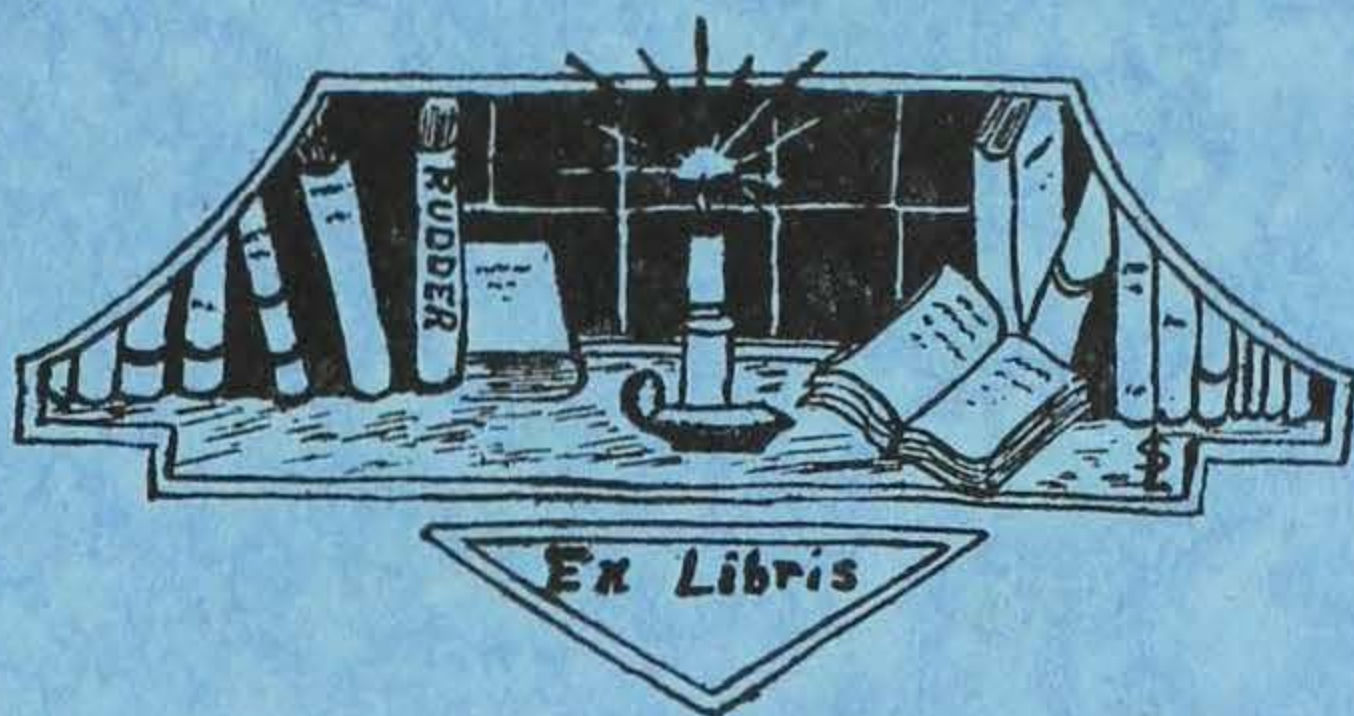


The
Rudder
1916





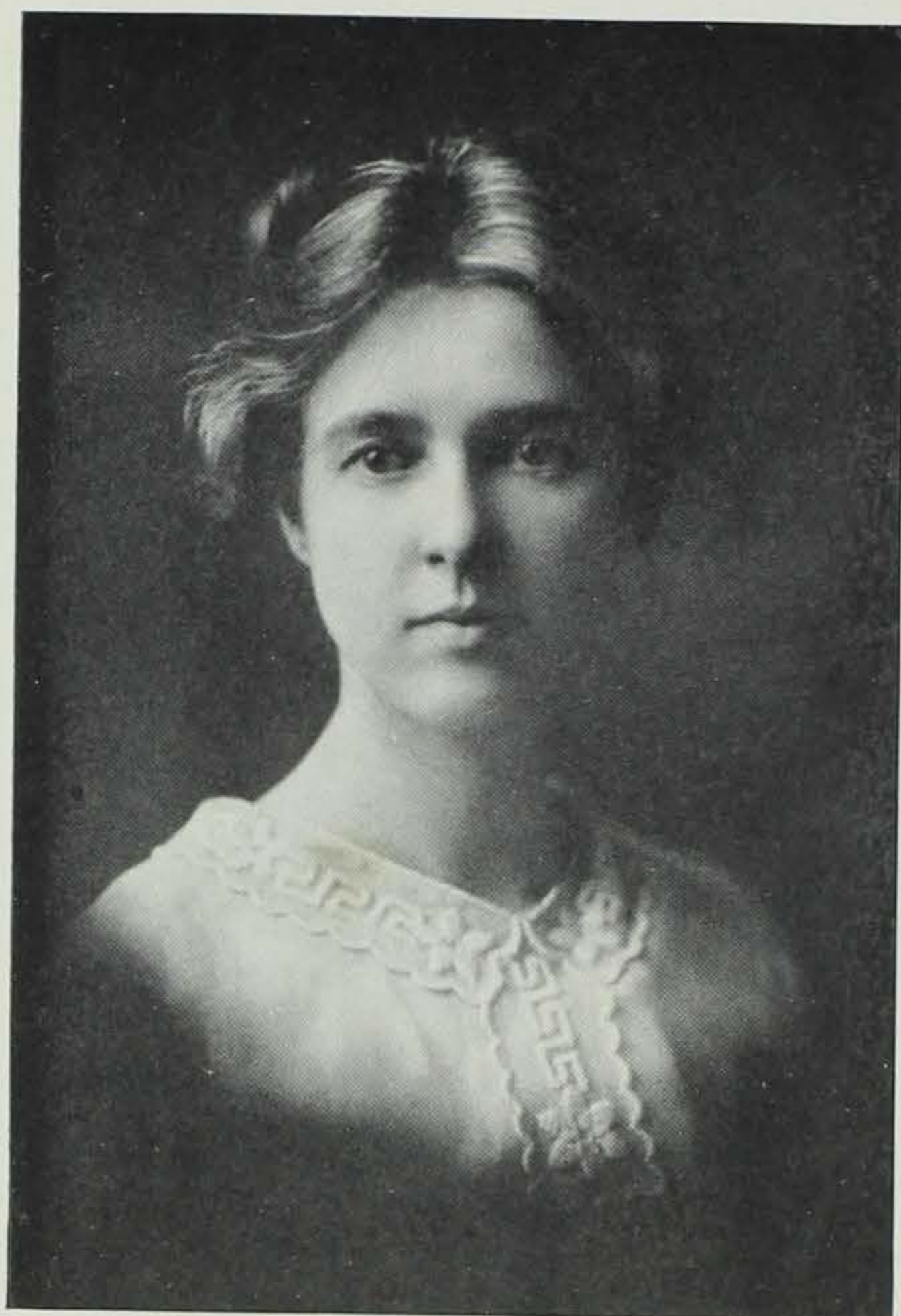




RUDDER



1916



RUDDER



1916

Dedication

As a token of appreciation and in
recognition of a beautiful char-
acter and a lovable
personality

The Rudder 1916

is dedicated to our friend and
class adviser

Edith Keady Cooke

RUDDER



1916





Alumni Greetings

Since the year 1893, there have gone from your halls, oh Buena Vista, young men and women, who, because of their appreciation of the ideals and sacrifices of their Alma Mater, join now in wishing unbounded success to each and every undertaking of the student body, whose privilege it is to aid in the fulfillment of our most sincere desire, "An Ever Greater Buena Vista."

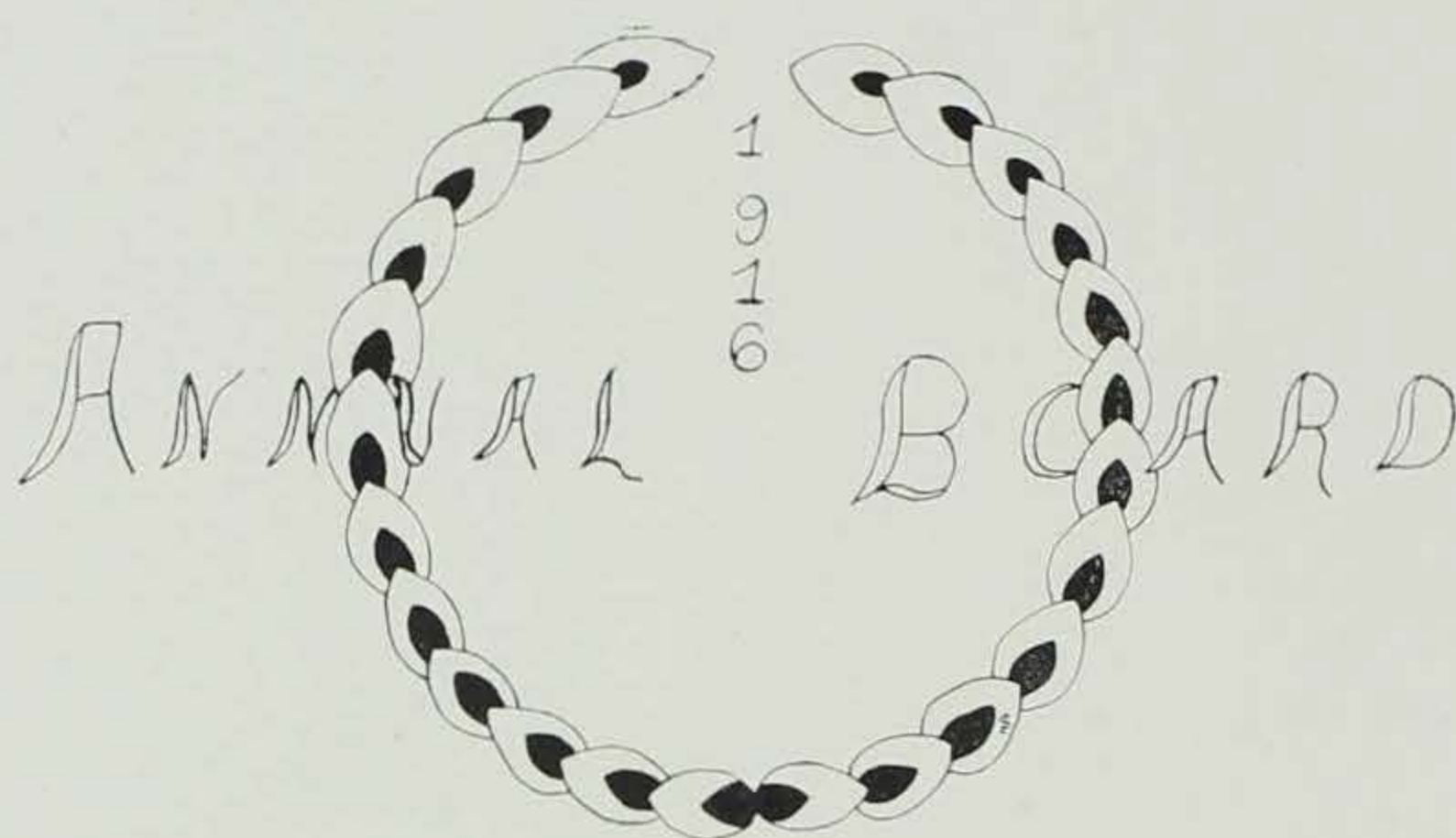
R. E. WHITE

President of the Alumni Association

RUDDER



1916



Editor-in-Chief

Beatrice Rudwick

Business Manager

Joseph Schem

Assistant Business Manager

Nora M. Schmidt

Literary Editor

Margaret Keith

Class Poet

James H. Schmitt

Calendar Editor

Catherine Symon

Athletic Editor

Agnes Aiken

Joke Editor

Therese Lindsey

Alumni Editor

Justin W. Crowley

Art Editor

Lulu Smith

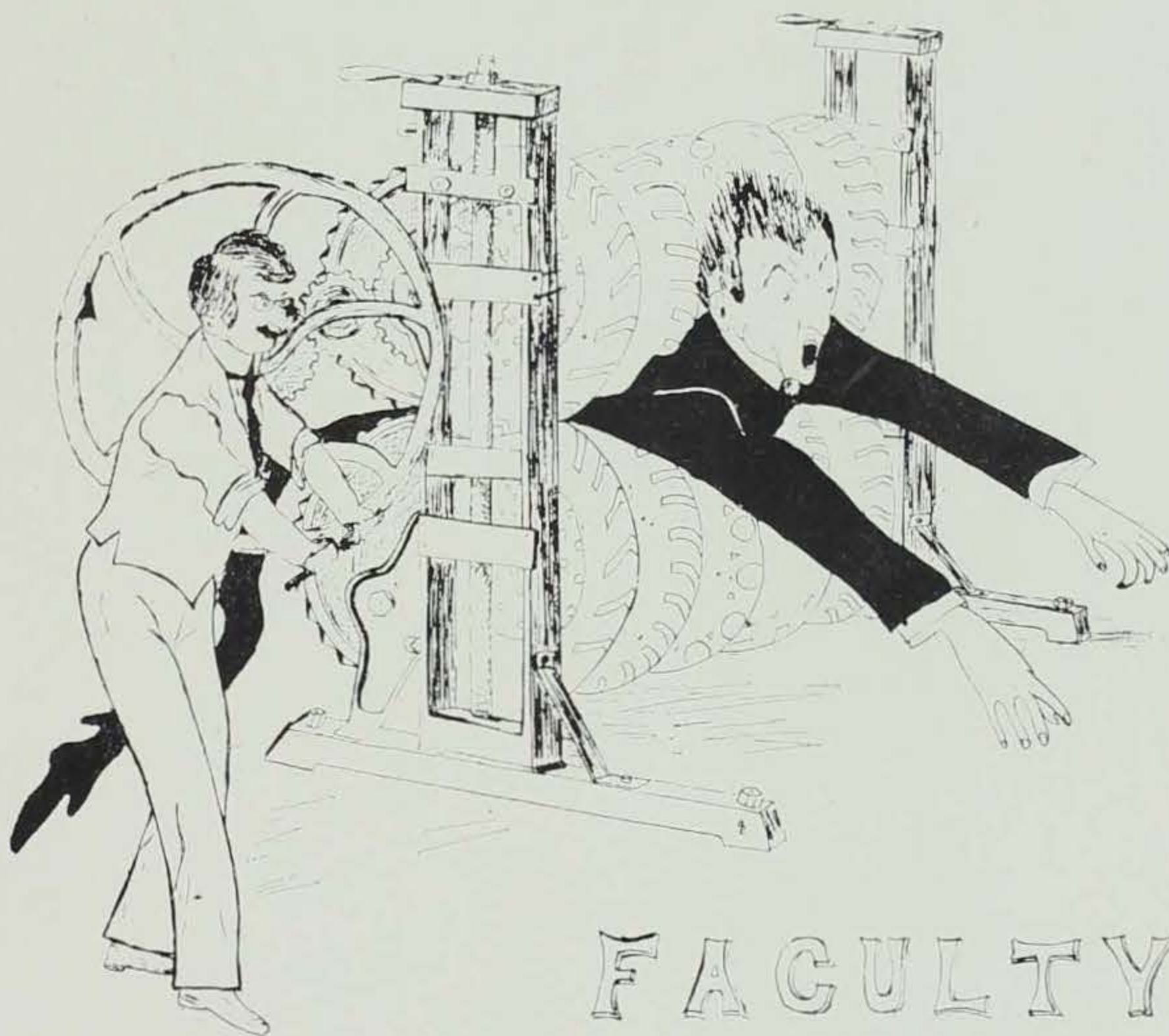
Kodak Editor

Ada Mitchell

RUDDER



1916



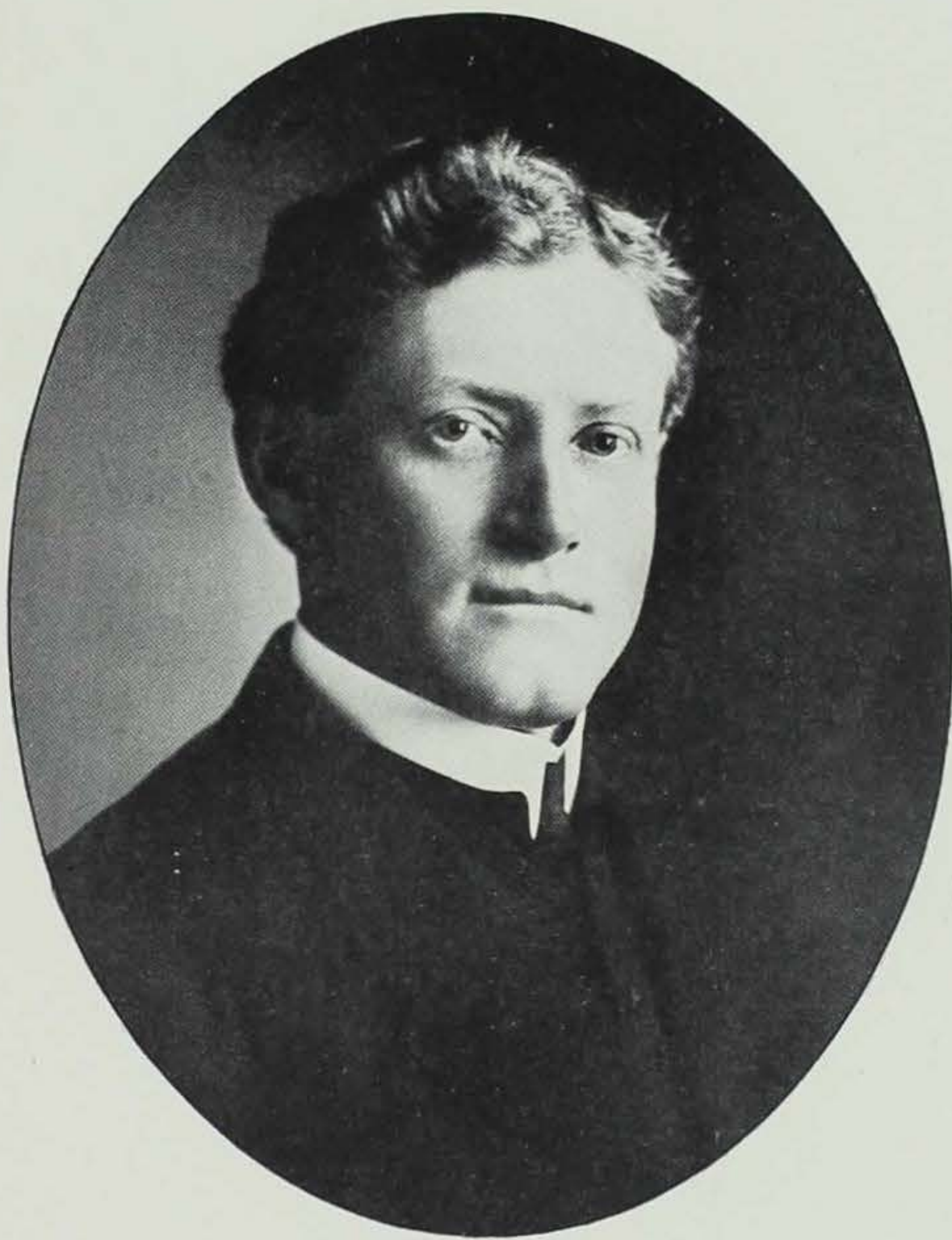
FACULTY

RUDDER



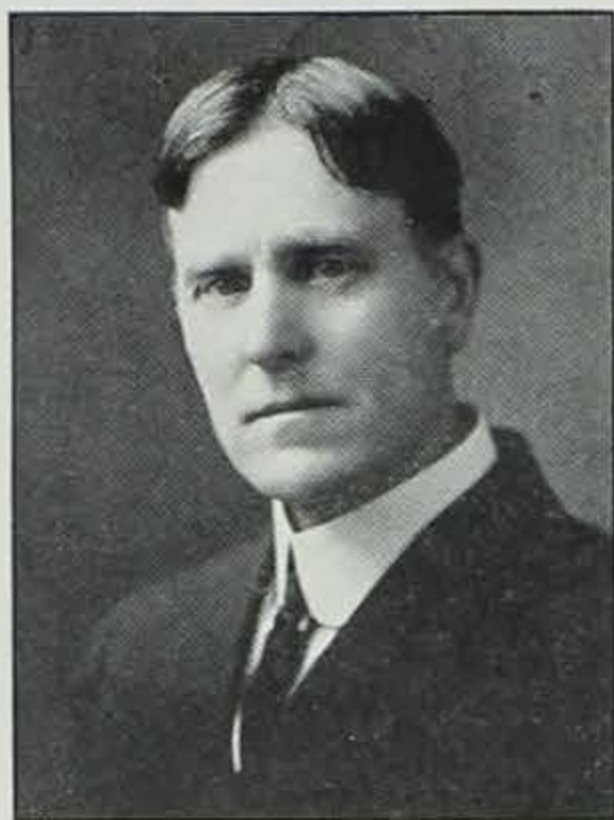
1916





R. D. ECHLIN, PRESIDENT

A. B., McMaster University, Toronto, 1901; B. D., University of Chicago, 1903; D. D.,
Parsons College, 1914.



REV. R. L. BARACKMAN, A. M., D. D.

Professor of Biblical Instruction.

B. E. D. Edinboro State Normal, Pennsylvania, 1886; A. B. Grove City College, 1892; A. M. *ibid*, 1906; Princeton Theological Seminary, 1892-1895; D. D. Buena Vista College, 1914; Professor of Biblical Instruction, Buena Vista College, 1914.



NELLIE B. DRAKE, A. B., A. M.

Professor of Philosophy and Education.

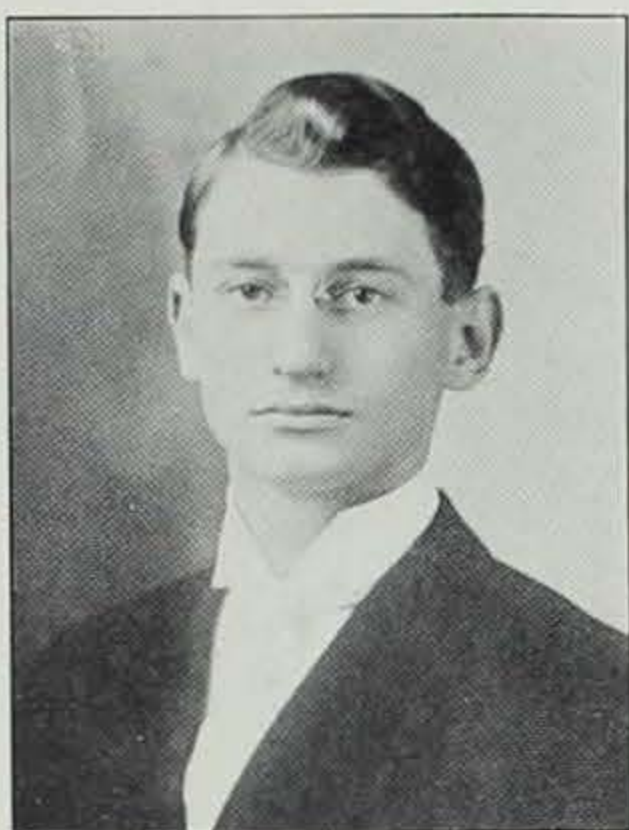
A. B. University of Nebraska, 1911; Graduate Student, University of Nebraska, summer 1911; Assistant High School Principal, 1911-12; Graduate Fellow in Philosophy, University of Nebraska, 1912-14; A. M. *ibid*, 1914; Buena Vista College, 1914.



REV. GEORGE H. FRACKER, A. M., A. D.

Professor of German and French.

Graduate Wooster University, 1878; A. M. *ibid*, 1881; graduate Princeton Theological Seminary, 1884; D. D. Wooster University, 1906; Latin and Greek, Buena Vista College, 1891; German and French, 1903 *ibid*.



WALTER IRVING EASLY, A. B., A. M.

Professor of History and Economics.

A. B., Miami University, 1912; Fellow in Political Economy, University of Michigan, 1912-13; A. M., *ibid.*, Buena Vista College, 1914.



JENNIE GORDON HUTCHINSON, A. B., M. Di.

Professor of Latin and Greek. (On leave of absence.)

A. B., Buena Vista College, 1893; A. B., University of Chicago, 1900; M. Di., Iowa State Teachers' College, 1901; Buena Vista College, 1909.

CARRIE JUNE PERKINS, A. B.

Assistant Professor.

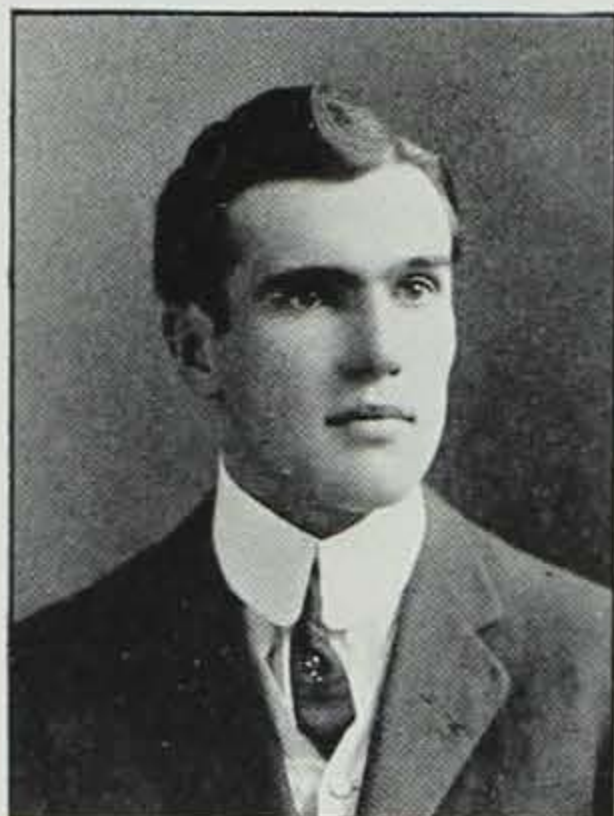
A. B., Buena Vista College, 1910.



ELLIS L. KRAUSE, A. M.

Professor of Physics and Chemistry.

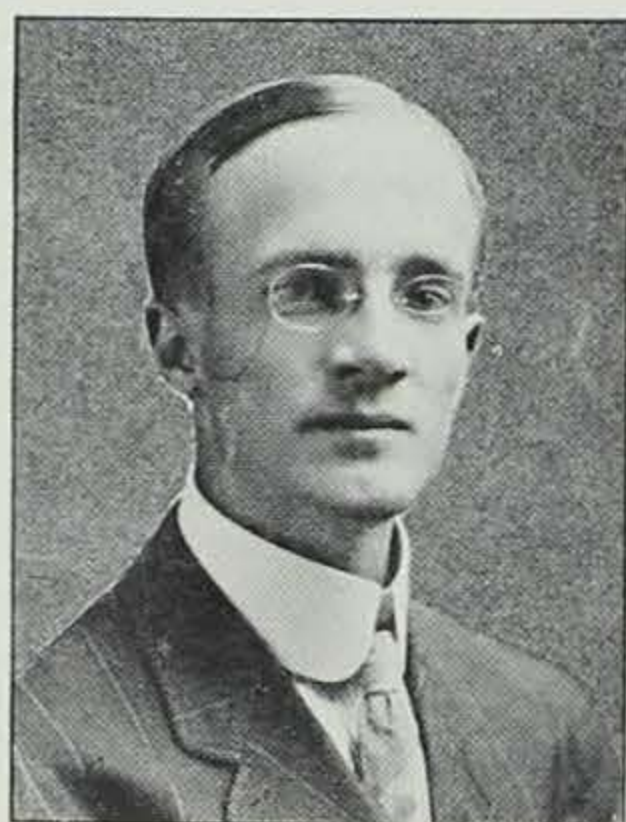
A. B., Ripon College, 1912; A. M., University of Wisconsin, 1913; Buena Vista College, 1913.



H. R. EGGLESTON, B. S., M. A., M. S.

Professor of Biology and Geology.

B. S., Hamilton College, 1912; Elihu Root Fellow in Science, 1912-13; M. A., Howard University, 1913; Member American Microscopical Society; Member Iowa Academy of Science; M. S., Hamilton, 1915.



ELMER R. STAHL, A. B., A. M.

Professor of Mathematics and Commercial Branches.

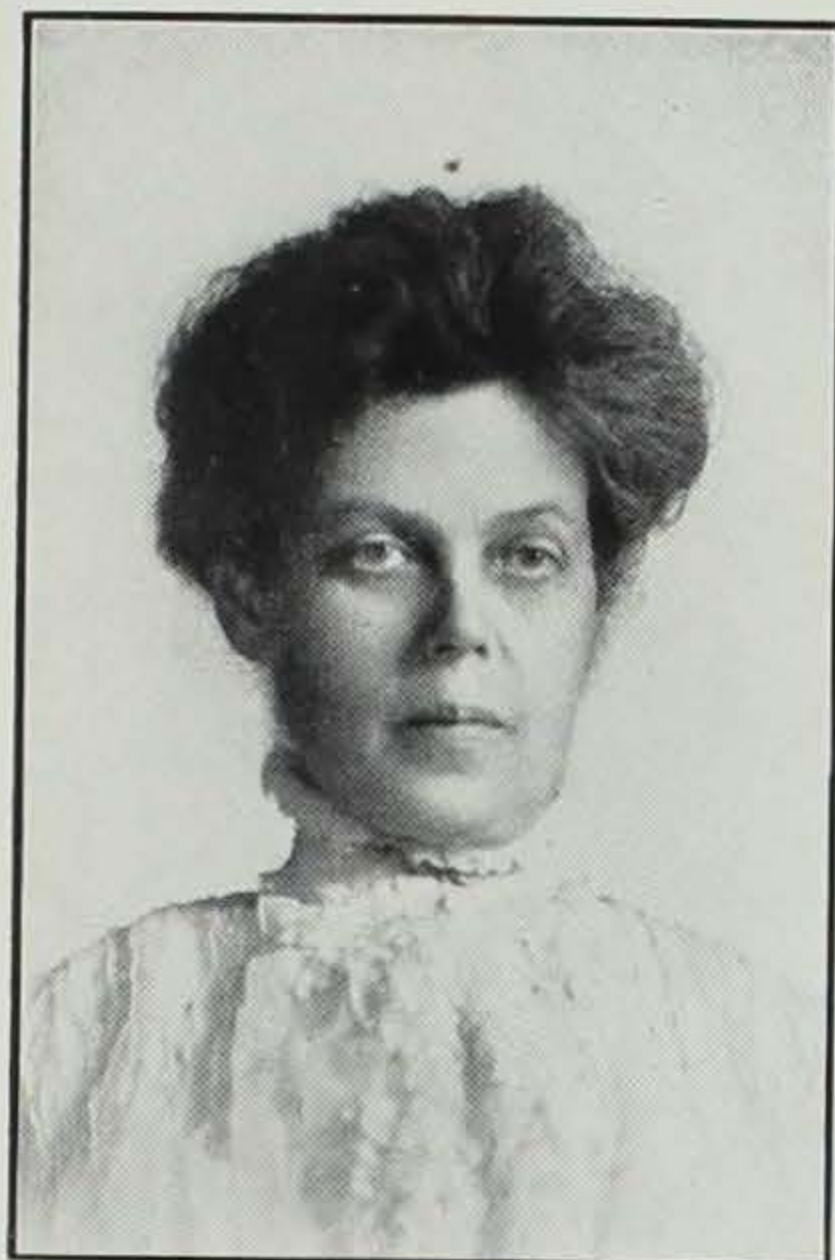
Graduate Gem City Business College, 1903; Graduate of Illinois State Normal University, 1906; A. B., University of Illinois, 1910; A. M., *ibid.*; Buena Vista College, 1914.



MILDRED HUNGERFORD, B. S.

Professor of Home Economics.

B. S. Lincoln College, James Millikin University, 1913; Buena Vista College, 1913.



ALICE EMILY WILCOX, A. B.

Professor of English, and Dean of Women.

Graduate of Oswego Normal School, Oswego, N. Y.; A. B., University of Michigan, 1902; Graduate student, University of Wisconsin, summer of 1908, 1909, 1910; Graduate student, University of Michigan, summer of 1912; Principal of Normal Department of Buena Vista College, 1902; Professor of English, *ibid.*, 1903.



EDITH K. COOKE, B. S.

Instructor in English.

B. S., Coe College, 1909; High School Work, 1909-1912; Graduate student, University of California, summer 1912; Buena Vista College, 1912.

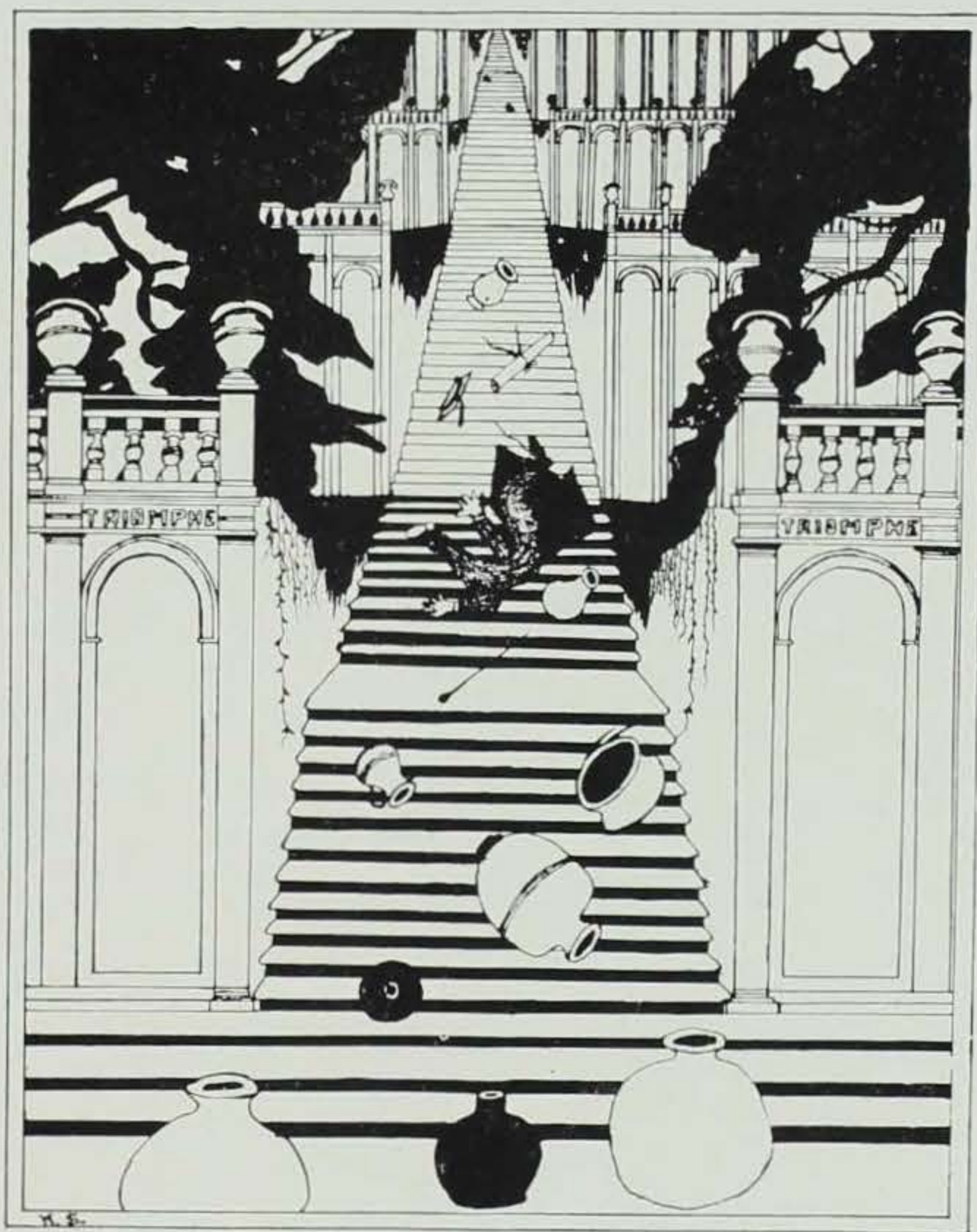


Teachers of teachers! Yours the task,
Noblest that noble minds can ask,
High up Aonian's murmurous mount,
To watch, to guard, the sacred fount
That feeds the streams below;
To guide the hurrying flood that fills
A thousand silvery rippling rills
In ever-widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields
That bounteous Nature kindly yields,
But fairer growths enrich the soil
Plowed deep by thought's unwearied toil
In Learning's broad domain.
And where the leaves, the flowers, the fruits
Without your watering at the roots
To fill each branching vein?

Welcome! the Author's firmest friends,
Your voice the surest Godspeed lends.
Of you the growing mind demands
The patient care, the guiding hands,
Through all the mists of morn.
And knowing well the future's need,
Your prescient wisdom sows the seed
To flower in years unborn.

HOLMES.



THE SENIOR.

RUDDER 1916





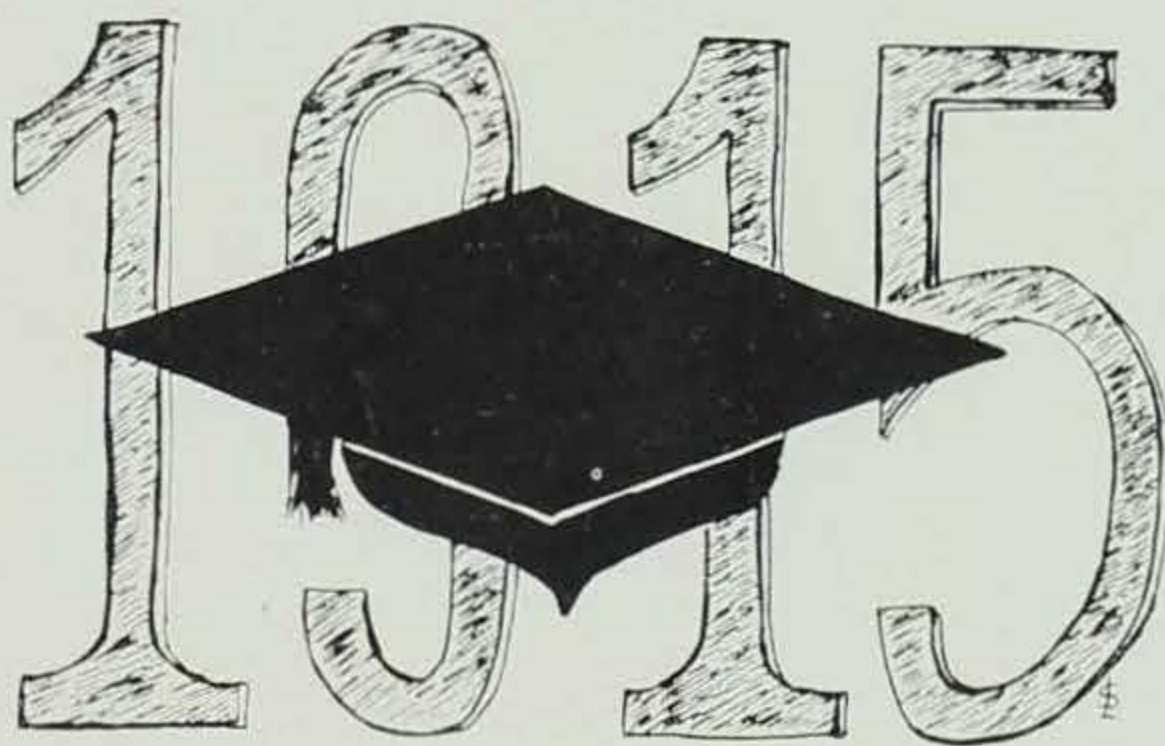
Name—Prattlers
Colors—Lavender and Cream
Flower—Red Clover

OFFICERS

ELDEN SMITH *President*
EVELYN ENSIGN *Secretary*
CORA THOMPSON *Treasurer*

YELL

Wowshe wowwow wiski wi wi
Ole Moky! Holy Smoky!
This is our day
(War-whoop)
Seniors.





ELDEN SMITH.

"A man attaining his goal step by step."

Manager of The Tack 1912-'13; president of Y. M. C. A., 1913-'14; president of Class of 1915; business manager of 1915 Rudder; head janitor, 1913-'15; president of Franklin Society, 1915; president of South Hall Boarding Club, 1914-'15; yell master, 1914-'15.

MABLE PLUMMER.

"A gentle soul, to all a friend."

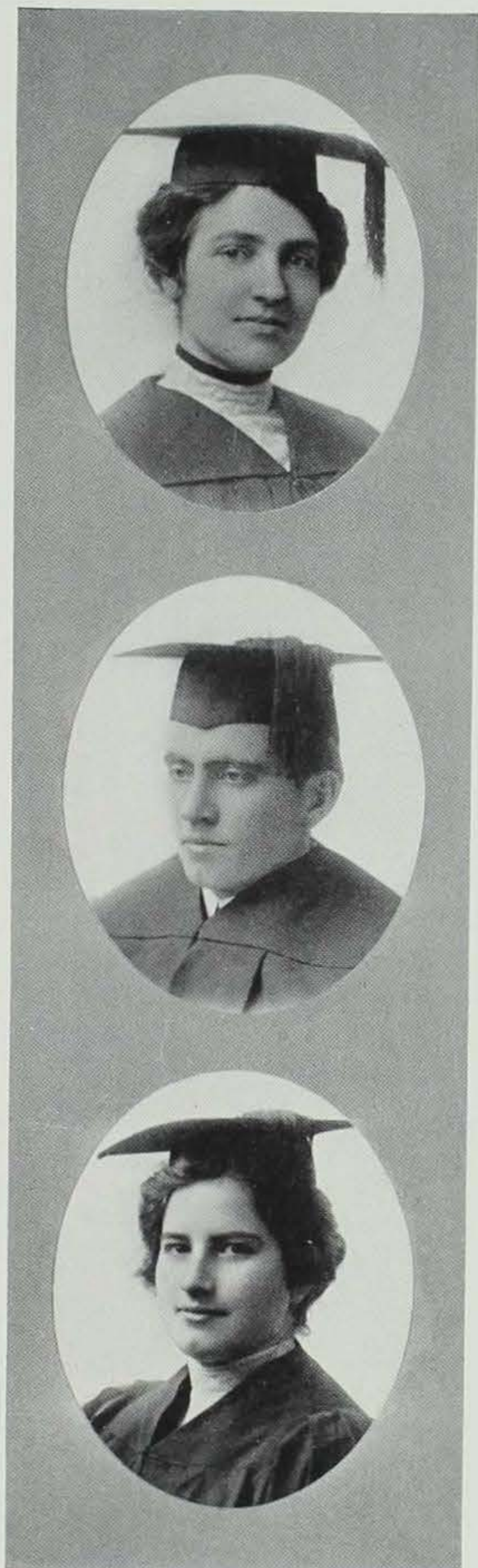
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1911-'14; Tack Staff, 1912-'13; Star Vice-President, 1912 and 1913; Student Council, 1913; Y. W. C. A. president, 1914-'15; Annual board, 1913-'14.

WENDELL CHAPMAN.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free,

Why aren't they all content like me?"

President Star Society; president Athletic Association; Editor-in-Chief Tack, 1913-'15; Won "B" in football, 1912-'13-'14; Inter-society debate, 1914 and 1915; Inter-Collegiate debate, 1915; Manager football team, 1914.



CORA THOMSON.

*"Those virtues prized and practiced by few,
Are prized, are loved, are eminent in you."*

Honor graduate of Grand Je't. H. S.; Treas. Oratorical Ass'n, 1912-'13; Literati Sec. and Treas., 1913-'14; Star President, 1914; Tack Staff, 1913-'14; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1912-'15; Class treasurer. Annual board 1915 Rudder. May Queen, 1915.

W. O. BENTHIN.

"We may expect great things of you."

President of the Star Society, 1914; President I. P. A.; President Y. M. C. A., 1914-'15; President Student Council, 1914-'15; Student Preacher; Amateur Lyceum Worker.

EVELYN ENSIGN.

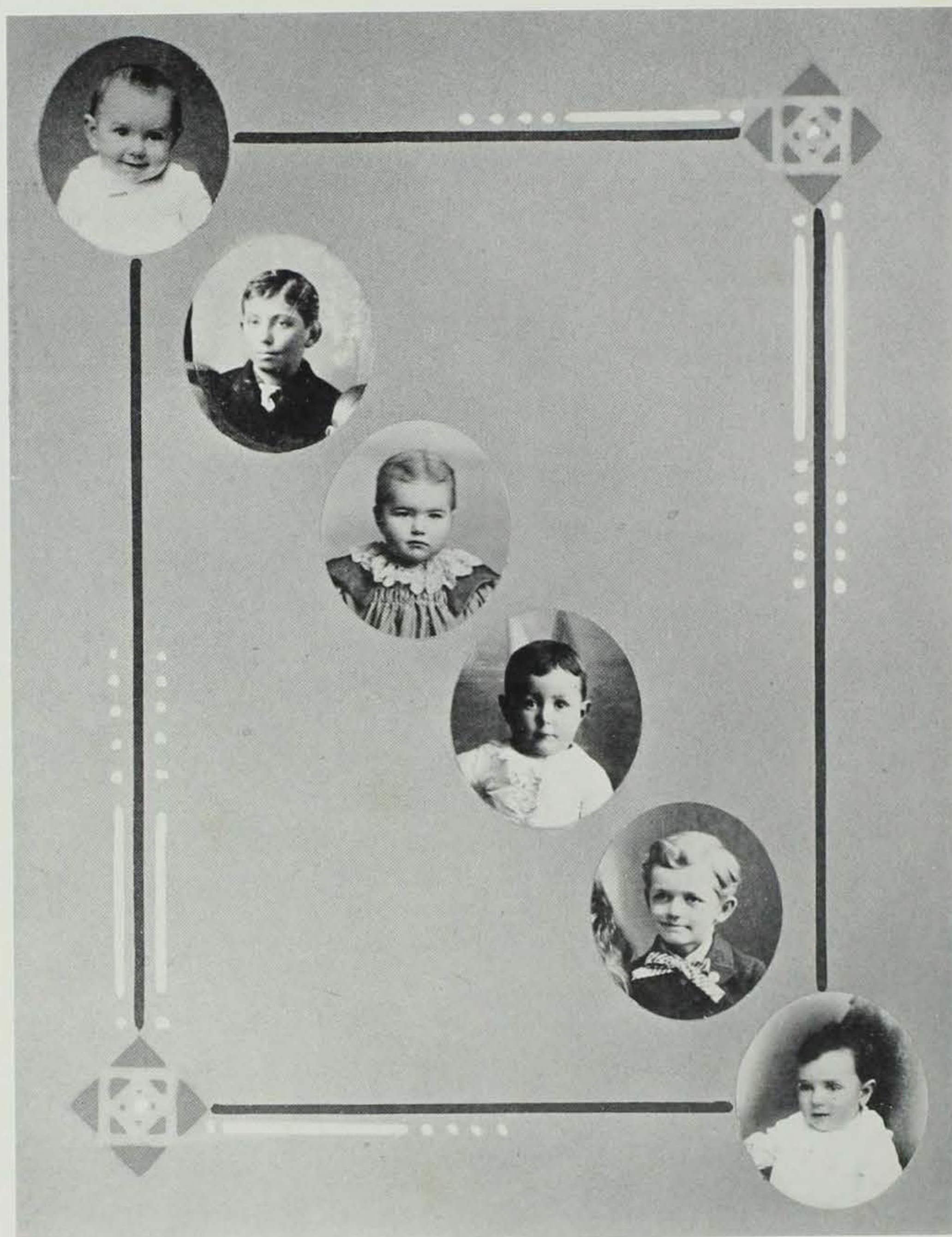
"A diligent seeker after the germs of knowledge."

Sec. Oratorical Ass'n, 1911-'15; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1912-'15; Student Council, 1914-'15; Star Vice-President, 1914; Leader "Student Volunteer Band," 1914-'15; Tack Staff, 1914-'15; Calendar Ed., 1915 Rudder; Secretary of Class.

RUDDER



1916



Mable, Walter, Evelyn, Elden, Wendell, Cora.

RUDDER



1916



Happenings among Stix



Name—Stix

Colors—Wine and Sky-Blue

OFFICERS

HARLEY CLAUS*President*

LILLIAN SHERMAN*Secretary and Treasurer*

YELL

Ippity, ippity ix

Rah for the Sophomores

Rah for the Stix.

RUDDER



1916



SOPHOMORES

TOP ROW (left to right)—Perkins, Sherman, Van Cleve.

BOTTOM ROW—Claus, Holmes, Strawn, Harper, Crouch.

RUDDER



1916







Name—Snookums

Colors—Silver White and Purple

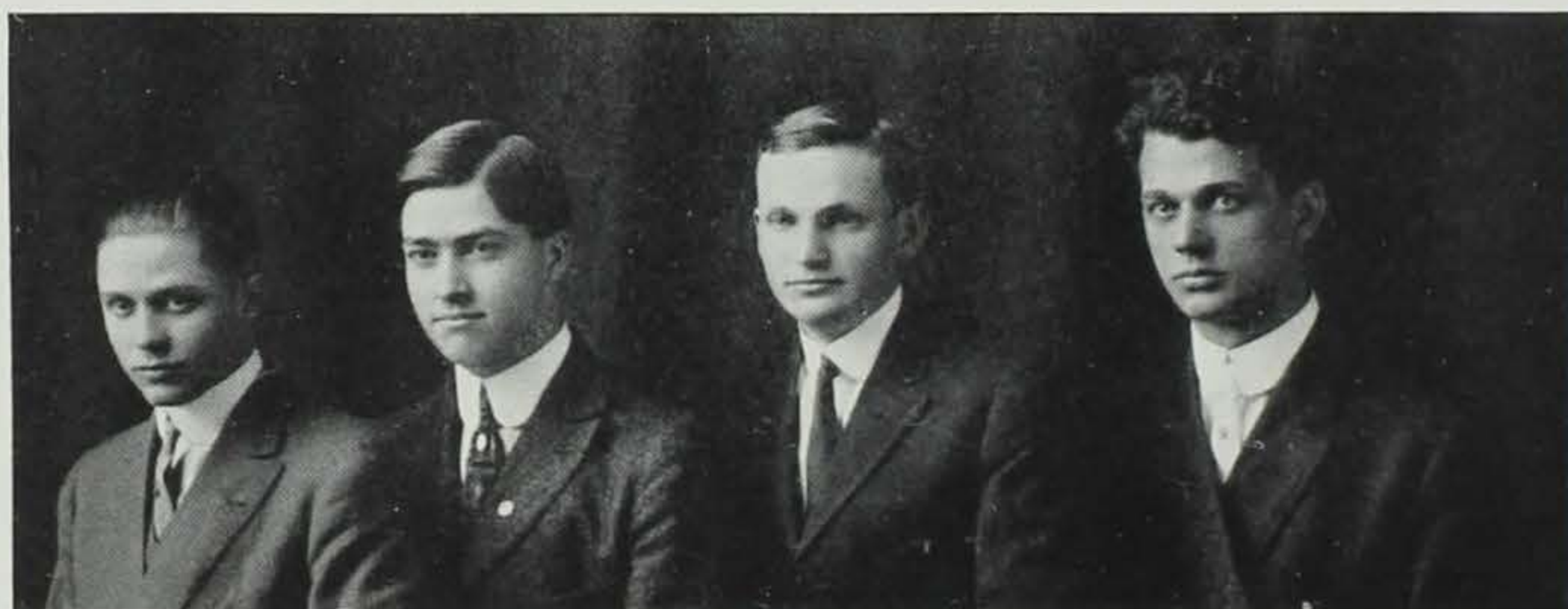
OFFICERS

STEWART BROWN *President*

MARGARET ROSS *Secretary and Treasurer*

YELL

We're not much now,
But just you wait.
We're here with the goods
One Nine, One Eight.



FRESHMAN QUARTETTE
Brown, Ensign, Hood, Marousek.

RUDDER



1916



FRESHMAN CLASS

TOP ROW (left to right)—Marousek, Ensign.
SECOND ROW—Brown, Loveless, Drury, Goodenow, Marten.
THIRD ROW—Benedict, Coulson, Aitkin, Stock, Mitchell, Ross.
BOTTOM ROW—Hood, Wall, Meighen, Mattison, Keith, Storey, Evans.

RUDDER



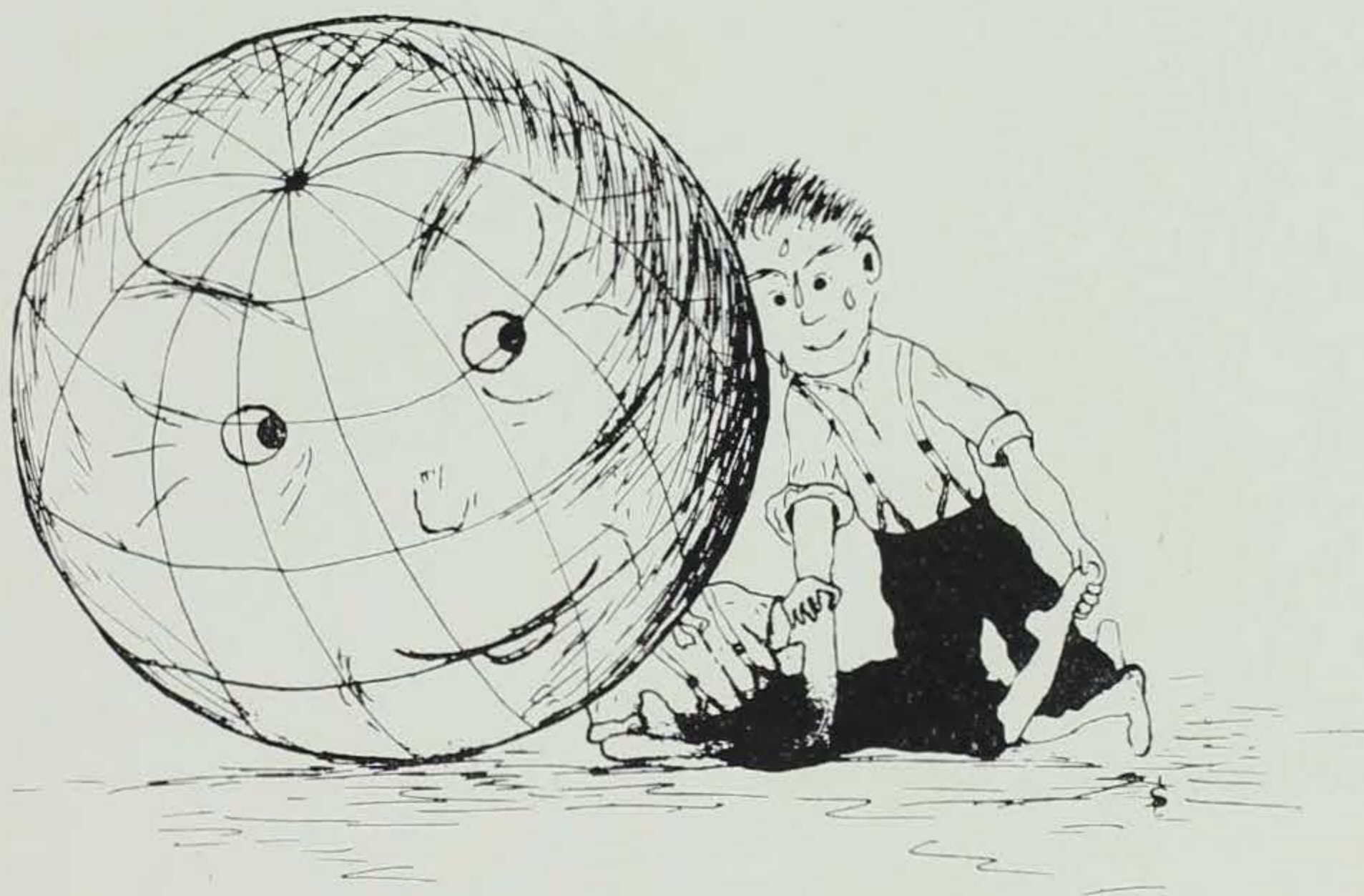
1916



RUDDER



1916

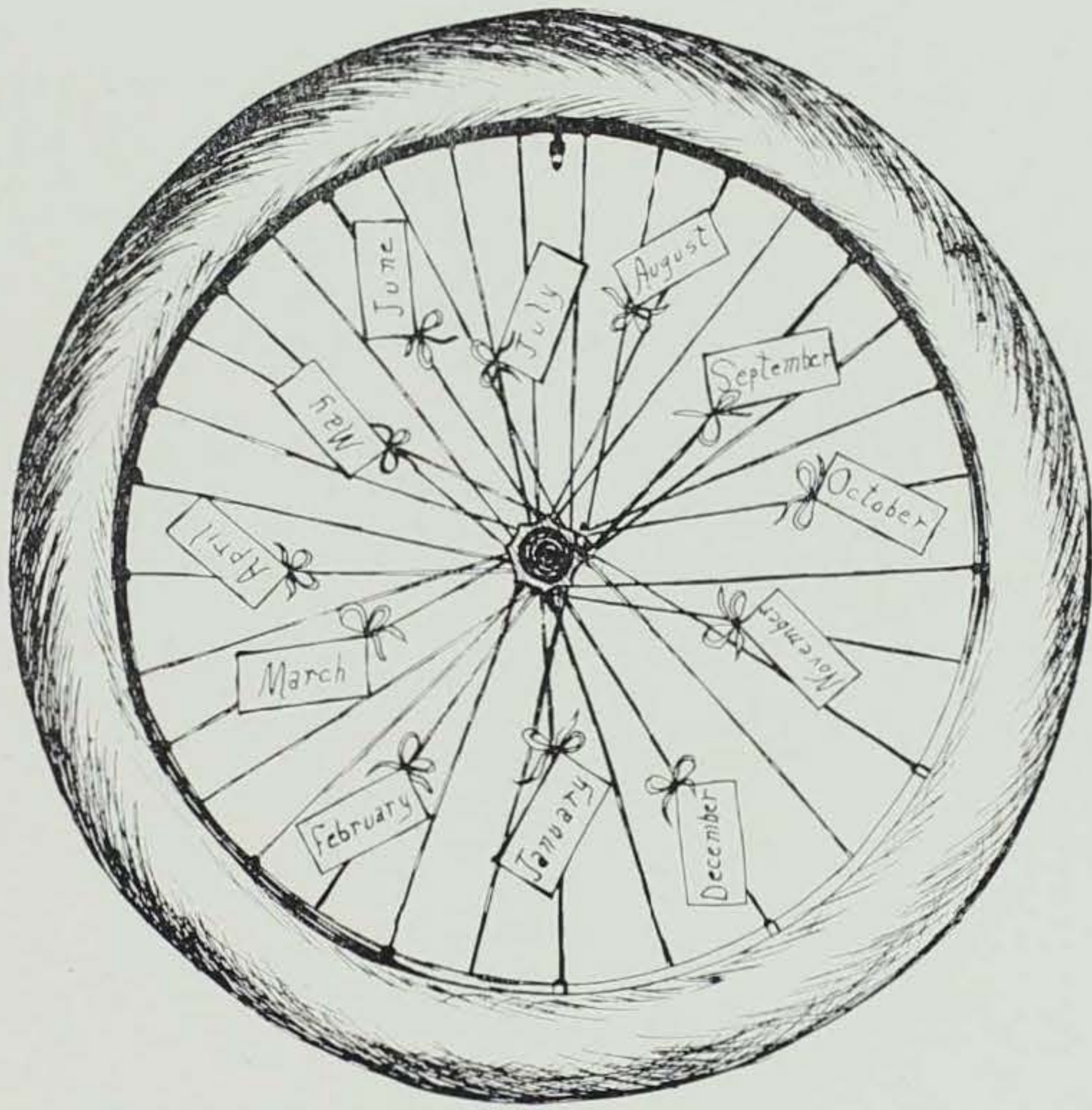




ACADEMICS

TOP ROW (left to right)—Knudtson, Swanson, Hanson.
 MIDDLE ROW—Schmidt, Shaul, Torkelson, Crouch, Anderson.
 BOTTOM ROW—Heath, Newell, Hansen, Wick, LaRue, Lake.

RUDDER  1916





April

April 1, '14.

Dear '14 Alumnus:

In regard to your letter of March 25, will be only too glad to send you a record of all events at Buena Vista. You may expect telegraphic messages at all hours of the day and night.

Sincerely,
JUNIOR A.

P. S.—March 26, was grand "Clean-Up Day" on the campus. Everything now looks very fine. Y. W. served sandwiches and coffee. Arch O'Donnoghue really worked.



9. Agnes A., Averil H., give Coots feed. Six o'clock. Great time.
10. (Night letter.) B. V. to have May Festival. Dorothy Gregg—May Queen. Averil Housholder—maid of honor. Politician of great promise appears, H. C.
11. What connection? M. Carleton, E. E., Sociology. Please wire.
12. Easter Sunrise prayer meeting. Y. W. C. A.
16. Recital. Music and Oratory. Riley poems enjoyed.
19. Ruth H. sleeps—3 p. m. Dubbed Mrs. Rip! You beat that?
22. To Prof. Krause—a boy. Dreher speaks Y. W. C. A.—"We girls—"
27. Circus Day! Rain! Wet feet! EMPTY POCKET BOOKS!
28. Reggles and Susie go canoeing? We'll send picture by mail.
30. We must screw down governor! Less noise!



May

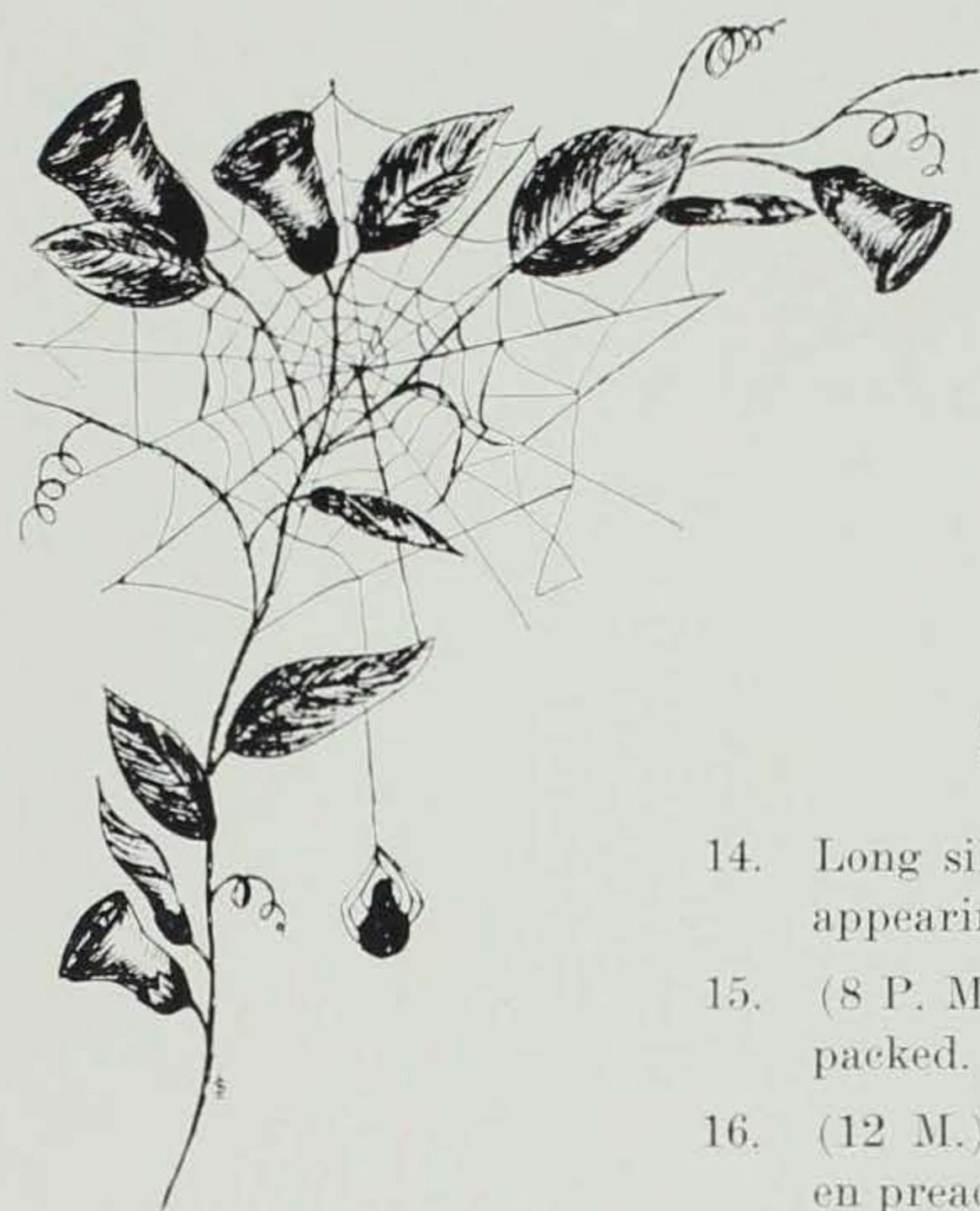
2. You ever go to May Day Supper? Great! Always rains.
7. Epidemic—mumps. Faculty, students great and small alike!
8. Great commotion, deserted campus, deluge of tramps, hobos, gypsies, squaws!
8. (Night letter.) Hobos turned to students, on lark. Eats, canoeing, tramping. A few take diving lessons. Evening—Wedding, Franklin hall. Miss Philomathia weds Mr. Franklin. Pink and white color scheme. Concealed orchestra! Wedding cake.
- 12-20. Practice, morning, noon, and night. Graceful sprites tripping o'er green.
21. (Cipher letter.) A. M. Rain, practice, tennis—mixed. Decoration of May Queen's bower, lilacs and ground cherries. P. M. Sunlight, crowds, spirited dancing and beauty.
Late P. M., picnic supper, play—bed.
22. Day after night before! Johnnie falls down stairs!
23. Rain brings 1915 weather.
27. Molecules breakfast at Stuart Miller House.
28. That was the day! Molecules picnic Coots. Present picnic grounds.
29. Tennis Tournament. Ellsworth vs. B. V.—Co-eds cheered by winners.



June

2. Recital. All about Mrs. Wiggs, Billy, "Austy," and the others.
3. Feats of varsity team extolled. Letters presented by Edson.
5. Spooning promoted by faculty! Spoons to Evans, and Drake. May Festival appreciation.
9. Farewell chapel. Appropriate speeches, music and decorations.
- 10-11-12. EXAMS come but twice a year! Sadness.
12. "Ellen elopes!" Senior Acs and Commercials graduate.
14. Baccalaureate. P. M. Rev. Thut to Y. M. and Y. W.
15. Pipe of peace. Hatchet buried. Tribes return close friends.
16. (Night letter.) Tree day just over. Senior family got tree planted at eleventh hour. Beauty. Stix show great originality by copying elders. Alumni banquet held this evening.
17. (Later.) Seniors now Alumni. Ceremony performed without accident.
18. Scurry, hurry, bustle, farewells. Goodbye! Quiet reigns!





September

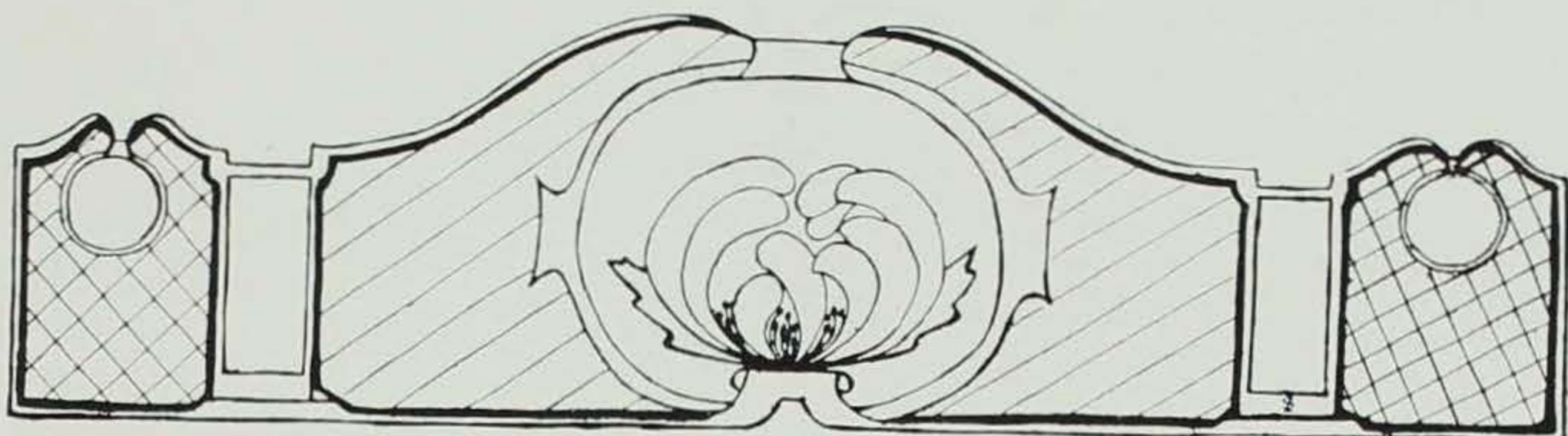
14. Long silence broken. Life of various hues appearing.
15. (8 P. M.) All enrolled at last. Trunk unpacked. Room a fright!
16. (12 M.) Opening chapel, new faces, seven preachers, Dr. French starts us right.
10:30 P. M. Stag Social at Y. M. Get acquainted, Reception Y. W.
17. Been to Korea? Funny place. Dr. Fletcher tells of it.
18. (11:50 P. M.) Star-Franklin reception. Got acquainted with hundred people. Wonderful art gallery. Great bargains at auction. Excellent domestic science treat.
21. Question: Where's Football team?
22. Answer: Arty brought them though, didn't he?
23. Discovery—A live Freshman class!
24. (Night letter.) Freshies had picnic tonight. Sophs had fun, too. Stewie likes rides better than Sophs do. They would rather hop. Weenies are fine at 12:15 a. m. Ammonia flavor recommended.
26. Franklin cheer, and college spirit shown newcomers. Scene, Garberson home.
28. Infants learn skipping. Went to Cherokee by train, auto and instinct.



October

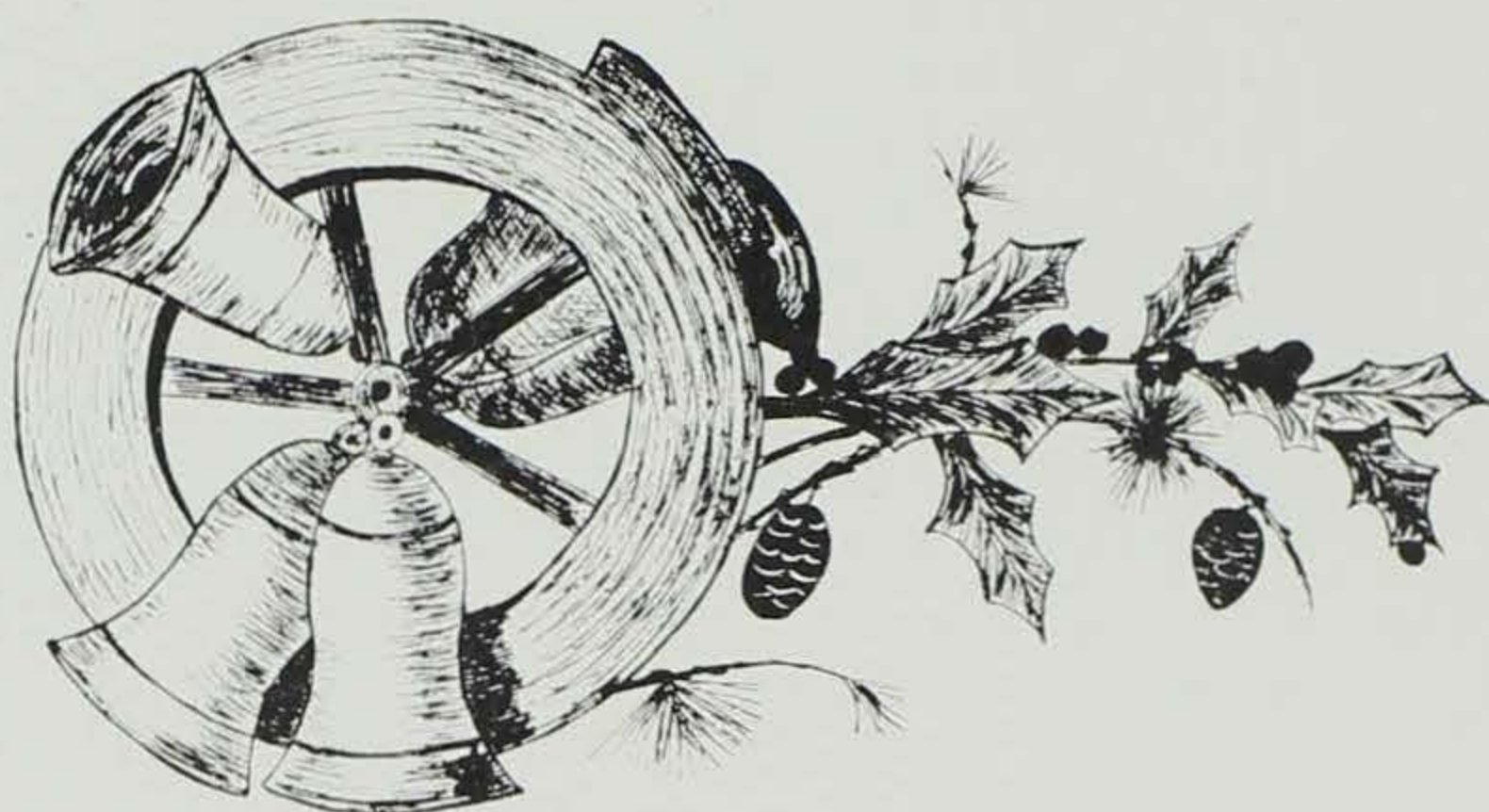
2. Lakeside Church receives us.
Claus captured, tied, but vanished quite.
3. First football game. Hard fighting, loyal support.
Lennox came—event.
5. (10:45 A. M.) Official notice from Stix that Freshman are here.
5. (Later.) New students royally entertained by Stars, in hall.
- 6-8. Intense excitement. Much whispering, Red bows. To be or not to be.
11. Nora S. to represent Juniors on Student Council.
13. Freshman, brace and bit, basketball standard. 1-9-1-8.
15. 1918 or 8161? Sophs reverse standard. Result, incomprehensibility!
16. Faculty were entertainers. Experts sure! Ralph S. banqueted. I'm twenty-one.
17. Pep, pep. Beat Ellsworth is the cry.
- 18-22. "Pep it up boys, we're with you," you would hear.
21. Commercial and Acs try Sioux Rapids woods.
22. Mr. Bato says, Americans queer, too, just like Japanese.
23. We yelled, they fought. Oh dear, 'tis told. Ellsworth's gone.
31. (Night letter.) Basketball season opened. Pomeroy vs. B. V. Proudly we say 14-2. Hallowe'en fittingly celebrated. Novel stunts.





November

2. Lull before storm. Work, sleep, play.
5. Important facts about liquor traffic from Prof. Easley.
6. Game, Alta vs. B. V. 25-10. Warning for preparation, thirty minutes!
8. Week of prayer for peace begins.
10. We fixed Alta again at Basketball. 33-3. Quite a lark!
11. Did you ever eat a supper by moonlight? South Hall has.
13. Rockwell City meets defeat from girls. Pretty cute kids.
16. Three C's to debate. Intercollegiate question chosen.
18. (11:30 P. M.) I. P. A. organized. Franklins gave program tonight. Chief was the play, "An Economical Boomerang." A comical episode from married life.
19. Do would-be teachers know school laws? Supt. Moeller told us.
21. (Night letter.) Basketball game at Rockwell City last night. We win again. Record unbroken. Weddings and banquets today, so 'twas Fort Dodge for some all last night. One of the delightful College experiences.
24. Y. M. and Y. W. join in Thanksgiving service.
25. Farewell chapel program. Milkmaids also entertain.
26. Yum-m-m! O What Bliss! Turkey and cranberry sauce!



December

1. Eleven try out for debating teams. Four Freshmen chosen.
2. Faculty gives debaters yell in chapel. Hammond goes west.
4. All visit Teachers' Institute. Reception at College for visiting teachers.
4. (12 A. M.) Franklin Initiatory Banquet.
9. Y. M. hold Stag social for new boys.
10. Freshmen receive colors from Seniors. Are banqueted bountifully, toasted solemnly. Every one declares Juniors excellent cooks.
12. Freshmen banquet their debaters. Snookums first public appearance.
15. Stix follow Freshmen example and have feed; cards, too.
16. Gospel team leads chapel. Y. M. and Y. W. have Christmas meeting.
17. I. P. A. to front. Money raised for Topeka Convention.
17. (Later.) Ever attend meeting of the Oratorical Association? Great place for fighting.
18. Merry Christmas! Fac-ul-ty!



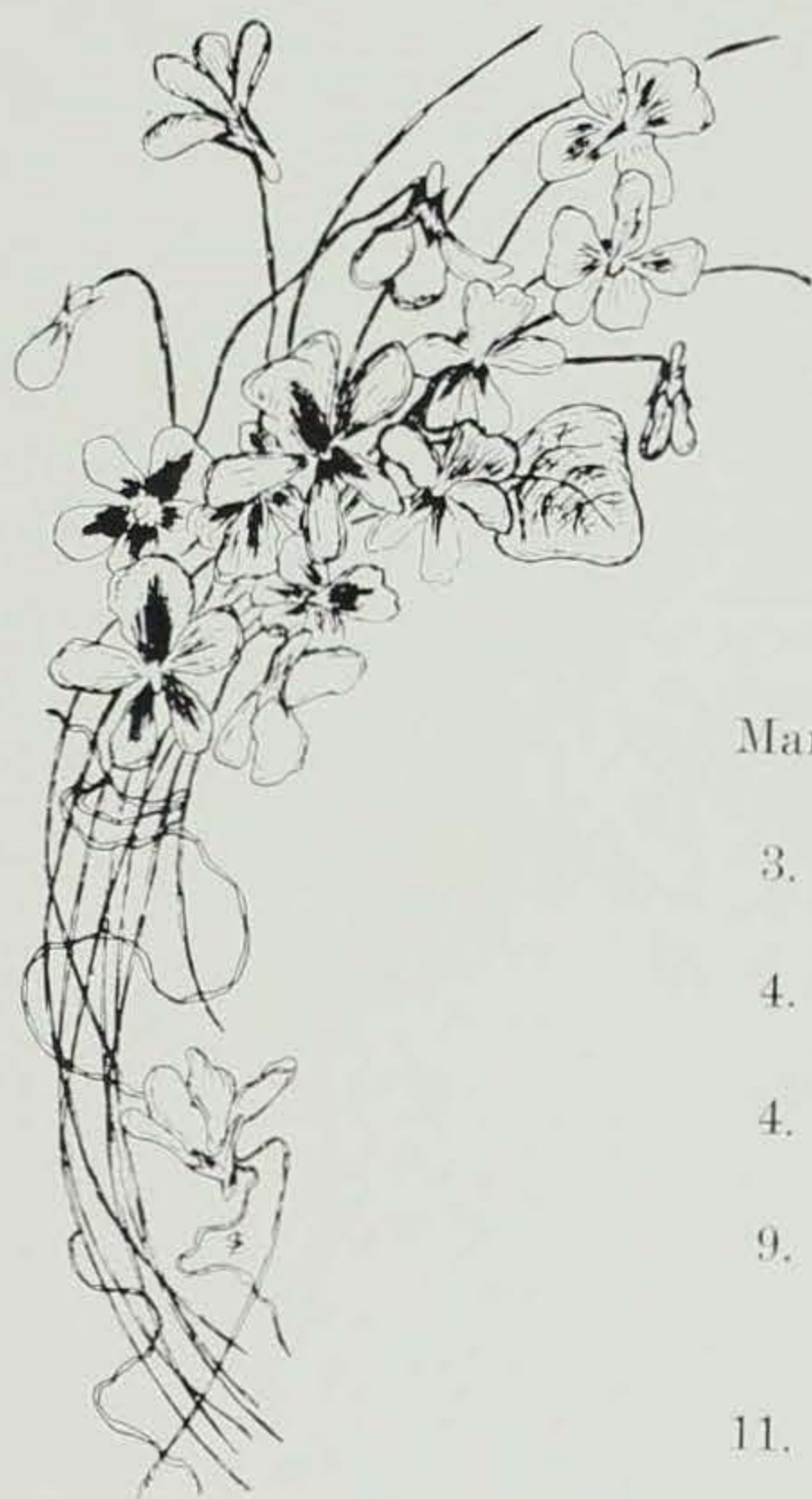
January

- 5-6. Yell meetings, mysterious meetings, tense atmosphere! Know what that means?
8. (Night letter.) The great event is past, The STAR-Franklin Debate. Judges nil as usual. Hilarious time afterwards.
9. Jolly skating weather,—but not ice. Dr. Steiner entertains with lecture.
13. Yelling again. College night at Farmers' Institute. Fine program, But—
14. Receive share of Topeka Convention through delegates' reports. Spirit, at least, reaches us.
16. The Empire partially burned! No movies even during the blizzard.
18. Nora S. elected as Senior member of Council by Juniors.
20. All unrolled! How many times I've been shot today!
21. Y. M. hold movie show. Admission free.
23. (12:30 A. M.) Home from Truesdale. Performed for large crowd. Invited to return.
24. Did Miss W. ever chew gum? She does now!
26. Prof. Shannon gives lectures on Eugenics.
- 27-28. Exams come to just and unjust. No mercy to any.
29. Regimental Quartette. Rejuvenators of fagged minds.
30. A. M. Blizzard! P. M. Rain!

February

2. Chappie gets back from Adaza.
3. Russell Ensign gives contest oration in chapel.
4. Formal acceptance of Athletic park from S. C. Bradford. All speeches enjoyed. All sorts of pep.
5. Russel attends contest at Ames by getting stalled in blizzard.
6. Clear!!!
- 8-12. Week of prayer. Mr. McAfee exercises memories each chapel period. We hope he'll come again.
11. Annual Soph bob ride to Casino. Jolly time in Cottage.
- 15-17. Trial debates show merit of teams.
18. Team leaves for Pella. Great booster crowd at train.
19. (To Miss Conquist at Pella) We had a meeting after chapel and yelled for our teams. We yelled for Chapman, Claus and Brown. Tell Chappie, we know he will do as he always does,—his best. Tell Claus, there is more than one thinking of him. Tell Stewie we are expecting great things of him. Send us word as soon as possible. B. V. Students.
19. (11:45 from Pella) We won three to nothing. Now will you keep still.—The Bunch. (11.00 to Pella.) Lost to Ellsworth. Two to one.
22. Celebrated Washington's birthday. Speeches and music.
26. "The Better Man" first Junior Gun. More by mail.
27. Freshman Wedding at Dorm. Boys appear in girls' attire.
28. Many early risers at Dorm. Mysterious and wonderful antics performed.





March

March. Month enters with lowering brow threatening dire havoc.

3. Marjorie Lacey reads "Every Woman." Juniors hold up crowd with candy.
4. Russell E. attends Oratorical banquet and Convention at Cornell. Blizzards again!
4. (Later.) Freshman arrange seating in Chapel. Everyone satisfied now.
9. Girls' Declamatory Contest, Collegiate. Something worth while. Ella Lake, first; Agnes Aitkin, second.
11. Academy Declamatory Contest. Mildred Lake, first; Edyth LaRue, second.
11. (11:33 P. M.) Juniors and Freshman surprise Dean Barackman's on eighteenth wedding anniversary.
12. Student on lyceum platform—Benthin reads "The Prospector."
17. "It's a long way to Tipperary!" echoes from the chapel.
18. (Night letter.) "Buena Vista Twenty-five Years Hence" as seen by Freshman Oratory Class. Hood in speech—"And the brick fell, killing Mr. Barackman, and everyone realized what a blessing his departure was to the school."
Y. W. Cabinet write love letters from advertisements.
19. Ye Senior and Sophomore friends royally entertained by Dean.
20. All were Oirich there. When Miss Cooke O'Hooligan entertains the Coots.
22. First music recital of year. Beethoven enjoyed.



College Yells

Ricka chicka boom,
Ricka chicka boom,
Ricka chicka, ricka chicka
Boom, boom, boom,
Hoopla ha, hoopla he,
Hoopla, hoopla, B. V. C.

Rah, rah, rah,
Sis boom bah,
Razoo, razoo, Johnny blow your bazooo
Rip, zidi, I kie! Uvie!
Buena Vista!

Rippity, Rippity, Rippity Raw
Cross cut band and circular saw;
Rub 'em, drub 'em, eat 'em raw
Buena Vista Rah, Rah, Rah!

U-rah-rah!
Buena Vista
U-rah-rah-rah!
Buena Vista
U-rah-rah-rah-rah!
Buena Vista
Sis—Boom!!!!
BUENA VISTA.

Vacc vacci vaccination
We're the B. V. aggregation
We create great consternation
Thunder, thunder, thunderation.

Re, re, re, Buena Vista
Re, re, re, Buena Vista
Re, re, re, Buena Vista
The team, the team, the team.

Your pep, your pep
You've got it now keep it.

RUDDER



1916



ORGANIZATIONS



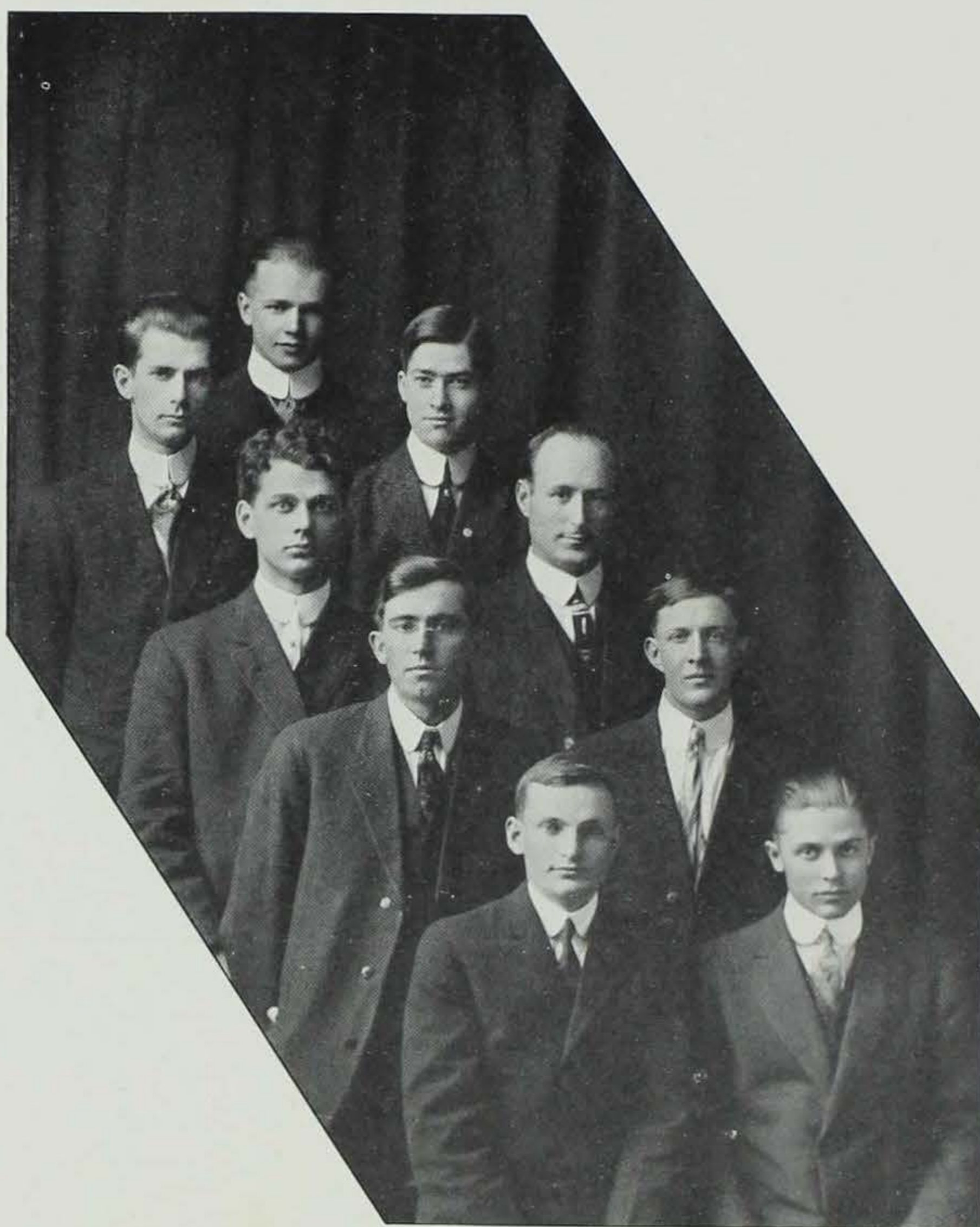
STUDENT COUNCIL

TOP ROW (left to right)—Torkelson, Wilcox, Marousek.
SECOND ROW—Van Cleve, Barackman, Soeth.
BOTTOM ROW—Benthin, Schuldt, Ensign.



TACK STAFF

STANDING (left to right)—Lyman, Ensign.
SITTING—Chapman, Sherman, Lindsey, Wilcox, Sohm.



Y. M. C. A. CABINET

LEFT SIDE—Crowley, Marousek, Benthin, Hood.

RIGHT SIDE—Strawn, Ensign, Smith, Shaul, Brown.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

LEFT SIDE—Aitkin, Sherman, Ensign, Keith, Mitchell, Riedesel.
 RIGHT SIDE—Lake, Van Cleve, Lyman, Schuldt, Plummer, Thomson.



Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

Mabel Plummer	President
Evelyn Ensign	Vice-President
Nora Schuldt	Treasurer
Marjorie Keith	Secretary

COMMITTEES

Evelyn Ensign	Membership
Ada Mitchell	Devotional
Amy Van Cleve	Bible Study
Ella Lake	Missionary
Catherine Lyman	Finance
Beatrice Riedesel	Social Service
Cora Thompson	Social
Lillian Sherman	Ass'n News
Agnes Aitkin	Room

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1914-15

W. O. Benthin	President
Edmund Marousek	Vice-President
Russell Ensign	Secretary
Stewart Brown	Treasurer

COMMITTEES

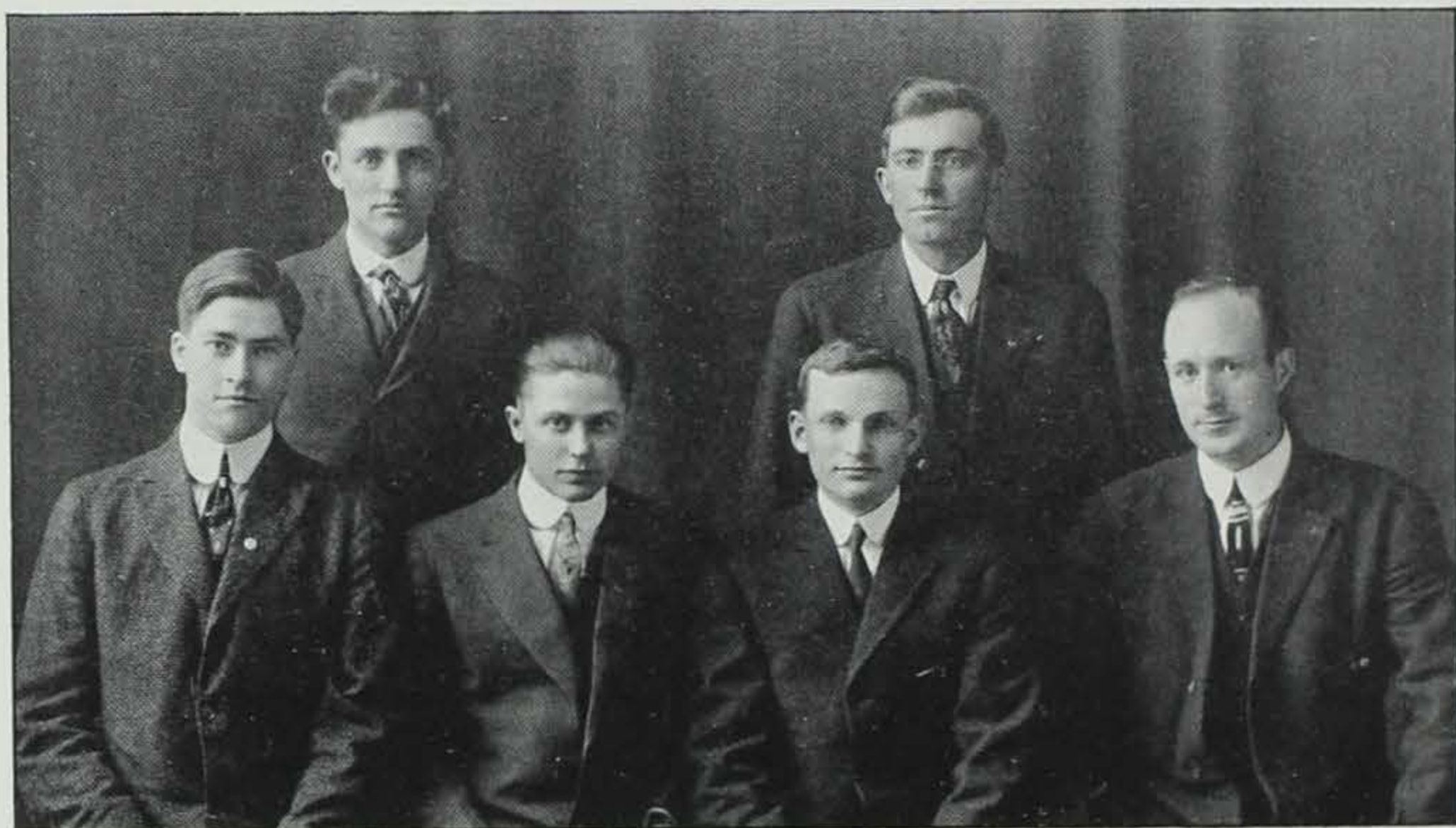
Elden Smith	Devotional
Marion Strawn	Membership
Kenneth Shaul	Room
Harvey Hood	Bible Study
Justice Crowley	Social



STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

TOP—Eggleston.

BOTTOM—Plummer, Ensign, Mitchell.



GOSPEL TEAM

TOP ROW (left to right)—Martin, Benthin.
BOTTOM ROW—Ensign, Brown, Hood, Smith.



The Intercollegiate

The I. P. A. was first organized in 1913-14, with W. O. Benthin as president. A study class was formed and a contest held. The league was again organized last fall with an increase in membership. A course in prohibition was introduced into the college curriculum under Professor Easley. Two delegates, Ada Mitchell and W. O. Benthin, were sent to the great National Convention at Topeka, held Dec. 29—Jan. 1. More fully than ever before did we come to feel the enthusiasm of this nation-wide movement.

Miss Agnes Aitkin will represent us in the State contest, to be held at Parsons college, at Fairfield. A local contest will also be held here.

The purpose of the I. P. A. is, primarily, education. Only the intelligent worker can make progress against the saloon forces. The College man and woman, equipped with thorough knowledge of the question, will make the influential leaders of tomorrow in this great battle.

OFFICERS OF THE LEAGUE

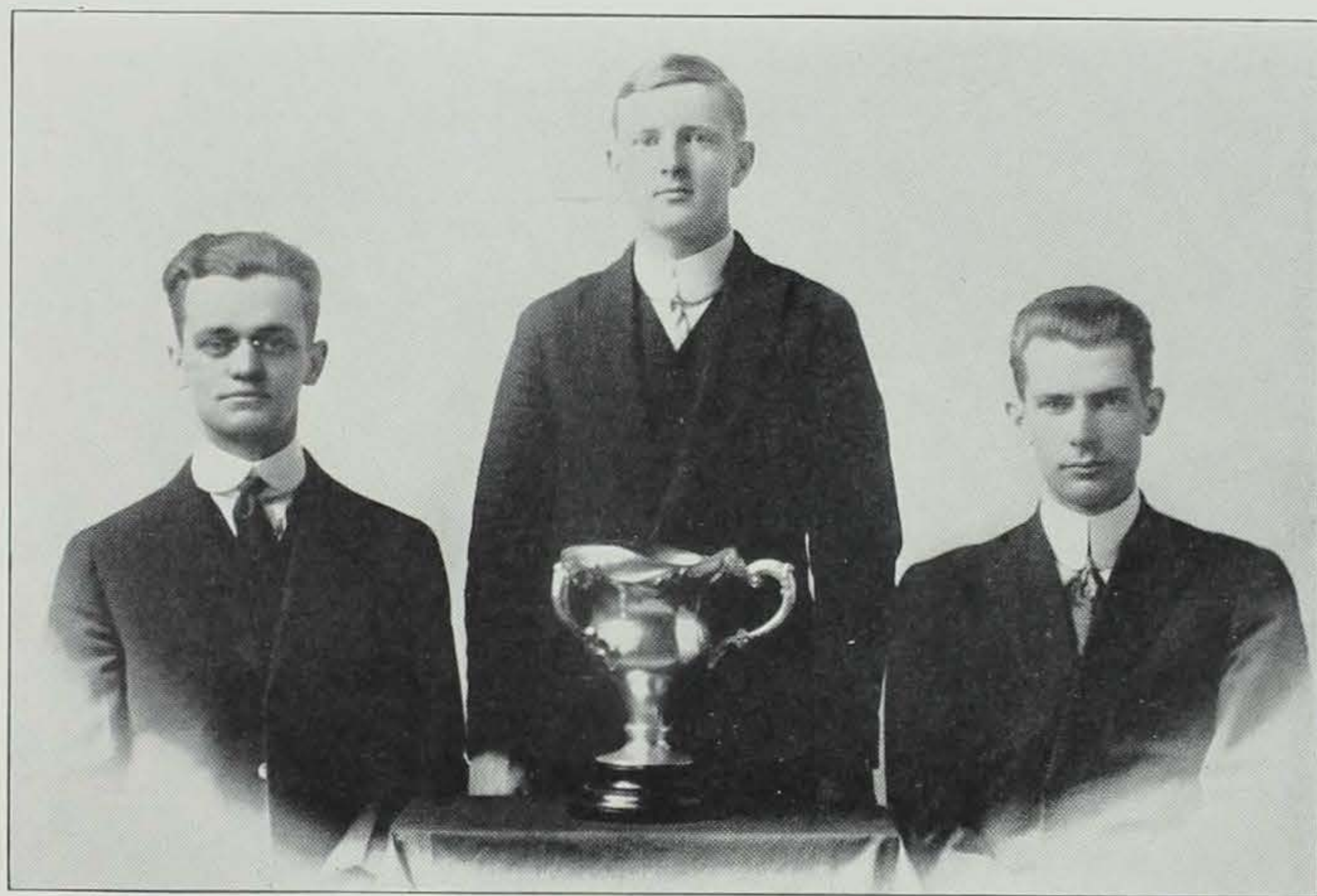
<i>President</i>	CATHERINE LYMAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	RUSSELL ENSIGN
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	AGNES AITKIN
<i>Reporter</i>	ED. CROUCH





Oratorical Association

<i>President</i>	JUSTICE CROWLEY
<i>Vice-President</i>	BEATRICE RIEDESEL
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	EVELYN ENSIGN
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	E. L. MAROUSEK
<i>Treasurer</i>	ADA MITCHELL
<i>Faculty Member</i>	PROF. W. I. EASLY
<i>Oratory Professor</i>	MABELLE CONQUIST



STAR DEBATERS

Chapman, Claus, Crowley.



STAR LITERARY SOCIETY

TOP ROW (left to right)—Goodenow, Strawn, Crowley, Ensign, Loveless.
 MIDDLE ROW—Keith, Lindsey, Sherman, Stock, Benthin, Mitchell, Van Cleve, Ross.
 BOTTOM ROW—Claus, Schuldt, Plummer, Ensign, Wall, Stock, F. Mitchell, Thomson, Evans.



Star Literary Society

Motto—Omnia Vincimus.
Colors—Blue and White.

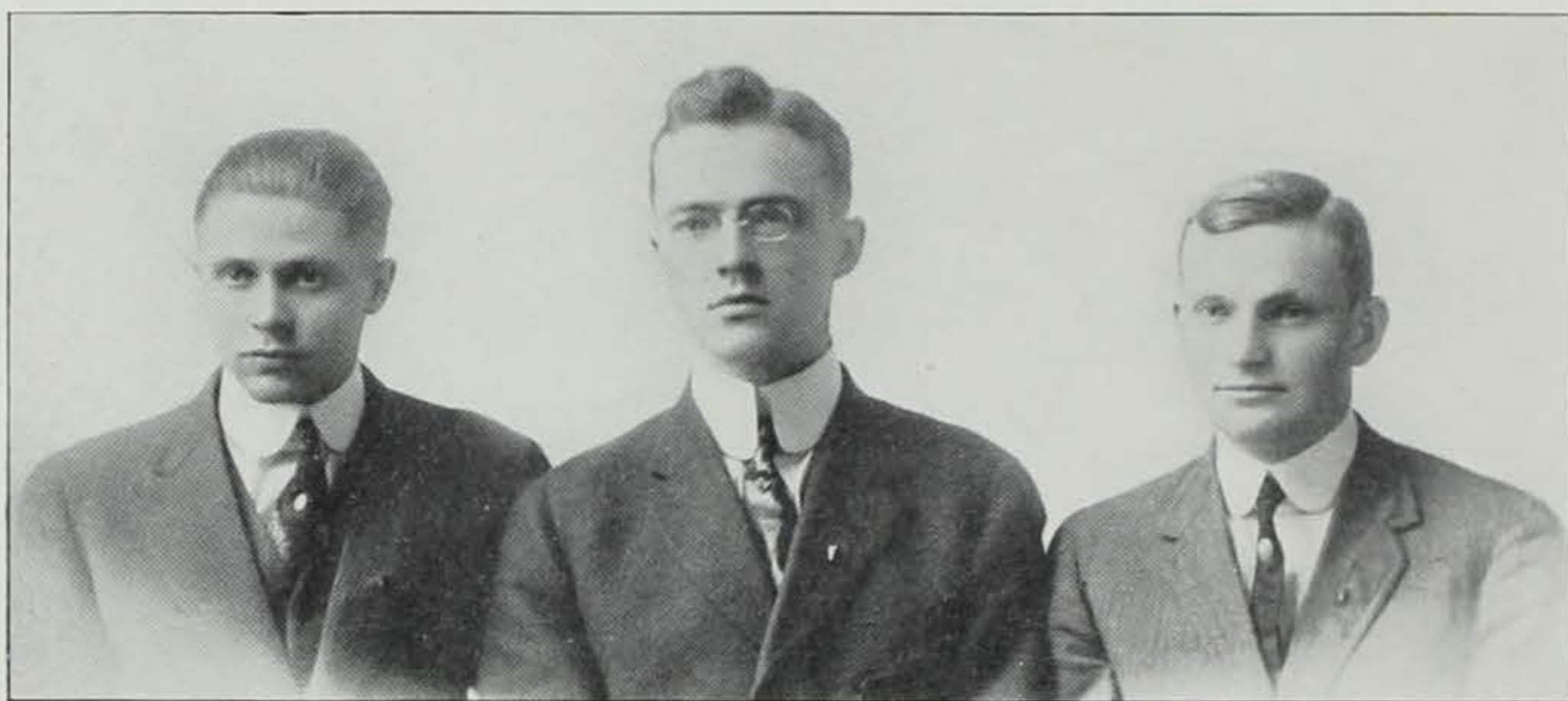
OFFICERS 1914-1915

First Semester

President CORA THOMSON
Vice-President AMY VAN CLEVE
Secretary EVELYN ENSIGN
Treasurer RALPH STOCK
Critic MABLE PLUMMER
Sergeant-at-Arms W. O. BENTHIN

Second Semester

HARLEY CLAUS
MABLE PLUMMER
MARGARET ROSS
ANGELINE GOODENOW
EVELYN ENSIGN
MARJORIE KEITH
CORA THOMSON



FRANKLIN DEBATERS

Brown, Mattison, Hood.

RUDDER 1916



FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY

TOP ROW (left to right)—Smith, Marousek, Mattison.

SECOND ROW—Keith, Shaull, Drury, Sohm, Aitkin, Storey.

THIRD ROW—Martin, Crouch, Oates, Soeth, Holmes, Brown, Hood.

BOTTOM ROW—Harper, Lake, Meighen, Aitkin, Coulson, Lyman, Benedict, Riedesel.



Franklin Literary Society

Motto—Excelsior Quam Astra.
Colors—Cherry Red and White.
Flower—Red Carnation.

OFFICERS 1914-1915

	<i>First Semester</i>	<i>Second Semester</i>
President	AGNES AITKIN	ELDEN SMITH
Vice-President	BEATRICE RIEDESEL	ELLA LAKE
Secretary	ED CROUCH	MAMIE SOETH
Treasurer	CATHERINE LYMAN	CATHERINE LYMAN
Critics.	BEATRICE RIEDESEL JOE SOHM	E. L. MAROUSEK BEATRICE RIEDESEL
Marshall	KENNETH SHAULL	WILLIAM AITKIN



COMACIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

TOP ROW (left to right)—Loots, Swanson.
 SECOND ROW—Hanson, Schmidt, Kay, Heath, Crouch.
 THIRD ROW—W. Newell, Minier, Bradley, Knutson, Anderson, Lake.
 BOTTOM ROW—Wick, La Rue, M. Newell, Boslough, Hanson, Crandall, Shaul.



Comacian Literary Society

Flower—American Beauty Rose.

Color—Deep Red

YELL

When you're up, you're up.

When you're down, you're down.

When you're up against the Comacians

You're upside down.

OFFICERS 1914-1915

First Semester

President FRED SWANSON

Vice-President EDITH LA RUE

Secretary MILDRED LAKE

Second Semester

DOROTHY BRYANT

EDITH LA RUE

MILDRED HEATH

CRITICS

MISS E. COOKE

MISS T. WOOD

MR. E. STAHL

MISS C. PERKINS



The Literati

The year before last saw the organization of an English club, the Literati. The actual work of the club, however, did not begin till the fall of 1913. The desire of those interested was to promote a more appreciative understanding of the modern drama. With this in view, Ibsen, the leading exponent of the modern drama, was studied throughout the year, his romantic dramas being represented by Brand, Peer Gynt, and The Warriors at Helgeland; his realistic dramas by The Doll's House, An Enemy of the People, Ghosts, and The Wild Duck.

The fact that the older drama is used in the class room, together with the fact that less is generally known concerning the modern drama, added unusual interest to the study.

The work for 1914-1915 was planned as a continuation of the study of the modern drama. The plan has included the following:

BJORNSON:

The Newly Married Couple.

Leonarda.

A Gauntlet.

HAUPTMANN:

The Sunken Bell.

VAN DYKE:

The House of Rimmon.

If time would permit, the plan was also to include plays from Barrie and Shaw.

RUDDER



1916





H. H. H. Club

Colors—Pink and White.

Flower—Pink Carnation.

Jewel—Pearl.

Emblem—Swastika.

MEMBERS IN COLLEGE

EVELYN ENSIGN, '15

CORA THOMSON, '15

AGNES AITKIN, '16

LULU STOCK, '16

IRENE LINDSEY, '16

MARJORIE KEITH, '16

LILLIAN SHERMAN, '17

MARJORIE PERKINS, '17

MEMBERS IN THE CITY

ADA COLWELL

RACHEL MADISON

CARRIE PERKINS

PATRONESSES

MISS ALICE E. WILCOX

MRS. GEO. H. FRACKER

MRS. R. D. ECHLIN



The Student Lecture Course--1914-15

In planning the lecture course for 1914-15 the Student Council sought to bring some of the very best talent on the Redpath Lyceum Bureau to the students and people of Storm Lake. The price was not considered. Four numbers were procured.

Dr. Steiner, the international authority on immigration, appeared as the first number of the lecture course, giving a most interesting and profitable lecture on "Immigration." Everyone present saw the immigrant in a new light.

The second number of the course was in a lighter vein. A program consisting of music, readings and a chalk talk was furnished by the Regimental Quartet.

In the words of the best music critics the Cathedral Choir gave the best concert ever heard in the city in a decade. Every number was a classic and rendered perfectly.

The course closed with Miss Marjory Lacey's presentation of "Every Woman," the modern morality play. "Every Woman" teems with lessons and wholesome truths, which were well interpreted by Miss Lacey. She is truly an artist.

The course for 1915-16 has already been planned and will consist of five strong numbers.

The Student Lecture Course--1915-16

The course for next year is of the same quality as the one this season, but there will be five numbers instead of four.

The course will open with Quintano's famous Italian band. This company has appeared on the large Redpath-Vawter chautauquas and won unstinted praise. Joseph Quintano, the leader, is conceded to be the greatest living director for his age.

Estelle Gray is characterized as "The Violiniste of Inspiration." Abroad Miss Gray has given concerts in conjunction with the world's greatest musicians; however, she is an American product.

A member of the National Board of Education, Chancellor George H. Bradford, a strong selfmade man, appears on the course. He is one of the ablest and best informed lecturers on the American platform.

Lucille Adams, a pupil of Leland Powers, will appear in either of the monologues, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" or "Peg o' My Heart." She is a young woman of the Marjory Lacey type.

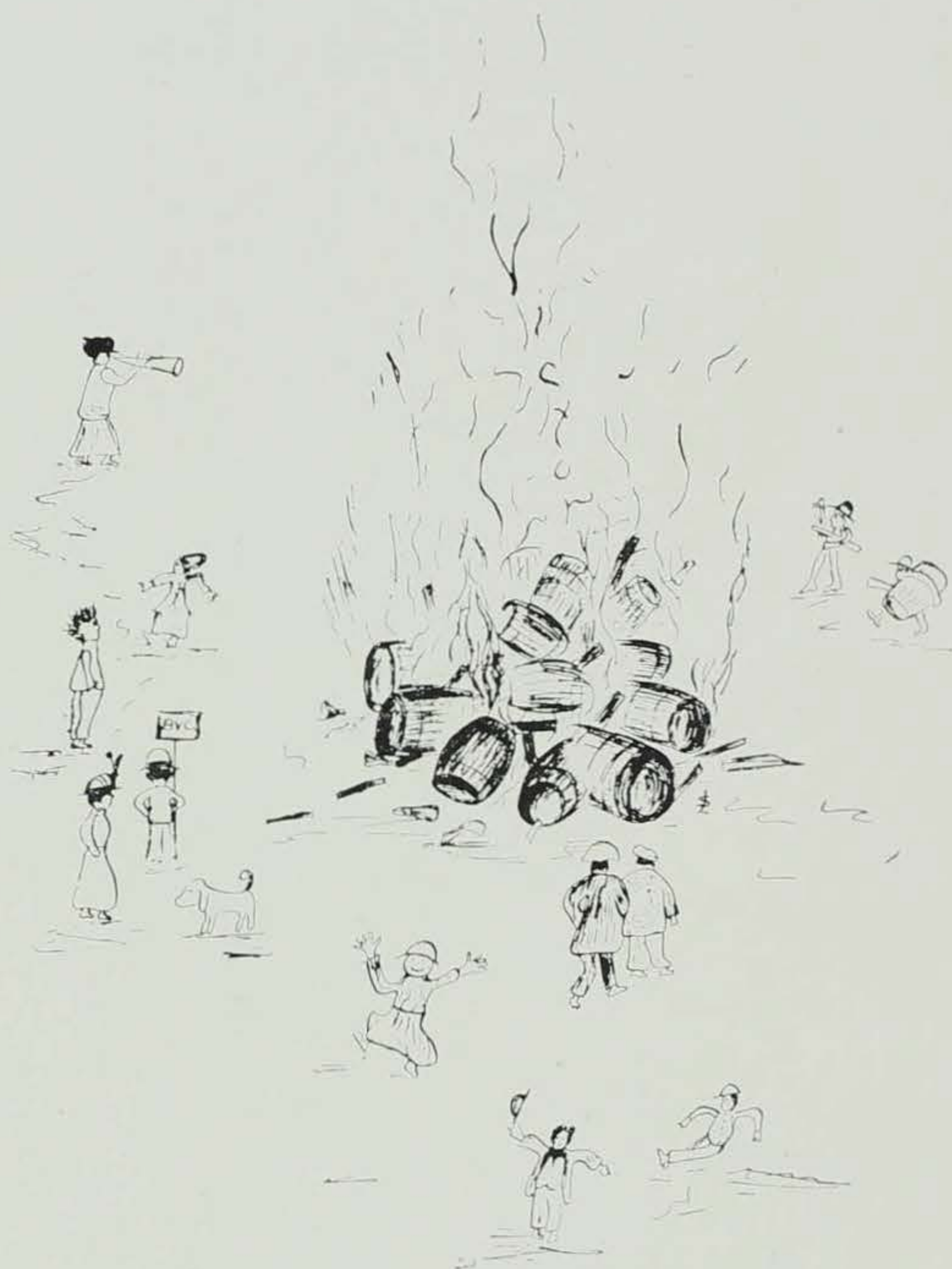
The Jess Pugh Company, superb merrymakers, cannot but be heartily enjoyed. Colonel Lew Beauchamp said he considered Jess Pugh's sneeze piece the funniest thing on the platform. "His dialect readings from the Scotch are in real Harry Lauder style."



RUDDER



1916





The Athletic Association

O. W. CHAPMAN.....*President*

ED. CROUCH.....*Vice-President*

IRENE LINDSEY*Secretary*

E. W. SMITH*Treasurer*

The Athletic Association is composed of the entire student body, and has charge of all athletics carried on by the school.

In the fall of the year, football and girls' basketball are the principal forms of athletics, with a little tennis during the early part of the season. Altho it is not customary to play intercollegiate basketball, the girls made a splendid record this year with the nearby high schools, winning every game, which proves that the boys are not the only ones who can do things in athletics. In the spring, attention is given to baseball and tennis. Inter-class and intercollegiate contests in tennis are held, in which some very creditable work has been done.

So far there has never been much done in track work, but with the splendid addition which was made to the campus this year, a splendid opportunity will be given for work along this line for next year.

Through the generosity of Mr. S. C. Bradford, of this city, the college now owns all but a small part of the land between the main college building and the lake. This land includes the city ball park, on which a grandstand is already built. This park is leased by the city until after the season of 1915, when it, with the grandstand, will become the property of the college.

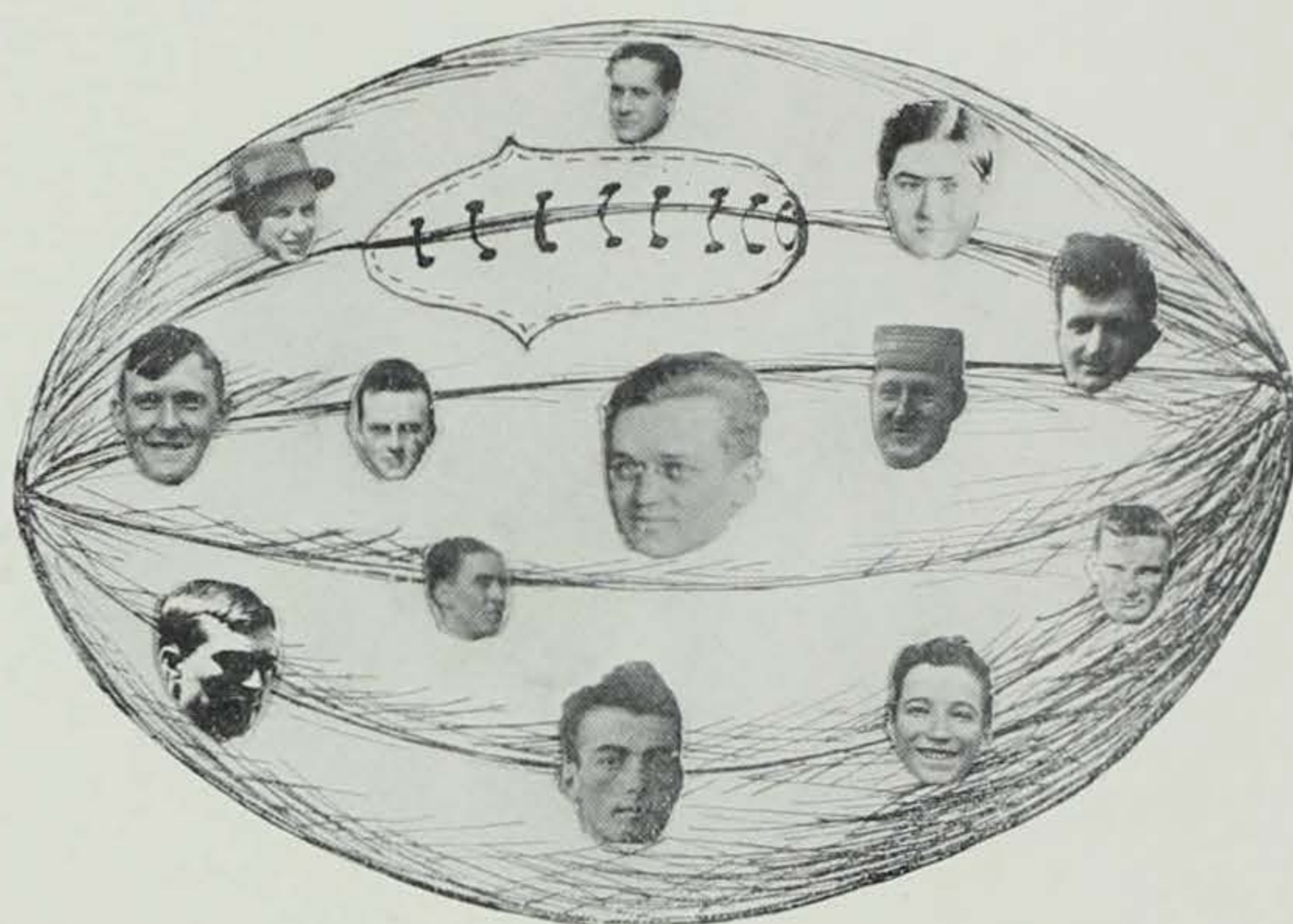
The one great desire for many years has been to possess a well equipped gymnasium, and at last our hopes are on the way towards realization. Plans are now being made for the construction of such a building, and by next fall we expect to have at least a temporary building ready for use.

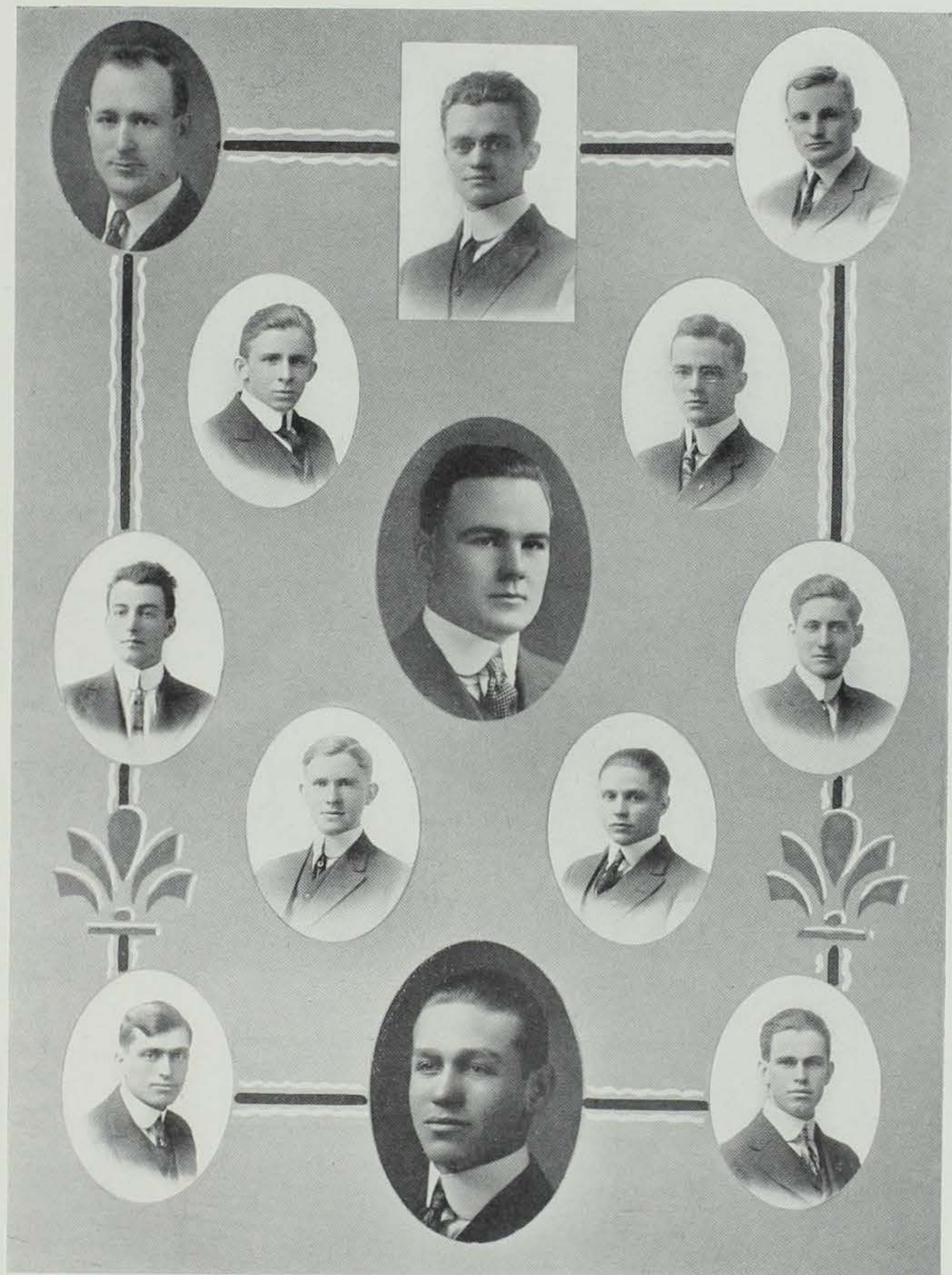
With the acquisition of this new territory, and with the prospect of a good gymnasium, our athletic opportunities will be greatly improved, and we shall have no reason for not making a splendid showing during the coming year.

RUDDER



1916





FOOTBALL TEAM

TOP ROW (left to right)—Smith, Chapman, Hood.
 MIDDLE ROW—Aitkin, Shaul, Capt. Gilliland, Mattison, Loots.
 BOTTOM ROW—Crouch, Swanson, Boslough, Brown, Stock.



BASKETBALL TEAM

TOP ROW (left to right)—Ensign, Perkins, Lyman.
MIDDLE ROW—Schmidt, Conquist, Soeth.
BOTTOM ROW—Lindsey, Aitkin.



May Day Fete

Buena Vista's first May Day Fete was a grand success. In every way it reflected credit on Miss Evans, for her hard work and on the girls who so patiently stood by her.

By a unanimous vote of the men of the college, Miss Dorothy Gregg was elected May Queen. Miss Averil Householder was likewise elected Maid of Honor.

The morning of Thursday, May 21, was dark and cloudy. The May Queen indeed felt blue when she thought of the way her day was being spoiled. Throughout the morning every person in College was busy. Men were building and decorating the throne and raising the May pole. The girls were going through their march for the last time; this was indeed pleasant work amid the showers. But ah! by noon the sun was shining brightly and the May Queen was happy again.

The exercises were held on the campus east of the College, the throne having been built on the edge of the lawn. The girls in the grand march went toward this. They were all dressed in white. The May Queen's procession came to the throne, down the lane made by the two rows of girls. The four maids were Misses Ambler, Kettleson, Madison and Plummer; the little flower girls and boys Gwenna Walker, Arthur Mitchell, Marion Lewis and Arthur Stock. Following these came the Maid of Honor; the crown bearer, Charlotte Schultz, carrying the daisy and smilax crown on a pillow; the Queen in her white gown, a queen of whom all were proud; her train was born by Pauline Whitney and Dicky Schmitz. After the crowning the queen watched the exercises prepared for her enjoyment from her throne.

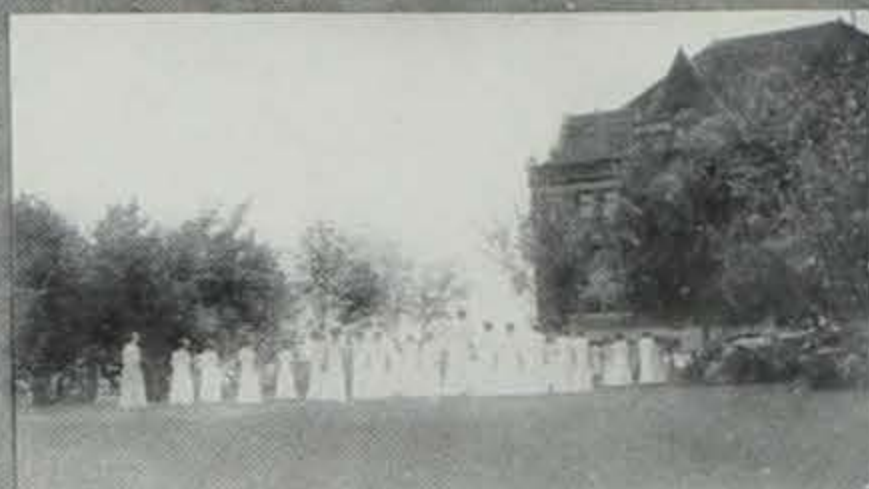
The girls had worked for weeks to perfect their drills. They were tired and the sun was hot, but they did their dances so gracefully that the audience did not realize that work, not play, was going on. The Swedish Folk Dance was given by the Academy and Commercial girls. The College girls gave the May Pole Dance. Everyone took part in the Floral Arch drill. Then the Scarf Dance and the Norwegian Mountain Dance completed the afternoon program.

The May Fete was a wonderful success. It was voted to make it a yearly affair. It is hard work to practice and sometimes hard work to keep at it, but after the success of our first May Fete, we will forget that there was anything to it but pleasure.

RUDDER



1916

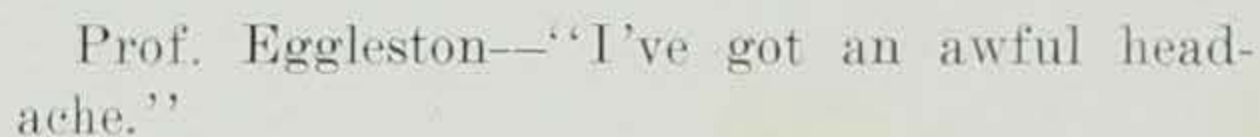


RUDDER



1916





E. W. S.—“I hope you will all coincide with me.”

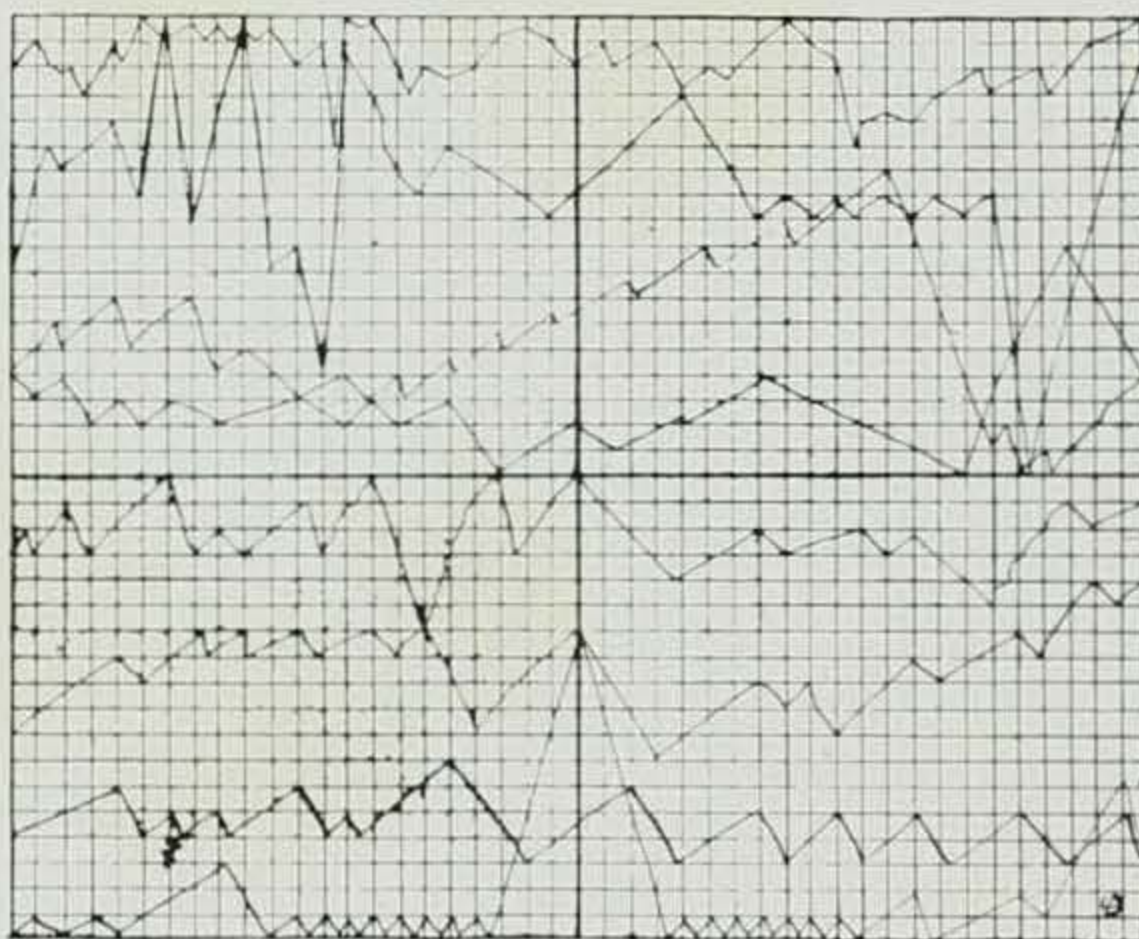
—Billium Tremblespeare.

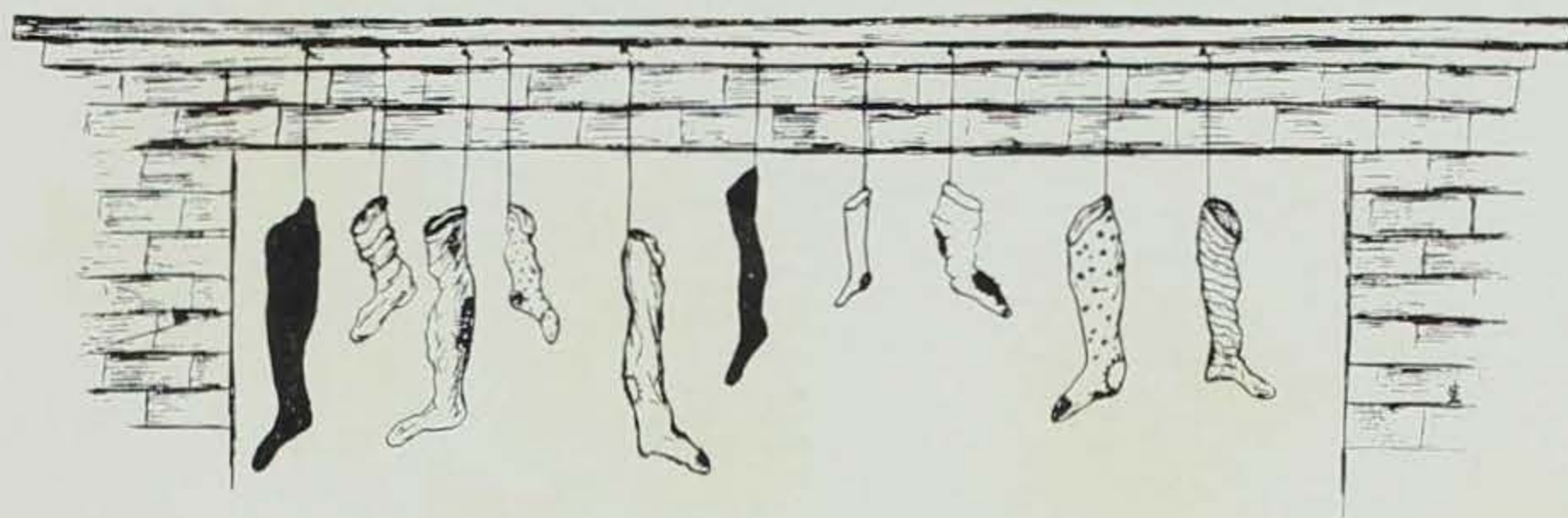
Prof. E.—“I don't know, but I suppose Krause has them weighing his baby again.”

H. H.—“I will if you tease me.”

Miss Drake.—“Well, I’ve heard that people were not worth anything if they didn’t have enemies.”

Stahlie





Ada Mitchell Dime Novel
 Chappie "Paradise Lost"
 Miss Drake Dancing Pumps
 Moggie A Man
 Lulu Stock A Decent Nickname
 Prexy \$100,000.00
 Gussie A Check
 Reggles Wading Boots
 Miss Wilcox A Chew of Gum
 Barackman Smoking Jacket

FAMILIAR EXHAUSTS

Evelyn—"Ach Himmel."
 Mabel P.—"Land Sakes."
 Chappie—"I'll be durned."
 Miss C.—"Oh, mercy!"

Miss Conquist—"The game turned out as well as could be expected, considering the things the girls played against."

Prof. N. B. D.—"Some fools can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Pupil—"Then that's the reason I flunked the last exam."

"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,

And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind"





J. S.—“I’m as constant as the Northern Star.”

A. A. (Repeating a quotation in Hamlet)—“Give every man thy ears, but few thy lips.”

Mr. Barackman (At a Banquet)—“Mr. Marousek, you are wanted at the phone.”

H. H.—“It’s a pity *she* can’t leave you alone for a little while.”

THE FROG CONSERVATORY

ENTRANCE QUALIFICATIONS:

Age between 9 and 90 years.

Ability—To giggle and croak frequently.

Interest—Must be around vaudeville.

FROG QUARTET:

Miss Wilcox.

Mr. Boslough.

Miss Aitken.

Dr. Fracker.





OUR MUSIC DEPARTMENT

TERMS: A good understanding of all classical music, such as "I Love the Ladies" and "I Want to Go Back to Michigan." Ability to give such rendition of music that the audience will be in a continuous convulsion of agony.

Chief Croaker—Mr. Marousek.

Assistant Croakeress—Miss Schuldt.

Chief Soloist—O. W. Chapman; specialty, "By the Beautiful Sea."

TADPOLE CHORUS

Sopranos—Misses Crandall, F. Mitchell, Riedesel, Thomson and Loveless.

Altos—Misses E. Lake, Storey, Goodenow, Heath and Keith.

Tenors—Smith, Strawn, Martin, Crowley and K. Shaul.

Basses—Sohm, Brown, Aitken, Ensign and Mattison.

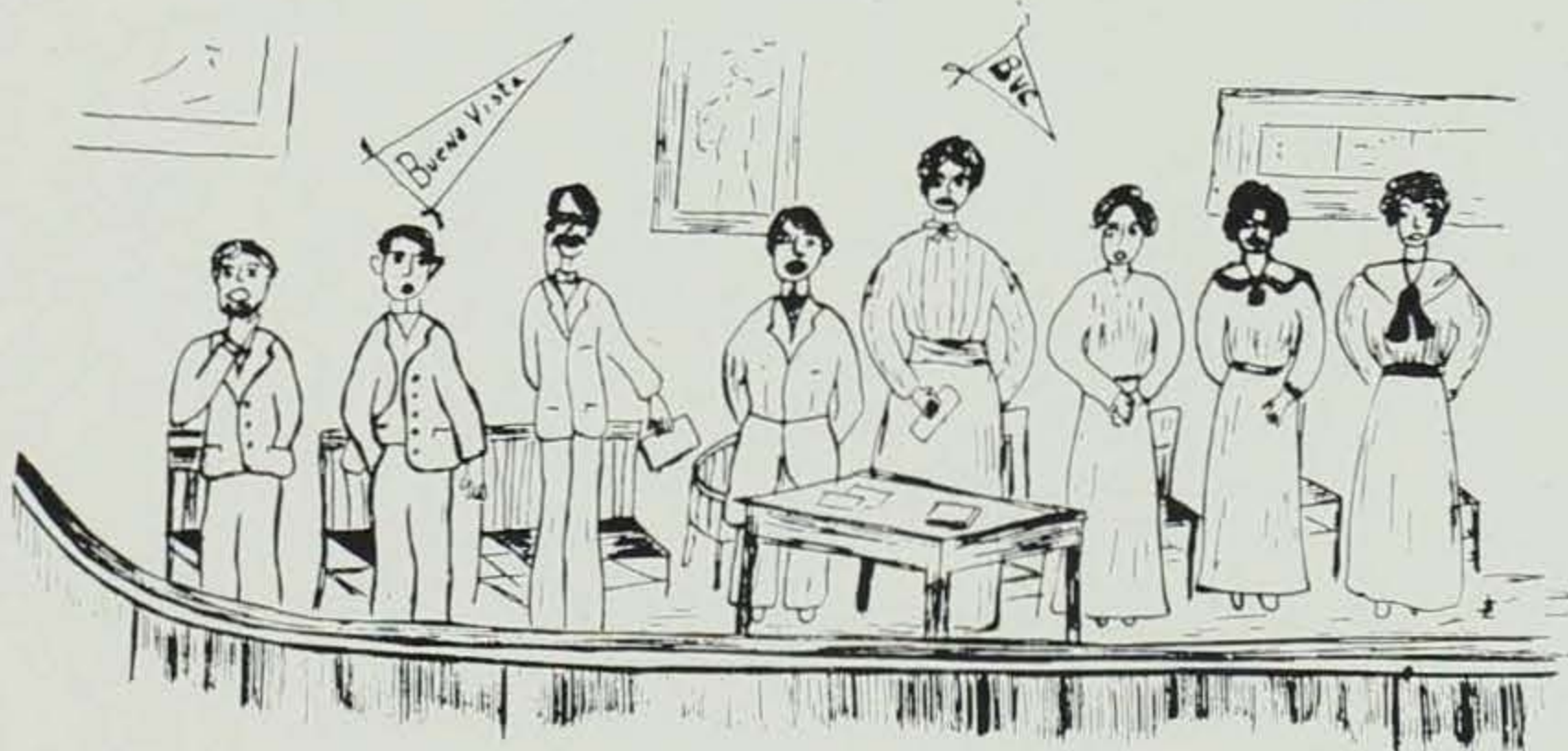
Miss D. (In Ed. 1)—"Mr. Crowley, you've been smiling at Miss Keith, now what do you think?"

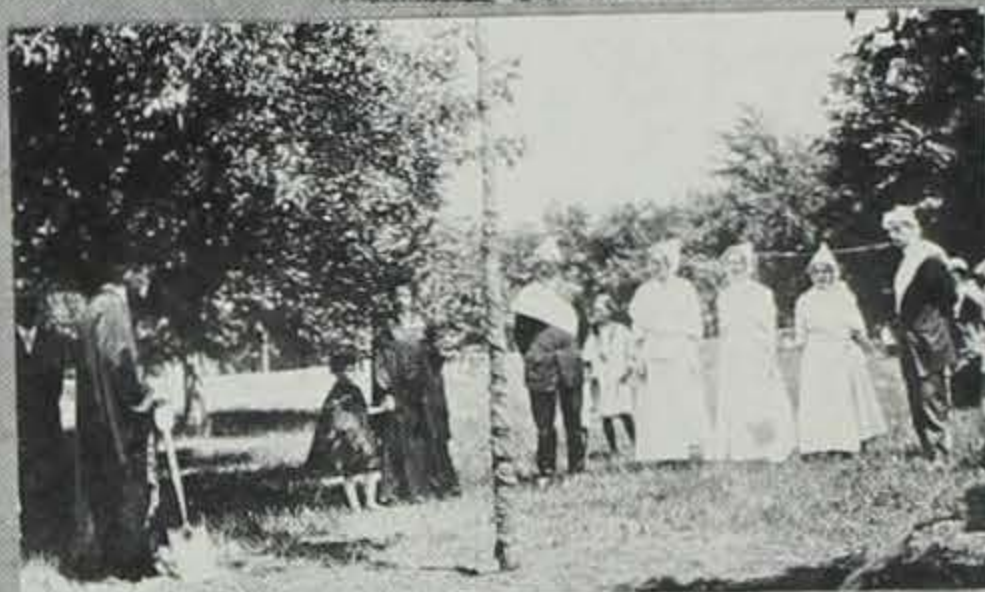
A. A.: "The human brain is composed of convulsions."

Ada H. (in play practice): "I'll kiss the better man."

J. S.: "Then I'll kiss you."

Miss D.: "Mr. Chapman, you are too frivolous to graduate."





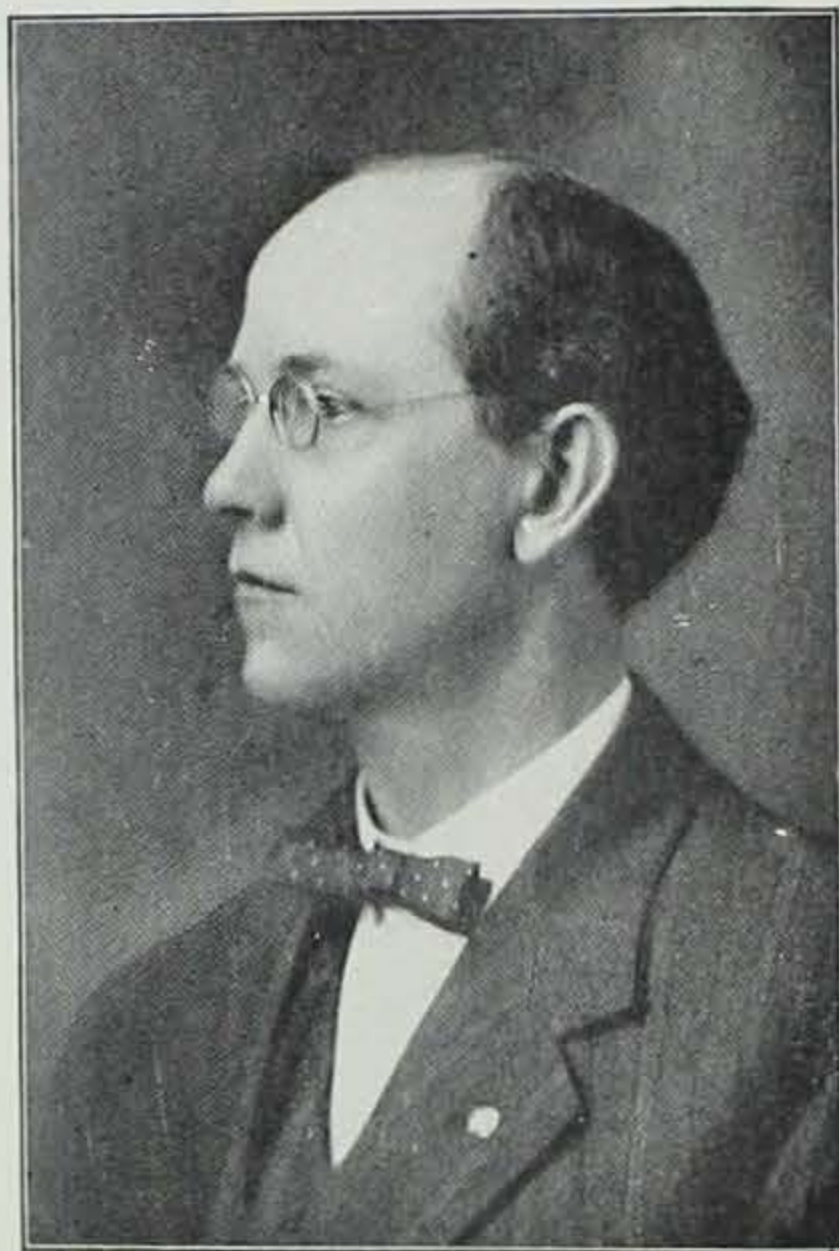
RUDDER



1916



~~SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS~~



FRED W. WIMBERLEY
Dean, Department of Music

Chicago Piano College, 1892-98; Waterloo, Iowa, Private Studio, 1898-1906;
Texas Christian University, Waco, Texas, 1907-1909; Jamestown College, 1909-
1914; Buena Vista College, 1914.



ELLA LAKE

Graduate in Voice Department

*"Music, where sweet voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."*

—Shelley.

KATHLEEN RICHARDSON

Graduate from Piano

*"Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces, which no method
teach,
And which a master hand alone can
reach."*

—Pope.

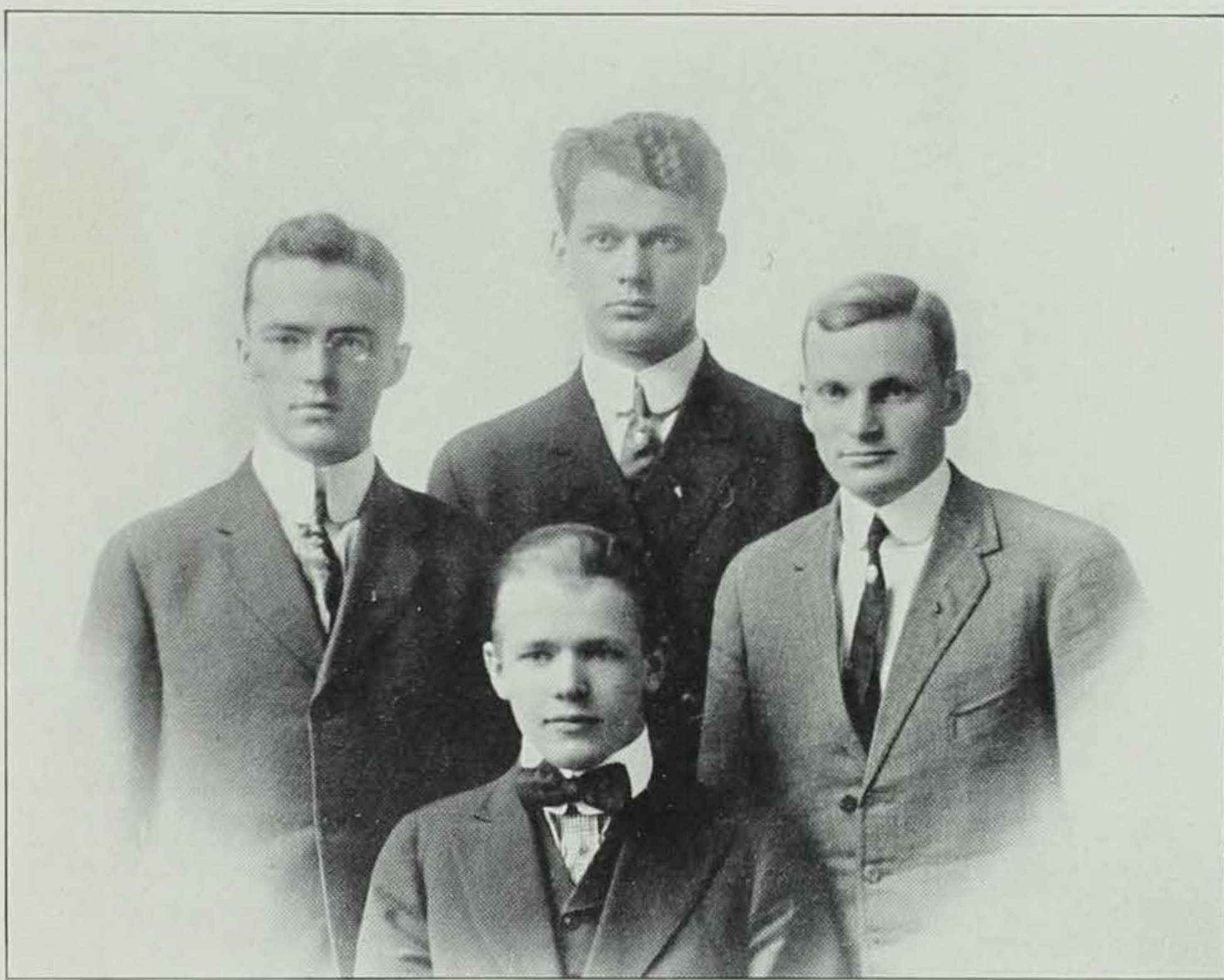




MABELLE CHRISTINE CONQUIST

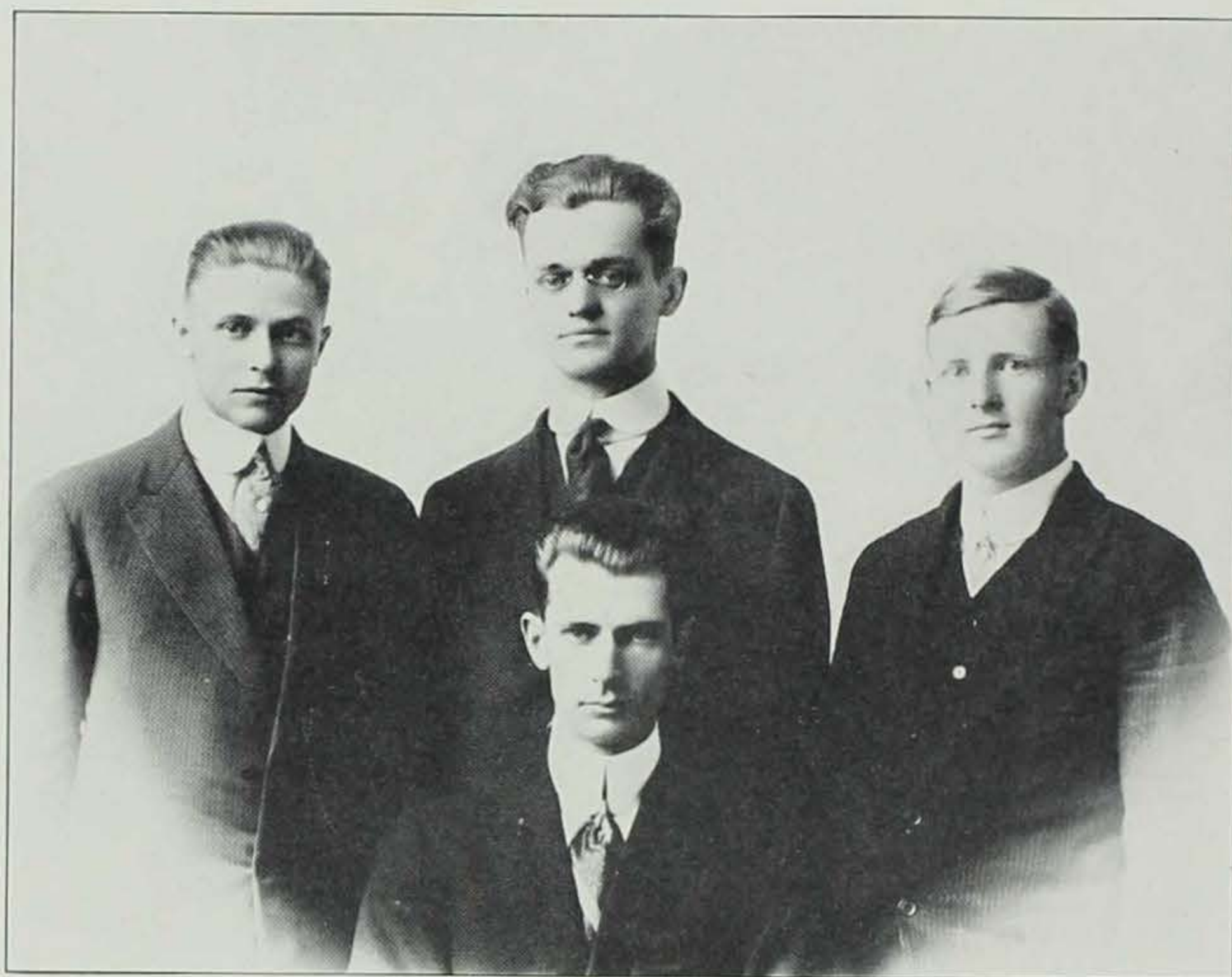
Professor of Oratory

Graduate Buena Vista College, Oratory Department, 1912; Student Buena Vista Collegiate Department, 1910-12; Graduate Columbia College of Expression, 1914; Story-Teller and Reader, Redpath Chautauqua, 1914 and 1915.



AFFIRMATIVE INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATERS

TOP ROW (left to right)—Mattison, Marousek, Hood.
BOTTOM—Strawn.



NEGATIVE INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATERS

TOP ROW (left to right)—Brown, Chapman, Claus.
BOTTOM—Crowley.



ADA HOLMES

Certificate from two-year Domestic Science Course

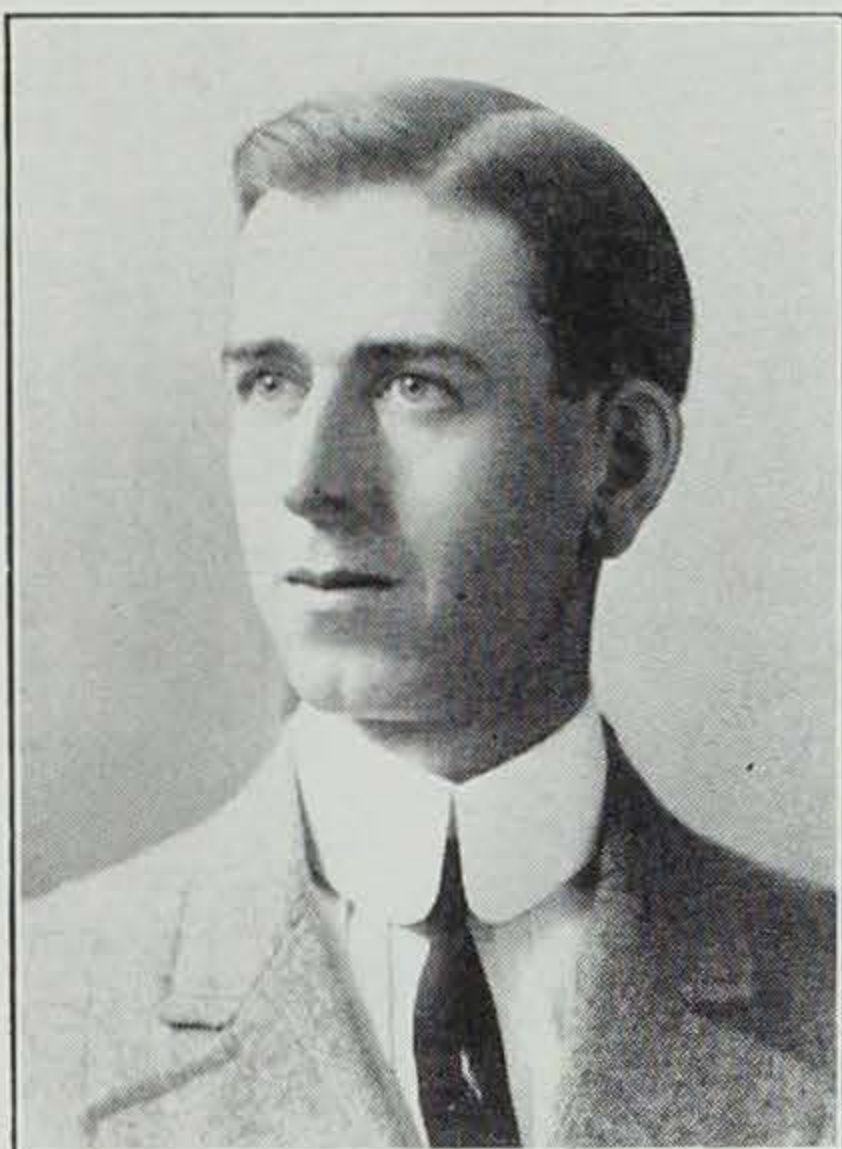
*"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."*





DOMESTIC SCIENCE

TOP ROW (left to right)—Warne, Bradley, Galliher, Meighen, Goodenow.
 MIDDLE ROW—Ross, Perkins, Lake, Hungerford, Harper, Aitkin, Holmes.
 BOTTOM ROW—Storey, Hanson, M. Lake, Keith, Plummer, Stone, Anderson, Heath.



WALTER HERREN

Director of Department of Agriculture

Prof. Herren is a practical farmer who received his scientific training at the University of Wisconsin, and took charge of the agricultural department of Buena Vista College December first, 1914.

TRELLA M. WOOD

*Instructor in Stenotypy, Shorthand
and Typewriting*

Attended Winona College; Graduate from Indiana Business College, and Stenotype School, Indianapolis; Buena Vista College, 1914.



RUDDER



1916



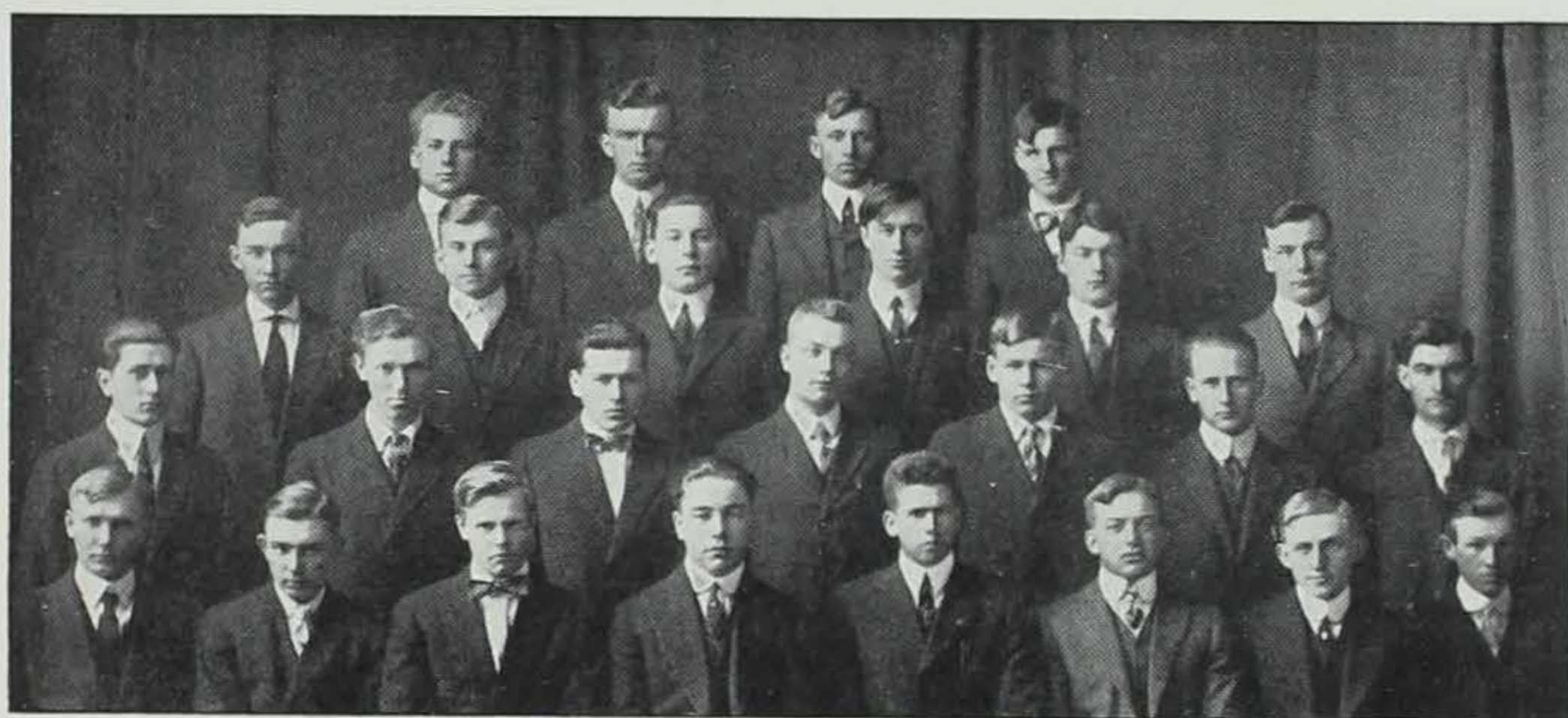
COMMERCIAL STUDENTS

TOP ROW (left to right)—Crandall, Loots, Kay.
MIDDLE ROW—Burmeister, Menier, Wood, Lindsey, Gilliland.
BOTTOM ROW—Boslough, Newell, Soeth, Bradley, W. Newell, Oates, Drury.

RUDDER

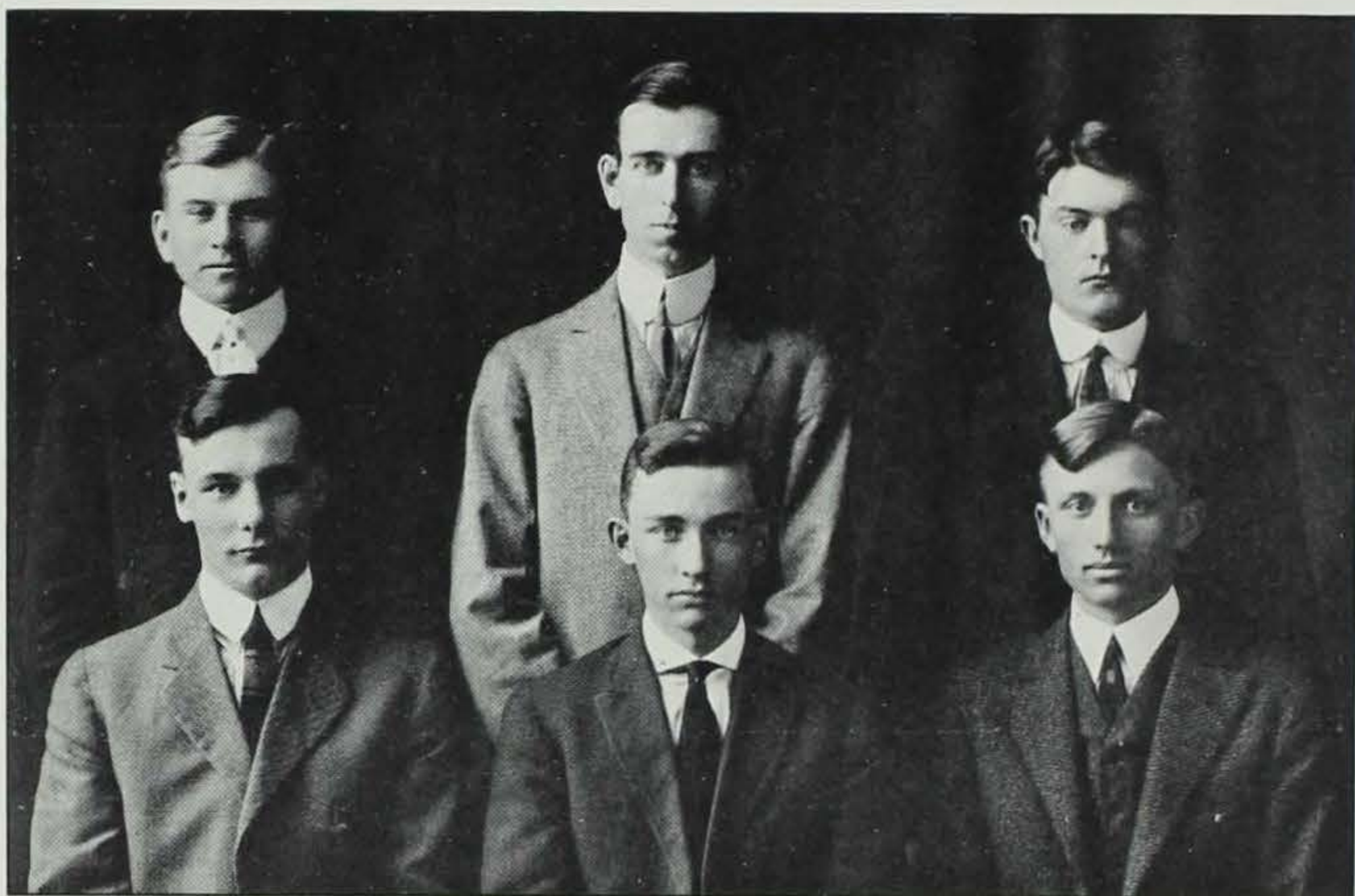


1916



SHORT COURSE STUDENTS

TOP ROW (left to right)—Jacobson, Burmeister, Peterson, Haht.
SECOND ROW—La Rue, Epse, Hammerstrom, C. Anderson, Jensen, Gowans.
THIRD ROW—E. Lundell, F. Moeller, M. Lundell, Knutson, Carlson, Hanson, Eichler.
BOTTOM ROW—E. Moeller, Halverson, Renstrom, Anderson, Christenson, Scott, Huss, Hughes.



AGRICULTURAL STUDENTS

TOP ROW (left to right)—Epse, Prof. Herren, Jensen.
 BOTTOM ROW—Gowans, La Rue, Peterson.

RUDDER



1916





Class Histories

A Fireside Reverie

The winter had been long and strenuous. The work at the ——— Scientific Research Laboratory had been most exacting and fatiguing. Mr. ——— was weary. The prospect of an evening spent by the fireside in his own luxurious apartments was most inviting. No invitations out for him that evening.

"A letter! From whom?" exclaimed Mr. ———, as he scanned the mail the postman had left. "That handwriting has a familiar slant." Hastily running the paper knife along the edge he opened it.

"An invitation to the reunion of the class of '15." Thirty years ago they had graduated together.

After stirring the fire so that it would burn more brightly, Mr. ——— seated himself in his favorite armchair, picked up the invitation and examined it more closely.

"That certainly brings back splendid memories. Four of the happiest years of my life. Six of us in the graduating class, three girls and three boys. We began with more, tho. By the end of the Freshman year there were eleven of us. Quite a conceited group, too. But there was a reason for it. Hadn't we pulled the wool over the eyes of those Sophomores—Molecules, they were called. First in the class scrap. The girls always took the lead. I guess we boys were rather dead. One night they began to adorn the campus with our numerals by means of paint and brushes. The Sophs not being entirely asleep began to bind 'Chap' with ropes as he was peacefully studying—a habit he bravely recovered from as he grew older. He was finally locked up in a boathouse, but he did not stay there long."

A hearty laugh broke the stillness of the room as Mr. ——— re-lived the pranks of his college days.

"We had another scrap the next year but it was not as exciting as the first one.

"Then the proposition of a name came before our class. Had to name ourselves in order to have one at all. Mewasem—the class of the true-hearted and brave—was the name finally chosen. How we did deck ourselves in our war paint and feathers when Tree Day came. What were our colors? Lavender and cream, sure enough. I remember the toast our class president made on those same colors at the Color Ceremony that year. 'Cream rises to the top,' he said, and everyone echoed it for a month afterward.

"What else happened that Freshman year? Of course we studied hard. Everyone of us was excused from both final exams in Freshman English. That's speaking pretty well. But I shall never forget how I struggled to get a 'G' on my description of a sunset.



"Let's see, we had a divorce of some kind. But there was a wedding first. O, yes! the girls had a party and one of our girls married a Soph. Then we boys held a divorce trial in which the Freshman-Sophomore bond was severed.

"In the fall of our Sophomore year five returned the first semester. One lassie was teaching a country school but she returned by the second semester and stayed till graduation day. That year the Coots came to school; at least that is what they looked like to us.

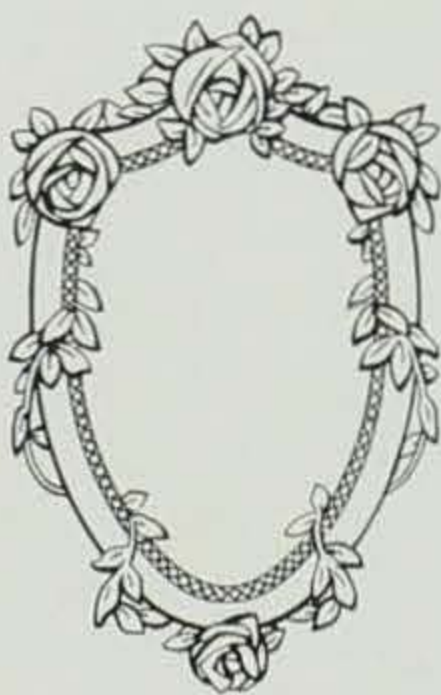
"We entertained the Seniors that spring and had little tin kettles for nut dishes and wigwams for centerpieces. That 1913 class was always remarking about our ingenuity, but they never thot enough of us to entertain us. Always held that against them.

"Junior year came with all its 'Annual' troubles. One night in every week we met in the Latin professor's room and discussed the color and size of the RUDDER and the number of slams we would publish therein.

"By the way, we gave 'Donner und Blitzen' that year to put us on a firm financial basis since our sale of college song books paid so poorly. Some said that entertainment was the best one we ever put on at college. Our mock faculty meeting was a good joke and created lots of mirth, I recall.

"I hardly thot I could return to college my Senior year. But I surely don't regret the extra effort it cost me to get there. I would never have cared to graduate with any other class after three years of such congenial comradeship. Buena Vista, with its happy associations and the high ideals that it gave me, has been just the alma mater for me. We had our 'Swing-Out' the 18th of February. Mr. Thut gave the address; 'There's no use; they'll find you out, anyway,' he said. It's true as preaching, I've found out. As Seniors I guess we never did anything but what we should have done; even had the Color Ceremony."

The striking of the clock wakened Mr. ——— from his reverie. "This late? It's getting chilly, too. But I must write an acceptance to this invitation to the '15 reunion."





History of the Coots

ANCIENT, 1912-1913

In the fall of 1912 a very strong and brainy clan thronged the halls of Buena Vista. For weeks they marched about the College, rulers of all they surveyed. Under the direction of their patriarchal father, Hugh Rosson, many onslaughts were made on the clan Prattlers. This weak and unsophisticated clan had invaded the Temple of Learning the previous year. Before many weeks had passed this clan named the new clan Coots. And verily the name was a well chosen one. In Trig. and Chemistry, in athletics and oratory, and in all mischief were the Coots expert. Throughout the year they marched forward, bearing on their blue and gold banner the inscription 1-9-1-6—THE CLASS THAT ALWAYS LICKS.

MEDIEVAL, 1913-1914

A great change had come over this clan. They seemed to a member to be more responsible and more thoughtful of the welfare of the college. Joe Sohm was now the chief of the clan. In their midst was a new clan, which seemed to be strong, but alas! it was only in outward show. It was the duty of the Coots to train this new clan in the way they were to go, and how eagerly they followed all good advice. This weak, knotted and dried-up clan was given the name of Stix. How well they have lived up to their name.

The Coots, having thus easily calmed the Stix, looked elsewhere for a means of working off surplus energy. They were boosters for athletics. A Coot was captain of the football team. A Coot was captain of the basketball team, and a Coot won the L. G. Crouch blanket for efficient football.

During the winter months, while other clans were hibernating the Coots began to think seriously of the great task before them. Were they not to edit the next RUDDER? Having fully decided that their RUDDER was to be the very best, the Coots were ready to emerge from the Dark Age. Still they marched under the banner: 1-9-1-6—THE CLASS THAT ALWAYS LICKS THE STIX.

MODERN, 1914-1915

The Coots emerge to the light of the Modern Age with only eleven members to their clan. These were all worthy members. A new baby clan had come into their midst and it was the duty of the Coots to protect and help the baby Snookums. The grave duty of this illustrious body, however, was to edit an annual that would reflect all due honor on them. This they have labored industriously to do. Navy Blue and Old Gold stand for great worth. The Coot clan has tried to live up to this standard. Throughout their college career they have never failed to put Buena Vista first, Coots second. Who can tell what the future may bring for this noble clan, Coots, as they go marching on under the banner: 1-9-1-6—THE CLASS THAT ALWAYS LIX.



Stix

DEAR READERS OF THE RUDDER:

I suppose you remember that in the fall of 1913 a new class came to Buena Vista College. You doubtless wonder how we are getting along and if we have grown since then. When the Coots named us, they said we were green Stix. We thought that was alright then, but since the faculty has spent so much time on us, we feel that we are brilliantly polished Stix.

We are not the youngest of our family now. Great excitement was aroused by the coming of a new member. All attention was attracted toward them and we felt slightly left in the rear. For some reason it took the faculty a long time to realize that we are not mere children any longer. When the little ones ran away they thought we would run away too. They did know that we had outgrown such childish actions.

Our father has been very good to us. He told us that it was our duty to take care of the little ones and to see that they got into no trouble. It has been a long, difficult task, but we feel that our efforts have not been in vain. One evening they caused us more trouble than usual. We tried to quiet them by taking the worst ones for a ride, but that didn't seem to help. When we got back they were worse than ever.

One day we wrote a notice, telling people to beware of this "unsalted portion of humanity." We told how ignorant they were, because one day they came to chapel with some peculiar looking rags tied on their feet as if they were suffering from some foot disease. They thought they were wearing our colors, but they resembled our wine and silver blue not at all. We left our little notices all around town and the little ones made no effort to take them.

One morning when we were not looking they ran into the chapel and marked on the windows with soap. Our father rebuked us for not taking better care of them.

As is the custom we had to name those little ones. Every night for a week we met in some remote corner of town and talked it over until we decided on a name. We also arranged a little program and made up a song suitable for the occasion. Can you guess what we called them? We gave them the very suitable name of Snookums and had a whole hour to do it in. We gave them each a little photograph of themselves. They were greatly pleased with it and admired it very much.

One of the Stix left us, so we had a party for her. We had a very nice time playing games, etc. Of course we had our customary chaperons with us. It was a very cold evening but the Stix didn't get cold.

One night we got into a bob and went over to the Casino. It was great sport wading from one cottage to another. It was fun, too, to see everyone fall down when we came to the many bumps.

We have not done very many things by ourselves. We have been trying to have more College spirit than Class spirit. Three cheers for B. V. C.

CLASS HISTORIAN OF THE STIX.



Snookums

In the days of Indian Summer
In the moon when leaves were falling,
Falling, fluttering, wafted downward,
Were the painted leaves of Autumn.
Through them came the tribe of Freshmen,
From the country of the Sunrise,
From the country of the Sunset,
From the land of Swawandasee,
From the land of Keewaydin,
Came they here for gaining knowledge.
Came they here for winning honor,
Came they with a mighty purpose,
Came with hearts so strong and sturdy.

Brightly wave the white and purple,
Wave the colors of the Freshmen,
Wave and send a message floating,
Send a message pure and loyal;
And a name they have to cherish,
Have a name both big and boundless,
Have a name that foretells growing,
Have a name that all take pride in,
Take pride in being Snookums.

As they came forth, in the freshness
Of a pleasant Autumn morning,
All the birds were singing gaily,
All the streamlets flowing swiftly;
As they wandered through the village
In the early gray of morning,
Wandered to the neighboring village,
To the Cherokee tribe village;
There to spend the day in hunting,
Spend the day in joyful feasting;
There an aim so true and fatal
Was displayed by Skeeter Evans,



Was displayed by all the Snookums.
Homeward drawn, their joys were daunted,
Daunted by the big chief's presence.

Far and wide among the nations,
Far and wide among the people,
Spread the name and fame of Snookums,
Spread the name with all its glory.
Their debaters lift it higher,
When they speak all ears do listen,
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen with a wrapped attention.
And an orator is given them,
E'en to raise the name still higher,
Higher, so the clans may see it,
See it, and give praise to Snookums.

Out amid the waving cornstalks,
Out amid Gushkewan—darkness,
Brown was left a homeless Snookums,
There was left by wandering warriors,
Left by braves of hated Stix tribe,
Left to languish, bound and fettered;
Scarcely had the Stix departed,
Scarcely had they started homeward,
When the sky above was opened.
Gitcho Manito descended,
Gitcho Manito, the mighty,
Spoke a word, the thongs were loosened,
Spoke again, they fell asunder.
Brown, the Snookums' brave, stood upright,
Rose and swiftly started after,
Only paused and thanked the Spirit;
Then with strides that cleared the treetops,
Followed after, swearing vengeance.

In the village, Snookum warriors
Gathered round him, gathered, listened,
Till their hearts were hot within them,



Till like living coals their hearts were.
 Then they rose and raised the war-whoop,
 Raised the war shriek of the Snookums;
 As one man they seized their weapons,
 Siezed their tomahawks and arrows,
 Hastened forth into the darkness,
 Sought the Stix and fell upon them,
 Fell upon them in the forest.
 Captured all but Claus and Fleet-foot,
 Fleet-foot Crouch and Liquid-Pistol;
 Bound them fast with thongs of deerskin,
 Then into the Coulson wigwam
 Swift they dragged them, weeping, pleading,
 Dragged them there and held a council;
 And fair maiden of the Snookums
 Watched and guarded o'er the captives,
 Taunted them with gibes and laughter.

Straightway from the council meeting
 Came the old men and the warriors,
 Brought forth Push-a Shew, the go-cart,
 Brought the one-wheeled papoose buggy.
 Placed therein a struggling captive,
 Placed upon him all the others,
 Bound them, one upon the other,
 Heeding not their cries for mercy,
 Slowly and with shouts of laughter,
 Shouts of laughter and derision,
 Went the mighty tribe of Snookums.
 Went the maidens and the warriors,
 Went the big chief and his brave men,
 Straightway to the shining wigwam;
 To amuse the tribes assembled,
 And to show to all the people
 The submission of the Stix.

After all had gathered round them,
 Gathered round and laughed and jeered,
 When the Stix had run the gauntlet,



Run and dodged like frightened deer,
Like the red deer—Shagodaya,
Came the summons of the maidens
To a great pow-wow and feasting,
To a gathering of rejoicing,
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big Sea Water.

Now, the moon of Bright-Nights cometh,
Come the days of balmy weather,
Come the Segwun with Miskodeed,
Suggema and Wah wah tay see,
Come to tell them of the springtime.
So the Snookums, glancing backward,
Glancing backward o'er achievements,
See with pride so much accomplished;
And again, on looking forward,
Looking forward to the future,
Know the past foretells that future,
Know in all they'll be triumphant,
Know that they shall be the greatest,
Be the starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of their college.



RUDDER



1916





Seniors At Parting

Poring over books till midnight,
Aiming at scholastic lore,
Seeing visions with great foresight;
Thus we gathered wisdom's store.

Passing now to a larger class room,
Ready for some greater work,
Each day brings another heirloom;
So we cannot lag nor shirk,
Every friendship formed among us,
Not alone the cares that wrung us,
Taught us wisdom, strength, and truth.

Far ahead we find awaiting
Us some further task to do,
Telling us, "Do not stand debating,
Undecided what to do;
Right before you keep this motto,
Ever to yourself be true.' "



A Lost Key

It is strange how human destiny hangs upon the word "if." If this had not happened, if that had not happened, then something else would have happened. Invariably the word precedes an excuse; it is the best instrument poor humanity has for justifying its actions. But, gentle reader, this is not to be an homily on the subject "If." Let us see how the word affected the lives of several persons.

If Wilbur Hamilton had not been intrusted with the key to the massive old-fashioned door of the National Bank, this tale would never be told. If he had not spent a night in room number thirteen in the Martin hotel while on business in Sioux City, there would have been no lost key. If it had not snowed; if "Red" Light had been born rich; or if—if, and so on for an hundred ifs. It seemed that for ages circumstances had been shaping themselves toward this particular happening, and to remove one circumstance would be to remove one "if" that was responsible for this happening.

The day's work was finished. As usual, Wilbur Hamilton was the last of the clerks to leave. It was his duty to see that everything was in order for business on the following day, and now, with every task finished for the day, he heaved a sigh of relief as he put on his overcoat and fur cap and prepared to leave the National Bank building. He turned out the lights, except the one over the safe, which was usually left burning. Then carefully closing and locking the old-fashioned street door, he put the key into his pocket and walked away through the snow which was falling in large, fleecy flakes.

He drew his gloves from his pocket and started to put them on. He did not see a shining object that came out of his pocket with his gloves and fell noiselessly into the soft snow on the sidewalk; so he went blissfully on his way thinking of the pleasure of the evening—he was to take "her" to the opera.

If "Red" Light had been born rich, he would probably have been at home on this wintry night, but, as it was, he was selling papers on the "National" corner. His real name was George Lightman, but a shock of red hair changed his name to "Red" Light. The day had been fairly successful, and "Red" stood on the sidewalk in front of the bank counting his small store of wealth and dreaming of the time when he would have enough to deposit in the bank. A penny slipped from his cold fingers and buried itself in the soft snow at his feet. He reached down to pick it up. Instead of the penny, however, his fingers grasped something else. Brushing the adhering snow from the article, "Red" found it to be a key.

Nay, my gentle reader, you shall not be told an exciting story of how some ruffian grasped the key from the hands of "Red," and, making his way to the safe in the bank, blew it open and extracted therefrom some thousands of dollars. For "Red" forgot about the penny, put the key in his pocket and hurried toward home.

The next day—no again. "Red" did not see an advertisement in the paper next day for the lost key. No such reward was his.



"Red" walked slowly toward home, selling a paper now and then to some late customer. His way led past the Grand Opera House. Here was his last stand for the day. He usually took his position inside the warm, carpeted lobby and disposed of his few remaining papers to the patrons of the theater. A tall, manly looking young fellow and a beautiful young woman entered the door. The man was Hamilton; the young woman was—never mind, she has nothing to do with the story. Hamilton reached into his pocket for a penny, and—no again, my dear reader, he did not discover that his key was gone; he did not make known his loss, and have the key restored by "Red." No, Hamilton bought a paper and continued on his way.

When "Red" reached his poor home that night, he announced his find to his mother, at the same time fishing in his pocket for the key. A hole in his pocket was all he discovered. The key was lost again. "Red," however, was philosophical, and reasoned that he had neither gained nor lost by the transaction—unless the hole in his pocket was a gain or loss.

But what of Hamilton? Well, he came down to the bank the next morning, reached into his pocket, took out the key to the bank door, opened the door and was soon busily at work.

Some days later, Hamilton received a card from the hotel at which he had stopped a day or two previous to this narrative asking him if he had by any chance carried away the key to the room which he had occupied. He remembered that he had put the key into his overcoat pocket and intended to mail it back to the hotel. But upon looking for the key in his pocket, he found that it had disappeared, and to this day no one knows what became of the key to room number thirteen in the Martin Hotel.

Perhaps the fact that it was the key to room number thirteen had something to do with its loss.

EDMUND L. MAROUSEK, '18.





Winter Beauty

It was one of those gray, cheerless dawns which frequently visit the Northwest. A good stiff wind sent invigorating shivers over one's anatomy and quickened the step, while great smoke-colored clouds rolled heavily up out of the west, bringing with them huge, fluffy flakes of snow which exhibited a remarkable ability to crawl down the neck and get into the eyes and ears. There were cart-wheels, beautiful many-pointed stars, lances, spear points and others of a lacey texture, the wonderful structure of which only the microscope could reveal. Some of them stuck in the black fur of old Judy as she sat perched in the window sill. She vigorously shook them off, letting out a couple of yeows, humped her back and settled down again to glare disgustedly about.

Toward noon the bite in the wind died out; and few straggling flakes which had been wandering aimlessly about, as if looking for the most conspicuous place on which to settle, were swallowed up by a great horde of their companions that came first in hundreds, then in thousands and millions, and finally in a great white avalanche which seemed simply to slide down out of the sky. It was a wet, soggy snow that beat into one's face and melted there, leaving the traveler half drowned, half frozen.

After an hour or two the temperature fell, and the wind arose, transforming the heavy flakes into fine, powdery snow that swept down in great smothering blasts, which seemed to suck in the very air and leave one breathless and helpless in a vacuum. For hours the storm raged on, hurling the loose, fluffy snow into huge drifts, blocking every avenue of traffic and demoralizing both man and beast. Small snowbirds fluttered wildly against the window, only to fall back and to be borne away on the crest of the storm. Now and then a chill blast swept down the chimney and a blazing fire leaped from the open hearth. What a sense of security we felt under the shelter of the sturdy roof, as we heard the voices of our loved ones about us, then listened to the howling wind without, or gazed through the snow-blotched window upon the "white blanketed fields and ghostlike" cottonwoods, as their frozen trunks creaked in the tempest. Ah! Home, if ever thou art truly cherished, it is at times like these.

He who watched the passing of the night saw the passing of the storm. We did not, but we saw the coming of the day. Just after the rising sun had smiled upon her, and O, the "winter witchery"! The radiant glory of the new-born world, as it stretched away, mile upon mile, in its dazzling whiteness and purity. A thousand glittering gems flash from every branch of the snow blossomed trees. Houses, barns and corneribs are all snugly "tucked in under great ermine hoods," and even the rough fences are "softly swaddled in down." Silence, that most eloquent of all music, permeates the very air. Even the city in the distance is silent. Traffic with its rattle and roar is choked—is forgotten; and the silvery gleam of the snow-covered roofs and spires against the cloudless sky would doubtless again quicken the blood in the veins of the Spanish Cortez, were his eyes again to rest upon them.



This is winter in all its beauty. Neither howling storms, nor the soft breezes of balmy June days, can rob it of its charms. They grow and vary in ever deepening wonder as the day advances, then recede. When the last lingering rays of the golden sunset just faintly tinge the twilight blue, long "purple shadows" creep out over the snow, only to be put to flight by the glistening lances of the full moon, as she rides majestically in the mid-heavens. Here is the crowning beauty of Winter. Fresh snow bathed in moonlight; frost covered snow, glittering with the cold chill of diamonds. Stretching away to the north in its clear whiteness, past dark groves and over rolling fields, until it seems to melt into the starry canopy from whence it came. Long and lingeringly we ponder upon its beauty, wondering if it is a dream, until adown the road in the distance comes the sound of bells, the creak of a laden "bob," merry laughter, and snatches of song, and we know 'tis real.

J. M. C.





Tack Tintypes

If you happened around when the Tack come out,
Some humorous sights you would see;
You would wonder what all the noise was about,
And why such confusion should be.

Let's look for a while at some of the sights
Just after the Tack has come out—
Here are scenes in which the poet delights,
But for telling, he's hated, no doubt.

The Riedesel girl and the little Hood boy
In a corner are standing together;
A Tack, two smiles, and two looks of joy
Make one think of birds of a feather!

Then straight through the hall, a stately and tall
Young maiden is seen passing by;
In her hand is a Tack, but stay, is that all?
There's a gleam of a smile in her eye.

The next scene is sad. With bowed back
Joe the Tack puller sees it.
Then he thinks of the pile of unsold Tacks—
Much money is lost when two read it.

Ah! here is a printer from Rockwell town;
He studies the Tack with a critical eye.
Anon he mutters with a knowing frown
Of Gothic extended and lower-case pi.

Miss Harper is struggling to cut the leaves
Of her Tack, and the printer mutters
As he deftly frees the offending leaves,
"Doesn't the Tack have a paper cutter?"

With pencil in mouth, and changing eyes
That have such an int'rested look
As she reads her Tack—now here's the surprise—
The picture is that of Miss Cooke!



From behind a Tack comes a sound composite
In rippling roaring torrents.
And you, dull reader, would you ask, "What was it?"
'Twas the gurgling giggle of Florence!

While perusing his Tack, and holding the wall
Up, our good friend Smithy did see
Something he thought would interest all;
So—well, he just showed it to "B".

With his long, lanky limbs wound lovingly 'round
The legs of a chair in the hall,
He was reading a Tack—not making a sound—
This man whose dimension is tall!

While near him in almost a total eclipse,
Sits a lad behind a big Tack—
Who but for his noise would never be missed,
Because a dimension he lacks.

If you knew that this girl with a Tack in her hand
Lived just about forty miles south,
Could you guess who she is, or understand
Why her finger was in her mouth?

Now, here is a star from the senior crown
Who thinks more of work than of fun,
Whose basket ball skill has won her renown,
Who was reading her Tack on the run!

In the next scene the Tack plays such a small part,
That one wonders how it ever made a
Place on the team. For he soon must part;
So Arthur is talking to Ada!

The editor-chief at the foot of the stairs
Was reading a Tack, but don't mention
The fact that a lock of his long foot-ball hair
Like a soldier stood at "Attention."



We forgive many things which would take us aback,
If the one who offends has red hair;
So we forgive Kelly for reading her Tack
With her feet on the rounds of the chair!

A very small girl with a masculine name,
Who thinks of but one blond debater,
While reading the Tack that told of his fame,
Was embracing a warm radiator!

This tale nears its end, and many are sad
To find that their picture's not here;
To those we would say, "Read your Tack and be
glad—
They may be developed next year."

And then some are feeling a trifle relieved
At not finding their own well-known face;
To these we would say, "Read your Tack, and believe
'Twas only for lack of more space!"

EDMUND L. MAROUSEK, '18.



Foggy Days

What heart is not responsive to nature? To the person who loves her, "she speaks in various languages." Yesterday morning as I came across the campus the bluest of blues settled upon me. The air was chill and the sky seemed crammed full of dusky vapor. 'Neath this winter fog were hidden the bare branches and dark trunks of trees—no color, just sombre grays. On the air was neither song of bird nor whistle of lad. Yet, as I listened, a funeral knell came tremuously to my ear. The appearance of damp brick walls added to my lonesome bent. The frozen sleet of the previous day caused me to pick my way carefully along the narrow path midst dirty snow.

Today as I walked homeward through the fog all was altered. Or possibly I had changed. The once depressing haze now impressed me with a feeling of rest and protection. The night fairies had used it to refashion the world into purest white. Everything was richly adorned with myriads of dainty spangles. The ground had a new cover. The grace of elm and strength of architectural works contrasted admirably with the brittle frailty of frozen flakes. The little snow birds chirped gladly. Sleigh bells were heard and merry voices. To my soul came the conviction that in this way the Infinite was hovering close to earth and breathing His blessing upon us, transforming the common place by grandeur and tuning his creatures to songs of praise.



Coots

Clear, in the cloudless sky above,
Out in the early morning light,
Out in the golden sunshine bright,
They rose above the tree tops high,
Soaring away to realms unknown.

Ceaselessly through the heat at noon,
Onward, unerringly they fly,
Onward and upward through the sky,
They journey on through trackless space,
Sailing anon with breathless pace.

Covered with mist the valleys lie,
Over the wooded hills they fly,
On in the silvery moonlight bright,
They still pursue their onward flight
Soaring above the clouds of white.

Could we, like they, as lightly fly,
Out in the clear, bright, morning sky,
Over the towns and fields of rye,
Then we might seek in other lands,
Success in strange and foreign strands.





Impressions of a Freshman

Freshmen, do not have much of an impression the first few days of College, but merely a vague idea of having passed through a maze of blanks, green cards, reports, etc. About the end of the second week they find themselves arriving at classes according to a much scratched up schedule.

But that first day in Chapel!

We heard someone say "Prexy," as a flaxen haired man arose from his seat among, what we have since learned were, the faculty, and in a big, kind voice directed his statements toward us welcoming us and saying that we were now college men and women, that we must forget our baby ways, etc., etc. We could not understand why the "faculty" kept smiling at us and wondered, childlike, if we were supposed to smile back.

Then at the close of the chapel exercises, a tall man of the Abraham Lincoln type came down and gave us seats which we must always (???) occupy in the chapel hour. We did not know whether to be afraid of this man or not, but he had rather a comfortable smile, so we concluded that he was merely human after all. We were seated up in nearly the most prominent place in chapel, where all children should be, and where we might be seen by the faculty and not ??? heard. Yet we could not understand why we were not to have the very first seats and who were those dignified and worthy students, seated in front of us? Even to our inexperienced eyes "Seniors" seem to radiate from their very backs. Oh! would we ever be as wise as they?

On the other side of the chapel an obliging friend told us were the Juniors and Sophs. "See," she said, "that little 'Perky' man? Well, he is the pride of the Sophs and so they made him president." She continued, "there at the end of the second row is law and order personified. From where he stands he watches over his red, white and black headed class mates who, though they do not look it, seem to think they are a special and select class."

"Perhaps," whispered H. H. one of our own class members, "later on we may be able to distinguish this same trait in them."

Days passed and after we had become acquainted and were able to find the proper recitation rooms at the proper times we wondered what kind of an impression we had made upon the other students. It must have been a deep one for did they not diligently, though vainly, try to create our image and likeness? And did they not try to suspend it between heaven and earth, and before the eyes of every one?



Drama: "The Cave of The Winds"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PROF. R. L. BARACKMAN—Hero, Villain, Friend of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; Keeper of the Key to the Straight and Narrow Way.

PROF. H. R. EGGLESTON—Everybody's Darling, Somebody's Pet. Dealer in Fancy Bugs, Brutes and Bacteria.

PROF. ALICE E. WILCOX—Adviser, Censor, Friend of Milton and Shakespeare. Signs herself "Sp."

PROF. ELMER R. STAHL—Instructor in Department of Mental Torture. Opposed to Woman Suffrage.

PROF. MABEL CONQUIST—Manufacturer and Finisher of Portable Gas Machines.

PROF. WALTER HERREN—Corn and Bean Specialist.

PROF. G. H. FRACKER—Languages Alive or Dead, Served Hot or Cold with or without Dressing.

PROF. EDITH K. COOKE—Keeper of Doomsday Book and "Con" Notices.

PROF. W. I. EASLY—"He Maketh the Dry Bones of the Past to Speak."

PROF. MILDRED HUNGERFORD—Biscuit Architect and Builder. Instructor in Fine Art of "Feeding the Brute."

PROF. NELL B. DRAKE—Also Concerned with Study of "Beans"—Interiors Only.

PROF. CARRIE J. PERKINS—Dimples, Latin and German.

PROF. TRELLA M. WOOD—Expert Touch System Pianist. A Sister of Gen. Favorite.

PROF. F. W. WIMBERLEY—"Music Hath Charms to Sooth the Savage—and the Sophomore."

PRESIDENT R. D. ECHLIN—A Big Man (from the shoulders up). His jaw set for \$100,000, endowment.

SCENE: Raised platform; 15 chairs in straight line in distant background. Small table in foreground.

TIME: 9:50, any morning.

(Noise in the distance, steps approaching. Voices outside. Enter Prof. Barackman, followed by other male actors. Take seats at right of desk. Lady members enter at left. Subdued roar in front as students enter.)

Prof. Barackman (Reads announcements): "Miss Hungerford will meet all those in her department immediately after Chapel."

"A meeting of the Franklin Literary Society immediately after Chapel. Important business."

"The Freshman class will meet immediately after Chapel."

We will now listen to an announcement Miss Junior wishes to make.



Miss Junior (Rising and facing audience): The Prohibition League will meet this afternoon to discuss the subject, "Is Peruna injurious to the Complexion." It will be a very interesting meeting, and this is a cause in which all should be interested. Strong drink is bad, very bad. Come and be convinced.

Mr. Eggleston (bobbing up): The class in Zoology I, will have the following assignment for Wednesday, "Abbott—Pages 110 to 137, with special attention to the Respiratory system of the Oderteufulshesnoozes, and the Carburetor of the Plathyhelminthes. (Miss Hungerford nods approval.)

Prof. Barackman (rising, smiling): I see that Mr. Senior has something on his mind. He may take this occasion to relieve the pressure.

Mr. Senior (rising and intently observing the chandelier): I just wanted to say a few words about the lecture course. We have a fine course this year. I will ask Mr. Barackman to say a few words about it.

Prof. Barackman: Yes, it is fine. I have never heard any of them, but Mr. Senior informs me they are fine. (Applause.)

Mr. Senior: We will now hear from Prof. Easly, who once saw a picture of the man who taught Dr. Steiner his ABC's. (Applause.)

Prof. Easly: It is true I had the great honor of which Mr. Senior has spoke, and I feel I can hardly do justice to the subject. His hair was perfectly black, so I feel sure we shall not be disappointed in the lecture by his pupil, who comes first on the course. (Applause.)

Mr. Senior: Let us hear from Prof. Conquist, who appeared on the platform at the same time as the Cathedral Choir.

Prof. Conquist: I had the exquisite pleasure of appearing on the lecture platform in Chicago at the same time that the famous Cathedral Choir appeared in Atlanta, Georgia, and I can assure you that it was splendid! If you are able to be out, you should by all means hear this number. The young men will all want to hear Miss Lacey also, as she is only twenty. (Tremendous applause.)

Mr. Senior: Get your season tickets early. By the special request of Mr. Claus those who buy two season tickets will be excused from eight o'clock classes the morning after each number.

Prof. Krause: Let us sing number 326. (All sing, carefully avoiding the correct time.)

Devotional Exercises. Song number 376 announced.

Pres. Echlin: Immediately after the singing of this hymn you will please be seated. Sing the whole song, and repeat the seventh verse softly.

(They sing, after which faculty take back seats. Some withdraw.)



Pres. Echlin (advancing): We are to have the great pleasure this morning of listening to one who has done much to advance higher learning and scientific research. *Pres. Tinkle*, of Yankton. I have the honor of presenting to you *Pres. Tinkle*.

Pres. Tinkle (advancing, and clasping his hands over a prominent waist line): It gives me great pleasure this morning to look into your bright and smiling faces. I always feel it a great privilege to speak to young people, for I am always inspired by the thoughts of the great possibilities which lie dormant in them, and the abundant store of nervous energy which only needs the guiding touch of a master hand to send it forth to work wonders in the world.

Then, too, there is great satisfaction in addressing an audience such as I find before me this morning, which arises from the knowledge that they have arrived at the age of discretion and that their comprehensive abilities are sufficiently copious to master the details of this portentous situation intelligently.

I do not know just how long I was to talk, but I was once a student myself (a flash of incredulity runs over audience) and I know students usually like to have the visiting speaker cut short the period following chapel. (Pauses, but no laughter follows.)

(Hurriedly) But before I close I wish to ask one question which may set you thinking. You Freshmen (pointing to Sophomores), why are you here? Because your parents sent you? I feel certain such is not the case. Rather I hope that each and every student here is actuated by altruistic motives, that there is burning within each heart and mind a passionate aspiration to step forth from this institution of learning and through the instrumentality of the erudition acquired here to promulgate the benign principles of a new regime, and to strive zealously to vanquish all those agencies which are inherently debasing or extrinsically—(brrrr, period bells ring. *Pres. Tinkle* started.) Er, um—bad, Does that mean my time is up?

Prof. Barackman: Oh, no, you may have a few minutes longer. (Sighs from audience.)

Pres. Tinkle: I will just say in closing that I have been delighted with what I have seen of your school here. I am convinced that you have an exceptionally fine faculty and I repeat I appreciate very much having had this opportunity to give this inspiring talk to such an—or I should say to speak a few words to this inspiring assemblage of young people, just blossoming into young manhood and womanhood. I thank you. (Applause.)



Prof. Barackman (rising, smiling): Let's give the Rah Rahs for Pres. Tinkle.

Mr. E. W. Senior (getting up and raising arms): All ready.

All yell:

Rah Rah Tinkle

Rah Rah Tinkle

Rah Rah Tinkle, Tinkle, Tinkle.

(*Mr. Snookums*, coming out behind): Yingle, yingle, yingle.

(*Tinkle* bows and starts to speak. Quick curtain and hasty retreat.)



RUDDER



1916





Name—Coots

Colors—Navy Blue and Old Gold

Flower—Iris

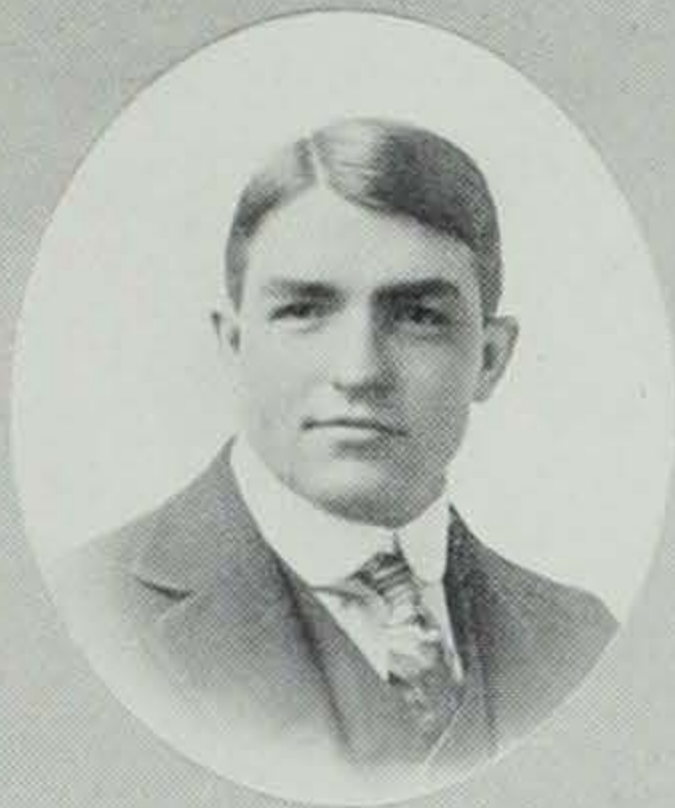
OFFICERS

JOSEPH SOHM *President*
CATHERINE LYMAN *Vice-President*
BEATRICE RIEDESEL *Secretary and Treasurer*

YELL

1-9-1-6

The Class that ALWAYS lix.



JOSEPH SOHM.

*He'd be cheerful and chirrupy
Under a mountain of trouble.*



CATHERINE LYMAN.

*An elegant scholar
Having grace of speech, and
skill in mathematics.*



LULU STOCK.

She doeth all things well.



MARJORIE KEITH.

*If I cannot do great things,
I can do small things in a great
way.*



KENNETH SHAULL.

*Resigned to live, prepared to
die,
With not one sin but poetry.*



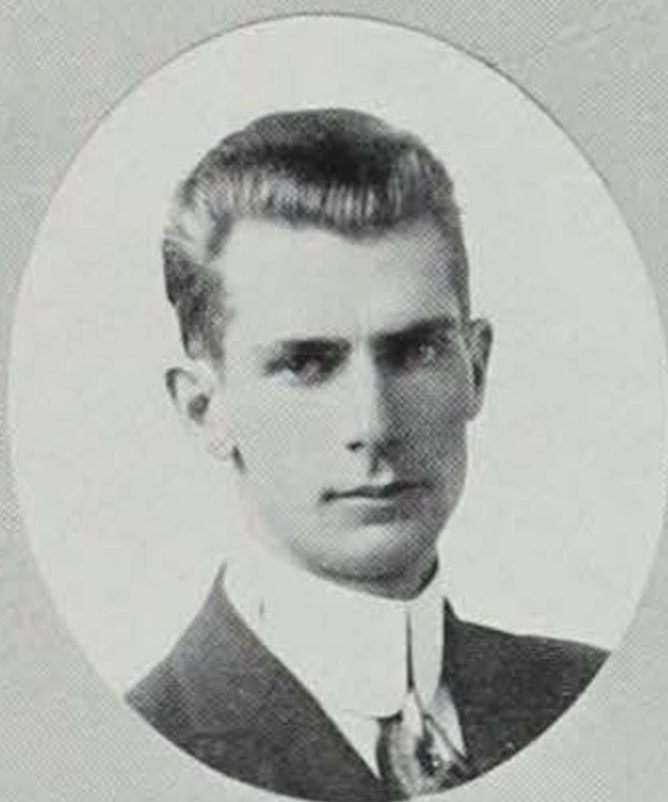
NORA SCHULDT.

*A virtuous mind that ever walks
attended
By a strong-siding champion,
Conscience.*



ADA MITCHEL.

*She was, but words would fail
to tell what—
Think what a woman should be,
and she was that.*



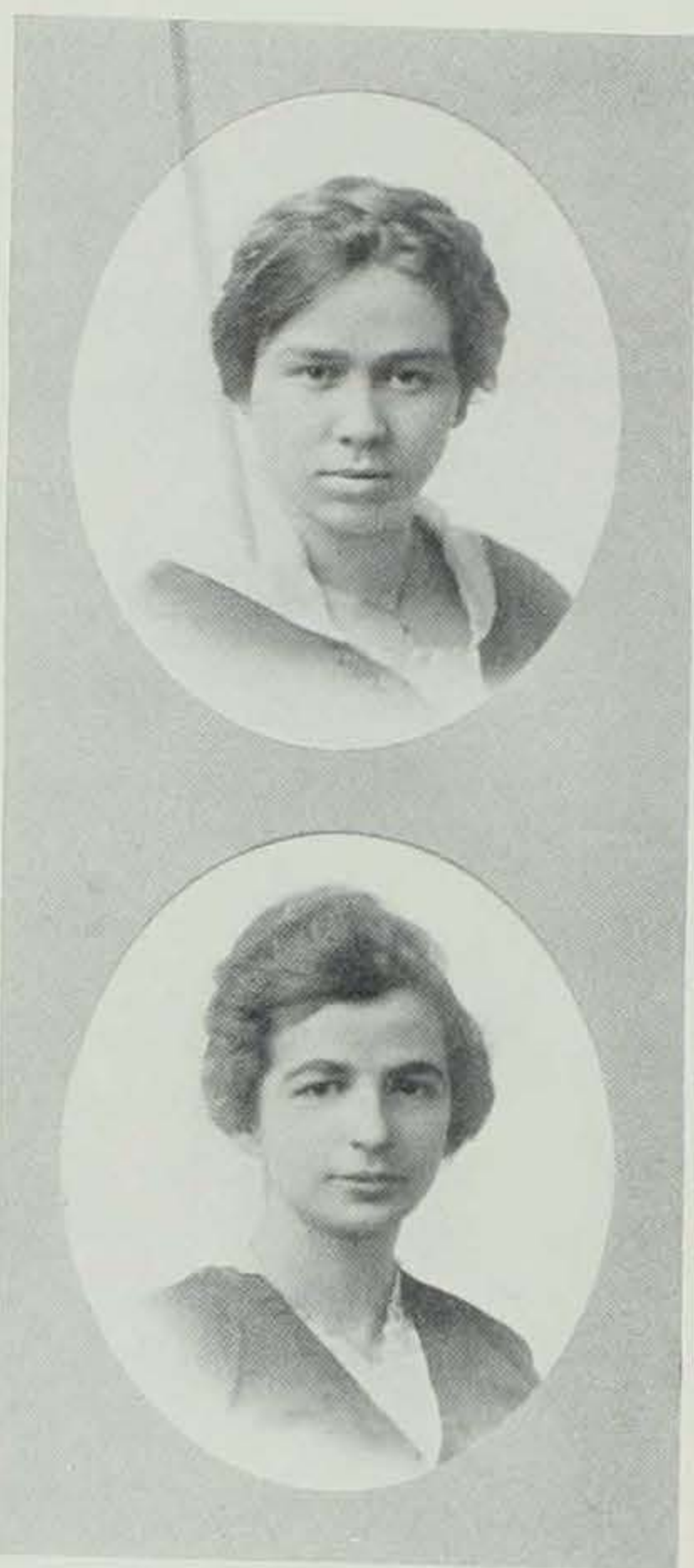
JUSTICE CROWLEY.

*Dignity and reserve are two of
the graces which he possesses.*



AGNES AITKIN.

*When mischief prevailed she
was always there.*



IRENE LINDSEY.

*She's full of life, she's full of
fun*

*We know there's not many,
We doubt if there's any
Can beat this one.*

BEATRICE RIEDESEL.

*Charming Bee
Small but wise.
Curly black hair
And two black eyes.*

RUDDER 1916



RUDDER



1916





The Better Man

Under the Direction of Miss Mable Conquist.

Given at the Opera House, Friday, February 26, 1915

—Auspices of—

JUNIOR CLASS OF BUENA VISTA COLLEGE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Miles Standish, Captain of Plymouth.....	Wm. Aitkin
Garret Foster, of Weston's Men.....	Joseph Sohm
Philippe de la Noye, John Margenson of the Plymouth Colonies.....	
.....	Everett Evans and Merrill Drury
Rose de la Noye.....	Ada Holmes
Miriam Chillingsley, Cousin of the Captain.....	Agnes Aitkin
Barbara Standish, Wife of the Captain.....	Mabel Plummer
Resolute Story, Aunt to the Captain.....	Irene Lindsey

Synopsis

Action takes place in the home of Miles Standish in Plymouthtown.

Act I.—Summer. Stolen Fruit.

Act II.—Fall. The Banishment. "I will kiss the better man."

Act III.—Winter Night. The betrothal.

Act IV.—The Next Morning. The Better Man.

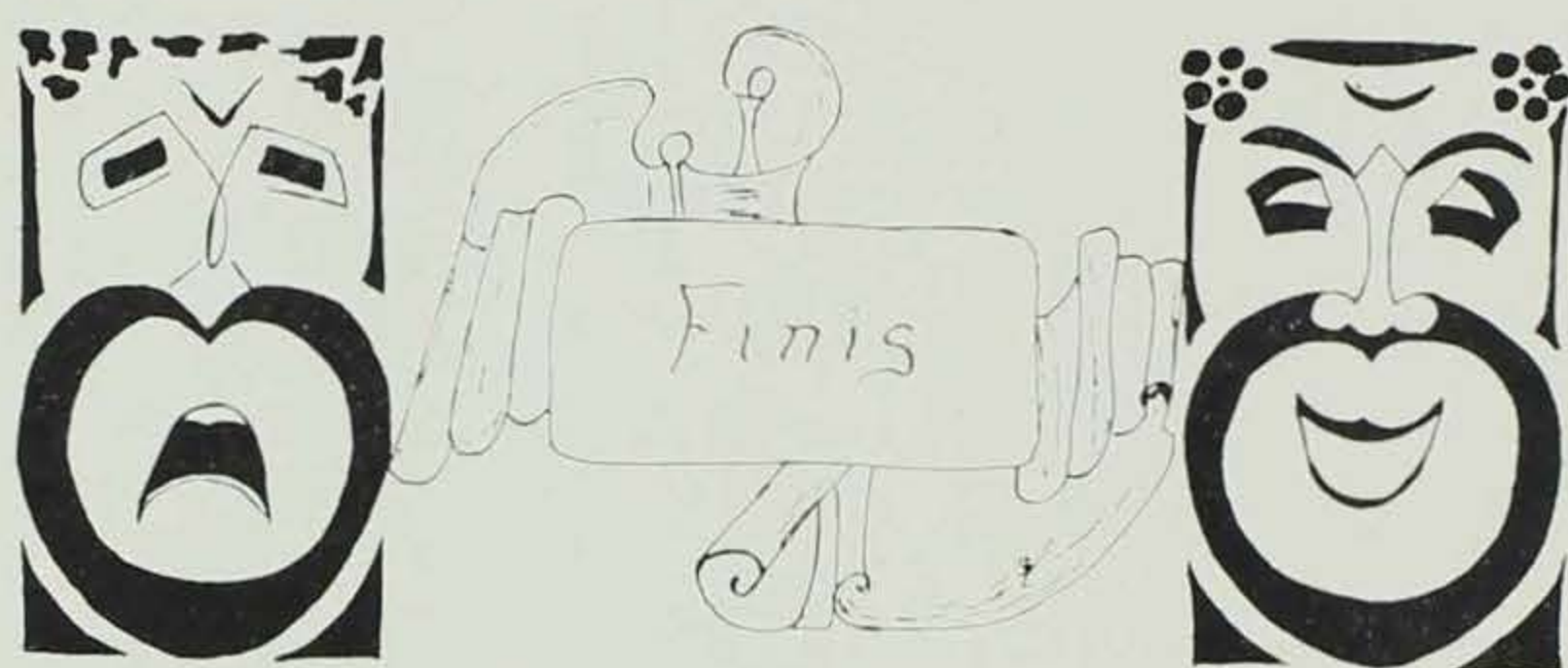
The Story

The play is laid in Plymouth in New England in 1622. The story centers about Rose de la Noye, a curly headed impulsive French girl, who with her brother Philippe is making her home with Miles Standish and his wife, Barbara. To Rose the problem is given of deciding which is the "Better Man"—John Margenson, a sullen aristocrat or Garret Foster, dare devilish but with "red blood" in his veins. The story is a quick succession of joy, grief, tragedy and laughter, with enough love and romance added to make it fascinating.

RUDDER



1916



When shall we
three meet
again
?

RUDDER

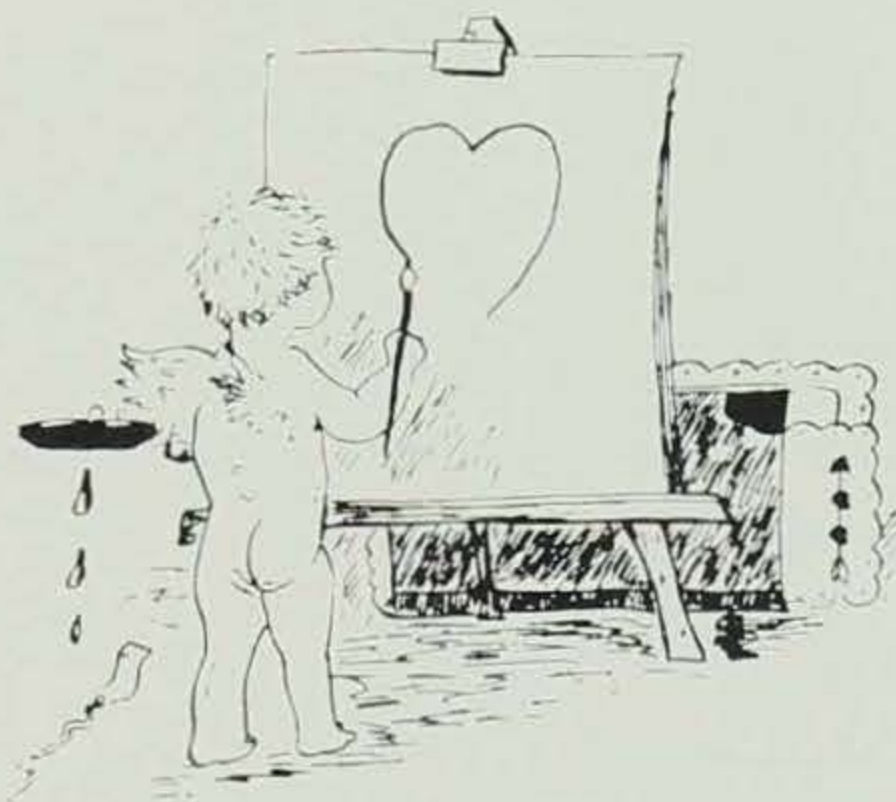


1916

T. T. Henning



Photographer





Buena Vista College

STORM LAKE, IOWA

Presbyterian College (Co-Educational)—Under synodical control.
Stands for an education that is Liberal, Scientific and Practical.

The College is located on the shores of a beautiful lake in northwest Iowa, in a city noted for its attractive homes, and its moral and religious life. It is a delightful place in which to spend four years of a college course.

The institution has eight departments and a strong faculty of earnest men and women.

DEPARTMENTS

COLLEGE—Full four year course. Credits accepted in universities.

ACADEMY—Thorough preparation for college.

EDUCATION—An accredited normal work.

MUSIC—Piano, voice, violin.

ORATORY—Much time is given to public speaking.

COMMERCE—Conducted as commercial college.

AGRICULTURE—Short term from December to April.

HOME ECONOMICS.

Write for catalogue. Ask questions.

R. D. ECHLIN, President

RUDDER



1916



THE ELECTRIC CITY ENGRAVING CO.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

WE MADE THE ENGRAVINGS FOR THIS BOOK.



?????

ECONOMY ADVERTISING COMPANY

(THE CLIO PRESS)

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS

IOWA CITY, IOWA



*These crooked things are
made straight when you
do business with us*

Thus:



FROM QUESTIONS
AND DOUBTINGS TO
EXCLAMATIONS of DELIGHT



Q Since the beginning of this business, thirteen years ago, each succeeding year has seen a substantial increase in the volume of business done. If an earnest purpose to please, an efficient organization to serve, and a determined effort to excel are appreciated, then we will continue to grow in the future as we have in the past.

Q This and many other Leading Annuals of the country were printed by us

