May 15, '02

S. U. I. I. S. C. I. S. N. C. PENN

SINGLES

Seerley (I. S. N. S.) vs. Penn College.
6-1, 6-4.

Ferris (Cornell) vs. Bailey (S. U. I.)
1-6, 2-6.

Holbrook (I. S. C.) vs. Seerley (I. S. N. S.)
6-4, 7-5.

Bailey (S. U. I.) vs. Holbrook (I. S. C.)
6-3, 6-2, 6-3.

Singles won by Bailey (S. U. I.).

DOUBLES

Christy } (I. S. N. S.) vs. Penn College
Seerley }

6-2, 6-4.

Yoran } (Cor'l) vs. { Holbrook } (I. S. C.)
Maxwell } { Tellier }

1-6, 3-6.

Bailey } (S. U. I.) vs. { Holbro'k } (I. S. C.)
Bailey } { Tellier }

6-4, 6-4.

Bailey } (S. U. I.) vs. { Christey } (I. S. N.)
Bailey } { Seerley } (S.)

6-0, 6-0, 6-0.

Doubles won by Bailey brothers (S. U. I.).

Dual Meet

Cornell vs. I. S. C. Fall '01

Holbrook vs. Ferris
7-3, 6-3, 6-4.

Tellier } vs. { Wade
Stearns } { Yoran
6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 9-7.

Cornell vs. I. S. C., Spring '02

Holbrook defeated Ferris.

Holbrook and Tellier won from Yoran and
Maxwell.

State Tournament

Mt. Vernon, May 24, '01

SINGLES

Ferris (Cornell) vs. Holbrook (I. S. C.)
6-2, 4-6, 8-6

Bailey (S. U. I.) vs. Seerley (I. S. N. S.)
6-3, 6-1

Bailey (S. U. I.) vs. Ferris (Cornell)
7-9, 7-5, 6-2, 6-4

DOUBLES

Kratz } (I. S. C.) vs. { McDuffy } (I. S. N.)
Cutler } { Christey } (S.)

6-0, 7-5

Bailey } (S. U. I.) vs. { McDuffy } (I. S. N.)
Shaw } { Christey } (S.)

6-4, 6-2, 6-3

Both singles and doubles won by S. U. I.





The Track Team



Although possessing no particular stars, the track team that represented Iowa State College for the season of 1902, was one of merit. Possessing no facilities for indoor training, our track teams have always been handicapped by short training seasons, and the present team was no exception. Coach Clapp could not be with us until late in April, at which date but little systematic training had been done. Following his arrival, however, the men gained rapidly in form and condition, and the twenty-four men who competed at the State Meet constituted the best all round team that ever represented this institution in track athletics.

Much could be written concerning what is termed "hard luck," if such a thing were proper here — how Peck was taken from the team early in the season at the request (?) of his father; how White's stone bruise demanded nursing for three weeks, and so prevented his training for the jumps; how Jerry Dreese, who was just getting into form for the half mile, was laid up in the hospital with a fever three days before the State Meet; how Hodgson, who was picked as the most likely winner of the half-mile bicycle, was one of those who went down in the mix-up in that event; how Jacobs fell in the relay at Des Moines, and so lost us what we had a right to consider our race; and lastly, the inefficiency of the judges in the 100-yard dash to pick the winner — but we accept the inevitable with the same grace and dignity that has always characterized the college on such occasions, and can say that the track team of 1902 did honor to itself and was a credit to the institution.



Track Management



Captain HARRY McCLURE, '02

Manager-Coach DR. R. G. CLAPP

Our Representatives at the State Meet

SPRINTS — White, Jacobs

RUNS — Cave, Hopkins, Coats, Warren

BICYCLE — Hodgson, Bissell, Usry

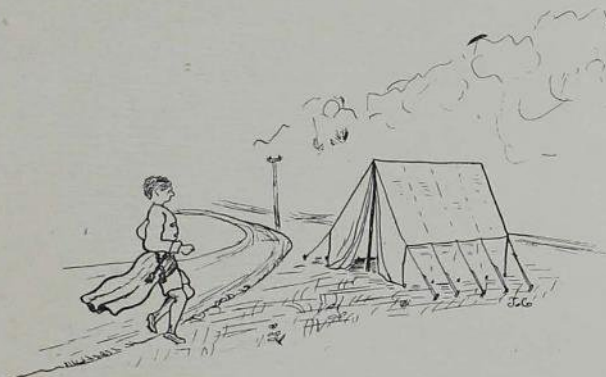
HURDLES — Lytle, Kempf, Fletcher

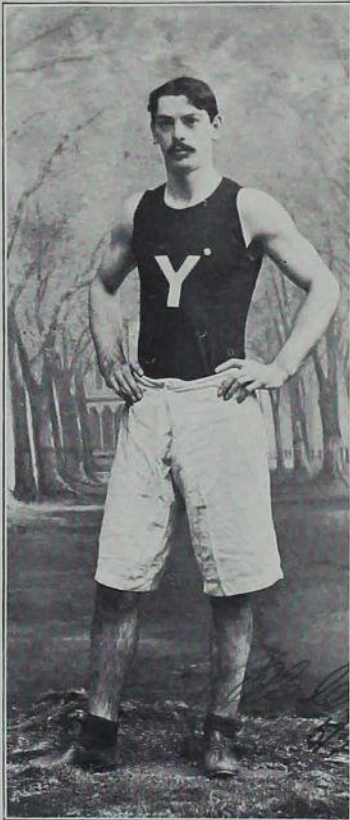
JUMPS — White, Pillsbury, Heisey, Brunnier, Barrett

POLE VAULT — Hunt, Smith

WEIGHTS — Scholty, Hanger, McClure, Cave, Fyler, Williams

RELAY TEAM — Jacobs, Lytle, Hopkins, Cave





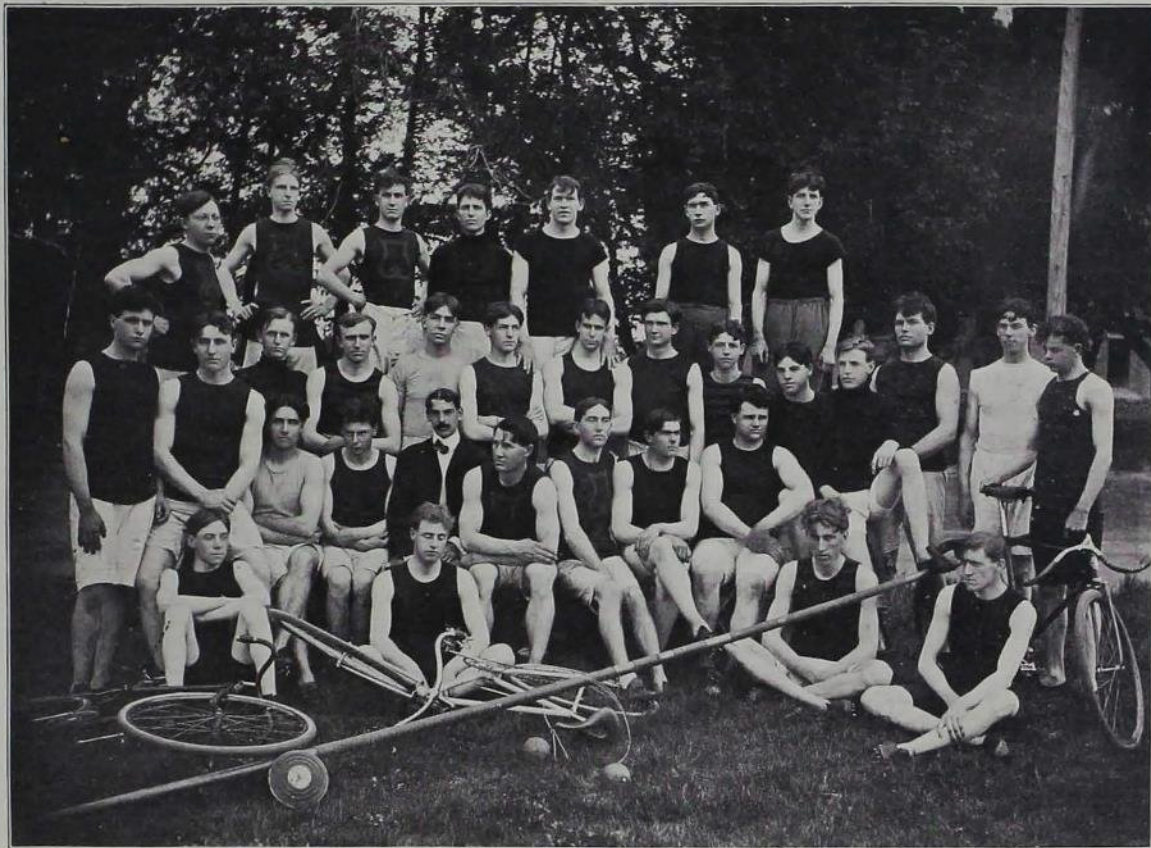
DR. RAYMOND G. CLAPP

Dr. R. G. Clapp

First came to us in the spring of 1901, having been secured to coach the track team for a short time. What Mr. Clapp did for the team during the week he was here, is attested by the good showing made by the men at the State Meet. This spring his services were secured for most of the season, and his work can command of us nothing but the highest favor and appreciation.

Mr. Clapp is a graduate of Yale University and the Keokuk Medical College of this state. His ability as an athlete is known to every one. His world's record in the pole vault, 11 feet, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, made at Chicago in a meet between the New York and Chicago Athletic Clubs several years ago, has remained unbroken. His gymnasium abilities won for him, while a member of the New York Athletic Club, the title of "champion gymnast of America."

Although with us but a short time, Mr. Clapp has endeared himself to every one, and particularly to the members of the track team, who knew him best.



TRACK TEAM

Third Under-Classmen Field Contest

I. S. C. Athletic Park, October 4, '01

| EVENT | FIRST | SECOND | THIRD | TIME, HEIGHT, DISTANCE |
|----------------------------|-----------------|---------------------|-------------|------------------------|
| 100-yd Dash..... | Jacobs, ac | Ford, fr | Howe, fr | 10 4-5 sec. |
| Pole Vault..... | Okey, s | Hazelton, fr | Gaylord, s | 8 ft. 3½ in. |
| Shot Put..... | Cutler, s | Mattison, fr | Eiler, fr | 34 ft. |
| One-half Mile Bicycle..... | Bissell, s | Usry, s | Thomas, s | 1 17 min. sec. |
| One Mile Bicycle..... | Bissell, s | Usry, s | Thomas, s | 2 min. 49 sec. |
| 220-yd Dash..... | Jacobs, ac | Ricker, fr | Ford, fr | 24 sec. |
| 440-yd Run..... | Ricker, fr | Jacobs, ac | Bevan, s | 57 2-5 sec. |
| 120-yd Hurdle..... | Fletcher, s | Cole, fr | — | 18 1-8 sec. |
| 220-yd Hurdle..... | Cole, fr | Fletcher, s | Heisey, fr | 30 1-5 sec. |
| One-half Mile Run..... | Coates, s | Boudinot, s | Wickham, s | 2 min. 18 sec. |
| One Mile Run..... | Coates, s | Wicham, s | Warren, fr | 5 min. 22 sec. |
| Broad Jump..... | Pillsbury, s | Heisey, Stoufer, fr | — | ft. 19.7 |
| Hop, Step and Jump..... | Pillsbury, s | Heisey, fr | Stoufer, fr | ft. 39.9 |
| High Jump..... | Mattison, fr | Fletcher, s | Brunner, s | 5 ft. |
| Hammer Throw..... | Jorgensen, fr | Miller, fr | Eiler, s | ft. 88.3 |
| Discus Throw..... | Cave, fr | Jorgensen, fr | Stoufer, fr | — |
| Relay Race..... | Won by Freshmen | | | |

"BACKSTOP" FINALS

'04 — 65 points

'05 — 59 points

184

Annual Home Field Meet

I. S. C. Athletic Park, April 28, '02

| EVENT | FIRST | SECOND | THIRD | TIME, HEIGHT, DISTANCE |
|----------------------------|------------------|---------------|---------------|------------------------|
| 100-yd Dash..... | Peck, '02 | White, '05 | Tener, '05 | 10 1-5 sec. |
| Pole Vault..... | Hunt, Smith, '03 | — | Okey, '04 | 10 ft. |
| Shot Put..... | Hanger, '02 | Mattison, '05 | Fyler, '05 | 37.35 ft. |
| One Half Mile Bicycle..... | Hodson, '04 | Usry, '04 | Bissell, '04 | 1 min. 15 3-5 sec. |
| One Mile Bicycle..... | Hodson, '04 | Bissell, '04 | Usry, '04 | 2 min. 57 sec. |
| 220-yd Dash..... | White, '05 | Tener, '05 | Hopkins, '03 | 23 2-5 sec. |
| 440-yd Run..... | Cave, '05 | Hopkins, '03 | Bevan, '04 | 57 3-5 sec. |
| 120-yd Hurdle..... | Fletcher, '04 | Lytle, '02 | Kemph, '03 | 17 3-5 sec. |
| 220-yd Hurdle..... | Fletcher, '04 | Lytle, '02 | Kemph, '03 | 29 sec. |
| One-half Mile Run..... | Coates, '04 | Cave, '05 | Wickham, '04 | 2 min. 10 2-5 sec. |
| One-Mile Run..... | Coates, '04 | Warren, '05 | Boudinot, '04 | 5 min. 5 3-5 sec. |
| Broad Jump..... | Pillsbury, '04 | Lytle, '02 | Smith, '03 | 20 ft. 11 in. |
| Hop, Step and Jump..... | Stoufer, '05 | Heisey, '05 | Lytle, '02 | 42 ft. |
| High Jump..... | Fletcher, '04 | Dimmitt, '03 | Mattison, '05 | 5.1 ft. |
| Hammer Throw..... | Jorgensen, '05 | Eiler, '04 | Stevens, '02 | 117 ft. 1 in. |
| Discus Throw..... | McClure, '02 | Cave, '05 | Scott, '05 | 106 ft. 6 in. |
| One-Half Mile Relay Race | Freshmen | Sophomore | Juniors | 1 min. 41 3-5 sec. |

Relay Team — Tener, Downie, Cave, White, fr., 1 min. 41 3-5 sec.

AGGREGATE FOR CLASSES

'02 — 23 points.

'03 — 14 points.

'04 — 53 points.

'05 — 43 points.

Dual Field Meet

Simpson vs. I. S. C., at I. S. C. Athletic Park, May 3, '02

| EVENT | FIRST | SECOND | TIME, HEIGHT, DISTANCE |
|----------------------------|--------------|-------------|------------------------|
| 100-yd Dash..... | White, A | Peck, A | 11 sec. |
| Pole Vault..... | Smith, A | Lee, S | 10 ft. 3 in. |
| Shot Put..... | Hanger, A | Mattison, A | 34 ft. 3 in. |
| Ono-Half Mile Bicycle..... | Hodgson, A | Bissell, A | 1 min. 19 sec. |
| One Mile Bicycle..... | Bissell, A | Hodgson, A | 2 min. 50 sec. |
| 220-yd Dash..... | White, A | Jacobs, A | 24 2-5 sec. |
| 440-yd Run..... | Cave, A | Tener, A | 59 sec. |
| 120-yd Hurdle..... | Lytle, A | Kennedy, S | 17 3-5 sec. |
| 220-yd Hurdle..... | † | — | — |
| One-half Mile Run..... | Coates, A | Drees, A | 2 min. 11 3-5 sec. |
| One Mile Run..... | Coates, A | Warren, A | 5 min. 50 sec. |
| Broad Jump..... | Pillsbury, A | Rea, S | 20 ft. 8 in. |
| Hop, Step and Jump..... | Heisey, A | Stoufer, A | 41 ft. 5 in. |
| High Jump..... | King, S | Mattison, A | 5 ft. 1 in. |
| Hammer Throw..... | Jorgensen, A | Williams, A | 112 ft. 10 in. |
| Discus Throw..... | McClure, A | Cave, A | 103 ft. 4 in. |
| One-half Mile Relay Race | Ames | Simpson | 1 min. 40 3-5 sec. |

† Won by Ames on default.

Ames Relay Team — White, Jacobs, Hopkins, Cave.

I. S. C. won 106 points. Simpson won 11 points.

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Second Annual Triangular Field Meet

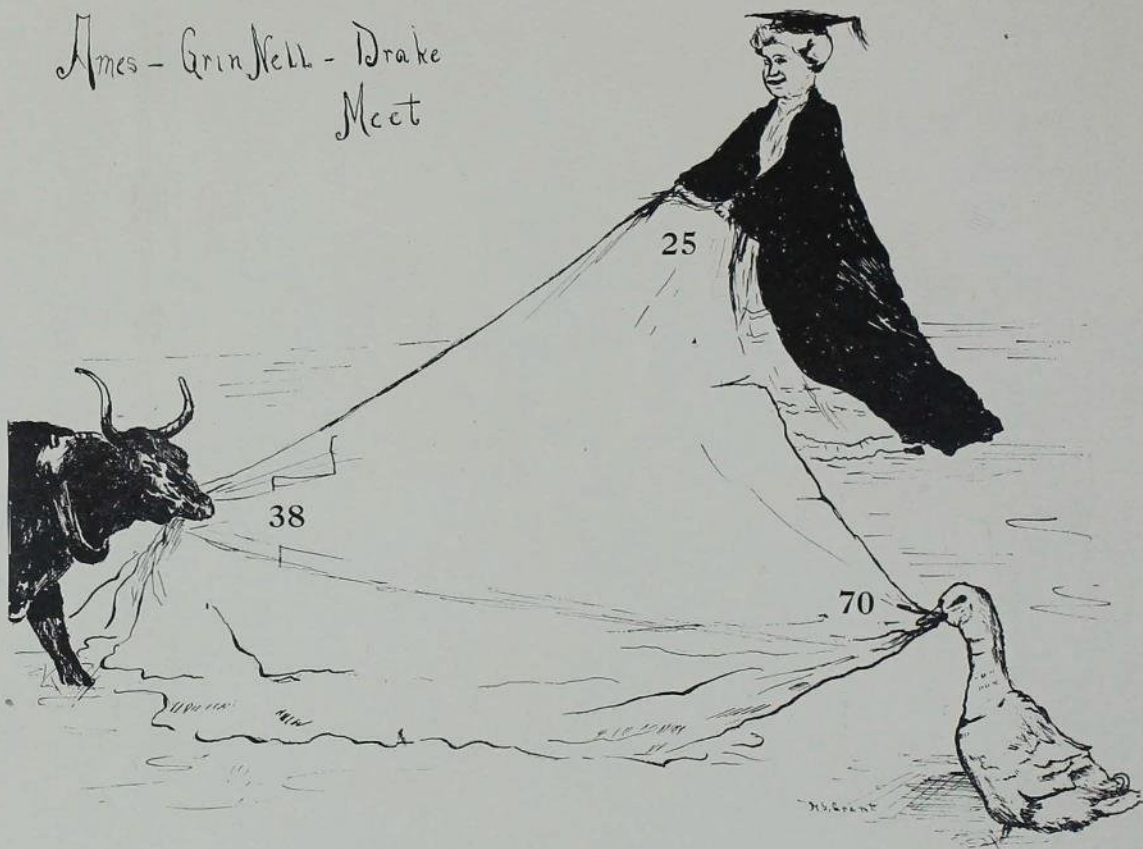
I. S. C., May 9, '02

| EVENT | FIRST | SECOND | THIRD | TIME, HEIGHT, DISTANCE |
|----------------------------|------------------|--------------|--------------|------------------------|
| 100-yd Dash..... | White, A | Young, D | Jacobs, A | 10 2-5 sec. |
| Pole Vault..... | Pell, Chatman, D | — | Smith, A | 9 ft. 10 in. |
| 220-yd Dash..... | Jacobs, A | Young, D | Bair, G | 25 1-5 sec. |
| 440-yd Run..... | Main, D | Cave, A | Robley, D | 53 1-5 sec. |
| 120-yd Hurdle..... | Chapman, D | Main, D | Bair, G | 16 3-5 sec. |
| 220-yd Hurdle..... | Bair, G | Lytle, A | Van Meter, D | 27 sec. |
| One-half Mile Bicycle..... | Hodgson, A | Anneberg, D | Van Evera, G | 1 min. 12 1-5 sec. |
| One Mile Bicycle..... | Anneberg, D | Van Evera, G | Bissell, A | 2 min. 28 3-5 sec. |
| One-half Mile Run..... | Jaggard, D | Thompson, D | Evans, G | 2 min. 4 1-5 sec. |
| One Mile Jump..... | Thompson, D | McIlrath, G | Coates, A | 4 min. 49 1-5 sec. |
| Broad Jump..... | Bair, G | Pell, D | Pillsbury, A | 21 ft. 6 in. |
| Hop, Step and Jump..... | Fiske, G | Graham, D | Heisey, A | 43 ft. 4 in. |
| High Jump..... | Graham, D | Haines, G | Wall, D | 5 ft. 6 in. |
| Hammer Throw..... | Pell, D | Williams, A | Burrows, D | 128 ft. 5 in. |
| Discus Throw..... | Cave, A | Pell, D | Chaoman, D | 106 ft. 9 in. |
| Shot Put..... | Pell, D | Orebaugh, D | Hanger, A | 37 ft. 3 1-2 in. |
| One-half Mile Relay Race | Ames | Grinnell | Drake | 1 min. 35 4-5 sec. |

Ames Relay Team — Jacobs, White, Neil, Cave.

SUMMARY — Drake, 70 points; I. S. C., 38 points; Grinnell, 25 points.

Ames - Grinnell - Drake
Meet



Thirteenth Annual Field Meet

I. I. C. A. A., Des Moines, May 28, 1902

| EVENT | FIRST | SECOND | THIRD | TIME, HEIGHT, DISTANCE |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------|----------------|------------------------|
| 100-yd Dash | Young, D | Bair, G | Jacobs, I S C | 10 sec. |
| 220-yd Dash | Young, D | Jackley, D M | White, I S C | 23 1-5 sec. |
| 440-yd Run | Main, D | Panton, I S N S | Cave, I S C | 51 1-5 sec. |
| Pole Vault | Lee, S. | Chapman, D | Smith, I S C | 11 ft. |
| Shot Put | Orebaugh, D | Hanger, I S C | Fyler, I S C | 37 ft. 7 in. |
| Half Mile Bicycle | Anneberg, D | Van Evera, G | Dobson, C | 1 min. 5 4-5 sec. |
| One Mile Bicycle | Guy Dobson, C | Geo. Dobson, C | Bissell, I S C | 2 min. 32 sec. |
| 120-yd Hurdle | Chapman, D | Anderson, S U I | Bair, G | 16 1-5 sec. |
| 220-yd Hurdle | Bair, G | Anderson, S U I | Kemph, I S C | 26 2-5 sec. |
| High Jump | Barker, S U I; Graham, D | — | Abel, I S N S | 5 ft. 9 1-2 sec. |
| Broad Jump | Jackley, D M | Bair, G | — | 21 ft. 6 1-4 in. |
| Half Mile Run | Thompson, D | Campbell, I S N S | Evans, G | 2 min. 2-5 sec. |
| One Mile Run | Thompson, D | Coates, I S C | McIlrath, G | 4 min. 44 sec. |
| Hop, Step and Jump | Graham, D | Ross, S U I | Fiske, G | 45 ft. 3 in. |
| Hammer Throw | Scholy, I S C | Jones, S | — | 121.45 ft. |
| Discus Throw | Swift, S U I | Kouba, C | Cave, A | 113 ft. 1 1-2 in. |
| Half Mile Relay | S U I | Drake | Simpson | 1 min. 34 2-5 sec. |

RESULTS: Drake, 51 $\frac{1}{2}$; S. U. I., 19 $\frac{1}{2}$; I. S. C., 17; Grinnell, 15; Cornell, 10; Simpson, 7; Des Moines, 7; I. S. N. S., 5.

I. S. C. Track Athletic Records

Made at College Park to June 1, 1902

Records of I. I. C. A. A.

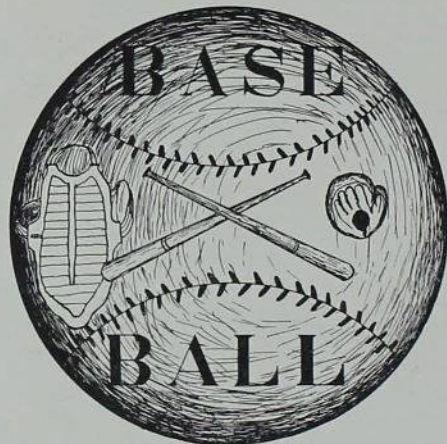
To June 1, 1902

| EVENT | WINNER | RECORD | DATE |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------|-----------|
| 100-yd Dash..... | Peck | 10 1-5 sec. | 1901 |
| 220-yd Dash..... | Peck | 22 1-5 sec. | 1901 |
| 440-yd Run..... | James | 56 2-5 sec. | 1901 |
| Pole Vault..... | Smith | 10 ft. 3 in. | 1902 |
| Shot Put..... | Fischer | 37 ft. 8 in. | 1898 |
| Half Mile Bicycle..... | Read | 1 min. 9 sec. | 1896 |
| 120-yd Hurdle..... | Lamb | 17 1-5 sec. | 1900 |
| 220-yd Hurdle..... | Lamb | 28 1-5 sec. | 1900 |
| High Jump..... | Parsons | 5 ft. 5 in. | 1895 |
| Broad Jump..... | Palmer | 21 ft. 5 3-4 in. | 1900 |
| Half Mile Run..... | Cowles, Coates | 2 min. 10 2-5 sec. | 1898-1902 |
| Mile Run..... | Coates | 4 min. 58 sec. | 1901 |
| Hop, Step and Jump.. | Palmer | 43 ft. 2 1-2 in. | 1900 |
| Hammer Throw..... | Jorgensen | 117 ft. 1 in. | 1902 |
| Discus Throw..... | Gidley | 109 ft. 7 1-2 in. | 1901 |
| Half Mile Relay..... | Peck, Hopkins, Roberts, Neil | 1 min. 40 sec. | 1900 |

| EVENT | WINNER | RECORD |
|------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 100-yd Dash..... | J. H. Rush, G | 9 4-5 sec. |
| 220-yd Dash..... | J. H. Rush, G | 21 4-5 sec. |
| 440-yd Run..... | R. L. Whitley, G | 49 sec. |
| Pole Vault..... | Lee, S | 11 ft. |
| Shot Put..... | Holbrook, S U I | 38 ft. 10 in. |
| Half Mile Bicycle..... | Storm, G | 1 min. 5 4-5 sec. |
| One Mile Bicycle..... | Dobson, G | 2 min. 23 sec. |
| 120-yd Hurdle..... | Chapman, D | 16 1-5 sec. |
| 220-yd Hurdle..... | Fisher, G | 26 1-10 sec. |
| High Jump..... | Louis, S U I | 6 ft. |
| Broad Jump..... | Hamilton, G | 23 ft. 1-4 in. |
| Half Mile Run..... | Thompson, D | 2 min. 2-5 sec. |
| Mile Run..... | Wilson, S U I | 4 min. 39 3-5 sec. |
| Hop, Step and Jump.... | Holland, D | 48 ft. 1-2 in. |
| Hammer Throw..... | Pell, D | 139 ft. 1 1-2 in. |
| Discus Throw..... | Swift, S U I | 113 ft. 6 in. |
| Half Mile Relay..... | State University of Iowa | 1 min. 34 2-5 sec. |



TRAINING QUARTERS



To the baseball team of 1902, nothing but the highest praise is due. The beginning of the season showed a large number of new men out, and each position in the game was hotly contested for. Of the old men Hollis and Reese, battery of last year's team, Evans, Burrows and Whistler were back. Of the new men, Brown, Carlson, Paine, Deshler, White and Waggoner showed up in excellent style, and a place on the team was early guaranteed them. With these prospects, the outlook for a successful team was exceptionally bright, and the hearts of the rooters were glad.

The first team to cross bats with I. S. C. was Drake. Brown was given a chance in the box, and the Blue and White were hardly in it for a moment. Fifteen times our boys trotted around the diamond, while the boys from Drake succeeded in getting but two scores. Next week the Normal came up, and were speedily sent home defeated by a score of 15 to 0. This is what happened to Kansas a week later:

"On a beautiful spring day, when the birds sang gaily in the tree tops, and the soft breezes wafted hopes of victory into the hearts of an anxious crowd, a band of hopefuls from the land of grasshoppers, cyclones, temperance reformers and long whiskered populists, flushed with previous victories and confident of their own precious ability, came, saw and were conquered by the best team that has ever graced the diamond at I. S. C."—*Student*.

Two of the three defeats of the season occurred the next two games. We were defeated by Coe College by a score of 4 to 1, and were beaten in the game with Grinnell, 13 to 2. In the latter game our men took a slump and more errors were made than in all the other games of the season combined.

Following these defeats victory followed in rapid succession. Drake was given another chance, but she failed to redeem herself, and was defeated by the score of 2 to 1. This was a fine game and not an error was chalked up against Hollis' men. Next, S. U. I. came up "to chase around the diamond of the agriculturists." Their chasing, however, was confined to rather narrow limits, viz: To first base and around to the bench, or from the bench to the plate and back again. The State Normal was again defeated, and no doubt left in their minds as to the ability of the boys from I. S. C. to play baseball. Cornell was next played at Mt. Vernon and were beaten 8 to 6. The last game of the season was played with Grinnell, at Des Moines. Thus far S. U. I., Grinnell and I. S. C. had won one-half of the games in the I. I. B. A. and lost half. The silver bat was at stake, and, to say the least, the game was exciting. At the last of the eighth inning the score stood 3 to 1 in favor of our men. The game was apparently won for I. S. C., but something happened and Grinnell ran in three scores. Our boys were desperate and batted Clark all over, filled up the bases and kept them full until three men were put out at home plate. After having the game apparently won, our defeat was hard to understand. Evidently the Grinnell "hoodoo" still lives.

The history of the baseball team would not be complete if it did not say something of the efficient work of Coach E. H. Hall. Mr. Hall is a league player of no mean reputation, being captain of the St. Joe league team for the present season. His intimate knowledge of the game and his ability as a player, unite to make the short time he spent with the team, of much value and importance. The success of our baseball team is due largely to Mr. Hall. The council acted wisely in securing such a coach, and a repetition of the act would not be out of place.



BASEBALL TEAM.

| | | | | | | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|---|----------------|--------------|---------|-------|-------|
| G. Dodge | Carlson | Brown | — | Payne | Trainer Hall | Deshler | Evans | Reese |
| | Waggoner | Whistler | | Captain Hoills | Burrows | | White | |



Baseball Management



Captain ALFRED HOLLIS, '03
Coach R. H. HALL
Manager ERNEST COTTON, '04

Players

BATTERY

A. HOLLIS Catcher
 "YANK" BROWN Pitcher
 "MONK" REESE Pitcher

INFIELD

A. L. EVANS 1st Base
 A. F. CARLSON 2d Base
 ARTHUR WHISLER 3d Base
 JIMMIE BURROWS Short Stop

OUTFIELD

E. H. WHITE Center Field
 H. I. WAGGONER Center Field
 C. B. WILLIAMS Center Field
 ED. DESHLER Center Field
 C. E. BROWN Left Field
 ED. REESE Left Field
 C. E. PAYNE Right Field



Scores



| | | | |
|--|----|------------------|----|
| Ames, April 26 — State Normal | 0 | I. S. C. | 15 |
| Ames, April 30 — Kansas University | 2 | I. S. C. | 12 |
| Cedar Rapids, May 10 — Coe College | 4 | I. S. C. | 1 |
| Ames, May 17 — Grinnell | 13 | I. S. C. | 2 |
| Ames, May 24 — S. U. I. | 0 | I. S. C. | 2 |
| Cedar Falls, May 29 — State Normal | 1 | I. S. C. | 8 |
| Mt. Vernon, May 31 — Cornell College | 6 | I. S. C. | 8 |
| Des Moines, June 11 — Grinnell | 4 | I. S. C. | 3 |

Extra Games

| | | | |
|---|---|------------------|----|
| Ames, April 18 — Drake University | 2 | I. S. C. | 15 |
| Ames, May 16 — Drake University | 1 | I. S. C. | 2 |
| Ames, May 31 — Waterloo High School | 3 | I. S. C. Scrubs | 9 |

Class Game

| | | | |
|----------------------|----|--------------------|----|
| Sophomores | 13 | Freshmen | 17 |
|----------------------|----|--------------------|----|

Batting and Fielding Averages

BATTING AVERAGES

| | G. | A. B. | H. | P. C. | R. |
|--------------------|----|-------|----|-------|----|
| Hollis | 9 | 37 | 14 | .378 | 12 |
| Payne | 9 | 36 | 13 | .361 | 4 |
| Brown | 9 | 34 | 11 | .323 | 9 |
| Whisler | 9 | 41 | 11 | .268 | 7 |
| Evans | 9 | 34 | 9 | .255 | 9 |
| Burrows | 9 | 35 | 8 | .228 | 7 |
| White | 6 | 25 | 5 | .200 | 6 |
| Carlson | 9 | 40 | 7 | .175 | 4 |
| Reese | 7 | 28 | 4 | .142 | 5 |
| Waggoner | 4 | 13 | 0 | .000 | 1 |

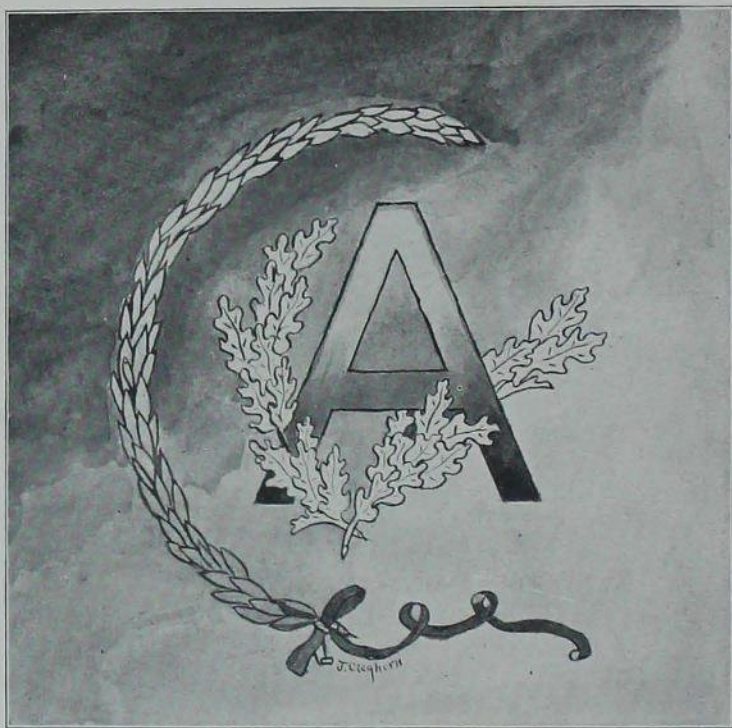
FIELDING AVERAGES

| | G. | C. | E. | P. C. |
|--------------------|----|----|----|-------|
| Waggoner | 4 | 5 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Payne | 9 | 4 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Evans | 9 | 61 | 4 | .934 |
| Reese | 7 | 12 | 1 | .917 |
| Brown | 9 | 20 | 2 | .900 |
| Hollis | 9 | 58 | 8 | .862 |
| Whisler | 9 | 27 | 4 | .851 |
| Carlson | 9 | 22 | 4 | .818 |
| Burrows | 9 | 26 | 8 | .692 |
| White | 5 | 7 | 4 | .428 |

(These do not include Grinnell game, June 11)



BASKETBALL TEAM





The Honor Roll



Men Who Have Been Granted A's at I. S. C. and the Year in Which They Were Won.

Football

| | | | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|---------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| C. J. Griffith, '99 | Fred Owen, '99 | L. M. Chambers, '99 | John Coye, '00 | F. F. Jorgensen, '01 |
| Joe Tarr, '99 | R. A. Walker, '99 | E. G. Le Clere, '99 | S. W. Stevens, '00 | A. B. Scott, '01 |
| H. O. Fritzel, '99 | W. C. Scholty, '99 | H. C. Eckles, '99 | Otto Starzinger, '01 | P. H. Daniels, '01 |
| Ray Dunphy, '99 | H. A. Maine, '99 | Guy Roberts, '99 | H. O. Tellier, '01 | Ed. Deshler, '01 |
| W. D. Mason, '99 | G. A. Smith, '99 | F. M. Byl, '99 | Orrill Ebersole, '01 | B. A. Schuler, '01 |
| | | Will Eckles, '00 | | |

Track

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Henry Palmer, '00 | Harry Porter, '01 |
| F. S. Bone, '00 | Sam Hanger, '01 |
| J. W. Bunker, '00 | W. E. Lamb, '01 |
| Wilber Wilson, '00 | Wm. H. Lytle, '01 |
| Dwight Dwigins, '00 | T. W. Gidley, '01 |
| DeWitt C. Peck, '01 | Harriss Thomas, '01 |
| W. A. Tener, '01 | |

Baseball

| | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| MacDougall, '00 | Ralph Keyser, '01 |
| A. Hollis, '01 | Arthur Whisler, '01 |
| Ed Reese, '01 | A. L. Evans, '01 |

Tennis

M. B. Holbrook, '01



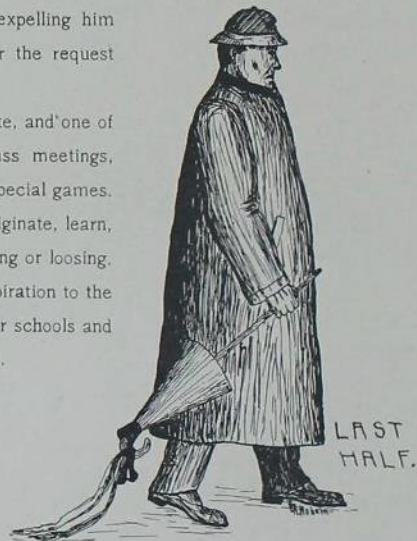
Independent Order of Chronic Rooters

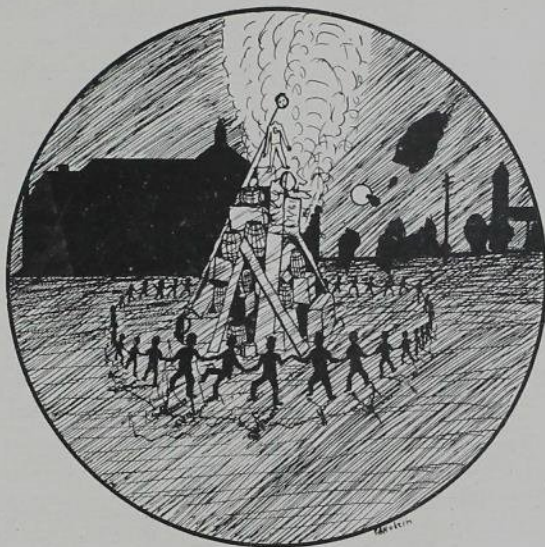


The I. O. C. R., or Independent Order of Chronic Rooters, was organized in the fall of 1901 by a number of enthusiasts who saw the need of united and systematic rooting at the different athletic events. It is composed of about 200 young men, selected from the best rooting talent in the school, banded together under an unwritten but effective constitution, simply agreeing when joining to do all in their power to advance the interest of athletics, lending their material as well as moral aid, and support the organization in every honorable way possible.

The order has unlimited control over all its members, and by a majority vote may confiscate any member's official rooter emblem, the "Rooter" hat, thereby expelling him when he is found not complying with the principles laid down, or the request made by the order.

The organization is the only one of its kind in the state, and one of the only ones in the country. The other institutions have mass meetings, and drill the student body into a good rooting mood before special games. None is known where an organization takes it upon itself to originate, learn, and furnish yells and cheers for the home team, be they winning or losing. It has been a menace to every visiting team as well as an inspiration to the home team. Its work has been watched with interest by other schools and as it has been effective, will no doubt call forth others of its kind.





The Burning of Hoodoo.



College Songs and Yells



A—M—E—S!
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
 A—M—E—S!
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Hoo-rah! Hoo-ray!
 State College!
 I—O—A!

—
 Rif! Raf! Ruf!
 Rif! Raf! Ruf!
 Cyclone! Cyclone!
 Pretty hot stuff!

—
 (Sung to the tune of Chimes)

A! M! E! S! Hoorah! Hooray!
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
 State College! Iowa!

—
 Cling! Clang! Ring! Rang!
 Upa! Doupa! Ski!
 Rolla! Rolla! Rolla! Bang!
 Depo! Skipo! Ri!
 Hip! Hap! Rip! Rap!
 Hunger! Bunger! Cleats!
 Rats! Cats! Bats! Nats!
 Ames always beats!

TUNE—"Mary Had a Little Lamb."
 Ames, they had a battering ram, a batter-
 ing ram, a battering ram,
 Ames, they had a battering ram,
 Which was quite sure to go.
 And everywhere that Ames went, that
 Ames went, that Ames went,
 And everywhere that Ames went
 That ram was sure to go.
 They took it down to Drake one day,
 Drake one day, Drake one day,
 They took it down to Drake one day,
 To play against that school.
 It made them look like thirty cents, thirty
 cents, thirty cents,
 It made them look like thirty cents,
 When it went through their goal.

—
 Hit that line! Hit that line!
 Hit that line! —Hard!

—
 Grin, Grin, Grin—nell!
 Why don't you Grin—nell?

—
 Che He! Che He!
 Che Ha! Ha! Ha! — *Scholty*.

Ha! Ha! Ha! He! He! He!
 What's the matter with I. S. C.?
 Ha! Ha! Ha! He! He! He!
 She's all right; she's bound to be!

—
 Rah! Rah! Iowa!
 Rah! Rah! State!
 Rah! Rah! College!
 Watch our gait!

—
 Was-a! Was-a! Was-a! We!
 What's the matter with I. S. C.

—
 Get on the jump, the jump, the jump,
 Get on the jump, the jump, the jump,
 Get on the jump! Get on the jump!
 That's the way! Fine!

—
 TUNE—"Song of a Gambolier."

Oh we have got eleven men,
 That weigh three hundred pound;
 A gang of rooters to cheer them up,
 A captain to run them round,
 And they'll all fight for the Cardinal
 Until they are black and blue,
 And we will yell with all our might
 To help our team beat YOU!



The Annual



With this, kind friends, closes the Junior Annual of 1903. Ye editors will now lay aside their quills and rest in that enchanted realm of memory, "It might have been." For the past year it has been the creature of our hopes and our imaginations. For it we have have flagged classes, betrayed our friends, and been marked back in Botany and Campus Labs. We trust that you, dear reader, will bestow upon it an equally cordial treatment. Should you be so fortunate as to find anything of humor or felicity, of originality or quaintness, of truth or beauty, do not expose us to the prying gaze of the populace by publishing it. Should you, however, "find" yourself grossly slandered, your confidence betrayed and the secret thoughts of your innermost court paraded, do not lay yourself amenable by concealing the fact.

We, the following, have done it and are jointly and severally responsible:

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Business Manager.

MR. M. B. HOLBROOK,
MISS MAUD VANATTA,
Assistant Business Managers.

MR. WM. SMITH,
MR. A. M. KRATZ,
Athletics

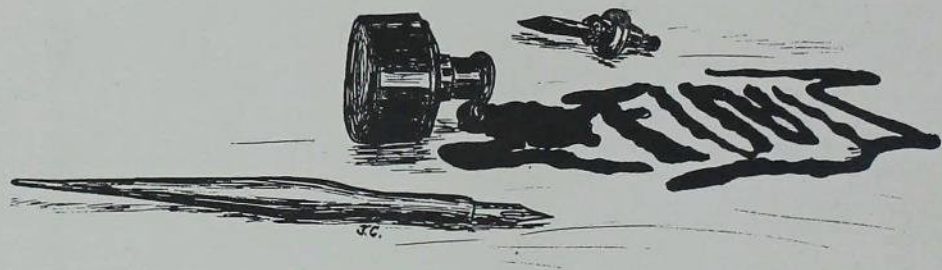
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