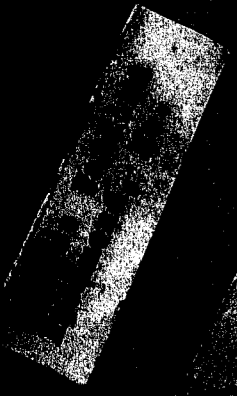
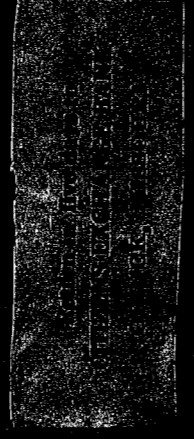




From
E. H. Gardner
W.J.C. Liberty, Mo.



WILLIAM L. GARDNER
LIBERTY, MO.



From
S. R. Stettinger Sr.
North Liberty, Mo.

F.M.P.
North Liberty, Mo.



Commencement Program

OF

WILLIAM L. GARDNER

WILLIAM L. GARDNER

WILLIAM L. GARDNER

WILLIAM L. GARDNER

all... to the... of the...
they have left the... of the...
on the world. Many... have...
been cheered and strengthened...
horizon has been dark with...
clouds by the tender memories of...
friendship and unconquerable...
things which found their birth...
shadows of Jewell Hall. The dawn...
it has been the dynamic force in...
many cases which made success...
and every man on the hill today...
thrilled with greatness of his inheritance.
Our college is justly proud of the...

WILLIAM L. GARDNER

From
South Park
W.C. Liberty, Mo.

WILLIAM LESTER COLLEGE
LIBERTY, MO.

COMMUNICATIONS
INTRODUCTION

PROGRAM

Rev. Blackburn
Blanche Rife
Maggie Pigg
Jessamine Moore
Mrs. Evans
Vernor Romley
Gwendell Grasher
Lena Sottis
Prof. W. O. Taylor
O. B. Baker

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Mrs. Frances Harshbarger
Evans
Gwendell Grasher
Clara Ketchum
Blanche Rife
Jessamine Moore
Lena Sottis

The Board of the College with kind regards to
the members of the Board.

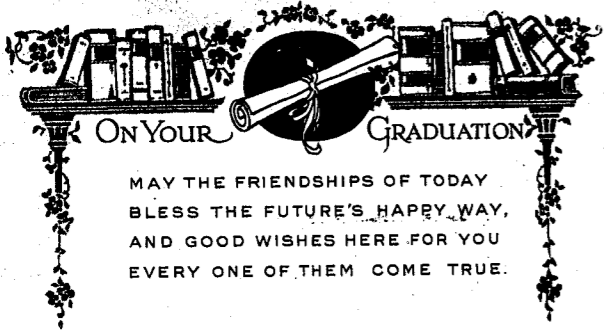
...the old...
...to the...
...they have left the...
...on the world. Many a heart...
...been cheered and strengthened...
...horizon has been dark with...
...clouds by the tender memory...
...friendship and unconquerable...
...things which found their birth...
...shadows of Jewell Hall. The Jewell...
...it has been the dynamic force...
...many cases which made success...
...and every man on the hill...
...thrilled with greatness of his...
...Our college is justly proud of the...

from
Swattinger &
North Liberty, Mo.

Gwendell Grasher

W.C. Liberty, Mo.





ON YOUR GRADUATION

MAY THE FRIENDSHIPS OF TODAY
BLESS THE FUTURE'S HAPPY WAY,
AND GOOD WISHES HERE FOR YOU
EVERY ONE OF THEM COME TRUE.



A Merry
Christmas
and a
Happy New Year.



The Senior Class
Richmond High School
Commencement Exercises
Thursday, May fifteenth
Richmond, Missouri

Winder G. Traylor

FRANCIS G. HALE

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

OFFICE PHONE MAIN 4845

RES. PHONE MAIN 6810

S. V. KELLEY

TRAVELING EXPERT FOR
AMERICAN TRACTOR CORP.

PEORIA, ILL.



1918 Class of
Ornick H.S.



BASKET BALL!

FINAL GAME OF THE SEASON

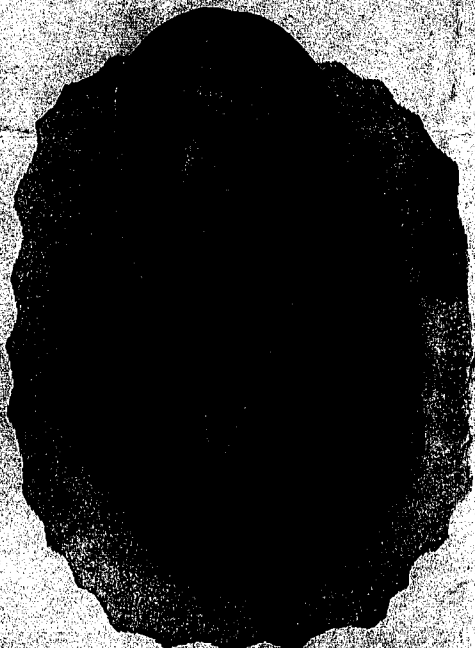
Friday, March 21st

Stogdale Gymnasium 7:30 P. M.

William Jewell Alumni

versus

Liberty High School



TOM WORNALL, Manager
SPECK GARDNER
E. E. KIRKLAND
LIGE NORTON
SPURG CAMPBELL
ELSTON GENTRY
AND OTHERS

THE MANAGER

H. S. Midgets vs. Boy Scouts

A Debt Remover!

WE GO FIFTY-FIFTY WITH THE BOY SCOUTS

Admission 25c to All No Seats Reserved

Miss Flora O'Hara
Mrs. Judson Anderson
1017 Nichols
Fulton Mo.

Miss Lucille Virginia Billinger
Liberty Mo.

Jewell's
Warfater
1919

YEAR BOOK

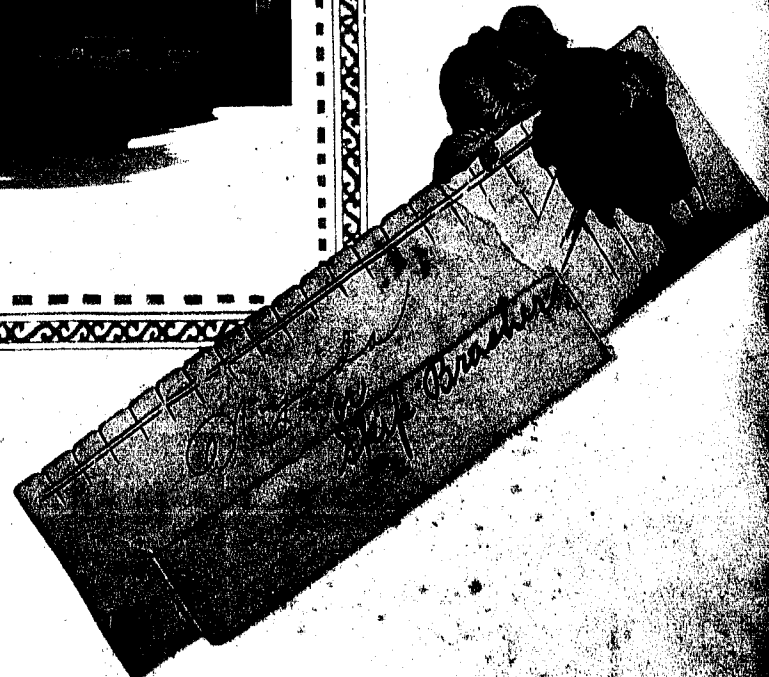
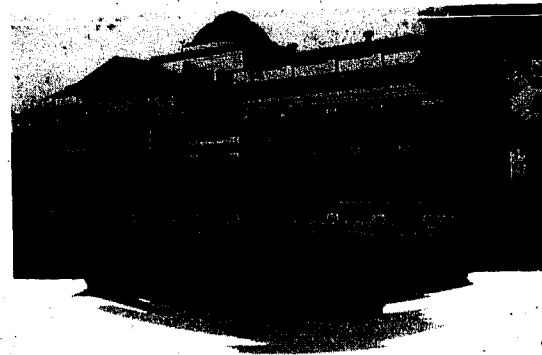
of

WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE

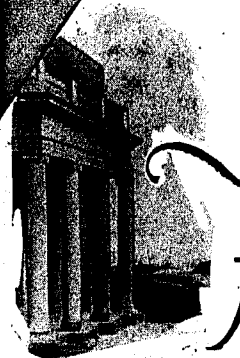
Published by Class of '20

Hern A. Arthur

Hayes E. Wansler
Nidder
Mo.



Miss Alice Creek
Liberty
Mo.



Foreword

If, when the days have lengthened into golden years, what you read here calls you back to live over in memory this year of years - '18-'19 at William Jewell, our efforts will have been amply rewarded.

---The Editors.

Mrs. Luke E. Bonobon
Mo. City,
Mo.

V. K. HEDGLEY
Orrick, Mo.

David Brady
"Dog Catcher"
of

JAN. 9-20.

Orrick, Mo.

Paul G. Williams



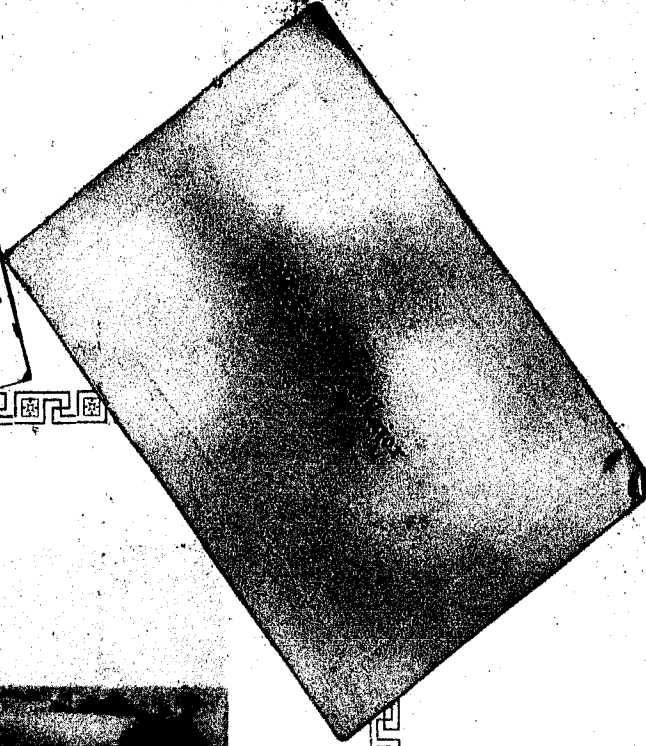
Order of Books

- I. THE COLLEGE
- II. CLASSES
- III. CO-EDS
- IV. MILITARY
- V. ATHLETICS
- VI. ORGANIZATION
- VII. LITERARY

Blanche E. Riffe
Arwick
Mo.

Temple D. Sherrin
Mo. City,
Mo.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR
 To Glyn from Temple



Temple B. Shain

*T*HERE are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own Governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free people as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

Woodrow Wilson

Miss Julia Alice Bywaters
 Camden Point,
 Mo.

Camp Fire Party



My dear Mr. Shain



Book 1 - The Culture

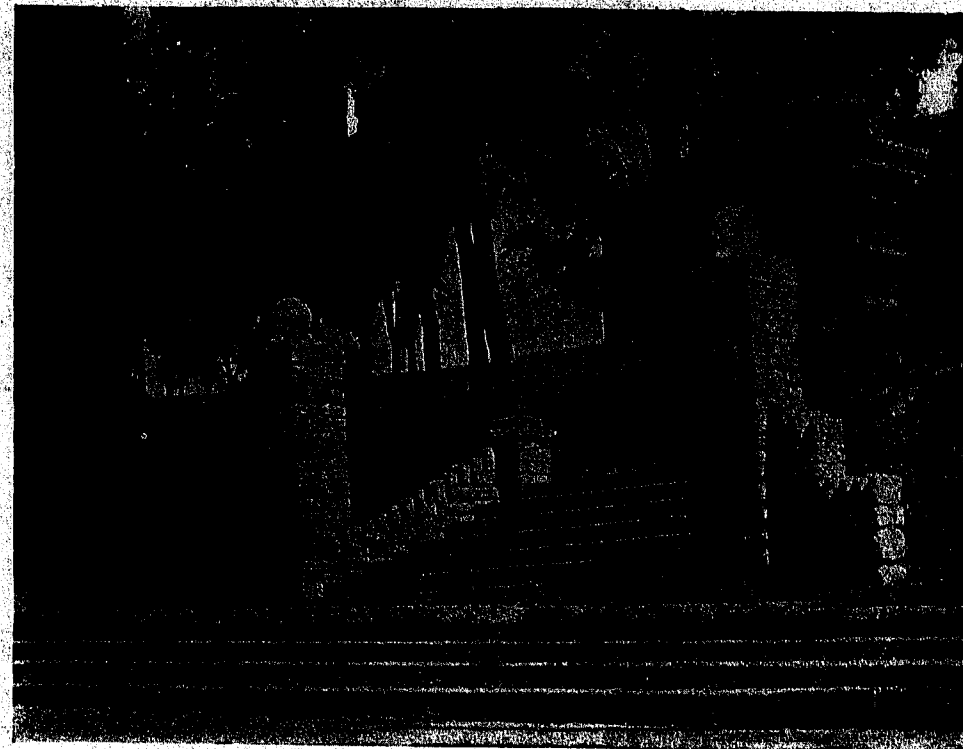
Christmas
tide

May Christmas and the New Year too
bring joy and happiness
to you.

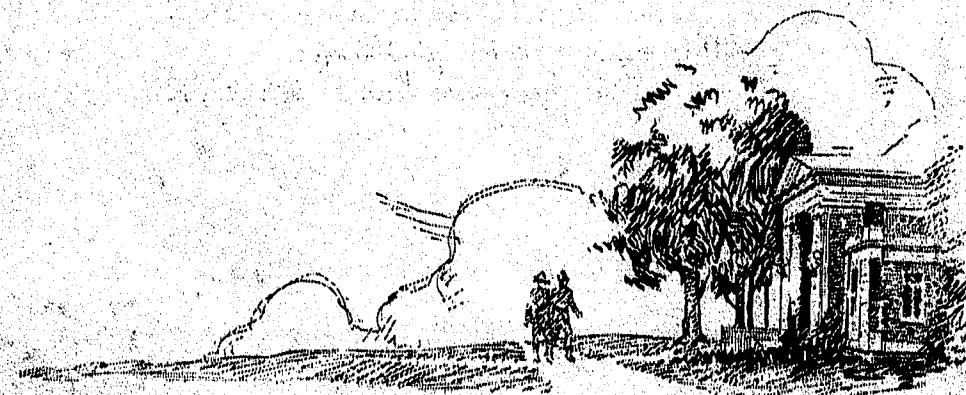
Mrs C. B. Estes
1919



I like the Christmas season,
And the reason why I do
Is just the same good reason
That makes me like you, too.
I like it 'cause it's Christmas,
And you 'cause you are You.
This may not be good logic,
But goodness knows it's true.

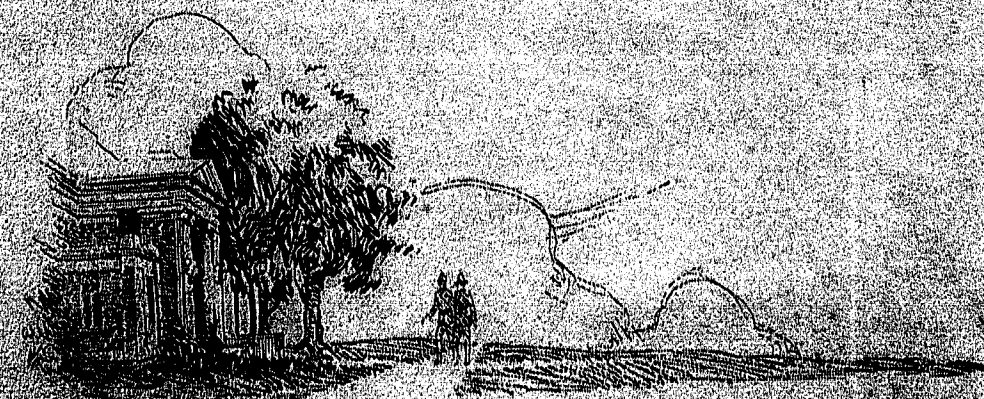


Gateway





President's Home



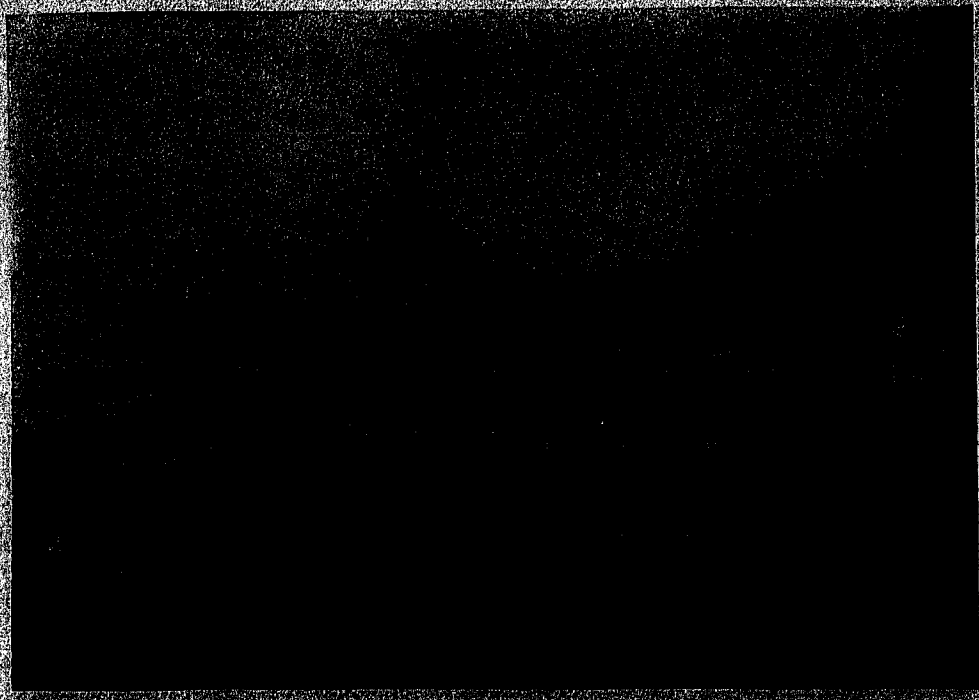
Page 10



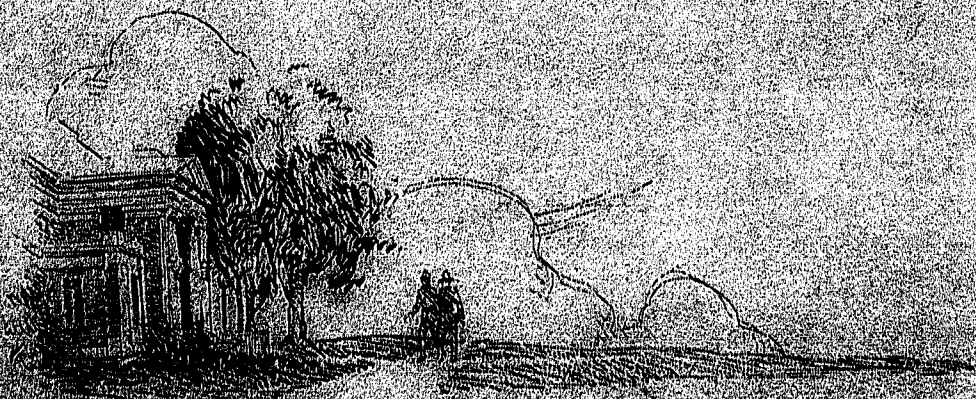
Jewell Hall



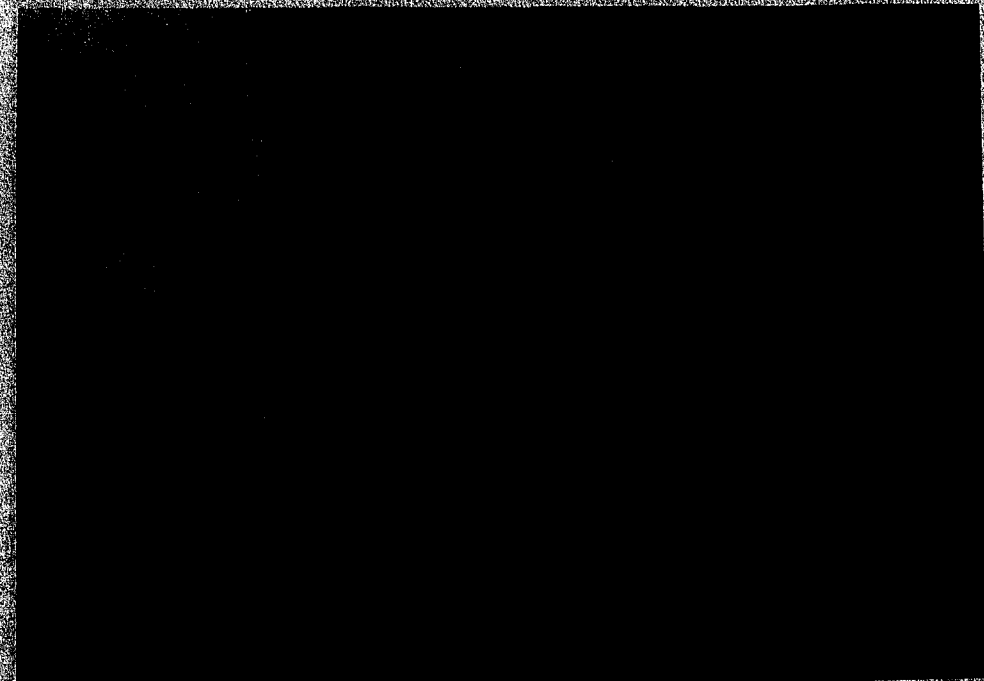
Page 11



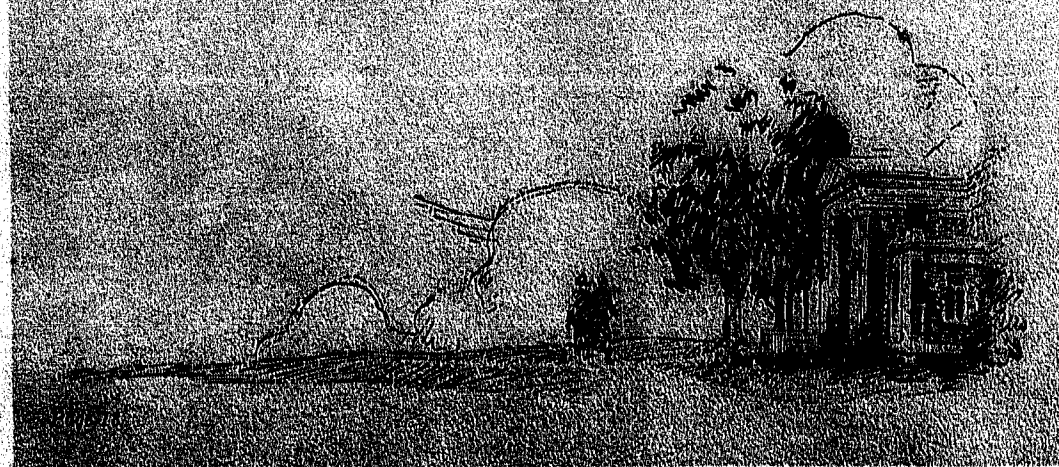
Library

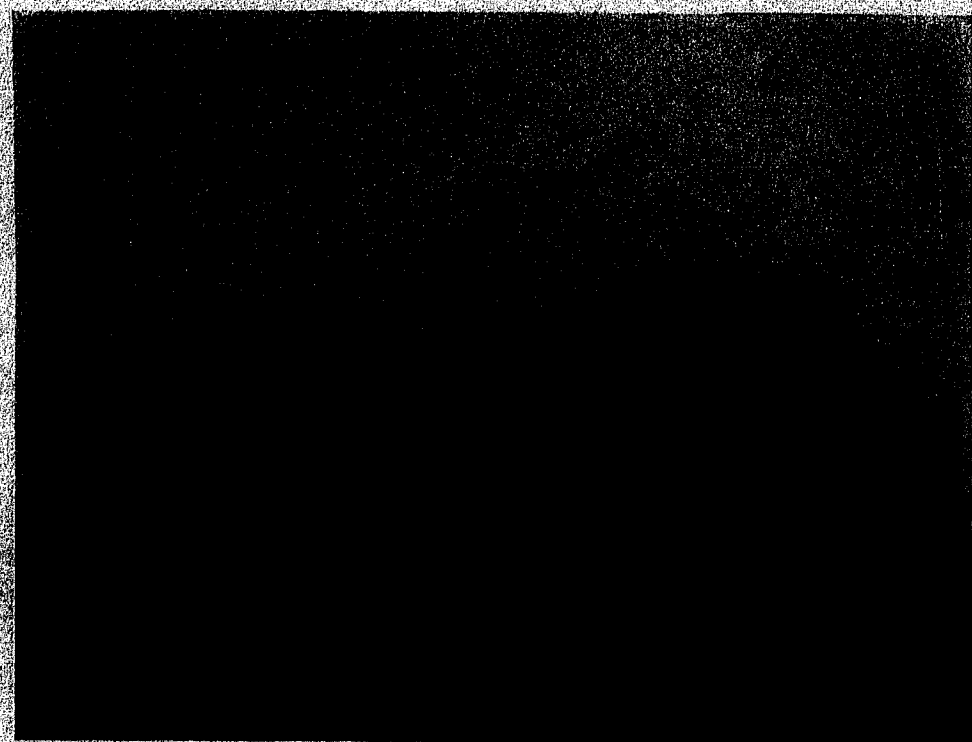


Page 10

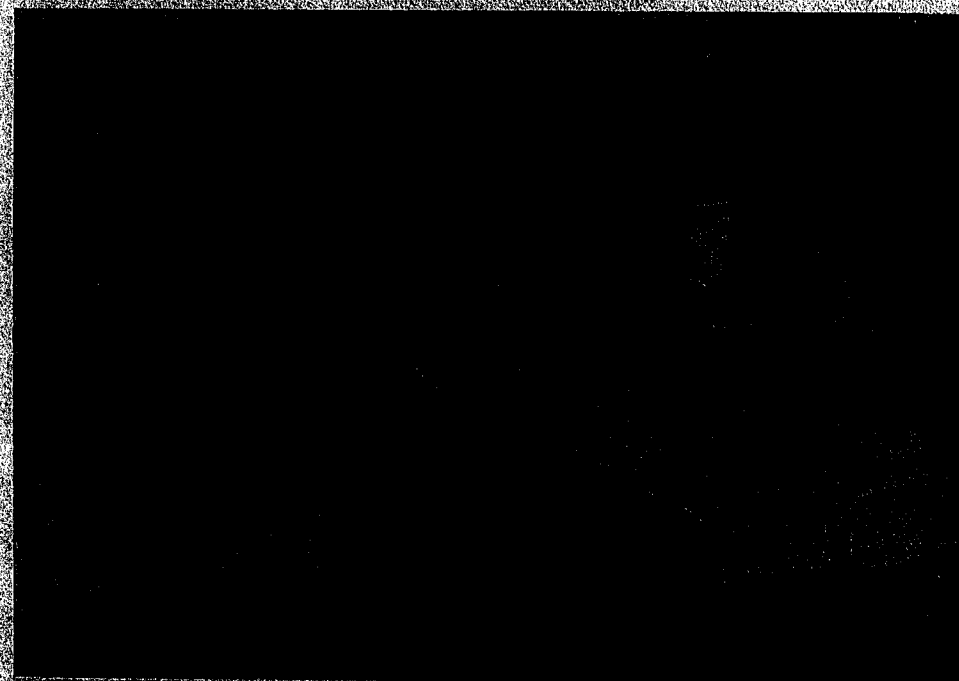
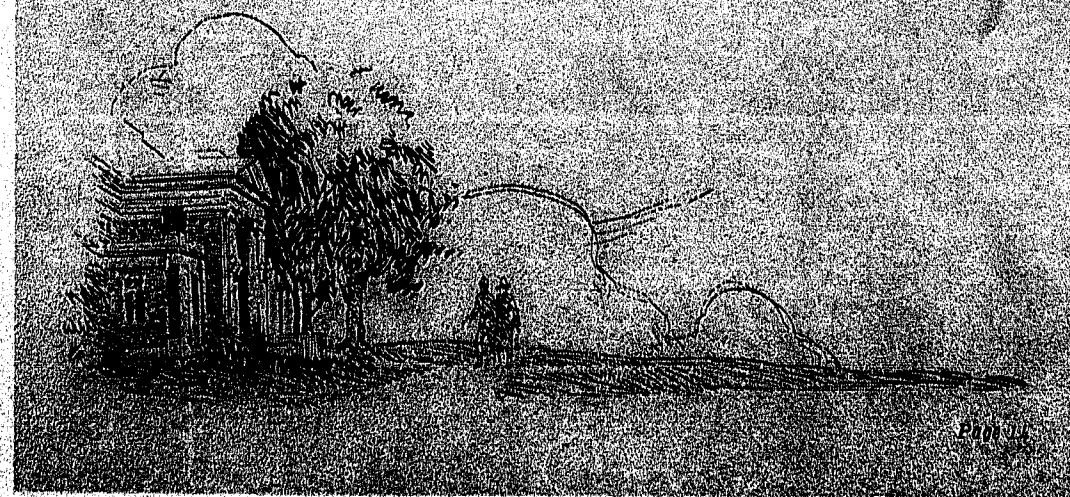


Library Interior





New City



New City Dining Hall

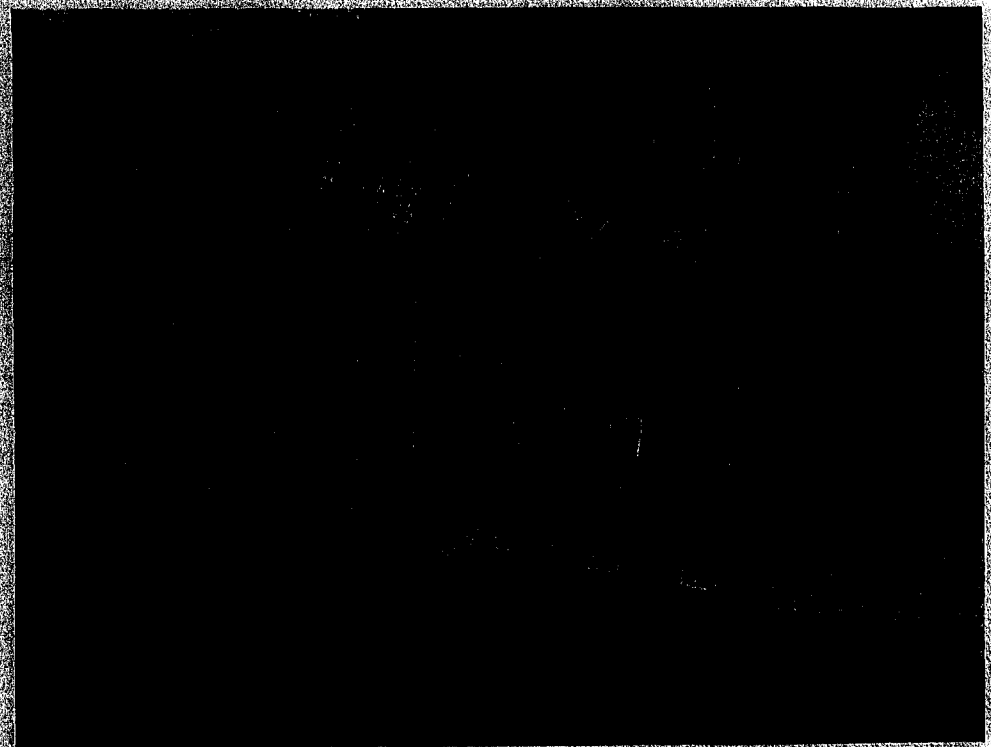




Street Scene



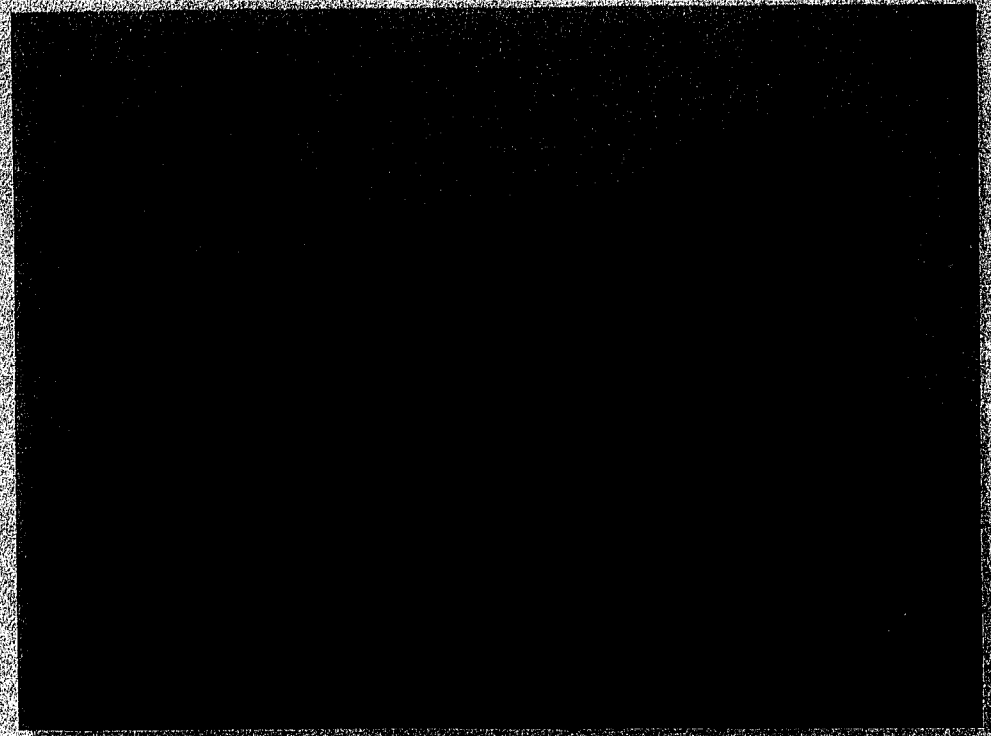
1891-12



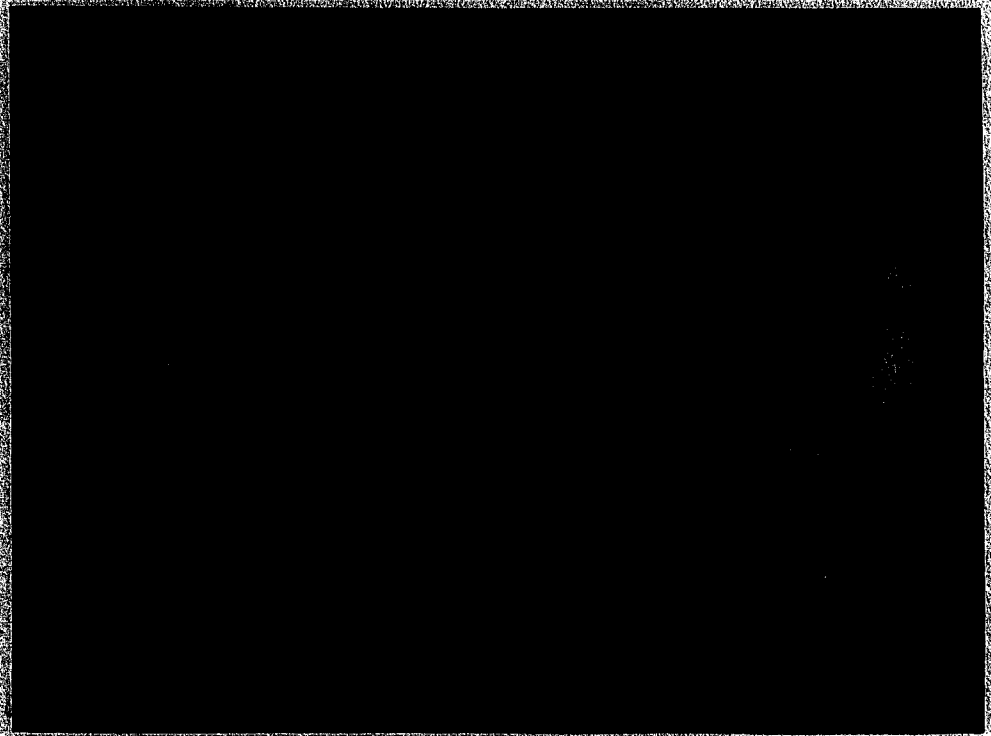
Gymnasium



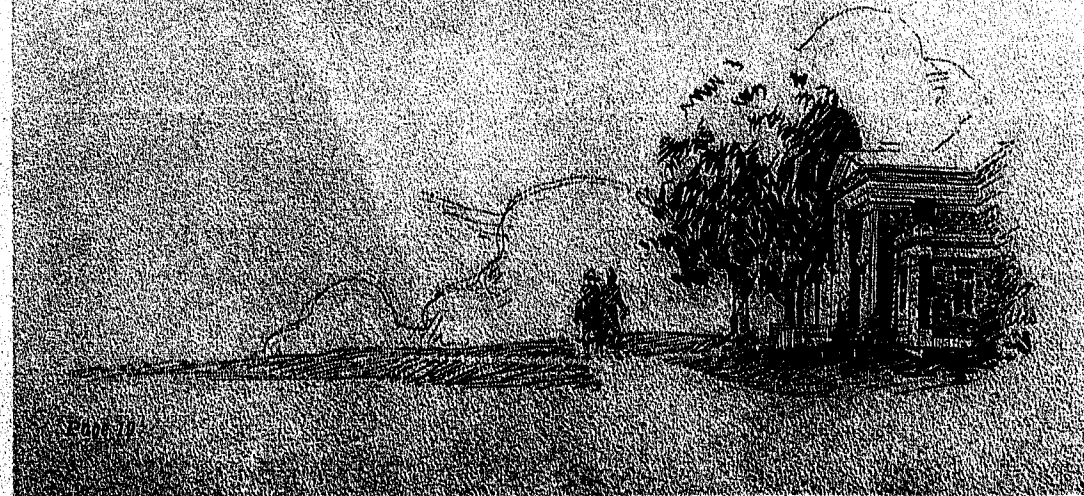
1891-12



Science Hall

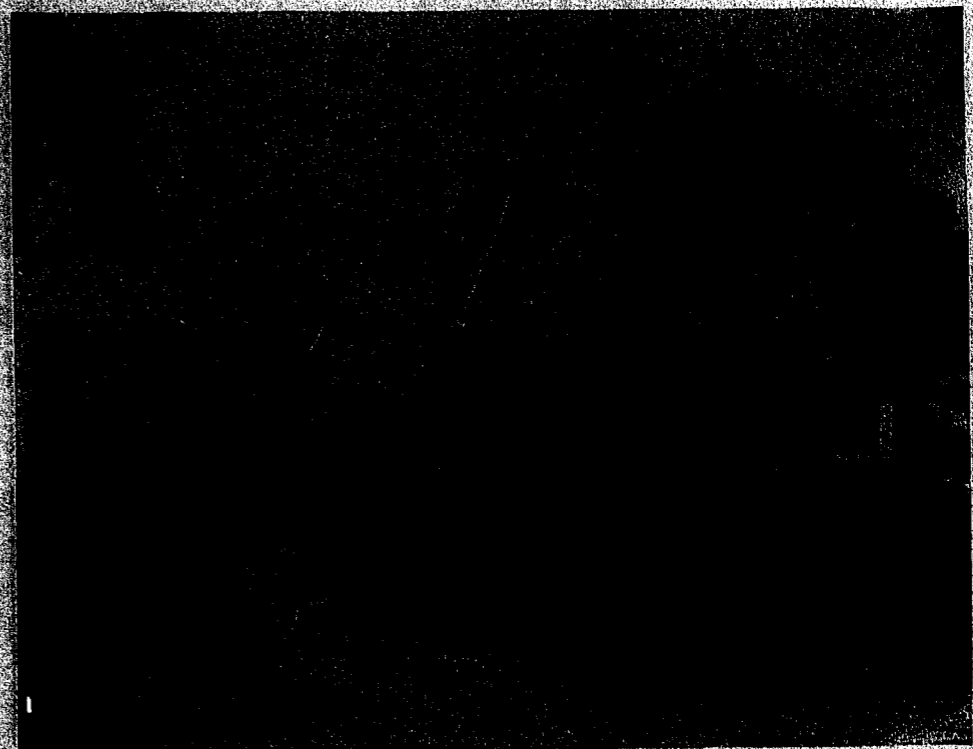


Spurgeon Collection

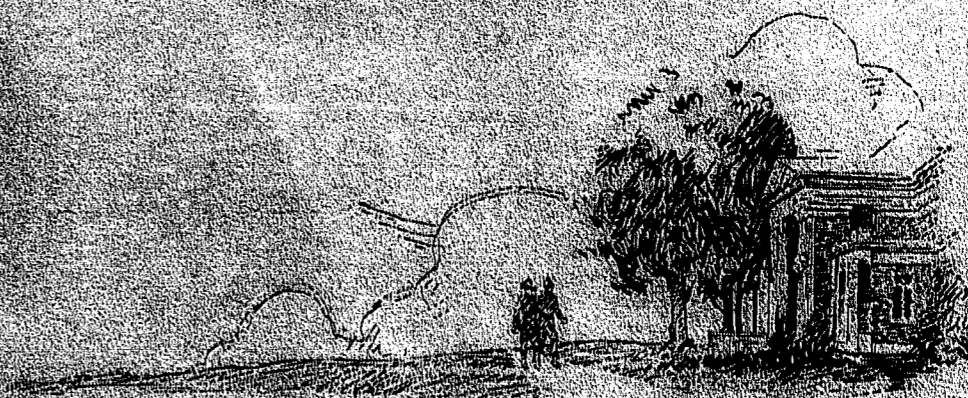




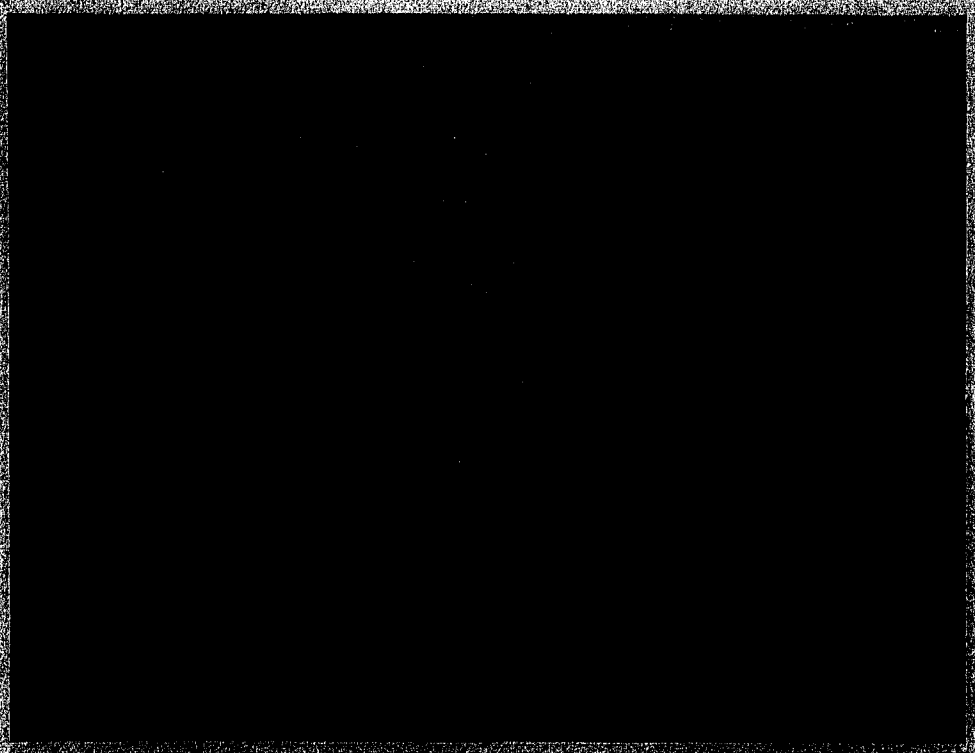
The Hill in the Distance



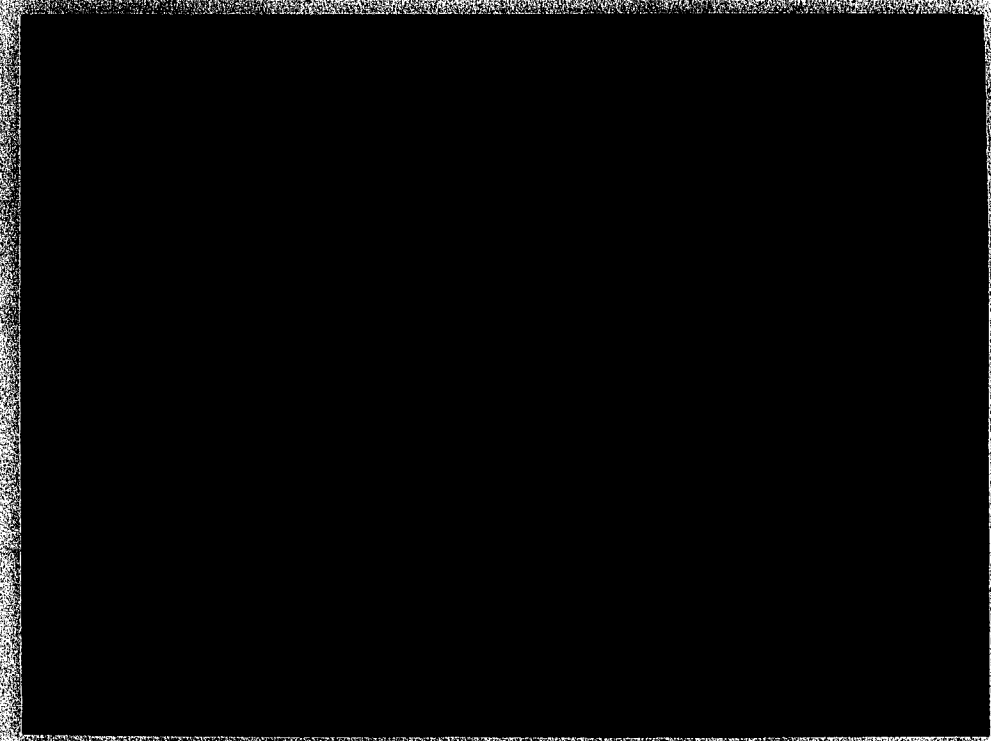
Cliff Drive



Page 41



Chr. Quadrangle

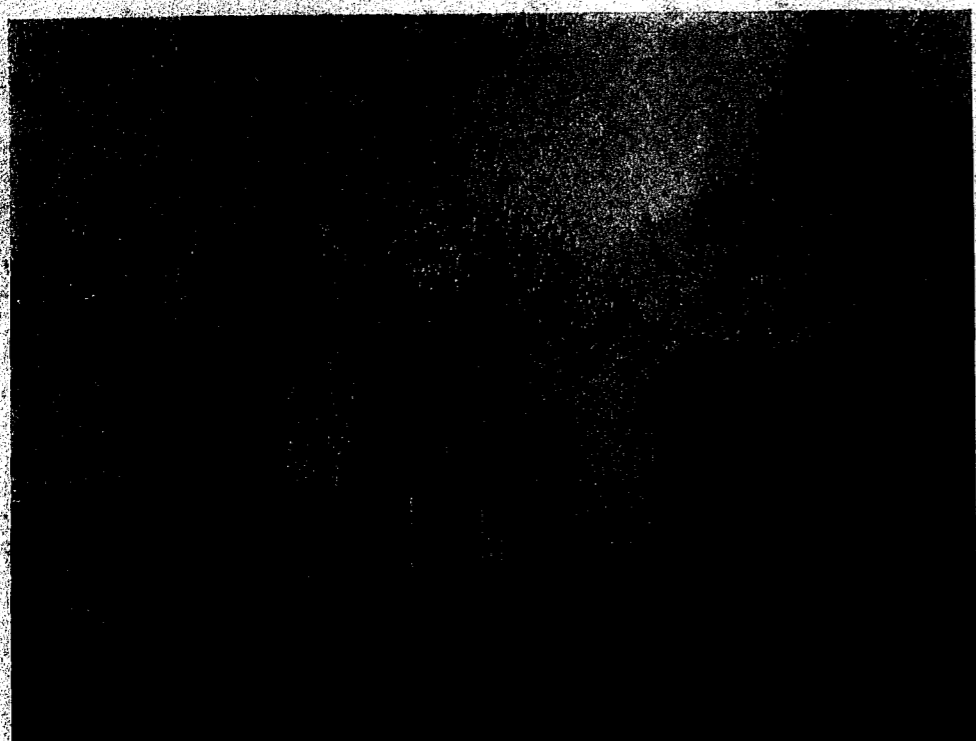


William Jewell Press

W. J. Walker
204 Third St.
Fulton, Mo.

Your Support and Influence Solicited
W. CURTIS MAUGES
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY
General
Subject to Order of Democratic Party at Primary Elections

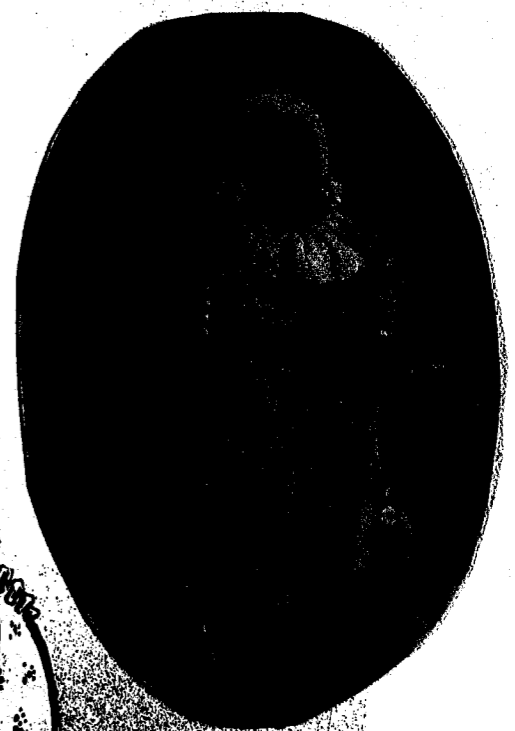
*J. Walker Frank
90 Patton Smith Dug
Fulton*



The Hill



Miss Gyudlin Braker
Francis
James T. Dorton



Public School
Paris, Mo. 63780



New York
Green

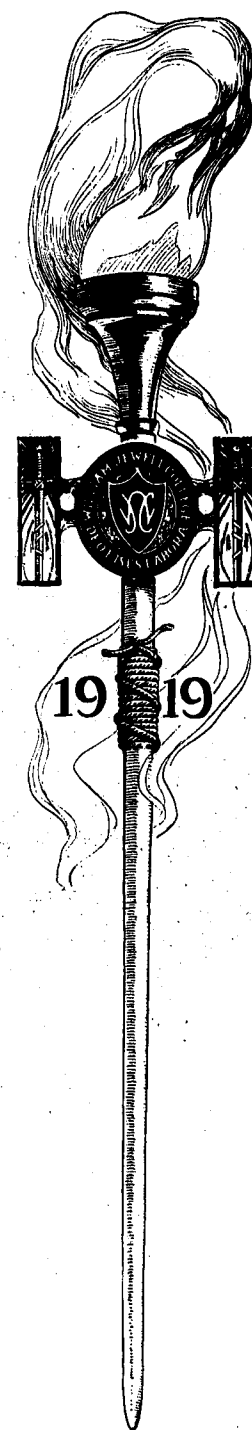


John P. Greene, A. M., D. D., LL. D., 1892

A. M., La Grange
D. D., Southern Baptist Theological Seminary
LL. D., Colgate University
President, William Jewell College



DAVID J. EVANS
A. M., Th. D., 1906
A. M., William Jewell, 1901.
Th. D., Southern Baptist Theological
Seminary, 1905.
Vice-President of College.
Dean of Biblical Literature.



JAMES G. CLARK
LL. D., 1873
LL. D., Baylor University, 1880.
Secretary of Faculty.
Professor of Mathematics, Emeritus.



RICHARD P. RIDER
A. M., 1884
A. M., Shurtleff College, 1893.
Principal of the Academy.
Associate in Latin, Emeritus.

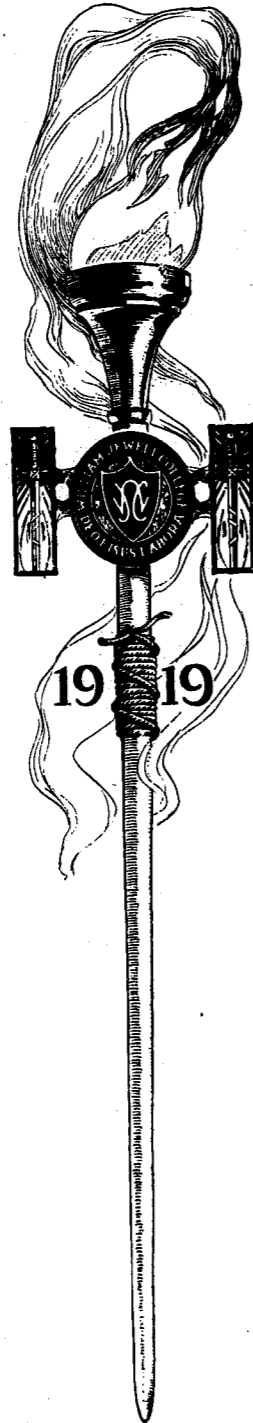


JOHN P. FRUIT
A. M., Ph. D., 1898
A. M., Bethel College, 1891.
Ph. D., Leipsic, 1895.
Professor of English Language and
Literature.





HARRY G. PARKER
A. M., Ph. D., 1896
A. M., William Jewell, 1893.
Ph. D., Harvard, 1900.
Professor of Chemistry.



WARD H. EDWARDS
A. M., 1903
A. M., William Jewell, 1910.
Associate in English.
Librarian.



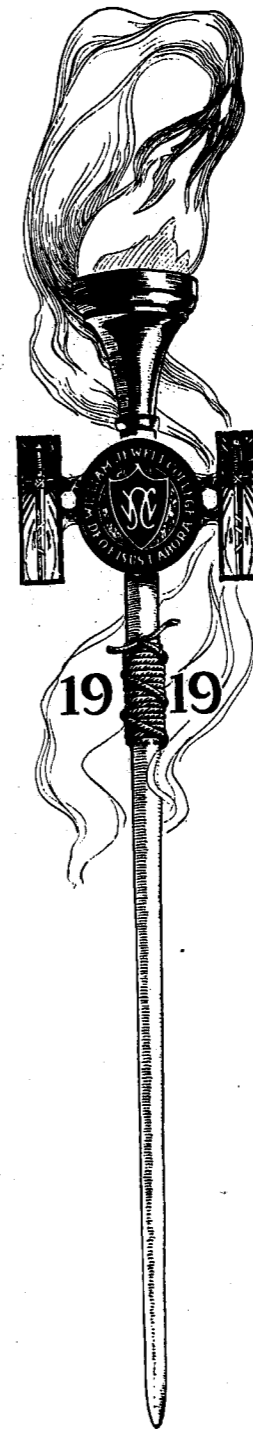
ROBERT R. FLEET
A. M., Ph. D., 1908
A. M., Missouri University, 1900.
Ph. D., Heidelberg, 1903.
Professor of Mathematics.
Phi Beta Kappa.



RAYMOND H. COON
M. A., Ph. D., 1909
M. A., Oxford, 1910.
Ph. D., Chicago, 1916.
Professor of Latin.



EDWIN H. SUTHERLAND
Ph. D., 1913
Ph. D., Chicago, 1914.
Professor of Sociology and History.



CHAPLAIN WALTER O. LEWIS
A. M., Ph. D., 1910
A. M., William Jewell, 1906.
Ph. D., Erlanger, 1908.
Professor of Philosophy and English
New Testament.



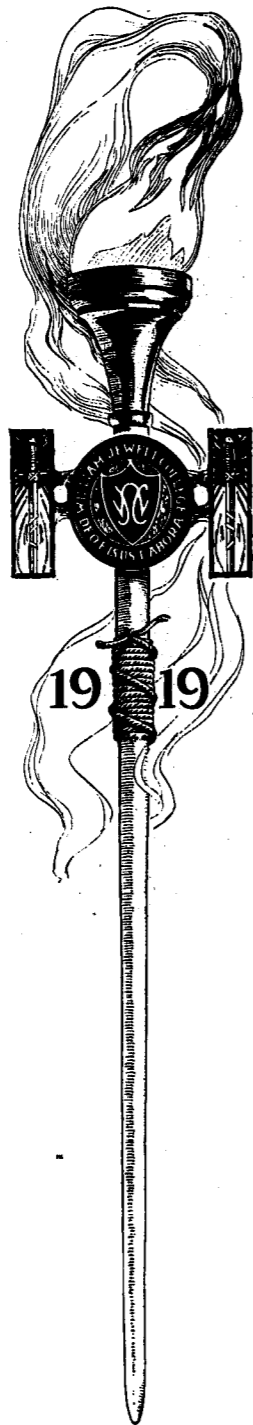
WILLIAM D. BASKETT
A. M., 1909
A. M., Central College, 1901.
Ph. D., Chicago, 1916.
Professor of Modern Languages.



JOHN E. DAVIS
A. M., 1913
A. M., William Jewell, 1907.
Professor of Physics and Zoology.



CHARLES M. PHILLIPS
A. M., 1913
B. D., Crozier, 1908.
A. M., Chicago.
Professor of Biblical Literature and
Education.



ROBERT E. BOWLES
A. B., 1912
A. B., William Jewell, 1912.
Director of Athletics.



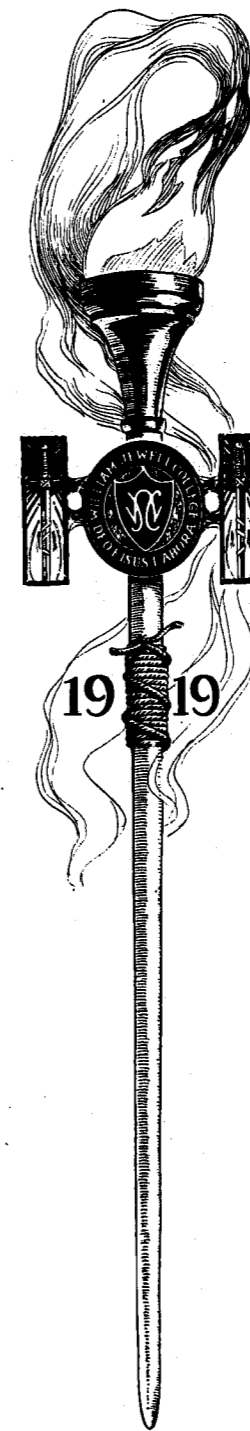
ANDREW JACKSON
B. S., 1918
B. S. in Education, University of
Missouri.
Instructor in charge of Sub-Collegiate
Department.



E. W. SWANK
Director of Commercial Department.
Cashier.



OTTO JAMES BOWLES
A. B., 1918
A. B., William Jewell, 1918.
Assistant in English.



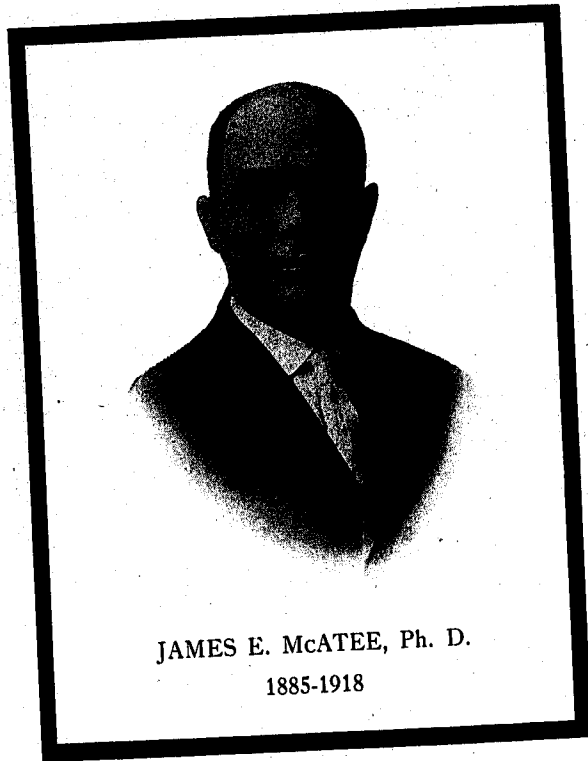
MANFORD VAUGHN KERN
A. B., 1918
A. B., William Jewell, 1918.
Assistant in Latin.



JOHN H. ROTHWELL
A. M., M. D., 1915
A. M., William Jewell, 1880.
M. D., Bellevue Hospital Medical
College, 1888.
Lecturer on Hygiene.



ENOCH H. MILLER
A. B., M. D., 1915.
A. B., William Jewell.
M. D., Medical Department of Wash-
ington University.
Lecturer on Hygiene.



JAMES E. McATEE, Ph. D.
1885-1918

"JUST JIM"

CIVILIZATION spoils most people, but it did not spoil Jim. He remained natural. He was always "just Jim," whether as a boy in the mountains of Kentucky, a student in William Jewell College, a graduate student in the University of Chicago, or a professor in William Jewell College. That is the reason we loved him—he was "just Jim." His simplicity made him unique. He was natural, and it was probably for that reason he loved Nature so much. His tastes would have made him a good companion for Daniel Boone. But he could sit on the muddy bank of a creek and work out in his head his problems in higher mathematics, while the fish were not biting. And he was big-hearted. There was nothing too much for him to do for a friend or anyone else who needed help. He would do just as much for a help-less animal or bird. There never was a better companion or friend, and he always did more than his share of the work. His professional career had just begun, but he was rapidly acquiring a reputation for his brilliant work in mathematics. It would have taken months for the ordinary student to work the problem which was assigned him as a doctor's dissertation in the University of Chicago, but he startled his professor by handing in his dissertation a few weeks after his problem was assigned. He was brilliant and big-hearted, but we loved him most because he was open, frank and natural—"just Jim."

Dr. James E. McAttee was born in Grant, Kentucky, September 16, 1885, graduated from William Jewell College in 1907, secured his doctor's degree from the University of Chicago in 1917, taught in William Jewell College from 1913 to 1918, and in the University of Illinois until his death from pneumonia in November, 1918.





Invite to
McCredie in
Mr. Woods car.

The
Crowd.

Vera Artman
Hunee Wood.
Helen Brasher
& Lett Fox.

RECITAL

BY
THE DOUBLE QUARTETTE
 OF
SYNODICAL COLLEGE
 FULTON, MISSOURI

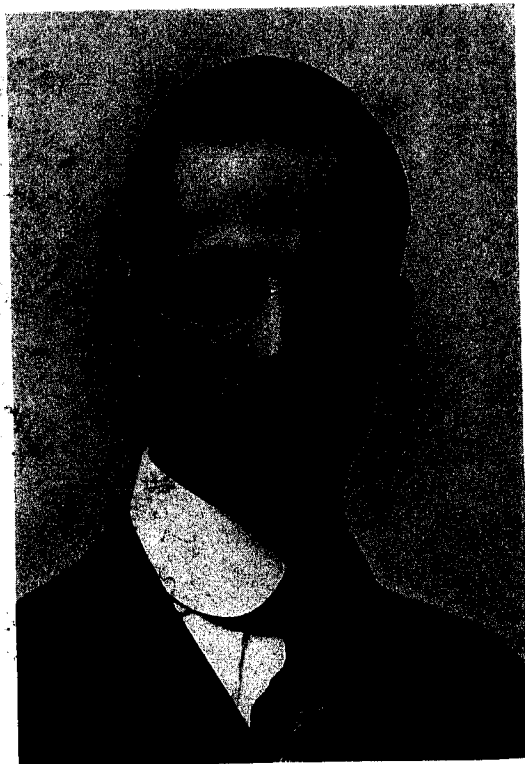
Saturday Evening, May 15, 1920, 8:15 P. M.
McCredie Hall

PROGRAM

- Come Where the Lilies Bloom *Thompson*
 Quartette
- Think Love of Me *Grey*
 Josephine Berry
- Humoreske, Swanee River *Dvorak-Wilson*
 (Violin Obbligato—Julia Wilson)
 Quartette
- Angel Wickedness *Corelli*
- A Matrimonial Controversy *Harbour*
- Riller Fights *Waterman*
- The Little Red Head Next Door *Waterman*
 Hallie Tyler
- Slave Song *Dell Riego*
 Margaret Green
- Gray Days *Johnson*
- Pussy's in the Well *Ashford*
- Kentucky Babe *Giebel*
 Quartette
- At the Wedding *Dix*
- Mia Carlotta *Daly*
- The Usual Way *Fergus*
 Kathleen Page
- There is a School in Fulton Town
 Quartette

First Sopranos—Mary Elizabeth Wilson, Fay Cook
 Second Sopranos—Margaret Green, Josephine Berry
 First Altos—Margaret Pottenger, Eunice Egeman
 Second Altos—Kathleen Page, Margaret Carr
 Accompanist—Margery Sneed
 Director—Miss Clara Smith, Head of Voice Department,
 Conservatory of Music, Synodical College, Fulton, Mo.

Senior Class



W. HOLT SMITH, Exeter, Mo.

Zeta Chi; Student Senate, '14-'15; Co-op Board, '16-'17; Grey Friars; Inter Collegiate Debater; Gospel Team; Editor-in-chief Tatler, '18; Treasurer Freshman Class; Student Staff, '16-'17; Executive Board W. J. C. Missionary Society; President Senior Class; Tatler Staff, '19.

SENIOR CLASS

W. HOLT SMITH	President
G. O. BAXTER	Vice-President
JOHN WADE	Treasurer
M. S. EVERETT	Secretary
HOBART COLLINS	Historian

Class Colors—Orange and black.

CLASS YELL

Rick! Rack!
Zick! Zack!
One! Nine!
Orange! Black!
Seniors!

JOHN MAXEY CORNELIUS West Plains, Mo.
Old Settler; Married Men's Club.

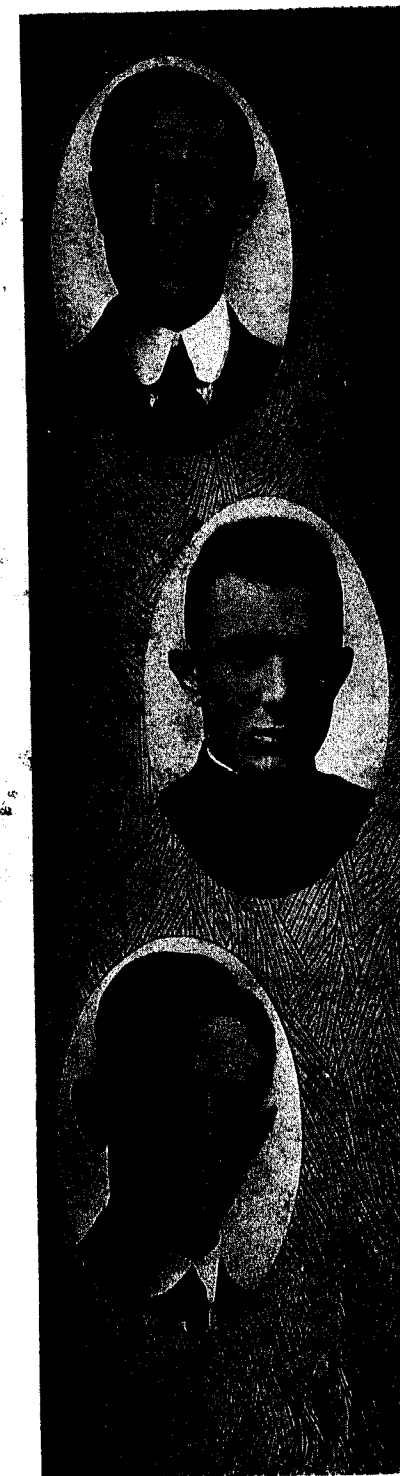
"The Last Leaf"—Cornelius claims the distinction of having been here longer than anyone; hardly as long as Dr. Greene.

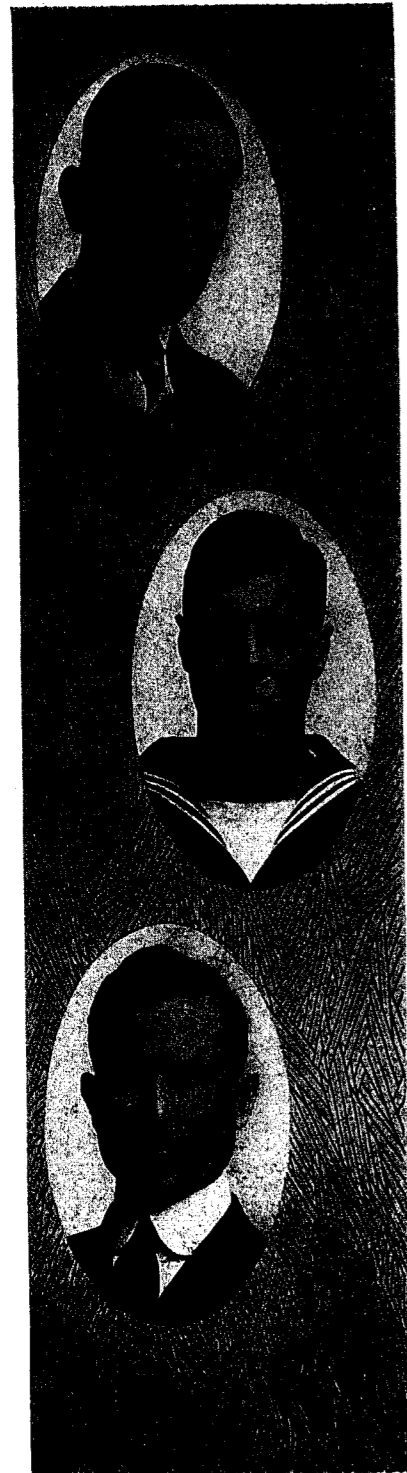
MILLARD S. EVERETT Kansas City, Mo.
Student Staff, '18-'19; Sec. Senior Class; Keats Club.

The boys call him Socrates, but he is a good chap nevertheless.

GEORGE OWENS BAXTER Canaan, Mo.
Vice-Pres. Senior Class; Tatler Staff, '18-'19; Judson-Peck; I. P. A.; Married Men's Club; Library Ass't.

"Stately and tall he moves in the hall, the chief of a thousand for grace."





GEORGE LANNING JOHNSON *Clifton Hill, Mo.*

Zeta Chi; Student Senate, '18-'19; Student Board, '18-'19; Keats Club; Assistant in Mathematics.

President of Student Board, but that does not mean he is a student.

ERNEST HOBART COLLINS *Hopkins, Mo.*

Zeta Chi; Physics Assistant, '17-'18, '18-'19; Track Team, '17.

If he can't say good he won't say harm.

JOHN W. H. MOUL *Liberty, Mo.*

Married Men's Club.

John has a terrible time with his name, "Maul," "Mole," "Mule," etc., but he gets there just the same.

ELMER A. LOVE

Liberty, Mo.

Phi Gamma Delta; Grey Friar; Pres. Y. M. C. A., '18-'19; Debate, '16-'17; Track, '15-'16, '17-'18; Wreath and Mallet Society; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '17-'18; Judson-Peck Society; Tatler Staff, '18-'19; Class Basket Ball, '18; Sec. Junior Class.

Love is the "fastest" preacher on the Hill. He does the hundred yards in ten seconds.

GEORGE ANDREW BOUEY

Liberty, Mo.

Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A., '18-'19; Pres. Student Board, '17-'18; Pres. Married Men's Club, '16-'17; Vice-Pres. Junior Class.

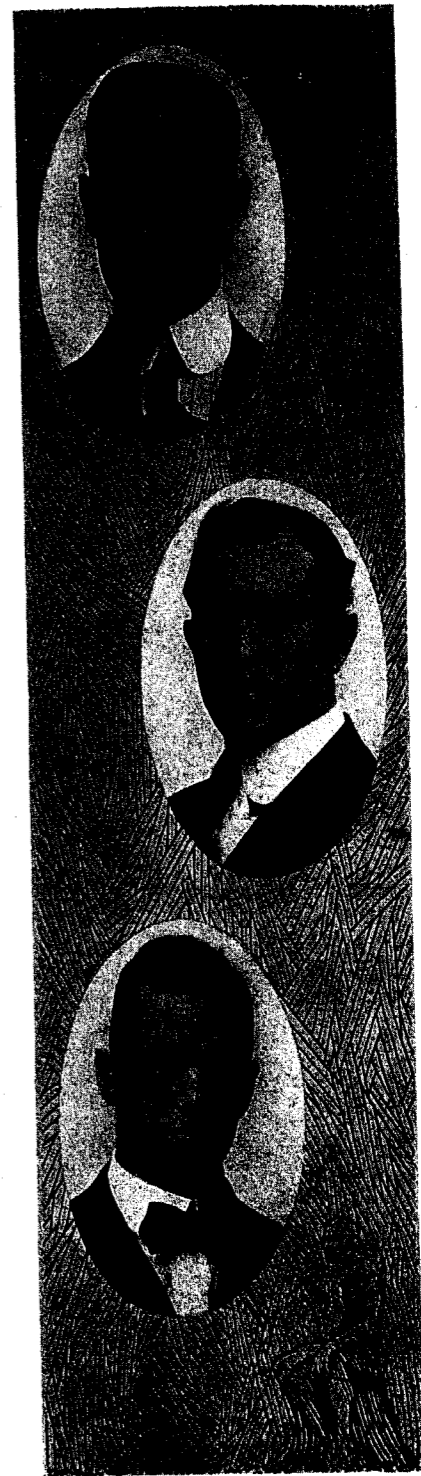
"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

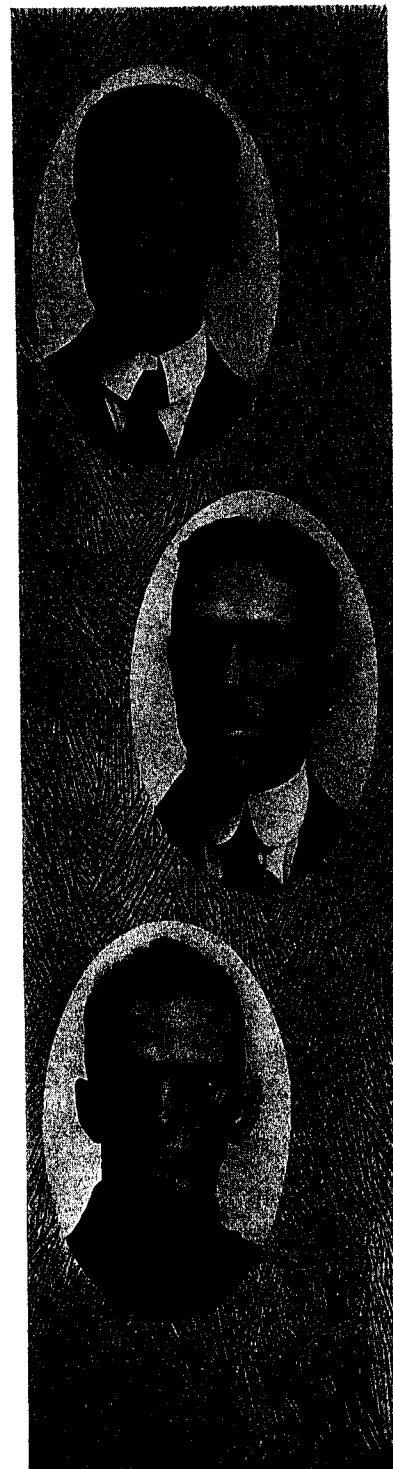
LAWSON ROBERT KITE

Odessa, Mo.

I. P. A.; Class Historian; Class Basket Ball.

He is not such a high flyer as his name might imply.





HO CHONG HO *Canton, China*

Treasurer of Cosmopolitan Club, '16-'17; Pres. of Cosmopolitan Club, '18-'19; Student Volunteer.

Hol Hol Sounds like a horse laugh, but believe us this little fellow is no joke.

MYERS MATKIN MAYBERRY *Farmington, Mo.*

Phi Gamma Delta; Football, '15-'16; Captain, '17; Basket Ball, '17-'18-'19; Captain, '18-'19; Track, '16-'17-'18; Baseball, '18; Captain All Missouri Football, '17; Vice-Pres. Sophomore Class; Student Senate, '17-'18; Secretary Athletic Board, '17-'18; Tatler Staff, '18; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '18-'19; J. Club.

"You're a devil in everything, and there is no kind of a thing in the versal world but what you can turn your hand to."

WALTER OWEN WALKER *Loveland, Colo.*

Zeta Chi; Football, '16-'17; Captain, '18; Class Basket Ball, '16-'19; Varsity, '17-'18; Track '16-'17-'18; J. Club; Khem Club; Big Brothers Club; Chem. Assistant, '17-'18, '18-'19; Tatler Staff, '18; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '17-'18; Married Men's Club.

"No worse a husband than the best of men."

FRED ZAISS COURTNEY *Liberty, Mo.*

Kappa Sigma; Editor-in-Chief Student, '18-'19; Tatler Staff, '18; Pres. Joint Session; Pan-Hellenic; Square and Compass; Fle Club; Class Basket Ball, '17-'18.

"I'm not in the role of common men."

LING SEE LOH *Loochow, China*

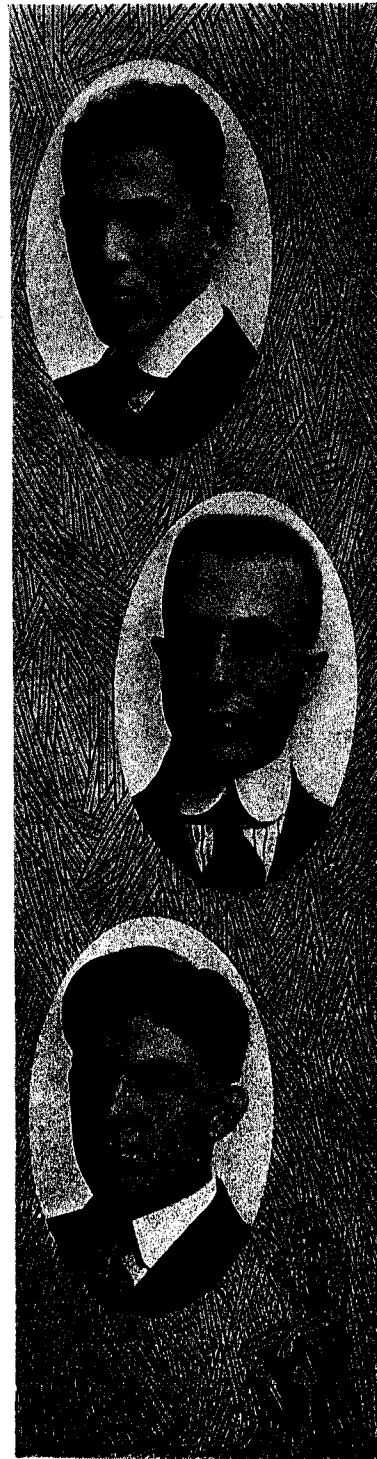
Cosmopolitan Club; Student Volunteer.

Loh and behold! We have with us a man from across the waters whose broad smile and sunny disposition makes us all feel better.

RALPH ADAM CRAIG *Liberty, Mo.*

Married Men's Club; Old Settler; Judson-Peck Society; Pres. Student Council, '18-'19.

On the "Hill" he presides over the Student Council. At home he has a smaller clan over which he presides (?)



ARTHUR CLINTON MACKINNEY *Lockland, Ohio*

Kappa Sigma; Baseball, '16; Captain, '17, '18; Track, '18; Aeon; Co-op Board, '18-'19; Junior Class President; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '18-'19; Pan-Hellenic Council, '17-'18.

*"For rhetoric he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope."*

GIOVANNI BATTISTA BISCEGLIA *Kansas City, Mo.*

Cosmopolitan Club.

*His name sounds like a Bolsheviki, but no, sirl
He is too busy, tending to his own affairs to over-
throw the government.*

JOHN E. WADE *Smithville, Mo.*

Married Men's Club; Judson-Peck Society; Treasurer of Senior Class; Treasurer of I. P. A., '18-'19.

*Some of the "brethren" might call him an alien,
but never fear, John has "waded" as deep as
any "native" and has made good with a vengeance.*



Aeons

Senior Honorary Society



FRED Z. COURTNEY ELMER A. LOVE MYERS M. MAYBERRY
A. C. MACKINNEY J. H. IGLEHART

Purpose: To further the interests of William Jewell





An Experience in Friendship

*In turbulence of soul I went to him
Troubled over problems all my own.
Gently he listened, frankly wise did speak,
As if he counseled with himself alone.*

*No evasions, no oily urbanity
Was present in his gentleness,
But such a willingness to hear my plaint
As made it easy to confess.*

*He had no cure but sympathy of heart,
No patent judgments to express,
Nor stern decrees, nor proverbs wise,
But only patient gentleness.*

*As long as weary human hearts endure,
Struggling on into eternity,
Poor man shall never find a sweeter cure
For woes than human sympathy.*

—Raymond H. Palmer.



THE UNELUCIDATED



JUNIOR

Junior Class



LOUIS A. HOUSE, *Liberty, Mo.*

President Junior Class; Tatler Staff, '19; Khem Club; Quo Vadis; Sons of Rest; J Club; Football, '17, '18; Class Basket Ball, '17; Varsity Basket Ball, '18; Captain Basket Ball, '19.

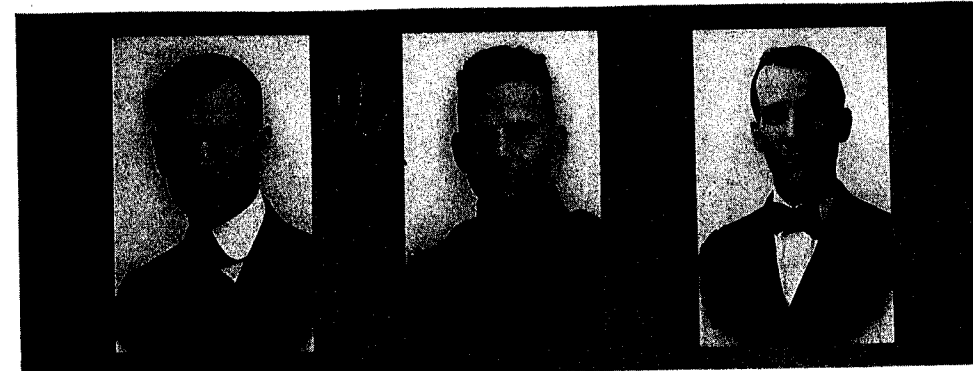
CLASS OFFICERS

LOUIS A. HOUSE	President
JAMES E. ADAMS	Vice-President
WALTER H. NOEL	Secretary
YOUREE ADAIR	Treasurer
W. E. BILLINGS	Yell Leader

Class Colors—Blue and white.

CLASS YELL

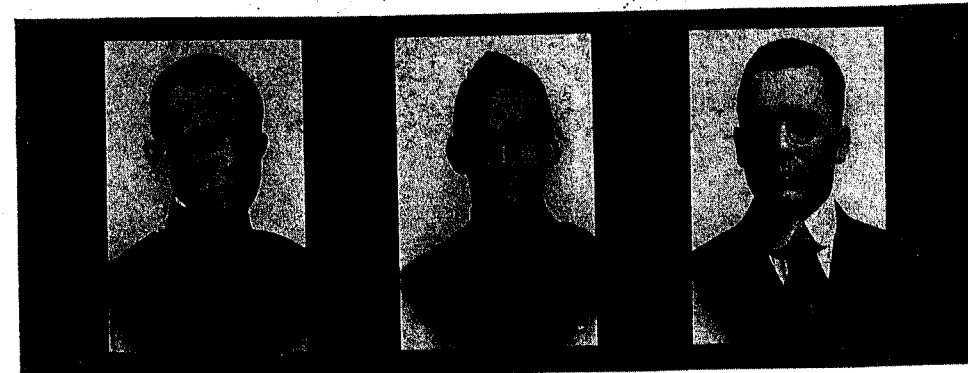
Rickety—rickety—rickety—row!
 Rickety—rickety—rickety—row!
 One—nine—two—0!
 Sis—Boom—Junior!



I. J. BRAME *Van Buren, Mo.*
 Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '18-'19; Tatler Staff, '19;
 Ozark Club; Judson-Peck Society; Married
 Men's Club.
"I should inform thee farther."

WALTER H. NOEL *Lentner, Mo.*
 Zeta Chi; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '17-'18, '18-'19;
 Big Brother's Club; Junior Class Secretary.
"A pretty boy, yet good."

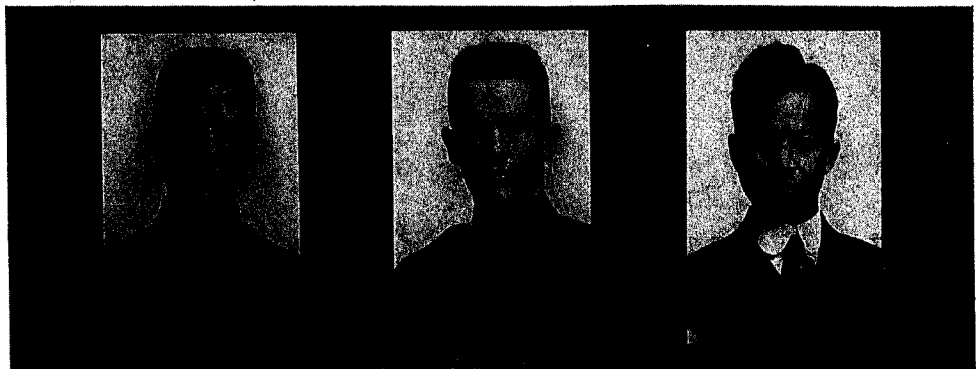
CARSON B. KING *Carso, Mo.*
 Square and Compass Club; Married Men's
 Club.
"That first he wrought and afterwards he thought."



PERRY G. STORTS *Slater, Mo.*
 Sigma Nu; Sons of Rest; Fle Club; Saline
 County Club; Student Board, '18-'19.
"Vertly a fickle and changeable thing is woman."

IRA M. RUBOTTOM *Greenville, Mo.*
 Ozark Club; Judson-Peck Society.
"As quiet as his voice."

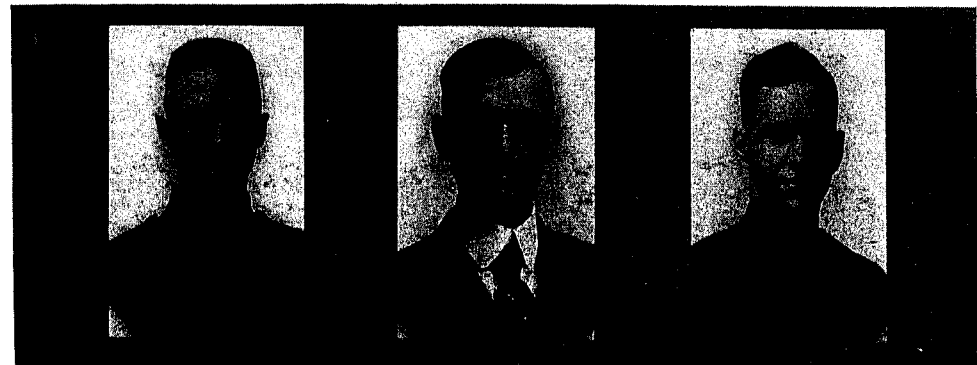
C. WILLARD SMITH *Exeter, Mo.*
 Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '18; Judson-Peck So-
 ciety; I. P. A.; Ozark Club; Married Men's
 Club; Sophomore Basket Ball Coach, '18;
 Editor-in-Chief Tatler, '19.
"I am fighting the world."



JAMES E. ADAMS Lees Summit, Mo.
Zeta Chi; Vice-President Junior Class; Glee Club, '18-'19; Tatler Staff, '19; Chemistry Assistant, '17-'18, '18-'19; Chem Club; Quo Vadis; Class Basket Ball, '18, '19.
"A chemist, but not so scientific as his teacher."

GERALD B. BARNES Paris Crossing, Ind.
"Of her society be not afraid."

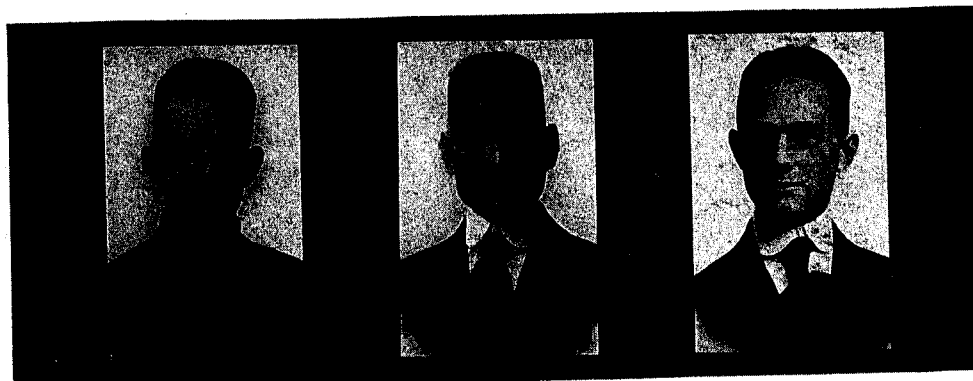
DONATO B. BOADO Agoo, Philippines
Cosmopolitan Club.
"A sunny soul from a sunny clime."



WILLIAM E. BILLINGS Ulrich, Mo.
Judson-Peck Society; Class Basket Ball, '18, '19; Baseball, '17, '18.
"There is something rotten in the State of Denmark."

GEO. A. KEETCH Lisle, Mo.
President Cass County Club, '16-'17; Treasurer I. P. A., '17-'18; President I. P. A., '18-'19; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '17-'18, '18-'19; Student Senate, '18-'19; Business Manager Tatler, '19.
"Whether this be or not, I'll not swear."

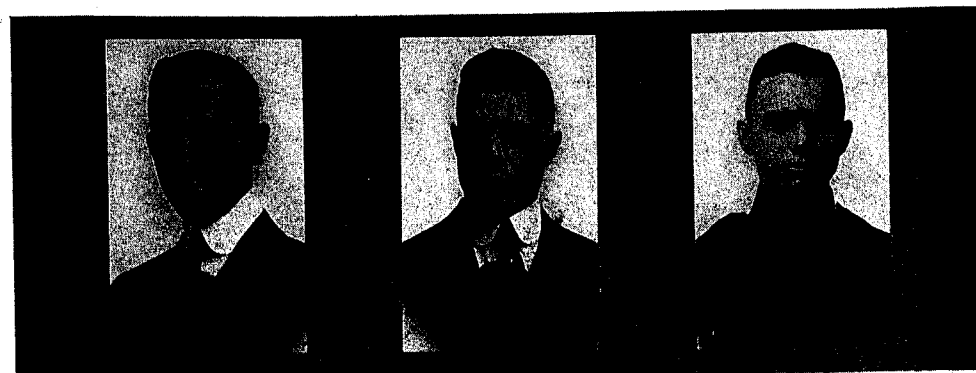
ROBERT E. BERNARD St. Joseph, Mo.
Kappa Alpha; Khem Club; Sons of Rest; Fle Club; Keen Spitters.
"To our doctrine it is written wise,
Take the fruit and let the chaff be still."



C. ORIN FISHER Bolivar, Mo.
Gospel Team; Class Basket Ball, '18.
"Fisher, not 'fishy.'"

TOYOKI MARUYAMA Yumamoto, Japan
Cosmopolitan Club.
"He is all that his name suggests."

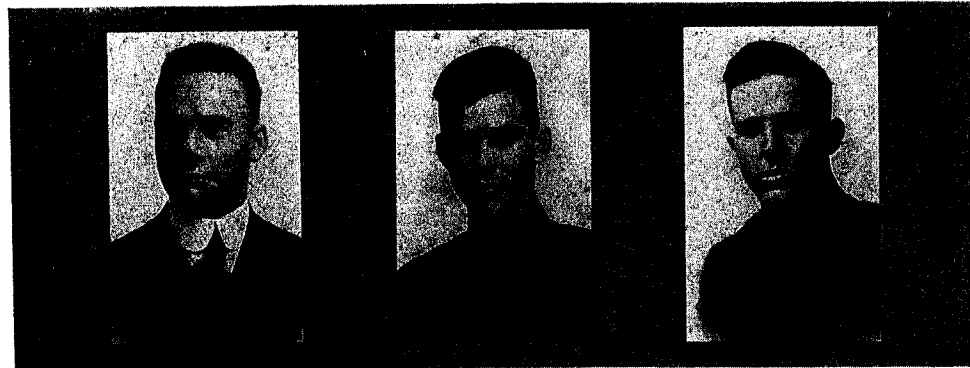
YOUREE D. ADAIR Odessa, Mo.
Kappa Alpha; Junior Class Treasurer; Sons of Rest; Fle Club; Pan-Hellenic Council.
"And what he greatly thought, he nobly 'dared.'"



ZACK T. WOOD Tillar, Ark.
Kappa Alpha; Student Staff, '17-'18; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '18-'19; Quo Vadis; Sons of Rest; Fle Club; Keen Spitters; Baseball, '18; Tatler Staff, '19.
"I don't go much on religion, I ain't never had no show."

HERBERT H. SCHWAMB Golden, Colo.
Phi Gamma Delta; President Freshman Class; Grey Friar; Student Staff, '16-'17; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '16-'17; Student Senate, '16-'17, '18-'19; Manager Co-op, '18-'19; Married Men's Club.
"O, Ye Gods, render me worthy of this noble wife."

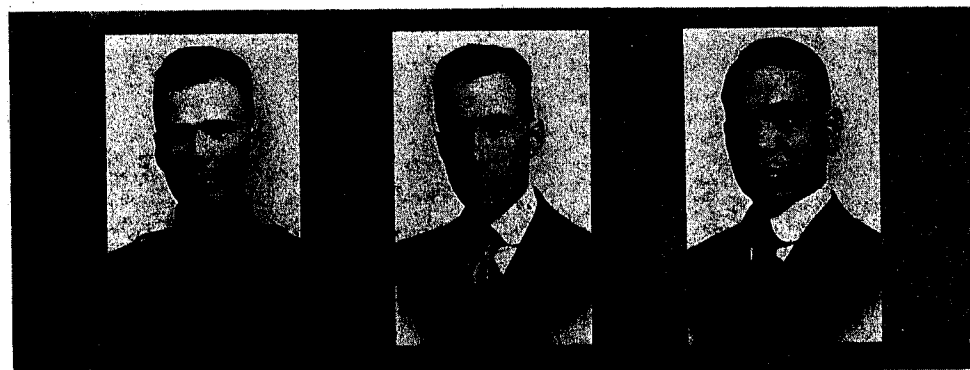
E. G. CREEK Liberty, Mo.
Kappa Sigma; Class Basket Ball, '18-'19; Big Brother's Club; Tatler Staff, '19; Fle Club; Glee Club; Class Football, '18; Student Staff, '17.
"I am under a natural ban;
The girl's already assigned
And I'm a superfluuous man."



V. BRUCE BEALL *Oxford, Neb.*
 Chemistry assistant; Pledge, Married Men's Club; Class Basket Ball, '18; Tatler Staff, '19.
"Now as for hand cars and the like—"

WENDELL T. MEREDITH *Carthage, Mo.*
 Kappa Sigma; Football, '17, '18; Baseball, '17, '18; Basket Ball, '16, '17, '18; J Club; Sons of Rest; Grey Friars; Fle Club; Keen Spitters.
"When I beheld this I sighed and said within myself, 'Surely man is a broom stick.'"

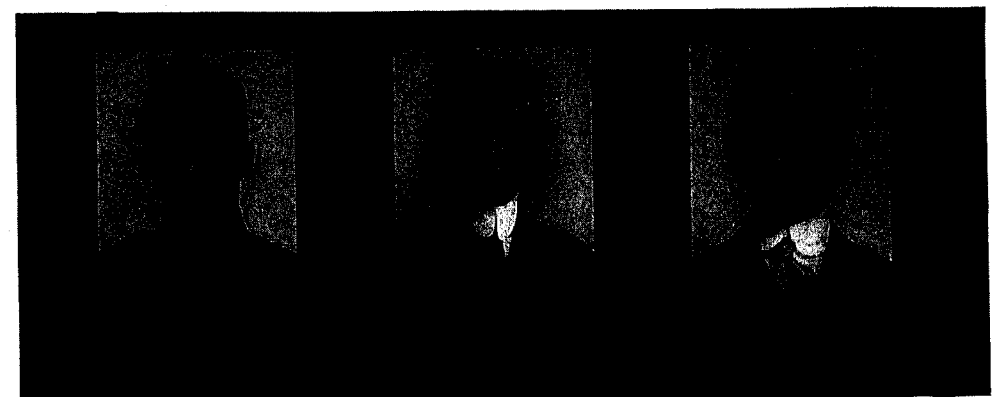
HENRY W. BOTTS *Grandview, Mo.*
 Chem. Assistant, '17-'18; Khem Club; Buttinsky; Grey Friars; Class Basket Ball, '18.
"His home-folks still think he is good."



WALTER J. RUSSEL *Mountain Grove, Mo.*
"O, that I might fiddle while Liberty burns."

EVERETT L. SWINNEY *Clarence, Mo.*
 Kappa Alpha; Class Basket Ball, '18.
"Silent, bashful, modest—no other good qualities."

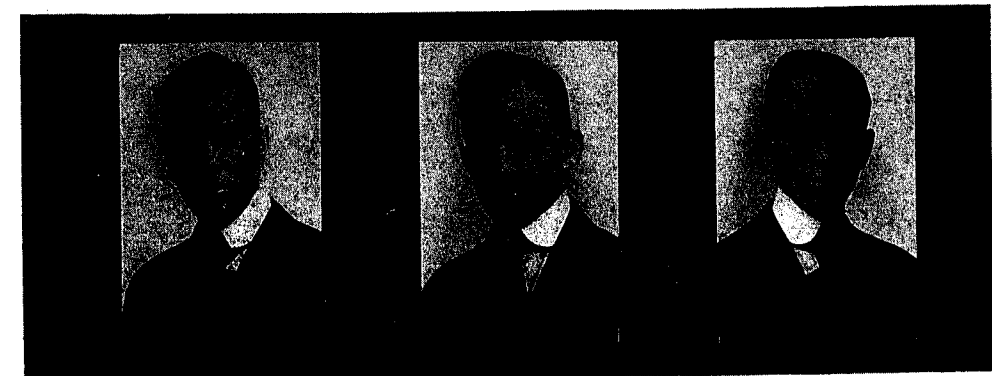
ANDREW KOJI YAMAGISHI *Bakurasho, Japan*
 Cosmopolitan Club.
"Proficient in the art of Jujutsu."



J. E. HARVEY, JR. *Monett, Mo.*
 Phi Gamma Delta; Football, '17, '18; Class Basket Ball, '18; J. Club; Quo Vadis; Keen Spitters; Sons of Rest; Fle Club.
"I feign would die a dry death."

D. EARL ALLEN *Kansas City, Mo.*
 Judson-Peck Society; Married Men's Club.
"Not much talk—a great sweet silence."

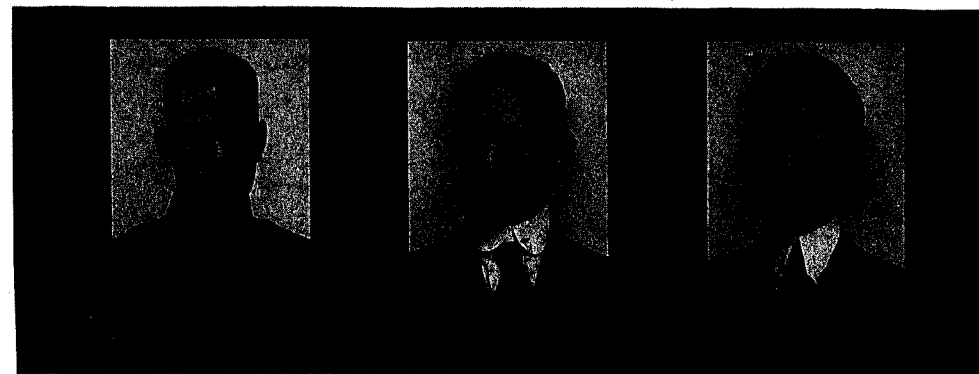
CLARENCE BRIGHTWELL *Slater, Mo.*
 Class Basket Ball, '18, '19; Saline County Club.
"Why can't I talk louder?"



RUSSELL S. CROSS *Slater, Mo.*
 Zeta Chi; Y. M. C. A. Treasurer, '18-'19; Manager Band, '17-'18; Assistant Director of Band, '18-'19; Orchestra, '16-'17, '18-'19; Saline County Club.
"That unlettered, small knowing soul."

PAUL F. HUNT *Liberty, Mo.*
 Sigma Nu; Track Team, '18; J. Club; Sons of Rest; Keen Spitters.
"What cracker is this same that deafs our ears with this abundance of superfluous breath."

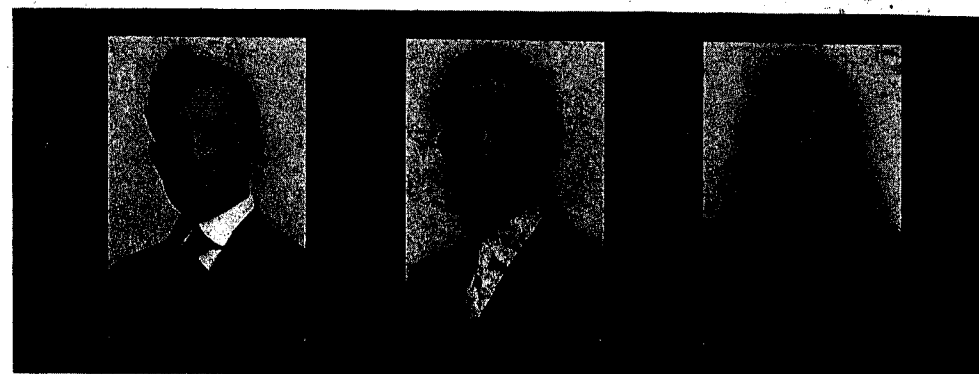
G. ROBERT BESWICK *Liberty, Mo.*
 Zeta Chi; Track, '18; Grey Friar; Big Brother's Club.
"Who doth ambition shun?"



FORREST G. DIEHL *Moberly, Mo.*
 Zeta Chi; Khem Club; Quo Vadis; Buttinsky;
 Glee Club; Student Staff; Tatler Staff, '19.
"Give me a chew of tobacco."

MARTIN CLIFFORD HUMPHREY *Shelbyville, Mo.*
 Class Basket Ball, '19; Judson-Peck Society.
"Benign he was and wonderfully diligent."

GEORGE H. WHITE *Lead City, S. D.*
 Zeta Chi; Keats Club; Grey Friars; Cosmo-
 politan Club; Editor-in-Chief Student, '19;
 Tatler Staff, '19.
*"Of study took he most care and most heed,
 naught a word spake he more than was need."*



WILLIAM D. LYERLE *Joplin, Mo.*
 President Student Board, '17-'18; President
 I. P. A., '17-'18; Square and Compass Club;
 Married Men's Club; Judson-Peck Society.
*"To draw folks to heaven, by fairness
 By good example, that is his business."*

O. G. MATTHEWS *Liberty, Mo.*
 Married Men's Club; Minister.
*"Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it
 myself."*

HIRAM L. BREWSTER *Moncton, Canada*
 Zeta Chi; Student Senate, '15-'16; Co-op
 Board; Cosmopolitan Club; Square and Com-
 pass Club; Gospel Team.
"A minister, but still a man."



O. K. EVANS, *Farmington, Mo.*

Zeta Chi; Football, '16, '17,
 '18; Baseball, '17; Basket Ball,
 '16, '17, '19; Tennis, '15, '16,
 '17; Champion, '16, '17; State
 Double Championship Team,
 '16, '17; J. Club; Quo Vadis.

*Assistant in Co-Ed Depart-
 ment.*



WARD H. BELL, *Kiowa, Okla.*

Kappa Sigma; Yell leader,
 '19; Football, '16; Baseball, '17;
 Sons of Rest.

*"We heard a hollow burst of
 bellowing like bulls—"*

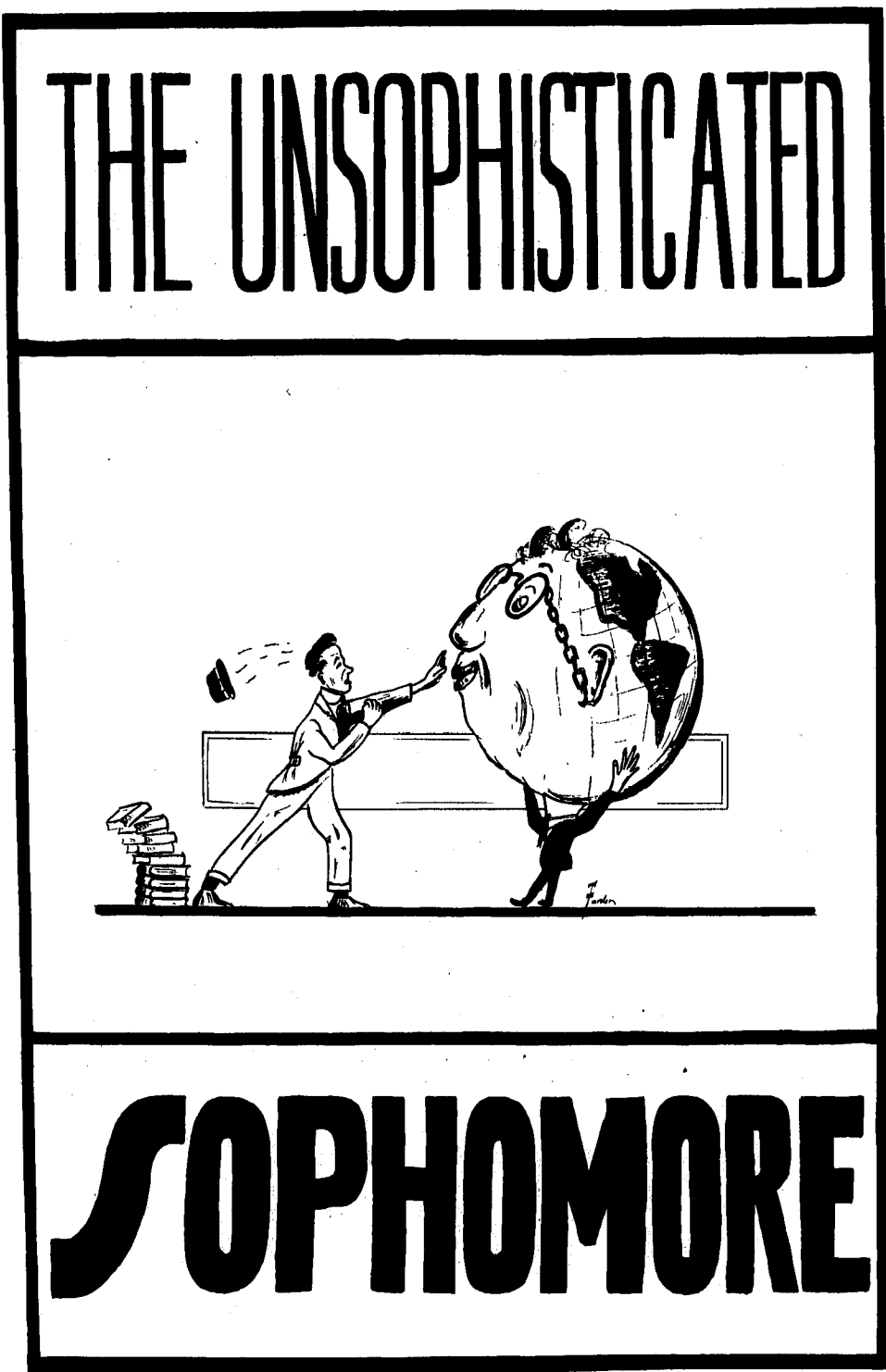
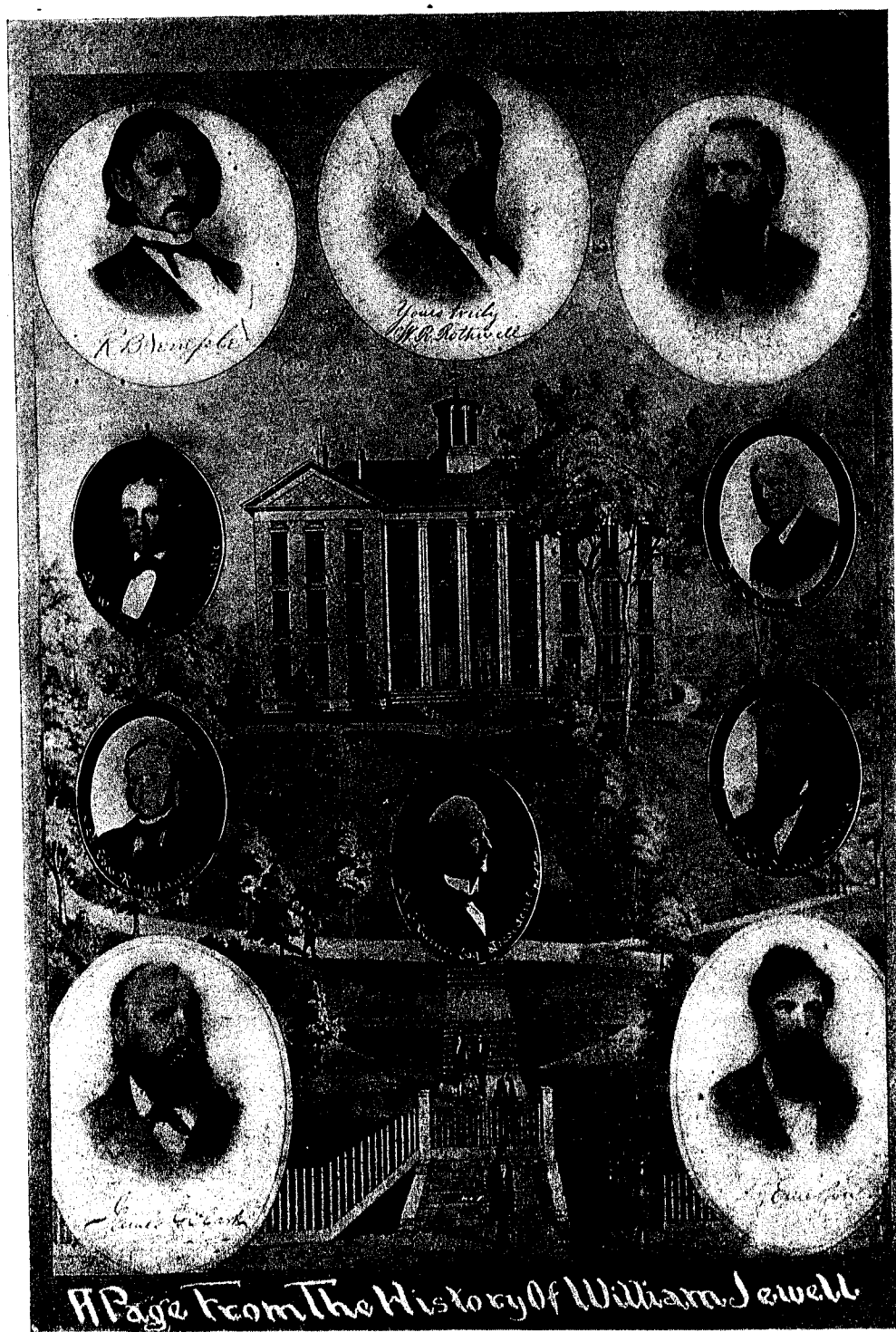


OSCAR HIGGINS, *Monett, Mo.*

Married Men's Club; I. P.
 A; Judson-Peck Society.

*"An honest man close but-
 toned to the chin,
 Broadcloth without and a warm
 heart within."*

THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN SENIORS, BUT UNCLE SAM NEEDED THEM.





Sophomore Class



H. MASON KING

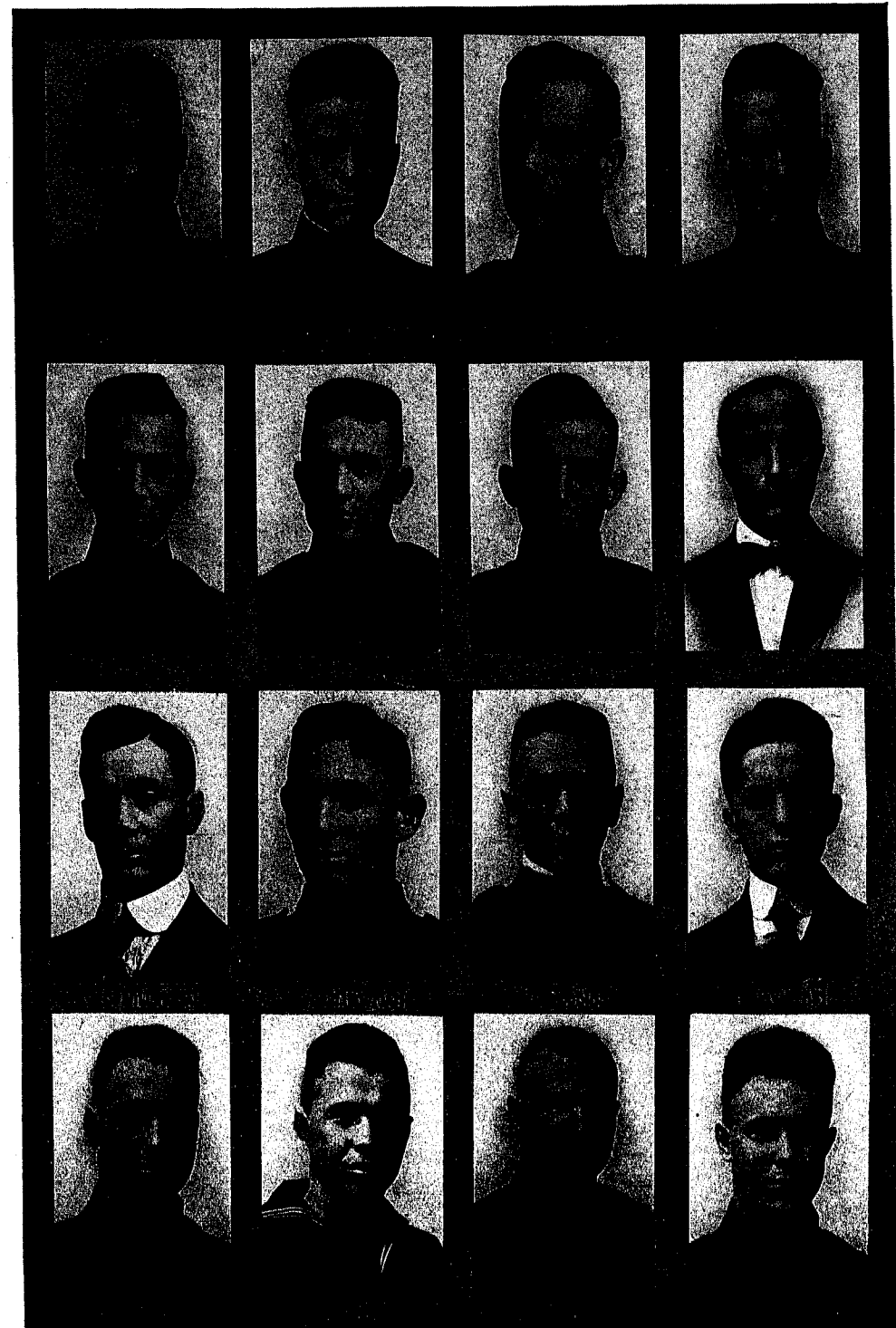
OFFICERS

H. MASON KING	<i>President</i>
D. H. MARTIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. E. GWATKIN	<i>Treasurer</i>
N. L. JETER	<i>Secretary</i>
T. J. GWYN	<i>Yell Leader</i>

Colors: Purple and gold.

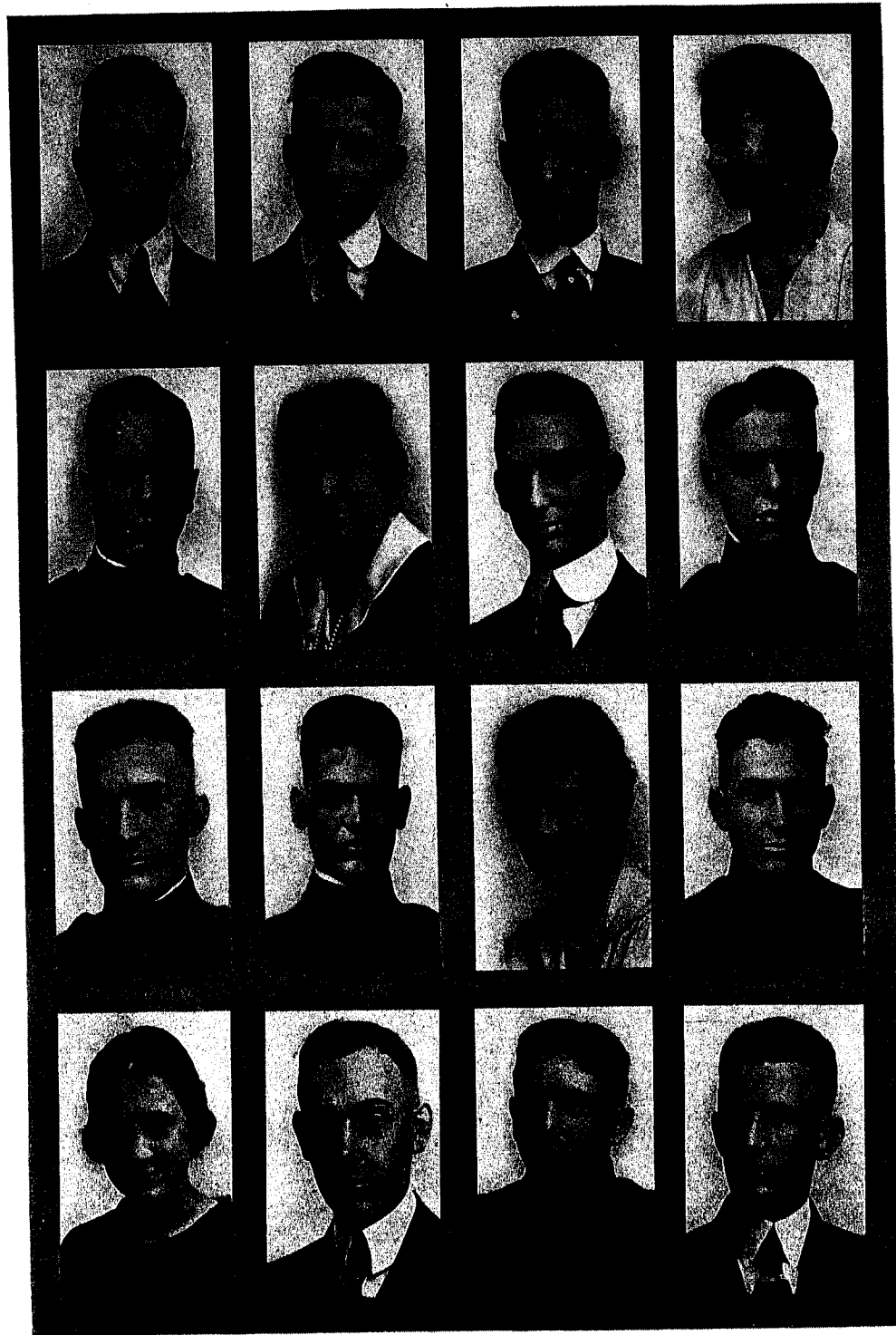
YELL

Rickety Zip, Zickety Boom,
We're Sophomores, give us room,
Rickety Hi, Whoopety Done
1-9-2-1-!

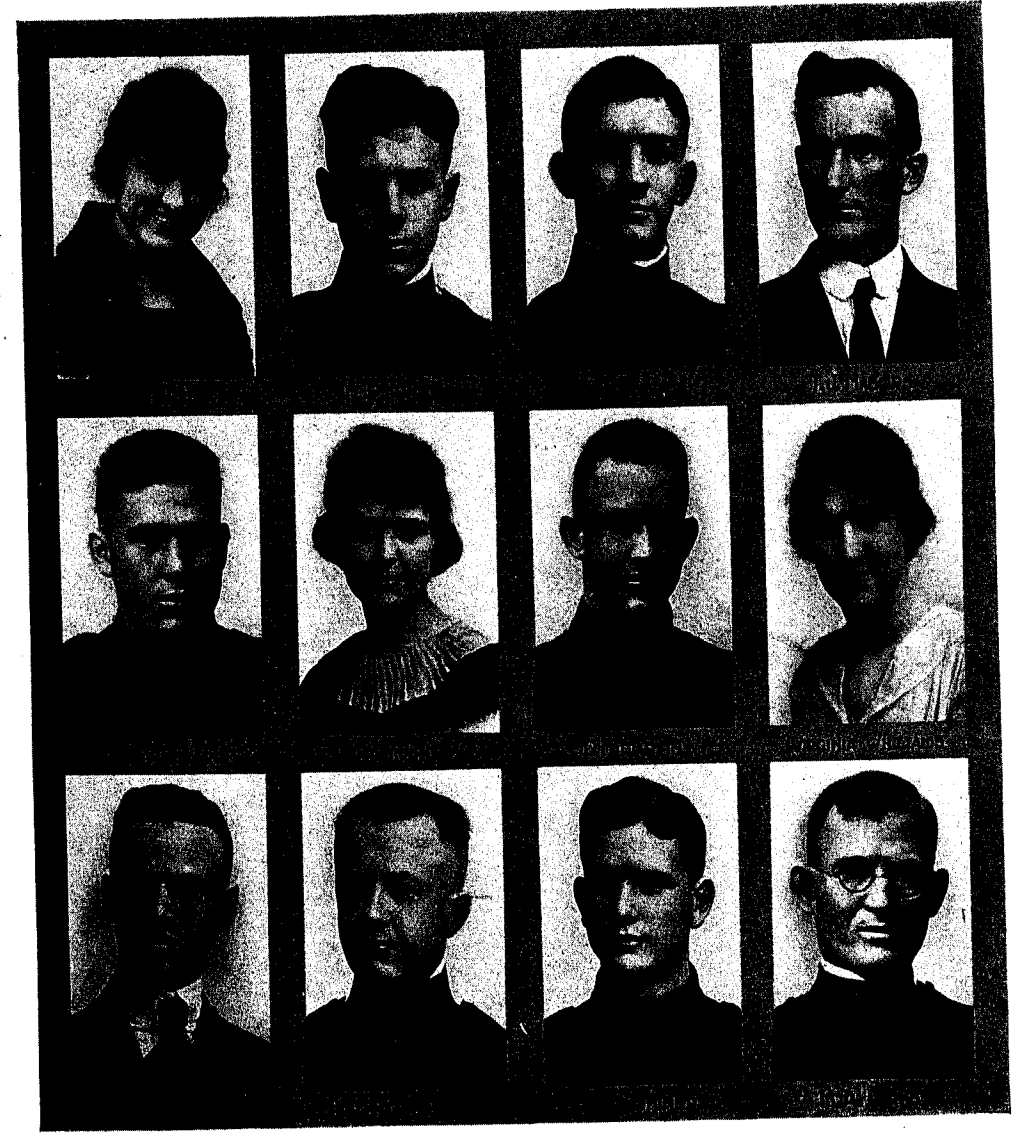


SOPHOMORE GROUP





SOPHOMORE GROUP



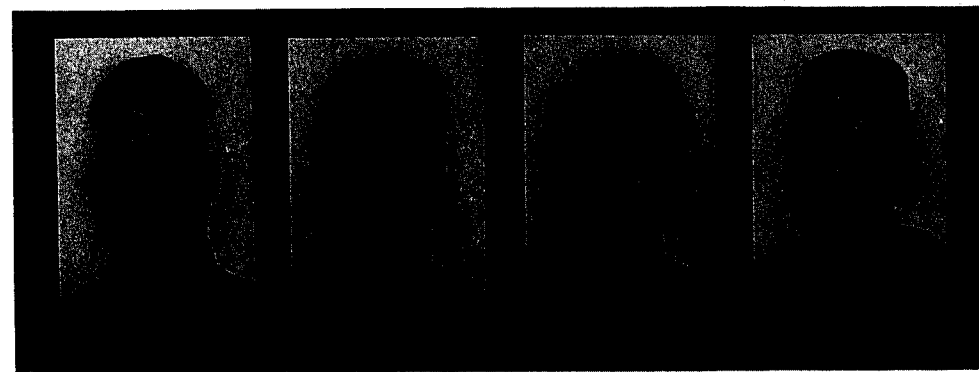
SOPHOMORE GROUP

"But where life is more terrible than death,
It is then the truest valor to dare to live."
—Sir Thomas Browne.





Grey Friars
Sophomore Honorary Society



NEOPHYTES OF CLASS '22

Colors: Maroon, gold and grey.

Flower: Violet.

Purpose: To further the interests of Sophomores in William Jewell.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

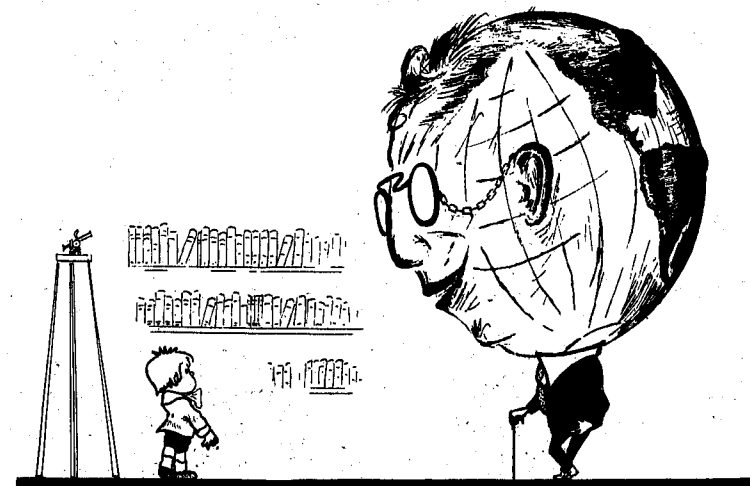
Top Row

H. MASON KING
RAY D. COOPER
HERBERT EBY
IRVIN M. NEWMAN

Bottom Row

F. FARIS CUNNINGHAM
WAYNE E. RHOADES
DREXEL H. MARTIN
THOMAS J. GWYN

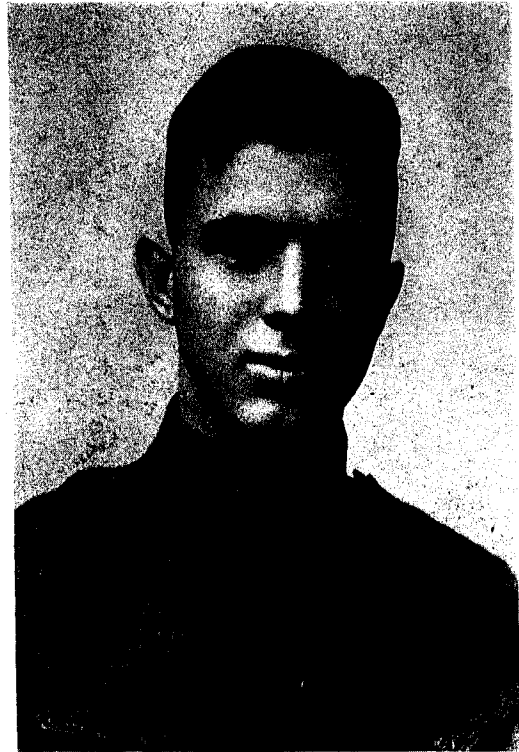
THE UNPREDESTINATED



FRESHMAN



Freshman Class



JOHN W. HALL

OFFICERS

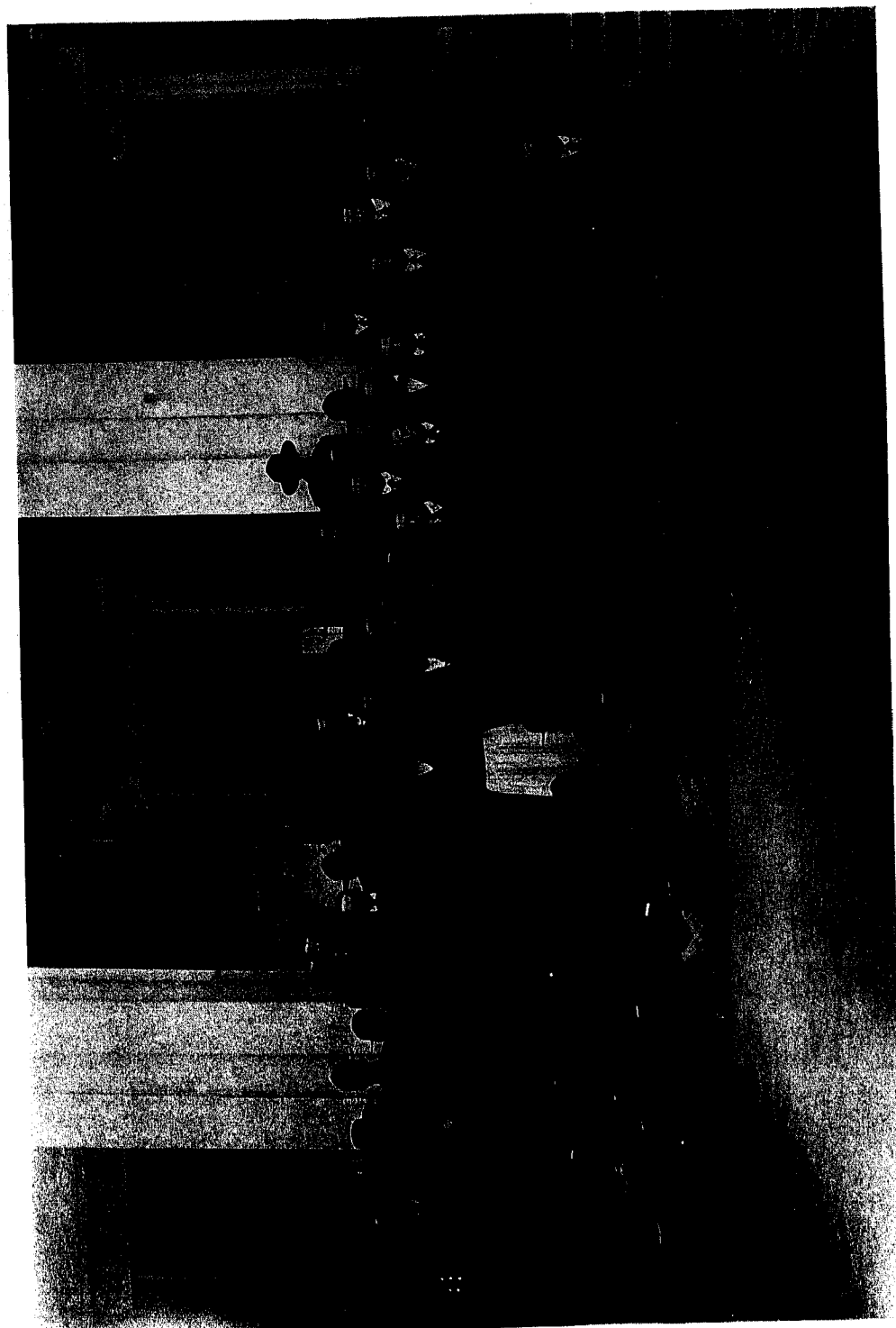
JOHN W. HALL
JOSEPH BIRKHEAD
R. E. SNETHEN
RUSSELL STORER

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Colors: Black and green.

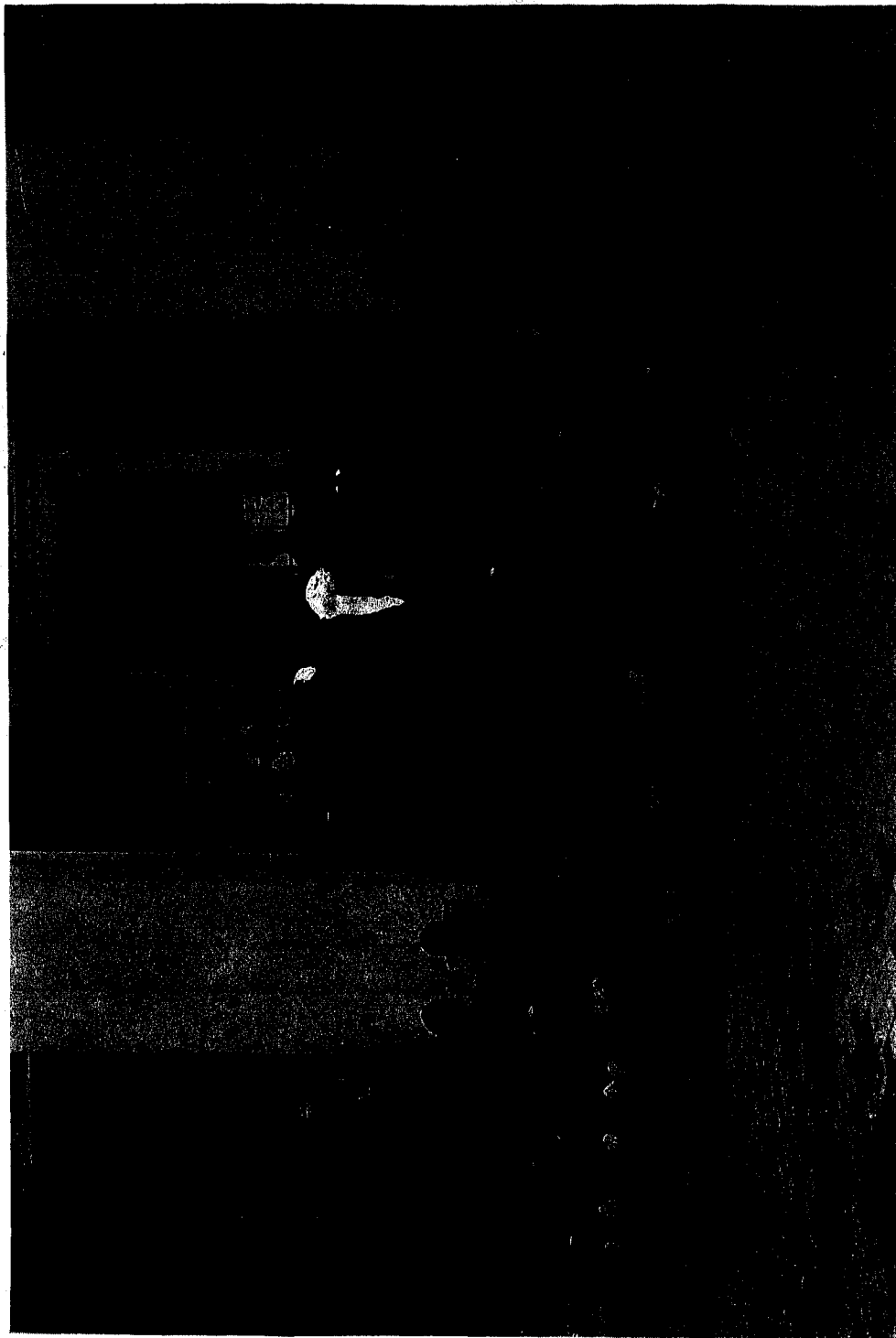
YELL

Hi, ri, rickety—roo!
One nine two two!
Freshman!



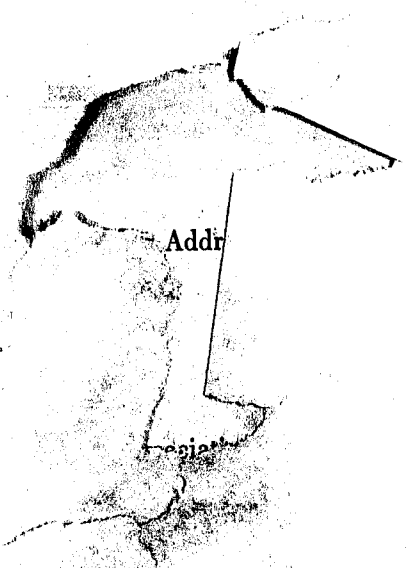
FRESHMAN GROUP





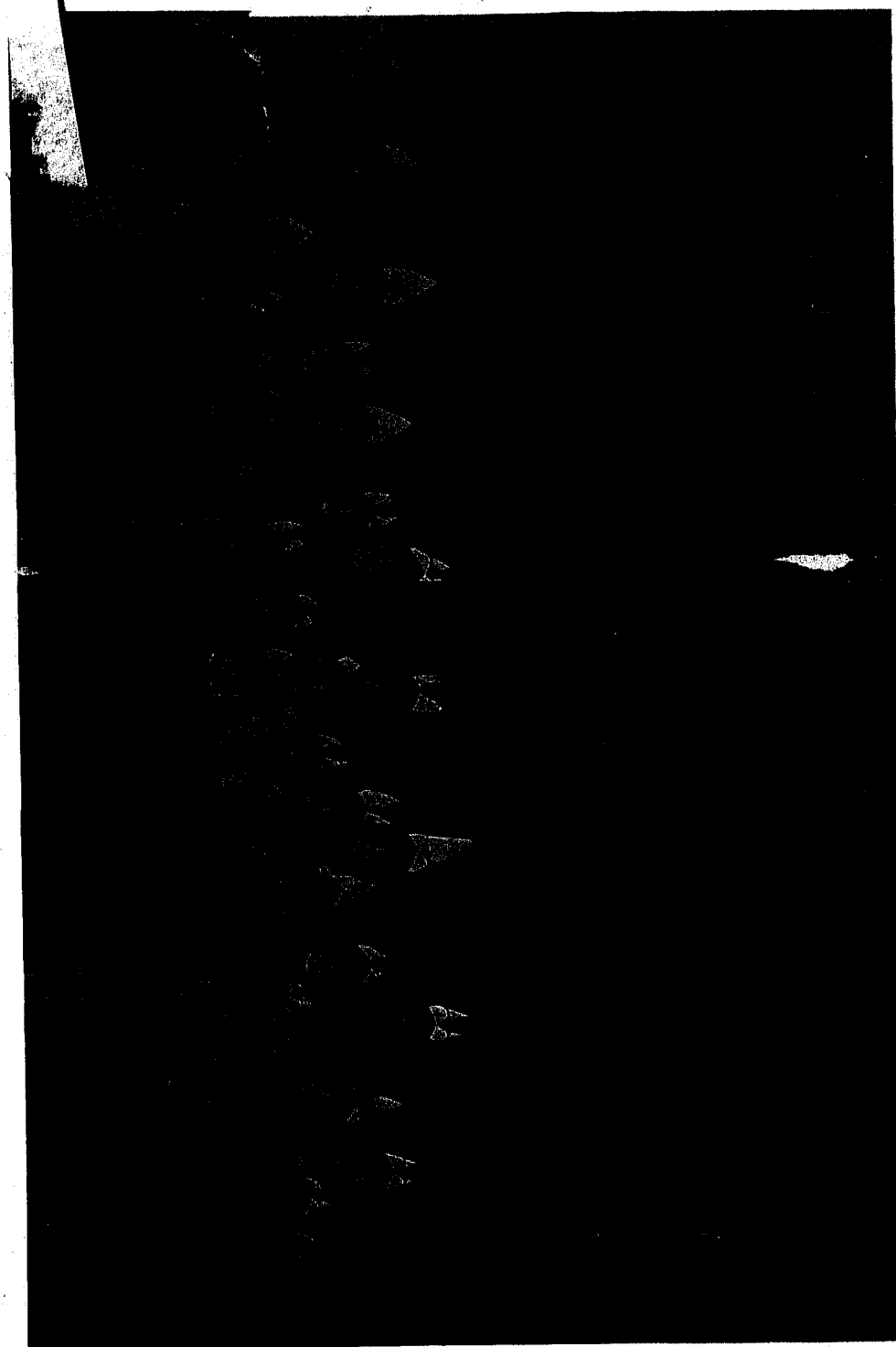
FRESHMAN GROUP

Gene



Addr





ACADEMY GROUP

1920

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

Sunday, June 13.
 Baccalaureate Sermon, 10:30 a. m.
 Meeting of Board of Ministerial Education and Sermon or Address
 on Missions, 8:00 p. m.

Monday, June 14.
 A. M. Exercises by Student Organizations.
 P. M. Athletic Contests
 Night. Senior Class Exercises.

Tuesday, June 15.
 Alumni Day Exercises to be arranged by the Alumni Association,
 8:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.
 Evening Concert.

Wednesday, June 16.
 Graduating Exercises, 10:30 a. m.

Meeting of the Missouri Baptist Historical Society, Wednesday,
June 16, 2:30 p. m.

- | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| CLARK, L. M. | IRMINGER, L. K. | SCHILL, D. A. |
| CLAWSON, E. R. | JOHNSON, D. E. | SHAW, T. D. |
| CLOONAN, C. B. | JONES, B. F. | SMITH, J. D. |
| CONE, B. A. | KENT, C. W. | TRIPLETT, H. D. |
| CUMMINGS, G. | KEYES, I. | TURNAGE, W. F. |
| CONWAY, E. M. | KING, H. T. | VALDES, J. H. |
| CONWAY, MRS. F. M. | LAYLAND, W. J. | WESTOVER, W. B. |
| CURRY, J. W. | LEE, H. S. | WHITAKER, E. A. |
| CAMPBELL, J. A. | LEWELLEN, R. R. | WHITE, A. J. |
| CANTERBURY, G. H. | LUEDECKE, F. | WOOD, S. H. |

MUTT and JEFF at JEWELL

BY FARDON Many Apologies to Bud Fisher



Printed at St. J. 1917
Kellin!

The Peace Parade

Otto James Bowles

*Above the joyful din and clamor
Along the crowded street,
Arose the sound of martial music
And tramp of myriad feet.
And turning I beheld approaching,
A gay and motley throng,
That surged and swayed and yelled and chanted
As it advanced along.*

*Young men and old waved flags and placards,
And women by the score
Displayed upon their throbbing bosoms
Their little flags galore;
While children, with their horns and pans,
Seemed trying to surpass
The screaming cars and rattling wagons,
That labored through the mass.*

*And when they stopped and cheered the army
And sang its glad return,
I wondered why a youthful woman
Grew pallid with concern;
Till bending idly o'er her babe,
Her sadness to withhold,
I noticed that her proud flag fluttered
Above a star of gold.*

Zeta Chi

We announce with pleasure the pledging of Mr. Hiram L. Brewster.

Bro. Vineyard is sick at the present time with tonsillitis.

(Bro. Evans went with the team to Kansas City Friday night to play Polytechnic)

Date with Dimp
from Sweet Creek
BASKET BALL NOTES

In the opening game of the season, Friday night January 10, Jewell was beaten by Polytechnic from K. C. This being a non-conference game "Dad" took the chance of trying some new men. Captain House was put out in the first half on personal fouls. Up to that time Jewell was ahead. The game was hard fought and it brought out the material each team had. The final score was 40-27.

Tuesday night, Jan. 14 Jewell met the Tarkio five for the first conference game of the season on the home court. The Jewell five started in the lead and held it all the way until the final count ended 31-20. "Coon" Mayberry placed the best game for the Cardinals, getting 5 goals and his forward only getting 1.

In the second conference game of the season January 18, Jewell swamped the White and Green from Maryville to the tune of 45-26. Every one was "right" and the game was fast from the beginning to the end. "Dimp" Evans was in good form and caged 10 field goals, and "Coon" Mayberry again ran away for 6 field goals. Capt. House played his second whole game and "D" Keedy, Campbell this season, played a good game at forward. The Maryville quintet played a game with no fouls made. Egley was the star basket shooter.

The next victory came from Drury College on Friday night, January 24. This was a fast, hard fought game, Jewell coming out on the big end of a 32-22 score. Basil "Runt" Joyce was present at the game, one of the star forwards of last year's team. Nearly half of Drury's points were made from free throws, Jewell making a great number of fouls.

Jewell beat Mo. Wesleyan Monday night, February 3 on Wesleyan's court at Cameron, Mo. It was a hard fight all the way through but Jewell came out with the big end of a 54-30 score. "Spike" Newman led the team with goal shooting, getting 14 field goals.

The Cardinal quintet met Maryville at Maryville's home court in one of the fastest games of the season. Maryville was betting 2 to 1. They had gotten Scaris and Richards, two of their old stars of last year, and shifted their line-up to wallop the Jewellites. This was a hot game from start to finish, with "Spike" Newman leading with the goal shooting for the Cardinals and Miller for Maryville. After the game the boys spent a delightful evening with Rev. Ferguson, a former Wm. Jewell man.

Wm. Jewell
In the first game that the Wm. Jewell Co-eds ever played they won from Mo. Christian college of Camden Point on Friday night, Jan. 31. The girls played exceptionally, and won with a score of 8-6. Ruby Major at running center played a good game and Mrs. Kressey also played some real basket ball. Miss Bra-her, the midget forward started with her goal shooting and with the help of Miss Artman gave the team their victory. Misses Martin and Moss kept up their end at guard in first class style.
The forwards of M. C. C. played well.
Immediately following the girls victory the boys took on the Springfield quintet and smothered them to the score of 55-31. Everybody was feeling good and going at their best. "Dimp" Evans was the leader in the goal shooting making half of all the points. Newman played a good game at forward and at center. Mayberry and Capt. House were in their usual good form.
The final score was 40-33.



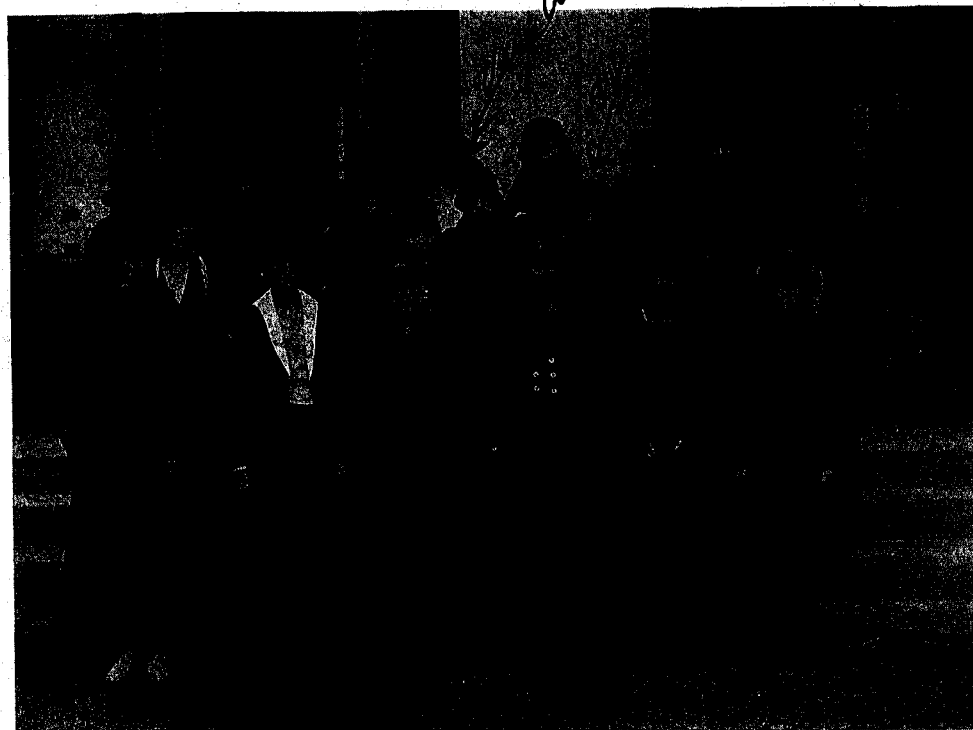
CO-ED

TABLE 2. COUPLE 2

The night Roy came to the Party at Preside Dec. 27-1917
Pastor - Ted J.



Artman



Our Co-Eds

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| ADAMS, MINNIE | HENRY, ROMA |
| ADKINS, IRENE | KRESSE, MRS. A. O. |
| ARTMAN, VERA | LAMKIN, MARY |
| AYLOR, MYRTLE | MAHER, ADA |
| BRASHER, GLYN | MAJOR, RUBY |
| CONWAY, LUCILE | MARTIN, LUCILE |
| CONWAY, MRS. E. M. | MOOS, THELMA |
| CREEK, ALICE | REED, MADALINE |
| CUTHBERTSON, ESSIE | SCHWAMB, MRS. H. H. |
| DOUGHERTY, BELL | STARK, RUTH |
| GREENE, DOROTHY | TAPP, KATHERINE |
| HAYES, ORA | TRIMBLE, GRACE |
| HUNT, VIRGINIA | WILLIAMS, VIRGINIA |
| ZIMMERMAN, MARY | |

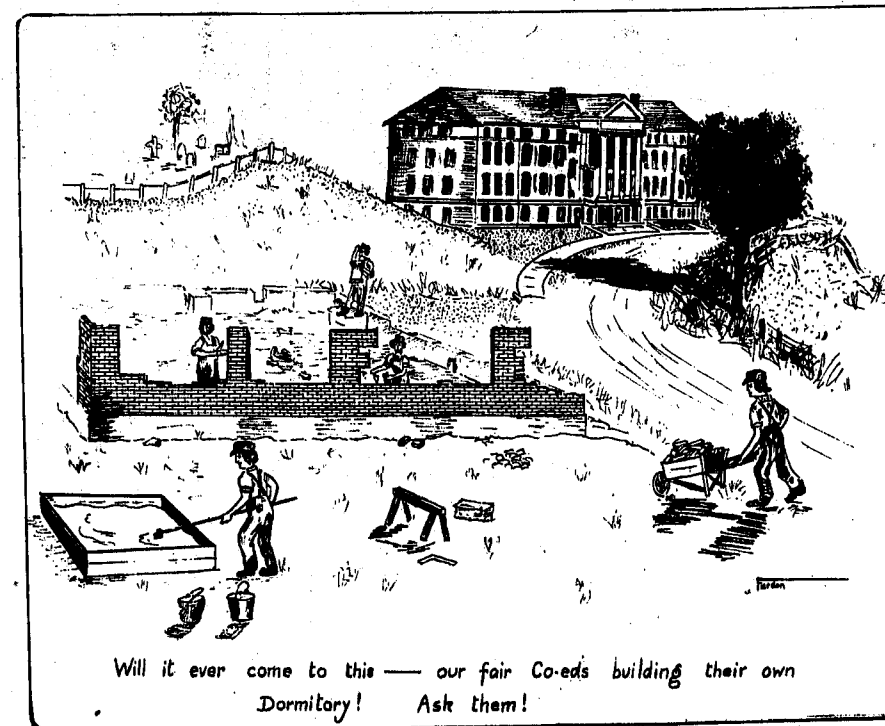


The Girls

When school opened in the fall of '18 the Old Hill wore an unusual aspect for tripping lightly about and radiating sunshine among the fellows was a thing heretofore and forever unknown—girls—honest-to-goodness girls who had come to enter into the spirit and life of Jewell.

Although few in number and inexperienced in the ways and works of the Old Hill they entered with a whole hearted enthusiasm into its activities.

They have been united in purpose and effort to make Jewell Co-Eds permanent in Jewell life, and the girls are not the only ones who are anxious that this may be realized.





Co-Ed Basket Ball Squad

The thrill that comes once in a lifetime—to play on Jewell's first co-ed basket ball team. The hearty support of the students indicates that they really belong to us and have come to stay. The members of the squad are:

- LEONA KRESSE, *Captain*
- GLYN BRASHER, *Forward*
- VERA ARTMAN, *Forward*
- LUCILE MARTIN, *Guard*
- THELMA MOSS, *Guard*
- LEONA KRESSE, *Center*
- RUBY MAJOR, *Center*

Substitutes

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| IRENE ADKINS | ADA MAHER |
| DOROTHY GREENE | BELL DOUGHERTY |
| MADALINE REED | LUCILE CONWAY |
| VIRGINIA HUNT | |



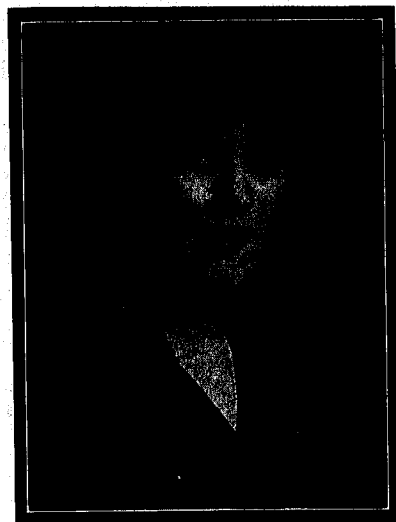
The Left Hand Salute

LIEUTENANT ~~FEENSO~~ AND MISS ~~FEENSO~~
1918

[A CASE OF NECESSITY AND NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW]
(-REF. GERMAN I.D.R.)



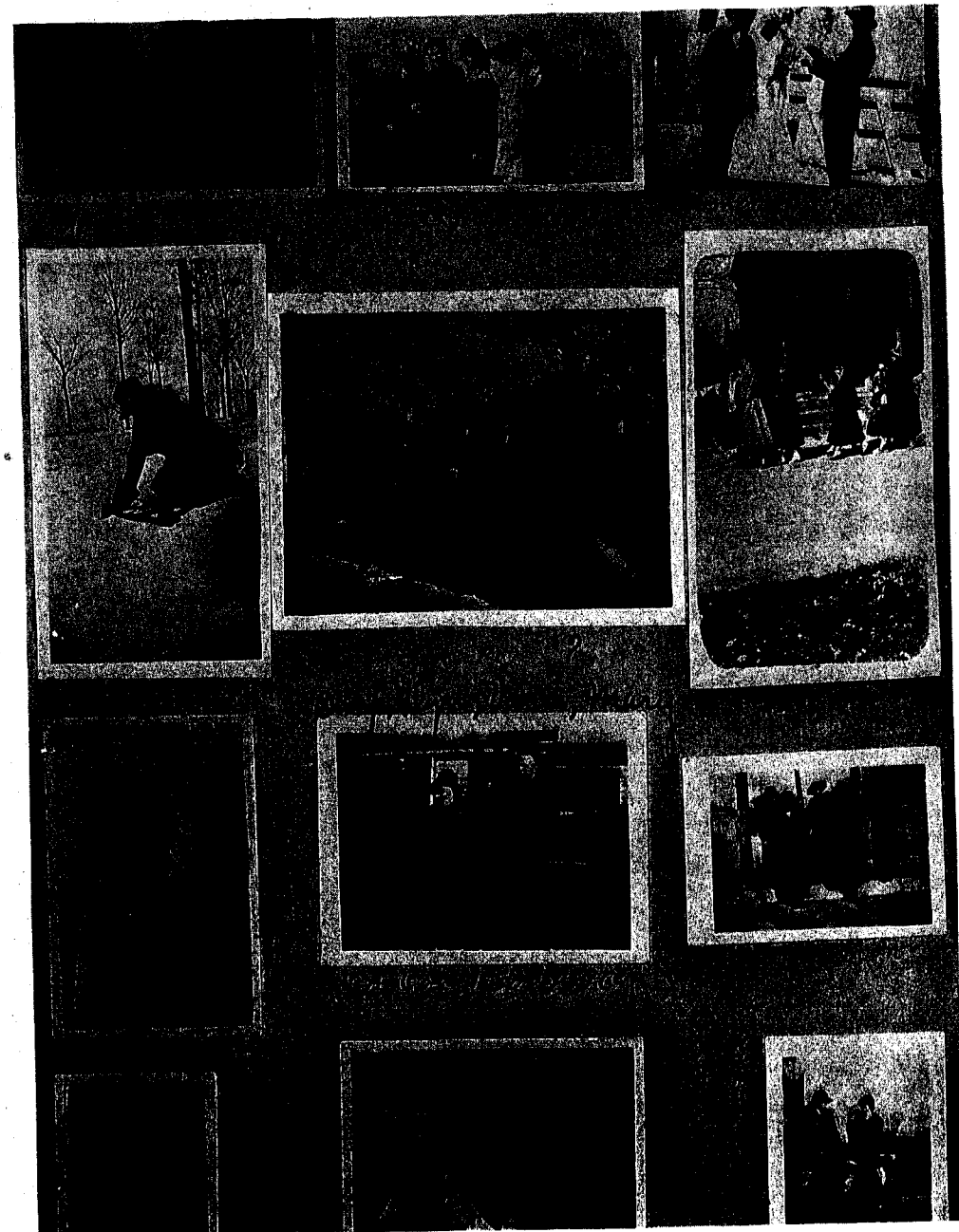
In Memoriam



MYRTLE LOUISE AYLOR

Born, Cartersville, Missouri, March 14, 1897. *
Entered William Jewell College September 12, 1918.
Died, Liberty, Missouri, December 4, 1918.
Myrtle had a sunny and unselfish disposition and was loved by those whose friendships she formed in the few short months she was with us. She was a member of the Sophomore class.

"None who e'er knew her can believe her dead;
Though, should she die, they deem it well might be
Her spirit took its everlasting flight
In summer's glory, by the sunset sea,
That onward through the golden gate is fled.
Ah, where that bright soul is cannot be night."



I Come ter Kollege

*I come ter kollege ter git some nolege
But all I do, by heck, is cash a check.*

*I come ter git acquainted with this and that
But all I see is signs, "Conserve the fat."*

*So I eat the prunes and hash they sling at us
And swallow seeds and all without a fuss.*

*"Jest watch them other fellers, Bill,
While yer on that high old hill,"*

*Is what my Pa writ down ter me—
A gosh dinger wise old bee, is he.*

*"Leave out the wimmen, they done your Pa
And they ain't made no more like Ma."*

*So I looked the ole place round
And this is what I found—*

*If I come ter kollege after nolege like I thot
I'd haft ter tend ter business like I ought*

*And cut out all the wine and song
And stick ter business the hull day long;*

*Study all my lessons, ever one,
Then go ter bed when that is done.*

*But since I've been in this ole town
One durn sure thing I've found:*

*I can't so much as leave this Hill
Till some sweet voice says, "Hello, Bill."*

*'Course I blush and turn all red
Jest as if I'd lost my head.*

*But she's so cute and sweet and all
I'm just about decidin' to fall.*

*Then I think of all Pa said at last
"Watch out, Bill, them gals is fast;*

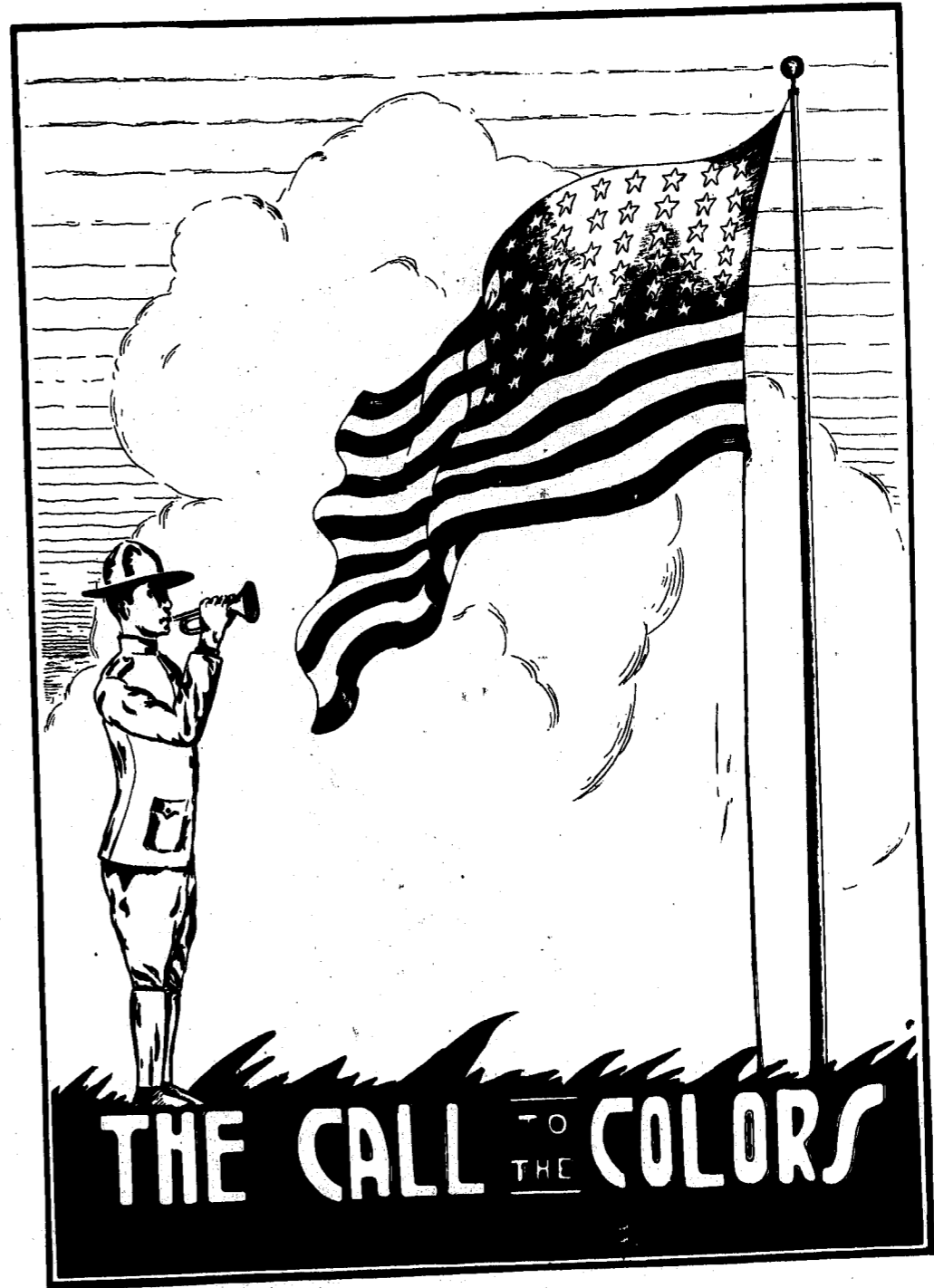
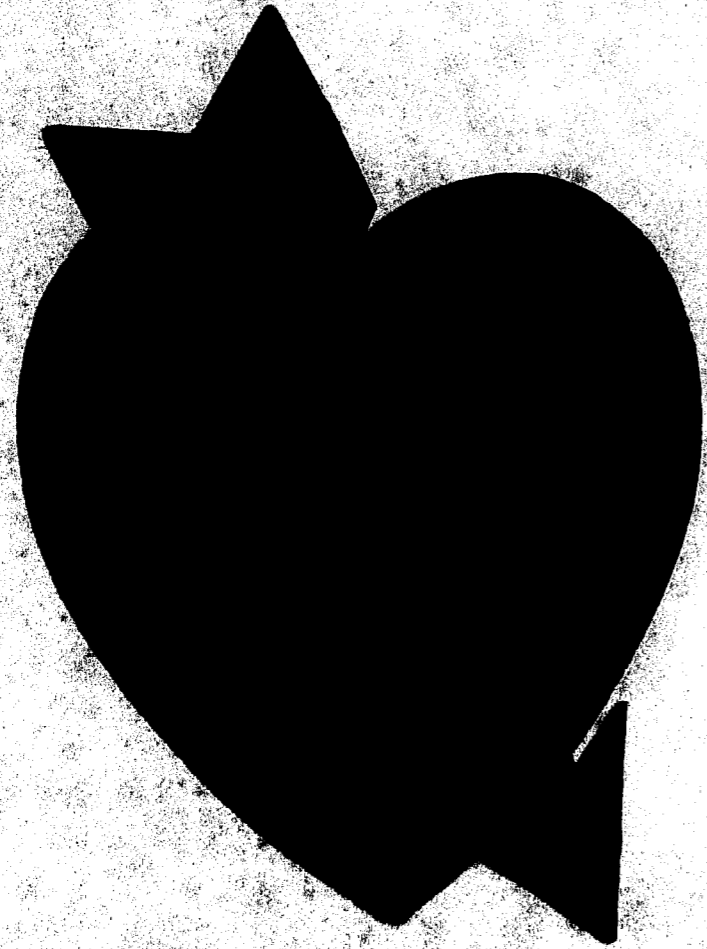
*They'll lead you on and spend your cash,
Then shove you in with a good loud splash."*

*So I run back to my good old room
Then think I'm in a living tomb,*

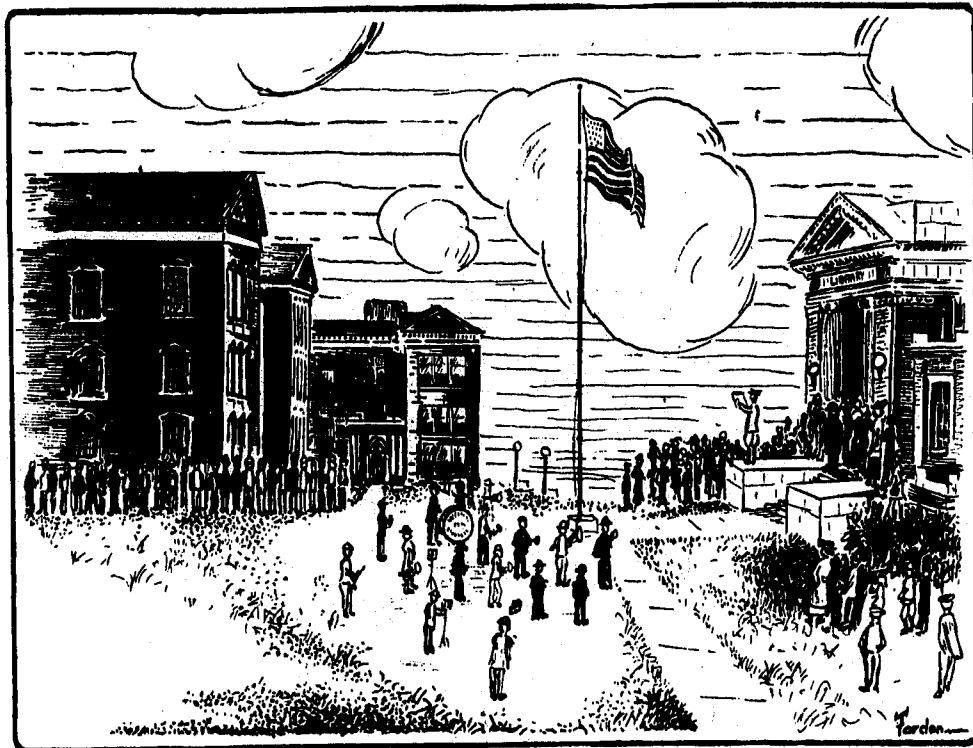
*I'm so skeered and tired and mad—
I write a check on glorious Dad*

*And ketch the car for Singapore,
To let them know I'm thru for shore.*

—Dorothy Greene.



THE CALL TO THE COLORS



Message of the President of the United States

TO BE READ AT ASSEMBLY OF THE STUDENTS' ARMY TRAINING CORPS,
OCTOBER 1, 1918

The step you have taken is a most significant one. By it you have ceased to be merely individuals, each seeking to perfect himself to win his own place in the world and have become comrades in the common cause of making the world a better place to live in. You have joined yourselves with the entire manhood of the country and pledged, as did your forefathers, "your lives, your fortunes and your sacred honor" to the freedom of humanity.

The enterprise upon which you have embarked is a hazardous and difficult one. This is not a war of words; this is not a scholastic struggle. It is a war of ideals, yet fought with all the devices of science and with the power of machines. To succeed you must not only be inspired by the ideals for which this country stands, but you must also be masters of the technique with which the battle is fought. You must not only be thrilled with zeal for the common welfare, but you must also be masters of the weapons of today.

There can be no doubt of the issue. The spirit that is revealed and the manner in which America has responded to the call is indomitable. I have no doubt that you too will use your utmost strength to maintain that spirit and to carry it forward to the final victory that will certainly be ours.

—WOODROW WILSON.

War Department

Washington, D. C.
October 1st, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS OF THE DAY:

1. This day has a peculiar significance for more than five hundred colleges and universities throughout the United States. It is witnessing the organization of a new and powerful instrument for the winning of the war—the Students' Army Training Corps. The patriotism of American educational institutions is demonstrated to the world by the effective and convincing manner in which they are supporting this far-reaching plan to hasten the mobilization and training of the armies of the United States.

2. It is most fitting that this day, which will be remembered in American history, should be observed in a manner appropriate to its significance, and to the important aims and purposes of the Students' Army Training Corps. Each commanding officer of a unit of the Students' Army Training Corps, will, therefore, with the co-operation of the president and faculty of the institution where his command is stationed, arrange a program for the proper observance of this day, when more than one hundred and fifty thousand American college students offer themselves for induction in the Students' Army Training Corps, pledging themselves to the honor and defense of their country.

3. This Corps is organized by the direction of the President of the United States under authority of the following General Orders:

WAR DEPARTMENT
Washington, August 24, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 79.

Under the authority conferred by sections 1, 2, 8 and 9 of the Act of Congress "authorizing the President to increase temporarily the military establishment of the United States," approved May 18, 1917, shall be raised and maintained by voluntary induction and draft, a Students' Army Training Corps. Units of this corps will be authorized by the Secretary of War at educational institutions that meet the requirements laid down in Special Regulations.

4. The United States Army Training Detachments established at educational institutions by the Committee on Education and Special Training are this day merged with the Students' Army Training Corps. For purposes of administration only, the Corps has been divided into the Collegiate Section and the Vocational Section. There is no distinction between soldiers of these sections. All are soldiers, and their identity is merged in the United States Army. All have equal opportunities to win promotion, each soldier's progress depending entirely upon his own individual industry and ability.

5. Orders have been issued whereby assemblies of all units of the Corps are being held simultaneously at more than five hundred colleges and universities. At this moment over one hundred and fifty thousand of your comrades throughout the nation are standing at attention in recognition of their new duties as soldiers of the United States.

6. Soldiers of the Students' Army Training Corps: All of the forces of the nation are now being concentrated on the winning of the war. In this great task you are now called to take your proper place. The part which you will play, as members of this Corps, will contribute definitely and in a vital manner to the triumph of our cause. Your opportunities are exceptional and your responsibilities correspondingly great. Honor and the privilege of National service lie before you. Grasp your opportunity. Strive for the common goal. WIN THE WAR.

By direction of the Committee on Education and Special Training:

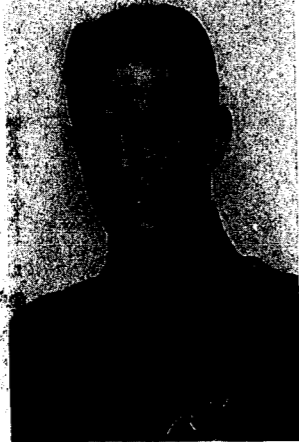
R. I. REES,
Colonel, General Staff Corps,
Chairman.

M S 235 d

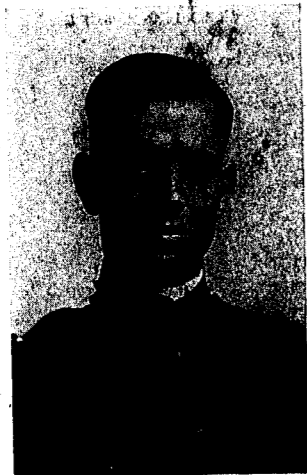


Our

Officers



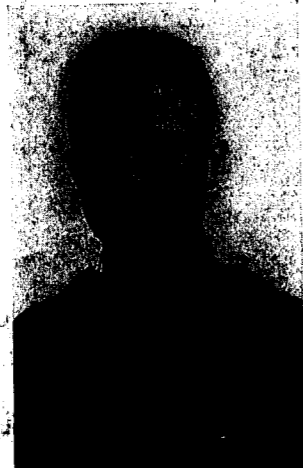
CAPTAIN SPOONER



LIEUTENANT BURTON



LIEUTENANT NAUGLE



LIEUTENANT NANNINGA



MILITARY INSTRUCTION





Hulston, Mo.
Orchestra

Date - Curtis Maughis

THURSDAY NIGHT, MAY 21, 1941

Parade

PROGRAM

- 1. Curtis Maughis
- 2. Curtis Maughis
- 3. Curtis Maughis
- 4. Curtis Maughis
- 5. Mr. Odor
- 6. Odor
- 7. Odor (solo)
- 8. Foy
- 9. Sanderson
- 10. Dr. Biggs
- 11. Frank (solo)
- 12. Maughis
- 13. Singlet
- 14. Singlet
- 15. Maughis
- 16. Maughis
- 17. Maughis
- 18. Maughis
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- 98. Maughis
- 99. Maughis
- 100. Maughis

BATTALION PARADE



Thanksgiving greetings.
From Roy

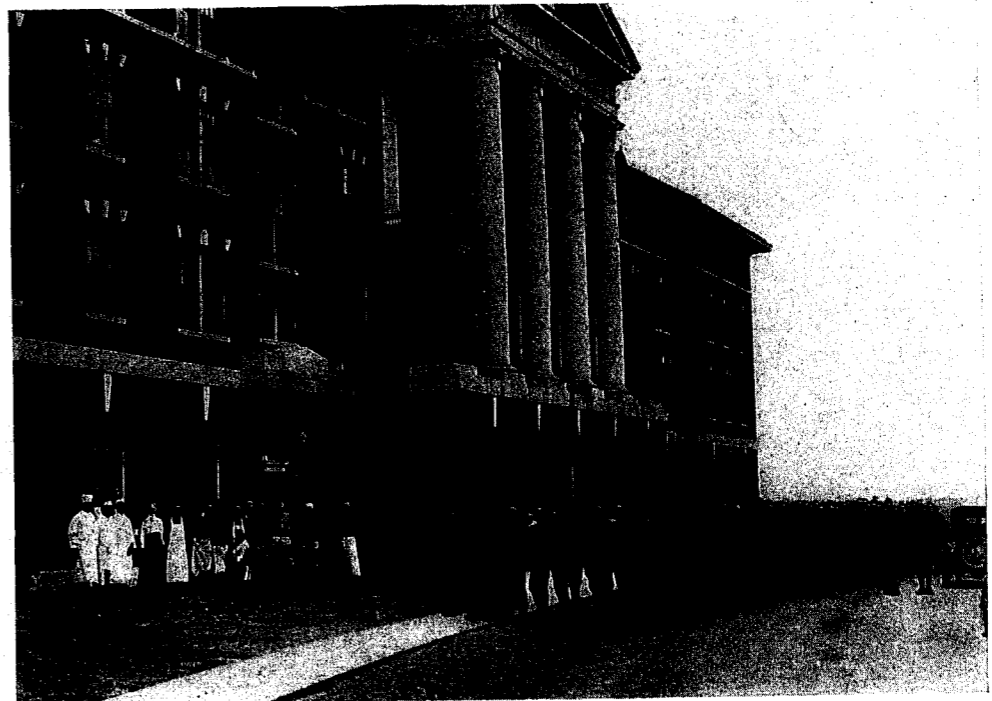


INSPECTION





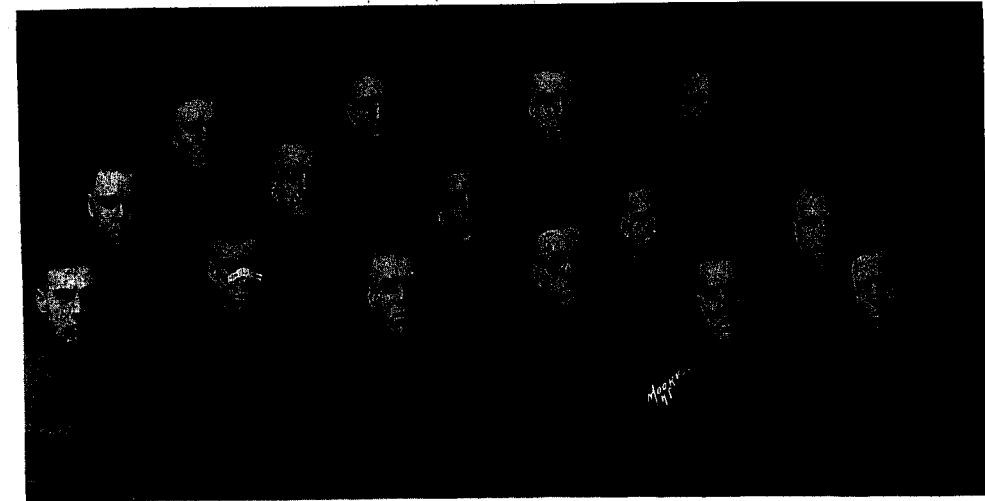
SETTING UP EXERCISES



MESS FORMATION



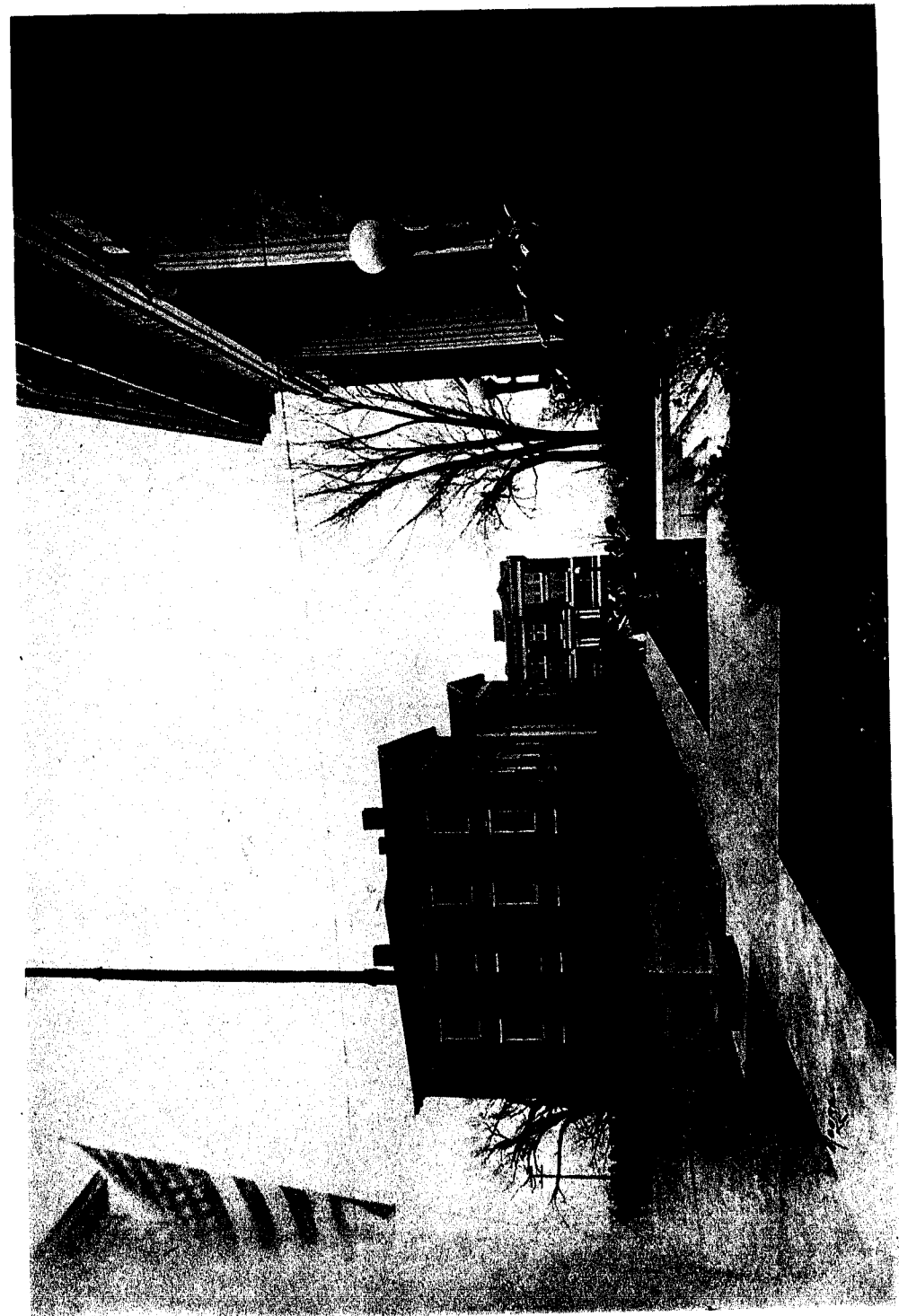
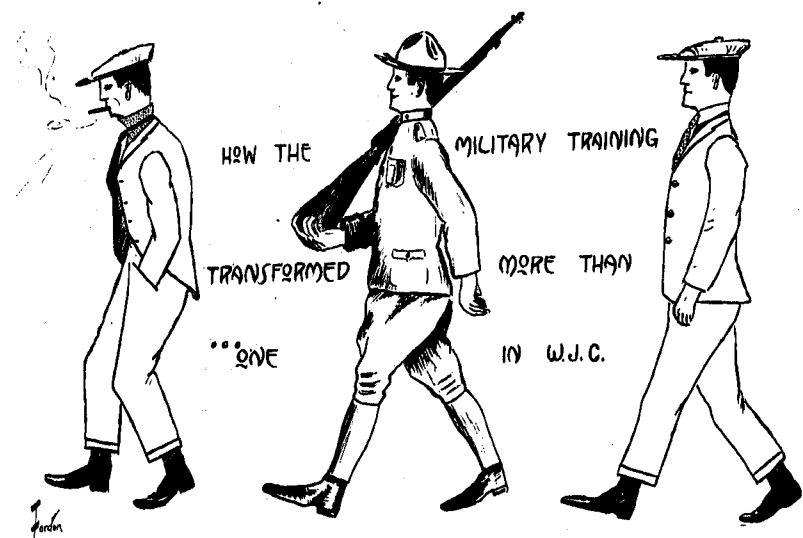
S. A. T. C. BAND



OUR OFFICER CANDIDATES

First row—STUBBS, MEREDITH, SMITH, PATE, RECTOR, KING.
 Second row—HINDS, FOWLER, HOUSE, ANDERSON, HARDIN.
 Top row—WOODSON, MACKINNEY, HARVEY, WARD.

"It was over too soon."



RETREAT

Roster of S. A. T. C.

COMMANDING OFFICER

CLYDE T. SPOONER, *Captain, Infantry*

LIEUTENANTS

JOSEPH C. BURTON

JOHN B. NANNINGA

WILLIAM A. NAUGLE

SERGEANTS

First Sergeants CLARENCE E. FOWLER
 * O'FALLON D. NUTTER
 * SHARON J. PATE
 HENRY CLAY STUBBS
 WILLIAM L. R. WARD
 SAMUEL P. HINDS

Supply Sergeant VANCE C. BINGHAM
Mess Sergeant WALTER H. NOEL
 EDGAR H. MENDENHALL
 * JAMES ROY HARDIN
 HENRY W. BOTTS
 CHARLES M. HERMAN

CORPORALS

* WENDELL T. MEREDITH
 JOHN T. RECTOR
 STANLEY L. SMITH
 HENRY M. KING
 * HENRY L. WARREN
 * EVERETTE G. CREEK
 JAMES R. MARTIN
 KENNETH C. KLEIN
 ZACH T. WOOD
 CHARLES H. OWENS
 HERBERT EBY
 JAMES E. ADAMS

LOUIS A. HOUSE
 CHRISTOPHER G. ANDERSON
 HUGH A. PARKS
 OLIVER P. JONES
 SAMUEL D. DENNIS
 EARL C. SMART
 LEON W. TATE
 CHESTER I. WESTROPE
 THOMAS J. GWYN
 JACK J. JULIAN
 RUSSELL J. BOLLOW
 LELAND B. HIRST

BUGLERS

CASH B. POLLARD

JAMES R. SAMUELL

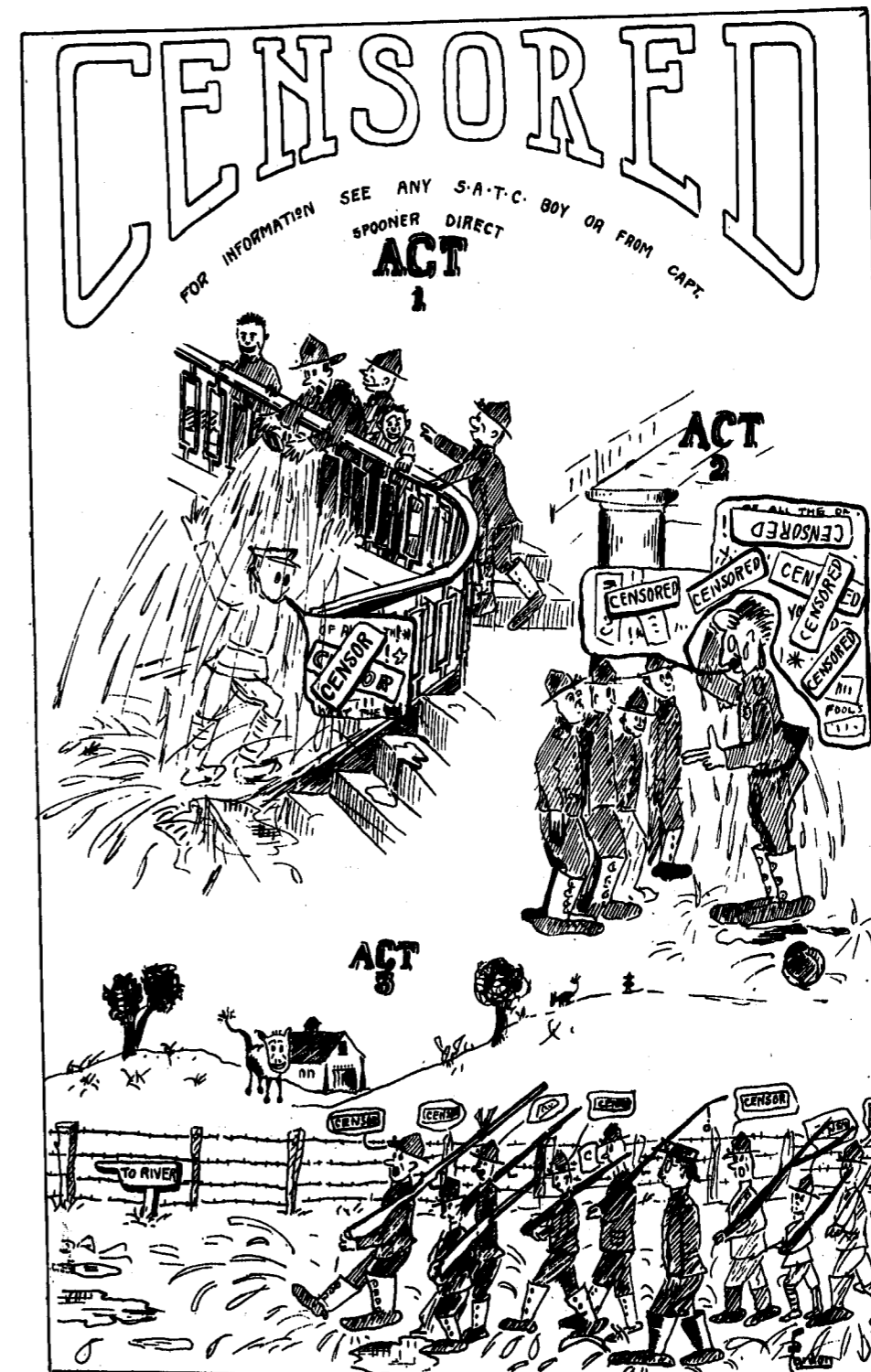
PRIVATEs

Yource D. Adair
 Pryor Carpenter
 T. J. Baker
 Joseph E. Clark
 Jack L. Batchlor
 Ray D. Cooper
 * William E. Billings
 Edward M. Critchfield
 Olin R. Boyer
 Clyde A. Dale
 Edward L. Brown
 Marlon Burnett
 Forrest C. Diehl
 Millard S. Everett
 Fitzhugh R. Lee
 Samuel F. Farrar
 Marlon J. McPike
 Charles O. Fisher
 Walter H. Marshall
 Philip J. Fraher
 Huron V. Massey
 Arthur M. Glick
 Ray M. Miller
 William J. Green
 Grant A. Morrison
 John W. Hall
 Willard B. Mullendore
 Robert S. Hays
 H. L. Neuschwander
 Charles F. Howard
 Ray C. Ohlsen
 Oliver P. Johnston
 John H. Stewart
 Joseph E. Porter
 Perry G. Storts
 Earl W. Richardson
 Daniel M. Teixeira

Leslie F. Robbins
 George W. Van Horne
 Ira M. Rubottom
 Raleigh A. Ward
 * Cecil P. Sansom
 James W. Weldon
 Raymond E. Sears
 Norton L. Wheeler
 Clifford E. Settle
 William L. Woodall
 Thomas A. Smart
 William T. Bybee
 Raymond L. Atterbury
 * Donald M. Church
 Gerald B. Barnes
 Lloyd L. Cook
 Robert E. Bernard
 Dorsey E. Creason
 Theodore R. Boone
 Franklin F. Cunningham
 Kenwood G. Briggs
 Amos P. Dickson
 Bernard C. Dugan
 John C. Lambdin
 Charles D. Fariss
 Eugene F. McHugh
 Robert M. Pifer
 Eugene Marple
 Laurence K. Foulds
 Rue E. Mason
 Jack O. Glasscock
 Otho Miller
 * Dewey R. Grace
 David S. Morgan
 Herschel H. Halferty
 Edwin R. Moss

John E. Harvey
 Willis J. Myers
 James W. Gwinner
 Gordon C. Norvell
 * Charles R. Johnston
 August N. Paranagua
 Allen H. Pledge
 Rider Stockdale
 Dana W. Rams
 * Wayne E. Rhoades
 Audry B. Tarwater
 Paul P. Richmond
 Robert H. Urbach
 James A. Roe
 Coen W. Walker
 James R. Samuell
 Elmer W. Weber
 George R. Scovern
 LaMont West
 Russell M. Sensintaffar
 Harvey C. Wilson
 Ernest A. Shiner
 Ira B. Smith
 Lloyd Adams
 Ray G. Carter
 Edward H. Barksdale
 * Elmer J. Cobb
 Wilfred E. Beasley
 Carl F. Craghead
 Joseph B. Birkhead
 * Stephen B. Cross
 * Harold T. Boyd
 Kirby C. Dallam
 Hendrix E. Davis
 * George C. Butts
 Oliver P. Jones

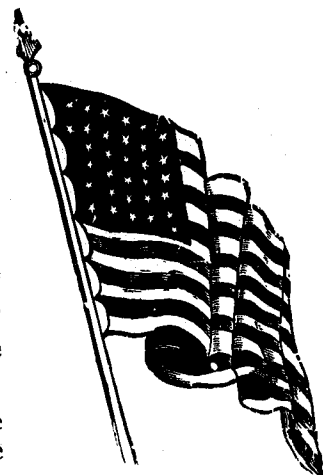
Richard W. Fairbrother
 Dan K. McDonald
 Leonard W. Field
 Walter D. McQuie
 John K. Fletcher
 * Drexel H. Martin
 * Jesse N. Gittinger
 Charles D. Miller
 William F. Goodman
 Hiram E. Montgomery
 Frank Guemple
 Raymond W. Morrow
 Otis C. Harding
 Daniel W. Myers
 Robert L. Hill
 * Irvin M. Newman
 George S. Johnson
 Marlon J. Owen
 * Ralph W. Patton
 Emol A. St. John
 Oral J. Price
 George R. Stroud
 Everette L. Swinney
 Herbert A. Richardson
 John B. Todd
 * Walter M. Robertson
 * Jerry J. Vineyard
 Walter J. Russell
 Walter O. Walker
 Kenneth L. Scott
 Samuel B. Wells
 Ernest B. See
 * Paul W. Williams
 Casper Sharts
 Samuel C. Woodson
 Percy A. Staley



GRAND Victory Celebration

WEDNESDAY

has been set aside by the City of Liberty and surrounding country, as a holiday and a day for CELEBRATING THE UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER OF GERMANY. And also the finishing up of our DRIVE FOR FUNDS TO BRING OUR BOYS HOME FROM THE GREAT VICTORY THEY HAVE ACHIEVED in some degree of comfort.



The day has been declared a holiday by the city officials. Some of the places of business will close all day, many of them from noon on, and all of them from 1:30 to 3:00 P. M. The police are instructed to overlook all celebrating that does not threaten property or injury to persons. No loaded firearms or reckless driving of motor cars will be permitted. Get a flag and something to make a noise and celebrate all day. Get the stuff out of your system that has been pent up there for four years.

The main feature of the day will be A GRAND VICTORY PARADE, starting at 2:00 P. M. and finishing with an address, in front of the Court House, by Trooper O'Connor, the noted British Soldier. The parade will start at the High School and go north to Kansas street, east to Jewell, north to Franklin, west to Fairview, south to Kansas and east to Court House, and disband for speaking. Appoint yourself a committee of one to keep quiet during the speaking, for it is hard to speak in the open.

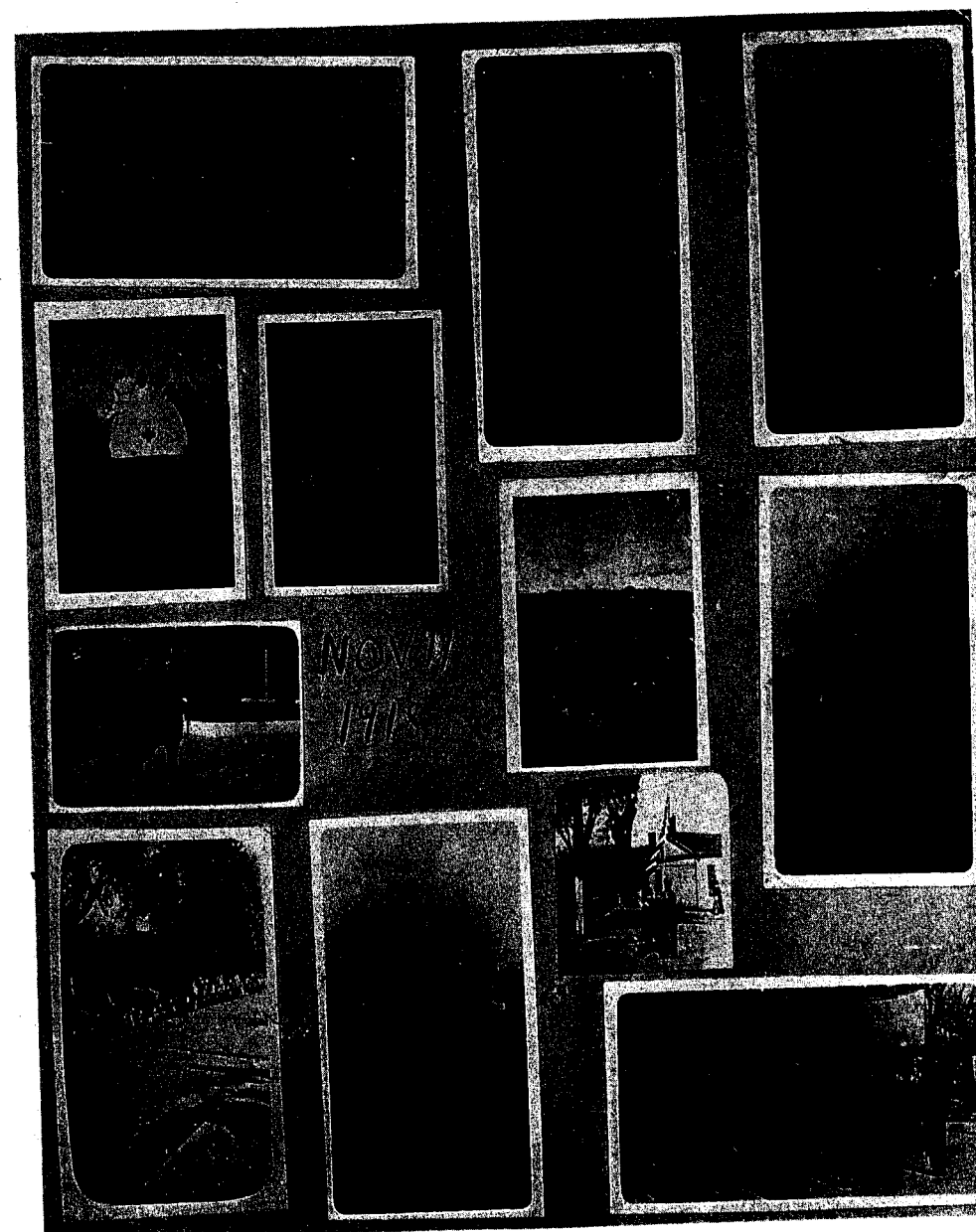
The parade will be led by Chairman J. S. Simrall and the speaker of the day in the order following: The band, the S. A. T. C., with the officer of the day in charge; the U. W. W. Workers, Prof. J. E. Davis, Capt.; Boy Scouts, Fred Owens, Scoutmaster; the High and Grade Schools, Prof. Street, Capt.; Civilian Footmen, Wm. Davis, Capt.; the Colored People, Prof. Jas. A. Gay, Capt.; Automobiles, J. D. Gray, Capt.; Horseback Riders, Col. Wymore, Capt.; the Liberty Fire Dept., Chief Hallissy, Capt.; Col. John King will be the grand marshal of the parade and the captains of the different groups of the parade will be expected to see that their groups in the parade are in place and stay there. Captains will take orders from Grand Marshal King. The Captains will be allowed to appoint Lieutenants for their groups if they need them. Decorate your cars, carry national and service flags. MAKE A NOISE.

The parade will start promptly at 2:00 P. M. Be on time, do your bit. Make all the noise you can, except during the speaking, and then do all you can to make it quiet. DON'T RUN OR START YOUR CAR WHILE THE SPEAKING IS GOING ON. IT IS HARD TO SPEAK IN THE OPEN.

It is expected that every loyal and war organization in the county will have a representation in the parade.

C. H. SEVIER,
LEE CLARK,
E. E. KIRKLAND,
Committee.

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Reserve Officers Training Corps

WHAT it will do for members and for the colleges maintaining the organization.

The R. O. T. C. is what the name implies, a training system for reserve officers of the army, the course to be pursued during the period of the college course. Under this system the young men of the country will be enabled to get their education and military training at the same time and at the completion of the course will be given commissions in the Reserve Corps. These commissions will place holder on the inactive list who will be subject to call to active duty in case of an emergency and will be the nation's guarantee of an adequate list of Reserve Officers from which to draw in case of the necessity of mobilizing an army in a short time.

The Enlisted Personnel of our army would be provided for from the lists of men who have had shorter periods of training in branches other than R. O. T. C.

The proposed universal law will doubtless make it necessary for all young men of military age to meet certain requirements of military service, and eventually every man who is physically able to do so will be required to have a certain minimum of military training. By this system it is hoped, in a few years, that we will be able, if necessary, to mobilize an army of five million or even ten million men in the shortest possible time that would be necessary in the training of raw material that so handicapped us in the work of preparing for the struggle through which we have so recently passed.

By becoming so prepared we do not wish to become a militaristic nation, nor is there any reason why such a condition would result. We feel confident, that with the democratic tendencies of our people, there could be no abuse of the power with which our country would be imbued. The place which America must take in the management of world affairs makes it necessary for her to have the power to enforce her demands.

We find ourselves called upon to act jointly with our Allies as protectors of the smaller and less powerful nations, and without the power to back our arguments we can accomplish nothing.

It is our aim to build for a bigger and better future and to be able to face any emergency that may arise, so we must have our men educated and trained, both for the business of life and for the power to enforce the claims of justice for our own nation as well as those less able to defend themselves.

Our colleges in taking up this work are contributing their part in the national defense plan and should have the support of all concerned and will doubtless receive due recognition and the support of the government in the work in which they play so important a part.

—Clyde T. Spooner, Captain Infantry.

Before Leaving

Otto James Bowles

Come now, my love, I crave of thee
One silent thrill of ecstasy,
That I, through months or years perchance,
May brave my bloody task in France,
Sustained with gentle powers which thou
Instillest in my bosom now.

But not, brave heart, with heaviness,
Nor let my going bring distress;
The world long sickened with the thought
Of what a despot's hand hath wrought,
Looks to my comrades and to me
For Justice and for Liberty.

Let linger then thy pulsing breast
While calms my faltering heart to rest,
And then I'll go with shot and shell
And batter down that scourge of hell,
And turn home singing from my bark
A song to My Joan of Arc.

William Jewell Men Who Did Their Bit

Kappa Sigma

L. K. Barbee, Aviation	O. Ferguson, Capt., Aviation, A. E. F.
J. K. Bright, Field Art.	W. H. Bell, Lieut., F. Art.
W. C. Crawford, Field Art, A. E. F.	P. R. Elmore, N. T. S.
E. G. Toppler, U. S. A.	D. W. Cott, Sig. Corps, A. E. F.
P. A. Estell, A. E. F.	D. C. Clippard, N. T. S.
F. M. Hinds, Navy	J. R. Bentley, N. T. S.
Mat Keys, Aviation, A. E. F.	W. J. Wood, Aviation, A. E. F.
H. G. Leedy, Lieut., A. E. F.	C. E. Dickson, Aviation, A. E. F.
B. R. Norton, Aviation	F. M. Denny, Aviation
K. G. Newhouser, Sgt., A. E. F.	G. K. Browning, Inf.
Milo Overlees, Lieut., Aviation	H. A. Hoffman, Lieut., Aviation
J. H. Simmons, A. E. F.	W. T. Cameron, Sgt., A. M. T. N., A. E. F.
J. M. Tatum, Navy	R. E. Mitchell, Eng. Corps, A. E. F.
V. E. Tatum, Lieut., Q. M. C.	Maurice Finney, Navy
Miller Wilmot, Lieut., Eng.	J. K. Francis, Aviation, A. E. F.
E. O. Franklin, Capt., F. Art., A. E. F.	R. W. Bell, F. A., A. E. F.
O. J. Newport, Sgt., A. E. F.	Arthur Watson, Camp Pike
D. G. Peterson, Aviation	Fred Courtney, Lieut., Inf.
W. F. Collins, Ens., Navy	Homer L. Miller, Navy

Louis D. Gittings, Chemical Warfare

Kappa Alpha

Henry C. Chiles, Lieut., Judge Adv. Dept.	John Bryant, Aviation
Charles G. Revelle, Major, Judge Adv. Dept.	Frank Burchfield, Aviation
Gatewood S. Lincoln, Capt., Navy	Fred Caldwell, Aviation
Robert W. Acker, Medical Corps	James N. Campbell, Chaplain
Gerald H. Bates, Lieut., Inf.	Carlyle Campbell, Lieut., Navy

Spurgeon B. Campbell, Navy
 E. K. Carter, Capt., Engineers
 Perry H. Crafton, Lieut., Inf.
 Wallace Crossley, Fuel Administrator of
 Missouri
 Richard E. Day, Chaplain
 D. I. Farrar, Hospital Corps
 Lynn W. Farrar, Lieut., Inf.
 Cleo W. Feurt, Inf.
 Ludwig Graves, Capt., Q. M. C.
 Waller W. Graves, Marines
 A. T. Groom, Inf.
 John M. Hackler, Lieut., Inf.
 P. Y. T. Henderson, Naval Aviation
 J. B. Hibbitts, Inf.
 L. B. Hibbitts, Ordnance
 Sanford A. Howard
 Paul Hubbard, Radio
 Milnor Jeffries, Q. M. C.
 G. Forest Kemper, O. T. M., Navy
 Frank Long, Y. M. C. A.
 S. M. Long, Ry. Tel. Bn.
 Lawrence E. Mahan
 I. R. Martin, Naval Aviation
 Ira B. McClure, Q. M. C.
 Foster B. McHenry, Inf.
 Chester A. Miles, Signal Corps

Roy S. Miller, Naval Aviation
 Daniel S. Mooneyham, Balloon Corps
 E. C. Newcombe, Navy
 Bower R. Patrick, Chaplain, Navy
 John Peters, O. T. C., Inf.
 Y. A. Pitts, Lieut., Aviation
 Robert L. Pollard, Lieut., Artillery
 James S. Reber, Lieut., Balloon Corps
 Paul R. Rider, Lieut., Artillery
 Nelson W. Rider, Aviation
 Frank Rose
 John W. Shanks, Inf.
 John M. Sherwood, Inf.
 Henry W. Stanley, O. T. C., Q. M. C.
 Harold J. Stipe, Inf.
 Willard E. Talbot
 J. E. Waller, Artillery
 Mark White, Med. Corps
 A. J. Strauss, Aviation
 L. E. Cravens, Inf.
 F. M. T. Richards, Signal Corps
 Geo. Sexton, Navy
 Claude D. Simms, Artillery (died in France)
 Sam H. Elsner
 Earl Ray Murphy
 Stanley Beebe
 E. M. Stigers, Chaplain

Sigma Nu

Archibald, Leo M., O. T. C.
 Brown, Joseph Everingham, Capt., Inf.
 Brown, Sanford Miller, Capt., Inf. (killed in
 action Sept. 25, 1918)
 Brody, John Alexander, Navy Radio
 Church, Clyde Clifton, Navy Hospital Corps
 Creel, Jewell Dean, Field Artillery
 Crispin, Melvin E., Navy Hospital Corps
 Carbaugh, Glen C., Medical Corps
 Copeland, E. J.
 Dean, Walter F.
 Dudley, James Rogers
 Eby, Earl Kennedy, Quartermaster Corps
 Graves, William Caruthers
 Haldeman, John I.
 Harvey, Roy Emmett, Capt., Inf.
 Harle, Ernest Glen, 1st Lieut., Inf.
 Harris, James Martin, Quartermaster Corps
 Hazzard, Leland Walker, 1st Lieut., Field
 Artillery
 Holland, William Robert, Army Y. M. C. A.
 Hunt, Noah W., Hospital Corps
 Hunt, Thomas Russell, Hospital Corps
 Head, Hal C., Chaplain
 Herring, M. E., R. O. T. C.
 Jones, Ernest Siler, Lieut., Inf.

Kirtley, George Sylvester, Radio Navy
 Murray, Seldon Howe, Hospital Corps (died
 Pneumonia, Oct. 1918, France)
 McKinley, R. Z., O. T. C.
 Moody, Oscar Preston, Inf.
 Matherly, Walter J., Chaplain
 Norris, William V., Balloon Corps
 Norton, E. H., Lieut., Artillery
 Patrick, Fred I., Lieut., Aviation
 Perryman, Curtis B., Lieut., Inf.
 Pierce, Steven C.
 Puckett, R. J., Hospital Corps
 Smiley, John R., Capt., Inf.
 Reynolds, Roland, Hospital Corps
 Schull, William Herndon, Radio Navy
 Schull, John Wyatt, O. T. C.
 Smith, Troy M., Navy
 Smith, Robert C., Navy
 Shelton, William Albert, Capt., Med. Corps
 Stone, William, Lieut., Med. Corps, U. S. N.
 Wornall, Thomas J., O. T. C.
 White, Frank Owen, Med. Corps
 Birkhead, F. R.
 Wilson, Charles R., Lieut., F. A.
 Wolfe, Ira C.
 White, W. R.

Senior, Howard, Hospital Corps
 Underhill, Chester J., Chaplain
 Trotter, Pete, Q. M. C.

Masters, O. L., Med. Corps
 Bostic, R. R., F. A.
 Couch, J. R., Aviation
 Wilson, W. H.

Phi Gamma Delta

Acre, C. G., Chaplain, Inf.
 Antoine, F. G., Lieut., Inf.
 Babb, S. E., Lieut., Art.
 Bagby, O. W., '08, Lieut., U. S. N.
 Bagby, R., Lieut., Aero Service
 Bagby, R. B., Lieut., Art.
 Bell, W. F., Capt., Inf.
 Benjamin, H. R. S., U. S. N.
 Bridges, R. W., Inf.
 Carter, Tyler, U. S. N.
 Cober, R. L., Artillery
 Dawson, C. F., Capt., Coast Art.
 Floyd, W. B., Lieut., Inf.
 Gill, Everette, Lieut., Red Cross
 Gill, C. Fairchild, Lieut., Red Cross
 Godfriaux, H. R., Chemical Warfare
 Green, E. E., U. S. N.
 Green, J. R., Signal Corps
 Griffith, E. C., Liberty Loan Speaker
 Haas, G. C., Lieut., Inf.
 Hale, L. M., Inf.
 Harl, M. T., Capt., Inf.
 Harrelson, B. T., Lieut., Inf.
 Herget, J. F., Chaplain
 Kirtley, L. E., Lieut., Inf.
 LaPrelle, J. L., Lieut., Intelligence Dept.
 Lindau, Lorenzo, Signal Corps
 Major, S. S., Lieut. Aero
 Long, F. E., Lieut., M. G.
 Mayberry, H. T., Capt., Inf.
 Merritt, A. B., F. A.
 Merritt, R. E., U. S. N.
 Motley, C. G.
 Risk, J. C.
 Jenkins, C. C. (killed in France)
 McGill, C. T., Inf.
 Mayberry, M. M., Lieut., Inf.
 Bagby, L. W., Lieut., U. S. N.
 Clark, J. H.
 Custer, J. L., Y. M. C. A., France

Peterman, W. J., U. S. N.

Zeta Chi

M. F. Hyde, Field Signal Bn., A. E. F.
 W. R. Morrow, U. S. Navy
 A. R. Nieman, Sgt. Major, F. A.
 W. H. Roberts, U. S. Marines, A. E. F.
 J. R. Clark, Chemical Warfare

Dye, A. V., Special Diplomatic Service
 Giessing, G. C.
 Jones, P. L., U. S. N.
 Long, J. G., Aviation
 Long, W. E.
 Miller, C. J.
 Miller, J. W., Jr.
 Moore, C. W., Capt., Chaplain, U. S. N.
 Pitts, J. A.
 Pitts, S. Y., Ensign, U. S. N.
 Proctor, David
 F. L. Rhodes, Lieut., Art.
 Sykes, F. A., Med. Corps
 Schwamb, H. H., Inf.
 Truex, E. H., Naval Aviation
 Turner, W. S.
 Tutt, A. C., Lieut., Eng. Corps
 Waterman, L. S., U. S. N.
 Wherritt, A. F., Lieut., Med. Corps
 Wilkinson, A. B., R. O. T. C.
 Wilson, G. C.
 Wilson, B. C., Lieut.
 Withers, R. B., County Food Admin.
 Yancey, C. E., U. S. Food Admin.
 Yancey, C. E., Jr., R. O. T. C.
 Yancey, William B., Navy
 Thomas, B. B., U. S. N.
 Mabry, Harold, U. S. N.
 Swinney, J. J., Aviation
 Davis, D. F., Inf.
 Newman, H. R., Marines
 Reasor, L. C., U. S. N.
 Davis, L. A., U. S. N.
 Jeter, N. L., U. S. N.
 McClintic, W. W., Med. Corps
 McConn, B. T., U. S. N. A.
 Gibbs, E. J., Lieut., Inf.
 Gill, Everett, Jr., U. S. N.
 Conner, Lee S., Inf.
 Dow, John, Aviation

E. H. Collins, Navy
 O. K. Evans, Aviation
 E. G. Ewing, Personnel Dept.
 M. G. Guley, Inf.
 H. C. Scarbrough, Naval Air Station

Roy R. Smith, Aviation (killed Sept. 20, 1918)
 C. B. Allen, Army Candidate School
 G. R. Beswick, Inf.
 E. Mck. Burns, Navy
 J. P. Jones, F. A. Band
 L. S. Whitaker, Medical Corps, A. E. F.
 A. L. Lantz, Inf., A. E. F.
 R. H. Ewing, F. A.
 J. B. Ewing, Base Hospital, A. E. F.
 F. J. Dieterle, Lieut., Inf., A. E. F.
 T. E. Brockhouse, Inspection Div. Ord.
 J. L. Robinson, O. T. C.

E. C. Maret, U. S. S. Louisiana
 L. O. Light, A. E. F.
 L. E. Skilling, Medical Corps, A. E. F.
 E. E. Meeks, Engineers, France
 C. R. Harlow, U. S. S. South Dakota
 R. H. Parker, Chaplain
 M. H. Thorne (died of pneumonia in Camp Fall, 1918)
 B. T. Lackey, Band
 R. L. Ralston
 R. L. Richmond, Medical Corps
 H. L. Brewster, Field Signal Batt.
 R. L. Rothwell, Field Hospital, A. E. F.

John W. Goodman, Infantry, A. E. F.

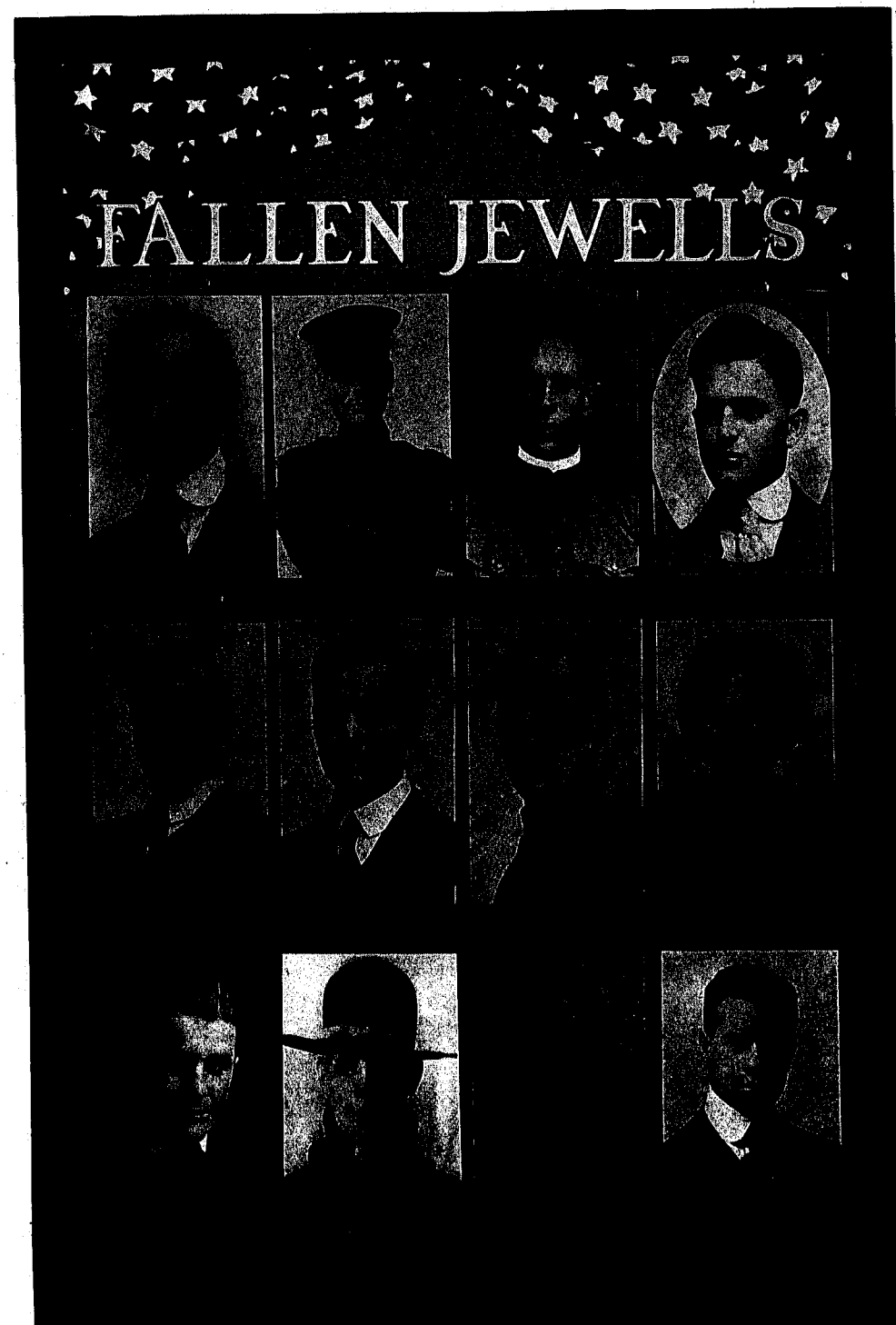
Non Fraternity Men

"Red" Adams
 L. B. Alder, Radio, Navy
 L. J. Andrews, Aviation
 E. H. Armintrout, Y. M. C. A.
 Walter Arnold, Navy
 W. P. Arnold, Inf.
 L. K. Barby, Aviation
 M. H. Babby, Navy
 Fred R. Birch, Aviation
 E. V. Biggs
 C. H. Biggerstaff
 B. H. Bishop, Capt., Inf., (died of Influenza in France)
 H. L. Boney, Inf.
 R. P. Bowen, Chaplain, Navy
 R. E. Bowles, Y. M. C. A.
 M. E. Bratcher, Y. M. C. A.
 E. E. Brock, Navy
 W. Broderick, Inf.
 C. O. Brown, Major
 W. R. Ruse
 Harry B. Ryan, Artillery
 E. F. Canady, Sgt., M. G. Batt., N. A.
 J. T. Chandler, Lieut. Inf.
 Able Cantu, Camp Grant
 Bert A. Christian, N. A.
 Frank G. Clark, Capt., Q. M. C.
 J. C. Clark, Aviation
 Rothwell Clark, Eng. Corps, France
 Dr. R. H. Coon, Y. M. C. A.
 Joe Cooper, Chaplain, France
 H. B. Cox, Lieut., F. A.
 Coleby Cowherd, Inf. (died of Influenza in Texas)
 Carey Craston
 J. L. Custer, Y. M. C. A., France
 Roy David, Reg. Inf.
 C. G. Doppler, U. S. Army

Frank David, Inf., France
 Ray David, Inf., France (killed in action)
 F. H. Davidson, Navy Hos. Corps
 A. L. Davis, Chemical N. A.
 Ben Davis, Signal Corps, France
 David Davis, Navy
 Blount Davidson, Chaplain, France
 V. B. Deatherage, Inf.
 Lewis Dougherty, Aviation
 J. L. Downing, Capt., Med. Res. Corps
 V. V. Edmonds, Navy Band
 Benj. H. Ellif, N. A.
 Martin Engwall, Navy
 Pruitt Estill
 Byron Foy, Aviation
 Andrew Frymire
 Daniel C. Fu, Y. M. C. A., France
 R. E. Gallatin, Navy
 Sam Gant, Navy, Medical Corps
 J. W. Geger, Photo Detachment
 W. H. Gill, Royal Flying Corps
 W. L. Goodspeed, Navy
 H. D. Gowen, Navy
 B. F. Gray, Psychological Dept.
 A. W. Grammer, Inf.
 John Greene, Jr., Inf., Reg. A.
 Ralph Greene, Camp Funston
 B. F. Griffith, F. A.
 A. E. Groff, Lieut., Art.
 O. P. Gruelle
 Roy Hanley, Lieut., Inf.
 R. E. Haney, Lieut., Q. M. Div.
 Cecil Harlow, Navy Band
 J. M. Harris, Q. M. C.
 Jack Harvey, Lieut.
 D. W. Hall, Chaplain, Navy
 Clyde Hampton, Tank Service, France
 E. J. Hamrick, Navy
 L. W. Hazard, Lieut.

M. T. Hancock, Radio, Navy
 Jack Haney, Lieut., Q. M. C.
 Benj. L. Heady, Navy
 J. C. Herndon
 J. W. Herring, French Mort. Batt.
 Oscar Higgins, Y. M. C. A.
 T. C. Hockensmith
 E. F. Hoover
 T. F. Howard, Sgt., Q. M. C.
 Joe Hughes, France
 Manley Hudson, Peace Commission with Pres. Wilson
 M. L. Jones, Lieut., Q. M. C.
 E. C. Kemper, Capt., Eng.
 C. F. Kerr, Aviation
 O. L. Kirtley, Med. Corps
 Charles Krouse
 W. S. Koons, Medical Corps
 L. Lamb, Camp Funston
 E. H. Law, Navy
 G. C. Lee, Navy
 Edward Lewis, Y. M. C. A., Italy
 Dr. W. O. Lewis, Chaplain, France
 C. O. Long, Eng.
 M. Lloyd, Navy
 J. C. Loos, Navy
 Paul Lowe, Navy
 W. D. Lyerle, Chaplain
 R. Matthews, Hospital Corps
 Alonzo Mayberry, Naval Aviation
 McAllister, N. A. (lost both legs in France)
 E. F. McComnalia, Chaplain, France
 J. H. McArthur, Navy
 Hugh McCorkle, died of pneumonia
 H. D. Mabry, Wireless, Navy
 E. C. Magruder, Y. M. C. A.
 E. H. Manwarring, Y. M. C. A., France
 R. T. Marr, Aviation
 C. D. Martin, R. O. T. C.
 John Meador, N. A.
 E. F. Meeks, Corp., Engineers
 O. W. Neidert, Lieut., Reg. A.
 P. H. Nelms, Marines
 Ashley Newman, Coast Art.
 Virgil Newport, Sgt., N. A.
 Walter Nolen, Aviation
 Tom Osborne, Inf.
 B. H. Overman, Inf., France
 K. H. Parker, Pilot, Aviation
 C. E. Patterson (killed in action)
 "Shorty" Payne

Lorenzo Pearson, Inf.
 J. L. Pepper, Red Cross
 — — Perkins, Inf.
 J. E. Pickett, Art., France
 R. L. Pickett, Art., France
 J. H. Pollard, Chaplain
 Montey Pierce
 A. B. Potter, Med. Corps
 E. V. Pugh, Lieut., Eng. Corps
 H. Ransbottom, Inf., France
 Austin Rhodes, Lieut., Eng.
 Harry Rogers, Corp. Inf. (killed in action)
 Ralph Roth, Art.
 W. Otto Rothwell, Inf., France
 O. L. Robinson, Marines
 — — Sanderson, Reg. Inf. (wounded in action)
 A. L. Sargent, Camp Pike
 G. C. Schwartz, Chaplain, France
 G. V. Settle, Navy
 R. W. Settle, Y. M. C. A.
 Robert E. Sheetz, Lieut., Med. Corps
 Rochester F. Simms, Signal Corps
 Frank Smay, Sgt., Inf.
 Mintal Smith, Training Camp (died of pneumonia)
 F. G. Smith, Inf. (killed in action)
 L. J. Snow, Chaplain
 E. M. Stannard, Inf. Signal Corps
 — — Stark
 J. F. Steele, Marines
 J. G. Steinhiller
 Dr. E. H. Sutherland, O. T. C.
 R. L. Lutloff, Med. Corps, Navy
 M. L. Swinney, Navy
 J. C. Tarrant, Navy
 W. T. Thurman, Navy
 J. C. Tobias
 A. R. Trachsel, Lieut., Aviation
 L. F. Tronjo, Lieut., Infantry
 P. M. Waldron, Chemical Warfare
 H. C. Warren, Aviation
 S. L. Waterman, British Army
 J. L. Watts, Corp., Infantry
 W. I. Weldon, Aviation
 Ford White, Medical Corps
 H. Whitesell, Aviation
 W. O. Wood, Inf.
 Richard B. Wornall, Ambulance Corps, France



ROY R. SMITH—Born June 18, 1895. Member class of '20. Entered Ground School at Urbana, Illinois, March 1, 1918. Cadet Flying Corps, Kelly Field. Killed in aeroplane fall September 9, 1918.

BARTLETT ROPER BISHOP—Born December 25, 1879. Graduate of W. J. C. Entered service October, 1918. Captain of Ordnance at Washington, D. C. Died of pneumonia December 23, 1918.

FRED G. SMITH—Born June 10, 1890. Member of class of '21. Member of N. G. Called to camp March 26, 1917. Member of First Aid Staff and assistant chaplain. Killed in battle of the Argonne Forest, September 30, 1918.

MAYNARD H. THORNE—Born December 26, 1892. Graduated with class of '17. Entered service July 15, 1917. Died of pneumonia at Camp MacArthur, October 15, 1918.

RAY DAVID—Born November 1, 1888. Member of class of '17. Member of 362nd Inf., 91st Div. Killed in battle of the Argonne Forest, September 29, 1918.

HARRY ROGERS—Born March 4, 1891. Graduated with class of '17. Entered service August 14, 1917. 2nd Lt. Inf. Cited by Gen. Pershing for special bravery displayed with "Lost Battalion." Killed in battle of the Argonne Forest, October 6, 1918.

SELDON HOWE MURRAY—Born April 6, 1893. Graduated with the class of '14. Entered service August, 1917. Corp. Med. Corps, Base Hospital No. 21. Died of pneumonia at Rouen, France, October 21, 1918.

COLEBY COWHERD—Born July 9, 1890. Member of class of '12. Entered service July 16, 1918. Corporal Personnel Office Headquarters, Camp MacArthur. Died of pneumonia October 12, 1918.

CLAUDE D. SIMS—Born July 21, 1896. Member of class of '17. Entered service May 18, 1918. In France with Supply Company of 78th F. A. Died of pneumonia September 25, 1918.

CHARLES E. PATTERSON—Born August 4, 1895. Entered service September 15, 1917. Killed in action June 15-22, 1918.

CARLYLE C. JENKINS—Born May 12, 1895. Member of class of '18. With Marines in France. Died of sunstroke, May 23, 1918.

SANFORD M. BROWN—Graduated with the class of '14. Capt. Inf. Killed in action September 25, 1918.

ELDONE H. TRUEX—Born August 7, 1896. Graduated at W. J. C. with the class of '17. Cadet, Naval Aviation, Pensicola, Florida. Killed March 31, 1919, collision two planes.

MINTLE SMITH—Training Camp, Illinois. Died of pneumonia.

LOGAN KILMEL—Member of class of '20. Killed in action.





To Peace, With Victory

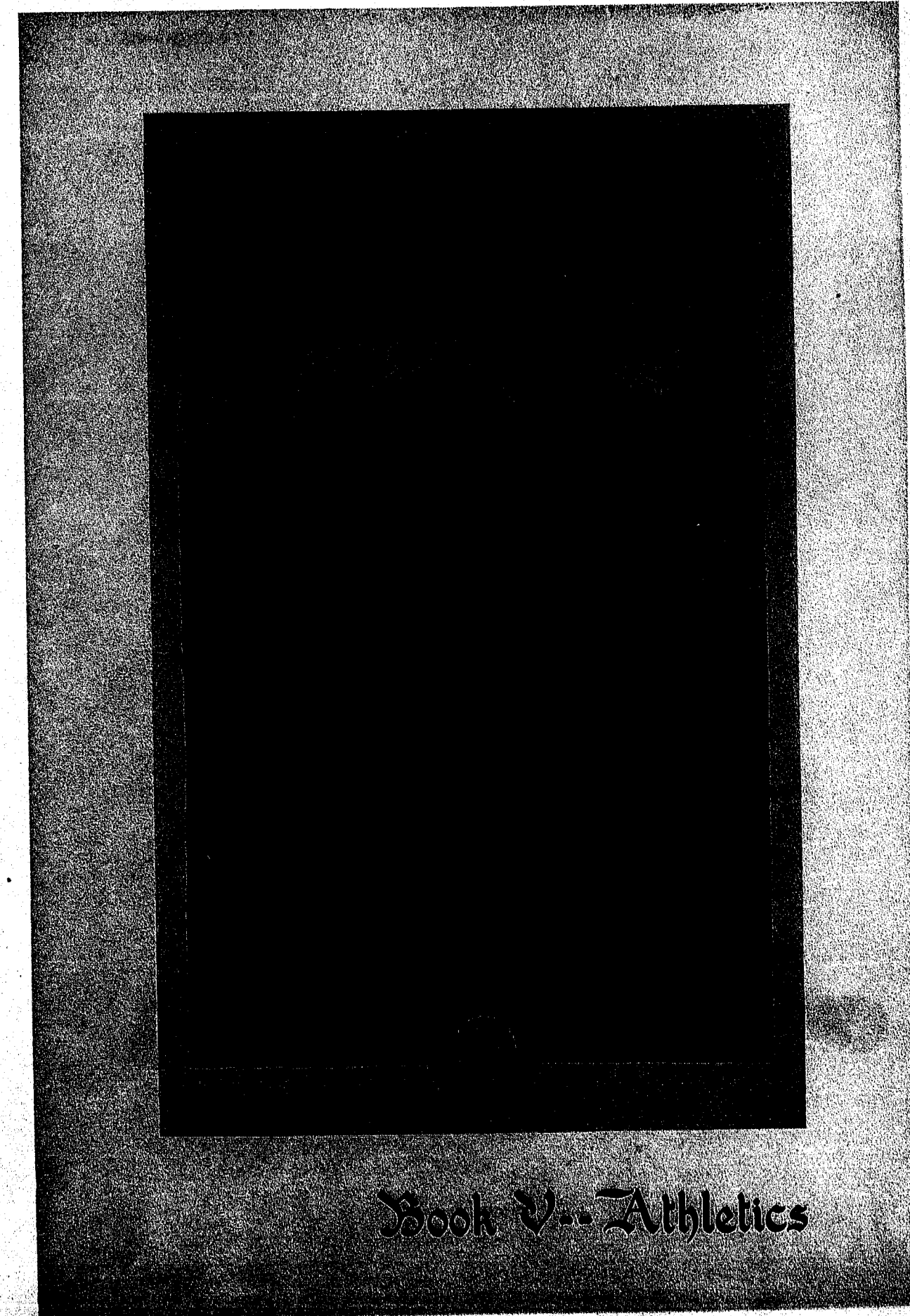
By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

I could not welcome you, O longed-for Peace,
Unless your coming had been heralded
By Victory! The legions who have bled
Had elsewhere died in vain for our release.

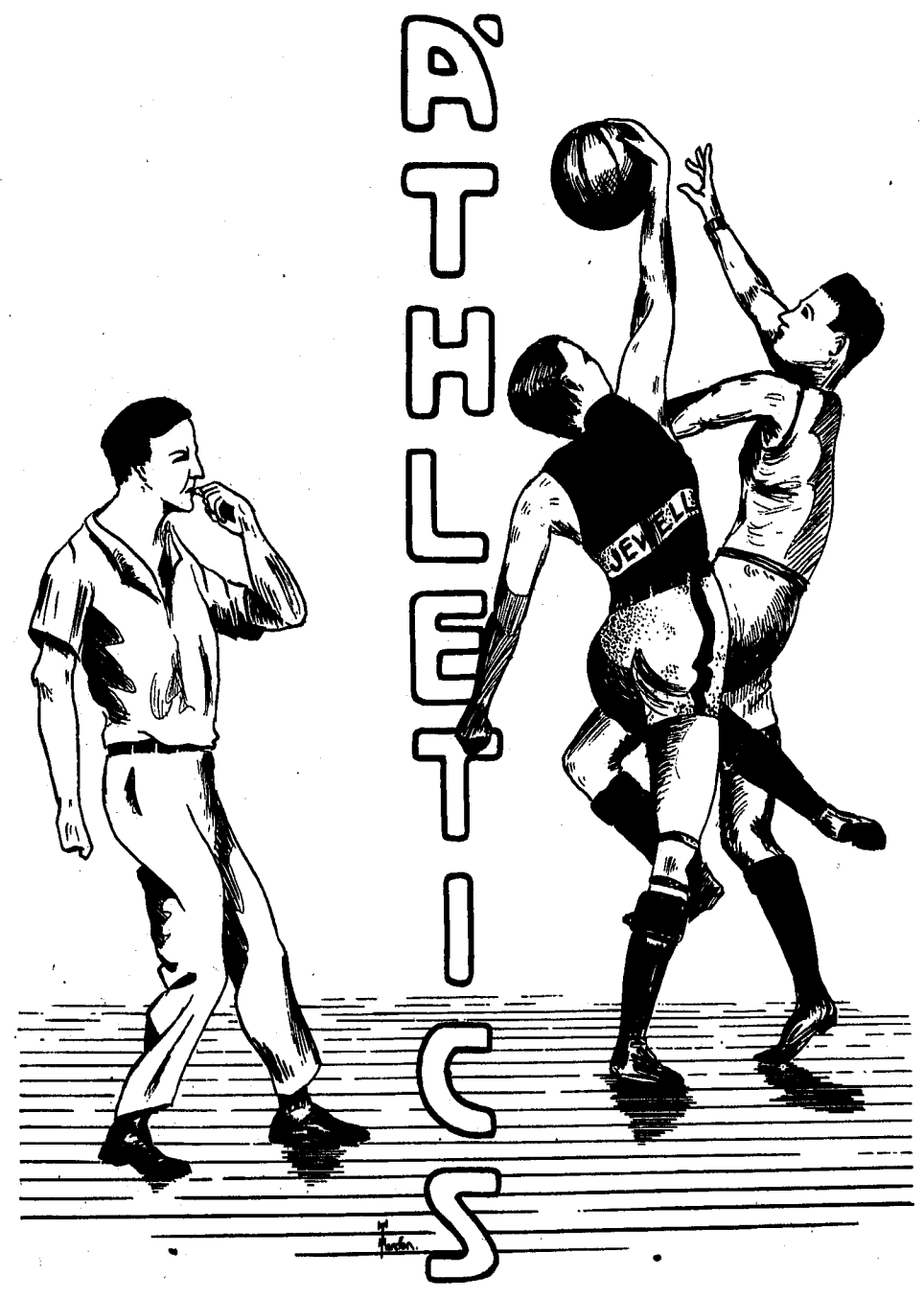
But now that you come sternly, let me kneel
And pay my tribute to the myriad dead,
Who counted not the blood that they have shed
Against the goal their valor shall reveal.

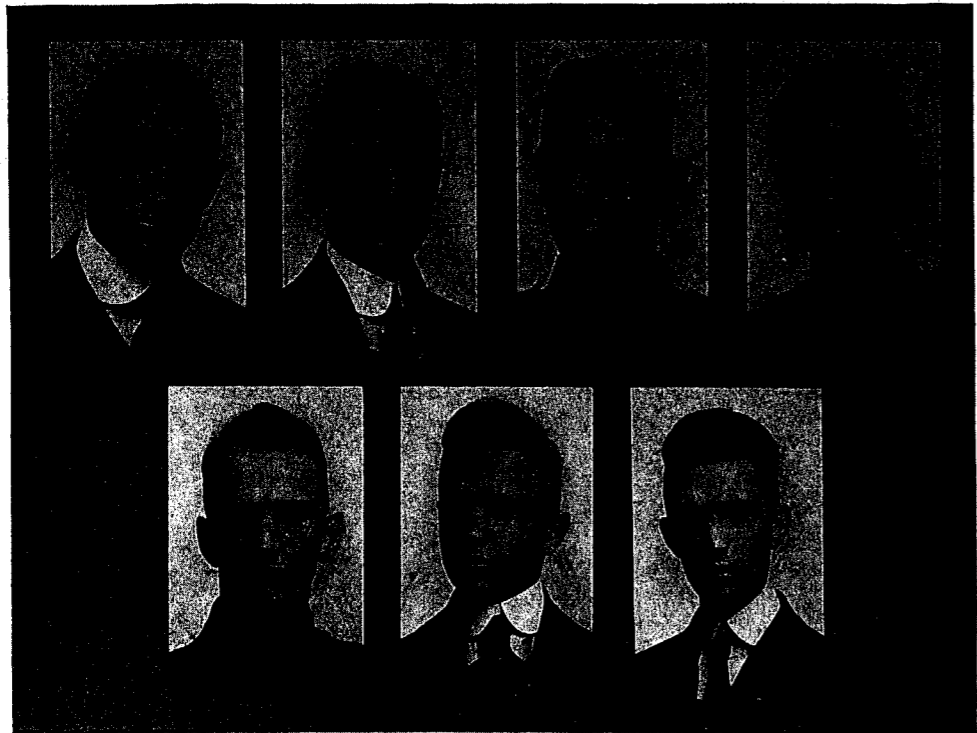
Ah! what had been the shame, had all the stars
And stripes of our brave flag drooped still unfurled,
When the fair freedom of the weary world
Hung in the balance. Welcome then the scars!

Welcome the sacrifice! With lifted head
Our nation greets dear Peace as honor's right;
And ye the Brave, the Fallen in the fight,
Had ye not perished, then were honor dead!



Book V-- Athletics





Athletic Board

OFFICERS

JOHN E. DAVIS
WALTER O. WALKER

President
Secretary

MEMBERS

JOHN E. DAVIS
R. E. BOWLES
I. M. NEWMAN

WENDELL T. MEREDITH
WALTER O. WALKER
JOHN K. FLETCHER

EDMUND WHITTAKER

Purpose: To manage and direct athletics for the best interest of William Jewell.



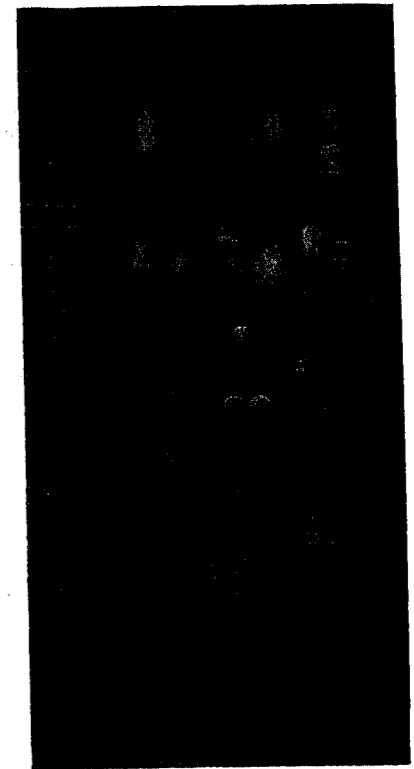
COACH BOWLES

Nearly a decade has passed since "Dad"—R. E. Bowles—the rangy, capable coach came capering into our college contests from out of Carroll county. The development of many satellites in every branch of college athletics can be attributed to "Dad." But his work may best be judged by the championship trophies won by William Jewell in the past few years.

Each year we have wondered at the marvelous manner in which our teams, crippled by the loss of our best men, come out of the holes in which they are placed and bring home to old Jewell new stars and new Cardinal championships. Our answer to any query as to the reason would have to be, Coach Bowles.

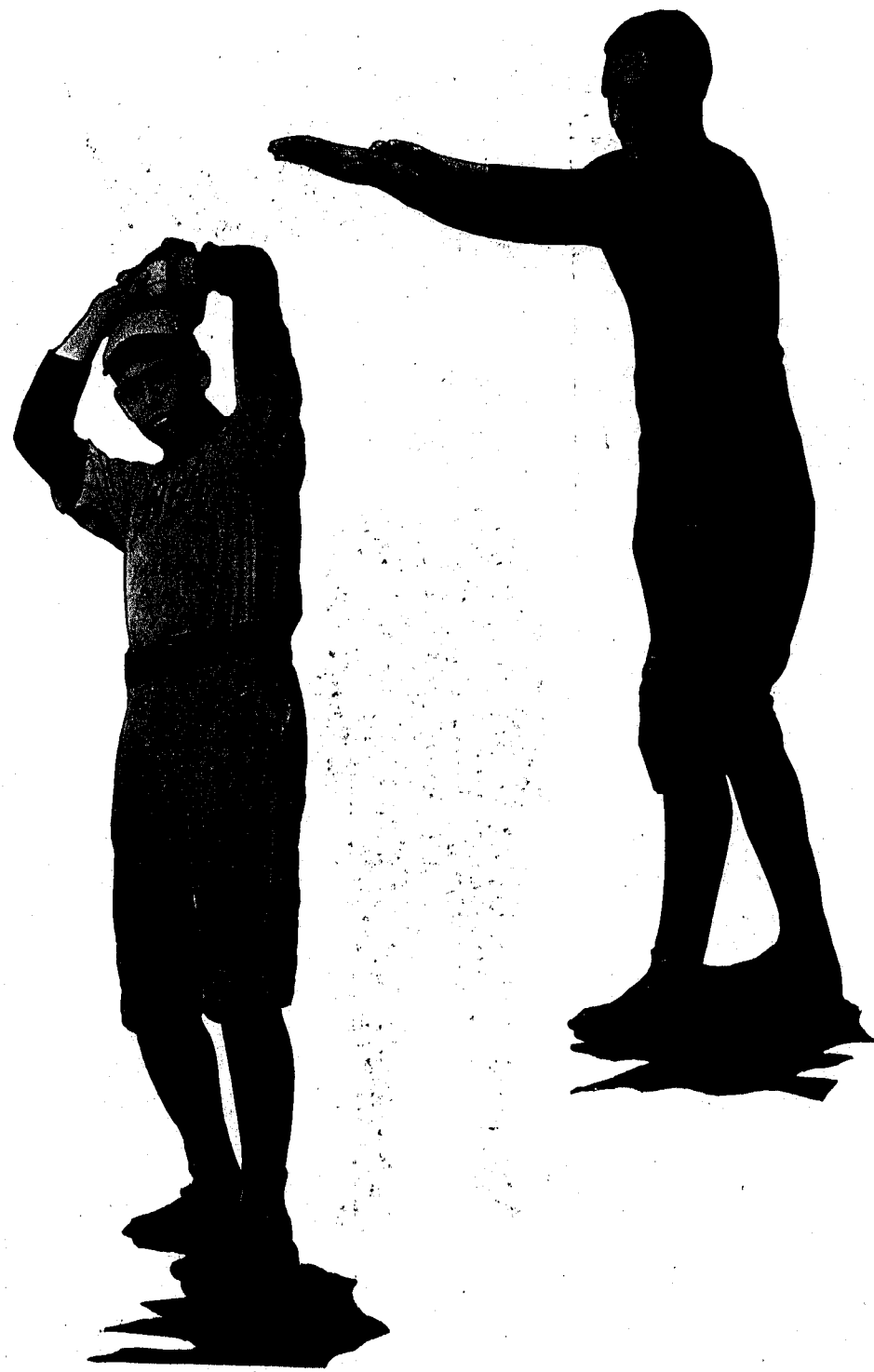
And we are justly proud of "Dad;" because he is strictly a Jewell product and is the medium through which Cardinal spirit has been transmitted to the present generation of our school.

Jewell's coach and Jewell's athletes need no one to blow their horns when they can exhibit a case of trophies such as the one displayed here. These trophies have been won in all branches of athletics, and offer a lasting testimony to the fact that Jewell has "brought home the bacon."

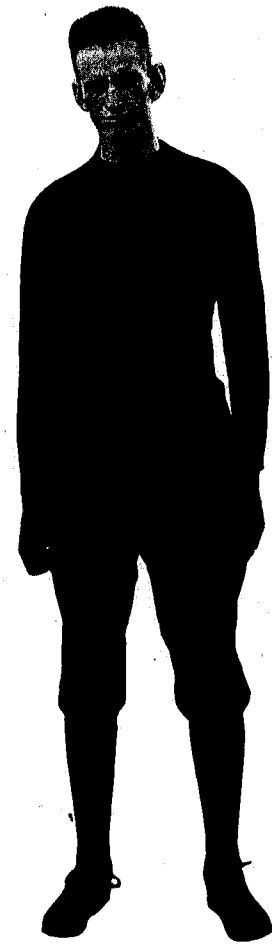
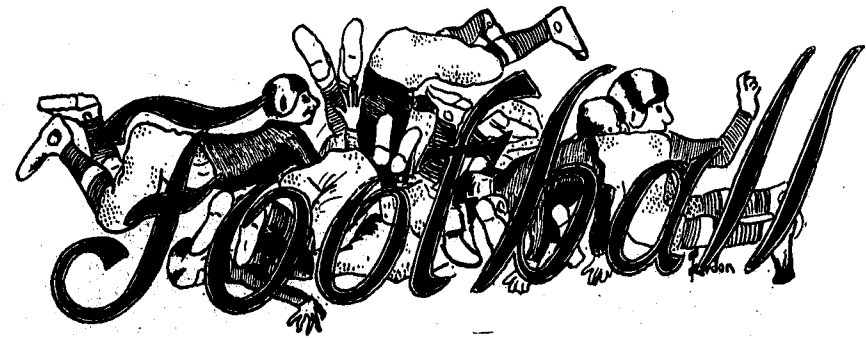


TR' PHIES





STARS



CAPTAIN "BLONDY" WALKER

Three years a fighter on the Jewell eleven. A whirlwind on the offense and a tower of strength on the defense.



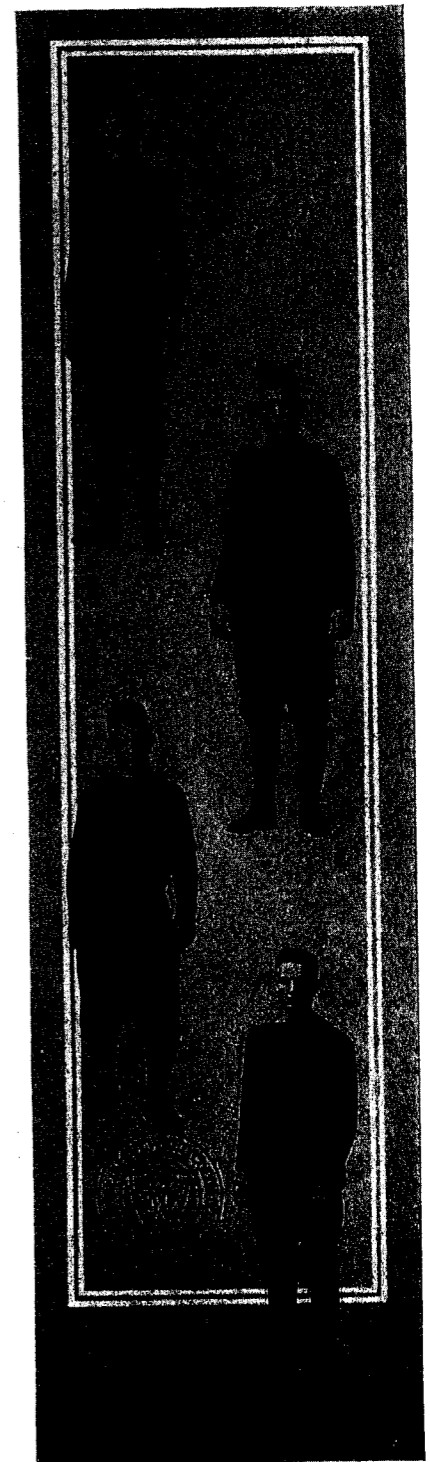


CAPTAIN-ELECT NEWMAN—The best guard in the conference. A hard, steady fighter whom all can depend on.

HARVEY—The Monett lad who has the fight that every one loves to see. The kind Jewell loves to call her own.

JETER—The 135-pound center that set the conference afire. Little, but mighty. Never know where he is till the play is over, then you find him at the bottom of it.

FOWLER—full back—Fowler played a wonderful game for Jewell, holding down the position in such a wonderful manner that he won't soon be forgotten. This lad is responsible for a good number of Jewell's touchdowns.

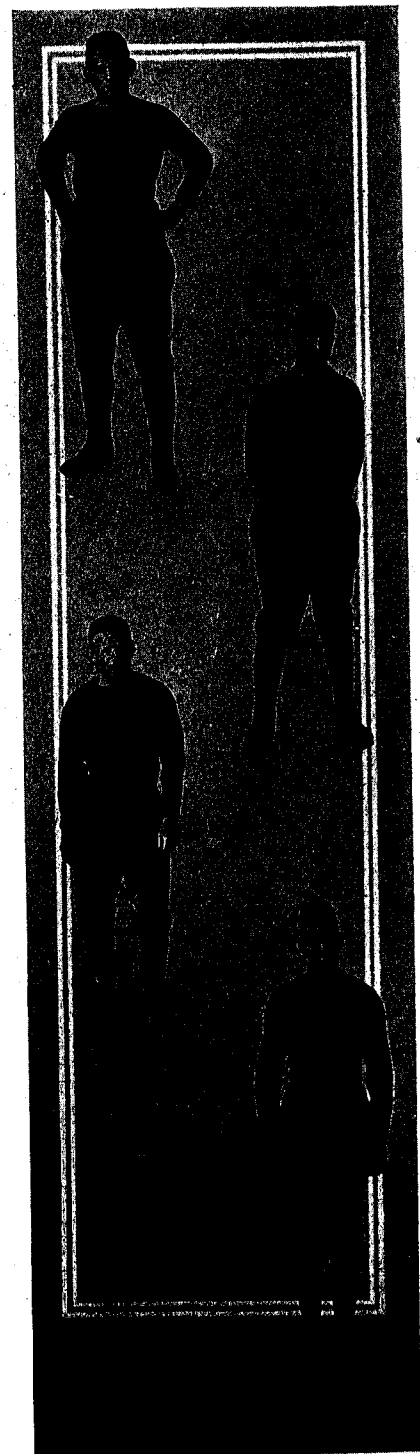


MEREDITH—tackle—A tackle with exceptional merit. A rangy fellow who strikes terror to the hearts of his opponents.

HOUSE—quarter-back—Such a consistent player that it was never safe for the opponent to leave an opening.

STROUD—half-back—A half-back of unusual merit. Small in stature but loud in actions. Known as the Pony Back.

WOOD—half-back—The hard working, consistent "Tilla" boy who made good. "Tilla" is a good half-back.



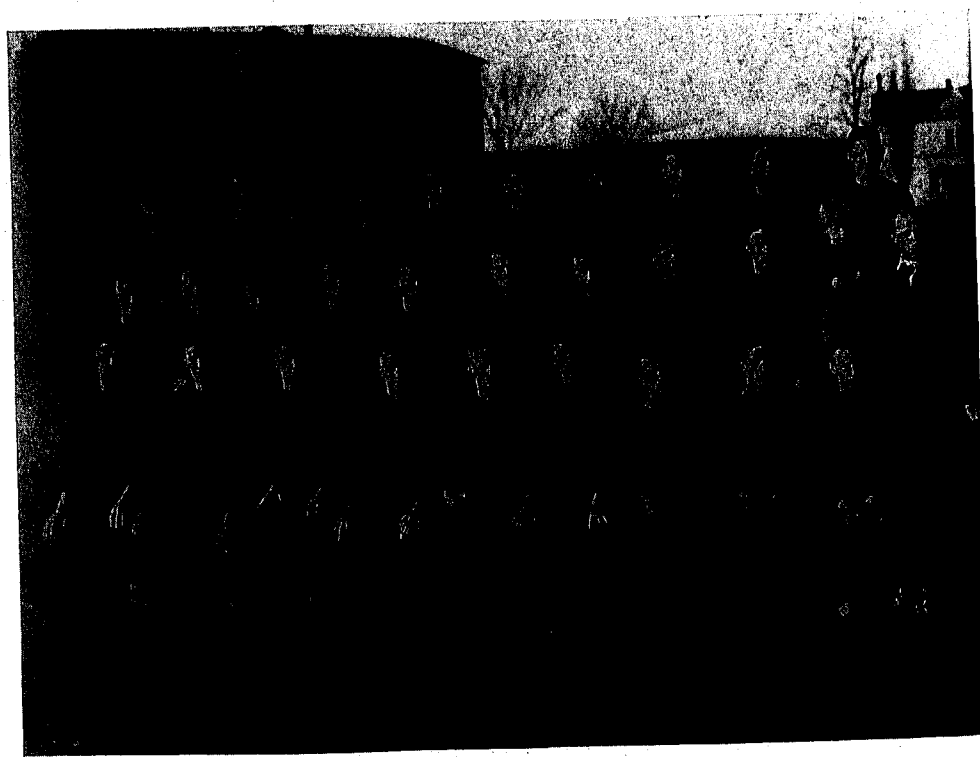
WARD—tackle—The lad who hails from Brookfield. Made good his first year. A bulwark of strength in the line.

• SMART—half-back—Smart, the best kicker in the conference. Always in the game with plenty of pep and endurance.

JULIAN—quarter-back—Another Pony Back. We speak of him in terms of lightning. Always skirting an end or finding a hole.

RECTOR—end—A freshman who won a place the first year, embedding himself in the heart of every loyal Jewell by his stellar work.

Football Squad



Top row—BEALL, BARNES, MARTIN, NOEL, KERR, KRESSE, GITTINGER, BURNETT, KENT, HUMPHREY

Second row—MARSHALL, WELLS, JETER, STROUD, WOOD, RECTOR, HARVEY, HOUSE, CREEK, "BOBBY," "DAD" (Coach)

First row—JONES, NEWMAN, URBACH, FOWLER, *Captain* WALKER, MEREDITH, WARD, SMART, JULIAN

THE SCORE

Jewell	0;	Missouri Wesleyan	7
Jewell	13;	Baker University	0
Jewell	28;	Central	0
Jewell	6;	Westminster	0
Jewell	18;	K. C. Dental	0
Jewell	6;	Missouri Wesleyan	6
Total	71	Total	13

Football

WHEN the first days of school opened things looked rather gloomy for a prosperous football season.

Only two letter men showed up—Captain Walker and Captain-elect Newman.

Captain Mayberry failed to return, as he was commissioned Second Lieutenant at Fort Sheridan during the summer.

Other stars such as "Parson" Hampton, "Champ" Clark, Finney, Clippard, Eubank, Evans and Thomas had heard the call of Uncle Sam and had gone to play a greater game.

Sure the prospects looked rather gloomy. But leave it to "Dad," as we have always done.

The first call for practice brought out as green a bunch as Jewell had seen in many a year.

But "Dad" soon put into operation a machine that looked good. And around Captain Walker and Captain-elect Newman, "Dad" molded a team that won second honors in the championship race.

The first game of the season was with the strong Missouri Wesleyan team of Cameron in which Jewell met her only defeat, the score being 7 to 0.

Jewell was not scored against again until the last game of the season which resulted in a tie, 6 to 6. This game was with Missouri Wesleyan.

Jewell's total score for the season was 78 points against her opponents 13, which clearly showed her aggressiveness.

Owing to war conditions an all-Missouri team was not chosen. However, an honor roll was made by the K. C. Star and Jewell was well represented just as she would have been had an all Missouri eleven been picked.

Walker, Harvey, Newman, Jeter, Fowler, Julian and Smart were given honorable mention on the honor roll.

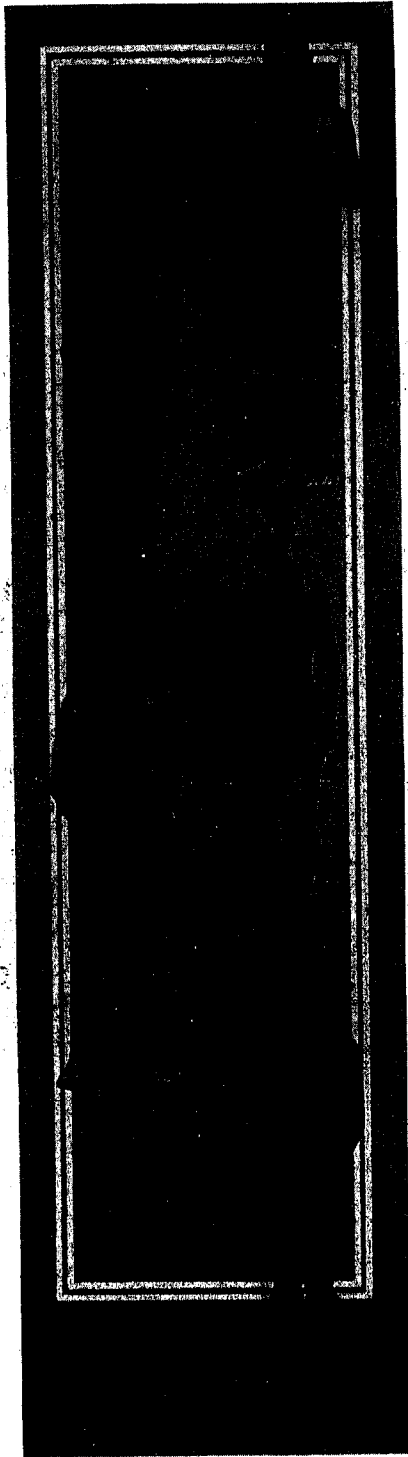
With the return of the 1919 season will come many of the heroes of former years who had answered the call of war. And next year Jewell should see her brightest days.

Basketball



L. A. HOUSE, *Captain and Captain-elect.*

"Sneery" House, guard. A well balanced, consistent player. A hard fighter, giving quarter to none. One of the speediest men on the team. (Contributed.)



NEWMAN, *forward*—The big forward that shoots them from any angle. Always in the game with plenty of pep and endurance.

MAYBERRY, *guard*—The best guard in the Conference. A fighter from start to finish. A clean, true sport. A veteran of three years on the Jewell Five.

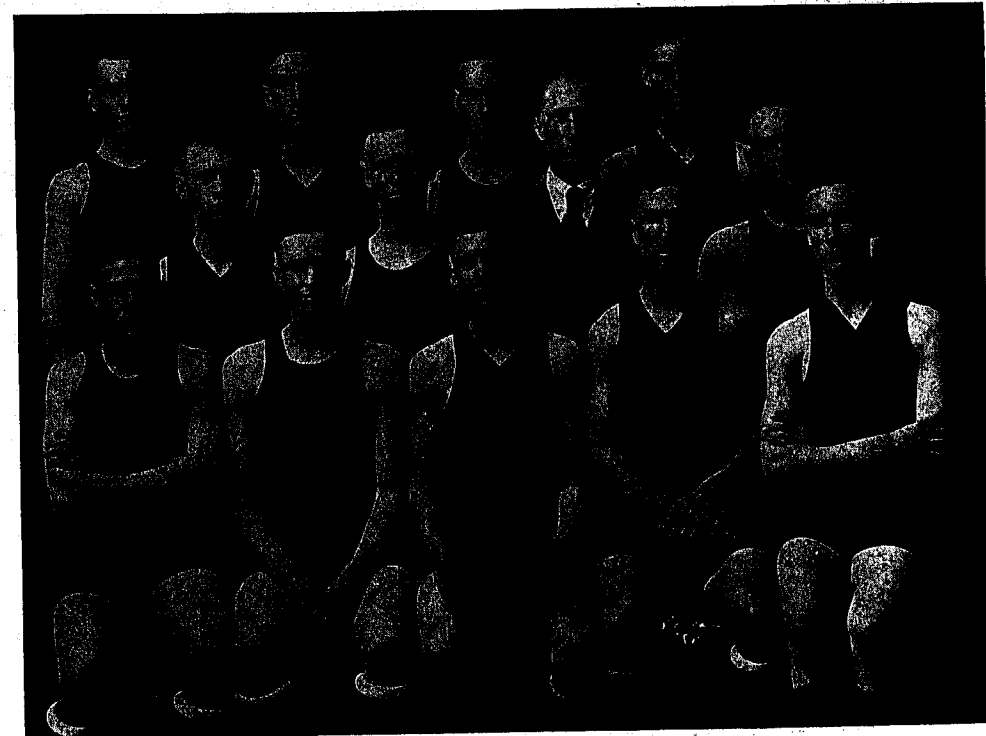
EVANS, *forward*—"Dimp," the little Jewell forward that looks like a streak on the court. He leads the scoring on the Jewell Five.

MEREDITH, *center*—"Slim," the rangy center that outjumped every other man in the Conference. A good fighter and a dependable center.

KING, *utility*—"Pink," a good basketeer who received his training in the Central High School of K. C. A good dribbler and a speedy floor man. Great things are expected of this lad next year.



Basket Ball Squad



Top row—EVANS, NEWMAN, CUNNINGHAM, MEREDITH
Second row—CHURCH, WARREN, Coach BOWLES, SMITH
First row—VINEYARD, KING, Captain HOUSE, MAYBERRY, HAYS

Basket Ball

A CHAMPIONSHIP

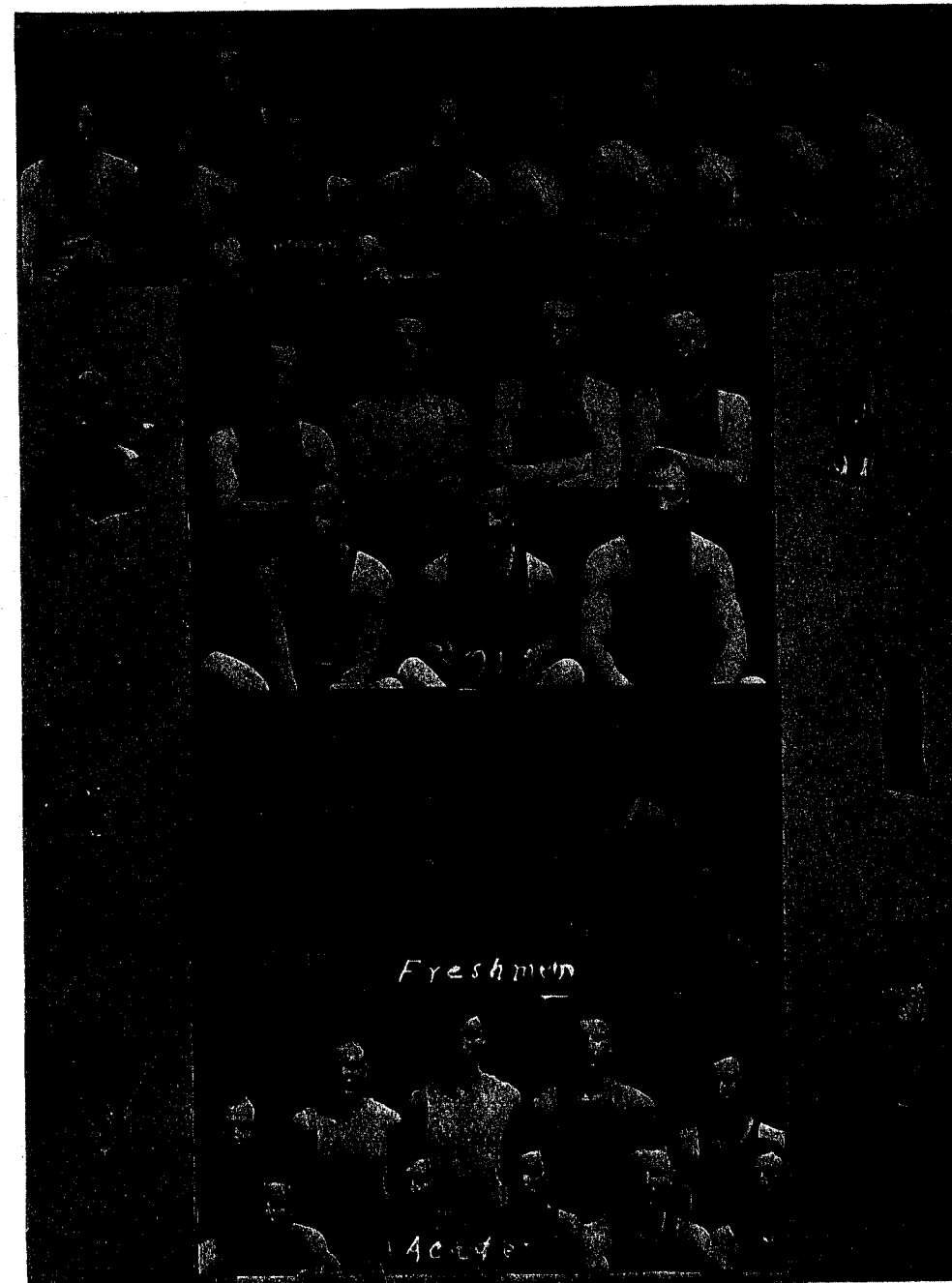
Jewell prospects in this branch of athletics were not the brightest when the curtain was rung up on the basket ball season of 1919. A loss of old stars such as Lee and Joyce rendered conditions exceedingly poor. But this awful aspect did not worry "Dad" in the least, for, true to his habit, he rose to the occasion and fetched forth from out of last year's squad enough men to complete a five.

The first game did not permit much optimism on the part of Jewellites, but Red Brown is always right, where a basket ball assertion is concerned. Early in the season he predicted a good record for the five and with a little seasoning they delivered the goods, at the end of the season handing Cardinal supporters a fine bundle containing the M. I. A. A. championship—the first since 1912.

The team was ably captained by Louis House, a boy who hails from Liberty and who since entrance into college has been intimately connected with athletics. The team that worked under this capable man needs nothing but its record to back it up. Cardinal rooters claim this array of basketeers to be the best in the history of Jewell.

THE SCORE

Jewell	27;	Polytechnic	40
Jewell	31;	Tarkio	20
Jewell	44;	Maryville	26
Jewell	32;	Drury	23
Jewell	56;	Springfield Normal	31
Jewell	54;	Missouri Wesleyan	26
Jewell	39;	Maryville	32
Jewell	49;	Tarkio	32
Jewell	23;	Polytechnic	32
Jewell	37;	Central	35
Jewell	80;	Missouri Wesleyan	17
Jewell	32;	Central	22
Jewell	46;	Westminster	26
Jewell	67;	Westminster	27
Jewell	32;	Schmelzers	51
Total	649	Total	440



Class Basket Ball for 1919

The interest in class basket ball for the season was not as great as it had been for the preceding years, yet the teams were organized and some really interesting games were played. The competition was strong and it seemed that each team was in line for the championship.

Each class was represented by fast, hard-playing teams, and some prospective Varsity material was developed during the season.

The Academy opened the season with a victory from the Sophomores and the Freshmen followed suit by defeating the Seniors. The dopesters had it figured out that the Freshmen would be the winners in the race, but the Juniors, who were expected to take second place, defeated the Freshmen in the final game of the season.

This is the second time in three years that the class of '20 has won the championship. Last year the Freshmen put them in second place by finishing the season with a clean slate.

The All-class teams, which were picked by Coach R. E. ("Dad") Bowles and the six letter men of the Varsity squad are given below:

ALL-CLASS TEAMS

<i>First team</i>		<i>Second team</i>	
ADAMS, Capt.	Forward	GWYN, Capt.	
BOTTS	Forward	COURTNEY	
JOHNSTON	Center	BRIGHTWELL	
WALKER	Guard	HALL	
BILLINGS	Guard	WOOD	

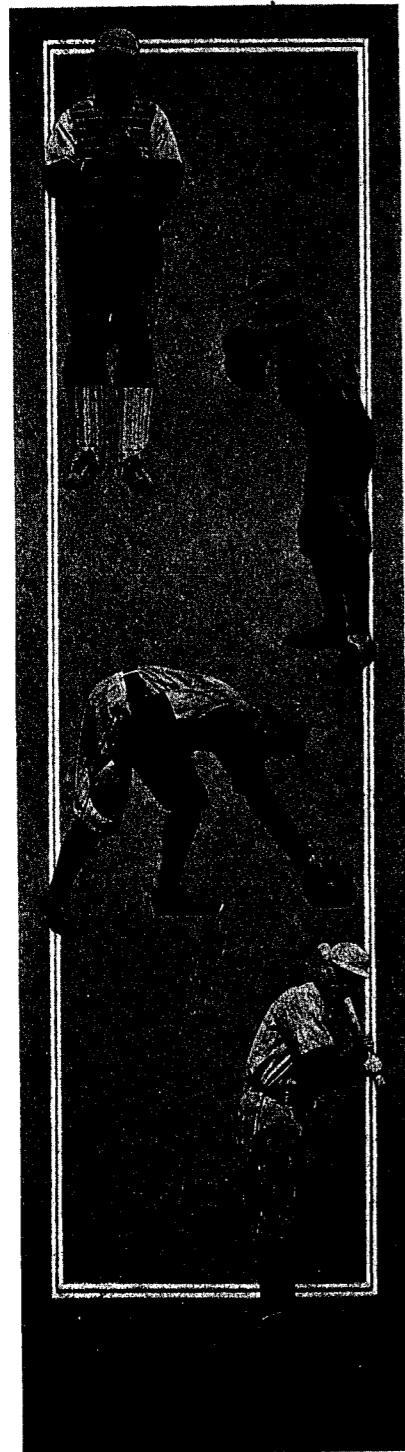


Baseball



"MAC" MACKINNEY

"Mac," ex-captain, captain and captain-elect, a pitcher par excellence, incomparable as a man and a veritable gale when it comes to the four-cornered pastime. This is the boy that piloted Jewell's nine to fame and glory in '18. Possessor of world's strikeout record. The team that he led strove valiantly and successfully to uphold the heavy standard set for it. May the '19 season be staged in the same setting, with this veteran as a headliner.

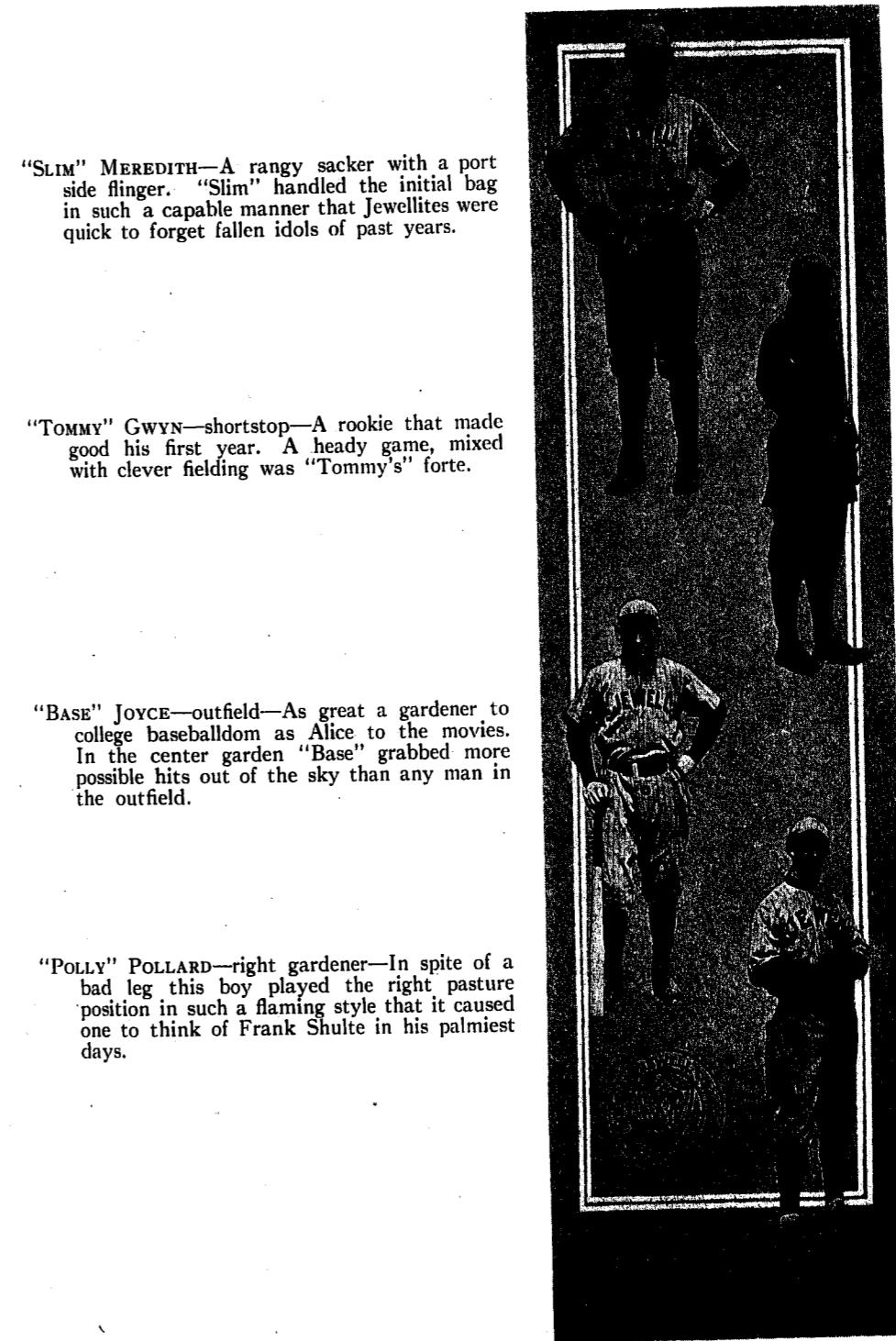


"MIGHTY MYERS"—With such athletic potentialities that he became a catcher from instinct. An unerring peg and an uncanny reader of the batter's mind were Mayberry's chief attributes in baseballdom.

"RUNT" BILLINGS—third sacker—Fast, accurate, and a fighter from start to finish. Billings is rated the best triple bagger in the Conference.

GEORGE LEE—second baseman—Lee was a tower of strength, taking care of the keystone sack in a way that reminded one of Johnny Evers. Sensational is the expressive word for George.

"RIP" ALLEN—outfield—Rangy, and with an accurate peg. Rip handled the left field position admirably.

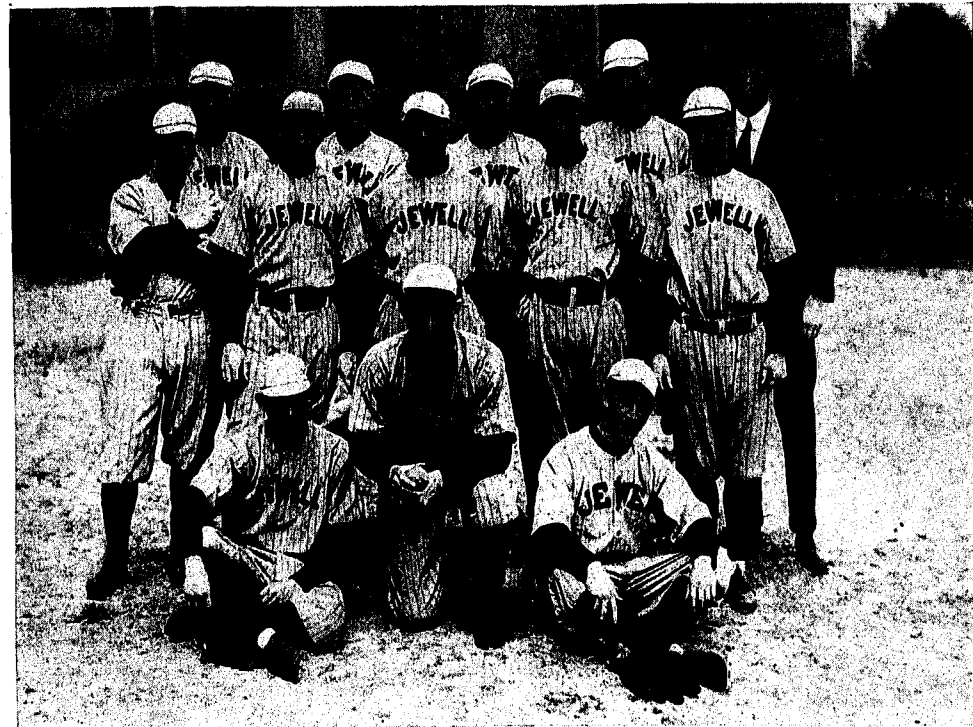


"SLIM" MEREDITH—A rangy sacker with a port side flinger. "Slim" handled the initial bag in such a capable manner that Jewellites were quick to forget fallen idols of past years.

"TOMMY" GWYN—shortstop—A rookie that made good his first year. A heady game, mixed with clever fielding was "Tommy's" forte.

"BASE" JOYCE—outfield—As great a gardener to college baseballdom as Alice to the movies. In the center garden "Base" grabbed more possible hits out of the sky than any man in the outfield.

"POLLY" POLLARD—right gardener—In spite of a bad leg this boy played the right pasture position in such a flaming style that it caused one to think of Frank Shulte in his palmiest days.



Baseball

BASEBALL has ever been one of the Cardinal's main athletic features and in the face of war conditions and the failure of Bell, Finney and Matheny to return things were rather blue. But "leave it to 'Dad.'" The efficient "Dad" rose to the occasion and ushered in at the beginning of the season as fast an aggregation as has been seen on a Cardinal field in years.

With MacKinney on the mound and Mayberry behind the bat, other teams were turned aside one after another, Jewell finishing at the head of the Conference list.

The end of the season promised very little for the life of the national pastime in Jewell for 1918-'19, for war was taking its toll and Mayberry, MacKinney and other bulwarks were to leave. But now that war is a thing of the past, things are rosier. Bell, "Old Squaw," is back. Last year's heroes are fast returning and each day brings fresh rumors of the return of baseball gladiators of former days. Here's hoping that the 1918-'19 season, with capable MacKinney at the head, will culminate according to the Jewell standard, and that Conference colors will continue to fly upon a Cardinal staff.

Track



E. A. LOVE, *Captain and Captain-elect.*

100-yard dash—10.1 seconds.
220-yard dash—22 4-5 seconds.
440-yard dash—54 seconds.
A breezy, speedy skipper of the cinder path.

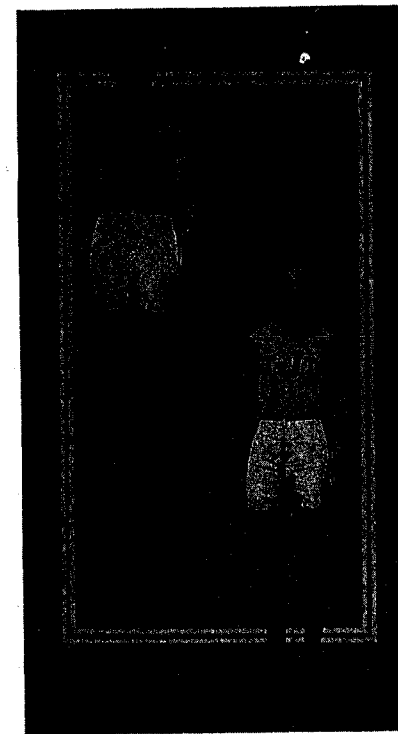


JOYCE. Basil holds the record in Jewell for the high jump. He cleared five feet and eleven inches—some inches higher than his head.

CUNNINGHAM. Last year was "Cunny's" first season on the track, but he stepped out and won the low hurdle race.

HUNT. "Face" was a consistent man in the dashes last year. He ran second in the hundred and two hundred yard events.

MACKINNEY. "Mack" just strolled down and won broad jump in his baseball suit.



WALKER. "Blondy" kept at it for three years and then proved to be a winner in the mile run.

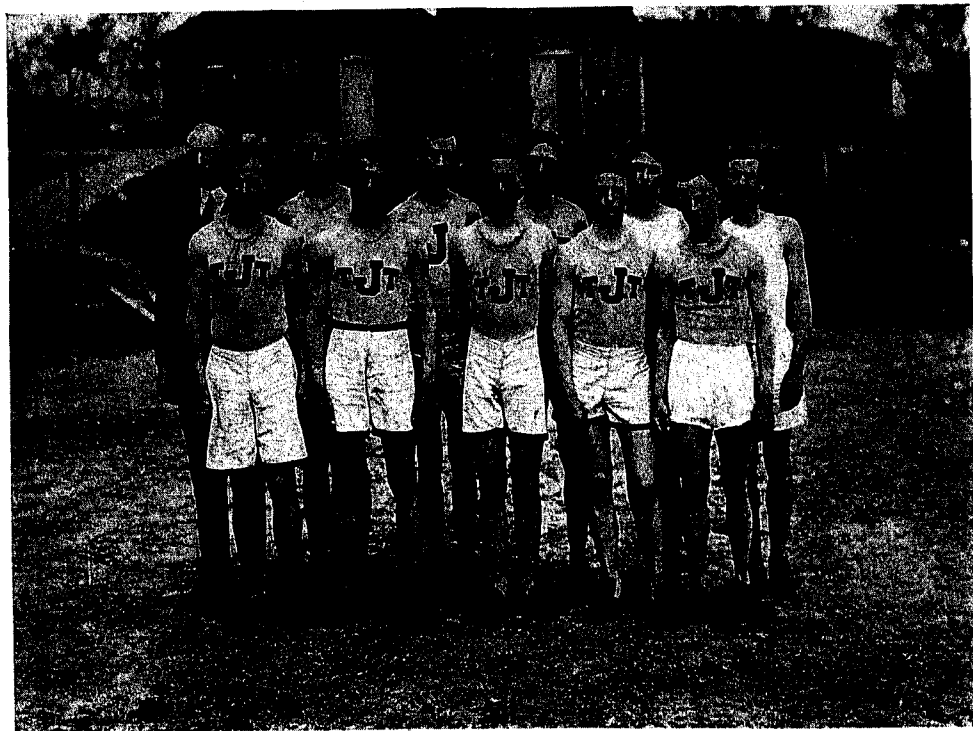
MAYBERRY. Among the many accomplishments of "Mighty Myers," not the least is his ability to pole-vault.

NEWMAN. "Spike" is not built along the lines of a heavy weight, strong man, but anyway he won shot put.

Jewell's Annual High School Meet

- Pole vault*—Simmons of Brookfield, first; Detwiler of Richmond and King of Brookfield tied for second. Height, 9 ft.
- 100-yard dash*—Shoemaker of Independence, first; Morgan of Brookfield, second; Campbell of Richmond, third. Time, 11 seconds.
- Discus throw*—Johnson of Trenton, first; King of Brookfield, second; Campbell of Richmond, third. Distance, 107 ft.
- 880-yard run*—Hooperson of Trenton, first; Brodie of Trenton, second; Bryant of Cowgill, third. Time, 2-22.1
- 120-yard high hurdle*—Griffin of Trenton, first; Hoover of Trenton, second. Time, 19 seconds.
- High jump*—Rittenaugh of Brookfield, P. Harris of Brookfield and Hoover of Trenton tied for first. Height 5-4.
- 440-yard run*—Beasley of Liberty, first; Casperson of Trenton, second; Bryant of Cowgill, third. Time, 60.1.
- 220-yard low hurdle*—Griffin of Trenton, first; Beasley of Liberty, second; Simmons of Brookfield, third. Time, 29.2.
- Mile run*—Brodie of Trenton, first; Talbert of Richmond, second; Menolone of Brookfield, third. Time, 5-29.
- Shot put*—Johnson of Trenton, first; Campbell of Richmond, second; Ward of Brookfield, third. Distance, 42-10.
- 220-yard dash*—Guiles of Trenton, first; Morgan of Brookfield, second; Sermon of Independence, third. Time, 24.3.
- Broad jump*—Mayer of Brookfield, first; Shoemaker of Independence, second; F. Johnson of Trenton, third; Distance, 19-4.

Track, 1918



First row—Coach BOWLES, "BILL" LOVE, Captain LOVE, MAYBERRY, KERN, HARGROVE
Second row—KERR, MACKINNEY, CUNNINGHAM, JOYCE, HUNT

Track

With the first spring days the lovers of the cinder path donned their spikes and began stretching their limbs.

'Tis true that war had taken its toll in track as well as in other branches of athletics. Captain Eubank, John Dow and others had exchanged their spikes for hob nails, but there were new ones to take their places.

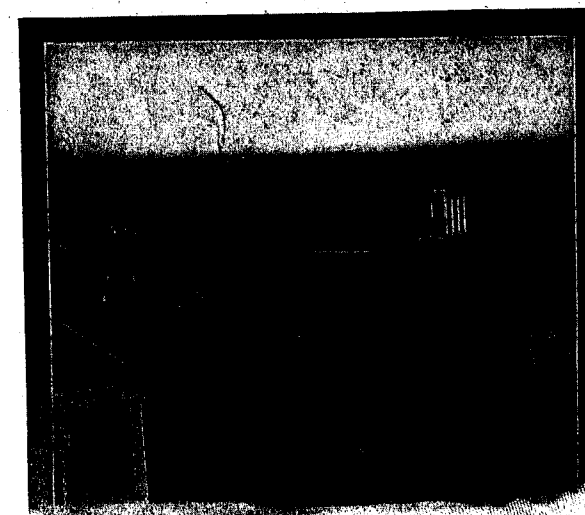
The old stars, Captain Love, Mayberry, Walker, Joyce and Kerr were on the job. New material presented itself in abundance, "Face" Hunt, Newman, Cunningham, Church, "Bill" Love, "Red" Beswick, Hargrove and "Champ" Clark.

The one-half mile relay team, composed of Captain Love, Walker, Kerr and "Bill" Love, met defeat at the hands of the fast Poly team early in the season. But in the dual meet between Baker University and Jewell held at Liberty the Cardinal "Steppers" showed their superiority and added to their ever-increasing trophies.

Jewell was not represented in the state meet, as school closed before it was held. Jewell has for six years won the state meet and with former heroes returning there is no doubt that this year will be no exception.

In the relay against Haskell at the K. C. A. C. meet Jewell lost, but proved her strength by completely outclassing Poly in a dual meet held here.

Now that the spring days are returning every one is filled with hope and assurance that Jewell will have a better track season than ever before.





Tennis

For many years tennis has been recognized as a good game, but it wasn't until 1915 that it was really counted among college sports in Missouri.

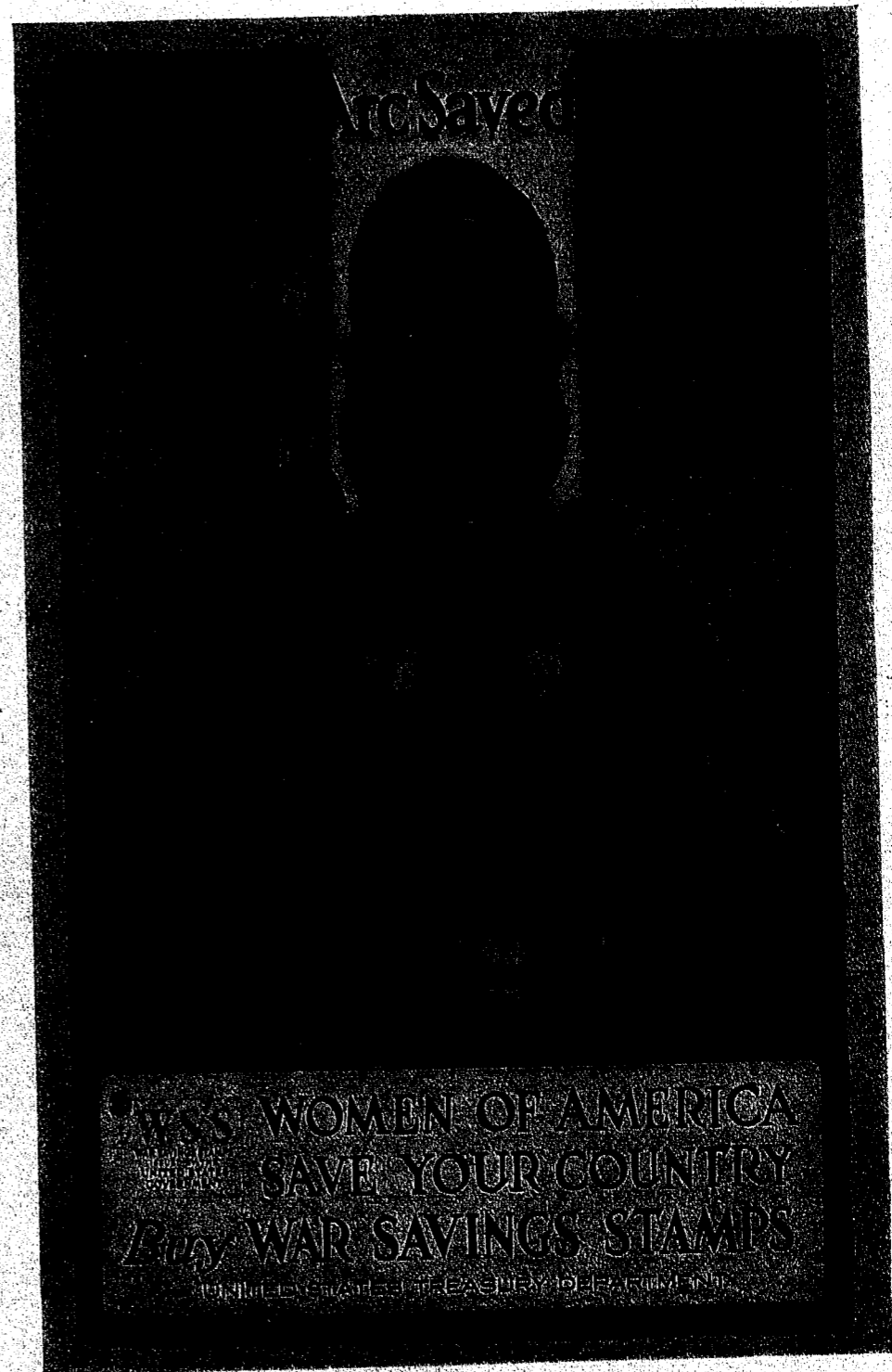
Jewell has never really done all she could in this branch of athletics, but the spirit for tennis is growing in Jewell. There were two new courts added last year, giving us six good courts.

Naturally the war affected tennis just as it did all other athletics. It took away most of our good players. Among them were O. K. Evans, J. Harris and John Dow.

E. A. WHITTAKER
C. O. FISHER

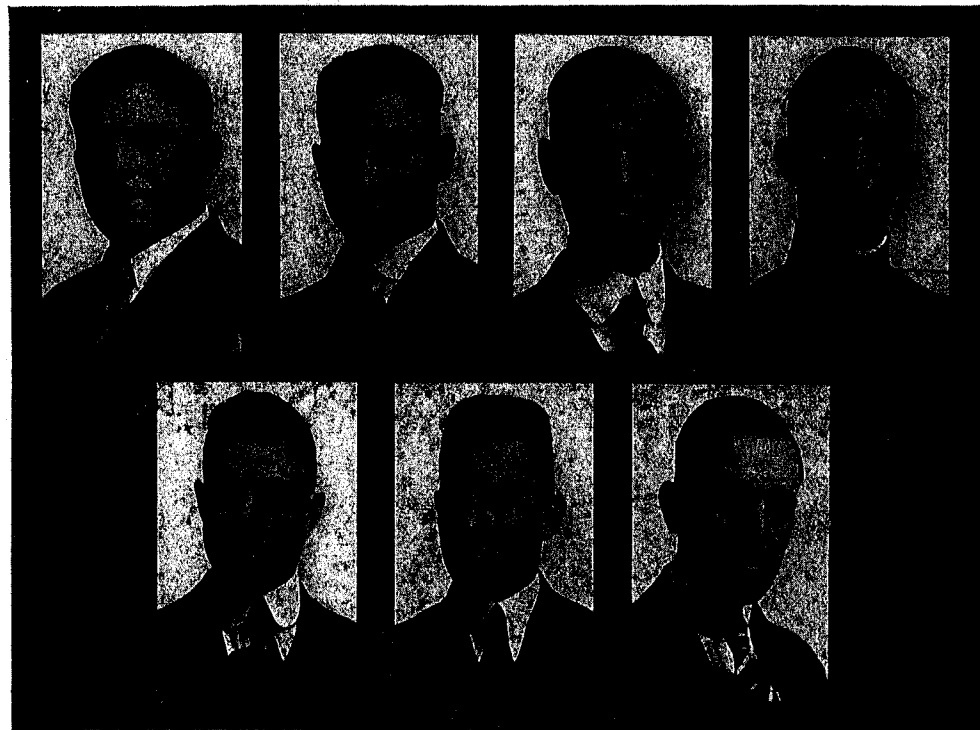
But Evans is back in school now and with him and the other material now available Jewell will have a big chance for the state championship.

In the inter-school tournament last fall Fisher showed some mighty good stuff. Next to him Whittaker showed a fair game. From these and the other possible material, Evans ought to be able to select a colleague thus forming a team that cannot be beaten.



Book VI--Organizations

Student Senate



OFFICERS

R. A. CRAIG *President*
 G. L. JOHNSON *Vice-President*
 J. T. RECTOR *Secretary-Treasurer*

<i>Seniors</i>	<i>Juniors</i>
R. A. CRAIG	G. A. KEETCH
G. L. JOHNSON	H. H. SCHWAMB
<i>Sophomore</i>	<i>Freshman</i>
R. D. COOPER	J. T. RECTOR

Academy
 BERT JONES

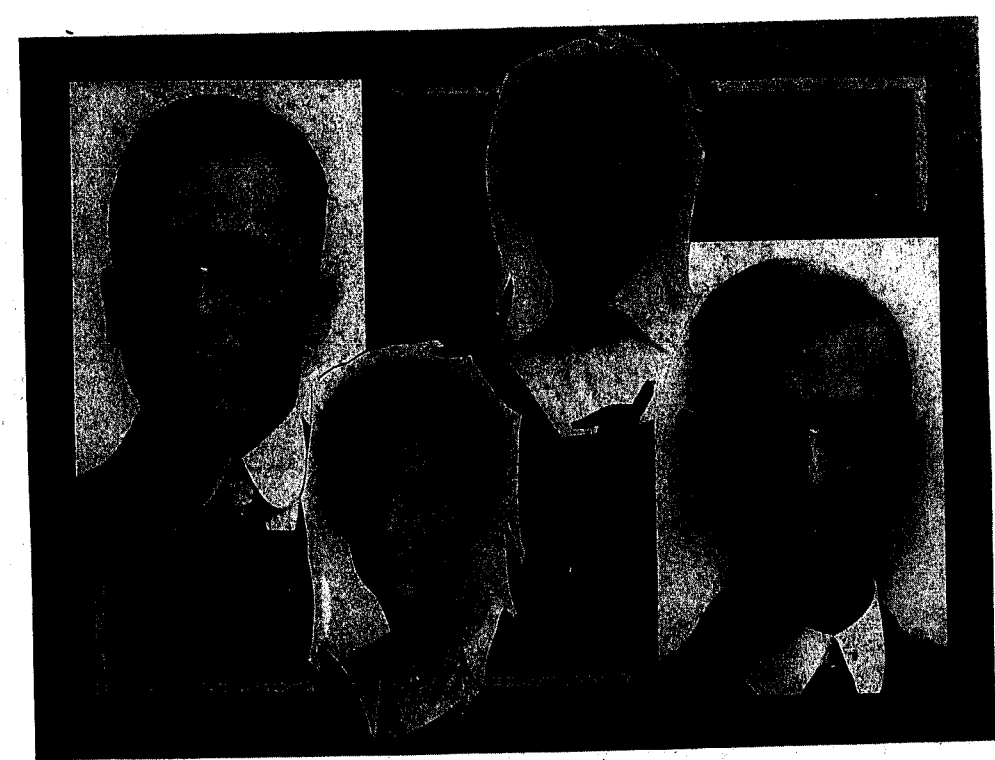
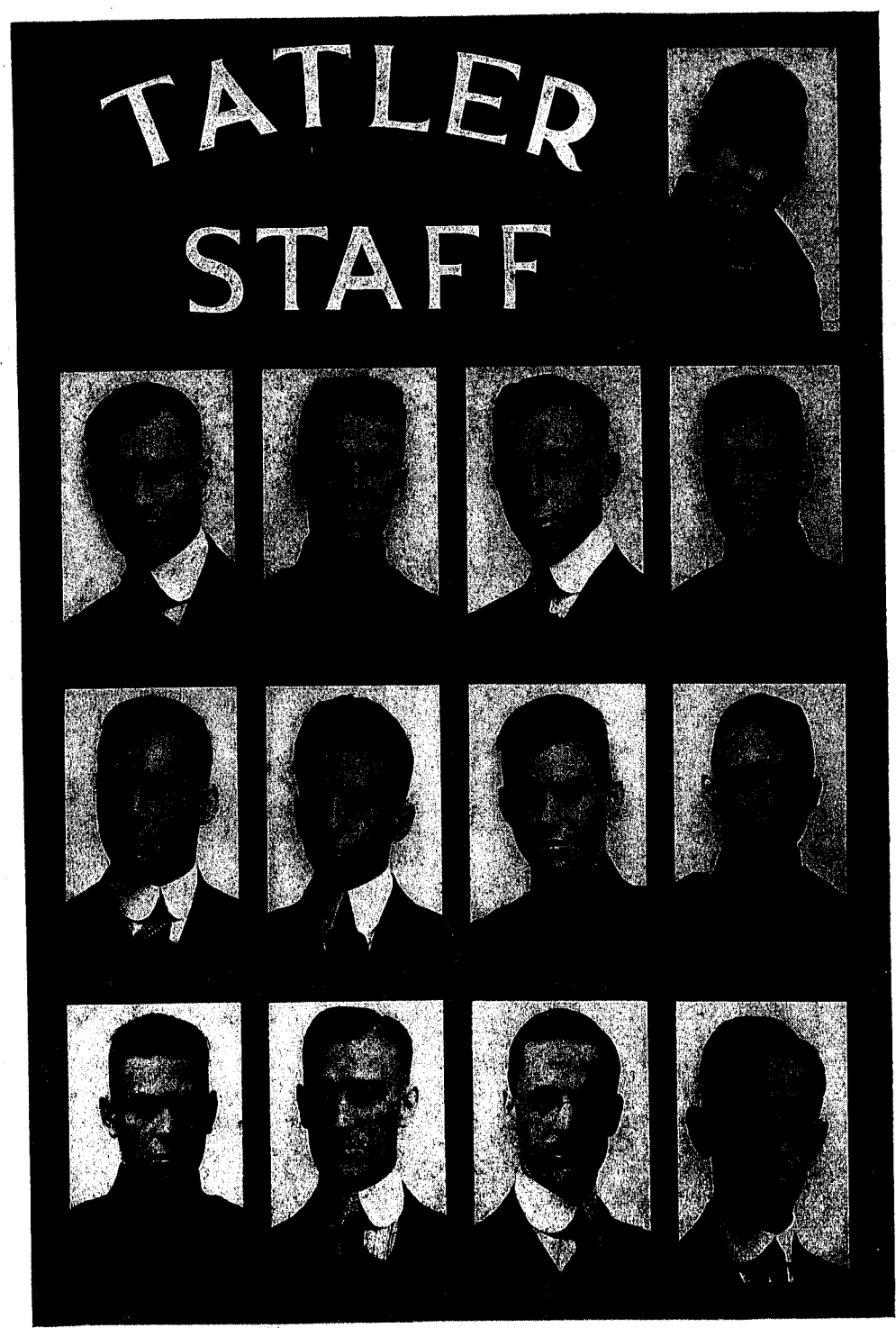
Faculty Advisory Board
 DR. E. H. SUTHERLAND DR. R. H. COON

Co-Operative Board



MEMBERS

H. H. SCHWAMB	<i>Manager</i>
<i>Senior</i>	<i>Junior</i>
A. C. MACKINNEY	D. M. CHURCH
<i>Sophomore</i>	<i>Freshman</i>
T. J. GWYN	R. F. JUDSON
<i>Academy</i>	
J. H. EARPS	
<i>Faculty Advisors</i>	
DR. W. D. BASKETT	DR. R. R. FLEET



C. WILLARD SMITH,
Editor-in-Chief

GEORGE A. KEETCH,
Business Manager

The Tatler as an enterprise has now been in existence fifteen years. It is no longer regarded as an experiment, but is a permanent institution of the College. As a means of handing to succeeding student generations the spirit and life of the College, and of advertising the College, the Tatler cannot be dispensed with.

Having passed through the travail of producing the Tatler this year, we appreciate the suggestions offered by the editors of last year concerning the future policies of the book.

We have attempted to follow the suggestion of using material from other classes as far as conditions would allow, and believe that further adjustment along this line will be even more profitable.

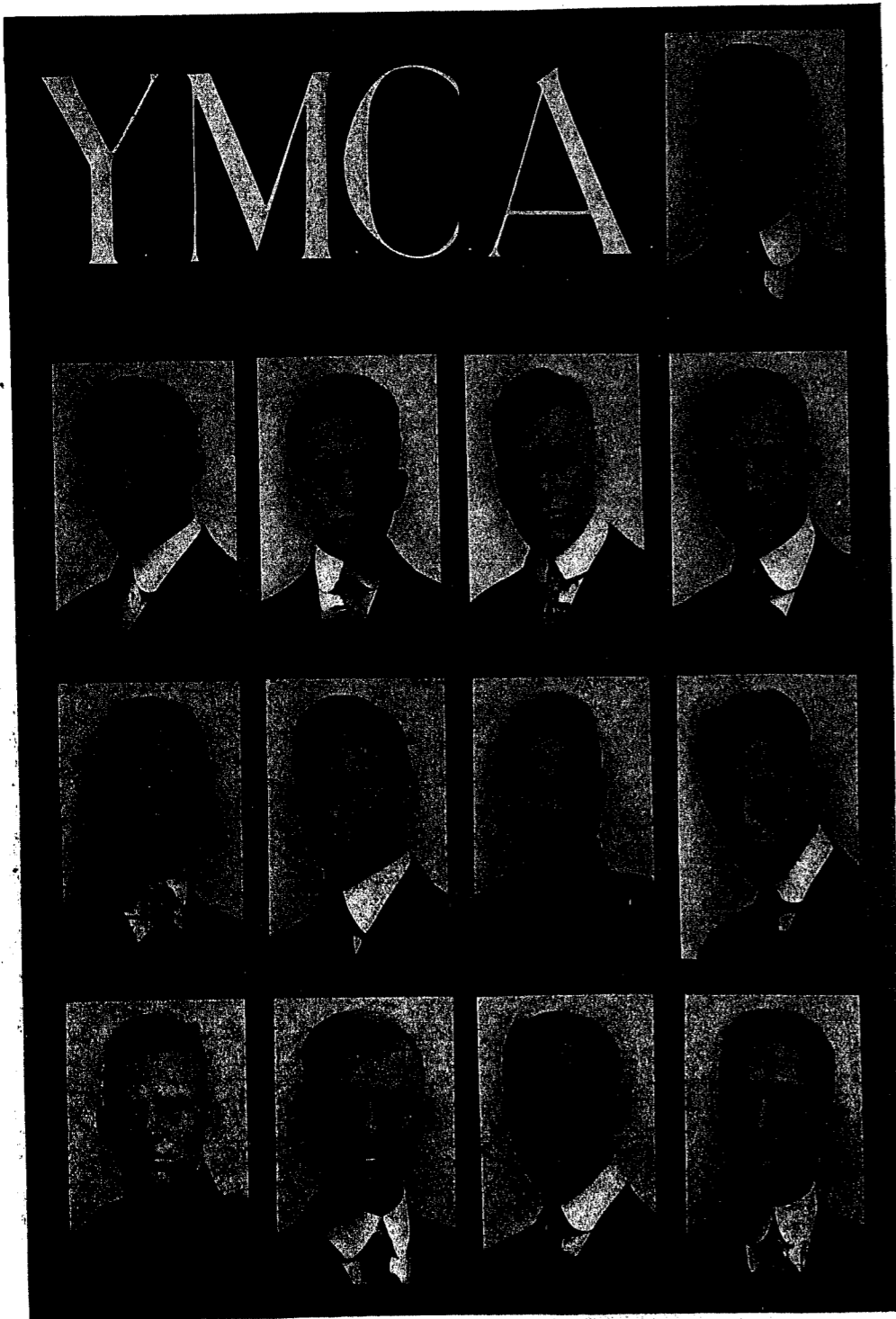
The financial year of the Tatler does not close until after the school year has closed, and it is therefore impossible to make a complete report during the same year in which the Tatler is published.

We recommend therefore that all monies of the Tatler be handled through the College office, where a complete record of receipts and expenditures may at any time be available.

The editors wish to use this opportunity for thanking all who have so heartily co-operated with us to make this book possible.

—The Editors.

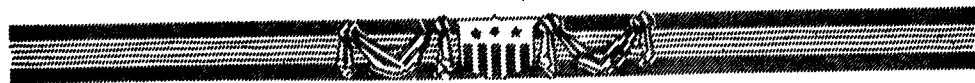




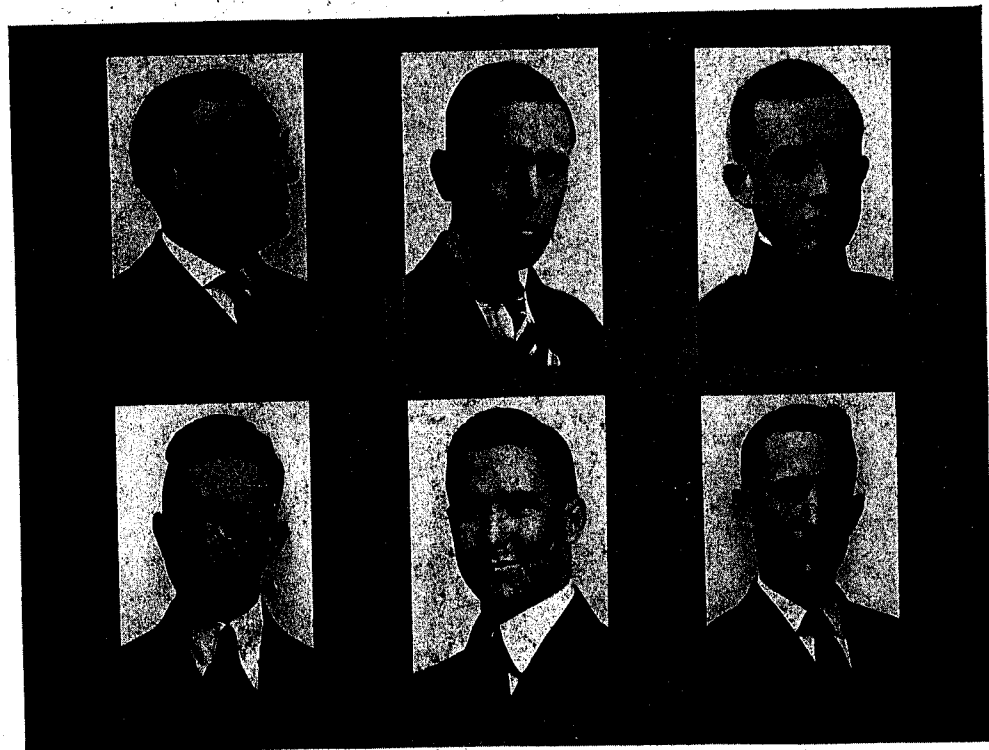
AT THE beginning of this school year the Y. M. C. A. student work was turned over entirely to the work of the War Council. As the S. A. T. C. was established in Jewell, efforts were directed especially toward helping the soldiers. With J. E. Bell as part time secretary the "Y" was successful in getting the supplies here that were furnished in the regular army camps.

With the passing of the S. A. T. C. the cabinet is slowly getting itself adjusted to the regular student activities and in carrying out work along the lines suggested by the heads of the various committees.





Student Board



MEMBERS

Senior
G. L. JOHNSON

Sophomore
S. J. PATE

Junior
P. G. STORTS

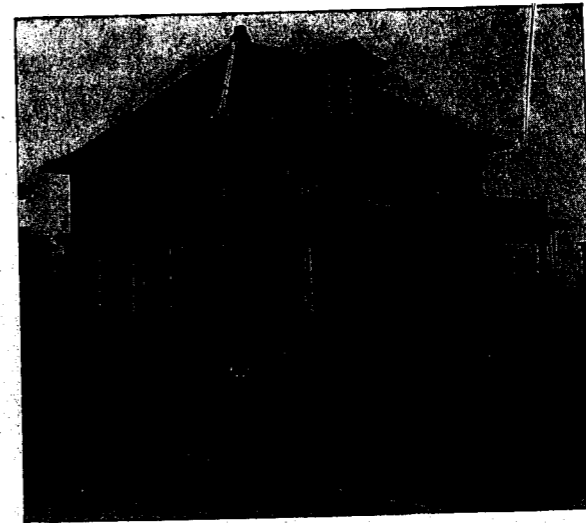
Freshman
R. H. PALMER

Academy
E. M. CONWAY

Faculty Advisor
DR. J. P. FRUIT

Object: The management of Jewell's weekly publication.





Kappa Alpha

Founded at Washington and Lee University, 1865

Alpha Delta Chapter

Established January 26, 1887

Colors—Gold and crimson.

Flowers—Magnolia and American Beauty.

CHAPTER ROLL

DALLAS HAMPTON
YOUREE ADAIR
CLARENCE F. KERR
EVERETTE L. SWINNEY
ZACK T. WOOD
ROBERT E. BERNARD

WAYNE E. RHOADES
DREXEL H. MARTIN
W. BROADUS ARVIN
GORDON G. NORVELL
D. RAYMOND GRACE
JAMES R. MARTIN
EUGENE F. MCHUGH

JOHN W. HALL
S. F. FARRAR, JR.
EDWARD L. BROWN
KENNETH C. KLEIN
JOHN K. FLETCHER
CHARLES H. OWENS

PLEDGED

STANLEY H. WOOD
OTHO MILLER

AMBERT J. WHITE
PAUL W. WILLIAMS

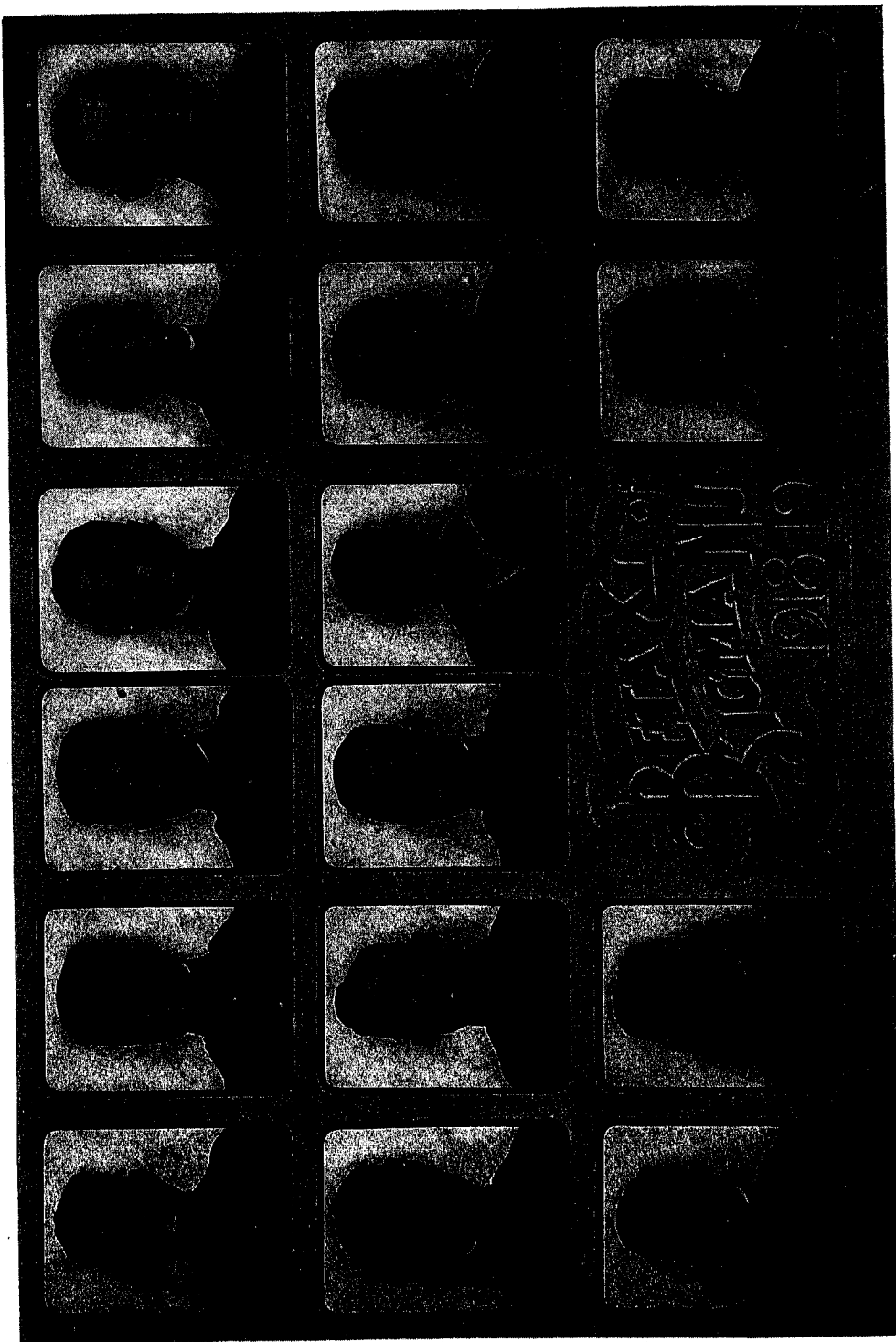
WYATT W. BRECKENRIDGE

FRATRES IN URBE

DR. A. M. TUTT
W. E. CAMPBELL
RALPH HUGHES
SPURGEON B. CAMPBELL

I. R. MARTIN
E. K. CARTER
ARNOLD PITTS
JOHN F. PETERS
E. B. BLACK

J. L. DOUGHERTY
JOE MASON
REV. C. M. WILLIAMS
ARTHUR T. GROOM



Sigma Nu

Founded at Virginia Military Institute, January 1, 1869.

Flower—White rose.

Colors—Black, white and old gold.

Beta Xi Chapter

Established January 1, 1894

CHAPTER ROLL

T. M. SMITH
D. M. CHURCH
P. F. HUNT
P. G. STORTS
J. H. STEWART
P. P. RICHMOND

HERBERT EBY
H. M. KING
E. H. BARKSDALE
R. D. COOPER
R. STOCKDALE

F. W. COFFMAN
R. F. MASON
O. D. NUTTER
G. R. SCOVERN
A. P. DICKSON
J. T. SAMUELL

PLEDGED

J. L. BATCHLER
WILFRED BEASLEY
W. L. R. WARD
KENNETH BOYDSTON

R. J. BOLLOW
PAUL BOYDSTON
P. J. FRAHER

ROBERT FUNKHOUSER
E. C. COBB
T. G. MAUPIN
EDWIN LOTT

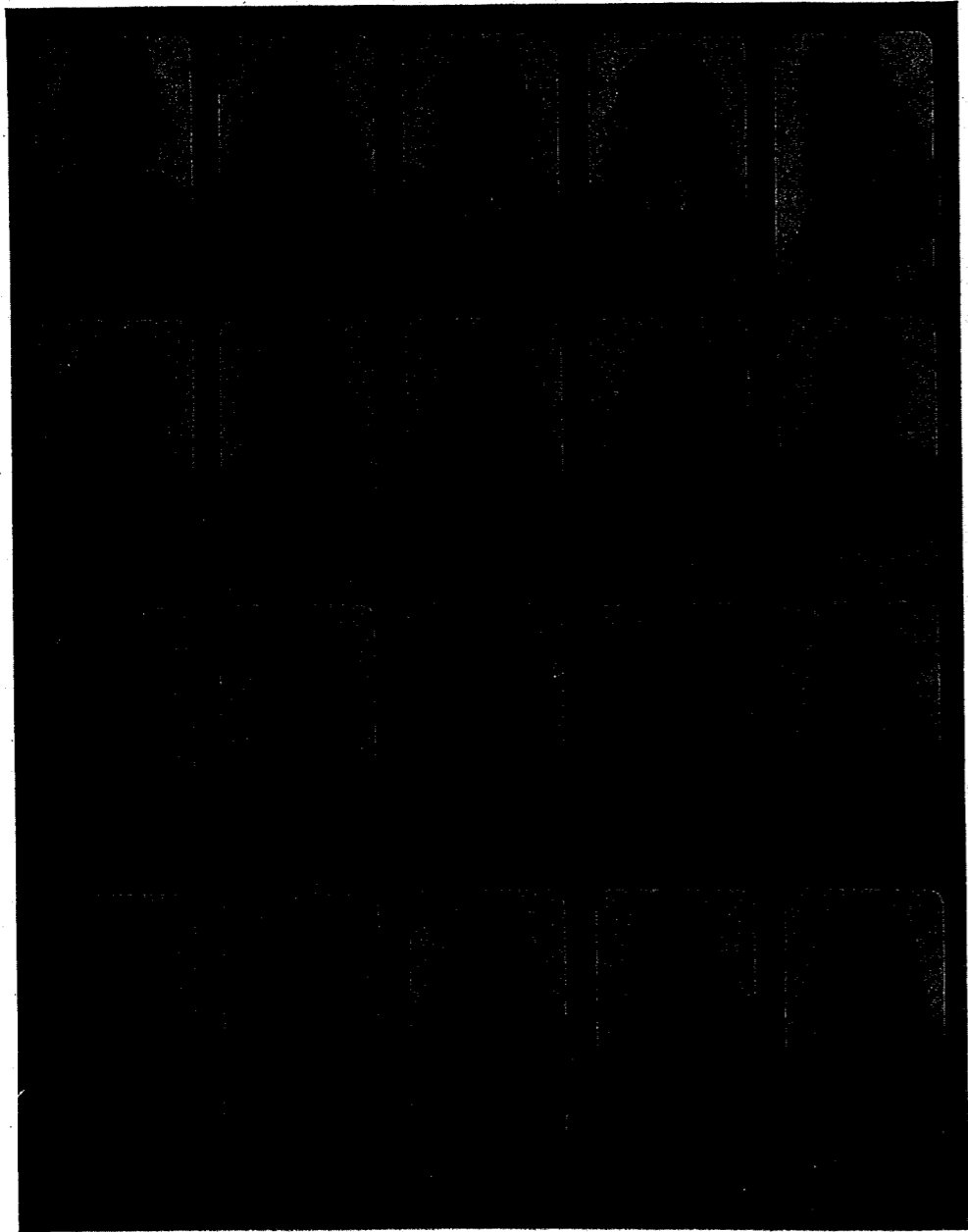
FRATRES IN URBE

E. H. NORTON, JR.
F. D. HAMILTON
T. J. WORNALL, JR.

R. Z. MCKINLEY
J. R. SMILEY
S. H. MURRAY

WILLARD HALL
R. B. WORNALL
T. R. HUNT





Kappa Sigma

Alpha Omega Chapter

ACTIVE CHAPTER

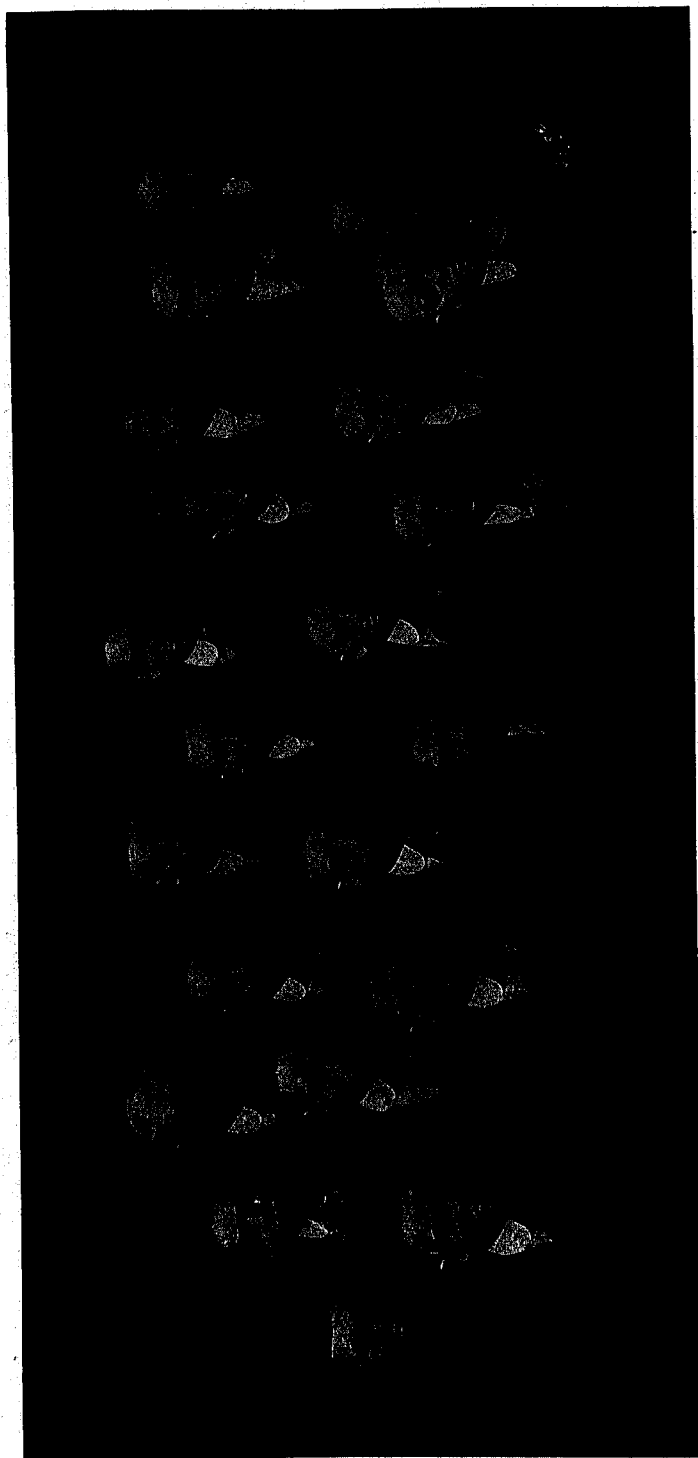
A. C. MacKinney, '19, Cincinnati, O.
 Homer C. Miller, '19, Higginsville, Mo.
 Fred Z. Courtney, '19, Liberty, Mo.
 Ward H. Bell, '20, Kiowa, Okla.
 Wendell T. Meredith, '20, Carthage, Mo.
 Everett G. Creek, '20, Liberty, Mo.
 Carr N. Eubank, '20, Chicago, Ill.
 Thomas J. Gwyn, '21, Kennett, Mo.
 E. Reed Moss, '21, Chillicothe, Mo.
 Cash B. Pollard, '21, Hannibal, Mo.
 Raleigh A. Ward, '21, Poplar Bluff, Mo.
 Oliver P. Jones, '21, Lees Summit, Mo.
 Stewart Biggerstaff, '21, Lathrop, Mo.
 Lewis Opal Girdner, '21, Chillicothe, Mo.

William Goodman, '21, Louisiana, Mo.
 Frank Guemple, '22, Kansas City, Mo.
 Joe B. Birkhead, '22, Carthage, Mo.
 Jack J. Julian, '22, Slater, Mo.
 Preston Hines, '22, Kansas City, Mo.
 W. Bert Hulen, '22, Lathrop, Mo.
 Frank Morris, '22, Oklahoma City, Okla.
 Charles D. Fariss, '22, Terra Haute, Ind.
 Ralph M. G. Smith, '22, Liberty, Mo.
 Otis D. Harding, '22, Carrollton, Mo.
 Harvey J. Ray, '22, Branson, Mo.
 Arthur M. Glick, '22, Chillicothe, Mo.
 Sam M. Dennis, '22, Chillicothe, Mo.
 Raymond Sears, '22, Lees Summit, Mo.

PLEDGED

Thurston Patterson, Louisiana, Mo.
 Geo. P. Adams, Chillicothe, Mo.
 Andrew Ruder, '22, Kansas City, Mo.
 I. Tilden Delaney, '22, Greenwood, Mo.

Oliver P. Johnson, '22, Lathrop, Mo.
 Jno. P. Nanninga, Emporia, Kans.
 Dan Fields, Liberty, Mo.
 Raymond Morrow, Liberty, Mo.



Phi Gamma Delta

Founded 1848 at Washington and Jefferson College

Flower—Heliotrope

Color—Royal purple

Zeta Phi Chapter

Established April 24, 1886.

CHAPTER ROLL

M. M. MAYBERRY
S. J. PATE
J. E. HARVEY, JR.
N. L. JETER
JOHN T. RECTOR, JR.
L. C. REASOR

I. M. NEWMAN
C. P. NEWMAN
E. A. LOVE
W. L. LOVE
C. G. ANDERSON
M. P. MCCOMAS
C. R. JOHNSTON

C. E. BROWN
D. R. PULLIAM
G. S. JOHNSON
F. F. CUNNINGHAM
H. H. SCHWAMB
S. B. WELLS

PLEGDED

JACK STREET
JOHN YANCEY
R. S. HAYS

JOHN SWINNEY
ROBERT MURPHY
W. J. PETERMAN

IN FACULTATE

J. P. FRUIT, Ph. D.
H. G. PARKER, Ph. D.
R. P. RIDER, A. M.

J. H. ROTHWELL, M. D.
E. H. MILLER, M. D.
J. E. DAVIS, A. M.

W. H. EDWARDS, A. M.

FRATRES IN URBE

JUDGE F. H. TRIMBLE
WEBSTER WITHERS
R. W. STOGDALE
C. E. YANCEY

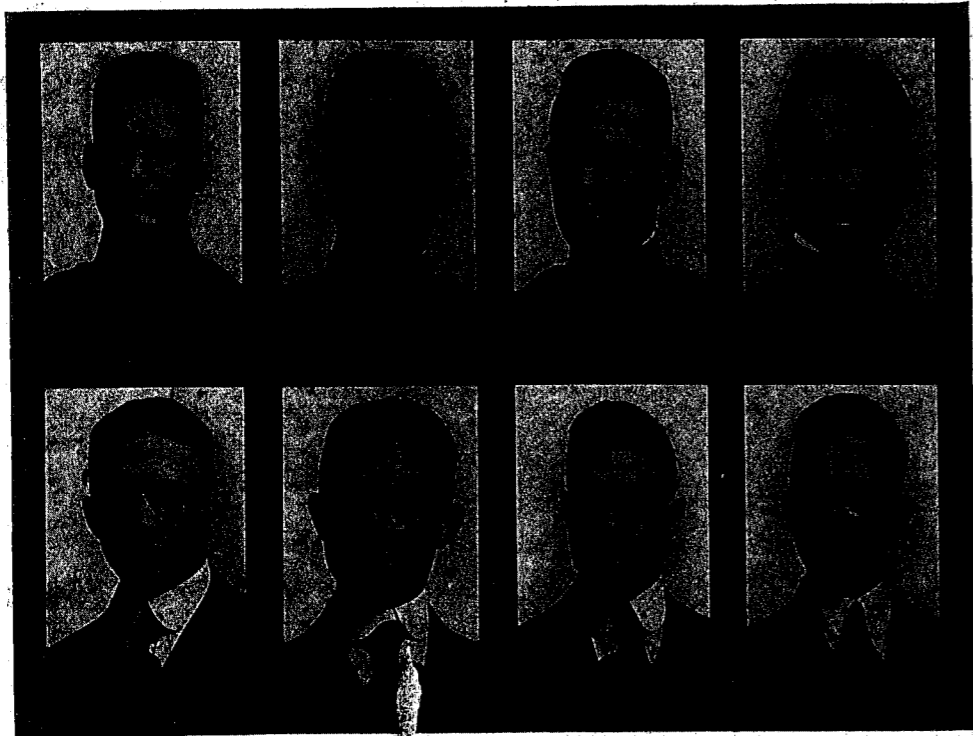
R. S. WITHERS
E. D. STONE
NORTON HARDWICKE
BYRON BETHUNE

LYNN SHOUSE
J. COLLINS
J. J. MORROW





Pan-Hellenic Council



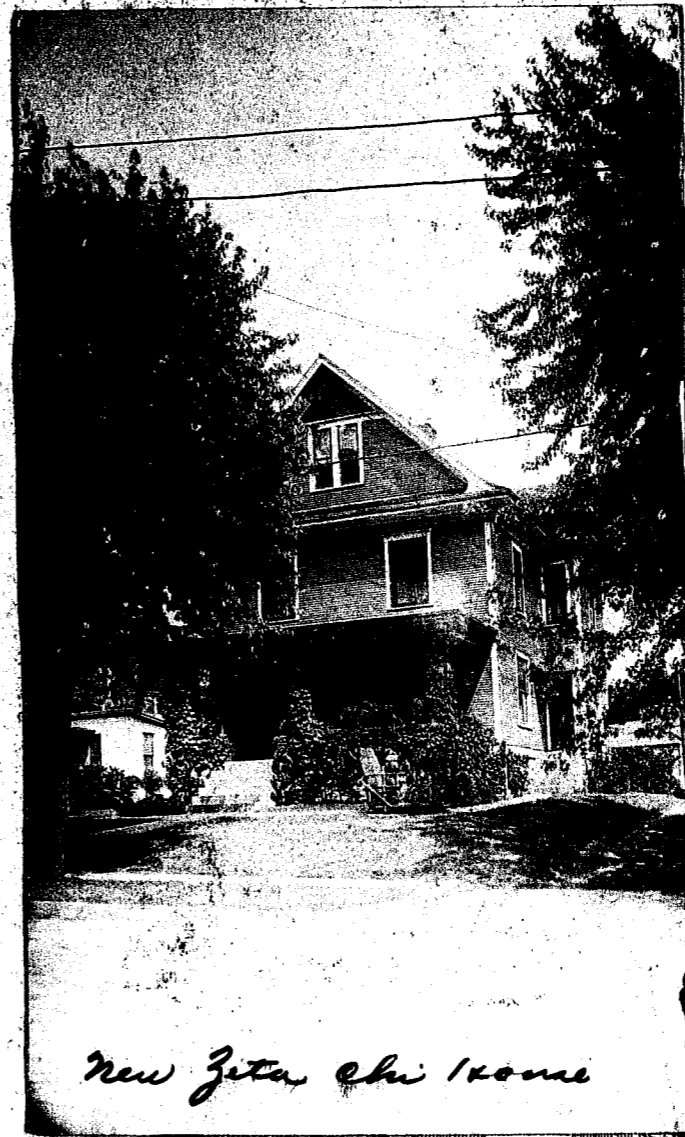
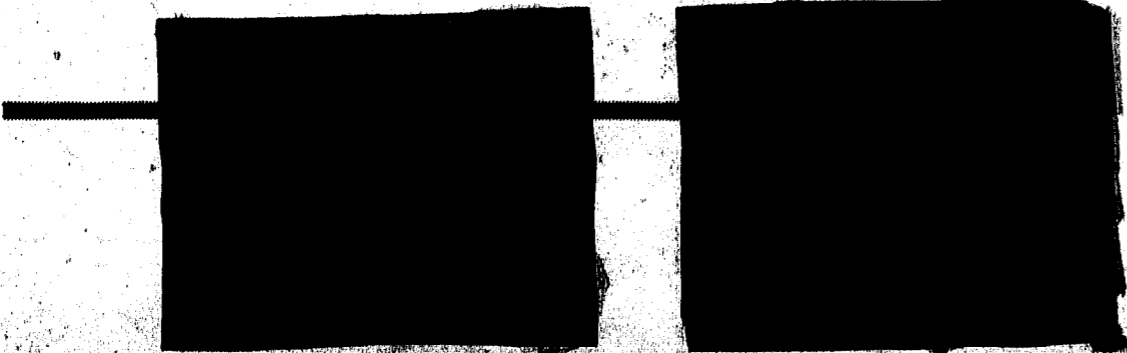
Purpose: To govern and further the interests of the fraternities in William Jewell.

OFFICERS

H. H. SCHWAMB	President
H. M. KING	Vice-President
Y. D. ADAIR	Secretary

MEMBERS

W. H. BELL	D. A. HAMPTON
FRED Z. COURTNEY	Y. D. ADAIR
D. M. CHURCH	H. H. SCHWAMB
H. M. KING	S. J. PATE



New Zeta Chi home



Annual
Zeta Chi Dinner

Major Hotel

Friday Evening, May Twenty-third
Nineteen-Hundred-Nineteen

The Zeta Chi Fraternity

of William Jewell College

requests the pleasure of your company at their

Annual House Party

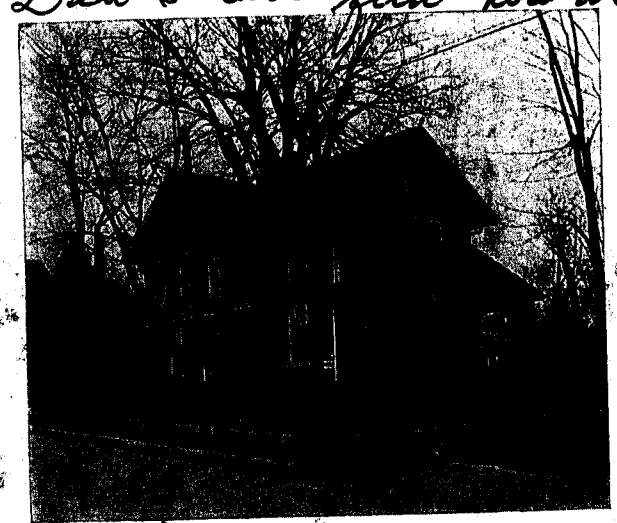
May 23-24-25 - 1919.

Liberty, Missouri

Temple Shaw



Did I ever see here at their parties



Zeta Chi

Flower—White carnation.

Colors—Yale blue and white.

CHAPTER ROLL

- | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|------------------------------|
| M. V. KERN, '18 | J. E. ADAMS, '20 | <u>J. N. GITTINGER</u> , '21 |
| W. O. WALKER, '19 | J. R. CLARK, '20 | <u>J. R. HARDIN</u> , '21 |
| G. L. JOHNSON, '19 | W. H. NOEL, '20 | <u>J. J. VINEYARD</u> , '21 |
| W. H. SMITH, '19 | R. W. PATTON, '20 | <u>E. H. FARDON</u> , '22 |
| E. H. COLLINS, '19 | G. R. BESWICK, '20 | <u>C. P. SANSOM</u> , '22 |
| G. H. WHITE, '20 | R. S. CROSS, '20 | <u>J. B. TODD</u> , '22 |
| O. K. EVANS, '20 | H. L. BREWSTER, '20 | <u>S. B. CROSS</u> , '22 |
| | H. L. WARREN, '21 | |

PLEDGED

- | | | |
|------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| K. L. SCOTT, '22 | R. M. MILLER, '22 | <u>TEMPLE SHAW</u> , '25 |
| | <u>R. L. ROTHWELL</u> , '20 | |

Zeta Chi colors.

The pleasure of your company is requested

at the

Annual House Party

of the

Zeta Chi Fraternity

William Jewell College

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May

28-29-30, 1920

R. S. V. P.

Roy Hardin.

Menu

Fruit Cocktail

Queen Olives Cream Chicken in Cases
Sifted Peas on Toast
New Potatoes with Drawn Butter &
Parsley Sauce
Cherry Ice

Hot Biscuit Butter Jelly

Tomato Rosettes with Thousand Island
Dressing Wafers

Ice Cream with Strawberries
Home-Made Cake

Coffee Mints

Program

Address of Welcome H. L. Brewster
Response Miss Glyn Brasher



Colors—Cobalt blue and white.

ACTIVE-MEMBERS

DR. H. G. PARKER
PROF. J. E. DAVIS
K. H. PARKER
W. O. WALKER
J. J. SWINNEY

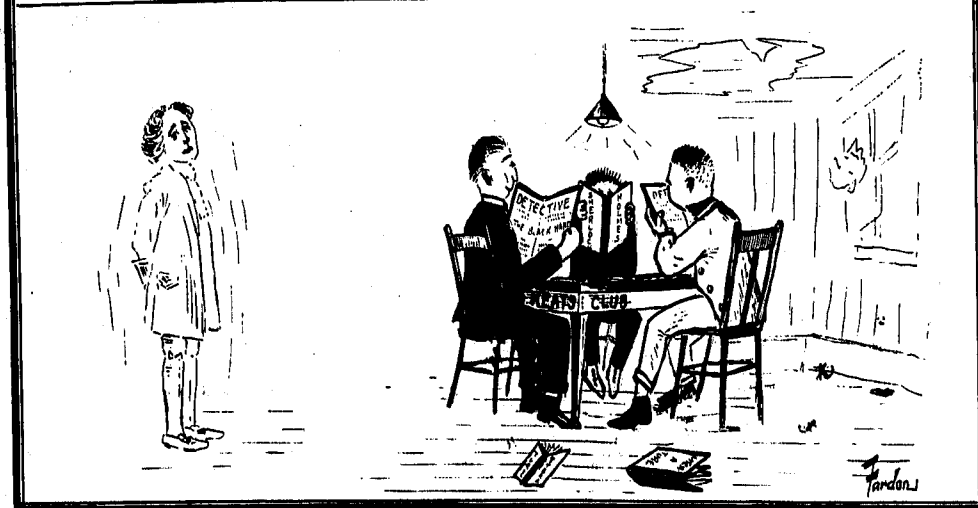
H. L. MILLER
H. W. BOTTS
L. A. HOUSE
F. G. DIEHL
R. E. BERNARD

J. E. ADAMS



Purpose: To gain a greater appreciation of literature.


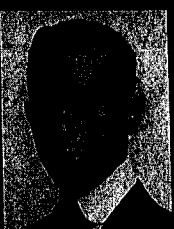

THE KEATS CLUB



J QUO VADIS

QUO VADIS

J QUO VADIS

JAMES EADS HOWE
 Founded October 13, 1907
 at Missouri University

Flower: Dog fennel *Colors:* Black and blue
Motto: "Please Mum"




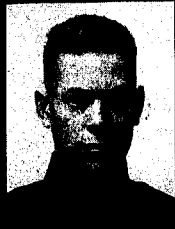
QUALIFICATIONS
 A thousand miles without a red,
 A side-door sleeper for a bed,
 At some dame's door freely fed,
 And a right good fellow, when all is said.

DIGNITARIES
 "SNEERY" HOUSE, Main Prop
 "CHAMP" CLARK, Prop
 "CHILD" DIEHL, Stake Holder
 "CUNNY" CUNNINGHAM, Steerer





RECRUITS
 "ZAC" WOOD "SPIKE" NEWMAN
 "J." WHITE "JIM" ADAMS
 "DREX" MARTIN "OZARK" HARVEY
 "FAT" HARDIN "CUPS" JETER
 "DIMP" EVANS

"ONERY"
 JAS. EADS HOWE JACK LONDON A No. 1

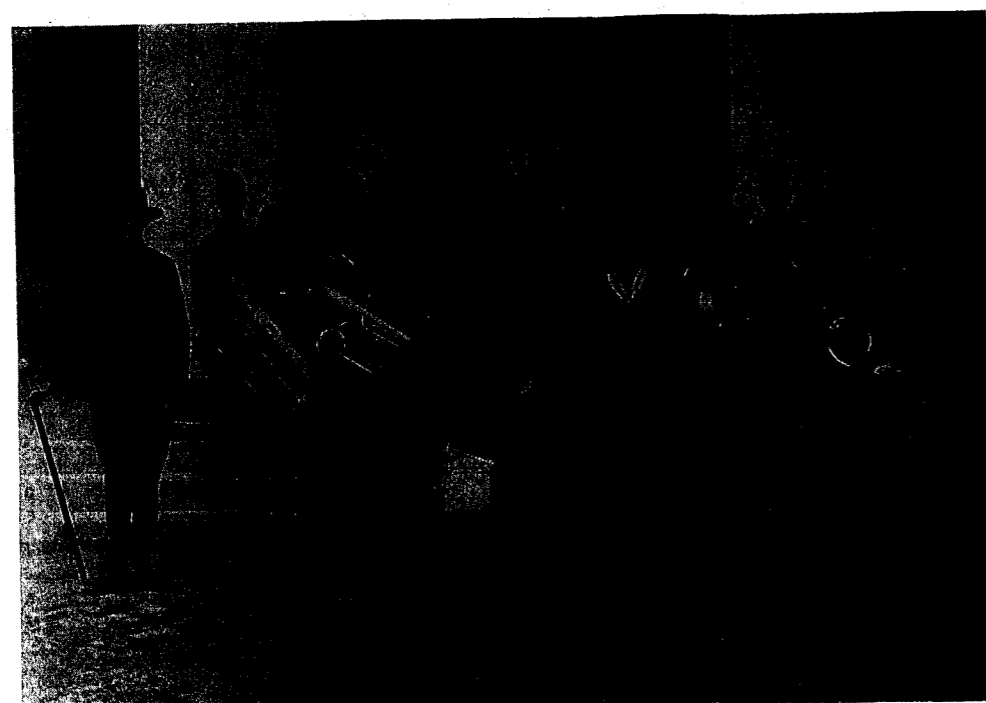
DITCHED
 "BOB" TUTT "PAT" PATTERSON
 "D." DELL "BABE" HUGHS
 "BERT" WARREN

J QUO VADIS

J QUO VADIS

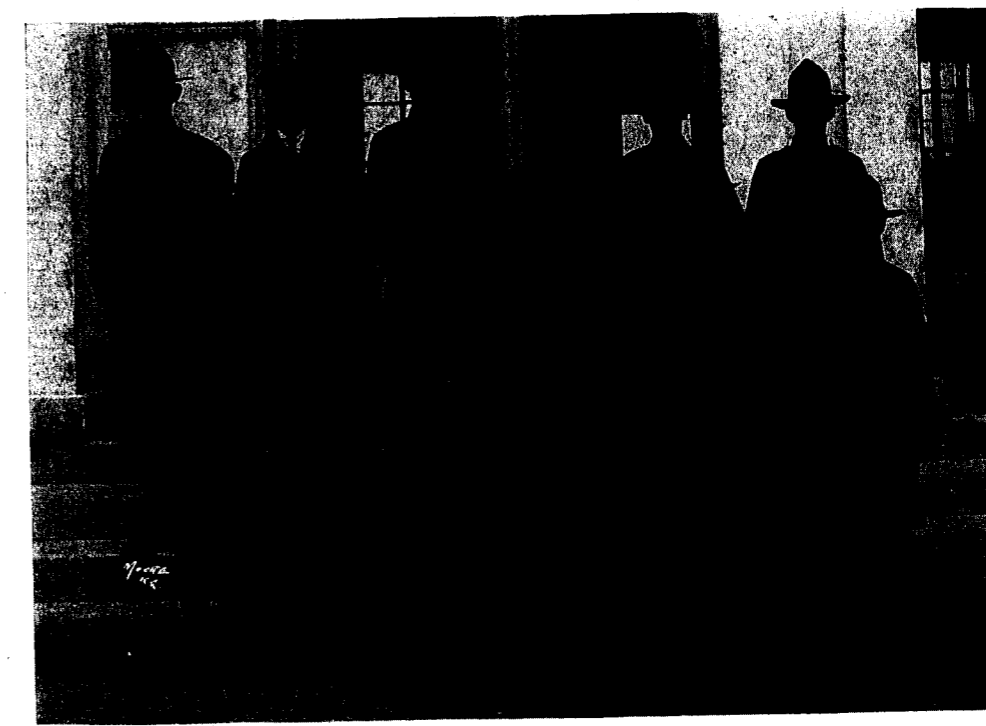


William Jewell Band

FRED WHITE, Director
RUSSELL S. CROSS, Assistant Director

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>Solo Cornets</i> | <i>Solo Alto</i> |
| FRED WHITE | CASH B. POLLARD |
| RUSSELL S. CROSS | <i>First Alto</i> |
| JAS. R. SAMUELL | FOREST H. DIEHL |
| HAROLD T. BOYD | <i>Second Alto</i> |
| <i>First Cornet</i> | CHARLES F. STORER |
| JOSEPH E. PORTER | <i>Tenor</i> |
| <i>Second Cornet</i> | DREXEL H. MARTIN |
| DARCY CREASON | <i>First Trombone</i> |
| <i>Solo Clarinets</i> | WILLIAM L. WARD |
| GORDON S. NORVELL | <i>Second Trombone</i> |
| OLIVER P. JOHNSTON | LEON W. TATE |
| RAYMOND E. SEARS | <i>Baritone</i> |
| <i>First Clarinets</i> | N. L. WHEELER |
| CECIL P. SANSOM | <i>Bass</i> |
| CHAS H. OWEN | STUART G. BIGGERSTAFF |
| <i>Second Clarinet</i> | <i>Drums</i> |
| EDGAR H. FARDON | DONALD M. CHURCH |
| <i>Third Clarinet</i> | FRANK H. GUEMPLE |
| JOHN B. TODD | |

Drum Major—WILLIAM L. LOVE



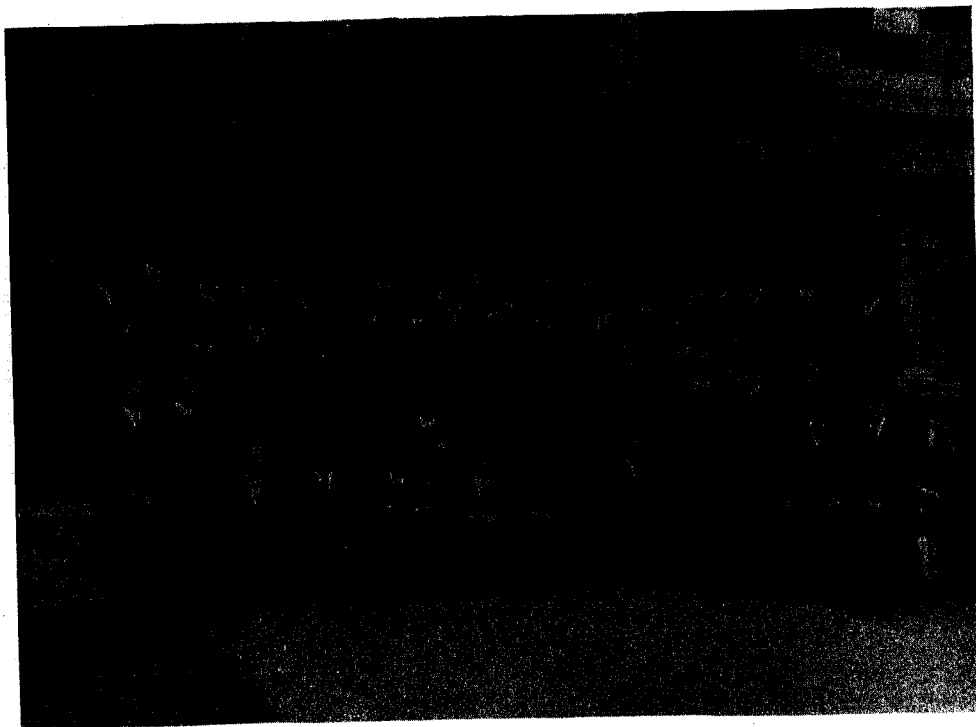
"J" Club

Requirements for Membership:

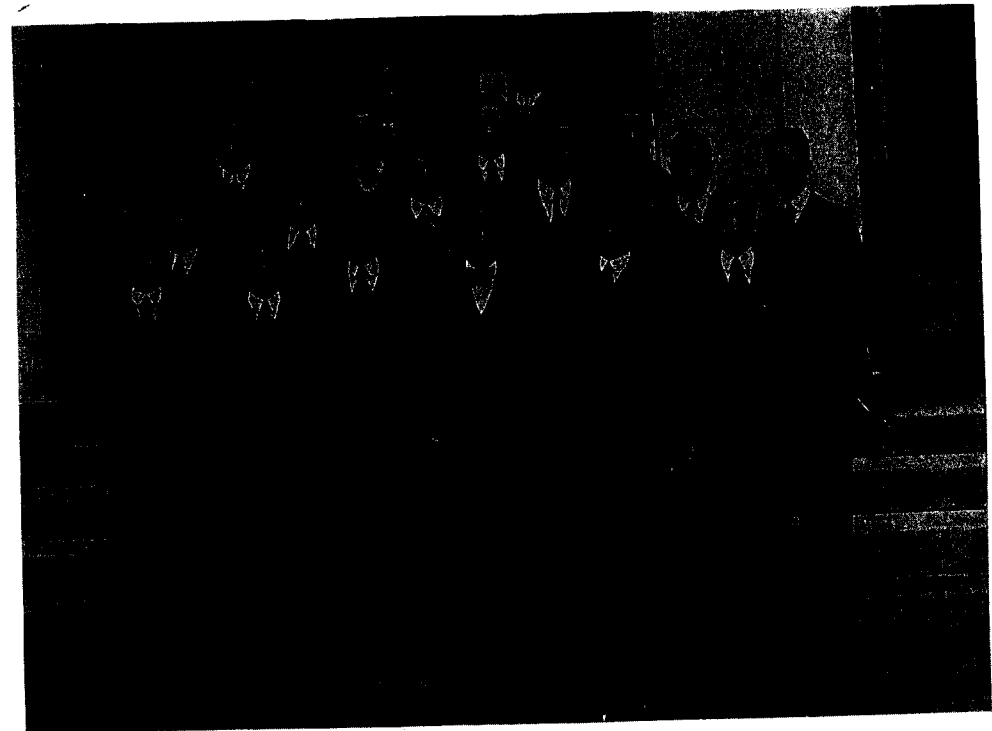
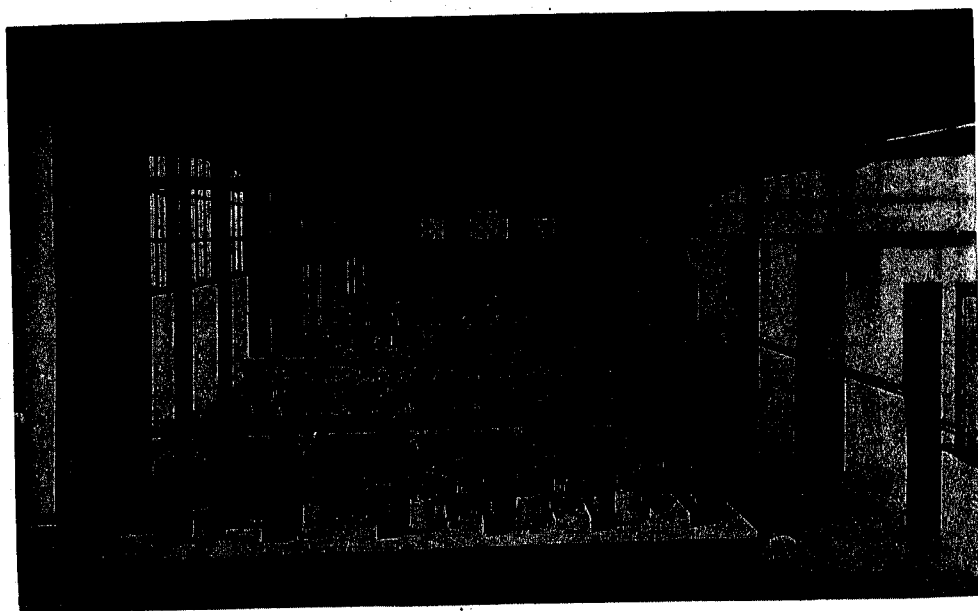
Members must have received a college emblem in some form of athletics.

MEMBERS

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| "ZEKE" MAYBERRY | "DIMP" EVANS |
| "SNEERY" HOUSE | "OZARK" HARVEY |
| "SPIKE" NEWMAN | "PUG" WOOD |
| "RABBIT" GWYN | "PINKY" KING |
| "TOLL" POLLARD | "FACE" HUNT |
| "MACK" MACKINNEY | "CUNNIE" CUNNINGHAM |
| "SLIM" MEREDITH | "CUPIE" JETER |
| "SQUAW" BELL | "CHAMP" CLARK |
| "BILLIE" BILLINGS | CARR EUBANK |
| "JACK" JULIAN | ELMER LOVE |
| | "BLONDY" WALKER |



JUDSON-PECK SOCIETY



Cosmopolitan Club

OFFICERS

H. C. Ho, *President*
GEO. WHITE, *Vice-President*
D. B. BOADO, *Secretary*
A. K. YAMAGISHI, *Treasurer*

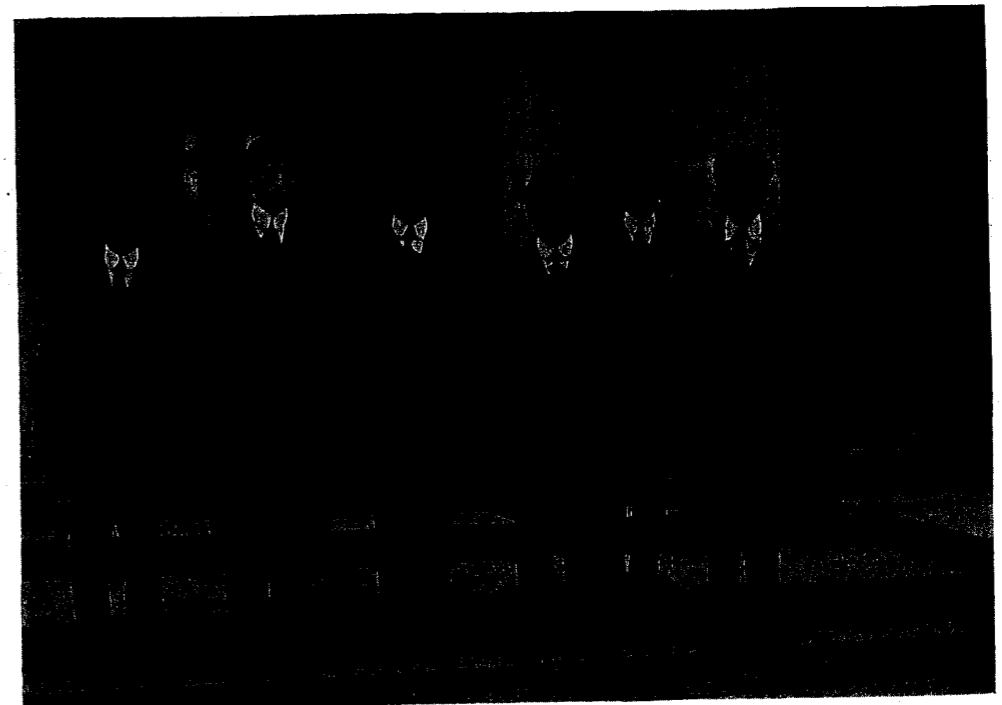
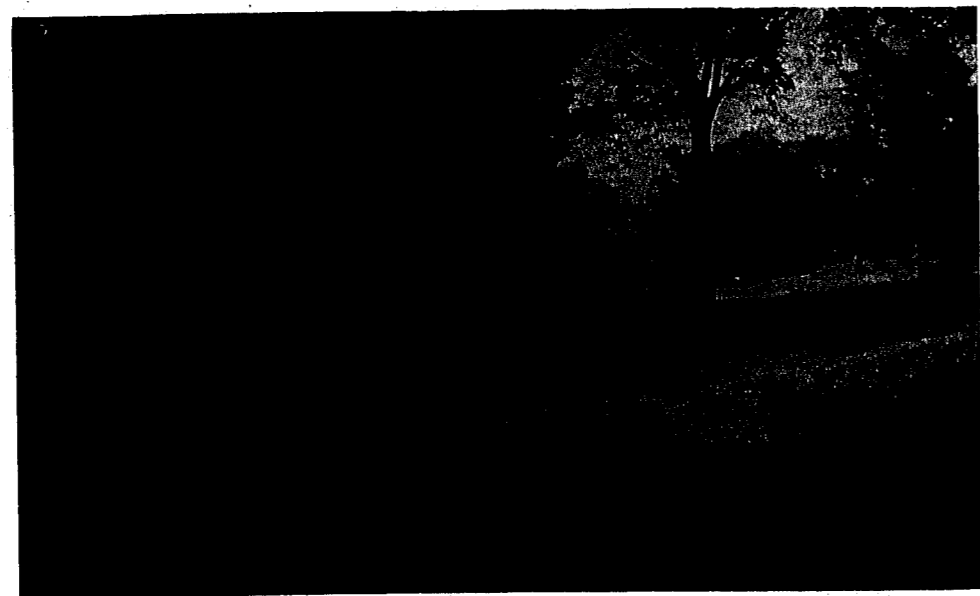
China
England
Philippines
Japan

Motto: "Above all nations is humanity."

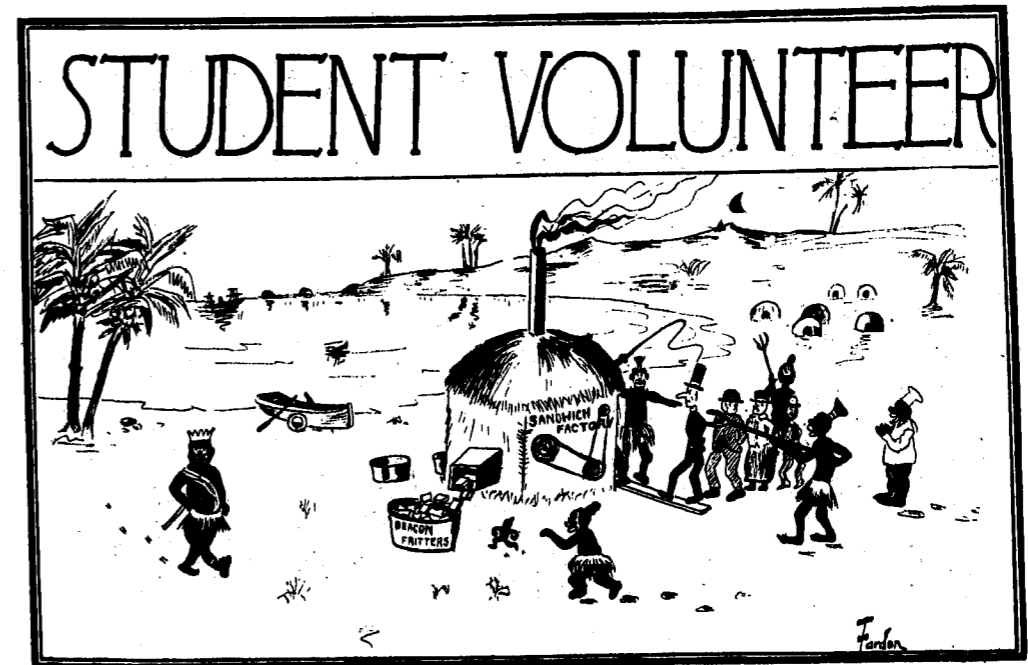


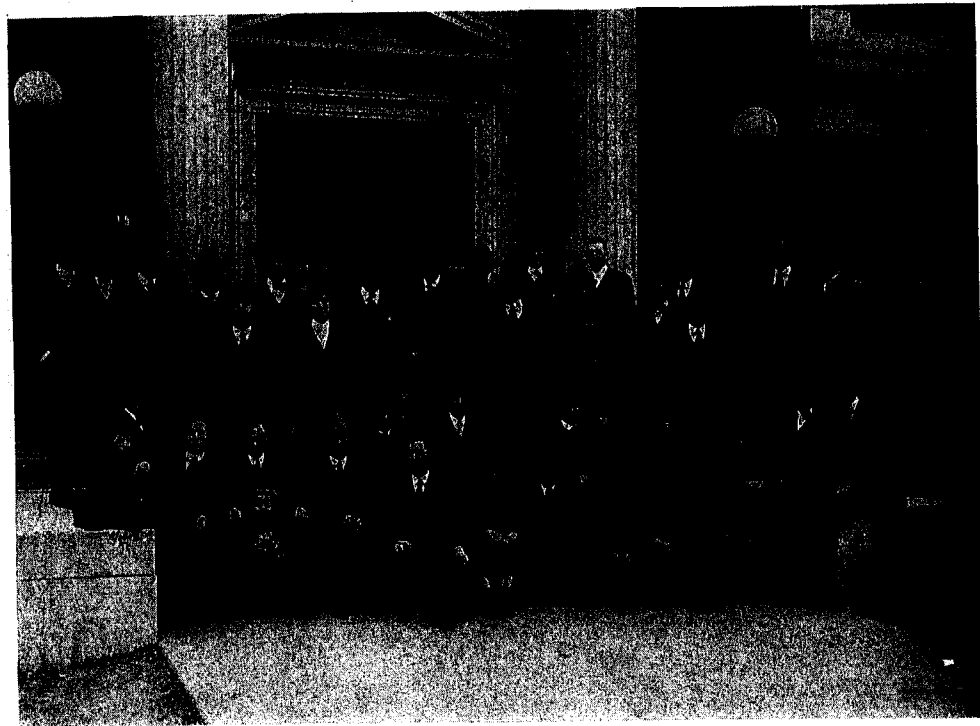


INTER-COLLEGIATE PROHIBITION ASSOCIATION

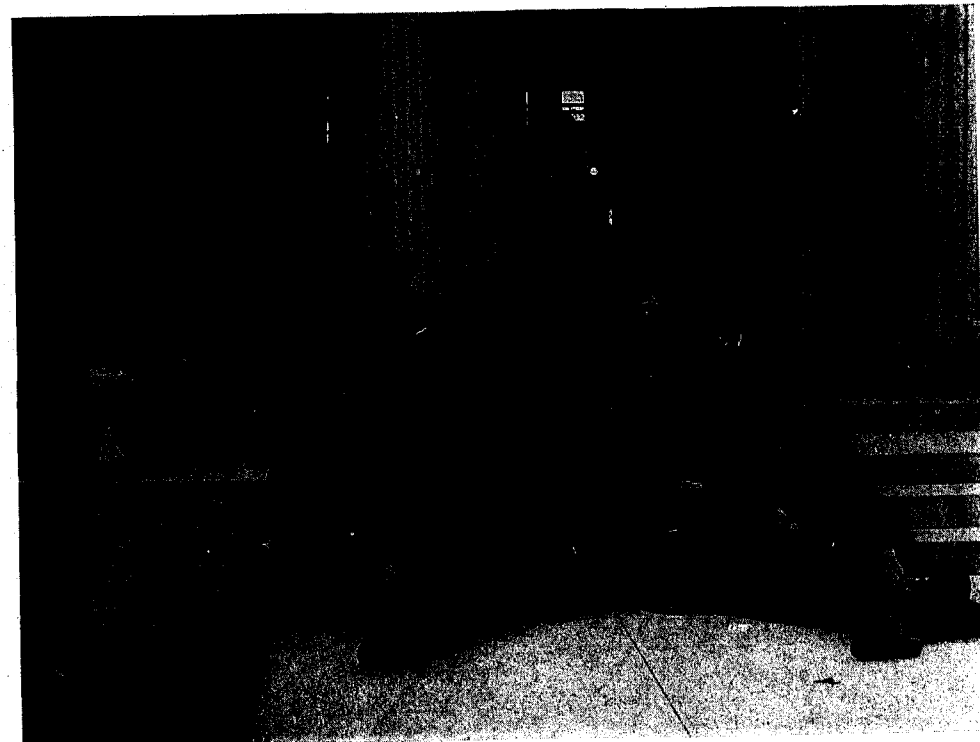


STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND





"Man and wife, coupled together for the sake of strife."



De Sons of Rest

Founded in Eden 7000 B. C.

Flower: Century Plant

Colors: Indigo and sky blue

YAWN

Raw buck—saw buck!
Malum labor est,
Live ever, work never,
Sons of rest. A-h-h-h-men!

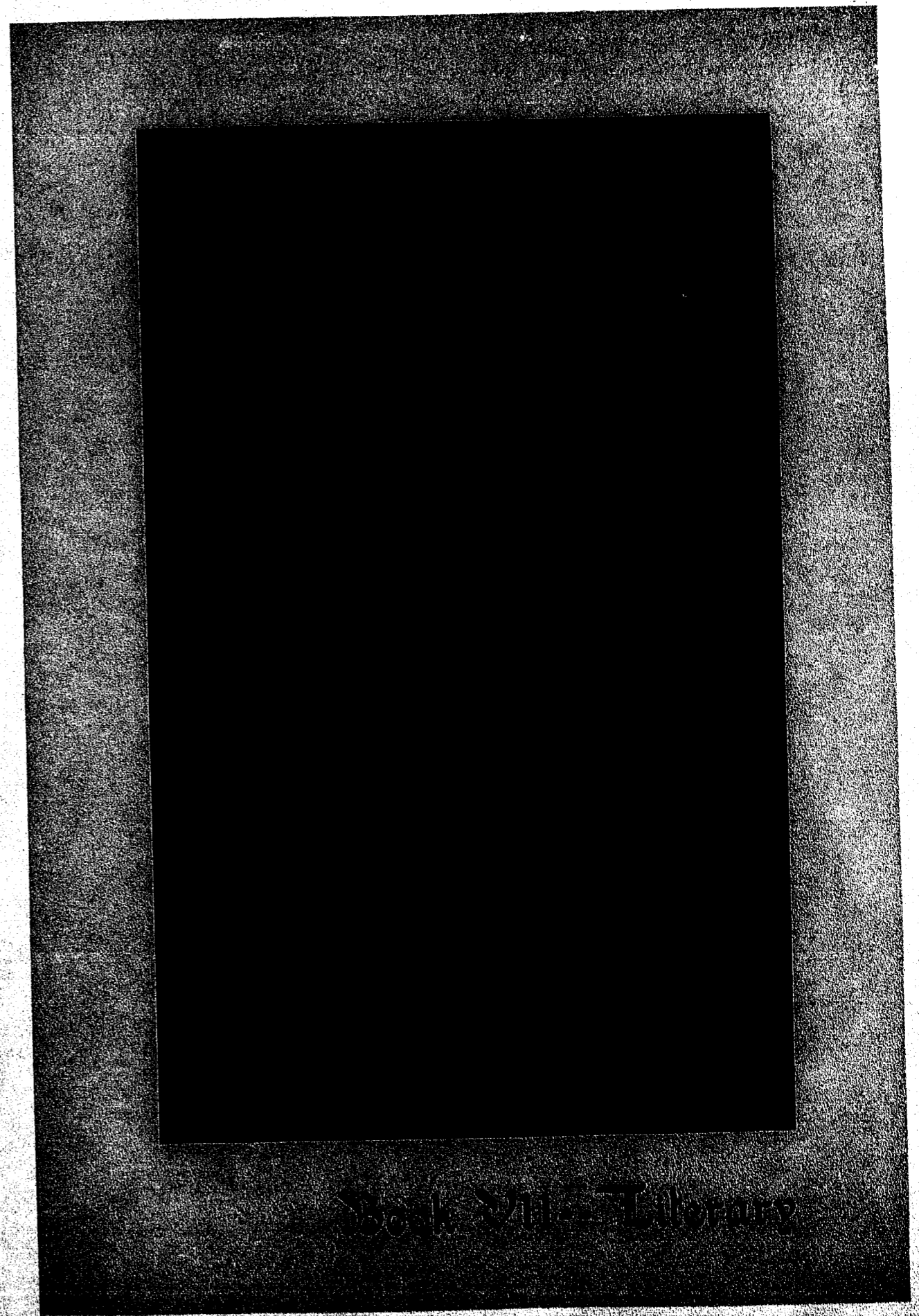
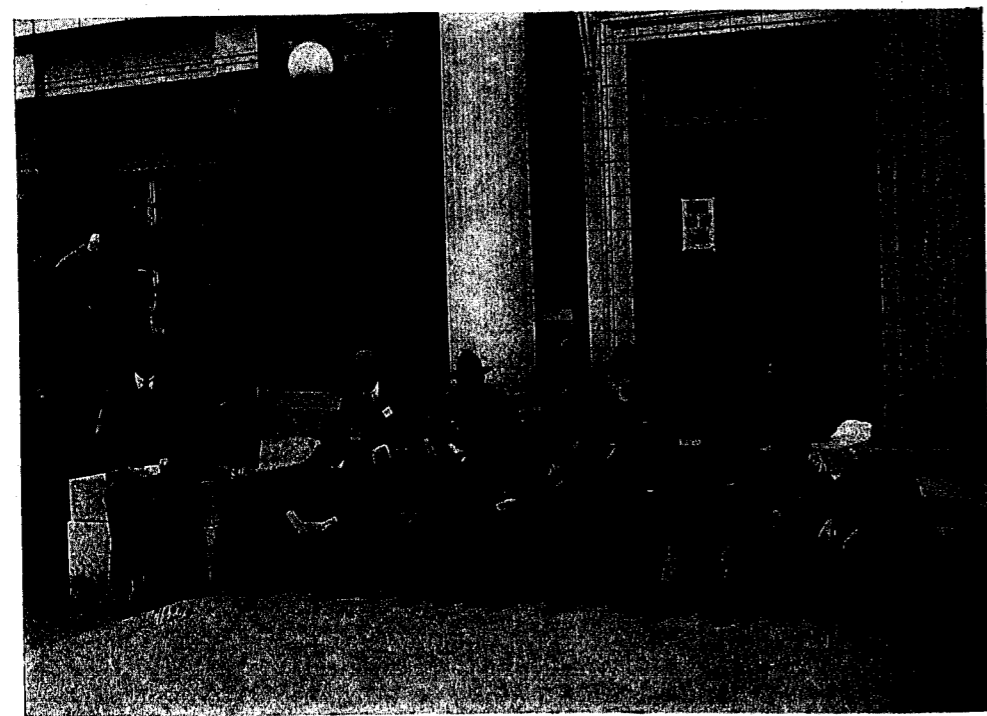
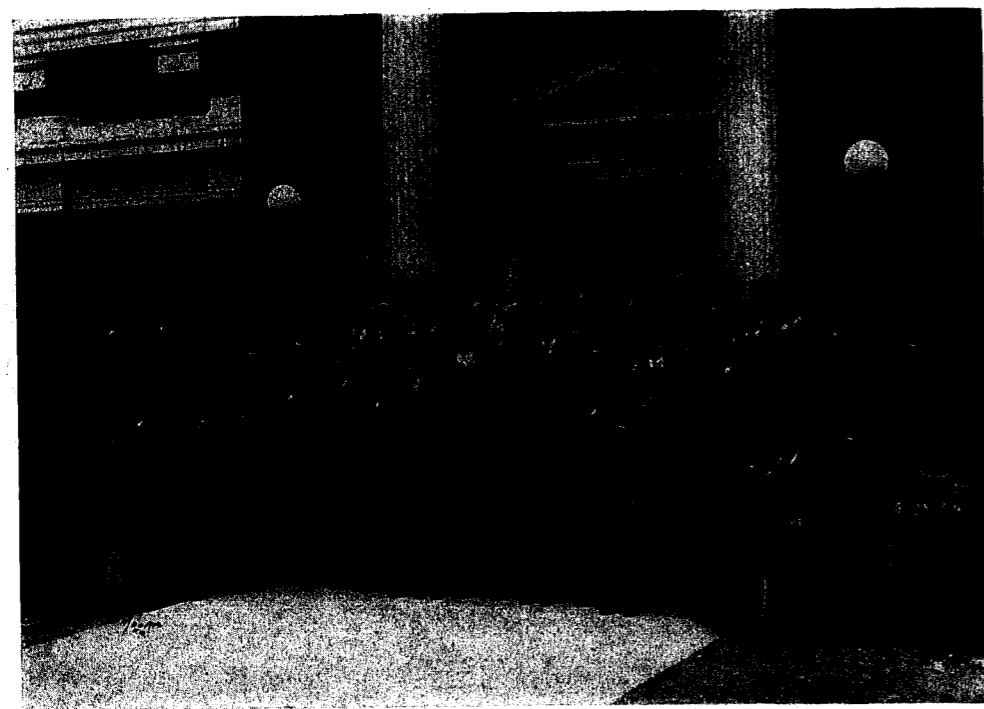
ROLL OF HONOR

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| Y. DOUGLAS ADAIR | Z. TAYLOR WOOD |
| R. ELMER BERNARD | J. THORNHILL RECTOR |
| F. ZAISS COURTNEY | G. RUSSELL STROUD |
| J. EDWARD HARVEY | W. DUNCAN McQUIE |
| L. ALEXANDER HOUSE | D. MALCOM CHURCH |
| P. FOSTER HUNT | J. WALLACE HALL |
| M. MATKIN MAYBERRY | S. HAMMOCK WOOD |
| W. BYWATERS MULLENDORE | W. LEE ROY WARD |
| P. THURSTON PATTERSON | W. TILTON MEREDITH |
| P. GRAVES STORTS | A. MARION GLICK |

IN FACULTATE

- F. GRANDPA FRUIT
- H. BOY EVANS







LIBRARY FORCE



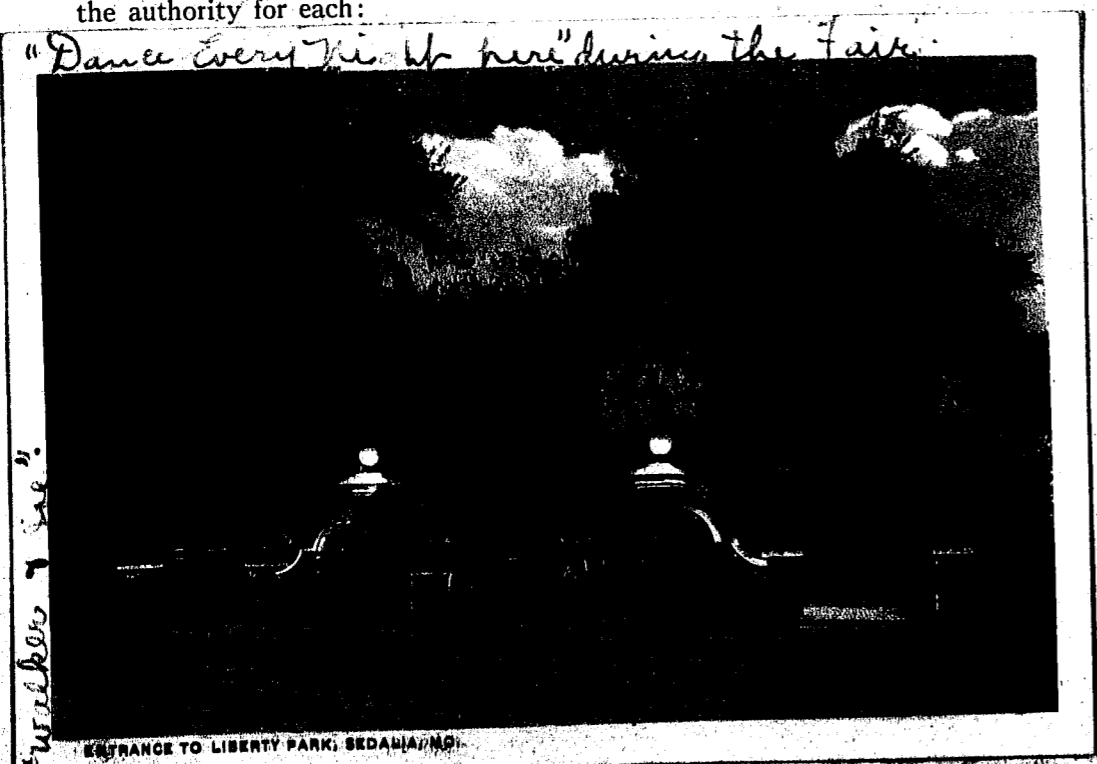
WARD H. EDWARDS Librarian
 ASSISTANTS
 R. S. CROSS W. T. MEREDITH
 G. OWENS BAXTER

The Newest English Verb: To Goat

Eugene Jay

Haven't you heard it? Well, you must be dull! Why everybody on the Hill uses it. Yes! sub-acs and acs and upper classmen and lower classmen and even some members of the faculty—good English? How could you doubt it? Oh, no; it isn't in the grammar yet, nor in the dictionary either, I think, as a verb; but its use is so common that only a little observation is necessary to discover all the grammatical constructions to which it is liable.

It has no infinitive nor participles and is never used in the passive voice, and it is not often heard in any tense but the present. Its only moods are the indicative and imperative. Here are a few of the most common usages with the authority for each:



That S. A. T. C.

IF YOU were to ask "doughboy Slim" why he is feeling so good here of late, he would probably tell you it is because he was a member of the World's Greatest Peace Commission since the day of Henry Ford. This commission which made itself so famous for its peace work was organized by the C. E. S. T.—Commission for the Eradication of Shinbone Ticklers in 1918, under the name of S. A. T. C.—Saturday Afternoon Tea Clubs. By virtue of the Constitution and By-laws of the S. A. T. C. each member of the Commission was to receive a college education free, in addition to an army uniform and \$30 per month. (Deducting \$29 for insurance, allotments, Y. M. C. A. appropriations, shirts, Liberty Bonds, Tatlers, class dues, Y. M. C. A. lectures, etc., etc., etc.) As would be expected, both young American patriots and "Lounge Lizzards" quit "bunny-hugging" the pianos and joined the S. A. T. C.

The real work began at eleven o'clock October one; and let it be remembered from the beginning that the allied enemies, from that date, dreaded the American Army. "Doc" Rothwell gave the required examinations. It was at this time we learned that knock-knees, warts, chillblains, bow-legs, boils, bay windows, pigeon toes and brittle feet are respecters of no cast or creed. The examinations were followed with measurements for uniforms. Until the uniforms came the boys looked as if they were the sons of retired well-to-do millionaires. But when the gabardines did arrive from St. Louis, Oh, Lady! The hats could have been easily mistaken for saucers of buttermilk and the pants were too large in the calf. And them shoes. Gosh! I. B. Smith said, "Nothing fits but my hat cord, and it is in Philadelphia."

In spite of the fact that no equipment was available everything was moving along nicely until some nut down in Washington, tied to a roller-top desk, doing the White Slave act for a "dollar a year" commanded, "Full Speed Ahead." "Give them supervised study." "March them to and from classes." So supervised study became the role. During vacant hours the men were marched to the library and there they studied, in serried columns, meekly, zealously, quietly, and with patriotic fervor. The college library never saw such a sight. Every seat filled with a man and every man deep in a book. (????????????????) It was touching to see the ardour, faithfulness and devotion of the future generals who were aflame with the passion of War. "Fraternities were abandoned," "Dad" sent the football team to war. (Altho I did hear one fellow say something about that Cameron bunch that he did not learn at Sunday School.)

Social life was forgotten, for the Co-eds could not be so unpatriotic as to take the time of the would-be soldiers; in fact, the Co-eds and S. A. T. C. men were forbidden to meet even at the "rock pile." For once shooting dice became unknown.

On the drill field the men learned with lightning rapidity to do "Squads East; March; Company Halt" and "Rest." (The latter command was always executed with snap.) When "Eyes Right" was given you could hear their eye-balls click. Not a few men expected to hear themselves pronounced an "egg" in some flying corps in France in the immediate future. Once an "egg" they had no doubt of becoming a "vulture" and then a "gimper." Many of them were getting ready for the "suicide" companies—the companies which were to give a "shower" to Willie, Hindy, and the Potsdam Home Guard. "Blondy" and his gang were getting ready to make a gas attack with mustard

gas, liquid fire, carbolic acid and hydrogen sulfide. Sensintaffer was seen doing the semaphore one night in his sleep and from that we believed he had inclinations to enter the signal corps. We do not know what the men sent to Camps Pike and Grant wanted to do, but we know that there was not a man who did not expect to get "Boocoo Zigzag," ride a "side door pullman," "drop to the pit," "give them the gilt edge," "take a Boche Angel," and later become a "frog lover." Their motto was "Work like Hellen B. Happy." And every man lived up to the motto.

Of course some of the boys had to learn that a Ford could not run the guard; that it was not for the best health of the Eskimos to give the fire alarm after taps on Hallowe'en night; and that the hospital was the one place for recreation and amusement. But you should have seen how eager the boys were to do K. P. duty, walk guard, be confined to quarters Saturdays and Sundays, and be landed in the "jug." Not a day passed but that the bulletin board was scrutinized by each man to see if he were lucky enough to be on the list. And unlike any other camp in America, the song, "Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning" was very unpopular. Not many men could tell but that "Vive La France" meant "You can have it taken out of your next month's pay" or "Lights out, Third East." But they all knew how to fight a water battle and to take "forced hikes" to the river.

Of course, only a few weeks lay between them and "No Man's Land," when word came back from the lad who had already gone that the enemies had learned the password "Kamerad." The word passed quickly from one end of the lines to the other. And as far as our "Brothers" knew, it was the only word in the German language. It became so universally known in Germany that the German people repeated it in concert at eleven o'clock, November 11 (1708 hours, according to the Hindenburg time table, after the S. A. T. C. was established). The expected followed. The message, "The S. A. T. C. has won the War," was flashed to the uttermost parts. The great day had arrived, but the S. A. T. C. Rookie was broken hearted. He had dreamed of a Boche for a butler and a Hohenzollerin for a cook, but his dreams were so completely blasted that he could not have the privilege of writing back home from the "Front door of Hans and Fritz." His aim had been heaven, hell, home or Hoboken by Christmas, and Willie said "Send him home."

The time for going home arrived. Orders for demobilization were received. By sheer luck woolen uniforms, overcoats and woolen underwear arrived the day before the men were to leave. The army division was easily and quickly demobilized for there was only one man on the casualty list at the time. (Cooper, shot in action.) But the size of and complicated procedure thereto, delayed the demobilization of the naval unit. But thanks to "Cupid"—the only man in the naval unit with brains, for he made possible "quick getaway." The S. A. T. C. is now an organization of history, but its fame shall last with that of the "Lost Battalion," the "Rainbow Division" and the "Fighting Australians."

—Lieutenant Burton.

Twenty Twinklers

(Or the Stars of Hope of 1919.)

1. Dr. George O. Baxter, a great divine, or quackster.
2. Bouey, Dr. George Andy, says learning comes in handy.
3. Bisceglia, Dr. J. B., comes from sunny Italy.
4. Courtney, Dr. Fred'rick Z., sergeant in the R. O. T. C.
5. Dr. E. H. Collins always himself up a dollin.
6. Rev. Dr. Ralph A. Craig, a fitting legate to the Hague.
7. Cornelius, Dr. John Maxey, thru to heaven in a taxi.
8. Everett, Dr. Millard Spencer, a mighty boxer and a fencer.
9. Hon. Dr. Howe Chang Ho, will back to ancient China go.
10. Johnson, Dr. George Lanning, quite a hand at knowledge canning.
11. Kerr, Dr. Clarence F., diligent student of Mutt and Jeff.
12. Dr. Lawson Robert Kite, naturally hunting a place to light.
13. Dr. Elmer Allen Love, just as harmless as a dove.
14. The Hon. Dr. Ling Su Loh, from the land where pigtailed used to grow.
15. Dr. Arthur Clinton MacKinney can throw a baseball into China.
16. Dr. John W. H. Moul was never known to snap or growl.
17. Hon. Dr. M. M. Mayberry, a gent who makes the co-eds merry.
18. Smith, Rev. Dr. William Holt, fractious and frolicsome as a colt.
19. Rt. Rev. Dr. John E. Wade, always looking for a shade.
20. Walker, Dr. Walter Owen, still has lots o' room for growin.'

From: Commanding Officer, 360th Infantry.
To: Chaplain W. O. Lewis, 360th Infantry.
Subject: Conduct of officer in recent offensive.

1. I desire to convey my congratulations to you on the efficient and courageous manner in which you performed your duties as Regimental Chaplain in the operations of this regiment of November first and second.
2. Under the most trying circumstances, and subjected for a long time to heavy machine gun and shell fire, you carried on your work in such an efficient manner that a large part of the success gained by the regiment was due to your courage, energy and aggressiveness.
3. I assure you of my continued interest in your military career.

H. C. PRICE,
Col. 360th Inf.
Commanding.

SOMETHING HEARD IN CHEMISTRY 22

Chlorine gas is very, very poisonous indeed.

This reaction is very, very violent indeed.

This experiment will be very, very interesting indeed.

These balances are very, very delicate indeed.

Ammonia is very, very volatile indeed.

NOTICE: Phosphorous is very, very dangerous indeed.

To compute the volume of gases is very, very simple indeed.

Chemistry is very, very important indeed.

You must learn to look at the world through the test tube.

Don't punch the bottom out of the beaker.

We'll let this reaction jog along.


The affinity of the elements is like a company of boys and girls in a room—
some will displace others.

From Chaplain W. O. Lewis

ORDERS were received at Camp for us to move on Wednesday, the 4th. We were told that day to get ready to go the next day in the afternoon. We left the coast Thursday afternoon, the 5th. We traveled that afternoon on a French train in first class compartments for the first lap of the journey. The car was nice and everything was O. K. except that people kept crowding in until there was scarcely room to stand or sit. This is one place where the private has the advantage over the officers. He gets across the country quicker and is pretty sure of being fed on the way. I can't say I would care to swap places with him when it comes to the kind of car he often has to ride in. Of course, sometimes he gets to ride in a third class passenger car, tho often he rides in one of the little box cars. These cars are marked on the outside "36-40 men or 8 horses lengthwise." We were told when we left the coast that we would get to the first big town where we would change cars at about 9 o'clock and would stay there all night and go on the next morning. We got in at midnight. All the hotels were full. The train that was to take us on the next morning was out in the yard. So we got on and slept there until the next morning, going to a restaurant to get our breakfast. In a few hours we got to a big town on a line of railroad known as the American line, because the Americans use it a great deal. Some of the engines are American and the cars are often American made. All the trains have Americans on them and there are Americans all along the line to help the men and keep them out of trouble.

When we got to the American line, we found that the passenger train from the coast that we had expected to take was about a day late. So they made up a special train in the yards and started the officers that were going in that direction. No one else but Americans was allowed on that train and our compartments had only the men in them that were assigned to them. We started from this town on the American line at six o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the 6th. You may judge as to how fast we went when I tell you that at sunrise we had traveled about 45 miles. But slow as the train was it was too quick for me once.

We had great trouble getting anything to eat Saturday morning (7th). We came to one big town on the American line where we changed engines. Our train stopped at every block signal along the road, but never would stop in a town. Well, when we changed engines, one of the men in my compartment agreed to stand guard outside and tell me when it was time to get on while I went into a restaurant to get something to eat. He did not sing out quite early enough or I failed to hear him. The result was that the train went off without Chaplain Lewis tho it had all of his baggage. I was almost distracted for a while. Of course I knew I could telegraph ahead and have my baggage



put off and could come on the next train. But I did not relish the idea. I went to the American transportation officer and told him my troubles. He said he could do nothing for me. So I started out to help myself. I found a soldier with a side car who did not have much to do and got permission for him to take me for a little ride out of town. I knew that unless the train suddenly changed its habits, I could soon catch it. But unfortunately we were directed to take a road that did not run close to the railroad, tho it went in that direction. The road we took would get us there but it was too long. We ran out of gasoline before we came to the first town on the railroad. I went to a farm house close by and was able to get enough gasoline to take us into a neighboring village. I had to pay two francs for a liter. While at this place, I talked with some German prisoners that were not very closely guarded and found out a great deal about the lay of the country. One of them seemed like he was tickled nearly to death to have me talk to him in a kindly way. When we got into the village I met a captain who was going a way down the line to the next big station on the American line. I bought my man enough juice to get him back home and got in and rode with the captain. I got to the big town in spite of losing an hour hunting gasoline two hours and a quarter before the American special got in. The men were dumbfounded to see me on the platform waiting for the train. My baggage was O. K. I found when I figured out on the map afterward that I had traveled about 75 kilometers across the country. I enjoyed the trip. Apart from the scare I had a slight strain of one of the muscles of my leg while running for the train that lasted a couple of days. It was a great experience.

Extract:

Well, I have been kissed by a French woman. I did not start the operation and I could not get out of it. I was kissed on both cheeks too. That is the orthodox French style of kissing. From the reply that the boys write in the letters I censor, I judge that many of the folks at home are afraid our boys will take up with the French girls. I have wondered whether you were worrying or not. Well, it was not a French girl that got me—it was a married woman. She had been married long enough to know better for she had grown and married children, having lost some of them in this war. She was my old landlady. I tried to get her to tell me her age, but she would not. As I was never very good at guessing a woman's age, I would hardly know how old she is. I nearly always guess them too young. I think this woman must have been at least sixty. She seemed to take quite a fancy to me and invited me to come and see her after the war is over. She kissed me just as I left.



Lobe Letters of a Boy Scout, Stoodents' Army Training Corpse

(Apologies to E. Streeter.)

Dere Mable:

We aint got no room enny more. The 12th squads got moved down to the loby. We did the movin ourselves tho. I guess they wanted us closer to the sargents room sos they wouldn't have to go so far to put us on detales. Sargents is awfull lazy fellos, Mable. They never do nothin theirselves. Theirs some other fellos down here to, that are goin to get sent off to Camp. The captin forgot to put me on the list. I reckon hes savin me for somethin big. Hes got his eye on me. The other day I was leadin a bunch of men when he came up. I halted em and said, "Right Dress, March!" He looks over at me kinda cinickel and says, "Whats this, a dress parade?" I didn't say nuthin. Just saluted. Dignifide. Thats me all over, Mable.

I don't get lonesome for you and my other girls no more. Theres always somebody in the loby makin a lot of noise. The loby, Mabel, is a place where everybody hangs out when the top sargent forgets to put them on some detales. Most of em must be medickal students. They say they like to here the bones rattle. Of coarse you dont get that, Mable. The gard house is down here to. Their aint no house tho, just a corner of the lobby. And they don't keep no gards in it neither. When ennybody gets arrested, the corperal of the gard detales some of us to gard the prisoner while he sleeps in our bed.

Theres some funny guys down here, Mable, one fello who is an officer like me always says to the hall ordrlly, "12th Squad all in." Then we all start yellin at the corperal of the gard to turn out the lites. We have to learn em how over again every nite. They havent got enny sense about nuthin. They kept wakin me up climbin over my cot to cloze the windo I ventricate the loby with. But I fixed em. Last nite I clozed it myself before I went to bed. I bet it made them awfull sore when they saw it was shut. But that aint all that corperals of the gards do. They slepe rite thru an alarm clock like it wasnt their. In about a haf hour the gards start yellin, "Corperal of the gard, No. 1, relefe." That wakes us up but not the corperal. We wouldn't care so much but when we go back to slepe, the gards start yellin again like they was mad. Finary I have to make one of my men go wake him up. Then we get to slepe 2 hours more unless they get some prisoners or somebody talks to lowd in their slepe. There is one fello in our squad that is a somnambulance. He talks all nite long. I guess he thinks the sargents dont give him no chanct in the day-time so he makes it up at nite. Sometimes he sits rite up in bed and says "Squabs right, March!" or "12th Squab fall out and fill up the blank files." I fele sorry

for the pore fello and throw my shoes at him. Simpathetical. Thats me all over, Mable.

Our lootenant are gettin awfull hard boiled lately. I think their jealous of me. I trete em nice tho, just the same as if they was human beins. But I acksidentally made one of em mad the other day. Some fello was chasin me down the road about dark. Seein the lootenant in front of me but not recognizing him, I grabbed him by the arm and swung round him. He looked at me kinda hard like and I, not carin for an interview, saluted with my left hand and ran down the road like the Campfire Girls doin double time.

I wouldnt aminded him gettin sore if he hadnt put me on hall orderly. A hall orderly, Mable, is a guy thats lucky enough not to get put on K. P. I and another guy was takin the role together. 1st east said they was goin to get ruff. So we took our guns along. It was so dark in the hall you couldnt see nuthin. But my pardner thot he saw somebody standin at one end. He yelled out, "Halt, whose there?" Nobody answered, so he says, "Bill, go jab that guy with your baynet." I went tearin down the hall, when the voice of the lootenant says, "What do you think your doin?" My pardner got scart and says, "Excuse me, Sir." But I says very deliverately, "Sir, we herd 1st east was goin to get hard boiled, so we thot wed get just as hard."

Well, Mable, survayin period will soon be over and I got lots of other girls to rite to. We only have about an our to ourselves every day and we got to spend that sweepin up and cleanin our guns. I dont exspec to get no leave of absence till all the sargents is dead.

Till then,

Lugubriously yours,

BILL.

—M. S. Everett.



Doing the Impossible

(A Poem with a Moral.)

By O. J. B.

While I was yet a docile soph,
I heard a learned prof
Read "Know Thyself"
Out of a strange old book
From some one's six-foot shelf;
And then with solemn look,
He spent the entire hour
Exhorting with great power,
And placed such import by it,
That I resolved to try it.

Just as a thing of choice,
I studied first my voice.
But noting every sound
Between a whisper and a shout,
I have invariably found
It sounded wrong side out;
And now, if from the distance broke
My tones, I'd swear another spoke.

I gave some notice to my eyes;
(Of course you'll show surprise),
But at this moment I can't say
Whether they are blue or gray.

I knew, also, or thought I knew,
That I should take each point of view;
And now you may believe or not,
Although my zeal was never slack,
I must admit that I've forgot
Just what I look like in the back.

It's true, the fellows call me "Fat,"
But what of that?
Although undoubtedly I be it,
I'll be hanged if I can see it;
Or, if indeed I can,
I so regret it,
In spite of my most rigid plan,
I soon forget it.

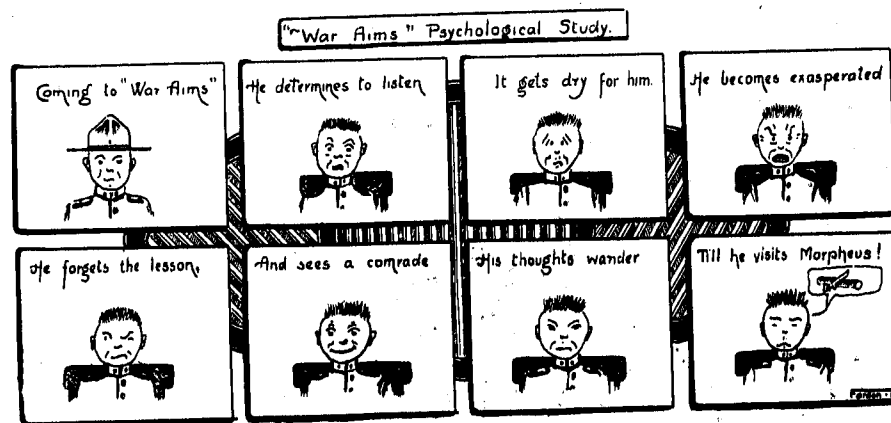
Thus all my efforts only show me,
Though I've studied 'neath the goad,

That I should hardly know me,
If I met me in the road.

* * * * *
But if I died tonight,
Do you know what I'd do?
I think I'd not take instant flight,
But hang around a day or two,
That I, with greater care,
Might view me lying there.
And it would be no harm,
Considering what I might discover,
To take one leg and arm,
And gently roll me over.
And then observing carefully,
In spite of my beholders,
I'd look, and if need be,
I'd bathe between my shoulders.

And if the undertaker
Should get upon his ear,
I'd land upon the faker,
And sit down on the bier.

* * * * *
Moral: If students read these lines,
Who failed in what the prof assigns
While they're alive, they ought to make
An effort after death to cram;
For they might have to take
A "post mortem exam."



Dancing Added to Curriculum

THE announcement led to a spirited contest among members of the faculty aspiring to the new chair. Prof. Davis started the campaign by having his class in zoology "cut the pigeon wing." This was no sooner done than up popped the head of the mathematics department and, by way of demonstrating his ability, in a series of "fleet" movements, "cut the figure eight." Dr. Coon was the next on the floor and with swelling pomp and pride and to the utter astonishment of all gave the principal parts of the "tango." At this suggestion, "Dad" Bowles leaped high into the air and, in a thin rasping falsetto, shouted "touchdown." And then, "—er—er I mean 'hoedown!'" he corrected. Now for a "minuet" all eyes turned to Von Kern who showed great interest but declared it all "Greek" to him so far.

Of course such a "step" could not be made without some "ragging." Lieut. Burton, for instance, expressed grave fears that it would "Maher" the reputation of the school. And "Herb" Schwamb "shuffled his feet" in disapproval, being a minister of the "Word."

In spite of this opposition, however, Dr. Evans started the "ball" to rolling on top of the science hall, as caller of the dances. Once, in a lofty melodious voice, he began the famous old couplet:

"Do si do, ———"

"And a little more 'dough,'" interrupted Mr. Swank from the sheer force of habit.

At this point it was observed that several young men were so embarrassed that they would hardly touch their fair partners; whereupon Capt. "Spooner" rushed upon the scene.

"ROT. See!" he exclaimed, giving a demonstration, and left them "embracing" the idea.

—By A "Reel" Dancer.



Advice to Those Who Follow

IT DOESN'T take long to learn all that there is to learn in college; in fact the Freshman, according to his own opinion, knows most everything before he comes to college and acquires the remaining knowledge within at least two weeks after entering the institution which he chooses to make famous by his presence. This ethereal idea of one's ability, however, soon dies down to a normal or natural idea, but the patient is never the same afterwards. The reason for this change is the fact of various forces operating thru fellow beloved upper-classmen, who have in mind their own pleasure and the betterment of the more ignorant under-classmen. They feel it their duty to bring about this very necessary change in their own peculiar way, which is not always pleasant.

Now, it has been deemed advisable, thru the kindness of the Senior heart and the intelligence and deep insight of that mind, to give a little advice to those who follow in order to make less frequent those unpardonable "boomers," and to produce a graduate finally in some degree equal in learning to the present graduating class, which has reached it's pinnacle thru superior intellect and hard knocks rather than thru any kind of "tip-off." In other words, we want to keep the standard of graduates high.

In the first place, on entering school, be sure to report at least two days late, in order not to show undue interest and excitement over college work. All of the old men do this and if you report early, you will be branded as a "rooky." After looking over the catalogue and advising with Seniors, pick out the easiest subjects possible, being sure to take as few hours as you can. Don't let any professor talk you into taking anything hard because that is his job; it is what he is getting paid for, and he doesn't believe the "line" that he puts out himself. Above all things don't pay anything in Cash, but put the treasurer off by making a note. You won't have to pay it and the more you can get away with the sharper you will be considered. It is a sign of business ability, and will aid in getting a soft job later on in life when you get thru with your good time in college.

After you have gotten this good start begin your class work by going to your instructors and giving them the idea that you are especially interested in their work and want to get something out of it. Don't humor them too much, but show them that you are independent by cutting classes at least once per week. It is never a very good plan to buy books, especially in English and History. It is merely a waste of money, and there is nothing in them that you will ever need. In regard to the amount of studying that you should do, I must say that this is a matter of your own personality. In general, do just enough to get by with. Always take a chance as it shows the proper spirit and you can't appreciate college life until you have flunked several times. Don't mind this, as it merely shows that some professor has something personal against you.

Now, in regard to money matters. Some statement has already been made in a rather negative way, but there is also a positive side to the question. Of course you will be spending Dad's money, so don't hesitate to buy anything that you or anybody else happens to want, because you are expected to be a good sport. Never keep an expense account because it will merely furnish a record that will cause you regrets in the future. Put on a party with a few conservative companion spirits once every week, but be sure and don't make them too frequent, or you will likely cause some jealousy. Don't forget that money will do you no good while in your pocket.

It is hoped that these few remarks will be taken with all seriousness, and that the article will at least be read by those thinking of entering school. The faculty was very desirous of publishing this advice in the 1919-'20 catalogue, but the Tatler, contemplating this move, has declared all rights of publication reserved. This will no doubt cause a hardship on the general public, but the Staff could not be bothered with such thots of others.

To a January Dandelion

ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS

Eugene Jay

I see you, peekin' thru the snow at me,
When all the world is in its winter dress.
And all the other flowers warmly housed
Or fast asleep, tucked in by Mother Earth;
But you pop up your tiny golden head
As if you dared old Jack to nip your nose.

I like you for it tho, you seem so brave;
You're like this noble institution here
Beneath whose hov'ring shade you love to smile.
And all your frizzle-headed family
Are like the loyal William Jewell man—
You shine when all the world is dark and chill.

When tasks are hardest you can persevere;
When discontent is multiplied you shine;
When all the world around is sad and drear
You make it brighter with your cheery smile.
When others say they can't, and cease to try,
You lift triumphantly your gold-crowned head.

The Bugler

In the morning, when you're snoring,
All your troubles far away,
Comes the bugler, sets things roaring,
Routs you out from neath the hay.
How you'd like to smash the blighter
With his horn, across the dome,
'Twould make things seem lots brighter,
As you dream of Home, Sweet Home.
And as you get the call for drill
Your thoughts can't help but stray
To things you've seen beyond the hill,
Not many miles away.
When Quarters blows, and Taps, at night,
You don't want to go to bed,
And with the bugler, you would fight,
You'd like to kill him dead.
But life sure has its recompense,
For when the bugler blows
Recall, you say, "That boy's got sense,"
Ask anyone that knows.
When Mess Call sounds and your'e dead beat,
The Doughboys gather round,
You get your fill, how you could eat,
How good that bugle sound.
And once again, when pay day's near,
And you're busted fair and square,
You hear that bugler, now so dead,
Pay Call floats on the air.
So all the names you've called that boy,
In the days gone by and past,
Are forgotten quite, you're full of joy,
He's your good old pal at last.

—Captain Spooner.

PRAYER OF S. A. T. C. MAN

Lord help me thru this day
Let me do nothin' to lose my pay.
May I wake when Taps is blew,
And never sit the whole day thru.

Lord keep me from the paths of sin—
My turn on K. P., Lord, is did.
In the guard house, too, I've been,
And from M. P.'s I've often hid.

So, Lord, I'll never ask no more,
Just guide my feet—know they're sore—
Away from Captain Spooner's door—
And let me rest—and sleep—and snore.

—Dorothy Greene.

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A letter found on the campus just before the Tattler went to press. The owner may have same by calling at the Tattler office.

My dearest ———, (Name withheld for obvious reasons.)

The ebon shades of approaching dusk are fast lengthening o'er the somber landscape and as the "eye of day" turns again to rest, "robed in flames of amber light," e'en so must the mortals of our hemisphere soon revert to that mystic period of rest which for men "knits up the ravelled sleeve of care." Soon shall the day be done, when the darkness falls "from the wings of night as a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in his flight."

Yet e'er I succumb to the somnolent charms of plaintive night, I must pen to thee, my love, those gems of tender emotion which the poetic atmosphere of even-tide floods upon my fancy. I feel in the mellow touch of this peaceful hour the visitation of the muse, and as I wield my pen, it seems that all the loving emotions of poetic fancy that Urania can bestow on mortal thought now flood my spirit, beseeching expression. It seems that my soul doth wander thru sylvan dells and by meadow brooks of poetic imagination, plucking from mossy couches of fancy and from verdant dells of love, those beauteous thots that leave the soul "in unreproved pleasures, fancy free."

I fain would glide, my love, with thee, in sylvan bark o'er the bosom of the placid lake, watching the bright haired nymphs as they lave the silver waves, and feel our hearts beat as one with the rhythmic rhyme of the rippling wavelets or keep the tryst in some sequestered nook, far from "winkled care," where trips Euphrosyne on "light fantastic toe." Or again if day should fail and night prevail our souls would glide together thru checquered vistas as lovely Luna's mellow rays play among the frolicsome leaves, and with caressing touch enfold our spirits.

Thus, my goddess Helean, do I profess my love to thee, nor hath wily Cupid more subtle charms to woo his Psyche than these Nepenthes of balm which I pour out to thee.

But I must hie me away, back to the burdensome world of reality, back to the realm of the common-place, where "brooding care" plods ever on and where the poet must assume the garb of mediocrity, and the artist become the artisan. But this night I have sounded deep the wells of love and have drunk deep draughts from their far recesses.

Farewell, a fond farewell to all my dreams, the mystic shadows are fitting before the new born day, the "phantom of false morning" dies, soon shall the world cry:

"Wake! for the Sun, who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the field of night
Drives night along with them from Heaven, and strikes
The World's vast Turret 'with a shaft of Light.'"
So does Day scatter my thots and I go—go—go.
Yours "till the sands of the Desert grow cold."

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To Daddy Fruit

(With apologies to the shade of Shakespeare.)

When in the chronicles of long past time
We read descriptions of full studious wights
And how, oft baffled by Dan Chaucer's rime,
They burned the midnight oil successive nights.

And how tho half asleep thru lack of rest,
Their Latin paradigms they strove to say,
We know their antique pen would have expressed
Even such study as is ours today!

Yet little cause had they to weep their lot
When Foxy Grandpa toots to us to set
Our minds on essays and on works of Scott
For CONCENTRATION was by them undreamt of yet.

Oh! If they but beheld these present days
Surely it would their sleepy eyes amaze!

—E. H. F.

It's a Mystery to Me

How Dr. Parker can prepare his lectures and stay away from the Science Hall so much.

How Captain Spooner can remain a lonesome bachelor among all his lady admirers.

Why the faculty allow "Soc" Everett to stay in school and "flunk" as he does.

Why Dr. Sutherland doesn't quit teaching History 12 and turn the class over to "Major" Butts.

How "Squaw" Bell finds time to drop over from the city to attend his classes.

Why the "Co-op" managers don't retire and devote their wealth to philanthropic work.

How "Champ" Julian Ray Clark can stay in New Ely "Monastery" without "Kangaroo" courts.

How Captain Spooner retains his post in the face of the rivalry of "Major" Warren.

Why Vaughn Kern doesn't want the sub-collegiate boys to tip their hats to him—he being a faculty member.


Why the faculty doesn't furnish couches for the tired boys so they can sleep more comfortably in chapel.

Camp —, Feb. 9, 1919.

"At ease."


Friend Bill:

Well, Bill, your letter came as quite a surprise to me—it's the first you have written since I have been in camp, you know. It must have been quite a disappointment to you that you were unable to get into the service on account of being under age. You ask me to tell you some of my impressions and experiences of camp life, and I must say, Bill, that I've got a collection of them there animals quite as varied and unique as the knicknacks in the little original old curiosity shop, but as to whether they will prove interesting to anyone is more than I can say. However, I will give you a few of my motley array of impressions, some indistinct, some vivid and some still more vivid. The past nine months have been one long dream, a dream that takes on the prodigious proportions of a nightmare at times, and, from which I will not awake until my Uncle Samuel presents me with an honorable "deplomy" of discharge. I think all those vivid impressions, which lie in a distorted mass at the base of my cerebellum, were received the first two weeks of my painful transformation from a civilian into a soldier. Believe me, Bill, the forerunner of a Frat. initiation "ain't" got nothin' on my Uncle Sam'l when it comes to rubbin' it in with all the painful furbelows and embellishments. The minute a guy exchanges silk shirts for khaki the circus is ready to start; his troubles begin; he's got on his riot rags, so to speak, and the mob proceeds to fall on him and do him up in mob fashion. If he lives to tell the tale, he's a man; and neither the devil nor Thomas Walker can inspire fear in his manly bosom; but it is the process of being translated into that heroic condition that is so distressing. Examinations in college, Bill, ain't got a thing on examinations in the army. Why, the first minute the poor unsuspecting boob goes to alight from the cars, he falls into about one hundred and fifty examinations, physical, mental, spiritual, psychological examinations until his head feels like it is whirling around on his neck at the rate of about forty miles an hour and he can't tell where he's "at," or why he is, and from which he emerges a much sadder and wiser man. He is asked very personal questions; about how often he's been in jail; if he is married, why? If he is not married, why not? What occupations did he follow twenty years before that; what his father's second cousin's wife's brother-in-law's great grandmother died with; is it hereditary? What size sox he wears,



and why he was born at all. Then he gets his physical exam and the other hundred and fifty-eight exams and for the next few days he is initiated into the mysteries of drill which comes easy if he knows the latest intricate dance steps. The following morning the candidate gets up at four-thirty, or rather is gotten up by Bill, the bugler, whom he first mistakes for Gabriel blowing the blast of doom. He is led forth in the early dawn and given the second degree, which consists of physical torture, or setting-up exercise, tho you are *layin' down* most of the time right in the dirt and kicking up your heels for all the world like an escaped insane baloon-atic having a frolic on the green. Right after a delectable breakfast of sauer kraut and hot dogs you are taken out on an invigorating little hike of four or five or six miles in order to wipe away the ennui of an otherwise bored existence and to find out if you have flat feet or heart trouble or the heaves. When you return you scrub all the floors, oil them, wash all the windows, dig a few ditches and after that you have nothin' to do until tomorrow, unless the strenuous exercise has brought to light some past or hitherto unknown disease, in which case you are immediately hustled over to the infirmary where it is cut out or cut off, as the case may be. If your feet hurt you, they yank out your tonsils; if you've got a boil on the back of your neck, they operate for hernia. The following week, if you have so far survived the inquisition, you are given the third degree; this consists of vaccinations and inoculations for every devastating disease from the mange to the seven-year itch. The most villainous implements—pieces of artillery and kitchen cutlery—imaginable are used. Next, you are whirled around a few times by an individual with large tortoise shell glasses and a bewhiskered countenance that reminds you of the door mat at home. He grabs your nostrils with one ammonia scented hand and your chin with the other. He yanks open your mouth several yards, rams in his head and views the landscape o'er. Next, you are literally thrown into the dentist's chair. He, grinning fiendishly, approaches you with a horrible contrivance that looks like the illegitimate offspring of a rock crusher and a buzz saw. When he has finished, thank the Lord if you have a couple of teeth left and they both hit. The portion of the jawbone that comes out makes an excellent souvenir to send back home to Sallie Kate.

As I recall it, Bill, the gas mask drill is the worst. When they spring that on you, you think the limit of your endurance has been reached. A gas mask is a cross between a tin lizzie and a stomach pump. You insert your dome in part of it and what's left you put in your mouth. Will I ever forget the time



one of the guys swallowed several yards of his? And getting him away from it was like amputating a pup from fly paper.

Now about this army chow, Bill. The food is good, plain and plentiful just as the magazines say; but you know, Bill, just as well as I do that there are a lot more adjectives in the English language besides 'good' and 'plain' and 'plentiful.' I ain't a sayin' much, but every mouthful brings up conflicting visions of home and Mother's cookin'. Even as woman thinks of her face so does man think of his stomach. Men wasn't meant for cooks, Bill, at least not in the army. Why, most of them think the words, 'calorie' and 'nutritious,' some kind of disease. Any soldier can be made into a cook. The process is simple. He is told 'You are a cook.' He does his best to be one—I guess—but his construction of stew (we have stew three times a day usually) surely was taken from a book of recipes edited by a cement factory. A stew, Bill, is nothing on earth but hacked meat with an accompaniment of all the vegetables left over from the previous week. It has much fat floating on top and after you have eaten a sufficiency you want to sit about quiet. As for stewed prunes and apricots, after long months of close association, they are guaranteed to produce violent stomach pains on sight. Even the little flies become sated and refuse to eat thereof. There is a special kind of dessert, a pudding one of our cooks makes which he calls 'pineapple delight.' It consists of gallons of corn starch and condensed milk stirred up to the consistency of paste and has a ten-cent can of pineapple sprinkled thru it at rare intervals. Its elastic abilities are enough to make old man Goodyear turn over in his grave with envy. I am saving my portion to make me a pair of overshoes and a rubber coat. Oh! ye shades of frankfurters and boiled spuds. Ye shades of sad, vapid soups that contain everything from sliced bacon left over from breakfast to dill pickle in a heterogeneous salad of the night before. Ye pastries that would make Mother's first attempt at pie taste like "ambrosher" of the gods. But, some day 'twill all be over, Bill, like the song in the hymnal, and then for advance movements and dexterous onslaughts on Mommer's buttermilk biscuits, waffles and tree molasses, Thomas Jefferson pies and watermelon preserves—aw, go 'way, Rastus!

Honest, Bill, not changing the subject, but some of the dames from D—who come out here and try to entertain us guys is enough to get yer sheep. They sing and yowl over this grand opery stuff—er the Sextette from Macaroni Bonanza—for all the world like a dozen dogs in a contention over a soup bone.

And the other night, Bill, a great big fat woman got up and give us a solo dance,
and she was just about as graceful as a low-legged elephant with the rheumatism.

Well, Bill, it is getting late and I've got to sew on several buttons and make
up my bunk.

Yours till another war starts,

TOM.

The Way Things Look to Me

You know I'm not saying whether or not I believe in the Darwinian theory
of evolution, or the culture epoch theory or the X. Y. theory or anything else,
but I have noticed this: there are so many people around us, doubtless ourselves
included, who greatly resemble animals. Not in their general character, for
"catty" and fox-like people are an old and time-worn type, but their general
effect. Now just stop and look around you and think about it a minute.

For my part, I've a private menagerie of my own just among the people
I'm used to seeing each day. First, there's my little pup, a nice little slick, fat
good-natured one. Just a little fox terrier pup, perhaps, but a very fat, well fed
and good dispositioned one. I've a little English bull terrier, too, just to
the very dot, an immaturely pugnacious one, without much to back himself up.
Then there's my nice old tom-cat? He's not exactly the big fat sleepy kind,
tho you might think it when you first look at him, but he's one of these big old
gray striped cats, with eyes always on the alert for a mouse or a bird. Then
there's the frog, a great big fat one with poppy eyes and a short neck, who
seems to enjoy the music of his own voice, like his counterpart, who spends his
evenings on the banks of the pond, croaking for his own personal enjoyment.
There's also a quiet little guinea pig, who is of most value when worked on by
others. And a 'possum—with the most ideal 'possum-like expression on his
face constantly—it couldn't be truer to type. And I saw a rat the other day,
too, a little lean looking one, squirming in and out in the crowd.

Now, I don't mean this to be a slur on anyone, but it's just the way things
look to me. You look around tomorrow and maybe you'll find you a puppy,
or maybe a squirrel or a chimpanzee, even, for I have seen something like it.

—BELL DOUGHERTY.

Modern Romance

O. W. S.

Some smiling soldier surely thought,
since science schools seem so co-ed,
some smiling sister should be caught
incereely seeking whom she should wed.

And Anna, amiable and sweet
and anxious, as all are after him,
allowed an answer at her feet
and Anna anchored aft her Jim.

til trouble tumbled twixt the two
they tried to take things truly brave—
alked, toasted, teased and tickled, too,
il telegram took off her knave.

Can't camouflage cute Cupid's cants;
amps can't curtail a captain swain;
ute Cupid crossed across to France,
ompleted one heart out of twain.

Lines to William Jewell

With what endowment do you purpose to keep,
In all the years before you now,
Living the same; or with what will you meet
Lethal thrusts at your life blood aimed?
In what great pride will you base your pleas,
After accused of dire heresies,
Mid the years of future centuries?

Jewell, if it's on loyal sons you depend;
Ever through long ages to come,
With an air attuned to the spirit of you,
Endlessly then will your praises be sung;
Lifted high on the breezes of earth,
Lest only when voices and songs are done.

—ANONYMOUS

An Experience in Battle

Chaplain W. O. Lewis

"I suppose you know the news about the armistice about as well as I do now. If I were anywhere close to a telegraph office now I would go to it and send you a cable to let you know I have gotten thru alive. I regard the thing as practically finished and feel that I stand as good chance of getting back home safe as if I were over here on an ordinary trip.

"I knew that my regiment was going into action soon. The exact day and hour is kept a secret, but a man with common sense does not need to be told when a battle is about to be pulled off. Our prisoners had gone up and picked out a spot for the headquarters of the regiment just behind a hill across a valley from Fritz. They had made a few dugouts for the colonel and the rest of us. The troops were all on the move and the officers were told to prepare to move up leaving behind everything but a couple of blankets and toilet articles such as we could easily carry. We slept in the little dugouts that had been made for us one night on the ground, packed in like sardines. There was a little shelling around that seemed to indicate that maybe Fritz had seen some of the dirt thrown out where the dugout was. But we slept there, really slept some, the first night we were there. Everybody knew something terrible would break loose soon. I had spent the first night in the advanced dugout when I wrote. Some of the soldiers who had to sleep out in hollows and sunken roads as much out of reach of shells as possible were killed that first night by stray shells. I had buried them when I wrote. I got a chance to go back to where I had left my stuff in an automobile late in the afternoon and get off the report of the burials and write to you the short letter I wrote. Then I went back to our advance P. C. (Post Command headquarters) to spend Hallowe'en.

"That was by far the liveliest Hallowe'en I have ever spent in my life. At 3:30 in the morning the fiercest barrage I ever expect to hear broke loose. It was all that any of them have been that you ever read of. We had cannons thick as hops and just behind us and it seemed to me they all fired at once every few seconds and some in between and they kept it up for just eleven hours. The whole heaven was lit up. It was deafening. The air was full of powder smoke all day. Our boys went over the top the first day right behind the barrage early in the morning. Soon after daylight the prisoners began to stream in. When they first began to come, there happened to be no one around who could speak German, tho there are several in the regiment. The colonel sent for me to act as interpreter. That was an experience never to be forgotten. I attended to the arranging and examination of the prisoners a good part of the morning until the man came who usually did that. Then I mingled freely with them for some time. Many of them were wounded. I helped them all I could. When they found out I was a preacher and had been in Germany they opened up and talked more freely with me. One of the officers who was captured was so drunk he could not talk and could not stand up without the help of his men. One man who seemed touched when I spoke to him cried like a baby, apparently because he found someone who seemed to have a human heart or because of the sudden rush of feeling at being a prisoner. I did not ask him why he was crying, I thot I understood without asking. Almost every-one of them was so glad to be captured that they could not help showing it. We captured that first day 624 men, 11 officers, 2 cannon, many machine guns,

and any quantity of ammunition. I may say here before I forget it that we took more prisoners than any other regiment in our division in the battle. As to our losses that first day—well, I am not supposed to say much about that. We lost some good men. But nothing could stop our doughboys. I never thought that a human being could make himself face danger and bear pain like our men did. We do not know of but three men in the regiment that seem to have run away, and we are not yet sure whether these ran away from the front or got lost from their companies. That is saying much for our boys. Others have not made as good a showing. The Germans shot pretty lively close to our headquarters for a while, but our men soon captured the gun that was doing the shooting and also captured a map that showed the place where we were. That put an effective stop to all that. I began burying the dead both German and American before the end of the first day of the battle. The lines had moved so fast and so far that it was safe to commence. I still have a tender heart and can hardly put these brave fellows away without crying, tho too much of that unnerves the men and I manage to do what crying I have to do where they won't see me.

"The battle continued with unabated fury on the 2nd day (Saturday). We did not capture quite so many Germans, but we put more out of business in other ways. We also got more guns and material of all kinds. We lost more of our good men. One of our captains was wounded and started to the rear, was shot through the arm. He heard that there was no officer left in his company. He started back to direct the men in spite of his wounds and was killed. One of his lieutenants had talked to me several times about going into action and he told me he was sure he would be killed in this battle. I tried to joke with him about it, and so did the other officers. But he was killed the second day of the battle. It was rainy a good part of this day and part of the way the men had not only to go thru awful mud, but some of the worst thickets in the world. Most of the wounded had to lie out in the rain all of Saturday night.

"On Sunday morning the plan was for another regiment to leapfrog us and go on with the fighting. But we had gotten them on the run so that the regiment that took our place nearly wore itself out keeping in sight of the Germans. They had no fighting to do for some days and never saw any Germans except the dead the artillery had killed. The Germans ran fast and far.

"So I could look after the dead in peace. I was given a detail of men and worked for about a week searching the battlefield and putting away both Americans and Germans that were unlucky. I can only say that the total number buried was greater than that of any regiment in the division, and that it did not stop at a hundred or two hundred. While leaving most of my detail behind to bury the dead, on Sunday morning when our aviators reported the Germans running for dear life, I took a small detail and went to our front to help get the wounded out. I saw the last wounded American in an ambulance and helped to take all the Germans to hospitals we could get. We had to let some of their wounded die on the battlefield because whenever our men went over in the open to get them some of their airplanes came down and shot at them with machine guns. Our aviators were too busy at other points then to protect us. I hated it awfully bad. But all we could do was to bury them afterward. Well, with the Germans running like that all along the line, we did not think they could last long. But we were determined not to give them any rest. So our regiment got into position for action again right on the front line. We were just ready to spring over when the armistice was signed and we were

ordered to hold the lines. Although we did not attacking the morning of the 11th, we lost men from the shells and gas the Germans sent over to the last. When the fighting was supposed to have stopped on our front they were still driving a lot of innocent people from the villages we were capturing, and shooting the deadliest gas into towns where there were no soldiers but only women and children. But at 11 on the 11th day of the 11th month the cannon ceased and I think I might say the war ended. I marched with my burying detail about 11 miles carrying a heavier pack than mine to join our regiment in a town of some size that the Americans had just taken the day before. There are about 500 civilians in the town. It was the first taste of civil life I had had for some time. I slept in a bed for the first time in weeks in a nice home with good French people who had learned enough German in four years to be able to tell anything in German I could not understand in French. I could not begin to make you understand the wretched life these people have led in these places for four years. Most of them have not been allowed to go out of the village except to tend gardens for the Germans. Most of them have been fined for all sorts of trivial offenses and having no money to pay were treated like slaves and criminals. Today I saw what I'll never forget. One of our bands played a few pieces on the square of this town. All the soldiers and all the French who were not busy gathered round. The concert as it always does here closed with the Marseillaise and the Star-Spangled Banner. When the first strains of the French national air began everybody among the French but the small children cried like their hearts would break. It was the first time that tune had been heard in these parts for four years and more.

"It is pretty generally understood that we may move closer to Fritz. Our regiment had had an honorable part in dotting that i and making the period of the word armistice, and we have yet other great honors thrust upon us. You may hear from me soon somewhere near where you and I have traveled together. I am glad I brought my little old red dictionary along with me. As soon as the censorship loosens up a little and I can get time to think a little about some of the things I have to think of, I will write about plans for the future. It will likely be months before any of us can get home.

"My whole division was originally made up of Texas and Oklahoma troops. Each division has on its wagons, etc., a sort of trade-mark. Our sign is a big "T-O" for Texas and Oklahoma. Of course, as men have been wounded, we have had replacement troops from everywhere. But most of our officers and a big portion of our men are Texas men. The Oklahomans are in other regiments of the division. We are authorized and even ordered to wear on our left shoulder a red "T-O" to show who we are. Here I think of an interesting thing. In a little town just where we stopped, the Germans had erected a monument to the Hohenzollerns. The stone was smoothed off and painted white. Then with black paint the words were painted 'Den Hohenzollern.' When our men took the town, some painter in our outfit painted in the same style of letters and did it so skillfully that you would almost think the Germans put there at the beginning themselves the words necessary to make the sign read, 'TO HELL WITH DEN HOHENZOLLERNS.'"

Jewell Sparkles

Dr. Sutherland in History, 12: "Who was chosen King after Harold was killed?"

I. B. Smith: "Well, the son of ——— somebody."

Prof. Edwards, reading from Goldsmith's Deserted Village in Eng. 4: "The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, sat by the fire and talked the night away."
"Squaw" Bell: "Prof., have soldiers always been broke?"

Dr. Greene in Chapel: "Why shouldn't one pray for a mule? The Missouri mule has done much to help to win the war, he ought to be glorified."

Dr. Sutherland in Hist. 12: "What is an interdict?"

Don Church: "An interdict is a marriage ceremony."

Prof. Davis: "Boa constrictors can swallow a person."

Ada Maher: "Where?"

Prof. Davis: "In Africa."

Ada: "Then I'll never be a missionary."

I. B. Smith in Freshman-Sophomore fight: "So many of the Sophs piled on me I thought I'd better abdicate."

The Doctor: "What are you taking for the Flu?"

Geo. Keetch: "Make me an offer."

Dr. Greene in Chapel: "If a man is doing something he can't pray for he'd better quit it."

Dr. Barbour, of Rochester, in Chapel: "The Kaiser reckoned that if we did raise an army we couldn't officer it. The thing that fooled him was the American college. Were it not for the American college, I doubt whether the war would be over now."

Dr. Greene: "If ever there was an exhibition of perfidy it was the rush of the big German army over the little Belgians—nothing but mere avoirdupois—mostly 'DIRT.'"

Dr. Sutherland: "Who was Bearbone?"

Nabors: "He was a 'Babtis' preacher."

Dr. Greene in Chapel: "If you boys don't go on to college, ten years from now you'll want to hire a Missouri mule to kick you."

Dr. Greene in Chapel: "Dr. Barbour is here. He had a hard time coming. He struck a strike in Kansas City."

Dr. Sutherland calling roll in Hist. 12: "Razor!"

Reisor: "Here."

Willard Smith: "Safety?"

Dr. Sutherland: "We have one sharp fellow in this class."

Dr. Fruit, making an announcement in Chapel: "I would like to meet the members of the Student Board, but I don't know when I could meet them."

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O. P. Johnson (in History): "Because they thought three years not long enough to 'set,' the English Parliament passed a law permitting a seven-year 'setting.'"

Moss: "They surely ought to hatch something in that time."
Dr. Parker in Chem. 2: "You must put some 'think' into the crucible with the other elements."

George Keetch: "Doctor, they haven't been issuing all of the stuff from the stock room."
Dr. Parker: "How is that?"
Keetch: "Didn't you say to put some 'think' in?"

Jones in History 12: "But his son died just before his death."
Perry Storts: "Jacques fit beaucoup de campagnes—Jacques fought many—"

Dr. Baskett: "Well, that's 'fit' all right."
Dr. Greene in Chapel: "Don't be afraid to lose your life—be afraid you won't give it."

Professor Phillips (lecturing on abnormal sensation): "Now, Helen Ke appreciates music through the sense of feeling, receiving the vibrations in ankles."

Holt Smith: "Professor, some musicians would sprain her ankles, would they?"
Dr. S
Miss
Dr. C

First Call

FIRST CALL is blowing, it's five forty-five,
The bunch are all snoring, more dead than alive,
The old Top is wakeful, jumps out of his bed,
And out in the barracks, he wakes up the dead.
"Hey, you rubes, shake a leg, it's time to get up,"
He kicks at the dog, but misses the pup,
He grabs his tin hat, his gun and his pack,
Makes a grab for his shoes and steps on a tack,
The air, all around, becomes a dark blue.
But out of the melee, he comes with his shoe,
His hat and his trousers, the rest of his clothes
He dons in a hurry, and out the door goes.
The rest of the bunch comes straggling out
Just as Reveille blows, and the Top Sergeant shouts,
"The Captain's a comin', rush it right through,
Now count off, you rooks, are your heads made of wood?"
His talk it was rough, but the boys understood.
Hear the bugle, Assembly, they all are in line,
The guides and the file closers, all mighty fine.
The Top says, "Report," and in voice loud and clear,
He salutes the Commander, says "Sir, they're all here."

—Captain Spooner.



"Major" Butts: Halt! Who goes there?
Private Smith: I. B. Smith, who be you?

March

- 21, 1918, Baseball men warming up. Sure signs of Spring.
22. Dr. Barbour in chapel. Dr. Cook gives bouquet to athlete "Mighty Myers." Mayberry renamed "Modest Myers." Elmer Love elected captain of track team to fill place of Eubank who has gone into military service. Geo. Lee elected captain of 1919 basket ball team.
26. Manager of Co-op calls for checks. Everybody wonders how they will spend their money. Prof. Davis makes report of Athletic Board.
27. Dr. Greene in chapel points out the supreme virtue of keeping one's mouth shut.
28. Measles becoming more popular.

April

1. Dr. Griffith leaves on speaking tour in interest of Liberty Loan. History students all sanction his going. "Oh Boy" at Shubert.
5. Baseball season opens on Cameron field. Wesleyan 3, William Jewell 14. Dr. Frederick F. Hopkins gives closing number of Y. M. C. A. lecture course.
9. Quo Vadis have big feed at Urban Lake.
10. Student volunteers meet with local organization. Dr. Franklin speaks.
12. Aldrich in chapel tells of the Y. M. C. A. work in army camps.
13. Wesleyan again defeated, score 7—6. High school track meet on Jewell field. Trenton carries away honors.
15. Kappa Sigma entertains Pan-Hellenic. Food and fellowship in abundance.
16. Yellow Student published. Many interesting and surprising facts revealed.
18. Team leaves for Columbia to cross bats with M. U.
22. Track meet with Baker University. Honors to Baker by a close margin. Finished in the rain.
29. Pan-Hellenic Fraternity gives banquet to faculty members who leave Jewell this year. Baseball, Westminster 3, Jewell 4. "Mac" strikes out twenty men. Winning run made in last half of ninth inning.

May

- 1, 1918. Seniors are laboring strenuously to get memorial installed.
3. Dr. Fleet puts forth a great call in chapel for all students to return and boost and talk everywhere for the college—all courses are to be snaps (?) especially HIS (??)
4. Dedication of Senior Memorial.
5. Several seniors are seen in church for the first time in months. Baccalaureate.
6. Final exams in full sway.
7. Trunks are leaving the Hill by truck loads. Close of school attended by the usual hilarity. War uppermost in minds of both faculty and students.
20. Dr. Sutherland begins a more intimate study of his course in "The Family."

September



- 12, 1918. Classification starts. Freshies and Sophs begin animosities. Capt. Spooner arrives to make arrangements for starting S. A. T. C.
13. Hostility between the two classes grows.
14. Freshmen have Sophs on retreat.
16. Sophomores lock Freshmen in box car. An Armistice declared.
17. Chapel seat sale at box office in Co-op. Woodson, "Slim," "Shorty," "Ozark" and "Sneary" reap a harvest.
19. Fresh-Soph football game and relay. Sophs carry away honors.
- 25-27. Lieutenants arrive.

October

- 1, 1918. Soldiers of S. A. T. C. take oath of allegiance to flag.
2. Last night of freedom.
5. What are "M. P.'s?"
7. A fraternity house is the most home-like place in the world to some of the S. A. T. C. men.



10. "Squads West!"
 13. Many contestants for "K. P."
 18. "Lights out! Third East!"
 22. Eby and Mason become infatuated with barracks and refuse to leave.
 25. New game on the Hill—"African Golf."
28. Peace and Kirkland present S. A. T. C. with fifty dollars to purchase flag. Mr. Peace under great embarrassment makes presentation speech, and Kirkland, who has looked forward to his first speech in chapel as the "thrill that comes once in a life time," decides it's "life's darkest moment." Capt. Spooner with well chosen words accepts gifts and gives assurance that soldiers will not bring reproach upon Nation, town of Liberty, or Flag.

November

- 1, 1918. Band makes its debut in chapel. The students hit the drum with a silver shower. Pep meeting at night. MacKinney makes speech that marks first step toward the victory. Members of team all make pep talks.
2. We trim Baker thirteen to zero.
3. Sunday meeting in Science Hall. Lieut. Burton praises Y. M. C. A. workers and urges loyalty and respect to the Association. Dr. Evans gives thrilling talk on the four paramount virtues of a soldier—courage, unselfishness, generosity and humility. Special music by Miss McComas, Mrs. Davis and Mr. Reed.



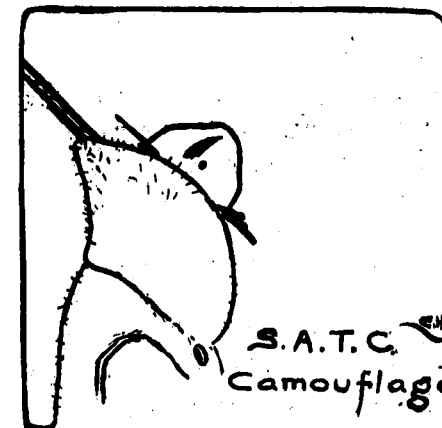
6. Cold, rainy November day. Dreary without. Zoology Class converted into concert company under the direction of Elmer A. Love.
9. Kislér arrives with his Central Eagles. Cardinals pluck twenty-eight feathers from their dainty plumage. Eagles unable to fly over our goal for a single score.
11. The morning air is filled with bugle calls. Unprecedented hilarity on the Hill. Walls of chapel vibrate to spontaneous outburst until Science Hall totters. Dr. Evans fails to keep order. No meeting of faculty is necessary to grant holiday. Many rush to city for celebration. Herb Schwamb and Alma Word steal away to Olathe for a visit. The visit is paid to County Recorder and Baptist Parsonage.
12. Herb's smile betrays the secret and friends congratulate him. United War Fund Campaign in chapel, \$1,080.50, pledged in eleven minutes.
13. Dr. Parker quotes scripture in chapel familiar to no one except Jay White. Prof. Davis in chapel: "Parade will go down Franklin street to Old Ladies' College." Fred White: "Band will meet sharply at ten o'clock." MacKinney, Ward, Fowler, Meredith, House, Hardin, Rector, King, Pate, Stubbs, Woodson, Smith and Anderson depart for Camp Grant.
14. The above received their commissions and return to aid in training soldiers in William Jewell S. A. T. C. Dr. C. B. Miller in chapel talks on what Jewell will mean to us after we finish.
15. War-Tatler Day. Herb Schwamb and cast present pleasures and fond memories the Tatler '19 will bring in trench life. Herbert Owens gets pass from Lieut. Naugle to attend his sister's wedding.
16. Cardinals defeat Blue Jays at Fulton.
17. Owens returns with a piece of wedding cake for the lieutenant. Fatigue duty for Owens! Naugle discovers he has no sister.
29. By special request and gentle persuasion St. John takes a bath. Capt. Spooner gets some of the water intended for St. John. The following day S. A. T. C. gets long hike thru mud. Capt. Spooner prefers to take his own showers. Carnival in Gym. by Co-eds. Lieut. Burton gets fortune told. Follies and minstrel surpass all entertainments of the season. A picked team from the Kansas City and Western Dental Colleges are trimmed by Dad's big red eleven 20-0.



December

- 7, 1918. Team and train load of rooters go to Cameron. Cardinals and Wesleyans tie with a 6 to 6 score.
9. Football men receive emblems. Pete Peterson appears in chapel just in time to make talk.
11. Lieutenants make farewell speeches in chapel. Burton says, "Play the game square;" Naugle: "We may have seemed a little hard at times, but there was a purpose." Nannaga: "I like the town of Liberty."
12. Great consternation among William Jewell soldiers. They weep copiously. The S. A. T. C. is demobilized. Faculty becomes very lax and dismisses fall term without examination. Pan-Hellenic is entertained at the Phi Gamma Delta House with the Lieutenants as special guests. Newman elected to pilot 1919 football team.

January



- 6, 1919. School opens.
8. Word is received that official authorities give S. A. T. C. unit of William Jewell credit of being the best in four states. House elected captain of basket ball team.
10. Polytech and Jewell Quintettes meet on home court. The first game of the season for Cardinal. Victory to Poly, 48-27.
13. Dr. Baskett: "All men must either attend chapel or hire someone to sit in their seats."
14. First conference game on home court. Tarkio defeated, 31-20. Very important meeting of Senior class is called by Pres. Holt Smith.

-
15. Reconstruction goes on. Plans under way to organize Board of Student publication.
 16. "Squaw" Bell elected yell leader. Maryville and Jewell on home court. Maryville 44, Jewell 26.
 17. More reconstruction. Announced in chapel that Student Council will meet and organize. Everybody wonders what he's done. Holt Smith calls meeting of Senior Class.
 20. No meeting of Senior Class called. Holt Smith absent from chapel. Looks good for weekly publication. Board appoints Geo. White, Editor-in-chief and Holt Smith, business manager.
 24. Drury 21, W. J. C. 32 on home court.
 28. "Stude" Moorman returns to his alma mater and talks in chapel. Double header in Gym. Big attendance and great enthusiasm. For the first time in history William Jewell girls play basket ball. Christian College 6, Jewell Co-Eds 8.
 31. Springfield goes down in defeat, 86 to 31.

February

3. Holt Smith's mustache changes from black to "sandy." At Cameron: Jewell 54, Wesleyan 28.
4. Mr. Piers in chapel on Foreign Missions. Jewell Quintette wins over Normal at Maryville.
5. Another game on Tarkio court; this time, Tarkio 32, W. J. C. 32.
13. Class games progress, Seniors take Acs to a trimming.
14. Glee Club organizes. Olsen sisters at Sandusky auditorium.
18. Fastest and most exciting game of season. Central Eagles walloped by Jewells, score 37-35. William Jewell Student appears after long absence.
20. Juniors defeat Sophs.
21. Jewell Subs lose to Excelsior Springs.

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24. Cameron 17, W. J. C. 80, on home court.
 25. Second team wins over Ex. Spgs.
 27. More basket ball; Jewell mops up at Fayette. Championship cinched.
 28. At Fulton, Westminster 26, W. J. C. 42.

March



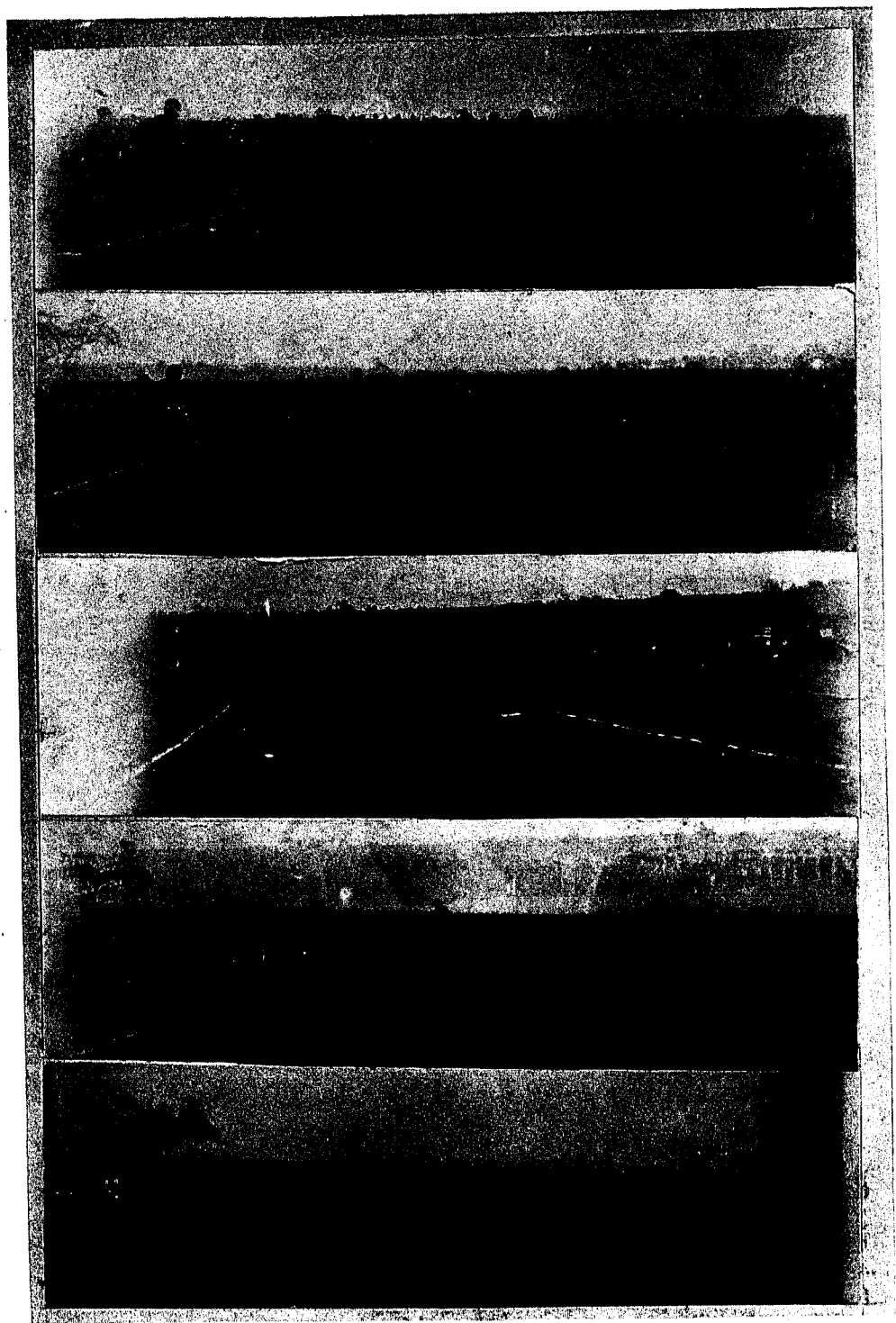
1. The lamb hasn't a thing on the weather. William Woods girls root for Jewell much to embarrassment of Mayberry. Westminster 27, Jewell 67.
3. "Major" Butts gets up nerve enough to talk out in History 12.
5. Big holiday! "Dad" Bowles acquitted by Student Council. Many interesting stunts in chapel. Cosmops entertain at Sandusky Auditorium.
6. "Dad" brings Schmelzer team which has defeated Great Lakes. Some team.

JEWELL CO-ED

- 11-14. Tatler Staff burns the midnight oil, half of the book gone to press.
- 20-21. Final exams. Lots of F's, few S's. Looks like the faculty tried to compensate for not giving exams fall term. Palmer goes on record against the policies of the Chemistry department. Brother Swank takes our last dollar for fees.
24. Spring term—at it again, that is the Profs. want us to be. Some old men back.



FUTURE JEWELS



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wedding day.

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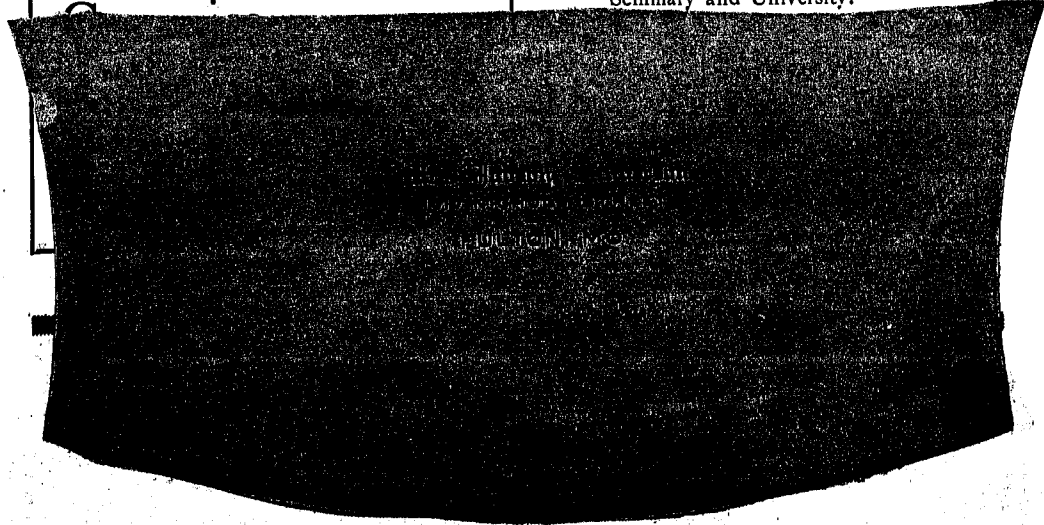
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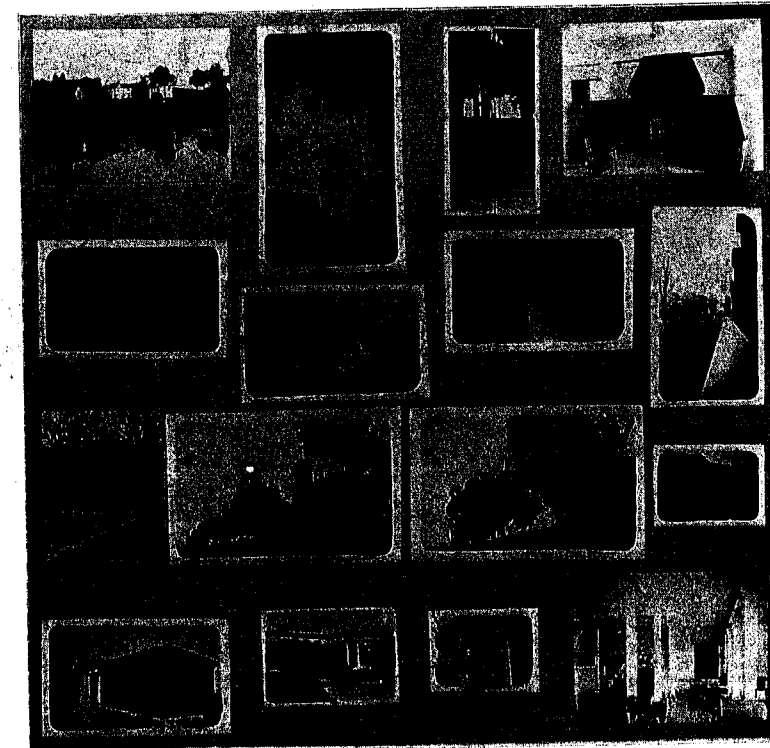
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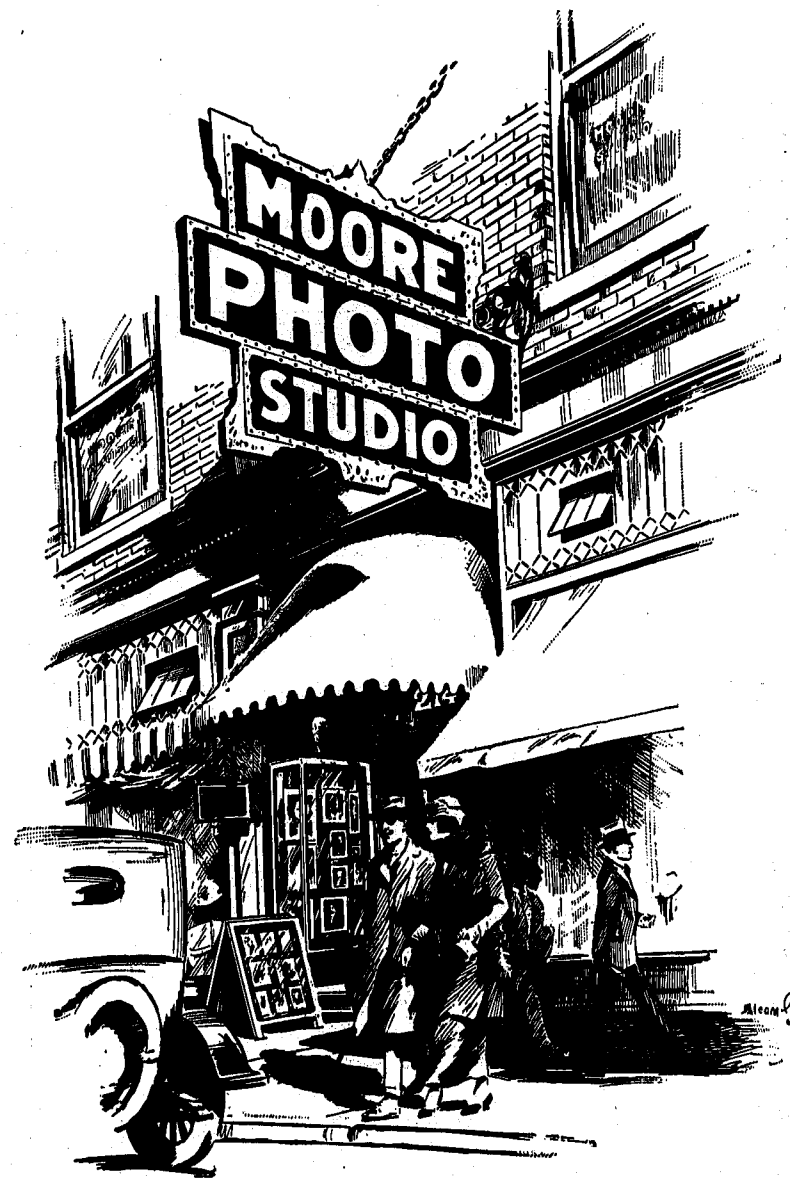
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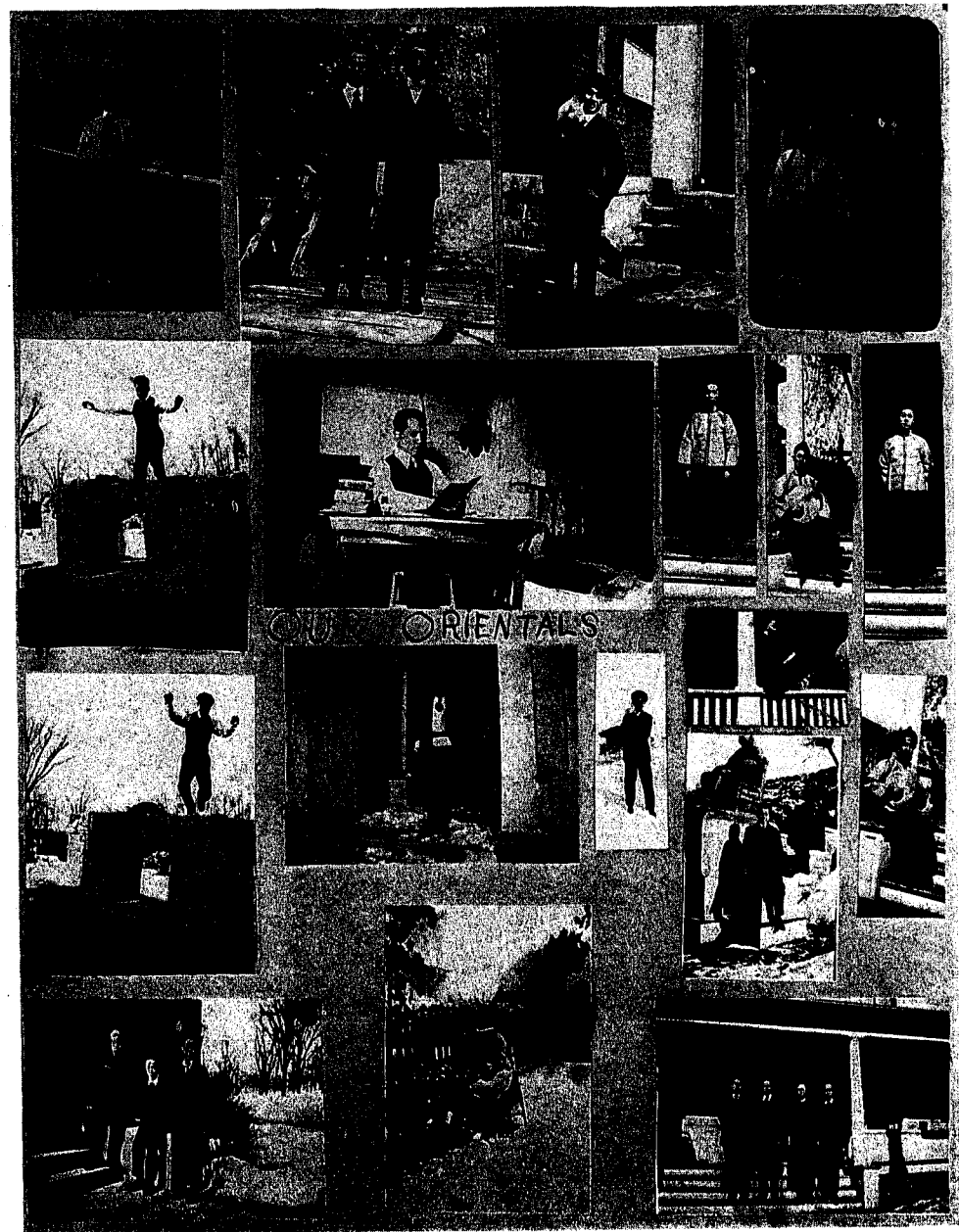


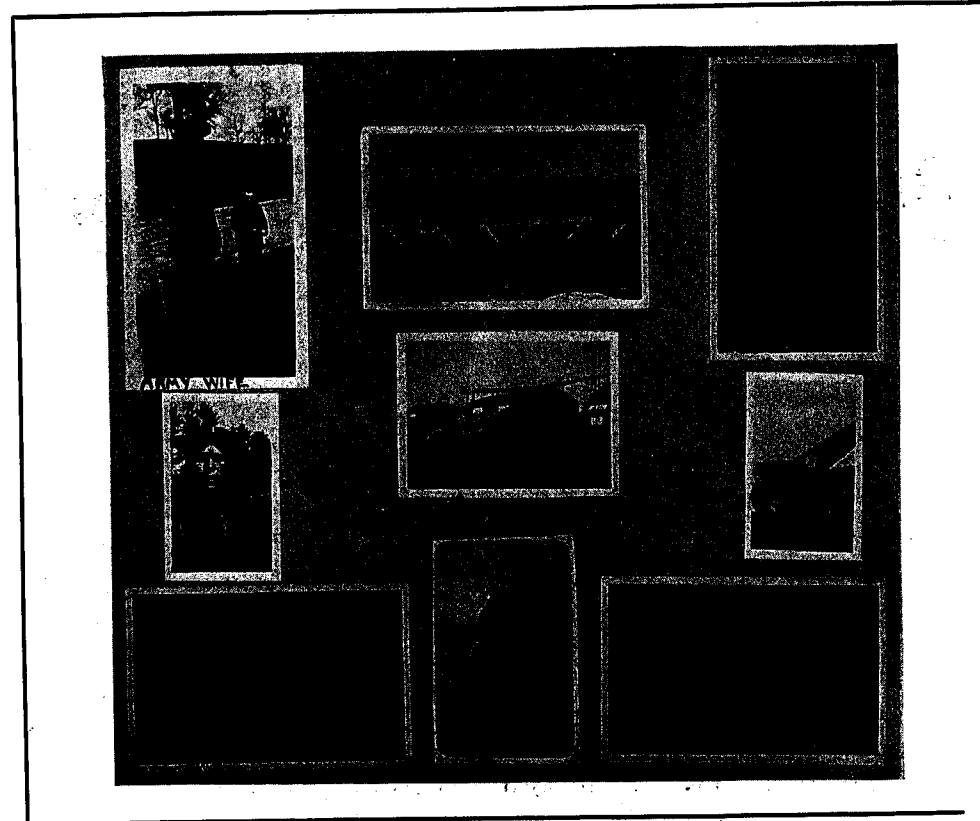
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with
could not
come true
Until today
I brought
joy to you.



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*I suppose that by the time this letter reaches you, you will be "wielding the rod and teaching young Americans the royal road to learning. May success be yours the first day and all succeeding ones, in the wish of your friend
 P.S. please excuse ink-blot. Edward M. C.*



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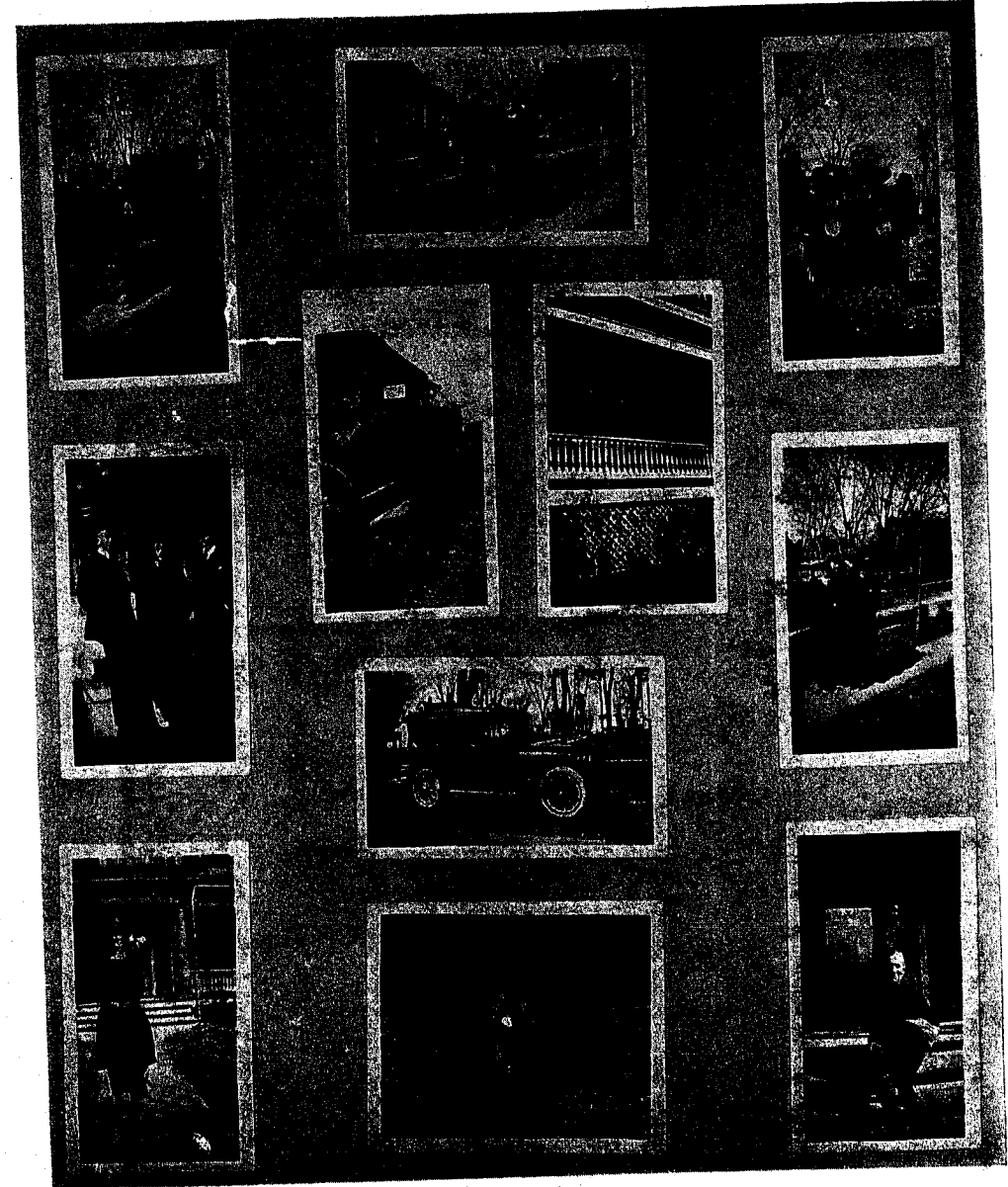
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You Will

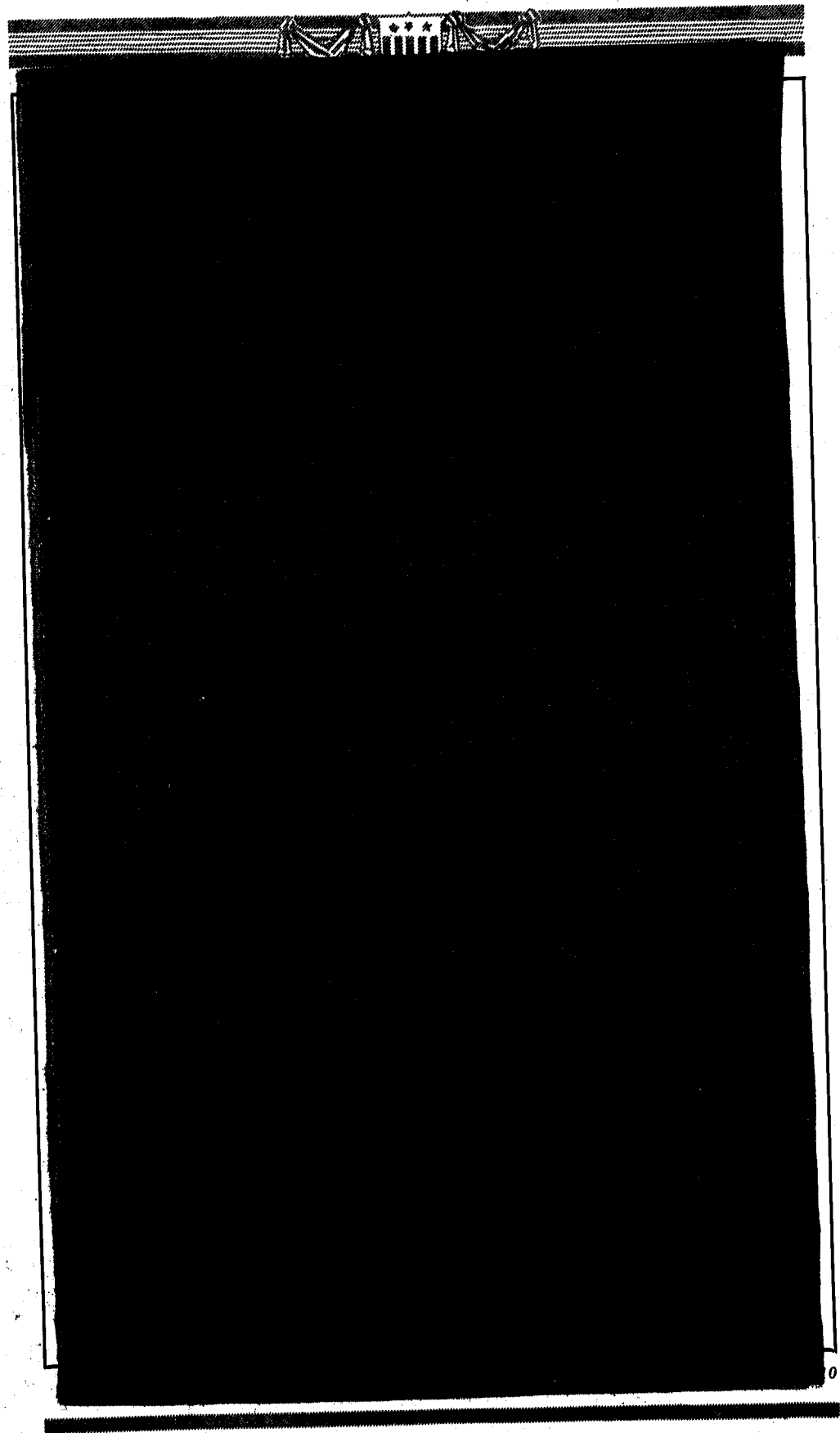
ALPHA
FLORAL
WE STRIVE TO PL

This is where mother stayed when in Manitou, Colo.



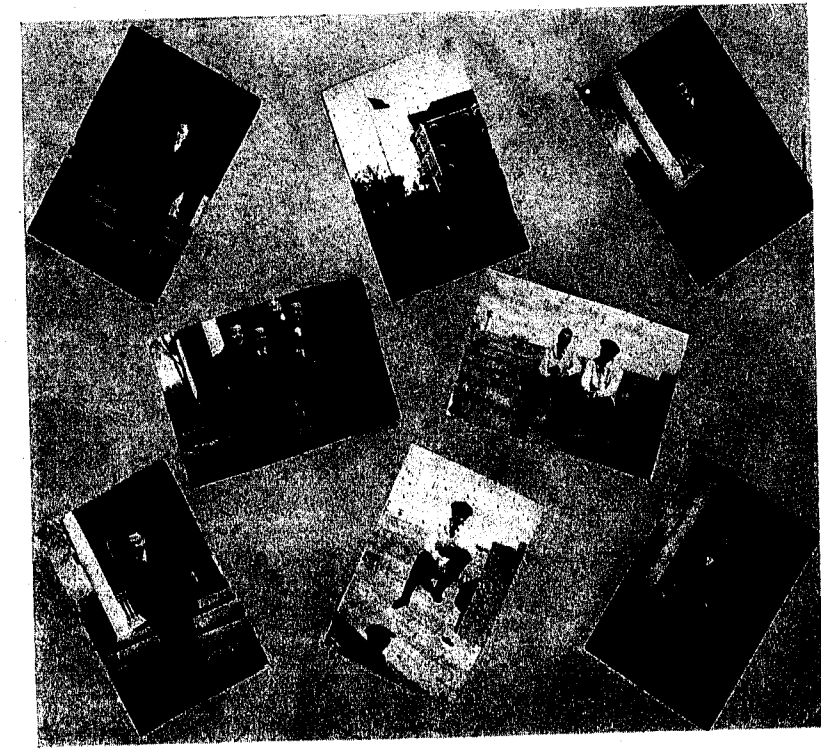
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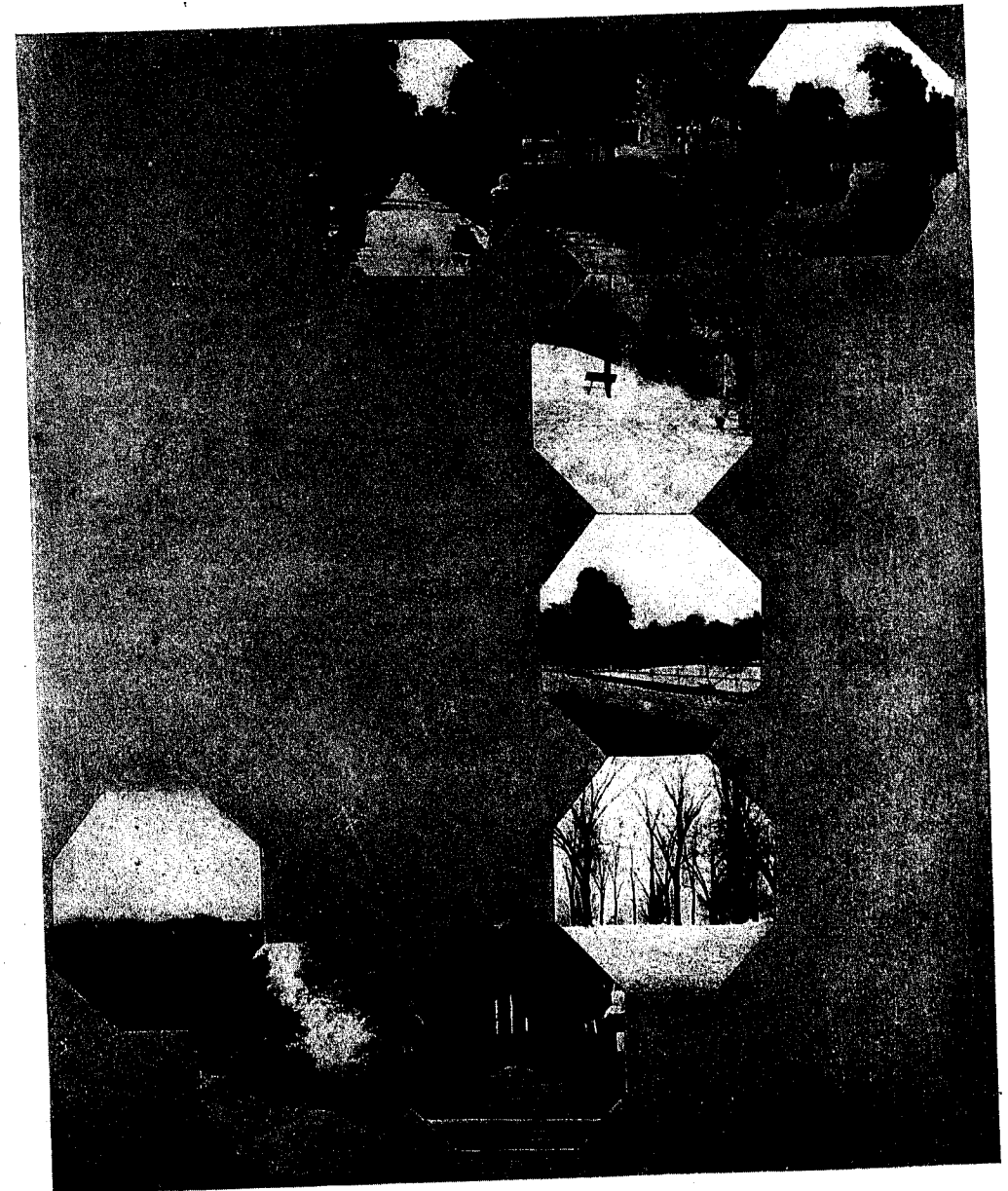
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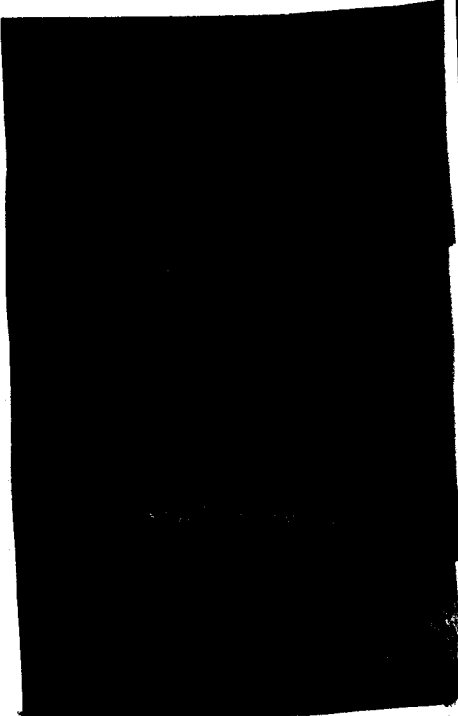
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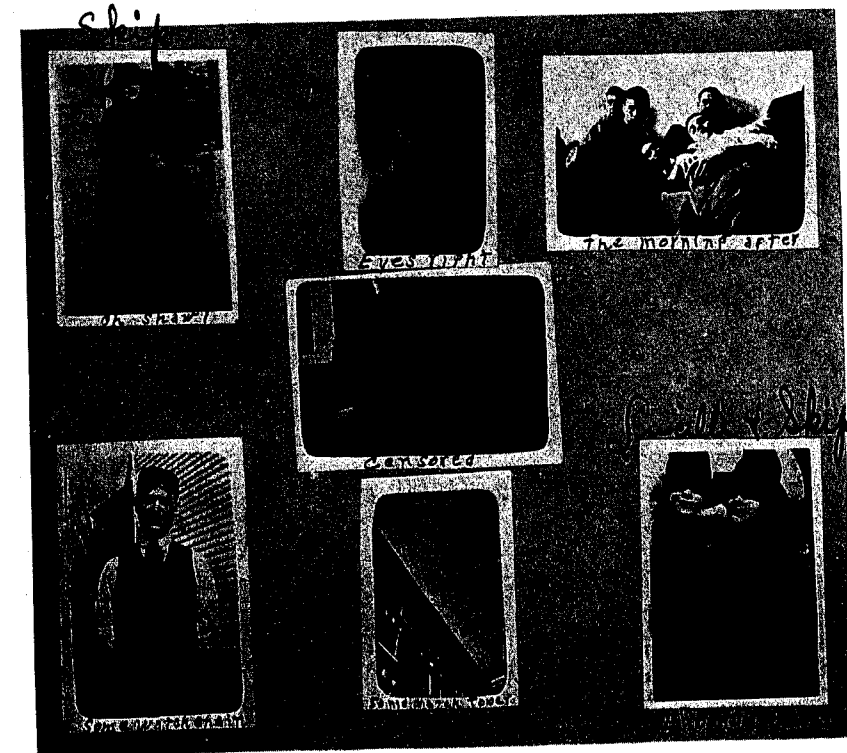
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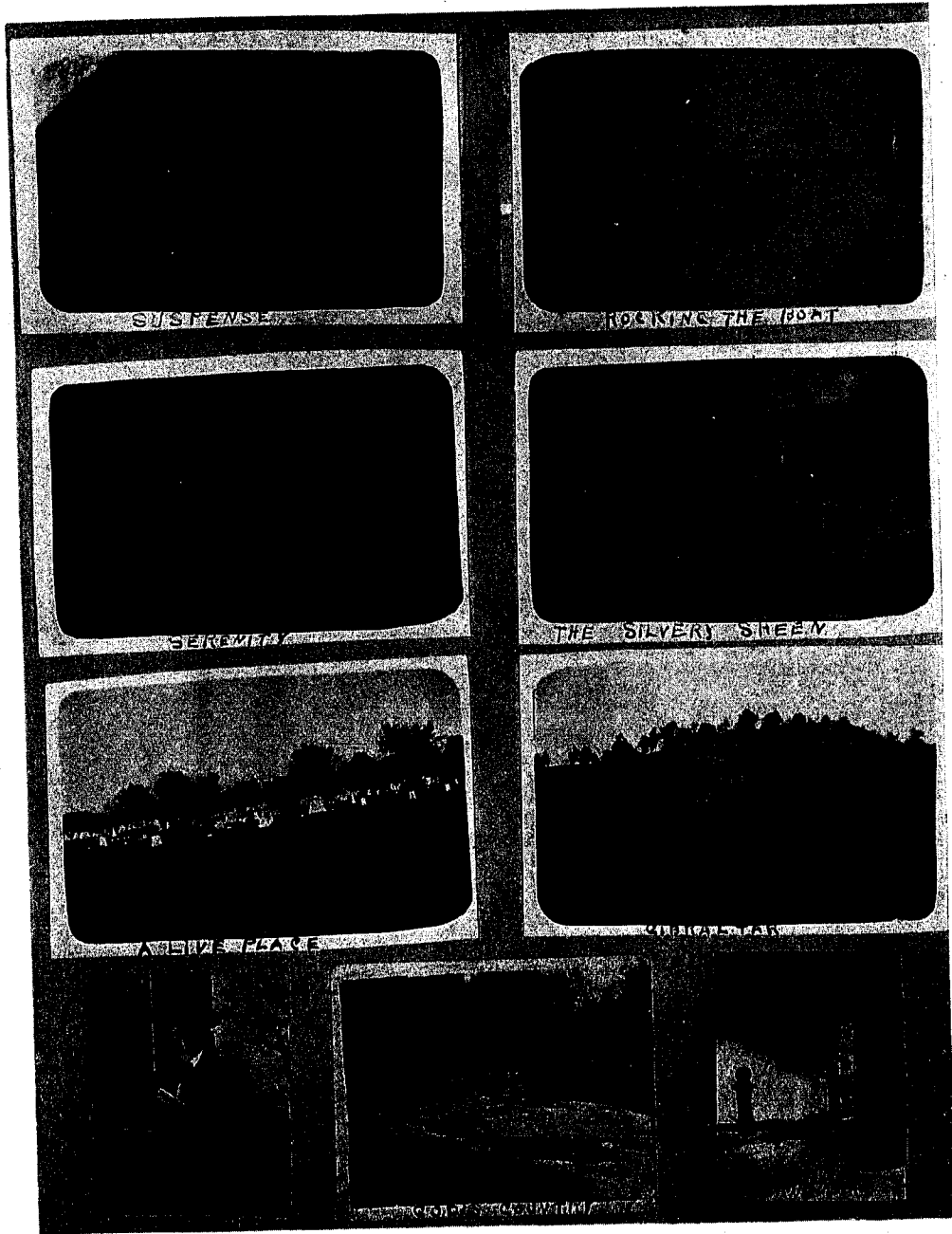
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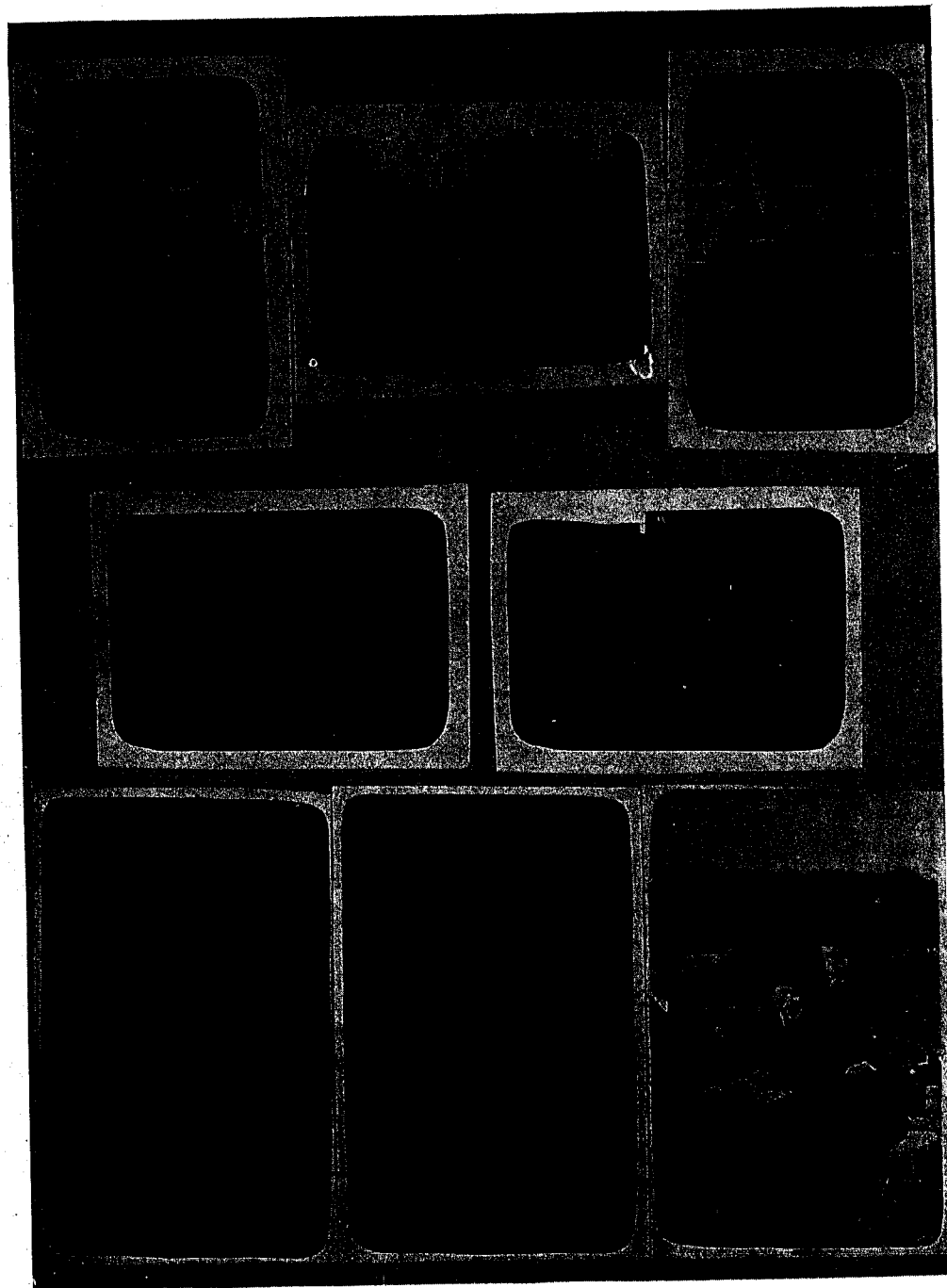
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Dialogue by Miss Todd

Monday Evening, June 7th - 1920.
7:30 P. M.

On the Out Door Stage

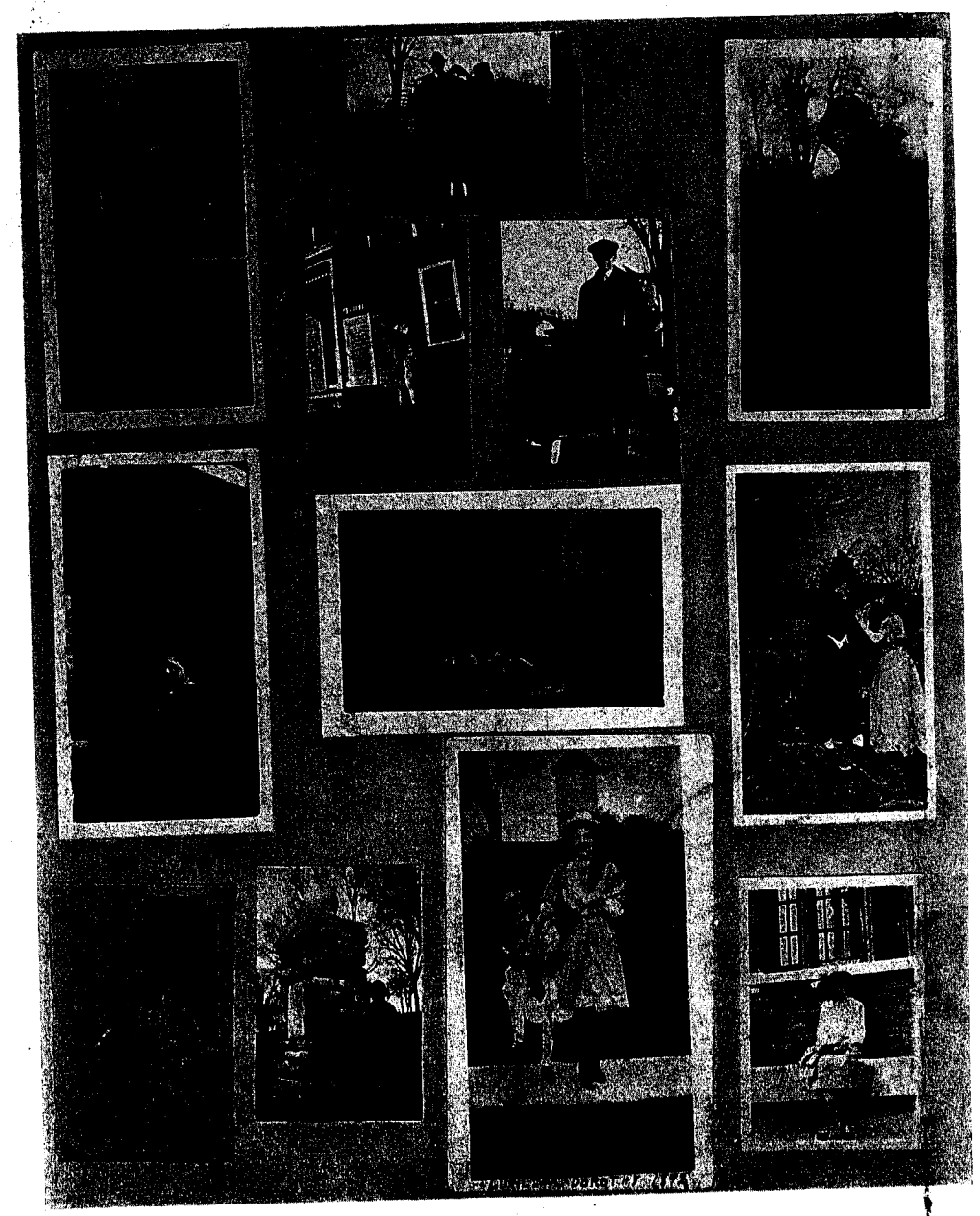
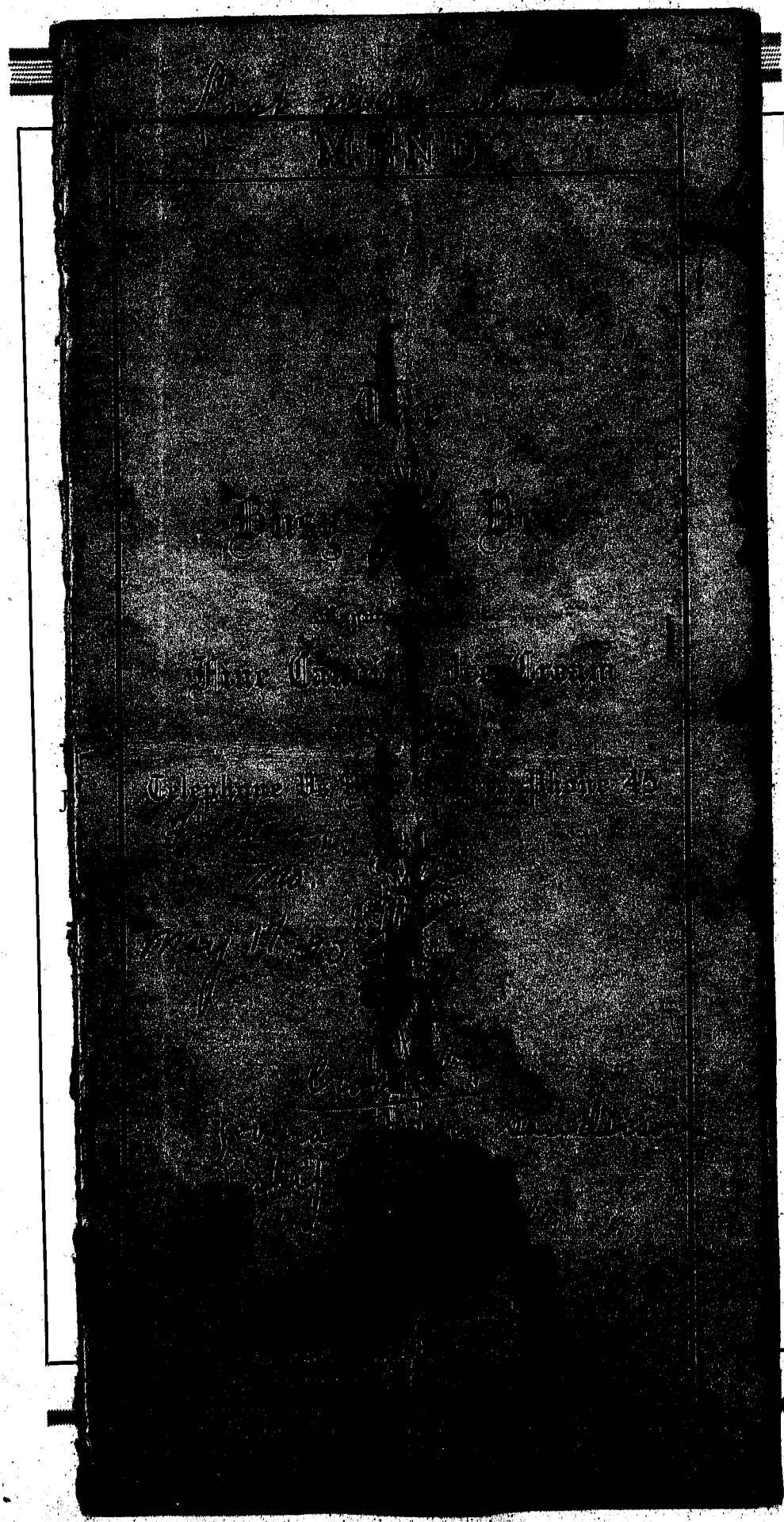
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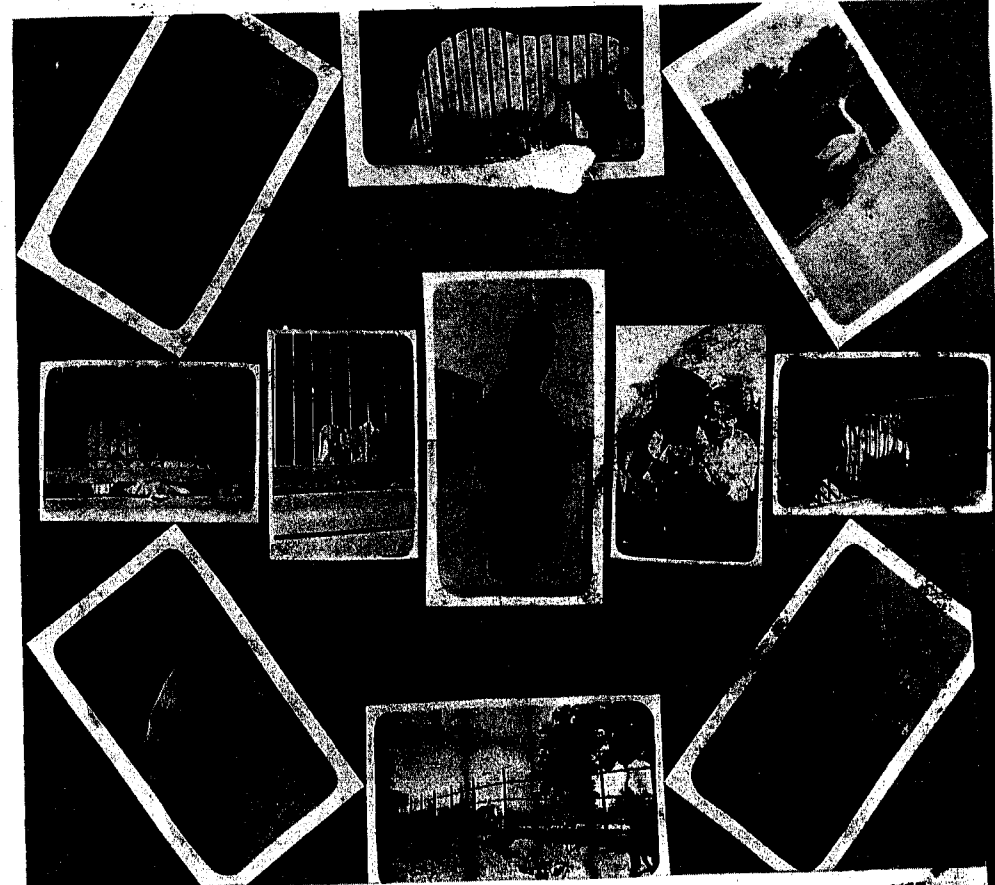
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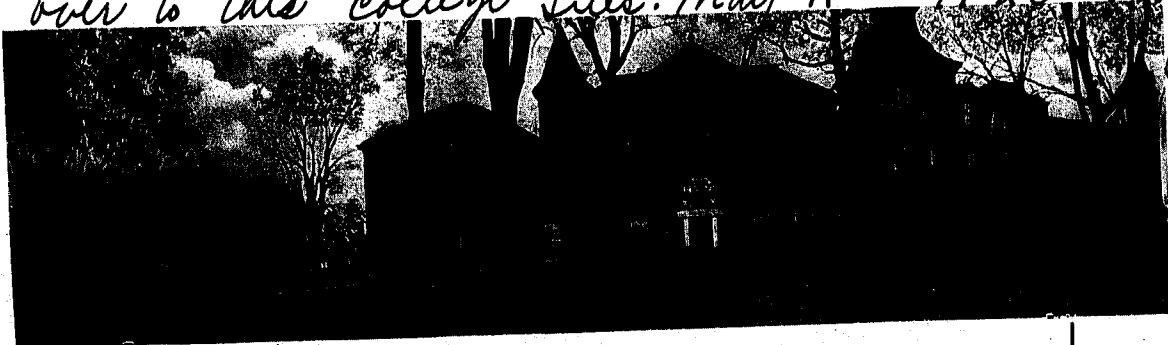
ouri



Mexico, Mo.
May 17-20
Siberia
Ship.

(O! you down pour of rain.)

Curtis Maugh's of Fulton drove Vera and me
over to this college Tues. May 11 - 1920 to visit
Beth Ruth



Stephens College

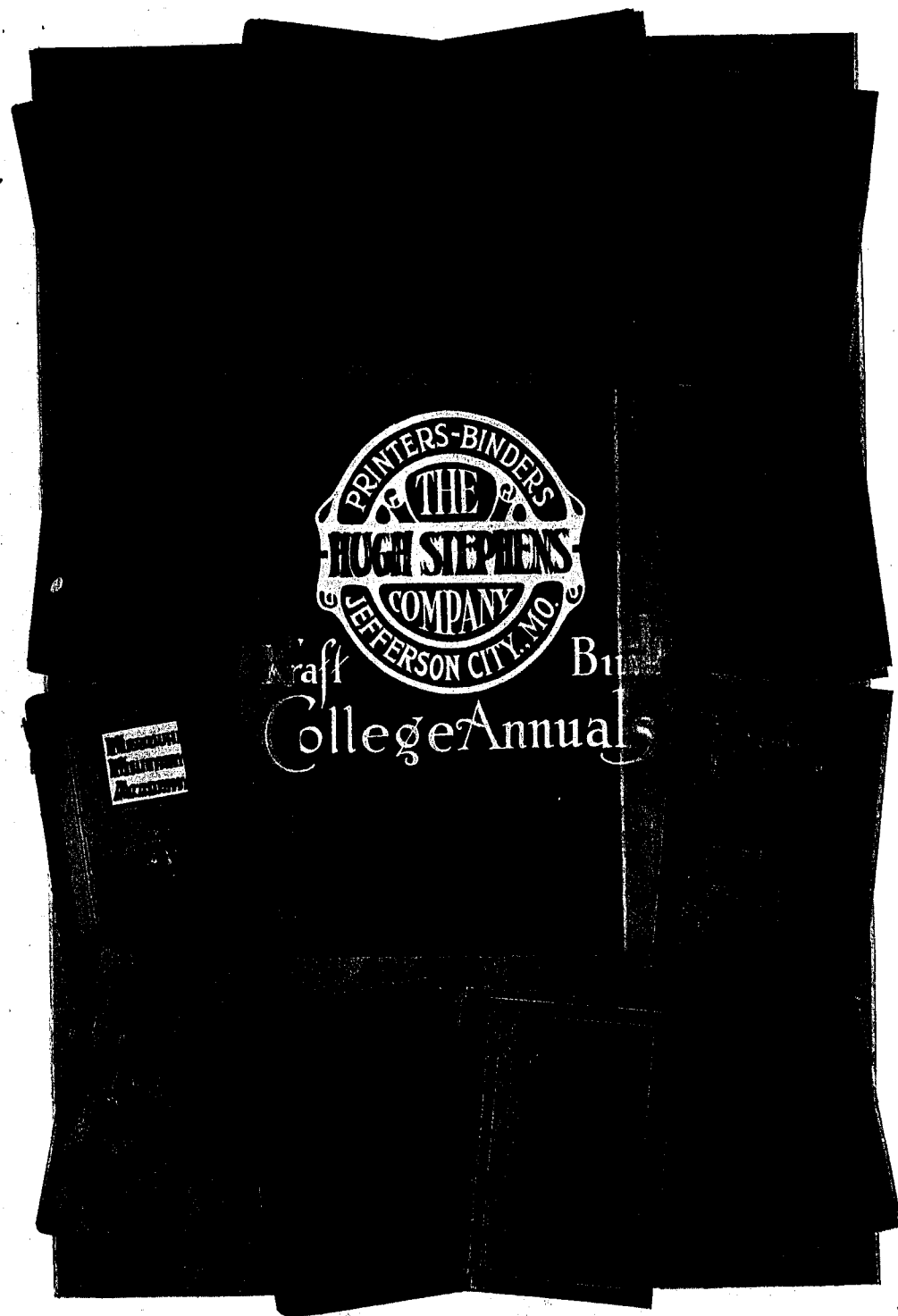
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1914-15 Increase in Enrollment	-	15%
1915-16 Increase in Enrollment	-	25%
1916-17	1st	
1917-	-	37%
1918-19	-	23%

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...AMES M. WOOD, President

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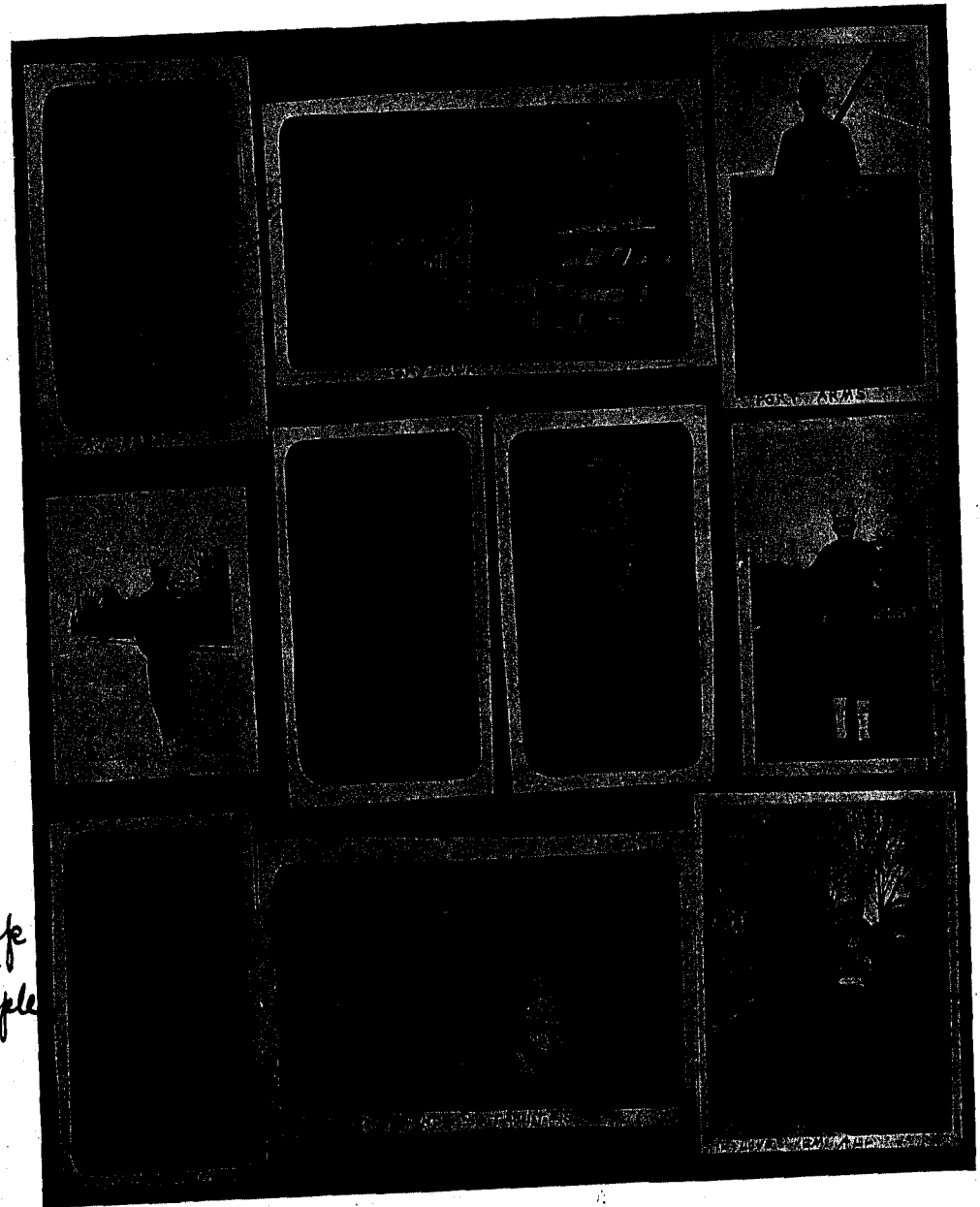
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An
Invitation
to
You

The House of Originality



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of
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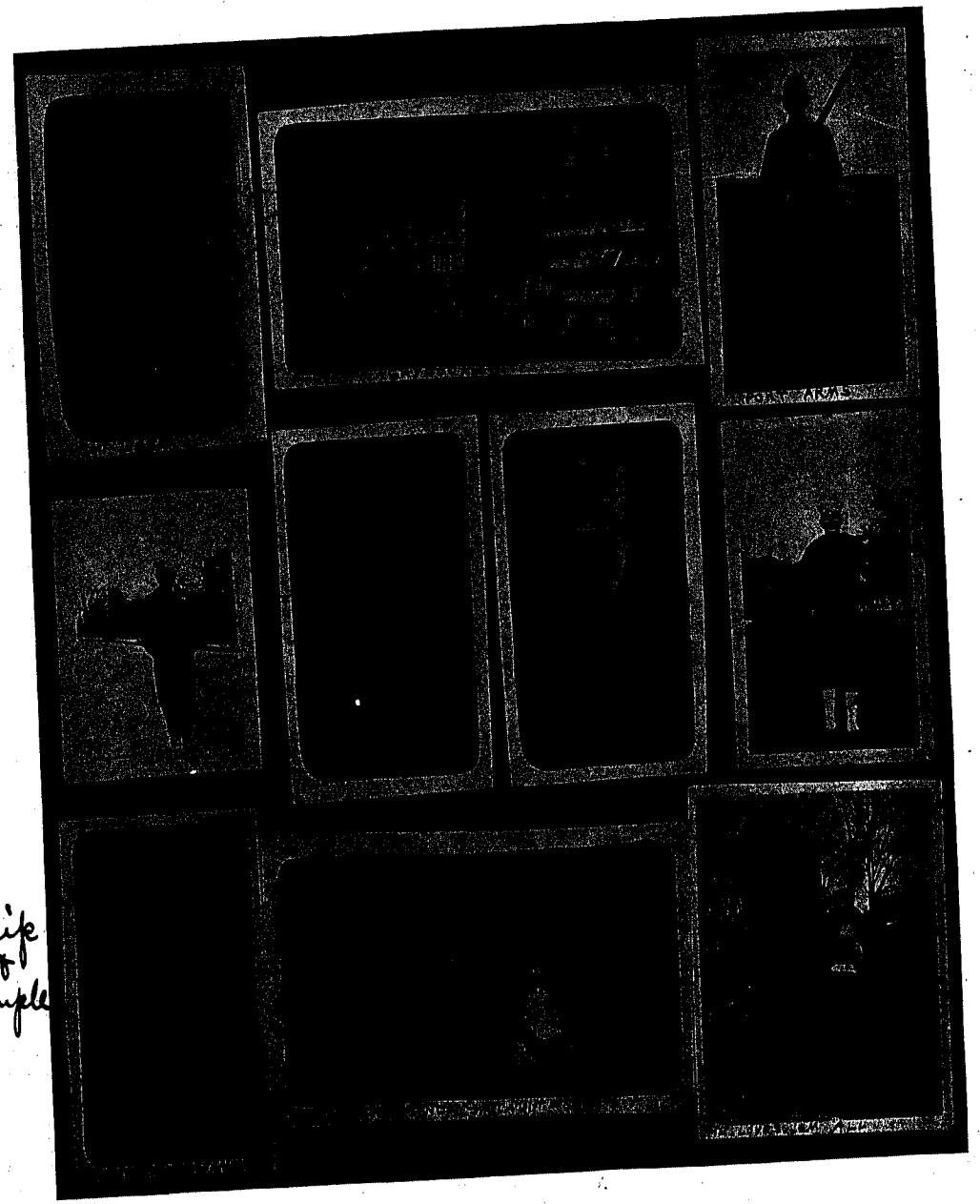
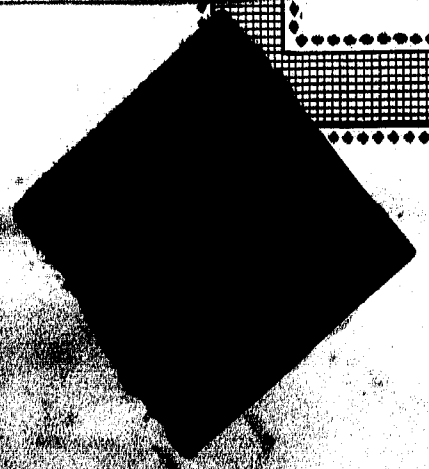


R

*An Invitation
to You
The Crowd!
Blanch - Vernon
Laura - Mr. Burnham
Ship - David.
July 3 - 1920.*

from
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
EXCELSIOR SPRINGS
MISSOURI

The House of Originality



*{ Ship
&
Temple*

R

IN extending this "Invitation to You," this Institution desires that you consider it one of a truly personal nature, and our most sincere wish is that you will accept it and become the recipient of the many advantages that the Invitation offers you.

We have attempted to give in this booklet a brief history of the bank and an outline of the service the Institution renders its patrons.

THE First National Bank was founded in May, 1905, by men of sound judgment and business ability who believed thoroughly in Excelsior Springs and its great future. In its second year, 1907, it bravely withstood the financial flurry which swept over the country, always making full payment in legal tender, while thousands of banks throughout the nation were making only partial payment, and that in script.

From 1907 on, its growth continued steadily and its straightforward and clean business methods won its way into the hearts of the people.

The present management acquired control of the institution in 1914, continuing the work of their predecessors and with many added departments for service that the modern times required. The business has been increased over \$350,000.00 since that time.

Our service covers every known phase of the banking business. Our regular commercial department receives accounts of individuals, partnerships and corporations engaged in all lines of business and trade. Accounts of this nature are generally called commercial accounts and the extreme importance of accuracy, positive records and careful attention necessary to the

handling of such accounts prompted us to install methods for this class of business that make errors practically impossible.

Our department for checking accounts is open to everyone and we strongly advise the use of bank checks in paying all obligations. The record of payment held by this bank is incontestable. These accounts are carried on the bank ledgers with the commercial accounts and receive the same care and attention however small or large they may be.

For those who have money that they do not expect to invest at once or who may not wish to tie their funds up in long time mortgage loans or bonds, we offer our Time Certificates of Deposit, allowing you a liberal rate of interest payable every six months.

To every man, woman and child we offer the service of our Savings Department. Accounts in this department pay three percent interest compounded semi-annually. These accounts may be added to every day, week or month as you wish. Savings Accounts teach and promote thrift in the child, hold forth to women a medium of accumulation for some special expenditure or investment; and to the man, a regular trip to the Savings window now spells independence and comfort later on in life.

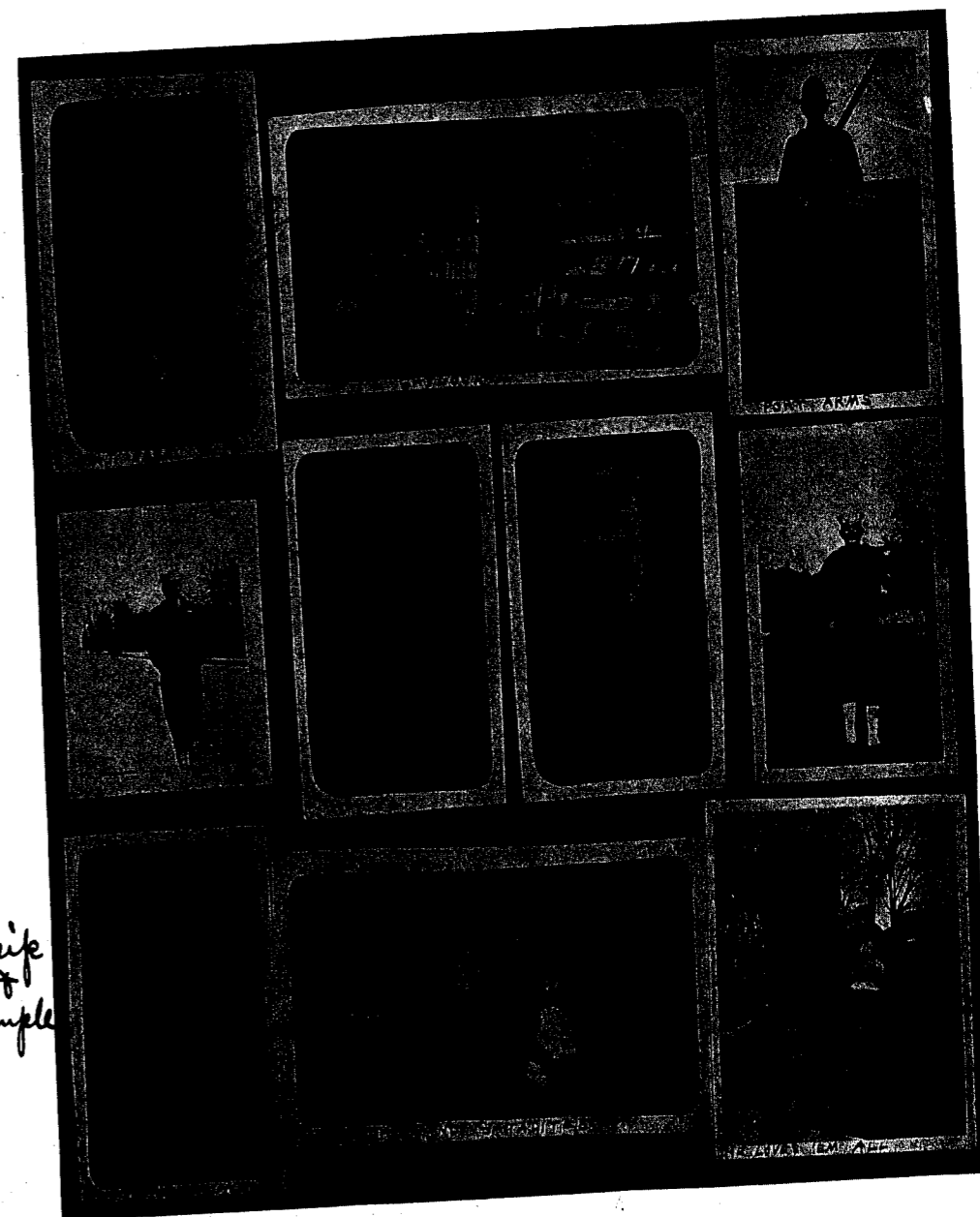
These four departments cover the place and manner in which we handle the funds intrusted to our care.

Aside from the interest our patrons receive in two of the four departments, we wish to make known the service their affiliation with our bank brings without any cost to them whatsoever.

In this bank the words, commissions, fees, exchange and other miscellaneous charges are unknown.

Drafts, checks, certificates of deposit, notes and other items that you may place with us for collection are promptly forwarded to the place of payment and we

The House of Originality



*Skip
&
Temple*



R

make no charge for handling them. We buy and sell Liberty Bonds at the exact market value. We purchase and deliver upon orders of our patrons, any municipal, industrial or foreign bonds or stocks at the market price given on the day the order is placed with us.

We are pleased to handle the business correspondence of any of our patrons who themselves are not equipped to handle it. We gladly send in your Liberty Bonds for transfer or conversion. We forward your payments for taxes and insurance, we supply Travelers Checks, Letters of Credit and furnish food drafts to those having relatives in the war devastated countries of Europe. We issue foreign exchange and drafts payable at par any place within the United States. We attend to the recording and releasing of your legal transactions. We assist you in compiling your income tax and while we advise the use of legal counsel in the drafting of documents, we also offer this service should you care to intrust it to us.

These items of service and many more become your property at the time we are fortunate enough to have your name among our ever-growing list of patrons.

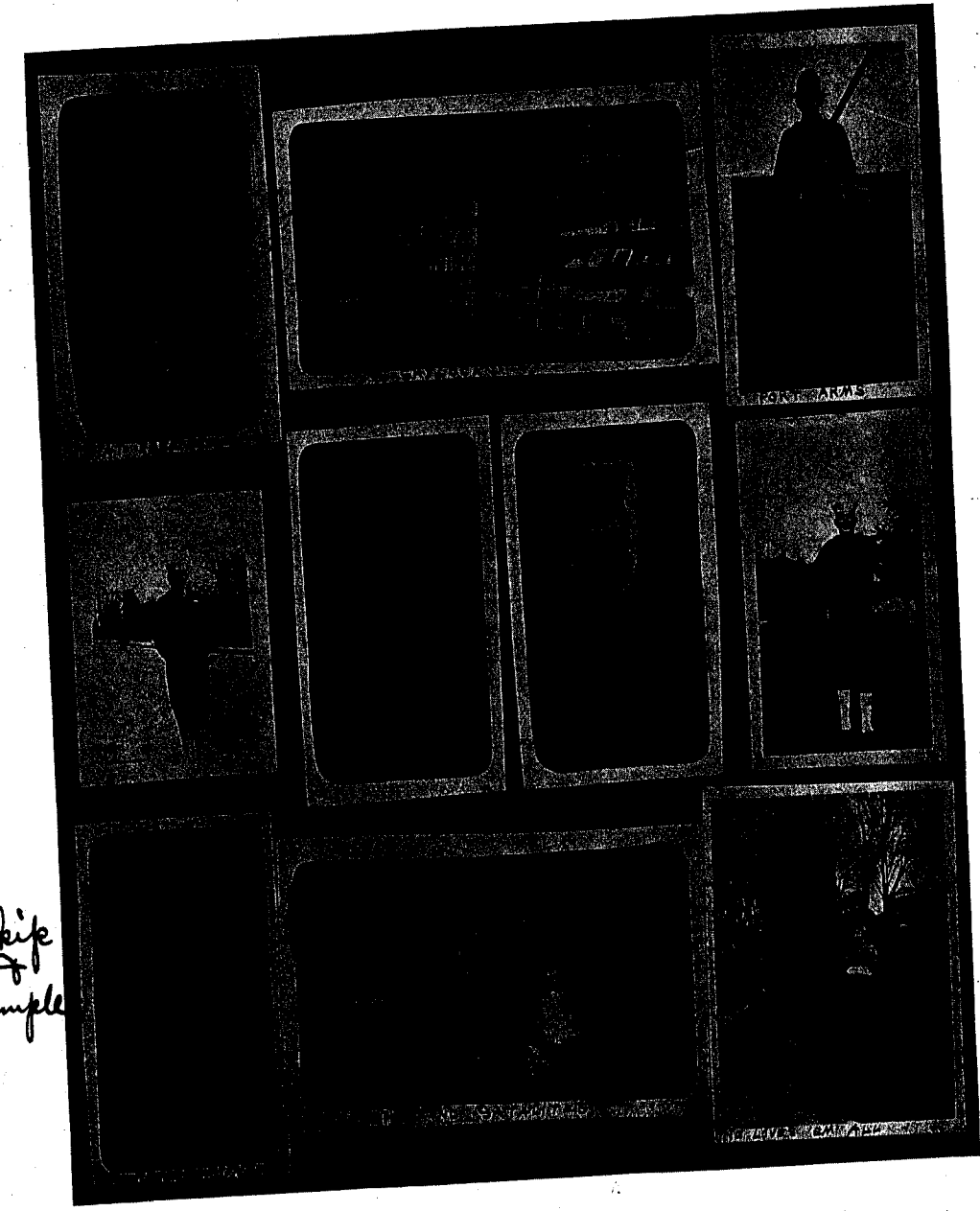
We believe it is the wish of every one in this locality to always work for something bigger and better.

Fifteen years ago men put this bank here knowing the bigger and better Excelsior Springs and community that was sure to come. Some say that it is here. The growth of this bank proves that wonderful strides have been made, but the pinnacle has not been reached.

This bank is striving every hour of the day, every day of the year for that bigger and better community. Come join us; that is "Our Invitation to You."

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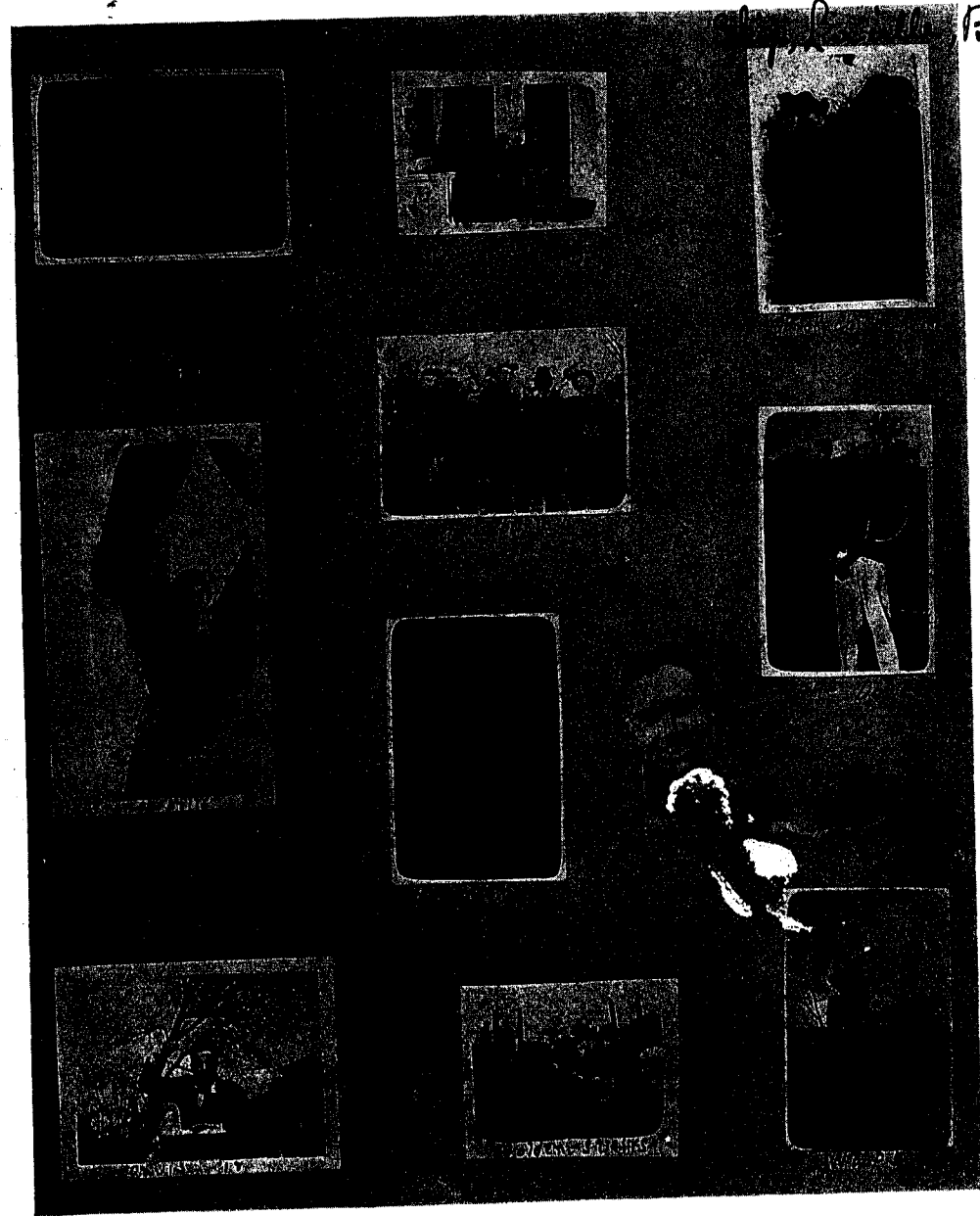
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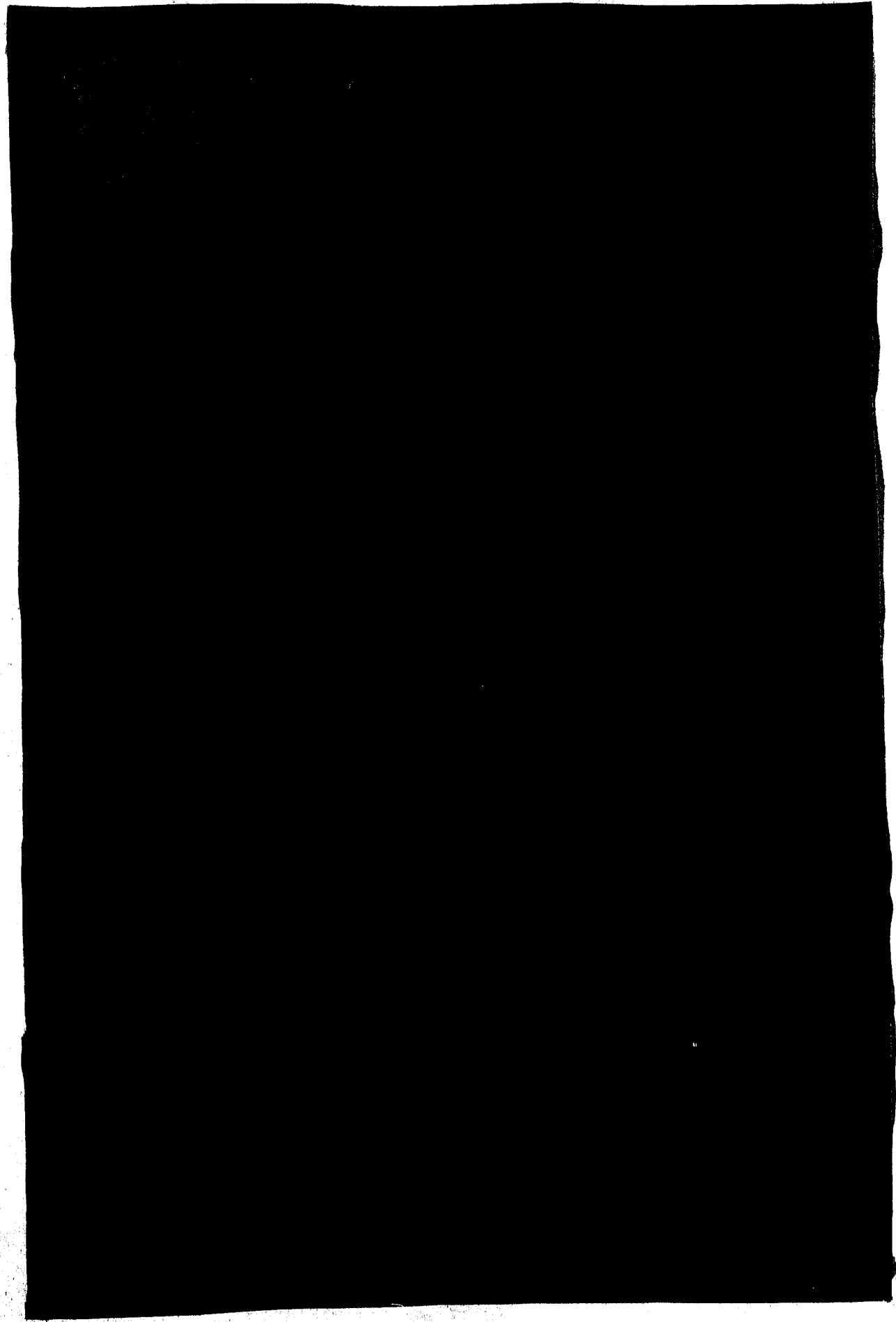
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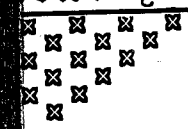
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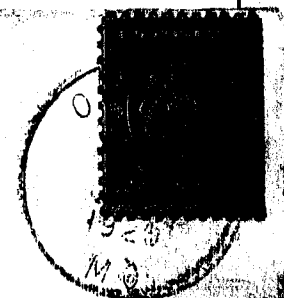


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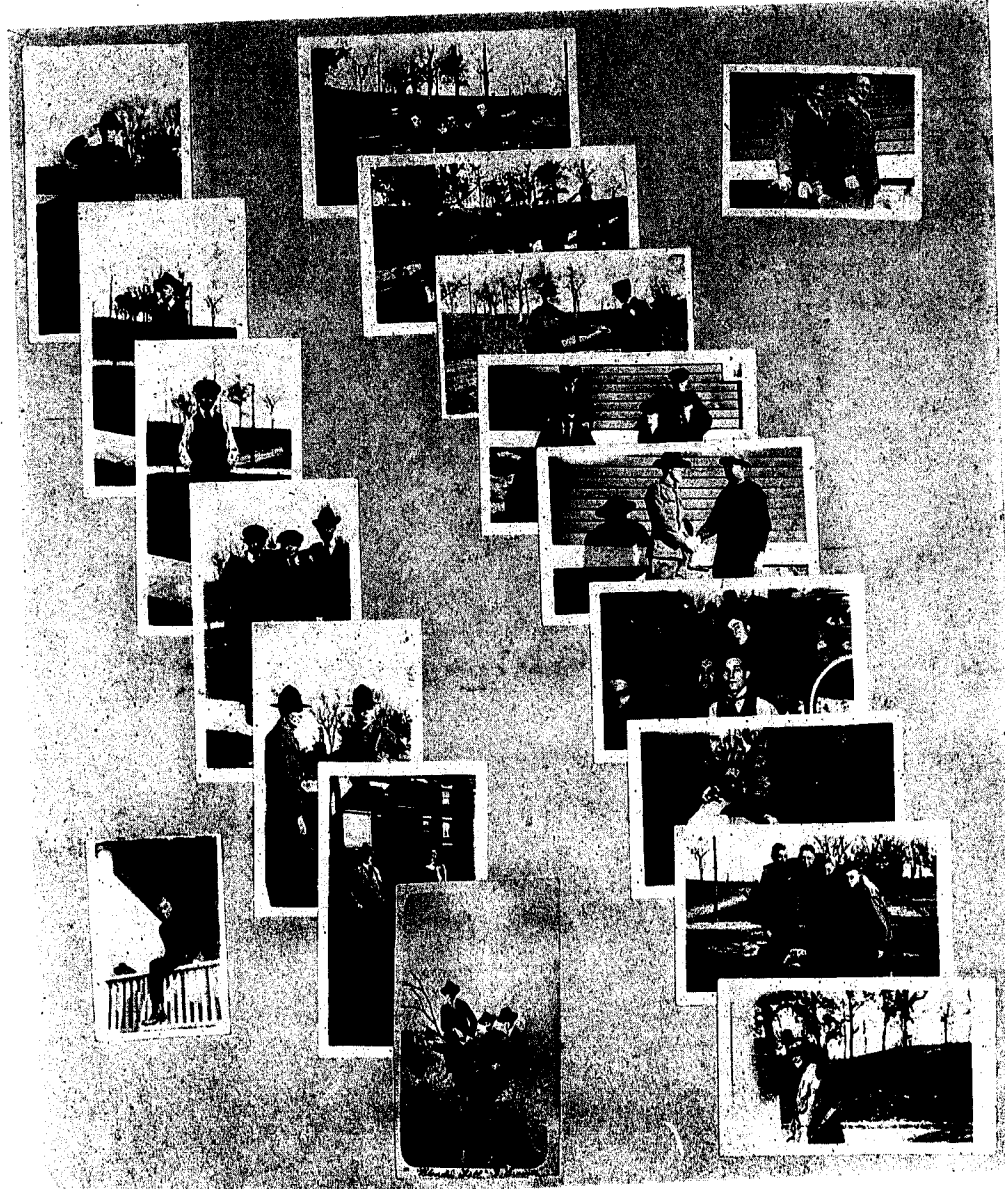
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 And happy memories
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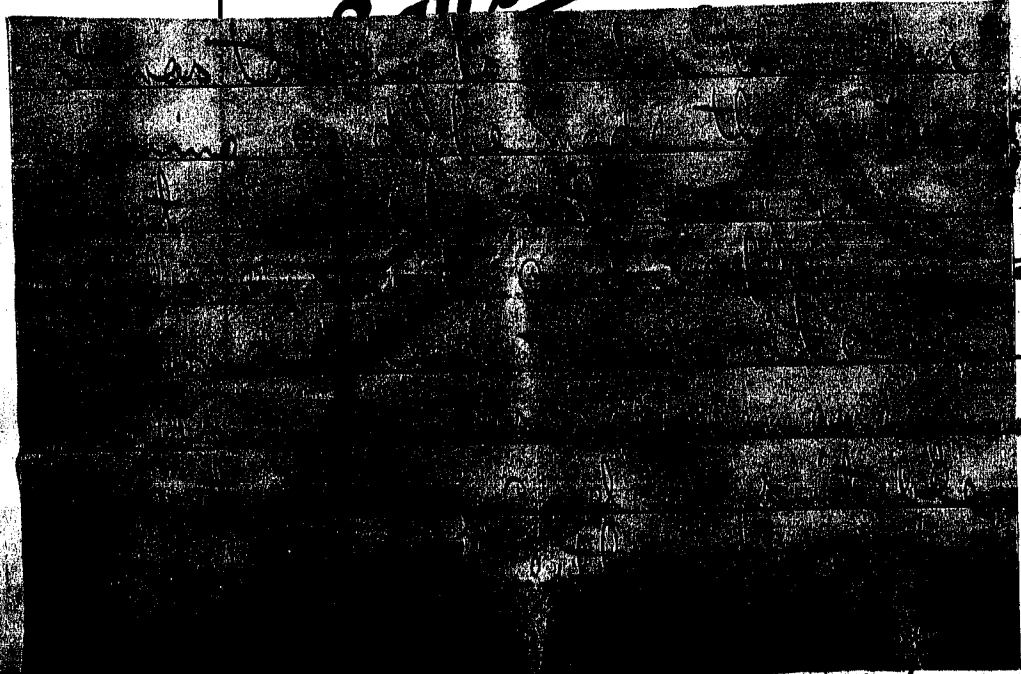
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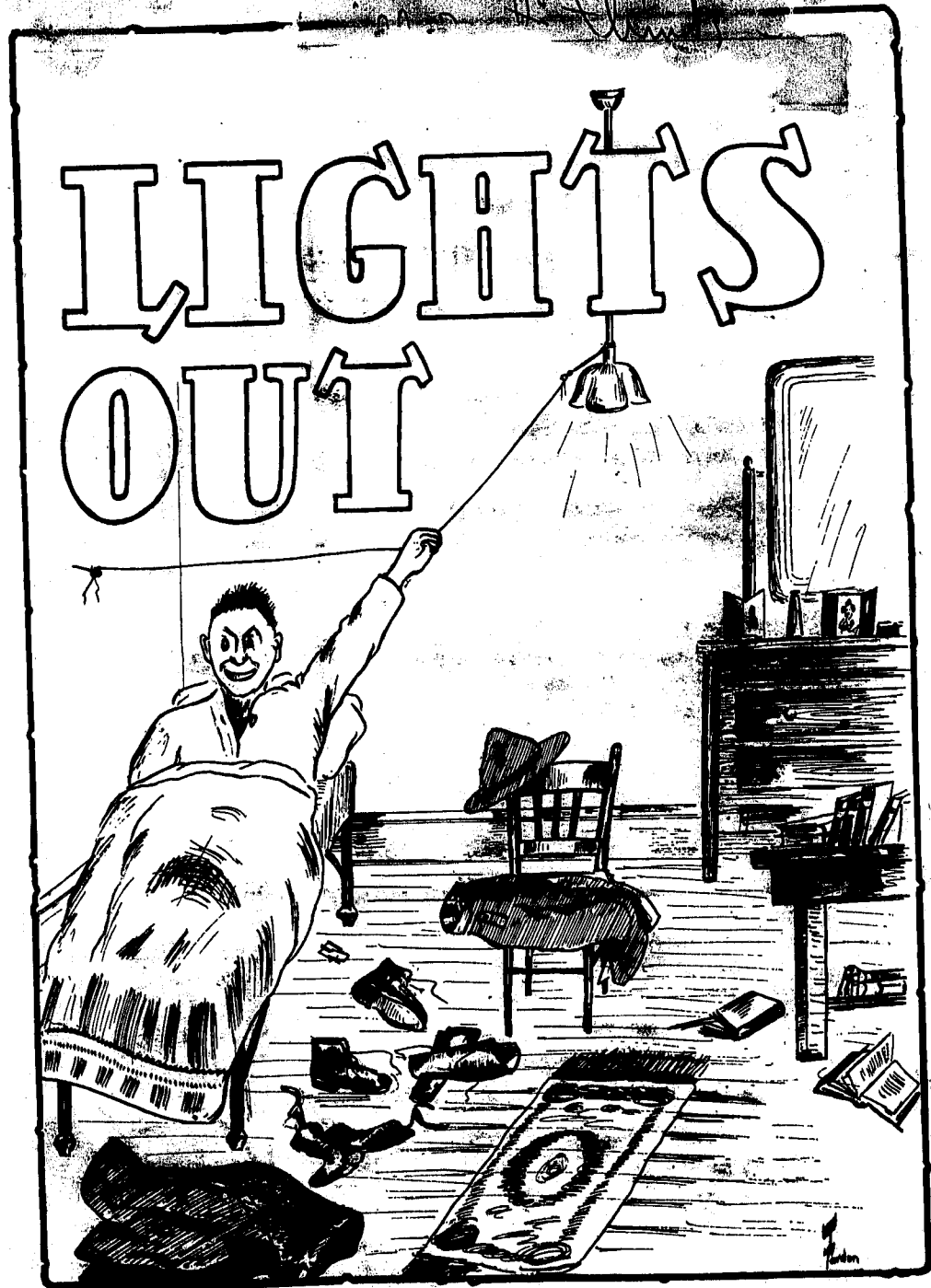
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Date - Jess Gittinger.

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 District No. 5
 NORTHWEST MISSOURI HIGH SCHOOL ASS'N.
 AT
 WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE
 April 26, 1919, at 7:30 p. m.
PROGRAM

- Music.....Excelsior Springs Orchestra
DECLAMATION
 1. Irene Acuff—Excelsior Springs....."Her First Recital"
 2. Palma Elliott—Plattsburg....."In the Palace of the King"—Marion Crawford
 3. Sarah McMonigle—Platte City....."At the Matinee"
 4. Ada McCullough—Cameron....."Billy Brad and the Big Lie"
 5. Lucille Gittinger—Liberty....."The Death Disk"—Mark Twain
ORATION
 1. Emerson Brown—Cameron....."Spartacus to the Gladiator"
 2. Arrowood—Excelsior Springs....."Liberty and Union"—Webster
 3. Cook—Plattsburg....."Old Glory"—W. C. Brann
 4. Martin Frazier—Hamilton
OCTETTE
 (To be filled.)
SOLO
 (To be filled.)
EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING
Boys
 1. Creighton.....Plattsburg
 2. Roy Howard.....Excelsior Springs
Girls
 1. Esther Roodkin.....Excelsior Springs
SEXTETTE or QUARTETTE
 1. Sextette—"Spring's Awakening," by Schutte.....Liberty
 Ernestine Dow, Francis Robison, Lucille Gittinger, Lucile Hall, Lois Arnold, Merle Cross
 2. Sextette—"Carmens".....Excelsior Springs
 Helen McLaugh, Annie Laurie Kendrick, Irene Acuff, Elizabeth Polk, Gladys Peery, Virginia Bales
DUET
 1. Carrie B. Shaver and Katherine Stipe.....Plattsburg
 Music.....College Glee Club, Excelsior Springs Orchestra
 The decision of the judges will be announced from the stage.

MISSOURI CITY
DEC 22 8 PM 1919
MO.

MISSOURI CITY
DEC 22 8 PM 1919
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Miss Helen Bussell
Christy
Missouri