



CLARENCE ANDERSON

—has been a member of this class for two years, coming here from the Blackfoot High School. He graduates from the Scientific course.

## LETTERS FROM A. OF I. ALUMNI

Dear Editor:—Among the more brilliant accomplishments of my fellow classmates, the account of my quiet farm life will be mild. However, as I feel it best to treat of the subject one best understands, I will once more, with pen, tread the path that I have left behind in the last five years.

Upon leaving school, after graduating, I returned to the old home, and once more took up the life of a rancher, working in conjunction with my father.

I had long held a desire to go east to take up a course in the study of law. As it was not expedient for me to leave the ranch at that time, I decided to secure some government land, and during the summer of 1907 I located three hundred and twenty (320) acres of arid land, that for years had been passed by because of a shortage of water for irrigation purposes.

I now own the land and to overcome the obstacle I intend to put into practice the "dry farming" principles used in other arid sections of our country—that of intensive cultivation.

In the fall of 1907, there were employed as teachers in the Mackay, Idaho, school, several young ladies.

Social happenings on the ranch were very quiet that winter, and I attended the little social functions in Mackay, and—anyway, one young lady there decided to abandon teaching the following year.

Today my wife, our little daughter, and I, live in our own home.

Our house is nearly completed, and I am proud to say that I have built it myself.

I have just completed the erection of a three-wire fence, two and one-half miles in length, enclosing our lands. I am now clearing land preparatory to sowing fall, and dry land wheats.

What I have not yet accomplished is the securing of the course in law. However, "All things come to him who waits," "and works while waiting," I might add.

Two terms I have served, in my home precinct, as justice of the peace.

Should I not be happy, a home, a loving wife and little daughter, and a future glowing with possibilities?

What more could mortal ask?

SHERMAN F. FUREY.

U. S. Naval Academy,  
Annapolis, Md.,  
May 16, 1911.

My Dear Mr. Varnum:

Your letter of the 5th inst. arrived today. I am very sorry it was delayed, for I would have been pleased to do my little to help out the school paper. I am glad to hear that work of that sort is being taken up for it is undoubtedly beneficial to the whole school.

Wishing you all sorts of success in your paper, and hoping to be with you before the end of the present term, I am,

Sincerely yours,

J. L. NIELSON,  
Class '06, A. of I.

Class 1911, U. S. N. A.

After leaving the Academy in 1907, I

took the entrance examinations for the U. S. N. A. Passing these exams, I entered the 17th day of June, 1907, and will graduate June 2, 1911. The course here consists chiefly of theoretical work the first two years, leading up to professional subjects, which subjects are studied the last two years. For three months each year a cruise is taken for the benefit of the three upper classes at the Academy. Battleships are at present being used. Last summer the cruise was through European waters and included the principal seaports of the Atlantic side and those of the Mediterranean.

MIDSHIPMAN J. L. NIELSON,  
United States Navy.

Mackay, Idaho, May 27, 1911.  
The Idaho Techniad, Pocatello, Idaho:

Gentlemen: After an absence of two weeks, I return to find your valued letter of the 12th inst. In reply, I wish to say that since leaving school I have been with the Studebaker Bros.' Co., of Mackay, Idaho, as salesman and collector. I am very sorry I could not answer sooner, but my absence from town prevented me from receiving your communication.

Trusting this will furnish you with the information you desire, I remain,

Very truly yours,  
L. P. KESSINGER, '09.

Harry M. Derham, 1906, since leaving the Academy, has worked two years in the engineering department of the Oregon Short Line Railroad, and has spent the past three years at the University of Washington, Seattle, taking work in civil engineering. He expects to be located at Pocatello this summer after June 10th. A conflict in the

dates set for his college examinations at Seattle and for the Alumni banquet and baseball game at Pocatello precludes his attending the latter functions, much as they represent his natural preference.

Seattle, Wash., May 15, 1911.  
Mr. R. Varnum, Editor The Idaho Techniad,  
Pocatello, Idaho:

Dear Sir:—I received your letter relative to the "Alumni Number" of the Idaho Techniad only yesterday, and as I am quite busy at present, will be unable to furnish anything for this issue beyond a thumbnail sketch of what I have been doing since leaving the Academy.

It was just recently that I became aware of the presence of your fine little journal at the Academy, for I must confess to not keeping in as close touch with the affairs of the Academy as a loyal alumnus should. Next year my name will be enrolled on your subscription roll.

Merely a suggestion: Would it not be a good thing to devote a page or two each issue to an Alumni Department? I am certain this would be a good thing for the Alumni Association, serving to keep the members in touch with each other as well as with the Academy, and furthermore, the association is attaining some size and the addition of its membership to your subscription roll would assist you a little. Any assistance I can render in establishing this feature in next year's volume will be gladly given, in case you act favorably upon the suggestion.

With best wishes for the continued success of the Idaho Techniad, I am,

Sincerely yours,

HARRY M. DERHAM, '06.

4348 Seventh Avenue, N. E.

## ALUMNI NOTES

Many of the Academy's foster sons and daughters, absorbed in the quest of learning or lucre, have strayed far from their native heath, and the tie that binds them to their Alma Mater has in some cases become very attenuated, if not altogether sundered by time and distance. Some of them have formed other ties since they left the white walls and winding walks of our State Technical School. Among those who have entered the bonds of wedlock are Charles W. McClain, private secretary for Federal Judge Dietrich of Boise, who married Rachel Cook, a former student of the Academy; Helen K. Whittlesey, who is now Mrs. E. F. Ferer, and lives in Cosmopolis, Oregon; Della B. De Lano, who had the unique distinction of marrying a member

of the faculty, Hubert S. Upjohn; Donald D. Burnside, who was so loyal to the Academy that he married an alumna of the institution, Callie Gray, and is now a partner of his father-in-law in the real estate business in Pocatello; Sherman F. Furey, who seems to be a firm believer in the "back to the farm" movement; Neva M. Rice, wife of Dr. Springer of Boise; Ellen L. Reeves, invincible forward in basketball, now Mrs. William Marley of Brogan, Oregon; Gwendolyn F. Sullivan, who may have been interested in clothes, for she married a tailor; Grace Gertrude Kerr, our basketball star and first winner of the Domestic Science prize, now Mrs. William J. Ferguson of Salmon, Idaho; and it is rumored that Harold E. Parsons, who was

so fond of taking pictures, has taken a wife; and the report, unconfirmed as yet, has reached us that W. J. Burkhard is on the very verge of matrimony. "Burky" never flinched in football, and we hope he will not, in this new experience, lose his head as well as his heart. He has lived so long near Bliss that we cannot blame him for crossing the border.

Thus the early graduates set an example for succeeding classes and seem to establish the fact that the Academy is better than a matrimonial bureau.

The first on our Alumni list, Della De Lano, was also the first fair victim of the grim reaper. Her bright, brown eyes, which our first Principal, Mr. Faris, once said were always so clear that they never conveyed the slightest impression of dissipation, long since grew dim. May we long be spared the pain of a second bereavement.

Arthur Gayle is cashier of a bank at Challis. Edward Gooding assists his

father, who is one of Idaho's great sheep barons.

Lilliegrace McLaughlin has devoted herself so faithfully to study that she will receive the M. A. degree this year at Fremont Normal College, Nebraska. Thus she is our first graduate to receive college and graduate degrees.

Gertrude Berry is a stenographer in Boise; Maude Dayton is secretary to our Principal; Loretta Duddleson and Nona Faris are students in California; Clair Goodwin, although only a Freshman in the University of California, made the baseball squad this year; Del Sullivan and Hubert Hauser have been led by the lure of lucre, even to our nation's capital to work for Uncle Sam. Earl Oliver is a Junior in the University of Utah, and is as studious as ever. Howard Parsons has made a good record as stenographer and student at the University of Oregon.

Here's to our Alumni. We wish them well. May they all live long and prosper!

## TO THE ALUMNI

Yes, it was the same old school, the same dear, beloved place. The old moss-covered stone gate still guarded its entrance, and within stretched the green of the campus, set with its rich old gems, the various University buildings. The trees, grave and sedate oaks and elms, the merry maples, and the proud, haughty poplars communed in dull, droning whispers, as though reviewing among themselves the secrets of the long vista of college years, over which they had so long stood sentinel. The white, hard-trodden path wound through the green-hushed quiet, now approaching the library, next passing the Conservatory of Music, and at the next turn vanishing from sight. The white of the tennis courts, flecked with what sunlight drifted through the leafy canopy, gleamed at a distance. The eye of a silent onlooker took it all in, but the mind encompassed much more. The mind saw the path still stretching on to the bridge over the little creek, with its abundance of water cress. Then the dormitories lay to the left. On the other side of the campus stood the chapel, enveloped in an atmosphere of piety and reverence. And perhaps the mind pictured strange scenes. For it the path was peopled with light-hearted girls and boys, every nook held some sweet or bitter recollection.

At this moment a gay group of students trooped from one of the buildings, talking gaily and awakening the solemn quiet with their gay laughs. The reveries of the onlooker were rudely dispelled. She sighed,

and then advanced toward the gay students.

The students, if they had noticed her at all, would have described her as elderly, with a handsome, but cold and proud face, and the bearings of a refined lady of wealth and social standing. She addressed them briefly, inquiring as to where she might find the dean, then went on.

In another part of the campus, sitting on a rustic bench shaded by large lilac bushes, with their load of purple fragrance, sat another lonesome figure. But how different from the one last viewed. A little toil-worn woman, dressed in homely garb of black. The sweet face under the old-fashioned bonnet was traced with many lines of care and the shoulders were slightly their dignity and their black robes, with stooped. Only the eyes told no tales of a life of hardship. They were the eyes of youth with all its hope and vigor, unchanged and undimmed by time. Now those eyes were full of tears and her hands were tightly clenched, as she murmured softly, "My school! My school!"

It was commencement week at Hawthorne College. The whole school was at its best. Work was over, and all were engaged in making this last week a success. Groups of students strolled over the campus, taking last glimpses of best-loved haunts. Many were the fond farewells to be said. The Seniors, fully enwrapped in their mortar boards at precisely the right angle on their slightly enlarged heads,

strode solemnly by, once in a while deigning to give some underclassman a glance of sympathy.

The last address by the old, white-haired president was given that afternoon. The chapel was full to overflowing, but in the very back pew, not far separated, sat two familiar figures, "The Proud Woman," and "The Little Lady in Black." As the deep strains of the pipe organ permeated the chapel, an instant hush fell and all heads were involuntarily bowed. The choir sang, then the president rose, and with a voice that trembled slightly at first, he bid them all farewell, with words of encouragement for the future life out in the world. Many eyes were moist as he closed and "The Proud Woman" with face strangely softened, met the glance of "The Little Lady in Black." Instantly both started. "Beth!" "Margaret!"

At the chapel door they met, the two women who had been school girls together. Margaret, who had been the social leader in the school, and Beth, the pet of them all. Together the two wandered about the sad haunts, just ghosts of the old times returning to the shell that had held them.

Here by the old oak they told of the night they had hidden in its shade and pushed a weird, broomstick ghost out, under the very nose of the passing dean. More deeds of

blackness were brought to light than any dean ever imagined human brains able to concoct. Oh, if those days could only come again.

The last day had to come. The two sat on the same rustic bench, hands clasped. There had been a long silence. Suddenly Beth, still the little woman in black, spoke slowly: "Margaret, why was it that I felt, before we left school, that you had grown away from me and wished to avoid me?"

A long pause, then from Margaret: "Beth, did you marry him?" And at the nod of assent, "I loved him."

Long they sat there, till the drowsy dusk fell and the crickets began to chirp. Then they parted.

A few years later, Beth died, leaving her only daughter, a little Margaret, to the guardianship of its namesake. More years passed, and the scene changes to the campus of Hawthorne College. There, by the bench stands a tall, slender maiden, viewing the vast wealth and beauty around her with appreciative eyes. Her name is Margaret. Her glance rests on the gate, the green campus, with the same unbending sentinels, the buildings, and the little bridge, and she murmurs:

"It is my heritage from—my mother."

—Dorothy Snyder, '12.

## A. OF I. GRADUATES AT THE UNIVERSITY

There should be a strong link between the Academy of Idaho and the University of Idaho. The Academy was primarily founded for the purpose of providing a preparatory education for those students who were not able to go to high school. If this was the purpose for which the Academy was founded, it certainly has failed to carry out the intention of the legislature, for at the present time there are five former Academy students, three of whom are graduates, at the University.

Frank Crandall, who together with Blaine Houck, formed the graduating class from the Academy for 1905, after staying out of school for four years, decided to take a course in civil engineering and registered last fall as a freshman. He is doing good work in his studies, being one of the best draftsmen in the freshman class. Mr. Crandall is partly working his way through school as are many other ambitious students.

Orville Alva Faris (known as Bud at the Academy and also here at the University), who graduated in 1907 with a fairly large class, was out of school one year and then

registered in the fall of 1908 as a freshman in civil engineering. Mr. Faris has been very popular in the university, being elected president of the Junior class, of which he is now a member, and also being the student manager of baseball for this season. Mr. Faris was captain and first lieutenant in the battalion of cadets. He is a member of Phi Delta Theta Fraternity.

Ray D. Bistline, who graduated with a class of twelve at the Academy in 1909, and who played on the baseball team three years and captain of the pennant-winning team of 1908, and who was also a forward on the basketball team during the season of 1908-09, entered the University of Idaho the same fall and registered, as did the other two mentioned, for civil engineering. He was the only one out of this class that entered the University, although there were several others who attended different institutions. Mr. Bistline has been partly working his way through school by doing stenographic work in the Publicity office, and also miscellaneous other typewriting. He is also on the Argonaut staff as a reporter. Mr. Bistline obtained Class B honors last year in his work, and will no doubt do bet-