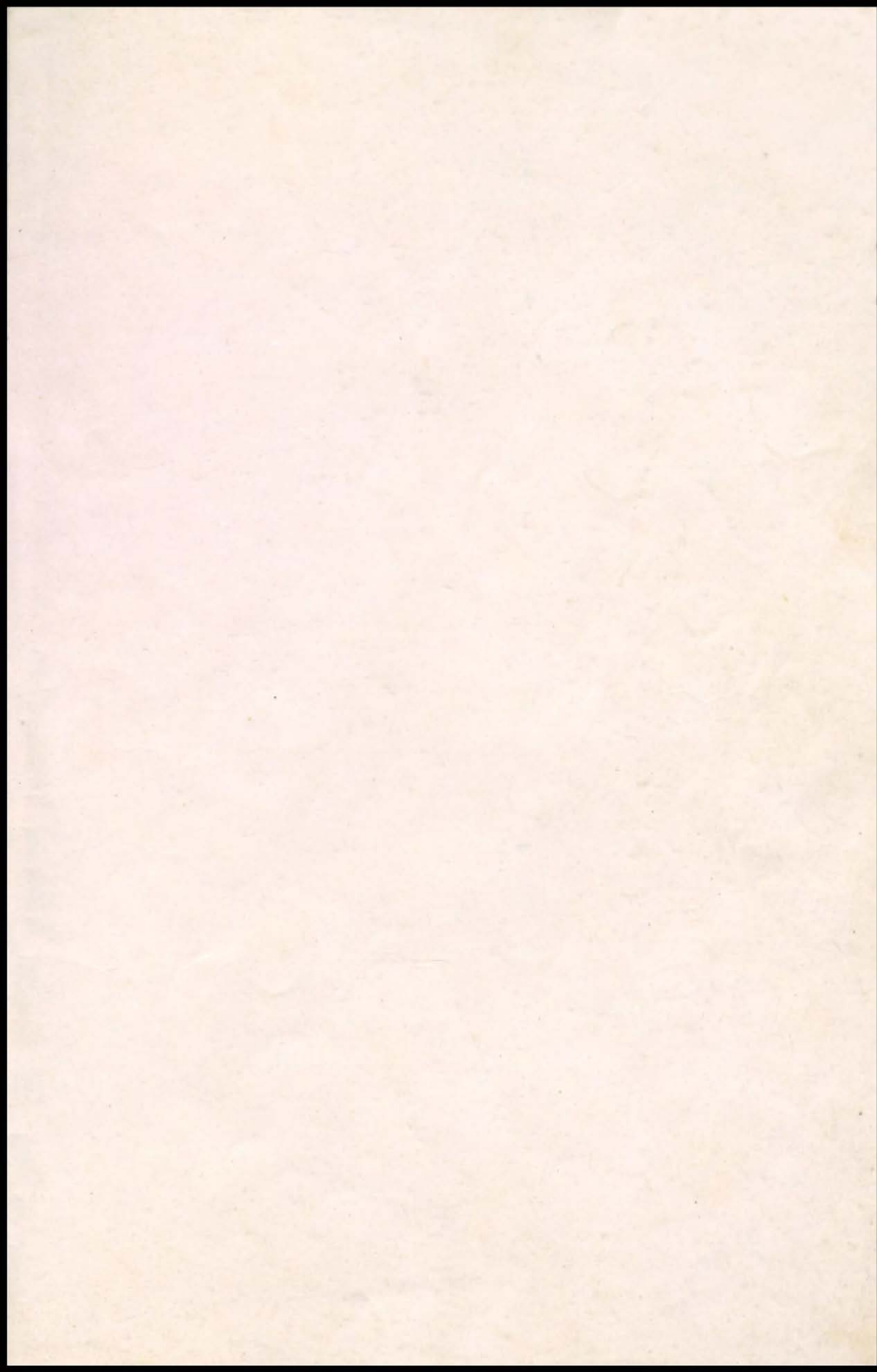


THE GLEAM



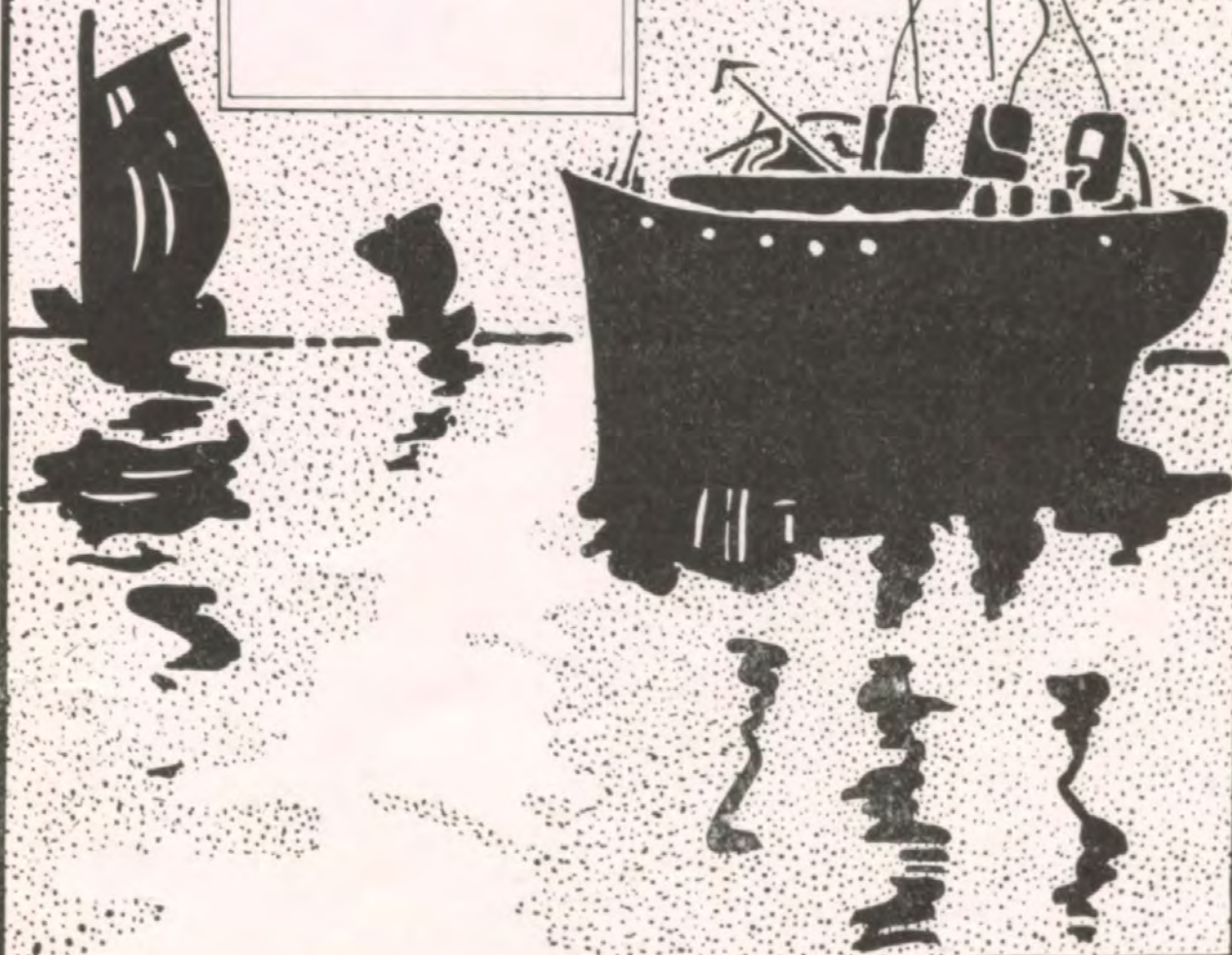




PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
WILLIAM CHRISMAN HIGH SCHOOL
INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI
1921

THE GLEAM

"Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight.
O, young mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas.
And, ere it vanishes,
O'er the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam."
— Tennyson.



Florence B. Rogers '24

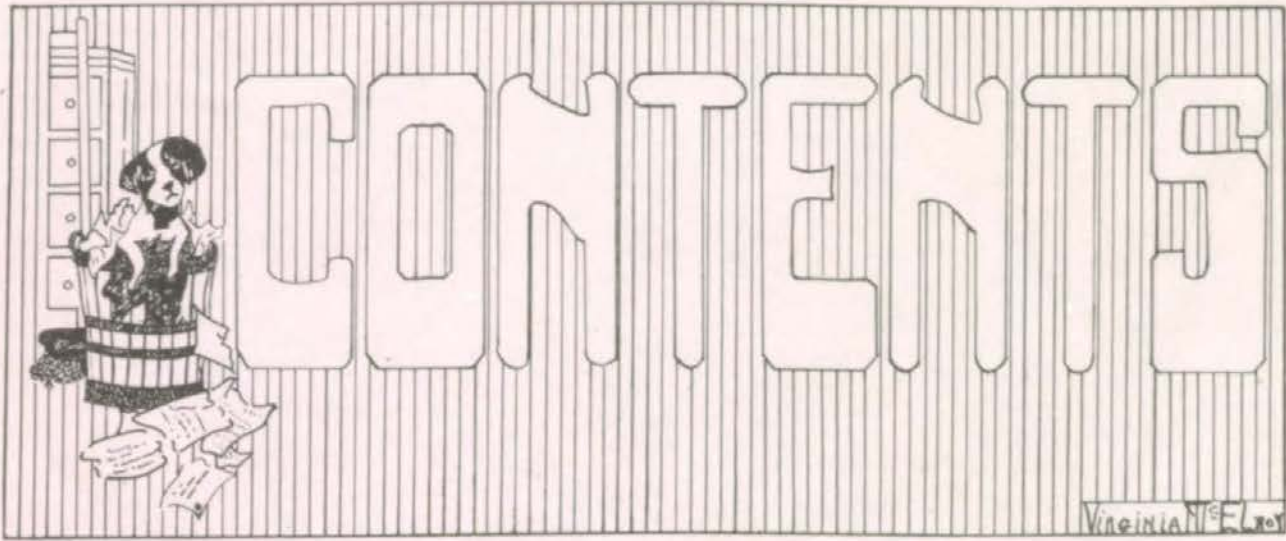
Foreword

The Staff has spent hours of work, worry, and care in compiling this annual, but if in the years to come something of interest or humor, some picture or forgotten classmate is recalled by these pages, they will feel repaid for it all.

Truly credit is due to every member of the school, faculty, seniors, and under-classmen for the issuance of this publication.

Remember, each sentence was constructed on good fellowship, each joke and pun has a point, minus the barb, so deal gently with this volume which embodies our school life.

THE STAFF



THE GLEAM	3
FOREWORD	4
DEDICATION	6
FACULTY	8
SENIORS	9
JUNIORS	20
SOPHOMORES	23
FRESHMEN	26
STAFF	29
EDITORIALS	81
LITERARY	37
CLASS HISTORY	49
CLASS WILL	51
ACTIVITIES	52
ATHLETICS	82
LOCALS	98
ALUMNI	104
AFTERWORD	106
A VERY LAST WORD	107

Dedication

In the spirit of appreciation for their help, guidance, sympathy, and fellowship, we, the Senior Class of 1921 do dedicate this "Gleam" to Mrs. Sehart Jones and Miss Janie Chiles.



MISS JANIE CHILÈS

MRS. SEHRT JONES

FACULTY



PROFESSOR W. L. C. PALMER.....*Superintendent of City Schools*

PROFESSOR D. C. ELLIOTT.....*Principal of William Chrisman High School*

MISS LOUISE CHESNEY.....*Latin-English*

MISS HARRIET TULLER.....*Latin*

MISS HELEN L. BARR.....*English*

MISS JULIA McDONALD.....*English*

MISS WALLACE ARMSTRONG.....*English*

MISS MARGARET WALKER.....*Mathematics*

MISS JANIE CHILES.....*Mathematics*

MRS. MAUDE PARHAM.....*Mathematics*

MISS MARGARET PHELPS.....*History*

MISS MARY WELDON.....*History*

MISS REGNA GANN.....*History*

MRS. OSLA SEHRT JONES.....*Science*

MISS FANNYE HANLON.....*Commercial*

MISS GRACE FORBIS.....*Biology*

MISS CARRIE HENRY.....*Study Hall—Bookkeeping*

MISS MABEL POTTER.....*Agriculture—Teacher Training*

MISS MARGARET CHILES.....*Sewing*

MISS THELMA TAPP.....*Art*

MISS JOSEPHINE DIXON.....*Music*

MR. L. E. MORRIS.....*Mechanical Drawing*

COACH E. L. HUTCHINSON.....*Athletics*

SENIORS





KENNETH FLOURNOY



HARVEY BURRUS

Class Officers

SENIOR OFFICERS

KENNETH FLOURNOY.....	<i>President</i>	HARVEY BURRUS
THOMAS BEETS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	SARAH ABBOTT
HESTER SWAN.....	<i>Secretary</i>	PAULINE NICHOLLS
SARAH ABBOTT.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	VIRGINIA McELROY
HARVEY BURRUS.....	<i>Attorney-General</i>	CAROL WILLIAMS
DALE DRYDEN.....	<i>Sergeant-At-Arms</i>	MARSHALL MILLER
LYMERICK CAMPBELL.....	<i>Yell Leader</i>	DALE DRYDEN
HELEN BURRUS.....	<i>Chairman of Committees</i>	SARAH ABBOTT

SPONSORS

Miss Janie Chiles

Mrs. Sehrt Jones

Miss Barr

MOTTO: "He most lives who thinks the most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

FLOWER: *Forget-me-not.*

COLORS: *Blue and White.*

VIRGINIA MCELROY
Bright, Cheerful, and True Blue.

ANNA PENDLETON
"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

RUSSELL GABRIEL
"Gabe," sunshiny of nature and a good fellow at heart.

MAURICE STREET
A lion among the ladies is a dreadful thing.

ROLAN WARMAN
Rolan does everything from tearing up the Physics Lab. to playing football—guess after all there isn't such a great deal of difference.

DOROTHY COURTWAY
"Our Songbird."

ELVA MERRILL
History "Shark." Miss Phelps is proud of Elva and doesn't hesitate to say so.

PAULINE NICHOLLS
We could write volumes about Pauline if we had time, but she is one of the dearest, sweetest, most capable girls in our class.





HELEN BURRUS

Our editor-in-chief! We couldn't have found one with more ability. Through her splendid leadership, the Seniors came through with flying colors and presented to the world their masterpiece — "The Gleam."

SARAH ABBOTT

The best goods is always done up in small packages.

LYMERICK CAMPBELL

Best dresser in W.C.H.S.—"Ah, don'tcher know."

RAYMOND COLBY

It is not often that one so handsome is as successful in keeping out of the limelight as Raymond is.

DALE DRYDEN

"I will find a way or make one."

VIVILEE PROFFITT

It is not often that the same girl is Literary Editor of the "Gleam," expects to be a teacher, is pretty, and can play the part of a French Countess, but that is Vivilee.

MARY WESTWOOD

"It is worth a million dollars a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things."

CAROL WILLIAMS

"Sweetest Carol ever sung."

HESTER SWAN

Hester is one of our most talented musicians, and we feel that some day she will make a name for herself.

EILEEN SHIMFESSEL

"There is one thing I love to do—entertain the boys."

WILLIAM VARDEMAN

Bill is quite a foot ball player and well liked by the teachers but that doesn't explain why he is such a tease.

EDWARD SHOWENGERDT

Men of few words are the best men.

WARREN GOLDSMITH

"Leave me in peace and let me sleep."

MELBA TUCKFIELD

Melba is a quiet student but leads a talkative Study Hall existence. We hope she will realize her ambition to become an artist.

RUTH WARREN

Ruth is so quiet that you have to make a special effort to know her—but it is more than worth the effort.

FRANCES ALEXANDER

Modesty personified.





DORIS NELSON

We will never forgive Doris for pinning up her curls, but we will always be proud of her Physics "E's."

EDYTHE GIBSON

Her interests are many and varied, including athletics, stenography, and senior studies.

FRANCIS FAUNCE

"When I hear jazz! Oh Boy! I just can't keep my feet still."

FAY GRIFFICE

Our bright and shining star. The teachers are proud of him and so are we.

ROY CHAPMAN

We started to say he is quiet, but we forgot about his trombone.

RUTH NUNN

Red-headed, good natured, and a real friend.

LIDA GOEBEL

We wish we knew her better, but she quietly goes her own way, and it is not from her that we learn that she is making a success of her business course.

ELIZABETH EVERETT

Elizabeth has two chief interests, a Ford Sedan and ————?

ANNA HALLERAN

*"My tongue within my lips I rein
For who talks much, must talk in
vain."*

LUCILLE RESCH

*"One girl in the kitchen is worth
two in the parlor."*

HOWARD KERR

*"Every man rejoices when he has a
partner to his joy."*

BURVIDGE BENNION

Speaks only when his soul is stirred.

MINOTT PRUYN

*Always stalling, and sometimes
stalled.*

HELEN CAMPBELL

She is known—to her friends.

HAZEL RANDALL

*She is one of the retiring kind who
doesn't keep her talent on parade.*

OPLE HARRIS

*Ople believes in having a good time
whenever she can, and is not given
to over-studying.*





ETTA WOLFORD

Everybody loves Etta, but there is one thing, she doesn't know—how to bluff; she doesn't need to, though.

FAYE TARWATER

Cheerfulness is the best promoter of health.

DOROTHY ETZENHOUSER

A sunbeam fell out of the sky one day and dropped right among us, for which we are very glad.

REGINALD SMITH

Six feet of handsome physique.

THOMAS BEETS

"A sunny temper gilds the edge of life's blackest clouds."

ELLA LEA JULIAN

A Senior of ability and worth, of whom we are justly proud.

MARJORIE BARTHOLOMEW

Shy and timid describe her perfectly.

HALIE PATTERSON

Halie is a student that Faculty and classmates alike will miss when she is gone.

JESSAMINE FLANAGAN

We have no doubt but that Jess will be an efficient teacher, but we do not expect her to spend her whole life at it.

KATIE HANSEN

Katie was never known to cut or be tardy for history; she likes a good argument too well for that.

FRED BUTLER

*Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
When Fred's around
You can't have the blues.*

JOHN BRADY

Tried and convicted of being a grind in the first degree???

GEORGE BOONE

He is lots of fun, but oh, how he can work.

LIEBE VALKENBURG

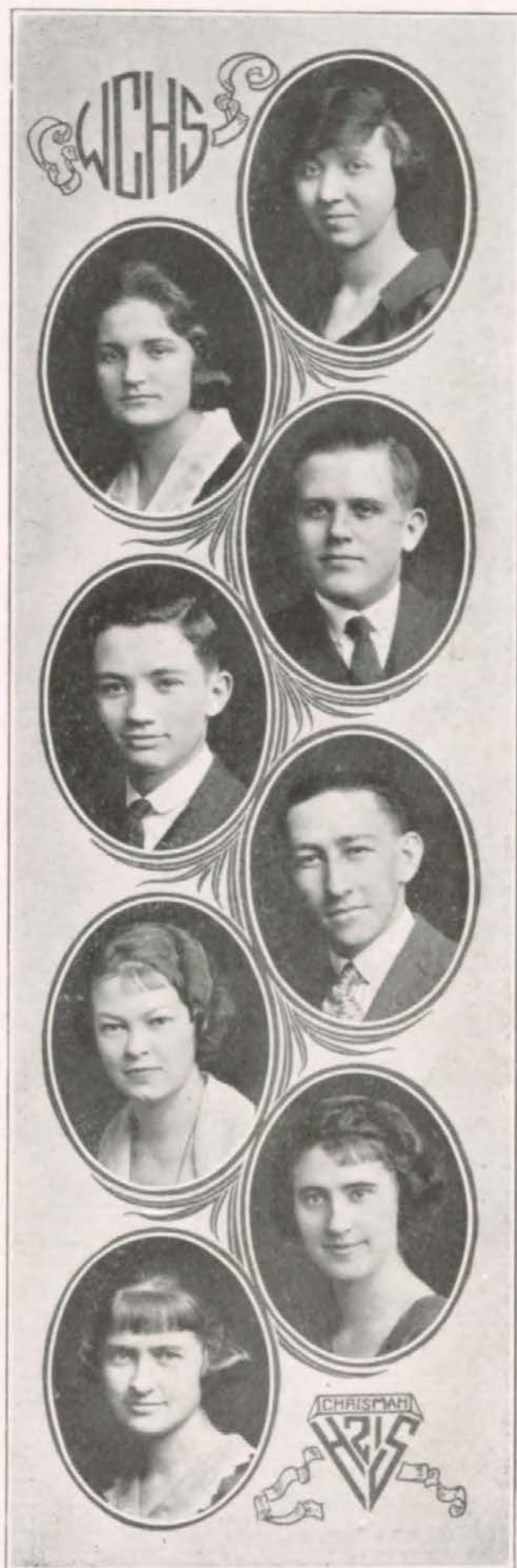
I know how to use my eyes—well, why shouldn't I?

KATHERYN WILBURN

Few words she wastes, but has her quiet fun and minds not any one.

FLORENCE ROGERS

Never desert your talent, carry on!





IRENE LANE

A pleasant girl who knows her business and does it well.

RUBY TURNER

"Quietude is a virtue in itself."

MARSHALL MILLER

He has not been with us long, but he has shown us his worth during his short stay.

RICHARD KEOWN

Nothing usual ever happens to Dick.

EDWARD GREGG

Pee Wee is as active as he is small, and although he may seem quiet, he does his share toward keeping the Physics Laboratory lively.

MAUD PIPER

I wonder if she is related to the "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

NELLIE CURTIS

A jolly good schoolmate, always ready to support her class.

LORENE SUMNER

The hand that hath made you good, hath made you fair.

HARVEY BURRUS

Class President. "The man from Home" and "lawyer-to-be." May his success in future years be as great as it has in the past year.

KENNETH FLOURNOY

Kenneth is a good sport and a brilliant boy. That is why he was elected class president and Business Manager of the "Gleam."

HELEN PROCTOR

In conversation, she responds to anything, psychology, suffrage, Jeff. City, big brothers.

HAZEL KEOHLER

Hazel is a clever girl, is possessor of a sweet voice and she is a member of the high school quartet.

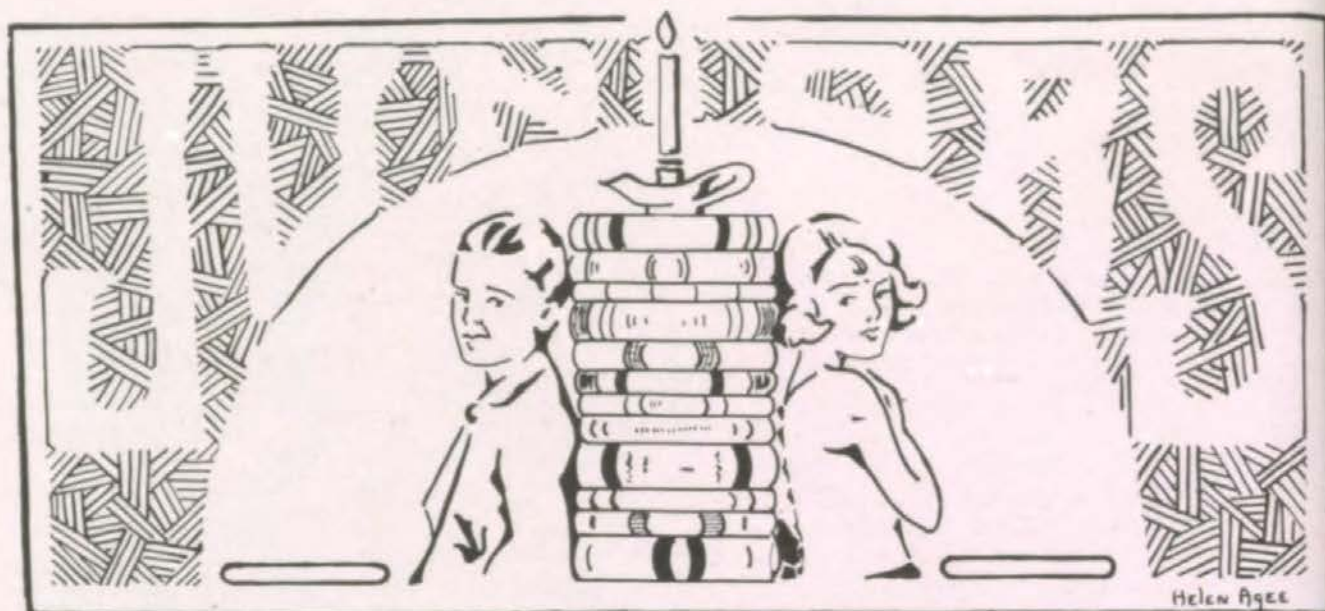
CEDRIC JOHNSON

What must I do to be forever known? Wear a wig.

MARJORIE MCHUGH

Marj. is one of nature's favorites; she possesses a sweet disposition, beautiful black curls, and hosts of friends.





Class Officers

JUNIOR OFFICERS

MORRIS FILSON.....	<i>President</i>	WILLIAM JOHNSON
MARJORIE SIMPSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	BERNICE HELFF
MARY WINGET.....	<i>Secretary</i>	ROSEMARY FLOURNOY
CAROL GILLEN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	JOSEPHINE RAGLAND
WILLIAM JOHNSON.....	<i>Sergeant-At-Arms</i>	WENDELL WELLS
LAURENCE JOHNSON.....	<i>Yell Leader</i>	LAURENCE JOHNSON
SPONSORS.....	MISS McDONALD, MISS ARMSTRONG	



Junior Class Roll

Agee, Helen
 Barker, Richard
 Berry, Mason Ware
 Betts, Alberta
 Blackburn, Virginia
 Brainard, Gladys
 Bryant, Ruth
 Bullard, Aileen

Cargyle, Dorothy
 Chappelon, Helen
 Cockran, Mary
 Clow, Glenna
 Clow, Hazel
 Comboy, Edwin
 Comboy, Lawrence
 Cross, Anna
 Curtis, Frank

Daniels, Anna Julia
 Davis, Olive

Ek, Alice
 Erickson, Clarence

Ferguson, Nellie
 Filson, Morris
 Flournoy, Rosemary
 Fox, Scollard

Gibson, Marshall
 Gillen, Carol
 Goldsmith, Mary

Gregg, Celia
 Gutch, Lawrence

Halstead, Nellie
 Hanford, Charles
 Helf, Bernice
 Hefflon, Helen
 Horn, John
 Hull, Wesley
 Hunter, Ralph

Ireland, John

Jenkins, Lavinia
 Jones, Pauline
 Johnson, Lawrence
 Johnson, William

Keys, Frances
 Koehler, Julia
 Kreeger, Lillian

Laudenschlager, Margaret
 Laudenschlager, William
 Lhommedieu, Viola
 Luff, Wayne

Mann, Viola
 Maness, Roy
 McGee, Blanche
 McGraw, Carl
 McPherson, Maggie

Mills, Arthur
 Millender, Pauline

Okerlind, Mary

Page, Helen
 Palmer, William
 Perry, Persis
 Peterson, Fern
 Powell, Frankie
 Proctor, Elsie
 Pryor, Elizabeth

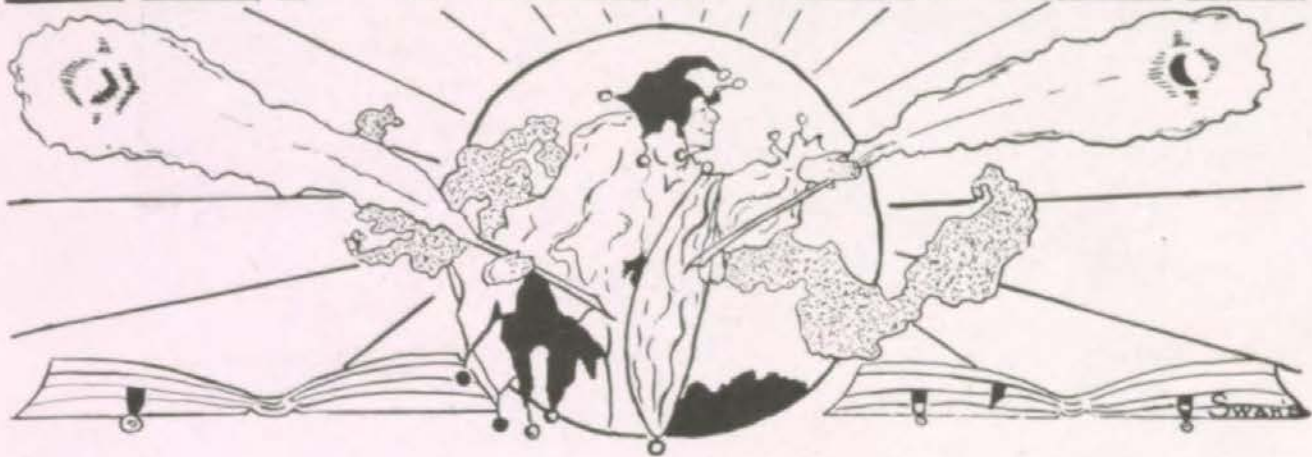
Radmall, Effie
 Ragland, Josephine
 Roberts, Pauline

Scarritt, Nathan
 Simpson, Marjorie
 Smith, Wayne

Urton, Brady

Vaughan, Allen
 White, Paul
 Whitley, Harry
 Whiting, Mildred
 Williams, Frances
 Williamson, Mary Lois
 Wilson, Keith
 Withee, Adelbert
 Winget, Mary

SOPHOMORES



JACK HEFTER

SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	JACK HEFTER
<i>Vice-President</i>	FRANCIS HAMILTON
<i>Secretary</i>	MAURINE LATIMER
<i>Treasurer</i>	NORA WHITTAR
<i>Sergeant-At-Arms</i>	VELMA LEE BOWERS
<i>Yell Leader</i>	FREDERICK EVANS
<i>Sponsors</i> {	MISS GANN
{	MISS WELDON



Sophomore Class Roll

Barnhard, Henry	Ihinger, Delcie	Riling, Marvin
Bates, Margaret	Jacobs, Alice	Rockey, Edith
Beal, Sanford	Johnson, Carmen	Rogers, Vera
Beets, Chad	Johnson, Harry	Rudd, Herbert
Blake, Raymond	Jones, J. P.	Russell, Fern
Botts, LeRoy		Russell, Myrl
Brolliar, Millard		
Brown, Mary	Kirby, C. E.	Selvy, Dora
Brown, Nell Pearl		Silvers, Allen
	Lassiter, Faye	Shields, Frances
Carnes, Cedric	Latimer, Maurine	Short, Joel
Cave, Elizabeth	Latimer, Walker	Slaughter, Roger
Campbell, Minerva	Layton, Violet	Smith, Josephine
Chapman, Fern	Leeka, Francis	Smith, R. B.
Chrisman, Verna Bell	Linson, Eugenia	Smith, Dudley
Compton, G. L.	Long, Martha	Snead, Emma
Conway, Bessie		Snider, Helen
Cook, Hazel	Mann, Martha Sue	Spencer, Joe
Crawford, Carol	Marqua, Anthony	St. Clair, Alta
Crossley, Berl Amber	Martin, Marshall	Stewart, Vernon
Cudworth, Harold	McCraw, Grace	Stowell, Grace
	McMillin, Clarence	Sturm, Frieda
Davidson, Iva	McNees, Kenneth	Swan, Elizabeth
DeTray, Donald	Miller, Geneva	
Druet, Charles	Mitchell, Sarah	Tandberg, Stewart
	Monson, Lavetta	Teeter, Laura
Etzenhouser, Mamie	Morgan, Elmer	Thomas, Agnes
Elliott, Everett	Morgan, Susie	Thomason, Lyda
Evans, Frederick	Moser, Ruth	Thompson, Carl
Evans, Elsie	Murphy, Arthur	Thompson, Charles
		Tudor, Kathryn
Fields, Mary	Nagel, Marian	Turner, Helen
Fitzmorris, Joe		Turner, Ruby
Foster, Jesse	O'Dell, Erma	
Fraher, Agnes	Ohmann, Selma	Ware, Morgan
		Ward, Lloyd
Gentry, Susannah	Peak, Warren	Walker, Wayne
Gibson, Junior	Pendleton, Mary Parker	Warren, Bessie May
Gore, Bertie	Pennell, John	Weyland, Aurum
Grant, Romona	Peterson, Kenneth	Whaley, Elizabeth
Grinter, Hershel	Powell, Laura	Williams, Lillian
	Powell, George	Wilson, Helen
Halstead, Pearl	Preston, Natalie	Witthar, Nora
Haldeman, William	Prewitt, Frances	
Ham, Earl	Pryor, Helen	Zink, Jennie
Hamilton, Frances	Pryor, Mabel	Zornes, Marjorie
Harris, Leon James		
Hefter, Jack	Resch, Edna Viola	Young, Harry
Holke, Norman	Riepma, Freda	
Hurst, Roy		



JOHN WYATT McDONALD

Freshmen Officers

<i>President</i>	JOHN WYATT McDONALD
<i>Vice-President</i>	ROY SHORE
<i>Secretary</i>	JULIA SCARRITT
<i>Treasurer</i>	SYBIL BURRUS
<i>Yell Leader</i>	SIDNEY TUROFF
<i>Sponsors</i>	MISS TULLER—MRS. PARHAM



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshmen Class Roll

Adams, Agnes	Cox, Mary	Houston, Marguerite
Adams, Glen	Craig, Eugene	Hulmes, Helen Louise
Adams, William	Craig, Gex Warner	Hufferd, Edrie
Agee, Mary	Crenshaw, Durward	Hunter, Clarence
Allen, LeVerne	Crump, Nancy	Hudson, Allene
Allen, Paul	Crumpler, Noble	Hurst, Russell
Arney, Hazel	Curtis, Lyra	
	Curtis, Mable	
	Curtis, Ronnie	Inman, Pearl
Batterton, Nancy Lee		Isham, Mercedes
Barnes, Mary	Davis, Inman	
Barnhard, Frances	Davis, Paul	Jacobson, Grace
Barnhardt, Evelyn	Daniel, Charles	James, Helena
Beals, Clark	Druet, Francis	Jennings, Laura
Beets, J. D. Jr.		Johnson, Elena
Becker, Dana	Eastwood, Ethel	Jones, Lowie
Behee, Opal	Ek, Emery	Jones, -Robert
Bell, Amy	Elledge, Leon	Jones, Earl
Bessmer, Marie	Elledge, Russell	Jones, Nelson
Biggs, Jesse	Elledge, Theodore	Jones, Charles
Blakely, Jerrold	Etzenhouser, Henry	
Borgman, Lorena		
Bozarth, Velma	Filson, Kenneth	Kelley, Harold
Bower, Velma Lee	Fitzpatrick, Walter	Kelley, Howard
Bolin, Josephine	Foy, Anna	Kelley, Elsie
Braxdale, Hazel	Fogle, Raymond	Keedwell, Daniel
Brown, Roscoe	Frisby, Chester	Kerr, Mildred
Brown, Martha	Frost, Finley	Keir, Marion
Brewer, David	Fry, Ammon	Keley, Harvey
Brewer, Ned		Kletsy, Bessie
Burrus, Sybil	Gardner, Jack	Koehler, Charles
Butler, Alta	Garret, Robert	Kolle, Louise
	Gentry, Overton	Kreeger, Anna
	Gentry, Harvey	
Campbell, Clyde	Giha, Nora	Lander, Marcia
Campbell, Cecil	Giha, John	Landfried, Ruth
Campbell, Ruth	Gillen, Clarice	Langton, John
Campbell, Grace	Gold, Bruce	Langton, Ellen
Canavaris, Nicholas	Gordon, Vernon	Lanham, Isabel
Cargyle, Harvey	Gore, Evelyn	Latimer, Fred
Charleton, Louis	Gregg, John Samuel	Lieberman, Florence
Childers, William		Lloyd, Elizabeth
Christie, Iona	Hafer, Thomas	Logeman, J. H.
Clark, Irene	Halleran, Catherine	Lockhart, Grace
Coates, Merle	Haskins, May	Luff, Audria
Cottingham, Ina Lee	Harris, Rosa	Luff, Elbert
Constance, Hazel	Harris, Paul	Lynch, Hubert
Collings, Harold	Harrington, Phillip	Lytle, Beulah
Compton, Moss	Henning, Rosa	
Coldsnow, Forest	Hendrickson, Christine	
Cook, Kenneth	Heiderstadt, Dorothy	Mann, Edith
Cook, Blendon	Holtzen, Edith Louise	Mann, Helen
Cooper, Jennie Gertrude		Mann, Clarence
Cox, Fern		

Freshmen Class Roll Continued

Mangum, Eleanor	Records, Herbert	Stott, Joseph
Marqua, Edith	Ruck, Henry	Stowell, Grant
McCue, William	Rider, Winiard	Street, Thelma
McDaniels, Minnie	Robinson, Myra	
McDonald, John	Rodgers, Beatrice	Thompson, Adeline
McGraw, Pauline	Rogers, Florence	Thompson, Paul
McMillin, Polka	Royster, Margaret	Thorp, Hazel
Miller, Elmarcene	Ryan, Gladys	Trowbridge, Kenneth
Miller, George H.		Turoff, Sidney
Miller, George		Tyler, Jeanette
Miller, David	Sands, John	
Mills, Helen	Sandford, Florence	Vanderwood, Elvin
Milton, Thomas	Scarritt, John	
Mitchell, John	Scarritt, Julia	
Moor, Ted	Scheers, Richard	
Morgan, Harold	Scholte, Alice	Walder, John
Murer, Olivetta	Schowengerdt, Raymond	Walker, Henrietta
	Schofield, Nyle	Watson, Alexander
	Sebolt, Jessie	Werner, Eleanor
Newton, Geneva	Sims, Rea	Wescott, Ralph
Nicholls, Lucille	Sheldon, Gladys	Weston, Mark
Nunn, Vivian	Shakespeare, Edith	Wells, Walter Wendall
	Shelton, Violet	White, Joseph
Oldham, Ann Louise	Shoemaker, Viola	Wilson, Claude
Owens, Mary	Shore, Roy	Wilson, Ruth
	Smith, Pauline	Williamson, Angus
Page, Walter Earl	Snodgrass, Forest	Willhoit, Margaret
Palmer, Suzanne	Spencer, James E.	Wing, Robert
Parks, Lawrence	Squire, Donald	Winget, Riley
Parrett, Elmo	Starr, Emmett	Winfrey, Beulah
Peeples, Connie	Stepp, Hazel	Withee, Stanley
Peterson, Juanita	Steele, Trevor	Witthar, Christian
Phillips, Lenore	Stevens, Adrian	Wolfe, Lucille
Piper, William	Slusher, Dorothy	Wolford, Frank
Pollard, Viola	Shrimpton, Madge	Woodford, Clark
Pruyn, Rollette	Slusher, Donald	Wrigley, Raymond
Pulham, Eva	Smith, Harry	Wright, George Ellis
	Stonger, Alma	
Quigley, William	Stonger, Mildred	Ziers, John





Gleam Staff

SPONSORS

MISS CHILES

MRS. JONES

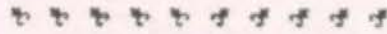
CRITIC

MISS BARR

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	HELEN BURRUS
<i>Associate Editor</i>	VIRGINIA McELROY
<i>Associate Editor</i>	FAY GRIFFICE
<i>Literary Editor</i>	VIVILEE PROFFITT
<i>School Editor</i>	SARAH ABBOTT
<i>Local Editor</i>	HESTER SWAN
<i>Local Editor</i>	DALE DRYDEN
<i>Alumni Editor</i>	DOROTHY COURTWAY
<i>Art Editor</i>	FLORENCE ROGERS
<i>Photographic Editor</i>	RUSSELL GABRIEL
<i>Athletic Editor</i>	WILLIAM VARDEMAN
<i>Business Manager</i>	KENNETH FLOURNOY
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	ROLAN WARMAN
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	HARVEY BURRUS
<i>Proof Reader</i>	JESSAMINE FLANAGAN
<i>Proof Reader</i>	CAROL WILLIAMS

The Staff

Has any pleasure seeker got mixed with the Staff?
If there has, take him out, such a thing makes me laugh.
Hang the movies attraction, and all drug store's spite!
The Gleam must be in; we must all work tonight.



Last year we were meek and lowly Juniors, we looked with awe upon the enterprising, and apparently, marvelously talented Seniors. Our class groaned in dire despair, scratched its head mournfully and murmured, "Oh, where shall we among our ranks, find people able to carry on activities and put out a Gleam?" But we were in the ugly duckling stage and now that we have attained the height of scholastic glory and are Seniors, we feel as much like a beautiful swan as did the previous Senior classes, even though some may think us still the duckling.

In the first place, prepared or unprepared as we were for the responsibility, precedent demanded and school spirit commanded, that we publish a Gleam. Step number one was the selection, by the class, of a staff, which was duly elected; then its troubles began, for the Gleam, being a spontaneous written representation of the school, should come skipping out at the end of the term without causing any serious trouble to anyone, but such was not to be the case. The staff soon learned, incidentally, that a few little annoying trifles such as the printer's and engraver's bills, and an original and abundant supply of subject matter might prove rather a worry to Gleam promoters.

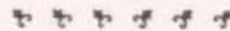
At first, doubtless like all Gleam staffs of former years, we sauntered into an occasional informal staff meeting, then sauntered out again, having put off question after question till a more convenient future day. Now confess, you former staffs, didn't you do that too? Well, we are glad you owned up because we feel a little better now. But, when we had pleasantly drifted for some time, quite unexpectedly from shores of our peaceful existence certain cruel business men entered our Elysian Field and shouted loudly in our ears, "In a month everything must be in or no Gleam!" and immediately we were swept into a maddening whirlpool of activity. In a frenzy we floundered about gathering material and funds, the eternal maxim of "Time and tide wait for no man," ringing in our ears. But, passing over the details of the struggle, at last the task was done—material and money all in and we sailed triumphantly into harbor, (feeling like the wreck of the Hesperus, yet happy as a clam at high tide).

You Staffs of the past, you know just how we felt, don't you? Yet you smiled over our worries as perhaps we shall smile ten years or so from now over the worries of that year's class. All the trouble and the hurry and the scurry, which seemed as if it would never end, after all you wouldn't have missed it for a farm in Texas, would you? Well, shake! Neither would we.



To Our Sponsors

More than fame and more than money
Is the comment, kind and sunny;
The hearty, warm approval of a friend.
For it gives to life a savor;
Makes you stronger, truer, braver;
Gives you heart and spirit to the end.



Friendship is a bond between men that is founded on earth; it believes in the best of the ones that it loves. So, with our sponsors—Miss Janie Chiles and Mrs. Sehrt Jones, who have helped us so willingly, who have given us encouragement and whispered kind words of counsel and of cheer when everything seemed to go dead wrong; and who have set splendid examples before us which will doubtless never be forgotten, many fine and beautiful friendships have been formed between them and the members of the Senior class.

We rarely ever appreciate our sponsors until we come to really and truly know them, to find that they are different than we thought them yesterday, to understand them thoroughly, for with understanding prejudices always disappear. With the disappearance of these prejudices friends can work together with heads, hearts, and hands joined, working toward one definite aim.

Our interests have always been the interests of Miss Chiles and Mrs. Jones throughout our Senior year, and they have given so unstintedly of their valuable time and noble efforts, that it behooves us, the members of the Senior class of '21, to express to them our most heartfelt appreciation for the admirable attitude which they have taken towards us and our work.

And Oh! because of this kindly attitude we shall, with all our strength, try to keep this friendship alive and to be worthy of them, for we shall always think of them as "dear old pals."

Our Tomorrows

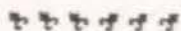
We, the Seniors of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-One, are about to go out into the great world to fill an untried station—that of men and women looking for some means of livelihood, with no one to depend upon but ourselves. Yes, that is almost the whole of it and when we are thrown against the grim outside world, we, no doubt, will look back upon our school days as happy ones. But, after all, what are we going to take with us? Will it be Algebra, History, or something else? I think it will be the something else. It will be the pictures of our teachers and classmates, the impressions they have made upon us that will ever stay in our minds. Remember this, we should create as many happy associations now with our faculty and companions as possible, for it is the memory of these friendships which we shall take with us.

There are many activities in which a Senior may take part but they require so much time that little is left for study—the results of which arrangement are immediate and disastrous. When a pupil stops studying he is sternly reminded that his chief business in school is that of getting an education and not of participating in school activities. These reprimands often seem harsh and unjust to the pupil, but if he understands they are for his good and if he attempts to get the teachers' viewpoint, it proves that he is fair and broad-minded at any rate.

If we work now we are on the road to future success, and the knowledge gained in school should enable us to grasp the problems in the big world. Then let each Senior go out from this high school with a determined purpose of doing something that will benefit society, and tend toward the betterment of all mankind in future generations.

School Pep

Oh where, oh where has the school pep gone,
 Oh where, oh where can it be?
 We've looked for it high, and we've looked for it low,
 Oh where, oh where can it be?"



"Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm," said Phillips Brooks. What is enthusiasm? In the phraseology of school terms, enthusiasm is PEP.

There has been less pep in the school this year and less rivalry of that friendliness which tends to keep up enthusiasm between classes than in any previous year in the William Chrisman High School. Everyone seems very well satisfied, and quite, quite willing to push the work onto other shoulders than their own. Such a spirit is not the right one to have at all!

Recognizing this lack of proper school spirit, the Senior girls organized a Pep Club for the main purpose of arousing enthusiasm and competition among the classes in school, but the under-classmen failed to respond. Assemblies have been held again and again to stimulate school pep and numerous attempts have been made to put "punch" and "go" into the student body, but without avail. However, we musn't feel too hard about this, because we have really and honestly shown the snappy, wide-awake side of our school spirit in spurts and jerks—especially at the Basket Ball games. There—everyone was in the best of humor and a great deal of peppy spirit

and friendly rivalry was shown. We are grateful to our Yell Leader for the good he has done us, for he has at least kept our lungs and vocal cords in fairly good condition.

But thanks to the gods for another chance! A resolution has been made and passed that every individual in W. C. H. S. next year, will make him or herself a committee of one to see that school pep is kept full tilt and going all of the time.

"Just a hint to the wise is sufficient." Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen—throw yourselves into every occasion, whatever it may be, with your whole heart; make the best of everything, and make your school days mean something to you by putting all the "pep," "vim," "go," and "punch" into them that you possess.

Mr. Elliott

No school magazine would be complete without a brief history of the principal. A number of years ago Mr. Elliott came here as the teacher of Chemistry and Physics. That was when the high school was held in the old building. He gained quite a reputation along those lines, being a very able chemist and scientist.

When Independence out-grew the old high school building and a new one was necessary, Mr. Elliott was moved to the position of superintendent of construction of the new building. When this new building was completed three years ago, he was promoted and became principal of the high school, which position he still holds.

During his long stay here we have ever known him as a man who spares not self when duty calls; who tries to fill every breach in the machinery, and a man of highest loyalty to the school.

Financial Embarrassment

The term "financial embarrassment" was introduced, I think, by some high-faluting teachers who were too dignified to use the time-honored and all inclusive phrase "I'm broke." Then financial embarrassment was heard to the right of them, to the left of them, and in front of them, until it assumed the proportion of an epidemic. Individuals and organizations both suffered and profited by it.

The Athletic Association suffered from it, recovered, and then had a relapse which, I fear, proved fatal. Too bad, for it did a good work in its time.

—What an easy way to get out of a contribution it was, and how dignified too, to say, "I am financially embarrassed." Still, there were times when the cash would have come in handier; say when one of the literary societies wanted to give one of their blow-outs and had to make a special levy to do it.

The Senior class was in that condition at the beginning of the year. It was the beginning of hard times and the class had to overcome the financial stringency if it wanted an Annual. So they hustled with the Senior Play. They started financial embarrassment running and then, with the combined attack of the whole school, in the Carnival, he was completely routed. He had found his masters: words and a little pep. The class proved that they had both of these, although it was strongly

intimated at the beginning of the year that they were troubled with a shortage of both. We may give a great deal of credit for the improvement along these lines to Mrs. Jones, for it was she, who prodded us on until we had to work and show a little life or succumb to the irresistible force.

At any rate, through combined efforts, the class was freed from any touch of financial embarrassment and was thus enabled to carry all of its undertakings to a successful finish.

The Rest Room

At last we have it! The long hoped-for, looked-for rest room. After numerous candy sales, sandwich sales, movie benefits, donations and the like, a sufficient sum to purchase the equipment of this room was obtained.

They did well, our Parent-Teachers Association, to furnish that parlor-bed-sitting-room in such style on such an amount. But they did it. Miracles never cease.

Great joy was shown when we discovered it had happened and we all ran and—peeked in. Some of the bolder ones went in and sat in the chairs, while those who were superstitious made wishes as they sat there. Mrs. Sehart Jones was the first to take a nap on the day bed. It must have been a pleasant initiation for it.

It is furnished very prettily and artistically with the three chairs and the table of wicker, the lamp, the day-bed, and the rugs all of such harmonious coloring. The only thing lacking is a tint on the walls, but we need not worry about this fact, for the good women who are members of our Parent-Teachers Association, will not leave unfinished what they have so nobly begun.

—D. E. C. '21.

Hair

The bobbed hair craze is rapidly causing the girls in the under-classes of the William Chrisman High School to sacrifice their beautiful tresses.

Why do they do it?

Is it because they think they are better looking?

Is it too much trouble to comb long hair?

Or, can't they afford to buy hair pins?

We have heard of great artists and pianists bobbing their hair so that it will not divert attention from their work. Can it be possible that these ambitious girls want to devote more time to their studies? That seems improbable.

It is a lucky fad for the stringy-haired girl who had to wear a rat or use sister's combings, to make it appear that she had beautiful hair, and lots of it. Now, with only the aid of a curling iron, she can have her hair dressed without having to add extra hair to what nature has given her.

Then there is another fad in the hair dressing line which has for a long time prevailed in our school—this is the spit curl. Girls use everything from glue to

bandoline to hold them down. These curls appear in different sizes and shapes; large and small. Some are question marks turned upside down, some form the figure six, and some are almost perfect circles.

The girls in all four classes cater to the desire for spit curls.

But what can be done to bring about a change? The girls "hang together" and the words of the boys have no weight. We admit that the girls go to extremes, but did you ever see so many "side-burns" in your life? And where would sister get her bandoline or know its possibilities if brother did not leave his on his dresser? Brother's hair is truly a slick and shining example. But bandoline is not the only secret. In the inside coat pocket of nine out of every ten boys you will find a slender black comb, and, if it is accidentally forgotten, the way sister sometimes does with her powder puff, the unfortunate boy is in agony unless he can borrow one.

The boys may look with disdain on the elaborate and so-called spit curl, but his bandoline and "sideburns" bar him from open comment, for the old adage, "people who live in glass houses must not throw stones," still holds true.

So all that can be done is to be thankful it is no worse and hope that fashions will change.

—F. R. '21.

Trade - Lasts

"Oh! I have a trade-last for you!"

How often do we hear that thrilling exclamation resounding in the rooms and halls of W. C. H. S.? Immediately there is a mad "raking up" of the first necessary part of this business transaction by the person in suspense. Yes, what else can it be called except a "business transaction?" It is undoubtedly that.

By making a wild guess one might suppose that the origin of the trade-last idea was probably for the sake of jest or desire to tease. But now, it is one of the most vital issues in the existence of our vanity. It seems to be an important fixture in the every-day life of the school—this buying and selling of other peoples' opinions. One wonders how they can truly be called compliments when the process of the transaction is laid bare. Someone speaks a good word for someone else, and it is immediately capitalized by the hearer who sells it for a compliment in return. Would you consider it a compliment to admit that you had to buy one? Isn't it rather egotistical, actually trying to buy something which cannot be bought—someone's good opinion?

Often we are asked to "Tell me something about Mary. She has a trade-last for me."

"But I don't even know her."

"Oh, well, I'll show her to you, and you say—just anything."

And perhaps if the trade-last is something like this; "So-and-So said you were the cutest thing!"—well, in the catalogue they go for compliments, but after all, how much is a trade-last really worth?

—E. M. '21.

The Honor System as a Step to Student Government

The Honor System is as yet, an unexplored reel in our High School. It should become a part of our system, because the primary purpose of a high school is to build character; and honor is the foundation stone of character.

You ask what is the Honor System? It is the expression of one's character through one's actions. We might say through the eyes, rather than through his actions, for he pledges that at no time on examination or whenever copying might be done, will his eyes move slyly over to take in the efforts of another pupil. To make his word binding he writes at the bottom of his paper, "I received no help" or some other like words. Much is involved in this last movement, for "what shall it profit a man" if his given word is worth nothing? If you have written something that is not true, your deceit is in your own handwriting, and what evidence is more conclusive?

The most logical outcome of the Honor System would be Student Government, for after a pupil develops his own honor he will be able to respect the honor and integrity of a fellow officer on the Student Council. The results of such a system would probably not be apparent in the school because some pupils are always looking for an opportunity to take advantage, but to a great number the fact that the faculty had confidence in them, would go a long way toward making worthy citizens of our High School graduates.

H. M. S. '21.

Our Custodians

What would W. C. H. S. do and where would we all be if it wasn't for our kind, unselfish, accommodating custodians? Now honest, do you think we could really exist without them? Just try it once and see.

It is Mr. Duncan, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Monroe who have to stay up in the wee hours to clean and straighten after a rollicking, jolly good mixer; it is they who keep the school tidy and sanitary; who keep the campus in trim shape and good looking, so that we are all quite proud of our school. Maybe if they were feminine creatures instead of otherwise, they would make wonderful housekeepers or Red Cross Nurses.

But please remember that co-operation is greatly needed by the custodians in order to perform their daily tasks, for their work is made doubly hard if we students don't carry out our end of the program. Perhaps Mr. Morgan and Mr. Wilson do get "fussed" at us once in a great while, (well, who could blame them?) but let's give them just as free, whole-hearted help and co-operation as they have given us during the school year 1921, and step into the harness and make W. C. H. S. the very best and cleanest high school in the State of Missouri. What do you say students? Wow! Let's go!!

LITERARY



Florence B. Rogers



MISS BARR

TO MISS BARR, OUR GLEAM CRITIC

We know, Miss Barr, that you came here a stranger,
But we all hope you're not a stranger still,
For you have worked so faithfully to help us
Perform the tasks that often were uphill.

We feel we owe a debt we can't repay you
For the many tedious hours that you have spent,
But when in after years we read our book o'er,
We'll realize perhaps, just what it meant.

We hope that it was just as much a pleasure
To you, as it has always been to us,
You won our gratitude in greatest measure,
By your ever ready help and willingness.

It's not alone the work that was accomplished,
The association must be counted too,
And the thing we'd like you to remember
Is, "that we appreciate just YOU."

DORIS NELSON and ELVA MERRIL, '21.

SUNLIT SPOTS

(Gleam Prize Poem)

Once, as I dreamed on a grassy lea
Wee dainty fairy-folk danced for me;
"Tell me," said one as she paused to rest,
"Where lies the sunlit spot you love best?"

Of all the bright spots so dear to me
How can I say which the dearest may be?
The foaming brook in the sun-dappled shade
Singing and sparkling its way through the glade?

The stately grove where the soft wind lives,
And the west sun a golden glory gives?
The road that in sunny quietness lies?
Or the sunlike smile of a good friend's eyes?

The fields a shimmer in April mist?
The friendly hedge that the frost has kissed?
The homely fields that the winter ice
And sun light have changed to a paradise?

Then came a golden thought soft and still,
Memory of sweet evening's vesper bell,
Shadow of all that is sweetest and best,
The last fleeting doubt had been laid to rest.

The gravelly path to the open door,
The rose-clad cottage and garden's floor
Low west sun a golden glory gives,
Dearest home where the dearest Mother lives.

ELSIE PROCTOR, '22.

Uncrowned Kings

(Senior Prize Essay)

Sound the trumpets, wave the banners, shout aloud your joy and proclaim your loyal welcome! A king is crowned today! He that rides slowly through the throng in his gleaming robes of state, pray, is he the king? Yes, the world has called him king and all his people bow before him. Is it for his kingly heart or noble nature that they thus do him honor? Even the people themselves, after a thoughtful moment, would answer, no. His father's sires were revered so; he has inherited the respect and loyalty paid to them. The crowning is nothing but a beautiful, symbolic ceremony, sacred to some nations for it satisfies their love of the ceremonious. The pomp, the show, the homage—'tis harmless enough and quite fitting, too, if the honor is paid some man of truly princely character, but how often are the so-called kings mere puppets and how often do grand men of sterling worth and courage go all unhonored and uncrowned!

The uncrowned heroes of obscurity are but kings placed in the shadow. Their station or their worldly work is not accounted by the Judge who rewards kingly men for—

"All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first."

Time was, there walked upon this earth a Lowly Man unhonored, scorned, condemned to die. No nation hailed Him as its king, no gracious palace opened to His will, yet in all the world no king was worthy to so much as lace His shoes. Unknowingly the world let Him pass on and not till He was gone did it realize earth's Greatest King had come and gone unheralded and uncrowned. Oh, worldly heads that wear a crown, bow down in shame before the King who needs no symbol to bear witness to His loyalty! If the Great King Himself was not recognized, is it not probable that we daily let kingly men go by unnoticed and uncrowned? 'Tis very likely, for "Eyes blinded by the fog of Things cannot see Truth."

What of our empire builders of the West? It was their task to prepare a track that all mankind might follow safely. Their love of liberty led them to forge ahead and blaze a plain, wide trail. They wrested from the wilderness a home; they were kingly men, for theirs was the joy of righteous conquest and the whole untrammelled wild they claimed as kingdom. They boasted of their wealth of happiness to crowned kings upon their thrones and surely in their hearts, the kings acknowledged the pioneer's more valuable attainment. They would not have traded their cabins for crowns or palaces with all the exhaustive duties of a kingdom, for "What have kings that privates have not, too, save ceremony?" They built a nation, nevertheless the West claimed heavy toll as price of conquest. She fell like a strong man with arms outspread, bringing the empire builders down to weary and untimely death, and a new generation swept over their graves reaping the benefit of their sacrifice.

A race of uncrowned kings passed on into the Great Beyond, their names all

but forgotten in the rush, not even the worldly crowns of victory rested on their heads.

In early days men rose so far above the homely, selfish things of life that God himself seemed working through them. The eastern cities with their greed of trade were sorry soils for seeds of human kindness to flourish in, but out of the cities went an old man whom some inner vision guided to the thankless task of planting apple trees throughout the wild but fruitful valleys of the unsettled West. The people smiled and called him odd because he planted apples in a forest, and his peculiar turn of mind made him live always in mysterious and lonely poverty, but when he came down to death, he felt his work was finished and his heart was glad. Now throughout Ohio the apple trees in the happy, fruitful farmlands put on a flowery crown each spring and bow in reverence to the orchard king whose only crown was one of blossoms.

The great men tasks, the labors of love that bring the after-happiness and security to all human creatures, these are the privilege of some great sacrificing souls whose only payment is the joy of service and the sleep of death. The men who perfected our forms of commerce are not the merchants who enjoyed the trade and to whom the praise is given for perfect transportation. The adventurers who first sailed the unknown seas and weathered adverse gales were soon forgotten in the fleets of ships that swept the seas. Their crowns of triumph rested upon other brows and other ships enjoyed the waters that they found. The toilers who moved miles of solid earth aside that ships might pass safely through a continent from sea to sea and not be forced to go a long and dangerous voyage around a stormy cape, were not they hailed as being of true kingly nature, and did not some nation honor them with royal favor? The whole world welcomed their achievement and every day great ships pass safely on their way, but the men who brought this thing to pass gave up their lives to a wasting fever which was the penalty earth placed upon them for making her this princely gift. The men who did the actual labor in this work were mostly humble and unlettered workmen, but what matter? "The rank is but the guinea's stamp and a man's the gold, for all that." Today the great canal stands a sad, triumphal monument to another group of uncrowned kings.

The world is ever ready to crown the rich and well born. Tradition demands that there shall be a favored few and a customary method has been established whereby the few are chosen. An old evil is often not recognized as an evil at all, and a fickle public goes on selecting its showy favorites and supporting its old lines of kings. A princely title is bestowed upon a man and lo, a glamor is cast about him; he is wonderful, above the ordinary man, his virtues are magnified and his faults forgotten. If the king has not the noble qualities suited to his high position then a romantic world invests him with the characteristics fond fancy identifies with a king, and, at length, to the over wrought imagination he really seems the most noble in the land. The popular hero of the moment gets the devotion and what time is there in which to hunt up the obscure personality, no matter how worthy it should be? The great humanitarians whose work goes on so silently, are they the pets of public favor? No; they are thanked but not appreciated. Scientists who give their whole lives to the working out of problems for the better-

ment of mankind are not among the crowned kings of the world. The men who gave their lives to test some cure for a deadly disease have saved many lives by their act, yet the world looks pityingly at their unfinished work and says it is lamentable that such promising men were taken away before they made their mark in the world and attained their crowns of fame. Regardless of what the world may say, are they not most truly kings and who can tell but by their sacrifice they gained an eternal crown of happiness? When the final count is taken, after all, "The Crown is not the Kingdom, nor is one king because he wears a crown."

There are so many uncrowned kings that even one who looks for them finds only a few, and is it not because we look in the wrong places? The wonder workers of the world must not be thought the only kings who go uncrowned. There are the Grand Failures also. They have done no work of any great importance for 'twas their lot to labor patiently at some hidden task that seemingly brought no results. They come to their old age at last and, in spite of all their labor, they are poor and useless now; the world says they have failed. Yes, they have failed, but in the things that do not matter. Their lives stretch clean and white behind them; they are blessed with a crown of snowwhite locks that seem the very benediction of heaven resting on them; they are at peace with God and man. Few kings of wordly goods claim such a heritage.

"The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart."

VIVILEE PROFFITT.

Vases Are Up

Two men sat in a room of the Waldorf Astoria talking. They must have been talking about something very important, else why would they have been over by the window as far from the door and keyhole as possible? At last they reached an agreement.

"I'll tell you what we'll do!" One of them, a thin, wiry sort of a man, said, "you go over to old De Point's and look at those pearls. While you are there I will telephone. Even that young clerk would know enough to lock the door before answering, but you pitch the pearl under the counter or some other safe place; then hand him this substitute. Later in the day I will go over, make some trifling purchase, and get it."

"Well," replied the other, "It ought to work, but if I am caught you know what that means."

"Nonsense! Why, there is no danger in the world. It's as safe as anybody could wish."

Monsieur De Point kept a small shop on lower Fifth Avenue, a modest shop, but sometimes the goods he had on hand were worth close to a million dollars. The sign on the window bore this inscription, "M. De Point, Precious Stones.

Paintings and Old China." The store was well furnished in the best of taste. At the back of the room stood a safe, the pride of Monsieur's heart. Around the walls were tall glass and mahogany cases that were used for counters. These were furnished with black velvet to make the stones show off to a better advantage, although some of the fine stones were kept in the safe. Towards the front of the store there was a device that a smooth tongued salesman had sold to Monsieur. It looked like an ordinary tack, but when one stepped on it, the door was at once locked.

Two clerks, one an elderly man of perhaps sixty or sixty-five, the other, young Paul La Force, were the only employees entrusted with the sale of valuable curios and stones. Two weeks previous, Monsieur had received four valuable pearls, which, it is true, were regarded with suspicion by Paul, because he had good reason to believe that they had been smuggled into the country. However, that was none of his affair. His business was to sell them.

Paul was in the front of the store, getting the stock in place for the day, when a man who had looked at the pearls the day before entered.

"Will Monsieur look at the pearls?" he was asked.

"If you please; that very large one that you showed me yesterday. You know the one I mean?"

"It is a great stone for fifteen thousand and you will always regret it if you let this chance go by," said Paul eyeing the stone with admiration.

"Yes, it is a great stone for the money, but fifteen thousand is a good deal of money for a mere ornament." Just then the phone rang, and Paul turned to answer it, locking the door as he did so. The customer looked around quickly, saw a vase at his elbow, and dropped in the pearl. Instantly he slipped a substitute from his pocket and began examining it with care.

"Well, I guess I'll think about this a little longer. Thank you for your trouble."

"Not at all, Monsieur. Call again."

In half an hour a man came in, walked up to Paul, and said. "I want to see a vase, a good one. You see one of my best friends is going to Europe and I want to give him something nice."

"Yes, Monsieur, here is an exquisite thing, a wonderful piece of work for one thousand."

"Not good enough; lets see that one with the unusual carving," as he picked up the one containing the pearl.

"Well, Monsieur, that is five thousand."

"Five thousand! Why, I had no idea it was more than one thousand; however it strikes my fancy. Wrap it up. No, Stop! You need not go to the trouble. I'll take it with me."

When he was gone Paul hurried back to where Monsieur was sitting, in a black skull cap, reading the latest news of French politics.

"I have sold the Florentine vase, Monsieur."

"For how much?"

"Five thousand."

"Five thousand! Mon Dieu!"

Then Paul told of his strategy, how he had seen the customer slip the imitation out of his pocket; and how he had changed the price after the man went out.

"After I had done this I changed the price from four-hundred fifty to five thousand. I knew I would have a customer and I did. He grumbled about the price but he took the vase. And by the way, Monsieur, what do you suppose he will do when he finds out about my trick?"

"Boy," answered Monsieur, "for what he will say and think I guess a good priest would turn him out of the church."

ROGER SLAUGHTER.

The Commercial Department

Before these days of specialization anyone could enter an office and take charge of a set of books, but now times have changed and one must be capable and thoroughly equipped for this line of work, otherwise he is rejected. Anyone is able to secure a responsible position—why not try? Do you think a want ad which reads, "experienced bookkeeper and stenographer wanted—no other need apply" means nothing? If you do you are very much mistaken for it means just exactly what it says! Therefore, Bookkeeping and Stenography are becoming two of the most essential phases in the field of the business world. Recognizing this necessity for efficient business training, commercial departments are being included in the curriculums of our best and most up-to-date high schools. The W. C. H. S., of Independence, Missouri, not to be out-done by other high schools of its standing, added a commercial course to its curriculum, in 1919. It has, since its very beginning, made excellent progress in preparing the students for their chosen profession in the business world.

Last year only one point was received for two-periods work in stenography but during the year 1920 and 1921 one-half point has been added, which entitles the student to one and one-half points for one term's work. The advanced class can boast of twenty-eight pupils, all of whom have passed the twenty-five and forty word tests in typewriting, and each received a certificate for efficiency and a leather card case. A few have passed the sixty word test, entitling them to a gold medal, this being the first time during the history of the commercial department that this speed has been acquired. As for shorthand, each student was required to attain a speed of one hundred words a minute, a few even writing one hundred and eight words a minute.

Several delightful and beneficial trips have been taken. One to Montgomery Ward and Company where the Dictaphone, Addressopress, Burrough's System of Filing, and their systematic business methods were demonstrated. Other visits of interest were made to the Elliott Addressopress Company, Burrough's Adding Machine Company and The Gate City National Bank. At this bank the class was taken through the various offices and also into the vault, which was guarded by a massive door. These trips were of the most practical benefit and help to the pupils and all profited by them.

The work of this year has been a great help and probably of more value to the students than they realize, and this has been due to the excellent leadership and teaching of Miss Fannye Hanlon, to whom many of them will be indebted for their future success.

Not only has Miss Hanlon given the very best of training to the pupils in her own particular classes, but, more than that, she has been untiring in her efforts to render every assistance to the Gleam Staff in getting the material ready for the Gleam and, to her especially, those of the Staff wish to express their feeling of appreciation of what she has done.

—E. R. G. '21.

Science Department

Everyone, every man and every woman, every boy and every girl, has let his or her fancy stray at times and wished for power over the matter of the world; has wished for a magic wand that would transform one thing into another; for the philosopher's stone which would turn the common metal into gold; for the subtle elixir by which life could be prolonged in perpetual youth.

Those who have learned the secret of the transformation of matter and energy, who have done in very fact those things which the alchemists and the magicians of old hoped to do—those men and women have been so busy that they have only had time to tell each other of their results in order to push ahead more quickly into the darkness of the cavern of the many treasures. They have had to make a language to describe the things they have discovered, and they have not taken time to tell everybody what their words mean.

The hiding places of modern treasures are so strange that they can not be found by chance.

Silk hidden in the fibre of the cotton; exquisite dyes and perfumes in a pot of tar; bright metals in common clay; the strength of the volcano in saltpeter; silver in lead; deadly poisons and healing medicines in a lump of coal; food in the air.

As you strike a match it calls out that its head is made from bones and sulphur and fish glue, under the chemists' direction; that its stick is soaked in alum to prevent it glowing; alum made from the mineral called Bauxite.

As the gas is turned on it whistles that it is made from coal, and water, and coke, and that its making is controlled by the chemist. The gas range goes back to the iron ore of Lake Michigan from which it was made in the Pittsburgh blast furnaces. Again a transformation of matter.

The truth is that the shadow of the chemist is over all that comes into the household for food. If his efforts do not contribute directly, they do indirectly because his knowledge stands between the thief and the profit to be stolen by the adulteration of food.

Chemistry is profoundly important, and fascinatingly interesting. To learn something of the facts which the chemist has to interpret, and to learn how this knowledge is put to use is to become better acquainted with the wonders of life; it is the key to the gateway into a new region; to have it is almost the same as to have a new sense, the sense of matter.

To lose one's sight, to be blind, has always been thought one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall a human being. It is true, and it is equally true that to extend human vision means adding to the wealth of life. Chemistry has done this in a great many ways. In the photograph it has made it possible for you to see, even though you were not near the object you viewed. The camera may produce something which is a truthful record of what can be seen upon the earth.

Another widening of vision has come of the joint efforts of physicists and chemists. The physicist has produced rays which pass through a great many kinds of matter which are opaque to ordinary light. The chemist has made it possible to convert these rays into visible ones. In consequence of this, you can stand in front of the X-ray tube and see the beating of your heart.

Our eyes have seen strange things because of the results of chemistry; our ears have been given more to hear. Everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land, the same human voice may be heard at the same time by means of the phonograph, and this instrument is in a great measure successful because of the material which the chemist has placed at the disposal of the inventor of the mechanism, more especially for the making of the discs.

What has been said should show that this branch of knowledge is one that can very well be studied by everyone sufficiently to become familiar with the part it

plays in life. It is like a universal language which refers to everything everywhere.

This universe, from the structure of the least of all things, the parts of the atom, to the limitless boundaries of the great heavens, is for you to read. Will you go blind to all this wonder, busying yourselves with the little shallow, petty things, or will you see what is your heritage, a greater wealth than any stored in all the vaults of all the world's treasures? The token that you must show to take these treasures into yourselves is knowledge, knowledge of the sciences, not least among which is chemistry.

The Teacher Training Department

Do not think that because the Teacher Training Department has never before had a place in the "Gleam" that it has not existed. It has now passed its fourth birthday, having been born in September, 1917. It appeared in the Independence High School during Mr. Street's third term, in the old building. With it came Miss Potter who has been its only instructor during its life-time.

This department has been very worth while, having graduated seven teachers each year. This year the graduating class has been increased to ten. After completing the course each graduate is presented with a first class county certificate. A very commendable fact is that during the three years that the Teacher Training Department has existed in the Independence High School, it has never had a failure.

Some very interesting trips for the purpose of observing other teachers and schools, have been taken. Among the most enjoyable and helpful of these were: a visit to the Oldham School on the Old Lee Summit Road where one of the 1920 girls is teaching; a trip to Karnes School in Kansas City, where the day was spent in visiting classes in the school for defective children, and exceptionally interesting classes in the main building; and the Kansas City Part Time School. The class has visited also many of the rooms in the local grade schools.

Its members act as substitutes whenever a teacher in the grade schools is absent and a regular substitute cannot be obtained.

Besides the Senior members, there are eight Juniors, who will carry on the work next year. This Department has become one of the permanent departments in the curriculum of the W. C. H. S. and each year its place becomes more and more important, as the necessity for trained teachers is greater than ever before.

—D. E. '21.

The English Department

The English Department is probably the most important department in our high schools of today. The work done in it is more evident in our daily life, and the good or bad results of the English course are very often taken as indications of the general scholastic accomplishments of a school. What could be of more value to one taking up any line of work out in the world than a ready command of our own rich, English language? "Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought," and the ability to express one's self fluently is often the secret of success in life.

William Chrisman High School offers a four-year course in English, the first three years required and the fourth elective. It is the aim of the course to give a well-rounded knowledge of the English language and to create an appreciation of our own literature. It is planned with a view to furnishing a basis for higher study in English, yet is also intended to give a practical and varied line of work that will be complete in itself and supply the elementary knowledge of English most useful

to a high school graduate who does not attend a higher institution of learning.

The English work is interesting and in after life will surely help the individual as much or more than any other subject offered in his school training. If one might draw aside the curtain of the future and see the crying need there will be for the right thing to be said at the right time, some indifferent English students would be the most diligent of all the pupils. The influence we may have upon the lives about us may be due chiefly to our choice of expression for

"Apt words have power to 'suage
The rumors of a troubled mind;
And are as balm to festered wounds."

Music in W. C. H. S.

"There's music in the sighing of a reed,
There's music in the gushing of a rill,
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
There earth is but an echo of the sphere."

There is music in the William Chrisman High School and it is becoming a big factor in the school life. This work has many divisions; there are the regular classes in Harmony, Chorus, and Orchestration; also, the organizations of the Girls' Glee Club, the Girls' Quartette, the Boys' Glee Club, and the Boys' Quartette.

The Harmony Class is a one-year College preparatory course. This is a very interesting course for those who are interested in music.

The Orchestra, we all know, for it has cheered us with its music in assembly and at the various school activities. It consists chiefly of stringed instruments whose players show remarkable ability and excellent training.

The Chorus, besides its regular class work, combines with the Glee Club in giving entertainments. The Girls' Glee Club and the Girls' Quartette have shown their ability at various times; at Christmas in a Cantata, in assembly, and at the Carnival. The Boys' Glee Club and Boys' Quartette have been organized only since the beginning of the second semester, and therefore, have been unable to accomplish as much as the Girls' organizations. At the time of the writing of this article the Glee Clubs are planning to co-operate in giving an Operetta, and the Quartettes are hoping to go to Warrensburg to take part in the musical tournament.

Miss Josephine Dixon, the musical supervisor, is the guiding spirit of these organizations and the school owes much to her for many of its delightful entertainments.

—D. E. C. '21.



Freshmen

We were the meekest of Freshies,
 The meekest of Freshies were we,
 We'd sit by and sigh
 And eat humble pie.
 Oh, the meekest of Freshies were we!

MEMORIAL EVENTS

Sept. 15. Little timid girls and bashful boys were brought to school by their mam-mas.

Little Green Things initiated into the Castle by the Pages, the Squires and the Knights.

Mrs. Barnett, our "little mother," shoosed us along like chick-a-dees whenever we flew the wrong way, (which was quite often).

We lived in vain hopes of moving into our new home—W. C. H. S.

What did Mr. Street do with his teeth?

Miss Mize—"Boys, don't do that. It isn't nice."

"Junior-Freshie" party—electrical shock! Perhaps we Freshies were shocked in more ways than one.

Them XMAS HOLIDAYS! Oh, boy! Ain't it a gran' an' glorious feelin'?

Oh, those schemes hatched up by the Freshmen girls to ensnare the Senior vamps (Dale D. and Marguerite B.)

Vaudeville. How superior Mop looked in the role of a butler and how very becoming!!

Temple Childs—our beauty contestant.

TO BE A GREEN, YOUNG FRESHIE IS THE GREATEST SPORT OF ALL!

Sophomores

The Sophs, the Sophs, oh who are they?
 With a peppy spirit and winning way,
 And their bright happy smiles
 Shedding radiance for miles.
 The clever class of '19 we'd say!

MEMORIAL EVENTS

Our dreams realized—the first Sophomore class in W. C. H. S.

Our first class meeting. Oh, dear! We all lost our tongues.

Those wonderful hikes, miles———long!

"There are smiles——." How the assembly hall shone with smiles.

Weenie roast at Compton's Lake. Railroad tracks and waning moon.

Basket ball. William Chrisman 56—Liberty 14.

Peach stones. Peach stones. My kingdom for a peach stone.

Warrensburg campaign. W. C. H. S. returns with the long coveted trophy, the earnings of the overwhelming victory.

Our bright and shining faces once more addressed by the Superintendent.

February 27. Sophomore-Senior party. Arrival of "Mother Goose."

Sophomores invited to attend a moonlight party, in the morning, given by the Freshies, at the Fair Grounds.

At last! "Exams" are over. We are certainly thankful that there are only two semesters in a year.

Juniors

Spiffy, snappy, Juniors
Full of vim and pep!
Faithful to our standards,
Careful of our rep!

MEMORIAL EVENTS

What's it all about? Enrollment, of course.

Will we ever forget Miss Icie Johnson? No! No! She was the Juniors' staff and stay—an ideal sponsor.

Poor George, at those class yelling assemblies. We wondered and still wonder how he managed to keep his vocal cords in good working order (Mystery???)

"An' the Goblins 'll Git You ef You Don't Watch Out." Junior-Sophomore party—Hallowe'en, October 24.

Literary Societies become prominent.

We wonder—does Lymerrick ever tire of calling Fairmount 150?

Spizzerinktum Club. That memorial night at Anne's!

Long live the W. C. H. S. Athletic Association. We want dividends. Boom! Boom!

"Khristmus." "Ye Olde Deestrick Skule." Everything was there from the "iron-bound bucket" to the Rev. Solomon Grundy, (Pretty Kerr) with his mouth full of pro-

digious words and his pockets full of playing cards.

Miss Sehart's diamond. O-la-la! When *will* she make the announcement?

Rings and pins. Shout it to the house tops.

Our Daniel Webster arrives in the personage of Kenneth Flournoy.

St. Patrick's Day. Sophomore-Junior party. The Blarney stone we'll never forget. No, never.

Inter-class basket ball games—JUNIORS "CHAMPIONS."

"Just for fun." Dear Jane McCarthy and her Irish brogue—"Shoire, and Aye dinna kneow, Miss."

Fantastic Fancies—crowning activity of the year.

The thrill that comes once in the life time of every Junior—the Junior Reception. The fountain, the rainbow and even the pots of gold were there. How can we ever forget Tom's joke about the cow's tails?

ABSOLUTELY!!!!

Seniors

The class of twenty-one are we,
Yes, we're the Seniors, don't you see.
Our motto, "live in deeds, not years."
And this through life, our pathway steers,
True to our standards, morals, goals;
Ready to meet up with all the world holds.

MEMORIAL EVENTS

Drawing nearer, still nearer to our goal—Graduation.

Fo-ard march. Enter a new brigade of teachers.

Where has our school pal ACTIVITY gone? Shall we call for Carson & Company?

Let's start something. Go to it, Pep Girls.

Why is it that candy sales are perpetually and eternally held in Miss Dixon's music rooms? (Information wanted.)

"Only Kids Welcome." C. S. C. foot ball kid party. Kid dresses, socks, knickerbockers, curls, and Buster-Brown suits turned out in gala array.

Our new coach is initiated into William Chrisman Athletics.

Senior-Sophomore Mixer.

Harvey takes up a new line of study—Art.

Frequent assemblies break the monotony and make life worth living.

Miss McDonald reigns supreme in Study Hall.

Christmas program. "Minty Malviny." "I'll put an orange in the heel hole." "No, sah, Mistah Santa Claus, I'se not natu'aly white. No, sah."

Who said "Privileges?" "I," said the Hall, "with my white washed wall."

Mock trial of "School Nuisances." Fred kept a beautiful cherubic expression throughout the trial???

February 14. Valentine party. N. L. S.

entertains. The boys learned the p's and q's of proposing—ain't it the truth, though?

Shall we ride, walk or DANCE?

Excitement! Extra! Extra! La Verite Nue! Latest edition out!

February 25-26. "The Man From Home." Nuff sed.

"Mock Wedding"—Pauline: "Oh, gee! Which finger does this ring go on, anyway?"

Sophomore-Senior party.

Spizzerinktum hike. Snakes by the whole-sale. Whoopee-e-e-e!

Carnival — superslobgopsusexhilarating magnoliousheliarpien! Grandest hit of the season. M-A-N—man!

Grades, grades, grades. You are on your last home stretch to make good, now.

"Gleam." Greatest and hardest job of the year.

"Fine day for the race, Bud." "Huh?" "The human race." Aw—April fool.

Senior girls' memory books—storehouses of precious treasures.

Quizzes, quizzes, quizzes-s-s-s-s-s.

Commencement. Each Senior receives a small roll of white paper tied with a beautiful white ribbon.

Farewell, dear old C. H. S. We shall never forget you. No, never.



Class Will

We, the Class of 1921, in 65 individual and distinguished parts, being about to pass out of this sphere of education, in full possession of a crammed mind, well trained memory and almost super-human understanding, do publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former promises by us at any time made as the careless wish of an idle hour.

First, we do direct that our funeral services be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, our principal and our all-wise and ever competent faculty, who have been our guardians for four years or longer, as individual case may have required, only asking that these services be carried on with all the dignity and ceremony that our worth, our merit, and our attainments must surely have deserved.

Second. To the remaining students of William Chrisman High School we bequeath the affirmative side of the much talked of debate, "Resolved, that students should be allowed to stand in halls." (Negative side taken.)

Third. To our unworthy and frivolous successors, the Juniors, we give the sole right and privilege to stage Senior plays, carnivals or any other means to gain the essential element used "to defray expenses of publishing the 'Gleam.'"

Fourth. To the Sophomores we grant in part the class pride in which they may find a firm foundation for the building of a successful class on condition that this material be judiciously used, and the plan modeled after that of the donor of this treasured gift.

Fifth. To the Freshies, we have dismal prospects to-wit: Three more years, the faculty, forbidden drug store and necessity of seven fifty-minute periods.

Sixth. To young and aspiring "perfect lovers" we have the startling, charming characteristics of Cedric Johnson; a long line of gab and taking ways.

Seventh. To those who desire to fish in the sea of knowledge, we have as bait, the book worms.

Eighth. To the more intelligent students who insist on a study period at the drug store, the class will install for their benefit one electric bell to be rung concurrently with all recitation room bells.

Ninth. All the rest and residue of our property, real, personal or mixed, not heretofore disposed of, we leave to Mr. Elliott to be placed in Trophy Case of lower hall as the relics of a passing race.

As sole executor of this, our last will and testament, we hereby constitute and appoint Mr. A. G. Duncan in order that due regard may be given to each and every wish.

We, the class of '21, on this sheet of parchment do set our hand and seal on this, the twenty..... day of May, Anno Domino, one thousand nine hundred twenty-one,
Witnesses:

Margaret L. Phelps.

Carrie L. Henry.

HARVEY B. BURRUS.

Dear Editor:

We have been asked to contribute something for the "Gleam." You want to know about us, the Freshman class of the William Chrisman High School. I am a mere atom of the class but will try to tell you something about the Freshies in their mad scramble for knowledge.

The first day of school the Sophs paraded our boys around the square with their shirt tails out, their trousers rolled up or their stockings rolled down, which ever was the most appropriate. Even our most stately Freshmen boys were compelled to go through this.

We started out as most Freshies do, in perfect awe of the upper classmen, the Seniors especially, but we no longer have that fear for them, or any of the rest for that matter. We soon became accustomed to our surroundings and were ready for work.

The majority of us started out with the regular Freshman course—English, Algebra, History, and Latin, or possibly Biology instead of Latin.

We are an organized class with officers and sponsors. We are honored by having Miss Tuller and Mrs. Parham as our sponsors.

At the beginning of the year we were entertained by the Juniors with a "Tacky Party." They certainly out-classed us in "tackiness" for both prizes were awarded to Juniors.

We did our share in the Carnival, but other than that we have not been very active as a class. But have patience with us. We are a good sort even if we do chew gum and shoot paper wads. We can only say that you will be proud of the green little Freshies some day.

Yours verdantly,

—SYBIL BURRUS, '24.

SOPHOMORES.

On the 8th of September, 1919, the class of 1923 entered W. C. H. S. They were given a hearty welcome by the upper classes who, to show their appreciation of this class paraded the boys through the streets, for the purpose, no doubt, of showing what a fine lot of new material had entered the W. C. H. S.

The welcome, however, did not end here for early in the year the Seniors entertained the members of the class with a mixer in the form of a "kid" party, hoping, thus, to make us feel more at home. The Freshman year passed pleasantly, the end of which found the little green "Freshies" of '23 ready to enter the dignified ranks of Sophomores at the beginning of September, 1920.

The Seniors this year, recognizing the added dignity of Sophomores, entertained the class with a Rook Party.

The class of 1923 showed its high school spirit by taking part in the many activities of the school. It showed its spirit of hospitality by extending the same hearty welcome to the Freshmen Class as had been given it.

Later in the year it paid due respects to the class of '21 by entertaining it with a St. Patrick's party. An interesting program and appropriate refreshments were features of the evening.

The class of '23 feels grateful to all its fellow-students and sponsors for their co-operation and good fellowship. It hopes in the ensuing years to accomplish something really worth while.

S. O., '23

JUNIORS.

The present Junior Class was one of the most favored classes that ever entered high school. We were the first freshmen to enter the New High School building and the classes could not point at us and call us "green" because we were unable to find our class rooms, for they were as unfamiliar with the building as we were.

Were we happy Freshmen? Yes, indeed. We were so fortunate as to have Miss Edith Maltby as our sponsor. Miss Mattie McCoy, who taught some Freshmen English classes, also took an interest in our class and under her direction we dramatized two scenes from "Treasure Island," one of the best, if not the best program a Freshman Class has ever presented.

The Juniors entertained us at our first party in high school, which we enjoyed immensely. We did not organize our class until the middle of the year, when Marjorie Simpson was elected president.

In our Sophomore year we elected Mary Winget, our most popular girl, as president. A St. Patrick's Day party, given for the Juniors, was the big event of the year. We carried out a green and white color scheme, even to the refreshments and—Oh boy! We could even taste the green in the ice cream.

As Juniors we have more responsibilities. Our first President was Morris Filson and our second William Johnson. During the first part of the year we descended from our dignified stools and gave the Freshmen a tacky party. If no other praise can be given us we at least deserve mention for our ability to be tacky.

The inter-class Basket Ball games were interesting and inspiring to us. We have some splendid players and expect to win the school championship next year.

We pictured the first Thanksgiving in Assembly under the direction of our sponsors, Miss Armstrong and Miss McDonald.

Of course, the biggest event of the whole year was the Junior Reception. Each year the Juniors think their reception the very best and we are not an exception. In fact, we know ours was the very best ever given. And so the year closed with a "hurrah for the Juniors."
M. S., '22.

"A SENIORITE"

"Gaily Bedight"

A Seniorite

Without the school and in.

Journeyed along

Playing ping pong,

Thinking four points to win.

The "taffy" he told

At length grew old

And thoughts seeped through his mind.

He saw his fate

A bit too late,

Result: He was left behind.

The moral is this,

And please do not miss

The fact you must be more serious.

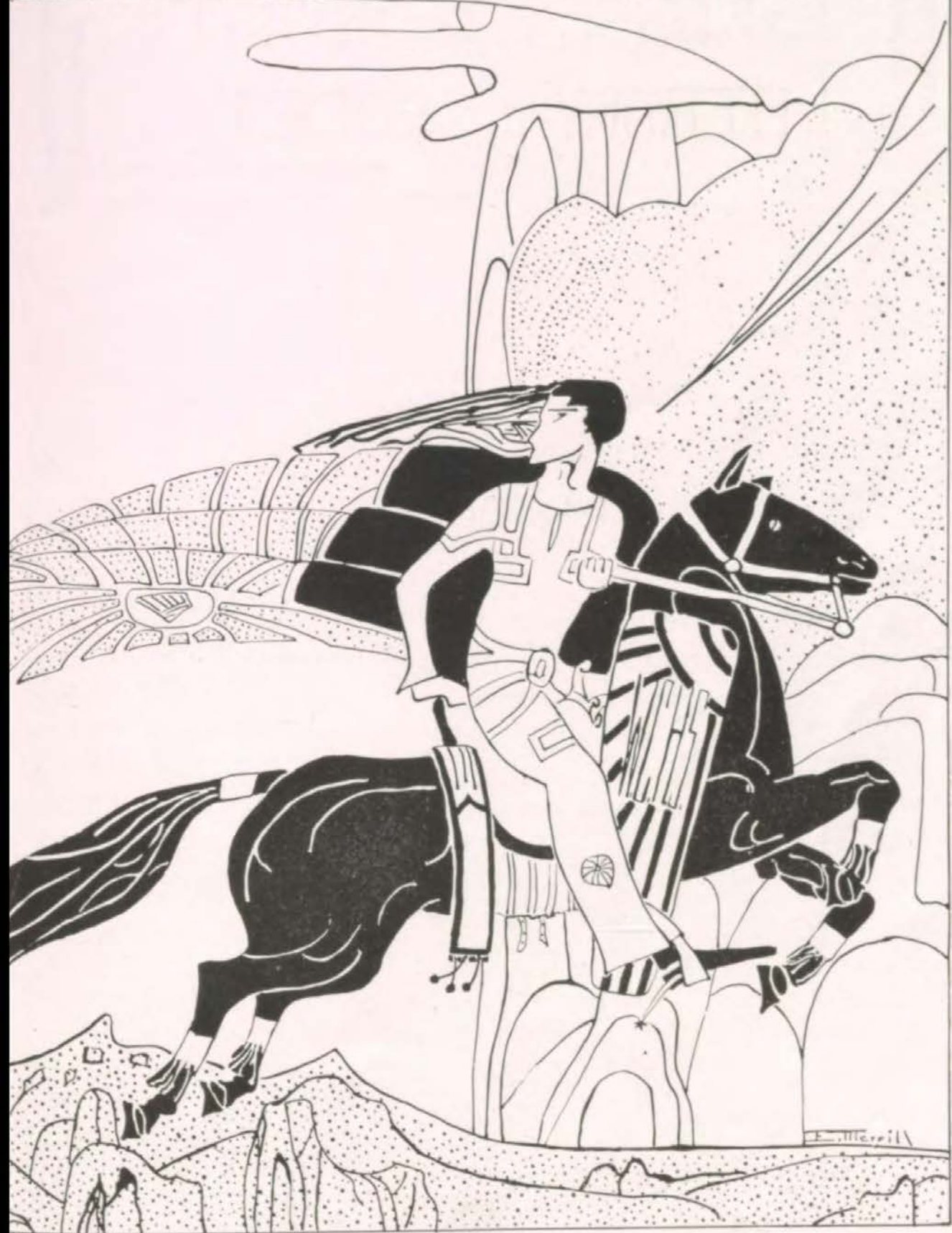
"All work and no play"

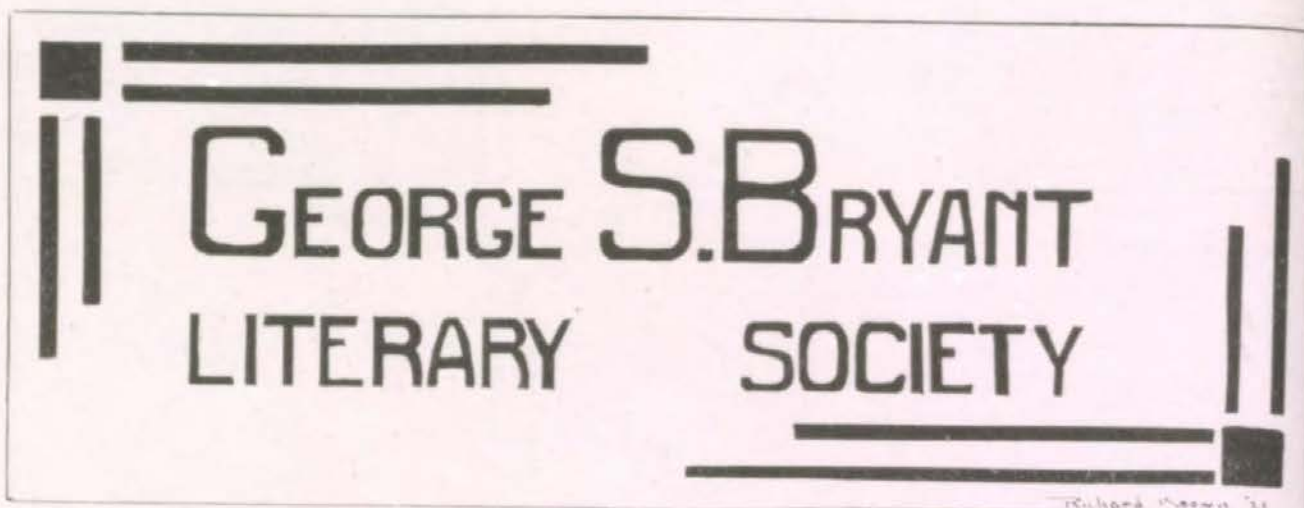
Is said every day,

But please do not be so hilarious.

M. S., '21.

ACTIVITIES





The Officers

KENNETH FLOURNOY.....	<i>President</i>	THOMAS BEETS
REGINALD SMITH.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	MARSHALL MILLER
MAURICE STREET.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	JACK HEFTER
DALE DRYDEN.....	<i>Secretary</i>	FAY GRIFFICE
THOMAS BEETS.....	<i>Attorney-General</i>	WILLIAM VARDEMAN
LYMERICK CAMPBELL.....	<i>Yell Leader</i>	RUSSELL GABRIEL
RICHARD BARKER.....	<i>Sergeant-At-Arms</i>	REGINALD SMITH
MISS PHELPS.....	<i>Critic</i>	MISS PHELPS

MOTTO: "*Excelsior.*"

COLORS: *Green and White.*



G. S. B. Literary Society

The George S. Bryant Literary Society, a boy's society in the William Chrisman High School, has for its purpose mutual improvement in literary lines, particularly in debating and public speaking. Besides this literary purpose, the society promotes social activities and develops that school spirit which tends to advance the best interests of the school.

The George S. Bryant Society has given many interesting and unique programs during the year, one of which was a mock trial in which Fred Butler was charged with flirting. In this trial the part of Judge was taken by Richard Keown; that of Marshal by Tom Beets; Harvey Burrus was the lawyer for the defense and Kenneth Flournoy the Prosecuting Attorney. Mr. Flournoy was successful in convincing the Jury that the accused, Mr. Butler, was guilty. The trial was prepared by the society as part of the regular work and later given in an assembly.

Another interesting and profitable program was given later which consisted of two parts, the first being an address by Dr. James E. Wolfe, who left an impression that boys should study to become political engineers. The second part was campaign speeches by Mr. Harding and Mr. Cox on the Victrola.

Mr. Barden, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, talked to the society on the necessity for preparation for the future. He said, "The boys of today are the men of tomorrow."

A very beneficial program was given on the life of Daniel Webster in which the following subjects were discussed: Webster's Boyhood Days; Webster, the Great Statesman; and Webster's Eloquence. The program closed with selections and quotations from Webster's famous speeches.

A very interesting hour was spent at one of the meetings listening to talks on Alaska, its industries, people and history.

The best debates of the year were made on the following subjects:—

Resolved: That a high protective tariff is to the best interest of the United States.

Resolved: That Germany should pay its indemnity to the Allies, and last, but not least, was a debate between the George S. Bryant Society and the Athenian in an open meeting of the societies. The subject was: Resolved: That the Philippines should now be given their independence.

The society presented some of the most important concessions at the High School Carnival, the best one being the Mikado which was enjoyed immensely by all who saw it.

The programs of the G. S. B. S. were not always serious; for the boys are decidedly human and enjoy humorous programs. One of the best was a very humorous minstrel show given by one of the squads in the Auditorium in which Cedric Johnson and Joe Fitzmorris distinguished themselves as adepts at the black-face art.

About the first of the year the society was entertained with an autumn party arranged by a committee; appropriate games were played and refreshments were served.

The members of the society feel that besides the social benefits derived from the association, they have accomplished much for themselves educationally. Much of their success has been due to the efficiency of their sponsor, Miss Margaret Phelps.

—M. M. '21.



Nautilus Literary Society

VIRGINIA McELROY.....	<i>President</i>	PAULINE NICHOLLS
HELEN BURRUS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	DOROTHY COURTWAY
PAULINE NICHOLLS.....	<i>Secretary</i>	HESTER SWAN
VIVILEE PROFFITT.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	SYBIL BURRUS
	<i>Art Editor</i>	EILEEN SHIMFESSEL
	<i>Literary Editor</i>	HENRIETTA WOLFORD
	<i>Critic</i>	MISS BARR

MOTTO: "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll.
Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea."

COLORS: Yellow and White.

FLOWERS Water Lily.



Nautilus Literary Society

The Nautilus Society began its work this year, taking it up just where it had been left off at the close of the 1920 school year. The old members, who consisted of thirteen Senior girls, invited certain other pupils of the school, whose standing came up to the desired requirements, to become members of the society. It then took a big stride forward when Miss Helen L. Barr consented to be the critic, and under her able leadership the program for the year's work was decided upon and outlined. The members of the society were divided into two groups, under the leadership of a captain, each group giving a program every two weeks. Some very excellent programs there were, too, consisting of debates, musical numbers, recitations, talks and orations. Oftimes after the business of the society was over, delightful social hours were held, dainty refreshments being provided for the occasion. These were the times when each girl became more intimately acquainted with her fellow sisters in the society, and as a result many true and lasting friendships have been made.

The lives of famous women was one of the branches to be studied during the year, and one very pleasing program consisted of the discussion of the lives of famous opera stars and the reproduction of their voices on the victrola.

The society gave its first public performance of the year in the latter part of November. This consisted of parts of Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish," in pantomime, and interesting talks on the paintings of Millet, "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners."

A second performance was given later in the year called "A Romance in Song." A pair of old fashioned lovers were introduced, "Annie Laurie" and "Robin Adair," they having met in "Ole Virginy." He told her "The Sweetest Story Ever Told." She sweetly replied, "I Love You Truly" and they both declared it was "A Perfect Day." Soon the "Lohengren" wedding march was heard, and at this juncture a mock wedding ceremony took place causing much amusement among the audience.

The Nautilus also did its share of entertaining, for during the foot ball season the society entertained the foot ball team with a "Kid Party." Juvenile games were played throughout the evening (for all were very young, some merely infants), and pink ice-cream cones, lolypops and chewing gum were refreshments that entirely suited the occasion.

On March 14, the Nautilus, according to its custom, entertained the G. S. B. boys with a Valentine Party, and it was here that the boys got lots of good practice in the art of proposing.

On the whole it has been a most profitable year for we have combined both work and pleasure, learning many things we wanted to know and enjoying many things we wanted to enjoy. It has been also a year where we have learned the value of true friendship, and what it may mean to us in years to come. Truly every member in the society has tried to "leave the low vaulted past" and "build more stately mansions," and it has been through the close fellowship with sister society members that part of this has been accomplished.



ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Society Officers

CHESTER G. FRISBEY.....*President*.....CLARENCE W. ERICKSON
 ROGER SLAUGHTER.....*Vice-President* EMMETT STARR
 CLARENCE ERICKSON.....*Treasurer* LAWRENCE JOHNSON
 LAWRENCE JOHNSON.....*Secretary* WAYNE LUFF
 CLARK DUDLEY WOODFORD....*Sergeant-At-Arms* WAYNE SMITH
 HAROLD MORGAN.....*Attorney-General* HAROLD MORGAN
 MR. ELLIOTT.....*Critic*

FLOWER: *Begonia.*

COLORS: *Blue and Green.*

MASCOT: *"Intellectual Pup."*

MOTTO: *"We can because we know we can."*



Athenian Literary Society

The Athenian Literary Society was founded by Professor Elliott in October, 1920, when he instilled in a group of boys of the various classes the society spirit. Immediately we organized and began securing more members. We soon gave a program in assembly, which so enthused the teachers that we had no difficulty in securing a sponsor. Mrs. Jones very kindly accepted the position of critic and it was really at that we started to be a school activity. Previously debates had been our form of literary work, but at Mrs. Jones' suggestion musical numbers, speeches and orations were introduced. Finally we came back to debates. There is not a member in our society who is not in one or more of these lines of giving entertainments.

Through our constant effort we have attained the standing of the other literary societies in the high school, which were formed last year. Also there is another interesting fact to note—there is not a Senior in our society. It is composed entirely of under-classmen, most of whom are Freshmen. Yet we have been in a position to challenge the older societies to debates, and still more we have been challenged to debate by one of these societies. We are recognized and admitted to be on equal grounds with them.

On St. Valentine's eve we were entertained in the gymnasium by the Aristonians and it was some entertainment. Members of both societies declared this to be the best party they had witnessed in their school career.

When the Seniors appealed to the classes and societies asking their aid in the Carnival, we immediately began preparing for our activity. We decided to imitate that great gambling resort, Monte Carlo, not because we thought we could easily imitate such an affair, but because we knew it would be a money maker. Speaking about money making, we were right there. Outside of some stunts in the auditorium, ours was one of the best money makers in the whole Carnival.

With all these successes in our first year and when you consider that there are no Seniors in our society, and that thus we can't lose a single member this year, what can we not do next year with our pen and wonderful resources? We'll have more to say next year.

It might be of interest to know why we have selected certain of our emblems. Our flower, the "begonia," is always in bloom and has wonderful foliage. This represents our never ceasing activity. Our colors, blue and green. In this the first year of our organization we represent the majority of our members, Juniors and Freshmen. The meaning of our mascot, "the intellectual pup," is self explanatory. Our motto is, "We can because we know we can."

(Please don't think these little folk egotistical; they will get over it.)



Officers

MARY WINGET.....	<i>President</i>	HELEN AGEE
JOSEPHINE RAGLAND.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH WHALEY
HELEN AGEE.....	<i>Secretary</i>	JOSEPHINE RAGLAND
MASON WARE BERRY.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY WINGET
BERNICE HELFF.....	<i>Sergeant-At-Arms</i> . .	ROSEMARY FLOURNOY
ELSIE PROCTOR.....	<i>Parliamentarian</i>	BERNICE HELFF
	<i>Reporter</i>	FRANCES HAMILTON
	<i>Literary Editor</i>	ELSIE PROCTOR
	<i>Art Editors</i>	MASON WARE BERRY
	<i>Critics</i> {	HELEN AGEE
	{	MISS ARMSTRONG



"As You Like It" History

Take it or leave it
As you may;
We hope it's
As You Like It.

Early in the school year of 1919-1920, a group of girls gathered together in order to form a literary society. The society slipped along through the year, studying some interesting classics, and presenting some very creditable entertainments.

In this way the Society came to the beginning of the year 1920-1921. As none of the members were Seniors the membership remained much the same until quite a number of new members found a welcome into the Society. But "As You Like It" had lost one of its best and dearest friends for its sponsor, Miss Ruth Engle, who had gone back to Colorado. Then the girls were made very happy when Miss Wallace Armstrong accepted the invitation to become their sponsor.

As a sort of get acquainted day for the new members a picnic and weenie-roast was given at McCoy's Lake, where everyone frolicked and frolicked, and slipped, and slid, and had a good time.

The first work of the year was on the life of Shakespeare (and works). Then it was concentrated on the Play "As You Like It." This was studied in detail and when the study was completed several of the most beautiful scenes were dramatized by teams of the girls.

While this work was in progress the play was presented at the Grand Theatre with Robert Mantell. The "old" members took advantage of this opportunity to give a line party for the new girls. This was a great help in the study as well as being a most enjoyable afternoon.

In connection with this work the girls entertained their Mothers with a tea at the home of Rosemary Flournoy. Miss Matilda Brown lectured on the drama, and especially on the Plays of Shakespeare.

During the school year the "As You Like Its" have entertained the student body of the high school several times, using many novel effects. In the first program the curtain rose on an evening with an Oriental scene, with a fortune teller consulting the crystal glass before an incense burner. After an Egyptian dance various members passed across the stage as the fulfillment of the prophecy of their lives. The entertainment ended with music.

Now the happy year is ended and the girls, looking back on its happiness and success, determine to make the year to come just as fine—and who knows?—maybe finer.

(Signed) E. A. P.

ARISTONIANS



Officers

VIRGINIA BLACKBURN.....	<i>President</i>	VIRGINIA BLACKBURN
CAROL GILLEN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	ANNA JULIA DANIELS
EDITH SHAKESPEARE.....	<i>Secy.-Treas.</i>	EDITH SHAKESPEARE
RUTH BRYANT.....	<i>Sergeant-At-Arms</i>	AGNES ADAMS
	<i>Art Editor</i>	DAGMAR HAGAN
	<i>Literary Editor</i>	CAROL GILLEN
	<i>Sponsor</i>	MISS WALKER

MOTTO: "Let us be eminent in all things."

COLORS: *Rose and Grey.*

FLOWER: *Rose.*



Aristonian Literary Society

When school opened the old members of the Aristonian Society met to make plans for the school year. One of the first things done was to promote an interest in the society among the girls in the school, by giving a program in assembly. After the program those who were interested were asked to present their names to the president of the society. In this way the society increased in numbers. After the constitution was formed the members decided to pursue a definite course of study, so a study of short stories and their authors was started under the competent direction of Miss Walker. We discussed short stories by Irving, Hawthorne, Poe and others. These were given as reports and were discussed by the members.

This society, however, does not work all the time. We have all sorts of fun, for instance, our marshmallow roast just before Christmas. Miss Walker's room was the woods, and the bonfire four small oil stoves. We roasted, or more properly speaking, burned marshmallows by the dozens. After the roast we sang our society songs, and tried to get rid of the smoke in the room.

The big event of the year was the Valentine Party, when we entertained the boys of the Athenian Society. The party was held in the gymnasium, which was appropriately decorated by innumerable hearts. Many games were played; probably the most amusing was "conversation," in which everyone talked freely about "teachers," "my first beau," and others. After the games, ice cream, candy, and cakes were served. Then followed a grand march; everyone was to march around a huge Valentine box and take a Valentine on which was written the name of one person present. The party ended in general merriment, and from the remarks heard at the close, it was not hard to tell whether or not it was a success.

On March 7 we met in friendly competition with the Athenians in the form of a debate, the question being, "Resolved: That the Indians have been, and are, treated as well as any other race of people in the United States." The Athenians took the affirmative, we the negative. Our debaters were Agnes Adams, Ruth Bryant and Anna Julia Daniels. The decision was unanimously in favor of the negative.

We feel that we have made great progress, and through the careful guidance of Miss Walker, hope to make even greater strides, and strive to come nearer to our goal—our motto.

C. G., '22.

C. S. C.
 Chrisman Spizerrinctum Club

YELL

Hip, Hep, Pip, Pep
 Sis Boom Bah!
 C. S. C. Girls
 Rah! Rah! Rah
 Do our teams win?
 Yes, you bet.
 C. S. C. Girls,
 Give them PEP!

President	VIRGINIA McELROY
Vice-President	MARJORIE McHUGH
Secretary-Treasurer	SARAH ABBOTT
Yell Leader	LUCILLE RESCH
Song Leader	DOROTHY COURTWAY
Sponsors	MISS REGNA GANN, MISS FANNYE ADELE HANLON

COLORS: *Blue and Old Gold.*

FLOWER: *Iris.*

Pep clubs have been prominent in the school for sometime, but this club was the first of its kind to include the majority of the girls of the Senior class. Every Senior girl had a place in the C. S. C. this year.

The Chrisman Spizerrinctum Club of 1920 was organized in November for the purpose of creating PEP—VIM—ENTHUSIASM—not only among the Senior girls, but throughout the entire school. The members have worked admirably together, as has been shown by their unlimited interests and co-operation in all school activities.

Each club member will remember one night of all nights—when the C. S. C. entertained the Foot Ball "11." Everyone left his or her "best bib and tucker" at home and came to the "gym" prepared for a rousing, jolly good time. As the boys entered the "gym" they were greeted with wild cheering and peppy yells issued entirely from feminine throats. The evening was filled with all kinds of merriment and snappy games, after which a splendid lunch was served and—"all's well that ends well."

With the approach of spring, hikes, weenie roasts, picnics, and kodaking parties took the place of indoor winter sports.

Not one can say that she begrudges the time spent in working in the C. S. C., for as long as the girls' bright, happy spirits pervade the halls of W. C. H. S. there is created an atmosphere of good fellowship and comradeship.

C. Mc.

The Carnival

The old town was agreeably surprised and startled on Wednesday, March 23rd, when a train of noisy and gorgeously decorated motor cars carrying loads of various forms which were once human, paraded the streets including the square. This was the advance of the Carnival which began in the afternoon of the following day at the William Chrisman High School.

There was nothing amiss at this carnival. Absolutely nothing. Everything that could be brought together was present. There were boys, managers, flirts, ticket sellers, fakers, gamblers, noises of all kinds—human and artificial; incense and confetti filling the air, and of course the superabundance of applied paint must not be overlooked, both on the signs for the various concessions and on the cheeks of the fair young ladies. There were also people there who came to see all these things, and there were lots of them, both people and things.

All parts of the earth and universe could be visited at this famous pastime of frivolity. A smart Japanese Tea Shop offered to one with a little imagination a visit to one of the ordinary hangouts of the Japs. A step or two farther west around the globe brought Monte Carlo into view. Here the town sports and others who tried to emulate them risked their money. Some lost, some won, and all was well, for the carnival. After tiring of these riotous resorts there were shows to attract the attention of the carnivalier. Shows, these were, real shows. The best that were ever used for this peculiar kind of public entertainment. And the way they were produced was keen. They were produced so well that many a famous promoter of such events might well have wished he were present to sign up the performers for a good long run. After the shows there were other famous and novel side shows, concessions that were conceived and wrought from the human minds of the students. A visit to Mars, that wonderful planet, about which we hear so much and know so little; some of the Monstrosities of the Human Race, and numerous other things that would generate amusement, cheer, delight, diversion, merriment, happiness, fun and sporting frolics, and drive away all weariness, lassitude and thought of work.

While traveling from one attraction to another one stopped to vote for the Queen. There were four candidates, one from each class. Julia Scarritt represented the Freshmen, Elizabeth Whaley the Sophomores, Mary Winget the Juniors, and Anna Pendleton the Seniors. Of course everyone voted; some once, some many times, but all sometime. The bulletins showing the standing of the candidates were eagerly scanned by the voters and by the aspirants for the queenship. First one held the lead for a few minutes and then another, until they all had a turn at the first place. Then votes began to swing in one general direction. All numbers began to read in thousands. Shouts for the different candidates filled the building, and the ballot checkers were kept extremely busy. Ten-fifteen came. The voting stopped. Everyone assembled in the auditorium to see the crowning of the Carnival Queen.

To a hushed crowd of listeners it was announced that Anna Pendleton should wear the crown. Soft music began and six girls in butterfly costumes danced before the purple and white canopy. This was followed by a graceful dance of the fairies. The Queen then entered the east door of the auditorium and preceded by the flower girls and crown bearer, passed slowly down the aisle to the stage. She knelt on a velvet cushion in the center of the stage and Jack Hefter, as Prince Charming, placed the jeweled crown on her head. She ascended the throne, the curtain slowly descended, and with this ceremony the Carnival closed.



MISS ANNE PENDLETON

"ALL HAIL TO OUR QUEEN."

Into our democratic school there entered the popular demand for a Queen. Out of all the fair maidens, which should be crowned the fairest? Each class confidently elected its own Queen, and waited breathlessly for the night of the Great Carnival to see which, by the vote of the school, should be given the crown. The Freshmen knew they would crown fair Julia Scarritt, but the Sophomores were just as sure that the equally attractive Elizabeth Whaley would receive the coveted prize. All Juniors were convinced that an impartial minded public could do no less than to honor beautiful Mary Winget. And the Seniors, well, they didn't worry a minute; but rested securely in the certain knowledge that their own Anne would be Queen.

Undue confidence sometimes brings defeat but not in this case was it so. The contest was nevertheless exciting because there still remained a possibility of our Senior Queen not winning for "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" and we were glad at last when the contest closed. Did Anne win? Well, I rather guess she did! We don't want to boast, because proud as we are, we

have due respect for the defeated. The three other Queens we know will grow even more beautiful and popular, and we hope in their Senior years to see them carrying off beauty prizes; but they should not begrudge the honor to a Senior of this year and we know they don't, for they realize they won't have to put up with US Seniors much longer.

Anne is one of our best beloved classmates and has a host of loyal friends in all classes. Her happy disposition, good fellowship, and loyalty to all school activities has won her a prominent place in the hearts of the pupils and the faculty, and although she has been especially favored this year, having been heroine of the Senior Play also, she bears the honors showered upon her so gracefully and so sweetly that we were happy to give her this final token of our love. All together now!

"ALL HAIL TO OUR CARNIVAL QUEEN!"

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN A TREASURER?

Have you ever been a Treasurer and been troubled with the blues
Just before the time approaches for collecting monthly dues?
Has your heart e'er quailed within you? Have you trembled thru and thru,
When you very sweetly ventured, "Your monthly money's due?"

Has the member ever viewed you with a look both mild and meek,
Saying, "I forgot to bring it, but I'll surely pay next week."
And when next week came 'round, you were once more put to rout;
You've strolled thru halls and climbed up stairs—asking for the amount!

Have you ever had a member, before the sum was due,
Not wait for you to come around, but pay her dues to you?
There's excitement and a hubbub, for you're always in suspense,
But when at last the money comes—ah, there's the recompense.

If you think the cause is worthy, your duty you'll not shirk,
But to get the money promised, you'll work and work and work!
And now, class member, here's the word that's meant for you:
Please try to pay your money when'er your dues are due.

And to you, hard-working Treasurer; be not discouraged quite;
Keeping on forever at it, brings everything out right.
And faithful, toiling Treasurer, when your spirits plunge way down,
Remember, for your efforts, there'll be stars within your crown!

—A Class Treasurer. '21.

"THE MAN FROM HOME."

The Senior Class of 1921 chose to present as their play for the year, "The Man From Home," a four act play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. In the first act the curtain rose on a beautiful garden scene on a terrace of an Italian Hotel. The wicker furniture, rose-covered arbor, and palms gave a very realistic touch to the scene. In the second act a sure-enough automobile had been transported to the stage, where it served as a haven of refuge for a Russian fugitive, who, disguised as a chauffeur, had hidden under the car. The drawing room of the hotel, the setting for the third act, served as a fitting background for the expose of the English Lord and his family. The fourth act had the same setting as the first, a garden scene.

The plot of the play centers around a family, representative of the broken-down, money-seeking aristocracy of Europe and the wealthy, title-seeking Americans. A young American girl becomes engaged to the son of an English Lord, but her guardian, "The Man From Home," secretly in love with her himself, refuses to consent to the marriage and necessary settlement. He suspects the Lord of having a "past" and the story of the Russian fugitive confirms this suspicion. He then exposes the Lord and the "whole postucky of them," the engagement is broken off and everything ends happily.

The difficult part of Ethel Granger-Simpson, the American girl, who at first was a perfect representation of the snobbery of the newly rich, but later, when she found herself, proved to be a charming, wholesome girl, was successfully played by Anne Pendleton.

Harvey Burrus was most admirable in the part of Daniel Voorhees Pike, "The Man From Home," giving an excellent interpretation of a true American man.

Russell Gabriel as Horace Granger-Simpson, brother of Ethel and lover of the French Countess, acted his part to perfection.

Maurice Street as Lord Hawcastle was all that could be desired in the part of the money-seeking old English Lord.

His son, the Honorable Almeric St. Aubyn, excellently played by Lymerick Campbell, brings out in strong contrast the effete aristocracy of Europe and the staunch true type of Americanism represented by Pike.

The part of the French Countess, the vamp of the play, who had designs on Horace for the sake of his money, was well portrayed by Vivilee Proffitt.

Dorothy Courtway, in the part of Lady Creech, the English chaperon of Ethel, was exceedingly clever, keeping the audience amused with her "Don't mumble your words."

The Russian fugitive, Ivanoff, whose timely arrival prevented the marriage of Ethel and Almeric, was excellently portrayed by Kenneth Flournoy.

The part of the Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch, who saves the life of Ivanoff, was admirably taken by Thomas Montgomery.

Minor parts were played by: Howard Kerr as Mariano, the Maitre d'hotel; William Vardeman as Ribiers, the Grand Duke's secretary; John Brady, as Michele a waiter; the soldiers, Edward Showengerdt and Fay Griffice and the musicians, Richard Keown and Francis Faunce. All these parts were exceedingly well portrayed.

In the first act, the Italian Street Song, sung by Mary Westwood, and the minuet danced by eight girls, under the direction of Fern Peterson, added much to the success of the performance. These girls took part in the minuet: Marjorie McHugh, Hester Swan, Virginia McElroy, Henrietta Wolford, Pauline Nicholls, Edythe Gibson, and Florence Rogers.

Much credit for the success of the play is due to Miss Bess Whalen, who so excellently trained the cast.

S. M. A., '21.



MONTGOMERY FLOURNOY

BURRUS

KERR

BRADY

PENDLETON

PROFFITT

MISS BESS WHALEN—Director

GABRIEL

COURTWAY

SCHOWENGERDT

GRIFFICE

CAMPBELL

STREET





THE THANKSGIVING PROGRAM

In our own beloved America, or the United States, we have but few holidays that are typically American. Of these, probably the most typical of both American political and religious ideals, is Thanksgiving Day. As this holiday is of such importance, any class feels it an honor to give the Thanksgiving program. This has usually been the privilege of the Senior Class, but this year the Junior Class had the pleasure of presenting the annual Thanksgiving program.

The program, commemorating, as it did, the Puritons' first Thanksgiving Day consisted of four parts. First, the President's Thanksgiving Proclamation, was given by Adelbert Withee; an appropriate talk by Bernice Helff, and a reading by Rosemary Flournoy. The second part was musical and consisted of several songs by Junior girls. For the third part, a playlet of Puritan life was presented, John Horn taking the part of the typical Puritan, glimpsed the future greatness of America—Fern Peterson personifying America. The fourth and closing feature of this program was a most realistic scene showing the first Thanksgiving Day when the Puritans gave of their crops to the Indians. During this act Emma Snead played music appropriate to the occasion on the violin.

In accordance with this Puritan custom the pupils of the High School responded generously to the request that they bring "of their crops" to help the less fortunate.

R. F., '22.

On March 21, Dr. Hawkins, Field Secretary for the Washington University, visited the William Chrisman High School. In the morning assembly he made one of the best addresses given before the student body this year. Dr. Hawkins has visited this school many times in previous years, and he has always brought something that is an inspiration to us in our work.

His subject this year was "Personality." He made some very splendid points which are well worth preserving. Among the various things he said, the following were selected as the best: "Personality is the keynote to success. Talents, wealth, education without personality will not bring success. Four of our great men—Taft, Bryan, Roosevelt, and Wilson, have won at least respect and admiration by their wonderful power of personality. Only four things are needed for success—personality, grit, gumption, and common sense."

THE JUNIOR RECEPTION

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

The lovely Junior Reception, as a farewell to the departing Seniors of '21, was alone, enough to make the twentieth of May, Nineteen Twenty-one, feel that it was the most important day in the school year.

A mystic, mellow light played over a luxurious reception hall from hundreds of winking, blinking, mischief-making candles, twinkling like so many stars in a heaven of flowers and ferns. Later in the evening oriental lamps bedimmed the candle light with their rosy tints of sunset clouds.

The sweet sound of bird twitters, the flitting butterflies, and now and then a strain of music from a hidden orchestra almost fulfilled our dreams of fairyland. No wonder everyone was gay in such surroundings.

The presence of the faculty and the members of the board, among the guests, helped to lend a desirable tone of dignity to the scene of revelry. For a time Queen Conversation reigned.

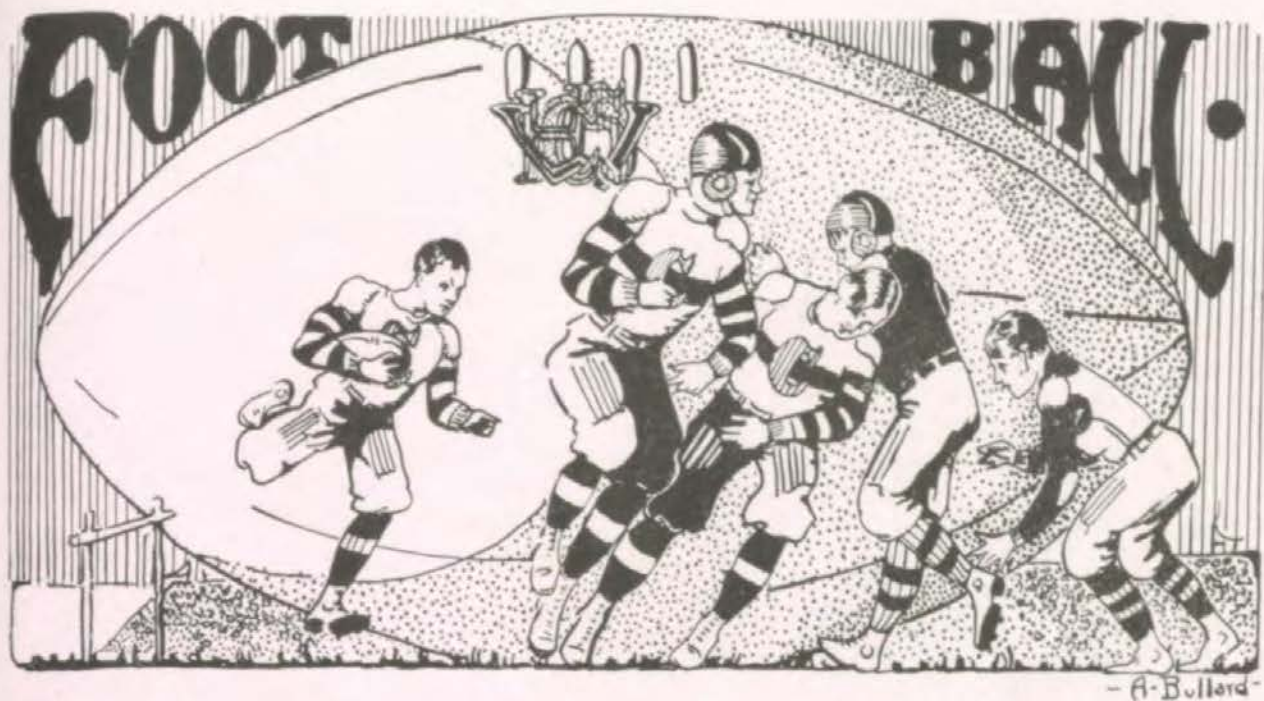
Refreshments were served at tiny, flower-bedecked, quartette tables, to which the couples were directed by little hand painted place cards. During the several courses, delightful toasts were rendered, William Johnson, the Junior class president, acting as toastmaster.

An exceptional program of several numbers completed the evening's bubble of joy, which burst in a shower of ribbon confetti, laughter and happy farewells.

H. AGEE, '22.

**A
T
H
L
E
T
I
C
S**





The football season closed with a very remarkable record for William Chrisman High School.

At the beginning of the year, with the aid of some of the older football boys of the town, and Mr. Padley of Schmelzers, football was begun.

Harold Borthwick, the esteemed captain of the team, ruled the realm with a stern hand. Boys were out from all classes fighting to make the squad, but many were called and few chosen.

After several weeks of practice the following squad was chosen, the back-field composed of Capt. Borthwick, Street, Warman, Johnson, Dryden; the line being composed of Cudworth, Smith, Curtis, Montgomery, Pruyn, Vardeman, Foster, Broilliar, and Barker.

The first game of the season was with Lee's Summit, at Lee's Summit, and without the aid of a coach on the side lines, and without enough of the old fight we lost by a score of 6-0.

The second game with Northeast, on their field, was a defeat for our squad by one touchdown, made in the last minute of play.

Notwithstanding this defeat, the spirit of the team was in no way weakened, and we went to Marshall with the determination to win or never show our faces at home again. But alas, we were defeated and forced to return with heads bowed in sorrow.

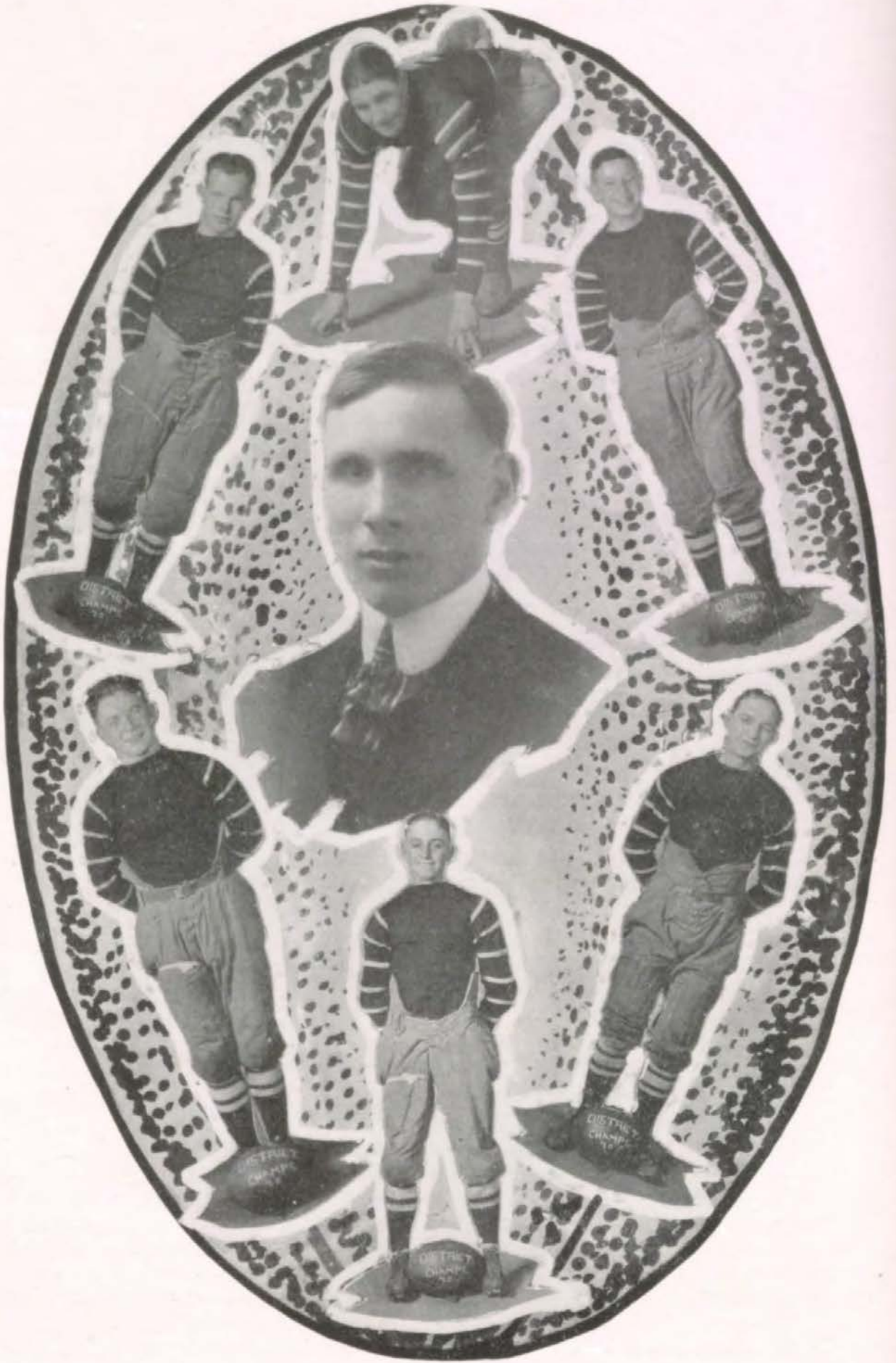
The school and school board soon realized that without the help of a coach we were not to have a successful season, so one morning we were greeted with the good news that we were to have a coach.

It was soon proven that Coach Hutchinson was the right man in the right place, for he immediately led the battling Chrismans to victory.

The very next Friday we went to Harrisonville to romp them off the map and sure enough we did it, for we won by a score of 6-0. This game started us on the pathway strewn with flowers, or otherwise with football victories.

A game with Higginsville soon followed where Dick Barker and Frank Curtis made several feminine acquaintances, but even against all these odds the W.C.H.S. again won by a score of 13-0. Here we were met at the station by the entire high school including their brass band, and were treated with the best of school spirit and courtesy.

The next game scheduled was played on the home field with Orrick, who claimed the northern championship. This was one of the biggest games of the



season and showed the strength of our team and the leadership of our coach when we defeated them by 27-0. The largest crowd that ever attended a high school football game witnessed this glorious victory. After this, we felt we had quite a feather in our cap, and felt equal to meet any team in the United States, including her possessions.

Lee's Summit, our arch enemy, who had defeated us at the beginning of the season, came the following Friday to test its strength and prowess in a return game, but went home in deepest agony, loudly bewailing their defeat by getting the little end of a 13-0 score.

Harold Borthwick, the captain of the regiment, got his leg broken just before the game at Harrisonville, which kept him out of football for the rest of the year. Reginald Smith was elected in his place and continued to hold up the flag of victory.

After these glorious victories the William Chrisman High claimed the district championship and none there were who dared dispute it.

The football season of 1920 is gone—with an unusually successful season for the William Chrisman High School—and promises for another successful season next year are propitious.

PERSONNEL OF TEAM.

REGINALD SMITH, L. T.—Babe, the captain, is just a natural born football player who always got the runner, and generally the interference with him, and was continually putting spirit into the team.

CARMEN JOHNSON, Q. B.—Everybody knows Johnson, an excellent punter, and the fastest Quarterback Independence ever had.

DALE DRYDEN, H. B.—A hard hitter, a fast runner, a fine tackler and spiker made Dale of utmost importance to the team.

MORRIS STREET, H. B.—Mop did his share to make the W.C.H.S. a winning team by his hard line plunges and excellent playing.

ROLAN WARMAN, H. B.—Rolan made the first touchdown of the season. The fellow that looks for a hole is generally always good for a gain.

THOMAS MONTGOMERY, C.—Tommy held down center in kingly style. He could always be relied upon to break up all center plays.

FRANK CURTIS, R. T.—Greek had a double purpose to serve on the team. Besides being a never-miss tackler, he was the star of the Chrismans by his long passes.

RICHARD BARKER, L. G.—Dick kept the other fellow scared all the time and the larger the opposing guard, the better he liked it.

MILLARD BROLLIAR, R. G.—Brolliar was one of the "fightenist" boys on the team and like a stone wall to get through.

HAROLD CUDWORTH, R. E.—Red played an excellent game at end and could always break up passes and stop end runs.

JESSE FOSTER, R. E.—Jesse was one of the best defensive men on the team, a good player this year, and no doubt an excellent one for next season.

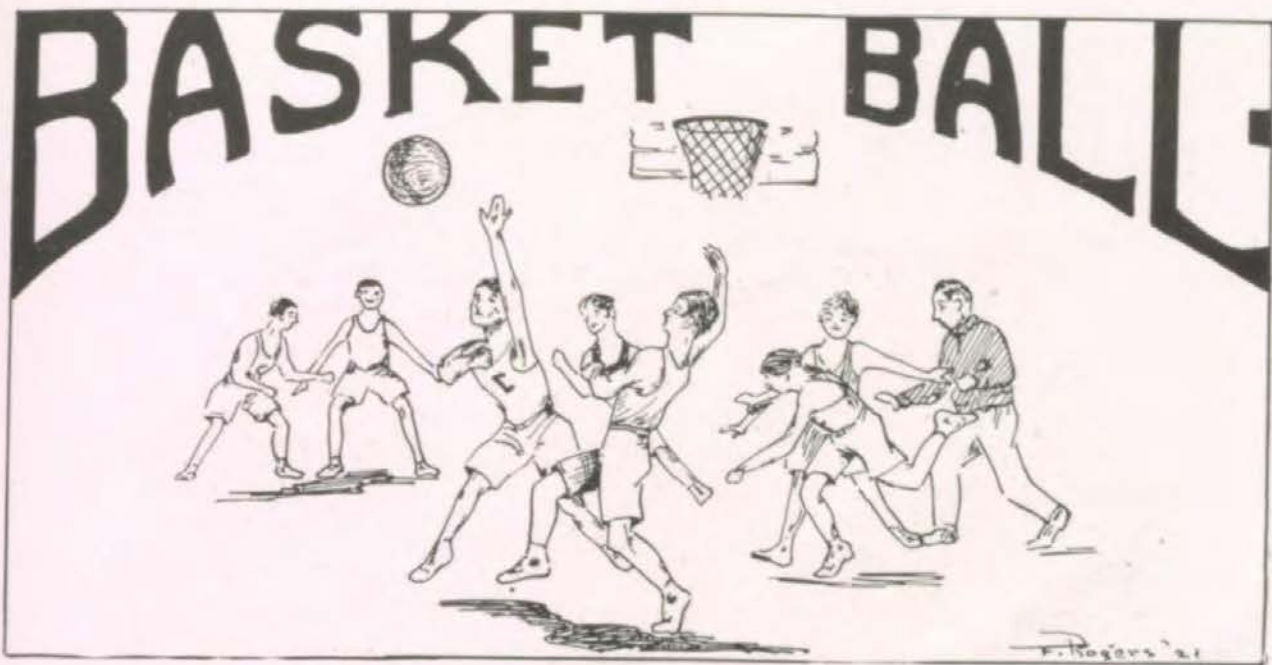
MINOTT PRUYN, C.—Minott's playing would do credit to any high school. He was always jolly and full of fun even if they did call him "lumber wagon."

WILLIAM VARDEMAN, L. E.—Bill made five touchdowns for the school and was considered the best end in the district.

SCHEDULE.

William Chrisman	0—Lee's Summit at Lee's Summit	6
William Chrisman	0—Northeast at Northeast	6
William Chrisman	0—Marshall at Marshall	13
William Chrisman	6—Harrisonville at Harrisonville	0
William Chrisman	27—Orrick at Independence	0
William Chrisman	13—Higginsville at Higginsville	0
William Chrisman	13—Lee's Summit at Independence	0
William Chrisman	0—Central at Independence	0





Yes, it seems to be William Chrisman's year to shine in Athletics; for, following a successful football season came an equally successful season of basketball.

With the beginning of the year, we had four letter men, so three were to be chosen to make up the squad. A second team was organized, for as the coach put it, "a first team will never win without a second to back it."

The first game of the season was with Harrisonville. Here, in a very hotly contested game from start to finish, we lost by one point. Many were the hearts that were heavy that night, but after this defeat we won five straight victories, defeating Lee's Summit, Windsor, Knobnoster, Oak Grove, and Warrensburg High School.

After these victories, we suffered defeat at the hands of Warrensburg Training School, but the Warrensburg boys deserved their victory and we had no complaints to make.

Nearly all the games for our High School which were of any particular importance have been played away from home and these may be divided into three trips: first, to Warrensburg and Knobnoster, to Warrensburg to play in the tournament, and to Columbia to play in the tournament there.

On the first of these trips, to Warrensburg and Knobnoster, the team was gone four days and played four games. We had just had a game with Country Day School and defeated them, and then playing these four games the same week made it very hard on the team. As a result we lost the two games at Warrensburg, with Warrensburg High and Warrensburg Training School, but won the two with Knobnoster and came home all in.

The second trip, the tournament! Ah, me! that makes me hurt to think of it! We sure did all try hard to win. The first team we drew, we defeated by a very large score. The second game was with Belton in which we lost. We stayed that night and saw the Haskell Indians and the Normals in a game.

We came home a down-hearted, tired and discouraged group of boys, every-

body playing the game over again, and feeling very much disappointed over our defeats.

Never before had the Independence High School sent a team to Columbia and the basketball boys certainly did appreciate the honor. Our first game was with Northeast High School, in which our whole team fought the hardest, but we lost by a large score. There was not the least hard feeling between the teams, the Chrisman boys considering it an honor to be beaten by the Champion High School Team of the State.

We stayed in a Fraternity House and were introduced to some of the football and track men of Missouri University. We saw the campus and the different buildings and were told what they were, saw a St. Patrick's Day program and an Election day at the University. Altogether we had an "absolutely" good time. Let us hope that if the team goes next year, as we are planning, that we shall come out victorious and we are sure they will if the school shows the same spirit that it has backed the team with this year.

SECOND BASKET BALL TEAM.

Not only has William Chrisman to boast of a successful first team in basket ball, but also a successful second team.

Out of the thirteen games they played, eleven were won and two lost, which is an extraordinary fine record for the school. As any one might easily see they are following in the footsteps of the higher classmen, and will no doubt have one of the strongest teams in the state next year.

Letters were awarded by the school to all second team men with the same honor and pomp bestowed upon those of the first.

Although the second team did not go on the long trips, as a team, most of them were there individually, rooting for the school.

The following received second team letters: J. Ireland, (Capt.), Crossley, Murphy, F. Leeka, J. Hefter, C. Cottingham, and T. Montgomery.





SCHEDULE.

W. C. H. S.....	35—Harrisonville at Independence.....	36
W. C. H. S.....	64—Windsor at Independence.....	20
W. C. H. S.....	64—Grain Valley at Independence.....	10
W. C. H. S.....	36—Windsor at Windsor.....	27
W. C. H. S.....	28—Warrensburg High at Independence...	12
W. C. H. S.....	26—Warrensburg Training at Independence	41
W. C. H. S.....	68—Knobnoster at Independence.....	18
W. C. H. S.....	30—Country Day at Country Day.....	21
W. C. H. S.....	38—Knobnoster at Knobnoster.....	16
W. C. H. S.....	34—Warrensburg High at Warrensburg...	30
W. C. H. S.....	38—Knobnoster at Knobnoster.....	18
W. C. H. S.....	21—Warrensburg Training at Warrensburg	30
W. C. H. S.....	72—Osteopathy College at Independence...	18
W. C. H. S.....	31—Lee's Summit at Lee's Summit.....	20
W. C. H. S.....	47—Pleasant Hill at Independence.....	15
W. C. H. S.....	62—Lee's Summit at Independence.....	18
W. C. H. S.....	58—Osteopathy College at Independence...	10
W. C. H. S.....	35—Harrisonville at Harrisonville.....	41

Independence: 787

Opponents: 401

Tournaments: Warrensburg, Columbia.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

The boys of W. C. H. S. have not had a monopoly of the athletics, for the fair maidens of the high school so felt the need of a reviving of school spirit that they dedicated their strength and beauty to the organization of a basket ball team. This team was one of the most democratic organizations in the school, as each class was represented on the team by one or more of its number.

Under the leadership of Coach Hutchinson, the girls played some of the strongest high school teams in the state. While they failed to win many games, they played exceedingly well considering the fact that none of them had played basket ball until this season, there being no girls' team in the school for several years.

Each girl on the team played well and the athletic department has no criticisms to make, but only congratulations for what they did accomplish.

The prospects for having a winning girls' team next year are very propitious as a number of the girls who were on the team this year, and did such good work, will be back next fall to take part in school athletics.



BASE BALL

A stylized illustration of a baseball player in mid-stride, running on a base. A baseball is shown in the air to the left of the player. The player is wearing a uniform with a cap, and the base is represented by a thick horizontal line with square end caps. The word "BASE BALL" is written in large, bold, block letters above the player. A small baseball icon is positioned at the top right of the word "BALL".

Small text at the bottom right of the illustration: "Oval 10/27/1911"

William Chrisman High School, by some trick of fate, is just overflowing with athletics. Many boys came out for base ball the first day bringing bats, gloves and other paraphernalia, also a grim determination to win a place of honor on the team. Window glasses were broken, hands became sore, and muscles tired in their mighty endeavor to win. The first week was given to practice and a first and second team was organized. Everyone did his best to knock home runs and put himself in the very lead of fame. When all the players felt they knew all there was to know about Base Ball, the following team was chosen to represent the high school: T. Montgomery, C.; F. Curtis, P.; Raymond Colby, 1st B.; B. Crossly, 2nd B.; C. Johnson, S. S.; C. Cottingham, 3rd B.; W. Johnson, L. F.; Leeka, C. F.; D. Slusher, R. F.; Subs: C. Beets, Quigley, Vardeman and Morgan. The following Friday a game was scheduled with Westport High and the Chrismans lost, much to their sorrow, but as the old saying "that a bad start means a good ending" has proven to be true in all of this season's athletics, we expect the team to make a successful showing for the district championship, which it will.





SCHEDULE.

- W. C. H. S.—Westport.
- W. C. H. S.—Junior College.
- W. C. H. S.—Rockhurst College.
- W. C. H. S.—Country Day at Country Day.
- W. C. H. S.—Country Day at Independence.
- W. C. H. S.—Rockhurst at Independence.
- W. C. H. S.—Marshall at Marshall.
- W. C. H. S.—Junior College at Independence.



Another form of William Chrisman's Athletics is Track. The team of 1921 has been doing some very fine practice work and has a very promising outlook for a successful season. There are a number of boys on the team this year who were capable men last year and they, together with the excellent material taken in this spring, give promise of a very successful year's work.

Since the close of the basketball season, and in some cases since Christmas, track men have been out practicing the mile, half mile, 440, 220, 100 yard dash, relay, high jump, broad jump, shot put, disk throw, and everything that goes to make up the work of a track team.

The efficient Captain of the team, Rolan Warman, makes the boys run morning, noon, and night. Stop watches are put to use and each one is exerting himself to the limit of his power to beat the world's record in his own particular line.

Surely with all this release of energy something must happen, and it is to be hoped that the coming track meets will place W. C. H. S. in the front ranks of this form of Athletics.





Track Team '21

THE COACH.

Coach Hutchinson has brought the William Chrisman High School athletics to the highest possible standard for this year. Coming as he did, when things looked blue for the football team, he took control and made a winning squad out of them. Through his leadership, the boys took the district championship in football, and closed the basket ball season winning seventeen out of twenty-four games. The Coach is for all athletics regardless of the amount of work it makes for him, as shown by his organization of a girls' basket ball team, a boys' second team, and a school base ball team. The track of this year has been most successful under the leadership of the coach as shown by the fact that several boys won letters. He has done so well with this year's teams that the boys all hope he will be back next year always keeping them full of life, and yet discouraging overconfidence.





LOCALS



John Brady: Were you at Atlantic City last summer?

Mason Ware: No.

John Brady: What a co-incidence! Neither was I.

Fred B: Hello, where've you been?

Fay Tarwater: To see my folks.

Fred: And how did you find them?

Fay: Easy, I knew where they lived.

"Tufie" had on his glad rags. He stood at the crossroads. He gazed up at a sign post. It read—

"To nowhere in particular."

"To somewhere else."

He then realized that—"he was all dressed up and no place to go."

Tom Beets: I phoned you last night, but got no answer. Were you all out?

Virginia Mc: No, all in.

Miss Phelps: Reginald, what are Newfoundland and Labrador good for?

Babe Smith: Why—aw—er—fish.

Miss Weldon: What did the heathens do with the Christians if they did not believe in their religion?

Theodore E.: They put them in the Museum.

Mrs. Parham: (In Algebra) Now class, you shall take forty minutes of the period to tell me what you know on the subject, and I will take the remaining ten minutes to tell you what I know.

Dear Chaperon: Will you kindly give me your opinion on bobbed hair.

Helen Agee: Bobbed hair, my dear, must be worn by all means, but be sure it matches your own hair and is fluffy. It is proper to carry a small looking glass to consult in case of accident.

Miss Gann: I haven't been to the show for days.

Miss Walker: How's that? Too many lessons?

Miss Gann: I go at nights.

You can always tell a Freshman, but you can't tell him much.

Jake: The sun never sets on England. (Meaning territory)

Gene: Why, it never sits on anybody.

Clarence: (seriously) Miss Gann, do you know why the death of Joan of Arc is preferable to that of Charles I?

Miss Gann: No, Clarence, why?

Clarence: Why, a hot steak is preferable to a cold chop.

Miss Phelps: Why is the name, pastoral, applied to the next age of man's development?

Katie H.: Because it is just past the Hunting and Fishing Age.

Miss Phelps: What were the colonists afraid of besides Indians?

Fred B.: Snakes.

Miss Barr: Where is Eileen today?

Anna P.: She went with her Physical Biology Class to Cement City.

Miss Potter: (Teaching Physiology Class) What is the first set of teeth called?

Ella Lea J.: Teefies.

Miss Hanlon: (About Shorthand Play) Helen, can you take this part?

Helen P.: I guess so.

Dorothy C.: She can if there is much talking to it.

Remark overheard in the hall. Jim Ed. S.: That nearly knocked me out of my cradle.

Bystander: What else could it knock you out of?

I wonder why they all laughed.

Roland Warman: (Just arriving at Basket Ball Game) What's the score?

Jack H.: Nothing to nothing.

Roland: Good game?

Jack H.: Don't know, hasn't started yet.

Miss Dixon: (At foot ball play practice) All stand in a straight line.

Blick C.: We can't, Babe's nose is crooked.

Miss Gann: Do you know the population of Independence?

Bright One: Not all of them, we've lived here just two years.

"I know that Russell's love is true,"
Said Mercedes with a smile,
"For every time he comes to call,
He has to walk a mile."

Why do Lymrick and Mr. Elliott argue so much?

Because Mr. Elliott won't give in, and Lymrick never gives out.



John Brady: You look sweet enough to eat.

Mercedes: Oh, thank you! I am hungry—where shall we go?

Doris N.: Can I sell you a ticket to the Senior Play?

Sophie: I'm sorry, I can't come, but I'll be there in spirit.

Doris: That's all right; where do you want your spirit to sit? Tickets are 50c.

Cedric: As I gaze into your eyes, the blue of the sky fades.

Anne: As I look at you, the grass turns white.

Teacher: Why was the battle named Hastings?

Freshman: Because the English didn't know that the Normans were coming, and they had to make haste.

Lymrick: (In Bostian's) Bring me a "Honey Nut Special."
(It is brought and immediately served).

Lymrick: It's pretty good, but where's the honey?

Waiter: You're supposed to bring your Honey with you.

Miss Phelps: Why are you tardy?

Russell G.: Class began before I got here.

Marshall Miller: Oh, you'll get used to me.

Henrietta W.: Impossible!

Miss Tuller: (Trying in vain to teach Tony his lesson. She reads a line or two and Tony repeats it after her).

Miss Tuller: Caesar knew that the—

Tony: Caesar knew that the—

Miss Tuller: Roman Soldiers—

Tony: Roman Soldiers—

Miss Tuller: Anthony, wake up!

Tony: (sleepily) Anthony, wake up.

Paul Allen: What are we going to write on for those themes?

Miss Chesney: By all means, write on paper, Paul.

Miss Armstrong: What is the first chapter of "Silas Marner" about?

Kenneth: He lived in Raveloe and was a spinster.

Henrietta W.: (Discussing the Carnival) Let's have pink bread for the Japanese Tea Garden?

Miss Gann: Why yes, we could dip it in "Rit."

Miss Phelps: Fred, when did Columbus discover America?

Fred B.: I don't know.

Miss Phelps: Didn't you study your lesson?

Fred B.: Yes.

Miss Phelps: Didn't you see where it said that Columbus discovered America in 1492?

Fred B.: Yes, but I thought it was his telephone number.

Girls: When a boy smiles at you, don't think he is flirting. Maybe he thinks your face is funny.



Roques' Gallery

Miss Armstrong: What is the difference between an Index and a Table of Contents?

Sophomore: One tells us what is in the book and the other tells where to find it.

Miss Phelps: Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Kathryn W.: At the bottom.

Miss McDonald: Minott, why didn't you prepare your lesson?

Minott P.: I didn't have time.

Miss McDonald: What were you doing last night?

Minot.: Well, you see, I have to go to bed at nine o'clock.

In the Spring, a young man's fancy turns lightly to love.

Harvey: We are having an early Spring.

Miss Sehrt: (After an accident in Physics Class). Boys, did the bottle break?

Lymerick C.: Er—the cork didn't break.

Maybe you can't teach an old dog new tricks, but at least he will not forget the old ones.

Helen B.: Got a minute to spare?

Sarah A.: Yes.

Helen B.: Tell me all you know.

"I don't like your heart action," said the doctor, applying the stethoscope, "you have had some trouble with Angina Pectoris, haven't you?"

"You're partly right, Doc." answered Roland sheepishly, "only that ain't her name."

Miss Phelps: What was Washington's Neutrality Proclamation?

Elizabeth E.: I don't know its exact words, but it was something about peace.

Did you folks know that there are two science teachers in school? Please observe.

Miss Sehrt: What happens when a light falls into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees?

Rosemary F.: It goes out.

Mrs. Jones: Why do most electrical wires have insulation on them?

Tom B.: (After deep meditation). I can't see any reason, unless to keep the birds from eating the currents.

Mr. D. C. E.: George, why were you late this morning?

George.: I was waiting for a funeral procession to go by.

Dale (standing by the Victrola): Let's play "Kisses."

Virginia Mc.: "Oh, are—er—is it good?" Blushes!

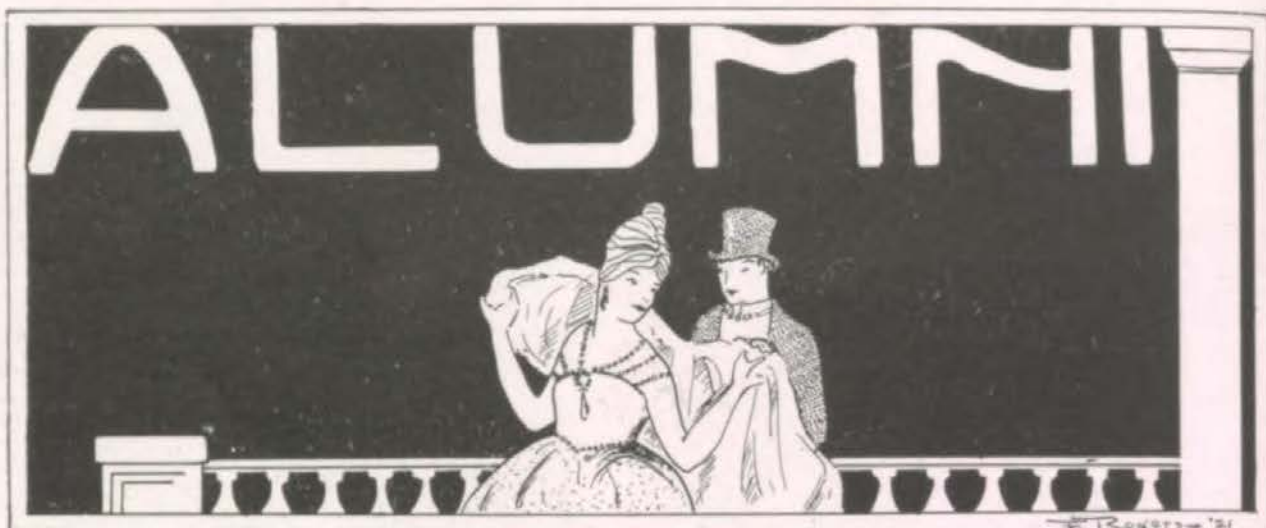
Mop S.: (Reading Shorthand). "Isn't this sentence two sentences?"

Anne had just finished a talk on DeWitt Clinton.

Miss Phelps.: Who was she talking about?

Elizabeth E.: Andrew Jackson—Oh, n o, Roger DeWitt.





This department is devoted to things of interest concerning the past graduates of W. C. H. S. This high school is represented in various parts of the world and in many lines of business. But no matter where they are, each is doing his life's work. Some have achieved success, others, well, let us profit by their mistakes.

We students of the present day are kept in touch with these students of the past in various ways, through the newspapers in a general way, but of more interest to us are the personal letters written by themselves and telling of the interesting things that are happening to them.

We are happy, indeed, to be able to publish in the "Gleam," letters from a number of these old friends and students of W. C. H. S.

Dear Alumni:

The first important item that crowds itself into my busy brain is to wish the Senior class of 1921, all the success in the world. You were "our" Juniors so we naturally feel a keen interest in you. I know what it means to be in Senior Land and to struggle along, and have fun, too, trying to make your Gleam, Play, and other activities reach far beyond the expectations of your friends.

Lots of things have happened and it seems a long time since my graduation from W. C. H. S., although it was only last Spring. I remember how we looked forward to those days and how happy they seemed until the last few moments, perhaps, when we realized that our H. S. career had ended and that friends would soon part, maybe never to meet again. Some have gone North, some South, East or West to school.

Virginia is a fine old state and Roanoke claims the title of "Magic City of the South." It is situated in a valley at the foot of Mill Mountains, south of which is the college, on a gradual slope of another mountain, far away from the noises of a busy city. We enjoy life here as we would in any quiet, secluded country home (plus the pep of nearly two hundred girls). The grandeur and beauty of the lofty Allegheny and Blue Ridge Mountains excite the admiration of the beholder, especially when the peaks are snow-clad and glisten in the light of the dying day; or at sunrise, which we always witness. Many a morning, after breakfast, prayer service and first hour class, we see the sun just peeping over the mountain top.

College life is wonderful! No one can really tell you all about it, you must experience it, to know. It is the place where lasting friendships are made. My hope is that everyone in your class who has the desire to attend a College or University, may have his wish fulfilled.

I enjoyed my high school days and am happy in my college life. You, the Senior Class of '21, have been successful in your high school work and may you have the richest of life's blessings showered upon you as onward and upward you go.

Sincerely,

—GERTRUDE SHIELDS, '20.

Dear Alumni:

I am asked to write of "that wonderful, old historic town of Boston" to help to make the Alumni Department of "The Gleam" more "interesting." I hesitate. I question my qualification. Although I first came from Missouri to Boston more than five years ago, and although I lived there—or to be more exact, in Cambridge—for more than three years, I must confess that I have never been to Bunker Hill! I have seen the Monument many times from short distances, but I have never actually set foot on the Hill. I remember that shortly before my coming East, Miss Phelps made a visit to Boston. I should have her to dictate to me what I should write.

Why has Boston its indisputable reputation as "that wonderful, old, historic town?" Has more really happened there than in Philadelphia? Than in New York? Than in Charleston? If that is true, it is not because of it that Boston has so distant a place in the thoughts of people. It is because of it that England folk appreciate their history more than others do theirs. They are proud of their past and of the deeds and works of their great men. They don't allow their visitors to overlook it. Somewhere on a lonely road, a distance from Boston, in the general direction of Lexington and Concord, there is a marker in front of an old house with an inscription on it in somewhat the following language: "Paul Revere would have passed this house had he come this way." The spirit that shows, it seems to me, answers my question.

Therefore you will understand that historic relics and premises have been preserved in Boston, and they have been well marked. Few have been lost to posterity, and posterity may easily find them if posterity will only walk about a bit. There is Fanueil Hall. Its ground floor is a public market. It was the "Cradle of Liberty" of Revolutionary times, being originally constructed in 1742 (though much larger now than as first built). I believe it is true that every great man the United States has had, possibly until recent years, has spoken in Fanueil Hall. The floor above the public hall is occupied by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, which organization has a proud history extending back to the middle of the Seventeenth century. The Old State House, the walls of which were first built in 1712-1713, now covers the entrance to a subway station. It has served as Town House, Court House, Province Court House, State House, and City Hall. On Tremont Street, a principal thoroughfare near the "center of things," one finds King's Chapel, the second church on the site and—my little book tells me—built in 1754. After the Battle of Bunker Hill the funeral of General Joseph Warren was held in this beautiful little church. I could not go on without mentioning "Old South Meeting House," which, I believe, is the oldest church in Boston; and there is Trinity Church out at Copley Square, opposite the great Public Library. It is the work of the architect Richardson and was Phillips Brooks' Church for many years.

Exemplary of the Boston spirit of reverence for the past are the two very old burying grounds on Tremont Street in almost the very center of the business community. One is the King's Chapel burying ground where are the graves of the remarkable Winthrop family, beginning with the older John Winthrop, who was buried in 1649. The other is the Granary Burying Ground, almost across the street, where were buried John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Peter Fanueil, Paul Revere, the parents of Benjamin Franklin, James O'is, the victim of the "Boston Massacre," and others whose names you know.

But merely reading about these things, what I say here or what others have said that you have read, cannot give you the impression—cannot give you the feeling—one has upon seeing them and upon being with them for a time. And you have heard of taking the ride that Paul Revere made, which brings you to Lexington and Concord, past the house where Louisa M. Alcott lived with her "Little Women," and the home of Thoreau, when he was not trespassing at Walden Pond (which one also passes on this ride), and Emerson's house. And you have seen pictures of Lowell's

house, and of Longfellow's, a beautiful example of the symmetrical Colonial dwelling, and of the old elm under which General Washington took command of the Continental Army; you will appreciate the New England feeling when you have lived to see these sacred monuments every day and have learned to have a thought about them each time you pass.

After all, people as well as relics, are interesting; and New England people are interesting. It is the conviction of the Middle West that New Englanders are stiff and cold and forbidding. Do not believe that. I went to Cambridge with forebodings. I was told that I would never even make an acquaintance. I did not suspect that before I came away I should have married one of those unfriendly people—and one who actually descended through two lines from passengers on the "Mayflower!" New England people are hospitable and delightful; they have come by their reputation in the West falsely.

We of the Middle West have a serious lesson to learn from Bostonians. They educate their children as the people of the West do. They are trained as we are not. They love art and music and literature—their community is a center of culture. Their Museum of Fine Arts is matchless; their Symphony Orchestra is a joy, their Public Library is—Bostonian.

But I am practicing law in New York now and perhaps should not be writing of Boston at all. Persons generally think of New York as a place for having a "gay time," or as a terribly large, mad, rushing city; or as a place of much money. And it is all that. But in New York, if one only will, one can get all that can be got in Boston. One can live along the Spuden Duyvil near its opening from Henry Hudson's River, within a short walk to the site of Old Fort Independence and the fortifications which protected King's Bridge and the open communication between Manhattan Island and the mainland when the British infested that region. Walking in another direction one can visit the poor little cottage where Edgar Allen Poe spent several of the unhappy years of his life—in what was then old Fordham. One may spend his working hours within two doors of the Assay Office which is the site of a branch of the early Bank of the United States. One need not recollect that the present building was well nigh ruined last summer by an explosion set off by twentieth century "Bolsheviki;" and it is not necessary to think of the thirteen-mile subway ride one takes to reach this spot. In this very same Wall Street and adjoining the Assay Office is an old Government building, successor to the other which a few months ago was the Sub-Treasury. At this place Washington, in 1789, took the oath of office as the first President of the United States. You will remember that New York was the first Capital City. And we have little churches and burying grounds in the busy sections of New York, too. One which is very old is at the head of Wall Street, at its junction with Broadway, and across the street from the largest, most marvelous office building in the world. And just stop to think whence came the name of "Wall Street." Very early settlers built a wall across the Island from East to West a short distance from its southern extreme, to protect themselves from the Indians. That wall was on what is now Wall Street, and it gave the street its name.

This is only the beginning of the story of historical places one may see in New York, but I was asked to write about Boston and not about New York.

I hope you will tell the circulation manager that I would like to have a copy of your "Gleam." I have not seen the Annual since 1911. If it is not a red book with a scarab in black on the cover, I shall be disappointed. Will you please have my name put on the subscription list?

Let me wish the Class of 1921 great success, and the very highest achievements in the pursuit of happiness.

Truly yours,

—PAUL H. ARTHUR, '11.

Afterword

To you who follow us, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen and classes to come, we, the class of 1921 extend a pledge of our aid, individually and collectively.

We who have attained, know the trials and tribulations, the joys and sorrows, the ups and downs, with which you will meet.

That you may have more joy and less sorrow, we pledge you, unreservedly our help in any venture you may undertake. You have only to ask.



MISS HELEN BURRUS

A Very Last Word

When all is said and done, and you, and you, and you have your copy of "The Gleam" in your hands, to whom, do you think that the success of this issue is largely due.

Do you know? No, we are sure you do not. It is due to Miss Helen Burrus, the Editor-in-Chief. It has been through her untiring efforts that "The Gleam" is filled with interesting reading matter, good clean jokes, and clever pictures.

No, she did not write all the articles, nor the jokes, nor did she take all the pictures, but she was the skillful leader who knew how to get others to do these necessary things. It was also due largely to her energy that "The Gleam" is in the hands of the public two weeks before the close of school.

By her kindness of heart, her tactfulness and discrimination all material which contained a sting or barb that might hurt has been omitted from this issue of "The Gleam."

Yes, she has had able assistants, and they have done their work well, but it was on her that fell the hard task of final decision as to what should, and what should not appear in these pages.

We, the co-workers, who have been behind the scenes, watching her shouldering heavy burdens, smoothing every discord, bringing order out of chaos, ever standing for right, wish to insert this little article, of which she knows nothing, as a tribute of our appreciation of her untiring efforts.

MISS BARR
MISS CHILES
MRS. JONES



THE END

DIAMONDS

*of the finest quality, also a notable stock of the choic-
est Pearls, Jewelry, Stationery, Silver
and Fine Art Wares.*

You are cordially invited to visit our store

JACCARD JEWELRY CO.

1017-1019 Walnut Street

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
EXCLUSIVE COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS, CLASS PINS
AND RINGS

Henry Moore

Photographer

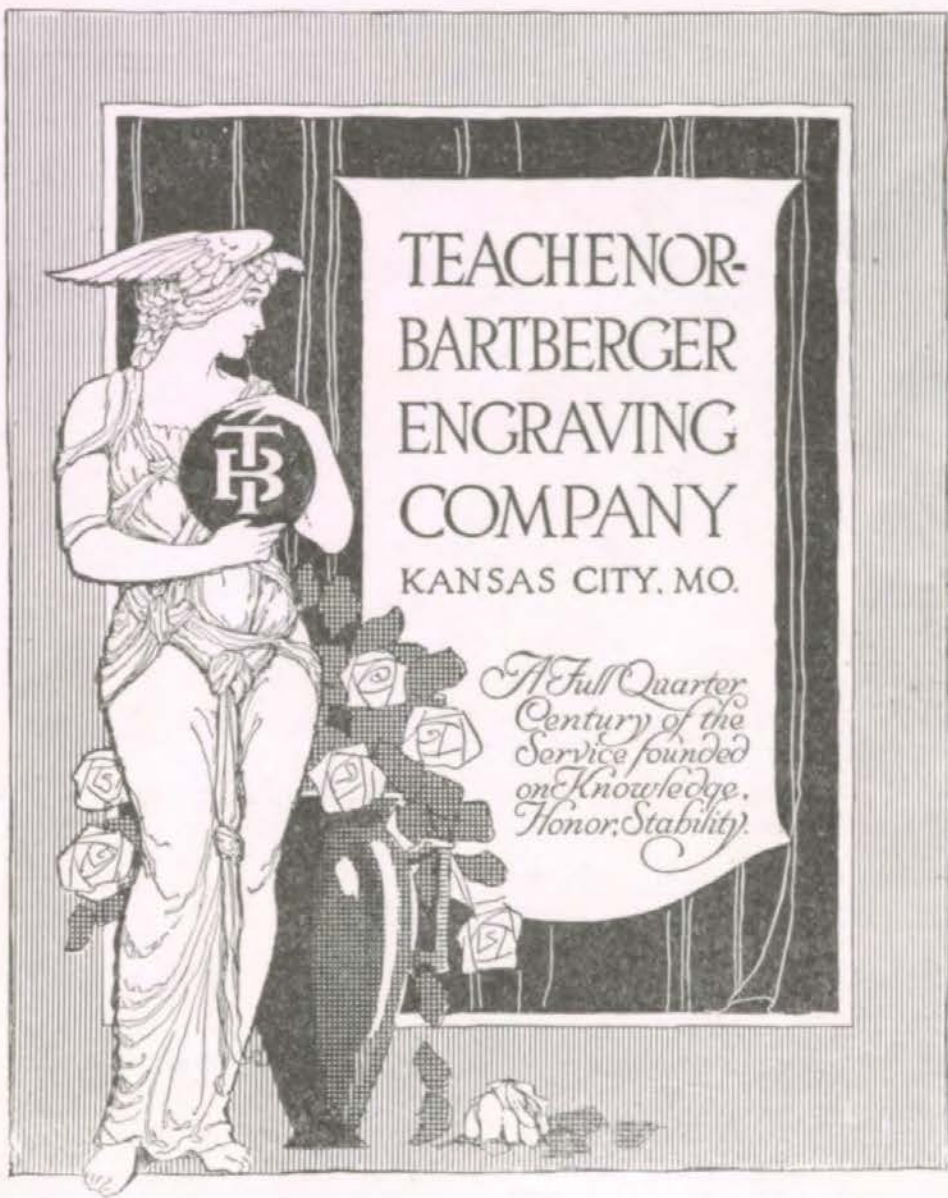
Eleventh and McGee Sts.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Maker of Photographs that Please

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS

1921 GLEAM



TEACHENOR-
BARTBERGER
ENGRAVING
COMPANY
KANSAS CITY, MO.

*A Full Quarter
Century of the
Service founded
on Knowledge,
Honor, Stability.*

IF IT'S ELECTRICAL
IT'S IN OUR LINE

C. J. Warman Elec. Co.

219 W. Lexington St. Tel. 444

Compliments of
SAM WARMAN
REAL ESTATE LOANS



Juniors
Sophomores
Freshmen

This is
**HARRY
STURGES**
W. Side Sq.
He will treat
you right.
Senior Class

SEE OUR SUMMER APPAREL
For MOTHER AND THE GIRLS

The Fashion

West Side Sq. Independence, Mo.

It your men's furnishings come from

Major & Humphrey

They are guaranteed to
give satisfaction

EDWIN-CLAPP'S SHOES

*The highest grade dress shoe made
since 1853*

Cook-Dillingham Shoe Co.

Exclusive Agents

THE KANSAS CITY SCHOOL OF LAW

affords an opportunity to ear a livelihood while gaining
a profession.

Degree of LL. B. conferred. Lectures at night.

Tuition payable in advance or installments.

For information address Hon. E. D. Ellison, Dean, or
Hon. E. N. Powell, Sec'y & Treas.

Ex. offices at 718 Commerce Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

Established 1853

CHRISMAN-SAWYER
BANKING CO.

*The Oldest Public Service Corpo-
ration in Jackson County*

Independence
Water Works Co.

H. A. GALLAGHER, Supt.

Geo. A. Gould Jay M. Gould D. M. McIntyre
Real Estate, Loans Insurance Ex. and Farm Loans

Geo. A. Gould & Co.

REAL ESTATE, LOANS
and INSURANCE

217 West Lexington St.

INDEPENDENCE MO.



INDIVIDUALITY

The girl who wears a J & K strap pump is sure of a charming individuality. The style shown here has been approved by the fashionable folks in style centers.
JONES-DENTON SHOE CO.

We Carry a Full Line of High Class Footwear

OUR SHOES CAN'T BE BEAT
FOR THEY FIT THE FEET

Arnold Shoe Palace

223 West Lexington St.

*Expert Repairing Is Our
Specialty*

FREE DELIVERY SERVICE BY MOTOR

BROWN DRUG CO.

East Side Square Phones 1838 and 1839

*Always the first with the latest in
Dance Music and Popular
Songs, on Columbia
Records*

Allen Music Co.

So. Side Square Phone 213

QUALITY

PRICE

SERVICE

Arctic Ice Cream

BEST OF FOUNTAIN SERVICE

Independence Drug Co.

Cor. Union and Lexington Streets

Phones 369 and 345

PRESCRIPTIONS

DRUGS

SUNDRIES

TOWNSEND
PRINTING
COMPANY

808-810 GRAND AVENUE
KANSAS CITY, MO.

TELEPHONES

Home, Harrison 2972
Bell, Main 2972

COMMERCIAL PRINTERS
CATALOGS and FOLDERS

WE PRINTED THE GLEAM



