

1923

Natsihi Yearbook 1923

Whitworth University

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WHITWORTH COLLEGE
Spokane, Wash.



NATSIHI

NINETEEN HUNDRED
and TWENTY-THREE



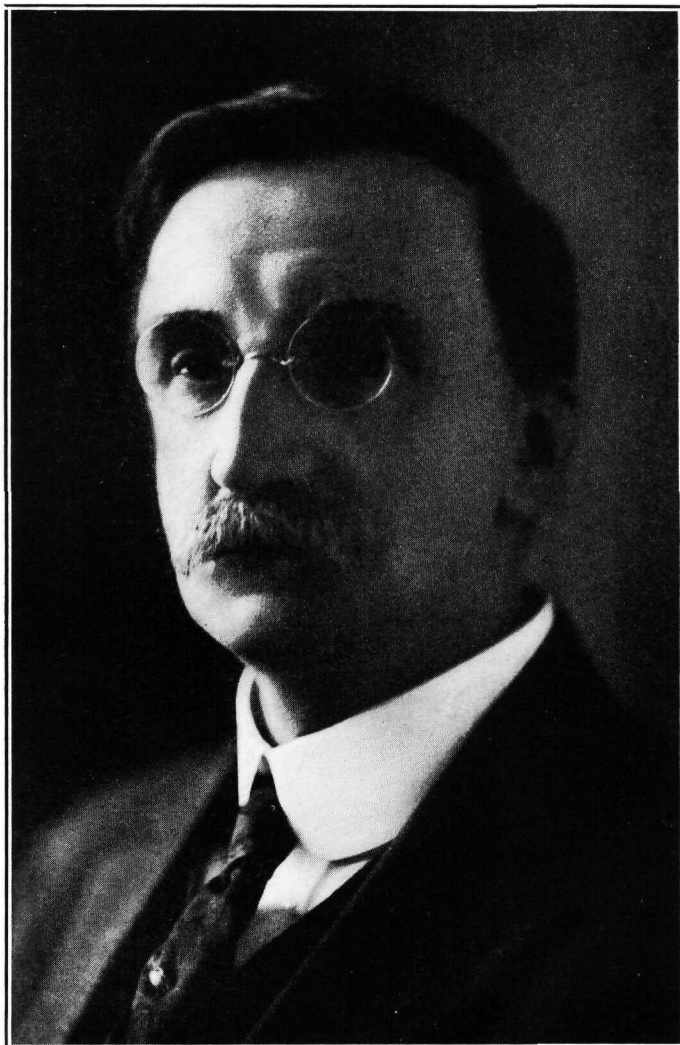
PUBLISHED ANNUALLY
by the
STUDENT ASSOCIATION
of
WHITWORTH COLLEGE

Engravings by
PARENT ART COMPANY
Spokane, Washington

Printed by
INLAND-AMERICAN PRINTING CO.
Spokane, Washington

FOREWORD

IN presenting this volume of the NATSIHI, the Staff has endeavored to combine the better features of former year books, and of annuals from other schools, into a book of which we may all be proud in years to come. The purpose has been to portray student and faculty life on the campus, giving proper consideration to every interest, to the exclusion of none. If this volume is worthy, its success is due to each and every member of Whitworth College.



REV. CHARLES P. MILNE, DEAN OF EDUCATION

DEDICATION

To REV. CHARLES P. MILNE

Dean of our Alma Mater, whose earnest efforts have won for him an admiration among the students as an executive and as a friend of all, we dedicate this book.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

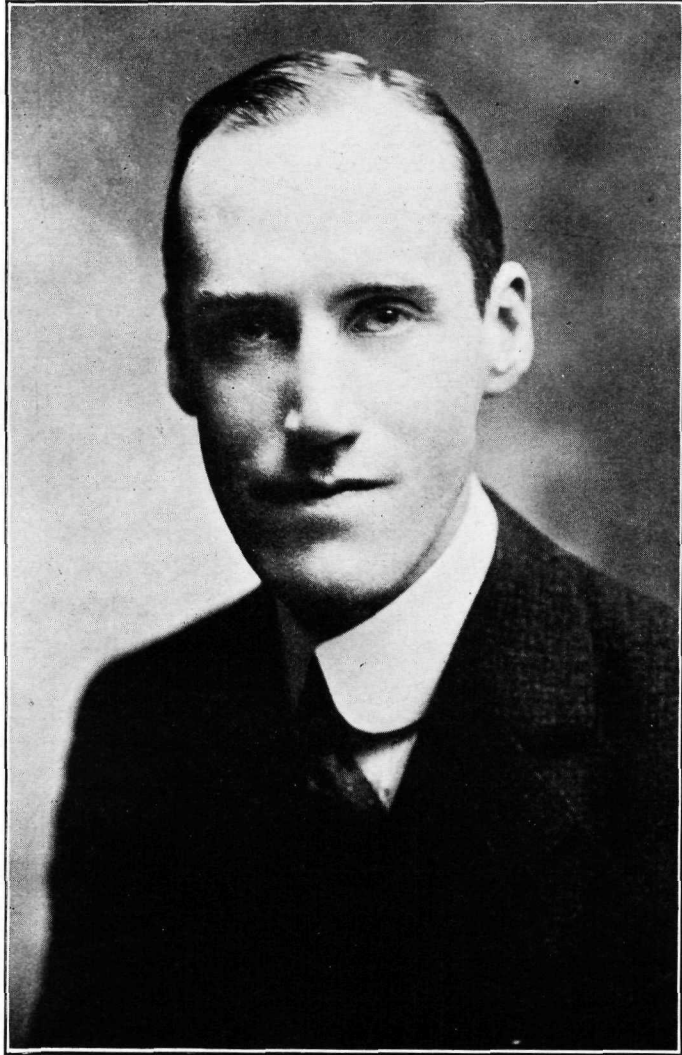
Trustees	9
Faculty	10
Classes	15
Organizations	37
Music	51
Drama	53
Forensics	54
Society	55
Calendar	57
Literary	60
Athletics	65
Jokes	82



Board of Trustees

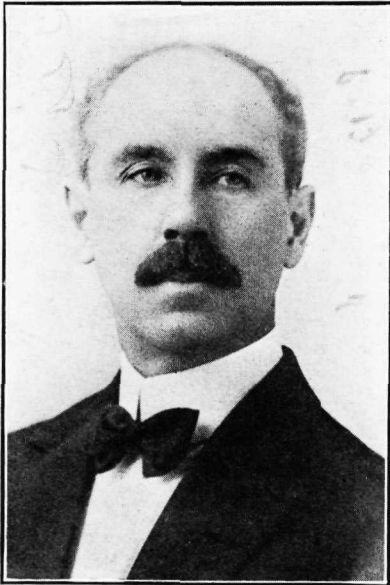
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Huntington Taylor	Coeur d'Alene, Idaho
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Rev. Sherman L. Divine, D. D.	Spokane, Washington
Henry W. Newton	Spokane, Washington
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I. N. Tate	Spokane, Washington
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C. E. Marr	Spokane, Washington
Archibald G. Rigg	Spokane, Washington
William L. McEachran	Spokane, Washington
Rev. Wayne S. Snoddy	Moscow, Idaho

Faculty



WILLARD H. ROBINSON, PH. D.*

*Resigned



H. C. MEYERS

Ph. D. Strassburg, France.
Head of Chemistry Department.



EDNA M. ROBINSON*

A. B., A. M., University of Chicago.
Ph. D., John Hopkins
Head of English Department.

*Resigned.



CORNELIUS C. REGIER

A. B., A. M., University of Kansas.
Graduate work, University of Chicago.
Ph. D., State University of Iowa.
Head of History Department.



GEORGE W. HESS

A. B., Kalamazoo College.
A. M., University of Kansas.
Ph. D., University of Michigan.

HAZEL C. COFFEY

A. B., University of Montana.
A. M., Northwestern University.
Head of Biology and Home Economics De-
partments.



PARK POWELL

A. B., B. S., University of Missouri.
Department of Foreign Languages.

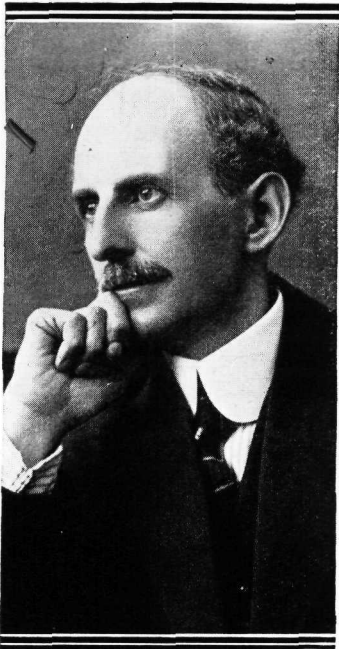


W. S. MIDDLEMASS

A. B. Dundoon College, Glasgow, Scotland.
Hartford Theological Seminary, Connecticut,
D. D., Whitworth College.
Department of Bible.

ORPHA HENNECK

A. B., W. S. C.
Blair Business College.
Head of Commercial Department.



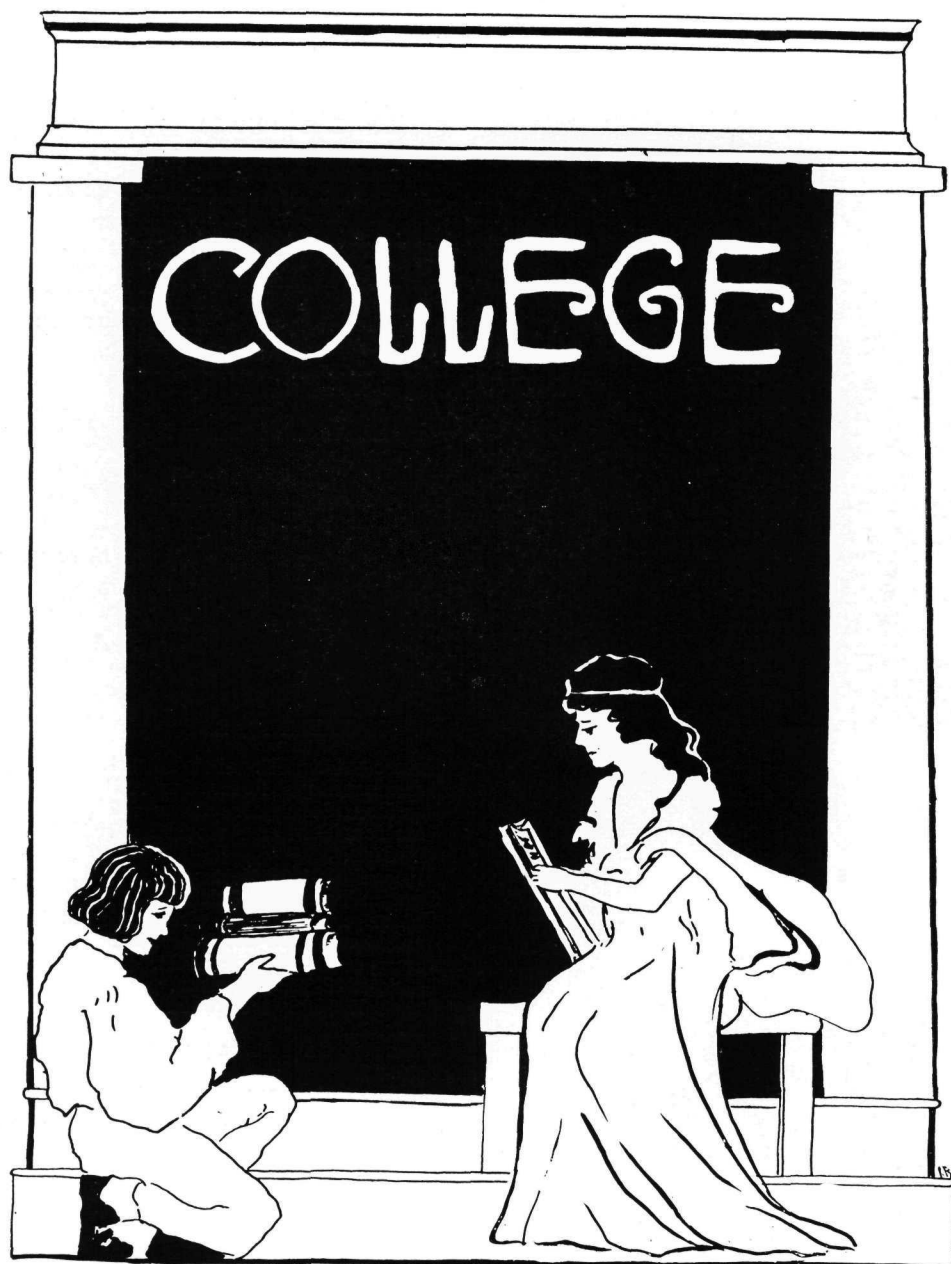
FRANK TATTERSALL

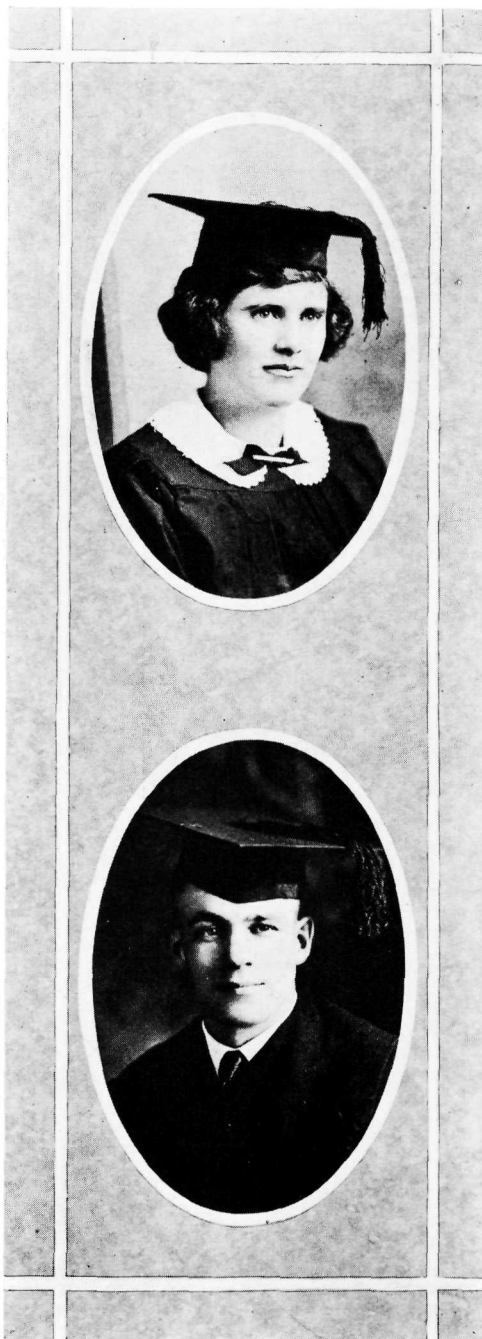
Piano Virtuoso and Teacher.
Department of Music.

Sub-Faculty



Victor Vaughan, B. S., Whitworth 1923	Assistant in Chemistry Department
Dorothy Farr, A. B., Whitworth 1923	Preparatory Department
Miriam Cassill, A. B., Whitworth 1923	Preparatory Department
Raymond Acheson	Preparatory Department
Rev. J. Fraser Cocks, A. B., Manitoba University; M. A., Ph. D., Oskaloosa College, Iowa	Greek Department
Florence Housel, A. B.,	Preparatory Department
Elzora Gorman, A. B., Whitworth 1923	Preparatory Department
Birtie Gilmore	Assistant in Home Economics Department
Edna Graham, A. B., Whitworth 1923	Preparatory Department
Christine Hubbard, A. B. Smith College	English Department
Ruth Hahnor, A. B., Whitworth 1923	Preparatory Department
La Verne Barnes	Assistant in Chemistry Department
Donald Henry, A. B., Whitworth 1923	Assistant in Biology Department





Seniors

E. MIRIAM CASSILL, A. B.

Kappa Gamma
Spanish Club 1919-20.
Natsihi Staff 1920-23.
Criterion Literary Society.
Y. W. C. A. President 1920-21-22-23.
Delegate to Seabeck, 1920.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1921-22.
Class Treasurer 1920-21.
Executive Board 1920-21.
President Students Association 1921-22.
Basketball 1920-21, 1921-22, letterman.
Whitworthian Staff, 1921-22-23.
Senior Prep Class Adviser 1922.
Editor Natsihi 1922.
Senior Class Repoter
Freshman Class Adviser 1923.
Student Teacher.
"Simon's Wife's Mother."
Camp Fire Guardian 1922.
May Queen 1922.

"There were none like her, tho there were many imitations."

OWEN C. ENNIS, B. S.

Entered from U. of W. 1921.
President Boys' Federation 1921-22-23.
President Sophomore Class 1921.
President Student Association 1922-23.
W. Club.
Football 1921-23, letterman.
Captain Football 1922.
Center, captain all-conference team 1922.
Basketball, 1922-23, letterman.
Manager Basketball 1922.
Track 1922-23, letterman.
Baseball 1923, letterman.
"Patricia."
Business Manager "Whitworthian"
1921-22.
Business Manager "Natsihi" 1922-23.

"Nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man."

DOROTHY D. FARR, A. B. cum laude.

Kappa Gamma.
President 1920-21.
May Queen 1921.
President Y. W. C. A. 1921-22.
Y. W. Delegate to Pullman 1921.
Glee Club.
"Patricia"
Executive Board 1921-22-23.
Treasurer Student Association 1921-22.
Assistant Camp Fire Guardian 1922.
Criterion Literary Society.
"Natsihi" Staff 1922.
Editor-in-Chief "Natsihi" 1923.
Tennis 1920-21-22-23, letterman.
Captain Tennis 1922.
Inter-collegiate tennis champion 1920-21
runner up 1922.
Basketball 1923, letterman.
Senior Prep Adviser 1923.
Student Teacher.



ELZORA GORMAN, A. B.

Attended Mayville Normal School.
Attended University of North Dakota.
Graduated Cheney Normal.
Whitworth College.

*"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and
all her paths are peace."*



EDNA GRAHAM, A. B.

Kappa Gamma.
President Kappa Gamma 1922.
Basketball Manager 1921.
Graduate Cheney Normal 1922.
Student Teacher.
Registrar.

"Something attempted, that something done, Hath earned a night's repose."



RUTH E. HAHNER, A. B.

Graduate Cheney State Normal '19.
University of Washington.
Entered from Whitworth '22.
Basketball, letterman, 1923.
Girls' Basketball Manager.

"The most I can do for my friend is simply be his friend."

DONALD J. HENRY, B. S.

Ohio University, Athens, Ohio 1921-22.
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1922.
Y. M. C. A. President
Gospel Team Captain 1923.
Tennis 1923-24.
Class President 1922-23.
Debate team 1924.
Delegate to Lake Geneva 1921.
Advertising Manager Athletics 1923.
Business Manager Whitworthian 1923.
Vice President Student Association 1923.
Gospel Team 1922-23.
Sigma Theta
Student Volunteer

"Who battled for the true, the just."



JESSE FRANK VICTOR VAUGHAN, B. S.

Business Manager of Whitworthian '20.
Business Manager of Natsihi '20.
Delegate to Seabeck '20.
Football '19, '20, '21.
President of Y. M. C. A. 1922-23.
Track '20.
Orchestra 1921-1922.
Laboratory Instructor Chemistry.
Gospel Team '22, '23.
Future: University of Southern California.

"He works with conscientiousness, the surest ladder to success."



Natsihi—1923



The Junior Class



Raymond Acheson

Birtie Gilmore

Maud Poston

George McMahon

"THE CLASS WITH A PULL"

The Cast

Raymond Acheson (Class President)
George McMahon

Birtie Gilmore
Maude Poston

Act I

(A campus scene. The students are just getting back to college after their summer vacation. The chief topic of interest is class prospects.)

"Hello, Maude, where's Birtie?" George McMahon, the observant college youth, thus accosts Maude Poston, another Junior who had, like George, started her college course at Whitworth. He brings up the subject of class prospects for the coming year.

The play, that most realistic of all college plays, "The Class With a PULL" has begun.

Birtie, he learns, is in the building talking to the President about allowing her to enroll in the Junior class. Birtie Gilmore was a freshman last year and needs but 65 credits to graduate. When she comes outside to where the students are standing, they can see by the expression on her face that she has met with success.

The prospects brighten still more when light-hearted Achie appears on the scene, towing a large specimen of nonsense known as humor, developed in his youth, but now promising to help him in the course of husbandry. Achie announced "I am going to take a course in English literature, four hours a week."

Natsihi—1923

But one subject does not fill twenty hours and the prospects of credits for the little Achie of Whitworth in his junior year are still very slim until the news is passed about that Miss Robinson, a graduate of John Hopkins, is starting at the college a class in first year Greek.

The Juniors all decide that some of their number must be made to take it. They finally come to the happy thought, "Speak to Achie, the man taking husbandry." Acheson, otherwise known as the Preacher, is finally prevailed upon to undertake the task in which he distinguishes himself.

Act II

(Time—Evening of the faculty meeting. Everyone is talking about the Junior Class.)

"Have you seen their grades?" Everyone is asking the question. They all speak of "the class" and by common consent everybody knows which class "the class" is. Of course they mean the Junior Class. Everybody is toadying to them, although they pretend that they always have been very dear friends.

Within closed doors the faculty members are deciding whom they must ask to leave school. Nothing but words of praise are heard for the Juniors. One member says, "It is too bad that they can't all be like George—a reliable business man, an athlete, and a good student." "Then," another professor says, "There is Birtie who is competent enough to instruct students in first year sewing, and Maude, who spends three hours or more a day on her major subject-travels. For her minor subjects she takes Calculus, Physics, debating, Bible, English, and history." Then they speak of Achie's success in obtaining a degree in husbandry. The President speaks of their social successes, of the Junior-Senior Valentine party, and it is then that he tells of his first opposition to the Juniors, because of their small numbers, undertaking the banquet for the Seniors, unaided financially; "But," he said, "I realized, when their plans were unfolded, that the Juniors had heads to contrive, tongues to persuade, and hands to execute any undertaking worth while."



The Sophomore Class



Charles Boynton Delilah Barber
La Verne Barnes Frank Henry Mildred Hess
Sara Miller Carroll Pederson Eleanor Stockett
Genevieve Welch Lyle Wimmer

Sophomores

Dear Boot:

Say boy u auto cum too Whitworth. She shure is a WHIZ BANG—****

Gee, I kin hardly weight till next yeer cause then I'll be a Sophomore. The Sophomore class this year shure is a rip-snorter. They has got the livest guys and the pepiest girls I ever seed. For instants when I 1st cum hear awl the bright lookin peepull I saw, I found out later were Sophomores.

And life, say old top about a month after I begun the mentul grind I wakes up wun mornin and sees nothin but green and yaller paint on about everything in site, and a great big green and yaller flag with SOPH 25 on it at the top of the pole. I hadn't any more and seed all this when that long skinny football captain and Students Association president cum sneakin up the stairs and sed, "You Fresh better git down their and captur those Sophs and git there flag or they'll have it over on you." We captured the Sophs all rite cause we had about twice as many guys but we found out they wurnt green nor yaller ether.

Then for the flag. We found that the pole was covered with some gooey slippery stuff. Gee, but it was slick. Then we found out that *Lyle Wimmer* had nailed the flag up and had freely applied "Armours'" special as he cum down. We had the Sophs, but that little "De" Barber used a lot of strategy and foiled a lot of our masterly plans. (By the way she's the most popular girl in scule cause she's a good sport and then she's our star basketball forward too.) I think she was made too be a Army General instead of just littel "De." The Sophs finally got loose and defeated us. After that they elected *Lyle Wimmer* there President and he showed us he wuz a good runner the night they gived us a big party and the Preps took him out in the woods and told him to walk back. He's a good basketball player and debater two. We made him scule yell leader to.

LaVerne Barnes is one of these lean hungry lookin fellers. He wears glassis and is going to be a grate Medicator sum day. He likes to biscet the stray cats for experience. He's our Track Manager and will play tennis just as long as he is, that's longer than any body likes to play. *Sarah Miller* plays tennis two but just about half as long as Verne does. She wears her shoes out faster tho. She shure can warble. She reminds me of a nightingale cause the only times I'e heard her sing wuz at night. Right hear i's going too say the Sophs had a peach of a play last fall an Verne and De an Sarah an Frank (I'll tell you about Frank later . I allus leave the desert till last) were the characters. It was so good that the President of the College had them give it in some of the Churches of Spo-can so as to advertize the College.

Where wood this world be if it wuznt for the preachers? Their ud be an awful lot of happy single peepull if their hadnt bin none. They has got a fellar who sez he's agoin to be a preacher sum day. If he ud get out in the sun shine more he ud have red hare, as tis its kinda fadd. This guy *Carrol Pederson* likes to talk and he is Captain of the Gos-pill Team. Then theirs that smiling *Charles Boynton* who never sez much. But don't let that smile deceive U cause he's sum scrapper.

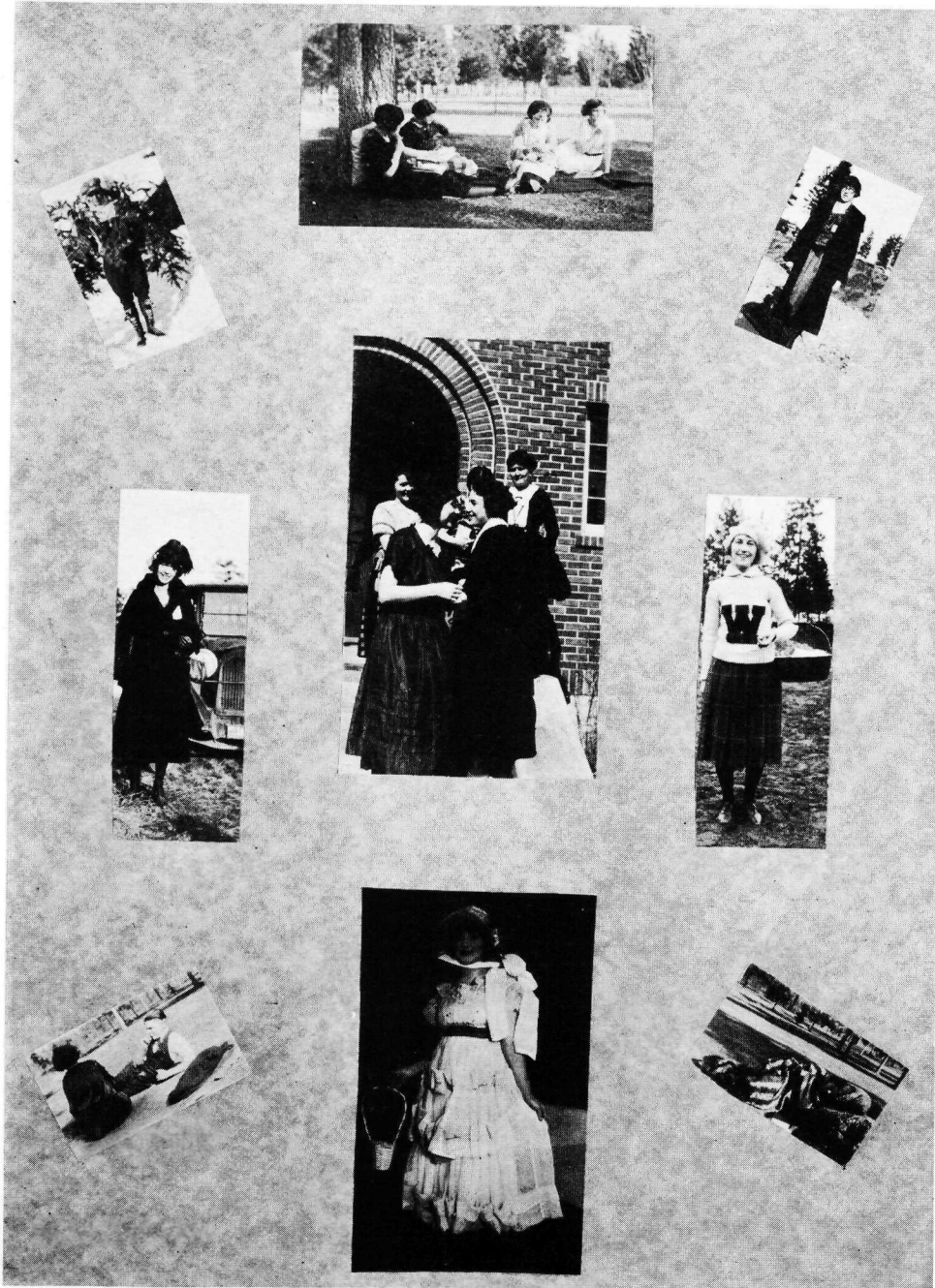
Now enters in "The Tie That Binds" the Fresh two the Sophs. I think it happened the night of the big Fresh-Soph party. Ever since then *Mildred Hess* and one of our guys just seemed two like each other a heepin lot. Maybe its because she's an awful good singer and he can drown every body else out with his Trom bone. I guess tis. She's awful religicus; she plays the piano for Chapel all the time. If youse ever cum hear an sea a lot of hair all twisted an curled up walking around the campus, that is *Genevieve Welch*. Us fellers don't know much about her only she's from Missoula.

You know all the grate men never say much just grin and act wize. Well that's just what Frank Henry does. I wouldn't be sprized too sea him sign his name F. B. HENRY, H. F. (Henry Ford) sum day just tho he had a millunaire degree frum college. When he plays football he just scatters everything in sight, thats the reason we wun the championship. Don't tell any body but I think he likes *Eleanor Stockett* a littel bit. She is about like Frank, never says much and does every thing on the quiet. She's a peach, I wish I could be a Frank henry. Oh yes, he is the feller they allus send out after ads an to collect money. He shure can talk an ad out of most any one. He's a good debater too.

U better cum to Whitworth next year for this is sum place. Tell awl the gang I sed so and fur them too cum two. This iz agoin to be a grate place next year. (I'll be a Sophomore then). Don't yu sea an empravement in mi spellin awl ready?

Yours,

—legger.



Freshman

THIS page is dedicated to anyone who is interested in the FRESHMAN CLASS. The Class of Nineteen twenty-six is justly proud of its record this year. We are well represented in every activity of the school—football, basketball, debate, and baseball. Anyone who is a stranger is invited to get acquainted with us. Suppose you take a stroll with me in the spirit to-day.

As you come on the campus it is inevitable that you see a dark haired person, in high topped boots, officiating at a rake. He is the school paradox—a dreamy lumber jack—Ralph Potter. The handsome young gentleman you see standing at attention before a Ford touring car is Mr. Gilbert Dahl (all same Gib), Prof. Powel's chauffeur. He is quite a poet and likes to go hand in hand with Mother Nature, but we think he'd rather go car riding with her daughter. I know you are all eyes and ears to know that bewitching creature who is standing near us, with such dark hair and dark eyes. Her name is Marjorie Potter, but come along, for if she smiles you are a goner. That tall fellow you see coming out of the girls' dorm is not any relation to an owl; he simply wears dark glasses—Mr. Rexroad, I believe. He's quite clever as a story writer. Give him a pencil and he'll make his mark in the world. You see that little blue eyed girl sunning herself on the steps? You never would guess the comebacks that little dimpled darling has on the tip of her tongue, if you ever ruffle her temper. Let me introduce you to Miss Marjorie Vandervort.

We will step inside and see what we see. That tall, serious looking fellow you see standing by the door is Stanley Pearce. What is he looking so worried about? Its a long word he heard the other day; he can't for the life of him think what it was. That other tall fellow you see draped over the railing is Mr. Vaughn Boyington. He looks lazy, but wait till he's out with the girls. If we run on to Ruth Burkhardt, look out you don't catch something, for they say laughter is contagious. She's pretty popular—both. Here comes another Ruth, Ruth Aspray. She's a terribly saucy, impetuous little rascal, but she has a heart of pure gold, and a head just crammed full of brains. She is the literary star of the class and we are justly proud of her. Do

you see that tall girl Ruth is talking to—dark brown hair, and eyes the same only more so? That's Vivian Murray. She's rather an enigma to most of us. Ruth seems to be the only one who knows her—we wish we did.

Let's go down to the kitchen. There are three Freshman girls there. If you hear anyone say "Ab-so-lute-ly," that's Margretta Seigloch. She's absolutely allright in every way. But then, why not, she's red headed. Marg has a dear little sister called Agnes. She's one of God's noblest creatures. Ask S(a)tan, he knows. The other girl is queen of the kitchen. If there's a shelf a little whiter, or a glass a little brighter, Sal did it. You can tell her by the roses in her cheeks. Here we are in the kitchen and here comes Dick. Hot dog! A new girl every season. Let me introduce you to Mr. Dick Jones. We are proud of him as our champion boxer. There is one in our class who is quite a scholar, has lately been looking into the matter of Darwin's theory. As it is dinner time it is just possible we'll see Cory come into the dining room. He comes down occasionally to refresh himself. Here he comes, and a little way behind him is Glen Stoneman. He is our champion debater. It's a funny thing, he can talk from a platform to a crowd of two hundred people, and it doesn't bother him at all, and yet he can't talk to one girl alone.

We'll now take a stroll on the campus and perhaps we'll meet some of the Class. We may meet Rodney Crane, for instance. If you like dry humor, you'll like Crane. He's a master at it. This fellow shouldering his way up the walk is Vergil Neely. If you want to know about him, look in the sport news. Neely reaches the Maximum in everything, even girls. We haven't seen Thelma Porter. She is quite an artist, but you can't find that out by asking her. Then there is a shy sweet little old fashioned girl, Jennie Roberts, but we don't seem to see her. There's another boy—keep smiling is his motto. The other day in English Miss Hubbard asked a question to which no one knew the answer but one—William Newett. And here is another Freshman ready to escort you off the campus, and entertain you on the way. He doesn't look much like Russian, but he sure can do the Russian Shuffle—Jesse Mitty, I believe.

The Freshman Class



	Ruth Aspray	Ruth Burkhardt	William Newett
Sarah Heitman	Virgil Neely	Vivian Murray	Jesse Mitty
Gilbert Dahl	Stanley Pearce	Thelma Porter	Marjorie Potter
Allan Rice	Agnes Siegloch	Marguerita Siegloch	Glenn Stoneman
Marjorie Vanderwort		Richard Jones	Jennie Roberts

Natsihi—1923



Preparatory Department

Seniors

MILDRED ANGLE

Lewis and Clark
"Patricia"

*"Her music and her countenance, a
charming story tell."*

NEIL BALDWIN

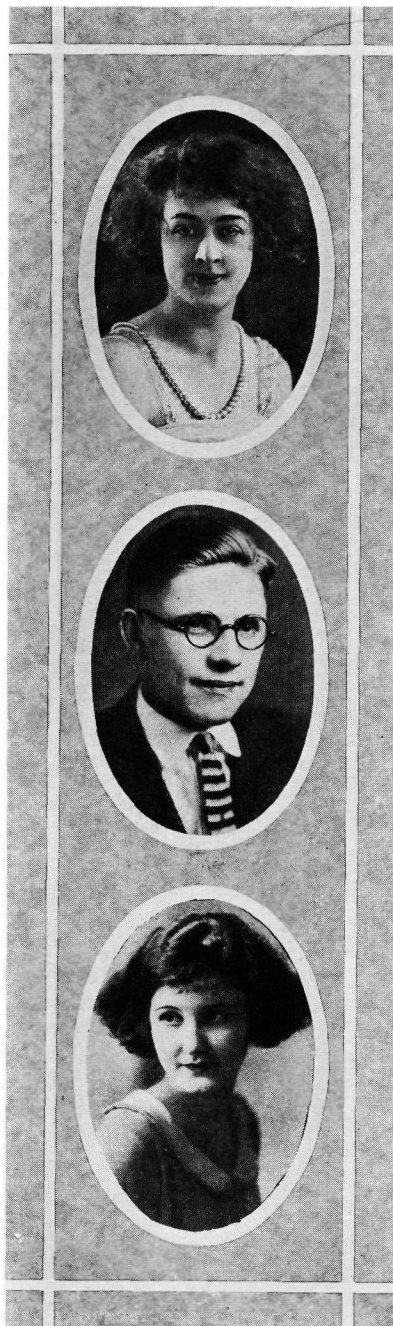
Lewis and Clark
Football 1922
Manager Baseball 1923
Sigma Theta Secretary-Treasurer

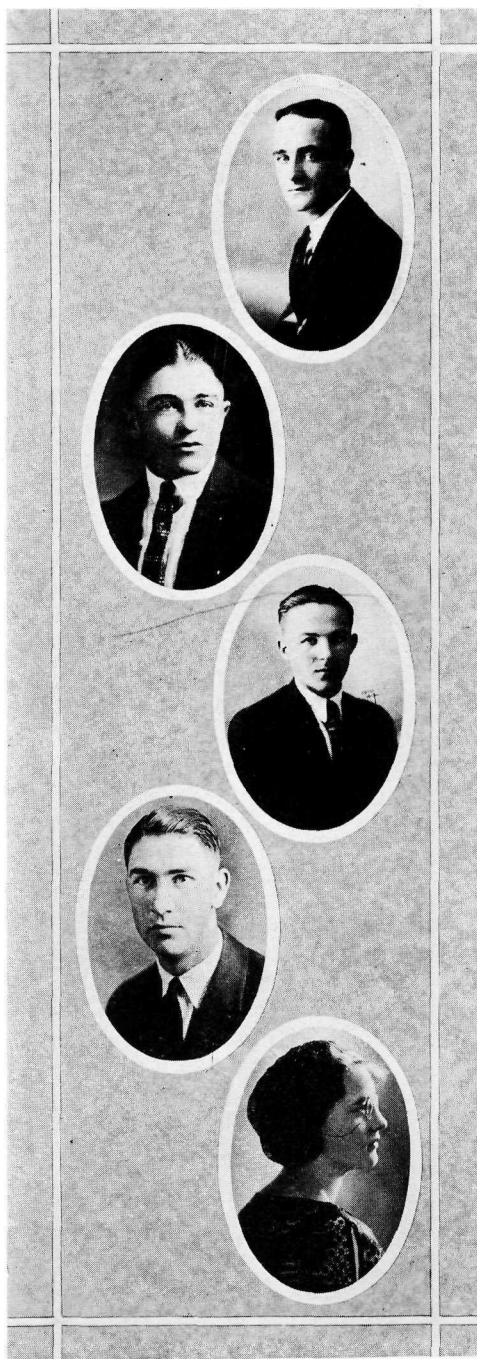
"I dare do all that will become a man."

MARION BRADY

N. C. H. S.

*"So fair, it takes the breath of men
away, who gaze upon her unawares."*





JACK CAMERON

N. C. H. S.

W Club

Three year letter man football

Three year letter man baseball

Three year letter man basketball

Captain Baseball 1922

Athletic Cup 1921

Natsihi Staff 1922

Vice President preps

"This is that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario."

J. DORIS HILL

Anacortes High School

President Senior Class

Football letterman 1922

Basketball 1922

Baseball letterman 1923

Executive Board 1923

"Patricia"

"Oh then, sir, you are a favorite, I find, among the ladies?"

HENRY HORN

N. C. H. S.

W Club

Captain Baseball 1923

Three year letterman baseball

Football letterman 1921-22

Vice President of class

Natsihi Staff 1922

"The only thing he hates about school is the way his studies interfere with his athletics."

CLARK HUNTLEY

Hill Military Academy

"This way will ever have his way."

MARTHALENA MILLER

Strathmore, Alberta

Basketball 1922-23 letterman

Captain Basketball 1923

Camp Fire

Y. W. C. A.

"And those who paint her truest, praise her most."

LYNDON SCHUTZ

N. C. H. S.
Football
Basketball

*"Good nature and good sense must
ever join."*

MAXINE SHESER

Y. W. C. A.
Literary Club
Executive Board 1923
Camp Fire
Secretary-treasurer Typewriter Lady
Patricia
She Stoops to Conquer

*"The best things are done up in small
packages."*

JESSIE STEELE

Ephrata High School

*"Gentleness and repose are paramount
to everything else in woman."*

JEANETTE WARE

Coeur d'Alene High School

*"She doeth the little kindnesses, which
most leave undone or despise."*

NITA WORSTELL

St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Ore.

"I saw sweet beauty in her face."



Senior Preps

LISTEN, my friends and you shall hear how first we as green little Freshmen have grown to the honor of carrying the name Senior. We have struggled long and hard through the halls of learning to acquire this honor. The Senior preps form one of the largest classes and stand for a peppy and energetic group. The Senior preps had been quiet and were putting all their time on their studies but all of a sudden out of the stillness the Seniors surprised the rest of the college by producing their pep and vim and having a prep party. All present had a good time.

One glorious afternoon the girls of the Senior class prepared a lunch consisting of delicious eatables and we went down on the banks of the beautiful little "Spokane" and there forgot the tasks of school and the teachers. We ate our dinner late and afterwards explored the things of interest. About nine thirty we returned home. Getting near the campus college yells and the college song echoed across the campus. After this one, it was decided that there would be several more.

The Seniors took charge of Chapel for Class day and gave one of the most entertaining and interesting performances of the year. The Class Prophecy was acted out and received great peals of laughter from the audience. The history and will were also cleverly acted and of interest to the other preps.

The Senior sneak, however, was the most important and exciting event of the year. Everyone looked forward to it

with a great deal of enthusiasm and were sorry indeed because the time was so short. It was a great surprise to the rest of the college.

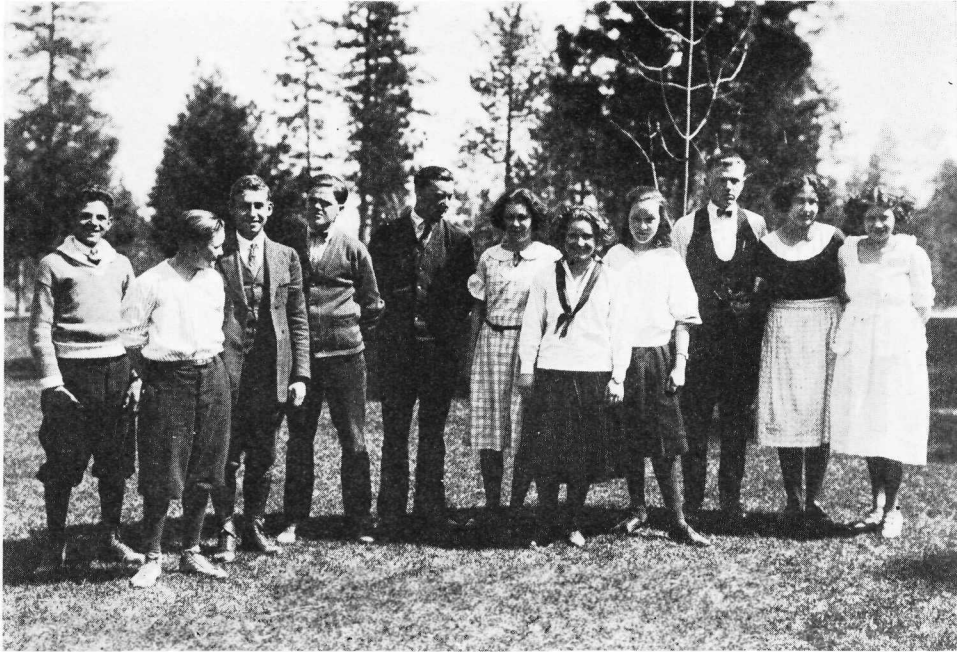
Most of the Senior preps, both boys and girls, have taken the honors of the school during the four pleasant years at Whitworth. In football the Senior preps showed their ability in making the team a big success. Doris Hill, the quarterback on the team was the head work of the team. What could we have done without him? Jack Cameron, half-back with his speed and wonderful footwork which made his carrying the ball a success. Moore's size and weight made a great asset to the line. Again, in baseball they starred and made a record for us. Doris Hill, a very able pitcher, Heinie Morn (Captain) and a competent field man, always sure of his catch; Jack Cameron, the best batter and all-around player on the team, and Gordon Allen, also great help, come from this class.

The boys not only took most of the honors, but the girls from the Senior class, with their influence and determination helped to make a good fast basketball team.

This year has been very pleasant and we love our dear Alma Mater and our flag of crimson and black. Now that we are graduating we are glad of the remembrance of the past and are looking forward to a brighter future and we hope that a large number of our class will return and finish their college course at Whitworth.

M. S.

Preps



AS I take my pen in hand to write upon the many virtues and glories of the Prep class, I am overcome with the enormity of the task. However, I shall try to give to the world a brief outline of this exalted organization. Of course I am reminded of the dignity of the upper class men, but they too, must realize that without the spirit and pep of the Preps many of their activities would fall flat. They, the upper class men, are cultured and are beings of higher learning, but we know that in athletics we are not to be excelled. Look at the football team! Look at the basketball team! Look at the baseball team! What do you see? You see that the majority of the athletes are *Preps*.

The Prep party was one of the greatest events in the history of the school. Mrs. Graham, the mother of the illustrious George Graham, was a charming hostess and lent her home for the occasion. Harry Badger was entranced with the radio, and listened in awed si-

lence to it, for the greater part of the evening. A lot of the dignified Preps showed great ability as football players. An empty eggshell, representing a football was blown around the table by the teams. Dorothy Farr, Jackie Epherson, and Gordon Allen played a faster and better game than most.

Mr. Jackson and Cap Ennis were guests of honor. Mr. Jackson shone as an entertainer and also showed marked ability for chasing rings around the string. He was outwitted, however, by Jack Cameron. Cap was in his usual capacity as a companion of the class advisor and counselor.

Each and every one had his fortune told, and great and fearsome were the futures that were predicted for some of us.

There is no doubt whatever in my mind, but what all the unusual and wonderful prophecies will be fulfilled by the exalted members of the Prep class.

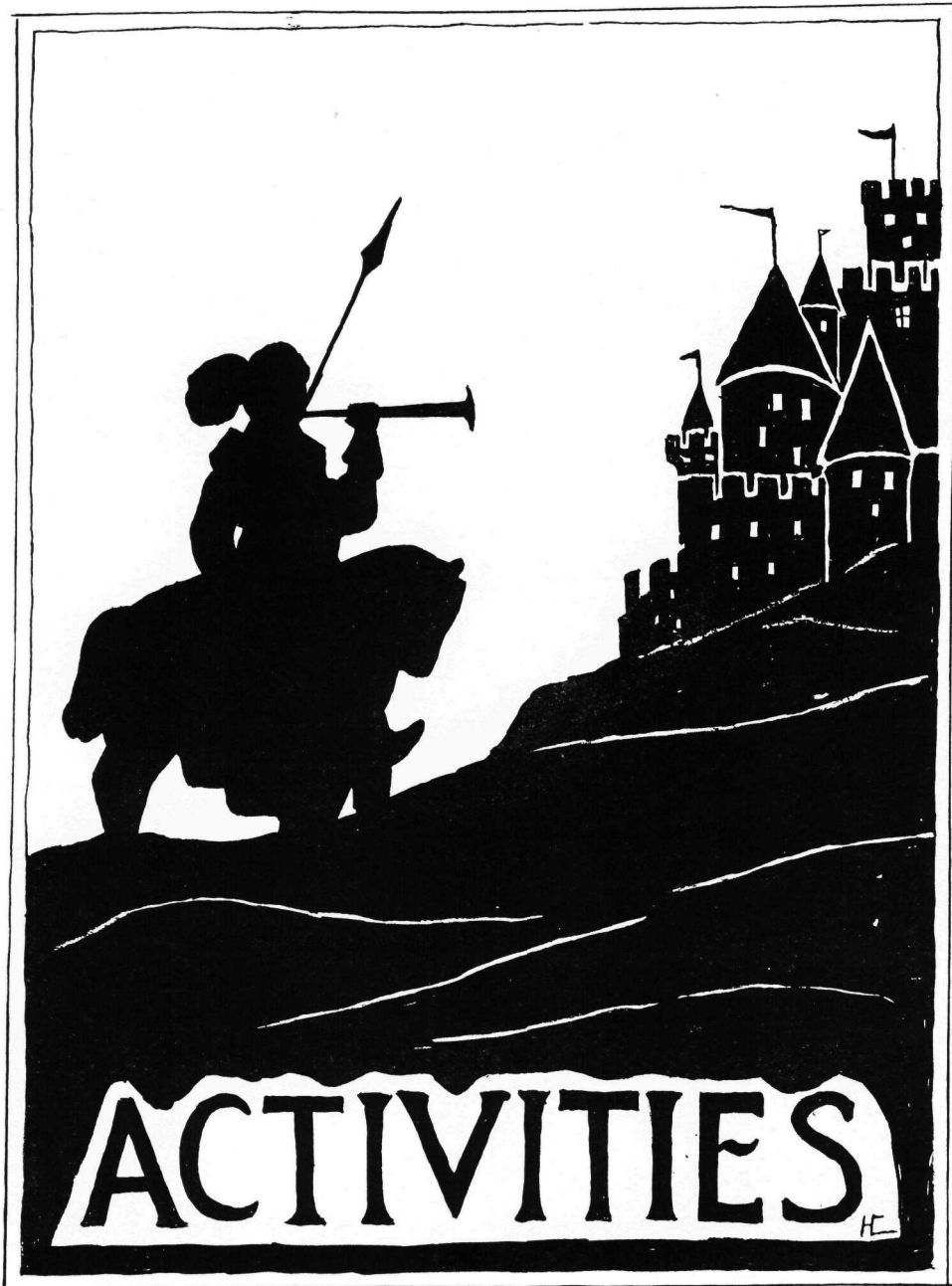
Natsihi—1923



PHOTOGRAPH BY G. G. G. G.

WHITWORTH COLLEGE
Spokane, Wash.

Natsihi—1923





Owen Ennis, Business Manager

Dorothy Farr, Editor-in-Chief

Staff—Natsihi—1923

Dorothy Farr	Editor-in-chief
Lyle Wimmer	Associate Editor
Owen Ennis	Business Manager
Stanley Pearce	Assistant Business Manager
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Mildred Angle	Music Editor
Birtie Gilmore	Organizations
Eleanor Stockett	Calendar
Victor Vaughan	Snapshots
Frank Henry	Jokes
Miss Coffey	Chief Artist
Thelma Porter	Artist
Isabel Ross	Artist
Marguerita Sieglöck	Artist

SPEAKING WA 00054



Miriam Cassill	Victor Vaughan	Birtie Gilmore
Frank Henry	Eleanor Stockett	Lyle Wimmer
Ruth Aspray	Stanley Pearce	Thelma Porter
Glenn Stoneman	Marjorie Vanderwort	Virgil Neely
Mildred Angle	Doris Hill	Hazel C. Coffey
		Marguerita Siegloch

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The Whitworthian

THE STAFF

Raymond Acheson	Editor-in-chief
Glenn Stoneman	Associate Editor
Donald Henry	Business Manager
Ralph Potter	Assistant Business Manager
Lyle Wimmer	Circulation Manager
Frank Henry	Advertising Manager
John McMahon	Assistant Advertising Manager
Miss Robinson	Faculty Director
La Verne Barnes	Athletics
Eleanor Stockett	Society
Gilbert Dahl	Jokes
Stanley Pearce	Reporter
Doris Hill	Reporter
Sara Miller	Reporter



THE "Whitworthian" has had a successful year under the leadership of Mr. Raymond Acheson and his staff. Some financial difficulties have been met, but the paper promises to go over the top in the final spurt. Some of the staff were new at the journalism game, but as there was plenty of ability and enthusiasm, any obstacles raised have been overcome. The "Whitworthian" as a paper would be a credit to

any college, and is larger than the papers of the neighboring colleges.

Advertising Manager Frank Henry has kept up his end of the paper well, and made a great "discovery" when he asked Johnny McMahon to assist in his work. Johnny's fluent tongue and fertile brain materially assist him to secure ads. The assistant editors and reporters have faithfully done the work assigned and considerable talent along literary lines has made itself manifest.

Young Women's Christian Association

Miriam Cassill *President*
Florence Housel *Vice President*
Margaret Buck *Secretary*
Delilah Barber *Treasurer*

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Florence Housel *Prayer Meeting*
Sara Miller *Membership*
Lucille Buck *Social*
Birtie Gilmore *Social Service*
Sally Heitman *Finance*
Agnes Seiglock *World Fellowship*
Maude Poston *Publicity*



Young Men's Christian Association

J. F. Victor Vaughan *President*
LaVerne Barnes *Vice President*
Carroll Pederson *Secretary-Treasurer*

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Jimmie D. Hill *Social*
Donald J. Henry *Missionary*
Carroll Pederson *Organization*

THE LIBRARY OF THE COLLEGE OF LIBRARY

Whitworth College Gospel Team

AMONG the various organizations at Whitworth, the one which stands distinctly for SERVICE is the Whitworth College Gospel Team. Its strength lies in its purpose, "For Christ and Our College, Whitworth." The Gospel Team has covered Spokane and vicinity, also a great many towns throughout the eastern part of the state of Washington. It has been in the homes and has confidential talks with young people wherever it has been possible to meet them. This year the Gospel Team has appeared before nearly four thousand people. Individual members of the Gospel Team have held meetings at Fish Trap, Tyler, Almira, and churches in the city. We are sure that this team of young people has been an inspiration to the young people, and elder folks as well, wherever it has held its meetings.

The Gospel Team is composed of the following members:

Miss Miriam Cassill, young people's worker and reader.

Miss Florence Housel, young people's worker and soprano on quartet.

Miss Edna Graham, young people's worker.

Miss Birtie Gilmore, young people's worker.

Miss Hazel Coffey, alto on quartet and violinist.

Mrs. Jessie Steele, young people's worker.

*Mr. Carroll Pederson, Captain, tenor and song leader.

Mr. Harry Badger, young people's worker.

Mr. Clarence Moore, preacher

Mr. Allen Rice, preacher.

*Mr. Victor Vaughan, cornetist and young people's worker.

Mr. Stanley Pearce, cornetist and young people's worker.

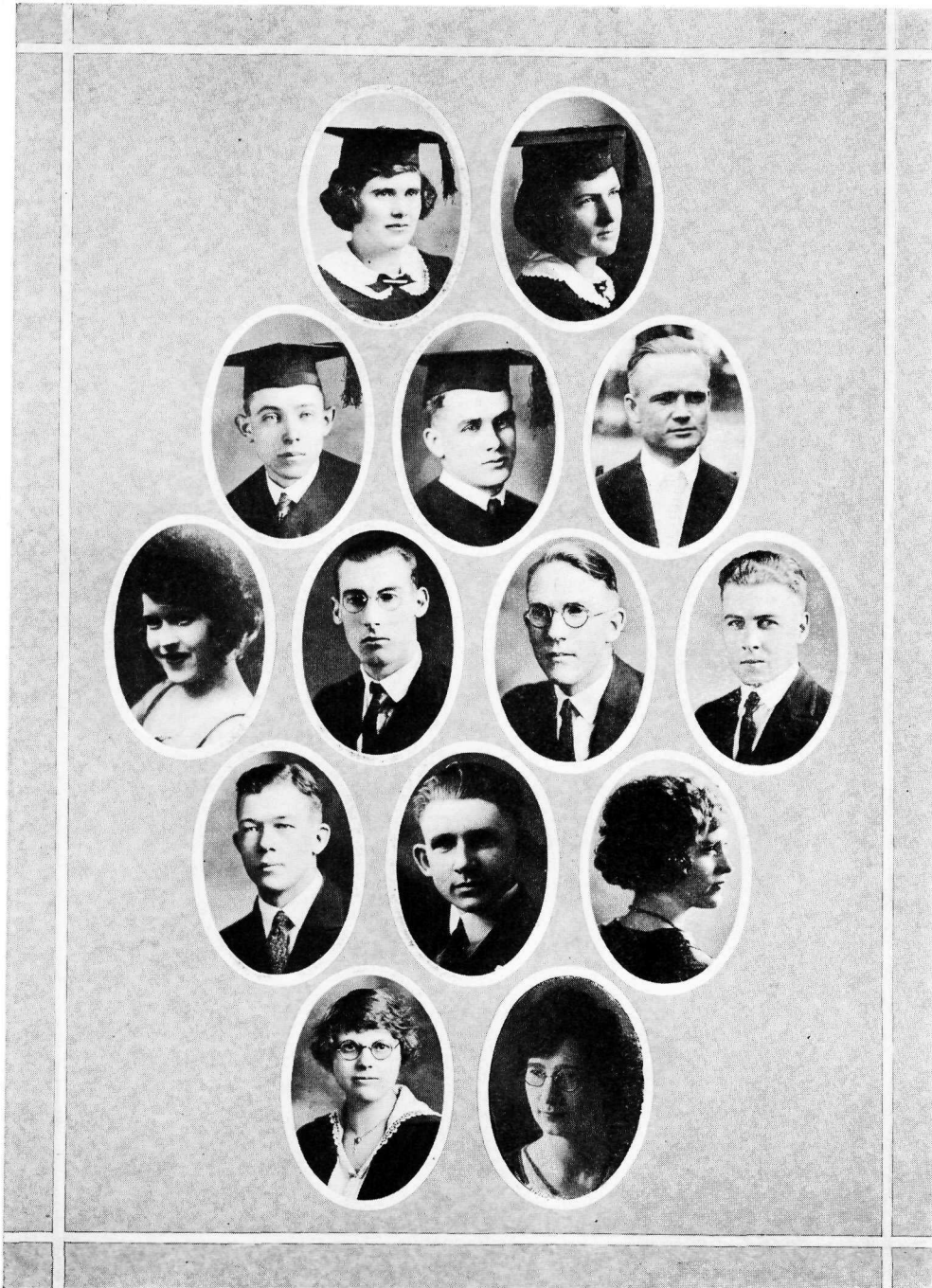
*Mr. LaVerne Barnes, preacher, bass on quartet.

*Mr. Donald Henry, preacher.

Mr. George Graham, chauffeur.

*Mr. William Jackson, pianist.

*Charter Member.



	Miriam Cassill	Edna Graham	
Donald Henry	Victor Vaughan	Raymond Acheson	
Birtie Gilmore	La Verne Barnes	Carroll Pederson	Lyle Wimmer
Stanley Pearce	Alan Rice	Jessie Steele	
	Hazel C. Coffey	Florence Housel	

Kappa Gamma

Founded in Tacoma, Wasington, 1901

Colors—Purple with Gold

Flower—Violet

SORORES IN COLLEGI

SENIORS

Miriam Cassill

Dorothy Farr

Edna Graham

JUNIORS

Birtie Gilmore

SOPHOMORES

Delilah Barber
Mildred Hess

Margaret Buck
Sara Miller

Lucile Buck
Eleanor Stockett

FRESHMEN

Marjorie Vandervort

Sarah Heitman



	Miriam Cassill	Dorothy Farr
Edna Graham	Birtie Gilmore	Delilah Barber
Mildred Hess	Sara Miller	Eleanor Stockett
Sarah Heitman	Marjorie Vandervort	

Student Association

OFFICERS

Owen C. Ennis	<i>President</i>
Donald Henry	<i>Vice President</i>
Mildred Hess	<i>Secretary</i>
Richard Jones	<i>Treasurer</i>

EXECUTIVE BOARD

Edna Graham	}	<i>Senior Representatives</i>
Dorothy Farr		
Birtie Gilmore	}	<i>Junior Representatives</i>
Raymond Acheson		
Mildred Hess	}	<i>Sophomore Representatives</i>
Delilah Barber		
Virgil Neely	}	<i>Freshman Representatives</i>
Richard Jones		
J. Doris Hill	}	<i>Preparatory Representatives</i>
Maxine Sheser		
Dr. H. C. Meyers	}	<i>Faculty Members</i>
Dr. C. C. Regier		

THE close of the year 1923 marks the most successful year that the Student Association of Whitworth College has ever had. It boasts of practically a 100 per cent membership and its success has been largely due to the cooperation of the entire student body. Under the able leadership of Owen Ennis and the help of an efficient executive board the Association has controlled the athletic, social and literary life of the college.

The finances of athletics, including the buying of equipment and the furnishing of transportation for players, have been handled entirely by this organization. Very capable student managers for the various sports have been chosen and everyone rejoices in the fact that Whitworth has gained more fame in athletics this year than ever before.

The Association gives two parties during each year to the students and friends of the college. One, the Hall-owe'en party, is an informal affair, while the Colonial Party is always form-

al. This year the students of Spokane University were entertained at our Hall-owe'en party and the friendly ties between these two schools were knit more closely together. The Colonial party was a very beautiful and stately affair and was enjoyed by many. An all college bonfire was also given at the beginning of the year.

Last, but not least, the Student Association takes the credit for the Whitworthian and the Natsihi. On the recommendation of the head of the English Department, the Editor, Business and Advertising Managers are elected by the board. The finances are supervised and other necessary assistance is rendered to the staff of these publications.

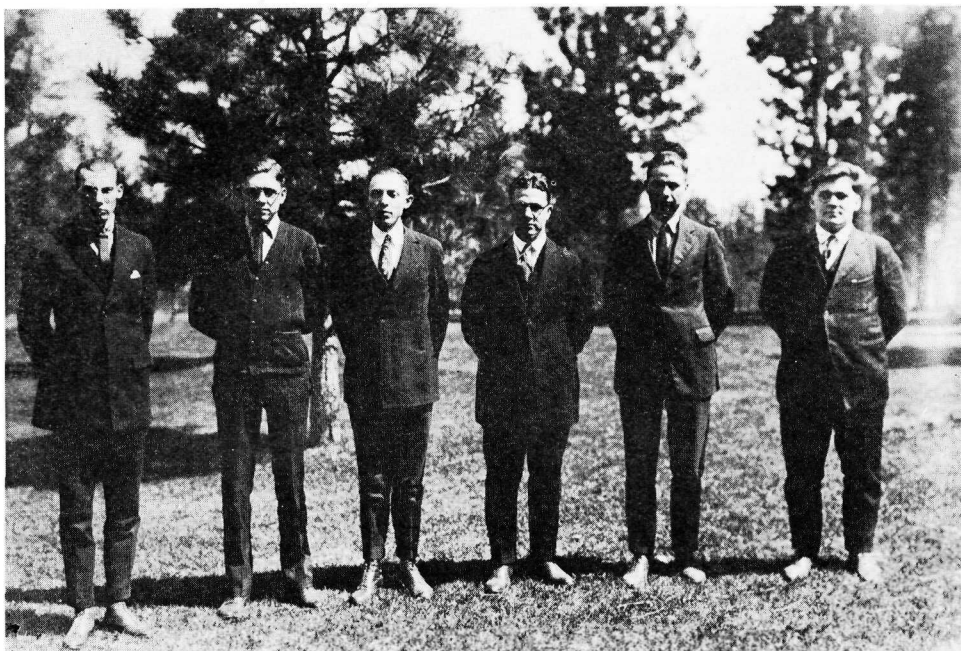
The retiring officers and members of the executive board wish Frank Henry and his corps of assistants all possible success in the coming year and feel confident that they will do all in their power to create a stronger, better association in a larger Whitworth.



	Owen Ennis	Dorothy Farr
Edna Graham	Donald Henry	Raymond Acheson
Birtie Gilmore	Delilah Barber	Mildred Hess
Virgil Neely	Doris Hill	Maxine Sheser
C. C. Regier	H. C. Meyers	Richard Jones

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LIBRARY

Sigma Theta



La Verne Barnes

Neil Baldwin

Donald Henry

George McMahon

William Newett

Floyd Corey

THE Sigma Theta Fraternity is a new member of the group of Whitworth organizations. It was organized by the pre-medical students of the college in order to quicken the general interest in this department as well as to afford a common meeting ground for the future doctors on the campus. Since the pre-medical department at Whitworth offers one of the strongest courses on the campus, it seems only fitting that it should be given such recognition as this organization will afford. From time to time the fraternity will bring able speakers to the campus who will address the student body as well as the fraternal group itself on subjects along the line of health,

sanitation, and matters of interest and importance to the medical profession.

At the head of the organization at present are LaVerne A. Barnes '25, President; George McMahon '24, Vice President and Neil Baldwin '26, Secretary-Treasurer. The fraternity will lose by graduation Donald Henry, who is receiving his Bachelor of Science and who expects to enter Ohio State University next year. Two members of the fraternity are planning to enter the foreign mission field; these are LaVerne Barnes and Donald Henry. Starting with such a strong organization, the future of the Sigma Theta fraternity seems assured.



AS A tree is known by its fruits, so is a college known by its alumni, and Whitworth is proud indeed of each student who has gone forth bearing aloft the standards for which the college has long stood.

The name of our Alma Mater has been carried far and near by these, "her sons and daughters, who never lack," and where ever that name is sounded, be it on the snowy borders of Alaska, or that alluring land of adventure and promise, Abyssinia, each is ever "loyal to thee, Whitworth dear!"

From Washington, D. C., Professor Guy, '09 and Iva Loughlin Guy, '16, extend the handclasp of friendship across the continent.

Viva Baldwin, '13, is an active member of the alumni and an enthusiastic booster.

Clara Young, '14, who was in Spokane last year, is again in Tacoma, where she is teaching in the public schools.

Ora Landis, '15, is teaching at Millwood.

Hazel Heald, '17 and Anna Mary Muir, '18, who are teaching in Alaska, report a keen delight in their work and write that they have met there Harold G. Gould, who graduated in '98.

Hazel White of '18 has been transferred to the City Library, to the children's department.

Daisy Chase Russell, also of '18, writes

that with Mr. Russell and two little Russels, she is spending a vacation in the mountains of Abyssinia.

Russell Pederson, '20, will graduate from the San Francisco Seminary this spring. Mr. and Mrs. Pederson (Catherine Gunn, '21) expect to visit Whitworth on their way to Alaska, where "Reverend" Pederson will have his first charge.

Douglas Scates, '22, has been very successful in his graduate work at the University of Chicago and will continue his studies there to secure a Ph. D. degree. With him is Mrs. Scates, or Marjorie Baldwin, of the class of '23.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Bacher are living in Wallace, where Mr. Bacher is teaching in the high school and is athletic coach. Mrs. Bacher will be remembered by some as Miss Sara Modes, head of the Home Economics Department of Whitworth.

Nina McGuire, '17, who still makes her home in Spokane, occasionally visits her Alma Mater. She is working in the office of the Equitable Life Insurance Company.

Hazel Peth, '17, is teaching at Davenport, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Weller and family are residing in California at the present time, Mr. Weller was a member of the class of 1920 and Margaret Davis Weller graduated in 1921.

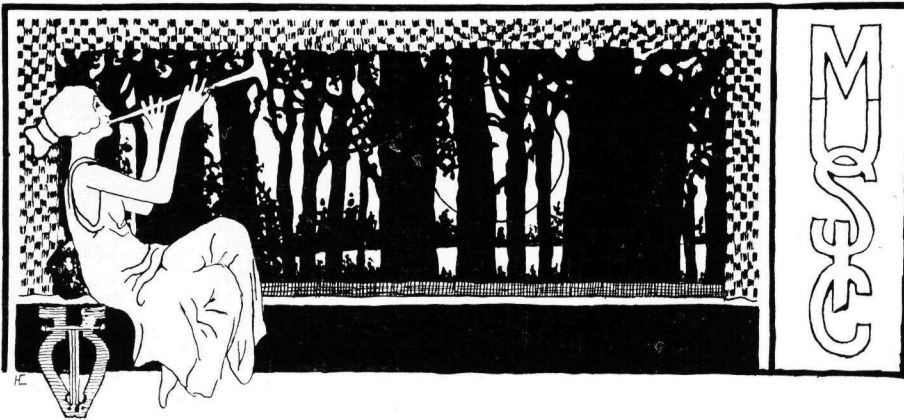
The Alumni Association holds its annual banquet and election of officers at the Davenport on the evening of graduation, thus keeping alive the old Whitworth spirit, and renewing ties of friendship, for,

*College ties can ne'er be broken,
They can never die;
Far surpassing wealth unspoken,
Sealed by friendship's tie.*

*Memory's leaflets close shall twine
Around our hearts for aye,
And waft us back o'er life's broad track
To pleasures long gone by.*

*Whitworth! Whitworth! Dear old Whitworth!
Let us sing of you.
Through the years that lie before us,
We'll be leal and true.*

SEFKANE WA 00961



“Music resembles poetry; in each
 Are nameless grace, which no methods teach
 And which a master’s hand alone can reach.”

UNDER the supervision of Prof. E. Tattersall the Department of Music has striven gallantly and has done many worth while things this year. The first production of importance was the operetta “Patricia,” which was given as a Lyceum number at the Knox Presbyterian church. The success of this feature may be attributed to the different members of the cast. Miss Dorothy Farr in the title role of Patricia the cook was charmingly disguised as a titled lady and created much enthusiasm in the love scenes with the masculine members of the cast. No one will forget the quartet who, on bended knees, so ardently offered their hands and hearts. The part of the very up-to-date farmer, who finally won the hand of Miss Patricia, was well taken by Owen Ennis. Mildred Angle, who is charming in any role, was coquettishly sure of her fiance, Carroll Pederson. His tenor voice was remarkably suited to his solo “Silver Moon.” Maxine Sheser and Virgil Neely carried off the honors as being absolutely the cutest couple, while Mildred Hess, a typical society girl, Neil Smith, a poetic Englishman, and Donald Henry, an ardent love-maker, were also very good. The climax was reached when Margaret

Buck, the dignified mother of Doris Hill, entered and recognized her cook. However, her son, who planned the deception in the first place, happily saved the day. Color and novelty were added by the gypsy fortune tellers, Margaret Fisher and Sara Miller, while Gordon Allen, disguised as Cy Simpkins, drew forth many a laugh.

In addition to the operetta, the Whitworth musicians and readers have presented several programs in different churches of the city. The Lyceum course of the year was successfully closed by an evening of home talent. Whitworth is remarkably fortunate in having Miss Mildred Angle, who recently gained popularity in the Singers’ contest, Miss Dorothy Farr, soprano soloist at the Central Christian church, and Miss Mildred Hess, also a member of the same choir. Besides these young ladies it has Carroll Pederson, a tenor, and Donald Henry and La Venre Barnes, basses, who are all active in the musical circles of their churches. Miss Glenna Waite and Miss Miriam Cassill are our popular dramatic artists, while the Misses Delilah Barber, Genevieve Welch and Mr. Jackson carry off the honor as pianists. The Men’s League of the First Presbyterian Church gave these

Natsihi—1923

talented young people a hearty reception at one of their banquets and a short time afterward they were welcomed at the Knox Presbyterian church.

One of the most successful concerts of the Whitworth musical season was that given by the choir of the First Presbyterian Church under the leadership of Mr. Frank Tattersall. It was presented in the auditorium of the college and was attended by a large student body as well as many outsiders. The choir showed a remarkable training and quality of voice, as well as excellent selection of numbers. The soloists, consisting of Mrs. Victor Smith, a soprano with a very pleasing voice; Mrs. Amy Adams, a charming alto; Mr. Paul Gelvin, a well-known and talented member of the musical circles of this city; and Mr. Stephen Gaylord, a young man of proven musical ability gave several pleasing numbers. Miss Grace Trinder, also of the choir, gave two readings, which gave the program variation and were enthusiastically received by the audience.

Mr. Tattersall finished the program by giving a few well chosen selections, which were beautiful in their technique and interpretation. Everyone is looking forward with great expectancy to the recital with which he plans to close the musical season of Whitworth. We are indeed fortunate in having an artist of his caliber among us.

He also plans to have the Glee Club give a concert sometime in the latter

part of May. A double quartette will be a feature of the program and solos will be given by different members of the Club. The musical department has been very ably carried on by Mr. Tattersall this season and many features of interest can be attributed to him.

The pestilence of modern times in the music line has noteworthy left its stamp on Whitworth this year. From the beginning of the school term to its finish has this craze imbedded itself in the students, for it is jazz before and after breakfast, jazz before and after lunch, between times and for dinner. The school is particularly fortunate in having several men musicians as well as women and between them all, the student body has properly and successfully digested most of the popular jazz music that had its beginning at the Music Shop of Spokane.

Another form of diverting musical interest has been the various "cat calls" that have issued from the doors and windows of students and resounded down the halls in mockery and high glee, as members of their esteemed body vainly tried to do vocal exercises ten minutes a day. But the jibes of light sarcasm and the numerous calls did not worry the earnest members in their "Act of Vocalization," for they merely realized the source of the ridicule and felt honestly sorry for the individuals who could not appreciate the "higher things of life."





Delilah Barber	Jean Whitney
Frank Henry	Billy Cross
Stanley Pearce	Timothy Allways
Ruth Burkhart	Dorothy Courtney
Sarah Miller	Arabella Thirdfloor
Doris Hill	Jack Travers

“The Top Landing,” a farce by Meyers, is soon to be given by the dramatic ability of Whitworth. The plot is built around the adventure of two young men, who find that they both have business appointments to keep at the same time; as they possess only one pair of shoes between them this is made very difficult.

The leading roles are taken by Miss Delilah Barber and Mr. Frank Henry, both of whom have done splendid work on other dramatic productions. The play is under the able management of Miss Glenna Waite, herself a young playwright.

Forensics

WHITWORTH College this year demonstrated her ability along forensic lines as well as in athletic lines. At the beginning of the semester a class in debate was organized, and from this class six members were chosen to represent the college in inter-collegiate debate. Much interest has been shown and as the result of the competition a very creditable team is representing the college.

Representatives of Whitworth, Spokane University and Spokane College met and formed an intercollegiate forensic conference, activities to consist of debating, declamation and oratory. Representatives from the schools were as follows: Spokane University, Metcalf; Spokane College, Solberg; Whitworth, D. Potter. A triangular debate was arranged and held on March 23, the above schools participating. The schedule was as follows:

Whitworth Negative vs. Spokane College Affirmative at Spokane College.

Whitworth Affirmative vs. Spokane University at Whitworth.

Spokane University Affirmative vs. Spokane College Negative at Spokane University.

The members of the Whitworth teams were: Affirmative, Glen Stone-
man, Lyle Wimmer and Frank Henry; Negative, Margaret Buck, Donald Hen-

ry and Donald Potter. The Affirmative team lost at Whitworth in a hotly contested battle by a two to one decision of the judges. The Negative team won by Spokane College. The question was: Resolved that the United States should adopt a parliamentary cabinet system of government.

A debate has been arranged with Whitman College for the fourth of May, the question of which will be: Resolved that world disarmament can best be accomplished by the League of Nations. The Negative team will go to Walla Walla and the Affirmative team will meet the Whitman team at Whitworth.

The declamation contest is scheduled for the last Friday in April, and the oratorical contest will be governed by intercollegiate rules. Two declamations must be delivered by each speaker, one humorous and one non-humorous. Each school will be represented by one speaker.

Much credit is due Mr. Donald Potter, as manager of the debate team.

During Commencement week, the Ballard Oratorical Contest will take place. This contest, made possible by Mr. W. R. Ballard, of Seattle, is open only to members of the Sophomore and Freshman classes, with first, second and third prizes of \$30, \$20 and \$10, respectively.



Society

THE Social life of Whitworth began on the first night of school and the year has been crowded full of jolly good times. We cannot begin to tell you of all our feasts, bonfires, hikes and picnics but in the few pages allotted to us, we will take you with us and give you just a taste of Whitworth society.

On Tuesday night, September 19, a large group of friends of the college gathered in the Chapel and enjoyed an evening of home talent. The new faculty members were introduced and all the students "sized them up," ready for classes the next day. Everyone went home feeling that the year was to be profitable in many ways.

The first Friday night of each school year is given over to a Y. M., Y. W. Mixer. This year's lived up to name and with Miriam Cassill and De Barber as "starters," a very lively track meet was engaged in by both students and faculty alike. The valiant work of Dr. Hess in a "Bawl Game" won recognition for his team. It was what might be justly called, an hilarious night.

Faculty, students, and friends of the college were guests of President and Miss Robinson at a reception given on the following Friday evening. Dr. Talbot, the magician who had entertained us with his novel tricks before, lived up to his reputation and gave us distinctly something new. Surely no one present will forget the toothless "adenoid." He was assisted by a talented group of artists, who entertained with readings and music.

"October the month of bonfires" comes

next but we can only mention one. On a beautiful moonlight night, the whole school strolled through the woods and over the hill to a large cleared space and a huge bonfire, whose flames were shooting far into the air. This was the first affair given by the Student Association and its success was due to the many loyal supporters. Harry Badger spent the afternoon in clearing a space for the fire and when the crowd arrived, Harry was still on the job. Even Don Henry with his crutches entered into "three deep" and when De and George arrived with the eats, they were greeted with shouts of joy. Then came the "sizzle" of roasting wieners, and a shout of "Chet, your marshmallows are on fire" and occasionally a snatch of "Old College Chum, dear College Chum."

The hard feelings from the Frosh-Soph fight were disposed of by an attractive party given by the victors of the scrap. The President, of the Sophomore class was abducted early in the evening and enjoyed a very pleasant solitary walk but managed to get back in time for the salad. The evening was filled with amusing episodes, the preps tried to borrow the refreshment but were unsuccessful.

On Hallowe'en evening after a successful football game, ghosts and goblins frisked over the campus. Due to the hard work of La Verne Barnes, the old gym was entirely disguised, orange and black crepe, corn stalks and autumn leaves were used in profusion. About fifty friends from Spokane University enjoyed the evening's

Natsihi—1923

fun with us and Whitworthians all agreed that they would like to add these friendly rivals to their own numbers.

The girls were as worried before Open Dorm as they are before examinations. Mrs. Cormier was continually hunting for Dutch Cleanser and brooms and a conglomeration of sounds, such as beating rugs, reading and singing filled the air for days in advance. "The realization was even better than the expectation," said the boys." After a very novel and clever program, school lunches were taken to everyone in a "roller coaster." A month later the girls were pleasantly surprised by a similar invitation from the boys. "Will the call be for shovels or brooms this time," asked the girls. However, at the appointed time everything was in ship shape and when hosts and guests were all assembled, the faculty had an opportunity to see themselves as others see them. There is still a question as to whether the boys or girls proved themselves to be the most clever and best entertainers.

Whitworth, proud of her victorious football team, gave a banquet to the champions of the conference. The chapel was a bower of beautiful and dainty colors. The centerpiece was a football of roses and tiny megaphones were used in announcing the events of the evening. The girls served a wonderful banquet, including the appetizing and nourishing dishes, quarterback, goal posts and footballs. An unusual program was enjoyed after which Dr. Myers gave a toast to the football boys which was responded to by Captain Ennis and Captain elect Henry. No athletic evening could ever be complete without a word from our coach and his talk made us all more proud than ever of our boys and of our coach.

Just before Christmas vacation, a visit from old St. Nick was sponsored by the faculty. The Chapel was trimmed in holiday greens and colors and a large tree was the center of all interest. Dr. Myers, our ideal Santa Claus, arrived a jingle of bells, and every one went home with a present and a box of candy.

The traditional Valentine party given by the upper classmen was held on the night of February 14 after a basketball game

with Cheney Normal. The Cheney players were our guests and everyone played games and had a glorious time among the hearts.

The annual Colonial party given by the Student Association was held on February 22. Marjorie Vandervort and her corps of helpers turned the chapel into an old fashioned room and colonial costumes and evening dresses added greatly to the spirit of the occasion. A most delightful program was given by artists from Spokane and "Turkey in the Straw" started the Virginia Reel. Mrs. Myers presided by the refreshment table.

Three parties were given to commemorate old St. Patrick's birthday this year. On Friday the 16th while the Senior preps were enjoying an evening of fun at the home of George Graham, the Frosh were making merry in the Boys' living room. On March 17 the K. G. girls entertained their friends at Edna Graham's home and everyone had a lovely time. Edna's brother operated the radio and we heard "The Wear-in' o' the Green" from Calgary, Canada, "When Irish Eyes are Smilin'" from Los Angeles and "Mother Machree" from Minneapolis.

Tradition rules supreme again. The Y. W. C. A. April frolic was a huge success. Half of the girls dressed as boys and made wonderful and charming sheiks. After a hike and picnic supper at Cook's Lake, all came back to the college tired but ready for an hour of dancing.

Now we come to the end of the year, the Upper Classes are busily engaged in planning Cap and Gown day, banquets and numerous other affairs to be remembered in years to come. The Lower Classmen are already discussing the time when they will step back into "Kids" again for one night. The largest affair of the year comes the last of May, when Kappa Gamma gives its Annual May Party. All are wondering who will be May Queen this year and are anxiously waiting for the beautiful event. Then comes commencement week and its round of events and finally our beloved Seniors step out into the world with the firm desire to come back some day and visit their Alma Mater, the scene of many happy, carefree days.



SEPTEMBER

19. School opened. Friendships renewed, new faculty and students welcomed.
20. Girls entertain boys in the living room.
21. Looking over the new students.
22. Kappa Gamma is hostess for "indoor picnic" in the boys' parlor. Y. M. & Y. W. mixer. Birthday party at the Waffle House.
25. Sophomore flag is made.
26. More freshmen arrive. The Sophs appear worried.
27. Glee club is organized.
28. The first executive board meeting. "Cap" is elected President of the student body.
29. Reception given by Dr. and Miss Robinson.

OCTOBER

2. Class fight "All the numerals that were put up by the class of '25 are still in evidence."
3. Election of Soph officers, Lyle Wimmer, president.
4. All school bonfire.
5. Dr. Regier springs exam on History classes. All fail.
6. Christian Endeavors entertain students.
9. "FORMAL" reception given to new dorm girls.
10. Scrimmage with Lewis and Clark.
11. Student Association meeting. Lyle Wimmer elected yell leader.
12. Y. W. C. A. meeting. Off for Ellensburg.
13. Ellensburg game.
16. K. G. Kensington at Dorothy Farr's.
17. Boys beginning to recover from the effects of Ellensburg.
18. Mr. Powell tells students of his life.
19. Surprise on Toots. Boys give "Pajama Parade."
20. Football—Spokane College 0, Whitworth 19.

23. Scrimmage with Gonzaga.
24. Lyle Wimmer turns out for track—Preps are foiled.
25. Dr. Middlemass sings in Chapel.
26. Pep meeting. Football Spokane U; Score, 6-0. Hallowe'en party in the gym.
30. Kappa Gamma tea.
31. "They kept the Pigs in the Parlor."

NOVEMBER

1. Girls are very busy.
2. Dr. Meyers spoke in Chapel.
3. Girls open Dorm—"They go wild, simply wild over me."
6. Big snow fight. Broken windows.
7. Biblical theme worries members of the Freshman Class.
8. Johnny drops in to his winter quarters.
9. Girls kimona parade. Pep meeting.
10. Cheney game, score 14-6—Whitworth.
13. Earthquake, Corey gets dumped.
14. Violin Vocale at Knox.
15. Edna Graham has a birthday. Breakfast given by the two Bucks.
16. Pep meeting.
17. Game at Spokane U., score 27-0—Whitworth. Whitworth students invited to supper and entertainment after the game.
20. Alfred Mitchem is found studying.
21. School has not yet recovered from startling discovery of yesterday.
22. Strain was too great, Mitchem had to leave school.
23. Game with Spokane College. One hour later Spokane College decides we won the game. Score 7-0.
24. Rejoicing—We are champions of the Football conference.
27. Non-contestants of Football turn out for Basketball.
28. Watermelon raids and feasts in both dorms.
29. School deserted by three o'clock. Thanksgiving vacation begins.

Natsihi—1923

DECEMBER

4. Studies resumed???
5. Girls invited to boys open dorm.
6. Unusual demand for picks and shovels, also scarcity of boys.
7. Floors begin to show thru in spots.
8. Boys open Dorm "Every Thing was Spotless" The faculty saw themselves as others see them.
11. Grand rush for tickets.
12. Much local talent displayed in the Operetta.
13. Boys are invited to Football Banquet.
14. Preparing for the feed.
15. Football Banquet. Frank Henry elected Captain for 1923.
18. S. A. A. C. boxing team entertains the college students.
19. Skating party at Manito. Now Chet!
20. Christmas party given by the faculty. Under the mistletoe. We had pure sugar candy.

JANUARY

8. New rules in force in the girls' dorm.
9. Parnell's entertain at Lyceum.
10. Little party given for Chadwick and Stony.
11. Mr. Jackson arrives. Much trouble in sight is prediction.
12. Water flowed by the buckets full in the boys' dorm.
15. Wonder of wonders, the Whitworthian appears.
16. Poor Achy.
17. The father of the famous Mildred Hess spoke in Chapel.
18. Girls appear arrayed in flashy handkerchiefs.
19. Basketball game with Spokane College.
22. Girls play Vera.
23. George returns none the worse for the wear. Lyceum-Dinty Upton.
24. Dr. Robinson leaves on trip to the coast.
25. Dr. Milne takes us in hand.
26. Sermon by Virgil Neely, "Echo's of the Dance Hall." Girls play Spokane College.
29. Exams.
30. Exams.
31. Exams.

FEBRUARY

1. Exams.
2. No school. Y. W. C. A. conference.
5. Registration.
6. Achy gets married in Wild Rose Prairie.
7. Dumping party in honor of new dorm student.

8. New dorm student leaves.
9. Whitworth at Spokane U. Second team shows up.
12. Lincoln's Birthday. School all day.
13. Margaret Buck bobbed her hair.
14. "Snowed in" 20 below zero.
15. Boxing class progresses rapidly.
16. Danny Shay, Whitworth's fighting youngster, creates excitement at the Elks'.
17. Basketball game with Cheney. Valentine party.
19. Kappa Gamma initiation starts.
20. Everybody gets free brushing.
21. The pledges decide that life is not one sweet dream after all.
22. Colonial party, the peppiest party of the year.
23. Basketball game at Cheney.
26. Optical illusion, do it in three lines only.
27. Fifty students able to do it in four.
28. Somebody claims to have done it in two.

MARCH

1. Some give up.
2. Others claim it is impossible.
5. Mr. Jackson loses his popularity.
6. Memorial service for Charles A. Barry.
7. Mr. Jackson plans getaway.
8. Mysterious faculty meetings. Students entertain at Knox.
9. Johnny entertains students with impromptu program.
12. Poor Dick. "If at first you don't succeed try, try, again."
13. "Doesn't Neely make a pretty girl, Mrs. Cormier?"
14. A twisted sermon, "It is far better to smoke hereafter my boys than to smoke now."
15. Third Whitworthian appears.
16. Frosh entertain Sophs in the boys' living room. Dr. Robinson returns and surprises everybody. Preps have party at Grahams.
19. The two Sophs who won the beauty prizes are still puffed up.
20. Moore proves himself an able second to Norland in oratory.
21. Baseball practice is encouraging.
22. Dr. Regier invites his classes to dinner. School is almost deserted.
23. Mr. Hamilton starts Jui Jitsu classes.
26. Debates, Spokane U. first, Whitworth second, Spokane college third.
27. Stony enters the declamation contest.
28. Contract for debate with Whitman arrives.
29. Matrimonial Table, cooks their own beefsteak.
30. Johnny leaves, vacation begins.

Natsihi—1923

APRIL

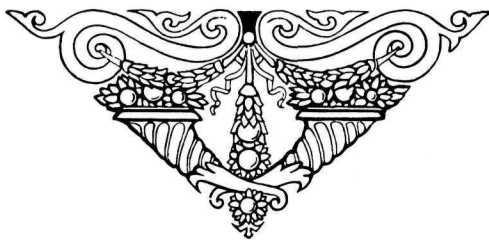
3. First official track turnout.
4. Robinson's give farewell address to students in Chapel.
5. Tennis turnout prospects promising.
6. Robinson's leave for Chicago via San Francisco.
9. New bookkeeper arrives. Mr. Jackson still here???
10. Everybody trembles. The faculty meets again. More familiar faces disappear. Why did Achy quit school?
13. We wonder why the students are spending so much extra time in lab. Game at Spokane U. Score 16-7.
16. Plans for drive completed.
17. Wanted—Ads. School closes and students get ads for the annual.
18. Frank Henry elected President of the student body for 1923—Lyle Wimmer, Vice President; Spokane U. students lead Chapel.
19. Report on the drive which was held Tuesday.
20. Game postponed, rain and snow.
23. Effects of Freshmen party at Twin Lakes still evident.
24. Grand rish to have pictures taken for the Annual.
25. Game with Spokane College.
26. April Frolic, Drive for Ads for the Whitworthian.
27. Game with Spokane U. Kappa Gamma entertained at Newman Lake by the Alumni.

MAY

1. Whitworth plays Cheney at Cheney.
4. Many students including the gospel team leave for Wenatchee. Cheney plays at Whitworth.
8. Annual goes to press—Hurray!
10. Public School graduation exercises. Whitworth plays Spokane College.
11. Kappa Gamma house party at Twin Lake's. De's birthday.
14. Invitations issued for the May Party.
15. Strains to "Tales from Hoffman" heard in the halls.
17. The inactive members help to decorate the Chapel.
18. Annual Kappa Gamma party.
21. Basketball players receive their awards.
25. Boys give little party in honor of many of the dorm students. Inter-school tennis meet.
28. Day by day in every way graduation is getting nearer and nearer.
30. Kappa Gamma picnic for inactive members. Sophomore Class picnic, Newman Lake.
31. Juniors entertain the Seniors. Sophomore and Freshman kid party.

JUNE

4. President's reception for Seniors.
5. Ballard oratorical contest.
6. Whitworth night.
7. Awarding the gold medals.
8. Graduation—Goodbyes.





“Nigger”

by RUTH MURIEL ASPRAY

HE CAME to us out of the mountainous wilds one morning, his black coat dusty with the reddish-brown dust of the slopes far beyond our verdant valley. Cleo found him as she was returning to the ranch after the early morning ride she always took. When she came running into the cabin where we were eating breakfast, begging us to come with her to the corrals, we all rose and followed her.

We ‘boys,’ for I was one of them in spite of my age and white hair, always obeyed Cleo; not because she was the daughter of our boss, nor because she was the only woman at the ranch besides old Ann, the cook. Nor was it because she was beautiful;—it was just because Cleo was Cleo.

She loved us all too, with the same impetuosity with which she loved the ranch, the mountains, and the moon on moonlit nights. She liked to do little things for us. She kept the bunk-house decorated with wild flowers,—the brilliant Indian Paint Brush, the golden-rod, and the numerous other kinds of wild-flowers that helped to make our valley a paradise. For me there was always a bunch of mountain daisies, for she knew I loved them.

On this morning, we trooped behind her, as she led the way to the corrals, like a bunch of awkward, laughing school-boys. She expected us to be surprised, and we did not disappoint her. Low exclamations greeted the horse standing at the corral gate.

Nigger, as Cleo afterward named him, was as black as pines against a night sky, and even with his coat shaggy and dirty, he was beautiful. He was a proud horse, too; pride was in the arch of his neck, and in the little way he had of tossing back his thick mane. His eyes were a mixture of that fiery pride, and of dumb, dark sadness,—the sadness of a great tragedy. When he saw us coming toward him, hate and fear struggled for supremacy in those wonderful-

ly expressive eyes. I watched him as he snorted and backed away, and decided that some man had treated him cruelly.

Cleo ran forward, and he stood still and neighed, glad to see her. She flung impulsive arms around his neck, and rubbed her face against his side.

“See!” she cried triumphantly, with shining dark eyes, “He loves me,—and I love him!”

I started forward, dumbly admiring the pretty picture they made. Nigger snorted again as I drew near, tossed his head defiantly, and gazed hatefully at me from over the girl’s head. He would not allow me to touch him, and I fell back, a little crestfallen. Cleo began to talk softly to him.

“Nigger, old boy! He won’t hurt you!”

“I must bring back unpleasant memories, Miss Cleo,” I smiled at her.

“I’m sorry, Davey,” she said, looking reproachfully at Nigger.

“It can’t be helped.” I murmured, backing to the fence, and watching the proceedings from a seat there.

“Going to keep him?” One of the men asked, edging up to Nigger. As he received the same treatment I had, he, too, backed away.

“Of course! He has no brand or mark of any kind upon him,—and he came here. I shall name him Nigger, and I shall care for him myself.”

That was like Cleo. She always took matters into her own hands, and no one ever contradicted her, not even her father. For that matter, old man Chaplin became as enthralled with the horse as we had been, though Nigger showed no more affection for him than he had for the rest of us men. However, the adoration he had for Cleo was almost human. He would eagerly watch the cabin door in the morning until she appeared to go for her ride; then he would toss up

(Continued on Page 86)

“Meal-Time”

By JEANNETTE WARE

A BELL rings. Suddenly there is a rush to the door. The impulsion seems to shake the building. Shrieks and squeals are emitted from the stair-case as someone is stepped upon. There is pushing and humping and stumbling down the stairs as each one tries to reach the door first. No! It is neither a fire nor a circus parade passing. It is Whitworth College going down to dinner. There are calls and whispers of: “Hurry, Marge, before anybody gets our seats”; “Save a seat for me, Leona”; “Oh, darn! someone beat us to it”; “Oh, dear! we’ll have to eat at the faculty table” Then after grace has been said there is a general scramble and scraping of chairs. Confusion reigns for a few moments, in fact, it reigns throughout the meal. Now and then one hears scraps of conversation.

“Peas again! Heavens, I never want to see another pea!”

“They’re better than——”

“Oh, Margie! I love your dress. Did you——”

“Please pass the bread. I’ve asked for——” (spoken with vehemence.)

“Oh, she never passes——”

“——struck three times, but——” (A deep masculine voice.)

“Sal, I want some tea, please.”

“History! Who said history? I’ve studied all day and don’t——”

“I sure get tired of hearing these kids rave about history, don’t you, Dot?”

“It must be——”

“——hands are clean, but——”

“Cap missed——”

A bright-eyed, good-looking girl at the couple table is heard saying: “Kid, it was the funniest thing. Kid, you’d have died laughing! He——” But the rest of her interesting conversation is lost in the deep-voiced request of the Dean for some tea.

From the kitchen there is a crash. Everyone cranes his neck as far as possible to see what has happened. It is probably only a tray of dishes or a shelf falling and the buzzing is soon resumed.

“English themes are awful! Edna——”

“——wants to go, but——”

“I simply can’t write them!”

“Really, girls, you know——”

“My dear, really?” (A pretty, bobbed-hair miss.)

“——hair is going out.”

“I hope there’s hot water tonight——”

Finally, one by one, the Whitworthians file out, and after each has left there is a little less noise. But soon the rattling of the plates and knives and forks add to the general din as the “hashers” begin to clear up. As they work they chat busily.

Thus the Whitworth dinner ends. But it is jolly and gay and gives one the feeling of comradeship. One misses the chatter and clatter when one goes home for the weekend, although the comparative quiet of a family of five is restful. However, a whole summer of quiet will make us look forward eagerly to the opening of school and the noisy dinners of Whitworth.

“The Stranger”

By RUTH MURIEL ASPRAY

AS CLEO CHAPLIN, the ranch-owner's daughter rode slowly past the corrals toward the house, a group of astonished men gathered around her. She did not answer their inquiries until she herself had slipped from her horse and had seen the man she had brought with her carried into the house.

“Put him on the couch and get Dad,” she ordered. “I found him by the creek,” she continued, turning to the curious men. “He's got a bad cut in his head, and his neck is lacerated. Was unconscious when I found him, and still is, so I don't know what happened to him. Pete, you come in and help Dad and me.”

A few minutes after she disappeared into the house, her father hurried after her.

“Uh! Got a nasty one, didn't he? His neck is bad, too.” The ranch-owner touched the stranger with deft fingers. “Wonder who he is? I've never seen him around here before.”

“He'll be able to tell us himself soon, I hope,” said Cleo, who was busy with the bandages.

But when the man regained consciousness some time later, it was not to enlighten them. The injury to his throat had in some way hurt his vocal chords so that he could not speak. Nor could he hear, they discovered. However, they read the thanks he could not speak in his gray eyes.

When he was stronger, Cleo gave him pencil and paper, hoping that he might be able to write; however, the only thing he could write was his name,—Jim Crofts. Cleo looked up in despair.

“Dad!” she called, “He can't even write!”

“What! Can't write? We-ell,—I guess we'll have to keep him without knowing anything about him. We can't turn him out. Don't know what we'll do with him, though.”

“Oh! we'll find something for him to do,” assured Cleo, with a pitying look at the white face. “I feel sorry for him. I wonder what on earth happened to him!”

So the stranger remained at the Chaplin's ranch. Although he could neither speak nor hear, there was something attractive about him, and they all learned to like him. He did odd jobs around the place, and often helped Cleo and old Ann, the cook, in their household duties. In his thankfulness, he was willing to do anything.

“I thought perhaps he would regain his hearing and his speech as he got better,” Cleo's father said to her one day. He had come upon her where she was sitting on the bank of the creek with a book, and had stopped to talk to her. “But he's just the

same. Do you know,” puffing thoughtfully at his pipe, “sometimes I see Jim looking at me as if he was trying as hard as he could to tell me something, but he can't do it. Can it be my imagination?”

“No, it's not,” Cleo said emphatically. “Because I see it, too. Oh, the expression in his eyes sometimes! Why, it's as plain as can be,—he has something to say to us, if he only could.”

“Here he comes now.” Chaplin smiled at the gray-haired man coming down the path toward them. He was on his way to the spring for water.

“I do so wish I knew all about him,” the girl murmured, as he passed them. “He is so nice,—one can't help liking him. It's queer, though, that he can't write.”

“Perhaps someone will come along some day who knows of him,” her father suggested. “I suppose he worked in the mountains all his life, and never had a chance to educate himself.”

Cleo sighed; the gray-haired stranger was a mystery that she longed to solve.

But none of the visitors to the ranch had ever seen Jim before; nor was the man able to speak as time went on. Cleo despaired of ever finding out the things she wanted to know.

One day, when the sun rose in a sky of cloudless blue, Cleo decided that she and her father were going to take a trip across old Baldy Mountain. The ranch-man demurred at first, but finally gave in to his daughter.

“Think how wonderful the valley over there will be, with the fields of daisies and golden-rod, and the white cottonwoods by the water,” she had said.

“All right. We'll go,” her father had answered.

Cleo looked invitingly at Jim as he helped her on her horse, but he smiled and shook his head. They rode away without him; when they had disappeared among the trees, he went into the cabin and began to clean up the room.

An hour later a man rode up to the building. No one was in sight, nor did any one answer his shouts. He dismounted, and, pushing open the cabin door, stepped inside. Jim was there, but, because of the dim light the visitor could not at first see his face; Jim, however, recognized the man immediately.

His pipe fell to the floor, and a snarl sounded in his throat. Startled, the visitor looked closer, and finally made out Jim's face. But the recognition came too late; he was covered by a revolver.

In Jim's face there were signs of a ter-

(Continued on Page 98)

Great Aunt Carlyle's Slipper-buckle

By DOROTHY PALMER

GR^{EAT} AUNT CARLYLE was showing us her souvenirs. She had taken out the heavy old rosewood box and we had eagerly clustered around her, hoping for a story.

There were many quaint, old things in that box, things that told their own story, such as the dainty cotillion favors and the faded flowers. But there were other things, too, things that fairly shouted the fact that they had a history. Among these was an old, tarnished silver slipper-buckle. When we begged Great Aunt Carlyle to tell us its story she became very thoughtful and her face grew very soft and tender. After a moment of silent musing, however, she began the tale of the ancient buckle.

"Now, children," she began, "you all have heard about the revolutionary war. Well, now I am going to tell you another tale of it.

When the war broke out my mother was just a young girl of sixteen. Of course, in those days many girls of sixteen were married, because they seemed to grow up much more quickly than the girls of today do.

Well, as I was saying, mother, although just a girl, was almost engaged to a young neighbor of theirs, but although her mother wished her to be married before he went away, she would not consent.

This young man was a staunch believer in the King, as were most of the people in that part of the country; while mother, in her heart was a little rebel. For that reason she could not bring herself to marry the young Tory.

Before long the rebels were in possession of the country, but they could not hold it, and soon the British were victorious.

One night, as mother went out to the

stable to lock it, for thieves were numerous and she did not want to lose her horse, a fine young thoroughbred, named Lucy, she was startled by having a rough hand placed across her mouth and her lantern rudely blown out. Then in the darkness, she heard whisper: "I'm sorry to have frightened you, Miss, but I was afraid you would scream, you Tories are not very friendly people, you know."

Mother was reassured by the gentleness of the whisper and told her captor that she was an ally of the rebels. She dragged the young man into the stable and shut the door. When she had lighted the lantern again, she searched the man's face and then sighed in her relief, for it was not a bad face; it was a desperate one, perhaps, and a bold one, but it was one of gentle strength and it showed good breeding in every feature. Reassured, she asked what he needed. He was reluctant to answer, but she got food and an English uniform, so that he might pass through the lines with greater safety. Then she pressed Lucy upon him, insisting that he could return her later. Finally he accepted and departed to change uniforms. When he reappeared mother laughed quite heartily, for the uniform had been borrowed from a much larger man. Reaching down she loosened her slipper buckle and twisted it into his belt. The result was perfect; he looked like a masquerader. With a whispered "Good luck," and a grateful "Thank you," they parted.

At the end of the war, however, he returned, leading Lucy and with the slipper buckle in his hand, to claim mother for his bride."

This was the tale of the antique slipper buckle as it was told to us by Great Aunt Carlyle.

Whitworth Alma Mater

*We're loyal to thee, Whitworth dear,
We'll ever be true, Whitworth fair
We'll back you to stand
'Gainst the best in the land,
For we know you are noble and grand.
Rah! Rah!
We will ever stand for the right.
For your place in the land we will fight.
Your name is our fame protector.
We'll honor, love and respect you.
Forever aye.*

*Bring on the dear old flag of Crimson and Black.
Bring on your sons and daughters who never lack
Like men of old or giants
Placing reliance, shouting defiance,
Oskeywahwah,
Among the pine clad hills and mountains so grand.
For honest labor and for learning we stand,
And unto thee, we pledge our hearts, our hands,
Our Alma Mater, Whitworth Dear.*



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All Conference Team

IT is small wonder that all Whitworthians are proud of their team, who not only won the conference championship and added a large silver cup to their trophies but also placed five players on the Mythical Eleven. This mythical team is chosen by the coaches of the four colleges in the conference, and the positions of Center, Captain, Right Guard, Left End, Quarterback, and Right Half were filled by Whitworth players.

CONFERENCE MYTHICAL ELEVEN

<i>Player</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>College</i>
W. Smith	R. E.....	Spokane College
P. Simpson	R. T.....	Spokane University
Henry	R. G.....	Whitworth College
Ennis (Captain)	C.	Whitworth College
Edmunson	L. G.....	Spokane College
Edwards	L. T.....	Spokane College
Neil Smith	L. E.....	Whitworth College
Hill	Q. B.....	Whitworth College
Neely	R. H.....	Whitworth College
Turner	L. H.....	Cheney Normal
Hutchins	F. B.....	Spokane University

The Championship Team

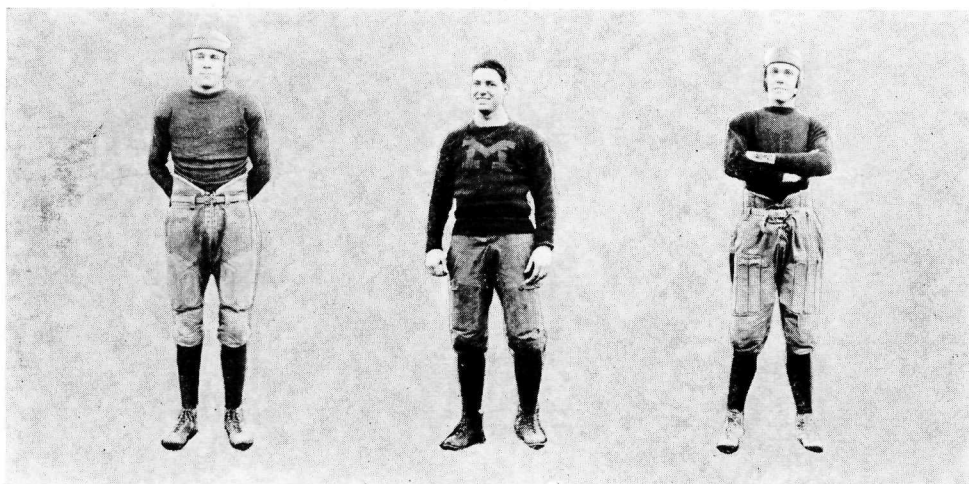
WE have the best coach in the Northwest and no word of praise can be too high for him. Coming to us fresh from his own athletic victories at the University of Michigan he has produced teams of which Whitworth can be justly proud. He is the only coach in the conference who gets in football and baseball togs and becomes one of the boys. It is small wonder that he turns out successful teams. To let the boys tell it, "He is a dandy good sport, fair and square in everything and never afraid to give praise where praise is due." To see him among the boys who respect and admire him in every way, one little doubts that Whitworth is justly envied for her coach. The old saying "A man, who is master of himself, can master others" is certainly proven in his case.

Owen Ennis "the center man of Whitworth" was captain of the team and played the position of center. He

played a good game and made his line to the back field accurate and dependable. In backing up the line he was a man who rarely missed a tackle, was always in the thick of the fight and brought down many men who were romping to the goal posts. In the words of all conference coaches "Owen Ennis at center, is worthy to lead an all-star team by reason of his ability to make his men play fine team work.

Frank Henry, another member of the all conference team, who plays guard is Captain-elect for next year. He is as steady and sure as a general and could hold his own against line plunges. Great confidence is being placed in him for next year and we all wish him success.

Doris Hill played as quarter back and played on the mythical team. As the athletic editor has never seen this man in action, he can say little of his ability (If it had not been for Toad's



Captain Owen Ennis
Center
2-year letterman

Coach Abe Cohn

Captain-elect Frank Henry
Guard
2-year letterman

Natsihi—1923



clear and quick thinking there would not have been so many victories. He showed good judgment throughout the season and brought the strong points of the team to the front.)

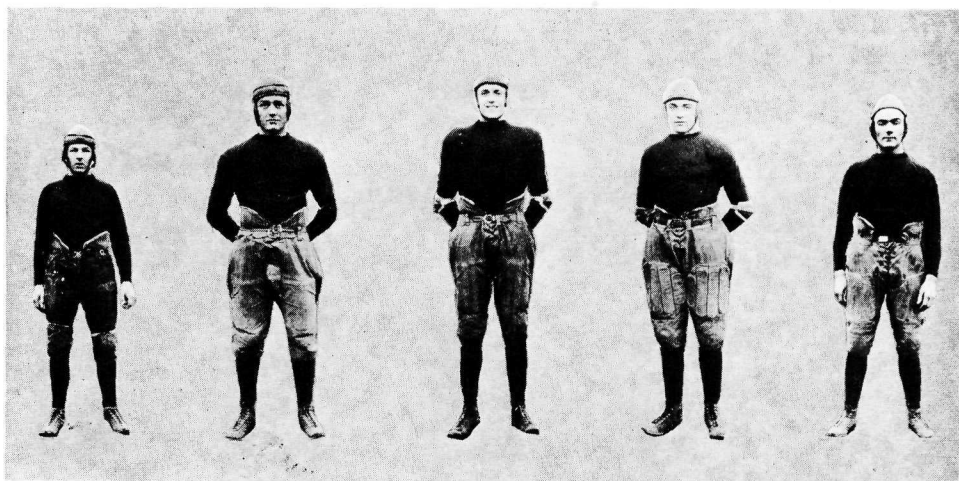
Neil Smith, the man with the educated toe, played at left end. He did all of the punting and outclassed all other punters in the conference, booting them for 45 and 50 yards consistently.

Virgil Neely, the speediest and smallest man in the conference played right half. He could be depended on

for yardage at any time and was a master at the cut back style of football, often making touch downs by this clever trick. Neely resorted more to end runs and was the best man on the team at receiving passes.

Walter Reed, played at left tackle and had no competition. Reed was a man that was heavy enough, and had enough fight to smash up play after play. He was also good at making large openings for the backfield men.

Dick Jones, right guard, was a man



Heinie Horn
End
2-year letterman

Virgil Neely
Right Half
2-year letterman

Neil Smith
End

Doris Hill
Quarterback

Ralph Tuffrey
Left Guard
2-year letterman



of weight and plenty of fight. He had a habit of breaking through the opposing line, intercepting man and converting them into touch downs.

Gordon Allen also played right guard. He was very aggressive and carried no little amount of trouble for the opposing team.

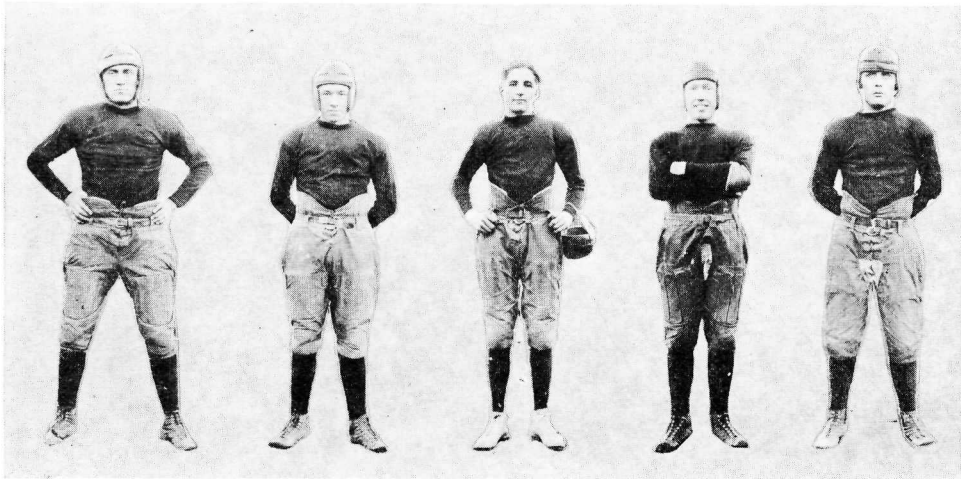
Ralph Treffrey played at left guard. He was a man who could tackle and pave a way for the backfield to make yardage.

Clarence Moore was the largest man

on the team and held down the right tackle position like a regular gridiron veteran. He always played a smash up game and we give him credit for holding the line like a stone wall.

Chester Houston, at right end, proved to be very good at spilling the opposing interference. He was a good tackle and was also dependable at receiving passes.

Frank McBride played the left half back position and to him belongs the credit of the forward pass. He was ac-



Clarence Moore
Right Tackle

Wallie Reed
Left Tackle

Chet Houston
End

Gordon Allen
Right Guard
Substitute

Dick Jones
Right Guard

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Natsihi—1923



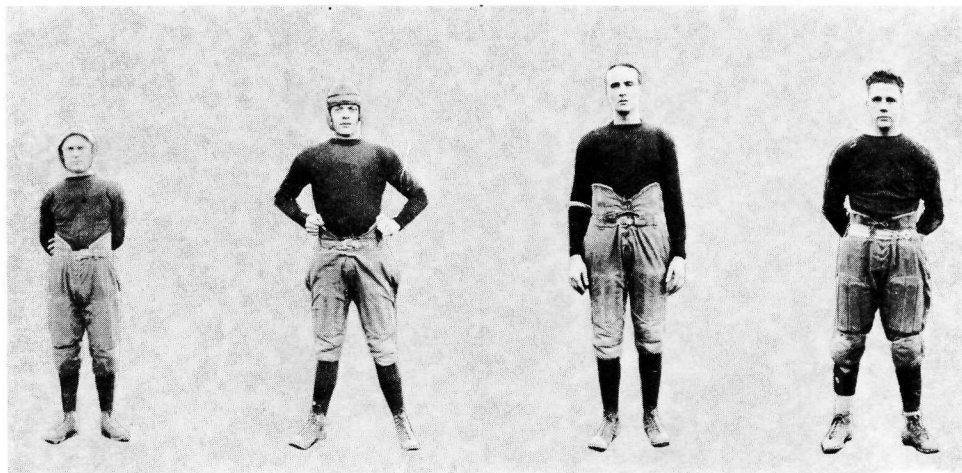
curate at judging distances and leading his man. McBride was also a good man at carrying the ball.

Henry Horn was a man who played both in the backfield and at end. He was a clever runner and a sure tackle.

Jack Cameron played at a half back position and excelled as an open field

runner. He was a clever man, displaying good footwork and hip movement. Cameron was a player who knew the game and in case of misfortune played at quarter.

Raymond Acheson was the only man who appeared at all as line plunger. His station was at full back and he was a hard hitting active member of the squad.



Raymond Acheson
Full Back
Substitute

Frank McBride
Left Half

Jack Cameron
End, Half
3 year letterman

George McMahon
Manager

UNDER the splendid leadership of Coach Abe Cohn, the football team, which represented Whitworth during the 1922 season, was a team of which any school might well be proud. While very light, in fact the lightest in the conference, it had the reputation of being Coach Cohn's scrappy little team, and the pluck, grit and speed of its players were envied by the coaches of other schools. Early in the season twenty one players went to Ellensburg and put up a fight which greatly surprised the veteran players of the Normal. Upon the return to Spokane, the team entered the Spokane Intercollegiate Conference with a determination which turned the score of every game into their favor. Many

clever trick plays were used which left the opposing team in a continual state of upheaval and wonderment.

Due to the personal work of the Coach each player was trained specially for his share of the game and at the call of each new play, the men all snapped into play with a decision which was thrilling to see. From the first minute of play those on the sidelines felt confident that no one on the field would fail to do his part. The spirit of the players was commendable also, they went into every game with the determination to gain the reputation of a clean playing, hard hitting team and to bring home the good will of its opponents as well as the large end of the score.

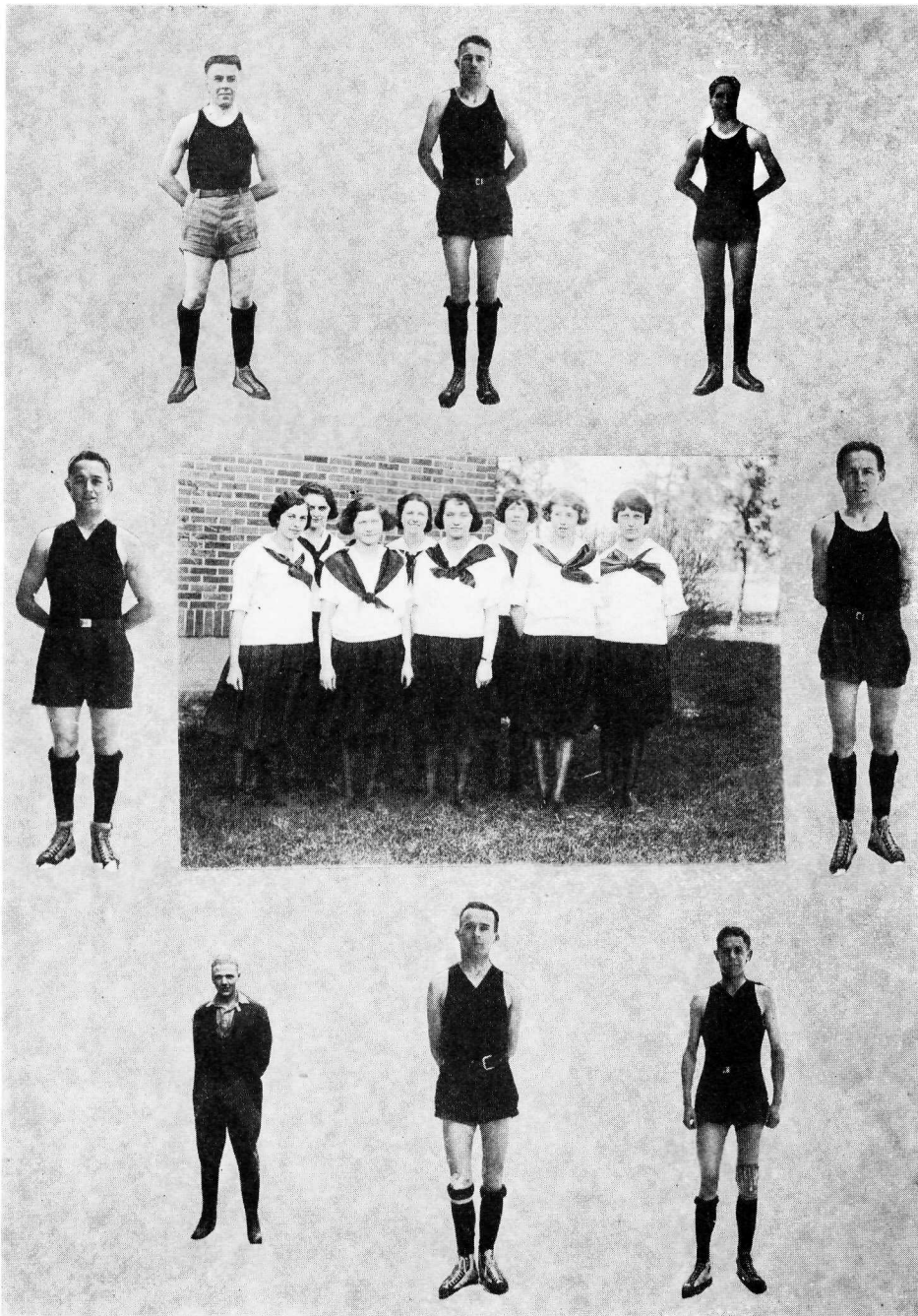
GAMES AND SCORES

Whitworth	6 vs. Ellensburg	15
Whitworth	20 vs. Spokane College	0
Whitworth	6 vs. Spokane University	0
Whitworth	14 vs. Cheney Normal	7
Whitworth	27 vs. Spokane University	0
Whitworth	7 vs. Spokane College	0
Total	80	Total
		22

A Tribute to Our Substitutes

THE members of the football team and the student body of Whitworth College wish to express their appreciation to the men who faithfully turned out for football practice every night, who were in uniforms ready and anxious to enter a game at any time and yet did not receive letters or share the honors of a winning team. Charles Rexroad, Stanley Pearce, Lyndon Schutz, Donald Potter and Glenn Stoneman are to be especially remembered for their efforts. It has been demonstrated in the past that a championship team cannot be expected if there is no second team and so at this time we wish to commend our substitutes for their cooperation and school spirit.

Basketball



UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND COLLEGE PARK LIBRARY

Basketball

WHEN cold weather strikes Whitworth it is seriously handicapped along the athletic line. Considering the extreme cold of the winter and the inadequate heating system in the gym, our boys and girls basketball teams put up a valiant fight, and in spite of their failure to bring home the bacon, they were all made to feel that the students and faculty were behind them whether successful or not. Every game was hotly contested and many were lost by a very small margin. In addition to the regular conference games, the Ellensburg Normal team met ours on the home floor. Chet Houston, guard, was captain of the team, the other members being Virgil Neely, Jack Cameron, Neil Smith, Walt Horn, forwards; Owen Ennis, center; and Lyle Wimmer and Heine Horn, guards. The second team also played some games and gave promise for future material. The team management was ably carried on by George Graham.

Girls' Basketball

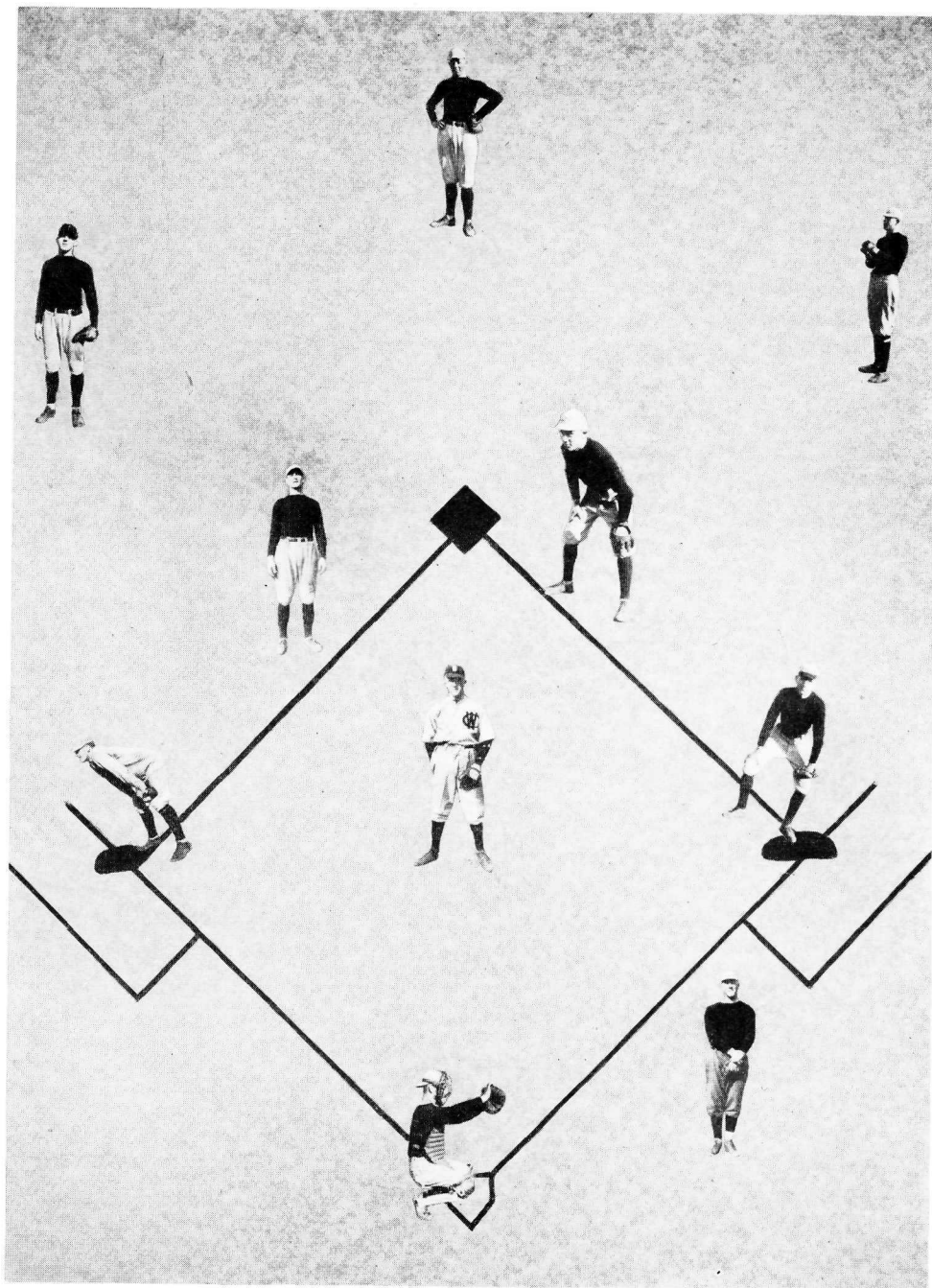
AT A meeting of the winners of basketball letters of last year Marthalena Miller was elected captain for the season. The team started practice under somewhat of a handicap due to the uncertainty of the rules to be used and the loss of last season's guards. Thru the splendid efforts of Coach Cohn a team was obtained which although sometimes beaten was not outplayed or outfought.

In the first game with Spokane College the team put up a close contest, leading in the third quarter but finally losing 23-15. The game with Cheney on our own floor furnished plenty of excitement although the game was won by our visitors. In a return game at Cheney several new players showed to advantage which augers well for the prospects next season.

Our last game with Spokane College was a real thriller. Whitworth led all the way until the last quarter. Then by a desperate spurt, Spokane College tied the score. With but a minute left to play Marthalena Miller converted a free throw which won the game, 17-16.

Those winning letters this year were:

Delilah Barber	Forward
Capt. Marthalena Miller	Forward
Birtie Gilmore	Center
Dorothy Farr	Side Center
Maude Poston	Guard
Mgr. Ruth Hahner	Guard
Leone Hughes	Guard
Margaret Fisher	Center



Baseball

With a number of lettermen back from last year's winning team, prospects looked bright indeed for Whitworth. The first game was at Spokane University. In the second inning Whitworth scored 10 runs, this game gave them such a lead that the U. was unable to catch up. Final score: Whitworth 16—Spokane U. 6.

BOX SCORE

Whitworth	A.B.	R.	H.
Horn H.	6	2	0
Kimball, 2b	7	2	1
Cameron, ss	6	1	4
McMahon, c	6	2	4
Houston, 1b	6	2	1
Stoneman, 3b	6	1	2
Allen, cf	4	1	1
Ennis, rf	5	2	0
Hill, p	5	1	2
Peterson, p	1	1	0
Reed, cf	1	1	0
Total	53	16	15

The second game was with Spokane College on our own field. This proved to be in favor of the Spokane College. Coach Veldies' men were hitting the ball hard and gained a lead and kept it throughout the entire game. Final score: Whitworth 7—Spokane College 11.

BOX SCORE

Whitworth	A.B.	R.	H.
Horn, 3b	5	1	1
Kimball, 2b	3	1	0
Cameron, ss	4	0	2
McMahon, c	5	1	2
Houston, 1b	4	2	1
Stoneman, lf	5	0	0
Reed, cf	3	1	0
Allen, cf	4	0	1
Ennis, rf	3	0	1
Hill, p	3	1	0
Total	39	7	9

The third game was with Spokane U. at Whitworth and the boys had little difficulty in winning. Spokane U. played good ball but Whitworth sent them home registering defeat. Final score: Whitworth 15—Spokane University 8.

BOX SCORE

Whitworth	A.B.	R.	H.
Horn, lf	4	1	1
Kimball, 3b	4	1	2
Cameron, ss	4	2	1
McMahon, c	5	1	0
Houston, 1b	5	2	0
Hill, 2b	4	2	2
Reed, cf	5	3	3
Ennis, rf	5	1	0
Stoneman, p	3	2	1
Total	39	15	10

The fourth game was at Cheney and was one of the best games of the season. Cheney scored four runs in the first inning and for a while it looked like the game would be uninteresting. Whitworth, however, settled down to work and played air tight ball. Coach Cohn's men gained a two-point lead in the latter part of the game and thus was able to win. Final score: Whitworth 7—Cheney Normal 6.

BOX SCORE

Whitworth	A.B.	R.	H.
Horn, lf	5	2	2
Kimball, 3b	5	1	0
Cameron, ss	5	2	2
McMahon, c	4	1	2
Houston, 1b	4	1	0
Hill, 2b, p	4	0	1
Reed, cf	4	0	1
Ennis, cf	5	0	0
Stoneman, p, 2b	5	0	1
Total	41	7	9

Natsihi—1923

The fifth game was with Cheney Normal at Whitworth. It was Whitworth's off day and by a series of costly fumbles the game went to Cheney. This was the game that Capitan Horn hit a long fly to left field and by a poorly judged throw from the field gained a home run. The boys took a rally in the ninth but were unable to win. Final score: Whitworth 8—Cheney 15.

BOX SCORE

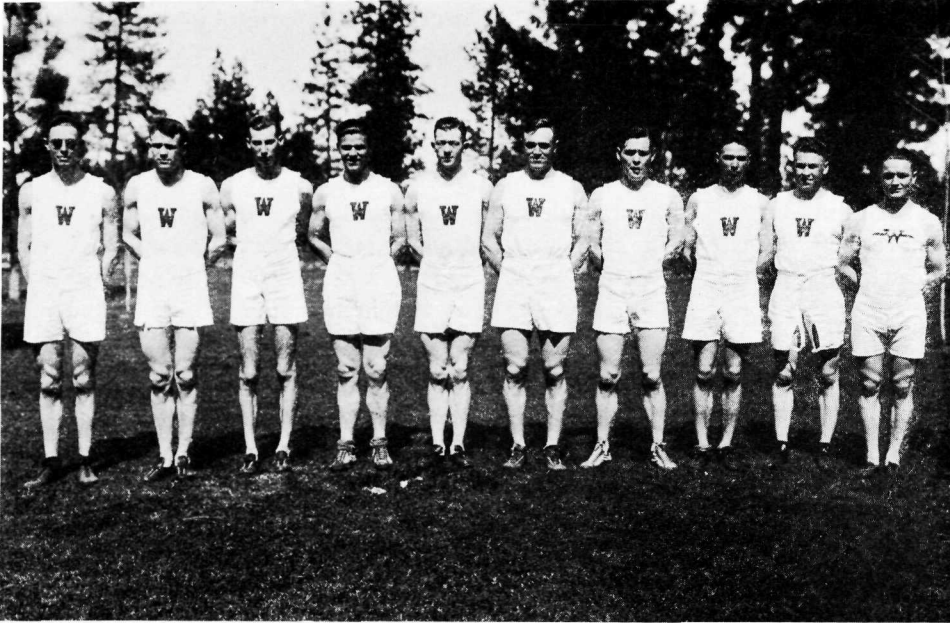
Whitworth	A.B.	R.	H.
Horn, lf	5	1	3
Kimball, 3b	5	0	0
McMahon, c	3	2	1
Cameron, ss	5	0	1
Houston, 1b	3	1	0

Hill, 2b, p	2	3	0
Reed, cf	3	1	0
Crane, rf	1	0	0
Ennis, rf	5	0	2
Stoneman, p, 2b	5	0	2
Total	27	8	9

By winning the last game of the season from Spokane College, a triple tie for first place in the conference resulted. Cheney Normal, Spokane College and Whitworth ended the baseball season of 1923 with four victories and two lost games, a piece to their credit, but owing to the lateness of the year and the approaching track meet no other games will be played this season.



Track



Rexroad Ennis Barnes Henry Pearce Moore Jones Newett Wimmer Neely

LAST year Whitworth, the college with the fewest entries, placed second in the conference track meet. Prospects are indeed bright this season with the addition of several track men from other schools. This year the big track meet will be held at Spokane University, while other meets will be staged at Cheney, Spokane University and Gonzaga. Neely, the speed demon of the conference, is Captain this year and is personally supervising the workouts of the various men. We are all proud of Virgil and have no fear but that all of the dashes will be won by him for Whitworth. He does the hundred yard dash in record time and last year excited a great many favorable comments. We understand that the University of Washington would like to have him represent them and we don't blame

them in the least. He also does the hurdles with the same speed he shows in the dashes and also on the football field.

Owen Ennis, another letter man, from last year represents us this year. He has the distinction of being the only man in Whitworth who has won a letter in the 4 major sports. He placed in the 440 last year, and in addition entered the low and high hurdles, broad jump, high jump, discus and javelin.

We are lucky in having with us this year Clarence Moore, letter man from the College of Puget Sound. Judging from his appearance he will be very valuable with the weights. Dick Jones and Charles Rexroad are nightly hurling the discus and throwing the javelin.

William Newett who won the mile at North Central High School has a very

Natsihi—1923

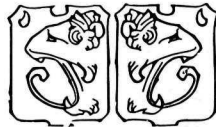
graceful and easy stride and his early workouts indicate that he will be a valuable cog in the success of a winning team. Lyle Wimmer, another distance runner who has already won a letter from Cheney Normal will represent us this year. Then too we have Glen Stoneman, to represent us in the high jump. His brother is a famous high jumper at the University of Idaho and we are placing great faith in Stony. Last, but not least, we have the best coach in the conference to lead us to success.

On Saturday, May 5, a very successful track meet was held at the Gonzaga Stadium. The schools contesting were: Gonzaga, Cheney and Whitworth, and while Gonzaga ended with the largest score, Whitworth took many more events than Cheney.

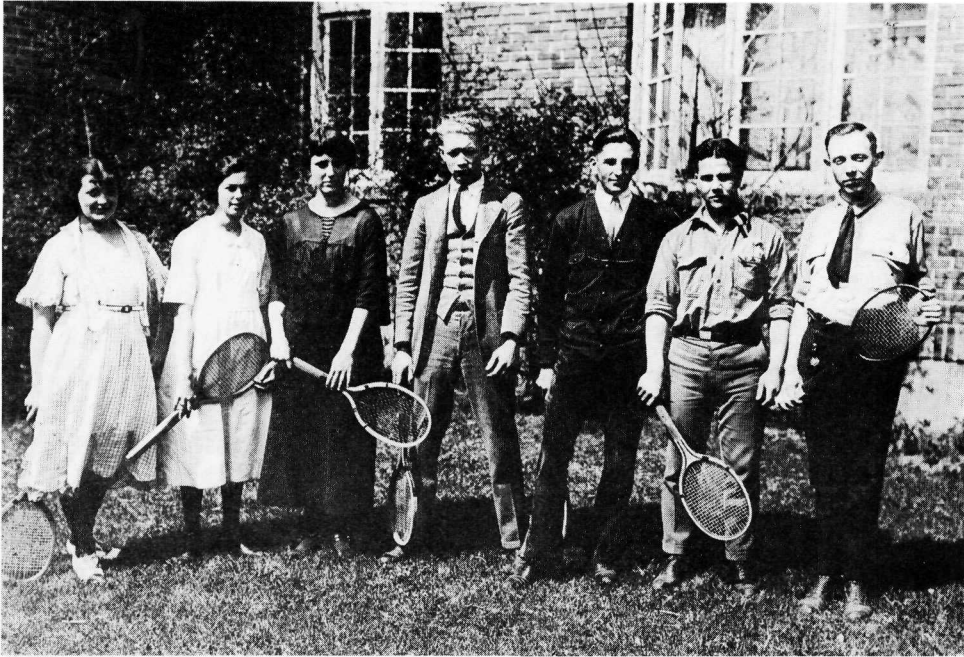
Our track Captain Virgil Neely was

high point man of the meet, taking first in the 220 yard dash, low hurdles and broad jump and placing third in the 100 yard dash. Owen Ennis, our other track man from last year, took first in the high hurdles and tied for third place with a Gonzaga athlete in the high jump, breaking both records of the intercollegiate meet of 1922. Gonzaga took all three places in the 440 yard dash but Ennis crossed the line before any Cheney runners, thus giving up hopes for winning this race also. Lyle Wimmer took second in both the half mile and mile races while Rexroad placed third in the two mile and in the javelin.

There are to be two other track meets, one with Spokane University and the conference meet. With the above mentioned athletes to represent us our hopes are high for the success of the track season of 1922.

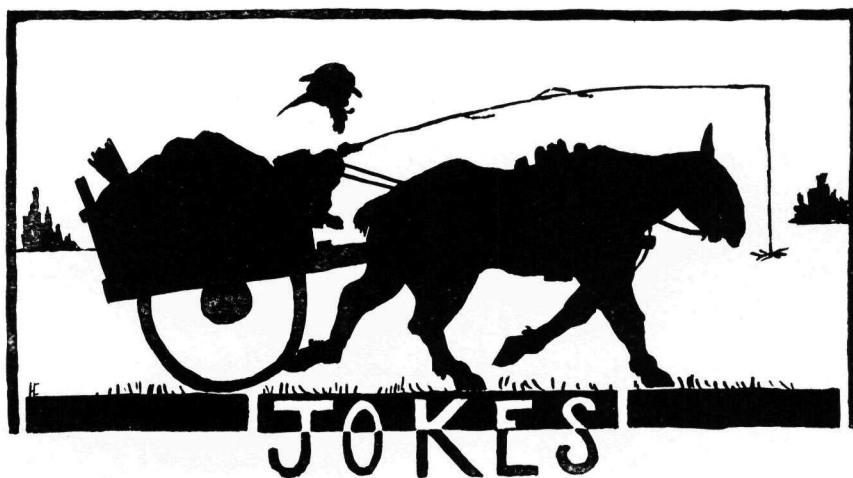


Tennis



Sara Miller Dorothy Farr Chester Houston Donald Henry
Delilah Barber Vaughan Boyington George McMahon

PROSPECTS look bright for tennis this season with seven letter holders back in school. The college will meet in the conference tennis tournament on May 26, and several matches have been arranged with other schools by Manager George McMahon. Unless all signs fail George McMahon will be boys tennis champion of the school and he is always a hard working and consistent player. He will have Donald Henry, Chester Houston and Carroll Pederson to help him bring honors to Whitworth in this line of sport in addition to several very promising recruits. The girls are placing hopes in Dorothy Farr, runnerup in the girls' singles conference match one year and champion for two consecutive years. De Barber played girls doubles and mixed doubles last year and Sara Miller, a Canadian champion, will also play for the girls.



Pederson: "If Ivanhoe sells for a quarter at the Coop, what is Kenilworth?"

Miss Hubbard: "Great Scott' what a novel question!!!"

—NATSIHI—

"Watch me, I'm about to strike," said the clock.

"Strike," said the umpire, as he lighted a match.

—NATSIHI—

Mr. Powell: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Connie: "That's why we all flunked."

—NATSIHI—

Ruth Aspray: "Why is this car so late?"

Conductor: "Well, you see, the car in front is behind and this car was behind besides."

—NATSIHI—

Mr. Powell: "I think I will start a school for stammers."

Owen Ennis: "But who wants to learn to stammer?"

—NATSIHI—

Leona Hughes: "What is cosmopolitan?"

Dorothy Palmer: "Suppose there was a Russian Jew lived in England with an Italian wife, smoking Egyptian cigarettes, near a French window in a room with a Turkey carpet on the floor. If this man drank American ice cream sodas while listening to a German band playing 'Come back to Erin' after a supper of Dutch cheese made up as a Welsh rarebit, then you might be safe in saying that he was cosmopolitan."

Mr. Milne: "Did you not promise that you would not do that again?"

Dick: "Yes Sir."

Mr. Milne: "And I said I would expel you if you did, didn't I?"

Dick: "Yes sir; but as I didn't stick to my promise, I will not hold you to yours."

—NATSIHI—

Harken, Ye Seniors!

Lives of great men all remind us,
We should always do our best,
And departing leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.

—NATSIHI—

Toad: "Sir, I want permission to be away three days after vacation."

Mr. Milne: "Ah, you want three days of Grace?"

Toad: "No, three more days of Zena."

—NATSIHI—

Ist cullud lady: "Dat baby ob yourn is sho' a puffic image ob his dad."

2nd cullud lady: "Yas, a regular carbon copy, yo' might say."

—NATSIHI—

Max (watching Neely do the pole vault): "Just think how much higher he would go if he didn't have to carry that stick with him."

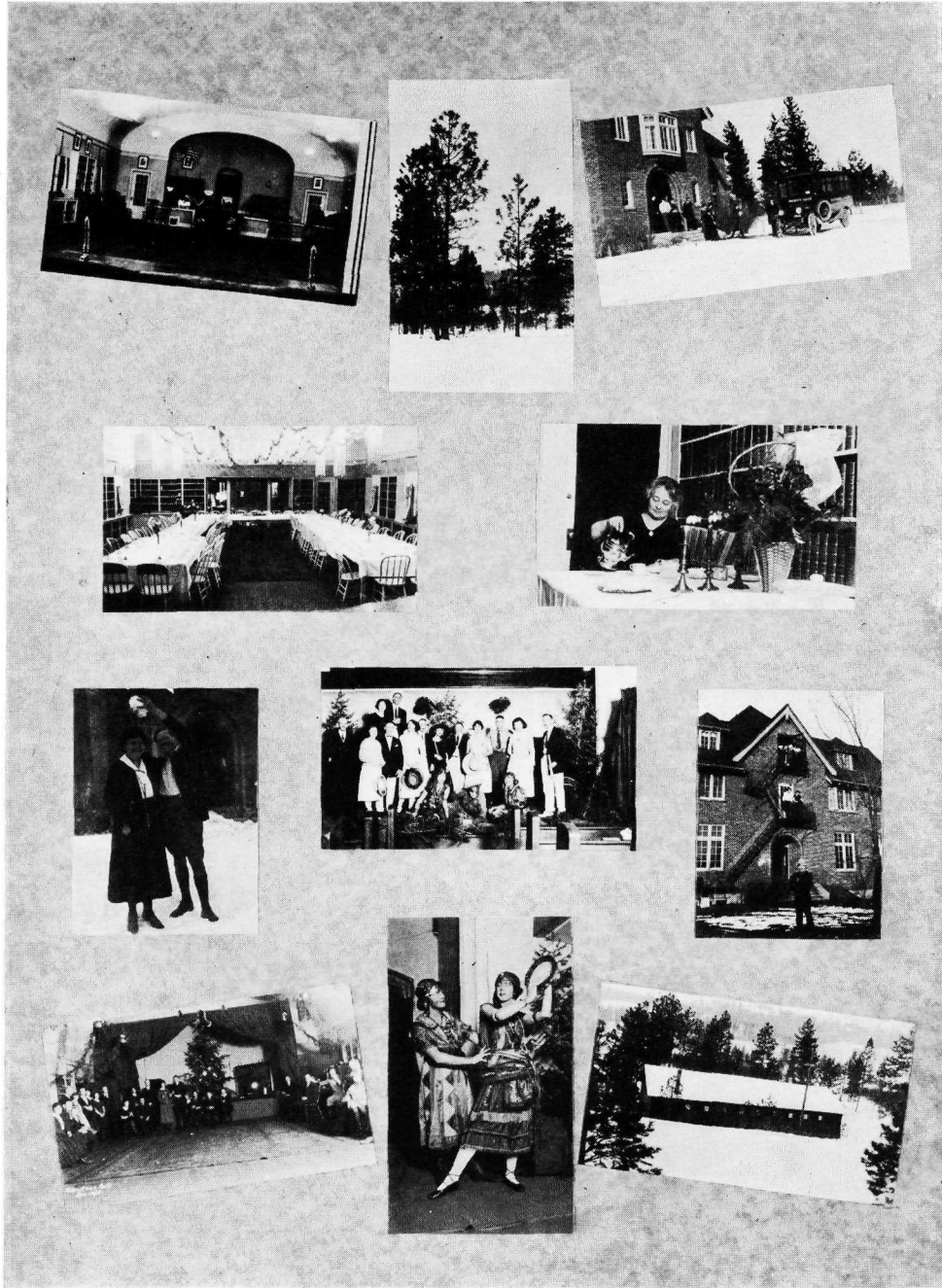
—NATSIHI—

Dr. Regier (in history): "How was Alexander II of Russia killed?"

Virgil Neely: "By a bomb."

Dr. Regier: "How do you account for that?"

Virgil Neely: "It exploded."



The Advertisers



THE business staff takes this means of gratefully acknowledging the favors received from the business firms shown on the following pages. The production of this Annual has been made possible by their generous support, and it is hoped that the friends of Whitworth will show their appreciation of their kindness, by favoring them whenever the occasion permits.

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Business Manager

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a Study,
and Satisfy the
Most
Fastidious.*

Jos. Krummeck
original
Hair Trimming Shop

(Continued from Page 60)

his head, prance over to the gate, and wait patiently for her.

They became a familiar sight about the ranch; Cleo practically lived on his back. A more radiant pair of wild beauties I have never seen.

And fleet! It was a glorious sight to watch Nigger run down the purple and gray slopes under the cottonwoods out into the gray haze of the more desert lands on the trail to Flat-top Mountain. Cleo stuck to him like a burr, her face hidden by fallen masses of dusky hair, her red tie bright against Nigger's coat. Nigger could easily out-run any horse on the ranch, and we had some fine ones.

Though we could not help but admire Nigger, his aversion to us continued. He obviously hated us all; when anyone except Cleo came very near him, he became impatient, and nervously pawed the ground. Often, too, when Cleo was not with him he would stand for moments at a time, as if transfixed to stone, gazing at Flat-top Mountain. His eyes seemed to penetrate those masses of stone to the wild country that was Rainbow Valley. There were times when I thought he would leave us, and go back to Rainbow Valley, from where he must have come. He would have gone long before, too, had it not been for Cleo.

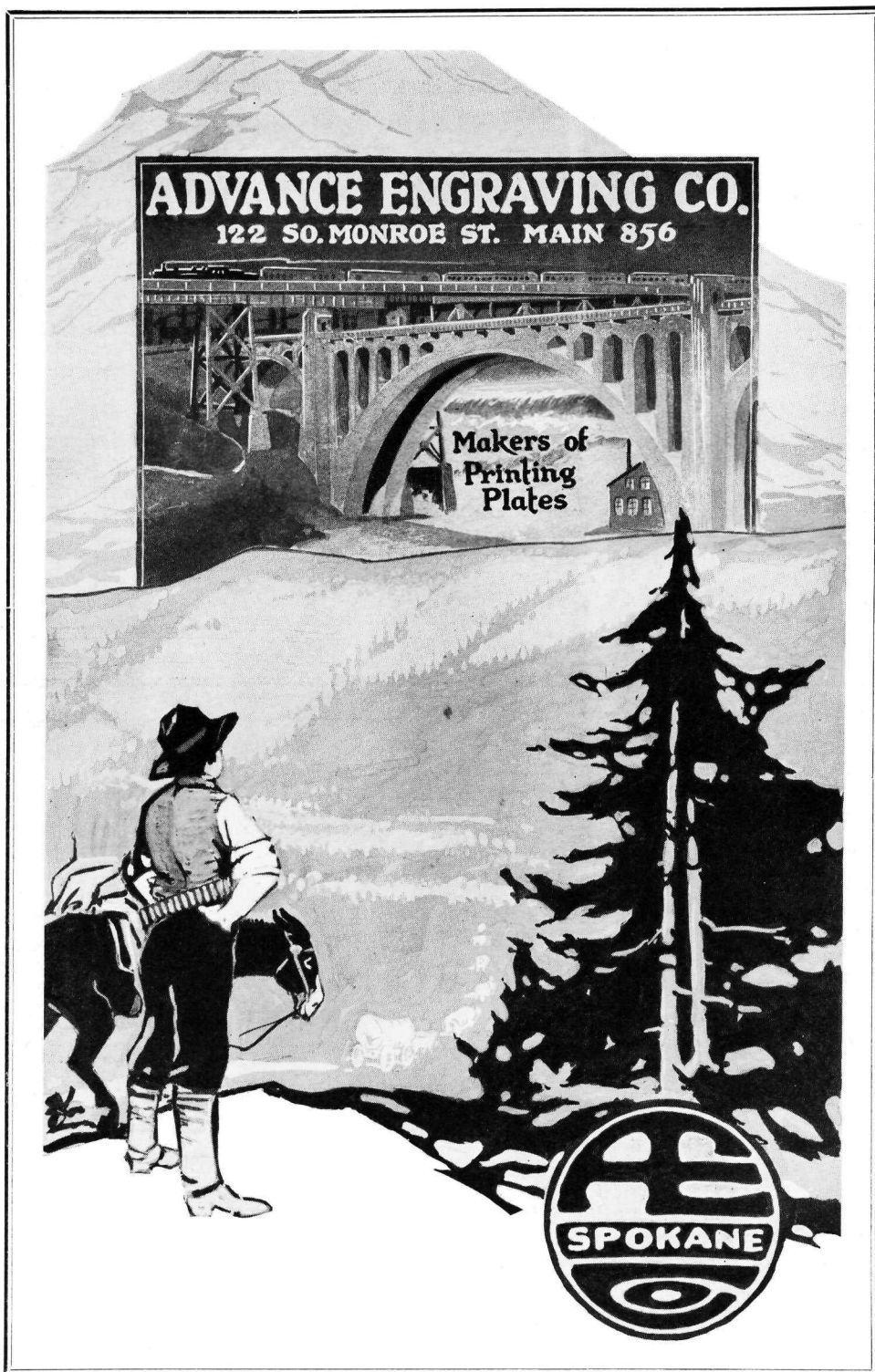
(Continued on Page 88)

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The Crescent

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(Continued from Page 86)

But the struggle was great; his love for Cleo and the mysterious hold the mountain lands beyond Flat-top had upon him were fighting for supremacy.

Then, one morning on going down to the corrals, I found him gone. I had wondered about the outcome, and now I knew.

When Cleo came running down shortly after, she could hardly believe me when I told her that Nigger had gone,—that the fascination of Rainbow Valley had been too much for him.

"How could he!" she murmured, her eyes shadowed with the hurt of her horse's desertion.

"Perhaps he'll come back," I suggested hopefully.

"Do you think he is going over Flat-top?" she asked, irrelevantly.

"Yes. He's on his way to Rainbow Valley."

She gazed at Flat-top in the distance, towering far above the mountains around him, which looked like hills in comparison to him.

"I've always wanted to go there," she murmured, as if to herself.

"It's a lonely country," I commented.

"Yes. But in all the years I've been here I've never gone. I'm going, too, Da-

(Continued on Page 90)

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(Continued from Page 88)

vey!" she exclaimed, with quick decision. "You and Dad are going with me."

"There's not much of a trail over there," I demurred.

"Well, you know the country. I'm going to ask Dad now. We must start right away."

She hurried to the house, leaving me staring after her. Again she had her own way; half an hour later Tom Chaplin, Cleo and I rode out upon the trail to old Flat-top.

Cleo rode first, Chaplin was next, and I brought up the rear. I sat lazily in the saddle, my eyes wandering from Cleo to rest on Flat-top and the country I loved so well. We crossed a creek by which the cotton-woods grew; as we stopped to water our horses the cotton snowed down upon us. Cleo dismounted to drink from the cool water; some of the white fell and nestled in her dark hair. The stream and banks were as white as if snow had covered them in the night.

We continued on our way, putting the horses to a run on a level plateau that was too inviting to resist, and I drew in long breaths of the flower-scented air. But we soon stopped our exhilarating pace; we did not know how far we should have to go.

I shall never forget that ride with Cleo and her father. We hurried on without a pause until noon, when we stopped for

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lunch under a group of pines beside another of the numerous brooks. We started again immediately after our meal; the way was steeper and rougher; we were beginning the long ascent up Flat-top.

Over rocks and sand we went, in single file under trees, and splashing through the clear water of creeks, always climbing. As we neared the timber-line, the trees began to disappear, and it grew hotter. Soon we passed the last, deformed timber-pines, beaten low by the wind of ages.

We were silent for the most part; all three of us were engrossed in the beauty and wildness around us. Once in a while, however, Cleo began to sing,—clear and silvery notes on the still air.

We passed a water-fall; its roar was loud in the little canon the stream had carved in the weather-beaten rock. It was a wide stream, fed by the snow that stayed upon the mountain the year round. A whistling marmot appeared upon a rock at the side of the road, whistled a warning to his comrades, and disappeared. Cleo pursed her lips and imitated him; soon his answering call came back, hesitant at first, but growing bolder and louder.

And still we kept on, over the continually roughening trail. Cleo was looking anxiously above her, at the path winding far upward.

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“Where shall we camp tonight, Dave?” Chaplin inquired, turning in his saddle.

“We can make Badger Creek,” I answered.

The silence was again unbroken. The sun was tipping over the horizon, and the air was considerably cooler. Far below us we could see the thin silvery lines of the two long lakes in Rainbow Valley, winding through the dull green of the pines, which was spotted in places with black, where the forest fires had reached the year before. In the distance were other mountains, rivalling old Flat-top in size.

We stopped for a moment on a rocky pinnacle to watch the flaming sunset sky. The wonder of the sky was reflected in the patches of snow on the surrounding mountains, and in the silver of the lakes. It was indeed Rainbow Valley.

A sound broke the silence,—the neigh of a horse. Cleo whirled her horse up the trail. We were close behind her, and we heard her glad cry above us. Then we, too, saw Nigger.

He had been looking out over the valley, but he whirled around at the sound of Cleo’s voice, and stood with his front feet braced, his head thrown back, and his ears flat. I could tell that he was glad when Cleo jumped from her horse and ran to him, and yet he was sorry, too, for though

(Continued on Page 94)

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(Continued from Page 92)

he listened patiently to her as she talked reproachfully to him, he kept looking down into the valley.

"Are you going to take him back with you?" Chaplin asked.

"Yes, Dad," she answered, after a moment, "But if he goes away again, I won't follow him. I'll know he really wants to go."

Nigger seemed only too happy to be with her.

A fire was welcome that night; it was cold, and after the intense heat of the day the air was numbing. We rolled up in our blankets, and toasted ourselves by the fire. Soon we fell asleep, with the roar of Badger Creek in our ears.

The next day we went home, and things were about the same as they had been before Nigger went away. The summer passed quickly, and fall came. The restlessness of the horse had about disappeared, though at times when Cleo was not with him there were traces of it.

The forest fires began to rage in Rainbow Valley, and the hazy smoke was discernible even from the ranch. They were bad that year; they had started early, and an unusually dry summer had helped them. I rode over to the Rainbow country one day toward the last of August, and found the valley filled with dense smoke. With the

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VARNEY

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fires some of Nigger's uneasiness returned, although he stayed at the ranch.

But in the first of September Cleo had to return to her school in the East. As the day for her departure drew near, our spirits grew low.

The day came, as all unwelcome days do come, and Cleo, her riding habit discarded for a traveling dress that made her seem far away from us already, began to make her farewells.

Leaving Nigger was very hard for her. She buried her face in his thick mane, and stroked his sleek side, sniffing suspiciously. Her last words were to me:

"If Nigger goes away again," she said earnestly, "let him go, Davey. He'll be happier——" Her voice trailed off into silence.

"I will," I promised, helping her into the old buggy that was to start her on the long journey east.

She waved her handkerchief to us until she had disappeared from sight, and we stood in the road gazing after her.

Nigger must have known what had happened. While Cleo's handkerchief could still be seen he showed a mad tendency to rush after his departing mistress. But when the pines had hidden her he grew suddenly quiet, and spent the rest of the day as if lost in retrospection, his eyes on old Flat-top.

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Grades, Millwork of
Character, Complete
Stocks.



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& Mfg. Co.**

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Tire Service

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Tire Insurance

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Tire Injuries Free
Gives you the nearest 100 per cent
tire service possible to be obtained
at a minimum cost.

W. D. Goodrich Tire Co.

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Night came,—a night almost as clear as day, with a full moon and blue-white stars. I could not sleep in the bunk-house, with the night breeze calling to me. Rising softly. I slipped on my shoes and tiptoed to the door. I was glad to leave the snoring "boys" behind.

Lighting my pipe, I strolled along, going unconsciously, in the direction of the corrals. When near them, I looked up, and thought of Nigger. Cleo had been in my thoughts ever since she had left, and I remembered one night, a night like this, when I had discovered her on Nigger's back, headed for Cleo's cabin, and, curious, I her for going alone at night, she had laughed at me, at first; but, seeing that I was serious, she invited me to come along with her, and I had gone. We had had a wonderful ride in the moonlight. Cleo always understood me;—she did not think me queer, as the "boys" did.

My reveries were interrupted by the sound of a horse's hoofs on the path, and I became aware of Nigger, coming slowly toward me. When he saw me, he snorted softly, and stopped, but, as I did not attempt to hinder him, he went on. He was headed for Cleo's cabin, and, curious, I followed him. Although he knew that I was near, he paid no more attention to me.

He stopped at the cabin door for many minutes, as if hoping that after all Cleo



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Dealer
with
the
Yellow
Sign

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ICE CREAM

From
the
Dealer
with
the
Yellow
Sign



Hawkeye Fuel Co.

*Coal
Coke
Wood*

Terminal Bldg., Main & Lincoln
Phone Main 3976

might be there, and might come out to him. Greatly touched, I watched him. The beautiful has always moved me, and Nigger, outlined against the sky, was indeed beautiful.

He moved away, finally, and, going to a window, appeared to be peering in. But only for a moment; then, as if disappointed, he snorted, picked up something that lay on the ground near the window, and turned his back on the building. I could not at first see what it was he had in his mouth, but as he passed me, something bright gleamed in the light, and I knew. It was the red tie that Cleo had always worn when she went riding.

Nigger did not stop at the corrals again. Instead, he passed them, and went on into the moon-lit trail to old Flat-top. He looked around at the creek,—just once, that was all. I watched him until I could see him no longer, and I thought of the forest fires in Rainbow Valley. Then, sighing softly, I turned back to the bunk-house. True to my promise, I had let him go unmolested. Rainbow Valley had only claimed once more what was righteously hers.

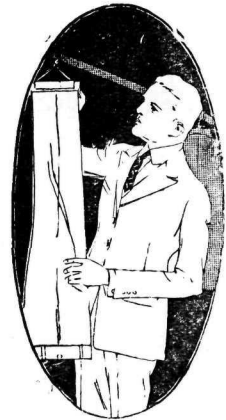
Young Men's **2** Trouser Suits

One and Two-Button Models

In Fine Worsteds
\$30, \$32.⁵⁰ and \$35

Upstairs Price

Sprague at Wall Street



(Continued from Page 62)

rible struggle; he gulped, and gritted his teeth. He must speak! He must! He repeated the words over and over again. Before him the intruder stood dumbfounded, terrified by the look in that face. Suddenly he turned around quickly, as if to take a chance and attempt an escape. A deep voice stopped him.

"Stay where you are!"

As in moments of crisis light comes to darkened souls, so comes speech to the dumb and hearing to the deaf. So it came to Jim Crofts.

The grimness in Jim's voice stopped the stranger. Then, assuming an air of nonchalance, he thrust his hands into his pockets.

"Well! And what are you doing here, Jim?"

"That's just what I was goin' to ask you," was the answer, full of meaning.

"Me? Oh! I was just looking around."

"Lookin' round, uh? Well, you damn thief, you do your lookin' round somewhere else. Hear? I knew you was comin' out here, sometime, and that's why I did. You're not going to swindle anyone here if I can help it. You got the little gold I had,—all of it. Then you wasn't satisfied, and you tried to have me murdered, so I couldn't

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Main Avenue

spoil your chances. And you thought I was dead. Well, I'm not. Not by a long sight. Why,—you—you—"

The visitor shrank back against the wall at the sight of the fury in Jim's face; but the latter controlled himself, and the crook breathed easier.

"I ought to kill you," Jim continued, more calmly. "But I'm goin' to let you go, this once, providin' you make yourself scarce around this country. Understand?"

The other man nodded dumbly.

"All right. Get!" Jim ejaculated.

The visitor disappeared outside, and in a moment was hurrying away from the ranch.

Jim Crofts sat down on the porch-step and lighted his rescued pipe with hands that shook a little. Then he settled himself with his back against a post, and smiled contentedly. His mission had been accomplished.

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Maidens, why should you worry in choosing whom you shall marry? Choose whom you may, and you will find that you have got someone else.

—NATSIHI—

G. A. (at 2 A. M.): "Well, I must be off."

D. P.: "That's what I thought when I first met you."

—NATSIHI—

"I certainly am absorbing a lot of knowledge," murmured Toad as he erased the blackboard.

—NATSIHI—

Policeman: "But didn't you feel the pickpocket's hand in your pocket?"

Dr. Regier: "Yes, but I thought it was my own."

—NATSIHI—

Senior Adviser: "Always love your teachers."

Rook: "I tried to once, but she got mad."

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And the prices are exceptionally low.

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Riverside

Mr. Flowers (having just fallen over the cliff and is hanging on to a tree): "Gosh! but I was lucky to have brought my camera along."

—NATSIHI—

Some sage remarked: "After man the Lord made woman and she's been after him ever since."

—NATSIHI—

"Well," said the parrot, after listening to a lecturer on evolution, "at any rate no one can make a monkey out of me."

—NATSIHI—

Harry "Hey Alan, telephone!"
Alan Rice: "I ain't 'specting no call."

—NATSIHI—

Yesterday
Our Prof
Came in the
Classroom
Smiling sweetly
Upon our
Moonish
Faces and
He said
You fellows
Know your
Stuff so
Well that
I can assure
You all
Of getting
By and now
The class is
Excused
For the day
And remember
Don't study
Too hard
Because some
Of you are
Delicate and
Just then
The door
Opened and
A few members
Of the
Faculty came
In with a
Cop and
Took our
Prof to
The nut
House just when
He was getting
Brains poor
Prof.

*"A Service Station to
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Shoeshining*

Nita (alighting from a taxi): "Toad, the party isn't until nine. What time is it now?"

Toad: "Ten-thirty."

Nita: "Oh! I was afraid we might be late."

—NATSIHI—

Chem. Prof.: "And the price of Nitrates is very high."

Neely: "What do we care? We never telegraph."

—NATSIHI—

Friend: "Was that your girl I saw you with last night?"

"Yeah; why?"

Friend: "Why, man, shes' no bigger than a piece of stick candy."

Neely: "Mebbe not, but she's much sweeter."

—NATSIHI—

All the world loves a lover. Mother is the exception, she must sit up till the young man leaves.

—NATSIHI—

Prof: "Whither are we rolling; first it was the Stone Age, then the Bronze Age, Iron Age, Steam Age, and now—?"

Co-ed (absent mindedly): "Marriage."

—NATSIHI—

Victor Vaughn: "For my outside reading in history I think I am going to take somebody's life."

—NATSIHI—

Birtie: "We have a man on every base."
Connie: "That's nothing, so have they."

—NATSIHI—

When ice cream grows on macaroni trees,
When Sahara's sands grow muddy.
When cats and dogs wear B. V. D.'s,
That's the time I like to study.

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Barber Shop

LETTERS

Dear Parents, I've been suffering from eye strain lately. George.

Dear Son, Please don't study so hard. Mother.

Dear Son, Keep away from the front rows of musical comedies. Father.

—NATSIHI—

Cap: "May I call you revenge?"

Dot: "Why?"

Cap: "Because 'revenge is sweet.'"

Dot: "Certainly, if I may call you Vengeance."

Cap: "And why should you call me Vengeance?"

Dot: "Because 'vengeance is mine.'"

—NATSIHI—

Miriam Cassill: "What is the Latin race?"

Toots Ware: "It's the race between a Latin pony and the teacher's goat."

—NATSIHI—

Neely: "Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

Irate father: "Young man, you go home and tell your wife she can't have my daughter."

—NATSIHI—

Mr. Powell: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Victor: "That's why we all flunked."

—NATSIHI—

Judge: "You are sentenced for life."

Achy: "The parson beat you to it by two months, Judge."

The Parisian

If you are contemplating the purchase of a new coat, suit, dress or fur neckpiece do not fail to come in and inspect the PARISIAN garments —known for individuality, style and quality.

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SPOKANE, WASH.

Psychology Prof: "What is it that motivates you in the morning to get up?"

Achy: "My wife."

—NATSIHI—

Mr. Meyers (in chemistry): "This preparation will not freeze at ten degrees below zero. Can you name any other that will do likewise?"

Glenna Waite: "How about hot water?"

—NATSIHI—

Dr. Meyers was trying to demonstrate a simple experiment in the generation of steam.

"What have I in my hand?" he asked.

"A tin can," came the reply in concert.

"Very true. Is this tin can an animate or inanimate object?"

"Inanimate."

"Exactly! Now can any of you tell me how, with this tin can, it is possible to generate a surprising amount of speed and power, almost beyond control?"

One boy raised his hand.

"You may answer, Rodney."

"Tie it to a dog's tail."

—NATSIHI—

Freshie: "Who is our leader?"

Soph: "The Captain."

Freshie: "Who is the Captain?"

Soph: "The leader."

Freshie (demurely): "Thanks."

—NATSIHI—

He: "Your son did not graduate, after all."

She: "No; Dick has such fine school spirit! You know it would cripple the school athletics."

—NATSIHI—

Who was it that said he lacked ten dollars of having 89 cents?

—NATSIHI—

George: "Here is an account of a fellow who took two years to carve a box of toothpicks. Somewhat overdrawn, eh?"

Frank: "Oh, I don't know. In Cheney it takes five years to make a match."

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Father: "What did you and Gordon talk about last night?"

Dorothy: "Oh, we talked about our kith and kin."

Small sister: "Yeth, Dad, I heard 'em. He seth, 'Kin I have a kith?' and she seth, 'You kin.'"

—NATSIHI—

Did you ever see a board walk?
Did you ever see a honey-comb her hair?
Did you ever see a water pitcher?
Did you ever see a boxing glove?
I wonder what did Arti-choke?
Did you ever see a pillow slip?
Who did the yard stick?
Who did the tooth-pick?
Who did the picture frame?
Do tell me is the ink-well?
Did you ever see a base-ball bat?
What trouble did the Teddy-bear?

—NATSIHI—

"It's the little things in life that tell," said the girl as she dragged her kid brother from underneath the sofa."

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Misses' Garments
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HECHTMAN'S

Miriam Cassil: “Wally, what is a polygon?”

Wally Reed: “A dead parrot.”

—NATSIHI—

Chester: “Get me up at 10 tomorrow, sure.”

George: “By persuasion of physical force?”

Chester: “Oh, persuasion will do, I may not want to get up.”

—NATSIHI—

Frank Henry: “Pass me the butter.”

Eleanor Stockett (reproachfully): “If what, Frank?”

Frank Henry: “If you can reach it.”

—NATSIHI—

“Mr. Milne made quite a long speech in Chapel this morning.”

“What did he speak about?”

“He didn't say.”

—NATSIHI—

Mr. Milne (in psychology): “Can anyone mention a case of great friendship made famous through literature?”

Dick Jones: “Mutt and Jeff.”

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for

DIAMONDS



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Students

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Dentist: "Here's something queer, you say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument?"

George Mc.: "I think you've struck my back collar button."

—NATSIHI—

English teacher: "How many kinds of poetry are there?"

Gilbert Dahl: "Three."

English teacher: "Name them."

Gilbert Dahl: "Lyric, dramatic, and epidemic."

—NATSIHI—

Dedicated to Doris Hill:

Je vous aime.

Je vous adore.

Que voulez-vous.

Ce que encore.

—NATSIHI—

Dr. Regier: "Where's that Thesis you were going to hand in today?"

Gordon Allen: "Did I promise to hand one in?"

Dr. Regier: "You surely did."

G. A.: "M' gosh, but I'm a prevaricator."

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"Dr. Coue's theory works," exclaimed the enthusiastic young Frosh. "Mildred was feeling blue, but when I made the auto suggestion for tonight, she brightened up."

—NATSIHI—

"Hey Chlorine! I heard you lost your friend. How about it?"

"Yeah! Potassium Iodido."

—NATSIHI—

This is a set of questions handed out by one of the teachers and the answers she received:

What is the principal use of cast steel? To make soap out of, of course.

"How are you progressing in your latest love affair?" "Splendid! Her parents retire before I leave now."

What is gasoline?" "A product that has made John D. Roskefellow rich, and forced a great many joy-riders into jail."

"What is a faculty?" "A natural impediment placed in the path of a student to keep him from getting his diploma."

"What is an automobile?" "An automobile is a mechanical contrivance invented to enable a lazy person to get from place to place without effort."

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Natsihi—1923

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announces its

Reunion

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