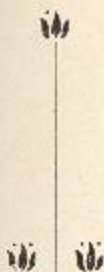
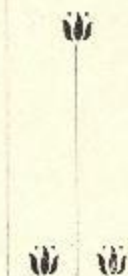




FLORIDA STATE COLLEGE

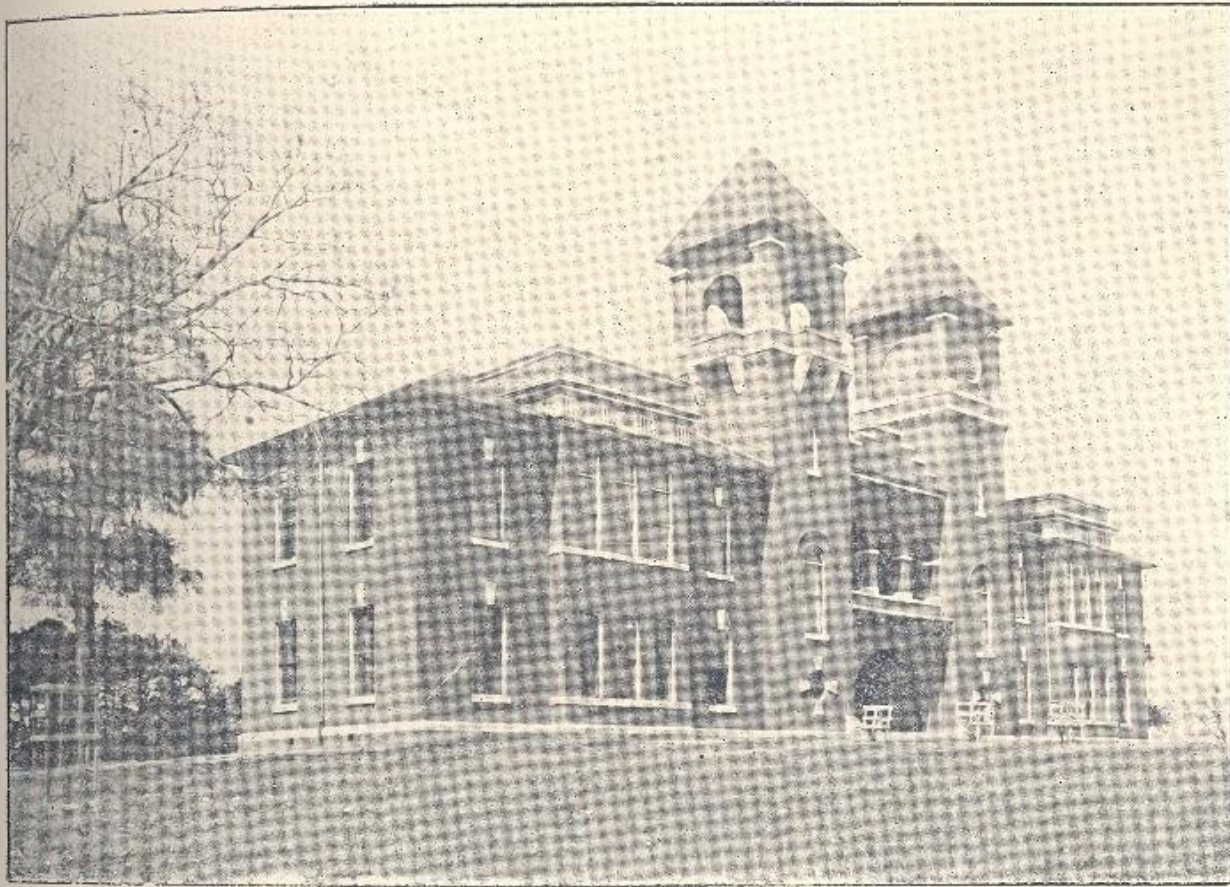


VOLUME III
THE ARGO
1903



Published by the Students of the Florida State College,
Tallahassee, Florida.





COLLEGE HALL—MAIN BUILDING.

...Introduction...



THE ARGO this year needs no introduction to the students of the Florida State College—it is an established factor, and we hope that it will never lose the interest of the students that it has hitherto had. The two previous volumes have amply filled the sphere which this publication is intended to fill, and it will be our endeavor merely to follow in their footsteps, giving to the students a glimpse of their college life and a book which, we hope, will not only be a souvenir and pleasant reminder of the college year 1902-3, but will instruct them as well that the Florida State College is making rapid strides toward the attainment of her highest desire, to be not only the foremost school of this State, but to be classed in the front rank of the colleges of the South.

...Faculty and Officers...



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Principal Teachers' Training School.

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Miss Jackson, of Bacle's School of Music, and Courses
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Florida State College,
Assistant in Mathematics.

GASTON DAY, B.Sc., and MARY SHUTAN, B.Sc.,
Florida State College.
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R. M. EVANS, Ph. B.,
Emory College, Georgia.
Assistant in English and Physics.

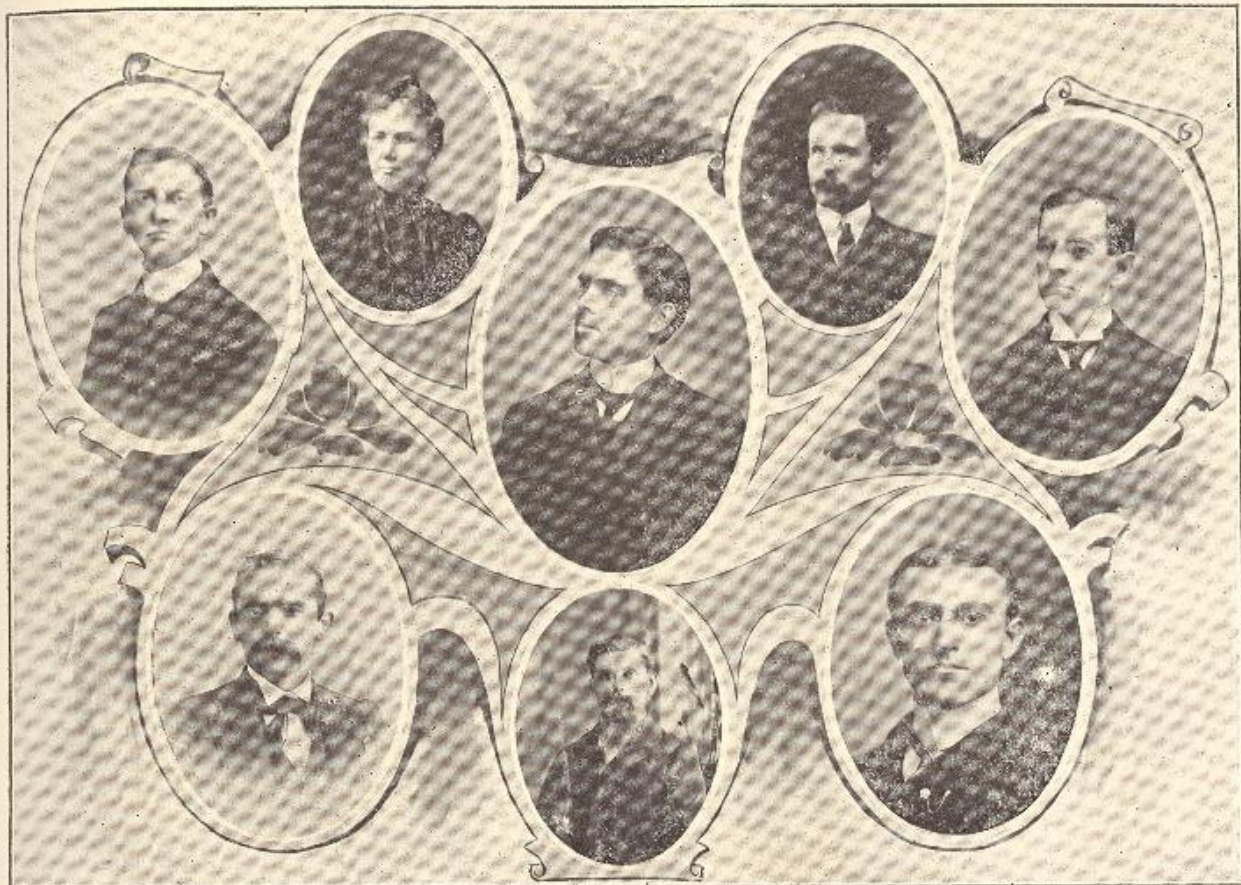
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JOSEPH EDWARDS,
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A. A. MURPHREE.
L. W. BUCHHOLZ.

Faculty.

H. L. HARGROVE.
H. E. BIERLY.
W. W. HUGHES.



Football Team

W. W. HUGHES - - - Coach
 F. B. WINTHROP - - - Manager
 A. B. CLARK - - - Captain

C. W. Peters, C.,	W. Mullin, R. G.,
G. P. McCord, L. G.,	W. W. Dickey, R. T.,
E. P. Watson, L. T.,	J. T. Howard, R. E.,
L. M. Murray, L. E.,	A. B. Clark, Q. B.,
W. H. Provence, R. H. B.,	Williams, L. H. B.,
	F. W. Buehholz, F. B.

SUBSTITUTES.

I. J. Belcher,	W. S. McLin,
R. F. Bradford, Jr.,	F. F. Rawls,
T. H. Hancock,	J. H. Sheats,
	Wm. Van Brunt.

SCHEDULE.

F. S. C. vs. Bainbridge, Nov. 21 At Tallahassee 5-0
F. S. C. vs. F. A. C. At Tallahassee 6-0
F. S. C. vs. F. A. C. At Lake City 0-6



FOOTBALL TEAM.



Baseball Team

E. E. McLIN - - - - Coach
F. B. WINTHROP - - - - Manager
W. S. McLIN - - - - Captain

D. Baker, C., J. H. Sheats, P.,
G. P. McCord, 1st B., J. T. Howard, 2nd B.,
W. S. McLin, 3rd B., E. B. Bowen, S. S.,
W. Van Brunt, R. F., J. Milton, I. F.,
E. P. Watson, C. F.

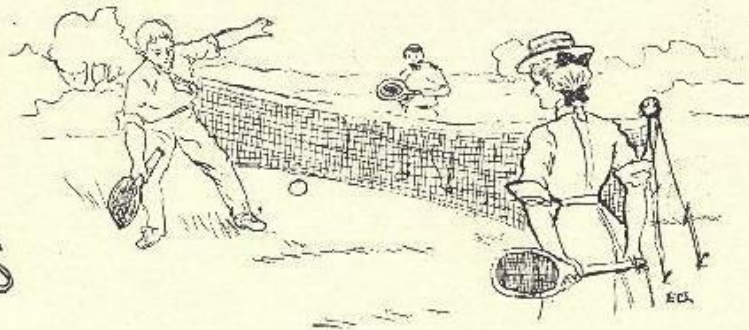
SUBSTITUTES.

F. F. Rawls, I. Belcher,
A. Mann, A. McMullen.

Track Team

I. J. BELCHER	- -	Captain
J. MILTON	- -	Manager
E. P. Watson,		G. L. Winthrop,
I. J. Belcher,		F. B. Winthrop,
J. Milton,		B. A. Meginniss,
A. Mann,		R. F. Bradford, Jr.,
L. M. Murray.		J. Bowen.

Tennis



Club.

Officers

WALTER H. PROVENCE - - President.
BENJAMIN A. MEGINNISS - - Manager.
FRANCIS B. WINTHROP - - Treasurer.

Members

Irving J. Belcher, Fritz W. Buchholz,
Laurence M. Murray, Jr., Guy L. Winthrop.



Golf Club

Officers

PERES BROKAW McDOUGALL	-	-	-	President.
FRANCIS FLAGG RAWLS	-	-	-	Vice-President.
GUY LOUIS WINTHROP	-	-	-	Treasurer.

Members

I. J. Belcher,	B. A. Meginniss,
E. B. Bowen,	L. M. Murray, Jr.,
F. W. Buchholz,	W. H. Provence,
R. F. Bradford, Jr.,	J. H. Sheats,
J. K. Johnston,	F. B. Winthrop.



Our First Game.



TO say that we were excited the day of the game would but feebly express the feeling which ran riot in every breast. We were excited; and what's more, if the truth be told, we were scared. Our team was lighter than that of our opponents, and besides the whole world, at least the whole college world knew, that there was in the Bainbridge line-up several old University of Georgia veterans, men old and tried in the game, and bearing on their muscular bodies the scars of many hard-fought battles of the gridiron.

The day was an ideal one, not a cloud to be seen, and at 3 o'clock the field was crowded to its utmost capacity with an excited mob awaiting with interest the coming struggle. Along the side lines they stretched; on the left in the center the college contingent was grouped in a body, with colors flying and determined to see the boys through to the last. On both sides and opposite to these was a seething mass of people eager and anxious for the fray. As a football writer has it, "It was a Roman mob—Roman in its desire for the fray and doubly Roman in considering the struggle free to all."

Promptly at 3:30 the college team trotted on the field and was immediately followed by the Bainbridge boys, who came in with a rush. Georgia won the toss, and with the ball in her possession the two teams lined up; there was a moment of anxious waiting, and then Thomas, the Georgia full-back, sent the spheroid hurtling through the air to Florida's thirty-yard line, where Williams received it and returned it fifteen yards. By a rapid succession of downs the ball was advanced to the middle of the field, where Bradford and Murray rounded Georgia's ends in quick succession and moved the ball to her thirty-yard line. Then followed a succession of line bucks by Provence, Williams and Buchholz; again

and again did they hit the Georgia line until the ball was within six inches of her goal. Here, however, their line held; twice were the Florida backs hurled against their line, and as many times were they repulsed. For the third time the teams faced each other not six inches from the coveted goal. There was a moment of suspense as the signals rang forth, then with a rush Buchholz burst through the Georgia tackle for a touchdown after just sixteen minutes' play.

It would be hard to imagine the scene which followed. Cheer after cheer rent the air as Provence made his unsuccessful try for goal. Buch, Williams, Murphree and Hargrove were there yelling like demons and doing a cakewalk to the college "Boola" that would have made Billy Kersands green with envy. The ball was now kicked from the middle of the field, but before either side could advance it the whistle blew for the end of the first half.

In the second half McCord sent the rubber flying through the air to Georgia's twenty-yard line, where Jacques received it and recovered twenty-five yards of the distance. Georgia's three downs failed to net the necessary five yards, and the ball was given to Florida's center. Florida attempted a repetition of her first half, line backs, and succeeded in pushing the ball to within twenty yards of the Georgia goal, where it went over on downs.

After two unsuccessful downs, Thomas, the Georgia full-back, kicked, and Clark, who was guarding the goal for Florida, got the ball, which went out of bounds on the forty-five-yard line. Georgia held the college team for three successive downs, and the ball was again turned over to her. Thomas again punted splendidly, and Clark succeeded in rushing the ball back twenty yards before he was tackled. Florida made a few gains, and when the ball was given to Georgia she succeeded in making her only long gain of the game. Jacques was given the ball for an end run, and made a gain of twenty yards before he was stopped by Clark. Georgia now succeeded, by quick plays, in carrying the ball to Florida's fifteen-yard line, and things began to look dark for the college team. Here, however, the Florida line held, and after an unsuccessful effort to make an opening, Hunter tried a goal from the field, which was foiled by the quick work of Murray. Florida immediately braced up and carried the ball to the middle of the field, when the whistle was blown for the end of the game, the score standing 5 to 0 in Florida's favor.

Thus it was that F. S. C. played and won her first game, and great was the rejoicing therefor. Until

the wee small hours the woods rang with her victorious songs, and staid old people, awakened from placid dreams by the wailing of the "Boola," were glad, no doubt, that football comes but once a year.

X X X

There is evidently more than one kind of greenback, for, although the College is not noted for its wealth, it has in the Freshman class a pretty good specimen of the "long green."



The Bainbridge Game.



'Fore that eventful game was passed
Young Sheats got full of nectar,
And Murphree let the rascal off—
His ever kind protector—
And Winthrop danced himself to ruin
Until his hair was hoary,
Like chimpanzees a measure tripped
In his primeval glory.

No: ne'er was such a tumult heard
At F. S. C. again
As Freshmen, Pro-ps, and Seniors raised
The evening of the game;
It kept old Bainbridge long awake,
Her team at last got rattled,
And Georgia sympathizers quaked
For those who with us battled.

Before their bitter cup was drained
'Mid our victorious yell,
The Georgia team was crimson stained
By Pete and Asa Bell;
Full many a hostile football man
The flattened grass had measured,
But Florida played to beat the band,
Her hopes of victory treasured.

The ball is held on Georgia's ground,
Then, like a mighty bubble,
Through center Buchholz makes a bound,
Ten yards with little trouble;
On, on, to where the goal post stands,
And now with line close forming,
A rush, and Murray round the end
Right up the field goes storming.

See the fierce players! What a glimpse
Of shin guards, pads and leather,
As both the teams, like full-grown imps,
Play low against each other;
A minute's play, a touchdown made,
Ye Gods! Just hear the rooting!
The game is ours, the ball is o'er,
A score of five to nothing.