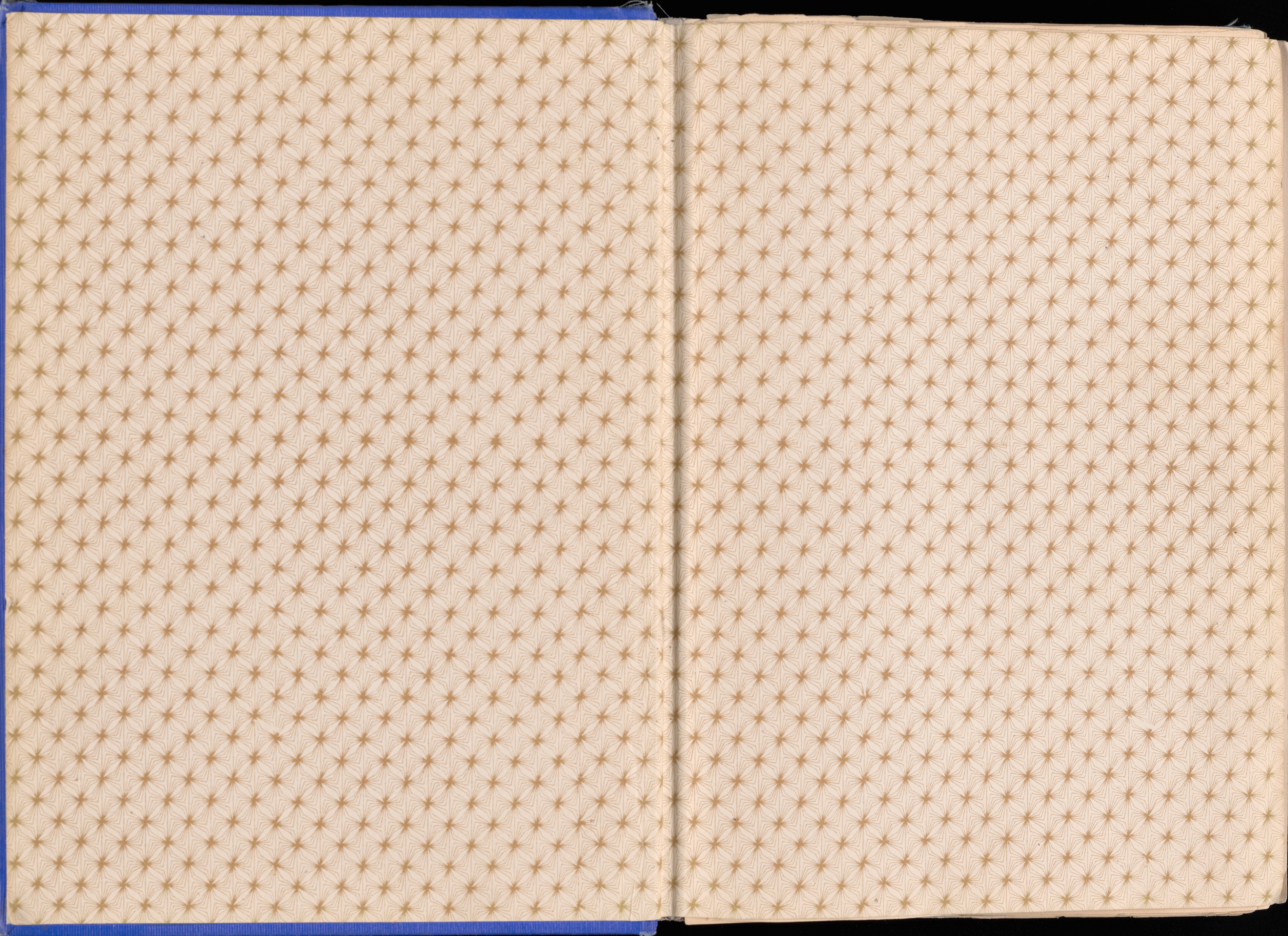


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The Student Record

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

VOL. IX

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, NOV. 1, 1901

No. 4

The Lynching of Perkins



IN 1871, the citizens of Virginia City organized a "Vigilance Committee." It was similar to one which had existed in San Francisco in early days, and was considered necessary for the suppression of the crime and vice which had become so prevalent as to endanger the lives and property of good citizens. At this time there were very frequent incendiary fires; murders were often committed, robberies were a common occurrence, and lawlessness prevailed to an alarming extent. The aim of the Vigilance Committee, or "601," was to terrify the perpetrators of these deeds into better behavior by making terrible examples of some of their number.

This "601" was so secretly organized that few knew of its existence until its power was suddenly felt. The first intimation of its presence was made on the night of March 24, 1871, when Arthur Perkins Heffernan, or Arthur Perkins, as he was commonly known, was taken from the County Jail and hanged. Perkins had a short time before, in the principal hotel of the town, shot down a man in cold blood.

Perkins was taken from the jail at about one o'clock in the morning. The majority of the townspeople knew nothing of the hanging until they arose in the morning, but several met the lynchers on the streets and were very badly frightened by them. Most of those who met the armed and masked men in the streets readily guessed the meaning of their presence.

The members of the organization gained possession of the armory of one of the military companies of the city, and here had armed themselves, donned their white masks and arranged a course of procedure. They first placed guards at the four corners of the streets which led to the block where the jail stood. When men who lived in this direction started to their homes, they were suddenly confronted by these strange spectres and ordered to "Go back!" Most of them went

back; but some lingered to ask "why" and were plainly told that they would learn "why" at the point of a bayonet if they didn't obey.

Before very long, the boom of a cannon sounded heavily through the night; In an instant the armed and masked men disappeared from the streets as if by magic. The cannon's roar had announced that Arthur Perkins had paid the penalty of his crime.

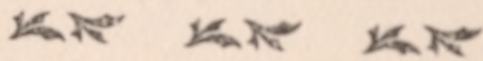
While the masked men had stood guard on the street corners, twenty or thirty members of the "601" went to the Court House and wrenched open the door. They then went noiselessly to the room occupied by the Sheriff and his deputy. They surprised the officers in bed, and, having secured their weapons, took the keys of the jail and cells from them.

The rest was easily accomplished. Arthur Perkins and another criminal occupied the same cell. When they heard the tread of the approaching vigilantes in the corridor, Perkins knew his time was come. "They have come for me, and I may as well bid you good-bye; this is my last night on earth!" he said to the terror stricken man in the room with him.

The vigilantes came directly to the door of the cell, saying, "Come out; we want you." Perkins' cellmate was terribly frightened, thinking that he, too, was wanted, and he started out with Perkins. "Go back, we don't want you," remarked one of the masked men; and he was pushed back into the cell. Perkins was so excited that he could not get on one of his boots. "Never mind the boot" came the comforting assurance. "Where you are going you will not need boots!"

Perkins was marched through the Court House by the back way, taken to a place near the old Ophir mining works, and a rope was placed on a convenient timber. He stood on a plank placed across the mouth of a tunnel; and, when the dreaded instant came, he did not wait for the plank to be drawn from under him, but sprang as high as he could into the air, in order to give his fall more force and render his death as quick and painless as possible.

Thus was ended the life of Arthur Perkins Heffernan, and such were the circumstances of the organization and first appearance of the Vigilance Committee in Virginia City.



On Mt. Rose in October



ONE late October day in 1897, I was enticed by the unusually clear atmosphere to climb the summit of Mt. Rose in a last endeavor to see Mt. Shasta.

The late storm had left the mountain summits white with a covering of snow which seemed so light that I made no preparation beyond those for an ordinary summer trip. Leaving my horse at the head of Jones' Canyon, which lies directly to the south of White's Canyon, I climbed immediately to

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the saddle between them at a point above the little lake known to all who have made the ascent of Mt. Rose. Here I met a genuine surprise. The snow which seemed so light from below was heavily drifted among the timber, and had been lashed by the storm into billowy masses from two to three feet deep. These were partially avoided by following the crest of a ridge; but near the timber line, where Mt. Rose rises into view from Reno above the intervening ridges, there was a large field of snow extending far up toward the summit. I had left my snow shoes in Reno and many a time did I regret it. But by dint of perseverance I finally reached the summit, and was fully rewarded for my trouble.

The view had never before been so extensive and the details of the surrounding country so clearly marked. To the east, Washoe lake, for the first time, lay like a mirror, reflecting the mountains and the shadows playing over them as the sun passed to the west. Beyond was Carson Sink with its lake glistening in the sunlight, while the eastern horizon was sharply defined by the Humboldt range. Somewhat further to the left, but much nearer, could be discerned a portion of Pyramid Lake, which I had formerly supposed to be shut out from view by the mountains around it. The location of the lake is marked by a twin peak on its further side. This peak can be seen when a few miles out on the Virginia road. My interest, however, was centered in the panorama which extended to the northwest. I traced out carefully Dog Valley grade, Sardine and Sierra Valleys. Beyond I could discern another valley, which was probably Clover or Grizzly, when the line of vision met nothing but mountain peaks. Prominent now in their midst, because of its covering of snow, rose Lassen Buttes (10,400 feet) but directly beyond, where I had hoped to get a glimpse of the towering summit of Mt. Shasta, 240 miles away, was only a faint mist on the horizon. This convinced me that Mt. Shasta, whose summit was situated really below my horizon and could be brought into view only through the immense refraction of the atmosphere, would never be seen unless that atmosphere was phenomenally clear, and such occasions would only occur in the depth of winter.

Still further to the west and beyond the summit stood a pyramidal peak, formerly supposed to be the crest of Lassen Buttes, but now believed to be Sierra Butte near Sierra City. The absence of snow on the mountain indicated a height of not more than 8000 feet. Mount Lolo was hardly distinguishable from the other summits of the Sierras, but Donner Lake, at that distance appearing about the size of a ten-cent piece, could be distinguished through the smoke pouring forth from the mills at Truckee. The location of Overton, also was at once seen by the rising smoke, and its buildings could almost be discerned with the unaided eye. But Boca appeared as distinctly as if the town had been carved out in miniature. A half turn of the head caused the eyes to traverse quickly the basin of the Truckee until they were arrested by Reno with its minute buildings and radiating roads, which reminded one of a relief map such as a child might make in a kindergarten, only vastly more perfect.

But directly at our back lies the object which fills evryone who makes the ascent with enthusiasm and repays the arduous climb. Lake Tahoe stretches away, a mass of blue shimmering water, until its southern shore blends, at times,

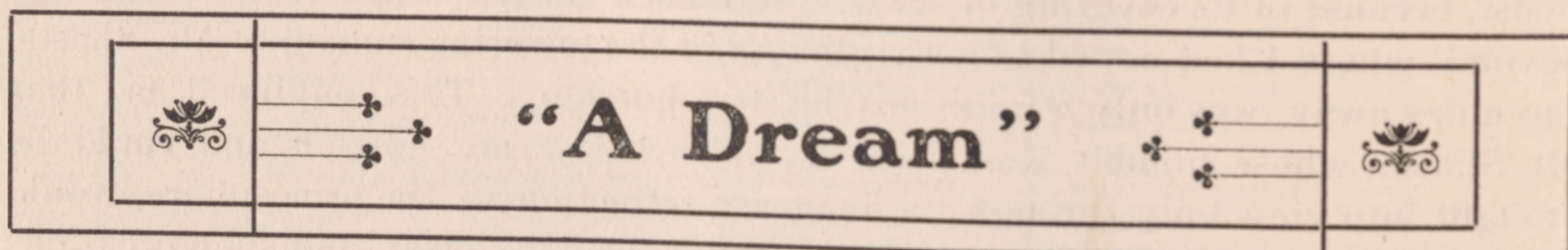
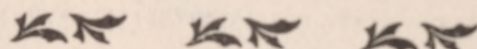
with the mountains beyond, whose snow-capped summits combine in turn with the fleecy stretches of cloud above them.

At the end of the lake and on either side rise the sentinels, Mount Tallac, marked by its crest of snow, and Freel, one hundred feet higher than the peak on which we stand. The northwestern end of the lake is shut out from our view by an intervening mountain range. On this day the resorts, which could be seen scattered along the shores, with their cluster of white buildings, on the southeast shore, stood out in pleasant contrast with the light blue of the lake. Glenbrook, though hidden by a long tongue of land, which runs out into the lake, was betrayed by a pall of smoke which hung thickly over the place, while Incline was represented by one lonely cabin on the edge of a barren tract of land.

As one's gaze is turned from the lake to the depression directly beneath the summit, a peculiar formation presents itself. About one thousand feet down is a large oval ring of earth, flanked on two sides by a V-shaped palisade of lava rock, the third side opening into the depression between Mt. Mose and Mt. Slide. May this have been an old crater which in times past caused the upheaval of Mt. Rose?

A trip to this peak would be incomplete without a visit to the glacier just over the eastern edge of the summit. This sheet of ice, plainly visible from the University campus, is about one-third of a mile long, and remains the year round. This is the only glacier existing, so far as I know, between Mt. Shasta and Mt. Dana, the northern sentinel of the Southern Sierras.

J. E. C.



In a bower of blossoms dreaming,
 Where the golden tendrils gleaming,
 Waved their warm arms to the cadence of the murmur through the trees,
 Striving to suppress the yearning,
 Of a soul forever burning,
 With desire to join my Loved One in the ambient aerial seas.

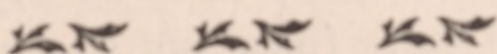
Basking in the glowing twilight,
 The grand prelude of the night,
 All the western sky illumined by the hidden Vulcan fire,
 Then I felt my soul uplifting,
 On a billowy breeze go drifting,
 To the sweet angelic music of some silver-tuned lyre.

Through the dappled clouds ascending,
 Upward, ever upward tending,
 Dizzily drifting, flitting through the dim-lit rendezvous of Dreams,

Where the sacred lilies quiver,
 In Love's deep and silent river,
 Flowing down the verdant vista where Hope's hand forever gleams.

From the quiet shades receding,
 Came my Love with tender greeting,
 On the fairy wings the Angels that fatal day had wrought;
 In the waveless sea of ether
 Filled with speechless joy I wreathed her
 Angel brow in golden garlands from the Land of Sunshine brought.

W. E.



Querulous One and Cnyic

?

// **H**OW would hard study affect a Senior?"

"It would seem a wierd and enchanting thing for him to awake suddenly in the night with a brain crazed by wild and maddening thoughts."

"What is college life?"

"It is a seeming to be that is filled with nothingness and hypocrites. A jewel may be found now and then, but alas for him who is but a pebble on a wind-swept coast."

"Why does not the 'stag' accompany a young lady to the parties and socials?"

"The co-ed had just as well be like unto the witch that rode the broom-stick in the twelve-like hours of the night, as to be as beautiful as Venus, Psyche or other myth, for she could just as soon hope to have the self-satisfied young man so far forget his frivolity and 'light-headedness' as to do *such* a thing."

"What would happen if several profs should appear on the side-lines?"

"Such an uhheard-of and wonderful event? The coach's eyes would start from their sockets; the heroes in the lowly game would be in danger of going mad; the gentle co-ed and her submissive companion would forget soft, cooing words and instead have hysterics; while the jolly rooter and his delight, the laughing, true college-girl, would be as though turned into stone. Several profs, indeed! Away, impossible, delirious thought; for verily, thou art as unattainable as is quiet when one wants to study."

"How would it seem to have good examples set?"

"Poor deluded creature. Would that I could pour into your ears the plaint of a mind and heart overflowing with bitterness. Do you really believe it would be meet and just for an insignificant collegian to complain at even such inconsistency as being told not to use *slang*, and to have the advisor in the next breath use such a word as *girling*? Or to rebel when being reprimanded for things which

the person reprimanding himself does? Or,—but hold, enough; I can go no further, for my feelings overcome me, and I may expose too many truths.”

“When will the freshman see his folly in not recognizing the superiority of others?”

“You touch a sore spot. But know you that such a state of affairs as now can no longer exist only when the upperclassmen so far cease to degenerate as to do their duty and preserve their dignity, and when the freshmen shall not all be as though from the backwoods?”

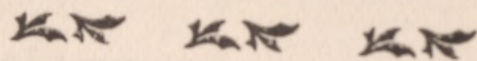
“How can a fellow get a maid?”

“‘Avaunt! And quit my sight!’ Know you not that you should never mention such personal affairs and trifles? For as surely as you do, just so surely will I not answer. Have I not had more than my share of trouble and altogether too many escapades with that matchless, inscrutable creature which is the blight as well as the light of all men’s lives? * * *

“But as the Querulous One and the Cynic delve deeper into the mysteries which go to show that college days are not a mere empty dream, they become dismayed with the falsity of all things and appalled with the imperturbability of nature and the impossibility of understanding much that is at once too good and too pitiful to think of. Seek not to know that which you cannot find out; question not that which cannot be changed.

“And now, for want of use, the tongue grows rusty in its cavern, and, in its bony, bony cage, because of idleness, the brain loses its excitability. And the moon casts its soft radiance into the room, bathing in tenderness and glorifying the face of the two whose voices are stilled and whom the bleak night wind lulls to a gentle rest.

G. S.



A comparison of our University and the two leading California institutions affords many interesting results. During their stay, some of the more observant of the visiting collegians had occasion to note some differences.

Although it had been engaged in the work since Aug. 15, the beginning class in surveying at the University of California was still taking angles. In Nevada the class devoted its entire attention to the same thing for about two days, and then began a survey of the Experiment Station farm. Now the class has advanced rapidly in the important principles of surveying, meanwhile getting continual practice in the work on which our California friends are losing so much time.

The University of California and Stanford have some truly splendid buildings and grounds, have facilities and advantages which we cannot hope to have for many years to come, and above all, they have the reputation, which we also should have. But they have many disadvantages and faults, and the chances for a student to apply himself and show his merits are not as they are in Nevada. So that, in this hasty afterthought, which is to fill space, we believe Nevada’s students still hold Nevada first and appreciate more strongly than before what they have.



The Student Record



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The Student Record is published semi-monthly during the college year by the Independent Association of the University of Nevada.

Subscriptions: Academic year, \$1.00; 3 months, 35 cents; single copies, 10 cents.

Communications should be addressed Student Record, Reno, Nevada.

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Entered at the Reno, Nevada, Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Football Matters

The result of the two football games we had in California, while not what we expected and what they should have been had the conditions been equal and the work of the officials fair, are nevertheless such that Nevada has reason to be proud of its gridiron heroes. Nevada has come out of both games with her honor unsullied, which is more than her opponents can say.

We well know that to complain when all is over with can gain no one nothing. Also, that it may seem that we make assertions because we wish to hide the truth and make excuses for defeat. But all that we say we are prepared to stand by, for we have the word of the players and we cannot forget what we and others saw from the sidelines and grand stand. Elsewhere we have given a true and impartial account of the games. We made a few comments there, but they were not strong enough, for the truth is never out of place.

In the second half of the game with California the U. C. men used foul tactics continually. They held at every opportunity and played general dirty football. They had been outplayed at every stage of the game in the first half and saw that they had to do some foul work or lose. The timekeepers lengthened the second half ten minutes so as to give California a chance for another touchdown.

Remembering last year's defeat at the hands of Nevada, Stanford this year went into the game with a vengeance, determined to win whether by fair means or foul. With the co-operation of the official, they easily succeeded. The game was marked by the savageness of play, the teams being alike in playing the hardest and fiercest kind of football. Recognizing the prowess of some of the men who largely contributed to Stanford's defeat last year, the Cardinal players made desperate efforts to disable several Nevadans. Because the officials would not see their foul work, they succeeded very well. Nevada never objects to legitimate football, no matter how rough or brutal, but she does object to getting the worst of every decision and to having officials who will not see acts of too great violence and certain other methods of playing not within the rules.

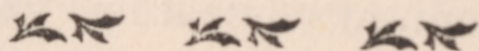
In the games Nevada seemed to be followed by misfortune. Rather illiterately but suggestively, it may be said that we were done *brown*, for there was too much Brown for Nevada (the unfair officials in both cases were named Brown). Sentiments which have been expressed before are so significant that they will bear reiteration: On her own field, under favorable conditions, and with just offi-


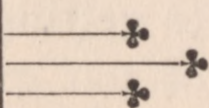
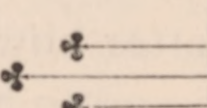

cial, there is no room for doubt that Nevada could not at least reverse the score in both games. While Nevada has not been victorious, she has won other laurels



The True Spirit Most gratifying to all was the reception accorded the football men on their return from California. The faculty and students extended to them every honor. Those left in Nevada University appreciated how loyally the team had striven for their honor and the glory of their State. They rejoice when the team is victorious, but they do not withdraw their hearty support when it is not. They are proud that the sons of Nevada can do battle on distant gridirons without once forgetting that they have the honor and reputation of a University and a State in their hands. Nevada's men refrain from foul tactics even when they are wronged and cheated and fouled at every turn. Manliness in the highest sense is the predominating trait of which Nevadans are proud.

It might be well to state briefly what some men have done and have sacrificed for the University. Manager Mack has gone to every trouble and has many times inconvenienced himself for the purpose of furthering the interests of the team. He is a faithful, able manager and will leave behind him a record which his successors will do well to follow. Our gallant little Captain, Cleve Leadbetter, scarcely needs mention—his deeds and his characteristics are too well known. For three years he has infused into the teams such a spirit of dash and determination as is seldom seen in any football team. The whole team has worked hard and nobly and has done more than could be expected. And our almost idolized Steckle—we cannot forget him. Immediately on his arrival at the University he set to work to develop a team that would do us honor. How well he succeeded we all know; how quickly his personality and his methods of playing and treating the football men won the support and aroused the latent enthusiasm of the students, we all know. Hand in hand with our faithful trainer, King Ryan, he comes in for a large share of the credit due the football team. A few members of the faculty deserve special mention for the interest they have taken in football work and the benefits they have brought to it. But there are some that should get the opposite sort of mention, and therefore we will let well enough alone. And now "All honor to our football team."



	 <h2 style="margin: 0;">Athletics</h2> 	
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Nevada 11 On Saturday, Oct. 19, on the University gridiron, the Reliance Athletic Club team of Oakland met the University of Nevada football eleven. For a hard-fought and exciting game equal has never been seen in Nevada. The visitors outweighed their opponent

five pounds to the man and were all strong, gritty players. But the college men had the advantage in being speedier, in showing better judgment, and withal knowing more about the intricacies of the game and playing better football.

Throughout, the game was largely a series of line-bucking plays, both teams seeming to favor that system of playing, depending upon the usual end runs and punts only at critical times. However, whenever kicking was resorted to, good work was done, Nevada averaging over forty yards and Reliance thirty yards in the foot work. During the greater part of both halves the ball was kept in Reliance territory. The clubmen seemed unable to resist the terrific line-smashing and end-running tactics of their opponents, but they never for an instant ceased to play with the true vim and desperation. There were few fumbles, but the collegians lost many yards on off-side playing.

Without going into the details of the game and following the course of the ball over the field, it may be justly said that the score, Nevada 11, Reliance 0, shows very well the respective abilities of the teams. The visitors were here defeated by a larger score than by either California or Stanford, and had they not been very fortunate and braced well at critical times, they would have been defeated by a larger score. From the showing made in this game, which was played under the most favorable conditions and when our team was at its best, in that it had no crippled players, the Nevada football team of 1901 should be judged.



California 12

Nevada 0

On Wednesday, Oct. 30, Nevada met California on the Berkely campus in the annual football contest. About 2000 people occupied the bleachers or stood on the side lines, while half as many more enjoyed the contest from commanding positions on surrounding hills or upper stories of near-by buildings. On one end of the bleachers sat a score of Nevada students and perhaps three score Nevada sympathizers, many of them citizens of the sagebrush State who happened to be visiting the western metropolis.

At 3 o'clock the referee's whistle announced the beginning of the contest. California kicked off to Graham, who ran in the ball five yards. Here Nevada began a series of line-bucking plays seldom witnessed in any contest. For gains of two, three and four yards her tackles and backs tore through the California line. The California rooters, perhaps 500 strong, pleaded with their team to "Hold them, California," but for 60 consecutive yards the team failed to obey the summons. Here Nevada lost the ball on downs and California punted. Again Nevada bucked the line for 20 yards and lost the ball on a fumble. California tried two bucks but failed to gain and Overall punted. Nevada was again pounding away at California's line when time was called for the first half.

In the second half California changed her style of offensive playing; instead of throwing her swift but light bucks against the Nevada line and being thrown back, she began skirting the ends. Keddie kicked off to More, who ran the ball in fifteen yards. California failed to make the distance on the next two downs and Overall punted to Graham, who immediately returned it. At this point the

Nevada team seemed to be unable to stop the end runs of the California back. This was due in great part to the unfair tactics California was inclined to use. Holding one's opponent and tripping at every opportunity may be fair play when the official does not care to see it, but clean playing is certainly more beneficial to amateur athletics. After a try at the line by Duden, Whipple was given the ball and sheltered by the giant Overall, he ran 50 yards to a touchdown. Overall kicked the goal.

Again Nevada kicked off and California ran the ball in 20 yards. After a series of end runs California punted. Keddie heeled the punt, giving him a free kick. California worked the ball to Nevada's one-yard line but was here penalized for an off-side play. Overall tried a place kick, which was cleverly blocked by Smith, Nevada's giant guard. Graham punted from the 25-yard line and California ran the ball in five yards. Womble again skirted the end and carried the ball to the two-yard line. The next play forced it over for a touch-down and Overall kicked the goal. At this point time had expired, but the time-keeper allowed California ten minutes bonus in which to score again, but they failed to gratify his wishes, and the game ended with the ball in the center of the field.

During the second half Captain Leadbetter received a fractured rib and was forced to leave the field. Too much praise cannot be given our plucky little leader, whose rare judgment and fierce defensive work have always been of the highest order. Every man on the team played hard, conscientious ball, and we as Nevada students greet them only as gridiron heroes are greeted.



Stanford 12
Nevada 0

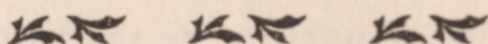
The team from the land of the sagebrush went into the Stanford game minus the 'Varsity half and without its regular quarter-back, the captain of the team. The injured half is one of the best and undoubtedly the speediest back Nevada has ever produced. The unerring judgment, the coolness and general ability of the redoubtable captain is too well known to require comment. The team, thus crippled and, further slightly disheartened by the gloom of a defeat which was entirely unmerited, did not play up to its standard. The substituted men played well but could not overcome the weakness occasioned by the loss of two mainstays of the team. The Nevadans were outweighed fifteen pounds to the man and were weakened by the wear and tear of a few days' enjoyment in the city, which always leaves its effect upon visiting college men, however much they may try to avoid it. This was well demonstrated in the number of times the Nevada men were either exhausted or knocked out. During the game there was just thirty-seven minutes of enforced rest.

The game opened with Stanford kicking off to Nevada. The latter was thrown back the first play. The full-back punted 36 yards and the ball was run in 15 yards. Stanford began smashing through the line for almost uninterrupted gains until within six yards of Nevada's goal. Here Nevada secured possession of the ball and kicked out of danger. Stanford again used the same tactics and in a series of ten plays advanced the ball 48 yards. Then the full-back was sent over the line for the final foot.

Nevada again kicked off to Stanford, sending the sphere 50 yards, 15 yards of which were recovered by running the ball back. So far Nevada had had but few opportunities to show what she could do with the ball, for usually a punt was necessary. After being thrown back several times, Stanford made 52 yards by runs outside of tackles. Then the right half went around Nevada's end for a nine-yard run to a touchdown.

In the second half Nevada was compelled to use all her substitutes. But the team continued to contend with the characteristic grit and fierceness which they had displayed before. Nevada clearly outplayed Stanford in the second half, owing, perhaps, largely to the fact that the Nevada men were losing their temper because of the decisions and methods of the officials. Nevada made several good end runs and used its line-bucking tactics to advantage. Stanford could not make the gains she had made in the first half and did not succeed in again bringing the ball within striking distance. The Nevadans more than offset all disadvantages by the very savageness of their attempt to snatch the ball, whereby they compelled several disastrous Stanford fumbles. The game closed with the score 12 to 0 in favor of Stanford, the same as at the end of the first half.

Stanford succeeded very well in running in punts, for our ends were slow in getting down, made wretched tackles and seemed somewhat demoralized throughout the game. Hence there was much kicking, Stanford punting because they always got the runner very quickly, and Nevada, because she had to in a great many cases. Stanford usually got the better of an exchange of punts. Stanford kicked 14 times, averaging 38 yards. Nevada kicked 17 times, averaging 36 yards. Stanford tried 56 times to carry the ball, advanced it 381 yards and lost 8 yards; fumbled 6 times and was held on downs once; was awarded 8 yards for Nevada's offside play. Nevada tried 33 times to carry the ball, advanced it 85 yards and lost 17 yards; fumbled once and was held on downs once.



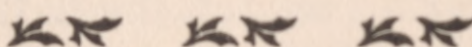
The football team of the University of Nevada has the following line-up:

NAMES.	WEIGHTS.	POSITION.
Kearney - - - -	152 - - - -	Right End
Riorden - - - -	162 - - - -	Right Tackle
C. Smith - - - -	200 - - - -	Right Guard
Hunter - - - -	196 - - - -	Center
Lawrence - - - -	165 - - - -	Left Guard
Drips - - - -	167 - - - -	Left Tackle
Wright - - - -	136 - - - -	Left End
C. B. Leadbetter - - - -	142 - - - -	Quarter-back
Keddie - - - -	172 - - - -	Right Half
B. Smith - - - -	162 - - - -	Left Half
Graham - - - -	151 - - - -	Full Back
Total weight - - - -	1805	
Average weight - - - -	165	

SUBSTITUTES:

Stewart	-	-	-	-	135	-	-	-	-	Half
Hoffman	-	-	-	-	130	-	-	-	-	Half
Lyman	-	-	-	-	165	-	-	-	-	Tackle
Leavitt	-	-	-	-	163	-	-	-	-	Guard
E. P. Leadbetter	-	-	-	-	130	-	.	.	.	Quarter-back
O'Hara	-	-	-	-	133	-	-	-	-	End

Stewart played the second half of the Reliance game, the second half of the Berkeley game and the first half of the Stanford game. Hoffman, Lyman and Leavitt played the second half of the Stanford game. E. P. Leadbetter played the whole of the Stanford game and a few minutes in the Berkeley game. O'Hara played parts of the last half of the Reliance and Berkeley games and the last half of the Stanford game.



In
the **Shadows of Minerva**

Theta Epsilon has taken in the following new members: Gertrude Sheehy, Beulah Hershiser, May Bacon, Mabel Snapp and Geraldine Hibbard. The membership of this society is open to college women only.

The Tennis Committee finds that the expenses for maintaining the courts are \$10 a month. The expense is to be equally shared by the members. Students desiring to join or wishing information regarding the club should consult Mr. George Lyman.

The Nevada contingent at the California and Stanford games numbered about sixty-five persons. Many ex-Nevadans, some of whom not a few of the boys seemed glad to see, were also present. Our rooters did fairly good work at the games, but showed their lack of yells and the little practice they had been having. Hereafter, when we accompany our teams we must have such a wide diversification of yells and use so much energy that we can infuse a new spirit into the team, if its work should happen to lag a little.

Arrangements have been perfected whereby, in the near future, we will have the pleasure of listening to several instructive addresses. Dr. Stubbs has promised from John Muir, the noted natural scientist, from the Rev. Dr. McKenzie of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, who three years ago delivered our Commencement address, and an almost certain promise from General James F. Smith, the noted Volunteer officer. This change from the ordinary lectures will instil a new life into the usual monotony of Assembly work.

Besides those mentioned in the last RECORD, B. F. O'Hara, John Case and A. W. Wolf have taken their degrees and are full-fledged T. H. P. O's.

Curtis Seagrave, University of Nevada '99, Nevada's present representative at West Point, played first substitute center on the Military Academy football team in the recent game with Harvard. Seagrave had never played football in Nevada, but is apparently having such an easy time with his lessons at West Point that he can well afford to give some time to athletics.

INITIATION OF L. F. G.

Friday evening, Oct. 18, the L. F. G. held their annual initiation at the Cottage and eleven new members were taken into the club.

After enduring a few hours of severe treatment in going through the prescribed ordeals, the patient candidates washed their hands of the outer world and, divinely pure, walked through the "Pearly Gates" into the celestial realm of the "Minchinks." Hereupon the new members received the hearty congratulations and good wishes of the old ones.

At a late hour the revelries broke up and the new members, comforted with the promise of a grand spread later, joyfully retired.



Once upon a midnight weary,
 He was pondering with his deary,
 Laughing, talking with his deary,
 Near the steps of Cottage Hall.
 When suddenly there came a knocking,
 And the raven commenced talking.
 Soon Romeo began his walking,
 As the raven, with the maiden, shut the door.
 Then the stillness all unbroken,
 Save for sonorous sounds galore,
 Was again all peace and quiet,
 Was still and lonely as before.

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