



The Rudder

1911



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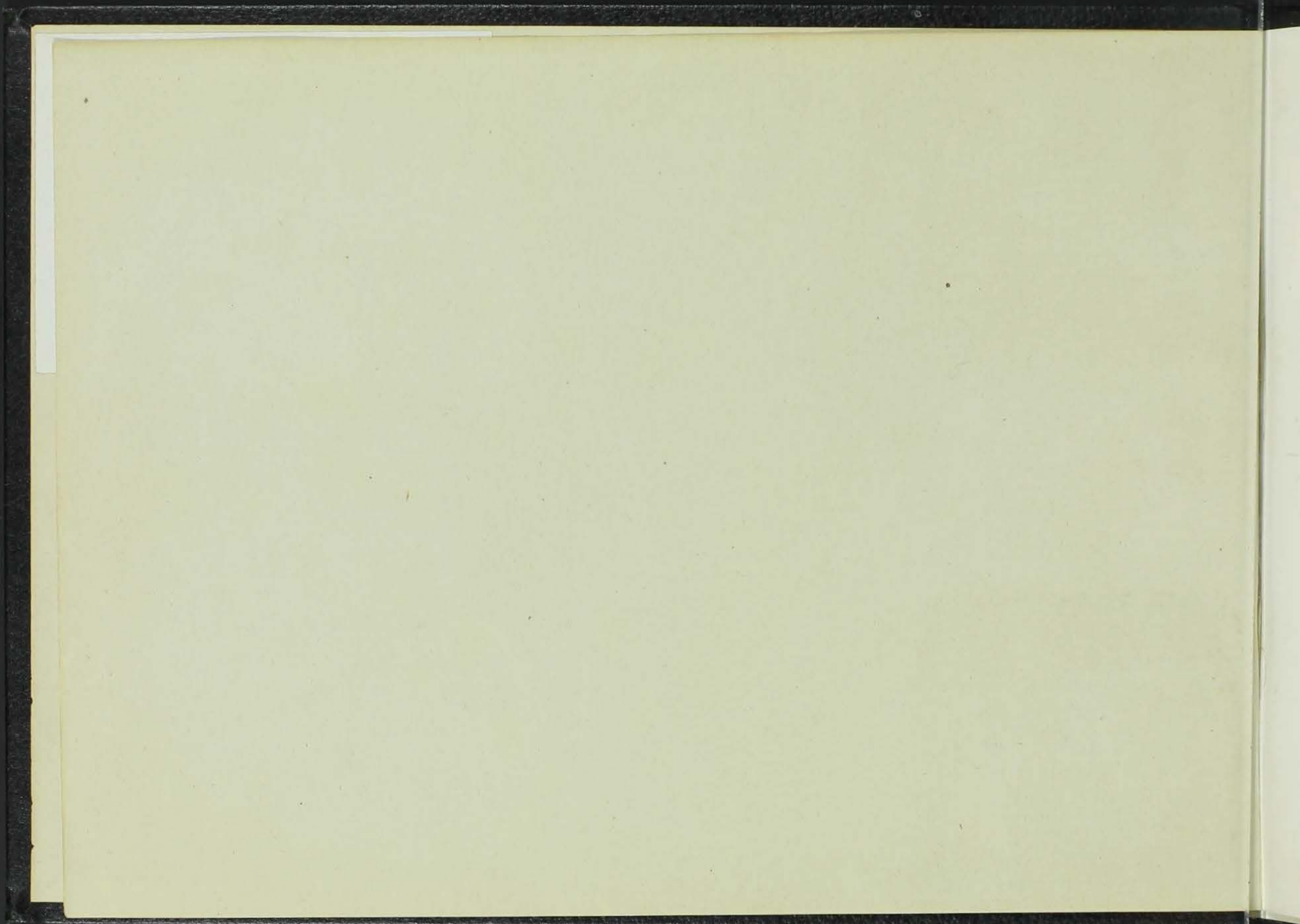
Storm Lake, Iowa

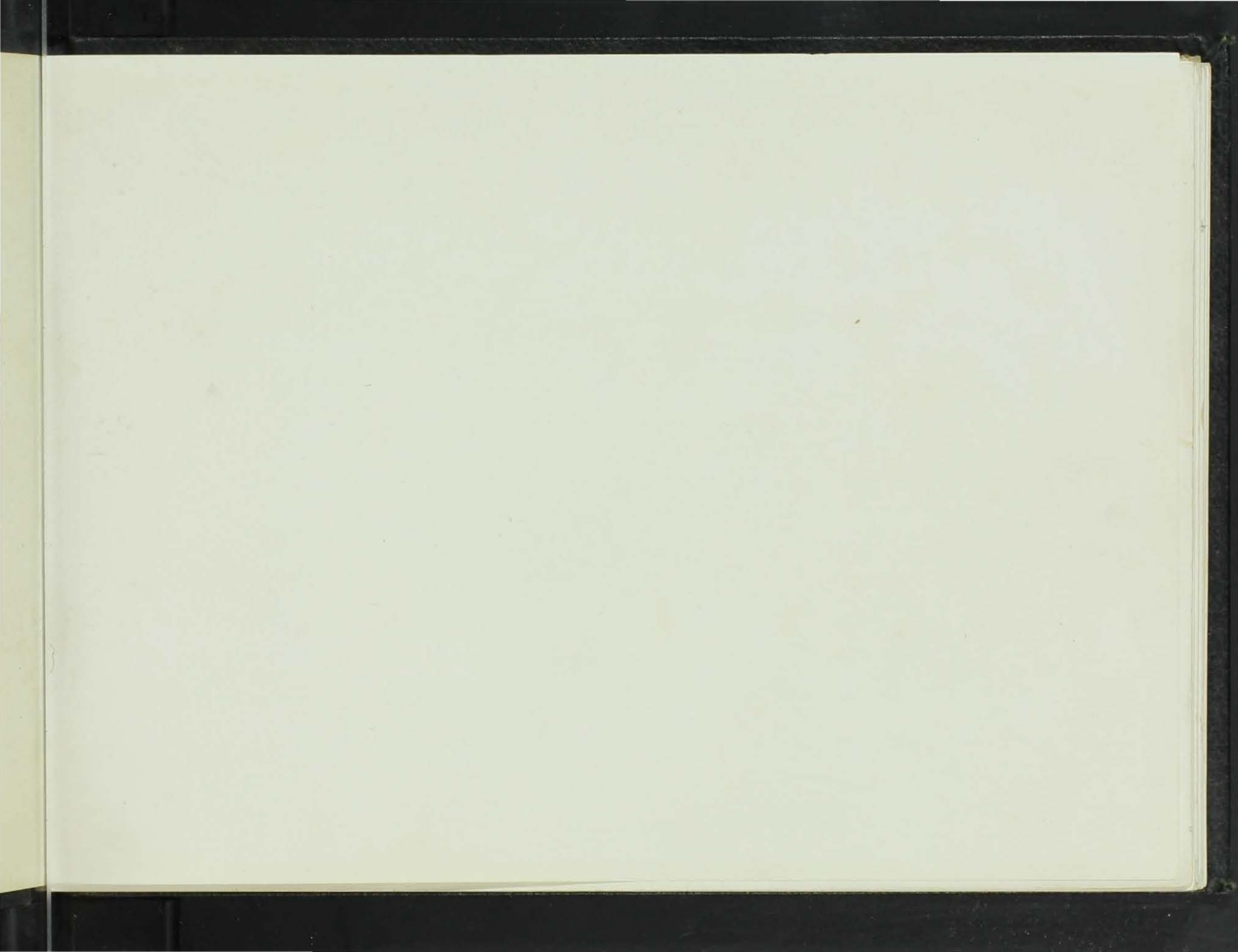
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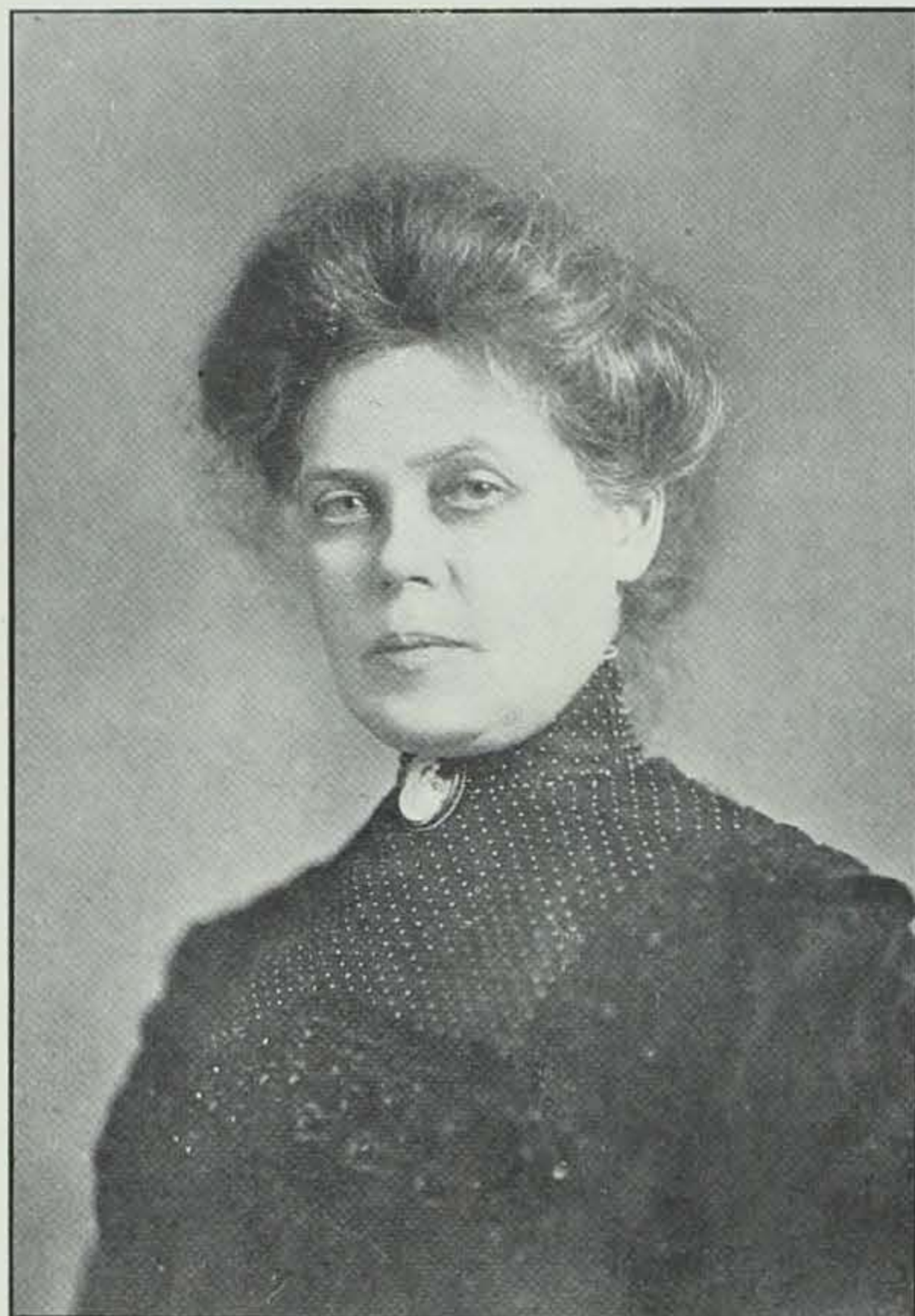






The Rudder

Published by the
CLASS OF 1911
Buena Vista College
Storm Lake, Iowa
VOLUME IV



ALICE E. WILCOX

K
378.
886

Gift of Miss Ada Wilcox 1/8/70

R
378.777
38626

*To one who has spent eight years of earnest toil
and devotion within the halls of Buena Vista; whose
friendship has been a source of helpfulness and in-
spiration to all who have known her, this volume is
sincerely dedicated by the class of 1911.*

Gift of Mrs. Ada Eason 11/8/10

67883





1911

Editor-in-Chief

Frederic B. Ross

Assistant Editor

Quinn Foster

Business Manager

W. Kennedy

Literary Editors

Grace Parker

Anne M. Fracker

Art Editors

Kathryn G. Brown

Mabel M. Laughlin

Calendar Editors

Louise Unger

Ellie Allen

Humorous Editor

Bella Byrne

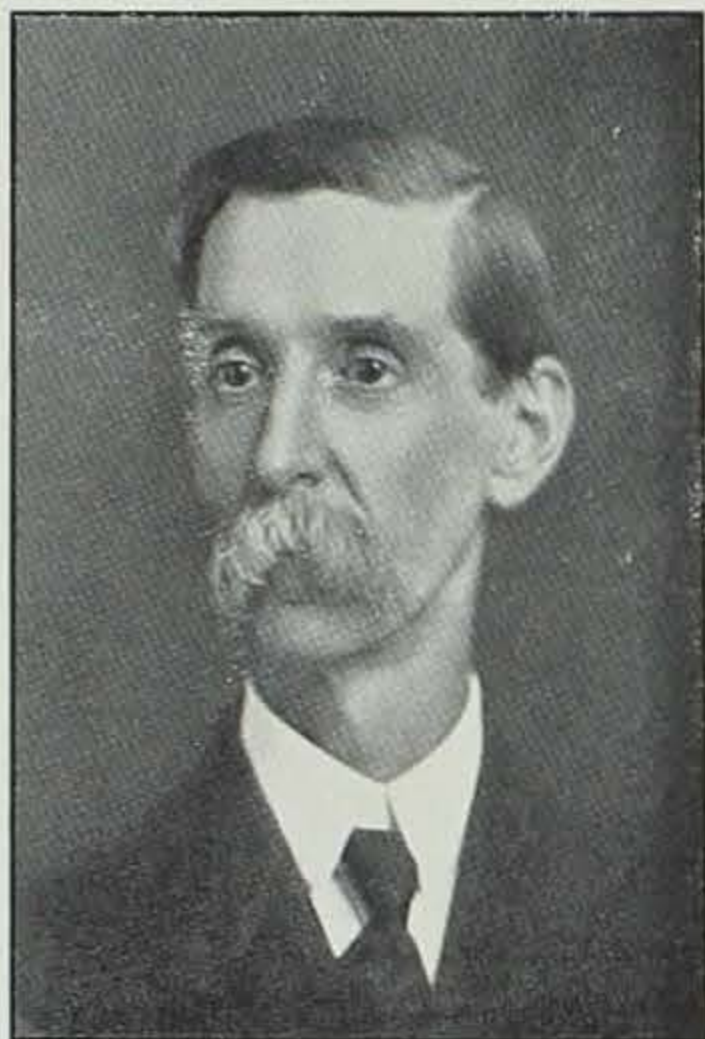


REV. EDWARD CAMPBELL

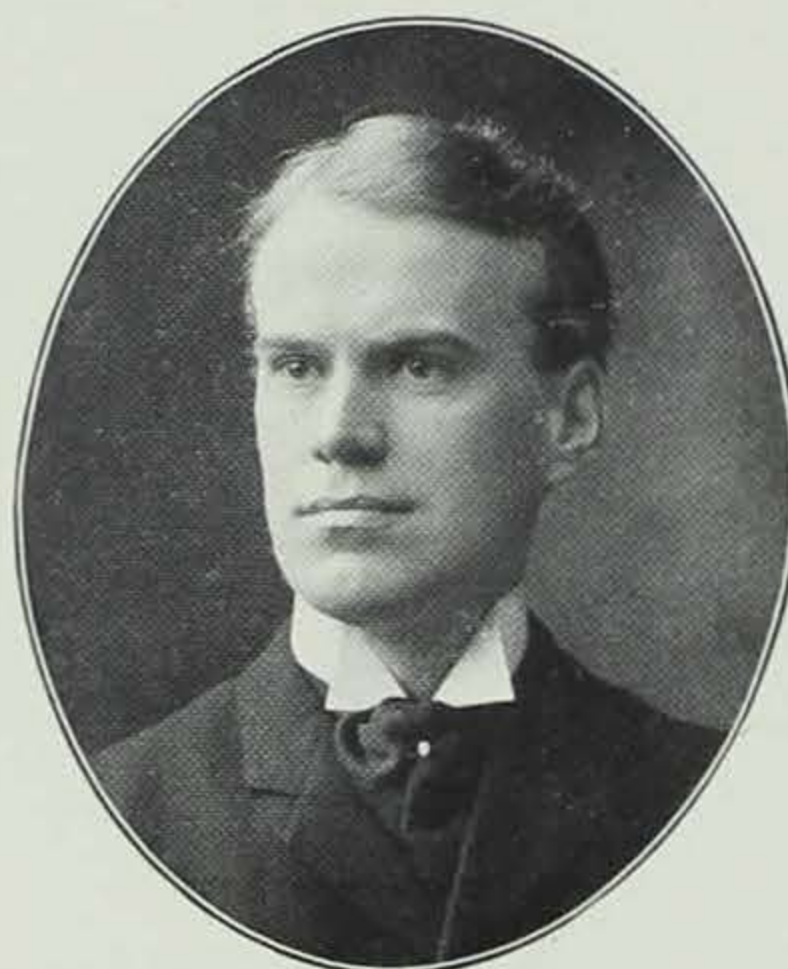
Who accepted the Presidency of Buena Vista College
on April 19, 1910.



Faculty



REV. GEO. H. FRACKER, A. M., D. D.
Vice-President.
German and French.
University of Wooster.
Buena Vista College, 1901.



ED FORREST BLAYNEY, A. M., Ph.D.
Philosophy and Pol. Science.
Washington and Jefferson.
Providence University.
Buena Vista College, 1903.



ALICE E. WILCOX, A. B.
English.
University of Michigan.
Buena Vista College, 1903.



MARGARET CUMMINGS, A. M.
Education.
State University.
Buena Vista College, 1908.



CLAYTON C. WYLIE, A. B.
Mathematics.
University of Missouri.
Buena Vista College, 1909.



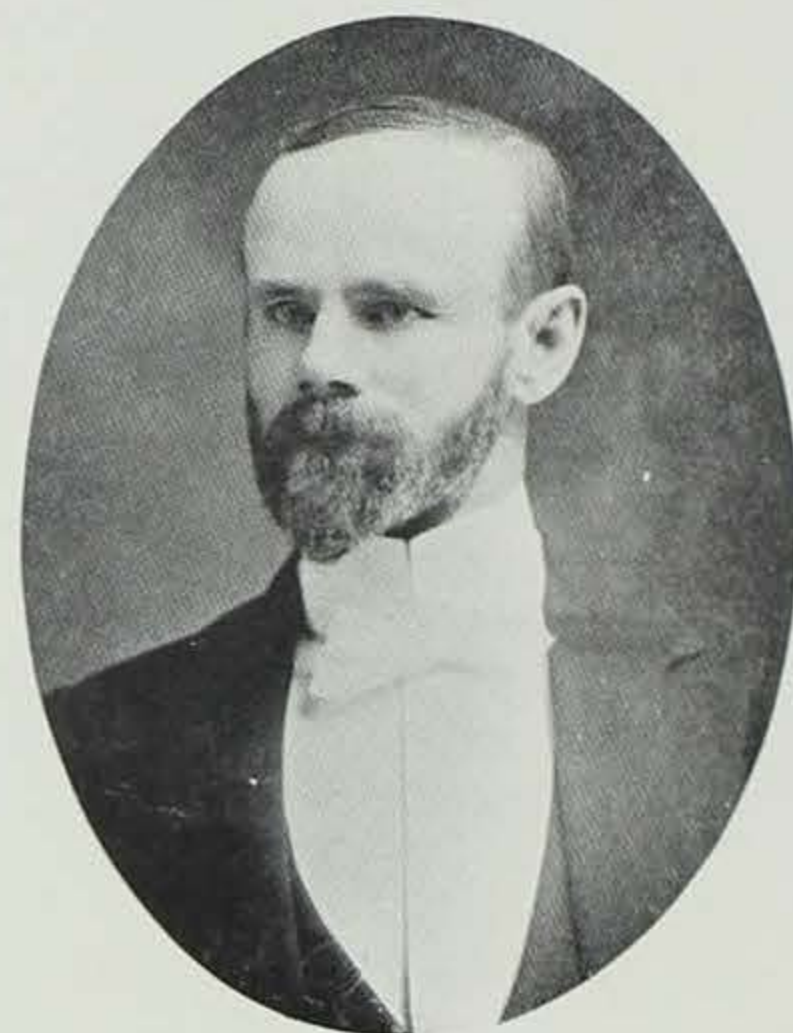
JENNIE GORDON HUTCHISON, A. B.,
M. D.
Latin.
University of Chicago.
Iowa State Teachers' College.
Buena Vista College, 1909.



HERMAN H. VAN HORN, A. B.
Chemistry and History.
Yale.
Buena Vista College, 1909.



MARION M. BLANKENHORN, Ph. B.
Biology and Physics.
University of Wooster.
Buena Vista College, 1909.



REV. S. W. STOPHLET, A. M., D. D.
General Secretary.
University of Wooster.
Buena Vista College, 1908.

Special Departments



E. C. RYAN, M. C. S.
Principal of Commercial Department,
Quincy, Ill.
Buena Vista College, 1907 and 1909.



MABELLE MAE EASTMAN
Drawing and Fine Arts,
University of South Dakota,
Buena Vista College, 1909.



HELEN WARREN MILLER, A. B.
Oratory and Public Speaking,
University of Michigan,
Nat'l Conservatory of Dramatic Art, N. Y. C.,
Buena Vista College, 1909.

Music



GRACE B. GILLMORE

Instructor in Pianoforte and Theory.
Director of the Conservatory of Music.
Jacksonville Women's College.
Buena Vista College, 1907.



JEAN BRIGGS

Instructor in Violin.
Manger Violin School, Dubuque, Iowa.
Buena Vista College, 1909.



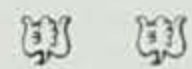
ELSYE MAUDE WALLACE

Instructor of Voice Culture.
New England Conservatory, Boston.
Buena Vista College, 1909.

Collegiates



Junior Class



MOTTO—"Hustle While You Wait."

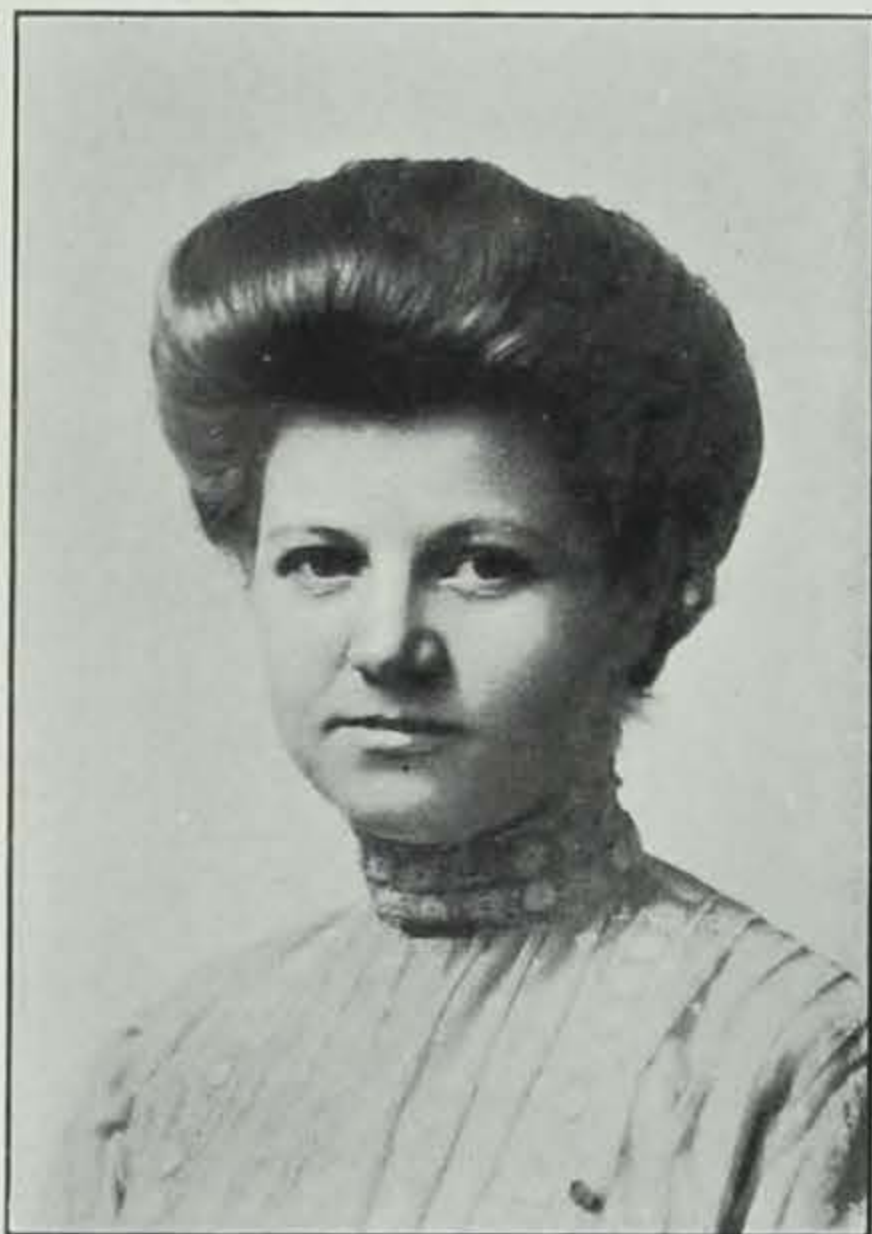
FLOWER—Daisy.

COLORS—Orange and Black.



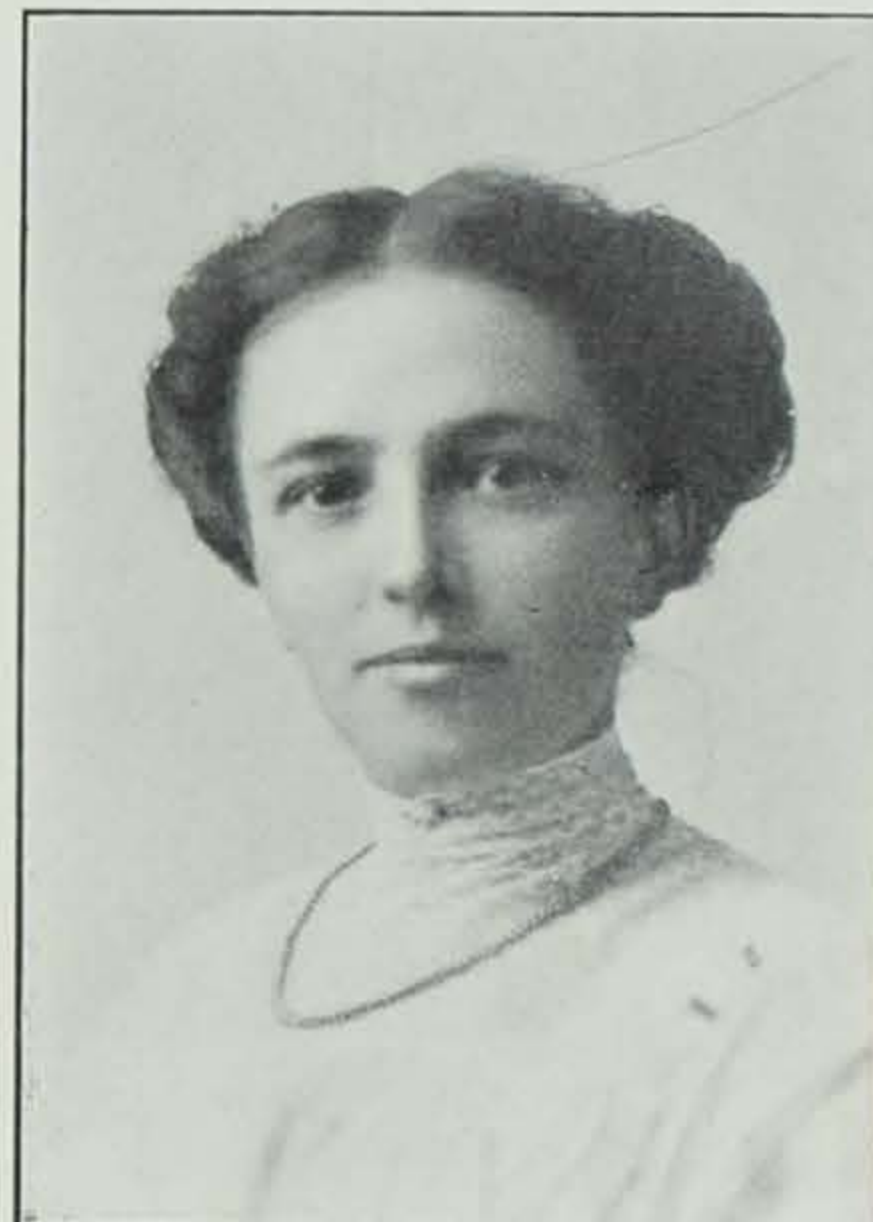
YELL.

Begorra, Begame! and never yit,
The loikes of us you seen, you bet.
Sapphires, diamonds, rubies are rough,
Emeralds, Emeralds, they're the stuff.



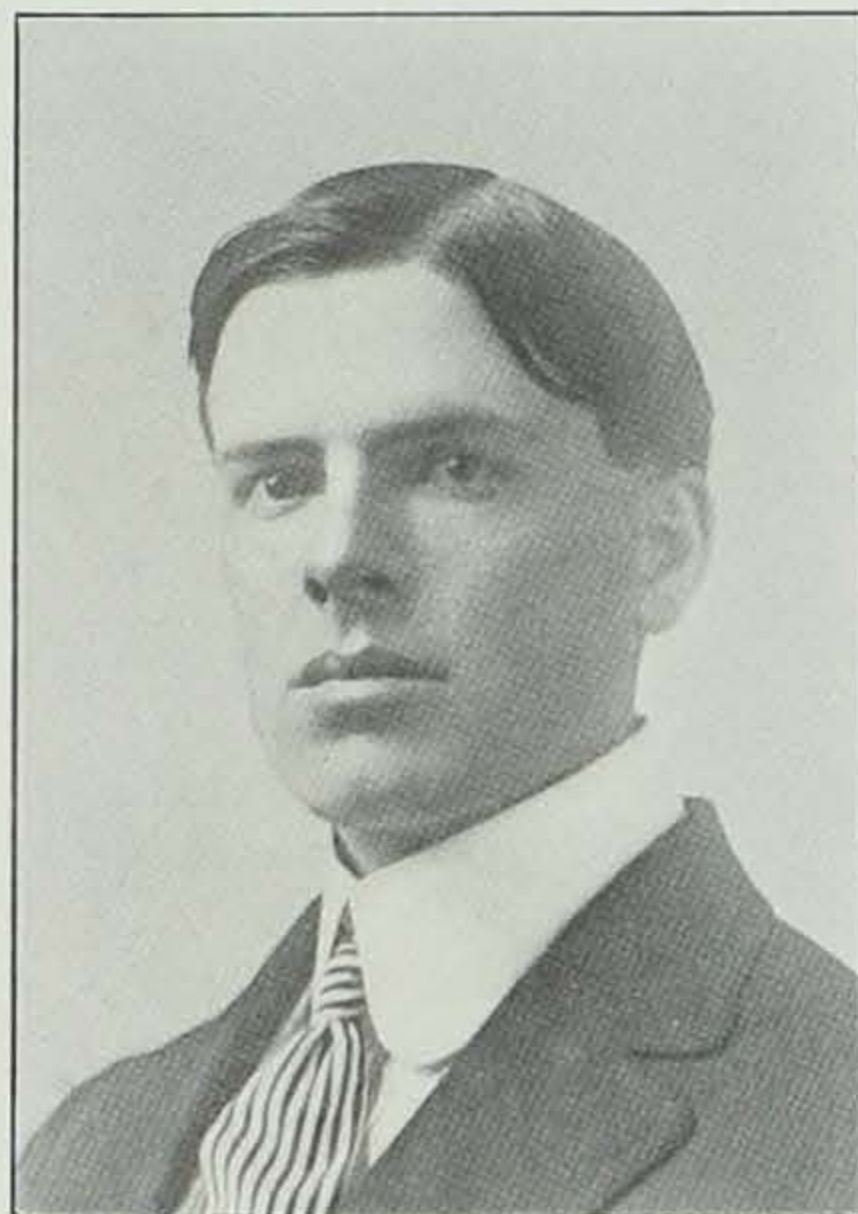
GRACE EVELYN PARKER

"Kind the voice and glad the eyes."



LOUISE UNGER

"She has more business in a day than most people have in a life-time."



FELIX BRUNO ROSS

"Bid me discourse; I will enchant thine ear."

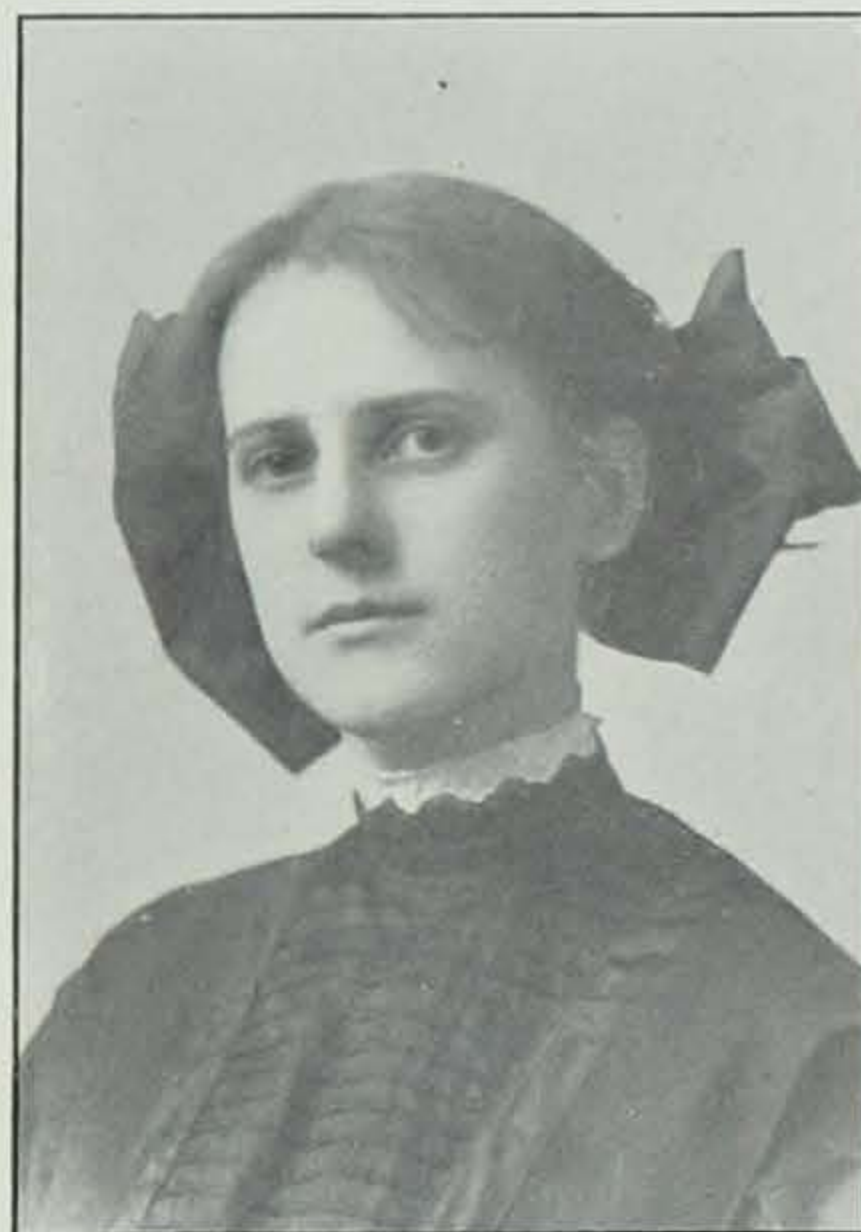


OMA LORENE FOSTER

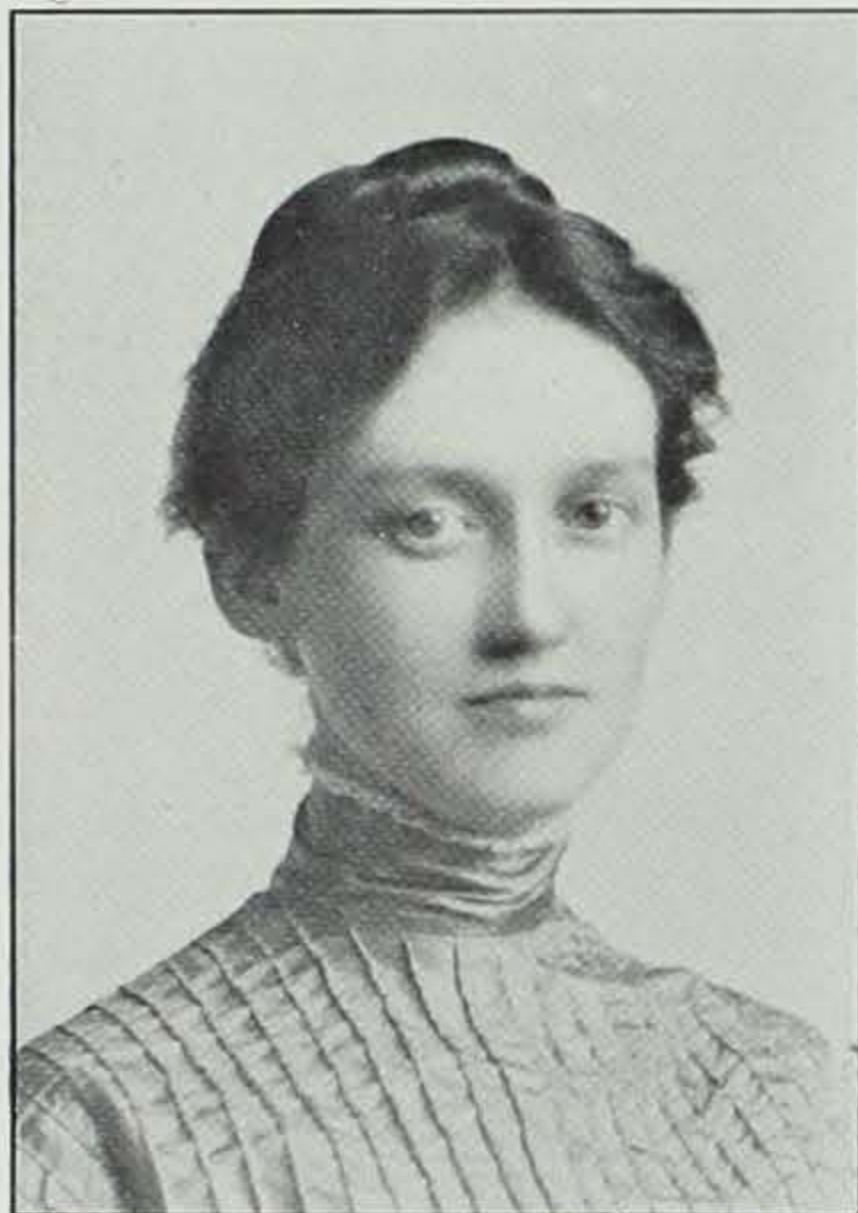
"Her hair is not more sunny than her heart."



KATHRYN GALPIN BROWN
"You'll own my voice is clear and sweet."

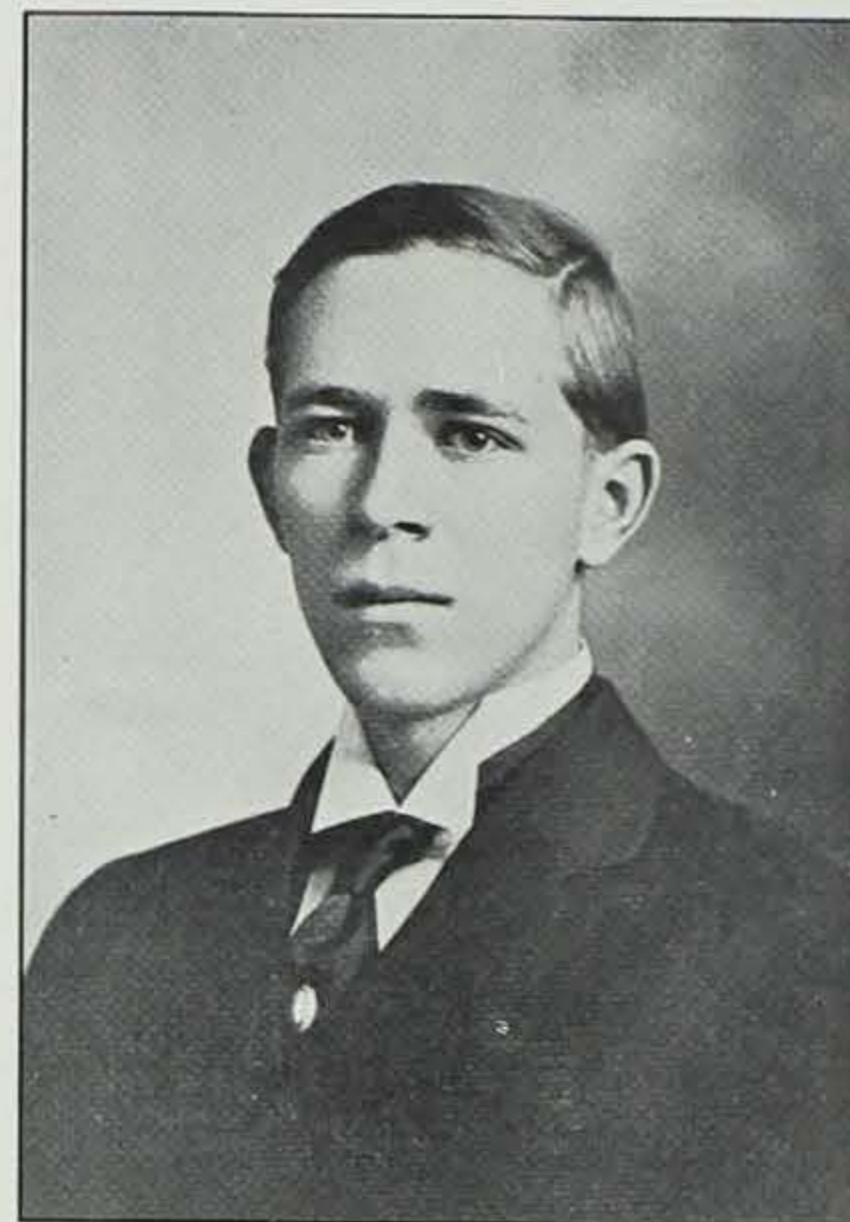


ZELDA BYRNE
"Why sure the girl's beside herself."



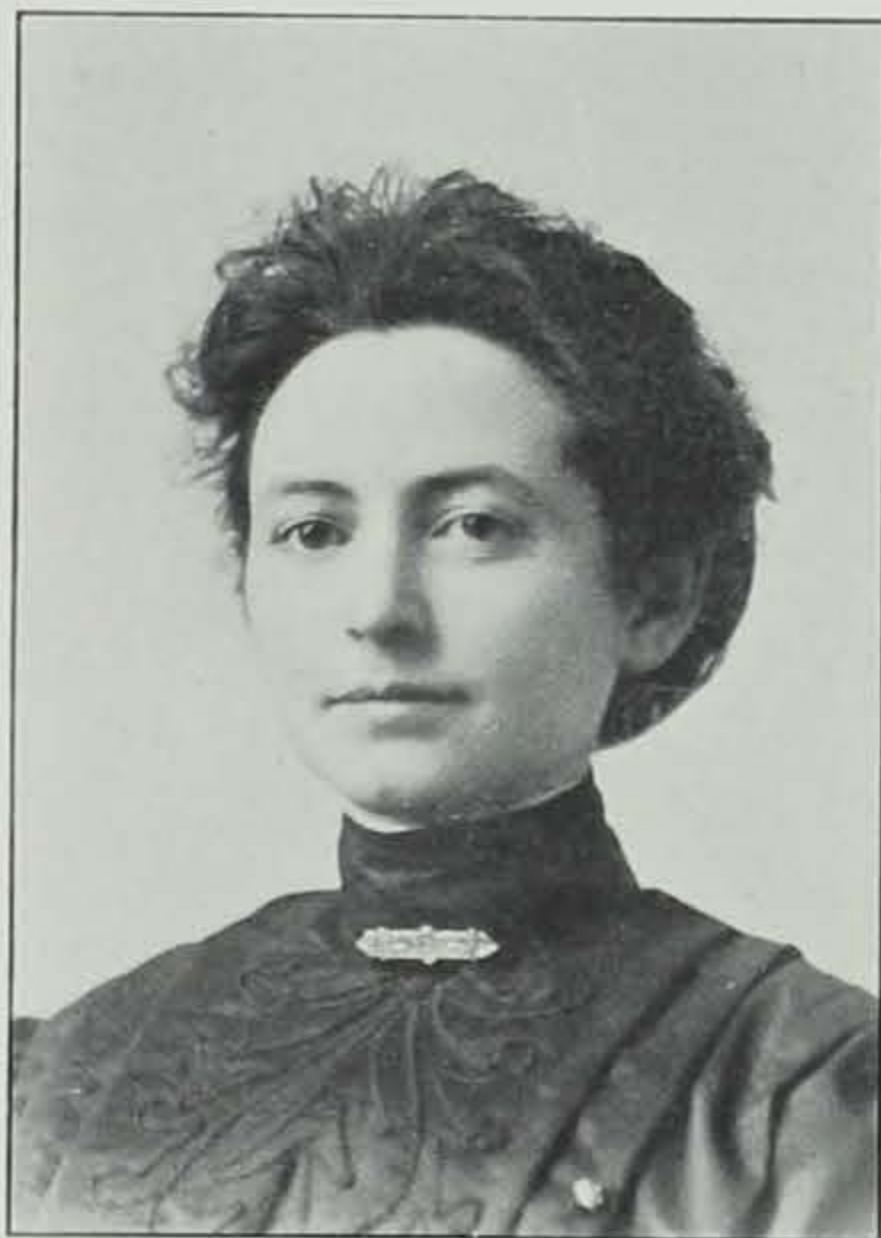
LILLIE MARGARET ALLEN

"Very precise is she, and never, never, talks about the boys."



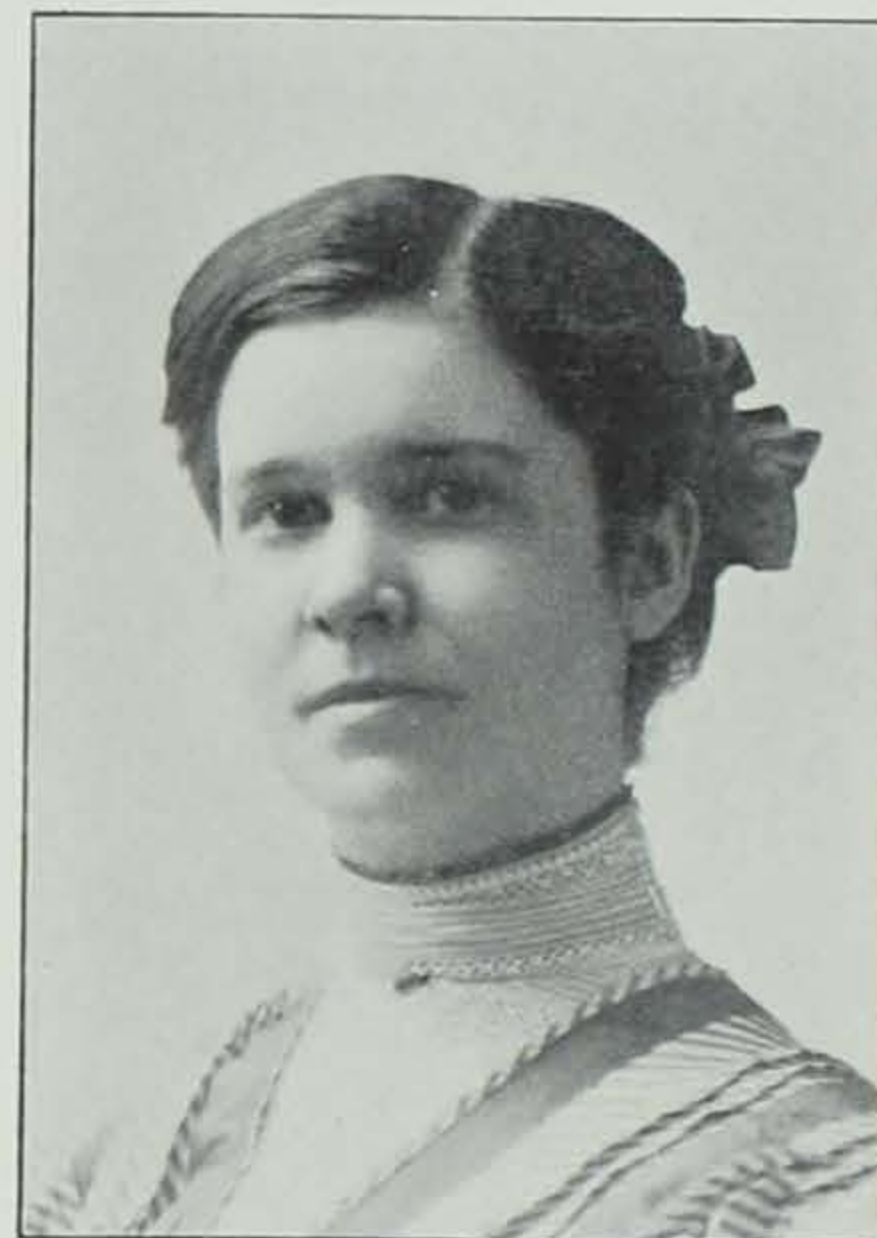
LEONARD WILLIAM KENNEDY

"Busy, Aye, Sir. But what it was all about I never could tell."



MABEL DELL MC LAUGHLIN

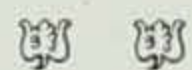
"She taketh most delight in music instruments and poetry."



ANNIE MARGARET FRACKER

"My ivy needs no sturdy oak."

Seniors



NAME—"Dumplings."

MOTTO—"Apres Nous le deluce."

COLORS—Purple and White.

FLOWER—Chrysanthemum.



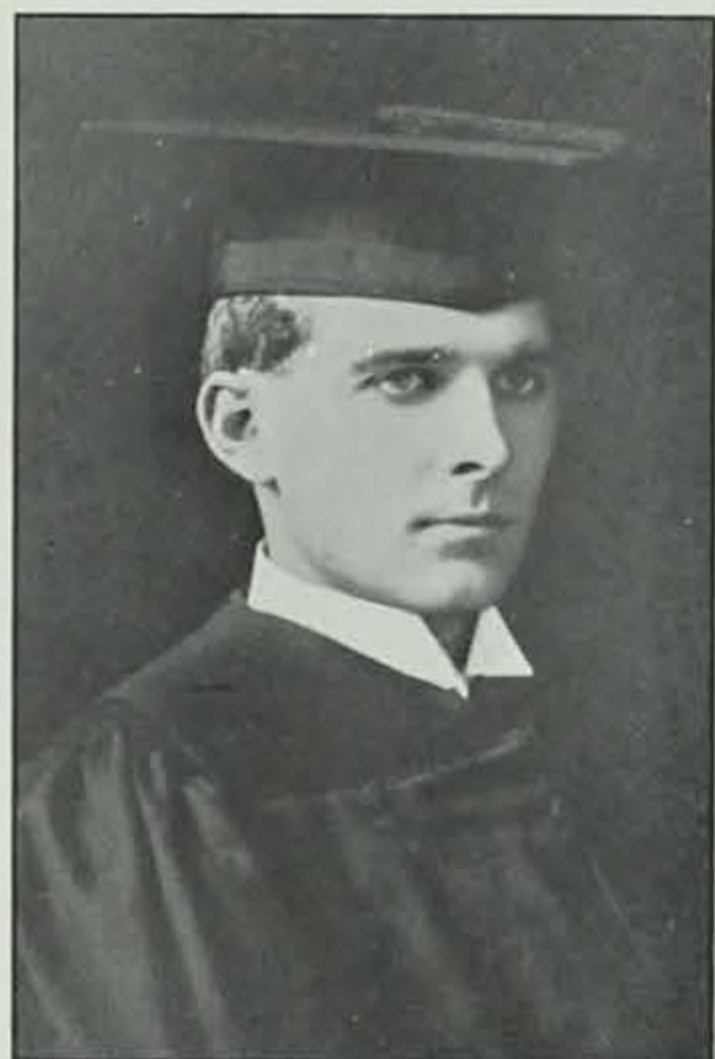
YELL.

Rickity Russ, Rickity Russ,

What the dickens' the matter with us?

Don't you know us? Where? When?

Buena Vista—Nineteen-Ten.



HAROLD L. YOUDE
Sutherland, Iowa.

"Remember this:—That there is a proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life."

Graduated from Sutherland high school, 1905; President Franklin society, 1908; President Alcinian society, 1910; Business Manager of Tack, 1909-1910; Inter-society debating team, 1909-1910; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 1909; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1908-1910; Business Manager Junior Annual, 1909; Vice-President Oratorical association, 1909; President Athletic association, 1909; Delegate to Lake Geneva, 1909; Class President Student Council, 1909-1910; B. G. I., 1909.



CARRIE J. PERKINS
Churdan, Iowa.

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to execute."

B. V. Academy, 1906; Tack Staff, 1907-1908-1909; Editor-in-Chief of Tack, 1910; Secretary of Oratorical association, 1908; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1908; President Y. W. C. A., 1909; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1907-1909; Vice-President Star society, 1910; Secretary Star society, 1907-1908; Secretary Phi Alpha Pi, 1909; Lake Geneva conference, 1907.



STANLEY B. FRACKER
Storm Lake, Iowa.

"His years but young, yet his experience old."

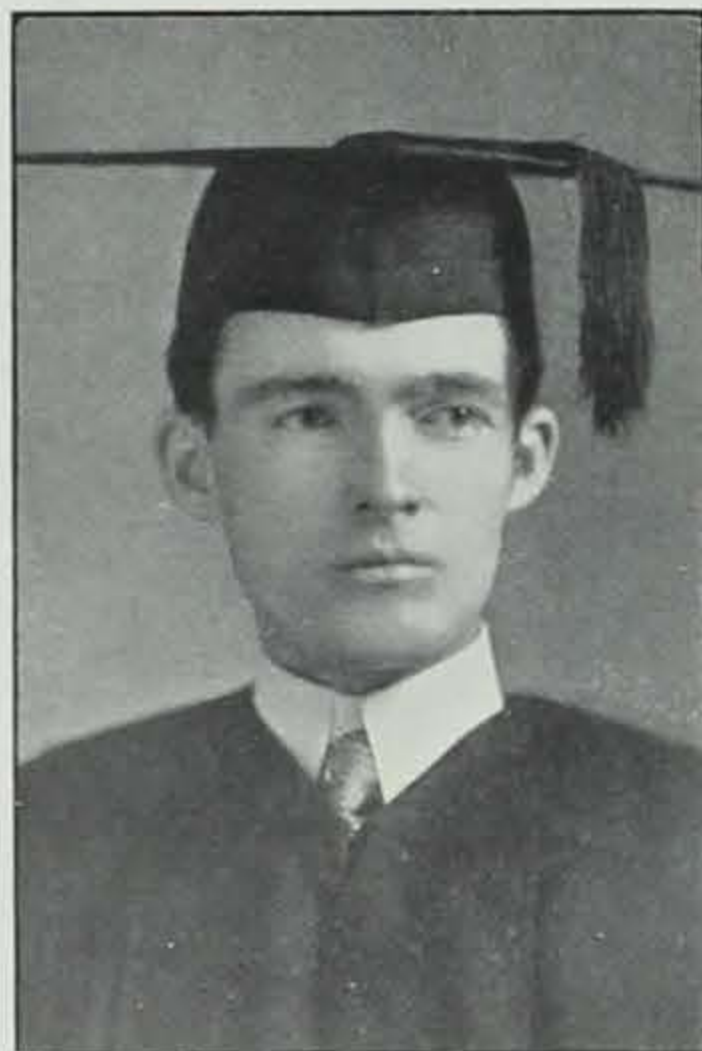
Graduated from Buena Vista Academy, 1906; orator for B. V. C. in Northwestern Oratorical contest, 1906; President Star society, 1907-1910; President Orio society, 1910; Tack staff, 1908-1909-1910; Inter-society debating team, 1908-1909-1910; Alternate Intercollegiate debating team, 1908-1910; Intercollegiate team, 1909; Secretary Y. M. C. A., 1908; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1909; Editor-in-Chief Junior Annual, 1909; College representative in State Oratorical contest, 1909-1910; Holder State University Scholarship at Lakeside Laboratory, 1909; Undergraduate assistant in science, 1910; Member Oratorio society, 1908-1909-1910; Delegate to Lake Geneva, 1908; Class Historian.



LORETTA C. MEIGHEN
Storm Lake, Iowa.

"Blest with that sweet simplicity of thought so rarely found and never taught."

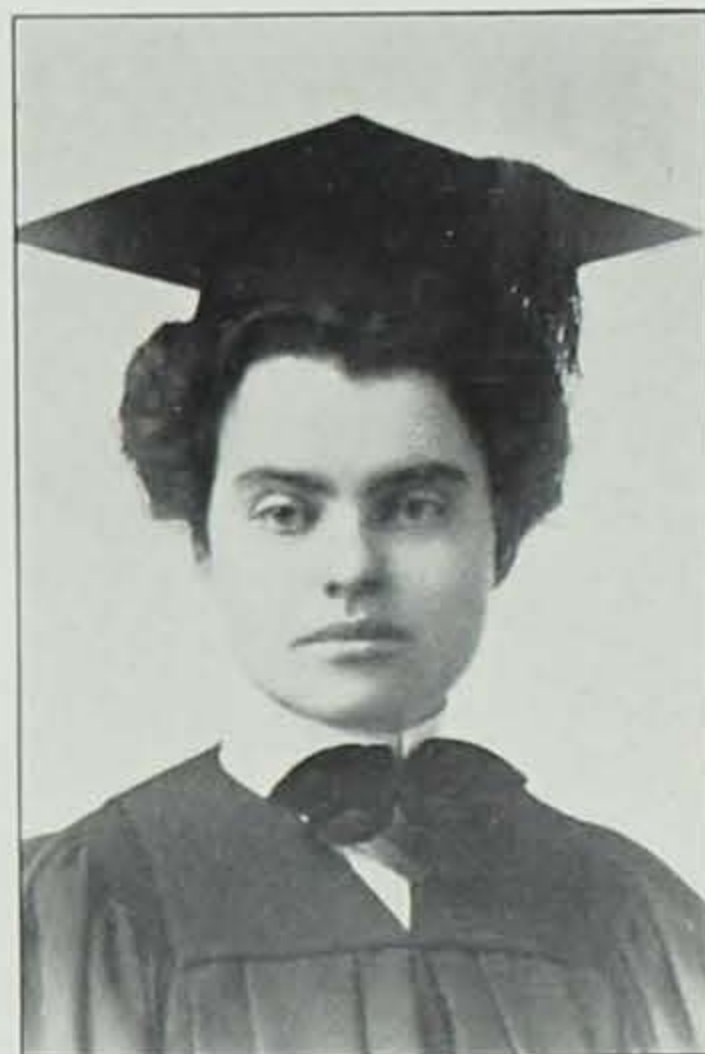
Newell high school, 1906; Secretary Franklin, 1907; President Philomathean, 1910; Secretary Philomathean, 1909; Secretary Class, 1910; Calendar Editor Annual, 1900; First Prize in Declamatory contest, 1907; Phi Alpha II.



RAY H. MATTISON
Rockwell City, Iowa.

"If you would know the many excellences of this man, I prithee, ask of him. He'll tell you all about himself, and other things profound."

Graduate from Rockwell City high school, 1905; President Franklin society, 1908; President Alcinian society, 1910; Tack staff, 1908-1909; Inter-society debating team, 1907-1908-1910; Alternate Intercollegiate debating team, 1909; Intercollegiate team, 1908-1910; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 1908-1909-1910; College representative in State Oratorical contest, 1908; President Oratorical association, 1910; Member Oratorio society, 1910; Delegate to Lake Geneva, 1909; Assistant Business Manager Junior Annual, 1909.



MAUDE E. HAWKINS
Hull, Iowa.

"The reason firm; the temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

Hull Educational Institute, 1900; Secretary Franklin, 1907; Phi Alpha Pi Secretary, 1907; Y. W. C. A. State Convention, 1908; Treasurer Oratorical association, 1908; President Philomathean, 1908; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1908-1909; Tack Artist, 1907-1908; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1909; Member Student Volunteer Band, 1909; Art Instructor, 1909; Tack Staff, 1910; President Franklin, 1910; Secretary Class, 1910; Annual Artist, 1909; Oratorio society, 1910.

Sophomores



COLORS—Maroon and Black.



YELL.

Ossawatamy, nes per se!

Blackhawk, Keokuk,

Nish-no-nay!

Cherokee diggers,

Coyotes, Ute!

Nineteen Twelve!

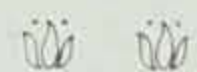
With a big war whoop!



B MINORS

Reading from left to right: Top Row—Harper, E. Crouch, Marcum, Reis, Jones, Rust. Center Row—Greenway, Plummer, Sheldon, Twinnell, Hoyt, Taylor, Price, Gregg. Lower Row—Unger, West, L. Crouch, Brown, Cox, Miller, Foster.

Freshmen



COLORS—Champagne and Wine.



YELL.

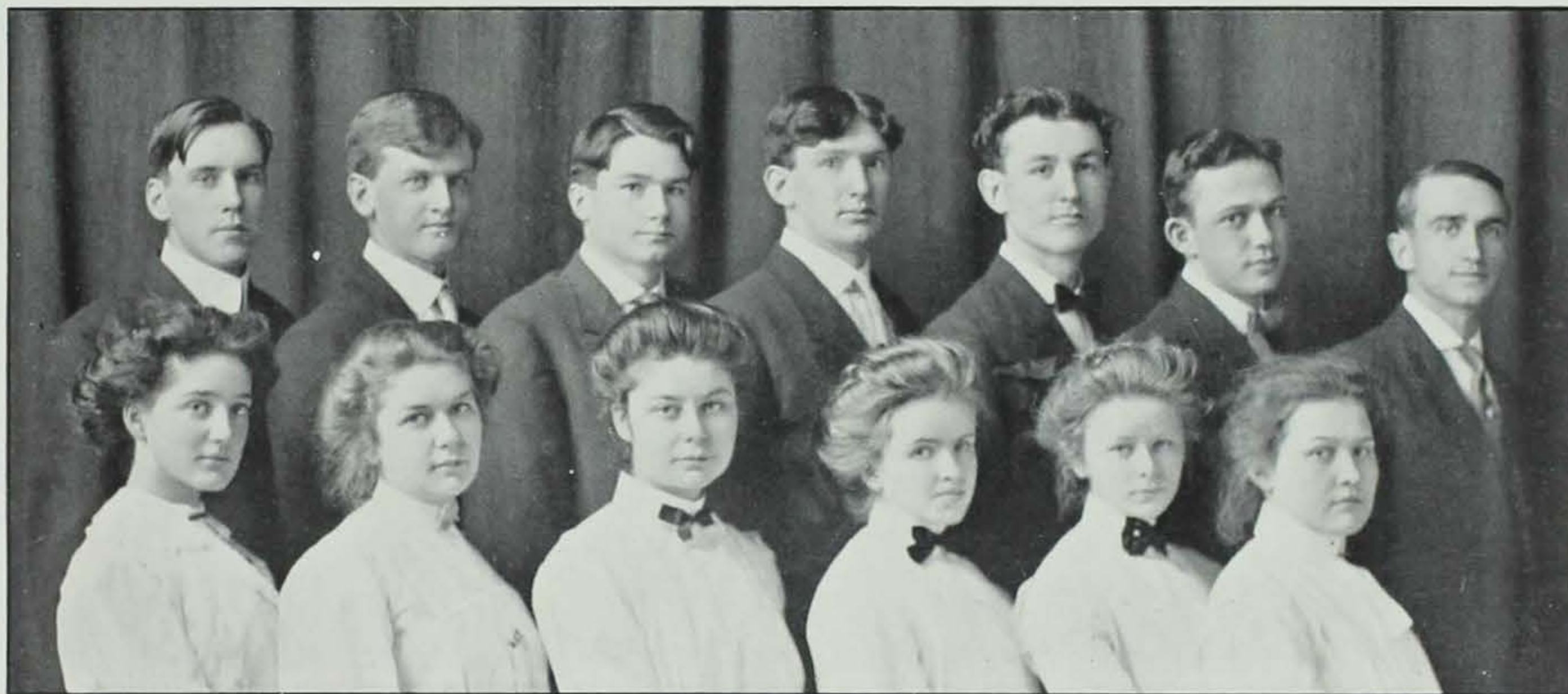
Yip silanti jay hawk,

Osh-kosh-jiminy jawk—

Kalamazoo-mazoo-mazoo

Freshmen, Freshmen,

Rippity-roo.



WHITE
SMITH

FUHRMASTER
MERENESS

CARLTON
HALL

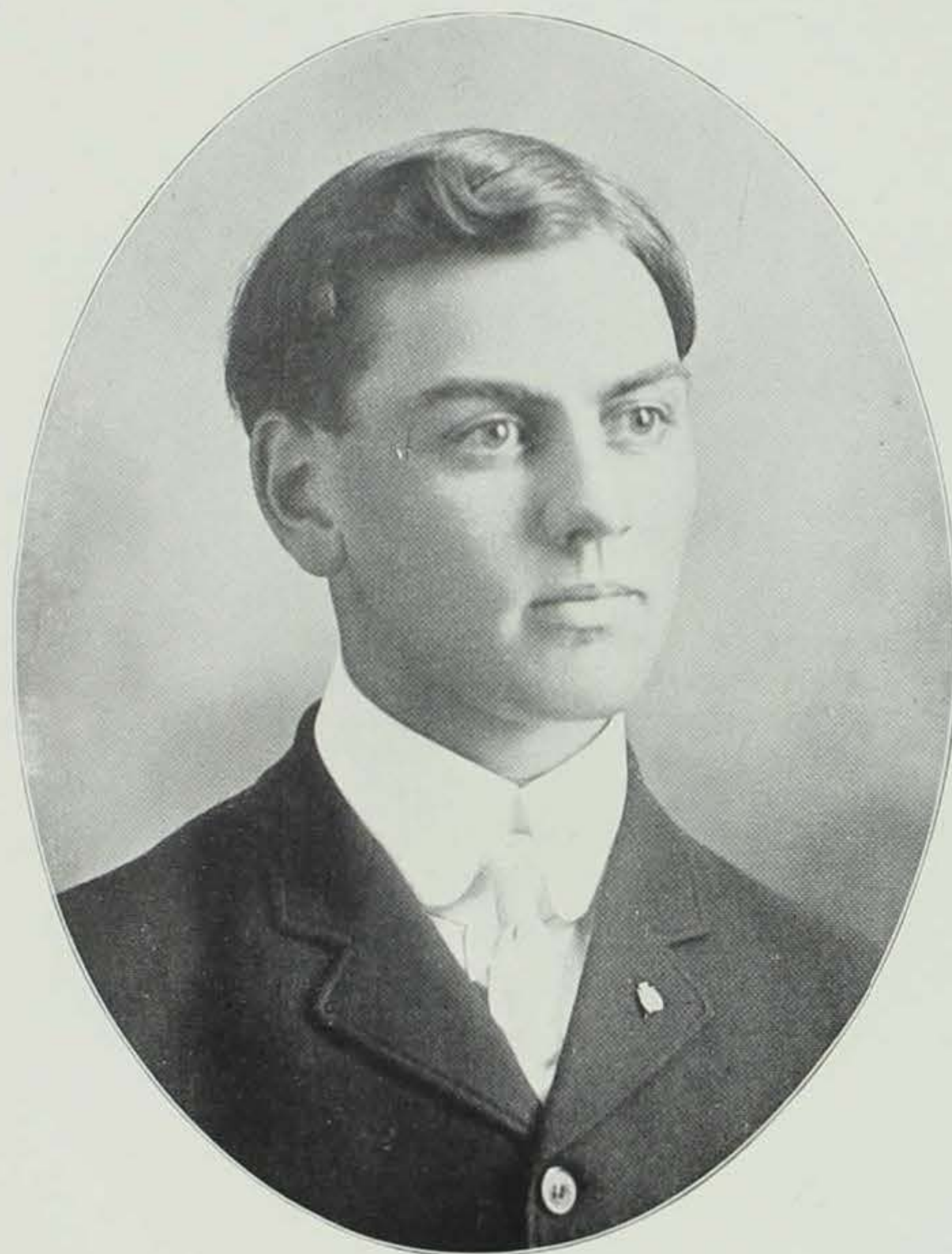
GOSLINGS

LINDSEY
COWELL

SMITH
STOPHLET

PERKINS
SWAIN

FRICK



1885

1907

TO THE MEMORY
Of Our Classmate and Friend
ELMER GOODMILLER

This Page Is Affectionately Inscribed by the
Class of 1909.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

1909-1910.

President	Carrie Perkins
Vice-President	Oma Foster
Secretary	Edna Marcum
Treasurer	Elsie Crouch

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Membership	Oma Foster
Finance	Hazel West
Social	Zelda Byrne
Bible Study	Mande Hawkins
Room	Elizabeth Brown
Missionary	Anna Plummer
Inter-Collegiate	Kathryn Brown



BYRNE E. BROWN MARCUM PARKER K. BROWN FOSTER PLUMMER PERKINS WEST HAWKINS CROUCH

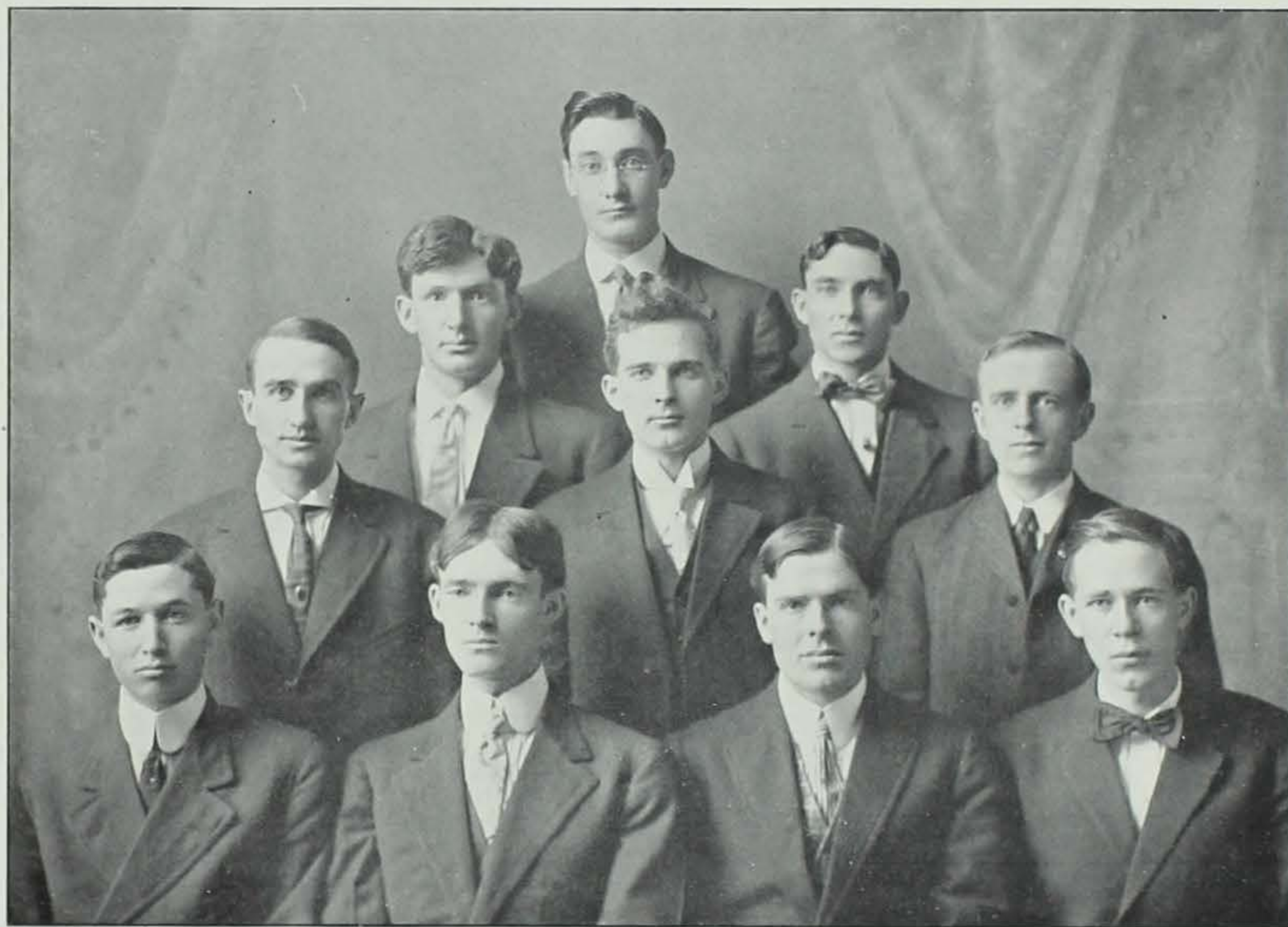
Y. M. C. A. CABINET

1909-1910.

President	C. T. Greenway
Vice-President	H. L. Youde
Secretary	L. W. Kennedy
Treasurer	Ed Rust

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Devotional	F. B. Ross
Bible Study	R. H. Mattison
Membership	R. F. P. Hoyt
Athletic	L. A. Dwinell
Mission Study	J. L. Lindsey
Social	S. A. Frick



HOYT

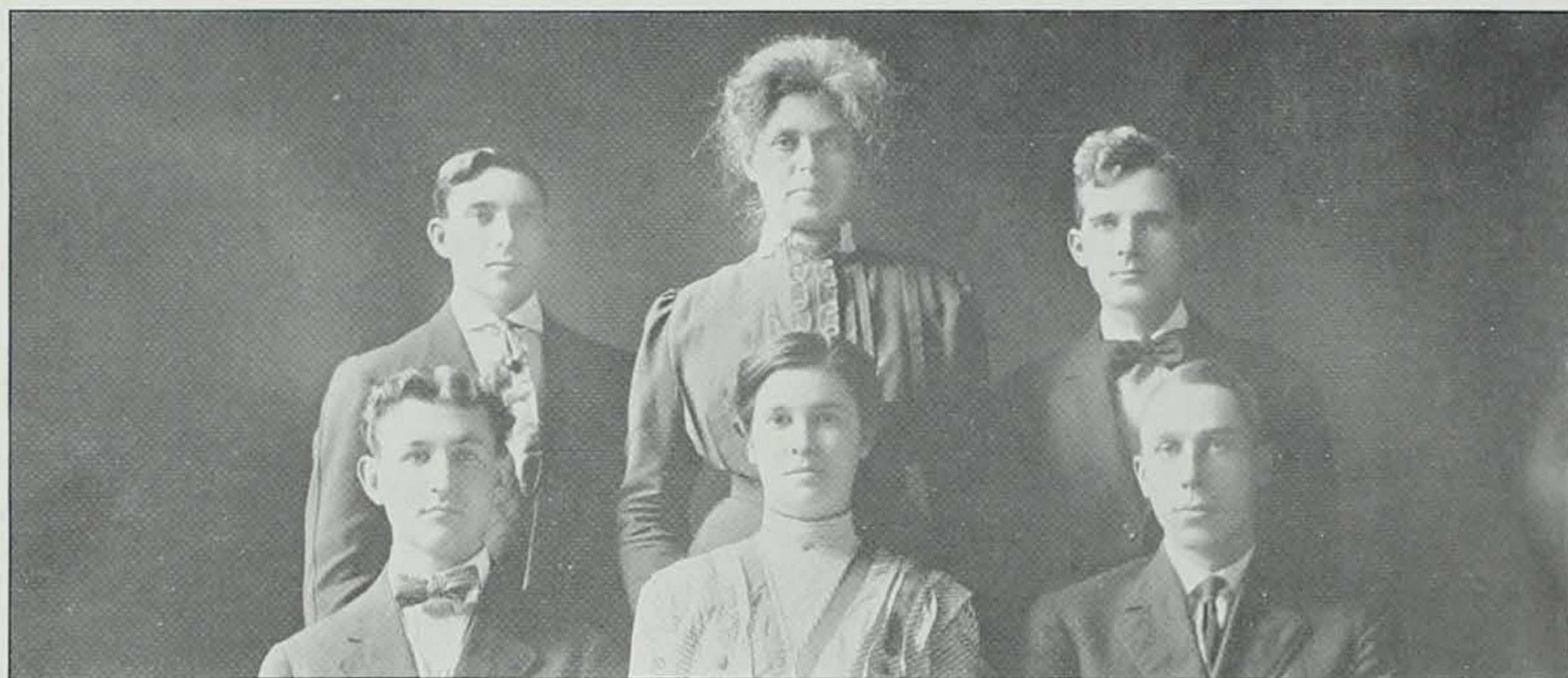
FRICK

LINDSEY
MATTISON

RUST
YOUDE

DWINELL
ROSS

GREENWAY
KENNEDY



Student Council

DWINELL, '12
SMITH, '13

PROF. WILCON
FRACKER, '11

YOUDE, Pres., '10
PROF. BLANKENHORN

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

President	Anna Plummer
Vice-President	F. B. Ross
Secretary	Maude Hawkins
Treasurer	C. T. Greenway

ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION

President	R. H. Mattison
Vice-President	F. B. Ross
Secretary	Anna Plummer
Treasurer	Louise Unger
Faculty	E. F. Blayney

The Tack



Monthly Student Magazine



THE TACK STAFF FOR VOLUME XIX., 1909-'10.

Editor-in-Chief	Carrie J. Perkins, '10
Literary Editors	Maude E. Hawkins, '10; Mabel McLaughlin, '11
Local Editors	Louise Unger, '11; Jessie Lindsey, '13
Exchange Editor	Stanley B. Fracker, '10
Society Editor	Charles T. Greenway, '12
Staff Artist	Kathryn G. Brown, '11
Business Manager	H. L. Youde, '10
Faculty Editor	Alice E. Wilcox, A. B.



UNGER
BROWN
PERKINS

FRACKER
WILCOX

LINDSEY
HAWKINS

MC LAUGHLIN
YOUDE

GREENWAY

The Oratorio Society

Presents the Seven Last Words of Christ

May 24, 1910

MISS GRACE B. GILLMORE, Director and Accompanist.
JEAN BRIGGS, Concert Mistress.

Soloists

ELSYE M. WALLACE	Soprano
MRS. KENDALL NELSON	Contralto
MR. ARTHUR M. MARSH	Basso
MR. FRANK BARNARD * * * * *	Tenor

C h o r u s

SOPRANOS			TENORS		
Mrs. Nevelyn.	Edna Gutz.	Mrs. Deland.	Perry Walrod.	Ross White.	C. C. Wylie.
Zoe LaGrange.	Hazel West.	Marian Smith.	Elleroy Smith.	Jesse Lindsey.	George Hoyt.
Mary Stophlet.	Carol Mereness.	Kathryn Brown.	Stanley Frick.	M. A. Blankenborn.	
Elsie Ries.	Addie Swan.	Edna Unger.			
Fern Taylor.	Elsie Crouch.	Lucile Clemons.			
CONTRALTOS			BASSOS		
Mrs. Julia Bragington.	Edith Brown.	Louise Unger.	Mr. Witter.	Charlie Unger.	E. C. Rust.
Zelda Byrne.	Miss Hutchison.	Bernice Gregg.	Ray Mattison.	Russell Smith.	Wilkins Perkins.
Anna Plummer.	Margaret Cummings.	Mrs. Bleakley.	George Melody.	Stanley Fracker.	Paul Eshbaugh.
Maude Hawkins.	Mabel McLaughlin.				

An Opera in Three Acts

On a Tropical Isle

Given Dec. 15 and 16, 1909

CASTE

Marcus Remington, U. S. Consul in Cuba.....Burt Mack
Marietta Van Buren Remington, his wife.....Zoe LaGrange
Sibyl Remington, his daughter.....Clara Farmer
Marie Louise Wainwright, his niece from Washington, D. C.,
.....Elsye M. Wallace
Duke Bonus de Castiloon, of the French Embassy.....Edgar Ballou
Count Fritz Friedmule, of the German Embassy.....Stanley Frick
Senor Valdoza, a Spanish grandee.....Guy Joray
Senora Valdoza, his wife.....Kathryn Brown
Lieutenant Karl Maynard, of the U. S. S. Missouri...Fred Lamar
Paul Patterson, of the Press protom.....Charles Chapman
Carmencita, a Spanish Belle.....Lucile Clemons
Mercedes, a French Maid.....Zelda Byrne
Head Waiter, Coffee Gardens.....Leonard Kennedy

GUESTS—Marion Hudson, Edna Gutz, Mary Stophlet,
Mabel McLaughlin, Mabel Sherman, Addie Swan, Frances Chap-
man, Hazel West, Carol Mereness, Loretta Meighen, Marion
Smith, Louise Unger, Betty Brown, Marion Blankenhorn, George
Hoyt, Walter Luhman, Charles Unger, Wilkins Perkins, Jesse
Lindsey, Lloyd Crouch, John Foster, John Wiseman, Harold
Youde, Ross White, Leonard Kennedy.

LONDON MAIDS—Mary Stophlet, Mabel McLaughlin,
Mabel Sherman, Addie Swan, Frances Chapman, Marion Hudson.

MARINES—Marion Blankenhorn, John Foster, Walter Luh-
man, Charles Unger, Wilkins Perkins, Jesse Lindsey, Guy Joray,
Ross White.

SPANISH GIRLS—Hazel West, Loretta Meighen, Carol
Mereness, Marion Smith, Louise Unger, Mabel Eastman, Betty
Brown.

GIRLS OF ALL NATIONS—Swedish, Carol Mereness;
Japanese, Louise Unger; Spanish, Edna Gutz; French, Betty
Brown; Irish, Hazel West; Russian, Marion Smith; Egyptian,
Frances Chapman.

SOLDIERS—John Wiseman, Harold Youde.

AMERICAN TOURISTS—George Hoyt, Lloyd Crouch.

SCENE SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Coffee Gardens, Place de Mendenza.
ACT II.—Entrance to ball room at the American Consulate.
ACT III.—Gardens at the American Consulate.

PROGRAM

Action occurs on the afternoon and evening of March 15, 1907,
and morning of the following day in Havana, Cuba.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Grace B. Gillmore.....Director
Jean Briggs.....Concert Mistress

ACT I.

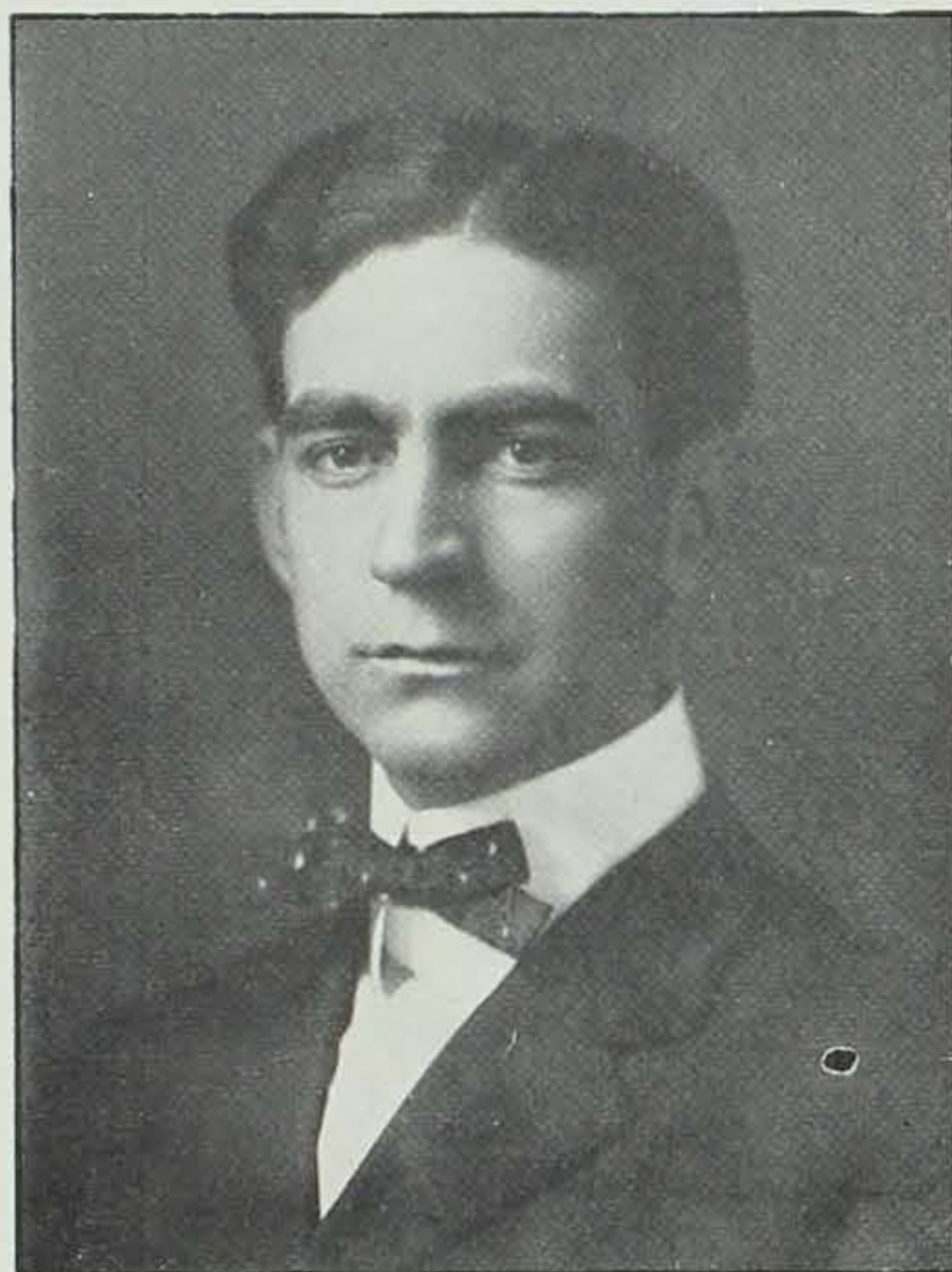
Hello People.....Opening Chorus
Busy Mr. Bee.....Carmencita
Letters.....Paul and Sibyl
Uncle Sam's Marines.....Lieutenant Maynard and Marines
In Seville.....Marie Louise
Whistle It.....Mercedes, Duke and Count
You're Just the Girl I'm Looking For.....Sibyl and Chorus

ACT II.

I Am a Dutiful Wife.....Marietta and Valdoza
Goodbye.....Valdoza
Jamais d'la Vie.....Marie Louise and Johnnies
Women.....Septette
I Want to Be Loved Like the Leading Lady.....Valdoza
In Bohemia.....Paul and Lieutenant Maynard
Girls.....Finale

ACT III.

I Love You.....Lieutenant Maynard
Waltz Song.....Marie Louise
Marching.....Senora Valdoza and Chorus
All the Girls Love Me.....Consul
Message of the Red, Red Rose.....
.....Marie Louise and Lieutenant Maynard
In a Cuban Town.....Finale



DR. PARKER
President Alumni Association.

Alumne Greeting to Their Alma Mater

For eighteen years there has annually been added to our numbers, those who have come within the walls of Buena Vista, and after their studying a few of the great lessons of life, have gone out to solve their problems as they come.

We each tried to grasp a little of the meaning of the motto, "Education for Service," and each imbibed of that spirit of helpfulness and sterling Christian character that has been so freely offered by the men and women who have given the best in their lives that Buena Vista might live and prosper.

At this time, when the 1911 Rudder, representing those whose labors, talent, and brain have contributed so much that is true and noble, to the tradition and history of our Alma Mater, is placed before us by those sterling young people, the Emeralds, the Alumni wish to be again remembered in 'varsity halls, and at her councils and firesides. The Alumni still foster the ideas, which they then learned, and in a world of drudgery and business cares, have learned from her not to be like those who "Would judge all nature by her feet of clay, without the will to lift their eyes to see her godlike head clothed in spiritual sunshine and touching other worlds."

To our Alma Mater then, we now send these greetings, and they come straight from the hearts of friends who know something of what the struggle and the sacrifice has been. May the talent and the genius of the Emeralds, as here set forth, be an amen of greater and better things for the old 'Varsity, and an inspiration for the new administration that has just been inaugurated, is the hope and prayer of your

Most sincere friends
THE ALUMNI.

Franklin Literary Society

COLOR—Red.

FLOWER—Red Carnation.

MOTTO—"Excelsior quam Astra."

**

YELL

Rickity, Zickity, bim, bam, boom,

Hackity, Crackity,

Give us room! !

We have some, but we want more!

FRANKLIN! FRANKLIN! to the Core! !

**

PHILOMATHEAN

President . . . Louise Unger
Vice-Pres. . . Oma Foster
Secretary . . . Loretta Meighen
Treasurer . . . Elsie Ries

FIRST SEMESTER

President . . . L. A. Dwinell
Vice-President . . . Hazel West
Secretary . . . Ruth Miller
Treasurer . . . Charles Unger

ALCINIAN

President . . . H. L. Youde
Vice-Pres. . . Stanley Frick
Secretary . . . Elleroy Smith
Treasurer . . . Roy Jones

**

PHILOMATHEAN

President . . . Loretta Meighen
Vice-Pres. . . Maude Hawkins
Secretary . . . Bernice Gregg
Treasurer . . . Mary Stophlet

SECOND SEMESTER

President . . . Maude Hawkins
Vice-President . . . Charles Unger
Secretary . . . Gladys Price
Treasurer . . . Lloyd Crouch

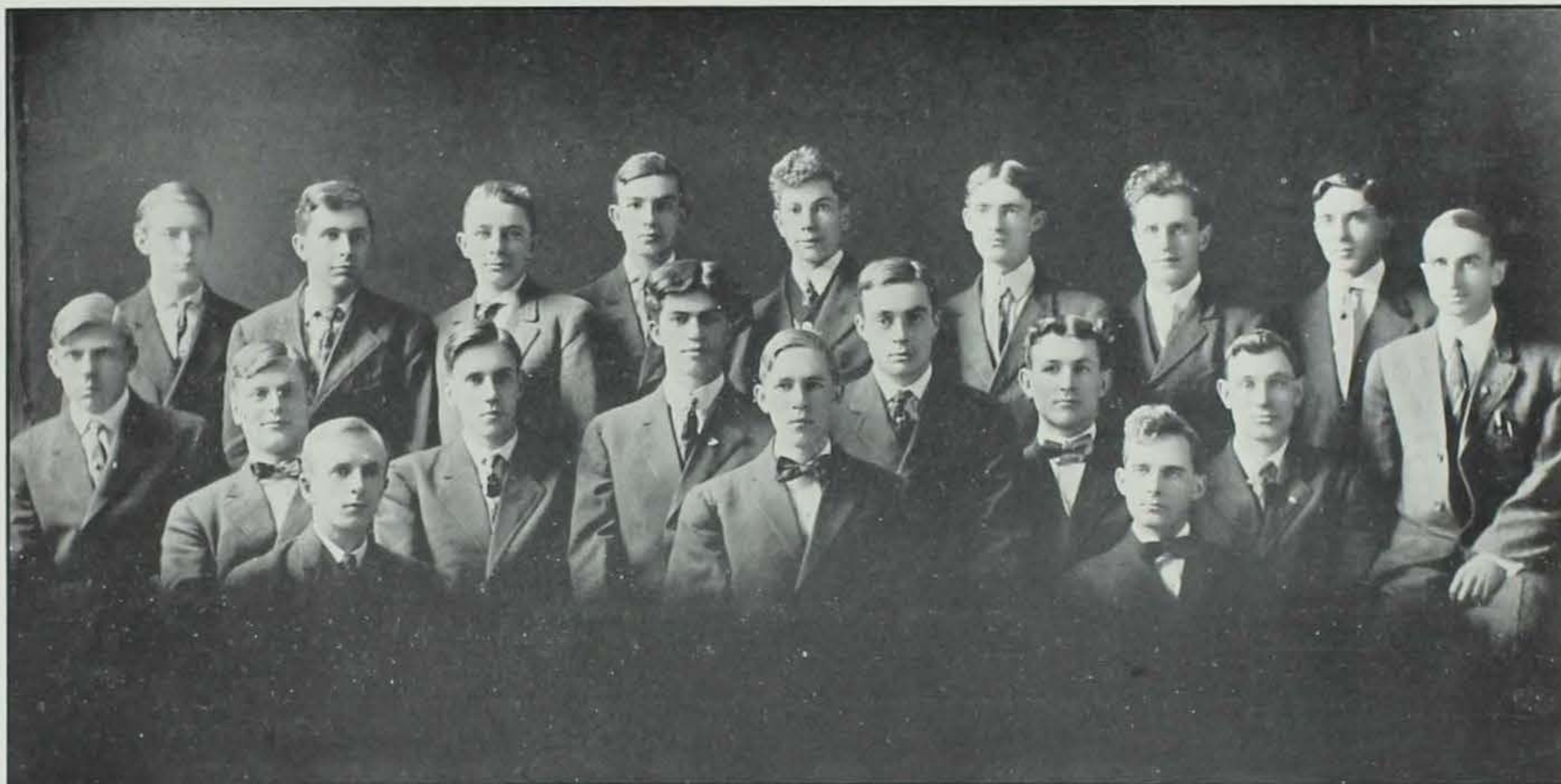
ALCINIAN

President . . . R. H. Mattison
Vice-Pres. . . E. M. Smith
Secretary . . . S. A. Frick
Treasurer . . . Roy Jones



PHILOMATHEANS

Reading from left to right: Top Row—B. Gregg, Marcum, Sheldon, Meighen, E. Miller, Crouch, L. Unger. Center Row—Young, Ries, B. Brown, Hall, Hawkins, Stophlet, Colwell, K. Brown. Lower Row—E. Unger, E. Brown, Parker, West, Foster, Miller, Ranney, D. Gregg, Greenway.



ALCINIANS

Reading from left to right: Top Row—Harper, Jones, Edgar, Unger, Kaiser, Mattison, Holmes, Dwinell. Center Row—Kilne, Swanson, White, Eshbaugh, Crouch, Smith, Wiseman, Frick. Bottom Row—Greenway, Kennedy, Youde.

Star Literary Society

MOTTO—"Omnia Vincimus."

COLORS—Blue and White.

**

YELL

Wienie wurst, saur kraut, pretzels, beer!

Stars, stars, we're all here!

Niggah, niggah, hoe potato,

Half past alligator,

Chick-a-ra-da!

STARS! STARS! Rah! Rah! Rah!

**

CLIO

President . Mabel McLaughlin
Vice-Pres. . Anna Plummer
Sec'y . . . Mabelle Conquist
Treasurer . . Annie Fracker

FIRST SEMESTER

President John R. Foster
Vice-President Justice Crowley
Secretary Mabel McLaughlin
Treasurer Jesse Lindsey

ORIO

President . . . S. B. Fracker
Vice-Pres. . . F. B. Ross
Sec'y . . . Geo. A. P. Hoyt
Treasurer . . . Ed Rust

**

CLIO

President . . . Lillie Allen
Vice-Pres. . Anna Plummer
Secretary . . Marion Smith
Treasurer . . Ada Mitchell

SECOND SEMESTER

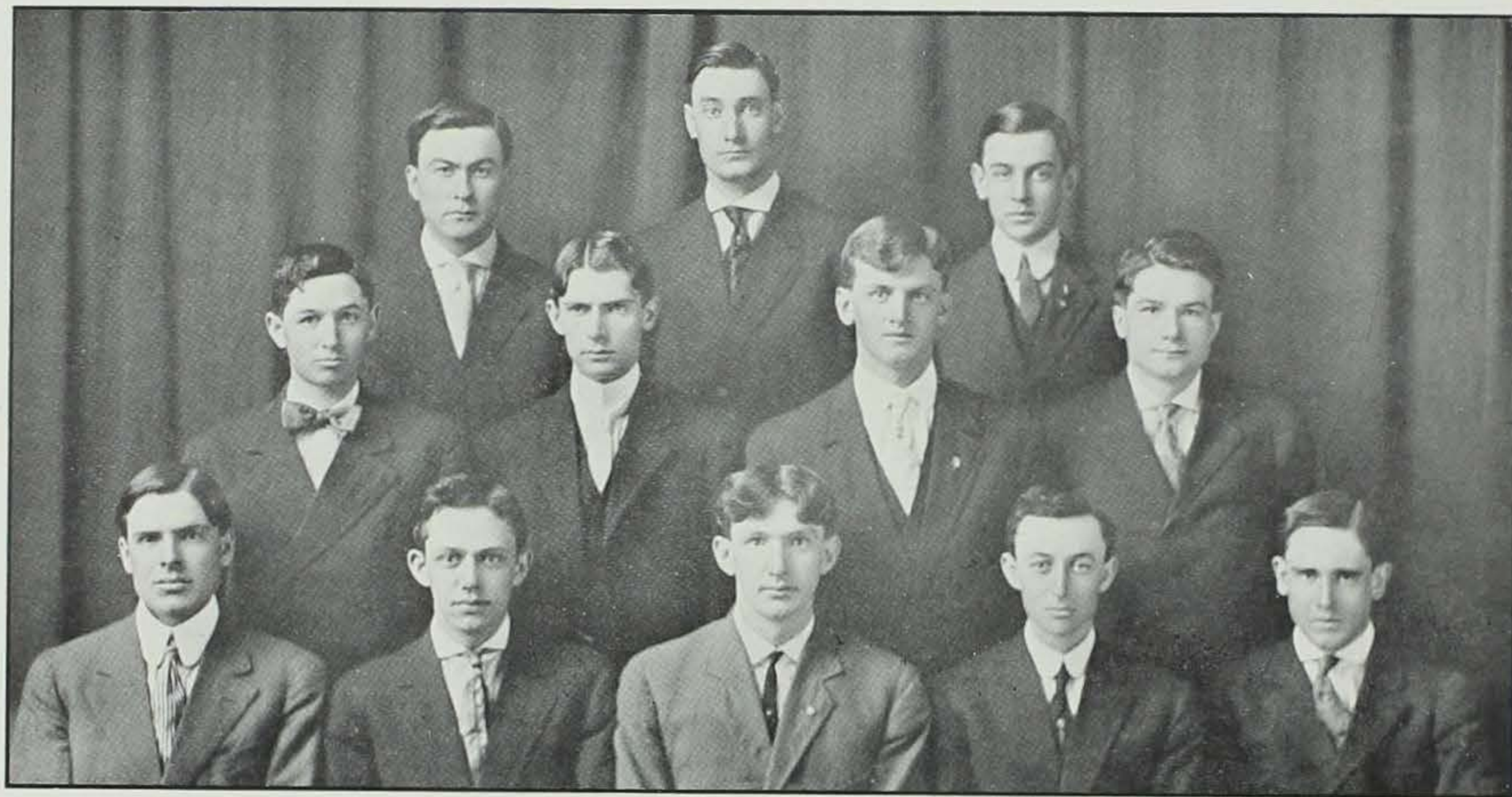
President Stanley Fracker
Vice-President Carrie Perkins
Secretary Carol Mereness
Treasurer Ralph Hoyt

ORIO

President . . . J. L. Lindsey
Vice-Pres. . . R. P. Hoyt
Secretary . . . Ed Rust
Treasurer . . A. W. Perkins

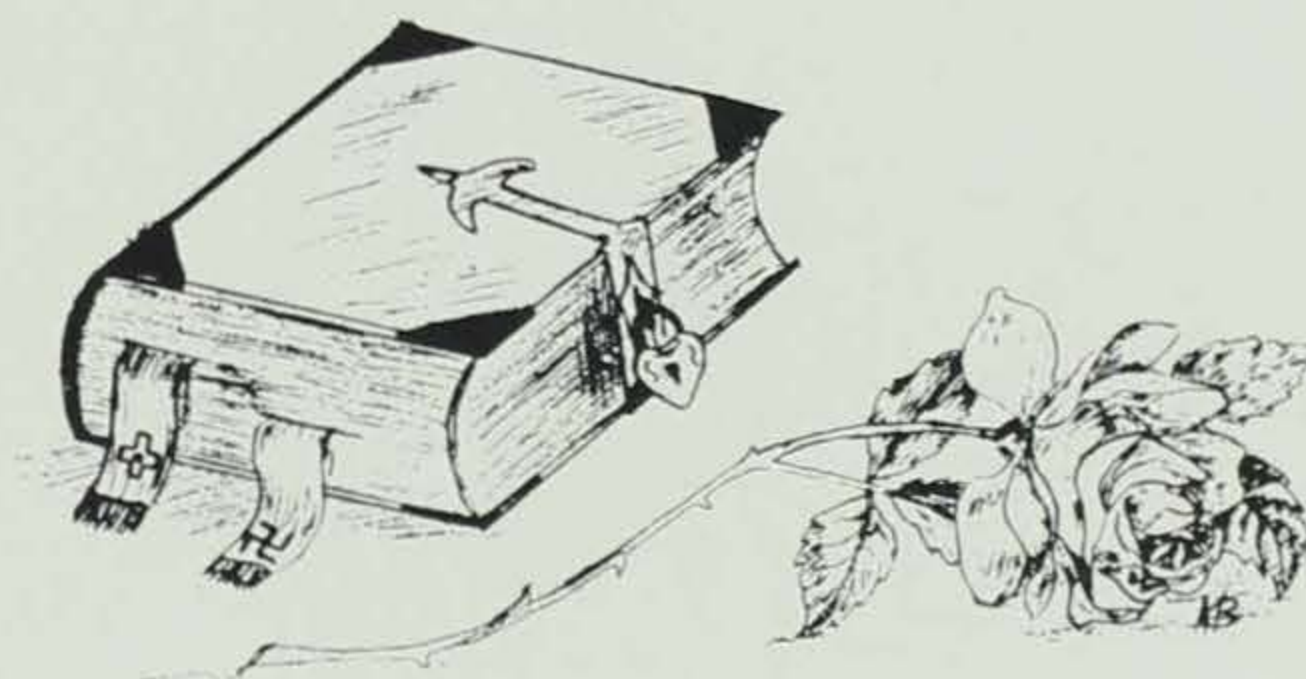


Reading from left to right: Top Row—Wherry, Fracker, Smith, Eddy. Center Row—Hoffman, Taylor, Plummer, Ensign, Clemens, Mitchell. Bottom Row—Perkins, Gutz, Conquist, McLaughlin, Hudson, Hannah, Mereness.



ROSS	R. HOYT	FOSTER	CROWLEY	RUST	FUHRMASTER	FRACKER	CARLTON	COX
		PERKINS		LINDSEY		G. HOYT		

Sororities



Kappa Gamma

Founded October, 1907.

COLORS—Green and Gold.
FLOWER—The Marguerite.



EMBLEM—The Maltese Cross.
JEWEL—Emerald.

SORORES IN COLLEGIO

Zelda Byrne, '11.
Kathryn Brown, '11.
Lillie Allen, '11.
Mabel McLaughlin, '11.
Addie Swan, '12.
Marion Smith, '12.

SORORES IN URBE

Mabel Luhmann, '08.
Mildred Kerlin.
Lura Chapman, '07.
Mrs. Lynn E. Foster.

PATRONESSES

Miss Grace B. Gillmore.
Mrs. E. F. Blayney.
Mrs. Frederick F. Faville.

PLEDGES

Mabelle Conquist.
Elsie Williams.



SWAN

ALLEN

SMITH

BROWN

BYRNE

McLAUGHLIN

Pi Alpha Phi

Founded October, 1906.

COLORS—Pink and White.
FLOWER—Pink Carnation.

JEWEL—Pearl.
EMBLEM—Swastika.

SORORES IN COLLEGE

Carrie Perkins, '10.
Elsie Walpole, '10.
Loretta Meighen, '10.
Maude Hawkins, '10.
Oma Foster, '11.
Grace Parker, '11.
Louise Unger, '11.
Elizabeth Brown, '12.
Bernice Gregg, '12.
Ruth Miller, '12.
Hazel West, '12.
Edna Marcum, '12.
Mary Stophlet, '13.
Carol Mereness, '13.
Ada Colwell, '13.

PI ALPHA PHI ALLIANCE

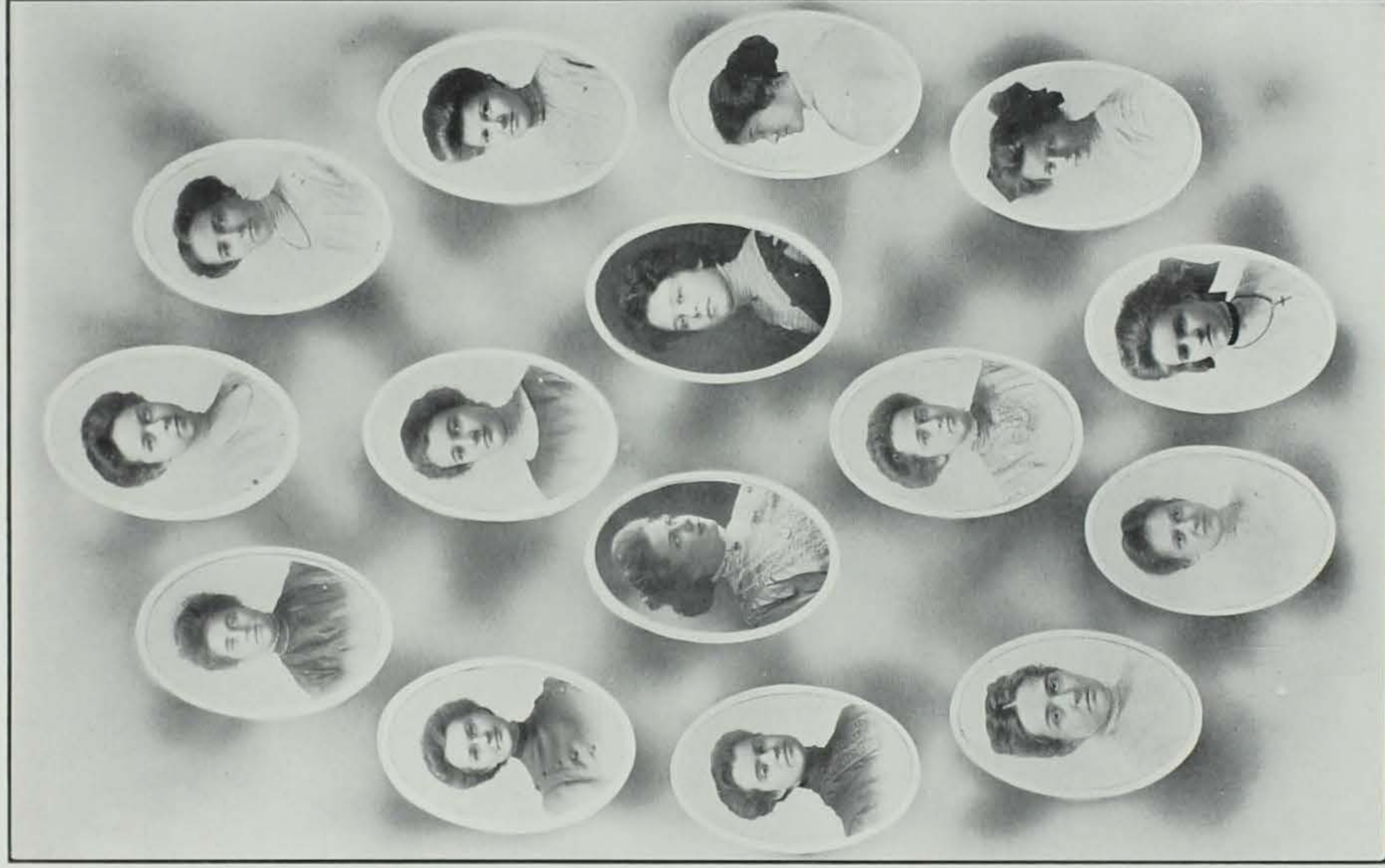
Ethelyn Bailie, '04.
Aura Garberson, '04.
Bessie Cox.
Rena Garberson, '06.
Margaret Ross.
Amy Eshbaugh, '09.
Margaret Cummings, '05.
Grace Yerington.

PI ALPHA PHI HONORARY MEMBER

Miss Jennie G. Hutchison.

PATRONESSES OF THE PI ALPHA PHI CHAPTER

Miss Alice E. Wilcox, (Delta Delta Delta.)
Mrs. Geo. H. Fracker.
Mrs. S. W. Stophlet, (Kappa Alpha Theta.)



WEST	BROWN	MILLER	UNGER	PARKER
HAWKINS	MERENESS	MARCUM	GREGG	FOSTER
MEIGHEN	PERKINS	WALPOLE	COLWELL	STOPHLET



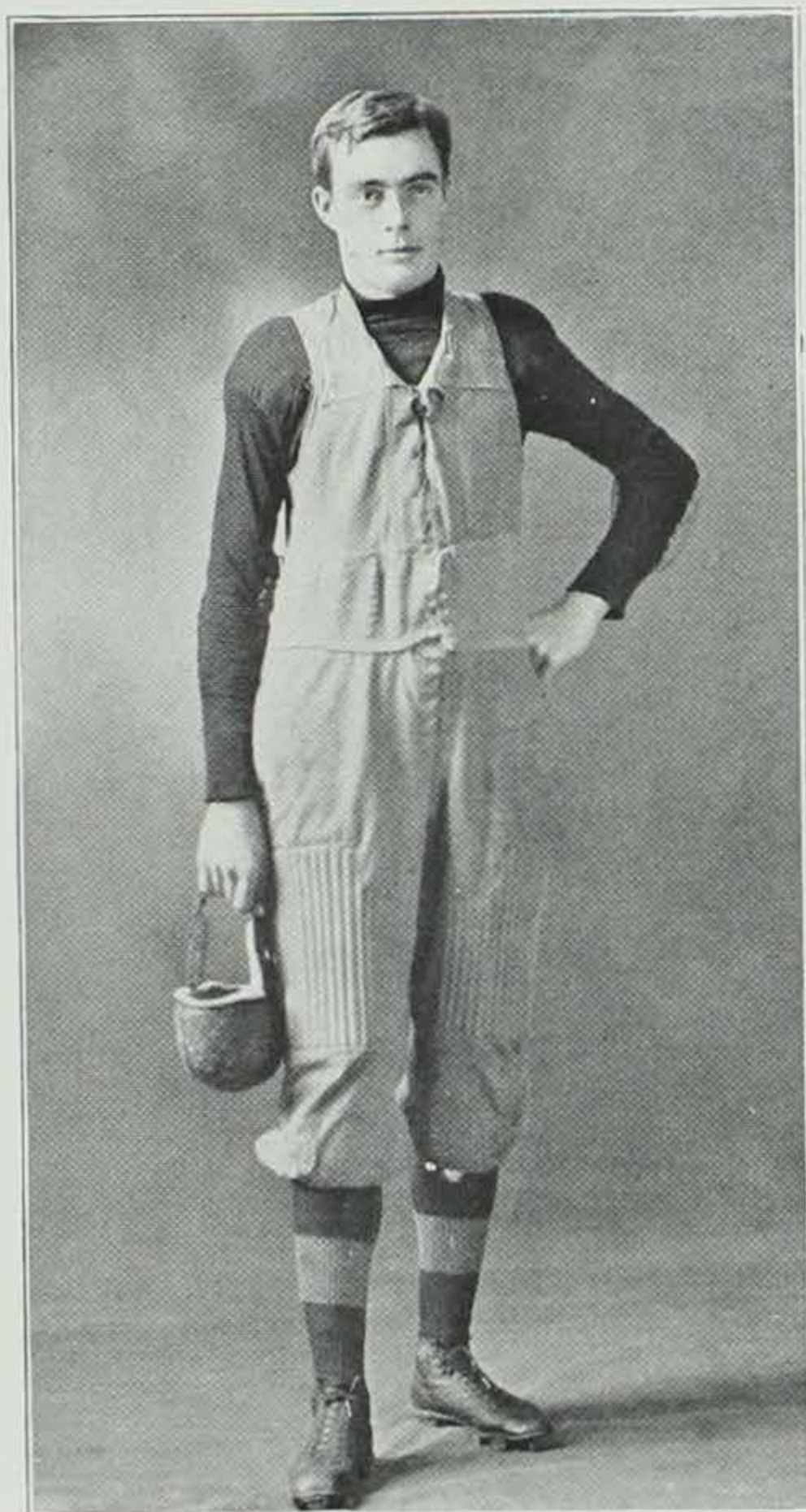


ATHLETICS

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President	L. A. Dwinell
Vice-President	F. B. Ross
Secretary	Oma Foster
Treasurer	L. W. Kennedy
Athletic Coach	M. A. Blankenhorn
Physical Culture Director	Helen W. Miller





LLOYD G. CROUCH
Captain Foot-Ball Team.

FOOTBALL SQUAD

CHAPMAN
BEERS
SULLIVAN
JORAY
SMITH
CROUCH, Capt.
HOLMES
KLINE
UNGER
COX
TRACY
RICHARDSON
STOUT
FRICK
DWINELL
YOUDE
R. HOYT
WHITE

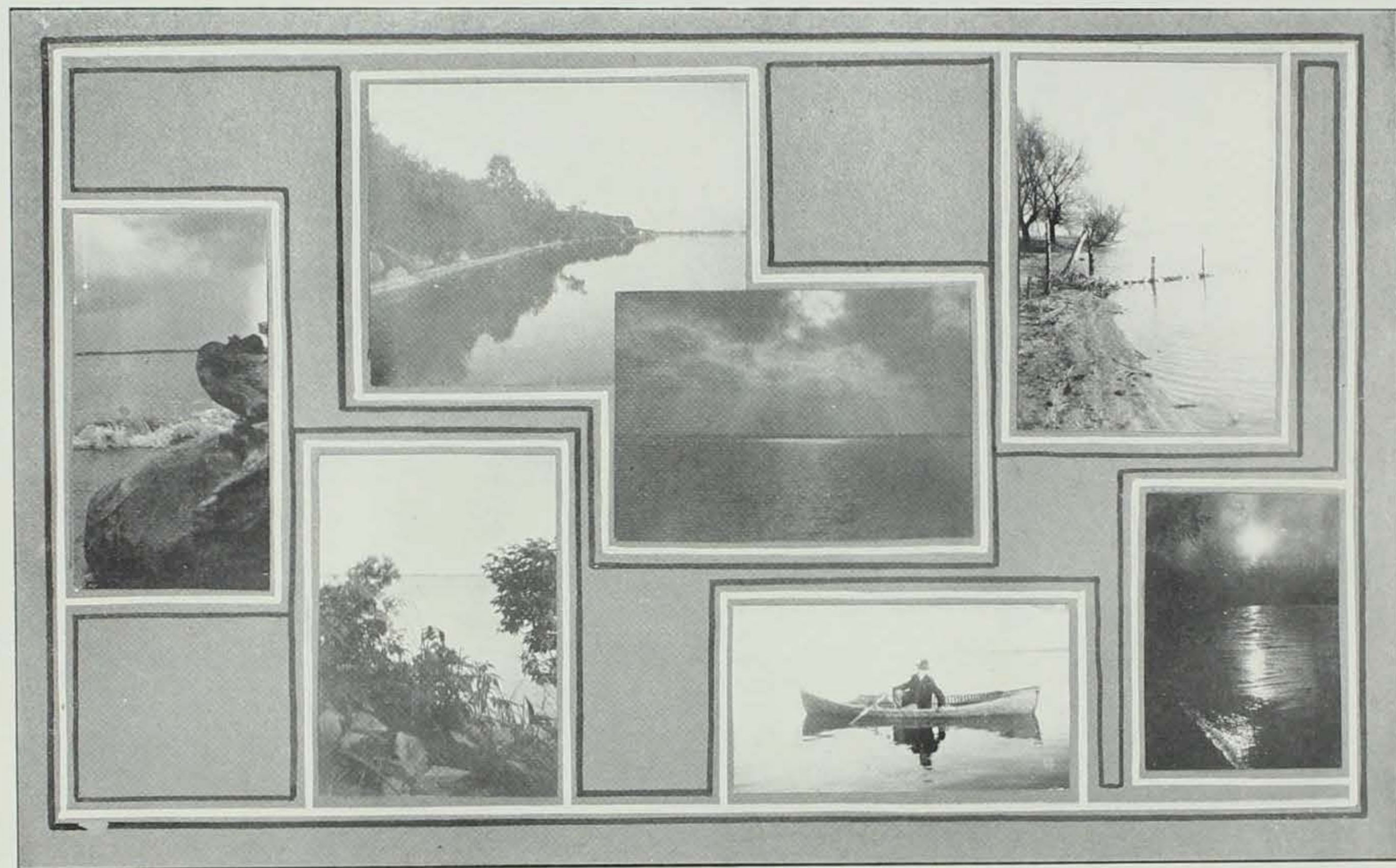
BASEBALL

KLINE
HOLMES
FUHRMEISTER
MELODY
SAMPSON
WHITE, Mngr.
PERKINS, Capt.
KENNEDY
MILLER
LINDSEY
CARLTON
YOUDE
LOUCKS
FRICK
BUCKINGHAM



GIRLS' BASKET BALL

FRACKER, Capt.
E. BROWN
MERENESS
PERKINS
HAWKINS
MC LAUGHLIN
GUTZ
HUDSON
WHERRY
FOLK
CLEMENS
CHAPMAN







Philomathean Grand Public

PROGRAM

PART I.

Piano Duet—"Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Helen Carson and Mabel Sherman.

Oration—"Delvers of the Divine".....Maude Hawkins

Reading—"The Palace of Art".....Tennyson
Ethel Albio

Quartette—"Voices of the Woods".....Rubenstein
Kathryn Brown. Elizabeth Brown
Zelda Byrne Ida Jensen

Oration—"The Power of the Masterhand".....Louise Unger

PART II.

Piano.....Wallenhaupt
Ruth Miller.

Scene from "As You Like It".....Shakespeare

Cast:

Touchstone.....Elizabeth Brown
Rosalind.....Bernice Gregg
Jacques.....Oma Foster
Celia.....Hazel West
Orlando.....Zelda Byrne

Reading—"King Robert of Sicily".....Longfellow
Loretta Meighen

Solo—"Crossing the Bar".....Tennyson
Kathryn Brown

Graduating Recital

Saturday Evening, June 12, 1909.

Mary Gring.....Piano
assisted by

Fred Lamar.....Tenor

Concerto in A Minor.....Schumann

Allegro

Andante

Intermezzo

Allegro Vivace.

Vocal—"Life's Lullaby".....Lane

Piano—(a) "Liebestraume".....Liszt

(b) "Sous Bois".....Staub

Vocal—(a) "Requiem".....Homer

(b) "My Desire".....Nevin

Piano—"Hungarian Rhapsody".....Liszt

Presentation of Diplomas.

Presbyterian Church

Sunday, June 13, 1909.
Ten-Thirty O'clock in the Morning.

Voluntary.

Doxology—To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One.
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in Heaven.

Invocation.

Music—"Seek Ye the Lord".....Roberts

Responsive Reading.

Hymn Number 80.

Scripture Reading.

Prayer.

Duet—"My Faith Looks Up to Thee".....Lachner
Miss Porter and Mr. Lamar.

Announcements.

Offertory.

Baccalaureate Sermon,Rev. Geo. W. Luccock, D. D., Chicago

Hymn Number 92.

Benediction.

Methodist Episcopal Church

Sunday, June 13, 1909.
Eight O'clock in the Evening.

Organ Prelude.....Miss Gilmore

Hymn Number 610—first, second and fourth stanzas.

Music—"Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me".....Chorus

Scripture Reading.

Offertory.

Solo—Selected.....Mr. Foote

Annual Sermon to Christian Associations.....
Rev. R. Clifford Cully, Sioux City

Hymn Number 461—first, third and seventh stanza.

Benediction.

Program under auspices of Buena Vista College Christian Association.

Counterline Contest

THE PROGRAM

INVOCATION

Vocal Solo.....Miss Porter
 Oration—"The Jew".....C. T. Greenway
 Oration—"The Crisis".....L. G. Crouch
 Oration—"The Man and the Crowd".....F. Harper
 Oration—"The Pearl of the Antilles".....E. C. Rust
 Oration—"The Temperance Wave".....R. E. Jones
 Music.....Miss Gring

Decision of the Judges.

Judges—Rev. Schmidt, A. L. Whitney, Dr. O'Donoghue.

Graduation Academic and Commercial Departments

PART I.

March—"Tannhauser March".....Wagner
 Mary Gring.
 Prayer.....Dr. Fracker
 Paper—"Child Labor".....Sara Neizgar
 Duet—"In the Star Light".....Carpenter
 Ruth Plummer and J. Lyle Lindsay.
 Oration—"The Fundamental Need".....A. Wilkins Perkins
 Music—"Polonaise," Op. 46, No. 12.....MacDowell
 Helen M. Anderson.
 Paper—"Monuments".....Ruth Plummer
 Reading—"The Ways of Two".....Marion Hill
 Addie Swan.
 Class Song.....Words by Carrie M. Dall
 Class.

PART II.

Awarding of Prizes.....Acting President Geo. H. Fracker
 Typewriting prizes given by Rev. H. S. Condit—
 First awarded to.....Anna Byam
 Second awarded to.....Helen Anderson
 Third awarded to.....Alice Kline
 Scholarship from Buena Vista Academy, established by the
 Board of Trustees of Buena Vista College—
 Awarded to.....Addie Swan
 Presentation of Diplomas.....Acting President George H. Fracker
 Benediction.

Seventeenth Annual Commencement Buena Vista College

Lakeside Church

10:30 O'clock.

PART I.

Judge A. D. Bailie, President Board, Presiding.

Prelude

Processional—Board of Trustees,
Faculty,
Class of 1909.

Prayer.

Music—"Hark, Hark, My Soul".....Shelly
Chorus.

Address.....Rev. James W. Bean, Cherokee

Solo—(a) "A Birthday".....Cowen

(b) "The Year's at the Spring".....Mrs. H. H. Beach
Miss Porter.

PART II.

Conferring Degrees.

Bachelor of Arts—Amy Beatrice Eshbaugh.
Victor Hansen.
Claire Idelle Foote.
Hugh John May.

Announcement of Honor.
Freshman Latin.

Established by Class of 1907

Freshman English.

Countermine Gold Medal Contest.

Doxology—"To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in Heaven.

Benediction.

Buena Vista College Faculty Concert

ELSYE M. WALLACE, Soprano.

JEAN BRIGGS, Violin. HELEN MILLER, Reader.

GRACE B. GILMORE, Piano.

PROGRAM

Piano-Polonaise MacDowell

Voice-Bereuse from Jocelyn.....Godard

Reading—"The Old United States".....A. Train

Violin—(a) "Adagio Religioso".....Vieuxtemps

(b) "Hungarian Dance".....Nachex

Piano—(a) "Liebestraume".....Liszt

(b) "Scherzo".....Chaminade

Voice—(a) "Shena Van".....Mrs. H. A. Beach

(b) "The Snow Bends Low to the Lily".....MacDowell

(c) "Roses in June".....German

Reading—"The Letter Scene" (from Macbeth).....Shakespeare

Violin—"Airs Styriens".....Gregoir et Leouard

Young Men's Declamatory Contest

College Chapel, November 16, 1909

PROGRAM

Music Mary Gring

"Affairs in Cuba" Thurston
Edward Rust.

"Regulus to the Carthaginians" Kellogg
Justice Crowley.

"The Forensic Conflict" Backemeyer
John Foster.

"Plea for the Old South Church" Wendall Phillips
Ralph Hoyt.

"The Call to Arms" Patrick Henry
Arthur Dwinell.

Supposed speech of John Adams for the Declaration of
Independence Daniel Webster
Ray Mattison.

Judges—Miss Mabel Anderson, Mr. Woodruff, S. T. Neveln.

Donor of Prizes—Dr. O'Donoghue.

Tennyson Recital

Given by

ELSYE MAUDE WALLACE, Soprano.

Assisted by the Buena Vista Male Quartette.

Grace B. Gillmore at the Piano.

PROGRAM

"Ring Out, Wild Bells" Gounod

"Where Is Another Sweet As My Sweet" Sullivan

"What Does Little Birdie Say" McNaughton

"Cradle Song" Wallace

"Bugle Song" Hatton
Male Quartette.

"The Brook" Doloves

"Milkmaid's Song" Nevin

"Crossing the Bar" Cowles

"Come Into the Garden, Maude" Balfe

"Catch Not My Breath" (Recit.) Whelphy

"Go Not, Happy Day" ()

Philomathean Grand Public

March 28, 1910

PROGRAM

PART I.—ROBERT BURNS.

"The Country" Elsie Crouch
 "Comin' Through the Rye" Chorus
 "Oh, Wert Thou in the Cold, Cold Blast" }
 Soprano— Elsie Ries, Maude Hawkins.
 Edna Unger, Bernice Gregg.
 Mary Stophlet, Edith Brown.
 Elizabeth Brown.
 Grace Parker.
 "Burns, the Poet" Oma Foster
 "To a Mouse" }
 "Scott's Wha' Hae Wi Wallace Bled" } Bernice Gregg
 "Highland Mary" }
 "Whistle and I'll Come to You" }

PART II.

Solo Kerry Dances.
 Kathryn Brown.
 "The Clan and Their Tartars" Anetta Hall
 Book Review "The Little Minister"
 Hazel West.
 Three scenes from "The Little Minister."
 Characters:
 The Little Minister, Helen Ranney
 The Doctor, Loretta Meighen
 Babbie, Louise Unger
 Nannie, Emma Sjeldon
 Sergeant, Ruth Miller
 Soldiers, Ethel Miller, Gladys Price
 Bag-Pipe Chorus "The Campbells Are Coming"

Buena Vista College Ladies' Declamatory Contest

Lakeside Church, Tuesday Evening, April 26, 1910

PROGRAM

Male Quartette Bugle Song
 Mr. Lindsey Mr. Mattison
 Mr. Smith Mr. Perkins
 "A Soldier of France" Ouida
 Mabelle Conquest.
 "Romance of the White Cow" James Lane Allen
 Elizabeth Brown.
 "The Honor of the Woods" W. H. H. Murray
 Edna Gutz.
 "The Sign of the Cross" Thomas Wilson Barrett
 Bernice Gregg.
 "The Man in the Shadow" Louise Unger.
 "Gentlemen, the King!" Robert Barr
 Annie Fracker.
 Vocal Solo Selected
 Miss Wallace.
 Judges—Mrs. F. F. Faville, Dr. D. C. Mackintosh, Mr. W. C. Edson.
 First Prize \$10—By Dr. L. M. Nusbaum.
 Second Prize, \$5—By Dr. L. M. Nusbaum.

The College Minstrels

Storm Lake Opera House, May 12, 1910

PART I.

Overture.....Miss Gillmore, and Others

The College Minstrels.

Solo—"Dinah Dear".....Sam

Solo—"What's the Matter With Father".....Mr. Smith

Solo—"Miss Josephine".....Sim

Solo—"Spoony Sam".....Mr. Mutton-Chops

Solo—"Dusky Salome".....Sam

Solo—"Common Sense".....Mr. Lindsey

Solo—"Ted-a da-Roose".....Mr. Hambone

Solo—"I'm On My Way to Reno".....Mr. Smith

Grand Finale.....Arranged

The College Minstrels.

Interlocutor.....M. A. Blankenhorn

Tamo—"Sam".....Mr. Samuels

"Sim".....Mr. Skeels

Bones—"Muttonchops".....Mr. Melody

"Dinner-Bell".....Mr. Dwinell

"Primrose".....Mr. Frick

"Hambone".....Mr. Stout

Bassos—

Perkins.

Crouch.

Rust.

Harper.

Eshbaugh.

Mattison.

Holmes.

Tenors—

Smith.

Hoyt.

Lindsey.

White.

Unger.

Fuhrmeister.

Fracker.

PART II.

Harry Lauder—Scotch Dialect.....Mr. Smith

The Jeffries-Johnson fight.....Mr. Dwinell & Mr. Melody

Plantation Jigs.....Mr. Samuels

Uncle Tom's Cabin Sketch.....

Messrs. Rust, Holmes, Crowley, Harper, and Others

The Rigoletti Quartette.....Perkins, Mattison, Lindsey, Smith

The Dutch Band.....Mr. Lindsey, Director

Perkins, Melody, Holmes, Miller, Fuhrmeister.

Committee { Mr. Blankenhorn.
Mr. Frick.
Mr. White.



Inter-Society Debate

College Chapel, January 14, 1910

Question—Resolved, That from an economic standpoint, the immediate prohibition of the manufacture, sale, and importation of intoxicating liquor in the United States, would be sound policy.

AFFIRMATIVE—STAR.

J. R. Foster.
S. B. Fracker.
F. B. Ross.

NEGATIVE—FRANKLIN.

H. L. Youde.
R. H. Mattison.
L. A. Dwinell.

Judges—J. W. Bean, Cherokee; Carl Herrick, Cherokee; George Allee, Newell.

Decision—Unanimous for the Negative.



MATTISON

YOUDE

DWINELL

Inter-Collegiate Debate

Pella, April 15, 1910

Question—Resolved, That the federal government should adopt a graduated income tax as a part of the fiscal system: Constitutionality waived.

AFFIRMATIVE—C. U. I.

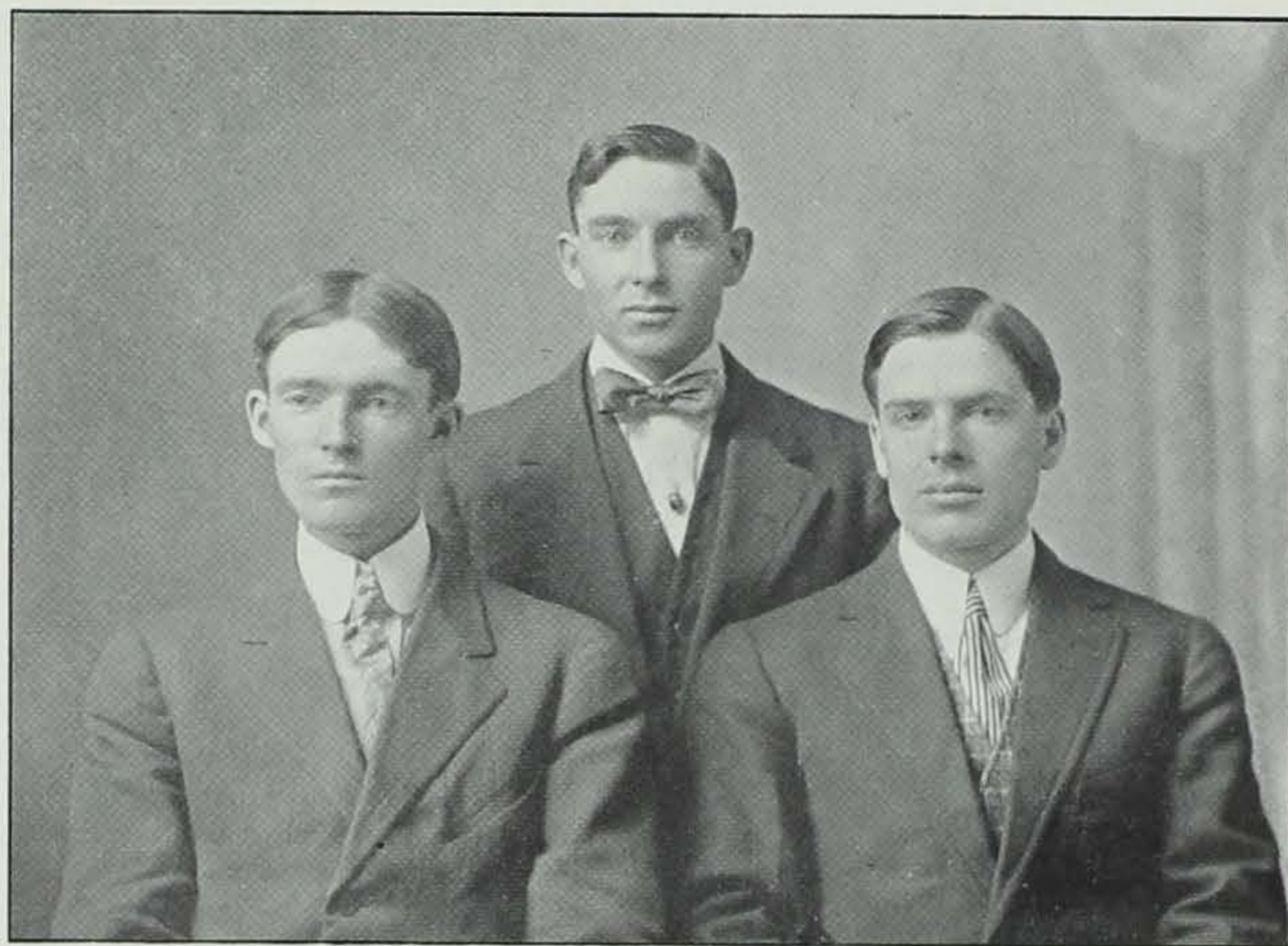
H. Byle.
R. B. Lewis.
A. J. Hansen.

NEGATIVE—B. V. C.

R. H. Mattison.
F. B. Ross.
L. A. Dwinell.

Judges—J. G. Banister, Des Moines; Prof. Meek, Monroe; Attorney Patterson,
Oskaloosa.

Decision—Negative.



MATTISON

DWINELL

ROSS

Junior Doings





Chronicles of the Class of 1911

◁ 1907-1908 ▷

On the 15th of September, 1907, we numbered twenty-four and composed the Freshman class of B. V. C. for that year. We were as green as the greenest, which the Sophomores realized, as will be seen later on. Why we ever came to college was a mystery to ourselves and to many others. Some of us were a long time losing the air "of what I don't know ain't worth knowing." We passed through the prescribed English with many protests. Mathematics was taken seriously, which fully prevented our having the dread disease "flunkitis" at the end of the semester. In fact, that disease did not break out violently until the next year.

We organized our class as soon as possible. Every one wanted an office or was desperately fighting against having one thrust upon him. Then we chose our colors one evening and stole the Sophomore banner after our meeting. The next morning upon the display of both, the Sophs bore down upon us with force that knew no bounds. What a fight ensued! The captured flag was not damaged, however much our class colors were humiliated and trampled in the dust. But conquered we were not. And then one morning every Freshman awoke to find his abiding place decked with posters, declaring that the Sophs had discovered a new species at B. V. and would name it "Emeralds," and henceforth we were known as such. Nameless we were not, and our value rose in our own estimation.

Our social record for the year was not elaborate; in fact, our age hardly permitted it. However, we did try to entertain the

Juniors that year to a wagon ride that ended in a "most enjoyable oyster stew," so we heard! Later in June they gave us an early morning party and fed us on such food as is prescribed for children of delicate natures and few years.

During our Freshman year, we experienced a deep sorrow in the death of our leader and revered classmate, Elmer Goodmiller. Although our acquaintance with him had been brief, we had learned to honor and love him. Through the years his memory shall always be a sweet inspiration toward what is best, highest and noblest in life.

Thus ends a year of joy and sorrow; a year of memory sweet. The crowning event of our first year at Buena Vista was Tree day of Commencement week. We appeared in colors appropriate to our name and in costumes suited to our extreme youth. The entire week, a revelation to our inexperienced eyes, drew to a close, giving us much joy and great hopes for our Sophomore year.

◁ 1908-1909 ▷

The Emeralds came back as Sophomores, jubilant, yet sorrowful, for six of our old members had seen fit not to return. Two of the girls were teaching school, and one went to a college in the southern part of the state. One boy had gone to Ames, one to Ohio university, and the other started to Ames, but for some reason did not stay. We suppose he preferred the farm. But we welcomed gladly one who came from Morningside college, making our class the "lucky thirteen." To be sure we only had two boys among eleven girls, but that was not a calamity.

ity. Such sought after (?) boys you never saw, and such happy ones, for they could have five or six girls at once. Oh, we were indeed a jolly bunch!

The Freshmen seemed so young and childish that we thought it best to delay giving them their name until they had learned the ways of the world a little better. But they became excited, fearing that we were not going to give them a name, so they posted bills asking where the Sophs were. They showed their youth in the extravagant way in which they spent their money. Such scads of bills as they did scatter around. Why, we gathered them up by the hundreds to save until this year. For their ignorance was again shown in neglecting to put our date on the bills. What we did with the bills will be told later. Well, they wanted to know where we were, and we let them know, by also posting some bills, great big green ones, so they could see them without injuring their eyes. But from the expression on some of their faces the next morning, they must not have been quite large enough. Anyhow, something seemed to have affected them. These bills gave them some rules whereby to govern their conduct during their Freshman year, but the children were unable to understand them, and their dictionaries were studied more that week than ever before or since. We had now come to see our wisdom in not giving them their name. They were indeed too young.

One night at class-meeting we decided that we were tired of school, and would like a rest, so without telling a soul, we "sneaked," and spent the day in the "Tall Timbers" at Sioux Rapids. Such a day as we did spend, day-dreaming by the river while Felix visited the city, watching the dam, which was very "pretty," and then climbing hills and hills, until at last on top of one we built a fire and had dinner. It seemed to us that the trees, resplendent in their warm autumn hues, had never been so beautiful. Toward evening we wandered back to town where we waited for our train. We were not disappointed on reaching home

to find the dear little Freshmen all there to meet us. They and their sister-class, the Juniors, were armed with bandages galore. We thought perhaps they were afraid some of us had fallen in the river or down hill, and were prepared to care for us, but this did not seem to be their intention. They very politely and lovingly (?) (?) blindfolded us, tied our hands, and proceeded to lead us toward town. By the way, their class alone, without the Juniors and other college and town-friends whom they had called in to aid them, was more than twice the size of ours. So what could a poor Sophomore do but take the joke for what it was worth. They led us through town, and out to the "Dorm," where we were let lose to find our way home. We were a tired, angry, and yet happy class that night, for they could not rob us of our day at Sioux Rapids, however much they would have liked to.

We decided that, for the infants' first Christmas present, we would give them their name. We thought they were getting about old enough to appreciate it, and understand its meaning. So one night at a Booster meeting, we presented them with their name, "B Minor," and gave them a dear little piano on which to sound their key-note. If they had just kept on the key, all would have been well, but for some reason they have flatted terribly sometimes. They all immediately began taking lessons, but it seems impossible for most of them to learn music. Taken as a whole they are a most unmusical class, and the discords are something unbearable.

Soon after Christmas one of our number was offered the position of city-librarian, and she left our ranks to become a wage-earner.

In March we elected our annual board, which has been busily at work this year.

Sometime in the spring the Y. M. C. A. gave a carnival, and the "hit" of the evening was the Sophomore minstrel show. Such fun as we did have, practicing for this; such fun as it was blacking

up, and "such fun" (?) getting the black off afterwards. Anyone wishing advice concerning the use of grease-paint inquire of the Emeralds.

Later in the spring we came to the conclusion that the college building needed cleaning, and as a start, we Sophomore girls resolved to clean the ladies' cloak-room. So at 4:40 one evening you might have seen pails, brooms and scrub-brushes making their way toward the college building, and the old cloak-room was given such a scrubbing as it had never seen before.

One night we were entertained at 6:30 dinner by Miss Foster and Miss Parker, at the Foster home. Our class-flower, the Shasta daisy, was used in many original ways, and a genuine good time was had. Lessons in making eyes were given, which some of the girls have found very useful since.

The climax of this eventful year was reached when we appeared on Tree day with our daisy-chain. The girls, all dressed in white, carried the chain, and the boys, in white-duck suits, bore a 1911 banner.

We bade farewell to our Sophomore year with many plans for the Junior annual.

◁ 1909-1910 ▷

Our Junior year! With what joys and sorrows have its days been fraught! What deep psychological problems have we delved in, and what long, weary hours have we spent, poring over the never-ending lists of English reading! Some of our number have already become addicted to the use of spectacles, and several others are seriously contemplating following the example set them. To be sure "specs" add a distinguished air to one's appearance, but dignity is the last thing desired by the Jolly Juniors. (Ask the student council.)

A brilliant idea, which caused us, last year, to preserve some precious documents, was poking its head up from the bottom of

our "Pandora's box" of troubles, again in October. How carefully had those bills been hidden all through the long months, and how they clamored to be allowed once more to come into light and air and publicity. We could stand it no longer, so October 15, by the hands of our staunch Freshmen allies, once more did they appear on walks, fences and walls. What black and thunderous countenances did the poor Sophies wear that day. But what could they say? They could only suffer in silence, and bitterly repent their thoughtless Freshman prank, which now brought them to grief, for they realized that they were caught in a trap they had set for themselves. But, of course, as they said, they "are not to blame, because the Sophs are tame," they are just made that way. They would not even touch the bills they once had handled so tenderly, but left them abroad, where even now, "those who run may read."

Of course the annual has lain heaviest of all things upon our minds this year. To publish the Rudder, ready cash is necessary, so to supply some of this indispensable commodity, we decided to have some sort of a stunt. After numerous class-meetings and much discussion, we decided to give a program, and a chafing-dish supper, followed by a candy sale, on the evening of October 23. It turned out to be a grand success and so encouraged us, that we decided to try again.

Our next plan was to sell popcorn at the foot-ball games. Accordingly, we bravely scorched our faces over hot stoves, and filled sacks with the corn, baskets with the sacks, and subsequently, our pockets with nickles. We did not have enough corn to go around, however, for two of our fair classmates had been so absorbed in their Freshman (Human) nature-study class, that they entirely forgot to pop their share, but we did not reprove them, for, of course, we have their greatest good at heart.

The next event in our year occurred on November 10, when one of our former classmates entertained us all at dinner on

Seneca street. After a most delicious dinner, a genuine good time ensued. A most solemn and important event came near to forming a little climax to such an evening, but at the last moment, the "contracting parties" withdrew, and so we are still, TEN.

Of course we did not mean to stay late, but a terrible rain-storm came up unexpectedly, and as none of us had umbrellas we had to wait till it was over. As it was, we got home "early."

In December came the first Collegiate party and the "Tropical Isle," and numerous other events into which the Juniors entered with their usual vim.

After Christmas vacation, we all came back enthusiastic and ready for work, and on January 8, presented "Old Sweethearts of Mine" in the college chapel. This "stunt," too, was a success, as was also the candy sale which followed.

The Juniors took advantage of one of the glorious moonlight nights in February and "bobbed" down to Sulphur Springs to attend revival meetings. The trip was very ordinary, save for one striking event. One of our number seemed desirous of testing the strength of the ice in the road, and alighted very suddenly for that purpose. When she was safely back in the sled, she said very little about the ice, but was enthusiastic about comets and stars she had seen. So detailed were her descriptions, in fact, that we decided the astronomers must have been mistaken in the date of Halley's comet.

After the services at the church we were entertained by some of our newly-found friends, and enjoyed it immensely.

On March 17 the "Collegiate Line-up" entertained again, at Unger's, and we all had a glorious time.

As the time was drawing near for the publication of the Rudder, March was full of work, class-meetings and discussions, and as our business manager was a victim to an attack of measles, we were still more burdened.

On April 1, "All Fools' day," the Sophomores again showed their ignorance, and their inability to understand the meaning of "a place for everything, and everything in its place," by announcing their intention of starting immediately, before this year's volume should be published, to accumulate an "annual fund" for next year's Rudder. Of course the Emeralds were irritated to say the least, by such outrageous usurpation of their rights, and were not slow in expressing their opinion. The Sophs had a glimpse of the light, but having "authority from the faculty," they flung honor to the winds, and resolved to carry out their plans, regardless of anyone or anything. The one thing which seemed very strange, however, was the fact that with all their apparent independence, they were incapable of any original idea, but must needs follow up our "Old Sweetheart" entertainment with a similar performance, even going so far as to copy our costumes and plan of music.

We decided that it would never do to allow the Freshmen to attend such a reproduction, so we planned a counter attraction, thus relieving them of all responsibility in the matter. A picnic across the lake resulted and, of course, we planned to get back in time for the evening's performance.

It was not till Monday, however, that an idea came to us, which was nothing short of an inspiration, and some little time was spent in thought before our plans suited us in every detail.

We were disappointed at receiving regrets from one of the Freshmen, though for a good reason, he assured us, and so we found out later.

Tuesday night at 5 o'clock the unsuspecting crowd started, leaving two Juniors and two Freshmen to come later. Luckily for the Junior girls we have some Freshmen boys in the college who can be depended upon.

Of course the bride in the Sophomore "stunt" was the star of the evening, but we thought it out of the question to let a Fresh-

man go back on a Junior picnic, even for the "good reason" of escorting her, so we decided to take both of them with us. The deed was quickly accomplished, and two Jolly Juniors, two happy Freshmen, one enraged Soph, and one more Freshee, fighting madly, started with the horse on a gallop, toward the huge fires shining like beacons across the lake. The party arrived in time for supper—around the glowing fire—and enjoyed it immensely after their strenuous efforts. At a late hour the jubilant crowd started homeward, singing all the way.

Our relations with some of our under-classmen were slightly strained next day. Of course it was a mean trick, for "one of

those d—d Freshmen" and a Junior girl to attack one poor maiden, but—"it's a long lane that knows no turning," you know.

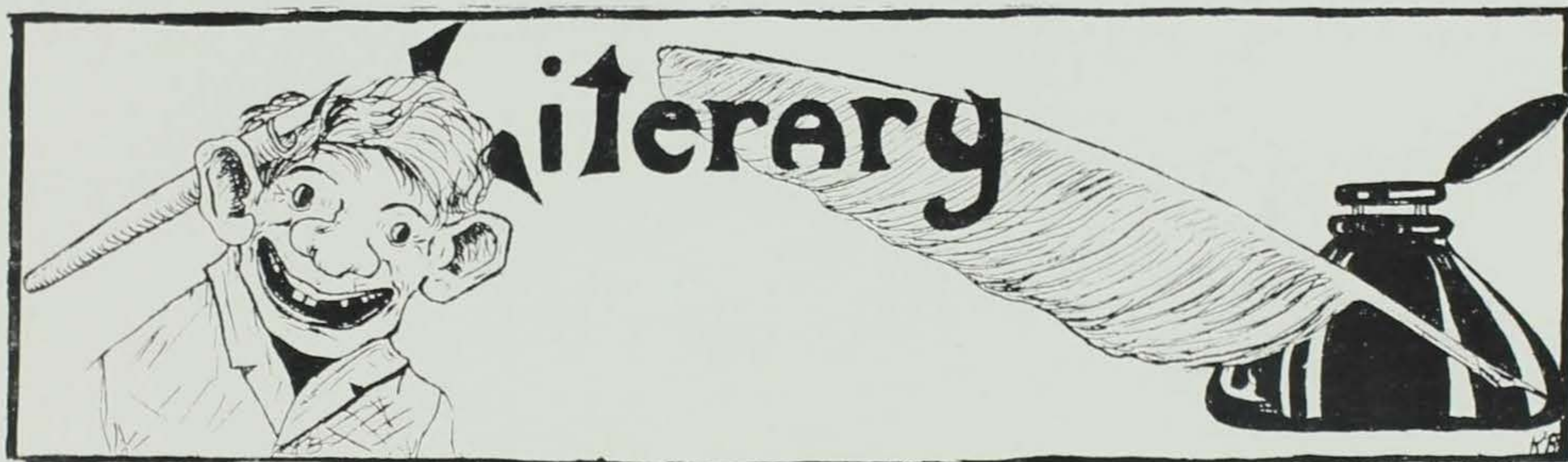
Two nights later the plotters met once more to discuss the success of their hard-hearted plans and to enjoy themselves generally.

Such is the way of the world, and as "all's fair in love and war," so, now—"all is peace and happiness, upon the mantle-shelf."

So ends this volume of the annals of the class of 1911 of Buena Vista college. Done this thirtieth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and ten.







When College Days Were Over

(This story won the prize, offered in The Rudder Story Contest, by Miss Wilcox, head of the Department of English.)

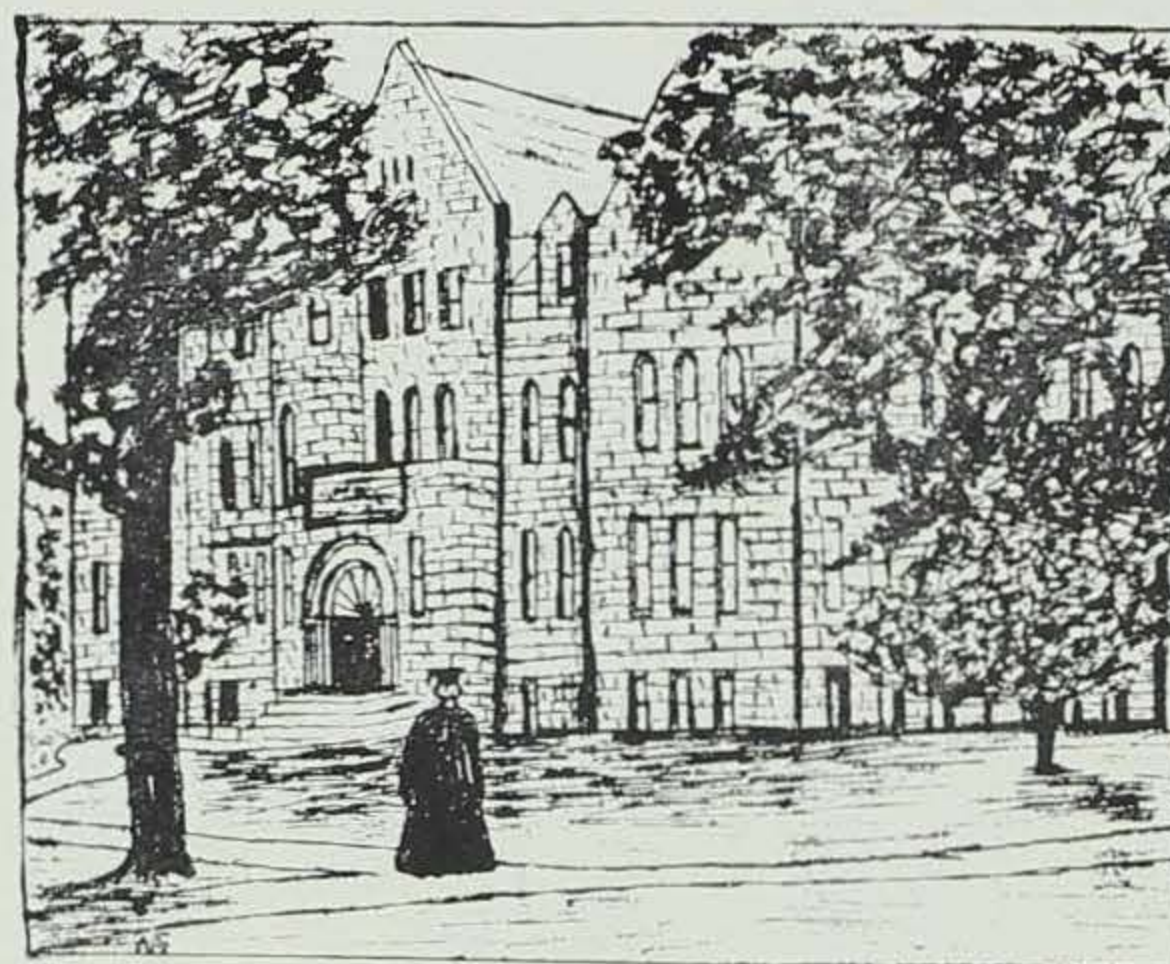
It was commencement week at Dover and that meant a great deal. It meant honors and failures; partings and meetings; joy and sorrow. It meant Class-Day Orations; College Street-Festival; Valedictory awarding; boat races, and countless other celebrations peculiar to college life.

Class Day had gone by; orations were over, and the Street Festival was a thing of the past. Valedictory day had come dawning clear and bright. On this day was to be the awarding of the Valedictory and the boat-race with Lentus, their rival college.

The Valedictory lies plainly between two girls, Margaret Gleason and Mildred Ogden, fast friends, who had held their class standard high through the last four years.

Which one would get it? It would only be determined by a slight difference in standings. It is of this Mildred was thinking as she sat in her pretty college room decorated with pennants, pictures and other objects typical of a college girl's room. Would she get it or would Margaret?

It would soon be decided for her forever. As she was thinking her clock chimed the hour of three and at four the Valedictory



was to be awarded, followed by the boat-race with Lentus.

The room overlooked the campus and she gazed out of her window. It was a bright scene. Crowds of students in holiday attire; the campus was alive with them, their pennants and banners waving in the breeze. From the river came the echo of college songs and merry voices engaged in cheerful dispute as to the merits of their respective colleges. Down by the boat-house, the captain of the Dover "Danes," was instructing these same Danes as to stroke and signals.

* * * * *

The campanile was just chiming four as the President of Dover stepped upon the platform on which the Seniors were seated and

delivered a farewell speech to the assembled students. At the close he added: "It is my privilege and honor to award the Valedictory of this class to Miss Mildred Ogden, who well deserves the honor accorded to her." Amidst applause Mildred rose and received the precious bit of paper. Congratulations followed thick and fast, Margaret the first one, her pleasant smile and clear voice free from any suspicion of jealousy.

It seemed to Mildred that her cup of happiness was full; it meant so much to her and she had worked hard for it.

And soon it was time for the boat-race. Mildred broke away from her friends and ran up to her room to get a wrap before going down to the river. She found several letters for her, but scarcely looked at them, but noticing one with the home post-mark, she opened it hastily just to glance it over. As she read the first sentence, however, her smile disappeared and her spirits sank. She read no further, but gazed as if fascinated on those first few lines.

"Dear Mildred:—

"It seems almost too good to be true that in just one more week I will have you back with me for many happy years."

What was there in that to spoil her pleasure? Oh, she had forgotten her future. She had forgotten that she might not spend all her life at "Dear Old Dover." Yes, she had forgotten, but now she remembered. Remembered the little crude house. Remembered those lonesome prairies. Remembered all these things and forgot the dear father and mother who were toiling and saving even now that their daughter might have things as other college girls had them. She had not been home since she started to college. It was a long, expensive trip from North Dakota prairies to Dover, Kentucky, her mother's old home. Every summer she had stayed at Dover and assisted in teaching at a summer school.

Recollections came quickly now. She could almost see the tiny house; unpainted and unplastered; no trees; no conveniences of any kind; nothing but the prairies, vast and gray. Their sameness was depressing. She had never been homesick since coming to college. How could she stand to go back and live in that place? She could not.

Not stopping for further consideration she sat down to her desk and hastily penned a short letter which she sealed, stamped

and addressed, and, donning a light wrap, ran down to the river bank, stopping but a moment to drop the letter in the corner mailbox.

The crews were ready to start, waiting only for the pistol report. One, Two, Three, Crack! and they are off, Lentus slightly in the lead.

The river formed a horse-shoe around this part of the town and it was over this horse-shoe their course lay. It was only a short distance—about a mile—so that the test was more of speed than of endurance.

Around the bend they disappeared, each crew very evidently doing their best, and Lentus still ahead. The people followed them closely, cheering each impartially. Lentus had a great many "rooters" and each side did their best to make the most noise.

Mildred was watching eagerly, intensely interested, especially in the captain of the Danes. What would he think of her home, she wondered as she glanced at the tiny solitaire on her left hand? What would he? But she must forget such things for the time being. Dover was making lots of noise, although the Lentus crew was still ahead almost three lengths and the homestretch was coming.

"That's Dover spirit for you," remarked a by-stander. "The harder they're hit and the more doubtful the outcome, the louder they root. You can never tell by their tone whether they're ahead or behind."

Now the home-stretch. Which would go over the line first? "Go it Danes, you're winners! You know you're not half trying. You're ahead Lentus! You've got the Danes beat easy!" The next five minutes will tell the story and now the Dover chant is heard:

Go it Danes, Go it Danes;
Come let's have a few more gains;
Cross the line, cross the line,
That is doing fine.

There you go, you're not slow,
Better teach them how to row,
Beat them, Beat them, Beat them, Danes!
Go it, Danes, Go.

They are gaining slowly and at the cry of their captain, "It's all for 'Dear Old Dover,' boys," over the line they went a half second before Lentus. Such cheering; everything was forgotten except the glorious victory, and an impromptu reception was held then and there for the victorious crew with promise of the real thing a few hours later in the evening. Mildred was happy. She forgot the letter she had written; she remembered only that Dover was victor and the people all say it is due in great part to the discipline and efforts of the Danes' captain.

* * * * *

In the evening the bank was lit by a huge bonfire, which shed a beautiful glow over the scene near at hand and made eerie shadows way down the stream. The students are holding high carnival on this last night, trying to forget the inevitable partings of the morrow. Row-boats and canoes skimmed and glided up and down the rippling stream, their only light as they rowed further down was furnished by josh-sticks, which did double duty in preventing collisions and warding off mosquitoes.

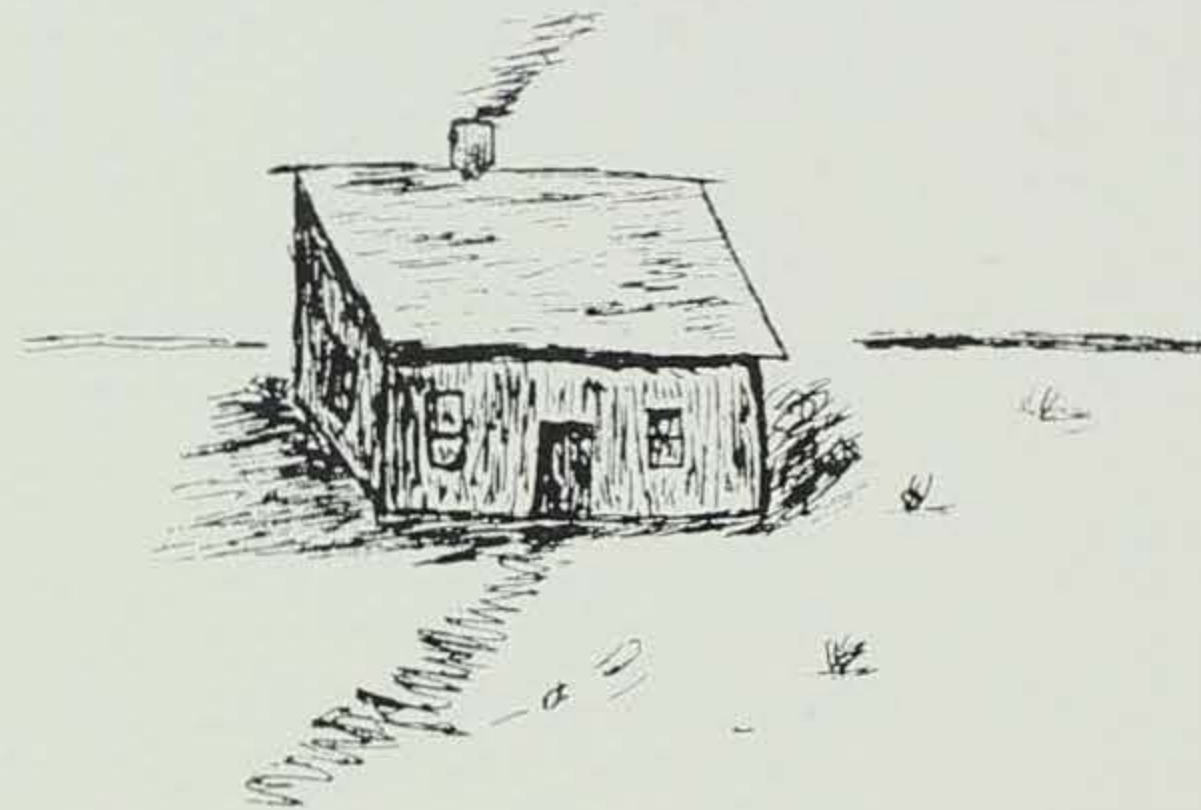
Mildred was not with them. She was sitting in her room, looking absent-mindedly out of the window on the attractive scene below. But her mind was not on that scene; she was seeing a very different one. A little low house and unshaded lawn. Tears fell as she thought of her mother growing old in that desert place. What must life be to her? How lonesome she must be. The girl could stand it no longer. It was a heart-breaking struggle, but now her mind was made up. She sprang to her feet and commenced packing her trunk hurriedly. In the midst of her preparations the door-bell rang and soon the matron called for "Miss Ogden." Mildred knew who it was so she slipped down stairs for a moment's explanation. Yes, it was the captain of the Danes. It did not take her long to explain and because he was a true man, and because he loved her, he aided her decision even though it meant years of waiting for him. After a few moments they said "Good-night and au revoir;" he would not say "good-bye."

As she was finishing her packing, her room-mate came up the stairs humming softly. She stopped abruptly, however, as she opened the door and gazed at the dismantled room.

"Mildred Ogden, what under the sun are you doing?" "I'm packing, Sadie." "Packing? Why, I thought you were going to stay here; you told me so yourself not two hours ago." "Yes, I know, Sadie, but I've decided to go home after all. Please don't try to coax me to stay for it will only make me feel bad." "All right, Milly; good-night." "Good-night, Sadie."

* * * * *

The sun was shining brightly down upon the Dakota prairies; not cheerfully, but suffocatingly bright. Under its scorching rays even the ever-energetic prairie-dogs were silent, and contented themselves with an occasional "Yap! Yap!"



At the door of a tiny house a woman stood looking out upon the dusty, tired prairies. She was tired, too. She was gray

and old like this land, and her life was a monotonous stretch, unbroken.

In her hand she held a delicate note. A faint scent of violets was noticeable, seeming to mock her and her surroundings. It was this note that made her feel gray and old; that made the prairies grayer.

She read it again:

Dear Mother:—

I have decided not to come home for some time at least. I have been offered a position as assistant Normal teacher here for a year on trial. I won the Valedictory, which was awarded this afternoon. Give my love to father. In haste,

Your loving daughter,

MILDRED.

Across the face of the envelope was stamped, "Missent." She could tell by the post-mark that the letter had been mailed at least four days ago. She laid it down with a deep sigh. It was for this she had sung about her work. It was for this she had attempted to fix up a bit. For this she had toiled and saved for four long years; and now—she must go on in the same way with nothing to look forward to.

Down the dusty trail she heard the muffled rumble of the stage. Nearer it came and she wondered dully if it had any more disappointments in store for her. Old Jerry was stopping; "Parcel for you, Ma'am." She wiped her eyes hastily and went to the door. She was met by a person who was not "Old Jerry." It was the "parcel" hugging her and crying, "Oh, mother, I'm so glad to be home."

The revulsion of feeling was too great and the woman allowed herself the luxury of a few joyful tears, while Mildred told her all about the Valedictory, the boat-race, and of course about the cap-

tain. "And, mama," she concluded, "sometime he's coming after me and we are ALL going back to Dover."

Love sometimes conquers ambition, you know.

—CAROL MERENESS, '13.

THE BROOKLET.

(From the German of Goethe.)

Happy brooklet, clear and crystal,
Sporting ever o'er the pebbles,
On the shore I stand and wonder
When thou comest, whither goest,
And the little stream makes answer,
"I am come from mountain darkness
And my course lies through the meadow,
Where the tiny flower is blooming,
And the stones are all moss-mantled.
In my bright and sparkling mirror,
Floats so gently now a picture,
Of the heavenly blue above us
That I feel a childish madness
And a gayety that drives me
Ever on to where I wist not.
But I only know that He who
Called this stream from out the rock-bed
Will direct my course and guide me
To the place where I am destined."

ANNIE M. FRACKER, '11.

Extracts from the Senior Diaries

December 9.

I bought some new lavender socks today and a green tie. I hope they will look well. I might as well begin sprucing up since this is my last year here. Somehow those colors don't sound well together, but they will do. I can't spend too much time fussing over such trivial things. Just got to thinking seriously about some things tonight. I haven't spent much money on the girls the last year and a half, but just watch my smoke this spring. Lost my note-book today and it had just yards and yards of English reading in it.

March 10.

I staid home from the party to study up on the debate, but it's pretty slow work. I wonder why she wouldn't go with me tonight. Wish I had gone anyway. She will think I stayed home just because she wouldn't go. Did I? Had a great time at the class-picnic Wednesday afternoon.

February 10.

I really don't see how I can cultivate dignity. I have sat for hours trying to imagine I was dignified and I've even taken a history class as an aid, but it is all in vain. I just cannot be dignified even in a cap and gown. I wonder if there is a sure cure for giggling.

March 10.

I've lost my voice and all on account of the measles. How queer it seems not to be able to talk when you want to! I have had to wear these dark glasses, too, for a couple of days now. There is some consolation in this, though, for I have finally been

able to realize one of my dreams: I am amidst a darky population. I was glad I could go to the class party Tuesday, although this affliction came the next day, for we had such a good time I couldn't have afforded to miss it.

November 10, '09.

Was down to the library tonight.

November 12, '09.

Went to a class party last night.

November 15, '09.

Was down to the library last night.

November 16, '09.

Went to a class party tonight.

March 24, '10.

Visited Eng. VI. this morning. My, but the girls were scared. Who says I can't look dignified? I really succeeded this morning. Pretty hard work, naturally, but it was well worth the trouble. I don't believe I'll hand in my criticisms, though.

November 9.

I ran into a tree last night. My face is a little bit better where you can see around the court-plaster. Some of the girls thought I was all fixed up for fun. They ought to have had their noses tied up in beefsteak all night. I never did care about going out on a dark night. Went to a dandy class-party Thursday.

February 10.

Oh, dear, I have to take that office and I just don't know how to do a thing like that. Do you suppose I could do it? I have to get that paper for education in tomorrow and I simply cannot write a paper; I don't even know how to start it. And I must decide tonight whether I'll take that part in the play or no. I'm positive I can't do it. I don't know a thing about it. Oh, I suppose I'll have to try all three, but I'll surely fail in them.

September 9.

This school-teaching is not as pleasant as it seems, although I am having a great deal of success. Of course I would a great deal rather be out to college. And a fellow can't do two things at once, though I'm coming as near to it as anyone. I'm looking forward to the time when I can get back to school for several reasons.

March 22, '10.

Well R— and I did up fine tonight. I wonder how the girls enjoyed it. I am a little out of practice in rowing, but I made fairly good work of it except once when I splashed water on her dress. She said it was her best one, too. I hope it isn't the kind

that spots. She might not wish to go again when her turn comes. I wish we might have staid out longer, but she said it was too late. I enjoyed the entertainment tonight especially because we were so near the stage. The facial expression was splendid. I shall always sit in the fifth row after this.

February 10.

It was really mean to take that sap and drink it. It was such a little painful and it didn't taste a bit good. It was fun though, just drinking it. Just got back from a class party and I'm so sleepy I can't write. To think that my brother got his head shaved just like the rest of them.

March 10—1:30 a. m.

Just a few lines before I crawl in. It was Tack work again tonight and the class-party last night kept me up, too, so I'm awfully tired. I wonder if the rest of the Seniors think it all right for me to play ball. I don't dare mention it to them because they might not know about it at all. I wonder how poor Jones' head is. I kept the hat for a souvenir.



Sophomoritis

DEFINITION

Soph-wise; sophomore—more wise; itis—disease; a disease of being more wise. In first stages (1) a natural propensity and an innoxious tendency of know-it-ive-ness (developed first as Freshmen); in extreme cases (2) an infectious malady closely allied to elephantabilis conceitibus.

ETIOLOGY

A disease (1) which all who enter classic halls cannot evade; in its advanced stage (2) no first cause is assigned other than too "Much Ado About Nothing."

PREDISPOSING CAUSES

To one having a year of Freshman experiences (1) is deemed unavoidable. Diathesis, viz., a physical ailment or enlargement of the head, immediately predisposes Sophomoritis the second; easily acquired by any one having any previous inclination, tendency or propensity of disbursing his own opinion freely and without reserve, of authorizing, directing or domineering others.

EXCITING CAUSES

When the fever of leadership creeps over an upstart; when he thinks he is right and everybody else is wrong, too many laurels for unusual ability athletically, oratorically, etc.; to receive undue recognition from the fairer sex so that he thinks he can go with all the girls in the college at one and the same time often brings on an acute and malignant attack of Sophomoritis the second.

SYMPTOMS

Course and event of disease thus determined. Mode of outset slow and tedious; patient gives no signs of coming trouble, at first not even those in closest intimacy will be aware of any approaching disturbance; (1) less of diffidence is evidenced and more self-confidence; he is less desultory and immethodical (as is characteristic of Freshman); he talks more logically on a greater variety of subjects. In the advanced stage (2) first visible sign persiflage, first detected in the appearance on the tongue of a thick coating of an extremely extravagant and unnecessary quantity of frivolous and blustering words; he becomes puffed up and spends his time in bantering away to others; this is followed by an unusual tightening of the hat-band and a mania for good clothes. He will no longer appear in class in a "hickory" shirt more than a week at a time, pompadours his hair, will carry a walking-stick and have the air of one who is a fit candidate for the presidency of a college. Insidiousness and a sybaritic inclination usually follow as final results.

COMPLICATIONS

In the early stage, viz.: (1) holding several offices or serving on as many committees. Those setting in with Sophomoritis (2) mind-wandering, sleepless nights, deep study of Uranography, with heart failure, leading to other serious neurasthenic conditions as a result.

TREATMENT

For Sophomoritis (1) more offices, more committee work, more social obligations, more class, college and society spirit. For

Sophomoritis (2), faculty more able to deal with it by cutting down the number of subjects to be taken or (what is more effective) flunking him in one or two subjects (which has terminated the course of many a young hopeful) with the following prescription thrown in: In one dram of broken spirits dissolve 6 oz. of good judgment, 3 oz. pulv. concentration, 1 semester comp. tinc. Trig. and Chem. mixed with one-half semester experience, to be taken once daily till resuscitation begins. Then take four and one-half months hard work. It will be necessary for some to take special course in Misogyny to fully recover.

PROPHYLAXIS

As a preventive for both (1) and (2) president of college should give a mathematical treatise at least twice a year on the subject of $1+1+1=3$.

IMMUNITY

All are exposed to (1) and are more or less affected by it. Through some bad luck, e. g., sickness or failure to pass the Freshman stage may bring an immunity for life. Not all exposed to (2) contract the disease. Majority not susceptible because of disposition, natural bent, or inclination, etc. Too much attention to the desires and fancies of the opposite sex may absolve them though exposed and possessing all the symptoms of a virulent attack.

DIAGNOSIS

A more critical examination and a brief consultation has revealed the following signs or symptoms indicating the presence of the disease in the first or second forms or both:

E. C. R. (2) age 23, height 6 ft. 4 in.; philanthropist, decorator, cold storage agitator; symptom, persiflage.

L. G. C. (1) and (2) age 25, 6 ft. long, orator, expert tinner, fop, all around joke; symptoms, propinquity.

C. U. (1) age 18, height 5 ft. 11 in. Candy kid, authority on history of '09, dislikes study.

R. M. (1) age 18, started to kindergarten at age of 5, been going ever since.

F. T. (1) age 20, specialty—skill in culinary art. Prefers farm life.

R. E. J. (1) alias Jack the Hugger; displayed remarkable persuasive ability at Marathon, Indian fighter, out-law, baseball fan. Height variable, generally about 16 hands.

F. H. (2) alias "Chief Rain in the Face," age uncertain, one-third rod long, authority on latest hair cuts and neckties, amateur dancing master.

H. W. (1) born in Cork Co., age 23. Uranography a specialty.

G. P. (1) age 18, expert in Math, and Hist. Bread eater.

A. P. (1) age 18, never gets "Rusty" in Math.

E. C. (2) Caliber (age) 20 too short, hay-seed, heart juggler, artificial display of erudition.

E. R. (1) age 21. Just "Granny"—musical; always busy.

E. M. M. (1) "Sweet Sixteen"—always on time.

C. T. G. (1) through 13 summers, 52 inches short, Englishman, exiled reformer, believes in having leap year all the time; joker.

B. G. (1) English writer of fame. "Always putting off."

E. B. "Touch Stone." Always the same—happy—likes astrology.

G. A. P. H. (2) No spring chicken, $33\frac{1}{2}$ cubits long, druggist, farmer, hack driver, bashful, blushing, blooming, budding, book-worm, bubbling brimful of badness. Specialty Uranography.

E. S. (1) jolly, sober, serious, studious, willing. Age unknown.

L. A. D. (1) and (2) Full-fledged voter, $5\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long; species without a history. Specialty Uranography.

E. C. (1) Orator; debater; treasurer; scientific chicken stealer.

J. F. (1) Slow, steady, plodder, school teacher, orator.

FINALLY

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Moral:—Finish at Buena Vista.

"Parvus Grunspraut, a Freshman, Soliloquizes"

How dull to lie and wile die stunden ab
When you might be accomplishing so much—
To wile—how sad the work and the suggestions from it—
Es macht me think of Wylie and my Trig;
I wonder if I'll ever catch up in it.
O Math! O measles! O Fatum schwer et hart!
So hart et ich so jung!—what is that noise?
O English Five—How happy they and free.
I bet I'll be in that next year. I bet
I'll have a good oration, too. (he meditates)
And make them hump to beat me in debate.
O wretched me! Why did they date that contest for this week?
I know I'll be out Thursday, but my eyes—
I cannot sprech in these blue glasses (groans).
When I lauft in from plowing corn that day
And Vater dixit "Well, my sohn, I guess
You'll go to College in the Fall, for we
Have made some on them steers." I felt so glad
I rushed out of the door and told the dog
And in the field I planned wass Ich should thun
I'd try to "make" the Foot-ball Team et play
Und work so hard damit that they
Would bear me auf their shoulders mit a cheer
And say I was the hero of the day;
Et basket-ball and baseball, too—you bet
I'd make mein pater glad he sent me here
When he read papers with my name in big black type.
And how I'd study hard to make good grades
Till "Profs" would say "That boy is smart alright."
O weh, O schlect! and here ich lieg and pine.
If only it had been a scrimmage accident!
She'd bro't me jelly then and sat and read
But now she furcht she'll catch them, too.
It's strange I never noticed her before

The Friday that she gave her English talk.
She was at those receptions in the Fall.
She said she marked my free and easy grace
When alter puers sat and stood around
And wished they could be social or be home.
I s'pose they introduced me to her, too.
But then she joined ander Society.
How froh ours was when dixi I'd belong.
Wie memor ich the first time I was "on."
My hand shook so I tho't they'd vident
Wie laetus appropinquaban my seat.
How very soon I'll be a sophomore
(If I recover from these measles ever)
You bet we'll show more spunk than they have done.
We'll make the new Freshmen just come to time
And know their place and name them, too.
A name that's got some sense, too, and is fit.
No more descriptions fur mich then
Of study bell, et falling leaf and poplar trees
Or moonlight lake or fabulae of burglars.
Or poor old father's besuchen er kommt.
Or synonyms or misspelled words to copy—
That was the hardest thing of all to bear.
Unless it was that picture she called Hope.
Mighty little hope in it that I could see,
Looked more like I felt when I had my "chem. exam."
I wonder where they've got in Biology;
Blamedest little things you try to see.
I imagine what they're s'posed to look like.
Then I make my picture. Some of them
Do say they really see them—bet they don't.
Oh, (groans) a fellow might as well have no ambition.
I couldn't help it cause I was too light for football.
O that contest!—O these measles!
And I bet if this keeps on I'll flunk in Trig!

SPRING RESPONSES.

A joyous spirit now in psalms of sunshine brings
The message everlasting, ever new;
A happy chorus swells from hills and meadows fair
To the wonderment of fleecy clouds in blue.

The hearts of trees it fills with secret yearnings rare,
Yet by the flush of tender leaf confessed;
In pipings silver sweet the meadow-lark gives way
To rapture throbbing through his tiny breast.
As the soul of music wakes beneath the master's touch

From harpstrings pulsing long in sweet reply,
So earth is thrilled anew in the symphony of Spring;
And the lake calls, "Let's be glad, you and I!"

For now each bird and flower with need of strength responds
To the call, the gift of freedom from above,
And fragrant praise ascends in beauty's incense sweet,
A service rendered precious by His love.

In twilight's holy hour with earth at vespers hushed,
And waters all a dream of tinted sky,
Through shadows deepening, long, a voice like music steals
Soft whispering, "Let us listen, you and I."

As the life in every seed, called forth by sun and shower,
Looks toward the light, all eager too, believe,
By means of gifts divine in true measure all attain,
Responding to the beauty they receive.

From life a spirit calls, still urging, "take and grow
In strength to meet the dawn of service high,
Then quivering with soft light 'neath silver moon, the lake
Still whispers, "Let us live, you and I!"

BERNICE GREGG, '12.

JUNIOR CENSUS.

Since the year 1910 is the year for the National census, it is a matter of course that the Jolly Juniors should have a special mention in the enumeration. Believing the results will be of interest to their friends, we have secured them for publication.

The class is composed of ten people, eight girls and two boys. Their combined ages amount to 268 years, the average age of the girls being $20\frac{1}{2}$ years; that of the boys $22\frac{1}{2}$ years. Half of the class is old enough to vote.

In the matter of weight, the total is 1,270 pounds, of which an unusually large percent is brain. The average weight of the girls is 121 pounds, while that of the boys is 150 pounds. It is, of course, an understood fact that the class is worth its weight in gold.

As regards height, none of the class lay claim to being "divinely tall." The total height is 55 feet, the girls averaging 5 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the boys, 5 feet 8 inches.

When it comes to hair, one has black, five have dark-brown verging on black, three others have locks of light brown, and one is the proud possessor of auburn tresses. Some have an abundant supply, some have not, while some, according to the Sophomores, have hair their own and yet not their own.

None of the class is blind, yet three are wearing glasses and the rest expect to some day. In eyes, the class truly offers a variety. There are black eyes, brown eyes, hazel eyes, gray eyes, blue eyes, and one even declares that his eyes are green.

With the exception of one who claims Illinois as her birthplace, all were born in Iowa. Seven reside in Storm Lake, one in Ireton, one in Pomeroy, and one in Rolfe. In the matter of ancestry, nearly every division of the Caucasian race is represented, directly or indirectly.

Of this brilliant class, one is a preacher, three are members of the "Scrub Faculty," and another is———. "Well, she's been writing to him for three years, and everyone says so, so it MUST be true." Two more are musicians of note, both in instrumental and vocal lines, another is head-waiter in the ladies' dormitory, still another is business manager of nearly every organization, and the last one, a girl, aspires to be a farmer.

All are of sound mind, and, with the exception of a few who are victims of heart trouble in various stages, have sound bodies. Taken as a whole, the class is unusually bright and active and is exerting every effort to be a credit to Buena Vista.

The Competitive Examination

"The final examination, which will come eight weeks from today will be especially important," Prof. Ferner, the algebra instructor, announced one morning. "Through the kindness of last year's class, we are enabled to offer a prize of \$15.00 to the one who receives the highest mark. I trust that you will all make an extra effort to do good work, even though but one can win the prize. You may be excused."

A moment of silence followed. As they arose to leave, some wore a look of indifference, knowing full well that they could never win a prize, especially in college algebra. The expression of others told how well they would like to try, if it were not so hopeless. A third class wore a look of determination. In this latter class was Arthur Clifford. His mind was filled with thoughts of the prize and he scarcely heard the others as they were talking of it and those who would stand the best chance. Going down for his almost forgotten hat he started immediately for home. He decided that he would not tell his parents about the prize, as it would be so much more fun to surprise them with the news that he had won it. And then, of course, there was the possibility that he might fail, but he would do his best and it should not be his fault if he did not win. How many things he could do with that money. He needed a new suit so badly and, until now, he had been able to think of no way in which he could earn a cent of money toward it. How delighted his parents would be if he could earn the prize money.

The days from now on passed swiftly. Soon they lengthened into weeks, and, almost before he knew it, but two days were left.

"If it were not for John Dekker, I wouldn't worry," he told himself, "but he's been getting fine marks lately and I'm afraid he'll

pass a good examination. I'd rather be beaten by anyone else, too, for he's no friend of mine. I don't believe he's exactly honest, either, from the reports I've heard."

The following night he remained in the study-room later than usual to work an especially difficult problem. The room was quiet for he was the only occupant, and as he worked, he became conscious of voices in the adjoining room. They ceased almost immediately, but not until he had heard, "Yes, the chances of the two are about even, but the examination will soon decide it. The questions are in my desk now. I've spent the afternoon picking out the best I could find."

When Arthur realized how intently he had listened, he was disgusted.

"What difference does it make to you," he said fiercely to himself, "where those questions are? I should hope you aren't going to cheat for the sake of winning the prize," and for a few moments he worked harder than ever. But thoughts of the help it would be if he knew at least a part of the questions returned often.

The next afternoon as he was leaving the study-room he saw Professor Ferner come in and sit down. Arthur's mind, of course, reverted to the list of questions and, as he passed the door of the recitation room, he could not resist taking a peep inside. The room was empty. Without a thought of all his resolves, or of the consequences, he took a hasty glance down the hall, stepped quickly within and closed the door. He walked hurriedly to the desk and had partly opened the drawer when a sudden sense of what he was about to do swept over him. With this realization,

came a thought of his rival. Was he no better than John? Was this what he was coming to—he, who had had such good home training? Perhaps it would be the natural thing for John, but not for him and he would do nothing which would put them in the same class.

As he made his decision, he shut the drawer and stepped toward the door. At that moment he heard steps outside, the key turned in the lock and, in an agony of suspense, he awaited the entrance of the instructor, who seemed to be trying, unsuccessfully to open the door. Oh, yes, of course, it had been unlocked all the time and the professor had probably locked it this time, thinking he was doing just the opposite. "How can I stand it to be found here?" he thought. "Oh, why did I ever come? If I could only hide."

Like a flash he thought of the closet behind him. In an instant, he had entered and softly closed the door. He heard the key turn again; the door opened and he could hear the steps going toward the desk. All was silent. What could he be doing? What if he should come to the closet? Suddenly he thought of the key-hole. Stooping down he pecked through. He could just see the professor—why, no, it wasn't Professor Ferner at all, it was John and he was pulling out a drawer.

His first thought was one of relief. Then a feeling of anger came over him that John was to see the questions and win the prize. Then he remembered that John really was not to be blamed so much for he had had no mother to teach him any better. Scarcely knowing what he meant to do, he stepped out into the room.

John stared at him in astonishment and then said sneeringly, "Sneaky. You think you're going to tell on me, do you? You're so goody-good you'd like a chance to peach on the rest of us. All right, go ahead."

"No, John," Arthur said quietly. "I think we're in the same class. I—I started to look myself, then changed my mind. I thought perhaps you would change yours, too, when you had time to think about it."

John stared at him in astonishment, then said: "Well, I don't see what you quit for, but it's too late for me to try it again for Professor Ferner sent me after his key and he'll be wondering where I am. Somebody's coming so we'll have to wait till they pass, then I think I'll lock you in till Mr. Ferner comes in the morning."

Arthur looked at him, doubtfully, hardly knowing whether to take him in earnest or not, but he was saved the trouble of deciding, for the steps instead of passing, stopped, the key was turned and removed and they heard the retreating steps down the hall.

The feelings of the two boys would be hard to describe, but at last Arthur's sense of humor came to the surface and he gave vent to a faint-hearted laugh.

"I can't see where the joke is," muttered John.

"I can see it better than I could if I were locked up here alone," Arthur answered.

"That may all be, but laughing isn't going to get either of us out of here," said John.

"Well, what do you suggest? I'm willing to leave as soon as we find a way."

"I can't seem to think of anything at present," John said.

"If there were only some fire-escapes from these windows it would be easy," Arthur said, as he looked out. "Say, I believe I have it. The east addition is a little lower and the window in this closet opens on to its roof. We can crawl along the edge until we are above the window with the fire-escape, and then let ourselves down from there."

The plan worked splendidly. Before long they were on solid ground. There was an awkward silence, then John said: "Well,

I'm glad to be out of there and—I suppose it sounds queer coming from me, but—do you know, I'm rather glad you appeared on the scene before I had looked at those questions. I believe I'll enjoy the prize more if I do get it."

The boys were really beginning to feel quite friendly and Arthur suggested that they walk home together. As they turned a corner, John exclaimed: "Oh, there comes the professor. Do you suppose he's been watching us climb down?"

Just as he spoke Mr. Ferner called: "Wait a minute boys, I want to speak to you."

"We're in for it now, all right," Arthur said as they waited.

"I just wanted to tell you, John," Mr. Ferner said, as he overtook and walked along with them, "that I was in a hurry, so I went after the key myself, thinking you might have been hindered somewhere. I hope you didn't inconvenience yourself hunting for it, or for me."

"Oh, no—not at all," John managed to answer.

"I must leave you here," Mr. Ferner said as he came to a corner. "I'm going home to make out the questions for your examination. I'm having a hard time to get them to suit me well enough for such an important occasion. This will be the third

list I've made. Good luck to you," and he left them looking sheepishly at each other.

"It looks as if we were safe this time," John said, "but I'm going home before I get any more scares."

Arthur walked slowly along. John's words had given him a new idea. He tried, repeatedly, to thrust it aside, but it always returned. As a consequence, Prof. Ferner was surprised the next morning to receive an early call from both Arthur and John. As spokesman, Arthur began: "I—we—thought we ought to—to tell you that we almost looked at the questions yesterday. We—changed our minds, but perhaps you'd better not count us in for the prize."

"Is that so? I rather wondered how you happened to be climbing out of that window," he said, with a grave look on his face. "I'm glad you came to me, but—but—yes—under the circumstances you are right. I think you ought not—to try for the prize."

And each boy knew he had won again the respect and confidence of Prof. Ferner, even if he had lost the prize.

—EMMA L. SHELDON, '12.



THE WIND.

The Wind! That mighty monarch of the skies,
Flings out the tattered banner of the clouds,
Which, at his call, from pole to zenith fly
In wild confusion.

His voice is full of songs, tears, mirth and woe,
He sounds his clarion trumpet o'er the earth,
And all the forest trees before him bow,
To do him reverence.

He roars with mighty wrath upon the sea,
And hurls the hissing breakers on the crags,
Then smooths the wrinkled waters to a calm
With luring murmurs.

But though he wail or shriek in anger wild,
Or hush the world to slumber with his song,
'Tis God's all-powerful voice, the message sent
To earth, from Heaven.

—KATHRYN BROWN, '11.

ENGLISH FIVE.

In Buena Vista College,
Near Storm Lake's blue and foam,
Amidst the halls of learning,
There lies a lonely room;
And no man heard such outcries
Issue from mortal man,
From unearthly groans and long-drawn moans,
To the whoop of an Indian.

To the frightened, astonished straggler,
Who happened that way to stray,
Came the thought that the Imps of Hades
Were engaged in hand-to-hand fray;
Or 'twas a lowing herd, or bleating sheep,
Intent on the homeward stretch,
Or the doleful note of the most remote,
And the shriek of a dying wretch.

As quickly as a tiger
Leaps to concealment secure,
The victim slinks to cover,
With a look so strangely demure;
And without a word or a question,
Thankful he's still alive,
While the clamorous leer, still rings in his ear,
He finds 'tis the English Five.

JESSE LINDSAY, '13.

One Word More

FASHIONS—COLLEGE MEN'S IDEAS.

Fashions are remarkable phenomena. They can hardly be classed as natural phenomena, so unnatural are many of them, but their phenomenality is generally admitted. They are a unique feature of the cosmic process in that most of them seem to be beyond any reasonable theory of causation and to be so variable that they fall within no order of law. We do find one thread that connects them with the world of cause and effect, in the fact that like certain diseases, they are contagious—nay more, infectious, for they spread with magical rapidity through the air and are no respecters of persons. Their categories are rigid and absolute, and he whose manners, morals and habiliments fail to harmonize with them, is classified as non-compos mentis. To the so-called elite, they represent the summum bonum, but to the philosopher they are a nuisance—necessary, perhaps, but a nuisance, nevertheless. * * * * *

Beyond the power of man to describe. Marvelous in design, magnificent in structure, gorgeous in beauty, excellent in utility, and startling in effect.

"Sack," showy, roomy, striking. Representing the two French towns, "Toulouse and Touloung."

"Princess," one degree worse than the "Sack."

"Merry-widow," quite convenient on a hot sun-shiny day, but a public nuisance in church.

"Trixty caps," death to the silk worm, but economically sound.

"Lovers knot," pleasing to the eye, but death to common sense.

"Turban," half native, half foreign.

These are a few of the many.

It would puzzle the time-honored Philadelphia lawyer to keep pace with the "fashions of the day," and break John D. Rockefeller up in business to clothe his wife, were he to cater to every wind of fashion.

Would it not be best, then, to strive to obtain the real true beauty, than to acquire superfluous notice and applause?

* * * * *

"Boys flying kites haul in their white winged birds," but opinions given to the Rudder are gone forever. On what a venture do they go! to be criticized, or what is worse to be entirely ignored. The "prevailing fashions," "cute?" no. Lovely? no. "Angelic?" hardly. "Out of sight?" no, quite conspicuous. "Killing?" but this word is ambiguous. Are they vain? yes. Expensive? necessarily so. Different from last season? Of course, and right here is where my ideas conflict with the makers of fashions. Why not work for perfection rather than merely some mark to distinguish from fashions of other years? But this comes to be a pointed question when we know that it pays the makers of fashions to please the ladies.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE BONY REMAINS OF HOMO SAPIENS.

Oh! how my head aches! I believe it would burst if it wasn't fastened together with wire. This ache is worse than anything of the kind I ever had while I was alive. Suppose it is because nothing is there except an aching void. And how these noises that I ordinarily never mind at all go right through me. Now

there's the bell. Its unearthly din seems to reach the very marrow of my bones and set my nerves on edge. I suspect that means the class in catology will come in here. Yes, sure enough, there they are, and some poor pussy, I suppose, will have to be sacrificed to the cause. Oh, such cruelty. Well, I can sympathize with the poor creature, because that is what they did to me. Cut me all up and then put my bones together with wire and springs, and hung me in this dark, awful-smelling box.

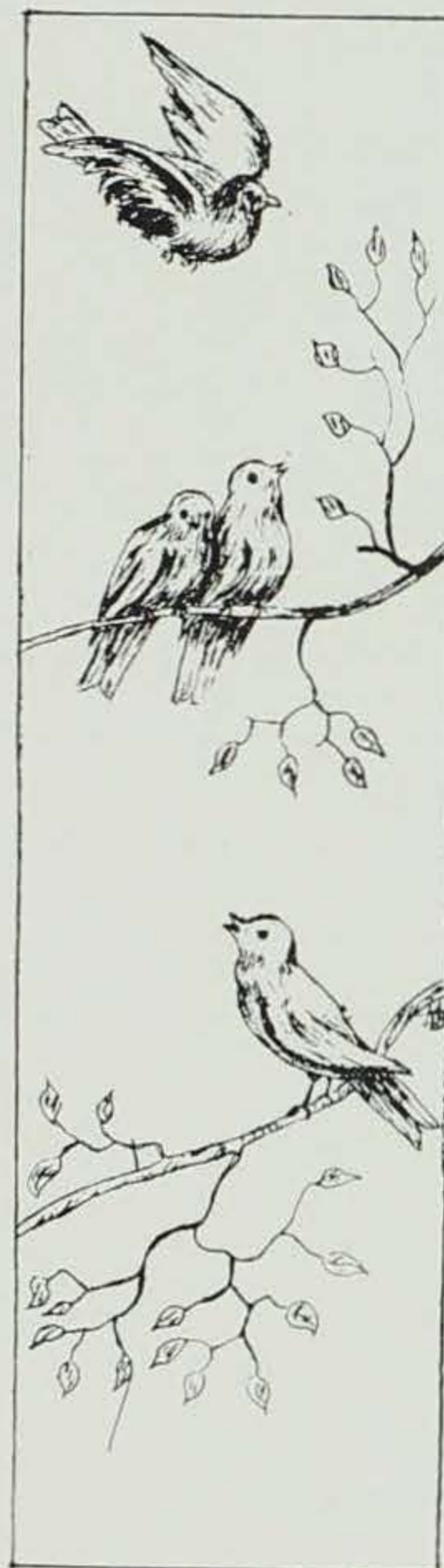
Ouch! there goes that bell again. I wonder what class is coming now. Oh, yes, it's that Freshman biology, and I expect they will talk about evolution again like they did yesterday. The professor said they weren't through yet, and I'm glad they aren't. Say, when I heard them say something about "man descending from monkey," why, I got so mad, I forgot all about my head-

ache. I wanted to get out there and tell them about a few things that I know, but my head is fastened to the top of this cage and, of course, I couldn't do it: I just had to stay here and fume. I hope he sets them right on that point. Man from monkey! Humph! Who would ever believe that!

Oh, there's the bell again! My, how I wish someone would open this door and let me have a little fresh air. I believe that would help my head. Why, someone is putting a key in the lock and now he is opening the door. Um! how good that fresh air feels! And he's pulling me out so I can stretch and look around a bit. Now, he's looked at me long enough, and back I go. Well, I feel better for that whiff of air and now I believe I can go to sleep, so good-bye, homines sapientes.

ELLEROY M. SMITH, '13.





MAY

May, 1909

1. Y. W. C. A. May-day supper.
2. Unexpected showers for late strollers, on reaching the dorm.
3. "Truth will out;" Prof. Billman announces the "Holy Alliance with Madison," by Zelda Byrne.
7. Kangaroo Court Trial—State vs. Youde. The real culprit escapes.
8. The "Emeralds" have their first dinner party at the Foster home.
10. How Betty and Hoyt do like to drive.
11. Soph's caps disappear at a class meeting. Vengeance declared.
14. Two girls on the way home heard singing. "Oh, how I wish your color would fade." The Seniors plant their tree at five a. m.
16. Did he, or did he not? Cooper sees Beulah home.
17. Seniors cut classes to write their thesis. Prof. Billman gives his industrial-history class a dose of pepsin.
18. Freshmen at the Casino. Rains descend. Kappa Gammas picnicking across the lake; their pledges receive a soaking.
20. Book agent reappears. Senior Aes picnic at the Casino. Emmons and Nitzke do diving stunts. Addie forestalls the fatal words.
21. Justice Crowley and Emmons Crouch, our Academic orators, go to Sac City. Many gay crowds beating and picnicking.
22. Reports from the contest at Sac disappointing.
24. Freshmen told to migrate.
27. Raining!!! "The Rose Maiden."
29. Phi Alpha Pi annual reception. Rained as usual.
31. Seniors take a two weeks' vacation.



JUNE.

June

1. Z. B. crosses the campus with a tub and creates a sensation. Phi Alpha patronesses entertain the Sorority and the Alliance at the Fracker home.

3. Kappa Gamma pre-nuptial shower for Hazel Sherbondy, at the Luhmann home.

5. Philomathean grand public.

6. Ask L. W. K. about the wild-goose chase and how it happened that he, Mr. B. G., and E. W. were guests of the Seniors at the Casino. Rain prevented their return. Did they murmur, "Oh, that horrid rain?"

8. Juniors preside at the Farewell Chapel service with an air of assumed dignity.

12. Graduating recital of the musical department. Preps picnic at the Casino. Junior party followed by a tragedy, enacted by two disappointed Junior girls. Phi Alpha Pi Senior luncheon.

13. Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. George N. Luccock of Chicago on "Friendship." Address to the Christian associations by Rev. R. Clifford Cully of Sioux City.

14. Tree-Day, a glimpse of ourselves as seen by the Seniors. Faculty reception to graduates and Alumni. Countermine Gold Medal contest. C. T. Greenway, the winner.

15. Pipe of Peace, Seniors and Juniors. They started early but came home late. Junior recital of the musical and the oratorical departments. Alumni banquet.

16. Class-Day for the academic and commercial departments. Their graduation in the evening.

17. Commencement address by Rev. C. N. Bean of Cherokee. Senior class established a Grace Memorial sinking fund. The Garber-son family gave money toward a Memorial Chapel.



SEPTEMBER.

September

13. Blue Monday for new students.
14. Registering in full swing.
15. Y. W. and Y. M. receptions. Opening chapel, address by Rev. T. A. Ambler of Hawarden.
16. Some are yet dubious as to classifications.
17. Trying to rearrange schedule of Latin class:
Miss H.—“How about one o'clock?”
A. F. (absent mindedly)—“I'm full at one.”
Miss H.—“I think I am generally, too.”
Inter-Society reception. E. M. S. makes a mistake as to her identity.
20. Seats assigned in chapel. Two Juniors offended. Freshmen organize.
21. History V. try bluffing, but decide Prof. VanHorn is not easy.
22. Everyone receives “Rules for Absence.” Phi Alpha Pi reception.
23. Junior class meeting at Kathryn Brown's. Seniors reunited on Maude's return.
24. Football with Fonda. Easy to follow the “Blazed Trail” left by J. L.
28. Sophs hang their flag at half-mast. Are they lamenting the loss of Cooper?
29. Yell meeting for the benefit of Matt's new sweater.
30. Basket-ball team organizes.



OCTOBER.

October

1. Another yell meeting for the benefit of that sweater. Dr. Dwight Breed of Grinnell, chapel speaker.

4. A. F. (in Latin)—"I'd give anything for a date. Football team to Sioux City—play Morningside. But the score, the score!!! O. L. F. has her picture taken. Miss A. E. Wilcox offers \$10 for Junior annual prize story.

5. Senior Acs have their first boat ride.

6. An open-air house party at Loretta Meighen's because it was too late to go to the Dorm. Kappa Gamma pre-nuptial shower.

7. Is it as terrible to take English V. as it sounds?

11. E. W. rivets her eyes on a new pair of shoes during chapel. Freshmen class meeting after chapel; three of the girls couldn't stay.

12. Junior class meeting. The boys stay for an after-meeting and arrange the manner of securing the chickens.

13. Chickens make their first appearance at chapel.

15. Strangely familiar to the Sophs appeared certain posters. Alcinians treated to pumpkin pie.

16. Misses Wilcox, Cummings and Gilmore entertain the ladies of the faculty.

20. Champ Clark lectures.

21. Prof. E. F. B. (inquisitively)—"Miss U., why did you give up astronomy?"
Miss U—"I guess I didn't pass."

Miss W.'s birthday celebrated by a fruit shower.

22. A bad rush after Freshmen by Seniors and Juniors.

23. Junior buffet luncheon. H. W. decides to take art.

25. H. W., in regard to her elective, "I think we will be more congenial this year than last.

26. Faculty ladies' reading circle meets.

28. Booster meeting led by Hobo band.

29. Football—Ellsworth. 17-0. Victory celebrated.

30. Pi Alpha Phi.



NOVEMBER.

November

1. Hon. F. F. Faville lectures on "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Picture off for the Philippines.
4. Freshmen take an outing, skip to Sac City. Profs on the train, too. Booster meeting.
5. Football with Highland Park—o-o in favor of B. V.
6. Moonlight picnic for two Alumni by glare of lightning bugs and flare of a damp fire.
10. Junior dinner at Grace Whealen's. Felix makes a proposition. Two accept.
11. R. H. M. discovers HER first name after all these weeks.
16. Rev. D. Echlin, chapel visitor. Soph meeting at Mrs. Schar's. B Minors become B Flats. Men's Declamatory contest—Foster, first; Dwinell, second.
18. Senior Acs invite Junior Acs to mock wedding.
19. Star taffy-pull.
20. Y. W. autumn frolic.
22. Freshmen girls rescued from Dorm, followed by a Freshman meeting. O. L. F. loses epistle to the Philippines.
23. Senior swing out.
24. O. L. F. refuses to be leading lady in comedy: "Too Much Smith." Faculty Mother Goose party.
29. L. A. D. finds some chairs big enough for two.



DECEMBER.

December

1. "Collegiate line-up" party at the Manse. Juniors too hilarious and the levity brings disgrace!!!
2. Kappa Gamma pledge banquet at Kathryn Brown's.
4. "Miss C., did you put your James on the shelf?" "No, I put my Angel on the shelf."
7. Presbytery meets in behalf of B. V.
8. Miss Rose Nusbaum's song recital.
9. Lecture by Mrs. Lenora M. Lake.
11. Phi Alpha Pi dinner to their gentlemen friends at Grace Yerington's.
13. Freshmen become Goslings.
14. Phi Alpha Pi Christmas tree. G. P.—"This sleeve of mine catches everything but a beau."
15. Opera—"On a Tropical Isle."
16. Horace class bring their fancy work to class. Opera repeated.
17. Vacation begins. The last of the college year, 1909. Prof. Blayney leaves for Pennsylvania en route to the Rochester convention. The psychology class does Tack work. Y. M. C. A. Gospel team to Paullina.
27. C. T. Greenway leaves for Rochester by way of Des Moines. Edna Marcum started twice, but only reached Chicago.



JANUARY.

January, 1910

4. College resumes. General discussion over "What'd you get for Xmas or what'd he give you?"

5. F. B. R. declared it was not too close for him in the English room. Junior-class meeting at Mabel McLaughlin's.

6. Helen Ranney entertains in honor of Miss Grace Armstrong.

7. Society yell meetings for the Inter-Society debate.

8. Rendition of "Old Sweethearts of Mine," by the Juniors.

13. Annual scrap between Stars and Franklins.

14. The Inter-Society debate. Franklins win. Jollification afterwards.

16. College choir to Sulphur Springs to sing at the revival meetings.

17. Enrollment for second semester. Walking party to the Casino.

18. The winning debating team entertain the losing team and their lady friends at a banquet.

20. Rochester report given by our delegates.

21. Franklin taffy-pull. Franklin cooks enjoy a moonlight across the lake.

22. Juniors go to Sulphur Springs, discover comet en route, and Kit declares she saw millions of them. Smith and Felix prove themselves heroes.

23. College choir again at Sulphur Springs. They get ditched.

26-27. Examinations. Everything dead.

28. Sophs alive and eating after a long period of hibernation. Miss H. gives Junior Latin class an unusually delightful examination.

29. Miss Anderson of the High School and Miss Hutchinson entertain their Virgil classes.

31. Senior bob-ride and oyster stew at Elsie Walpole's.



FEBRUARY.

February

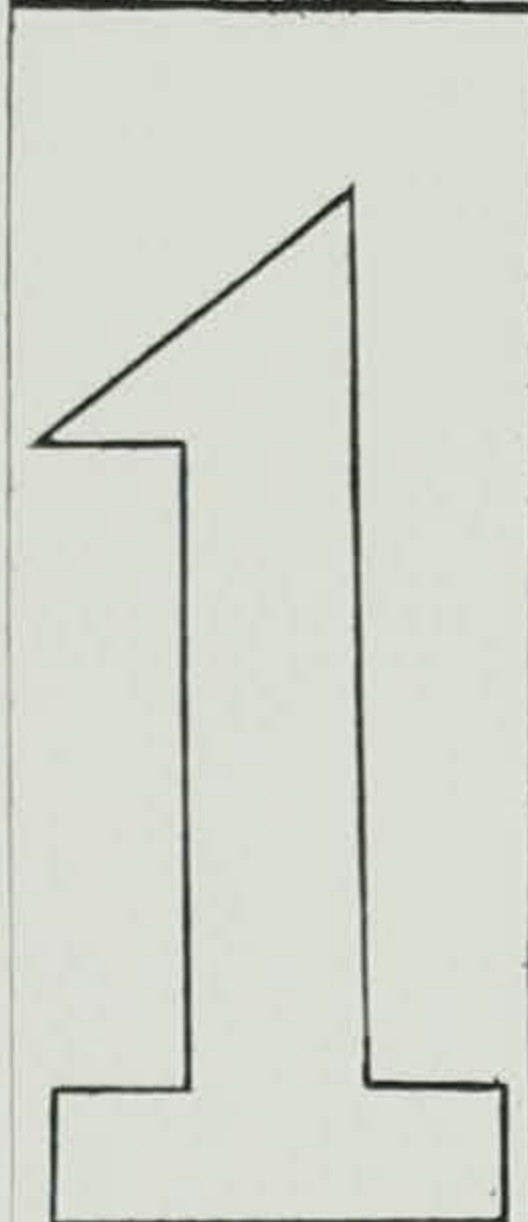
1. Pictures taken for the Annual. Hoyt has a birthday, consequently an unexpected party and bob-ride.
2. Miss Carol Mereness, the winner of Junior annual prize-story contest.
3. Junior spread at Oma Foster's.
4. Chapel address by Dr. W. B. Riley.
7. Everybody becomes interested in tying knots as demonstrated by the Ames people. A number enroll in the short-course classes.
9. Dr. W. B. Riley gives an address on "Jonah." "The College Singing Girls" entertainment. H. L. Y. and L. A. D. decide it is hard to make a hit when you miss the train just because your watch doesn't keep good time.
10. Day of prayer for colleges.
12. B Minors entertain the Dumplings.
14. Juniors getting wise. (Wisdom teeth.)
15. L. U. refuses to tell what association the words "lips" and "yellow" have in her mind.
16. A measly bunch of Sophomores at the hall.
18. Dr. F.—"What three unities are used in the construction of this play?"
B. B.—"The Time, the Place and the Girl."
21. Dr. W. B. Riley's address on "Harmonizing Science With the Bible."
22. "Evolution and the Story of the Creation," a lecture by Dr. W. B. Riley.
25. The first sign of spring (?) pompadour style of hairdress as worn by B. V. young men.
27. Day of prayer for students. Matt has a day of rest.
28. Rogers and Grilley company. Matt has a change. Ditto Prof. Blankenhorn.



MARCH.

March

1. Prof. B.'s schedule for future events posted.
2. Our representatives off for state oratorical contest at Cedar Rapids.
3. Measles break out among the faculty.
4. State oratorical contest.
5. Y. W. C. A. Old-fashioned party.
7. First emblem of verdure seen among the Seniors.
10. Y. M. C. A. social evening at Dr. E. F. Blayney's.
11. Faculty entertained by Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Mackintosh.
12. Y. W. C. A. birthday party.
14. Tennyson song recital.
16. Senior picnic at the Poplars. Was it in honor of one of the many birthdays?
17. Second "Collegiate line-up" party. Addie Swan won the prize. Juniors behave better.
18. G. P. to a Junior—"You must be in love because you act like it." Prof. Blayney explains about affinities.
19. Y. W. and Y. M. cabinets entertained by the retiring presidents at the home of Hon. E. E. Mack.
22. Matinee and evening entertainment by Mrs. Ida Garghill Beecher.
24. Ask H. L. Y. about the Glazier Minstrels.
26. R. H. Mattison gives the Senior class a banquet.
29. Philo grand public.
30. Booster meeting for a greater B. V. C.
31. Soph poster causes excitement.



APRIL.

April

1. Senior tree planted under cover of dark. Did Matt stay up all night to be on time? Juniors have their last interview with the photographer. Soph mystery exposed. Juniors object and plan revenge.

2. Vacation begins.

6. E. M. S., L. K. and M. C. walk around the lake. Was Mabel or the snakes scared? S. B. F.—“I am hard pressed for time.”

9. Senior's birthday celebrated by a dinner.

12. College resumes. Sophs very, very busy, Juniors excited. Sophomore bride attends the Freshmen and Junior picnic. Rev. Campbell—new president.

14. Debaters leave for Pella, accompanied by Dr. E. F. Blayney.

15. Girls leave for Pella. Pella wins the debate.

19. Faculty recital. Our new president is with us at chapel.

25. Pella report given by our delegation. Patronesses entertain the Phi Alpha Pi's.

26. Girls' declamatory contest. Mabel Conquest won first; Annie Fracker, second.

27. Social evening for the wedding party of the Franklin-Philomathean wedding at Oma Foster's.

29. Faculty give an entertainment at Cherokee. Franklin-Philomathean wedding. The bride given a surprise.

Bulletin, 1910

May

- 2. President arrives.
 - 7. Y. W. C. A. May supper.
 - 12. Minstrel for benefit of athletics.
 - 20. Star grand public.
 - 24. Oratorio—Seven last words.
 - 28. Phi Alpha Pi reception.
-

June

- 3. Preliminary state oratorical contest.
- 7. Farewell chapel service.
- 8, 9, 10. Examinations.
- 11. Countermine Gold Medal oratorical contest.
- 12. Baccalaureate sermon. Annual sermon to Christian associations.
- 13. Class day (Normal, Academic, Commercial). Faculty reception to graduates and Alumni. Graduation (Normal, Academic, Commercial).
- 14. Junior recital. (Music and Oratory). Alumni meeting and banquet.
- 15. Tree-day. President's reception. Graduation recital of music and oratory departments.
- 16. Commencement day.

Scrap Book



A Real Letter—Found in the Study Room

In order that the loser may not be deprived of adding this to that ribbon-tied packet, we publish it here:

Morningside, Sioux City,
January 31, 1910.

Dear _____:

Everytime I think of thee my heart flaps up and down like a churn dasher, sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof and pierce through it like a pair of needles through a pair of trousers.

When I first beheld your angelic perfections my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler, my eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town (Storm Lake) and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet inflections of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot lemonade.

When the light of your face first fell upon my life, I felt I could lift myself up by my apron strings to the top of Buena Vista's steeple and pull the bell for chapel.

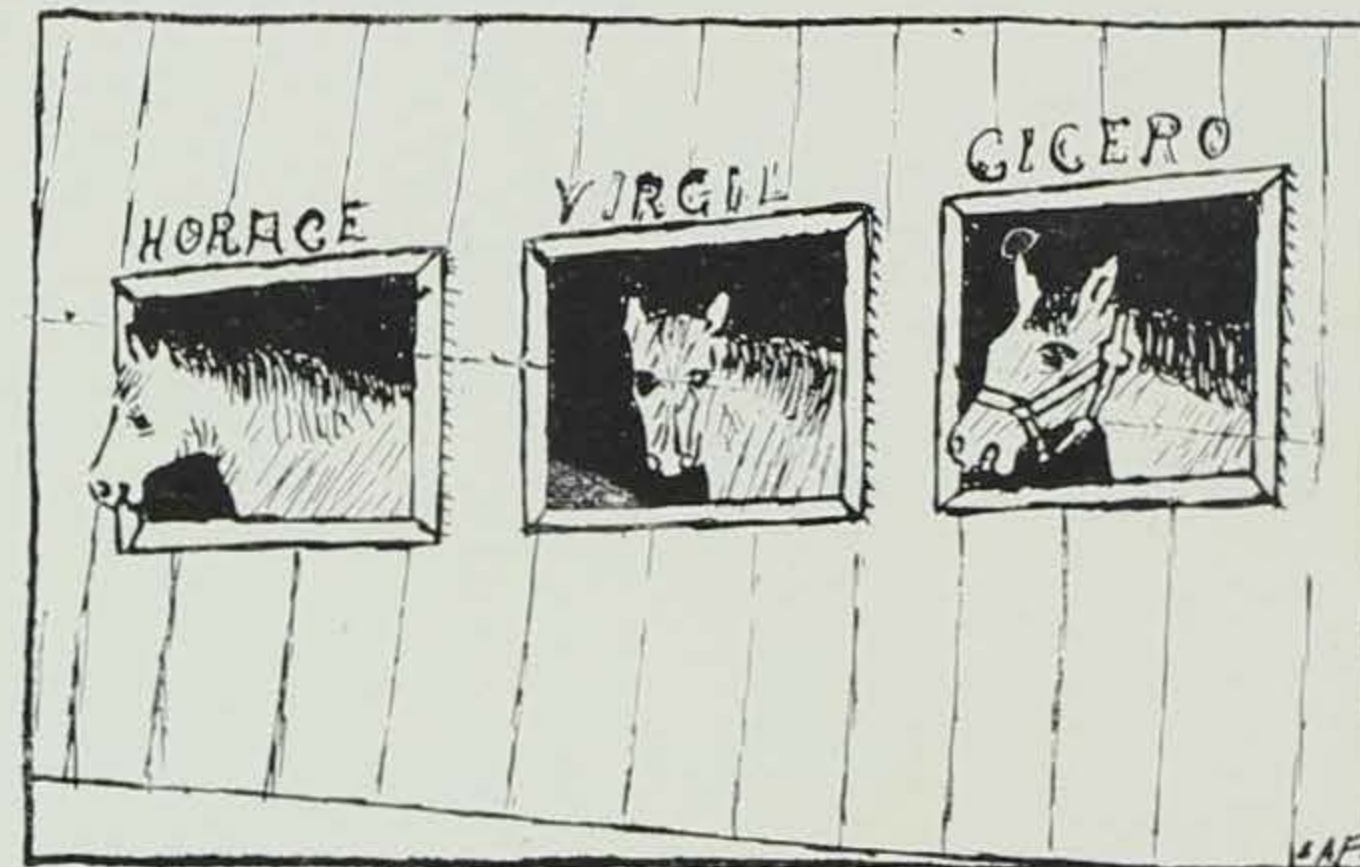
The dimples in your cheeks are like towers of roses or hollows in a cake of home-made sugar. Your laugh is like the sweet strains of a harp, or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak mountain side.

Your eyes are too glorious to contemplate. You are my Norwegian doughnut fried in sorghum molasses. You are candy, kisses, raisins, sweetened toddy altogether.

I trust these few lines will enable you to see the inside of my soul. If you cannot reciprocate these, my soul-mastering passions, I will pine away from the branch of life an untimely beast, and you, happy in another love, may come and shed a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting place of

Your friend,

When all my thought in vain I'd think
What saved me from an awful flunk—
—My Ponies.



1. The pony is my helper. I shall not flunk.
2. He maketh me to have good translations and leadeth me to much glory.
3. He raiseth my standing, he leadeth me in the paths of knowledge for credit's sake.
4. Yea, tho' I plod through the fourth book of Virgil I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy words and thy phrases they comfort me.
5. Thou preparest my lessons for me in spite of my teachers; thou crownest my head with fame, and my standings run high.
6. Surely applause and recognition shall follow me all the days of my life and the pony shall dwell in my house forever.



Report Made by Sonyak from Mars

One evening last fall, hearing a great uproar below me, I started down to see what new invention the energetic earth-beings were trying. As I drew nearer the sunless side of that planet, I noticed the noise seemed distressful rather than triumphant. Following the direction of the sounds, I saw an edifice somewhat longer than wide and dotted with the most terrible wails I have ever heard; they were, "Oh Fre-e-e-shmen! Oh, Ju-u-unions! Help! We're locked in!" I was very much worried, but on peeping in I decided it was not safe for me to try to help the two agonized ones, who were in a crouching posture before one of the bright spots and seemed quite angry. Sitting at a four-legged structure in this apartment was a third earth-being, quiet and hard at work amid the restlessness and din of the other two.

On making a tour around this edifice, I saw there two rows of apartments with a long alley between, in which, before a trio of the swinging partitions closing the apartment thresholds, were stationed composed guards. One of these apartments has been described, the other two held only one inmate each. As I passed the bright spot of one of these latter, something hard with fluttering leaves was hurled out, followed by various other things. I thought my life was endangered and wondered if this was the insane asylum, which I had once heard my tutor describe after a visit to the earth.

Soon I saw a bevy of earth-beings approaching at a rapid swinging gait, and bearing two long poles crossed regularly by short sticks. They set this contraption up against the edifice under the bright spot of the triply occupied room and one of the savage inmates slid rapidly down it backwards; the other had just started when an old earth-being interfered and I heard this: "Love's Labor Lost."

A moment later all the jail-birds joined the bevy in front of the edifice and they all stalked away wrangling and complaining while all became quiet behind them. And I, wearied with my journey, crept in a corner and fell into an exhausted sleep.

Sometime later I was awakened by low breath tones, shuffling and clanking. Investigating, I saw those same escaped prisoners weaving a criss-cross fabric, of strands of cord and bright metal, across the alleyway. They suddenly ceased operations before a threshold and fell back as though they had seen a ghost or had had some cold liquid thrown into their visages, for before them stood that same quiet being, their fellow prisoner.

A sonant toned conference followed in which those troubled beings were trying to persuade the calm one as to the wisdom of something, but no consent was given. Soon a reel of the bright metal went spinning to the bottom of the alleyway and a white streak flashed away into the dark. At first I thought maybe this was lightning and it was going to storm; but when the four followed, I knew that the quiet being, frightened by them, had fled. Calling one of the watchers of the early encounter of the night, the quiet one turned and faced the pursuers. All four closed around with cries, "Let's lock her up." But she must have been solid and counter-balanced their mass, as they could not budge her with all their tugging and pulling.

Meanwhile there was another white flash, this time toward the light and I could see one of

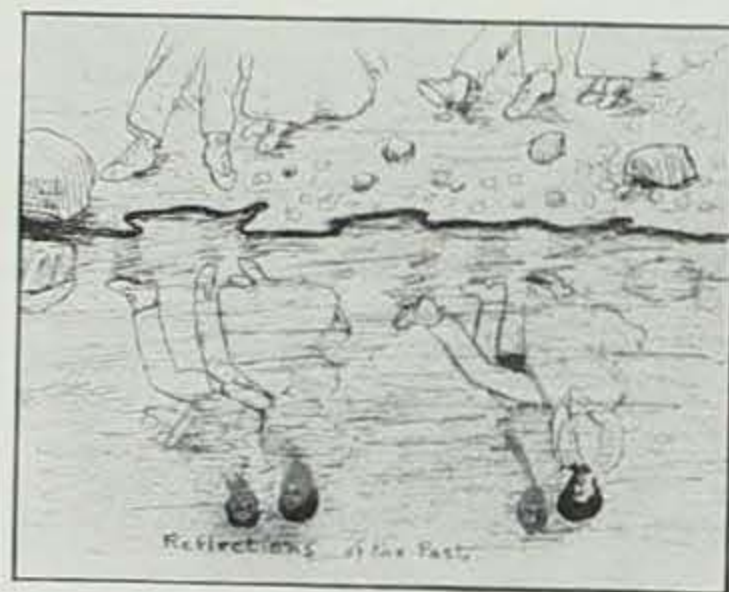
the guards hastening to tear apart the weaving done before and as this was rapidly accomplished other guards passed out from the now unbarred entrances.

The troubled beings made a bolt and scurried into one of the apartments. The entrance partition was flung to and heavy rollings as of thunder followed.

The conflict now seemed over and after a short debate pro and con, the victors tip-toed back into the various apartments and everything assumed a deathlike stillness.

I decided that I could not call my life my own among such nerve-racking and sleep-losing scenes, so I hurried home to rest and quiet.

ELSIE RIES, '12.



Laugh every time you feel tickled—
And laugh once in a while any how.

Oma, I wouldn't do that, and I don't believe any other boy would.

Miss Gilmore finds out she is not an old maid—just an unappropriated blessing.

Elmer Cox takes shelter under Marion's hat.

M. Blankenhorn—I have turned black-smith.

Attentive admirers (Hutcheson, Wallace, Bragginton, Briggs)
unison—You—black-smith—how?

M. B.—Oh, shooin' flies in the restaurant.

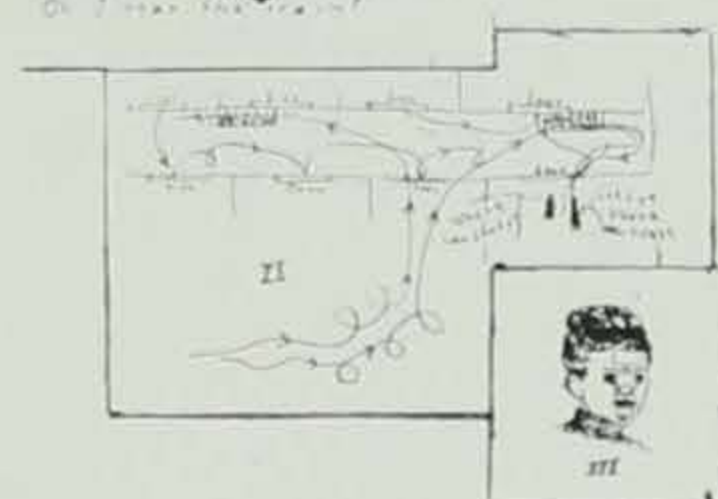
Y did Mabel Conquist say she was a gold-Smith now?

do the Juniors always kick so much at class meeting that they all need new shoes?

don't Lloyd and Edna want to change places at the table?

do the faculty always want to drink hot water?

won't Stanley and Smith settle down to one girl?



Seven Wonders of the World

Concept of the Sophs.
Wiley's little dimples.
Miss Miller's capacity for loving.
Evelyn Ensign's recitations.
Ethel Miller's curiosity.
Arthur's devotion.
The matron's sweetness.

A B. V. maiden, a studious Senior,
A girl of very staid demeanor.
Was rushing for the train like mad—
When something happened—O, so sad!

The night was dark, as dark as could be,
And near the walk was an old elm tree.
She simply had to make that train—
To you who know, the reason's plain.

So, running fast, with all her might,
She hit the tree, that dark, dark night.
Her nose, a mangled pulp became,
Needless to say, she missed the train.

She was due at the dorm at seven that night,
And none of the girls had heard of her plight;
So they searched for her everywhere—high and low—
They thought she was hiding—for how could they know?

Meanwhile this poor, unfortunate lass
Had to miss a meeting of the class.
With a beefsteak poultice on her nose,
She reflected upon all her woes.

She appeared in public after a while,
And in spite of the pain, wore her same old smile.
In two weeks the court-plaster was removed
And her looks were very much improved.

The swelling has disappeared ere this
And she is still a handsome miss.
But on dark nights she takes particular pains
Not to have to run to catch the trains.

ENGLISH V





It is often said by people who are wise,
That they'd like to see with "ithers" eyes;
So we've given a chance to these worthy sages
To look at themselves upon these pages.
And see themselves as they often look
To students, and "ithers" who will read this book.
If you come to visit our college some day,
As you enter the building, you'll hear someone say:
"Did you tell your class that a dog loses his sense
of instinct?" And right then will surely commence
An argument, between these two standing there—
This professor so portly and the lady so fair.
As you stand listening to this argument hot,
Step into the office, it may be your lot
To find a man whom duty often calls
To College field work—So he's not in these halls.
Don't waste more time here, but pass on to a door
With the key in the lock. It is on the same floor.
This is the room where many a picture
Is supposed to be painted, with many a mixture
Of green paint, of brown paint, of yellow and red,
Till you get fairly dizzy, and it goes to your head.
But see what she's doing, this lady so wise,

Can it be that she's teaching these youths to make eyes?
Yes, it is so. And she does it right well;
For her heart's in her eyes you plainly can tell.
In the next room you'll see—that is if you're able
To stand there and look at what's on the table,
Some fur, some ears, some legs and a tail,
A nose and a mouth—before all this you'll quail,
And perhaps turn away, to be met by a man
Who is hurrying along as fast as he can.
And had you been out just then on the street,
You'd have seen all the cats and kittens retreat
From the man for whom they had no affection;
For they know he was trying to make a collection
Of their kind. They did not know for science t'was done;
But not all escaped—for he came back with one.
T'will rest you, after this blood curdling sight,
To look in the next room and see a man write;
It may be Greek or French or German as well,
In what language he'll speak next you never can tell.
If Latin you would hear, stop in on your way,
And see if the teacher is not laughing today,
Perhaps she's been asking the meaning of "sinister,"
The Latin word "left," and been told that t'was "spinster."



(Continuation from opposite page.)

If the English language you chance to prefer,
Just go down stairs—you'll be met by her
Who may be just then perched high on a chair,
As often she is, and she'll likely not dare
To get down and greet you with words that are nice;
For like many women, she's so 'fraid of mice.
The oratory teacher you'll find to "stand high,"
For the little lady whose room is near-by
Is mounted on something that looks like a scale,
To learn her name you surely won't fail.
It's as big as her weight, a fact known to the boys,
"Helen," not of Troy, but "of Avoirdupois."
The Commercial man just now is not here,
He's at home with his wife and baby so dear.
When his school work is done he'll pick up his "lid"
And hurry home, just to play with his "kid."
If you wish you may follow, but at music hall
You will find something worth your making a call.
The "Gillmore's" just come; they are winding it up—
In front of it sits a little brown pup,
Now watch as it plays and the music comes out.
The dog hears Her voice without any doubt,
And that voice is very dear to him, too;
For didn't she befriend him when friends he had few?
If you stay a short time, a man will come in
To rehearse for the opera. And soon they'll begin—
These two—the lady with the voice, sweet and rare,
And the man from the city, who in practice will dare

To put his arm round her, "The Red Rose" to sing.
If it wasn't just practice, it would be the real thing.
Now piano and voice are not all that are taught
In the line of music, but when one has caught
The measles, you could not expect her to show
How ably she handles her violin bow.
Psychology and English and Music and Latin
You have heard in the rooms that you have just sat in;
But what about History and Alegbra, too.
Are the students not taught these studies to pursue?
Oh yes, but the reason you haven't heard these
Classes recite; they're out under the trees.
The European History class—at least is
And the teacher is likely giving a quiz.
What kind of a tree is it they are under?
A lemon tree! So if they make a bad blunder,
One of the lemons he'll give as a warning.
And next time they'll know History, if it takes until morning.
The mathematics professor is versed in Astronomy,
In these days we know he is studying economy
Of time. So when his classes are out,
He'll pick up his books and takes a direct route
For home, and will sleep till the morning at four,
Then he'll get up and slip out of the door,
And look through his telescope, till he will find
The tail of the comet by Halley designed.
If you wish to know more of these teachers of knowledge,
You will learn when you come to old B. V. College.

Constitution of the Bow-Knot Club

Art. 1.—Name. The name of this organization shall be the Bow-Knot club.

Art. 2.—Object. The object of this club shall be to provide suitable companions for those who wish to attend lecture course numbers—to give its members a chance to cast away all care and give themselves to the full enjoyment of the entertainments—and to furnish a source of curiosity for outsiders, especially the formerly popular escorts.

Art. 3.—Members. The membership shall be limited to Has-beens, Like-to-have-beens, Might-have-beens, Wouldn't-bes, and Want-to-bes.

Art. 4.—Officers. The officers of this club shall consist of a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a ticket reserver.

Art. 5.—Duties of Officers. Section 1.—The duties of the President, the Vice-President, the Secretary and the Treasurer shall be such as ordinarily fall to the lot of such officers. Sec. 2.—It shall be the duty of the ticket reserver to ascertain from the members whether they wish a seat reserved. This shall be done with as little embarrassment as possible to all parties concerned. Her further duty shall consist in securing suitable seats for such of the members as have succeeded in eluding all other invitations.

BY-LAWS.

Art. 1.—Color and Motto. Sec. 1.—The colors of this club shall be black and white. Sec. 2.—The motto shall be, "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

Art. 2.—Meetings. Sec. 1.—The club shall meet regularly at the Baptist church corner on those nights when noted speakers and singers are to hold forth at the opera house, to which place the club shall immediately adjourn. Sec. 2.—Special five-minute meetings may be called on any of the three days preceding a regular meeting. These may be held at the Dormitory or in the main hall of the College building.

Art. 3.—Quorum. For the first month six shall constitute a quorum. This number may be decreased at the rate of one a month. Consequently during the last month of school, one will be considered a quorum.

Art. 4.—Fees. Sec. 1.—Initiation. Each applicant for mem-

bership must treat the crowd by bringing a box of "sweets for the sweet." Sec. 2.—Dues. It is considered due to the club that each member give and account of the reason why she refused, or accepted each invitation received. No farther dues will be required.

Art. 5.—Fines. Members unavoidably (?) absenting themselves from the club shall console the remaining members for their absence by treating them, at that time, or at some future day.

Art. 6.—Suspension. Any member accepting the company of the same escort to two successive entertainments shall be considered unworthy of membership and shall be suspended until she proves herself again worthy of trust.



SYMBOL OF THE BOW-KNOT CLUB

EXTRA

BUENA VISTA DAILY

EXTRA

Harper leads the fashion—just watch the pompadour heads.

ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY Wanted:—

—To have Miss Eastman return my hunting boots—immediately. M. Blankenhorn.

—Some one to love and cheer me. Mary Stophlet.

—To have Marion for my girl. But what's the use? Ralph Hoyt.

—To live nearer St. Louis. Ruth M.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

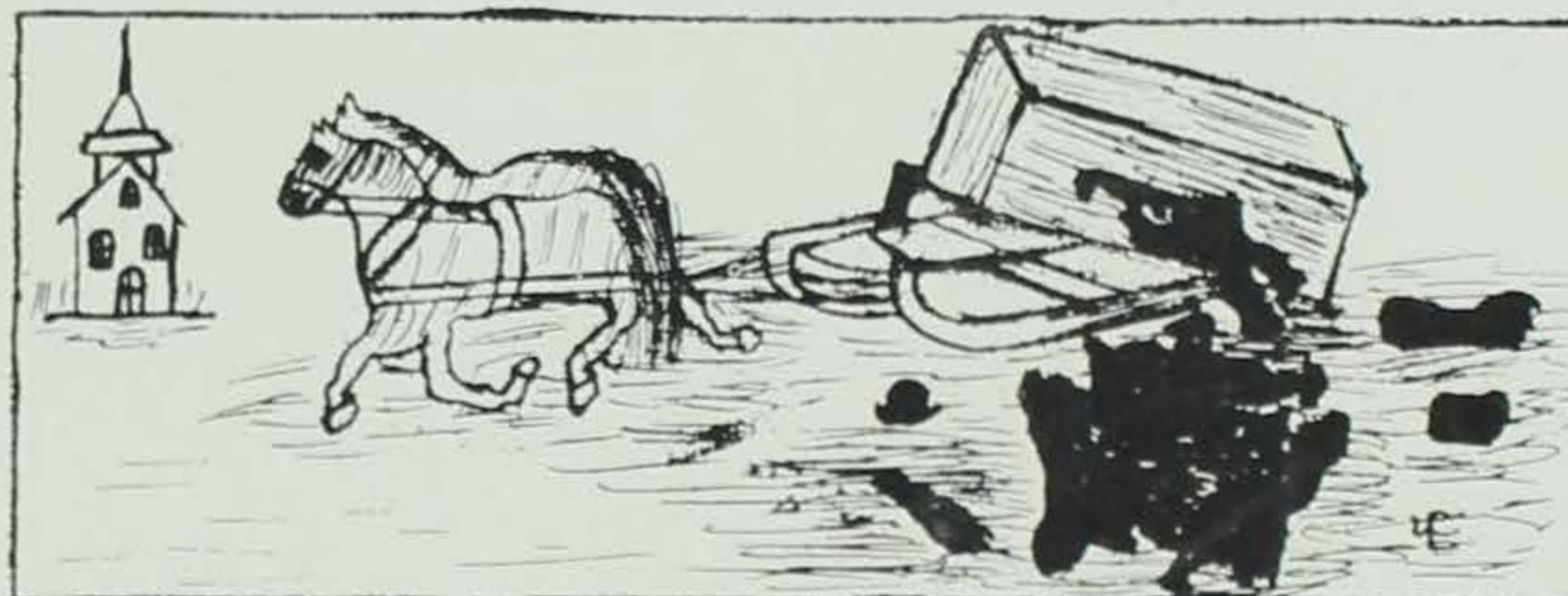
Buland's reception tonight.

All are welcome—but the faculty. Gentlemen are requested to bring their wives.

NEWS FROM ENGLISH-VILLE.

A. E. W. Sentimentally—I disposed to harmony; but organically—I am incapable of a tune.

Miss Miller (starting a speech)—My dear friends—I have come all the way from Michigan to see you. Now I wonder how many of you would go that far to see me.



SULPHUR CITY ITEMS.

Bob-sled parties are quite frequent now. Friday K. B. had her usual good luck of falling out backwards—the whole bob tipped over last night.

It is reported that the tall Smith no longer sings, "Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

Miss McDonald flirted with Wiley all through breakfast and forgot to go to prayers.

Harper—"He can turn ten somer-saults backwards, and stand on his head all day long."

Addie May—"And your mouth—there was never to my mind, such a funny mouth, for it would not shut."

Is it true that Jess Lindsay was called upon the carpet, because his hair grew too long?

Once Mr. Greenway left Christian Endeavor a little early—but Emma followed him.

Fern Taylor—"Love me, love my dog."

Rust—"Love me little—love me long."

Oh, yes—Mr. Blayney often calls Hazel "my dear girl" right in logic class.





DON'TS.

Don't whisper in exams—talk out loud.
Don't buy Eng. pads—use your neighbor's.
Don't be late for chapel—skip it entirely.
Don't bluff—The Profs have that privilege.

Ada—Exams are never what you cram for.
Last night I more than studied verbs—and
we didn't have a one in Algebra—this morn-
ing.

I wonder if Mr. White is really engaged.
Bernice.

Latin Instructor to favorite student—"Mr.
Smith, I am going to put 'Occupamus' on
the door."

"Oh—I am engaged."

"No—we are."

A Stolen Ride

Behind a fiery steed of brown
Which might to anyone give pride,
Charles Greenway drew up at the dorm,
To take Maude Hawkins for a ride.

Lloyd Crouch and Edna on the porch,
Did plan this daring feat:
They'd steal the buggy and fiery steed,
Ere Maude her toilet could complete.

When Charles lead Maudie to the door,
Imagine his consternation!
His spirits fell like a thunder bolt,
From the utmost height of elation.

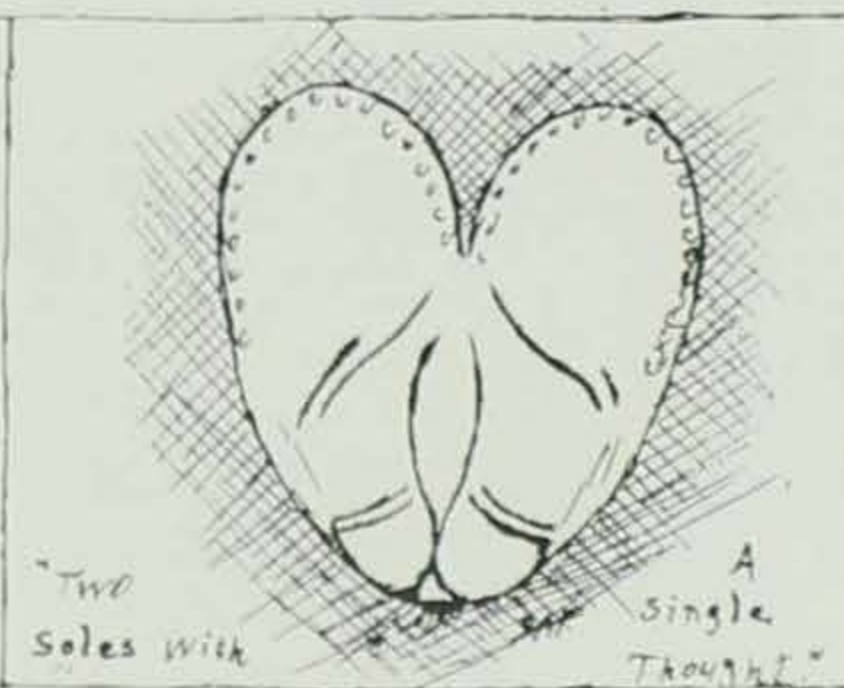
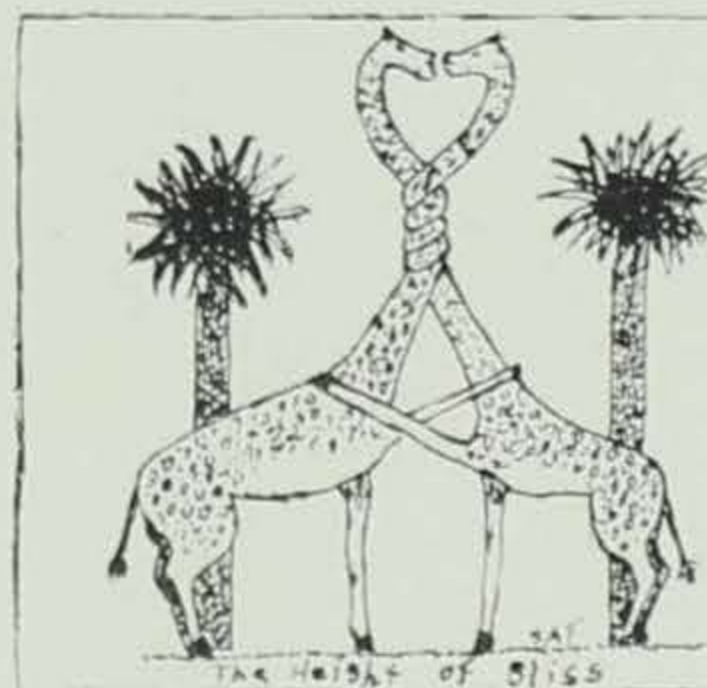
For where in time was that horse of his
In which he took such pride?
And Oh—how terrible cheap he felt
With Maude there by his side!

But conscience smote the two in the buggy,
And they began to think this way:
"Wouldn't it be a horrible thing
If the horse should run away?"

"To be sure it seems quiet and peaceful,
And won't go over a trot,
But at any moment an awful auto
May whiz by as likely as not."

So quickly they turned the horse about
And a happy look stole o'er Charles's face.
When he saw his steed peacefully ambling
Back to the starting place.

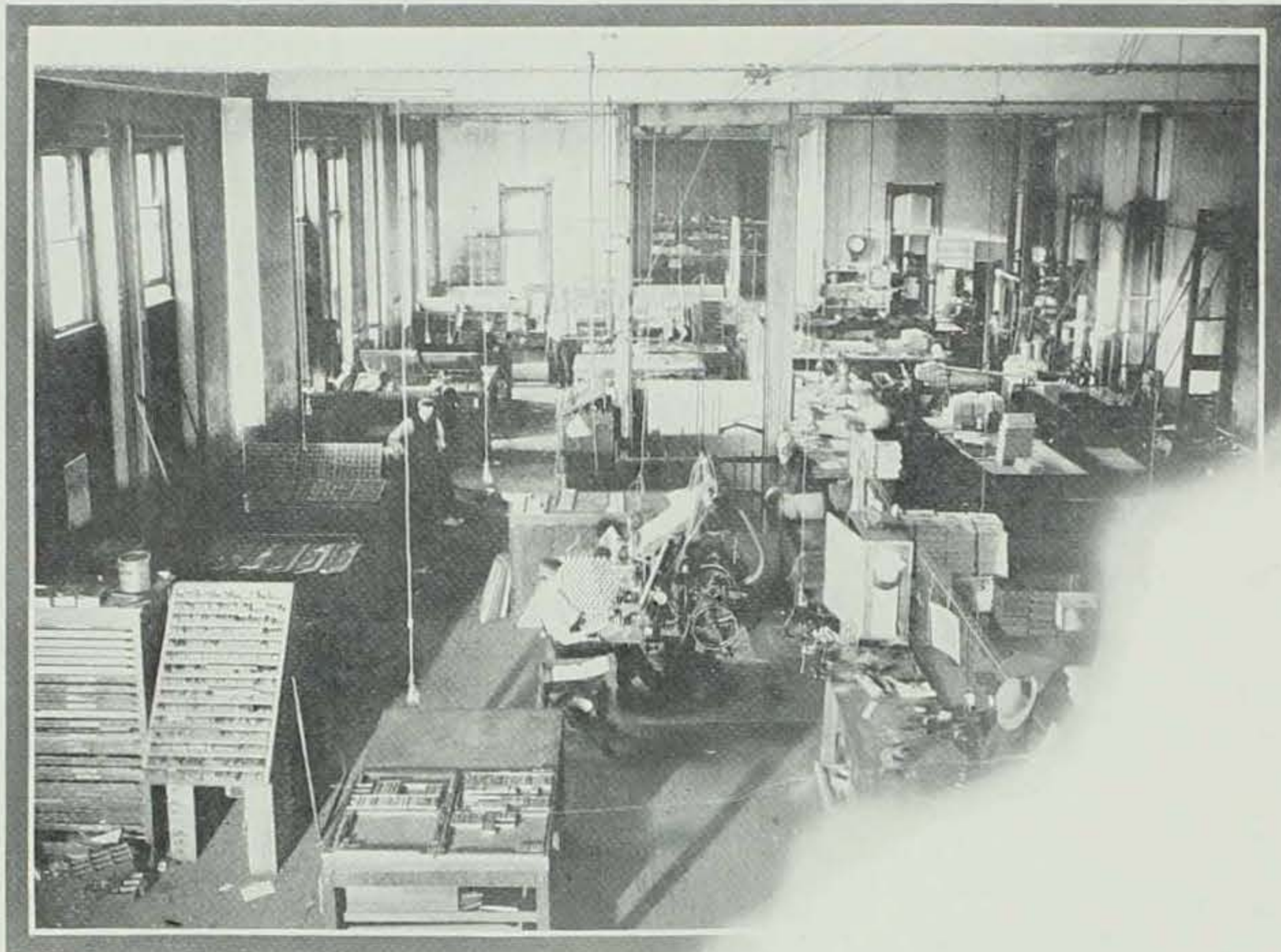
So Edna and Lloyd went back to the porch
And envied the confident air
With which Charles managed that nettled horse,
Charles—the debonair.





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35 LUDLOW STREET.

WHISKIES ARE AGED BY TIME
AND BOTTLED IN THEIR PURE
AND NATURAL STATE.

March 2nd, 1910.

Dear Mr. Blayney.

We wrote you before the Holidays, making you a special price on an aged whiskey and giving you some good reasons why you should buy [redacted] famous whiskey in preference to all others.

It was surely an oversight that you were not one of the 50,000 customers that sent us their order—scarcely any other reason would excuse you.

Once more we renew the following special offer:

4 qts. [redacted] Private Stock "Straight-genuine" for \$3.00-list \$3.25 or

4 qts. [redacted] Private Stock "Bottled-in-Bond" for 3.25-list 3.50

[redacted] pays the express charges.

We cut these prices because we want your further patronage. We know we will get it once you become acquainted with [redacted] brands.

A noted Government Chemist says "The value of pure whiskey lies in the length of time it has been aged. Whiskey two or three years old, is still green and not fit for use; it lacks strength and flavor." Much of the whiskey on the market to-day is of this character, therefore, if you can buy an aged or an old whiskey, at the same price or less, than you would pay for a green whiskey, which do you prefer? [redacted] seven year old whiskey or a whiskey that has been "aged" over night?

Won't you please let us have your second order now? When the whiskey arrives, try it, every bottle—if you don't pronounce [redacted] the finest whiskey you ever tasted, return it at our expense and we will refund your money. We pay all charges—assume the entire risk.

Very truly yours,

[redacted] DISTILLING CO.

J. W. GILBERT

AUGUST DLUGOSCH

GILBERT & DLUGOSCH

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—WITHOUT A—
KODAK
—IS INCOMPLETE—

WE CAN FIT YOU OUT ALL RIGHT

ALL SIZES, ALL KINDS, ALL PRICES

ALSO

TOILET ARTICLES.

DRUGS.

They Are Always Fresh JOHNSON'S CANDIES

ICE CREAM, DAINTIES IN SEASON.

SCHMIDT & STIEG

Girls, skip this! It is really unfit for publication. It got into my letters by mistake and I ask the printer to destroy it or set it wrong side up:

If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she'll find it out somehow
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now, we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,
This poem she's already read—
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.—See?

C. C. HENNING

PHOTOGRAPHER

STORM LAKE, IOWA

L. M. SLAGLE

MODEL GROCERY

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

THE HOME OF QUALITY

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Howard Spurr Big 4 Coffee. Monarch Brand Groceries. Heinze's 57 Varieties. Daniel Webster Flour. Try these; they will please. We cater to the public.

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SHAVING PARLOR

IS NOW LOCATED

IN THE NEW BRICK TWO DOORS NORTH OF POST OFFICE
YOUR PATRONAGE WILL BE HIGHLY APPRECIATED

PURE DRUGS and CHEMICALS
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AGENCY FOR

BALDWIN PIANOS, VICTOR TALKING MACHINES AND RECORDS.

A. W. RICHARDSON
STORM LAKE, IOWA

One thing a college boy never fails to learn: How little his father knows.

My old friend Abner Hicks was seriously injured while trying to get on the outside of a rim-fire sandwich at the college picnic last Friday.

Write for Maps, Lists of Lands, Railroad Rates, Etc. Our office is always open

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7,000 Acres of
Beautiful Buena
Vista County Corn
Farms \$60 to
\$150 Per Acre

We Sell Farms in
IOWA
MINNESOTA
DAKOTA
AND
CANADA

Write for Prices



MEET ME FACE TO FACE

If you can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than your neighbor, though you build your house in the wilderness, the world will make a beaten path to your door.—Quotation

I was raised in Hoop-Pole Township, Posey County, Indiana. Am a student of Old Perdue; and yet being a man with a family I don't know whether to laugh or get mad when I read one of President Taft's speeches.

When in Storm Lake drop in and Meet "Yours Truly"

ROY W. MURRAY Security Bank, Telephone 300
STORM LAKE, IOWA

A. G. Hoch & Co.

*The Quality Jewelers
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B. V. C. STUDENTS

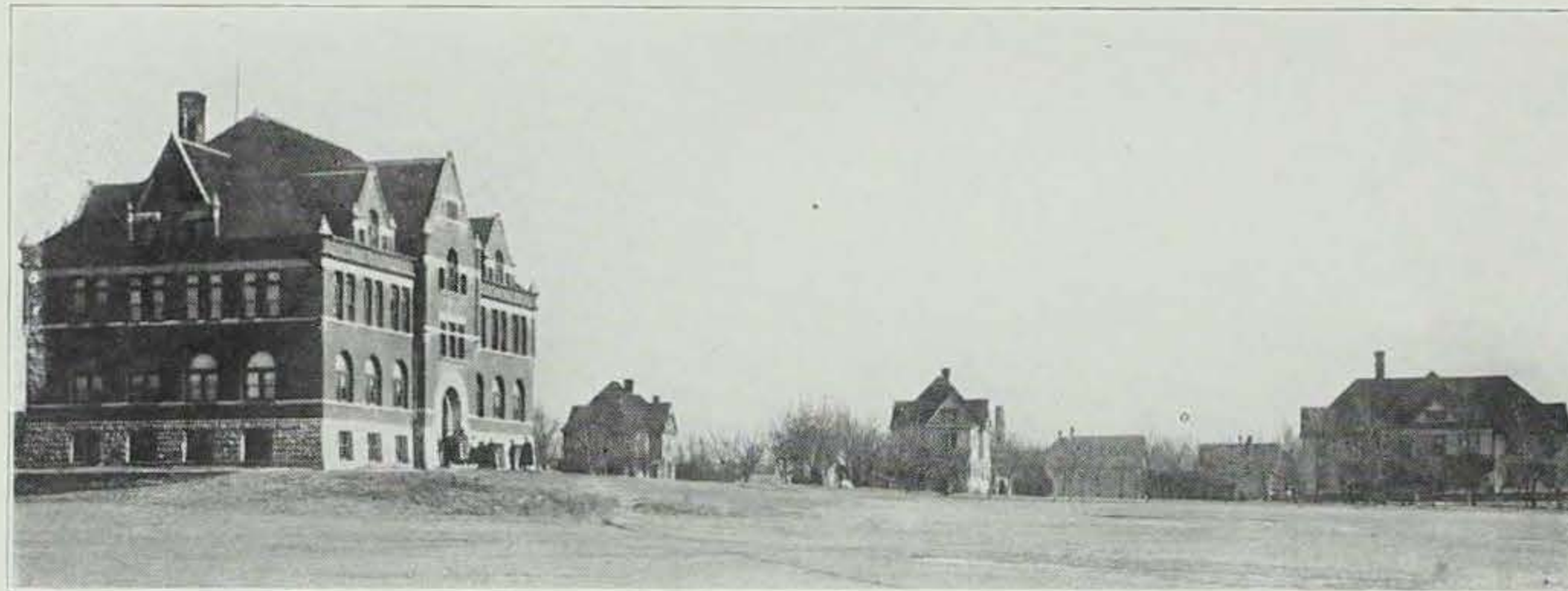
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LADIES' HALL

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Most beautiful location of any college in Iowa—situated on high ground overlooking Storm Lake.

Buildings—Thoroughly modern College Building, Mather Music Hall, Ladies' Hall, President's Home.

Equipment—Large Library, Modern Laboratories, Commercial Rooms, Reading Room, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and new Society Halls.

Departments—Liberal Arts, Academic, Education, Commercial, Musical, Oratorical, and Art.

Expense—Tuition moderate. Dormitory for young ladies. Rooms and board for young men in private families, moderate.

The faculty are all college and university trained men and women.

Our graduates desiring to teach receive State certificates.

Storm Lake is noted for its beautiful homes, and is free from saloons and kindred dens.

Write for catalogue.

ADDRESS BUENA VISTA COLLEGE

YOU WILL FIND

A big line of B. V. C. PENNANTS at our store, as well as a complete stock of everything in the Drug and Stationery line.

Yours truly,

GEORGE M. PEDERSEN

Prof.—Mr. Greenway, state the method of the origin of the Standard Oil trust.

Mr. G.—The oil came out of the ground and it had to be refined, and it finally became a trust.

HEALY & EDSON

LAWYERS

STORM LAKE

IOWA

TALK ABOUT HATS

We have the latest styles. They are right and the price is right. Give us a trial.

MRS. ROSE C. TORODE, Millinery

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Always give a square deal
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WE MAKE PHOTOGRAPHS THAT DO JUSTICE to people. We make them comfortable, which makes them feel and look pleasant and then we take them. Have us prove our skill on you.

A. T. WRIGHT

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Position as boss of a private corporation.—O. L. F.

A good alarm clock.—R. H. M.

Boys whom they can depend upon.—K. G. B.
and O. L. F.

An unchangeable girl.—E. M. S.

Someone to take Mabel's place.—E. H. C.

A perfect schedule of dates to avoid all conflicts.—
B. I. G.

To exchange my lost girl with any other fellow.—
S. B. F.

An interurban line between Sutherland and Storm
Lake.—H. L. Y.

A good ball team.—B. V. C.

A hat to fit his head.—G. F.

To complete my "Art" course.—H. W. W.

A joke book.—E. F. B.

Refreshments served between classes.—M. P. C.

Things to be as they used to be.—G. E. P.

My advertisement discontinued.—G. E. M.

A body guard for night service.—J. L. L.

Everybody to admire his baby.—Prof. R.

To know who said I was married.—R. E. J.

Some more left overs.—Prof. B.

To the Bunch Who Saw the
Comet May 18, 1910

Day is bright and sun is shining,
Joy is ever on the wing,
Hearts are void of all repining,
While the little birdies sing.

Comet's tails are sought, but lacking,
Men do stand and gaze and wait,
Others pass by caring nothing
That they may have come too late.

"Hurrah," "Hurrah" is heard around
"I've found the Comet, there it is."
Prof. Wylie hears 'tis found,
But tells them only Venus 'tis.

Greek Letter
Jewelry

Clean Cut Die Work, Skilled Workmen,
Good Material, Fine Finish, Make Badges
and Class Pins of the Better Grade.

Write for Catalog and Prices

Burr Patterson & Co.

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TOY BLOCK

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E. J. SCHULTZ

...DENTIST...

Office Over Marshall's Store - - - Phone 60

As, glimmering through the trees, the shining lake calls us and
beckons,

So through long years to come, the future stands brightly before
us;

A beautiful future of service, meet outlook from our Buena Vista.
'Tis evening, and earth grows still, while over the mirror-like
waters

Settle the wonders of sky, and long, deep shadows of twilight.
Oh if realizing our dreams, we live on toward the coming of
evening—

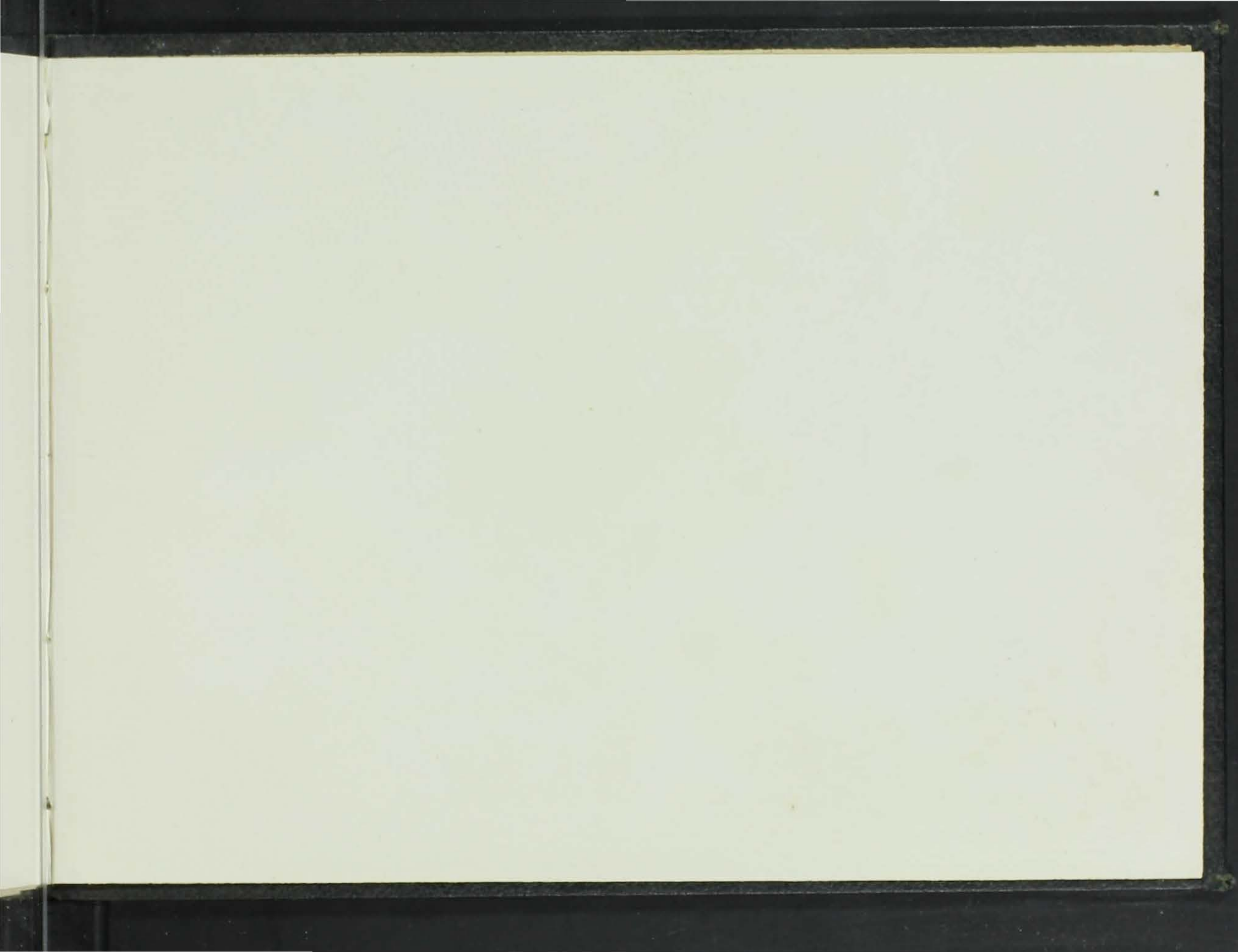
May there be such a wonderful calm, and reflection of Heaven's
own brightness!

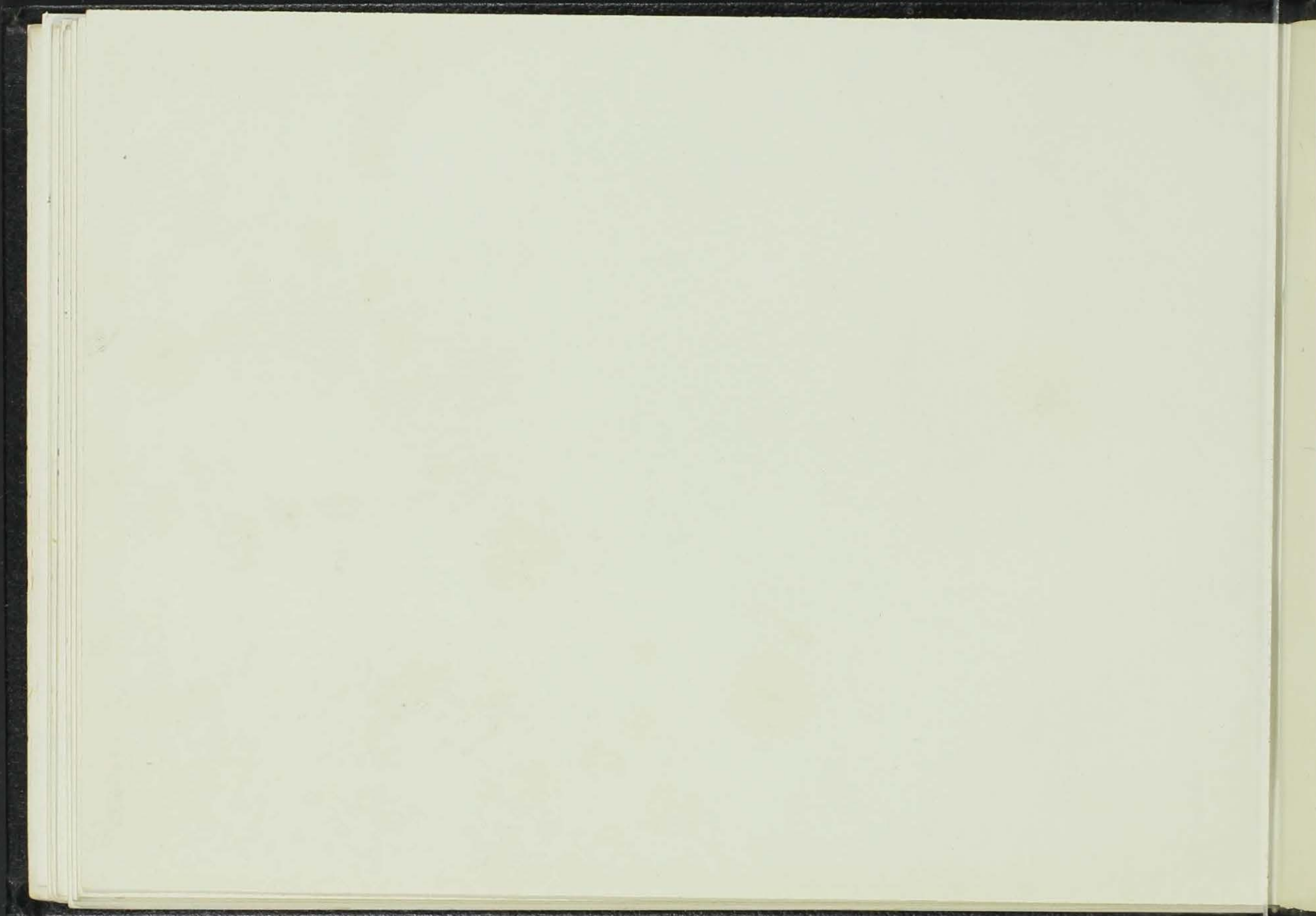
Whispering softly—instead of whispering to me.

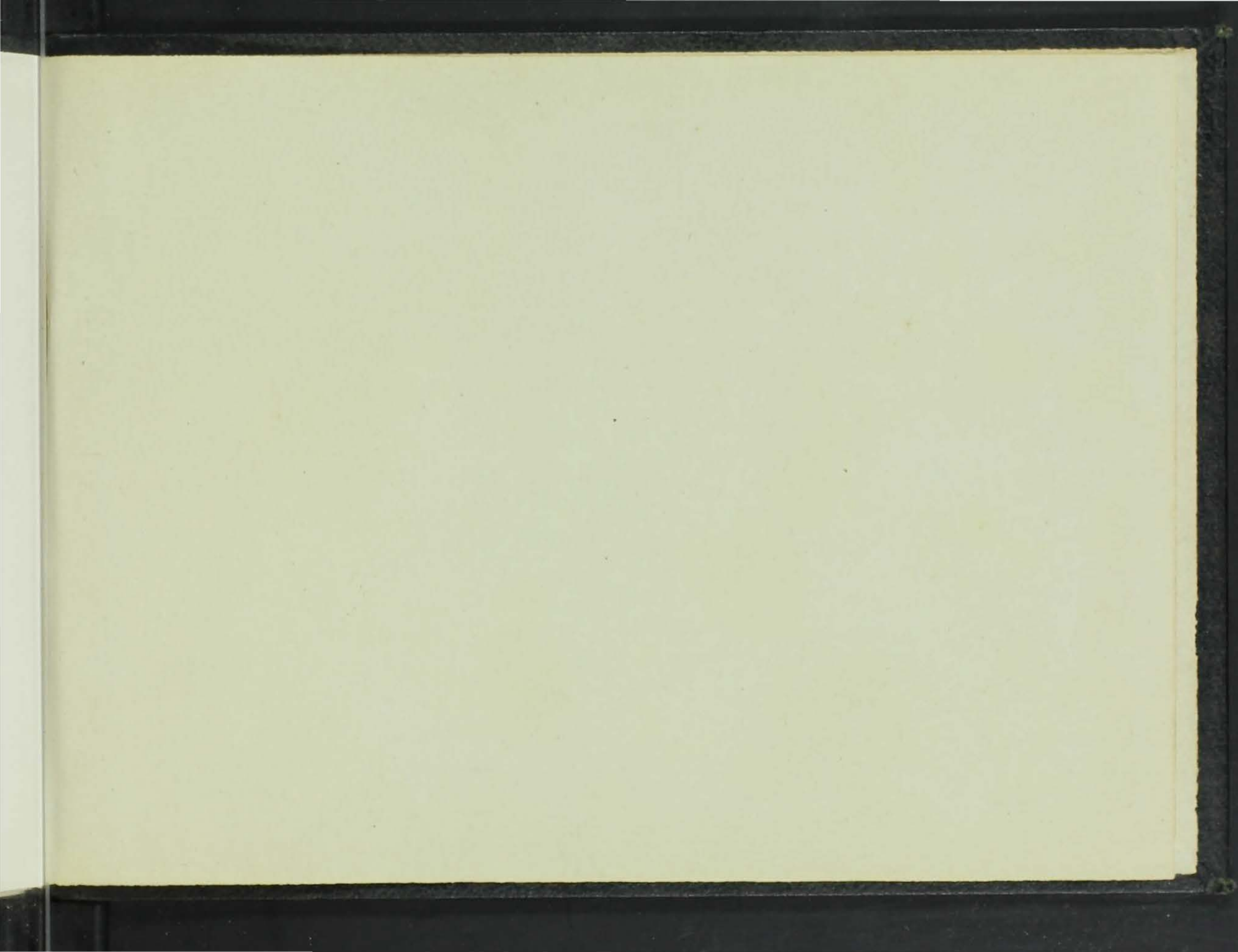


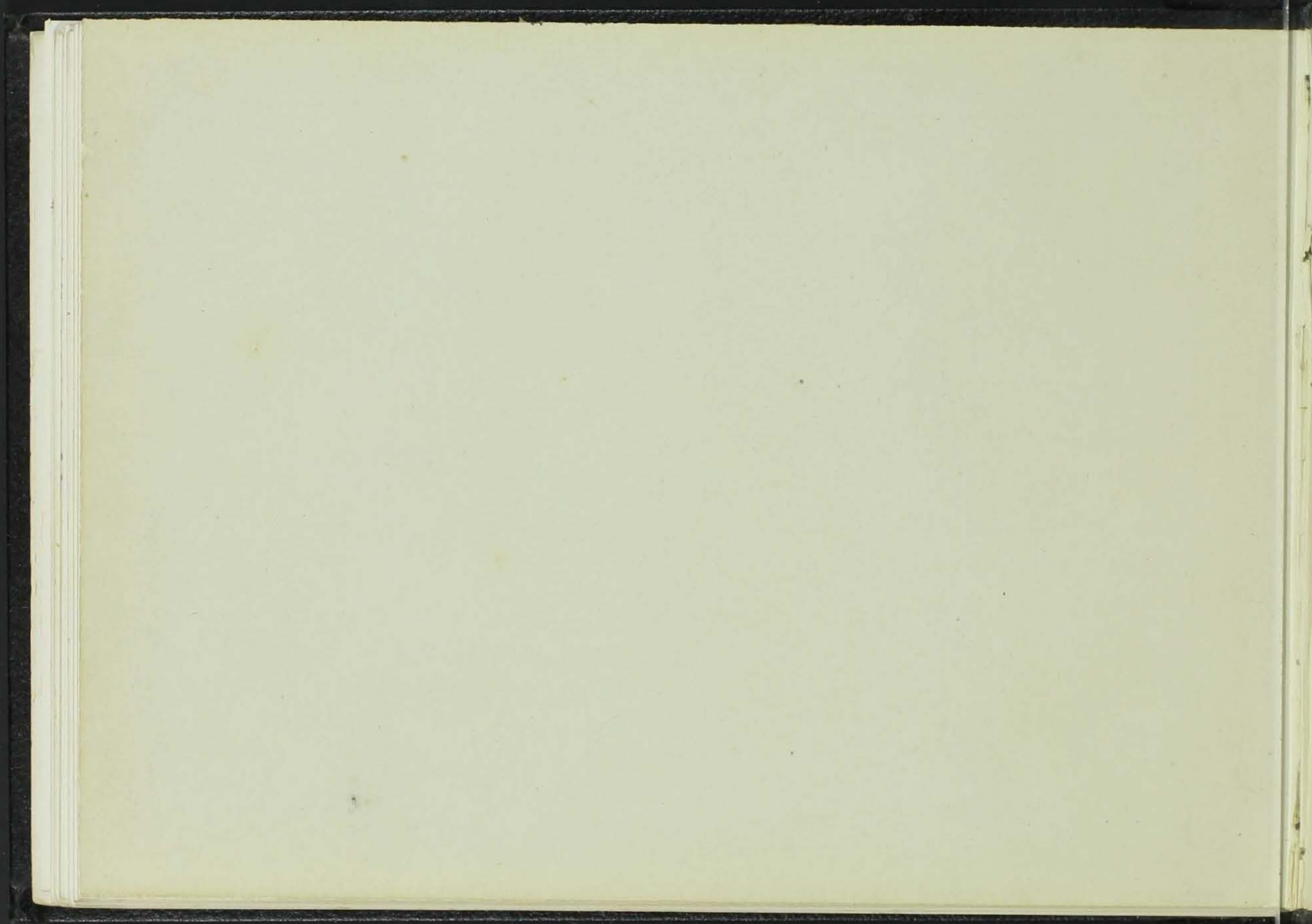
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