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Missouri Western College
ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

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Dedication

As an all too feeble expression of its unbounded admiration, gratitude, and love for an able instructor and a true friend, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-three dedicates this book to Miss Edith Moss Rhoades.

Foreword

The exultation that filled the heart of Caesar as the savage kings knelt before him; the delight of a proven conviction that inspired Columbus as he stood on the shore of the new world; the satisfaction of a struggle won that flooded the soul of Washington as the last red coat departed from America—all these, fused into one, make up the feeling of the college graduate who has just been awarded his diploma.

Beneath his flush of triumph, there is, however, a trace of heartache and of sadness. The knowledge that he is parting from friends in student body and in faculty, whom he may, perhaps, never see again; that he will never frequent again his favorite nooks and corners in the building; that a bit of the good times of youth have slipped into the past, films his eyes and makes his throat contract.

For him, then, who would, years hence, recall J. C. and all that it has meant to him, this book is written. It is not expected to take a place beside Shakespeare, Maupassant, and O. Henry. It is not expected to be ranked in literary value with the Atlantic Monthly. It is, like those famous brands of chocolates, shoes, and perfumes, only "for those who care."



J. W. THALMAN
Superintendent of Schools

MEMBERS OF ST. JOSEPH
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SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President	VIER CLARY
Vice-President	MARGARET THOMPSON
Secretary	JOSEPHINE KELLEY
Treasurer	HOMER TRAVIS

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

There are those, one cannot doubt, who account the passage of time as fleeting minutes, hours, and days. To them, the friendships of two years' duration mean no more than ships that pass in the night.

But after a ship, with dimmed lights glowing through the mists and whispering waves rolling in its wake, has passed, what matter that the nights of the future may be silent and long? To every seaman who has seen its silent bulk slipping by there abides a memory of the stranger craft and a fascinating opportunity for speculation as to its cargo, its passengers, its destination, and its other voyages.

Our two years in Junior College, are they passing ships in the night? It may be. As we have passed our sympathies have been broadened, our knowledge increased, our characters sweetened. We have studied much and learned much, and a large part of the wisdom that we have acquired has been that of humans and of humanity. It cannot fail to stand us in good stead.

And now, as the lights grow dimmer, over the rails of our passing ships we stretch our hands that meet in hearty, sincere clasps. Our barks glide on, but we call back gayly and confidently, "Farewell, until we meet again!"



KAROLINE BAUM

Karoline is a sophisticated little lady (she came to us from K. C. J. C.) who has delighted us more than once with her clever essays. Beauty parlors are her specialty.

NEVA CARDEN

In years to come there will be many a time when we shall wish to hear Neva again sing as sweetly as she once did "The House by the Side of the Road."

ELIZABETH CURTISS

The scholastic standard of the class of '23 would not be nearly so high if it were not for Elizabeth.

ROSANNA BUSSELLE DAY

Why, we wonder, does Rosanna, who reads Latin like Terence himself, always impress us as being a little girl who has never grown up?

WINIFRED DICKEY

When Winifred smiles (and she does usually), her eyes and dimples twinkle; her fingers twinkle, too, when she plays (like Paderewski).

ELIZABETH ELLIOTT

Elizabeth's well-groomed head of hair contrasts strikingly with the "bobs" all about. We'd like to say this in French for her but we know we'd set her French nerves on edge.

ESTHER FROGGE

A basket ball captaincy seems to detract not at all from the number of E's Esther receives regularly. The ability of such a small girl to do so much work is one of the paradoxes of Nature.

ARLYNE GARDNER

Like a mischievous Pierrette dancing in soft moonlight is Arlyne. And as dainty and delicious as she are the candies that she makes.

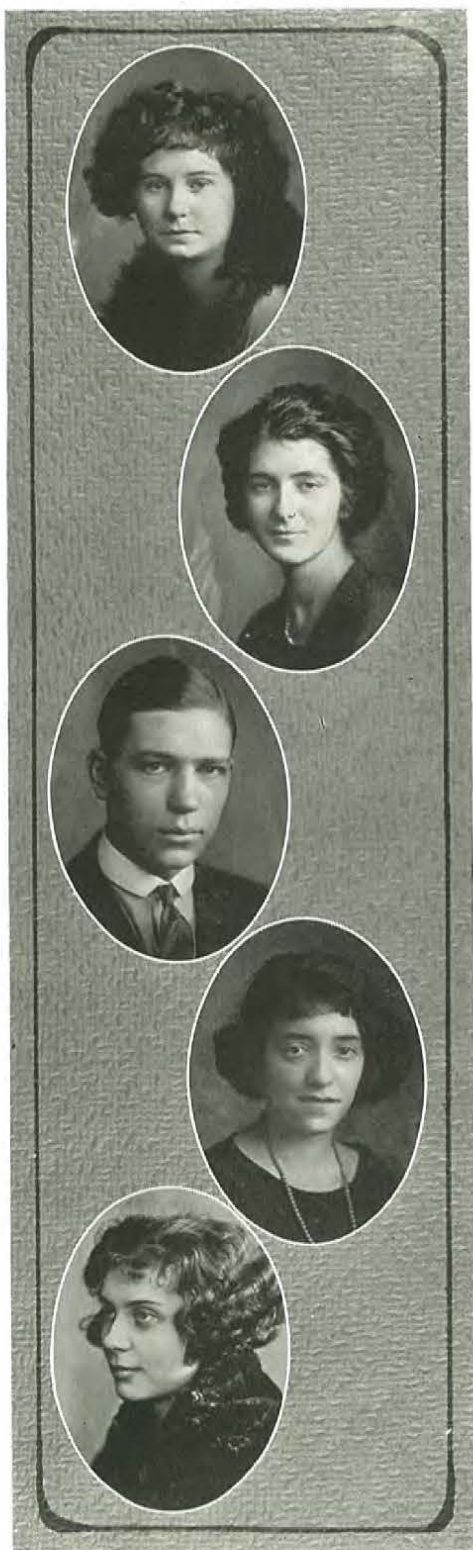
BEATRICE HARVEY

Beatrice is fortunate indeed in her possession of a cheery disposition, that serves herself and the rest of us equally well.

MARGARET HOEHN

Have you ever seen a vivid symphony in brown who recalled to you raisins, the Atlantic Monthly, chimney sweeps, and occasional merry quarrels? If you have, you've seen Margaret.





MARJORIE JAMES

An encouraging little chuckle, a sympathetic disposition, and the power to master whatever she undertakes make of Marjorie a true friend and an able scholar.

JOSEPHINE KELLEY

Was it her red hair, her unfailing E's, her being an X. R. S., her essays and human fly stories, her Irishness, or her just being our Josephine that made her literary editor of the Griffon?

VAUGHN KIMBALL

Vaughn has proved himself equal to a man-sized job in editing the Griffon. Despite his unerring taste for literature his main interest is in science. He will study medicine at Washington University.

SERINA LEVIN

Serina is indispensable to Junior College. Her initiative and enthusiasm are responsible for pages of ads, Mes Amis dinners, successful candy sales, and the photographs in this book.

LUCILLE MARECHAL

Smallness and mightiness must be French characteristics. Witness Napoleon who who sighed for more worlds to conquer (?), and Lucille who slays all types of math in mortal combat.



FRANCIS MARION

Francis impresses one as a pompous business man. He is. He is a musician without being temperamental.

RHADA MAXWELL

The editorial chair has wondered if the Maxwells are related to Rhadamanthus. We know they've lived in Florida; Florida, Mo.

ERMINE MAYS

Little dreamed those people who bought "notions" at Schroeder's last Christmas from a demure, brown eyed, boyishly bobbed haired person, that they would be immortalized in Ermine's "Novelties."

BERENICE MUELLER

Who is the publicity agent of J. C.? Berenice. Who is an enthusiastic member of X. R. S.? Berenice. Who sings in the Octet? Berenice. Who is an efficient debater? Berenice. Who administers the affairs of Mes Amis? Berenice. Who took competent charge of the J. C. issue of the Outlook? Berenice.

CATHERINE READY

Catherine is one of our capable girls: she sings in the Octet, makes high marks in her studies, and always has a gorgeous time.



LILLIAN BUSSELLE REYNOLDS

A trifle serious, yes; but who wouldn't be, with an enviable reputation in basket ball and amateur dramatics, a flock of E's, an apartment, and a husband to manage!

AURELIUS RULLMAN

Although Aurelius is said to be the J. C. ladies' man, Mr. Miller has found him a logical competitor in discussions on every subject from the fourth dimension to "les affaires du coeur."

LEILA SHEWMAKER

A pleasing voice and a retentive mind are two of Leila's most valuable possessions. Dare one say that she is, when occasion demands, an adept bluffer?

CATHERINE SMITH

You stop before the rest room door and her voice floats out to you. "Well, honey, you know I would——." Yes, you're right. That's Catherine.

VIRGINIA TALBOT

Virginia is subject to various happy moods, but there is nothing Pollyannaish about her. She has always been popular and interested in all school activities.



MARTHA TAYLOR

Martha is one of the most exquisitely neat persons we have ever known. Her faultless hair dressing and deep blue eyes are conspicuous for their beauty.

MARGARET THOMPSON

Margaret is certainly good to look at, and even better to know. And more, her popularity and scholarship balance beautifully.

MARION THORNE

Is there a trace of French in Marion that accounts for her ability to portray so convincingly the role of the "grande dame?" That power does not minimize, however, her interest in rural schools.

HELEN TILBURY

We have deep suspicions that Helen possesses a dual personality. In the classroom her knowledge is unbounded; on the stage she is an artiste in comedy.

HOMER TRAVIS

Were Homer Travis not such a good-natured chap he might be worked to death as Ad Manager of the Griffon and Treasurer of the Sophomore Class.

ESTHER WILKINS

Engaging personality+piquant charm+dramatic ability=Esther Wilkins. Her organizing ability has been shown this year in her leadership of the Dramatic Club.



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

President	FAY WHITSELL
Vice-President	RAY HUNT
Secretary	MEADS DUNCAN
Treasurer	WARREN LEE BRIGGS

A Glimpse of the Freshman Class

It is a settled fact that somewhere in this dear old Griffon of ours will appear a lengthy, wordy affair about the poor young green things known to all as Freshman. But why, oh custom, must we follow implicitly your rule of rules?

That first day, when we were addressed as college men and women, instilled in our hearts unsurpassable grown-upness. We longed to assert ourselves in the most dignified manner. Opportunity knocked, suggesting a Freshman Mes Amis program. This fortunate suggestion and the original ideas of Isabel Bickett resulted in a Visit to Movie Land. There our audience was held spell-bound by two scenes, one from "The Sheik" and the other from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," both works of art—Bansbach—as to the filming of them. By the unceasing efforts of the director, Fay Whitsell, the harem was at last arranged most effectively about the Sheik, Louis Baum, reclining upon a couch amid silken pillows and covers. Enter the heroine! The two are met as one in a fond embrace! The scene is a success.

Although the role of the Sheik has been played by minors like Rudolph, yet we feel the acting ability of our own star to be unsurpassed.

Eliza crossing the ice was another work of "Art." Although the fierce bloodhound, poor little thing, had to be dragged toward the last of the chase, the scene "took." Its success was due in a great part to the intense vividness with which the storm was portrayed. Indeed at times, the flying snowflakes came so fast and thick that neither actors nor director could see! When at last it was over, leaving, with the intensely appreciative audience, haunting memories of the villain in mad pursuit of the wearied Eliza, we know that we had achieved a masterly success.

Through rhetoric we have struggled; frogs we have dissected; sulphuric acid we have spilled (upon our clothes); the human brain we have drawn; wars we have fought (with Charlemagne); and now we begin to perceive a change. Our emerald hue is dimming! We are drawing away from the immature stage. Oh happy day! We shall soon be Sophomores.



Freshman Class Roll

Bansbach, Arthur
 Baum, Louis
 Bickett, Isabel
 Brady, Philip
 Briggs, Warren Lee
 Cadwell, William
 Chappell, Marjorie
 Churchill, Ruth
 Clark, Kenneth
 Coe, Viola
 Cook, Hilda
 Cramer, Wesley
 Curtiss, Pauline
 Duncan, Meads
 Felling, Anna
 Fleming, Enid
 Foster, Faye
 Fox, Catherine
 Fuller, Vernon
 Gilbert, Lona
 Goetze, Willard
 Graham, Thera
 Harder, Paul
 Heim, Mildred

Hull, George
 Hunt, Ray
 Kunz, Vera
 Laughlin, Newton
 Lehr, Marion
 Lockwood, Marshall
 Mark, Lorene
 Markley, Louise
 McClain, Dorothea
 McMullan, David
 Miller, Mary
 Moore, Wilburn
 Myrick, Mary Belle
 Platt, Earl
 Platt, Esther
 Pope, Maurice
 Ready, Martha
 Reed, Ronald
 Reichert, Ruth
 Reynolds, Barton
 Sampson, Mildred
 Scanlon, Joseph
 Shields, John

Sims, Mildred
 Skoken, Marguerite
 Smith, Francis
 Smith, Howard
 Smith, Louise
 Spiers, Florine
 Staal, Marguerite
 Staton, Eleanor
 Thornberry, John
 Tolin, Mary
 Van Vliet, Janet
 Weakley, Francis
 Whitlock, Neil
 Whitsell, Fay
 Whitson, Eunice
 Wilkerson, Nina
 Wyatt, Katie Gerard
 Yager, Cecile
 Young, Erma
 Young, Frances
 Young, Margaret
 Zalkin, William
 Zollinger, Jewell

Junior College Alumni

1917

Barnes, Beulah, Mrs. Sparr, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Cole, Catherine, Mrs. Leo Cochran, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Cottrell, Bonnie, Phy. Ed. Instructor, Kansas City, Mo.
 Cottrell, Donnie, Phy. Ed. Instructor, Kansas City, Mo.
 Dehler, Alma, Government Service, Washington, D. C.
 Farthing, Dorothy, Teacher at Jackson School.
 Graham, Jeancy, Government Service, Washington, D. C.
 Linn, Audrey, Married and living in Hawaii.
 Mayfield, Sarah Ann, Teacher at Eugene Field School.
 McGrath, Francis, Practicing law, Chicago, Ill.
 McIninch, Geo., St. Joseph, Mo.
 Moore, Ruby, Teacher at Benton School.
 Nash, Mary Etta, Teacher at Hosea School.
 Raffelock, David, Denver, Colo.

1918

Boyer, Mary, West Hammond Neighborhood House, Hammond, Ind.
 Carpenter, Lucille, Teacher at McKinley School.
 Cowden, Allison, Mrs. Byron White, Harshaw, Wis.
 Fitzmaurice, Marjorie, Teacher, Lafayette School.
 Knight, Norman, Government Service, Washington, D. C.
 Miller, Viola, Mrs. Fred Peterson, Beaumont, Kan.
 Miller, Agnes, Teacher, Marysville, Kan.
 Minor, Mildred, Died in March, 1922.
 Mohler, Margaret, Sec. Stock Yards Bank, So. St. Joseph, Mo.
 Weiner, Joseph, Practicing Law, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Wells, Josephine, Social Worker, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Whalen, Esther, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Whitehead, Corine, Teacher, Longfellow School.

1919

Ball, Blessing, Teacher at McKinley School.
 Brown, Elizabeth, Teacher at Neely School.
 Crawford, Mildred, Teacher at Central High School.
 Hansen, Marjorie, Teacher at Faucett, Mo.
 Hartwig, Caroline, Teacher at Central High School.
 Kaucher, Mildred, Student, Manhattan University.
 Lacy, Louise, Teacher at Central High School.
 Miller, Ethel, Teacher, Caldwell, Idaho.
 Nuckles, Ruth, Mrs. Clifford McNeil, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Schell, Margaret, University of California.
 Spangberg, Ruth, Teacher at Robidoux High School.
 Steininger, Vera, Teacher, University of Kansas.
 Stewart, Henrietta, Mrs. Charles Brown, Carrollton, Mo.

1920

Allen, Elizabeth, Student, University of Missouri.
 Challis, Dorothy, Mrs. Irving Fagin, Oklahoma City, Okla.
 Craig, Jaunita, Mrs. Henry Shepherd, Teaching at Metheston, Miss.
 Covert, Marjorie, Student, University of Wisconsin.
 Culkin, Dorothea, Graduate, University of Wisconsin.
 Houk, Mary, Student, Memorial Sec., University of Missouri.
 Hunsaker, Mary, Teacher, South Park School.
 James, Eileen, Teacher at Bliss School.
 Koontz, Margaret, Stenographer, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Marechal, Helen, Teacher at Robidoux High School.
 Maloney, Sarah, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Moore, Opal, Student, University of Missouri.
 Rostock, Lois, Teacher at Floyd School.
 Rowe, Lela Maude, Teacher at Bliss School.
 Rullman, Frederick, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Utz, Nellie, Teacher, Humboldt School.
 Varner, Catherine, Union Star, Mo.
 Whitsell, Earl, Student, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
 Wilkins, Clara, Student, Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on page 47)

GRIFFON STAFF



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Vaughn Kimball



ART
Ray Hunt



LITERARY
Josephine Kelly



ADVISER
Edith Moss Rhoades



ADVERTISING
Fay Whitsett



BUSINESS
Homer Travis



PHOTOGRAPHS
Serina Levin

'23



MES AMIS OFFICERS

President	BERENICE MUELLER
Treasurer	ESTHER PLATT
Assistant Treasurer	SERINA LEVIN
Chairman, Eats Committee	ELEANOR DRIVER
Chairman, Social Committee	MARION THORNE

FROM "A COLLECTION OF FUN"

Sept. 20. School has just really begun and I am now a full fledged Freshman of Junior College. Doris has gone away to a big university. Doris is my best friend. She says I'll dry up here in J. C., that we'll have no fun at all. I think I shall fool her. I am going to write up all our good times in this little book, "A Collection of Fun" I shall call it. This section is for our Mes Amis. Here's to a happy year.

October 20. Hip, hip, hurrah! One good time has come and gone—our first Mes Amis meeting. What a dinner we had! Then, afterwards! I don't believe I've laughed as much in a year as I did last night. There was that always old, yet ever new stunt, "calling the nuts." We didn't travel up to the auditorium but used the lunch room tables for a stage, a very secure one I'm sure. After the nuts had been called, selections were rendered, rendered is indeed the word, by a baby band. All were Junior College infants. The assembly was then most graciously favored by solos and duets by Miss Marion Thorne and Miss Helen Tilbury. Miss Tilbury was superb in her interpretation of "Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone." Miss Thorne was gowned in rich furs and Miss Tilbury in a jade green piano scarf.

December 15. Another meeting! This time the Freshman Class gave the program. It was excellent, but I do not intend to boast of my own class. It would not be quite modest.

January 12. I'm sure that Doris can have no more fun than I'm having and I'm equally positive that her university can have no more talent than we have. After a most delicious chicken dinner last night we had toasts and talks about J. C. Clever indeed they were. Margaret Hoehn spoke upon the illuminating subject of Rub-no-more and its need in the activities of our college.

(Continued on Page 17)

(Continued from Page 16)

RUB-NO-MORE

It's not my fault I have to speak,
While the rest of you sit by.
It may be hard on you, my friends,
But—I'd rather be you than I.

Yet calmly unconcerned I stand
With my feet upon the floor
To speak on that cleansing subject,
World-famous Rub-no-more.

"What need have we for Rub-no-more?"
Immediately you ask.
"To polish well, to brighten
Is its one and only task."

Surely Rub-no-more can find no place
In this college of ours;
We have no dross on which to test
Its illuminating powers.

Dramatic Club has a wealth of stars
That need, nor ask for, polish.
Were all artists half as bright as ours,
Rub-no-more one might abolish.

Our athletics, need they scouring up
That brighter they might shine?
The games last week did answer well
This query of mine.

Me thinks it would have been right kind
After adding up the score
Had we presented to our guests
A bit of Rub-no-more!

We need it not you all agree
'Tis sadly out of place
In our college where the students set
For all the rest the pace.

The auditorium then claimed us. A play, "Loss and Gain," written and directed by one of our own number, Earle O'Day, was presented by an all star J. C. cast. It was a huge success, reflecting much credit upon its author and the other actors and actresses.

March 16. Bzzzzzz Bzz, Click, Clack, Click. "Have an animal cracker." "Will you let me jump too?" "Be careful, don't fall." "Ow-w-w," this a shrill scream. Tap, tap, tap. These were the various and sundry noises that greeted me as I entered our building last night. Round and round skated bobbed haired and pig tailed J. C. children. Up and down, up and down others jumped looping ropes. What else could it be but the kid party! We soon left the hall at the summons that all was "set" below in the lunch room. Then away down the tunnel at a break neck speed to the gym. It was a hot but glorious time that we had. I'm looking on into the future to the next one, which will be, of course, better than the last.





MISS TROWBRIDGE



MR. MILLER



MISS BLUM



MISS McHEWDRY



MISS LACY



MISS BURNBY



MISS ANDREWS



MISS FRICK



MISS TIBBALS



MISS MOULTON



MISS KNOWLES



MISS PORTER



MISS ROBINSON



MISS NEELY

AN IDLE OF THE RESTROOM

If the word above connotes to you
 A room of rosy hue
 With soft inviting couches,
 With pillows of Old Blue,

With dainty ruffled curtains,
 With flowers bright and gay,
 With tiny latticed windows
 That catch the sun's last ray;

In short, if you'd desire a room
 In which you'd really rest,
 I fear this dear old room of ours
 Would never stand the test.

Its couches: soft, inviting?
 Alas, we have but one,
 Whose missionary days, I fear,
 Are very nearly done.

It hath been re-upholstered
 Full many a time and oft
 And I suspect, to tell the truth,
 It never was quite soft.

Our pillows (four in number)
 Are not encased in blue,
 For though we like that lovely shade
 Undoubtedly 'tis true,

That pillows which must long endure
 As missives in a fray,
 Should be encased in darker cloth
 Lest their filth they might betray.

And ruffled curtains, crisp and white?
 For them what use have we?
 They'd only serve to catch the dust—
 What a nuisance they would be!

The restroom that you picture
 I'm sure we'd all detest;
 No one would use it half the time,
 We'd go there but to rest!

At his desk in the lib. sits Darnell
 Obviously caught in slumberous spell.
 With his hair on fire and his mouth agape
 He peacefully takes his morning nap.
 Do not begrudge him, "let 'im be,"
 In "sleep" he can always pull down an E.

Who?
 Why, Ralph Darnell
 Who sleeps like—Well?



DRAMATIC CLUB OFFICERS

President	ESTHER WILKINS
Vice-President	JEWELL ZOLLINGER
Secretary	LONA GILBERT
Treasurer	WILLIAM CADWELL
Press Agent	SERINA LEVIN



"POMANDER WALK"

Analysis of J. C. Dramatics

DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION AND DEVELOPMENT.

I. The Exposition or Introduction.

The first few meetings form an introduction to the Dramatic Club as a whole. The keynote of the club is sounded when Miss Cora Lee Smith admonishes the members to elect officers who are interested in seeing Junior College come to the front in dramatics. With this in mind, they elect Esther Wilkins, president; Jewell Zollinger, vice-president; Lona Gilbert, secretary; William Cadwell, treasurer; and Serina Levin, press agent. The third meeting foreshadows the production of the best play ever given by Junior College, for it is decided that the membership of the club is not to be limited.

The announcement having been made that the Dramatic Club is expected to put on a play for a Mes Amis meeting, it remains for the president to appoint a committee to choose a one-act play. Thus, the situation having been stated and the first complication begun, the introduction closes.

II. The Complication, Rising Action, or Growth.

The Dramatic Club finally decides to present at the meeting of Mes Amis, "Loss and Gain," a one-act comedy written by Earle O'Day, a J. C. sophomore.

Suspense is created when the meeting is postponed time and again. But finally the dramatic moment arrives on February 6, 1923, when Mr. O'Day's startling innovation in dramatic technique of the pre-math, the math, and the after-math is fully explained before an awed audience.

III. Climax.

In the meantime a committee has been at work reading plays for the big dramatic event of the year. The structural climax comes when the Dramatic Club chooses "Pomander Walk," by Louis N. Parker, for the college play. The suspense is heightened during the try-outs, particularly for those who take part in them.

After weeks of rehearsal, "Pomander Walk" is presented to a capacity audience, April 6. And dash it and hang it, isn't it a success! Mrs. Poskett's pursuit of the Admiral is efficiently aided by Sempronius, puss, puss! The object of her affection is driven frequently to a forceful "Gobblissmysoul!" by the trials of Marjolaine and Jack, who are eventually happily united. The romances of the adorable Madame Lachesnais and the Lord of Oxford and of Barbara and Basil provide a sufficient number of thrills. The well taken roles of the other players amuse and delight the audience and make it almost regret the passage of time that removes it so far from the days of 1805. Thus in a blaze of glory, artistic and financial, does the Dramatic Club close its season of 1922-23.

Ibsengrams

Dr. Griggs' lectures on Ibsen, as broadcasted by Busybel Ickett to the Modern Drama class. (Note: Do not read the following unless you are a highbrow).

1. You may be in love; nevertheless, it's with the wrong person. That's psychology.
2. Marry one you do not love. It's all wrong, any way. Psychology.
3. Marriage is just a demonstration of this fundamental truth.
4. Marriage also demonstrates that the right person is always married—to another wrong person.
5. It is all a mistake.
6. The result is many little horrible mistakes, many of them crippled.
7. Life is indulged in only by bear hunters, deer slayers, rat wives, and road builders.
8. Furthermore, life, except in high mountains and waste places, is unattainable to persons above average intelligence.
9. Ibsen boosted woman suffrage.
10. There is one consolation: happiness generally comes late in life; the first eighty years are the hardest.

J. C. Chorus



Hanne Harder Reynolds Bruce
Hunt Mueller Dickey Smith Driver

X. R. S.



Briggs Dickey
McClain Laughlin Kelley
Shields Marion Bruce
Mueller Wilkins

Girls' Basket Ball Team



Hoehn Myrick Mark Kunz
Reynolds Day Thorne Frogge

J. C. Chorus

The J. C. Chorus, as a college organization, is in its second year, and was, in its infancy, an octet. The voices of its members have in common with the quality of mercy the fact that they are not strained. Under the skilful guidance of Miss Neal, there has been achieved a beautifully harmonious blend of tones which makes the organization highly creditable to its Alma Mater.

The Chorus is an extremely individual musical aggregation in that its members are not temperamental at inconvenient times. In fact they are exceedingly obliging. Early in the year they performed nobly in a recital before the student body. They have served as a fill-in on Mes Amis programs. As a supplement to out-of-town dramatics they proved themselves to be the crescent moon of the evening. They adapt themselves admirably to the situation when broadcasting their talent by radio, for they radiate.

With all the hope of a young and vigorous body the Chorus wishes to return some day to see itself perpetuated in a College Glee Club.

Y. W. C. A.

Like all other things that are young, healthy, and American, the Junior College Y. W. C. A. is speedily attaining a vigorous growth. When the club was organized in November of 1921, an optimistic onlooker would have termed it, with all appropriateness, promising. Happy predictions have been fulfilled. In its second year of life, there was a rebirth of enthusiasm, and new members poured in until the number enrolled passed the half-hundred mark.

Scanning a few lines of history is not sufficient to give an insight into the spirit and purpose of this organization. Friendliness dominates. Each Thursday evening a supper is held, followed by a masquerade frolic or a roller skating party. Weiner roasts and hikes provide abundant exercise and amusement. Under such circumstances, formality is nil; every girl finds it easy to be energetically and democratically happy.

From the outset the fact was impressed upon the members of the association that the J. C. Y. W. C. A. is, primarily, a Christian organization. And in their own humble little way the girls endeavored to show that they understood the meaning of a very big word: they gave programs at the county infirmary, prepared a Christmas basket for a needy family, and made a trip to the Memorial Home.

Many interesting possibilities have not yet been realized, but in the future, with the increase in loyal membership which is sure to come, what the girls have hoped to do will be attained.



X. R. S. Club

OFFICERS

PresidentJOHN SHIELDS
Vice-President.....NEWTON LAUGHLIN
Secretary.....BERENICE MUELLER
Treasurer.....ESTHER WILKINS

NAME

Let X = Ten
R = Representative
S = Students
Then X. R. S. = Ten Representative Students.

PERSONNEL

6
— =Sophomores
11

4
— =Freshmen
11

PURPOSE

To back up all activities of J. C., to strive for the internal betterment and advancement of Junior College, and to spread a knowledge of its worth abroad.

1922-23 Debating

THE QUESTION

Resolved: That the United States should adopt the cabinet parliamentary form of government.

THE TEAMS

Affirmative	Negative
Berenice Mueller	Dorothea McClain
Lona Gilbert	Joseph Scanlon
Francis Smith	Maurice Pope

THE ACHIEVEMENTS

In St. Joseph, on March 9, 1923, the Kansas City Junior College negative team defeated the St. Joseph Junior College affirmative team, 2 to 1.

In Kansas City, on March 9, 1923, the St. Joseph Junior College negative team defeated the Kansas City Junior College affirmative team, 3 to 0.

In St. Joseph, on March 30, 1923, the St. Joseph Junior College negative team defeated the Missouri Wesleyan affirmative team, 3 to 0.

THE TOTAL RESULT

A successful season for J. C. in debate.

While Mildred was studying her français,
She had a most horrible pensée
All work to omettre;
So through the fenêtre
Her book she did suddenly lancé.

Debating Squad



Scanlon Smith Mr. Parr (Coach) Pope
Mueller McClain Gilbert

Y. W. C. A.



Reynolds Hunt McClain Hoehn
Skoken Mueller Driver

How J. C. Got Its Griffon

Once upon a time—not so very long ago, Best Beloved—there lived in a rocky cave in the land of Somewheria, a very happy family. It was made up of three members: Pa-Pshaw Griffon, the father (who said "Pshaw!" ever so violently when he was angry), Mèrie Chérie, the mother (she was of French ancestry, you see), and Jasie Griffon, their son (his real name was Jason, because his grandfather, 'way back, guarded the golden fleece of Jason. Their family tree seems rather twisted, doesn't it? I suppose it must have been a curly birch.)

At any rate, the Griffons enjoyed very contented lives because they were exceedingly well-behaved. I tell you this, Best Beloved, because if you ever meet any members of their family you might be frightened. They have bodies like lions, you see, and heads and wings like eagles. Of course they would look strange to you but they were certainly gentle folk. They had been very well brought up.

While Mèrie Chérie spent the day in working about the house, Pa-Pshaw flew around in his aerial garden. He didn't have to work because he had inherited a legacy. Jasie, however, was rather discontented because he hadn't anything to do, for he had been thoroughly educated in the traditions of the family. Down through the ages, it had been the duty of the Griffons to guard treasures, and they had always performed that duty well. But now everybody had converted their treasures into money which they had put into the banks, and Jasie was getting just as tired as could be of having nothing at all to do.

Then one day, a most interesting thing happened. Griffie, Jasie's cousin, came for a visit, and what wonderful things he did describe! He told of a place he called San Jo, Mo., a thriving city set among rolling fields on the bank of a big river. In that city, he said, there was a place which they called a Junior College. It was made up of a group of young people who wanted to study a while longer and learn a little more. And they needed a Griffon! Oh no, they didn't have any heaps of gold and silver; they had treasurers of high ideals and hopes and wanted protection for those dreams of theirs, that they meant someday to realize.

You can guess how delighted Jasie was when he heard all that. He danced and capered about until his mother threatened to make him polish his father's beak. She wasn't really angry, though, for she packed his trunk and suit-case for him. Then Jasie kissed Mèrie-Chérie and Pa-Pshaw good-bye and started off with Griffie.

They soon reached Junior College and Jasie immediately decided to stay. Everybody liked him and he liked everybody, and of course, you couldn't ask for a better state of affairs than that. He is still at Junior College and the treasures are perfectly safe. Now you know, Best Beloved, how J. C. got its Griffon.

The following thrilling zoological romance was picked up in room 40. The editorial chair suspects the erudite G. Y. H.:

Worry clouds the darkling face of our hero, Gamete, who paces madly forth and back over the flagellum pavement.

His love, Sphanella Zygote, of the family of Contractile Vacuole, whose ambitious mother came from the lowly house of Riglena, is on the balcony playing sad tunes on her peristomium.

Gamete whispers hoarsely through his megasporangium, "Lovely Sphanella, I will fling thee a rope. Hist! No one must suspect my ameboid movements!" At Gamete's signal his confederates, Plasm and Prote, rush out from behind an ectoderm bush with the rope.

Meanwhile, all unsuspecting, the Zygote family is having its usual quarrel.

Says Mr. Zygote:

"You've had my goat

Ever since I first saw you;

And I wonder

What in thunder

Made me fall in love with you!"

During this anemophilous billing and cooing, Gamete has escaped in his Thyroid motor with Sphanella, Prote, Plasm, and all! Protozoa, the chauffeur, makes all speed for the home of the Justice of the Peace. They arrive!

"Bigenesis!" exclaims old Hydra. "Who comes?"

His housekeeper, Thorax, recognizes them, and telephones the Zygotes who reach the scene just as the happy pair rattle off to the tune of:

"We'll build a little cyst

Out there in the mist,

And let the rest of the world go by."

Twisting The Griffon's Tail

The members of last semester's Wordsworth class have cabled authorities in England to learn if any disturbance has been noted in the poet's grave. The class feels that Wordsworth must have turned completely over when Mr. Hull, on his examination paper, referred to one of his most famous poems as "Tin-horn Abbey."

A great flaw in the historical records of our country has been found and corrected by Mary Miller, who stated in one of her papers that Abraham Lincoln drew up and announced to the United States his "Exclamation Proclamation."

All hail, O Muse, who inspires poets and prompted Earle O'Day to write an impassioned description of the sun's rays which "came to rest on the hairy breast" of the old fisherman!

Miss Moulton (conducting history): "The Mayfield was held twice a year. Just when, Mr. Zalkin?"

Mr. Zalkin: "Twice a year? Oh yes, in spring, summer, fall and winter."

From good authority we learn that Serina Levin has been searching the tops of cars for the overhead valves.

Esther Wilkins (reading rapidly in Ovid class): "There is, in that place, a snowy white mulberry, abounding in apples." We would respectfully refer Miss Andrews to "that place."

It is an extremely strange thing that Elizabeth Elliott should be tardy so often if she told the truth when she stated, in French class, "Je demeure trois centimètres de l'école."

One would have no difficulty in realizing that the Sophomore French class is made up entirely of girls when one considers how one of them translated "brook."

"Brook, brook," she ruminated. "Oh yes, a brook, un trousseau."

Mr. Miller: "Why, Mr. Rullman, does the Latin adjective have three genders?" Aurelius: "Why, because, er, oh, because you're apt to need them."

Miss Rhoades: "The ventilation in this building is very poor."

Mr. O'Day: "Do we have ventilation in this building? I thought we had only drafts."

From a botanist's notebook: "The little magnolia grows to a height of seventy or eighty feet." Our greatest ambition is to see a big magnolia!

We predict a great future for Vera Kunz as a discoverer of botanical specimens. For instance, she told us in a report one day, "another good variety of border flower is the sweet asylum."

Cecile Yager's fascinating personality has endeared her even to the folding chairs in the library. One of them is said to have clasped her so ardently one day that the two descended in a heap upon the floor.

Esther Platt (reciting in French): "A sentence which is not complete is an epileptic sentence." Hah! A skeleton in the closet of the French language!

Isabel: "Have you read the outside readings yet, Ray?"

Ray (disgusted): "Heavens, no! I haven't read the inside ones yet!"

Wanted: A mustache cup for Ronald Reed.

Serina thinks the solar plexus is some system by which the sun is regulated.

Philip Brady translating Spanish into pure American slang:

Miss Neeley: "Philip, how do you translate 'Mira?'"

Philip B.: "Oh, looky!"

When we hear a J. C. student say, "Isn't it wonderful how so many different faces grow on cameos," we don't blame Mr. Wood for resigning.

Meads: "Vaughn, is Easton in Kansas?"

Vaughn: "Meads, you don't graduate this year, do you?"



DR. JO.



MISS BILL



SIX BOBS



LA RIO OTRA VEZ



SMITH



IN A PRISON



WHICH ONE IS YOUR CHOICE?



THE GANG



NOON.



PENSADO



VERY STUDIOUS



"KATIE"



STUMPED



When Is a College Not a College?

When Napoleon said, "Age by age, stage by stage, the race is getting weaker and wiser," he spoke simple, undiluted truth. Alexander may have shot up the world in a few days, and we cheerfully grant that the Egyptians may conceivably have carried pyramids about in their hip-pockets, but the people of today have certainly surpassed these estimable gentlemen in intelligence.

In accordance with our customary systematical method we hasten to prove the above statement. We always strive to prove. It's a good habit. In the inner chamber of the tomb of the early Pharaoh Tutankhamen there has been discovered a block of cement bearing an interesting inscription. It propounds a question, the baffling character of which, it states, threw the Sphinx into a jealous rage, ruined forever King Solomon's reputation as a conundrum-guesser, and completely destroyed the Cumaean Sibyl's flourishing business. As a modern poet would say, "keep your shirt on;" we are going to state the question. It is, "when is a college not a college"

When for the first time we read that query, we twirled our mustache and laughed scornfully. We decided that we knew why the Sphinx, in all its pictures in the geography books, had its nose knocked off. The bone that should have been in its nose was in its head. However, aside with all such philosophy, deep though it may be. The solution, without more adoing, is this:

A college is not a college:

1. When college classes are shunted off into rest rooms, coal holes, and breezy halls.
2. When, in Miss Moulton's absence, history classes vault lightly through the windows.
3. When one variety of sandwich in the lunchroom is made up of two high school students and one college student who serves as filling.
4. When high school chilli is poured down Junior College backs.
5. When Junior College men date up with high school parvis puellis.
6. When the J. C. student's favorite chair in the library is usurped by a member of a freshman library class.
7. When a panting freshman bursts into college classes to announce that all Juniors are wanted in the auditorium.
8. When convocations are a thing of the past because high school classes occupy all the rooms, even standing room.
9. When the college student who seeks the dean on vitally urgent business finds her almost drowned by an inundating flood of high-schoolers.
10. When library books without which a college student writhes in agonies of papers due and tests to come are carried away and carelessly dropped along the wayside by high school freshies.
11. When the J. C. student, innocently expressing the exuberant joy of youth, is sh-s-s-shed from one hall to another that he may not disturb the earnest, diligent, conscientious high school scholars.

On Lincoln Square

Good morning!

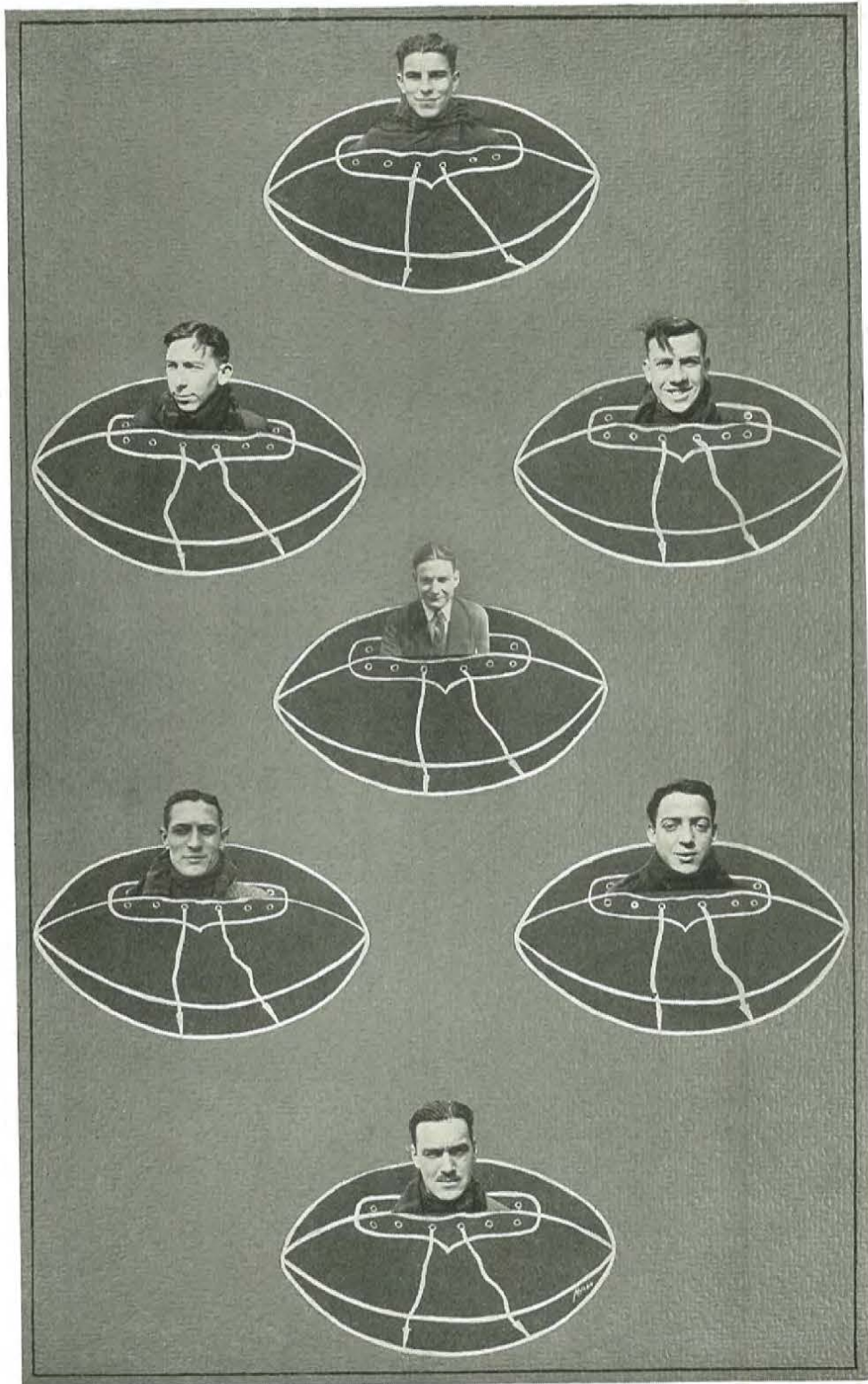
It is eight-thirty by the clock on the west wall of the library. Will the reader stop a moment with the editor and watch the J. C. world throng through the square?

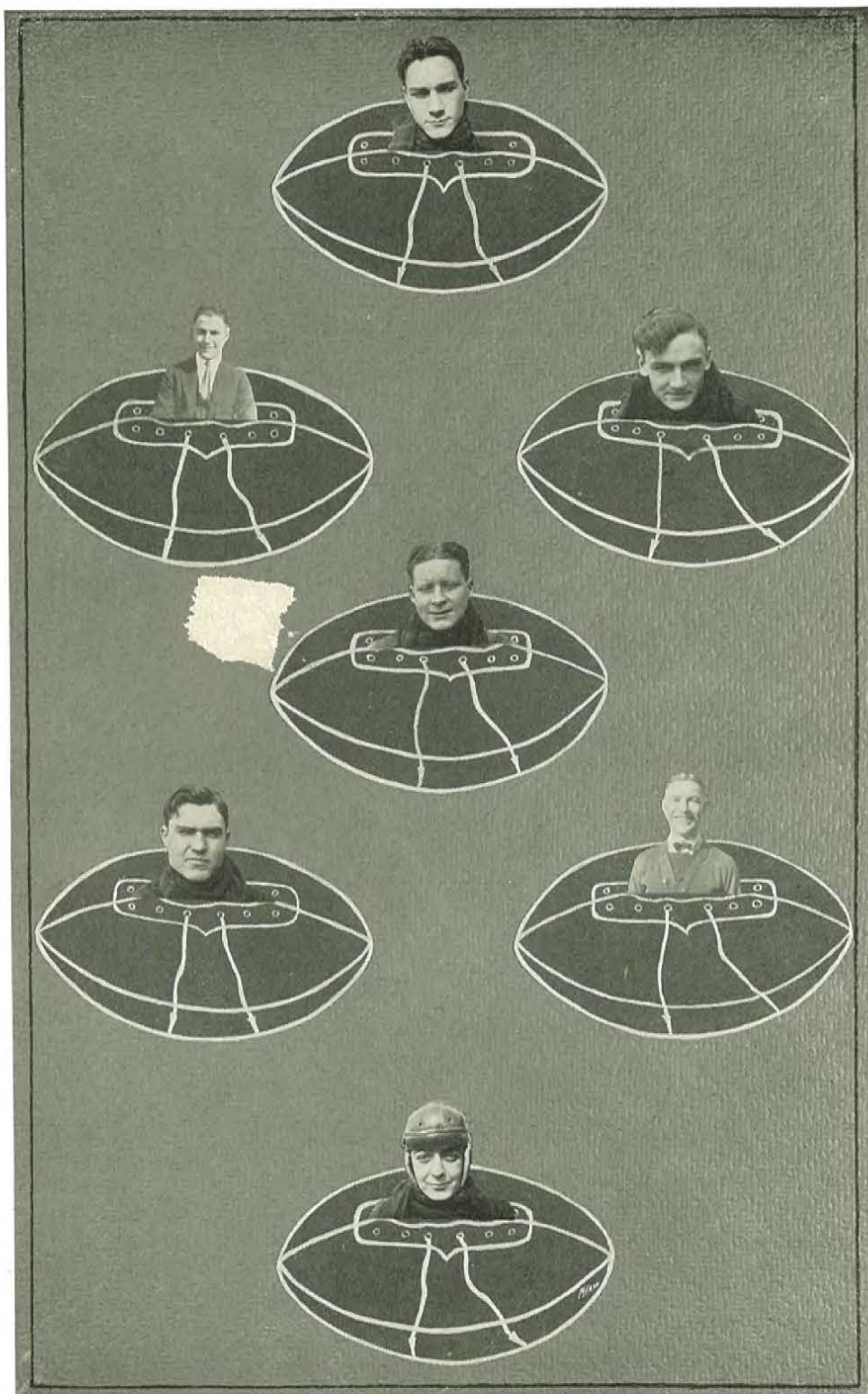
Here comes Hilda Cook, glancing up at the clock. Yes, she is late, as usual, but what does that matter—to Hilda? In contrast, Miss Moulton, the incarnation of punctuality, yes, and of finance. She is undoubtedly on her way to a conference with Homer Travis and Fay Whitsell, to extend the scope of the Griffon's advertising campaign. Indeed, I agree with you. She is certainly capable.

Oh, how very unusual! Mr. Hull must be late! But he really shouldn't hurry so; I am afraid that he will trip over his overcoat or drop his books and his hat. There, just behind Mr. Hull, is Eleanor Driver. Very pretty and attractive, isn't she? She is a worker, too; in fact, I imagine that she is right now going to interview Mrs. Whitley concerning the next Mes Amis dinner.

Watch closely this group approaching. In their respective abilities they are unsurpassed by any executives I have ever known. Miss Blum is telling her companions that she has just heard from the Rotary Club that they will be delighted to have Margaret Hoehn speak tomorrow about "Pomander Walk." Miss Frick replies that she will have to shift rehearsals slightly to permit Margaret to leave. The little girl? My dear reader, that is Miss Lacy, who

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CAPTAIN HOWARD SMITH

Football in Junior College

That the football season in Junior College was a failure cannot be gainsaid. The loss of every game played makes that statement true. But there are many angles from which the season's activities may be viewed. It is equally true that in the work accomplished toward the growth of a football team, and a football spirit, the season was a decided success.

However, little consolation is found in the knowledge that we did our best, and our scoreless season pulls the scales of popular opinion down to the failure side.

Coach Chatham was handicapped from the outset with inexperienced men. Of course most of the candidates had played vacant-lot football, but this is so far below the grade of collegiate games that it counts almost for naught. Moreover, the team as it finally stood had members who had never played even "kickapoo."

Another serious drawback was the lack of funds. We had, perforce, to play teams whom we could afford to bring to St. Joseph, and the limited choice thus imposed upon us confined our games to a circle of organizations of proven football competence. Economical we were, yet the end of the season found us considerably in debt. But the greatest loss to the school was the fact that teams our equals in weight, ability, and experience could not be brought here.

The newness of the game, the lack of a general enthusiasm in the college over their team, and the very knowledge that at best it could be but mediocre, might be given as excuses by those members of the squad who failed to keep strict training. The importance of keeping oneself in the best condition possible did not meet with the consideration and observance that it should. Just how much this affected the games cannot be estimated with any degree of certainty. The teams who won from us did not abstain from smoking. But it is now a matter of Junior College history that the first half of each game saw the black and gold warriors constantly in their opponents' territory, outplaying them in brand of football, and in yardage gained. The second half of each game saw the weakening of our line, and the victory of the enemy.

The absence of a perfected organization was perhaps the most potent factor in our defeats. Each member of the team had, of necessity, an individual interest in the winning of the game. Competitive athletics presupposes that attitude. But the eleven men must act as one, not as individuals. They must have a chief, a master, who directs their actions, who is given implicit confidence and prompt obedience. We lost scores easily within our power to make because this principle of team-work was not observed. Internal dissension, however slight, defeats the purpose of a football team.

So much for the failure and its causes. Viewed in the light of a beginning, the first season of Junior College was a success. Coach Chatham proved himself competent, patient, and indefatigable. His former experience has been with men who have played the game, and the manner in which he conducted our football nursery earned him only praise. No question too simple, no man too "boneheaded," no play too "befuzzled" for his painstaking interest. The fact mentioned above, that we outplayed our opponents in the first half of each game, is statistical evidence of the worth of Chatham's efforts.

College games depend on college spirit, and college spirit is a reflection of the common enthusiasm by which the team inspires the students, and the students inspire the team. In this respect, our first football squad deserves credit. Unusually hot weather during the whole season made the daily practice a grimy, sweating grind, and it is to be hoped that next year's team comes out of the last "three times 'round" with the same smiling pep that was shown by the "daddies of 'em all." Practice "ditching" did not occur, a fact significant of the spirit of our coach, and the spirit of our men.

All in all we may say that our first season showed a far greater measure of success than was hoped for. We lost all three games. We made not a single touchdown. But when young men in their eighteenth or twentieth year start in to learn a game they have never played, when they are willing to sacrifice every afternoon of the most beautiful time of the year for the glory of their college, when they keep right on fighting when almost the only spectators are the faculty; when young men do that sort of thing, and come nearer to winning the last game than they did the first—then they deserve, and they will have an enviable place in the annals of their Alma Mater.

Review of Athletics

At the beginning of this year the St. Joseph Junior College decided to go in for athletics stronger than ever before. To do this one of the first things accomplished was the formation of an athletic association. The officers elected to the several positions in this organization were: Harold Niedorp, president; Miss Margaret Sue Burney, secretary and business manager, and Newton Laughlin, Mildred Sims, Margaret Hoehn, and Charles Geddes as other directors of the association's activities.

Under the direction of coach Chatham, a call for football men was issued early in the season. There was a generous response, but all of the men, with a few exceptions, were raw recruits to the game. This is the first year that the school has undertaken to support a grid team, and, as all of the equipment had to be new, the expenses have been heavier than usual.

Only three football games were played and here are the results:

Palmer College	13	Played	Palmer College	13	Played
Junior College	0	There	Junior College	0	Here
			Dearborn Independents	19	Played
			Junior College	0	There

On the face of the thing it looks like a failure at football for the Junior College, but you must have consideration for a baby yet in its swaddling clothes. You just read what is to follow.

The basket ball team has had far more than fair success this year under the guidance of the above mentioned coach. The men on this year's team were all former high school stars and seemed to know all the fundamentals of the game. The coach soon made a unit of them and developed a fine machine for team work. The men on the squad were: Newton Laughlin, Earl Mueller, Earl Platt, Robert McDonald, Lawrence Miller, Harold Niedorp, Charles Geddes, Ronald Reed and Neil Whitlock. Mueller, Laughlin, Miller and Reed are graduates of Central high school. Geddes and Niedorp are graduates of Lafayette high school and Platt and Whitlock are graduates of Benton. McDonald is a former St. Mary's college student.

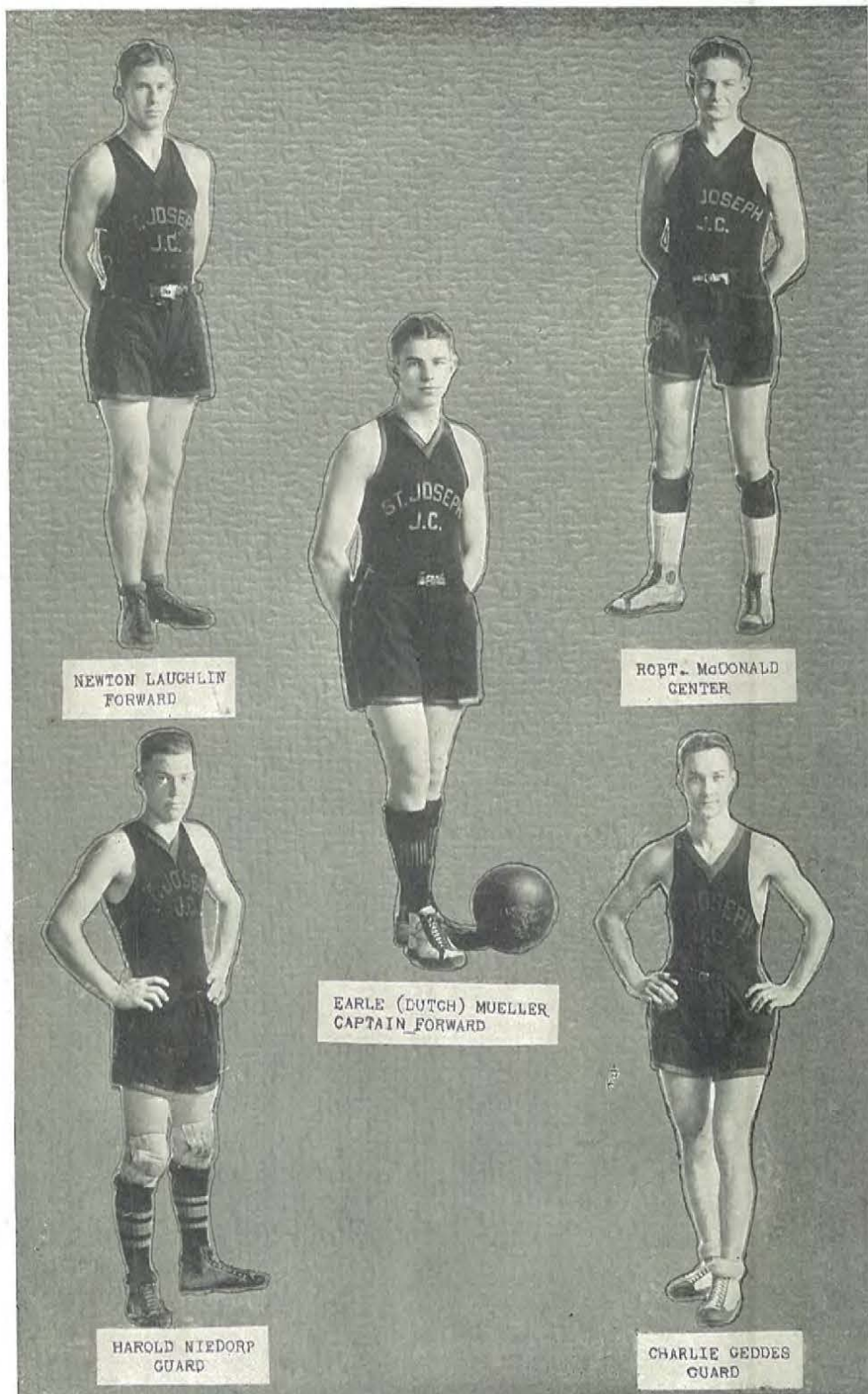
Junior College furnishes St. Joseph its only chance to see collegiate games on a local court as only collegiate matches are considered. The larger the attendance, the better the quality of games to be played, as no basketball team can play its best to a half empty grandstand.

The local team has won five of the eleven games played. Seven of these games were played here, and the association has gone to considerable expense to bring the out-of-town teams here. Some of the best college teams of this section of the State were met and four of the home games were victories for the local five. One of the oldest rivals, and one which St. Joseph Junior College takes great pleasure in meeting, was that of the Kansas City Junior College. The home quintet has the honor of having held this team to the lowest score it made during the season.

A summary of the games follows:

St. Joseph Junior College.....	18	Kansas City Junior College.....	48
St. Joseph Junior College.....	43	St. Benedict's College.....	22
St. Joseph Junior College.....	13	Kansas City Junior College.....	26
St. Joseph Junior College.....	16	Park College	27
St. Joseph Junior College.....	20	Park College	12
St. Joseph Junior College.....	31	Maryville Teachers' College.....	18
St. Joseph Junior College.....	49	Maryville Teachers' College.....	13
St. Joseph Junior College.....	13	University of Des Moines.....	44
St. Joseph Junior College.....	23	Wentworth Military Academy.....	24
St. Joseph Junior College.....	28	Wentworth Military Academy.....	16
St. Joseph Junior College.....	23	William Jewell College.....	25
Totals	277	Totals	275

Well, what do you know about that! OUR team shows a balance on the right side of the ledger, (Right the way we figure it out but left if you stop to look it over). What do you say, let's give fifteen for the team. Ready? Go!



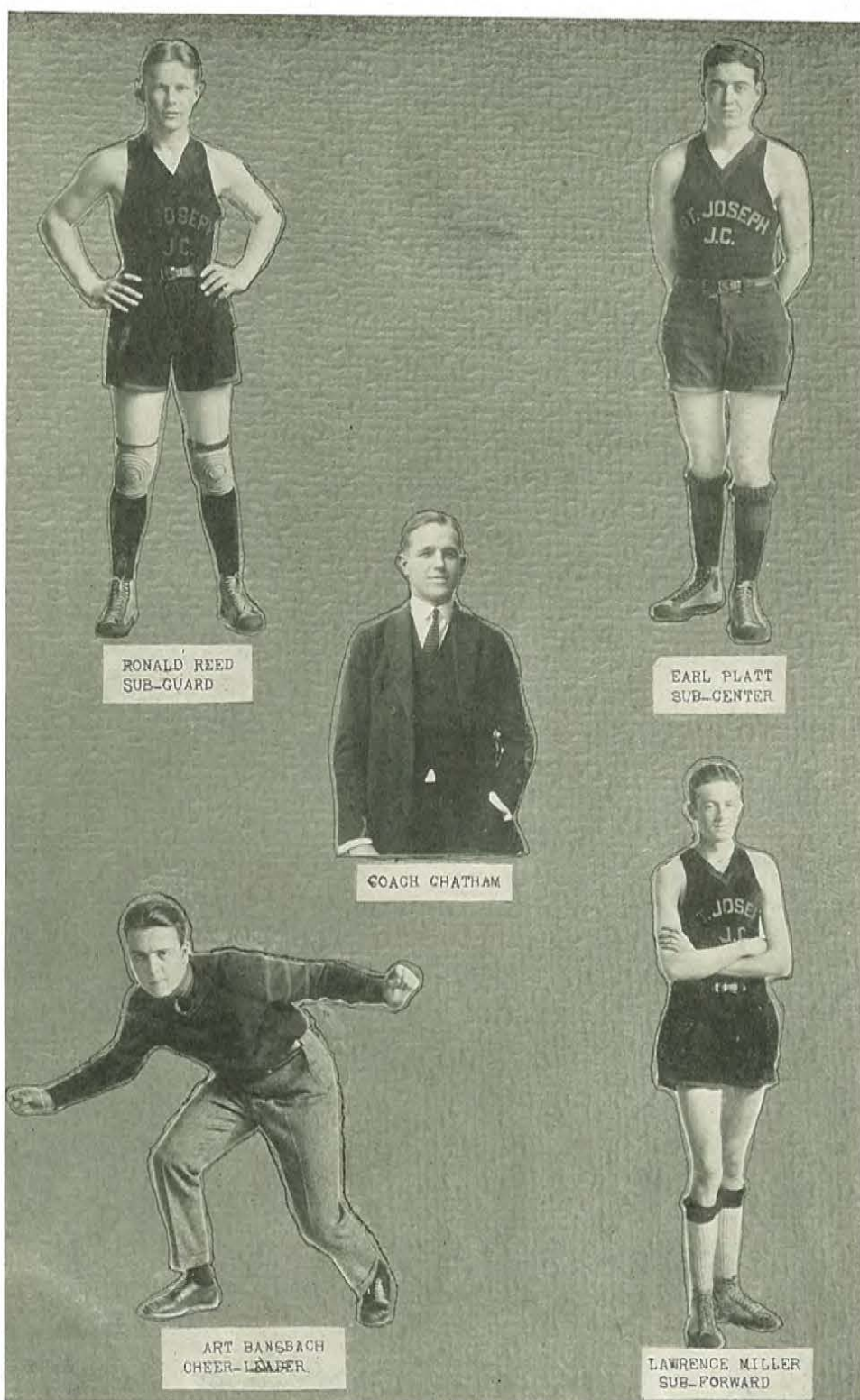
NEWTON LAUGHLIN
FORWARD

ROBT. McDONALD
CENTER

EARLE (DUTCH) MUELLER
CAPTAIN FORWARD

HAROLD NIEDORP
GUARD

CHARLIE GEDDES
GUARD





Another, more tumultuous, glimpse of Freshman life. The editors have decided to call it:

Frenzied Finance

The late afternoon shadows fell across the paper-strewn room. They had reached the desk where I was sitting and the darkness made my work harder. Dulled into a stupor by the long, tiresome afternoon of work, I sat and stared into the deepening gloom.

For weeks I had been gathering this pile of money and receipts and had made every effort to keep my accounts correct.

But as soon as I had straightened them out I would remember another place where I must go for an ad. Once there, if I could talk the manager into giving me an ad, he usually felt so self-satisfied that out of his new-born generosity he would buy a ticket or two. This would change my accounts and add money to my collection. Always I found unlooked for errors.

All day I worried. I went to class but knew nothing of what was going on. Only the good-will of the god of luck took me to the right class at the right time.

At night my labors doubled and trebled. No sooner were my eyes closed than I began an unending task: now it was a search for one lone ticket lasting the whole night thru; again it was a never ending sum of figures, everlastingly added.

This was all in the work of financing Junior College. But today was different. It was my last chance to be sure of my accounts. Tomorrow all money, receipts, tickets, and contracts must be turned in.

So there I sat all afternoon adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing, until the twilight and the worry had numbed my brain.

Then, pulling myself out of that lethargy, I made one more feeble effort to finish my work. Again the figures, which had been tormenting me for weeks, took possession of my wearied brain.

Five dollars! It was all straight at last; all those maddening rows of figures and names matched evenly, all the money was there—all except five dollars.

It seemed incredible that so much could be missing. I knew it must be found or repaid, and five dollars was a colossal sum to me.

But here were the tickets. Yellow ones were the De Molay Minstrel tickets. I had taken twenty and sold eighteen. Here were six dollars and thirty-five cents and the two unsold tickets. These blue ones were for the play. Four out of the twenty were left and the eight dollars for the other sixteen was here.

Stacked on one spindle were the advertising contracts. On another were the receipts.

Desperately I went thru everything again. I searched the floor and raked my brain. Again, and this time hopelessly, I made the search. But five dollars was missing and would not be found.

One more half-hearted search—but my mind and hands refused to do more. The papers, money, all changed into little green men with sharp horns who peered at me. Suddenly they flew at my head, and, jumping to my feet in an effort to escape their onslaught, I snatched all of the loose papers in both hands and as if throwing off chains I threw them from me. I was thru. No longer would I worry over that elusive five dollar bill.

Then, as I watched the papers flutter to the floor, a bit of green caught my eye. Scarcely believing my sight, I saw it settle to the top of the other papers. With a gasp I pounced on it. At last my troubles were over. Here was the lost five dollar bill and finance need no more throw me into a frenzy.

(Continued from page 29)

is, I wager, wondering where she will find enough vines for five houses, and how she will arrange the building of a wharf on the stage. The interest of these three augurs well for the success of "Pomander Walk."

It is very satisfactory, isn't it, to discover an occasional congruity amidst the incongruities of this world? For instance now, there is Esther Frogge, who is the assistant-where? Why in the zoological laboratory of course. And Earl Platte, who is as slow as the river of which he bears the name. Don't you ever carry books, Earl?

Speaking of books, I suppose that you have read the list of the ten most popular books with J. C.? You haven't? Then I really must give it to you. (You will perceive that it is slightly different from that published by Mr. Cunningham of the Public Library). Have you your paper and pencil ready? Very well.

1. "Writing the Short Story" by J. B. Esenwein.
2. "Freund's Leverett's Latin Lexicon."
3. "The Story-Teller's Art" by Charity Dye.
4. "Psychology" by James.
5. "Modern Drama in Europe" by Storm Jameson.
6. "An Elementary Course of Practical Zoology."
7. "The Learning Process" by Colvin.
8. "Principles of Economics" by Seager.
9. "Shakespearean Tragedy" by Bradley.
10. "Practical Physics" by Millikan and Gale.

* * * * *

Well met again! It must be about ten o'clock, isn't it? I thought so. I have just returned from the post-office where I found a letter from Earle O'Day, written just before he sailed. He evidently dreads sea sickness. Let me read you this bit:

"Needless to say we anticipate the departure with joy. That is, Bill does. But he is a seasoned ocean traveler, and I have but two sea trips notched to my credit—so my behaviour remains to be chronicled. In the past I have been very considerate of the hungry denizens of the deep; I am sorry now that I did not take Miss Moulton's economics."

I certainly do miss him in the square.

Collecting again, Vier? Good luck to you. Yes, that is one of J. C.'s best collectors. I hope that little boy with him won't bother him. I have always wondered just how old that Willard Goetze is.

Big sister to J. C. is Nina Wilkerson, who is explaining some difficult subject to "Smithy." Just notice the pair coming toward us. One, Rosanna Day, is short and plump; the other, Lillian Reynolds, is tall and slender. A peculiar affinity, however, seems to exist between them; both play basket ball, both study Latin, and both have husbands. (Incidentally, they are sisters.)

If the reader will promise to maintain a deep silence, the editor will tell him a secret. Warren Lee Briggs has grown an inch! Mirabile dictu! Ah, yes, that is John Shields. The S. of the X. R. S., you know!

Now of whom does this tall young woman remind you? Of course, Mary Pickford. We would gladly recommend Mary Miller as an understudy for the famous movie star.

Francis Weakley appears to be very earnest, doesn't he? Which one is he, you ask. Oh, the dark young man at your left. He really has brains, and he pores, but it is said that all is spilled. Yes, that was an atrocious pun; I seem to have a penchant for such things.

And here comes Mrs. Myrick. She also has a husband.

Oh, Esther! Esther Platt! She won't even stop for a word of greeting. I suppose that she has suddenly thought of someone to whom she can sell some "Pomander Walk" tickets. Fanny Dean Corman, however, doesn't seem to be at all rushed. Why should she be? After all, her actions, to be consistent, should keep pace with her soft, southern drawl. Another southern maiden is Mary Tolin, who so delightfully stutters. How she will grace, next fall, that quaint old mansion on the Dixie Highway!

Behold two young freshmen! Why, pro hominum fidem, was Art Bansbach chosen for the role of the Eye Sore? Contrariwise, because he looks the part so little. Ho, there, Wesley Cramer! With, so speedily, with hammer and nails? Oh, of course, to assist in the building of the "Pomander Walk" scenery.

There you see an interesting group. Its members prove the assertion that the Freshman Class is young. Why? Because they are Frances, Erma, and Margaret. Viola Coe has just joined them. What are they saying? Oh, they are bewailing the loss of a valuable book which the Masterpiece classes have been using. The tragedy has been fittingly commemorated in a poem which I read a few moments ago:

A MASTERPIECES READER'S PLAINT

I think that I shall have to look Throughout the high school for that book, That book of which I have such need, For in it's a tale that I must read Before the test which comes next week; You see now why I wildly seek,	And seek and seek with might and main In lockers and lunchroom, but all in vain, Some freshie has it I well do know; Just wait till I get him! Woe upon woe Will be his when I make him confess he took That needed, elusive, essential book!
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(Continued on page 38)

(Continued from page 37)

These warm days have sadly emptied Lincoln Square. Oh, indeed? Bernice McElwain has just told me that everyone is going out to the spring rendezvous—the sundial. I recall now that that spot is the second most popular gathering place of the college. That suggests to me a lyric which the Poetry Editor gave me yesterday. Let's see. Oh, yes, here it is in my note book:

Oh sundial, 'tis of thee,	Spot whence our heels do drag
Sweet spot of liberty,	Each blade of green.
Of thee I dream.	'Gainst thee I often lean
Spot where our tongues do wag,	In thoughtfulness serene—
Spot where our feet do lag,	

But wait a moment! Dear reader, I humbly beg your pardon for this childish repetition. Last year I beguiled you into listening to some effusions written by what might be called my cub-reporters, Freshmen, you know.

Here we are again! We seem to meet most opportunely. The clock seems to have stopped, but the fifth hour has just closed, I am sure, for there goes Anna Felling wearing her coat and hat. How vivid she is in red! Marguerite Skoken and Mildred Sampson had really better hurry, if they expect to reach their respective Girl Reserve groups on time. I certainly have a warm spot in my heart for the latter; she and her typewriter are the most willing aids a Griffon editor ever had!

I hear that Esther Wilkins and Jewell Zollinger have made up their minds that they must have two dresses apiece for Pomander Walk. There they are now. They must be going to confer with the modiste.

Why the crowd about the statue of Lincoln? Oh, yes, I see—the debaters are practicing postures. That tall, dark-haired Irishman, as you might know, has established himself directly in front of the statue, leaving to his colleagues, Dorothea and Maurice, side positions. Reader, who, do you believe, imitates the famed orator's posture, the best? I really don't know either. I hope that the judges will have more decision in settling the question than I.

Josephine Rankin doesn't seem greatly impressed by the debaters' practice, but then she is a business woman and has much on her mind. By her stiff sailor and brisk walk she surrounds herself with an atmosphere far different from the colorful, vivid air of the stories she writes.

Do you know that my seeing Marjorie Chappell just now made me think that she is exactly the bright, energetic, capable girl who is needed to revive the Sports Club. I read its epitaph just the other day. It is quite heart-breaking:

Here lies the Sports Club, lifeless and cold;
How finely it flourished in dim days of old!
With a groan and a sigh
It chose to die,
And over its corpse the last knell has tolled.

But consider the musical talent of J. C.! It certainly is not dead. Just watch the two demure young ladies over there. They are Pauline Curtiss and Eleanor Staten, who have promising futures in the world of music. And Walter Hanne and Barton Reynolds behind them, certainly have excellent voices. They are undoubtedly going to sing at the Commerce Club to advertise "Pomander Walk."

Whew! They rushed by like a tornado! But small wonder, Janet Van Vliet is starting on a shopping tour. Did you know that she has discovered the secret of knowing how to buy "so many things for two dollars"? That as it may be, she and her committee can certainly make a thousand leaves grow where none grew before. Oh yes, that was Willie Zalkin. He was hastening to the theater to get Miss Varner's tickets for "Pomander Walk."

Hello, Lorene Mark, Vera Kunz, and Ruth Churchill! Where to? Oh, to basketball practice. Ruth, you midget, you know it's all camouflage with you. You are too small to be seen beneath the ball.

Oh, Mildred Sims! She denies emphatically that she is a flapper, but I hear that she was the inspiration of this poem entitled:

TO THE FRESHMAN FLAPPER

That they are changeable creatures	Is it also destined
One cannot deny.	To last but a while?
'Mongst the styles they affect	
The death rate is high.	For the flopping galoshes
	There has sounded the knell;
The short, fringed skirt	Russian boots have succeeded,
Of a few months ago,	They flop quite as well.
Has passed, as in spring	
There passes the snow.	And concerning their hair:
	They're uncertain as yet,
In its place is the skirt	For while some wear it bobbed,
Long and clinging in style;	Some make use of the net.

(Continued on page 40)



FOR SALE BUT NOT CHEAP



D.T.?



Sir PETER and MARJOLINE



AS THE TWIG IS BENT



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3 OUT OF 5



THE FOUR HORSEMEN



PUZZLE- WHO SAW THE PIRK



LIVE STOCK SHOW



MINNIE THE MERMAID



SAME OLD STUFF



FAVORITE OCCUPATION

(Continued from page 33)

Their small ears they adorn With the earrings of old, But like skirts, of their length The half's not been told.	But the latest in fads Of Esther and Anna Is an ancient revived— Each wears a bandana.
---	---

It must be growing late; the square is almost deserted. Ah, here come some late pedestrians. Marion Lehr resembles a tall white and gold lily, doesn't she? She must be en route to take her pipe-organ lesson.

Have you heard the very significant fact about Kenneth Clark? With his aid and that of a henna-ed one J. C. has one more red-head than it had two years ago. Speaking of hair, from what I hear all the straight-haired girls of Junior College bitterly resent the gods' evident preference for Louis Baum. Such a perfect and natural marcel!

And there is Mildred Heim. She is one of the several well-dressed girls who pass through the square each day.

What did you ask, reader? Oh, you wish to know who is the young man in the grey suit? Surely you know him; he is William Cadwell. He must have brains in addition to his good looks, for just the other day he said modestly that he has good sense but hates to admit it in public.

Hm-m-. The square is suddenly very silent yet I feel as though someone were present. Of course! Faye Foster has just passed.

Well, well! It is growing late. I think that I'll look up the other members of the staff and we'll work up this delightful news I've gathered on Lincoln Square.

Good-bye!

Our Own True Mystery Story

With disheveled hair and haggard faces, the staff was working day and night, night and day. So tense was the atmosphere in the editorial sanctum that the office boy was frequently called upon to hew a passage to the desk. Parallel and oblique lines of worry furrowed the editor's face, for the future of this publication was at stake. A baffling, yea, apparently insolvable, question had arisen and upon its solution hung the fate of society, perhaps of the nation and of the world.

A scout, who had, with magnifying glass, with dictograph, and with portable radio equipment, been tracing all clues of solution to their lurking places, dropped through the skylight from his airplane parked on the roof. With streaming eyes and trembling ears, he threw himself at the stationary feet of the editor.

"Your honor," he sobbed, between gulps, "all my efforts were fruitless, my attempts were all bootless. Though they've made the trains toothless, the flying owls hootless, 'moot points' now mootless, chimneys all sootless, my theory's rootless"—strangely enough, he ceased through lack of breath.

The editor groaned, and regroaned as he heard the newsboys calling in the street. "Extra! Extra! Great war between Checks and Furthurences has broken out because of a disagreement over the Burning Question! Extra!" He started to the window but fell back in a paroxysm of distress at the sight of the great crowds standing in the street with anxious faces upturned to him in trustful waiting for the word which would save the nation.

The situation was becoming desperate indeed. A crisis had been reached, and the disaster which impended must certainly fall if an answer was not found for the stupendous, vital, stirring question, "When is a twin not a twin?"

* * * * *

Calm has descended, filtered down, fallen, what you will, (if you only adhere closely to the principle that a body falls of its own weight) upon the editorial sanctum. The editor is talking to himself as usual; the office boy is snoring in his usual fashion; and the stenographer is, as usual, reading aloud "Valiant Vernon's Victory" to her appreciatively silent typewriter. In fact, everything is so usual that it's positively unusual.

Ah, now your keenly observant, analytical mind has begun to question. "What," you say, with beetling, bugling brow, "has wrought this marvellous, even miraculous change?"

We meet the challenge bravely. We have an answer. In fact, we are rarely easily stumped. The answer is this, from the lips of Miss Martha Taylor of the twinhood of Margaret and Martha. "A twin is not a twin when the twin's twin is not with the twin wherever and however the twin's peregrinations may lead the twin."

After due thought, consideration, and thinking, we have decided to charge no more for this book because it contains the above simple, enlightening, and valuable revelation. Thus do we save and serve society.

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"Oh Louis, look at those poor moth-eaten
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Louis: "You dumb-bell, they're only
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Make a weary student
Long for lessons few.

The scene: A horseshoe throwing tournament.

Karoline: "Vaughn, when do you stop playing?"

Vaughn: "At eleven."

Karoline: "Well, its ten-thirty now."

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I am glad to note that the citizens of St. Joseph are taking such interest in your Junior College as to make it possible for you to steadily improve the work. I am sure that their deep interest will continue, and that the character of your work will steadily improve.

With kindest regards and best wishes for your continued success, I am,

Very truly yours,

May 7, 1921

J. C. JONES.

This Page Donated to Junior College by a Friend.

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(Continued from page 14)

1921

Caldwell, Wilma, Teacher at Benton School.

Clark, Ruth, Teacher at McKinley School.

Feeney, Edna, St. Joseph, Mo.

Gardner, Helen, Teacher at Lafayette School.

Griffin, Martha, Teacher at Krug School.

Knapp, Thelma, Student at Kansas University (graduate).

Kennedy, Byron, Kennedy Motor Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

Kennedy, Quaide, Kennedy Grocer Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

Lomax, Muriel M., Ass't Supervisor Phy. Ed., St. Joseph Public Schools.

McDonald, Madeleine, Student, Northwestern University.

McEwin, Erwin, Student, at Missouri University (graduate).

Morton, Bickley, Student at Simmons College, Boston, Mass.

Meyers, Jessie Lee, Student at Kansas University (graduate).

Riley, Opal, married and living in Hawaii.

Spratt, Leah, Student at Missouri University.

Young, Mabel, St. Joseph, Mo.

1922

Barthold, Louise, Student at Missouri University.

Boyle, Norma, Teacher at Easton, Mo.

Gifford, Dorothy, St. Joseph, Mo.

Hawkins, Elizabeth, Student at Missouri University.

Heim, Corinne, Student at Missouri University.

Morton, Frances, Student at Simmons College, Boston, Mass.

James, Chesney, Teaching at Maysville, Mo.

Lacy, Sally, Student at Missouri University.

Nelson, Leone, Teaching at Brookfield, Mo.

Sandusky, Gertrude, Student at the Western, Oxford, Ohio.

Stein, Margaret, Student at Missouri University.

Stewart, Parilee, Student at Missouri University.

Watkins, Lillian, Student at Chicago University.

Whalen, Nell, Student at Nebraska University.

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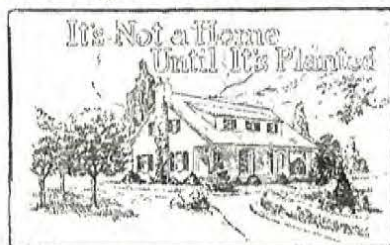
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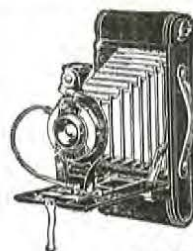
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