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T H E

Student Record



June. 1, '02



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Dean—Prof. Henry Thurtell.

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Normal Alumni Association -- President, Miss Lena Joy; Secretary, Miss Stella Webster

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Independent Association—President, B. F. O'Hara '03; Secretary, Florence Hall '02; Treasurer, Edwin P. Arnot '02.

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T. H. P. O.—H. C. Southworth '02, H. R. M. J. 1st; E. J. Erickson '03, H. R. C. W. 2d.

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Philomathean Society—President, Florence Hall '02; Secretary, Mattie McMullen, Nor. '02.

Theta Epsilon Society—Laura B. Orr '02
Theta Gamma Mu.; Elizabeth McCormack '02, Theta Lambda Rho; Mabel G. Plumb '04; Beta Mu. Sigma; Vera Novacovich, Kappa Omega Phi.

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Class of 1902—President, G. E. Anderson, Secretary, Marion Young.

Class of 1903—President, Albert Wolf; Secretary, Carrie Allen.

Class of 1904—President, Fred Nathan; Secretary, Mable Blakeslee.

Class of 1905—President, Hallie Bulmer; Secretary, Kathryn Hand.

Senior Normal Class—President, Mattie McMullen; Secretary, Miss Wright.

The Student Record



A. C. STECKLE, U. of M., '99
Football Coach, 1901

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The Student Record

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

VOL. IX

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, JUNE 1, 1902

No. 15

Chinese Methods.

COME here you Chinaman, show me how to use this wegi-board." "Wats-a-mala-you, all time do this, do that, you think I clazy, go hell, dam." "That'll do, you come and show me how to use this wegi-beard." The Chinaman said no more. He quietly passed the table where the great oil lamp was burning between the gambles, and was soon pleasantly chatting to and showing his friend how to use the wegi-board. The young fellow, who called him, was of medium heighth, well dressed, his eyes were brown and shining fiercely from the effects of wine, his hair long and straight, he was constantly brushing from his eyes.

"Maybe so you like to go in other room, white man he drinkem, he say bring-em dare devil." "Yes, I'll go in now." "No, you bella go home; you drunk." "Take me in, I say." The Chinaman grew meek again and they left the gambling room. The Chinaman returned shortly. All was quiet as usual for about half an hour. Suddenly the gamblers heard sounds of a struggle. Presently the door broke and a fierce white faced wretch with a deep bloody cut across his face fell through. Our young friend stood there in his glory with his eyes glistening more than ever and with his usual calm half-unconcerned look. "Take him away, you Chinaman." "Whats-a-mala you; all time drink, fight, makem police come." "Take him away." As he uttered the last command a little olive-eyed Chinaman—a tong man—walked cautiously up behind him. The dagger flashed and sought its mark. The young man's wild wine glistening eyes blinked, his face turned slightly pale, he fell.

All was still. The Wing-Wip gambling den had closed. Could you have been near the den that night you would have heard the sound of scrubbing, they were washing away the blood.

The next morning a young woman, escorted by a policeman came to the Wing-Wip house to inquire for her husband. Our little, old friend, the Chinaman, sat near the door. The young woman asked him if he knew ———. "Yes, long time, all time fight, swear drink. I likem, bella good friend mine. No see him long time, three, four days. He say, 'Good-by Chinaman, I go long way, far.' He say maybe some day come back."

A woman still waits for him.

To _____

"There was a time when all the world
Was wreathed in smiles and I smiled with it
But now in deep, deep air my heart is hurled
Since Cupid paid me his first visit."

"'Twas in the Lab., Ah, woe the day
My heart was light with buoyant hope
The Prof. placed Gladys by my side
Because he only had one microscope."

"Ah, I was happy then, I needs must be
For all that life could ask was then my own
We, laughing, watched the moments fly
But with them all my joy is flown."

"Yes Joy is flown and flown for aye
For Botany Lab., is long since over
And in Louderback's eyes I see her sigh
While I stand sadly by—an unrequited lover."

L. W., '05.



Good Old Steen

Good friend, you are true to me,
I like to see you near
When I get into trouble,
Though you are only beer.

You have a way that's fetching;
You lull a man to rest,
And when there's trouble hatching
You always do your best.

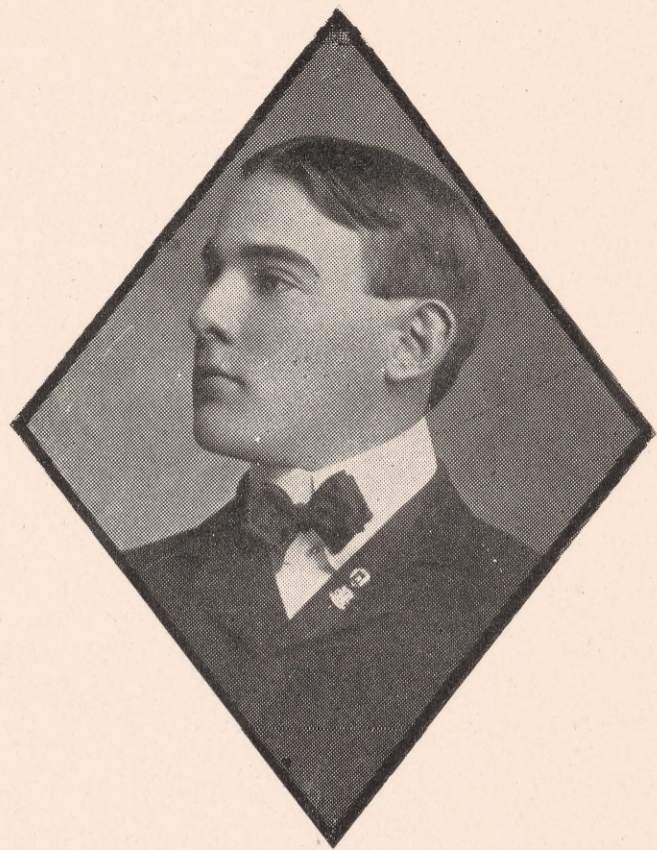
Though of faults you have a plenty
Your virtues are not few
And, my friend, when I am thirsty
I always look for you.



EDWIN PERCY ARNOT

BUSINESS MANAGER

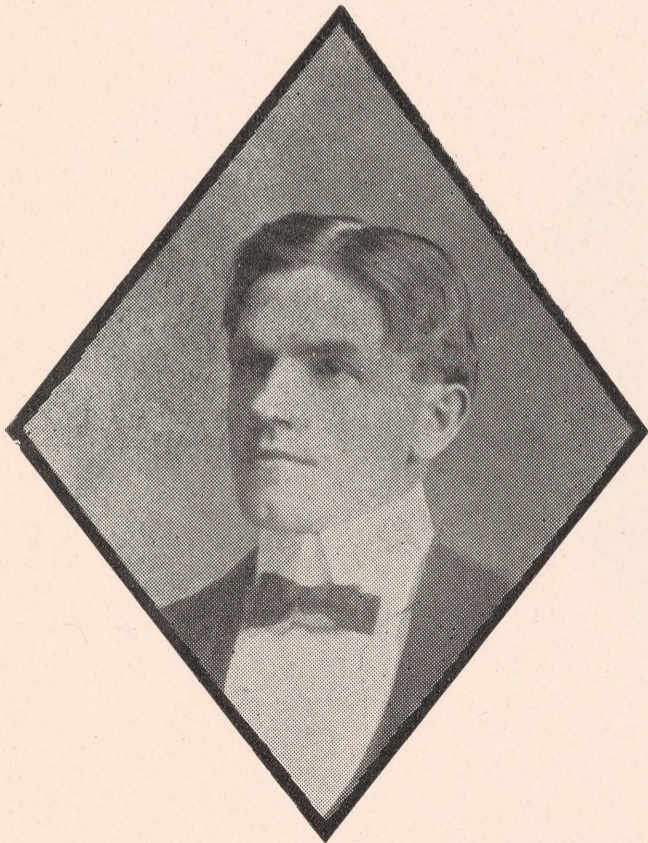
"His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles."



GEORGE SPRINGMEYER

EX-EDITOR

"I'll speak, though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace."



SEYMOUR CASE

ATHLETICS

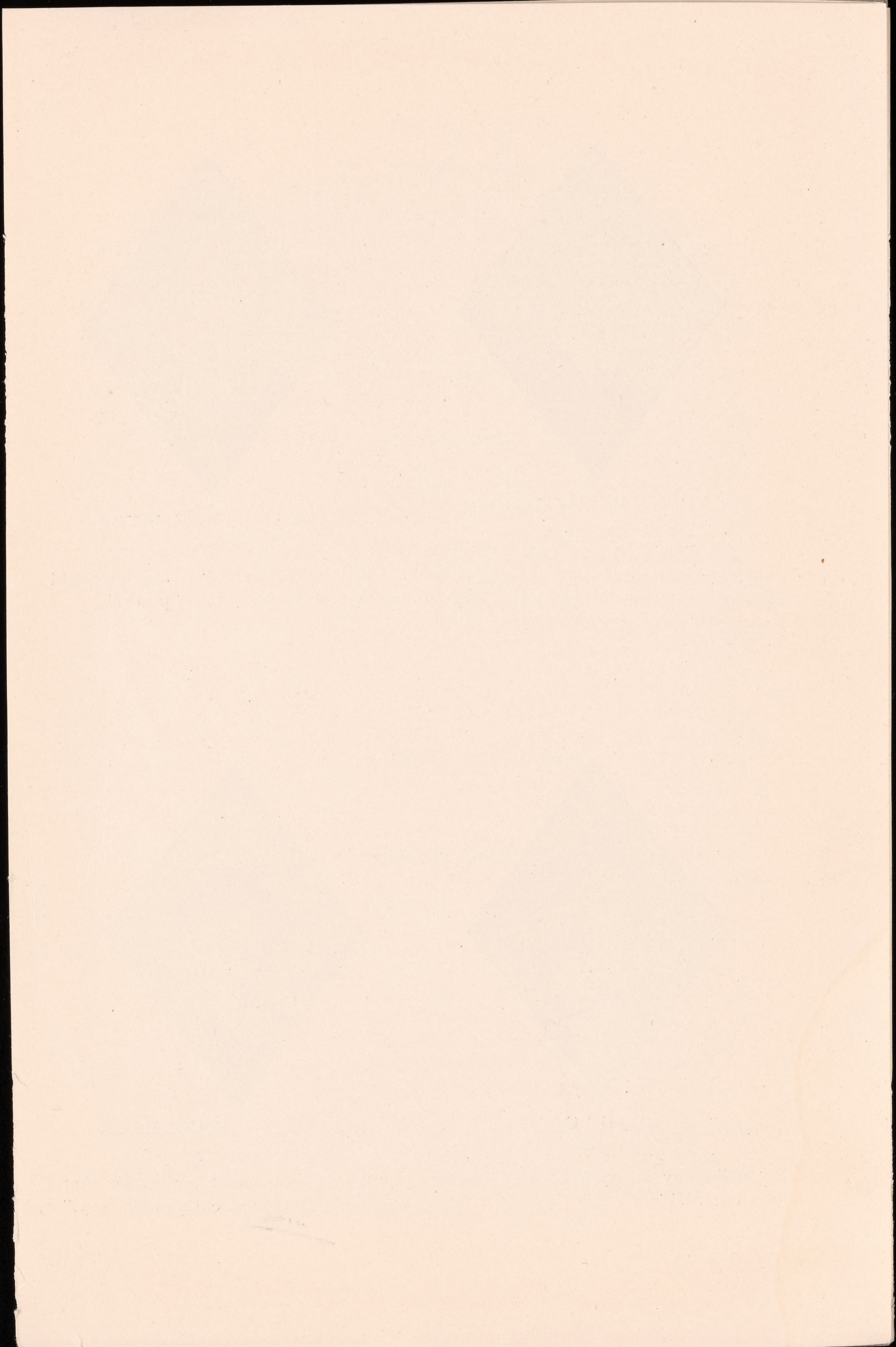
"Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard."



ELIZABETH McCORMACK

SOCIETY

"She is as constant as the stars that never vary, and more chaste than they."





GEORGE E. ANDERSON

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

Noted for the copyrighted jokes that he perpetrated in the Artemesia.



FLORENCE R. HALL

LITERARY EDITOR

"Teach not thy lips such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt."



HARFORD SOUTHWORTH

EXCHANGE EDITOR

"His honor's link'd
Unto his life; he that will seek the one
Must venture for the other or lose both."



The Same Old Story

IN the southern part of California, on the very verge of the desolate Mojave Desert, there is a clump of large cottonwoods, clustered about a little spring which rushes babbling out of the rocks and sinks into the thirsty sands a few yards away. In the midst of these trees is the ruin of an old abode which had been erected (as the Spanish letters carved over the doorway informs the traveler) during the early part of the sixteenth century.

It was near this abode that Antone and I had chosen our resting place for the night and after relieving the burrows of their packs and finishing with our meal we sat near the flickering camp fire and talked of the morrow's journey. As the gray clouds ascended from my pipe, I could not forbear speaking of the one love affair of my younger days. There is something in the loneliness of the desert which seems to draw our inmost secrets from us and as I look back upon that silent night I can accuse neither myself nor Antone of any weakness for our souls were in harmony with each other and with the great soul of the desert, and so in childish faith we each told our stories:

I had loved a woman only as a strong impulsive man can, who has never loved before. Day after day, with her encouragement my love had grown deeper and deeper until at last, unable to longer bear the restraint I asked her to become my wife.

I can never forget the look of affected amusement with which she regarded me nor the heartless laughter which succeeded it. Burning with confusion and disappointment I fled from her.

The next morning I was aboard a train bound for the west. "And here I am," I concluded, "still suffering from my wounds, searching for gold as a pastime and will probably—" As I did not finish the sentence Antone looked up into my eyes, then out over the desert and shuddered. What it was that affected him I did not know but at times I noticed his eyes grow large and soft and when I reached the unfortunate climax of my story they literally melted with pity.

Then in a low voice he said, "I, too, am from the east and it was there I met her who is more to me than the gold we are seeking; more than life itself. She, too, had golden hair and deep blue eyes but there was no cruel laughter, no smile of scorn. We were happy only when we were together and I am here seeking for gold that we may be together as long as life lasts."

Early in the morning I awoke Antone. We ate our breakfast, replaced the packs on our burrows and continued on our way. It was not until the second day that we discovered we had lost our direction and seemingly were in the very midst of the desert. The next day we drank but little of our frugal supply of water, yet when night came on there was but little left in the canteen. A look of deep seriousness, of almost despair had settled over the face of Antone.

The next day we wandered on, silent and thoughtful, but the night overtook us while the low line of foothills was just visible in the distance. I lay awake far into the night listening to the delirious moanings of Antone, interrupted now and then by the soft passive voice of a ground owl. When the first glow of the

dawn was visible in the east I awoke Antone. "Ah, my dear friend," he exclaimed, "this is to be our last day on earth, for I have seen the Angel of Death, with his dark wings trailing in the hot sands while he pointed to the crystal spring on the distant mountain side.

In vain I tried to laugh away his fears, to tell him the dream was but a result of his fevered condition. He only smiled sadly and said, "I have seen the angel of Death, my friend, good-bye." I took his hand in mine and wandered on. Before noon our cracked tongues were protruding from our mouths; at last Antone staggered and fell. I leaned over him and raised him to his knees; his eyes blazed with the fires of delirium; he would dig frantically in the sand for a minute, and then turn his head sideways as if he heard running water beneath.

Suddenly he rose to his feet, with an unwonted display of energy, and drew from his pocket the picture of a woman. He gave one yell of agony and pitched forward on his face. I rushed up and looked at the picture—It was a likeness of the woman who had ruined us both.



Florence

I had a dream the other night
O, Florence 'twas of you
The stars above were shining bright
As I swore to be true.

You turned your head and smiled on me
With joy I clenched my hands,
As when, in fierce football melee,
I make those star grand-stands.

The Faculty soon will rest from strife,
And we'll haste our sluggards gait
To my little ship on the Sea of Life
And you will be my mate.

"MIKE" LEADBETTER, '02.



Here's to Noughty-two, we drink it standing!
We must say farewell at last
To our comrades firm and true
We will ne'er forget the past
With the class of Noughty-two.
You have stood for liberty
You have fought with tyranny
Here's to you, '02, we drink it standing.



The Student Record



BERNARD O'HARA '03, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

E. P. ARNOT '02, BUSINESS MANAGER

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Editorial Staff: Goodwin Doten '03, Seymour Case '02, Elizabeth McCormack '02, H. C. Southworth '02, Blaine Grey '02, Catherine Hand '05, Geo. E. Anderson '02,

Bernard O'Hara '03, Carrie Allen '03, Ott F. Heizer '04, Florence Hall '02, E. Weddle '04, Agnes Gibson '04, James Comerford '04, J. S. Case '04, Leigh Worthing '05.

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

The Outgoing Class

When a person, who is passionately fond of music, hears an exceptionally good rendition it takes such a hold on him that he wishes it might last forever. But the pleasure he might have felt in listening is suddenly shattered at its close, and the unpleasant fact is forced upon him that what he enjoyed so much is gone.

So it is with the Class of '02. For four years the U. of N. has been honored by its presence. Among its members are some of Nevada's fairest daughters and manliest sons. Now don't be alarmed; for the same thing has been said about every class that ever served out their apprenticeship in the Knowledge Factory, and, probably, if there are any more graduates and the supply of hot-air is not exhausted, the same thing will be said again.

But leaving all joking aside, the University can never send out men and women who will be more capable of reflecting credit on their Alma Mater than the Class of '02. Some of our most prominent men leave us this year. "Mike" Leadbetter was the best football quarter and captain on the coast; Seymour Case, sprinter and track captain; Geo. Springmeyer, debater and literary man; "Hans" Anderson, social Reformer; and Carl Bray, who discovered an old lava bed near the Cottage.

The gentler sex were represented also. At our social gatherings next year, the absence of the Senior ladies will be noticed with regret by those who, in days gone by, have been their guests, and enjoyed the little "At Homes" given by those royal entertainers.

The RECORD offers its inkstained hand to the departing Seniors in token of fare well, and wishes them God speed on the Sea of Life.



The Library

Statistics kept in the library during the last year show that our students are beginning to realize, to a certain extent, the value of reading as a factor in acquiring an education. The number of books issued this year exceeds by far the number taken out at the corresponding time last year, and each morning finds every chair in the reading room occupied. This is a healthy sign of the general improvement of the University. It is, of course, unnecessary to launch into a lengthy discourse upon the manifold benefits of reading

as a means of culture and general education. Everyone admits this even though he may, at the same time, be too lazy or too indifferent to cultivate the habit. The taste for reading is simply a habit and not only may be formed as easily and as readily as any other but may be developed to such an extent that it will give more satisfaction and real enjoyment, more profit than any other attainment within the power of man to reach. Every student owes it to himself to spend some time in the library daily.



Inspection At the last inspection our cadets resembled a gathering of ranchers for a hay pitching contest. The old men were out of practice, while the new men didn't know anything about drilling. After a few maneuvers both commands went to pieces. At right shoulder arms every other man would hit himself in the head with his gun, and knock his hat off. The agony lasted for half an hour, then Col. Chamberlain left the parade ground in disgust. In previous years we have had a well drilled batallion, and there is nothing to prevent our having such a one in years to come. At the last inspection Col. Maus couldn't say enough in praise of the drill. He stated that it was the best drilled cadet corps he had ever seen. We hope that such may be the case next year.



On the Kopje

The whole batallion turned out on Decoration Day. They were anxious to retrieve themselves after the wretched showing they made at the last inspection.

One of our debaters, while drinking from a finger bowl, remarked that the Salt Lake people never became thirsty, or else the consumption of beer was enormous.

John S. Mayhugh, '02, was obliged to leave for Elko Saturday night on account of an accident that happened to his father. Mr. Mayhugh's many friends sympathize with him, and more so because he had to leave within a week of his graduation.

The Senior farce last night was one of the most interesting events of the season. Seymour Sidney Case was leading man; Miss Florence Hall, leading lady. The amateur actors carried out their parts splendidly, and were the recipients of many complimentary remarks from the small boys present in the audience. "Mike" Leadbetter posed as the wounded hero of a fiercely contested foot-ball game. He stated to the audience, between spasmodic gasps, that he had both legs broken, four fractured ribs, and battered skull. The sympathy of the spectators was lavishly distributed over Mr. Leadbetter's battle scared frame. Miss Hall, Mr. Southworth, S. Case and the other members of the Senior Company deserve to be highly complimented for their good work.

James Giles, '01, who has been studying law at Stanford, was on the Campus last Saturday. Mr. Giles was our old yell-leader. At the Street Carnival in Carson last year he did some detective work. It is estimated that he arrested twenty persons and threatened as many more.

The Academic League meet for '02 was held on May 23 and was more evenly contested than on last year. Reno was the victor, but the victory was hinged on one race, the 120 yard high hurdles, and were it not for a mishap to one of the runners Carson would have carried off the honors. Material for some future 'Varsity track team was in abundance, especially the sprinter from the Carson High School, who gives promise of being a phenomenal.

The Annual made its appearance last Wednesday, amid the wildest excitement. After the funeral the poor departed Editor's enemies were treated to a banquet. During the progress of the festivities many toasts were made to the brave men who had ridden the world of a pest. The Business Manager and associate are still at large, but it is supposed they will be taken and lynched. Thus may all perpetrators of copyrighted jokes die.

Adios comrados, this is the end,
Behind you the dark clustered pine boughs are waving
Before you, the spreading plain, dusty and glowing
Net work of intricate pathways, among them
Trails of the mighty who wandered aforetime
Here on the plain, may you follow their footsteps
Tho' marking the sands with maize labyrinthen
For behind were no devious windings or turnings
But here the trail ends.



Athletics

The third annual track meet between Utah and Nevada took place in Salt Lake City, May 16th. The total points were Utah 48, Nevada 43. Utah took six first places and nine seconds, while Nevada took seven first and four second places. Nevada was greatly handicapped by the fact that the team did not arrive in Salt Lake until midnight of the night before the meet and had no opportunity to limber up after a very tiresome ride of 28 hours. Frank Smith was practically out of the high jump with a badly sprained ankle being unable to make over five feet while his practice jumps averaged over 5 feet 6 inches. Also, heretofore the Nevada sprinters have not been accustomed to give their opponents a handicap of about six yards in the hundred yard dash. While the Utah sprinters seemed to understand the starter's peculiar style, it was not the one laid

down in the official rules for track meets. Kearney in the high and Luke in the low hurdles won in splendid style. Taylor won the mile by eighty yards, coming within one second of the University record. Hart and Barker won out easily on the pole vault. Hart afterwards making an exhibition vault of 11.07 feet. He will probably break the coast record next year. Cash Smith showed up in his usual invincible form winning both the hammer throw and the shot put. He established a new record of 144 feet for the hammer throw.

The following is the score:

100-yard dash—Won by Rideout (U.), Riser (U.) second. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

880-yard run—Won by Hume (U.), Wade (U.) second. Time, 2:11 1-5.

Pole vault—Won by Hart (N.), Barker (N.) second. Height 11.07 feet.

220-yard dash—Won by Whitney (U.), Hoffman (N.) second. Time, 24 1-5 seconds.

120-yard hurdles—Won by Kearney (N.), Roberts (U.) second. Time, 18 3-5 seconds.

440-yard run—Won by Milne (U.), Brown (U.) second. Time, 54 2-5-seconds.

Mile run—Won by Taylor (N.), Wade (U.) second. Time, 4:46 3-5.

220-yard hurdles—Won by Luke (N.), Rideout (U.) second. Time, 28 3-5 seconds.

High jump—Steffenson (U.) and Patterson (U.) tied for first place. Height, 5 feet 2½ inches.

Hammer throw—Won by C. Smith (N.), Steffenson (U.) second. Distance, 144 feet.

Broad jump—Won by Barker (N.), Brown (U.) second. Distance, 18.7.

Shot put—Won by C. Smith (N.), F. Smith (N.) second. Distance, 38.2 feet.

Half mile relay race—Won by Milne, Whitney, Rideout and Brown (U.), Kearney, Luke, Mayer and Hoffman (N.) second. Time, 1:34 3-5.



A Tale of the Fatal Kiss.

Written especially for the STUDENT RECORD, by Harford Southworth.

It so happened that two owls, in quest of knowledge, took up their abode in the trees that adorn the campus of the old U. of N. One beautiful spring evening just as the setting sun was tenderly kissing the new born leaves of the nearby shrubbery, the owls noticed two lovers making their way to what, one would think some lesson, perchance, in nature study. The owls, desirous also of reaping the benefits of such a lesson, took up pursuit.

When the lovers took a cozy seat in the corner of the tennis-court, the owls perched themselves upon two wires overlooking the situation. Soon it could be seen that the owls were becoming excited, they would first glance at the lovers and then at each other, and next they were making Dem Goo-Goo eyes, but they didn't stop with that for soon one of the owls, after glancing at the lovers in the

corner, stretched forth his head toward his mate on the opposite wire. She at first hesitated but soon relented and put forth her head to meet his.

Ah! They knew not what lurked in that kiss, for as their beaks touched they had completed an electric current. A spark flew out of their sparking; they dropped to the ground; they had been electrocuted. And then, as twilight was giving way to the somber folds of darkness on that sad spring evening, the two lovers could be seen walking with down-cast heads, towards the Cottage and since then they have never been seen together for it seems that their love, like the life of the two owls, had passed away.



Slowly and painfully through four years of toiling
They have dragged the heavy raft to the sands of the shore,
Made ready the sails for a life-time of cruising
And soon will embark to turn back-wards no more.

How well they have built this structure they sail on
At the time of embarking no mortal can tell;
Watch then, how it sails on life's turbulent ocean,
If no wave is its master they have builded well.

And you fellow-builders still hewing the timber;
You, scenes of the ship yard; you, masters who guide
Think kindly of the sailors who are leaving the harbor
Their best thoughts are with you and will sail with no tide.

S. CASE, '02.



WHEREAS, God in his wisdom has seen fit to remove from this life the beloved father of Elbert Stewart, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Sigma Alpha, represented by this committee, extend to our Brother our heartfelt sympathy in this, his hour of bereavement, and further be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to him and also be published in the STUDENT RECORD.

Signed: JOHN MCELROY,
F. BARKER,
J. MCVICAR.

WHEREAS, God in his wisdom has seen fit to remove from this life the beloved father of Elbert Stewart, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Class of '03 extend to their bereaved classmate their heartfelt sympathy.

Signed: R. W. HESSON,
FRED WHITAKER,
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