

# BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

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[Scrapbook]: Hastings College Class of 1922

Nebraska: 1925

\$800



Quarto. String-tied wrappers. 30pp. A handmade booklet prepared three years later for the alumni of the Hastings College Class of 1922 illustrated with 28 tipped-in black and white gelatin silver photographs measuring between 2½" x 2" and 5½" x 3½", and letters to the other classmates. This is the 1925 edition put together by "Vera," and owned by William N. Nelson with his ownership signature on the front wrapper. Very good or better with some modest chips and tears containing near fine photographs.



A handmade booklet, filled with pictures and letters from the class of 1922 graduates of Hastings College. Hastings College is a four-year, church-related, liberal arts college in Nebraska. The college was founded in 1882 by a group of men and women seeking to establish a Presbyterian college dedicated to high academic and cultural standards. The booklet contains notes expressing some of the classmate's dismay for getting their letters in late, how life has treated them in the past three years, and how much they miss their friends, "now don't all wait 'til next year to write. You will find my address and phone number below. I'd enjoy a letter from all of you and it won't hurt much after you get started." The classes' three year reunion is supposed to take place in the summer and many of the student's write hopeful of seeing each other, "they are planning one big time during commencement week, sort of a jubilee – what do you say, let's all be there?"

A large number of the classmates went on to pursue careers in teaching, medicine, and engineering. Vera, the creator of the book for the year 1925, is unlike her classmates, writing of her travels across the United States and just barely keeping out of trouble. "We had a grand and glorious trip via Chevy last summer. We started out to go to Yellowstone, but ended up by continuing to the Pacific Coast... And say folks – I almost spent this year behind the bars. Like a nut, I started to take a picture of a ship in a dry dock. Fortunately the conductor of the party didn't notice me," attached to her letter is a picture of herself and the Chevy she traveled in.

Several of the letters have attached images of the students but also their children and spouses. One shows Jim Rigg holding his son "Jimmie" up in the air. Some letters are a bit peculiar, perhaps alluding to an inside joke that only the classmates of 1922 shared, "having succeeded in obtaining a likeness of the animal, I shall now scribble a few phrases to let you all know that I'm still on the globe." And sometimes just odd information is written, "life has not been all drudgery for occasionally we have a dance. My feet, tho large and rather ill appearing, are getting to be fairly well educated. I hope you don't think I am headed for destruction by admitting the fact of my dancing."

A charming DIY look on the ways people communicated with one another and kept in touch in the 1920s.

[BTC#402322]

Osceola, Lebr., Jan. 31, '25.

Dear Class Mates All:-

As you see I'm still in Osceola and wondering :  
ought to stay on another year or give the poor young  
a chance for change of scenery.

Since receiving Vera's clever poem I've been t  
over old times and finding myself, as I'm sure every  
anxious to get our Annual. I don't remember whose  
letter business was, but whoever you are I'm mighty  
had it, and also that Esther and Vera have had the  
and enthusiasm to put the idea into a reality.

I'm going to begin with the summer and try to enumerate  
such of my "goings on" which might be, if not interesting,  
news to some of you. Two of the three vacation months I  
struggled with ledgers, posting and adding machines in a bank.  
Life was lovely until a mistake showed up and then, well, ordi-  
nary language doesn't adequately express my "feelings." The  
other month I spent at Lake Okoboji and Clarinda, Iowa teach-  
ing Bible classes at Y. W. C. A. camps. That was lots of fun.

This school year has, so far, been very much upset. Our  
English teacher, Helen Kummer, a high school friend and my  
roommate here, was sick for over a month and then died. It  
was such a shock because the doctors and nurses gave us every  
reason to feel encouraged about her condition.

Helen's going away necessitated a readjustment at school  
which gave me the gymnasium chesses and girls' basketball.  
I've always thought that those things were fun in the doing,  
but teaching them is quite another matter. However, the best  
cure for grief is plenty of work and interest. I do like even  
the coaching part now that I'm doing it. Hard games get me so  
excited though, that I don't act even sane during the game.  
The girls say that they can hear me shrieking, "Fight, Make  
those baskets, Uncover" above all the other noise.

Just recently the Girl Reserves gave their big stunt for  
the year. This time it was a two night Chautauqua and was well  
received by the public as were the Trip Around the World and  
the Circus the previous two years. As before, we discovered  
talent that surprised us. My chief aim in these yearly events  
is to have each girl take part and in that way the girls have  
an opportunity to show what they can do and sometimes too,  
they surprise themselves. One girl, who was our star performer  
at Chautauqua had never acted in public before.

The Annual Football Banquet was a bigger affair this  
year than usual. We served two hundred. The girls in my cook-  
ing classes prepared and served it for their Semester Exam.  
They all seemed to enjoy it and said it was much better than  
a written quiz.

At Christmas time the Home Ec. Department had a food  
sale and Exhibit. The money from that is now being used to  
pay for paint which is going on my walls and ceiling. I almost  
regret it - every thing in the lab. at present is so terribly  
"smelly."

I'm sure that you think this is long enough. May God bless  
you every one.

Sincerely yours,

"HUDDIE"





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very much. Perhaps that is because I am located in one of the best schools here, a beautiful building, and am teaching Social Science, the subject that I always enjoyed at College.

My celebration during Christmas vacation was probably quite different from yours, being in the form of a wedding which took place Jan. 1st at my home in Fairmont, Nebr. Yes, HE is a "Bob" too. It seems that our class is very fond of that name. I was so sorry that all of the class of '22 could not attend our pretty wedding. Jennie, Dorothy, Ethel Fitzsimons and Vera were there. Vera was my bridesmaid and was surely a pretty one. When any of you get married, I heartily recommend Vera, Dorothy and Jennie as the very best for furnishing an up-to-date 'send off' when you start on your wedding trip. You'd better watch your traveling bags because they're sure to hide them and decorate them with anything they can find. They're also fond of having lots of fun on the train at your expense. Anyway, we had a great deal of fun and it seemed like old times with several of my H. C. friends there.

Bob is at Denver University and enjoys his work very much, so we are both very happy and contented here. I heartily recommend matrimony to anyone contemplating such a step, especially if you get a good husband like 'my Bob' is.

If any of you should ever wander our this way or pass through here at any time, be sure to stop and see us and we'll try to make your visit worth while.

Here's wishing "you all" success and happiness in whatever work you may be engaged.

Your classmate of '22,

MRS. ROBT. LAND (RUTH PERRY)



Dear Folk

Talk sure can't stacking up rather high and handsome lately. What I fear is that my regular work will interfere with my getting out the class letter as I had planned.

ay, they  
ve been

As for the way I have spent my leisure time - the enclosed snap shows that quite clearly. We had a grand and glorious trip via Chevy last summer. We started out to go to Yellowstone, but ended up by continuing to the Pacific Coast. We went the northern way thru Montana, Idaho to Spokane. Then zig zagged thru Washington to Seattle. Had a wonderful time there. Went over to Bremerton and saw the ship yards. And stayfolks - I almost spent this year behind the bars. Like a nut, I started to take a picture of a ship in dry dock. Fortunately the conductor of the party didn't notice me, but one of the group did. However he was very obliging and said he would put his elbow in the way and I could go ahead and snap it, but he advised me not to take any more. My but it was hot carrying all the others' coats to cover that unlucky camera.

On the way back home, we stopped for a short time at the beach near Astoria then visited Longview, that city they are building almost over night for the big lumber company there.

Of course we couldn't miss Salt Lake. I must say that they have the widest streets I ever hope to see. Th. Mormans know how to build a city even if their religion is heathenish.

We were sorry to miss most of the grandeur of the Colorado Rockies, because our time was so limited we had to rush home. But we plan to investigate them this summer, so now, I'm glad we saved them. Let me advise you, if you want to have the best time in your life - take a camping trip.

As for next year, I'm hoping to go to the BIG CITY and make a few more dents in my brain. Columbia won't teach me all I hope to learn tho, because we plan to take in as many of the points of interest as possible.

And now folks - about this class letter, altho I've done my bestest, I know there will be many mistakes. Please try to overlook some of them. I'm sorry I'll be unable to do the letter next year. There are many more tho who will be far better than I. However I believe we will have to make the *assessment \$1.50* next year because snaps and paper are sure *expensive*. I'm sorry all of the class didn't get in their *letters*. *Especially* wanted Vern's, but due to some oversight he did not send one. I tho't we would like some estimate *of* the scholarship *endorsement* fund. Yours for a big 1927- *Una.*

208 Park Avenue, Council Bluffs, Ia.  
February 8, 1925.

Dear 22ers:

The outstanding events concerning the writer during the last twelve months are as follows in the order of their importance:

1. Finished courting.
2. Got a carriage license.
3. Got married.
4. Lived most happily thereafter.
5. Gained ten pounds.
6. Got an M. S. at Iowa.
7. Won a debate championship.

We hope that Rosy and Bill were well satisfied with t their trip of inspection over here from Omaha a couple Sundays ago. Come Again.

Really matrimony is not half so dangerous as many people not in that state often assume!

Yours sincerely,

ELWOOD MURRAY.



Hastings, Nebraska.  
February 10th, 1925.

Dear Classmates of '22:

Goodness is it really time for another class letter!

My desk pad tells me that it is Febr. 10th so if I am not to be disgraced forever, I must write to say "Hello" and "How are you" to the class of 1922. (I didn't really intend that to be a jingle)

For the information of those who may not know - during the past year, I have returned to my native state and county and now bear the official title of Associate General Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of Hastings, Nebraska. Now when you come back to see old friends in Hastings, you must not forget to stop at the Y. W. C. A. for a chat. Spending a year in the "Old Home Town" isn't so bad and its mighty fine to be able to see H. C. play Basket-ball and Foot-ball occasionally; to rise to your feet at "Ha-Ha Hastings We" and to hear P. D. Marvin say, "There never has been a class like the class of '22."

The attached snap-shot will show that as time goes on, I am slowly acquiring dignity, grey hairs and wrinkles.

With Best Wishes for 1925,

BOBBY BURNS.





Dear 22ers:

I hope this finds every body O. K. We are sure scattered now, but these letters help us to keep track of each other and maby some day we'll have a big "talk feast."

The last letter with the pictures was very enjoyable. I showed it to several friends who "wished their class had such a letter!" Esther certainly deserves beaucoup praise for her work and patience. This year we'll vote the same for Vera. Say, who do we pay the money to that we voted as a class to give on a scholarship endowment. No doubt that person will make himself or herself known in their letter.

This is a beautiful country and we have taken enjoyable rides up the Poudre and Big Thompson canyons. All the talk around here is oil, nearly every one is interested in some wild cat well. They say this well drilling business is the only thing you can do where you don't start at the bottom and work up (?). There are about thirty wells being dug in this oil field and some day they expect this to be one of the largest producing fields in the U. S.

Francis Conklin is teaching a short distance from here and Oh Gee, I was glad to see some one of the old bunch.

They are going to let me go home the last of March and I expect to spend the summer there herding bees and chickens. Last summer, I gassed about six hundred of the chicks, but with that experience, of what not to do, I'm going to try it again.

When on your way to Yellowstone Park, you'll go right thru my home town and you all have an invitation to stop and enjoy spring chicken any time of the year. Remember this invitation and remember my town is Morrill, Nebr.

With best wishes to each and all and hopingwe can keep this class letter going.

Sincerely,

WOODY.



Pawnee City, Nebr.  
Febr. 10, 1925.

ly of grace, but if you had  
write, and gotten part way  
ch occupied reading them to  
every time I started writing,  
. Either phone calling me up  
ou see that's my job, or task,  
s of them, as both grandfather  
am trying out some medications.  
in years, some of you will re-

sweet home with my feet under  
on't seem good. However I can  
mitted to do and that goes quite  
ine not being able to eat pickles  
t write over one letter a day -

also before each meal take some real sweet (?) medicine.  
Ha! I guess I'm getting some of what I expect to give out.

I guess that's enough of that. Chester I can sure feel  
for you, so come over and we'll console each other.

I can't find a film anywhere and the last one I have  
is the one you saw last year, so won't send it. I was looking  
for one taken this summer, but can't find it, if I do later  
on will rush it in - Ha!

Hope to see some of you in Denver this summer. Must close  
as am tired.

As ever,

DE.

P.S. I went as far as Old H. C. to have this picture taken  
and still it's a poor excuse, so don't blame the kodak be-  
cause of it's good work. D,