





# The Wichita

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Nineteen Hundred and  
Fourteen

A History of the School  
Life and Activities  
for the Year

To be Published Annually by the  
Senior Classes of the Cameron  
State School of Agriculture

## Introduction

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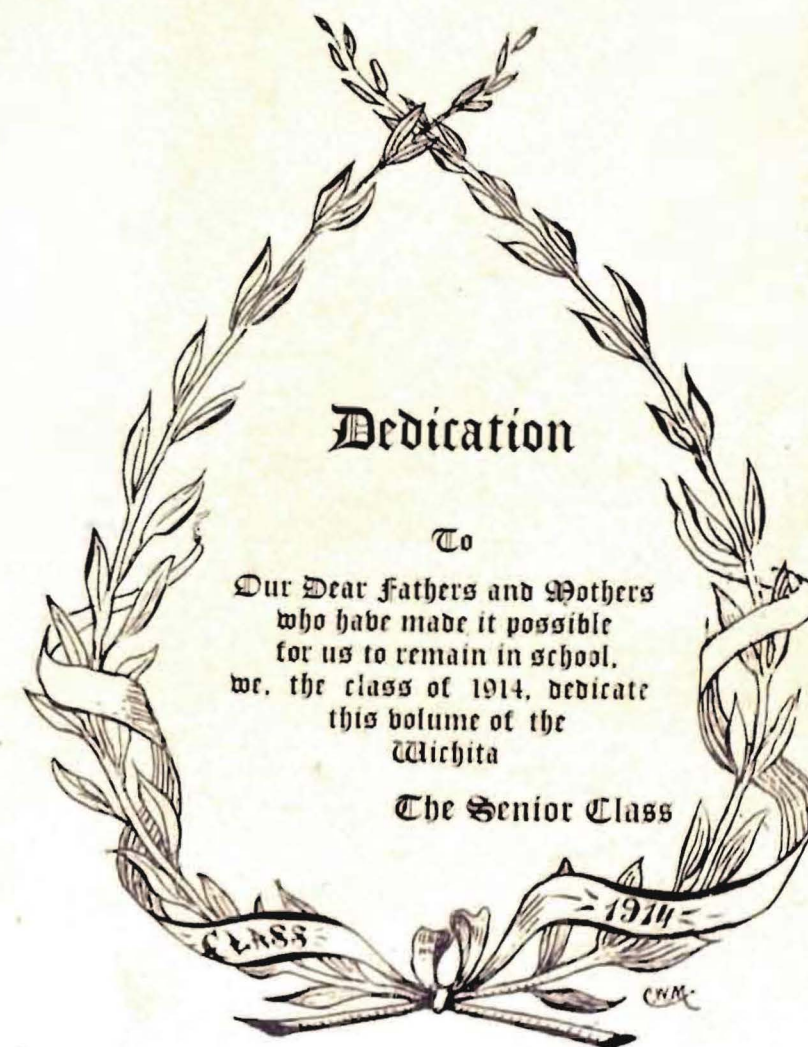
I love the Wichitas where many battles have been fought,  
Where the steel of man the hand of God hath wrought,  
Where the Red man made a desperate but last stand,  
Here compare the uncivilized with the civilized man.  
In these mountains where beautiful lakes are formed,  
This beautiful spot offers rest to the tired and worn.  
From the summit of the highest mountain peak  
You no longer view a country barren and bleak,  
You no longer see the Buffalo as it used to roam  
For it is settled with cities and beautiful homes.  
From Mt. Scott you gaze upon the most civilized land,  
Once a barren spot where the Cameron State School now stands.  
The members of the Class of 1914 take great pride  
In naming this volume for the spot no man can hide.  
This is called the monument and pride of the West  
So it is with this book, we've done our best.

R. P. S.





MAIN BUILDING



## Dedication

To

Our Dear Fathers and Mothers  
who have made it possible  
for us to remain in school,  
we, the class of 1914, dedicate  
this volume of the  
Wichita

The Senior Class

CLASS

- 1914 -

C.W.M.



# Staff

Ben Harrison. Editor in Chief  
 Sherman Kisher. Business Mgr  
 John Folk. Historian  
 Mildred Chene. Art. Editor  
 Frank Skard. Athletics  
 Eva Weideman. Science  
 James Kayth. Toasts  
 Lucy Marsh. Society  
 Jack Frost. Calendar  
 Louis White. Agriculture  
 Fred Beard. Junior Editor  
 Wm. Beaver. Junior Business Mgr

C.S.S.A.



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MARY B. DICKINSON  
Preparatory Department



MRS. L. T. WILKINS  
Matron of Girls' Dormitory



GEORGE L. HAWKINSON  
Music



## The Planting of the Apple Tree

Life at Cameron has been strenuous this year but not more so than when, recently, Col. Renfro, member of the State Board of Agriculture visited us.

The Colonel is a plant breeder of National repute, second only to the wizard of Los Angeles. He has crossed the onion on the Irish potato. He says that when they get onion juice in their eyes they irrigate themselves. He crossed the strawberry on the milkweed and intends by careful selection to produce a winter variety of strawberries and cream. He also crossed the Wichitas on a burro in an early day—hunting buffalo.

He came not unannounced but by appointment, open and above board, and with the avowed intention of setting out an orchard on the college farm. Neither did he wish the accomplishment of this feat to be restricted to any class or Professor, but would have all share in the honors.

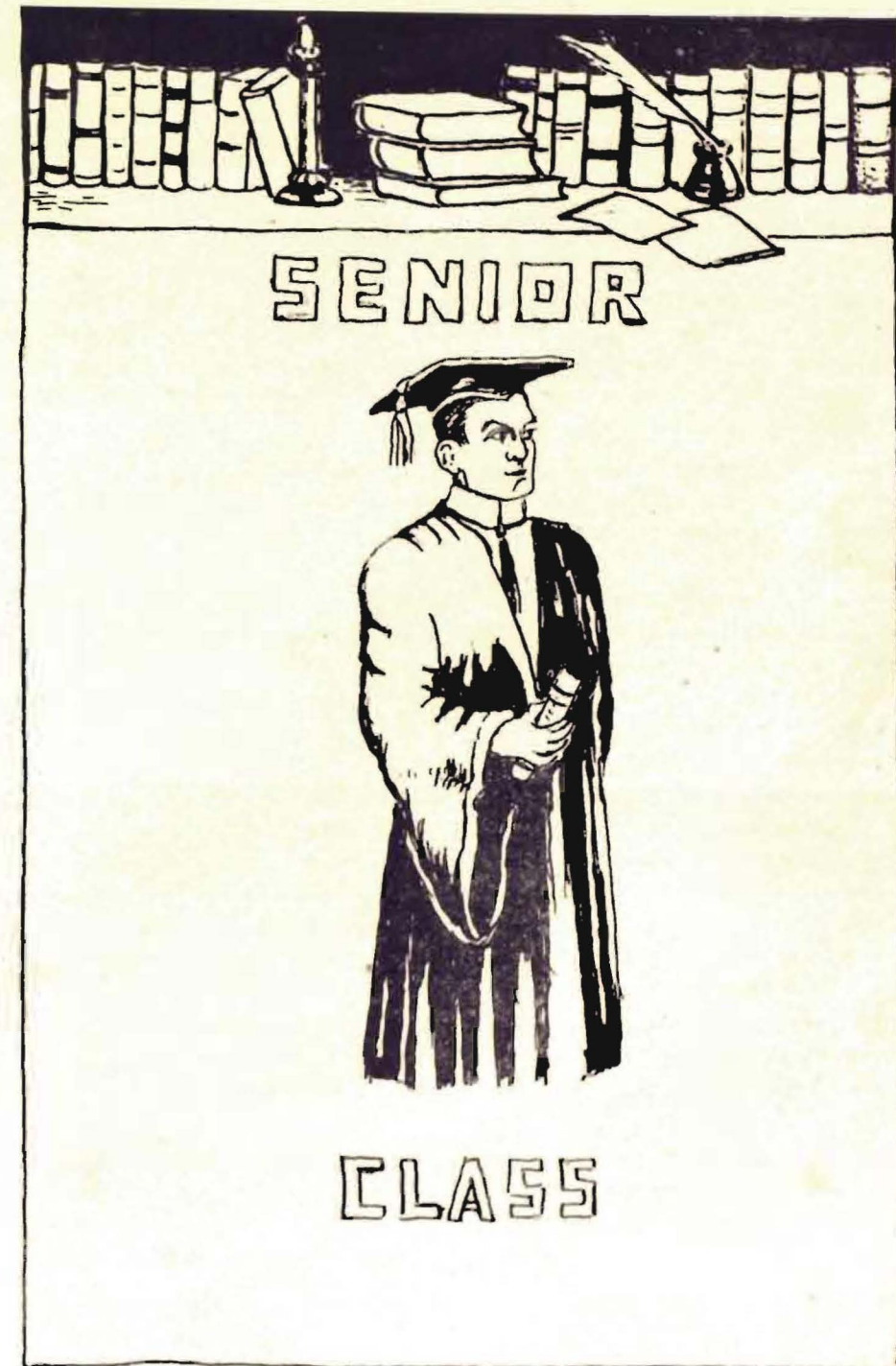
Trees for the purpose had been shipped to the college and were carefully "healed in" on the campus. The first two days being rainy, were spent in preliminaries, consisting of pruning trees in which all students participated, under the direction of the Col., who meanwhile lectured on fruits and various other subjects. Of course he told us many funny stories, some of which we would gladly reproduce, but lack of space, then, too we have something more serious to relate.

The first afternoon the Col. contented himself with student help, the only teachers "conscripted" being the Agriculturalist and the Manual Training teacher. On the morning of the second day, however, promptly at 5 o'clock A. M., the entire faculty of C. S. S. A. armed with shovels and spades assembled on the orchard site, preparatory to "the planting of the apple tree." They presented a sight good (for the student) to look upon. They would probably never be assembled under like circumstances again. It was the first time they had seen the sun rise since September 2, 1913.

The Col. had summoned them in stentorian tones from their accustomed snooze. They had declared it was a "shame," they'd be blankety-blanked if they'd get up at such an unearthly hour (3:30) but M. S. B. A. had called and they must respond. And they responded—cheerfully???

Col., you are alright. We will never forget the diversion you furnished us on the morning of April 16th, 1914, when the faculty of C. S. S. A. set 112 apple and peach trees before breakfast.

DISINTERESTED STUDENT.







CLASS PARENTS.

## Senior Class

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### OFFICERS

Sherman Krisher ..... President  
James Hayth ..... Vice-President  
Mildred Cline ..... Sec'y-Treasurer  
John Folk ..... Historian  
Ben Harrison ..... Yell Master

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### CLASS FLOWER

Sweet Peas

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### CLASS COLORS

Green and White

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### CLASS MOTTO

Me thinks mine eyes are open.

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### CLASS EMBLEM

**B**

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### CLASS YELL

Rickety, Hickety, Zickety, Zoo  
Rackety, Hackety, Hullabaloo  
Razzle, Dazzle, Sis, Boom, Bah  
1914 Rah, Rah, Rah.





Mildred Cline, Lawton, Oklahoma

"The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb."

Member of D. O. L. S., Secretary of Class of '14; School Chorus; and Girl's Athletics.

Nothing seems to disturb her but exams and by some skillful management she always gets through, as she passed the civil service examination, merely to test her learning. Mildred is always on the lookout for a good time and usually has it as most anything looks "funny" to her. She succeeded in working one Prof. but he left and there has been a far away look in her eyes ever since. She intends to finish her course at A. & M., but if not we fear the worst, as she is certainly a good cook and some housekeeper.

James Hayth, Lawton, Oklahoma

"A little fun now and then is relished by the best of men."

Member of D. O. L. S.; Male Quartette; Band; School Chorus; Vice-President of Class '14; Football

Jim is tall and straight and fair,  
With a crown of wavy hair.

His classwork is interspersed with wit  
and humor

While his is the leading voice in Cam-  
eron Choir.

We predict a musical career for the  
"Oberon" of our class, as he will prob-  
ably continue his study at Lindsburg  
Conservatory.



Frank Ikard, Chickasha, Oklahoma

"Dad will get me a job."

Member of D. O. L. S.; Captain of '14  
football; basket ball; baseball.

Ike joined us in the Junior year and has stayed with it, though he has stopped many times to reconsider some subject, as he is well acquainted with the word conditioned and all that goes with it. He is not the talking kind, but when he does talk he says something and everyone knows he means it. He would certainly be a "ladies' man" if he would only scatter his attentions more, but as it is and as we all think it will be only the "one" for him. Though Ike is good at most anything he will either be a dairyman or a horse doctor. He will continue his work at A. & M.

Sherman Krisher, Walter, Oklahoma.

Love of truth and all that makes a man.

Secretary of D. O. L. S., President of Class '14; President of the Athletic Association; football; basket ball; baseball; school chorus. Sherman is one who makes school a business, as he is here to take advantage of every opportunity to obtain an education. He started in this line of work as a Short Course Student and won a prize which paid his expenses for a year's course at Cameron. He is as jolly as the jolliest when with the fair ones, but it always ends there as he would not go out of his way to meet one. He is very fond of jokes but he generally laughs by himself as he never sees anything funny to laugh at first, but when he tells a story you always laugh at the right place, because he knows where the funny part is and is sure to laugh there. He intends to finish his course at A. & M. after graduation.







Lucy Marsh, Kingfisher, Oklahoma  
Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

Member O. L. S.; school chorus; basket ball.

Lucy joined us because this is a good school and from the fact that she won the Short Course Scholarship which entitled her to a year's expenses at an Agricultural School. She is a quiet, modest girl, who takes a great interest in all school activities. She sees so many charms in "Fresh-man" we only see her on very rare occasions. She will probably teach after graduation.

Jack Frost, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Vice-President of the D. O. L. S.; football. Jack Frost is the son of Prof. E. M. Frost, who was a former President at Cameron. He is a good student, especially at examination times. But what makes him so cute, he talks mostly through his nose and can imitate anything, that is noise, from a bumble bee to a freight train. He has often expressed a desire to leave school but "the ties of love are hard to break." So it has been with Jack he could not stand the strain. If nothing of more importance happens, he will go to A. & M. next year.



Ben Harrison, Chickasha, Oklahoma  
"If they don't want to buy or sell, talk them into it."

He is the President of the D. O. L. S.; football.

Ben works hard and stays with it as long as there is any hope, for without his enthusiasm and persistent efforts this Annual could not have been published. He is a great talker and will even talk in class, provided he can bring the discussion away from the text. He usually starts out by telling how they do it at Chickasha. When you meet this little fellow, you are not long in convincing yourself that he is from Chickasha. He is also renowned as the leader of the "Sleepy Band," for if you are around him while he is asleep you are very likely to "turn in," even in the class room. He is A. & M. bound.

Lewis White, Lawton, Oklahoma.  
Do somebody before they do you.

Member of the D. O. L. S. male quartette; school chorus.

Louis joined us about the middle of the year and despite his comparatively short stay with us he caught the working spirit and is thoroughly alive in all school activities. He is getting to be some farmer as he is taking thirteen agricultural subjects, saying nothing of chemistry, etc. It is nothing uncommon to see him wide awake while in the class room, but the mystery is how he can sleep and hear what is going on at the same time. Many of the girls would like to get better acquainted with the new Senior but he keeps his head and treats such matters rather coolly. He has said nothing of his plans for the future but he has quite a reputation as a fisherman.







Eva Wiedeman, Lawton, Oklahoma.

Let no man accost me without reason.

Secretary of the D. O. L. S.; Class '14

Treasurer; school chorus; girl's athletics.

Eva entered the College as a Prep and has held out through "thick and thin." She joins all the strikes, such as April Fool and Class Holidays,

though naturally she is rather quiet and wears a dignified air. The Senior Class has on several occasions enjoyed the hospitality of her home but for some reason she is partial, as one of our members is frequently seen strolling her way. All symptoms and indications point to Domestic Science in practice after graduation, especially the art of cooking for two.

John Folk, Lawton, Oklahoma.

Victory! Victory!

Member of the D. O. L. S.; Band; Athletic Association.

Johnnie, the baby of the class, is a good student and the dreaded word exams, knows him no fear. The girls never bother him unless they want some information about quadratics, sines, etc. He helps them without complaint, though he often looks as though he would like to talk on lighter subjects. He hopes to be able to finish his course at A. & M.



## Senior Class History

September 1st, 1911 found many new students enrolled at Cameron College, that is many new freshmen, and they were fresh, too. However, they being a little above the average did not stay in this stage long, but as their courage was stimulated they held class meetings, elected their various officers and decided on some business for the year.

At the beginning of the year the upper class-men did not recognize the freshmen as a class but they thought they would have things go their own way and so several mornings in Chapel they gave class yells. The freshmen seeing the situation and being in the majority, joined in the sport; a sudden cessation of these terrific cries was the result. As soon as the freshmen saw what they had done many of them nearly fainted, because they realized for the first time that they could be at the head of things.

The uneventful winter term soon passed leaving only a memory of the studies which had grown harder, but for which the freshmen were now well prepared. Bright and fair and filled with all the joys of youth dawned the last term of the freshman year. Earnest study, relieved by parties, banquets, and moonlight rides made the days glide by on golden wings. Creditable examinations were passed, commencement was over and lo, these one-time awkward freshmen stood forth as a promising class of juniors.

When these juniors enrolled next fall their class was minus four of its members. However those present like the band of busy bees which they were, immediately settled down to work, and they will be envied forever for the learning they were able to digest in the fall term.

This term the Seniors were granted a holiday and taking advantage of this they planned to have a chicken roast on Wolf Creek. That day as soon as the clock struck twelve the Juniors gathering the Freshies together, hied away to where the unsuspecting Seniors were making preparations for the feast. The marauders swooped down upon the upper class-men, chased them out and then gave the Freshies a nice luncheon, consisting mostly of Senior chicken? (roasted). After this tragedy the B's began to settle down to business and did not buzz until the spring term.

The spring term found many things awaiting the Juniors. In inter-class track meet they showed their quality by capturing the highest number of points. Toward the close of the term the Juniors as is their custom entertained with marshmallow toasts, parties, and last but not least, closed the year's festivities with a grand banquet for the departing class.

September 2nd, 1913, the doors of Cameron were again thrown open. Only ten of those who had entered as timid Freshmen now held the places of honored Seniors. The work immediately began and the A's now hummed on as busily as when they were B's.

On October 21st, 1913, the Seniors decided to teach school. Accordingly in the morning they walked into their respective rooms and took charge. The other classes not liking this, and seeing the hopelessness of getting the Seniors out of the way left and took a day off. For this each one was rewarded by receiving a nice bundle of twenty-eight demerits.

The second term (remembered only for a few class fights) came and went, seeming to hasten on to make room for the spring term which is always the busiest of the year. The first five or six weeks were given gathering material for the Annual, the first one published at Cameron.

Before the Seniors then loomed, dark and forboding, the task of writing a term thesis. The busy A's were often relieved by parties and best of all by a grand banquet given by the Juniors. Day by day the classes toiled and rejoiced together 'til before anyone was aware the week of all weeks, the day of all days was at hand, on the evening of May 27th, 1914, the class which was once made up of timid and awkward Freshmen stood forth a strong band of willing workers, worthy of the diplomas and of the honors bestowed upon them.

Thus ended the history at Cameron of the 1914 class, a class small in number, but renowned for untiring efforts and glorious results.

J. B. F. '14.



## Thoughts

Our day is come, and the future  
Claims our thoughts at last;  
As our memory is wafted onward  
From the learning of the past.

We see the lights of the college  
Gleam through the years gone by;  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er us,  
That our souls cannot deny.

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is intimately akin to pain;  
And a smile flits o'er our visage  
As we think of our sweethearts again.

When we hear the sweet strains of a  
chorus,  
Our minds revert for a pace  
To tender thoughts of our Alma Mater  
In the noble toils of life's race.

With thoughts of friends long fled  
Come memories both bright and gay  
Of classmates, class quarrels and the  
mendings,  
With the flutter of commencement day.

The dreaded exams are passed  
With light hearts we leave Cameron  
Halls  
Blithesomely we face the future  
Dreaming not of its falls.

JACK FROST—'14.

# JUNIOR



# CLASS



## Junior Class Officers

Lulu Gray ..... President  
Louis Donnelly ..... Vice President  
William Beaver ..... Secretary  
Edyth Nickell ..... Treasurer

### CLASS COLORS

Red and Black

### CLASS FLOWER

Red Rose

### CLASS EMBLEM

Coyote

### CLASS MOTTO

The Marble Lieth Waiting

### YELL

Coyote! Coyote!  
1-9-1-5! 1-9-1-5!  
YOW! Juniors!

## Aye or Nay

The following is the Junior's Roll Call,  
In this we'll disclose the faults of all.

B is for Beard, he is a jolly good sport,  
A studious lad and called Fritzie for short.

Beaver comes next but "Billy" is his name  
Who by the pen, has won great fame.

D is for Donnelly, with dark curly hair,  
Perhaps some day a priest's mantle he'll wear.

G is for Gibbins a winsome young maid,  
But Ikie has put all other boys quite in the shade.

Charlie Gipson is a noted musician  
And you'll ever find him in this position.

Gray, the next in order will be  
But some of her failings in this you'll see.

M is for McKay, whose stature is quite small,  
Reduced very little there'd be nothing at all.

N is for Nickell, heavy as gold  
She is claimed by "Divine" so we are told.

R is for Robertson who came from across the State  
She always reaches Cameron but usually quite late.

S is for Shattler, he is fresh from Cache,  
An all 'round athlete but "nix" on the "mash."

T is for Tucker, whose ways are most winning  
With eyes ever sparkling and lips ever grinning.

Before we close let it be said,  
The Junior Class Colors are Black and Red.

L. M. G. and W. M. B.—'15



Clarence Shattler—Not much talk—a  
great sweet silence.

Winnie Gibbins—When you get a good  
thing, stay with it.

Oral Tucker—Slow but sure.

Lulu Gray—God knows I study, but  
what?

Fred Beard—He thinks too much—such  
men are dangerous.

Charlie Gipson—I should worry.

Hazel McKay—Her modest look a cot-  
tage might adorn.

Louis Donnelly—Never do today what  
you can put off until tomorrow.

Edyth Nickell—A smile is worth a  
thousand frowns.

William Beaver—He is a product to be  
marveled at.



## Junior Class History

On September 17th, 1912, the Cameron Agricultural College received about twenty-five specimens of unrefined humanity, who were "fresh from the farm." We were immediately assigned to our post of duty. There must have been something remarkable about us for it seemed we were the center of attraction, but what this was I never knew. We were flied by the teachers during the day and hampered by the higher class-men at night.

Within a short period of time the embarrassment wore off and it dawned upon us that we were a class; therefore should have a class organization.

We met on September 20th and elected Fred Beard, President; Louis Donnelly, Vice President; Lulu Gray, Secretary. Later Martha Robertson was elected Treasurer and Miss Helen Casey Class Mother. Class Flower, Motto, Emblem and Colors were chosen.

As time wore on the instructors began to see some indication of solid material and encouraged by this they continued to put on polish but with greater speed for they knew it was needed. In due time we began to wear a more refined look, even though we were still tossed to and fro upon a troubled sea.

Except with the usual ups and downs (mostly downs) the first year passed uneventful, being a short and busy one. Everyone was busy in the pursuit of knowledge. Some passed out of the College on the first of June never to return, but during the nine months they gained many gems of knowledge that would forever cast bright rays across their pathway of life.

After spending a joyful vacation we again met on September 3rd, 1913, to re-elect class officers. The importance of this occasion was felt for we had in the meantime advanced from insignificant Freshmen to that of learned and sagacious Juniors. Upon roll call we found some old members absent but the sadness of this was almost forgotten in the rejoicing of having a number of new members.

Very early in the month of October we surprised our fellow classmen as well as the Faculty in chapel one morning by leading the exercises. Just a few mornings later the Seniors came forth and said, "We must do something too, so we'll teach!" But when such a day dawned we, and the Freshmen, went picnicing, as much as to say, "We are lord of this fair mansion."

This is only one of the many victories we boast of gaining. In class fights and contests we were never outwitted. We believed, always, in going them one better.

During our Junior year we had many social functions that will long be remembered by us as well as others whom we chose to entertain. Last, but not least, came the Junior-Senior banquet, which was given in the dining hall of the Dormitory. The dining hall was artistically decorated with green and white as the predominating colors. Red roses and sweet peas were profusely scattered over the table, the favors being a bunch of sweet peas. Our happiest moments were spent lingering over our coffee cups listening to the many interesting and witty responses. We, at a late hour, departed with full stomachs but light hearts.

With the class day exercises we bade the Seniors adieu and we as a class departed with a determination to meet here again on opening day.

L. M. G.—'15.

## FRESHMAN





## Freshman Class

### CLASS OFFICERS

Robert Park ..... President  
 Sanford Brandon ..... Vice President  
 Dorothy Hasenbeck ... Sec'y Treasurer  
 Pete Fennema ..... Sergeant-at Arms

CLASS COLORS  
 Old Gold and Blue

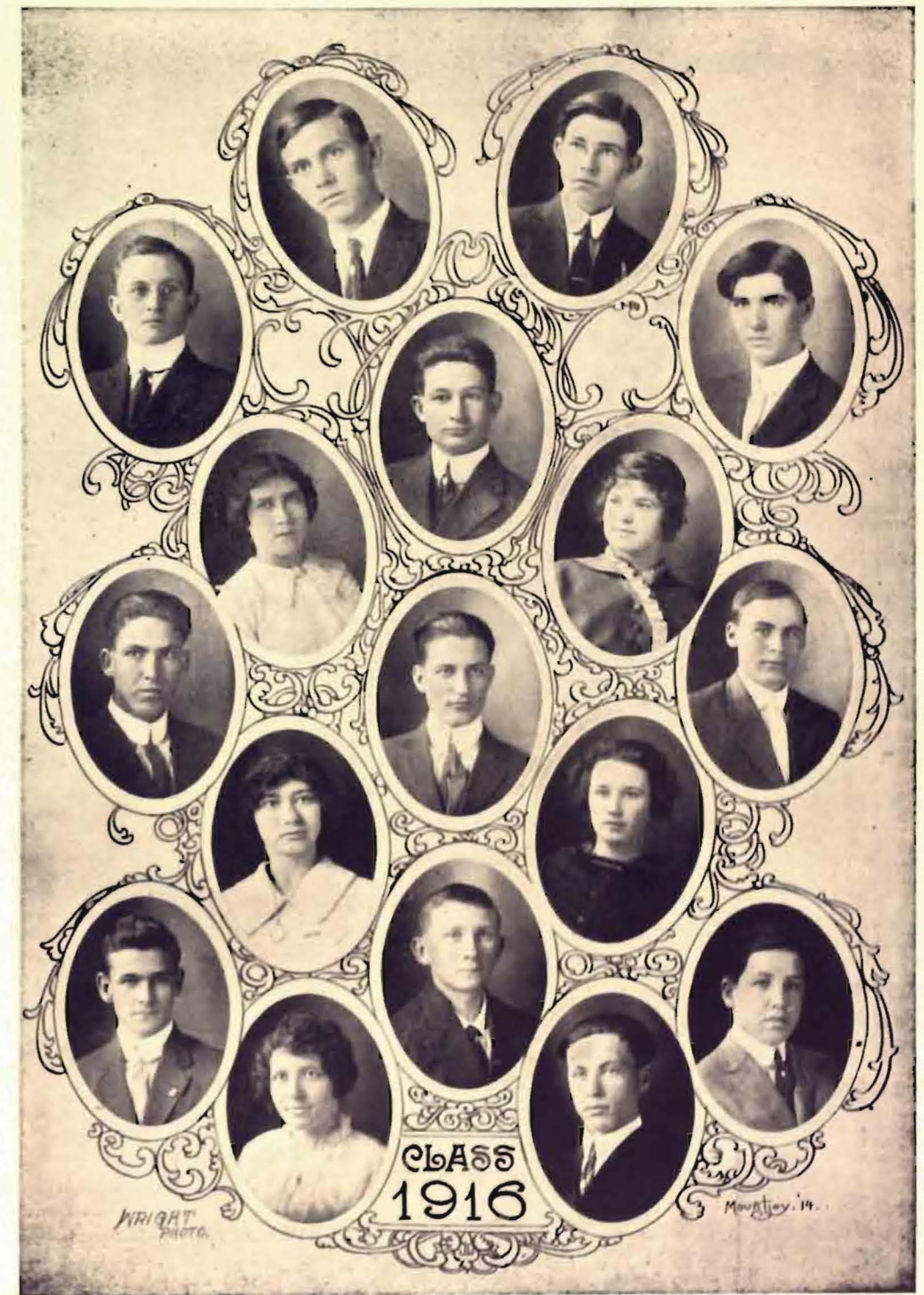
CLASS MOTTO  
 Ad Aspera per Nostra

CLASS FLOWER  
 For-get-me-not

CLASS EMBLEM  
 Elephant

### FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

Bruce Wilkins	Kenneth Ray
Wallace Roark	Dorothy Hasenbeck
Robert Park	Toiley Salyer
Sanford Brandon	Lucy Johnson
Joe Folk	Spence Peevey
Pete Fennema	Earnest Poe
Estelle Hollingshead	Carmon Oxford
Montie Morse	Loy Dyke
Tom Morse	Susie Dyke
Jessie Morse	Marie Boldman
Emma Travis	Millard Boldman
Carrie Savage	Everette Shaw
Beulah Newman	Ellen Coker
Annetta Park	Martha Robertson
Altha Howard	Travis Wilcoxson
Margie Howard	G. A. Harrison
Joe Slatten	Reuben Frost





## A Lecture Written and Lost by a Freshie

As this year, which all have spent at Cameron, gradually comes to a close like the sun slowly sinking in the west, we sometimes pause and look back over this pleasant year which we have spent here together; and then take an imaginary view of the future, a feeling of sadness steals over us; if we have not done our best and made the most possible use of the opportunities which we have had, we can now see our mistakes. However it may be, we cannot help but wonder whether the coming year will contain as much sunshine and as few clouds as the past.

We have to bid the Seniors good-bye, with no hopes of seeing them return to Cameron. As they leave Cameron our good wishes go with them.

Go ahead Seniors and tell them that we are coming!

Most all of the other members of the classes are planning to come back and complete the course. Yet they seem to ask themselves the question, "How many of us will be herewhen we meet next September?"

Whatever our fate may be in the future, we are all well pleased with the work which we have done here. And will always have a good word for Cameron.

We hope to see Cameron prosper in the future and its enrollment greatly increased. There is no reason why it should not, for we have everything that is necessary for a good school, and the faculty cannot be beaten. If every one only knew what a good school we have, we would soon have to have more buildings.

Whatever we may do let us remember, that, "Not failure but low aim is crime." Have a purpose in life, aim high and shoot promptly. Let the world hear of Cameron School and you.

L. D.—'16.

## Freshman Class History

On September 2nd, 1913, a very queer looking crowd of children gathered in front of the Main Building of the School and began shyly asking one another if they belonged to the Freshie Class. As I was one of this crowd, I will in the short space allotted me, try to relate a few of the subsequent happenings during the Freshman year.

Soon we were well enough acquainted to play a little blackman but we had not been at this delightful game long before the gong rang. We lined up to march in but failing to hear the gong and hearing a roar of laughter from a bunch of students who were in the upstairs windows, we dispersed and meekly trooped inside.

The Juniors and Seniors lost no opportunity of carelessly expressing their opinions of us and making sport at our expense.

Someone hearing the Junior class speak of having a class meeting, decided that we should have one also. We proceeded to retreat to a railroad bridge about a quarter of a mile from the school house for we had a peculiar dread of the Juniors, who were everlastingly doing something.

Robert Park suggested that we should have a President and as he thought that we needed a good one, he remarked, "I will be President." As the rest of us could think of none better we elected him to this office. Under his able leadership the class has thrived and prospered. We practiced class yells until we could make so much noise that when the Juniors and Seniors tried chirping at us we responded with such volume that they could do nothing but sarcastically remark, "Had we known the outcome of this we would never have started yelling."

We could whip both classes at once in a class fight but as we never brag we will say nothing about that.

One of our greatest grievances was the startling news that one of our most popular girls (without Warning anyone) had eloped. Of course we were all sorry about this but "All is well that ends well."

One of the things our class has to be proud of is the part we have taken in athletics, as six of us made the football team, three the boys' basket ball team, three the girls' basket ball team and five boys the baseball team. This is an honor of which few Freshman classes of any school can boast.

Our greatest social function was a swell "blowout" given at one of our member's homes. The time was spent in playing games of various kinds after which delightful "eats" were served.

Within these few pages we can only relate in brief form our many happenings, be they good or bad, but it is with a heart full of enthusiasm that we look forward to the time when we will return to fly our colors as Juniors of the 1916 class.

'16-ERS.



## Sunset Reberie

I am standing by my window looking with fantastic admiration upon the beautiful scene spread before me. A great fiery wintry sun is lowering in the west 'midst a glowing aerial sea of chrysolite sapphire and gold enshrouding the Wichita Mountains with a majestic golden haze. Over the brown rolling prairie lying at the foot of the mountains are dotted here and there farm houses with spirals of smoke wreathing their way skyward. Hard by is a small creek fringed with autumn trees that may be traced by the vision far to the southward.

As I stand here drinking in the grandeur and beauty of Nature's handiwork I find myself carried backward by imagination to the wild free time when this vast area was the home of the Red Man. How rich is the very atmosphere with romance and tradition yet unharvested. What scenes have those sublime mountains and hills witnessed in the ages passed and buried in oblivion; what heroic deeds or burning crimes have been committed in the lap of these broad prairies when Nature was a law unto itself, or during the struggling years of the pioneer? How many a renowned brave has traversed this very plain and perhaps lain down his life and mingled his blood with the verdure of the prairie and whose bones have bleached and whitened 'neath the glow of a powerful summer or the blasting winds and piercing snows of an unmerciful winter for the sake of achievement and valor?

The home of the pioneer who has survived that perilous age rises before my mind—a little hut or dugout miles from civilization visited by occasional bands of roving Indians, haunted by the blood-curdling howl of the lurking coyote, or disturbed by the wailing cry of a lone screech owl when a palefaced moon was shedding its melancholy radiance upon the motionless world of prairie. But this hut has given place to a commodious home, the prairie has been made to blossom as the rose in the center of which stands Cameron Agricultural College, while I come to realize that I am preparing an English lesson for tomorrow morning.

C. S. '16.



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## Preparatory Department

### Official Page

#### OFFICERS

Karl Markson . . . . . President  
Jewel Ray . . . . . Sec'y and Treasurer  
Mark Frost . . . . . Sergeant at Arms  
Frank Gilkerson . . . . . Cheer Leader

#### MOTTO

Pa said if I would go to school I'd be great some day,  
Maw lowed that she knowed I'd be like Will-and-his-son  
But gee Whiz I have to keep on studying away  
It seems like my mind is always on the bum.

I just don't know a durn thing anyhow;  
It takes a deuce of a lot to be a man  
Be a man "my son" is Paw's motto he lows.  
Mine is when at home stay there if you can.

Flower	Emblem	Colors
Yaller Rose	Safety Pin	Red, White and Blue

#### YELLS

Gee Whiz I want to go home!  
Use the brush not the comb!!  
I washed my feet last night!!!  
I can't sleep without a light!!!!  
Be intelligent I should worry!!!!!!  
Castor oil? make it Castory!!!!!!

## Prep Class History

We haven't been in this class very long so I don't know hardly what to write, but I'll do my best to enlighten you on what has happened this year.

On September the 8th, 1913, there were only two Preps enrolled at Cameron, but as time passed with the velocity of a snail (as it does when I am homesick) another student joined us. And great ideas had M. Karl Markson, we call him the gentleman, for he is some tall kid every time I look at him I feel like I did when I slipped out of bed and looked up at Pa.

We thought we were important enough to be organized, so we did. Like Mexico will be soon we knew we would need protection so we elected the giant Karl Markson President of the class.

Mark Frost was always a good little lad but as mischevious as he could be, when the teacher would call on little Jewel Ray to recite he would slide over and cause her to sit down in his lap. Some days he would be alone in his classes and he would hide from the teacher.

Frank Gilkerson is an intelligent boy, but too fat to create much excitement, about the worst thing that he ever did was to step on his toe.

Jewel has always worked hard with only one aim in view and that is to be a good cook, she informs us that she is learning to boil water without seorching it.

We haven't had much excitement of our own for we have been keeping out of the way of the upper class-men who have been going some.

I would like to discuss our class meetings but we haven't had but one and that was called for the purpose of co-operating with the Mothers' Club, there was no one out but the President, so Karl made a motion to adjourn. Seconded by the same person, Unanimously passed. Class was dismissed.

A WILL BE.



## The Campus

There is green grass on the Campus  
There are flowers on the walk;  
There is where we always gather  
Here to ponder, laugh and talk.

In those sweet solemn nights  
When the moon is at its height  
We are dreaming of the time  
When our life's joy shall be sublime.

This is where we tell our pleasures  
Or enumerate stored up treasures;  
Here no grief consumes our lot  
And we love this sacred spot.

This is where we dream of life  
With its toil and with its strife;  
This is where we meet friends so dear  
From day to day, and year to year.

This is where we study hard,  
Of our lessons we ne'er are tired;  
Something new each day we learn  
As o'er the page of life we turn.

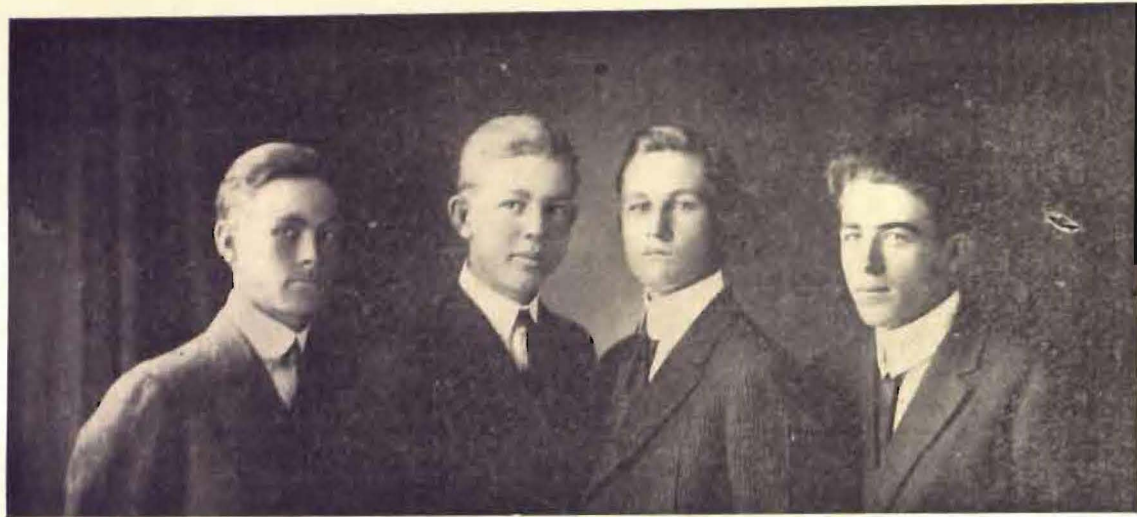
From this Campus we loathe to go  
And leave the grass we all love so.  
If to a distant land we fly  
Still in this spot our hearts shall lie.

When school term ends we all go home  
Some few of us, perhaps will roam  
The most of us I dare say  
Will wander back on opening day.

L. G. '15.





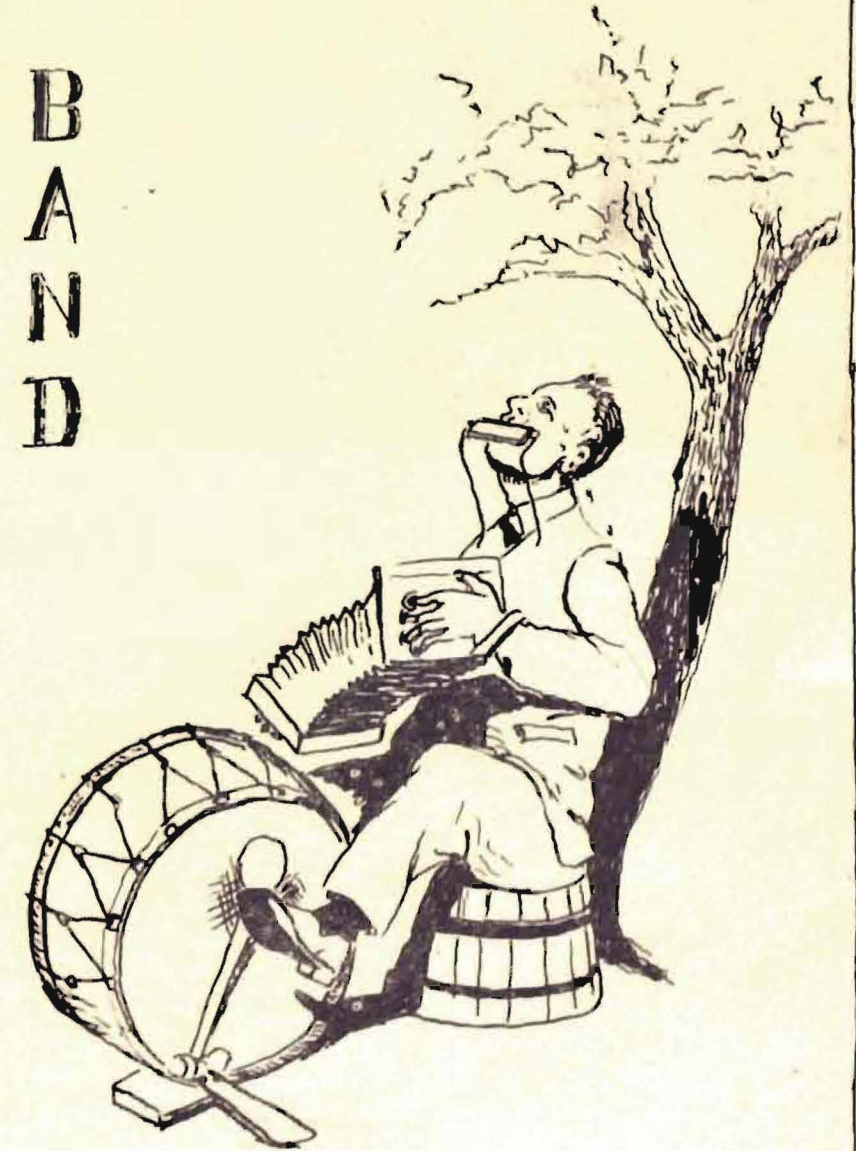


MALE QUARTETTE.

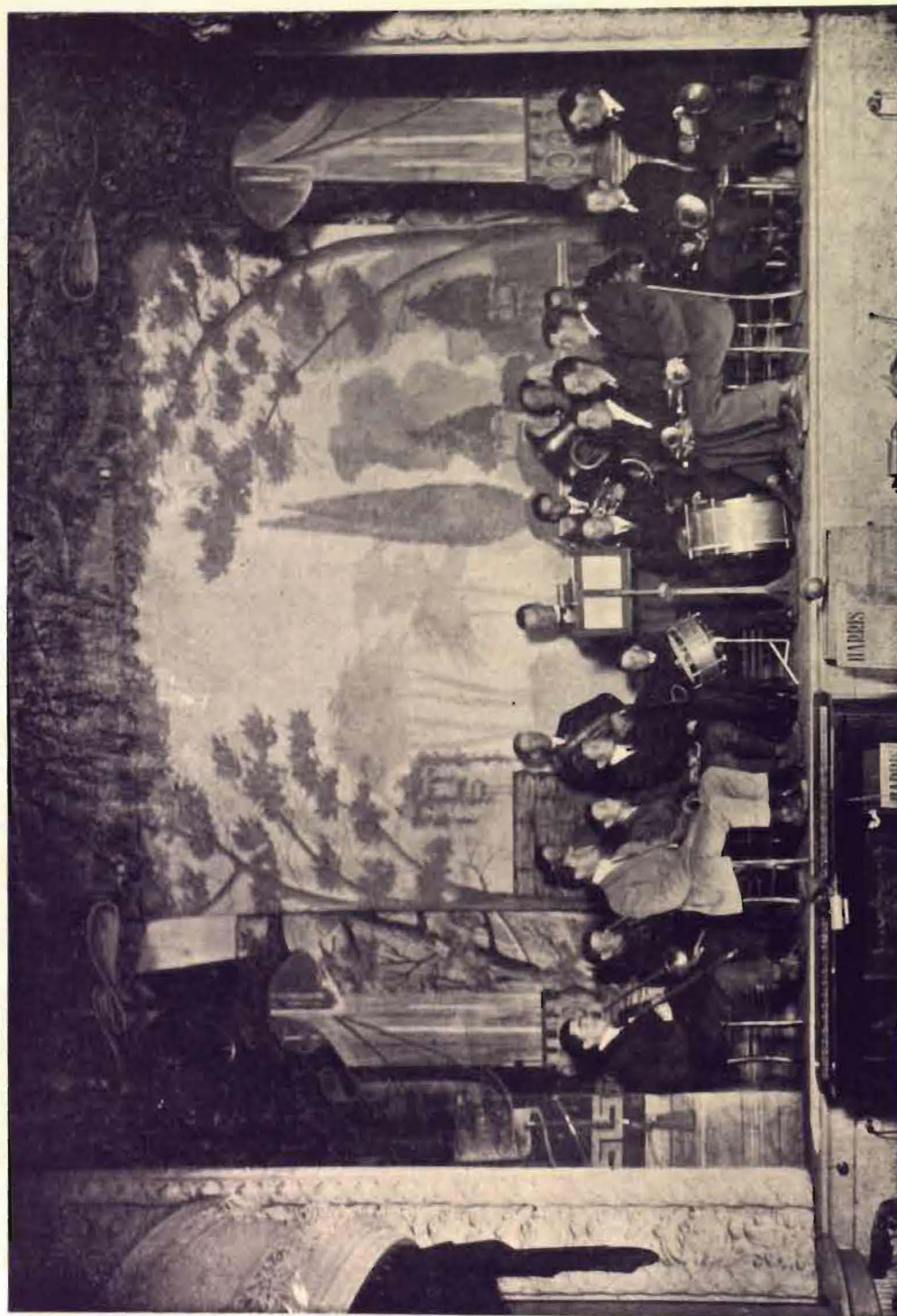


HAWKIE.

B  
A  
N  
D







## All in the State of Mind

If you think you are beaten you are,  
If you think you dare not, you don't.  
If you like to win, but think you can't  
It's almost a cinch you won't.  
If you think you will lose, you've lost,  
For out in the world you find  
Success begins with a fellow's will  
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost  
Ere ever a step is run;  
And many a coward fails  
Ere ever his work's begun,  
Think big and deeds will grow  
Think small and you'll fall behind,  
Think that you can and you will  
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed you are,  
You've got to think high to rise,  
You've got to be sure of yourself before  
You can win a prize.  
Life's battles don't always go  
To the swifter and stronger man,  
But sooner or later the man who wins  
Is the man who thinks he can.  
It's all in the state of mind.



## A Junior

Beside a Senior a Junior now stands,  
Expressing his grievances with a menace dire;  
Tugging and pulling as if in the mire  
Slashing the air with heavy hands  
Almost ready to join the weary band,  
Before: He was thinking by the midnight fire,  
Of Seniors who seemed never to tire,  
Their records as clear as a September sky,  
Loved and admired by every passer-by;  
Wondering why they were such good scholars,  
Trying to learn the deep and tragic why,  
Wondering why they worked and ceased to "holler".  
They had placed their aim at something high  
The art they have learned of making the dollar.

R. P. S.

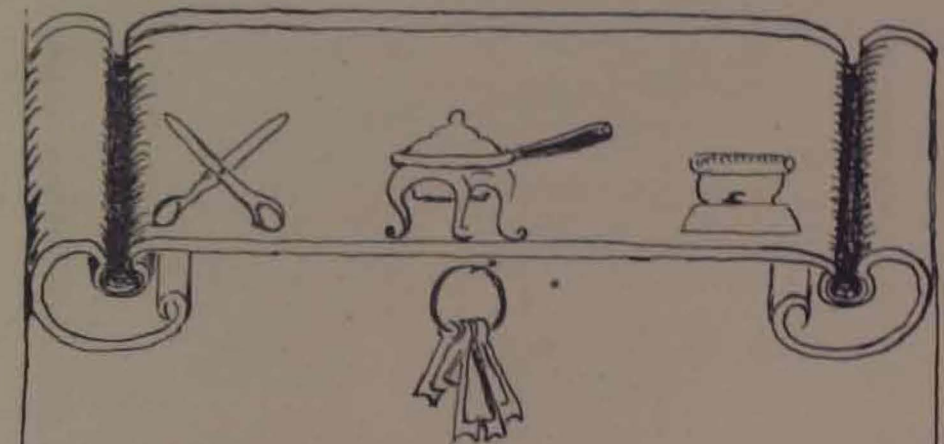


### Oration Delivered by Bo Jolly in Chapel

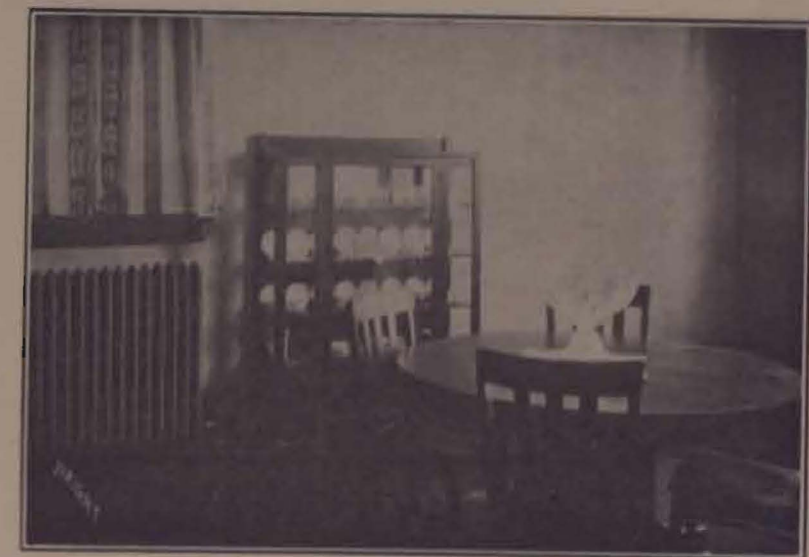
A few years ago the term Agriculturist in its truest sense might have been applied to the most common tiller of the soil, such as we now call a hay-seed or a clod-hopper, but as modern civilization advances necessity demands certain changes in every thing so the man dealing in Agricultural pursuits is no longer called a hay-seed or clod-hopper but instead he is called a scientific investigator.

There is no science that is as far-reaching as that science which tends to unravel and investigate the cord of nature which the hand of God has put at man's disposal to benefit mankind. There is no science which affords a more ideal field for investigation than does the science of Agriculture. Not only that but it furnishes an ideal environment for the molding of individual lives into a great machine to raise the standards of humanity.

The disadvantages of an agricultural life are emphasized strongly while the advantages, of an environment for the development of the finest quality of human nature, have often been overlooked or ignored. Nature with her every varying form, color, beauty and symmetry is forgotten in large centers of population, instead you find weakened frail individuals pushing, rushing and jamming with nerve-destroying haste and unequal competition wearing out both body and soul and not heeding the voice of opportunity as it reveals the ever present beauties of nature, when the mental and physical powers are being co-ordinated with strength and courage.



"A man may live without friends,  
A man may live without books;  
But the civilized man  
Cannot live without cooks.



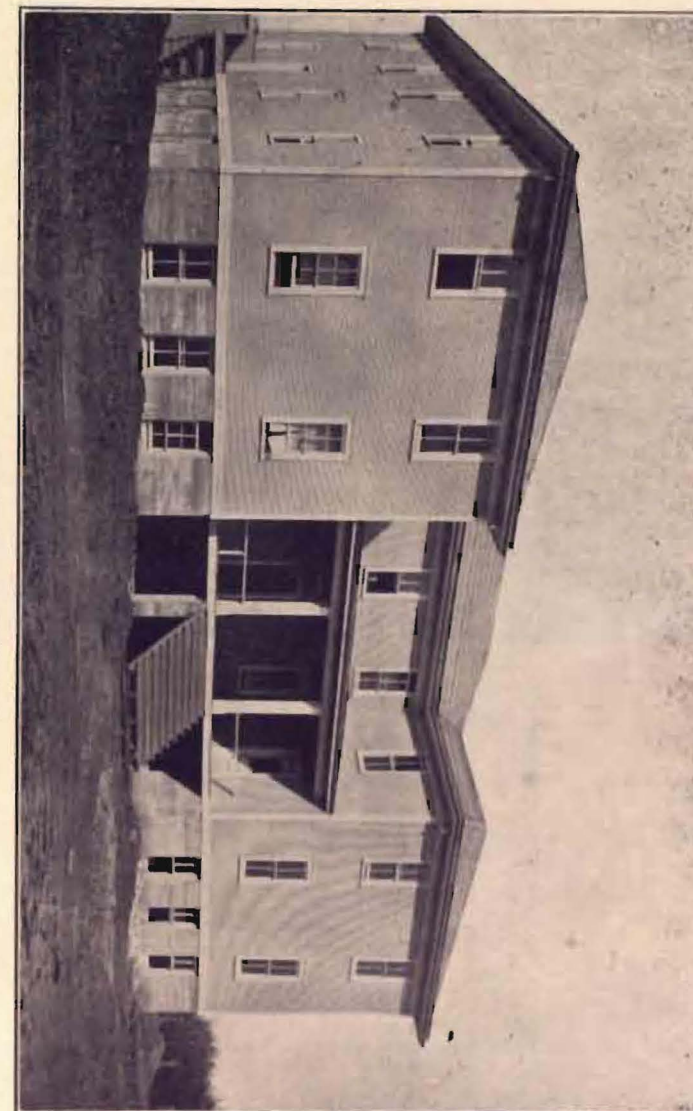




COOKING CLASS.



SEWING CLASS.



GIRLS' FIRST DORMITORY.



## Thanksgiving Menu

---

Cream of Celery Soup

Pickles

Radishes

Olives

Roast Turkey

with

Oyster Stuffing

Creamed Onions

Brown Gravy

Mashed Potatoes

Peas a la timbale

Pumpkin Pies

Cider

Dates

Chestnuts

Figs

Orange Ice Cream

Devil Food

Angel Food

Fruit Cake

Mints

Salted Nuts

Coffee

Fresh Fruit

---

Dinner served by the Boarding Club to the student body and faculty.

## Yells





## Rooters' Song

With due respect to the composer.

On, Cameron Aggies, rush right down the field,  
Break through every play,  
Charge on to victory, we are here  
To make our rivals yield  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

On, Cameron Aggies, while the bleachers roar,  
Break through every play  
Fight, Cameron, fight.  
And we will win this game today.

—o—

### YELLS

Rick a chick a boom!  
Rick a chick a boom!  
Rick a chick a  
Rick a chick a  
Boom! boom! boom!  
Rah Rah Res!  
Rah Rah Res!  
Aggies! Aggies!  
Yes! Yes! Yes!

Jump on a band stand  
Thump on a tin can  
Who can? We can.  
Nobody else can.  
Aggies.

—o—

Strawberry shortcake, gooseberry pie,  
V-i-c-t-o-r-y,  
Are we in it, Well I should smile,  
We've been in it for quite awhile.

—o—

1-2-3-4, 3-2-1-4  
Who for, What for?  
Who are you going to yell for?  
Cameron!

Roria! Roria!  
Rah! Rah! Ren!  
Aggies! Aggies!  
Watch us win.

## The A English Class

Worked on by the Village Blacksmith.

She walks daily under the bright blue sky,  
To join this Senior band.  
Miss Eva a fair maid is she,  
With "chubby dimpled" hands.  
And her blushing cheeks and soft brown hair,  
Are admired by many a man.

Week in week out from night to night,  
Sherman's study lamp must glow.  
You might see him tossing his weary head,  
With intervals long and slow  
Like a janitor sweeping the class room floor,  
When the job seems rather slow.

Jim's hair is crisp and black and long,  
He will soon be a man.  
His brow is creased by honest work,  
And he learns what'er he can.  
He looks the fair ones in the face  
And he loves who he can.

Ike goes daily to his class,  
And sits not with the boys,  
But rather off all by himself,  
As he hears the Professor's voice.  
Speaking of science and theories tried,  
But his heart does not rejoice.

Ben speaks sometimes intelligently,  
On things he really knows.  
But when a question is asked of him,  
As in his seat he lies,  
Then with his hard rough hand, he wipes  
The sleep from out his eyes.

There is another maid in this school,  
Who sits with the Senior Class.  
But Mildred loves to have a good time,  
Still no fellow seems good enough,  
While this is her favorite bluff:  
"Oh I feel like 30 with the three cut off."

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Still Johnny comes to school.  
Each morning sees him on the spot,  
But at evening he leaves our sight.  
We know that he never studies,  
So he must be "naturally bright."

Many things go out to you our class parents  
Miss Adams and President Short.  
As we follow out the teachings  
You have so willingly taught  
When our future lives are thus wrought out,  
We give thee many a pleasant thought.

J. H. '14.

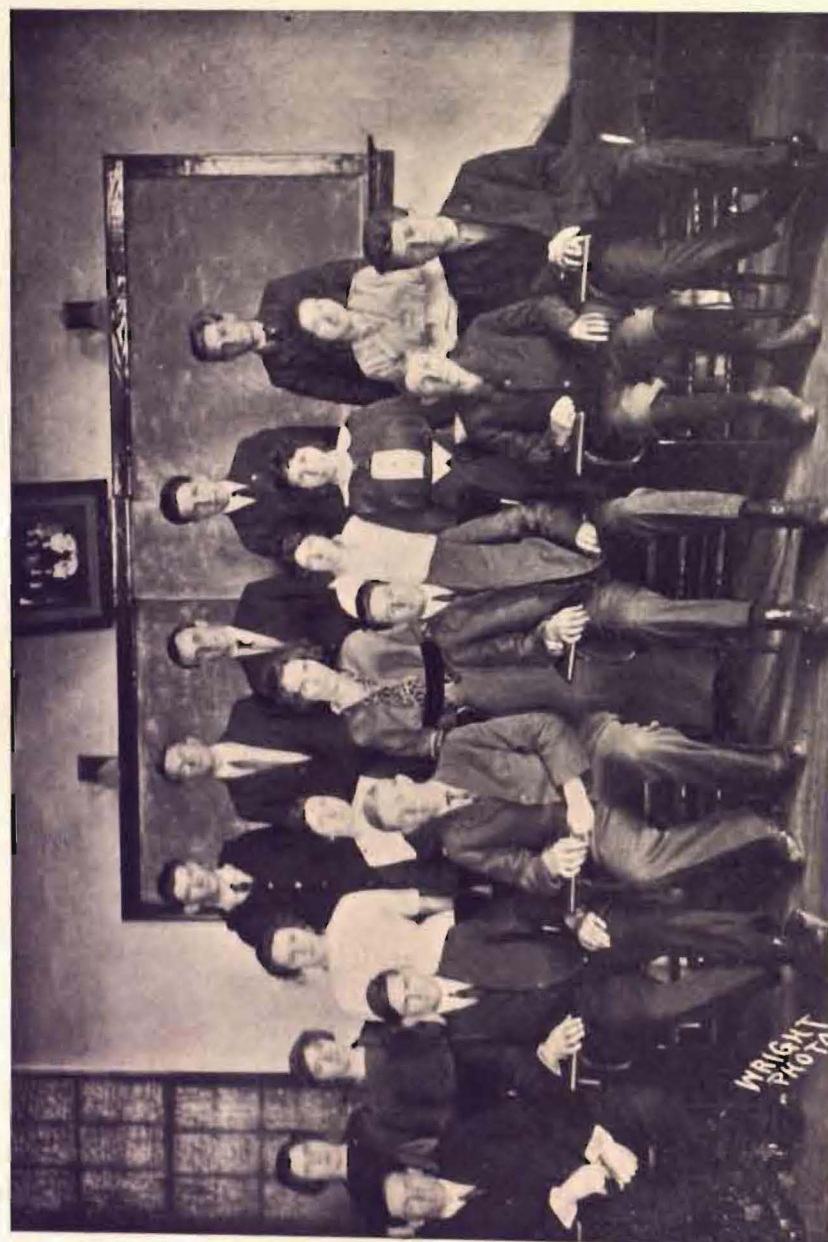


## Nine Ambitious Tramps

I vent to a school midout any money  
Und did not mind, for rich boys are runty,  
Den I vas not alone for eight oders vere dere  
Who had to skim und scrape to cover skin bare.  
The State grubbed us all if we vould do its hire,  
So Ikie mine roommate always vould build the fire.  
Krisher a Doochman, swept down the stairs up  
Wilkins a Freshman vorked the upstairs like a pup.  
Though Wallace vas a good boy he pulled the teats of the kine  
For such cruel vork he got exdra enough for a shine.  
Just vat Shaw did I vill not say  
Yet, a sinch he got enough jitneys for to pay his way.  
Bob, such an "I dogies" ladies man  
You vould nefer tink it but vork he can.  
I like not to labor so I slung the Boarding Club hash  
Und I know it beats starving all to smash.  
Wilcoxson for his feed did the same as me  
Except he sang in the quartete club so glee.  
Of old Beard, our baseball fiend, I nearly forgot  
Now Fritzie takes care of the animals in the lot.  
Und our Triple Triumverate was so happy and free  
Feeling quite sure that no one envied we.







OLYMPIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

## Olympian Literary Society

### OFFICERS

Bruce Wilkins ..... President  
 Lulu Gray ..... Vice President  
 Sherman Krisher ... Sec'y Treasurer  
 Sanford Brandon...Sergeant-at-Arms

### COLORS

Old gold and white.

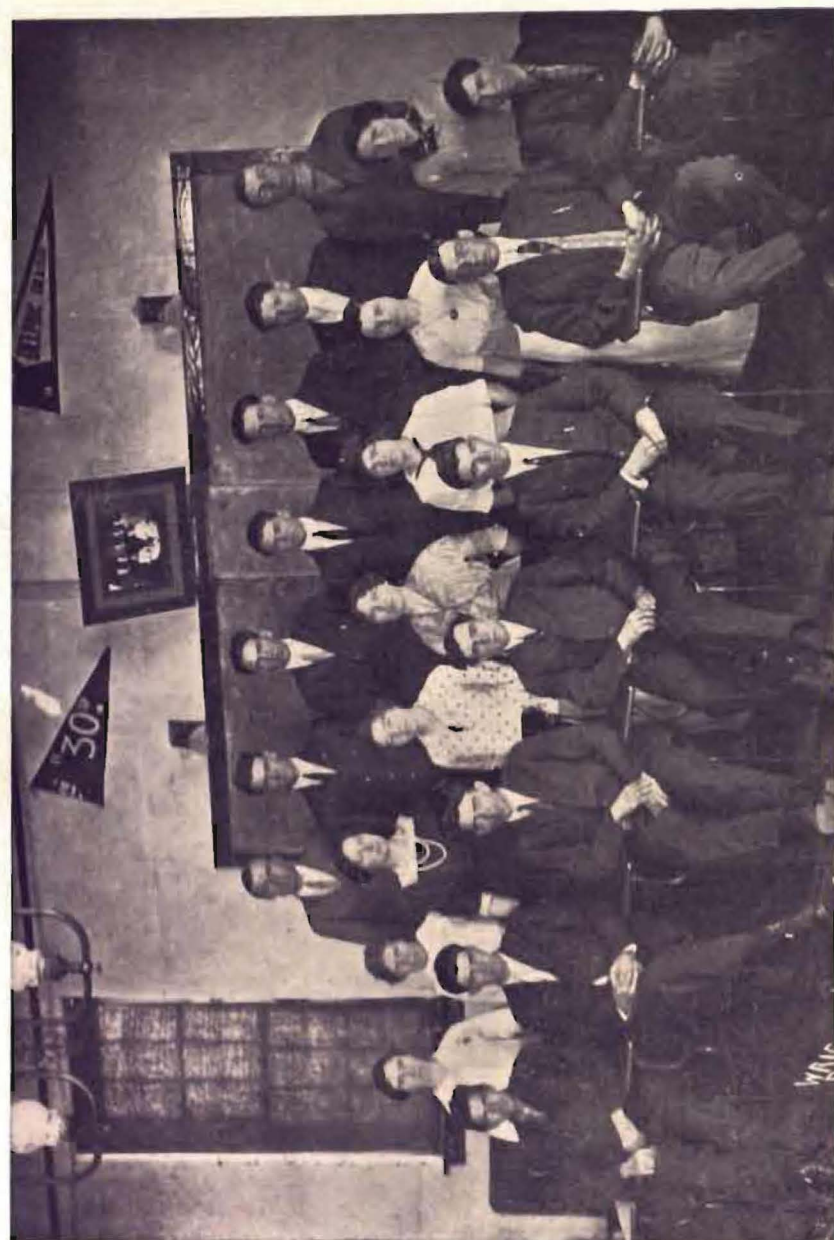
### FLOWER

Tube Rose.

### MEMBERSHIP

Louis Donnelly	Monte Morse
Joseph Slatten	Kenneth Ray
Pete Fennema	Fred Harrison
William Beaver	Carrie Savage
Joe Folk	Travis Wilcoxson
Winnine Gibbins	Annetta Palk
Oral Tucker	Earnest Poe
Beaumont Jolly	Spence Peevy
Lucy Marsh	Frank Gilkerson
Dorothy Hasenbeck	Clarence Shattler
Henry Coker	Beulah Newman
Mark Frost	Martha Robertson
Ellen Coker	Margie Howard
Arlie Miller	





DELPHIC ORACLE LITERARY SOCIETY

## Delphic Oracle Literary Society

### OFFICERS

Benjamin Harrison . . . . . President  
 John Frost . . . . . Vice President  
 Eva Wiedeman . . . . . Sec'y Treasurer  
 Frederick Beard . . . . . Sergeant-at-Arms

### COLORS

Maroon and White.

### FLOWER

White Carnation.

### MOTTO

Thoughts are greater than words  
 and a feeling greater than thoughts.  
 We'll make a feeling.

### ROLL

G. A. Harrison	Everett Shaw
Frank Ikard	Reuben Frost
James Hayth	Chas. Gipson
John Frost	Marie Boldman
Robert Park	Carmen Oxford
Altha Howard	Millard Boldman
John Folk	Jewel Ray
Jessie Morse	Edgar Poe
Wallace Roark	Lewis White
Mildred Cline	Ghayn Ray
Thomas Morse	Toiley Salyer
Edyth Nickell	Emma Travis
Estell Hollingshead	Karl Marxsen
Hazel McKay	Lucy Johnson
Loy Dyke	Susie Dyke
Lena Miller	





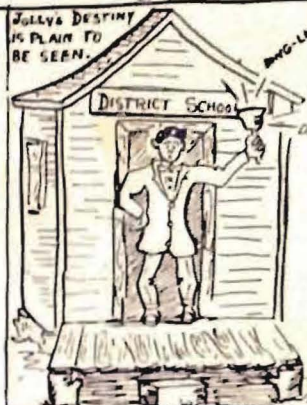
THANKS WILL MAKE HIS MARK IN THE WORLD AS A CATTLE INSPECTOR — ?



WHILE FROST WILL BE A SUCCESSFUL BLACK-SMITH.



HAYTH - WILL PROBABLY BE THE LEADER OF SOME GREAT BAND.



JULY'S DESTINY IS PLAIN TO BE SEEN.



WHILE LUCY MARSH, WELL SHE WILL MARRY A FARMER.



EVA WIDEMAN WILL TEACH DOMESTIC SCIENCE IN ONE OF OUR LEADING SCHOOLS.



THEN COMES WHITE. HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT HE WILL DO ?



WHILE FANNY MILDRED CLINE WILL BE AN ARTIST OF GREAT REPUTATION.



HARRISON WILL GO TO STILL-WATER TO STUDY TO BECOME AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER.



BUT KRISNER - YES HE WILL PURSUE VETERINARY SCIENCE, WHILE FOLK WILL STUDY AGRICULTURE - IF THEY CAN GET TO STILL-WATER.







CARPENTRY CLASS.



BLACKSMITHING.

## A Legend of Cameron

(With apologies to E. A. Poe.)

Haunting still fair Cameron's halls;  
Flitting where her shadow falls;  
Are the spirits of two students gone before.

Cursed because of loving dearly,  
Cursed because the Profs. saw clearly,  
That spooning must be banned forevermore.

Once upon a midnight dreary,  
As they lingered late and weary  
On the steps before the Dormitory door:

Suddenly there came a rapping,  
As if some one gently tapping;  
Tapping on a window of the second floor.

In the west the moon declining;  
On their guilty faces shining,  
Wretch! She it was that taught them lover's lore

Startled from their close embrace;  
Confronted by a phantom face,  
Reviling them with sins of yore.



Awful was its hollow cadence;  
Exhorting them to swift repentance:  
Bidding them to spoon no more.

Presently the youth grew stronger,  
Hesitating then no longer,  
Spake he, in high-pitched treble:  
"Be ye man, or god, or devil!  
Your forgiveness I implore!"

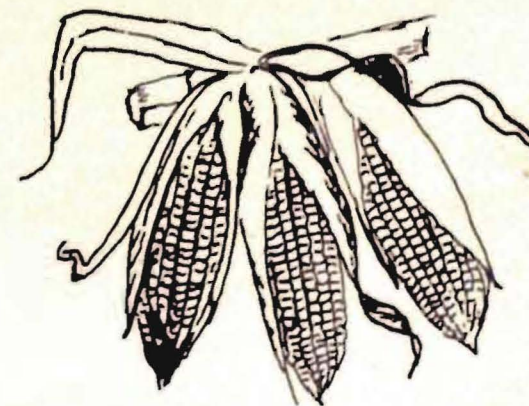
But the voice above unheeding  
Answered not his youthful pleading  
Ordered them within the door.

"Maid and youth, your paths must sever;  
Never, never, will you ever  
Meet as you have met before."

All their hopes about them falling;  
In the door they went then bawling.  
Broken-hearted, yes and parted by the words "No more,"

But the voice above them chanting,  
Still upon their sins went ranting.  
Ordered them in tones, sonorous,  
Accompanied by an unseen chorus,  
"Spoon ye students never more."

W. B. '15.







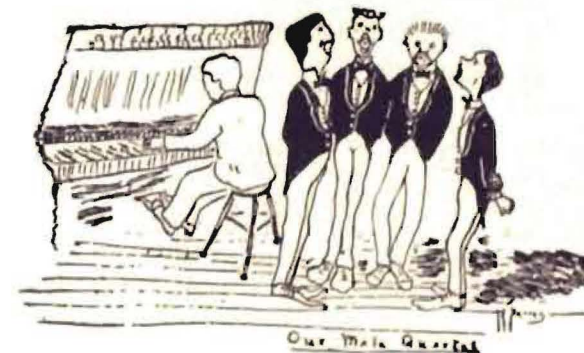
COLLEGE VIEWS.



"In the parlor there were three,  
The girl, the parlor lamp and he  
Two is a company there is no doubt  
That is why the lamp went out."

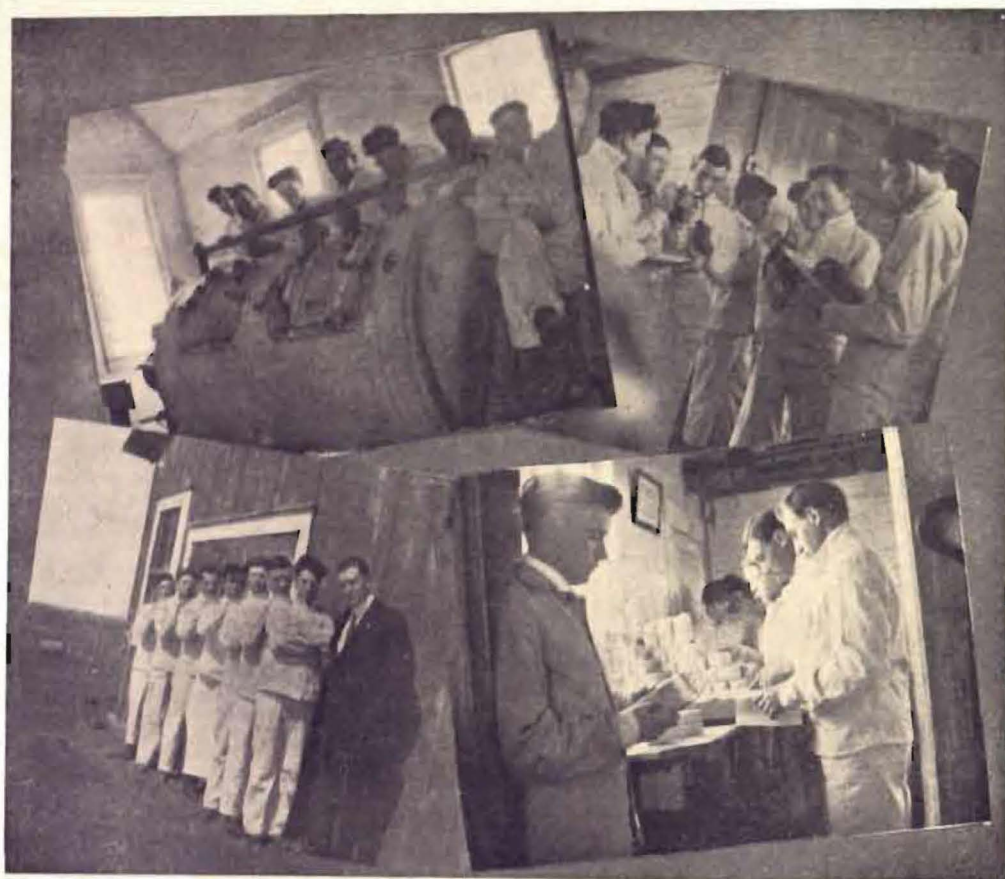
#### WHAT'S THE POINT?

A point is a funny thing,  
It's neither long nor wide,  
It has no base, it is not thick,  
It has no other side;  
It isn't there, and yet it is,  
It has no limb or joint  
So do not think you are dull because  
You can not see the point.



The little fleas that do us tease  
Have other fleas that bite 'em,  
And these in turn have other fleas,  
And so it goes ad infinitum.





DAIRY LABORATORY

## Take a Tip from Father

Oh: Away to Colo, a journey I will go  
For to double my fortune as other men do.  
Dear stranger I've noticed with sorrowful heart  
That you have long neglected your plow and your cart  
Your horses, sheep, cattle at random doth run  
And your Sunday suit goes every day on.  
Oh, stay on your farm and you will suffer no loss.

Oh: Friend let us go, Oh: don't let us wait  
I long to be there and I long to be great  
While you fair one and who knows but I  
May be some rich governor long afore I die  
While here I must labor each day in the field  
And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield.

Oh: Stranger remember these lands are so dear  
They will cost you the labor of many a year  
Your horses, sheep, cattle will all be to buy  
And you will hardly get settled afore you will die  
So stay on the farm friends is my cry.

(With courtesy to Colliers.)

## Jollification

It was the night of the 31st of October, Hallowe'en, and in response to a cordial invitation of the faculty we the student body were gathering to rejoice and make merry, for the once to forget the troubles and trials, which fall to the lot of each and every student who recognizes the sway of that exacting tyrant, Study.

The Dormitory was ablaze with light, up and down the halls fluttered figures in strange apparel, some in an alarming state of disarray. In the lower hall where the ladies dwell, figures in male habiliments made themselves most scandalously at home; while in the boys' barracks above, skirts swished about most strangely. Down below the lady teachers in consultation with the cook were looking toward those toothsome dainties, which were later on to interest and satisfy our appetites.

At eight the trumpet sounding, in groups and couples we hied ourselves to the dining hall below and there our first surprise awaited us. That room wherein we had for many days disposed of our food as we saw fit, some I fear most unseemly, was transformed. The floor was bare, the tables and chairs cleared away, at one end stood a cliff along the face of which manstrosous witches capered and gamboled with their proverbial black cats; above them partially concealed by masses of green asparagus and brown autumn leaves, were heaped the divers things that make the mouth water and the palate glad on such holiday occasions. In the opposite corner was a corn-stalk tepee where resided a most charming clairvoyant who in the walks of every day life is known to us as Miss Adams (our instructor in Domestic Science.) The walls were draped in black and orange, while long, wavy festoons of green hung from the ceiling and the supporting columns.

Words are inadequate to express the scene that now presented itself there as the guests began to debouch and fill the room. You have all at one time or another attended a circus; well, place yourself down there in the ring, rigged out as a clown or perhaps as a bareback rider, or, well just anything that is crazy and comical, your face hidden from your neighbor by a hideous, distorted visage made in resemblance of some poor benighted heathen who neither shaved nor powdered. Games there were for all to enjoy and assuredly there was never a happier, noisier crowd than we; our worthy hostesses leading in everything. There was a loving couple who was dragged before an altar of tin pans and our respected Agriculturalist, Mr. Mock, joined them in the inseparable bonds of happiness, drossly dub-



bed marriage; unfortunately or perhaps fortunately there was no fee forthcoming so the prelate declared the pact null and void.

At half-past eleven the bell sounded; that meant bed. But we were far from being ready for slumber, so hastily deciding to risk the matron's wrath we scampered out the basement door and away through the glorious night. There were those of the faculty who accompanied us, but I will not name them for fear that even at this late date I might bring to them trouble involving much unnecessary explanation. Be that as it may, the moon was bidding us to wreck the farm houses lying near. Let us not say too much of what took place that night, there may be a reckoning yet.

It was in the small hours of the night that we crawled into our downy bowers of rest, but not to sleep; slumber after such thrilling adventures was impossible: besides our palates craved more of that cider and doughnut repast we had too hastily bidden good-bye.

Is it necessary to mention the yawns, the moans and groans, the expressed wishes for "just one minute more sleep" that accompanied the morning's light? Breakfast over, with some misgivings we approached the home of learning; but the President was lenient and instead of upbraiding as we feared because of the night's deviltry, we were gratified to hear "a holiday declared" (perhaps you think we made no use of it); the creek was near and nuts were ripe so all that was required was a maiden tripping by your side, and there were plenty of them.

Our sleepy minds were now awake and there was plenty of jolly chaffing on the events of the night before. The leaves were falling from the trees in varicolored floods; there was a freshness in the air that brought the color to one's cheeks; nuts there were aplenty, and could you imagine any healthier pastime than hunting and eating the same?

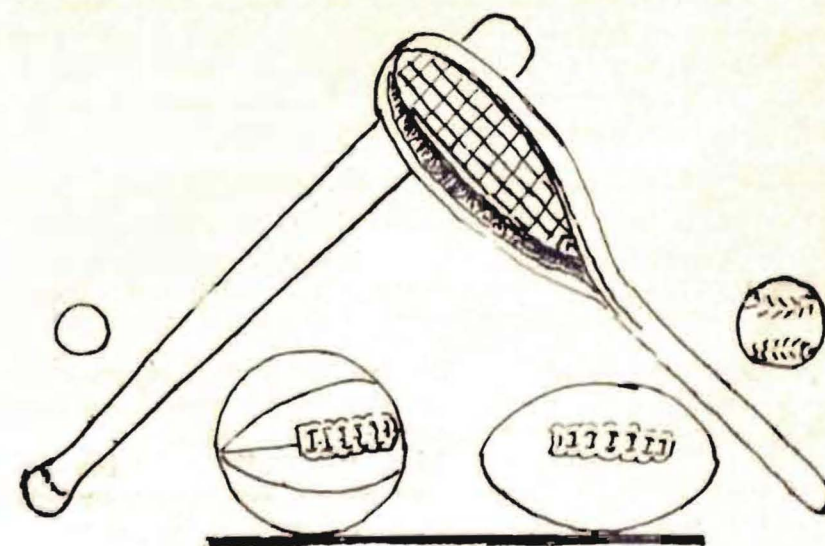
But those for whom bright eyes and red lips held no charm were not left to mope; our football team was still intact and this fresh crisp morning offered a fine opportunity for a scrap game.

The afternoon sun had warmed the breeze, the noon meal had stayed our body's craving and a drowsiness settled over all. No one moved on the Campus, in the hall were to be found no chattering groups, from the recitation rooms came not the hum of voices that usually bespoke activity; the night's festivities and the morning's rompings were forgotten: Cameron's children rested, supremely content and at peace with the world, in sleep.

Only the neighboring farmers bemoaned their pumpkin patches, and cursing, strove to rebuild their fences and right their wood-piles.

(THE END.)

# Athletics







G. L. Hawkinson, Coach

Frank Ikard—"Ike" (Captain), played left end. Cool, steady, and always in the game.



Bruce Wilkins—"Bruce" played the game at quarter. Managed his team well and could tell his opponent's weak places.

James Hayth—"Skinny" played at different places this year but seemed to take to tackle best of all. Long and bony and would make a man jump when he hit him.



Charlie Gipson—"Chas." The fastest man on the team. The first man on the ball on a kick-off. He played left half.



Ben Harrison—"Ben" was always in his opponent's way. It took a big man to make the game interesting for him.





Everett Shaw—"Shaw" played tackle and it took a bull to move him. Got his man's goat on the first down.



Robert Park—"Bob" held down the right end of the back line. A good tackler and ground gainer. Fond of making touchdowns for the other team.



Louis Donnelly—"Donnelly" held the position of guard. Generally got thru to break up plays on the other side.

Sanford Brandon—"Brandy" played right end this season. Good interference breaker and his specialty is jerking down forward passes.

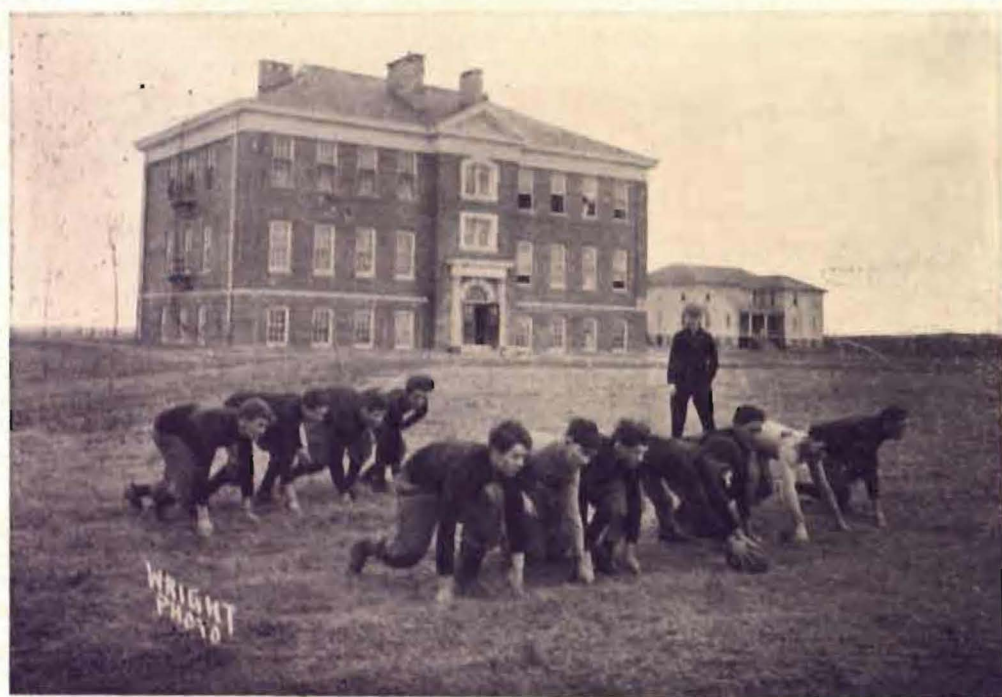


Johnnie Frost—"Frosty. Little but loud. Always knew where the ball was going and his passes were accurate.

Sherman Krisher—"Sherman," the hardest hitting little full back in the southwest. A sure tackler, good man at every place on the team.







## Base Ball Line Up

1914

C. S. S. A.

FRED BEARD  
Catcher.

CHARLEY GIPSON, CLARENCE SHATTLER  
LOUIS DONNELLY  
Pitchers.

SANFORD BRANDON, GHAYN RAY  
First Base.

LEWIS WHITE, EVERETT SHAW  
Second Base.

LOUIS DONNELLY, FRANK IKARD  
Third Base.

CLARENCE SHATTLER, TRAVIS WILCOXSON  
Short Stop.

BRUCE WILKINS, CHARLIE GIPSON  
Left Field.

JACK FROST, TRAVIS WILCOXSON  
Center Field.

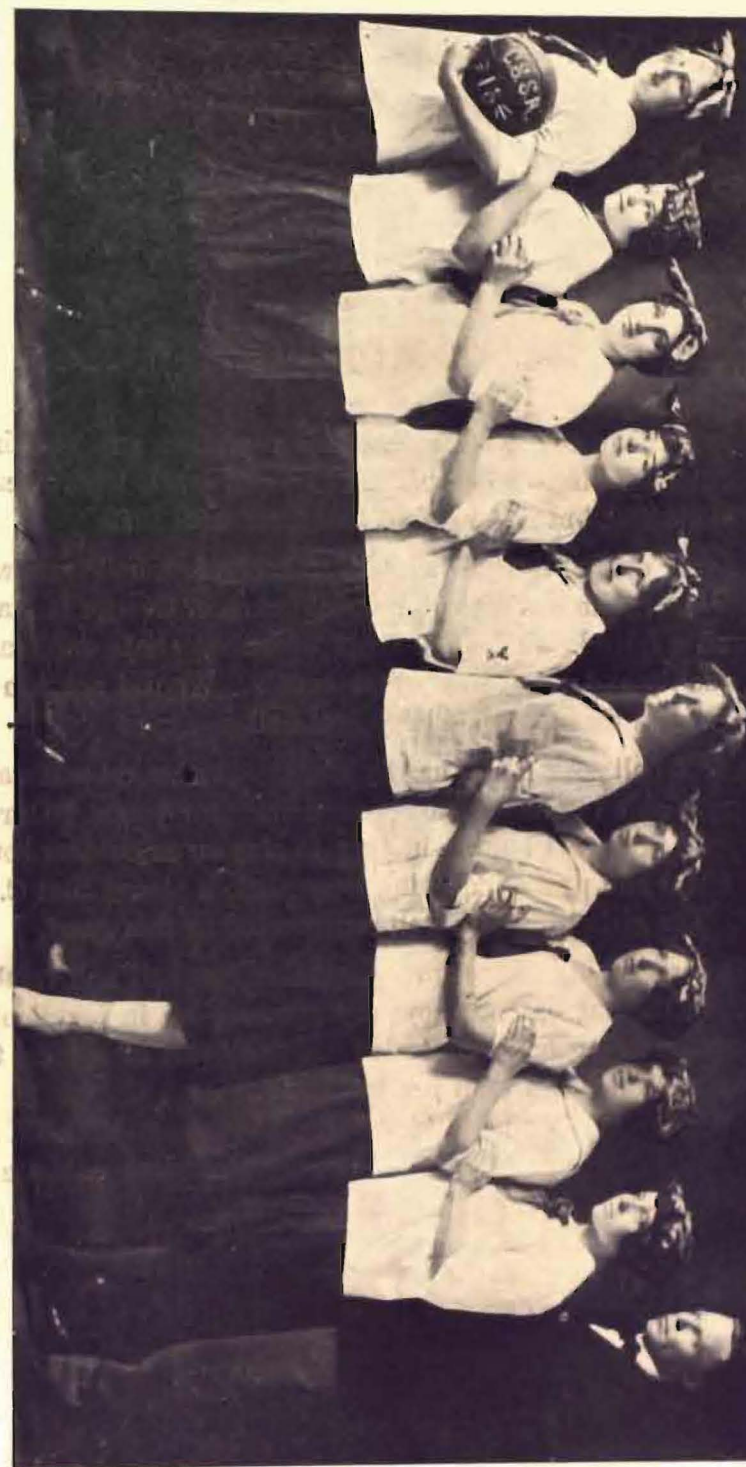
SHERMAN KRISHER, GHAYN RAY  
Right Field.





From left to right—Shattler, L. Guard; Donnelly, Center; Wilkins, Capt., Forward; Wilcoxson, Sub., Ikard, Forward; Krisher, R. Guard; Coach Hawkinson.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL SQUAD.





## Athletics

Athletics have advanced further this year than any year in the history of the school. We have had a basket ball and track team every year since the school started, but never a foot ball team until 1912.

This year during the first week of school a foot ball team was organized and in the energetic and always helpful Coach of George L. Hawkinson, the boys found a friend. The squad from which we chose our team was small but it is quality and not quantity that counts. We did not win a championship but proved that we could play foot ball.

The foot ball season had hardly ended when basket ball was started. In this we were able to muster enough men for two teams. Our boys were handicapped in basket ball by having to play on an outdoor court. But with good material and proper coaching they made a record that C. S. S. A. can boast of. The girls were also well represented in this sport.

With the opening of the spring weather baseball and trackwork began to grow. In the baseball our boys are showing up in excellent form, with every position being hotly contested we can boast of a team that can't be beaten by anything less than professionals.

FRANK IKARD,  
President Athletic Association.





## Social Calendar

### HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Hide your face, lest it be seen  
On the night of Hallowe'en.  
Join us for a while in play,  
Dining room C. S. S. A.

This was the form of invitation received by the Cameron students to one of the most enjoyable occasions of the year, given by the Misses Adams, Frans, Casey and Graham.

### JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY

The Senior Class was entertained by the Juniors at the Gibbins' home, Thursday, October 14, 1913. The rooms were beautifully decorated in class colors and class flowers. Rook and Dominoes furnished the amusement for the evening's pleasure, while at a late hour refreshments of punch and wafers were served by the Misses Gibbins and Gray.

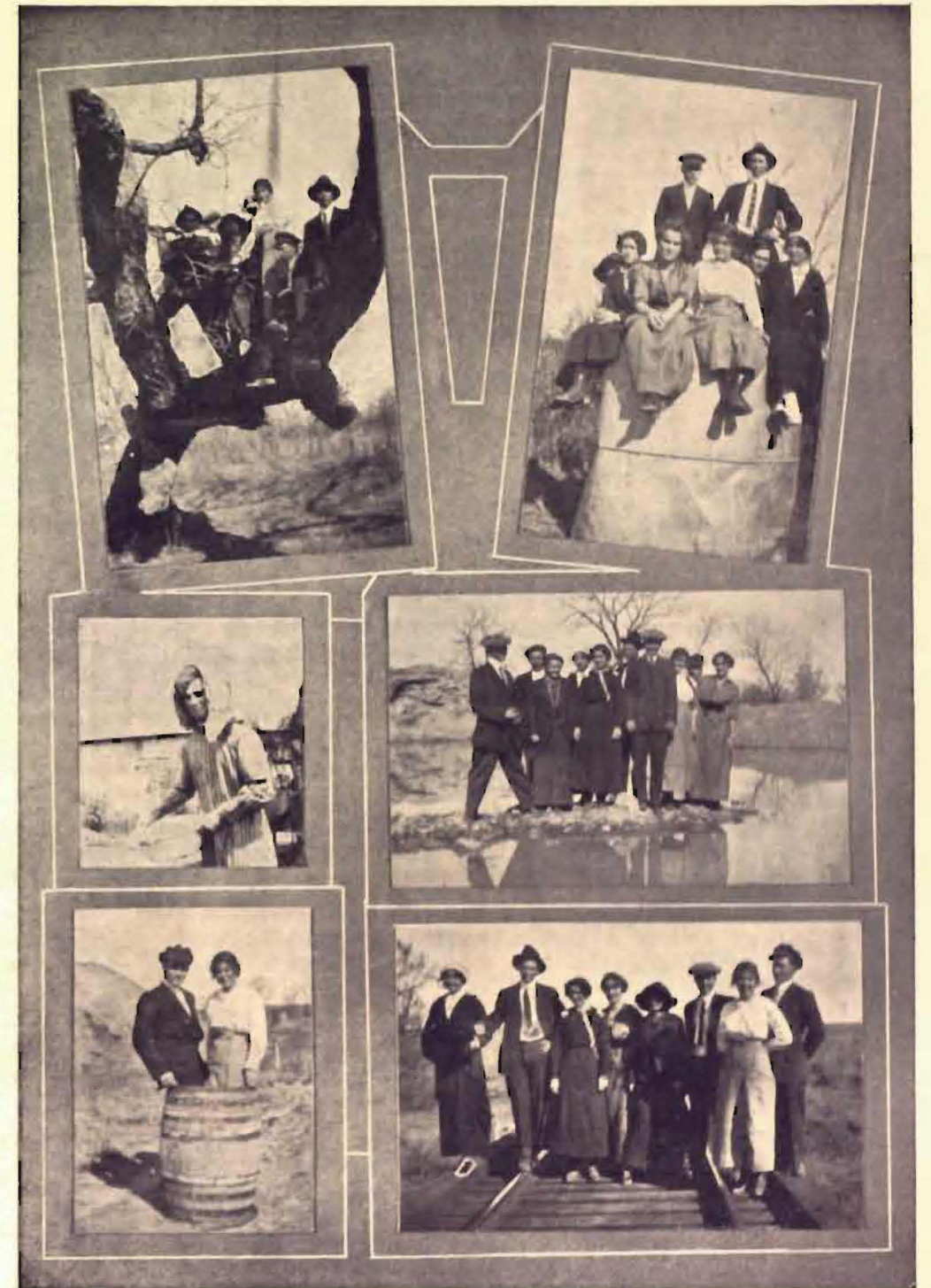
### SENIORS AND FACULTY ENTERTAINED

The Seniors and faculty were delightfully entertained at the home of F. L. Hayth, January 28th, 1914, the occasion being in form of a surprise party for her son James, who is a member of the Senior Class. The evening was spent in playing various games and several musical numbers by Prof. Hawkinson were thoroughly enjoyed.

### SENIOR PARTY

Monday evening, February 9th, 1914, Mildred Cline entertained in honor of her class at her home, 708 C Avenue. All present enjoyed the various games, popping corn and preparing decorations to be used later at Cameron. Miss Adams proved herself a very able stump speaker by her address on the "Benefits of the Salvation Army." The guests departed from the Cline home and journeyed in a party to the Assembly Hall at Cameron where the green and white was artistically strewn around the room awaiting the chapel hour next morning.

The Senior Class and a few friends of Miss Eva Wiedeman spent the evening of March 17th at her home, just west of the College. Music and games furnished the evening's amusement, during which punch and wafers were served. Pres. Short and Miss Adams, the Class parents, acted as chaperones.





## An Evening Out

We had waited anxiously for the third number of our lyceum course to appear. The well-known cartoonist, Packard, was to entertain with chalk talk and impersonations. Those of us who had seen him before were eager for another treat such as he was able to give, and the others had lived in the state of mind which the small boy experiences before Christmas.

When the eventful evening at last arrived, there came also a precipitation of moisture which threatened to dissolve the already well-soaked earth. Gloom settled over all, but we decided that if, "into each life some rain must fall" that this night would not be dark and dreary.

Acting on the decision we brought out two of the College teams hitched to a wagon and after much fun and not a little difficulty everyone was crowded into the wagon and the start to town was made.

Imagine if you can this picture: A night of inky darkness, the rain trying to show some consideration for the person by coming down gently but nevertheless steadily, mud in the road about ten inches deep, and twenty-two persons, each one full of life and spirit, crowded in an ordinary wagon.

The trip was uneventful and quiet except that about every thirty seconds some one would shriek in heart-rending tones, "Get off of my foot," or "Oh! Don't let me fall!" We progressed slowly in a series of lurches forward and swaying backward, sometimes varied by swayings forward.

At last the High School where the entertainment was to be held was reached, and we spent a most enjoyable hour watching the noted cartoonist draw the pictures we had laughed at so much in newspapers. Packard proved himself as capable as ever to hold the attention of and to amuse the audience.

On leaving the hall our minds were brought back to the realization that we had a journey through thick and thin, (the thick being the mud and the thin being the rain) back to the college.

We again boarded our wagon and the swaying, slipping and sliding trip begun. The fiendish yells of joy, as some one would make his neighbor think that he was going to push him out of the wagon and the subsequent yells of fear, were very much in evidence, while laughter, jokes and song made the hour's ride pass in no mean manner.

The College was reached at last and we were wet, we were muddy, we were tired, but we were happy and no one I think will forget that "evening out."

B. W. J. '14.



## JUNIOR SENIOR BANQUET



## Junior-Senior Banquet

### MENU

Bluefish a la Laitue	Green Butter Sandwiches	Beets
Maryland Chicken	Potato Souffle	
Hot Rolls*	Creamed Cauliflower, Asparagus Tips	Butter
Ce'ery	Pickle au Peach	Olives
Fruit Salad	Date Sandwiches	
Pistachio Ice Cream	Peach Sauce	
Peanut de Luxe	Mints	
	Cafe Noir	

### Toasts

President R. P. Short, Toast Master

"Our Guests" .....	Lulu Gray '15
"Our Hosts" .....	Sherman Krisher '14
"Labor Conquers All" .....	Miss Frans
"Playing School Marm" .....	Mildred Cline '14
"Pecanning Day" .....	Miss Casey
"Our First Annual" .....	Ben Harrison '14
Bid Seniors "God Speed" .....	William Beaver '15





Prof. Mock in Agr. Physics Class—Ben, what is steam?  
Ben—It is water gone crazy with the heat.

Annetta P.—Wallace, when are we going to get married?  
Wallace R.—As soon as I can find a preacher to marry us on the installment plan.

Ikey (looking at his new shoes reflectively)—When these shoes stretch I'm going to give them to some one with big feet.

Just imagine:  
Krisher shutting a door.  
Harrison awake in class.  
Parks without Emma.  
The Dormitory without a rope ladder.  
Morse in evening dress.  
B. Wilkins raising cats.  
Roark in knee pants.  
Donnelly singing.  
Dyke with Dorothy's laugh.  
Helen Mock with Beard's head.  
Gibson's wardrobe in Boldman's room.  
Prof. Hawkinson up in time for breakfast.  
White plowing hay.  
Oxford not buying pennants.  
Beulah with a beard.

Swiftly, one by one in the grade books of the teachers,  
Blossom the mighty zero, the for-get-me-not of the Juniors.

Beulah—What kind of a husband would you advise me to get?  
Dorothy—You get a single man and let the husbands alone.

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf and watched with expression pained, the milk-man's stunts, and both said at once, our relations are getting strained.

Shaw was the last one helped to sandwiches at the lunch counter. By accident it contained no ham.  
Shaw—Say, waiter!  
Waiter—Yes?  
Shaw—Shuffle these again, I got the Joker.

The way they speak to the faculty:  
Prep.—Please I didn't understand?  
Freshie—What is the question?  
Junior—What?  
Senior—Huh?

Bruce (looking at the French fried potatoes)—Say, Ben, next time don't make the Post-Toasties so greasy.

The water dripped from the potato's eyes,  
The cabbage hung down its head;  
There was a sad old time in the kitchen that night,  
For the vinegar's mother was dead.

Ike—Say, Ben, Miss is dead.  
Ben—Miss who?  
Ike—Missconduct.

The June bug has its wings of gold,  
The lightning bug its flame;  
The bed bug has no wings at all,  
But it gets there just the same.

Fred—Mattie, I thot you was a freshman last year?  
Mattie—I was but the faculty encored me.

Ike—Ben, there is a fly on the ceiling.  
Ben (rubbing his eyes)—Well, step on it.

Senior—Is there any alcohol in cider?  
Freshie (looking around wildly)—Inside who?

Teacher—Fred, how long at two dollars a week would it take a man to save a thousand dollars?

Fred B.—It can't be done; as soon as he would get about nine hundred dollars he would buy a car.

Mr. Krisher—You seem to be troubled.  
Mr. Parks—I am. For the last two years I have done nothing but pay out money, money, money, and get no visible return for it. If this keeps up much longer I'll be a pauper.  
Mr. Krisher—I don't blame you sir. I have a boy in college myself.



## GOOD ROADS NEEDED

The train was stalled in the mud of a western wilderness, when a passenger on the platform of the smoker saw a pretty good hat lying out on the mud and hit at it with his cane. He struck it fairly and a yell responded to the blow.

"Great heavens," exclaimed the passenger, "Is there a man under that hat? Is that mud as deep as that?"

"Deep," replied the victim, "why man I'm standing on a load of hay."

"Winnie," asked Miss Casey, "what's a synonym?"

"A synonym," said Winnie, "is the word you use when you can't spell the other one."

A lively young fisher named Fischer,  
Fished for fish from the edge of a fissure.  
A fish with a grin  
Pulled the fisherman in,  
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

## MEN

Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, and also more zoological. Both men and women sprung from monkeys, but the women sprung farther than the men.

Shaw was writing a letter and upon being asked what he was doing, said, "I'm writing an important letter. I'm writing home to see if the folks want me to send them some money."

Lewis was accustomed to hear his mother telephone for nearly everything she needed. One day as he entered the pantry, a little mouse ran across the floor. Very much frightened, he jumped up and down screaming "Oh, mother, phone for the cat, please phone for the cat!"

Miss Casey (reading an article on "San Jose scale")—"San Jose, why people, who's he?"

If the temperature was three below would Jack (Frost)?

If Eva graduates, will Chub (Stringer)?

Heard on the campus:

"You're a liar."

"I can prove it."

Wallace was buying a pair of shoes, and was about to try one of them on when the clerk sprinkled some French chalk in it to make it go on easier. When he handed it back to him Wallace threw it down, put on his old shoe and started out. The proprietor had noticed the scene and stepped up to Wallace and said: "What is the matter, Mr. Roark? Was the clerk sassy or what?"

Wallace glared at him for a moment and said: "If I can't come into a place to thry on a pair av shoes widout havin chloride of lime put in thim before hand, I'll trade somewhere else."

"Willie," said the teacher, "give me three proofs that the world is actually round."

"Yes'm," said Willie cheerfully, "the book says so, you say so, and Ma says so."

Miss Frans (rushing into class room)—"What's the cause of that noise I heard in here just now?"

Mildred (timidly)—"I just dropped a perpendicular."

Jane ate bread,  
Jane ate jelly,  
Jane went to bed  
With a pain in her—  
Now don't be alarmed  
And don't be mislead—  
Jane went to sleep  
With a pain in her head.

When war was recently declared on Mexico and every fellow at school was trying to make the other fellow believe that he was real anxious to go to the front, Sherman said, "You fellows can go to Mexico and kill Mexicans if you want to, but I will choose the hot Tomala, man."

I'm agie born,  
I'm agie bred,  
And when I die  
I'm aggie dead.



## Calendar

### SEPTEMBER

Tuesday 2, School opened; found the Freshmen most amusing.  
Wednesday 3, Learned to distinguish the faculty from the students.  
Thursday 4, Senior Class organized for business.  
Friday 5, Learned Beau Jolly's real name.  
Saturday 6, Football squad out for the first time.  
Tuesday 9, Boys excused to fill silo.  
Thursday 11, Seniors give yells in chapel.  
Friday 12, Ike lost his shoe in Farm Accounts Class.  
Tuesday 16, Girls organize Basket Ball team.  
Wednesday 17, Debut of Beau Jolly's leather collar.  
Saturday 20, Beau Jolly not made for Geometry.  
Thursday 25, President Frost gives motto: "Keep pushing ever forward, work with a will, not with a frown; it takes a live fish to swim up stream, any dead one can float down."  
Friday 26, Football boys play Lawton High School. Now, don't get inquisitive!  
Saturday 27, President Frost gives talk in chapel. "Never get discouraged, you always have to begin at the bottom."

### OCTOBER

Thursday 2, Monthly test.  
Friday 3, Football boys go to Chickasha.  
Saturday 4, More Exams. Some said: "Nothing little about those small teachers when it comes to Exams."  
Tuesday 7, Reorganize Literary Societies.  
Wednesday 8, Farewell talk by Prof. Hanson. Presentation of token by faculty and students.  
Thursday 9, Football boys play Apache, 19-6 for Apache.  
Friday 10, Really not room for him in Chapel. Sherman Krisher has made a touchdown.  
Saturday 11, Demerit system arranged.

Wednesday 15, Ben and Lulu tested the Demerit System.  
Friday 17, School dismisses for circus. Boys play football at Anadarko. Score 6 to 8 in our favor.  
Tuesday 21, Meeting of the Delphic Oracle Literary Society.  
Friday 24, First program of the Olympian Literary Society.  
Saturday 25, Dorothy and Edith quarreling over the new Prof. "Mr. Courtney."  
Wednesday 29, Inter-Society football game. Score 6 to 12 Olympian.  
Thursday 30, A girl got frost bit. Jack accused.  
Friday 31, Hallowe'en masquerade at Dormitory.

### NOVEMBER

Saturday 1, Went pecaning.  
Tuesday 4, Arrival of Short Course students. Every boy trying to cabbage onto a new girl.  
Friday 7, Delphic Oracle Literary Society give programme, followed by pie supper for the benefit of the Annual.  
Saturday 8, Seniors attend sale. Beau Jolly bought calf muzzle and gave it to Mildred.  
Tuesday 11, Girls' Inter-Society basket ball game 22-19, Delphic favor.  
Friday 14, Juniors take possession of Chapel exercises.  
Saturday 15, Seniors relieve faculty of their work for one half day.  
Thursday 20, Senior Class and Class Parents have "weinie" roast.  
Wednesday 26, Mrs. D. is—"What did you say inquired someone?"  
Friday 28, All in school who are able to be.

### DECEMBER

Wednesday 3, Meeting of the Delphic Oracles, 4 o'clock. Rain.  
Friday 5, Begin Day Book in Farm Accounts Class. Rain.  
Tuesday 9, More rain.  
Wednesday 10, Ditto.  
Saturday 13, Test, wish we had studied our Geometry.  
Wednesday 17, Exams for the end of the term.  
Friday 19, Christmas play. Beau Jolly got to kiss Mildred. Lucky dog.  
Saturday 20, All go home for Xmas vacation.



## JANUARY, 1914

Tuesday 6, School begun after holidays. A few new students.  
 Wednesday 7, We all miss dear old Beau Jolly, who quit school to teach.  
 Friday 9, Literary by the Delphic Oracles. "Jack didn't get enough to eat."  
 Tuesday 13, Dorothy getting bad about stinging the boys.  
 Saturday 17, Boys play basket ball at Walter. Score 19—19.  
 Tuesday 20, Rejoice over the game.  
 Thursday 22, Carmen found a "Nickell."  
 Friday 23, Inter-Society debate. Delphics win.  
 Saturday 24, Bruce got stung.  
 Tuesday 27, Bob and Dorothy are seen together. Boys wondering why he didn't get stung. An exception to the rule.  
 Wednesday 28, Carmen loses a "Nickell."  
 Saturday 31, Most all go to Walter to see basket ball game. Girls play. Score 16—6 W. H. S. favor.

## FEBRUARY

Saturday 7, Dorothy getting alright. Bob is still going with her.  
 Tuesday 10, Juniors raise their colors, but get them burned.  
 Friday 20, Nothing much doing.  
 Wednesday 2, Lulu Gray celebrated her 27th birthday.  
 Saturday 28, Seniors run off to the creek. Oh! Lordy those demerits and consequent History examination.

## MARCH

Thursday 5, Mildred gives 6 o'clock dinner in the dining room of the Domestic Science Department.  
 Friday 6, Photographer takes group pictures for the Annual.  
 Tuesday 10, Exams beginning. Teachers have mercy on us poor students.  
 Friday 13, Boys play basket ball at Ft. Sill. 40—17 in Ft. Sill's favor.  
 Tuesday 17, Spring term opened. Senior party at Eva's home.  
 Friday 20, Mildred teaches 8th grade grammar.  
 Saturday 21, Faculty give play at Walter.  
 Tuesday 31, We hear a little speech by Miss Adams, telling us there will be no school tomorrow. "All Fool's Day."



## Officers of Alumni Association

Palmer Seruggs ..... President  
 A. M. Stringer ..... Vice President  
 Hugh Corwin ..... Treasurer  
 Lucile Aurell ..... Secretary

Virginia Seruggs, {  
 Thomas Stringer, { Committee on Banquet  
 Nick Fennema, }

The Alumni Association will meet at Cameron Hall for their Second Annual Banquet May 28th, 1914.



## A Word from the Editor

Thus ends the Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen Wichita. Thus ends the record of the Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen Class, as a class at Cameron. Each of us leave here with a definite purpose—some to continue their education in higher schools, others to add themselves to the great maw of working humanity. No matter where life leads us, let us always remain true to the Orange and Black and cherish the memories of our days at old Cameron.

If in times of hardship and disappointment, you can sit down and find something in this book that brightens your way, then our efforts have been worth while and we have accomplished all that we have hoped to accomplish.

If you find things in the book that you do not like, remember that we can never have things quite as we should like them and that there are things in the book that we, ourselves, do not like. We have done our best and hope that in years to come the students and friends of Cameron will not have cause to regret that the '14 Class selected itself to write the first volume of the Wichita.



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