

1-1-1913

Oshihiyi

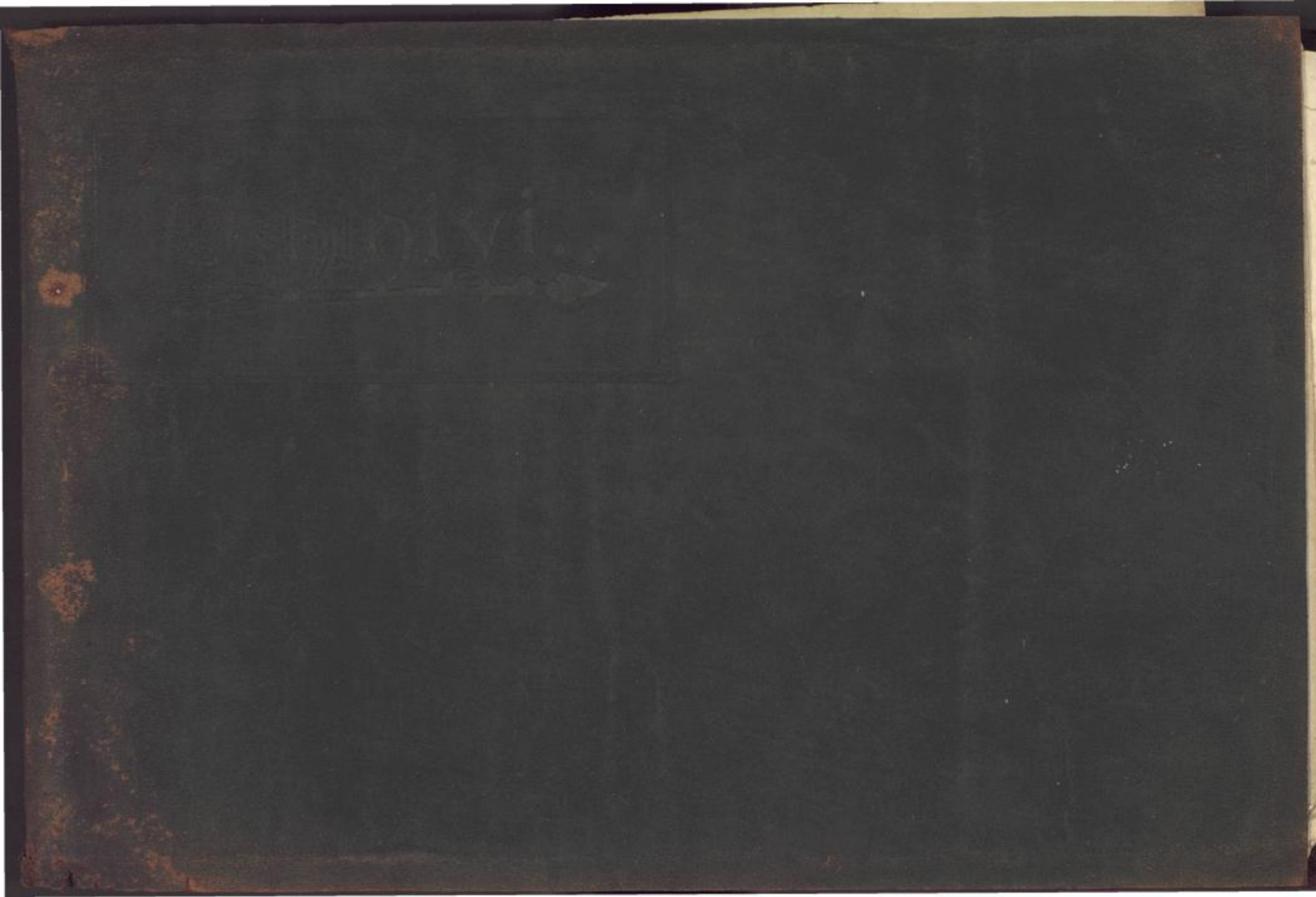
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Being the Year Book of John B. Stetson University,
Published by
The Senior Class of the College of Liberal Arts

DE LAND, FLORIDA :: :: MCMXI

THE
CRACKER








The Cracker

*Published jointly by the Senior
College and Law Classes of
John B. Stetson University
during the final term's work of
Nineteen Hundred and Ten.*



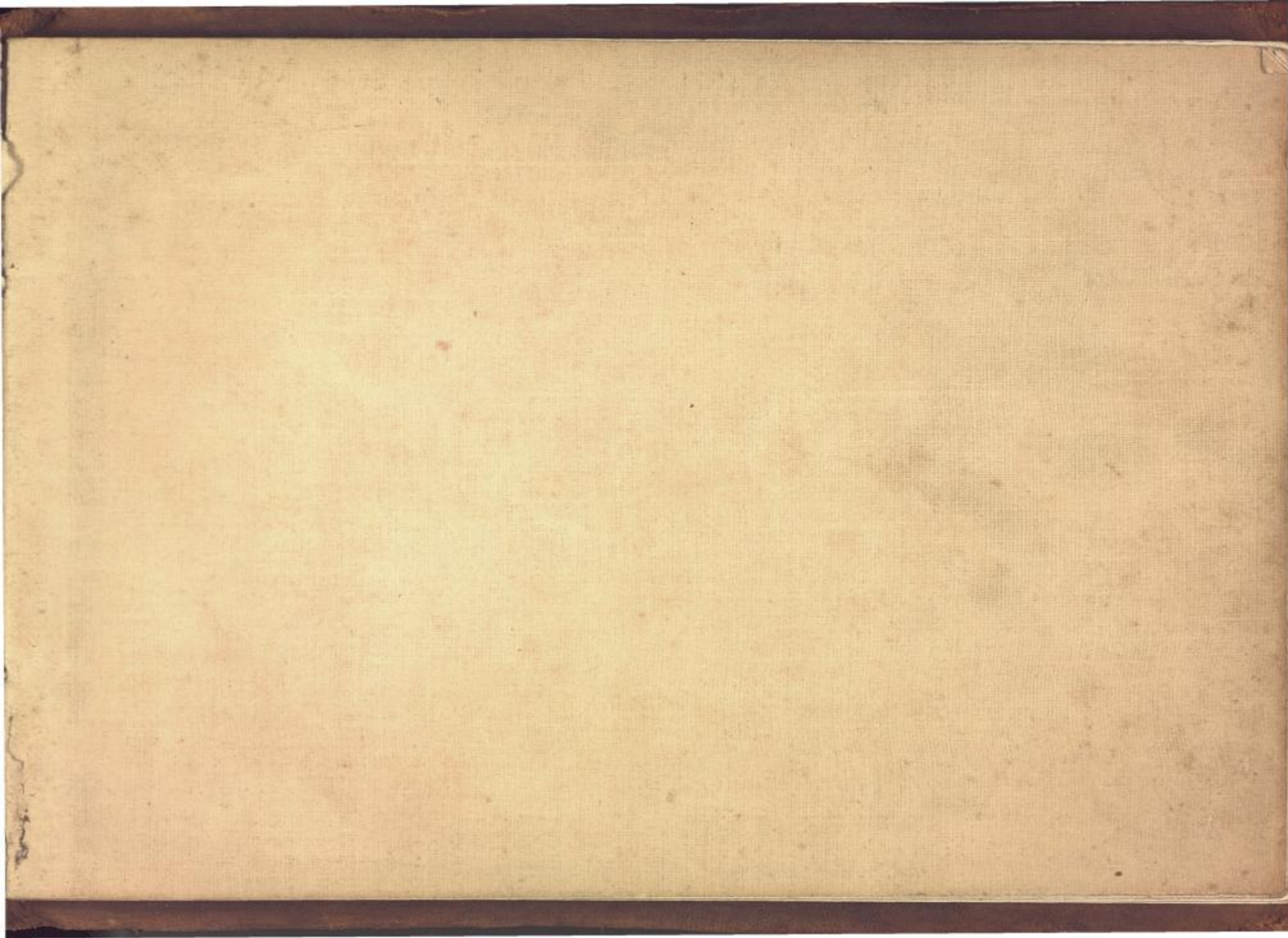
Dedicated

TO THE STETSON STUDENTS
WHOSE PRESENCE HAS
AIDED US--IN FACT MADE
THIS ANNUAL A REALITY.

OSHIHIYI

1913





Oshihiyi

Fifth Annual Year Book of Stetson University

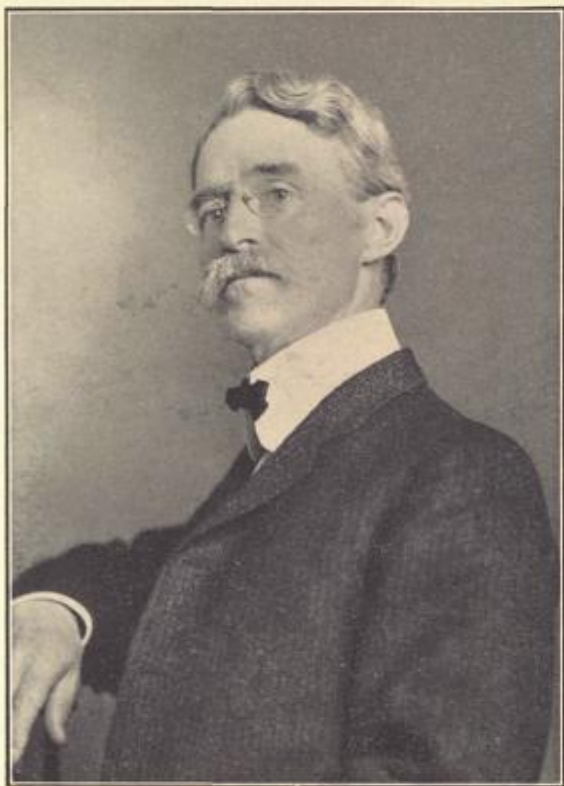
Published by

The Senior Class of the College of Liberal Arts

DeLand = = = Florida

MCMXIII





*He loved chivalry,
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy.*

FOUR

WE, THE CLASS OF 1913,
LOVINGLY DEDICATE THIS, OUR LAST WORK AT STETSON,
TO
DR. FARRISS

Annual Board

EDITOR.....D. GORDON HAYNES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....NINA PHILLIPS
ARTIST.....J. ALMON ROSENBERG
BUSINESS MANAGER.....HARRY C. GARWOOD

Board of Directors

LEE CRAIG BOWERS, ROBERT R. MILAM,
NANNIE FAYE CRIBBET, FRANK WIDEMAN.

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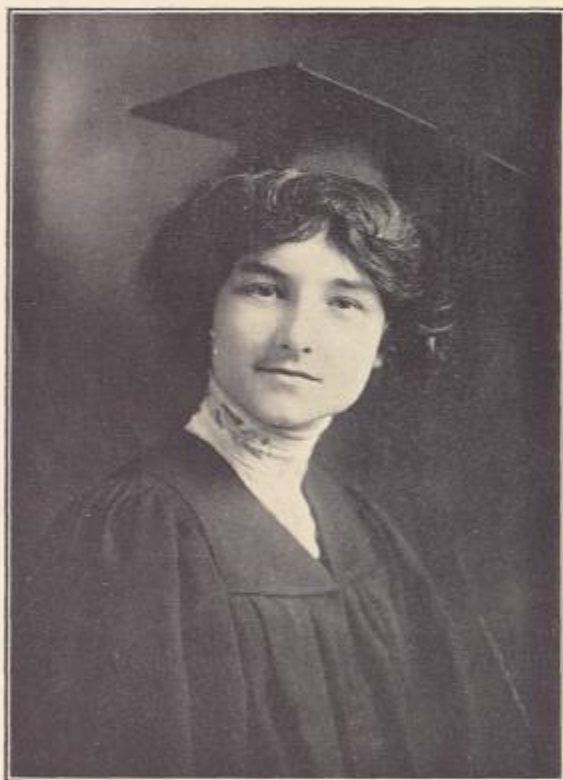


SENIORS-

*But natheless, whiles I have tyme and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to resoun,*

*To telle yew al the condicioun
Of each of hem, so as it semede me,
And which they weren, and of what degre;*

And eke in what array that they were inne.

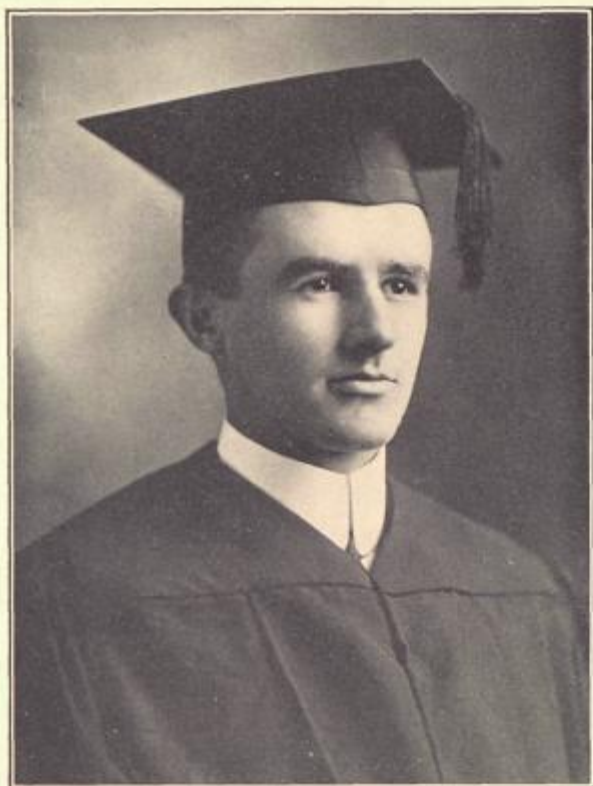


INEZ BARRON
CANDIDATE FOR MASTER OF ARTS

*O bon Dieu! les langues des
hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

I
NDISPENSABLE
NFANTILE.
RRATIONAL.
NFINITESIMAL.
MPUDENT.
MPISH.

B^{AD.}



FRANK AUGUSTUS SMITH, PH.B.
FOUR YEARS AT STETSON, Σ N
CLASS PRESIDENT

*"A better felawe schulde men noght find,
With ful glad herte, and prayden him also
That he wolde ben oure governour."*

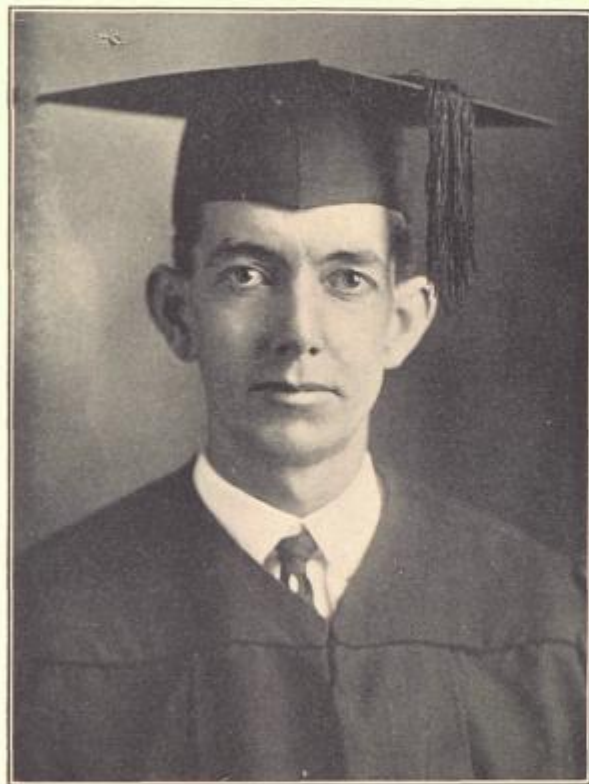
F RANK
A THLETIC
S ET



EDITH CAMPBELL, PH.B.
THREE YEARS AT STETSON, A K Ψ
CLASS VICE-PRESIDENT

*"And peynede hire to countrefete cheere
Of court, and ben estatlich of manere."*

E_XUBERANT
C_ONGENIAL



PERRY ANDERSON ROBERTS, A. B.

SEVEN YEARS AT STETSON

*"But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
That Christes gospel trewly wolde preche,
To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse,
By good ensample, was his busynesse."*

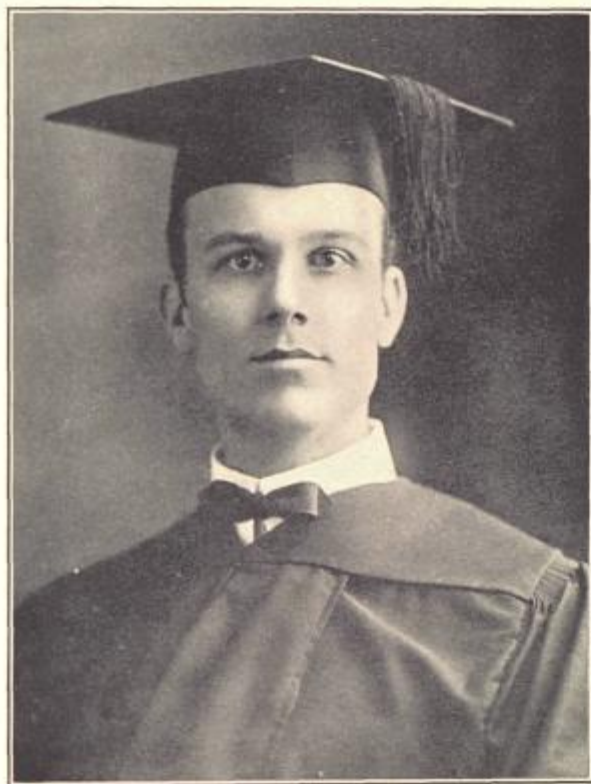
PUNCTILIOUS
ANTIQUATED
RELIGIOUS



LEE CRAIG BOWERS, A.B.
FOUR YEARS AT STETSON, P B Φ

*"And sikerly sche was of gret disport,
And ful plesent, and amyable of port."*

LIVELY
COMMANDING
BASKET-BALLIST



GUSS WILDER, A.B.

ONE AND ONE-THIRD YEARS AT STETSON

*"A Sergeant of Lawe, war and wys,
Ther was also riche of excellence;
Discret he was, and of great reverence."*

G_{RIND}
W_{ISE}



NINA PHILLIPS, A.B.
SIX YEARS AT STETSON, P B Φ
CLASS REPORTER

*"That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy,
Hire gretteste ooth ne was but by seynt Loy."*

NATURAL
PLEASANT



JOHN ALMON ROSENBERG, A.B.
FOUR YEARS AT STETSON, Σ N
CLASS TREASURER

*"Eke therto he was right a mery man,
And evere honoured for his worthinesse."*

JERKY
ARTISTIC
RESOURCEFUL



HARRIET SPRATT HULLEY, PH.B.
NINE YEARS AT STETSON, P B Φ
CLASS SECRETARY

*"I not whether sche be woman or godesse,
But Venus is it, sothly as I gesse."*

HONEST
STUBBORN
HARMLESS



FRANK WIDEMAN, A.B.
EIGHT YEARS AT STETSON, Σ N

*"Ful longe wern his legges, and ful lene,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But lokede holwe, and therto soberly."*

F ORENSIC
W ANDERING

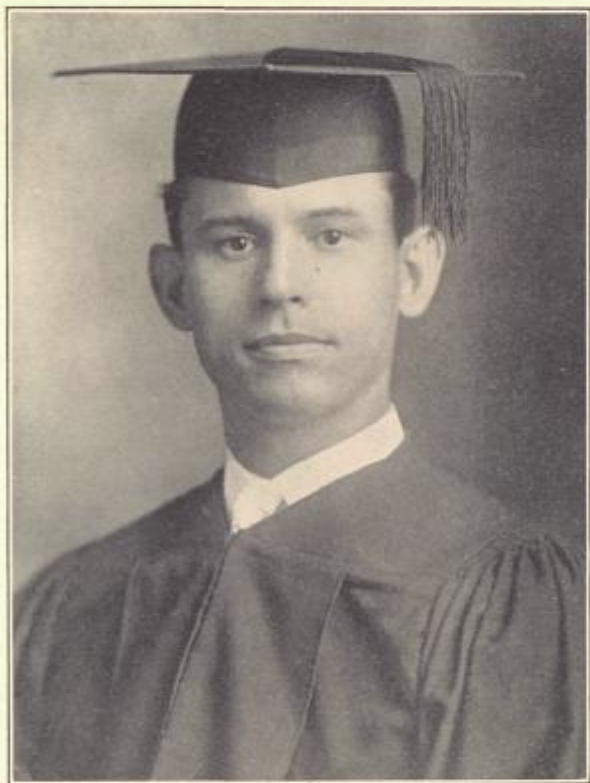


MARGARET NARCISSA COLEMAN, PH.B.

EIGHT YEARS AT STETSON

*"Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe,
And al was conscience and tendre herte."*

METHODICAL
NICE
COMPLACENT



HARRY CRAWFORD GARWOOD, A.B.
SEVEN YEARS AT STETSON, Φ K Δ

*"Wel couthe he synge and pleyen on a rote,
Of yeddynges he bar utterly the prys."*

HARMONIOUS
CAUTIOUS
GENUINE

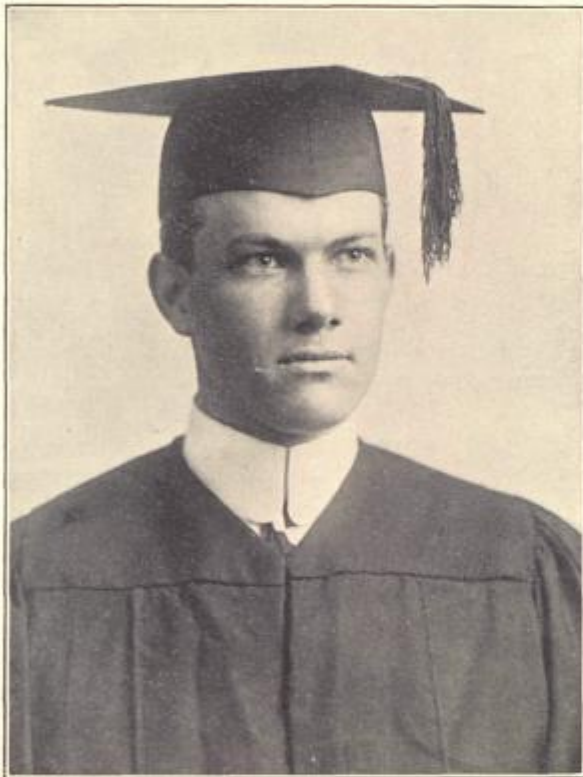


MARY GEORGIA BRADLEY, PH.B.

SEVEN YEARS AT STETSON

*"For sche was lever have at hire beddes heede
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Then robes riche, or fithel, or gay sættrie."*

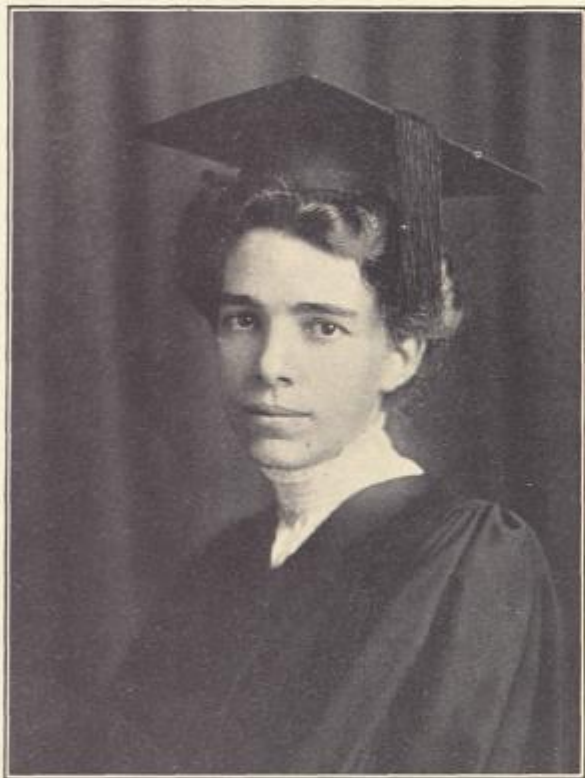
M ODEST
G ENTLE
B ASHFUL



WALTER WINES LIDDELL, PH.B.
FOUR YEARS AT STETSON, Σ N

*"A lovyre, and a lusty bachelor,
With lokkes crulle as they were leyde in presse;
Ful lozede he sang, Com hider, love, to me."*

W O O I N G
W I N N I N G
L A U G H I N G

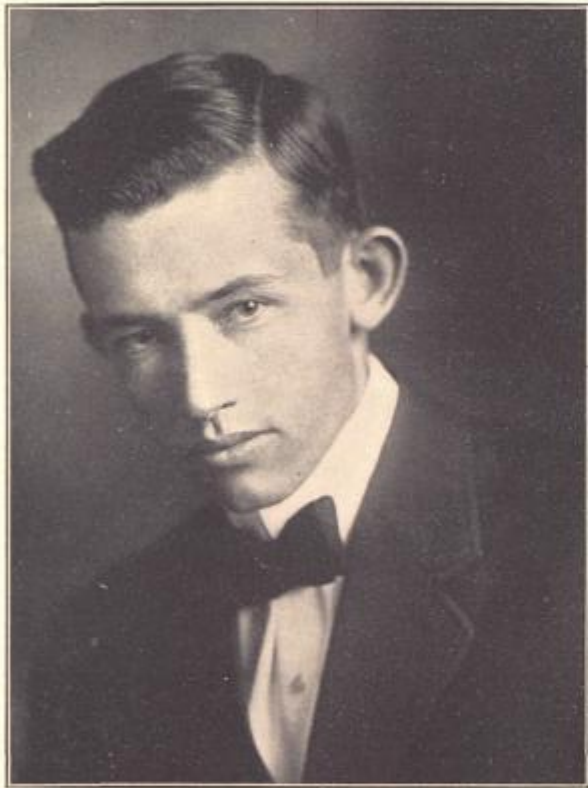


JANETTE ROSEBOROUGH, A.B.

SEVEN YEARS AT STETSON

"Of studie took sche most cure and most heede."

J
UST
R
ELIABLE

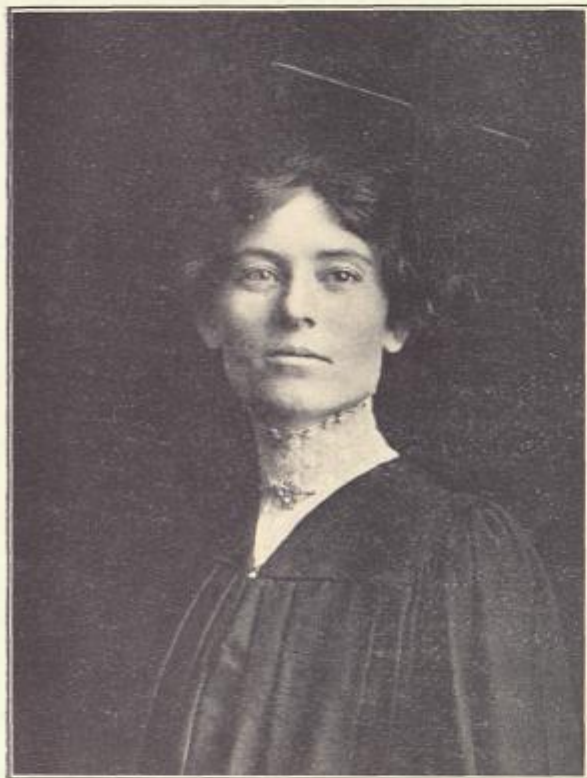


ROBERT RICHERRSON MILAM, B.S.

FOUR YEARS AT STETSON, ΣN

*"Nowher so besy a man as he ther nas,
And yit he seemede besier than he was."*

RARE
RATIONAL
MATHEMATICAL

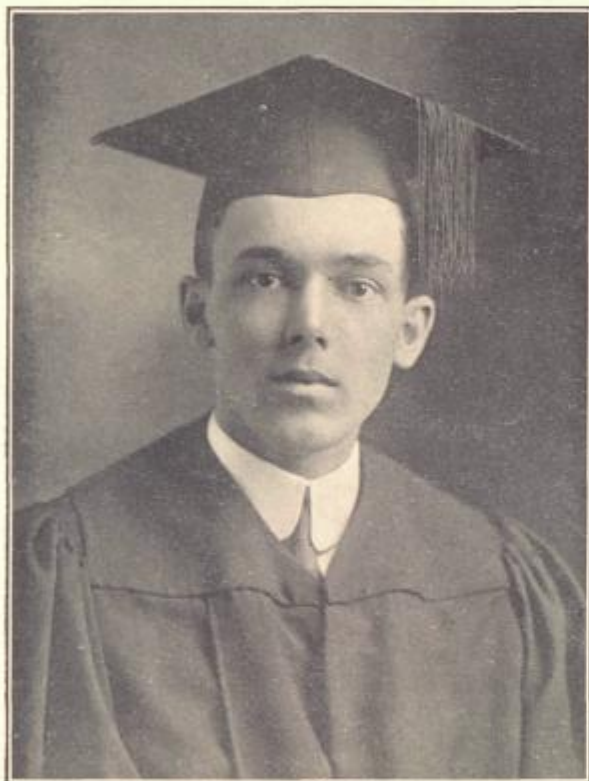


NANNIE FAYE CRIBBET, PH.B.

FOUR YEARS AT STETSON, P B Φ

"Was verrailly felicite perfyt."

NIMBLE
FAITHFUL
CHATTERING



DUKE GORDON HAYNES, A.B.
TEN AND ONE-HALF YEARS AT STETSON, ΦΚΔ

"Wel cowde he rede a lessoun or a story."

DRAMATIC
GALLANT
HAPPY

*"Now have I told you shortly in a clause
Thestat, tharroy, the nombre, and eke the cause
Why that assembled was this companye."*

L'Envoi

Bright was our sky in the dawn of the morning,
 Earth was all glorious with dewdrops impearled;
 Aurora's rose blushes were heaped on us, storming
 The gates of the Temple of Learning untold.

Fair was the pathway our conscious feet traversed,
 Leading to regions oft traveled before;
 Eager our spirits to catch every sunburst
 Of glory and beauty the way had in store.

Joy in the full cup, joy in the striving,
 Joy in the eyes of our comrades beamed gay;
 Light-hearted singing ones tempered the riving
 Of hearts that were burdened at times on the way.

Now, at the end of our journey, our swan song
 Shall not turn to dirge or a mourner's refrain;
 It shall suit to the music we heard when the gong
 Struck, sending us forth to the struggle again.

So bidding farewell to our classmates and school-
 mates,
 Our teachers and patrons and friends, one and all,
 We turn toward the sunset, once toward the flood
 gates
 Of morning, when labor and duty shall call.

1913 Class Song

By HARRY C. GARWOOD

Tune—Boola

Come, Father Time, room here for you,
Sing boola, boola, boola, boola, boo.
Around him, Seniors, two by two,
Sing boola, boola, boola, boola, boo.
We toiled and slaved, Old Time, and won,
Our tasks here now are done;
We'll laugh and sing a whole day through,
Sing boola, boola, boola, boola, boo.

*Chorus—*J B S U, J B S U, J B S U, J B S U,
J B S U, J B S U,
S T E T S O N

Sing for the Past and Present, too,
Sing boola, boola, boola, boola, boo.
Sing for the good we've found, and true,
Sing boola, boola, boola, boola, boo.

Loyal to all that's right we stand,
With courage, hand in hand;
And now we sing for friendships, too,
Sing boola, boola, boola, boola, boo.

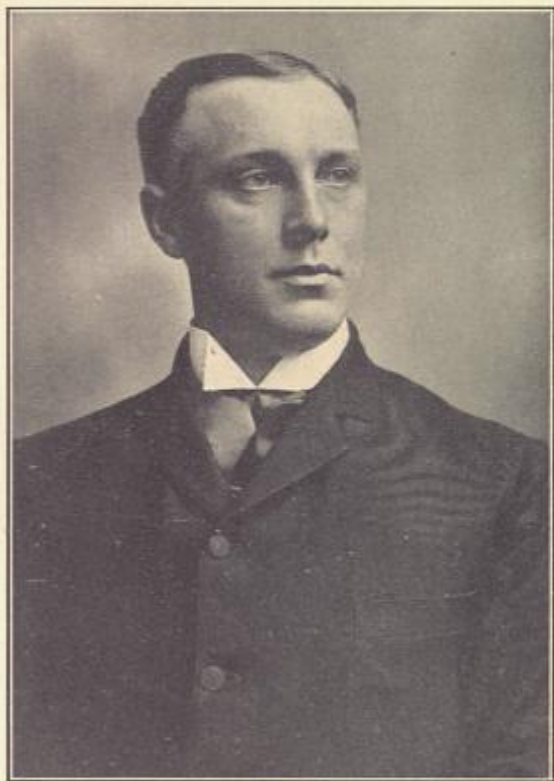
Chorus—

Sing for the coming Future, too,
Sing boola, boola, boola, boola, boo.
For Time has work for us to do,
Sing boola, boola, boola, boola, boo.
He's lingered here now quite a while
And listened with a smile;
Come now, we'll follow, bravely too,
Sing boola, boola, boola, boola, boo.

Chorus—



FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE;
FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF STETSON MEN.



THE MAN WHO PUT THE "STORY" IN HISTORY.

Jolly JUNIOR



Rosenberg
1912





Junior Class

CLASS COLORS—LIGHT BLUE AND BLACK

CLASS FLOWER—BLUE HYDRANGEA

Motto—Non Perfectum sed Coeptum

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT ----- FRANK HAMMOND
 VICE-PRESIDENT ----- NELL KEOWN
 SECRETARY ----- MARIE RUSSELL STEPHENS
 TREASURER ----- DELBERT GILPATRICK
 REPORTER ----- LILLIAN ELDREDGE
 MASCOT ----- RICHARD STOVER

CLASS ROLL

Fairfax Haskins	Edward J. Smith, Jr.
Frank Hammond	Delbert Gilpatrick
Sarah Van Hoosen Jones	Lillian Eldredge
Helen Taylor	Rudolph Roseborough
Basil Brass	June Loel Adams
Alfred Phillips	Franklin Goodchild
Nell Keown	Ella May Davis
Hugo Braunlich	Marie Russell Stephens
Katharine Harkness	Elsie Hamm
Marie Dye	Eleanor Bly
Edwin Phillips	Carl Farriss
Addie Grace Waterman	Elsie Padgett







Sophomores

CLASS COLORS—BROWN AND PINK

CLASS FLOWER—PINK CARNATION

Class Motto—Semper ad Summam

PRESIDENT.....RAY M. GRIFFIN

VICE-PRESIDENT.....ELIZABETH LEWIS

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.....BRYAN JENNINGS

REPORTER.....CONSTANCE WATERMAN

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.....M. S. BRECKINRIDGE

Priscilla Bishop

Robert Bly

Mary Chapell

Tillie Chapman

Finson Childers

Lacy Mahon

Ruskin Roseborough

Paul Selden

Gladys Sidway

Emma Williams







Naomi Carr
 Eva Klicker
 Vivian Selter
 Churchill Gore
 Elwyn Thomas
 Mabel Eldredge
 Margaret Mitchell
 Ben M. Goldsmith
 James B. Schulken, Jr.
 Hamden H. Baskins
 Mary Frances Ross
 Mary Louise Park
 Pete McDermond
 Mary A. Whittle
 J. Willis Junkin
 Irene Randall
 Olive Hinsky
 Nellie King

Class 1916

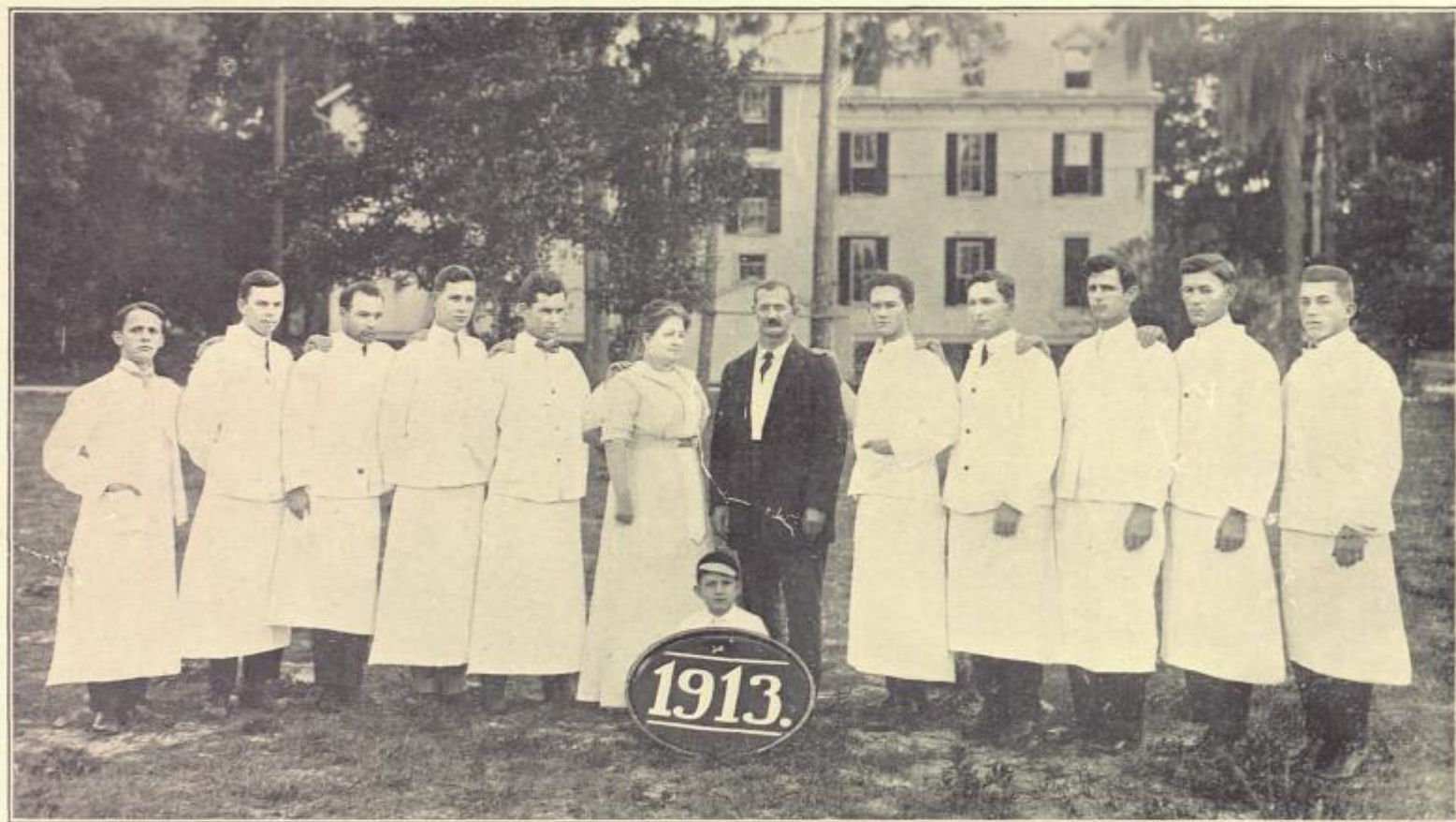
Motto—Venimus, Vidimus, Vicimus

PRESIDENT-----CHAS. N. WALKER
 VICE-PRESIDENT----- WINFRED LIDDELL
 TREASURER-----D. F. MILAM
 SECRETARY----- JUNE ELLIOTT
 CLASS REPORTER-----S. T. WALLBANK

CLASS COLORS—SCARLET AND BLACK

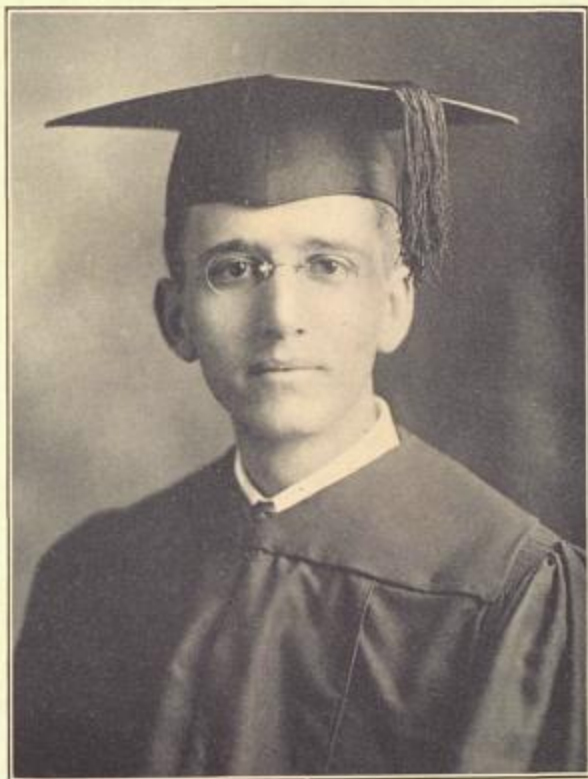
Ruth Allen
 Edna Lewis
 Mildred Vorce
 Paul Northrop
 Myrtle Conrad
 Bertha Packard
 Neil S. Jackson
 J. Lunsford Boone
 Mary E. Roseborough
 M. Harding Williams
 A. M. R. Lawrence
 Marguerite Blocker
 Frank E. Sheddan
 R. J. Longstreet
 Fred W. Fisher
 Marian Wright
 Louise Hulley
 Dora Pelot





ΟΙ ΧΟΕΦΟΡΟΙ





HUGH GILBERT JONES, LL.B.

ARCADIA, FLORIDA

Phi Kappa Delta Fraternity

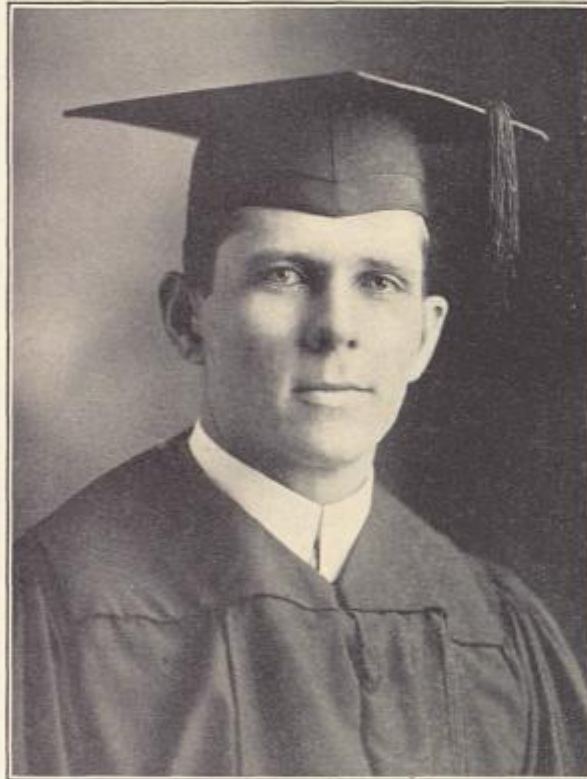
Mr. Hugh Gilbert Jones is a Florida cracker, with a big heart and a broad mind, who is possessor of all the characteristics of a high-toned, educated Christian gentleman.

Hugh is worthy of and commands the respect of his acquaintances, the confidence of his friends and the admiration of his fellow-students. He is esteemed by the whole student body of Stetson University and referred to by the members of his class, with pride, as the "peacemaker and conciliator" of Stetson University, which reputation he has unconsciously but substantially won for himself during his college career.

Notwithstanding his repeated request not to have the honor and responsibility of office thrust upon him, he has held, with credit to himself and honor to the various associations, more responsible positions than any student who has ever attended Stetson University.

By his wise and judicious management he has removed obstacles which have frustrated and demoralized the progress of some of the most important organizations in the University and placed them on a sound and systematic foundation.

Hugh is one, his wife makes two, and one to carry makes a happy little family of three. Here's to you, Hugh, may life's greatest blessings wreath your brow.



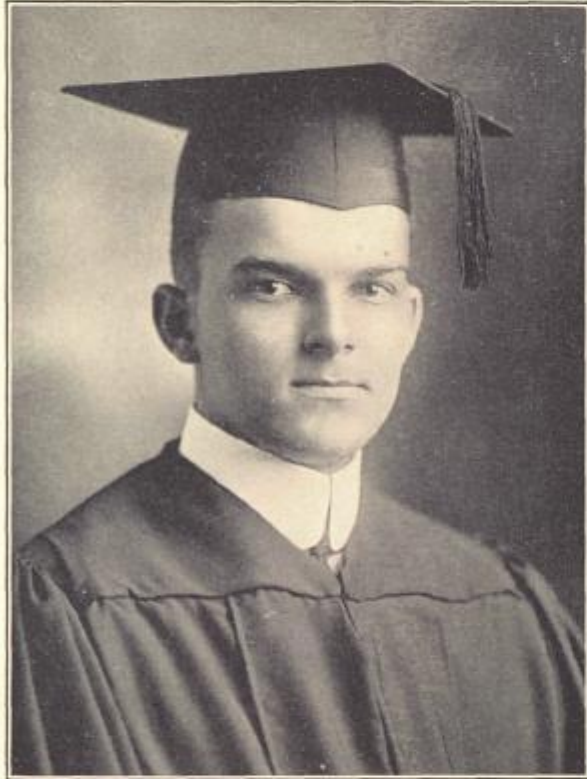
GEORGE CHILDERS, LL.B.

Birthplace and antecedents do not help us in excogitating some theory of George. His personality is to be grappled with and natal sod and other things are adventitious and purely negligible by-products to be swept aside. Let's dish them. We have George.

You've heard of a thing they call nexus. It may be invoked, disencumbered of its philosophical connotations, here to point us to the exact way of arriving at some comprehension of George.

It's what all of those who have had George to impinge upon them have uniformly lacked. That's the heart of the mystery.

He drawls and stutters and is roundabout. All this is unprepossessing. He serenely acquits himself of malapropisms, commits bumpkinish antics a-plenty and his auditors and spectators stand by ready to curse, yet chortling wickedly. Actually they never see him at all, but only his acts, and they have not grasped the nexus. The nexus is to connect this outlandish decorum with a great generous heart, a toiling, achieving mind, a deep perspective, a fund of laughter for his enemies, never to permit anything to rankle. These mysteries are perpetually going on. Some day George will compel his little world to wake up, for some sudden rent will zigzag itself straight through the opacity with which he has been surrounded.



THOMAS BRINLY STEWART, LL.B.

Phi Kappa Delta Fraternity.

The subject of this sketch is not related to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart nor to the Stuart line of English kings. Though not related to these he is related to and bound to a great number of people by the strong ties of friendship. With Tom, friendship is spontaneous and natural.

When all the world is cold and dreary, and it becomes necessary that there be more warm, exhilarating, enlivening love shed abroad in the world, call on Tom. He imparts love to all, and the girls say that his power is even creative, that he can "make" love delightfully.

Tom Stewart is one of the youngest men in his class. But his sound discretion, depth of insight and breadth of vision are mature far beyond his years. He is one of the best students in the senior law class. He is vice-president of his class, has served as president, junior critic and attorney of the Kent Club, has represented the Kent Club in the annual Oratorical Contest, held under the auspices of the Stetson Oratorical Association, has been president of the Stetson Literary Society, for academic students, and once represented this society in a debate with the Kent Club (the "Lits" won).

Tom Stewart loathes narrowness, is courteous, genial and lovable. He is not wasting his natural gifts. He is polishing every diamond characteristic. We predict a brilliant career in his chosen profession.

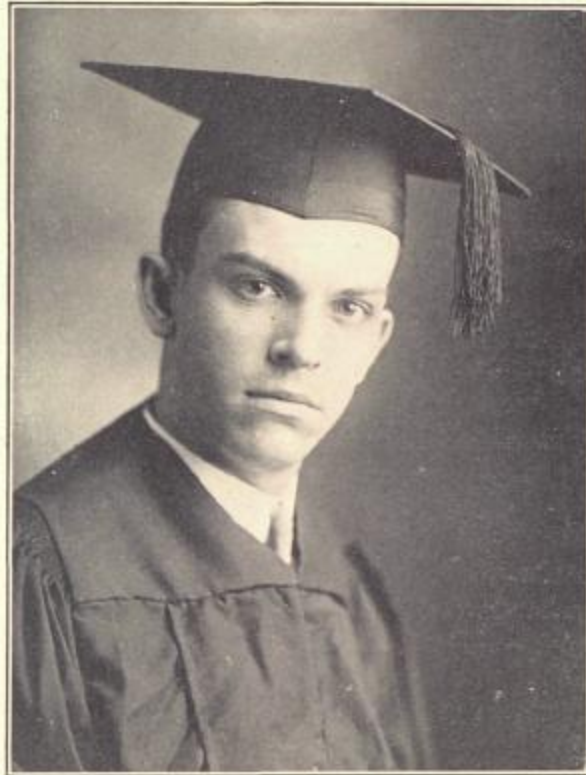


R. H. ANDERSON, LL.B. (ANDY)

Sigma Nu Fraternity

Entre nous, this is just my view of the matter. But I have no bias. Pensacola has produced him, and his forbears were gentle folks, for Andy has about him that aura, that stamp, that leaves us in no doubt.

Andy is not merely tall. That is just a bizaarerie physical only and need not detain us. No one could be more scrupulous than he, more tremendously and terrifically supererogatory in his little fixings and doings about his room. Queer thing to see this stalky man worrying and fretting and burrowing-about, intensely bent on spick-and-spanness. But that's an idiosyncrasy at which he laughs as riotously as those ruder folk whose chaff it evokes. He laughs at most things and is an inveterate foe of sentimentality and sloppiness, as all humorists are. His asset as a raconteur is his twang. He gives with this a vitality and twistiness to his words that would permit him to tell many pithless yarns. We forgive him anything. He has undergone a permutation, hates and reviles skittish dances, equivocal pleasantries, and all that. We don't care. He's a lank, curious, funny, nice person and veridically a gentleman.



JAMES CLEMENT HOWELL, LL.B., "THE DUKE"

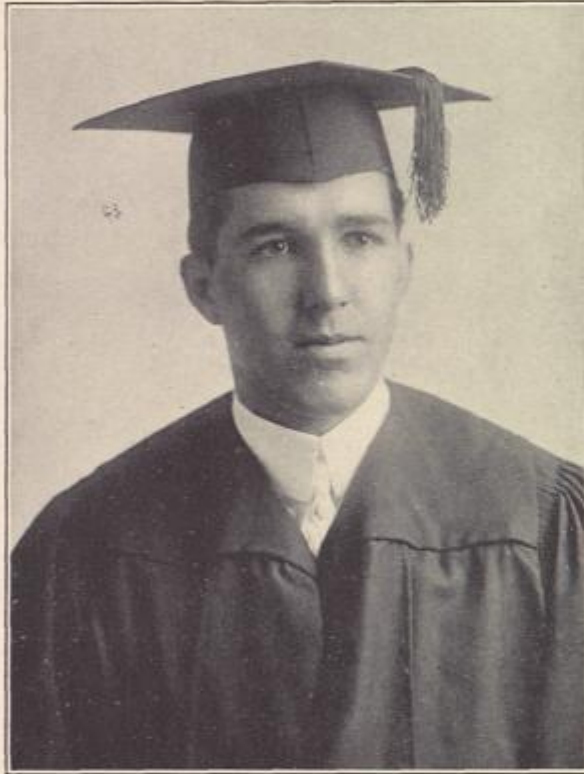
It is a mystery that we must front here, great or small, whichever point of view you choose, but mystery he is, undeniable and profound. The soil out of which he springs is no guide in the arcanum in which we find ourselves, nor can a knowledge of his forbears furnish the unwearied in their quest with the legitimate means of getting the prime thread in the intricate business of disentanglement.

Renewed search only flings them back against the problem facing them, hopelessly, with no fresh light gained.

He is giped at for his circumlocution, but deep beneath his talk there is no savor of the pedant or the fool.

Into Chaudoin he has gone many times, but out of it he has always come bland and unpierced.

Perhaps he means to be a great man. His mind has never been incrustated by convention, has never gotten into the collegiate rut, has never become sterilized or provincialized. Sporadic popularity, which he has abundantly tasted, has never turned his head. Taunts and jeers and possibly venom have not soured him. Surely these are auspices of latent bigness. But we cannot tell. Inscrutably he came among us and inscrutably he goes out. Perhaps he is and will be a mere nobody, just one to help snarl the affairs that go on beyond in the great, stupid, lumbering world. Who can tell? It would be vain to interrogate him. He would just smile and that would be irritating. A good fellow, and yet a funny one, too.



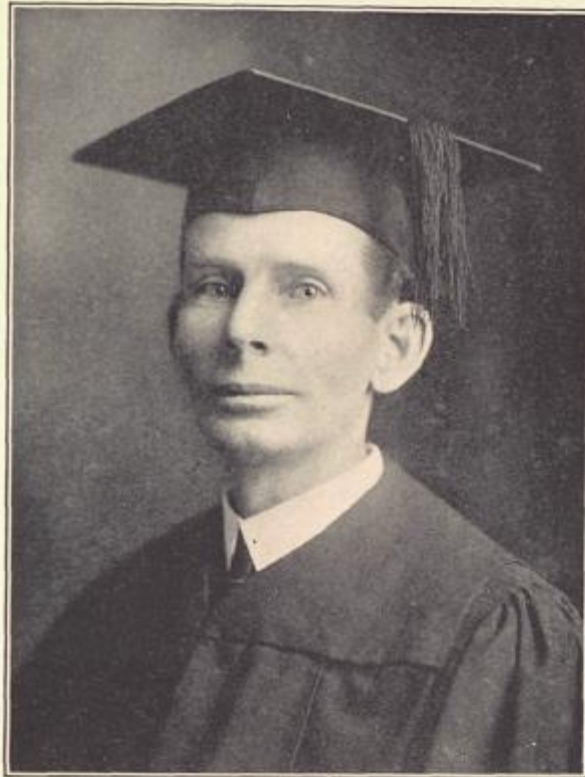
WILLIAM BEARDALL, LL.B.

Sigma Nu Fraternity

Billy hails from Orlando, Florida. He is almost a model youth—model meaning small imitation of the real thing. He goes to bed with the chickens and gets up with an awful headache. Billy blew in on us in the Fall Term of 1911, and completely won everybody's heart with that "grin." Said "grin" has never worn off, he wears it at meals, in class room, on baseball diamond, at the dance, in his sleep. Excellence both in athletics and studies is found in very few men, but Billy is one of these. He was the player-manager of the Champions, college baseball, 1913. He won his place on the all-Florida football team, 1912, having played in every quarter of every game of the season. He also won the stickpin offered by Prof. Dodge for the best examination paper on Equity, Fall Term, 1912, and he's got a girl—now that's some record. We take off our hats to any man who can fool all the people all the time.

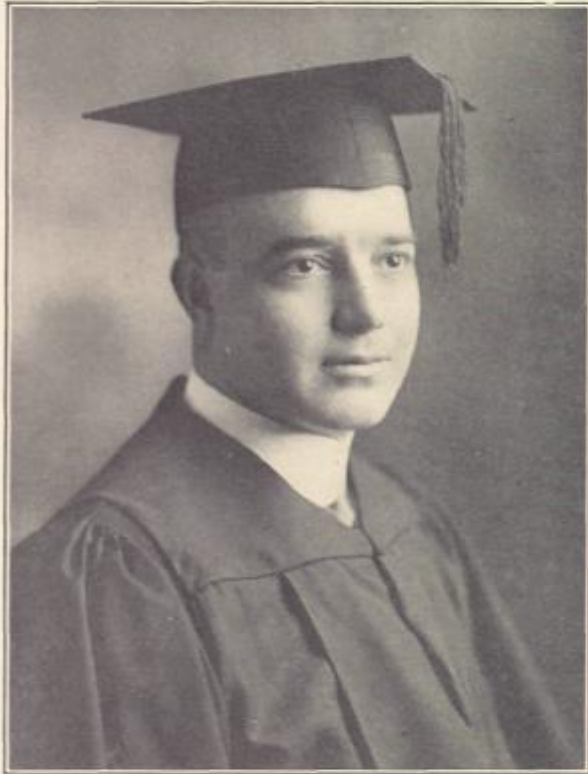
JAMES I. MITCHELL, LL.B.

MIAMI, FLORIDA



Mr. James I. Mitchell has one advantage of us all—his age. He does not “stand with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet.” He knows real life, for he has lived it. Age and experience have reduced legal abstractions to vivid realities. They have endowed him with superior discrimination and intelligent appreciation. These are supplemented with noble aspiration and indomitable persistence. It is no wonder that such a foundation bears a handsome and substantial legal super-structure. James I. Mitchell has learned more law than any man in his class. Tap him at any time and the law flows. He “reads not to contradict, nor to believe and take for granted, but to weigh and consider.”

His classmates have recognized his merit and have attempted to cast official toga, ermine clad, about his shoulders. But each time he has modestly and unselfishly retired to the rear and requested that another be exalted. Mr. Mitchell has filled offices of honor and trust “in the world’s broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life.” So he refuses to stand in the way of ambitious young men. Like Saul of old, he hides in the dusty baggage room when we seek to make an official of him. But they pulled Saul out and anointed him king. In similar manner, we shall inaugurate J. I. Mitchell governor of Florida. His near relative, ex-governor Mitchell, set the pace. Mr. J. I. will not allow it to slacken.



THOMAS HAYES, LL.B.

Tom has one great claim to distinction that is, however, not unique with him. He is one of our Florida boys. Tom's early life has been spent in DeLand, absorbing knowledge and tennis at Stetson. Tom's athletic laurels were gained by his excellence at tennis. It is nothing unusual for Tom to go out and win a state's championship before breakfast. Now no one would accuse Tom of being an artist, but the last few years of his life have been spent in disposing of a great quantity of steel engravings of America's famous men. Tom reports much success at this lucrative pursuit, and we predict great success for him in his chosen profession.



JOSEPH A. SCARLETT, JR., LL.B.

Phi Sigma Kappa

The President of the Senior Law Class is indeed a queer chap. The dignified instructor of the Junior Equity Class would hardly be recognized as the author of the "Hamburg Show," and yet the two are one and the same person. All the dignity of the Equity Professor is thrown off at the stag banquet and Joe is continually in the limelight, while he recounts the marvelous tales of all the animals and Daniel's hairbreadth escape in the lions' den, together with the adventures of "ye Frenchman."

But he is something more than a mere "entertainer." He is a hard student, a deep thinker and a "papa." Don't ask whether it's a boy or a girl, because the biographer doesn't know. Oh, yes, Joe is the owner of a "Ford." Said car can be viewed almost any morning in front of Science Hall. You can't tell its age by its teeth.



RALPH K. ROBERTS, LL.B.

Sigma Nu Fraternity

R. K. has achieved some great results in his earthly labors so far. He has acquired a college degree, a motor cycle, and has disposed of a book store. R. K. comes to us from the far North and we think he likes us pretty well. The only thing we have against R. K. is that he will teach. But we suspect he will recover from this. While several of our class are married, R. K. is practically the only man in love. We suppose this springs from his artistic temperament, for R. K. is undoubtedly the artist of our class. While most young lawyers are worrying how to draw their salaries, R. K. simply draws a sign, some one draws a check and R. K. draws it to him. His endeavors have never been narrow. He has been active in Y. M. C. A. work and in the production of College Annuals. We predict that the world will know that R. K. has been along.

Class Day Exercises, 1913

CLASS PLAY: WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES

CAST

Jones, Who Sells Hymn Books.....	D. Gordon Haynes
Ebenezer Goodley, Professor of Anatomy.....	J. Almon Rosenberg
Antony Goodley, Bishop of Ballarat.....	F. A. Smith
Richard Heatherly, Engaged to Marjorie.....	W. W. Liddell
Thomas Holder, the Policeman.....	H. C. Garwood
William Bigbee, Inmate of the Sanitarium.....	
Henry Fuller, the Superintendent.....	Frank Wideman
Mrs. Goodley, Ebenezer's Wife.....	Nina Phillips
Cissy, Ebenezer's Ward.....	Inez Barron
Marjorie, Ebenezer's Daughter.....	Edith Campbell
Minerva, Ebenezer's Daughter.....	Lee Bowers
Alvina Starlight, Ebenezer's Sister.....	Faye Cribbet
Helma, the Terrible Swede.....	Harriet Hulley



The Class of 1913

At the end of four short years,
As commencement toward us nears,
Let's banish regrets and sadness,
Turn our thoughts to joy and gladness,
For all the days that lie between
Have four full years of pleasure been.

We've climbed the wearisome road
That leads to wisdom's high abode;
We've watched our fleeting college years and days,
And now have reached the parting of our ways;
We've done our best, none could do more,
Whate'er the future holds in store.

When the hour draws nigh bringing the last fare-
well,
May all our classmates go forth to tell
The world the message learned at dear old Stetson;
And to our Alma Mater may there often
Be due gratitude and thanks offered
For the sweet memories and friendships there prof-
fered.

—N. P. '13.

THE SOPHOMORES

JOURNEYMAN BARBERS

FRESHMAN TRADE SOLICITED

OFFICES OPEN FROM 6:00 A. M. TO 6:00 A. M.

An ad that was received too late for proper insertion.
—*The Editors.*

FRESHMAN CLASS IN GREAT DISORDER

All the stores in town are being stocked with braces of all kinds for the use of Freshmen. At a recent investigation it was found that there were several cases of heart disease among them, causes of which are suspected; one case of flat feet; many were found burdened with round shoulders; two were knock-kneed, one had no tonsils, another no palate; one had twelve inches surplus height to her credit, two afflicted with fifty pounds surplus weight; one had chronic dyspepsia and three were found to be frequently attacked by violent fits of homesickness. Otherwise, it may be stated the freshies are perfectly healthy.

Equal Suffrage League

Bernice Prugh ----- Cheer Leader and Professor of Enthusiastics
Marjorie Blocker ----- Sergeant-at-Arms and Chief Boss

AIMS AND CLAIMS

1. To make it illegal for a man to have more than seven dates a week with the same girl and to require every man to keep six dates out of seven.
2. To establish a University scholarship for the girl who doesn't chew gum.
3. To abolish all artificial devices to obtain youth and beauty.
4. That it be brought about that no freshman of the male sex be permitted to venture forth without a chaperone.
5. To establish a bachelor tax, the funds thus raised to be used to keep the rats away from Chaudoin.
6. To discourage all masculine attention as being in opposition to the furtherance of the cause.

When I cash in and this poor race is run, my chores performed and all my errands done, I know that folks who mock my efforts here will weeping bend above my lowly bier and bring large garlands, worth three bucks a throw, and paw the ground in ecstasy of woe; and friends wear crepe bowknots upon their tiles, while I look down—or up— a million miles and wonder why these people never knew how smooth I was before my spirit flew. When I cash in I will not care a yen for all the praise that's heaped upon me then. Serene and silent in my handsome box, I shall not hear the laudatory talks, and all the pomp and all the vain display will be just fuss and feathers thrown away. So tell me, while I am yet on earth, your estimate of my surprising worth. O tell me what a looloo bird I am, and fill me full of taffy and of jam.—*Walt Mason.*

P. S. Them's our sentiments, tew.—*The Editors.*

*The Song of the Freshman

There, little Soph, don't cry,
They have gotten your goat, I know,
And your old-time pride, and your posters, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by,
There, little Soph, don't cry.

There, little Soph, don't cry,
They have hooked your banner, I know,
And the posters up all over the town
Are things of the long ago;
But some lone Freshman will soon glide by,
There, little Soph, don't cry.

There, little Soph, don't cry,
They've broken your heart, I know,
And the rainbow gleams of your banner seem
Like things of the long ago;
But the Freshmen hold all for which you sigh,
There, little Soph, don't cry, don't cry.

*For various and sundry reasons we have omitted the name of the author of this touching little ballad. We might say that there is a marked similarity between the genius of this writer and that of Riley. All contributions strictly confidential. Names disclosed only on sufficient remuneration. —*The Editors.*

We are the elite of "four hundred,"
We like to be with us,
We like to pat ourselves
On the back confidentially.

We talk with us, and walk with us,
And give ourselves the "grand salaam,"
We never knew how well ourselves
And we could get along.

We often sit and ask us
Are Seniors the greatest of the great?
And our answer is proper and fitting
In such affairs of state.

Just get together with yourselves,
And trust yourselves with you;
You'll be surprised how well yourselves
Will like you, if you do. —*Adapted.*

It is needless to say that we Seniors are just a little proud of our class and the Annual. And we want to thank the classes and organizations that have made this issue of Oshihiyi possible. We are grateful to you all.



THE ANNUAL'S "PARADOX"

The Stetson Faculty Fifty Years Hence

The years rolled by, and then one day I chanced,
 Amid the bustle and the rush of life,
 To have an idle week, and in the lull
 I thought me of those happier days of youth;
 And in this strain of reminiscence I
 Betook myself with haste and expectation
 To Florida and Stetson, where it seemed
 As of necessity I there would find
 The same old faces and the same old friends;
 The discipline committee still discussing
 Such frivolous proceedings as our cuts,
 The "Jaw-Bone," and those other sundry things
 Which gave us both much pleasure and much pain.
 At last I took the bus at Orange City
 And in a flight which took my breath away
 Was whirled as swift as lightning to DeLand,
 And on arriving suddenly I looked
 Upon the scowling face of my chauffeur,

Who by his speed had caught my breath away,
 And then I cried, "The Dean," and grasped his
 hand,
 But he with voice impatient fiercely cried,
 "Do not detain me, for I find that I,
 By running every minute fifteen miles,
 And counting 55 per cent for mud,
 Can run 6000 miles a week and teach
 Six classes up at Stetson, and still be
 Back on the beach in time to milk the cow
 And feed the pigs. And now I'm trying if
 I run two minutes faster I can be
 Back home in time to feed the chickens too,
 And then he called with a familiar chuckle,
 If I can fish, why can't a tri-angle?"
 And hardly had he faded from my sight
 When up the steps of Science Hall there came
 A weak and sickly figure, thin and pale,

His clothes, once stretched upon an ample frame,
 Now hung in ripples on his chilly bones,
 And as he walked he murmured, "If there be
 A preconceived and metaphysical
 Conception of the postulates of love,
 Such a conception I would surely prove
 Under the beams of a transcendent moon."
 All this in high and dulcet tones, which proved,
 Of course, our own cherubic Uncle Dan.
 I hereupon embraced him and we walked
 In closest conversation to the lab;
 And there, instead of placid, peaceful Claude,
 I found another Prof. who madly raved,
 And cried in accents wild unto the class,
 "Ah! zinc or cadmium, that is the question,
 And whether there's précipitate or not,
 Be careful of your gestures, for I find
 They are as awkward as Doc Hulley's horse;
 Now watch *me* fill the test-tube with the stuff,"

And while he raved I made my escape,
 Lamenting that our Gordon here should drown
 Histrionic talents great in acids vile,
 To upper regions where I thought to see
 Sweet Wilma, artist Prof., with paint bedaubed,
 Who'd greet me with angelic, dreamy eyes;
 But who should meet me at the very door!
 A brisk, immaculate and tidy—man!
 No paint could be detected on those cuffs
 And spotless hands, no wrinkles in the knees
 Of trousers of the very latest mode. And he
 Recalled me suddenly with *Rosie* smile,
 Just then, behold! I saw a feeble form
 Grown very fat with feasting at Chaudoin,
 And on her head where hairs there used to be
 A dainty cap with ribbons all a-flutter.
 And scarcely had I known her, but she cried,
 "I'll flunk you," and then quickly I espied
 An old French grammar and her Wilma by her side.

As we descended, suddenly I heard
 A pompous voice re-echo through the hall,
 And true to instinct, to the key-hole I
 Crept up and peered most cautiously for fear
 I might disturb those tones majestic, calm,
 Yes, there he was, the same old, dear old Dean!
 Of all the Profs the only one unchanged,
 And as he spoke he waved the palm-leaf fan,
 "My friends, I am a very nervous man,
 A very, very, *very* nervous man,
 And while my tongue keeps wagging you must
 write,
 And then with a majestic flourish he
 Declaimed with vigor in the same old way,
 "Ah! Noble Rome had blossomed like a rose!!
 If we are spared I will continue this!"
 Just then the gong and dinner bell rang forth,
 Two other friends of old, as yet unchanged,

But who is this who greets me at the door?
 Not Miss Martien with head of curly hair
 And gentle (?) smile, but here a stately form,
 An Amazon quite fit to bar the door
 Of such a crowd of youthful innocents.
 I cry, "Dear Nina," but she frowns a frown
 Most fearful, and in tones of majesty,
 "You must call me Miss Phillips and be more
 Respectful to the Dean of Women, or
 You cannot stay one minute in this house!"
 "But Miss Martien? Oh, where is she?" I cry,
 And then the dragon smiles a smile of scorn
 "Don't mention her again, I beg you don't;
 Chaudoin is disgraced forevermore;
 For Miss Martien—I hesitate to say,
 It was so dreadful and such great disgrace,
 So keep it dark, I beg you tell no one—
 Was wed unto a minister named Jones!



Commencement.

Scenes
from
College Life
1913

Undergraduates will kindly notice that these courses are open only to Senior students.

—The Editors.



SUMMER GIRLS AND SOME ARE BOYS

Ven Sneddy Gets A-Going

BY E. E. PHILLIPS

See dot half-back standing ober dere,
Pawing up de san und fro it in de air,
Mit hees hair all red und mak beeg show,
De feller vot kick dat pall und mak it go,
Vel, dat's Sned., de feller vot gets agoing und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Dot poy got arms beeg lak Gorilla mon,
Und hees laigs vas beeg round lak giant African,
Und hees beeg chess vas swell ob so,
Ven Sneddy gets a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Vot can stob dot poy, ven he gets a-going, anypody know?
Steam-engine, automobile, flying machine, shosh stan no show,
Nor two beeg pall teams togeder und in a row,
Ven Sneddy gets a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

See dot pall team mit green stripe, looking fine,
Mit Babe und Billy und Villard on time,
Making ze hole vere Sned vill go,
Ven Sneddy gets a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Den Sned he back off lak beeg Billy-goat fine,
Und "biff" he go right fru dat line,
Und mak beeg gain 40 yards or so,
Ven Sneddy gets a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Everybody watching heem now, dis time,
As he go lak stunder und blitzen, right ober de line,
Und us fellers go crazy und de gals dey crow,
Ven Sneddy gets a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Von day our Sned vas seek und in bade,
Und us fellers vas 'fraid our Sneddy vill be dead,
Bod ven ve pring heem oud in de mud und de rain,
He stan ob und say, "Mr. Manning, mebbe a get a-going und
a-going again."

Und he vent down dat field lak beeg buffalo,
Und he mak von goal und den he mak two,
Und de "Davidson" poys not in dat game, oh no,
Ven Sneddy got a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Von feller he kap steel und mak leedle noise,
Shosh lag he care noding for hees footpall poys,
Bod ven he see dot great beeg Sned
Stan some feller on hees head
Den he laugh und vink hees eye, jus so,
Ven Sneddy gets a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Und after ze game ve all march around,
Und ve so glad ve shomp ob und down,
Und ze pand vill play, und ve mak beeg show
Cause Sneddy got a-going und a-going,
RAH! RAH! RAH!
Don't yer know?

Heard at Chaudoin

Inquisitive Party: "What does Bryan Jennings do?"

Bill Gardner: "I'm sure I never saw him do anything; he rooms over there at the frat house."

L. P.: Oh! I understand, he must be one of those idle rumors so often afloat at Stetson."

Walt: "My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel for me to take you from your father's roof."

She: "I don't live on the roof, my dear boy."

He: "Yes, dear, I've made love before, but not before a matron, thirteen teachers and forty other couples."

"Good-night, Mr. Farriss."

"Good-night, Miss Martien."

Mike Says

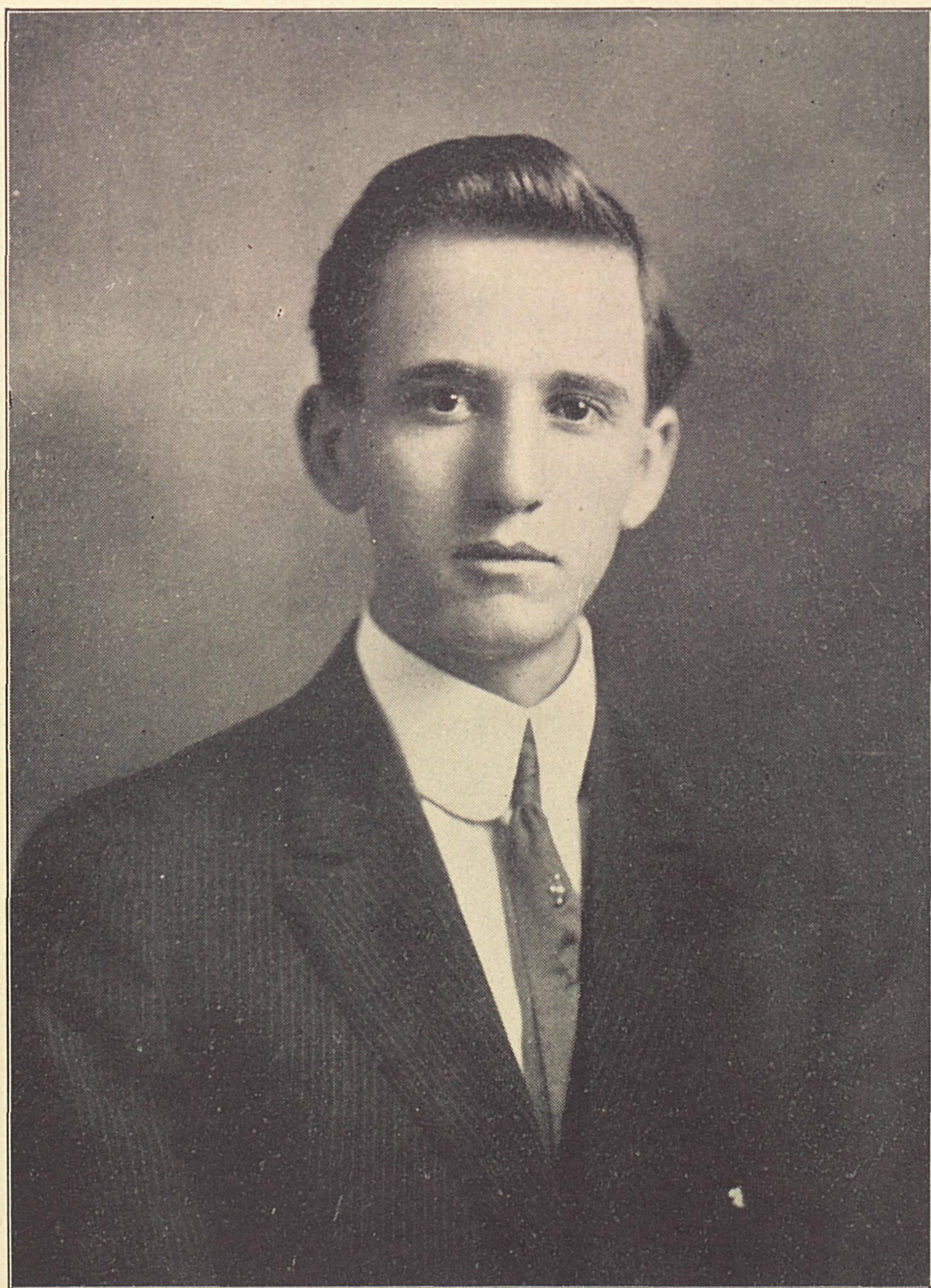
When asked would lawyers ever tell the truth, "Yes, a lawyer will do most anything to win a case."

"That Bob Anderson, finding his blanket too short to suit, cut off two feet at the bottom and sewed it at the top."

"No, it isn't only the milk trains that have cow-catchers."

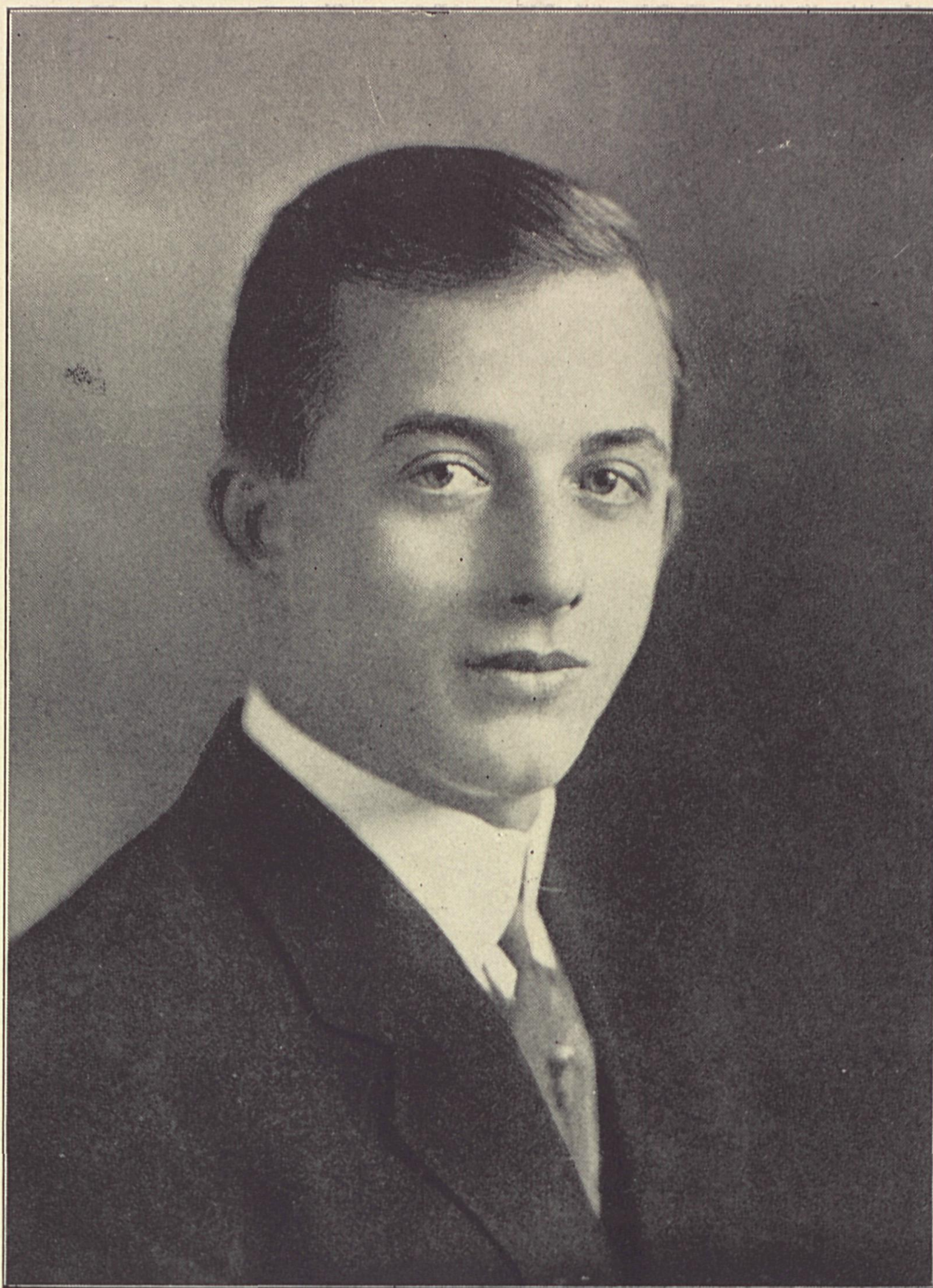
"That what the Stetson Hall mosquito uses when he bites is made up of his antennae, his clypeus, his hypo-pharynx, his labium, mandibles and his maxillae."

Mike ought to know.

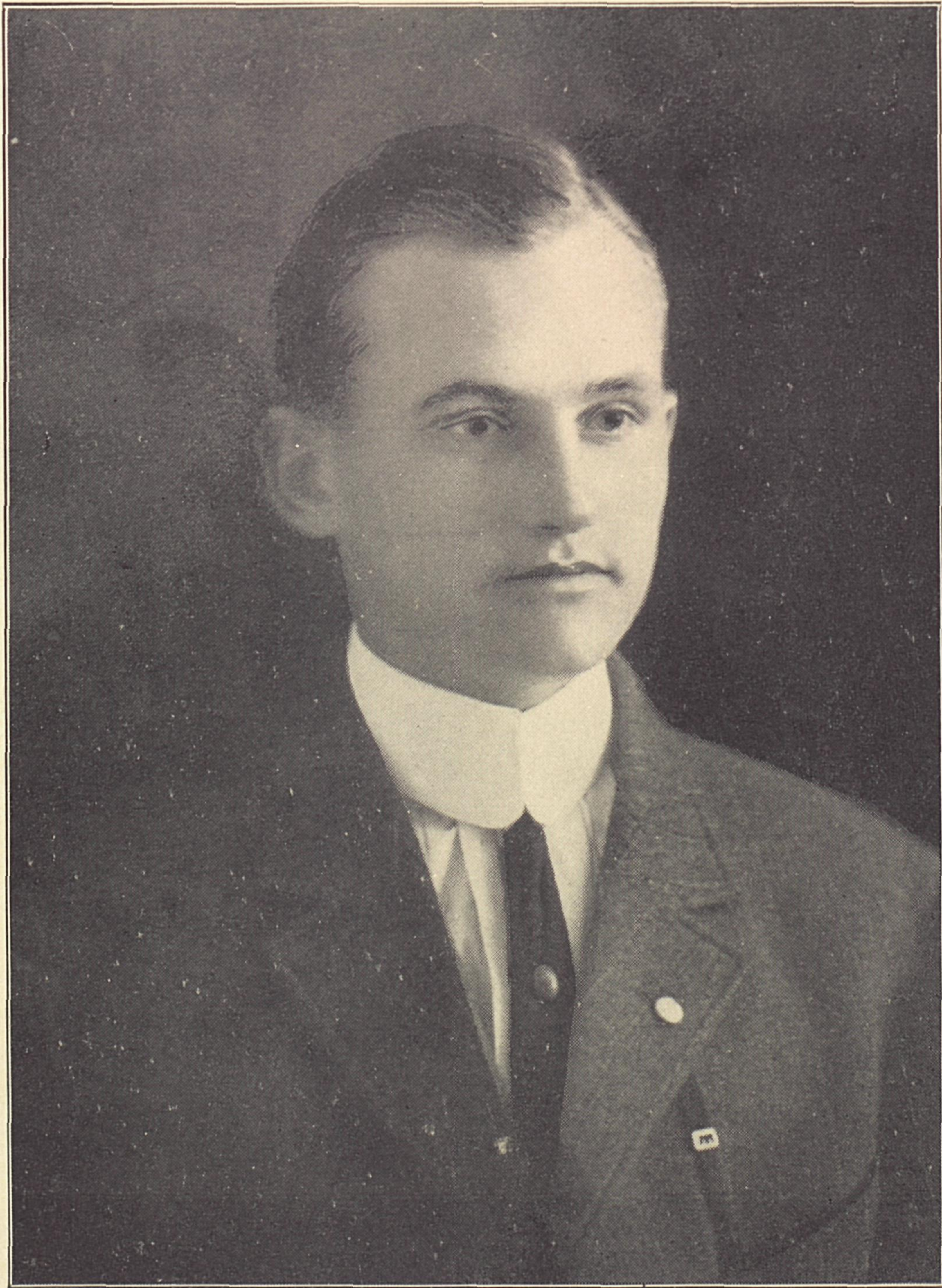


SIXTY-FIVE

PRES. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



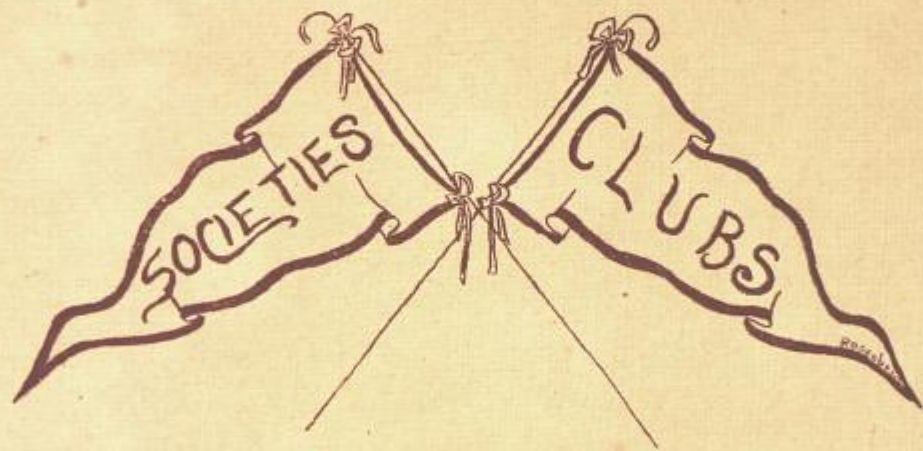
CAPTAIN FOOTBALL TEAM



MANAGER FOOTBALL TEAM



OUR TEAM OFFICERS





The Eusophian Literary Society

The Eusophian Literary Society has finished another year of fruitful work. Many Freshmen have been started on careers that will lead either to the eminent position of President of the United States or that of the Village Independence Day orator. From green, bashful, gawky and raw freshness, they have been transformed into seasoned, confident, graceful and finished elegance; and the mother society smiles as she looks at her work and sees that it is good.

But perhaps the cynical will charge that the desire to better one's speaking ability is not the whole object of the crowds that weekly throng the spacious room of the Society. They mysteriously hint that the young ladies are glad to gain a brief respite from the irksomeness of Chaudoin, and that the young men are attracted by the young ladies and not by the program. Even granting this, should we not compliment the young ladies for their laudable attempt to draw these flitting butterflies (the young men—they make the butter fly at Chaudoin) into these classic halls of learning.



PRESIDENT 1ST TERM

S. D. GILPIN
PRESIDENT 3RD TERM



PRESIDENT 2ND TERM

THE KENT CLUB PRESIDENTS

The Kent Club

Stetson literary activity spangles into a star with three points. This department is confined to consideration of the most scintillant point—the Kent Club, to be sure. All Stetson students know about the Kent Club. But for fear some person from the remote distance may perchance have failed to complete a good education only in that he or she failed to learn of this club and the discovery of America by a man named Mr. Columbus, I shall refer that person to a book commonly known and spoken of as “history” for information regarding the latter event. But I shall ask him to pause here a minute or two, in percipient mood, while I, with facile pen, inscribe a few volumes of history, relative to the former fact, based on the club’s requirements during the year just about to vanish.

The Kent Club has no age limit. This year baby Varn and grand-daddy Gilpin mark the extremities. All shades and variations of years rank between.

This Club has no celibacy requirement. In testimony hereof, witness daddy Jones, father Scarlett, hubby Wilder and honeymoon Mitchell. This enumeration takes no account of fellows who, with reference to marriage, are variously classed as: “The nearly-theres,” such as Robert Milam, and the “I’d like to bees,” such as Samuhell Barco, sister Gardiner, “Kangaroo” Roberts and Walt Liddell; the “Don’t-care-a-ding-uns,” like Equit Bill Beard-

’em-all, Utech, and Benj. Willard; the “Never-will-be-uns,” such as Vinson, Moon, Cullen, Everson and Simmons; and the “Never-can-be-uns,” like Childers, Smith, Stewart; but these last are not to blame, as their sweet-hearts aren’t born and the girls’ mothers are dead.

The Kent Club has never raised the requirement bars before any sex. The only sexes thus far applying have been either male or female. The great majority belong to the former classification.

Miss Marie Willard represents her sex. Talk about entertaining three or more simultaneously and having

time to spare, then be ashamed of yourself for putting the figures so low. She can talk to 'em all at one time with ease, while she gets a lesson. (?)

No beauty standard is set by the Club. Schulken and Wideman place the high and low water mark of this characteristic. We won't say which is which. But we do say they can't help it. One is pretty, and so is the other—that is, pretty tall. But again we say, pardon all that can't be helped. Beauty's beauty. You decide between 'em.

No lineal standard is made. The Club is all-inclusive. Look up and view that tiny speck against the azure depths. That isn't a cloud. That's Andy's head. Look down—far down. See that small object. 'Tis not a grain of sand. That, too, is a head—not a big head, to be sure, in spite of what you may think; that's Busto's.

There is no speaking requirement. If there were the Kent Club might take on the appearance of a pentacostal assembly or a holy-roller convention. The two Claudes, from South Florida, have distinguished themselves along the line of public speaking in the Kent Club. We present Claude Varn, of Ft. Meade, and Claude Jones, of Arcadia.

But all these and other standards are omitted. If you are a law student—that's the vital point—you can get in, whether old or young, married or single, male or female, homely or comely, long or short, wise or foolish, public speaker or not. Pay your dollar and sign the Constitution and you're a thoroughbred member, cocked and primed for work—if a majority of Kent clubbers vote for you.

All the law students are eligible to membership. This year many availed themselves of the great opportunities offered by this literary club. Robert Anderson, of Pensacola, was president during the fall term. Tom Stewart, of DeLand, was president the second term. The administrations of both these officers were marked with great industry and gratifying indications of growth in all the numerous phases of the club work. Two better officers would be extremely hard to find.

The third term is always a hard one. It is brief—only two months—is warm, and borders on Commencement time. This year it is made harder by Constitutional questions that have blocked the regular election. "Grand-dad" Gilpin was elected president.

The Stetson Literary Society

	FALL TERM	WINTER TERM	SPRING TERM
PRESIDENT-----	M. G. PERRY	R. D. PETERSON	HOWARD HODGDEN
VICE-PRESIDENT-----	R. D. PETERSON	BEN HULLEY	HENRY LOFQUIST
SECRETARY-----	CHARLOTTE LAWRENCE	HILMA PETERSON	ANNA SALE
TREASURER-----	BEN HULLEY	HENRY LOFQUIST	RUSSELL RASCO
PROGRAM MANAGER-----	R. D. PETERSON	CHARLOTTE LAWRENCE	BEN HULLEY
CRITIC-----	PROF. T. D. CULP	PROF. T. D. CULP	PROF. T. D. CULP

The Stetson Literary Society entered upon its eleventh year and at its first meeting, Saturday night, September 28, 1912, only five of its former members answered "present" to their names at the roll call.

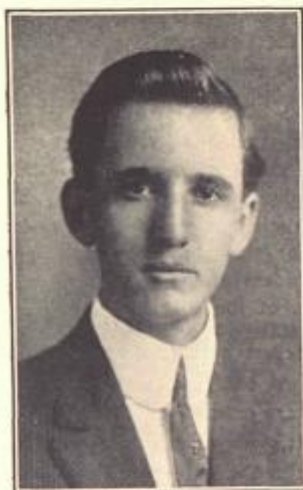
These remaining members were very energetic and soon stirred up much enthusiasm among the academic students. At the present there are twenty-two members in the Society, and the work of the members has improved greatly since the beginning of the year.

The debate between our Society and Duval High School last year was a defeat for us, but this year, with our present members and debaters, we entertain high hopes of winning.

Misses Lawrence and McHargue most ably represented our Society in the Annual Declamation Contest for young women, held on April 5, 1913. Although we did not win this contest, the Society extends a most hearty appreciation to the young ladies who represented us so admirably.

Mr. Hodgden and Mr. Perry are to represent the Society in the oratorical contest for young men.

During the summer of 1912 two members of our Society, Mr. Alderman and Miss Doris Wooster, passed into the Great Beyond. We have missed them very much from our Society, but we trust that our loss has been their eternal gain.



THE BIG THREE IN THE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION

The Stetson Oratorical Association

The Stetson Oratorical Association has won great glory by virtue of its stated annual contests, but it has done something more important than conduct contests this year. It has corrected flaws that have existed in its foundation since the association was first organized. An uniform amendment has been adopted by each literary society by which complete mutuality has been established between all the literary societies and the Oratorical Association. It is, in truth, the central literary organization in school. It is the point of concurrence, or common ground, upon which all Stetson literary societies meet. It fosters, supports and stimulates the literary work of Stetson University through the organized channels, through the literary societies; but it does not infringe upon the rights of any individual society.

The Oratorical Association arranges the Contests that occur between departments or between any department of this University and other schools. The plan of arrangement is two-fold, viz.:

1. Stated annual contests, such as the declamatory contest for women and the Oratorical Contest for men.

2. Contests are arranged by the Oratorical Association upon request of some particular literary society.

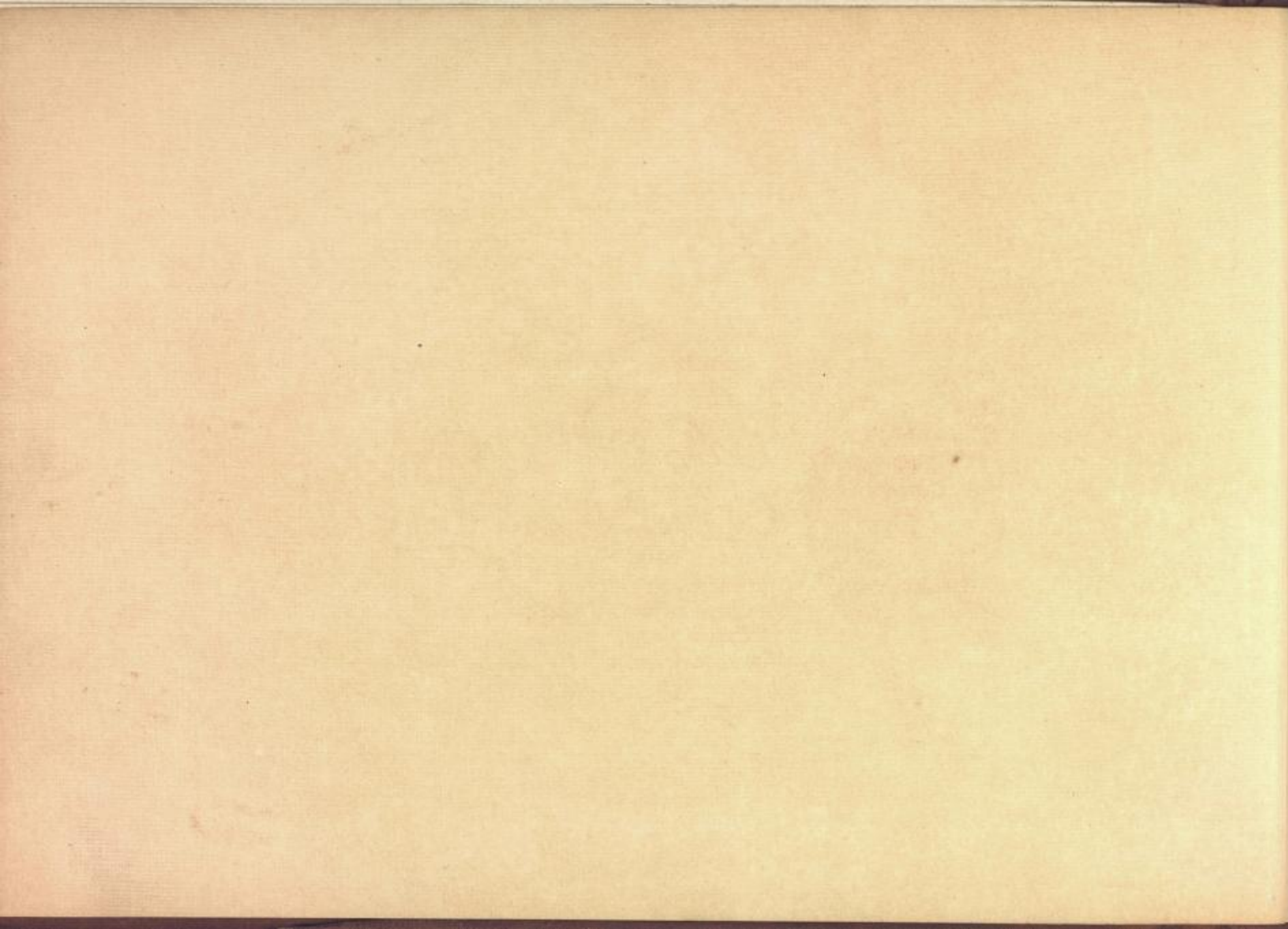
This new plan of organization is worth more to the Oratorical Association than any other thing could be. It corrects the faults of the past and guarantees the uniform perpetuity of the association in the future. Many student generations have passed and hundreds of able men have sought the welfare of the Oratorical Association, but it remained for the present student generation, under the leadership of the President of the Oratorical Association, to detect and correct the errors of the past.

From this day forth let us expect even greater accomplishments of the Oratorical Association than ever. The way has been made straight and the projected plans are extensive. The association now has six medals at its disposal. It plans to use these valuable medals to stimulate the greatest activity in the history of the oratorical and declamatory work in Stetson University. It bequeathes good organization, large plans and an open road to succeeding years.



THE
YM and YW
Christian Associations





The Young Women's Christian Association

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT-----	ELLA MAY DAVIS
VICE-PRESIDENT-----	LOUISE M. HULLEY
SECRETARY-----	MABEL ELDREDGE
TREASURER-----	ELIZABETH LEWIS

ADVISORY BOARD

MRS. PEEK (CHAIRMAN)

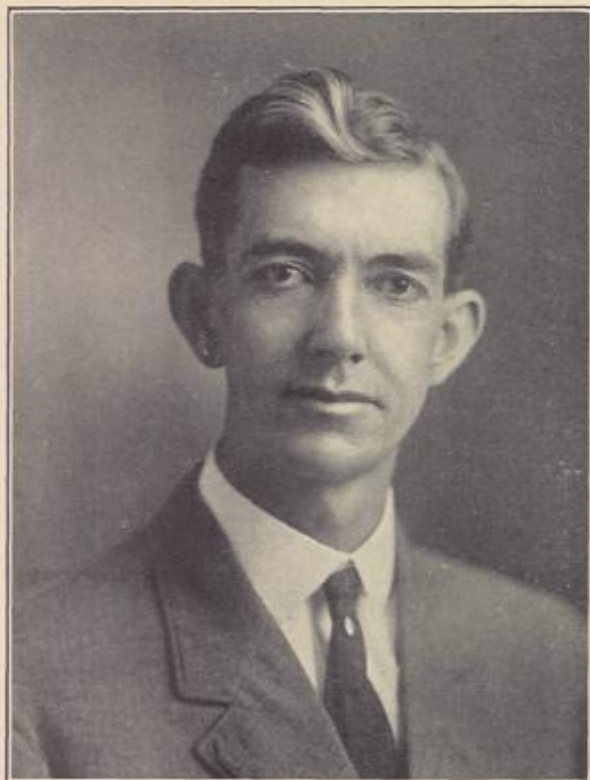
MRS. HULLEY	MISS MARTIEN
MRS. SOLOMON	MRS. CARSON
MRS. FARRISS	MRS. HARKNESS
MRS. CARNINE	MISS LEONARD

The year of 1912-13 finds our branch of a great world movement, active in effective work. Our membership comprises almost every dormitory girl, and many living in town, assisting in various departments of the organization—mission and Bible classes, evening prayer meetings, weekly Thursday assembly, or systematic giving to worthy causes. A new impetus was brought with

a State Conference in the fall, under the leadership of Miss Powell, Miss Porter and Miss Burner. An equally distinct gain has been felt as a result of the unselfish interest of the Advisory Board. The meetings have been under control of the Committees. Our motto: "To do the will of Christ in little things."

HEADS OF COMMITTEES

Membership—Louise Hulley.
 Devotional—Addie Grace Waterman.
 Missionary—Frank Sheddan.
 Social—Marguerite Blocker.
 Bible Study—Elsie Padgett.
 Poster—Miss Davis.
 Library—Marguerite Pflug.
 Educational—Ella May Davis.
 Alumni—Miss Sheddan.
 Music—Ruth Allen.
 Collegiate Reporter—Constance Waterman.



Young Men's Christian Association

OFFICERS FOR 1913

PRESIDENT.....P. A. ROBERTS
VICE-PRESIDENT.....R. K. ROBERTS
SECRETARY AND TREASURER.....F. M. GOODCHILD

Young Men's Christian Association

Youth with all his life before him
Moves our hearts with love and care,
For the welfare of his journey
'Mong the many snares we fear.

Many thoughts our minds do trouble,
For we know the task is great,
To guide those feet along the highway
That the Master made so straight.

Christian love and Christian living
Is our motto, safe and sure;
And we, living for our brothers,
Fill our hearts with joys pure.

All our hope on Christ is centered;
And we feel His arms uphold,
As we gather in the harvest
Safe into the Father's fold.

—P. A. R.





THE MAN WHO MADE THE FESTIVAL FESTIVE

Stetson-DeLand Fourth Biennial Music Festival

JOHN B. STETSON UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM

FEBRUARY 20, 21, 28, 1913

King Olaf

STETSON-DE LAND CHORAL SOCIETY

ASSISTED BY

Mme. Nina Dimitrieff.....	Soprano
Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.....	Tenor
Mr. Marcus Kellerman.....	Baritone

CHORAL CONCERT

THE JUNIOR CHORUS AND THE VESPER CHOIR

ASSISTED BY

Mme. Annie Louise David.....	Harpist
Miss Beatrice McCue.....	Contralto
Mr. Marcus Kellerman.....	Baritone

ARTISTS' CONCERT

Mme. Nina Dimitrieff.....	Soprano
Miss Beatrice McCue.....	Contralto
Mme. Annie Louise David.....	Harpist
Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.....	Tenor
Mr. Marcus Kellerman.....	Baritone

DAVID BISPHAM

ASSISTED BY

HARRY M. GILBERT, PIANIST

Stetson Glee Club, 1912-13

FIRST TENORS—CECIL McDERMOND; HERBERT G. SEAGROATT,
Business Manager.

SECOND TENORS—RUDOLPH D. PETERSON, CHAS. N. WALKER.

FIRST BASSES—A. M. R. LAWRENCE, CLARENCE MAHONEY.

SECOND BASSES—RUBERT J. LONGSTREET, *Leader*; STANLEY T.
WALLBANK, *Secretary-Treasurer.*

It was last year that the Glee Club was put on a permanent basis as a representative organization of the University. Heretofore, the club has frequently fallen into the hands of King Politics, the moving spirits of which self-perpetuated their own authority. But, in the fall of 1911, the question of a regular organization was agitated, with the result that a mass meeting was called, and a committee appointed to draft a constitution. At a second meeting, the newly prepared constitution was adopted, and for officers Harry Garwood and Frank Wideman were chosen. Positions on the Glee Club were from that time open to the best man, regardless of rank or clique. The club enjoyed a prosperous year, its greatest achievement being the preparation for a better season in 1912-13.

Fully in keeping with the precedent established, last year's remaining officers invited all those who fancied themselves melodiously inclined, to a general try-out, which was held in the early part of last October. As the preliminaries continued, the number of contestants diminished; and, after several weeks had elapsed, Prof. Phillips chose the foregoing personnel. Meanwhile, a new constitution and by-laws were adopted, which required the club to be conducted in a business-like manner, and such has been the case.

An itinerary was arranged to occupy the club during the lapse of time between the fall and winter terms. On this state tour, our

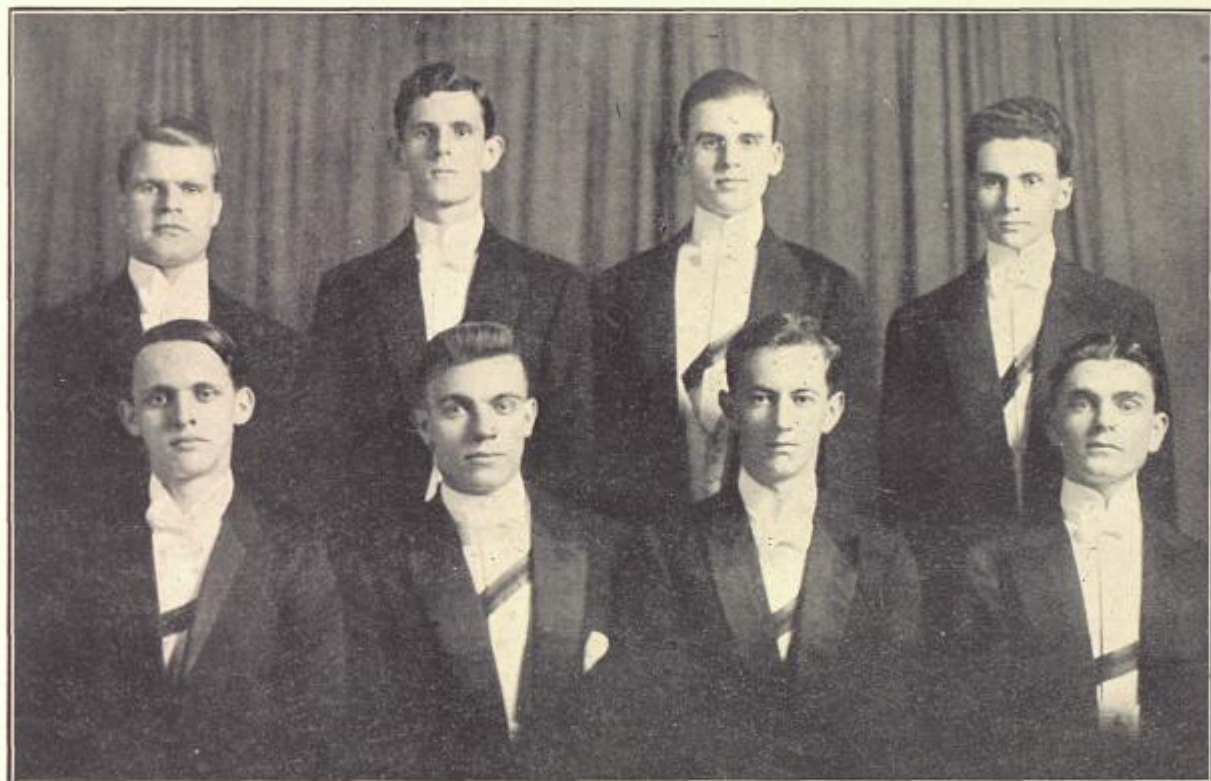
songsters were en route one week, during which time they appeared at Green Cove Springs, Palatka, Hastings, Gainesville and Ocala, respectively. All the members seemed to enjoy the trip thoroughly. Especially so at the times when the several destinations were reached, for the baths* which the railroad companies furnished in transit can most assuredly be said to be thorough. Other moments of ecstasy occurred when the rendering of the Medley of American Airs was commenced; for then the various audiences would forthwith withdraw, so that upon the conclusion of the selection, the audience would consist of the janitor and perhaps a theatre cat.

In addition to the state tour, the club fulfilled engagements at DeLand, Orange City and Sanford. Approximately three hundred dollars have been handled during the year, and thirteen hundred people have composed our audiences.

The club is indebted to its many friends, both at home and over the state. We wish to extend our sincere appreciation to Mr. Paul Roberts, violinist, and to Mr. Gordon Haynes, reader, who kindly gave their services in all our engagements. Further, we wish to express our deepest gratitude to Prof. Phillips to whom must be credited that degree of success attained by the Stetson Glee Club, 1912-13.

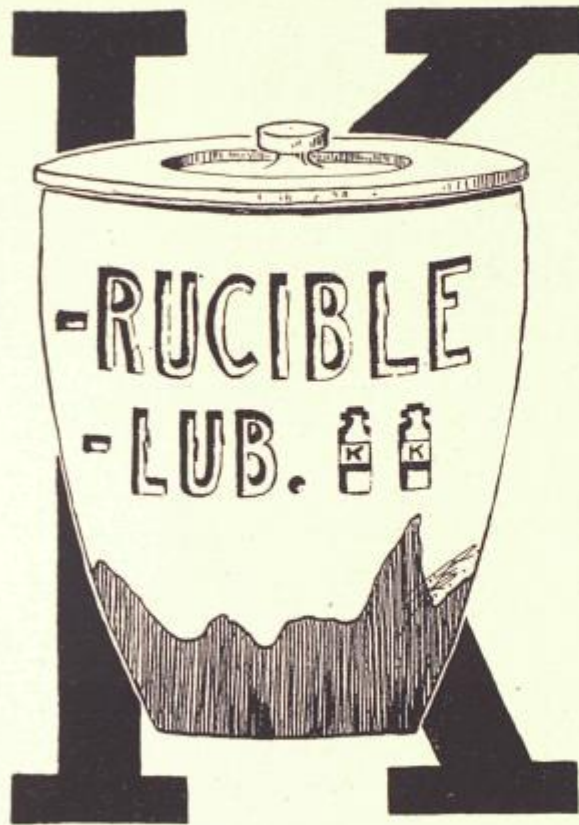
WALLSTREET.

*Of soot.





THE MAN WHO WILL GIVE YOU A "FORMULA" INTRODUCTION
TO A MATHEMATICAL LIFE.



E. J. SMITH.....PRESIDENT
 P. M. CHILDERS.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER
 PROF. C. S. TINGLEY.....CRITIC

R. S. Bly	Betty Lewis
M. S. Breckinridge	Dora Pelot
Lunsford Boone	Marjorie Mace
Hugo Braunlich	Ruth Cullen
F. J. Andrews	Priscilla Bishop
George Childers	Constance Waterman
F. M. Goodchild	Nina Phillips
D. G. Haynes	Nellie Keown
B. M. Goldsmith	Marie Dye
Edwin Phillips	Sarah Jones
Hamden Baskins	June Adams
Orrell Prevatt	Tillie Chapman
John Padgett	Mrs. C. S. Tingley
J. W. Junkin	Marjorie Boor
Shirley Walker	Marian Wright
W. W. Liddell	Myrtle Conrad
Harold Wilcox	Margaret Mitchell
Lillian Eldredge	Eleanor Bly
	Nellie King

Der Deutsche Verein

BEAMTE

VORSTEHERIN	FRAULEIN NELL KEOWN
PROTOKOLLFUHRERIN	FRAULEIN MARGUERITE PFLUG
SCHATZMEISTERIN	FRAULEIN PRISCILLA BISHOP
PROGRAMMFUHRER	HERR FRANKLIN GOODCHILD
KRITIKERIN	FRAULEIN E. BANGS

Der Deutsche Verein der Universität wurde im Jahre 1907 von Studenten der Deutschen Abteilung gegründet. Die Anzahl der Mitglieder wuchs von Jahre zu Jahr, bis sie in diesem Jahre eine Höhe von sechs und dreissig erreichte. Im Laufe des Jahres wurden in den Versammlungen verschiedene interessante Vorträge über Deutsche Sitten und Gebräuche gehalten, und auch einige Städte Deutschlands wurden interessant und lehrreich geschildert.

Das Hauptereignis des Vereins in diesem Jahre war die Weihnachtsfeier die so Deutsch wie möglich durchgeführt wurde. Nach Beendigung des Programmes an jenem Abend, wurden Deutsche Weihnachtslieder gesungen, und dann wurde der Weihnachtsbaum angezündet. Der Abend fand in einem geselligen Zusammensein seinen Abschluss.

Le Cercle Français

LES OFFICIERS DU CERCLE FRANCAIS

LA PRESIDENTE	-----	Mlle. ELLA MAY DAVIS
LE SECRETAIRE	-----	M. BRYAN JENNINGS
LE TRESORIER	-----	M. BEN S. GOLDSMITH
LA REPORTER	-----	Mlle. DORA PELOT
LA CRITIQUE JUNIOR	-----	Mlle. INEZ BARRON
LA CRITIQUE	-----	Mlle. WHITING

LES AUTRES MEMBRES DU CERCLE FRANCAIS

Mlle. Davis	Mlle. Mary Stebbins
Mlle. Sarah Jones	M. Basil F. Brass
Mlle. Elizabeth Lewis	M. Hugo Braunlich
Mlle. Edna Lewis	M. Almon Rosenberg
Mlle. Marguerite Pflug	M. Schulkin
M. Frank Wideman	



ANGELS' ROOST

Dramatics





Dramatics

As usual, Amateur Dramatics received their full share of attention at Stetson this year. Although this was essentially a musical year, our budding Thespians were enabled to present several charming plays.

This year witnessed an expensive production of Oliver Goldsmith's classic comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." This is probably the most expensive College play that has ever been staged at Stetson. Great credit is due to the Eusophian Literary Society for giving the students a chance to witness such a classic of old English comedies. A great part of the success of the play is due to the admirable coaching of Prof. Stover.

Another of Prof. Stover's successes was the production of "Strongheart" for the Athletic Association. The cast even excelled their efforts of two years ago.

Le Cercle Francais under the direction of Miss Whiting, produced two excellent comedies, that were much enjoyed by our students of the Romance languages.

The young ladies of the Alpha Kappa Psi delighted us with their innovation in the form of "An Agony in Three Fits."

Casts of the plays are given on the following three pages.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL COLLEGE PLAY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S COMEDY

She Stoops to Conquer

PRESENTED BY

EUSOPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

JOHN B. STETSON UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM,

FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1913

THE CHARACTERS ARE GIVEN IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY APPEAR

Mrs. Hardcastle.....	Miss Martha Galloway
Squire Hardcastle.....	Mr. Stanley T. Wallbank
Tony Lumpkin.....	Mr. D. J. Blocker
Kate Hardcastle.....	Miss Inez Barron
Constance Neville.....	Miss Marguerite Blocker
Slang.....	Mr. Alfred Phillips
Mat Muggins.....	Mr. Hugo Braunlich
Tom Twist.....	Mr. Edward Smith
Aminadab.....	Mr. Rubert Longstreet
Ralph.....	Mr. James Boone
Barmaid.....	Miss Lena Powell
Stingo.....	Mr. Sam J. Barco
Charles Marlow.....	Mr. Irving C. Stover
George Hastings.....	Mr. Duke Gordon Haynes
Jeremy.....	Mr. Ben M. Goldsmith
Diggory.....	Mr. George E. Childers
Dick.....	Mr. B. Franklin Brass
Roger.....	Mr. S. Bryan Jennings
Dolly.....	Miss Marie Russell Stephens
Sir Charles Marlow.....	Mr. James C. Howell

SETTINGS

ACT I. Scene I, A chamber in Mr. Hardcastle's old mansion. Scene II, An Alehouse Room in The Three Jolly Pigeons.
ACTS II, III and IV. A Room in Mr. Hardcastle's house.
ACT V. Scene I, Forest in rear of Mr. Hardcastle's mansion. Scene II, Same as Act II.

PERIOD—The Eighteenth Century

TIME OF ACTION—One Evening

COACH—Prof. Irving C. Stover.

COMMITTEE ON MANAGEMENT—Miss Inez Barron and Mr. Duke Gordon Haynes.

Strongheart

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION PLAY

JOHN B. STETSON UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1913

CAST

(The characters are given in the order in which they appear.)

Taylor—A Sophomore.....	Mr Alfred Phillips
Ross—A Freshman.....	Mr. D. Guy Schoonmaker
Reade—A "Grind".....	Mr. S. Bryan Jennings
Thorne—A Special.....	Mr. D. Gordon Haynes
Fred Skinner—A "Sport".....	Mr. W. Lacy Mahon
Frank Nelson—A Senior.....	Mr. Walter W. Liddell
Dick Livingston—A Junior.....	Mr. William Beardall
"Billy" Saunders—A Senior (by courtesy).....	Mr. Louis Snedigar
Soangataha—"Strongheart," a "Post Grad".....	Mr. Irving C. Stover
Mrs. Nelson—Frank's mother.....	Miss Marjorie Mace
Molly Livingston—Dick's sister.....	Miss Inez Barron
Betty Bates—Molly's chum.....	Miss Marie Russell Stephens
Maud Weston—Molly's Chum's friend.....	Miss Katharine Harkness
Dorothy Nelson—Frank's sister.....	Miss Marguerite Blocker
Tad—a rubber.....	Mr. Hugo Braunlich
Josh—a trainer.....	Mr. Rubert Longstreet
Buckley—Head coach, a "grad".....	Mr. Alfred Fox
Farley—Manager of the visiting team.....	Mr. Basil F. Brass
Black Eagle—A messenger.....	Mr. Harry Garwood
Members of the football team and substitutes.	

SETTINGS

- ACT I. Rooms of Frank Nelson and Dick Livingston at Columbia.
ACT II. Two days later. Dressing-room of the Columbia football team at the polo grounds.
ACT III. Evening of the same day. Library in the home of the Nelsons.
ACT IV. The next day. Same as Act III.
PLACE—New York City.
TIME—The present

BETWEEN ACTS ONE AND TWO

- A Reading—Description of a favorite football player, "When Sneddy Gets A-going," by the author, E. E. Phillips.

DEUX COMEDIES PRESENTES PAR LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

"Cherie"

Maxime de Lorraine.....M. Carl Farriss
 Helene de Lorraine, la femme.....Mlle. Dora Pelot
 Madame Rampillon, la belle-mere.....Mlle. Marguerite Pflug
 Cherie, la cuisiniere.....Mlle. Ella May Davis

"Une Vraie Histoire"

OU

"A Regular Varn"

Madame Randall Cranshaw.....Mlle. Edna Lewis
 Miss Joyce Leighton.....Mlle. Elizabeth Lewis
 M. le Conte de L'Isle.....M. Almon Rosenberg
 M. Jean Duprez.....M. Ben M. Goldsmith

An Agony in Three Acts

ALPHA KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY PLAY

FIT THE FIRST

Jean Waltham.....Inez Barron
 Lois.....Dora Pelot
 Nan.....Elizabeth Lewis
 Ruth.....Ella May Davis
 Helen.....Marjorie Mace
 Laura.....Emma Williams
 Nell.....Edna Lewis
 Mildred.....Helen Taylor
 Barbara.....Mary Chappell
 The Dean.....Nell King

FIT THE SECOND

Miss Lucile Winthrop—Misfit.....Claire V. Whiting
 Lucile Winthrop—Niece.....Inez Barron
 Guy Dalton.....John Almon Rosenberg

FIT THE THIRD

"PYRAMUS AND THISBE"

Stage Director.....Wilma E. Davis
 Pyramus.....Elizabeth Lewis
 Thisbe.....Ella May Davis
 The Wall.....Marguerite Pflug
 The Lion.....Edna Lewis
 The Moon.....Nell King
 The Dog.....Inez Barron
 Trees—Emma Williams, Marjorie Mace, Dora Pelot, Mary Chappell.



Phi Kappa Delta Fraternity

'OI ADELPHOI

Daniel J. Blocker

Basil F. Brass

Frank Cullen

Carl V. Farriss

Harry C. Garwood

William J. Gardner

Delbert Gilpatrick

Frank Hammond

D. Gordon Haynes

S. Bryan Jennings

Hugh G. Jones

Cecil C. McDermond

William Y. Mickle

Clarence V. Mahoney

Robert S. Rockwood

Paul H. Selden

J. P. Simmons

Tom B. Stewart

Frank A. Turnquist

Charlie Walker

Stanley T. Wallbank





Delta Mu Chapter Sigma Mu Fraternity

FRATRES

Frank Wideman	George W. Coleman
Edward J. Smith, Jr.	Hugo K. Braunlich
John Almon Rosenberg	Neill S. Jackson
Ernest A. Vinson, Jr.	D. Franklin Milam
Walter W. Liddell	Jerome Wideman
Frank A. Smith	Ben McC. Goldsmith
Alfred R. Phillips	J. Raymond Lee
Ray M. Griffin	Elwyn Thomas
Claude C. Jones	Willis Junkin
Robert R. Milam	J. Lunsford Boone
Samuel J. Barco	Albert Lewis, Jr.
Ivan F. Waterman	Robert H. Anderson
Ralph K. Roberts	

AFFILIATES

Guy D. Schoonmaker, Gamma Tau
 Wm. Beardall, Beta
 M. Breckinridge, Gamma Rho

ALUMNI (CITY)

Bert Fish	R. P. Walters	Murray Sams
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19



Claude O. Campbell,
Pinson M. Childers.



Winfred W. Liddell,
Arius B. Prather.



Franklin M. Goodchild,
Robert S. Bly.



Ruskin R. Roseborough,
Robert J. Longstreet.

13

Φ Β Ψ

Πi Beta Πbi Fraternity

FOUNDED 1867

FLORIDA ALPHA CHAPTER, INSTALLED JAN. 31, 1913

COLORS—WINE AND SILVER BLUE

FLOWER—WINE CARNATION

MEMBERS

Annie Holden	Sarah Jones
Lee Bowers	Mabel Eldredge
Lillian Eldredge	Ruth Allen
June Adams	Harriet Hulley
Katherine Carpenter	Nina Phillips
Mildred Vorce	Marie Dye
Mary Buttorf	Gladys Sidway
Faye Cribbet	Louise Hulley
Nell Keown	Marguerite Blocker

PLEDGES

Catherine Haynes	Ruth Cullen
Rachael Beatty	Eula Botts







Delta Delta Delta fraternity

MARIE RUSSELL STEPHENS, MARGUERITE PFLUG, MARJORIE MACE, IRENE RANDALL, EDITH CAMPBELL, EDNA LEWIS, NELLIE KING, KATHERINE HARKNESS,
EMMA WILLIAMS, INEZ BARRON, BETTY LEWIS, ELLA MAY DAVIS, HELEN TAYLOR, WILMA DAVIS, MARY CHAPPELL, DORA PELOT.

A little head of fluffy hair,
An oval face so very fair,
With cutest dimple.

A roguish smile, a laughing eye,
A form the artist to defy,
Bewitching, simple.

'Tis but a mem'ry of the past,
A day ago, if I am asked—
A lagging century.

Since all her wiles of feminine grace,
Seen by a glance into her face,
So quick entranced.

—H. C. GARWOOD, '13





The Alumni Association

PRESIDENT.....	D. J. BLOCKER, '05, '09
VICE-PRESIDENT, FIRST.....	GEORGE SELDEN, '09
VICE-PRESIDENT, SECOND.....	HELEN DOZIER, '09
VICE-PRESIDENT, THIRD.....	MURRAY SAMS, '10
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY	ELIZABETH BALDWIN, '04
RECORDING SECRETARY.....	HAZEL SHEDDAN, '05, '09
CHAPLAIN.....	HARRY GARWOOD, '09, '13

The Stetson Alumni Association was organized in 1894, with about fifty members. The numbers have increased until now there are more than six hundred alumni of the various departments of the University.

Feeling that the Alumni Association deserved special prominence, the authorities have this year voted that Monday of Commencement Week be given over to the alumni to be used as they wish. It is the desire of all that the alumni will take hold of this matter and make it one of the most enjoyable features of Commencement time, and that as many as can will return each year to assist in the celebration of this day.

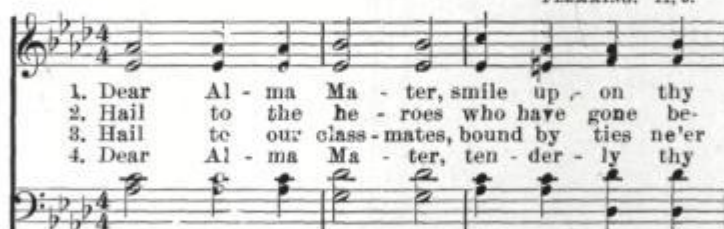
During the past summer the secretary has been in touch with many of the alumni, and they have all expressed their interest and love for "dear old Stetson." Attempts are being made by several of the classes to have class reunions at Commencement time, and it is hoped that this year there will be more of the former alumni attend Commencement than have in years past.

The alumni living in DeLand and in the vicinity were entertained on the evening of April 19 at the home of Prof. and Mrs. E. G. Baldwin. A spirit of good fellowship was aroused among those attending, and the midyear celebration will probably become a fixed custom.

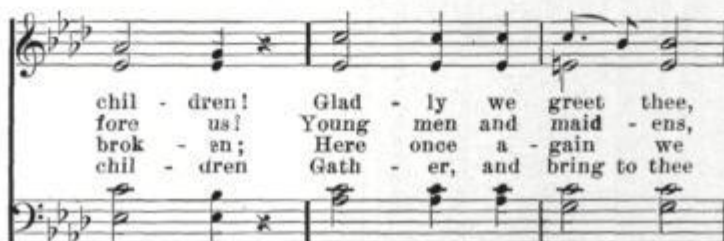
To you who will join the ranks of the "heroes who have gone before" at the close of this year, we, the old alumni of Stetson University, extend greeting.

Stetson Alma Mater Song.

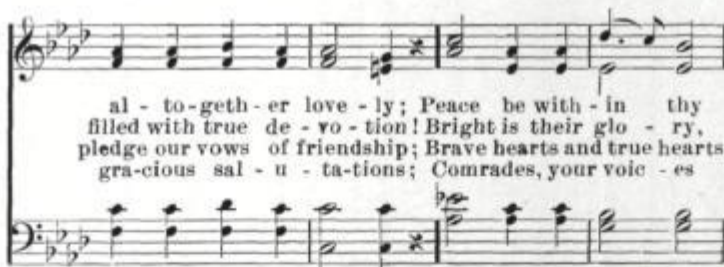
FLEMMING. 11, 5.



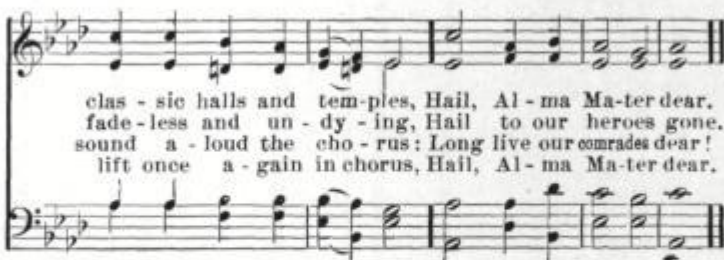
1. Dear Al - ma Ma - ter, smile up on thy
 2. Hail to the he - roes who have gone be -
 3. Hail to our class - mates, bound by ties ne'er
 4. Dear Al - ma Ma - ter, ten - der - ly thy



chil - dren! Glad - ly we greet thee,
 fore us! Young men and maid - ens,
 brok - en; Here once a - gain we
 chil - dren Gath - er, and bring to thee



al - to - geth - er love - ly; Peace be with - in thy
 filled with true de - vo - tion! Bright is their glo - ry,
 pledge our vows of friendship; Brave hearts and true hearts
 gra - cious sal - u - ta - tions; Comrades, your voic - es



clas - sic halls and tem - ples, Hail, Al - ma Ma - ter dear,
 fade - less and un - dy - ing, Hail to our heroes gone.
 sound a - loud the cho - rus: Long live our comrades dear!
 lift once a - gain in chorus, Hail, Al - ma Ma - ter dear.

The day is o'er;
Night's shadows darkly creep
'Mong lichen'd trees, whose mosses
Hang like ghostly garments in the thickening gloom.

The day is o'er;
A dreamy silence steals
O'er man's dominion; and its presence
Broods like secret memories o'er a wounded heart.

School days are o'er;
And soon for us will be
Silenced to dreamy quietude,
An ever treasured mem'ry fading in past years.

—H. C. G. '13

The Jaybird

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO

THE JUNIORS

PRINTED FOR THE GREATER PART ON ASBESTOS SHEETS

The Juniors in Song and Story

There's a boy in our class
 Called Dutch,
 Whose love for Chicago
 Is such
 That he hangs round all year
 Waiting for June to draw near,
 When his heart palpitates
 Very much.

There's a big fat boob
 Named Al,
 Supposed to be Eddie Smith's pal;
 His long suit, you know,
 Which he does with much show,
 Is rushing DeLand's
 Newest gal.

Now Eddie's an innocent
 Lad,
 His habits are never
 Very bad;
 But the time is quite ripe
 To get rid of that pipe
 And pick up a sweeter-smelling pal.

As Haskins this Junior
 Was known,
 And to judge from his
 Learned tone,
 An A.M. or D.D.
 You'd think him to be,
 So much to orate was
 He prone.

Then next is a red-
 Headed gink,
 For short we just call
 Him "Pink."
 He's a crook, he admits,
 But when in chapel he sits,
 He wins all the girls with
 That wink.

Beulah's such a hard word
 To rhyme;
 And Gilpatrick's all out
 Of time;
 So we'll just say of her
 That she causes some stir,
 And keeps "herself" in
 The lime.

Now what do you think
 Of Brass,
 Who's been trifling with a
 Certain lass?
 But at last he's found out,
 And she's taught him not to flout
 His "brass" on one of
 Her 'class.

The trouble of writing
 About Nell,
 Is that most any old word you
 Can spell
 Will be misconstrued,
 And the limerick tabooed,
 If it ends in "e"
 Double "l."

Now Elsie's last name is
 Like Nell,
 In the realm of the "risque"
 They dwell.
 For to rhyme with "Hamm"
 I'm just bound to say ----,
 Which couldn't be done
 Very well.

There's a girl in our class.
 Named Helen,
 The "sticks" is the place of
 Her dwellin',
 Now she's sad and forlorn,
 For the general is gone,
 And when he'll return there's
 No tellin'.

A fair flaxen blonde is
 Marie Russell,
 And there seems to be quite
 A tussle
 'Twixt Neill and Schooney,
 For both of them are looney,
 And the winner will sure have
 To hustle.

A sprightly young miss was
 Ella May,
 From "ye ancient city" did
 She stray.
 Bum jokes she could crack,
 And her brain she would rack
 To pun any word you
 Should say.

There was a young girl
 Named Dye,
 Who was heard to exclaim with
 A sigh,
 Oh! Chaudoin's a sight,
 But DeLand is all right
 Though it really cawn't compare with
 Old 'Chi'!"

There's a block-headed boob
 Called "Butt,"
 Who we all agree is
 A "mutt."
 He's a pitcher of fame
 In the inter-class game,
 But "Butt's bloomin' bleat won't
 Stay shut.

There is a young lady
 Named Kate,
 Who pretends all the boys
 To hate;
 But we feel pretty sure
 She'll learn to endure,
 And we sympathize with her
 Future mate.

There was a young lady
 Named June,
 Who would sit on the front porch
 And spoon
 With a fellow called "Dutch";
 We all thought it too much,
 For Chaudoin's no place for
 That tune.

There was a young lady
 Named Sally,
 In the chemistry rooms
 She'd dally;
 When the "fudge" fell in the water
 Just then you had oughter
 See Sally around the
 Fudge rally

Our sweetest little Rudolph was
 A "bird,"
 He never thought himself
 Absurd;
 Exams he always cut,
 This may sound foolish, but
 Far better marks in this way
 He procured.



Class Day Exercises, 1913

CLASS PLAY: WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES

CAST

Jones, Who Sells Hymn Books.....	D. Gordon Haynes
Ebenezer Goodley, Professor of Anatomy.....	J. Almon Rosenberg
Antony Goodley, Bishop of Ballarat.....	F. A. Smith
Richard Heatherly, Engaged to Marjorie.....	W. W. Liddell
Thomas Holder, the Policeman.....	H. C. Garwood
William Bigbee, Inmate of the Sanitarium.....	_____
Henry Fuller, the Superintendent.....	Frank Wideman
Mrs. Goodley, Ebenezer's Wife.....	Nina Phillips
Cissy, Ebenezer's Ward.....	Inez Barron
Marjorie, Ebenezer's Daughter.....	Edith Campbell
Minerva, Ebenezer's Daughter.....	Lee Bowers
Alvina Starlight, Ebenezer's Sister.....	Faye Cribbet
Helma, the Terrible Swede.....	Harriet Hulley



The Class of 1913

At the end of four short years,
As commencement toward us nears,
Let's banish regrets and sadness,
Turn our thoughts to joy and gladness,
For all the days that lie between
Have four full years of pleasure been.

We've climbed the wearisome road
That leads to wisdom's high abode;
We've watched our fleeting college years and days,
And now have reached the parting of our ways;
We've done our best, none could do more,
Whate'er the future holds in store.

When the hour draws nigh bringing the last fare-
well,
May all our classmates go forth to tell
The world the message learned at dear old Stetson;
And to our Alma Mater may there often
Be due gratitude and thanks offered
For the sweet memories and friendships there prof-
fered.

—N. P. '13.

THE SOPHOMORES

JOURNEYMAN BARBERS

FRESHMAN TRADE SOLICITED

OFFICES OPEN FROM 6:00 A. M. TO 6:00 A. M.

An ad that was received too late for proper insertion.
—*The Editors.*

FRESHMAN CLASS IN GREAT DISORDER

All the stores in town are being stocked with braces of all kinds for the use of Freshmen. At a recent investigation it was found that there were several cases of heart disease among them, causes of which are suspected; one case of flat feet; many were found burdened with round shoulders; two were knock-kneed, one had no tonsils, another no palate; one had twelve inches surplus height to her credit, two afflicted with fifty pounds surplus weight; one had chronic dyspepsia and three were found to be frequently attacked by violent fits of homesickness. Otherwise, it may be stated the freshies are perfectly healthy.

Equal Suffrage League

Bernice Prugh ----- Cheer Leader and Professor of Enthusiastics

Marjorie Blocker ----- Sergeant-at-Arms and Chief Boss

AIMS AND CLAIMS

1. To make it illegal for a man to have more than seven dates a week with the same girl and to require every man to keep six dates out of seven.
2. To establish a University scholarship for the girl who doesn't chew gum.
3. To abolish all artificial devices to obtain youth and beauty.
4. That it be brought about that no freshman of the male sex be permitted to venture forth without a chaperone.
5. To establish a bachelor tax, the funds thus raised to be used to keep the rats away from Chaudoin.
6. To discourage all masculine attention as being in opposition to the furtherance of the cause.

When I cash in and this poor race is run, my chores performed and all my errands done, I know that folks who mock my efforts here will weeping bend above my lowly bier and bring large garlands, worth three bucks a throw, and paw the ground in ecstasy of woe; and friends wear crepe bowknots upon their tiles, while I look down—or up— a million miles and wonder why these people never knew how smooth I was before my spirit flew. When I cash in I will not care a yen for all the praise that's heaped upon me then. Serene and silent in my handsome box, I shall not hear the laudatory talks, and all the pomp and all the vain display will be just fuss and feathers thrown away. So tell me, while I am yet on earth, your estimate of my surprising worth. O tell me what a looloo bird I am, and fill me full of taffy and of jam.—*Walt Mason.*

P. S. Them's our sentiments, tew.—*The Editors.*

***The Song of the Freshman**

There, little Soph, don't cry,
They have gotten your goat, I know,
And your old-time pride, and your posters, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by,
There, little Soph, don't cry.

There, little Soph, don't cry,
They have hooked your banner, I know,
And the posters up all over the town
Are things of the long ago;
But some lone Freshman will soon glide by,
There, little Soph, don't cry.

There, little Soph, don't cry,
They've broken your heart, I know,
And the rainbow gleams of your banner seem
Like things of the long ago;
But the Freshmen hold all for which you sigh,
There, little Soph, don't cry, don't cry.

*For various and sundry reasons we have omitted the name of the author of this touching little ballad. We might say that there is a marked similarity between the genius of this writer and that of Riley. All contributions strictly confidential. Names disclosed only on sufficient remuneration. —*The Editors.*

We are the elite of "four hundred,"
We like to be with us,
We like to pat ourselves
On the back confidentially.

We talk with us, and walk with us,
And give ourselves the "grand salaam,"
We never knew how well ourselves
And we could get along.

We often sit and ask us
Are Seniors the greatest of the great?
And our answer is proper and fitting
In such affairs of state.

Just get together with yourselves,
And trust yourselves with you;
You'll be surprised how well yourselves
Will like you, if you do. —*Adapted.*

It is needless to say that we Seniors are just a little proud of our class and the Annual. And we want to thank the classes and organizations that have made this issue of Oshihiyi possible. We are grateful to you all.



THE ANNUAL'S "PARADOX"

The Stetson Faculty Fifty Years Hence

The years rolled by, and then one day I chanced,
 Amid the bustle and the rush of life,
 To have an idle week, and in the lull
 I thought me of those happier days of youth;
 And in this strain of reminiscence I
 Betook myself with haste and expectation
 To Florida and Stetson, where it seemed
 As of necessity I there would find
 The same old faces and the same old friends;
 The discipline committee still discussing
 Such frivolous proceedings as our cuts,
 The "Jaw-Bone," and those other sundry things
 Which gave us both much pleasure and much pain.
 At last I took the bus at Orange City
 And in a flight which took my breath away
 Was whirled as swift as lightning to DeLand,
 And on arriving suddenly I looked
 Upon the scowling face of my chauffeur,

Who by his speed had caught my breath away,
 And then I cried, "The Dean," and grasped his
 hand,
 But he with voice impatient fiercely cried,
 "Do not detain me, for I find that I,
 By running every minute fifteen miles,
 And counting 55 per cent for mud,
 Can run 6000 miles a week and teach
 Six classes up at Stetson, and still be
 Back on the beach in time to milk the cow
 And feed the pigs. And now I'm trying if
 I run two minutes faster I can be
 Back home in time to feed the chickens too,
 And then he called with a familiar chuckle,
 If I can fish, why can't a tri-angle?"
 And hardly had he faded from my sight
 When up the steps of Science Hall there came
 A weak and sickly figure, thin and pale,

His clothes, once stretched upon an ample frame,
 Now hung in ripples on his chilly bones,
 And as he walked he murmured, "If there be
 A preconceived and metaphysical
 Conception of the postulates of love,
 Such a conception I would surely prove
 Under the beams of a transcendent moon."
 All this in high and dulcet tones, which proved,
 Of course, our own cherubic Uncle Dan.
 I hereupon embraced him and we walked
 In closest conversation to the lab;
 And there, instead of placid, peaceful Claude,
 I found another Prof. who madly raved,
 And cried in accents wild unto the class,
 "Ah! zinc or cadmium, that is the question,
 And whether there's precipitate or not,
 Be careful of your gestures, for I find
 They are as awkward as Doc Hulley's horse;
 Now watch *me* fill the test-tube with the stuff,"

And while he raved I made my escape,
 Lamenting that our Gordon here should drown
 Histrionic talents great in acids vile,
 To upper regions where I thought to see
 Sweet Wilma, artist Prof., with paint bedaubed,
 Who'd greet me with angelic, dreamy eyes;
 But who should meet me at the very door!
 A brisk, immaculate and tidy—man!
 No paint could be detected on those cuffs
 And spotless hands, no wrinkles in the knees
 Of trousers of the very latest mode. And he
 Recalled me suddenly with *Rosie* smile,
 Just then, behold! I saw a feeble form
 Grown very fat with feasting at Chaudoin,
 And on her head where hairs there used to be
 A dainty cap with ribbons all a-flutter.
 And scarcely had I known her, but she cried,
 "I'll flunk you," and then quickly I espied
 An old French grammar and her Wilma by her side.

As we descended, suddenly I heard
 A pompous voice re-echo through the hall,
 And true to instinct, to the key-hole I
 Crept up and peered most cautiously for fear
 I might disturb those tones majestic, calm,
 Yes, there he was, the same old, dear old Dean!
 Of all the Profs the only one unchanged,
 And as he spoke he waved the palm-leaf fan,
 "My friends, I am a very nervous man,
 A very, very, *very* nervous man,
 And while my tongue keeps wagging you must
 write,
 And then with a majestic flourish he
 Declaimed with vigor in the same old way,
 "Ah! Noble Rome had blossomed like a rose!!
 If we are spared I will continue this!"
 Just then the gong and dinner bell rang forth,
 Two other friends of old, as yet unchanged,

But who is this who greets me at the door?
 Not Miss Martien with head of curly hair
 And gentle (?) smile, but here a stately form,
 An Amazon quite fit to bar the door
 Of such a crowd of youthful innocents.
 I cry, "Dear Nina," but she frowns a frown
 Most fearful, and in tones of majesty,
 "You must call me Miss Phillips and be more
 Respectful to the Dean of Women, or
 You cannot stay one minute in this house!"
 "But Miss Martien? Oh, where is she?" I cry,
 And then the dragon smiles a smile of scorn
 "Don't mention her again, I beg you don't;
 Chaudoin is disgraced forevermore;
 For Miss Martien—I hesitate to say,
 It was so dreadful and such great disgrace,
 So keep it dark, I beg you tell no one—
 Was wed unto a minister named Jones!



Commencement.

Scenes
From
College Life
1913

Undergraduates will kindly notice that these courses are open only to Senior students.

—The Editors.



SUMMER GIRLS AND SOME ARE BOYS

Ven Sneddy Gets A-Going

By E. E. PHILLIPS

See dot half-back standing ober dere,
Pawing up de san und fro it in de air,
Mit hees hair all red und mak beeg show,
De feller vot kick dat pall und mak it go,
Vel, dat's Sned., de feller vot gets agoing und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Dot poy got arms beeg lak Gorilla mon,
Und hees laigs vas beeg round lak giant African,
Und hees beeg chess vas swell ob so,
Ven Sneddy gets a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Vot can stob dot poy, ven he gets a-going, anypody know?
Steam-engine, automobile, flying machine, shosh stan no show,
Nor two beeg pall teams togeder und in a row,
Ven Sneddy gets a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

See dot pall team mit green stripe, looking fine,
Mit Babe und Billy und Villard on time,
Making ze hole vere Sned vill go,
Ven Sneddy gets a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Den Sned he back off lak beeg Billy-goat fine,
Und "biff" he go right fru dat line,
Und mak beeg gain 40 yards or so,
Ven Sneddy gets a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Everybody watching heem now, dis time,
As he go lak stunder und blitzen, right ober de line,
Und us fellers go crazy und de gals dey crow,
Ven Sneddy gets a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Von day our Sned vas seek und in bade,
Und us fellers vas 'fraid our Sneddy vill be dead,
Bod ven ve pring heem oud in de mud und de rain,
He stan ob und say, "Mr. Manning, mebbe a get a-going und
a-going again."

Und he vent down dat field lak beeg buffalo,
Und he mak von goal und den he mak two,
Und de "Davidson" poys not in dat game, oh no,
Ven Sneddy got a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Von feller he kap steel und mak leedle noise,
Shosh lag he care noding for hees footpall poys,
Bod ven he see dot great beeg Sned
Stan some feller on hees head
Den he laugh und vink hees eye, jus so,
Ven Sneddy gets a-going und a-going,
Don't yer know?

Und after ze game ve all march around,
Und ve so glad ve shomp ob und down,
Und ze pand vill play, und ve mak beeg show
Cause Sneddy got a-going und a-going,
RAH! RAH! RAH!
Don't yer know?

Heard at Chaudoin

Inquisitive Party: "What does Bryan Jennings do?"

Bill Gardner: "I'm sure I never saw him do anything; he rooms over there at the frat house."

I. P.: Oh! I understand, he must be one of those idle rumors so often afloat at Stetson."

Walt: "My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel for me to take you from your father's roof."

She: "I don't live on the roof, my dear boy."

He: "Yes, dear, I've made love before, but not before a matron, thirteen teachers and forty other couples."

"Good-night, Mr. Farriss."

"Good-night, Miss Martien."

Mike Says

When asked would lawyers ever tell the truth, "Yes, a lawyer will do most anything to win a case."

"That Bob Anderson, finding his blanket too short to suit, cut off two feet at the bottom and sewed it at the top."

"No, it isn't only the milk trains that have cow-catchers."

"That what the Stetson Hall mosquito uses when he bites is made up of his antennae, his clypeus, his hypo-pharynx, his labium, mandibles and his maxillae."

Mike ought to know.

JUST AS WE GO TO PRESS THE "JAWBONE" SENDS IN THE FOLLOWING STARTLING NEWS NOTES

UNCLE DAN MARRIED

Popular Member of Stetson Faculty Married

Uncle Dan's numerous friends will doubtless be very much surprised to learn that he actually married three couples while serving in a ministerial capacity last winter.

MARTIEN OUSTED

Popular Matron at Chau- doin Ousted

Thirteen young men who tarried too long at social hour last Friday night. This, however, will not come as a very great surprise to any of our more frequent visitors at Chaudoin.

DR. BAERECKE BADLY BURNED

**Working in Laboratory, Dr.
Baerecke Burned**

Three million bacteria in a test tube while sterilizing with the efficient aid of "the terrible Swede." Dr. Baerecke succeeded in bringing to an end the promising career of the aforementioned "bugs." Perry Roberts assisted touchingly at the obsequies.

BETTY LEWIS EXPELLED!

**Promising Young Chemistry
Student Expelled**

Every particle of oxygen from a specimen of cupric oxide last Wednesday in the Chemistry Laboratory. As we stated before, Betty is a promising girl—she'll promise anything to get ahead of the Freshies.

FRANK WIDEMAN'S FAMOUS LECTURE

American Fools --- By One

Of Stetson's most talented orators. This is one of Frank's best efforts, and in our estimation far surpasses his noble efforts in the anti-prohibition, or was it prohibition, cause. Men who have heard Frank speak have been driven to drink—lemonade.

DEAN SMITH SHOT

Famous Member of Discipline Committee Shot

Several wild ducks on his east coast farm last season. The reporter has been unable to secure the horrifying details, and we must leave unsatisfied your natural curiosity as to the outcome of this exciting tale.



HERE'S WHERE WE GET EVEN



PEEK-A-BOO

We want it distinctly understood that in Oshihiyi 1913 we will positively not mention :

Dean Smith's joking propensities.

Prof. Carson's white ducks and cough drops.

Hugh Jones' talkativeness.

Beulah Gilpatrick's love affairs.

Chaudoin grits.

Prof. Tingley's bored look in chapel.

Dr. Baerecke's chapel singing.

Longstreet's amazing love for six-cylinder words.

Miss Martien's "Boys, 'Belle' has rung."

Uncle Dan's avoirdupois.

That Seagroatt is an Englishman and that Schooney is a Swede.

THE ANNUAL QUESTION BOX

?

Anxious Normal—

No, Miss Sheddan doesn't really enjoy chapel services. She just smiles that way from force of habit.

A. B.—

No, dear boy, that excitement among the young men is not due to a "Normal" invasion or an American variation of the "Boor" war.

C. W.—

No, Constance, the only thing the Freshmen ever licked was a postage stamp.

B. G.—

Yes, Beulah, "Good-night" is a slang expression, and Miss Martien should avoid its use.

The Editor with gladsome cry
Exclaims, "My work is done."
The Business Manager, with a sigh,
Complains, "My work is dun."

You can always tell a Freshman, but you can't tell him much.

When Al Phillips left home, his mother moaned,
"Our son has left us."

"Yes, but he hasn't left us much," exclaimed
Al's pa.

The Annual Philosopher says,

"Truth is a precious thing, but there's absolutely no need in economizing in it."

Some Freshmen stood on the burning deck,
But as far as the Sophs could learn,
They stood in perfect safety,
For they were too green to burn.

The Annual Primer



LESSON I

What is this?

It is a man.

What is that on its face?

That is a smile that has exploded.

Why does the man smile?

Ah, Isador, he is the Manager, and Al Phillips just paid for an Annual.

The Annual Primer



LESSON II

Who is this man?

This is the dramatic director.

Why does that expression of horrible anguish cloud his features?

He's trying to direct Marguerite Blocker and Inez Barron.

Yes, Robbie, he should have about seventeen assistants. Correct, sit down.

The Annual Primer



LESSON III

Who is this lady?

It is the matron.

Why does she smile?

She dreamed that Social Hour Bell(e) rung and all the boys
left on time.

Ah, little one, dreaming is an idle pursuit.

The Annual Primer



LESSON IV

Now, children, what great lesson does our picture teach?

It teaches the troubles of the Manager and the Editor.

Why didn't Harriet want her picture taken?

Ah, children, that indeed is a question for Uncle Dan. He teaches psychology. No, Ignatz, that is not a kind of fish.

The Annual Primer



LESSON V

Yes, Clarence, you are right, these are Seniors.

Why do they smile?

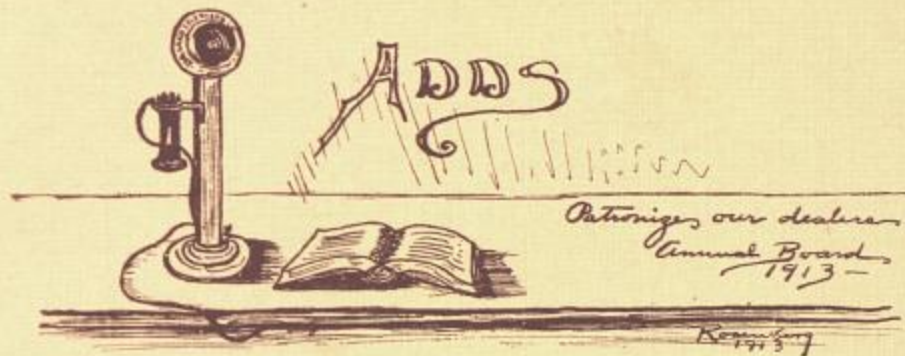
Ah! Senior privileges at Stetson would make anyone smile.

You are right, Mabel, Miss Roseborough smiles because she is happy.

To Our Alumni

You who're out upon life's voyage
Backward turn your thoughts again,
Your Alma Mater yearns to see you,
Hear reports of good or gain.

Send us tidings of your voyage,
To what harbor do you go?
Are you teaching? Are you married?
What's your trade? Do let us know.



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
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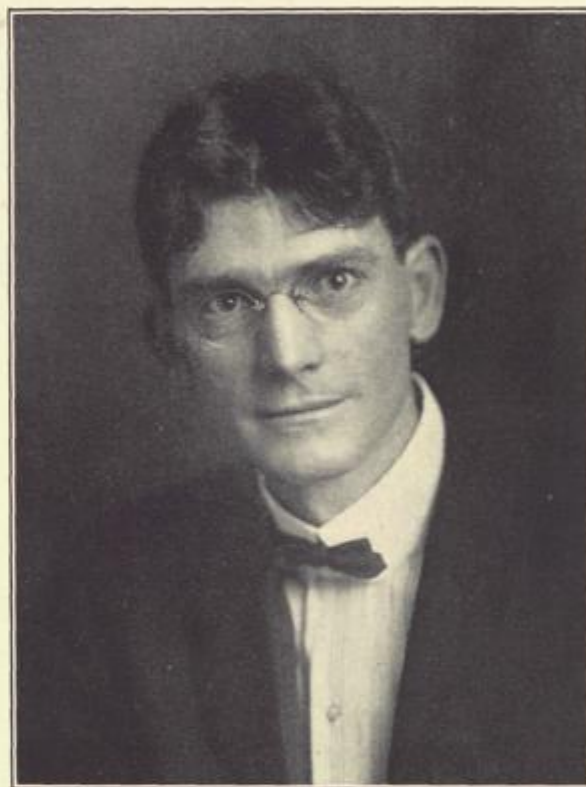
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