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Commencement Echoes



The Senior Class
1925

Echoes of Commencement Week



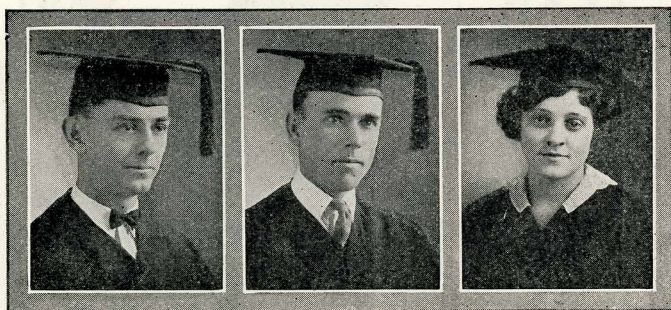
☐ SENIOR ☐

Class of 1925

KANSAS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
Pittsburg, Kansas



PROF. S. J. PEASE
Class Sponsor



RALPH E. COLLINS
President

WM. W. MANNING
Vice-President

MAXINE SMALLEY
Secretary-Treasurer

Class Song....."The Crimson and Gold"
Class Motto "Together"
Class Colors.....Purple and Gold
Class Flower.....Purple Violet

Bachelor of Science in Education

Class Roll, 1925

Ralph E. Collins.....	Wellsville, Kansas
William W. Manning.....	Flint, Michigan
Maxine Smalley.....	Parsons, Kansas
Bernice May Akers.....	Chanute, Kansas
Lois Armentrout.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Sister Mary Thomas Arnest.....	Frontenac, Kansas
Clara Edith Asch.....	Fort Scott, Kansas
Fern Babcock.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Ruth Bailey.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Lawrence A. Barrett.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
John Blackmore.....	Detroit, Michigan
Nellie Blackmore.....	Detroit, Michigan
Cecil C. Blanpied.....	Kansas City, Missouri
Lallah Davidson Blanpied.....	Kansas City, Missouri
Raymond L. Booker.....	Severy, Kansas
Hattie A. Borden.....	Girard, Kansas
Lawrence C. Bork.....	Prescott, Kansas
Mattie C. Bray.....	Osawotamie, Kansas
Mary Letha Brewer.....	Schell City, Missouri
Opal Briggs.....	Neosho, Missouri
Esther Brower.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Lela Caldwell.....	Erie, Kansas
Oakley Price Caldwell.....	Erie, Kansas
Howard Cameron.....	Fort Scott, Kansas
Georgia Carney.....	Galena, Kansas
Claude Carter.....	Girard, Kansas
Zenia Chambers.....	Hepler, Kansas
Jane Cleavinger.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Lloyd W. Cole.....	Iola, Kansas
Reuben M. Collins.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Sadie Conover.....	Salina, Kansas
Anna Costello.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
May Cote.....	Girard, Kansas
Archie D. Cox.....	Wichita, Kansas
Lloyd B. Cox.....	Hutchinson, Kansas
Gladys Craig.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Marie Crocker.....	Webb City, Missouri
Alice Cronin.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Xina B. Darling.....	Parsons, Kansas
Clyde O. Davidson.....	Columbus, Kansas
Edna Davidson.....	Lamar, Missouri
Edwin Adams Davis.....	Purcell, Missouri
Nancy B. Denny.....	Independence, Kansas
Mary Dewey.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Ina Dix.....	Oronogo, Missouri
John P. Dix.....	Fort Scott, Kansas
John Downing.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Mount C. Dulinsky.....	Neosho Falls, Kansas
Luther M. Eddy.....	Havensville, Kansas
Miles A. Eliff.....	Fairview, Missouri
William L. English.....	Belpre, Kansas

Eugenia Esch.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Mary Nelle Fenn.....	Joplin, Missouri
Ralph L. Ferguson.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Mabel Flatt.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Sister Mary Florence.....	Wichita, Kansas
Loren P. Forsythe.....	Howard, Kansas
Persis Fulton.....	Fort Scott, Kansas
Herman O. Gall.....	Bellevue, Kansas
Harold Gordon.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Mary Ellis Graham.....	Wichita, Kansas
Rolla L. Grandle.....	Cherokee, Kansas
Thomas H. Grant.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Goldie Graves.....	Springfield, Missouri
E. Floyd Greer.....	Mineral, Kansas
Ruth Gray.....	Parsons, Kansas
Grace Guthrie.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Nellie M. Hall.....	Arma, Kansas
Thelma Hall.....	Amoret, Missouri
Mrs. J. H. Hand.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Virgil M. Hardin.....	Springfield, Missouri
Mae Harpole.....	Norman, Oklahoma
Herold Herod.....	Erie, Kansas
Jessie Hisle.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Owen Hodgson.....	Parker, Kansas
Arthur Houser.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Donna Howell.....	Dennis, Kansas
Claude Huffman.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Eula James.....	Arcadia, Kansas
Macie Johnson.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Austin L. Jones.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Sam Jones.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Bernard Kennedy.....	Fort Scott, Kansas
Nettie Laughlin.....	Paola, Kansas
Fred Lawson.....	Petrolia, Kansas
Paul B. Leffler.....	Fort Scott, Kansas
James Le Valley.....	Iola, Kansas
Vivian Lough.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
J. Fred McCarty.....	Ottawa, Kansas
Bertha Barnes McCarty.....	Ottawa, Kansas
Lysle B. McKinley.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Earl M. Mahon.....	Coalgate, Oklahoma
Waldo Magers.....	Parker, Kansas
Harold A. Manly.....	Diamond Springs, Kansas
Vera Manning.....	Spearville, Kansas
Estherline Mason.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Mae Matthew.....	Thayer, Kansas
Leeman C. Matter.....	Weir, Kansas
Robert Mendenhall.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Paul E. Mentzer.....	Neosho Falls, Kansas
James C. Michaels.....	La Cygne, Kansas
Karl J. Mislin.....	Kansas City, Kansas
Clair C. Montee.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Jewell E. Moore.....	Independence, Kansas
Ivy May Morgan.....	Fort Scott, Kansas
Louise A. Moss.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Ruby E. Motti.....	Nevada, Missouri

Leslie H. Murphy.....	Princeton, Kansas
Nettie Niles.....	Liberal, Missouri
Georgia Oldham.....	Mulberry, Kansas
Hulda Osterman.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Annabel Pasley.....	Jenks, Oklahoma
Pauline Phillips.....	Columbus, Kansas
Pauline Potter.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Chas. J. Purma.....	Wilson, Kansas
Homer T. Ragle.....	Salina, Kansas
John Reinecke.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Mabel Rexford.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Verna Rigdon.....	Ford, Kansas
Eugene Ritter.....	Neodesha, Kansas
Minnie Roseberry.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Martha Roseboom.....	Girard, Kansas
Ethel Ross.....	Winfield, Kansas
Fayette Rowe.....	Scammon, Kansas
John Rueb.....	St. Francis, Kansas
Almeda Sample.....	Walnut, Kansas
Harold P. Santee.....	Skiatook, Oklahoma
Marguerite Schirk.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Paul J. Schulte.....	Westphalia, Kansas
Everett Scott.....	Weir, Kansas
Lucy See.....	Overbrook, Kansas
Pauline Sell.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Charles E. Seshier.....	Sedan, Kansas
Josephine Shaw.....	La Cygne, Kansas
Mabel Sheldon.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Gail Simpson.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
John A. Sinclair.....	Caldwell, Kansas
John Snodgrass.....	Augusta, Kansas
Alice Frances Spellman.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Edith Stahley.....	Mulberry, Kansas
Elizabeth Stelle.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Frances Lucille Stevens.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Isaac C. Stickley.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Charles J. Thompson.....	Walton, Kansas
Tunnell Trabue.....	McCune, Kansas
Carl Tyler.....	Arcadia, Kansas
Lottie Vehlou.....	Walnut, Kansas
Vivian Walker.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Walter Glen Ward.....	Silver Lake, Kansas
Jesse F. Westerdale.....	Topeka, Kansas
Evelyn Wheatley.....	Parsons, Kansas
Beulah White.....	Reeds, Missouri
Mabel Margaret Whybark.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Audrey Wiley.....	Moran, Kansas
John Williams.....	Girard, Kansas
Edna Frances Willis.....	Independence, Kansas
John F. Wilson.....	Joplin, Missouri
Loxie Bryan Wilson.....	Girard, Kansas
Clyde F. Witter.....	Opolis, Missouri
O'ga Wolf.....	Pittsburg, Kansas
Marie Woods.....	Garnett, Kansas
Rachel Woods.....	Garnett, Kansas
Mason E. Wynne.....	Norton, Kansas

PROGRAM
BACCALAUREATE SERVICES

*Kansas State Teachers College
Pittsburg, Kansas*

Sunday, May 24, 1925—10:45 A. M.

Organ prelude, "Priests' March,".....	(<i>Mendelssohn</i>)
Doxology	Congregation
Hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy,".....	Congregation
Scripture reading.....	Dr. H. E. Given
Anthem, "Hark, Hark, My Soul,".....	College Glee Clubs
Sermon.....	Dr. Shailer Matthews
Organ Postlude.....	(<i>Whiting</i>)
Benediction.....	Rev. F. L. Pettit

SYNOPSIS

Approximately 2,000 persons attended the baccalaureate services. Dr. Matthews, dean of the Divinity School, Chicago University, spoke on "Idolatry" and warned his audience against setting up idols in the form of business enterprises, culture, art, or social convention. He criticized theologians who attempted to explain the origin of religion by other means than by the fact that God had made himself evident in the very nature of things. "Some say the Christian religion originated with the Jews," Dr. Matthews said. "These people argue the Jews lived in the desert and had a genius for religion. These people are right with the exceptions that the Jews never lived in the desert and never had a genius for religion.

"For all practical purposes God is that to which you make your final appeal for your method of conduct," he said. "In olden times, when a nation was successful, the people thought their God was successful, and when

a nation failed they believed their God failed. When we make business that thing to which a final appeal is made we make a god out of a piece of fire-wood. The same thing can be made out of a piece of literature, culture, and social conventions. Whenever a person takes any useful thing and makes it into a final court of appeal for his conduct, he is like a man a thousand years ago who set up a wooden idol.

“We have a god who is a holy God and who is relentless in the field of moral conduct. Not long ago I went into a great conservatory and looked through the biggest telescope in the world. The attendant showed me a great photograph and I saw innumerable spots. The spots were suns as big as our sun, and when I asked if there were any planets around the suns and if people lived on the planets, he shrugged his shoulders and said, ‘Perhaps.’ It takes a great God to run a universe like that, and it is a great thing to live in the presence of God,” he continued.



CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Wednesday, May 27—8:30 A. M.

SENIORS LOOKING TOWARD FUTURE OF COLLEGE

Bidding farewell to the College, Wednesday morning, the class made its final act, one for the future of the College. Members of the class paid their farewell tribute to the College with impressive ceremonies staged on the campus and in Carney Hall. The program, which started at 8:45 o'clock, consisted of farewell visits made to each of the buildings on the campus. One or two members made short talks at each place visited.

"We came not to sprinkle the campus with tears, but to look forward to the future," said Sam Jones, the first speaker of the morning, to the group of Seniors gathered around the steps of Russ Hall, attired in their black caps and gowns. The fourth-year men and women then marched to the Industrial Arts Building, where Archie Cox mounted the steps and gave a few words of praise for the faculty of that department. He also gave a brief history of the needs of manual training in this country, the establishment of S. M. T. N., one of the first in the country and its reputation today as one of the largest and best in the country.

The College Cafeteria was the next place visited. Miss Rachel Woods was the speaker there. She dwelt on the advantages of the building to the entire College as a place where some students might partially work their way through school and as a place where victories in all branches of school activities were celebrated.

"It is with a peculiar feeling that we approach this day, but not with regret," Claude Hoffman, one of the speakers, declared in front of Carney Hall. He praised the faculty, especially in the Science Department, which he represented, saying, for whatever success we may have, we will give a great deal of credit to our teachers.

Miss Fern Babcock also made a short address at Carney Hall on the Domestic Arts Department. She told of the many long hours spent in sewing and in cooking, watching cakes rise (and fall), not that they might be better housekeepers, but that they could teach others.

Miss Maxine Smalley made the farewell address at the Gymnasium. She spoke of the changes going on every day, and cited a few during her four years in College, including the erection of the Gymnasium building, the addition of a four-year physical education course, and the transformation of just good athletic teams to championship teams.

Charles Purma and Herold Herod, two of the College's outstanding figures the last four years in athletics, made the farewell remarks at Brandenburg Field. Herod told of some of his experiences here in athletics, including the proudest moment of his life—the time that Doc Weede read the name of Herold Herod as one of the team who would go to Lawrence for the Haskell

game three years ago. Purma spoke of athletics in general and clean sportsmanship.

After leaving Brandenburg field, the Seniors gathered on the east side of Carney Hall, where Floyd Greer made his address and took charge of the ceremonies accompanying the planting of the ivy. "The planting of ivy is a symbol of love and we plant it with the love of the Senior Class," said Greer in explaining the purpose of the custom. Miss Ruth Gray and Austin Jones set the ivy plants in the ground, where they would grow over the walls of Carney Hall Auditorium in the near future.

Following this ceremony, the class adjourned to the site of the new Library building, where Miss Ruth Gray broke the sod for the new building. Austin Jones presented the spade which was used in the planting of the ivy and also in breaking the sod, to President Brandenburg, and it will be placed in a prominent place in the new building when completed, according to the President.

The Seniors then marched into Carney Hall, to the K. S. T. C. March played by Miss Gladys Deaton on the pipe organ, where the following program was given.

THE CRIMSON AND GOLD

Everybody Standing

On the plains of Southeast Kansas,
 'Neath an ever-cloudless sky,
Far away from surging ocean
 And the storm-bird's plaintive cry;
With her prairies rolling westward
 Where the redmen once roamed free;
With her ensign proudly waving,
 Stands our dear K. S. T. C.

Let us greet the Gold and Crimson
 With a strong and cordial cheer;
Let our hearts be ever loyal
 To our Alma Mater dear.

Let her worthy sons and daughters
 For our College proudly stand,
Shielding zealously her honor
 In one brave unbroken band;
Let them hold aloft her banner
 With a stout and steady arm,
Rallying her children round it
 From the city, town and farm.

CLASS HISTORY

By MAE HARPOLE

It was in the fall of 1921 that the members of this senior class bade goodbye to the folks at home and officially became students at K. S. T. C. It was terribly hard at first, everything was so new and strange that it is no wonder some of us got homesick. However, it wasn't long before our freshman class was organized, with Grant Gibson as president; Doris Rush and Nelson Connet, Student Council members; and Prof. S. J. Pease, class sponsor.

Still clinging to our childish ways, we had a wiener roast at the park and get acquainted with one another. This was just a beginning for us and we were all properly tuned for the school picnic which soon took place. It was quite surprising to some who had never heard of the famous K. S. T. C. gauntlet, for a few met with the paddles, and each boy resolved that next year life would be made miserable for some poor soul.

It was not long until some of us girls knew the wonders of rush week and little did we know then the anxiety we were feeling.

By the middle of the term we were feeling quite proud of ourselves that so far the upper-classmen had not made life miserable for us. But pride goeth before a fall, and in due time we heard rumors of a meeting of the upper-classmen which came to a head with several scraps, both in groups and individually. The boys began donning green caps decorated with yellow buttons. Paddles were quite noticeable at all scrambles. The tormentors seemed to take great joy that there were no cushions in the library and classroom chairs.

Oh, how thankful we were for the Thanksgiving vacation. My, but it's great to be at home once more and not worry over some Jonah in the shape of a class, at least for a few days!

To break the monotony after that vacation, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. decided to have a mixer. Well, some mixed and others didn't, but by this time we were beginning to find our way around and feel at home.

December 22 found us with all our bags packed, ready to leave on the first train, for the Christmas vacation is the time when we meet all the old gang at home and praise our school, trying to outboast the other in its merits.

It was quite a task to come back after such a wonderful holiday. We decided that John Reinecke looked quite downcast and after much persuasion the trouble was unearthed; John had just learned that there was no Santa Claus.

When we left high school we thought that there would be no more examinations, but when those semester tests took place we soon discovered that we knew nothing at all about examinations or anything else, at least some did. And with the beginning of the new semester we solemnly resolved, although it was past New Year's Day, to work harder this time.

We were overjoyed with the rumors of the carnival, and our expectations were all met with its appearance. We were somewhat surprised that some of the faculty left their dignity at home and were as playful as we.

The stunt fest was a new day for us, and we all entered heartily in its mysteries and wonders. We did see ourselves as others see us.

Festival week, we wondered if wonders would ever cease. It was quite a pleasure to escort our high school friends from the old home around the campus and say, "This is so and so, where I do this or that."

And before we know it, the last day of school is here, we are packed, on our way to the station, with a K. S. T. C. sticker on our bag, a growing love for the College in our hearts and a firm and deep resolve to be here in the fall.

True to that resolve, we found each other that next year, and how different that day was from the first enrollment day. Now we knew people and could greet them by name.

The class was immediately organized, with Grant Gibson, president; Austin Jones, vice-president; Maxine Smalley, secretary; Veva Potter and Wallace Guthridge, Student Council members. And we could not do without our Daddy Pease as sponsor.

Revenge is sweet, and how we found it so was the evening of the all-school picnic at the park, when the paddles were brought into use again.

We had a chance to be shining examples to the freshmen soon after when our sister class, the seniors, were the host and hostess at an all-school party.

Excitement reigned galore while the charm contest was on. How pleased we were when the two sophomore candidates, Margaret Hart and Margaret Walker, were awarded places worthy of mention!

Christmas vacation came before we knew it; we were off again, and in due time came back, determined to come out on top.

Now came our opportunity to develop our ingenuity in pleasing the student body, as we were hosts at an all-school party. Everyone seemed to enjoy the games and dancing—at least, they said so.

This year all our bright ideas concerning Hobo Day were called into action, and each one tried to outdo the other.

It seemed mighty fine that we were excused from school one week early, and truly we did appreciate it, perhaps more than it appeared. We felt quite proud of ourselves on our class day, and we tried to our best ability to give the others an entertaining hour. We felt almost as important as the seniors when we joined the class for commencement, for you see, part of us were the life certificate class. It was a grand occasion, in spite of the fact that it would be three months before we would return.

The following September found us again rushing around Carney Hall, bent on enrolling. Of course, some were disappointed when they learned that some special friend had not returned, but was in the field teaching; some, many, and some, one.

Our officers this year were: Charles Seshier, president; Estherline Mason, vice-president; Marie Crocker, secretary-treasurer; Student Council members were Mabel Rexford and John Snodgrass.

Still it is the privilege of the junior class to publish the Kanza. We elected Wilda Vehlow, editor, and John Downing, business manager. For the first time, K. S. T. C. had a college comic magazine, "The Green Lizard." Frank Adams, a Junior, was the editor.

We were indeed proud of our Junior members of the champion track team, Charles Purma and John Snodgrass.

The Juniors seemed to be helping to start things last year, for several of our members had a part in establishing Kappa Delta Pi and Xi Phi on the campus.

When we learned that our classmate, Fern Babcock, was chosen by the national Y. W. C. A. council as one of the under-graduates of the U. S. A. to attend the international convention of Y. W. C. A. in Europe, and that Herold Herod attended an international student convention at Indianapolis, we were indeed proud of K. S. T. C. and Junior class. After the election, before school closed, we were glad to congratulate Floyd Greer upon his election as president of the Student Council for this year.

With the beginning of this year we felt that since the Seniors should be solemn and dignified we would assume dignity to our best efforts, and indeed we have tried hard to impress the rest of you with that idea.

Knowing that the class must be organized, politicians got busy and at the class election we elected Ralph Collins, president; Bill Manning, vice-president; Maxine Smalley, secretary-treasurer; Esther Brower, and Waldo Magers, representatives to the Student Council.

The first picnic failed to be a real success, for half the crowd got lost, but shortly afterwards, to appease the lost ones, another steak fry was held and due caution was taken to see that all gathered around the same camp fire.

The football trip to Emporia sounded so tempting that those seniors who went have since declared it was a day among days to be remembered.

Vacations came and went and we were enrolled in the second semester's work.

The seniors worked faithfully and long to elect their candidate, Zenia Chambers, Queen of the 1925 Kanza.

We were greatly pleased to be the host to the student body at an all-school party this spring.

"The Green Lizard" came out of his hiding with two more editions; Frank Adams was again editor.

One and all we donned our party clothes and manners to attend the reception given by President and Mrs. Brandenburg to the Senior Class.

As a mark of recognition among ourselves, we began carrying canes and walking sticks. In a Senior assembly one morning, our president presented President Brandenburg, Dean Trout, and Daddy Pease with canes from the class, and Dean Mitchell with a walking stick.

Feeling the need of a frolic, the Seniors had a sneak day. Taking our "Daddy" with us, we spirited ourselves away to Wild Cat. We might have known something would happen, and it did—it rained and two boys fell in the river. Upon returning to town, we gathered around the Pease hearth and finished the day with song, mirth, and eats.

Just to let you know there was life in the Seniors yet, we donned our caps and gowns one morning and had a special Senior chapel. It is true, all of us felt as queer as we looked.

Events came to a climax in the presentation of the Senior Class play, "Under Cover." The fun in working with it was well worth the trouble and worry.

Still enjoying our vacation, we fooled the weather man and had a picnic at Lakeside. We went prepared to swim and we did. The canoes were not idle in either the sunlight or moonlight.

Our year is almost gone and the present will soon be the past but the most cherished memories will be those of the four years spent at K. S. T. C.

Over twenty years ago the free air of Kansas gave birth to a spirit which has grown and developed; having found lodgement, not temporary lodgement but permanent lodgement, in the hearts and souls of an ever increasing family of students. This spirit has crystalized and found expression in this land, in these buildings, and is now being carried by the burning zeal of thousands of students to be caught again by a younger generation in the schools of Kansas, and other states.

Men and women, K. S. T. C. is not a pile of brick and mortar; K. S. T. C. is not a library of books, not merely a faculty of professors. She is a spirit that has found its expression in these massive and well-equipped buildings, upon this spacious campus, amid the association of thousands of students. Yes, to many a sincere student, the hall of dreams has become the halls of K. S. T. C.

We stand today upon the threshold of a new era, fraught with great purposes and achievements. A future of greater and still greater progress is about to be realized. Science, with her methods of discovering truth and of conserving that truth for future peoples, has entered into every field of man's endeavor. It is bringing hope where despair once ruled, faith where doubt existed, and prosperity with plenty, where pain and suffering in poverty were predominant. The spirit of K. S. T. C. is the spirit of the science of that brave and courageous effort to discover and conserve truth, the linking of the past with the present, the present with the future, of experience with fact, and the theory with the actual.

The life of man today is a thread in the fabric of society. No man lives unto himself alone. The warp and woof of society is the intricate workings and stirrings of human souls. A social spirit is a spirit that will survive; a spirit that values the opportunity of the present in terms of human welfare and human values; a spirit that extends the olive branch of peace where peace is at all possible; a spirit that recognizes the truth in the statement that in no small way a man is his brother's keeper; a spirit, my friends, that

urges a man or woman to heroic effort in an endeavor to interlock the best that is in them with the best that is in other folks, and in accordance with the needs of society.

The Spirit of K. S. T. C. is this social spirit. Men and women go from this campus carrying to the remotest corners of the state and into adjoining states this spirit of altruism and service—a spirit that will not become haughty or imperialistic in achievement and success.

The spirit that will achieve shall know no defeat. It must be a vitalizing force associated with intelligence compelling men and women to do and to dare—to drink deep of the Pyrián Spring and then apply that wisdom and knowledge with an intense earnestness and an irresistible enthusiasm. K. S. T. C. is this spirit of achievement—a dynamic and urge causing her sons and daughters in every community to become stalwart leaders; with an atmosphere of moral health and vigor.

We look forward with a faith undaunted, with brave and courageous hearts and with minds fired with the spirit and the knowledge that is ours because of the rich experience of the past three or four years. We go out into the world where men and women are judged upon the basis of what they have done and are doing. Our self-confidence is born of the spirit that became ours when we entered the halls of this school. We honor and cherish those associations, the memory of which will live on while consciousness exists.

Friends, in the gallery of our memory, many pictures have been hung, pictures that we shall often look at during the quiet moments when the mood of reminiscence may give us a respite from the strenuous tasks ahead. We shall tackle those tasks that the future may bring with a will, a joy, and a vision clear.

The spirit of this school is constantly being reborn as each succeeding year brings into her portals a new and sturdy group of healthy men and women. That spirit is constantly flowing into the world as a saving force when each year the senior class bidding their Alma Mater adieu, enters the great activity of a pulsating, throbbing world of action and achievement.

The golden thread of discovered truth is continually being spun in the halls and class rooms of our Alma Mater and is winding herself around the souls of our youth, binding them together with an unbreakable cord of knowledge, brotherhood and fraternity.

We believe, we trust that the spirit of this school will live on, will continue to grow and expand until finally in every corner of the world her students will reflect that great association in achievement and success, in honor and courage.

Let me repeat, K. S. T. C. is not a pile of masonry, is not a mass of books, but she is a spirit that excels in every field, making each year her great contribution to that which is good, that which is grand, that which is worth while, causing her great group of young souls to be nobler and better.

This, my friends, is our tribute to our Alma Mater.

SENIOR CLASS POEM

BY LUCY SEE

Commencement day will come and go,
And friend will meet with friend,
But in his heart each one must know
Then cometh the end.
Toward the future a sober face we turn:
A look of regret for the past we wear,
As we try to discover the unknown bourne,
And learn what fortune awaits us there.

Yes, where is that laugh which the students heard
A moment ago so careless and free
As the youngest one of the class averred,
This is the end of school for me.
And is there a shadow over the sun
That marks the shade on each thoughtful brow,
And a minor strain in the tones of the one
Whose voice rang out so gaily just now?

Perhaps it is true in human affairs
That things lose value as distance grows small,
And sometimes the objects of our prayers
Shrink in attainment to nothing at all.
And victory gained when the fight is done
Seems somehow empty and lacking yet
And we quickly turn from the setting sun,
And view the dawn with a sigh of regret.

Four years around the self same group
At the portals of learning en masse was seen,
No heart but was thumping in all that group
And no freshman's cap could have been more green.
And subjects were hard and teachers seemed cross,
And paddles were fierce, and rules in the way,
And sometimes 'twas hard to please the boss,
But the freshmen stuck and won the day.

When the seasons had made their rounds again,
And enrollment day once more was here,
A different group of women and men
Had grown from the freshmen we saw last year.
A band that feared not the final score,
With heads that were clear and hearts that were true
Their motto, "Victory Evermore,"
The sophomores knew and knew that they knew.

The juniors came in another year,
More thoughtful and with a shade of doubt
That they could advise the prophet and seer
And put the wisdom of ages to rout.
And often they're strolling two and two
When winds are warm and skies are fair,
And their thoughts we wouldn't tell if we knew.
They seem so happy we'll leave them there.

Perhaps as they journey the long, long trail,
Those pleasant hours will return again,
Bringing fresh courage to hearts that fail
From the buffets and blows of their fellow men.
Memory is the storehouse of the soul,
And happy the one with a rich supply;
'Twill tide him over when troubles roll
And keep him safe as the years go by.

The record of time marks another year.
Time never waits whatever the prize.
And we note on the faces a trace of fear,
As we try to look cheerful and seem more wise.
For the senior year we once thought the end
Is but the beginning we now must own,
And the road has merely made a bend
Then stretches forward to lengths unknown.

But a light has been kindled, a wish to pursue,
And draw what we may from wisdom's fount
Though seeming to fail, if our aim has been true,
We cannot lose in the final count.
Honor and truth and a helping hand,
The heart attuned to the tenderest touch,
These be the watchwords of our band
Whether reward be little or much.

Our tribute we bring to instructors today,
Our thanks for their help and sympathy true,
Their kindly words in our hearts will stay.
They have builded better than they knew.
They have forged the links that bind us fast,
Their high ideals will be our guide,
Cheering our memories of the past,
And setting future doubts aside.

One parting word to our President now,
We would fitly frame the thoughts we feel,
But all we can do is simply tell how
We pledge our allegiance true as steel.
We have felt the kindly grip of his hand;
His words of courage and friendship we've heard,
Like the shade of a rock in a weary land,
Was his ready smile and his kindly word.

Our Alma Mater, we love her more
As the years go by and seasons unfold.
And our beings are ever thrilled to the core
As we catch a glimpse of the crimson and gold.
K. S. T. C. is the melting pot
Just four years to work and to mingle, and then
Gorillas and lizards and cats and what not
They all come out true women and men.

The future is fitly dressed in black
With an index finger pointing the way,
But hope will ever illumine our track
Until we reach the perfect day.
Not that we gain, but that we strive.
Not all can win the race they run,
But we trust that the class of '25
Will all hear the Master's word, "Well done."



SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

The other day, a queer little old man came to our door and asked to see me. I came in and as soon as I saw him, I felt that I had stepped into another world. He was wrinkled and bent, and carried a package of papers. He said to me, "I am from the land of the future. These papers were printed in the office of 'Time' and contain the revealed mysteries of that which is to come. You may have one copy, and only one. Do you wish it from the year of 1930, 1933, 1940, or 1945?"

When I had realized that he was in earnest and that he might have something which would be of interest to my classmates, I held out my hand and he gave me one, and in doing so, he vanished.

After he was gone I examined the paper carefully and discovered that it contained the accounts of the doings of my classmates. This morning I shall tell you all that I can recall of its secrets.

Sports

In the sports column is the account of the thrilling auto race won by Jessie Hisle. Her mechanic, Gladys Craig, and her nurse, Lottie Vehlow, must be glad that they made their hairbreadth escape from death.

We also find that Charles Purma has surpassed his idol basketball player, De Benardi, and that Charles Seshier is the star player at Hillyards at St. Joseph, Mo.

Earl McMahon is pitching baseball under the tutelage of Walter Johnson and Harold Santee is the little mascot of the team.

I shall read from the column of events that happened ten years ago. We may be able to learn what has happened to others of our class since 1925.

John Wilson is making a success of a cigar manufacturing business. He has directed this company steady since 1925, except for a period of six months. I wonder what John is doing now.

At a reunion picnic held by the class of '25, Harold Manley finds himself left behind as the cars pull out for Wildcat and is compelled to walk the distance of 35 miles and arrived just in time for lunch. Ina Dix also took part in this walk.

Floyd Greer made a speech at K. S. T. C. last week. He was able to climb the steps to the stage without knocking the bark off of his new shoes. I wonder how that happened.

Maxine Smalley has accepted a secretarial position at Hot Springs, Ark. Cookey Carter is still filling her fountain pen.

Opal Briggs has gone back to Neosho, where the state fish hatchery is located, and is teaching "little fish" home economics.

Local Mention

I shall read now from the column of local mention, for there is where the most interesting news is usually found.

Vivian Lough has joined the secret service and is showing her diplomatic ability there.

Marie Woods is designing costumes, and Rachel serves as her model.

Ruth Bailey is still a critic teacher, but of a home-made kindergarten and of an apartment kitchenette.

Dr. John Downing is still as congenial as he ever was, but he must have the approval of Mrs. Downing before filling any prescriptions.

John and Nellie Blackmore have returned to Australia and are doing a work in making Americans out of the natives there.

Mabel Flatt, now head of the home economics department at Seneca, who when we knew her was wearing one diamond, is now wearing an additional one, but as yet she has not exchanged her position for a similar one in a school for one.

Minnie Roseberry has given up teaching and has gone into politics. She is now sheriff of Bingo county.

Chester Johnson has accepted the position as President of the Tuskegee Institute

Offhand Interviews

In the offhand interviews, Charlie tells us that he never regretted his choice of a professor except for a time during the winter of 1925, when he wished that he was a surgeon or a nurse.

Jane Cleavenger reports that she is exceedingly grieved over the necessity of giving up her profession as a teacher when she accepted a position in the congressional library at Washington.

Mrs. Lawrence Barrett says that she still has a great admiration for the executive ability of her husband, who is now exercising his ability over the "Whiz Bang."

Gail Simpson, who married the daughter of Jack Keefe, has oftentimes been taken for the son of his father-in-law, Jack Keefe. He says that he is still giving out checks, but to a Mrs. Simpson.

Bill English, who is very fond of warm relishes, puts alcohol into his radiator and "mustard" in his sandwiches.

Friends of the one we knew as Mae Harpole report that she has achieved success in developing the more affectionate traits of her husband, Waldo Magers.

The travel column seems to contain many names that are familiar.

Paul Mentzer has circumnavigated the globe six times and is still looking for a school.

We find the account of the travels of Lucy See, who is traveling in Italy, hunting for old records, from which she can extract inspiration for writing poetry. On these trips she finds valuable use for her walking stick. Mary Ellis is studying music in Europe.

Mason Wynne, now editor of the funny section of the Kansas City Star, has received word from John Reinecke that he is king of the Cannibal Islands

in the South Sea. He and his wife, formerly Fern Babcock, have been doing a wonderful work there.

Bill Manning, field marshal of the Gorillas, writes back to America that he is training wild gorillas in Africa. Mrs. Manning is preparing the food for his trained animals. He also writes that he has perfected the art of driving up telephone poles.

Friends of Grace Guthrie have received letters from her stating that she is teaching Spanish in a Spanish university in Madrid.

Here is an extract from a Pittsburg paper which tells us that John Snodgrass has now become a competitor with the local electric light company. He parks on Potlitzer almost every evening.

Here is an interesting advertisement which tells us of the fortunes of one of our number, Bryan Wilson, a successful lumberman, is advertising the lasting qualities of his special brand of house paint. He refers you to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Blandpied, who used this paint on their bungalow in Kansas City twenty-five years ago. They say it was as good as new.

Ruben Collins has developed a new curl for poodle dogs, and has accumulated enough money to equip himself with a biological laboratory. See Collins for more details, the article states.

In the circus advertisements I find a notice of a full-fledged gorilla, "Archie Cox," who will preform at the evening show.

Here is a notice that thoroughbred cattle can be purchased reasonable from the well-known cattle ranch in Colorado owned by the one we knew as Ruth Grey and her side partner, Curt. Farther down on the same column is a similar advertisement from a ranch in Wyoming owned by the one formerly Mable Rexford, and her husband, Cecil.

The proprietor, Nettie Niles of the "Do It Right" barber shop, can guarantee to give you an even hair cut if you wish it. The powerful brand of Titian hair dye formulated by Edna Davidson can be purchased at this shop for a reasonable sum.

Here is an announcement that Sam Jones, who was converted in Professor Scott's classes and who is now a successful evangelist and preacher, will give an address in Carney Hall, May 30, 1945. Sam is still giving his vocal cords their "daily dozen."

A few of our number have found their way into the "Who's Who" column.

Herod the Great has become a noted orator in Whitewater, Kansas. His famous lectures are taken from the subject of "Love at First Sight."

Mae Matthews, with the passing years has become a devoted journalist and has recently been promoted to the position of editor of the joke column of the Kansas City Star.

Society

Here at the head of the society column is the account of the double wedding of Hulda Osterman and Ethel Ross. They have both been promoted to the position as head of the home department of a school for one. Ethel

would not exchange this position for the one offered in 1925 with the promised increase of salary for next year. She thinks that promises are like pie crusts—"easily broken."

Fayette Rowe's favorite sport is still that of calling on Mabel.

A lengthy account of the midnight party given last night is to be found in this column. Those giving the party were Harold Gordon, Paul Leffler, Lloyd Cole, James LaValley, Ray Crail and Lyle McKinley. These seniors have not changed with the passing of time.

I will read a notice which I think will be of interest to the class. The famous dietitian, Esther Brower, will give a public lecture tonight at the city court house. She gives as her reference the fact that she plans and directs the meals for the well-known actress, Zenia Chambers.

I shall read a few more notes from the Local Mention column.

Nettie Laughlin, who is now critic designer for the Masonic and Shrine dance costumes, has appointed Pauline Phillips as her model.

Glen Ward, though not on the track team and though he doesn't compare with Blanpeid in height, showed his speed in racing for an Oklahoma town school.

John Williams, who showed a particular liking for mathematics, is now head of the Math. department at "Calamity Corners."

Howard Cameron, head of the history department at Chicago University, is now traveling in Greece, where he is digging for specimens among the ruins there for his private museum.

First of all I am going to give you the headlines of a big news story. "Austin Jones and Lauren Forsythe receive Carnegie medal." "Heroism was shown in rescuing 20 members of the 1945 class from drowning." "Learned to swim when they escaped from the chilly waters at Wildcat 19 years ago."

I would like to read you the rest of the article, but I must go to the next which I am afraid will grieve many of you.

First headline: "Ralph Collins, Senior President, finishes sentence at Atlanta."

Second headline: "Is Greeted by R. J. otherwise "Blossom" at the prison gate."

Third headline: "The turnkey, Mount Dulinsky, opened the door for him."

I am not able to foretell the futures of others, for as I was reading the paper, it vanished into thin air.

LOIS ARMENTROUT,

Class Prophet.

PRESENTATION OF MEMORIAL

By RALPH E. COLLINS

President Brandenburg, Members of the Faculty, Students of K. S. T. C.,
and Other Friends:

We are met here on this occasion partly because custom has decreed that we have a Class Day, but for the most part because we want this opportunity of formally saying goodbye to old familiar faces; not that we are anxious to say goodbye, for we hesitate at parting, but there comes a time in the life of every college student when he must bid farewell to his Alma Mater. We wish we could stay with you always, but you would soon tire of us, we fear; so instead we are leaving certain landmarks to show we tarried here for a few years in our journey through life.

We hope that in the coming years, the ivy which we so recently planted will cover the entire east end of this building; we intend that it shall. We hope that this, in a measure at least will bind us to this institution; but we have a stronger tie; that of our undying love for old K. S. T. C. of Pittsburg. (The spirit of K. S. T. C.)

As an expression of our appreciation for the many things we have received and the untiring efforts of you, our instructors, in helping us this far up the ladder of learning, we are leaving as a memorial, a hall clock, to be placed in the new Library building upon its completion.

In selecting this gift, it was our purpose to combine usefulness with beauty. The usefulness of a clock cannot be questioned. You have heard it said: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." We think this clock is beautiful, and we believe you will think likewise when you have seen it.

President Brandenburg, in behalf of the class of 1925, I take great pleasure in presenting to you and through you to K. S. T. C., this clock, and we unite in wishing for you and our school, the best of success the future has to offer.

SENIOR BANQUET
COLLEGE CAFETERIA
Wednesday, May 27—6:45 P. M.

PROGRAM

*“O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel’s as ithers see us!”*

Toastmaster.....	Ralph E. Collins
Looking Behind	Superintendent Clyde Davidson
Looking Ahead.....	Mabel Rexford
Looking Around.....	E. Floyd Greer
What Next?.....	Professor S. J. Pease
Solo.....	Mae Harpole
The College and Its Seniors.....	President W. A. Brandenburg

PROGRAM
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

*Kansas State Teachers College
Pittsburg, Kansas*

Thursday, May 28—10 A. M.
College Auditorium

March.....Orchestra and Organ
Invocation.....Dr. Wilbur N. Mason
Music—"Dawn"..... *Curran*
"A Song of Spring".....*Bartlett*
Polymnia Club
Address.....Dr. Burris Jenkins
Presentation of the Classes.....President W. A. Brandenburg
Conferring of the Degrees.....Hon. Chas. Huffman
Representing Board of Administration
Benediction.....Rev. Clyde J. Askins
Director of Polymnia Club, Gabriella Campbell
Organist, Gladys Deaton

SYNOPSIS

Dr. Burris Jenkins of the Linwood Boulevard Christian church in Kansas City, spoke on world problems and devoted much of his time to the world court and international relations.

"The question comes up, Is our civilization to endure? Are our Christian culture and occidental system of life to survive?" Dr. Jenkins asked. "Every one agrees that our western civilization will not survive another world conflict. It seems to me that the teachers of the young should pitch their minds to the exigencies that are immediately ahead of us. It may be the best thing, all things considered, that our society should go down, but nevertheless, we do not like to think of that. Rome and medieval Europe crumbled, and in their places came a new system of society. One by one the old societies perished and passed away. Possibly it would be the best thing for the advancement of the world that western civilization should crumble. But there is a passion in our souls to preserve what we have. If we are to maintain our civilization, it will take all the thought, devotion, ingenuity and sacrifice of which we are capable. If our civilization is to endure we must put a new note into our thoughts and relations. It is either Christ or chaos. If our civilization is to endure, we must sit at the feet of the great Master who lived 2000 years ago, and learn his practicability. The Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount are being increasingly put into life.

Let us take up the race question. In France the Negro soldiers walked down the boulevards and would have a French girl on one arm or French girls on both arms. They said: 'We have made the world safe for democracy and we are going to enjoy it when we get back home.' Those colored boys were disappointed when they returned, and that is the reason that Kansas City was sitting on a powder keg recently in regard to the race question. There are four solutions for the Negro problem—deportation, segregation, amalgamation, and assassination. None of these four solutions are workable. Where is the solution? It is in the Sermon on the Mount. It is in the Golden Rule and in the teachings of Christ. The white man must learn to treat the Negro as he would be treated if he were in the Negro's shoes and the Negro in his shoes.

"What are to be the relations between employer and employee? One captain of industry in his book, 'Way Out,' says through the policy of isolation we are now facing fierce competition within our own borders. His way out is through mass production, raising of salaries of employees and democracy in industry. If civilization is to endure, we must put the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount into practice in industry.

"This last paragraph from Calvin Coolidge's speech makes me say that Calvin Coolidge would have us enter the permanent Court of International Relations with the reservations outlined by President Harding, and with no fear of a super-government. He says the inter-dependence of nations is increasing every year. None can stand alone, none dare risk isolation, and none can incur the ill opinion of civilization.

"We have quoted the opinion of George Washington for the last seven years. He said, 'Enter into no entangling alliances.' He was talking to a little republic not yet out of swaddling clothes. When war broke out between France and England, the little infant said, 'Let's go and help France.' Washington said, 'Now, be still, little baby. I don't know yet whether you are going to live or die.' How long is this nation to continue being an infant? If you want to create war, just continue your policy of isolation. Do you think if there is another war we can keep out of it? If so, you are just asleep at the switch."

Following the conferring of degrees and the presentation of diplomas, President Brandenburg announced that it was the annual custom of the College to award a gold medal to the student who ranked highest in history and economics. The medal was presented to Oakley Price Caldwell.

At the conclusion of the exercises, the degree class formed in a semi-circle in front of Carney Hall and had a picture taken.

ALUMNI BANQUET

Three hundred persons, members of the degree class and alumni of the school, attended the twenty-first annual alumni banquet following the presentation of diplomas and conferring of degrees in Carney Hall. Rev. John Blackmore, member of the class, gave the invocation. George Sanders, county superintendent of Cherokee county, presided at the banquet as toastmaster and extended an invitation to the degree class to join the alumni association.

Ralph E. Collins, class president, gave the response and promised the support and co-operation of the class.

Dr. C. B. Pyle gave a short talk on "One Year at K. S. T. C."

President Brandenburg delivered an address on "On the Map."

William W. Manning, representing the class, presented Prof. S. J. Pease, class sponsor, with a floor lamp as a token of our appreciation of his services.

Professor Pease responded and thanked the class for the gift.

Dear Children:

Commencement has come and gone. Each member of our class goes to his own work—East, West, North, South; yet not as ships that pass in the night would we as a class greet each other in passing, but as friends.

We have one great common experience—graduation from the friendliest College in the land; we have common ideals of service and progress; we treasure the common association of four years in the same classrooms under the same masters; most of us go to the same work, proudly upholding the banner of the American public school. Sacrifice? Yes. Misunderstanding? Perhaps. Failure? Temporary, it may be. But K. S. T. C. stands back of us and we shall be proud to stand back of her; support her ideals, keep her supplied with enthusiastic youth, respond eagerly to her every need. Thus we shall earn success.

But what can each do? Separately, his own bit; no more. Together, an irresistible power that shall extol the fame of K. S. T. C. and make her a kindly giant in the educational world.

Together.

Affectionately your "daddy,"

SAMUEL J. PEASE.

Our association with K. S. T. C., as one of the four class organizations, is a thing of the past, but in a larger sense our association with this College is in its infancy, as it were. We are no longer called freshmen, sophomores, juniors or seniors, but we belong to a much larger group, a much greater group, upon which a great responsibility rests. This group can either make or break K. S. T. C. The alumni of K. S. T. C. are looking to us to rekindle the fires which from year to year are wont to go down; and we must not fail them: We must not fail K. S. T. C. Let each of us resolve to sell K. S. T. C. of Pittsburg to the community into which our work for the coming year may lead us—not only resolve, but act upon that resolution. And our reward, fellow classmates, will be—can you guess?

RALPH E. COLLINS.

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