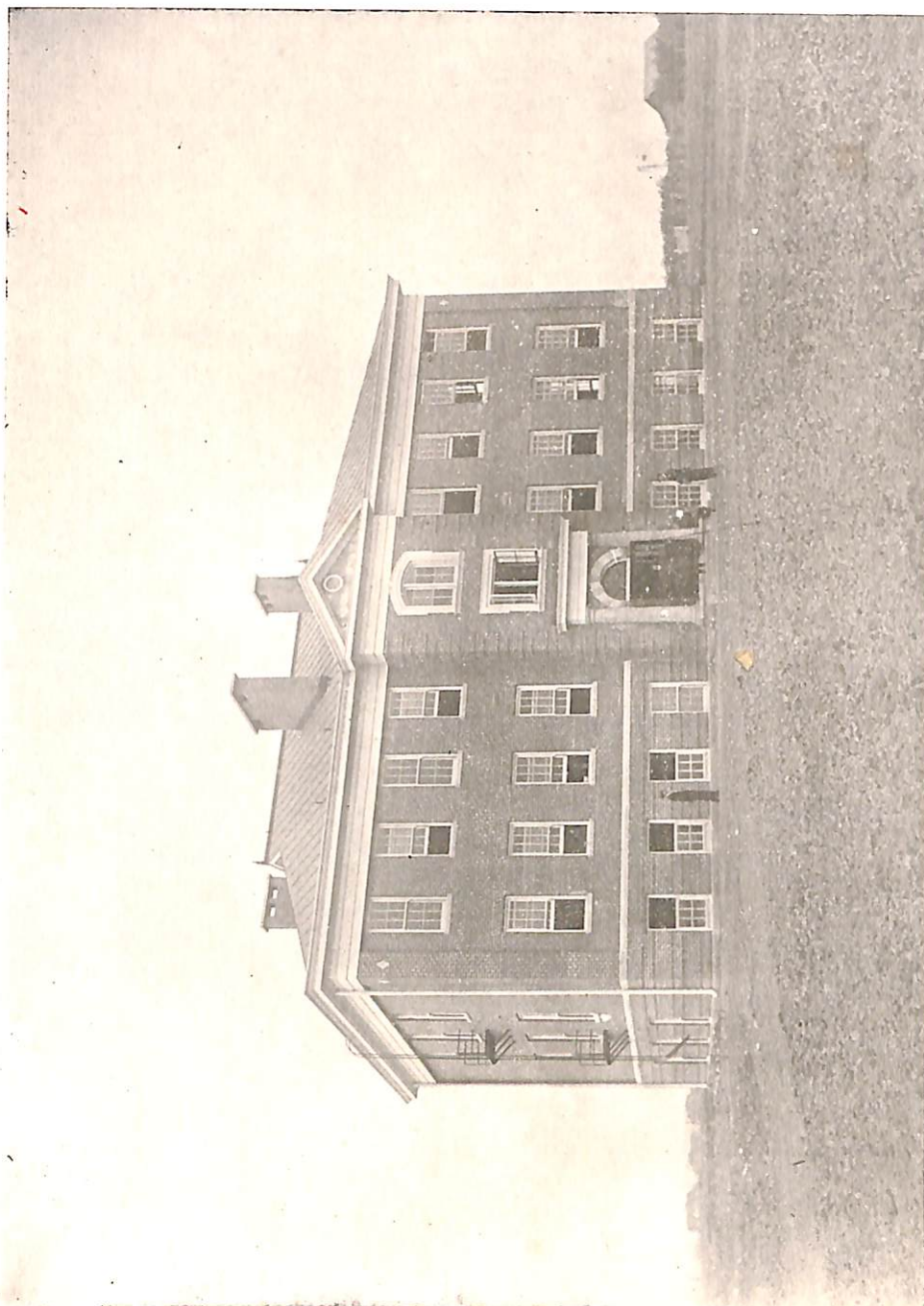
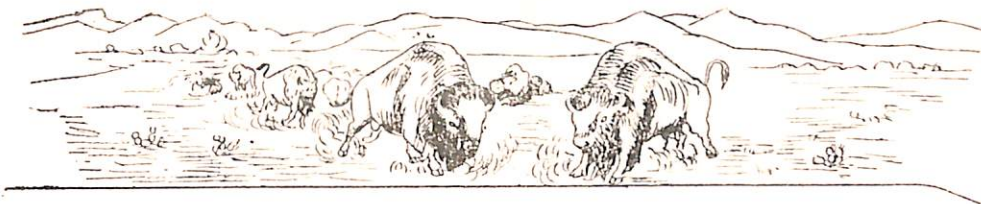
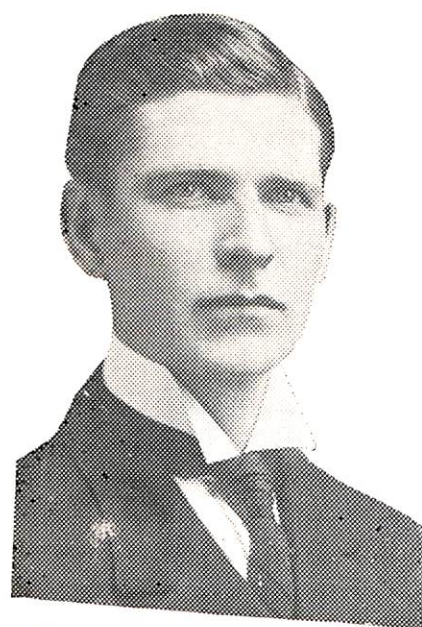
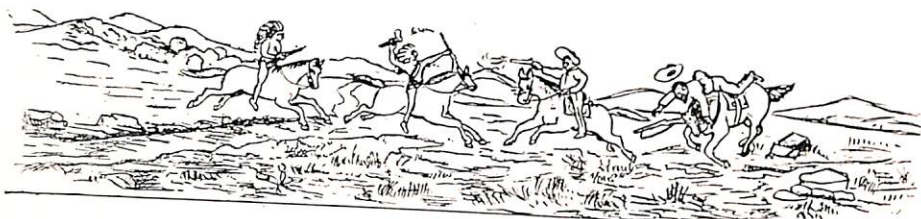


THE WICHITA

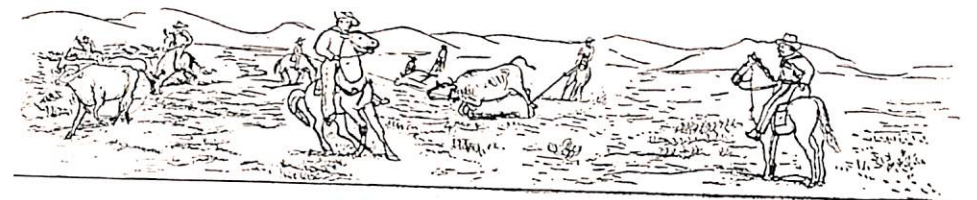


1915





SENATOR J. ELMER THOMAS
Lawton

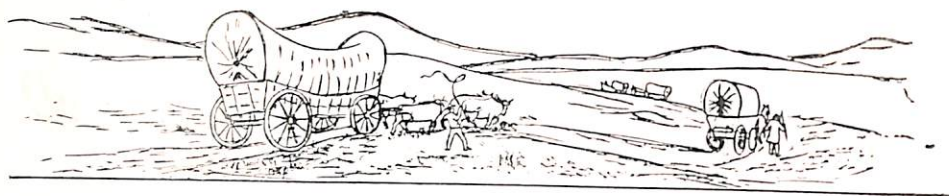


Dedication

*In appreciation of the earnest effort,
active interest, and the effective work
done in the State Senate for the future
of Cameron, we, the Senior Class of
1915, dedicate this volume of the Wichita
to the*

Honorable J. Elmer Thomas





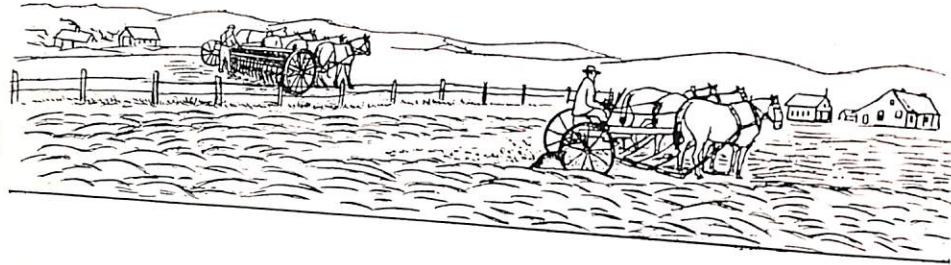
The Wichita

Nineteen Hundred and
Fifteen

School Life in Picture,
Prose and Verse

Published Annually by the Senior
Class of the Cameron State
School of Agriculture
Lawton, Oklahoma





The History of Cameron

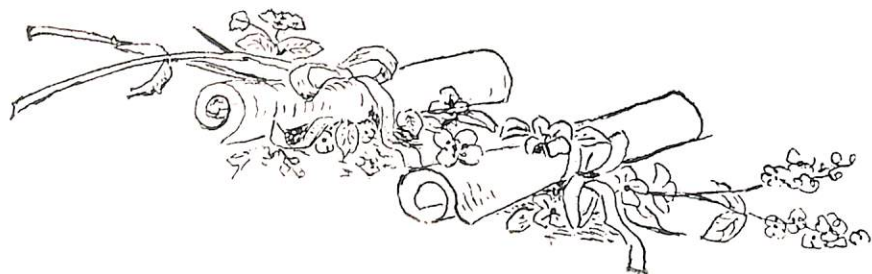
The Cameron State School of Agriculture is one of the six secondary agricultural schools established by the First State Legislature. The school derives its name from a former State Superintendent, the Honorable E. D. Cameron.

Realizing the need of a school and experimental station of this kind for this section of the State, an association of business men, headed by the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Lawton, purchased 160 acres of land, where Cameron is now located and presented it to the State as a special inducement to locate a school here. This school represents the Fourth Supreme Court Judicial District, comprising the counties of Canadian, Caddo, Comanche, Cleveland, Garvin, Grady, Harmon, Jackson, Jefferson, McClain, Murray, Oklahoma, Stephens and Tillman.

We commemorate Tuesday, November 16th, 1909, as the birthday of Cameron. On this day school was opened in the basement of the First National Bank Building, with a faculty of six members, representing the departments of Mathematics, English, Domestic Science, Agriculture and Manual Training. Most of the work done this year was along the line of demonstration. Out of the enrollment of 108 only 11 were taking the regular work, the remainder taking special courses. However, from the first year the school proved its real value in making better farmers of the young men and more competent home-makers of the young women. At the opening of the second year another member was added to the faculty roll. During this year the Boys and Girls Club work was taken up and a One Weeks Short Course held, including lectures and demonstrations on agricultural topics, domestic science and arts, canning, preserving and cooking. This addition of Short Course students made a total enrollment of 117.

Tuesday, September 5th, 1911, marked the opening day of the third year of school held in the basement of the First National Bank Building. At this time the central building on the school farm, located two and one-half miles from Lawton, was nearing completion, and during the third month of the school year, the school was moved into this building, its present quarters. This building will accommodate 300 students, is steam heated and modern throughout, and is thoroughly sanitary in all its equipment. On Commencement Day, May 24th, 1912, a Senior Class of four members was declared the first graduation class of Cameron.

During the fourth term of school, great improvements were made. It was during this year that our first Dormitory was erected by the citizens of Lawton. This building will accommodate about 75 students, is steam-heated and modern in every respect. Other improvements included a modern combined horse and dairy barn; an implement shed, planned and built by the boys' class in carpentry; a modern creamery building and a one-hundred ton silo. Owing to the fact, that the dormitory was not completed until late in the school year and accommodations, until that time, were so meager, the enrollment was considerably smaller than that of previous years. A Senior Class of seven members was awarded diplomas at the close of the school, May 17th, 1913.



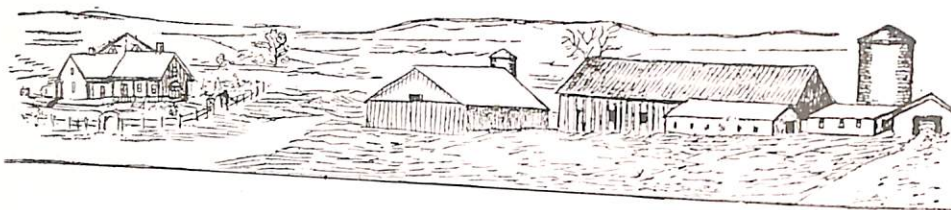
The opening of the fifth term of school, September 2nd, 1913, found ten faculty members and prospects very favorable for an increased enrollment, because of the Dormitory and its facilities. This year being one of marked progress, success, and favor, ten Seniors completed the course of study and it was through the efforts of this class that the first edition of the Wichita was published.

The present or sixth year of school opened the first day of September, 1914, with eleven faculty members and greater advantages to offer the students than ever before. At the beginning of this term another year was added to the course of study, making it a four years course. It was also during this year that the Legislature passed an act providing that the graduates of this and like schools should be granted a two years State Certificate. From this Senior Class of fourteen ambitious young men and young women and from the thorough training and preparation that they and the coming graduating classes receive, we hope to see the beginning of a revolution in rural and agricultural education.

Under the constitutional and statutory provisions, the Oklahoma State Board of Agriculture is the Board of Regents for this and like schools. These gentlemen are deeply interested in the development of agricultural and industrial education and may be relied upon to carry out the purpose and intent of the law establishing secondary agricultural schools in this State. Local government is in the hands of the President and Faculty.

The purpose of the district agricultural schools is to provide for the young men and young women of this state, an opportunity to secure a well rounded secondary education, a more practical education than has heretofore been at their command. Holding this purpose in view, the Cameron State School of Agriculture offers a useful and practical education to the young men and young women of the farms, villages and towns in the Fourth Supreme Court Judicial District. These schools occupy a place in the educational system of this state peculiar to themselves. If the schools are perpetuated, there need be no fear of conflict at any time with the public school system. With the introduction of agriculture, domestic science and manual training in the public schools of this state, district agricultural schools will flourish, and with the increase in popularity of such subjects in the public schools, the need for the district agricultural schools will be more clearly appreciated. A very small percentage of the boys and girls who attend the common schools enter the high schools, and a still smaller percentage of the high school students enter a college or university. The reason for this rapid elimination of the common school pupil is that the education offered the student beyond the common school is not practical in its nature, so far as the needs of a large majority of students are concerned. The young man or young woman who completes the course of study in one of the District Agricultural Schools is well prepared to take up his or her life work. The preparation received is of such a practical nature as to afford a foundation for the future, no matter what profession or calling he has decided upon.





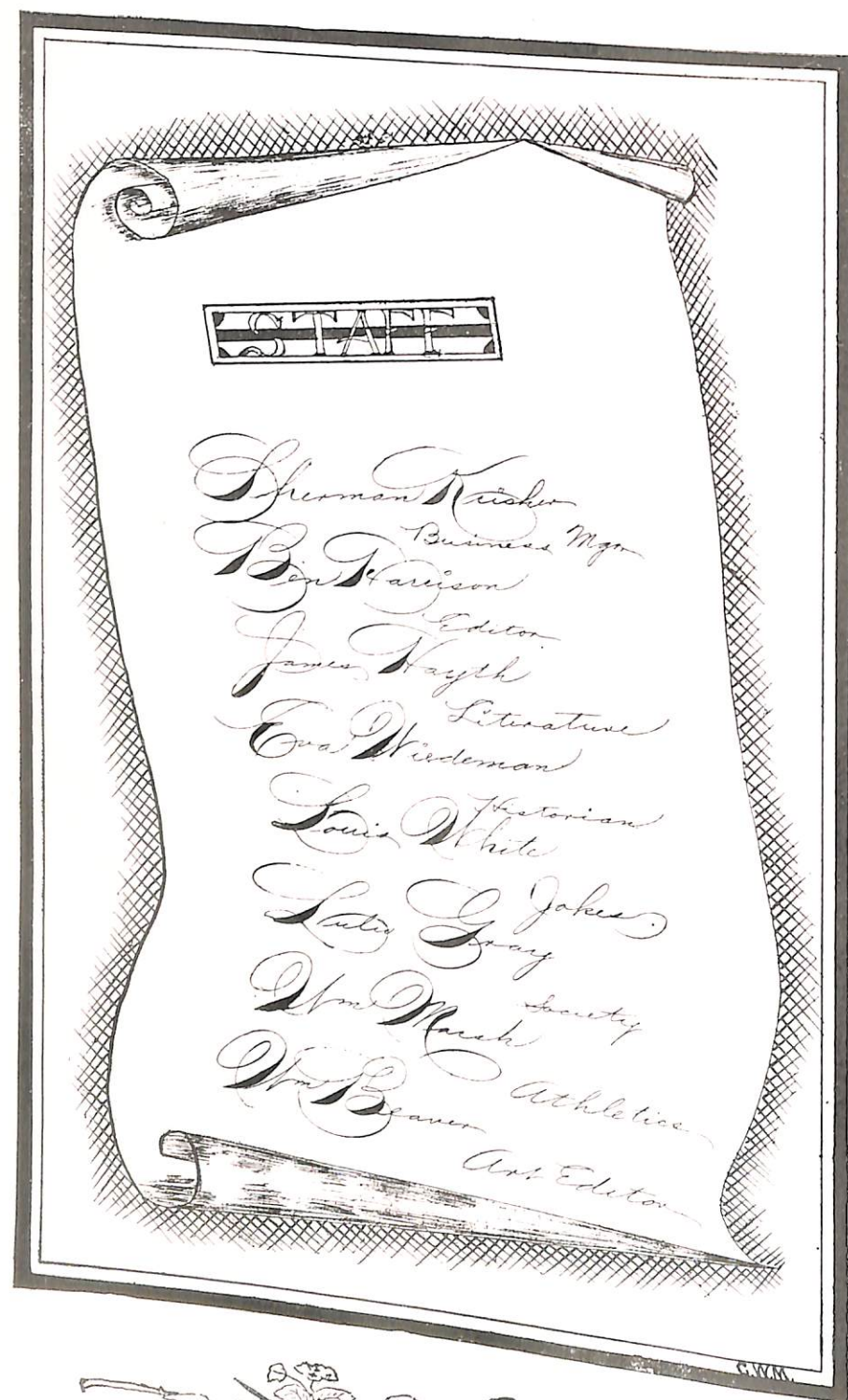
Editorial

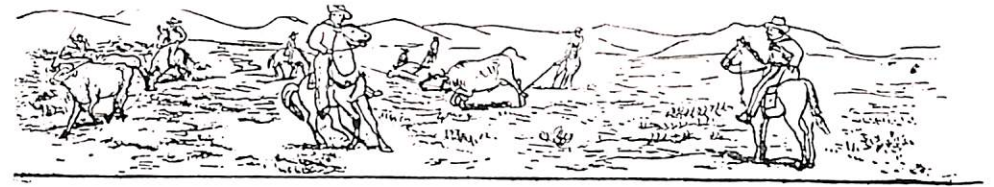
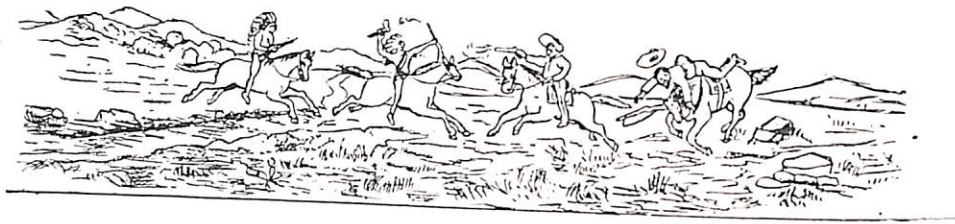
With a certain feeling of pride, the staff submits this second volume of the Wichita to the criticism of the public.

In the compiling and assorting of material, all has not run smoothly, yet as a whole the task has not been unpleasant. Though we may be harshly criticized by a few we shall feel that our efforts have not been in vain if the student body, in days after they leave Cameron can find in these pages some fond reminder of the things they have seen, heard and done, and the beginning of those things that have become a part of their lives; or if strangers can read through this, a complete history of our school life as happening every day and be better able to judge us.

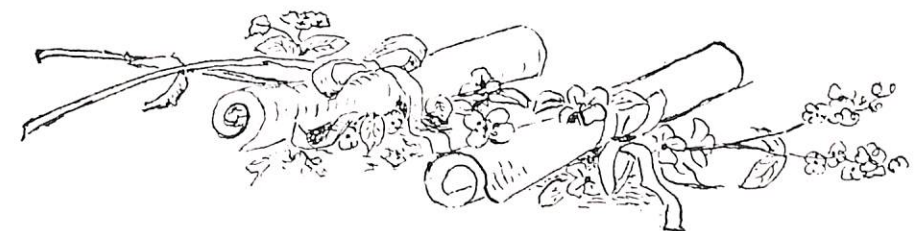
If our friends find in this book some repetition of the volume that went before, just remember, in that we portrayed those scenes we loved best and those things we most dearly cherished and that we still love some of those same old scenes and cherish some of those same ideas.

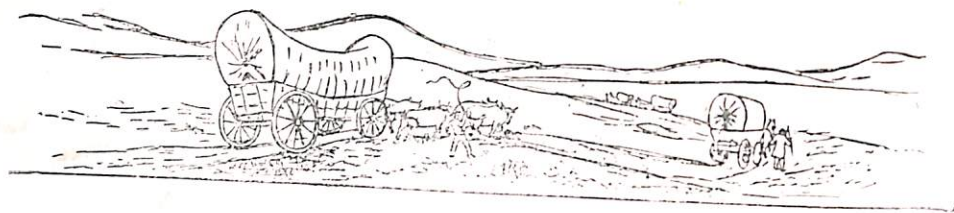
We wish to thank the under classmen and all who have helped to make this edition a success. To Mr. Mock, Miss Frans and Mrs. Ikard are our special thanks due.





A. C. FARLEY
President





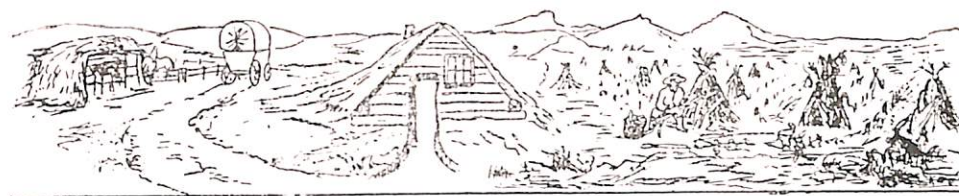
C. W. MOCK
Agriculturalist



M. C. COURTNEY
Manual Training



BLANCHE GRAHAM
Secretary



HELEN V. CASEY
Mathematics

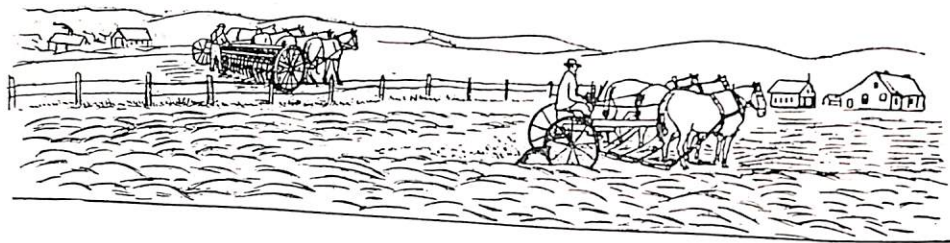


MRS. LUCILE FARLEY
Domestic Science



RAYMOND B. WILLIAMS
Music





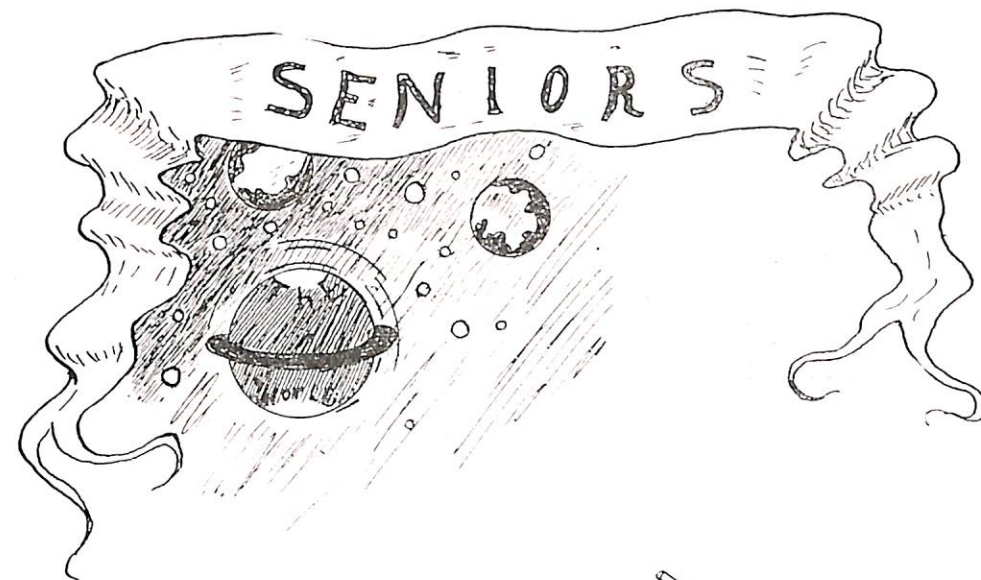
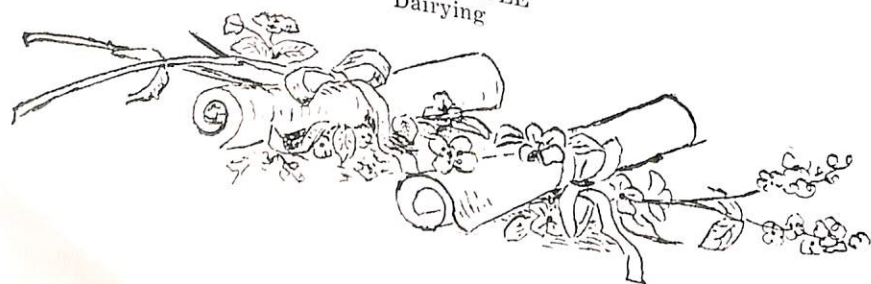
ARDA B. FRANS
English and History

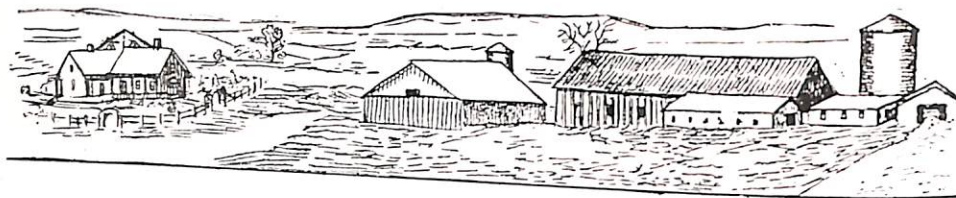


MRS. J. H. WRIGHT
Preparatory



O. C. WHIPPLE
Dairying





Senior Class

Officers

Sherman Krisher
Merle Stringer
Eva Wiedeman
James Hayth

President
Vice President
Secretary-Treasurer
Yell Master

CLASS COLORS

Maroon and White

CLASS FLOWER

Cape Jasmine

CLASS MOTTO

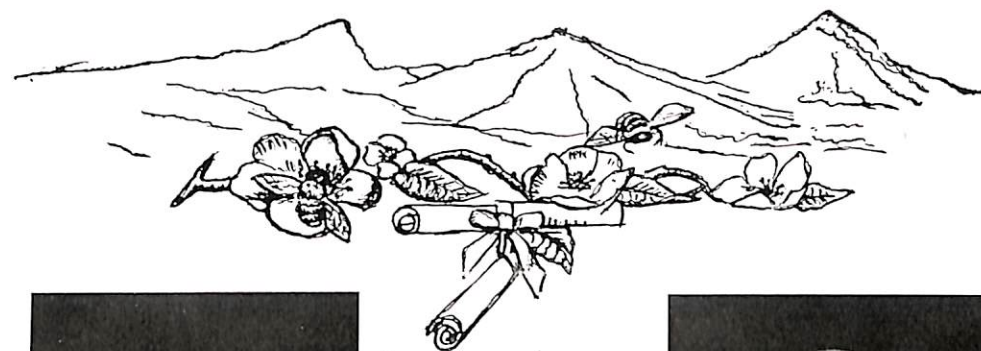
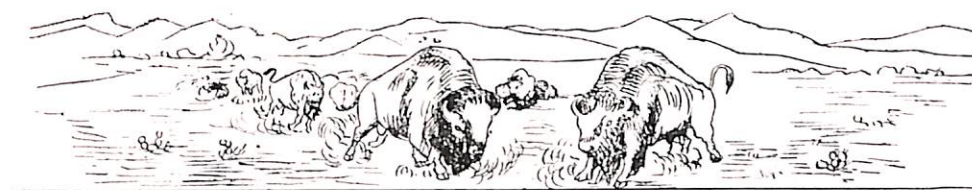
Me Thinks Mine Eyes are Open

EMBLEM



CLASS YELL

Hi oh nigger, hoe potater, half past alligator.
Ram ram bulligator, Riff Raff Roo.
Seniors, Seniors, Biff Baff Boo.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HARRISON
Chickasha, Oklahoma



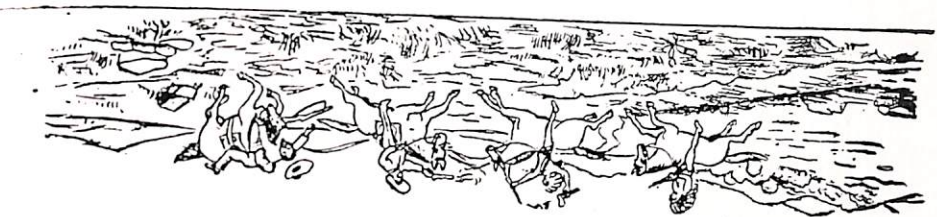
SHERMAN FREDERICK KRISHER
Walter, Oklahoma

President of D.O.L.S.; President of Dramatic Club; President of Boarding Club; Manager of Glee Club; Secretary-Treasurer of Athletic Association; Editor of Wichita; Laundry Agent; D. & O.; Football.

Ben, though he is practically on his own resources, always holds a prominent place in the student activities. Has something in reply for every question. His hobby is stalling. Usually lucky. Very business-like. A peculiar sense of humor. The girls can't resist him. Future plans, not known.

President of Class '15; President of L. L. S.; Manager of the Athletic Association; Football; Basket Ball; Base Ball; Business Manager of the Wichita. Sherman is one of the most popular members of the Senior Class. A jolly good fellow, who steers clear of the girls. No bad habits and a good disposition. Enjoys taking civil service examinations but thinks he will fail, because he couldn't draw a wheel carrow. His hobby is seeking favor with the faculty. Produces unequal success as a janitor. Will go to school next year.





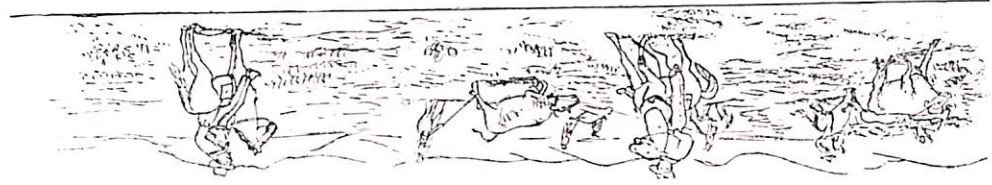
LUCILE ESTELINE AURELL
Lawton, Oklahoma



JAMES FREDERICK HAYTH
Lawton, Oklahoma

Secretary of Girls' Athletics; Dramatic Club; D. O. L. S.; Sergeant-at-Arms of Sequoyas; Basket Ball. Lucile acts on the impulse of the moment and is rarely known to change her decision; a wide experience with Senior boys. We don't know whether she is bashful or whether there is something the matter with her. Takes a great pride in her school work. Good judgment and good taste. A successful business. Her hobby is teasing the boy in front of her. She intends to teach.

Male Quartette; Band; School Chorus; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; D. & O.; D.O.L.S.; Yell leader; Wichita Staff; Football. Jimmie is noted for his musical ability and takes well with the fair sex, especially with visitors. Good campus student, witty and always in for a good time. Has special ability as an actor, as he always takes the leading comedy part. We predict a bright future for him as an entertainer. He expects to continue school next year. His hobby is, Don't carry anything to success.



MILDRED MARTHA CLINE
Lawton, Oklahoma



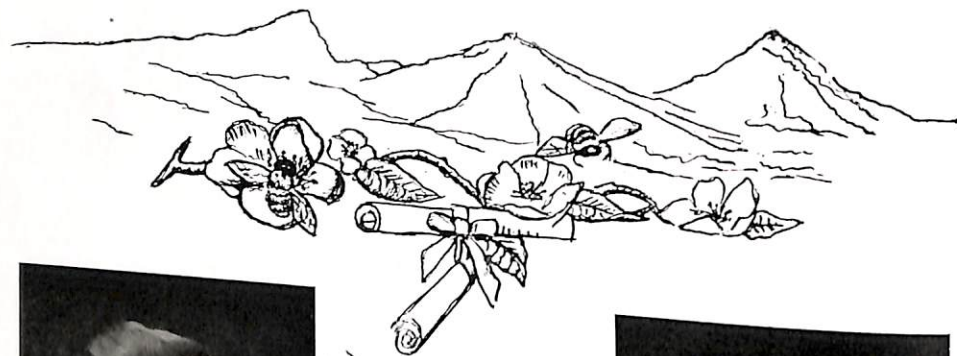
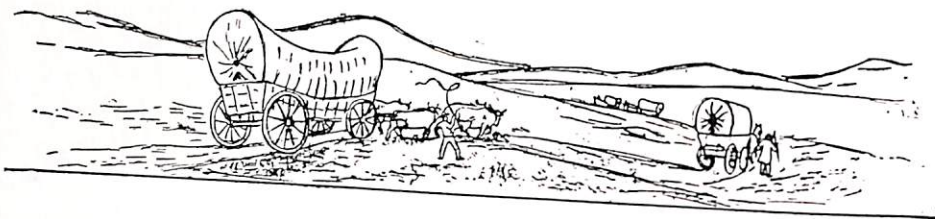
JOHN BIRD FOLK
Lawton, Oklahoma



D. O. L. S.; Sequoyah; School Chorus; Dramatic Club; Basket Ball. She is very meek and quiet. A good worker and responds to her assignments. Very considerate of other people's sensibility, also her own. She writes very interesting love stories, which might be termed "Reminiscences." She has no hobby, is perfectly satisfied with whoever he be.

D. O. L. S.; Band; D. & O.; Dramatic Club. John is a good student and does not believe in letting frivolities interfere with school work. Even though he is a Senior, he still throws paper wads and pulls the curls of the Senior girls. Admiring the Prep girls' win-some ways, is exactly where his hobby lays. Expects to teach next year.





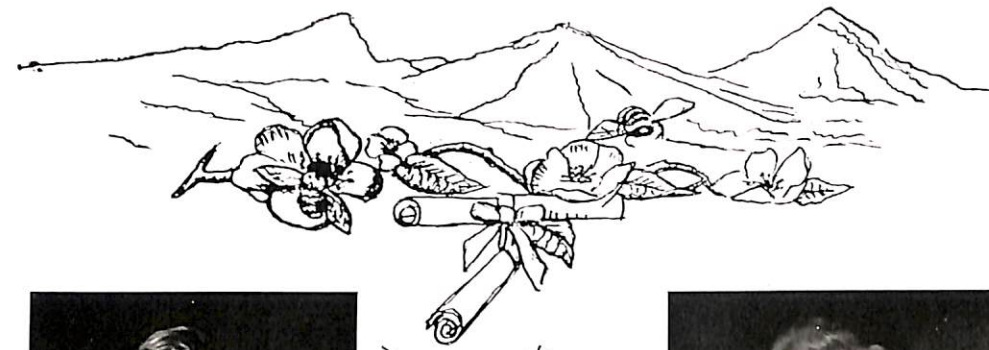
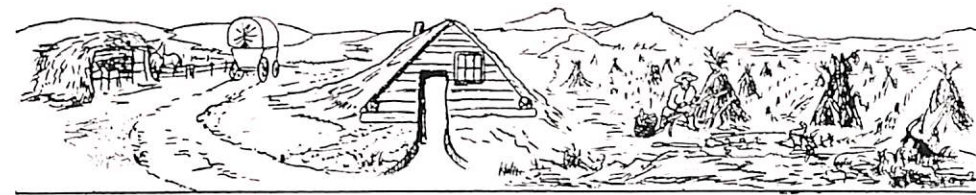
WILLIAM SEAY MARSH
Kingfisher, Oklahoma

Vice President D.O.L.S.; D. & O.; School Chorus; Glee Club; Wichita Staff; Football. Marsh intends to help his father make the laws. Very quiet. Delights in his strength, especially with the ladies. Got gay with a girl once and she told on him. Since he has found a steady. Firm and determined. Voted the Republican ticket, but had to work the County road for that honor. His hobby is singing, "Far Away in the South." Will finish at A. & M.



ALBERT MERLE STRINGER
Roosevelt, Oklahoma

Dramatic Club; L. L. S.; D & O; Band; Coach of Girls' Basket Ball; Football; Basketball; Baseball. "Chub" is quiet, good natured and a friend to everyone. Finished in 1913 but could not resist coming back and taking the additional year's work. Is a special friend to all of the fair sex and a particular friend to one. Always gives a good account of himself, both in class room and on the athletic field. He is conservative, spends but little, and of that little, less.



EVA LUELLE WIEDEMAN
Lawton, Oklahoma

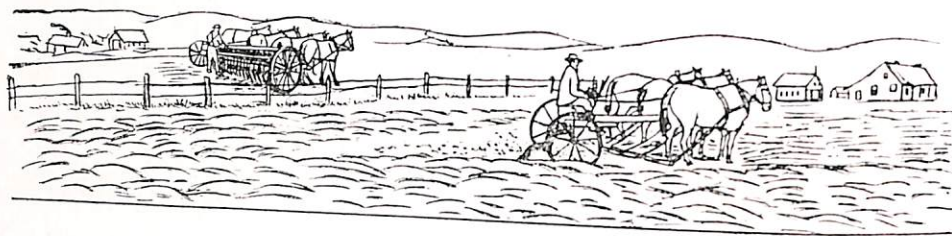
Secretary-Treasurer of Class '15; Sequoyah; D.O.L.S.; Dramatic Club; Wichita Staff; Basketball. Eva is very dignified and always thinks twice before acting, and she thinks awfully slow; good natured, always ready for fun but never lets outside work interfere with study. Good at making plans for Senior outings, especially on rainy days. With a promising future before her and a big handsome subject at her side, her's is a life to be envied. She will probably teach.



THOMAS ORVILLE STRINGER
Roosevelt, Oklahoma

President of Athletic Association; Male Quartette; School Chorus; Glee Club; Band; D.O.L.S.; Dramatic Club; D & O; Football; Basketball; Baseball. "Top" is one who glories in his own strength, good looks and his entertaining ability. Will go to the uttermost in defending his own rights. He has a striking personality, is a man with strong determination. Loyal and overflowing with school spirit. His hobby, pastime and business is sleeping and singing. Is intending to take up some government work.





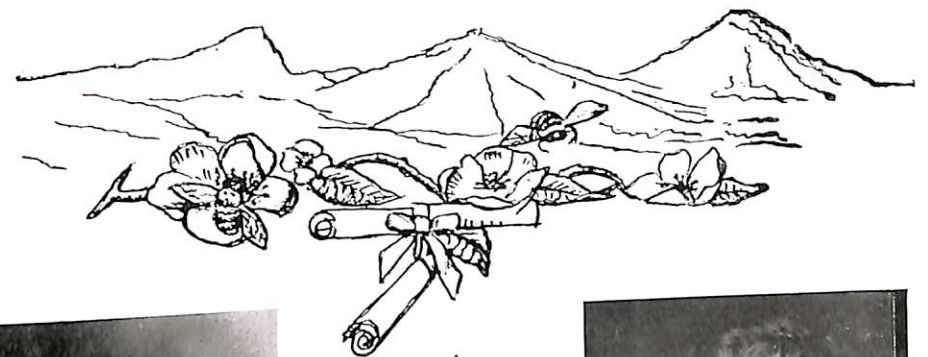
LULU MAY GRAY
Comanche, Oklahoma

President of Sequoyahs; Secretary of L. L. S.; Wichita Staff; Dramatic Club; Basketball; Tennis. Gray plays a leading part at Cameron. Tries never to let her studies interfere with her social activities of school life. Always overflowing with good humor. Would torment a wooden man. First to relieve the monotony. Dotes on adventure. Hobby is creating jealousy. Got most of her clothes burned up but still has a few. An authority on style, especially concerning men's apparel. Taking two years work in one. She favors some one else deciding her future.



LEWIS WHITE DENNIE
Lawton, Oklahoma

President of D & O; Quartette; School Chorus; Glee Club; D.O.L.S.; Dramatic Club; Wichita Staff; Football; Basketball and Baseball. "Script" is an experienced stage manager. A noted explorer and never lost in the Wichita Mountains. A good appreciation of responsibilities, especially attracted by things out of the ordinary, namely, size. Usually broke but gets the coin whenever the occasion demands. His hobby is tennis and D & O. His future plans and aspirations are to be an engineer.



EDITH NICKELL
Hulen, Oklahoma

L. L. S.; Basketball. Edith is the largest and fairest of the Senior girls. A smile that will win her a home. A quick temper, a forgiving disposition and a hard loser. Taking two years work in one, proving her strength. Drives a Ford and affords a Freshman. Is determined to teach one year.



WILLIAM BRAND BEAVER
Lawton, Oklahoma

Wichita staff; D & O; L. L. S.; Tennis. Beaver, Cameron's prodigy. Does not act nor look like anyone else. Quite a philosopher. A comic cartoonist. Independent. His social aspirations are away from school. Took an examination to become an office farmer at Washington, D. C. Making two years work in one. An optimist, confident in himself but can't decide his future. His hobby is poetry.





Class History

PROLOGUE

From motives of sheer modesty we have kept profoundly secret the greatest and most important deeds that have been performed by the Class of 1915. It now becomes our unavoidable duty to place before the world, an account of our wonderful achievements.

FRESHMAN (FRIGHTS AND FROLICS)

"Say, did you ever see such a mess of Freshies before?" Thus spoke a bright Senior boy to his Junior girl. This remark was inspired by the spectacle of about twenty-five tow-headed, freckle-faced youngsters gathered from many parts of the State. We wandered about the campus, and through the halls staring vacantly at the notices posted on the bulletin board, admiringly at the impressive building and enviously at the upper class-men strolling around with pretty girls. Everything was strange and foreign to these members of the 1915 class.

In due course of time we held a class meeting, chose green and white for our colors, the sweet pea for our class flower and adopted the motto "Me Thinks Mine Eyes Are Open." We have always observed the last part of our motto, which is in itself sufficient proof for our greatness. The uneventful term soon passed leaving only a memory of the studies which have grown harder, but for which the Freshmen were now well prepared. Earnest studies relieved by parties and moonlight rides made the days glide merrily on. At last creditable examinations were passed and these one-time awkward Freshmen stood forth a promising class of Juniors.

JUNIOR (JOYS AND JOLLITIES)

After spending a pleasant vacation we returned feeling mature in knowledge, and with the determination to excel in class room and on the athletic field. In the first part of the year we resolved ourselves into a body of experimenters and, as it were, we found many new substances in chemistry.

During the fall term the Seniors were granted a holiday and taking advantage of this they planned a chicken roast on Wolf Creek. We, feeling envious of them, met about twelve thirty and hied away to where the Seniors were making preparations for the feast. The marauders swooped down upon the Seniors who fled, carrying a few eatables. As they left the roast chicken we had a good feast. After this tragedy we settled down to business until the spring term.

During this term the Juniors showed their quality by capturing the highest number of points in the interclass track meet. Later, as the annual duty of the Junior Class, we entertained with marshmallow roasts, parties, and at last closed the year's festivities by giving the hungry Seniors a Banquet. This was a feast in more than one sense of the word and will long remain in the memory of those who were privileged to attend.

SENIOR (SOLEMNITIES AND SENTIMENTALITIES)

We returned this time with a firm, determined tread and each resolved to make this last year the best. This year we took more interest in "Society." We devised new ways to use our time and were not oppressed by the thoughts of our books. This year, remembered only for a few class fights and a day of teaching school, came and went. The last six weeks were spent in gathering material for the annual, the first one published at Cameron.

The past years seemed only a hazy dream and the future held promise of great things. In class work we had just cause to be proud, for of the ten members of this year, four had weathered three strenuous years of school life together and were proud to be known as Seniors.

SENIORS

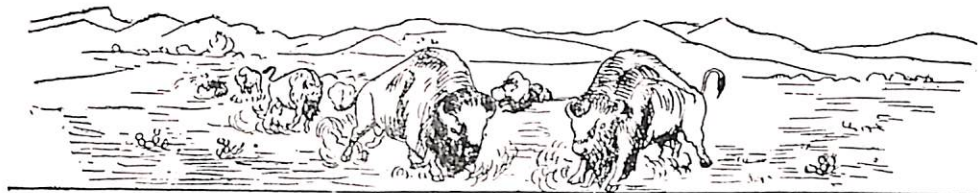
During the summer of 1914 the graduates had planned to attend the A. & M. College but no sooner had the joyous news that another year's work had been added to the curriculum at Cameron, than we rallied our scattered forces and decided to spend a fourth year at "Home." Upon enrolling September 1st, 1914, we were delighted to have three members of the Class of '13 join our ranks.

In a short time we held a class meeting at the "Senior Hall," reelected officers, chose maroon and white for our class colors, cape jasmine for our class flower and elected President and Mrs. R. P. Short class parents. The Senior Class feeling responsible for the conduct of the under-classmen, wore a dignified air and kept out of the class fights. The fall term came and went. The second semester, which is always the busiest of the year, found us gathering material for the annual, the second one published at Cameron.

EPILOGUE

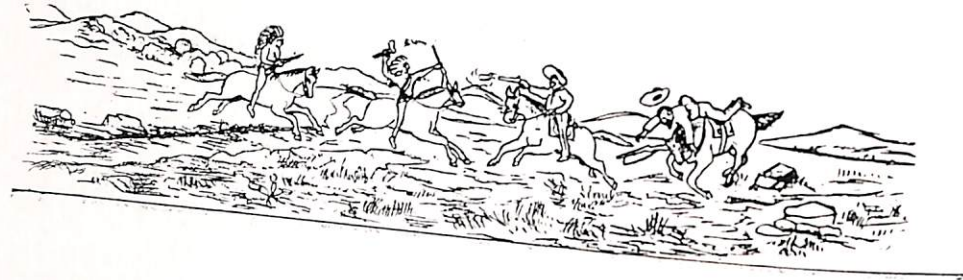
To sum up our school career, we have always cheerfully taken our share of hard work; we have derived as much good and pleasure from school life as any class. A warm place will always be reserved in our hearts for "Old C. S. S. A.", the place where we spent so many profitable, happy hours. Judging the future by the past, when the '15 Class takes up its share of the world's burdens each member will do his part faithfully and well.

E. L. W. '15.



JUNIORS





Junior Class

Oral Tucker
Hazel McKay
Olivine Graham

OFFICERS

President
Secretary-Treasurer
Historian

CLASS COLORS

Red and Black

EMBLEM

Coyote

FLOWER

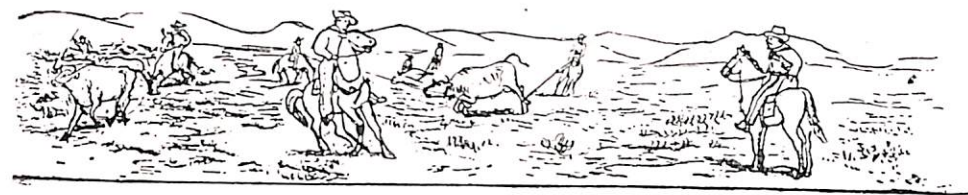
Red Rose

MOTTO

Is It Worth While?

CLASS YELL

Coyote! Coyote!
Rackety, Rackety, Rack
Juniors! Juniors!
Red and Black.



ORAL TUCKER
Lawton, Oklahoma

The man that has no music in himself
Is fit for treasons, stratagem and
spoils.



OLIVINE GRAHAM
Chatianooga, Oklahoma

What shall I do to be
forever known
And make the world
come to my own?



HARRISON IKARD
Chickasha, Oklahoma

A woodpecker lit on his head they say,
And settled himself to drill;
He bored away for a half a day,
And finally broke his bill.



The Junior Class

I now recall, that in the fall
Of the year Nineteen Foutteen
We entered school, all fresh and green
For the term not yet foreseen.

The class was then, composed of ten
Considered to be quite small.
But as you know, that can be so
And still outclass them all.

But after awhile, with only a smile,
Some told the class "Good Bye."
To higher grounds, they all were bound
And left us to weep and sigh.

The class is now, as some would "low"
Composed of only six.
We are easy to find, and are never behind
But in class fights we never mix.

And now I shall state, before it's too late
I shall mention them one and all.
If all are not here, they must be near
And their names I shall now call.

The first is Fred, who is not dead
But has moved 'tis sad to say.
Though one who is here, and full of cheer
Is no one but Lulu Gray.

Then just a line for Olive
Who is so nice and quiet.
And with many tears, through the past three years
Miss Nickell has studied diet.

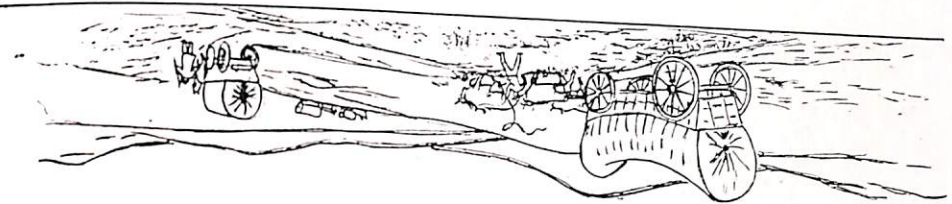
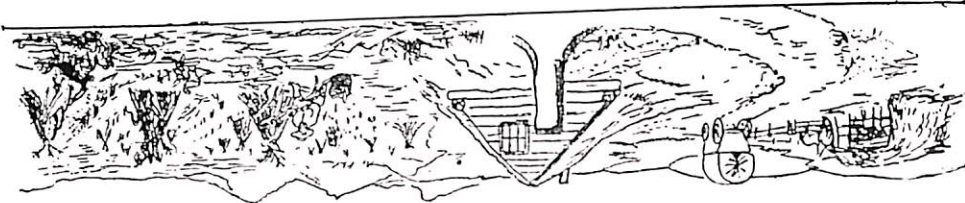
And then for a friend, who will stay to the end
Mr. Donnelly is here we can say
And one who lends to borrow and lend
Our Secretary, Miss McKay.

And then for Ike, whom we all like,
He joined us the first of the year.
And then for one, who is full of fun
Mr. Beaver, who seemed so queer.

Now, let us remember that in last December
Mr. Edger joined our class
But as for me I'm sure you see
I had better let my name pass.

Now, time is near, and almost here
When these lines must surely end
So, I shall close with a sweet repose,
And say to all "Amen."

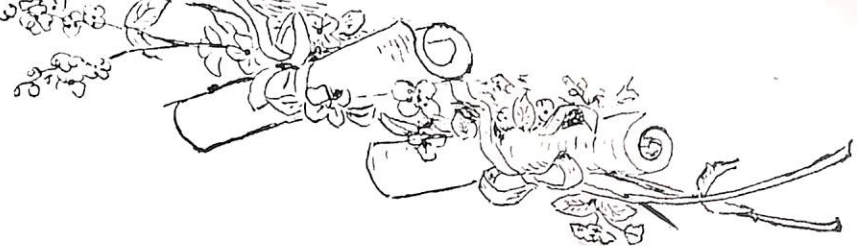
ORAL TUCKER, '16.

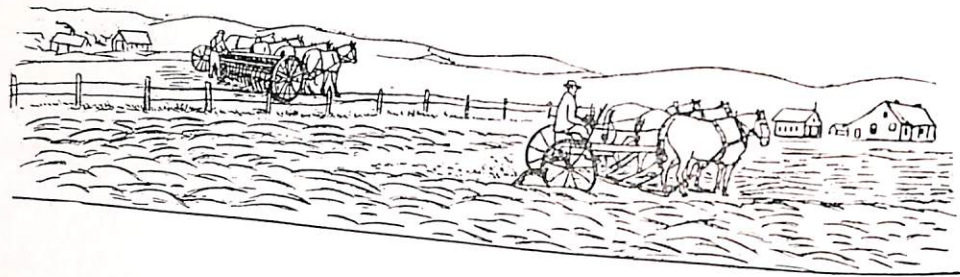


LOUIS DONNELLY
Elk City, Oklahoma
That he once was the Idle Man, none
will deplore,
But I fear he will never be anything
more;
For he spends his whole life like the
man in the fable,
In learning to swim on his library
table.

HAZEL MCKAY
Lawton, Oklahoma
A dear little, queer
little, sweet little girl.

CLEMMY EDGER
Lexington, Kentucky
Masterful in genius is he and unique.
He that worketh faithfully should
be justly rewarded.





History of Junior Class

On September 2nd, 1914, again we met to renew our friendship with those who suffered with us as Freshmen; who gloried with us as Sophomores; and who, with renewed zeal and love for Cameron, expected to study diligently with us in the term just beginning.

With pleasure we shook the hand of Harrison Ikard who seemed to enjoy the old-fashioned handshake, almost making the welcome given him a protracted meeting, so well pleased was he with us—and justly pleased.

On the seventh, Olivine came—tardy! The excuse we proffer for her tardiness is that her leading principle in life is to be just a little late—yet she claims illness as an excuse.

The class was soon organized, in fact yells were planned so well that the Seniors "shook in their boots" when the "Coyotes" howled in chapel. Many social events soon came and went. Yet the memory of the rapid growth of bananas on the porch where the Senior entertained, can not be forgotten. Yes, we almost smell the luscious fruit yet.

The class received a most bountiful blessing as a Christmas present. This was a student (Clemmy) who gladly adopted the red and black. The additional member was appreciated for we soon learned that some of our classmates were to leave our round in life's ladder, taking one step higher and proving that "you can't keep a good man down."

Holidays came. School closed December 19th, and we all boarded trains, autos, buggies, wagons, horses, mules and "shanks" and went to see "Pa and Ma."

We resumed our studies with serious faces January 6th, for on the 20th, four of our organization would join the Senior Brigade; and about that time Charlie Gipson, our football fiend, left us.

On the 19th our President, who would become a Senior on the morrow, entertained us in the pleasant Gibbins home. But space must not be taken to record the various social affairs.

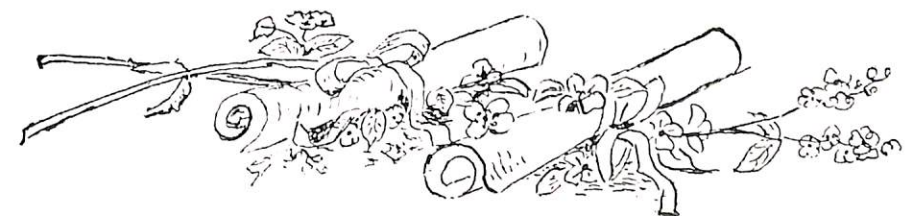
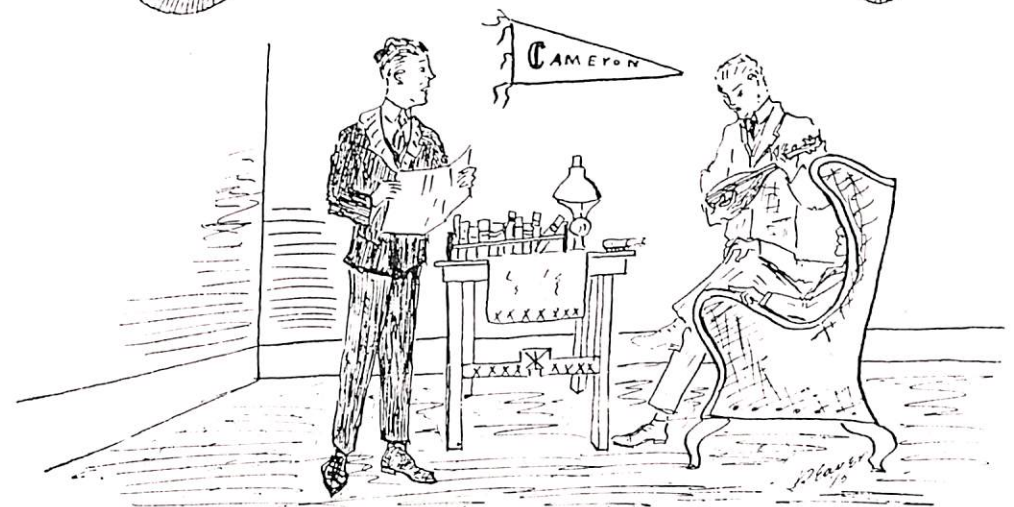
In Athletics we played well our part. Our well built bodies stand as a warning. Beware! Usually those who chose to ignore the warning have, too late, realized our full value and strength. Just wait until next year. As has said the prophet, "All these things have come to pass and the end is not yet."

The time has passed so quickly that, "As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of"—the close of term '14-'15 be.

O. G. '16.



SOPHOMORES





Sophomore Class

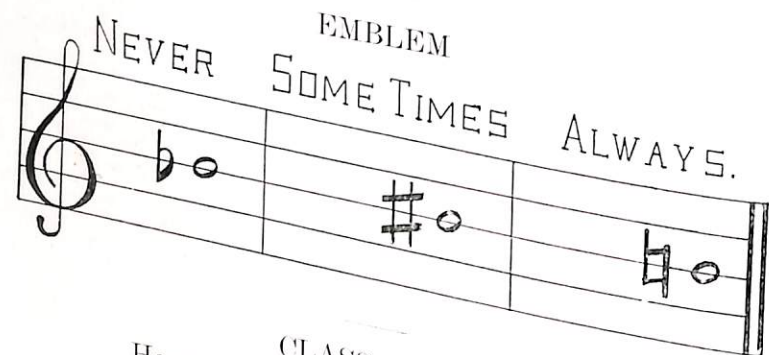
OFFICERS

Bruce Wilkins	President
Dorothy Hasenbeck	Secretary-Treasurer
Travis Wilcoxson	Sergeant at Arms
Robert Park	Yell Master

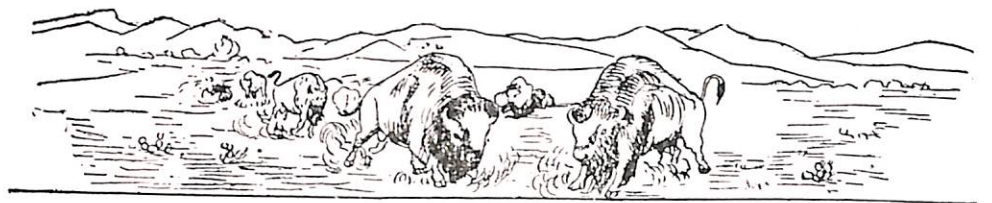
CLASS COLORS
Old Gold and Blue

CLASS FLOWER
Forget-Me-Not

CLASS MOTTO
She Flies On Her Own Wings



CLASS YELL
Hocus! Pocus! Flippety! Flop!
Sophomores; Sophomores;
Still on top;
Are we in it? Well, I should smile;
We've been in it for quite a while.





Sophomore Class Roll

This is the Sophomore roll call
Showing the noblest traits of all.

B Stands for Barker, a pretty young maid
Who loves to study, but to recite she's afraid.

C Stands for Chapman, a witty young man
Who goes through this college to grasp what he can.
Next on our list Joe Folk will be
Who travels far and is busy as a bee.

Sweet and cheerful Altha Howard
Loves to study and is no coward.

S Stands for Stafford, so gentle and meek
With deep brown eyes and rosy cheeks.

S Is for Shaw, who is vain of his looks
He waits on the table and sometimes cooks.

R Is for Ray, a noble young lad
Cute and cunning and seldom gets mad.

W Stands for Woods so gay
She never finds enough to say.

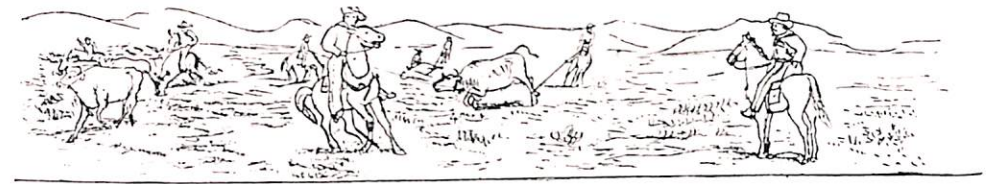
S Stands for Sullivan, as sharp as a tack
He quit school once, but now is back.

T Stands for Travis, she enters our joys
Better known as "Emmie" by all of the boys.

M Is for Morse so sure but so slow
Like a pokey old horse he refuses to go.

K Is for Kelso, with a dignified air
Having glasses for eyes and kinks for hair.

Newman, a jolly good girl for a fact
She smiles on Lewis—has been caught in the act.



Sophomore Class Roll—Continued

S Is for Slatten, who is almost a man
He studies and learns whate'er he can.

H Stands for Hamilton so blithe and fair
With rosy cheeks and wavy hair.

Tomlinson joined us to be on the track
He never looked in a book, just at the back.

Joe March came, merely to say how-do-you-do
So we'll just mention his name to you.

P Stands for Palk, our girl from the west
She is loved by all but Tom loves her best.

W Is for Wilkins, who is quite an athlete
As far as Dorothy is concerned he can't be beat.

C Is for Crouch, who came from Walters
When he recites his voice often falters.

H Stands for Hasenbeck, our beloved secretary
Who never studies but is light and airy.

W Stands for Wilcoxson, he is quite contrary
Yet with all his heart, he loves dear Mary.

Yet another Ray we must add to our list
He comes to school through rain or mist.

To hear Miss Morse play is an excellent treat
Her touch is so gentle, the music so sweet.

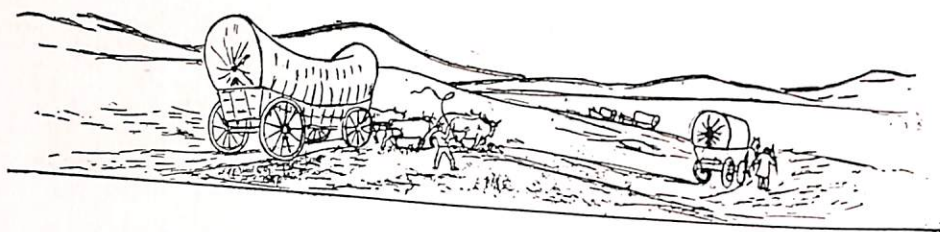
B Is for Brandon, he's been gone quite a while
In athletics and classes we miss his bright smile.

Estelle Hollingshead, having such a long name
With his big bass drum is sure to win fame.

The third and the last Ray on our roll
Has a sweet disposition and a merry soul.

R Is for Roark who took sudden flight
He did his work well from morn till night.





Sophomore Class History

On September 2nd, 1913, we assembled in the halls of the main building for the first time, and looked about us in eager expectation. Now and then some of the higher-class members would pass by us with a dignified air. We had cowered back as far as we could into the corner when suddenly we were all startled by the ringing of the bell. We did not know where to go. In a short time one of the teachers stepped into the hall, and with an understanding nod said, "The Freshmen are wanted in this room, please." In less than a week we were accustomed to our surroundings, but go where we would the Seniors always greeted us with "Fishies."

The following week we organized our class, choosing our officers and arranging our program for the year. We felt very important for we had the largest class in school, and we often expressed ourselves in chapel.

As time went by we were treated with more respect by the upper class-men. Possibly this was due to the fact that we were able to hold our own with them in that great pleasure, a class fight.

We played an important part in athletics, as some of our members made the first team in football, basket ball and base ball.

Before we could realize how it happened we were bidding each other good-bye, but looking forward to meeting in the fall as Sophomores instead of dreaded Freshmen.

September 1st, 1914, found us, with the exception of about six back at Cameron. While we missed these dearly loved ones, there were many new members added to our class to supplant the lost. It was indeed a happy meeting. Instead of treating the Freshmen with a dignified air, we gave them a cordial hand-shake expressing our gratitude for their presence. For had we not been hated Freshmen once?

We held a business meeting in Miss Casey's room and elected our class officers: Bruce Wilkins, President; Dorothy Hasenbeck, Secretary-Treasurer; Travis Wilcoxson, Sergeant at Arms; Robert Park, Yell Master. It was decided at this meeting that our class colors and flower should be the same as they had been the previous year. We selected several good yells and after practicing them many times, we astonished the haughty Juniors and Seniors by waking them up in chapel.

We joined in athletics and other sports as willing workers with a determination to win. Six of our girls played Basket Ball, three of them making the first team. On one occasion the Sophomores played the Juniors and Seniors a double header, winning one game. Our boys "were there" when it came to playing football, basket ball and base ball.

Our first social function of the year was a party given at the home of Mary Stafford. Interesting and amusing games were played during the evening. Excellent music was furnished by the members of the class. Delicious refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, salad, angel food cake and coffee were served at a late hour. After having spent a most enjoyable evening we departed for the Dorm. voting Miss Stafford an excellent hostess.

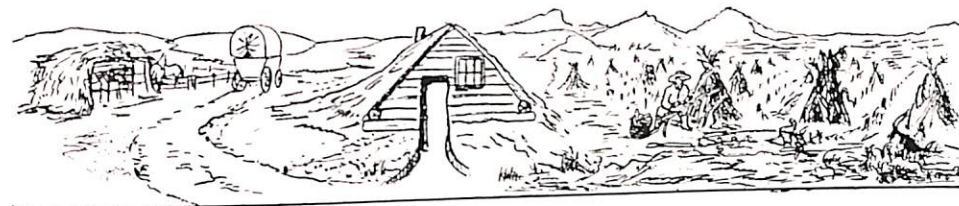
We royally entertained the faculty at a seven o'clock dinner in the dining hall of the Domestic Science Department. Opportunity was given us to display our culinary art and after feasting on the season's dainties our guests departed loud in their praise of the girls of the Sophomore class.

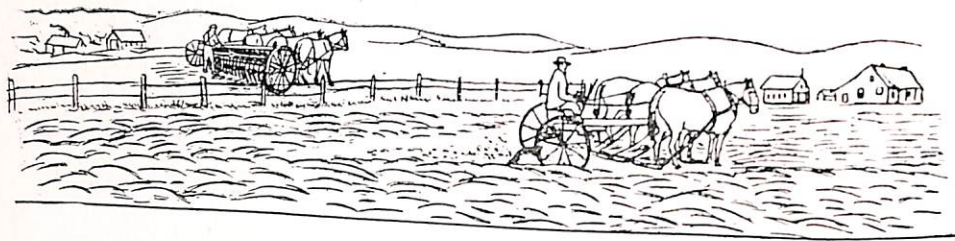
April 23 we entertained the Senior Class of 1915. An interesting program was rendered, after which delicious ice cream and cake was served.

As we look back upon the happenings of the last two years they seem as mere visions flitting through our minds. We are sorry that we can not relate more of our history, but owing to the lack of space we must bid you adieu.

Heres to the Class of 1917! Long may it live, and may its past record be excelled only by its future successes and achievements.

D. H.





Freshman Class

OFFICERS

Reuben Hay	President
Leo Bills	Vice-President
Manila Renfro	Secretary-Treasurer
Wavie Bowman	Historian
Dee Park	Sergeant at Arms

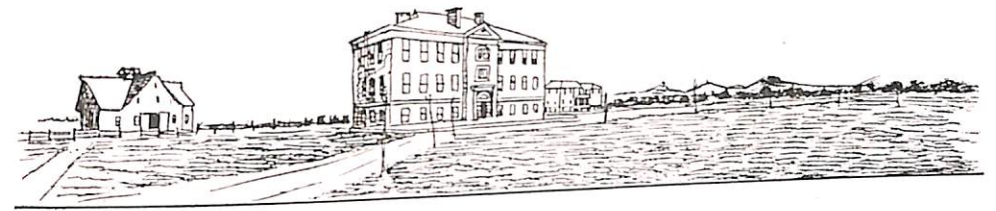
CLASS EMBLEM
Porcupine

CLASS MOTTO
Rowing, Not Drifting

CLASS COLORS
Purple and White

CLASS FLOWER
Lilac

CLASS YELL
Razzle Dazzle, Razzle Dazzle,
Without a frazzle,
Not a thread but a wool,
All together, All together,
That's the way
We Freshies pull.



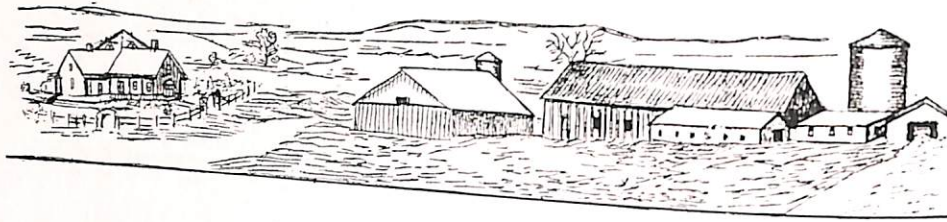
First Row—Dee Park, Manila Renfro, Reuben Hay, Leo Bills.

Second Row—Mattie Woods, Gaynell Wilson, Ethel Plemmons, Pearl Robinson, Bert Bowman, Saxon Whalin.

Third Row—Sherlia Miller, Chester Hamilton, Irwin Krisher, Horace Newsome, Garnett Wilson, Ghayn Ray, Fred Parke, Robert Woods.

Absent—Vonnie Bailey, Alta Attaway, Russell Fields, Wavie Bowman, Wilbur Lathram, Thomas Frakes, Quana McMillan, Mac Nall, Jessie Phillips, Glen Huff, Ellen Coker, Bonnie Deel, Marie Boldman.





Freshman Class History

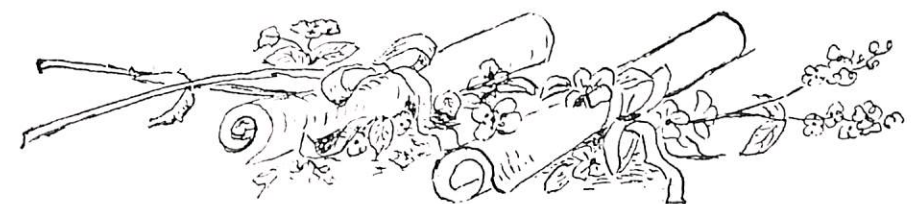
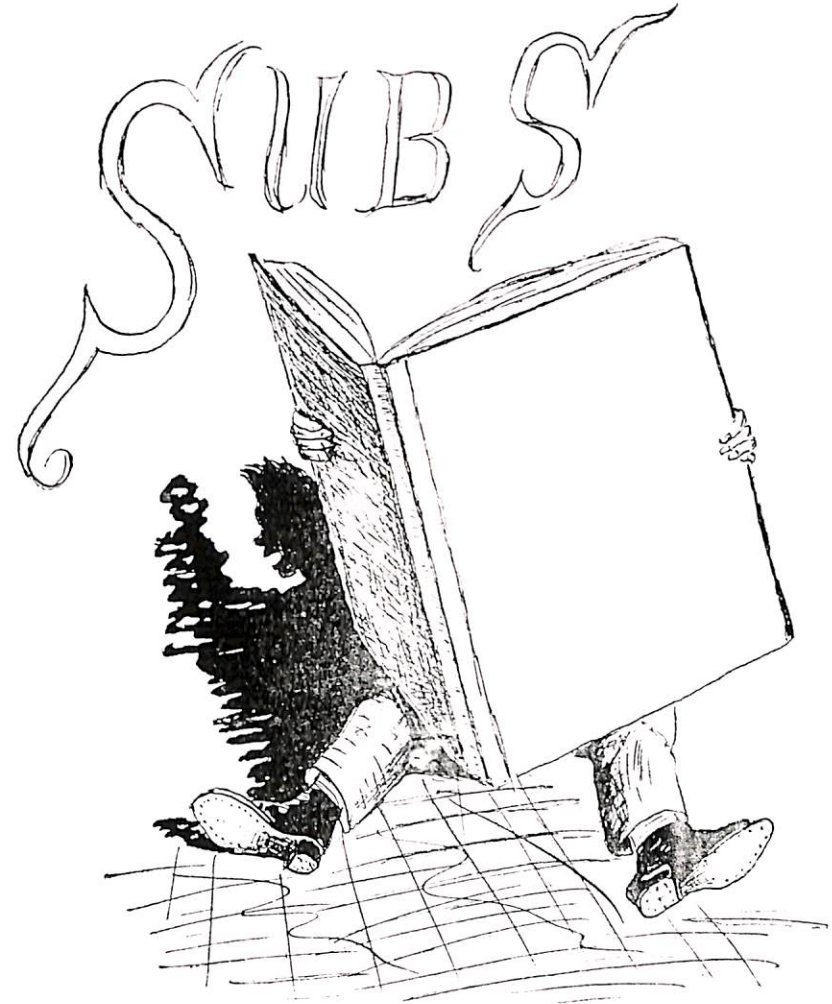
We, the Freshmen of Cameron, one of the best Agricultural Schools of the State, gathered about the school building on the first day of September, 1914, eager to know what this school life would be like.

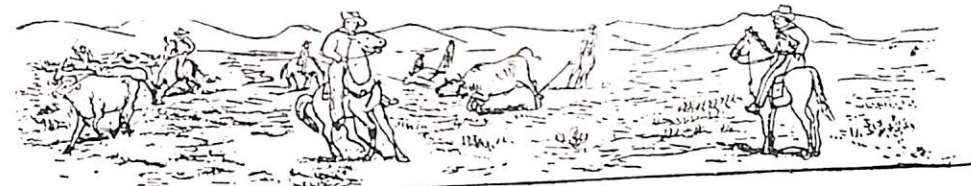
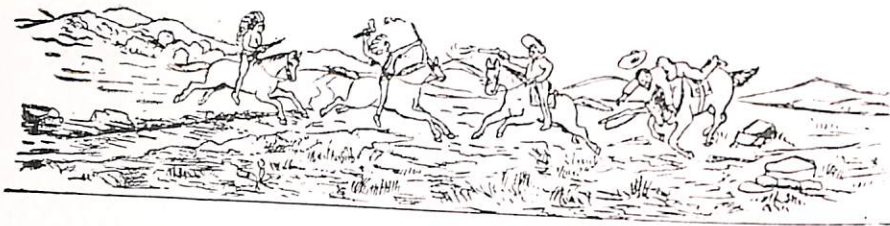
After school had been in progress for almost two weeks and the other classes had been having what they called class meetings, we wished to have our class in order with the rest of the classes. Whereupon we decided to have a class meeting and slowly gathered in one of the rooms. The first thing was to elect a president. We inquired as much as possible to find who knew the most about class organization. Reuben Hay confessed that he knew the most important things to do. We proceeded with the business, electing Reuben President for the term. The other officers were then chosen.

We as a class have done little in a social way. The general festivities have been enjoyed but our only class affair was a jolly picnic in the mountains.

It has been well said that times of peace make poor history, therefore as we Freshmen have spent our first year in quiet pursuits of knowledge our annals are meager. This, however, does not foretell a life of uselessness to the school. The class is thoroughly endowed with class and school spirit and when the time comes for the present Freshmen to step into the places of the upper class-men, we as 18'ers expect to be long remembered.

W. B. '18.





Sub. Freshman Class

OFFICERS

Mike Brandon	President
Foster Hamilton	Vice-President
Kitty McMillan	Secretary-Treasurer
Alline Overton	Historian
John Woods	Sergeant at Arms

MOTTO
It Takes a Tadpole to Make a Frog

FLOWER
Buttercup

EMBLEM
Safety Pin

COLORS
Maroon and Old Gold

YELL
Mamma, Papa, run here quick,
Freshies, Freshies make me sick.

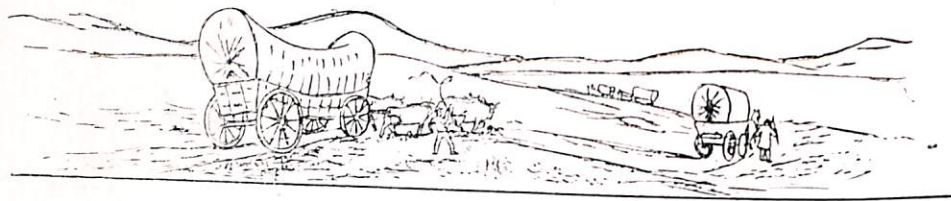


CLASS ROLL

Kitty McMillan
Julia Brandon
Jewell Ray
Alline Overton
Mike Brandon
Foster Hamilton
Lola Crane
Jewell Phillips
Yewell Phillips
Jessie Phillips
Mercer Kindrick
Maybelle Kendrick
Roe Von Nostrand
John Hayth
John Woods

Talline Mitchell
Perry Chatham
Boone Hinckle
Tamsey Howard
Bruce Pownders
Henry Coker
Bessie Short
Homer Deal
Huwie Reynolds
Myrtle Hamilton
Elsie Frysenger
Wilbur Schlosser
Hazel Plummer
Clo Fullbright
Lenard George





Preparatory Class History

On the first of September, nineteen fourteen, fifteen of us appeared on the campus to swell the enrollment of Cameron. Since that time we have added seventeen to our number. We began at once to attend to business, and soon became an organized class.

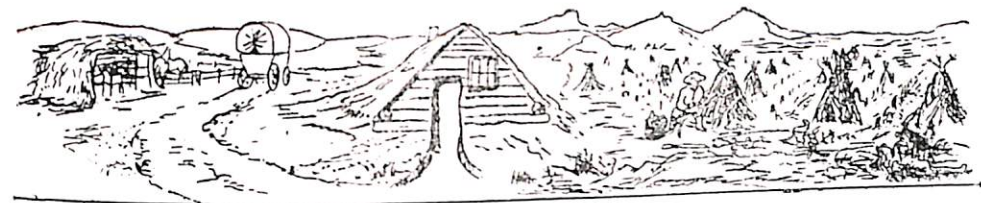
The date of our first formal meeting was September twenty third. At this meeting Jewell Phillips was elected President; but unfortunately Jewel was called home and Homer Deel was chosen to direct our affairs. Because Homer was short of stature we elected Mike Brandon Vice President.

During the Christmas holidays Homer left us and Mike was the happy possessor of the longed-for office. Kitty McMillan was elected Secretary and Treasurer; Alline Overton, Historian, and John Wood, Sergeant at Arms. In order to get these few members in office the Democrats and Republicans joined forces, but in spite of all the allies could do, John Wood, Socialist, was elected by an overwhelming majority. When the Cameron "Jack Rabbits" went to Ft. Sill to play football, we were urged to go, and as a result the air was made hideous with our yells.

Some one suggested that we go on an all day picnic. As usual John Wood was on hand with his hack and Indian ponies, but in our eagerness to get off we forgot our meat. We visited the homes of many farmers on Wolf Creek in search of the coveted article. After a fruitless search, we decided we did not like meat on picnics. Just after noon we gathered on the bank of the creek to play in the sand. Poor little Yewell could not stand the strain of this sport, so she started back to camp. John Hayth, thinking of the many pleasures of the aforesaid camp, decided to stroll with Yewell. This was too much for Homer—with a quick motion he tripped John, joined Yewell and away they went. We wanted John to whip Homer but John thought that this feat required too much effort.

By special invitation we practiced our yells at the bridge back of the school building. One morning we marched into chapel and at a signal from our yell leader, we opened our mouths and let the yells roll out until the windows rattled. Even the "Freshies" managed to make some sort of a noise but they knew just a part of one yell.

As a fitting climax to our social activities we enjoyed an old fashioned "Spelling Match." Our teacher appointed the leaders who in turn chose sides. After a battle of words the defeated members of the class entertained the winners with a day in the woods.



The Charge of the Prep. Brigade

(After Tennyson.)

"All the grounds, all the grounds,
All the grounds cleaned up!"
Into the fray marched the Preps
Calm and unflurried.
"Forward, my Light Brigade!
Charge for the Drive," she said:
Into the cluttered Drive they went
Calm and unhurried.

"Forward, my Light Brigade!"
Was there a Prep dismayed?
Not tho' each one knew
Backache he curried:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to work, and try
Order in Drive to bring—
Calm and unhurried.

Weeds to the right of them,
Rocks to the left of them,
Dead leaves in front of them
Eddied and scurried:
Tho' mist from heaven fell,
Boldly they worked and well,
Facing the coming storm,
Making each stroke to tell—
Calm and unhurried.

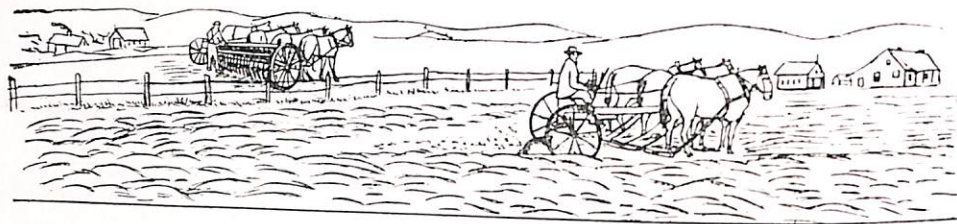
Aimed with the rake and hoe
Bravely they labored, so
Teachers might come and go
On a Drive clean and smooth—
Safe and unworried.
Eyes full of weedy smoke,
Rain from the heavens broke,
Teacher and lab'ring Preps
Reeled from the thunder stroke
Scared but unflurried.

Rain to the right of them,
Rain to the left of them,
Trash fires behind them
Went out: unhurried.
They who had worked so well,
While chilling rain drops fell;
Rushed to the house pell-mell
Out of the down-pour.

Nothing but heaven's decree
Failure for them could spell,
They who had worked so well,
Calm and unflurried.

When can their glory fade?
O! the wild charge they made!
All the school worried.
Honor the work they did!
Honor the Prep Brigade,
Calm and unflurried.





SCHOOL QUARTETTE



THOMAS STRINGER JAMES HAYTH MERLE STRINGER
LEWIS WHITE

Music





School Chorus

SOPRANOS

Blanche Graham
Bertha Barker
Manila Renfro
Mrs. Wright

ALTOS

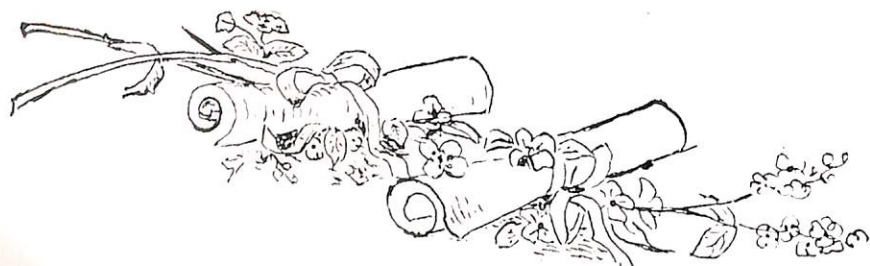
Altha Howard
Dorothy Hasenbeck
Mildred Cline
Pearl Robinson
Julia Brandon

TENORS

James Hayth
Thomas Stringer
Travis Wilcoxson
William Marsh

BASSES

Lewis White
Merle Stringer
Leo Bills
Oral Tucker



Cameron Band

Estell Hollingshead—Bass Drum	John Wood—Snare Drum
Clyde Ray—Trombone	Merle Stringer—Alto
Joe Folk—Trombone	Harrison Ikard—Trombone
James Hayth—Trombone	Oral Tucker—Tuba
John Folk—Cornet	Thomas Stringer—Baritone
Professor R. B. Williams, Director	



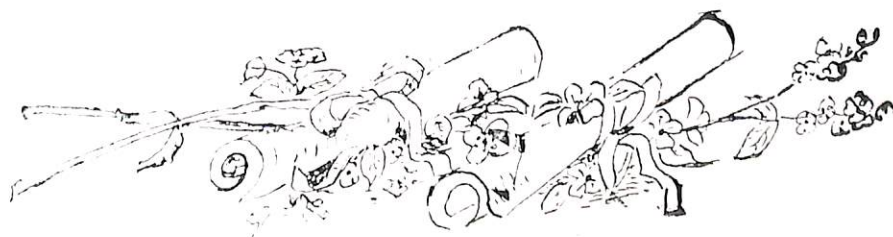


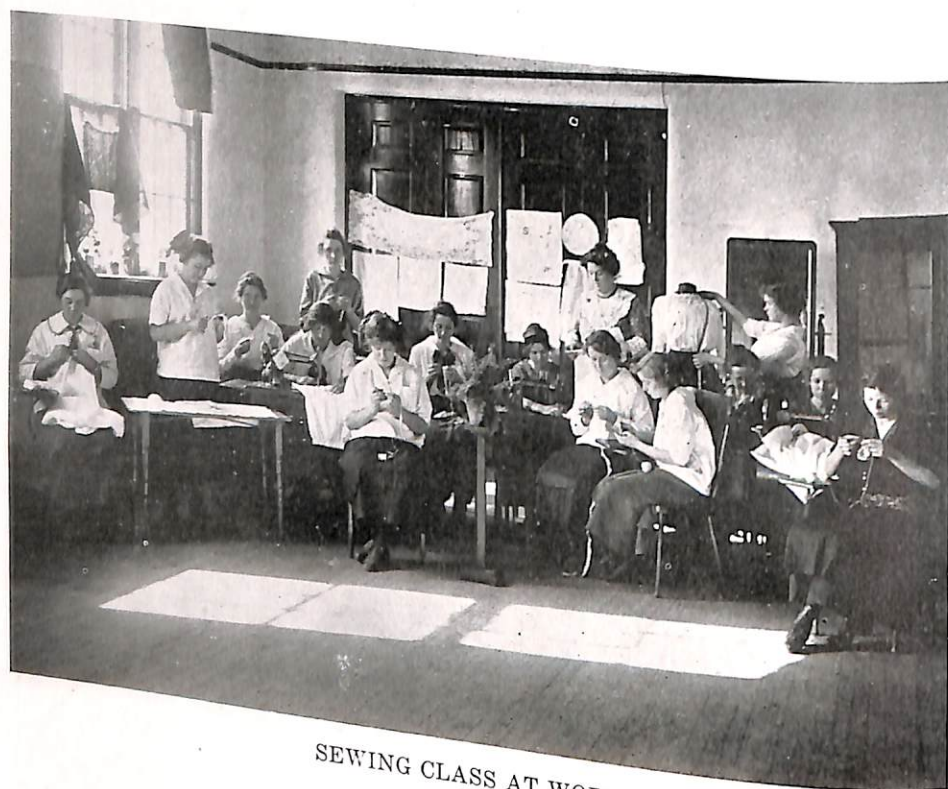
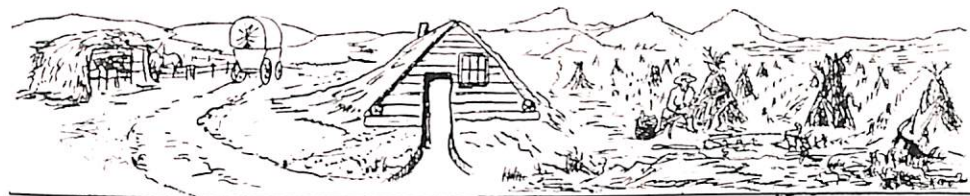
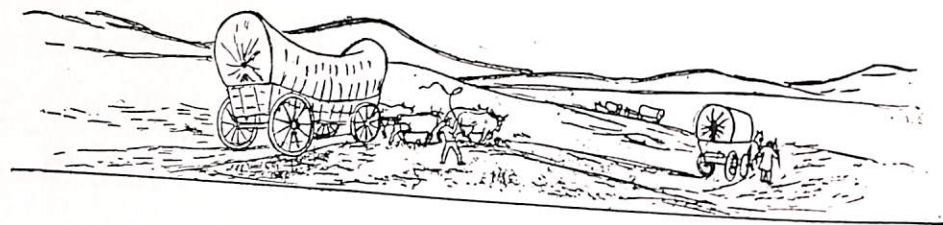
DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

For Man Must Eat



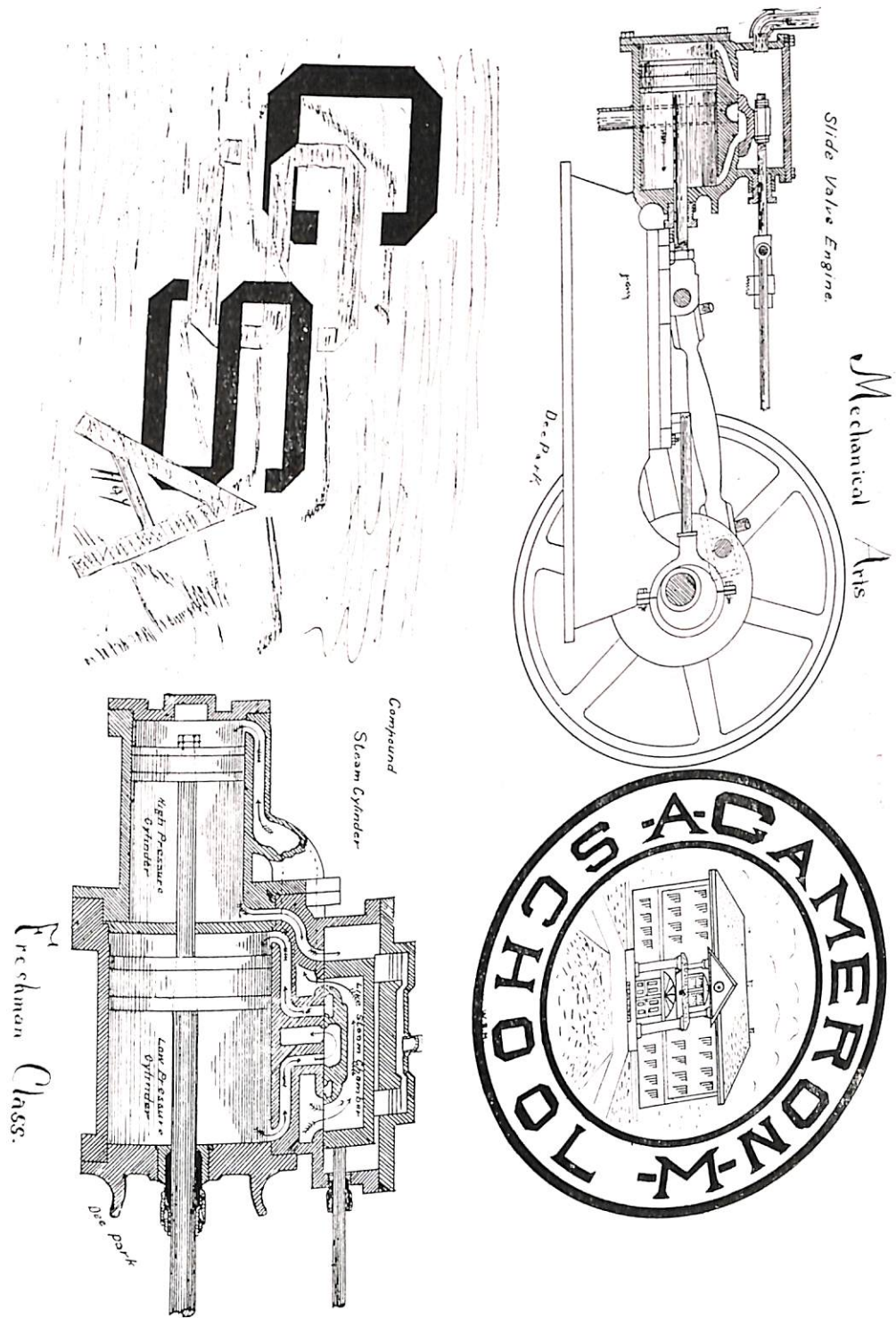
SENIOR COOKING

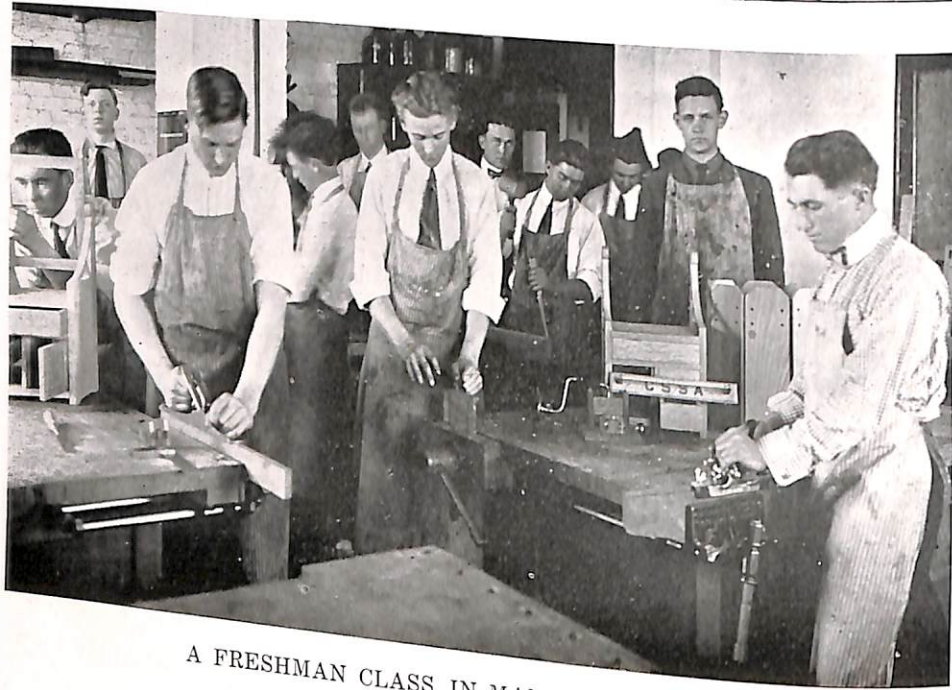
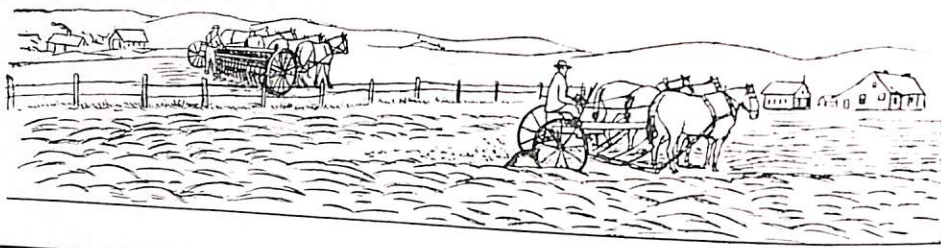




SEWING CLASS AT WORK

As we sew, so shall we rip

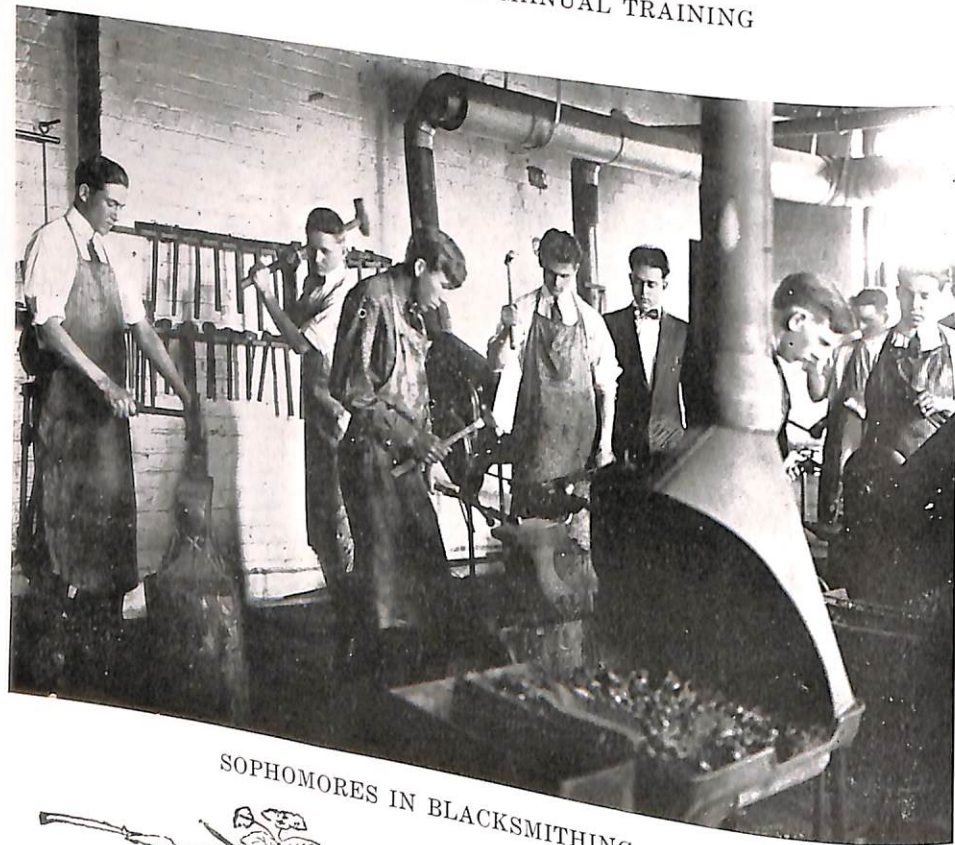




A FRESHMAN CLASS IN MANUAL TRAINING



DAIRYING CLASS, MAKING BUTTER

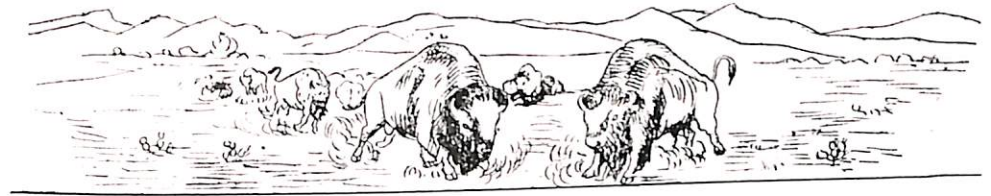
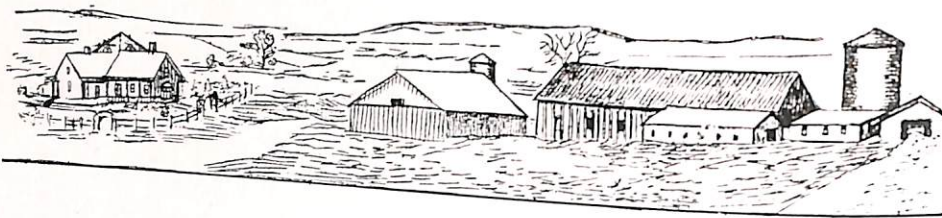


SOPHOMORES IN BLACKSMITHING



SOPHOMORE DAIRY LABORATORY

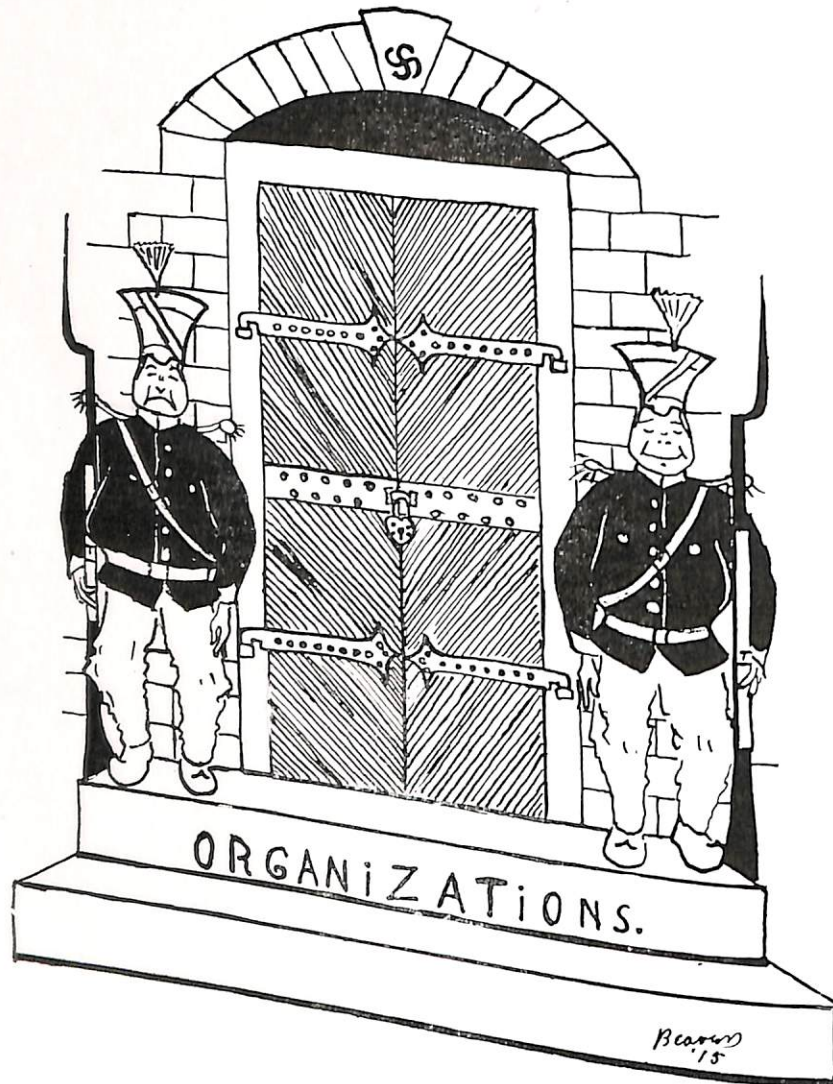




An Ode on "The Delightful Sensation Experienced on Making My First Public Speech"

I must make a speech that night
And, though everyone knew it would be a fright,
I was going to try with all my might.
I stood up by the table, one by number;
Trying to look cool as a cucumber.
Then I pushed my chair back under
And roared out in a voice of thunder,
"Mr. President." Then my tongue deserted,
And I became the least bit disconcerted;
My hands began to tremble, my knees began to shake.
My face turned red and my back began to ache:
I shifted uneasily, my ambitions sank lower,
And my feet became so light they almost left the floor.
I gazed at the window, I gazed at the door,
I gazed at the ceiling, I gazed at the floor.
'Twas uncertain to me just where I was,
But far in the distance I could hear a faint buzz
Like the busy bee on a rainy day,
Or the grass-hoppers jumping in a field of hay.
Now it is written in the Holy Book
That God will punish every crook;
And as it was written upon the wall
That the city of Babylon would surely fall,
So it was written this fateful night
That this speech of mine would not be a blight
To my fair name on Cameron's walls
Where the beautiful sunshine daily falls.
So it all came back to me, all in a flash;
I made not a motion, batted not a lash,
But straightway spake out, in tones loud and clear
That men might hear me from far and near.
I finished my speech as best I could,
And let the audience think whatever they would;
For I had tried my very best
The laurels from Cicero to wrest,
And although I didn't exactly succeed
I learned a good lesson—yes indeed.
I sat me down with a thud of despair
While peals of laughter filled the air;
And straightway resolved then and there
To speak no more, not anywhere.

C. E. '16.





Debating and Oratorical Society

OFFICERS

Lewis White	President
Thomas Stringer	Vice President
Frederick Chapman	Secretary
John Folk	Treasurer
Leo Bills	Sergeant at Arms

COLORS

Champagne and White

EMBLEM

Cultivator

MOTTO

Learn to do the things that are to be done by doing them

The Cameron Debating and Oratorical Society which was organized March 4th, with twenty enthusiastic charter members has for its purpose both social and intellectual development. Since its organization the society has grown and prospered both mentally and financially, even to the extent that a plan is being considered for a hike to the Wichitas. It is hoped that in these wilds some savage Indians with whom to argue may be met.

The orators are so blessed with the gift of arguing that if they were fighting for their flag they would stop to contend that they were better men than the enemy. Some of the "Websters," as there are no "Henry Clays," offer to meet any team and represent the affirmative side on the question, "Resolved that the world is round."

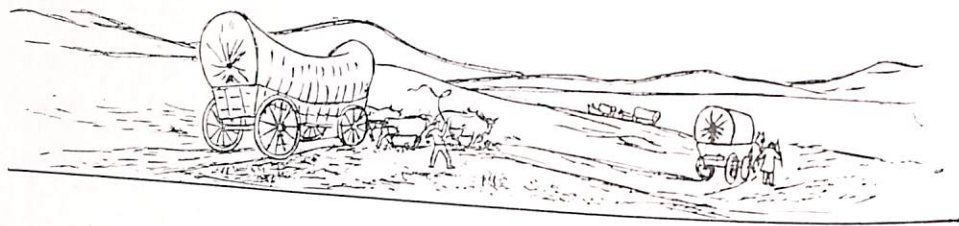
This society is exemplary in discipline. Regular attendance is obtained by the article of the constitution which provides that the members must pay a fine for being absent. The cultivator has been adopted as an emblem to let the outside world know that the members are not from Yale, or a like institution, and they stand for agriculture. The motto, "Learn to do the things that are to be done by doing them," which is the slogan of all practical educators, indicates that this society believes in practical training for the mind as well as for the hands.

Owing to a late start a team from this club was unable to meet any other team this year, but a great deal has been accomplished and the intentions are to compete with several teams next year.



CAMERON DEBATING AND ORATORICAL SOCIETY





Sequoyah

OFFICERS

Lulu Gray	President
Eva Wiedeman	Vice President
Olivine Graham	Treasurer
Lucile Aurell	Sergeant at Arms

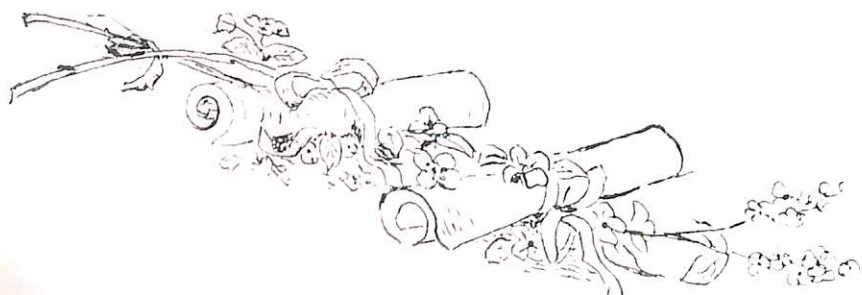
COLORS
Blue and Gold

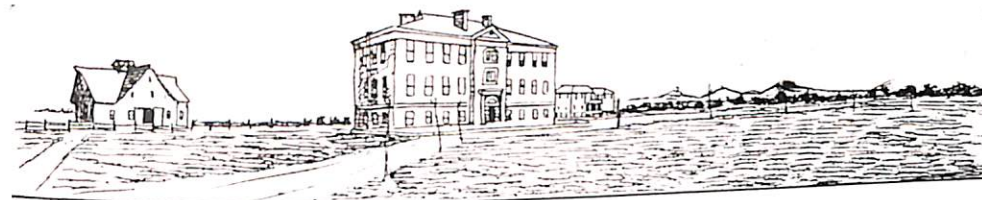
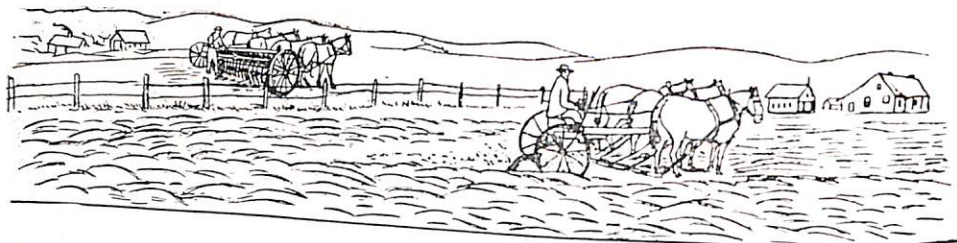
FLOWER
Red Carnation

MOTTO
Hatti maschii; parole femine

ROLL

Lulu Gray
Lucile Aurell
Mildred Cline
Stella Hamilton
Jesse Morse
Altha Howard
Olivine Graham
Eva Wiedeman
Bertha Barker
Hazel McKay
Dorothy Hasenbeck
Manila Renfro





Delphic Oracle Literary Society

Benjamin Harrison	President
William Marsh	Vice President
Altha Howard	Secretary-Treasurer
Louis Donnelly	Sergeant at Arms

COLORS
Maroon and White

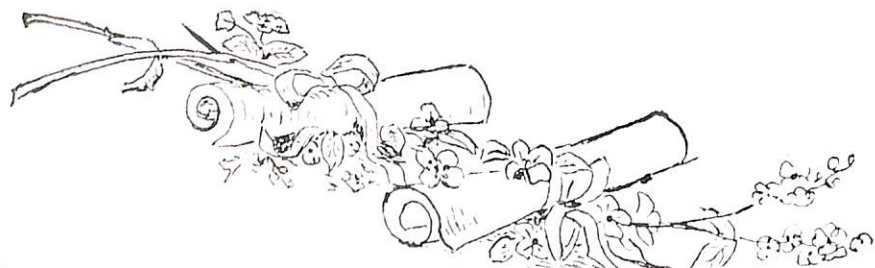
MOTTO
He who has the will, he has the skill

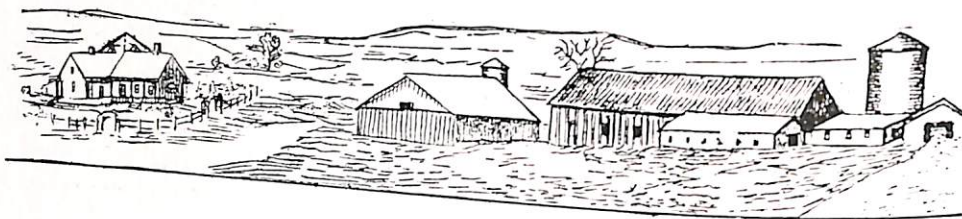
FLOWER
White Carnation

Organized September 10th, 1914

PUBLIC PROGRAMS

First Programme	October 2nd
Second Programme	November 20th
Third Programme	February 27th
Fourth Programme	March 31st





Literati Literary Society

OFFICERS

Sherman Krisher	President
Bruce Wilkins	Vice President
Lulu Gray	Secretary
Merle Stringer	Treasurer
Harrison Ikard	Sergeant at Arms

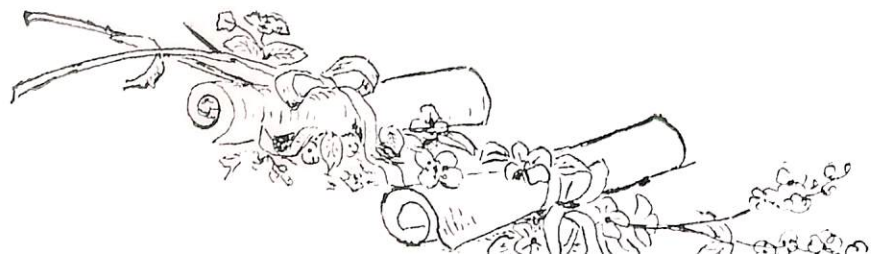
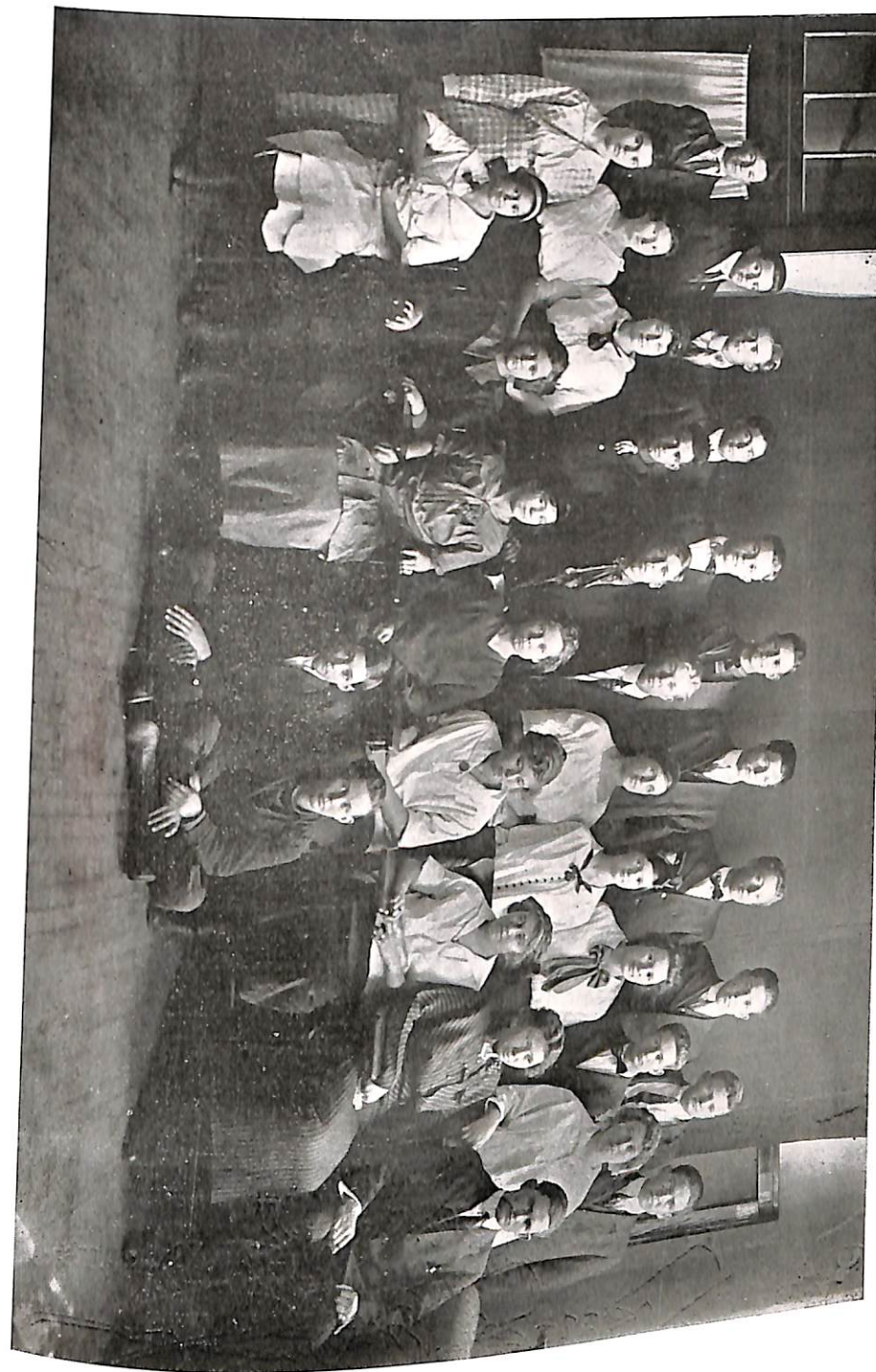
COLORS
Green and White

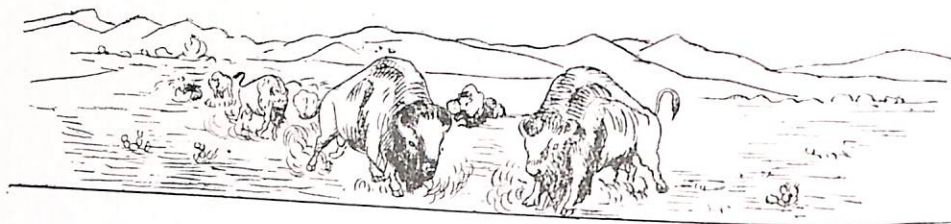
FLOWER
Sweet Peas

MEMBERS

Sherman Krisher
Merle Stringer
Annetta Pall
Leo Bills
Dea Park
Lulu Gray
Dorothy Hasenbeck
Clyde Ray
Olivine Graham
Oral Tucker
Garnet Wilson
Pearl Robinson
Reuben Hay
Mattie Woods
Myrtle Hamilton
Mike Brandon
Elsie Frysinger
Wavie Bowman
Bert Bowman
Thomas Frakes
Ghayn Ray
Montie Morse

Everett Shaw
Tamsey Howard
Foster Hamilton
Marv Stafford
Joe Slatten
Bruce Wilkins
Fred Park
Beulah Newman
Harrison Ikard
Manila Renfro
Gaynell Wilson
Edyth Nickell
Clemmy Edger
William Beaver
Estella Hillingshead
Vonnie Bailey
Russell Fields
Shirley Miller
Horace Newsome
Ethel Plemmons
Saxon Whalin
L. L. Kelso





Dramatic Club

"It is believed that no one can fully appreciate the content of dramatic literature until he has studied to give it dramatic interpretation and that the cultivation of the dramatic instinct is of the greatest value in the development of readers and orators."

With this theory in mind eight of Cameron's progressive students met in the music hall and organized the Dramatic Club, one of the most successful societies of the school. A few weeks later four new members were added and the cast was then selected for the first play.

At this time real work began, continuing with no abatement till the close of the school term.

While small in number this organization has not been and it is hoped will not be lacking in results. In presenting dramatic scenes grace and ease in bearing is ever sought, while much is accomplished in literary interpretation and expression.

This club has been almost exclusively a Senior organization but it is hoped that by leaving an active president in charge the interest may not wane but may extend to other classes.

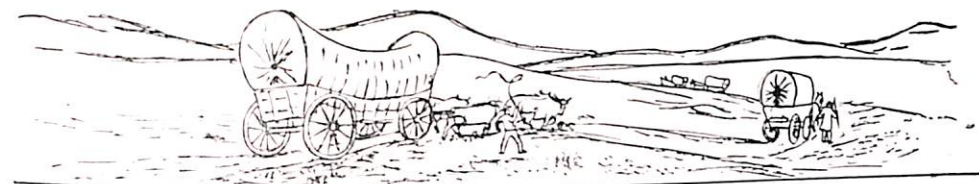
During the past year the following plays have been staged:
 "At the Junction."
 "His Uncle John."
 "The Lion Tamer."

George Elliot's "Armgart."

The cast for "The Lion Tamer" included the following:

Claybornio, eldest son of Lady Caterio and a woman hater	Lewis White
Ricerio, younger brother, betrothed to Averitta	Sherman Krisher
Colonel Peckero of the South, who goes to New York to study politics...	Ben Harrison
Woolero, rancher of the west	Thomas Stringer
Martini, butler to Lady Carterio	Merle Stringer
Lesterio, valet to Colonel Peckero	James Hayth
Lady Carterio, suffragette of New York	Lucile Aurell
Patricia Knew, the lion tamer, daughter of Woolero Knew	Lulu Gray
Averitta, young girl betrothed to Ricerio	Dorothy Hasenbeck
Anita, maid to Lady Carterio	Vesta Woods
Roberta, maid to Averitta	Eva Wiedeman
Weimero, cowboy	John Folk
Glenberry, cowboy	Harrison Ikard
Romeo	William Beaver
Juliet	Mildred Cline
Macbeth	William Marsh
Lady Macbeth	Olivine Graham
Cleopatra	Edyth Nickell

The success of this club has been largely due to the ability and efforts of our Director, Miss Arda Frans.

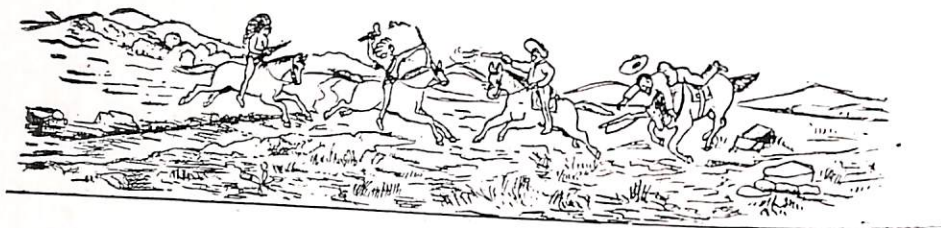


CAST OF "THE LION TAMER"



SPECIAL CHORUS FOR "THE LION TAMER"





In Memoriam of Our Hungry Days

MENU SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE APRIL 1st, 1915

MONDAY

Breakfast—
Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Bread, Butter,
Coffee.
Dinner—
Beef Loaf, Brown Potatoes, String
Beans, Bread Pudding.
Supper—
Hash, German Fried Potatoes, Let-
tuce and Tomatoes, Peaches and
Cake.

TUESDAY

Breakfast—
Post Toasties, Whole Milk, Eggs,
Hot Biscuit, Butter, Coffee.
Dinner—
Soup, Roast Beef, Brown Gravy,
Mashed Potatoes, Spinach, Corn
Bread, Blackberry Pie.
Supper—
Poached Eggs, Hominy, Macaroni
and Cheese, Fruit Salad and Cake.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast—
Oat Meal, Oranges, French Toast,
Bread, Butter, Coffee.
Dinner—
Roast Pork and Dressing, Rhubarb
Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Scalloped
Tomatoes, Sliced Apple Pie, Butter-
milk.
Supper—
Pressed Ham and Cold Roast Pork,
Potato Patties, Hot Slaw, Baked Ap-
ples, Cream and Cake.

THURSDAY

Breakfast—
Fruit, Cereal, Hot Biscuits, Butter,
and Coffee.
Dinner—
Meat Pie, Creamed Peas, Corn,
southern style, Pickles, Tapioca
Sauce Pudding.
Supper—
Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce.

FRIDAY

Breakfast—
Cereal, Prunes, Hot Cakes, Dry
Toast and Butter, Coffee.
Dinner—
Veal Steak, Salmon, Buttered Beets,
Steamed Potatoes, Hot Slaw, Cream
and Pie.
Supper—
Scalloped Oysters, Corn Croquettes,
Apple Salad, Pineapple and Cake.

SATURDAY

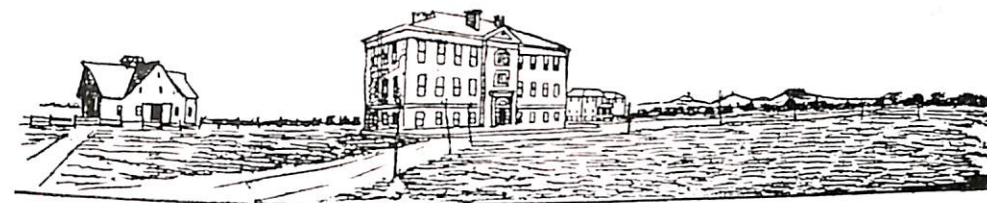
Breakfast—
Cereal, Chipped Beef, Cream Gravy,
Hot Biscuits, Eggs, Butter and Cof-
fee.
Dinner—
Pork Chops, Apple Sauce, Spinach,
Creamed Potatoes, Corn Bread,
Chocolate Pudding, Buttermilk.
Supper—
Hot Rolls, French Fried Potatoes,
Deviled Eggs, Cake and Fruit Salad.

SUNDAY

Breakfast—
Post Toasties, Bacon and Eggs,
Bread, Butter, Coffee.
Dinner—
Roast Chicken and Dressing, Mashed
Potatoes, String Buttered Beets,
Pickles, Boston Cream Pie, Bread,
Butter.
Supper "Lunch"—
Pressed Ham, Buns, Banana Salad,
Hot Chocolate.

MENU COMMITTEE

Mrs. Farley, Chairman.
Altha Howard and Olivine Graham.

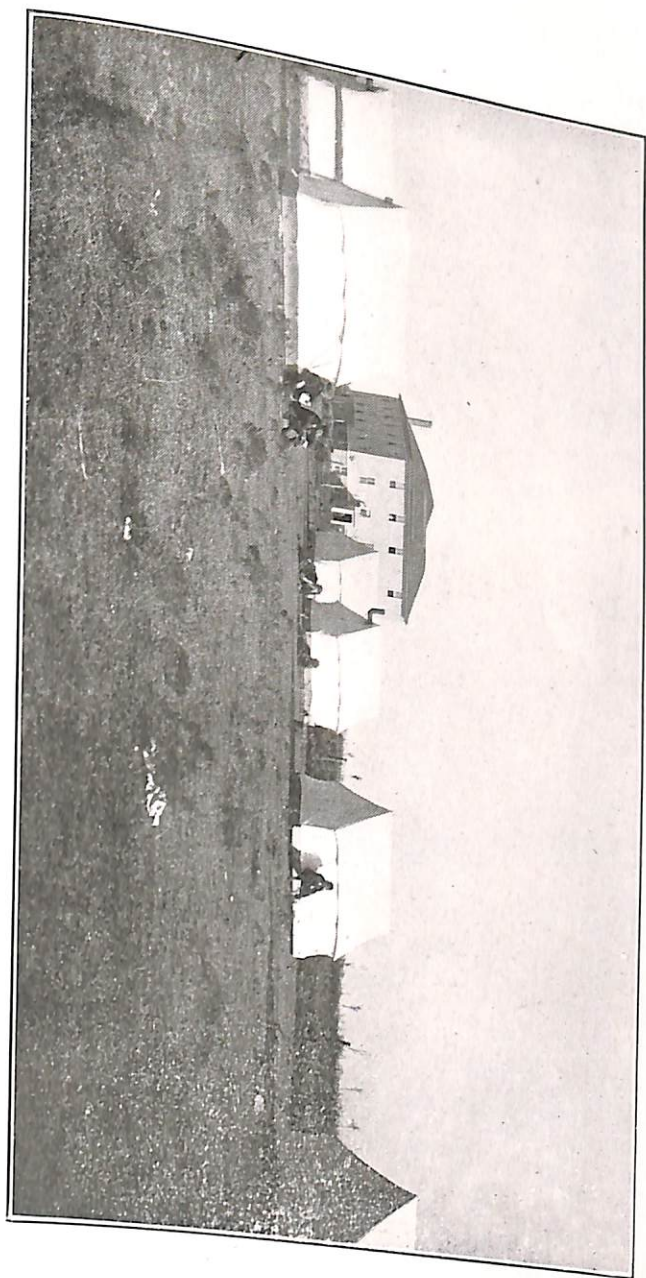


MRS. J. A. WHITE
Stewardess Boarding Club
The way to a man's heart is through
his stomach.

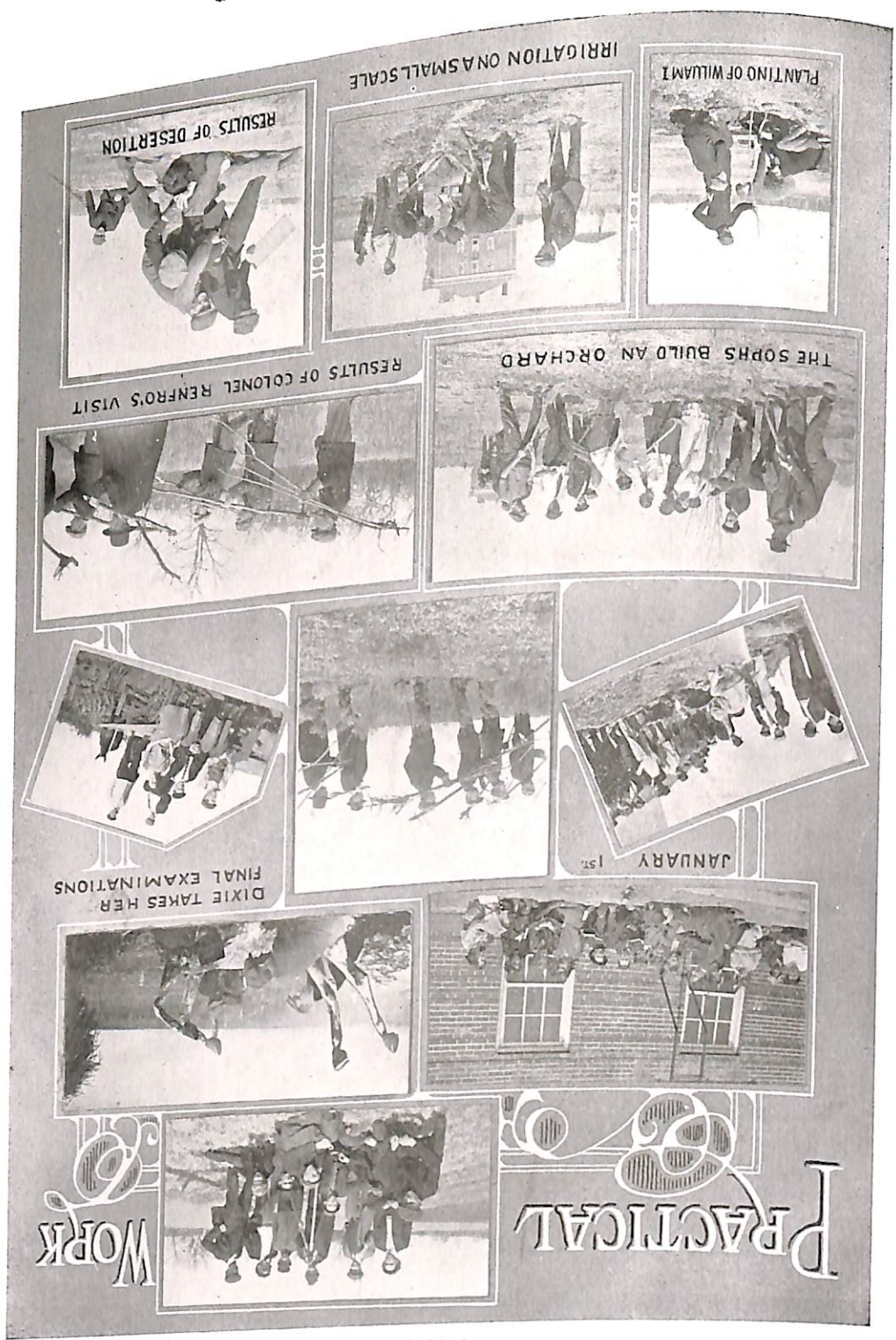
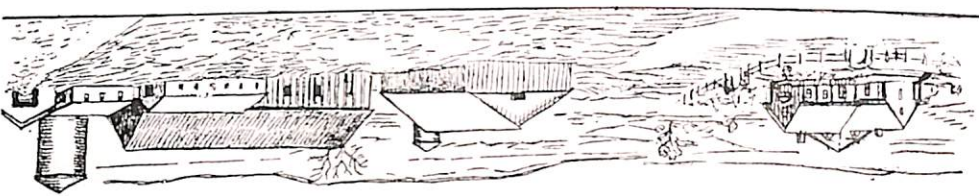
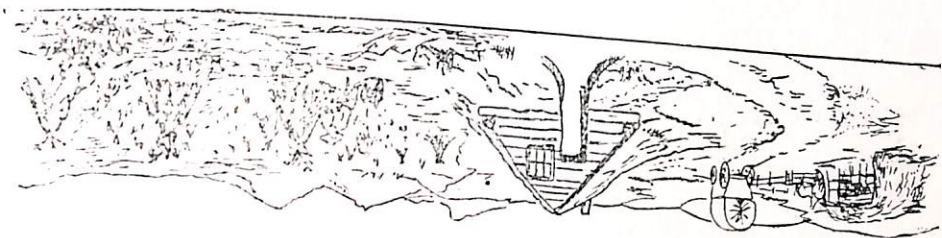


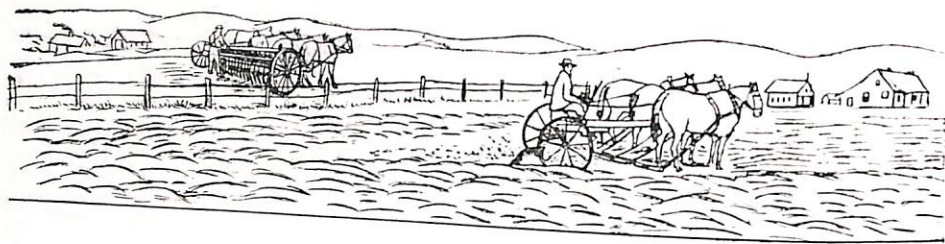
MRS. L. T. WILKINS
Matron
Spare the rod and spoil the child.



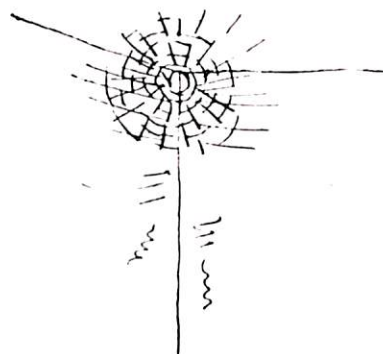
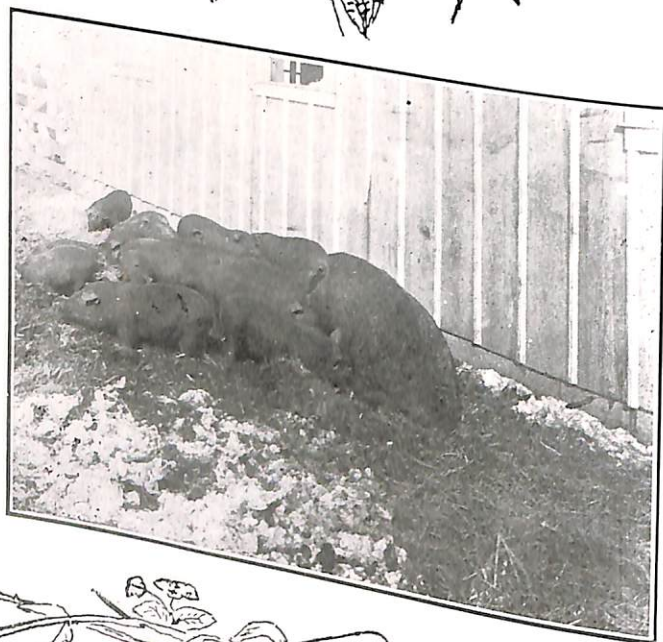
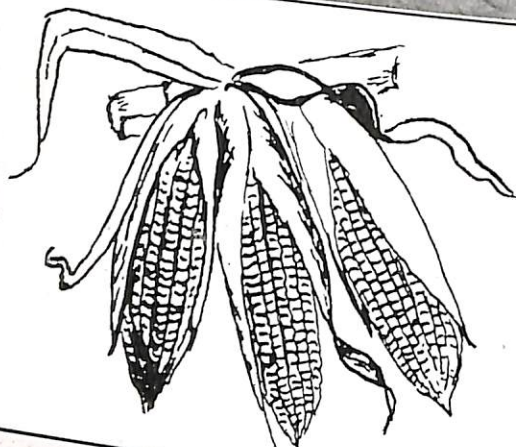


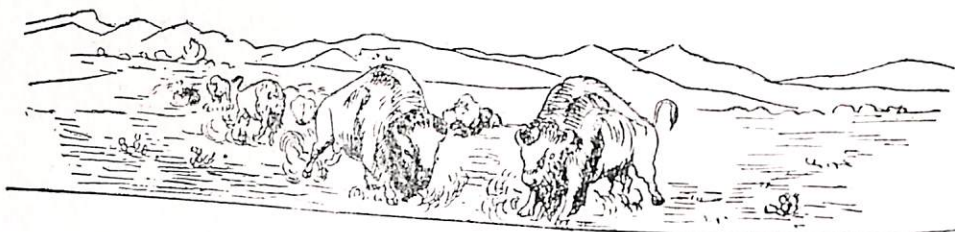
BYGONE DAYS





FARM SCENES





The Pleasures of Fishing

At some time in life we have all fished, or felt the desire to do so. Not to have known this feeling is contrary to the laws of the universe and the workings of human nature. In some people this small desire has been developed into a passion. Why, even in Biblical times, Jonah risked his life, happiness and all merely to inspect a fish, and from all reports was immensely satisfied with the adventure. In others it has lain dormant, well-nigh forgotten, this primordial calling; but it takes not much to bring it to memory; a hole of still water with trees around and even the pampered child of city birth will be wishing for a hook and line.

I know of no other excursion fraught with such health building possibilities as a fishing trip. In spring when the flowers form a vari-colored border to the stream and the birds awake the echoes from the long unuse of winter, when everything is full of love (even hard-hearted old bachelors), then to waste an afternoon at this sport spell joy unlimited and a night of sweet dreams. Again, summer with her scorching sun and dusty roadways fairly drives the wanderer into the shade of the branches by the cool running water. With autumn, the long, hazy evenings of tempered melancholy bring thoughts of one's friends and the splash of frogs mingles not unwelcomely with day-dreams and the high-flying note of the south bound water fowl. In fact every season has its own special and distinct call to lure us from our labor and put in to our hands the line with the crooked C of the hook that spells laziness, on its end.

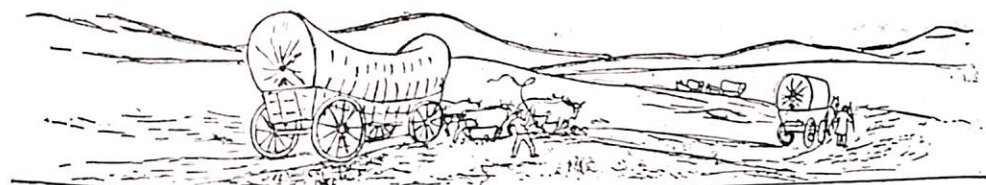
Yet, tho' we regard fishing as a pleasure and a relaxation, it bears its lessons and teaches them so skillfully and withal so slyly that we resent not the moral which in other things we abhor. Patience, the greatest virtue of the angler and a quality which is early possessed; what will not fall before its everlasting power? Perseverance may win the race, but also in the end it catches the most fish. Last but not least, let me mention the general philosophy which soon becomes part of a fisherman's nature: He takes what comes his way and welcomes it and above all he learns to talk but little and that little, less. Is this the reason that so many epigrams have been charged to fishers and like folk? As silence, solitude, breeds thought, so we find much valuable lore, we of the line and hook, stored away in a fish's tale or in the bill of a meadow lark, and the trees soon begin to whisper strange and wondrous things.

Many of our poets have recommended a stroll thru the woods or same such mode of exercise for the "blues;" but let me offer a suggestion, fish, and forget your troubles in thinking of the trials of your little finned brothers. Speak to the minnows that play tag at the water's edge and listen to the encouraging boom of the big bull-frog. Psychologists have various and sundry remedies for mind troubles, but to lose all ills and aches, all the world of pain in the sweet oblivion of a shady nook is what nature herself offers. The line calls for just enough attention to stir one's fancy and the association brings back the days of childhood with all the fond recollections that hal- lowed and mellowed by time are like balm to the wracked and torn brain of maturity.

Then the soothing breezes and the familiar noises, the tinkling sounds of water tend to emphasize nature's greatness and awake what of beauty that has lain hidden by the common every day malices and sins of one's self; the lily calls for confessions, the stern oaks urge penitence and the smiling violets anoint one with the tears of forgiveness. Then one realizes the lines:

"One touch of nature and the world's akin,
The boy, the worm, and the crooked pin."

Some false humorist has said, "Once a fisher, always a liar." What bosh; it is pure fallacy. The pure invigorating touch of the open banishes all thoughts of falsehood from one's head; true, the lightness occasioned by much ozone may take ef-



fect on one's brain and surely the unlimited horizon, the expanse of open above and the unknown depths below unbends one's imagination and gives wings to the credulity. Thus I account for the wondrous tales of the fisher band.

Pleasure there is in fishing, you will all agree, not only for the man, the woman, or child, but likewise for fish and worm. Little harm will the average fisher do to the finned creatures; he seeks and feeds many; and if fish possess a sense of humor as they surely must, what great grand laughs are theirs at all times, and what jollity it must cause when they recount to their children the strange stories of foolish, mammoth beings on the shore. The poor worm, he lives, he dies, and in perishing not only feeds the fish but provides joy and pastime for man, king of the beasts, ruler of the world; what greater distinction, what more honored end could a mere worm ask for? Thus, a worm dies honored, a fish gulps happily and mayhap perishes basking in the golden glare of the level sun and a man swears joyously and lives a happier, healthier mortal and all things are as they should be when one goes fishing.

MORAL:—Fish on any and all occasions, fish heartily and wholefully and fish until your dying day.

W. B. BEAVER '15.

OKLAHOMA

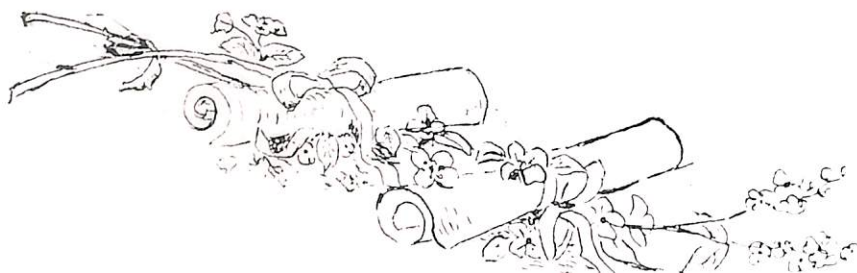
I live in sunny Oklahoma,
Where the snow-white cotton grows;
Where the birds are always singing,
And the cold wind bites your toes.

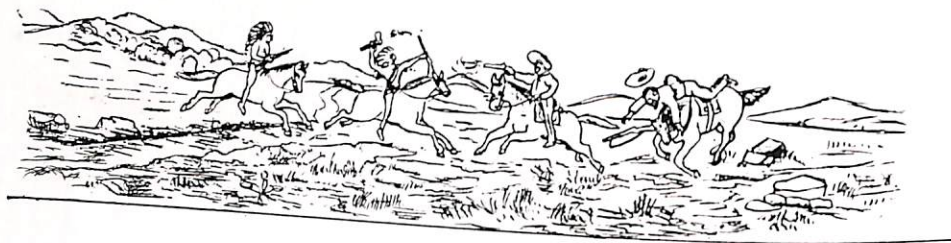
I live where there are no trees,
No blue-grass nor humming bees;
But the prairies long and wide,
Are on almost every side.

There are mountains large and low,
With the swollen streams below;
And the rocks that dot their sides,
Like the driftwood in the tides.

And right in the very midst of this,
Sands noble Cameron in her bliss;
She stands like a light-house on a shore,
An aid to the needy evermore.

C. E. '16.





A Story in Song

As I sit in "Meditation" "In the Evening by the Moonlight" "I Seem to Hear the Bugle Calling" from "Dreamland." "America" is "Calling Now for Thee" for "Volunteers Are Needed." Though "The Silver Threads Are Shining Among the Gold" memory proves a blessing and again I kiss my mother "Just as the Stars Are Shining" "Down by the Old Mill Stream" and she whispered softly "God Be With You Till We Meet" "In the Sweet By and By."

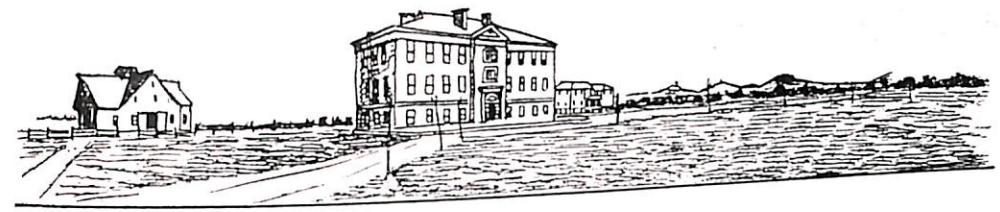
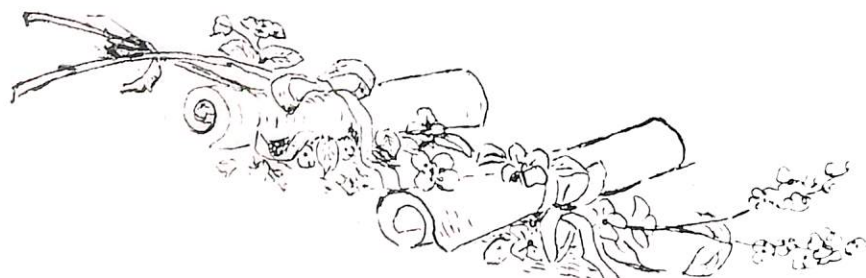
"Can a Boy Forget His Mother?" Oh, when in "Dreamland" I think of the "Old Folks at Home," see "The Little Brown Church in the Dale," am "Near My Home" but awake "Just As the Sun is Peeping O'er the Hill" to find myself in "Dixie" and "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary." I seemed to hear the strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers" as I think of "When We Were Marching Through Georgia" under "The Star Spangled Banner" and of Sherman and I chant "Glory to His Name."

Again I see "Just As the Sun Goes Down" a "Shy Little Maid" who cries, "Oh Yankee Doodle Boy" "My Heart's in the Highlands" "Where the Silvery Colorado Winds Its Way" and "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark" I glance into her "Goo Goo Eyes" and ask "Won't You Let Me Take You Home," to your home in "Teepee" land? Swiftly we make the "Trip to Niagara" and there's "Music in the Air" as we near her "Home, Sweet Home."

A squaw called "Rainbow" "Opens the Door for the Children" and cries "Where Did You Get That Girl?" I answer "Where I left the Boys in Blue" with the "Last Rose of Summer" "Blue Beads" sleeps "Beneath the Weeping Willow" in "Six Feet of Earth" and I think of "School Days" and wend to "Sunny Tennessee," but "Tramp, Tramp," comes the postman and "Oh This Letter From Home, Sweet Home" bears "A Flower From My Angel Mother's Grave."

My heart sinks as the "Titanic" and my hand shakes as I write "I'll Leave Dixie, Darling." "In the Springtime" "I'll Be With You, Maggie, Dear." "If I Only Had a Home, Sweet Home" in "America" with you, for "You're Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad." "I'd Love to Live in Love Land With a Girl Like You." Remember "Daisies Won't Tell."

And now I ponder O'er the time "When You And I Were Young, Maggie" as we stepped to the music of "Orange Blossoms," yet I'm happy with "Just a Little Rocking Chair and You" and while in this reverie I seem to hear a "Still Small Voice" floating o'er the "Ocean Wave" saying "Peace, Be Still" and I answered from within "Tell Mother I'll Be There" in the air as we near "Home, Sweet Home" tis a powow.



Favorite Expressions

As you know by experience everyone has his or her favorite expression. The Seniors of C. S. S. A. are not exceptions.

Lucile Aurell, a care-free girl, on hearing someone approaching as she sits in front of the school building, says, "Let's beat it."

William Beaver, a noteworthy young man who walks four miles to school, often declares "Where there's a will there's a way."

Mildred Cline who drives from town, when a task has been finished, pats herself on the head saying "Ist see what I done."

Our bashful baby boy, John Folk, when asked a question answers, "Ho! Ho!"

Lulu Gray's education seems to be incomplete for when she attempts to say "Yes" she always produces "Ches" instead.

The ladies' man, Ben Harrison, when some happy thought comes suddenly to him says, "By the way."

James Hayth, an all round athlete, after making a good play opens wide his eyes and exclaims, "Well, I declare."

Sherman Krisher, a young man of great business ability, when confronted with a perplexing question says, "Fellows, it's a mighty hard proposition."

When the cow kicks William Marsh, a milkman by trade, he remarks, "Look here old cow, it don't pay to be a knocker."

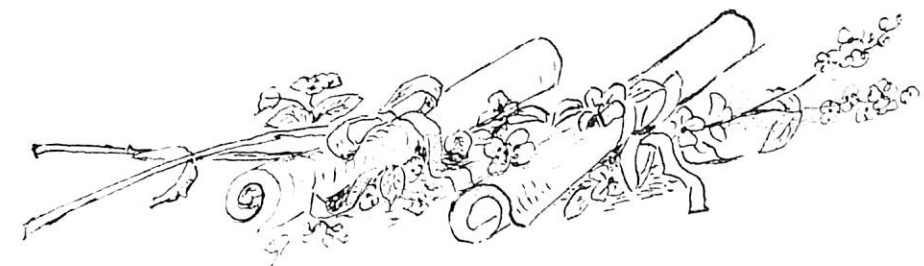
Edith Nickell, our "slow but sure," always keeps silent on a topic until it is fully discussed then scornfully says, "That makes me tired."

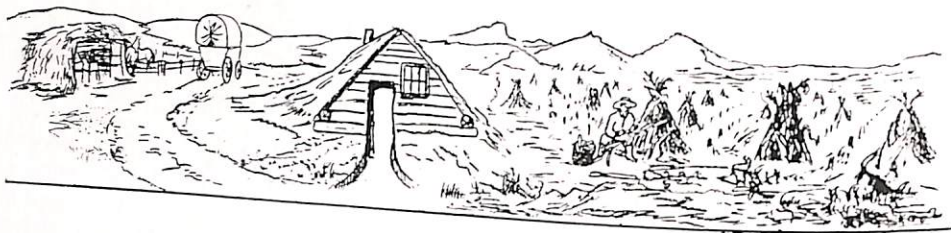
These startling words "You can tell the world," may be heard from our greatest vocalist, Tom Stringer.

Merle Stringer, the chubby "Chub," when bothered by anyone says "Now you quit that."

Lewis White, the boy scout, when anything funny happens laughingly observes, "Pretty keen."

Eva Wiedeman does not meanly insinuate that the untruth has been told, yet often answers with the words, "Ain't that the truth."





April 1st, 1915

Merely as introductory and apart from the rest, let me say that April 1st, whether it be rainy or sunshiny, cold or hot, is never-the-less and always fool's day. Now it is patent that the 1st of April was pre-eminently our day, no other would have held such possibilities and in the face of all opposition we determined to take it. One could hardly say that we crossed the Rubicon; but with all caution and discretion gone, defiant, we bade the faculty do their worst and started on our day's rebellion. We boasted not, nor do we now offer excuse; but proud in our strength we brooked no delay and with dinner cloths flying marched out equal to any emergency and, northward.

At four in the morning it still rained; the elements, however, could not stay so bold a band and by five we were adventuring into the darkness and though some straggled, the main body pursued a straight forward course, so that the revealing rays of the Day King first warmed us when we were safe within the reserve, four miles from college.

Forty-two there were and wagon room for twenty, thus our strongest arm was infantry; but walking in the dew-drenched dawn is jolly when liberty is the cause and freedom speaks from only a few miles beyond.

Nearly seven, and the efficiency of the commissary was tested—ham, coffee, eggs, bread and butter—such refurnished our bodies and stirred awake our animation. There was a stream and mountains. Daniel Boone was never more eager for the trail than our youths, who, delayed and pleasantly bothered by the maids, scaled the heights and searched the brambles thru the following golden hours, choosing flowers and drinking in the gladsome openness in great draughts, welcome after the long enclosed weeks of school work. Never did an education seem such a foolish, useless aim and study such a futile striving. What was or could be better than just living and where could one live happier than here in the wilderness, which was only one great play-ground?

Dinner brought a couple of our instructors in a car, glad as we, for the day's relief from labor, and also a hasty eating of the things left from breakfast. Have you ever drank pineapple juice from a tin can with a ragged hole cut in it or bitten into a half loaf of bread, because you couldn't find the knife to cut it? Such hardships make a picnic worth while and are decidedly satisfying to our animal cravings for the primitive and rude.

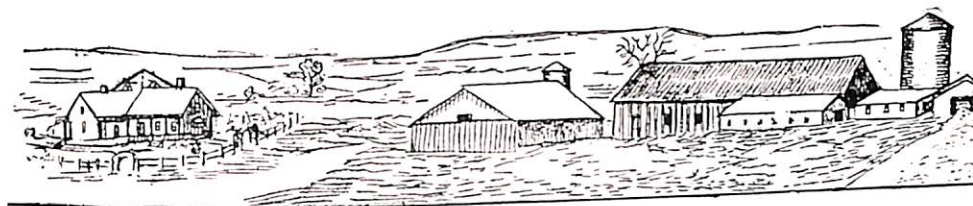
Afternoon was but a happy duplicate of the morning, save that the dallying sun had infused a languidness that asserted itself in everyone's walk and movements; even the fish in the stream finned more slowly and the breeze moved lazily and irregularly thru the bud touched branches. The Seniors feeling their youthful importance, must needs hold a class meeting at which, of course, nothing was done and everyone was satisfied.

Late, but not late enough, the assembled multitude started homeward and the couples were distributed along some five miles of road much to the disgust of the chaperone. It was a long weary way for the foot-sore prodigals but their gayety was not to be crushed—it rose above all troubles and proclaimed itself in noise and shouting, scaring from their native heath the lone eared jack rabbits and shockingly, profaning the silence of the dusk veiled plains till even the coyotes fled, out-bested.

What say you—we deserved it? Not if you remember the days of your youth. Tired, worn out, but still exuberant, we arrived at the Dorm and supperless went to bed. Even the proverbial Old Woman in the Shoe would not have treated her children so. With immense hollows 'neath our belts and gaunt and cavernous frames we entered the dining hall next morning—and even the glassware suffered.

In conclusion let me say: In the year of Our Lord 1915, we of the School of Cameron did begin that which it shall be the acknowledged duty and honor of the succeeding generations of students to carry out, even to the risking of their lives, liberty, and states of happiness, namely: the recognizing and taking, by force or cunning if necessary, of the 1st of April of each and every following year for and as a School Holiday. This is a sacred trust which we leave to those who shall come after us and we hope, nay, we know that it shall not be profaned—Much beloved as be our faculty, still must student rights be held inviolate and the claims of the students in this be recognized; else by this will the student body, as a body, fail and dissociate.

BEAVER 15.



An Elegy on Cameron's Most Faithful Domestic

Good people all of one accord
Lament for our horse Dixie,
Who never wanted but to work—
Though she was a third of sixty.

There never passed a day,
That she didn't go to town;
Or three trips or more that way—
And again at night another round.

She strove all who drove to please
With a gait wondrous winning,
And never ran away—
Unless when she was spinning.

Brushed slick and shining a dappled blue,
With shoes of a blacksmith's making,
She never stumbled that I knew—
But when she was traveling.

Her company was sought, I do aver,
By twenty students and more—
The President himself has followed her—
When she was hitch't before.

But now her trials and troubles fled,
Her trips to town cut short all;
We all found, when she was dead—
That she was not immortal.

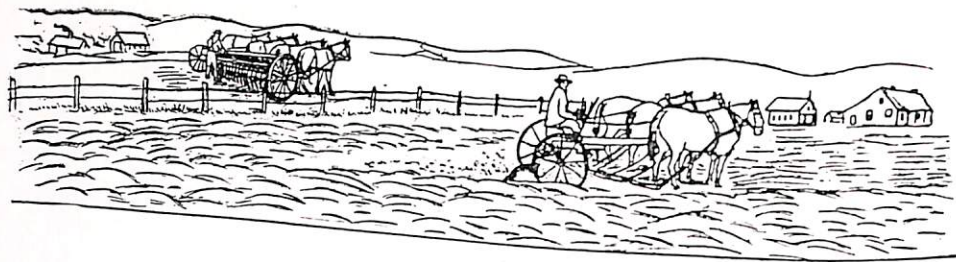
Let us lament and our sorrow moan,
For Cameron well may say,
That had she lived till all were at home
She had not died on April Fool's Day.

Lamentations

Ill fares the school, to hastening ills a prey,
Where suppression accumulates, and sympathies decay;
Presidents and Faculties may flourish, or may fade;
Money can make them, as money has made;
But a bold student body, their community's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

(With apologies to Goldsmith.)





The First April Bath

It so happened that on a very chilly morning in April, it was the good fortune of about fifteen of the students to participate in a bath in the very muddy waters of Wolf Creek, which at this time was running more than bank full. The above mentioned students repaired to this pleasant place clad in garments that would not fail to bring up a vision of the proverbial Coxe's Army. It is even whispered among the students higher up that a certain professor was seen in that neighborhood with a bathing suit on labeled B. V. D. However this report can not be traced to any certain source so it is yet uncertain except by those who know. It is with the greatest difficulty that the writer can continue with this theme, dear reader, owing to the pathos of the next few lines. As this brave band of adventurers glided majestically down the swift running stream, upon a huge log, they came upon a vividly pathetic picture—the Hon. H. Sullivan, up to his ears in the deep, lustily shouting for help and kept from going down with the current by the merest thread of a bush. As the Ship of State rounded the next curve, more pathos confronted the passengers. And what could be more pathetic than to see T. Wilcoxson perched high up in a cottonwood, with his stomach folded in a fond embrace as he vied with the current for the honor of shaking the above-mentioned cottonwood from its foundation. But the most pathetic scene imaginable was the one in which the Professor, having lost his foothold started to slowly but gradually gained headway and slipped beneath the waves with a gasp which lowered the creek several inches. The sound of ripping "bathing suit" (?), which had caught on one of the innumerable projections upon the side of the "Ship," rent the air.

The boys enjoyed the swim immensely, taking everything into consideration, and after awhile they started for home, with the Professor in their midst softly singing, "Oh, where oh where has my rain coat gone?"

(Written by the Captain of the "Ship of State.")

A Play o' Names

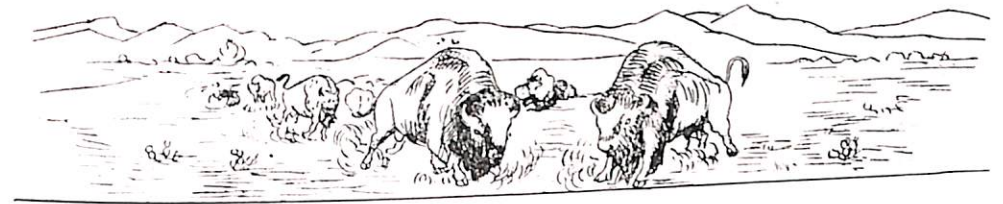
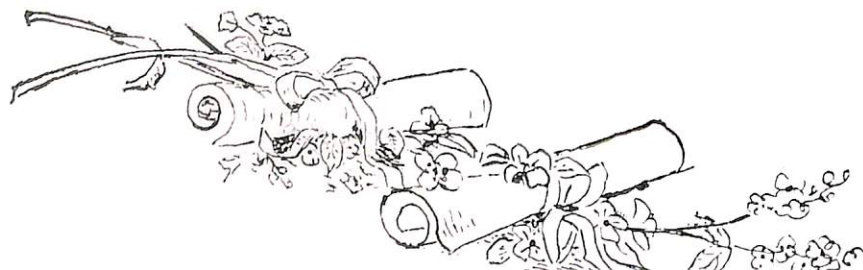
The day was a most delightful one as Eva Wiedeman and her "Newman" Tom Stringer, went strolling across the "Fields," through the "Woods" on into a very pretty little "Parke." The conversation was about a new "Kitty" which Eva was going to get, the new mown "Hay," etc. By this time they were passing a very dismal "Marsh" from which stepped a Hairy son (Harrison) who demanded to know why Tom's attentions were "Foster"-ed on his girl.

"I refuse to tell," said Tom.

"Oh yes you 'Wil-son' for if you don't, I will raise such a 'Frak-es' with you that you will have my 'Brandon' when you are old and 'Gray.'"

Thereby B. H. proceeded to "Russell" a club with which to give Tom a "Whalin" and "Gahyn" his "Wrights." He saw "Tom Crouch," but was unable to move until he had been landed a "Polk" which made his face "Blanche" and turned everything into "White" stars.

(When asked not long after, what had become of his girl, he smiled in a forlorn and downcast way and murmured sadly—Tom "Tucker.")



Remona

In the heart of Mexico is situated the Valley of Paradise, so called from its ever blooming flowers, grass that never dies, birds that sing from morning till night and from year to year. The sun never refuses to show her shining face through the long, waking hours. The heavens remember to send the refreshing rain to play the cherish-ed tune of "Home, Sweet Home" upon the palm-roofed house. Nature plays her part in ed tune of "Home, Sweet Home" upon the palm-roofed house. Nature plays her part in ripening various fruits which may be plucked from the trees in all seasons of the year. Not only this but each year the tiller of the soil can raise three bountiful crops which the numberless patriots help him to harvest. As we cast our eyes and ears around we hear the lowing of the great herds of cattle; neighing of the Spanish horses, see the distant mountain slope covered with flocks of sheep and goats. We also see the mountain climbing burros, which are the only means of transportation of the farm products from valley to valley. The huntsman with his practiced eye sees the deer dart from place to place. The black bear is hiding in the surrounding mountains. The canyons are live with turkey and squirrel. The Valley of Paradise is known not only throughout the Republic but in other nations as well. This spot is sought alike by the broken hearted, low spirited, huntsman and pleasure seeker. In a place like this what else could exist save peace and happiness.

From a distant country came a lonely man, Hubert Gideon, with an orphan child Remona, the mother having died when the child was only ten years of age. The father of the mother took such a hold upon the child as to completely change her life. Another knew something must be done or she too, would find the fate of her mother. Accordingly he sought this happy spot where he hoped to find a renewed spirit for Remona.

As time flew swiftly by, the melancholy child grew bright and happy. Her short strolls through the forest lengthened. She no more feared venturing out alone for a long gallop through the shady palm forest or for a stroll over the blossom blown valley. Time and time again her faithful "Mozo" would find her thoughtlessly roaming far from home, not realizing the danger of venturing out in a strange land where she could so easily lose her way in the dense forest.

Ramona had a habit of taking tortillas, frioles, and going to a dark, endless cave to spend the day. Here with a lighted torch she would wander for hours exploring the mysteries and beauties of the underground palace. One day the beautiful girl disappeared as completely as if a volcano had opened its monstrous mouth and stretching forth its fiery tongue, had drawn her in with one long breath and buried her forever beneath its smoke and ashes.

Imagine if you can the agonies the poor lonely father suffered as he searched day and night to find some trace of his cherished daughter.

The deep blue waters of the Boquilla were filled with divers, the valley was searched foot by foot. It seemed that every niche of the rugged mountain surrounding the valley was searched and researched. Any number of Peons entered the dark unfathomed cave never to return. Those returning related how easily one might lose foothold and fall to a bottomless pit.

The conclusion was finally reached that Remona was peacefully sleeping beneath the pine trees that covered the entrance of the mysterious cave, and seemed to whisper the sad word, R-e-m-o-n-a, as the breezes gently blew through their branches. At the entrance a carefully hewn marble slab was erected by the hands of those who so dearly loved the missing girl. From that time the cave was considered a death vault in which lay a hidden treasure.

Rupert Donald, though a man of unusual physical strength and strong will power began to grow weak, seemingly in both body and mind. He wandered from place to





Remona—Continued

place, as if in search of something. But in all his travels he could not be induced to leave Mexico, though all his possessions had been buried some twenty years hence.

In traveling over the country as he was prone to do, he came upon a little Spanish village which seemed so fascinating he could not resist stopping. Something satisfying seemed to possess him in his last feeble days, for he was indeed feeble, having grown weaker day by day. He found it impossible to leave this little town.

He frequently went out upon the plaza to watch the little children play. As time passed a little Spanish girl and boy became especially fond of the white haired American. One day the little boy fell and received a serious wound. The feeble old man caught the little fellow in his arms and quickly carried him to his home. On entering the cozy cottage what greater joy could be given the long forsaken father than to find the mother of the wounded boy and his long lost daughter to be one and the same person.

"Am I dreaming?" he asked, or is this really my daughter?"

"No, father, you are not dreaming, it is I, and this is my husband, Carlos."

"Compose yourself, my dear, and tell me your story as quickly as possible for I feel sure that I have only a few more moments. My life's prayer has been to spare me until I learned the fate of my child."

The wife of the handsome Spaniard, mother of two beautiful children, and the daughter of the dying man told the sad story of how she wandered too far from home in her childhood days and became lost from her father forever. Day after day she roamed over hills, mountains and valleys subsisting on wild fruits, wild vegetation, chewing limbs of trees and grass to partially quench her craving thirst. Finally overcome by starvation, just as she reached a trail on the mountain slope she fell prostrate. Here she was found by a band of Mexican Peons who were going to a distant part of the Republic. They picked the apparently lifeless girl up and the kind-hearted, friendly Mexicans camped here giving their sole attention to Remona until she was able to be transported on a litter. A raging fever seemed to rack her whole being, she was unconscious for a long time and unable to talk for months. When she finally regained strength and health she found herself seemingly permanently settled in a distant and strange land.

When the Mexicans reached their destination they placed their charge in the hands of their master, a rich young Spaniard. From the first he cared for her even before her recovery, a love, which she by no means resented, had taken deep root in his soul. It was agreed that her lover Don Carlos, should restore her to her father and she in return for his kindness and affection would become his wife.

It was many, many long months before they gave up their unfruitful search and decided to cast their lot together. Remona felt she had none to love but her brave and true Spaniard who had spared neither time nor money in his search for her lost father.

As Ramona finished her sad story her white haired father passed away happily, on to tell the joyful news to mother who was anxiously waiting to meet him.



Meditations of a Senior

He was a picture of utter dejection,
His manner forlorn and drear,
His step was slow, his shoulders bent,
And he walked as if in fear.

His clothes were ragged and dirty,
His face told a story sad,
He could tell of many hardships,
Yet his face seemed not half bad.

Slowly he shuffled along the street,
His gaze shifting from face to face,
In hopes of finding a long lost friend,
Who could show him a resting place.

Suddenly came from far away,
A cry as of one in fear,
Scream after scream was piercing the air
So that those around might hear.

In the path of a runaway team,
Stood a lady with a little child,
Paralyzed with fright, she could not move
From this danger running so wild.

Not a man in the crowd dared move,
Dared not offer a helping hand,
To the life that was in danger,
Except this tramp among the band.

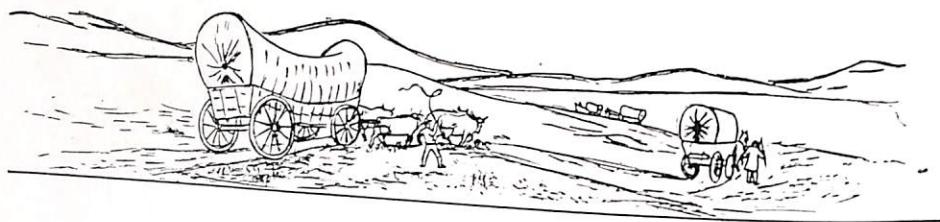
This rejected piece of humanity,
Suddenly assumed another pose,
He lifted his head and quickly looked
And our drama drew to a close.

Firmly he squared his shoulders,
And brightly flashed his eye,
He was no more an object of pity,
He was prepared to save or die.

Breathless and spellbound stood the people,
Every heart stood deathly still,
All eyes turned toward their hero,
Who was to rob Death of his kill.

Now as every person waited
An instant for him to warn her,
The tramp his shoulders squared,
And dashed—around the corner.
L. WHITE '15.





Out on the Plains

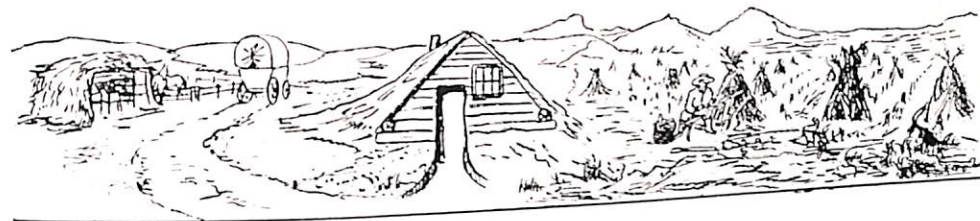
One day last August while the sun was beaming straight down on sunny New Mexico with such tremendous heat that the plants wilted beneath its rays and the cattle cowered in vain to get in the shade of the sage brush, the cowboys were busily preparing their noonday lunch. They were returning to the Double U Ranch where they intended to spend the extreme hot months of the summer.

The Double U Ranch was farther to the north, in regions where trees grew and water was more plentiful. But on this particular day we find the boys in the edge of the Great Desert. Their horses were suffering from heat and almost famished for water. The cowboys had drunk their last drop of water the night before and they were almost exhausted with fatigue, especially tired was the nephew of the owner of the Double U. This boy had been frail after leaving college, two years before, and his uncle had persuaded him to come west for his health. As he was an adventurous sort of a fellow, no protest from his uncle could keep him from accompanying his friends on the trip over the plains.

As soon as their lunch was finished they started toward home or to some place where they might find water. Slowly they wended their way, their horses gradually growing weaker as they went. At last by straining their eyes they could see, on the horizon to the north, what appeared to be trees.

They pressed eagerly on and after traveling for some time, reached the trees and finding a path followed this until they came in sight of what appeared to be the ruins of an old Spanish Mission. The boys hurried on in hopes of finding a spring. The sun seemed to center all its rays on one spot, namely the ruins, and the reflection on the old white walls only added to the heat. It was unendurable to the tired one and before his comrades could reach a shady place with him he fell prostrate. They laid him in the shade of an old dilapidated pillar and thinking him dead, soon left him and went on in their desperate search for water.

When Jack Everett, the frail cowboy, gained consciousness, he could feel cool water dripping from above on the side of his face, while a cup of the refreshing liquid was held to his lips. He was almost afraid to open his eyes, for fear of spoiling his dream and finding himself back in the awful heat. So raising his hand slowly he grasped the cup and clinging to it desperately he opened his eyes. The episode he was going through was not a dream but a reality. When he came to he looked straight into two very dark eyes. A lovelier face he had never seen. Her dark complexion indicated foreign blood. With a soft accent she timidly told him to lie still and rest. After she had left the room he lay still, wondering who his rescuer was. As he glanced about the room he could easily tell that the owner was not of low birth, because everything was placed to show the best of taste. On the walls were pennants of different schools and in one place there was the picture of a beautiful woman with features characteristic of a Spaniard. Jack kept wondering where he was. Presently as he felt stronger, he decided to try to walk. He arose from the couch and went to the window. Pushing aside



Out on the Plains—Continued

gracefully draped curtains, he glanced out over the beautiful flower garden. Under a large tree, almost screened from the outer world by a bed of roses he saw his lady rescuer. Summoning all his strength, he made his way out of the house toward her.

When he reached the garden, the lady asked him to be seated. She told him she had found him the day before in the ruins of the old mission, a distance of twenty miles away. He was half dead, but by a little exertion, she finally managed to get him on her pony and brought him to her home. Later, she told him that she was born in Spain, and her parents had sent her to America to be educated. She finished school in one of the largest colleges and was now spending the summer with her aunt. After spending the morning in the garden, they returned to the house. From this time on a very close friendship sprang up between the two.

"Rosamond. Rosamond," called Jack, "come let's go out on the grass and watch the sunset."

In another moment Rosamond came out of the house carrying a basket.

"See, I'm bringing a lunch."

So off they ran to the garden. As they sat down to eat, Jack's face took on a sadder shade.

"Tomorrow I must leave for home, Rosamond," sighed Jack, "and really, I hate to leave, I have had such a happy time, even if I did have to half die to cause it."

"Oh, you don't have to leave so soon, do you? You have been here only a week."

"Yes, I must go, for I told the folks that I should be home tomorrow," gloomily said Jack.

"I shall be very lonesome, for we have had such a jolly time," said Rosamond. By this time they had almost finished their lunch, and were eating apples.

"Rosamond, are you superstitious? Let me name your apple, then you count the seeds and I shall tell you, your future husband's name."

"Oh, isn't that great, just like school children. Be sure and name it some one I like."

"Will you promise to take this man for your husband, and love him, whoever I may name?" said Jack. "That's the way the minister would say it."

"I do," laughed Rosamond.

"All right," said Jack, "one I love; two I love; three I love, I say. Four I love with all my heart, and five I cast away. Six he loves; seven she loves; eight they both love. Nine, he comes; ten, he tarries; eleven, he courts; and twelve, he—marries."

"Who was it?" cried Rosamond.

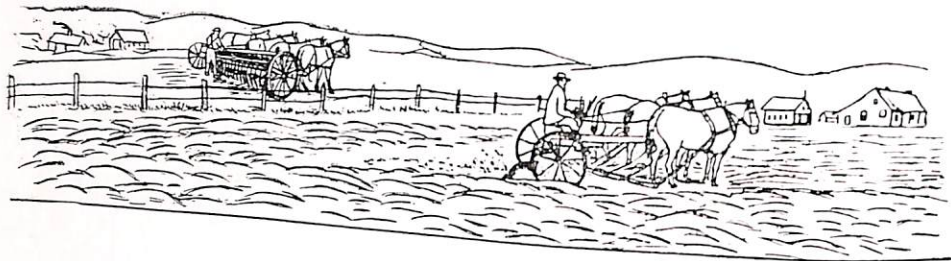
"Do you mean to ask what name I gave it? Little girl I named it Jack Everett. Do you still promise to take, love and obey?"

"I do," laughed Rosamond, as he planted the first lovers kiss.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack, now assuming command. "We, instead of I, are off for the Double U Ranch tomorrow."

P. S.—And they lived happily ever after.





Farewell Comrades

Seniors, we regret to part,
But here our paths divide.
Though linked in mind and heart,
This cold world is vast and wide.
None of you in your class,
Have lived Cameron life in vain;
For learning is not as sounding brass
Nor leads through a shady lane.
Comrades you must bid farewell,
To the college of your youth;
Remember with pride no classmate fell,
In the harvest of learning and truth,
But all have passed to a broader field;
Where more knowledge they may reap,
For the harvest is plentiful, "great the yield."
Success thus far gained, may you keep
So place in your minds a heap.
Friends, we'll miss you here
When we are filling your places
As best we can next year.
We'll think of your dear faces
Lit with loyalty and love.
For our colors, orange and black
Wherever comrades, you may rove
We'll wish that you were back.

O. G. '16.



Calendar

SEPTEMBER

Tuesday, 1—Enrolled. Met old and new friends.
Wednesday, 2—Went thru schedule. Four girls to each room in the girls' Dorm.
Friday, 4—Senior Class found time to reorganize.
Saturday, 5—Freshmen crying for "mamma."
Tuesday, 8—Football boys out to practice.
Wednesday, 9—The rear of the Junior Class arrives.
Thursday, 10—First Chapel. Verdict read. (Rules.)
Friday, 11—Organize Athletic Association.
Saturday, 12—Nobody sick.
Tuesday, 15—Girls' Basket Ball Teams organize.
Wednesday, 16—Sherman left light burning to see if he snored in his sleep.
Thursday, 17—Juniors collected force enough to give yells in chapel.
Friday, 18—Literary Society gave program.
Saturday, 19—Senior boys moved to the McDuffy home. Thus the "Senior Hall."
Wednesday, 23—Had plenty to eat for dinner.
Thursday, 24—Senior boys entertained in honor of B. Jolly.
Friday, 25—James lost a buttonhole.
Tuesday, 29—Lewis steamed his arm.
Wednesday, 30—Won football game from Fort Sill.

OCTOBER

Friday, 2—Senior Class had swimming party at Mineral Wells.
Saturday, 3—Ben did not go to sleep in class.
Tuesday, 6—Tom seriously hurt in football game.
Thursday, 7—Class in H. of Ed. knew their lesson.
Friday, 8—Junior-Senior annual marshmallow and weinie roast.
Saturday, 9—Lulu and Lewis still "stuck up" with marshmallows.
Tuesday, 13—Psychology class is learning a few things.
Wednesday, 14—Everyone went to lyceum.
Thursday, 15—Organized Cameron Choral Club.
Saturday, 17—Basket ball games. Reception.
Tuesday, 20—Just a few more tests.
Wednesday, 21—Bonnie very sick.
Friday, 23—Played football game.
Tuesday, 27—Prof. Williams didn't get mad in music class.
Thursday, 29—Annual staff elected. "You know the rest."
Saturday, 31—Hallowe'en masquerade.

NOVEMBER

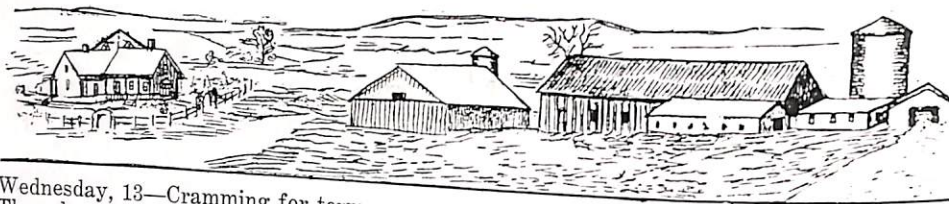
Tuesday, 3—Geometry class learns that all vertical angles are equal.
Thursday, 5—What has become of the demerit system?
Saturday, 7—Boys filling silo.
Tuesday, 10—Music examination.
Wednesday, 11—Had good breakfast.
Friday, 13—Tied F Battery in a football game.
Saturday, 14—Sophomore party.
Tuesday, 17—Not cold, but absence of heat.
Thursday, 19—Built new stage.
Friday, 20—Dramatic Club gave a play.
Tuesday, 24—Clean up day.
Thursday, 26—Thanksgiving dinner.
Friday, 27—Preps. organized.
Saturday, 28—Dr. Stewart gave talk on "Health."

DECEMBER

Tuesday, 1—Senior Class recite on lawn.
Thursday, 3—"Press reporter" visited school.
Saturday, 5—Someone in Sophomore History knew the lesson.
Tuesday, 8—Inauguration day. President of Agri. Board, Mr. Gault, was present.
Thursday, 10—Won basket ball game from L. H. S.
Saturday, 12—Girls' basket ball team went to Fletcher.
Tuesday, 15—Cooking class made candy.
Wednesday, 16—Dramatic club played "His Uncle John."
Thursday, 17—Prof. Williams gave Russian Tea.
Friday, 18—Preps gave "Night Before Christmas."
Saturday, 19—School out for Xmas vacation.

JANUARY

Tuesday, 5—School, everybody glad to see everybody else.
Wednesday, 6—Everyone studying again.
Friday, 8—James has a shine.
Saturday, 9—Sherman has a "Dutch run."
Tuesday, 12—Didn't have beans for dinner.



Wednesday, 13—Cramming for term exams.
 Thursday, 14—Do you think you will pass?
 Tuesday, 19—Lulu entertains the Junior Class.
 Thursday, 21—Shaw out of face cream and talcum.
 Saturday, 23—Sophomores had a party.
 Tuesday, 26—Miss Frans entertains Dram. Club.
 Wednesday 27—Irwin found a Nickell.
 Friday, 29—Double header basket ball game with L. H. S.
 Saturday 30—Harrison knew his geometry lesson.

FEBRUARY

Tuesday, 2—Chub didn't go home with Eva.
 Thursday, 4—Boys organize debating club.
 Friday, 5—Choral practice.
 Saturday, 6—Lucille began to wear glasses.
 Tuesday, 9—Fred left to enter school at Broken Arrow.
 Thursday, 11—Miss Frans is learning to be a nurse.
 Saturday, 13—Girls organize Sequoyah Club.
 Tuesday 16—Chapel as usual.
 Wednesday, 17—Played basket ball at Fort Sill.
 Friday, 19—Demonstration on model road making.
 Saturday, 20—Having lots of fun gathering up the eggs.
 Tuesday, 23—Sequoyahs have closed meeting.
 Wednesday, 25—Surveying class show us what they know about the height of a tree.
 Saturday, 27—Nothing but rain and more rain.

MARCH

Tuesday, 2—Boiler blown up—no fire in the Dormitory.
 Wednesday, 3—Very busy on "The Lion Tamer."
 Friday, 5—Wm. Beaver got to school on time.
 Saturday, 6—Preps can stay away from home all week.
 Tuesday, 9—Lulu and Lucille walked home after rehearsal as usual (?).
 Wednesday 10—Dram. Club experiences stage fright.
 Thursday, 11—Dram. Club puts on "The Lion Tamer" at L. H. S.
 Saturday, 13—The play was again staged at Fort Sill. Invited by Mr. Gibbins to his store for a "feast." U-m-m-m-m.
 Tuesday, 16—Mid term examinations.
 Wednesday, 17—Colonel Renfro visited us.
 Friday, 19—Juniors hold class meeting. What's up?
 Saturday, 20—Cats had a fight.
 Tuesday, 23—Senior Class planted shade trees.
 Wednesday, 24—Group pictures made for the annual.
 Friday, 26—Garnett fell and tore his trousers; had to go to bed.
 Saturday, 27—Everyone, even the boys, are learning to "tat."

APRIL

Thursday, 1—All Fool's Day; ran away before dawn. Of course Dixie died.
 Friday, 2—Atmosphere seemed rather cool? Nuff said. We'll be good.
 Tuesday, 6—Rob's face skinned. Bruce's eye black.
 Thursday, 8—Out for tennis.
 Saturday, 10—Preps have another picnic.
 Tuesday, 13—Still roasting chicken in the brooder.
 Thursday, 15—Edith entertains the Seniors with class party.
 Friday, 16—Boys defeated L. H. S. baseball team.
 Saturday, 17—Sherman knew his history lesson.
 Tuesday, 20—Annual staff is very busy.
 Wednesday, 21—The Trig. class had to take their lesson over for the first time (?).
 Friday, 23—Sophomores entertain Faculty and Seniors.
 Saturday, 24—Sick from eating ice cream. The boys are packing their trunks.
 Tuesday, 27—Won base ball game from Indians.
 Wednesday, 28—Scrap debate in English.
 Friday, 30—The Sequoyahs surprised the public.

MAY

Saturday, 1—D and O's entertained by Sequoyahs.
 Tuesday, 4—A new lesson assigned in Trig.
 Thursday, 6—Rain! Rain! Rain!
 Saturday, 8—Prof. Mock entertains.
 Tuesday, 11—Everybody studies but James.
 Thursday, 13—Oral reports in English.
 Saturday, 15—Zoology class getting busy.
 Tuesday, 18—Cramming for exams.
 Thursday, 20—Next three days final exams.
 Saturday, 22—Some few going home.
 Monday, 24—Athletics, Recital.
 Tuesday, 25—Class day exercises. Parents' Reception.
 Wednesday, 26—Graduation exercises. Former President R. K. Robertson, present.



ATHLETICS





Cameron Athletic Association

Sherman Krisher
Thomas Stringer
Ben Harrison
Bruce Wilkins

Manager
President
Secretary-Treasurer
Vice President



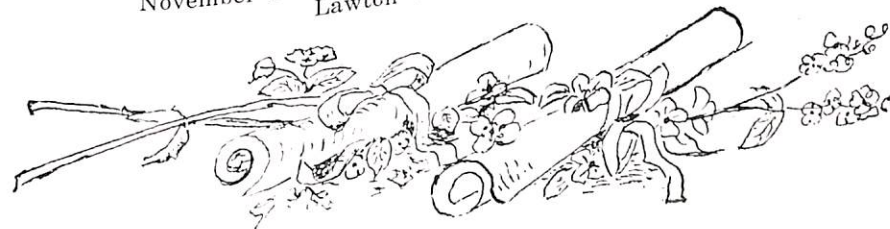
SIGNAL PRACTICE

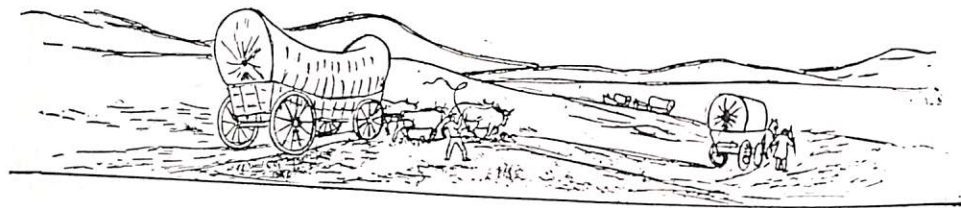


R. P. SHORT
Football Coach

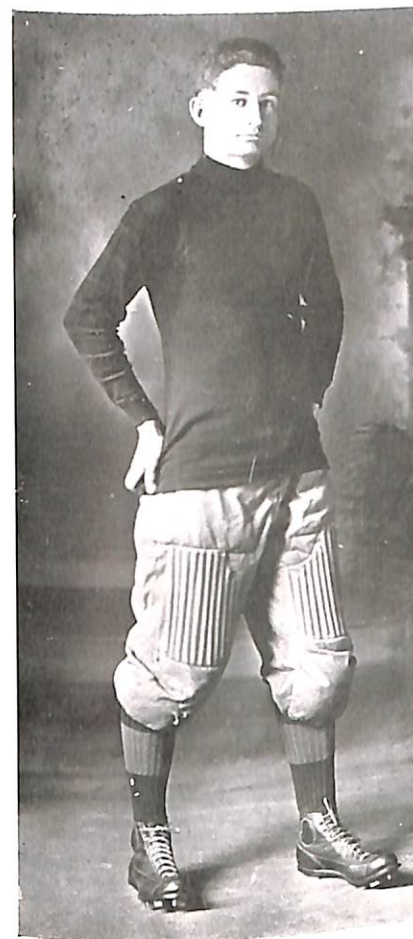
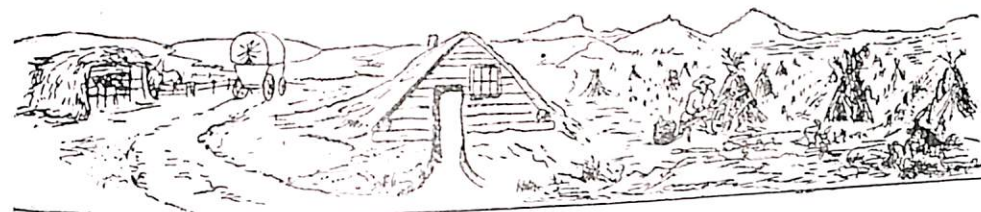
Football Schedule Season '14

September 30.	Cameron	30
	Fort Sill, B Battery	0
October 6.	Cameron	19
	Fort Sill, B Battery	0
October 14.	Cameron	14
	Anadarko	0
November 5.	Cameron	7
	Lawton Athletic Association	19
November 13.	Cameron	14
	Fort Sill, E Battery	14
November 19.	Cameron	34
	Hobart	7
November 20.	Cameron	0
	Lawton	7





FOOTBALL SQUAD



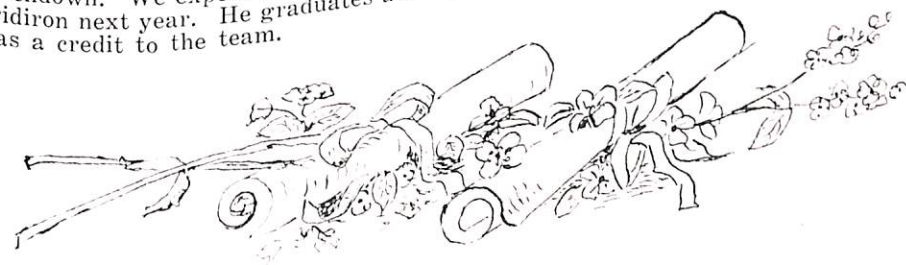
BRUCE WILKINS
Captain Football Team

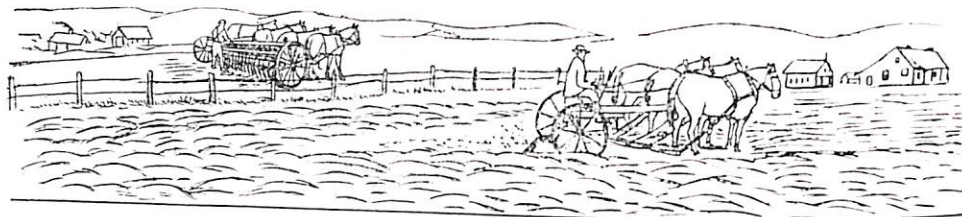
SHERMAN KRISHER

Called the "Cameron Jack Rabbit" by Battery B, started as tackle but soon showed the form of a back field man. He was a little but mighty half-back. This was his third year at the game and he proved that nerve and grit will get thru any line. His protruding ears were generally sore from brushing against his opponents in broken field running. A sprained elbow and bruised knees kept him out of the Thanksgiving game, in which his eagerness to charge his opponent and his broken field running were missed. This is Krisher's last year at Cameron and we fear that the farm will not produce another half back his equal.

MERLE STRINGER

"Chub" started as an old recruit at center, but soon came to his own at full back. Always sure of a small gain in a tight place. Received the title of "Grizzly Bear" from Hobart. His enormous weight counted for something when put behind the pig-skin on the kick-off. Called signals the last part of the season with the wisdom ofocrates. If you value your life never ask him where he was when Lawton made their touchdown. We expect to hear from our "Bear" making smashes on some big college gridiron next year. He graduates and tips the beam at 200. He played right guard and was a credit to the team.





BEN HARRISON

Ben was the only man on the team that gave his weight in grams, pennyweights, and ounces. Started the season as end but was later given a position where he could easier get the ball that was at center. His motto was, "Get the man if you have to stop him with your whiskers."

HARRISON IKARD

"Ikey" was tall and slim and fair to see and usually got his opponent by the knee. This was Ike's first year but a bright future is predicted for him in football. At Cameron he is center's "left hand man."

FRED BEARD

"Fritzie." This was "Fritzie's" third and last year, but he will long be remembered by his teammates as the one who would give his opponent the "nightmare." Has passed through Cameron as "flunkey," creamery man, fireman and athlete. We foresee a brilliant future for him as an agriculturist of great ability.

LESTER TOMLINSON

"Skinney" came to us as a recruit from the High School and played his first game with us against Anadarko. He was one of our most enthusiastic men and was always in his opponent's path. Played end and usually got the man with the ball behind the line. His favorite plays were receiving forward passes and making touchdowns.

EARL TOMLINSON

"Curly" came to us as an old head at the business. Made good at end but received injuries in practice which prevented his playing during the latter part of the season. His motto was "Get the other fellow before he gets you."

LEO BILLS

"Bills" is only a Freshie but made all-round sub, and will be on steady next year. Is little but loud and when in the game always let his opponent know that he was there. Is a strict moralist, will not even steal ice cream from his upper classmen. Will be a hard fighter for Cameron next year.

CHAS. GIPSON

"Chas." was always in the game and made his opponents look in awe at his marvelous speed and long end runs. His motto, "Never rub over a man when you can run around him," seemed to be a good one as he could even run around his own at times. "Chas." played the season at right half. Has retired to farm life which C. S. S. A. sincerely regrets, but hope it will be a benefit to him.

JAMES HAYTH

"Jimmie," although he was unable to practice with the squad on account of business, proved a valuable man to hold in reserve. Noted for his ability at hurdling. They don't grow tall enough to get him when he is in good spirits. Sure tackle, fast on foot, and doesn't carry any surplus flesh. This is his last year at Cameron and his loss will be keenly felt.



BRUCE WILKINS

"Fuzzy Top," is not really any kin to the jack rabbit, but has just run with him so long they look like brothers. This was Wilkins' second year as quarter back. He was outgeneraled only by Napoleon. As the fastest man in the back line he carried the ball farther toward the coveted goal the past season than anyone else. The best interference man Cameron has ever had. With two more years to defend the Orange and Black, we feel sure that Bruce will develop into an all-star quarterback. His motto is "Let me by the meat plate; then watch our dog go."

THOMAS STRINGER

"Grandpa," being a veteran at the game, came to us well prepared, but he received injuries during the early part of the season and was unable to participate in many of the battles. But when in the game he made his opponents yell—"Get Stringer! Get Stringer!" This is his last year with us and although we regret his going we feel sure that he will always make good. Played the game at half back and end.

EVERETT SHAW

Shaw showed good form at tackle and was usually in his opponents road blocking the line smashes that came his way with a precision that won the admiration of team mates and the fear of his opponents. Was always wanting to "Star" but was never given the chance until the Hobart game. After his summers' work in Arkansas splitting rails he will be in fine shape for next season's work.

LOUIS DONNELLY

"Louie" played sub half and his long forward passes were the wonder of the day. He made a good utility man, and was always ready to fight for the Orange and Black. He was always good natured and having made a thirty yard pass in the Hobart game, for a touchdown his pride was unbounded.

LEWIS WHITE

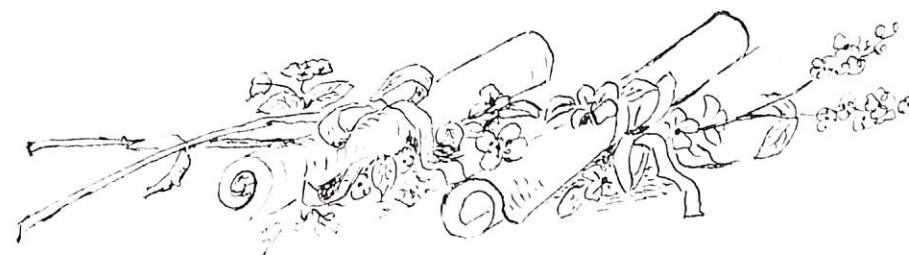
"Scrip," another Senior football man. Played sub-guard and was always "Raring to go." A good tackler and made it hard for his opponent to get around his feet.

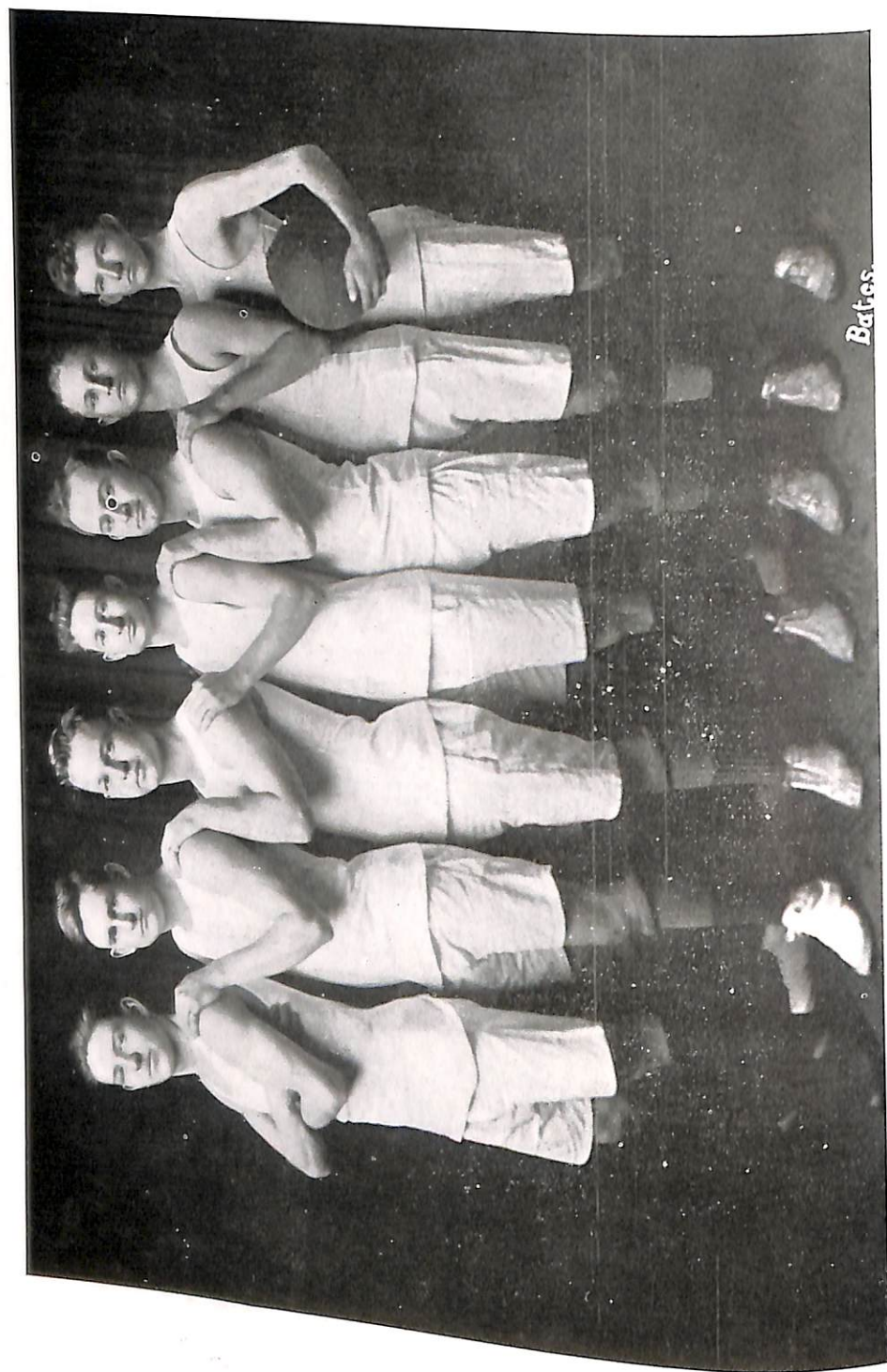
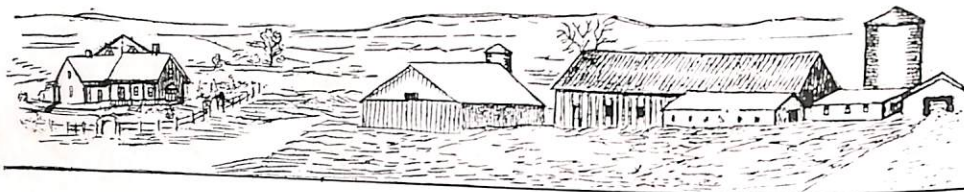
WILLIAM MARSH

"Bill" came to us from Kingfisher H. S. Made good at full for the first of the season but injuries prevented his winning much fame as a football man. We regret very much having to give him up this year, as he showed excellent form.

TRAVIS WILCOXSON

"Emmie." This was his first year in the game but he was an ever ready man and gives promise of being a "bad man" next year. He is only a boy weighing a hundred and sixty-five pounds but we all agree that it was the most awkward and the hardest to move 165 that we have ever seen. Expects to stay with football





FIRST TEAM



'14-'15 Basket Ball Review

LOUIS DONNELLY
Captain
Basket Ball Team



The basket ball season opened late for the boys on account of injuries in football and bad weather hindering outdoor practice. The first game was played with Phipps Champion League Team of the High School, just before the Christmas Holidays. The boys showed good form and gave promise of a fast team with a little practice. Wilkins and Tomlinson made good as forwards, Donnelly showed up well at center, and T. Stringer and Wilcoxson as guards made the High School forwards work for their points.

APACHE 18—AGGIES 35
The Christmas Holidays did not interfere with our team as we were victorious at Apache; with very little practice and poor team work. However the team showed that the material was there. Wilkins and Brandon played a good game as forwards, Donnelly stretched his long arms above the opposing center and M. Stringer, T. Stringer, substituted in the last half by Wilcoxson, held the Apache forwards down to a very few field goals. White made good as official referee.

DUNCAN 54—AGGIES 19
Our first defeat did not make us feel so bad, as it showed the boys where they were weak and acted as a stimulant to make them practice more. The Duncan boys showed superior playing as they did not take part in football, but spent the time in practicing for basket ball. Wilkins and Brandon found it a hard proposition to persuade the ball to drop through the basket, while Donnelly ran up against a giant, both in height and power. M. Stringer and T. Stringer substituted by Wilcoxson were able to get in the Duncan forward's way several times and break up some of their fancy plays.





LAWTON ATHLETIC CLUB 17—AGGIES 25

Although handicapped by not having Wilkins and Wilcoxson in the game we succeeded in adding another victory to our list by defeating The Lawton Athletic Club at Carney Hall. The game was rather slow on account of the slick floor, nevertheless a great many sensational plays were made. White and Brandon showed good work as forwards, as well as Donnelly, center, and M. Stringer and T. Stringer, guards.

LAWTON HIGH SCHOOL 24—AGGIES 30

Everyone was glad to have Krisher and Wilkins back in the game. Although it was Krisher's first game this year, he showed up well as forward and indications looked good for his getting on steady. It was a fast game but the High School was not successful in batting the ball over Donnelly or throwing goal under guard of the Stringers.

SNYDER 23—AGGIES 25

The Aggies' next victory was one worth remembering as the Snyder team had not been defeated and had about formed the conclusion that they could not be. But the splendid goal throwing of Wilkins and Brandon, a superior center in the person of Donnelly, and M. Stringer, T. Stringer and Wilcoxson holding their forwards down, we were able to accomplish the unaccountable task. However in another game a week later we were forced to submit to defeat on account of lack of practice. After giving up the hall in town our boys were unable to practice but very little on the open court on account of bad weather, the result of which was very noticeable. Wilkins and Wilcoxson were unable to shake their guards long enough to make many successful throws at the basket. Donnelly played a good game at center, but Krisher, T. Stringer and M. Stringer were slightly off at guards. Lack of "atmosphere" was given as the cause. The final score was 9 to 27.

ANADARKO 35—AGGIES 25

It now began to look like fate was playing against us. The game with Anadarko was a fast one with Wilkins and Brandon tossing the ball through the ring successfully and T. Stringer and Krisher guarding their men to a good advantage, while it looked as if Donnelly had an easy game. The second half began with Wilcoxson substituted for Brandon and M. Stringer for T. Stringer. The game progressed nicely with the Aggies with the lead until Donnelly was injured and was substituted by Brandon. This gave Anadarko's center the advantage and in the last three minutes of play they succeeded in gaining ten points over us.

GOTEBO 34—AGGIES 9

From Anadarko we journeyed to Gotebo only to find that we were to play against men, some of them even without any hair on their heads. On a very narrow court we were placed at a considerable disadvantage and upon finding out that they had never played football, Captain Donnelly said that they had surely seen a game and for want of a name had called it basket ball. Thus accounting for the rough game, as the boys came home looking more like they had been playing football than basket ball. M. Stringer received a sprained ankle and Brandon a dislocated thumb, which disabled them for the rest of the season.

LAWTON HIGH SCHOOL 24—AGGIES 25

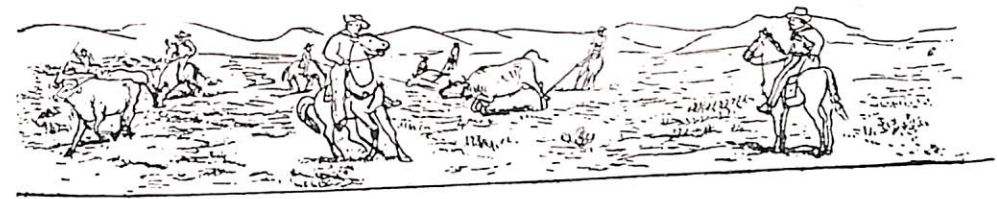
We again regained our reputation by defeating the High School. The game was a sensational one and everyone played a good fast game.

FORT SILL 32—AGGIES 25

It was the opinion of everyone that our last game with Fort Sill would have resulted in our victory if we had had our "lunch" of regulars. Leo Bills made his debut as forward, and although he played a good game as a beginner his inexperience was noticeable. Wilkins made good as usual as well as Krisher and Wilcoxson as guards, but Donnelly seemed to have found a man to play with at center.

TEMPLE 30—AGGIES 10

It was rather hard for us to accept defeat in the last game of the season, but it was nothing more than could be expected as the boys had not practiced for some time. It brought to the mind the old saying, "That we cannot expect to be a winner without work." In looking over the account of our basket ball schedule it is easily seen that we would have had a winning team if we could have been lucky enough to have an inside court all year. But as we did not we are very well pleased with the showing the boys made and think they did credit to our school.

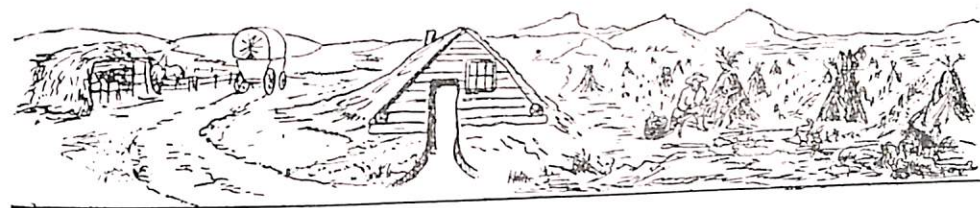
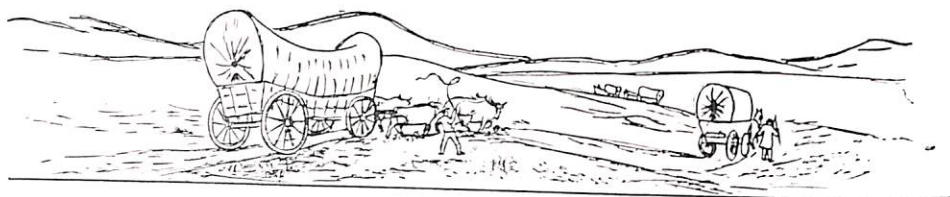


1915 BASE BALL TEAM

Base Ball Line Up 1915

Catcher—Stringer.
Pitchers—Bills, Wilcoxson, Donnelly.
First Base—Chapman, Stringer.
Second Base—Krisher, White.
Third Base—Donnelly, Shaw.
Short Stop—Wilcoxson, Bills.
Left Field—Shaw, Tillerson.
Center Field—Wilkins, Hay.
Right Field—T. Stringer, F. Park.
Coach—M. C. Courtney.



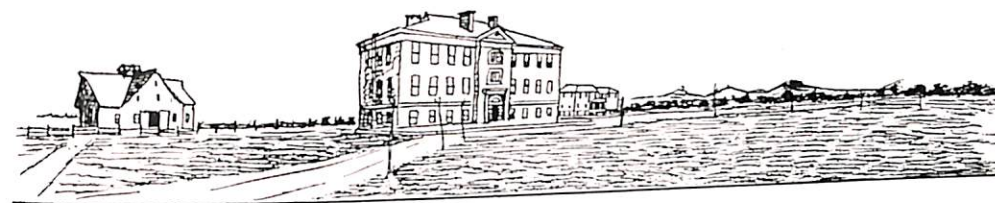
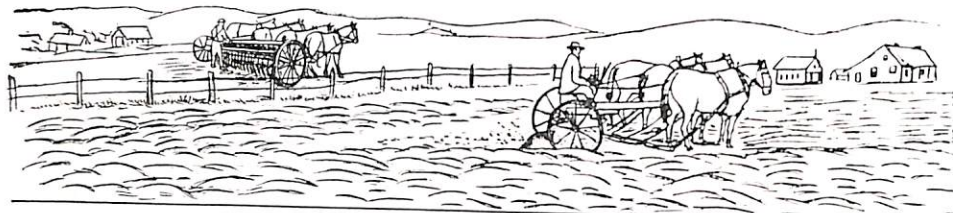


GIRLS' SQUAD IN OUTDOOR BASKET BALL.

A Student Election

	FIRST	SECOND
Most beautiful girl	Stella Hamilton	Altha Howard
Most popular teacher	Miss Frans	Mr. Courtney
Best athlete	Bruce Wilkins	Leo Bills
Most popular girl	Lulu Gray	Eva Wiedeman
Ugliest boy	James Hayth	Monte Morse
Most humorous student	Lewis White	Joe Tillerson
Most popular boy	Sherman Krisher	Ben Harrison
Most studious person	Cleamy Edger	William Beaver
Most bashful boy	Joe Folk	Russell Fields
Most timid girl	Mary Stafford	Clo Fullbright
Most popular couple	Eva and Merle	Lulu and Mercer
Best girl athlete	Vesta Woods	Lucile Aurell
Best campus couple	Manila and James	Tom and Annetta
Best all around students	Merl Stringer	
	Dorothy Hasenbeck	
Best staller	Ben Harrison	Harrison Ikard
Biggest flirt	Vennie Bailey	Vesta Woods
Boy with largest feet	Herbert Sullivan	Oral Tucker
Worst spendthrift	Herbert Sullivan	Frederick Chapman
Stingiest boy	Russell Fields	William Marsh
Best dressed boy	Lewis White	Frederick Chapman
Best entertainer	Lulu Gray	James Hayth
Laziest boy	Thos. Stringer	Monte Morse
Primpiest boy	Everett Shaw	Joe Tillerson





OUTING SCENES



FORT SILL



ROAD WORK



CLIMBING MEDICINE BLUFF



CAUGHT NAPPING



THE CAPTURE



TAKING LIFE EASY



DERAILED

Social Events

FLETCHER BOYS AND ANADARKO BOYS ENTERTAINED
The Fletcher Girls' Basket Ball, and Anadarko Foot Ball Teams were entertained at a luncheon on December 11, from 10 to 11:30 P. M.

The tables were heavily laden with fruits of various kinds. A three course luncheon was served to one hundred guests. During the evening many interesting talks were given by members of the teams.

FAREWELL RECEPTION FOR PRESIDENT SHORT AND WIFE

Just after President Short tendered his resignation as President of the Cameron College, the students and faculty gave a formal reception on November 21st, in honor of the departing President.

The reception was held in the assembly hall, which was beautifully decorated with the school colors. Music was furnished by the Cameron Glee Club. A beautiful watch fob, in token of love, was presented to the President by the faculty and members of the student body.

Punch and wafers were served during the evening.

HOBART FOOTBALL TEAM ENTERTAINED

On November 11, just after a football game between Cameron and Hobart the Cameron Boarding Club entertained the visiting team.

A six o'clock luncheon was served in the dining hall. After dinner the Delphic Oracle Literary Society rendered a very interesting program. The Hobart team was an overnight guest at the dormitory.

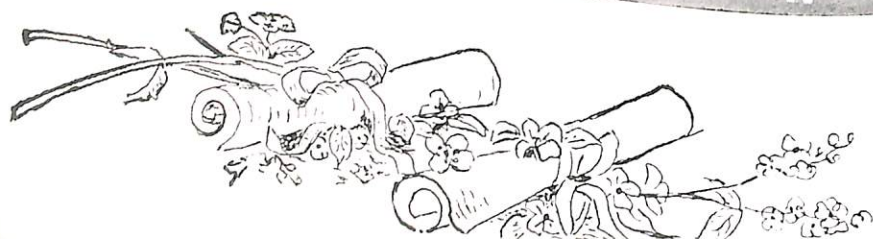
SENIOR CLASS ENTERTAINED

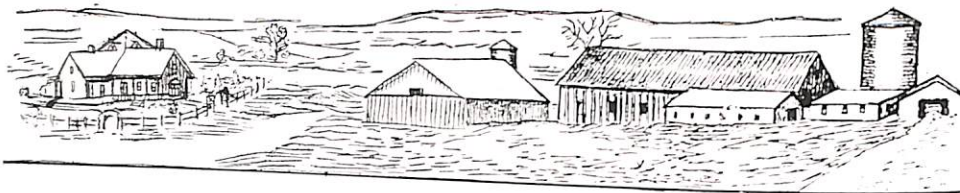
On November the 29th President and Mrs. Short gave an informal reception to the Senior Class, of which for the last two years they had served in the capacity of class parents. The evening was spent in heart talks in which was discussed the future of the school and the responsibility of a Senior Class.

Sandwiches, Olives, Cake and Cocoa were served. At a late hour the class departed, having spent a most delightful evening.

CHRISTMAS BANQUET

To our ever faithful stewardess and jolly good friend, M. D. Gibbins, we are indebted for the most enjoyable event of the season—a Christmas banquet. After much music and merry making the guests were invited to the dining hall which they found beautifully decorated, laden with Xmas eats. At a late hour the guests departed with light hearts and full stomachs.





LULU GRAY ENTERTAINS

On January 18th Lulu Gray entertained in honor of the Junior Class, from which she had just been promoted. The entertainment was given at the Gibbins home. The house was artistically decorated with the class colors and flowers.

The evening was spent in progressive games. William Beaver won first prize, and Miss Casey the booby as usual. At a late hour a three course luncheon was served.

ST. VALENTINE PARTY

Miss Mildred Cline invited the Senior Class to her home on St. Valentie's Eve. The game of the evening was progressive hearts. Charlie Gipson won first prize and Miss Frans took the booby in the absence of Miss Casey. At a late hour dainty refreshments were served. The guests departed after having voted Miss Cline a delightful entertainer.

SOIREE

To the student body and a few invited guests Prof. Williams introduced one of his piano students, Miss Jessie Morse, by whom we were delightfully entertained for forty-five minutes. After the music program dainty refreshments of tea and sandwiches were served.

SIX O'CLOCK LUNCHEON

The Sophomore Class entertained the faculty, Mr. and Mrs. Shepler and Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Landers with a six o'clock dinner on April 20th, in the Domestic Science Department. The dining room was artistically decorated with the class colors, ferns and cut flowers.

After dinner an interesting program was given by members of the class.

SOCIAL

Again the Sophomore Class steps forth into the social world and delightfully entertained the Seniors and faculty, April 24th. The social was given in the sewing room. The evening's diversion was guessing games. At a late hour delightful refreshments were served.

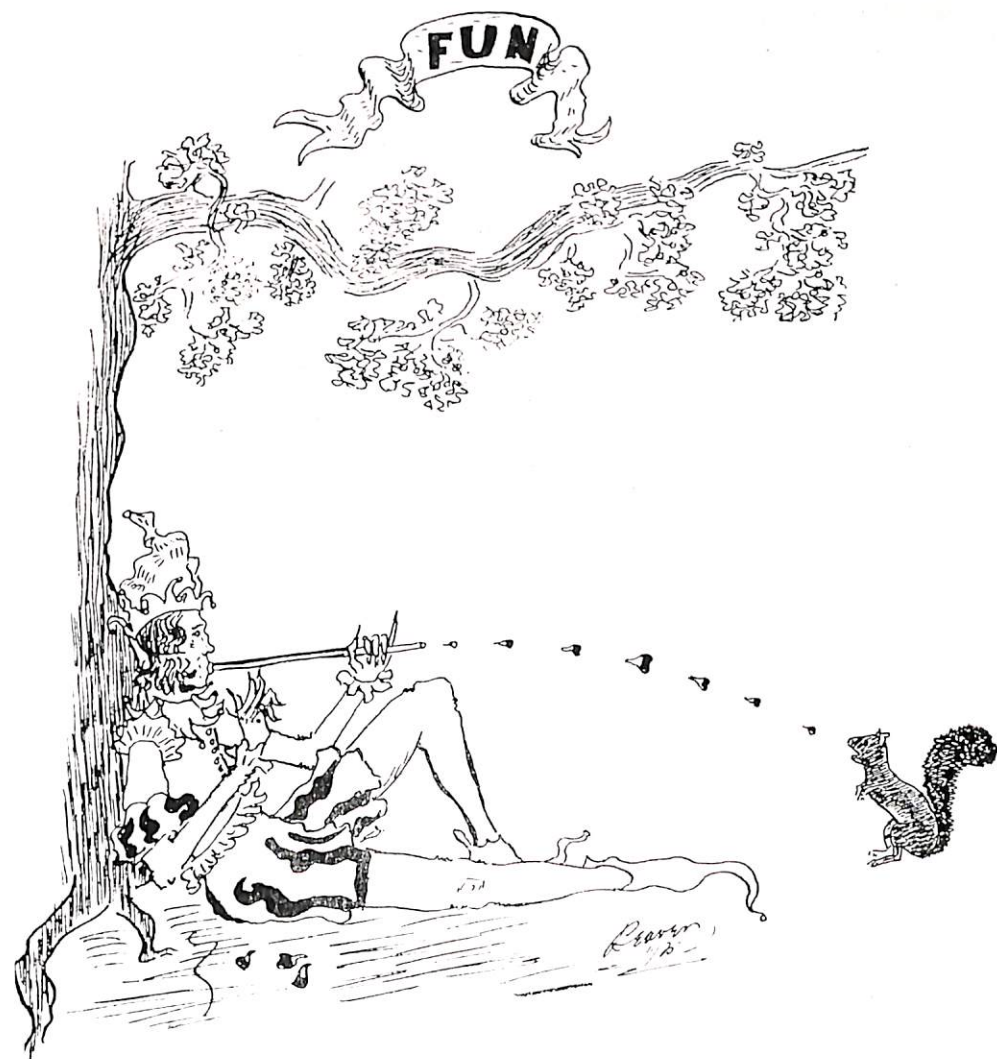
CLASS PARTY

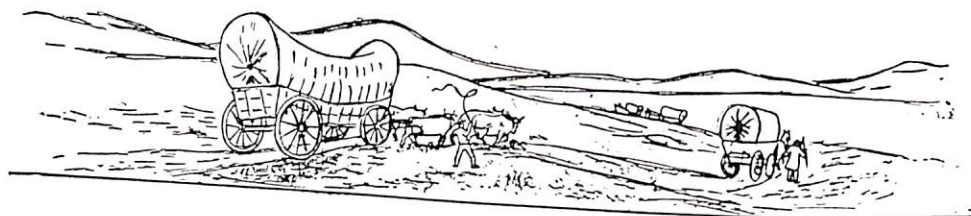
The Senior Class had showers of entertainments. On April 15th Miss Edith Nickell entertained the class in the dormitory rooms. The evening was spent in playing forty-two. Ice cream and cake were served.

SEQUOYAH

The D & O Club was delightfully entertained by the Sequoyahs on May the 1st. The entertainment was given at the home of Mildred Cline. After playing numerous games, and devouring the eats that had been prepared by the skillful Sequoyahs, the party was taken on a joy ride.







Where Eloquence Paid

(The morning after the disappearance of the Soph's ice cream.)
 (Freshman Committee before President Farley): "Oh, our most honorable and benevolent President, we come to thee with sorrow stricken countenance and fear ridden hearts, to throw ourselves upon your fatherly protection. In the quiet hours of the past night we, not thinking of any wrong-doing, being tempted by empty stomachs and a passionate desire to satisfy our ravenous appetites did appropriate a goodly store of ice cream. This morning it has been duly communicated to us that this cream that we so innocently took belonged to a certain Sophomore Class, that would fain have fed it to the hungry Seniors and Faculty. Now, Oh kind President, with their souls full of vengeance the wrathful Sophs are secretly plotting to dip us, like so many sitting hens, in a tank, which thou dost well know, standeth back of the creamery filled to its overflowing with buttermilk. It is not, Most Beloved President, that we mind being laplized in the opaque fluid, for well dost thy humble Freshmen proteges know that it would be good for our freckles, but rather that our pugnacious inclination will prompt us to do war upon our most highly esteemed upper class-men, and it is that they may not thus be permanently injured, that we come to thee pleading that our superior class-men will not be permitted to bring bodily harm upon themselves. Bear in mind it is for their sake, not ours, that we beseech thee in this matter.
 Our Most Gracious President, we do thank thee from the depths of our hearts for thy most timely interference.

It's funny, isn't it, but they all do it. This is only a few of the few million heard every day.

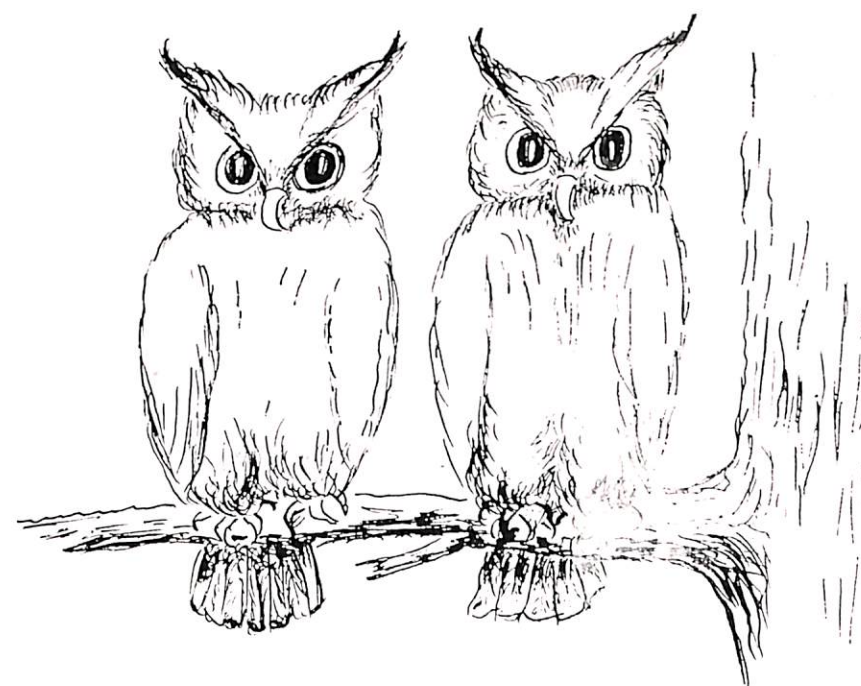
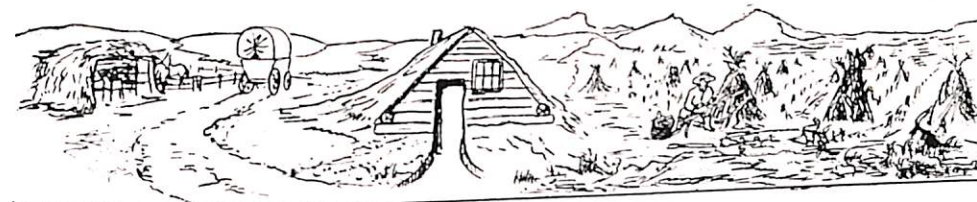
"What are you going to do with that dirty counterpane?"
 "Just send it to the laundry to keep this collar from getting dirty on the way in."

"Did I not see you put your arm around that girl?"
 "Had you noticed closely you would have seen me put my arm around her twice."

"Say but that sure is some belt Annetta Polk is wearing, isn't it?"
 "Where?"
 "Why, that one around her nose, you rummy!"

The Matron—"Everett, why don't you wash the cuffs of your shirts?"
 Everett—"What's the use, I'll just cut them off and save the trouble."
 Leo Bills—"Yes, I do the cuffs and tails of my shirts that way."

Editor-in-Chief—"Tcm, what are you going to do for the annual?"
 Tom S.—"I can't say."
 E-in-C.—"Going to write any poetry?"
 Tom S.—"Nope."
 E-in-C.—"Any stories?"
 Tom S.—"Nope."
 E-in-C.—"Well, what are you going to do?"
 Tom S.—"Well, I guess I will let them put my picture in it."



To Our Readers

Read the following pointed talks from our wide-awake business friends whom we recommend as being interested in better education of the farmer boys and girls and in economic agricultural advancement, in-as-much as they are loyal supporters of our school.

It is partly through their aid that this publication has been possible, and we hope that our patrons will find it convenient to become acquainted with them.



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Miss Casey—"Lulu, give me the law of cosines."
Lulu—"The square of the side opposite an obtuse angle," etc.
Miss Casey—"Lewis, can you tell me what that means?"
L. W.—"Yes'm. Three hours study tonight and all day tomorrow."

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Prof. Courtney—"Name three domestic animals."
The following was given by Leo Bills—"Abraham Lincoln, George Washington and Mr. Farley."

Alline O.—"Mercer, your face doesn't look like a submarine."
Mercer K.—"Why?"
Alline O.—"It don't look like it had ever been under water."

E. V. READ

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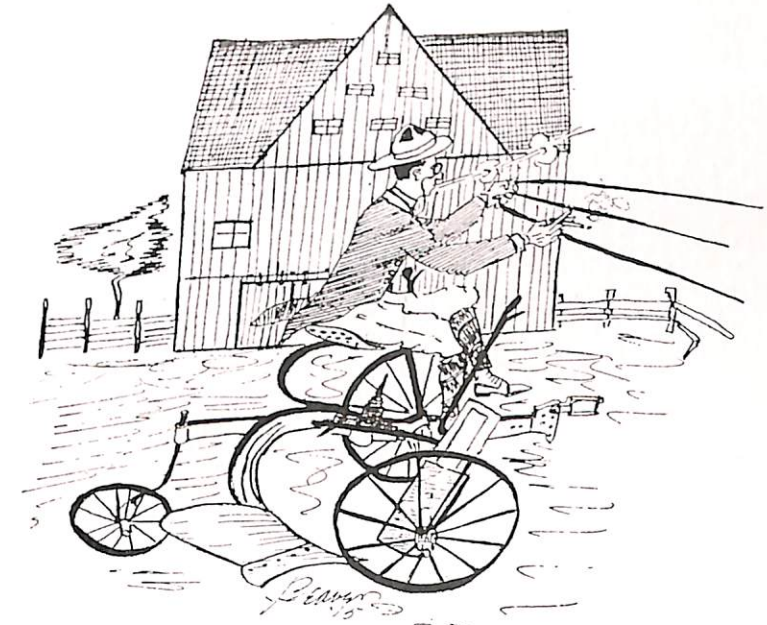
John Craig Johnstone Physician and Surgeon Over Jones Drug Store Office Phone 1003. Res. 1007	John W. Malcolm, M.D. Office Boone-Hamon Bldg. Phone 144 Lawton, Okla.
Leon L. Cole, M. D. <u>Oculist</u> Glasses Fitted. Chronic Diseases, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Koehler Bldg., Third Floor	321 1-2 D Ave. Dr. Jackson Broshears Surgeon Res. Phone 422 Office Phone 50

Office Phone 239
Residence Phone 656
DR. C. H. HAMMOND, Dentist
Office Suite 219-221 First National Bank Building
OFFICE HOURS 9 A. M. to 12 M.
1 to 5 P. M.
LAWTON, OKLA.

Civil and Criminal Practice S. Armstrong Lawyer Office Phone 122 Residence Phone 410 401½ D Avenue LAWTON, OKLA.	Notary Public Chas. Mitschrich Attorney at Law 414-415 KOEHLER BLDG. LAWTON, OKLA.
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John F. Thomas Attorney at Law 317½ D AVENUE PHONE 576	H. A. SMITH Lawyer CITY NATIONAL BANK BUILDING LAWTON, OKLAHOMA
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Miss Casey—"William, when one has an instinct is there a definite end in view?"
Wm. Marsh—"Yes'm, I think there is, for instance, when a dog goes to bed at night he goes around and around to make a smooth place on which to lie. And I believe although he can't think, he has a definite END in view."



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Ethel Plemons—"I wish the Lord had made me a man."
Reuben Hay—"Maybe He has, but you haven't found him yet."

Dorothy—"Say Bruce, did you hear about Monte Morse?"
Bruce—"No; what?"

Dorothy—"He ate some bird seed for breakfast by mistake and went to sleep in class with his head under his arm."

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United States Depository

CAPITAL STOCK
\$100,000.00

SURPLUS and PROFITS
\$20,000.00

Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent

Largest and strongest bank in southwestern Oklahoma. We respectfully solicit your banking business and are always ready to grant loans to responsible borrowers on proper security.

N. A. ROBERTSON, President.
W. H. QUINETTE, Vice President.

GUY C. ROBERTSON, Cashier.
SAM MADDUX, Ass't Cashier.
P. C. MONROE, Ass't. Cashier.

Instructor—"Russell, have you prepared your agriculture lesson?"
Russell—"No, sir."
Instructor—"Have you read your Types and Breeds?"
Russell—"No, sir."
Instructor—"Well, what have you read?"
Russell—"I have red hairs on my neck."



LAWTON'S ONLY EXCLUSIVE
SHOE DEALER

407 D Avenue

*We welcome the
Students and
Friends of
Cameron College*

And will try and merit your patronage. We have good merchandise, courteous clerks, and do business on merit alone.

**Jones Bros.
Druggists**

JOE WOLF

*The One Price
Clothier*

Will appreciate the
trade of Aggie School
Boys and the Profes-
sors as well.

Let's All Trade at
JOE WOLF'S

Acme Tailoring Company

Exclusive Agency

Ed V. Price & Co.

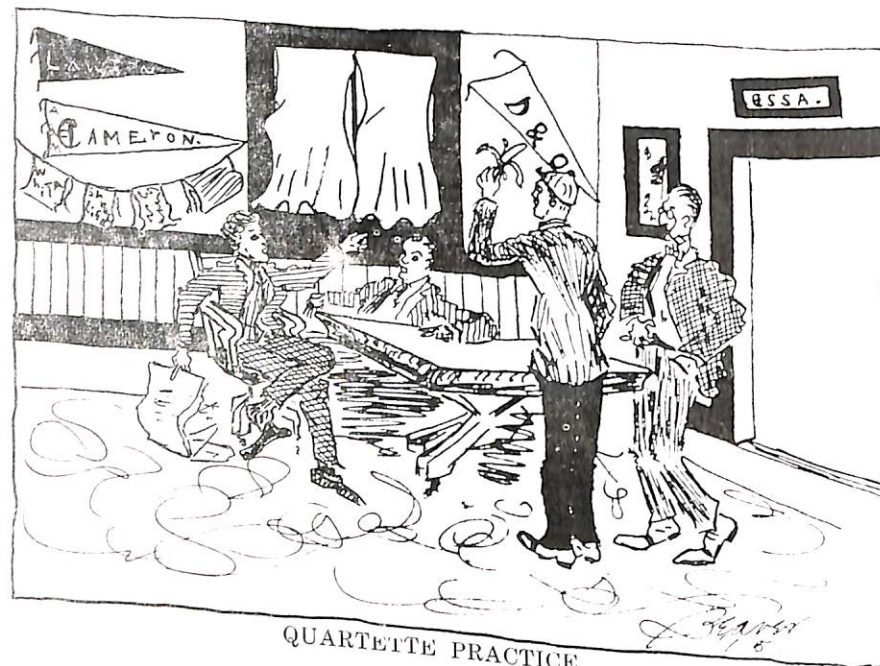
CUSTOM TAILORED CLOTHES
FOR YOUNG MEN

CLEANING, PRESSING AND RE-
PAIRING. EXPERT WORK-
MANSHIP

Bert Shanklin,
Prop.

Phone 570

Lawton, Okla.



QUARTETTE PRACTICE

A cat there was whose name was Tramp,
And he earned his name, no doubt,
For when the Dorm. he did explore,
He dragged a "can" about.

Exclusive Commencement Stationery—

*Invitations : Visiting Cards
Announcements : Programs*

Made in our own shops—Rich heavy stock, faultless engrav-
ing—the lowest prices.

Class Pins and Rings specially designed.

We give prompt attention to every request for samples.

JACCARD JEWELRY COMPANY
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

One day last September, Professor Williams, while strolling on the creek became exhausted, and was in vain hunting a good place to rest, but every time he sat down, he sat on a sand-bur. Just as he finally secured a comfortable resting place, a horned toad ran by. "Gad!" he exclaimed, jumping up, "even the toad-frogs have thorns on them out here."

KUM har, ay tank ay
skall figra on jur job,
youst so good.
Some below cost.

The While You Wait

**Shoe
Repairing**

*We make a specialty of
Parcel Post
Work*

Give Us a Trial

F. M. BATES
Proprietor

310 4th St. Phone 843

**Hollem & Truitt
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a Customer of

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Lawton :: Oklahoma

Four Chairs
First Class Workmen

Hot and Cold Baths
Laundry Agency

Oklahoma Barber Shop

MURPHY & WALKER
Proprietors

306 D Avenue

COURTEOUS TREATMENT to ALL

Lawton, Oklahoma



Ben—"They say that after marriage husband and wife grow to look like each other."
Altha—"Then consider my refusal final."

Photographs made at the Bates Studio

show quality, and quality regulates price. We do not make photos for nothing, but we do promise you your money's worth. We do our best to please our customers and usually succeed.

We solicit a share of your trade and we will let you be both judge and jury, and feel assured that your verdict will be in our favor.

We are prepared to do all regular photographic work, copying, enlarging, all kinds of studio and outdoor work, and can take care of larger groups than any other studio in the city, having the largest skylight and operating room. Best of amateur finishing and prompt attention.

Studio 425 D avenue. Phone No. 259
LAWTON, OKLAHOMA.

Prof. Mock—"Chub, have you ever seen bananas growing?"
Chub—"No, sir. I never had time to watch them."



That's what you get when you make
this your headquarters for
WALL PAPER, PAINTS, GLASS
and FINISHES of all kinds.

L. J. Lathram
Third Street
Phone 39.
First National Bank Bldg.

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I carry a full line of
standard Tennis Rac-
quets, Nets, Shoes and
1915 Tennis Balls.

Base Balls, Bats, Gloves
and Base Ball Shoes. I
will make special prices
to ball teams.

Anything in the Basket
Ball and Foot Ball
lines.

Mail me your wants and
I will send them by re-
turn mail with postage
paid.

F. Schwarte, Jr.
Phone 900
305 D Ave.

Dead Broke

Dead-broke,
My pockets spoke;
My tongue re-utters the phrase.
Before my eyes
Dark visions rise
Of long and gloomy days.

With every cent
Full gone and spent,
This life holds naught for me.
Quick I decide;
'Tis suicide,
From this drear world I'll flee.

Up in the skies,
In Paradise
Let us hope there'll be no gold,
For me to "blow"
On picture-show
And maidens gay and bold.

My face I frown
On eyes of brown,
That now hold no charms for me;
My wrath descend,
In twain I'll rend
These maidens' pictures three.

Oh, eyes of blue,
A curse on you
For the ways that you have led me;
My "coin" has bought
Whate'er you sought,
As on to my end you sped me.

And grey eyes bright
By you a blight
Was cast on my youthful years;
Yet well I know
That when I go
You'll shed no sorrowing tears.

But why should I
So mope and sigh
When I might as well be singing?
And why should I
Take "dope" and die
When death would not joy be bringing?

Yes, wherefore tear
These maidens fair,
This triad sweet and smiling;
When memory
Would solace me
With their faces so beguiling?

Dead-broke I'll stay
For then I may
A poor man's life enjoy;
With pockets out
I'll go about
No more a butt for glances coy.
BEAVER '15.

Your Collars and Cuffs

You'll like to wear the collars and cuffs we launder. They look nice, fit properly and feel comfortable.

They are given a pure white color are starched to just the degree of stiffness that makes them hold their shape, yet be pliable, and are ironed with a beautiful domestic finish and shaped just as they were intended to be by their makers.

Collars laundered here all have the smooth, velvet like edges that make them so comfortable.

Lawton Steam Laundry

TELEPHONE 82

509 FIFTH STREET

Friend—"Well, Mr. Williams, how do you like your position at the Agricultural School?"
Prof. Williams—"Just fine—do you know I watched them ginning wheat the other day and I think it such an interesting process."

Kodaks

See us for Kodaks and Supplies.
See us for Professional Photography Supplies.

Kodak Finishing done very reasonable and with care.

See us for Conklin's Self Filling Fountain Pen, the Famous Hinged Auto Glasses, Field Glasses, Kodak Albums and Picture Frames.

A. J. BICE

Lawton Photo Supply House

Phone 609
315 Third St.
South of First National Bank.

Sutherland's Drug Store

328 D

DO YOU
TRADE THERE?

IF NOT
WHY NOT?

FOLLOW THE CROWD
AND COME IN
TO SEE US.

Our Phones are 37 & 38

Lawton's First Bank

AN INVITATION

With ample capital, accurate accounting, excellent modern equipment and a genuine desire to render helpful financial service, we are in position to give business men and individuals the best there is in Banking. Your interest will grow if you have a financial headquarters, and we cordially invite you to feel at home here, using our facilities to the fullest possible extent.

The City National Bank

CORNER FOURTH and "D" AVENUE



Metropolitan Theatre

The Show that Shows Lawton Show Goers and its visitors what a Show should Show

W. C. WOOD,

Manager

Southwest Oklahoma's Largest Department Store

From the viewpoint of real value, large collections, and efficient service, this store offers the greatest opportunities in this section.

We urge careful comparisons as to price and quality in every line.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments
Silks and Woolen Materials of quality.
Imported and Domestic Piece Goods.
Staple and Novelty Notions and Sundries.
Hosiery and Underwear for the entire family.
E-W Shirts and Furnishings for men and boys.
Ladies' Home Journal Patterns, new each month.
G-D Justrite and Gossard Corsets—Millinery.

We give S-H Green
Trading Stamps
with every purchase.

M. Koehler Co.
LAWTON, OKLAHOMA

Phone service with
every department.

JUSTICE

St. Peter—"So you want to get in here?"
Stude—"I sure do."
St. Peter—"Always go the straight and narrow path?"
Stude—"I sure did."
St. Peter—"Always go to church?"
Stude—"Surest thing you know."
St. Peter—"Did you buy your college annual?"
Stude—"No, but there was a guy in the house and I read his."

Oklahoma Refining Company

Petroleum
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its
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DIAMOND BRAND
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Regular Meals 25c.
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Education Removes the Fetters From
Your Future Possibilities.
Ignorance is a Ball and Chain to Your
Feet for Life.

Education is the Harmonious Develop-
ment of All Human Power.
So to be Educated, None Must be Neg-
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Cheapest School in Southwest

BOARD \$10.00. FREE LIGHT, FREE HEAT, ROOM RENT \$1.00
TOTAL \$11.00 PER MONTH PER STUDENT

Don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today. Write, telephone or talk
to us about the welfare of your children.

Telephone 270. Write to A. C. Farley, President.

Free information on Agriculture, Domestic Science, English and Math-
ematics; Manual Training and Creamery Work.



THE HARMONY OF RURAL LIFE

Mike B.—“Why Julia, what is the matter with John Folk? I thought he was a
model young man.”
Julia—“That's it, brother, he's a 1912 model.”



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represents your Insti-
tution to the outside
world—you cannot afford
to spoil it with poorly engraved
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cation represent us to
You and the outside world—
We can't afford to make
a poor Engraving

WRITE
FOR
SAMPLES
AND PRICES

**STANDARD
ENGRAVING
COMPANY**
OKLAHOMA.

OKLAHOMA CITY,

Gray—“Shaw, have you read ‘Freckles?’”
Shaw—“No, mine are a delicate brown.”

Soph—“You can't keep a good man down.”
Freshie—“Is that why the whale threw up Jonah?”
Soph—“No, he threw him up because he wasn't ready to digest yet.”
Freshie—“Die jest yet—Oh I see.”

SEE BOGGS

He's got them all beat
for Quality, Style and
Workmanship in men's
suits, ready to wear or
tailored to measure.

**BOGGS, the Tailor
Clothier and Hatter**
310 & 312 Fourth St.
Phone 79

E. W. Moll, President and Manager
N. T. Moll, Secretary and Treasurer

Lawton Ice & Fuel Company

Incorporated August 1901

**Wholesale and Retail
Mill Products**

Coal, Wood, Posts, Grain, Feed, and
Broom Corn Brokers

Our Specialty—
The famous Alderson
McAlester Fancy Lump Coal

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NOT ONLY OFFERS A VERY COMPLETE COURSE IN BUTTER MAK-
ING, CREAM TESTING, AND CREAMERY MECHANICS, BUT FURN-
ISHES THE MOST UP-TO-DATE HOMES OF THE STATE WITH EX-
CELLENT CREAMERY BUTTER. WHEN VISITING THE SCHOOL
YOU MUST NOT FAIL TO SEE US.

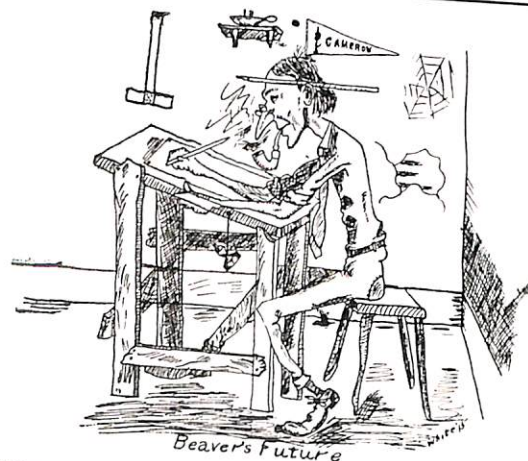
O. C. Whipple, Mgr.

Telephone
270 R

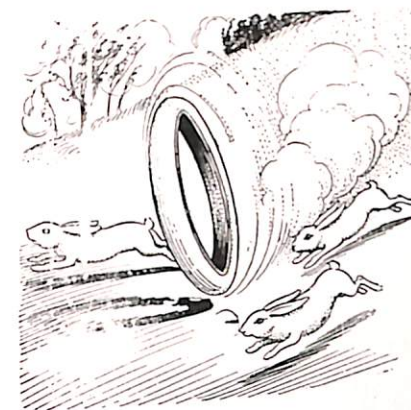
The Blazier Ice Cream Plant For Wholesome Ice Cream

J. A. Johnson, Owner

Telephone 72 529 C Ave.



Prof. Mock—"White, what is a watt?"
White—"A what?"
Prof. Mock—"I said what is a watt not a what."
White—"Oh, a watt. I didn't know my lesson so I don't know what a watt is."



**Do Your Tires
Run Away with
All Your
Available Cash?**

We can put a stop to THAT at once. Bring your car to us and have it
equipped with Firestone Tires, or let us repair it.

Snowhill Garage

PHONE 951

CORNER FIFTH AND E

"I hear that it is customary to take at least 180 hours of Campus with the course
here. Do you live up to it?"
James—"Well I should hope so—I am like the fellow who was taking beer for his
health."
How's that?"
James—"About three months ahead of time with my course."

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You**

Our motto is to please. We car-
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Harvesting Machinery, Kero-
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Farm Tools and Shelf Hard-
ware.

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THE END.

