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OTTERBEIN
AEGIS



CLEIORHETEAN
COMMENCEMENT
NUMBER

MAY - JUNE
NINETEEN HUNDRED SEVENTEEN



Tennis Balls, Rackets, Pen-
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Spoons, Belts, Stationery,
Fountain Pens, Fancy Books,
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Courteous treatment, fresh and tempt-
ing supplies and prices right.

Consult us in regard to your board-
ing club needs.

T. H. Bradrick, Proprietor

Bell Phone 59-R.

Citizen 122

The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXVII

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, MAY-JUNE, 1917.

No. 9



AEGIS STAFF, 1916-1917

Joseph O. Todd, '17,	Editor-in-Chief	W. P. Hollar, 17,	Business Manager
Roscoe P. Mase, '18,	Associate Editor	Walter Schutz, '19,	Assistant
R. L. Roose, '18,	Local	Walter Wetzel, '19,	Assistant
Glen O. Ream, '18,	Athletic	Ben Carlson, '20,	Assistant
F. M. Bowman, '18,	Alumnal	Elmer Schutz, '18,	Circulation Mgr.
Gladys Lake, '19,	Cochran Hall	R. W. Schear, '19,	Assistant

SENIOR CLASS, 1917

EDWARD L. BAXTER

Genoa, Ohio

Some men like the ladies
Some try to look prim,
But a jolly big dinner
Is the best thing for him.

INEZ L. BOWER

Westerville, Ohio

Gentle and happy
Always on hand,
What more could you say
For the queen of the land?

ANNETTE BRANE

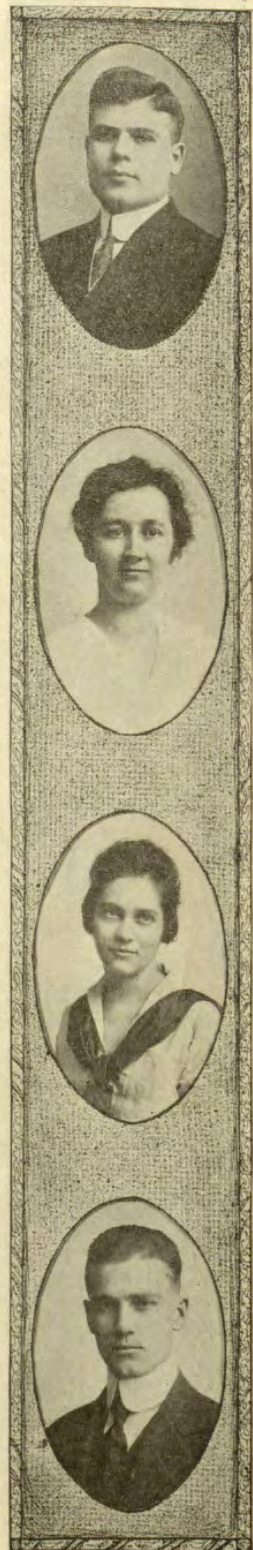
Dayton, Ohio

She has lots of sense and she's always on deck
Whether it's sunny or rainy;
There's no one on earth who could e'er take her place,
And no one who is quite so "Braney."

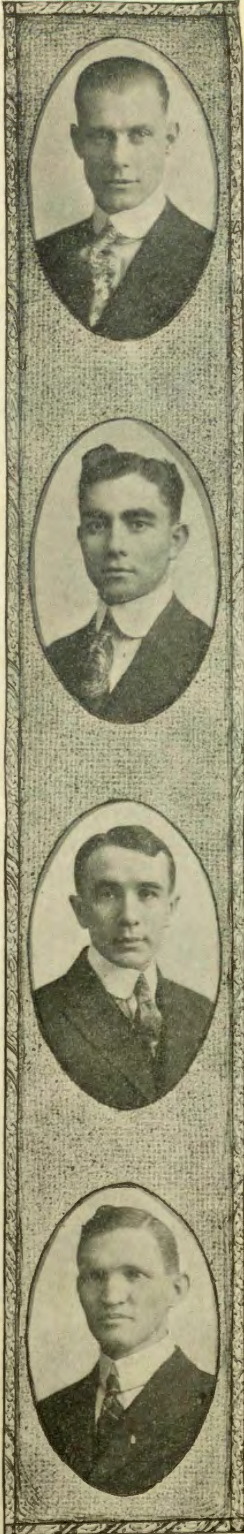
HOMER D. CASSEL

Dayton, Ohio

All things he has done
As well as he could
And that's a sure sign
That he will make good.



OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

**CLARENCE L. BOOTH**

Canton, Ohio

He's a mighty fine fellow,
 Has lots of good sense.
 But why doesn't he marry
 And cut the expense?

RICHARD M. BRADFIELD

Lilly Chapel, Ohio

He raises potatoes
 And I have a hunch
 He's got all the wealth
 Out of this whole bunch.

EARL D. BROBST

Findlay, Ohio

In class he is all patience
 This man known as "Hermy,"
 But in chapel sometimes
 He gets pretty squirmy.

GUY CHEEK

Westerville, Ohio

He's married and happy
 (Though just a bit shy.)
 Now isn't that all
 We need say for this "Guy"?

WILLIAM M. COUNSELLOR

Westerville, Ohio

He has a bright future
 Full of promise and hope
 If he goes into business
 Like he mixes the "dope".

MARIAM ELLIOTT

Westerville, Ohio

She knows how to cook
 She knows how to sew,
 Won't Barney be proud
 Of his Mariam though?

OMAR H. FRANK

Lewisburg, Ohio

He faces the world
 And puts up a good fight,
 So no matter what happens,
 He'll get there all right.

MARGUERITE GEORGE

Akeona, Ohio

Maybe she'll marry
 And maybe she won't,
 But she'll always be happy
 If she does or she don't.



**RUTH C. DICK**

Bucyrus, Ohio

Full of wisdom,
Shrewd and quick.
Such a girl
Is Ruth C. Dick

ROLAND P. ERNSBERGER

Westerville, Ohio

He may have his troubles
His cares and his strife;
But what does he care?
He can talk to his wife.

JOHN B. GARVER

Strasburg, Ohio

He can do lots of things
But in nothing can star
As he does in the moon-light
With his faithful guitar.

HAROLD H. GIEGER

Galion, Ohio

He's a flaming success
(Who couldn't see that?)
And with his own "Nichols"
His pocket-book's fat.

OPAL M. GILBERT

Germantown, Ohio

Buddy has no trial nor care ;
 Her black eyes twinkle, full of mirth ;
 She builds no castles in the air
 For her's is right here on the earth.

CLARENCE R. HAHN

Westerville, Ohio

Clarence studies pretty hard,
 He is never lazy.
 Such a busy life as that
 Would drive some people crazy.

ETHEL M. HILL

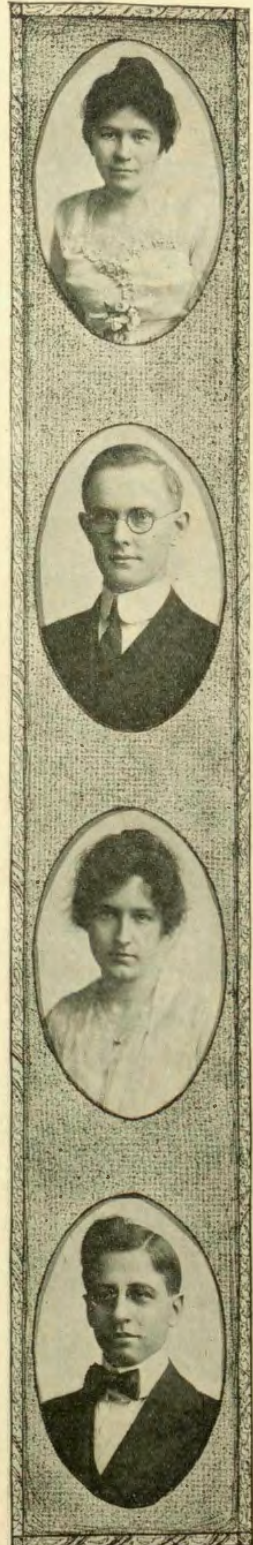
Westerville, Ohio

Her kindness stretches
 Out for miles.
 And we all feel "gladder"
 When she smiles.

WILLIAM P. HOLLAR

Singer Glen, Va.

Still would he talk
 Were there none to receive it,
 And sometimes you really
 Can't help but believe it.



OTTERBEIN ÆGIS



MARY GRIFFITH

Westerville, Ohio

Leave it to Mary
The stubborn to win
Do you s'pose she does it
With her violin?

JOE P. HENDRIX

Lewisburg, Ohio

Joe's a fine preacher now
But what will he be
When in a few years
He gets his D. D.?

CLAIRE V. HOFFART

Columbus, Ohio

She wouldn't harm you
If she could
And she's always glad
When doing good.

FRED W. KELSER

Medina, Ohio

The hopes of all rivals
He can knock into bits
For where is the tenor
Who can come up to Fritz?

CLYDE D. KNAPP

Westerville, Ohio

This man is married
 And his name is Knapp
 So for goodness sake
 Don't call him Kid-Knapp.

MANUEL S. MONONGDO

Cuba, La Union, P. I.

His hopes are not fancies
 His plans are not hollow,
 He sets an example
 Which many might follow.

LOLA B. McFARLAND

Westerville, Ohio

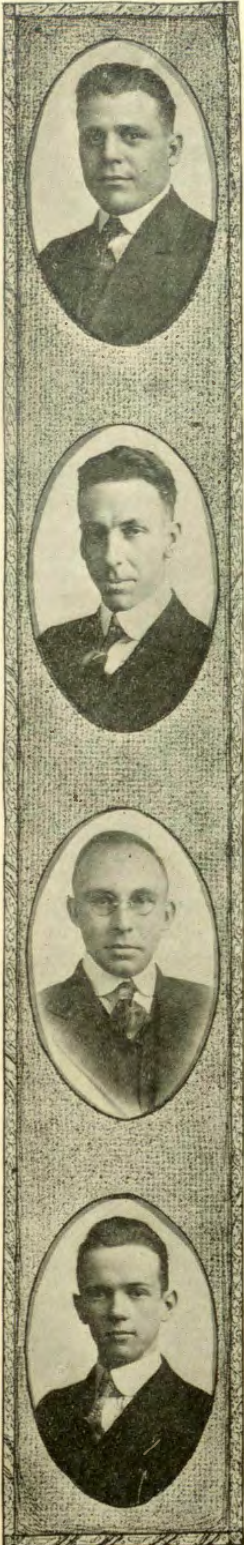
She's more clever than many,
 And wiser, by half
 But what we like best
 Is the way she can laugh.

ETHEL M. MEYERS

Johnstown, Pa.

She can fix up hard feeling
 Broken hearts she can mend,
 And lots of good people
 Call Ethel their friend.



**ELMO LINGREL**

Byhalia, Ohio

When joys mix with sorrows
 The sad things he'll pick off,
 And if trouble bothers
 He'll give it a kick-off.

WALTER S. MARING

Westerville, Ohio

Did you think when you
 First took a look at this man
 That he could make music
 And sing as he can?

CHARLES A. MERRILL

Westerville, Ohio

A clear spoken lad
 Who never is sad
 He's quite fond of walking
 And revels in talking.

LLOYD B. MIGNERY

Mowrystown, Ohio

Happy and witty
 Quick and quite nifty
 But deems it no sin
 To love his mandolin.

EDNA E. MILLER

Dayton, Ohio

We know she has knowledge,
We know she is wise
When we look through her spectacles
Into her eyes.

DeWITT T. MILLS

Orbisonia, Pa.

Mighty in size
And exceedingly wise,
True and steadfast
As long as time lasts.

GEORGE R. MYERS

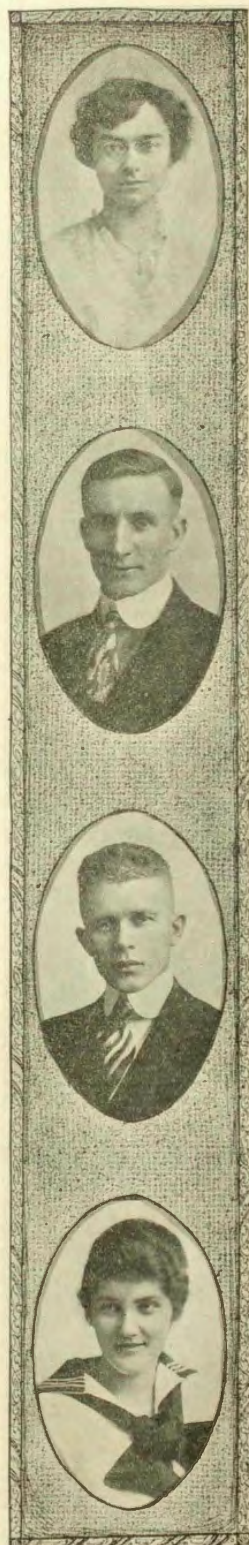
Strasburg, Ohio

Tho seeming very quiet
Unassuming like and mild,
We've heard that he can easily act
Like any other mother's child.

M. ALTA NELSON

Westerville, Ohio

She can laugh and be merry,
She can giggle and sing,
So they'll face the world smilingly,
She and her "Ling."



**WILLIAM C. MILLER**

Hartford, W. Va.

This is one thing at least
Which every one knows
That William will shine
Wherever he goes.

GRACE E. MOOG

Wellington, Ohio

This maiden is clever
Has good looks in profusion,
Yet sometimes she gets
In a "Mase" of confusion.

A. WAYNE NEALLY

Marion, Ohio

He's as clever a man
And as wise as you've met
But lest he is careful
He'll be caught in Annett's.

VERNON L. PHILLIPS

Harrisonburg, W. Va.

If he keeps right on growing
Do you really suppose
That he will become
Too big for his clothes?

THURSTON H. ROSS

Dayton, Ohio

No opportunity
 Woud he let pass
 To find an excuse
 For cutting a class.

HOMER F. SHADE

Findlay, Ohio

His name sounds very gloomy
 And we're quite surprised to find
 A man with such sunshiny locks
 And cheerful frame of mind.

R. BURTON THRUSH

Bowling Green, Ohio

Whether we're lazy
 Or whether we hustle
 We see life glisten
 And hear it "Russell."

EUGENE R. TURNER

Dayton, Ohio

Where e'er you may meet him
 E'en as far as the Nile
 You're sure to see with him
 His laundry and smile.



**GEORGE A. SECHRIST**

Dayton, Ohio

Wonderful secrets lie
 Deep in his eyes,
 It's a difficult thing
 How to fathom such guys.

ALVA H. SHOLTY

Claypoint, Indiana

He's quite a success
 In the question of weight
 And not a bit less
 In the brains of his pate.

JOSEPH O. TODD

Jacksonville, Indiana

He stars in his classes
 He stars in debate,
 And he doesn't fall short
 When it comes to a date.

RUTH M. VAN KIRK

Canton, Ohio

Ruth has lots of pep,
 She's a jolly sport,
 Which gives her a "Rep"
 Of just the right sort.

OLIVE WAGLE

Pittsburg, Pa.

If you tumble down stairs,
 Make a bump on your head,
 Don't shed any tears,
 Call Doc Wagle instead.

MILDRED I. WELLS

Tadmen, Ohio

Sometimes she frowns
 And looks terribly cross
 But that's to show Russell
 Just who will be boss.

HULAH BLACK

La Junta, Colorado

There isn't a soul
 Between Maine and Montana
 Who can come up to her
 When she plays the piano.

BESS WAKELY

Kilbuck, Ohio

'There are many who'd like
 Such a songster as Bess
 But she's planned out her future
 Already, I guess.



**HARLEY G. WALTERS**

Lima, Ohio

Would you think that a man
 So big and strong
 Could find life such a
 Blissful song?

STANTON W. WOOD

Wheeling, W. Va.

He's not fond of work
 And books he despises
 But when it comes to the women
 He takes all the prizes.

LUCILE BLACKMORE

Boughtonville, Ohio

She's "Frank" with her knowledge
 And loves a good chat
 But she's quite a musician
 In spite of all that.

PHILIP LUH

Westerville, Ohio

Philip Luh
 Isn't blue.
 That's his way
 So they say.

The Quest of the Highest

Ethel Hill, '17



It is the story of a King, noble and true, who sought to embody in his kingdom all that was best in the manhood and womanhood of his country; of a gracious queen, with all the influence that stately beauty and courtly setting might place at her command; of all that might have been accomplished had the queen been as strong in her womanhood as he was in his manhood.

It was the great King Arthur, instigator of the Table Round, the embodiment of all that he demanded of his knights, honor, nobility of character and chivalry, and the queen, Guinevere, not so strong as her Lord, who marred his high hope by her unholy love for Lancelot.

The story is a familiar one, how Arthur, with his knights, fought and conquered, ever striving only for the best in life, while Guinevere, content with plains a little lower, kept slipping, slipping, until through her disloyalty, distrust and sorrow, chaos and sin crept into the lofty atmosphere of Arthur's Table Round.

From this time forth, King Arthur, with eyes of sorrow, watched the decline of the perfect confidence that had characterized his court. One by one his knights proved unfaithful to their trust. Sin corroded the ideals once so bright and marred the names that had been fair, as Arthur puts it. "Until the loathsome opposite of all my heart had destined, did obtain."

The king's enemies were increasing in strength, his wars becoming more frequent. Guinevere had fled the court and sought to hide her sin behind nunnery walls. It was on the eve of his last and greatest battle, that he rode

to the holy house of Almesbury to say farewell to the queen.

Here in the quiet nunnery, away from the gaiety of the court, for the first time the full realization of her wasted life bore in upon her. And there, she who had been the first lady of the land, her head bowed low in shame, heard those wonderful words of the King, kind and merciful, but uncompromising, denouncing her crime, but never cursing her, holding before her even yet the hope of a larger life, and then he rode away, "through her sin to slay and to be slain."

Overcome by his mercy and the hope he still held for her, she did not rise or speak until the neigh of the warhorse and the clanging of his armor told her he had gone to battle. Then, contrasting her worthless life with his noble, purposeful one, she cried out through the vision of a lost opportunity:

"Ah, God, what might I not have made
of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature
here?

It was my duty to have loved the highest,
est,

It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I
seen.

We needs must love the highest when
we see it,

Not Lancelot, nor another."

Guinevere's is but one of those voices that has down through the ages called after lost opportunity, but she is typical of them all, just as Lancelot is typical of that which is in itself good, but because of its very goodness allures one from striving for the highest.

It is not merely the selection of the

good but of the best. The good may be either a stumbling block or a hiding place to those seeking the best. The very subtlety of its name is the weakening of many a person. Had Lancelot been less than he was, less knightly, less courtly, Guinevere would not have fancied she loved him better than her King. The temptation lay in the fact that Lancelot possessed so much that was noble in his Lord. Guinevere loved the good, but as she says, "My false voluptuous pride would not look up, or half despised the height to which I would not or I could not climb. I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,—that pure severity of perfect light. I yearned for warmth and color, which I found in Lancelot. Now I see thee what thou art. Thou art the highest and most human too, not Lancelot nor another."

So often it takes a similar crisis to open our blind eyes to what is or was the best. Guinevere's true nature had never been scounded. She loved better the crust of life than its inner depth. She dared not trust herself to be all that her truer, nobler nature might make of her. So she filled her days and hours with little superficialities, good things perhaps, but they filled her time, rather than used it. The life so used gradually became dwarfed, selfish and the mind narrow until it was no longer capable of seeing things in their true proportion.

Guinevere is not alone in her failure to choose the highest. Three of history's most celebrated conquerors, Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon failed to enlist their vast, magnificent powers in a battle for the greatest, most lasting things of life. The first, after ruining a large portion of Asia, sighed that there were no more worlds to conquer. An ignoble death closed his life

and the accumulations of his life's labor were finally lost through quarrelling lieutenants.

Caesar, after returning triumphant from his Gallic wars, failed to recognize the liberties of his country and met an untimely death at the hand of Brutus. The effect was that a spirit of war and conquest had consumed the love of true liberty, as is shown by the long line of emperors who succeeded him.

Napoleon, the great subjugator of Europe, occupying almost all its capitals, and placing crowns upon the heads of various members of his family, lived to see his own France in the hands of enemies and he himself a captive.

Not only have individuals failed in their quest, but so have nations also. Venice placed her fondest hope in wealth, and the old Venetian merchants were known throughout the world. Their costly palaces still remain as monuments, but their power, and the power of Venice have long since passed.

The dominant motive of Spain was conquest; her colonies found in many lands were vast and rich and picture to us the time when Spain had a brilliant career among the nations of the world, but one by one she was forced to give up her colonies, even as Napoleon had done.

We might speak of the ideal of Rome as power, power through law, the ideal of Greece as beauty, but even these were not the abiding things of life.

The old order as regards these nations has passed away, but at the crisis no doubt their statesmen caught a new vision, less brilliant perhaps, but truer, as to what things are greatest, most potent in life.

What do the national amusements of a country tell you of its people? Their

amusements are the way the people spend their leisure time, and the manner in which you spend your leisure time is a key to your character.

The curse of a human life lies in the fact that a love for higher things is no longer the dominant desire. Some one has said that the worst thing about being bad is that you're bad. The rotten apple in a costly cut glass dish is still the loathsome rotten apple.

Ruskin says, "Ships and armies you may replace if they are lost, but a great intellect once abused is a curse to the earth forever," a curse because the keen edge of the finer sensibilities has been dulled.

Is a man in the decline of life satisfied to look back and find that he devoted his time to money making and useless amusements, that he has existed rather than lived, or is there a sense of well being that comes from the knowledge that aside from his daily work he has been a power for the uplift of humanity?

Isn't it a comfort to feel that this life has been rich, full, unselfish, that during his leisure hours he has allowed the best authors to people his life

with steadfast friends? They have helped him to build a self with which he can be happy. He enjoys human nature with Shakespeare or Browning, his face lights with pleasure at an old familiar masterpiece, not for the sake of knowing, but for the joy of knowing.

Our duty to ourselves, our friends, our country, demands that we live in an atmosphere of the best, best art, best music, best literature and best constructive thought, that it may influence our lives, even as the Great Stone Face of Hawthorne's wonderful tale,—that we may not be forced to say with Guinevere when crises comes in later life:

"What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?

It was my duty to have loved the highest,

It surely was my profit had I known,
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.

We needs must love the highest when we see it,

Not Lancelot, nor another."

Advertisement Land

Gladys Lake, '19.

What is Weinland talking about? "The most important of these compounds are hydrogen selenide $H_2 Se$, selenium dioxide $Se O_2$, hydrogen selenite $H_2 Se O_3$ and—"

Oh! in what a beautiful valley I found myself! But who was my companion? A little girl whom I had never seen before was walking by my side as if she had always known me. Yet had I seen her before? She had light bobbed hair and wore a dress of white dotted with red. She looked

familiar to me and at last I recognized her as the little girl in the Jello advertisement. "I have come to be your guide through this land," she said. "Why, child, what land?" She must have thought me very ignorant for she laughed such a rippling, bubbling, little laugh when she answered "Why, you know, the land where the advertisement people live."

As we walked along, I did not notice anything peculiar about this little village except that each store and even

residence had some motto or sign as "The Skin You Love to Touch," "Hasn't Scratched Yet," "Shot from Guns," "There's a Reason," and "The Road to Wellville," as I was accustomed to see house numbers. My guide told me that the first two were on Soap street and the other three on Cereal street.

I noticed that the sun was not very high so it must be morning and the mention of Cereal street made me hungry so we stopped in a little shop and ordered breakfast. We were served by a negro in immaculate white apron and cap which seemed no whiter than his teeth which he displayed by his broad grin. After eating our Cream of Wheat, we left the shop and turned down the street where I had seen the "Skin You Love to Touch" house. The little Jello girl said that she wanted to show me the finest property on that street.

Soon we came to a house set far back in a lawn enclosed by a pure white fence made of oval cakes of soap. On one of the cakes of the gate post sat a little red haired girl in a brown coat and bonnet, holding a little bunch of violets. She jumped down and invited us in. As we three walked down the drive way, to the right I noticed a fine little house and a pure white pig sitting outside the door. I thought he seemed out of place here but the little girl explained that he had kept himself so clean that they thought he deserved a house to live in. Soon I saw a carriage approaching. It was decorated with many flowers and drawn by six white ponies. They told me that the woman in the carriage was mistress of the estate. When we reached the large white house, I saw that its number was "Have you a little Fairy in your home?" as we walked back to the gate we saw white dogs, bears, rab-

bats, cats, mice and, in fact, it seemed every kind of animal with white hair, playing together on the lawn.

When we had said good-bye to the little girl and were out on the street again, the little Jello girl told me a story. She said that once there were a father and mother who had a little girl whom they loved very much. One afternoon she went out to play and when night came she had not come home. They went in search of her but found only her hat near the lake. She had been warned so many times about going near the lake that they did not think she had drowned but supposed she had been kidnapped. That night a ghost appeared to them and said something in a deep sepulchral voice which they could not understand. The next night it appeared again. They became worried and went to a wise man for advice. He told them that if they could understand what it was the ghost was trying to tell them that they might find their daughter. So the next night when it came they listened and thought they understood. The wise man came to listen the next night and they heard it say: "It floats, it floats." The wise man said, "What floats" and as it vanished from sight it answered "Ivory soap."

Just then I heard a terrible clatter behind us. The Jello girl grasped my hand and began to run. Down that street, around a corner, down an alley, up another street and between houses we went pell mell. I could not imagine what or who could be after us. Then we dodged around a corner and behind a bush while our pursuer ran past. It was a little Dutch woman dressed in a dark blue dress with white apron, kerchief and cap. It must have been her wooden shoes that caused the racket. She carried a club in her hand too. "What in the world was she

chasing us for?" I asked. "Oh we probably tracked some mud on her freshly scoured sidewalk. She is always chasing dirt."

After we had rested, she took me to see the play ground. It was well equipped with slides, sand piles, swimming pool, swings and teeter-totters. Playing in the sand pile, I saw some of the Borden better babies and the Ralston sturdy children. In the line waiting to slide, I recognized the Campbell soup boy in a sailor suit, carrying a spy glass and singing,

"Ahoy, ahoy, my Campbell boy!

Friend of my happiest hours,
Your presence fills my heart with joy,
And fortifies my powers."

There, too, was the Blue-label Ketchup girl. I wondered how she expected to keep that big red tomato balanced on her curly head while she climbed the ladder and slid down. All the children were not so contented as these. One little fellow was evidently sleepy for he ran after his mother crying and saying "Mamma, I want my Denton. I want my Denton."

Another little boy came in through the gate eating a piece of bread spread thick with peanut butter. Just inside he turned, whistled and a little white dog darted around the corner. He had

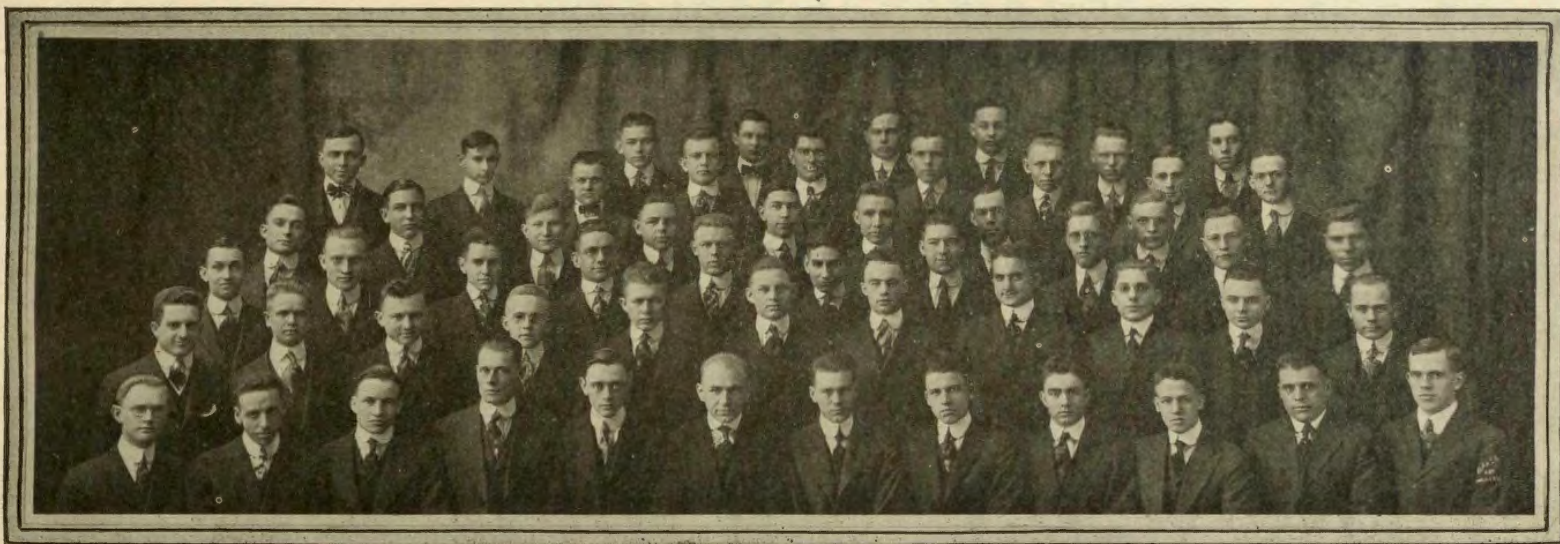
heard "His Master's Voice."

Arross the street I saw a little building with the name "Baker" over the door. The Jello girl said it was a little candy kitchen and ice cream parlor. We went in and she ordered chocolate candy and I cocoa. A woman dressed in a blue green skirt, tan basque, pink cap, white apron and fichu waited on us.

Out on the street again, we met a woman dressed in colonial costume—poke bonnet, lace mitts and all. My guide introduced me but I immediately forgot her name. However, I remember that she carried a box marked 1847.

I had decided that I would like to live here if it were permitted. I was told that there was a section set aside for people from the world. We went to a real estate dealer's office to see if I could find a house that suited me. He looked through his list and it seemed that all were checked off but, no, here was one man who had houses for sale. The dealer said that Mr. Heinz was building a great number of houses and I might have fifty-seven varieties from which to choose—when hydrogen sulfate and water are mixed in molecular proportions—oh, shucks, it is a lot more fun to meet new people than to study Chemistry.





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Hill, R. A.	Swigart, H.
Merreck, A.	Walters, H. G.



PHILAETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

PHILALETHEA.

Motto—Veritas Nostrum Clipeum

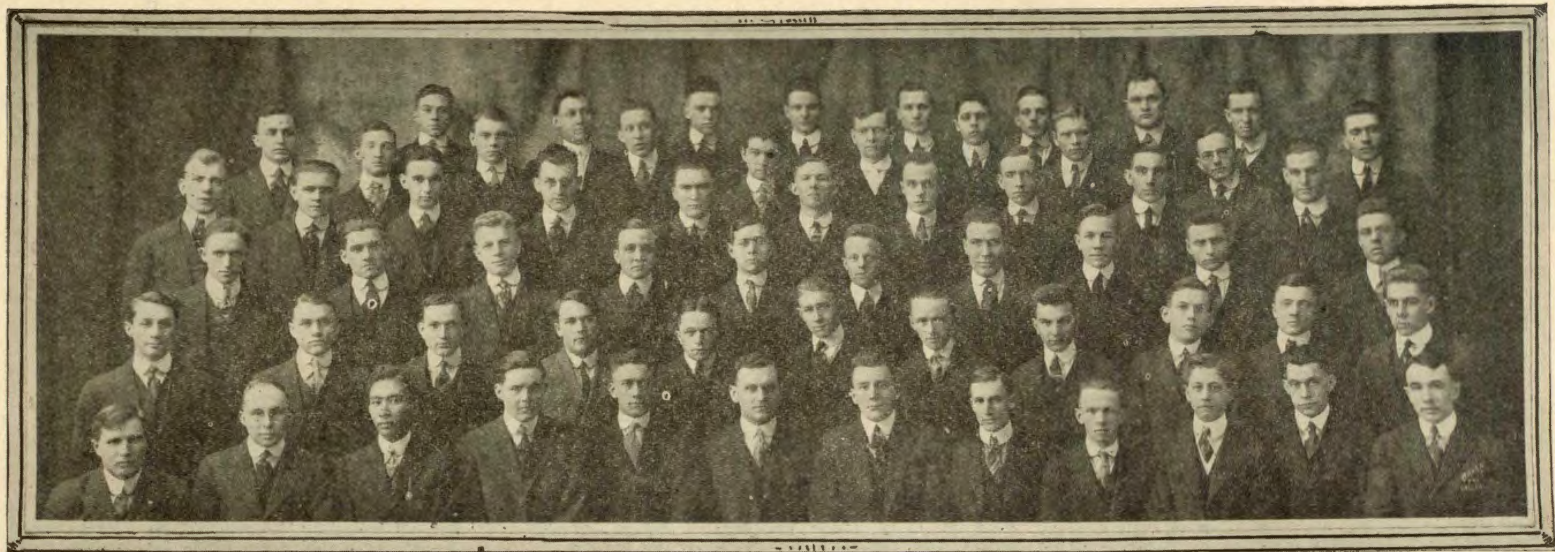
Colors—White and Old Rose.

Active Members.

Adams, Lois	Meyers, Ethel
Anderson, Neva	Miller, Edna
Armentrout, Grace	Miller, Marjory
Barr, Grace	Moog, Grace
Bauer, Hulda	Mount, Mildred
Burtner, Virginia	Neibel, Lois
Cox, Rachel	Fries, Ruth
Dick, Ruth	Paul, Leona
Elliott, Marian	Peden, Mabel
Ensor, Helen	Rayot, Lenore
Gilbert, Janet	Rayot, Rena
Gilbert, Opal	Stair, Vera
Hall, Alice	Stofer, Martha
Hahn, Edith	Swigart, Gladys
Howard Gladys	Van Kirk, Ruth
Johnson, Nell	Wagel, Olive
Karg, Elizabeth	Wagoner, Marie
Keller, Helen	Warner, Katherine
Kurtz, Charlotte	Wells, Irene
Kurtz, Stella	Wier, Jessie
Lohr, Florence	Wilhelm, Vida
McGuire, Claire	Young, Ruth

Associate Members.

Acton, Muriel	McElwee, Murle
Bugher, Ruth	McMahon, Gaynelle
Davis, Fay	Miller, Leilah
Dudley, Nelle	Naber, Nellie
Foor, Josephine	Raymond, Harriet
Gantz, Frances	Russell, Minerva
Hanawalt, Mary	Sapp, Fern
Hawley, Margaret	Sowers, Melba
Harper, Genevieve	Stofer, Mary
Holmes, Alice	Tinstsman, Mary
Kittle, Ida	Van Gundia, Lea Jean
McClure, Ruth	Van Gundy Esther
McDermott, Helen	Williamson, Gail
Meyer, Mary Alice	Wright, Agnes.



PHILOPHRONEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

PHILOPHRONEA.

Motto—Friendship and Wisdom.

Colors—Blue and Gold.

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Baxter, E. L.	Miller, W. C.
Bowman, F. M.	Mullin, C. E.
Brobst, E. D.	Myers, H. L.
Brown, T. B.	Palmer, R. H.
Carlson, B.	Moore, W. J.
Doty, E. L.	Harmon, R. D.
Dresback, G. S.	Peden, A. P.
Ernsberger, R. P.	Peden, R. F.
Evans, W. R.	Peters, B. C.
Fellers, I. C.	Phillips, V. L.
Fryman, C. E.	Ream, G. O.
Fox, C. L.	Roose, R. L.
Geiger, H. H.	Schutz, E. S.
Gray, F. D.	Schutz, W.
Hall, H. W.	Sechrist, G. A.
Higlemire, L. H.	Shear, R. W.
Hollar, W. P.	Sholty, A. H.
Hutson, D. D.	Sweazy, C. M.
Lewis, I. R.	Todd, J. O.
Mase, R. P.	Turner, E. R.
Mayne, D. C.	Van Mason, C. E.
Merrill, C. A.	Warrick, E.
Mignery, L. B.	Whetzel, W. H. M.

Associate Members.

Bancroft, T. V.	Johnson, A. F.
Barnhart, E. L.	Koepp, E. E.
Barnum, F.	Mallin, W. E.
Blue, J. F.	Mayne, D. I.
Brown, D. E.	Perry, L. O.
Cassel, A. B.	Recob, F. F.
Chalmers, J. K.	Resler, F. C.
Cheek, G.	Schwecheimer, F. I.
Cohogen, C. L.	Scott, K. J.
Cornetet, W. H.	Shade, H. F.
Cooper, R. R.	Smith, H. E.
Dehnoff, H. J.	Smith, L. D.
Doran, L. A.	Stead, H. R.
Gilbert, J. R.	Stearns, M.
Gray, G. T.	Thatcher, E. I.
Haller, R. M.	Wagoner, R. R.
Harris, E. E.	Weaver, S. P.
Henry, C. E.	White, E. B.
Hess, D.	Wood, L. J.



CLEIORHETEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

CLEIORHETEA.

Motto—Non Palma Sine Labora.

Colors—Light Blue and Tan.

Active Members.

Benedict, Beulah	Hoffert, Claire
Black, Hulah	Hooper, Ruth
Black, Meryl	Laibe, Sue
Blackmore, Lucille	Lake, Gladys
Bickelhaupt, Lois	Lybarger, Elma
Bovee, Helen	McDonald, Nellie
Bower, Inez	McMackin, Iva
Brane, Annette	Miles, Verda
Clow, Lorna	Morgan, Goldie
Conley, Ruth	McFarland, Lola
Coppock, Cleo	Nelson, Alta
Dietz, Minnie	Nelson, Audrey
Elsea, Bernice	Nicholas, Helen
Farley, Edna	Priest, Neva
Frazier, Freda	Ressler, Alice
Gaut, Ethel	Richards, Elizabeth
George, Miriam	Richardson, Virginia
George, Marguerite	Shafer, Beatrice
Griffith, Mary	Siddall, Marie
Hall, Denzell	Siddall, Mary
Hambel, Esta	Steele, Ethel
Henderson, Elizabeth	Wai, Katherine
Hill, Ethel	Wardell, Ella

Associate Members.

Adams Wilma	Mount, Chloe
Dew, Anna	Palmer, Margaret
Goughenour, Leora	Singer, Frances
Hunter, Ida	Vance, Helen
Mayhugh, Adria	Walcutt, Pearl
Meyer, Margaret	

THE OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

Established 1890

Incorporated 1890

Published the middle of each month in the interest of Otterbein University, by
THE PHILOPHRONEAN PUBLISHING CO.

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advertisements, etc., to the Business Manager.

Contributions and Items of general interest are requested by the Editor from all
students, alumni and friends of Otterbein.

Annette Brane, '17,	Editor-in-Chief	Gladys Lake '19,	Cochran Hall
Alta Nelson, '17,	Associate Editor	Lola McFarland, '17,	Business Manager
Cleo Coppock, '19,	Local	Hulah Black, '17,	Assistant
Alice Ressler, '18,	Alumna	Ethel Hill '17,	Circulation Manager
Helen Bovee, '19,	Contributing Editor	Ruth Hooper, '19,	Assistant

EDITORIAL

The lover of nature has retained the spirit of infancy into the era of manhood. . . . In the presence of nature a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrow.—Emerson.

"She Hath Done What She Could."

That is the spirit in which the girls of Cleiorhetea present this commencement issue of the Otterbein Aegis. Our experience is necessarily more limited than that of the men who have been connected with the Aegis for some time, but "for a' that" we have exerted our best efforts and have tried hard to put out a really good paper and prove ourselves worthy of the honor and responsibility with which we have been entrusted.

The Dormitory Mouse.

I just heard the other day, through an old friend of mine, that there used

to be a personage around this institution, holding a position similar to mine, who was known as the "Dormitory Cat." I heard, too, that her life was of great usefulness, her advice and criticisms being of great benefit to the school in general. This friend of mine told me, too, that she died young and her service to humanity was short lived, but the cause for this he did not state. However I have my suspicions—between you and me, I am of the opinion that she slowly starved to death, for I, small as I am, must do some close scraping to find enough around the dormitory to keep body and soul together. No wonder she died a premature death!

Social Lies.

Why is our social life so bound by form and conventionality that you are constantly compelled to lie just in order to be polite? Why can you not be perfectly truthful with your friends when meeting your social obligations

as well as any other time? I see no reason for telling your hostess her dinner was faultless, when you know down in your heart—and stomach—that she is a miserable cook. When acknowledging that Christmas gift, why did you thank the sender for the "beautiful and useful" remembrance they sent, when you did not even know what it was used for, and expected to keep it till the next holiday season to pass on to some one else? Custom has decreed that you perjure yourself and tell that amateur vocalist that her rendition of one of your favorite songs was wonderful, even if you did almost

pray for something to happen to relieve the agony.

When attending a pink tea, instead of telling your hostess you had a perfectly lovely time, why couldn't you be frank about it and say, "I was bored half to death this afternoon—I met scarcely any one I know and no one I like. The tea was cold and I hate ice, but mighty glad you asked me for there is nothing like being in the social swim?" But you are shocked at such a suggestion! It would be the height of ill-breeding. Yes, ill-bred to be truthful. What fools we mortals be!

The following resolutions are self-explanatory, and have been ratified by the four literary societies of the College.

For the past several years the Aegis has been of the conviction that the College could best be served by but one paper, and a year ago, at the stockholders' meeting, a committee was appointed to investigate and make recommendations to the Board.

The proposition gained considerable favor, and several months ago, a joint committee was appointed from both college publications, to consider carefully the consolidation of the Aegis and Review into one paper.

This committee had a number of meetings, and finally made some recommendations, which were substantially, as they here appear, with the exception of the organization behind the paper.

The committee first recommended a regularly incorporated company, to stand sponsor for the publication. This did not meet with the approval of many, and was changed by having each Literary Society and the Alumnae Association elect one representative, which shall be the Board of Control.

At the regular June meeting of the stock-holders of the Philophronean Publishing Company, the proposition will come up for discussion, and final action, due notification of which will be sent out to all stock-holders, by mail.

ROSCOE H. BRANE, President.

The committee appointed to investigate the advisability of consolidating the two college papers, carefully investigated the situation, and feel that the larger interests of the Institution could be much more adequately served, and that a greater unification of the college spirit could be obtained by such a combination.

In order to bring this about, we recommend that both college papers be discontinued, and that a new paper be established upon a basis that will enable every interest of the College to become a vital factor in its life.

We further recommend that this new paper be established at the opening

of the college year 1917-18, but that April will be the date on which all succeeding staffs shall assume charge of the paper.

We further recommend that the Philomathean Literary Society shall assume the debt of the "Otterbein Review" and that the Philophronean Publishing Board shall assume the debt of the "Otterbein Aegis."

The board of control for the new paper shall be composed of one member elected from each of the four literary societies, to be elected by the societies at a time designated by the committee, and one member elected by the societies at a time designated by the committee, and one member elected by the Alumna Association.

Each of the literary societies shall put in their Inter-society Agreements a clause pledging themselves to be responsible for one-fourth of the deficit, if any should occur.

Deficit shall be computed at the end of each year and each society required to pay its share of said deficit at that time.

The general business of the paper shall be conducted by the aforesaid Board of Control, and this Board of Control shall elect such staff officers, as shall be necessary for the conduct of the paper.

The name of the new paper shall be selected by an open contest, and a life subscription to the same shall be given to the person suggesting the name adopted. All suggestions for the name shall be in the hands of the committee appointed to act as judges not later than Sept. 1, 1917.

On account of the unsettled condition of the student body, due to the present war crisis, and because of the shortness of the time in which these plans must be definitely formulated and brought into operation, we further recommend that a committee be empowered to look after the details of organization and handling the business of the paper until the Board of Control can be organized, and a staff for the first seven months be duly elected by them.

We also recommend that this committee act as the judges in the adoption of a suitable name for the "New Paper."

R. W. SMITH,
WM. P. HOLLAR,
RICHARD BRADFIELD,
R. H. BRANE,
L. S. HERT,
Committee.





Visitation Days started the month of May with a rush. About sixty-six guests were entertained by the girls in the Hall. This role of hostesses, also of cooks for the May Morning breakfast, kept us pretty busy. Another enjoyable feature of this week-end was the reception to the visitors held in the Cochran Hall parlors on the evening of May 5.

Many sighs of relief and groans of distress were heard when the new Cochran Hall executive board was elected. The groans came from the following newly-elected:

President—Alice Hall.

Vice president—Elizabeth Richards.

Secretary—Vida Wilhelm.

Treasurer—Gladys Howard.

Senior Representative — Iva McMackin.

Junior Representative—Ruth Hooper.

Sophomore Representative—Agnes Wright.

Preparatory Representative — Vera Stair.

Music Representative—Helen Vance.

Art Representative—Ruth Conley.

Faculty Advisor—Miss Hanawalt.

Street Committee—Nell Johnson, Cleo Coppock, Lorna Clow, and Lois Niebel.

As usual during the last few weeks of school, the seating in the dining room has been changed to class tables. This was naturally accompanied by a great show of class spirit. Classes vied with each other in cheering. However some actions, entirely unbecoming to Freshmen, provoked Seniors and Sophomores to action. During one night, the faces of all offenders

were decorated with the numerals '19, and '17, as a lesson in proper respect to Seniors.

Y. W. C. A.

The great need of the southern mountaineer was discussed on the evening of May 1 by Gladys Lake.

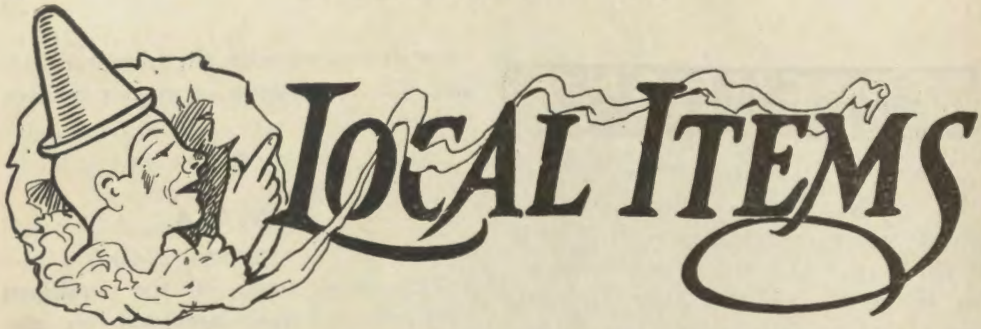
Miss Lyton, student secretary of Y. W. C. A. from Ohio Wesleyan, spoke to the girls on May 8 on the conservation of their energies in these critical days. Rachel Cox had charge of the meeting.

"Summer Activities," dealing especially with the "Eight Weeks Clubs" to be organized by college girls at home during the summer, was the topic discussed by Minnie Dietz May 15.

On May 22, the annual Summer Conference Rally was held. The inclement weather drove the girls inside for their picnic supper, but in spite of this they had an enjoyable time. The meeting following this was led by Grace Armentrout. The four girls who attended Eaglesmere last year, Edna Miller, Alta Nelson, Ethel Meyers, and Alice Ressler, spoke of their experience and urged the girls to attend this year.

Another treat was enjoyed by the Y. W. C. A. on May 29, when Dr. Sherrick spoke to the girls on their opportunities for usefulness. Nellie Naber was the leader.

The annual May morning breakfast, for the benefit of the summer conference fund, was held Saturday morning, May 5. About four hundred people were served. The breakfast was a great success, both socially and financially.



The following program has been announced for Commencement week:

Thursday, June 7

6:30 p. m.—Open Session Cleiorhetean and Philalthean Literary Societies.

Friday, June 8

6:30 p. m.—Open Session Philomathean and Philophronean Literary Societies.

Saturday, June 9

8:00 p. m.—President and Mrs. Clippinger's Reception at Cochran Hall.

Sunday, June 10

10:15 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon at First United Brethren Church.
Sermon by President W. G. Clippinger, D. D.

7:30 p. m.—Anniversary of Christian Associations at First United Brethren Church.
Sermon by Rev. William E. Schell, D. D.

Monday, June 11

2:00 p. m.—Receptions by School of Fine Arts and Home Economics Department.
4:00 p. m.—Annual Dinner of Philalthean Literary Society.
8:00 p. m.—Organ Recital by Prof. Glenn Grant Grabill, B. Mus.

Tuesday, June 12

9:00 a. m.—Meeting of Board of Trustees.
2:30 p. m.—Reception by Cleiorhetean Literary Society.
7:30 p. m.—Graduating Recital Conservatory of Music.
8:30 p. m.—Annual Banquets of Philomathean and Philophronean Literary Societies.

Wednesday, June 13—Alumnal Day

12:00 M.—Alumnal Anniversary Banquet.
8:00 p. m.—Senior Play, "The Miser."

Thursday, June 14

10:00 a. m.—Sixtieth Annual Commencement. Address by Hon. William McAndrew,
New York City

Prof. C. A. Fritz has been re-elected president of the Ohio Intercollegiate Debate Conference for the coming year.

Dr. Jones—"Why was Eve made?"

"Bib" Richards—"For Adams express company."

Wayne Neally has left for Pennsylvania where he is acting as advance man for the Redpath Chautauqua bureau.

Religion in War Times.

"Oh! Vicar, I beg of you not to mention the 'fires of hell' in your sermon today. It would only lead to temptation during this present shortage of coal!"

Dr. J. I. L. Ressler visited a short time with his zrother and daughter on his return home from General Conference, at Wichita, Kan.

Mr. Rodney Huber and Miss Dona Beck were married at the bride's home, Maine street, Dayton, Ohio, June 2. Mr. Huber is working in the interest of the Greater Dayton Association.

"What can I do for my country?" is the question we hear everywhere. For the men it can be easily answered by the word enlist! But for women it is more difficult. Still the girls of Otterbein have been trying to do their little part. They have been organized into Red Cross classes and through the help of Mrs. Noble and Miss McFadden have been able to secure the ser-

vices of Dr. Mayhugh and Mrs. Johnson for conducting the first aid and home nursing classes. Mrs. Noble has charge of the dietetics classes. The faculty also has heartily cooperated with the students and has consented to take off one hour a week from all four hour classes.

Announcement.

No formal invitations will be issued to their reception by President and Mrs. Clippinger, but as usual the seniors, the faculty and alumni, local and visiting with their immediate relatives are heartily invited. Reception 8:00 to 10:00 Saturday evening, June 9, Cochran Hall.

There are now five of the Otterbein fellows in training at Fort Benjamin Harrison. These men are, Harry Cook, "Bill" Counsellor, Omar Frank, J. J. Mundhenk and Walter Maring.

The fact that so many of the fellows are missing did not effect our annual Decoration Day picnics in the least.

They were just as much a success as ever and everyone had the best kind of a time.

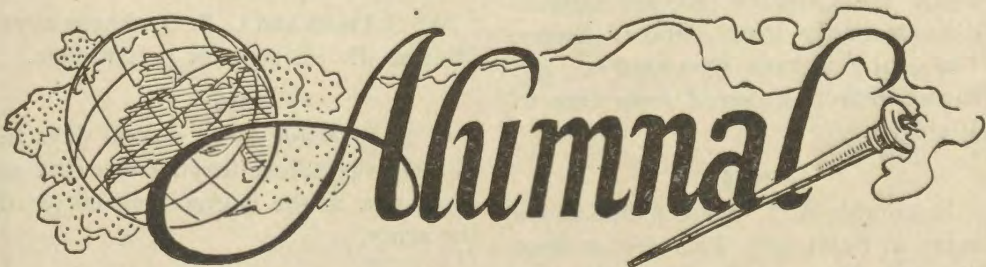
Matches may be made in heaven but some of them are a long way from home.

A young fellow in college had spent his allowance and desiring to make the gentlest "touch" possible wrote home to his father in the following fashion:

Dear Dad:
Roses are red
Violets are blue
Please send me fifty.
I love you.
Yqu Son.

A few days later he received the following:

Dear Son:
Roses are red
Roses are pink.
Enclosed find fifty.
I don't think.
Your Dad.



The Cleiorhetean girls have delighted their friends by having instead of their Annual Dinner, a unique feature in the form of a Musical Tea, held June Tuesday from 3:00 to 6:00 o'clock in the Cleiorhetean Hall.

1916

Clifford Schnake, who is employed in the County Surveyor's office at Canton, visited friends in Westerville.

The annual meeting of the Westerville Alumna Association was held in the Cochran Hall parlors May 11. The meeting opened with a Business Session at which time the following officers were elected for the year. Mr. K. A. Kline, president; Mrs. Frank Resler, secretary and Dr. Snavely, treasurer. A program was rendered and refreshments served. Plans were discussed for the future of Otterbein.

1906

A few words of commendation and thanks are due Miss Hanawalt from the Cleiorhetean girls in assisting them in the purchase of the new Mason-Hamlin piano. All the girls regard Miss Hanawalt as one of their best friends. Her winning smile and charming personality has won her the love of all the girls. She is indeed worthy of all the flattering comments that may be heaped upon her. She graduated from Otterbein in the class of 1906. Then she studied voice in 1914 from Reno Cortesi. She furthered her studies by postgraduate work in piano and artistic interpretation from Mrs. Grace Hamilton Morrey of Columbus, Ohio, who was herself a pupil of the well-known Leschetisky.

1893

Mr. F. J. Resler, better known as "Daddy," has discontinued his work with the Redpath Chautauqua Bureau and has accepted a position with the American Red Cross Society. For several days, he was in Washington where the Captains received instructions from the great national leader. The goal is to raise \$100,000,000. Mr. Resler expects to spend some time in Michigan.

1874

Honorable A. L. Keister died at his home at Scottsdale, Pa., after a short illness. He was born in Fayette county, Pa. From 1870 to 1874, he spent in Otterbein graduating with a B. S. degree. Later he received an LL. D. After practicing law in Columbus, he moved to Scottsdale. He represented his district in the sixty-third and sixty-fourth Congresses and was a member of the House Committee on banking. Mr. Keister was always a good friend to Otterbein financially and was one of the Alumni trustees.

Otterbein regrets loosing such a faithful friend.

1897

Reverend L. Walter Lutz, pastor of the First United Brethren Church of Chaneyburg, Pa., visited here on his way home from General Conference.

1896

Mr. Frank O. Clements, Chief Chemist of the "Delco," formerly of Westerville, spoke to the brotherhoods of the Methodist, Presbyterian and United Brethren Churches. His lecture was on "Human Efficiency," and was illustrated by colored slides taken at the Dayton Y. M. C. A. and the National Cash Register Company. His appeal dealt with the furtherance of work for the boys.

1912

Mr. and Mrs. Jonas P. Shrieve (Eva-rena Harman) after spending a delightful winter in Miami, Florida, returned late this spring to their home in Lancaster, Ohio.

1915

W. G. Daub and C. S. Harkness were Westerville visitors for a few days.

1915

C. F. Bronson spent several days in Westerville before leaving to enlist as a chemist in the engineering corps of the army.

1916

Clarence Richey, Professor at Hilliards H. S. visited a short time in Westerville.

1915

Russell Senger, a teacher at West Carrolton H. S., returns quite frequently to his Alma Mater.

1915

Walter E. Roush, of Bowling Green, was a Westerville visitor in May.

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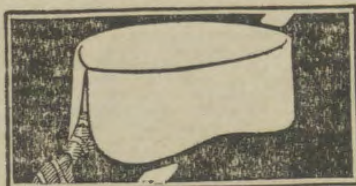
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