

The Spectator

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ELEVEN MEMBERS OF CLASS OF '31 PRESENT FOR LAST REUNION, IN COLLEGE TEA ROOM

Wilbur McElroy Acts As Toastmaster—Forty Years Ago Class Was Given Diplomas—Many Changes Take Place In College And Class

THREE MEMBERS HAVE DIED

Report On Entire Class—Engaged In Many Lines Of Work—Some In Foreign Countries

By LELAND LINDELL
McPherson, Kan., May 30, 1931—Last night eleven members of the graduating class of 1931 of McPherson college met in the tea room on the fifth floor of the Administration building for their last reunion. It was just 40 years ago last night that this class of 40 seniors were given their diplomas.

Wilbur McElroy presided over the group as toastmaster, seated at the end of the long narrow table, his distinctive and characteristic laugh still beaming through the halls. "Mack" kept the old-timers of his class laughing from start to finish. Next to "Mack" as his classmates termed him, sat the modest little Beth Hendrickson, who is still able to captivate her audience on the stage with charming wit and clever acting. "Mack" told a good one on her though, he said he was sitting through a talkie back in Pennsylvania two or three weeks ago and during the picture Beth looked out into the audience and he vowed up and down that she recognized him.

At the opposite end of the long table the elongated Kansan, "Jack" Lehman, who has returned from the East where he has just finished in the widely known law suit of Betts vs. Johnson. It seems as though, according to Attorney Lehman, that Johnson was attempting to bring slander charges against Betts on the grounds of intimacy with his wife, and that he, Attorney Lehman, proved to the satisfaction of the jury that Betts did not say or do any slanderous things to his wife. He even convinced the jury that Johnson did not even have a wife. Mr. Lehman was called upon by the toastmaster McElroy to make a few remarks and as he rose the group applauded. He stated that he regretted very much that Mrs. Lehman could not be present but that she was in England at this time being presented in the Queen. "Jack" said that he won his wife this honor by being able to convince the British Parliament that he was an American and not an Englishman.

To the right of Mr. Lehman was the gray haired Keith Hayes, former roommate of Mr. Lehman while in school at McPherson. It is very hard for Mr. Hayes to speak and the toastmaster explained that three years prior he was addressing a meeting of 1,000 women on the question of "Why I Am In Favor Of Large Families," when to his dismay the women did not agree with his arguments and their heckling kept his voice in constant use for a number of hours until he finally had to be carried from the platform. However, it might be added, that Mr. Hayes did win his cause.

On the opposite side of the table, ever beaming with a smile of contentment, sat the former Ruth Turner, who has come all the way up from Louisiana for the last reunion of her class. Paul couldn't come because his rice fields were demanding his constant attention. Ruth said, when interviewed this morning, that she thought that at least one in their family should be present for the graduation of Paul Jr.

Coming many miles to attend the reunion the former Nina Stull, the exact name of her husband is quite indefinite due to the fact that he is a descendant of a former Russian family and a Count to boot, she says she is enjoying the lights of the big city where she has been living for a number of years.

"And who would have thought it?" as many of their friends have stated many times during these last 40 years. There sat Harry Zinn and Mrs. Zinn, the former Ruth Trostle. Both of them used to yow up-and-down

that it would never come to this, but Mrs. Zinn says that she is the happiest woman in the world and that she still wants to be called an "M.C. Co-ed."

In her toast Miss Avie Wattenbarger of Detroit gave a few of her personal opinions about the changes in McPherson college. "In view of the fact that I have been the private secretary of Edsal Ford," Miss Wattenbarger stated, "I feel that I am justified in saying that the changes on the campus have greatly added to the facilities in making McPherson college a "School of Quality" in more ways than one."

The former Miss Naomi Witmore from the "Show Me" state has been "Shown" at last and she is now happily married to an Eastern man who is president of the Association for the Prevention of Rainfall in Missouri. (Editor's Note: I always thought Missouri would get out of the mud sometime.)

The other members who were unable to be present because of various reasons were reported upon by the eleven who were in attendance at the banquet tonight. Three members of the class of 1931, it was learned, have died.

Red-Path-Horner Institute was dissolved recently and it is now called the Red-Path-Hudson for Miss Helen Louise Hudson has been taken in as one of the partners. When Ethel Barrymore died a number of years ago Miss Hudson has taken her place as the foremost actress upon the American stage today.

The year Miss Ethel Jamison was a senior in McPherson college she was granted the K. U. Fellowship, and the following year she went to K. U. She was so well liked and her scholastic record was so high that they have retained her as one of their instructors. It is rumored that Miss Jamison is to be married soon.

After graduation Alma Morrison taught in the high school at Roxbury and a love affair sprang up between she and a man of Roxbury. The following summer they were married.

Edith Murray, the history shark while in College, soon forsook her history and became a beauty parlor operator where she has to use all the mathematics she ever knew in refashioning figures.

Then there was one member of the class of 1931 that accomplished something great in the field of journalism. She is Edna Nyquist. Edna received an appointment as society editor of the Chicago Tribune. This newspaper was recently awarded the prize of being the most beneficial paper in the United States by the Churches of the country. It is understood that Miss Nyquist is to become editor very soon.

Herbert Ruthrauff with Mrs. Ruthrauff are still at Fort Scott, where Mr. Ruthrauff is pastor of the local church. They tell us that he

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PROF. HECKMAN DELIVERS BACCALAUREATE SERMON

Speaks On "Voices Of Authority"

Sun., May 24—Prof. J. Hugh Heckman, head of the Bible and Philosophy department of the College, preached the baccalaureate sermon tonight to the Class of 1931, in the Church of the Brethren. His subject was "Voices Of Authority."

Miss Fern Lingenfelter played the processional and the College Glee club sang "How Lovely are the Messengers." The College Ladies' quartet sang "O Lord, Remember Me," after which Professor Heckman delivered the sermon. Pres. V. F. Schwalm gave the benediction after which Miss Lingenfelter played the processional.



JOHN H. LEHMAN

Mr. Lehman has for the last two years held the responsible position as president of the Student Council. He is also well known in debate and oratory.

BLANCHE PYLE

Throughout the entire school year Miss Pyle has kept track of the accounts and money of the Student Council of the College in a very efficient manner.

SENIORS TO BE BUSY IN MANY PROFESSIONS

A Few Are Uncertain What They Are Going To Do

MANY ARE TEACHING

Three Will Continue Schooling In Post-Graduate Universities

One often wonders what the seniors are going to do the first summer they are out of school and the first winter after their graduation. The other night the seniors made self-confessions as to their whereabouts during the coming year. Here they are:

Marvin Hill: "I will make hay this summer and during the winter teach and coach at Winroad high school."

Cletus Carney: "I will work in McPherson this summer and continue my schooling at the College next winter."

Mrs. Marguerite Hubbard: "I will attend the summer session at the College and then next winter I am to teach school at Hazard, Kansas."

Edna Nyquist: "Three months ago I thought there were two being who knew what I was going to do. Myself and God—now only God knows."

Avie Wattenbarger: "My address will be Shamrock, Texas, but this summer I will go to business college at Wichita Falls, Texas, and then in the winter I will be in a business office in Dallas."

Harry Zinn: "I will work at the building trade this summer at my home at New Canbide, Ohio. This winter I am teaching at Valley Center, Kansas."

Ruth Turner: "This summer I will be matron of Arnold Hall and will also take a few hours work. This winter I am teaching music at Chase, Kansas."

Ida Longel: "My home address this summer will be Burlington, Colo., but I intend to spend most of my time in the mountains. I will teach at Alden, Kansas, next winter."

Helen Hudson, Christine Mohler, Ernest Betts, and Carroll D. Walker (in union)

"We are without pilot or chart. To guide us on our way. Take pity, Oh you kind of heart, And give us help, we pray."

Edna Hoover: "I am not certain what I will do this summer. Next winter I will teach at Roxbury, Kansas."

Pearl Holdreder: "I will be at home at Cushing, Okla., this summer, and next winter I may teach at Sante, Nebr."

Irvin Rump: "I will be in McPherson this summer and next winter I will teach and coach at Arlington, Kansas."

Alma Morrison: "My address this summer will be Independence, Kan."

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THE SENIOR CLASS LEAVES ITS PECULIAR AND DISTINCTIVE QUALITIES TO UNDERCLASSEMEN

Both Material Things And Goodwill And Fellowship Are Willing To The Underclassmen—Athletic Abilities Willed To Those Who Might Need Help

SENIOR CLASS SONG

By Ruth Turner and Eugenia Dawson

Our college days are ending,
True friends will say farewell—
For very soon we all shall part.
We've learned and lived together
This life so full and free
And love will linger in our hearts.

Here's to the school of quality
Success be thine,
May the good, the true, the beautiful
Guide those we leave behind.

When we are on life's highway
Fond memory's will return
When e'er a classmate we may see;
We'll laugh and jest together
And as the moments pass
Live again our days of dear M. C.

Should old acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind—
We'll laugh and jest together
And as the moments pass
Live again our days of dear M. C.

THESE ARE THE THINGS WE PRIZE

By CHRISTINE MOHLER

Midst the deep inspirations of ivy-clad buildings,
And leaders of thought whom the years have made dear
To the heart of each searcher for truth and for knowledge,
Have come rays of light that shall shine everlastingly
Into the lives of the Seniors now leaving
The sheltering walls of M. C., Alma Mater.

For which one of us would trade wealth for the years
We have spent in the halls of the school where each student is challenged to live as he knows is the highest
And truest way man has found joy in living?—
Years that have made him increasingly conscious
Of life if it should be and life as we find it.

These are the things we prize—
Great thoughts, great truths, great lives,
And after learning, true wisdom.
The class of this spring would not care to leave with you
The mistaken impression its time has been given
To only great matters of serious importance,
Neglecting the joys and the pleasures forthcoming
From friendships and fellowships gained by the dozen,

And interests which grew in ever-widening circles;
As we press to the future, our thoughts will return
To the frolics and good times we have had in old M. C.,
The lessons, the trials, the teachers, the schoolmates,
And all that goes into the making of school days
The best and most sacred to hearts which will ever
Be loyal and strong in their faith in dear M. C.

These are the things we prize—
Old friends, old books, old days,
And after college, memories.
The end of this school year means much to the seniors.
It brings to a close four brief years of instruction.
And leaves in our hands the great task of decision.
It sobers our thoughts of the future now opening
Before us with vast opportunities, great possibilities
Ever beyond us, if only we search for them.
With the future before us and college days gone from us,
The seniors are ready to give to the world

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BEQUEATHS CAMPUS LOVE

Devilment And Boyish Tricks Hand-ed Down To Those In Search Of Mirth On The Campus

By JOHN H. LEHMAN

Inasmuch as the Class of 1931 is a class possessing distinctive and peculiar qualities and inasmuch as the members of the class feel obligated to leave a liberal inheritance to the blossoming underlings who will some day grow to the maturity of seniors it is incumbent upon the class of '31 to reward those struggling masses in McPherson college with the forenamed distinctive and peculiar qualities as a final and heartfelt legacy which we hope will furnish undying glory to the succeeding classes of sturdy men and women in our Alma Mater.

Because of the aforementioned reasons, we, the members of the class of '31 of McPherson college, "School of Quality," do hereby bequeath the following enumerated properties:

Carroll Walker, believing that the members of the human race to be monogamous (one man for one woman) does bequeath to Mildred Doyle the same faithfulness to one man for her choice which Carroll Walker has by example shown in the past to one woman, Nellie, last name of said woman is subject to change. This bequest is valid if Miss Doyle continues to show that undivided attention to a tall man, dark haired, and allent.

Mr. Frederick Andrews (known as Freddie since marriage overlook him) bequeaths his notoriety, kindness, consideration, and dignity to Wheeler Kurtz in full confidence that one can teach a gay young horse new tricks.

Effie Ahleid bequeaths her quality of domestic science to chattering Fern Heckman.

Miss Ruth Barnard who is quite capable in the field of mathematics bequeaths that ability to some other than the young, struggling, mathematician, Lloyd Miller.

Ernest Betts, as a fitting symbol of school martyrdom, renounces his unique ability of being accused of bad boy tricks, painting Ad building steps, and other barbarous customs to that famous rice grower from Louisiana, Mr. Edgar Hoke, believing that there will be many happy returns to the green carpet.

William H. Birkham wills his highly concentrated football hiff to Clarence Brown, hoping that if Clarence cannot crack the gate into big time football he will still be able to peek through the knothole.

Ernest Campbell who has played a High game for several years bequeaths his love making and track ability to girl shy Herbert Mowbray, the new "M" Club president.

Cletus Carney will gladly relinquish his claims to Missouri toothpicks, Missouri cider, and Missouri nudes to Mr. Harvey Shank who has a continued affinity for such Missouri stimulants.

Gladys Christiansen wills her perfect manners, her credible calmness, and her masterful self-control to the abbreviated, jumping-jack Roy Peebler.

Eugenia Dawson wills the Y.W.C.A. room to all serious and aspiring lovers of the institution. Just as rock crushers enable the building of bigger and better highways so will these youthful neck-crushers enhance the purpose of our Alma Mater. Choking holds invalidates this bequest. Strict enforcement of this rule will be supervised by Margaret Heckethorn and Dr. Schwalm.

Vernon Gustafson wills the stench of the chemistry laboratory and also a pair of three allits to Shorty Thompson so that Shorty will be able to buy candy bars at the Bookstore counter like other normal human beings.

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THE SCHOOL OF QUALITY **MEMBER** THE HOME OF THE BULLDOGS

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The last four years have passed in such quick succession that I am unable to realize just where I am as I am about to receive my diploma. I believe other seniors are feeling the same way. While here we have made friendships that are to go with us forever, lasting friendships, that are to go with us as we launch ourselves out into the world of activity that we might prove ourselves of worth to humanity.

The senior class owes much to McPherson college, for the College has meant much to it. It has attempted to give it, the senior class, an understanding of life, a broader view for future returns, and a desire for the better things in life. In this period of "hard times" the seniors are facing a world that is rough but well meaning. The senior that can survive and forge ahead in periods of such conditions not only indicates the strength of his own ability and leadership but also reflects upon his Alma Mater as being one of high repute.

Four chapters are to be completed tomorrow—four years. After that we will be freshmen again in the world of activity. We turn our pages with the sincere hope that we might fill them with knowledge as we have in the last four years. Yes, and we will let others read our last four chapters that they might profit from our opportunities.

We are about to "pull anchor" and sail out for ourselves on the great sea of adventure, that of life. We are about to test the ruggedness of our own ship of state. We are about to reach out in our own way in search of that which we are unable now to see. We are leaving—but not without the memories of dear old McPherson college going with us. The College will ever stand in our estimations of high ideals and high standards of Christian living. We will live that others might realize the opportunities that have been ours.

Four years ago Dr. Schwalm was appointed president of the College. During the intervening years he has shared the trials and accomplishments along with the class that came when he did. He has proved himself well worthy of being president of McPherson college. He has gained the respect and admiration of both his faculty and the student body. He is sincere in every move he undertakes. In him we place the future hope and growth of the College.

Personally, I want to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to my Spectator staff that has labored with me that the paper might make its appearance each week. Some of you have been on my staff for the last two years. Vernon Rhoades is to become editor next year, and probably no better McPherson student could handle the work more efficiently than Mr. Rhoades. He has now had two years experience. I ask the cooperation of every student and faculty member in helping Mr. Rhoades next year, for without it it is impossible to completely cover all the news on any campus, no matter where it might be.

We believe in McPherson college and have hope for its success. We leave as our parting urge to "Sail on, Sail on, and on."—L. E. L.

OFFICERS SENIOR CLASS 1931



Left to right—Keith Hayes, president; Ethel Jamison, vice-president; Christine Mohler, secretary; and Vernon Gustafson, treasurer. This is the second term of office for both Miss Mohler and Mr. Gustafson. Mr. Hayes was elected to his position last year while he was teaching school at Burrton, Kansas.

Problems of the senior class are many and these officials have met them with much success. The financing of the year's activities is a gigantic task in itself and requires accurate and careful handling of class funds.

ELEVEN ARE PRESENT FOR LAST REUNION

(Continued from Page One)

was offered the pastorage of the "Little Church Around The Corner" in New York City but refused it because he loved Kansas.

Mrs. Minnie Teeter is now superintendent of schools of McPherson. She is the first woman to ever hold such a responsible position in this city.

Carroll D. Walker, the "king of the hitch-hikers," has hitched-hiked his way to fame with a little Walker on each knee. Carroll says that married life is like a door—just one slim at another. Blessings be on thee my little man.

Elfie Abeldt, Ruth Barnard, and Vernon Gustafson have formed a company for the concrete purpose of

reviving the long lost art of "Yo Yoing." They report that their business is progressing along a very definite road to success. Elfie does the instructing in the use of the Yo Yo. Ruth figures out artistic dimensions, and Vernon, who we thought would be a chemist, is selling this revival of the fittest.

Ernest Campbell was called to Idaho. It is understood that he is dwelling in the "HIGH" mountains, up where it is always sunshine and no rain. He says his cloud has a silver lining.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Hubbard have acquired a large publishing firm at Reno, Nevada. Wendell says that they are still Reno-vating the New York debutants. He added that his greatest income comes from advertising the divorcees wants, and not their needs.

Ida Lengel, Edna Hoover, and Gladys Christiansen, have surprised us. They have established a cabaret in the downtown section of New York, that is what the New York Times reports. It is said that newspaper story of course, their cabaret has been raided only once, and that was the time a man attempted to make a speech on reviving of prohibition.

Clovis Carney is still in Missouri living in the Ozarks. His greatest diversity comes in watching the airplanes fly over head. He is still mourning the fact that Henry Ford finally made a one-cylinder tractor that put the Missouri mule out of commission.

Then there is the great singer from the class of 1931 who has made good on the stage in Chicago, and that is Eugenia Dawson. Like some superhuman power she is still more than capable of captivating her public with her appealing voice. It was thought that she might be able to be here at the banquet tonight but could not because of a previous engagement.

Pearle Holderred and J. S. Rice are still in Africa in the mission field doing mission work. Just recently a picture of Mr. Rice appeared in the New York Times and the caption stated that he is the oldest living missionary in the field today.

On May 19, 1931, there appeared in this paper a headline cut by Miss Christine Mohler. As a result of this she has become world wide known and recognized today as the foremost artist of this kind in the world. A good deal of her publicity is due to Miss Blanche Pyle, who has been with Miss Mohler for the last ten years as her manager.

Irvin Rump is now at Notre Dame, as you have no doubt read. He has taken the place of Jess Harper, who back in 1931 took the place of the late Knute Rockne.

The other three members of the class of 1931 have died in the last forty years. They are William H. Bigham, Marvin Hill, and Leland Lindell. It seems as tho Mr. Bigham had invented a balloon contraption for the use of pedestrians in crossing busy streets. Well, one day he was giving his invention a trial on a very busy street in Chicago. He hounded into the air from the sidewalk on one side of the street but when he was just above the traffic a little Austin, with balloon tires, hit him.

Mr. Hill, while day-dreaming one day on the west coast, (we imagine he was thinking of Kansas), was struck by a greased bolt of lightning and just naturally annihilated. Scientists say that if he had not been so close to the ocean that it would have never happened, and that if he had had oil on his hair that morning that he might have escaped.

Leland Lindell, who has been employed by an eastern newspaper to write headlines, was killed about a year ago. It happened that the managing editor of the newspaper on which he was working was a woman and that one day she gave him a story about a woman that had killed her husband, and asked him to write a head for it. Within a few minutes Mr. Lindell returned with the following headline: "JUST LIKE A WOMAN." It happened that the newspaper office was on the 53rd floor of the building.

SENIORS TO BE BUSY IN VARIOUS PROFESSIONS

(Continued from Page One)

sas, and next winter it will be Roxbury, Kansas, where I will be teaching."

Beth Hendrickson: "For this summer I have high hopes of seeing California. Next winter I will teach English at Quinter, Kansas."

Grace M. Early: "I will be at home this summer at Hardin, Mo., and next fall I will begin teaching in the Central high school at Hardin."

Vernon M. Gustafson: "This summer I will work in a drug store here in McPherson and in the winter I will probably take post-graduate work at McPherson college."

Leland Lindell: "This summer I will be a member of The Daily Republican staff of McPherson, and next winter I will continue with the same newspaper."

Ruth Troat: "I will be at home near Nickerson this summer. Next winter I am going to take post-graduate work at Manhattan, Kansas."

Keith Hayes: "This summer I will be farming at Geneseo, Kansas, and next winter teaching at Hoisington,

Kansas." Elfie Abeldt: "At home this summer at Hope, Kansas, and next winter I will be teaching."

Ethel Jamison: "I will work at home this summer near Quinter, Kansas, and next winter I will take post-graduate work at the University of Kansas. My address will be 1134 Mississippi St., Lawrence, Kansas."

Eugenia Dawson: "I will be at home this summer at Darlow, Kansas. I will teach at Anthony, Kansas next winter."

Edith Murray: "My ambitions for the summer is a big vacation in California. Next winter I am teaching at Canton, Kansas."

Wilbur McElroy: "This summer I am going to work in Pennsylvania. Next winter I am going to get married and live off my wife's salary."

W. Wendell Hubbard: "This summer I will be in school here. Next fall I will go to work for my father in his newspaper office at Hugoton, Kansas."

Naomi Witmore: "At home this summer at Rich Hill, Mo. Will teach at Zook, near Larned, next winter."

Nina Stull: "I will be at home this summer. Next fall I will begin teaching in the high school at Windom, Kansas."

Blanche Pyle: "Will attend summer school here this summer and next winter I will teach at Quinter, Kansas."

Fred Andrews: "I will be at McPherson during summer school and then for two weeks I will be in the Rocky Mountains. I will teach next winter at Gaylord, Kansas."

Gladys Christiansen: "This summer I will be at home at Durham, Kansas, and next fall I will teach at Canton, Kansas."

William H. Bigham: "I am not certain yet what I am going to do either this summer or winter."

Herbert Ruthrauff: "I will continue in pastoral work in Wichita both summer and winter."

J. S. Rice: "This summer I will attend a conference in Illinois and then will return to McPherson in the fall. I am going back to the mission field in Africa in February, 1932."

Ernest Campbell: "I will work on the farm this summer and I hope to teach next winter."

Mrs. Minnie Teeter: "I will be in summer school here this summer and will teach in the McPherson city schools next winter."

Ruth Barnard: "I will be at home at Lyons, Kansas, both summer and winter."



LELAND E. LINDELL

Two years editor of The Spectator and one year associate editor. He will continue in newspaper work as a member of The Daily Republican staff.

THESE ARE THE THINGS WE PRIZE

(Continued from Page One)

A new inspiration to lives now so dreary.

An emancipation to souls bound in smallness,

Forgetting in nothing the ideals and endeavors,

Of McPherson College, the School of our Love.

These are the things we prize—

High hopes, ideals, lights that lead truly,

And after vision, fulfillment.

Miss Ruth Turner's mother came Saturday from McCammon, Idaho.

Miss Irene Mason of Norborne, Mo. is visiting here this week.

Miss Essie Kimball spent the week end at her home near Nickerson.

Miss Alma Morrison's mother of Independence, Kans., came Sunday morning.

Guy Hayes visited in McPherson Sunday.

Miss Jeannette Hoover spent a Saturday night at the dormitory.

If it's New we show it. **Gordon's Fashion Shop** First of All—Reliability.

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HOW TIME FLIES And just twenty years ago the big news was a long distance conversation between New York and Denver in which "his voices could be distinctly heard."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DRS. V. N. & A. V. ROBB OPTOMETRISTS Phone 190 McPherson

LIFE IS LIKE A DAY, THERE IS MORNING, NOON, AND EVENING SAYS EARLY IN CLASS ORATION

Youth Does Not Always See At Which Age Is Aiming—It Is The Spirit Of Youth And The Spirit Of Age Minded Together Which Makes Life Interesting And Worthwhile

By GRACE EARLY

Life is like a day. There is morning, noon, and evening. There is youth, maturity, and old age. Youth is a time of adventure and preparation. At maturity one looks back upon youth and looks forward to old age. Age is a time for reflection and the completion of the wheel of life.

Let us look at the youth of today. There is a rich experience for the observing person in sensing the problems and seeing the joys of youth, that group whom Walt Whitman would call the "restless, restless race." It has an appetite for adventure. It is yearning for expression and action.

The full significance of these characteristics of youth is not sensed by the more conservative representatives of maturity and old age. This leads to a lack of appreciation of maturity on the part of youth. Both of these groups have the same desire to make the world better, but there is misunderstanding in the method of approach and the fulfillment of that desire. Some vital facts in the experience of each are often unknown; thus causing misunderstanding. Youth does not always see what age is aiming at. It is slow to learn from the experience of age. On the other hand age cannot become reconciled to the adventurous spirit of youth.

We must have both the adventurous spirit of youth and the problems of the world. It is the spirit of youth and the spirit of age mingled together in happy comradeship, which makes the whole of life interesting and worthwhile.

There should be and there can be harmony between youth and age. A reciprocal happiness will be found when people in the evening of life appreciate the youth of the dawn and youth respects the experience of age. It is possible and very desirable that youth and age find true friendships among those of the other group. This does not mean that an old man must pretend to be young or try to keep pace with youth. There is a state of mind. Francis Bacon said, "Any man who stops learning is old whether that happens at twenty or eighty."

Youth is a preparation for the life that is yet to be. As youth is lived so will the years of age be. Life is like a day. If in the morning of life the fair sun casts its rays on healthy, robust youth of sterling character, the noontide will be even more brilliant with achievement. The fair sun of the morning and the brilliance of the noontide are followed by a sunset of rosy hue in the evening of life. After the golden sunset, comes the afterglow, a brightness, a happiness, a sense of satisfaction that life has been lived in a worthy manner.

Life is like a day. If the morning of life is overshadowed by clouds of darkness and doubt, at noontide the storm will be raging, and there will be no joy in looking forward to the close of day. The dusk comes earlier and there is no afterglow, no brightness, no memory of a worthwhile life, but rather, a memory of disappointments. The sunset of life depends largely upon the morning. The youth of today is what the age of today leads it to be. The age of tomorrow is molded by the youth of today.

We of the class of 1931 are leaving the halls of McPherson college. The morning of life is slipping from us. The sun has been shining. Will the noontide be more brilliant? Will the sunset shine with the radiant memory of a worth-while life? Then and only then will there be a glorious afterglow for us. The years of our morning lived in McPherson college have brought us into contact with those living the brilliance of the noontide and those who live in the glory of the evening. A comradeship has been manifested. As they have kept the spirit of youth, may we face our day with the same spirit.

Life is like a day. The radiant sun of the morning brings a brilliant noontide and a golden sunset followed by a glorious afterglow. May our endeavor be to make the whole of life beautiful and harmonious. Youth is a time of adventure and interest, maturity a time of accomplishment, old age a time of reflection and counsel. Then may we say with Browning:

"Grow old along with me The best is yet to be The last of life, for which the first

was made; Our times are in his hand Who saith, "A whole I planned. Youth shows but half; trust; see all, nor be afraid."

SENIOR CLASS LEAVES PECULIAR QUALITIES

(Continued from Page One)

Keith Hayes wills his public speaking ability and droll humor to the succeeding senior president. He wills a double portion of sympathy to his successor because such sympathy is needed to entertain bashful girls on senior parties.

Beth Hendrickson bequeaths her reading ability, winning personality, winsomeness, and dainty stage appearance to Mr. George Zinn as a token of her esteem and confidence in "Big" George.

Marvin Hill wills a slightly used Chevrolet automobile to Mr. David Bowers believing that if little David meets a feminine Goliath he will need the Chevrolet to run away from her.

Wilbur McEjoy, commonly known as Mac, has been informed that a snore is an unfavorable report from headquarters. He therefore bequeaths his snoring ability to the College to be used as a warning against Halow'een prowlers, book-agents, and intruding dogs.

Leland Lindell bequeaths his rising inflection, the Spectator job, and one stacked room to Mr. Vernon "Dusty" Rhoades with the prayer, "So help you God."

Pearle Holderread bequeaths a half finished manuscript on "The Beauty of Dormitory Life," and a complete manuscript on "Love as Observed in the Parlor," to Charles Austin for inspiration and instruction.

Edna Hoover wills her W.A.A. points to Lawrence Lehman, since the better-half will not be here to take long walks next year, nevertheless it is hoped that this gift will help Lawrence to be "saved by Grace."

Helen Hudson wills her dramatic ability to her Star Automobile, familiarly called "The Green Comet," to Phillip Lauer as a souvenir of his preparation to be a professional chauffeur and man of model manners.

Mr. Wendell Hubbard, a married man, wills the family rolling pin to the dormitory cooks since he has a scientific and practical belief that biscuits of dough are more valuable to students than domestic bumps on the head.

Mrs. Marguerite Hubbard, the wife, wills her musical ability to Posey Jamison with full knowledge that music hath charms and will prove a successful decoy for Posey in catching "a game little bird."

Miss Ethel Jamison bequeaths her scholastic achievements to Walter Wollman but retains from him her powers at pitching horseshoes since weapons are dangerous in the hands of playful little boys.

Ida Lengel bequeaths all sincerity of heart her friendship with Mary Wedel to Mr. Herbert Ely in the hope that mutual intellectual interests will ripen into a colorful romance.

Christine Mohler wills the care of Dr. Schwalm to some other stenographer who will promise neither to tell his secrets nor alienate his affection.

Alma Morrison wills to Ethel Sherfy three reams of writing paper to be specifically used in private correspondence of a heartfelt nature as a supplementary course in literature most of which is English. All letters must be closed with such phrases as will create electrical transcriptions of the heart.

Edith Murray wills a well furnished parlor including a radio and over-stuffed chairs to Donald Trostle and Esther Nonken for dates after ten o'clock at night.

Blanche Pyle wills the job as reasurer of the Student Council to Vernon Fleming, the bride of Hillsboro, as the first step in the long list of achievements necessary for his climb to the Hillsboro Hall of Fame. Irvin Rump otherwise known as "Rosie" solemnly bequeaths his hilarious laugh to Ralph Keely as a necessity in meeting the increasing demands of the numerous social activities in which Ralph will be involved during the coming year.

Rev. John S. Rice wills his missionary experience, maturity, and wisdom to the striving young preacher, Ward Williams.

Herbert Ruthrauff bequeaths his biblical knowledge to our basketball guard Cecil Anderson who has shown already a prolific capacity for biblical terms.

Nina Stull bequeaths her school-teaching experience to the young preacher Hattie Rischer.

Ruth Trostle gladly wills her pretty face and girlish pep to Mr. Delvis Bradshaw.

Ruth Turner who has successfully exchanged her personal rights in Idaho for property rights in Louisiana wills her keen bargaining power to Viola Devittis in the hope that "CI" may exchange property for California promises.

Naomi Witmore wills her piano playing ability to Elmer Keek as an evidence of senior confidence in his talent, which will unquestionably equal that of Paderewski.

Alex Wattenbarger wills her habits of rapid and lengthy conversation to such shy freshmen as Roy Mason, Frank Hutchinson, and Harold Burford.

Miss Grace Early wills Lawrence to the College for one year only, and furthermore, he is solemnly enacted, that the College retain full possession of Miss Early's new book, written from 9:30 to 10:00 each evening, entitled "Library Love." Two volumes in one.

Inasmuch as Harry Zinn claims a lion (leah) on Nickerson girls and farms he renounces all present and future claims to a room in Men's dormitory decorated with a splendid picture collection of collegiate beauties which no longer interest him. These with other chattel property he wills to John Kinley.

Edna Nyquist bequeaths innumerable poems, readings, and her first class editorial ability to Louise Kenberry who was unofficially elected with "Dusty" to the Spectator job for next year.

The author of this bundle of conglomerate matter since she possesses neither talent nor generosity wills his humble apology to any third souls who might object to the contents of this paper.

Our sponsor, Professor Hess wills his ability to sing in chapel to these unnamed students of discord, believing firmly in the old adage, "In silence there is harmony."

PART II.

Collectively, the Senior Class wills its oriental tree to the European Miss Dela Lehman, with the conviction that the incident and the Orient ought to be united.

The Senior Class respectfully wills a host of stacked rooms to Dave Shackerford and other brave cohorts of the college.

All biscuits, syrup, and starch pudding are willed to the care and disposal of the Matron.

The Senior section in the chapel is willed to the ambitious Juniors with the following reservations:

- 1. Provided that said Juniors stand and sing in unison the habitual songs at the beginning of each chapel.
2. Provided that said Juniors assume an air of intelligence which will no doubt be different from the outpouring of intellectual froth from the chapel platform.
3. Provided that said Juniors learn all of the verses of the College song before graduation.

The Seniors will their place in the hearts of the faculty to the three succeeding classes.

Finally, with full confidence in the good nature and mechanical genius of the Custodian of the Grounds, Mr. Frank Forney, we bequeath herein a hope that succeeding classes will be as considerate, as thoughtful, as helpful, and as kind to Mr. Forney as we have been during the past four years.

Having pledged ourselves to be the sole possessors of the above named properties and having made this legal declaration of disposal of said properties we believe the College

may still be able to carry feebly on after the departure of the class of '31.

CLASS OF 1931

ON SAYING GOOD-BYE

A young slip of a girl is standing in a railroad depot waiting her turn to use the telephone. Her college days are ended for in her little "hat-box-of-a-suitcase" is her diploma wrapped carefully and tied with a ribbon. Her train is already 15 minutes past due and finding that she must do something to kill time she rushes to the telephone to again tell her darling roommate good-bye for the second time. She rings.

"One eight nine please, and do hurry... hello... what... oh! I beg your pardon... What... hello... oh! It's you, 'Pet'... I could tell your voice above a flock of chapped speakers... yes, my train is a little late and I just had to phone you again dear... you say your parents are there now and you are going to leave in a little bit... how sweet of them... dearest, I think your father is just too sweet for words... he can always say the sweetest things... oh, no, don't tell him I said so... dear you just can't realize how much I am going to miss you this summer... and to think we'll not be together next year... now don't cry again honey... I'm sorry I mentioned it again... but, tell me, 'Pet', when are you going to leave?... Oh! how silly of me, you just told me your folks were there... yes... yes... yes... no dear, I'd tell him to write every day for you will be so lonesome without him... now don't be that way dear... tell me, 'Pet' that you will write to him every day... promise... that's a darling little girl... I know you would... what?... Am I going to write to Charles?... well I should say not... I thought I told you he didn't mean a thing to me in my young life... no... no... I don't know when he is leaving... what?... that... oh, he said he was leaving in the morning but you can't always believe him... he is so indifferent you know... huh... oh I like him all right... yes he is different from the rest... but you don't understand dear... I don't imagine I will ever see him again as long as I live

... I don't care though... yes... yes... yes, I remember... wasn't he the cutest thing though... and do you remember the time... hello 'Pet'... hello... oh central... hello... well where in the world did you go... oh... oh... you just saw Charles... talking to that girl... is he still talking to her dear... I'm sorry I treated him as I did dear... I wonder if he still loves me... he'll be so lonesome without me... yes... yes... yes... he told me so... yes... yes... yes... call him to the phone please dear... anything to get him away from that girl... do hurry 'Pet'... hello... hello... yes... hello... hello... hello Charles... there comes my train... hello Charles dear... oh you know I love you... I'm sorry... my train's here, dear... Charles... Charles... Charles... yes dear... I'll be mad if you don't write tomorrow day... oh, my train...

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"We Wish You A Pleasant Vacation" May the fruits of your labor be bountiful. This is our advance welcome for those who return next fall and a hearty "Good Luck" to those who graduate and go to other fields of endeavor.

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THE CLASS OF 1931 HAS BEEN BREAKING TRADITIONS ALL THRU ITS FOUR YEARS OF HISTORY

Only 11 Of The Original 83 Starting In The Fall Of 1927 Are Now Seniors—Class Has Achieved A Great Deal During Student Generation

By Ruth Trostle

In the fall of 1927, 83 green, sunburned, inexperienced "kids" came to McPherson college and were known as the freshman class. One of our respected professors said not long ago that the present graduating class, which contains some of these freshmen, seemed to be in the habit of breaking tradition and going against custom. The habit was started way back in the year of early impressions, our first year in college. We were given no senior-freshmen kid party. Ever since we have had the habit of doing things differently and in our own fashion.

Usually when class histories are read, just the glories and achievements of the class are given. Dr. J. D. Bright doesn't hold this view of a historian, he says a history should be a fair presentation of both sides of the question, a well rounded and unbiased treatise of the subject. I am certain that this idea has been well woven into the history of the class of 1931.

What makes the class of '31 what it is? Why, because it has been a class of quality all along and not of quantity. A man of quality, then a boy, was elected president, Leland Lindell. You can readily see it would have to be quality because there isn't much quantity in his case. By the end of the first year, few could distinguish the freshmen students from the general group for they had become so well acclimated. They had taken their place in sports and various school activities, including "Swede" watches and class color fits.

Some quantity was given to the class in the sophomore year when Prof. Maurice A. Hess was elected sponsor and John Lehman came into the class. The usual run of hikes, picnics, and social affairs were attended by the class. Several students made the Thespian club, John Lehman took first honors in the National Peace contest, Irvin Rump received a place on the state championship basket ball team and William Higham showed his Bulldog spirit on the football team. Quality is still foremost.

More events and responsibilities were accumulated during the third chapter of the class history, the junior year. Leland Lindell took the chair as the editor of The Spectator, and John Lehman was the tall, reserved, dignified head of the Student Council. Ruth Turner brought renown to the class when taking first place in voice at Lindsborg. Only 28 members could be mustered. The class sneaked in an unusual manner, going in the evening, spending the night at Twin Mounds and continuing on to Salina for the next day's activities. High class dues will always be remembered with regret. The junior-senior banquet was the first to be held on the new Hotel Hawley roof garden. A Spanish theme was carried out in both program and decorations. Another new idea presented by the class of '31.

Then the senior year, with all its dignity, cares, friendships, and studios. Keith Hayes leads the class thru the year, still it is bringing in and using new ideas. An idea not new to any senior class, however, was the one that this was to be the last year of the strenuous college life. Leland Lindell has proved his worth by retaining the editor's chair of The Spectator and John Lehman's dignity brought another year for him as president of the Student Council. Ernest Betts headed the "M" Club, Eugenia Dawson was president of the Y. W. C. A., Ethel Jamison was president of the W. A. A., and Leland Lindell was president of the Thespian club. Various other responsible positions were held by the senior class as professors' assistants and school officers.

Instead of Ivy Day, Tree Day was observed. April Fool's Day was celebrated by an exact representation of the faculty by the seniors. This took the place of senior "Kid" Day. Custom was again broken when it was decided, because of the "repression," not to give any senior play. Just eleven of the original 83 students starting in the class of 1931 have weathered the four years of

the class. Even though many customs and traditions have been broken, the class has been very normal in its respect for its Alma Mater and a sincere wish for its growth and advancement in every way possible was urged.

The last chapter is being rapidly brought to a close. Only memories remain. The next chapter is to be written, but now it is only an intriguing mystery. We, the class of 1931, go out with great anticipation to find what it holds for each of us.

A TRETIS ON SURGERY

Quietness reigned supreme in the room. Silent, solemn assistants stood around with long, grave faces. Silence, nothing was heard except the breathing of men.

Everything seemed ready, a groan was heard. The ghostly like assistants turned their heads as the patient was slowly conducted to the operating table. The stillness seemed unbearable, the fumes of ether filled the air. Suddenly a grinding sound broke the stillness as Dr. Kurtz sharpened his knife. A word was spoken and assistant Peebler applied the ether. A groan, a cry, a struggle, and the four became still. Cautiously the doctor applied the knife.

Dr. Brown, assisted by his pupil Wollman, slowly layed back the folds of skin, while other assistants stood around watching, as the patient struggled between life and death. The vital internal organs were exposed, for the first time, and as the heart came to view the group looked on with awe and wonderment. The lips of the janitor: "Darn those he sadly turned his face. The assisting doctor turned white and the group trembled for the slip of the knife severed the anorta. After a slight trundle, the quivering form became still.

Silence, still, no one there but the prostrate form of the dead body. A shadow fell upon the gloom and atmosphere became chilly and night was near when suddenly the door opened. A burst of anger came from the lips of the janitor: "Darn those kids, why can't they clean up their own mess when they kill a cat?" —R. P.

"I have just heard an awful story about Mrs. Jones."

"I thought you had. You look so happy."

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ERNEST L. BETTS

This year Mr. Betts has been the efficient business manager of The Spectator.

HARRY ZINN

"He has edited a Quadrangle of outstanding quality and merit" his critics say.



EUGENIA DAWSON

Miss Dawson has not only been an outstanding student in music on the campus but also president of the Y.W.C.A. this year.

We wish you all a Happy Summer Vacation.

When you return next fall we'll be pleased to say Hello.



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BULLDOG BARKS



Commencement days are happy days—except the thought of parting.

Good bye Seniors dear, may Good Luck attend you always.

So long Juniors, Sophs, and Freshies—we'll be seeing you again in September.

Until then—Good Bye and good luck.

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