

Presenting . . .

Miss Kansas of 1947

The Alpha's, following their old idea of getting the best looking girls on the campus, hit the jack pot when they pledged Ruth Richmond from Fort Scott.

Ruthie began her September Atlantic City jaunt by first walking away with the Miss Pittsburg title early last summer.

Miss Kansas

Clinching the trip to the East Coast, she broke back into the newspapers taking the Miss Kansas title. Winning the state title she boarded a train in September for Jersey with her mother as a chaperon.

But here, with 54 "best looking and best curved" beauties in the country all parading in a heap,



she lost out. Ruthie then returned to the campus to finish out her work on her degree. She will graduate this spring.

At Atlantic City

Ruth brought back with her many interesting tales of her Atlantic City experiences. While in the big city, she met many of the big-wigs. Mrs. Roxy of the Roxy theatre was director of the girls. (Lucky gal, eh!) Ted Malone and Phil Regan were the masters of ceremonies.

The young Kansas candidate for national honors still contends her most scared moment of the entire affair was when she appeared before the auditorium full of people to sing "My Wonderful One." "But we all cried for joy when one of us won an honor," she remarked.

"I walked over to the center of the stage in the big auditorium and every light in the house was right at me.

"As far as I could see there were people. The rows seemed to go back until you wondered just where they stopped."

"One Big Family"

"While in Atlantic City we lived like one big family," Ruthie said. What this country needs is more of such families.

"Everyone helped everyone else both at the hotel and at the various contests."

Ruthie was awarded a scholarship to the Patricia Stevens modeling school. She appeared in many newsreels, and had interviews with many newspaper men.

And watching her model a bathing suit, sweater or formal evening gown, we can't blame them, editorially speaking.

It's not hard to understand why Ruth Richmond was chosen Miss Kansas of 1947. Do we hear long, low whistles?

"Figures Don't Lie"

Some wise old bird way back once said that figures don't lie. Now whether he was speaking about percentages and decimals or another side of the question, there remains a point of difference.

But who likes fractions?

Here is the dope on the hereafter side of the question.

Ruthie is five foot, three and a half and tips the scale at 105. She is a blond and has green eyes.

Wait, brother, I'm not through yet. She has a 33-inch bust, 22-inch waist and 33-inch hips.

And most people agree that's plenty alright.

Ten-mile Parade

One of the most impressive events of the great American classic was the 10-mile parade on Tuesday during the week of the contest.

"All the girls rode in push carts made in the shape of butterflies with throngs of bystanders rushing at you constantly for autographs," the young senior said.

And upon returning to native Kansas, she was notified that she had been selected "Sweetheart of Wichita."

Music Major

Ruthie is majoring in music. She is quite a well-known vocalist and has made many appearances before various local college and civic groups.

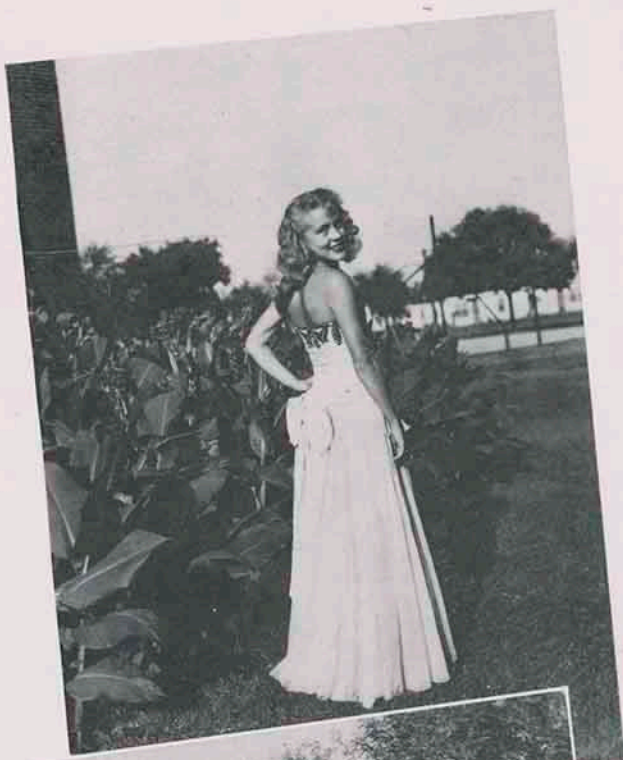
She appeared with Pat Scalet, one of her Alpha Sigma Alpha Sorority Sisters, in the Kanza Variety Show. They sang several songs, but the favorite with the audience was their special rendition of "Tallahassee."

Ruth has also appeared in many student assembly programs and has always been received with enthusiasm.

Military Ball

After the crowning of the candidate from Tennessee as Miss America, the girls were the guests of officers of the army and navy at a military ball, the climaxing affair of the week-long event.

We enlisted men haven't got a chance.—John Paul Hudson.



Here's to prove that Ruthie looks equally good in an evening gown. Below boy friend Chuck Klobassa, now attending KU, and Ruthie go for a walk around the college lake.

Anyone Can Sing...

I've watched the twilight slip away.
I've seen a red rose fade.
I've heard the closing measure
Of a sweetheart's serenade.

I've seen the big oak shed her leaves.
I've heard a last goodbye.
I've watched the smouldering embers.
I know why lovers cry.

But what a nice tomorrow,
Roses with every Spring.
A song for each new love
And anyone can sing.

Donna Maddux