

MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE



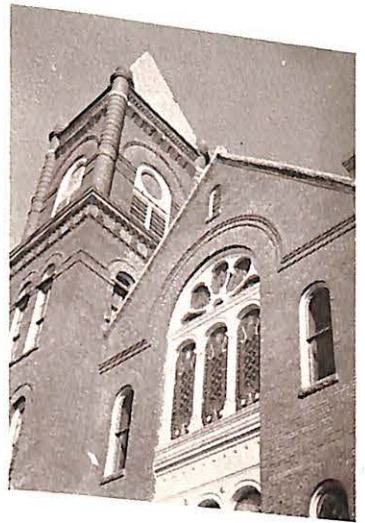
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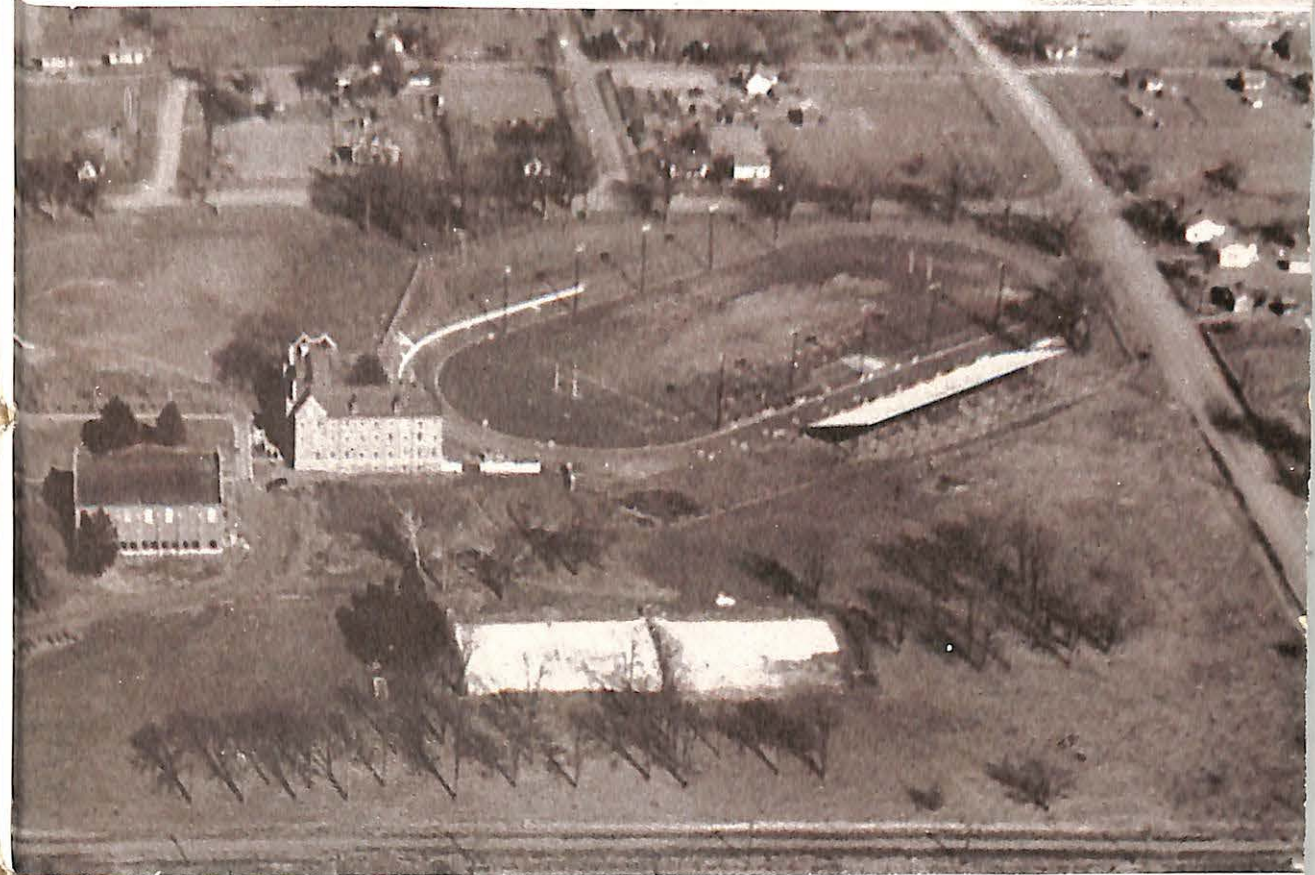
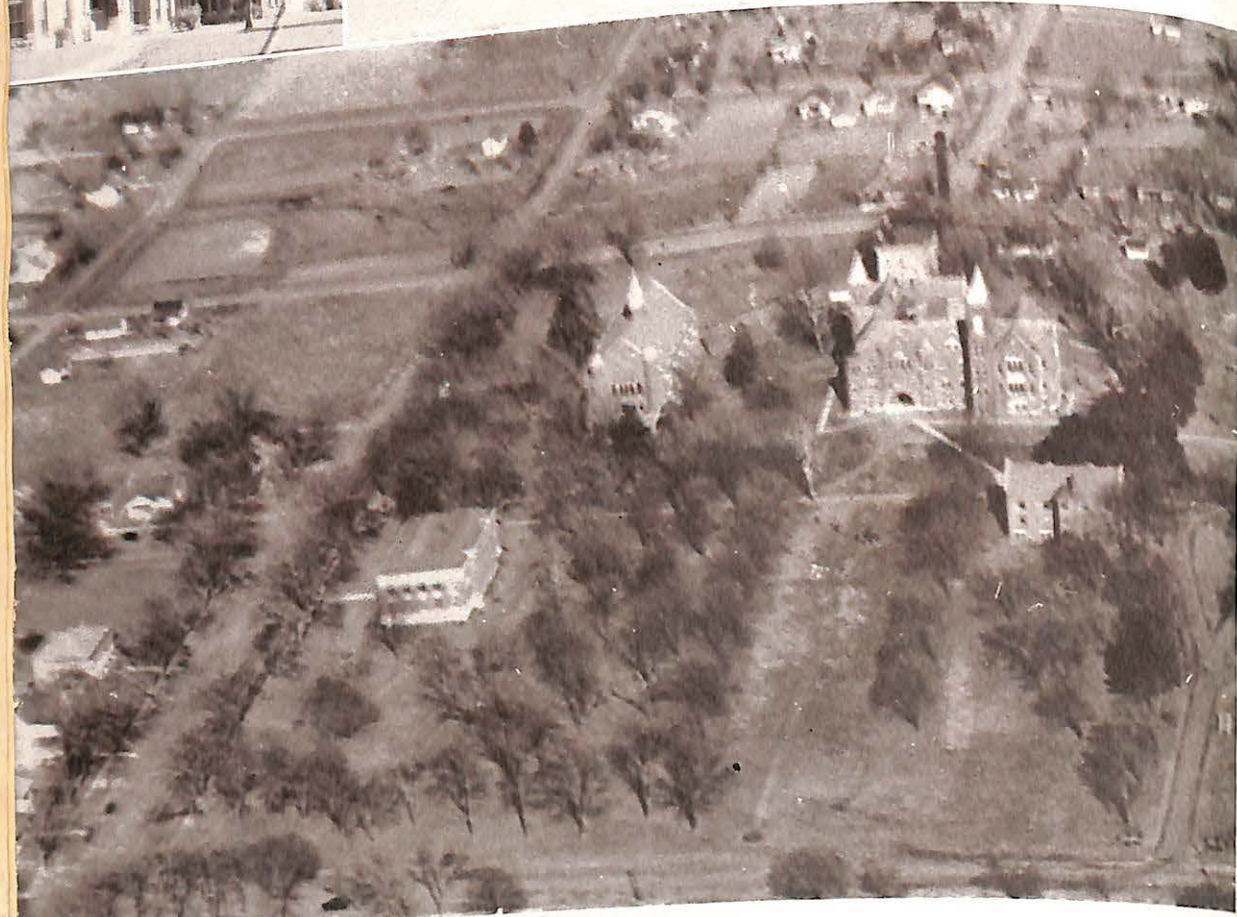
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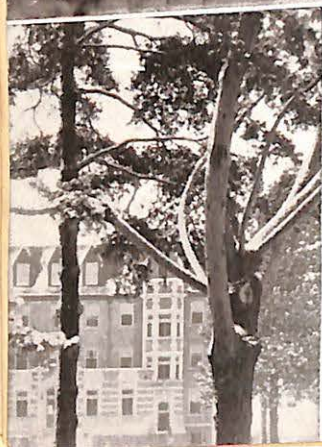


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MISSOURI  
VALLEY  
COLLEGE  
Marshall, Missouri



# FOREWORD

Brief sketches of our college days to recall our joys and sorrows, to fill the future with memories of the indefinable spirit instilled in every student of Missouri Valley College!



# LITERATURE



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# DEDICATION

To

DR. JOHN M. RAINES

A man honored and respected by students and faculty alike for his sense of fair play, his love for his work, his interest in student activities and his loyalty to Missouri Valley College—

We respectfully dedicate the Sabiduria of 1938.

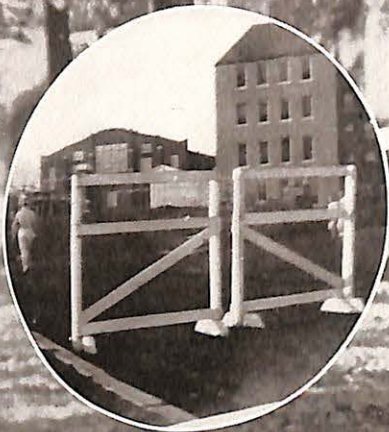
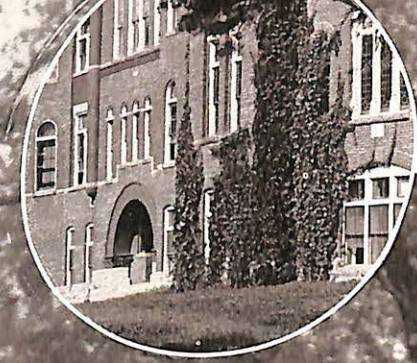
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# Administration



## The Board of Trustees

1938

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1942

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MRS. J. BOURNE MITCHELL, '09	-----	Kansas City

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DR. GEORGE H. MACK, D. D.  
*College President*

### AVE ATQUE VALE!

We hail the Class of 1938! Through years of effort they have gained their baccalaureate degrees, and have thus far attained. May their success be an earnest of nobler achievements in the great field of life.

Farewell to them; and to all who depart this campus, no more as students to return! And my own farewell to students, faculty, and familiar scenes. May fond memories abide to enrich all after years.

GEORGE H. MACK

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DR. EARL PETTIJOHN, PH. D.  
*Chemistry*

With hearty congratulations for a successful and profitable year and with an assured confidence that our future will continue that feeling of good will which is so characteristic of our college life. I extend my sincere greetings to the student body and reiterate my interest in their welfare and progress. Let us continue to work together for Missouri Valley.

EARL PETTIJOHN



MRS. HELEN B. BURTON, M. A.  
*History*

The class of 1938 has individually and collectively made some distinct contributions to Missouri Valley College. Let us, who remain, resolve earnestly to carry our college on to ever higher goals. With a splendid faculty and an enthusiastic loyal student body, dreams may become realities.

Let us then work together for better sportsmanship, greater refinement in our social life, higher scholarship and infusion of a greater spirituality into the spirit of Missouri Valley College.

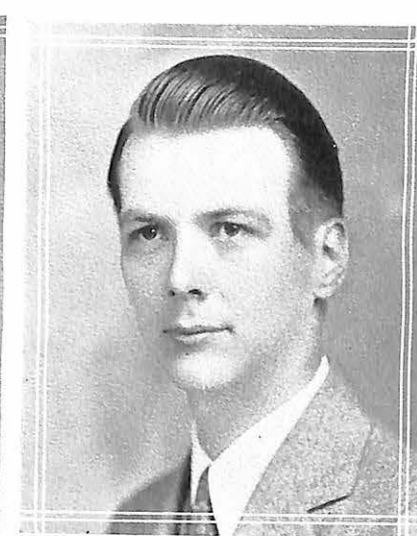
HELEN B. BURTON



WILLIAM I. FERGUSON, M. A.  
*Mathematics*



MRS. B. CAMPBELL HUFF  
A. B. Litt. D.  
*History and Literature*



DR. JOHN M. RAINES  
*English*

## Faculty

CLAUDE L. FITCHTHORN, M. A.  
*Music*



DR. W. W. MALCOLM, Ph. D.  
*Philosophy and Religion*

DR. W. R. MITCHELL, Ph. D.  
*Registrar; Education*

DR. PERCY L. JOHNSON, Ph. D.  
*Biological Science*





DR. ROBERT M. HALEY, Ph. D.  
*Economics*



DR. DONALD F. BROWN, Ph. D.  
*Modern Languages*



DWIGHT M. PASEK, M. S.  
*Physics*



EMMETT L. PARSONS, Ph. D.  
*College Treasurer*



MRS. PEARL M. CARDY, A. B.  
*English*



VIRGINIA MACDONALD, B. A.  
*Librarian*



PAULINE VAN E. GRAY, B. A.  
*Instructor in Commerce*

HAROLD E. SUTTON, B. F. A.  
*Art*

### Faculty

STEVEN L. BARRETT, Mus. B.  
*Music*

MINNIE KOPF, M. A.  
*Home Economics*

### Faculty

KVETA VONDRACEK, A. B.  
*Physical Education*



LOUIS A. HANSEN, B. A.  
*Instructor in Music*  
RICHARD M. WARNOCK, M. S.  
*Asst. Professor Chemistry*  
MARGARET M. MCANINCH, B. A.  
*English*

VOLNEY C. ASHFORD, Ph. B.  
*Director of Athletics*  
GILBERT H. HOLLOWAY, A. B.  
*Asst. to Treasurer*





GENE REIDENBACH

Student government has become an integral part of our college life. It is a valuable training and through it we have made many worthy accomplishments. By cooperation and loyalty we have attained and shared together a successful student program.

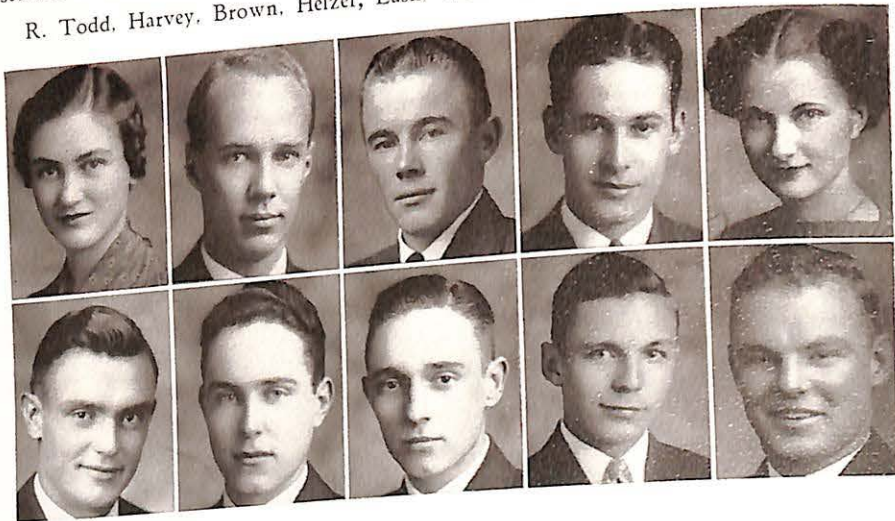
It has been a great privilege and real pleasure to have served you as student president.

STUDENT SENATE

- GENE REIDENBACH ..... *President*
- HUDNALL HARVEY ..... *Vice-President*
- LEVA LASH ..... *Secretary*
- GLADE HELZER ..... *Treasurer*

The Student Senate this year has promoted a well balanced social program and has aided in the solution of student-faculty problems through the regular meetings of the Student-Faculty Committee. The Senate has inaugurated the Homecoming Award and prepared ballots for student elections.

R. Todd. Harvey. Brown. Helzer, Lash. Williams. Miles, Shaw. Lamkin. Akins



I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking the girls for their cooperation and spirit of fair play that they have shown me this past year. I am proud of you all and proud of our self government. May it continue and grow with the years.

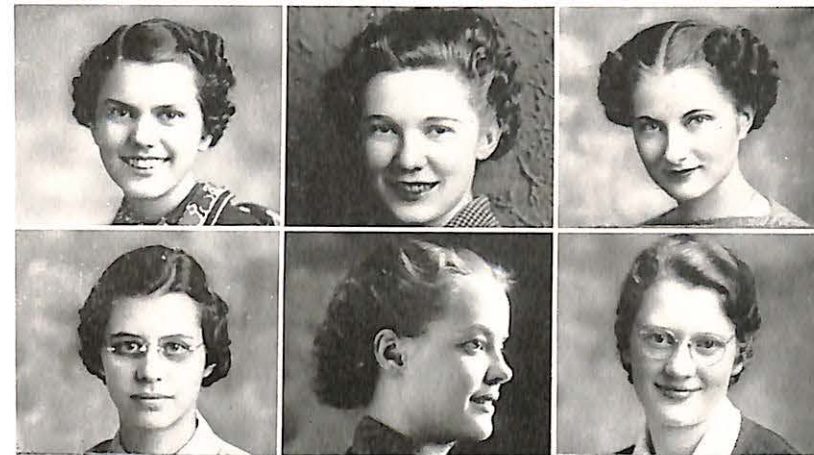
KAY BROWDER

W. S. G. A.

- KATHERYN BROWDER ..... *President*
- LEVA LASH ..... *Vice-President*
- MARY BETTY TILSON ..... *Secretary*
- GENEVEIVE EVANS ..... *Treasurer*
- DOROTHY ARMSTRONG ..... *House President Birkhead*
- JOAN STEWART ..... *House President Campbell*

The Womans Self Government Association has taken another step toward self government among the girls. This is due largely to the attitude and cooperation of all the girls in school.

The W. S. G. A. is now sponsoring a loan fund for a worthy Senior girl.



# Classes



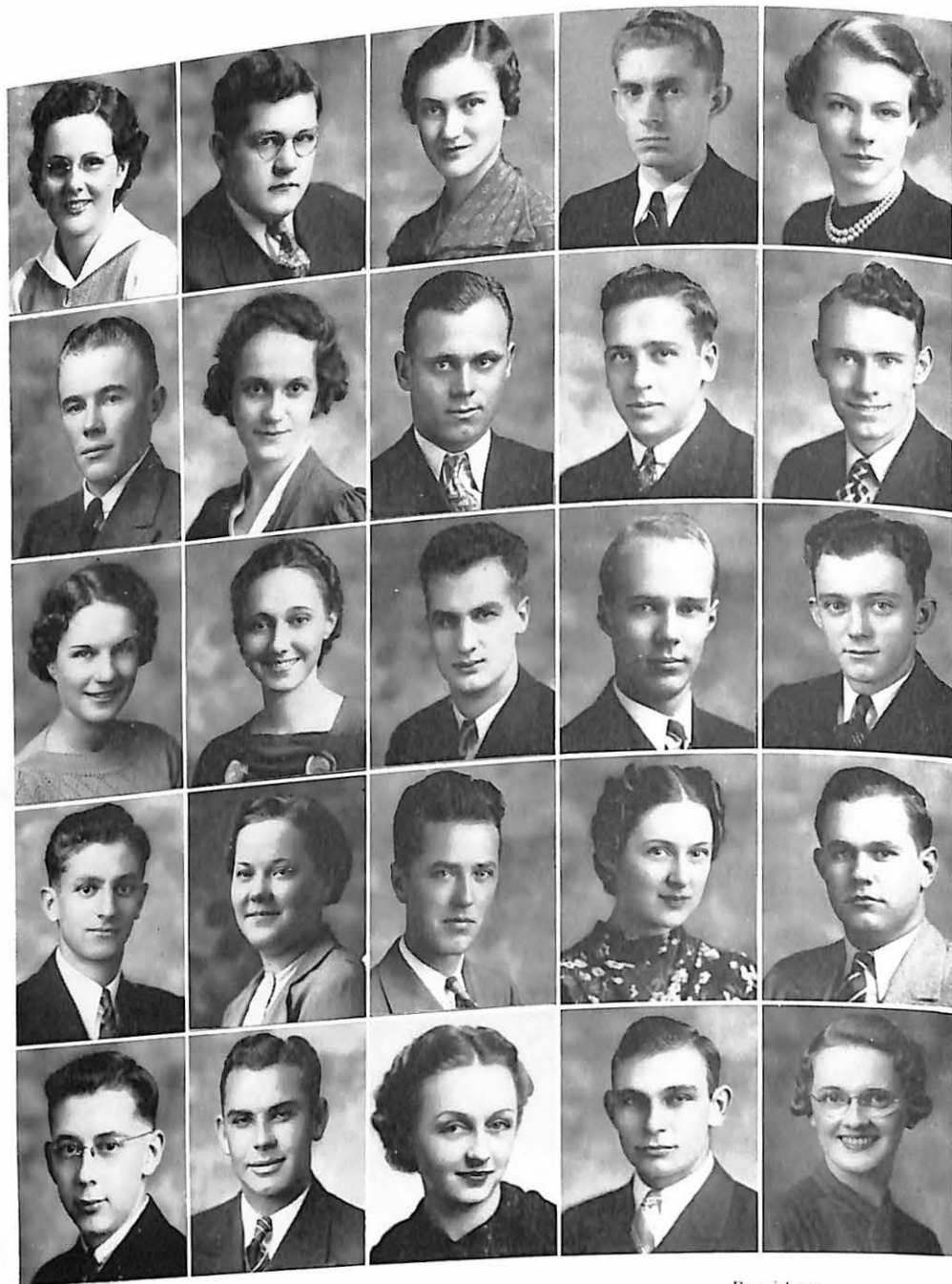
*Senior Scribblings*



*Senior Queen*

RUTH TODD  
Kansas City, Mo.

# Senior Class



RALPH ARTHUR HAAS ..... President  
 FABER HAMPTON WICKHAM ..... Vice-President  
 RUTH TODD ..... Secretary and Treasurer

**BENNINGTON, ROBERTA RUFF, A. B.**  
*Slater, Mo.* Three year student; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2.; Sigma Phi 2; W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, Sec. 2, 3; Sabiduria Staff 2; Delta 3; Cambell Hall House Council 2; Vesper choir 2, 3.

**WICKHAM, FABER HAMPTON, A. B.**  
*East St. Louis, Ill.* Vice Pres. Senior Class 4; Sigma Nu 2, 3, 4. Chaplain 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Arts Club 2, 3, 4. Vice Pres. 2, 3, 4; Vesper choir 1, 2, 3, 4; A Cappella choir 1, 2, 3; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3. Cabinet 1, 2; House Council Young Hall 3, 4; "Bartered Bride" 3.

**TODD, RUTH, A. B.**  
 1216 E. 41 St. *Kansas City, Mo.* Sec. Tres. senior class 4; Student Senate 4; Asst. Biology Dept. 3, 4; Chapel choir 4; Vesper choir 3, 4; Valkyr 3, 4; Senior class queen 4; Pi Gamma Mu 4; Y. W. C. A. cabinet 3, 4; Biology Club 3, 4; Delta Staff 3, 4; Campbell House council 4.

**BOEKENHEIDE, HAROLD, A. B.**  
*St. Louis, Mo.* Central Mo. State Teachers 1; Vesper choir 3, 4; Y. M. C. A. 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; "V" Club 3, 4; Tennis 3, 4; Chi Alpha 3, 4; DAC 4; Young Hall Council 4; Biology Club 4.

**BROWDER, KATHRYN**  
 500 Kingsland Ave. *University City, Mo.* Student Senate 1, 2, 3; Sec of Senate 2; Vice Pres. Senate 3; Valkyr 1, 2, 3, 4, Pres. 2; Pi Gamma Mu 4; W. A. A. 3, 4; Harvest Queen 3; W. S. G. A. Council 2, 3, 4. Tres. 2; Campbell House Pres. 3; Ass. Editor Sabiduria 3; Editor Sabiduria 4; W. S. G. A. Pres. 4.

**BROWN, JAY CURTIS, A. B.**  
*Odessa, Mo.* Student Senate 1, 2, 3, 4; Debate 1; Track 1; Student manager (athletics) 1, 2, 3, 4; Men's House Council 2, 3, 4, Pres. 4; Sigma Nu 1, 2, 3, 4. Commander 4; AVC.

**BRUCE, WILMA ROLLO, A. B.**  
*Marshall, Mo.* Missouri Valley College 3, 4; D. A. C. 2; Honor Roll 3, 4; Pi Gamma Mu 4.

**CARNAHAN, MELVIN HOMER**  
*Wichita, Kans.* Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-Capt. 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Alpha Delta Kappa 1, 2, 3, 4, Tres. 4; "V" Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Pres. 4; Most Popular Boy 4; Alpha Psi 2, 3, 4; Sabiduria staff 3.

**CARR, JAMES J., A. B.**  
*Kansas City, Mo.* Football 1, 2, 3, 4, Co-Capt. 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; "V" Club 1, 2, 3, 4; House Council Young Hall 4.

**COX, JACK, A. B.**  
*Miami, Mo.* Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; "V" Club 3, 4; Alpha Delta Kappa 2, 3, 4; Sabiduria staff 4; President Junior class 3.

**CROCKETT, LULA BELLE, A. B.**  
*Marshall, Mo.* Three year student. Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, Tres. 2; Pi Kappa Delta 1, 2, 3, Vice Pres. 3; May Fete 2; Debate 1, 2; Pi Gamma Mu 3; Off campus representative W. S. G. A. 2.

**GROSS, MELROSE, B. S. in Ed.**  
*Unionville, Mo.* D. A. C. 2, 3, 4; Pi Gamma Mu 4; A Cappella choir 3; W. A. A. 3, 4.

**GUTHREY, KILE PALMORE, A. B.**  
*Marshall, Mo.* Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Capt. 4; "V" Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2; Alpha Delta Kappa 2, 3, 4.

**HARVEY, HUDNALL**  
*Marshall, Mo.* Pi Gamma Mu 3, 4, Vice-Pres. 3, Pres. 4; Alpha Delta Kappa 1, 2, 3, 4, Sec. 4; Pi Kappa Delta 1, 2, 3, 4, Tres. 2, Pres. 3; Who's Who Among College Students 4; Debate 2, 3; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Senate 3, 4; Vice Pres. Student Body 4; (Beta Gamma Phi 4)

**HAYOB, RAYMOND, A. B.**  
*Marshall, Missouri.*

**HOLIC, JOHN P., A. B.**  
 1917 S. Racine Ave. *Chicago, Ill.* Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Chi Alpha 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2; A Cappella choir 4; Sabiduria and College Photographer 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll 1.

**JONES, JOHN PAUL, A. B.**  
*Marshall, Mo.* Vesper choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Sab. Staff 2; Biology Club 2, 3; Beta Beta Beta 3, 4; Historian 4.

**JONES, STELLA VIRGINIA, A. B.**  
*Marshall, Mo.* May Fete 1; Sabiduria Staff 2; Pi Gamma Mu 4.

**KREGEL, ANNA MAY, A. B.**  
*Kansas City, Mo.* Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3; D. A. C. 2, 3, 4; Chapel choir 4; Asst. Music 3, 4; Vesper choir 1, 2, 3, 4; May Fete 1, 2; Piano Recital 4.

**MCCORKLE, LEE, A. B.**  
*Marshall, Mo.* Y. M. C. A. 1; Alpha Delta Kappa 1; Asst. Biology Dept. 2, 3, 4; Biology Club 2, 3; Beta Beta Beta 4, Pres. 4; Chemistry Club 3, 4; Major-Chemistry, Major-Biology.

**MILLSAPS, MURIEL**  
*Marshall, Mo.* Three year student. Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3; W. A. A. 2; Vesper choir 1, 2, 3; Delta staff 1, 2, 3; Pi Gamma Mu 3.

**MITCHELL, FRANKLIN, A. B.**  
*Bucyrus, Ohio.* Asst. Music Dept. 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Band 2, 3, 4; String Quartet 3, 4; Vesper Choir 2, 3, 4; Accompanist 3, 4; A Cappella choir 2, 3; Chapel choir 4; Y. M. C. A. 2, 3, 4, Pres. 4; D. A. C. 4.

**REIDENBACH, WILLIAM EUGENE, A. B.**  
*Slater, Mo.* "V" Club 2, 3, 4, Vice President Junior class 3; Alpha Delta Kappa 1, 2, 3, 4; Grand Chancellor 4; Pi Gamma Mu 3, 4; Who's Who Among College Students 4; President Student Body 4; Basketball 1; Honor Roll 3.

**SCHROEDER, MARTHA LUCILE, B. S.**  
*Blackburn, Mo.* Sigma Phi 1, 2, 3, 4, Pres. 4; W. A. A. 1, 2, 4, Sec. Tres. 2, Vice Pres. 4; W. S. G. A. 2, 4; Class Queen 2; May Fete 1, 3; May Queen 4; A Cappella Choir 2; Sec. Treas. 2.

**TORBITZKY, MARTIN AUGUST, A. B.**  
*Dittmer, Mo.* Three year student Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3; Chi Alpha 1, 2, 3; Vesper Choir 1, 2, 3; Chairman Peace Action committee 2; Pi Gamma Mu 3; Student Pastor 2, 3.

**WALTON, DOROTHY ROSE, A. B.**  
*Marshall, Mo.* Y. W. C. A. 2, 3, 4, Pres. 4; Valkyr 4; Vesper Choir 2, 3, 4; A Cappella Choir 4; Pi Gamma Mu 4; D. A. C. 3, 4.

**STEPHENS, PAUL, B. S. in Ed.**  
*Sedalia, Mo.* Track 1; Sigma Nu 1, 2, 3, 4; D. A. C. 3, 4.

**EWELL, CHARLES W., A. B.**  
*Marshall, Mo.* Alpha Delta Kappa 1, 2, 3, 4; Asst. Bus. Manager of Sabiduria 2, 3, Bus. Manager 4; Cheer Leader 1, 3.

**GARRAD, RUBY AKERS, A. B.**  
*Marshall, Mo.*  
**HAAS, RALPH ARTHUR**  
*Neosho, Mo.* President Freshman class 1; President of Sophomore class 2; President of Senior class 4; Football 1; Sigma Nu 2, 3, 4; M. S. G. A. President 3.

*Junior Jottings*



*Junior Queen*

OLIVE DICKSON  
Ottawa, Kansas

# Junior Class



CHRISTIAN STIPP, Carrollton, Mo. ----- *President*  
 BEULAH JONES, Marshall, Mo. ----- *Vice-President*  
 LEVA LASH, Ottawa, Kansas ----- *Secretary-Treasurer*

Dorothy Armstrong  
 5063 Chippewa,  
 St. Louis, Mo.

Doris Balthis  
 Marshall, Mo.

Charles Fields  
 Osceola, Mo.

Wm. Glenwood Green  
 Armstrong, Mo.

Orlen Williams  
 Brookfield, Mo.

May Agusta Billman  
 Slater, Mo.

Hugh Hall  
 Marshall, Mo.

Rollin Godfrey  
 317 W. 7th St.  
 Sedalia, Mo.

Walter Kennedy  
 1216 S. Lamine  
 Sedalia, Mo.

Mary Margaret Drace  
 Aurora, Mo.

Francis Henderson  
 Louisiana, Mo.

Gladys Paxton  
 Marshall, Mo.

Paul Todd  
 1216 E. 41st St.  
 Kansas City, Mo.

Olive Dickson  
 Ottawa, Kansas

Reinhold Jensen  
 Lexington, Mo.

Helen Tarver  
 Gillette, Wym.

## Junior Class



Janet Mitchell Marshall. Mo.	Glade Helzer Bernard. Mo.	Genevieve Evans Carthage. Mo.	Eleanor Bell Fields Osceolo, Mo.
Lawrence Lane Marceline. Mo.	Robert Leimkueller Napton. Mo.	Martha Malcolmson 225 Lawton Road Riverside. Ill.	Marje M. Sweeney Marshall. Mo.
Muriel Millsaps Marshall. Mo.	Byron Mueller Sweet Springs. Mo.	Norris A. Patterson Odessa, Mo.	John Robb Longwood. Mo.
Mary Searfoss Marshall. Mo.	Mary Elizabeth Simmons Marshall. Mo.	Joan Stewart 2005 E. 36th. Kansas City. Mo.	James Sutton Marshall. Mo.

## Those Whose Pictures Are Not in the Sabiduria

### SENIORS:

Ewell. Charles W.  
Marshall. Missouri

Garrard. Ruby Akers  
Marshall. Missouri

Haas. Ralph Arthur  
Neosho. Missouri

Millsaps. Muriel  
Marshall. Missouri

Torbitzky. Martin A.  
Dittmer. Missouri

### JUNIORS:

Cayot. William  
2841 Tracy. Kansas City. Mo.

Dickerson. Ruth  
Armstrong. Missouri

Gaba. Woodrow  
1516 Colorado. Kansas City.  
Mo.

Hamilton. William  
1017 Locust. Kansas City. Mo.

Henly. Joseph Allen  
Marshall. Missouri

Johnston. Joyce  
Marshall. Missouri

Jones. Buster  
Pleasant Hill. Missouri

Jones. John Wesley  
Pleasant Hill. Missouri

La Sauce. Bernard  
101-41. 108th St. Richmond  
Hill. Long Is. N. Y.

McKenzie. Edwin  
Brookfield. Missouri

### SOPHOMORES:

Aulgur. Wm. Eugene  
Marshall. Missouri

Brumit. Joseph L.  
Marshall. Missouri

Buntin. Roy  
Bogard. Missouri

Cordry. Sara Lyle  
Hughesville. Missouri

Fitzmeir. Robert Ernest  
611 E. 40th St. Kansas City.  
Missouri.

Gann. Howard  
Odessa. Missouri

Houston. Lawrence  
Malta Bend. Missouri

Jacobs. Milburn  
Bosworth. Missouri

Jones. Roy  
Marshall. Missouri

McClure. Mary  
Marshall. Missouri

Miles. Daniel  
Marshall. Missouri

Napton. John Reid  
Marshall. Missouri

Pettit. Charles F.  
903 Benton. Kansas City. Mo.

Phillips. Dorothy  
Marshall. Missouri

Potter. Stephen  
Marshall. Missouri

Rittersbacker. Frank  
Marshall. Missouri

Rose. Edward C.  
Marshall. Missouri

Tedlock. Robert  
Marshall. Missouri

### FRESHMEN:

Hinton. Alvin  
Marshall. Missouri

Hitt. George D.  
Corder. Missouri

Laffoon. Max  
4937 Wyoming. Kansas City.  
Missouri

Loeffler. Harry  
Osage Beach. Missouri

Lubensky. Earl  
Marshall. Missouri

Marshall. John  
6135 McGee. Kansas City. Mo.

Martin. J. W.  
Carrollton. Missouri

Mitchell. Paul  
514 W. 122nd. St. New York.  
N. Y.

Northrup. Richard  
Rich Hill. Missouri

Oliver. Walter  
Slater. Missouri

Parks. Martha Ann  
Marshall. Missouri

Ruklic. Erwin  
1619 S. Loomis St. Chicago,  
Illinois

Shirley. Edwin L.  
Carrollton. Missouri

Slusher. Emmet  
Lexington. Missouri

Smith. Morris Ayres  
Slater. Missouri

Wade. Jack  
Carrollton. Missouri

West. Robert Lee  
Marshall. Missouri

Zimmerman. Jack  
Lawson. Missouri

*Sophomore Scrawlings*



*Sophomore Queen*

MARGARET JEAN POWELL  
Macon, Mo.

# Sophomore Class



HORACE W. WINN, Marshall, Mo. ----- President  
 DICK DEXTER, Kansas City, Mo. ----- Vice-President  
 MARGARET J. POWELL, 212 Pearl St. Macon, Mo. ----- Secretary

Horace W. Winn  
Marshall, Mo.

Derrel A. Bryan  
Mooreville, Mo.

Louise Cropp  
229 N. Main  
Slater, Mo.

Joann Heidbreder  
311 E. Broadway  
Sedalia, Mo.

Alfred Hupp  
Marshall, Mo.

Hazel Leimkuhler  
Napton, Mo.

Margaret J. Powell  
212 Pearl St.  
Macon, Mo.

Betty Carter  
Hollister, Mo.

Bettie Evans  
1412 S. Garrison  
Carthage, Mo.

Keith Henry  
Milan, Mo.

Eugene Jensen  
1915 Franklin  
Lexington, Mo.

Jack Logan  
Harrisonville, Mo.

Howard Wm. Bennett  
27 First St.  
Harrison, Mo.

Annette Claycombe  
995 S. Redman  
Marshall, Mo.

Robert D. Gardner  
Oakland St.  
Joplin, Mo.

Minnie Rhea Holt  
Concordia, Mo.

Clem Jones  
Richmond Heights, Mo.

Ivella McWhorten  
Bolivar, Mo.

Carl Borgman  
Levasy, Mo.

Jake McClelland Crick  
Malta Bend, Mo.

Charles Hammner  
Miami, Mo.

Dorothy I. Houston  
Malta Bend, Mo.

Louis Knight  
Richland, Mo.

Bill Milnes  
St. Louis, Mo.

Dora D. Bouldin  
Sedalia, Mo.

Dorothy Duggins  
747 E. Eastwood  
Marshall, Mo.

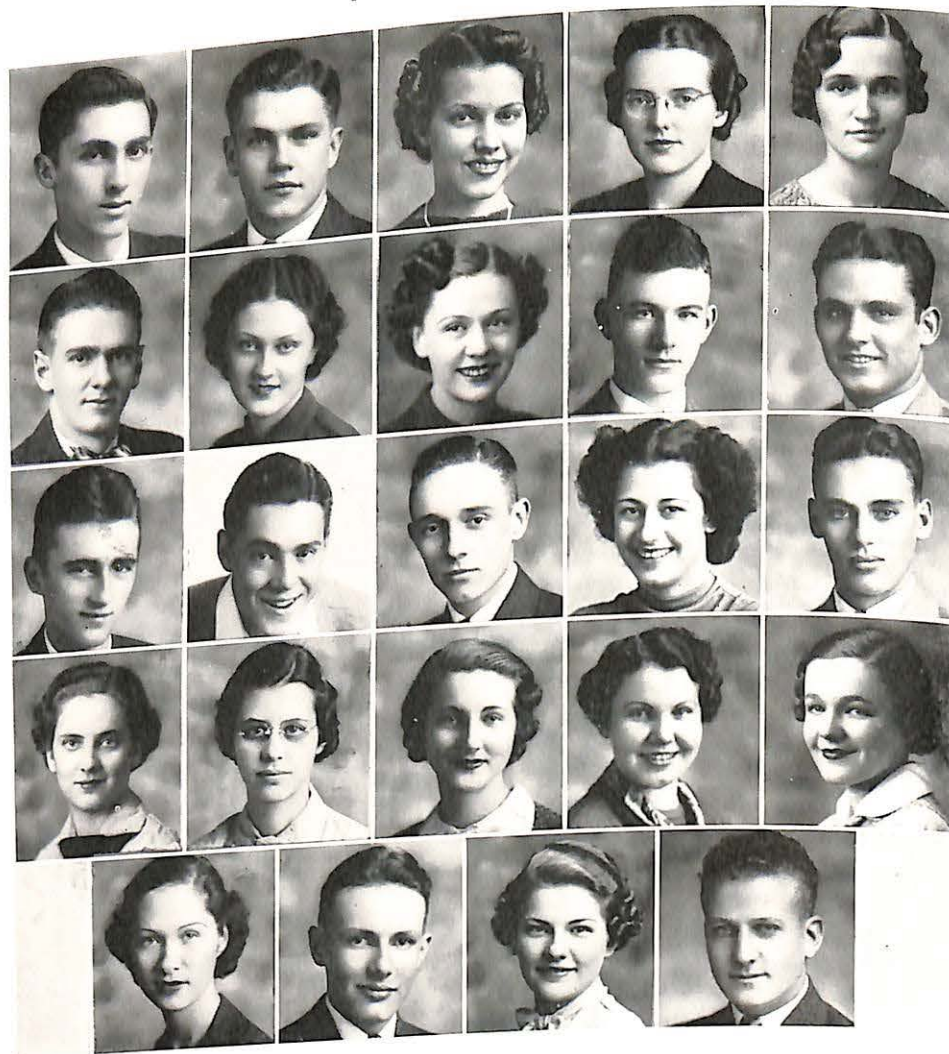
Florence Claire Hartzell  
587 W. Benton  
Carrollton, Mo.

Harold Howell  
716 N. Cedar  
Nevada, Mo.

Lucie M. Knotter  
121 Ward Parkway  
Kansas City, Mo.

John Miller  
103 Madison  
Lee's Summit, Mo.

# Sophomore Class



Victor Bisceglia  
167 Harrison Ave.  
Harrison, N. Y.

Ella M. Johnson  
503 E. Arrow  
Marshall, Mo.

Lee Olive Pritchard  
Memphis, Mo.

Richard L. Dexter  
4119 Windsor Ave.  
Kansas City, Mo.

Haydee Leimkuehler  
Napton, Mo.

Dorothy Phillips  
529 E. Arrow  
Marshall, Mo.

Uriah Edward Ritchey  
Miami, Mo.

Jane Hughes  
201 Duff St.  
Macon, Mo.

Cecil Orear  
1076 S. Brunswick  
Marshall, Mo.

Norwood G. Read  
768 Odell  
Marshall, Mo.

Harold Schroeder  
Blackburn, Mo.

Roberta Soper  
Slater, Mo.

Dorothy Honum  
Carthage, Mo.

James Sill  
Lexington, Mo.

Mary Betty Tilson  
408 Walnut St.  
Springfield, Ill.

Wallace L. Wingfield  
301 North  
Marshall, Mo.

Burnham Shaw  
888 Redman  
Marshall, Mo.

Catherine Vance  
623 Lafayette  
Sedalia, Mo.

Helen Walton  
1068 Redman  
Marshall, Mo.

Eloise Smith  
306 N. Main  
El Dorado Springs, Mo.

Nadeen M. Vaughan  
La Mine, Mo.

Robert Lee West  
460 S. Jefferson  
Marshall, Mo.

Allen B. Soper  
Slater, Mo.

Virginia Vogel  
Climax Springs, Mo.

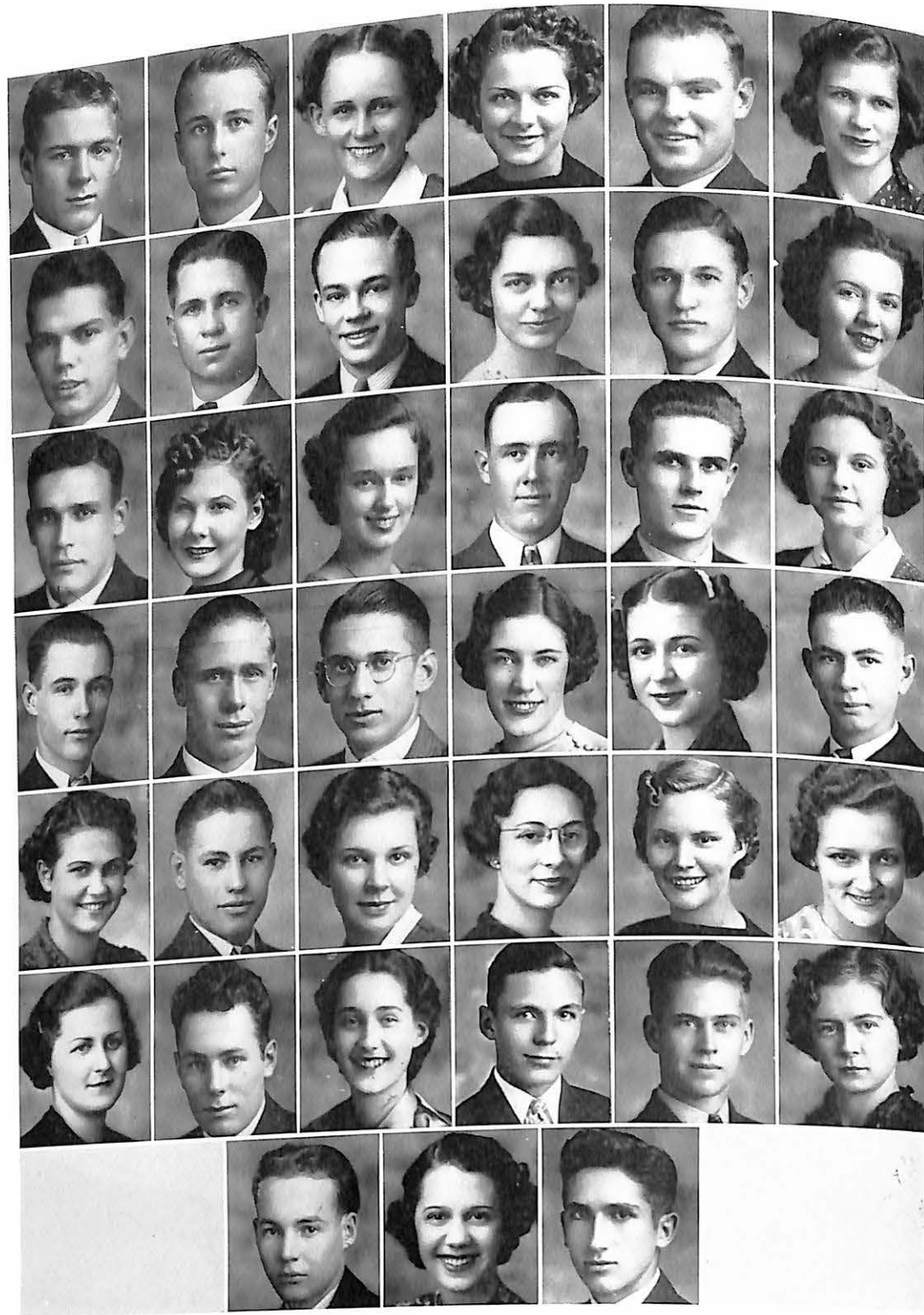
*Freshmen Frenzies*



*Freshman Queen*

EDITH GABA  
Kansas City, Mo.

# Freshman Class



NORMAN HATHAWAY ----- President  
 JIM SKIDMORE ----- Vice-President  
 MARY ANNE GARDNER ----- Secretary Treasurer

Norman Hathaway  
 4831 36th St. N. W.  
 Washington, D. C.

Wallace Akins  
 4601 Forrest  
 Kansas City, Mo.

Milford Burnett  
 468 S. Jefferson  
 Marshall, Mo.

Robert W. Cundiff  
 500 S. First St.  
 Odessa, Mo.

Raymond Deis  
 Gilliam, Mo.

Wm. Harrison Fichthorn  
 513 E. Arrow St.  
 Marshall, Mo.

Clara Galdin  
 Malta Bend, Mo.

Laura Mae Henderson  
 330 North E. St.  
 Louisiana, Mo.

Dorothy Gail Jordan  
 Malta Bend, Mo.

Jim Skidmore  
 3335 College  
 Kansas City, Mo.

La Rue Atwood  
 Winston, Mo.

Ruth Chambers  
 176 Gage Road  
 Riverside, Ill.

Jo Texana Cook  
 1302 Market,  
 Laredo, Texas

Alice Eldredge  
 Holden, Mo.

Elva Jean Fieth  
 Higginsville, Mo.

Charles Blosser  
 560 W. North St.  
 Marshall, Mo.

Elizabeth Hunsley  
 353 S. Jefferson  
 Edinburg, Ill.

John Lamkin  
 537 E. Eastwood  
 Marshall, Mo.

Mary Anne Gardner  
 Joplin, Mo.

James Boyd  
 Knobnoster, Mo.

Wm. Lester Conrad  
 711 Goodfellow,  
 St. Louis, Mo.

Mildred Davis  
 836 Atlanta Ave.  
 Webster Groves, Mo.

Linn C. Drace  
 4273 Springfield  
 Aurora, Mo.

Edith Gaba  
 1516 Colorado Ave.  
 Kansas City, Mo.

Polly Harvey  
 Malta Bend, Mo.

Harriet Hoge  
 2113 N. 25th St.  
 E. St. Louis, Ill.

Richard Lee  
 Ludlow, Mo.

Elsie Mae Abrahams  
 Hamilton, Mo.

Reynold Bradley  
 Miami, Mo.

Dorothy Connell  
 Gallatin, Mo.

Ralph Davis  
 Route No. 1  
 Napton, Mo.

John Fauser  
 1201 Southern Blvd.  
 New York, N. Y.

Sidney Garnett  
 Odessa, Mo.

Alice Mae Hayes  
 Gilliam, Mo.

Joseph Jones  
 109 Ellsworth Ave.  
 Harrison, N. Y.

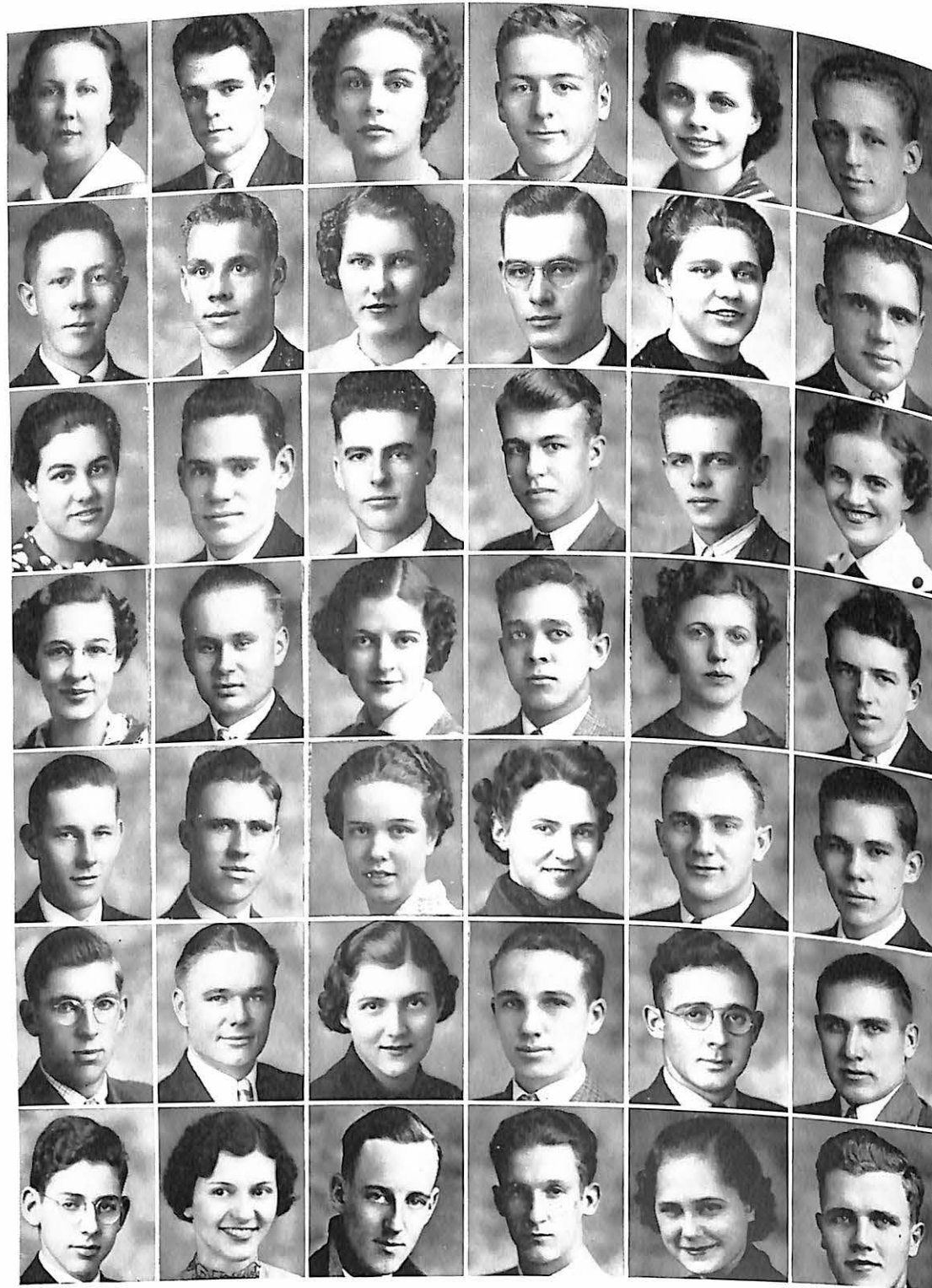
Marie Lichte  
 Lexington, Mo.

Woodrow Marriott  
 432 W. Russel  
 Slater, Mo.

Virginia Weaver  
 1081 S. Lafayette  
 Marshall, Mo.

Browder Richmond  
 1929 Merriam Blvd.  
 Kansas City, Mo.

# Freshman Class



Jean Dearing  
New Franklin, Mo.

Patricia Patterson  
540 Eastwood  
Marshall, Mo.

Katherine Luehrman  
Lexington, Mo.

Eudora Minor  
Marshall, Mo.

Edward Niedemeyer  
Levasy, Mo.

Nancy Pile  
Route No. 1  
Marshall, Mo.

Willard Purcell  
Napton, Mo.

Hubert Skidmore  
353 S. Odell  
Odessa, Mo.

Dorothy Stookey  
223 E. Yerby  
Marshall, Mo.

David Eisenstein  
512 E. Arrow  
Marshall, Mo.

Richard James  
Dawn, Mo.

Calvin Van Zile  
221 Rose Ave.  
Harrison, N. Y.

Marion McCall  
404 E. North  
Bogard, Mo.

John Milstead  
West Plains, Mo.

Geneva Patterson  
Odessa, Mo.

Conreux Popplewell  
Ferguson, Mo.

Laddie Ream  
Green Ridge, Mo.

Carl L. Smith  
202 W. Main  
West Plains, Mo.

Floyd Towner  
6001 E. 12th St.  
Kansas City, Mo.

Bertha Mae Weber  
Route No. 4  
Marshall, Mo.

Lucille Coad  
863 E. Eastwood  
Marshall, Mo.

Patricia Ziler  
1816 S. Main  
Carthage, Mo.

Melvin Lichte  
Lexington, Mo.

Margaret McCorkle  
864 S. Lafayette  
Marshall, Mo.

John Mull  
Malta Bend, Mo.

Lucile Pettijohn  
417 E. College  
Marshall, Mo.

Emogene Potter  
Clifton City, Mo.

Helen Rich  
Marshall, Mo.

Claude Skinner  
Camden Point, Mo.

Robert Turner  
Platte City, Mo.

Thomas Duff  
67 Fremont St.  
Harrison, N. Y.

Joe Walker  
Route No. 1  
Webb City, Mo.

Neal Hathaway  
4831 36th St. N. W.  
Washington, D. C.

Boyd Ludlow  
Harrisonville, Mo.

Bobby McGhee  
Raytown, Mo.

Paul Odell  
227 E. Yerby,  
Nelson, Mo.

Helmut Pfundt  
Cook, Nebraska

Jack Potter  
Clifton City, Mo.

Eleanor Sandbach  
312 W. Emmett  
Slater, Mo.

Marion Carr Snider  
1820 Osceole St.  
Jacksonville, Fla.

J. F. Van Booven  
Slater, Mo.

James Williams  
Norborne, Mo.





**Most Popular Boy**

MR. MEL CARNAHAN  
Kansas City, Mo.



**Most Popular Girl**

MISS DOROTHY ARMSTRONG  
St. Louis, Mo.

# SABIDURIA



## STAFF

CHARLES EWELL  
*Business Manager*

KATHERYN BROWDER  
*Editor*

The name Sabiduria means a "collection of wisdom." The staff has not endeavored to live up to the name but only to collect the events of the school year. Through the medium of the 1938 Sabiduria, we hope to keep alive the memories of the year 1937-38 at Missouri Valley College.

MARGE M. SWEENEY  
*Associate Editor*

DOROTHY ARMSTRONG  
*Secretary*

JACK COX  
*Senior Editor*

BEULAH JONES  
*Junior Editor*

MARGARET JEAN POWELL  
*Sophomore Editor*

EDITH GABA  
*Freshman Editor*

O. H. WILLIAMS  
*Snapshot Editor*

JOHN MILLER  
*Sports Editor*

HELEN WALTON  
*Art Editor*

NORMAN HATHAWAY  
*Campusology Editor*

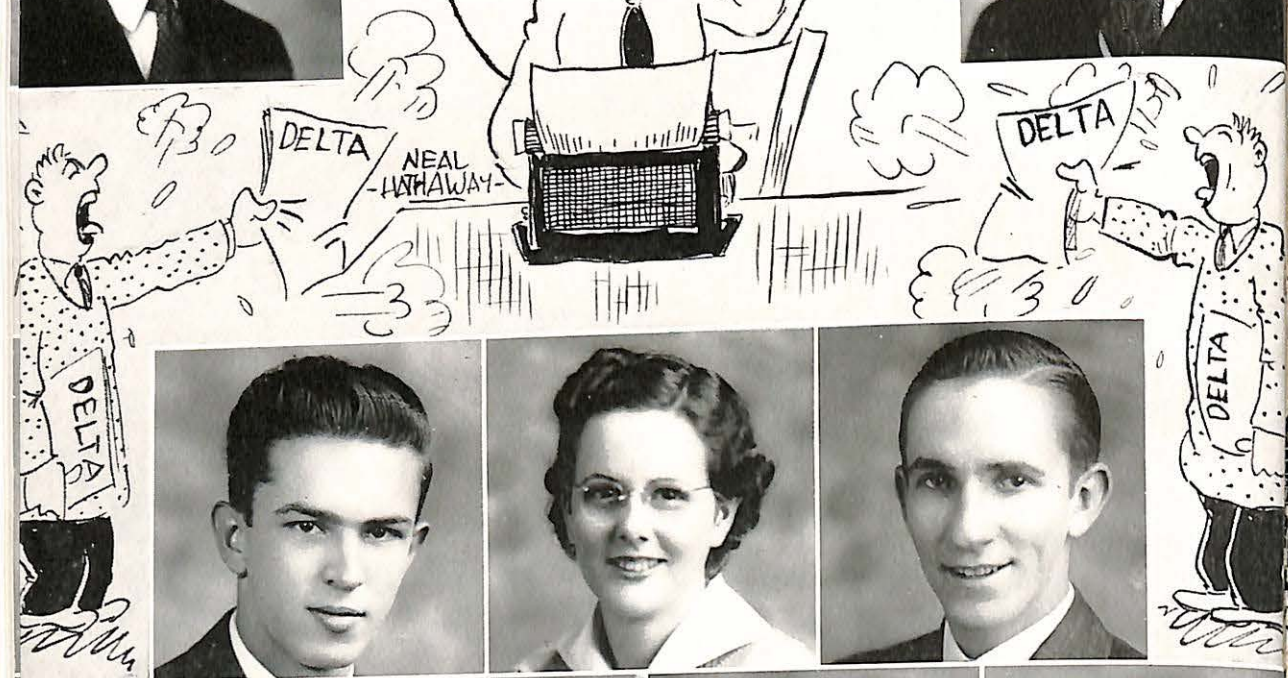
JAMES SUTTON  
*Literary Editor*

# DELTA



COPY!

THIS IS STIPP



## STAFF

WALLACE WINGFIELD

*Business Manager*

LAWRENCE LANE

*Editor*

The Delta, the official news-organ of the Student Body of Missouri Valley, gained its name from the three literary societies that existed on the campus when the paper was founded. A magazine until 1927, the Delta became a bi-weekly newspaper. It has held membership in the Missouri College Newspaper Association and has been honored by a number of offices in that organization.

The Delta has this year endeavored to present to its readers an impartial estimate of all student affairs, and to foster a more nearly complete understanding and cooperation between the students and faculty. The paper has been criticized often and unsparingly at the request of its editors, who have sought to make it a more efficient instrument for the betterment of Missouri Valley. Such criticisms have been well received, and in so far as they have been considered just and applicable, changes have been made. The Delta has in its turn lent its support to proposed reforms and suggested some changes which have been made.

The Delta has not appeared regularly this year, but has been published in twelve issues as the contract between its managers and the administration requires.

Dr. John M. Raines has served again this year as faculty sponsor for the newspaper. Lawrence Lane served as editor, Wallace Wingfield was business manager, and Christian Stipp has been associate editor and secretary for the Missouri College Newspaper Association. Other members of the staff have been: John Miller, sports; Martha Malcomson, society and alumni notes; Franklin Mitchell, music; Ruth Todd and James Sutton, columns.

John Miller, Roberta Bennington, Christian Stipp.

Paul Todd, Mary A. Gardner, Martha Malcomson, Jamer Sutton.

## Pi Gamma Mu



## Pi Kappa Delta



## Pi Gamma Mu

The Missouri Zeta chapter of Pi Gamma Mu, the National social science honor society, was established at Missouri Valley in 1931. Students who have at least twenty hours of B standing in social science courses and rank as Juniors or Seniors are admitted to membership. Also active in the organization are members of the faculty in the departments of History, Religion, and Economics.

Pi Gamma Mu strives to instill in the minds of its members a scientific view toward social problems. Its motto is: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make ye free."

The local officers this year were: Mrs. Belle Campbell Huff, sponsor; Hudnall Harvey, President; James Sutton, Vice-President; and Dr. Robert M. Haley, Secretary-treasurer.

Other members were: Dr. George H. Mack, Dean Helen Burton, Dr. W. W. Malcolm, Mr. E. L. Parsons, Eugene Reidenbach, Katheryn Browder, Gilbert Holloway, Wilma Bruce, Lula Crockett, Virginia Jones, Muriel Millsaps, Ruth Todd, Martin Torbitzky, Dorothy Walton, Glade Helzer, Joan Stewart, and Marje Moore Sweeney.

## Pi Kappa Delta

The Missouri Lambda chapter of Pi Kappa Delta, national speech honor society, again this year sponsored a full forensic program, with interest centered on debate in particular.

Missouri Valley teams participated in over seventy intercollegiate debates, winning exactly half of the forty-six decision contests. Debate teams were entered in four tournaments. In a tournament at Kirksville, December 3-4, the Junior College team of Wallace Wingfield and William Fichthorn tied for first rating.

During the Spring vacation, a Senior college team of Christian Stipp and James Sutton, accompanied by Professor Pasek, made a trip into Kansas and Oklahoma, where debates were held on seven campuses. At the national Pi Kappa Delta Convention in Topeka, April 17-22, Stipp and Sutton won five of eight debates.

In the campus extemporaneous speaking contest, Hudnall Harvey placed first and James Sutton second, speaking on the general topic, "Democracy or What?" Mr. Harvey represented Valley in the state contest at Columbia, where he placed third, and in the National Tournament at Topeka. He also held a seat in the House of Representatives of the First National Student Congress at Topeka.

The officers for the year were: James Sutton, president; Lula Crockett, vice-president; Christian Stipp, secretary-treasurer; and Professor Pasek, sponsor. The local chapter ranked highest in scholarship among campus organizations for the fourth year.

## Chapel Choir



## Vesper Choir

## Chapel Choir

The Chapel Choir, a group of thirty-three selected from the Vesper Choir, has, under the direction of Mr. Louis Hansen, presented over fifty programs this season in the Presbyterian churches and the high schools of Missouri.

Groups of about twenty chosen from its personnel have made tours through the state with the hope of promoting a greater interest in the a cappella form of choral music. The soloists with these groups have been Miss Genevieve Evans and Miss Minnie Rhea Holt, sopranos, and Mr. Franklin Mitchell, organist.

The repertoire of the Chapel Choir includes selections largely sacred, from Grieg, Kopyloff, Gaul, Gretchaninoff, Christiansen, and others.



## Vesper Choir

The Vesper Choir is composed of eighty-four members. It sings the first Sunday of each month an hour vespers program in Stewart Chapel. The presentation of Handel's "Messiah" was given for commencement. The choir assisted in the production of Humperdinck's opera "Hansel and Gretel."



## Orchestra

The orchestra, now in its second year under the direction of Mr. Steven L. Barret, has grown into a full chamber symphony, performing works of the standard orchestral repertoire. It has provided music this year for three Chapel programs, a formal evening concert, the complete opera, "Hansel and Gretel," and incidental music for two D. A. C. plays.

College membership of the orchestra this year: Franklin Mitchell, concert master; Calvin van Zile, Melvin Lichte, Mary Betty Tilson, Mildred Davis, Patricia Patterson, Browder Richmond, Elbert Amsler, Rollin Godfrey, Harry Loeffler, Robert West, David Eisenstein, Earl Lubensky, Carl Smith, Helen Tarver, and Anna May Kregel. Acknowledgement is also made of the valuable services of several town musicians.

# Y. W. C. A.

Davis. Evans. Malcomson. Mitchell. Todd. Holt. Johnston. Stewart. Walton. Vondracek.  
Evans. Tilton. Crockett.



Holic. Todd. Boekenhide. Jensen. Borgman. Sill. Mitchell. Pasek. Mueller. Soper.

# Y. M. C. A.

# Y. W. C. A.

# Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations are among the most worthy and most valuable organizations on the campus. Together they make up the Missouri Valley College section of the World Student Christian Association. Membership in each group is open to those interested in Christian activity.

The "Y" this year has sponsored Spiritual Emphasis Week, a series of Sunday Vesper services, three all-school parties, the Christmas Nativity pageant, the annual banquet, joint meetings each month of men's and women's groups, and the sale of refreshments at games and dance intermissions. These activities and problems concerning them were discussed at regular joint meetings of the "Y" cabinets held during the year.

The principal aim of the Y. M. C. A. this year has been to spread interest in the organization, its programs and its purpose.

The Y. W. C. A. sponsored a series of travel lectures and presented several programs at the Blosser Homes for Crippled Children and Aged Ladies. Miss Fern Babcock, Christian Association Secretary of the "Y. W." visited the campus in the early part of the year and helped inspire the local organization in extending its work.

The membership of the Y. M. C. A. numbered about forty this year. The ten cabinet members were: Franklin Mitchell, president; Byron Mueller, vice-president; Allen Soper, secretary; James Sill, treasurer; John Holic, Harold Boekenhide, Paul Todd, Carl Borgman, and Reinhold Jensen, committeemen; and Professor Dwight M. Pasek, faculty advisor.

The officers of the Y. W. C. A. for the year have been: Dorothy Walton, president; Genevieve Evans, vice-president; Joan Stewart, secretary; Mary Betty Tilton, treasurer; and Miss Kveta Vondracek, faculty sponsor.

## "V" Club

Gradner. Shaw. Reidenbach. Guthrie. Boekenheide. Gann. Hathaway. Cox  
Emerson. McKenzie. Bosse. Ritchey. Ashford. Gerhardt. Ludlow. Hamilton  
Carnahan. Patterson. R. Jones. Buntin. Carr. Williams. Geest. J. Jones



Johnston. Mitchell. Heidbreder. Pritchard. Vance  
Browder. Jones. Powell. Bennington  
Schoeder. Carter. Vondracek. Hughes. Armstrong

## W. A. A.

## "V" Club

The "V" Club of Missouri Valley College is an organization composed of those men who have won their letter in athletics. The organization takes an active part in college activities and is one of the prominent groups on the campus.

The organization sponsors outside high school events and this year conducted their annual Invitational Basketball Tournament, and a Qualifying Track Meet for Class "B" and "C" high schools.

### OFFICERS

MEL CARNAHAN ..... *President*  
ROY BUNTIN ..... *Vice-President*  
NORRIS PATTERSON ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

## W. A. A.

The numerous activities of the Women's Athletic Association are planned and sponsored by its Cabinet, composed of representatives of the various sports. This year's Cabinet members and the sport each represented were: Margaret Jean Powell, archery; Joan Heidbreder, tennis; Betty Carter, volley ball; Kay Browder, hockey; Dorothy Armstrong, dancing; Jane Hughes, basketball; Joyce Johnston, gymnastics; Catherine Vance, soccer; and Lee Olive Pritchard, skating and hiking.

The Cabinet sponsored a ballroom dancing class, a pep assembly, two tennis tournaments, two play nights, four tea dances, and several hikes. Other activities this year included a gymnastics demonstration, the sale of football season tickets, and soccer, hockey, and archery tournaments.

The W. A. A. has had a very successful year. A membership drive, under the direction of the Cabinet, was conducted at the beginning of each semester. The Association now has over fifty members, each earning points toward a letter.

It was the duty of the Cabinet to assist Miss Vondracek in the sports represented and to pass on the points earned by members.

## D. A. C.



Left to right—L. Lash. Sill. Cayot. Armstrong. Sutton, Dickson, Gross.

The Dramatic Arts Club admits to membership those who have shown an interest in dramatics through performances in its productions.

This year the D. A. C. presented two major productions. "The Curtain Rises." by Benjamin M. Kaye. and "Moor Bo'n" by Dan Totheroth. The Club also sponsored a one act play contest and a Christmas pageant. It assisted the music department in its production of the opera. "Hansel and Gretel."

The organization's annual banquet was held on May 9 when next year's officers were announced and awards for this year were presented. Regular meetings of the D. A. C. were held twice a month.

The officers for the year were:

CHRISTIAN STIPP	.....	President
FABER WICKHAM	.....	Vice-President
MARTHA MALCOLMSON	.....	Secretary
PAUL STEPHENS	.....	Business Manager
MISS KVETA VONDRACEK	.....	Sponsor

## Beta Gamma Phi

This honorary scholastic fraternity was organized at Missouri Valley College in 1933 for the purpose of honoring those students in the graduating class who have shown exceptional scholastic ability.

At the beginning of the second semester those Seniors whose scholastic attainment has averaged at least 2.3 honor points are eligible to election by the faculty. Membership is limited to one-seventh of the graduating class, and no person is eligible who has failed in any subject

### Roster of Membership

1933

Jean Perry  
Mrs. Pauline Jordan  
Frank Hearick  
Josephine Evans  
Lavinia Lower  
Mary Catherine Ryan

1934

John Billings  
Roxie Brown  
Margaret Mitchell  
Betty Pettijohn  
Robert Sutton

1935

Harold Brown  
Alma Hudson

1936

None eligible

1937

William Allan Ferguson  
Mildred Lois Collins  
Raymond Sidney Sullivan  
Mary Haller Vance

1938

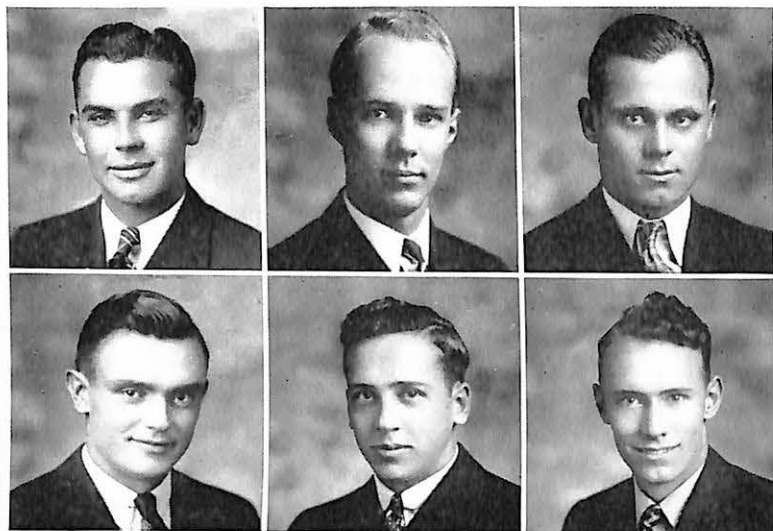
Wilma Rollo Bruce  
Thomas Hudnall Harvey

# Alpha Delta Kappa

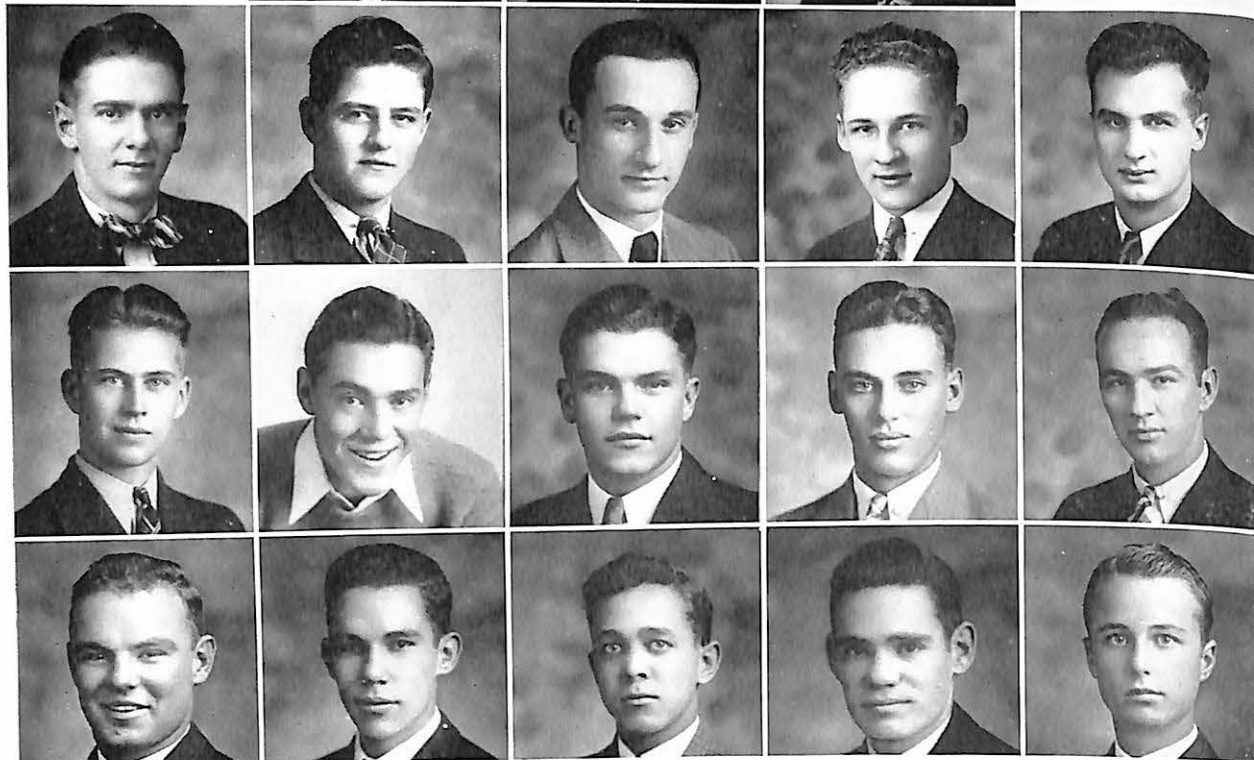
EUGENE REIDENBACH ----- *President*  
 HUDNALL HARVEY ----- *Secretary*  
 MELVIN CARNAHAN ----- *Treasurer*

Reidenbach. Harvey. Carnahan. Williams. Carr. Cox. Orear. Jones. Ewe'l. Hupp.  
 Lee. Sill. Dexter. Soper, Green. Akins, Smith. Poppewell. Milstead. Skidmore.

A  
Δ  
K

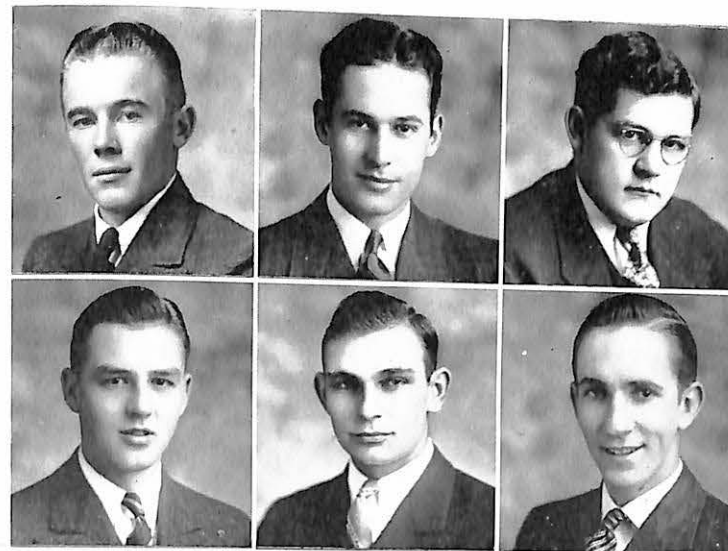


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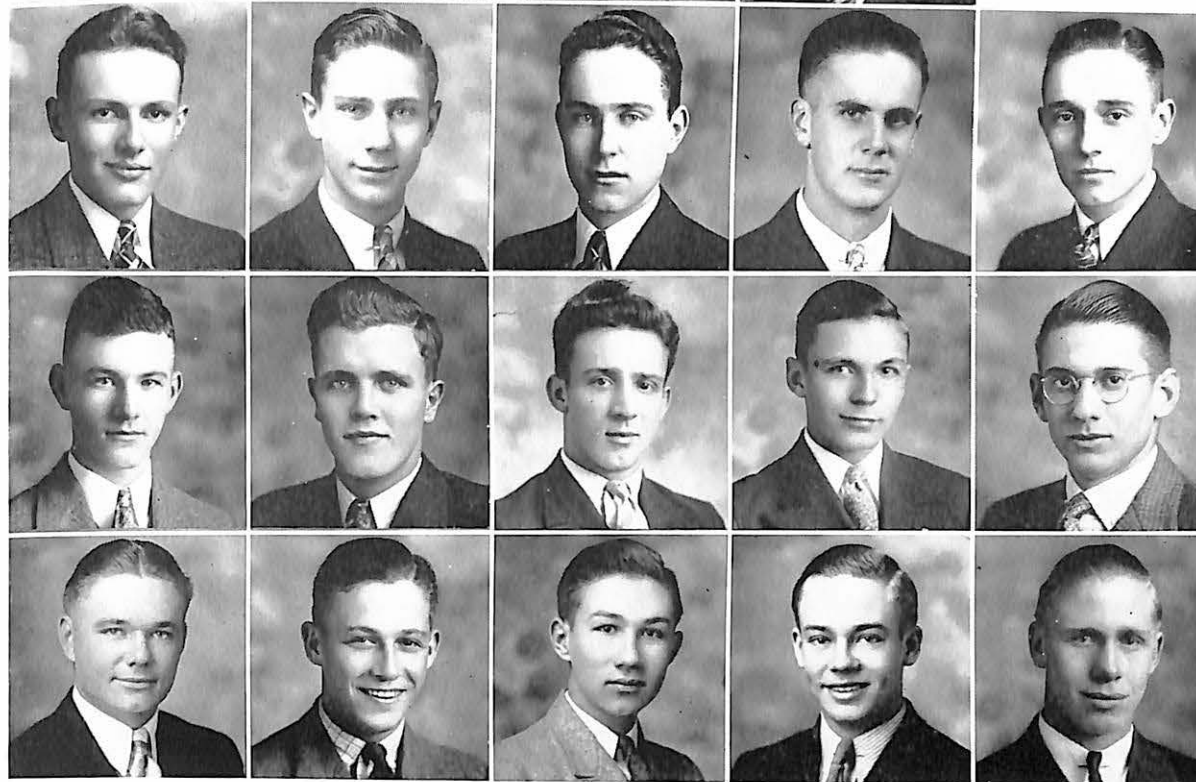


# Sigma Nu

Σ



N



Brown. Helzer. Wickham. Kennedy. Stephens. Stipp. Wingfield, Winn. Miles.  
 Houston. Shaw. Read. Walker. Knight, Lamkin. Fichhorn. Snider, Gardner.  
 Napton. Burnett. Fauser.

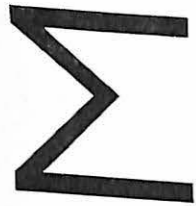
JAY BROWN ----- *Commander*  
 ROBERT HAAS ----- *Lieut. Commander*  
 GLADE HELZER ----- *Treasurer*  
 WALLACE WINGFIELD ----- *Recorder*

# Sigma Phi

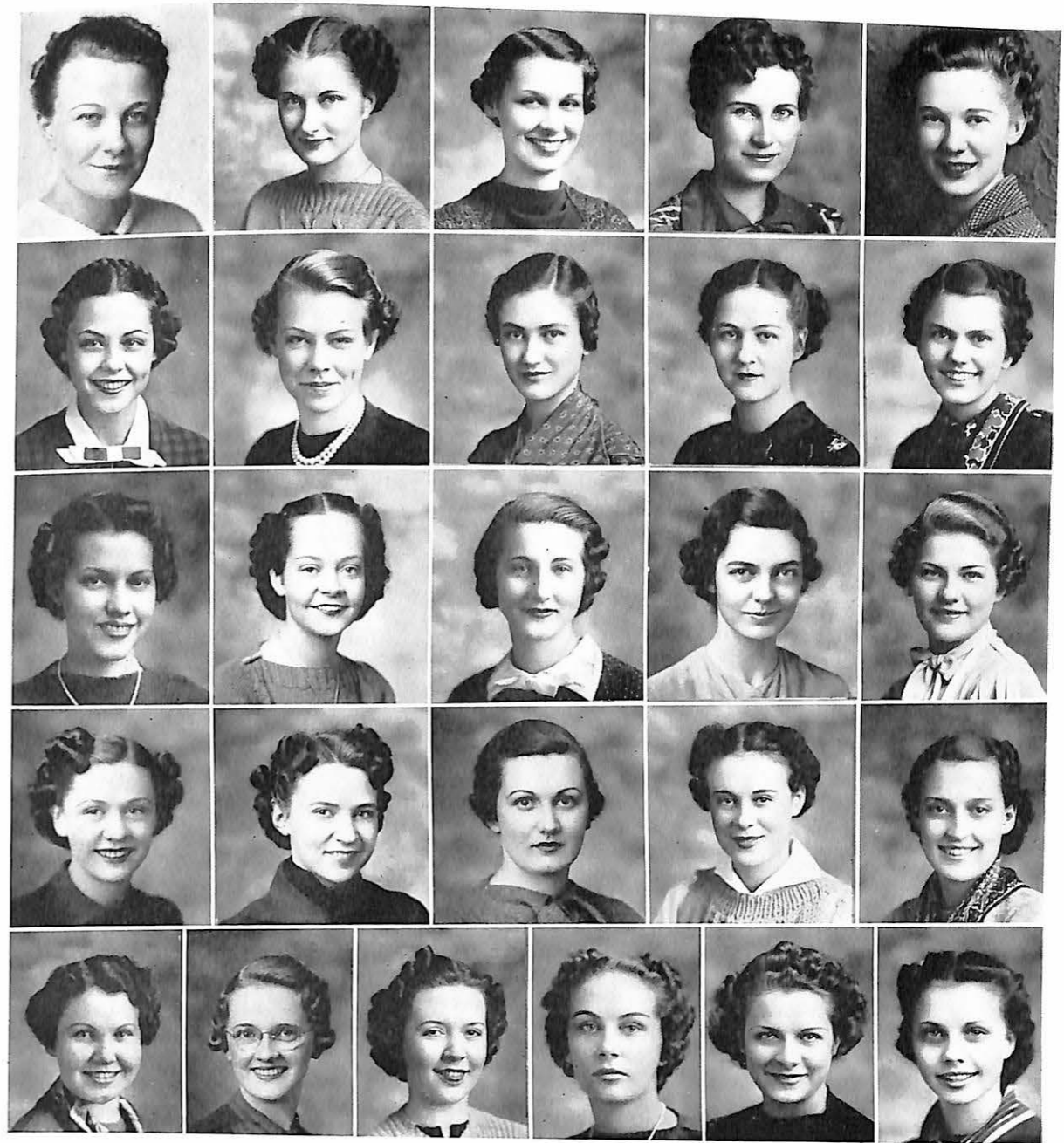
LUCILE SCHROEDER  
 ELEANOR FIELDS  
 ROBERTA SOPER  
 GENEVIEVE EVANS

President  
 Vice-President  
 Secretary  
 Treasurer

Schroeder. Fields. Soper. G. Evans. Bouldin. Johnston. Smith. Hartzell,  
 McClure. Holt. B. Evans, Pettijohn. Vogel. Atwood. Harvey, Dearing. Gaba.  
 Pile. Weaver. Gardner. Jordan, Cook. Patterson.



# Valkyr



Vondracek. Lash, Mitchell. Cordry. Armstrong. Dickson. Browder. Todd. Jones.  
 Stewart. Hughes, Carter. Vance. Chambers. H. Walton. Phillips. Sandback.  
 Simmons. Houston. Powell. Vaughn. D. Walton, Connell. Ziler. Abrahams.  
 Patterson.

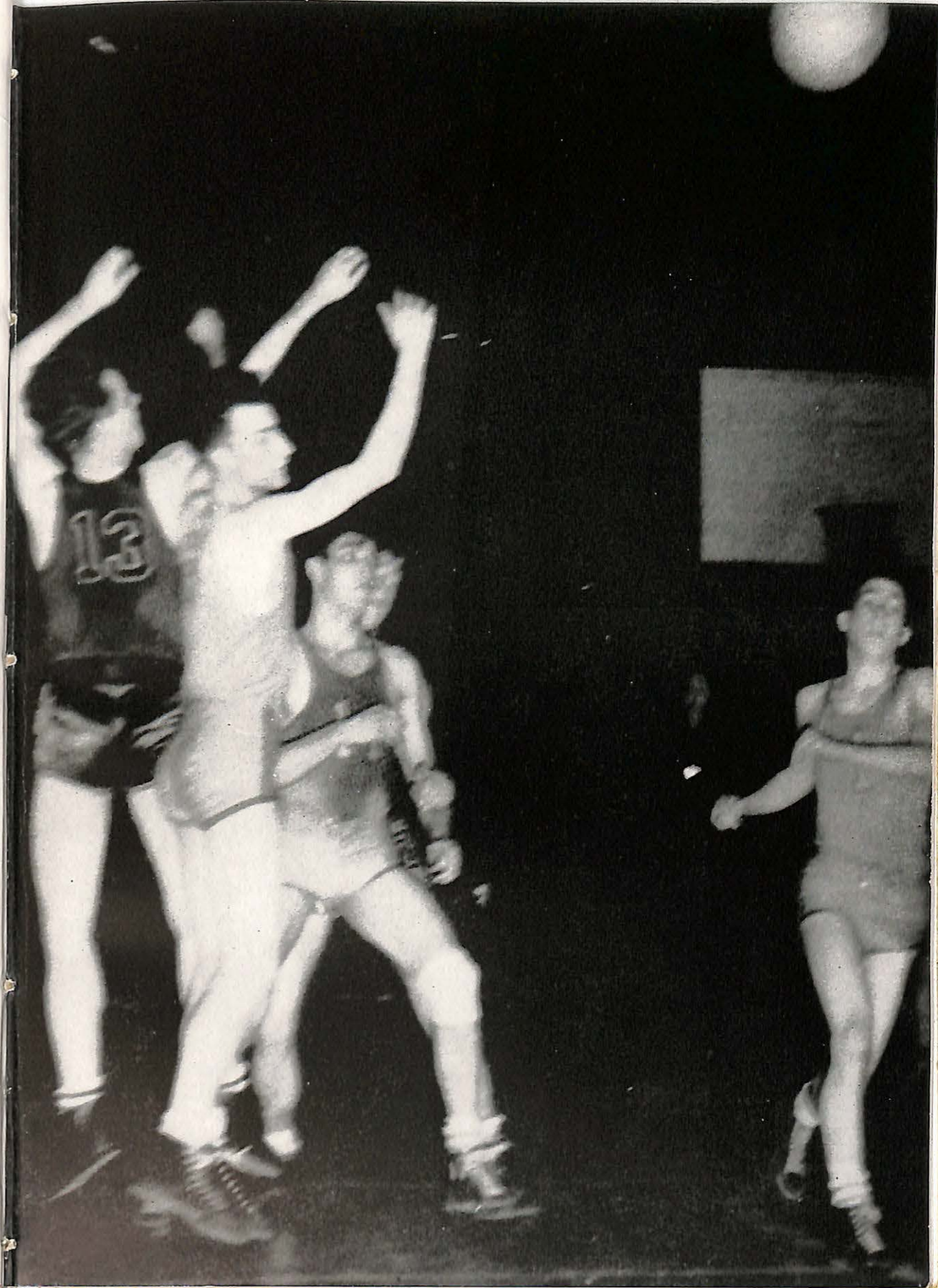
LEVA LASH \_\_\_\_\_ President  
 JANET MITCHELL \_\_\_\_\_ Vice-President  
 SARA LYLE CORDRY \_\_\_\_\_ Secretary  
 DOROTHY ARMSTRONG \_\_\_\_\_ Treasurer



*May Queen*

LUCILLE SCHROEDER  
Blackburn, Mo.

*Athletics*



*Muscle Musings*

*Page Sixty-eight*



*Harvest Queen*  
DOROTHY ARMSTRONG  
St. Louis, Mo.

*Page Sixty-nine*

# FOOTBALL

This past season the Vikings were under the leadership of a new coach, Volney Ashford, a former Valley star, who took the place of Henri Godfriaux who went to William Jewell.

Under Coach Ashford the Valley football team had a fairly successful season, winning 3, losing 4, and tying 1.

Opening the season at home the Vikings played Kemper Military Academy to a 7 to 7 tie, in a game which featured a spectacular play when Brinkop of Kemper intercepted a Viking forward pass and ran 90 yards to tie the score.

A week later in their second game the Valley men were "right" and tromped Wentworth Military Academy 44 to 2. Wentworth was completely out-played all evening and got their lone two points when a Valley man stepped out of the end zone.

COACH ASHFORD

ALONG THE BENCH



The next game was with Rockhurst College of Kansas City and the Vikings had to be satisfied with a moral victory as they lost 12 to 13.

Then the "Big" game with Jewell rolled around and the Vikings lost 7 to 6 as they failed to convert their extra point after touchdown.

The team then made the trip to Canton the following week and won 12 to 6 to get back into the winning column.

What was thought would be an easy victory turned into an unexpected defeat at the hands of Central the following week. It was the first Central victory in nearly two years as they won 18 to 13.

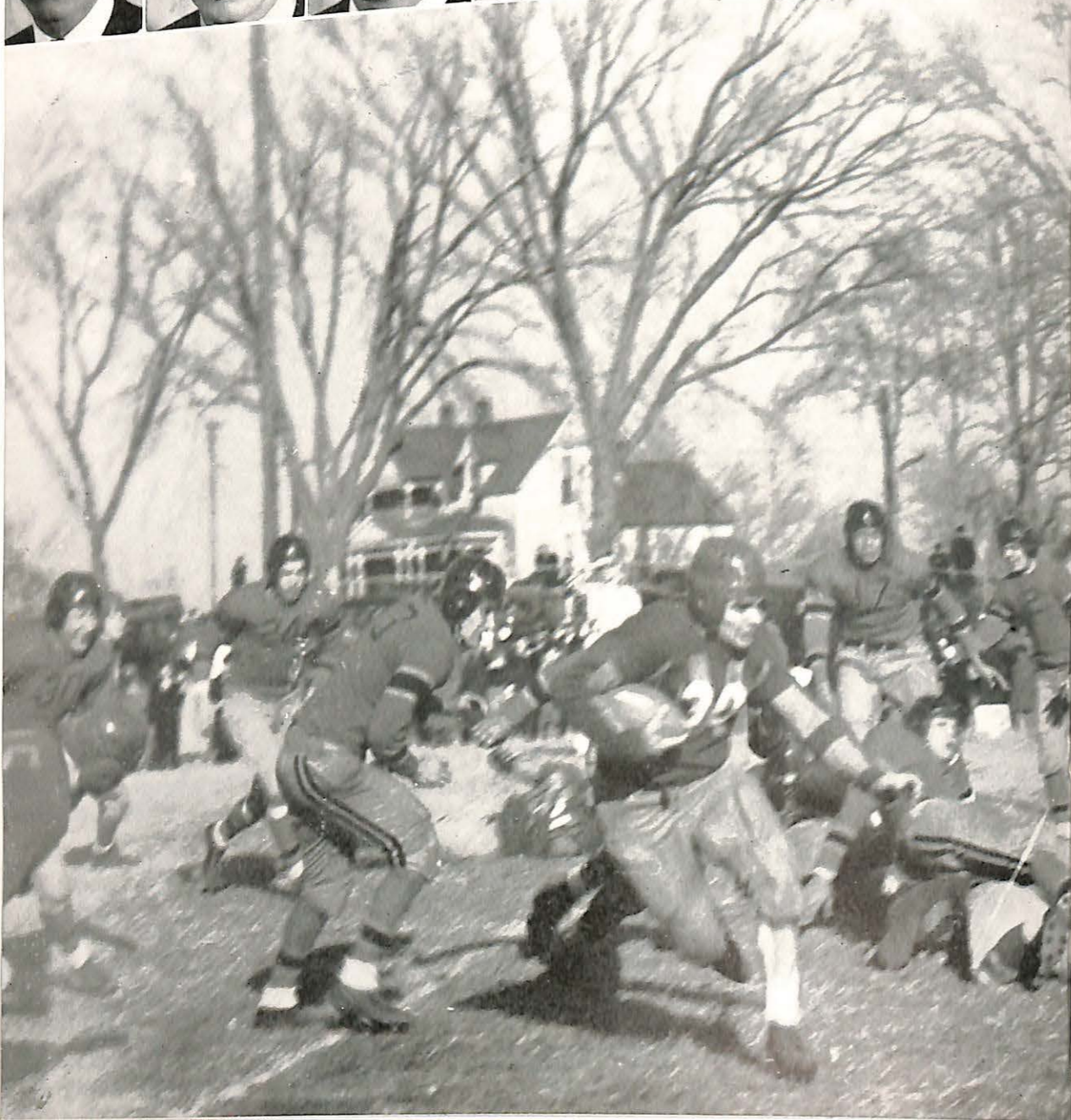
Tarkio took the measure of the Vikings to the score of 33 to 13 and Valley certainly looked bad.

Then Thanksgiving Day they ended the season in an overwhelming victory over the Haskell Indians 46 to 0.

JIMMIE CARR

JAY C. BROWN

MEL CARNAHAN



CO-CAPTAIN MELVIN CARNAHAN—*Guard*. "Blackie" a true Viking if the team had one. The man who led the interference out around end to cut down the opposing players. We'll miss him next year.

CO-CAPTAIN JAMES CARR—*Tackle*. Jimmie the one man the opposition couldn't move. Along with Carnahan he led the Vikings and when he hit, the opposing player knew he had been hit.

ROY BUNTIN—*Fullback*. "Bull" the man Patterson called on when they needed those extra few yards. This and his uncanny passing ability made him one of the Viking threats. Only a sophomore he was honored with the Co-Captaincy for next year.

NORRIS ALLEN PATTERSON—*Quarterback*. "Pat" ran the team while it was on the field and did a good job of it. An elusive broken-field runner he accounted for some of the long gains of the season. Pat along with Buntin will captain next year's team.

BURNHAM SHAW—*Halfback*. Burnham was one of the fastest men on the squad and the way he carried the ball sometimes proved this fact. His ability as a kicker and cool headed playing was a distinct asset to the Vikings.

O. H. WILLIAMS—*Tackle*. "Willie" played the tackle position and played it well. He has another year and should be a great help.

MALCOLM GERHARDT—*End*. "Mack" was the big, bruising end who went in and broke up the opposing interference. Big and fast Mack should be even better next year. He was also good on the receiving end of passes.

BILL HAMILTON—*Halfback*. Bill was that little shifty but fast broken field runner who really carried that ball. Never played with a helmet on, he claimed he was too hard headed. He'll be back next year too.

HOWARD GANN—*Center*. "Stepper" came back to play good football for Valley this year and for all his easy-going manner was one tough boy to play against in that line.

BOYD LUDLOW—*Guard*. A freshman who developed into a good college player. Ludlow played his best game perhaps in the game against Rockhurst. He will be one of the pillars in the Viking's line next year.

JAMES BOSSE—*End*. Another freshman who made his letter. "De Boche" was a man you liked to see play because he was in on every play and was fighting all the time. He has three more years and they all should be big.

EARL GEEST—*Halfback*. The littlest man on the squad but in proportion to his size he had the most fight. A freshman from Carrollton he will give Valley added strength in the coming seasons.

OMAR AKINS—*Fullback*. "O" combined speed with weight and shiftiness to help the Vikings. He liked the tough going and loved to hit hard. Watch him next year.

NORMAN HATHAWAY—*Halfback*. Norman alternated this position with that of quarterback and developed in both of them. A small but hard hitting man he was in on every play.

URIAH RITCHEY—*End*. Ritchey had another big year and was elected all-conference end. Also selected on an all-state team. Fast and possessed of "sticky" fingers when it came to catching passes he was a threat all the time.

EMMET CLOUSE—*Guard*. Although not a regular "Red" was a steady man and could be counted on to get the job done when it was up to him to do it. Another man with three more years and he should develop into a regular.

JOHN W. JONES—*Guard*. You have heard of "watch-charm" guards, and so here we have one. His third year as a letterman and second as a regular Johnny was the lightest lineman on the squad but the best.

EDWIN MCKENZIE—*Center*. "Mac" played his third year on the team and held down the center position well. His courage and fight cannot be equaled.



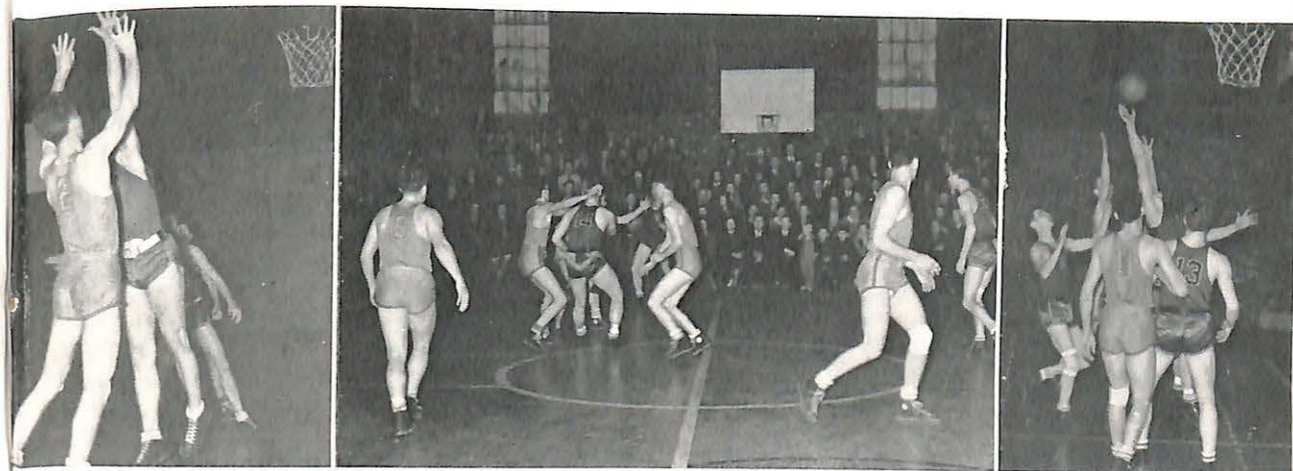
### REVIEW OF SEASON 1937-38

The outlook at the beginning of the season was bright for Valley. With five lettermen returning from last year and a number of promising looking new men the Vikings seemed to dope out somewhere around third or fourth place. But the final standing was somewhat different.

On December 1, the Vikings opened their pre-conference games by winning over Bogard, and went on to win the other five.

They opened the conference race by losing to Central at Fayette 30 to 45 on December 16. Culver-Stockton won the next one, "a killer-diller," in two overtime periods by the score of 47 to 45. Following this the Vikings lost another close one to Jewell at Liberty 30 to 35. The same week saw Jewell winning another one in Morrison gym in the third overtime period 45 to 44.

# BASKETBALL



COX  
MCGEE      BOYD  
RICHMOND      BOEHENHEIDE  
GUTHRIE      KNIGHT  
RITCHEY      HALI  
BUNTIN      COACH  
ASHFORD

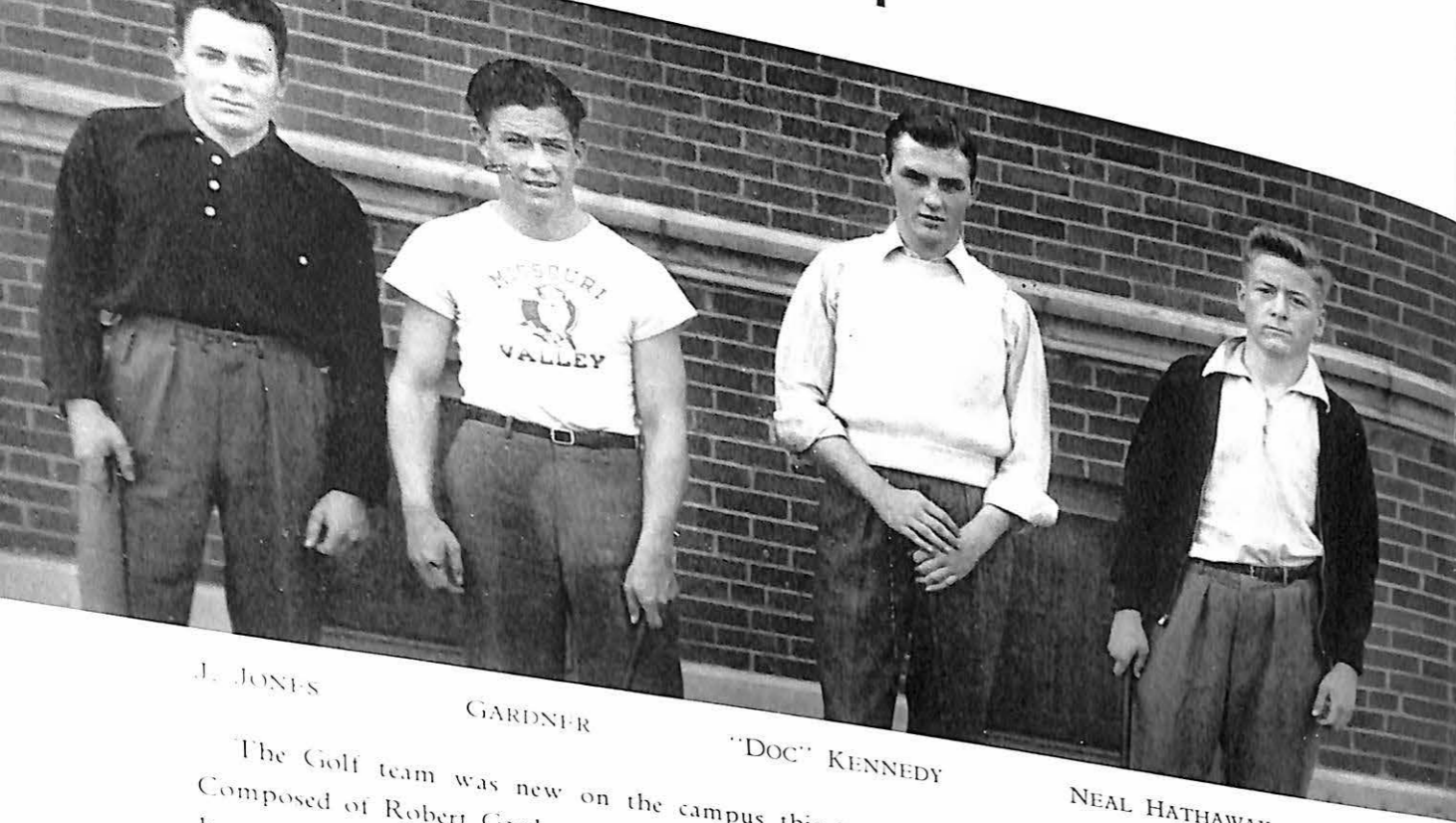
The Vikings seemingly couldn't win and lost their fifth conference game to Tarkio at Tarkio. Central came to Marshall and won. The next two games were also at home and the Vikings lost to Westminster and also to Drury. Both games were close.

The Valley men journeyed to Canton on February 17 and lost their second game to Culver-Stockton.

Tarkio came to Marshall to win another and the Vikings wound up the season on a trip during which they lost to Drury at Springfield and to Westminster at Fulton.

Although only once or twice did they not play good, head-up basketball, they seemed to lack something which would have put them in the win column. They ended the season with 12 loses in the conference race and 6 wins in non-conference games.

McGhee and Guthrie were given honorable mention in the selection of M. C. A. U. All Stars.



J. JONES

GARDNER

"DOC" KENNEDY

NEAL HATHAWAY

The Golf team was new on the campus this year but played and showed up well. Composed of Robert Gardner, Joseph Jones, Walter Kennedy, and Neal Hathaway. They have had matches with Central and Kemper Military Academy. They are to compete in the M. C. A. U. golf meet at Fayette May 13-14.

Next year, with these boys' return, Valley's golf team should be a stand out. More experience, with continual playing during the summer, should add greatly to their game.

With this addition to the field of sports, the college is represented in all forms of major sport. Next year they should be better and draw a larger following. Here's to their continuation and success in the future.

# BASEBALL



Back Row (left to right)—Ream, Schroeder, Boyd, Fitzmier, Patterson, Buntin, Carnahan, Gaba, Lichty, Coach Ashford.

Front Row (left to right)—Pfundt, Harris, Stipp, Jeter, Ruklic, N. Hathaway, Mull, Hall, Bryan.

The baseball team had a successful season. With Patterson, Buntin, Carnahan, and Gaba back to form the nucleus of the team, the remainder of the positions were filled by new men, most of whom were freshmen.

Four games were scheduled with St. Paul's College at Concordia. Two there and two here. At the present time of writing Valley has won three of the games, featuring a no-hit, no-run shut-out game pitched by Tommy Hall. Another game was scheduled with Westminster and the Blue Jays won from Valley.

The season will be concluded by the annual battle between the alumni and the Varsity of this year.

# TRACK



*Back Row* (left to right)—Dick Lee, Manager; Soper, Turner, Smith, Bosse, Ludlow, Lamkin, Burnett.

*Middle Row* (left to right)—Berning, Oliver, Gerhardt, Ritchey, Martin, Tedlock, Bicssegelia.

*Front Row* (left to right)—Knight, Shaw, McKenzie, Williams, Capt.; Emmerson, Dexter, Geest, Coach Ashford.

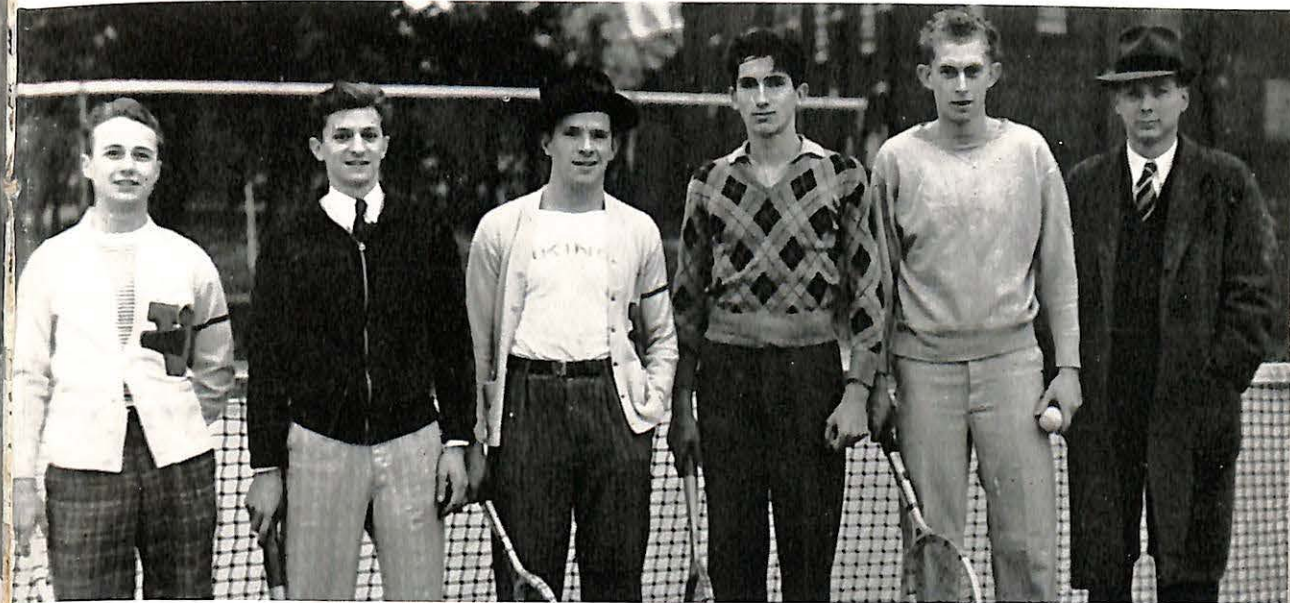
The track season found Valley with one of the best rounded teams in recent years. With point winners in the running events Valley also had strength in the field events.

Dual meets were held with a number of schools and also a triangular meet. Results of the Dual Meets were: Valley won them all. The Vikings opened with a meet with Moberly Junior College and swamped them. Against Central Valley scored heavily in the field events to win. In the triangular meet with Moberly and Chillicothe the Vikings were far out in front.

What was thought to have been their hardest meet the Vikings took in their stride. That with Kemper, Jewell was defeated by a wide margin and was limited to only three firsts.

Eight men were taken to the Kansas Relays and the 880-yard relay team placed fourth. The Vikings have a good chance for first in the M. C. A. U. Meet at Central this year.

# TENNIS



SKIDMORE    HOLIC    PETTIT    RICHMOND    BOEKENHEIDE    DR. RAINES

Tennis is one of the more popular minor sports on the Missouri Valley campus. Under the able direction and coaching of Dr. John M. Raines the team has had a good season.

Because of the inclement weather the team got off to a bad start and lost their first match to Tarkio. Other schools played were Central, Kemper Military Academy, William Jewell, and Tarkio.

The squad was as follows: Richmond, No. 1; Pettit, No. 2; Holic, No. 3; Boekenheide, No. 4; Skidmore, No. 5. Pettit and Richmond form a doubles team that should show up well in the Conference Tournament.

Although the turnout of candidates for the team was not as large as last year the results have been better.

Other members of the squad not in the picture are Wallace Wingfield, and Joe Walker.

A NEW LIFE

When in the Autumn,  
When the trees change their costumes  
For their harvest dance,  
There runs through me a thrill of New Life.  
Mother Nature in all her splendor,  
All through the day she beckons  
Her little summer children  
To come, nestle in her bosom:  
And there comes a voice of farm boys  
Calling to each other as they gather the  
Nuts not yet stored by the little bronze Squirrels.  
It is peace and contentment—  
Away from the man made evils  
Of the man made world—  
It is in the presence of God.

*Robert Turner.*

*Stories  
and  
Poetry*

### OIL SPOT

An opalescent shimmering:  
A green and golden hue;  
Scarlet, purple, crimson, pink;  
And even ocean blue.  
A spattering of nature's blood,  
She is your place of birth.  
Incarcerated; beautiful—  
A rainbow here on earth.  
A phosphorescent wonder  
In a lowly, plain abode.  
Still you shine with all your splendor;  
An oil spot in the road.

*Norman Hathaway.*

### THE THEIST

Think you of the forest  
Just before the sun has set,  
Think you of the petals  
Of the rose the dew has wet,  
Reminisce and think about  
The things that grow from sod,  
Then ask yourself—you cannot say  
There is no God.

*Norman Hathaway*

### PRAYER OF A LONELY NEGRO

Oh God, please say that you ain't ugly  
Like the most of men,  
Just say you don't like sin  
An' I'll believe again.  
They tell me that you made us  
Just to look like you.  
But God, I'm awful ugly!  
I know that you ain't, too!  
I'm black, Lord! How can you  
Be both black and white?  
You couldn't see me in the night.  
Yet times when I go out and look  
Way up there at the stars,  
I try to look right past 'em  
To see just where you are.  
I try so hard to find your face  
To see and understand  
Why I am so damned weak and such a  
Poor excuse for man.  
Oh God, I know you're up there!  
Lord! Keep me goin' on!  
Please give me strength to meet and see  
The comin' of each dawn.  
It's hard to keep on livin'  
When you've got no one to care.  
There ain't no fun in livin'!  
Oh God! It isn't fair—

Lord . . . . I'm awful sorry  
For that what I just said.  
I guess the loneliness I got  
Sorta turned my head.  
But God, don't give me loneliness.  
I'd just as soon be dead! . . . .

*Norman Hathaway.*

## JUST BURIED

"Put lots of originality into that story, Phil," said Bill Smith, editor of the Williamsburg FORTNIGHTLY NEWS. "The public ain't interested in a lot of facts." He shifted the conventional green eyeshade on his head and the soggy unlit cigar in his mouth about an eighth of a turn each.

The feature man nodded in answer to the request. The presses in the great cavern beneath the editorial offices kept up a steady rumble as they devoured and evacuated their enormous diet of wood pulp.

Phil Stone, the feature man, had a song on his lips. He was even now enroute to interview the most influential man in Williamsburg, Charles P. Masters, the mustard plaster tycoon, president and general manager of the firm of Masters' Mulsified Mustard Plasters Inc., Williamsburg, New York, San Francisco, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Kalamazoo, and Masters' Mulsified Mustard Plasters Ltd., Toronto. The present commission offered a distinct opportunity to Phil Stone to demonstrate his journalistic aptitude. He resolved to compose a biographical sketch of Charles P. Masters which should shadow even the works of Strachey and Ludwig. At the moment he was composing the first passages which would run thus: "On a bitter February night in a rude but cozy log cabin in the frontier settlement of \_\_\_\_\_ was born in the year 18\_\_ a child destined to become a leader of industry." Boy! That was it all right! For, are not all men of industrial destiny the type who first see light of day in a log cabin in a frontier settlement, or perhaps in a covered wagon on the rolling, barren plains?

Phil glanced at his watch. His appointment for the interview was at 8 o'clock P. M. Since it was at least an hour's drive out to the Masters' estate, Phil Stone had started well before seven, having grabbed his reporter's fare of coffee and sinkers hurriedly in order to get off. His watch told him he had three-quarters of an hour left. Since he was well over half-way there now he eased up on the accelerator. The pleasant purr of the engine added further pleasure to his present good feeling. It was singular, he thought, that the old car so easily divined his moods. When his spirits were low the car ran poorly. Tonight, for all its senility, the old bus was ticking it off in a most juvenile and pleasing fashion. It was a joy, thought Mr. Stone, to drive such a car. It fairly radiated an air of capability and dependability. But something soon happened which was to

shatter this state of perfection. In the road ahead of the car lay a tack. It was a very inconspicuous sort of tack. In fact, it had been run down twice already without serious injury either to itself or to its assailants. The smooth black tread of the right front tire on Phillip's automobile, however, proved too great a temptation this time to let lightly pass. The tack allowed itself to be deftly caught up by the point and after several revolutions of the car wheel it became driven neatly through both casing and tube. There issued then from the tire a gentle rush of air and from the lips of Phil Stone, on his becoming aware of the situation, a throaty cry of vexation. For his ancient but revered equipage boasted no spare tire. Although not in the least in want for expressiveness, Mr. Stone lacked a great many practical remedies for relieving the situation. For instance, his hasty inventory showed only a battered screw driver and a dried-up tube of patching cement in the tool kit. Further, he found himself in a rather deserted part of the country. The only semblance of habitation near was a rural church and its cemetery. He sat himself on the running board to think things over. It was one of those hot, stifling summer nights, and Phillip Stone made a thorough swipe of his brow with his handkerchief.

The air on this night was impregnated with an expectant hush. The silence was broken wierdly at intervals by the mournful threnody of a whippoorwill down in the brush-covered bed of a dried up stream. It was very dark by now and the reverberant chime of a clock in the village ahead announced somewhat eerily that it was now 8 o'clock.

"No interview tonight," thought Phillip.

His reverie was abruptly broken by the sound of horses snorting and stamping on the earth. From the sound it appeared that they were tethered in the clump of scrub-oak at the edge of the churchyard. Phil rose from his position on the running board and walked down the road toward the sound. Soon he was able to see the light of a lantern through the undergrowth. He began to feel encouraged. Human beings around. Maybe an opportunity to find a telephone nearby.—But wait—He could hear another sound. He heard muffled scrapings—as of someone digging. Several thoughts raced through his mind . . . horses . . . country churchyard . . . night . . . men digging.. He was definitely intrigued by these thoughts—and very curious. Stealthily he made his way toward the scene.

Not far from the horses Phil could see faintly outlined in the shadow a wagon, a folded tarpaulin on the sideboard. A few paces removed, in a small clearing, three men were digging. The sweat on their bared shoulders and backs glistened dimly in the flickering light of the smoky lantern hanging on a nearby limb. The wierd shadows cast by the lantern-light lent a furtive cast to their faces.

For the most part, they worked in silence.

"I ain't right certain," he heard one say, "but I *think* it's right along here somewhere that they buried him."

"An' they buried *plenty* when they buried her old daddy!" said another.

They dug on in silence. Phil's pulse-rate quickened. Here, he thought, were real goings on.

They started when a hound bayed somewhere in the distant woods. The dog with the digging party growled softly, but was silenced by a low spoken command. He cautiously sniffed the moisture-laden air. Phil marvelled and was grateful that the dog had so miraculously missed the discovery of his presence.

An abnormally large moon was passing between walls of intermittent heat lightning into the sky. Underneath the lantern a growing swarm of mosquitoes danced. A lone bat made sporadic dips through the swarm to scoop part of it into his hungry maw.

There was a thudding sound in the hole, as a mattock struck a piece of rotting timber. One of the men gauged the depth of the hole with his eye.

"About there," he said expectantly.

The spades began to rip soil. Great gleaming beads of perspiration burst and cascaded down the digger's foreheads. Straining muscles shone in clear relief as the group toiled. Phil, in the thicket, shook with thrills of expectancy.

Once more a sound disturbed the group. A heavily laden wagon could be heard making its rattling way down the road. The men paused, looked at one another in silence, questioningly. They were breathing heavily. When the sound had dwindled away they returned to their labor. They turned up more rotted bits of timber as they dug deeper.

"Good enough," one of them said, finally.

Phil's heart was pounding. He peered intently through the covering of underbrush.—Boy! Here was scoop material for any newspaper.

One of the trio procured a block and tackle from the wagon, fastened the block securely to a large tree, and strung the rope through the block. Another took the lantern from the tree and stood holding it at the back of the wagon. The other hitched the team to one end of the rope. Phil couldn't make out in the dark what the other end was fastened to, but he had several very good ideas.

At a sharp command the horses sprang forward, straining at the rope. The man stood tense. The block creaked with its load. The horses scrambled for footing, and soon the carcass of a dead mule slid from the wagon, making a great thudding sound as it dropped into the hole.

"Well," voiced one of the men, with visible relief, as they began the work of refilling the hole, "ef it hadn't of turned off clear tonight, I'm blowed ef I know when we could have done this job.

The men agreed unanimously that Minnie, the mule, had been a good and faithful servant.

J. PAUL JONES

## IT WAS IN THE DARK OF THE MOON

Mag got up wearily from her contortionist's job of punching a hole with a stick, setting a sweet-potato plant in the hole and pressing some earth around it, and then pouring a little cistern water on it. Mag was tired, and thankful that her job was done. John always made fun of her for planting root vegetables according to the sign, and Mag always replied that it didn't pay to go against the sign.

Mag straightened her broad, square back, and wiped her sweaty forehead with the back of her hand. She kicked off rundown shoes and stood barefoot in the soft black earth of the furrows John had plowed the day before. It gave her a funny kind of feeling to stand there on the top of the hill breathing the cool twilight air, with her feet rooted in the earth and her mind somehow detached and alone. A kind of feeling of fertility, though the seven years of her marriage with John had been productive of nothing but hard work and a slowly growing deposit in the bank. She didn't know whose fault it was, hers or John's, and she'd probably never find out. But it did seem queer in the springtime, with green things growing and the very smell of life in the air.

Mag sighed, gathered up her shoes, the stick and waterbucket, and the remaining sweet potato plants, and started slowly down the hill to the house. The house had only three rooms, but it was well built and sat in a nice place in the corner of the hill. John had had some money and the house and a good farm, and her marriage to him had been considered a good match by her father and mother and the neighbors.

The house seemed farther away than usual this evening, or maybe it was because she was tired. Or she might be getting old. That thought often came to Mag's mind and lingered there, although she had no wish not to grow old. She was thirty-eight, and streaks of gray had already appeared in the coarse brown rolls of her hair. Wrinkles were working out their tortuous little mazes in her face, and her figure was fast becoming a square block. Her skin no longer relaxed as quickly as when she was a girl, and its color was no longer pure. She wondered if John had ever noticed it.

Mag stepped up carefully on the rickety old board well-top in front of the kitchen door. John would have to fix it. Yesterday one of the kittens had tumbled in and drowned, and she had had to use the cistern until

they could have the well cleaned out. The cistern water wasn't as cold as the water from the living well. Mag always hung the butter and the milk in the living-well to keep them cold. John liked cold milk and corn-bread so well. She'd have to make a panful of corn-bread for supper. John would be home soon, hungry.

The kitchen was dark and fetid. Mag lit the coal-oil lamp and its dark yellow light made the room seem a little more cheerful. She wouldn't have to do much for supper, except make the corn-bread. There was canned meat from last winter left over from dinner, and brown beans that John liked. John was queer that way. Beans and potatoes and corn-bread were plenty for him. Mag was grateful because she didn't like to cook and wasn't so good at cooking anyhow.

She lit the oil-stove and started stirring up the corn-bread. There wasn't much coal-oil, so she'd have to be saving with the burners, and the hens weren't laying so well and that meant only one egg for corn-bread. John liked good egg-corn-bread, but with eggs forty cents a dozen it was more profitable to sell them than to eat them. John had gone to town today in the spring-wagon to sell the eggs and cream. The spring-wagon was slow and rickety. They should have a better one, or one of those pick-up trucks.

John came in before the corn-bread was done. He was tired and dirty. That long afternoon walking around over cement walks had almost ruined his feet. The wash-pan on the bench by the door was full of cold water and John rolled up his shirt-sleeves and washed his arms and face. Then he groped for the flour-sack towel and wiped the water from his eyes, and waved his arms in the air to feel the small cooling breeze. Mag noticed the gray smudges on the towel. So much more work for wash-day.

John got the smooth firm pat of butter from the well and they sat down. Conversation was never a very great part of their life—The well-top will have to be fixed. John disliked town more every time he went. Eggs had dropped a few cents. There were prospects for a good wheat year. The sorrel mare will have to be bred: to a jack this time. Put the west eighty in corn next year. Mag's brother's wife's baby had whooping cough. There was a blacksnake in the chicken-house that would have to be killed.

And on in that manner until the corn-bread was finished.

John filled his corn-cob with Granger and lit it. Mag washed the dishes

and poured the greasy black water into the slop bucket. It wasn't any wonder the hogs were skinny the kind of feed they had to eat this time of year. Last year's corn was gone, though, and they had to have something.

John knocked out his pipe and went into the bed-room. Mag took up the coal-oil lamp and followed him. John tore a leaf off the calendar which always hung over the head of the bed. Tomorrow a new month; fix the well-curb, plow the west eighty . . . John took off his clothes in the yellow glow from the coal-oil lamp and lay down on the bed and was asleep immediately.

Mag braided her hair and looked at John's hairy chest with the horse-shoe calk scar on it, and his knotty farmer's arms on the white sheet. She turned the light low. She'd have to go shut up the chicken-house.

Mag sighed. Her shoulders sagged as she moved flaccidly across the bedroom, through the kitchen, to the kitchen door. The door was open and some stars were shining, but it was in the dark of the moon and they gave no light. Mag stood in the doorway for a while and the same feeling that she had had that afternoon on the hill came over her mind. The stars came closer down and her mind reached out to meet them.

She stepped from the doorway and sank. John had forgotten to put the well-cover back on, but the stars were much brighter from inside the well. That blob of matted white fur on the water was the kitten; he'd have to be buried when the well was cleaned out. The water was cold with a summer coldness that was caressing to her tired body . . . under . . . out . . . under . . . out . . . under . . .

The proud-flesh of the calk-scar glimmered in the small yellow glow from the coal-oil lamp. The blacksnake slithered across the dark hen-house floor. The water of the living well was cold and the white fur of the kitten was matted . . . the stars shone but with no light . . . the sweet-potatoes took root and grew because it was the dark of the moon . . .

LAWRENCE LANE

## STAR BRIGHT

The two stars were visible from the bridge. Those stars would always be close together—so would they. She loved him; more than that a woman cannot do.

They had been going together, Jack and she, ever since they were sophomores, two years ago. Of course, they would have to wait till they got through college and Jack had a steady job before getting married, but that wouldn't be so long; he said it wouldn't.

You could see the stars best from the bridge. They hung low over the horizon in April, just above the river. She and Jack would stop on the bridge every Saturday night coming home from the picture show. He would take hold of her arm very gently and turn her around to face the stars. Then he would speak softly.

"Star bright."

"Star bright," she would answer.

"First star I've seen tonight."

Then he would kiss her. The two stars would seem to move closer together and glow more brightly.

He was the Left star and she was the Right one. Of course the Left was the largest, and often seemed to lend some of its brilliance to the other.

But the time came when the Left star grew dim. It was a bad case of pneumonia. She stayed at his bedside as much as she could, but the doctor always shook his head at her. He didn't know about the stars.

Friday night, the doctor said, the crisis would come. She stood at the foot of the bed, watching him laborously breathe. She helped him with every breath.

His face grew white around nine o'clock. His breathing became rapid. She gripped the iron bedpost tightly. Suddenly his eyes opened and he looked at her. He smiled tenderly.

"Star bright," he said softly.

His chest no longer rose and fell. She buried her face in her hands and turned to the window. She laid her small hand on the sill and looked out. The Left star was covered by a cloud.

She didn't sleep that night, or rest all day Saturday. She went to the

show Saturday night and sat through it all. When it was over, she went down Tenth to the bridge, then slowly walked out to the middle of it.

The pale moonlight covered the world. The city seemed far off. The world was deserted save for her and the stars. But the Left star was covered by a cloud.

She thought of Jack, how he slowly rubbed his fingers over her smooth cheek and kissed his own fingers. A lovely thing shouldn't be spoiled, he said.

She put her hand on the iron railing. She looked at the Right star and the place where the Left star should be.

"Star bright," she said gently.

And when the ripples had died away a minute later, the silvery surface of the river reflected the soft gleam of two stars that hung low on the horizon.

"Star bright."

"Star bright."

"First star I've seen tonight."

N. HATHAWAY

## WRITERS TO THE SEE

He would never forget that first night. The first time that he had ever seen her, and that impression that she had made upon him. Just like plunging into a pool of icy water, that was his first feeling, and that same thrill had occurred a thousand times since. Every time he held her, danced with her so close to him, every moment seemed divine. Her smooth graceful lines that so many times seemed just a part of her velvety surroundings, her soft, easy glide, all of these came back to him now.

Then too there was the night of the fight at Maxie's when the head-waiter had insisted on calling her a cheap slusher because, as he had claimed, "She had messed up the table linens and practically ruined the menu." He had fought to hold her for his own, and he was proud of the fact that she was his guiding influence.

Another experience was that night on the avenue, and the encounter with the thug. How tightly she had clasped his pocket as if to keep from sight.

There had been others of course, but they were now, to him, only "has-beens." Like, for instance, the one back in high school days. He had won her by being the best dancer at the Junior "Skirt Hop," and she remained faithful for many years, but he lost her to a gambler in a CCC camp. At first he mourned the loss, but when he found that she had been taken too firmly by the hand he gave up in despair, vowing to never become involved with another.

Yes, he had weakened. He had to weaken when he finally laid eyes on one that for the first time in so many, many months held even the slightest attraction for him. That first night seemed only as if it were last week, instead of almost a year ago in that small east-side drug store. His wistful glance had caught her perfect figure through the front window, so he decided to make his play. He went in, ordered a milk-shake, and tried not to notice her more than was necessary. His incessant chatter with the clerk about her only made him more determined to have her, even—yes, even if he would some day have to pay.

She had almost changed his life completely. With her he had drawn his new last will and testament; and not many days passed before she was writing all of his checks. On some occasions, he even let her sign some of his most important legal documents.

But of late, something had happened. She began to grow dismal, and in some instances, almost wretched. He was not so anxious to show her off before the boys as he once was, and one night he overheard a jeweler at the club say that he thought she must have a screw loose, the way she had been acting, and especially in the bridge game of the night before when she had deliberately blotted out the scores of the deciding rubber.

He'd put a stop to it though. He had already laid the plans, and even now, each second brought the time of the rejuvenation closer to hand.

There she was, sitting on the end-table by the studio couch, and of course totally unaware of what was so soon to take place. He strode across the room, his footsteps resounding through the entire house. He picked her up by the sheer strength of his mighty hands, and carried her into the drawing room. He had just completed the final plans, and in only a few seconds the final procedures would be completed.

He held her up even with his waist, and gazed down into the slime and muck of which he would soon cast her head-long. In the deathly silence of the room he offered a silent prayer that there would be no slip-ups or spills. Finally he grasped her even more tightly, and slowly immersed her into the black, inky water. There was a low gurgling sound, like a child gasping for air in a smoke filled room. He suddenly withdrew her and threw her crashingly against the top of the table. He stood back rubbing his eyes. It was all over now, and this dreadful silence was beginning to taunt his nerves. Yes, it was all over now . . . oh, what had he done?

He had filled his fountain pen.

B. HAAS

## SYMPHONY IN SWING

It was a good outfit, and there wasn't any use of denying it. It was perfect, in fact, except for one thing, and that was that they couldn't find a soloist to exactly fit their specifications. True enough, for three years they had made a good living in the business, but this fact wasn't solely due to their ability as musicians. In the first place, they were all young when they first organized, and lived at home. This enabled them to "pool" their funds for equipment that netted them many jobs that they otherwise would have lost. They forgot the past and always remembered the future, and the possibilities that it would offer.

Another tremendous advantage that they held over their contemporaries was that they were all musicians, and not "jam men." They were the result of some proud and thoughtful mother, with stick in hand, standing over a rebelling boy, and keeping count with the metronome between insistent urges of those outside to make it snappy because the game was about to begin. Their time had not been spent in vain, however, because they were now realizing that it was the basis for what had now become their work, play, and means of income.

They seldom quarreled. They had no immediate answer for the reason of this situation, but the most likely one was that they were too earnest and sincere in their struggle to get ahead. Ronnie had always been the guiding influence from the start, and commanded that amount of respect that brought silence with the raised baton.

They had probably reached the top more quickly than any dance band in the circuits, and as time went on, they seemed to be more and more the favorites. They usually toured the South in winter, and made New York and Chicago in the summer. Occasionally they would join a syndicate, and make a tour of personal appearances to help defray the expenses of getting from coast to coast.

It was this particular thing that started the whole trouble of having to some way get a soloist that would "fit their Bill." When they went on tour, they always had to do a twin-bill with some other program, because their company had versatility in their musical numbers only. In the last month, they had taken on a tap dancer and a girls' trio to help fill in, but for dances the tapper couldn't be used, and a trio was only good on

symphonic arrangements, which weren't in such great demand when some drunk at table five kept screaming for *The Big Apple*.

Ronnie was in despair. He would offer almost any price for one, and for several reasons. The main reason being that the American Federation of Unemployed Musicians had struck upon the idea of putting on a concert of "swing" music, the returns of which went for financing orchestras to afford these unemployed men positions. Not that Ronnie was over-exuberant about finding someone else a job, but the concert was to be held no place other than Carnegie Hall; and the "swingsters" that were chosen would demand plenty of night club attention for a year at least.

The "sax man" had once known a girl in Kansas City, that he thought would do, so they sent for her for a try out, but like the rest, she was too stiff. She had no sense of rhythm, and when she did "fake" her rhythm, it didn't tie up with any two instruments of the fourteen. So they paid her train fare home, and lost her address. It seemed as if everyone knew someone, but that someone always lacked something.

It was exactly a month before the band was to be chosen for the concert, and the boys were playing a dance in Hot Springs, Arkansas. It was a vacation for them, as Hot Springs was a resort, and the Arlington Hotel was the kind of place you didn't get accommodations in with every engagement.

During intermission, a tall, gawky kid, that must have had to save for a month to get the admission, approached Ronnie as he was making for the Smoker, and bluntly asked if he couldn't have a few moments with him.

"Sure," replied Ronnie, "what's on your mind, buddy, want to do a *Mountain Music* number for us?"

The sharp reply didn't seem to serve its purpose because the fellow just talked right on. "You see, it's this way pardner, my gal has got a voice that can out-sing anybody what we have ever heard on her old man's radio, and I'd like to get her up in the world. I'm willin' to give you the break of bein the first big shot to hear her, and I brung her here tonight jist for that purpose."

Ronnie could see that short work had to be made of this nuisance, and answered, "Listen, greenhorn, I get fifty letters a day from guys and girls wanting me to sign them up, and if I paid any attention to them, I'd have a bigger troupe than Stokowsky. Why I'd be a suc——."

"Wait a minute, pardner," the big fellow cut in, "you're gettin' the wrong idea. I ain't beggin' nothin' offa' you. I just want to see Kay, thas my gal's name, git a break. She tried not to get me to do this, but I'm doin it anyway. Please, pard, I'm askin you as one who is down to one who is up."

The look of appeal won out. "O.K., bud, you win. I'll wait right outside the Smoker door, and you bring her around for an introduction. We'll try her on a number, and if she flops, we'll pass it off as a novelty."

The big fellow was half way to the door. "Don't you let that worry you bud, she ain't gonna flop. She's steadier than Rafe Williams' model T."

Ronnie finished the cigarette, and went out. The boy and girl were waiting, and after clumsy introductions and salutations Ronnie invited her to the pit. The boys were rather puzzled about the whole deal after the explanation, but, as was their custom, they never doubted Ronnie's choice of action.

Ronnie decided that he'd make *Solitude* the trial number, because it had a little bit of everything, and if she could do it, she could do them all; but he wasn't much worried over her being able to do it. At that, she was pretty trim, and her black eyes danced and sparkled with every word she spoke, and she didn't talk like a "back-woodsie" either. It seemed that her mother had been a school teacher before her death, and that probably was the explanation for her better grammar. Yes, the big fellow had even explained that her mother had received a Master's degree in music from Northwestern. Maybe the day of miracles wasn't over after all—maybe this brimming picture of health could really sing, thought Ronnie as he raised his baton for the introduction. Well, if she could, Chicago had better get set, because he would surely be the rage with a feature like this array of loveliness.

They reached the chorus, and he pointed her in. She stood just even with the "mike" as he had informed her to do, and without a second's hesitation began to sing with the ease of one who had been with the outfit for years.

She went over with a bang. They encored her, and she did the *Dipsy Doodle* with the equal amount of ease. Ronnie was a picture of delighted

satisfaction. This kid would be a riot. "Don't tell me you can croon as well?" he asked, after the applause of the second number had died down.

"Sure," she replied, with the same amount of confidence, "Hit Once in *Awhile*. and I'll give you a sample."

The succeeding three weeks were, as the boys declared, "on the up and up." Kay had seemingly filled them all with new confidence. She had been chosen by the critics as the outstanding personality "find" of the season, and to top it all off, the band received the bid for the concert.

Curtain time arrived, and everything was exactly right. The stage director reported that it was a sellout and that the managers were more than pleased to say the least. Just before the curtain Ronnie asked Kay if she were the least bit nervous, only to receive the reply she hadn't even had time to think of being nervous.

The theme brought a thunderous applause, and Kay's first number was accepted with equal enthusiasm. At the intermission, the president of the Federation approached Kay with the proposition of saying a word or two at the beginning of the second half of the program, and to Ronnie's surprise she accepted with the graciousness with which she sang.

After a short introduction and long ovation, she began her story. William Jennings Bryan could not have handled the situation more beautifully. She related in detail how her mother had worked so hard to receive her degree in music, and how she could not receive work except in a small country school in Arkansas where she was soon claimed a victim of her environment. She acknowledged her thanks to this modern type of music called "swing" because it afforded her an opportunity to help those whom she could consider "desiring of the course." She spoke precisely and to the point, and the acceptance by the audience, of her few simple words brought an applause that could only be described as stunning.

The next morning found her breakfasting in the dining room of the hotel, as Ronnie approached her with his usual whimsical smile, "I tried to find you last night for congratulations on such a successful evening, but the photographers had you swamped."

"They were quite a nuisance, weren't they?" she replied unconcernedly.

I tried to locate you too; where did you disappear to, if I might be so bold as to ask; and what are you doing up for breakfast? Have you turned over a new leaf?"

"That's just it, Kay, I guess I turned over a new one. You know, I went to my room right after the concert, and spent a good deal of time thinking over what you said in your little speech. You kinda put a new idea in my head about this racket for some reason or other." Ronnie was truly serious in his talk, despite his nervous toying with the sugar bowl. "Yep, I wanted that bid last night just for the glory that it would bring yours truly, but for some reason or other I just couldn't revel in the glory much, especially after what you said last night. I really got a new slant on the whole thing."

There was a moment's hesitation, and then he continued, "Kay, I'm not much on fancy speeches or the like, but—well,—well what I want to know is this, Kay, will you marry me?"

"Gosh, Ronnie, you're kinda rushing me, aren't you? At that I believe we could get along. What's your favorite piece? The one you sing while you're bathing?" she asked teasingly.

"Well, as a maestro of the swing concert, I guess I really shouldn't admit it, but it's *Turkey In The Straw*," laughed Ronnie jokingly.

"Oh, swell! Then we'll always get along; I could listen to *The Martins And the Coys* all night long."

B. HAAS

## THE DISTURBANCE AT COW CREEK BRIDGE

"Did I evah tell you chillun how I was almos' killed by de Bushwhackehs oncet?" asked Uncle Lige one day as we were on our way to the potato patch to dig our summer crop. We assured him that he hadn't, even if it was almost possible now to repeat his story by heart. His way of telling it, fortunately, never grew old, and, as he forked the potatoes from the dry earth and we began gathering them up and sacking them, his story started.

"Ef I recollects right," he began, "hit was right afteh ol' Gen'al Price brung his ahmy thoo heah one spring durin' the Wah, dat a bunch of bushwhacking white men come trailin' him along, an' mebbe fohty of 'em stopped oveh heah sev'al days an' hid out som'ers on Cow Creek outcheah. Durin' dat time I guess mebbe they mus' kil't th'ee or foh of de Home Gahd mens and thee or foh more ol' gentmans what didn't have nothin' to do with no Wah eithah way on 'count they was so ol'. On top o' dat they stole from mos' ev'body's hawks an' chickens. So 'bout dis time de mens what was lef' of de Home Gahds done got together and make up they min' to git shet of Bushwhackehs ez quick ez they kin or they won't have no Home Gahds lef' or eatin, either.

"Old Mistuh Jawge Peabody—he was one of de Gahd—ha been picked by de res' to git de where'bouts of de Bushwhackehs, an so he rounded me up and some othet niggers to he'p him, fin' them, 'cause he figgered they wouldn' pay no 'tenshun to a po nigger walkin' down de road or a-leadin' a cow thoo the creek bottom. So he gived me a cow what was the porest cow he had, jes in case de Bushwhackehs was ta steal her, an I tuck out thoo de Cow Creek bottom.

"I had jist got pas' de Bridge outcheah when I seed a white man come walkin' out de brush in front o' me. He was a sho nuff bad lookin' man. His cloes was full ob stickers an all tore fum traipsin aroun' thoo the brush and he had one ahm what looked like hit hed been shot, hit bein' tied up wif a white rag what was all bloody. He had a gun, too and jus as he step out de brush he point' de gun at me and he say foh me to git outa theah quick ez I kin and not bothet to take dat cow wif me. I was sho nuff schahed, but Mis Jawge hed tol' me dat wouldn't no hahm come to me lang's I didn' have no gun and they could see I was a nigger.

"Hit was gitten long towahds evenin' then, an' I figgered de mens

might be stayin in that there neighborhood till 'bout midnight befoah dey stahsted out to do mo killin', so I hurrehd along back up to Mistuh Jawges and I tol' him wheah I hed seen de Bushwhackin man. Mistuh Jawge he seem glad to fin' aout they is so close by. He say to me, he say, 'Lige, you is a good nigger. I'se shooh to hear you los' de cow, even effen she ain't a ver' good un, but we may het her back tonight ef them scounderls haint done et her up.' Then he gived me a dollah an' a piece of side meat and tol' me I could go home.

Uncle Lige straightened up momentarily from his digging posture to mop off his sweaty face. "Chilluns," he said reprovingly, "you isn't gittin de taters cleaned up good's you might. Betteh go back ovah dat las' row again." He pointed to the place. "You daddy don like wastin no gahden veg'bles no mo he kin he'p.

"Aw yeh," he continued, "I was tellin you haw de Bushwhackehs almos' kill me oncet, wasn' I? Welm you' great-grandaddy—I use to belong to him you know—he lived ovah heah dis side of Cow Creek fum Mistuh Jawge Peabody same ez you do now, only they aint no mo Peabody folks livin roun heah now, Mistuh Jawge gittin killt towahds de end of de wah by some 'federate soljuhs, and the res' o his family movin down to Texas aftahwahds. Well, ennyhow, I stahsted ovah towahds home that evenin and cause it was gettin dahk fast I didn' waste no time on the road. Well jus as I stahsted to cross the bridge ovah Cow Creek I heahed a gun gittin shot off and right away a bullet went smack right on the bridge railin along side o me. I'm tellin you chillun I was reely sho nuff schahed dis time, cause I knowed dat bullet was aimed for me. Quick ez I could, I dropped to de flo of de Bridge an I hollered to em I was jus a po nigger on my way home an I didn't mean dem no hahm, nohow. Jus' then sev'al of em run up on de bridge an one of em had a lantern. Then I seen where one of de men was de same what took de cow, the one what had his ahm wrapped up wif de bloody rag. Jus den he say and he look fyarse at me, he say, 'You is a spyin nigger, that's what you is. You done circle back up to dat white mans house after I seen you an tol him where we is at. We knows he's one o them Home Gahds. Mo'n dat, he done pay you off wid dat side meat you carryin. An don try lyin out of it. We knows you done it.'

"Lawdy, chillun, I begged wif em not to do nothin to me cause I didn' mean no hahm, but they lowed as how I was lyin and tol me dey was

goin to fix me up so's I couldn play no mo spyin tricks on them or enny-body else. Dg man wif de hurt ahm he say to me, he say, 'Nigger, we'se gonna kill you so good dat I doubts if even yo ghos will live to tell who done it.'

"I cried and I begged wif de mens not to do it but it looked like they didn't have no pity nohow. So purty soon they whistled an de res of de men come up outa de brush in de creek bottom, an they was mean lookin men, too. Dey tied my han's togetheh behin my back, an one of em ties a rope around my neck and den onto de bridge. Anothah Bushwhackeh he poured coal-ork all ovah my cloes outen a bucket he had. Anotheh one he say just to make sho he'd po a bottle o rat poison he had down mah th'oot. Anothah one he say he take a shot at me wif his shotgun just to be double sho. Chillun, I'se heah to RELate I 'us a-shakkin so dat man couldn't hardly git dat rat poison poured down my th'oot. Soon ez I swallered it I knowed my time hed come, so I begun prayin. Jus then dey set fiah to my cloes an I knowed fo sho I was gone. Den to make sho I'd git hunged too, dey kicked me off de bridge wit dat rope still tied roun mah neck, and dat man wif de shotgun, pull de trigger. I closed mah eyes an waited to feel dat buckshot bus my head open, but I didn feel no buckshot. Mo'n dat, I didn feel dat hang-noose bus my neck. Fys thing I knowed I done go kerplash right into Cow Creek. I went plumb down an fo I knowed just what de trouble was I done took a big breath and swallered half de creek. I come to de top and throwed it right up an de poison wif it. De water had done put out de fiah, and de had done burned long nuff so I could bus de rope holdin my han's together. I knowed now what had saved me. De Lawd had seen fitten to make dat man wif de shotgun so po a shot dat he done bus de hangin-rope stead of mah head. Some o de buckshot went and hit de bridge railin an bounce back and bus de lantern so'd dey couldn' see wheah I was in de dahk. Yas suh, de Lawd was sho wif me dat night. Cause effen I couldn'ta swum good I might of got drownded."

PAUL JONES

## SENIOR CLASS WILL—OR AT LEAST SOME WILL— SOME WON'T

By B. Haas

John K. Class Sr. had arisen early that fine spring morning, for he had things to do. To put it into his own words, "He had to turn over a new leaf, yes, lots of new leaves, for he had to leave John K. Class Jr. part of the great wealth that he had accumulated in the last four years."

He had just finished his breakfast, and had retired to the library to think the thing through. With pen in hand he completed the necessary formalities:

I, John K. Class Sr. 1937 being of fairly sound state of mind, and in full possession of our mental faculties, (I had to work that word in somewhere) do hereby bequeath and endow the following items with all rights and privileges appertaining thereon and thereto:

To Hamilton (thas Little Willie) we leave the broadcasting equipment that we acquired from Miss Vondercheck in hopes that he might raise himself from the common level of the gutter, and become a part of the man on the street broadcast.

From Browder, who after three long years made her Place in the world, we obtain the permission to grant to any unpopular Junior girl the newly organized "Lonely Hearts Club."

From Carnahan, who makes such a good Charley McCarthy on Haley's knee, we leave his text—How to win friends and influence people to Stipp who has a hard time seeing past his own nose.

We leave Charley Ewell to Marj. Sweeney just to have around the house.

We leave One Wickham to the two Fields because we feel that one person could not retain all his knowledge.

We leave Torbitskey to Henderson in hopes that Henderson will create some individuality instead of sticking to his pet word individual.

We bestow upon Mrs. Burton, Reidenbach's power over women.

Bockenheides's temper we just leave.

McCorkles' power over bugs, snakes, and Dr. Johnson and voters we leave to William Jennings Sutton to further interests in the independent field.

We leave Brown to Hartzell.

We leave Schroeder to Helzer, so he will have something else to worry about.

All the girls of the class leave their extra dresses to Paul Todd and Larry Lane.

Carr's fine Grecian physical features we leave to Godfey, in hopes that someday he turns out to be something besides a corny slip horn player.

We would like to leave Patterson something, but we feel that he already has all that he can take care of.

To Jaon Stewart we leave Bobbin's book on What Every Young Girl Should Know.

We leave Stephen's power of Worldliness to Kennedy.

We really feel that Martha Malcolmson needs to be left something, but we don't think we've got it to leave.

Anyone that has been omitted, we want to leave to Hanson, because we feel that he is covered up with work in his various fields.

And as we pass from the room, we hope that all seniors will leave all the silverware.

Thus to this last will and testament we hereby affix our signature, and hope that all of the Juniors will stay IN school and OUT of the FOOTMAN. . . . .

## SENIOR PROPHECY

"Good-evening, ladies and gentlemen. The following program comes to you

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It's Kopf's Krumbly Krunchy Time, featuring your gossip parade by Margo Moare, famed commentator upon public and private lives. Miss Moare's talk tonight will be a resume of the doings of your favorite people during 1958.

But now, a word from our sponsor, Miss Minne Kopf, inventor, producer, and president of Kopf's Krumbly Krunchies, Inc. quote "Krumbly Krunchies are delicious as a breakfast prepared in the following manner: Krumble one Krunchy in a dish, add a little skim milk and stewed prunes if desired. A slight dash of sugar brings out the delicate richness of the Krunchy flavor." Unquote. Remember mothers! Buy Kopf's Krumbly Krunchies, "One never gets enough." And now, Miss Moare, take it away Miss Moare.

"Good evening Uncle Sam (and you too Auntie). This is your special correspondent of the ether waves flashing to you the doings of your people of the year in retrospect. Here I go ready or not.

1915 saw the continued success of the Annual Year—Book of Crime, compiled and edited by Kathryn Cleveland Browder. The new volume, fresh from the press, is made more vivid and gruesome with photographs taken during the "Lights Out", radio program. Miss Browder, by the way, has taken over supervision of this program, and has added to the cast Mel Carnahan and Paul Stephens, during the indefinite absence of Karloff and Lugosi. Since television has come into its own, dialogue is practically unnecessary to produce the hair-raising effects. And rumor has it that Karloff and Lugosi may well be among the unemployed if Carnahan's and Stephen's fan mail is any indication.

Flash\*\*\*\*Ruby Gerrard is still thrilling over the blessed event that made her a grandmother. Ruby telegraphs that the baby's first spoken word was to her. She pointed one small finger at her and said "ga-ga."

New York's Metropolitan audiences are still buzzing about the outstanding musical event of the year, the new tragic opera, "The Great Stone Fake." Libretto by John Paul Jones, music by Anna May

Kregel. Mr. Jones first wrote the story as a farce, while in college, but seeing its tragic possibilities, Miss Kregel set it to music, she herself starring as Effie, wayward wife. Franklin Mitchell, eminent leader of the Philharmonic performs a unique feat in leading the orchestra, playing the violin, and projecting his astral self into the title role of "Great Stone Fake." Congratulations to all concerned for producing a true picture of American life.

And now, good people, the news you have all been waiting anxiously for. The announcement of the Nobel achievement award. The \$5,000 award in the literary division was won by Miss Melrose Gross for her recently published edition of Chaucer. Her student days at Missouri Valley College impressed her with the dire need for an expurgated edition of this author which would not offend the delicate sensibilities of earnest young readers. Her efforts have been crowned with success, and her alma mater has installed this new and refined edition in the Chaucer classes.

(And now Mr. Lane has a word for you.) 'Attention mothers, all the famous people you have heard about in Miss Moare's revealing discourse had the benefit of Kopf's Krunchies while in college. If you want to be proud of the achievements of your children in the future, start them out right with Kopf's Krumbly Krunchies. "One never gets enough." Now I return you to Miss Moare.

The Epic Amalgamated Pictures Corporation has just released its latest Tarzan picture, "Cry of the Jungle", starring its latest find, Harold Boekenheide. Since his name was too long for the theatre marquees, Mr. Boekenheide has taken the film name, Harold Hidebound. John Holic, of the American Society of Cinimatographers, has achieved some startling scenic effects. In this connection, it might be well to mention that the ferocious wild animals used in the picture, were captured and brought "more dead than alive" by Miss Muriel Millsaps, who has succeeded Frank Buck in the wild animal trade. Miss Millsaps was inspired by the capture of the baby panda in 1937 and has furnished the Biology Department of Missouri College with five pickled pandas.

Speaking of Biology, we must not forget the signal service rendered by Dr. Lee McCorkle, head of the Allied Cat and Dog Hospitals of America. He has lately been much in the public eye because of his learned monograph on the segregation and classification of the genius amorous in-

sectarius—vulgarly known as the love bug. Don't let the love bug bite you, Dr. McCorkle.

Sport fans this year trooped in great numbers to the 1958 Olympics. Since James Carr, former heavy-weight champion of the prize ring, has become head of the Olympic Commission, these contests are now held every year at Missouri Valley College. The fact that it is centrally located was given as the official reason for this innovation. We might add that Jay Curtis Bown, who was Carr's trainer, manager, and publicity agent while Carr was active in the ring, is now general factotum and property man for the Olympics. Don't let them pull any rough stuff, Jay.

Still in the world of sports, we must not forget the congressional amendment which created a Department of Sports in the cabinet. Kile Guthery as head Game Warden, and Jack Cox as his secretary, have made many startling changes both in the government and in the sport world. Since the Supreme Court has been padded to 22, the court room has been marked off for a football field, and the members now toss the political football to their delight, and the padding keeps them from sustaining personal injury. Messrs. Guthrie and Cox have at last succeeded in removing the spot from the 8-ball and in line with present conditions, have issued an official statement to the effect that you no longer have to be behind the eight-ball to be in trouble.

We salute the new blues singer who is burning up the networks with her renditions of popular songs. We refer, of course, to Virginia Jones, who in her first broadcast, got the moon over the mountain at last, and in her second broadcast buried swing in favor of the new mad hotter sling. And can Miss Jones sling it!

For you bridge fiends—Miss Roberta Bennington, who succeeded Josephine Culbertson in the affects to Ely Culbertson, will release her new ten suit bridge game any day now. This game played with a deck of 213 cards is especially recommended for rainy week-ends.

Believe it or not my friends, New Yorkers are going to church and liking it! Rev. Faber Wickham, pastor of the 27th Presbyterian Church, has been packing them in to such an extent, that he has been forced to install a ticket window for his own defense. The main reasons for his surprising success have been his reasonable cover charge, and the fact that he presents a double feature each Sunday.

Do you believe in telepathy? Miss Lucille Schroeder not only believes in it, but makes it pay. Since Bob Haas for the past twenty years has been special war correspondent in the Perennial Spanish conflict, and since all mail service from the front has been suspended, Mr. Haas transmits thought waves to Miss Schroeder who writes them for the newspapers. The last line of Mr. Haas' report always reads, "The war will soon be over any day now."

Miss Dorothy Walton has just patented a product which utilizes the long disparaged Mississippi Mud. Miss Walton has used it for a base in her new Complexion Clay for muddy complexions. We aren't allowed to divulge her process but we can tell you that she charges the mud with cosmetic rays in order to increase the personal magnetism of its users.

Before I forget, let me call your attention to another program sponsored by Kopf's Krumbly Krunchies. This program comes to you in the daytime and features your own home economist, Ruth Todd, who tells you how to use Krunchies in 5,000 delicious dishes. Miss Todd, who in private life is Mrs. Louis McAdow, is another of the women who can successfully combine a career with a compatible home life.

At this time we wish to honor Krunchies woman of the month, Wilma Bruce, for her ability to manage the huge Grand Hotel in Jersey City, New Jersey. Miss Bruce attributes much of her success to the cooperation of Gene Reidenbach, president of the Continental Bus Line, who sees to it that his buses deposit their passengers in front of Miss Bruce's hotel. Mr. Reidenbach has recently taken over Glacier National Park as a haven for broken down Student Presidents.

And now, in closing, comes our question of the week. Each week Krumbly Krunchies offers a prize for the correct answers to a pressing question of the day. This week's pressing question is: Where is Hudnall Harvey? Let me repeat: Where is Hudnall Harvey? Mr. Harvey, former City Manager of Kansas City, mysteriously disappeared during an impeachment trial. Foul play is suspected, both on Mr. Harvey's part and on the part of his abductors. Anyone who can answer the question, "Where is Hudnall Harvey" will receive a whole case of Krumbly Krunchies as a reward. And now, until next time, good people, your candid Krumbly Krunchy correspondent, bids you fond adieu.

MARGE M. SWEENEY

LAWRENCE LANE



The President  
Trustees and Faculty  
of  
Missouri Valley College

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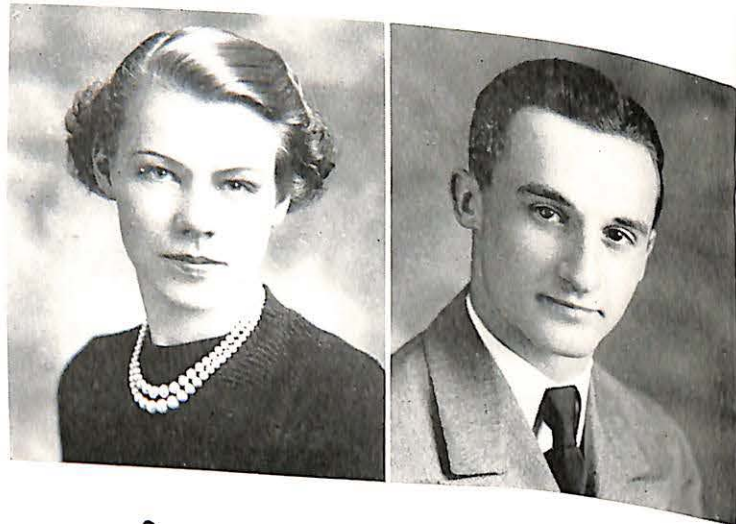
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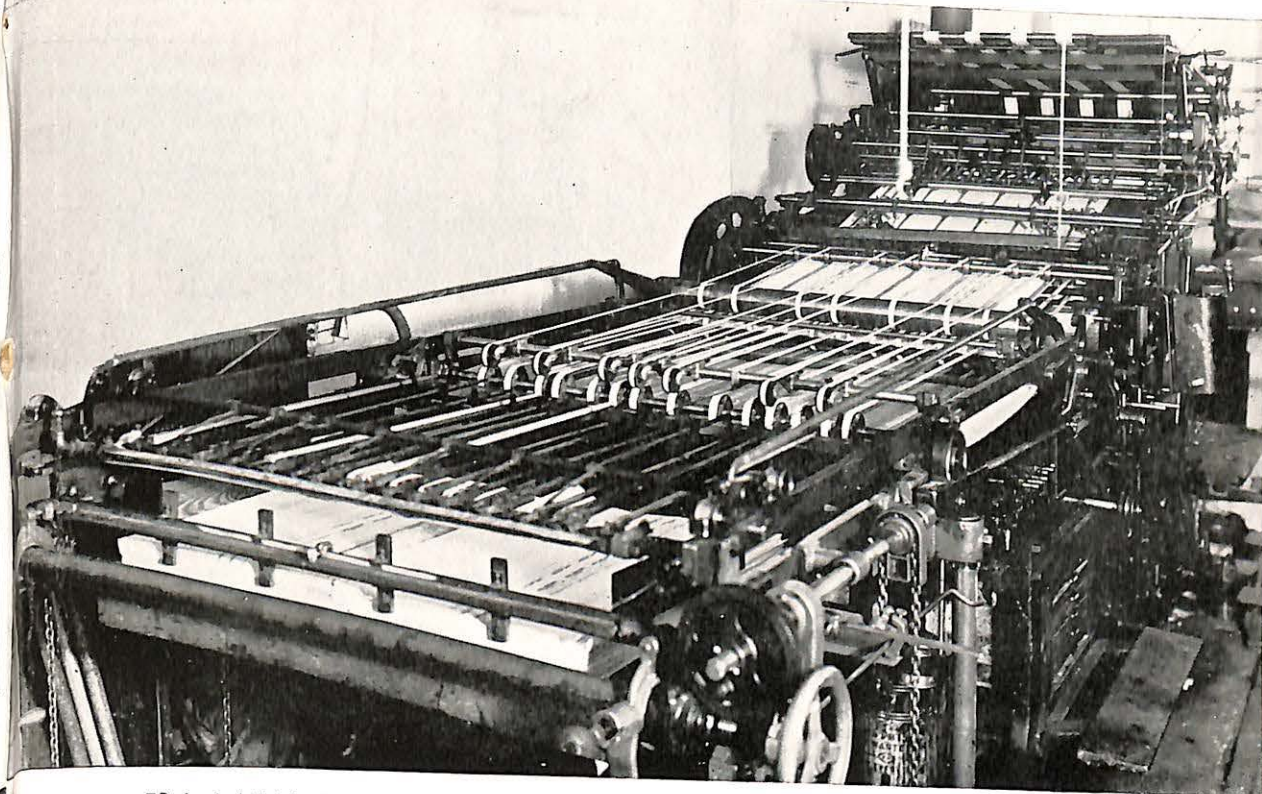
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