

COUNCIL BLUFFS HIGH SCHOOL
ANNUAL

VOL. 8,

1906.

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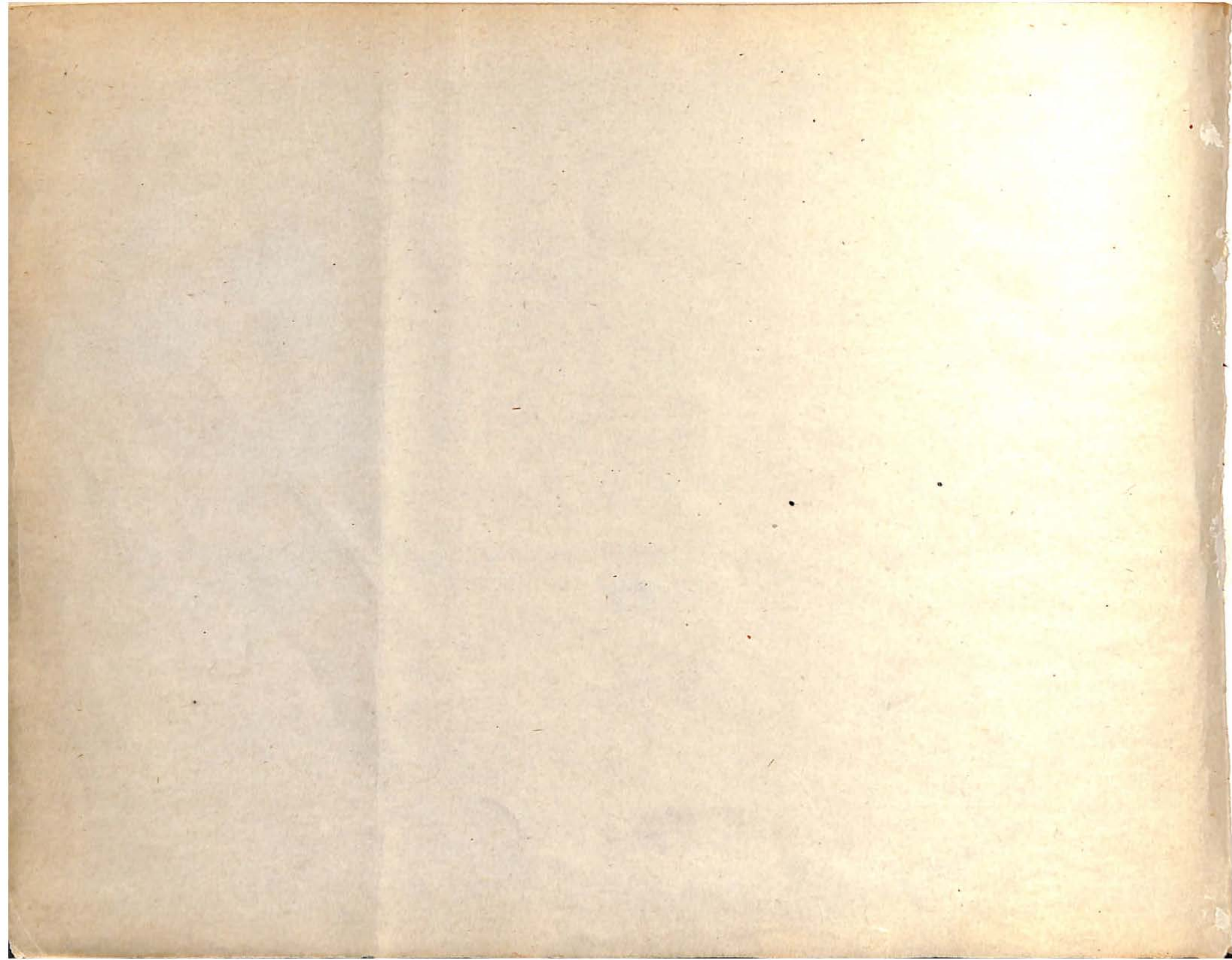
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SENIOR CLASS BOOK

VOLUME VIII

1906



COUNCIL BLUFFS HIGH SCHOOL

Dedication

With sad and eber increasing tears,
We've scan'd those of this and other years,
And for want of better material,
For want of some one more ethereal,
To those who never gibe you trouble
With some infernal little bubble,
To those who are firm as a rock,
To those who refrain from a knock,
This book with appreciation we dedicate.

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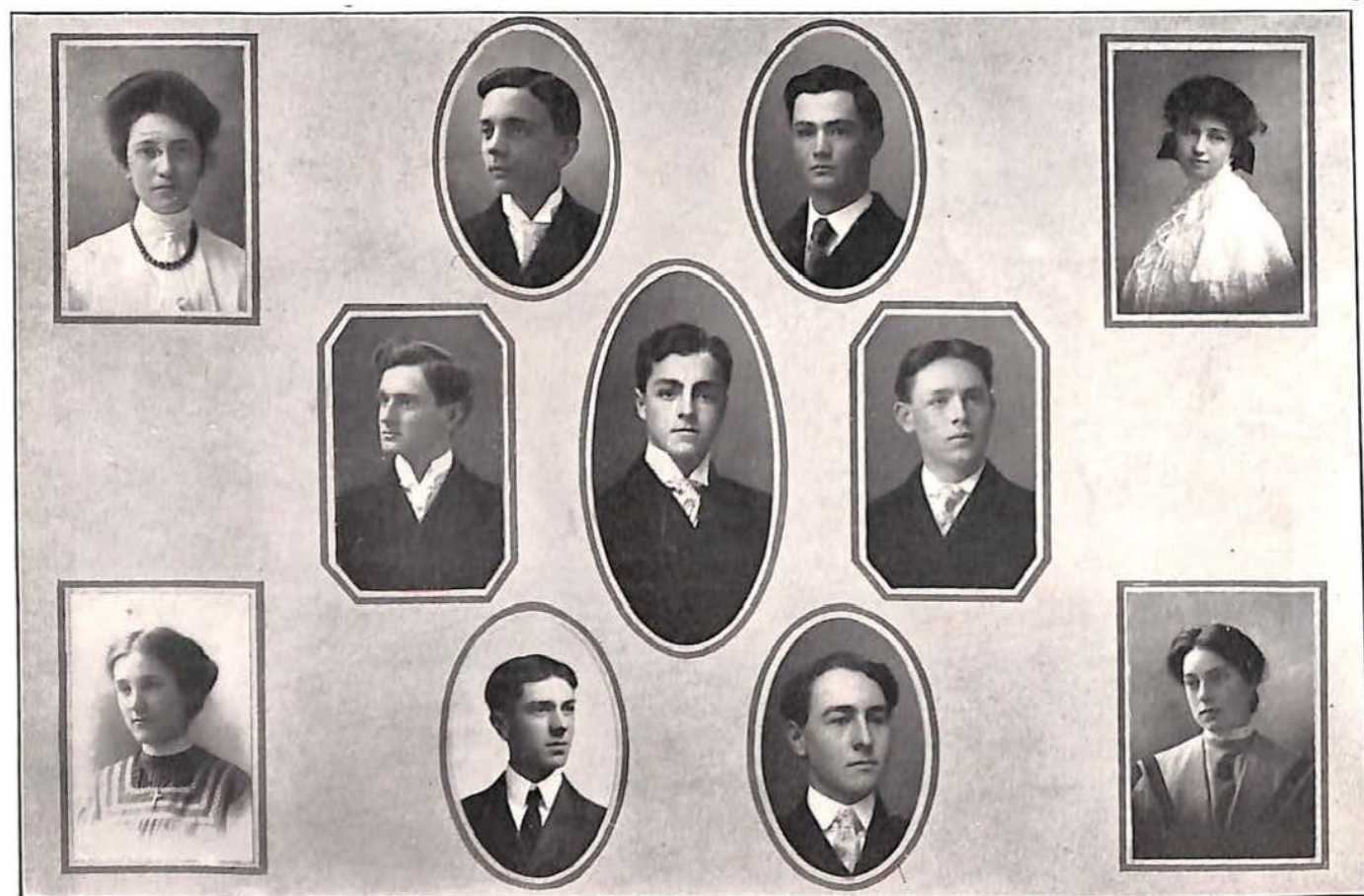
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PROLOGUE

"Caesar had his Brutus,
Charles I had his Cromwell,
George III" had his Colonies,
The Class of 1906 had an Annual—
Here it is—make the most of it.

B53734



Class Book Staff

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Gus Angeler

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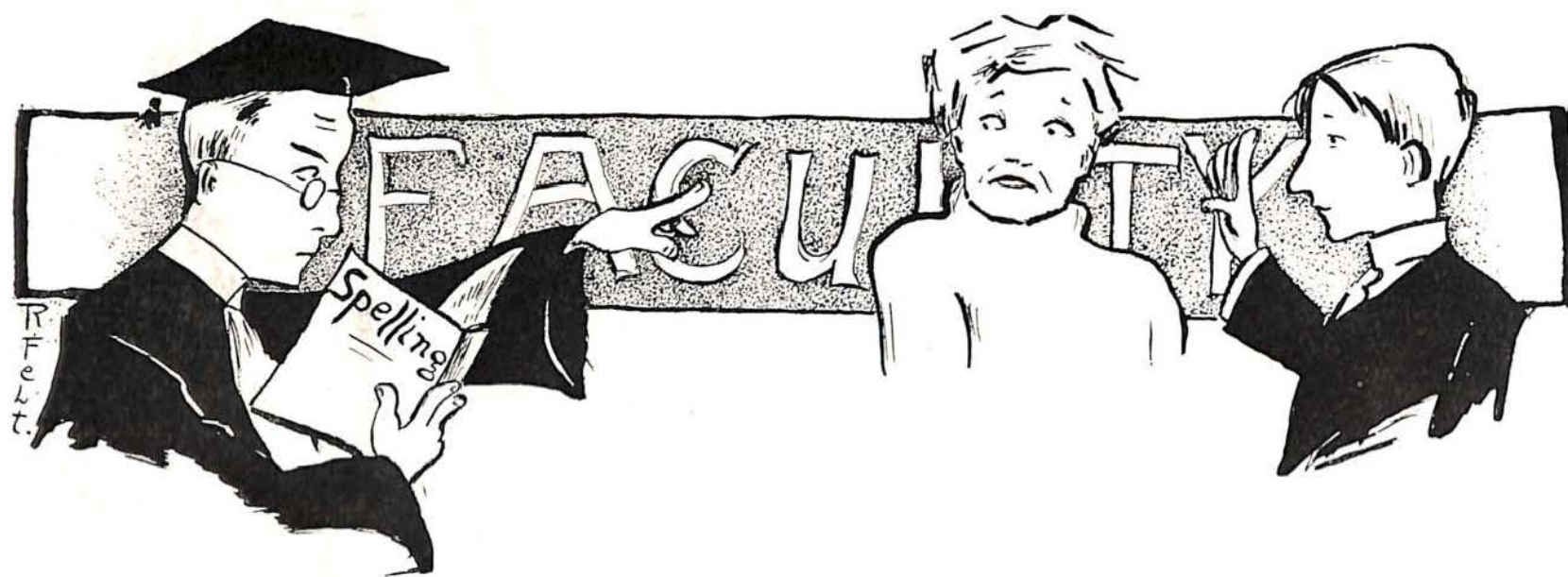
Mark Dobson



High School

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Emma N. Borsche
Chicago University
Mathematics, German

This signature was constructed according to Hoyle. From o as a center, with a radius r, etc. There was but one "preliminary" and it wasn't practice, she was just "trying the pen."

Kate S. Reed
State University of Iowa
Ancient History, English

Katherine always likes to boss us,
With her shrill and piping voice,
Until she makes us want to cuss,
And get off the earth from mere choice.



Frances D. Darley
Smith College
Latin, English

I've been dreading this one; you'll have to excuse me, for it would take the whole book to do "Frankie" justice. She's little, but, Oh my!

Jennie G. Rice
State University of Iowa
English

This signature required a couple of days' practice. It was time well spent though, for it is nearly perfect, all but the curve on the R, which is a trifle sharp.



Bobby T. Swaine
State University of Iowa
History, Algebra

Bobby's name on the faculty roll? How he has climbed! Methinks his very signature shows it though, for it's not the same cute, little, just so script, which he used to annex to "Frankie's" Lit. themes.

Mittie Mansfield Pale
State University of Iowa
Latin, Mathematics

"Mittie" is very particular and exact in every thing she does. By the clock it took her three minutes to draw this, which you see here.





Edna M. Sprague

State University of Iowa
State University of Wisconsin
Latin

Quite rightly "M" means "moneo." Ah, many times have we been moneoed in room 10. Our motto there was, "Video meam finem."

Estelle Hood

Cornell College
English, Latin

"Stella" is nearly always very quiet, but they say she can raise a deuce of a riot.



Allison R. Heaps

Northwestern University
Physical Science

When we informed this gentleman that we would like to have his autograph, he said, "I wish I could write, but I can't. You'll have to do what you can with this." Of course you are at liberty to draw your own conclusion about it, but from the looks of this we believe he was almost correct. However he is not the only pebble on the beach.

Maze Lidgwick

Drake University
English

Though indeed we have not given this book over to enlarging upon the virtues of different individuals, yet when we cannot say a single favorable thing about the person in question, it is best to say nothing at all. So good-bye "Mrs. O'Harahan."



Anna J. Ross

State University of Iowa
Natural Science

"Annie's" papa and mamma made a great mistake; instead of A. Z. it should have been E. Z. Ross.

Marcia Paynter Waples

Chicago University
University of Berlin
German

It is rumored that Marcia P. can ask questions which keep our wise "Tommy" on the jump. But even the wisest of men cannot answer questions asked by a certain class of people.





Mary D. Wallace

Nebraska University
English, Algebra

This dainty signature is as cute as that of any of our dear little freshies. We notice it has not yet assumed the wonted illegibility of faculty autographs.



Charlotte A. Taylor

Denver Business College
Denver Normal
Bookkeeping, Shorthand

What? Did you say this looked like the signature of a tall, thin lady, weighing about ninety-eight in the shade? Guess again, my friend, guess again.



D. Fred. Grass

Harvard University
Grinnell College
Economics, History, Athletics

"Freddie," when in a hurry, leaves off that dignified "D." When asked for his autograph he had to stop and debate with himself, and at last he decided he was in no rush.

Blanche Noel

Iowa College
Algebra, Physical Geography

Blanche is a prim little lady of the blonde type. By her neat, round writing, many things are suggested. Unless in the future she mingles more freely with members of the sterner sex, she is apt to become—. Ah well, perhaps we had better not say it.

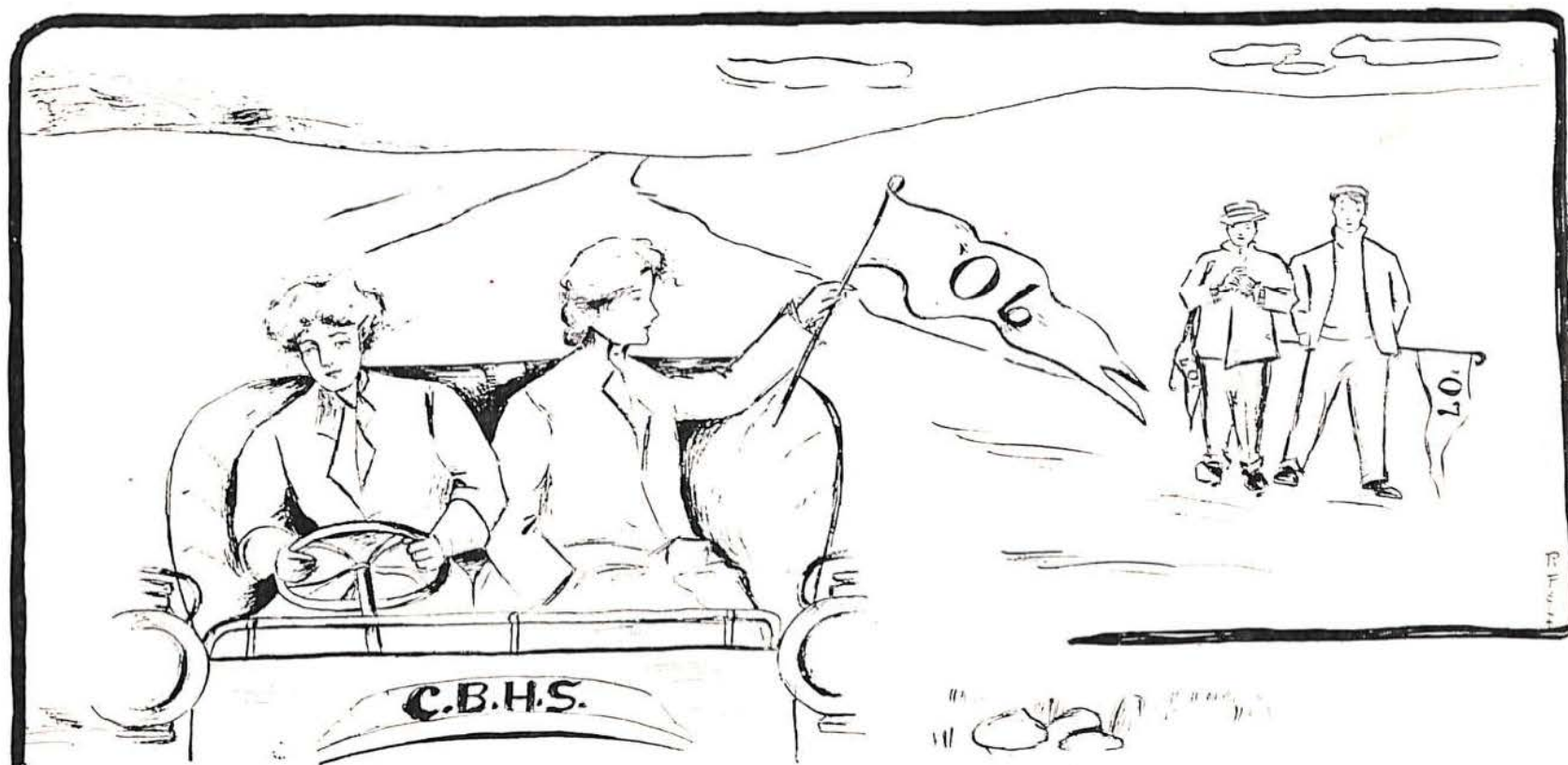


J. C. Grason

Park College
Commercial Department

Here is one that grandma can read without her spectacles: It bespeaks a level head and a "square deal" without the aid of a "muck rake" or a "big stick."





Flower
Pink Rose

Motto
Ambition knows no rest

Yell
Sis-s-s-s-skyrocket
Sis-s-s-s boom! boom!
'06, rah, rah, rah-h, Tiger!

Colors
Orange and Black

Here's to naughty six,
Drink her down!
Here's to student days,
Cap and gown.
May Dame Fortune nod,
Ever smile
On this class of ours
Without guile.
May Miss Fortune, though,
Never frown
Upon naughty six,
Drink her down!



Class Song



TUNE: "Love, Sergeant Kittie."

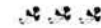
We're gathered together with you tonight
To say one last farewell to all.
We've worked and we've studied with all our might,
We hear the old world loudly call,
The future is half veiled in mystery,
Golden is our land of dreams,
We go forth now to make history,
Above us our motto gleams.

CHORUS.

Here's to school days,
Here's to school mates,
Here's to crimson
And the blue,
Here's to Juniors,
Here's to Sophomores,
And, small Freshy, here's to you;
But we're *Seniors*,
And you'll grant us
We're the best ones in the pack,
And we'll always gladly cheer you,
Our old orange and the black.

For orange and black we would all stand fast,
But we'll bury the hatchet right here.
Let bygones be bygones that now are past,
So, Juniors, you've no need to fear.
What do our teachers say of us?
We have been smart in our tricks,
Still they cannot help but love us,
Wonderful, mighty '06.

Class Poem



'Tis now that roses graceful buds unfold
And Nature smiles, warmed by the breath of June,
Recalling all sweet memories of old
To banish melancholy's mournful tune.
For if the soul dream not of pleasures past,
But dwells alone 'neath hope's uncertain ray,
No cherished pleasures of this day would last
To cheer us onward o'er life's thorny way.
For now the world to duty bids us come
And take our places in the ranks of men,
To cast aside the bauble, toy, and drum,
And grasp with might the shovel, sword or pen,
To gain by honest worth a deathless name
Deep carved upon the marble walls of fame.
Now since the time has come to say "goodbye,"
And classmates part, perhaps to meet no more,
Commencement joys must mingle with a sigh
As hands of parting friends clasp o'er and o'er.
Yet cause enough is given to be glad,
For now we've reached the long desired goal,
But still for that there're causes to be sad
And sorrows mix in pleasure's brimming bowl.
But when the echo of our song is dead
And when the roses' beauty fades away,
We'll think of lessons we have learned and said.
And dream o'er pleasures of Commencement day,
Forgetting all our strife and wrinkling care
Enfolded in the clasp of mem'ries rare.

—WM. BYERS.

Senior Class History

WHEN a band of classmates have successfully battled with an exacting, overcautious faculty, and all the other trials and tribulations that beset the way of the student; when this band at the end of four long and not unpleasant years bears with pride and credit the title Seniors; then it is that custom and precedent alike require that a pause be made here at the true gateway of life, that the backs be straightened and the eyes turned for a moment backward over the path which has been traversed; that, before this band separates and each member steps alone in his own characteristic way into the great whirlpool of strife which lies on just ahead—that a brief review of the class and the events which have left their earmarks upon her be made and placed in her only monument, the Class Book.

The Class of '06 has arrived at this last stage in her career, and she pauses, turns her head—then the vital question, What does she see? Is the swath she has cut crooked and strewn with boulders and barriers which have been left unsurmounted and undisturbed in their places? No. The path is straight and is swept clean. The wreckage of the boulders and barriers is seen lying off to one side, the result of sturdy and willing hands. And in consequence, the way of '07, who has diligently followed at our heels, has been made easier than was ours.

But to be more specific: When in the fall of 1902 we had ourselves counted we were one hundred and fifty strong. In those days more attention and effort was lavished upon the Freshmen than has been customary in the last several years. But we gritted our teeth, and with many inward fears and forebodings took our hair-cut, got acquainted with the inside of lockers, etc., quite manfully, and then settled down to work. During the first two years the tendency of the class was distinctly athletic, and in this line we accomplished things that few Freshman or Sophomore classes have ever done. Three of our number made the first foot-ball team. In the following spring, while still Freshmen, we took second place in the Home Field Meet. In the fall of 1903 there were five followers of the Orange and Black on the foot-ball team, and when spring came around '06 took the

Home Meet by storm, winning out by an overwhelming margin. Having now a well-developed muscle, and having the highest athletic honors which we as a class could hope to obtain, our attitude changed. We did not wish to remain at a standstill. And though we still kept our representatives upon every athletic team in the school and continued to win our share of glory in this department, our inclinations were now for honors on the literary gridiron. Throughout our Junior and Senior years our greatest achievements were made in this field. Four of the ten contestants on the annual Inter-Society Contest in 1905 were Juniors, members of our class. Of the ten on the contest next year, 1906, eight were Seniors. These facts and the fact that this year's contest is conceded to have been the best one ever given, are evidences of a remarkable development and an unusual class talent.

But athletics and "spieling" have not taken up all our time. Along with our work we had to have our fun. We treasure many recollections of our jolly little bums, appetizing spreads, skating and coasting parties, and we color just ever so little when we mention this, our troubles with the paint brush. We can scrap, too; '05 never recaptured her pennant which floated so haughtily for a time from the tower of the old High school.

While in this reflective mood, we can not keep back a strain of sadness, not sadness either, but rather a flood of tender memories. Memories of those who helped us win our victories, who should have graduated with us, but who, for divers reasons, are gone and far away. Among this list is Walter Barnes, now completing his education in Pennsylvania. James Nicoll, who is now preparing for Iowa University, was once our old war horse. Some of us, those who will attend that school, will again be Freshmen with him next fall. Herman Norgaard, whose deeds for his friends, class and school will never be forgotten, was another. On that sad morning when we came to school and heard the news of his death, '06 received the severest shock she has ever had.

We wish on one subject to take a different stand from that of former classes. Willingly do we admit that '07 has given us a merry chase, that they have shown opposition worthy of our steel in

the recent struggles for supremacy. Of this fact we are not sorry but rather glad, for on account of this close competition both classes have come forth with greater strength and power. Again we are glad, because in these struggles '07 has given promise that the old High school will have good reason to swell with pride over her Senior class next year. The historian of '05 seemed to intimate that every hindrance, every opposition to his class, ourselves included, was nothing more than the whimperings of a great baby, while in contrast '05, whether victorious or not, stood serenely by with folded arms, a giant, a Cyclops, the emblem of omnipotence. True, this idea may have looked well on paper, but by those who understood the situation it was not easily digested. However, it is not our intention to leave such an impression behind us.

Let us pass on now and consider what has been the prosperity of the different permanent organizations during the reign of '06, as we are pleased to designate it. The two literary societies and The Echoes undoubtedly have reached the zenith of their glory. The Cadets have never been in more competent hands than during the past year. Athletics were never more firmly set upon their feet than at present. When has there been such a football team in the High school as that which battled for the Red and Blue last fall?

There are sixty-eight of us ready who bid farewell to our school days here. We are a strong class. And though we say it in a low and modest tone, yet we feel that old C. B. H. S. can justly be proud of '06.





Senior Class Officers

DIMMOCK, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

DOBSON, PRESIDENT

COKER, TREASURER

FLICKINGER, VICE-PRESIDENT

WALKER, SECRETARY



HAZEL E. ABDILL

German Scientific

"Can't you see I'm lonely,
Lonely as can be?
I want one boy only,
That's enough for me."



LYNNE D. BAIRD

Business

SECOND LIEUTENANT CADETS
BASKET BALL TEAM '05
TRACK TEAM '05, '04
FOOT BALL TEAM '04

"His only books are woman's
looks, and folly's all they've taught
him."



LILA BALL

Business

"My modesty is a candle to my
merit."

Senior Class

H. LEIGH BALLENGER

Classical

VICE-PRESIDENT PHILOMATHIAN
ECHOES STAFF—CLASS BOOK STAFF
PHILOMATHIAN DEBATING TEAM

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant
thine ear." ("Then he will talk
ye gods, how he will talk.")



MYRTLE BARNETT

Latin Scientific

"I am but a stranger here, heaven
is my home."



PERCY B. BATTEY

English Scientific

"What's in a name?" Everything
in this case.



Senior Class



NELLIE BENDER
English Scientific
"Would she were fatter."



LULU L. BOWMAN
German Scientific
"Whatever anyone does or says,
I must be good."



EMIL BREWICK
Business
"It requires a wise person to de-
termine whether an abnormally silent
man be knave, fool or philosopher."

HAZE C. BROWN
English
DELTA TAU DECLAIMER '05
LOCAL EDITOR ECHOES
SECRETARY CLASS '05
"If fame is to come only after
death I'm in no hurry for it."



WILLIAM A. BYERS
Classical
PHILOMATHIAN DEBATING TEAM
CLASS POET
"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to
fame, I lisped in numbers for the
numbers came."



PEARL CASEY
Business
"The devil never tempted a woman
whom he found judiciously em-
ployed."





CATHRYN C. CLARK

Classical

C. C. C.—No, it doesn't always mean Candy Cathartic Cascarets. This time it refers to little, noisy "Germany" Clark. "You sleep while she talks."



ROY CLAY

German Scientific

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ECHOES
PRESIDENT PHILOMATHIAN
CLASS BOOK STAFF

"I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth."



ROGER B. COKER

Classical

ECHOES STAFF—CADET SERGEANT
TREASURER CLASS '06
CLASS BOOK STAFF
BASE BALL TEAM '05

"The Lord taketh no delight in the legs of a man."

Senior Class

JOE DIMMOCK

Business

FOOT BALL TEAM '05, '06
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS CLASS '06
"Any one may have rheumatism, but it takes wealth to support gout."



MARK H. DOBSON

English Scientific

CLASS PRESIDENT '06
PRESIDENT ATHLETIC ASS'N '06
CLASS BOOK STAFF—ECHOES STAFF
FOOT BALL TEAM

The saying is true: "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound."



MABELLE L. ENGLISH

Classical

DELTA TAU DEBATING TEAM '06
Taken, '05. "Her equal lives not, thank God for that."





RUTH FELT

Classical

VICE-PRESIDENT DELTA TAU
ECHOES STAFF—CLASS BOOK STAFF

“And still they gazed and still the
wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all
she knew.”



MARGARET FISHER

German Scientific

“Virtue, modesty and truth are
the guardian angels of women.”



HELEN FLICKINGER

Classical

VICE-PRESIDENT CLASS

“Be wiser than others if you can,
but do not tell them that you think
so.”

Senior Class

MARGARET FLICKINGER

Classical

PRESIDENT DELTA TAU

“There is a woman at the begin-
ning of all great things.”



BURL GILSON

Business

“Shake thyself and look alive.”



CHARLES GRASON

Business

CLASS PRESIDENT '05

SECOND LIEUTENANT CADETS '05

CAPTAIN CADETS '06

“A gentleman that likes to hear
himself talk.” “He roared, he beat
his breast, he tore his hair.”



Senior Class



NELLIE ARIEL GROSS

Classical

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."



ZEPHA HARDING

English Scientific

"Thou hast no fault, or no fault I
can spy,
Thou art all beauty, or all blind
am I."



EMMET L. HAWKINS

Latin Scientific

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF CLASS BOOK
TREASURER PHILOMATHIAN
PHILOMATHIAN ORATOR
FOOT BALL TEAM

"You look wise—pray, correct that error."



KATHERINE F. HERRIGAN

English Scientific

"None but myself can be my parallel."



PEARL HUGHES

Business

"A rare compound of oddity, frolic
and fun."



FLORENCE KEITH

English Scientific

"There's no art to find the mind's
construction in the face."



RACHEL KLEIN

Latin Scientific

"The sunshine ripples on her face."



WILLIAM H. KNOWLES

English Scientific

PHILOMATHIAN DECLAIMER

"Wisely and truly, wisely I say, I am a bachelor."



ERNEST LANDSTROM

Latin Scientific

SERGEANT CADETS—ECHOES STAFF
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS PHILOMATHIAN

Commonly known as Hon. D. Sanky Bismarck. "You can't keep a good man down."

Senior Class

WINIFRED MAUD LINDSAY

German Scientific

"Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."



MABEL B. LUNDGARD

Business

"Think not 'cause men flatt'ring say: 'You're fresh as April, sweet as May,' that you are so."



JOHN LYDON

English Scientific

"Now by two-headed Janus, nature has fram'd strange fellows in her time."





MAUDE MEYERS

Classical

CLASS BOOK STAFF '05

"Labor and intent study I take to
be my portion in this life."



MELVIN MOORE

Business

"God made him, and therefore let
him pass for a man."



HAZEL MORROW

Business

"True merit, like a river, the
deeper it is the less noise it makes."

Senior Class

MARY McCONNELL

Latin Scientific

"A maiden, fair to see,
The pearl of minstrelsy,
A bud of blushing beauty."



MARGARET McPHERSON

Classical

"Seems to possess but one idea,
and that a wrong one."



LAURA NELSON

Business

"Man is a giddy thing."



Senior Class



EDITH ORGAN

Classical

DELTA TAU DEBATING TEAM '05

"Like the milky way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with stars 'tis
undistinguished light."



EDITH R. PARSONS

Latin Scientific

"I am learned, in volumes deep
I sit."



AGNES PHENEV

Classical

DELTA TAU DEBATING TEAM

"Do you know I am a woman?
When I think I must speak." "I am
not mad, this hair I tear is mine."

LEONE PIERCE

Business

SECRETARY ATHLETIC ASS'N '05

DELTA TAU ORATOR

Her eyes are a "Song without
Words."



EUNICE REED

Business

"I would not smile, lest it crack
my face."



LEE REED

Latin Scientific

"Here you see Benedict, the mar-
ried man."





ANNA SANDWICK

Business

"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in
vain."



ALLEN SAYLES

Classical

BUSINESS MANAGER ECHOES
SECRETARY PHILOMATHIAN
PHILOMATHIAN DEBATING TEAM
CLASS BOOK STAFF

"Company, villianous company,
hath been the ruin of me."



FANNIE SCEBOLD

English Scientific

"Leave her to heaven."

Senior Class

MINA E. SEDGWICK

Classical

ECHOES STAFF—CLASS BOOK STAFF
DELTA TAU TREASURER

"Same old moon." "And now for
all thy years, thou art a child."



HELEN FLORENCE SHEPARD

German Scientific

"Some women are beautiful by God's
intention.
Many by man's invention."



EDITH SHUGART

Classical

ECHOES STAFF—CLASS BOOK STAFF
"A blush is the color of virtue."





MARY LOUISE STEPHAN

English Scientific

DELTA TAU DEBATING TEAM '05
ECHOES STAFF—CLASS BOOK STAFF

"Would one think 'twere possible
for love
To make such ravage in a noble
soul."



VERA STORK

German Scientific

"Tis not always the noisiest things
that announce the direst calamities."



PRUDENCE TELFER

Latin Scientific

"As merry as the day is long."

Senior Class

GUS VOGELER

German Scientific

BUSINESS MANAGER CLASS BOOK
CLASS TREASURER '05
FIRST SERGEANT CADETS

"A fellow of no mark nor likeli-
hood." "His only labor is to kill the
time."



HARRIET E. WAHLGRËN

German Scientific

"But of all the plagues the greatest
is untold.
The book learned girl in Greek and
Latin bold."



HELEN M. WALKER

English Scientific

VICE-PRESIDENT CLASS '05
SECRETARY CLASS '06
ECHOES STAFF '05

"Behold me: I am worthy of thy
loving."





IRMA WALKER

Classical

"A tender, timid maid, who knew
not how to pass a pigsty or face a
cow."



ROSE A. WARD

German Scientific

"Walks as though she were stir-
ring lemonade with herself."



BESSIE FRANCES WATERMAN

German Scientific

"Lord, I thank thee I am not as
other girls are."

Senior Class



EDNA WILEY

Latin Scientific

"We are married."



VIVA A. WIND

Classical

"At every step I feel my advanced
head knock out a star in heaven."



DORA D. WRIGHT

Business

"Wise in her own conceit."



EVERETT N. WRIGHT

Business

"They always talk who never think."

Senior Class



HAZEL WYATT

German Scientific

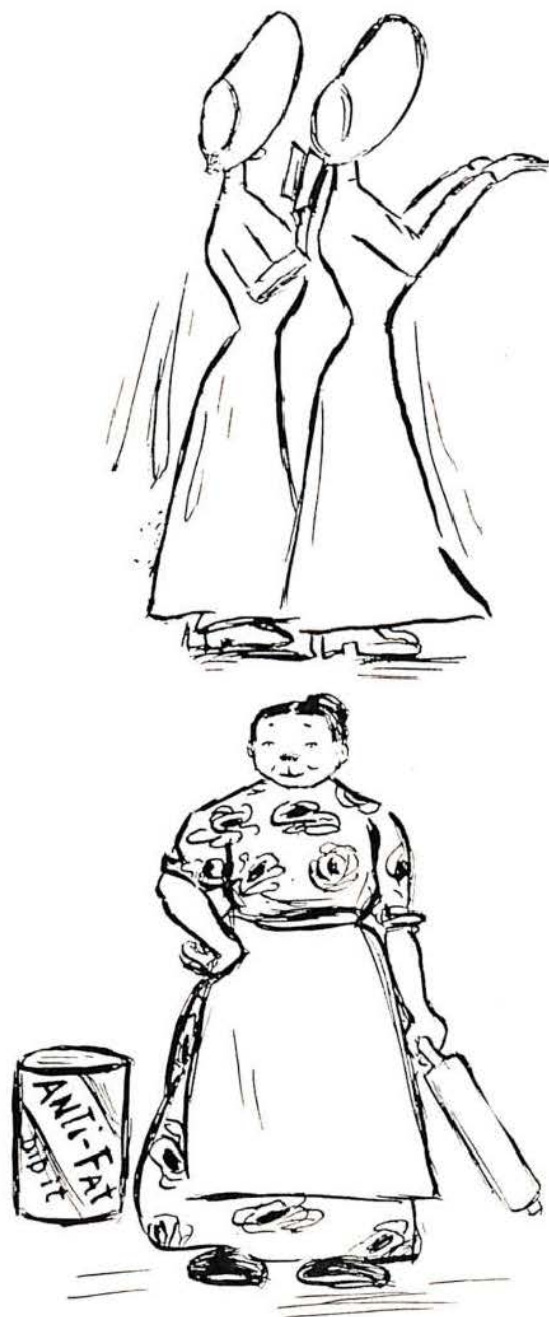
Peaceful, studious, silent.



"Here's a smile for those who love us,
Here's a sigh for those who hate.
And whatever sky's above us,
Here are hearts for any fate."



Should you ask me whence these visions,
 Whence these stories strange, prophetic,
 These reminders of the class room,
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 From predictions of the future,
 From the knowledge of the class room,
 From the longing of our school days,
 From my dreams and misty fancies,
 From my slumbers in old 14.
 Here there came to me a maiden,
 Came a maiden tall and stately
 Of the tribe of the Iowas,
 Stepping lightly lest she wake me,
 Lest she break my chain of fancy;
 With her soft hand motioned, beckoned,
 Beckoned me to follow lightly,
 Follow to the open window,
 Where at anchor on the zephyrs,
 Gently tossed upon the breezes,

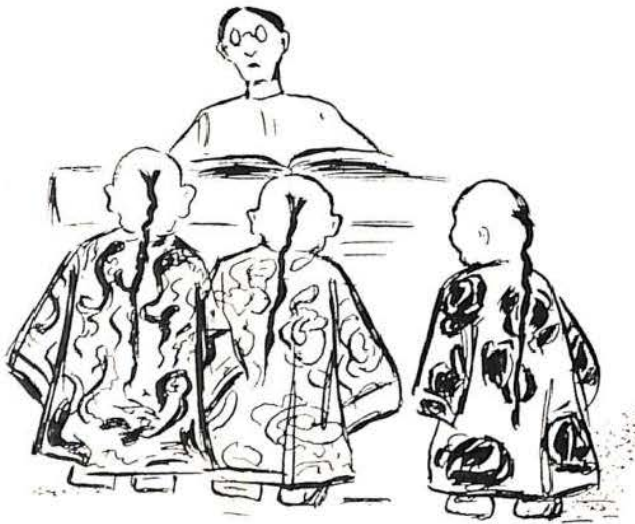


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A canoe was waiting for us.
 Gracefully she stepped upon it,
 Timidly I followed after;
 Then was dazed with sudden motion
 As into the air we glided.
 Then she spoke in accents liquid,
 Said the year was 1920,
 A. D. nineteen hundred twenty.
 So in wistful tones I asked her
 Could she tell me of the Seniors,
 Of the loyal '06 Seniors.
 Gleefully she gave me answer
 For to her the task was pleasure,
 And with mystery and magic
 Turned the birch canoe to westward.
 Earthward now we glided swiftly
 Till at last I said in wonder;
 "Who is this who rides beneath us,
 He who owns the fertile valley,
 Woodland, plains and grassy meadows?"
 And I smiled with inward pleasure
 As my comrade murmured softly,
 "Dobby." It could be no other.
 Then we went to San Francisco;
 Looked about for recreation,
 Saw a star before the footlights,
 Found a woman's rights promoter;
 Brown and Pheney—yes we knew them.
 And I also saw two maidens
 Selling "War Crys" on the corner,
 Dressed in sober blue, insisting
 That the passer-by should see them;
 And beneath the somber bonnets
 I could see Louise and Leone.
 "Westward, westward, take me westward!
 These surprises quite o'erwhelm me."
 So we sought Hawaiian cities;



Found our poet Ruth installed there
 Reigning o'er the governor's mansion,
 Reigning? Yes, as cook triumphant.
 And, as ever, close companions,
 Maude and Edith, wives of footmen,
 Lived in elegance and splendor.
 Then we neared the Fiji Islands;
 Saw a thrifty Fiji journal;
 "Clay, the editor" looked natural.
 Eagerly we sought the office;
 Buried in a pile of papers
 There we found him, and he told us
 That upon his staff were others
 Of our classmates working with him—
 Florence Shepard, chief reporter,
 Prudence Telfer, sporting editor,
 Margaret Fisher wrote the locals,
 While the Fiji social functions
 Were intrusted to the care of
 Irma Walker and Jean Thompson.
 Swift we glided o'er the water
 'Till we neared the land of China;
 Wondered at strange institutions.
 But we saw our friends among them—
 Byers, our minister to China,
 Grave and noble in his office;
 And a mission school was founded
 By McPherson, Ball and Casey,
 Many Chinamen attended;
 Hattie Wahlgren, as professor,
 Led ambitious Chinese students
 Through the maze of Greek and Latin.
 When at last the Nile we sighted
 We saw our friends Baird and Dimmock
 A menagerie collecting,
 Planning to conduct a circus
 That should rival Ringling Bros.





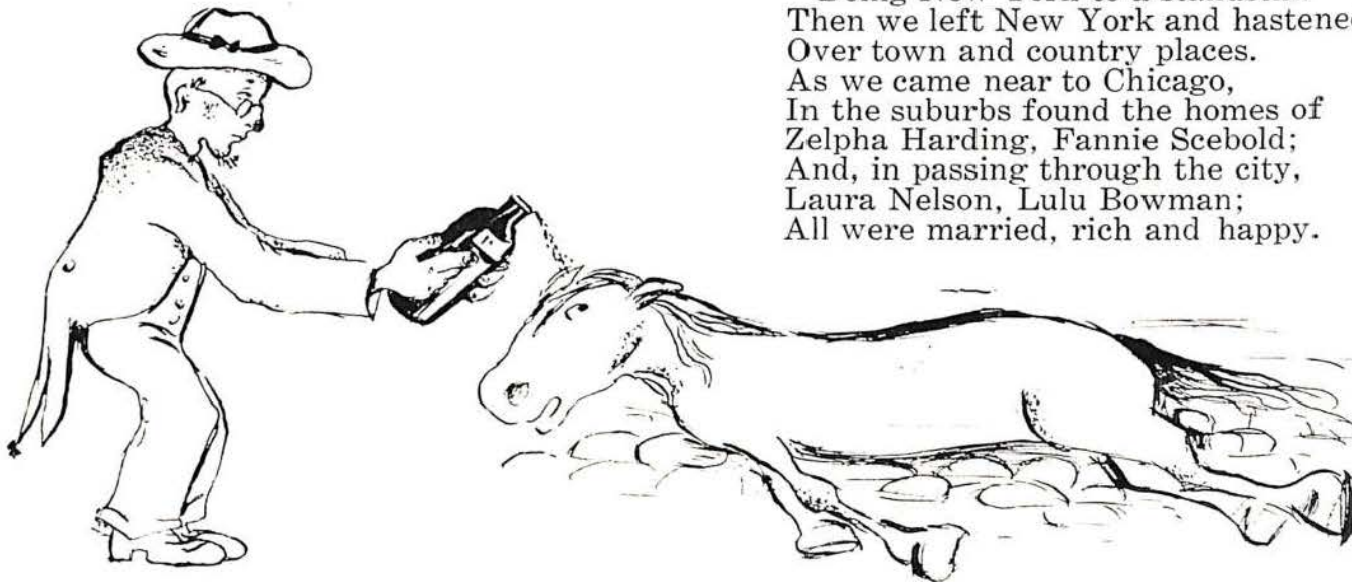
In the midst of the Sahara,
 For headquarters an oasis,
 Stood a building large, imposing,
 Where we found the private office
 Of an energetic classmate—
 “Battey’s Sand Trust”—who’d have thought it?
 Rome held several of our classmates—
 Edith Parsons worked in science
 With her tripod, tools and compass,
 In the catacombs surveying;
 Helen Flickinger was with her,
 Sought in vain to solve the problem
 How and when they were constructed.
 Dora Wright and Mabel Lundgard
 Found the sights in Rome amusing,
 Traveled here and there at leisure,
 Living easy, free and happy.
 In a cool Italian villa,
 In the sunny land of Dagoes,
 Nellie Gross and Mabelle English
 Were enjoying life together;
 They were placing on the market
 A peculiar kind of olive
 That should rival Heinz’s pickles.
 Paris next we sought, and pausing
 Looked upon the world of fashion.
 Soon we saw two names familiar,
 Stork, McConnell, on a poster,
 Prima Donnas who were starring
 Under management of Grason.
 Of all mansions found in Paris
 None more charming and artistic
 Than the home of Nellie Bender.
 Coping with the wily Frenchmen
 In relations diplomatic,
 Our friend Ballenger outdid them,
 Skinned them every time as usual.



Home again from foreign countries,
 In New York we paused and lingered
 Finding people that we knew there.
 Saw two men with well-known faces,
 Candidates they were for office,
 And the cards that filled their pockets
 Bore the names of Landstrom, Vogeler.
 In campaign manipulations
 Tammany was nowhere with them.
 As we passed these old-time comrades
 One word only we distinguished
 "Graft." We smiled and floated onward.
 Keeping back the rush of traffic
 On a crossing thick with people,
 Were two men with looks familiar.
 Scanty locks and pallid features
 Told they were no longer single.
 All the time they walked sedately
 Brandishing their clubs before them,
 Hoping to impress the news-boy
 With their dignity excessive,
 And with pride they looked about them,
 Held their heads a little higher,
 For together they had managed
 To conduct a dear old lady
 With her bundles to the crossing.
 And who were they? Glad we answer:
 "'06 Seniors, Sayles and Coker."
 Then before a lofty building,
 Fate at length our search rewarded.
 Many office signs I read there;
 Wyatt-Waterman together,
 Ladies' tailoring unequaled;
 And upon a door emblazoned
 "Ward & Abdill, art and music,"
 Reed and Knowles were both attorneys,
 Wright an editor successful,

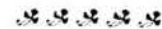


Lydon rich, renowned, a banker.
 As I stood there idly gazing,
 Down the street came a policeman
 Crying, "Help, a horse has fallen,"
 Seeking someone to revive him.
 To the rescue came a figure,
 Came a wildly flying figure,
 Saying, "He has only fainted."
 Brought relief, the horse recovered,
 Then he turned and, smiling blandly,
 Handed me his card in passing.
 Curiously I glanced upon it—
 "E. L. Hawkins, veterinary."
 Central Park we sought, still hoping
 We might find familiar faces,
 And our hopes were well rewarded.
 In an auto bowling past us
 Kathryn Clark and Myrtle Barnett,
 "Doing New York to a standstill."
 Then we left New York and hastened
 Over town and country places.
 As we came near to Chicago,
 In the suburbs found the homes of
 Zelpha Harding, Fannie Scebold;
 And, in passing through the city,
 Laura Nelson, Lulu Bowman;
 All were married, rich and happy.





Viva Wind and Edna Wiley
 Had entrusted their snug fortunes
 In an enterprise successful,
 And they rapidly were placing
 Eggs and butter on the market.
 In a quiet, peaceful suburb,
 Passing life in sweet contentment
 With her cats and tea and knitting,
 Thus abode the spinster Mina.
 In a woman's club together
 Florence Keith and Helen Walker
 Solved all problems in improvement,
 Woman's rights they were promoting.
 Pushed a candidate for mayor,
 Nominee was Edith Organ.
 On the list for city council
 Horrigan and Klein and Morrow
 Were the names that were familiar.
 On the street we met a classmate
 Hurrying past—no chance to stop him,
 To the court-house rushing wildly,
 Seeking there a marriage license;
 And we said, "Hurrah for Emil."
 Then we bought a Record-Herald.
 On the first page read the headlines,
 "Melvin Moore elected Mayor."
 Turned the pages, saw the notice
 Of brilliant social function;
 Found the names of Hughes and Gilson,
 Eunice Reed and Anna Sandwick,
 Leaders all in social circles.



Classmates, yet how strange we found them;
 How familiar, yet how different.
 While, with gliding motion upward,



I was plunged in deepest reverie,
 Questions rose and crowded o'er me,
 Questions which were left unanswered
 By these strange and fleeting visions.
 So I turned to my companion,
 Turned, with anxious words to ask her,
 When I saw her floating upward;
 And the sounds which I distinguished,
 Drifting downward through the twilight
 From my guide, the Indian maiden,
 Were the words, "'06 forever."
 Eagerly I started forward,
 Eagerly I sought to follow;
 Looked about me, stared in wonder,
 For I found myself in 14.
 And I rubbed my eyes and murmured:
 "'She was right, '06 forever.'"

M. S.



'06

K
F
E
S
T



The Friend of Our School Days, fast succumbing to the ruthless hand of man

The Class of 1906

CLASSES come and go. The coming is heralded with sneers of derision and shouts of "fresh! fresh!" The going is accompanied by smiles of favor and superlatives unbounded. On its entrance, each class is a trifle more "green" and unsophisticated than its predecessor. On its departure, it is infinitely more brilliant and noteworthy than any that has preceded it.

For the Class of 1906 we shall not use superlatives concerning either its arrival or its departure.

Plain, wholesome positives will serve to tell of the predominating characteristics of the Freshmen of 1902 and of the Seniors of 1906.

Four years ago some one hundred fifty happy-hearted boys and girls came to us—boys and girls with tireless energy and unlimited enthusiasm, ready to meet and surmount all obstacles. On June 8th, sixty-eight young men and women will leave us—with energy no less intense and enthusiasm as unbounded—eager to meet the future.

For four years they have given loyal support to all phases of High school life; they have filled the places left vacant by preceding classes, and they have made places for themselves. Among them have been found debators and athletes, orators and writers. To them belongs the satisfaction of knowing that they need take place second to none in the ranks of C. B. H. S. Alumni.

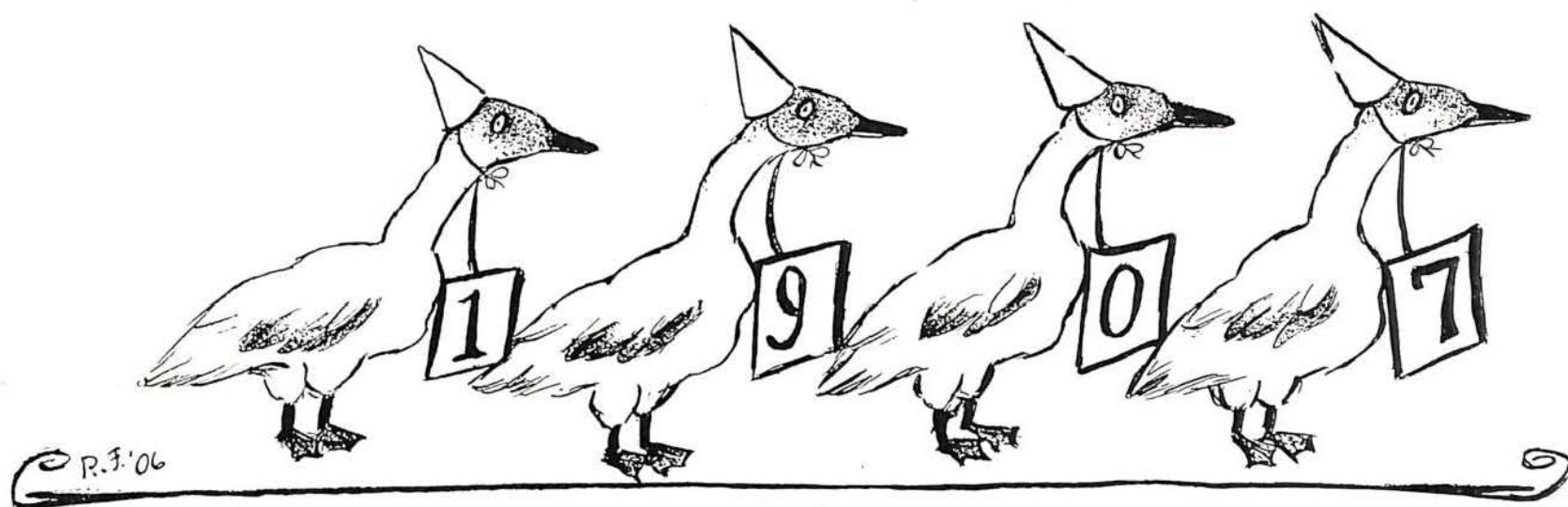
In the coming years, the business world, the professional world and the college world will recognize honored and successful members of the Class of 1906.

L. M. S.

In Memoriam



HERMAN NORGAAARD



Junior Class Poem

Neath the lattice where the grasses
Lend their freshness to the scene,
Vines of sweet peas, gently swaying,
Mingle white with nature's green.

Gentle breezes, lightly blowing,
Search earth's surface low and high,
And returning, sweetly murm'ring,
Sigh such thoughts to winds nearby.

We find roses of great beauty,
But caress we ne'er bestow,
For the thorns lurk 'neath the petals,
Piercing those who do not know.

There are flowers of rarest grandeur,
There are some of dainty hue,
There are blossoms sweet in fragrance,
Hid beneath the morning dew.

Nature gains her verdant color
When the showers come o'er the seas;
All the power of June's fair weather
Centers in the white sweet peas.

Strength and truthfulness are virtues
That will e'er uphold the right,
And the class of 1907
Favors always green and white.

E. M. H.

Junior Yell

Malta Vita, Cero Fruito, Grape-nuts, Force,
Can we beat 'um?

Why of course.

Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka,

Seven come eleven,

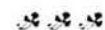
Whoop-er-up, Whoop-er-up,

1907!



Motto

"O wad to ithers some power the giftie gie,"
To behold our virtues as we ourselves them see.



Colors

Green and White



Flower

White Sweet Pea



Junior Officers

ARNOLD, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

SPETMAN, VICE-PRESIDENT

FARRELL, PRESIDENT

LINKEY, SECRETARY

SAUER, TREASURER



Junior Class

How Would the Juniors Look?

Clara Stamy Flunking
 Dorothy Hendricks..... Without her hair crimped
 Will Cutler Without Louise
 Arthur England..... In kindergarten (alright)
 James Fonda..... Going home without a book
 Paul Scott..... Using common sense
 Marie Cornelius..... Baldheaded
 Emma Bock Not giggling
 Newton Farrell..... President of a *good* class
 Dorothea Spetman With a mouse in the room
 Jennie and Jet Thrush With a boy
 Ellen Dobson..... With a case
 Fred Sheeley..... Awake
 Clara Childs Grown up
 Vere Morgan..... Six foot tall
 John Howe..... Not studying
 Ethel Winter In summer (melted)
 Mamie Barton..... In love
 Hattie Sunderland..... Flirting
 Mary Christenson..... Being kissed
 Hattie Dean Getting "perfect" in spelling
 Lula McCarthy..... Saying "I don't know"

Some Popular Songs

A Little Tin Soldier Reynolds
 Big Indian and Little Maid..... Grace S. and Glen Mills
 The Matinee Girl..... Hazel Cook
 Is Marriage a Failure?..... Loren Andrus
 Before and After Viva Cadie and Bess Green
 The Scare Crow Phil Hulette
 I Can't Do This Sum Marianna Sims
 Can't You See I'm Lonely..... Jennie Patton
 I'd Leave My Happy Home for You, Wright, Bertha Wheeler
 Just Because She Made Those Goo-Goo Eyes
 Margaret Metcalf
 Coax Me..... Nellie Lewis
 I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You Blanche Sweet
 Just My Style Ruby Busse
 Little Girl, You'll Do..... Grace Sewall
 Wait for the Wagon Frank Liles
 It's Enough to Make a Perfect Lady Mad.. James Craigmile
 We Really Ought to be Married Tulare Linkey and R. C.
 The Unkissed Man Ernest Senior
 Please Go Away and Let Me Sleep..... Albert Meneray
 Yankee Doodle Boy Lester Forsythe
 The Girl I Left Behind Me..... Vera Landstrom
 Oh the Deuce, What's the Use..... Ora Sweet
 I Want to be Somebody's Darling..... Paul Wadsworth
 I Want to be Loved Minnie Rupp
 I'm So Happy Ina Stoker
 Oh, Pity Me..... Nellie Stevens
 Dream of Heaven Freda Johnson
 You Can't Guess Who Flirted With Me..... Jennie Jones
 How Would You Like to be Me..... Esther Thomas
 Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen..... Clara Ladd

Why Some Juniors Are Located Where They Are

Ester Hansen - Natural
Arnold - On probation ^{halo.}
Sauer - Butted in.
Vera Spetman - Jobe
Irma Smith - Relation ^{near Bena.}
Henninger - Out ran ^{with '06}
Cleaver - Jumped out ^{the devil}
Elizabeth Hamburg. ^{of H -}
Brown - To hear Mary ^{noreason needed.}
Schmidt - Celestial ^{sing.}
Kearney - !! ???? ^{form}





Lucille Jarvis - By
 common consent
 Hazel Arnd - Force of
 gravity
~~Cleaver~~ - Visit Mike
 Essie Cox - That
 Smile
 Van Brunt - By choice
 Helen Gains - Ask
 Miss Pile
 Mills - Came down
 to bowl and stayed
 Gertrude Reed - Color
 Scheme
 Kerney - Asked 17
 girls to one dance

R. F. 47



Auditorium



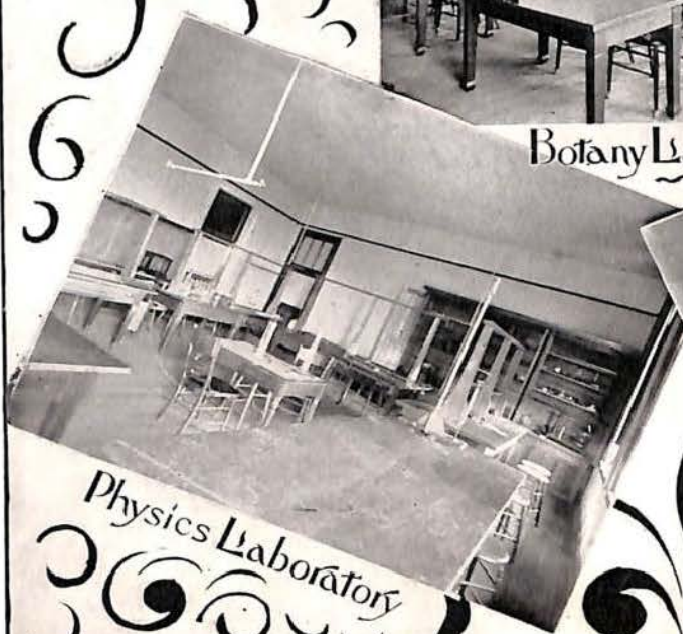
Superintendent's Office



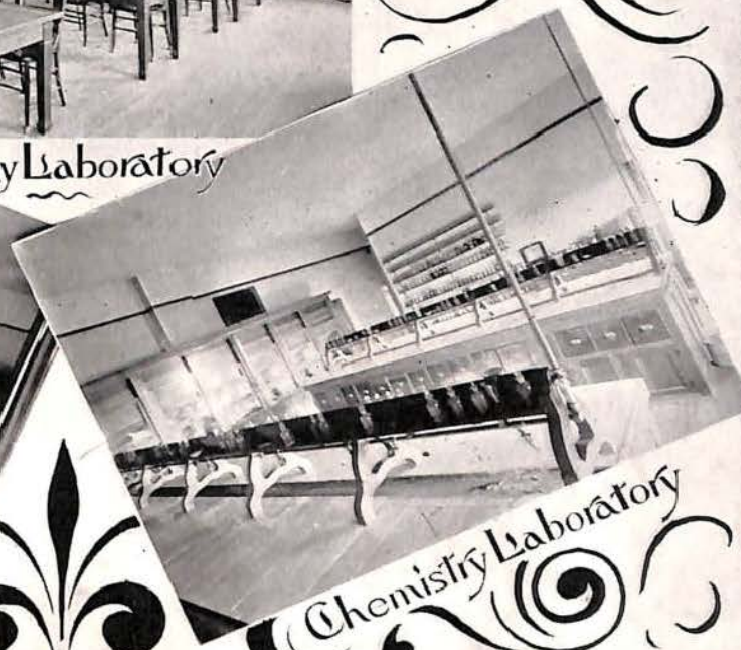
"Lover's Lane"



Botany Laboratory



Physics Laboratory



Chemistry Laboratory



High School Yells



Hobble-gobble, Razzle-dazzle,
Zip-boom-rah!
High School!
Council Bluffs!
I-o-w-a!

C.-B.-H. S. Ca bah Ca bah!
C.-B.-H.-S. Ha-zah Ha zah!
Ca bah Ha zah!
Council-Bluffs High School,
Rah-Rah-Rah!

C-C-C-o-u!
N-N-c-i-l!
Coun-cil Bluffs-High-School!

Come-right-this-way,
Council-Bluffs-Iowa!
Foot-ball-we-play,
Ra-Ra-Ra!
Rush-lines-we-break,
Touch-downs-we-make!
We-take-the-cake,
Ra-Ra-Ra!

Rika-chika-boom!
Rika-chika-boom!
Rika-chika-rika-chika-boom boom boom!
Rip-Ra-Ray! Rip-Ra-Ray!
High School!
Council Bluffs!
I-o-wa!





THE YEAR 1905-6 finds the Delta Tau Literary Society in a flourishing condition. It has a full membership whose limit is sixty, and names on the waiting list; money in its treasury, and a record in literary work of which it is justly proud. The society was organized in the fall of 1900, with Miss Alice Litherland as president. The work begun this year grew in interest, and in 1902 Miss Fanny Davenport represented the Delta Tau in our first inter-scholastic debate with Sioux City. In the following year a return debate was held in Council Bluffs and Miss Della Metcalf was our able representative.

Since 1903 inter-society contests have taken the place of the inter-scholastic debates and their benefit has been much greater to the society.

The contest of 1906 was one of great excellence. The society's representatives in the debate were Agnes Pheny, Mabelle English and Vera Spetman. Leone Pierce was our orator, and Kathryn Morehouse our declaimer. This year has, perhaps, been the best one in the history of the society. Programs of a high order have been conducted in a strictly business-like manner; and a glee club has been doing some excellent work.

The officers of this year are: Margaret Flickinger, president; Ruth Felt, vice-president; Vera Spetman, secretary; Mina Sedgwick, treasurer; Bess Crane, sergeant-at-arms. The work has been under the direction of Miss Rice.



Delta Tau-Philomathian Contestants

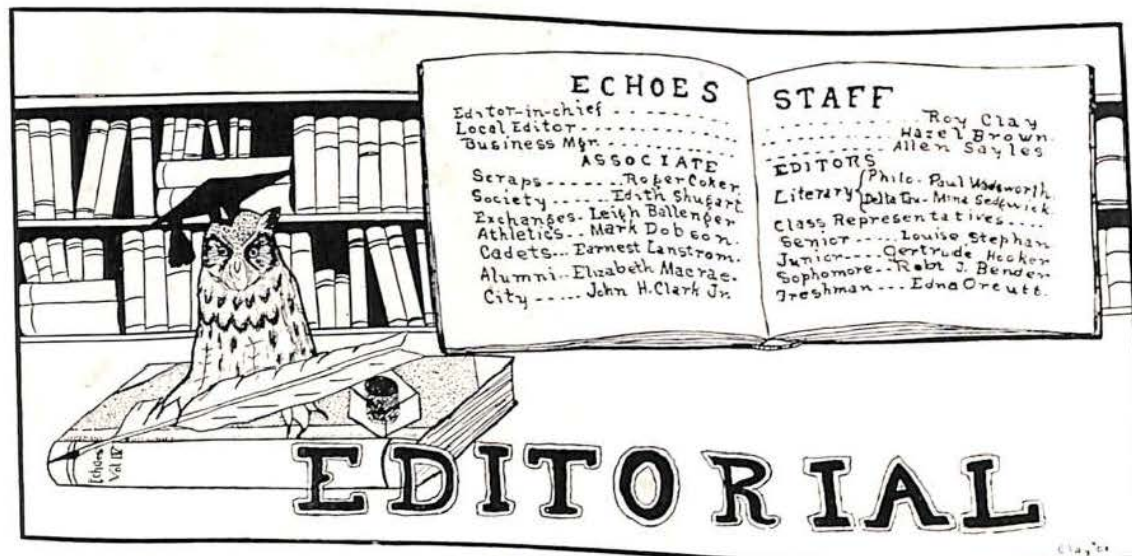
BALLENGER
PHENEY

ENGLISH
BYERS

HAWKINS
PIERCE

MOREHOUSE
SAYLES

KNOWLES
SPETMAN



"The Echoes" has just passed the fifth year of its existence. It is the most eminently successful of our High school institutions and every year its permanency is more firmly established. "The High School Echoes" was first issued December, 1901, under the editorship of Earl Hooker. It was first a twelve page paper issued bi-monthly. Since then it has grown steadily until now it is a sixteen page monthly magazine representing every phase of High school life and holding a large place among contemporary school publications.

During the years 1902-5, under the supervision of Ralf Robertson and Elmer Fisher, respectively, the paper was vastly improved. Mr. Robertson instituted the class and organization departments with their representative editors. Mr. Fisher followed out the same policy and added "Scraps."

In 1905-6, with Roy Clay as editor-in-chief, Hazel Brown as local editor, and Allen Sayles as business manager, the good work was carried forward. An alumni column was added, several good stories were printed and numerous clever designs executed by Ruth Felt, the staff artist, adorned the cover page. The year has been one of the most successful financially and otherwise in the history of the paper. The managers promised it "bigger, brighter and better," and how far they have succeeded let history tell.



The Echoes Staff

BALLENGER
HOOKER
SHUGART

COKER
MACRAE

SAYLES
BENDER

DOBSON

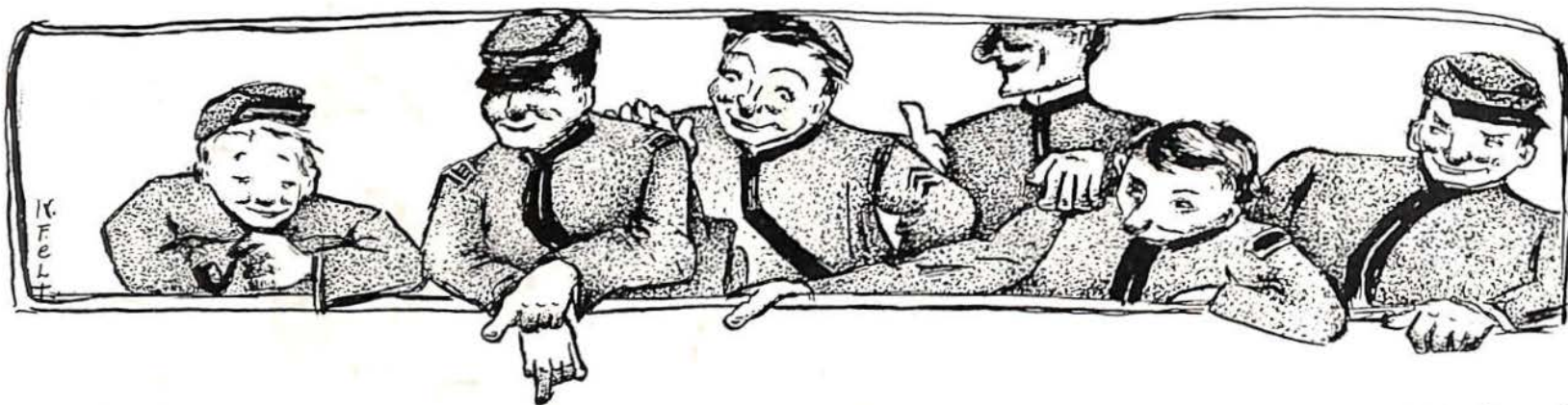
LANDSTROM
FELT

CLAY
ORCUTT

WADSWORTH
STEPHAN

CLARK

BROWN
SEDGWICK



THE first important organization of our school was the Cadet company. It was first organized in 1892, mainly through the efforts of Mr. Eastman. This company has grown and flourished until in the years of 1899 and 1900 it was raised to a battalion. This remarkable growth brings to view the practical value of the Cadets, as many of our boys in gray have gone into higher military organizations after their graduation.

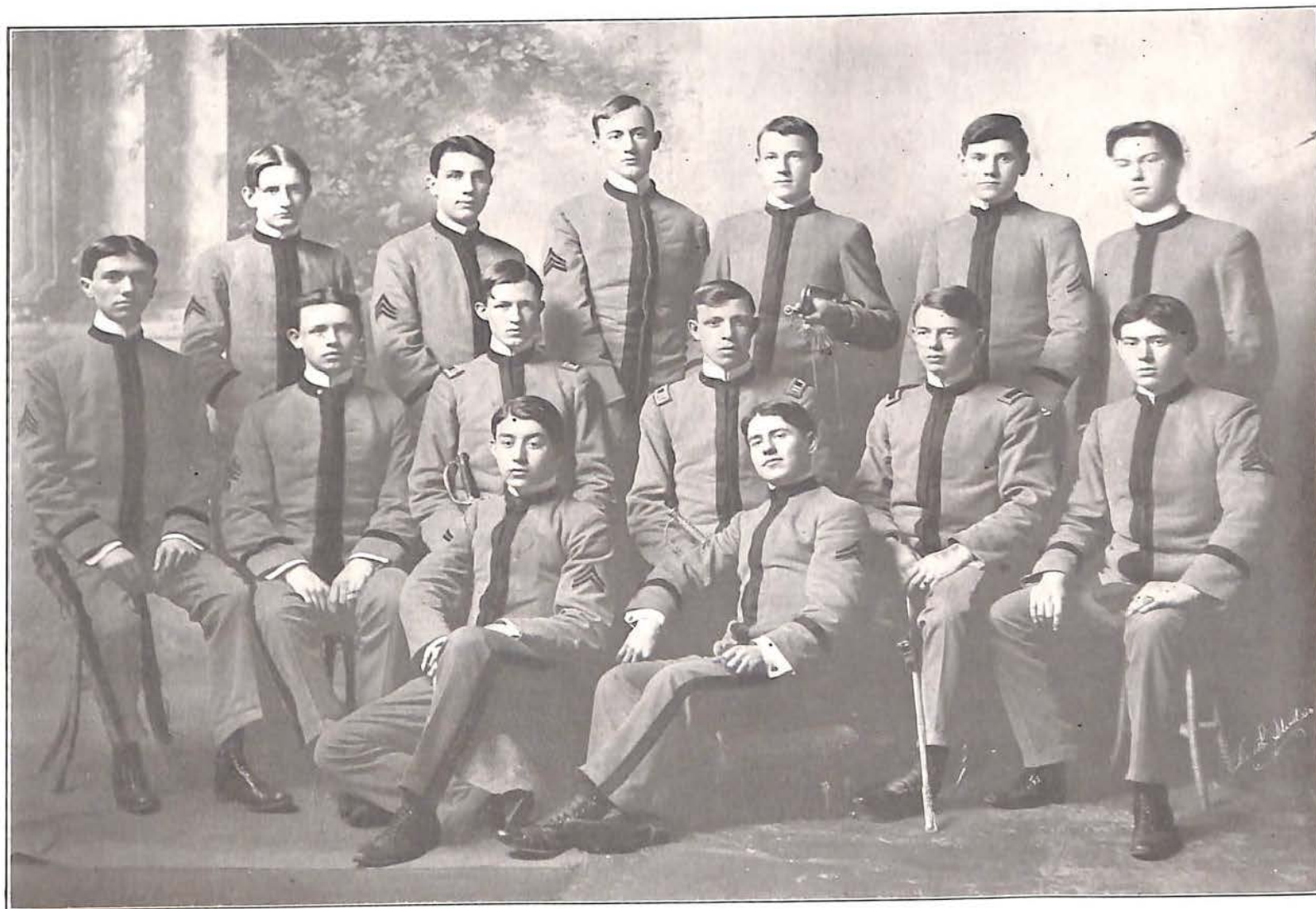
The Class of 1905 took away many officers and privates from the ranks of the Cadet company. Our captain, Thomas Delaney (better known as "Spot") and 1st lieutenant, Nels Nelson, were the most important to leave.

The company began the year 1905-1906 with the following officers: captain, Chas. Grason; 1st lieutenant, Harry Reynolds; 2nd lieutenant, Lynne Baird; 1st sergeant, Gus Vogeler; quartermaster sergeant, Lester Forsythe; sergeants, Coker, Landstrom, Schmidt and Mills; corporals, Peterson, Richmond, Baird and Hulette; musician, Bouricius.

Under the efficient drill of these officers the company was finely developed. The new army drill was put into effect and well carried out. The drills have been well attended, there always being four and sometimes five full sets present.

The faculty medal this year was won by Andrew Peterson. The business ability of the Cadets has been shown by their success in pushing through a number of very enjoyable hops and also by their management of the play "Pinafore."

And so it is that we Seniors, and in fact the whole school, look with pride at this successful organization, and we Seniors may rest assured that the Juniors of this year and the Seniors of next will do all they can to do as well as we have done.



Cadet Officers

COKER

PETERSON
VOGELER

SCHMIDT
REYNOLDS
BAIRD

MILLS

GRASON
BOURICIUS
HULETTE

RICHMOND
BAIRD

LANDSTROM
FORSYTHE

H. M. S. "PINAFORE"

Comic Opera in Two Acts

High School Auditorium, May 11, 1906

Miss Charlotte A. Taylor, Director

Cast of Characters

Sir Joseph Porter (Admiral of British Navy) GEO. B. PHELPS
Captain Corcoran (Commander of "Pinafore").....
.....LEIGH BALLENGER
Ralph Rackstraw.....JOHN C. COOPER
Dick Deadeye.....ALLEN SAYLES
Boatswain.....GLEN MILLS
Midshipmite.....PHILIP HULETTE
Josephine (The Captain's Daughter).....MARY MCCONNELL
Little Buttercup.....HAZEL BROWN
Hebe (Cousin of Sir Joseph).....BESS SHERLOCK

Chorus

Ladies
Hazeltine Covert
Tulare Linkey
Vera Stork
Rose Ward
Margaret Stephan
Helen Peck
Florence Otis
Margaret Ward
Florence Keith
Emma Baldwin
Lulu McCartney
Nellie Stephens
Bertha Wheeler
Loretta Sheffler

Sailors
Lynne Baird
Walter Martin
Earl Baird
James Craigmile
Andrew Peterson
Dwight Platner
Charles Grason
Myron Van Brunt
Gus Vogeler
Emil Hedin
Howard Brown
Mantor Beardsley

Marines
Roger Coker
Harry Schmidt
Ernest Landstrom
Adam Richmond

Orchestra

Bess Crane
Gertrude Kintz
Ira Stoker
Guy Bouricius
Leah Jarvis
Elizabeth Pryor
Edna Waterman

Act I.—Noon

Quarter-deck of H. M. S. "Pinafore"
Portsmouth in the Distance

Act II.—Night

Same as Act I

Songs—Act I

- 1 Opening Chorus.....
- 2 Recitative and Song.....Buttercup
- 3 { The Nightingale's Song / Ralph and Chorus
 { A Maiden Fair to See /
- 4 My Gallant Crew.....Captain Corcoran and Chorus
- 5 Sorry Her Lot.....Josephine
- 6 Entrance of Sir Joseph.....
- 7 When I Was a lad.....Sir Joseph and Chorus
- 8 Specialty, They All Love Jack...Dick Deadeye and Chorus
- 9 Admiral's Song.....Ralph, Dick and Boatswain
- 10 Refrain, Audacious Tar.....Josephine and Ralph
- 11 Finale.....Principals and Chorus

Act II

- 1 Dreaming.....Sir Joseph Porter and Chorus
- 2 Fair Moon.....Captain Corcoran
- 3 Things Are Seldom What They Seem.....
.....Buttercup and Captain
- 4 Scene.....Josephine
- 5 Bell Trio.....Josephine, Sir Joseph and Captain
- 6 The Merry Maiden and the Tar.....Captain and Dick
- 7 Carefully on Tip-toe Stealing.....Chorus
- 8 He Is an Englishman.....Principals and Chorus
- 9 Farewell My Own.....Principals and Chorus
- 10 Baby Farming.....Buttercup and Chorus
- 11 Finale.....Ensemble



A · T · H · L · E · T · I · C · S

THE Council Bluffs High School has just closed one of the most flourishing and prosperous years of athletics in its history. The Athletic department of our school has never before been under the direction of a more competent coach than D. Fred Grass. All team organizations have clearly demonstrated this fact. Unusual interest in athletics has been manifested throughout the year. Girls and boys who have never before taken any part in athletics have, during the past year, done themselves credit.

Our school is yet handicapped, however, by not having the gymnasium thoroughly equipped, but we hope that before another year closes this drawback will have been eliminated. A well equipped gym is absolutely necessary for good, consistent, all-the-year-round training.

The foot ball season for the past year was a brilliant success in every respect. The first week's practice brought forth thirty aspirants for pig-skin honors. Among these were some new material; Cooper, Harlan, Sheffer, Hawkins, Williams and Scott, all of former fame, while Dobson, E. Norgaard and Henninger came from the ranks as green material. The last year's veterans were: Craigmile, Nicoll, Benjamin, H. Norgaard, Cutler, Dimmock and Mills. Stronger foot ball spirit has never been known in our High school.

Manager Benjamin started things properly for a good season by arranging one of the stiffest schedules from which our High school team has ever attempted to flog a victory. Among the schools on the schedule appeared the following new ones: Tabor College, Woodbine State Normal and West Des Moines. Our team, as usual, met their old rivals, Omaha, Sioux City and Harlan, over which, somewhat contrary to former custom, they were victors in each case. Harlan suffered crushing defeat at the hands of our team twice this year. The gridiron veterans of the Alumni took their annual drubbing at the beginning of the season.

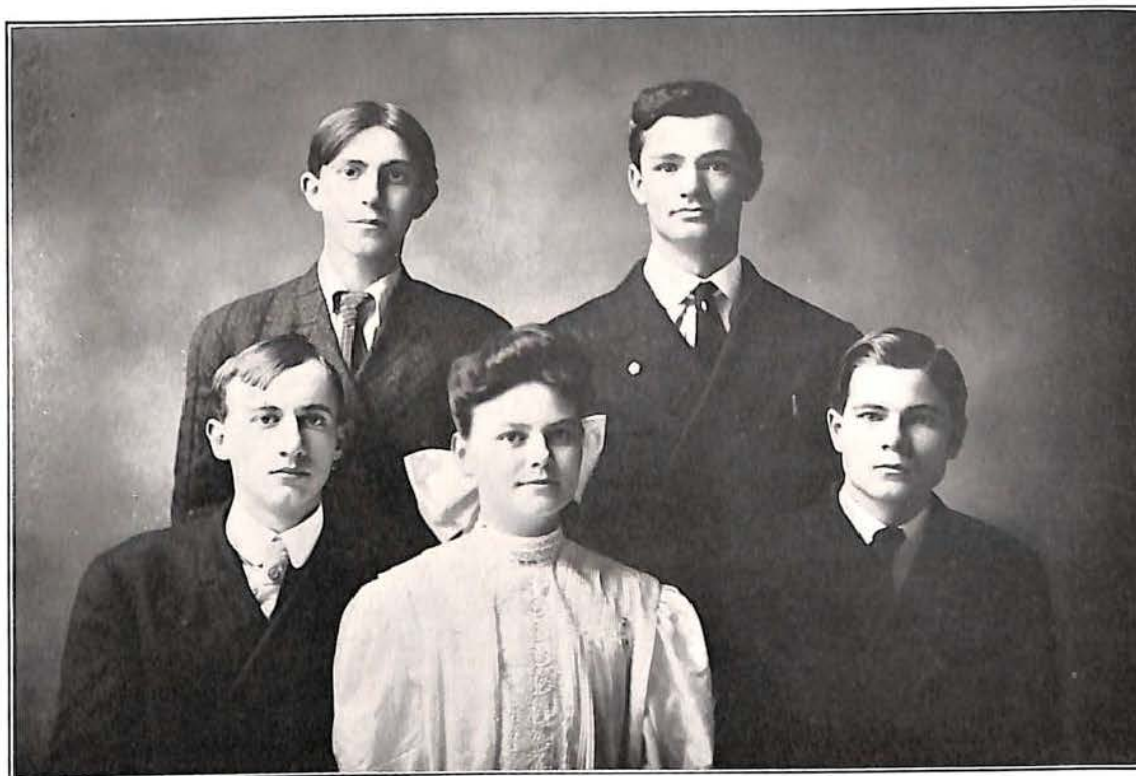
The game with West Des Moines, our only defeat, was played to decide where lay the title to the championship of Iowa.

A great number have participated in basket ball this year—more than in any year previous. The girls began early in the fall and organized two teams, which, under the direction of Glen Mills as coach, did very excellent work.

At the close of the foot ball season Coach Grass organized a basket ball team from the boys of each class, and arranged a series of games, which resulted in the Junior team becoming champions.

The twelfth annual field meet was pulled off May 4th. The program consisted of sixteen events, which were every one hotly contested. Loren Andrus carried off the individual championship. The Freshman class won the meet.

A small team was sent to Iowa City to represent us in the state meet, and Clyde Clemmer upheld the reputation of the school by winning the mile run.



Officers Athletic Association

CLEMMER, VICE-PRESIDENT	DOBSON, PRESIDENT
MILLS, BUSINESS MANAGER	CRANE, SECRETARY
	NORGAARD, BUSINESS MANAGER

Foot Ball Schedule

September 23	at Council Bluffs	Council Bluffs	5	Alumni	0
September 30	at Tabor	Council Bluffs	11	Tabor College	0
October 7	at Council Bluffs	Council Bluffs	10	Harlan	6
October 14	at Council Bluffs	Council Bluffs	29	Missouri Valley	0
October 21	at Sioux City	Council Bluffs	17	Sioux City	0
October 28	at Harlan	Council Bluffs	5	Harlan	0
November 18	at Council Bluffs	Council Bluffs	17	Omaha	0
November 30	at Council Bluffs	Council Bluffs	6	W. Des Moines	9
TOTAL			100		15

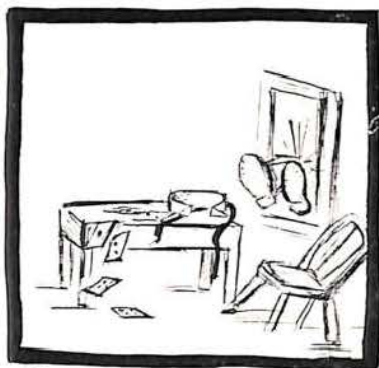
- 7—Girls play their first open game of basket ball—open to girls and teachers.
 8—Right in the midst of scansion. O joy!
 10—Louise Stephan's hair has turned a shade darker.
 11—Game with State Normal called off.
 13—"Coke" sees Louise H. for the first time.
 15—Hazel B. got a letter from Russell today; we wondered why she looked so happy.
 17—"Weedy" Vogeler says his heart is broken; we wonder it isn't his head.
 18—Omaha 0; C. B. H. S. 17.
 21—We saw "Dobby" walk home with Dora Murphy today.
 24—Viva, Ruth and Maude starred in Latin today. They are usually very poor—(95%).
 29—Tomorrow is Thanksgiving. We play West Des Moines; they expect to win—so do we.
 30—At the end of the first half the score was C. B. H. S. 6; W. D. M. H. S. 4. Anyway our Seniors played well.
- Dec. 1—There is no school and everybody is home studying (?). The first Cadet Hop.
 3—"Coke" visits Louise.
 5—Leigh said that Blanche was *sweet* today.
 6—Ruth hasn't decided which of her new dresses to wear to the "frat." dance.
 7—Open debate; Agnes Pheney and Edith Shugart, affirmative, against Gertrude Reed and Vera Spetman, negative; decision of judges, affirmative 2; negative 1.
 8—The dance.
 11—There were several boys who had to stay for the seventh period for one week. Why were they out? Perhaps Lydon or Mike could tell you where they were, but don't ask Mike—he's a Junior and not very reliable.
 12—The kitten that Clay gave Mina died today—guess it couldn't live on love.
 14—Margaret and Helen wore different colored dresses today.
 16—Open drill; Freshman wins over Junior.
 18—The Philomathian society have challenged the Delta Taus to a contest.
 21—Isn't Eva just darling in "The Christian?"
 22—No more school until January 8.
- Jan. 8—We're back, but Oh, so sleepy.
 10—Margaret McPherson had her idea today.
 13—Someone started the rumor that Mr. Colby is going to leave us.
 15—Miss Taylor and Roger go sleigh riding.
 18—A little row at Vogeler's over a game of strip; who got thrown out of the window?



Dec. 6



Dec. 12



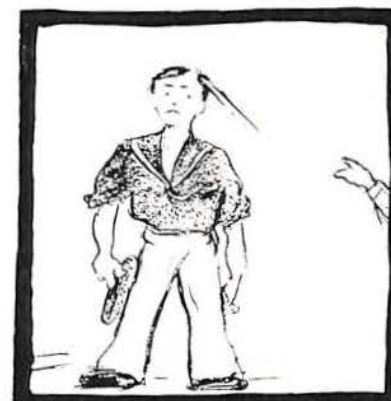
Jan. 18



Jan. 25

- 23—Will Byers looks like he would make a good professor.
- 25 - "Hawky" claims he had to go home in a barrel last night after the "doins" at Sheffler's.
- 26—Participants in Philo-Delta Tau contest looking haggard.
- 27—Cleaver goes into Wheeler's with his chinaware.
- 30—Mina only averages two misses in spelling a day.
- 31—You should have heard the Vogeler-Baird debate.
- Feb. 2—Girls hold a closed program. Margaret F. thinks that Arizona and New Mexico should not be admitted as one state.
- 5—Miss Taylor takes lunch fourth period as usual.
- 6—Will appears in the role of a poet.
- 7—Edith Parsons will supply any one with cough drops free of charge.
- 8—First competitive drill; Pete won.
- 9—Junior-Sophomore basket ball game; Juniors win.
- 12—Senior election—such a noble bunch.
- 14—Cio Ris party at Marie's.
- 16—The Seniors played the Freshmen today. All the fraternity have cold feet when it comes to after dinner speeches.
- 20—There comes a wail from the Senior girls, "can no Senior win that medal?" It's up to you boys.
- 23—The business manager of "The Echoes" can always be found in room 8 before and after school, but no one tries to find him.
- 26—Clay has developed an inclination to stroll through "lovers' lane" with Bertha.
- 27—Pinafore practice begins; watch Josephine blush.
- 28—The "Starlights," captained by D. Sankey Bismark Landstrom, lost three games to the "All Stars."
- March 1—Bowling alleys close tomorrow. "Nothin doin'" for two weeks.
- 2—The debate. As the boys look at it, **DEBATE**; the girls, (debate).
- 6—Dido died today.
- 9—Mina was initiated today. "O, Allen is a lovely boy."
- 13—Senior meeting; colors, gold and white.
- 14—Ruth only got 98 in Latin test.
- 15—A coasting party; Leone tries to dash Frank's brains out with a telegraph pole.
- 16—Sophomore-Freshman game; Sophomores 6; Freshman 0.
- 17—Mabelle and John L. go sleigh riding.
- 19—Mina rode the goat

- 20 - Vogeler won a dollar; the only time he ever left the bowling alley ahead.
 21 - Back to orange and black again.
 23 - Nebraska glee club. All the girls picked out their pretty boy.
 26 - Indoor field meet.
 27 - Juniors are getting excited over class election.
 28 - Exams. Junior election.
 29 - Exams. We saw Will B. smile at Agnes P. today.
 30 - Indoor field meet, Alumni 12; C. B. H. S. 15.
 31 - Spring vacation. Nothing doing for a week.
- April 9 - Here we are again after the vacation, all ready for the home stretch.
 11 - Hawkins again appeals for pictures.
 12 - Miss Taylor crushes Brown's skull with her baton.
 13 - "I'll give you my picture for your's."
 16 - All the girls are calling for class pins; the boys are calling for money.
 17 - Somebody put a dictionary on Mina's desk. She didn't swear, but she looked like she could.
 18 - Miss Dailey said she could kill that cow.
 19 - The Juniors selected green and white. The green is quite appropriate.
 20 - Everybody looks for trouble in assembly. Suspense over! Vogeler yells "sky-rocket." Song, "Consolation," sung for Junior benefit.
 24 - Lydon rushed the can (only it was a Dutch Cleanser).
 25 - Now it's invitations for commencement. (Your presents are desired.)
 27 - Dimmock reports a game foot.
 30 - Allen was moved up by Hazel B. Mina is the girl with the green eyes.
- May 1 - A rude gentleman picked on Grason, Baird and Vogeler, today.
 2 - Ask Hazel Brown how she got into her "Pinafore" dress.
 3 - The Juniors out painting at night.
 4 - Field meet.
 7 - Sanky and Leigh got hair-cuts.
 8 - Dress rehearsal for Pinafore. The girls just left the paint on for the next day.
 11 - The big show.
 14 - The Seniors practiced singing; and, Oh my, how it rained!
 16 - Omaha teachers fill up the vacant seats.
 17 - Boys leave for Iowa City.
 18 - Clemmer wins the mile.
 19 - Last of Class Book in printer's hands.
 25 - Philomathian-Delta Tau banquet.
- June 3 - Baccalaureate sermon.
 5 - Class day.
 6 - Junior reception.
 7 - Commencement.
 8 - Alumni reception.
 9 - The stuff's off, good bye, everybody.



April 12



April 20

A DREAM

Dreams Are Queer Things

Mr. Clifford: Easy, indulgent Superintendent of the Council Bluffs schools.

Mr. Thomas: Hot headed, nervous, little Principal of the High school.

Mr. Grass: Crabbed old man, self educated.

Mr. Heaps: Learned gentleman with a hammer in his hip pocket.

Mr. Grason: Fiery old man, the (Disturber).

Prof. Swaine: Timid, backward member, the faculty mascot.

Miss Boesche: Pleasant, agreeable, keeps out of trouble.

Miss Sprague: Jolly, light hearted teacher, never complains.

Miss Rice: Fussy, lacks training in English.

Miss Pile: Close mouthed, plain dresser.

Miss Reed: Devoted to fashion.

Miss Dailey: Unassuming, quiet person, neither meddles nor "rakes muck," divinely tall.

Miss Waples: Indifferent as to dress, broad, extensive understanding.*

Miss Ross: Weak, dependent member.

Miss Sedgwick: At eternal war against the boys.

Miss Taylor: Thin, straight-laced old maid with a chip on her shoulder.

Miss Noel: Noisy, intruding lady, just a trifle queer.

Miss Wood: Rosy, rotund, young girl teachers with a fair

Miss Wallace: chance of winning a home.

Time—7:30 a. m., Monday.

Place—Room 8 of Council Bluffs High school.

Teachers enter quietly and take their seats. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Clifford seated in front, Mr. Clifford on the record book.

*She wears an EE last.

Mr. Thomas (nervously): We will now carry on our usual work. First, What are your complaints?

Miss Sedgwick: I wish to say the boys in this school are dreadful. They use slang right before me and treat me in a very ungentlemanly manner. Sometimes to my face they call me Mrs. O'Harahan and by my first name.

Miss Dailey: O, well, boys will be boys, and you must not let little things like that trouble you. I never had cause to complain.

Miss Sprague: Yes, that's right, we must not be too exacting of them.

Mr. Grason and Mr. Grass: It's unpardonable.

The Mascot: I never permit slang or undue familiarity to pass my ears unchallenged. (Closes with the usual sermon.)

Miss Noel: Mr. Thomas, I have a plan which I am sure will relieve this state of affairs.

Mr. Thomas: I will hear you later, Miss Noel. Just now Mr. Clifford has a word to say to us.

Mr. Clifford (looking worried): For some time I have been thinking of putting this matter before you. Yesterday afternoon I stood at my window and watched the pupils going home, and my suspicions were confirmed by what I saw. As many as fifteen carried home books. This is awful; unquestionably you are overloading them with work. It makes my heart ache to see books under a pupil's arm and to know when I'm snug in bed, that there are some who are burning midnight oil and studying until their eyes are tired over lessons which, after all, amount to nothing. I'm here to demand a change of this condition. You need not be responsible for every Tom, Dick and Harry who happens to be in your class. You need not bend his back with ponderous impossible lessons and sour his brain toward all things intellectual; perhaps you thought I did not care, but I do care. When I next speak to you I hope I may smile and thank you for the correction of this great wrong now prevailing in our school. (Exit with tears.)

Miss Rice: There ain't no doubt about it. They is working too hard and I don't think it's right.

Mr. Heaps (reaching for his hammer): It's my opinion that they are working us. (Puts his hammer away again.)

Miss Sedgwick (with both hands over her ears): Slang! Slang! What is the world coming to?

Mr. Thomas: Friday we will have book inspection.

Miss Waples: What if it rains? Will we have it anyway?

Miss Noel: Now really, don't you think it would be better to have inspection Thursday?

Miss Reed (who has been whispering to Miss Pile now makes herself heard): O, please girls, let's wear our white waists Friday in assembly.

Miss Boesche: Surely, let's do.

Miss Pile and Miss Waples: Dress! Dress! It never enters my head.

The Mascot (staring at Miss Pile, aside to Mr. Grason): O my, just look at that gold!

Miss Sedgwick (after borrowing Mr. Heaps' hammer for a moment): I do wish you ladies would wear your good shoes on assembly morning. I always wear mine and I dislike to be the attraction that I am just because I wear the only decent pair of shoes on the rostrum.

Miss Taylor: Mr. Thomas, I wish you could do something so that I would not have to sit through assembly with my feet dangling in the air a foot above the floor. It's very uncomfortable and my feet go to sleep.

Mr. Thomas: I'll have Mr. Bailey put a dictionary in front of your chair after this on assembly mornings.

Miss Rice: These things are of little importance. But I

think we had ought to prevent conduct like that that happened with them girls in the lunch room.

Mr. Heaps: I would like a "definition" of such actions.

(At this point a noise is heard in the waste basket and a mouse forces itself upon those present.)

After executing a running broad jump that would have made the winner at Iowa City turn green, Miss Rice's new position is found to be on Mr. Thomas' table. There, while doing a war dance with her feet, she maintains her rather unstable equilibrium by means of two firm hand holds in Mr. Thomas' hair. Miss Wood and Miss Wallace are crowded in one window. Miss Taylor takes the same position and, turning to Miss Sedgwick, come, Maye, get up here where it's safe.

Miss Sedgwick: Goodness! I haven't got my good shoes on but there's nothing else to do.

The dust having settled a little, Miss Dailey is seen to be viewing the confusion smilingly from her exalted position on the gas fixture. Mr. Heaps and Mr. Grason seem to enjoy the sights, while the little boy cries piteously.

Miss Sprague (leaning over him): Come, Bob, don't be afraid, it won't hurt you.

Mr. Grason: Sing, Miss Taylor, sing; that will scare it.

General Chorus: Yes, Miss Taylor, sing.

Miss Taylor sings. At the end of the first bar, the disturbing element is prone on the floor.

Miss Ross (slowly walks up the middle aisle, picks up the rodent by the tail and holding it in the air, exclaims): "What kind of an animal can it be? I'll get my books and look it up."

Miss Dailey now descends from her perch and arrives with such a crash that the dreamer is awakened.

SENIOR DICTIONARY

(*A Peculiarity of This Language is That All Parts of Speech Have Gender*)

ABDILL—*f. a.* Coy; sly; watchful.
 BALL—*f. n.* Sincerity; truth; hence, a square deal.
 BALLENGER—*m. n.* 1. Importance; self esteem; egotism.
 2. A good prospect for the future
 BAIRD—*m. n.* Something to be proud of; a valuable accomplishment.
 BARNETT—*f. n.* A large, expansive area.
 BATTEY—*m. n.* A thing all right in its place but never there.
 BENDER—*f. n.* An algebraic term; an unknown quantity.
 BAUMAN—*f. n.* An Amazon archer.
 BREWICK. To stand pat. [Dutch derivation; meaning often misconstrued]
 BROWN—*f. n.* An investment that pays quick dividends.
 BYERS—*m. v.* To spout; to emit hot air or steam in the sense of a geyser.
 CASEY—*f. n.* A vision rarely seen.
 CLARK—*f. adj.* Incomplete; unfinished.
 CLAY—*m. n.* The substance out of which "Gibraltar" is composed.
 COKER—*m. v.* To ride fast horses—the kind that cover a two-hour lesson in five minutes flat.
 DIMMOCK—*m. v.* To create a reign

of terror; to ornament an eye with the colors of the rainbow.
 DOBSON—*m. v.* To warm frosty atmosphere; to attempt a funny story (obsolete).
 ENGLISH—*f. n.* A flower which blooms in May.
 FELT—*f. n.* High grade material out of which pennants and monograms are made.
 FISHER—*f. n.* A Senior vote.
 FLICKINGER, M.—*f. n.* A poor excuse. [As an adjective unacceptable.]
 FLICKINGER, H.—*f. v.* To fume; to fuss; to excite; to cause nervous prostration.
 GRASON—*m. v.* To knock; to stir up anarchy; to make trouble.
 GROSS—*f. adj.* Combustible; apt to blow up at any time.
 HARDING—*f. v.* To compromise; to split the difference.
 HAWKINS—*m. n.* A combination made up of lack of wisdom, and conceit; hence the term, "conceited dummy."
 HARRIGAN—*f. n.* A relic of the orient.
 HUGHES—*f. n.* An impossibility; a miracle.
 KEITH—*f. v.* To warrant; to guarantee.

KNOWLES *m. v.* To defy the union; to study from two to four hours per day. As a *n.*, a menace to the welfare of the student body.
 KLEIN—*f. adj.* Small; insignificant. [Reference, *German-English Dictionary*.]
 LACEY—*m. v.* One who makes a life study of sleep; who is continually delving into its most obscure depths. [Syn., Rip Van Winkle.]
 LANDSTROM *m. n.* A carpet-bag statesman from Norway.
 LINDSAY—*f. n.* An example; a model.
 LUNDGARD—*f. n.* A cup of nectar; food for the gods; angels' food.
 LYDON—*m. v.* To wreck; to spoil a camera; to crack a mirror.
 MEYERS—*f. v.* To freeze; to cause one to shiver with the cold.
 MOORE—*m. n.* An atmospheric disturbance.
 MORROW—*f. v.* To look on; to spy.
 MCCONNELL—*f. n.* A warbler; a mocking bird.
 MCPHERSON—*f. n.* A great iceberg; a cold proposition.
 NELSON—*f. adj.* Hot; fiery; unbearable.
 ORGAN—*f. n.* An unpardonable sin; a public nuisance.

PARSONS—*f. n.* A mathematical text book; an overloaded brain.

PHENEY—*f. n.* Fire; brimstone; nitroglycerine; tornado; typhoon; beware.

PIERCE—*f. v.* To look like a poem; to walk like a poem; to have eyes like a poem.

REED, E.—*f. n.* An unexplored region; new and unknown territory.

REED, L.—*m. v.* To be spoken for; to be taken; to be united.

SANDWICK—*f. n.* Breakable; perishable; something that must be handled with gloves.

SAYLES—*m. n.* A good subject for scholars desiring to make advanced psychological research.

SCEBOLD—*f. n.* Peace; tranquility; harmony.

SEDGWICK—*f. n.* A variable that continually approaches a limit and very often passes it.

SHEPARD—*f. n.* Something secure; a good hitching post; a good thing to tie up to.

SHUGART—*f. n.* A pretty pink and white complexion.

STEPHAN—*f. v.* To illuminate; to shed a radiance. [Obsolete.]

THOMPSON—*f. v.* To disappoint; to bear sad news; to spoil a good time.

VOGELER—*m. n.* Pluto's strong right arm; the cause of all our trouble.

WAHLGREN—*f. n.* A new mechanical encyclopædia about to be put upon the market.

WALKER, I.—*f. n.* A warning for

boys to make themselves scarce; to steer clear.

WALKER, H.—*f. adj.* Tricky; mischievous; treacherous.

WARD—*f. n.* A card shark with a reputation.

WATERMAN—*f. n.* A spook; ghost; goblin.

WYATT—*f. prep.* Contrary to; against.

WILEY—*f. n.* Half of a closed deal.

WIND—*f. n.* A strong-headed, unscrupulous diplomat.

WRIGHT—*f. n.* An unopened can of preserves.

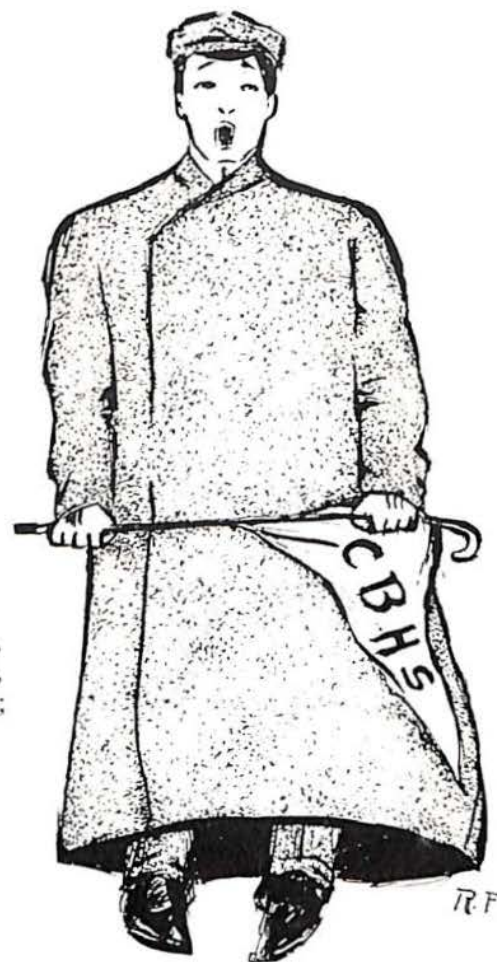
WRIGHT, E.—*m. v.* To be well begun; to have a large, substantial foundation to build up from; feet.



How It Was Done



Suddenly all is still,
 Our nerves are all a thrill.
 Faintly the words float to us,
 "Council Bluffs ready? 'Yes.'
 Harlan ready? 'Yes.'"
 T-o-o-o-t—thump—they're off;
 "Harlan's ball, first down and five to gain."
 Hold'em Council Bluffs, never mind the pain;
 Now there comes an oppressive hush
 As we view the first frantic rush;
 Whoop-ee—our ball—by gee—
 After our belt has had its final tug,
 And into the earth our toes are tightly dug;
 Then we'll make those farmers quake
 With our old time renowned fake,
 Left formation—13—12—2—9
 And we're off for the distant goal line;
 Look! Out from the struggling, groveling pile,
 Slips our fleet little quarter with his wary wile,
 On! On, you winged champion of the red and blue,
 Hurry, hurry, a touch-down and we'll bow to you;
 Never slacken your running,
 For after you their end is coming,
 Dodge now, and quick
 E'er they turn the trick.
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Hoo-ray!
 Now it matters not a whit
 That on you three deep they sit;
 For you ducked just in time,
 And you're beyond the last white line.



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A Selected Page.

O, it's hard to be the editor
And have to beg and pray and curse
For stuff to bind up in a book
That promises to be his hearse.



The editor sits in his sanctum
And lets his lessons rip:
He rakes his brain for an item
And steals all he can clip.



Cutler has a solid girl,
Allen boasts of like game;
Cooper has no girl at all,
But he gets there just the same.



Felix had a piece of gum,
It was as white as snow,
And everywhere that Felix went
That gum was sure to go.

It followed him to school one day,
Which was against the rule:
Miss Sedgwick took that gum away
And chewed it after school.

We were seated in a hammock;
It was some time after dark,
And the silence grew more lovely
After each subdued remark;
With her head upon my shoulder
And my arms about her close:
Soon I whispered, growing bolder.
Do you love me, darling Rose?

With her accents low to equal
All my heart had dared to hope;
Ah! I never knew the sequel,
For her brother cut the rope.



The boy sat on a hornet's nest,
He thought it was a pillow:
His family laid him down to rest
Beneath the weeping willow.



You may ride a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink.
You can "ride" your little "pony,"
But you cannot make him think.

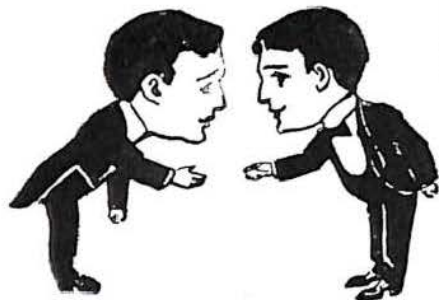


A Freshman once to Hades went
For something he might learn.
They sent him back to earth again;
He was too green to burn.

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We Shall Never Forget—

Mina's skinny black cat.

The day Margy had her idea.

Miss Dailey.

To cash our pay checks.

What we've learned here.

What suckers some of us were to take a job on the
Class Book staff.

The shower baths we got on Grace street.

The day Byers had his pants pressed.

As long as we live, the integrity and fidelity, the
little kindnesses and greater favors, of that
true friend who was constantly by our side,
both through the dreary periods of the day and
the gloomy hours of the night, whom we with
one accord proclaim our staunchest friend—
the pony.

Question (in written Latin exam.): "Give the principal
parts of 'possum.' "

"Shine" (reflectively): "Well, I guess I ought ter know
dat if any one in dis here class does."

His answer: "De hind legs and de breast."

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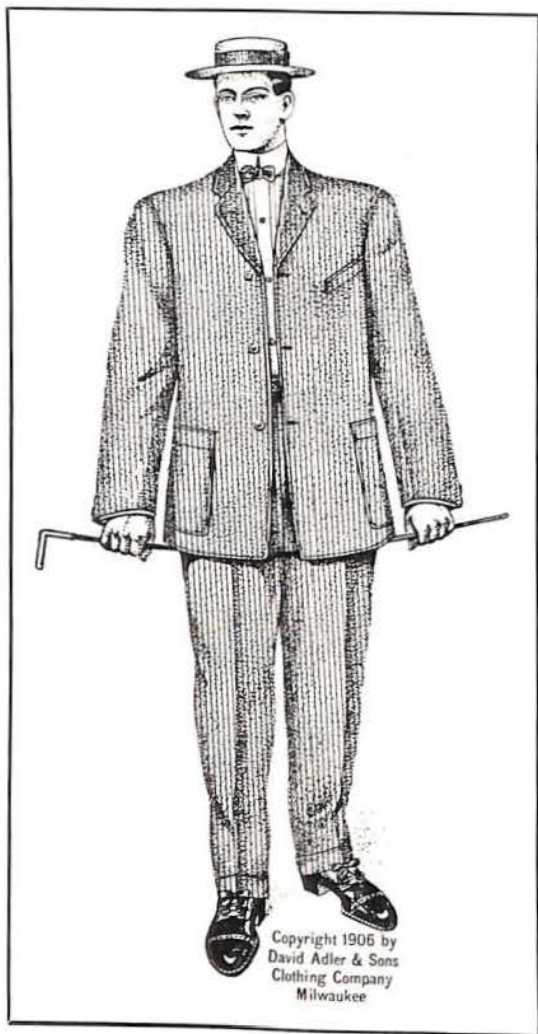
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If Vera Stork made a complete recitation.

If Wright and Ballenger got two hair-cuts
a year.

If "Weedy" should make 200.

If a Senior had won that Cadet medal.

To see Mr. Thomas at a dance.

To see our hero "Sankey Bismarck" with one
of the fair sex.

If Miss Sedgwick should find out what
"Bobby" thinks of her. (She did her best.)

If the faculty should forget to dress up for
assembly.

A Remedy for "Waddy's" Whiskers

Take two quarts of star dust; the seventh left
hind foot of a June bug; the breath of a humming
bird.

Mix the above with two ounces of gunpowder;
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at a height of 8,000 feet above the sea level.

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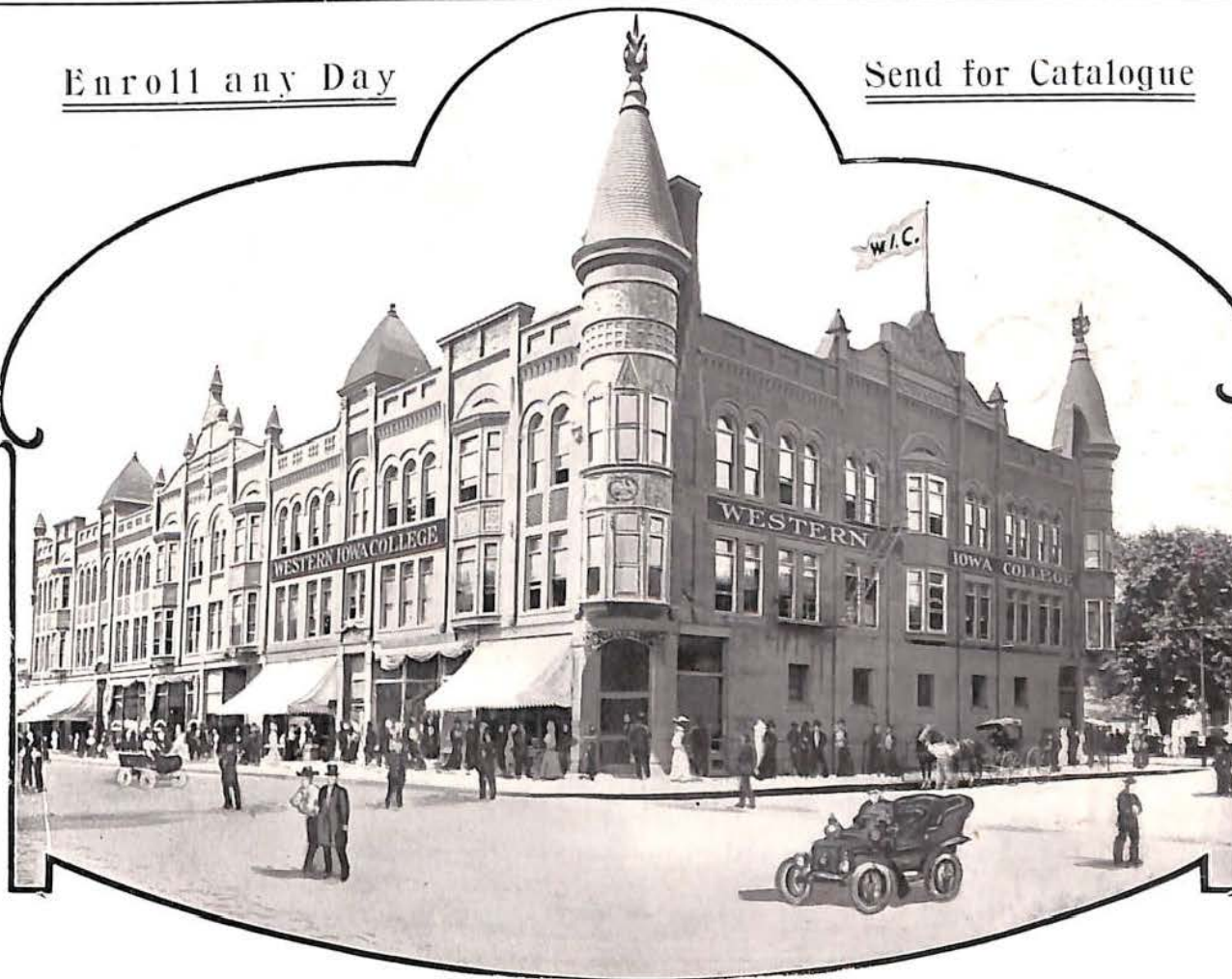
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It Is Not Generally Known—

What Wright imagines he does not know.
Who will get Mina's next bucket of water.
That Miss Dailey will teach next year.
That Sheffler did not smoke for three days last semester.
Who will be Joe Dimmock's ring-master next winter.
That Cutler wanted to be sergeant-at-arms of the Junior class.
That Sayles wrote the epithets in this book.
That Pluto has taken the contract for Grason. Our sympathies are with Pluto.
That Coker wanted us to put "Basket Ball Team" under his list of titles.

Professor: "How dare you swear before me."

Freshman: "How did I know you wanted to swear first."

"What becomes of the righteous? Eternal bliss.

What becomes of the wicked? Eternal blister."

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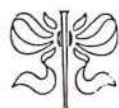
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Questions.

We asked some members of the different classes some questions and as a result some peculiar facts have come to light.

What is the Worst Thing You Ever Did in High School?

Let the Philos win the '04 joint debate.—Edith Organ, '06.

Helped make the Senior dummy.—Paul Wadsworth, '07.

Tried to be good in Colby's room.—Grover Beno, '09.

Succeeded in getting there.—Nell Benton, '09.

Nothing.—Robert Organ, '09.

My teachers.—Hazel Brown, '06.

Joined Pinafore.—John Cooper, '07.

Mr. Thomas thinks it was to cut.—Leone Pierce, '06.

Passed in front of a mighty Senior and forgot to say, excuse me.—Kathryn Morehouse, '08.

Crawled up the fire escape and then fell off.—Tulare Linkey, '07.

Flunked in physics.—Ernest Landstrom, '06.

I fixed up a stove in the lab. for manual training.—Amanda Buckman, '07.

Skipped.—Margaret Stephans, '08.

Went without my dinner, one day.—Newton Farrell, '07.

Went to sleep during an interesting recitation.—Walter Martin, '09.

Well, I think it was to flunk in history under Colby. Great stunt, wasn't it?—Lynne Baird, '06.

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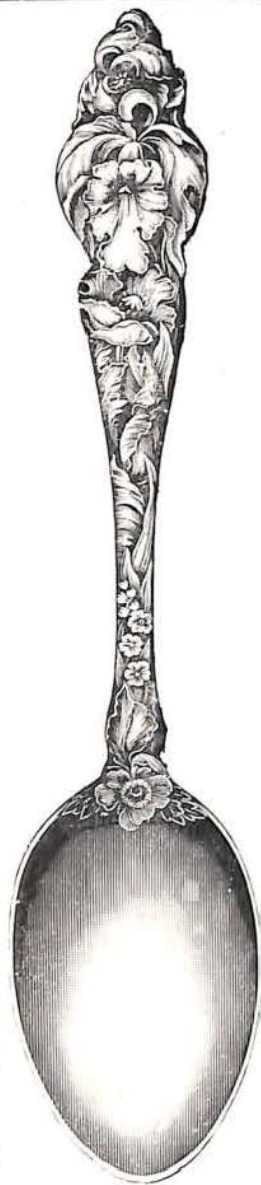
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*What Was the Happiest Moment of
Your School Days?*

When I averaged up 58, 83 and an 85 and found I
had passed on 75.—Amanda Buckman, '07.

When I had a pony.—Margaret Stephans, '08.

A moment's encounter with Frances Dailey, seventh
period.—Ernest Landstrom, '06.

2:29 p. m.—Tulare Linkey, '07.

When mother came and visited school and I heard
the audible whispers: Who's that?—Kathryn
Morehouse, '08.

In assembly, when Mr. Thomas announced that we
would have vacation.—Walter Martin, '09.

Omitting time.—Lynne Baird, '06.

It hasn't come, as yet.—Grover Beno, '09.

The days I skipped.—John Cooper, '07.

The last.—Hazel Brown, '06.

One moment before 2:30.—Paul Wadsworth, '07.

The moment I got back from Creighton.—Robert
Organ, '09.

One day when I had my Latin lesson.—Newton
Farrell, '07.

When vacation was announced.—Leone Pierce, '06.

They are all the happiest in High school.—Nell
Benton, '09.

Vacation.—Edith Organ, '06.

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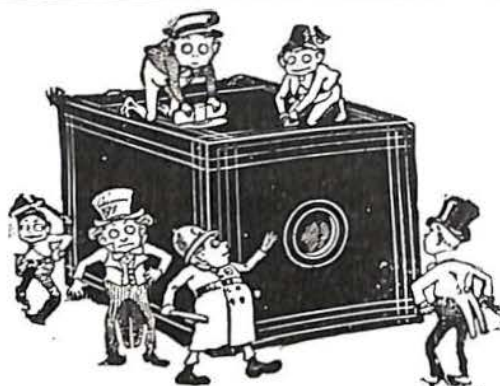
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*Of Which Teacher Are You Most
Afraid, and Why?*

"Tommy," because he wears rubber heels.—
Margaret Stephans, '08.

Miss Taylor, because she is so thin and pining.—
Leone Pierce, '06.

Miss Boesche, because she roasts me in three different languages.—Bob Bender, '08.

Mr. Grass, he is liable to spear you.—Grover Beno, '09.

Miss Rice, because of that peculiar stare; she never looks me straight in the face.—Newton Farrell, '07.

Miss Pile, because she keeps the other teachers too well informed as to the doings of her study pupils.—Hazel Brown, '06.

Miss Ross, because she is used to cutting up lobsters.—Robert Organ, '09.

Miss Sedgwick, because I am afraid of hurting her feelings.—John Cooper, '07.

The teacher in room 13, because she Dailey stops me as I try to slide down the banisters.—Kathryn Morehouse, '08.

Mr. Bailey, because he has such a mean disposition.—Lynne Baird, '06.

Mr. Swaine, because of that commanding appearance.—Walter Martin, '09.

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What Is Your Greatest Fault?

A hankering for the stage.—Amanda Buckman, '07.
Damfino.—Lynne Baird, '06.

Teasing, teasing; only teasing.—Kathryn Morehouse, '08.

Making a bluff in physics recitation.—Ernest Landstrom, '06.

I turned away from the girl with light hair to wink at a dark complexioned beauty in the typewriting room.—Walter Martin, '09.

Studying fifth period.—Paul Wadsworth, '07.

Trying to get up those little stairs in front of some mischievous boy.—Grover Beno, '09.

Disinclination to follow studious pursuits.—Leone Pierce, '06.

Trying to go with a certain boy for two days only.—Nell Benton, '09.

Studying too much.—Robert Bender, '08.

Declining in brilliancy to such an extent as to have my name changed from "Star" to "Headlight" (Allen changed my name).—Edith Organ, '06.

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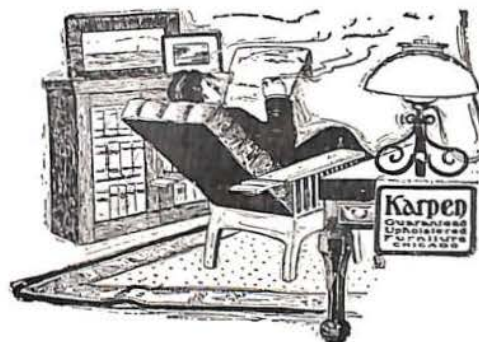
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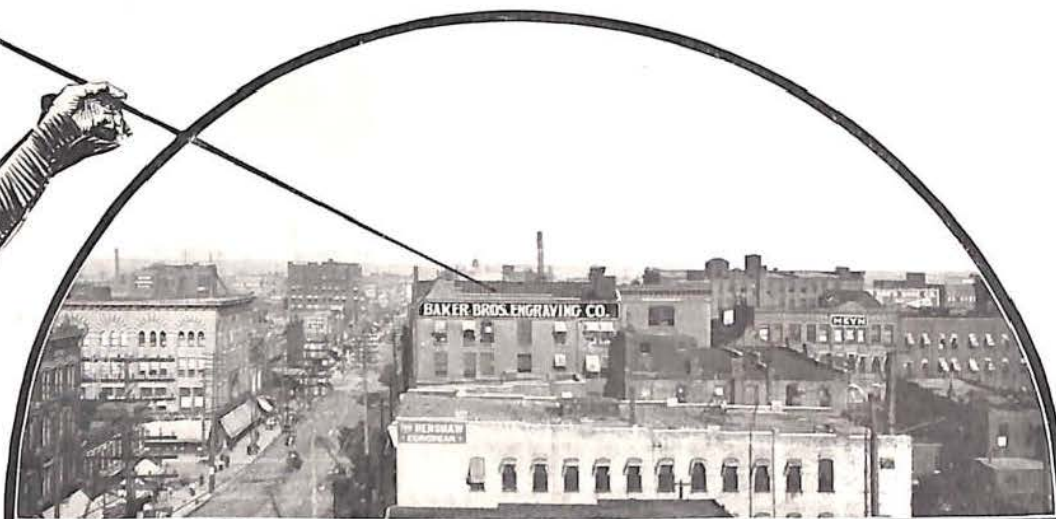
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Concerning 1907

We Juniors are a rooky class.
We're thirty rubes in a hopeless mass;
Just eighty in our little band,
Just eighty babes from Nurseryland.

We'd like to run this dear old school;
In our attempts, we play the fool.
Oh, bring us, Fate, some set of rules
To drive this herd of eighty mules!

To Freshies, Sophs, and Seniors all,
Upon our humble knees we fall;
For mercy there we loudly cry
If e'er a kitten wanders by.

At basket ball and at the meet,
For *once* we gained our paltry feet;
So pardon, all, while now we crow:
One thing is all we've done, you know.

So you see we're all hot air,
Our idle boasts can no man scare;
But, Seniors all, when you're in heaven,
You'll be free from the sight of 1907.

—JNO. HOWE.



IF YOU WANT THEM RIGHT THE PLACE TO GET 'EM IS AT

S A R G E N T ' S

— LOOK FOR THE BEAR —

JUST A WORD IN CONCLUSION

HERE we are on the last page of the book. Five minutes more and our task will be completed. In the short time allotted us we have worked our hardest and, though we are not satisfied, we feel that in this Annual we have something to show for our labor, something that will speak for itself. We wish to express our sincere thanks both to the business men of Council Bluffs for their indispensable aid and to all others who have in any way helped or encouraged us in our undertaking. There is just one thing more for us to speak of before we go, and that is in reference to the slams and bangs which have been so freely scattered throughout this book. From any who feel that they have been hit unduly hard we ask a humble pardon and seek solace in this advice: If the shoe fits, wear it like a man, and don't be a lobster when the laugh's on you. THE CLASS BOOK STAFF.



Foot Ball Team

SEEGAR
HARLAN

WILLIAMS

SCOTT
CRAIGMILE

CUTLER

BENJAMIN
NORGAARD



Ready for Business



Girls' Basket Ball Team

KLEIN

LINDSAY

OSBORN

SMITH, CAPT.

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Junior Basket Ball Team

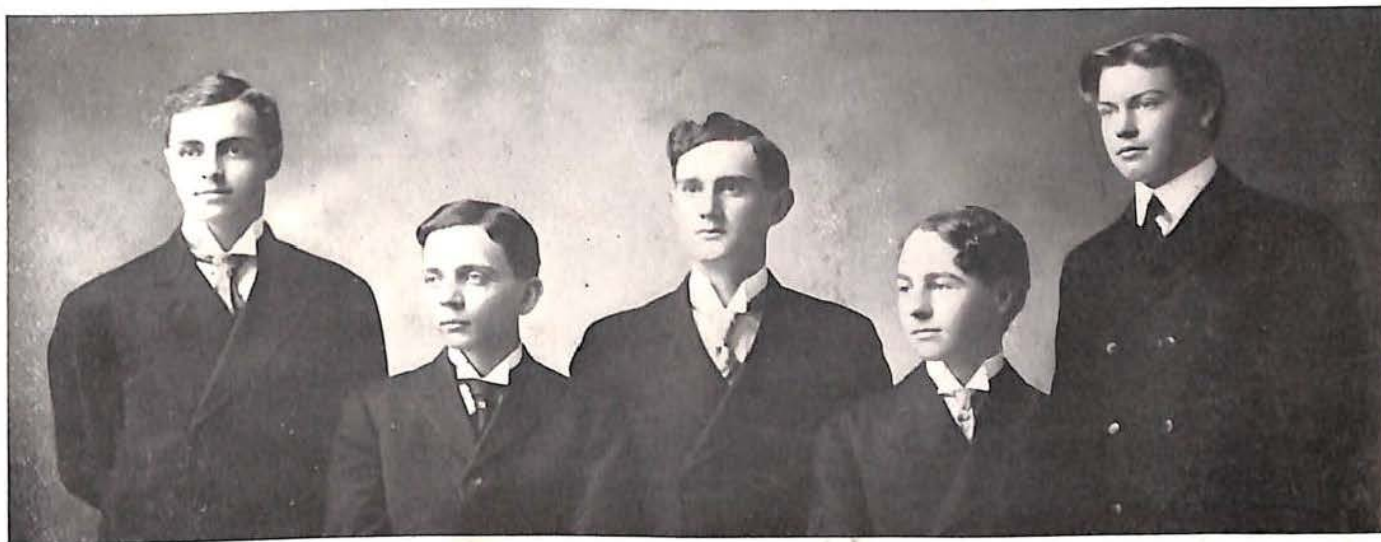
CUTLER

HENNINGER

MILLS (CAPT.)
GRASS (COACH)

ANDRUS

HOWE



Philomathian Officers

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Inter-Society Literary Contest

Delta Tau vs. Philomathian

Oration—The Russian Peasant and His Friend

LEONE PIERCE

Oration—Ireland's Champion in Parliament..

EMMET L. HAWKINS

Declamation—The Orator Boy of Zepata -----

WM. H. KNOWLES

Dec'umation—The Sweet Girl Graduate.....

KATHRYN MOREHOUSE

Debate—

Resolved, That the enlarged sphere of
woman's activities during the past gen-
eration is detrimental to the best inter-
ests of our country.

Affirmative—

Negative—

AGNES PHENEY

WILL A. BYERS

MABELLE ENGLISH

H. LEIGH BALLENGER

VERA SPETMAN

ALLEN SAYLES

Judges—

A. H. WATERHOUSE

N. M. GRAHAM

DR. A. S. BEATTY

DECISION OF JUDGES

	PHILOMATHIAN	DELTA TAU
Oration	3	
Declamation		3
Debate	2	1

Men Who Have Raised the Standard of Foot Ball in Our School



WILL CUTLER
Captain '04



JAMES NICOLL
Captain '05



JOHN COOPER
Captain-Elect '06



Foot Ball Team

NICOLL (CAPT.)

DIMMOCK

HENNINGER

GRASS (COACH)

COOPER

HAWKINS

DOBSON



The High School Orchestra

HEAPS (DIRECTOR)

WATERMAN

KUNTZ

BOURICIUS
CRANE

PRYOR
STOKER

WHEELER

HULETTE



Sept. 29



Nov. 21

Calendar '05-'06

- Sept. 12—Well, we're off. Hurrah for '06!
 13—Lots of hair cut; too bad, Freshies.
 15—Down to work; no time to write since Wednesday.
 18—Sayles saw Mina for first time—love at first sight.
 19—The first drill. You should have seen "Weedy" Vogeler drill the legs off the "rookies."
 22—Assembly.
 23—Foot ball—Alumni 0; C. B. H. S. 5.
 26—Non-commissioned officers appointed by Captain Grason.
 29—Sayles leaves room 13 for the first time.
 30—Tabor 0; C. B. H. S. 11. The boys' colors were crimson and blue when they left; when they came back they were black and blue.
- Oct. 2—Frank Jones has gone to Chicago; what will Helen do?
 3—First installment of beans from lunch counter.
 5—Baird appears in his new uniform.
 6—First Delta Tau program.
 7—Harlan 6; C. B. H. S. 10.
 10—Leone's eyes just beginning to attract attention.
 13—First Philo program; Harry Kerney played on his mandolin.
 14—Missouri Valley 0; C. B. H. S. 29.
 17—"That's all right; if Achilles hadn't been aided by the Gods, Hector would have defeated him."
 19—The big question—"Have you paid your Echoes' subscription?"
 21—Sioux City 0; C. B. H. S. 17.
 22—First open program of Delta Tau.
 25—Wright is very pale; he got a hair-cut yesterday.
 28—Harlan 0; C. B. H. S. 5. How does it look for the championship of Iowa?
 31—Big Hallowe'en party at Covert's.
- Nov. 1—O dear, I'm so sleepy, and just look at the flower in Edith Organ's hair.
 2—First open drill; Richmond won; "Sankey" was second; "you can't keep a good man down."
 5—Henninger takes off John Henry's coat.
 6—Hazel Abdill has a new waist. Isn't it charming? Tillie wants one just like it, except she wants it cut on the bias.

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