

THE GRIFFON

19  22



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Foreword

College annuals, we regret to admit, hold the interest of very few people, and that only for a short time. Fresh from the press, they are perused with eager interest by their sponsors. Each girl disclaims any possible likeness to her photograph; each man sympathizes with each girl in her opinion; and then, after the family have thumbed their pages hurriedly and bewailed the decadence of modern education, they are temporarily honored by a conspicuous place. Sooner or later, however, they make their farewell trip to the seldom-dusted under-regions of the library table, or are relegated to the attic.

Many methods of overcoming this doom are tried. Some attempt by sheer ornamentation in the binding to insure a semi-permanent place in the everyday life of the graduate. This generally results in the book being used as a pad for a house plant. Others mix a concoction of witticisms and cartoons, trusting to its savoriness for long life.

Ours is a modest, friendly little book, with an ambition not lofty enough to aspire to companionship with the family album offered to visitors as a last resort during the conversational calm which occurs just before mother comes down stairs. It is our book, full of memories for us, of our college days. Its one desire is that on those long, lonesome evenings occasionally given over to tasting the sweetness of happy recollections, it may be a pleasant companion for the big comfy chair by the fireside.

For the casual being who plots an unsuccessful course thru its pages in quest of an artistic justification for its existence; for him who measures our work with a gauge forged from superior experiences, we have only sympathy. He cannot understand. He does not belong.

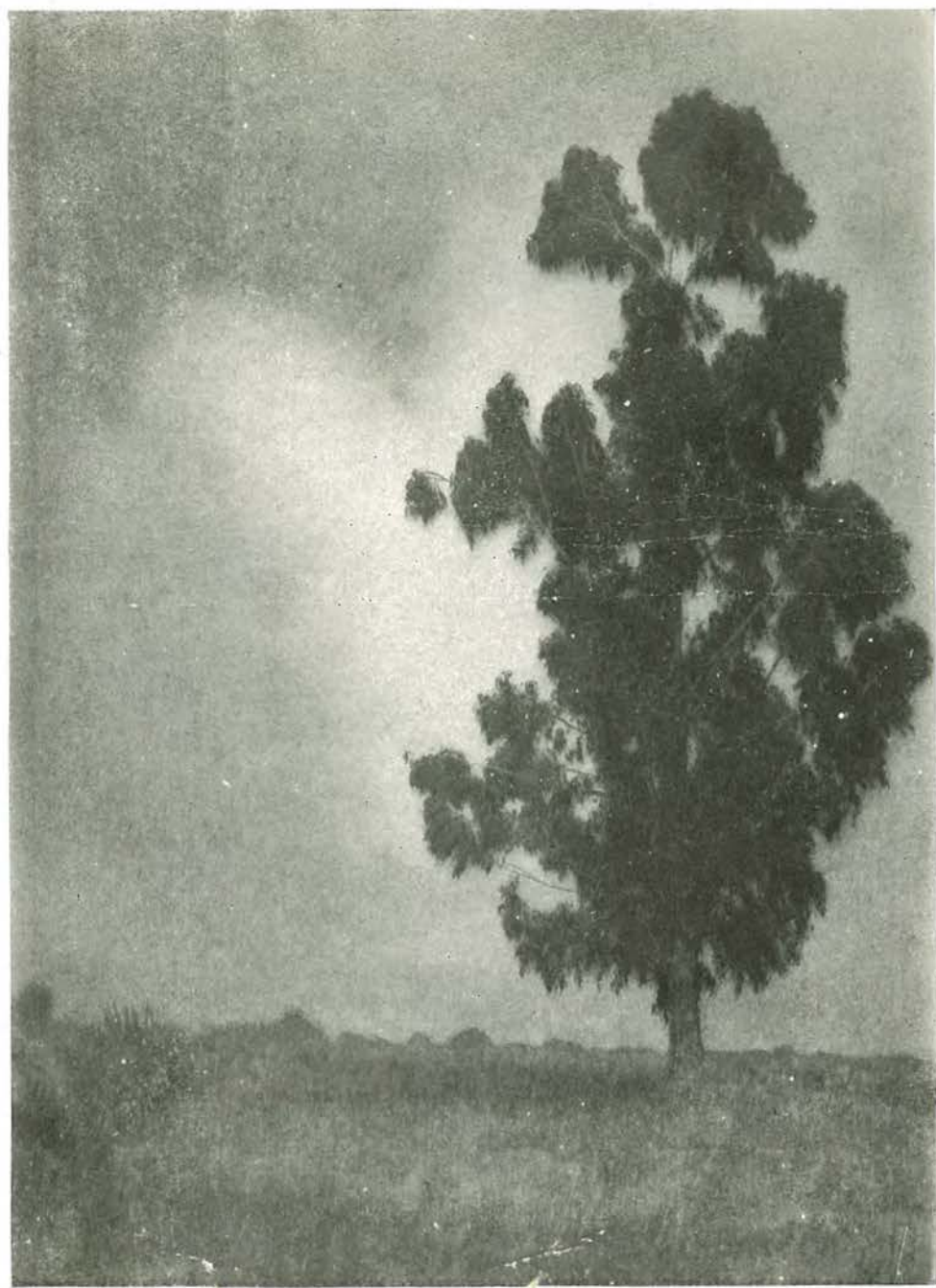
The wholesome man whose character gleans improvement from a contemplation of his World, is bound to be more happy and successful than his less observant brothers.

Consider Nature.

She doubts not her harvest; shirks not because her past best energy is unavailing; dims not the glory of her one success by shrouds of withered wreathes from graves of buried failures.

No!

That wise Dame, sowing lavishly with her breezes, assuaging impartially with her showers, wasting no sorrowful minutes on unproductive seed, rejoices in the one perfect specimen!





OSCAR S. WOOD
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CALLA E. VARNER
Vice-Principal

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SENIOR CLASS

Nell Kathleen Whalen



Frances Morton



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SENIOR CLASS



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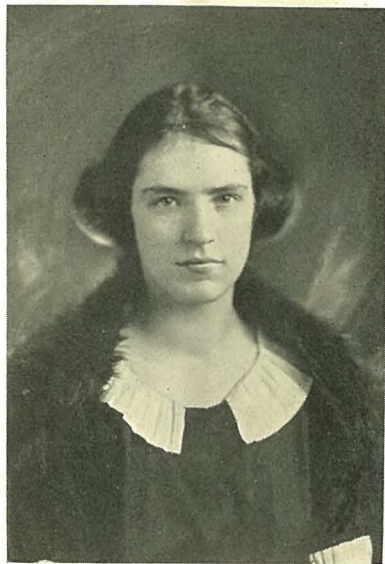
Parilee D. Stewart



Dorothy Elizabeth Gifford

SENIOR CLASS

Leone Nelson



Norma L. Boyle



Lillian R. Watkins



SENIOR CLASS



Gertrude A. Sandusky

Chesney Ava James



If Riley Were to Visit Us

When the grades are on the grade cards and the first semester's past,
And you see the newest questions, so much harder than the last;
Or the humming, buzzing chorus of what he and she have "got,"
And the 'E's' that were deserved, and the 'I's' you know were not;
As you stow away your tattered, spattered Masterpieces list,
And you think of all the things you know besides the ones you've missed;
O, it's then's the time a fellow feels like knuckling down to show
That 'E's' and 'I's', and all the rest, aren't really what you know!

JUNIOR COLLEGE ALUMNI

1918

Boyer, Mary, Church Secretary at Westminster Presbyterian Church, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Carpenter, Lucille, Teacher at McKinley School, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Cowden, Allison, Mrs. Byron White, mother of a young son, Harshaw, Wis.
 Fitzmaurice, Marjorie, Teacher at Lafayette, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Knight, Norman, Student at Washington and employed in Government Work.
 Miller, Viola, Mrs. Fred Peterson, Beaumont, Kansas.
 Miller, Agnes, Teacher in High School, Marysville, Kan.
 Minor, Mildred, died in March, 1922.
 Mohler, Margaret, Secretary Stock Yards Bank, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Weiner, Joseph, Practicing Law, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Wells, Josephine, Social Worker, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Whalen, Esther, Teacher at Washington School St. Joseph, Mo.
 Whitehead, Corrine, Teacher at Longfellow School, St. Joseph, Mo.

1919

Ball, Blessing, Teacher at McKinley School, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Brown, Elizabeth, Teacher at Neely School, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Crawford Mildred, Graduate of Missouri University, 1922, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Hansen, Marjorie, Student University of Missouri.
 Hartwig, Caroline, Student University of Missouri.
 Kaucher, Mildred, Student, Manhattan University.
 Lacy, Louise, Student University of Missouri.
 Miller, Ethel, Teacher, Colwell, Idaho.
 Nuckles, Ruth, Mrs. Clifford McNeil, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Schell, Margaret, University of California.
 Spangberg, Ruth, Teacher at Robidoux Polytechnic, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Steininger, Vera, Teacher, University of Kansas.
 Stewart, Henrietta, Teacher at Robidoux Polytechnic, St. Joseph, Mo.

1920

Allen, Elizabeth, Student, University of Missouri.
 Challis, Dorothy, Mrs. Irving Fagin, Oklahoma City, Okla.
 Craig, Juanita, Mrs. Henry Shepherd, Pittsburg, Penn.
 Culkin, Dorothy, Student, University of Wisconsin.
 Houk, Mary, Student, University of Missouri.
 Hunsaker, Mary, Teacher South Park School, St. Joseph, Mo.
 James, Eileen, Teacher, Bliss School, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Koontz, Margaret, Stenographer Stock Yards Bank, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Marechal, Helen, Student University of Missouri.
 Maloney, Sara, Student, University of Missouri.
 Moore, Opal, Teacher at Hosea School, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Rostock, Lois, Teacher at Floyd School, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Rowe, Lela Maude, Teacher at Bliss School, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Rullman, Frederick, Cashier at Bell Telephone Co.
 Utz, Nellie, Teacher at Humboldt School, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Varner, Catherine, Student at University of Missouri.
 Whitsell, Earl, Student of Medicine, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
 Wilkins, Clara, Student University of Wisconsin.

1921

Caldwell, Wilma, Teacher at Benton, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Clark, Ruth, Teacher at Hosea School, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Feeney, Edna, Student Platt College, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Gardner, Helen, Teacher at Wallace, Mo.
 Griffin, Martha, Teacher at Krug, St. Joseph, Mo.
 Knapp, Thelma, Student University of Kansas.
 Kennedy, Byron, Manager Kennedy Motor Co., St. Joseph, Mo.
 Kennedy, Quaide, Manager Kennedy Grocery Co., St. Joseph, Mo.
 Lomax, Muriel, Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co., St. Joseph, Mo.
 McDonald, Madeleine, Teacher at Hall School, St. Joseph, Mo.
 McEwin, Erwin, Student at University of Missouri.
 Morton, Bickley, Student at Simmons College, Boston, Mass.
 Meyers, Jessie Lee, Student, University of Kansas.
 Riley, Opal, Teacher in Hawaii.
 Spratt, Leah, Student, University of Missouri.
 Young, Mabel, Student, University of Missouri.

Rime of the Ancient Rest Room Couch

PART I.

It is an ancient rest-room Couch,
And its misery stoppeth me.
"By thy broken springs and splintered
legs,
How came this tragedy?"

It quivers now in sorrow great,
Its attitude is meek,
"Of hundreds who have sat on me
Thou art the first to speak."

"How camest thee to this rubbish heap?
What story cans't thou tell?"
It sagged a breath and then began,
"I'll tell thee what befell,—

Part II.

"I was a couch of rest-room fame,
A useful thing I,
A place of honor bright was mine,
Ah me! How time doth fly.

"It is a few short months since I
In gracious wholeness stood,
My legs were straight, my back intact,
A marvel, sooth, in wood!

"And then calamity, alack!
A knife upon me fell,
My rattan torn, the rent began,
Ah me, 'tis sad to tell.

"They sat on me, they stood on me,
My back they broke in twain.
When ten or fifteen on me perched
I suffered woeful pain.

And when they'd crushed me into bits,
My useful days gone by,
They moved me to this wreckage heap,
And here, alas, I lie.

Part III.

The moral of this olden rime,
We surely all must feel,
Is that a college women's couch
Should be of hardened steel!

Room 49

It is a delight to step into room 49 when the only sound in the building is the occasional scrape of the janitor's brush against the stone of the last flight of stairs. There is a certain peace, a calm serenity in this place when it is freed from its youthful disturbers.

The soft sunlight pours thru three high windows, and is greeted at two of them by tall geraniums that lean forward from their green boxes, eager to bathe in the yellow flood. Upon a high pine pedestal at the third window is a fern whose feathery green arms, imprisoning the sunbeams in a gently waving embrace, cast lacy shadows first on the floor and then, as the sun sinks lower and lower, on the chairs, on the flat-topped tables, and finally on the teacher's desk at the far east end of the room. Here a neat row of books and a bouquet of bitter-sweet, touched perhaps by the dignity of their authoritative position, play monitor to the glass fronted cases filled with stones of every shape and hue, with relics, shells, and chalky colored skeletons. Mirroring its fresh greenness in the glass of the cases is a miniature garden whose sole occupant—a tiny Japanese doll—sits day after day on the ferny banks of a tiny lake, smiling at himself in the clear water.

The Freshman Remembers

When I peer into that mental recess where my first impressions of Junior College have, by devious processes of confirmation and annulment, been sorted from a March hare order into tangible thoughts which will bear examination, I find them of rosier and more pleasant character than at the time of their reception. Out of the tangled mass of dripping umbrellas, muddy white slippers, crowded street cars, wet streets, great halls, a labyrinth of rooms, chemistry tables, confused schedules, strange faces, and a multitude of other disagreeable things, there is formed a memory which gives me the greatest pleasure.

This is a boon to me, for goodness knows my first day was unpleasant! The weather was contemptible; a chilling rain fell steadily, dampening one's spirit as well as one's clothing. The street cars were crowded, and reeked with the odor of steaming bodies. An uphill walk thru the hot rain brought me perspiringly to the back entrance of the building, but I marched around to the front, determined not to enter college by the rear door. After wandering through a maze of halls and rooms of all imaginable sizes and situations, I found the women's rest room, but I shrank from the tide of strange faces; every one seemed at ease but me. Standing in the midst of the hustle and bustle, bumped here and stepped on there, I disconsolately decided that a Freshman, be he of high school or college species, cannot hide his emerald hue.

On I passed from class to class, my feeling of hopelessness growing faster than the ever-lengthening list of books. It was then I discovered a friendly teacher whose cheery welcome enabled me to form the first of those impressions, to which, with the passage of the months, all of the others have changed. My meetings with the faculty were the one bright spot in that first day in Junior College, and it is to the continued association with them that I must attribute the psychic surgery which has transformed so many disagreeable and uncomfortable recollections into one happy memory.

"Chow" Time

I smelled a thousand savory smells,
As up the stairs I sadly climbed,
In that dire state when thoughts of food
Bring hunger to the mind.
To every food could odor link
The appetite that through me ran;
And how it maddened me to think
What hunger makes of man.

The college lunch hour long was passed,
The high school rabble had their way;
A surging, seething line was massed
That filled me with dismay.
They laughed and joked in merry glee,
They talk of price inflating;
But every phrase more made me see
The uselessness of waiting.

I thought of all the feasts I'd known,
The bread and meat I'd wasted;
The scraps that to the dogs I'd thrown,
The juicy roasts I'd basted.
But when the crowd their rooms had sought,
When I once more my work began,
No longer starving, then I thought
What food can make of man!

FRESHMAN CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

President Earl Mueller
 Secretary Berenice Mueller
 Treasurer Harold Niedorp

Regeneration

The dead routine of classes, pages and pages of history, and thoughts of the years ahead, made a dreamy spot on the campus a haven of rest for a dispirited Freshman girl. Something was lacking; the something that makes effort worth while; the something that crowns an honest endeavor, even tho it ends in failure. Lost in the confusion of past misdirected energies, she leaned against her tree, and with head back, surveyed the campus thru half-veiled, listless eyes.

Noon; and the warm, flower-scented breezes whispered in leafy murmurings over her head. The gentle sun rays drifting down thru the leaves cast a green-gold light upon the long, uncut grass, which caught the glow and carried it in undulating ripples to break against the trees. Everywhere over the whole campus were these trees, large and small, just far enough apart to bend gracefully their rustling boughs and each in turn, give a quiet message to its fellows. "What message could there be? What secrets are they passing?" thought the girl, too languorous in her tranquil comfort to wish to find an answer. "Lost effort," decided she as each ripple started triumphantly from her over the grassy expanse, and ended as the sturdy brown trunks of tree after tree broke up the useless movement, dissipating the puny forces into senseless eddies of disaster. "Lost effort," mused she, idly missing this reflection of her soul.

But the breeze, scattering the magic words of encouragement, would not have it so. Every blade of grass was now listening, now telling his neighbor. From building to walk, from fence to wall, the message ran its course. A moment's lull of absolute stillness, and Lo! the freshened breeze wakened all to life. A vigorous swell of waving grass launched forth from beside the girl to fall with curling top and steady roll upon the helpless tree trunks. Breaking here, yielding there, it gathered together beyond and splashed in one triumphant line to meet the tumbling green tide of flecked vines against the old rock wall. The Spirit had conquered, and now the audible murmur came distinctly, "You,—you,—can do it; you must do it, too;"

The wide eyes of an awakened girl sought the doors of her Alma Mater; they rose with the walls climbing above the tops of the trees, waving welcome to their convert, and above the swirling breezes to the towers, intimately near the sun.

Who's Who?

A slight, lithe figure as graceful as the slimmest and trimmest of her students, walks briskly into Room 22, her mouth twinkling in the little quirk that ever characterizes her welcoming smile. The stride, efficient, rather than mannish, is as delightful as the eyes, and the aristocratic poise of this charming faculty friend of ours. Her keen, carefully planned lectures, filled with that depth of personal interest which inspires all to rise above mediocrity, endear her to Junior College. Whether she is tactfully encouraging some "poor immature thing," or frantically searching for an elusive word, or blushing admitting some unsuspected depth of feeling, we love her. She is so,— so,— so human!

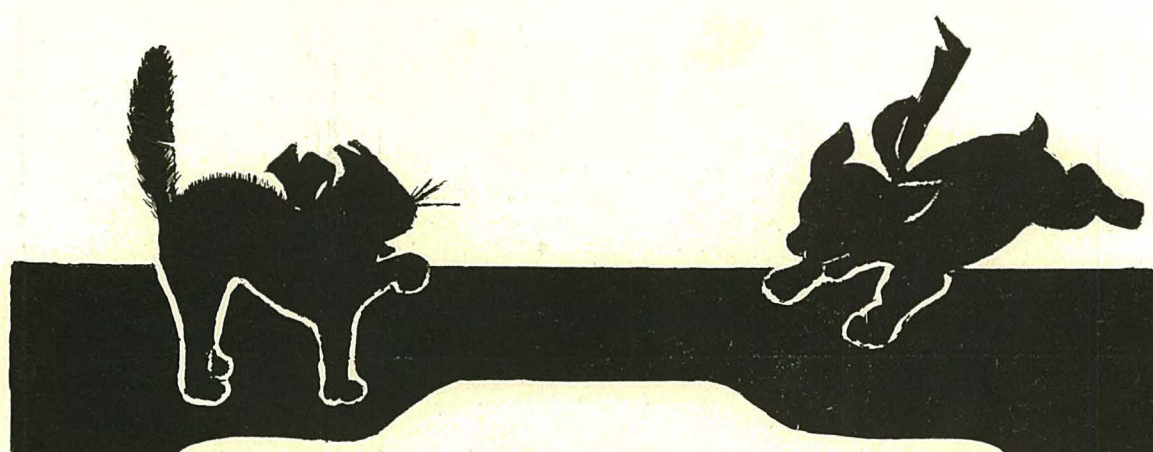
Few men are so energetic as the khaki-clad figure which lightly swung to the ground from the other side of the high white fence. We were taking pictures of the Sports Club for the Griffon, when this girl, so richly alive that each graceful action revealed a glowing wealth of vitality, irresistibly drew us. As she laughed and chatted to the girls who were returning her greetings, her every movement and gesture bespoke perfect health. A mass of waving brown hair crown'd by a soft black hat, framed her lovely face. Her joyous laughter revealed faultless teeth to those eyes which were not held by her full, nature-tinted lips. And the something that dwelt in her big brown eyes, and made itself felt in every fascinating poise,—that something could be no other than the wholesome, challenging spirit of happy girlhood.

No-where have I seen her without that peculiar atmosphere which suggests to me a plaintive guitar in old, romantic Spain. Her dark daintiness is in itself a type of beauty, and is enhanced by her proportions, almost perfect in their smallness. Abundant hair, of a warm brown, shares its lustre with her large eyes, now melancholy, and now sparkling with an unexpected twinkle. She smiles with a shy, surprised expression. Her small hands are fragile, and artistic, and her brown dress and brown shoes carry out the symphony of modest color which is as characteristic of her as the pervading spirit of friendliness so beloved by all her friends.

As I came around the corner of a group of lockers, I saw her lay a capable hand on the shoulder of a lad who was evidently supposed to be in class. Her sharp grey eyes, feared for their detective keenness by laggards and drones, but appreciated for their comradely sympathy by law-abiders, sought to find some sign of guilt in the youth's face, as, gesturing with an outward fling of her hand, she questioned. At the boy's reply that he was ill, the frowning lines around her eyes and mouth reversed themselves into kindly smiles. Proffering a word of advice accompanied by a decisive nod of her head with both eyes shut, she cheerfully patted the sick boy and sent him home.

From London came the tweeds he wears,
Their size is quite immense!
"Bah jove! How int'resting," he swears;
His pipe's a rare offense.
But the thing that marks him, eh? Righto!
As the man about the place,
Is the cunning li'l' mustachio
That aborns his handsome face.

Each person who sees him is struck, for contradictions are puzzles, and he is a contradiction. His bedraggled appearance gives the lie to his forehead; his shoes insult the curves of his lips; his necktie and his eyes have in common only the impossibility of legitimate possession by the same individual. His faded sweater, stretched till it sags ludicrously at its lower corners, has tired of supporting two hands and arms, and has bulged to a permanent extent of voluminous comfort in front, while the back, unburdened, has retained its normal level, so that when he sits, two pendants of knitted green drape despondently floorwards. His eyes blink; they cannot really be said to open; they hang comfortably at half mast, and are inclined rather to close altogether than to open to full cognizance of their surroundings. But withal, he stands out from his fellows. His clothes tell you nothing. He has that elusive quality which surrounds a few, and marks them for distinction; that air which young artists and musicians are apt to affect by bizarre means. With him it is a birthright. Only by contact in a mental grapple with his mind and his eyes does one know him,—and then not so well. Contradictions are puzzles, and,—he is a contradiction.



ACTIVITIES

STAFF



Editor
Alice Buzard



Literary Editor
Earle O'Day



Business
Vier P. Clary



Adviser
Edith M. Rhoades



Advertising
Harold Nedorp



Photographs
Glen Young



Art
Nell Whalen

Dramatic Club



“Alice Sit-by-the-Fire”



Dramatic Club Members

Junior College Y. W. C. A.



Dickey Morton Curtis Frogge
Hawkins Boyle Stein Kline Plummer Patt
Gifford Stewart Watkins Lacy Rice Whalen Shewmaker

Junior College Y. M. C. A.



Hanne Knight Bruce
Prinz Voss McDonald Clark Reynolds
Allen Young Mueller Clary Belden Featherman

Baskethall



Earl (Dutch) Mueller
Captain
Forward



Charles Geddes
Guard



Robert McDonald
Center



Glen Young
Forward



Harold Niedorp
Guard

Basketball



Vier Clary
Sub-Forward



J. B. Bruce
Sub-Forward



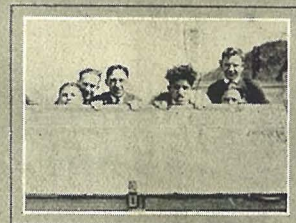
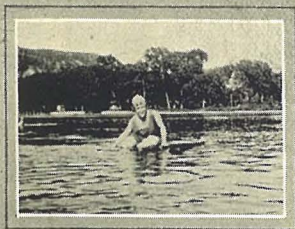
Lester Allen
Cheer Leader



Walter Hanne
Sub-Guard



Gail Belden
Sub-Guard



ONLY ONCE A MONTH, BUT—

"Mrs. Whitley says they're ready for us."

This is the cue for a mad scramble in the upper hall where we have been marking time and licking our chops in the vain endeavor to make fifteen minutes seem like five. In the bedlam that follows only the strongest lunged are heard. See if you can recognize them:

"Virginia, save me a seat by you."

"Squeezer, I'll trade my pickles for your slaw."

"I don't want to sit here; I'm too far from the biscuits."

"Ma!"

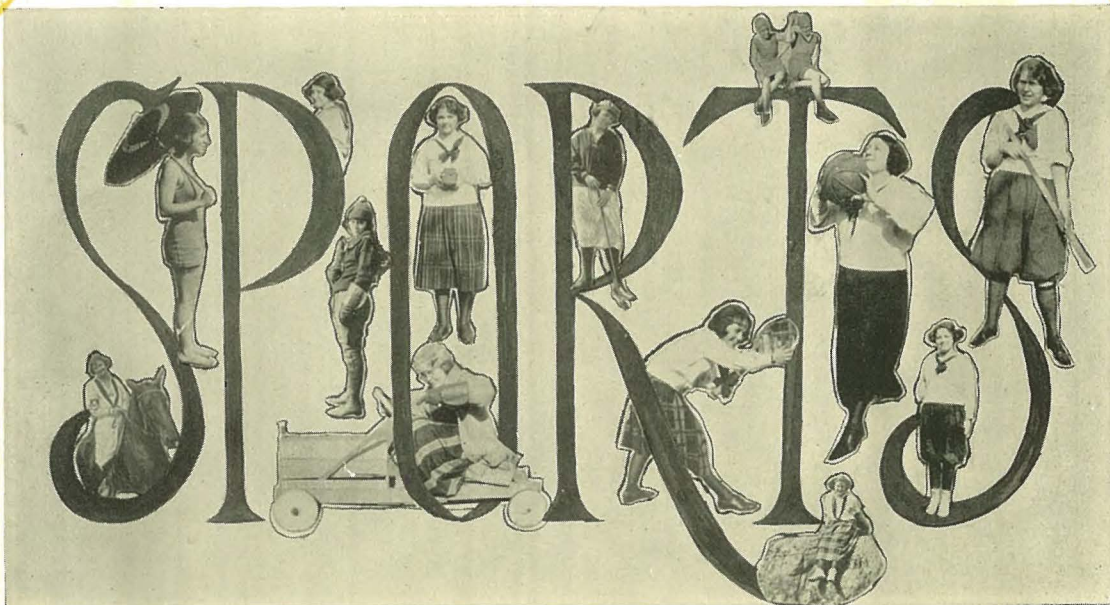
The rest is drowned in the scraping of stools as everyone slides into action. What follows; namely, chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, biscuits, ice-cream, and all the other fixings is to some the compensation for parting with their four bits of silver coin; but to the aesthetic souled, the PROGRAM (Yes, Mr. McDonald; capital letters by all means!), which succeeds the dinner is food enough.

Shall you ever forget the night when the celebrated stars, Feef Morton and Earle O'Day, made their first (and last!) appearance in that touchingly sentimental musical comedy, "Peggy O'Neil?" Our hero was so at home on the stage. He stopped after the first line of one of his solos and began over again, because he hadn't liked the way it started. And Feef! The play ended when the hero was supposed to kiss her!

On another night when we adjourned for the program after dinner, we went down instead of up, and, true to form, had one hot time in the old gym. There were bicycle races and roller skating races and when you got dizzy going one way, you turned around, probably knocking yourself and somebody else down in the process, but as that gave you time to get your breath, it served a purpose. Dutch Mueller had on a pair of trousers that could not decide whether to be long or short, so big were they in the waist, and so short in the leg; but continual attention to them in hitching and pulling, and adjusting, kept them above the margin of absolute catastrophe, affording however, a view too full by a good six inches of his creamy white sox. These, his little round-about jacket and a flowing red tie carried out the juvenile effect beautifully.

Dutch has many contemporaries in the crowd but we must pass them all now, for Miss Varner is turning out the lights and unless we hurry and mount our bikes and away, we won't be home until—ten-thirty. Scandalous!





There are three things that symbolize the history of the Sports Club for 1922: Van Camp's Beans, Cream Puffs and Welsh Rarebit.

The beans recall an invigorating hike taken on a warm, gold, September day, over a stretch of brown, winding road; the excitement of sliding down the long green roof of a deserted house and catching one's feet in the gutter, and the still greater excitement of pulling back to safety a frightened, blue-eyed little girl who had found that it required a great deal more nerve to climb up the roof than to slide down it; but most of all, the steaming hot contents of six cans of Van Camp's beans exploding over the fifteen girls who had so innocently gathered around the fire to fry bacon and toast wieners. Beans, and a day of 57 varieties of thrills!

The cream puffs symbolize a clear night during Christmas vacation; an hour of roller skating, (during which bumps and bruises were acquired at a surprisingly rapid rate), followed by a spread with cream puffs of all sizes and in great quantities for dessert; an evening closed by fifteen silent "rahs" for the hostess given in pantomime due to the lateness of the hour and to consideration for the sleeping family.

A snap shot party, followed by another spread, was symbolized not by beans, nor by cream puffs, but by rarebit —rarebit that curdled just as it was ready to serve. Rarebit that contained too much red pepper and too little milk. But despite its defects, it most rarely did its bit among a group of ravenously hungry girls.



The Hikers

The hikers are a jolly bunch,
A jolly bunch are they;
They go without a smell of lunch,
To smell the smell of hay.

Some of our fellow students are enthusiastic hikers. Their jaunts have taken them into the country all around our city, and one of them boasts that he has never returned from a burned food expedition without full recompense for his trouble in the form of some valuable bit of information, a lesson in nature, or a good story.

Now that sort of thing is all very well for the people who like it. If they are willing to consider the newly-gained name of a flower or shrub as an adequate reward for miles of laborious foot work along a country road, well and good. The fact that to them a trudge thru muddy fields overgrown with affectionate burrs and inquisitive thorns is compensated for by a drink from an old well bears no criticism from the rest of us. All the scenery we need can be obtained in the movies, and as for human nature what better field of study is there than the city?

Bob McDonald is our star hiker. Natural selection has fitted him with elongated shanks and a smiling disposition; he takes a ditch at a stride; he merely slacks pace a bit to put one half of him over a barbed wire fence, holding down the slack with a hand, the while he shifts balance and draws the other extremity after him. But these Colossus-Cheshire qualities which stand him in such good stead in cross country work are of no value in his everyday life.

Since last September, my morning salutation to him has been, "Lend me your knife." His to me has been different each day, but even so I was not prepared for his statement, "I gave it away."

I suggested that he meant he had lost it.

"I gave it away," he insisted, "to a tramp."

The bell rang before I got the story, but afterwards he gave it to me. These are his words:

"A bunch of us out last Saturday found on the northern outskirts of town a station of the C. B. & Q. railroad. It has no ticket office; no trains stop there, and its patrons consider a car load of soft coal the acme of traveling comfort. Many passengers utilize the place, and at times our city unconsciously entertains visitors who have roamed every sea and every continent; variegated human specimens in an environment of smoky tin-cans, coffee-grounds, and cast-off clothing.

"Most of my crowd were filling their canteens at a spring, so I wandered down to the 'hotel,' as the tramps call their camping place. I watched one of the men who was patiently digging up a tiny willow tree which grew close to the river, in danger of being swept away by the current. A small and inadequate scoop made from a tobacco tin was the fellow's only implement.

" 'Got a knife?' he asked.

"I loaned him my prized Christmas present which he proceeded to ruin by cutting a rusty lard-can into the shape he desired. With this superior instrument he soon finished digging. Lifting the tender treelet, he carried it a safe distance from the river and deposited it in a hole which he had previously prepared. After he had tamped down, and poured several cans of water on the replaced loam, he regarded his work critically.

" 'I'll bet my shirt against your hat it grows.'"

"His shirt, well—I ignored the bet and voiced my curiosity. 'Why,' I asked, 'have you cut your hands and wasted your time, in transplanting that tree?'"

" 'I'll tell you why,' he answered, scraping the mud from his ancient trousers, 'I used to work in a factory; it was too confinin.' My family backed me in business and I went broke. Now I work for everybody. I ain't eatin' regular, but I'm haulin' down the biggest wages I ever got.'"

"I gave him the knife."

X. R. S. Club



Young Beiden Marion Bruce
Whalen Boyle Stein Kelley Dickey Mueller

OFFICERS

President Gail Belden
Vice-President Margaret Stein
Secretary Berenice Mueller

It Isn't the School, It's You.

If you want to go to the kind of a school—
Just the kind of a school you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your school,
It isn't the school—it's you!

Real schools aren't made by students afraid
Lest somebody else get ahead;
When everyone works and nobody shirks,
You can raise a school from the dead.
And if, while you make your personal stake,
Your neighbor can make one too,
Your school will be what you want it—see?
It isn't the school—it's you!

Wherein We Pat Ourselves on the Back

Little old J. C. is humping right along. Each new class is confronted with its portion of troubles, and those of '22 and '23 deserve commendation for the manner in which they have met and overcome their particular lot. Since praise borders so closely on flattery, and we have no definite means of knowing whether the encouragement of others is sincere or not, we take up the burden gladly. We beg to inform the cosmos that "we like us."

We are pretty well crowded. Classes are distributed from basement to the balconies of the auditorium. The feeling of closeness which we know the first Junior College students possessed with their twenty or thirty members seems ridiculous to us with our one hundred and ten. We are ready for a new building (Associated Press please copy); but there is no building ready for us. We keep right on grinning.

We wish to thwart, in J. C., any operation of that abjectionable partner of Familiarity,—Contempt. It is most difficult to sort out of the mass of everyday events those which will be forgotten and those which will become history. If one holds a gold piece close enough to the eyes, it looks like a penny. Therefore we list the following events in an attempt to overcome the myopic, hypermetropic, and astigmatic faults which afflict us because we are right on top of everything that happens. They are the events of the year which should be perpetuated in our minds.

Y. M. C. A.

At the beginning of the year, there was some talk of forming a men's organization in Junior College, but no steps were taken toward that end until Mr. Hinckley, State Secretary of the College Y. M. C. A. visited us. He convinced us that we needed an organization that would not only boost the college, but would also tend to develop its members. Following up this suggestion, with the help of Messrs. Powell and Von Neida of the local Y. M., we formed a college Y. M. C. A. which is affiliated with the state organization. Vier Clary was elected president; Earl Mueller, vice president; Gail Belden, secretary; and Harold Neidorp, treasurer.

Much interest was shown, but owing to the newness of the club, it did not have a regular program worked out. However, the members have taken part in various campus activities, such as entertaining visiting basket ball teams and other bodies, and J. B. Bruce was sent as a delegate to the state convention at Cameron. Mr. Harry Siemans of Park College, district delegate to the national convention at New York, gave an instructive talk to our members, who now number twenty. We have made a good start, and we hope that next year the good work will be carried on and its scope enlarged.

X. R. S.

Another innovation in the college came when we organized the X. R. S. Club. Believing that in J. C. there are many radicands which are surds only because of their cumbering radical, the X. R. S. Club sets to work to find these, and either by the abstruse process of tactomorphosis extract the radicand from the radical, or by the still more abstruse process of decourogenesis, rationalize the whole surd. Their deeds may result in discovering some day a process by which not only surds, but all irrational numbers may be rationalized.

That be as it may, we wished to select from amongst the students, ten persons whose appearance, talents, and concerted action would best be fitted to advance the interests of J. C. They were to be an entertainment committee for strangers; they were to further and to advertise all college activities.

We did. They have.

Y. W. C. A.

Quote this to the sniffers at our Alma Mater. It is from the girls of the Y. W. C. A. of Junior College.

"We have tried to find, and raise still higher the torch of Junior College. There had been fun aplenty, and work to spare, but with it all was needed something to round out our college life. A standard of conduct must be set, a motivating purpose must be given our lives, and the ideal of service instilled in our hearts,—these have been the goal of the Y. W. C. A. of J. C.

(Continued on page 54)

Junior College Anthology

Being a Collection of the Best Prose and Poetry
of the Classes of '22 and '23

Monitors of Men

Trees, the lovely sentinels of God,
Deride the immortality
Of men who mumble and forget to nod
Obeisance to their Deity.

Trees are just accusers of the mess
Of fools who fight, and play, and plod;
Who, tho they image Him, yet render less;
Too proud to say, "Thou art my God."

Individuality

Oh Lord, wherefore do Thy great holy men
Tell us to seek no path entirely new?
Thy greatest Saints trod oft a filthy den
In carving out a checkered path to You;
The denizens of places well abhorred,
Knew first, and better, all the things so dear
To those who now art dear to Thee. Oh Lord,
If I'm to follow other's paths, I'll fear
To scale the places where the others fell,
But if the road I choose lead me to Thee,
Then thru Thy help I'll laugh at cheated Hell
And weep for lives that end in tragedy.
If there be nothing new 'neath Thy blue vault,
At least I'll twist the shapes of ancient fault!

JUNIOR COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY

The Discovery

Oh Life, what promises you hold!
What joy to possess you within,
What happiness to behold you in others,
What magic to be of you a part!

Although your complexities are infinite,
Your gifts are simple:
 Beauty is simple;
 Truth is simple;
 Love is simple.

One fourth of my life is spent;
I have had you within me,
I have envied you in others;
But I have not lived.

I have circled your domain on the broad avenues;
I have waited on your door step in vain;
I have scanned your windows for a glimpse of you,
And have had but a glimpse.

Now, I have scaled the rocky path,
The thorny path to your garden;
And, squeezing through the narrow gate
I grasp my laborer's implements
Ready for the task.

For in your garden I find you,
Sweating and at work.
With eager energy I help;
Together we till your garden

 And behold!
I have you within me;
I see you in others;
And I am a part of you!

JUNIOR COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY

Technique

Sheriff Harry Darwell drove his burro away from the fire with a good-natured kick just as the coffee boiled over into a pan of flap-jacks. He snatched away the pan, scattering dirt and ashes over the bacon: reached for the bacon, scorched his bare arm and upset the coffee pot. The precious fluid sizzled into steam and extinguished most of the glowing coals.

Darwell, a bit upset by the appalling speed of his clumsy actions, rubbed his dusty face with a pair of grimy hands, using an upward motion that scraped the corners of his mouth, daubed his eyes, and left his hat stranded on the back of his perspiring head. A sun-browned face, with confident grey eyes, and a cheerful mouth; a sturdy neck supported by capable shoulders, all gave explosive vehemence to his remark, "If Jake Mather don't get back here and cook a regular meal before tomorrow noon, I'll starve to death."

This was addressed to his surroundings in general, but Cristobal canyon with its rocky walls, its pine covered sides, and its vision of towering peaks to north and south, breathed only solitude, while the burro's steady crunching increased the man's hunger. He disconsolately admitted to himself that as a cook, he was a good imitation of a six-year-old child and was stooping to build afresh the fire when a "hello" came up the trail. Immediately his world brightened. That would be Jake, and Jake meant food; well cooked food, and maybe in the pack there would be,—well, any one of a hundred things that a man would wish for who cannot cook, and who has had to live on his own attempts at that art for days.

But as the newcomer came nearer, Darwell was disappointed. However, he shouted a welcome to the rider, who had stopped his horse some distance away, and waited for him to approach.

"Hello Harry."

"Well, if it ain't ol' Baldy!" cried Darwell. "Welcome to our city," and he waved an arm to the open sky, embracing the canyon and all of the neighboring peaks in the generous movement. "Where you headed for?"

"Home, an' if it wasn't for the smoke from that forest fire you just put out, I never would have seen you," said Baldy.

"Such remarks from a educated, bald-headed puncher like you bein' entirely out of place I ask you just one thing: Will you save a friend's life by fixing some unburned, cooked through, edible vittles from the scattered remains of my last failure?"

"Sure," granted Baldy, "I ain't ett since mornin' myself," and dismounting he unsaddled and set to work.

Food, unburned, and cooked through, followed by cigarettes was soon finished. There was little conversation, and the sun sank lower and lower till the canyon rim shut off its last rays and filled the depths with sudden twilight.

"I'm glad I met up with you, Harry" said Baldy, finally. "Hell's popped loose down in Espanola, and the whole town's lookin' for you."

Darwell made no answer, and Baldy lazily rolled another cigarette. When it glowed steadily in his fingers, he continued.

"A stranger pulled into town, and shot up Cowgill."

Perhaps a moment passed before Darwell asked simply, "Kill him?"

No reply from Baldy meant, Yes.

"I'll start in the morning," announced the sheriff, and both men rolled into their blankets.

II

The next morning, before the men parted, Darwell learned the meager details. No one had been near Cowgill's store when it happned; no one had seen the murderer. All that could be learned was told by a boot which the stranger had left. He had departed with one of a pair of new ones, and the old one had "J. M." cut on the heel.

"Jake Mather!" snapped Darwell.

"Who's he?"

Then Darwell related his affairs since he had left Espanola some weeks before. He had gone to Cabezon on business, and had decided to pack back by way of Cristobal canyon, partly for hunting, and also to do a little prospecting. In looking about for company, he had met Mather, and the two had started out. They had run short of food, however, and he had sent Jake on to Espanola for supplies, while he had remained to investigate a promising streak of dirt.

"Jake sure was a good cook," Darwell informed Baldy, while he tightened the cinches for the downward trail. "When we started out we took turns, of course, but

(Continued on page 38)

JUNIOR COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY

Night Upon the Campus

Night is a most bewitching enchantress. Under her spell our cold, unattractive campus becomes the garden of fairy creatures. The weather-worn sundial is an ivory altar, isolated from those who would rudely profane its sanctity by the walk, now a circular moat of magic silver. Beneath the watchful, whispering trees, purple fairies with wings of moonbeam, frolic in silent, nocturnal revelry, while, anon, they take flight cross the mirrored moat to hold communion at their altar. Bathed in a flood of soft, caressing light our Alma Mater rears herself a towering mountain holding this phantom garden in a hidden recess.

"To do, or not to do;
That is what we must decide."
—Fluparch

"I wont." "You will."
"You will!" "I won't!"
"I'll have to wear a hood,"
"Hold (snip) still" (snip) "I won't." "You will!"
(Snip) "Oh! it feels so good!"
Some do it when their hair's too thick,
Some when it gets too thin;
"Oh, everybody's doing it,"
Say others with a grin.

Some buy a score of curling irons,
And hairnets by the pound;
For even though their hair is bobbed,
It must not fly around.
While others scorn both iron and rags,
(These tempt not them at all)
They think all artifice is base;
Their locks straight down must fall.

Some say it takes a lot of time
Correct bobbed hair to wear,
But others claim that if it does,
Then one's not playing fair;
For if your hair is really bobbed,
These maidens do assert,
"Then why not wear it really bobbed?
And not as if it hurt?"

These claims so contradictory,
Should cause us deep concern,
And just the "how" and "where" and "why"
We certainly should learn;
But thru this maze of evidence
One fact stands lucidly:
To know exactly how it feels,
Just bob your hair and see!

JUNIOR COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY

The Janitor's Room

As you descend the last step of the north stairs, the door at your left, if it opened, would admit you to the male sanctum of Junior College. At this place, however, the inviolability of the retreat is preserved from profanation by ten-penny nails. The curious must continue around the corner to the other door. Softly now, for here one is taking a terrible chance. If his face be unknown he will be greeted by a fusillade of food from the crowd of young men within. No extreme of hunger is severe enough to prevent each of them from hurling a part of his lunch at a stranger, and the variety of the missiles is limited only by the cafeteria menu.

During the regular noon-day session a peep thru the thin whitewash of the glass in the door will disclose a long table in the center of the room, covered with feet. A great variety of chairs of all heights, shapes and stages of decrepitude (Oh, they lead a strenuous life!), offer an equal number of comfortable possibilities to their occupants, but each one is tilted to the angle patented by Mr Morris. Newcomers promptly draw up empty chairs, and with the thoughtless air which comes from habitual action, place them at a distance commensurate with the length of their legs, sit, and placing one foot at a precise spot upon the table's edge, shove gently until their center of weight is in harmony with the law of gravity. Then up comes the other foot, seeking its mate like a homing pigeon, and coming to roost with a settling movement of final comfort.

You are looking at the one place in a building of five floors where a man can exercise his prerogative of resting his feet higher than his head.

The Sundial

Is our sundial a contradiction, a lie? It is old beyond its years. Have the diminutive Grecian figures encircling it, perhaps modest enough originally, been so zealously wooed by Wind and Rain that the flowing robes one feels they once had are effaced in the haze of premature decay? Is it from the boisterous love of the elements that the dancers are so wasted?

Pondering beside this anomaly in stone, I fell into the attitude which one naturally assumes when a convenient rest for his elbows is in front of him and in flexing my knee, brushed it sharply against the column. Eureka! Had I not seen, day after day, groups of students lounging about the spot? How stupid to attribute to erosion the wear which comes from the hands, and shoulders, and knees of Youth!

JUNIOR COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY

A Navajo Hogan

The afternoon sun of the Arizona desert blazed upon the first Navajo home I had seen. A mound of sticks, a beaver house amidst sage brush, it squatted some little distance from the trail; indeed, had my knowledge of its existence depended upon my eyes, I would have passed it by. But, like the carcass of a horse dragged into bushes so as not to offend travelers, it attracted attention, and perhaps in the same manner drew me to it.

With some loathing and no unnecessary breaths I entered the hut, or hogan as they are properly called. Built of logs, overlapped at the ends and resting one upon the other, they remind one of his childhood castles of dominoes. This primitive scheme of architecture is carried up to the height of an Indian's head where shorter timbers are used, giving the finished hogan a dome effect. Sun and smoke disputed over the opening in the top, neither gaining a permanent advantage. Scattered about the hard adobe floor lay wretched cooking utensils with the food of previous meals clinging in layers inside and out. Gnawed bones of mutton smothered a sickly fire, which, lacking energy to consume them, succeeded only in sending forth an addition to the stench no amount of ventilation could have dissipated. In bundles against the wall were sheep skins, bedding no doubt, and spread out in more open offense were others with patches and shreds of decayed flesh hanging to them. An army of ants traced its line through the doorway, past the rotted bits which in more needy times would have stopped it, and tunneling under a skin, scaled the wall. Dividing here, to right and left, each half descended thongs from which were suspended shanks of raw meat—mutton. The occasional drops from these made two coagulated spatters of gore in the wool of a lamb which lay beneath in reserve for more distant meals; unbled, uncleaned, and not killed by the hand of man. Meat that soon would have been carrion was brought here to serve human stomachs, while the cheated scavengers of the desert, left wheeling above, threw their bat-shaped shadows in significant maneuvers on the sand and sage outside.

Girls' Basketball Team



TECHNIQUE (Continued)

we'd both have a belly-ache over my grub, and anyway, he liked to cook, so he took it over permanent. All I had to do was to keep him in fire wood. He could make a hundred and twenty-nine different things out of flour and water, and he'd fry a slice of bacon an even shade from end to end and never burn an edge of it. Proud of it, too! I used to sit around just for the fun of watchin' him work. One day I guyed him about a soggy piece of sour-dough, and he was sore for three days. Finally he got ashamed of mopin' around and fixed up some plum-duff. I don't know where he got the stuff, and I don't know what was in it, but it sure was all there. I never saw it beat."

"Harry, you're livin' too much in the flesh."

"I'm human, you old walrus."

"What does this Mr. J. M. look like?"

"Sort of oldish, with a thick mustache, and burned like an old saddle."

"Never seen him," said Baldy promptly, and then, "Well, so long Harry."

"I can't be bothered with Sally," and Darwell indicated his burro. "Want her?"

"I'll keep her and your outfit for you."

"O. K. So long Baldy," and Darwell started down the canyon.

Three days, maybe four, of hard steady riding were before him, and as he settled into the saddle the first of the wearisome thuds that characterize a horseback ride down hill, began. The loose gravel, and the continual winding in and out amongst trees, or rocks, or down the slippery boulders of the stream in places where the narrow passages prevented travel on both sides, slouched him into retrospection. Occasionally an uphill climb, or a detour around obstructions broke the monotony of the steady punishment, but most of the time he gave his horse and his mind free choice of their ways.

III

Espanola, whither he was bound, had been his home for twenty years. If you remember the papers of a score of years ago you will recall the last bloody struggle of the Jordan gang, but very likely you have forgotten that it took place in Espanola, and even if you knew that, you wouldn't remember the name, Darwell. But in that town, sixty-three miles from a railroad, it meant something to have Jordan himself and two of his gang notched up to your credit; it meant something to have been a target for that outfit, and come out of the encounter with only a patch of hair missing from your temple. This man had been sheriff ever since that event and had added excitement and praise to his name by bringing in "Red" Dougan after a two months chase in the Jemez; the same Dougan who now weaves horse-hair bridles in the penitentiary at Santa Fe. Since then Espanola's eight hundred people needed no sheriff, but they had one in spite of the years of quiet existence.

The town sprawls along the Rio Grande on the last of the gigantic shelves which slant away, tier on tier, to the pines and the snows of the Jemez Peaks. The first chill breath of the third night of Darwell's ride was creeping down the hills with the lengthening shadows when he pulled up at Steve's restaurant. Saddle sore, and stiff, he grasped the horn, letting himself down with his arms, and limped through the door.

Saluting the men present with a genial greeting, and disregarding questions and proffered chairs at the tables, he sat at the counter alone. Steve came to wait on him and as he slid the preliminary glass of water and "tools" into place, leaned over the counter and asked, "What do you know?"

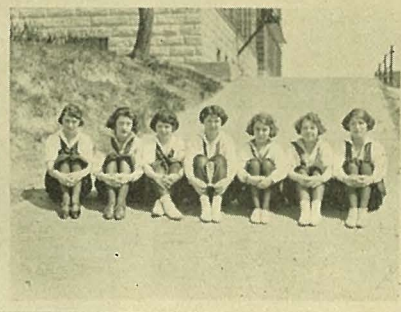
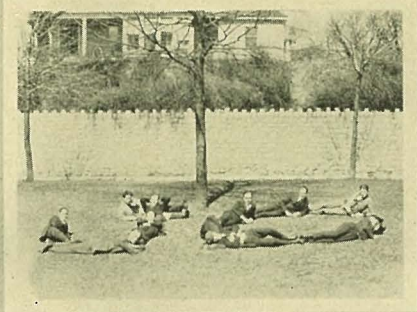
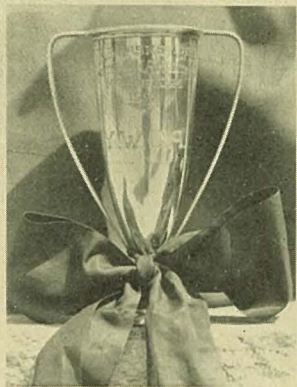
Mastication ceased and mouths remained open in tribute to the weight of Darwell's answer, but his simple "Nothing," set them all to eating again. Their confidence in him was put into words by a grizzled old-timer, Chaney, whose prophecy, "He soon will know," was accepted as true by everyone.

In response to Steve's eyebrows, Darwell ordered, "Everything you've got," and then gave his mind again to his problem. First he must find what had been done in the way of posses; he must interview the men who had first entered Cowgill's store. Then, what to do? How to find this man, who had had over a week to cover his trail? He wisely concluded to get a night's good rest, and tackle his job with the freshness of a new day.

His food came by the hands of Hank, a half-witted lad who worked for Steve, and he fell to it with a gusto.

After some time, when the last of the men made his exit, Steve came round the counter and sat next to the Sheriff, his round eyes filled with admiration for his hero, and a sense of gratification at being chosen for friendship from among the young

(Continued on page 46)



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for those who care

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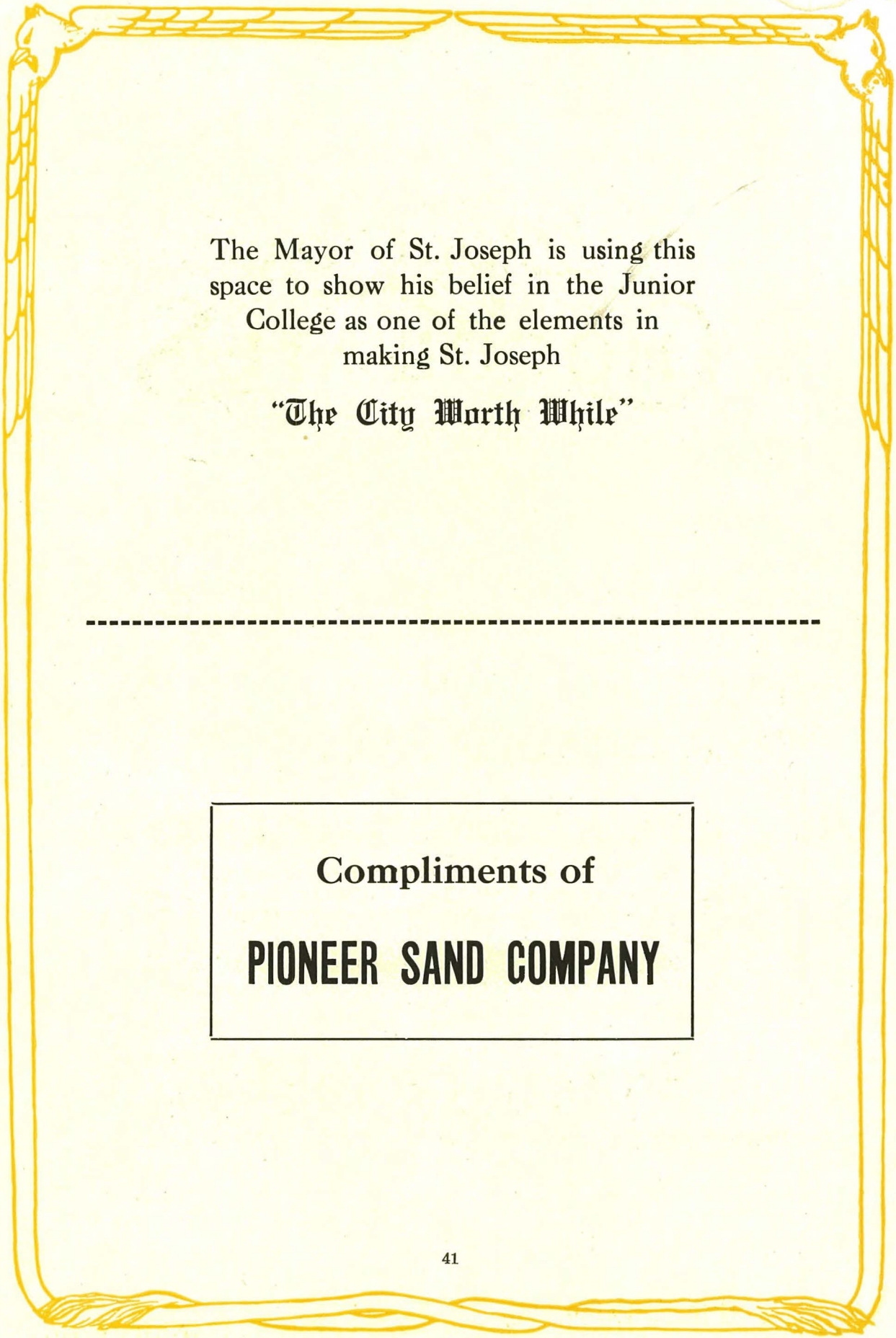
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FACULTY



Crumbs From the Faculty Table

"And you, my dear," twas Miss Neely who spoke
To Miss Bennett who sat on her right,
"Should wear them. Ah yes, I am sure mon chere,
They'd enhance your beauty, quite."

"What would you suggest for one of my type?"
Miss Moulton with eagerness cried;
"I can't find a pair that I really like,
Tho all over town I have tried."

Just then Mr. Wood in prideful tones
From the end of the table did speak,
"Sure my wife is ahead of you all, dear friends,
She's had a pair for a week."

Miss Rhoades could remember when she was a girl,
They were worn by everyone then;
And now she supposed the cycle complete,
And they'd be coming back in again.

"What could this mean?" I asked myself,
While the question burned in my brain,
But my reason was saved, for Miss Varner arose
And her words made all quite plain.

"I thoroughly agree that teachers can learn
From their pupils the art of dress,
So, like you, on Monday, I, too, shall wear
Ear-rings!—Mine will be amber, I guess."

An Open Letter

Dear Editor:

If you let this issue of The Griffon go to press without a word concerning our only twins you will be doing them and your fellow students an injustice! Perhaps you have never thought how difficult it would be to have a distinct and separate personality, when there is an exact counterpart of yourself always in sight. The Taylors have accomplished that very thing; in spite of the fact that as far as one can see, their little blue sweaters, their collars and cuffs, their stockings and their shoes are exactly the same.

It is not of their differences, but of the things they have in common to which I wish to call your attention. It is only a short time ago, while the English classes were preparing their last Masterpiece work, that I went to the library to reserve some of the fought-over books for the week-end. You know what that means. You go down on a Wednesday, pick up your little slip and a paper clip, and, sorting out the books you want, find them reserved for a week in advance. Well, the only two books I needed were reserved for the day I wanted them by Margaret and Martha. "That's the way with these people," mumbled I, "they read everything half a dozen times in school, and then carry the books home to go over them again." I turned around and looked into four blue eyes, surmounted by two blonde heads, and matched by two blue sweaters.

When Friday came I returned to the library to pick whatever leavings there might be. I found only two. But they were the two. Could it be that Margaret and Martha have just one big heart between them.

Sincerely,

.....

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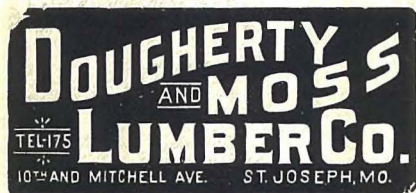
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TECHNIQUE (Continued)

men of Espanola showing in his chubby smile. Assuming an analytical air of intense gravity which his years did not make easy, he asked with great deliberation a most unimportant question.

"Where'd you find out about it?"

Darwell was thinking that food had never tasted so good, and, smiling inwardly at the words which had thwarted Steve's seriousness of mein, he made an equally inconsequential reply:

"Steve, my boy, this grub gives me a home comin' feeling. How's business?"

"I lost one of my 'biggest eaters for a while, but he started in again today."

"Who's that?"

"You."

"I'm broke."

"You won't be when you get the eight hundred bucks for this J. M. bird."

"How much do you still owe me on this place?"

"Five hundred even."

"Son, if I get J. M. you and me are square."

"O. K," said the youngster, echoing Darwell's pet expression.

A minute or two later, Darwell, busy still with his meal, asked, "Is Blackie still cookin' for you?"

"Naw. I hired a Mexican last week."

"A Mexican! Are his boots mates?"

"Aw hell, Harry. Do you think because you're out of town they ain't nobody able to do nothin'? That boot in Cowgill's was expensive and there ain't a greaser in New Mexico that could buy a pair of 'em. Besides this hombre wears shoes."

"Let's have a look at him," Darwell commanded.

"Sure," said Steve, sarcastically. He raised his voice above the footsteps of the apron-clad Hank, whose methodical trips ended in the periodic crash and clatter of dishes as he dumped them in the kitchen. "Oh, Sanchez," he called.

The swinging door in the partition which divided the kitchen from the dining room opened towards them, and in the frame stood a descendent of the old Dons. A stoop of the shoulders gave a forward tilt to his swarthy face, and his eyes glistened with moisture, perhaps from the heat and smoke of his range.

"Senor?" he questioned. His hands made a gesture that fitted naturally with

(Continued on page 61)

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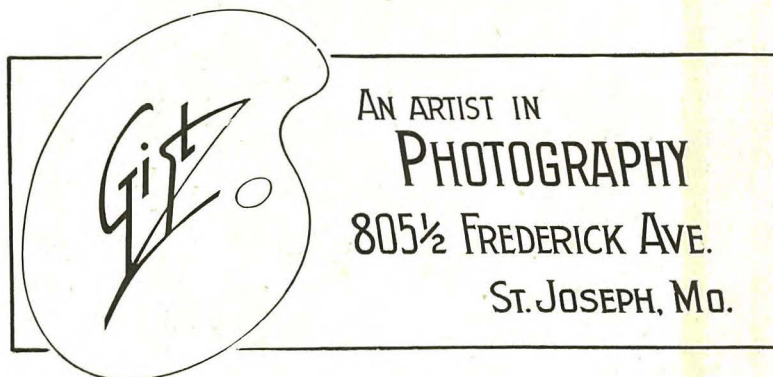
Make It a Real College

I am a partisan of the American Public School System. It is the best the world knows anything at all about, and, what is of surpassing value just now, it is constantly improving. The establishment of the Junior College, in connection with the St. Joseph Public Schools, is an evidence of this improvement, so far as this community is concerned, that can not be denied, nor should its importance be underestimated.

There is no earthly reason why any boy or girl in this city should be without a college education. Most of it can be had right here at home, and at insignificant cost. The work so far done has been of such excellent quality as to be an earnest of what will be done in the years to come. It should be encouraged, fostered, and liberally supported by every loyal citizen of St. Joseph. My best wishes are with the Junior College, in all it undertakes for the education of the young people of this community.

C. D. MORRIS.

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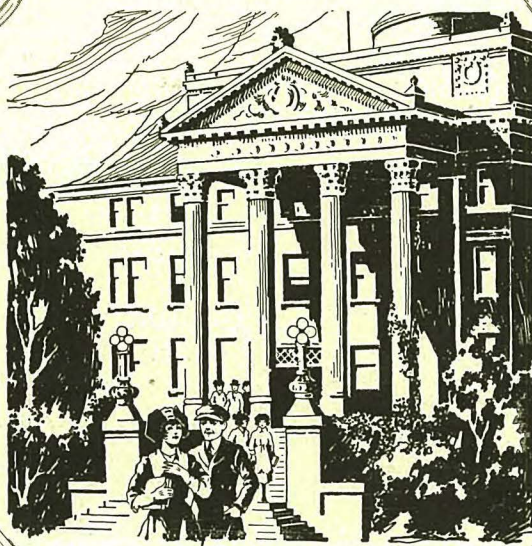
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Mr. Oscar S. Wood,
Junior College,
St. Joseph, Missouri.

My Dear Mr. Wood:—

I am writing to express my appreciation of the steady improvement which has taken place in the last few years in your Junior College work, and to congratulate you upon the present excellent status of this work. I hope you will be able to impress upon the students of your high school the excellent opportunity offered by your Junior College for two years of college work. Students who wish to do so can be splendidly prepared for admission to the various professional schools of the University, and also for admission to the junior class of the College of Arts and Science.

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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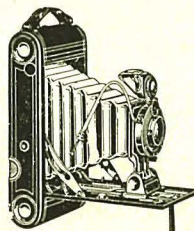
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Wherein We Pat Ourselves on the Back (Continued)

"But we have had a jolly good time, too. Our informal little social gatherings have been replete with fun, but our greatest satisfaction is found in the responsibility we have taken up. May it be carried on into the years. We have simply sown the seed, which can show but few results as yet, but when the reapers bring in the harvest in the years to come, may they remember that the class of '22 broke the sod for the planting."

BASKET BALL

The basketball season was begun by preparations for a hard, gratifying schedule. Prospects were good. Mueller, Niedorp and Geddes, former high school stars, and McDonald of St. Mary's made a promising nucleus. Mueller was elected captain, and finally the team stood as follows: forwards, Mueller, Young and Bruce; center, McDonald; guards, Niedorp and Geddes. As substitutes, there were Hanne, Clary and Belden.

The first game showed the handicap of no coaching to be a serious one, for Washburn reserve team outpointed us. Score, 25 to 21. The second game was with K. C. Junior College, there. McDonald went in with a broken nose, and after being knocked out, was retired from the losing game. Score 24 to 13 in favor of K. C. J. C. The next game, with Park College, was won 20 to 14, and soon after, Palmer College was defeated, 33 to 14. A return game with Palmer was scheduled next, and was won by a narrow margin, 19 to 18. K. C. J. C. came here for their second game and won on a lucky basket just before the final whistle, 17 to 16. The last game was at Washburn, and again we were outclassed by their experienced team, losing to the tune of 32 to 18. The opportunity of bringing up our average was lost by the cancellation of the remainder of the schedule, so, much as we regret it, we must wait till next year for revenge.

A little after the middle of the season, Mr. McColm, a member of Central's faculty, was engaged as coach, and did some mighty good work with our men. He is known as a "good scout" by the team, and you know what that means.

DRAMATIC CLUB

It is eight o'clock in the auditorium, on the evening of March twenty-seventh. The house is filling to capacity with the most intellectual and discriminating audience it has ever held. And it is well that this is so, or what is to follow would go unappreciated, for tonight the Junior College Dramatic Club is making its initial flight toward higher drama for St. Joseph. Sir James Barrie is providing the wings in the form of his whimsical little comedy, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." The curtain is going up, and we must be all eyes and ears if we are not to miss the sly jabs of humor and the delicate touches of pathos. You will laugh and cry with Corinne, all at the same time, as she portrays so well a distracted, high-strung mother. Gail is a ready-made father, wrapped and stamped for delivery! How fatuously he beams upon his three fine children. He is a little old-fashioned, we'll agree with Lesler, for you really cannot kiss your son in this day and age. "It isn't done, you know!" Earle touches the hearts of all the single ladies in the audience when he says pathetically that "there never was a woman in all his unromantic life who cared a Christmas card for me." However, Marion and Sally nearly come to scratches and hair-pulling over the question: Who will make the supreme sacrifice, and marry him? Marion will not promise to honor him, at least not at first, but she will obey him. Lesler cares not at all for the soulful flights of his sister Sally, in fact he is rather disgusted with the world in general, but his uniform will make pretty much of anything all right. There are letters, deep laid plots, a cupboard, tell-tale gloves, and entangling circumstances generally, but happily, they all straighten out, leaving Steve a wiser man, Ginevra and Cosmo none the worse for wear, Amy heroic, and Alice and the Colonel in each other's arms. Then, in Amy's own words, "Click, and the curtain falls!"

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