

The **P**ALIMPSEST

MARCH 1929

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THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE

THE PALIMPSEST, issued monthly by the State Historical Society of Iowa, is devoted to the dissemination of Iowa History. Supplementing the other publications of this Society, it aims to present the materials of Iowa History in a form that is attractive and a style that is popular in the best sense—to the end that the story of our Commonwealth may be more widely read and cherished.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH

Superintendent

THE MEANING OF PALIMPSESTS

In early times palimpsests were parchments or other materials from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the records of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

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THE PALIMPSEST

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Some Songs of Long Ago

During the seventies and eighties there flourished in Iowa a pleasant and unsophisticated institution known as the singing school. It was at once an expression of the social inclinations of the community and an attempt to satisfy an instinctive hunger for music. Organs were rare and pianos almost unheard of, but the singing master and his tuning fork took the place of these.

The teacher was sometimes a local man who was noted for his "talent". More often, however, he was an itinerant musician, possibly of German extraction, who had organized a circuit of schools and rode from one to another on horseback. In this case he was a picturesque visitor to the community, and folks entertained him in the same style accorded to circuit riding preachers. The master of a series of singing schools in southern Iowa was the father of Paul Whiteman of modern musical fame.

Singing school started in the fall as soon as corn husking was over, and if there were enough pupils a second term was held after Christmas during the snowed-in months of January and February. Ten or twelve lessons usually constituted a term, but sometimes there were only eight, and the tuition ranged from a dollar and a half to five dollars for the course.

Though money was hard to earn in those days it was seldom grudged the singing master. Neither was enrollment hindered by the fact that certain young people lacked musical talent. The opportunities for courting were unexcelled, and could not be missed for a mere matter of dollars or discords.

Meetings were held in the schoolhouse on one or two evenings a week, lasting from an hour and a half to two hours, or until enthusiasm and lungs gave out. From twenty to thirty young people gathered for the occasion. Some one lit the flickering lamps along the wall. Another built a roaring fire in the round-bellied stove. The singing master stepped upon the platform and tried to silence the chattering group while they were still hunting song books or laying off wraps. Then an evening of music and merriment began.

During the first lessons of the term the pupils were drilled on notes and scales which were written on the blackboard. This academic training was passed over rapidly, however, for the older boys preferred to appear so hopelessly dumb in recog-

nizing "do, re, mi" that the teacher was sometimes driven almost to distraction. The next step in the process was the singing of simple tunes by note. This usually went better, and the master learned to overlook a lone "fa" when everybody else was singing "sol". Next came instruction in singing "parts", the bass, tenor, alto, and soprano holding forth in unison. Finally after several meetings came the more interesting songs with words, and the whole group was off on "The School House on the Hill" or "The Sing-sing-singing Skewel".

If there was no organ in the schoolhouse for accompaniment, the first note of a piece was given on a tuning fork or pitch pipe. Sometimes the teacher brought a fiddle and played the tune through once so that the pupils could get the hang of it. During the actual singing he would lay the instrument aside in order to gesticulate and otherwise direct his vocal "orchestra".

Such song books as *The Conqueror*, *Uncle Sam's School Songs*, *Golden Glees*, and *The Song Champion* were popular. They contained a miscellaneous collection of hymns, patriotic pieces, songs rich in morality or dripping with sentimentality, and a few selections that were full of old-fashioned fun. During a term the school sang through one of these books from beginning to end, thus probably turning from the rollicking strains of "The Hearty Laugh" on one page to the mournful cadences of "The Drunkard's Home" on the next.

But the pupils soon developed preferences and called for such favorites as "The Brave Old Oak", "Seeing Nellie Home", "The Husking Bee", "Freedom's Banner", "Revolutionary Tea", "The Sailor's Return", "Cousin Jedediah", "O, No, John", and "Riding on the Train". The latter was a lively, up-to-date piece which started:

Sun is shining brightly,
Not a sign of rain,
Oh, I'm going to town to
Board a railroad train;
Heart is beating wildly,
Will not stop at all,
Jolly, won't I ride fast
On the "Cannon Ball?"

"Don't Leave the Farm, Boys" was also typical of the times. After warning against the sins of the city and get-rich-quick schemes, the last stanza mentioned the advantages of farming.

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey.
Better stay on the farm awhile longer,
Tho' the profits come in rather slow.
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

Another popular song was "Dearest May". It was particularly pleasing if one of the girls was

named May, so that the boys could all appear mildly flirtatious as they bellowed out the words:

O May, dearest May,
You're lovely as the day,
Your eyes so bright,
They shine at night,
When the moon am gone away.

Of the religious numbers, the favorites were "How Tedious and Tasteless", "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand", "Onward, Christian Soldiers", "Bringing in the Sheaves", and "Beulah Land". Every one knew these pieces by heart and sang with assurance. On Sundays members of the singing school augmented the choir at church where their week-day practice and training showed to advantage.

Usually the last meeting of the school was turned into a public entertainment so that the singing master might display the talent of his young vocalists. Held in a church or the Opera House, this occasion was serious enough to quell the boisterous spirits of the older boys while the girls were all aglow with excitement. Certainly the boys cast fewer sly glances than usual in the direction of the pretty girls during the singing of,

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the Rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

The repertoire for the "exercises" usually included a substantial hymn like "Rock of Ages", a melancholy piece like "The Last Rose of Summer", and a patriotic selection such as "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean".

No final recital was considered complete without that favorite entitled, "We All Have a Very Bad Cold". This piece amused the audience, and sometimes tickled the funny bones of the participants to such a degree that they were seized with fits of laughter instead of spells of coughing and sneezing.

The Tenor now your Sol Fa Mi,
With vigor you must sing,
Let ev'ry tone be loud and clear,
This room with music ring.

Tenor

Excuse me, Sir, I cannot sing,
I am so very hoarse,
And ev'ry tone I try to sound,
Is very rough and coarse. (cough and sneeze)

Alto

O dear, O dear, I fear you'll scold,
I, too, have got a cold,
I cough and sneeze with perfect ease,
But cannot sing to please. (cough and sneeze)

Soprano

Oh, please, Sir, now my part excuse,
My cold is very bad,
And father says I must not sing. (cough and sneeze)

Bass

Who cares about your Dad.

Chorus

We all have a very bad cold, (bad cold,)
That's a story that has often been told, (been told,)
But with us you'll agree,
For you surely can see,
That we all have a very bad cold.
Yes, a very, (cough) yes, a very, (cough and sneeze)
Yes, we all have a very bad cold.

But whether the school was struggling with the intricacies of "do, re, mi", whether it had reached the "I Love the Merry Sunshine" stage, or whether every one had a "very bad cold", all the pupils looked forward to a happy evening at every meeting. The master was a benevolent tyrant whose scoldings were not to be taken too seriously. The singing furnished an outlet for pent-up feelings and high spirits. And what was probably just as important, the occasion itself offered an excellent opportunity for bashful swains to stand on the door-step until the fairest girl came out and then, with palpitating heart, ask to "see her safe home".

On fine winter nights bob-sleds and cutters would glide away from the darkened schoolhouse with the merry occupants singing in clear, young voices

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells!

Jingle all the way!

Oh, what fun it is to ride

In a one-horse open sleigh!

But such halcyon days could not last forever. As times changed, the singing school gradually drifted out of existence, until in the nineties it was little more than a memory. The love and the habit of singing had been planted, however, and Iowans continued to enjoy their own voices until the advent of the "talking machine".

During the later decades young girls took music lessons instead of going to singing school. A Story and Clark organ, with its walnut case and ornamental shelves for vases and family photographs, became an integral part of every well-furnished parlor.

Often after a big family dinner the party would gather round the organ in the evening for a "sing". Or perhaps the girls would be entertaining their "beaus" in the parlor and the family, partly to chaperon and partly to indulge their love of music, would join the group.

The organist might begin with that indigenous song of the great migration of 'forty-eight which had floated out from under the top of many a covered wagon as it lumbered across the grassy prairie.

Oh, then, Susannah,
Don't you cry fer me!
I'm goin' out to Oregon,
With my banjo on my knee!

Perhaps this was followed by one of the old marching songs of the emigrants.

Then o'er the hills in legions, boys,
Fair freedom's star
Points to the sunset regions, boys,
Ha, ha, ha-ha!

When we've wood and prairie land,
Won by our toil,
We'll reign like kings in fairy-land,
Lords of the soil.

After warming up on these pioneer tunes, some old Civil War music might be suggested and, with voices hushed by memories, the company would sing "Just Before the Battle, Mother", "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground", and "Dixie", that half-gay, half-plaintive song of the Confederate army. Both the lilt of the women's voices and the boom of the men's joined in,

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land!
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land!

This would naturally lead to some of Stephen Foster's tender pieces. "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Black Joe" were usually sung. However, "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground" or "Old Dog Tray", sometimes took precedence over these. Sel-

dom was "Old Folks at Home" omitted for this touching song of common emotions had a wide appeal.

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha' my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

If the southern melodies were pursued a bit further, "Darling Nelly Gray" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" would be included. The men's voices would sound particularly mellow on

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,
There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

The women, on the other hand, would sing their sweetest on "All Through the Night", "Sweet and Low", and

Nita! Juanita!
Ask thy soul if we should part!
Nita! Juanita!
Lean thou on my heart.

"Maggie, Air Ye Sleepin'", "Nellie Wildwood",
and "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young

Charms" formed a group which the older folks loved to sing. They were particularly apt to insist upon "The Little Brown Church in the Vale", perhaps without realizing that it referred to an Iowa scene.

There's a church in the valley by the wild-wood,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.
How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning
To list to the clear ringing bell;
Its tones so sweetly are calling,
O come to the church in the vale.

Bobby Burns was immortalized in the hearts of the singers by "Auld Lang Syne", "Comin' Thro' the Rye", or the sweet, gliding strains of "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton". Perhaps "The Blue-Bells of Scotland" and "Annie Laurie" were added to the Scotch collection.

When the young folks were satiated with slow measures, they would swing into a series of college airs beginning with "Solomon Levi".

My name is Solomon Levi
And my store's on Salem Street;
That's where to buy your coats and vests
And ev'rything else that's neat;
Second handed ulsterettes
And overcoats so fine,
For all the boys that trade with me at
Hundred and forty-nine.

Other songs of the same type which might be suggested were "The Bull-Dog on the Bank", "Three Blind Mice", "Good-Night, Ladies", "Sailing", and "The Spanish Cavalier".

Both the young and old folks enjoyed the gayety of a few old square-dance tunes — "Old Brass Wagon", "Turkey in the Straw", "Old Gray Mare", "Ain't Gonna Rain", "Captain Jinks", and "The Arkansaw Traveler". These melodies were fraught with happy memories, for the pioneers had stepped to them at barn dances and hoe-downs in their younger days. They were too good to lose and had been passed on to the second generation. And the third generation was also to know them, after they had been "jazzed" or "blued".

At this juncture some of the company declared that they were "sung out". The chaperonage visibly relaxed as the yawns increased. So the parlor, with its horse-hair sofa, its carpet of blended dogs and roses, and its wall paper striped with geometric flowers, was left to the young ladies and gentlemen.

Immediately the songs changed to a different type, for the craze for "popular" music had just spread over Iowa. Everybody whistled, hummed, or sang the latest rag-time hits, which often concerned an event or a characteristic of the day.

The "modern" repertoire of the singers probably began with the famous "cycling" song, "Daisy Bell", for the vogue of the bicycle was then at its height.

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do.
I'm half crazy,
All for love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet
On the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!

Then followed "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night", which was particularly popular as a band piece during the Spanish American War, and "Ta-ra-ra-ra Boom de-ay". "The Bowery", "Little Annie Rooney", and "The Sidewalks of New York" were sentimental east-side ballads which had caught the public fancy. Everybody sang enthusiastically,

East side, West side, all around the town,
The tots sang "ring-a-rosie", "London Bridge
is falling down;"
Boys and girls together,
Me and Mamie Rorke,
Tripped the light fantastic, on the
Sidewalks of New York.

A song of another type, but just as sentimental, was "On the Banks of the Wabash".

Oh, the moonlight's fair to-night along the Wabash,
From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay;
Thro' the sycamores the candlelights are gleaming,
On the banks of the Wabash, far away.

This was written by Paul Dresser, brother of Theodore Dreiser. Dresser, who preferred this spelling, was considered, next to Stephen Foster, "the father of the American ballad". "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" was another of his successes.

"Grandfather's Clock" expressed a hearthstone sentiment. It was written in 1876, but was widely sung during the nineties.

My Grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor;
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Tho' it weighed not a pennyweight more.

At least one such "hit" as "The Moth and the Flame", "Sweet Marie", "Daisies Won't Tell", "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon", and "The Rosary" was demanded in any group of songsters a generation ago. Perhaps "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" would be included. President and Mrs. Harding learned this song as young people and "thirty years later they used to sing it with intimate gatherings in the White House."

I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below;
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprang,
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

Other popular ballads with less personal romanticism were: "Two Little Girls in Blue", "The Picture That Is Turned to the Wall", "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky", and "Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage". A flippant piece which was often appropriate to the occasion was "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard". The chorus went:

I don't want to play in your yard,
I don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see me
Sliding down our cellar door;
You can't holler down our rain barrel;
You can't climb our apple tree;
I don't want to play in your yard,
If you won't be good to me.

A few of the humorous ditties which served as antidotes for the "heavy-sugar" songs of the time were: "Sucking Cider Through a Straw", "Rastus on Parade", "The Cat Came Back", "Dan McGinty", and "Where Did You Get That Hat?"

"After the Ball", at the height of its popularity during the World's Fair in 1893, was sure to be sung in any informal gathering. It was one of the earliest examples of "a big smashing hit" and netted its writer the neat profit of \$100,000.

As perhaps the most typical of the pieces of this period, it was a fitting number with which to close an evening of song. The organist had probably reached the stage where she could pump the bellows

no longer, and the singers' voices had cracked and their throats grown tired. Besides, it was almost ten-thirty, and that was very late.

So everybody "wet their whistles" with a right good will for the last tune:

After the ball is over,
After the break of morn,
After the dancers' leaving,
After the stars are gone;
Many a heart is aching, if you could
 read them all;
Many the hopes that have vanished
After the ball.

PAULINE GRAHAME

The Varsity Whirl

January 7, 1890. Tuesday. Collegiate work was resumed to-day after the Christmas vacation. A general consciousness of the beginning of a new decade in the life of the University seems to pervade the campus. Both students and faculty exhibit a spirit of enthusiasm that promises a splendid future. Socially the season is to be opened with a magnificent banquet by the Zetagathian Literary Society. The fraternity crowd is rather skeptical of the ability of the "sockless Zets" to entertain in style, but the quiet confidence of the literary society men is quite disconcerting to their critics. Of course the Zets really do wear stockings, but because fraternity men are ineligible to membership in that society the notion seems to be prevalent that the Zets are devoid of social standing.

January 10, 1890. Friday. Rumor persists that preparations for the Zet banquet to-night are very elaborate. The society room on the top floor of South Hall has been beautifully refurnished for the occasion. They say that the banquet itself will surpass in elegance anything of its kind ever undertaken by a University organization. No wonder it will cost every Zet five dollars!

January 11, 1890. Saturday. Hurrah for the Zets! For genuine grandeur a standard of excel-

lence has been established which is not likely to be equalled for years to come. The Irving Society hall was used as a reception room where the Zets regaled their guests with a preliminary program of music and elocution in which Benj. F. Shambaugh's "Argument of a Senior Law in Moot Court" and A. E. Chaffee's impersonations in a humorous recitation were received with great favor. Stepping to the measured rhythm of a majestic air, "the company marched in stately procession" to the Zetagathian hall where the sumptuous banquet was spread. What a magic transformation art and skill had wrought! It was hard for the Zets themselves to realize that they were in Old South Hall instead of the banquet chamber of some princely mansion. When the appetite of the hungriest had been more than satisfied, Vice-Chancellor McClain arose and introduced President Schaeffer who toasted "The Faculty". H. W. Craven followed with a toast to "The Ladies". He admitted that he had given the subject much attention but confessed his inability to embrace the whole of it. In response to "The Zets of the Present", William Duffield spoke feelingly of the close brotherhood existing between members of the Society, due to the anti-fraternity clause in their constitution, and announced that this banquet was the beginning of a more social régime. The cultural purposes of the organization were then emphasized by W. B. LaForce, and M. L. Sears concluded the formal program with some witty remarks

about "The trophies and who got 'em: the soup and who fell in". The remainder of the evening was spent in singing college songs and various amusements, until at last Jimmie Barry, self-styled "President of the university in the night-time", appeared with the emphatic announcement, "It's time ye was goin' home, boys!" Thus ended the Zet banquet. It was a *swell* party.

April 25, 1891. The Betas, Phi Psis, Tau Delts, and Phi Delts have been planning a pan-hellenic dance. Some trouble has developed, however, and the Betas have withdrawn from the group. The whole difficulty seems to have arisen because the Betas invited five or six girls whom the Tau Delts wanted. As every one knows, each fraternity keeps a "slate" of favorite girls who are regularly invited to their parties. Evidently these girls were listed on both fraternities' slates and each felt it had a prior claim. The Tau Delts proposed that all the girls' names be put in a hat and every man draw one. But the Betas considered this scheme too absurd and so have dropped out of the party. According to the Betas' explanation in the *Vidette Reporter*, they beg to announce "right here and now that they are entirely satisfied with their conduct in the matter and always will be." They will "have their own parties in their own way."

May 5, 1891. Tuesday. Despite the absence of the Betas, the pan-hellenic party last night was "one of the most brilliant social events" of the sea-

son. Phi Delta Theta and Delta Tau Delta graciously threw open their halls. Phi Kappa Psi was generous also, and did not hesitate to rip its canvas to fit the Delt parlor, and to move its elegant furniture into the halls across the street. The Phi Delt parlor hung with frat banners and pictures, decorated with flowers and ribbons, especially of Phi Psi pink and lavender, was indeed a pretty sight. The "blue-room" and Delt library were made into card rooms, while refreshments were served in Fred's best style in the Phi Delt chapter room. "Programmes, party, halls, band, people — all, all were grand."

October 15, 1891. Thursday. This morning there was great excitement at the University. By ten o'clock nearly two hundred students had congregated around the pump and at the foot of the north steps of South Hall. President Schaeffer, aware of the purpose of the gathering, came out of his office in the Old Capitol and joined the throng. Most of the boys were upperclassmen, though groups of Freshmen mingled with the rest. An air of expectancy pervaded the situation. Almost any untoward incident might precipitate the annual "class scrap". At last Oscar C. Anderson, the Freshman class president, came out, probably thinking that the Sophomores would not dare to molest him while the president of the University was present. Apparently the upperclassmen were not to be overawed, however, for a number of men rushed forward and

bore Anderson away to a hack. Just as they were about to put him in the vehicle, President Schaeffer stepped into the other side of it and commanded them to stop. Thereupon they started hustling Anderson down to the South Gate, impeded somewhat by the desperate resistance of the Freshmen. President Schaeffer started to take down the names of some of the students but that did not seem to have any effect. There were no serious casualties although Will Chester had a rib broken. The "scrap" ended only when the contestants were exhausted and President Schaeffer had led Anderson away. There is much difference of opinion as to whether the President was justified in intervening. The faculty insist that the time-honored custom of the Sophs carrying off Freshmen must stop. But what will happen tomorrow night at the Freshman banquet?

October 17, 1891. Saturday. The Sophs did not succeed in keeping a single Freshman away from the class banquet last night. This is the first time in the history of S. U. I. that no committeeman, officer, or speaker was absent involuntarily. Last year the Sophs succeeded in corralling two or three men.

The dining room of the St. James Hotel looked ever so pretty with the long white tables arranged in an F shape and adorned with beautiful bouquets. When the merry company had assembled, the Reverend M. A. Bullock invoked the divine blessing

upon the sumptuous dinner that was served. A "flow of wit, reason and eloquence" from various speakers followed the feast, and then the Freshmen "answered the strains of the music and devoted themselves to the giddy whirl" until after one o'clock!

November 3, 1891. Tuesday. Thirty-five of the girls gave a banquet at the St. James Hotel for the Minnesota and Iowa football teams. Even if Iowa did lose the game 42 to 4, we want the Minnesota team to know that we are good sports and don't begrudge them their precious victory. Of course there was dancing after the speeches.

November 24, 1891. Tuesday. There have been several "social gatherings" in the past few days. Last Friday night the Kappa Kappa Gammas had an oyster supper at the home of Professor Charles Bundy Wilson, and on Monday evening they entertained a few friends at the home of Miss Lizzie Reese. "Taffy was the order of the evening, and great fun is reported." Last Friday night also, the Tau Delts "threw open their halls" in the Johnson County Bank building to "a gathering of their lady friends", and they say "the gaily dressed damsels tripping to and fro from the dance hall with their beaming consorts or whirling round and round the canvassed hall" made a very pleasing picture. One o'clock came all too soon.

January 16, 1892. Saturday. The Phi Kappa Psis gave the prettiest snow party last night in

their halls over Whetstone's. "Snow banks and snow balls met the eye in every direction." The flickering light of the candle chandeliers accentuated the wintry atmosphere of the setting.

February 25, 1892. Thursday. Progressive cinch is becoming very popular. Last month one of the fraternities had a progressive cinch party for eleven couples, and last Tuesday evening the Tau Delts gave a very enjoyable entertainment of the same kind in their hall. Miss Tennie Easton received a beautiful souvenir orange spoon for her "matchless playing" while Miss Gertrude Getchell carried off the "booby" prize, a bottle of catsup labeled "catch-up". After eleven every one "repaired to Fred's, where the banquet boards had been prepared."

March 10, 1892. About thirty students attended the progressive tiddledy winks party given by the prim ladies of T. W. V. Miss Clementine Ashley, of the class of '95, won the first prize, while Miss Kate Bostedo, also a Freshman, carried off the booby prize. After the exciting games were over, the contestants found themselves so imbued with the spirit of the game that they turned to dancing in emulation of the hopping tiddledy winks.

May 21, 1892. Saturday. Everybody had the best time last night at the Senior Party which was held in Irving hall, even though some irresponsible underclassmen did steal the ice cream. As there are so many more Senior boys than girls, some of the more popular younger girls were invited. The

assembled company was absorbed in playing games when suddenly, about ten o'clock, a group of underclassmen came swarming up the stairs. The Seniors were outnumbered two to one and although some of the boys lost their tempers and wanted to fight they were persuaded by the cooler-headed members of the class to let the intruders make away with the ice cream, since they couldn't be prevented anyway, and, besides, the rascals had taken the dishes early in the afternoon. This did not break up the party: the gayety waxed even livelier than it had been before the interruption, if that were possible.

October 1, 1892. Some of the girls are talking of having a picnic as a seasonable social event. Foster and Leuz advertise as "the wide-awake liverymen" whose horses are "speedy and stylish", so perhaps their new band-wagon would be the most suitable for this occasion. The outing will probably take the form of a nutting party "with all the added attractions which tennis, target shooting, rowing, and amateur photography can lend."

February 21, 1893. As there have been no Sophomore-Freshmen class "scraps" this year, it has been an open question whether the traditional Sophomore-Freshman peace banquet would be given. However, the Sophs have set the date for March 9th, so it seems that even if there is no hatchet to bury or pipe of peace to smoke this fitting custom is to be continued.

February 28, 1893. It looks now as though the

Sophomore-Freshman banquet would be postponed to March 14th. One wonders what has happened to the oft-boasted "spirit" of the class of '95. Last year nearly every member attended the reception tendered by the class of '94, but evidently some members of the class greatly prefer the position of guest to that of host. The way some of the Sophomores are hanging back and letting a few pay the bills is disgraceful. They ought to be ashamed of themselves. If this sort of thing keeps up the Sophomore-Freshman banquet will not be much of a success.

March 10, 1893. Friday. Well, the Sophomore-Freshman banquet did take place last night, as scheduled, after all. In spite of the hostility of the weather, nearly a hundred were gathered in the society rooms of Old South Hall. Following the refreshments, toasts were given, after which wish-bones were distributed and broken. Games and dancing held full sway until after one o'clock. Then it was discovered that some smart-alec had hidden several of the ladies' wraps, "but the banquet was declared a success for a' that."

June 14, 1894. Thursday. They say the Commencement Ball given in Smith's Armory last night was a brilliant affair. The costumes of the ladies were particularly "tasty and elegant". Mrs. Charles A. Schaeffer graced the reception committee, and even Governor and Mrs. Jackson honored the graduating class with their presence during the

earlier part of the evening. This is the last big party until next season.

February 12, 1895. Tuesday. It seems at last we are to have a Military Ball. Major Vogdes has appointed a committee to plan for the ball and proposes to make this party "a brilliant social event". Tomorrow afternoon we shall know what the committee's conception of brilliancy is. Till then the college Beau Brummels must curb their eager hope.

February 14, 1895. Thursday. The Military Ball will be held on February 25th. If possible Schillinger's "elegant" orchestra of Davenport will be engaged for the occasion. Only present and past members of the battalion may attend. Every one who can get a uniform will wear it but as there are not enough uniforms to go around some will have to wear civilian clothes.

February 16, 1895. The committee wants a hundred and fifty cadets to subscribe for the Military Ball. They are planning to charge a dollar and "make the party as elaborate as the proceeds will allow". Special efforts are being made to encourage every battalion member to attend.

February 23, 1895. The Military Ball has been postponed to Tuesday, February 26th, because music can not be secured earlier.

February 27, 1895. The Military Ball was a great success. The Armory was "elegantly decorated with flags and sabers", while groups of stacked rifles were placed around the room and in one corner

stood a cannon. Many of the boys wore their uniforms and the girls were very tastily dressed. Mary certainly is to be envied — her waist doesn't measure quite eighteen inches! She had on the most elegant dress — a very tight bodice, full skirt, and balloon sleeves a yard in width. She is such a good dancer, too, and knows all of the different steps: the waltz, two step, schottische, polka, quadrille, and galop. She is particularly adept at the swift changes of the medley. There were twenty regular dances and three extras, including the Prairie Queen Quadrille, the Lanciers Quadrille, and Mulligan's Guard Polka. The music was perfectly delightful. Judging from the success of this party, surely the Military Ball will become a regular annual event.

December 3, 1895. Will the Freshmen have a banquet this year? Last year there wasn't any, but rumors are about that there will be a Freshman party very soon. The Faculty has ordained that there shall be no hazing. What optimists they are!

December 7, 1895. Saturday. The Freshmen held their banquet at the St. James Hotel last night and every one was there punctually except Mr. J. E. Shuerman, who did not arrive until the banquet had begun because his Sophomore "friends" could not bear to part company with him earlier. Many and varied were the tales of escape from the Sophs. Even some of the girls had their party dresses stolen. Promptly at ten-thirty President Schaeffer

and Dean and Mrs. Currier led the class into the dining room. The banquet was wonderful:

	BALTIMORE SELECTS	
QUEEN OLIVES		SWEET GHERKINS
	CELERY	
DEVILED HAM		SANDWICHES
	VIENNA ROLLS	
COLD TURKEY		BOILED HAM
	OX TONGUE	
	CHICKEN MAYONNAISE	
	COLD SLAW	
	SARATOGA POTATOES	
	NEW YORK ICE CREAM	
LADY FINGERS		FRENCH KISSES
	MACAROONS	
ANGEL FOOD		FRUIT CAKE
	NUTS	
RAISINS		FANCY FRUIT
	CONFECTIONS	
	COFFEE	

After the banquet, toasts were proposed, and the intellectual festivities ended with the Freshman yell. Thereupon the gay company adjourned to the parlors while the dining room was being cleared for dancing. The floor is not very good in the St. James: the boards are wide and rough. But the "strains of the enchanting waltz" made up for this defect, and the sound of rhythmic feet might have been heard from twelve till two.

February 15, 1896. Saturday. The second an-

nual Battalion Ball occurred last night. About eighty couples were there and as the music was excellent and the floor in good condition the cadets and their ladies reported a very enjoyable time. "Dainty refreshments" were served in tents placed at one end of the hall. Major C. B. Vogdes, Lieutenant-Colonel William Larrabee, Captain John A. Hull, Captain S. C. Smith, and First Sergeant C. W. Sears were floor managers — officers of the night, so to speak.

March 10, 1896. Invitations are out for the first "Annual" Junior Prom! It will be danced in the Armory on April 17th and "promises to be the social event of the season."

April 16, 1896. Just one more day until the Junior Prom. Most of the students will walk to the party, but a few have had a hack reserved and will ride to the party in fine style. That luxury costs fifty cents apiece. They say the Armory will be beautifully decorated — which is a tremendous achievement in itself. All the girls are having new dresses made — silk ones with silk petticoats that will swish when they waltz.

April 19, 1896. Sunday morning, after the busiest week — the Senior Sociable on Monday, two fraternity parties, the first baseball game of the season, an Hesperian program, and all climaxed by the Junior Prom. The Prom was "an unqualified success". Brilliantly bedecked with University and class colors, the hall was charming, and the Chicago

Italian Orchestra contributed to the "winged hours and light feet". The Armory floor is so much better than the one at the St. James. As the evening was warm, the lemonade and ices seemed particularly delicate and refreshing. Every one hopes the Junior Prom will be an annual affair.

March 13, 1897. The Senior Class had their third party of the year in Irving hall last night. As a special diversion several of the young men gave the "exceedingly funny farce 'Serious Situation in Burleigh's Room'." Photographer Werts took two flash-light pictures of the stage and players. After the farce, light refreshments were served and the remainder of the evening was spent in "social conversation".

April 29, 1897. Quite a number of the students are going to watch the second annual Junior Prom from the gallery. Seats cost twenty-five cents but that is really cheap for the fun of observing the peculiarities of various dancers, noting the trend of feminine popularity, and commenting on the girls' new gowns. The Chicago Italian Orchestra will play again this year.

May 1, 1897. Saturday. "The music was fine, the costumes were rich", and so every one had a delightful time at the Junior Prom last night.

November 6, 1897. Saturday. There were about "three-score lads and lassies" at the Sophomore Cotillion last night. This is the first time that the Cotillion has ever been held at S. U. I. Now each

class has a formal party to its credit. Many-colored bunting decorations as well as the Beloit Orchestra enlivened the occasion, which was universally conceded to be "a merry one".

April 14, 1898. The tide of social affairs has been at low ebb this year. It is with the greatest of expectations, therefore, that every one is looking forward to the Junior Prom, which is set for the twenty-ninth of this month. There is much talk of war, but that is not expected to mar the fun of this occasion.

April 30, 1898. Saturday. The music at the Junior Prom last night by Strausser's Orchestra of Davenport was beautiful. They played many waltzes — some of the prettiest pieces! "Annie Rooney" and "Yhen You and I were Young, Maggie" were liked so well that they were repeated several times. Mrs. McClain, Mrs. Ely, Mrs. Hosford, Mrs. Musser, and Mrs. Ridgway acted as patronesses. About fifty couples were on the floor and the galleries were filled.

It is surprising how unpopular the slender girls are. One can not help being sorry for some of them. Last night at the Prom, when all the boys were going around among the girls reserving dances, a few were almost completely ignored except by their escorts. Usually an escort claims only four or five dances with his own partner and she is dependent upon her own attractiveness for the rest. The ones who were left sitting alone must have felt terribly

chagrined. But it was all because the poor girls have no shape at all — neither bust nor hips — and padding seems to only emphasize the fault.

September 20, 1898. Tuesday. The Delta Gammas gave a reception last Saturday for their new girls at "Minnehaha" in Regan's Park. Minnehaha is becoming a very popular place for parties and picnics. After the girls had enjoyed a row on the river, they were quite in the mood for the "sumptuous" dinner. Later they "tripped the light fantastic and convinced the new girls, by this unique entertainment, that they would not want friends in S. U. I."

November 3, 1898. Thursday. What fun the Seniors had last night at their "Social"! After several rousing games of pillow-deck, conundrums were pinned up around the room. Elmer Hull took the first prize, "a dainty book", while the booby prize, a "beautiful button labeled 'Remember the Maine', was won by Jessie Robinson", who had little competition in that achievement.

After the refreshments, a big basket was brought out which provoked universal curiosity. The contents proved to be roller-skates. What hilarity followed, what giggling, what sudden squeals of surprise, what falling down, what clinging to partners, what fun! Charles C. Bradley did a waltz and Miss Agnes Safley some fancy movements on the skates. A Senior Social is certainly the jolliest kind of entertainment. Strange to relate, "Jimmie", with his

"Git right out o' here now" did not appear at midnight as usual.

February 11, 1899. Saturday. The *Vidette Reporter* says "the piping strains of the two-step or the basking notes of the waltz, seemed to make the old armory floor a veritable garden of the gods, last night at the Junior Prom." From all reports the decorations must have been beautiful. Whoever was responsible for attending to the ten or twelve stoves must have been conducting an experiment in thermostatics, or whatever it would be, because first it was too hot and then too cold. At times the guests had to dance to keep warm, and then they had to sit out a number to cool off.

February 18, 1899. Saturday. The Sigma Nus had a cake walk last night. Mr. E. H. Millen and Miss Ruth Hobby "captured the confection" for the best performance of the dance.

March 2, 1899. Thursday. "Chatting and playing cards" at the Junior Sociable last night was followed by "toasts, speeches and declamations". After refreshments some of the members of the class performed a cake walk which was vigorously applauded. Many of the students at S. U. I. are learning to do the cake walk. It really is just an exhibition dance which can scarcely become common as a ballroom step. In response to the fad, "cake walk songs" are popular too.

April 13, 1899. According to the *Vidette Reporter* the "well-known decorator, Claude Holt, has been

given *carte blanche* by the committee for the Sophomore Cotillion. The decorations promise to eclipse anything yet seen in Iowa City." How even an expert can transform the Armory into a ballroom is a puzzle.

April 15, 1899. Saturday. The Armory last night was a maze of color, a veritable dreamland of ecstasy. Streamers of yellow, black, and apple green predominated "while the white and purple and pink of other departments and classes, mingled gracefully from roof to side of the Armory." Corners were transformed into alcoves; while frappé stands and seats, overhung by palms, were placed around the floor. Peterson's Orchestra of Davenport proved to be "a most satisfactory accompaniment to the light foot steps of the merry dancers". In fact, "the event was especially neat and tasteful in all particulars."

This is the last big University party of the nineties.

DOROTHY WAGNER

Comment by the Editor

SOCIAL CONTRASTS

They were sitting in the Iowa Union — the maid of '29 and the man of '92. Over the broad space of the colorful lounge dwelt an air of calm repose, accentuated by the mellow light of late afternoon and the strains of soft radio music which pervaded the room like faint perfume. It was a time and place for revery, and the girl was sympathetic.

What a contrast to the literary society rooms of Old South Hall and the Armory on College Street, mused the man of a former epoch. But the ugly beams and rough brick walls of the Armory could be camouflaged with lattice and hundreds of hand-made paper chrysanthemums. The heavy window draperies of Zetagathian hall and the Irving canopy were grand enough for a generation that found amusement in conversation and debating.

Were students then too proud to dance, and what of bridge? inquired the modern maid.

To be sure, there was dancing, and a few played cards, but cinch was a dreadful bore and the dances were rather too decorous for plebeian tastes. Every couple walked the gauntlet of the long reception line, and at two or dawn when the party was over they bade adieu in the same respectful manner.

What a sad ending after the pleasure of dancing till daylight, sighed the girl.

Ah, the gay nineties were really Victorian. A boy's right arm goes farther now; but then his reach did not exceed his grasp. To the girls of the T. W. V. no man who smoked on the campus need apply for a social engagement. Though hilarious picnics and unceremonious sociables were common, intellectual festivities were equally popular. A banquet was considered incomplete without a feast of eight or nine toasts.

How terribly dry, murmured the sprightly miss.

On the contrary, replied her companion, wit was cultivated as an art, and cleverness became the creed of social devotees. Any member of a "conversation circle" could discuss the relation of the price of potatoes to the McKinley Bill in an interesting way. Would you have kept this impromptu valentine if you were the Pi Phi girl to whom it was addressed?

A spotted dress,
A raven tress,
Complexion light I trow.
Her eyes, I think,
Are black as ink,
But really I don't know.

That would depend on the author, she said.

J. E. B.

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