

JUNIOR COLLEGE PARADE

Let us permit our fancies to wander to a small midwestern town as it will appear some twenty years from now.

Undaunted by the heat from an unmerciful sun (for what is so rare as the day of a circus?) a crowd is staring down Crawford Street eagerly awaiting—but there's a friendly face! Why, it's Mary Jo, with little Jimmy tugging at her skirts. She smiles and beckons, and we direct ourselves toward her party. But there's little time for conversation—for there comes the parade!—led by Corrick and the Trumpet Trio. (Maxie's fall from Beethoven to Calloway to Alexander's Ragtime was swift; and the Trumpeteers never advanced beyond the fanfare stage.)

Make way for the horses; There's Katherine Worsing, typical circus beauty, atop a dapple gray mare, tossing her head defiantly as she passes. Kay, you'll remember, often employed that haughty little air in the freshman English class. Beside Miss Worsing rides Naomi Southern on a Shetland pony, and behind her comes Winnifred Gerrard (Winnie is now able to zig when the horse zigs) in Girl Scout uniform leading her troop No. 64—Who let them in?

As we follow with our eyes the ponderous, lumbering course of the elephants, which appear next, we are reminded of Dean Wilson. Why? Contrast, we suppose. There's Longnecker the giraffe, too.

But excuse us for a moment while we have a little chat with the gentleman approaching us. It's Marvin Lindmark, and he's carrying a sign reading, "Free Parking Space at the Show Tonight". Sad fate for such an ambitious youth. He's lost none of his old charm, however.

Marv shuffles off and we turn our attention back to the parade. The caged animals are being drawn along now to the tune of the old steam calliope. There's Enich the Tigress (maybe it was the cold glint in her eye that prompted that) and Grabau and Snyder, the laughing hyenas (no explanation needed in this case).

We catch a glimpse of Harry Dale Harvey, in captivity at last, at home in a cage of monkeys. Among his little companions are Casebolt and Robinson. A spectator smiles with satisfaction. It's Grace Slosson.

A blue and white cage is next in line and through the bars we see what remains of the old J. C. Bears namely, Wheeler, Anderson, Brogden, Dutton, and Washington.

A freak of nature, but a likeable one, is Anita Manz. What phylum? We give up.

Here comes Harmer, the Seal—but what a reversal of procedure! Inside the cage are Paul Thorngren, Jimmy Wilson, and Farmer Fronsdaahl, balancing rubber balls on their noses for the amusement of Caroline, who's flapping along outside tossing minnows in to them. We're with you, boys. After all, faint heart ne'er won fair lady!

We comment on Mr. Heaton's absence from this little group, but they tell us that Kurt's found his calling at last. As a lion tamer his power is in his stinging whip and not in his lashing tongue, as of former days.

"Snake Charmer" Olander (remember—the blond menace of '37?) is causing a rumpus by chasing meek "Fire-Eater" (he-smokes-a-pipe) Jorgenson down a back alley. "Simon Legree" Foes attempts to restore order.

"Trooper" Temple and "Little Sister" Allen are being wheeled down the street in baby carriages by Betzenderfer, who's on ice skates. (Yes, we know it's summer, but Dick doesn't). Speaking of clowns, Hagen's all decked out in ruffles and a dunce cap, which sets us to wondering if he ever did find that description.

And so, with Hagen bringing up the rear, the Junior College Parade passes on. The crowd slowly disperses and reluctantly we allow ourselves to be led by our keepers back to the sanitarium around the corner. And may we add, in case the authenticity of the scenes and events recorded above is doubted, that though our wits be dulled, our memories are keener than ever. Like Old Jumbo, we never forget a face!

A. P. and M. M. S.



B O O N E H I G H S C H O O L
