

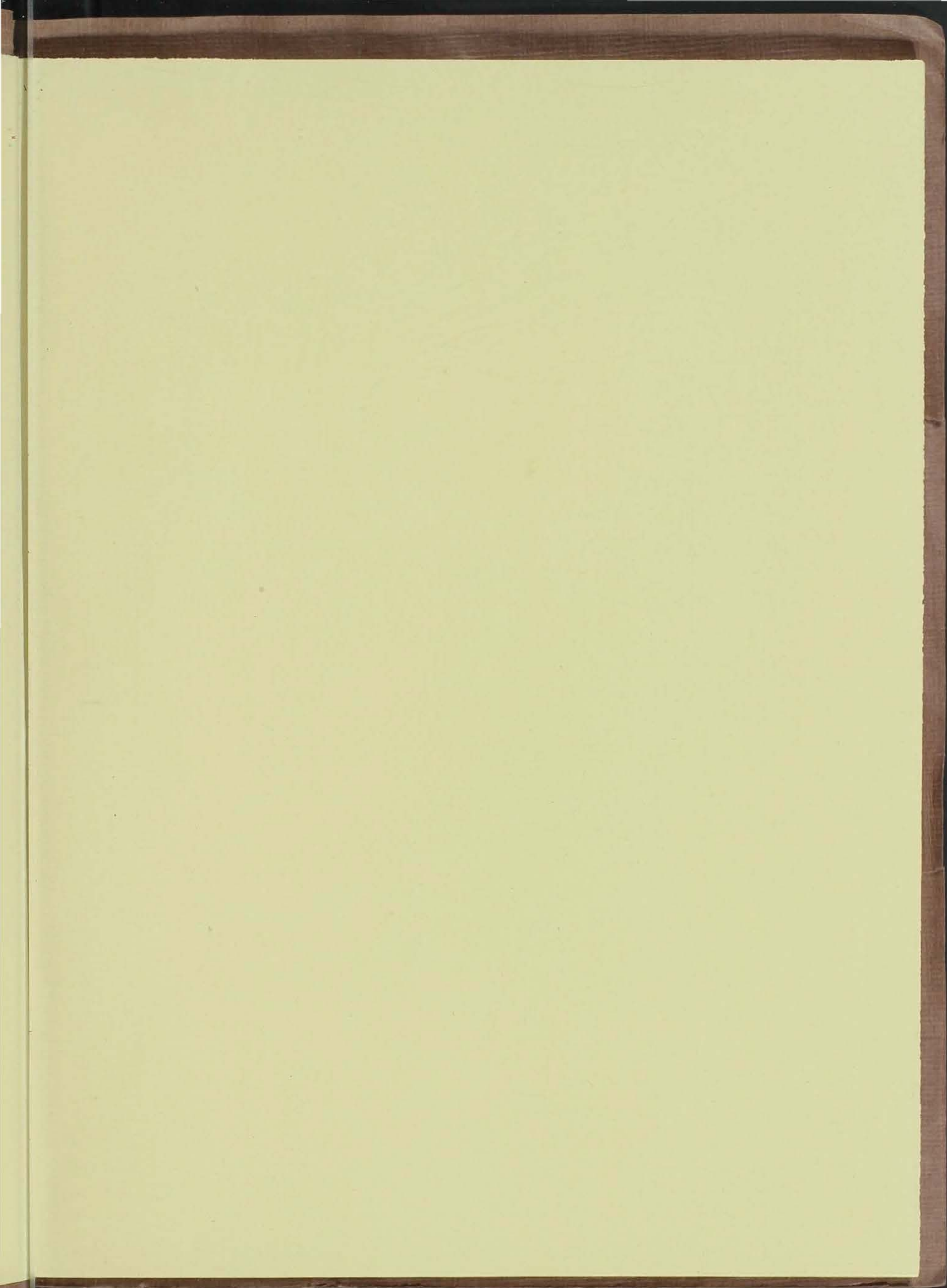


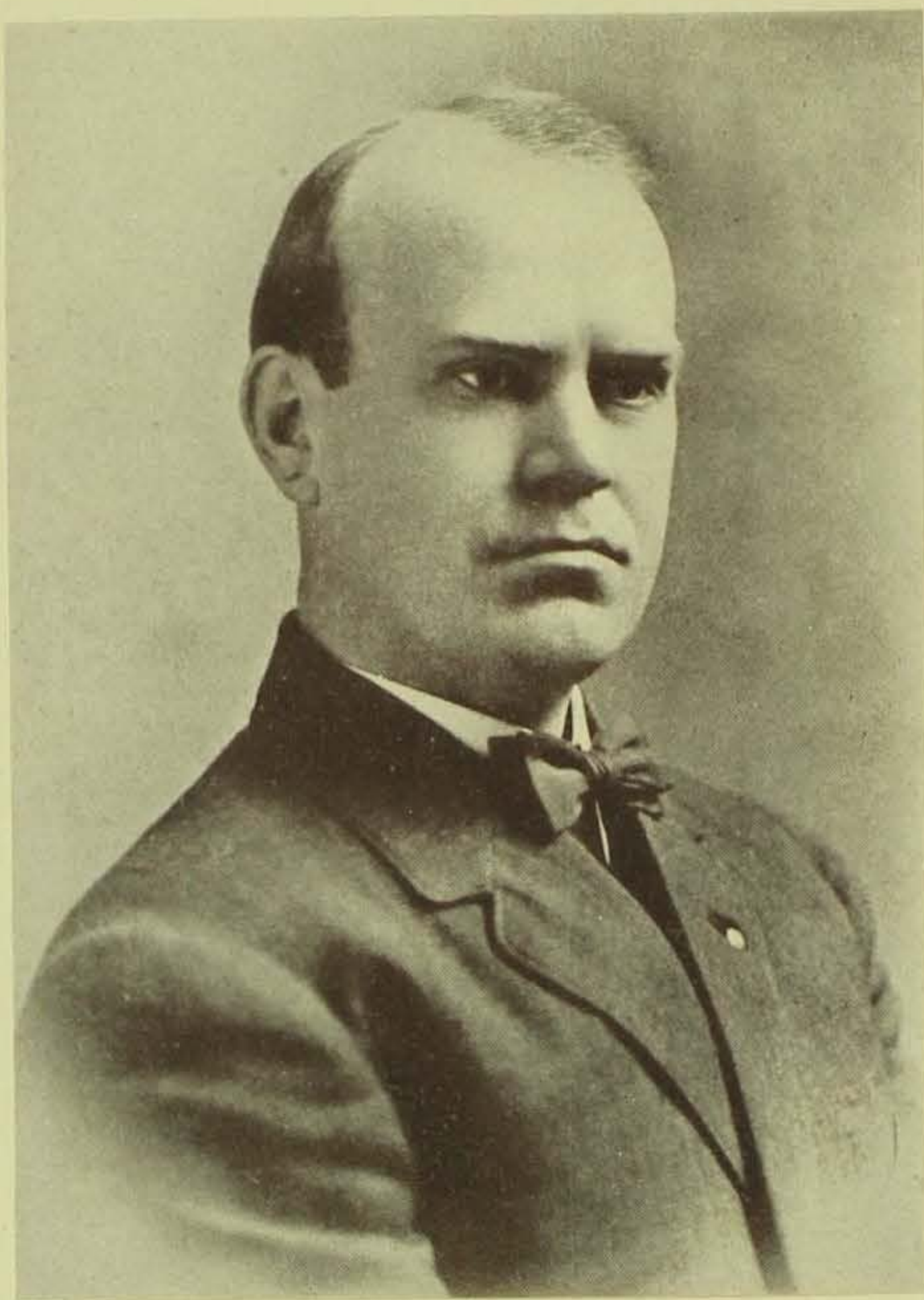
Rudder  
1912

THE  
COLLEGE  
OF  
LIBRARY







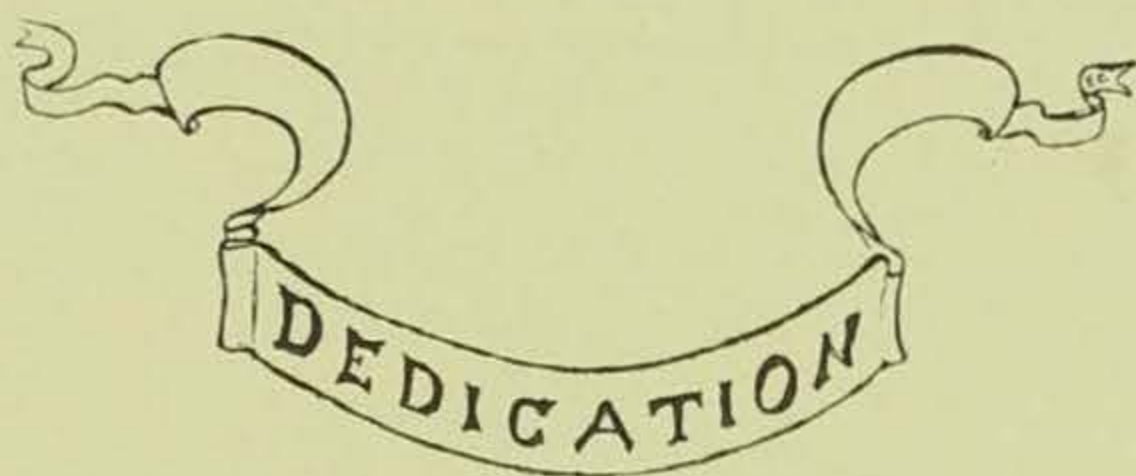




This humble expression  
of our college life  
we dedicate  
to one who has devoted  
eight long years to the upbuilding of  
Buena Vista,  
who keenly appreciates all  
the good in life,  
who understands his fellowmen  
dearly sympathetically  
with them and who is  
the companion  
of all whom he instructs.

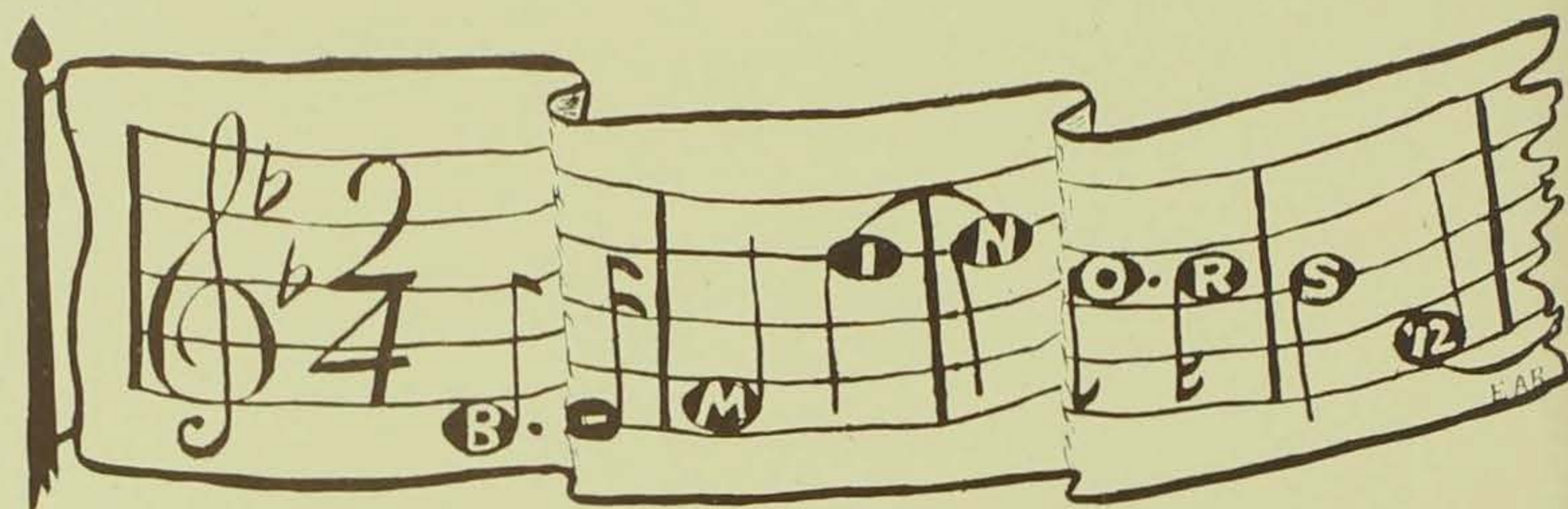
Junior Class  
Nineteen Twelve





This humble expression  
of our college life  
we dedicate  
to one who has devoted  
eight busy years to the upbuilding of  
Buena Vista,  
who keenly appreciates all  
the good in life,  
who understands his fellowmen  
deals sympathetically  
with them and who is  
the companion  
of all whom he instructs.

Junior Class  
Nineteen Twelve



### Junior Class

Name—B-Minors.

Motto—Esse Quam Vidre.

Color—Black and Maroon.

Flower—Red Rose.

### Hell

Ossewatomy, nes per se!

Blackhawk Keokuk

nish-no-ney!

Cherokee-Diggers,

Piutes, Ute!

Nineteen Twelve!

With a big war whoop.

## Annual Board

### Editor-in-Chief

EDNA M. MARCUM

### Assistant Editor

L. A. DWINELL

### Business Manager

L. G. CROUCH

### Assistant Business Manager

E. C. RUST

### Literary Editors

ELSIE CROUCH

BERNICE GREGG

FAHS HARPER

### Art Editors

ELSIE RIES

FERN TAYLOR

### Calendar Editors

HAZEL W. WEST

GLADYS RICE

ANNA PLUMMER

CHARLES UNGER

ROY E. JONES

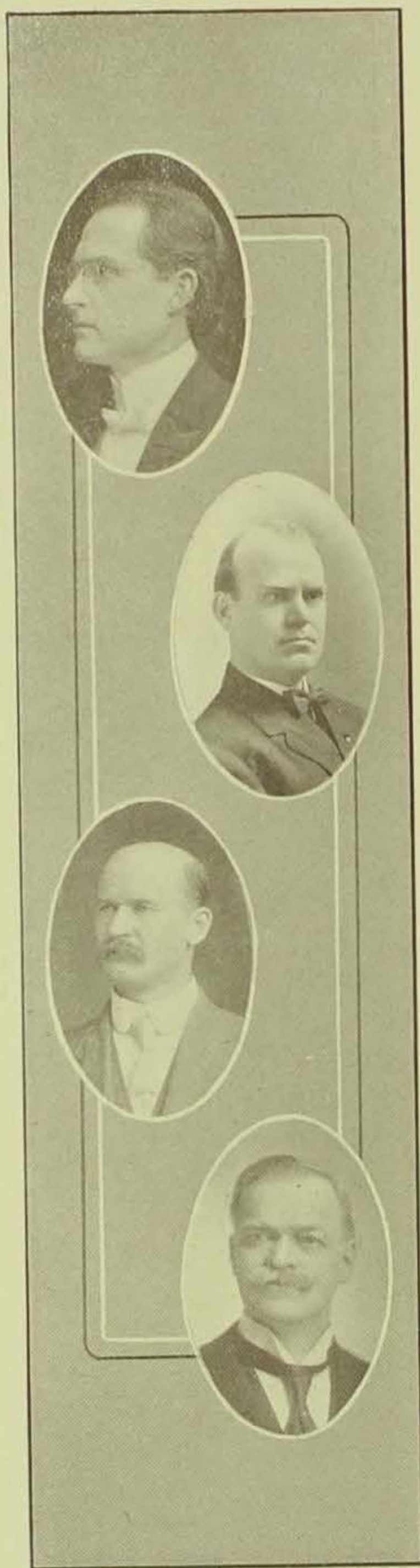
### To the Faculty

When we first came under your guidance we regarded you with fear and distrust. We little realized that your manifested interest in us was genuine. But now in the broader light of friendship we realize how great was our mistake.

Your sympathy has helped us over many hard places, your encouragement has inspired us to do our best, and your lives among us have been shining examples of beauty and self-sacrificing service.

May you ever enjoy the love and confidence of all those whose good fortune it may be to meet with your influence.

## The Faculty



REV. EDWARD CAMPBELL, A. B.  
Retiring President.

ED. FOREST BLAYNEY, A. M. PH. D.  
Philosophy and Political Science.  
Graduate of Washington and Jefferson  
College and Providence University.  
Vice President.

CHAUNCY CASE, A. B.  
Biology and History.  
Graduate University of Wooster and Mc-  
Cormick Theological Seminary.

ROBERT DOBSON, A. M.  
Education.  
Graduate Williams College and  
McCormick Theological Seminary.

WARREN INGOLD, A. B., M. S.

Chemistry.

Graduate University of Missouri and  
University of Chicago.

LOUISE WALLACE JOHNSON

Oratory and Assistant in English.

Oratory Graduate, Drury College and  
Columbia School of Expression.

CLAYTON WYLIE, A. B.

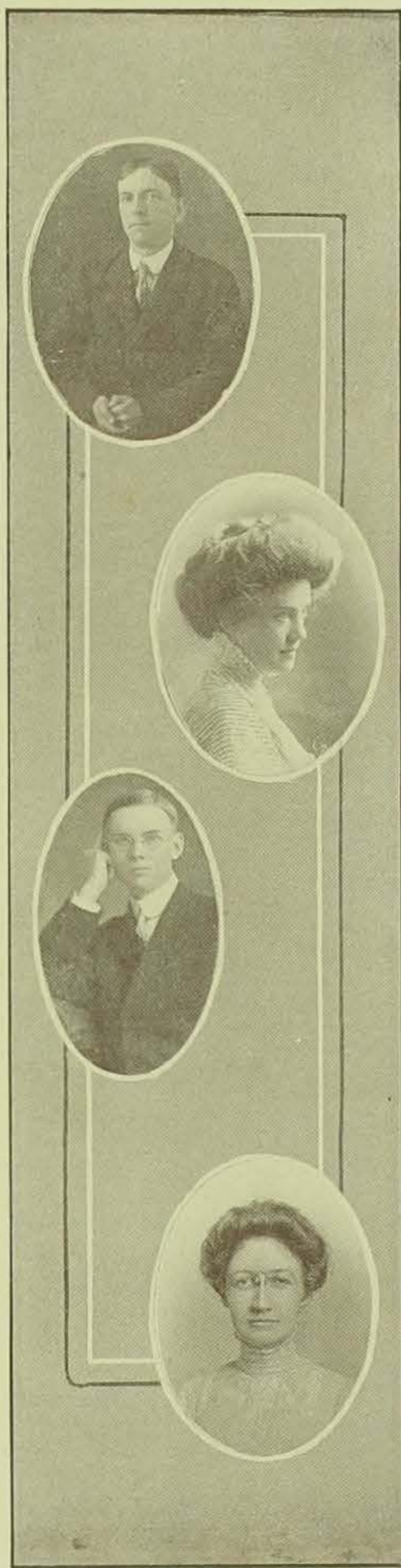
Mathematics.

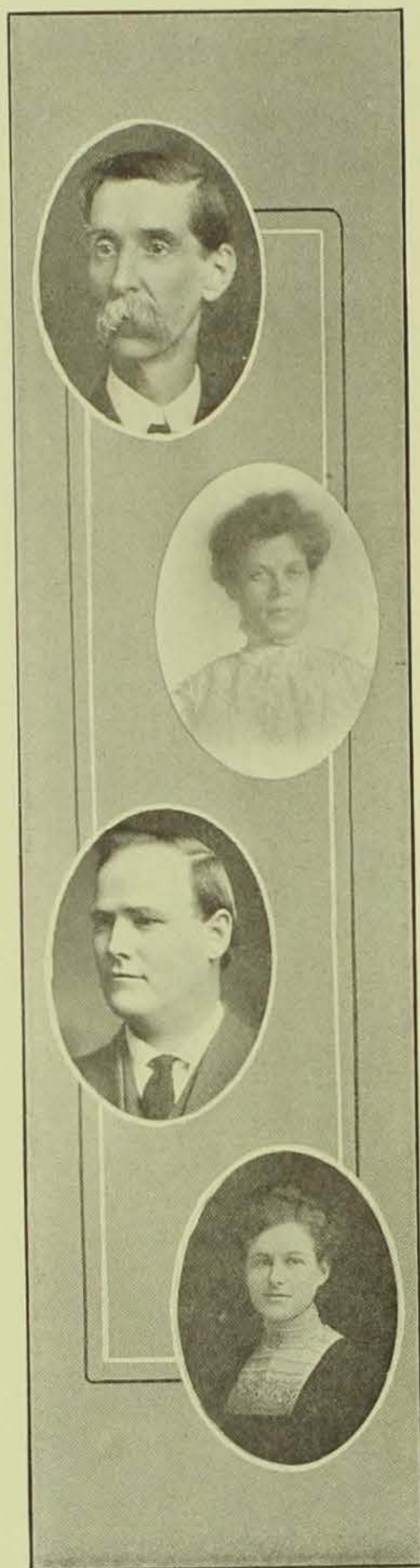
Graduate Park College and University of  
Missouri.

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

Latin.

Graduate University of Chicago.





GEO. H. FRACKER, A. M., D. D.  
German and French.  
Graduate University Wooster and Prince-  
ton Theological Seminary.

ALICE E. WILCOX, A. B.  
English.  
Graduate University of Michigan and  
University of Wisconsin.

E. E. STRAWN, M. DL.  
Superintendent Commercial Department  
and Advertising Manager.  
Graduate Iowa Teachers College.

WINNIFRED WARNER  
Assistant Commercial Teacher, Shorthand  
and Typewriting.  
Graduate Ferris Institute.



FOREST M. GEISINGER  
Piano Instructor.  
Music Graduate Buena Vista and Morningside Conservatory.  
Studied under Emil Liebing, Chicago.

JEAN BRIGGS  
Violin Instructor.  
Mauger Violin School, Dubuque, Iowa.

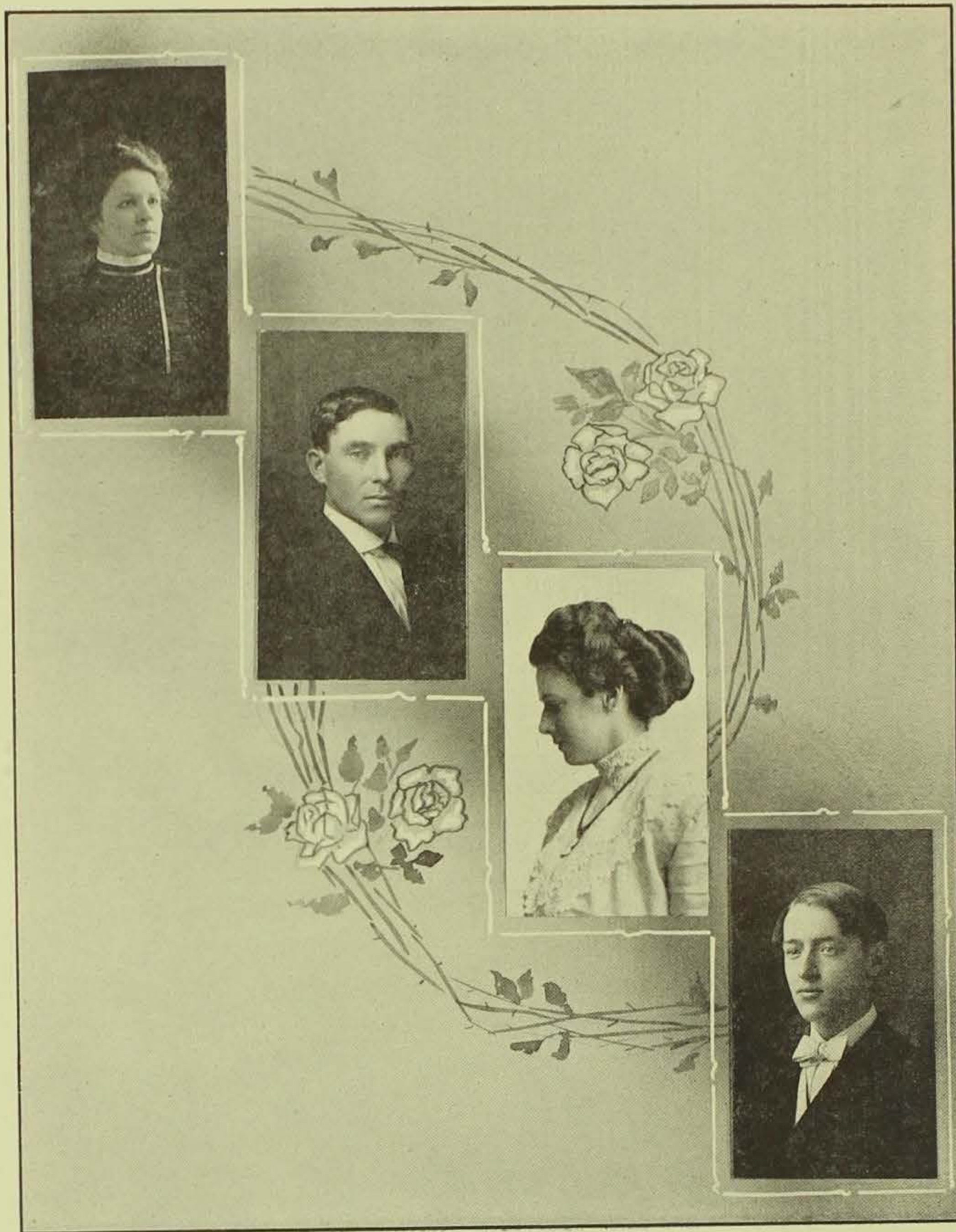
MABELLE MAE EASTMAN  
Drawing and Fine Art.  
University of South Dakota and Art Institute, Chicago.

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To the memory of our former  
classmate and friend,  
Elmer Cox,  
the Class of 1912 affectionately  
dedicates this page.

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ELSIE RIES

"I am a person who makes the best out of life. I look on the bright side of things and try to make other people do the same. Music is my hobby when I have time for it, but reciting Education is easy for me because I can make a good recitation and get my History too."

ARTHUR DWINELL

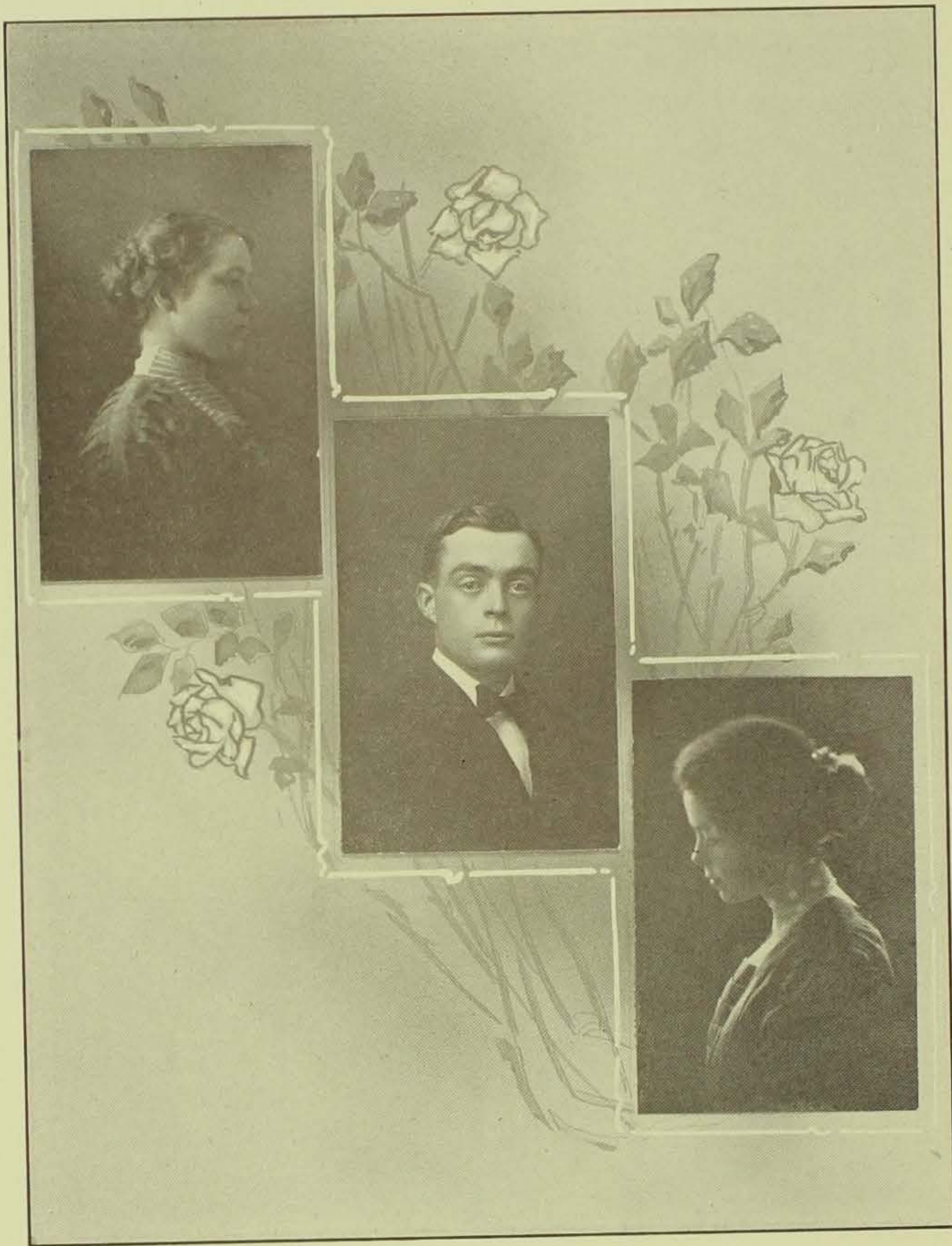
"Honorable Judges and Friends: With my own life I seek to prove to you the truth of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's statement, 'There is no chance, no destiny, no fate, can circumvent or hinder or control the firm resolve of a determined soul.' The proof, I feel, has been conclusive; I trust the verdict rendered will be favorable."

FERN TAYLOR

"When I was a Freshman I used to be fond of working, particularly in the Chem-Lab, but now that I am become a Junior I have put away such things. Not domestic science but the lecture platform shall be my field."

FAHS HARPER

"People say queer things sometimes, don't they? The other day I overheard someone saying about me, 'You can't sometimes most always tell.' That's a queer sentence, isn't it? But this is off the subject. I was to tell my characteristics. Oh, I'll tell you some other time."



ANNA PLUMMER

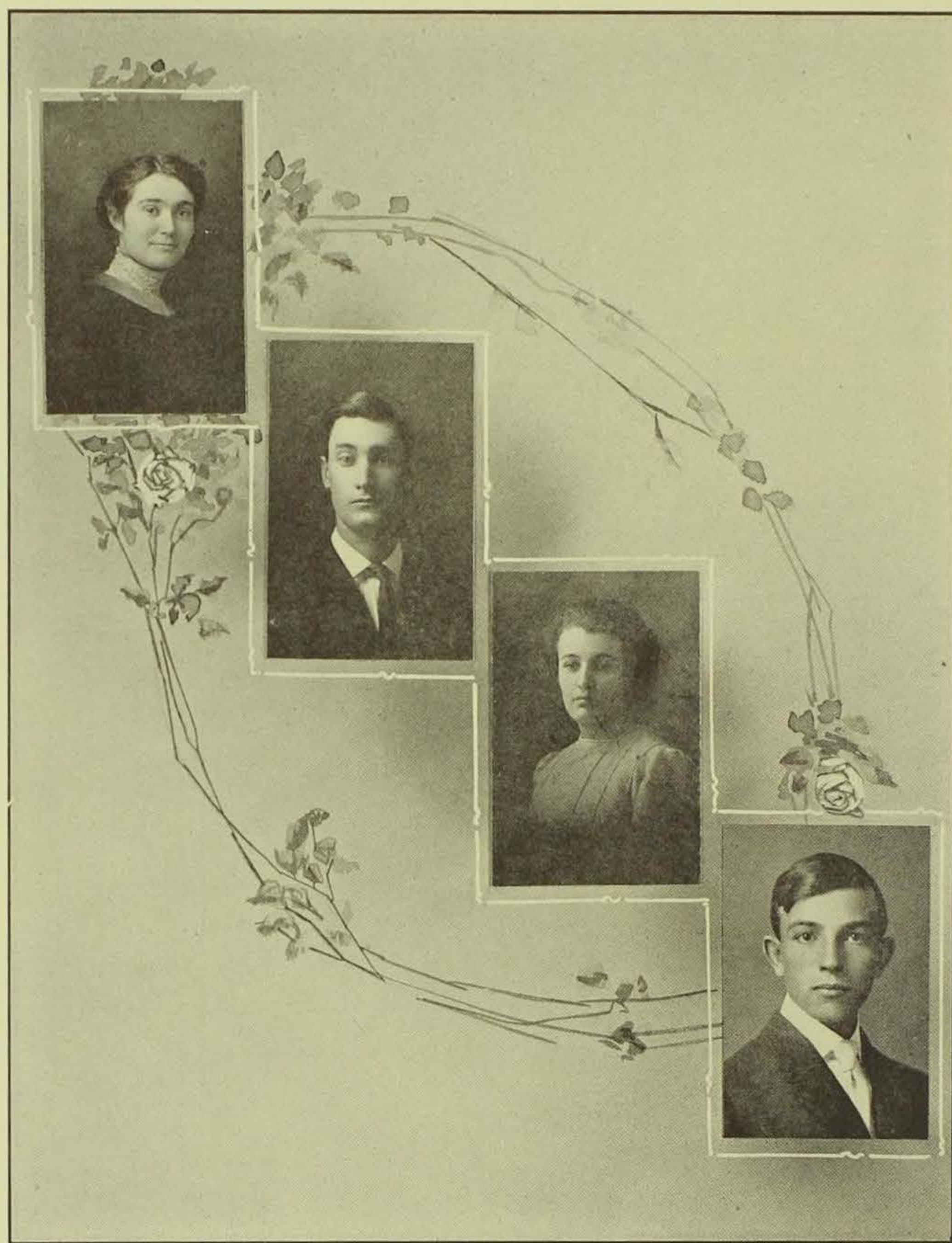
"You can depend upon me. Those are the words which I'm trying to make my character express. Of course I don't study very much. I'm very fond of nature, sunny glens and so on. A good class-meeting has its attractions, too. But I look on life with a serious eye fully half the time."

LLOYD CROUCH

"I might as well admit that I have one or two faults. I once went to class without fully preparing my lesson and at another time I even rejoiced over taking vengeance for a lost cady; but I am proud to say I have never failed in devotion to—ahem—duty."

BERNICE GREGG

"I am an English fiend; verily I think my life is guided by the English Classics. Sometimes I come down to realities such as annual work or teaching small Hollanders. I have been known to be late once in a while, but always intend to be on time."



ELSIE CROUCH

"Although I have had one romantic episode, at least, in my past, yet at present, for me, the calm happiness of a good life is marred only by such small annoyances as an unopportune rising bell and scarcity of chickens, and of late I am becoming much interested in Hope College.

EDWARD RUST

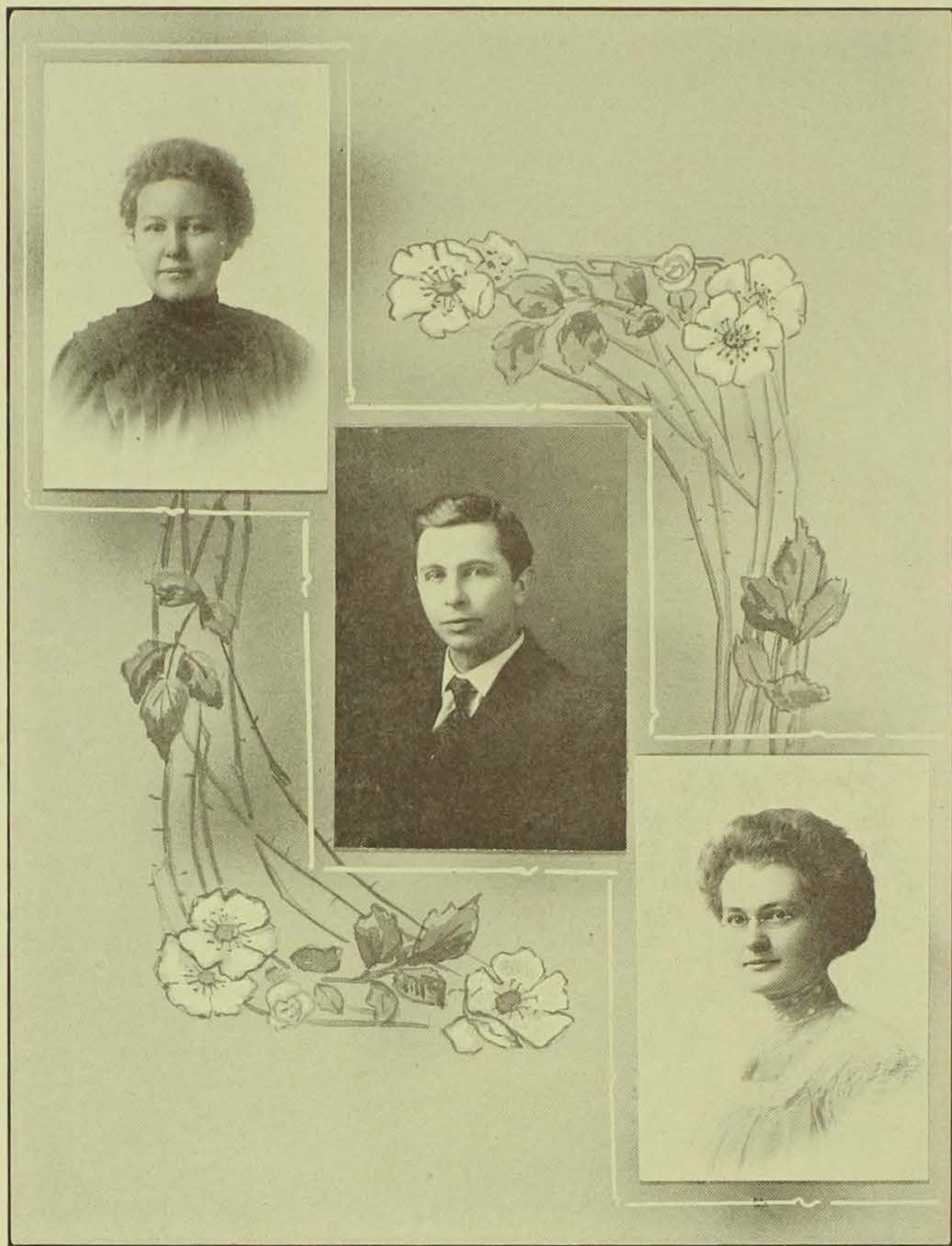
"I just wish Rockefeller would try being business manager of the Tack. I bet he'd have to go some. I don't know I'd make the accounts balance if I wasn't a Math. shark and a hard worker."

EDNA MARCUM

"I have only one thing on my mind at present and that is the Junior Annual. I think when that is finished I can enjoy myself and play a few jokes on my friends. Yet whatever my faults I am loyal to my class and B. V. C."

CHARLES UNGER

"I like to play lawn-tennis well enough, I'm not much interested in it when it is a 'love' game. I should think it would be rather tiresome when it is love 30, love 40, love all. My chief characteristic is that of Cæsar—ambition."



GLADYS PRICE

"I do wish people appreciated my many abilities more. No one ever urges me to lift my voice at the dormitory. A fortune-teller once read my hand, though and she said I would get wisdom, fame and fortune singing in Opera Comique as Nordica's own understudy. In the meantime I am getting an A in every study I take and climbing out of Dorm windows with the assistance of an ironing-board and some chairs."

ROY JONES

"First of all, I am a bachelor—not a Bachelor of Arts—as yet, although it requires some art to be a bachelor, especially when so many girls have tried to make me otherwise. I mean—I mean have tried to make me otherwise."

HAZEL WEST

"Let me see, what is my most prominent characteristic. Well picnicing is my favorite pastime, to say the least. I was never called down more than three times in any one classmeeting, for visiting. I have plenty of talent; am capable enough to be a Junior at B. V. and sweet enough to make candy."

### Senior Class

Name—Emeralds.

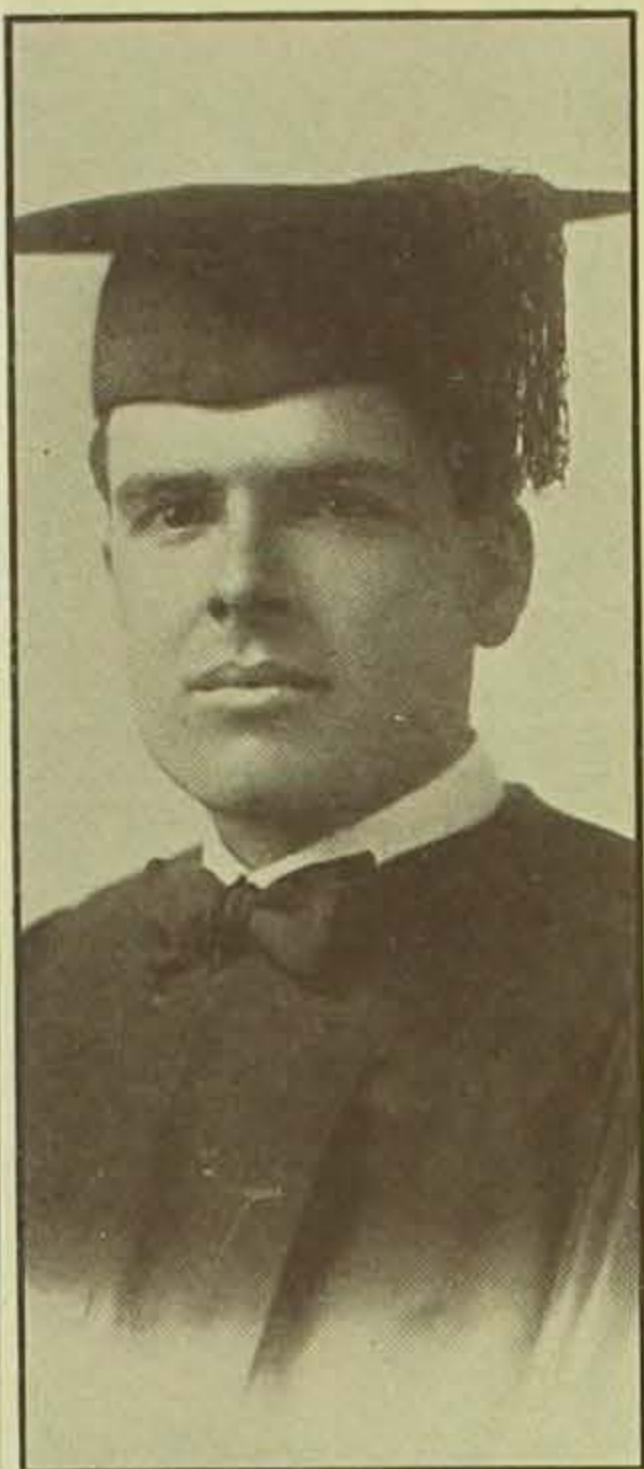
Motto—Hustle While You Wait.

Color—Orange and Black.

Flower—Blackeyed Susan.

### Yell

Begorra, Begame, and niver yit,  
The loikes of us you've seen, you bet.  
Sapphires, diamonds, rubies are rough,  
Emeralds, Emeralds, they're the stuff.



FELIX B. ROSS, Galt, Iowa

Graduated from B. V. Academy 1907; Star Debate 1907-'11; Inter-collegiate Debate 1909, '10; President Star 1907, '08; Treasurer Star 1909; President Oratorical Association 1908-'09; Vice President Orio 1910; Vice President Athletic Association 1909-'10; Center on Football 1910; Biology Scholarship to Lakeside Laboratory 1910; Editor in Chief of Rudder for Class of 1911; President Student Council 1910-'11; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1907-'11.

ANNIE B. FRACKER, Storm Lake, Iowa

Graduated from B. V. Academy, 1907; Treasurer Clio 1909; Vice President Star, 1910; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1908, '09, '11; Student Council, 1909; Lake Geneva Conference, 1908; Treasurer Oratorical Association, 1908; Captain Basket Ball, 1909-'10; Second Prize Declamatory Contest, 1910; Assistant Literary Editor of Rudder for Class of 1911; Assistant in Latin and Mathematics, 1909-'10.





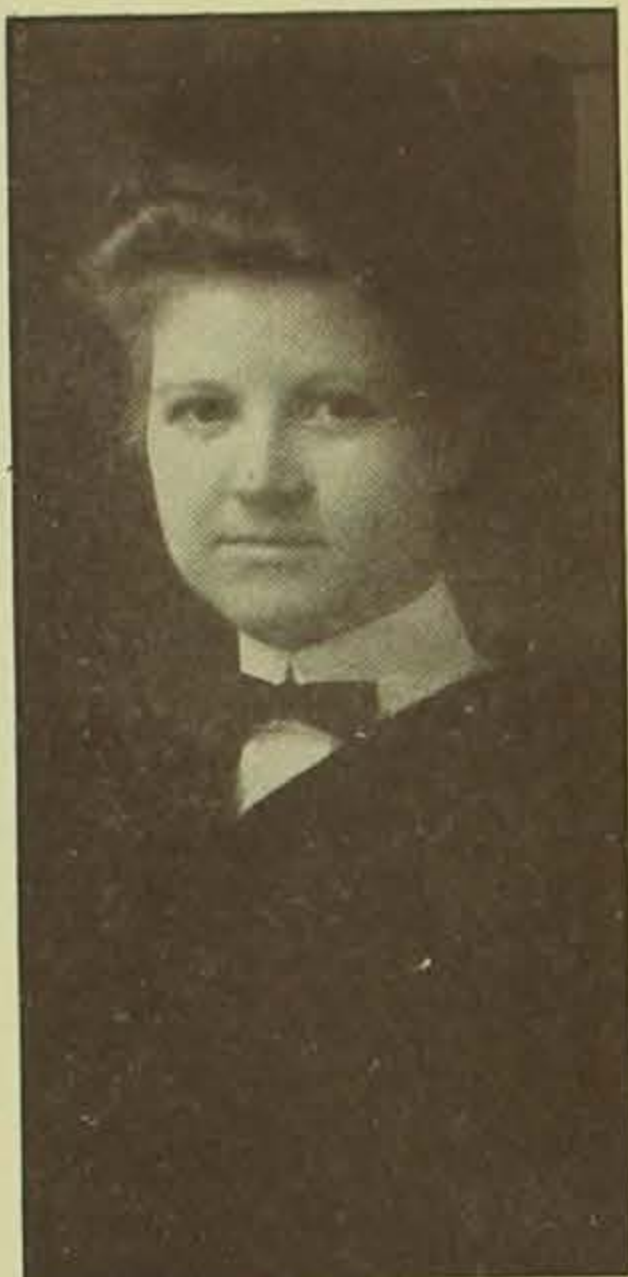
LOUISE UNGER, Storm Lake, Iowa

Graduated from Storm Lake High School, 1907; President Philomathean, 1909; Custodian Franklin, 1910-'11; President Franklin, 1911; Vice President Franklin, 1909; Secretary Franklin, 1908; Editor in Chief Tack, 1911; Tack Staff, 1910; Alternate Inter-society Debate, 1911; Treasurer Oratorical Association, 1909-'10; Calendar Editor of Rudder for Class of 1911; Assistant English Department, 1909-'11; Phi Alpha Pi.

OMA LORENE FOSTER, Storm Lake, Iowa

Graduated from B. V. Academy, 1907; President Y. W. C. A., 1907-'08; Vice President Franklin, 1908; Student Council, 1909; Geneva Conference, 1909; Secretary Athletic Association, 1909; President Phi Alpha Pi, 1909-'10; Vice President Philomathean, 1910; Treasurer of Class, 1911.





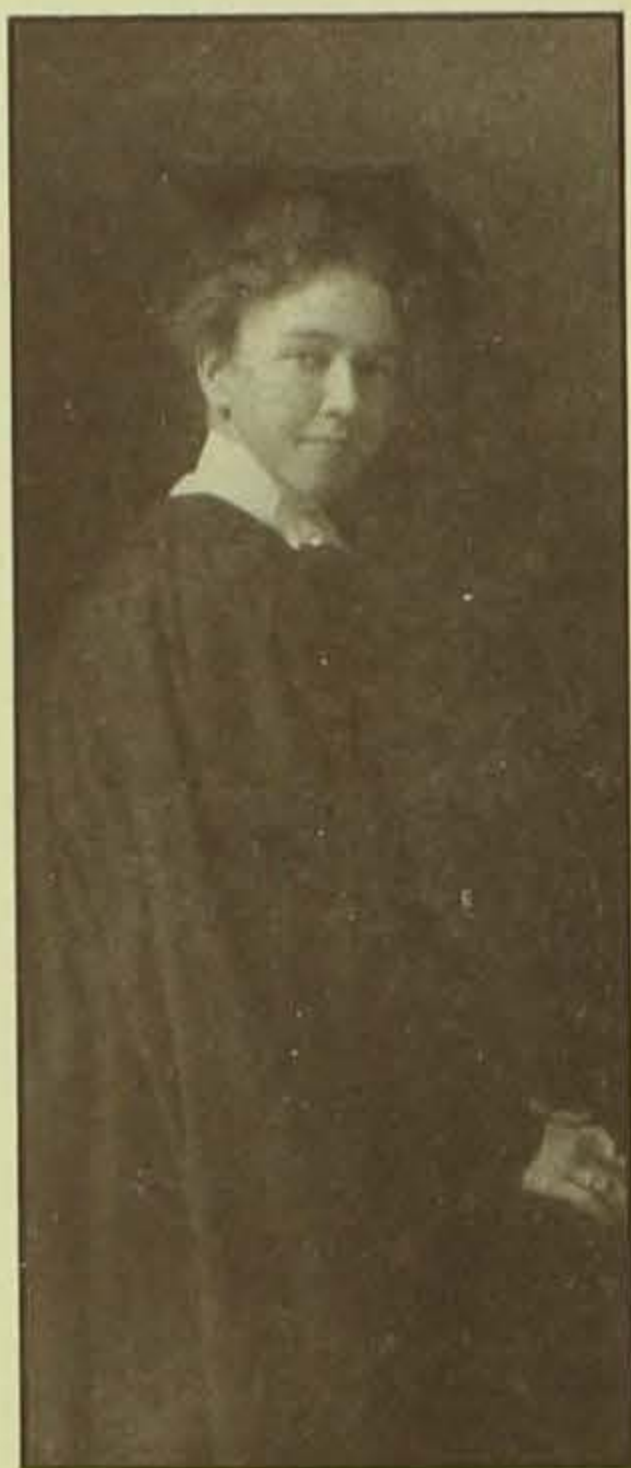
GRACE EVELYN PARKER, Pomeroy, Iowa

Graduated from B. V. Academy, 1907; Cabinet Y. W. C. A., 1907-'10; President Class 1907-'11; Vice President Philomathean, 1911; Vice President Franklin, 1908; Secretary Franklin, 1909; Phi Alpha Pi; Literary Editor Rudder for Class 1911; Assistant Latin 1909-'11; Latin Prize, 1908.



MABEL D. McLAUGHLIN, Storm Lake, Iowa

Graduated from B. V. Academy, 1907; Basket Ball Team, 1908; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1907-'08; 1910-'11; Clio President, 1909-'10; Tack Staff 1909-'11; Orchestra; Class Secretary; Secretary Star, 1907-'08; Chorister Star, 1908-'09; 1910-'11; Kappa Gamma.



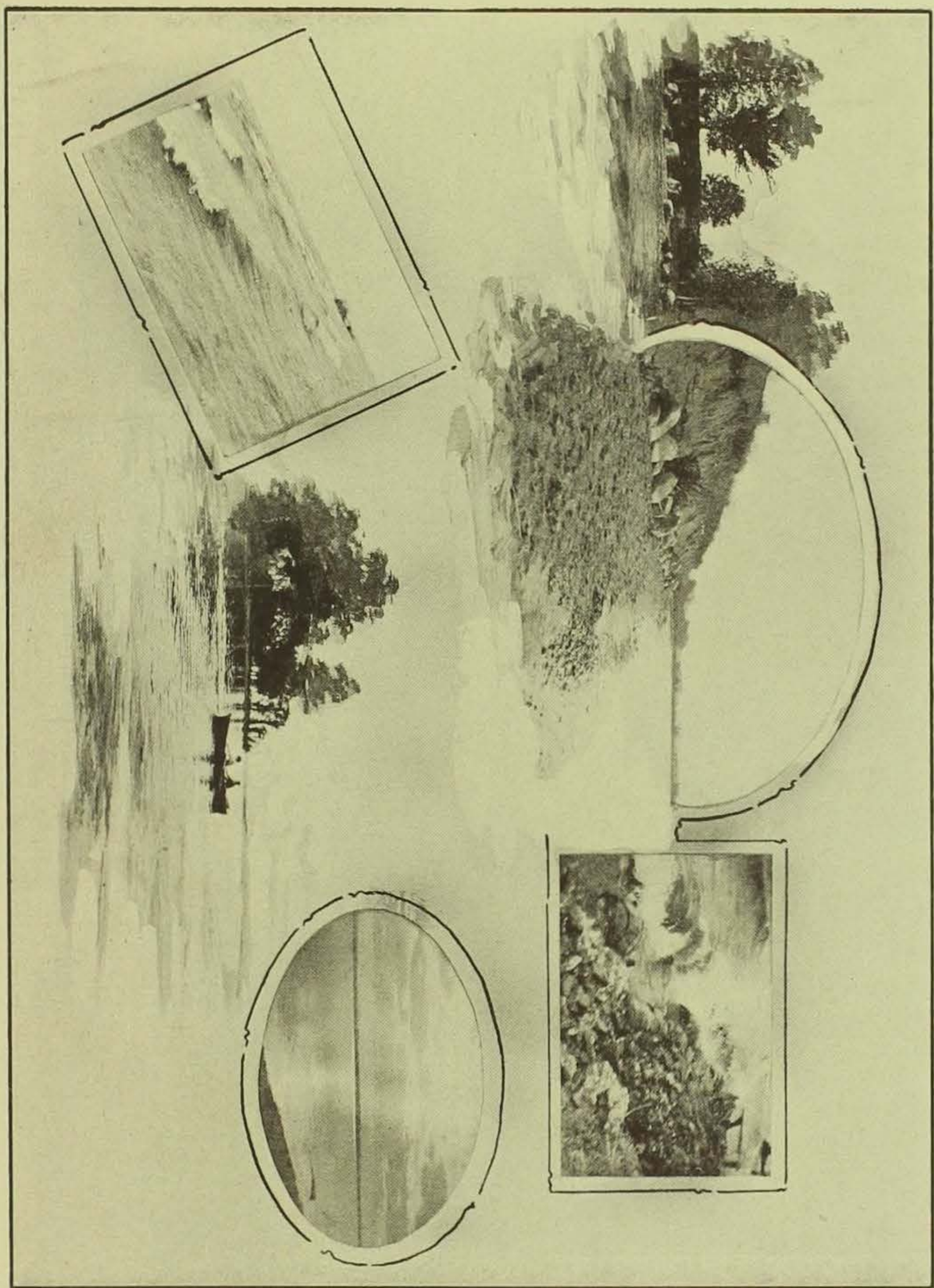
KATHRYN G. BROWN, Storm Lake, Iowa

Graduated with honors from Storm Lake High School 1907; Freshman English Prize, 1907-'08; Tack Staff, 1909-'11; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1909-'10; Art Editor Junior Annual for Class of 1911; Vice President Franklin, first semester, 1909; President Y. W. C. A. 1910-'11; Kappa Gamma.

LILLIE M. ALLEN, Storm Lake, Iowa

Graduated with honors from Schaller High School 1907; Secretary Star, 1908; Tack Staff, 1908-'09; President Clio, 1910; Calendar Editor Junior Annual for Class of 1911; Kappa Gamma.





### Sophomore Class

Name—Goslings.

Color—Champagne and Wine.

#### Yell

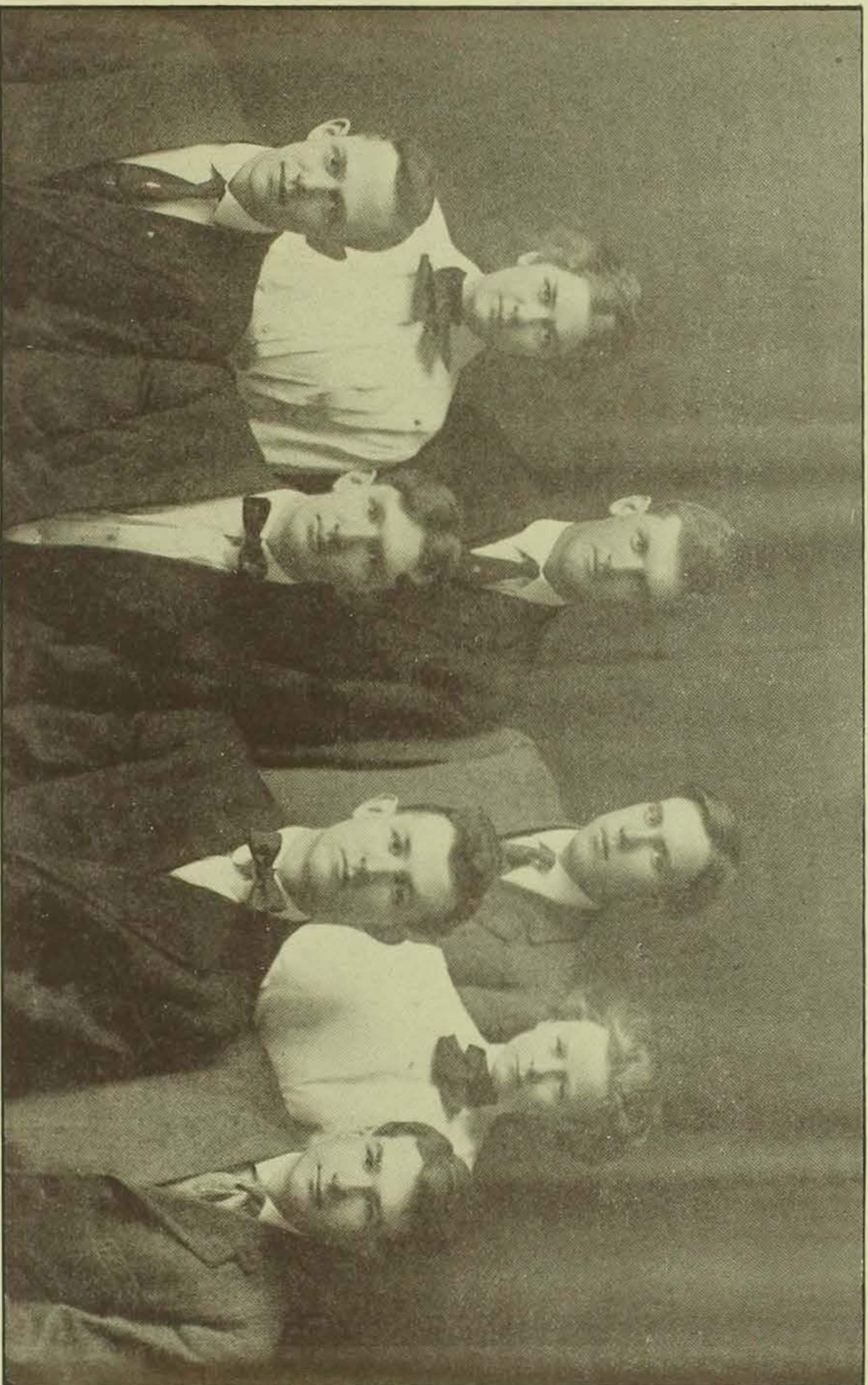
One Zip, Two Zip, Three Zip Zam

We are the Sophomores and don't give a —

Hoop Tee, Hi Yi,

Hot, Cold, Wet or Dry,

Get there Eli ——— Sophomores.



Perkins

Mereless

Lindsey

Fuhrmeister

White  
Smith

Stophlet

Carlton

### Freshman Class

Name—Molecules.

Color—Royal Purple and Silver Grey.

#### Hell

Boom-a-lack-a bow  
Ching-a-lack-a chee  
Tu-a-lack-a wah  
Tu-a-lack-a we  
Freshmen, Freshmen,  
Whee.



Sherman

Kettleson  
Gregg

Crowley

White  
Hughes

Lindsey

Beckman

Perkins

Crouch

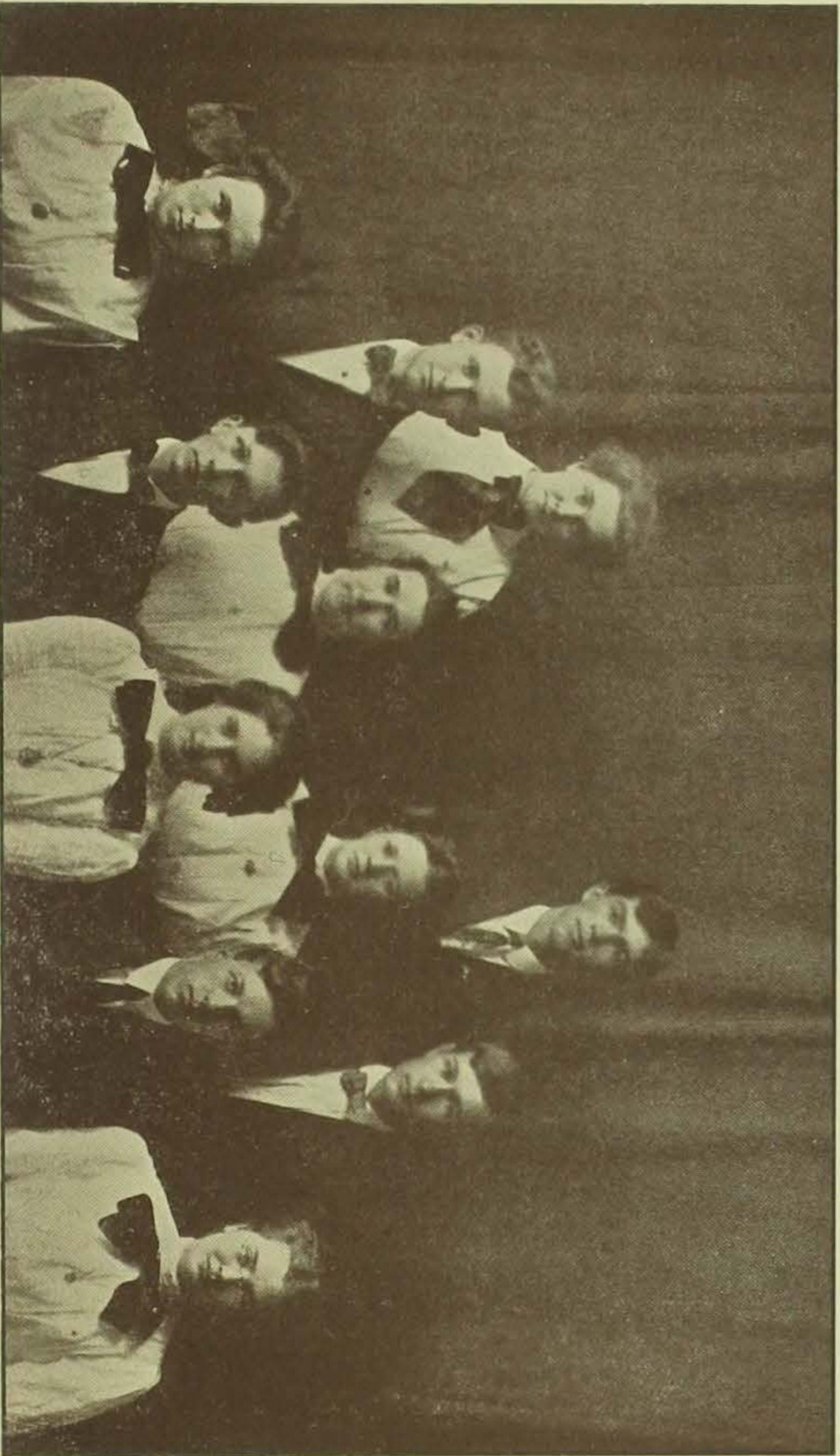
## Academy

Senior.

Junior.

### Hell

Who are we—  
Here you see  
Academics of B. V. C.  
What about us?  
We're not slow.  
Wow, wow, wow,  
Watch us go,  
Picnics, Parties,  
Peppermint, Pie,  
Academics, Academics,  
Rah, Rah, Rah.



Means

Morris

Conquist

Hannah

Wick

Ensign

Mitchell

Ishbaugh

Hayes

Lovesee

Eddy

### Commercial Department

The Commercial Department of Buena Vista College was instituted in the year 1892, and has operated with varying success, to the present time. During the summer of 1910, the Estherville Business College, with Mr. E. E. Strawn at its head was moved here. Mr. Strawn took charge of the work at the beginning of the school year that fall. Through his earnest and persistent efforts he has raised this department to the place of prominence which it justly deserves.





Organizations.

VKGA  
PUMCO

Franklin Literary Society

Star Literary Society

Tack Staff

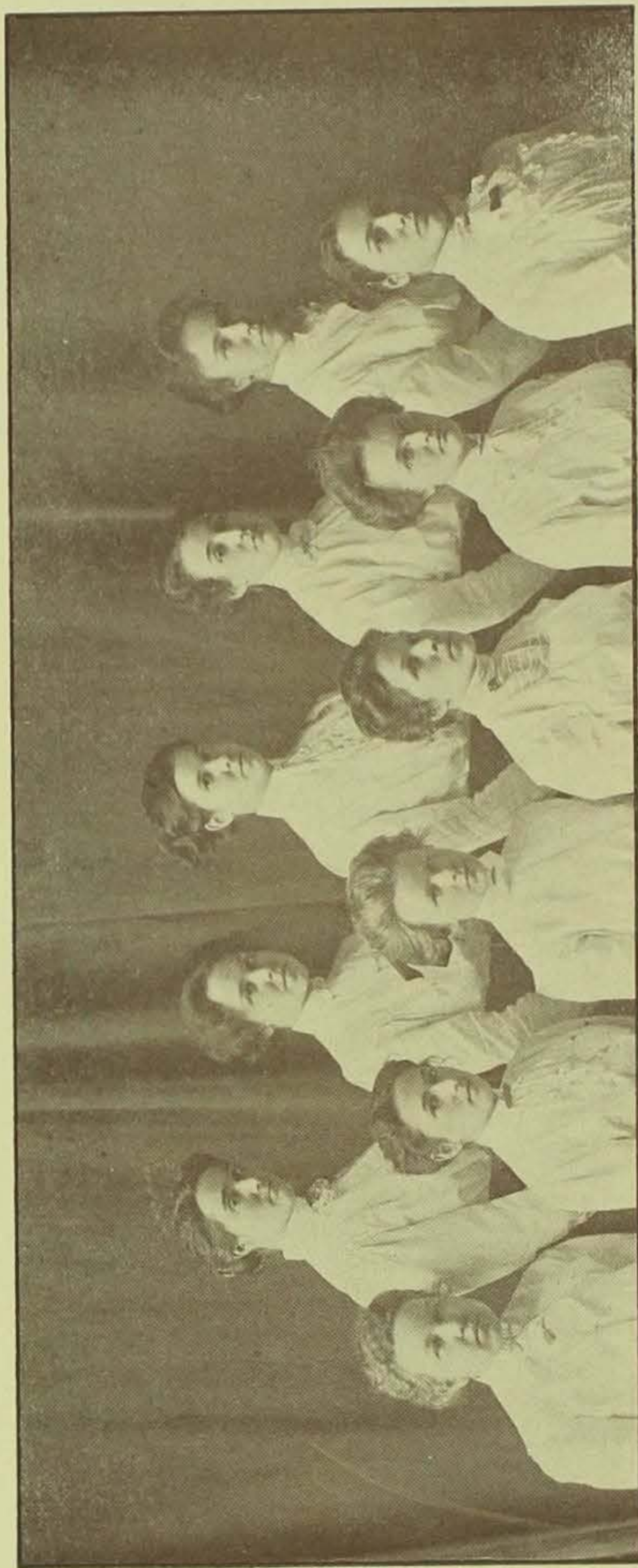
Sororities

Oratorical Associations

Student Council

College Orchestra





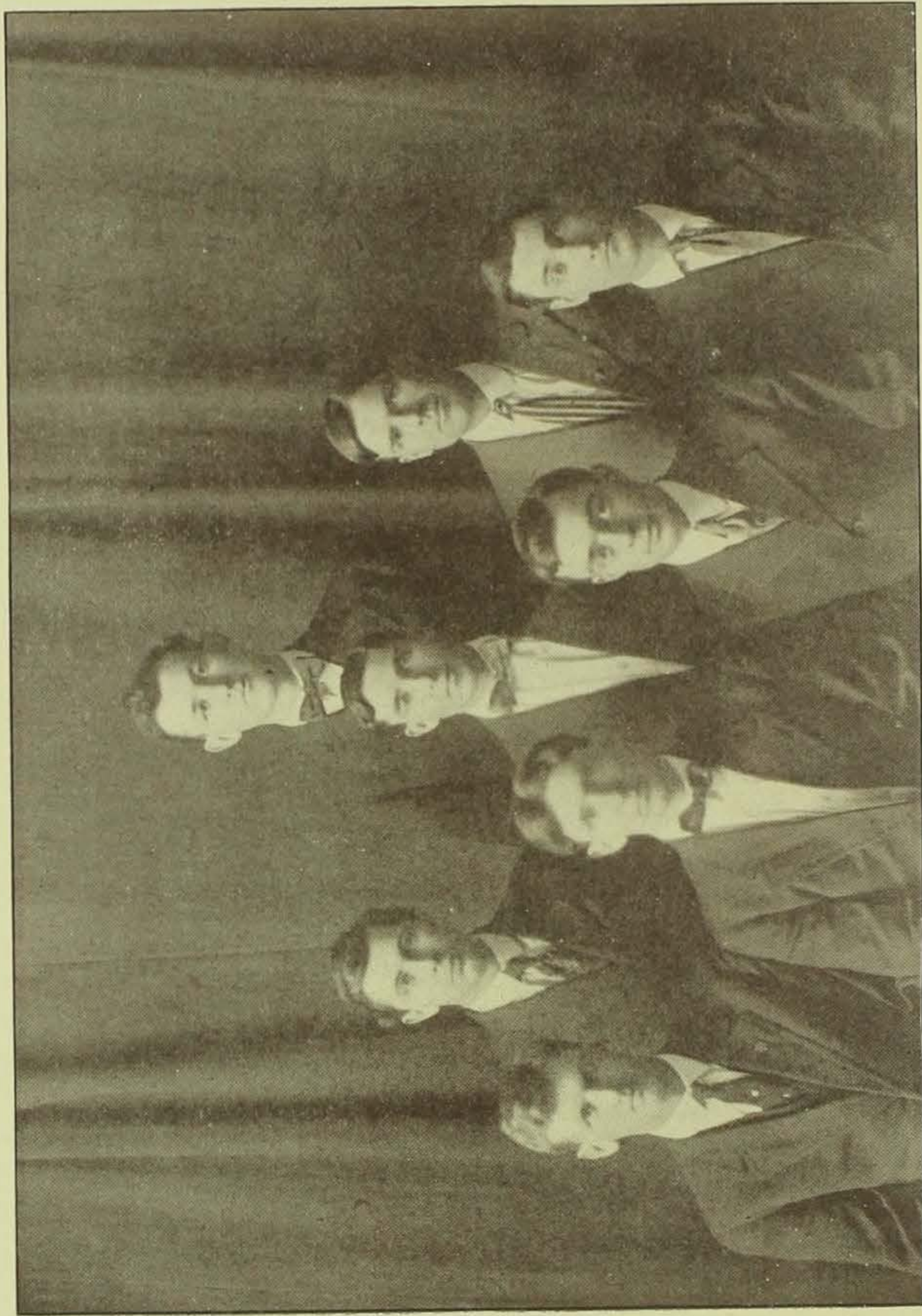
|       |            |          |         |        |         |
|-------|------------|----------|---------|--------|---------|
| Price | Crouch     | Gregg    | Fracker | Marcum | Brown   |
|       | McLaughlin | Stophlet | Ries    | West   | Plummer |

**Young Women's Christian Association**  
**Cabinet**

President—Kathryn Brown  
Vice President—Edna Marcum  
Secretary—Elsie Ries  
Treasurer—Elsie Crouch

**Committee Chairmen**

Membership—Edna Marcum  
Bible Study—Bernice Gregg  
Intercollegiate—Mary Stophlet  
Mission Study—Anna Plummer  
Room—Anna Fracker  
Finance—Mabel McLaughlin  
Social—Hazel West  
Devotional—Gladys Price



Fuhrmeister

Jones

Lindsey

Smith

Dwinell

Crouch

Ross

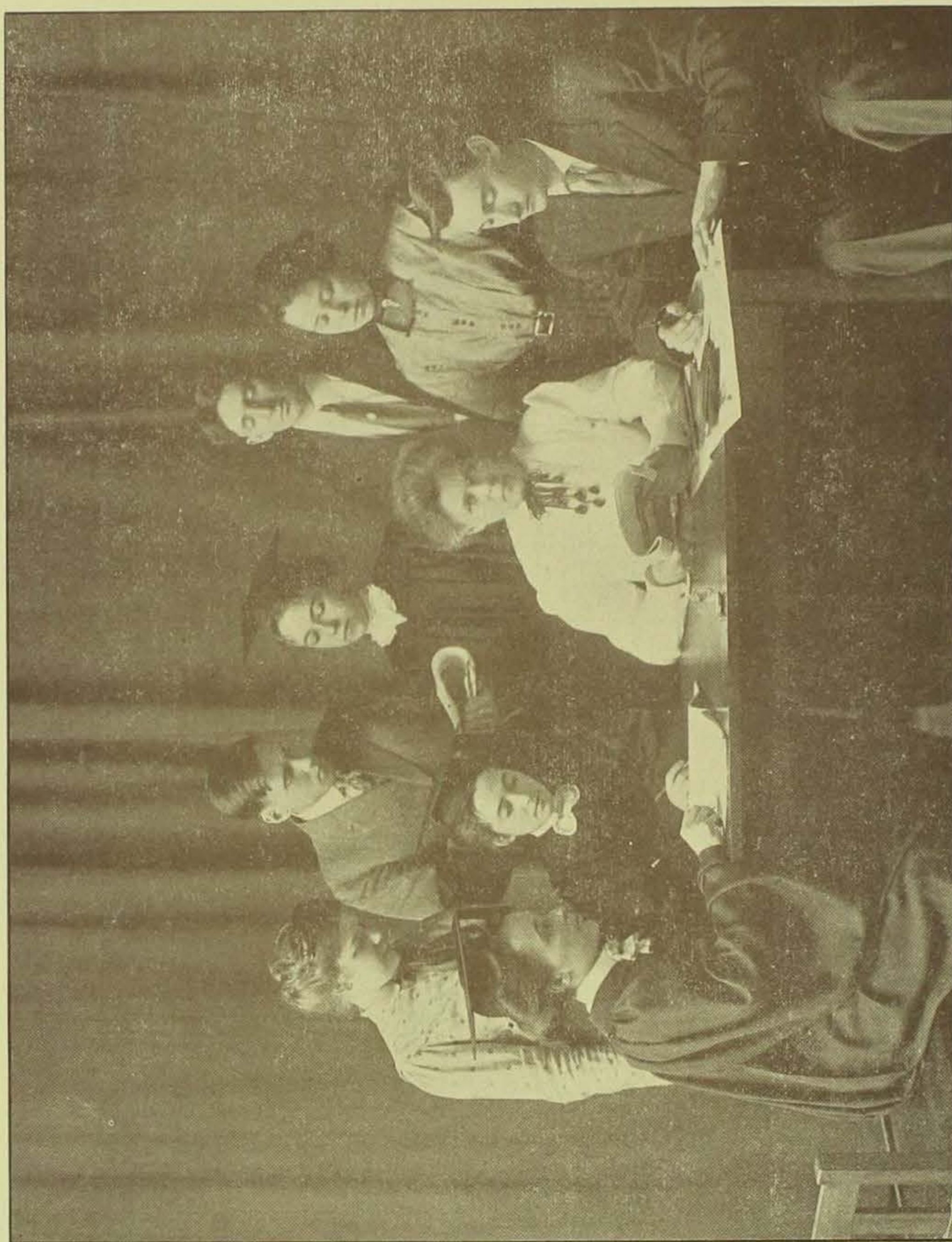
Rust

**Young Men's Christian Association**  
**Cabinet**

President—L. G. Crouch  
Vice President—L. A. Dwinell  
Secretary—R. E. Jones  
Treasurer—Glen Fuhrmeister

**Committee Chairmen**

Devotional—Elleroy M. Smith  
Bible Study—Felix B. Ross  
Membership—L. A. Dwinell  
Mission Study—Jesse L. Lindsey  
Social—E. C. Rust



Mereness  
Unger

White  
McLaughlin

Brown

Wilcox

Lindsey

Rust

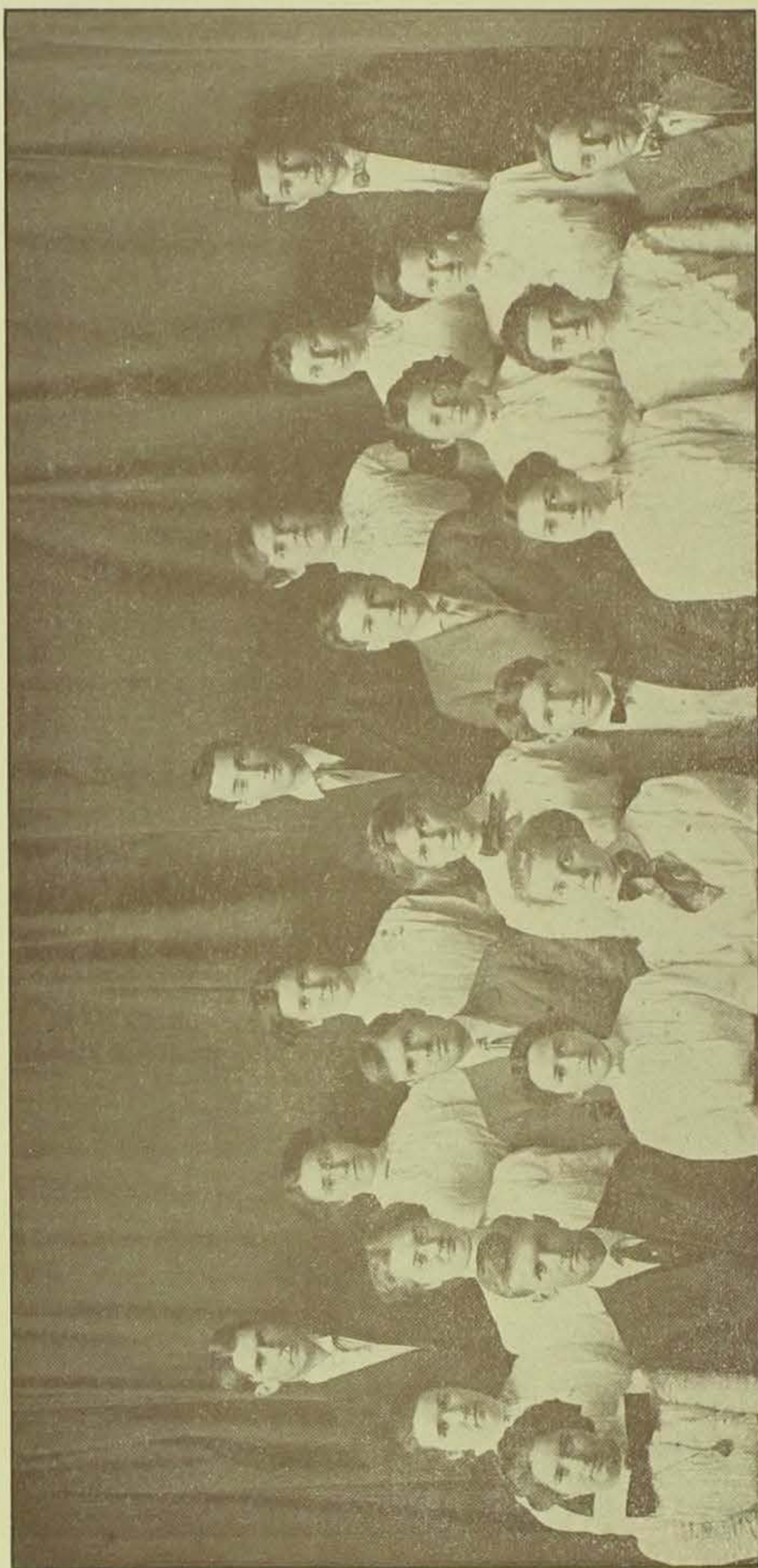
Gregg

# The Tark

Monthly Student Magazine

## Tark Staff for Volume 20, 1910-11.

|                         |                    |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| Louise Unger '11        | Editor in Chief    |
| Edward C. Rust '12      | Business Manager   |
| Kathryn G. Brown '11    | { Literary Editors |
| Mabel D. McLaughlin '11 |                    |
| Carol D. Mereness '13   | { Local Editors    |
| Ross E. White '13       |                    |
| Bernice I. Gregg '12    | Exchange Editor    |
| Jesse L. Lindsey '13    | Society Editor     |
| Alice E. Wilcox, A. B.  | Faculty Editor     |



|         |             |            |          |                     |          |            |
|---------|-------------|------------|----------|---------------------|----------|------------|
| Crowley | L. Lindsey  | Fracker    | Rust     | Wilkin <sup>a</sup> | Hughes   | Lovesee    |
| Hannah  | Eddy        | Ross       | Mereness | Carlton             | Mitchell | M. Perkins |
| Ensign  | Fuhrmeister | McLaughlin | Conquist | Lindsey             | Plummer  | Taylor     |
|         |             |            |          |                     |          | Baldridge  |

## Star Literary Society

Motto—Omnia Vincimus

Colors—Blue and White

### Yell

Blue and White, Blue and White

They're the colors

They're all right.

What are the colors,

What's all right?

Blue and White, Blue and White.

### Officers 1910-11

#### First Semester

President—J. L. Lindsey

Vice President—Annie Fracker

Secretary—Evelyn Ensign

Treasurer—Wilkins Perkins

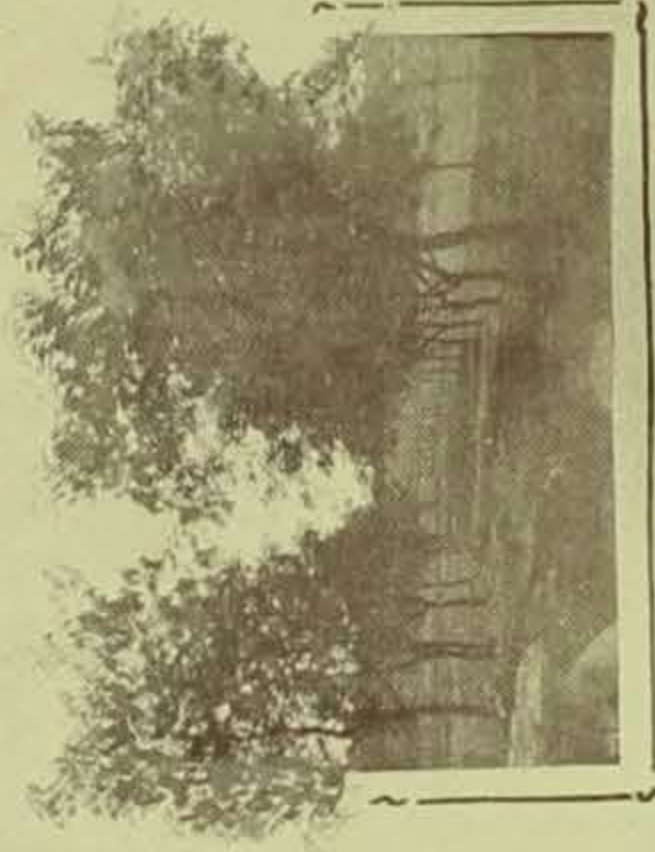
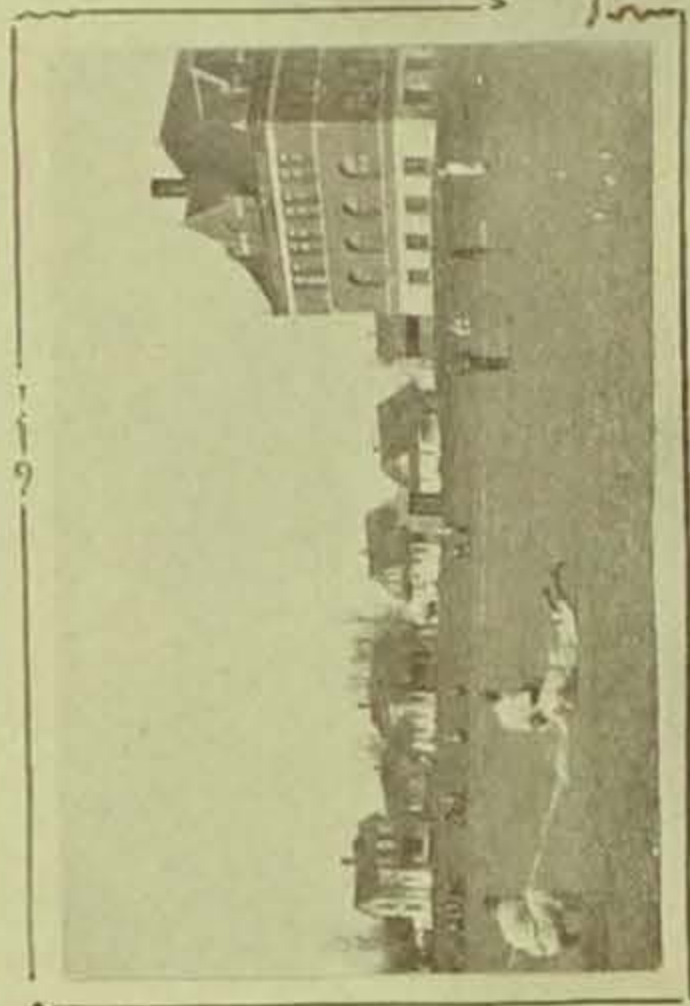
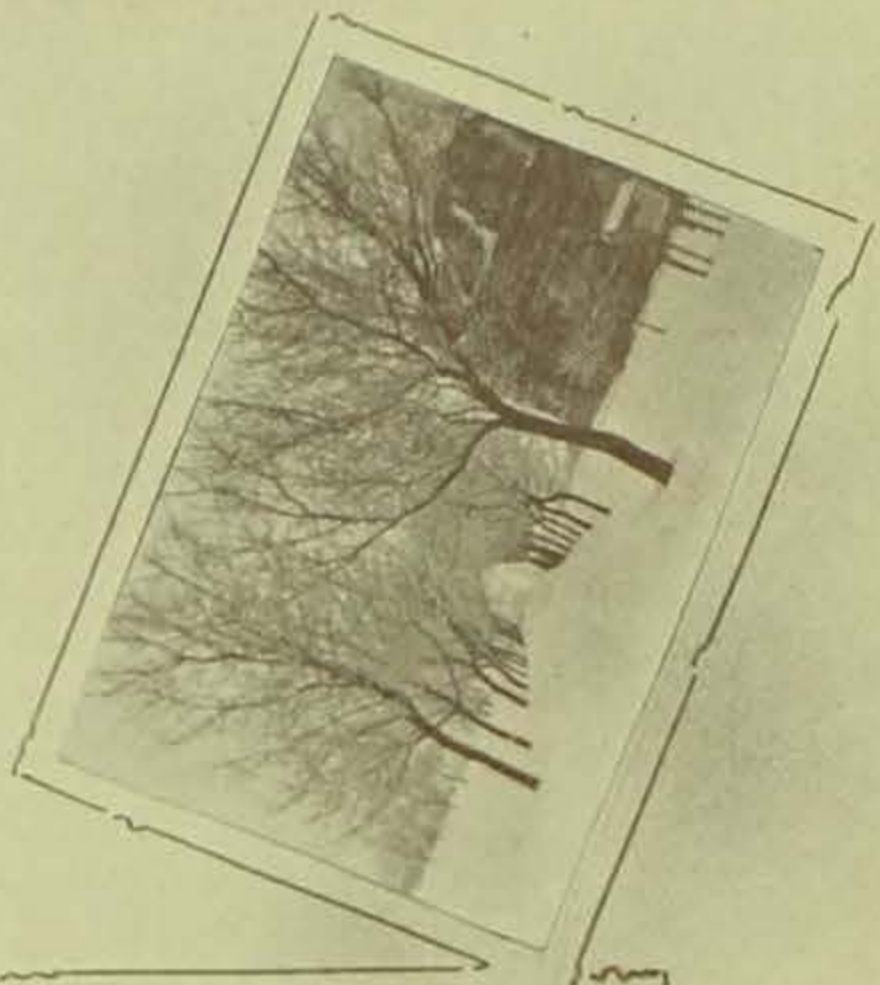
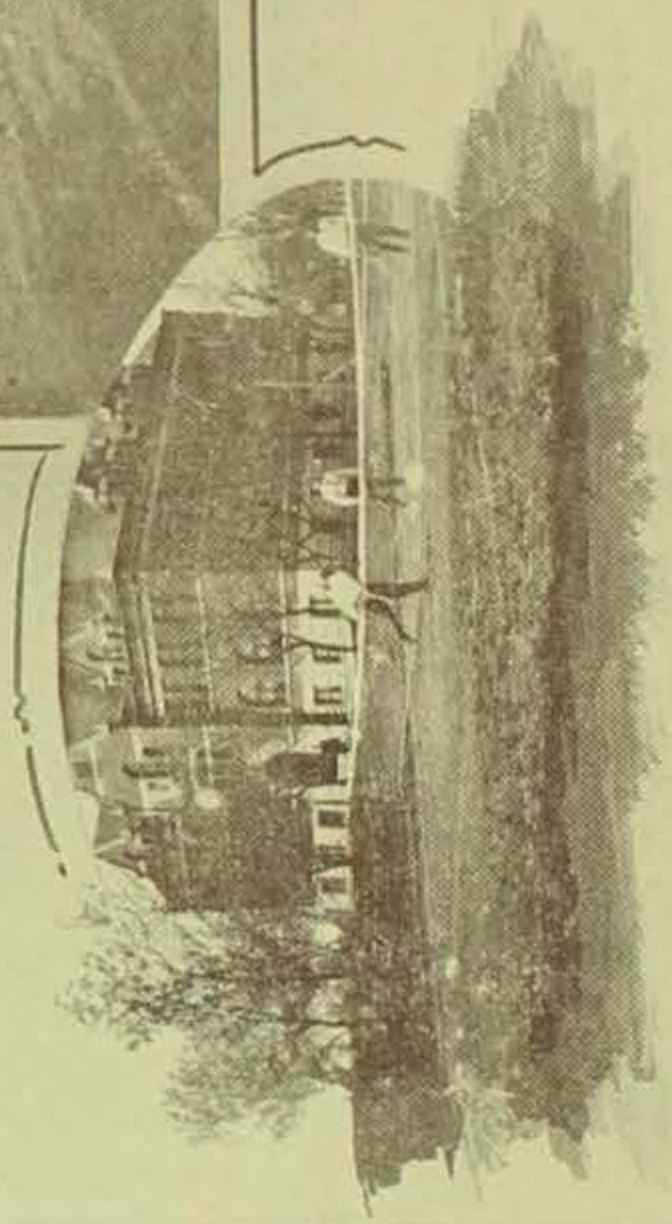
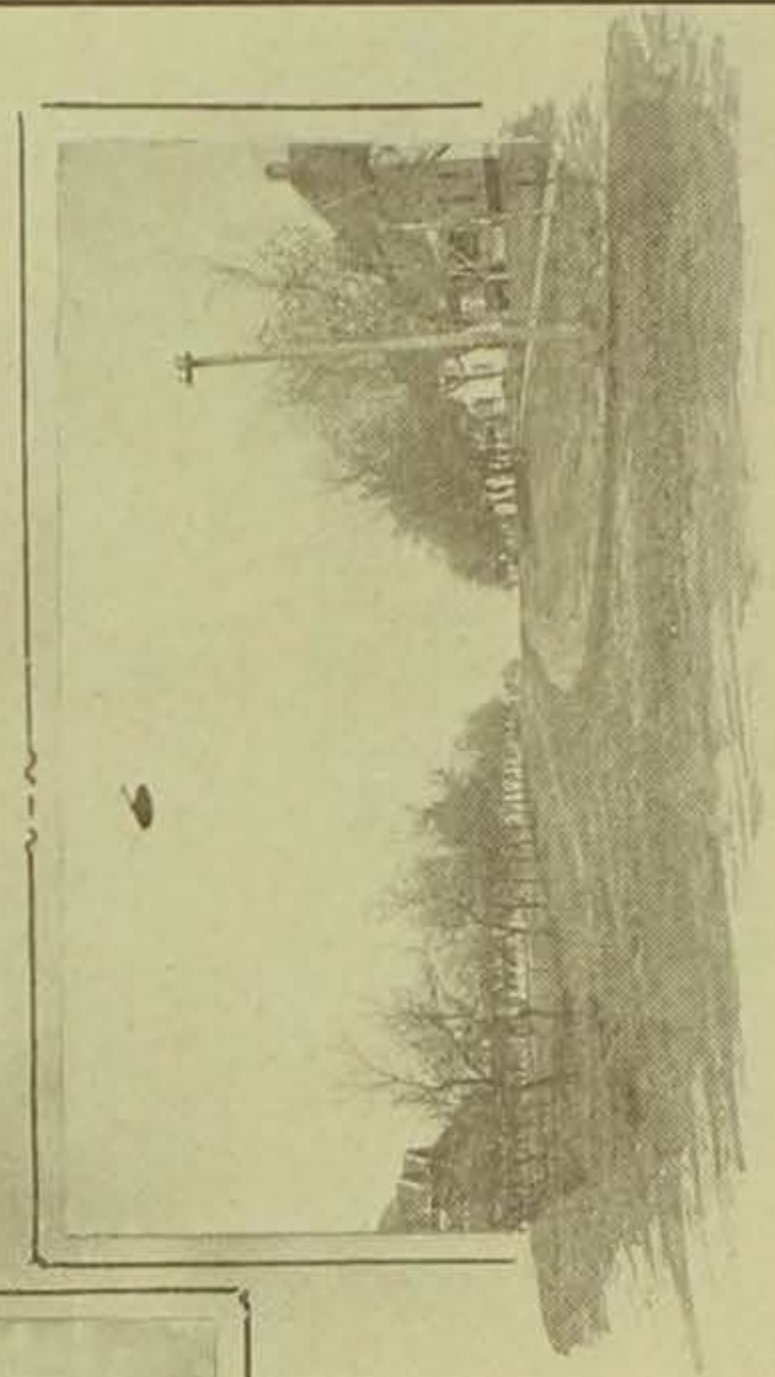
#### Second Semester

President—E. C. Rust

Vice President—Murl Carlton

Secretary—Lillian Eddy

Treasurer—Anna Plummer



## Franklin Literary Society

Motto—Excelsior Quam Astra

Color—Cherry Red

Flower—Red Carnation

### Yell

Rah! Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Bim! Bim!

Bim, Boom, Bah.

Franklins, Franklins,

Rah, Rah, Rah.

### Officers for First Semester

#### Franklin

President—Charles Unger

Vice President—Katheryn Brown

Secretary—Elsie Ries

Treasurer—Paul Eshbaugh

#### Philomathean

President—Elsie Crouch

Vice President—Edna Marcum

Secretary—Elsie Ries

Treasurer—Lulu Kettleson

#### Alcintan

President—L. A. Dwinell

Vice President—R. E. White

Secretary—Paul Eshbaugh

Treasurer—E. M. Smith

### Officers for Second Semester

#### Franklin

President—Louise Unger

Vice President—L. G. Crouch

Secretary—Mary Stophlet

Treasurer—L. A. Dwinell

#### Philomathean

President—Bernice Gregg

Vice President—Grace Parker

Secretary—Myrtle Beckman

Treasurer—Gladys Price

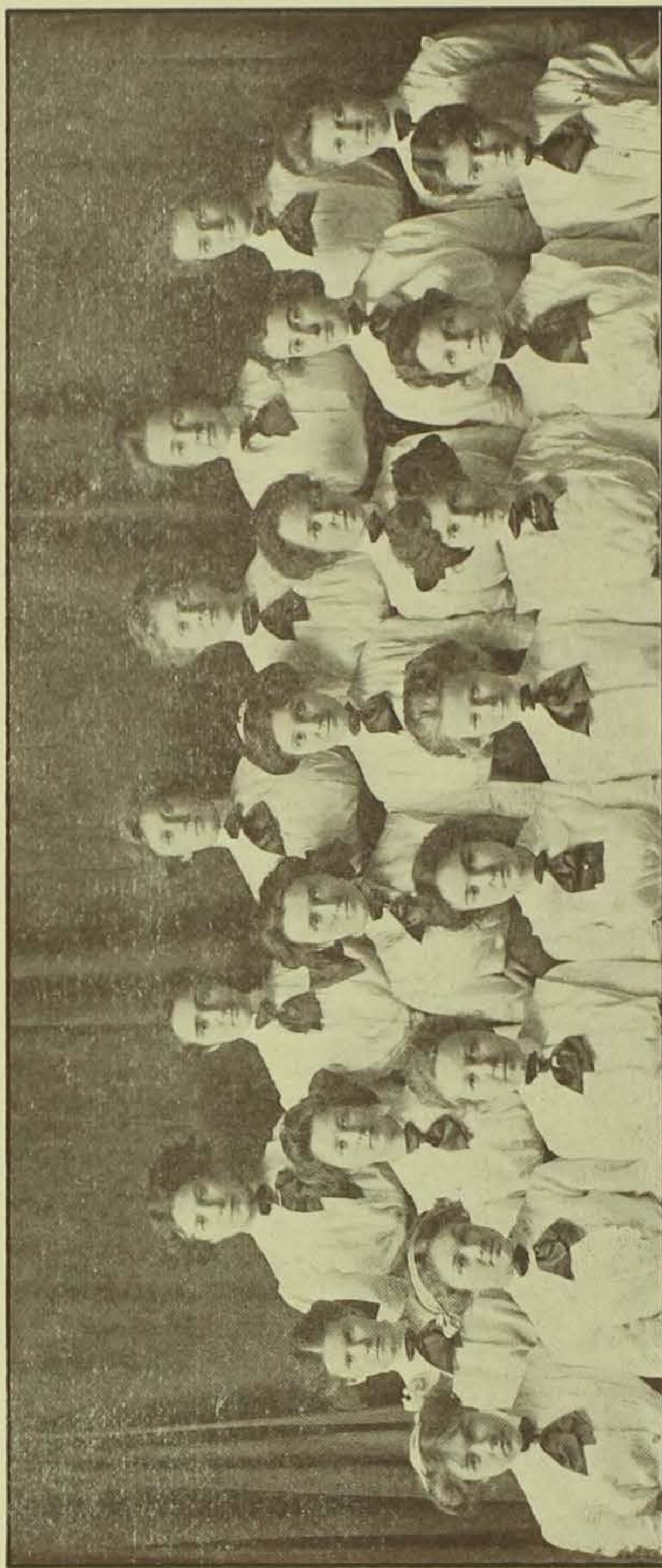
#### Alcintan

President—L. G. Crouch

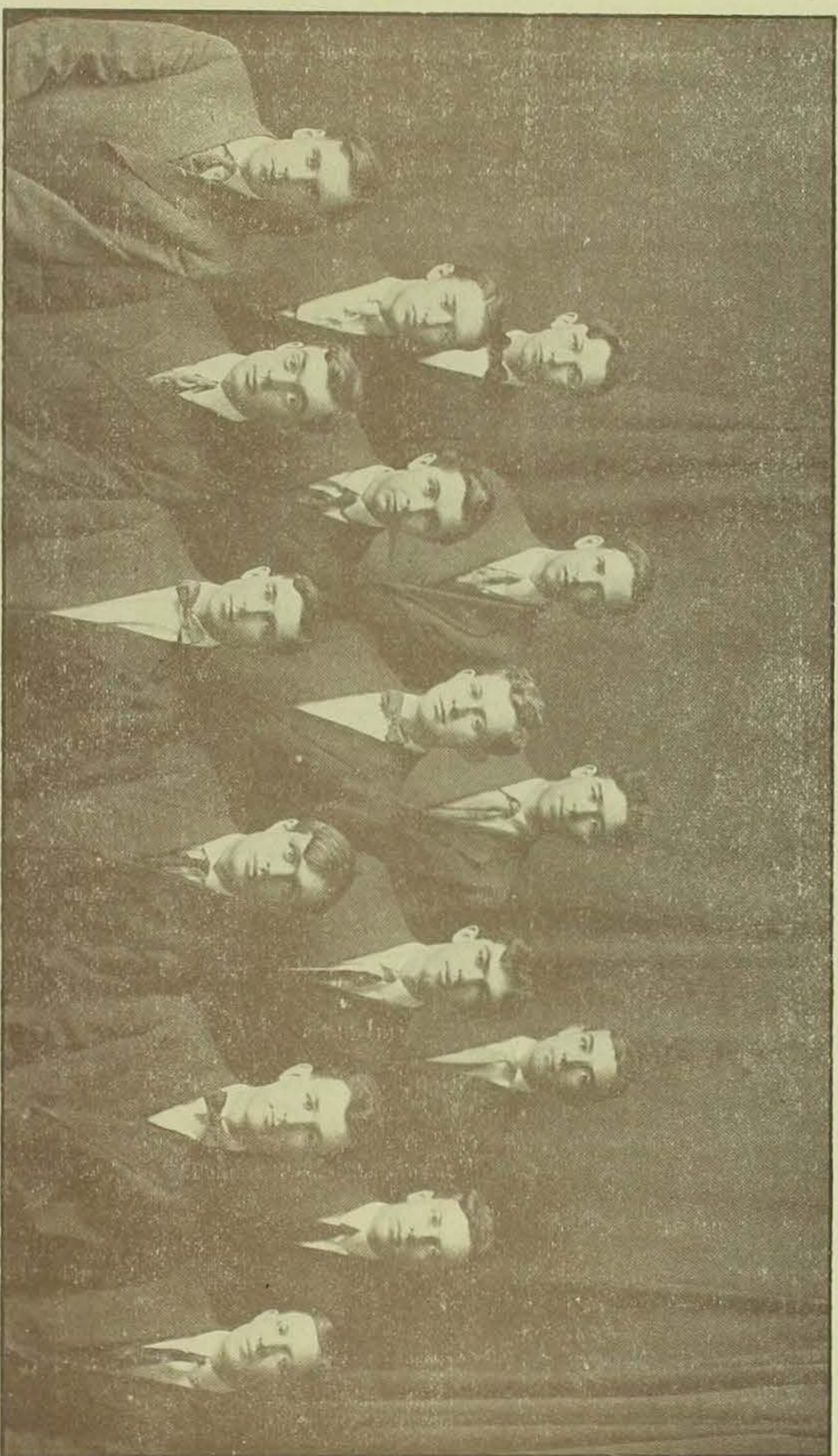
Vice President—Charles Unger

Secretary—Z. Z. White

Treasurer—R. E. White



|          |          |           |          |           |        |
|----------|----------|-----------|----------|-----------|--------|
| Petlon   | Crouch   | Martinsen | Beckman  | Kettleson | West   |
| Blomgrin | D. Gregg | Means     | Larson   | B. Gregg  | Marcum |
| Benidiet | Olsen    | Sherman   | Stophlet | Kolpin    | Ries   |
|          |          |           |          |           | Parker |
|          |          |           |          |           | Harper |



|           |      |          |         |          |       |
|-----------|------|----------|---------|----------|-------|
| R. White  | Wick | Z. White | Conners | Egger    | Hayes |
| Harper    |      |          | Morris  |          |       |
| L. Crouch |      |          | Dwinell | Eshbaugh | Smith |
|           |      |          |         |          | Sbaul |

### Inter-Society Debate

College Chapel, January 13, 1911.

Question: Resolved that Congress should establish a Central Bank.  
Constitutionality waived.

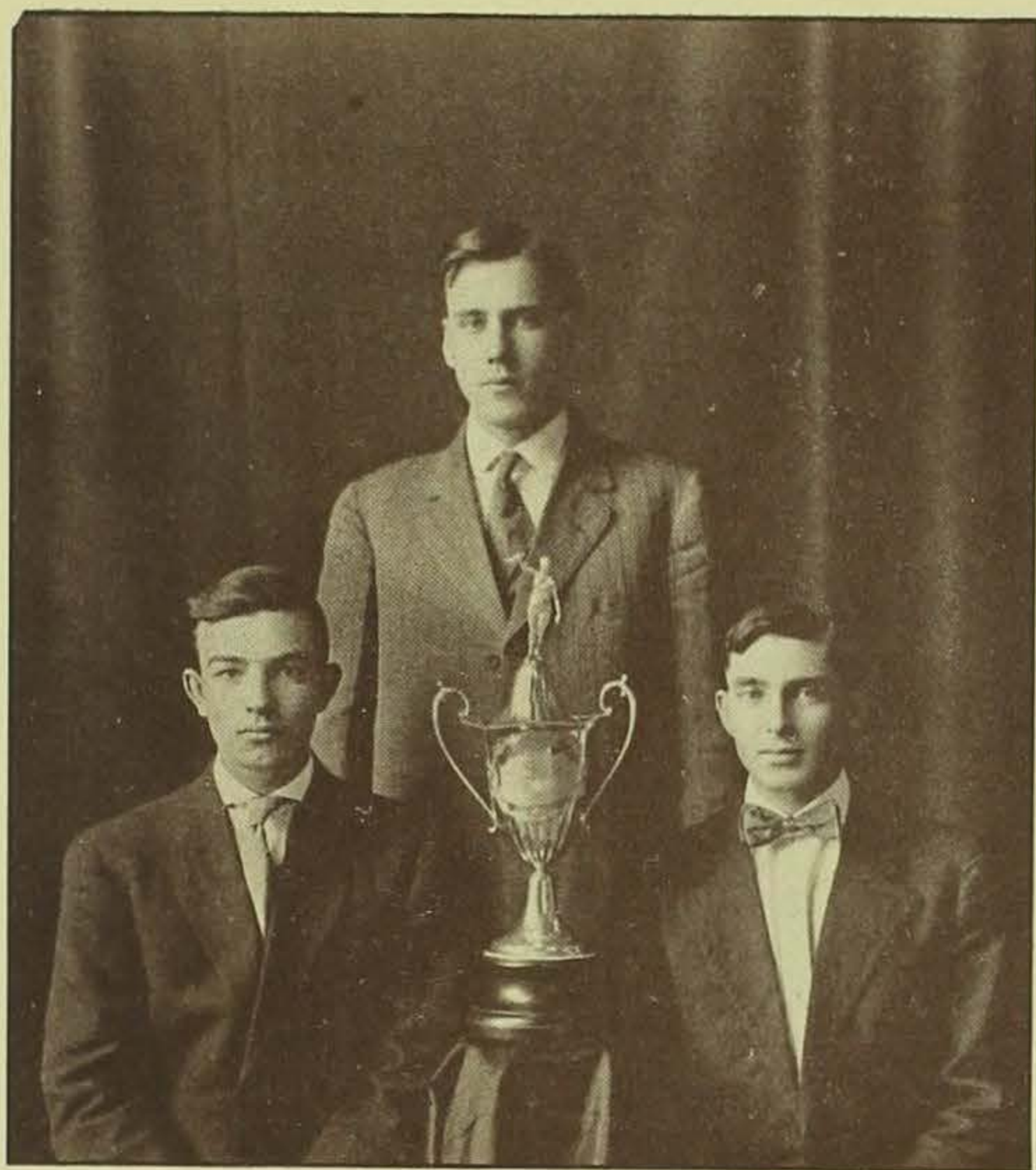
#### AFFIRMATIVE

Felix B. Ross  
Jesse L. Lindsey  
Murl Carlton  
Of the Stars

#### NEGATIVE

Arthur L. Dwinell  
Charles Unger  
Ross E. White  
Of the Franklins

Decision in favor of the Negative.



Unger

White

Dwinell

### **Student Council**

President—Felix B. Ross

Vice President—Zero Z. White

Secretary—Lloyd G. Crouch

Treasurer—Ross E. White

### **Oratorical Association**

President—J. L. Lindsey

Vice President—L. A. Dwinell

Secretary—Hazel W. West

Treasurer—Carol Mereness

Faculty Member—Miss Louise Johnson





## Phi Alpha Pi

Founded October 1906

Colors—Pink and White.  
Jewel—Pearl

Flower—Pink Carnation  
Emblem—Swastika

### Sorores in Collegio

Oma Foster '11  
Grace Parker '11  
Bernice Gregg '12  
Edna Marcum '12  
Hazel West '12  
Carol Mereness '13  
Mary Stophlet '13  
Lulu Kettleson '14  
Marjory Perkins '14  
Myrtle Beckman '14  
Lillian Lindsey '14  
Dorothy Gregg '14

Sorores in Urbe—Ada Colwell

Phi Alpha Pi Honorary Member—Miss Jennie G. Hutchinson.

### Patronesses Phi Alpha Pi Chapter

Miss Alice E. Wilcox (Delta Delta Delta)  
Mrs. Geo. Fracker  
Mrs. Edward Campbell—Died April 25, 1911.





### Kappa Gamma

Founded October, 1907

Colors—Green and Gold.

Flower—The Marguerite.

Emblem—The Greek Cross.

Jewel—Emerald

#### Sorores in Collegio

Kathryn Brown '11

Lillie Allen '11

Mabel McLaghlin '11

Addie Swan '13

Mabel Sherman '14

Alice Hughes '14

#### Sorores in Urbe

Mabel Luhman '08

Mildred Kerlin

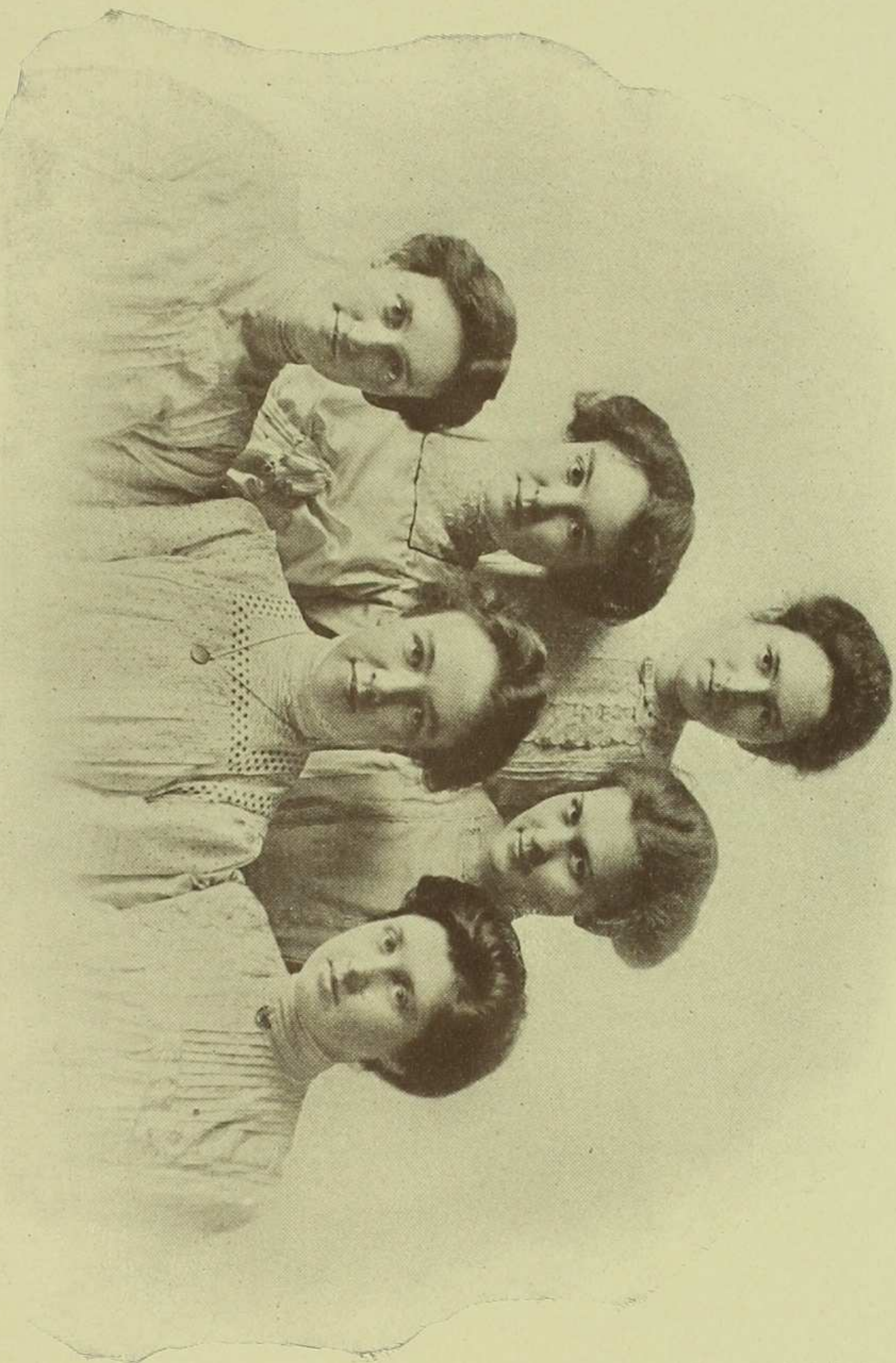
Pledge—Mabelle Conquist

#### Patronesses

Mrs. E. F. Blayney

Mrs. Frederick F. Faville

Miss Louise Johnson



Allen

Sherman

McLaughlin

Brown

Swan

Hughes

THE  
LUNATICS  
WHO?  
WHY THE SOPHS

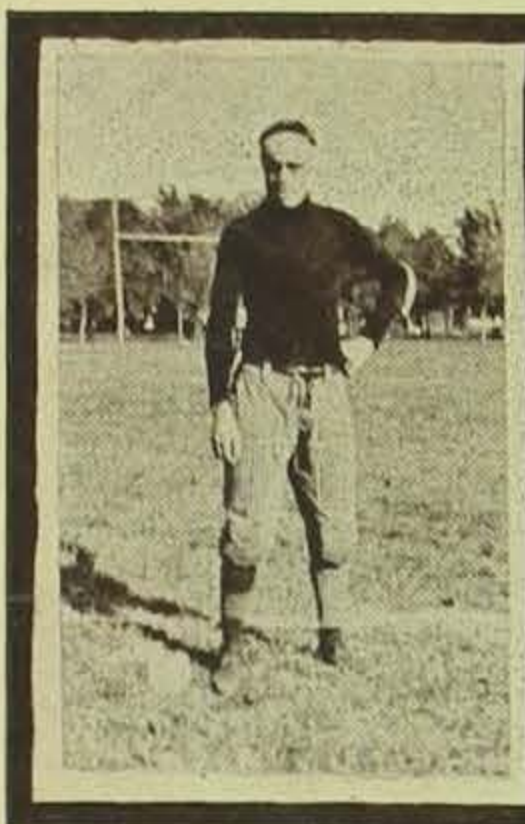
Where are they?

WHY AT CHEROKEE

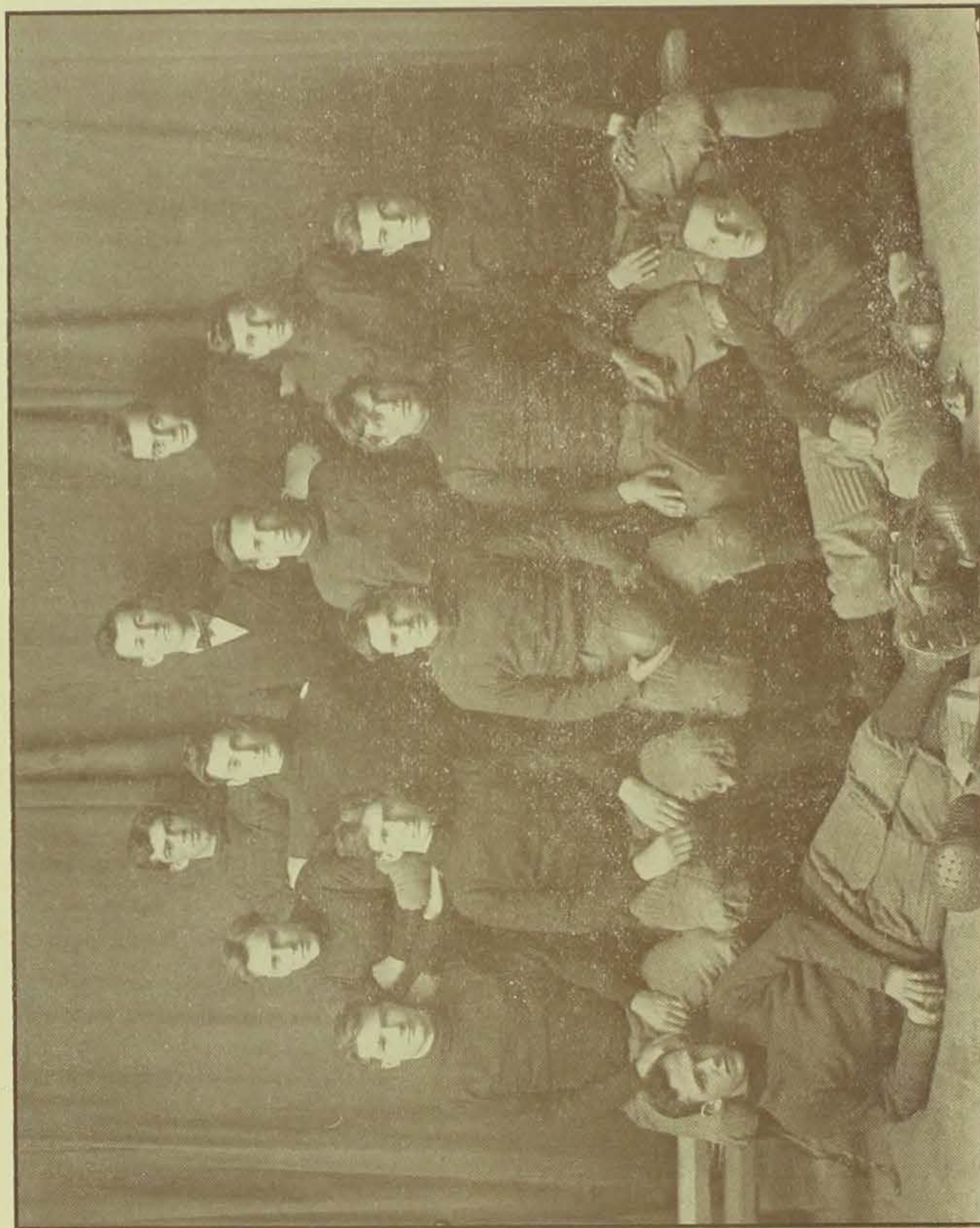
of course !!!

As birds of a feather flock together.  
We hope the Warden will permit them  
to return to their Lonesome Seniors.

CLASS OF '14



# ATHLETICS



|          |         |           |           |
|----------|---------|-----------|-----------|
| Eshbaugh | Smith   | L. Crouch |           |
| R. White | Rust    | Z. White  | Jones     |
| Carlton  | Lindsey | Ross      | E. Crouch |
| Perkins  |         |           | Unger     |
|          |         |           | Hayes     |

## Football

A. W. Perkins, "Perk", left halfback, played his first game of football this year but played hard enough to make up for lost time. Always there and always got his man, could run the ends too. Little but O my!

Paul Eahbaugh, "Friday", another new man but a tower of strength in the line at left guard and tackle.

J. L. Lindsey, "Red" or "Jess," played both ends and fullback, but finally settled down at left tackle. Biggest and fastest man on the team. When he started after a man he was a goner. Always attracted attention.

R. E. Jones, a steady consistent player, played substitute, guard and center.

J. E. Crouch, "Emmons," right tackle, played in every game, kind of a condensed piledriver.

E. C. Rust, "Rusty," long and lank but with nerve to spare. His first year but he held right guard down credibly in several games.

Charles Unger, "Chas." right halfback, best defensive player on the team. Could carry the ball too. Did all the punting and did it well.

Z. Z. White "Zene," a tower of strength at right end in more ways than one. Could pick a forward pass out of the sky without trying.

F. B. Ross, "Felix," didn't play football until this, his senior year but held down center like an old timer.

R. E. White, "Ross" tried out at several positions but finally hit his stride at left end. Great at breaking up forward passes.

Murl Carlton, new at the game but a comer. Won his spurs at Iowa Falls. The most aggressive player on the squad. Held down right guard the latter part of the season.

L. G. Crouch, captain and regular fullback, but played every position except center and quarterback during the season. Good at line plunging and smashing half. Always played the game.

Loyal Hayes, young and curly headed but there all the time. He held down the quarterback position for the season.

E. M. Smith, student trainer, a fixture with his bandages and "dope" bottle, could find more sore spots than a fellow ever dreamed of.



|          |         |         |           |      |
|----------|---------|---------|-----------|------|
|          | Wilkins | Fracker | Kattleson |      |
| Mereness |         | Means   | Stophlet  | Eddy |

### **Basket Ball, 1910-1911**

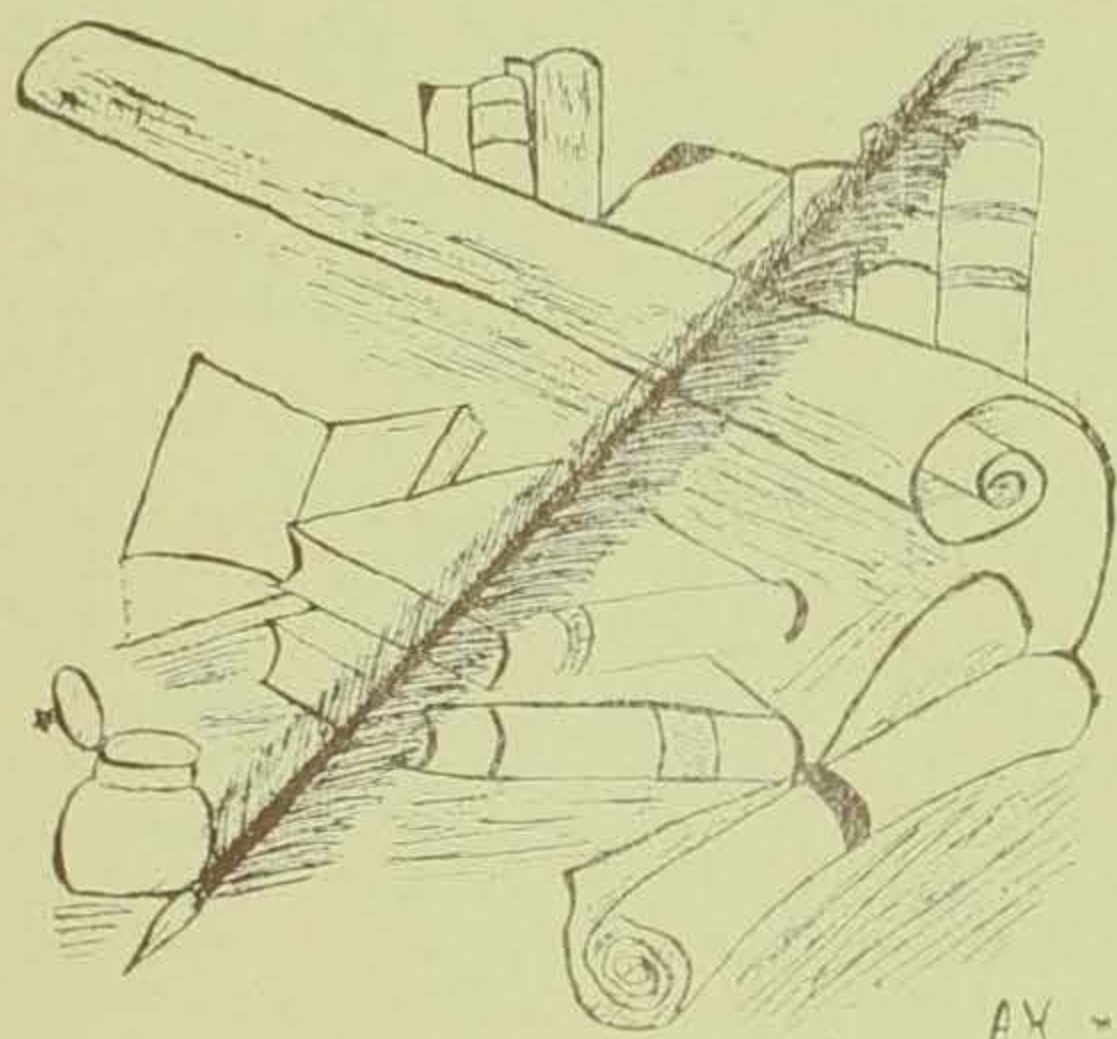
The interest in girls basketball was revived this year and quite a little enthusiasm was put into it in the fall, a good number coming out to practice every evening.

Only three games were played but we were able to carry off all the honors. The first was played with the Sioux Rapids High School, the score was 9-1, the return score 11-14 and the last a game with Sac City Institute with a score of 39-4. Team work was perhaps our strong point though good individual work was done.

We hope the interest will grow and that we may have a strong team for next year.



Literary



AX -

## A Western College Tale

He had entered as a Freshman, awkward, shabby and seemingly unsociable but possessed of an unthwarted diligence. In his freshman year, he, as it were did nothing but study, almost his only recreation consisted in attending the meetings of the literary society which he had joined. But as truth must come to light, so his worth and his quiet perseverance won for him a notable place among his classmates. It was easy for him to hold the office of class president, it was easier still to be the chairman of numerous important committees and even the football field served as a stepping stone to honor. Then came the selection of the debating team, and he was elected the third member. This was what he desired and when his society won he was gratified beyond all measure. All this occurred in his Freshman and Sophomore years. The same was true of his Junior year.

And now when the new term had opened, he had donned the cap and gown of the Senior. It was a matter of only a few months when he would be able to enter the ranks of the men who fought and struggled in real life.

Thanksgiving vacation had come and he was packing his suit case preparatory to his departure for home. "Home?— Yes, his father was there and Milly and Louise and Howard and Billy, but—" it made him start when he realized what little feeling accompanied his home going. "If mother were only there;" He recalled all the scenes connected with her death several years before when the other children were still very young. The image of her toil worn hands came to him, a sight which never seemed to leave him, as he had seen them clasped for the last time. The hard life on the Dakota farm. He was glad he was going to leave it forever. He would forget all of the past in the great future he had planned for himself. Dakota and what he had to call home would be nothing to him. He recalled his father's seeming placidity in regard to everything; his unresponsive and indifferent attitude to what his son was doing. He wondered if his father even knew where he was classified. "Well, what of that? Did any of them know or care. They didn't even have enough pride to do anything to help themselves. Why when Milly had a chance to stay in town and go to school she preferred to stay at home and work in the field with her father. And the boys—they were worse. It had been difficult to persuade them to finish even the little country school." He thought with bitterness of the nice home, Fredricks, his class-mate had. The comparison made him sick at heart. "Why am I going to that place anyway? My views have changed since I came here. Things that pleased me once are distasteful even in my thoughts. There's no use, if the folks were only different, if they even tried to live like other people maybe I could stand it to be there, but they never will. Here's where I take to the wide wide world, and get this home business out of my head once and for all."

And so Sidney Beal didn't go home for Thanksgiving nor for Christmas. Spring vacation had come and gone and still he remained. It was five days after school had again opened that the mail man handed him a soiled, much fingered letter, addressed in a queer, scrawled hand. "Hello, a letter from Dakota," said Sidney. "Must be one of the kids." Just then Dawson a class-mate of his hailed him from across the street. Say, old boy, aren't you going to try for the boating crew? What's the matter with you anyway? You've been sort of playing the quitter on everything for the last four months." "Just on my way there, wait a second," and stuffing the letter hurriedly into his pocket, he joined Dawson and laughing and talking together they walked to the gym.

It was late that evening when he returned to his room and remembered his letter.

He pulled it out, looked it over, opened it and read. Read it and reread it until he could repeat every word of it. Then stared at it until it seemed to shrivel and curl before him and he believed it was all a dream, but he would again wake to its realities and tears of shame and contempt for himself filled his eyes. A crowd of boys passed by his room at about two o'clock returning from a fraternity dance in one of the neighboring towns. "Wonder what's happened to Sid that would keep him up till this hour of the night. It's not his lessons because he's quit studying the last four months and he's taken to going to bed by nine anyway. He's grown so lazy and good-for-nothing that Meyore is going to 'chuck' him from the crew, if he doesn't watch out," said one.

"Queer how these smart ones always play out at the end of the course," said Millings, a little short fellow whose "smartness" at the beginning of his college course would never have left him in the same plight. "Oh, he'll probably be like Covey of '07 who carried off all the honors of the first three and a half years and flunked flat on the last semester. Tried to live on his previous reputation," said the first speaker.

But Sidney Beal was not going to follow Covey's footsteps. And in the next few weeks he amazed his class-mates by attacking his work with a zeal which seemed to surpass that of former times. He stayed on the crew and redoubled his honors in athletics. His class marks were the wonder of his professors. The boys no longer called him lazy. He was Sidney Beal, honored, loved and admired again.

Graduating day came and he was awarded the scholarship which had been his aim for four years. As he came forward upon the platform, a great cheer arose, but instead of taking the paper held out to him, he asked that it be given to the next deserving, because it would be of no use to him. A look of amazement came over every face present but his request was granted.

That afternoon Beal leaned across the window of the ticket office and "North Dakota" floated out to the group of friends who were seeing him off. "Where are you going Beal by the way?" said one. "Home!" The word rang out triumphantly. Sidney's eyes sparkled and a queer lump rose in his throat as he repeated it. "I'm going home to North Dakota."

The train came puffing in, stopped, let off and received its passengers, the sharp "All-aboard," rang out, the bell rang and it was on its way again. From the rear platform Sidney watched the gay crowd of his fellow students as they waved their pennants and streamers and raised their voices in the old college yell.

"And what is it all about?" he asked himself. And the answer came, "for others." The memory of an old C. E. topic came to him, "Blessed to bless." "That's what it all means and so I'm going home."

It was late one hot summer day when down a dusty North Dakota road came an auto. It was running slowly and evidently the driver was uncertain as to his whereabouts. He stopped his machine and hailed a farmer who was plowing in a nearby field. He came over to the fence pushing back his big straw hat and mopping off his face, wet with perspiration on his handkerchief.

"Say, can you—," the owner of the auto began, and then "Well if it isn't Sid Beal! How are you old boy? And what are you doing? "Dawson, old fellow, is it you?" said Sidney, for it was he. "I'm living. Living life, not drinking its dregs, but its overflow. Stop off awhile and share it."

"How far am I from Mercer?"

"About a hundred and eighty miles."

"Yes I will stop. This is great! To think of running on you."

"Good! Just follow that road and it will bring you to the house. I'll take the horses up to the pasture."

A couple of hours later both men were seated on the wide veranda, overlooking the greater part of the farm. The clatter of the dishes could be heard for Milly and Louise were clearing off the supper table.

"A fine place, this," said Dawson as he leaned back comfortably in his chair and looked around him.

"Glad you like it. It means a lot to me. It means happiness and home, and that's all a man needs," replied Sidney.

Their conversation led from general to particular subjects until it fell to reminiscences of college days. In a pause which ensued Dawson spoke, "By the way Sid, we fellows were talking about you at our last Alumni meeting. You remember that collapse you took about the middle of the last year. What was the matter?"

Sidney paused and then said with a smile, "I got the notion that I was too good for all of this," he designated the farm before them with a wave of his hand, "so I didn't go home. Finally I couldn't see the use of anything. That's what did it, then one day I got this." He went into the house and brought out a much worn, queerly addressed letter.

"Read it."

"Dawson opened it and this is what he read.

Dear Sid,

We had preaching at the school house last Sunday and the preacher said if you felt hard toward anybody just to rite and tell them about it and you'd fel better. We fel offle hard toward you. We miss you a mighty lot. We was so proud of you and I and the girls help father so as you won't have to come home and do it. Seems like you kind of fergit all about us this last while and Pa wants us to go to school but we can't leave him. He's getting pretty old Sid and we thot maybe you'd come home and help so the rest of us could have a chance. You aren't forgetting us are you? You'll come home to dad and we uns some day won't you? We heard all about you gitting so many honors down there and we're waiting till you git home to share them with us. It's pretty lone-some waitin but its such a lot for us to look forward to that we don't mind much. Pa is offle anxious, tho he don't never show it. You'll come won't you?

Billy.

The sun was setting over the rolling fields when Dawson had finished. The sky streaked with gold and crimson lines, seemed to reflect all the glory of this life, simple to an observer yet deepening and broadening the inner man as nothing else could.

Sidney spoke, "I never stop to ask now what an education should mean to one. I've learned that it is of no use to the man himself unless he shares it with others. We are given the best in order that we may give others the best. The reward is in the action itself and no man could ask better. This is what it all means."

## After Whiles

"Uncle!"

"Yes, Billy, what is it?"

"Wish you would tell me some of your college stunts! Rex and I've been fishing since 5:30 and didn't get a bite!"

Billy leaned his fishing pole against the veranda and swung upon the railing next to his uncle who was engaged in reading the morning paper. Uncle leaned back in his chair, took off his glasses and allowed the paper to slide to the floor.

"Some stunts, eh? Some of my college stunts. Let me see." He scratched his head meditatively. "Well, to begin with, I belonged to the class of 1912."

"Whew—that's a pretty long time ago. I'm fourteen and—why that's eighteen years ago this year. Say, uncle, honest I never thought you were that old. You seem just like one of the fellows."

"That's the way I want to seem, Billy. Well, as I was saying, I belonged to the class of 1912. There were twenty-four of us who enrolled the first day and on the next day we received the twenty-fifth. She was a girl who hadn't enrolled the day before because she didn't have her Bible with her and she was compelled to wait until her mother had sent it. We had our—"

"Did she really have to have it, uncle?"

"Well, now, Billy I'm just telling you some things I remember. You can believe them if you care to."

Billy settled back firmly against the pillar at his back, with a slightly chagrined air and disconsolately swung his feet while his uncle continued. "We had our first class-meeting down on the lake shore at a place called Chautauqua Point. The girls had fixed up a picnic supper and I tell you I can taste it yet. Afterwards we organized our class, elected a president, and officers and composed a couple of rousing yells." Billy's feet stopped swinging and a broad smile crossed his face.

"Say uncle can you remember any of them?"

"I should say so—"

"Say give us one, will you?" Billy's eyes shown.

Ose Wattomie nes per se  
Black Hawk Keokuk nish no ne,  
Cherokee Diggers, Piutes Ute  
1912 with a Bg War Whoop."

Uncle, red faced and puffing, smilingly faced his nephew.

"Good for you!" Exclaimed the boy, while his admiration for his uncle shown from every feature of his face.

"Glad you like it! So did we. Well, we chose our class colors that night, red and black; my but we felt proud when we marched into chapel the next day, waving them and yelling with as much lung power as we could muster."

"Would they let you yell in chapel?" gasped Billy.

"O yes, we were too young to be scolded and besides there were other reasons—" He paused for a few moments entirely oblivious of the boy beside him and a faint smile crossed his face. Billy, altho. not wholly satisfied with the explanation, asked no other questions. He was too interested in what was to follow.

"Now it was a custom in our college for each Freshman class to be dubbed some name by the class just before it. These Sophomores were so slow about it that we got out

a poster to hurry them up. The day after these came out they skipped all their classes and spent the day at a neighboring town."

Billy's eyes sparkled. "Meanwhile we made a big 1912 banner, got ready, ropes and hand-cuffs—"

"Gee whizz, uncle, go on!"

"And when the train came that evening, we grabbed every one of them, tied them up in couples, put them in a band and paraded them around for admiring eyes to gaze upon." Uncle leaned back in his chair and chuckled softly to himself. "And we fed them a nice supper of crackers and pickles and sent them home." The chuckle increased to a hearty laughter.

"Say, I bet they were mad!" broke in Billy.

"Mad? Ha! ha! ha! Well to tell the truth, Billy, I guess some of them aren't over being mad even to this day. Well, they got hold of a poster that had been used by some other school and in a few days they put this out as a means of giving vent to their wrath. It was a pretty bad one too, in fact, Billy boy it wasn't very nice." Uncle's face assumed a quizzical smile. "Finally," he continued, slowly, "they did name us and the name was B-Minors."

"Be miners?" queried Billy. "That means you got to dig; doesn't it?"

"Well that's the true translation of it anyway," replied uncle. "So we got along fine until one night when we had a party up in one of the society halls. We had our pictures taken just before we had our lunch and when we came to eat—there wasn't anything to eat." Uncle paused and smiled at his reflections, "so we just sent down and got some more; a better lunch too."

Billy almost lost his balance. "What became of the first lunch?"

"O that's a secret that the Sophomore would never tell, but—" and the uncle laughed long and hearty. "We had a better secret of our own a little later when some fancy caps disappeared at a Sophomore party."

"We had several picnics that year but the best one was the time we went over to the Casino, a sort of summer hotel across the lake but it was before the season had opened so the place was still closed. It rained after we got across, so we had our party upon the hotel veranda and a merry time we had." Uncle's chuckle bored the impatient Billy but relief came soon. You can't imagine your old uncle doing the grand-march or the barn-dance, can you Billy? Well, we were spry in those days."

Billy whistled under his breath. "That must have been when you were slim!" Billy surveyed uncle's three hundred pounds speculatively.

"Right you are, my boy. I wouldn't be much of a success at it now. But, to continue, at commencement time we boys dressed as miners and the girls in western style. After all the events were over, we finished off with a picnic at the same place where we had organized."

"Say do you suppose I'll ever do that?" But uncle didn't seem to hear this remark, he was so deeply engaged in thought. "Isn't there any more?"

Any more? Yes, O yes. When we came back the next year there were only twenty-one of us. We were Sophomores then and there was a new class of Freshmen, but only thirteen members in it and they not very lively. So one night to stir up a little enthusiasm, our boys put up our big banner with the black half upper-most, on the college flag pole. They claimed we put it up at half mast, as they called it, because we were mourning our lost class mates; but it was really because we were lamenting their slowness and they were too slow even to see that."

"Honest, gospel truth, uncle?"

"Now see here, my boy, you asked me to tell you—"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"We had several class parties that winter and the usual good time at all of them. I remember especially one Valentine evening, we entertained the Seniors at a party. The girls had to change all the decorations after I got there so none of them would get mixed up with my head. Ha! ha! ha! Can't remember much about that spring except that several of the boys had the measles."

Billy's face displayed a sympathetic smile as he recalled his own past experience with the same ailment.

"In April," Uncle continued, "the greatest excitement of the year came. We Sophomores put on a play called 'Her Old Sweethearts.' One of the girls who lived quite a way from the college, took the part of the bride; a very important part too. When the evening of the play came, the bride did not appear so at the last minute we substituted another girl, ha, ha, ha. We found out later that the bride had spent the evening at a Junior picnic across the lake, with her Freshman escort."

Billy wondered why his uncle put such a funny tone in his last word just as though he were saying yes only he meant it to be no, so he questioned him, "Did she like the Juniors better than the Sophomores?"

"Ha, ha, well under the conditions, yes. Nothing more happened except that we prepared for our Junior year by electing our annual board. O, yes, we chose our class flower too, the red rose. Say they were pretty. We used them as part of our dress-up stunt on tree day that spring." Here uncle lapsed into a reverie of evidently pleasant thoughts, for he smiled from time to time. Billy waited patiently for him to continue. At last he ventured—

"Isn't there any more?"

"I have to stop and think of that long jump between Sophomore and Junior years. When we gathered together in September again, we were still smaller in number, this time only fourteen; about half of our original class. We thought we had been kept busy the first two years we were in college; but they did not begin to compare with that Junior year. We had a class meeting regularly every other week to work on our annual. We had one good picnic, I can remember early in the fall, out by the row of poplars. I never think of them without recalling Freshman English. But that's drifting away from my subject. We had a Valentine party that year too but just for our own class. I came near forgetting the oyster supper we gave to raise money for our annual. We had it in the Ladies Hall and sold home made candy and had a lot of fun cleaning up afterward. We wanted some more money so we started a play after that—"

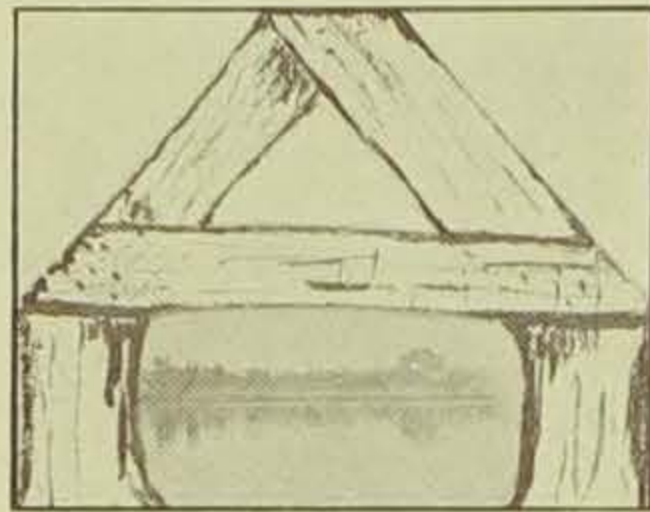
"O, uncle, there goes the dinner bell!" said Billy disappointedly.

"Oh! Well, we have to hurry in now or we will lose our place. Come on! More of this some other time."

Billy jumped down from his perch on the railing, gathered up the newspaper, which was scattered over the veranda and he and his uncle joined the others on their way to dinner.

HAZEL WINIFRED WEST,  
Class Historian.

## Reflections



AS WE ENTER the old college we stop and listen. It is vacation and the halls are deserted. All is silent, save memory's echoes. Echoes of voices once loved and adored, now silent in death.

We begin to ascend the stairway, but no bright faces lean over the banisters, and no glad voice quickens the heart-throbs, as we mount the stairs. All seems strange and lonely, when suddenly we catch the old familiar creak of the middle step. The strangeness vanishes, and we are at home again.

Directly in front of us hangs the bulletin-board, staunch old herald of college joys and woes. Our eyes fall on a small piece of paper and we read: "E. F. Blayney will not meet his classes to-day." Glancing below, our hair fairly stands on end, as we read, "Latin II take chaps. I, II, III, etc., for next lesson." Thankful that our Latin days are over, we turn our attention to other objects.

The literary boxes hang on the wall, lone and desolate looking. Suddenly that old grumpy feeling sweeps over us, and we wish that a program had been posted before college closed, so that some people could have time to prepare.

Starting to ascend the second stair, we were arrested by words which seem to fall from between the ticks of the old clock, high up on the wall.

"Steadily—faithfully—hopefully, I keep ticking and ticking. The hand of no man doth my onward course propel, I simply sip the current in my cell, and keep ticking and ticking. Is that thy spirit, Buena Vista? If so, thou shalt do well.

Continuing on up the third flight of stairs, we come to the chapel. Here all the old associations spring up in a moment. Memories of grave, thoughtful faces above on the platform. Whispers of great themes breathed forth in prayer. Words of love's tenderest message divine. Echoes of song, clothed in beauty and warning. And not least, among memory's fond recollections, we hear songs of victory and shouts of triumph, as two great opposing faces strive for the mastery.

Slowly—, lingeringly, we turn to go, every step awakening new recollections, every pulse-beat arousing old ambitions, every heart-throb forming new resolutions.

Again we stand on the second floor, and as we turn to go, the clock on the wall again ticks out its former message.

"Steadily,—faithfully,—hopefully, I keep ticking, and ticking, the hand of no man doth my onward course propel, I simply sip the current in my cell, and keep ticking, and ticking, and ticking."

Ah Yes, Buena Vista, that is thy spirit, and thy destiny is sure. Over the waves that come back from receding years, I hear the promise of thy greater glory. Behind the veil of the future, I see thy sons and daughters planting thy pennants on the highest mountain of fame. Rejoice, Oh Buena Vista, for I see thy motto, "Education for Service", engraven on the soul of a nation. The dawn has already broken in the east; ere long thou shalt be in full splendor of day.

JUSTICE CROWLEY '14

## Sophomore Stunts

The class of 1913, by name the Goslings, after returning in the fall of 1910, held a class meeting one morning after chapel and elected officers for the ensuing year.

One or two weeks of quiet work had passed when the Freshman undertook a task that proved unsuccessful. Now on one evening which they had chosen for a class gathering, they attempted to hold in captivity a Sophomore girl, while they proceeded with their meeting. The said young lady being tied to a post, with the usual Freshman carefulness, succeeded after a very little effort in breaking free, and it was not long until a flock of Goslings were on the Campus hunting the frightened Freshies. Only a few minutes had passed, before one of the Goslings spied them. The rest of the flock delighted to follow, soon overtook the fleeing Freshies. Immediately the scrap was on. Neither side accomplished much and after an hour of tugging, pushing, and pulling the tussle stopped with one of the Freshmen somewhat disabled. Forthwith the Freshman adjourned their evening meeting. The said meeting was known as "The Moonlight Meeting on the Campus."

The next lark took place one evening, when the Freshmen held a class gathering at the home of one of its members. The Sophomore boys called a preliminary meeting and one poor freshman had never reached the party, for the hard and fast windings of an unpretentious rope held him firmly to a tree.

In an hour's time the Freshman meeting broke up. The door opened and the suspecting young ladies who were in advance were saying, "I'm afraid to go first, I wouldn't be surprised to see them here." Cautiously the Freshies proceeded, but all to no avail. Their men had scarcely touched the ground when the Sophomores were upon them. After a brief struggle, the Freshmen boys were tied and easily managed. Meanwhile the girls of the class were anxiously waiting for a chance to cut the ropes that held their gallant young escorts, but they waited in vain.

The "party" was to be continued but along lines unknown to the Freshies. It being a stormy night, the Freshman boys were taken to a small boat house and after removing two canoes, the reception room was in order. The Freshmen girls, seeing how well the young men were to be cared for and how useless were their efforts in freeing them returned home.

A small lunch was served by candle light. The chief feature of the night however, was "roll call," which was nigh a perpetual one. From the prompt responses, it was judged that no Freshman slept. The night wore on, the storm ceased, and in the early morning the canoes were dragged to the water and part of each class went out upon the chilly lake to view the sunrise. After returning to the boat house it was decided to set the captives free and at 6:30 A. M. September the —— the "party" ended.

The class of 1913, have tried to follow out the example set by that most exemplary class of 1911, especially in its "Sneak Day." October the fourth was chosen to observe this custom. The day bid fair to be pleasant and all that could be desired. Boarding the I. C. train at Storm Lake, we soon reached Ceerokee, and then to the woods where the day was spent in good picnic fashion. Returning to the city in the evening we procured our dinner and were ready to start home when the train pulled to the station.

Arriving at Storm Lake, we found bills posted on the sidewalks, telling us where we had spent the day, as if we didn't know. We understand that it took a certain Freshman one entire period to write those bills.

'Twas on November sixteenth bedecked with purple and gray streamers that the class of 1914 walked into chapel with all the dignity that any Freshmen class could assume. After chapel they gave exhibitions of good yelling but the Sophomores might easily have silenced them with their,

Ypsilanta, jay hawk,  
Oshkosh, jiming jawk,  
Kalamazoo, mazoo, mazoo,  
Sophomores, Sophomores, ripity roo."

The several scuffles which started in the halls, seemed to meet disapproval of the Faculty judging from their constant interference, and the invitations which transferred the classes to the Campus. And here amid the ripping of seams and tearing of coats the Sophomores secured as precious relics, streamers of purple and gray or bits of them.

It was on the twentieth of December after chapel exercises, that the President of the Sophomores, announced to the Student body that the Freshmen were to be nameless no longer. In a most pleasing manner he pointed out certain prominent characteristics of the said class, the necessity of the combination of these in a name and expressing his satisfaction that the Sophomores had been fortunate enough to find a name that should meet all these conditions. Then in behalf of the Sophomores he conferred upon the Freshmen the name of Molecules. And forthwith presented the Molecules with a small microscope, lest they should stray away from the compound and be lost forever in the wide, wide world.

On the evening of December twentieth the spelling contest was on. Our friends the Emeralds sparkled brightly and in thirty minutes quiet eclipsed the B. Minors. Then the Molecules tried to enlarge themselves but they were easily swallowed after another thirty minutes by the Goslings. Then came the final contest between the Emeralds and the Goslings, which lasted only five minutes. But Fate was with the Goslings and they were declared victors of the evening.

#### Class Yells

Rickety Rackety Hellaballo,  
Zis Boom Whopty Do,  
Can they beat us? Nixty Nix.  
We're the class of 3 and 6.

The First Book of  
**Chronicles**  
of the Tribe of Ammon

CHAPTER I.

[*The youths go up unto Buena Vista: Gath despiseth the men of Ammon. Ammon Conspireth to go unto the seashore.*]

1. NOW there was a day when the tribes of Buena Vista came to present themselves to the faculty thereof.

2. And there was among them a strange tribe which had gathered itself together from the ends of the earth.

3. And the other tribes called them the children of Ammon, which signifieth Freshmen.

4. But there was among the others a vain tribe, called the men of Gath, which signifieth Sophomores.

5. And the tribe of Gath were puffed up and went about imagining vain things concerning themselves.

6. Saying to one another, who are the tribe of Ammon, that we should be mindful of them?

7. For they are as the chaff which the wind driveth away,

8. Yea, verily, they are as the green grass, which springeth up in the morning and in the evening is devoured by the beasts of the field.

9. But the children of Ammon heeded not the scoffing of the men of Gath, neither did they fear them.

10. And there arose a man of the tribe of Ammon and spoke unto his bretheren saying:

11. It is not meet that our tribe should be without a leader;

12. Wherefore, let us gather by the seashore, which is nigh unto the city, and choose a leader.

13. And all the people answered as it were with one voice, and said,

14. Let us gather at the seashore in the first watch.

15. But they held their peace concerning these things,

16. Neither opened they their mouths to any man.

CHAPTER II.

*Gath discovereth the conspiracy: They would know more so they send out a spy.*

BUT the tribe of Gath reasoned among themselves saying:

2. Behold there is a plot among the Ammonites.

3. Wherefore, let us send a spy among them and seek them out, that we may smite them.

4. Now it came to pass they chose a cunning damsel, fair to look upon, a deceiver of men, endued with understanding.

5. But when the children of Ammon perceived the spy in their midst, they seized her and held council among themselves.

6. And a certain youth of the tribe of Ammon reasoned with the others and said:

7. Let cords be brought and we will bind this spy and journey even into our meeting place.

8. Now they bound the damsel with cord unto a post called backstop.

9. And they mocked the damsel to scorn and straightway departed.

10. And when they were come to the seashore, they chose a leader, a man of mighty stature, head and shoulders above all others.

11. And they returned but lo; their captive was gone.

12. And it was about the second watch.

#### CHAPTER III.

*The men of Gath wage battle against the children of Ammon. And the men of Gath are sore afflicted.*

Now while the Ammonites were at the seashore, the damsel came unto the others of the tribe of Gath and told them of the things which had been done.

2. And they gnashed their teeth and and beat the air and reviled the children of Ammon.

3. And the men of valor of the tribe of Gath arose in great wrath.

4. And they took cords and came unto the place where the Ammonites were.

5. Now the children of Ammon saw them, they shouted a great shout, and great was the joy in their hearts.

6. And the children of Ammon wrestled with the men of Gath, even unto the third watch.

7. Now among the Ammonites was a youth of great strength, and no man could stand against him.

8. And it came to pass that the men of Gath were sore afflicted.

9. And they lifted their eyes and looked, and behold! the Ammonites prevailed against them.

10. And they fled, every man to his tent.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*The men of Gath seize the children of Ammon. The chief of the Ammonites escapes and the men of Gath are greatly angered.*

Now peace reigned for the space of many days.

And it came to pass that the children of Ammon were meet together at the house of Hughes.

3. And when all their enemies heard thereof, and all the heathen about them saw these things that were;

4. Their anger waxed hot and they laid in wait by the wayside.

5. Now as the children of Ammon

went their way, the men of Gath arose and smote, so that they let none of them escape or remain.

6. And they took them and cast them into a dungeon, which is called Boat-house, even unto this day.

7. And it was about the third watch.

8. Now the night being far spent, the guards became weary and did eat and drink, and make merry with their captives.

9. And when it was daybreak, they went out upon the waters, leaving two men to guard the chief of the Ammonites.

10. It came even to pass, while the guards stood on the seashore, watching the return of the boat, the prisoner escaped.

11. And there arose a great shout.

12. And the men in the boat lifted their eyes and looked and beheld the chief of the Ammonites fleeing.

13. Then the children of Ammon rejoiced exceedingly.

14. For the men of Gath had thought to bind the children of Ammon, even unto the last man, and drag them unto the synagogue.

15. And behold! the men of Gath rent their clothes and put on sack cloth and ashes.

#### CHAPTER V.

*The Children of Ammon wear their colors. A champion from the ranks of Gath wages battle with one from the Ammonites and is overcome.*

NOW after this it came to pass that the tribe of Ammon waxed great exceedingly.

2. And on a certain day adorned themselves with purple and silver as they went into the synagogue.

3. After they had finished, the children of Ammon shouted a great shout,

4. And with one accord went out into the court.

5. And there came out against them certain of the tribe of Gath and sought to lay hands upon them,

6. That they might part them from their colors thereof.

7. Now there was a youth of great valor among the Ammonites, who did challenge one from the ranks of the tribe of Gath, a man of great strength.

8. And they wrestled one with the other

9. And the youth of the Ammonites prevailed, for the man of Gath lay in the dust.

10. And great was the joy in the hearts of the children of Ammon.

Signed: Historian of the Ammonites.

## A Monologues by Pencil

Here I lie on the Librarian's table. I am only a stubby little yellow pencil with a poor point. Every morning I am put here much duller than any self-respecting lead pencil should be and people lay the blame on me. Occasionally an exceptionally cruel student will break my point on purpose, which I am sure he would not do if he realized how it shortened my life. I know that I have not much longer to live and my only hope is that once before I leave my place of duty, I may have a nice sharp point.

It is almost time for classes and I have not done a bit of work yet. Oh here comes some one now. It must be a new boy because he does not seem to know what to do. I suppose he is afraid of my mistress. He is blushing awfully. I wonder what book he is going to take out. "The Conquest of Canan." That is a good book. Why don't he spell "Conquest," right? I have written it long enough to know that it is not "Conquist." I guess he is going to change it. My he is blushing worse. Perhaps his friend is roasting him for not knowing how to spell such an easy word. His name is Joe Wick. He has never been here before to use me. I think he must get that black eyed boy who always signs his name the day of the week, to take books out for him. Today will not be a very busy day for me, as no one takes out many books on Monday.

It is really funny about fines. Some of the students pay without saying a word and others make a great deal of fuss about it. It never does them any good, for they have put down with me in black and white the very date they took the book out. One day I heard a girl say that she had never taken a book out on Shakespear but she must have forgotten for I had helped her put it down almost a month before. If fines were paid more promptly, we could have more books and I would have to work harder, then my life would pass quickly indeed. But I would be glad to be just as useful as possible and I know that have an important position. Books mean much to a college and I have often heard the students saying to each other, "Ahem, what does the book say." I never understood why they laughed, but students are always laughing for the mere pleasure of it. If people would only laugh instead of frowning, face creams and wrinkle erasers would lose their popularity and be no longer necessary.

Oh I am so glad! There have been two new books given to the library. My mistress just told one of the faculty. The names of them are, "Why Smoking is Injurious" and "The Evils of Dancing." I heard some one say that the first would be useful to some of the faculty as well as students and that the second was meant for the benefit of the new Commercials. It's a good idea to have books like these.

Noon time and I haven't helped a bit this morning. I wish that the one book I wrote down was written more plainly. If I only had an eraser perhaps people would like me better. It wouldn't do much good anyway for it would leave its mark. Using an eraser is like a youngster putting the cover back on the jam jar after he has half emptied it. I am afraid my relation would say it was sour grapes if they knew how I talked, but I used to have a rubber and it was never much good.

Almost evening and I must cease my scribbling. Four-forty is my busiest time. I only hope that you who read may not find my meditations as dull and pointless as myself. But since "As one thinks so is he," you may, and if you do remember with pity the afflictions of yours truly, the stubby, yellow pencil with no point at all.

### "Maybe"

We are waiting for your answer  
Shall we Seniors be forgot?  
We are longing for the message,  
That will tell us we are not.  
We love our Alma Mater,  
We have worked so patiently,  
Do not say we're gone forever,  
Maybe we'll return again.

#### CHORUS

Maybe in the golden Summer,  
When Commencement comes again  
We'll return, dear Alma Mater,  
To your dear old Halls again.  
Maybe in the dreary Winter,  
When storms sweep the campus o'er,  
Maybe in the gentle Springtime,  
Maybe we'll return once more.

### Red, White and Blue

Oh loyal and true is our band  
Neath the folds of the Salmon and Black,  
'Tis the class of Nineteen-twelve that stands  
To protect it from every attack.

#### CHORUS

Precious Salmon and Black,  
May each day brighter grow with thy praise.  
Be thy friends wise and true,  
Every ready thy standard to raise.

Oh ye students and friends of our college,  
Will you come, she is waiting for you  
All united as one, we will toil,  
In the work that our hands find to do.

## "The Longest Way Round"--Sophorized

### I.

On a bright moon-light night,  
E're we took our home flight,  
We did meet for to pick out a name;  
After hours of toil,  
We untangled the coil,  
This prescription at length we did frame:  
Take a large microscope,  
That is just the right dope,  
Properly to observe such a class.  
Now did ever you see,  
Such molecules wee,  
As do make up this queer complex mass?

### CHORUS

The sophomores you see,  
Are the best that can be,  
They bolster up old B. V. C.,  
They work well, they play well,  
They look well, they act well,  
No student can do more than this,  
They're always on tap,  
They are no easy snap,  
They're a credit to this good old school;  
As the records will show,  
Molecules are too slow,  
And we make them obey our rule.

### II.

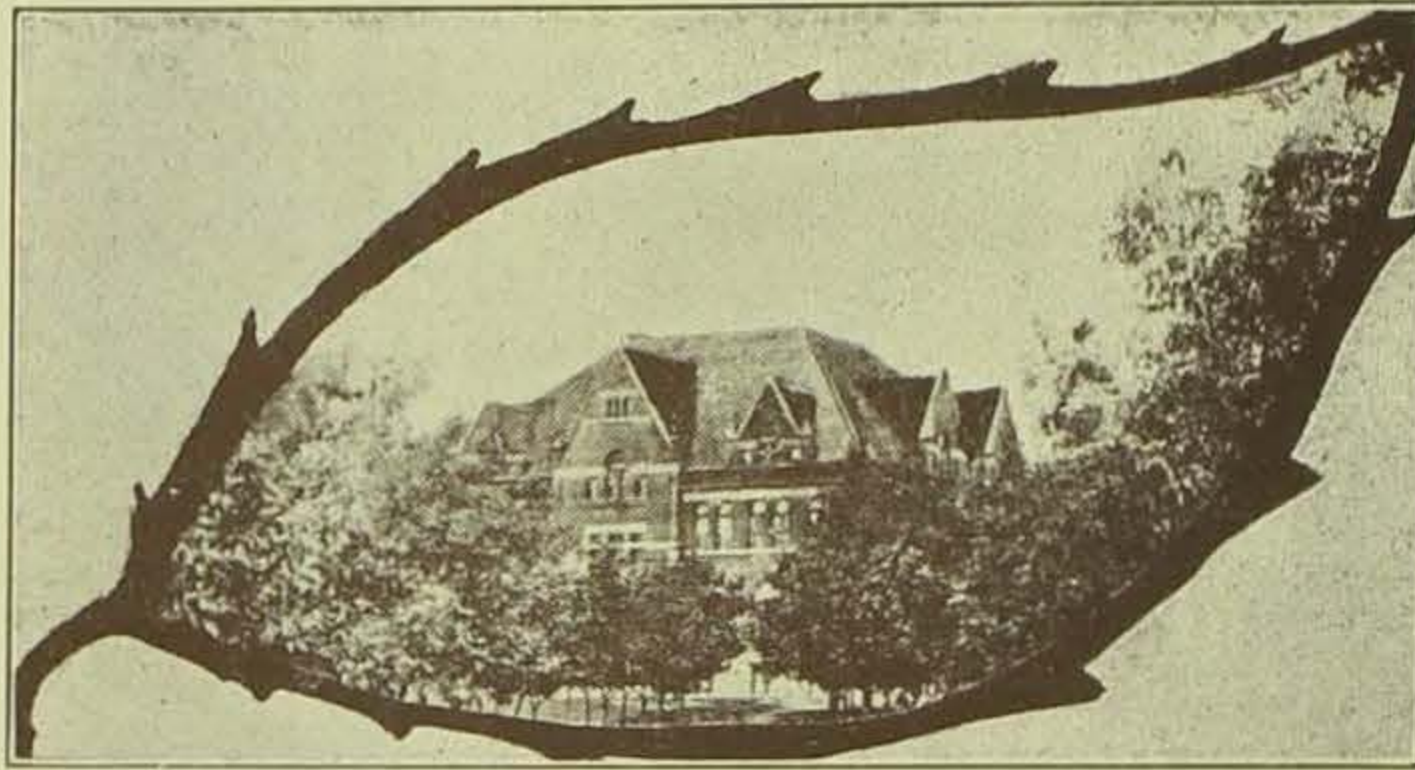
Just a month from the first,  
Just when things ought to burst,  
We, the Goslings, did plan a surprise:  
You know babies must sleep,  
E'en before they can creep,  
Or else they will be weak in the eyes.  
So we caught them one night,  
And we tied them up tight,  
Then we marched them around thru the streets,  
Then we took them to stay,  
In White's boat-house till day,  
And we pacified them with the treats.

Chorus.

### TUNE—"TAMMANY"

There's a bunch of college students down at B. V. C.,  
They are a jolly bunch you see, the class of 1911,  
But when the Sophomores got wise and tried to stop their fun,  
They took it all good naturedly and this is what they sung.  
CHO.—O, you sophomores, sophomores, we are "It" O, don't you see.  
We are Freshmen B. V. C., You sophomores, sophomores,  
Ratch 'em, scratch 'em, you can't match 'em, Sophomores.  
You never saw a better bunch of Freshmen girls and boys,  
They're full of lots of college life and make a lot of noise,  
The day the sophomores took a skip and went to Cherokee,  
The Freshmen called them lunatics and posted them you see.  
—Cho.

## Leaves From the Campus



*'Look how they come; a mingled crowd  
Of bright and dark and rapid days;  
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,  
The wide world changes as I gaze''.*

### A Senior Tree is Brought to Grace the Storied Avenue

A venturesome robin awoke the breeze,  
And straight from the gates of the sun it blew,  
Coaxing the lake into sparkles it flew  
Over the campus to greet the trees.  
To a shy elm with leaves all a-flutter it said,  
With the turf folded round you so softly and well,  
Fairest of fair little trees could you tell  
Of the charm that with roots close entwining is laid?  
"Tis yours to remain, though all change beside,  
And melodies woven of laughter and tears,  
Through the far reaching, wide spreading vista of years,  
Shall be locked in your heart—to abide."

### For it the summer months are filled with dreams.

The gray winged summer night broods in the west  
O'er incense breathing earth. From dream-lit skies  
The lake has drawn soft shadows to its breast,  
And sighed itself to sleep.  
Mid watching stars the virgin moon low kneels  
Weaving her magic web of light and shade;  
And, breathing music through the trees, soft steals  
The gold-tipped winged breeze.  
The college stands as shadowed forth in dreams,  
It's walls transformed by fancy's misty light,  
Softened neath memory's touch, made bright with gleams  
Of treasure from the years.  
For round it, promises our hearts bestow  
Cling for fulfillment, as we live in dreams;  
Visions that light the soul and unfold slow  
The perfect flower of life.  
And leaf entangled echoes from past years,  
Fragrant with service rendered, all reveal.  
The tree thrills with the message as it hears;  
'Tis yours to love, to know!"

BERNICE GREGG, '12,

**Then Once Again the College Doors Swing Wide**

I'm but a little elm tree, and I stand  
Upon the campus wide, where many trees  
Thrust deep their roots and lift their leaf-crowned heads  
High over my slim trunk and slender boughs.  
When I was planted in the soft brown mold,  
The skies were clear and spring with her sweet breath  
Swept o'er the earth and soon my wee buds swelled  
And burst out in a faint green crown of leaves.  
The summer passed and now fair Autumn's here,  
With mellow sun and spicy air and frost  
Which kisses all my leaves until a flush  
Of burning crimson stains them, or o'erwhelmed  
With sudden modesty they droop and fall  
To mingle with the rustling heaps below.  
And now, on every side all is astir  
And voices echo through long silent halls,  
Now friends greet friends, and merry laughter floats  
On every breeze that spreads its wings abroad.  
Though many are the tones of dear old friends,  
Still many unfamiliar are and new.  
The glowing sun a ball of crimson fire  
Sinks slowly in a roseate mist of cloud,  
Till all has faded to a violet haze.  
The twilight falls, soft as an angel's kiss.  
A faint sweet breeze springs up to greet the night,  
And through the glimmering starlit dusk there shine  
The myriad lights from those dear college halls,  
That stand like huge black shadows against the sky;  
Yet full of gleaming, friendly eyes that seem  
To be rejoiced to waken from their sleep  
And opened wide they send their welcoming light  
In merry greeting to new friends and old.

KATHRYN BROWN, '11

**And soon excitement fills the air.**

My branches wave and sway and swing  
And long the loud hurrahs will ring;  
Thrice happy were we on that day,  
When team fought team in frightful fray.

Make way! They're coming! Hear the shout!  
They never wait for turn about;  
But jam and yell and shove and push,  
They gain the field with one grand rush.

The game's begun! Fast goes the pace!  
Our boys held fast, will they win the race?  
With run and kick and punt galore  
They hold them down with equal score.

Each nerve is tense and every eye  
Is strained. The end is nigh.  
The whistle shrieks as o'er the goal  
Our ball shoots clear with steady roll.

No uproar, mighty though it be,  
Outranks that shout of victory.  
'Twas one long whoop with maddened run,  
That told the tale; the game was won!

JESSE LINDSEY '13

**Seniors, in proud array, now claim their high estate.**

The day is clear, the air is cold,  
The wind is fierce and makes so bold  
That gowns are whipped and caps awry,  
For Seniors can swing out, Oh my!

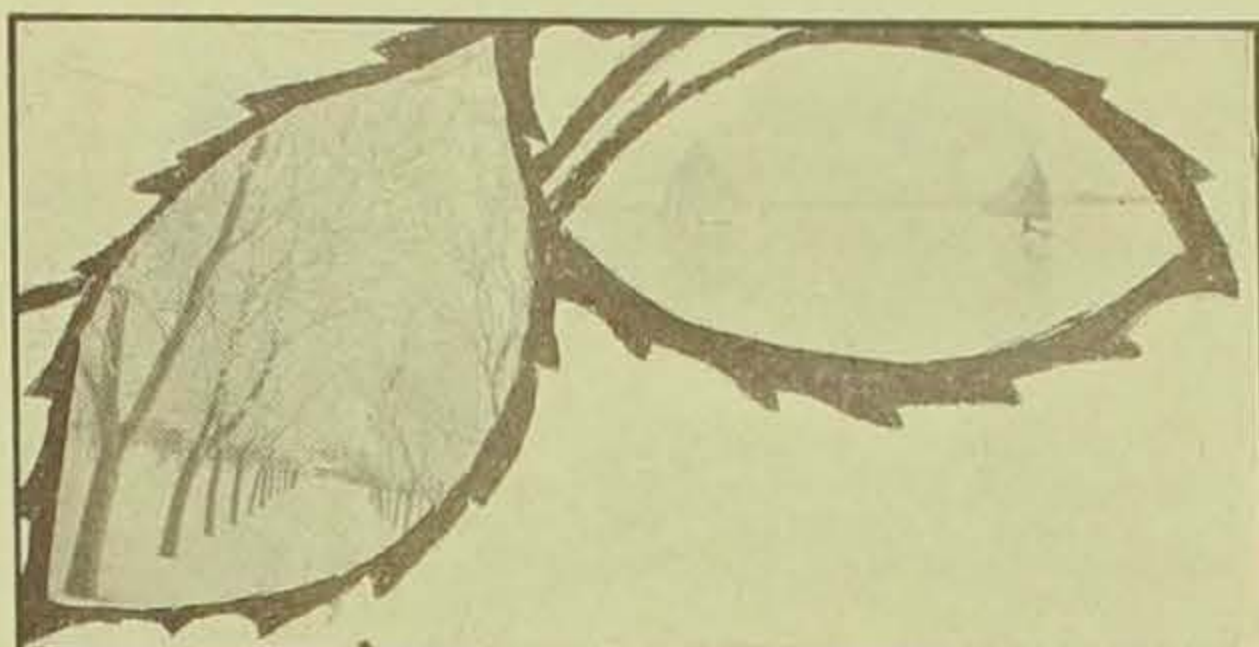
They hold on to their tasselled caps  
And, letting go their flowing wraps,  
Sail like great blackbirds down the walk,  
Ne're ceasing from their hurried talk.

Some students come from far and near,  
Old friends whose faces glow with cheer,  
And soon within are voices heard  
By which all hearts are truly stirred.

Oh, how it thrills one to the core  
And makes one love his Mater more,  
While thoughts came hurrying in a throng,  
Hearing those solemn flights of song.

Now thoughts of joy and sorrow's thought  
The Seniors fill with wonder fraught,  
And from now on they wear the cap,  
And the black gowns about them wrap.

ANNIE FRACKER '11



#### Then Winter Comes to Rule the Haried Year

The North wind flings grey banners o'er the sky, in portent of the winter king's advance; and fluttering, white winged messengers of peace kiss the tired earth until it sleeps. And then when all the white robed world lies dreaming, old familiar trees with boughs frost jeweled stand transformed in avenues of glistening white. Clear, through the tingling air, ring merry tones of skaters glad, and ice boats skim, great white winged birds, over the shining lake.

#### Then the Debate and Hark the Sound of Revelry by Night

One winter night the stars were bright  
Bustle and action filled the air.  
The College halls were full of light,  
And hurrying feet rushed everywhere.

Sharp snapping yells rose on the air  
And then an answer or a song  
And finally a burst of cheers  
After a silence long.

Soon stillness settled on the scene  
And not a whisper stirred the air  
I turned my eyes then to the lake  
To see the starlight glitter there,

But as I watched a flame arose  
And by the light it cast around,  
I saw dark shadows on the snow  
And faintly heard glad shouts resound.

But presently the blaze burned low  
And perfect silence reigned again  
And soon the embers ruddy glow  
Was lost upon the snow-white plain.

EMMONS CROUCH, '14



**Now Spring is at the gate.**

When the south wind softly zepthers,  
O'er the campus and the lake.  
Gently warning me that Winter  
Soon his northern trail must take.

Subdued life begins to tingle  
In the student's sluggish veins,  
Even as fresh vigor courses  
Through my branches after rains.

Out on the southern slope I see  
Early base-ball enthusiasts,  
Hastening to take advantage  
Of the weather while it lasts.

Or later, on the tennis court  
Puzzling, trying games begin,  
Games merely played to pass the time,  
The kind that are not played to win.

Sometimes under shady trees  
Little groupings of students sit,  
Gaily passing time away  
Little thinking how hours flit.

And out upon the glassy lake  
Here and there a boat may ply,  
While students, not in groups this time,  
Care not how the evenings fly.

So the springtime quickly passes  
Verdant grass or balmy breeze,  
Often vying with each other  
Doing all they can to please.

LLOYD CROUCH '12

**And come the days of Cupid's tyranny**

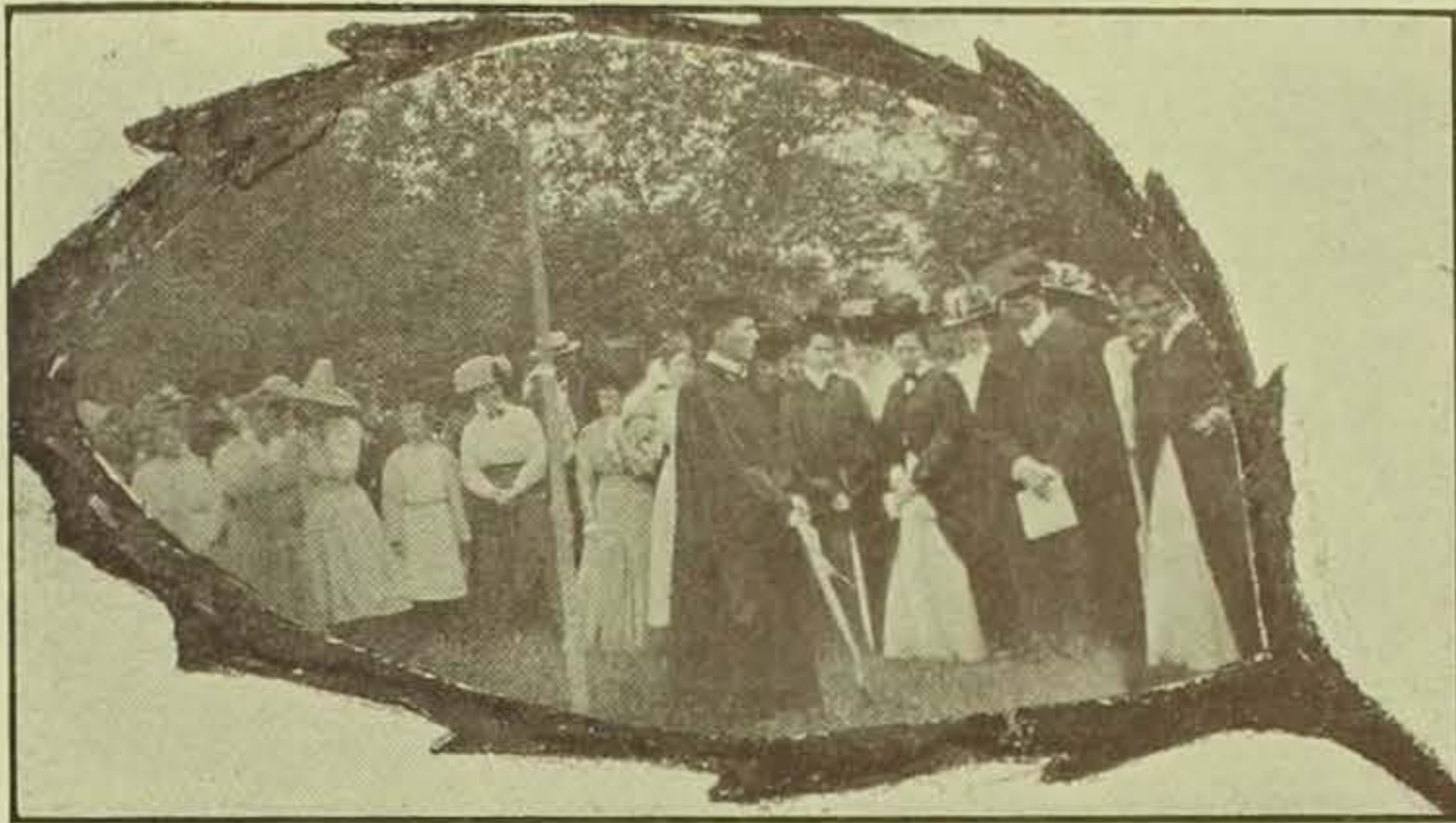
I am only a tree, but O, the tales I could tell as now come the balmy days of spring when all the trees open their thousand leaves, and weave their crowns of verdure. Days when no one has a care, for hardships seem to have melted with the winter snow. Now students stroll lazily down the shady path.

Often some timid maiden comes to rest in my shade, and always her eyes wander to the south where the blue water of the lake sparkles in dazzling sunlight. She brings a book but does not read, unless, perchance, it be a poem of spring or, more often, a poem of love. And now she hears a well known step and a tall, straight figure comes toward her. She bends her head lower and studies diligently, but I see, the color deepens in her cheeks.

Days pass and one summer morning fair, the maiden comes to her accustomed place under my spreading branches, and I see she is changed. There is a new light in her eye as she gazes on a beautiful sparkling object on her left hand. The bell strikes and she hurries in. On her way she meets a group of curious girls; they brush against my leaves on their way to the tennis court and I hear amid their chatter and exclamations, just one word, "engaged."

O that strange lake! What fairies or gods live in its waters to so attract youth! Can it be that Cupid, too, dwells on its banks?

MABELLE CONQUIST '11A

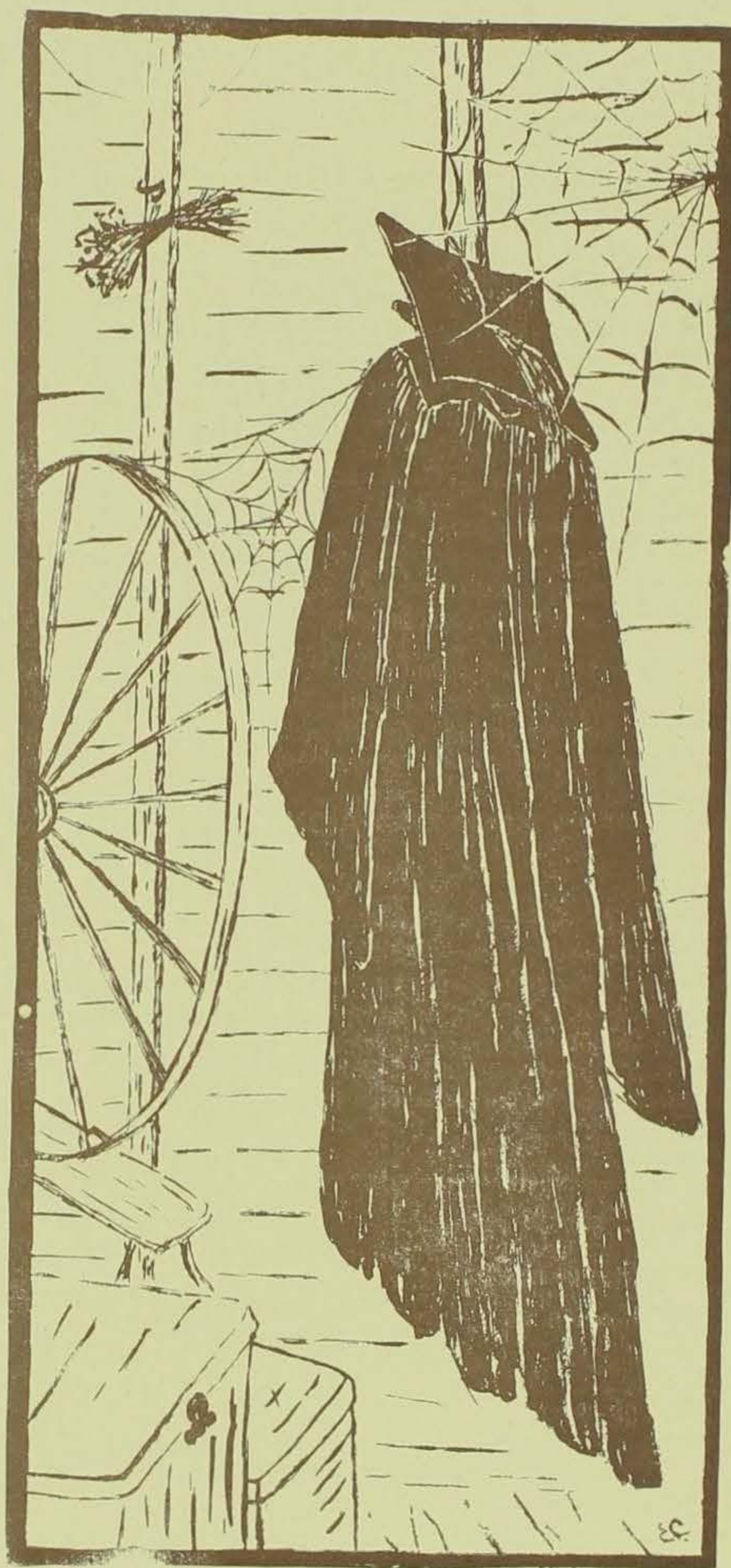


Then Tree Day, ushering in the spirit of Commencement time, and lo, the cycle of the year is spent.

Old friends are greeting,  
 Old memories waking,  
 New worth are taking,  
 Dear is the meeting.  
 Stay, O Today, we are loth for the morrow,  
 Leaves now unfolding may shiver in sorrow.  
 What of the fruitage? What for the flower?  
 Hope's tender blossoms may fade with the hour,  
 Yet so shame ye the strength given fresh with each morn;  
 'Twas to yield fruit that the blossom was born.  
 Nurtured with sunshine and summer's soft rain,  
 The signal-elm riseth in Memory-Lane.  
 The old trunk remaineth,  
 New branches it gaineth,  
 New with old close entwined,  
 June, come again, June.

MAUDE HAWKINS '10

Thus, leafy garlands for each year are woven and, rose-  
 mary scented, glorify Commencement day, a day made fragrant  
 by deep joy with breath of sadness blent,



# A L U M N I

## Alumni Greetings

Though appreciation of work and the feeling of friendship and good will so often so self evident that words seem useless, it cheers us on our way to hear the spoken words. Though '92 greets 1912 daily, in school and out, the latter seems to think the written declaration necessary to give more weight to our feeling to help your brother and your Alma Mater onward. The best way by which one may come to know another is living and working side by side. '93 and 1912 are doing this, each hoping for and looking toward the higher good and broader education that Buena Vista gives to all.

JENNIE G. HUTCHISON '92

To students past in all climes on all continents and the islands beyond the seas, greeting:

Buena Vista College, by the grace of God, a center of radiating lines of social service, a force among the peoples of the earth whether white, black, yellow, red or brown, and builded strong on the sacrifice of loyal men and women commends her reputation to our keeping.

And to students, present and future, we commend her spirit and her traditions with the assurance that,

"Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;"

PETER BALKEMA, '07.

It is a pleasure to send greetings to the students and graduates of Buena Vista College and to copy for them some lines that may be helpful—Will Levington Comfort's poem on "Life":

"To do what thou knowest, and do it thy best;  
To love one woman truly, revering the rest,  
To treasure among the gifts blessed, thy health;  
To garner thy profits for service, not wealth;  
To build thee a house with a wide, open door;  
To give with glad spirit a part of thy store;  
To pray 'mid the beauties of nature and art;  
To go to thy God with a calm, steadfast heart."

Cordially yours,

MARGARET TABOR, '00

With fond memories of many pleasant and profitable hours spent in our beloved Buena Vista, the class of '99 extends greetings and best wishes to the college, to the pains-taking, sacrificing professors, and to the Rudder of 1912.

May the efforts of the Rudder staff be crowned with success is our sincere wish.

ADA WHITTED EDSON, '99

A college education was recently characterized as "Rah! Rah!" education with no real value. While we insist that such a view is fundamentally wrong, yet it is not difficult to catch the significance of the characterization. May Buena Vista alumni and students each and every one daily realize and exhibit the practical and cultured values for which Buena Vista stands.

MARGARET CUMMINGS, '05

To all whose hearts beat with joy and pride for Buena Vista, the class of 1910 send glad hearty greetings. May the length, breadth and depth of our love for our Alma Mater, our respect for her history and traditions, the deep joy that we feel in her every success, our faithfulness to the principles there set forth, and the earnestness of our wish that the *best* day she has yet seen may be worse than the *worst* that is to come, be the measure of the sincerity of our greetings.

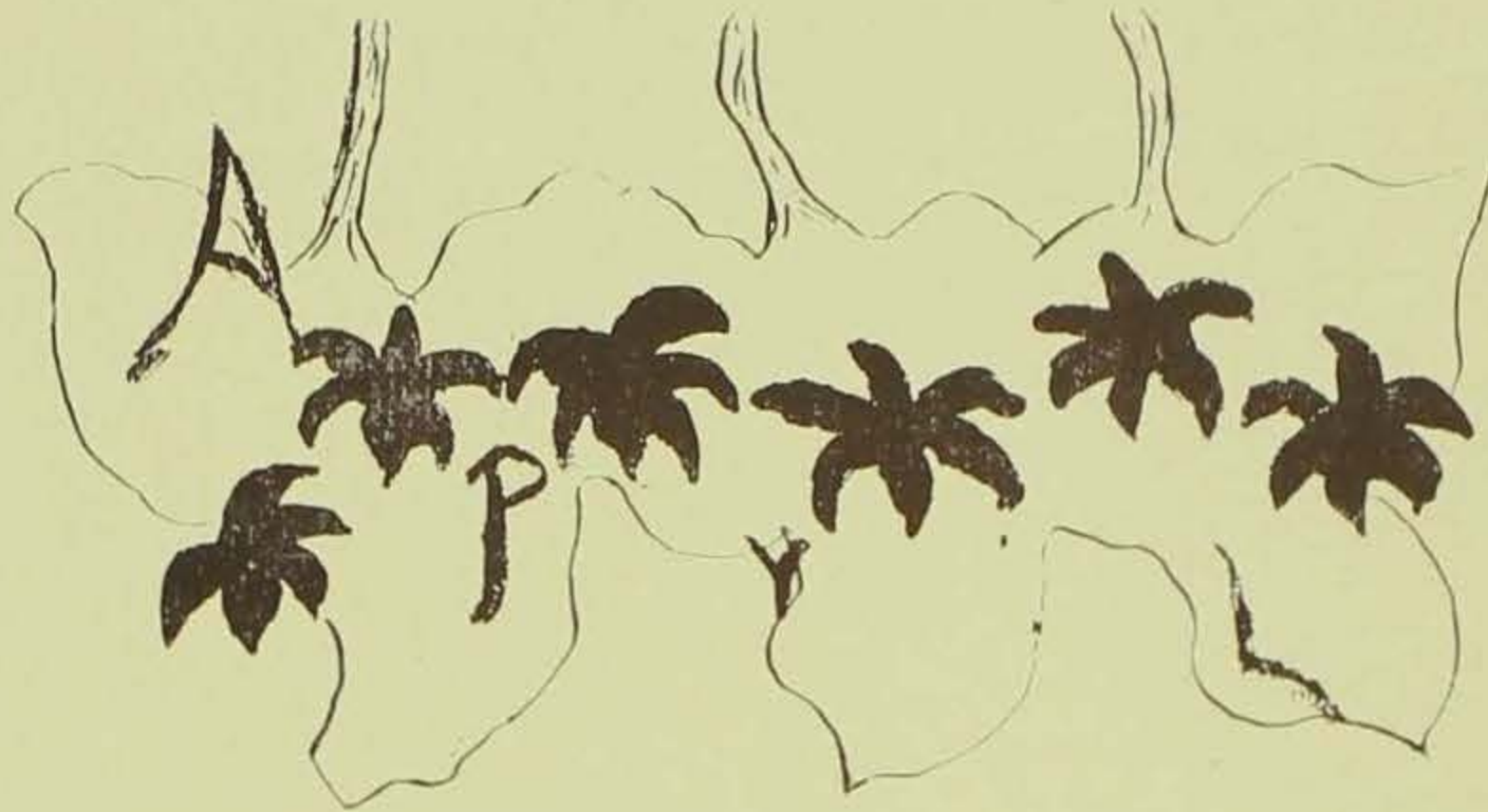
CARRIE J. PERKINS, '10

To grow old with you, watching year by year  
In close companionship our brief term near  
Its end, to talk with you of times gone by,  
To enjoy old jests, o'er newer griefs to sigh  
Together, oh my friends in college dear,  
*These* are my consolation and my cheer.

With wishes for your complete success, believe me,  
Very truly yours,

CLAIRE I. FOOTE, '09.

# Calendar



April 1—"Every dog has his day." Felix makes a speech.

April 2—Spring vacation begins.

April 4-11—Candy shower for Dwinell.

April 11—Students return.

April 12—Query, who had Dr. Blayney been hearing recite when he prayed for his "dumb-friends?" Drama "His Old Sweethearts, given by the Juniors.

April 14—Dr. Fracker returns from Hawarden, where he was chosen as a delegate to the General Assembly.

April 15—Smith remarks about his Junior girls' ability as cooks.

April 16—Carol M., "Did Franklin write his own autobiography?" Debaters return from Pella.

April 17—Was Addie practicing for the Pipe of Peace?

April 19—Faculty recital.

April 20—E. C., "He was a very peculiar person. He wasn't married."

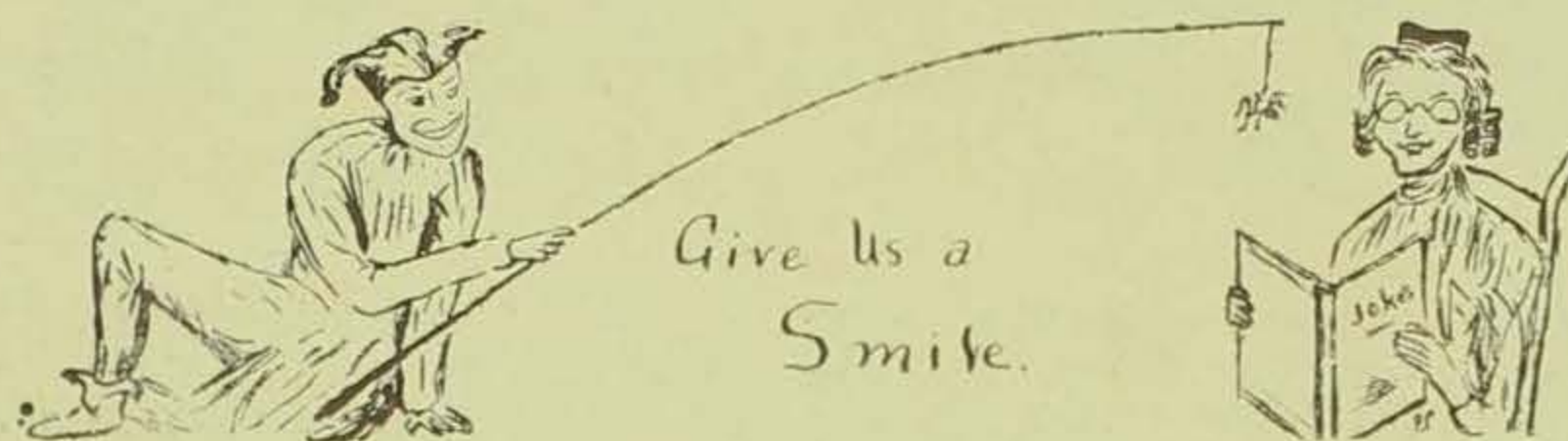
April 21—Blayney sweeps the lawn. Miss Wilcox inquires who Cupid is. Innocent Academic doesn't know.

April 25—Report of debaters given in chapel.

April 26—Girls Declamatory contest.

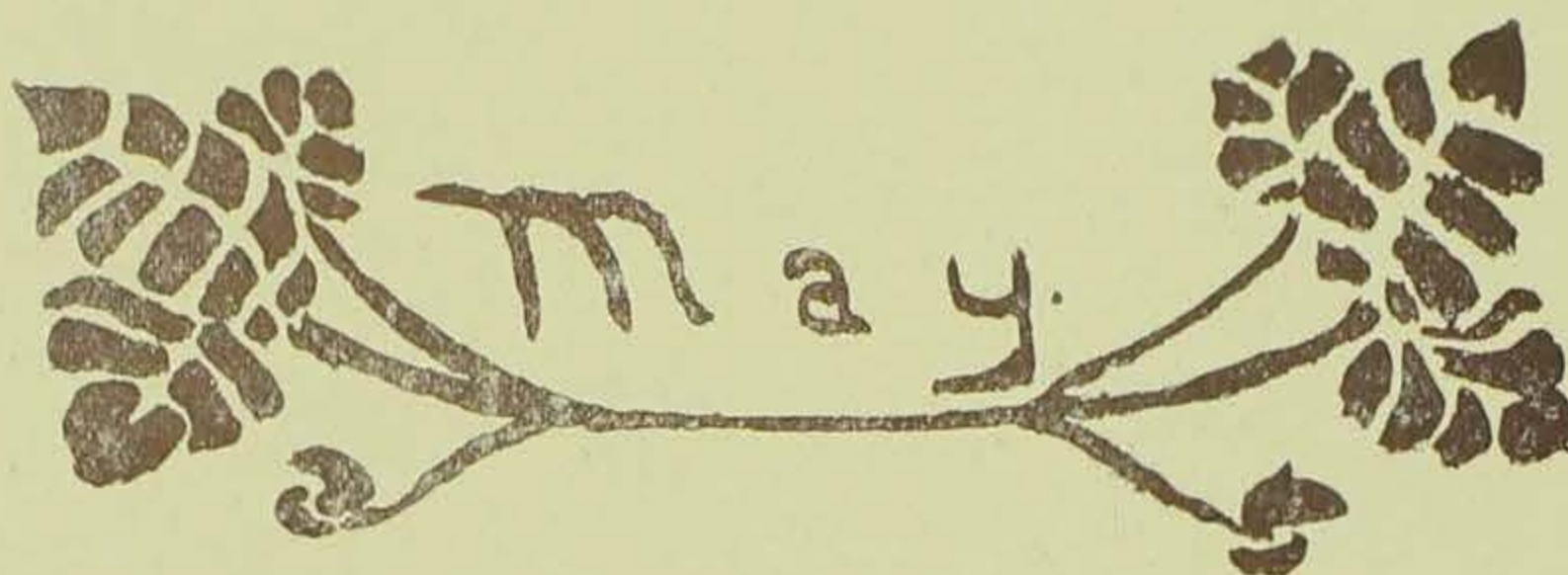
April 29—Franklin mock wedding. Query, "Can White get a divorce?"

April 30—Phi Alpha Pi picnic.



### The B. U. Primer

A is for Absences, Oh, that long list!  
B is for Board Bill, none off if you've missed.  
C is for Chess, which the faculty play,  
D is for Dorm, just over the way.  
E is for Everybody. Have you your share?  
F is for Finals. How did you fare?  
G is for Germs, the Pink-eye kind,  
H is for Hash, a conceit of the mind,  
I is for Ion, the chemist's delight,  
J is for Jack-straws considered all right,  
K is for Knocker, you'll not find him here,  
L is for Letter, from Prexy you hear.  
M is for Marking on English-room chairs,  
N is for Notes, our greatest bug-bears.  
O is for Office, the place we all fear.  
P is for Pie-crust, for it, shed a tear.  
Q is for Questions the teachers all make,  
R is for dorm Rules, and they are no fake.  
S is for Something, some work maybe,  
T is for Trouble in regard to your fee.  
U is for Universe, which the Seniors call their's,  
V is for Volumes, Miss Wilcox's cares.  
W is for Will, Blayney says there is none,  
X is for Xmas, when we all have fun.  
Y is for Yells. Both student's and Prof.'s,  
Z is for Zig-zag, the course of the Sophs.



May 1—Miss Cummins in Education class. "Why are feelings so important?" O. F. "Did you say, why do I feel so important?"

May 2—"Nothing is composed wholly of holes." Smoke issues from chemistry laboratory. Was Van Horn practicing up for the future world?

May 3—F. B. to Z. B. "Well Rena! Our new president arrives. We all go to the train sooner or later, mostly the latter." Lights out at the Dorm. Various spreads.

May 4—Hazel West decides to take a cold plunge at 4 a. m. Kind friends assist.

May 5—Frat enthusiasts, pro and con, meet at Oma's. Oma gets "Frat" bee.

May 6—Disappearance of some very important and handsome photographs, at the Hall.

May 7—May day supper.

May 8—New boarder at the dorm, who has several important callers. Next morning. "How do you like it here?" "Oh, I don't mind being kept awake."

May 9—O. F. "Why do some people like red so well?" Phi Alphas receive Mrs. Campbell.

May 10—B Minors picnic. Nice day for walking.

May 12—Minstrel show. Disappearance of more important photographs.

May 13—Grace P. "I am just beginning to feel old."

May 15—Frick, translating in German, "And he went down buried in the snow a living corpse."

May 17—Y. W. C. A. pie sale. Mystery—Why did Smith make a face when eating the prize pie? J. G. H. (In oratorio practice) "There is a note I can't get." Miss Gilmore, "Where?" Miss H., "O love, on love".

May 18—Geneva rally.

May 19—Freshmen entertain; remark overheard, "How quickly those freshmen learn."

May 20—As seen over door of reference library:

DANGEROUS!

Spoonholder.

Reserve your seats early.

By order of the committee.

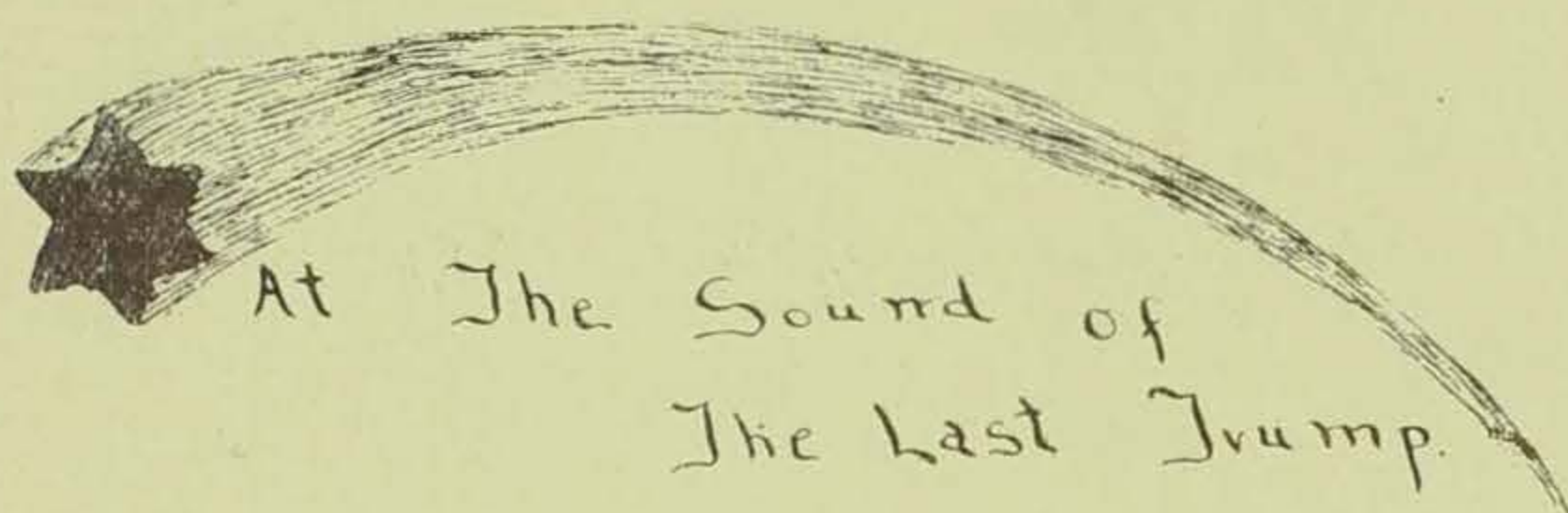
May 24—Oratorio.

May 27—Star play. Bow Knot Club box party. Duet announced for Lindsey and Perkins sung by Lindsey and Carol. Comment, "O, well it's all the same."

May 28—Phi Alpha Pi annual reception held at the home of Louise Unger. No rain.

May 30—Holiday. Sioux county picnic. Hazel walks home.

May 31—Soph to E. M. Smith, "Were you ever called Chum?" "No, but I'm often called Chump." Miss Wilcox says, "Rah, rah, rah!"



Edna and Lloyd, Carrie and Jones play tennis.  
Smith eats pie.  
Miss Hutchinson hunts for "Lost note or Love."  
Miss A. E. W. chews gum.  
Van Horn preaches.  
Carol goes to the laundry.  
Hazel and Dwinell go boat riding.  
Emma Sheldon studies Ethics.  
Elsie C. gets an alarm clock.  
Gladys gets a lamp, (Also a pony).  
Luella K. borrows the Y. W. alcohol.  
Rust wonders if he will get to heaven if he cribs.  
Jones paints the floor.  
Oma reads "Love Sonnets" by Mrs. Browning.  
Mable McL. has a committee meeting.  
Grace Parker is on time.



June 1—Bernice and White go canoeing. Mission study class entertain Miss Isa Kiyata, a visitor.

June 2—Temperance lecture. No Seniors present. 2-5 Juniors present (1 slept, 3 read). 4-5 Sophs present (3 whispered, 1 read). 1-3 Freshmen present. White cannot go to chapel on account of sore knees. Advertised on bulletin board, "Specialty in Smart Weed," E. F. Blayney.

June 3—(Carol as Fuhrmeister makes a home run) "The man from home did that." Song recital by Miss Wallace.

June 5—Betty, "Do you want to borrow the Bible book to-day?"

Edna, "I don't study Bible on Sunday."

Betty, again, "Crouch, do you want the Bible book?"

Crouch, "I don't study Bible on Sunday this semester."

June 7—Special chapel.

June 8, 9, 10—Cramming.

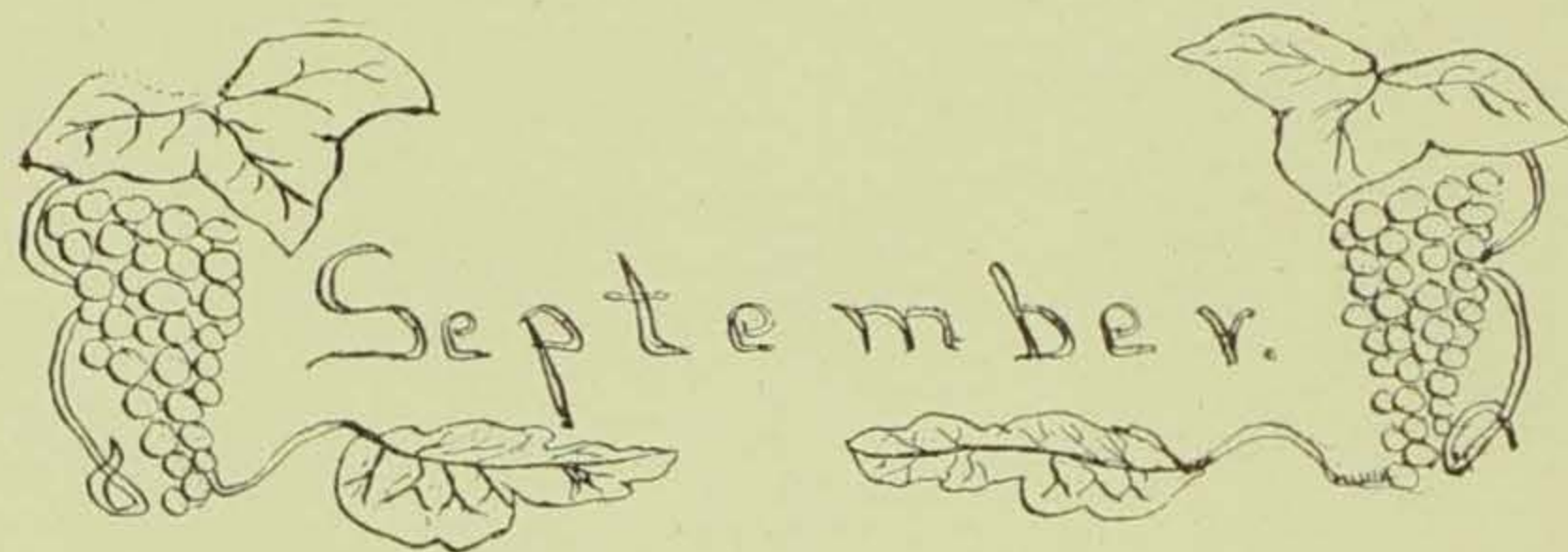
June 10—Recital by Miss Miller's pupils. Spread by Gladys Price.

June 11—Phi Alpha Pi senior luncheon. Countermine and state contest. White 1st. White, (overheard) "Well, this is my last night."

June 12—Baccalaureate service. Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. service. Hanson seen at church Sunday morning.



1. Goosey, goosey, gander!  
Whither do you wander?  
Upstairs and downstairs  
And through the college halls,  
There you meet a sweet maid  
Forthwith you put on airs  
It's always in the waste-basket  
That such a person fares.
2. Ding, dong, bell!  
I guess this is a "sell."  
Who is it on Mister C-r-t-n?  
No, guess again Miss B-c-m-n!  
Isn't it a naughty shame  
To bring these people in this game?  
Ding, dong, bell.
3. Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
Where do your letters go?  
All perfumed sweet, with address neat  
And stamp stuck on just so.
4. There was a young man who lived in a shoe,  
He had so many cares, he didn't know what to do.  
He had girls and girls till he quite lost his head;  
But now he's reformed and it's orchestra, instead.
5. Diddle, dumpling, my son Glen  
Went to work in the world of men,  
Once he was, now he's "has been."  
Diddle, dumpling, my son Glen.
6. Little Miss Swan  
She got some tan  
Right on the tip of her nose,  
So she used cold-cream  
'Till she looked like a dream,  
And her cheeks the hue of a rose.
7. Baa! Baa! Perkie!  
Have you any cash?  
Yes sir! Yes sir!  
But I was very rash!
8. Dear Miss Carol  
Sat on a barel  
Eating a dried peach pie.  
She stuck in her hand  
And pulled out some sand  
And said "Oh how gritty am I!"
8. Hippety hop, to the barber shop,  
We got our Wilkins shaved,  
Then took Roy and then took Jess,  
Not a side-burn saved!



September 12—Students and faculty arrive.

September 13—Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. reception.

September 14—G. E. P., "The seniors haven't had a quarrel yet." Smith, "Have you had a class meeting?" G. E. P., "No."

September 12—Wylie to Miss H. "Do you know that I'm the only man on the faculty who has never been married?"

September 16—Miss J., "What are your initials Mr. Dwinell?" "A. D." "How do you spell it?" Star-Franklin reception.

September 18—An invitation is issued to the C. E. reception which includes the faculty and the wives of the faculty. Why did one gentlemen in the faculty row smile?

September 19—Sophomore and Freshmen fight. Carol sings, "Bless be the ropes that bind." Emmons is demolished.

September 20—Pres. Campbell addressing the students, "Young men and young ladies, elder men and elder young ladies."

September 23—L. G. Crouch is twenty-three on, Friday the thirteenth. It's enough to scare a person of a superstitious temperment.

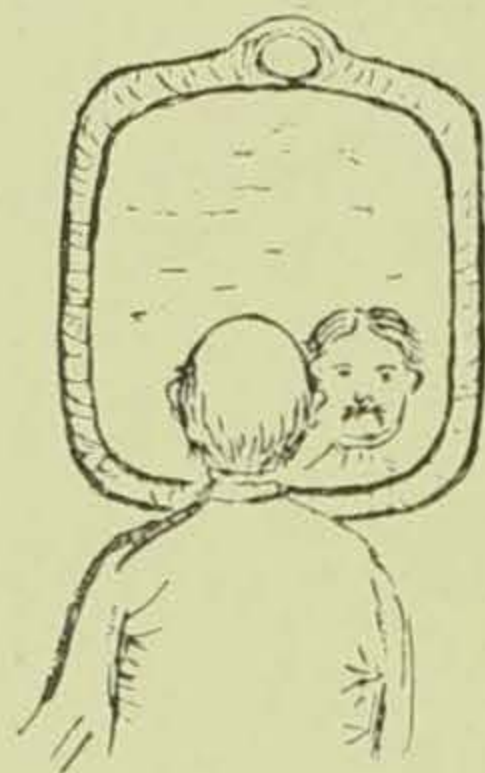
September 24—Emmons treats the south table to pineapple, only it happened to be tomatoes instead. He is still looking for the labeler.

September 25—C. M. who is on the Tack staff to E. M. S. "I want all the dates for the lecture course, please Mr. Smith."

September 27—Sophmores skip to Cherokee.

September 28—Dr. Fracker in French, "Avoir, Miss Allen, what vowel is that?" L. A. glibby, "X".

September 30—Mr. Balkema gives a chapel talk on the Philippines.



### As They See Themselves

"O tell me, do I always look that funereal?"—MISS BRIGGS.

"Dignity, is having no hair on the top of your head."—C. CASE.

"I love long letters best."—C. C. WILEY.

"Better late than never."—M. EASTMAN.

"Mrs. Blayney has more faith in hair tonics than I have."

—DR. BLAYNEY

"I am afraid it would not be proper for me to make that announcement."—MISS WILCOX.

"I fear I would not make a good football player."—DR. FRACKER.

"Young ladies, I was not allowed the privileges that you are when I was young."—MISS H.

"Yes I prepare my speeches that way in fact, all great speakers do."—PROF. DOBSON.

"If I could just remember where I put things."—MISS JOHNSON.

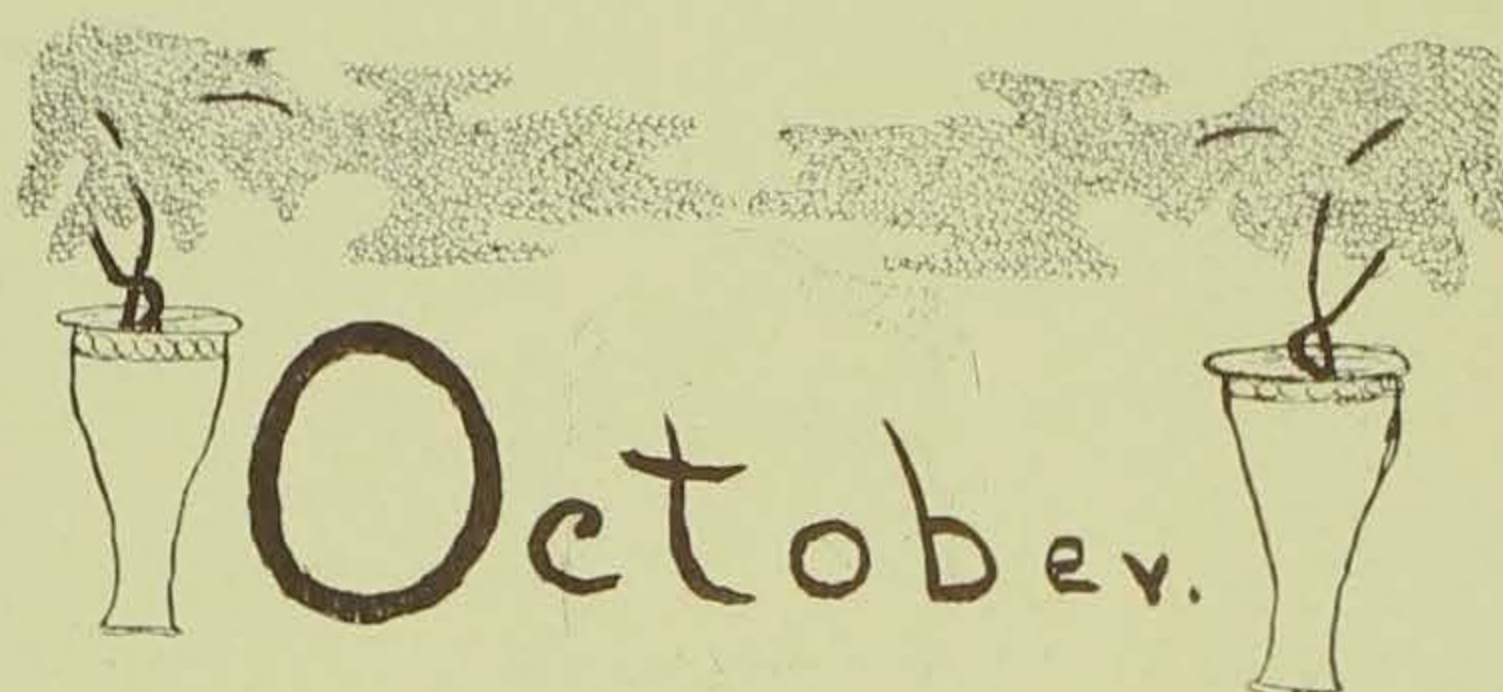
"This is a first class article, cheap, nowhere else in the world can you get so much for your money."—PROF. STRAWN.

"Of course I feel that I am growing taller."—PROF. INGOLD.

"I would be happy if— Oh doesn't it look stormy outside?"

—MISS WARNER.

"That's all true."—MISS GEISINGER.



October 1—Faculty reception at the dormitory.

October 3—Grace sees a mouse, flees to a table.

October 5—Miss Wilcox entertains the Phi Alpha Camp girls in honor of Miss Grace Yerington.

October 7—Football game, B. V. vs Ellsworth.

October 8—R. E. W. "I have got a lot of kissin (kitchen) utensils." L. A. D. "Well, the good old fashioned way is good enough for me yet."

October 10—Faculty recital.

October 13—Junior picnic at the poplars.

October 14—The high school girls and the college girls contend in a game of basketball.

October 15—The Bartillotti Concert company at the opera house. Miss Eastman and Miss Briggs go horseback riding. Difficulties ensue.

October 16—Overheard. K. S. to Z. W. "Would you be mad if I took her part of the time?"

October 19—Ross W. in Ed. "You would be using your will if you kept still, wouldn't you, Mr. Dobson?"

October 21—Kappa Gamma girls entertain. Miss H., "Oh, I have heard about Cupid all morning."

October 23—Prof. D. to F. B. R. "When you hear a minor strain, you feel like running away, don't you?" R. E. W. in an undertone, "I like Minors."

October 24—Heard in chapel, "Make a motion. Let's get a motion before the house. Get that first motion passed. Motion, put a motion. A motion hasn't been put or carried. That wasn't the idea; a motion, put a motion."

October 25—Prof. F., "Who bakes your bread, Mr. Lovesee?"

October 26—L. A. D., "I think one can remember dates better by association. The senior "Acs" appear in chapel wearing their colors.

October 27—The seniors "swing out." Rev. Bean of Cherokee delivers the address. Felix in Soc. "When I get one I want to know her."

October 28—Wylie receives a twenty-eight page letter.

October 29—The football and basket-ball teams with their respective coaches are entertained at the home of Dr. Blayney.

October 30—Smith's Greek lexicon has an operation for appendicitis.

October 31—E. C., "Hair is essential to protect the brain." Dr. B., "Then I suppose a person whose hair is gone is deteriorating." We have a "Message from Peter" for our chapel devotions.



Prof. Wylie in Bible, "Mr. Lindsey did you attend church last Sunday?" "No sir, I was at home."

Ross White reciting in expression class, looking at Miss Johnson. "And you have— Why you have just a little bunch of fuzz."

H. W., "You mustn't take the last piece of bread, you'll get an old maid." L. G., "I have a pretty good one already."

A Gosling, "How nice Mr. Lindsey's hair looks in his pictures." Mary S, "Yes pink always looks good in pictures."

Remarks overheard, "Mattison and Gladys went boat riding last night." "Well it didn't hurt them did it?" "No, but probably the lake felt it."

Prof D. in Methods Class, "Why go the longest way 'round when its so much easier to cut across?" K. B., "You go the way you are most accustomed to by practice."

L. A. translating in Latin, "Now then, let no woman believe in a swearing man."

M. P., "Oh Lillian my hair is getting red. It must come from association." L. L., "Well mine is getting White."

Pres. C. in chaple service the morning after the Short Course opened reads the lesson from the Third Psalm, "Lord how are they increased that trouble me."



November 1—Dr. B., "Why do some words put our heads all awry?" G. P., "Habit, chiefly."

November 2—"Every river runs into the sea. I never could see why it didn't get full." Prof. Dobson.

November 3—Lilly Allen, "It's pretty hard work to pitch all that hay when you are thrashing." Y. W. C. A. hold their first candy sale of the season.

November 5—M. C., "Apollo delivered the ancients from plagues and academics."

November 7—J. Crowley, "Where are you staying now, Miss Plummer?" Prof. Dobson in Methods class, "Some people just can't spell." L. U. whose attention has been wandering, "Yes Carnegie can't smell."

November 9—F. B. R. sits between Edna and Lloyd in Ed. class. E. R. remarks, "Say Felix is the connecting link."

November 10—O. M. F. in History class "Before they stormed the Castile—" G. E. P., "I always wanted you to take art." E. C. dolefully, "It's no use, he is taken for good and all."

November 12—The Y. W. C. A. social committee has an open afternoon. M. B., "Mr. Lindsey, why does your sister always want the carpets up?" J. L., "It's because we have the Methodist feet."

November 15—The Freshmen appear in chapel with their colors. A slight damage is done to Crowley's ribbon. G. E. (proudly), "I have another coat yet." M. B. (excitedly) "You'll have to show us."

November 16—Grace and Carol give up their room to "Dear Fido."

November 17—The Juniors give an oyster supper at the Ladies' Hall, for the benefit of the annual.

November 18—B. G. in Education class, "I didn't have anyone to practice on so I used an old coat." Prof. D. in Ed., "What's the cause of becoming blase?" E. C., "Not looking farther than your nose."

November 22—L. U., "Isn't it funny that Oma and Peter write so much alike?" Jones, "Why not so much alike since they have become one?"

November 23—All off to eat turkey.

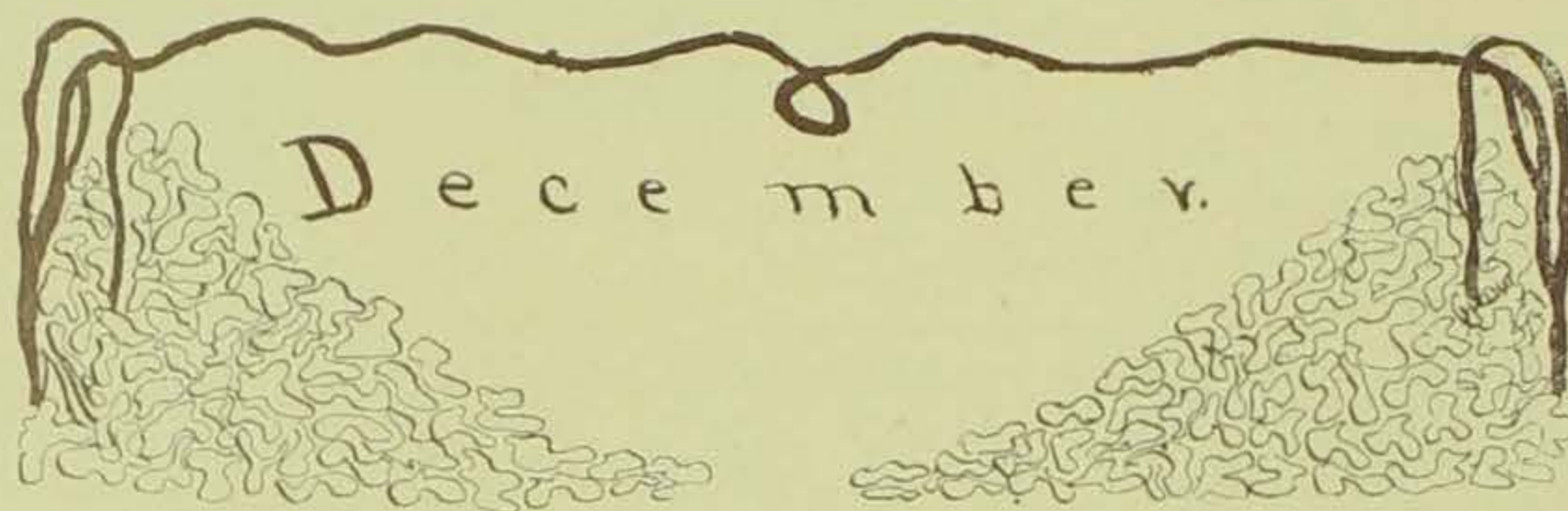
November 28—Anna Plummer and Myrtle B. give a spread to Smith. "Just a moment until I get your door unlocked," Miss McD.

November 29—The Seniors of last year have the fulfillment of their motto, "After us, the deluge." The Short Course students arrive.

November 30—Men's Declamatory contest. Fahs Harper and Charles Unger winning first and second, respectively.

### Familiar Exhausts

E. F. B., "Have I told this story before?"  
L. C. K., "I can't decide."  
E. C. R., "Yes 'er."  
L. A. D., "Let me tell you a good story."  
Grace P., "Polly wants a Fracker."  
M. R., "Where's my cousin, Felix?"  
E. M. M., "Bless us."  
Seniors, "We had a class meeting and didn't quarrel."  
F. B., "Kids."  
M. B., "That's a pretty good one."  
K. G. B., "I have so much to do."  
V. M., "I won't."  
M. Blomgren, "Let Mamie see."  
Miss G., "Well dear."  
W. R., "It makes me no difference out."  
E. W., "Oh henn."  
E. M. S., "By grab."  
A. A. P., "I'd like to be in Halifax."  
C. M., "Perk-ur-late."  
F. T., "I have got something good to tell you."  
O. F., "Land-o-Goshin."  
L. E., "Oh jolly."  
Juniors, "The annual."  
E. C., "Land Sakes."  
A. E. W., "You can do it if you will."  
Sophs, "We have got to get busy."  
E. A. R., "Law Pete."  
P. L. E., "Man cannot exist on bread alone."  
E. C., "Dog-on-it."  
Freshmen, "They can't bully us."



December 1—E. A. R., "I am so homely that my face hurts; last night I had to sit up and slap it before I could go to sleep."

December 2—Y. W. C. A. candy sale.

December 5—Special meeting of the Kappa Gamma Sorority.

December 6—Senior-Junior Ac's party.

December 7—E. C., "We do not control any of nature but ourselves and some of us not even that."

December 8—Illustrated lecture by Rev. Howland Hanson of Des Moines.

December 9—Dr. Blayney picking up Psychology paper belonging to M. C., "Here's one writer to whom the word girl means nothing." Father Coffin speaks to the student body.

December 10—E. M. S., "O dear I wish I had a home of my own." Miss H., "I agree with you."

December 13—In Sociology class, "Miss Foster, state the Maethusian law, please?" O. F., "It's the same as the law of diminishing returns."

December 14—Concerning a Junior, "He had his hands full and his feet occupied."

December 16—Prof. C. to a class of girls, "Have you done any planning for the future yet?"

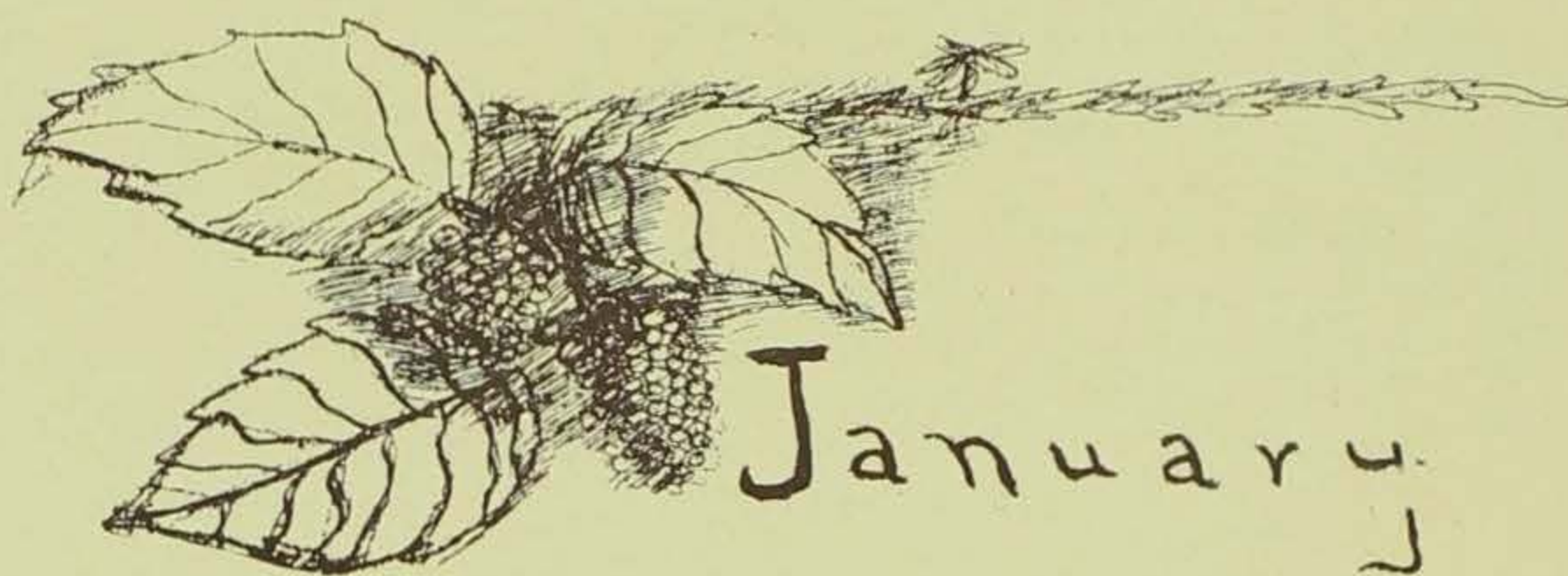
December 20—Philomathian Grand Public.

December 22—Booster Meeting. Mr. Strawn entertains the Commercial students.

December 23—Holiday Vacation begins.

### Noted Affinities of B. H. C.

L. Morris—Pickles and specs.  
Normalites—Gum and Commercialites.  
Paul Hannah—Holes in doughnuts.  
F. B.—High school boys.  
Emmons C.—Pies and talcum powder as shaving soap.  
Mary S.—New ties and letters from—  
Fern Taylor—Kodak and chem problems.  
K. Shaul—Heart affairs.  
Margaret R.—Attacks.  
Joe W.—Art and serenades.  
Lovsee—Electricity and fainting.  
Prof. D.—Germs and evolution.  
Glen F.—Telephone dates.  
Hovey—Autos and Florence.  
Eshbaugh—Dorm porch and moonlight.  
Marion S.—Bottles (empty.)  
Florence O.—Brakemen.  
Clara E.—Tall people.  
Fahs H.—History and autos.  
Earl S.—Water and sneezing.  
Mary M.—Short fellows.  
Ada M.—Popcorn and Pepper.  
Tosted—Coffee.  
Edna U.—History.  
Tennis Court—Love games.  
Koefoet—College yells.  
Faint-hearted Club—South box in opera house.



January 9—Students return from Christmas festivities.

January 10—Kappa Gamma Banquet.

January 11—Alcinian Mock Trial, poor J. K. S. plays victim. "How may we acquire Art Miss West?"

January 13—Intersociety Debate. Franklin bonfire.

January 14—Junior Acs entertain the Senior Acs, especially Mr. Morris.

January 17—Freshmen go sleighriding. Miss Eastman gives a studio tea. Mr. Dobson in Methods class, "Whe do you go the longest way 'round? G. E. P., "Because its the sweetest way home."

January 18—Enrollment Day. L. C. K., "Why did they call him Saul when his name was Paul?" E. W., "I guess he had a nickname."

January 19—The Franklin Debaters entertain the Star Debaters and lady friends.

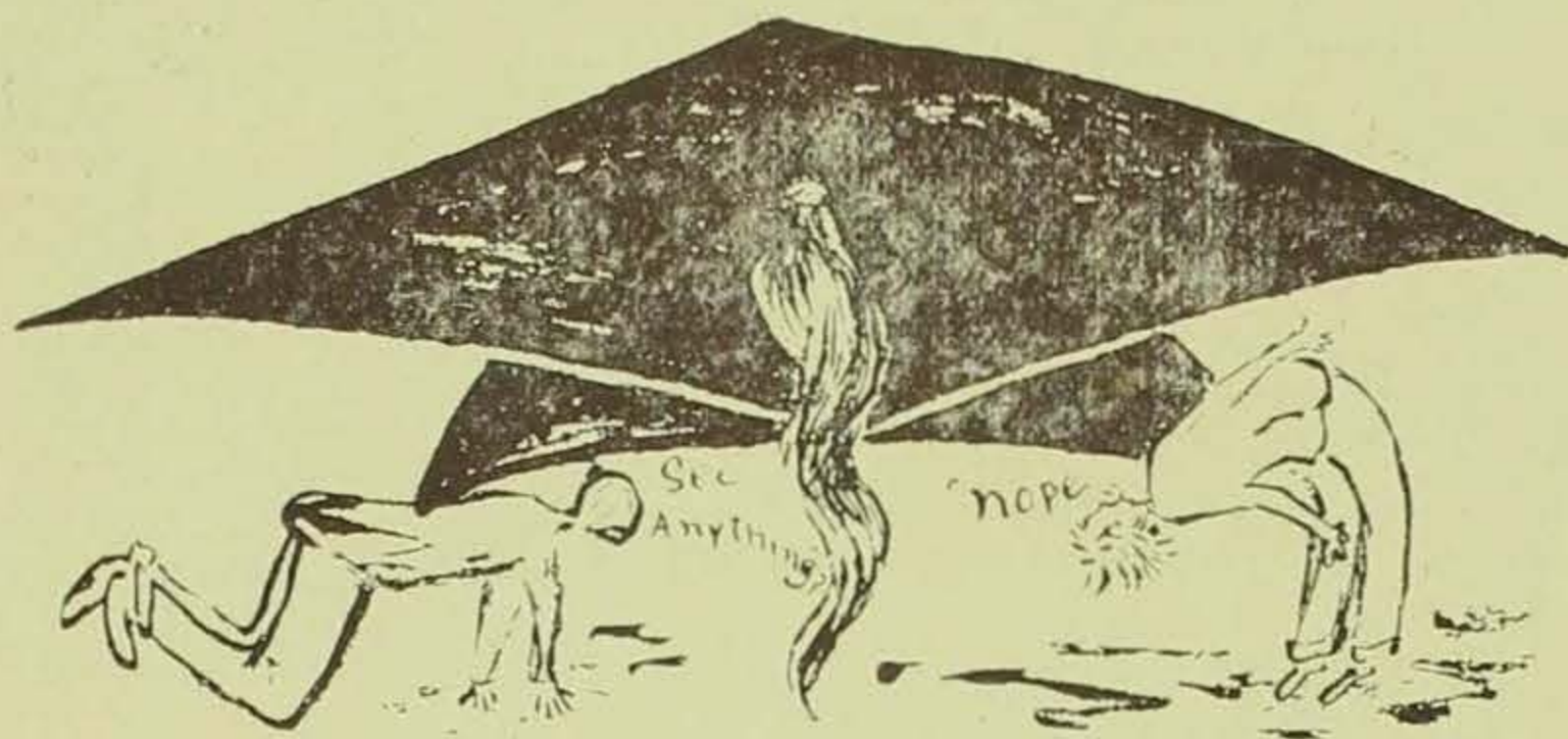
January 22—E. C. at dinner. "We are going to have bread and cheese and kisses for lunch" (at the conclusion of the meal.) "What are you waiting for Mr. Tostad?" "The kisses." Strickland W. Gilliland lectures at the opera house.

January 24—Picture Day for the Annual.

January 25, 26, 27—Exams.

January 28—B. G. goes to Hull to teach school. Art exhibit. Miss Hutchison becomes preeptress at the Hall. H. W. W., thinking aloud, "I wonder how I can manage to see hime very often now?"

January 30—R. E. W., "Gee but I am lonesome!" New Semester begins.



### Senior Maxims \*

*"O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as ithers see us."--Burns.*

"The spoke in the wheel which creaketh most, doth not bear the greatest burden in the cart."—FULLER.

"Surely men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot."  
—FULLER.

"I can do her memory no better right than to confess she was wrong in some things."—FULLER.

"There is a remedy for everything, could men only find it."—HERBERT.

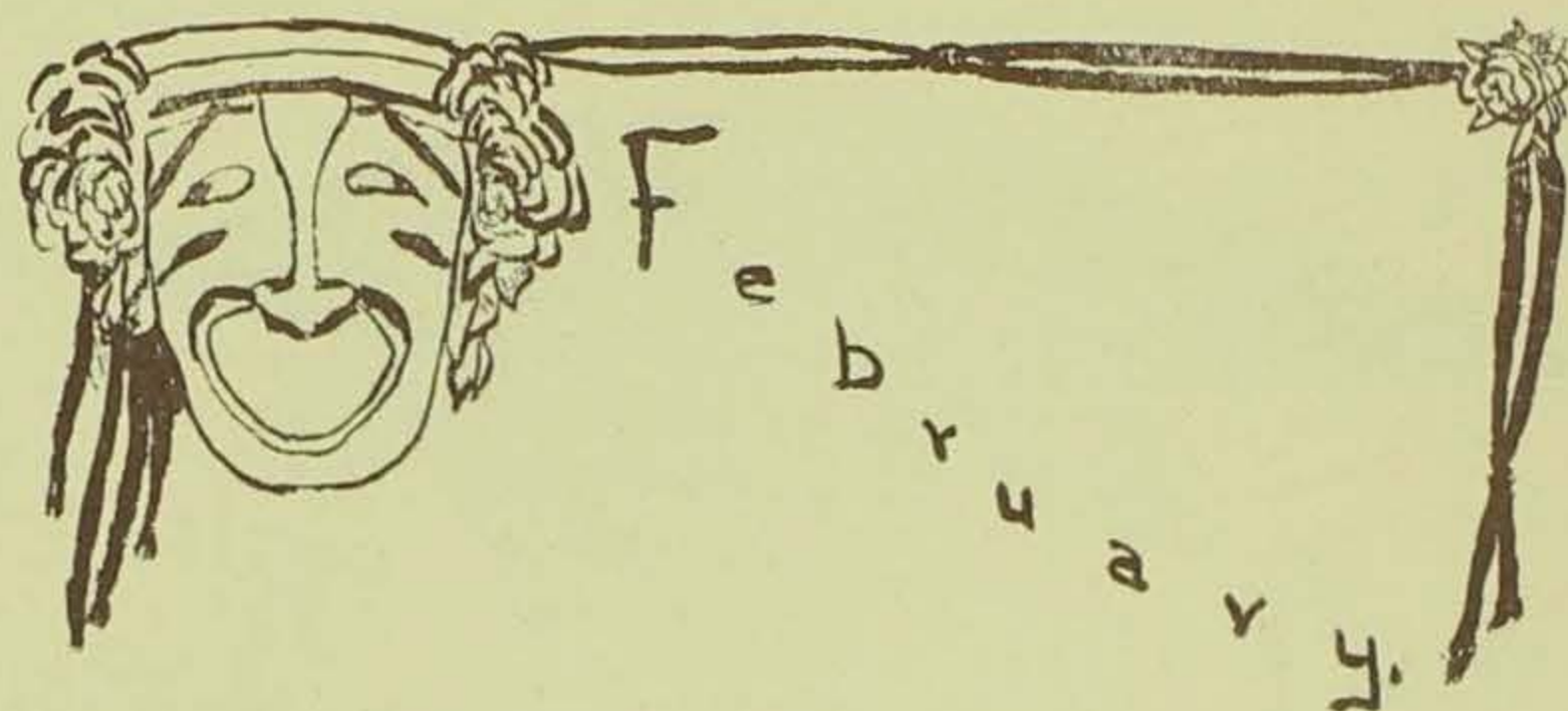
One demolishing hammer can undo more in a day than ten edifying axes can advance in a month."—HERBERT.

"Be not idle, and you shall not be longing."—HERBERT.

Judge not the preacher, the worst speak something good. If all want sense, God takes a text, and preaches patience."—HERBERT.

There is no man so wise but he may make use of good counsel."—HALL.

\*Arranged in alphabetical order.



February 2—A new bulletin board is put up.

February 3—O. F., "O I just got the prettiest picture of Peter. It looks just like him."

February 6—Senior, "Let's just sing the amen and let the rest go." Remarks overheard, "That's Senior style." The services for the week of prayer, conducted by Rev. Bean and Echlin are begun.

February 7—Miss H., "Was it dark in the dining room?" Dorm girl, "Yes for a few minutes." Miss H., "I had to turn out the light so Mr. Smith could put on my switch."

February 9—Miss J. in Expression class, "Was it Mr. White or a gentlemen?"

February 10—Miss Hutchison entertains the "Dorm" boys and girls at a sewing bee.

February 13—Ghost scene from Hamlet presented in the Chapel. Miss Johnson entertains her oratory classes at a Valentine party. Miss Wilcox giving references in English, "Look out! Beg pardon, the Outlook."

February 14—The Sophomores entertain the Seniors. Freshman each have a Valentine party.

February 16—First appearance of the College Orchestra.

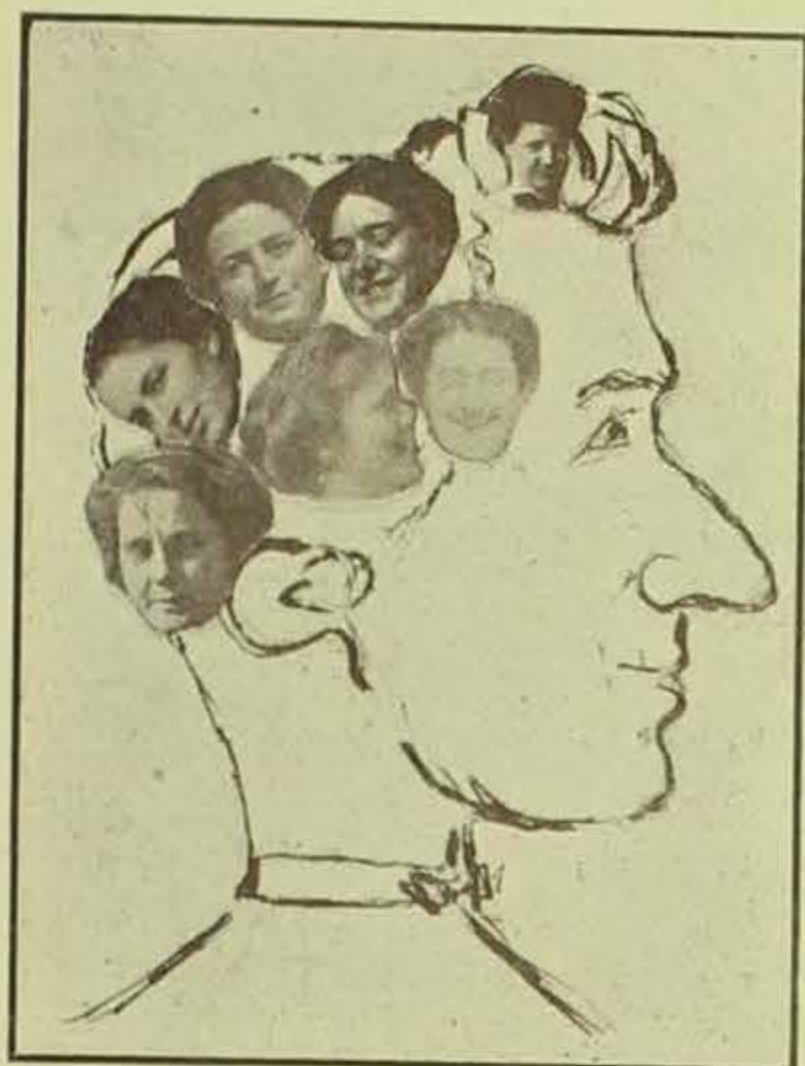
February 19—First practice for the Junior Play. Rust: "What's the matter Charlie, is there a pin there?"

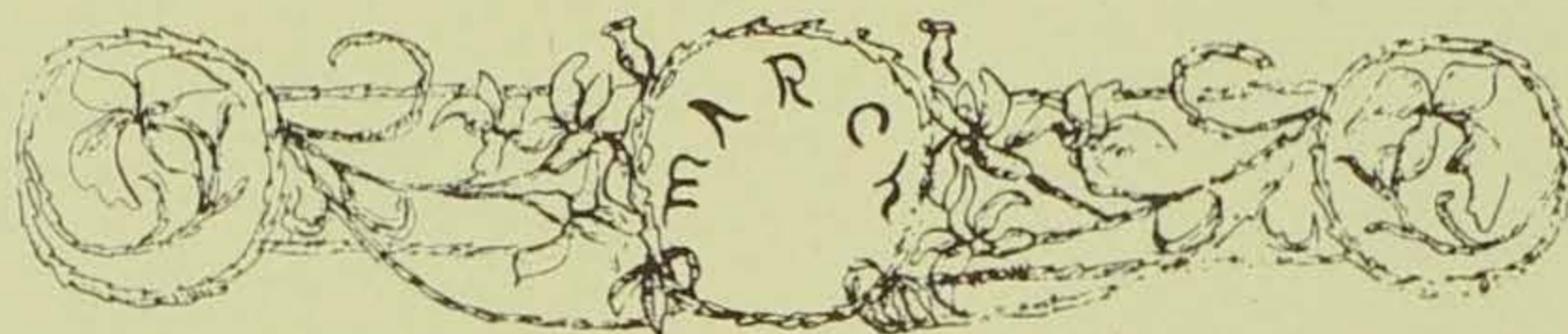
February 20—A. W. P. found to be a notorious forger.

February 21—Wales Concert Company.

February 22—Mr. George Allee of Newell speaks in Chapel.

February 26—Day of prayer for students.





March 3—State Oratorical Contest at Leander Clark College, Toledo, Iowa.

March 6—Musical Recital by Miss Geisingers pupils.

March 8—Mr. Smith, "Tell you the kind of aprons I like best on girls. Those big ones that cover you all up."

March 9—Report of the State Oratorical delegates.

March 10—Kipling Program. Mabel S. after having her face read. "And I thought sure he would tell me I ought to get married."

March 11—Miss Wilcox entertained the Mission reading circle. Physiognomist tells V. M. that she would make a good Domestic Science teacher. V. M. "Do they get married?"

March 12—G. E. P. evidently needs to know the Hall rules better. No walking after 9:30 Sunday evenings even in case of long separation.

March 14—Star Grand Public.

March 16—E. A. R. pays L. G. C. \$18.00 to sit by her in Ed. class.

March 17—Northern Madri Gras. at College.

March 18—The Hall Girls are at home to the ladies of the Lakeside Church. Seniors are entertained at the Fracker home.

March 21—Mrs. Foote gives a six o'clock dinner to her "boys" and their lady friends.

March 23—Orchestra Concert.

March 26—A goose joins the flock at the Dorm. White discovers a fire at the Dorm at 12:30 a. m. We wonder if he too has joined the Astronomy class.

March 28—The Sweet Girl Graduate is put on at the Opera House. Quera, which Senior girl is the cousin and which is the sweetheart.

March 31—Spring vacation begins.

#### Expected Events

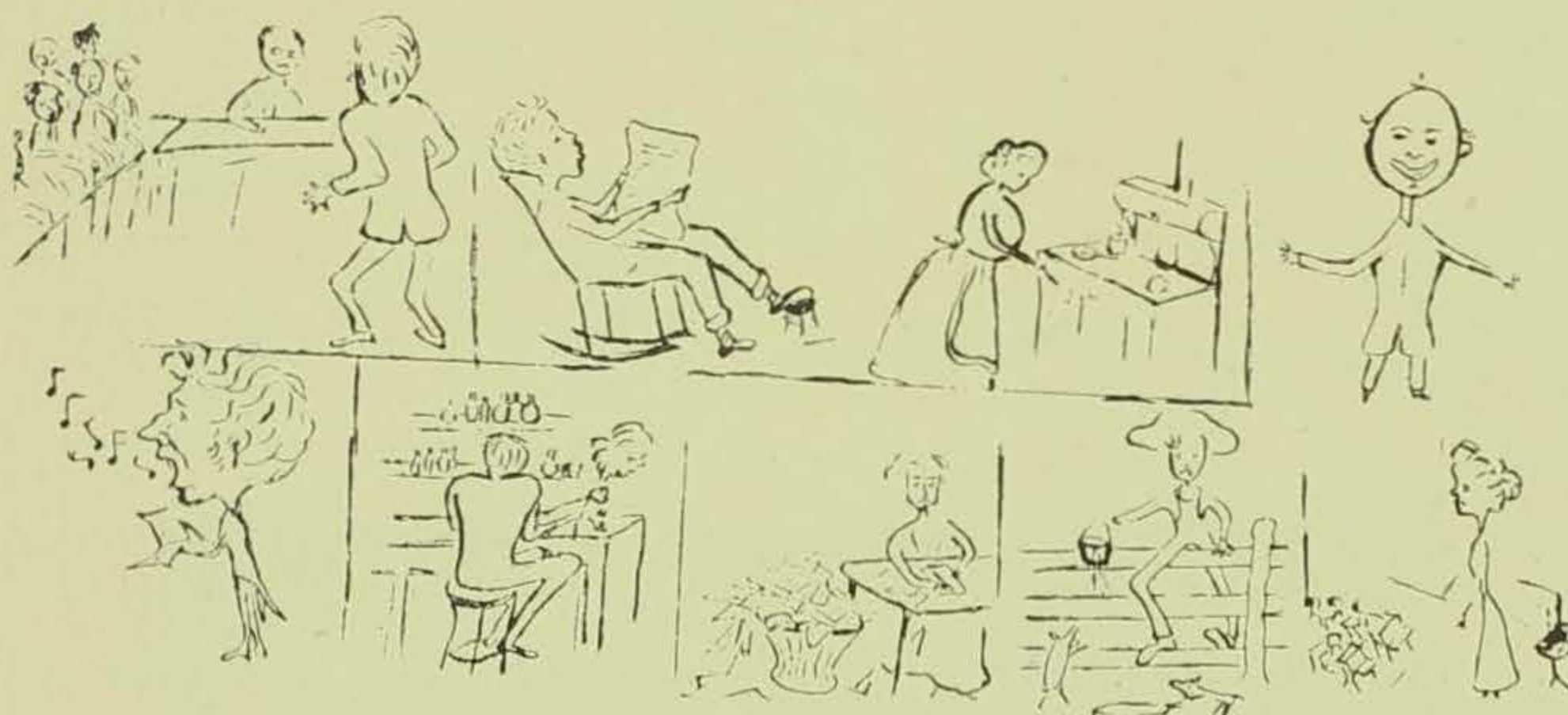
Womans Declamatory Contest.

Entertainment by the Oratory Department.

May Day Supper.

Farewell Chapel Service.

Countermines Gold Medal Contest.



## Index of 1913 Rudder

(Published in 1912)

|                                                                         |                               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Reveries of a Once-Bachelor .....                                       | Murl Carlton                  |
| The Diamond .....                                                       | Addie Swan                    |
| Sweethearts I have had .....                                            | E. M. Smith                   |
| Plays of the season .....                                               | Carol Mereness, A. W. Perkins |
| Poem. The Note for Me .....                                             | Ross E. White                 |
| Sonnets to an Alumna .....                                              | J. L. Lindsey                 |
| A Toast to the Sophomore Girls .....                                    | Glen Fuhrmeister              |
| The Attraction at Ames .....                                            | Mary Stophlet                 |
| Song. "How Can She Leave Me" Music---J. L. Lindsey, Words---R. E. White |                               |
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