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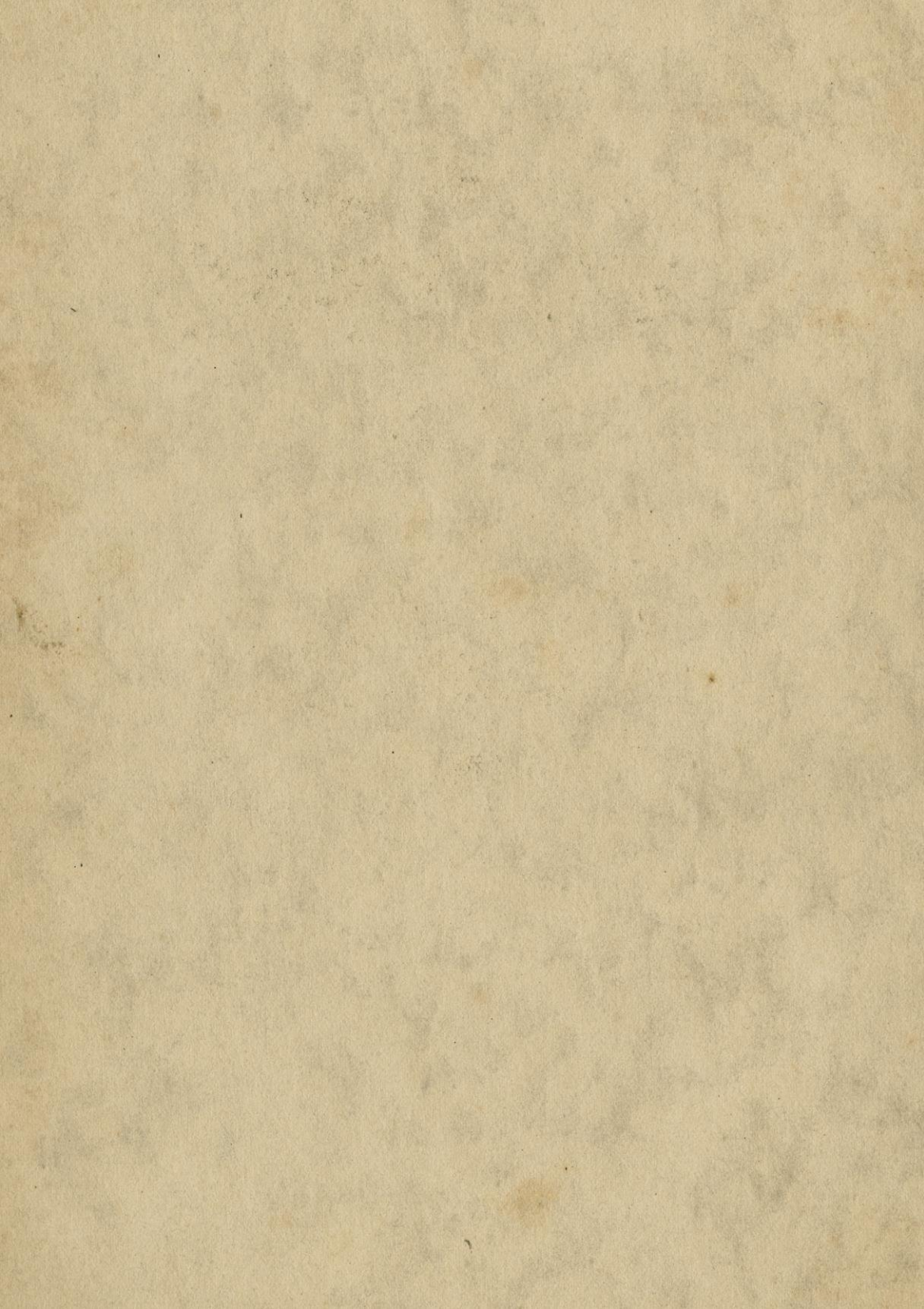
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THE ORIOLE

1917

. Webb .







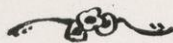
The
Oriole
Year Book
Evansville Junior
College
1917



- Z. Webb -

Dedication

To the many loyal friends of our Alma Mater—to those who have shown such a sincere and vital interest in her welfare:: to those who, in the unselfish spirit of true sacrifice have given so generously of their time and of their wealth: we gratefully dedicate this book.



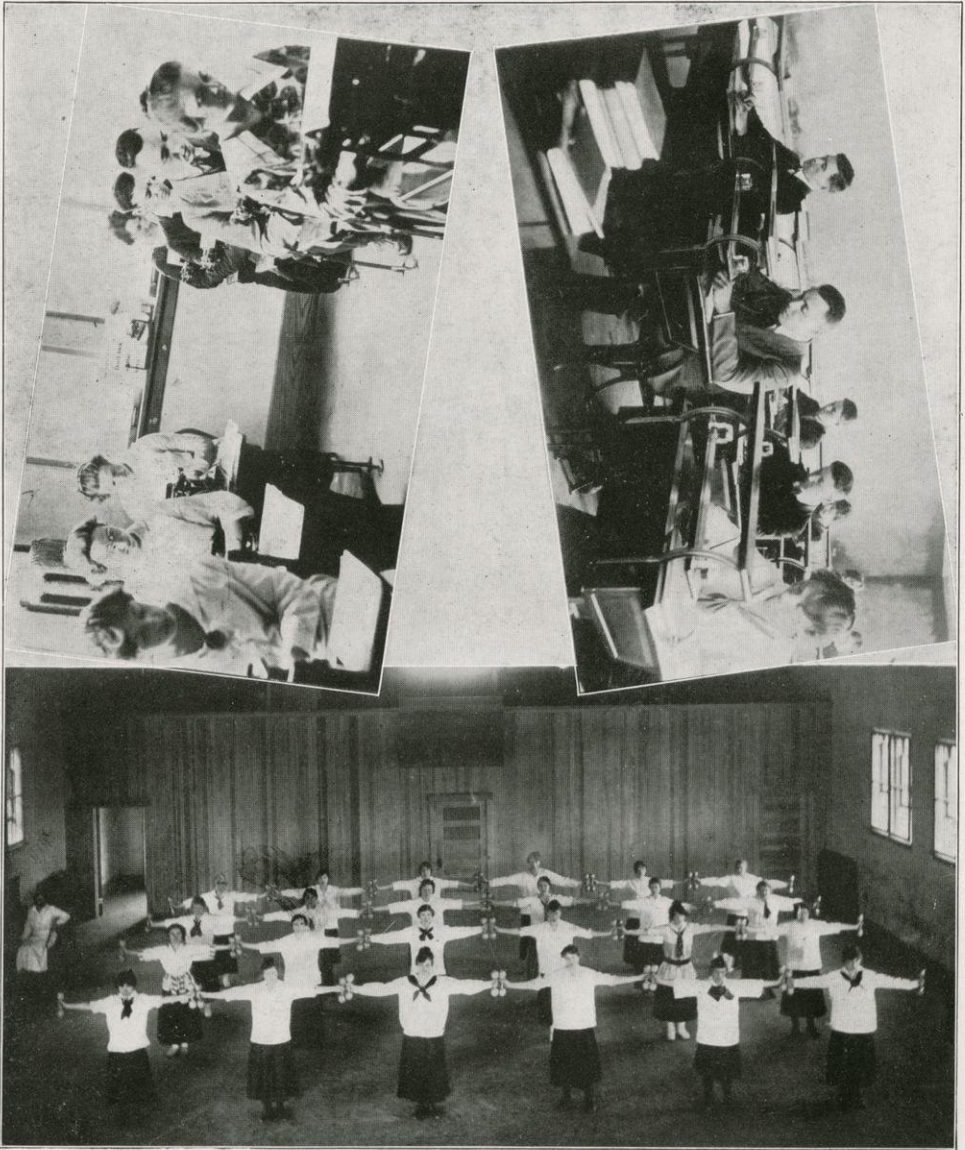


The Gymnasium

The new building is a beautiful structure, 46 by 86 feet, constructed of vitrified brick. On the ground floor is located the School of Music. The institution may well be proud of its musical equipment. Four well-lighted studios will furnish ample room for this rapidly growing department. A magnificent Chickering Concert Grand Piano has been purchased for the Director's Studio. It is a beautifully designed, mahogany instrument and has that rich tone quality for which the Chickering Concert Grand is famous.

On the first floor is also located the School of Commerce. These apartments comprise one large assembly room for the general work of the department. From this room open two others—one for stenography and one for typewriting. The present typewriters will be replaced by new ones so that a new equipment of L. C. Smith, Remington and Underwood machines will greet the students at the opening of school on September 12. Expense has not been spared in supplying the best equipment.

The second floor provides a splendid Gymnasium of modern equipment, including dressing rooms and shower baths for both the young men and ladies. The gymnasium floor proper, 48 by 75 feet, gives abundant space for physical culture, basket ball, tennis, etc.



Typewriting Room

Gymnasium Floor

Business Assembly Room

SNAPSHOTS OF GYMNASIUM



Administration Building

Our Ideal

Long experience in the history of education has conclusively demonstrated that learning of itself does not produce virtue. There is no more destructive force among men than knowledge when turned into wrong channels. The educated derelict is by far the most dangerous delinquent in the social order. Expanding life must be taught the principles of right living, the same as the principles of mathematics. Cicero grasped this idea centuries ago when he said, "It should not be claimed that there is no art or science of training up to virtue. How absurd it is to believe that even the most trifling employment has its rules and methods, and at the same time that the highest of all departments of human efforts—virtue—can be mastered without instruction and practice."

The founders of Evansville Junior College sought to establish an institution in which sterling Christian character should be built up. Its motto is, "Study to show thyself approved unto God." Its aim is not only to maintain a high standard of scholarship, but also to create an atmosphere which shall stimulate religious life and shall be conducive to daily growth in the way of righteousness.

Two evangelistic campaigns have been held, one at the beginning of the school by Rev. A. J. Damon and President Blews, the other at the close of the year by Rev. Stirdivant of Racine, Wis. Both series of services were productive of great good.



Assembly Hall

The Future

The prospects of Evansville are bright. The school is constantly forging ahead. New departments are being added and new equipment installed. With President Blews and practically all the present faculty returning, the continued success of the institution is assured. During the last year the College Department had an unusual increase and the outlook for the next year is encouraging. The new building with its splendid equipment, including library and gymnasium, will increase the efficiency of the school. Our slogan, "A Greater Evansville," is being fulfilled.

The location of Evansville upon the trunk-line of the Chicago and North-Western railroad affords uncommon facilities of communication. Chicago is only one hundred and seven miles to the south, while Madison, the state capital, and the seat of the state university, is twenty-two miles to the north.

If you are seeking a location where you have high-class educational advantages, where there are no saloons, where the moral atmosphere is clear, where the climate is ideal, where the water is pure and the sanitary conditions excellent, where the streets are well kept and the lawns are beautiful, where both nature and man have worked to build an inviting community for the rearing of a family—come to Evansville.

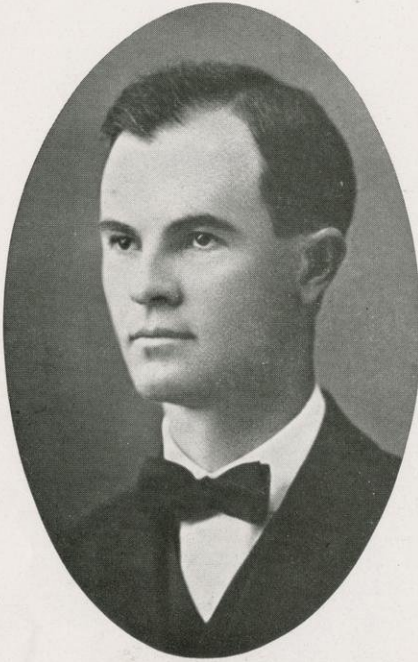
F A C U L T Y



RICHARD R. BLEWS, Ph. D., *President*

Latin and Greek

A. B. in 1904, Post Graduate Student of Columbia University,
University of Berlin, Germany, Ph. D. Cornell University



BIRNEY H. GADDIS, A. B.

History

A. B. in 1908, Graduate Student University of Illinois, University of Wisconsin

BESSIE G. TOURTELOTTE, A. M.

German and French

A. B. in 1908, A. M. University of Iowa





-Z. Webb-



MAMIE MATSON, B. S.
English and Science
Graduate of State College of South
Dakota
Graduate Student, University of
Wisconsin



EZRA P. WHITTON, A. B.
Mathematics and Science
A. B. in 1905, Graduate Student,
Chicago University



M. RAYMOND ROBERTS
Principal of School of Commerce
B. C. S. in 1913
Normal Course in Gregg School
Chicago



ZILPHA B. ROBERTS
English
Ph. B. in 1904, Graduate Student
University of Illinois



IVA OSTRANDER BLEWS

Public Speaking

Jamestown School of Expression,
Graduate Cumnock School of
Oratory of Northwestern
University

AMANDA HOLT

Preceptress

Graduate of Epworth Evangelistic
Institute of St. Louis





VERA F. RICHARDS

*Director of Music
Department*

Graduate of New England
Conservatory of Music

LOU HOWLAND

Instructor in Piano

Graduate of Music School of Evansville
Junior College
Pupil of Alexander Wurzbürger.





PEARL HINKEL
Violin
Chicago Musical College



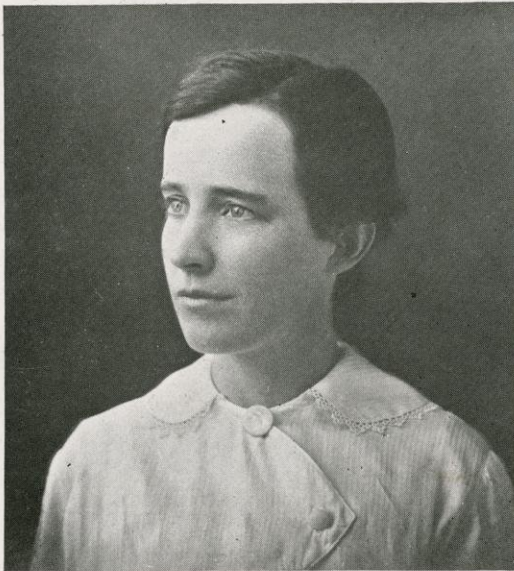
LILLIAN RUTLIN
Vocal
Graduate of Wisconsin School of Music



MYRTLE G. GADDIS
Physical Director of Women



LULU MILLER, B. C. S.
Assistant in School of Commerce



AMY AHR

Matron

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

Oriole Staff



Marion Jones, Business Manager; Thelma Clark, Associate Editor; B. H. Gaddis, Faculty Adviser; Manly Sharp, Editor-in-Chief; Douglas Webb, Associate Editor; Cecil James, Assistant Business Manager; Zeta Webb, Art Editor.

College Department

CLASS OFFICERS

Honorary Member.....Prof. Gaddis
 President.....Cecil James
 Vice President.....Bina Beath
 Sec'y and Treas.....Ethel Knapp

Colors.....Gold and Brown
 Flower.....Daffodil
 Motto.....Pret a faire



CLASS ROLL

Sophomore

Marie Jensen..... Marie Ruthven, Iowa

Freshmen

Bina Beath.....	Linda	Evansville, Wis.
Thelma Clark.....	Thel	Evansville, Wis.
William Cornell.....	Bill	Evansville, Wis.
Paul Dietzman.....	Dietzie	Richland Center, Wis.
Gladys Herrick.....	Herrick	Gerry, N. Y.
Cecil James.....	Cecil	Evansville, Wis.
Theodore Klein.....	Sappy	Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Ethel Knapp.....	Knappy	Evansville, Wis.
Lucy Langemak.....	Lutie	Evansville, Wis.
Esther Manwiller.....	Esther	Maquoketa, Iowa
Lulu Miller.....	Lou	Knoxville, Iowa
Ruth Morgan.....	Morgan	Glenville, Minn.
Manly Sharp.....	Sharpie	Cable, Wis.

THE TRIOLE



- Z. Webb -



GLADYS
A loyal friend



PROF. GADDIS
Our true and trusted friend



"IHEL"
A queenly "Queen"



"SHARPIE"
A jack of all trades.



ETHEL
Happy—and interested in everything



ESTHER
Our member with domestic tastes.

THE TRIOLE

LET THERE BE LIGHT
 W. S. Webb



RUTH
 Our rising journalist



"DIETZIE"
 Our basket ball star



LUCY
 Her Highness



"LOU"
 Our little girl



CECIL
 Fusser—Math shark



BINA
 A jolly good sport



"BILL"
Our philosopher



MARIE
Our wisest and most thoughtful one



"SAPPY"
His Highness

The growth and progress of the College department during the past year have been most encouraging. A splendid class of Freshmen entered last fall, who have continued with us throughout the year with unbroken ranks. Some of these were graduates of our own academic department, while the Evansville High School contributed a goodly number of last year's graduates. While the increased number has been much appreciated, the high quality of this year's class is the most encouraging feature. One rarely is privileged to teach a more earnest, intelligent and interesting class. They have done excellent work not only in the regular courses, but also in the work of the literary club, in which they have taken great interest.

The College students have spent a very pleasant year socially as they have formed a most congenial group. Although social affairs at Evansville Junior College are never allowed undue emphasis, and are always kept within legitimate bounds, yet the several social gatherings of this year will be recalled with pleasant memories.

One of the pleasant anticipations of the coming year will be the location of the library in the new building. The rooms are very pleasant and will be nicely furnished with new tables and chairs. New books have been added during the past year to the already well supplied library, which furnishes a splendid working equipment.

The success of this department since its organization in 1910, has been attested by its steady growth, which gives assurance for its continued success. Students who have taken two years college work with us have entered such schools as the University of Wisconsin and the Northwestern University as juniors, and have made splendid records. This speaks well for the high standard of work done in this department. We are looking forward to a larger attendance for the coming year.

Academic Department

Seniors

"How do you do, sir. Is this the Evansville College Hall of Fame?"

"Yes, sir, it is. I suppose you would like to go through the building. I am the guide and would be glad to show you around."

"Why, yes. Thank you very much. You see, my father was a member of the class of '17—Finn, Leonard Finn. My name is Walter Douglas Wagner Finn. I was named for some of my father's classmates. I understand that you have the pictures of all the graduates of '17."

"Yes, sir, we have. That was one of the most distinguished classes the school ever produced. I'm glad to meet the son of such a famous man as your father. Just come with me and I will show you the pictures."

"Here we are. Now this first picture is particularly interesting."

This lady is Mrs. Alice Wagner Weimer. Mrs. Weimer was noted in her school days as a great grind and German shark. However, her chief distinction lies in her being the first member of the class to marry."

"You can find all those interesting little incidents in Plutarch's "Lives of Famous Women." Prof. Plutarch gives a very excellent biography of Mrs. Weimer."

"Now, this is the Rev. Dr. Davis, who is so widely known as the solver of young men's matrimonial problems. Dr. Davis is said to have had his own share and is said to have given Mrs. Weimer a very close race to the altar. He is now living with his fourth wife and faithfully serving his congregation in Union."

"Ah, and who is this madam?"

"This is Mrs. Veda Noyes Racket, who moved for many years in the highest circles of New York society. She was famous for her charming smile and gracious manner as well as for her husband's millions."

"This is Dr. Elizabeth Drew the skilled woman surgeon who has



recently won world-wide fame by discovering a process whereby the green coloring matter may be painlessly and harmlessly extracted from the tissues of high school and college freshmen."

"How very interesting. That certainly is a remarkable discovery and is no doubt responsible for the intelligent and sophisticated appearance of the freshmen of to-day.

"Yes, you are right. But let us proceed. Now, here are Mrs. Lillian Harper Roberts and Mrs. Hazel White Hawley, who at present reside in England. These two ladies went to Europe soon after graduating, as Red Cross nurses. There they married two young English officers whom they cared for in the hospital. Mrs. Roberts' husband is the famous novelist of whom we hear so much, while Mrs. Hawley distinguished herself by becoming the first woman member of the House of Commons.

"And here is a picture I need tell you nothing of. 'Mr. Leonard Finn, famous shoe-blackening manufacturer, golf player and Ford driver."

"So that is the label given him? Well, I guess it is a good one."

"Now we come to one who is still connected with this school, Miss Lillian Lange. Miss Lange spent the earlier part of her life as a missionary to Africa, India, China, Germany and Mexico, and was so successful in her labors that she later returned home to look after our domestic heathen. She is now doing a great work in Evansville."

"This is Douglas Webb, the sole member of '17 who did not attain fame. He was early disappointed in a love affair and retired from active life and is now raising cats. He is, of course, a little 'off,' for he still mumbles over and over, 'sein, war, gewesen.' He was a famous bluffer and bicycle rider while in school. However, if he did not attain distinction his sister, Florence, more than made up for it, for she was the famous Madame Diminutive, who was billed all over America and Europe as "The Tiniest Thing Alive."

"Now, this is Prof. Walter Churchill, the renowned agriculturist, horticulturist and stock expert. He it was who developed the sting-less lemon, the cost-less date and the bill-less lark. His sympathetic understanding of the lower animals has enabled him to successfully instruct high-school freshmen."

"Here is Miss Hattie Onsrud, one of the best known women in the country. Her great career in the financial world began in the Grange Bank of this city when she was a student in the college. She was also the class treasurer."

"Now, this last picture is of Miss Dorothy Stair, the most expert lady chef in the country. Her career may also be traced back to school days for she was always placed on the lunch committees for class picnics."

"To hear you talk of food reminds me that I had no breakfast and it is now one o'clock."

"Is that possible! Why, I had no idea of how the time was passing. I am sorry I kept you so long."

"Oh, that's all right. I am very glad to have seen the pictures and heard the history of my father's class. Thank you very much."

"You are entirely welcome, sir. Good day."

Senior Class Roll

M. RAYMOND ROBERTS

Honorary Member

A generous, kindly nature with pleasing personality.

Douglas J. Webb.

President.

This signature indicates keen intelligence with a disposition to procrastination.

Lillian Harper

A devout, unselfish character with a mind of her own and ability to express it.

Alice Stagner

An industrious militant, thrifty and coy temperament is here indicated.

Veda K. Noyes

Fascinating conversational powers. An ambitious, resolute nature.





Walter Churchill.

A shy, retiring disposition, but one which is warm hearted and cheerful.



Lillian M. Lange.

A social, genial nature with domestic tastes.



Elizabeth Drew

Loquacious, frivolous, dependable and trustworthy.



Millard Davis

Positive, sagacious, opinionated and conscientious.

Florence Webb.

A literary temperament, but one which is vindictive and exacting.

Leonard R. Fenn.

A garrulous, dominant, but also generous and sympathetic nature is here revealed.

Dorothy Star

Pugnacious, precise, proper, courteous and tactful.

Hazel White

A musical, perservering, coquettish and sensitive nature here is shown.

Hattie Onsrud

Optomistic, combative, inconsistent and altruistic.



The Juniors



CLASS OFFICERS

Honorary Member..... Amanda Holt
 President..... Florence Smith
 Vice President..... Merdith Noble
 Secretary and Treasurer..... Edward James

Colors..... Purple and White
 Flower..... Lavender Sweet Peas
 Motto..... Through Trials to Triumph

CLASS ROLL

Violet Bardell	Floyd Holub
Floyd Cerney	Edward James
Della Davis	June Miles
Violet Harper	Merdith Noble
Ruth Holschemacher	Ross Noble
Florence Smith	

Through Trials to Triumph

The Junior forces led by Major-Generalin Smith, under the "Purple and White" flag, bombarded, and laid siege to the various classes of the Evansville Junior College on the thirteenth day of September, 1916. From the beginning it was seen that the siege would be a long and strenuous one. The allied forces (Faculty, College, Business, Seniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen, were led by Commander-in-Chief Blews, and his various aides. During the winter the armies of the Sophomore and Freshmen were overcome. In the month of November, after a furious campaign, the Senior and Junior forces met under a flag of truce, the Senior army wishing to sue for "peace." Peace terms, however, could not be agreed upon. The twenty-second day of December saw hostilities suspended, and both armies went into "winter quarters."

On the twenty-sixth day of January, with the arrival of a regiment of re-enforcements for the Junior forces, hostilities were re-opened. With the coming of spring, the allied armies commenced fighting amongst themselves. The Business army successfully routed the armies of the College and Seniors, all armies losing heavily. On the eleventh day of March the Junior forces met and defeated the main force of the College army on "Gymnasium Ridge." The result of this battle was peace between those two forces. The Business and College having been reconciled, the belated re-enforcements for the College army, consisting of five Business batteries, arrived the next day. A furious battle followed, in which the Junior forces would certainly have been victorious had not re-enforcements and more ammunition failed to appear; as it was, they withdrew in an orderly manner, leaving a completely exhausted Business army on the field. The next day the Business forces sued for peace.

Field operations were now entirely in the hands of the Junior troops, since the armies of the Faculty and Seniors were the only ones left opposing them.

The Faculty forces were separated into two divisions. The first division was commanded by Field Marshal Gaddis, and the second by Brigadier-General Holt, whose sympathies were with the Juniors, but who would not desert her colors. These successfully divided the Junior forces, encamped on Dormitory Hill, into two divisions. Immediately the Junior forces formed two companies of signal corps (taps) which were put into operation. Night maneuvers were also indulged in. During one of these maneuvers (of which the Faculty army knew nothing) a final council of war was held, the effect of which was a fierce drive against the Senior Army, who were forced to lay down their arms and surrender. A peace council between the fighting armies was held, in which it was agreed that the Senior army should withdraw all its troops by the seventh of June, 1917, and that the Faculty forces should recognize the Juniors as pre-eminently victorious.

The Sophomores



CLASS OFFICERS

Honorary Member	Miss Matson
President	Galilee Dalrymple
Vice President	Irwin Ferguson
Secretary and Treasurer	Adelbert Bardell
Colors	Maroon and White
Flower	White Carnation
Motto	Not quantity, but quality

We are Sophs all right, no doubt about that. According to a popular definition we are Wise Fools, and it takes real men and women to admit they are bearing such a title.

Instead of giving a glowing account of our future, in high-sounding phrases and empty language, we are going to take an ordinary view of life, telling our expectations in plain English.

"Fergy" is an interesting character. He has many chances for high places in the world. But, upon our word, we would not be surprised to hear that he had become a barber, grocer, book agent, farmer, or an auctioneer. Either one of these occupations is not bad, and would bring him a salary ample enough to furnish him and his family a comfortable living. Probably some day he will have enough money saved to buy a Ford.

"Knaak" is a good old scout, but that does not suffice for him. He will soon have to face the world and all that goes with it. Of course we would not hinder him from being President. We do not say he will be, for that is entirely up to him. If he cares to hold such a high position, he will have to work for it, as others do. Like "Fergy," he may hold some common position like office manager, lawyer, street sweeper, banana peddler, banker, conductor, janitor, brick-layer, or coal heaver. Whatever position suits him best that shall he fill.

"Yummy" appears on the scene. We believe he could play the role of anything from an undertaker to a Mark Twain II. Probably he will be a judge in the Supreme Court, a clergyman, or an expert engineer of inefficiency, a grave digger, porch climber, proprietor of a second-hand toothbrush store, or a bachelor. "Del" likes his classmates and is glad he is in their number.

"Glee" is a nice girl—a good Iowa specimen, a busy piece of humanity, and always on the job. There is probably more than one girl who envies her soprano voice. Her future may depend upon it. Many audiences may be thrilled by her marvelous ability. Perchance she may be a farmer's wife, or a waitress in a beanery, a Salvation Army worker, or a teacher. One thing we are confident of, and that is, whatever she undertakes to do, she will go at it with unsubdued zeal.

We would not leave Mabel out, for she is one well worth mentioning. Mabel is quiet, modest, tender-hearted, and the very embodiment of politeness. We think she would make a good missionary to the heathen, whether they are foreign or domestic. Anyway, a better girl is hard to find in this institution. She is a friend anyone should be proud to possess, and once her friendship is gained it will not be her fault if it is lost. Now, no one must think she has a facial expression which reminds them that there might be a funeral in the vicinity, but she has a keen sense of humor and is always taking the bright side of life.

Our Honorary Member is not to be forgotten. We are sure we selected a splendid occupant for this position. She has stood by us the entire year. Miss Matson, although devoted to the instruction of her pupils, has an excellent class spirit. The years may be few, or they may be many, but when the time comes for her to make a last adieu to dear old E. J. C., we are sure it will be a memorable parting.

We love our small class as much as others do their large ones. It is our earnest hope that we will be able to meet again next year. We are confident that at that time we will be stronger than ever before, for we will have advanced a whole year.

The Freshmen



CLASS OFFICERS

Honorary Member	-----	E. P. Whitton
President	-----	W. G. Preussel
Vice President	-----	Paul James
Secretary and Treasurer	-----	Ruth Endicott
Mascot	-----	Hope Whitton

Colors	-----	Old Rose and Silver Gray
Flower	-----	Pink Rose
Motto	-----	We Will Win

You have perhaps thought of E. J. C. as a character-moulding machine, but have you ever traced the process by which it works? It is wonderful the way this great machine (combination reaper, binder and thresher, we should call it) works. It takes folks from everywhere, binds them together, stacks them in bundles (we call them classes) and just when they are feeling quite satisfied with themselves, the threshing begins. Off come their heads; then a stripping from the chaff, with a good shaking up to get rid of the dust of foolishness, and out comes good, wholesome grain.

We came to school last fall as unwieldy bundles. Quite green, we admit, with all the qualifications for splendid grain, but still unripe. Therefore the first step for us was more ripening. The weather being favorable, this proceeded rapidly.

The first morning in Chapel, we took our seats very meekly and were surprised when the Seniors congregated in the rear of the room. Our surprise was greater when in sonorous tones they declared themselves the Seniors of 1917. Our aroused indignation was a long time in subsiding, but when it finally did, several yellow spots were noticeable. We were getting ripe.

For a week or more we received plenty of explanations, instructions and advice from everybody—Seniors, Juniors, Sophs, and Faculty. Thus we ripened quickly. In fact in two weeks we knew almost as much as the older students, the only difference being, that they had once known many things, but some time during vacation had forgotten them, while we were merely forgetting that we didn't know anything.

We enjoyed ourselves immensely for a few weeks. We had little picnics, pleasure hikes, and all sorts of fun. But soon we were shipped through the Thresher. Bang! we hit the teeth. The rules and regulations were read to us, harder lessons assigned, and a plenteous collection of goose-eggs for punk recitations were received. We were excluded from gym for disobedience; and campused for more disobedience; we were all minus Sunday afternoon privileges for repeated intractability.

Are we sorry we went through this treatment? I think not. It is only now we are realizing the true value of discipline; the priceless value of good character; the worth of fidelity, and the superiority of the trained mind. In short, we have learned what it means to be real men. Thus in one year, this never failing machine has done for us what the world failed to do in many times this period.



Business Department



OFFICERS

M. Raymond Roberts, B. C. S.
Principal

Lulu E. Miller, B. C. S.
Assistant and Honorary Member

President.....Marion W. Jones
 Vice President.....James Thomas
 Sec'y and Treas.....Roy Lewis
 Colors.....Red and White
 Flower.....Lilies of the Valley
 Motto.....Efficiency

CLASS ROLL

Bessie Everson.....	B. C. S.	Evansville, Wis.
Marion W. Jones.....	B. C. S.	Evansville, Wis.
Walter Smith.....	Bookkeeping	Ruthven, Iowa
Irene Libby.....	Bookkeeping	Evansville, Wis.
Lela Smail.....	Bookkeeping	Platteville, Wis.
Clarence Swords.....	Bookkeeping	Peoria Ill.,
Crystal Endicott.....	Bookkeeping	Evansville, Wis.
James Thomas.....	Bookkeeping	Cobb, Wis.
Frances Schaede.....	Bookkeeping, and Stenography	Chicago, Ill.
Amanda Holt.....	Stenography	Washington, D. C.
Hazel Padden.....	Stenography	Evansville, Wis.
Evelyn Cushman.....	Stenography	Evansville, Wis.
Hugh James.....	Bookkeeping and Typewriting	Evansville, Wis.
Elmer Phillips.....	Bookkeeping and Typewriting	Brainard, Minn.
Julia Loeffel.....	Bookkeeping and Typewriting	Albany, Wis.
Roy Lewis.....	Bookkeeping and Typewriting	Monroe, Wis.
Anita Noble.....	Bookkeeping and Typewriting	Livingston, Wis.
Leah Anlauf.....	Bookkeeping and Typewriting	Minneapolis, Minn.



Three years ago a remarkable thing happened in the Evansville Junior College. With the advent of Principal M. R. Roberts, an era of new learning appeared in the Commercial Department. Much credit is due him for his faithful and efficient endeavors. As a result this department has accomplished great things and can show an ever increasing number of successful men and women in different branches of the commercial world.

Since February first, the new building has been ringing with our industry. There is ample room now and new typewriters have been ordered for the coming year.

We cannot help but feel that the class this year has found the real keys to success—confidence and efficiency. Thus, we may enter the path of life with a thorough understanding of the stumbling blocks which we will meet, as well as of the opportunities. And because of this training we shall be better able to avoid the stumbling blocks and to make the best possible use of the opportunities.

B. C. S. Graduates



BESSIE EVERSON



MARION JONES

It was not by leaps and bounds that we, the graduates of the B. C. S. course of Evansville Junior College have attained the heights of perfection of our chosen occupation, but by steady, persistent work. It was the continual trying to make ourselves a little LARGER, a little BROADER, the continual effort to push the horizon of ignorance a little further that has counted.

We cannot help believing in the youth of our college. We have been watching them through the years that have passed and we are constrained to say that surely there are indications of pure gold as yet undiscovered. In this belief we know that the students who are to come to take our places, who take advantage of every opportunity to make themselves a little better informed, who are always trying to improve themselves, will follow in the footsteps of the illustrious class of 1917. To them we leave the beautiful new rooms and all the new equipment, knowing that if they will but take this B. C. S. class as a pattern, they will lay out a clean, straight, level track to their goal.

Department of Fine Arts

Music



The Music Department of the Evansville Junior College now established on the basis of credits of a School of Music, has made marked progress in the past year. Such a school means much to the College and community. The work done by the faculty has scholastic thoroughness and artistic finish. The members of the faculty understand the pedagogical as well as the concerted side of their profession.

Some of the programs given to the public by the School of Music have been the Introductory Faculty Recital, in which each member showed much musical executive ability; the Thanksgiving Festival program, which was voted a success by all; the Piano Recital, a demonstration of efficient training; a Children's Recital, and a Song Recital, at which members of the Violin Department assisted. Each of the Recitals has scored a

success for Evansville School of Music. A series of programs were an attractive feature Commencement week.

There have been several new musical organizations this year. The Girls' Glee Club has made much progress. We have especially enjoyed the numbers, "Hark! Hark! the Lark" by Schubert, "The Spring Song" from Samson and Delilah, "Waltz" from Faust.

The Boys' Glee Club has interpreted in a splendid manner, "All Through the Night," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," an "Hawaiian Melody," and the "Anvil Chorus."

During the last term of the year the glee clubs united with other organizations in learning the cantata "Daniel." This was sung Commencement Week.

The Violin Club, aside from their study, have given us many enjoyable moments.

The Male Quartette, recently organized in the Music Department, has accomplished much in quartette technique

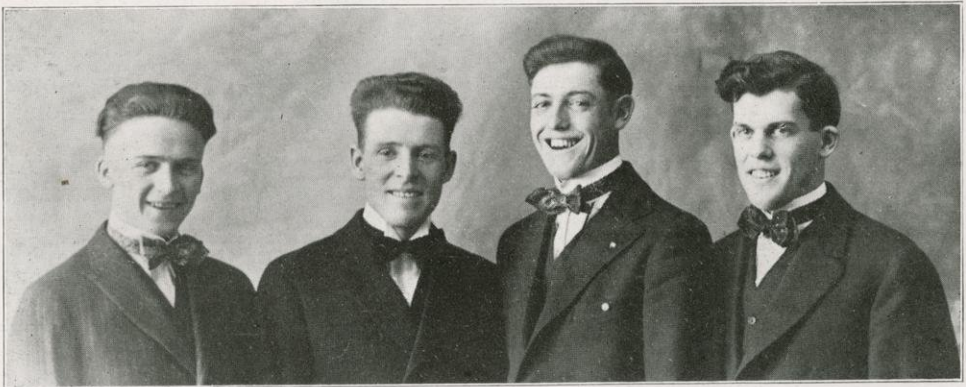
The appreciation which the public has shown these organizations, has amply repaid them for their work.

Girls' Glee Club



From left to right of picture—WHITE, GOAR, ENDICOTT, AHR, BARDELL, RICHARDS, HOWLAND, DAVIS, ANLAUF, DALRYMPLE, LOEFFEL, ONSRUD, NOYES

Male Quartette



JAMES, SHARP, HOLUB, CERNEY

Boys' Glee Club



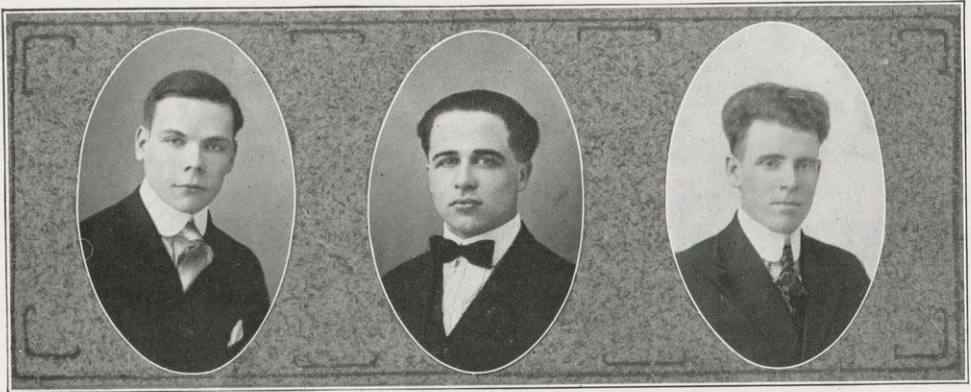
From left to right of picture—JONES, PETERSON, JAMES, SHARP, JAMES, SWORDS, HOLUB, CERNEY, NOBLE, ENDICOTT, BARDELL, WEBB, DAVIS

Violin Club



Seated—Miss RICHARDS, BALDWIN, NORTH, HOLUB. Standing—WHITE CORNELL, SHARP, BAKER

Haven W. Marsh Oratorical Contest



Walter Churchill, Pittsburg, Pa., winner of first prize; oration, "Aaron Burr: A Splendid Failure." Millard Davis, Livingston, Wis., winner of second prize; oration, "Watchman, What of the Night." Manly Sharp, Cable, Wis., winner of third prize; oration, "Spartacus to the Gladiators."

Girls' Declamatory Contest



Florence Webb, Evansville, Wis., winner of first prize; declamation, "Helene Thamre." Gladys Herrick, Gerry, N. Y., winner of second prize; declamation, "Joint Owners in Spain." Veda Noyes, Evansville, Wis., winner of third prize; declamation, "Madonna of the Tubs."

Oratory

This department of Evansville Junior College has made splendid progress this year. The work has grown in popularity and the annual contests develop much interest. The entries—twelve men—in the Haven W. Marsh Oratorical Contest were from the best material in school, and the Girls' Declamatory Contest likewise brought out the very best students. Both contests elicited much favorable comment and reached the high standards of previous years. Under the careful guidance and thorough training of Mrs. Iva O. Blews, each contestant showed much ability.

One of the evidences of the value of this training is in the development shown from year to year by individual students. Very rarely does a student with one year's training receive first prize in a contest, but first place regularly goes to one who has developed polish and strong interpretative power through several years' training.

As the years go by greater stress is being placed on training in public speaking, not only for the lawyer and minister, but for the business man as well.

The future of the department is promising and without a doubt it will continue to be a popular course in the school.



Silent the woods all about me!
Still are the oaks all around me,
Voiceless the Maple beside me.
Speechless the cottonwoods scorning
Stare at the suppliant willow,
Crouching in wordless entreaty.
Soundless are leaves that have fallen
Noiseless the twigs lie unbroken.
Still is this kingdom of shadows
Stars in their passionless splendor
Shine in Immensity o'er me!
Echoless vaults are above me!

Marie Jensen.

The Enchanted Lake

Marie Jensen

With a waveless sheen,
As an isle in an ocean of green,
There lieth a lighted lake.
No storms ever pass
O'er its bosom of glass,
While the years glide on.
Never the beat,
Of mortal feet
On its shores re-echo.
No sounds ever break
By this marvelous lake
Where stillness is more than silence.

Always by day
A golden highway
By the broad bright sun is cast.
And the delicate show
Of the dim rainbow
Is ceaselessly mirrored there.
It luminous lies
'Neath deep radiant skies,
Under white mountains of cloud.
It glitters gay
Through the fairy day
'Til the blood-red sun has set.

In the pallid gleams
Of the wan star-beams
The twilight swoons.
And its bosom of glass
Is as polished brass,
While the daylight dies.
Through the midsummer night,
In the pale rose light,
Of a silver set full moon,
'Tis a crystal sheen
'Mid endless green,
Throughout the still star watches.

O, lake that in beauty unceasingly lies
Thy springs in the vast of eternity lies
Life and love shall alike pass away,
But the path I tread groweth brighter,
And the cross I bear groweth lighter,
For this lake in its ocean of green.

Organizations

Y. P. C. A.

Education without spirituality is incomplete. The aim of our fair alma mater is to promote the spritual development as well as the intellectual and physical. Because of the many young lives molded here, time and energy is being given in the interest of salvation of souls. Young people are sent here from all sections of the country in order that they may be under Christian influence while obtaining their education.

In the autumn of 1915 the Young People's Christian Auxiliary was organized. This was an important step toward spiritual development.

This society has had charge of the young people's meetings preceeding the preaching services on Sunday nights. Leaders were appointed by a special committee and their topics assigned some time in advance. In this way the work was done more effi-



ciently, as each one felt responsibility for a certain amount of it and more harmonious and concentrated action was secured.

During the first part of the present school year the need of more effectual and united prayer was felt and as a result a prayer circle was formed, holding its weekly meeting on Sunday afternoons in the dining hall. These meetings have been seasons of blessing and refreshing when God's presence was made manifest to a marked degree, and more than one soul has found victory there. Because of this united effort the Lord saw fit to give us one of the greatest revivals known in the history of Evansville Junior College.

The benefits which have been derived from this organization of the young people cannot be to highly estimated. We believe that to many the work done in this organization will prove useful as a preparation for a wider, greater life of service for the Master.

College Literary Club

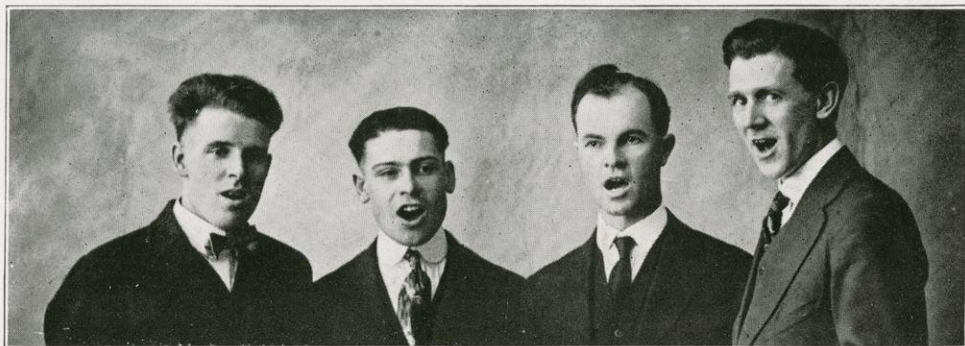


OFFICERS

President..... Paul Jones
Vice President..... Esther Manwiller
Secretary..... Ethel Knapp
Treasurer..... William Cornell

College Club Quartette

"Fading Light Dims the Sight"



SHARP

JONES

GADDIS

ROBERTS

One of the most enthusiastic organizations in the school this year is the College Literary Society. The purpose of the club is to give instruction in parliamentary law and also to give opportunities for development along the line of debating and public speaking. Good use has been made of the exceptionally high personnel of the club to make the programs both instructive and entertaining. The unusual interest of the club members has made the work of a very superior order. Enthusiasm has run high throughout the year.

The music students are given many opportunities to appear. The club boasts of a ladies' quartet and a male quartet.

A representative program follows:

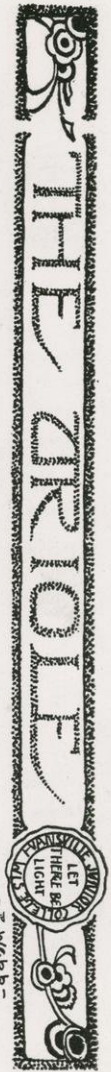
The Bible as Literature	Manly Sharp
Art and the Bible	Zeta Webb
Music	Ladies' Quartette
Higher Criticism and the Bible	William Cornell
Oberammergau and the Passion Play	Lucy Langemak
Music	Male Quartette
Bible Story	Bina Beath
Critics Report	Theodore Klein

All who listened to these programs were both instructed and entertained.

Much credit for the excellent work and high standard of the society is due to the untiring efforts of our faculty adviser, Mrs. Roberts. She has ever been an inspiration to the club members. Under her wise supervision the society has been a decided success. We trust only that the future may bring greater success.



PHOENIX LITERARY SOCIETY



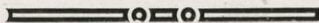
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Phoenix Literary Society

The Phoenix Literary Society is one of the most prominent and active organization of Evansville Junior College. The aim of the society is two-fold—to give its members an opportunity to appear in public, and to give them instruction in parliamentary law.

This year especially, the society has formed an interesting and important part of the school work. The members have been very zealous in their efforts to maintain a high standard in their programs. Since every one is faithful and willing to do his part, the work of the society is of high quality. One of the notable productions of the year was a "Ladies' Home Journal" program, in which nearly every member of the society took part.

The benefits derived from the society—the ability to appear at ease before an audience, the art of speaking and writing correctly, and a useful knowledge of parliamentary law—are all very apparent in the improvement shown from year to year in the work of the individual students. We sincerely hope that the work of this department will continue and that when we return to our Alma Mater we will find that it is still producing men and women whose names will fill the illustrious pages of history.



Alumni

Since Evansville Seminary and Junior College came under the present organization, in 1884, about 280 graduates have received diplomas from academic courses. Of the thirty-four classes graduated the average membership has been eight, while the two largest classes have been the class of 1888 and the class of 1914, each of which numbered sixteen members. Of the 280 graduates 110 are men, and 170 women. These graduates have entered various occupations. A casual study of the alumni record reveals that the teaching profession has been the most attractive, as it has enrolled about forty-five. The ministry has claimed about twenty, while about an equal number have become farmers. The business world and the professions have attracted a fair proportion. Five have gone as foreign missionaries and an equal number have entered the service of the government. Perhaps it will be of some interest to know that about seventy-five of the ladies have become home makers, about fifteen of this number having married other alumni.

These graduates are now scattered far and wide, but wherever they are we know that they are exerting a helpful influence and cherishing the high ideals of their Alma Mater.

Margaret

First Prize Story in Oriole Contest
By Florence Webb

Margaret gave a last touch to her fluffy hair, and with a final parting glance at her reflection she stepped from the low window of her room on to the wide veranda. Her heart was beating wildly, and there were two bright spots of color in her cheeks. She went softly up to her mother, who was sewing, kissed her lightly on the cheek, then with a happy little laugh ran down the steps. The mother's eyes followed her tenderly and she smiled as she watched her dance down the walk. The girl made a sweet picture as she stood tall and slender, dressed all in white, her dusky black hair piled high on her head.

She passed from view and running lightly across the grass came upon a winding path, which sloping gently led to a small grove, where a small brook flowed lazily by. On its bank lay an old log shaded by a huge oak. Here the girl seated herself, and resting her chin in her hands gazed dreamily into the water. It was a picturesque spot, in fact everything about the Lansing place was beautiful. The fine old house with its vine covered pillars, the wide green lawn and old-fashioned garden, all presented an attractive appearance this June evening. The air was soft with the fragrance of the wisteria and the sun just sinking below the horizon lit up the small rivulet with a golden glory.

At every rustling of the leaves the girl started and looked up expectingly, once she laughed softly. "It was mean of me to make him think I had Martin's picture in my locket," she said to herself, "but it was such fun, and he did get jealous," she smiled again in recollection. "If he only knew," she went on, "what would he think Oh, I wouldn't have him find out for worlds!" She unclasped a tiny locket from her neck, and opening it looked almost shyly at the picture within.

Then, hearing footsteps, she closed the locket quickly, her face flooded with color.

"Hello, Margaret," he called as he came toward her.

The girl answered with a wave of her hand and watched him admiringly as he came swinging down the path. What a splendid figure he made. Tall, broad shouldered and alert, he moved with an easy grace that marks the perfect athlete. As he came up to her, his frank blue eyes were lighted with a look of more than admiration.

"I would have been here sooner but I stopped to speak to your mother," he said, as he threw himself on the ground at her feet. "My, this is a

pretty spot. We certainly have had some awfully good times here, haven't we? Now, honestly, Margaret, aren't you sorry that I am going away to-morrow?" He looked up at her smiling.

"Yes, of course," she answered lightly, "but just think, Richard, you will be back in a year with your degree. My, how wonderful it would be to see London and Paris, and so many lovely places." She gazed dreamily into the distance as she spoke. "And here I will be drudging alone, finishing my last year in college," she sighed.

"Yes, it will be great for me," he answered, "but I will have to work like everything. I won't have time to do much sight-seeing. But of course I will write and tell you everything interesting. Say, it's awful for a fellow not to have any folks to write to. I am almost glad I am getting away from here, since Dad died. If it wasn't for you, I don't believe I would come back. And say, Margaret," he sat up, his face flushed, "I want to tell you something before I go. I have wanted to tell you for a long time, but I guess this is the time, I——"

"Oh, Richard," she interrupted, "Won't you run up to the house and ask mother for that little white package on the table? It's for you, but I forgot to bring it. Please."

He jumped to his feet and stood laughing down at her. "Margaret, you are as shy as a rabbit, but never mind, I'll be back in a minute."

When he was gone the girl laughed tremulously. "Why did I do it?" she asked herself, "I am sure I don't know, but he will be back in a minute and oh, he does care, he does, he does!"

Suddenly she was assailed by an attack of girlish vanity, and running to the edge of the stream she peered down at her reflection. It was still light enough to see and the water made a perfect mirror. She raised her hand to fix a stray lock, when she was suddenly startled by hearing a little splash below her. Looking quickly down she beheld her locket lying on the bottom of the stream. In striking, the spring had sprung and Richard's face was smiling up at her. Margaret looked wildly about her. She must rescue it before he came, but how? It was beyond her reach and there was no stick in sight. There was only one thing to do. She hastily put one foot in the water, but before she could reach the locket she heard him coming.

"Margaret, why, Margaret, what are you doing?"

She drew back quickly, her face scarlet, when she suddenly became aware that her slipper was missing. Gazing into the stream she saw it lying within a few inches of the locket.

Richard came up wonderingly. He took in the situation at a glance.



“Well, how did you ever drop your locket in the water?” he asked in surprise, “and for pity sake why didn’t you wait for me to get it? Oh, Margaret,” he laughed, not noticing the expression on her face, “you do look too funny, but wait a minute and I will have your shoe and locket, too.”

“Oh, Richard,” Margaret cried hastily, “don’t bother, I will get them in the morning.”

“Why, of course I’ll get them; why should you wait till morning? Just wait a second.”

But as he bent forward, he was suddenly arrested by the sound of her voice.

“Richard, I command you not to touch that locket!” He turned in amazement. Her eyes were flashing. “Go away. I don’t want to ever see you again!” Then suddenly she burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands.

Richard, too stunned to speak, watched her in amazement, glancing first at the locket, and then at the weeping girl. Suddenly he remembered Martin’s picture, and the light died out of his eyes. He went up to her gently. “Margaret,” he said, sadly, “I understand why you didn’t want me to see the locket. I was blind not to know before, but I hoped, I thought perhaps—,” he choked, and, turning, left her.

Margaret had been unable to speak, and after he had gone, she threw herself on the ground in an agony of grief and sobbed bitterly.

An hour later her mother found her there and pressed the white tragic face to her bosom.

“He thought it was Martin! He thought it was Martin!” the girl cried with dry little sobs. “Oh, mother, and he loved me!”

* * * * *

Ten years passed swiftly by, bringing little change to the Lansing place. It was early fall. The year was slowly dying. All nature was clothed in a wealth of color as though trying to hide the truth from itself. The air was soft and hazy, and in the distance dark purple shadows softened the gayer colors and blended all into a shadowy darkness. The scarlet and yellow leaves covered the dry wisteria vines that used to waft their sweetness through the air, and with this brilliant beauty seemed to mock the cold little vines beneath them. But these gorgeous emblems of the closing year contained no sweetness, their beauty would soon fade and die.

Margaret Lansing was more beautiful than ever, but her bright girl-
ishness had given place to a more subdued womanly beauty. There was a sad look in her dark eyes and a weary droop to the corners of her mouth.

On this autumn evening as Margaret sat on the veranda playing, her

fingers wandered restlessly over the strings and her eyes were fixed dreamily upon the purple shadows. The sun was just sinking and the air was filled with a strange yellow light which seemed to cast a spell over the landscape. The woman moved restlessly about. She could not play and the house had been very lonesome since her mother died. Presently she laid aside her instrument and rising, went slowly down the path. She thought sadly of a night long ago when she had gone down this same path, but how different now. She turned as if half expecting to see her mother's sweet face smiling at her from the porch, (but it was quite empty). Suddenly she resolved to visit the little stream and sit once more on the old log. She had always shunned the place, for the memories were too bitter, but to-night she went eagerly. As she followed the little path she tried to feel as she had felt that night long ago, but the joy was not there and in its place was a strange restlessness. When she came to the little brook, it was with a feeling of wonder that all was so unchanged, while she herself was, oh, so different. It was very beautiful. The little rivulet sang on as of old, here and there bright splashes of color could be seen floating along on the water. All about lay the leaves in gold and scarlet heaps.

Margaret sank down on the old log and looked about her. The wind stirred softly among the trees and she started now and then at the sound of the falling leaves. "How much has happened since that night," she said softly, and she thought of the years, one by one, that had passed.

The first year she had thrown herself into a wild whirl of gayety in an effort to forget. She remembered wearily the long evenings when she had been the gayest of the gay outwardly, always surrounded by a crowd of admirers, but her heart had been heavy and sad. It had all been of no avail. After that she had lived quietly at home, spending much of her time in working for others. When her mother grew sick she tended her untiringly. The night she died, Margaret would gladly have died also, but she lived quietly on, finding the greatest solace in her work.

She had heard no word from Richard since that last night. He had left for Europe early the next morning as he had planned, and his friends had lost complete trace of him. She wondered sadly if he loved her still. Perhaps he had learned to love another, but her heart told her it was not so. "It would not be so lonesome without him," she thought. "If only I had mother, oh, mother," she suddenly cried, "it does not seem right that I should lose you, too! You wanted me to marry Martin," she went on, "you thought I would be happier, but it could never be. Even you, mother dear, did not know how deeply I loved him." She thought of the night

Martin had asked her to be his wife, and of his drawn, disappointed face when she had been compelled to say no. It had not been long after that she heard of his death. "Richard probably thinks I am married to him now," she thought, a little bitterly. Then in a sudden flame of passion, "Oh, why, why did I allow my foolish pride and modesty to take from me life's greatest happiness? If I had only called him back, but I was too stunned, and—and, then he was gone." She sat silent for some time, her hands clasped tightly before her. Presently she grew quieter and rose to leave. She looked about her slowly. "This is the last time I shall ever come here," she said to herself. "It only makes me remember more and I must not dwell so much on my own sorrow. There are others who are unhappy also." She unclasped the locket, which she always wore and looked long at the picture within.

Anyone seeing Margaret Lansing at that moment could not have failed in being touched at the picture she made. Her sweet face showed the marks of sorrow and pain and her eyes were sad. She was about to go when she was startled by hearing a slight sound behind her. Suddenly, for some strange reason, she began to tremble, her heart beat wildly and the locket slipped from her fingers.

"Margaret!"

Was she dreaming? Surely she knew that voice. But no, it could not be, she must have been thinking too much. She seemed powerless to move.

Then suddenly he was beside her. "Richard!" she cried, and held out her hands blindly. He took them gently and they gazed long at each other.

"Margaret," he said, "I did not mean to come back and make you remember, but I had to see you once more. I am sorry, for your sake, Martin died, I—," his voice broke and he turned away.

"Richard, look!" Margaret cried, and pointed mutely to the locket at her feet.

He stooped and picked it up. When he saw the picture, his face went white.

"It was there all the time." The man looked at the woman, but he did not seem to comprehend.

"But I thought it was——" he stopped. A change came over Margaret's face. She drew herself up proudly.

"Yes, you thought, Richard, but you did not know."

He looked at her long, taking in every detail of her sad, beautiful face. Then, as he fully comprehended, his face lit up with a wonderful joy and holding out his arms, he said simply, "Margaret, forgive!"



James Thomas, Hugh James, Clarence Swords, Paul Jones, Marion Jones
BOYS' CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM



Paul Dietzman, Ruth Morgan, Gladys Herrick, Thelma Clark, Bina Beath, Lou Miller, Ethel Knapp
GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM



One of the scenes from the May Fete Program given by the young ladies on May 25

Physical Culture

Evansville Junior College stands for the building of sound minds in sound bodies by a regulated amount of study and physical exercise sufficient enough to keep the nerves steady and the blood pure. Physical culture, which stands for athletics, diet, and natural methods of health building, makes real men and women.

Athletics, when properly directed, have also a distinct moral value. One is taught self control, to play the game hard but fairly and to accept defeat if need be, gracefully and without resentment. It is this side of physical culture that is emphasized in our school. Hence it is not the purpose alone to produce championship teams in which only a limited number are benefited. It is rather our endeavor to organize our athletic activities in such a manner as to secure the maximum of training for the student body as a whole. To this end classes in physical culture exercises are conducted under competent instructors.

The fine large gymnasium, recently constructed, with its modern equipments of shower baths and locker rooms, for both men and ladies, basket ball and hand ball courts and gymnasium apparatus, has added many new games to the list of athletic sports indulged in by the students, and has been a source of pleasure and profit to them throughout the past winter.

Henceforth E. J. C. with her fine gymnasium, tennis courts, baseball grounds and large campus, will be found in the front rank in her Athletic Department. In fact, the season of '16-'17 has been an epoch in her athletic life. Tennis and baseball occupied the foreground last fall. During the winter little could be accomplished, but March 1 the gymnasium was completed and basket ball became popular. The girls took much interest as well as the boys and played boys' rules with much enthusiasm and skill.

In the tournament which followed, several games between classes and picked teams were played. The College boys were defeated by the Juniors and the Seniors by the Business team; then the Business won the boys' championship over the Juniors in one of the closest contests of the season, by the score 22—21.

The girls played their tournament April 4-6. It was very interesting and much class spirit was shown all the way through. First the Business team defeated the Prep girls 4—2 and then the College girls gained the athletic honors for their class by winning the championship over the hitherto invincible Business team by the score 5—4.

This finished the basket ball season, for the tennis courts were hard and smooth by this time and everybody suddenly possessed a longing to play tennis.

The Juniors, who entered exceedingly fast teams in the tournament, won the championship, both in the men's and mixed doubles—in the men's doubles with a score of 2—0, and in the mixed doubles with a score of 2—0.



Ross Noble and Edward James
Champion Team



Edward James and Merdith Noble
Champion Team

Jokes

Prof. Gaddis (at dinner table)—“Well, Walter, I see Swords found a Violet Saturday.”

Walter—“What’s he going to do—press it?”

Miss Schade (discussing basket ball rules at the supper table)—“I don’t understand the rules of the game very well. It is a foul when a person puts their arms around you and holds you?”

Bardell—“That depends on the referee.”

Pete—“Did anybody hear about Sharpe getting tangled up with a Webb ”

Prof. Gaddis—“Who was the mother of the Gracchi?”

Ling—“Why Mrs. Gracchi, of course.”

Shorty Davis (walking with Esther on the base ball grounds)—“See that player at the bat? Next year he will be our best man.”

Esther (joyfully)—“Oh, Millard! This is so sudden.”

Holub, after taking first walk with Zeta, sits down to read "Ethics on Spooning."

Sharp—"Well, Holub, how do you like Spooning?"

Holub—"Don't know yet—just beginning."

Elmer—"I don't mind the hot weather."

Chorus—"You don't?"

Elmer—"No. I always hunt up the Schaede."

Churchill (in Physics)—"I've changed my feet to inches."

Simpson—"Impossible!"

Simp—"Is my mustache becoming?"

Bill—"It may be coming but I can't see it."

Mac—"Say, Sharp, can you pray?"

Sharp—"Why, yes."

Mac—"Well, pray Nita out of Fergatory then."

Prof. Gaddis (finding Sharp and Holub talking German on the back steps)—"Boys, that is not at all patriotic."

Holub—"Oh, it's all right; we're only mutilating the language."

Mrs. Roberts—"Sharpie, who's going to win first in the girls' contest to-night?"

Sharpie—"I don't know, but I have hopes."

Bardell—"It's always been a mystery to me how Miss Endi-cott Ferguson!"

Mrs. Roberts—"Miss Holschemacher, what did Swift write?"

Hol.—"Oh, A Tub Full of Tales."

DEGREES CONFERRED 1917

L. L. D. (Lucy's Lovey Dovey), Ted Klein.

A. B. (Anti-Bachelor), Leah and Nita.

D. C. L. (Doctor of Comica Law), Simpson.

CALENDAR

September 13. Unlucky day. School opens with "fine body of young people," etc. Many long faces caused by incompleting gym.

September 15. Students' reception. Couples begin activities.

September 29. Phoenix election. Senior President elected in spite of disrespectful Juniors.

September 30. College Freshmen go to Madison.

- October 2. Junior picnic on Eastman's Hill. (Ford breaks down twice).
- October 5. Seniors and Sophs picnic at Muskrat Lake.
- October 15. Daily bulletin reports gym doing nicely.
- October 19. Cecil and Sharpe hear (?) Wilson in Chicago.
- October 23. Revivals begin with Rev. Damon as evangelist.
- November 1. Laverne departs, leaving many red eyes among Junior girls.
- November 3. Big political literary program. Wilson elected.
- November 13. Daily bulletin still reports progress of gym. One tier of brick has been laid!
- December 20. Christmas vacation commences. "Halls of learning" deserted.
- Blessed interval.
- January 9. Brand new student arrives. Takes up voice culture.
- January 13. Another unlucky day. Boiler breaks. Sem. one vast refrigeration plant.
- January 25-6-9-30. Examinations.
- March 1. Biggest surprise of year. Gym. is completed and ready for use! First basket ball game played by girls.
- March 2. Basket ball season, although late, starts in full force. College **and** Preps. beat Preps. Holub & Co. go to Mt. Horeb.
- March 12. Fireman Sharp goes on strike. Big snow storm.
- March 24. Spring arrives for sure—Swords finds a Violet.
- March 27. Basket ball tournament begins. Business beat Seniors and Sophs., 65 to 4.
- March 29. Juniors and Freshmen beat College 34 to 12.
- March 30. Chapel talk by Doctor on "Brass Tacks, etc." Business win basket ball championship by defeating Juniors 22 to 21.
- April 1. Preussell seen with boy. Is it a joke.
- April 4. Girls' basket ball tournament begins. Business beat Preps. 4 to 2.
- April 9. Tennis season inaugurated. Shorty returns from honeymoon.
- April 15. Wandering sheep return to fold.
- May 10. Senior privileges begin.
- May 25. May Fete. Gym program.
- June 1. Phoenix Literary Society program.
- June 3. Baccalaureate Sunday.
- June 4. College Literary Club program.
- June 5. Cantata "Daniel" sung.
- June 6. Commencement. Alumni Banquet.

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