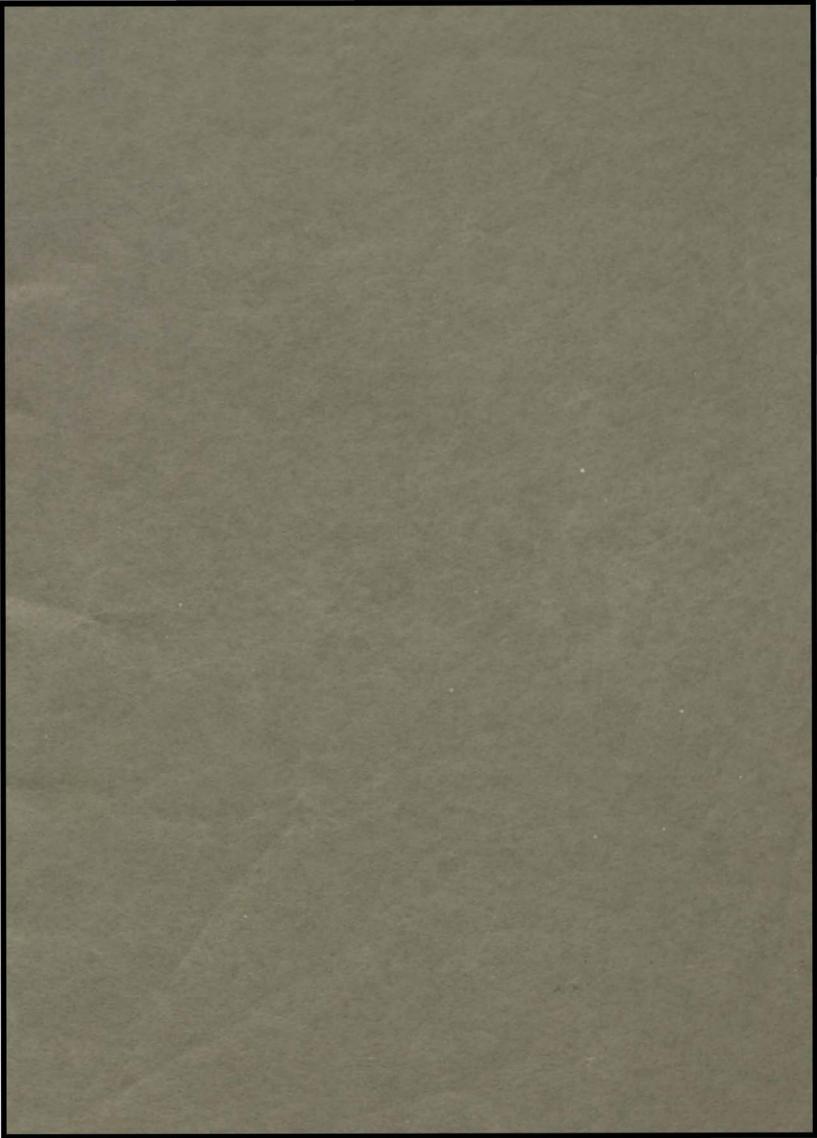
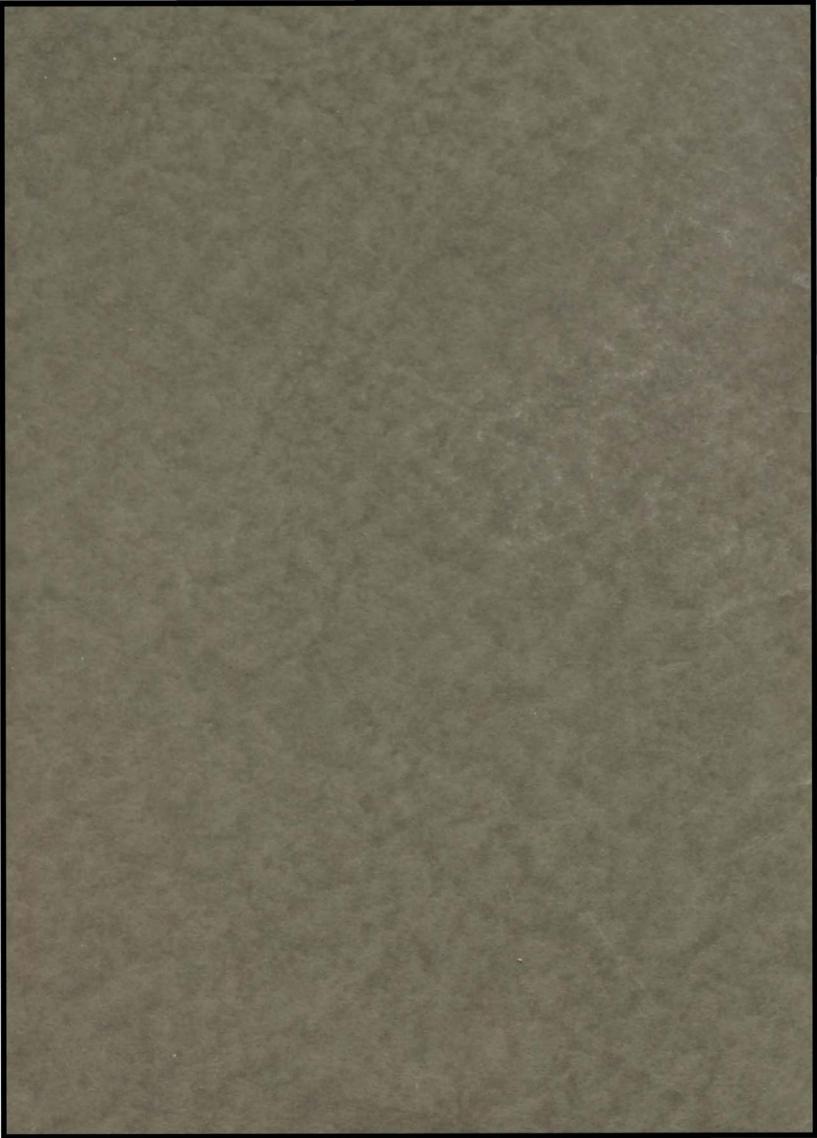
The Twenty Three-er







The Twenty Three-er



Volume 1-June, 1923

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Kansas City, Missouri

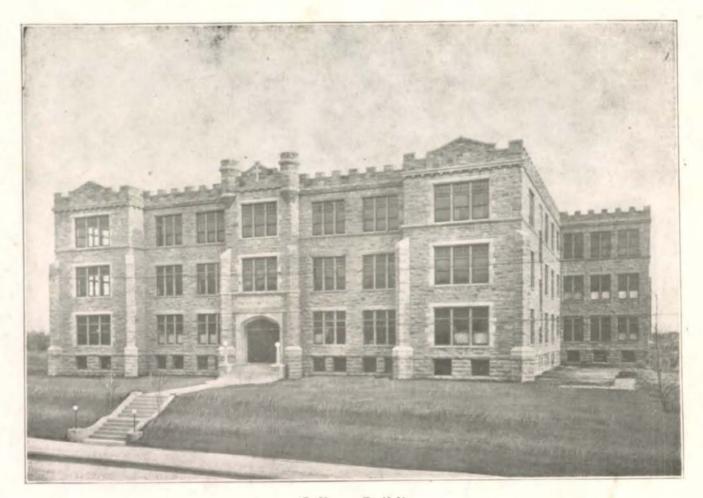
FOREWORD

UPON opening the pages of this book, you shall gaze on the first Annual Rockhurst has ever had. We hope that you will be entertained and interested as you read the "Twenty Three-er". It represents the work of the Senior Class of Rockhurst Academy, which has labored with the intention of bestowing still further fame and renown on its Alma Mater.

We have founded an institution at Rockhurst which we earnestly hope will be lasting. Inspired by the loyalty which our school infuses into the minds and hearts of her sons we have sought this means of expressing our devotion and gratitude to her.

If the matter contained in this book, as the years roll by and when today is but a dim memory, should recall to your mind fond memories of those past and happy days at Rockhurst, we shall feel amply recompensed for the time and labor involved in publishing this work.

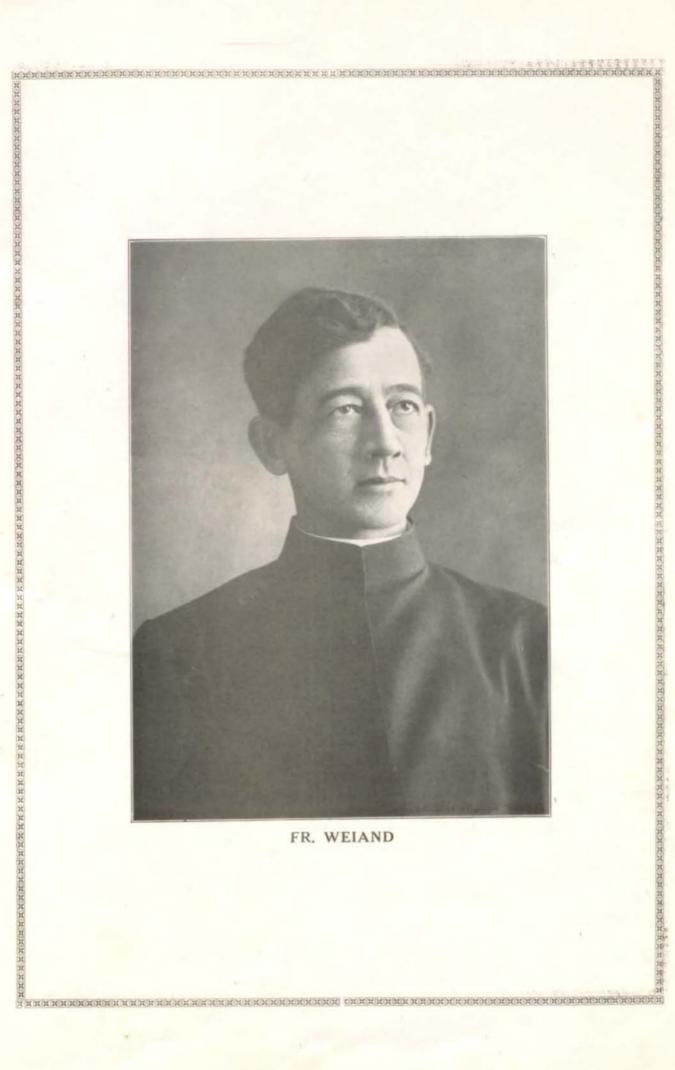
THE EDITORS.



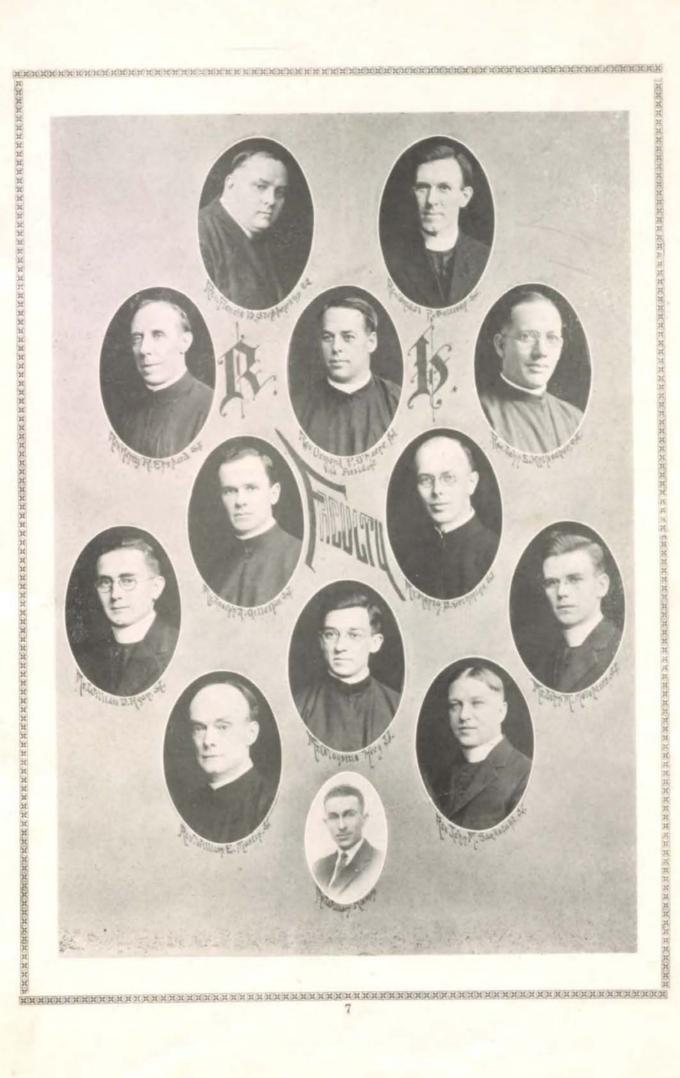
College Building

Devication

To Reverend John A. Weiand, S. J., President of Rockhurst, who has been our guide and inspiration through our High School years, this book is affectionately dedicated.



PROFESSORS OF FOURTH HIGH Rev. Frs. Stephenson, S. J. Sullivan, S. J. Messrs. Crimmins, S. J. Melchiors, S. J. PROFESSORS OF FOURTH HIGH Rev. Frs. Stephenson, S. J. Sullivan, S. J. Messrs. Crimmins, S. J. Melchiors, S. J.



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SENIORS 1920 1921 1922

THE SENIOR CLASS.

Four years ago in the fall of 1919, as Freshman, young, inexperienced, unsophisticated and bursting with reform measures, we entered the halls of Rockhurst. As Freshmen we were very frivolous, we played practical jokes, were often out of order and gazed with deep respect at fatherly Seniors, with tolerance on the Juniors and with open rebellion on the Sophomores. Our first year was very eventful. Yes, very.

The second year we seemed, strangely enough, to improve, to be smoothed out and become slightly more civilized. We looked down from immeasurable heights on the Freshmen and patronized them most generously.

As Juniors we began to accomplish things, to be a power, as it were, in our school life. Dashing around with energetic strides, making friends and becoming acquainted with bigger and higher things.

As Seniors, of course, no word need be said of our accomplishments; they speak for themselves. Was ever a group graduated so representative of all the best qualities a class should have? Loyalty to themselves and to their school. Energy and zeal exercised continually in advancing the best interest of Rockhurst. A spirit of progress demonstrated in the founding of new institutions.

One may plainly see that the class of '23 is one of the greatest, the most representative of any that has gone forth from the halls of our famous institution.

Long live the memory of that fine body of young men, the Class of '23.



CHRISTOPHER E. JONES—Class President '20, '21, '22, '23; Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23—Prefect '23; Football Manager '22; Editor-in-Chief of "The Twenty Three-er"; Sentinel Staff '23; "Let's Go"; Manager Junior-Senior Banquet '22; Second Honors '22, '23. And there you have our "Chris" hung all over with honors which are a tribute to his ability and his worth. A steady, consistent worker, Chris has been well in the lead in all school activities. The well in the lead in all school activities. The Annual is particularly indebted to his hard work and self-sacrifice. Chris will be heard from in days to come.

IRVING EDMUND DAMON. "Dutch", It would be a very difficult task to fully enumerate Dutch's accomplishments at Rockhurst. That would require the pen of a biographer. An excellent football player and a superb basketeer, captaining Rockhurst's star quintet this season; also managing the business end of the "Twenty Three-er" and making the financial troubles appear as

naught to the rest of us.
Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23.
Football '21, '22.
Basketball '21, '22, Capt. '23. First Honors '20. Second Honors '21. Class Secretary '21, '23. Class Treasurer '22. "Let's Go" '23. Annual Staff '23.

FRANCIS L. DAVIS. "Frank." Once more we come to a famous personage who has made his name resound through the halls of Rockhurst. The Captain of our Football team and one of the best players who has been seen at Rockhurst in many a day. The ability with which he led our aggregation showed him to be a born commander. As a showed him to be a born commander. As a member of the Annual Staff Frank has shown his ability along business lines. His class work has always been very good and his support of the things we have accomplished here has been unstinted.

Sodality '20, '21, '23.

Prefect '22.

Football '21. Capt. '22.

Annual Staff '23.

Class President '21, '22.

Class President '21, '22.



Archibald B Armstrong. "Archie", "Army" No long discussion is needed pertaining to the merits of Archie, they speak for themse ves. As quarter on the football team, "Army" made a record for himself that was enviable. His many long runs will long be remembered at Rockhurst. "Army" may also be said to rank high among the most popular boys at school.

Scdality '20, '21, '22, '23, Football '21, '22, Baseball '21, '22 Annual Staff '23,

Charles J. Cattanach, Jr. "Charlie". A lad of ability we must say Charlie has proven h.mself. A good friend and a loyal sup-porter of the best interests of Rockhurst, he has made himself popular with all the fellows. We are counting very much on him

next year at College here. Sodality '20, 21, '22, '23, "Let's Go" '23.

George A. Christ, 'George'. G.orge is an honor man and from the looks of things we, the majority, hold the general opinion When anything hat his hobby is to study. When anything worthwhile is to be done "let George do it. He is a fine fellow through and through and a boy who has earned the affection and

respect of his class mates. Sodality '20, '21, '22, 23, Annual Staff '23, Honors

Earnest A. Cockrell. "Ernie." Who said we didn't raise physicists at Rockhurst? Well we do, and that's not all, when a man makes a perfect note in one exam you know he must also be good in other things. Ernie has risen from the ranks and now is the leader of Fourth High in scholarship. Rock-

hurst has every reason to be proud of him. Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23, "Let's Go" '23, Class Honors '23, First Honors '23, Second Honors '21.

Michael E. Crogan. "Mike". Mike is our fluent debater. He has shown himself talented in this line by his utterances at our Social Problems debates. Mike has always been a model student and a good friend. He is a loyal supporter of his native State which we learn is Kansas. He says he will probably be back again next year in College, then we will see more of his parliamentary ability displayed. Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23.



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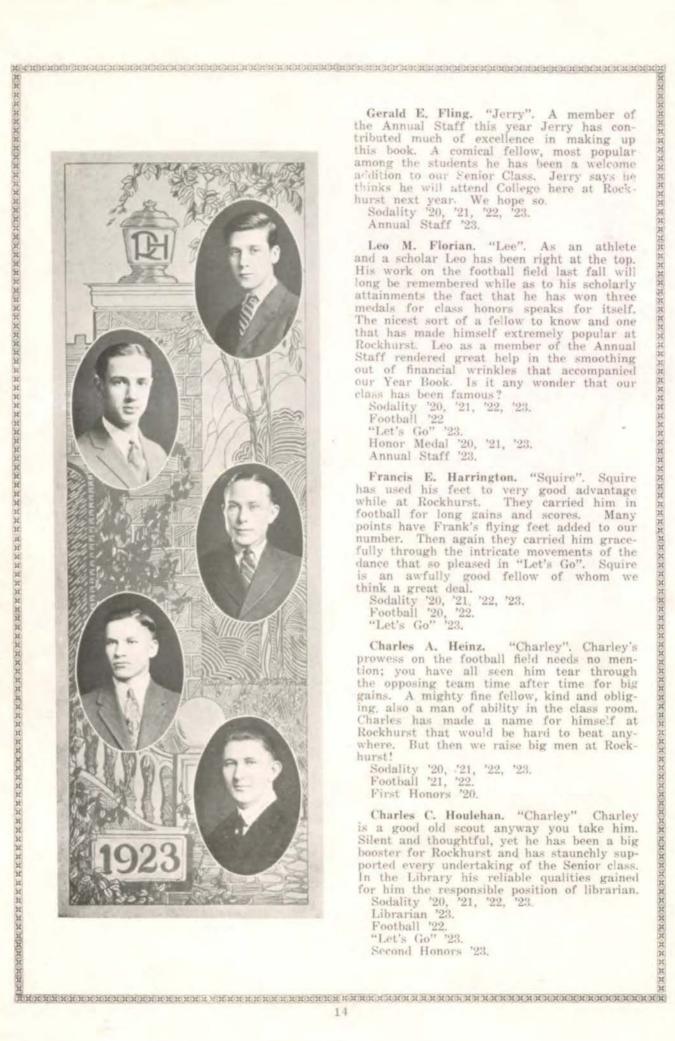
Charles J. Dolan. "Charlie." Charlie is our optimist, always cheerful and happy. He has made himself very popular. He has also done creditable work in his studies and has been a true loyal Rockhurstian. Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23.

Joseph W. Earnshaw. "Joe." Joe's scholastic achievements at Rockhurst are deserving of special mention. A medal man for two years and winning first honors the other two, he certainly has shown his worth. As a member of the Annual Staff he filled

his place very creditably. As a librarian Joe has proved himself invaluable. Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23. First Honors '20, '23. Annual Staff '23. Class Medal '21, '22. Librarian '22, '23.

John W. Fitzgerald. "Fitz". two hobbies we hear, attending-the 'Mainstreet'—Ahem! and playing the 'sax'. We venture to inquire if a hobby ever grows more—er—melodious with time and—practice? Thank you, thank you! One of the men that made up our heavy line in footmen that made up our heavy line in football, John distinguished himself as a real player; as for a 'sheik' you should have seen him in "Let's Go."

Sodality '21, '22, '23.
Football '22.
"Let's Go" '23.
Second Honors '23.





CHRISTOPHER E. JONES—Class President '20, '21, '22, '23; Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23—Prefect '23; Football Manager '22; Editor-in-Chief of "The Twenty Three-er"; Sentinel Staff '23; "Let's Go"; Manager Junior-Senior Banquet '22; Second Honors '22, '23. And there you have our "Chris" hung all over with honors which are a tribute to his ability and his worth. A steady, consistent worker, Chris has been well in the lead in all school activities. The Annual is particularly indebted to his hard work and self-sacrifice. Chris will be heard from in days to come.

Walter J. Kennedy, Jr. "Walt". Walt with his good humor, nice ways and abundance of school spirit would be a valuable addition to any class. So we are particularly fortunate in having had him with us. He has always been strongly behind every venture we have made, accounting for a great part of our success. Wa't has no bad habits except a talent for Virgil. He also has a head of curly hair, which we all envy.

Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23.

Francis J. Koch. "Frank". Yes, we all like Frank and appreciate him, too. Frank is an artist of no mean ability and his work has been invaluable to the success of the Annual. He possesses a nice manner that has gained many friends for him. Frank has been one of our best debaters. His utterances on the subjects we have discussed will long be remembered; besides he has always been a strong backer of any project we have started. Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23. Annual Staff '23. "Let's Go" '23.

Joseph M. Kramer. "Joe". Joe is a man of many words only a few of which he lets us hear. He was selected to watch over the basketball team this year and made an enviable record as manager. His work for the Missions has been great and unselfish throughout. Joe has been a winning scholar, the possessor of a good disposition and personality.

Sodality '20, '22, '23. Basketball Manager "Let's Go" '23. Annual Staff '23.

Theodore J. Lamberts. "Teddy" or "Dutch" Teddy has proved himself a model senior. By possessing a ready smile and a hearty laugh he has endeared himself greatly to his classmates. Teddy's musical talent, his hobby by the way, found expression in the school orchestra. We will not be surprised to find him ranking high in musical circles someday. Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23. Orchestra '23.



HARRICH PROBLEM PROBLE

James F. Lillis, "Jim" or "The Senator". Space alone restrains us from eloquent "Discussion of our James." Good nature seems to be characteristic of all "Portly" men and James possesses it—we mean good humor—in generous quantities. The "Senator's" size and ability earned him a coveted position on the football team, and as Jim has told us his hobby is study, football did not interfere with his class duties.

his class duties.
Sodality '20, 21, '22, '23. Football '22.
Sentinel Staff '20, '21. Annual Staff '23.
Second Honors '20. Class President '20.
Toastmaster, Junior-Senior Banquet '22.
Let's Go '23.

Nicholas J. Madgey. "Nick". All who have heard Nick speak have singled him out as a promising orator of the future. For three years our Nicholas has merited the medal for Elocution, distinguishing himself far above the average. An honor man in his class and a popular man, Nick will be a great loss to us should he fail to return next year.

loss to us should he fail to return next year.
Sodality, Sec. '20, '21, '22, '23,
Elocution Medal '21, '22, '23,
First Honors '22, '23,
Class Secretary '20, '21.

George L. Malone. "George". George is our old standby. Many are the times he has he'ped us while away tedious hours with his ever ready wit and humor. He has been a staunch supporter of everything we have done, ready at all times to lend a hand for the accomplishment of any project that would benefit Rockhurst. Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23.

NATIONAL PROPERTIES AND PROPERTIES AND PROPERTIES OF PROPERTIES AND PROPERTIES AN

Henry J. Massman, Jr. "Hen". What would we have done without this shining addition to our famous class? You all saw Henry distinguish himself on the football field. Henry has a very large number of truefriends. To meet him is to like him immensely, and without a doubt he is one of the most popular men of the school. Let's hope such a prominent figure will not be lost to Rockhurst next year.

Rockhurst next year.
Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23. Football 22.
"Let's Go" '23. Class Secretary '20,
Second Honors '22. Annual Staff '23.

Robert J. Morrow. "Bob". There is something about Bob that has greatly attracted us to him this year. Always willing to he'p when needed, never causing undue disturbance in the classroom and at all times acting the perfect gentleman, he has commanded respect of the whole class. With that respect there is genuine affection, too, for who could fail to appreciate a boy whose every ac; reflects refinement?

First Honors '23,



Robert A. Nolan. "Bobby". Bobby is another one of those persons who may refute the statement that quality demands quantity. Certainly through his four years at Rockhurst he has demonstrated thoroughly that he is 'a big, little man'; always distinguished for class work for which he merited a medal in his freshman year, he has given every indication of some day becoming a most successful man.

Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23. Honor Medal '20. First Honors '21, '22. Sentinel Staff '21. Annual Staff '23. Librarian '22, '23.

William J. O'Brien, Jr. "Billy", "Ho-Brien". Who at Rockhurst does'nt know or like Billy? Not a soul! That famous smile and comical manner together with the goodness and kindness of his nature all combine to make him a very likable young man. William's hobby is tennis at which, we hear, he excels. Here is hoping Billy may be with us again next year. Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23. "Let's Go" '23.

Robert J. O'Donnell. "Bobby". Bobby is not a giant in size, but his athletic deeds have certainly proved him a big man. Starring in football and basketball, he has shown to a great advantage for Rockhurst. Bobby's talents however are not confined to the athletic field,—in the class room he has also distinguished himself, besides he's a mighty good fellow all around.

Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23. Basketball '23. Football '22. "Let's Go" '23. Annual Staff '23. Second Honors '20.

Thomas E. Quirk, "Quack". Tommy during his four years at school has shown himself to be true blue, always dependable, willing to help at all times, kind to everyone and ever good natured. We certainly must see more of Tom. We are counting greatly on having him

with us again next year. Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23. First Honors '20.

Nicholas P. Ries. "Nick" or "Keefe". Nick has only been with us one year, yet he amply proved his worth. As an athlete he ranked among the highest both in basketball and in football, while in "Let's Go" he showed up to the best sort of advantage as "Siki Langford Johnson", the 'pug'; and this is not all, many of the things you read in this book came from the pen of our friend "Jack Keefe."

"Jack Keefe."
Sodality '23. "Let's Go" '23. Football '22.
Basketball '23. Orchestra '23.



John B. Schroer. "Johnny". John loves a good time in school and generally has it. a good time in school and generally has it. He has always been the center of fun in the class room and the source of much entertainment. John has always been a very active member of the Sodality.

Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23.

Thomas J. Sheehy. "Tom". All of us are well aware of Tom's ability as a pianist. A member of the orchestra and organist in the Chapel, Tom's accomplishments might the Chapel, Tom's accomplishments might well be termed musical. Sacred music and 'jazz' alike respond to his nimble touch. Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23. Second Honors '20, '23. Orchestra '23. Organist '23. "Let's Go" '23.

Pierce W. Shine. "Pierce". Pierce has a very large circle of friends in the school, in fact so many that it wouldn't be easy to count them. A star on the baseball team and a creditable man in his classes. Shine has shown himself a true Rockhurstian. Where a smile and a winning personality are, there you will find men gathered about. These are the ingredients that compose our

boy Pierce.
Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23.
Baseball '22.

Second Honors '20.

Edward H. Robison, "Eddie". We have always wondered what made us stick so to Eddie. Could it be the "Juicy Fruit"? Surely not! Just the same he has been one of the main standbys of the Class, a comical boy and a real good fellow, Eddie has been cer-tainly well liked by all his acquaintances and the school at large who wish him success. Sodality '20, '21, '22, '23.



BOYHOOD AMBITIONS OF OUR ILLUSTROUS CLASSMATES.

Jim Lillis—to be a toe-dancer George Malone—to own a "filling" station (pie shop)

Charlie Heinz—to be a matinee idol Eddie Robinson—to discover the "missinglink"

John Fitzgerald—to own a menagerie Charlie Houlehan—to be an artist 'Dutch' Damon—to be a beauty doctor Louie Varzino—to be a paper boy Bobby O'Donnell—to be a Sherlock Holmes

Billy O'Brien—to be a clown Nick Madgey—to be President of the

Nick Madgey—to be President of the United States

John Schroer—to imitate Rody Valentino Henry Massman—to be a revenue officer Ernie Cockrell—to run a steam roller Chris Jones—to edit the Kansas City Star 'Dutch' Lamberts—to run the Fire Department

partment Tom Sheehy—to conduct an orchestra Frank Harrington—to own a cigar store HEREFERENTER FERE TEREFERENTER FERETER FERETER FERETER FERETER FERETER FERETER FERETER FERETER FERETER FERETER

Tom Quirk—to be a piano mover Nick Ries—to sell bird seed

Joe Kramer—to sell someone the Post Office

Pierce Shine—to own a peanut stand Charlie Cattanach—to run a Chinese

laundry
Bobby Nolan—to be a racing driver
Joe Earnshaw—to write Russian plays
Walter Kennedy—to be a zoologist
Bob Morrow—to live down in Hawaii

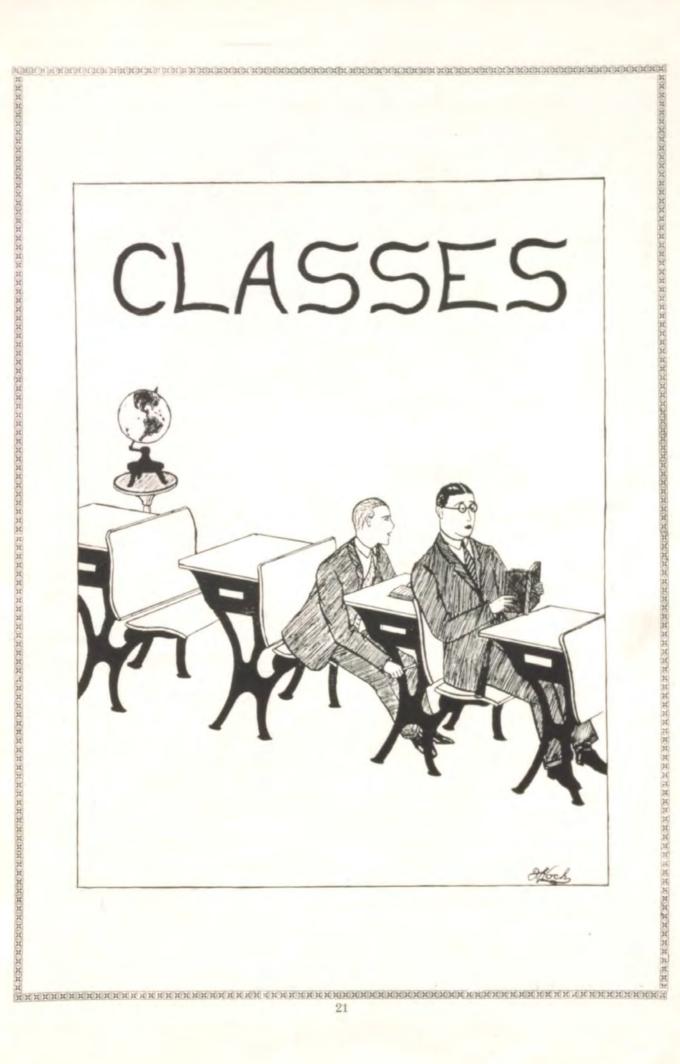
Gerald Fling—to be an actor

Frank Davis—to sell the Union Station to someone

Leo Florian—to learn to crochet George Christ—to really amount to something

Harry Siebers-to play the French horn, by heck!

Mike Crogan—to be an acrobat Charlie Dolan—to own a drug store Frank Koch—to illustrate Bob Chamber's books.



THIRD HIGH A
THIRD HIGH B
SECOND HIGH B
FIRST HIGH A
FIRST HIGH B
FIRST HIGH C

Third High A

President, Leo Howard Secretary, Jack O'Donnell Treasurer, Arthur McDonald

Out of the four teams striving for the pennant in the indoor league, Third High A is well represented, having McDonald, Howard and Hogan as captains of aggregations.

We beg to announce that Gus Ley merited the medal in Third Year for elocution. Ahem!

Three cheers for Art McDonald, future mayor of Rosedale!

George Andrews' method seems to be, "Ask and you shall receive"!

We'd like to tell you that one about the crude oil but its not refined.

Third High A takes pleasure in announcing the exclusive possession of a first class, 'A', Number One floorwalker, Mr. Joseph O'Brien.

Dum: "What would happen if Donohue didn't know his lessons"?

Crum: "The building would cave in."
Dum: "Correct, old bean, correct."

I

If a fellow thinks he knows it all,
And doesn't study his lessons at all,
And doesn't come on time with the bell,
And thinks he'll get by pretty well,
He's a dumbell!

II

And if he never behaves in school, And always breaks the golden rule, He'll probably end right up in jail, And find himself in a prisoner's cell, Why he's a dumbell!

We hear Eddie Hughes has composed a new song entitled, "You got to see the teacher every night or you can't see the teacher next day." How true, how true!

Heck: "Colbert is a lucky boy."

Murphy: "Howzat"?

Heck: "Well examinations are coming on so he got glasses so he could see better.

Howard is some great little manager of banquets all right! Ask the Seniors!

Third High B

Class President, Walfried Fromhold. Secretary, Ramond DuBois. Treasurer, William Fitzgerald.

Third B has been well represented in the school activities of the past year. The most important business received due attention from the start as the semester assembly proved. A good percentage of the class shared in the honors. And as for athletics-the teams of Rockhurst would have been handicapped were there no Third B. From our midst came a good number of the athletes who represented the Blue and White during the different periods of the year. Flucke, one of the best football players of the season is one of them. The team showed their appreciation of merit and ability when they selected Dick to lead them next year. We glory in our Captain-elect. In basketball we were again represented by Flucke and with him Emerson. Emerson was a forward and covered himself with renown by his brilliant floor work. Many a basket was never scored owing to the playing of Dick at guard position. The fact that though both were playing their first season they conducted themselves as veterans, gives us every reason to look forward to a victorious team in 1923-24. And then there was the Rockhurst Show-that is the way it is spoken of, for the expression indicates QUALITY. We were there too. Of course the higher-ups had the preference and were given speaking parts but even at that we did get a few lines; we certainly were in evidence in the chorus. And then it was time to think of base-We had our men out for that sport too and would certainly have had a representative on the team had not Pat Mason thought it time to take his long leap. One of the greatest claims Third B made for recognition as a real class was registered during the month of May. Three or four of its students went to communion every day in honor of the Mother of God. Here and There.

We all hope the seniors of this year will return to college so that our athletic relations may not be severed. What a great game of ball we do play when battling fourth year—too bad we treat them the way we do.

Who said that the reading of "David Copperfield" does not help one? It helped McLiney. Last night he was heard saying: "My heart would cease to beat L———, ere I could forget," etc.

"Moon" scored a hit the other day in English class. When asked to write a loose sentence he turned out the following: Football develops a boy, basketball strengthens him and study ruins him.

The reason for Third B's indifferent showing in the Mission collection now and then is because of the vast amount of paper and number of pencils its members buy. This isn't knocking anyone in particular but—the blue pencil saved him that time.

Bright One: "There is one thing I regret concerning pictures taken with a class."

Fish: "Regret? How cum."

Bright One: "Some day I may be forced to admit that I know some of the members."

Stines was reported in time for school one day last semester. How did he do it?

One of the students of Geometry in Third B has found a means of continuing undisturbed in dreaming of the object of his affections. This would account for her initials appearing in every proposition he proves.

Second High A

Class Officers:

John O'Flaherty, President James Raphel, Secretary

As the school year of 1923 draws to a close, it behooves me to take this opportunity for thanking the boys of Second High A for their loyal suport and hearty co-operation during the past year.

Do you know that we were in first, second or third place in the Mission collections throughout the year? Do you know that we were first in ticket selling in football and basketball? It wasn't especially the amount we gave, but it was the spirit in which that amount was given.

Therefore, I think it my duty to thank you all for your generosity in giving and your splendid display of the proper school spirit in all Rockhurst activities.

> John O'Flaherty, Pres. Second High A.

A PROPHECY.

If I only had the opportunity to look into the future I would predict wonderful success for my fellow classmates of

Second High A. As it is I see the future somewhat like this:

I perceive our disputatious John Daniel Quinn as an influential labor agitator, his name in flaming print in the newspapers, called a "Red" by some, a "Liberator" by others. I can plainly picture Rexford B. Newman as the matinee idol, a parasite of Broadway. Our own honest Jim Ross, I visualize as before the jury—the rising young district attorney-headed straight for the presidential chair. Then comes Charley Meyer, the famous scientist, a modern Edison. George Brangan, the wealthy real estate man, father of three wonderful boys; Joe Murphy, the coming architect. Stenson, a power in the shoe business. Eversole, the originator of the "Eatmore & Grow Thin System". Purcell, the financier, another Rockefeller. Deam, the young golf champion of the world. Tyler, the noted missionary. Raphel, a distinguished surgeon. O'Flaherty, politician, who with Casey, holds the reins of K. C's. political destiny. Allen, a professor. Borserine, the magician, another Houdini, Bukaty, a negro comedian, and Doyle, a promoter, a 2nd Tex Rickard. I could go on like this, foretelling the greatness of all my classmates, for everyone I am sure will be a success in life.

Second High B

Our Officers:

President, Galvin Scanlon Secretary, Nicholas Bath Treasurer, Samuel Quarles

Perhaps to the above names it would be well to add that of Lawrence Metzler. He has an office, the principal duty of which is to see that no one borrows paper but pays him one cent a sheet for it. The pennies thus collected he hands over to the treasurer for the Missions.

We are inclined to think that one of our officers should be given more to do. By this we do not refer to the president, for we believe that work would not befit the dignity of his office. Neither do we refer to the treasurer. This latter individual is utterly so irresistible when he pleads for the Missions that we do not wish to see the occasions of his pleadings at all multiplied. But the officer we have in mind is the secretary. Something ought to be done by him besides writing down the absentees. His office would be more appreciated if we could assign him the duty of writing the occasional "lines," "compositions on obedience," etc.

"IF IT'S NOT VERSE, IT CAN'T BE WORSE."

(Galvin Scanlon)

There is a boy in II H. B. He is very Jewish as you can see.

Now there is no doubt who this must be, As his nose could be used at sea.

HONOR MEN.

The reading of marks that took place at the end of the midyear examinations showed that the Class Honors were merited equally by Samuel Quarles and James Riley. Each had an average of ninetyfive. Those mentioned for First Honors were Nicholas Bath, John Meehan, and Galvin Scanlon. Second Honors were deserved by Charles Swann, Raymond McKee, John Joyce, William Ralston, George Buchholz, and Thomas Burke.

Tom: "Teacher, what part of the body is the fray?"

Teacher: "Fray? What are you talking about?"

Tom: "This book says, 'Ivanhoe was wounded in the fray!"

Frank Shannon is suspicious. He says, "When David Barnes gets a hair-cut once every two weeks instead of once every month you can be sure there is a girl around."

The following incident took place when the men were being called to try out for the show:

"Tom Reilly, you are wanted," the teacher said returning from the door.

"What am I in for now?"

"They want to try you out for the show."

"Oh!" (That was different.)

Mother: "Where do you feel sick, Edward?"

Edward: "On the way to school."

Prof.: "Are there any questions on this examination before I leave the room?"

Flunk: "How long will you be gone?"

The Big Four of Second B

(Sam Quarles)

There are in 2nd B four important characters who should be listed in the Cast of Characters of the history of Rockhurst.

The first in line is none other than Mr. Galvin (Duck) Scanlon, our representative in the lunch room crew. This lad, if we may call him that, was elected president of our class, and has held the office very well, as he has had practically nothing to do.

Secondly we bump into Airesy Bombeck as he is rounding up some of his books which have mysteriously disappeared from his desk. Of course he is accusing the innocent Phillips as usual while the guilty party, otherwise known as Tommy Dalton, is seemingly studying very hard.

The thought of studying brings the name, Jimmy Riley, to our minds. makings of an intelligent business man has made good in everything but Latin. For the year's average in this said to be dead language he has been forced to be contented with a grade of 99 9/10%. He lost the other 1/10% worrying if someone would remember he was supposed to hand in some copy work.

Then as we were about to pass out the door we met Mr. Divine strutting in from algebra class. As usual Harry did not hand in his exercise, consequently, when Mr. Clem found the shortage during study hour, Harry was called up to the professor's desk and instructed to write out the preface of his Algebra to be handed in the following day. We wonder if it has been done yet.

First High A

Class Officers:

Edward McC	arty	President
Richard Hale		Secretary
Leonard Seck		Treasurer
Kirk Dalton		Sentinel

What Would Happen If:

Ed. McCarthy could refrain from giggling about two minutes.

Anyone could spell Anthony Leawinkiewicz's name correctly.

Carl Damon had all his night work.

Stenson's Latest:

Latin is a dead language As dead as it can be It killed the Ancient Romans-And now its killing me. All are dead who wrote it All are dead who spoke it All are dead who learned it Blessed death—they earned it.

Boys! Come prepared—Tomorrow we take Irving's life.

Borserine-Is this candy fresh? Gist-I don't know, it hasn't said any-

thing to me yet. It appears that Azar and Benedict O'Bryan are on "Speaking terms".

Murphy-Say, Downey, which is correct, "I am crazy", or "I am nutty".

Downey—Of course, "I am crazy".

Murphy-Well! I thought so.

With the passing of the school year, the Dalton Ford Special is also passing.

Rene Ryan-Say, Leonard, is that real hair you have on your head? Seck-No, its only natural.

Casey and Father D'Haene ought to be pretty well acquainted by this time. Casey visits the office three times daily.

Bill Burnett has not come to school lately in his Ford. It is taking a much needed rest from the great strain of carrying Bill Purcell home every evening.

A remark overheard during noon hour today: "Hey-Waters, get out of the rain-you might get wet.'

First High B

Not Among the Immortals.

The members of First High B applied for riches in the Hall of Fame. Can you blame them for being downcast when they received the following?

There must be something seriously wrong with First High B.

You have a Burke,—who is not an orator. There is a Brown,—yet he is no pitcher.

A Campbell,—who is neither a baker, nor a cigarette, nor yet a ship of the Sahara.

You have a Thomas Cusack,—yet he is no bill-poster.

And a Donovan,—yet surely not the Wild Bill Variety.

You boast of a Sullivan, who is no prizefighter.

And a Manning,—who is no Cardinal.

In your midst is a Wood, yet not presidential timber.

And there is your Sheehan—abso-tively, but posi-lutely no Gallagher.

It claims a Spellman, bright perhaps for a boy, yet no man, nor can he spell, for he insists on writing Ray, then Rhea and finally Reh.

(Echo: Rah! Rah! Rah!)

Three in One.

They call Lawrence Brown, but he is white, and is strong for the Blues.

Class Officers:

President, John S. Sullivan. Vice-President, James Doran. Secretary, John Halpin. Treasurer, Theodore A. Tobin.

Who's Who in First High C

Herbert Allen, "Father Allen in his boyhood days."

William Allen, owner of the happiest smile in Rockhurst.

James Biersmith, who says that this class has not "feet of clay."

James Burke, our little philosopher. Edward Burkhardt, the shriek of Genesse. Allan Coogan, the most quiet man in the

class?

Joseph Dolan, the proud owner of two little goats.

Leo Gavin, just Leo.

Thomas Glynn, one of the indoor captains. John Green, sometimes called "Brown", but always a color.

John Harrington, "Stacomb."

Lawrence Hauber, the boy whose themes suffer many adventures.

George Hogan, who's always looking for the villain who stole his sister's chewing gum.

George Jones, just George.

Chester Kiser, the hero of "Let's Go."

Vincent Madden, the boy with a vacation every other day.

Cyril McLaughlin, a quiet little boy.

Edward Mertz, a surprise. George Messina, an old friend.

John Mullane, for some time held a foremost place in class.

Bernard Muller-Thym, a boy that didn't get more than 98% for a general average.

Lawrence Nauser, often in trouble but always happy.

John O'Connor, a secretary without a pen. Clarence Rehagen, our little treasurer. Augustine Rogerson, a pitcher of First C,

who is of no little renown.

James Stebbings, whom you know.

William Stewart, the boy who knows "the fly."

Edward Wustefeld, a faithful little fellow.

Fritz White, a welcome addition to our number.

First High C

Class Officers:

Bernard Muller-Thym, President John O'Connor, Secretary Clarence Rehagen, Treasurer.

HONOR MEN.

(By Chester Kiser)

We are very proud of Bernard Muller-Thym, our class president, who walked away with the highest honors. Bernard's class average was 98%, the highest in the school.

The other boys who won honors are: James Burke, John O'Connor, Clarence Rehagen, James Stebbings, Joseph Sheehy and James Coogan.

AMBITION.

(By Bernard Muller-Thym)

As Father Rector said, "The one vital factor in the life of every man is ambition." Without ambition a man has no fixed purpose. He just wanders through life in an aimless sort of way with nothing to achieve.

The same holds good for studies. Let your aim be nothing less than 100, and if you make a lower grade than you expected, try and try till you accomplish your purpose.

"ALL GREAT MEN MAKE MISTAKES."

The other day one of our boys in his book report expressed the style of Father Finn by saying that, "He wore a long fur coat."

In an outline of Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe we learn that "Dominicus asked permission to hang himself."

Father Finn might be interested to know that he lived and died in the eighteenth century as one of the boys confidently remarked.

"WHO IS HE?"

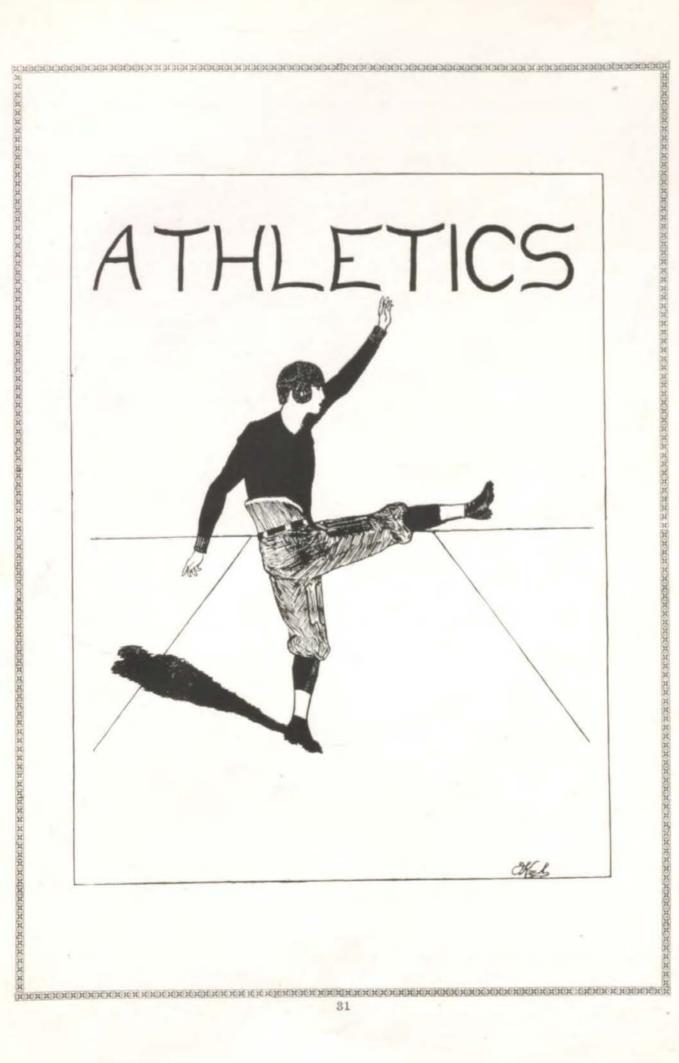
In our room there is a merry jester who goes by the name of "Oowah" and who is continually cracking jokes. He is a medium sized fellow, with black hair, sometimes parted in the middle and combed straight back. His eyes are always sparkling, and his mouth is always curled up in a smile. At times he wears a vest that is too big for him.

He is one of those fellows whom we seldom meet in this life. He is one of the most popular boys of Mr. Heeg's afterschool class, and is on his room's team, playing in the infield.

Having a great sense of humor, he is always ready for play. He is an expert shot with an eraser. His intimates he calls by such names as "Wahooh," "Babe," "Farmer," "Irish Lad," etc. (By Allan Coogan.)

By the way, are you at all discouraged by the fact that Rockhurst did not get a place in the Intercollegiate Latin Contest? If so, you will welcome a little secret that we are about to give away. About six of the boys of First C have formed a sort of Latin Club. Right now their activities are being shown in the form of Latin letters with which they correspond with one another. We trust that their interest in Latin will grow and that they will one day bring honor to our College by winning for her the Latin Intercollegiate Contest.

We have it on no less authority than that of Joseph Dolan that Chester Kiser is contemplating a new Latin Grammar to which he will give the name of Shawnee.



The Wilfrid Corrigan Bourke Field

A little less than a year ago Mr. Thomas C. Bourke made a gift to the school of ten thousand dollars. This gift was made in memory of the donor's brother, Lieutenant Wilfred Corrigan Bourke, who suffered fatal injuries in an air plane accident, October 14, 1918, at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma and was appropriated to the Athletic field, which has since borne his name.

This sum represents the army insurance of the late Lieut. Bourke, whose active interest at all times in College Athletics will thus be fittingly perpetuated.

The Field has been rapidly rounding into shape. Work has been going on for the past year leveling it, but many details must still be attended to before it presents a beautiful appearance.

Wilfrid Corrigan Bourke was born in Kansas City, Missouri, on April 17, 1895. He graduated from the Norman Ward School in 1908, and from Westport High School in 1912. After completing his course at Westport, he entered the Scientific Department at Yale where he graduated in 1916. While at Yale, he was a distinguished member of the Theta Xi Fraternity (Franklin Hall) and of the Kopper Kettle Klub.

In 1916 he enlisted in the Yale Batteries which was then being organized at that school. When the trouble with Mexico broke out these Batteries were mustered in the Connecticut National Guard, but instead of being sent to the boarder were ordered to Tobyhanna, Pa. He was a private in Battery A, 10th Militia Field Artillery Conn. until discharged the following September,

When the Great War broke out he entered the First Officers training camp at Fort Riley, Kansas.

On August 15th, 1918, he was commissioned Second Lieut. Field Artillery Officers Reserve Corps and served with Battery D, 341st Field Artillery at Camp Funston, till transferred in midsummer to Camp Jackson, S. C., pending a vacancy at School for Aerial Observers, Post Field, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Within one week of completing his course, he met with an accident on October 14, 1918, while flying as observer with Lieut. Brown of the Air Service, and was killed.

Lieutenant Bourke was greatly interested in Athletics and was a member of his class crew at Yale. He also belonged to San Salvador Council No. 1, Knights of Columbus, New Haven, Conn.



Football

To the outsider the football season may not seem to be a very victorious one, but to us knowing Rockhurst and knowing intimately its gridiron warriors, the season was marked prominently by a fighting spirit that could end in but one way, with success. Though confronted with many tough breaks and discouraged by lost battles, game after game was fought with a determination to win which could only end in the glorious victory, Thanksgiving Day, when the team defeated one of the strongest aggregations in this section of the middle West.

We salute you, Mason, and the eleven which upset all the dope in this startling manner. To Davis who led our team so ably we add our heartiest congratulations and loudest praise. It is with the greatest pride that we point to the other members of that fighting eleven, each and every one of them a star in his own right. While we are scattering the plaudits of the multitude here, it is but right that the men who supported the team and helped it through the season should receive their praise; also the school as a body and the Faculty deserve the greatest commendation.

Considering the fact that of six games played Rockhurst held the short end of two, tied two, and won two, the season should be classed as satisfactory considering the difficulties encountered in the beginning of the year. And let it be

understood that the schedule played was one of the hardest ever entered upon by a Blue and White team.

To review the season; the initial game was played on home territory but McLouth High went back to Kansas with the long end of a 7 to 6 score.

Our aggregation next tangled with Olathe and though playing a wonderful game held everything but the long end of a 7 to 0 score.

Then came Rosedale, and it was in this game that our boys began to find themselves. They broke even in a 0 to 0 score.

Higginsville and Harrisonville followed a week apart, both games being played on home territory. Rockhurst lost a hard game to Higginsville, score 21 to 7, but came back and defeated the strong Harrisonville eleven by a score of 23 to 6.

Rockhurst had now come into her own. To add a fitting climax to a hard fought season, the Turkey Day game was won by a score of 7 to 6 before a crowd of 1100 people. 'Army' led the attack scoring our touchdown while Ries booted the ball between the goal posts for the additional point. Among those who also starred for our side were Heinz, O'Donnell, Florian and Massman in the backfield; while Lillis, Nachtman, Houlehan, Harrington, Flucke, Davis and Damon starred on the line.

THE TWENTY THREE-ER

April 1. Happy Easter!

April 10. Rehearing daily for "Let's Go."

April 13. Premier performance of "Let's Go" tonight. Theater crowded. Gang sure looked fine up there on the stage. A little nervous, but right there just the same!

April 14. My! How good that theater looked for the matinee! More beauty than I've seen in ages. Loretto, St. Teresa's, St. Mary's from Leavenworth, St. Agnes and St. Aloysius in strong numbers. Is it any wonder that the afternoon show was the best of the three? I wonder if Francis Harrington, "Dutch" Damon, John Murphy, Bob O'Donnell, Chris Jones or George McLiney had enough to eat at Child's?

Last show tonight. Viewing the show for the third consecutive time I must say it was pretty rare! Lillis' carrying of Kirk Dalton across the stage was a wonderful picture of what grace and beauty may accomplish.

Francis Harrington as Mephistopheles looked—er—quite at home.

April 19. Haven't quite recovered the sleep lost by putting on "Let's Go." Still feel pretty tired.

April 23. Annual Staff laboring these days getting the material together. Quite a job.

May 1. Seems cool for May, think I'll stay inside and watch the famous handball tournament. Azar, Muller-Thymn, McCarthy, Dolan, Kiser and a gang of others seem experts.

May 7. Elocution contest for First and Second Years. Rexford Newman and Chester Kiser winning the medals in Second and First Years respectively. Massman, Kramer and Lillis ushers.

May 14. Holiday. Scholarship exams. Elocution contest in Junior and Senior Classes. Junior medal won by Gus Ley. Senior medal merited by Nick Madgey. Such vehemence and emotion marked Robinson's oration that a member of the audience fainted! Whew! Lillis, Kramer and Massman again ushers. Lillis very gallant in conducting ladies up to the front.

May 21. Missed our old friend Jim Lillis this morning; learned he was in bed. Hope he will be all right soon again.

May 24. Massman caused a bad case of color blindness to circulate through Physics Class this morning. Oh, those yellow ties!

May 28. Junior-Senior Banquet at the Savoy. Very much enjoyed by everyone. Several attending were paged for phone calls, business must have been rushing. Jones, Howard, Fromhold, Damon, Worth, McDonald and W. O'Brien contributed vast quantities of hot air to the assembly accompanied by the sweet tinkling of falling silver.

May 30. Whole school marched in a body to the laying of the corner stone of the new home for the Little Sisters of the Poor, in the afternoon.

May 31. Final exams, start Monday, June 4th and end Monday, June 11th. Tuesday, June 12th, Annual school picnic. Wednesday, June 13th, Freeday, Thursday, June 14th, Commencement, and

FAREWELL!!

Class Poem

Armstrong is a little chop, Pride of his good mam and pap. Dapper little child is he, As anyone could possible be.

Cockrell's motto is to work, Forge ahead and never shirk. Industry and faithfulness Make his life a great success.

Christ a lad from K. C. K. Shocks the wheat and mows the hay. He doesn't talk or laugh in school But always minds the Golden Rule.

> Cattanach has wondrous eyes Which he never does disguise. All the girlies he does lamp, He's a reckless he-male vamp.

Of Irish lads we have a few Crogan is one thru and thru. Some say he came from Dublin Bay, But now he lives in K. C. K.

Making up the cherry "cokes" For all the lazy drug store soaks. Dolan has a merry job So he never throws a sob.

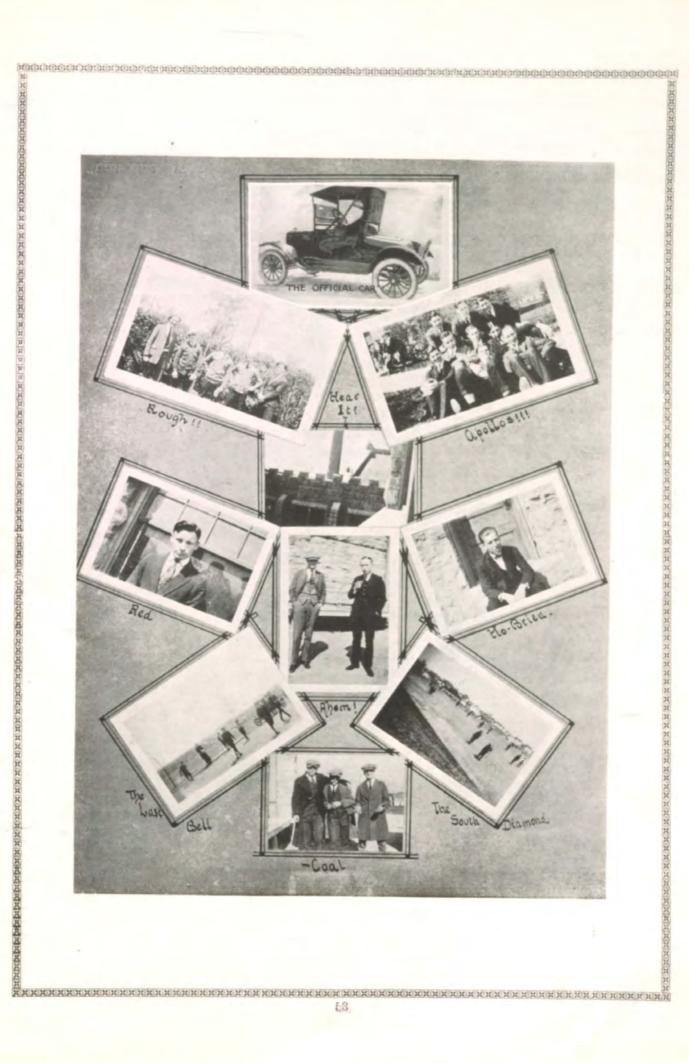
Captain of our football team Davis is a player keen. Houlehan is also good But he is like a stick of wood.

> Basketball is Damon's game In this line he brought us fame. He can shoot from far and near To Patsy Mason he's a dear.

Earnshaw is our wise informer Of things about the daughty farmer. When corn or wheat should planted be. Our Joey is the man to see.

Florian's a man of note From his articles we quote. A man of letters is his aim To place him in the hall of fame.

Now dear reader if you'll hark You'll hear of our great Latin shark. He goes by the name of Gerald Fling And is just the very sweetest thing.



THE TWENTY THREE-ER

Jazzing on the saxaphone
That's what keeps our Fitzie home.
He just knocks the music dead
But of course—that's what he said.

Harrington is a gentle lad, Always joyous, never sad. And besides the points just named Francis is a dancer famed.

Heinz is just a baker boy, Not a poor spoiled ladies toy. He has hair of reddest hue, He's endowed with freckles too.

Jones is just a good old scout As ever any went about. Good, obliging, ever kind, A joy and blessing to mankind.

> Koch would try his hand at all But he's too ephemeral. Physics, Latin were his pride Now he's cast them all aside.

Kramer is as fine a lad As any father ever had. He is called our shining light 'Cause his sayings are so bright.

Lambert plays a violin
On which he packs his double chin.
He can play grand-Opera sweet
And jazzy tones for shakey feet.

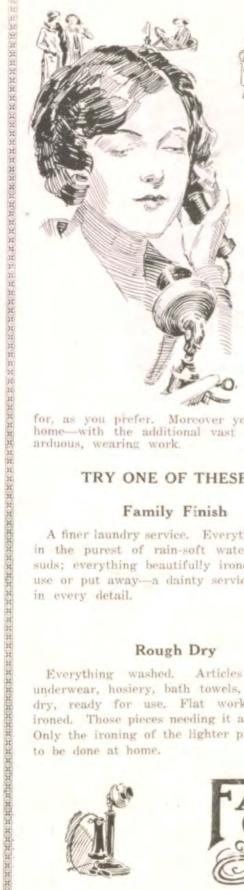
A singing lad is gay Malone. Although he is never in tone. He has quite a perfect pose In singing ragtime through his nose.

> Madgey is our speaking man, Can he speak? I'll say he can. He's the boy that put to rout Grape-juice Bryan and his gout.

Massman's fame on stoutness rests With Worth and Lillis, all our best. When things of eating are concerned All things else are promptly spurned.

Nolan is our pride and joy 'Cause he is so tame and coy. He can talk for evermore, And he makes the teachers sore.

O'Brien is our Romeo
But Billy is so daw-gonned slow.
Instead of resting on his knee
His girl stays in her balcony.











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As near as the nearest telephone-lies a vacation that in a year amounts to weeks.

Women give 10 to 20 hours of every week to doing or supervising the family washing. An average of 75 days per year wasted in trying, tedious work.

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Today you can secure from the Faultless Laundry any one of the services listed below. You can bundle up the family linen and have the washing over within a short fifteen minutes. You can have everything daintily washed and ironed complete in every detail, or you can have any part of this work cared

for, as you prefer. Moreover you will find these services costing no more than washday at home—with the additional vast advantage that you are completely relieved from all this arduous, wearing work.

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Wet Wash Flat Ironed

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching.

Rough Dry

Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels, are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

Wet Wash

Everything washed in mild suds, and rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed and the bundle is returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or hang up to dry.







Two Leaders
Rockhurst.-For Education
BLATZ.-For Thirst

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THE TWENTY THREE-ER

O'Donnell is as great athlete As ever any did compete. Football player never was Who gained such hearty loud applause.

Heading all processions slow We are sure that Quirk does go. But what is it to be ahead When your business is so dead?

Spearmint is the favorite brand Robison has in his hand. He can chew it night and day But he stops when teachers say.

> Schroer has tried—'tis now a year To be a cookie-pushing dear. Sorrowful indeed it is to say He has failed. (It's just his way.)

Shine stars on the baseball nine Playing on the third base line. He just hits the ball so far Fielders chase it in a car.

Siebers plays a lil' cornet We wait with pleasure as he gets set, Music sweet and music grand Harry has at his command.

Sheehy shakes a wicked hand On anybody's Baby Grand. Sweet and joyous as the lark A comfort in an hour dark.

> Of Tonquest I have not learned much But know he's funny as a crutch. Some say Tommie's quite a shiek, Down on jolly Thirty-first Street.

Sure we have our Valentino He is known as Lou Varzino. At Tango dancing he's a bear And Stacomb shines upon his hair.

From old cookie Country Day Morrow came to us to stay. He drives his "Liz" to school, and then At night he drives it home again.

COMPLIMENTS OF

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CAN YOU IMAGINE IT?

Charlie Heinz at at ea dance Jim Lillis not shieking Ed Robinson with all his books John Fitzgerald minus a tale Charlie Houlehan in trouble George Malone with his mouth shut 'Dutch' Damon not going to dances Archie Armstrong at school five days a week Louie Varzino actually serious Bobby O'Donnell not pinching Varzino Billy O'Brien not playing donkey Nick Madgey without an oration John Schroer without that 'Cake' costume Henry Massman without that "Hello, Usu"!

Ernic Cockrell any place without Heinz Chris Jones without that "Oh yes, yes indeed"!

"Dutch" Lamberts without Koch and Frank Koch not with Lamberts and Dolan Tom Sheehy playing football Tom Quirk translating Hebrew Nick Ries playing croquet Joe Kramer in overalls Pierce Shine delivering his own elocution piece Charlie Cattanach staying away from Oakley's Bobby Nolan ever learning to drive a Ford Joe Earnshaw walking to Shawnee Walter Kennedy without a smile for all Bob Morrow ever any place without his 'coupe'

Gerald Fling ever being and the for school Harry Siebers nor playing in a band Mike Crogan boosting Missour Charlie Dolan ever being a perfect "36"

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BALLAD ON HAMBURGER.

Sung to the air of "Dear Old Pal of Mine" 1st Verse:

Through my golden school days I have done my best

Always to consume you well,

Though sometimes you were not liked by all the rest

With manly strength I strove you to digest.

Refrain:

Oh; How I'll miss you dear old 'dog' ground fine,

No more on you at twelve o'clock to dine.

Many times for you I've wondered,

Why for you I've hungered,

Oh! How I'll miss you dear old 'dog' ground fine.

2nd Verse:

Oft time when I'm seated at a turkey meal And things are piled about me high,

Then there comes a longing

How I want to feel

That indigestion caused when you were nigh!

Refrain:

Oh! How I'll miss you dear old 'dog' ground fine

No more on you at twelve o'clock to dine.

Many times I've wondered Why for you I've hungered

Oh! How I'll miss you dear old 'dog' ground fine.

3rd Verse:

When I'm dead and buried

And my soul's on high

Angel's food shall ne'er tempt me

Each and every dainty I shall but pass by Till you are brought my hunger to satisfy.

Refrain: Oh! How I'll miss you dear old 'dog'

ground fine
No more at twelve o'clock on you to dine.

Many times I've wondered Why for you I've hungered

Oh! How I'll miss you dear old 'dog' ground fine.





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The Thrill That Comes Once In A Lifetime:

The first time you wore an honor ribbon.

The time you were elected a class officer.

The night you won an elocution medal.

The time you merited class honors.

The time your team beat the indoor champs.

The time you made that long run carrying the ball and "she" was watching.

After the game when "she" saw you battered and bruised.

The time the Coach praised you.

The night you went to your first school dance.

The day you first lit up the "stove".

The first time you wore your Football sweater (around "her")

The night the Bishop handed you your sheepskin, OH! MAN!

Where have we heard these before:

"Oh, yes! Yes, indeed!"

"Hello there, Usu!"

"Let's tear 'em up, fellows!

"Just consider the source!"

"My, boy! My, boy!"

"Oh! There you are!"

"Hello, Anna!"

HARRICH HARRIC

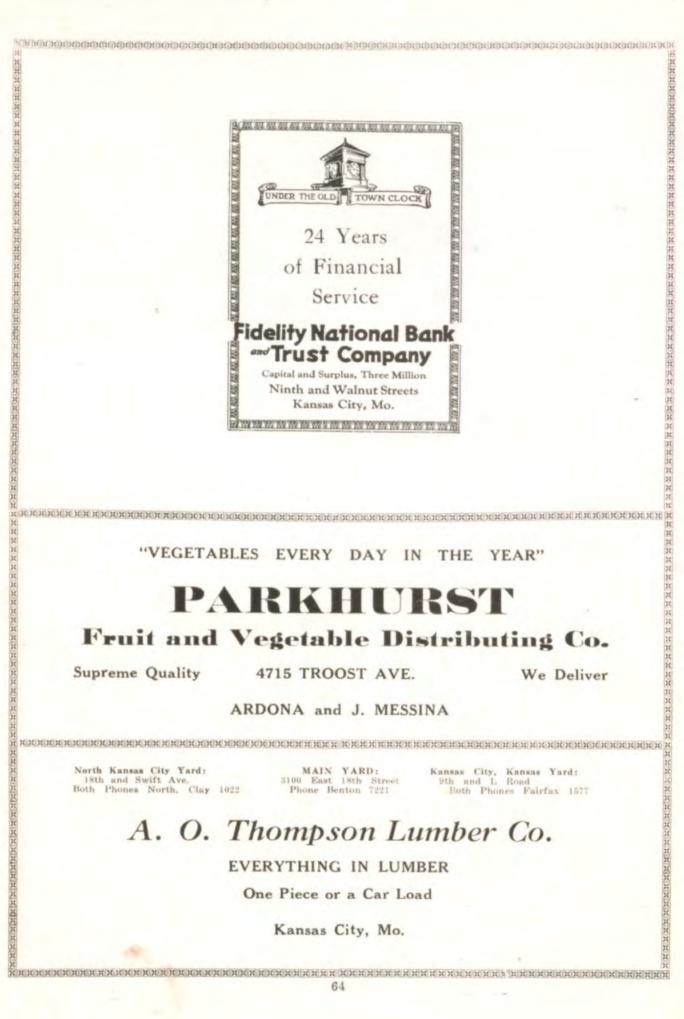
"This is a fast, fast century!"

"Now listen, fellows!"

"Hello, good looking!"

"I can guess to within five pounds of your weight!"

"Oh, how could you!"



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	ANNUAL CENSUS OF ROCKHURST ACADEMY
	Number in school
	Number on time in the morning220
	Those fond of study 0
	Those who smoke245
	Those who dislike holidays
	Those who understand the teacher1
	Number who chew (gum)
	Number "jugged" for chewing
	Those who eat candy250
	Those who think they can sing250
	Number troubled with indigestion214
	Number not bothered (Seniors)
	Those who do their home-work at home 50
	Those who hand in their home-work
	Those who think they will graduate 0 Those who would like to 250
	Number who think J. Fitzgerald handsome 1
	Those who think Varzino funny1
	Number who think Worth ought to reduce249
	Those who think Heinz the most wide awake
	boy in the school1
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THOSE AWFUL SCHOOL DAY BLUES.

(By Joseph Sheehy)

Oh! those awful school day blues
From your head down to your shoes!
Gosh, to look at all those books,
And to think of teacher's looks
When you haven't done your work,
Are enough for all to shirk!
Though you are bound to pay the dues
With those awful school day blues.

Writing Algebraic rules
Makes us almost look like fools,
When you talk and you are eaught,
You are called "a-good-for-naught."
You must come down on Saturday
Full these to do's und not to do's
Bring those awful school day blues.

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(By Gerald Fling)

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Amelia Fish—Gerald Fling
Janitor—Gerald Fling
Janitor—Gerald Fling
The Maid—Gerald Fling
Janitor—Gerald Fling
The Maid—Gerald Fling
The Maid—Gerald Fling
For reservations call box office and ask for Gerald Fling
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LIBRARY

BOOK NUMBER 5412.

A Tragedy in Three Acts.

Act I. "Hail the Conquering Hero scratch my head in utter perplexity. "How about it?" he queried. Struck by a sud-

By nature I am inordinately lazy, but a short time ago I was struck by a sudden accession of energy and conceived the fool idea of doing some great work. After casting about for ways and means of relieving my unusual surplus of energy, I decided that work in the Students' Library would suit my disposition, or indisposition, as you may call it, as well as anything else.

Accordingly I begged the favor of the Chief Librarian to be one of his staff of assistants. I had every reason to hope that my request would be favorably received since Father M. had been my teacher a few years ago in First High, and we managed to get along through the year very pleasantly. In answer to my request, he said:

"Well, the first requisite for being a librarian is good penmanship; and secondly, a fair amount of intelligence. Do you think you can qualify under both these heads? At the mention of a librarian's necessary qualifications, I had puffed out my chest and considered myself duly elected. But when Father M. tacked that question on to the end of his speech. I went down for the count. Someone mercifully doused me with a bucket of water and then Father M. continued:

"As to the penmanship I am satisfied, and to the other qualifications, well, I'll take my chances."

Then came another unexpected question: "How far do you live from here?"

"What under the sun" thought I, "had this to do with the matter in hand?" But again Father M., seeing that I was non-plussed, came to my rescue. "You see, if you wish to be a librarian, I shall expect you to put in a couple of hours of library work on Saturday mornings occasionally."

"Not so good" thought I, and began to

about it?" he queried. Struck by a sudden streak of recklessness I replied: "All right; I'll try anything once." Too late I thought of salary and such similar emoluments. The die was already cast and there was nothing to do but grin and bear the consequences. Father M. made me doubt still further as to whether I had chosen a sinecure by saying: "I've seen you play football and I know that you are a fairly good kicker. That is another reason for my acceptance of your request. I need good booters to expel, throw out and otherwise eject such lads as Art McDonald, the Rosedale Rose, and other violent disturbers of the peace in the hallowed precincts of the library while Smith is making out his book report."

For about a week everything went smoothly. All I had to do was to observe what the other librarians were doing and learn the ropes. Came then the following Saturday morning. Old Sol was broadcasting a fine day, and Father M. tuned in by asking me to report at 9 a m. in the library. They say A. M. stands for Ante Meridiam, but before the morning was over I thought it stood for ad mortem.

At the same solemn hour when the bell ordinarily invites three hundred and forty future movie actors and cookie pushers, to the delights of Caesar and Spanish, eight average intelligences foregathered in the little room on the second floor, northwest corner, while a score of other boys were having a fine time in the gymnasium.

"Let's clear for action" came the command. In a twinkling the two tables were cleared of all encumbrances and placed together in L fashion. Father M. in a moment of weakness, trusting blindly to my average intelligence, placed me at the head of the table. "This is the position of honor" said he, "you have the Accession book."

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Sullivan, also a green hand, glared at me enviously. In Kellett's eyes I thought I observed a malicious twinkle; Stines could not repress a smile; Bedell and Brown exchanged knowing winks. I thought I heard "simp", "poor fish," "boob" and like expressions of contumely. Where now was that native caution of mine? I should have known by all these weather signs that some mischief was afoot. Why did I not withdraw before it was too late? But Flattery had blinded me, and clouded my otherwise clear vision.

"All you have to do" continued Father M. "is to enter the accession number in the first column. In the next column enter the name of the book, then the author, publisher, the year." "This is a cinch" said I to myself. But I spoke too soon. In the second last column I was to classify the book and enter the class number according to the Dewey or decimal system of classification in vogue in every library from Roanoke to Rosedale, and from Armourdale to the three mile limit. In this system all books on philosophy are classified from 100 to 199; Science from 500 to 599; literature occupies the eighth century and history from 900 to 999. Now any boy who ever got an F on his monthly report and told his doting father that it meant "Fine", would recognize Peck's "Twenty Years of the Republic" as a work of history. But such a thing never suggested itself to me. There was nothing in the title to indicate—to my limited intelligence—what kind of a book it was. I looked up Republic, but found nothing of use to me. Then my eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling" chanced to fall upon "Twenty Years on the Plains with Kit Carson" reposing peacefully in the Fiction section. shouldn't the classification number correspond," thought I, "the titles do."

Act II. (The plot thickens although no one is aware of it).

And so I started the book on its career by entering it under the classification of American Fiction: 813 Pe. In my best penmanship I wrote on the inside of the front cover 5412—813 Pe, and passed the book on to the boy at my right. This hopeful and promising young author, none other than my friend Joe Murphy, glee-

fully seized upon the unresisting book and pasted a pocket on the inside of the front cover. Joe passed the book on to Spellman, who promptly proceeded to write the abovesaid numbers on the title page, on the pocket and on the inside of the back cover. He did not question the correctness of my entry 813 Pe. I was a member of Third High and as such was presumed to have an average amount of intelligence.

"His not to reason why
His but to do or—well you know the
rest."

Spellman then slid the book along to the dapper Jimmie Burke, one of the shining lights of First High. Jimmie made out the book cards. From a neat stack of five-by-two cards he selected one and inscribed on the first line in elegant Spencerian or Palmerian, 5412—813 Pe. On the second and third lines he wrote the author's name and the title of the book.

Edward Leahy, who loves nothing better than to hear himself broadcasting, at once attacked the inoffensive volume and impressed the library stamp on the insides of the two covers, the title page and on several selected pages, occasionally adding by way of good measure several goodly smudges.

Leahy passed it on to Bobbie Gibbons. Bobbie has an important post in the library. It is he who makes out neatly typewritten cards for the card catalog. He makes out at least two cards for every book, one under the name of the author, another under the title or subject. Sometimes however one single book will call for as many as twenty different cards, such as for instance Desmond's Mooted Questions of History. When finished with Peck's book, Bob's two cards read as follows:

813 Peck, Harry Thurston. Pe Twenty Years of the Republic. 5412 (Dodd, Mead. 1920).

813 Twenty Years of the Republic. Pe Harry Thurston Peck. 5412 (Dodd, Mead. 1920).

After this Herculean task Bobbie washed his hands of the book. Then Muller-

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THE TWENTY THREE-ER

Thym, (not the thyme of Hymettus whereon the wild bees lingered in the days of Pericles) marked the name-Peck-on the back of the book in white ink. Mark you, gentle reader, how the blunders thicken and accumulate, and all on account of my initial mistakes in classifying the book as Fiction. Instead of the author's name-Peck-appearing on the back of the book, there should have been the class number of American history, namely 973. According to the system in vogue the class number of the book is written on the backs of all books except fiction; these last are labelled with the letters. Behold author's initial Peck's great work strutting forth as a work of fiction, marked Peck instead of being marked 973, the number for American history. Yet it was not too late. The white ink could still be erased. alas! it was not to be. For Stuhlman, another Rosedaler, got his chance at the book. He covered the white ink with a goodly coating of shellac, so that the white ink could not be erased. The die was cast and the fat was in the fire. Then Father M. examined the book and commended us all upon our beautiful work. He told us that we were the prize crew, etc. He then took the book and placed it on the shelves among the books of history where it belonged. He stepped back to survey the work. A puzzled expression stole over his face. Plainly something was wrong. Disgust followed puzzlement and then came rage. Finally he turned to me with a withering look: "See here you young-I forget what he called me-this is a book of history and you have classified it as fiction. Of all the imbecillity and stupiditydon't remember half the things he said. The magnitude of my blunder smote me like a giant hand. All that painstaking work gone for nothing. The shellac would have to be removed-much easier said than done,-the white ink erased, the two index cards were useless and went to the wastebasket; the book card followed suit; all the numbers written in the book were wrong and had to be corrected, as also the entry in the accession book. I staggered under the weight of the consequences of my blunder. Father M. giving vent to his righteous anger threw the book on the table with unnecessary force.

Act III. On Trial (or)

At the Bar of Injustice.

This was the signal for a universal rush in my direction. The presence of the Chief Librarian was all that saved me from assassination then and there. however interposed, saying that since there was no doubt of my guilt, all that the crew had to do was to select a fitting punishment and execute it. Bedlam followed. One bloodthirsty member of the crew, George Andrews if I remember correctly, insisted with all possible vigor that forty strokes be applied with maximum speed to the soles of my feet. This suggestion was received with wild whoops of delirious joy. Joe Sheehy turned a handspring, while Turner, flourishing an imaginary tomahawk, yelled like the proverbial After his excitement had Comanche. somewhat subsided, he suggested that I be made to lick off the shellac which Stuhlman had applied with so much gusto. Once more a pandemonium of delight broke loose. The tables were overturned and likewise the bottle of shellac. last mishap somewhat sobered the angry mob. However the mooted question was still undecided.

Then my friend Harry Jansen came to my rescue. Associating for three years with the hardy perennials of Third High A, Harry knows something of human nature as it is found in the species puer.

"Why not make him treat the crowd to a Weenie Roast?" he asked. This was the cue for an Apache war dance. The motion was passed with a unanimous yell that shook the building. And there you are, patient reader, and there am I, poor deluded nut. I must choose between a Weenie Roast that will cost me I don't know how many iron men, and disgrace, and being called a quitter. Well I'll quit right here.

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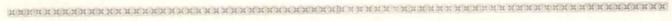
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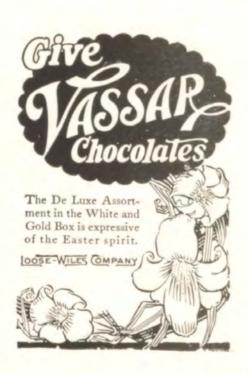
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