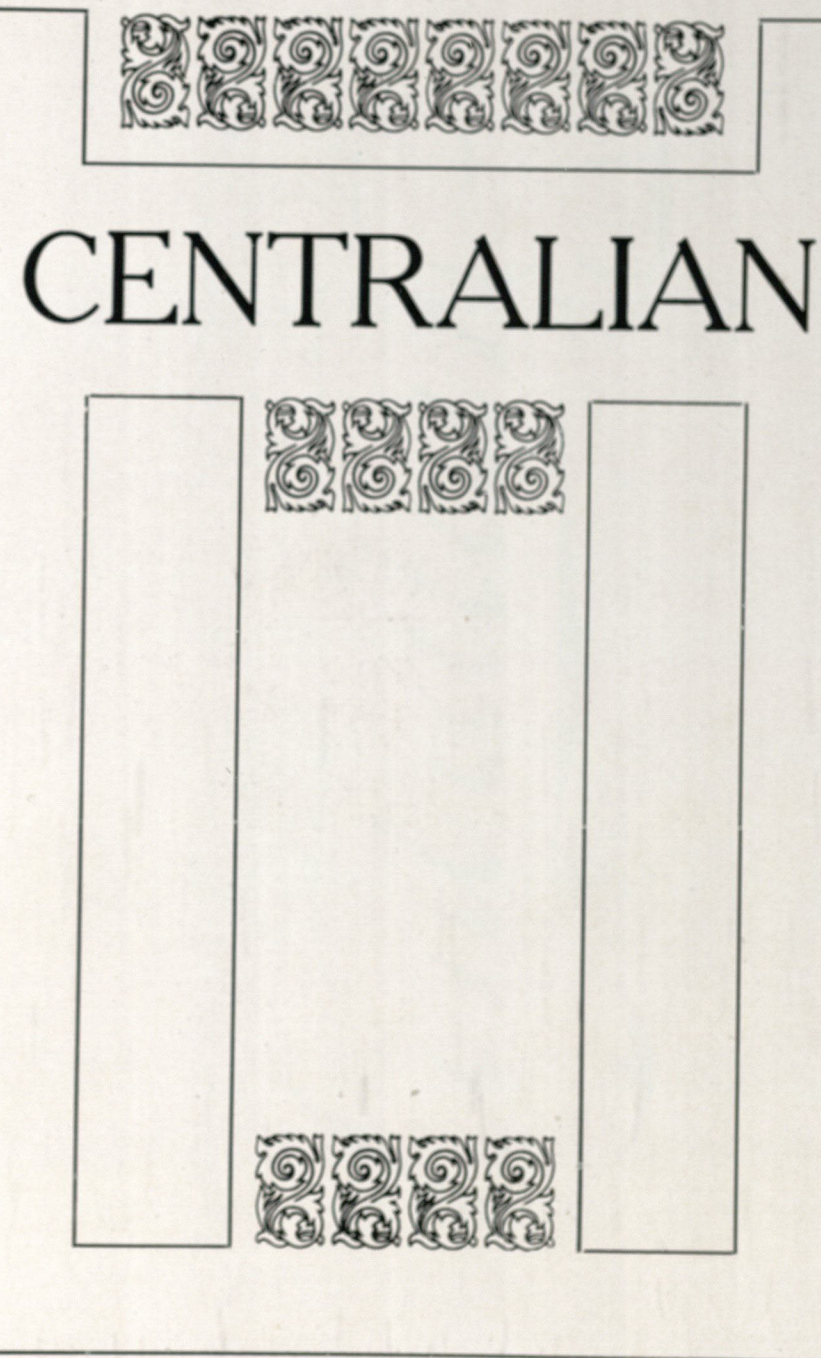


THE
CENTRALIAN
1913



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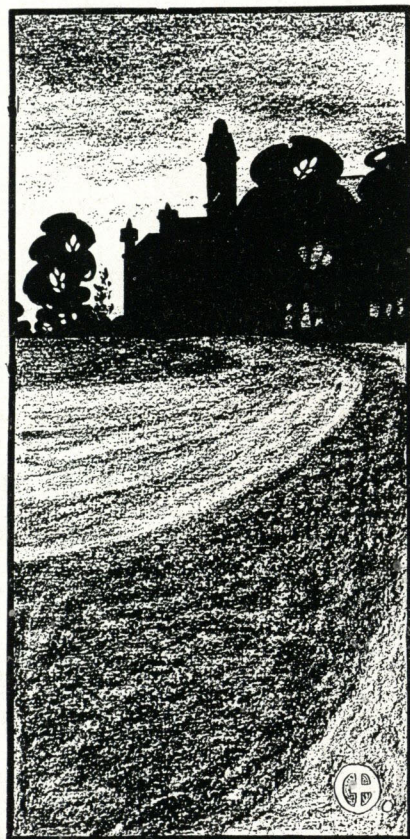






Dedication

To OTIS E. GULLEY, President of the Board of Trustees of Central Normal College, whose valuable encouragement and assistance has made the publication of The Centralian possible, this book is affectionately dedicated.



Foreword

With this modest effort The Centralian makes its first bow to the students, alumni, and friends of C. N. C. This first venture has been more of an experiment than anything else, yet we feel that it has been a success, and will prove an incentive to continue a college annual in C. N. C. affairs.

An effort has been made to touch upon every phase of college life, and place on record those happenings of the past year, both trivial and important, humorous and serious, which the student will desire most to preserve.

But The Centralian serves another purpose — that of welding the student body into a stronger and more compact bond of Brotherhood; to infuse into the entire college life that spirit of Greater C. N. C. to keep alive that spirit of greater and better things of which we have been so proud during the past year.

Our path has not been all sunshine and flowers; we have had our ups and downs; opposition as well as support. But then such things naturally follow in the footsteps of a first venture, and we have no kick coming.

The editor feels that what success this book may have will be due to the untiring efforts and enthusiastic support of the members of his staff; also to Mr. Otis E. Gulley and Prof. Henry Noble Sherwood, who so nobly came forward with their financial backing at a time when it was needed most.



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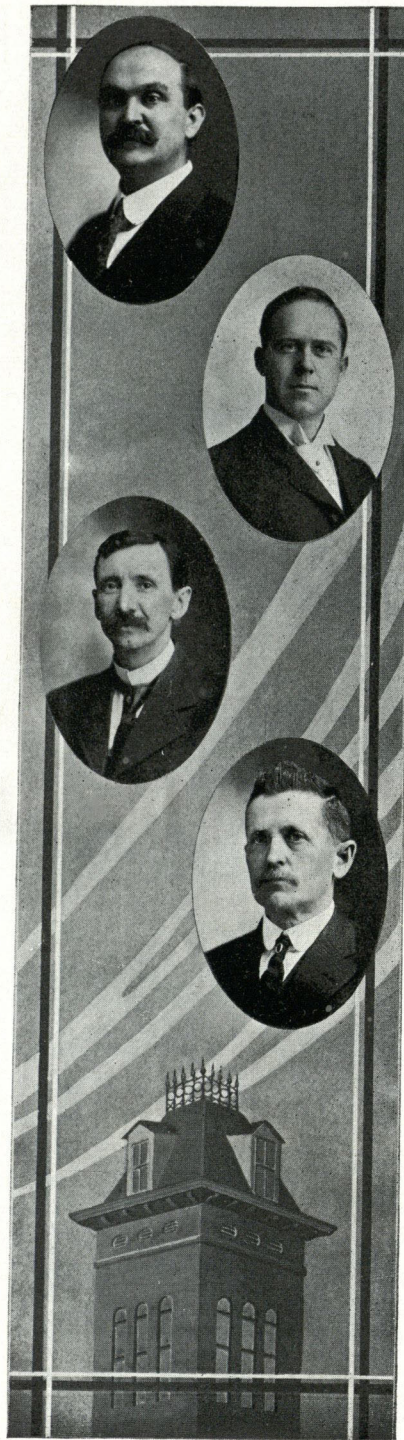
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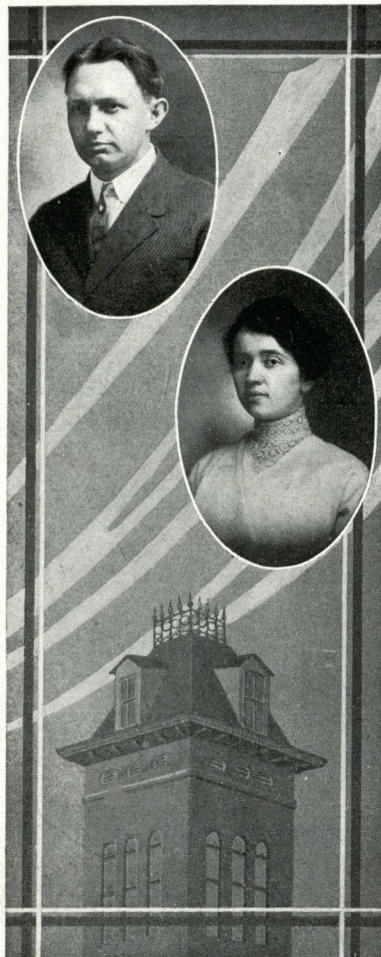


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Class



of 1913

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FRED E. BRENGLE.....	President Fourth Term
EDITH MCCLUNG.....	Secretary
CHAS. W. ABBOTT.....	Vice President

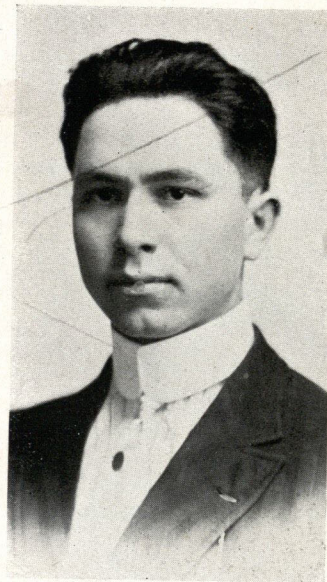


FRED E. BRENGLE

Courteous, talented, resourceful, are only some of the delightful characteristics of our most popular Senior.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thots that do often lie too deep for tears.

—Wordsworth.



HERBERT WHITCOMB

Our gentle "third term" President. A man molded largely in both mind and body.

The art of using moderate abilities to advantage wins praise, and often acquires more reputation than brilliancy.

—LaRochefoucauld.



VIRGIL MOOD

Our former Senior. Earnest, sincere and inquisitive. A man among men.

There is a majesty in simplicity which is far above the quantities of wit.

—Pope.



CHARLES W. ABBOTT

A man of action and few words. Whether he or the college was bettered most by his having been there is hard to tell. The President of the Booster Club.

The end of man is an action and not a thot, tho it were the noblest.

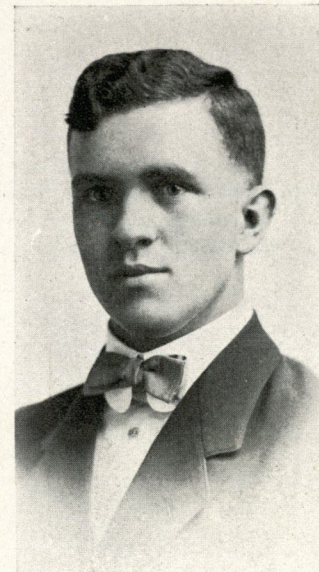
—Carlyle.



CORA MARGARET BURTON.

One whose womanly attributes were a source of quiet pleasure and inspiration to the rest of us. Think that day lost whose low descending sun Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

—Bobart.



WILLIAM L. BALES

Socially efficient and a wonderful example of what the far West can do along the line of developing untiring business ability.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions: he is neither hot nor timid.

—Chesterfield.



DAVID L. EGNEW

A live factor in all social functions and business manager of the Athletic Association.

Grow old along with me;

The best is yet to be;

The last of life for which the first was made.

—Browning.



EDITH MCCLUNG

Modest, unassuming, we cherished her as a most worthy member of our class and its honored secretary.

I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace;

'Tis death to me to be at enmity:

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

—Shakespeare.



ROY SWINDELLE

The South can produce its business men as well as the West. To say that this man was Editor of the Booster, Editor-in-Chief of the Centralian, and President of the Y. M. C. A. is all we need to say.

It is better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all.

—Tennyson.



MACK TUCKER

A later acquisition, yet none the less cherished because of that.

If you want to be pungent, be brief;

For it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

—Southey.



RUTH M. BYRKIT

Ever ready and willing to play her part however great or small that part might be.

Thru the shadowy past,

Like a tomb searcher memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that time had cast

Over buried hopes.

—Moore.

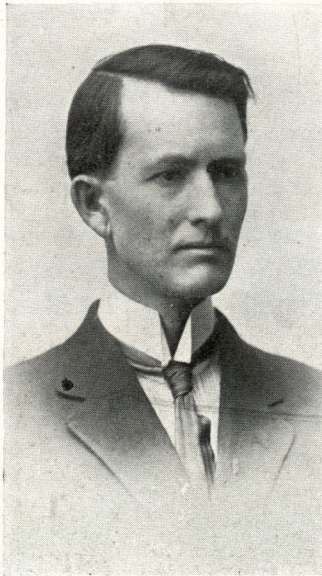


W. C. MARTIN

Another quiet member of the class, yet with a store of knowledge surprising in its vastness and exactness.

Knowledge is that which next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.

—Addison.



S. T. BROWNFIELD

Not a member of the Bachelor Organization
but one in deed and in truth. A steady force
for the rash acts of the others.

Servant monster! the folly of this island!
They say that there is but five upon this isle!

We are seventeen of them; if all the others be
brained like us, the stale lotters.

—Shakespeare.



JULIA A. STANLEY

A believer in truth and firm in her convictions.
"Oh! Greatness! Thou art a flattering dream,
A watery bubble, lighter than the air."

—Tracy.



VERL JOHNSON

Considering the name only he might have been
considered a president or a prize fighter. How-
ever, we are glad to say he is neither—only a
common man like the rest of us.

Man—he was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit.
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned,
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

—Shakespeare.



LOUIS C. WINTERNHEIMER

Always cheerful — encouraging us on with his ready smile. And is not cheer almost as essential as good work? The first President of the German Club.

Hope exults
And tho much bitter in our cup is thrown
Predominates and gives the taste of heaven.

—Young.



SHIRLEY ADER

A most charming member of the class, bubbling over with humor that was ever a source of merriment among us. And our cartoonist as well. 'Oh what a glory does this world put on, For him who, with fervent heart goes forth, Under the bright and glorious sky and looks On duties well performed, and days well spent.'

—Longfellow.



ELLSWORTH P. LOWERY

Much brain and brawn combine to make this man.

"But O short pleasure brought with listing pain:
Why will hereafter any flesh delight,
In earthly bliss, and join in pleasure vain."

—Spencer.



J. CHESTER ADAMS

One who, despite failures, is prone to look upon the bright side of life, a characteristic ever to be hoped for.

To be happy, the passion must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches;

One to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

—Hums.



JAS. H. SNODGRASS

Our only post grad. man, and one who has gone to the bottom of things to find their source.

'He is the noblest Roman of them all.'

—Shakespeare.

Class Prophecy

I sat at the center of things with a view overlooking the world. It rained, a dreary, dismal rain, beating solemnly against the window pane before me. The sky was covered thruout with a dull gray cloud, neither light nor dark at any single point, a sameness prevailing weary to the sight. I drew myself within myself, like a stingy man, happy in his misery, for 'twas chill. The sun had set and distant objects were blending into one. The world was rapidly and surely closing in upon me. Was Life and Time? Did I sleep? Perchance I did only dream with open eyes. Leastwise, however it be, I looked about and lo, a few lights appeared, their fiery darts enhanced by the rainbow drops. I looked down and a multitude of people were passing to and fro below me, their forms made shaky and uncertain by the changing streamlets on the pane. 'Twas a melancholy time diverting my thoughts to memories of the past.

I gazed down the murky highway of the world and saw a woman as she passed thru a beam of light. I know that face and form — I knew it long ago. Miss McClung if I mistake not; I'll hover nearer. Is she alone? No, she leans on the arm of a scholarly man. She is the same demure, unobtrusive person as of old. Like a spirit of revenge I follow her home. Up broad and graceful steps we go, entering a cheerful, spacious hall. On entering the room the laughter of two children greets me and in their innocent delight would catch me, so I go.

I am at my window again. In the continuous procession passing thru the beam of light, I see a division, distinct from the others, all clad in richest attire. I note a familiar face among them. It is Martin; my old friend Martin? Yes. I must know him further. I dog his steps. Thru the busy thoroughfares of a beautiful city we go, finally reaching a most magnificent church which we enter. Up to this time I had not noticed the Bible under his arm. I was not surprised when he entered the pulpit, for a spirit knows no surprise. "Why bewail the existence of sin, my friends?" he says. "Let us get inspiration from the fact that there is something for us to do. If there were no more

worlds to conquer for God, would we not have to sit down, fold our hands, and weep as Alexander did?"

But was I in the church at all?

I look, and there is the same misty window before me. Thru the same beam of light people are streaming. There! Who is that with such an abundance of black hair, and such an appearance of a man of affairs? So familiar does he appear that I must fly to him. Swindelle! I follow him to a splendid metropolis and into the private office of one of the leading magazine publication houses. Over the door I read "Swindelle, Editor-in-Chief." Unknown to him I peep into one of his magazines. Among other things of interest was a full page picture of an ocean sunset scene of exquisite coloring; one of those pictures that a man could sit and gaze at for hours and still find something of interest. It was pregnant with intense ideality and expression, or whatever artists term it. Across the lower corner I saw the almost unreadable name of Shirley Ader. Turning a few pages I ran across a treatise on Philosophy, by the well known leader of Philosophic thot, Louis C. Winternheimer, Ph.D. The article ran thus, "The materialistic and teleological cosmology of matter—" but I dared to read no further.

After giving a few orders pertaining to his work, Swindelle left the office and I followed. Ere long we entered the stately halls of the Supreme Court. Judge Whitcomb was on the bench and Brownfield and Johnson were the attorneys for the defense. The cross examination was in progress and Mac Tucker was on the stand. On entering I noticed that the room was crowded to overflowing. The attention was intense and the silence painful. I sought an obscure corner for I feared the rustle of my own invisible garments. The silence was eventually broken by Brownfield, attorney for the defense.

"Mr. Tucker, will you state to the Jury, your business in life?"

Tucker: I am one-half of the wholesale house of Tucker & Bales.

Brownfield: Mr. Tucker, will you tell the jury where you were on the night of the murder?

Tucker: I visited the Metropolitan Theatre that night and returned to my room at the Astor-Waldorf Hotel.

Brownfield: Will you tell the jury, Mr. Tucker, at what time you left the theatre for your room?

Tucker: As well as I can remember, it was 11:25.

Brownfield: Well, Mr. Tucker did you see J. Chester Adams?

Attorney for the Prosecution: We object to the question, Your Honor.

Whitcomb, J: The court sustains the objection.

Brownfield: Mr. Tucker, tell the jury who and what you saw on your return to the hotel?

Tucker: Mr. Adams had left the theatre just a few feet ahead of me and proceeded along the same street keeping about the same distance ahead. At the entrance of a dark alley a masked man leaped out with a drawn knife and attacked him. I rushed to his assistance but before I could get there Mr. Adams had drawn a gun and shot the man.

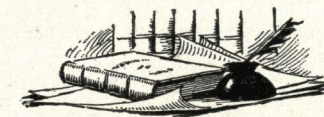
Acting on the supposition that what I saw in spirit was true in the flesh, I purchased a paper the next morning and sure enough was confronted with the following headlines: "J. Chester Adams, acquitted. Shooting was done in self defense." I have since learned that he has been made Chief-of-Police.

Like a fleeting phantom of the night I am at my window again. Thru the mists and in the beam of light I see two portly men. It is they, my pals of long ago? I haunt their steps; I follow them to the setting-sun-side of the Father of Waters. Thru the broad and busy streets of a beautiful city we pass until I read the sign above, "Egnew and Abbott, Attorneys at Law." We enter. I do not fear being heard here, for all is business and systematized confusion. My friend Egnew is running for the governorship of the state on the Progressive ticket with the fairest chance possible. Mr. Abbott was tendered by the President, the Ambassadorship of the Court of St. James but declined. However, later accepted the position as his adviser on international law.

But my beam of light grows dim. I must use it ere it fades eternally. But as the streamlets diminish on the window pane the figures in the fading beam lose nothing of their distinctness. I look again. Is it for the last time? I see three persons, two women and one man in earnest conversation. When I make myself an uninvited member of their trio, I discover that they are discussing that most vital of all questions, the question of the education of our youth. Miss Burton as State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Miss Byrkitt as leader of Domestic Science, and Mr. Mood as President of the State University of Agriculture, are revolutionizing things Educationally.

But now a new day had begun. A straying ray of the rising sun striking me in the face, I woke with a start. I listened, for I heard the carol of a bird. Was it youth come back to me? Surely I was not old, for there, opposite me sat my old friend and partner, with hair and eye unwrought upon by time. Gradually I came back to the world of life and things. I look about me and lo! these things of which I dreamed were true. I learn of them in my travels now and marvel not for I have seen so much that the most wonderful is but commonplace.

FRED BRENGLE.





SCIENTIFIC CLASS



Scientific Class

President.....	G. W. BRYAN
Vice-President.....	EDGAR MULLINS
Secretary.....	CLARA LOUISE OLCOTT
Treasurer.....	ORVILLE MOORE
Poet.....	ELIZABETH LUSCOMB
Valedictorian.....	LEONARD BROWN
Historian.....	FORREST FARIS

History of Scientific Class

If one could turn through the pages of the annals of time that are yet to be written he would find deeply written on those pages, the lives and deeds of the members of the Scientific Class of 1913.

This class could not fail to have honorable mention on time's pages for as a class they were an active, energetic body, and that spirit of activity could not help but urge them on to achievements throughout all their lives. But in order to better understand the work of that class, let us look for a moment into its history. Always enthusiastic, its members lost no time in perfecting an organization, of which G. W. Bryan, our nearest relation to the illustrious W. J., was elected President; Edgar Mullins, Vice President; Mrs. Fred Hull, Secretary; Orville Moore, Treasurer; Elizabeth Luscomb, Class Poet; Clara Louise Alcott, Secretary after Mrs. Hull left college; Forrest Faris, Historian.

Early in the year the generous Scis. laid aside their daily cares and tasks to lavish hospitality upon the Seniors. The affair proved a grand success, and with growing inspiration the class turned its overflowing energies towards inter-class athletics. They lowered the proud colors of the Seniors at the first blow, then turned upon the Academics to defeat them in the first ball game of the season. Then when winter shut them in, they gave their hearts and minds to winning oratorical honors by placing two of their members on the first inter-collegiate debating team.

As usual the Scis. won and two of their members upheld the honor of the school in the oratorical contest with Indiana Law School.

The next great class measure was a reform movement, for the Scis. petitioned the faculty to drop the custom, which Martin Luther started, of nailing theses at each term's door.

The class contains among its number students from the North, South, East and West. All have united in making the class history a success and with these things to their credit the class goes forth to battle against the difficulties of the world, confident in their efficiency and training received in the Central Normal College.

FORREST FARIS.

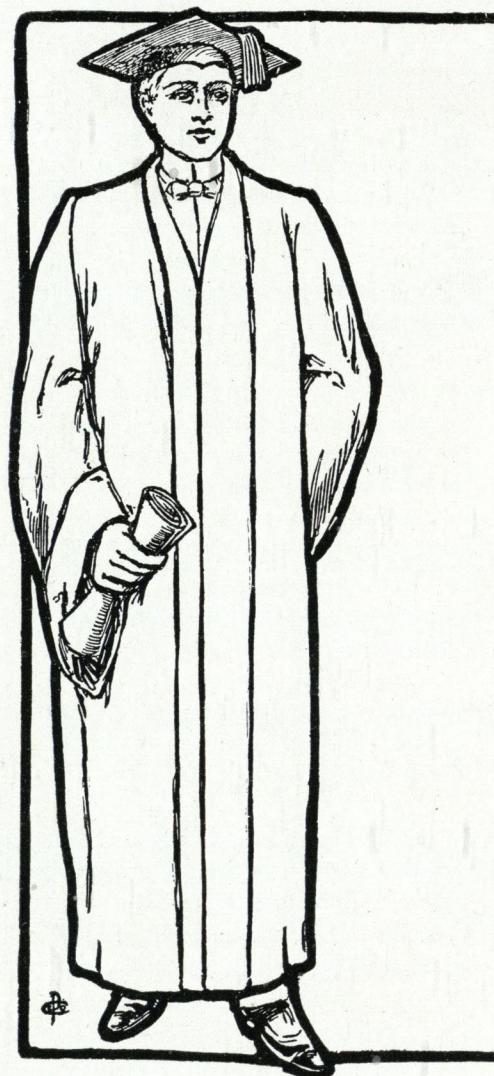
Class Poem

In the Hoosier town of Danville,
In the Central Normal College,
That old school of joy and friendship,
In the bright and clear September
Was the class of 1913
Launched upon the year-long journey;
In each heart were hopes of victory,
Hopes of bright and glowing future,
And with brave and valiant spirits,
Started forth the Scientifics.
Class of Loyalty and Honor.
When the time was meet for choosing,
Someone who should be our leader,
Leader of the Scientifics,
One trustworthy, just and honest,
One whom we could trust and count on,
In a time of peace and trouble.
Then we all in choice united,
And selected Warren Bryan.
Short in stature yet most mighty O
In his leadership and striving.
Then as partner to assist him,
One whom we could trust in office,
Should he sometime be unable,
In the long but happy journey,
To perform his common duties,
Chose we ever ready Mullins.
Mrs. Hull was next selected
As the one to keep the record
Of the coming and the goings
of the Scientifics, '13.
Then our minds turned to our treasures,
Treasures, though quite small, yet precious,
Given from our hard earned savings,
To be used in our long wanderings,
For the duties and the pleasures
Which the class should deem most fitting.

But our hearts again were troubled.
 Who should keep the hard earned treasures,
 Keep the precious gold and silver,
 Keep it safe from all disaster?
 Then once more we all united
 In the choosing of a comrade
 Who should watch and give attention,
 To these gold and silver treasures.
 With the most utmost care and prudence.
 And as one, we deemed it fitting
 To entrust these to our classmate
 Orvil Moore, our faithful comrade
 Whom we knew was wise and careful.
 We have traveled now a long time,
 Thru the winding paths of learning,
 Paths of pleasure and of duty,
 Paths of hope, and joy, and sunshine,
 And we look back on our journey
 Now almost at its completion
 And our hearts are filled with mem'ries,
 Memories, now of fun and laughter,
 At our many, many blunders,
 Then so dire and black and awful
 That it seemed that we were useless,
 And our hopes were gone forever.
 But we always mastered somehow
 All the ups and downs of Language,
 Passing thru the Slough of Despond
 When we tackled Analytics,
 Then thru History's deepest jungles
 Tripped by trailing vines and branches
 In the form of dates and battles,
 Dates of reigns and reformatations.
 Then comes Trig and also Physics
 Which we knew that we must master
 E'er we passed along the journey
 Into Chemistry, that subject
 Where the noble Scientifics,
 Loyal Class of 1913.
 Almost drowned in the deep waters,
 Waters swift and never ceasing
 In the wide and rushing torrents
 Of Insolvable reactions,

Of those dark confused reactions
 Inconceivable and misty,
 Yet we struggled ever onward,
 Onward toward our destination
 Guided by those marks and pointers
 Which the faculty constructed,
 Showing paths which we must follow
 If our journey led to victory.
 Now and then we paused a moment
 On our way for a short play time
 In the form of Classic Parties,
 (Entertained and Entertainers).
 Also now and then a ball game,
 Sometimes winning, sometimes losing,
 But in any case endeavoring
 To be fair and just and honest
 In all dealings with opponents.
 Now our journey's almost finished,
 We are nearing its completion,
 And with bold and valiant spirits
 Are pushing on to victory.
 Yet we know that when we've reached it
 Reached this goal for which we're striving,
 It will mean to us a parting,
 Parting from our friends and classmates,
 Whom thruout the year-long journey
 We have learned to love and honor,
 And a little tinge of sadness
 Creeps into us as we hasten
 On the short remaining pathway
 Which will lead us to its closing.
 Yet our hearts are still united
 Even thru these separations
 And we hold to our ambition
 As we did throughout our journey.
 Ever struggling onward, upward
 Till we reach our hopes fulfilment
 In the bright and glowing future,
 In the hopeful, happy future,
 Future of the Scientifics,
 Scientifics of 1913.

ELIZABETH LUSCOMB.



Scientificopsis

Time:—8:30 A. M. to 8:30 P. M.

Place:—C. N. C. and vicinity.

Characters:—Mostly Scientifics and "Others."

Act I. Scene I.

8:30 to 9:00. Chapel.

(Stage. Faculty in semicircle. Mr. and Mrs. Luscomb, Betty, Prof. Hargrave, Louise Olcott, left side. Large audience of students.)

Prof. Whistler:—Page two. First song on the page. (Audience sings—"Love's Old Sweet Song.")

(Devotional Exercises.)

Prof. Thomas:—We once had a cat at our house. It was not very gentle; it was not very good looking; it was not worth much. My mother asked me to carry it away. I carried it four miles. When I got back home the cat was there too. It was a domestic cat; it loved its home. I can prove that the old adage, the cat came back, is true. Bees when they leave their hives make bee hives. People who go into the bookstore, after making their purchase should make a bee-line out. The cause of this in lower animals is in the sixth sense. It would have been better if we could have the sixth sense instead of the vermiform appendix.

Prof. Laird:—Announcements from faculty?

Prof. Sherwood:—History Club will give a moving picture show. Admission 5c each 10c for two.

Prof. Ratliff:—Some good student carried off one page of a book from the little library. Please slip up and put it on my desk—please.

Prof. Laird:—Announcements from the school?

Major Moore:—Cadets meet at 12:30 on the Campus.

Adolph Thomas:—German Club meet tonight at 7:30 in Room I.

Swindelle:—Y. M. & Y. W. C. A. will hold a joint meeting at 6:15 in Room H.

Allan:—The college ball team will practice at 4:30.

Downey:—There will be prayer meeting today at 12:45 in Room K.

Prof. Laird:—You are excused. (Students file out slowly.)

Scene 2.

9:00-10:00 Shakespeare. Room H.

(Before Prof. Laird's arrival)

A. Jordan to Shrode:—What did you think of Siegel's new suit?
 Shrode:—O, I don't know anything about that, but I thought when he came in just now and sat down by Nova that fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Paul Good to Hortense Wade:—Are you going to church Sunday night?
 Hortense:—I guess so.
 Paul:—I am too. Promised to take my mother home.
 (Enter Prof. Laird.)
 Prof. Laird:—Warren quote from Macbeth.
 Warren B.—A little water—a little water—a little water—(shouts of laughter).
 (Emmet Sears enters at fire escape.)
 Prof. Laird:—Enter young man at left wing.
 Clara Louise (quoting the sleep-walking scene to herself):—Out damned spot! Out.
 Shrode (sitting near):—Whew, guess it's time for me to move.
 (Prof. Whistler seen in the distance, advancing down the hall. Presents note to Prof. Laird.)
 Prof. Laird:—Class excused. Boys exit down fire escape; girls by way of the hall.
 Frank (on the fire escape):—Did you hear what misfortune Bryan had?
 Reed:—Well I've heard of Miss Blanche Bryan, but never of Miss Fortune Bryan.
 an. Anyway, what happened?

Act II. Scene I.

10:00-11:00 Chemistry Laboratory.
 Betty:—What ye got in that test tube?
 Pat:—Don't know.
 Betty:—Better find out. Might have an explosion. It looks like salt.
 Pat:—It smells funny.
 Betty:—Must be laughing-gas.
 Violent explosion, glass flying in all directions. Wade seen rushing to the window.
 Enter Professor Ratliffe nervously.)
 Prof. Ratliffe:—What's happened?
 Whitcomb:—It broke.
 Prof. Ratliffe:—Well, well in all my experiences I never had anything like this happen before.
 Wade:—(recovering from fright):—I, I, I—hope it never will again.
 Prof. Ratliffe:—What was in the bottle?
 Frank Jordan:—It must have been Hydrogen. It popped.
 (Exit Prof. Ratliffe.)

Carl Shrode:—That makes the third test tube I've broken.
 Frank Jordan:—Say I got some P on my chin and I won't dare to wash my face for a week because it will burn up if I do.
 Blanche Bryan:—Use some sandpaper to remove the phosphorus.
 Wade:—I've worked out this reaction.
 Nellie Storm:—Oh let me see it.
 Wade:—Alright maybe I can make it explode again.
 Betty:—Let's go home.
 Pat:—Hour isn't up yet.
 Betty:—Well let's experiment with some of these chemicals.
 Pat:—Might blow up something.
 Whitcomb:—Smell this cautiously Wade.
 Wade:—Stinks awful.
 Betty:—Oh it's ammonium, you boob.
 Carl Shrode:—Oh I've burned my hand.
 Betty (excited):—Apply nitric acid.
 Pat:—Oh don't, that will make it worse, and offers the ammonia.
 Wade (rubbing his eyes):—Apply this.
 Bryan:—That's H₂ SO₄.
 Jordan:—It isn't.
 Betty:—It is. Use nitric acid.
 Pat:—Why don't you know nitric acid would burn your fingers off?
 (Bell. Frantic rush for the hall, exchange of manuals, exclamations.)

Scene 2.

1:30-2:30. English History Class. Room H.
 Prof. Sherwood:—Betty how did you get along with your report?
 Betty:—Gee, Horace Walpole was the smartest boob. I just couldn't get anything on him at all.
 Prof. Sherwood:—I'll ask some review questions. What became of the Celts?
 Frank Jordan:—Anglo-Saxons drew, driv-drove them out of England.
 Prof. Sherwood:—Who was Llewelyn, Miss Olcott?
 Clara Louise:—Why he was a man.
 Prof. Sherwood:—What is the stone of Scone used for?
 Dickman:—To sit on.
 Prof. Sherwood:—Wade, wade right in and tell us something about the Rosetta Stone.

Wade:—The king rose et a stone and went out for a walk.

Prof. Sherwood:—Well what did he have to do with getting a license to beg?

Arthur Jordan:—We beg now before we get a license.

Prof. Sherwood:—Why was there a dispute over the succession to the throne of England?

Mullins:—Why, because of the Salic Law which did not allow a woman to be king.

Prof. Sherwood:—Why was Henry VIII a brave man?

Clyde Reed:—Because he had eight wives.

Prof. Sherwood:—Good. Next fifteen pages for tomorrow.

Act III. Scene I.

2:30-3:30. Chemistry. Room F.

Betty to Wade:—See what I've worked out:

Elsie Marie Leak: Equivalent to Mg.

Ethel Amanda Larm: Equivalent to Ag.

Elizabeth Harriet Luscomb: Equivalent to H.

Pat thinks Magnesium looks so nice spelled that she is going to change her middle name to Magnesium.

Prof. Ratliffe:—Too much talking in back of the room please.

Wade read your record for second part of experiment on Ammonia please.

Wade:—Smelled cautiously; stunk awful.

Prof. Ratliffe:—Well probably so.

Carl Shrode:—I'd like to prove that the equivalent of magnesium is 12.5.

Prof. Ratliffe:—Raise that window, Bolerjack, so we can have some fresh air. After while you may—

Shrode:—What are some of the uses of salt?

Mullins:—As a preservative.

Prof. Ratliffe:—Yes, that's all right, but give some other name for the term.

Paul Good:—An indispensable.

Prof. Ratliffe:—Yes. Little less talking please. Students take places in laboratory and I'll assign experiments.

(Exit all.)

Scene 2.

3:30-4:30. Bookstore.

Betty:—Say Maxfield, going to play tennis this evening?

Maxfield:—No, haven't any racket here.

Betty:—Rush madly home and get it.

Maxfield:—Rush who home and get it?

(Enter Abbott.)

Abbott:—Say May did you hear the joke on Shrode and Bryan?

May:—No tell it.

Abbott:—Why the other night when the cadets were out camping, while Shrode was on guard a man came up and Shrode said, "Haolt I might shoot you." Bryan was a little further down the line, he was heard to say, "Be careful, I might hit you with this club."

May:—Te-he, wasn't that funny?

(Enter Swindelle and Winternheimer.)

Swindelle:—May, give me one cent's worth of candy.

Winternheimer:—Give me a piece.

Swindelle:—O naw.

Winternheimer:—Now Roy. (In his characteristic manner.)

Swindelle:—O, you let me be.

(Enter Snodgrass, Pat and Manlief.)

Snodgrass:—Now I want someone to catch if I pitch.

Manlief:—Oh someone will, surely.

Pat:—I'll catch Snod.

Snodgrass:—Guess you'll have to run if you do. (Exit Snodgrass running, Pat following.)

Manlief:—Say people I'm going to have fried chicken for dinner.

All:—Where? When?

Manlief:—Next summer when I go home.

May:—I'm sorry but you'll have to leave. Duty is duty. I must close the store. (Exit all laughing and talking.)

Act IV. Scene I.

7:30-8:30. (He and She strolling along south side of campus.)

He:—Believe I'll go up on the fire escape and jump off.

She:—Why if you would go up there and fall off, and break your neck, I never would speak to you again.

He:—Say did you know Snod was injured last night?

She:—No, how?

He:—A train of thought passed through his mind.

She:—Say did you know it was all over the school?

He:—No. What?

She:—The roof.

He:—Doesn't the moon shine beautifully?

She:—I don't know. I don't see it, but the stars are bright.

He:—It's rather cool. (Pause.)

She:—O, I'm so warm.

He:—Let's go up to the restaurant and get a drink.

(Exit in distance)



ACADEMICS



Academic Class

President.....	DENNY BAYS
Vice-President.....	PAUL WRIGHT
Secretary.....	ALMA WITSMAN
Treasurer.....	MERL THOMAS
Baseball Manager.....	VICTOR ALDRIDGE
Historian.....	DARRELL GREEN

Class History

Early in September 1912, when the golden-rod was nodding along the dusty highways of Indiana, when the last bit of belated harvesting had been done, there gathered from the prairies of four states a group of enthusiastic and aspiring young people to begin the Academic Course at C. N. C.

For a few weeks each student was too busy getting acquainted with the teachers, strange books and recitation rooms, and accustoming himself to the boarding club's bill of fare, to think of his class as a unit. But by degrees each found that there were a few others in his class, and when a meeting was called by Lester Barton, the members responded enthusiastically, and the outcome is shown below:

President.....	CHESTER SAXON
Vice President.....	LESTER BARTON
Treasurer.....	CLAUDE NEEDHAM
Secretary.....	ALMA WITSMAN

After the organization, the class immediately became a factor in college affairs, the officers being well fitted for their respective positions. In the field of athletics the class was supreme, winning the inter-class championship both in baseball and basket ball. Victor Aldridge, manager and pitcher of the baseball team was mostly responsible for the success of the nine. Dobbins, Stump, Woody, Gray, Aldridge, Thomas, Moore, Woods represented the basket ball team.

One frosty night last winter, the class, with Prof. Harlan and his wife chaperoning, took a hay ride out to the home of Miss Edith Walters. The ride was memorable on account of the enjoyable time and frozen toes and ears. The Academics have also had several little social affairs which will always be pleasant memories to them.

When Mr. Saxon left school Denny Bays was elected president. Again in the spring Paul Wright was chosen Vice President; Merl Thomas, Treasurer, and Victor Aldridge, baseball manager.

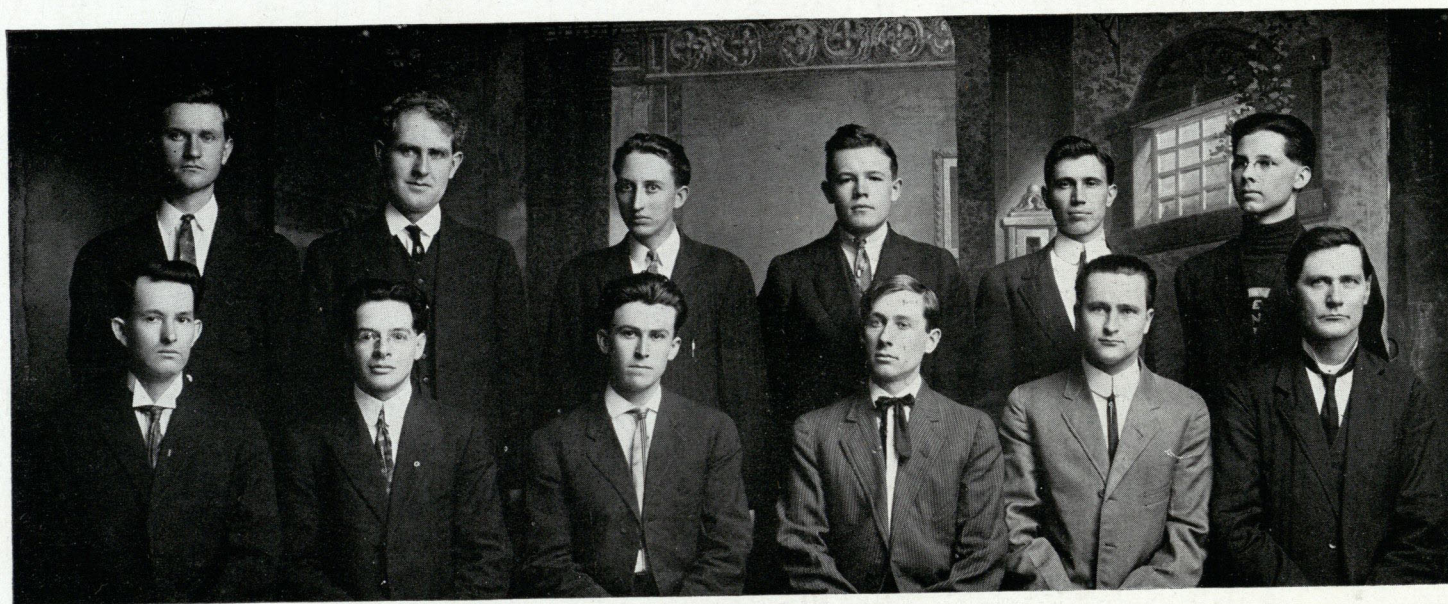
The Academic debating society is also worthy of mention. Debating has always been one of the drills in the Academic course. This society soon brought out some strong debaters. From them the team Denny Bays, Edgar Moore, and C. A. Dodd, was selected, which won the inter-collegiate debate with DePauw Academy. The Academics also furnish members for the History and Government Club, the German Club, Booster Club, Athletic Association, a goodly percentage of the Cadets, and majority in the regular college baseball team.

The socials, Botany excursions, Sunday School gatherings at Prof. Ratcliffe's and other memories which have made the year so pleasant will always be remembered.

We wish to thank each member of the faculty for their kindly interest toward us and especially our leader, Prof. Thomas, who has safely conducted us through the trials and troubles of the year.

And in this, the preface of our history we wish to say that we feel the influence for good gained from our teachers and associates in this year will not be lost in the greater life history of the Academic class which lies before us.

DARRELL GREEN.



LAW CLASS

Barty Bolerjack, J. J. Owen, David L. Egnew, E. E. Owens, L. A. Brown, J. R. Swindelle,
S. T. Brownfield, Verl Johnson, John Nuttall, Harry Nale, Chas. Dickman, S. A. Enloe, Dean of Law

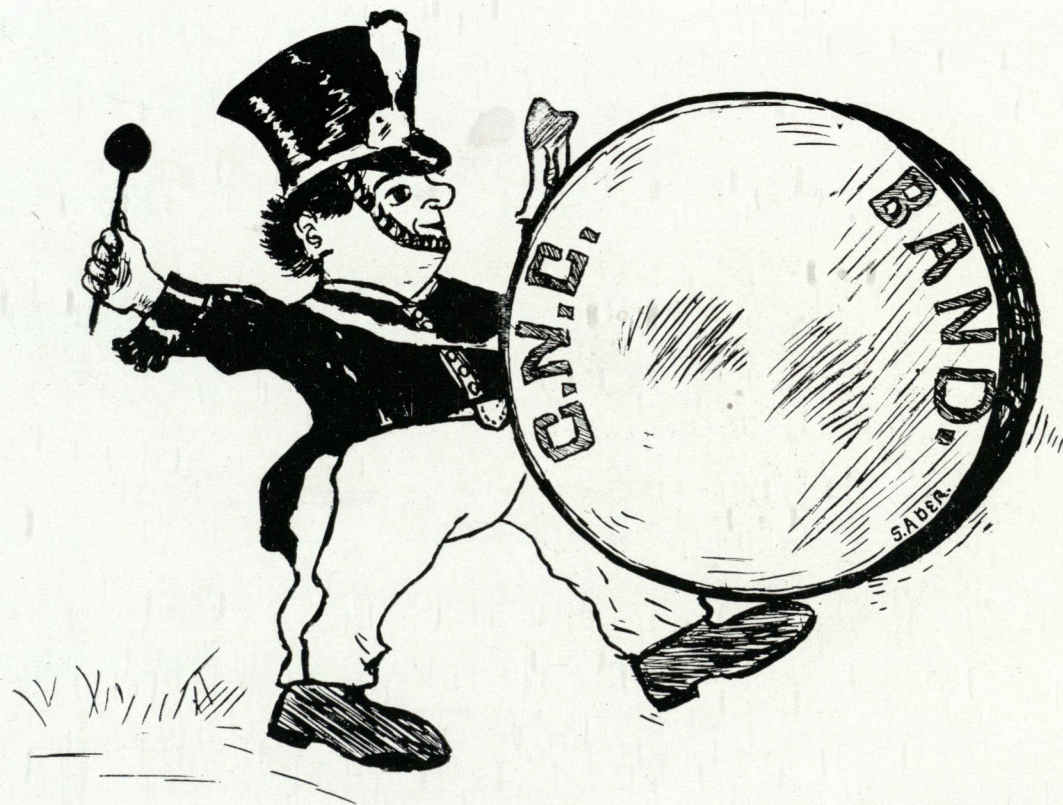


Senior Law

President.....	JOHN NUTTALL
Vice-President.....	VERL JOHNSON
Secretary and Treasurer.....	S. T. BROWNFIELD

The class this year is the largest ever graduated from C. N. C., and we feel proud both in its size and characters. Prof. Enloe has made the Law department one of the strongest in college, and his students invariably make successes when they go out into the world.





MUSIC.



MUSIC CLASS



School of Music



"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."—Shakespeare.

Music is the great universal language. In the realms of music all nations meet in equal understanding. To music will perhaps be due the establishment of universal peace. The fact that all christendom gives voice to its tenderest sentiments and deepest emotions through the same medium—music, is in itself of greatest consequence to the advocate of universal peace. The joys of every nation are shared by all when expressed in the sweet strains of the masters. Likewise the heartaches receive the sympathy of all the world when woven into the immortal selections of the great composers.

In all the phases of college life there is nothing that has a more delightful, uplifting, and refining influence upon the students than the school of music and its popular directors. To realize fully the extent of appreciation of the untiring efforts of Professor Luscomb and his assistants, one has only to attend the bi-monthly programs given by this school of music, and note the enthusiastic reception given the entertainers. One of the pleasing features of these programs is the refreshing variety of the music. Classical vocal and instrumental solos, chorus, band, orchestra combine to give the students of our college a standard of appreciation and a discriminative taste that is seldom found.

As the appreciation of better music has become more prominent in the Central Normal College, the students have come closer together in their work

and brought into the institution the Student Organization of the School of Music. This organization has brought those students who have continually sought that greater depth of musical expression to a common basis where each is the musical accompaniment of the other. Those who have arranged the meter, and beat the time for this Club are:

WILLIAM L. BALES.....President
 MISS NOVA MARTING.....Vice-President
 H. SIEGEL SPENCER.....Secretary and Treasurer

And still the strain flows on,—the strains of still better music in the Central Normal College.



BERTHA HENRY

The wind has swept many an Aeolian lyre, but never such a sensitive harp as a woman's soul.
 —Hawlis.



VEDA VINCENT COOMBS

The soul of music slumbers in the shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts touch them but rightly pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

—Rogers.



NOVA ELEANOR MARTING

Music is a sacred, a divine, a Godlike thing, and was given to man by Christ to lift
our hearts up to God, and make us feel something of the glory and beauty of God, and
of all which God has made.

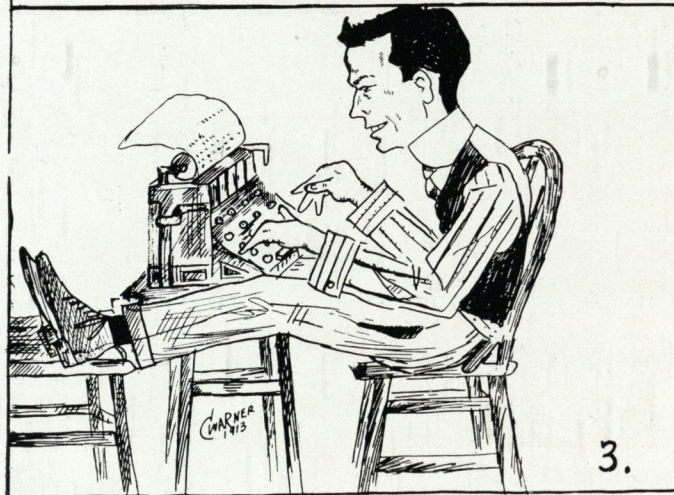
—Kipling

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

1 My country! 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib er ty. Of thee I sing. Land where my

fathers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring!

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music. The first system contains the first line of the song, and the second system contains the second line. Each system has a vocal melody line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.





COMMERCIAL CLASS

Commercials

Barker, Emerson
Beatty, Kenneth
Bennett, J. D.
Brashears, Huel
Bryan, J. L.
Burton, Cora
Carver, A. B.
Christie, Lowell
Combs, Wendell
Crider, Arthur
Foust, Cassill B.
Gammon, J. H.
Good, L. P.
Graham, B. G.
Gregor, Alex
Hacket, Louise
Hargrave, Homer
Hawley, Ralph
Haynes, Frank
Holtzclaw, Fern
Holtzclay, Opal
Homann, Alfred

Hufford, Lucy
Irwin, Faye
Jackson, Ralph
Jain, Mary
Jenkins, Ethel
Jessup, Mabel
Kay, Bruce
Kennedy, Beulah
Kensey, Oscar
Kesler, Jewell
Kiff, Sarah
Kivett, Mae
Langham, Leo
Meek, Robert
Miller, Walter
Mitchell, Clyde
Murfin, Russell
Pardeich, Alfred
Price, Belle
Rector, Loyal
Rosenbarger, Chas.
Runyan, Ross

Romine, Nina
Schwartz, Harry
Sears, Helen
Smith, H. E.
Smith, H. M.
Spencer, L. R.
Springstun, Elsie
Springstun, Eula
Spicklemire, Etta
Stahl, Ida
Stump, Lloyal
Tapscott, Russell
Teegarden, Mabel
Thomas, Elizabeth
Tinder, Ruth
Tindall, C. A.
Trusdel, Frank
Turney, Ruth
Von Behrens, Emil
Warner, Clifford
Yauger, Paul

Class Prophecy

TEN YEARS HENCE

My old friend Opal Holtzclaw, who was Lawyer Hargrave's stenographer, and I, who was Gov. J. H. Gammon's private secretary, were given a five weeks' vacation at the same time. Being very tired of the city, we decided to make a little tour through the western states.

We left Indianapolis at 12:00 and arrived in St. Louis at 6:30 p. m. When we stepped from the train we heard the usual cry of "Baggage transferred." But one voice attracted our attention. "Baggage transferred to the Grand Hotel," and looking around in the direction of the familiar voice, we saw H. N. Smith. He directed us to the Grand, which we found was owned by Andrew Homann. Among the many porters, we saw the familiar face of Clifford Warner, who very politely conducted us to our rooms.

After resting a few hours, Opal and I decided to attend the Colonial Theatre. Imagine our surprise when we saw Elsie Springstun and Lucy Huford playing the parts of "Queen Gertrude" and "Ophelia" in Hamlet.

The next day being Sunday we prepared to attend church. St. Paul's Cathedral being nearest, we went there. We immediately recognized the priest as our old friend Beatty. After services were over we returned to the hotel, had lunch, and then went out boat riding upon one of the many beautiful lakes which dot the parks of old St. Louis. As I was leaning over the railing watching the fish, I suddenly lost my balance and tumbled into the water. I thought my last hour had come; but as I came to the surface the second time I was grasped by a strong arm and returned safely to the boat. Later I discovered that my rescuer was Harry Schwartz. When I had fully recovered my wits I was horrified to find that my diamond ring, which had been given me by Robert Meek when I graduated from the Commercial Course in 1913, was gone.

The next day we set out for San Francisco. When I stepped into the depot weary from the long journey, I was most pleasantly surprised to look into the face of Wendell Combs, who was ticket agent there. We chatted for a few minutes of old times in Room K, and in the course of the conversation he informed me that Ruth Turney and Lowell Christie were married and living in the city. Opal insisted that we call on them while in San Francisco, so we took down the street and number of the house.

We were certainly greeted with a hearty welcome and enjoyed our short stay with Mr. and Mrs. Christie to the fullest. Mrs. Christie had just received a letter from Sarah Kiff who was at the head of the Music Department of Central Normal College. The letter also stated that Judge Carver had recently granted a divorce to Mrs. Leo Langham, formerly Mary Jain. That Fern Holtzclaw was a stenographer in Hadley Conn's law office; that Miss Merle Springstun had been sadly disappointed in love, and was keeping books for Frank Haynes in a Mitten Factory; that Helen Sears was managing the Thumb Seam department in the factory; that she did not think Helen would be there long as she intended to marry Everett Shaw in a short time.

From San Francisco we set out for Yellow Stone National Park. We had only gone a few hundred miles when our train collided with a freight. I remember a sudden jar and crash, but knew nothing more until I came back to life in a hospital. Later I found that I was in the care of Dr. Graham in his own hospital. Opal had been taken to her uncle's ranch, which was only a few miles away.

When I had sufficiently recovered to resume traveling, Opal had decided to remain on the ranch, as she anticipated marrying Russell Murphin, a progressive young farmer who owned a fine ranch bordering her uncle's.

I resumed my journey to Yellow Stone Park alone. On the train I met Ralph Hawley, now a traveling salesman for the Douglas Shoe Co. of St. Louis. Among the interesting things he told me of old acquaintances was that Loyal Rector, who had tried so long and hard to win the hand of some fair lady in C. N. C., had given up matrimonial ideas altogether and decided to live the life of a hermit.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett met me at the station at Yellow Stone, and after luncheon we spent the day in sight-seeing. One of the things I saw horrified me very much; it was a blind man playing an accordion; upon going up to him I discovered him to be no other than Loyd Stump.

After spending a few days with the Bennett's, I boarded the train for home. I stopped off in Chicago and spent one night, going to the Lakeside Hotel. After registering, I passed out on the balcony, sat down, and prepared to enjoy the evening. I was approached by a fine looking young man and recognized him as Alex Gregor. We spent a very enjoyable evening conversing about old friends and college days. I found that he was a reporter for the Chicago Record-Herald; also that Russell Tapscott and Emil Von Behren were bookkeepers for the National Stockyards; that Alfred Pardeick was a commission agent for the same company.

Just before retiring I received a message stating that the governor had been suddenly taken ill, that his death was only a question of a few days, and that I was needed immediately. I immediately left Chicago, and when I arrived at Indianapolis, I was glad to find him very much improved. The next day I resumed my duties as Secretary.



DRAMATIC ARTS CLASS

John Baldwin, Arie Hart, Roy Swindelle,
Ethel Lowry, Leota Gregory, Mamie Hollingsworth, Stella Overpeck



CLASS A GROUP

Class A

The Class A organization is made up of all students who are taking the course of study prescribed by law for beginning teachers. The work is laid out for us by the State of Indiana, and we go at it cheerfully in the hope that by doing it well we may better prepare ourselves to render greater service to our state. Every student preparing to teach in the common schools must take, in Class A, one high school subject, one or more common school subjects, and one professional subject.

On Wednesday evening, April 23, 1913, the students of the class held their first meeting, and elected the following officers: President, P. N. Wright; Vice-President, Forrest Faris; Secretary, Edith Morphew; Treasurer, Glen Bailey; Editor, Denzel Dunn.

The first social was held on Saturday evening, May 3. A most pleasant evening was spent in getting acquainted and playing games. Later, the members enjoyed a "Centralian" Class A Picnic; games and "eats" were among the pleasant features.

We feel that praise is due Mrs. Olcott for her services in the organization. We have always found her ready to assist in any way possible, and interested in our good times.



CLASS B GROUP

Class B

President.....	ROY PHEGLEY
Vice President.....	LEON SYMMONDS
Secretary.....	SARAH MCCLAIN
Treasurer.....	CHARLES PATE



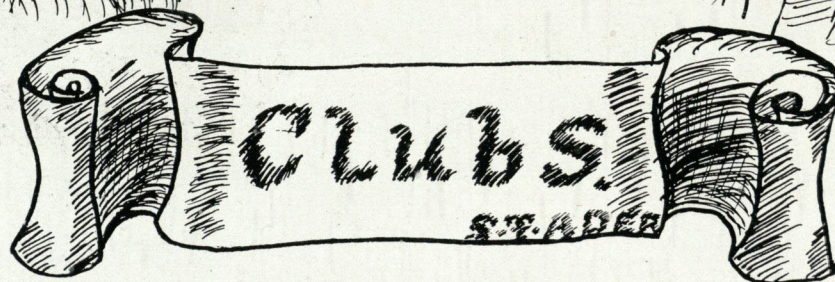
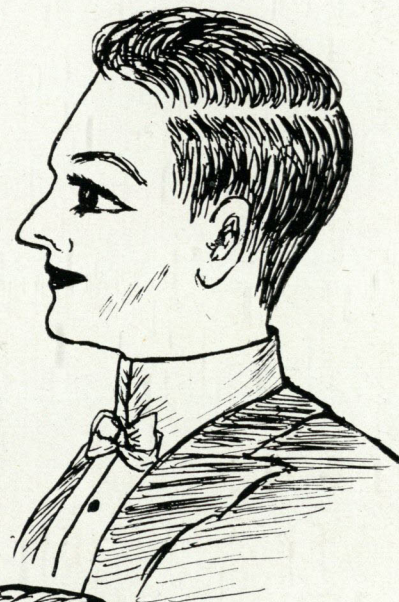
The Class B organization consists of all students who are taking the course of study prescribed by law for teachers who have had Class A training and one year's experience in teaching.

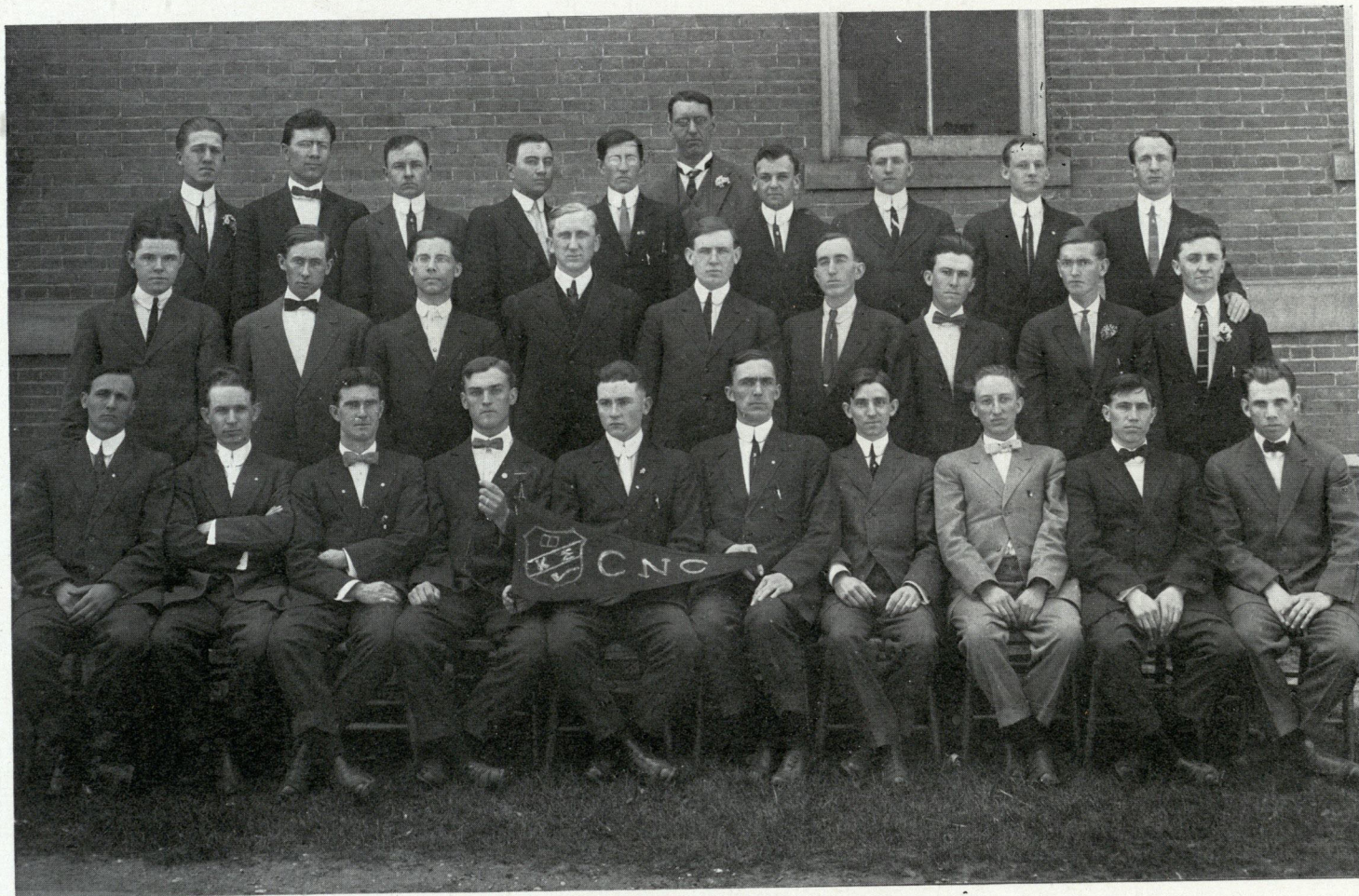
Class B students are generally those who, after one or more year's experience, desire to follow the profession, and become more efficient teachers. To accomplish this the most advisable thing is to go on with training work. They are very enthusiastic, energetic workers, because they feel that if their work is well done, the way will be paved to higher service and greater efficiency in the line of pedagogy.

This is especially true of Class B's of Central Normal College. The class is one of the largest in school. But they are not so narrow minded as to think only of the intellectual side of college life. They believe in social activities, every member always being anxious to help the good times along; many pleasant meetings and socials were held this Spring and Summer. Then sometimes they have joint socials with Class A, and at times they even invite the student body and faculty to enjoy their hospitality.

The program committee prepared some very interesting programs, which all have enjoyed. The girls have organized a club called the "G. G. R. Club." The officers are, Sarah A. McClain, President; Mary Wolpert, Secretary and Treasurer. We do not know much about this club, it being only a recent organization; but judging from its president, we predict that it will prove a "hustler," all right. Miss McClain knows how to do things—and does them.





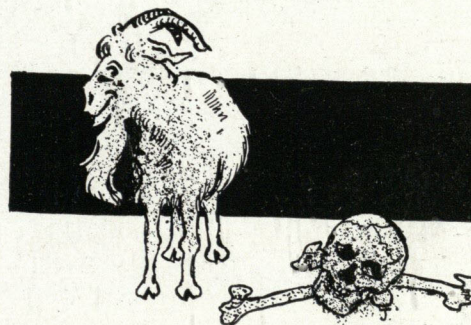


R. AND S.

Kappa Sigma

(R. & S.)

CLYDE REED.....	G. M.
CHAS. ABBOTT.....	V. G. M.
ROY SWINDELLE.....	G. H. K. K. K. D.
HARLEY MANLIEF.....	G. H. A. G.
HARRY NALE.....	G. H. I. G.
S. A. ENLOE.....	G. H. K. of B. P. N.
DAVID L. EGNEW.....	G. H. K. of B. P. T.





MAIDS

Clara Louise Olcott
Elsie Leak

Blanche Bryan
Nova Marting

Ethel Larm
Elizabeth Luscomb

Colors
Pink and Lavender

Drink
Pink Lemonade



The Maids' P. B. K. Society

The first part of the month of February, 1913, marks the beginning of the Maids' P. B. K. Society. As there are only four charter members there was an office for each one. After the selection of officers, many gatherings were held and the purpose, motives and mysterious rites were discussed. The first girl to be tendered membership to the mystic order was Ethel Amanda Larm. The days previous to the evening on which the victim was to be initiated into the solemn ceremonies, were filled with fear and apprehension on the part of poor little Ethel. At last the eventful time arrived and she dutifully performed all the stunts imposed upon her, and came out with flying colors and her hair tied back with a pink ribbon. No sooner had the hand of the first new member been given the glad clasp of eternal friendship and sisterhood, than the maids began to conspire and form plans to entrap another innocent soul; viz., Miss Blanche Bryan. This young lady was introduced to the very active goatess on one rainy night in April and was obliged to adhere to a peculiar form of millinery for a week, to show her loyalty and respect for the judicious commands of the above mentioned animal. The society is still in its early prime and no great things have been accomplished. But it is growing in numbers and strength and it is fervently wished by all the members, that this organization shall be a power for good in C. N. C.

ROLL OF MEMBERS

Nova Marting, President.
Elizabeth Luscomb, Vice President.
Clara Louise Olcott, Treasurer.
Elsie Leak, Secretary.
Ethel Larm.
Blanche Bryan.
Sarah A. McClain.
Leota Gregory.



BACHELORS

Left to right; back row:—Siegel Spencer, O. R. Maxfield, D. L. Egnew, Fred Brengle, Roy Swindelle, Clyde Reed, E. E. Wade, Louis Winternheimer.

Front row, left to right:—C. A. Dodd, Lenord Ashley, H. N. Sherwood, J. W. Laird, S. A. Enloe, Jas. H. Snodgrass, Chas. W. Abbott, Carl Shrode.

Bachelors' P. B. K.

E. P. LOWRY.....	President
JAS. H. SNODGRASS.....	Vice President
ROY SWINDELLE.....	Secretary
FRED BRENGLE.....	Treasurer

The Bachelors' P. B. K. society was organized in the fall of 1910. The purpose at the beginning was to secure better opportunities for learning and mastering the art of public speaking than were afforded by the regular Saturday morning debates which were required of the students at that time. This desire has been more than fulfilled. The larger crowds that have attended the debates and the preparation required in debating against those who were in the work for the love of it, has given the participants that self poise before an audience, and that skill in presenting argument which could not have otherwise been obtained.

Since the organization of the society however, it has been determined that the first qualification for a Bachelor is manhood and loyalty to C. N. C. It is desired that the members should be gentlemen first, neat in appearance, dignified in bearing, intelligent, and competent to do the hardest and best of work that is required of the student. It is certain that the active members, and the honorary members in good standing, are well fulfilling the requirements.

The Bachelors have at present fifteen active members and twenty-one Honorary members in good standing.

The Bachelors P. B. K. society is permanent and is a leading student activity in the College.



CICERONIANS

From left to right, back row:—Orris Carter, Fred Ensminger, C. L. Harlan,
Alva Downey, Forest Faris, L. A. Brown, Earnest Owens.

Front row:—Conway Martin, Denny Bays, Harley Manlief, A. B. McCraw,
William Bough, Harry Nale, Warren Bryan.

Ciceronian Debating Society

President..... L. A. BROWN
Vice-President WILLIAM BOUGH
Secretary..... A. B. McCRAW
Treasurer..... HARLEY MANLIEF

The winter term of nineteen hundred eleven and twelve was nearing a close. The regular college debating sections were about to be disbanded. Some Scientifics and Law Students felt that summer was fast approaching, and with it would come no opportunity to hold those fascinating, and all inspiring debates, which had been the life of their winter pastimes. But those good times were not to end. Before any one fully realized what was taking place, Lester Moore and David McLaughlin had gotten twelve men together and arranged for a debate. Six men were given a question which was debated in room H. After the debate, the twelve students organized the Ciceronians' Debating Society. Ervin C. Smith was chosen president, Harvey Fisher Secretary, and later Orville Rodman was elected Treasurer. The other members were L. A. Brown, Clifford Sarver, Joseph Lutes, R. L. Snetzer, Marius Madsen, Raymond Fields, Lester Moore, David McLaughlin and Ross A. Plowman.

The debates continued regularly every two weeks. The boys went to work industriously and sought not only to do their best in debating but also to increase their membership. The first new members to be taken into the society were Harley Manlief and Conway Martin. Then came Bex Trimble, Sam Trimble and Warren Bryan. No more new members were taken in until the middle of the summer term, when Harry Nale, Bruce Kay and A. B. McCraw were given admittance.

At the close of the Spring term President Smith finished his College Course and went home. L. A. Brown was chosen as the one to fill the vacancy.



HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT CLUB

History and Government Club

Winter Term

President ROY SWINDELLE
 Vice-President..... W. L. BALES
 Secretary and Treasurer ANNA ANDERSON

Spring Term

President W. L. BALES
 Vice-President FRED BRENGLE
 Secretary and Treasurer G. W. BRYAN
 Centralian Editor O. E. CARTER

Summer Term

President FRED BRENGLE
 Vice-President..... SARAH A. MCCLAIN
 Secretary and Treasurer HARLEY MANLIEF

Anderson, Anna	McClung, Minnie	Good, Paul
Bough, William	McKinley, Noble	Jordan, Arthur
Brown, Leonard A.	Martin, W. C.	Jordan, Frank
Barr, Genevieve	Moore, Orville	Jain, Mary
Byrkit, Ruth	Mounts, Edgar	Kahl, Mattie
Barton, Lester	Olcott, Clara L.	Kay, Bruce
Barksdale, C. M.	Owen, J. J.	Leak, Elsie
Coombs, Veda	Owens, E. E.	Sherwood, Henry Noble
Downey, Elva	Perkins, Iva	Spencer, H. Seigel
Dodd, C. A.	Pattison, Albert	Shrode, Carl
Fogleman, Vernie	Pass, Lorine	Snodgrass, Jas. H.
Farris, Forest	Reeves, Catherine	Teegarden, Mabel
Luscomb, Elizabeth	Storm, Nellie	Thomas, Adolph
	Lowery, Ellsworth	

At the suggestion of Prof. Sherwood the History and Government Club was organized early in the Winter Term for the purpose of studying and discussing current and ancient historical and governmental topics, and it has become one of the most popular organizations of the college.

At the regular meetings on the first Monday evening of each month two papers are read and discussed; musical numbers are given; and the social hour with "eats" is enjoyed by all.



GERMAN CLUB

Der Deutsche Verein

The officers for the different terms were as follows:

Second Term.

President..... LOUIS WINTERNHEIMER
Vice-President CORA BURTON
Secretary CLARA LOUISE OLCOTT
Treasurer DAVID EGNEW

Third Term.

President ADOLPH THOMAS
Vice-President SHIRLEY ADER
Secretary..... CORA BURTON
Treasurer DAVID EGNEW

Fourth Term.

President G. E. LOCHMULLER
Vice-President PAUL GOOD
Secretary RUTH BYRKIT
Treasurer DAVID EGNEW

Der Deutsche Verein was organized for the purpose of promoting conversational German. It meets once a week for an hour of conversation and games, conducted in German. Once a month Der Deutsche Verein holds an open meeting at which a program is given, followed by refreshments and a social hour. The meetings have been a great benefit to those who wish practice in speaking the language.

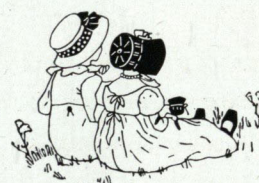
The enrollment consists of: Shirley Ader, Fred Brengle, Cora Burton, Ruth Byrkit, Delzie Demaree, D. L. Egnew, Harriet Fisher, William Fuson,

Cleda Gamper, Cora Goff, Paul Good, Mattie Kahl, Elsie Leak, Edith McClung, Elizabeth Marting, Clara Louise Olcott, Neva Sexton, James Snodgrass, Julia Stanley, Mary Strickler, Adolph Thomas, May Thompson, Mack Tucker, Louis Winternheimer, Huston Woods, G. E. Lochmuller.

The members of Der Deutsche Verein had charge of the Reunion program Saturday evening, May 17, 1913.

The following program was given:

Gesand—Die Wacht am Rhein.....	Der Verein
Rede	Herr Whisler
Geschichte	Herr Winternheimer
Gesang—Die Treue Liebe—Herr Brengle, Herr Lochmuller, Herr Good, Herr Winternheimer.	
Rede	Herr Lochmuller
Gesang—Du, du liegst mir im Herzen..Herr Winternheimer, Herr Lochmuller	
Zinkhorn Solo	Herr Brengle
Gesang	Die Lorelei
Gesang	Roslein auf der Heide



Scientists

LABORATORY ASSISTANTS

R. F. Ratliffe, Prof. of Physics and Chemistry.

Chas. W. Abbott, Instructor in Chemistry.

G. E. Lochmuller, Instructor in Chemistry.

Physics Laboratory Assistant:—Louis Winternheimer; Adolph Thomas; Earnest Wade; Siegel Spencer; Orville Moore; Virgil Mood, Chemistry Assistant. E. Lowery; R. Kurtz; A. Jordan; E. Mullins; R. Robinson; C. Reed; J. Hartley; A. Lumpkin; L. Ashley; F. Faris; M. Tucker; S. Hoffman; E. Hutchinson; C. Shrode; V. Geyer; M. Allen; D. Demere; L. Good; F. Jordan; R. Allen; O. Bowman.



The C. N. C. Booster Club

Everybody's boostin it, boostin it

C. N. C. C. N. C.

Everybody's boosting it.

CHAS. W. ABBOTT.....	President
LOUIS WINTERNHEIMER.....	Vice-President
CLYDE REED.....	Secretary
CHAS. H. SNODGRASS.....	Treasurer
ROY SWINDELLE.....	Corres. Secretary

And so they are. The Central Normal College has been rising by leaps and bounds for the past year. Everyone is interested in her welfare and is giving to her his best and most devoted attention. All over the state of Indiana the cry is going up "Help C. N. C." Why this interest? The old college has some good, strong, blue-blooded boosters and those boosters have a "Club" and whenever that club hits it moves something.

On July 2, 1912, a small number of students and a few members of the faculty met in Room H and organized this "Booster Club," the purpose of which was to build a greater C. N. C.—that is, build a new College building, help secure a large endowment fund, put in a regular college course, Agriculture and Domestic Science Departments; in all make C. N. S. the best College in the Central West. Little was accomplished in this first meeting but the seed was planted. In a few weeks a thousand people over Indiana were wearing a little purple and lavender button bearing "C. N. C. Booster." What did it

mean? That a thousand persons had been seen personally by some member of the club and had caught from him the spirit of the movement for a Greater C. N. C.

In order to extend its spirit and enthusiasm the club began publishing the "C. N. C. Booster" a College paper, which has appeared bi-weekly since, has a large subscription and enters the homes and offices of former students all over the state. The bi-weekly publication was not enough. The Centralian was needed to sound the praise of Greater C. N. C. Hard and earnest work it has taken to put this annual into the hands of its subscribers, but the Boosters are back of it.

The College Paper and annual are only means to an end; they have had and will have their influence, but the Club can count its success in dollars and cents. It has been raising money for that Building which is to stand just north of the Recitation Hall. This has been done by various means. First by selling the buttons, then by a recital given by Mrs. Hensel, and a play, "The House of a Thousand Candles" from which a neat little sum was realized.

But these are mere items in comparison with the personal work. Throughout the month of July, 1912 the Boosters worked among the students receiving personal pledges of five, ten, twenty, thirty, fifty and even a hundred dollars toward the erection of the new building. During Commencement week, former students back on a visit were interviewed and imbuing the prevailing spirit made many pledges to as great amounts. Even during the vacation weeks the club had a man in the field working with former students. An amount of \$3,000.00 has thus been raised by personal work and has meant much.

But the crowning victory of the Boosters, is that they have so interested the Danville Commercial Club in a Greater C. N. C. that that organization has pledged the sum of \$12,000 to the cause.



BOOSTER'S STAFF.

The



Booster

ROY SWINDELLE.....	Editor and Business Manager
CARL SHRODE.....	Asst. Editor and Adv. Mgr.
Resigned at beginning of summer term.	
WARREN BRYAN.....	Assistant Editor
ELMER POSEY.....	Advertising Manager
LUCY HUFFORD.....	Locals and Women's Meetings
Resigned at beginning of spring term.	
ETHEL LARM.....	Locals and Women's Meetings
CORA BURTON	}Mailing Department
LENA MONTGOMERY	
MAMIE HOLLINGWORTH	

THE C. N. C. BOOSTER was established in August, 1912 as a semi-monthly student paper and has been published regularly ever since. The Booster fills a long-felt want in the college and its short existence has more than proved its value to the student life of the institution. It has had to travel some pretty rough paths during the past year, but we are glad to say that it has come out on top in the fight, and will begin next year with very bright prospects indeed.

Thanks are due Prof. Henry Noble Sherwood, head of the Department of History and Government, and Mr. Otis E. Gulley, President of the Board of Trustees of the college, for their valuable support and encouragement during the year.

Young Women's Christian Association

The Young Women's Christian Association of Central Normal College has been instrumental throughout the year in exerting an influence for good. Under the leadership of Bertha Roberts Hull, Mattie Kahl, Cora Burton, Nova Marting and Elsie Leak, with other members of the various committees, all girls attending school have been solicited for membership to the association and made to feel at home at the weekly meetings. Not only has the association been active in donations for Foreign Missions, but has shown a firm belief in Home Missions. Room K was completely overhauled during the Christmas Holiday vacation, and showed great improvement after much expenditure of time on the part of the girls in charge. The membership reached the number of eighty during the spring term and many other names were added in the summer term. The officers for next year have been selected; Stella Overpeck is president. Provisions for sending a delegate to Lake Geneva are complete. May the good work go on, ever adding to the honor and high moral standing of Central Normal College.

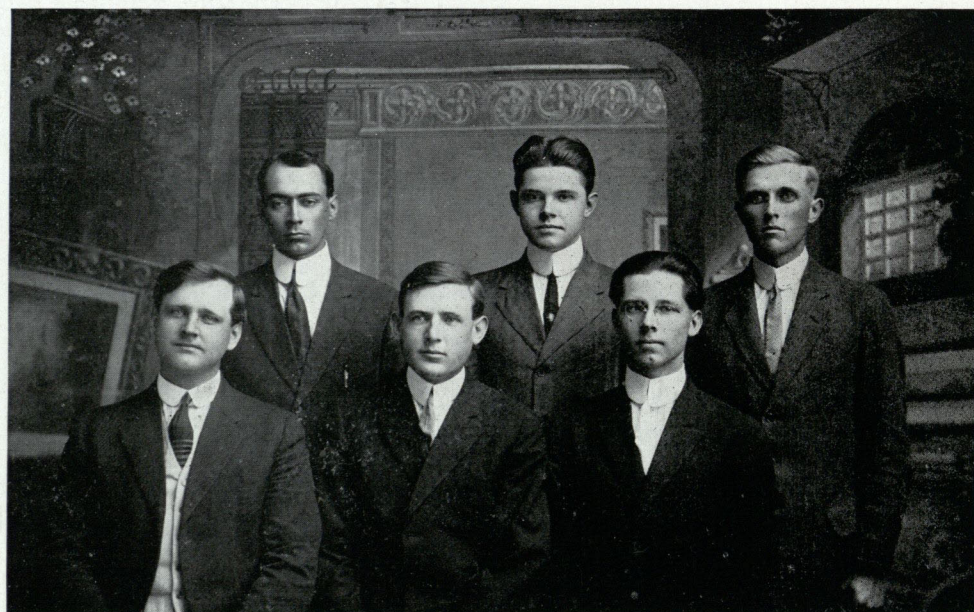
Young Men's Christian Association

J. ROY SWINDELLE.....President
HARLEY MANLIEF.....Vice-President
JAS. H. SNODGRASS.....Secretary and Treasurer

The Young Men's Christian Association has ever been a strong factor in the college as a developer of strong moral and religious characters. Here the young man is taken for what he proves to be. There is no organization in college which so nearly reaches all the men, and its influence for good has been of untold benefit to the institution.

The Y. M. C. A. stands for the developing of the best there is in man; for setting up a standard that cannot fail to bring the greatest success if followed closely. At the regular meetings of the association on Sunday evenings, things are said that never fail to bring about a bond of closer friendship and desire for better things. Here the young man meets every other young man on one common footing, and working together hand in hand they cannot fail to gain a knowledge of those things that are for the best to every man.

Mr. Harley Manlief has been elected President of the Association for 1913-14, and Mr. Alva Downey Secretary and Treasurer.



DEBATERS

Top Row—Edgar Moore, C. A. Dodd, Denny Bays.
Bottom Row—Orris Carter, Carl Shrode, Roy Swindelle.

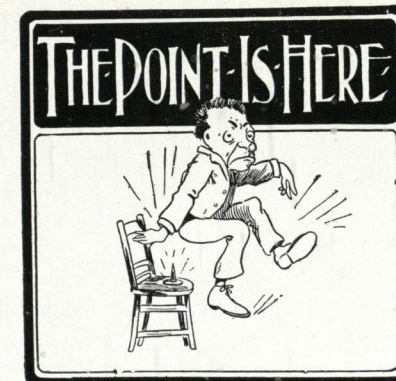
Intercollegiate Debating

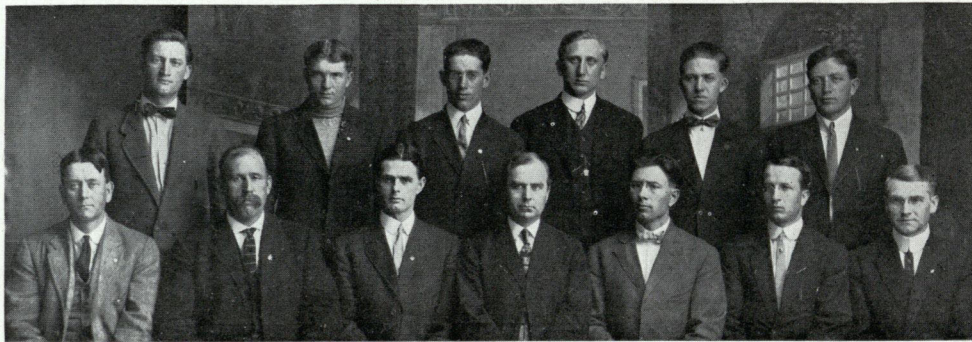
Debating has always held a high place in C. N. C., but at no time has it reached such a state of efficiency as during the past year. Under the leadership of Prof. Sherwood, a regular Inter-collegiate debating society was organized and debates scheduled with other colleges. Owing to the delay in organizing, only two debates were held this year, one with Indiana Law College of Indianapolis, and the other with DePauw Academy.

The college team, represented by Swindelle, Carter, and Shrode lost to Indiana Law College on the subject, Resolved: That State and Local Judges Should be Subject to Recall. C. N. C. Had the Affirmative.

The Academic team, composed of Bays, Dodd, and Moore, won from DePauw Academy on the subject, Resolved: That the United States Should Have More Strict Immigration Laws. C. N. C. had the Negative.

There is no better training for a young man than to be able to stand before an audience and speak forth his thoughts in a clear and convincing manner; and a good course in practical debating brings this about more than almost anything else. It is hoped that this good work will continue.





C. N. C. MASONS







J O K E S

"Dat mornin' I rose, puts on my clo's and down town I goes. I meets one ob my foes whose name am Mose; on purpose I trod on his toes; then ob co'se he flung out blows I couldn't oppose; dey lan' on my nose, and down I goes, and the blood it pours in de gutter where de water flows; up I rose and home I goes to my sweet repose, and dat's all I knows.

("Bill" Bales and Snod coming home in the dark) Bales:—Hark! I hear a hollow sound.

Snodgrass:—Well, who rapped you on the skull?

Winternheimer:—What did your father say, dear, when you told him my love for you was like a roaring river?

Mary:—He said, "Dam it!"

Stella:—But how do I know you love me?

Bryan:—Why, I can't sleep at nights thinking of you.

Stella:—That proves nothing: Dad can't sleep at nights thinking of you, but I hardly think it is love.

Wade:—My heart is dying for love of you.

Lucy:—Aw rot! Can't you say something original?

Fritz and Pat out strolling—

Pat:—Fritz, where is your ring?

Fritz:—It's at the jewelers being fixed.

Pat:—'Snot so; I saw some one else wearing it.

Fritz:—'Tis, too; if you don't believe it I'll take you to the Jewelers and we'll get it.

Pat (blushing profusely):—That would be too embarrassing.

Prof. Sherwod in Gov. Class:—Miss Burton what is a Congressman at large?

Cora:—It is a representative after he gets to Congress.

The Meaning of a Kiss.

Base-runner Allen:—To me it is stealing second, then third, and being coaxed by father to steal home.

Batter Bline:—It's a neat bunt into a garden of tulips.

Fielder Mullins:—It depends upon a pretty fair catch.

Short-stop Moore:—If it takes a bad bound it may get you square on the nose.

Pitcher Smith:—It is one thing I could never strike out.

Catcher Powers:—It is a big grandstand play.

Umpire W. E. Anderson:—It is a game that is never called on account of darkness.

Snodgrass debating on the Woman Suffrage question:—Now gentlemen of the Jury, I am going to make two points. First; men admire women. Second; man is the HERO of the family.

Landlady at the Club:—Are you the same man who ate my mince pie last night?

Leonard Brown:—No ma'm; I'll never be the same man again.

Symmonds (reading):—And the angry waves beat high—Say, why were the waves angry?

Mrs. Olcott:—Because the ocean has been crossed so often.

Prof. Hargrave:—What effect does the moon have upon the tide?

Betty Luscomb:—None; it only effects the untied.

Mullins, translating, "Haec in Gallia importantus," made it "Hike into Gaul; it's important."

Visitor strolling about the campus:—I see you are putting up quite a good many new buildings.

Jas. Snodgrass:—Yes, new buildings are the only ones we put up.

Prof. Sherwood in English Literature class:—Through what channel did the French influence get into England?

Myrle Thomas:—Through the English Channel.

Frank Jordan:—Did you hear of the accident last night?

Bryan:—No; what was it?

F. J.:—Harley Manlief was almost killed by a train of thought running through his head.

Prof. Laird:—Miss Leak, could you teach mathematics?

Pat:—No; my mathematical bump is a dent.

Mr. East:—Mr. Bales, you are connected with The Centralian, are you not?

Mr. Bales:—I am.

Mr. East:—You hold an office, do you not?

Mr. Bales:—I do.

Mr. East:—What do they call you when they address you by your official name?

Mr. Bales:—Bill.

“You’re a lemon,” Swin, laughingly cried,

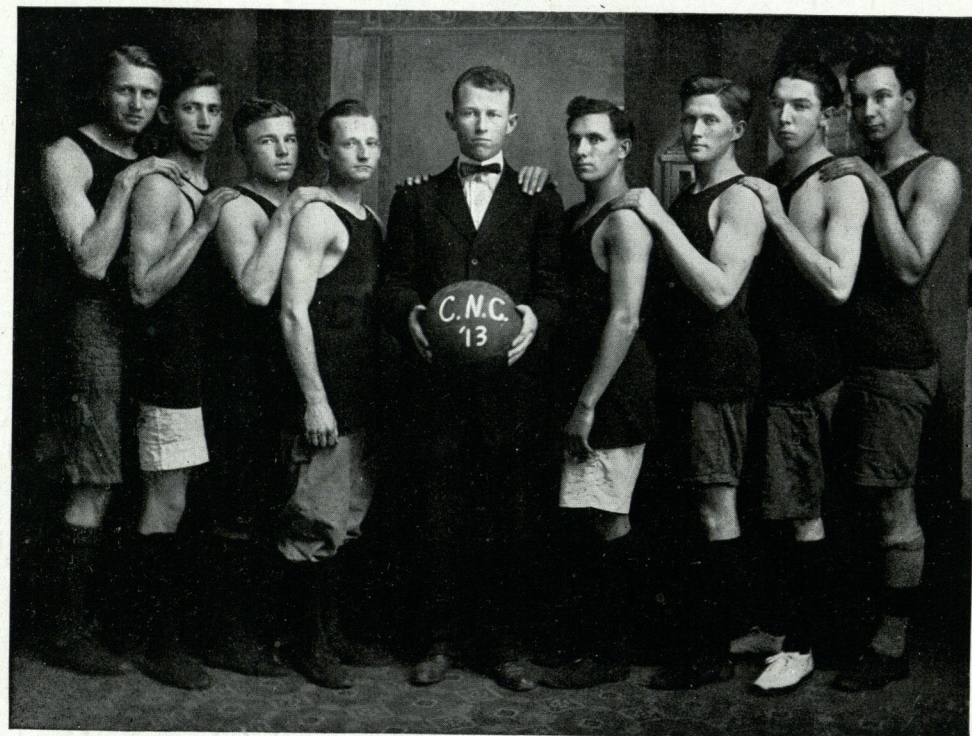
And he hugged her just to tease her;

“If that be true,” Amanda replied,

“Then you’re a lemon squeezer.”







BASKET BALL TEAM

Basket Ball

Since football has been abolished in the college the eyes of the eager athletes have been turned to the milder athletic sports. In order to get an eye on the material in school the Athletic Association called a meeting and provided a scheme for selecting from the numerous candidates those who seemed most suited to represent old C. N. C.

At last when the time came, after many an internal clash between our own class teams, the call for candidates for the team to represent C. N. C. was given and the following men responded: Captain, Spencer; Adams, Smith, Dickman, and Hayne. Along with these ambitious veterans came Magill, Woods, Thomas, Mullins, Dobbins and Woody.

John V. Smith was elected manager at the beginning of the year. Although we lost the first two games this season, perhaps it was partly due to the fact that the team had not been permanently selected and that the hall located in the old County Fair Building had been secured only a short time. More games would have been won on the schedule had the old hall been a more suitable place to play.

Manager Smith secured the following table:

C. N. C. 18.....	Bainbridge 23.
C. N. C. 23.....	State Normal 69.
C. N. C. 27.....	Silent Hoosiers 7.
C. N. C. 20.....	Clayton H. S. 13.
C. N. C. 22.....	London 13.
C. N. C. 73.....	London 10.
C. N. C. 35.....	D. H. S. 6.
Total C. N. C. 218.....	Opponents 141.



BASEBALL TEAM

Baseball

Baseball, as an exercise and amusement, has taken a fine hold on the students of C. N. C. Last year was one of the best and most successful years in the history of athletics here, the home team winning ten of the twelve games played.

Although the team has not been so successful this year so far in the schedule played, yet the college has a strong team, and has played good, consistent ball in nearly every game to date.

The players are, top row, left to right: Aldridge, Mullins, Moore, D. L. Egnew, Manager, Thomas, Bline, Saulteen.

Front row left to right: Allen, Guffey, Hale, Lofton, Scott, McSchonig.

The following games have been scheduled for this season:

- C. N. C. vs Butler, at Butler
- C. N. C. vs Wynonna Lake, at Danville
- C. N. C. vs Wynonna Lake, at Wynonna Lake
- C. N. C. vs Franklin College, at Danville
- C. N. C. vs Butler, at Indianapolis
- C. N. C. vs Indiana Boys' School, at Plainfield
- C. N. C. vs State Normal, at Danville
- C. N. C. vs State Normal, at Terre Haute
- C. N. C. vs Danville Browns, at Danville
- C. N. C. vs Nebraska Indiana, at Danville
- C. N. C. vs Danville Browns, at Danville
- C. N. C. vs Indiana Boys' School, at Plainfield

C. N. C. Cadets

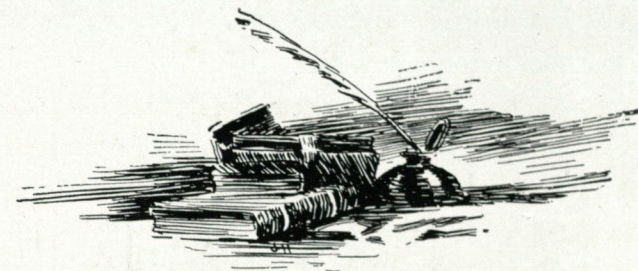
EDGAR MOORE, Major.
PAUL WRIGHT, Captain Co. A.
ARTHUR JORDAN, Captain Co. C.
WARREN BRYAN, Captain Co. C.
HARLEY MANLIEF, 1st Ser. Co. A.
EDGAR MULLINS, 1st Ser. Co. B.
WILLIAM FUSON, 1st Ser. Co. C.
ORVILLE MOORE, 2nd Ser. Co. A.
SIEGEL SPENCER, 2nd Ser. Co. B.
DARRELL GREEN, 2nd Ser. Co. C.

With a rat-tat-tatoo the Cadets rush into place and are here ready to give a salute. After a year's practice they stand ready to raise either bayonet, hand or brain for the defense of dear old alma mater.

From the time that Major Moore called the first meeting between the college buildings until the coming of summer with its suppressing hand, the Cadets have continually marked time. During that time they have gradually added a new leaf to the never ending record of C. N. C. affairs. Many hours of pleasure, as well as hours of earnest consecration to the work, have been spent.

No Cadet will ever forget the numerous hikes over town, the camping on Big Creek, the breaking of the guard line, the threats of frightened sentinels to shoot or throw a club at the culprit, the falling into line, the march across plowed fields, the court martial of the captain who neglected his duty, the trial of the deserter, the regret that a certain tree came up to make a stump which proved so disastrous, the parades on election day, corner stone laying day, and decoration day.

All honor is due our beloved Major for his never tiring devotion to the work. He alone has made the Cadets a C. N. C. factor. To him our hats go off; to the flag we give a salute, to alma mater we pledge our fondest recollections.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

An Affair of the Heart

Jim Jones of Squash Valley was the ardent suitor of a coy maid of twenty-five. He had been calling on her regularly twice a week for many months. He was desperately in love with her but he had never been able to muster the courage to tell her. He realized that his pa, his ma, his uncle Ged, and, in fact, every one except Sal herself knew of his love. And she must—he would tell her.

In the strength of his resolution he hastened across the field toward her home. He could see the dim light of her candle through the one window of the little log hut. He pictured himself sitting before the crackling logs with Sal by his side—he was telling her—but as he neared the dwelling his courage began to wane, yet he repeated to himself, "I must, I will."

He was greeted at the door by Sal's cheery "Evenin, Jim." "Evenin, Sal," he answered, "how's your pa?"

He's allright, been shuck'in' corn and is somewhat tired. He's just gone to the loft to bed."

"How's your ma?" continued Jim.

"Ma's been making soap today. She just filled that forty gallon barr'l afore dark and was so nigh played out that she's gone to the loft too. I was jist sittin' here knittin' and thinkin' of the time we went fishin'."

Jim was pleased that she had been thinking of him but unable to speak his message yet he blurted out, "Well how's your ma and your pa?"

Sal giggled, but divining the cause of his agitation she encouragingly informed him that they were both well.

Until the stroke of ten, nothing more could be heard but the tick-tock of the old brass clock.

At the stroke Jim stammered, "Sal, I've got to tell you somethin'. I—I—I—can't. But watch me at 'leben, Sal."

"What's troubling you, Jim?" she sympathetically asked.

"I can't tell you now, Sal, but watch me at 'leben."

The time passed on in quietness until the clock struck eleven. Sal looked inquiringly at Jim, who could only say, "Sal, I—I—I—jest can't. Watch me at twelve."

The situation was growing desperate, as the old clock kept saying "Tell her, tell her, ask her, ask her," and at the stroke of twelve Jim in desperation fell to his knees before Sal, shouting, "I—I—I— but at that moment a voice from above rang out "Sal is that fellar thar yit?" Sal joyfully answered, "No, ma, but he's gittin' thar."

O. E. CARTER.



The Tale of the Glove

(With apologies to Poe's Raven, Ulalume, To Helen, and Longfellow's Psalm of Life.)

Once into the moonlight streaming, walked we forth, my fair face beaming
With many a deep and holy expression of never-dying love—
While I whispered loving nothings in my true love's pearly ear;
Ah! there's no one half so fair, fairer she than the Angels above.
"How I love you," murmured I, "more than all the Angels above—
Pardon me, you've dropped your glove!"

Ah, distinctly, I presume, it was in the month of June,
And each ray of dying moon wrought an image upon the glove.
Eagerly I wished to sneak it—vainly then I sought to keep it,
As a token of my feeling—feeling which I knew was love—
For the rare and radiant maiden who had dropped her snow-white glove—
Such a maiden Angels love.

The skies they were starry and bright;
The grasses they were glittering with dew—
The grasses they were sparkling with dew—
The glove looked holy in the bright moonlight
That streamed through the leaves too few;
It was close by the famous old Rockery,
Made famous by the meeting of the two—
It was down by the side of the Rockery
Made famous by the P. B. K's too.
Sitting there, through an hour or more,
Of apprehension, I pleaded with my Love—
Of apprehension, with Amanda, my Love.

I said—

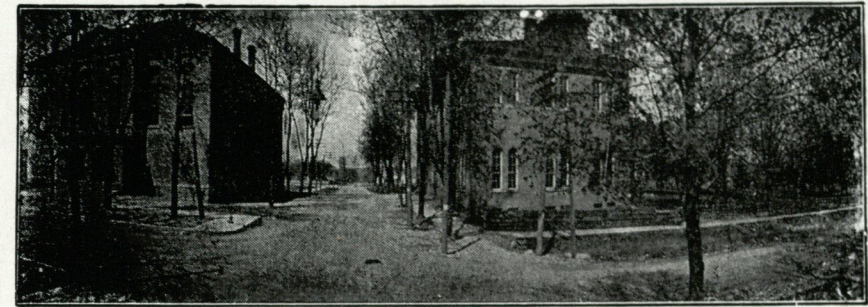
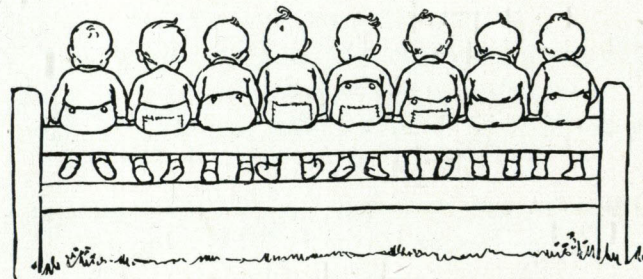
"Amanda, my love is for thee
Like the rushing river's stream,
That tumultuously, to the deep blue sea,
Rushes me on, tho like a dream,
To win a single love-gleam!"

She said—

“On dangerous ground I oft have trod,
 But free to return should I desire,
 And not be forced by any man’s rod
 To still go deeper into the mire;
 Good night, Sir, I wish to retire!”

Courting is real, courting is earnest,
 But proposing is not the goal;
 Single thou art, single remaineth
 Was surely spoken of my soul.

—J. M. P. R. S.



Central Normal College

DANVILLE, INDIANA

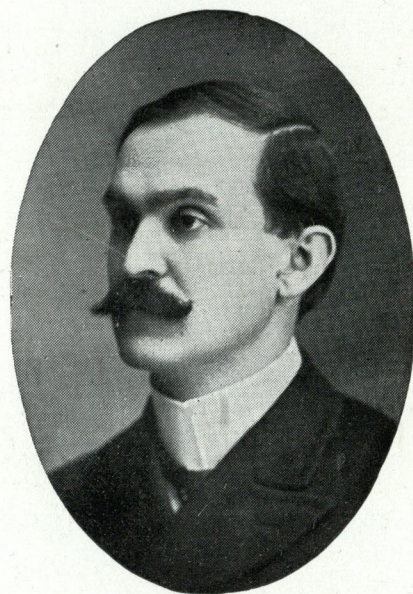
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5,000	-	Graduates

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Danville is known, the country over, as a clean, healthful,
 College town, where the expenses of a student are about two-
 thirds those of a University.



JOHN W. LAIRD
President of Central Normal College, A. M. Indiana University,
One year Harvard Graduate School.

GRADUATES SUCCESSFUL

NO other educational institution ever furnished Indiana so many State officials at one time. The following C. N. C. students are in office now:

Samuel M. Ralston, Governor.
Chas. A. Greathouse, Supt. Public Instruction.
John W. Spencer, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.
E. W. Felt, Judge of Appellate Court.
Phillip Zoecher, Reporter of Supreme Court.
E. W. McDaniels, Assistant Reporter of Supreme Court.
Edward Barrett, State Geologist.
Thomas Duncan, Pres. State Utilities Commission.
Jas. L. Clark, Member of State Utilities Commission.
Thos. C. McReynolds, Member of Panama Exposition Commission.
C. C. Hadley, Ex-Judge of Appellate Court, Member of Control of Boys' Reform School.
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YALLER FRONT

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J. L. DARNELL, Prop.

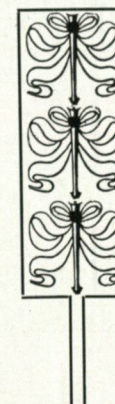
Danville, Indiana

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Hosiery

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Thomas J. Cofer . . . Vice President

W. C. Osborne . . . Secretary



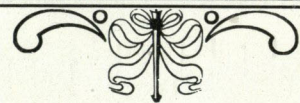
Mortgage Loans

Interest Paid on Time Deposits


C. N. C.
Headquarters

F. BREWER HADLEY

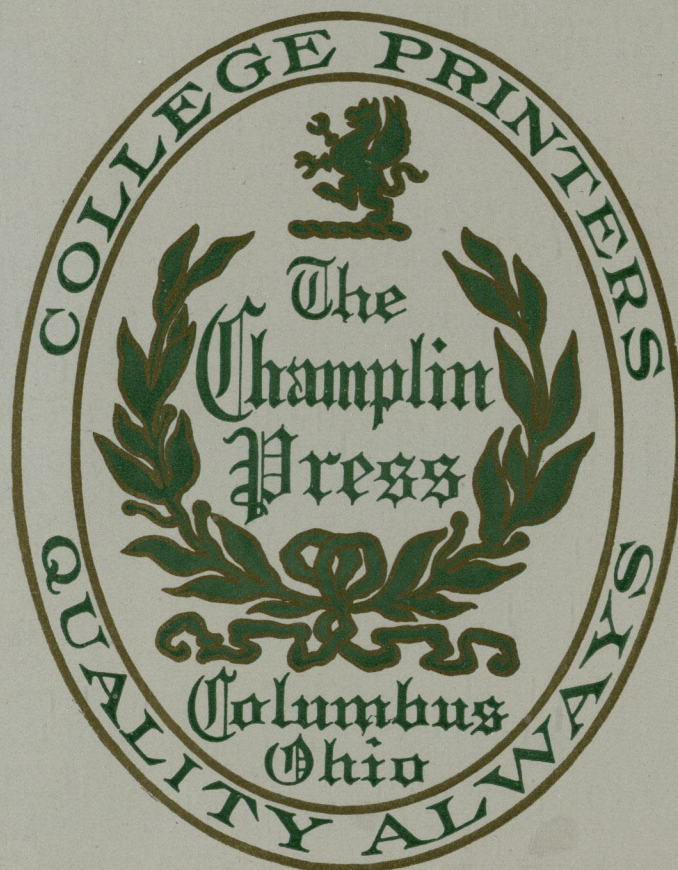
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from the top of the head
to the tip of the toe



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Clothing Made to Order
Sporting Goods, Etc.

A detailed black and white engraving of a large, multi-story building, likely a commercial or institutional structure. The building has many windows and a prominent corner. A circular logo is visible in the upper left corner of the illustration. The text "BUREAU OF ENGRAVING" is visible on the building's facade.

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