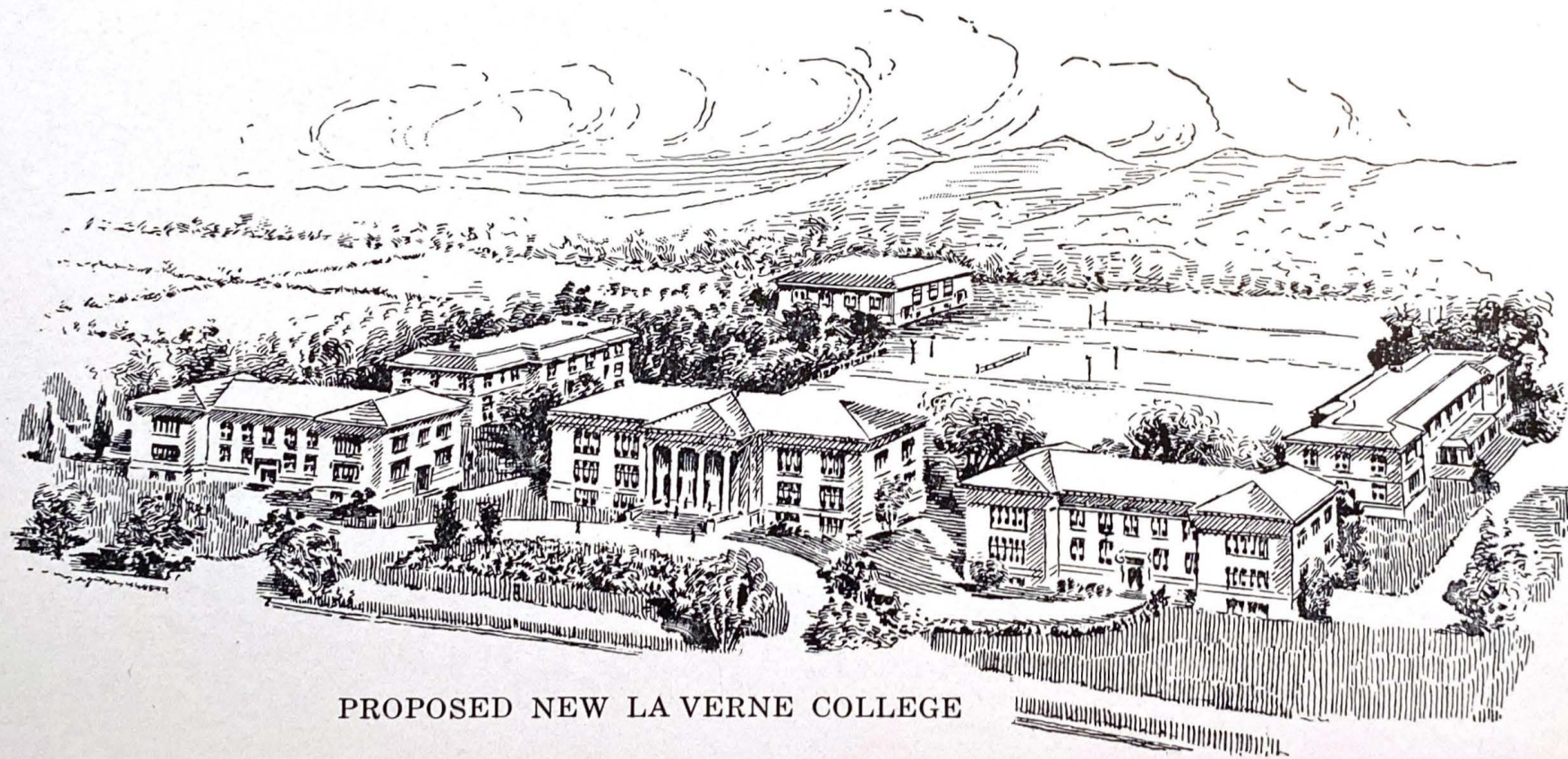


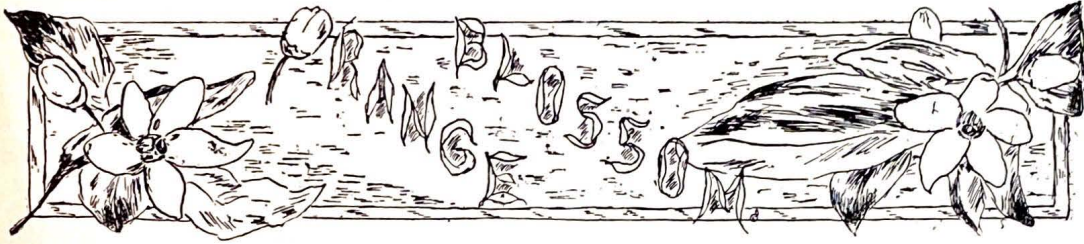
The CRANGE
BLOSSOM



1918



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The Orange Blossom

Issued by

The Student Body

La Verne College

La Verne, California

May, 1918

Dedication

To our beloved President, S. J. Miller, whose untiring energy and ceaseless efforts have guided us safely thru the storms and calms of school life and brought us nearer to the realization of a bigger and better La Verne College, this annual, "The Orange Blossom," is affectionately dedicated.

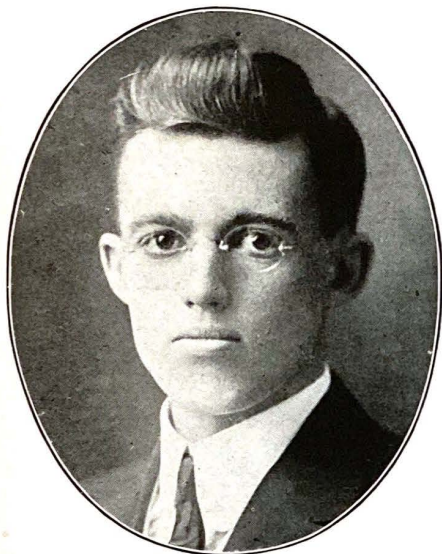


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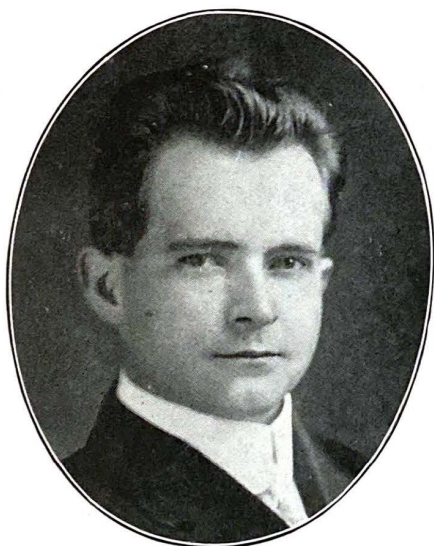




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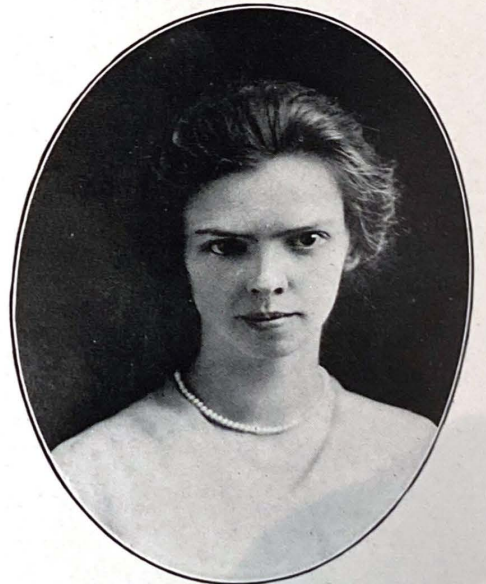
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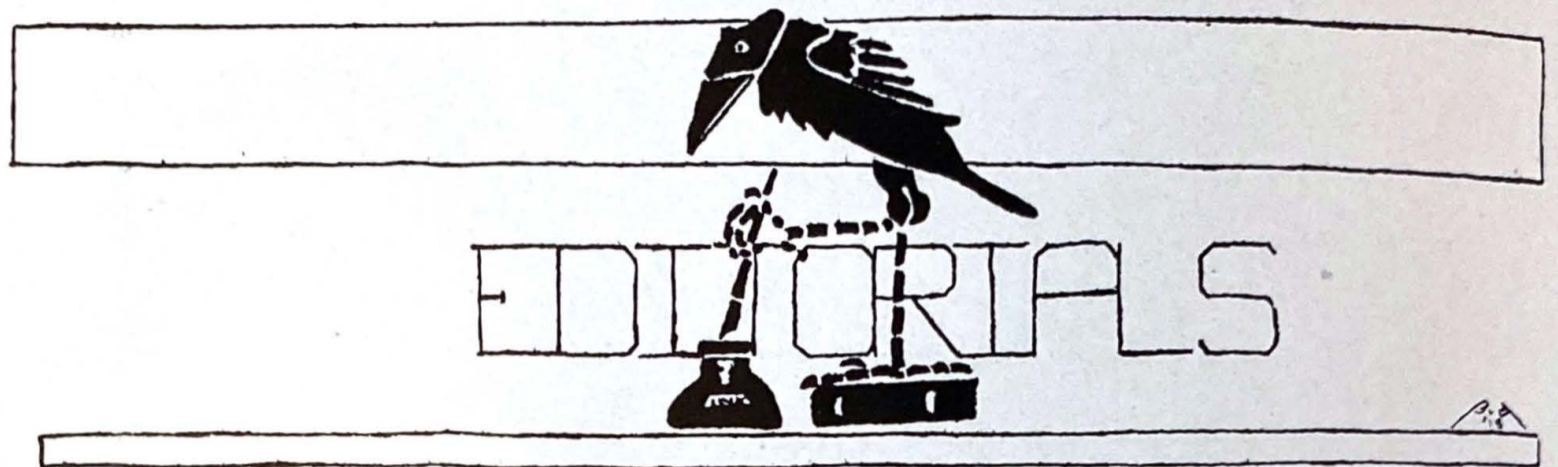


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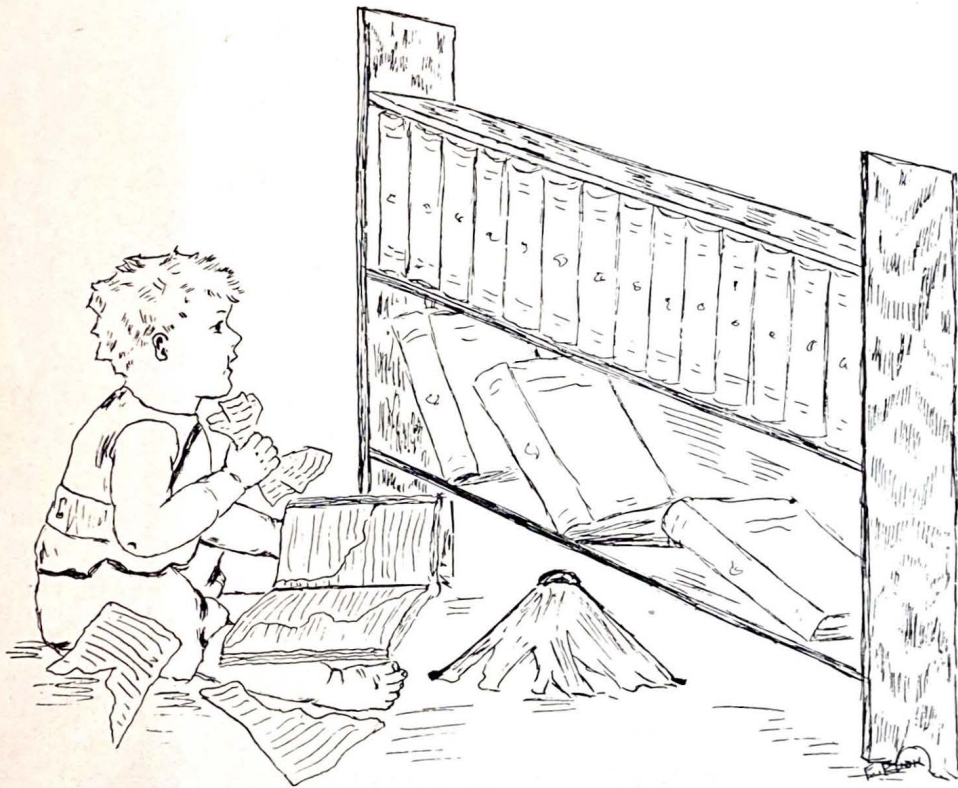
IT is with mingled feelings of relief and pleasure that we, the staff of 1917-18, present to you the third issue of "The Orange Blossom." We trust that you may receive as much pleasure in reading it as we have received in editing it. Even though many schools are not issuing an annual this year on account of war conditions, we decided that, at this period in the history of our new LaVerne College, an annual was necessary to promote the best interests of our school. In accomplishing this we are greatly indebted to the Faculty, Student Body, and advertising merchants, to all of whom we give our sincere thanks.

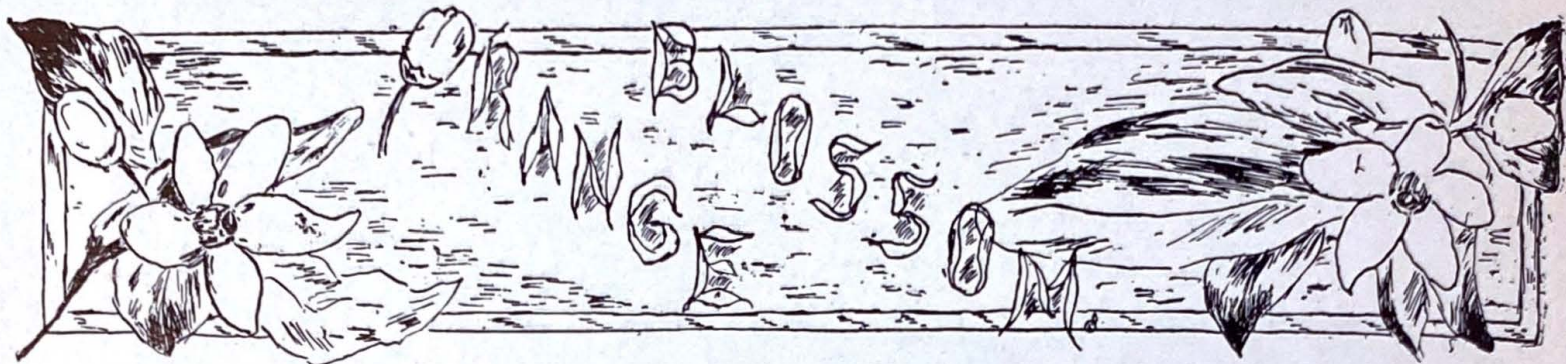
The outlook of LaVerne College is greater today than ever before. Our own people on the western coast are awakening to conditions as they really exist in our college. Knowledge of the facts has done much to overcome the prejudice of ignorance. The Bible Institute has been an important factor in acquainting people with facts, for a week's observation of our school life proves to them that our students are here with the purpose of preparing themselves to meet life's battles successfully.

Another thing which is promising for the future of our College is that our people today are coming more and more to see the value of Christian education. Perhaps we, as students, could learn just as much in the high schools, but the learning of facts is really the smallest part of the students' education. Facts are soon forgotten, but the influence of environment is lasting. The environment of the Christian College is conducive to the highest development of moral and religious character. Our church needs trained leaders for both foreign fields and positions at home. Hundreds of workers are needed for Sunday School and Christian Workers' Societies. Only by educating our young people in Christian colleges can this need be met. With each succeeding year our outlook becomes broader and we feel that this year we have approached nearer to our ideal than ever before—a bigger and better LaVerne College.

—N. H. and M. W.

LITERARY





A Slight Mistake

(Prize Story)

“OH, Molly, I’m so glad to see you again, but say, I do wish you would write numbers more clearly, for no telling what may be the consequence some time,” said Dick Stapleton, and then added before his astonished sister could answer, “But then I’m rather glad for your scribble after all, for if she wasn’t married I am sure I would be.”

Now Mrs. Molly Reeves loved her big brother, Dick. She was proud of his good looks and his fine success in business. She was also well acquainted with his abrupt ways and knew he would soon explain, so she laughingly bade him be seated. Then slipping into the hammock, she asked:

“Now, what has stirred you up so about my penmanship?”

Three days before this conversation took place Dick Stapleton sat in his office looking over his mail. He picked up a post card and read:

“Dear Dick—Mother writes that you are to be in our city on business for a few days. I am so glad and will look for you Thursday evening at 1223 Chestnut St.

Your loving sister,

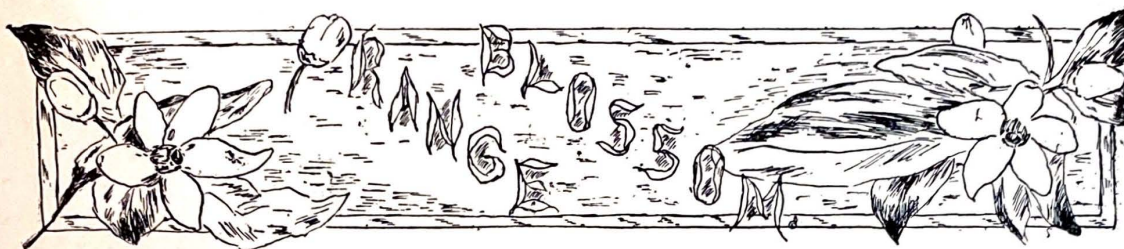
MOLLY REEVES.”

Thursday afternoon found Dick in the city. He went to a hotel and refreshed himself and then boarded a car for Chestnut street. He found that he had to walk several blocks to reach his sister’s home. A delightful looking place bore the number he sought. On the porch someone with fluffy brown hair sat swinging gently in a hammock.

“Molly to be sure,” thot Dick, “and she doesn’t see me coming! I’ll steal a march on her and give her a surprise.”

He stepped softly over the neatly trimmed lawn and suddenly stooping, kissed her on the cheek. But instead of meeting his loving sister Molly’s startled eyes, he beheld the amazed and angry eyes of a sweet young girl, who sprang from the hammock and demanded:

“How dare you?”



Dick was so utterly astounded that he could only stammer—"I-I-thot you were Molly!"

"Well, I am Molly," replied the girl with a suspicion of a twinkle in her eyes, as she saw the hopeless confusion of the young man, "But I don't see how that gives you the liberty you took."

Dick was beginning to collect his self-possession and was secretly glad she was not his sister, going so far as to wish he might make the same mistake again.

"Molly is my sister, Mrs. Molly Reeves, and this is 1223 — " began Dick.

"Mrs. Molly Reeves, as I know, lives at 1228, Mr. — "

"Stapleton—Dick Stapleton," said Dick with a bow.

"Mr. Stapleton, and I am Molly Harvey. Oh, here comes Bob. Bob—Mr. Stapleton. Mr. Stapleton—Mr. Harvey."

"By Jove, must be her husband," thot Dick.

Mr. Harvey brought camp chairs and they all sat down. Dick explained his presence there, and looked again at the card from his sister. In the light of fuller knowledge he saw how he had mistaken the 8 for a 3. After begging Molly Harvey's pardon for the fourth time he crossed the street and by going one block west he found his sister.

After Dick had explained to his sister and told her of his mistake, she asked—

"But why did you say she is married?"

"If she isn't, who is Bob?" Dick replied.

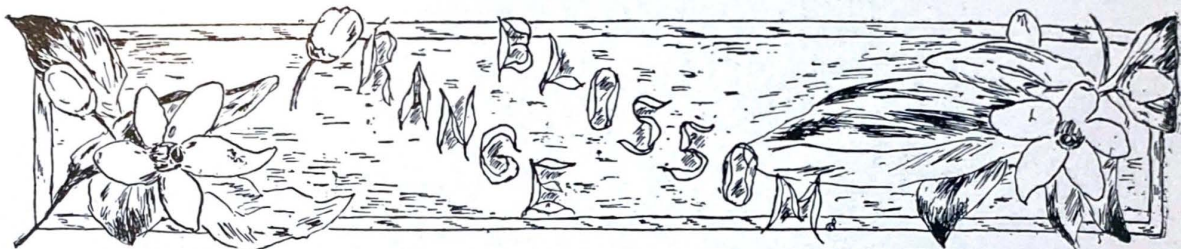
"Why, he's her brother, for whom she is keeping house. I knew him at college, and that is how I came to know Molly so well. I have invited them to dine with us tomorrow so that you might meet them."

"Well, I've met them," laughed Dick, "and I hope to meet Miss Molly as often as she will allow."

"I am really glad I do scribble, Dick, for I should dearly love to have Molly for a sister."

And she did when the June roses bloomed again.

—FLORENCE KREPPS, Acad. '21.

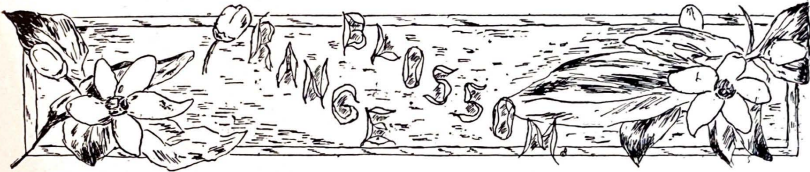


When the Tables Were Turned

RESTIG scanned the surrounding plains thoughtfully and earnestly through the small window of his lofty, well-secured and hidden wireless lookout station, mounted on Bald Rock. Apparently worried about something, he sank back on a chair with his elbows propped on his knees and his head in his hands. How long he sat thus he did not know, but suddenly the wireless clicked. He turned the switch and moved his fingers eagerly over the instrument, but his face showed disappointment. He almost turned off the switch, when—"4. S.—W. T. G." Now he eagerly took the message: "Destry Odell's mine at once at any expense or risk. Send for material when ready. 1-K3."

Restig turned the switch off and cast a glance at his comrades below in the brushy camp. "We can try again, but it's no use as long as Odell is there," he thought. He took the telephone and called to Miller below, "Get ready for a little excursion."

About this time there might be seen winding its way down the mountain road across small valleys the through stage between Odell's mine and Cloud's Inn. There were only four passengers—a man, his wife and small child, Josephine, of three summers, and a Mexican. The heat, the dust, and the monotonous road and pound of the motor had had a wearing and tiring effect on all. Josephine and her mother were asleep, or as nearly so as possible, under such conditions. The father also nodded. For half an hour longer the driver carefully swung the huge body around the dangerous curves and through the valleys. Then suddenly came a very unwelcome sound for the driver, evidently from the front wheel. The stage was stopped, the driver made an exclamation or two and proceeded to find tools and tubes. The new turn of affairs aroused Josephine, who looked about her with wide eyes. Noticing that the car had stopped, she thought that she would like to get the pretty flower she spied close by the road. Climbing on top of the seat, she made her way over the side of the car opposite the driver. She jumped from the step and quickly picked the flower she had seen. But a bright red one down the road attracted



her, so she started after it. As she picked it she heard the motor's roar again and started for the car, calling "Mama, mama!" The stage moved, first, second and third gear, but the driver could not hear the childish cry above the explosions of the motor. The child stumbled and fell headlong in the dust. When she got up, she could not see the grey car. She began to cry. Then she heard another motor close by.

"Himmel! What's this?" said a gruff voice, as the newcomers reached the crying child.

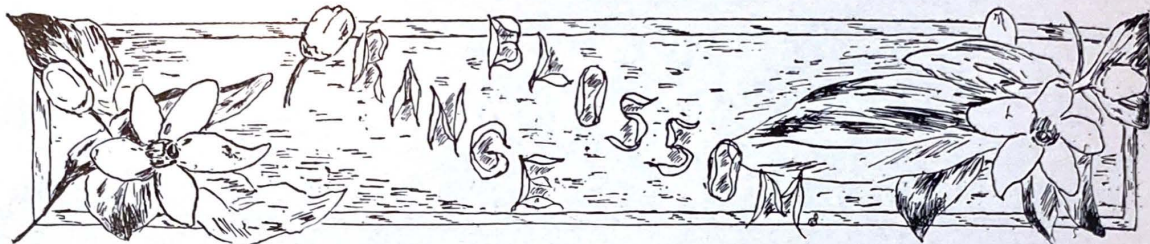
"Don't know," said another as he climbed out and went towards the baby, who started to run at his approach. But he caught her in his arms and carried her back to the car. After a little coaxing she stopped crying and began to talk to them, seemingly as happy as ever. What she told them was valuable news and the German rubbed his chin anxiously.

"Josephine Odell. Queer, and those trucks were coming from Odell's mine. Maybe she fell out, certainly looks like it by her face and duds. Wonder it didn't break her neck. Go back to the rock, Miller. I think I understand it now."

Quickly climbing a rope ladder to the station, he sent a message which read, "Send wire and powder at once. R-4-7." "There, that Restig, as he went below, "If that propeller holds out that plane will be here by five, and by nine Odell's hole in the ground will be no more."

The stage moved slowly on without much change until a sharp rut brought Odell's head into such connection with a top bow that he started up. Looking about he noticed his wife still undisturbed. He yawned and made as if to continue his rest, when he wondered if the jolt had aroused Josephine. He got up and looked over the next seat but no Josephine. He crossed over this one and looked over the next with the same result. He wakened his wife and yelled at the driver, who slowed and stopped the machine.

"Did you see the child, my baby, who was asleep on the seat? Did she fall out? Have you stopped any time?" he asked. The driver told of the blowout and the short stop, but said he had not seen the child. Odell was desperate and started to run back when the driver called to him and



said, "It's ten miles to where I stopped. You had better get the return stage, which goes in half an hour."

They went on, Odell urging the driver all the while. It was now five o'clock—would the other stage never come. Then he saw it round a bend a mile down the valley. He and his wife got out and anxiously waited. They stopped the car and Odell hurriedly told the driver his trouble and urged him to use all possible speed.

"Too much grade, I'm afraid, but No. 2 can go where any of them can," exclaimed the driver.

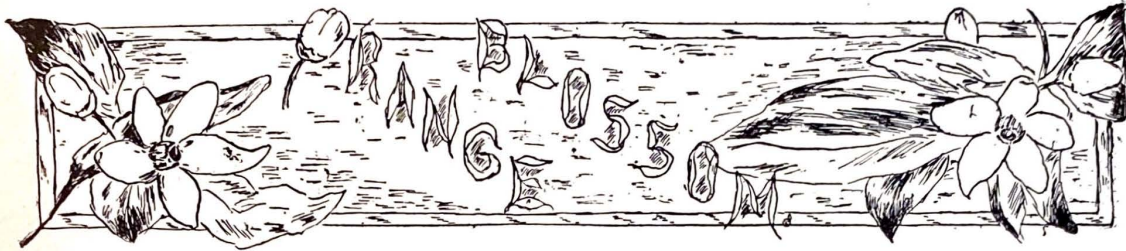
Two miles were behind but no child could be seen. It was six o'clock and gray shadows were quickly falling. Odell urged, promising double pay, but the driver shook his head.

"The curves are pretty short here."

Seven o'clock. Odell had the driver stop, but no answer came to his call. They went on. The father and mother pursued every nook and corner with their searching eyes. They would have had a deeper cause of worry, had they known the action being carried on by other hands, which would figure so much in Odell's future.

At dusk a machine well muffled stole quietly into the road leading to Odell's mine, loaded with wire, powder and four husky men. They listened, but no sound could be heard. They advanced and soon Restig gave low, sharp commands. At eight o'clock their machine, with a single man, started back to the lookout. By nine o'clock there would be no mine in that district.

At 8:25 a steaming stage stopped at Odell's camp and soon there was a searching party formed. Odell was giving directions for the procedure when the ground seemed to shake under them—a mighty blast, the sound of falling timber and rocks—and all was still again. The men trembled, but in a body started for the mine. Stumbling over the senseless guard, they went to where once had been the mine. Odell turned white and started to run back to the camp, but tripped and fell. Picking himself up he noticed he had fallen over a wire. "Queer," he thought, as he examined it by a searchlight, "insulated too." Lighting a lantern, the men followed the



wire. For awhile it was underground, then in plain sight. For an hour they picked their way, holding on to the wire. Then they came to a huge stone on the mountain. The wire seemed to come from up there. They looked around the rock and at last noticed the rope ladder. Quickly climbing this, Odell found himself at the entrance of a small house. The door was locked. Placing his pistol in the keyhole, he fired. The lock gave way.

When the men left the hidden camp, they had left Josephine asleep in a small room joining the wireless and switchboard room. But not long after their departure, she awoke and began to look around. Going to the door, she turned the knob and was surprised to see so many brass wires and lights. It was almost nine o'clock now. She amused herself by pushing in and out the various switches, from the floor and chair. Finally she pushed one in and couldn't pull it out and at the same time she heard a distant noise, like a coming storm. She was afraid, and went back to bed. She slept again until the shot at the door awakened her. Recognizing her father, she called—

“Papa, here I am.”

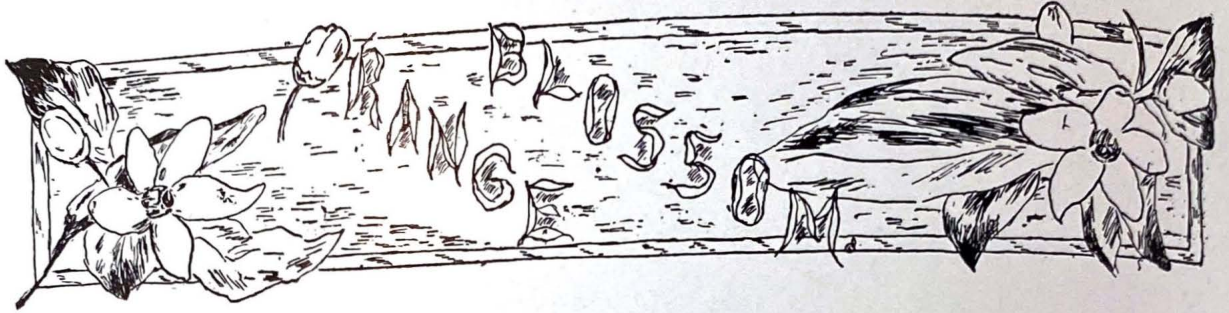
He looked, breathed a prayer and caught her in his arms. Then Odell looked about. He examined the switches. One was pushed in, the lowest one.

“I did that,” said the babyish voice, “then I couldn't pull it out.” Odell noticed that this switch connected with the wire leading to the mine.

Back at the mine again, he had the digging begin at once. Toward morning Odell was called, for they were nearly to the opening. Dawn was breaking and by the pale light, pale smoke could be seen issuing from the hole into the mine. At last an opening was made. A cloud of smoke rushed forth and a groan was heard within. Climbing into the mine, the men found three bodies, senseless and torn. They brought them out, and in a little while they began to mumble and open their eyes. Realizing the situation, finally Restig said—

“Miller must have pushed the switch too soon,” and fell back lifeless.

The next day Miller also was caught and the wireless station was taken from its commanding position. —ELLIOT THOMAS, A. B. '21.



Spring

(Prize Poem)

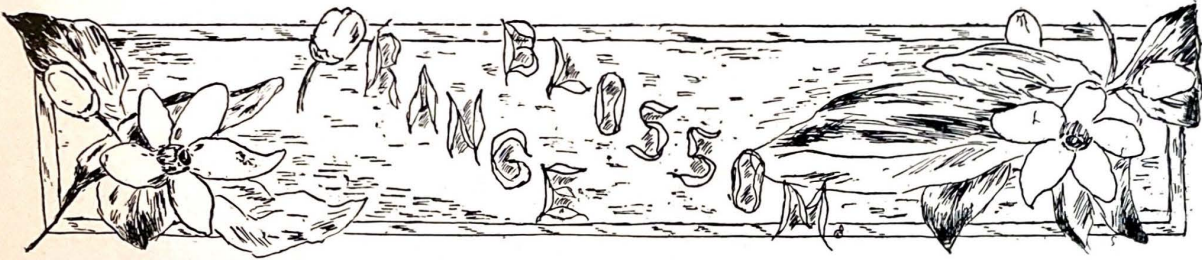
I want to be out in the open air,
For Spring has come, for Spring has come.
The air is full of songsters' trills
And the busy whir of insect wings.

And all the birds are making love,
Building their nests with greatest care,
So merrily swinging and singing:
"Oh Spring has come, oh Spring has come."

Old Mother Earth has a carpet of green,
Graciously decked and crowned with flowers—
Daisies and buttercups come to show
That Spring is here, that Spring is here.

O come out with me where nature reigns,
Where every bud speaks joy and peace,
And the world is full of harmony—
When Spring is here, when Spring is here.

—ESTHER FUNK, A. B. '21.



Silence

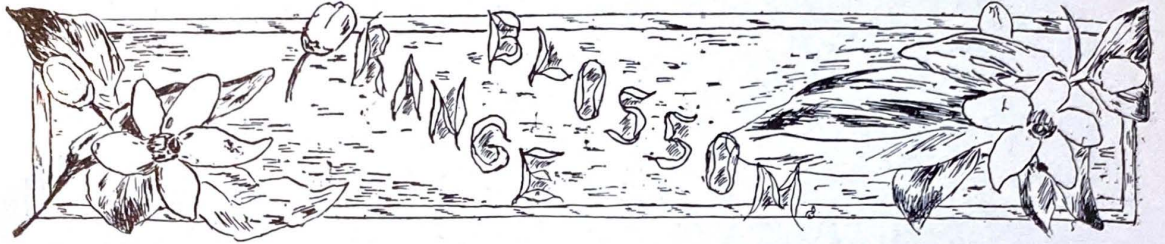
There's silence in the thunder's roar;
There's silence on the rugged shore;
There's silence on the raging sea;
There's silence o'er the peaceful lea.

The thunder's crash is but the sound
Of mighty forces conflict bound
In the darkening vortex of the storm,
Where Nature's silence-shrouded form
In silence works, though some might claim
That fight and echo were the same.

The sound of breakers dashing high
Is but the hollow, mocking cry
Of silent forces fighting there—
Dame Nature's ever fretful pair
In the age old fight of sea and land,
That ground the rocks to grains of sand.

The universe in silence runs
And in man's soul as with the sun's
Almighty God in silence rules.
Man's sufferings are but the tools
Of silent powers in the soul
That shape man's destiny and goal.

D. W. LEFEVER, A. B. '21.



A Goose

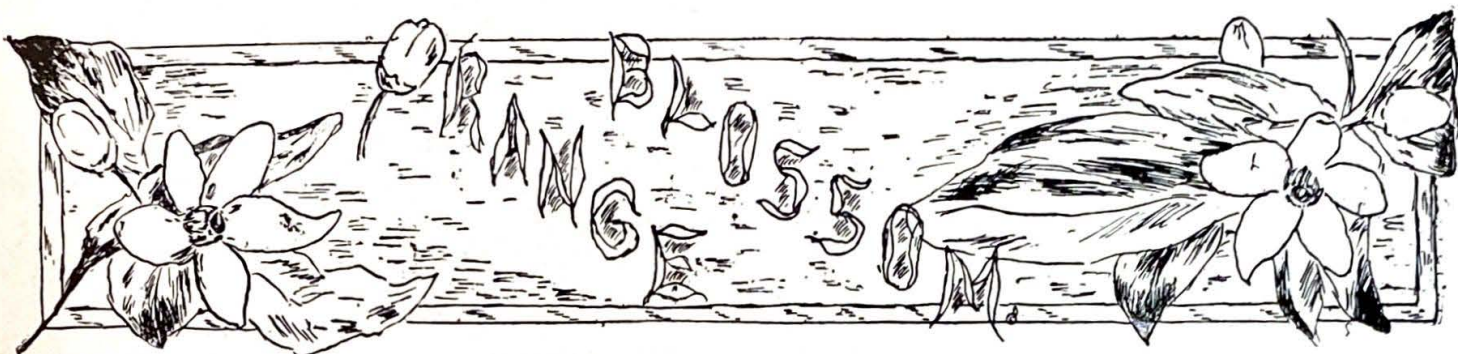
“**M**ASSA! Massa! Where are you? I sho’ done look eberwhere on dis earth fo’ yo’. No, I ain’t out ob my head. I’s right in it—no, I mean it’s right in me. No sah, dat ain’t what I mean. But quick, fetch de old shot gun. Lor’ a massy, I sho’ seen de biggest goose what am in dis here country!”

“Why, Ebenezer,” said the old Virginian in his hollow, muffled voice, “you are out of breath and excited. When I was a young chap, about the time of the civil war, I used to use the old shot gun myself and it’s many a goose and wild turkey I’ve brot low with the old muzzle loader.”

“Yessah, but massa,” remonstrated the young negro, who still called him master and faithfully served the owner and master of his parents, who were slaves. “Massa, you can ’postulate ’bout de goose you brot down, but ’less you fetch dat air gun mighty quick dat goose’s gwine get away, an den we won’t have no goose an’ gravy for dinner, sah!”

“Wa’al, I s’pose you can try your luck, but this neck of the woods ain’t got no sech geese as up north, where I was born.” And leisurely the rheumatic old planter led the way to the store room in the back part of the log cabin.

“Dat may be dat you seen big geese,” replied the darkey impatiently, “but you neber seed one like dis one; why, massa, it’s as big—” but there he stopped his demonstrations abruptly and dropped his jaw until his face looked like the entrance of a railroad tunnel. For the sight that met his eyes was truly comical. The mistress of the plantation, almost as easily excited as the darkey himself had overheard the latter’s goose story and had hastened to look for the desired article of warfare against the feathered neighbors. And there she stood breathless behind the bulwark of household articles of every description, emptied from the great chest and scattered and piled promiscuously on the floor, half burying the old woman herself. In her eagerness the usually careful and exacting housewife had abandoned all principles of order and method and literally excavated the



old chest and had just reappeared triumphant with the rusty object of her search from the depths of the old "store room."

For a brief space of time the darkey's humorous nature got the best of him and he fairly roared with laughter at the unusual comical appearance of his mistress and the room; while the mistress viewed in distress the disheveled room, and the old planter tried to make his shriveled, scaly face bear the resemblance of a smile. Then just as suddenly as had been his outburst the negro sobered, and reaching for the gun and powder horn, vanished quickly thru the cabin door.

"Ebenezer' a mighty happy, industrious nigger, almost as good as his dad was," remarked the Virginian dryly.

"Well, I never—!" was all the wife could say as the planter went out to feed his hogs and left her in this unusual predicament.

Meanwhile Ebenezer had hastily, yet cautiously picked his way back thru the strip of woods which separated the cabin and the meadow, and was just emerging from the shade of the trees, when the sound of a mighty whir came distinctly to his ears.

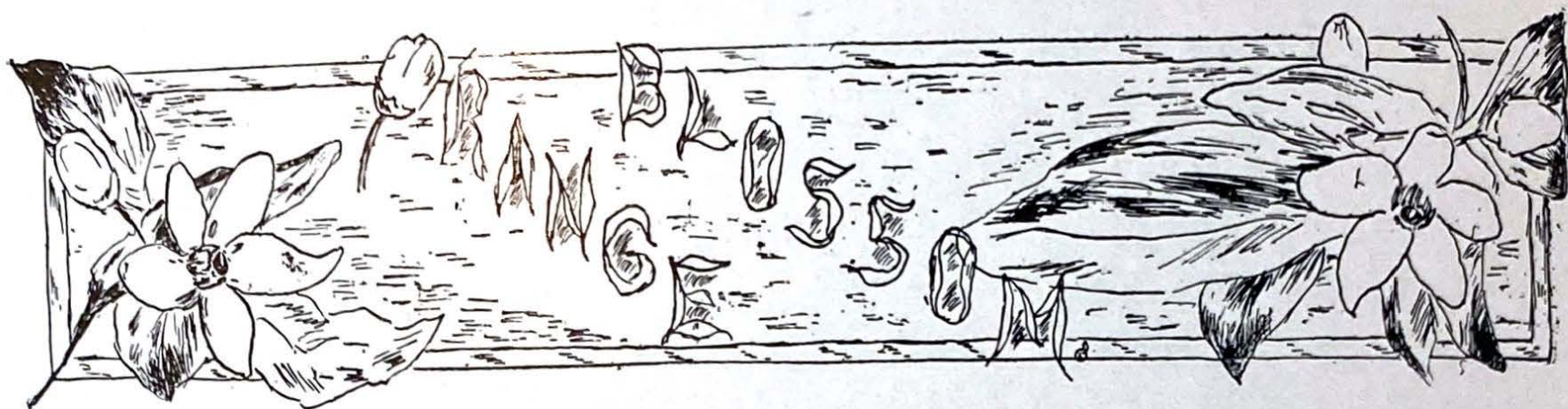
"Ha! Dat must be him. He's sho' a monster, leastwise he looked like it when I catched sight of him a-lightin' awhile ago. I 'spect I'll have to have massa let me have de wagon to fetch him home," soliloquized the darkey in his imaginative way. But the sound suddenly ceased.

"Musta lit right over dere, 'tother side ob dat bank. I'll jes' creep up an' crawl along in dat ditch—dis am mighty exciting!"

"Wonder how much powder massa puts in," he continued softly to himself on gaining the concealment of the ditch. I 'spect a handful will be 'nough, and since he's sech a big rascal I better put in two handfuls of dis shot." And suiting action to word he tamped in the "big game" load and placed the cap.

"Whir-r-r," came the whiz of a quail's rapil flight, not over ten feet away and the excited darkey almost dropped his gun.

"You're too small, little faller, you can't fool me dat way. Wait—dis must be de spot. I 'spect I better pull back de triggah and peek ova' heah!" Cautiously he did so and just in time to see a full grown U. S.



aeroplane rise gracefully from the ground, not more than one hundred yards away.

“Golly, dat ain’t no goose—dat’s a monstrous eagle tho, and he sho do make a bigger noise dan any goose. I ’spect de goose was at dis heah end of de gun.”

—GEORGE HOLLENBERG, A. B. '21.

Heigho! A Fairy Circus!

LITTLE Marian sat disconsolately in the garden swing, digging her little bare toes in the sand on the ground beneath, as she swayed slowly to and fro.

“I’m tired of swingin’. Wish I had something else to do. I wish—”

“And what do you wish, my pretty one?” asked the tiniest, squeakiest little voice near by. “Tell me—I am one of Queen Hildegarde’s loyal servants and have the power to grant the wishes of all the little ones who believe in Fairies.”

“Oh,” exclaimed Marian. “Are you a really, truly fairy? My! how tiny you are! And you’re so sweet and pretty.”

“But your wish, little one. Have you forgotten?” said the fairy.

“Oh!” sighed Marian, “It’s only that I have nothing to do.”

“Let me see. I mustn’t stay long for I must hurry home to don my new tulip gown, for tonight is the night of the Fairy Circus. But—”

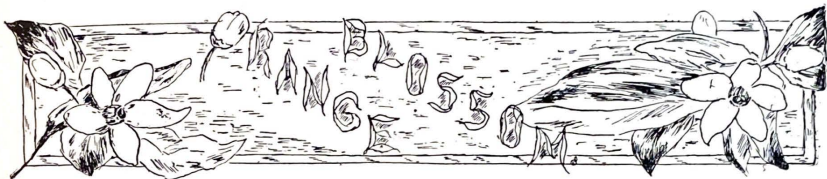
“Please, may I go with you? I’ll be just as still and good as can be!” interrupted Marian, eagerly.

“Just the thing! I’ll take you tonight. There’s your mother calling you to supper now. As soon as supper is over run right off to bed and go to sleep. Then when it is time to go, I’ll come after you. Do you promise?”

“Oh-o-o! Yes! breathed Marian rapturously.

“Goodbye, then, little one,” and the fairy figure floated away.

And so it happened that when the moon began to cast its silvery light over the sleeping world, that little Marian was roused from her heavy slumber by a kiss. She opened her blue eyes wide and beheld the little



fairy, in the full glory of her new red gown, ready to start to the circus.

"First," said the fairy, whose name was Edina, "you must be small as the fairies are."

Thus speaking she waved her tiny wand over Marian's tousled curls and lo, Marian became as small as herself.

"Now, you have no wings, so we must ride," said Edina.

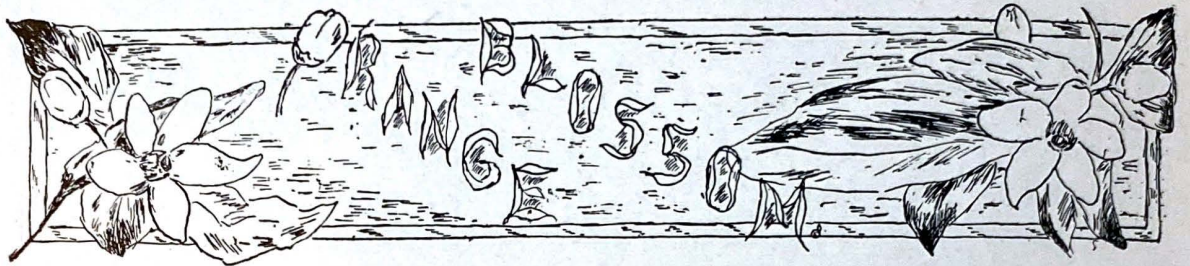
She lifted a scarlet bugle which she had tied by its stem around her neck, and blew two shrill blasts. Instantly Marian heard a whirring of wings and soon a gorgeous butterfly came drifting down and settled on the bed near them. Both mounted this handsome steed, and after much settling of her tulip skirts, Edina gave the signal to start.

They soon reached a quiet, mossy little dell in the center of which Marian saw a monstrous toad-stool. The tiny folk were already gathering and even as they alighted near the "tent" they heard cries of "The Queen! Here comes Hildegarde, the beloved Queen of the Fairies!" Looking up they saw the queen approaching in a chariot made of a brilliant autumn leaf, drawn by two snow-white doves, and attended by a great retinue of fairies on the backs of gaudy butterflies. Edina, with the others, hastened to pay homage to their queen, now seated in the place of honor, under a canopy of vines. The fairies gathered into the "tent" and the fun began.

The ring-master was a droll little fellow with a swallow-tail coat made of a rose petal. He strutted here and there, over-seeing things generally, and felt very important.

The event started with a beetle race, and after that the fun came fast and furious. Two little fairy boys raced on snails. Brilliantly dressed circus girls rode bareback on their galloping beetles, jumping thru hoops of grass as they went, and performed all sorts of queer antics, swinging from the vines overhead. These caused the onlookers to cheer heartily and the sound of their laughter was like the tinkling of tiny bells.

Then the Fairy Band struck up a lilting melody. The drummer beat his hollow acorn with a will. One little Fairy made sweet music by drawing his wand over some spider-webs stretched tightly over a flower cup. Some rang the blue bells and still others blew the scarlet bugles which grew so



abundantly here. This wild, sweet music floated down into the valley, and all who heard it smiled in their sleep.

Then the climax of the whole event appeared when the fairy clowns entered the ring, riding on grasshoppers. How the fairies shouted, and each little fairy boy decided then and there what his profession in life would be! Such cleverness and wit they showed! And how nimbly they guided their long-necked steeds as they swiftly hopped around the ring!

But the drollest part was yet to come, and how the fairy children did shout and hug themselves with glee when two little black fairy boys came in, each on a glossy big, black cricket!

Then how the clowns did laugh and tease those little black boys. But they did not mind this. They only cut more capers than ever. One little black fellow and his cricket jumped right over one of the clowns and kicked his peaked hat off while going over. At this the audience shrieked and Queen Hildegarde called for a fan.

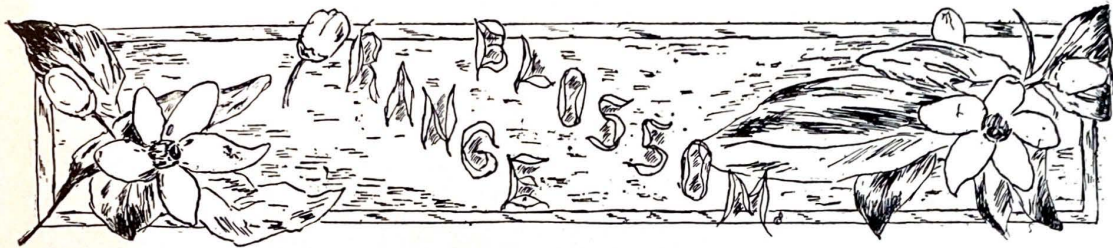
Indeed the merriment was going so high that the fairy folk almost forgot to look at the caged animals, as they were brought in. There were ant-lions, and tiger-beetles, and other strange and curious wild creatures, which the fairy children fed through the bars.

Then the ring-master said, "This ends the performance inside the tent, but there will be an aviation meet outside immediately following."

Marian and Edina went outside with the throng. There they found several of the fairies quaintly attired in many hues, each with cap and goggles. The idea of a fairy wearing goggles amused Marian and she giggled, but Edina told her she must be quiet or she would frighten the fairies, so she became as still as a mouse.

Then the tiny aviators each clambered onto a bird, which was perched on a low limb, ready for the flight. Then away they flew, up, up, and up. They soared, circled and raised again.

After their skill and daring had been shown the fairy aviators descended and the whole company adjourned to the rear of the dell and there were many small mush-rooms laden with the dainty foods fairies love. There were clear drops of dew in lilac cups and this was as wine for the



little folk. There were tiny mountains of fleecy, white cloud, topped with luscious red strawberries and the nectar of flowers.

As soon as the feast was over the fairies bade an affectionate farewell to their queen and departed, laughing and chatting about the wonderful events of the circus.

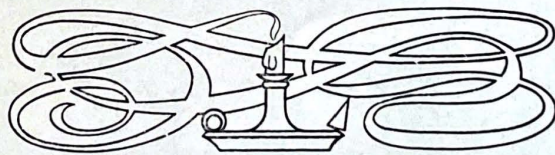
Edina went with the others, carrying Marian with her. Soon they were home again and the fairy tucked Marian snugly in her little white crib. Then she kissed her lightly on her cheek and stole softly away.

Marian's mother quietly opened the door and tiptoed softly across the room to the side of the crib. Marian was sleeping sweetly, and as the mother looked, a smile passed over her baby's face.

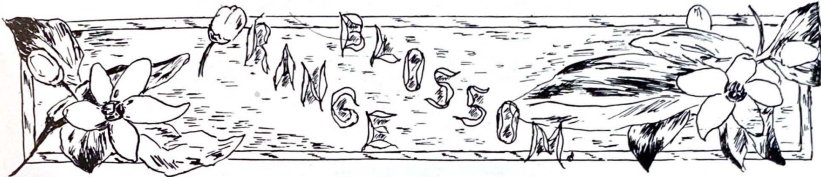
"She's dreaming," thot the mother.

But how could the mother guess that Marian was seeing a very unusual sight—even a Fairy Circus.

—MARY TAYLOR.







College Department

THE College Department is the hope of LaVerne College, for a strong College Department means a strong school. The standard of the College Department will determine to a large extent the standard of the school. The time is soon coming when the Academy will be regarded only as a stepping stone to the College proper.

The time is here when a college education is necessary in order to successfully compete with the world at large. An individual with a college education is a much larger factor in the world, either for good or for bad, than he would have been otherwise. Think of how much more value a college educated Christian is than one without those advantages. When we realize the greater power of a college-trained Christian, we can see the importance of the College Department in LaVerne College.

It would be hard to find a more earnest and enthusiastic group of young people than are in the College Department. The relative smallness of numbers does not prevent a strong college spirit, and enthusiasm. The quality of work is not impaired by the lack of numbers or equipment. When any equipment is lacking, it is made up by greater efficiency and more originality.

The number in our College Department at present is twenty-three, of which there are twelve Freshmen, five Sophomores, five Juniors, and one dignified (?) Senior.

—D. W. L.

College Senior Class

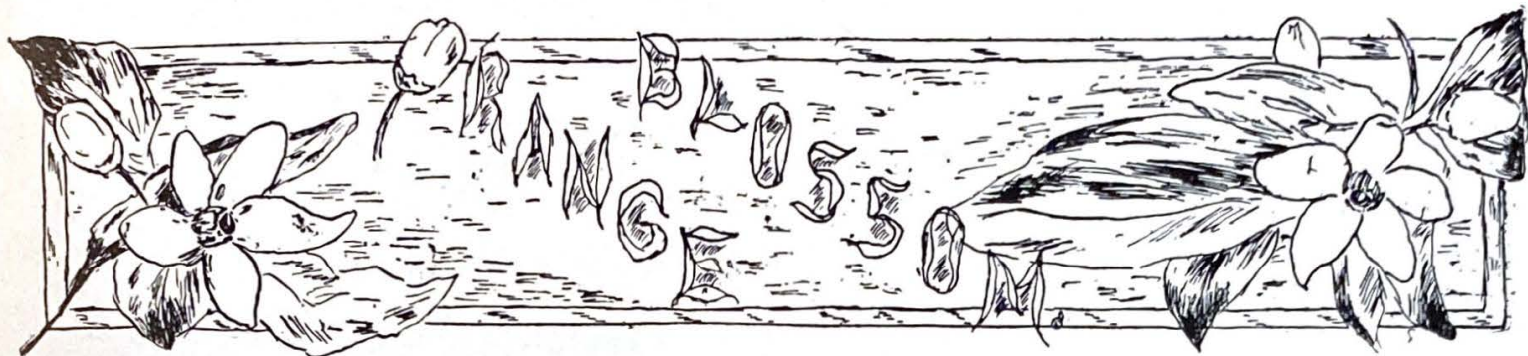


ELSIE M. PRICE

A FEW years ago in Liberty, Nebraska, Elsie Price started her life's activity. She was the youngest child of a large family. Her sisters and brothers were much older than herself, and consequently were about ready to leave the home nest when she was born. The doctors advised her parents to travel and be much in the open on account of the father's ill health; thus it was that Elsie learned, very early in life, to love God's great out-of-doors. Her love for nature has gradually grown, and it is among her chiefest delights now to take long trips to hills, mountains and canyon when rest from strenuous labors becomes necessary.

Early in her career she began to teach grammar school. However, this occupation was a means to an end, for she early learned to long for a higher education. In 1911 she and her mother came to California, where her high school work was continued in Pomona. However, she determined to graduate in her native state, so she journeyed to Beatrice to pursue her Senior work.

September, 1913, found her back in California at LaVerne College, ready to begin her college course. She and her mother lived in the dormitory while she was a College freshman. She was not able to be in school



the next year and it was a very, very strenuous one. Her mother, after a long, serious siege of illness went to meet the husband and father in the world beyond.

Left alone, Elsie pursued again her early profession. She taught just one year, at the end of which time she returned to LaVerne College, with the determination to complete her college course. Whatever she wills to do she usually does, even though it involves a lot of work, sacrifice and prayer. So she has completed the four-year college work in three years and may now receive her degree with honors.

She is an active member of the Volunteer Mission Band and is diligently applying herself in preparation for active service for Christ and lost souls in the China mission field.

One of the mottoes of her life is, "Do a lot of good living and acting, accompanied by few words." God has blessed our Elsie with an unusual amount of good, common sense and the ability to use it; a strong will power, a healthy body, and a fertile mind. He has helped her to use these assets to a good advantage, and also in forming for herself a telling Christian character. She is not understood by some, because she is a young woman of so few words. The saying, "Still water runs deeply," applies splendidly to the principle of her life's activities. She has learned to conquer self, overcome discouragement, and banish vagrant wishes, by the help of the Great Almighty Spirit. Her battles are being fought constantly, yet how great is her helper.

And so upon life's happy way,
We send you out to mould and sway
The souls you are to meet, our Elsie.
Your "A B" here, your friends, don't fear,
Will help you on by night and day
To walk with Him in all your way.
God bless you as you onward go,
And may the souls you meet soon find
Your Savior, who is loving, kind.

—ELICE B. LAYCOOK

College Juniors

ORGANIZATION

President—Mary Lichtenwalter
Secretary—Minneva Neher
Caretaker—John Coffman
Chaperon—Mrs. Laura Haugh
Sergeant at Arms—L. J. Lehman

Motto—"Man kawn tun was er will"

Flower—Red Rose

Colors—Silver and Old Rose



CLASS ROLL

L. J. LEHMAN

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
your sustenance and birthright are."

MARY LICHTTENWALTER

"Dark eyes—eternal soul of pride!
Deep life in all that's true."

MRS. LAURA HAUGH

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

MINNEVA NEHER

"But she whose inborn worth her acts commend,
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend."

JOHN COFFMAN

"An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within."

College Sophomores



INA MARSHBURN—

A sweet girl is she
And on her studies bent.
We couldn't do without her,
For she's our president.

MABEL FUNK—

She is studious as can be,
Her lessons she does pursue;
An artist some day will be;
World-wide fame shall be her due.

ADDIE D. NININGER—

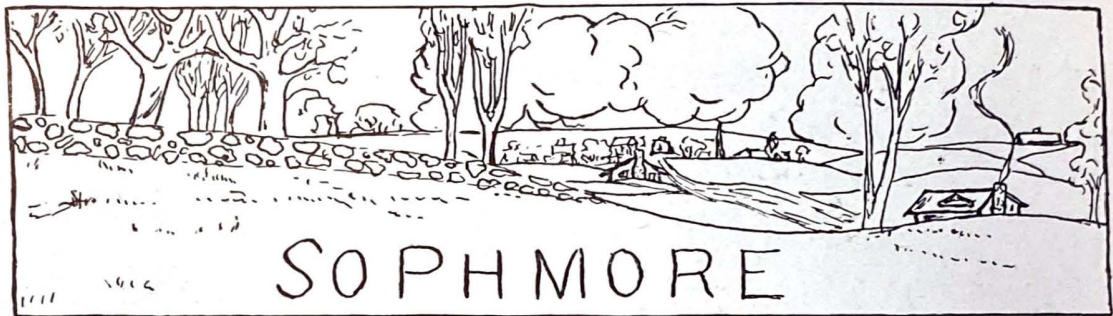
Music delights her fingers,
Study delights her mind,
Her husband delights her heart.

MARY TAYLOR—

Jolly, light-hearted and true,
But happiest when teasing you.

IVA ANN CARL—

She's a very studious lass,
Who likes math and philosophy,
Is now vice-president of our class,
And a noted school-marm will be.



(Apologies to Abraham Lincoln)

THREE score and nine months ago our fathers sent forth to this school a new class, full of bashfulness and dedicated to the proposition that all freshmen are green. Now we are engaged in a long college course, testing whether that class or any class so bashful and so green can long endure. We are headed for the final goal of that course. We have come to dedicate a portion of this annual for the instruction of those who follow and that the honor of this class may live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot praise this class too much for overcoming the verdure of its initial appearance. The good records we are making here extol it far beyond the power of words to add or detract. The school will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it cannot forget our smiling faces while we labored here. It is for us, the Sophomores, rather to continue the unfinished task which we have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to consecrate our energies to the great task before us—that we may profit by the sacrifices our fathers made in sending us here—that we here highly resolve that their sacrifices shall not have been in vain, and that all future freshmen may profit by our example.

—“Class of 1920.”



COLLEGE FRESHMEN



AT the beginning of the school year the College Freshmen, twelve in number, met and elected the following officers:

President	-	-	-	-	George Hollenberg
Vice President	-	-	-	-	Pauline Miller
Secretary-Treasurer	-	-	-	-	David Bomberger
Yell Leader	-	-	-	-	Marie Woody

The Freshman class of this year is the largest and best class that has entered the College Department for years. We are noted among our fellow students for our brilliancy, pep, and class spirit. We have taken an active interest in every line of school activity. Three out of four of those who entered the debating contest, and all six of those in the oratorical contest, were College Freshmen.

We have taken an interest in school athletics, even though we cannot enter into the contests with other schools. In the interclass track meet the College Freshmen could win no ribbons, but we were allowed to enter for the satisfaction and enjoyment we received from it. However, we awarded our own ribbons to our heroes and encouraged them by giving our class yell.

On the evening of February 25, the College Freshmen entertained the rest of the College Department at a hard time's party, in the Expression Hall. The hall was fittingly decorated with wrapping paper of the class colors, green and white. Upon the black-board was an artistic drawing of our emblem, the Ford, while our class flower, the cactus, adorned the piano. A paper banner upon the wall displayed our motto:

"When joy and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash!"

With Mrs. Haugh as our class teacher, we hope to go on, attended with honor and success, until we reach the goal towards which we have been striving.

—N. H., A. B. '21.





ORGANIZATION

President—Leland Brubaker

Colors—Black and Gold

V. Pres.—Bessie Hershberger

Flower—Cecil Brunner Rose

Secretary—Hazel Minnich

Treasurer—John Hollenberg

Motto—"Not at the top, but climbing."

Class Teacher—Miss Muir

FROM its entrance into the life of LaVerne College this class, which is now Seniors, has shown itself a necessary part of the school life. It has often been called the most lively class of the school. When the Seniors attempt anything you may feel entirely confident that they will carry it through in triumph. One of our big successes of the year was our Senior play.

As we go out from LaVerne College into broader and more useful fields, we feel that our four years in the academy and our various student body and class activities have started our preparation for filling great and useful places in the world.

Academy Seniors

HAZEL MINNICH

There's a little lass in our Senior class,
No wiser can you find,
There's beauty and youth, charm and truth
In one small girl combined.

LELAND BRUBAKER

Who is it presides o'er our Senior class?
Who makes things go with a will?
Who in his lessons none can surpass?
A great place in the world he'll fill—
That's "Dutch."

BESSIE HERSHBERGER

She carries her head as if she owned the world,
She'll make her mark high, never fear,
Always her hair so carefully curled,
She brings to the world good cheer.

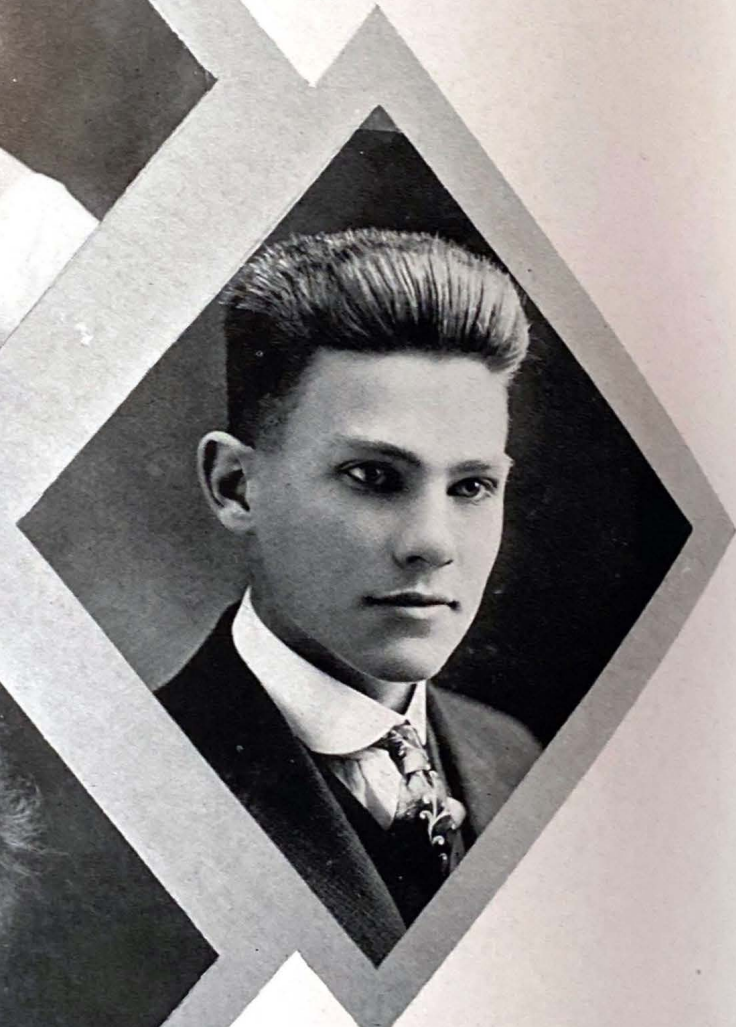
GRACE HOLLENBERG

Grace, our fair dame,
Has her name in the annals of fame,
Her modest answer, her graceful air,
Show her as wise as she is fair.



JOHN PRICE

Our athlete, strong and true,
With hair of black and eyes of blue,
With brilliant brains and handsome face,
For all the girls he sets a pace.



MINNIE ZUG

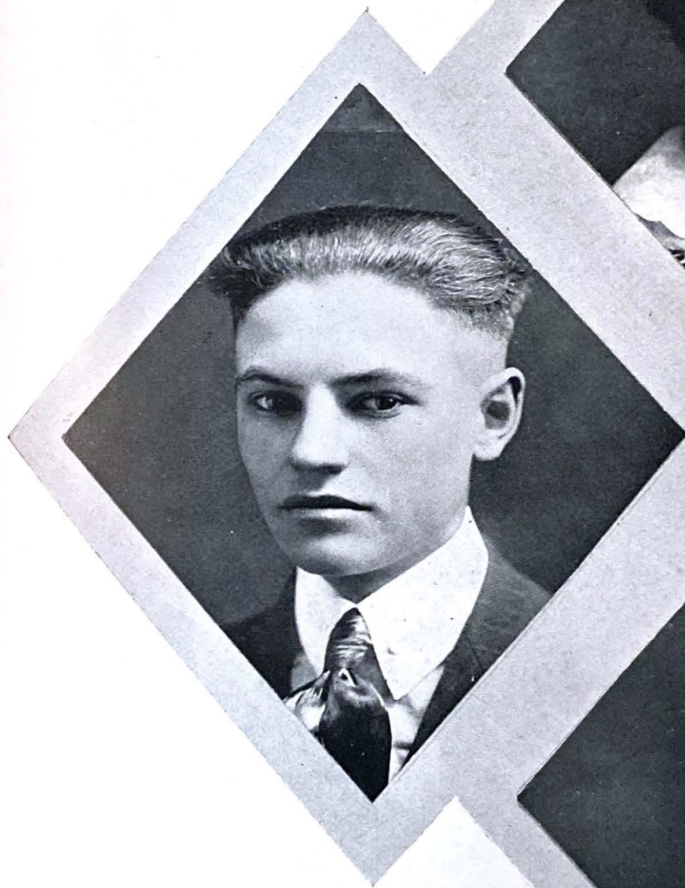
Minnie is our lively lass,
She's interested in all her class,
She laughs and sings and talks a lot,
If anything's going she's always about

MARY JOHNSON

A prim little lassie is Mary,
There's a gallant soldier lad, too,
Both trust to the mail man to carry
Messages not meant for you.

RUSSEL GROSSNICKLE

Our Russell is a jolly lad,
Chuck full of fun and glee,
He drives away our sorrows with
His smiles so big and free.



GRACE MOORE

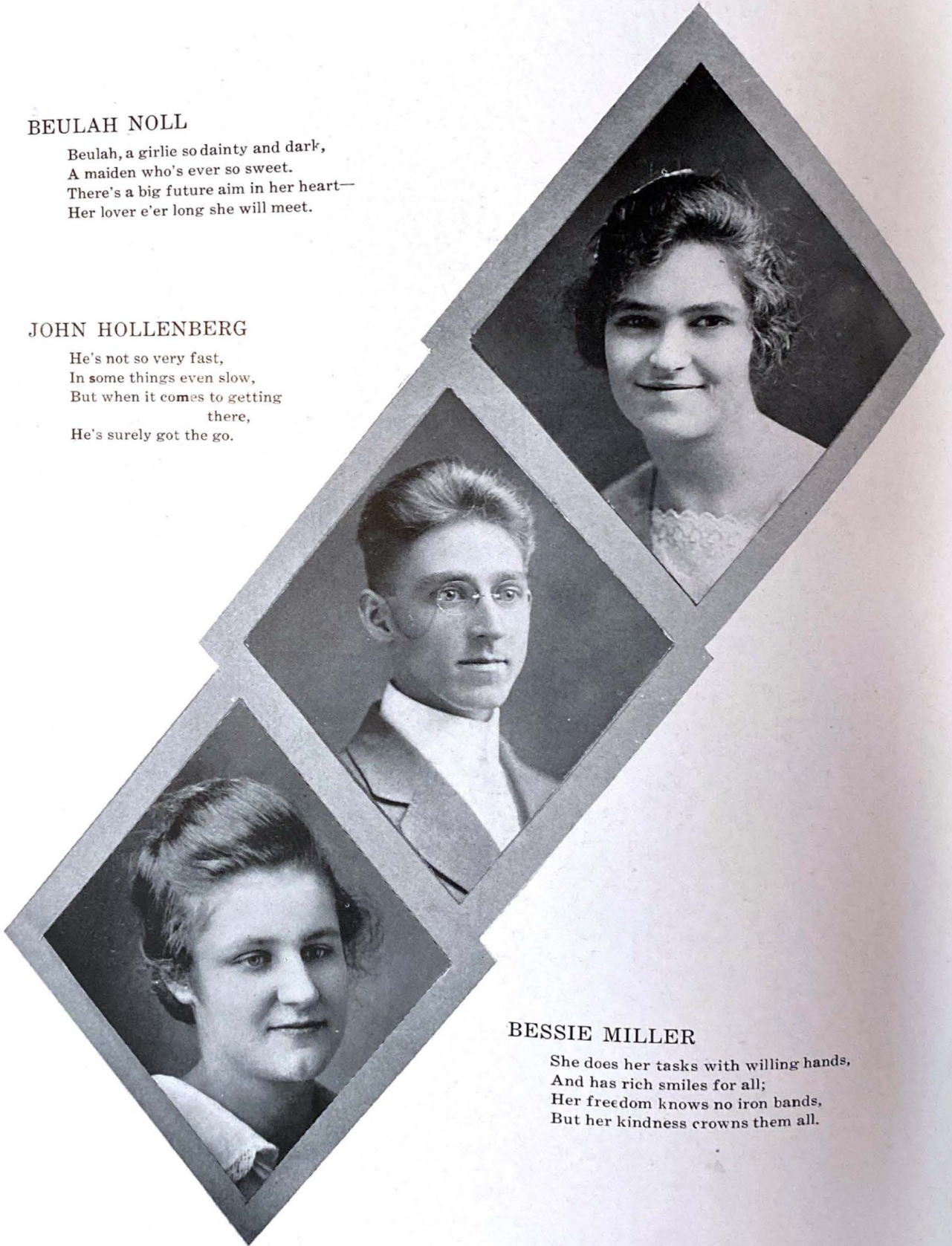
If your task has become long and tiresome
And you long for a little rest,
Just take it to Grace, she'll help you,
There friendship will stand the test.

BEULAH NOLL

Beulah, a girlie so dainty and dark,
A maiden who's ever so sweet.
There's a big future aim in her heart—
Her lover e'er long she will meet.

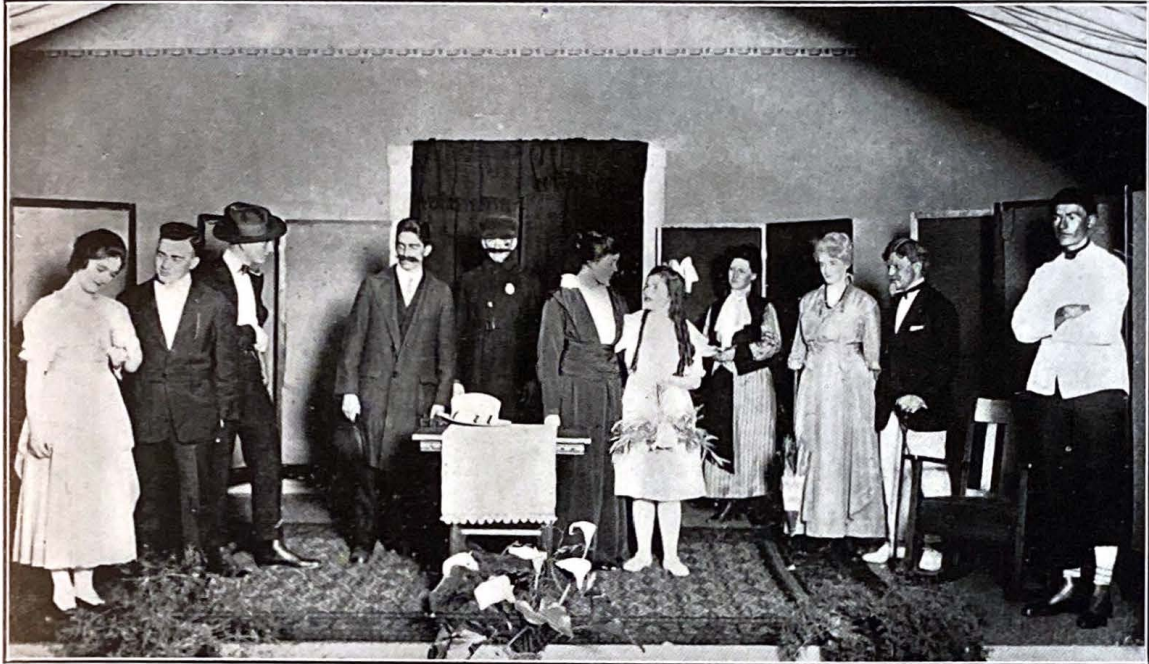
JOHN HOLLENBERG

He's not so very fast,
In some things even slow,
But when it comes to getting
there,
He's surely got the go.



BESSIE MILLER

She does her tasks with willing hands,
And has rich smiles for all;
Her freedom knows no iron bands,
But her kindness crowns them all.



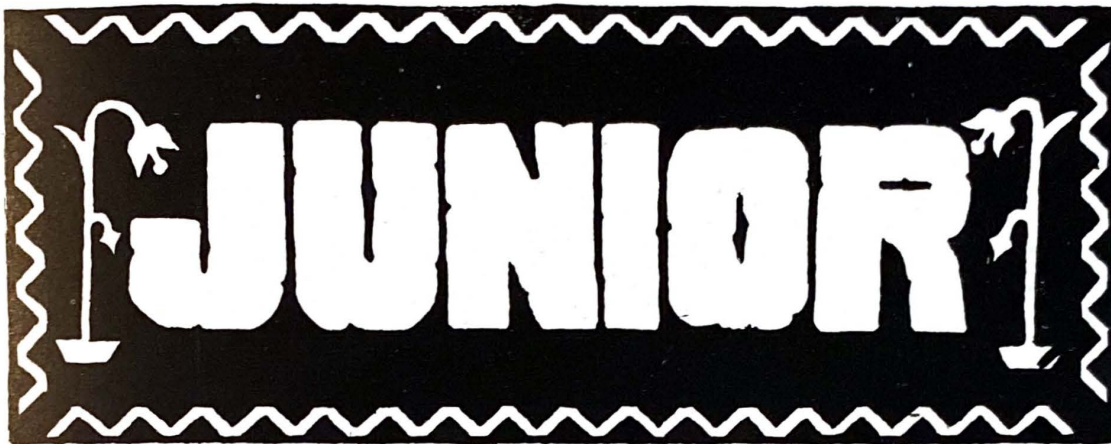
SENIOR PLAY CAST, 1918



A THRILLING MOMENT IN "OUT IN THE STREETS"



ACADEMY JUNIORS



President—Vera Hoover

V. Pres.—Marvin Goodman

Secretary—Howard Beckner

Treasurer—Ralph Netzley

Colors—Red and white

Flower—White Rose

THE Class of '19 entered the year of '17 and '18 with a jolly bunch of fourteen, seven boys and seven girls, but before the fourth quarter four members left our ranks. The school soon had reason to know we were here when, on three successive nights, the Junior boys met each of the remaining Academy class, in turn, on the basket ball court, proving themselves champions of the school. All through the past year the Juniors have shown themselves to be alive and alert, and next year as Seniors the Class of '19 will be the "bright lights" of the school.

ROLL CALL

ELSIE COLBERT—

"Sing away sorrow, cast away care; I'm off for a good time; come if you dare."

ERMA MARSHBURN—

"A girl with a domestic air, who can sew on buttons and pull hair."

RALPH NETZLEY—

"Mathematics, ah! would there were more of such delightful subjects."

VERA HOOVER—

"'Tis seldom surely one can see
Scholar and athlete all in one.
An all-round girl, 'twixt you and me,
Is the rarest thing beneath the sun."

MARVIN GOODMAN—

"A 'good man' and a sociable gent,
A future member of Parliament."

ANNA YOST—

"Good nature is the proper soil upon which virtue grows."

HOWARD BECKNER—

"The good die young. My, I must take care of myself."

ESTELLA LANDIS—

"She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought."

HAZEL CALVERT—

"She's here. I heard her giggle."

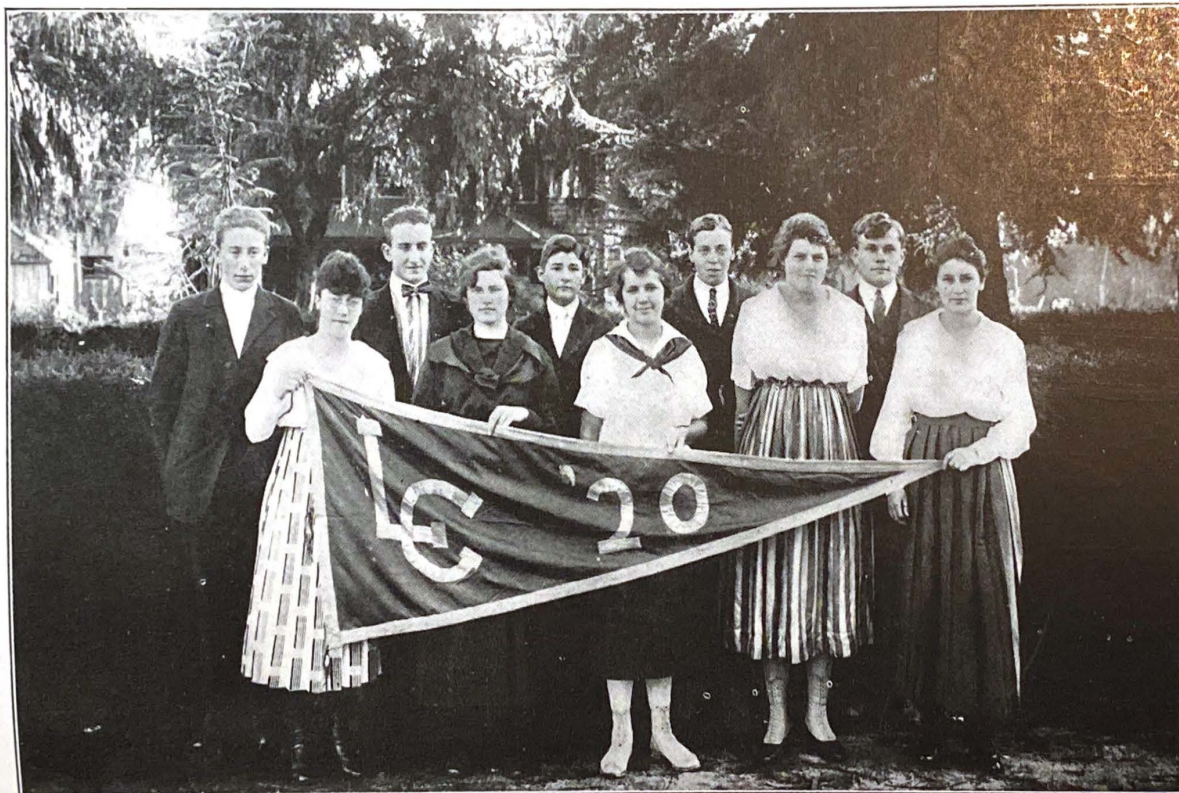
MAURINE MILLER—

"School, oh yes, it's another of those necessary evils."

MARION ROYNON—

"A little mischief now and then is relished by the best of men."

—M. M.



ACADEMY SOPHOMORES

Academy Sophomores

President—Alva Lentz

V. Pres.—Orpha Mishler

Secretary—Ruby Netzley

Treasurer—Alida Larimer

Class Teacher—Prof. Frantz

Class Colors—Purple and Gold

IN the school activities of the past year, we have accomplished things of which we have good reason to be proud. We have worked with heart and soul toward those things which lay the foundations for a class to build on in the next two years, and one which will be remembered down through the eventful years.

It is with pleasure that we recall these past events, and remember that on the twenty-seventh of November we entertained the Seniors at the home of Miss Alida Larimer. The gaiety of the evening was enjoyed by everyone. The Seniors say, "Don't care if you come again."

If it wasn't for the Sophomores this year, athletics would be rather dead. We showed up in both basketball teams. Although there were only two boys and one girl, no one forgot that we were on the spot. In fact, it is doubtful whether their places could have been filled by others who were as skillful as they. There were two (on each team) who starred in every game, and one of each of these was a Sophomore. Ruby Netzley represented the Sophomore class, and was a star for the whole team, while Jesse Whisler stood out as a star for the boys. We couldn't forget our husky guard, Alva Lentz, who put every muscle to work in an effective way. The result was not at all unnoticeable.

When track season opened, our boys were on the spot. Every boy was in a track suit, ready to do his "bit," and when it came to a "show down" we held trumps every time. In the try-outs we discovered something of which we were not aware. Although he is the smallest in stature, he stepped out in the mile. You will hear more of Guy Jordan in the years to come. With Lentz, Whistler, Harper and the two Jordan brothers, we walked away with the interclass track meet. The girls also have lots of class spirit. The way they halloed was enough to put pep into everyone of us. The meet closed on Friday evening. Then on the following evening the girls led the way to the south hills and there we enjoyed wienies, buns, pickles, and a very delightful time around a campfire. Next was the league track meet into which three of our boys entered, among whom was Lentz, who starred for us.

With the grasped opportunities along educational lines and the athletic training which we have received this year, we can hope for better things next year.

—J. W.



ACADEMY FRESHMEN



President—Cecil Brower

Sec'y-Treas.—Dwight Welch

Motto—"Climbing Higher"

Colors—Coral and green

Class teacher—Miss Sanger

Twenty-six little Freshies, all in green,
Going to college, so it doth seem.
Happy and jolly, what do they fear?
Nothing evil their little ears hear.

A captain they elect to lead them on,
Cecil Brower, they always lean upon.
A secretary, treasurer, too, they select
And then wait to see the startling effect.

Of the Sophomores they are not afraid—
When it was told them of a certain raid
That was planned by the Sophomore brigade,
This the bright Freshies cleverly delayed.

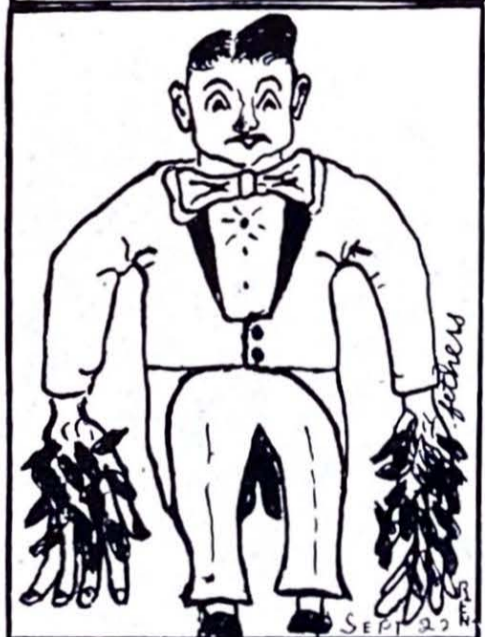
There are athletes, too, in this Freshie bunch
And I fear the Sophomores have a hunch
That our boys are brighter than their's by far,
For Archie they know is a wide-famed star.

In track he far surpasses
Most of the boys of the upper classes.
In basketball our girls are sharks,
They are ready to work when the big game starts.

Snipe, our tennis player, six feet one—
All the games that Snipe hath not won
Are not worth the winning.
He is making a fine beginning.

Of the Freshies you will hear
As famed and honored Sophs next year.
Their noble work begun
Is ended when the race is run. —N. F.

Calendar



Sept. 5—Opening address of the school year was given by Dr. Montgomery of the University of Southern California.

Sept. 6—Recitations started. Many worried faces were to be seen in the halls, whose owners were puzzling out conflicting schedules.

Sept. 8—Faculty reception was held this evening and the new students were made to feel at home. Everybody had all the watermelon they could eat.
Snipe hunt in evening.

Sept. 11—Basketball practice was started with a good turn-out of candidates for the first team.

Sept. 20—First practice game with Bonita. LaVerne won with the score of 22 to 15.

Sept. 21—Society rush day! At 12:45 to the thousandth of a second began this memorable event. The new students were signed up for the two literary societies by members from the respective societies.

Sept. 22—Alphan and Philo initiation parties.

Oct. 17—The Juniors played the Academy team, but were beaten 27 to 19. Alas! Even the highest hopes may fall!

Oct. 18—Two rousing interclass basketball games were played. Juniors 16 vs. Sophomores 13, and Seniors 31 vs. Freshmen 6.
Ground was broken for the erection of the new girls' dormitory.

Oct. 23—Liberty Bond fire at 7:00 p. m. Groups of students were seen stealthily making for the bon-fire, and strange to say, even some of the faculty went for a walk.

Oct. 27—First league basketball game of the season—Bonita vs. LaVerne. LaVerne went down to her defeat before her hereditary enemy, Bonita, to the score of 36 to 19, but the boys fought to the last.

The girls' team white-washed the Bonita girls' team by the score of 29 to 2.

Oct 29—Hallowe'en party given by the Alphians to the Philos.

Nov. 2—LaVerne brought home the bacon this time by defeating Downey.

Nov. 6—Special Student Body meeting. Duties of custodian committee is explained, and optimistic speeches are made.

Nov. 9—Third league game with Claremont. LaVerne lost, 28 to 23.

Nov. 11—College Zoology class made an excursion to Balboa.

Nov. 12—Debating Club held a meeting, at which the constitution was adopted.

Nov. 14—Practice game with Bonita. Bonita won with the small margin of 28 to 23.

Nov. 16—LaVerne defeated Montebello, 26 to 16.

Nov. 20—Academy girls defeated by Covina girls, 22 to 13.

Nov. 23—League game with El Monte. LaVerne defeated in both boys' and girls' games.

Nov. 27—Philo-Alphian basketball game. Philos won, 20 to 12.

Nov. 28—Thanksgiving vacation begun.

Dec. 4—Vacation closed.

Dec. 4-7—Chapel was held in the library while the auditorium was being re-decorated.

Dec. 5—Work on girls' dormitory progressing.

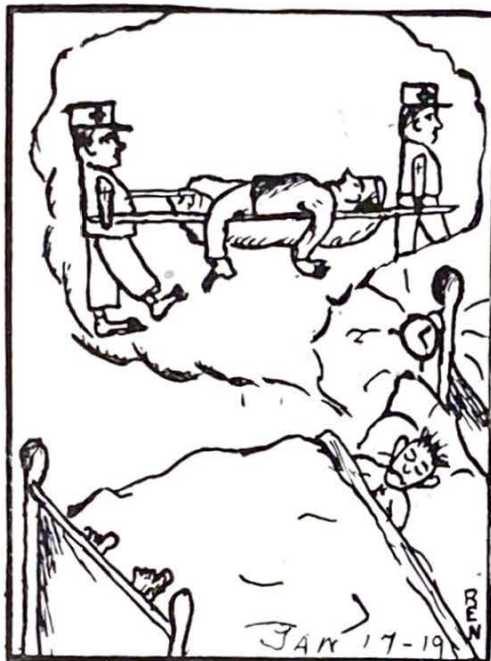
Dec. 7—LaVerne vs. Puente, home court. Puente boys won, 40 to 31. LaVerne girls defeated the Puente girls in a fast game.

Dec. 13—Last basketball rally of the season.

Dec. 14—LaVerne vs. Norwalk. LaVerne won, 46 to 19. The girls team defeated Norwalk.

Dec. 15—Al-Philo-an program. Large audience.





- Dec. 18—The Glee and Lyric Clubs' concert.
 Dec. 20—Concert repeated.
 Dec. 21—Christmas vacation.
 Jan. 3—Back at work.
 Jan. 14—Bro. D. L. Miller is holding a series of meetings at the church.
 Jan. 17-19—Semester exams.
 Jan. 28—Enrollment began at 7:00 this morning and continued until 10:35, or chapel time.
 Jan. 23—Volunteer Mission Band conducted chapel and boosted for mission study. Three classes were organized.
 Feb. 2—Joint Board of Trustees of LaVerne College met for annual meeting at the college.
 Feb. 4—Opening day of Bible Institute. Good attendance and much interest.
 Feb. 9—Close of Bible Institute.
 Feb. 11—College and academy Zoology excursion to Balboa.
 Feb. 13-19—Interclass track meet. Sophomores win the meet.
 Feb. 20—First day of dual meet with Bonita. Score, 27 to 27.
 Mar. 2—Dual meet finished. LaVerne wins 68-54. Try-out for debate contest.
 Mar. 14, 16—Senior play, "Out in the Streets."
 Mar. 20—Photographs for the Orange Blossom.
 Mar. 23—Valley Sect on L. A. County Athletic League Track Meet, at Bonita. LaVerne second place with 34½ points.
 Mar. 25—Bessie Miller and David Bomberger won the Newcomer prize for best debate.
 Mar. 30-Apr. 4—Easter vacation.
 April 5—First league baseball game with Bonita. Bonita wins, 11 to 1.
 April 13—Oratorical contest won by Naomi Harshbarger. Dean Yoder, second place.
 May 19—Baccalaureate sermon.
 May 23—Class Day exercises, 8:00 p. m.
 May 24—Piano recital.
 May 25—Graduating exercises, 10:00 a. m. Alumni banquet in evening.

SOCIETY.



Sociables

Faculty Reception.

HAVE we had a good time this year? Well, I guess. The faculty started us out in the proper, prescribed and necessary manner with a rousing good time and a watermelon feed to top it off with. Each class in school was given an opportunity to exhibit its talent by entertaining the crowd for a few minutes. All went very smoothly with songs, readings, yells and vaudeville performances (?) maybe, until the academy freshmen took their turn. At first it sounded like a stampede, then a great moaning filled the air and then—they all broke out crying—or maybe they were giving their class yell—who knows?

Philo Initiation

On the night of September the twenty-second, just after the big rush day, both of the literary societies entertained their new members.

The Philos, all in high spirit, met in the college auditorium, and the two schools, Harvard and Yale, held a big field meet. They all turned out for the relay, each one doing his bit. The excitement ran high; they yelled so loud and long and lustily that the next day none of them could talk, or at least they said they couldn't. Imagine!

Alphian Initiation.

At about seven-thirty the Alphians found the lawn at the Overholtzer home beautifully decorated in Japanese lanterns and the house lit up ready to welcome them. Each new Alphian received his first degree in LaVerne College, took a flying trip to the moon, caught fairies (feathers) out of a molasses bucket, was branded with the Alphian "A" and given a glass of good, strong cider. After several lively games the ice-cream and chocolate were served, and the Alphians departed, all in very good spirits. The tragedies all happened on the way home, when about half of the Alphians stepped in mud half way up to their knees.

Junior-Freshman Reception.

On October the fifteenth, the Academy Juniors entertained the Freshmen at a progressive dinner party. Mostly progressive, not much dinner. The Freshmen were led to Dr. Hoover's home, talked awhile, were led on to President Miller's home, and from there to the Beckner home. The Juniors were very careful in feeding them all day suckers, animal cookies, and good, substantial bread and milk.

In Honor of Witch's Night.

On Hallowe'en Eve, when ghosts are abroad,
With unknown garb about you wound,
The people of the "Owl" are asked to join,
With the Alphian crowns, for a jolly good time
In the College Auditorium at Seven P. M.

Monday, October 29, 1917.



Each masquerader was led into the long, dark, cold hall, up to the jumping off place, and jumped off, led around past the ghost's den to the auditorium. Here were people of all descriptions. Tall ghosts, short ghosts, men with long, red noses, fat men and slim men, forward boys and backward girls, Lady Washington and the Indians, and even old Santa Claus himself, were there to celebrate. And you should have seen the little fairy and her Spaniard. Miss Pauline Miller, dressed as a fairy and Mr. Charles Overholtzer dressed in an elaborate Spanish costume, took the prize for the most handsomely-dressed couple present. After the games and fortune telling every Philo, Alphian and faculty member had a hot tamale with lots of ketchup, and of course pumpkin pie and cider, after which the merry crowd separated.



Sophomore-Senior Reception.

Goodum eats—Swelum time—Wonderful Sophomores—Royal people, Larimers. The Sophomores and Seniors began arriving at the auditorium at 5:30 o'clock on Monday evening, the twenty-sixth of November, and soon the party set out for the home of Miss Alida Larimer. The Larimer home was beautifully decorated with holly and fern. The Sophomore girls led the way to a long table, also made beautiful with red holly. There were twenty-nine altogether at the table to enjoy the turkey (chicken, I mean) and all that went with it, while the Senior class teacher, Miss Muir, and Mr. Larimer, presided. After-dinner punch was served, and the



SOPHOMORE - SENIOR

games followed. None of the Seniors or Sophs will soon forget little Johnny as he set the crowd laughing. And last of all came Mr. and Mrs. Larimer's treat—all of the good ice-cream we could eat. The Seniors will be friends of the Sophomores forever.

Seniors.

On Monday night, January the twenty-first, Miss Minnie Zug entertained the Senior class at her home in Covina. Mr. Henry Overholtzer, president of the class, soon to leave for the training camp, who was to have been the guest of honor for the evening, was detained and did not get to be with the crowd. But even then, after an agreeable ride in two of the Senior cars, the Seniors were safely landed at the Zug home. The evening was spent in music, readings, and games, during which time Dutch had to propose to—well, he proposed, and Mary and John went walking. Bessie Hershberger's reading, "The Pickinny," was much enjoyed, and Bessie Miller's "There was a man and he had three sons, Peter, James and John," was killing. The refreshments were delicious.

Freshman-Junior.

On the evening of January the twenty-eighth the Juniors were entertained by the Freshmen at the home of Miss Modena Minnich. Everything went backwards, the clock and all. They walked in backwards, thru the back door, ate backwards, were dressed backward, acted backward. The finger bowl and toothpicks were passed, the salad served, and then the sandwiches, and the rest of the evening was spent in playing games.

College Department.

On Monday night, February twenty-fifth, the College Freshmen entertained the other college classes at a hard times party. The expression room was fittingly decorated with wrapping paper and pail handles. The sacred flower, the cactus of the most noble class, adorned the piano. The black-board, too, was adorned with a picture (some thot it Early Renaissance Art) of their emblem, the mighty Ford. A large paper displayed the Freshman motto, "When joy and duty clash, let duty go to smash." Bashful Miss Price seemed a little embarrassed at times, but otherwise everyone seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. The Academy Junior boys think the candy was hard-times candy too.

Senior-Sophomore.

The Seniors gave the Sophomores a pleasant evening at the home of Mr. Leland Brubaker. It was a St. Patrick's party, the program for the evening being written in little shamrock booklets. The evening which passed all too quickly was spent in telling good irish jokes, with games and music. Irish potatoes came in for their share in the eats part of the evening, with a suitable accompaniment of green jello, pickles and other accessories.





BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Boys' Basketball

THIS year the LaVerne basketball players were fortunate in having Forrest Forney from Fresno, California, for their coach. He knew basketball from A to Z and showed great ability in working up a good sportsman-like spirit among the players, as well as in the student body.

Twenty aspirants for the team reported on the court for practice almost every evening. They all showed a keen interest in the game, being very eager to play on the team and represent the school. Many interesting practice games were held among the boys. The two courts were often in use and by the amount of dust that arose from them it was evident that the boys were moving around some.

The coach and manager found it quite a task to pick the team, but the teams that defended the Green and Gold never let their opponents have a walk-away. There was only one center in the league that could out-jump Goodman; and Price could shoot a basket from any part of the court. To watch Selby dribble down the court and before you realized it, shoot a basket, to watch Lentz snatch the ball from his opponent and dribble the length of the field about fifty times in a game, and to see Whisler jump about ten feet and snatch the ball from the basket, were sights you don't often see. Although our boys did not come out victors in the league they have a good chance next year, and the future of basketball looks bright.

The school joined the Valley League again this year. The following are the schools played and the scores:

Bonita	36	vs.....	LaVerne	17
Downey	23	vs.....	LaVerne	30
Claremont	28	vs.....	LaVerne	23
Montebello	16	vs.....	LaVerne	26
El Monte	36	vs.....	LaVerne	15
Puente	40	vs.....	LaVerne	31
Norwalk	36	vs.....	LaVerne	47

The team line-up follows: Forwards, Price, Sleby; centers, Cornwall, Goodman; Guards, Lentz, Whisler; substitutes, Brooks, Miller, Beckner and Welsh; captain, Lucius Selby; coach, Forrest Forney; manager, David Bomberger.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Girls' Basketball Team

“A T a boy!” ‘at a boy!’ was the characteristic exclamation heard at the girls’ basketball games. The girls had many good games this season and won three out of five league games they played.

With Miss Marie Woody as manager the girls reported for practice whenever it was possible. Mr. Forney assisted Miss Woody in coaching and selecting a team, and with the aid of the second team and the girls in the college department, the first team had strong opponents in practice. The first game of the season proved a walk-away for the LaVerne girls. They completely overwhelmed the Bonita high school girls by a score of 28 to 2. They also were victorious over Norwalk and the Montebello girls, but were defeated by Puente and El Monte.

Through the influence of Miss Woody the Freshmen girls tried out for the team. Three succeeded in gaining a position on it, while others played as subs in a few games. Just watch the “dear” little “Freshies” when they become Juniors and Seniors.

The team was composed of the following:

Forwards: Elsie Colbert, Vera Hoover.

Jumping center: Irma Marshburn (captain).

Running center: Ruby Netzley.

Guards: Grace Hollenberg, Florence Overholtzer.

Subs: Dorothy Arnold, Hazel Minnich, Gladys Johnson.



TRACK TEAM

Track

THE entire school has taken an active part in track this year. About twenty fellows entered the interclass meet and the rest of the school made up the rooting sections for the different classes. The College Freshmen were by no means last in either of the events or the rooting. They were the stars of the entire meet, while the Sophomores won, counting only the academy score, with a score of 99 1-2 points.

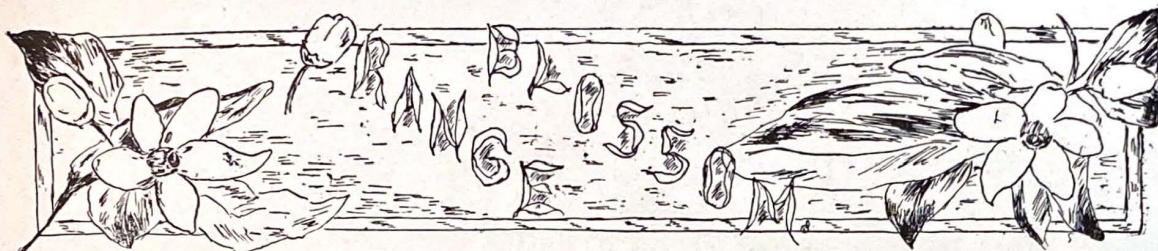
We also held a dual meet with Bonita high and put it over them, for we won by a score of 68 to 54.

Crack! Crack! Crack! went the pistol. The big meet is on. The Orange and Green came across the tape in a very prominent manner. Altho' we only entered seven men in the suburban league track meet March 23, we succeeded in capturing second place. Claremont stood first with 44 points and LaVerne second with 34 1-2 points. The men to represent the school were Price, Netzley, Brooks, Lentz, Goodman, Jordan and Whisler. Price, who is the manager of the team, won three medals—first in the 880 yard run, second in the mile, and third in the 440 yard dash. Brooks captured three second place medals, in the 50 and 100 yard dashes and in the shotput. Netzley, our star sprinter, showed his grit when he took first in the 440 yard dash, the hardest run of the meet. "Husky" Lentz got second in the high jump, third in the pole vault and fourth in the discus. Whisler and Goodman pulled third in the broad jump and 880 yard run, respectively. Guy Jordan, who is only a Sophomore, ran a fine mile and 880, but was unable to place. Watch him next year! A good crowd of rooters were present, so those attending the meet realized that LaVerne was on the map.

Track has been most successful this year. The boys are determined to do all in their power to bring home the cup next year. We have a splendid chance, so get in and boost! Don't be a slacker!



BASEBALL TEAM



Base Ball

THE boys are out every evening now practicing baseball. We have entered the league with the hope of success. The boys are in to win, and the way they are practicing, something is surely going to happen. If "practice makes perfect" the boys are going to win, so we will show our ability in all lines of work. If we don't come out successful we will have the satisfaction of doing our best under the present arrangement. What LaVerne needs is a good coach for all lines of athletics. When that is brought about LaVerne will be in the first line.

The baseball line-up is as follows:

Pitcher, A. Lentz; catcher, L. Brubaker; first base, J. Whisler; second base, H. Beckner; third base, R. Netzley; shortstop, J. Price; left field, M. Roynon; right field, D. Welch; center field, G. Jordan; subs, R. Grossnickle, B. Harper, A. Brooks, B. and J. Hepner, C. Jordan.

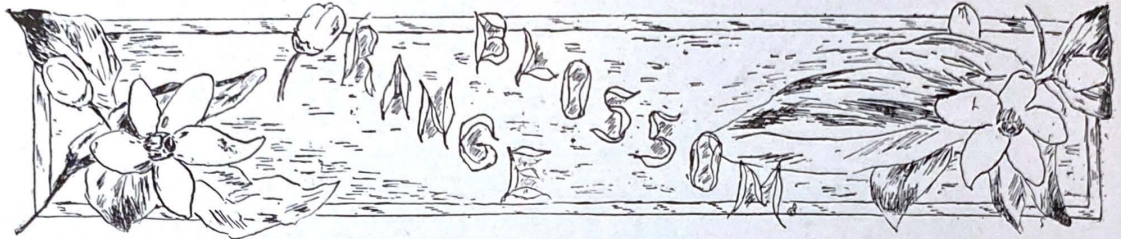
Captain: Leland Brubaker.

Manager: John Price.

Mascot: Chase Harper.

Gymnastic Bar

Twelve boys, interested in greater muscular development, raised a fund, using the money to fix up a bar and a good sawdust pit. A few of the talented ones were instructors, while much nerve and grit was shown by many of the "would-be amateurs." A good crowd would always gather around to watch the acrobats perform and they seemed to enjoy themselves very much. We are preparing to develop so we can enjoy our new gymnasium in a few years.



Tennis

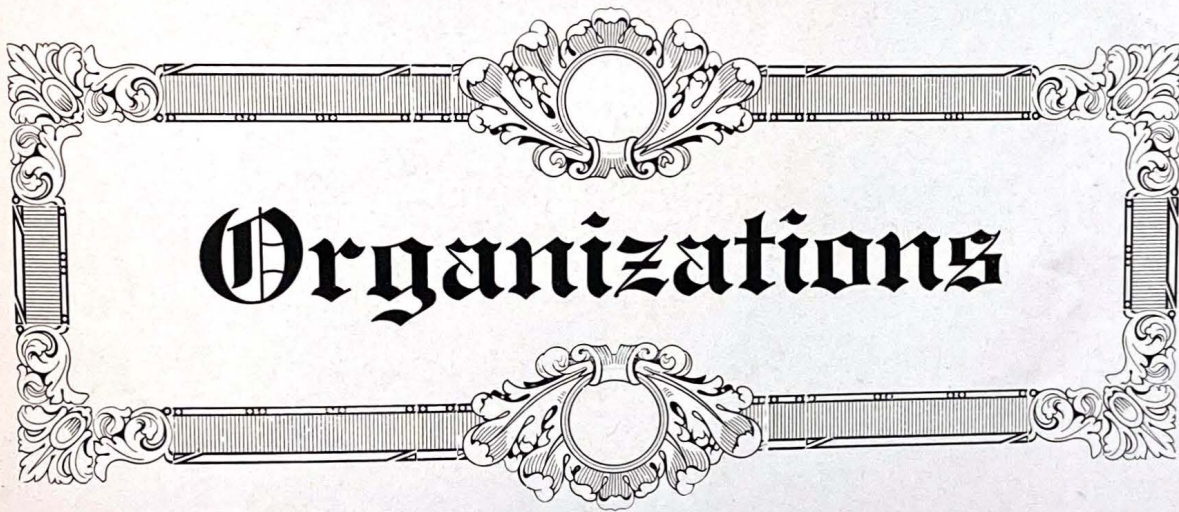
ONE of the most famous pastimes and daily exercise of some students is tennis. The two courts are full most every evening with many on the side waiting their turn. Mr. LeFever can usually be found on the court playing "love" games with many of the girl "tennis sharks" around here.

We are entering the tennis league this year, and hope with Leland Brubaker, Paul Webster and Jesse Whisler as contestants, to make a very good showing.

Holley Ball

A new sport that was introduced this year and which has obtained the support of about fifteen of our loyal-wide-awake athletes has been volley ball. This is a game that is played in the Y. M. C. A.'s and in the army camps. Every noon, when there is nothing else to do, the boys meet and have a few "peppy" games. By the amount of noise that proceeds from the court each noon it is evident that there is much enthusiasm. Sometimes the fellows use their debating ability in determining some of the techniques of the game. Above all it has been instrumental in getting some of the boys interested in daily exercise, which they would have otherwise neglected..

Very interesting teams appear on the court, such as the "Giants" like Chase Harper and Harper Vaniman, against the "Pigmies," "Snipe" Webster and Herbert Zug.



Organizations



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF STUDENT BODY

Student Body

AT the beginning of the school year the Student Body met and elected the following officers:

President.....Henry Overholtzer	Yell Leader.....Leland Brubaker
Vice President...David Bomberger	B. Basketball Mgr....D. Bomberger
2nd V. President...Marvin Goodman	G. Basketball Mgr....Marie Woody
Secretary.....Marie Woody	Student Body Rep.....L. Brubaker
Treasurer.....Clarence Cornwall	Tennis Manager.George Hollenberg
Sergt.-at-Arms.....Alva Lentz	Baseball Manager.....John Price

Mr. Overholtzer left us at the first of the second semester to take up medical work in the army. We miss him very much, but the vacancy has been well filled by his successor, John Coffman. Since Mr. Cornwall did not return after the Christmas vacation, his place as treasurer has been filled by Russel Grossnickle.

The Student Body this year has tried to reach out into every line of school activities. We have tried to work for the best interest of our students and to promote the welfare of our school, and in a large measure we have succeeded.

Our interest in athletics has been greater this year than before. Basketball, track, baseball and tennis have each had their share of attention. The Student Body gave new suits to the girls' basketball team and also to the boys' basketball team. Although we won no banners or cups, we proved a formidable rival to the other schools and the outlook is good for the future.

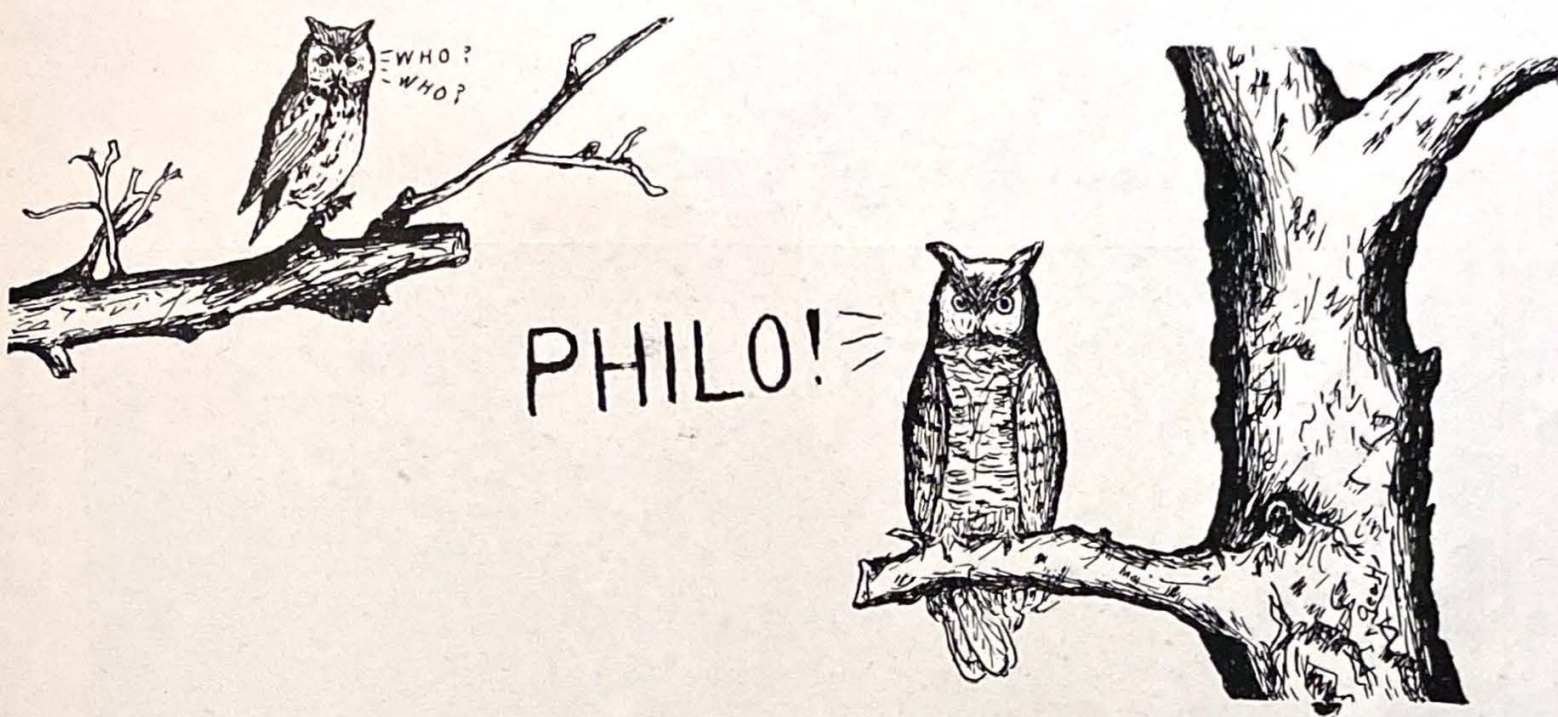
Not only in athletics have we shown a vital interest, but along other lines as well. The Student Body put out a monthly paper, "The Palmerian," which has been not only of intense interest to those who read it, but also of great value to those who edited it. The annual, of course, was put out by the Student Body. We realize that many schools are not putting out annuals this year on account of the war, but we decided that it would be to the best interest of our school to go ahead.

One of the greatest advances which the Student Body has made is along the line of self-government. Our Custodian Committee has rendered us faithful service along this line. We trust that this movement will be successfully employed in the years to come.

NAOMI HARSHBARGER, A. B. '21.



PHILOMATHEANS



THE Philomathean Literary Society, which was organized January 1, 1912, has made steady progress for the betterment of its members. We have kept always in mind our motto, "Semper Fidelis," and lined up to the full meaning of our name, "Lovers of Learning."

But 1917-18 has been the greatest year in its history. Never before has there been such actual literary development accomplished.

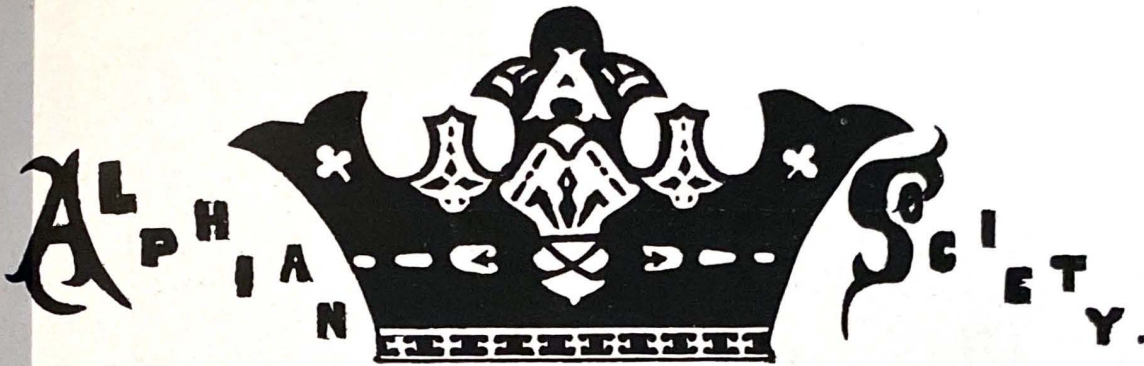
The paramount thought of our work has been to develop the best within our members, to bring into light and activity that hidden talent which can only be procured by practice.

We have striven to acquire talent and not to display talent and every member of our society has the opportunity for the development of the best literary acquirements.

As the years come and go, the Philomathean Society will hold forever its place in the ranks of literary activity. —E. B. F.



ALPHIANS



Motto—"Labor omnia vincit" (Labor conquers all)

Emblem—Golden Crown

Colors—Blue and Gold

OFFICERS

First Semester

President—Leland Brubaker
Treasurer—Marion Roynon
Secretary—Charles Overholtzer

Second Semester

Esther Funk
Marvin Goodman
Modena Minnich

THE Alphians have been alive and wide-awake this year. The big excitement began a few days before "rush" day when the final plans were made for the grand rush. Rush-Day arrived. After a wild rushing about of Philos and Alphians, a sad breaking of family ties and old friendships, and hilarious rejoicing, we found that the two societies were almost even in numbers. After the initiation, matters progressed more smoothly. A high standard of work has been maintained in our closed programs. Our jokes have been funny, parliamentary drill exciting (but LeFever has not gotten his girl yet), readings and music well given, and our "scenes" and extemporaneous speeches have been soul inspiring (?)

The Philo and Alphan programs have been hot contests.

Our surplus pep has not all been directed along the literary line. We had the spirit even though the Philos did beat us in basketball. We gave the Philos a good time, raised thirty-one dollars for the Y. M. C. A., and so on. It takes the Alphians for genius and originality. —H. M.



DEBATING CLUB



Ciceronian Debating Club

THE Ciceronian Debating Club was organized at the beginning of this school year with twelve charter members. The organization being separate from the student body, it drew up a constitution and by-laws to govern its procedures. The membership is open. In order to become a member of the club a student must be recommended by the membership committee, pass a satisfactory try-out, and be approved by the club.

The club meets every Tuesday night in the Expression Hall from seven o'clock to eight fifteen. The evenings are spent in studying parliamentary drill, extemporaneous speaking and debating.

The club has greatly appreciated the help of Prof. Nininger as coach. He has taken an interest in the work of the club and also in the development of the individuals.

Prof. Van Dyke has also given us very good lectures on the technic of debating, which have been of great value to those that intend to do debating work.

The members have been willing to put in hard and conscientious work in the preparation of the programs. Very few failed to respond when asked to serve on the program, which speaks well for the club; and very few programs have been missed by the majority of the members.

The purpose of the club is to further the interests in debating, develop and train those who are interested in public speaking.

The hope of the club is that next year the membership will grow and that they can put out a team that will be able to represent this school in inter-scholastic debating. The club is open for many more who are interested in debating. Who will be the first to join next year?

—D. R. B., A. B. '21



LYRIC AND GLEE CLUBS

Lyric Club

FROM the music room last fall came strange screeching sounds which would make one shudder. There were attempts to sing the right tones without flatting; there was repetition after repetition of the same phrase until it seemed worn to pieces; there were moments of despair among the club members, then hours of patient toil by singers and by instructor. That's practice!

One evening, in the season of Yuletide, a great crowd gathered at the College auditorium, and soon they were rewarded by a chorus of voices floating out in perfect harmony. The hearers sat entranced and wondered that such melody could exist. That's the program. —G. H.

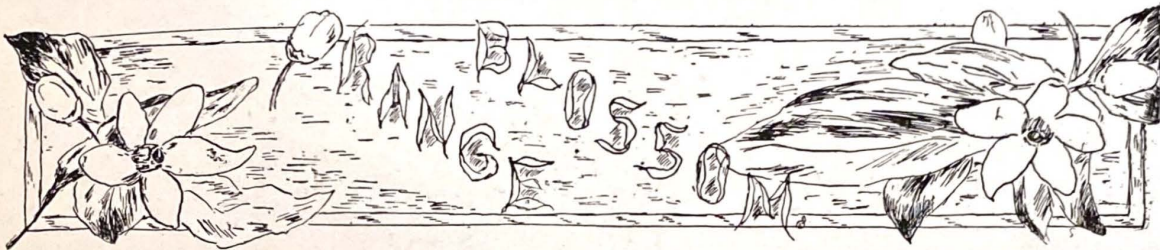
Boys' Glee Club

What might have been a glee club of wide renown was finally mustered out in honor, after two battles to uphold the dignity of LaVerne College. These conflicts were staged in the College auditorium on the evenings of December 18 and 20. Some of the recruits were raw, some were veterans, so naturally in confessing our "Popular Disease" to the crowd, some of the explosions were "hits" and some were "misses." Our captain, Prof. B. S. Haugh, drilled us for three months on the manual of throat, ease of action, and point of attack, so that really we were proud of the final development evidenced on the field of battle. We feel confident, however, that with the practice we have had since our two supreme struggles, that if our troop of songbirds were landed on Kaiseranian shores that we could, in a short drive, station ourselves in Berlin with no hostile force within the range of our voices.

Effective work could naturally be expected, considering the well-balanced company of twenty-five. This consisted of: Aviators (I tenors); aerial gas bomb throwers (II tenors); heavy artillery (I base); and underground mine workers (II bass, suggestive of base hospital). —W. G.



MISSION BAND



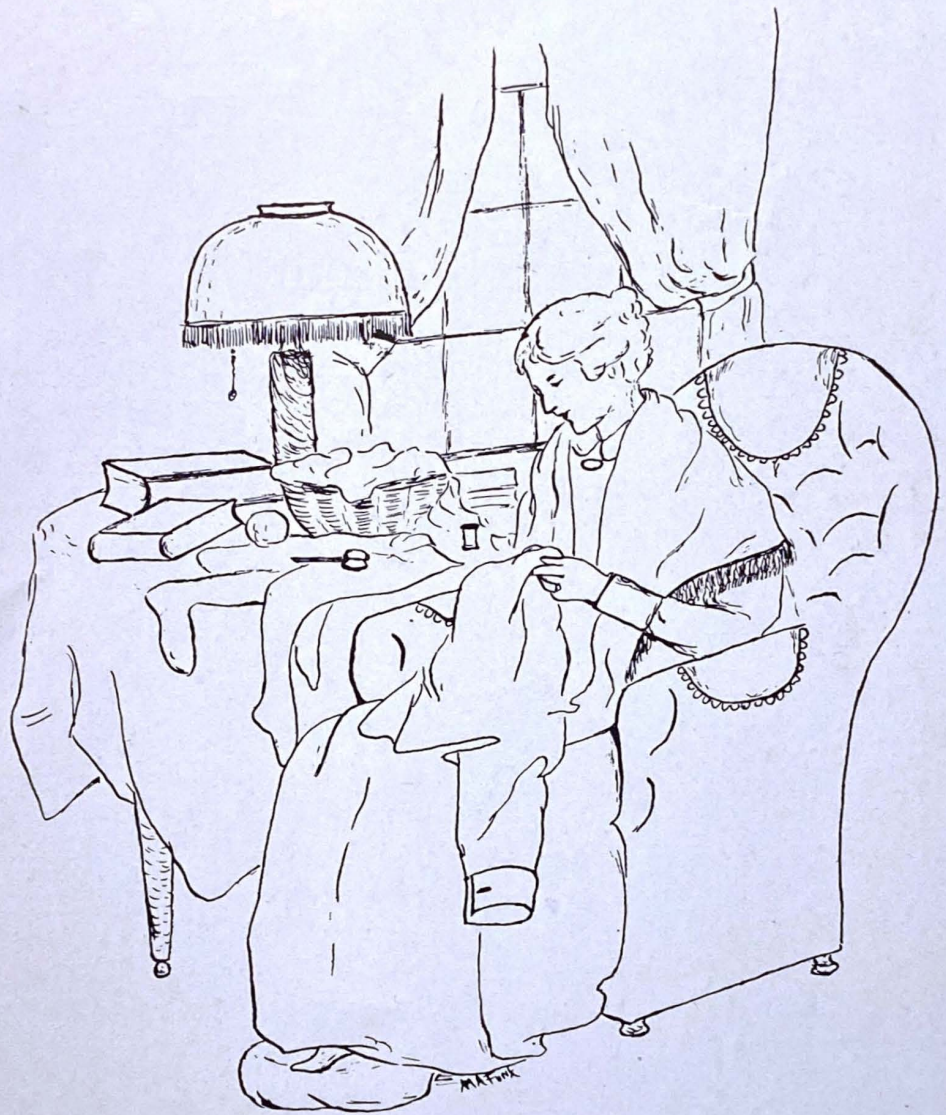
Mission Band

MORE interest has been taken in the Mission Band this year than ever before. The average enrollment has been twenty-one; there are many who have signed the pledge to become volunteers. Miss Elsie Price was president the first semester. For a devotional book the Band studied "How to Pray," with the president as teacher. The book was not only interesting, but helpful. The last half of the year "The New Era in Asia" was studied, with John Coffman, president of the Band, as teacher. This is a book which gives each member a wider conception of the need for more workers in foreign fields, especially in China, India, Japan and Korea. How these people are pleading for someone to come and give them the light of the Savior!

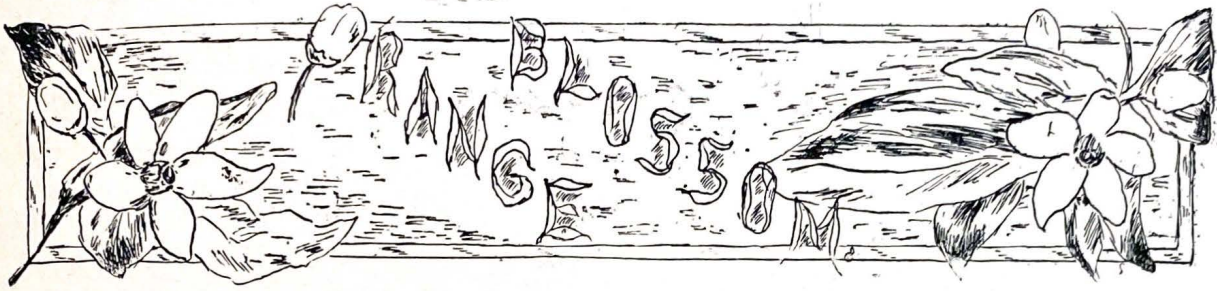
During the year the Band has done some personal work. Some of the members of the Band sing for the sick and shut-ins each Sunday afternoon. One of the girls is working among the Japanese ladies, and one of the boys with a Chinese man. One night out of each week two of the boys in the Band teach English to a class of eight Mexicans. The Band also gives programs at the different churches in response to calls for such. The programs consist of readings, talks, and music by the quartet, all given with the aim to arouse more missionary spirit.

There are three organized mission study classes. The first class studied "Effective Workers in Needy Fields" with ten in the class. Miss Elsie Price is the teacher. The second class of nine students took up the study of "Modern Heroes in Foreign Field." Prof. Haugh is teacher of the second class. The advanced class studied the immigration and alien problem under I. V. Funderburgh. There are ten in the advanced class.

—M. J.



ALUMNI



Alumni

FELLOW Alumni, you are responding to life in all its phases—home making, farming, teaching, business world. Life holds much for you. Others are answering the call of world democracy and are already in the ranks of war service. You are living intensely—conditions demand it.

But, when that quiet hour comes, do your thoughts roam back to L. C.? Your Alma Mater needs you, too, in these days of struggle for all institutions.; needs you in a tangible way and in prayer.

If L. C. has done aught of good for you, you return it to her credit by service.

OFFICERS FOR 1917-1918.

President—Jesse Brandt

1st V. Pres.—Chalmer Shaver

2nd V. Pres.—Phil S. Danner

Secretary—Chressie Neff

Treasurer—Chressie Neff

PANORAMA OF CLASSES

1910—

Edna Shrock—Pasadena teacher. Recreation—"Van Dyke."

Florence England Funderburgh—Happy in home-making for Isaac and Martell.

Maude Moore Redmon—At home in Idaho, with Elmer, Hershel, and baby.

Ernest Hoff—Pursuing his clerical work at Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

Chalmer Shaver—Teaching in Arizona.

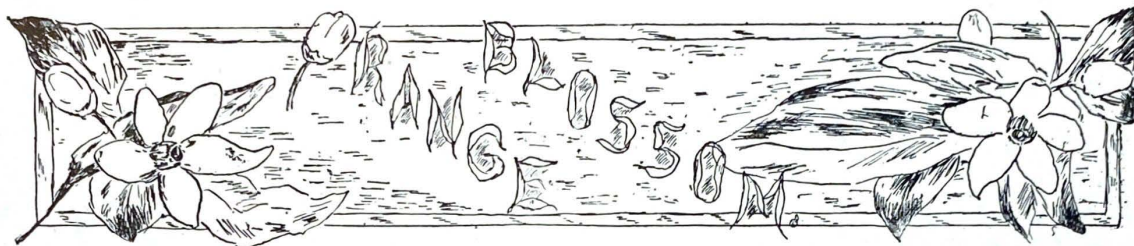
Roy Wolfe—Farming for Alma and his country.

1911—

I. V. Funderburgh—L. C.'s dependable business manager.

Lottie Neher Hoff—Her interests are divided between home and Bethany Bible School.

Amanda Brown—With her sister at Summit.



1912—

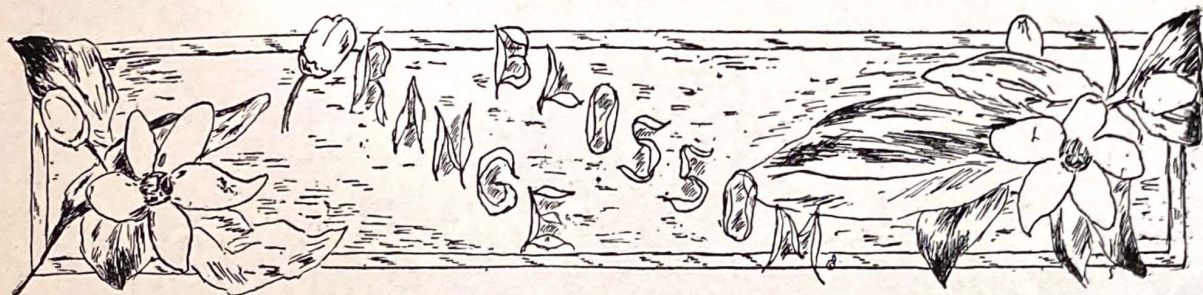
- Edna Neher—College Junior in McPherson College.
Perry Blickenstaff—Continuing his Veterinary course at San Francisco.
“Home is Hazel and Ralph.”
Leon England—Awaiting the call to serve our country as first lieutenant of the Dental Reserve Corps.
Minnie Root Grober—“My home is complete with Arthur, Ralph and Mildred.”
Mable Eickenberry Seiple—Keeping house in Raisin, California.
Jesse Brandt—Serving our country at base hospital work in Camp Lewis.
Luke Minnich—Moved near Fresno to serve by farming.
Ruth Frantz—Expression instructor, Juniata College.
Fern Blickenstaff England—At home with Leon in LaVerne.

1913—

- Phil S. Danner—Chemistry instructor at Pomona and LaVerne Colleges.
Lester Miller—In the service at Camp Joseph Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla.
Raymond Evans—Is still in Los Angeles.
Ernest Davis—Teaching at Macdoel.
Lloyd Rittenhouse—Somewhere in Los Angeles.
Paul Dresher—Just moved to Tacoma, Wash. Works for Dupont Pdr. Co.
Elice Laycook—Is still around LaVerne; especially likes to visit the kitchen now.
John Overholtzer—Teaching in Ontario.
John Moomaw—Farming at McFarland.

1914—

- Harper Frantz—In government service, Bureau of Standards, Wash., D. C.
Mary Lichtenwalter—“LaVerne is my home and LaVerne is my college.”
Charles Fisher—Farming in Chino.
Helen Fesler Larimer—At home in Pomona with Charlie and Loraine.
Heber Baisinger—Teaching in Whites, Washington.
Frederick Hollenberg—Pursuing his education at McPherson.



Catherine Klinzman Overholtzer—Making a home in Ontario for John and John, Jr.

P. J. Wiebe—"LaVerne and Mrs. Wiebe."

1915—

L. R. Y. Hoover—Still sews on his bachelor's buttons.

Ben Fisher—Happily married to Anna Button.

Alberta Neher—Teaching in LaVerne.

Kathryn Bomberger—Teacher of Kiddies in Pasadena.

Emerson Root—True to the farm.

Ruth Blickenstaff—Paints and does banking—where do they lead?

John Rhodes—Raising wheat in Canada.

Russel Lichtenwalter—Graduating from U. S. C. Dental College.

Ethel Brubaker Weaver—Making a home in Washington, D. C., for "the two best boys in the world," Elmer and Bobbie.

Cecil Cox—Somewhere in France, but where?

Wilma Klinzman—May soon "Hooverize" in the true sense of the word.

Homer Norcross—Married and living in Los Angeles.

Maude Neher—Working for the teacher's pension, Maude?

Guy Conrad—Left his new bride and went to Camp Lewis.

1916—

Gladys Fesler—Visits soldiers (one) at Camp Kearney frequently.

Isabel Eby—Business College, Pomona.

Mabel Funk—L. C. Student.

Raymond Brumbaugh—The first alumnus "over there, somewhere in France."

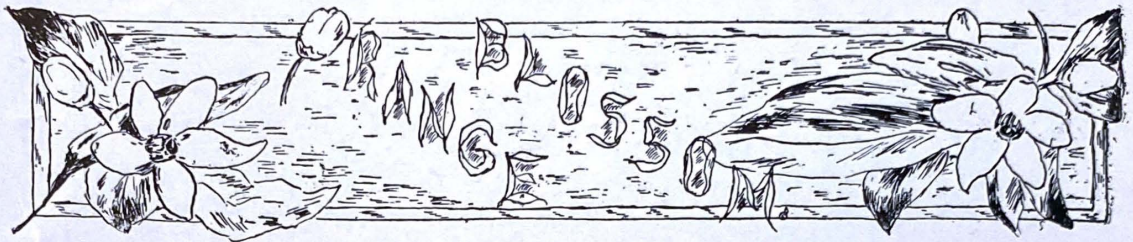
Esther Funk—As full of school life as ever, in L. C.

Ruth Barnhizer—Los Angeles State Normal.

Dee Whisler—A son of the soil in McFarland.

Chressie Neff—"School is all right, but something better is in store."

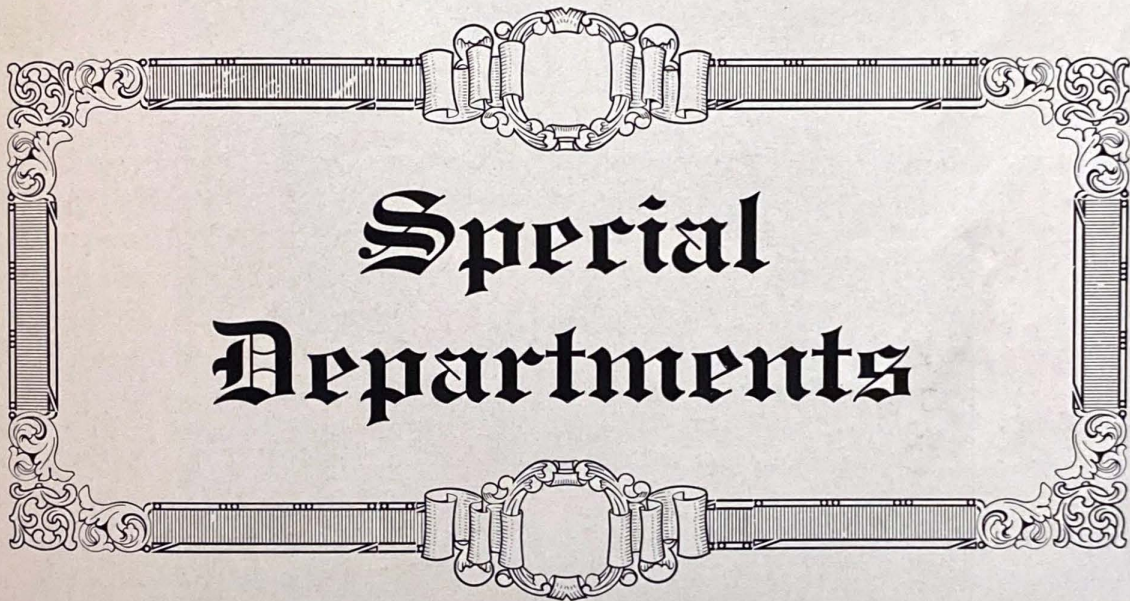
Mary Taylor—Honest student of LaVerne College.



1917—

- Roxie Snell—At home preparing for—what?
Anna Heard—Staying at home, McFarland.
Maude Brubaker—In the East, Washington, D. C. and Blue Ridge College.
Olive Hesp—True to L. C.
Elliot Thomas—College Freshman in L. C.
Pauline Miller—Music and college work at L. C.
Dove Sauble—School in Los Angeles, matron of L. C. for two months.
Marie Woody—One of L. C.'s forces, editor of Orange Blossom.

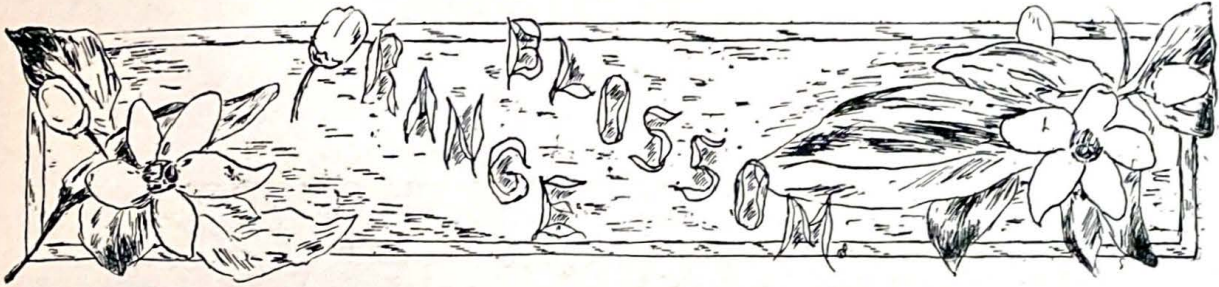




**Special
Departments**



EXPRESSION



Expression

ONE of the most important subjects that a student can take and one which is a great aid to him in his development while getting his education, is Expression.

Expression not only has the faculty of helping one to appreciate and to cultivate the beautiful in body and soul, but teaches one how to read more thoroughly. This point in the Expression work aids the student in his other studies by enabling him to get the main points of a sentence or paragraph at the first reading, which it is very difficult for some students to do.

Another benefit derived from Expression is the ability to speak before an audience without timidity, and in such a manner that the thought you are trying to give to your audience is expressed in a clear and forceful manner.

There is no senior class in Expression this year. The junior class during the first semester studied from the book, "Psychological Development of Expression," Vol. I, by Mary A. Blood and Ida M. Riley, principals of the Columbia School of Oratory in Chicago. Each day's work during the second semester was different. One hour each week was used to carry on a conversation class, one for repertoire, one for bodily expression and one for study of Vol. II of the book mentioned above.

There are also a number of private students, some coming from other towns. The nature of their work is like that of the regular class, only in the private lessons the work is more for the development of the personality of the students than anything else.

This work is carried on under the supervision and by the kindly suggestions given by Mrs. Haugh, who graduated from the Columbia School of Oratory, and who is at the present time taking lessons in Los Angeles.

—H. C.



MUSIC



Music Department

FROM the studio comes weird sounds; sometimes like the screech owl, sometimes like a loud roll of thunder, sometimes like little raindrops falling on a musical sounding board. But from the production of musical numbers which are rendered before the public, we gather that these peculiar sounds have been for the accomplishment of something.

There are several divisions under this head—vocal, piano, music history, ear-training and harmony. We have two graduates from this department, Pauline Miller and Vera Hoover. We think that this department is a necessary part of our school, and under our teacher, Prof. B. S. Haugh, we feel it is a great success.



Piano Graduates



VERA HOOVER

'To her deft touch the keys respond
With strains of vibrant joy pro-
longed.'



PAULINE MILLER
"POLLY"

"Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth
And greet me first in heaven."

OFFICERS

President—Pauline Miller

Vice President—Vera Hoover

Secretary—Vera Hoover

Treasurer—Pauline Miller

Custodian Committee—Pauline Miller and Vera Hoover

Colors—Pink and White

Flower—Pink Carnation

Motto—"Never B flat, sometimes B sharp, always B natural."

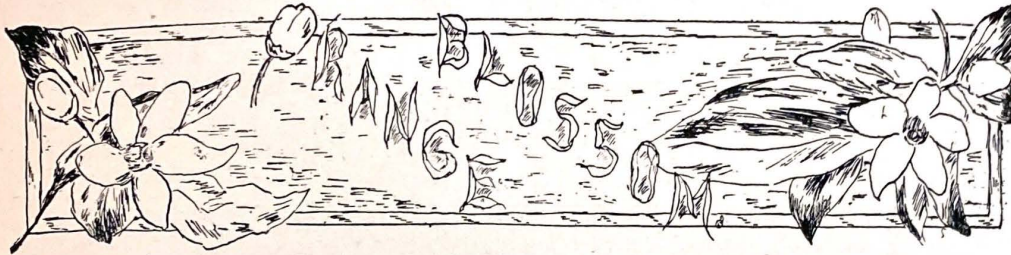
"Music is the expression of the soul."



ART CLASS



BIBLE



Bible Department

AN enrollment of thirty-three students constitutes the Bible department for the year 1917-1918. Prof. J. P. Dickey is the instructor who is gently leading us into the great truths of God's Word.

The students in this department are earnest, Christian workers. Seven of these students are already ordained "ministers of God;" others have offered their lives as living sacrifices to be used in whatever way the Heavenly Father directs; and still others, who may not have formed their life purpose as yet, are nevertheless in earnest and are storing away their precious knowledge, and will some day be giving succor to the fainting multitude also.

Prof. Dickey is an able man for the responsible position he occupies. He quietly and unassumingly instills into the hearts and lives of these students under his care the "Go ye" spirit. He is training men and women for the "Army of Jesus Christ."

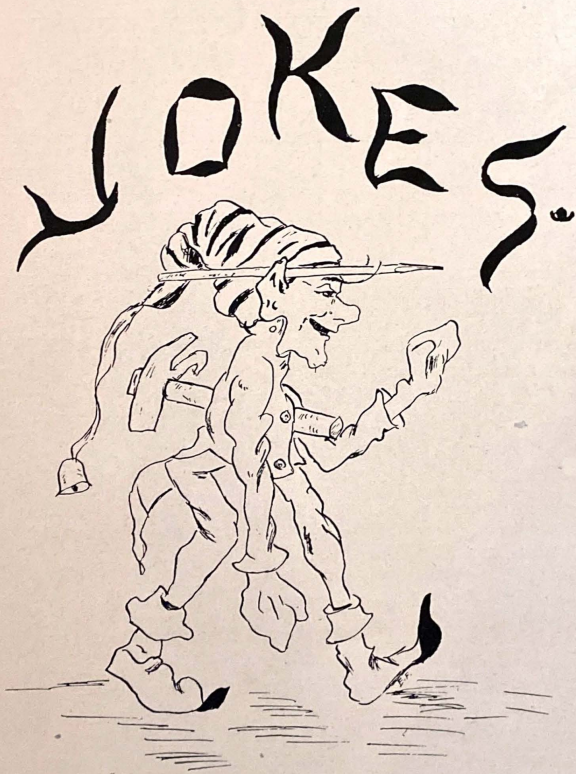
The Bible department offers a large course of study for the students. Many phases of the Bible are taken up and carefully studied and discussed.

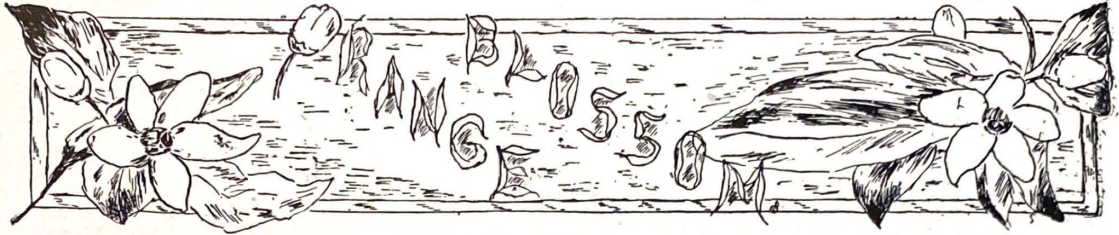
If ever prepared workers were needed for the spreading of the gospel, it is now. The fields are white to harvest, but the laborers are few.

We trust that when school re-opens in the fall, that the list of students for the Bible department will be greatly increased. —MRS. W. SELL.



PALMERIAN STAFF





Students! Be Reasonable!

Our advertisers help us out—it is your duty to help them out.

Patronize our Advertisers.

Freshie (in the book room)—“Do you have Lamb Tales?”

Naomi—“No! This is a book store, not a meat market.”

Miss Brubaker—“What is a comma?”

Freshie—“It’s a period with a tail on it.”

Prof. Van Dyke (in English)—“Has anyone ever heard of a great Englishman whose name was Oliva?”

Byrl H.—“Yes, Oliver Twist.”

Marion—“Pardon me for walking on your feet.”

Vera—“Oh, don’t mention it. I walk on them myself.”

Susie (in Zoology)—“David, give me that pencil.”

David—“Oh, no, it’s Marvin’s.”

Susie—“Well.”

“George Washington,” read the small boy from the history, “was born February 22, 1732, A. D.”

“What does A. D. stand for?” inquired the teacher.

Small boy—“Don’t know exactly, after dark, I guess.”

Ralph—“What is a kiss?”

Hazel—“Nothing divided by two.”

Prof. Van Dyke (in English)—“What is poetry?”

Marion—“Spontaneous combustion of the mind.”

TRIANGLE SHOE STORE—POMONA.



19 RALPH.



VOLLEY BALL



HAIR PULLING



JUST A BIT.



AN ARMFUL



TURK !!



BROWER.



MARIE.



CECI.



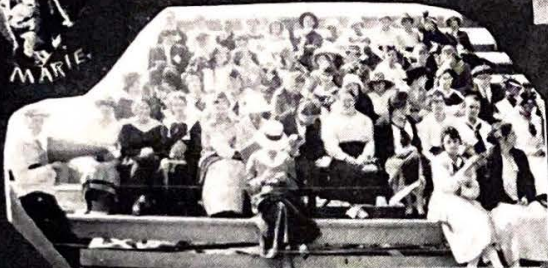
PROF KNITS



THE BOARD OF TRUSTERS.



PHILO-ALPHIAN Oct 29.



ROOTING SECTION OF L.V.C. MAR 23.



A DONKEY



HORRORS!



HENRY.



MARBLES.



"Hey!"



BEulah AND ELLIOT.



MARY PICKFORD.



OTIS B. DANDY



READY TO SWIM



JESSE.



YELL LEADER.



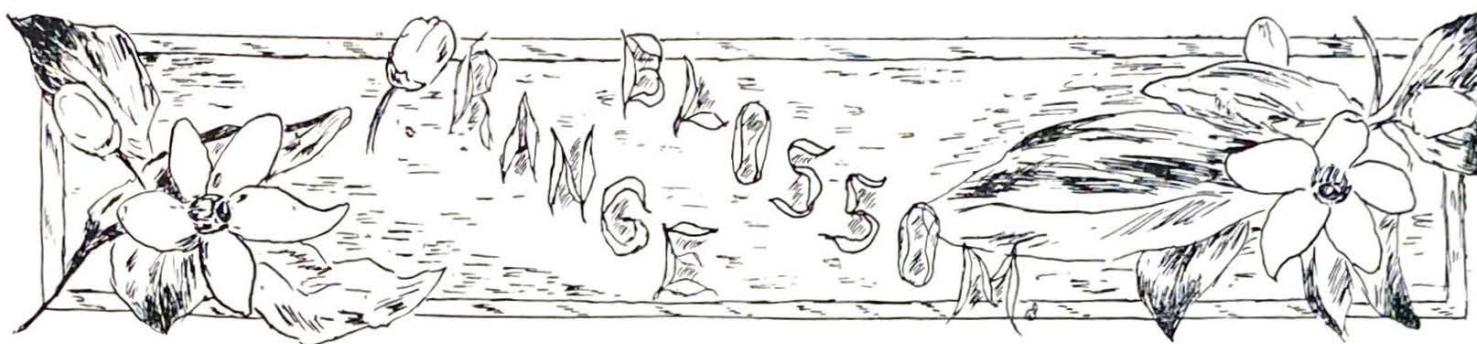
A BIG CATCH.



CLAYTON.



JUST THREE.



Vera H., Marion R., Maurine M., and John Price, coming home from Balboa:

Marion—"Maurine, slap John's face.

Maurine—"Can't get my hands loose."

Florence O. (studying in library)—"Oh! Dear!"

Snipe—"What do you want?"

TRIANGLE SHOE STORE—POMONA.

Marion R.—"Good heavens! The clock just struck one and I promised your mother I'd leave at twelve.

Vera (comfortably)—"Good, we've eleven hours yet."

Recovered patient—"Please tell me just what was done at the hospital, doctor."

Famous surgeon—"Well, we anaethetized you, removed your tonsils, adenoids and appendix, attached two floating kidneys, and then—"

"Patient—"Good heavens! Then! Then what?"

Surgeon—"Then we started to operate."

"He is my ideal and I'm his idol," said the girl.

"And your love affairs?"

"Is an idyl."

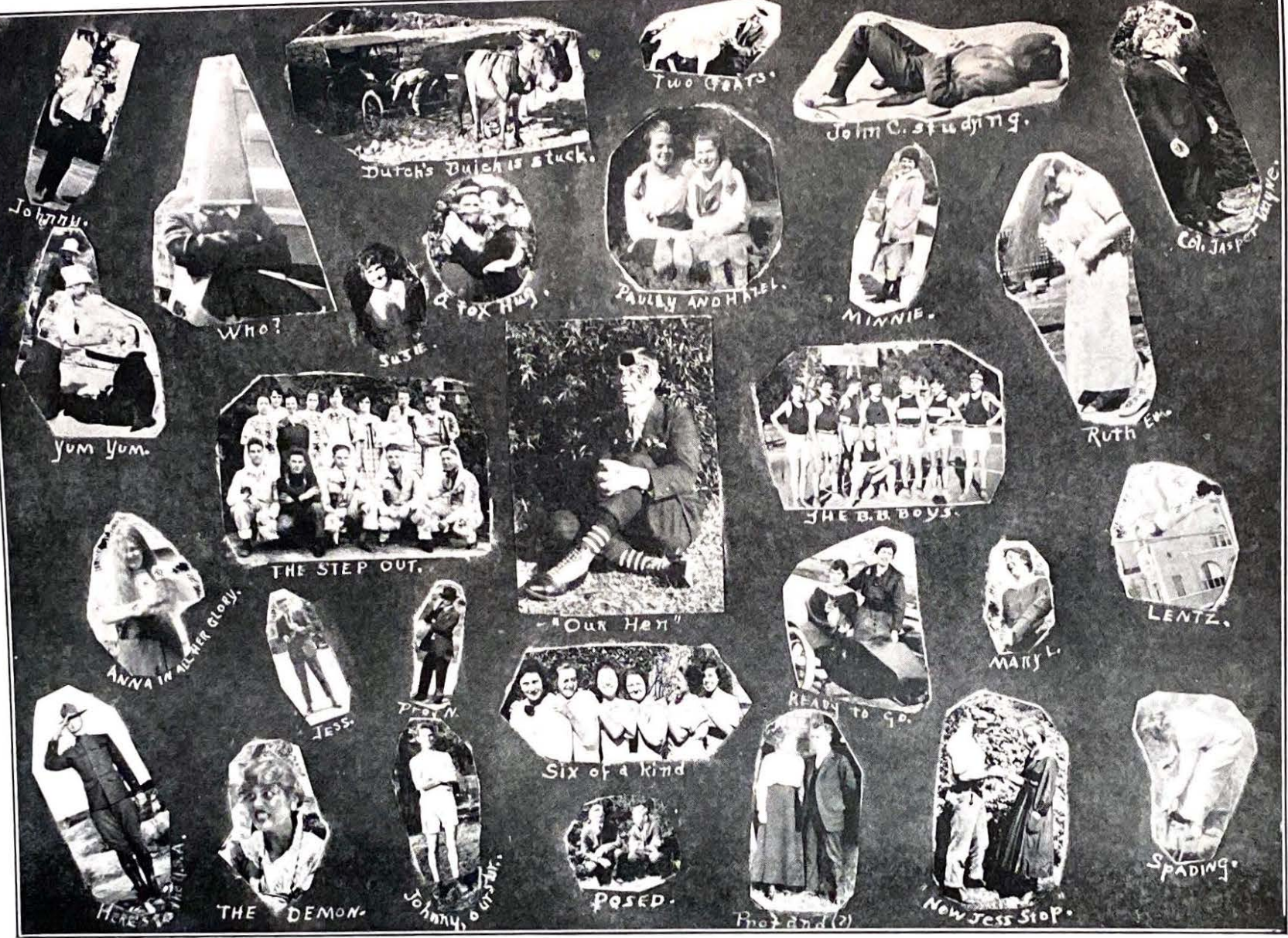
"And your fiance?"

"He's idle, according to papa."

"Any rags, old iron, bottles," chanted the dealer as he knocked at the door.

The man of the house opened the door, saying: "No, go away—nothing for you—my wife's away."

TRIANGLE SHOE STORE—POMONA.



Johnny.



Who?



Dutch's Dutch is stuck.



Two Geats.



John C. studying.



Col. Jas. P. ...



yum yum.



SUSIE.



PAULY AND HAZEL.



MINNIE.



RUTH EM.



THE STEP OUT.



"Our Hen"



THE B.B. BOYS.



LENTZ.



ANNA IN ALL HER GLORY.



JESS.



PROF N.



MATTY L.



HERES TO THE U.S.A.



THE DEMON.



JOHNNY OUT-STEP.



SIX OF A KIND



POSED.



READY TO GO.



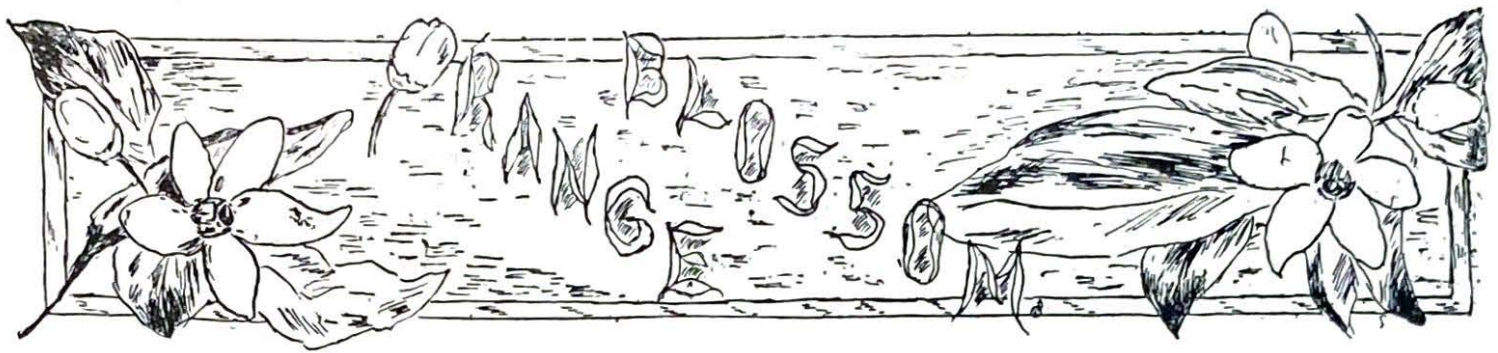
Prof and (2)



New Jess Stop.



SPADING.



Jesse—"You mustn't get so excited, learn to take things cool."

Ruby—"All right, I'll take an ice cream soda to begin with."

"Why is the figure 9 like a peacock?"

"Because, without a tail it is nothing."

Small boy—"Dad, there's a girl at our school whom we call Postscript."

Dad—"What do you call her Postscript for?"

Boy—" 'Cause her name is Adeline Moore."

Wife—"John, you will have to take that ball away from baby; he hit sister on the head with it."

John—"Yes, dear, but you should have seen the curve the little pet had on it."

Orpha M. inquired at the postoffice for her mail.

"Business or love letters?" jokingly inquired the clerk.

"Business," was the hesitating reply, accompanied by a deep blush.

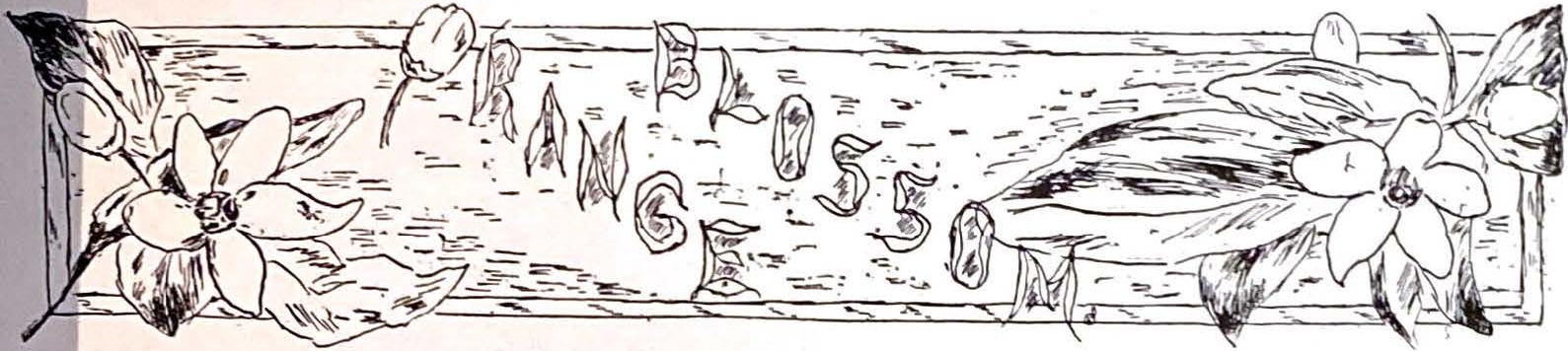
As there was no such letter to be found Orpha took her departure. She came back, however, after a while and said, in a faltering tone, "Please would you mind looking among the love letters?"

TRIANGLE SHOE STORE—POMONA.

Pauline Miller—"My only worry is about mother. She's bound to miss me terribly."

David B.—"Ah, well, she can't complain, after all. She's had you longer than most mothers keep their daughters."

The school paper is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The printers get all the money,
The staff gets all the blame.



Helen K.—“Johnny, do you swear?”

Johnny—“That’s my business.”

Helen—“Have you any other business?”

(In library)—“I want the life of Julius Caesar.”

Prof. Van Dyke—“Sorry! Brutus got ahead of you.”

“Can you send a kiss by parcel post?”

“No, but you can by male.”

Visitor—“Do you give your dog any exercise?”

Owner—“Yes, he goes after a tramp every day.”

Dr. Hoover—“Jesse has evidently gone fishing.”

Ruby—“Has he caught you yet Nellie?”

Nellie—“No. I’m still in the “brook.”

Archie—“Do you love me?”

Nellie—“I’m just wrapped up in you.”

Archie—“You sweet thing.”

Teacher—“Your mouth is open.”

Student—“Yes, sir, I opened it.”

TRIANGLE SHOE STORE—POMONA.

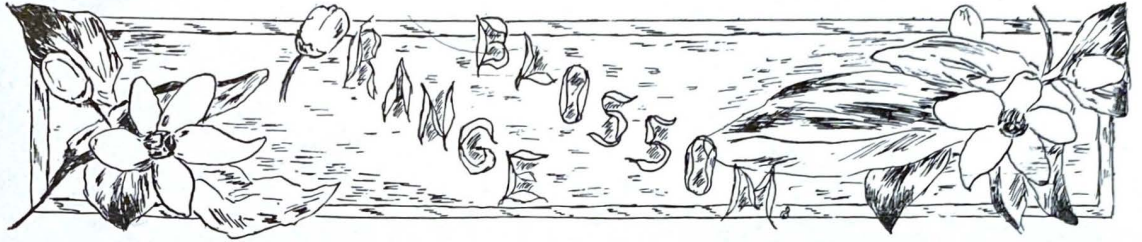
Snipe—“My uncle has a pig and he calls him Ink.”

Cecil B.—“Why for, child?”

Snipe—“Because he came from a pen.”

Cecil B.—“If you had never met me, Pauline, would you still love me as much?”

Pauline—“Yes, dearie, more.”



Student—"Did you see that girl smile at me?"

Second student—"That's nothing; the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

Husband—"The doctor says he will remove my appendix for fifteen hundred dollars."

Wife—"Oh! I'd much rather have a touring car."

TRIANGLE SHOE STORE—POMONA.

Jesse—"What shape is a kiss?"

Ruby—"I don't know. What is it?"

Jesse—"Give me one and I'll call it square."

When first Ralph went to see Hazel
He had a timid heart,
And each night on the sofa
They sat this far apart.
But when their love grew stronger,
And he had a braver heart.
When they began to hug and kiss,
They sat up close like this.

The

1st.

National

PROVIDES



FOR YOUR FUNDS

(This is no joke)

W. O. MOOMAW



CONTRACTOR

AND

BUILDER



PHONE 377

333 EAST THIRD STREET

LA VERNE, CALIF.

"Make a sentence with the word 'gruesome' in it."
"Dutch stopped shaving and gruesome whiskers."

CONCRETE
ONTRACTOR
EMENT

Contracts large and small

H. M. HANAWALT

Anything from a COLLEGE to a Gatepost

PHONE 492

LA VERNE

Such a Headache!

AND THE CAUSE?

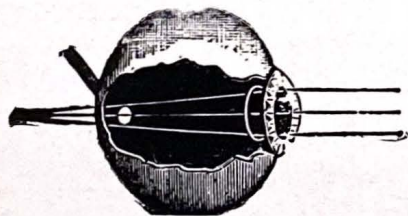


OVERTAXING THE EYES.

COMMONLY KNOWN AS

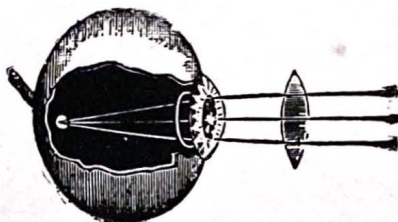
EYE STRAIN

is the most serious nerve drain which the student undergoes during the constant use of his eyes. The brain sympathizes with the optic nerves. Properly fitted glasses and not pills and powders are the remedy required. Inaction may result in a serious impairment of vision for years to come.



CONDITION:

Rays of light
tend to focus
behind retina.



CURE;

Proper lenses to
compel rays to
exactly focus
on retina.

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

and permanent relief from cerebral
pains if you see me

RAYMOND R. FINCH, OPT. D.

OPTICIAN AND OPTOMETRIST

COVINA, CAL.

FINCH'S JEWELRY STORE

The La Verne Furniture Store

Can supply all your needs in house furnishings—Prices always as low as the lowest. If you don't find what you want in our stock, we will take you to the wholesale house where the variety is unlimited, and goods may be sent direct to you. Compare our goods and prices with others and you will buy here.

J. S. Mc Clellan, Prop.

TRIANGLE SHOE STORE—POMONA.

"What do you suppose came over Dutch this morning," exclaimed Mary, "I never saw him start over town so happy. He was whistling like a bird."

Ruth Emly replied, "I'm afraid I am to blame. I got the packages mixed this morning and gave him bird seed instead of his regular breakfast food."

MOTOR INN GARAGE

Everything for the Automobile

GOODYEAR
AND KOKOMO TIRES

125 W. Third Street

LaVerne, Cal.

HARDWARE THAT STANDS



HARDWARE
AT LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE
PRICES



PAINTS, OIL and GLASS



H. E. BELCHER

Phone 222

La Verne

GEM SWEET SHOP



THE ONLY CANDY STORE
IN TOWN



ICE CREAM A SPECIALTY



M. E. MORGAN

Susie—"You had no business to kiss me."

Marvin—"It wasn't business, it was pleasure."

Under Our New Name



We are still at the old location
with anything you need in build-
ing material.



La Verne Lumber Co.

Phone 5 S. A. Overholtzer, Mgr.

Railey & Haines



Barbers

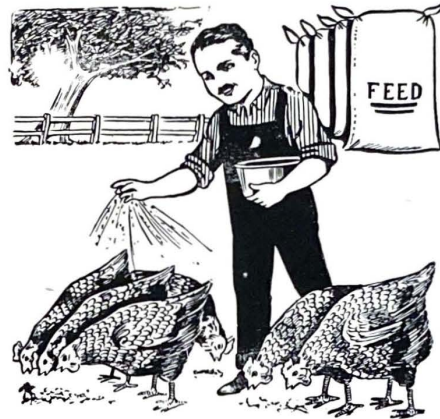
Make Your Poultry Pay

by using our

SURE LAY EGG MASH

All Kinds of Poultry Supplies

Alfalfa and Oat Hay



The La Verne Feed and Fuel Store

We Deliver the Goods

Phone 257

"How many studies are you carrying now?"

"I'm carrying two and dragging two."

EXPERT KODAK FINISHING

Mail Orders promptly attended to.

We pay return postage on all out-of-town orders.

*Fraser
Fotos*

La Verne

PORTRAITS, COPYING AND ENLARGING
PICTURE FRAMING, STATIGNERY, Etc.

302 "D" Street

La Verne, Cal.

Molyneux Says:

HE SELLS QUALITY MERCHANDISE AS CHEAP AS ANY
STORE IN THE UNITED STATES

Give Him a Chance to Prove It

WITH YOUR ASSISTANCE, MOLYNEUX CAN AND WILL
RUN A FIRST CLASS STORE IN LA VERNE

R. S. MOLYNEUX

DRY GOODS, SHOES, LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS
LA VERNE, CALIFORNIA

Conductor—"May I help you to alight, Madam?"

Miss M.—"Much obliged, young man, but I don't smoke."

Consider the Saving

ON WALL PAPER AND PAINTS

And the large up-to-date stock
to select from
at

The Pomona Paint and Paper Co.

171 W. Second St., Pomona

J. CARL MILLEN

H. L. SHEETS

READ THIS:

H. K. LYBRAND
Has added to his store

THE NEW IDEA PATTERNS

Always on hand. It is a pleasure to know you do not have to send away from home for Patterns. We sincerely invite you to buy at home. It helps the town, it helps the merchant, and it helps you. We need the help of each other. We kindly invite you to step in and find out for yourself that your dollar spent receives the value of a dollar at LYBRAND'S.

For DRY CLEANING, Phone 276

Thanking you,

H. K. LYBRAND

Prof. Dickey—"What is the greatest nation on earth."
Marion—"Examination."

EVANS CLOTHES

Always represent the highest standards
of Quality, Style and Tailoring

\$15.00 TO \$35.00

JOHN P. EVANS

Style Headquarters
POMONA

IF YOU CAN'T FIND IT IN LA VERNE,
TRY THE

Orange Belt Emporium

Pomona

DRY GOODS
LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR
FOOTWEAR, FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
CHILDREN'S READY-TO-WEAR
GLASSWARE, CHINA
POTTERY, DRAPERIES, Etc.

Ben Fisher, after returning from his honeymoon trip—"Let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you president or vice president of our society?"

Anna—"I want to be neither president or vice president. I will be content with a subordinate position."

Ben—"What is that, dear?"

Anna—"Treasurer."

TRIANGLE SHOE STORE—POMONA.

INDIVIDUALITY AND CHARACTER ARE SUBTLY EXPRESSED IN
EVERY GARMENT WE MAKE

M. K. METZ

LADIES AND MENS TAILOR

WE MAKE SUITS FROM \$18 UP

212 S. Garey Ave.

Pomona, Cal.

Quality Footwear

IT IS ALWAYS OUR AIM TO HAVE FOR
OUR CUSTOMERS THE HIGHEST GRADE
FOOTWEAR OBTAINABLE TO SELL AT
A REASONABLE PRICE. LET YOUR
NEXT PAIR BE FROM THIS STORE.

P. J. Tarr Shoe Co., Pomona

Rhoda—"Where did you get that cold?"

Phyrn—"I ate a hot dog last night and I'm still barking."

VACATION DAYS ARE COMING

And that means that you will be taking hikes to the mountains, or trips to the beach.

In either case, your outfit will not be complete without fishing tackle, gun, and camp equipment.

We have just what you want most—and remember, we give American Trading Stamps.

A. B. AVIS

HARDWARE, PLUMBING AND TOOLS
135 WEST SECOND STREET - - - - - POMONA



Fred Hartsook
Photographer



636 SO. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES
357 W. SECOND - - - POMONA



Special Work for High School
and Class Photography

THE STEEL-TOUGH, CONSTITUTIONAL

NAP-A-TAN ARMY SHOE

WILL STAND THE KNOCKS AND BRUISES
THAT ARE RECEIVED IN ROUGH WEAR.

SELL IN TAN OR BLACK AT.....\$6.50

NORTON'S SHOE STORE

276 W. SECOND - - - - - POMONA

David—"When do the leaves begin to turn?"

Slats—"The day before examinations."

Bob Himself

—————Invites all good college folk to make his store their headquarters when looking for something in the line of eatables. Ours is a store operated on the Cash and Carry plan. It is the type of store that makes Herbert Hoover mop for joy. We eliminate lost motion and needless delivery, which means quality groceries at the lowest possible price.



“BOB’S”

YOUR DOLLAR IS NOT OURS UNTIL YOU ARE SATISFIED

POMONA SANITARY LAUNDRY

LAUNDERERS AND
DRY CLEANERS

PHONE 58
550 E. BERTIE ST.

AUTOS IN LA VERNE
EVERY DAY

David and Dean with great consideration for others, have greased the front door. It is annoying to be awakened in the wee hours.

NEVER BEFORE

—Has it been so necessary to have your clothes made to order. Cheap clothes of nowadays are a waste. You can still get good ones by having them made.

Guaranteed All Wool Suits - \$25, \$27, \$30
We'll fit you too, and that helps

THOMPSON BROS., TAILORS

Pomona, Cal.

WALLENSTEIN



CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS AND HATS
FOR MEN AND BOYS



125 W. Second St.

Pomona, Cal.

CLEAN UP



When house-cleaning day approaches,
Dearest hubby has the "grouches;"
Around the house he doesn't care to stay.
So you seek for quick assistance,
And this is just an instance
Where our "CLEAN-UP-SERVICE" comes into play.
For the cleanser at MUNGER'S Laundry,
Can help you in this quandery,
So you'd better phone us right away.

CLEANING SPECIALTIES

QUILTS
BLANKETS

MEN'S SUITS
LADIES' DRESSES

MUNGER'S LAUNDRY

215 North Park Ave.

Phone 749

Pomona, Cal.

Johnny P.—"No girl ever made a fool of me."
Helen—"Who did, then?"

The Printing

OF "THE ORANGE BLOSSOM"
IS HANDLED THIS YEAR FOR
THE FOURTH TIME BY THE

La Verne Leader



The Engraving

for this annual is by the

Riley-Moore Engraving Co.

HALFTONES. LINE ETCHINGS
Designs, Electrotypes

337 S. Los Angeles Street
LOS ANGELES

FOR GRADUATION

WATCHES, RINGS, LA VALIERS, PEARL BEADS, CUFF BUTTONS,
STICK PINS, etc.

We Specialize on Repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry

ENGRAVING

C. C. ZILLES

Phone 3732

Pomona

TRIANGLE SHOE STORE—POMONA.

“Can you tell me the difference between a pair of pants and a pie?”

“What is the difference?”

A pair of pants has to be cut before they are made. A pie has to be made before it can be cut.”

“Father,” said little Roy, “what is appendicitis?”

“Appendicitis, my son,” answered the deep-thinking father, “is something that enables a doctor to open a man’s anatomy and remove his entire bank account.”

“There goes the only woman I ever loved,” sighed the young doctor.

“Is that so?” queried the other, “Then why don’t you marry her?”

“Can’t afford it; she’s my best patient.”

Ivers & Pond
Francis Bacon

VICTOR VICTROLAS


PIANOS
RECORDS

SMALL INSTRUMENTS AND SUPPLIES

BROWN MUSIC COMPANY

Phone 14—Across from Post Office

VICTROLA DEALERS OF POMONA

Remember 
...when in need

of Bread, Pies, Cookies or Cakes,
your Home Bakery can supply
your need. Also a line of Con-
fectionery and Ice Cream.

MILLS BAKERY

Kenyon's
Drug Store



KODAKS
KODAK FINISHING
SODA WATER
CANDY
ICE CREAM

TRIANGLE SHOE STORE—POMONA.

A marine was testifying about an explosion of a gun on a war vessel,
an explosion which had sent him to the hospital for some months.

"Please give your version of the explosion," he was asked.

"Well," he said, "I was standing beside the gun, there was an awful
racket—and the doctor said:

"'Sit up and take this.'"

ELECTRICITY is
DANGEROUS

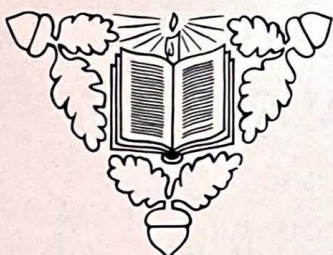
If Not Installed Properly

For Good Service,
See

CHAS. BEAN

La Verne College

La Verne, California



DEPARTMENTS

COLLEGE

ACADEMY

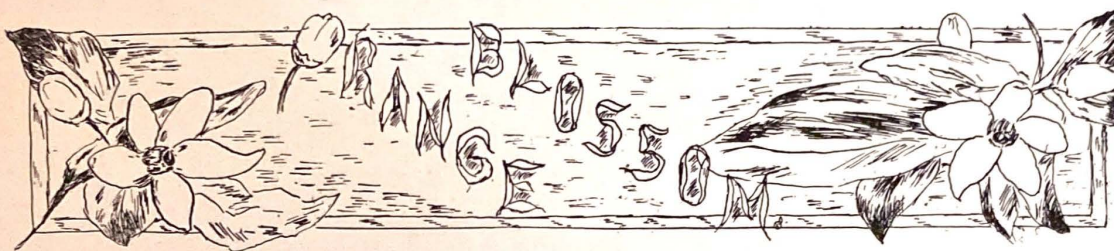
EXPRESSION

BIBLE

BUSINESS

ART

Opens September 17, 1918



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